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EXETER

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EDITORIAL

Complaints are sometimes made that THE VENERABILE is becoming stagnant: that its style is stilted, its features stereotyped, and its format obsolete. There is certainly some truth in criticisms of this kind, which we must all have heard; but it is difficult to assess their value and to set them against the general Venerabile background of respect for tradition and cautious hesitancy about passing fashion. It is still more difficult to decide what steps should be taken to remedy our defects. In the last issue, the cover design was changed, and as far as we can tell from comments heard, the change caused fairly general satisfaction; in this number some experiments have been made with illustrations, and later it may be possible to adopt a new type-face as many people have suggested. But we would like to emphasize how grateful we are to those readers who write to give us their views on Magazine policy, and we would welcome more letters of this kind. If you have any improvements to suggest, please tell us about them; and similarly, if you are opposed to any change in THE VENERABILE, write to let us know—for there is always the danger that the clamour of a few revolutionaries may stifle the voice of a majority who prefer traditional forms. We value all such letters, as they are our only means of assessing the tastes and preferences of our readers.

The altar, which achieved its effect through its simplicity and unerring good taste. The worked-iron crucifix provides the *leit-motif* of the whole decorative scheme, as can be seen from the lights and gallery railing visible in the lower photograph

THE CONVENT CHURCH OF THE FIGLIE DELLA CHIESA, ROME

This general view of the interior clearly shows the architectural purity and simplicity of the church. Note the slender metal ciborium, the outlined Madonna on the vertical marble slab, and the excellent furniture. The 'Paschal candle' lights strike the only jarring note

NEW LINES IN ARCHITECTURE

Since the end of the war a great deal of money and effort has been expended in Rome in building new churches to meet the needs of the rapidly growing population, and it is significant that the bulk of these new churches—like the post-war secular buildings—are designed in contemporary styles. Their reception by the critic and the ordinary churchgoer has not been uniformly enthusiastic: there are those who accuse contemporary architecture of being uninspiring, of lacking beauty, of being severely functional. Such critics are almost invariably those who are unacquainted with the principles upon which modern architecture is founded. There are others who accept the modern style as applied to secular buildings but who maintain that it is quite unsuited to church design and construction.

The latter is an indefensible view: the fundamental principle of modern architecture is to view each building as a problem to be solved from first principles, stripping off all preconceived notions of design, throwing away the tawdry decoration that has been for so long the stock-in-trade of the celebrity-architect and which has been imitated with even less success by his more plebeian brethren. English churches of the past 150 years have been built in imitation of past styles and gradually filled with an accumulation of conflicting ornament. The styles of contemporary architecture are the answer to the mediocrity of the past century and a half. Not that they are upstart styles: they are the direct consequence of the great architecture of the past.

In picking up the threads of the line of architecture where it was broken by the collapse of the normal social values and customs of nineteenth-century England, it was found that architecture *as a whole* had changed and that design had become so encumbered and hidden behind a forest of worthless conventions that to solve architectural problems required a reversion to first principles. It was necessary to think out old problems in a new way and to solve completely new problems in the light of modern knowledge and the new techniques and materials available. Architecture does not always have the same function to fulfil: its rôle is to cater for people as a society, not as individuals, and the needs of society to-day are totally different from what they were a hundred or two hundred years ago. Despite weakening, the basic unit of society—the family—remains the same, and this accounts for the fact that eighteenth century houses still suit our taste as dwellings.[1] Domestically we are the same; socially we are totally different. The growth of cities has resulted in a multiplicity of building requirements—flats, power stations, industrial plants, housing schemes and transport roads for the new suburbs, and so on. There are no precedents for designing these new buildings. Architects are compelled to go back to their first principles, and this means not only abandoning the revived styles of the Victorian era but also *all preconceived notions of what a building should look like*.[2] 'By looking at the task of designing a building first as a practical problem that must be solved in a practical way; a problem of accommodating so many people so that they can pursue certain activities, comfortably, conveniently and economically and at the same time with a certain feeling of pleasure in their surroundings, a new view of architecture can be obtained that puts all the mumbo-jumbo of academic style into its proper perspective. It may be necessary to emphasize that in modern building practical considerations are not everything, with beauty compelled to take its chance. On the contrary, the production of beauty is part of the process of design, not an afterthought in the way of applied decoration, and its liveliness and appropriateness is thereby increased.'[3]

[1] Although to-day the linear house—a development of the Victorian terrace house—has its eager supporters, while an ever-increasing number of private house builders are demanding 'open-living', which results in the almost complete abandonment of partition walls and makes the ground floors of houses virtually one large room.

[2] This does not mean merely omitting ornamentation and hardening the lines of the building, as was done, for example, with the B.B.C. building in Portland Place and Shell-Mex House on the Embankment. This results in a building which is only superficially imposing.

[3] *Modern Architecture* by J. M. Richards, pp. 30–31.

A re-affirmation of the principles of the Church in this matter was contained in an Instruction on Sacred Art issued from the Holy Office over the signature of Cardinal Pizzardo in June 1952. It echoes the words of the Supreme Pontiff concerning modern art : 'It is eminently fitting that the art of our times have a free opportunity to serve the sacred edifices and sacred rites with due reverence and due honour ; so that it too may add its voice to the magnificent hymn of glory which men of high talent have sung throughout the passing centuries of the Catholic faith'.[4] The basic principle is that a church should look like a church—not like a railway station or an exhibition building. Modern artistic and religious sensibilities demand a greater sincerity and simplicity in building, though it must not be carried to excess. This simplicity must be a true synthesis of parts, not an agglomeration of unrelated wholes nor yet an exercise in protestant bareness. 'This new spirit of freshness, of sincerity and of simplicity, which responds to our state of mind and to our religious and artistic senses, must spell the final doom of the restored styles of the past and of pretentious and false decoration.'[5]

Although the churches of France bear witness to the indefatigable labours of French architects in experimenting with new materials and styles, it was in Italy that the style we now recognize as contemporary was first applied to churches.[6] For a brief period of time, in the middle and late 1930's, Italy was the only European country of note where the new styles could be used and where there were architects capable of thinking in terms of the new architecture. Germany, of course, was the seedbed of modern architecture. The publication, in 1904, of *Das Englische Haus*—a book devoted to an appreciation of the new styles of English houses designed by Norman Shaw, C. F. A. Voysey and others—caused a sensation. These styles were modified and adopted by the Director of the Weimar School of Art, Henri van der Velde,[7] who taught them first in

[4] In the Encyclical Letter *Mediator Dei*, 20th November 1947.

[5] Archbishop (now Cardinal) Costantini, commenting on the Holy Office Instruction. *Osservatore Romano*, 30th July 1952.

[6] One of the most worn clichés of the new style originated in Italy—the use of a thin projecting stone or concrete surround to door and window openings. This feature appears with monotonous regularity in the work of a great number of English architects, who no doubt imagine that it confers the correct note of 'modernity' upon their buildings.

[7] Van der Velde recently celebrated his 90th birthday in Switzerland, where he has been in practice since 1947. Pioneering in modern architecture and longevity seem to go together happily. Auguste Perret is rebuilding Le Havre at the age of 80, Frank Lloyd Wright still flourishes at 84, to say nothing of our own Sir Ninian Comper who was 89 in June this year.

the Weimar School and subsequently in the famed *Bauhaus*.[8] The year 1907 saw the beginnings of the *Deutscher Werkbund* movement, with which Peter Behrens was associated and which was related to the English Arts and Crafts movement of Ruskin and Morris. Unlike the Arts and Crafts movement, however, the *Deutscher Werkbund* started by *accepting* the fact that machinery had come to stay and although primarily an association of craftsmen, it carefully studied the problems of design and endeavoured to secure the employment of modern artists by the new industries in designing their products and equipment.[9]

But all architectural advance in Germany was stopped by the advent of Nazism. The official Nazi architecture was on a clumsy, monumental scale, and this—coupled with the fact that in the minds of the Nazis the new architecture was inseparable from the ill-fated Weimar Republic—succeeded in driving away from Germany the greater number of the leaders of the modern movement who dispersed to spread their ideas throughout the more salubrious areas of France, England and the United States.

In Italy the case was different. The Fascists had no reason to fear any previous régime. Consequently, there was no need to stamp out the new architecture. In fact, anxious to prove themselves the friends of youth and progress, Italy's new masters gave their official blessing to the new styles—an attitude which becomes more understandable when we remember that the writer and painter Marinetti, the leader of Futurism (a pre-war Italian artistic movement of some influence) was also a Fascist. This does not mean that the buildings of the Fascist era were all good examples of modern architecture. Good modern buildings do not necessarily spring from merely wishing to be up-to-date nor are they necessarily fitted for the purpose of glorifying a totalitarian State. In most cases Italian official architecture was only superficially modern, but the official

[8] Walter Gropius was appointed to succeed van der Velde in 1919, and in 1925 the *Bauhaus* moved to Dessau where it flourished until 1933 when it was closed by the Nazis. Its aim, in the words of Gropius himself, was that of 'realizing a modern architectural art which, like human nature, should be all-embracing in its scope. Within the sovereign federative union all the different 'arts' (with the various manifestations and tendencies of each)—every branch of design, every form of technique—could be co-ordinated and find their appointed place. Our ultimate goal, therefore, was the complete and inseparable work of art, the great building, in which the dividing line between monumental and decorative elements would have disappeared for ever.'

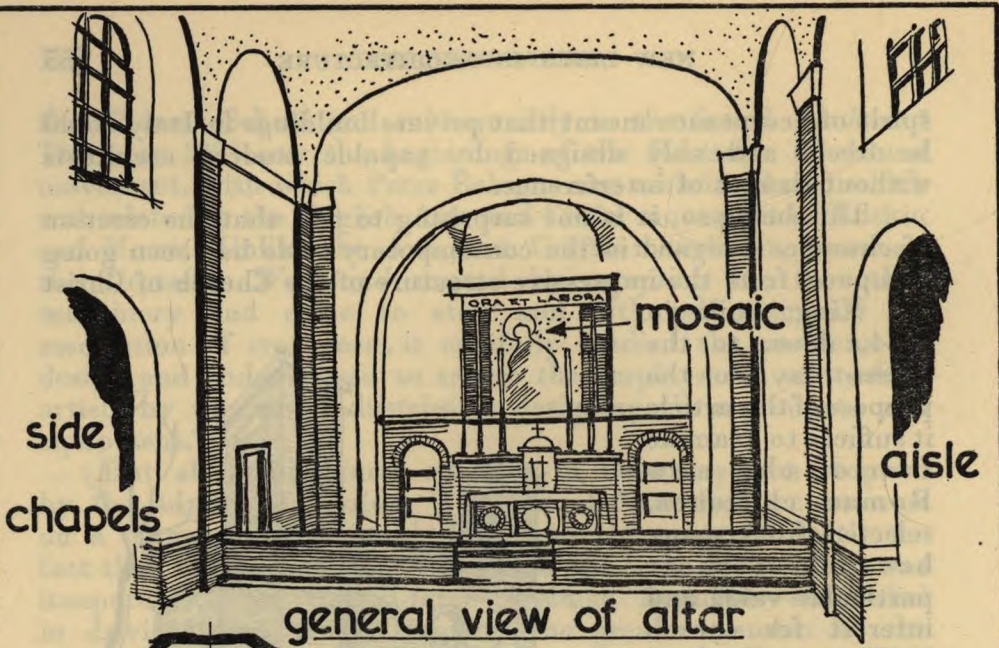
[9] Their greatest success was the appointment of Peter Behrens to the post of designer to the German A.E.G. electrical combine, a post which made Behrens at once their architect, designer of products and even advertisement designer!

spirit of acceptance meant that private buildings in Italy could be freely and ably designed by capable modern architects without danger of interference.

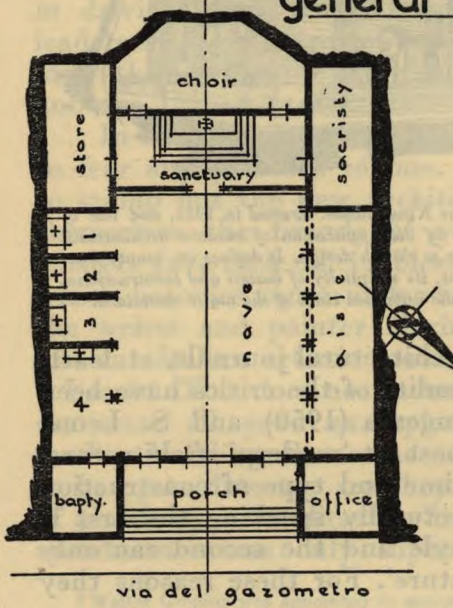
This being so, it is not surprising to find that the erection of churches designed in the contemporary style has been going on apace, from the impressive structure of the Church of Christ the King, built in 1934, down to the present day. For the purpose of this article it suffices to examine two of the new Roman churches, selected from many because of their particular value and interest for church builders in England —I refer to S. Benedetto and the little church of the Order *Figlie della Chiesa*. These churches are comparatively small and unrecognized : as far as I know they have not featured in the pages of the architectural journals, at least, certainly not in England. The plaudits of the critics have been reserved for the churches of S. Eugenio (1950) and S. Leone (1953), described as being the best in 'modern' architecture. From the point of view of their time and type of construction this is no doubt true, but architecturally speaking the first is an insipid imitation of a past style and the second can only be classed as 'exhibition architecture'. For these reasons they are not discussed here.

Church of Christ the King, Rome. Erected in 1934, *and one of the first examples of the application of modern architectural principles and style to church design. It derives its beauty from excellent proportions, its simplicity of design and constructional materials, and the unbroken lines of the main elevations.*

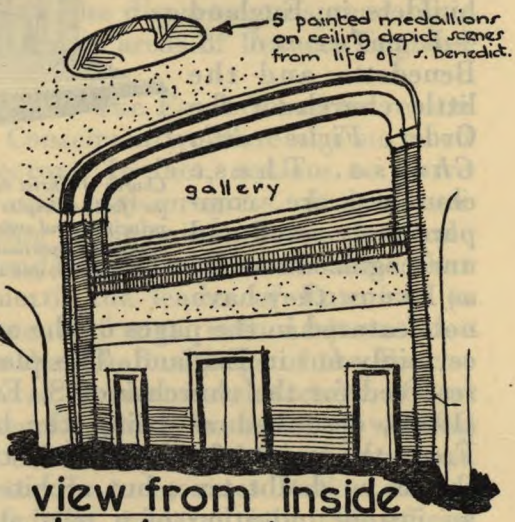
The church of S. Benedetto serves a working-class parish in the small industrial section of the city close to St Paul's, from whence its clergy are drawn. This small church, designed to hold a maximum of 400 worshippers, was recently rebuilt after wartime damage. The interior has been completely redesigned and is a great improvement on the old church,



general view of altar



plan on church



view from inside showing entrance

church of s. benedetto via del gazometro : rome

despite the fact that Joan Morris's murals and Stations of the Cross have not survived the change. At first glance it appears to have little in common with our other church, belonging to the *Figlie della Chiesa*, yet a comparison of the two shows that the same fundamental principles governed the design and construction of both. A working builder would describe S. Benedetto as 'of traditional construction'—walls of plain brick and white plaster relieved with white stone string courses. In the simplicity and harmony of these materials lies the secret of its good taste. The treatment of the sanctuary is outstanding and the only jarring note is struck by a very poorly constructed wooden porch attached to the main door which was not part of the original design but an afterthought erected presumably by the local clergy.

The second church, attached to the convent of the *Figlie della Chiesa*, is to be found facing the boundary wall of the back of the Vatican City State. The Order—a recent one—desired a Mother-House in Rome and accordingly this convent was opened in 1952. The church was required to be easily accessible from all parts of the house and as a result was placed as a central block between the two wings which constitute the convent proper. From the outside the building is unspectacular, the exterior church design being very simple in order to harmonize with the workaday lines of the adjoining wings. Access to the church is gained by a concrete gangway which spans the sharp fall of the land between the road and the façade of the building, and it is on the railings of this gangway that we first meet the rather stark wrought ironwork which is the prominent decoration of the church's interior. The plan is traditional—a central nave with two aisles, above which are galleries connecting with the convent. The wall finish is white plaster throughout, off-set by black wrought iron decoration and also the very elegant light-oak furniture. The sanctuary is dominated by a narrow arched ciborium, constructed of hammered brass sections, while the wall behind the altar bears a vertical marble slab against which is raised in outline a Madonna of the Assumption worked in metal, a most striking feature. A simple altar carries a gold-plated tabernacle of unusual design, six tall copper candlesticks with an oxydised silver finish and a wrought iron crucifix which completes the scheme of ironwork decoration. The church itself was the conception of the Mother-Foundress and her immediate subordinate, who

were also responsible for the furniture design. Perhaps the most striking features of this church are the excellent proportions and finish, although it is permissible to claim that the wrought iron decorations are exaggerated, as are the two 'Paschal candle' lights which can be seen in the photograph.

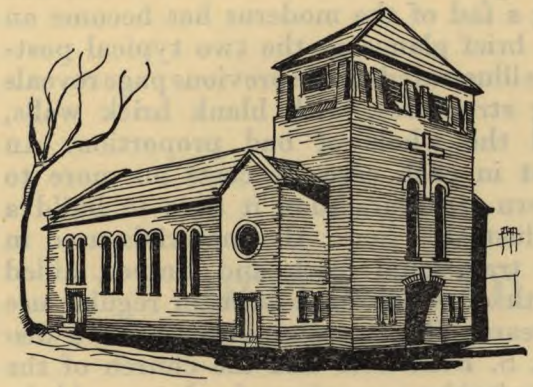
It would be pointless to describe these churches in any greater detail—a study of the illustrations is here worth much more than the printed word—but it is worth while to indicate their value to Catholic church architecture at the present time, especially in England.

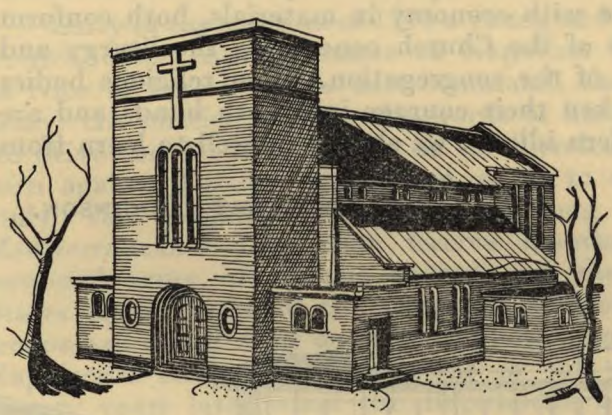
The Industrial Revolution, changing as it did the accepted social order in a very short space of time, was largely responsible for the collapse of architecture in the nineteenth century and for that period of utter sterility when architects—urged on by the *nouveaux riches*, usurpers of the position of the old aristocratic patron, and determined to exhibit their social position, wealth and 'good taste'—contented themselves with variations on the Classical theme. But it must not be forgotten that England also fathered the architectural revival which has culminated in the new architectural styles of to-day. Men such as Ruskin, Morris, the two Shaws and Voysey planted the seed which subsequently spread to Germany and from there to the rest of the world.

Bearing this in mind, it is a distressing fact that very little further progress was made in this direction in England up to 1939, and that only since the end of the war has any appreciable amount of good modern design been produced there.[10] Even now, this progress does not generally extend to church design, particularly to Catholic church design. For many years Catholic churches have enjoyed the reputation of being architecturally

[10] Speaking at a meeting of the Architectural Association in London in June this year Mr Lewis Mumford, the American philosopher, commented: 'The battle for modern architecture has been won... You could not produce any other architecture if you wanted to'. This is hardly true, especially in England. The battle for a modern *style* is largely won, but not the battle for modern *architecture*. Modern architecture to-day really means the creation of a smoothly functioning physical environment which enriches society and at the same time supports and encourages a pattern of behaviour for mankind which conforms to our ideals of gracious and virtuous living. Although in England we have a fair amount of architecture that fulfils the requirements of this definition, particularly in the design of our new schools, nevertheless we are reverting to the folly-architecture and celebrity-architect of the nineteenth century, using only a different style. Modern architecture is neither the creation of pieces of expensive sculpture nor the creation of a momument to the architect. It is much greater than that—one might say that it is the setting for civilization.

British architects to-day can be divided into three groups—the old brigade, the modern architect, and the 'fashion boys': the first group is rapidly disappearing, but we shall see a great deal more of the work of the last category for many years to come. It is to be hoped that they will not succeed in misleading and confusing the public with their structural trivialities.





Two typical post-war English Catholic Churches, the first recently built, and the second now in course of construction. Dispirited and trite architecture of little or no value.

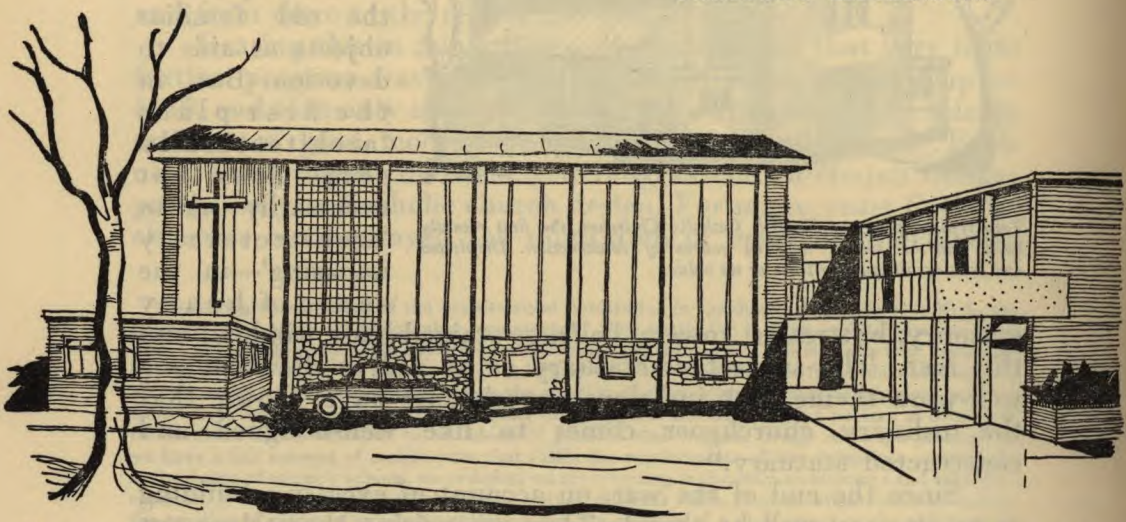
insignificant, of being ugly and tedious, filled with shoddy mass-produced decoration and statuary. In defence it may be pleaded that the Catholic community could not and cannot afford to build architecturally imposing buildings; that the cost of good decoration and statuary was prohibitive and that in any case the parishioners preferred—and still do prefer—the old familiar objects as aids to devotion. But, in the first place 'architecturally *good*' does not necessarily mean 'architecturally *imposing*'—in the sense of heavy masonry, buttresses, towers, belfries, stained-glass windows and the rest. The subject of statuary as an aid to devotion is a well-worn theme, but judicious experiments have shown that the ordinary churchgoer comes to like well-designed and constructed statuary.[11]

Since the end of the war, on account of excessive building costs—it may well be that builders are pricing themselves out

[11] This must not be taken to mean an acceptance of the exceptionally undesirable church work of such men as Picasso and Matisse, together with their host of imitators: such works seem to come under the ban of the Holy Office as recorded in the Instruction of June, 1952.

of the market—church designs have been cut to the limit, and simplicity, far from being a fad of the moderns has become an absolute necessity. Yet a brief glance at the two typical post-war Catholic church designs illustrated on the previous page reveals two totally uninteresting structures, with blank brick walls, staring-eye windows and the whole of bad proportion. An opportunity has been lost in each case. It costs no more to build an acceptable modern structure than it does to build a church similar to those illustrated here : the materials used in modern construction are traditional brick and timber, aided by steel and concrete, both of which have been in regular use for close on a hundred years. The two churches we have discussed on previous pages, S. Benedetto and the church of the *Figlie della Chiesa*, are suitable examples of what could be done in England—the former particularly so. Both combine beauty of proportion with economy in materials, both conform to the requirements of the Church concerning the liturgy and the accommodation of the congregation. Other religious bodies in England have taken their courage into both hands and are building in the modern idiom : we should do well to learn from their example.

GEOFFREY HIGGINSON.



The proposed Methodist Church at Mitcham—an example of how the contemporary style can be applied to the particular requirements of a religious denomination ; greatly removed from the familiar ugly Methodist chapels built in the Victorian and inter-war periods when ecclesiastical buildings suffered from the effects of misapplied industrial technique. This new church at Mitcham is being built with money provided by the War Damage Commission—the fairy-godmother or (according to mood) the 'dead hand' behind the greater part of church building in England today.

DECLINE AND FALL

4—THE COLLEGE DESOLATE, 1798–1817

Early in the summer of 1796 a young and as yet insignificant French officer by the name of Napoleon Bonaparte arrived at Nice to take over his first command, the French Cisalpine army. His mission was, in the words of his superiors at Paris, 'to drive the Austrians as far as the Tyrolean gorges and then turn against Tuscany and Rome, so as to chase from central Italy the perfidious English, so long masters of the Mediterranean'.[1] Less than twelve months later, with the powerful army of Austria routed and the northern Italian States from Piedmont to Tuscany in subjection, the victorious troops had swept right down to the borders of the Papal States. Napoleon's Italian campaign was in full swing; and, until twenty years later when the Republican Armies were finally defeated and the Napoleonic Wars came to an end, Italy, together with the rest of Western Europe, was to live under continual threat of invasion and war. As far as the English College was concerned, this period of European history could not have occurred at a more unfortunate time. The College was on the threshold of a new era: the hard-fought battle for national superiors had been finally won, and the Italian Secular Rector, Fr Stefano Felici, would shortly be obliged to hand over the reins of government to his English successor. The twenty years' maladministration by non-national superiors was over, and the future, under the new régime, was bright with hopes of success. Then, suddenly, came the war; and the precious and much-contested Bill of Propaganda granting

[1] Quoted in the *Cambridge Modern History*, French Revolution, p. 570.

national superiors to the College was a dead letter for many years to come. How the College fared during the war years, how the Venerabile was disbanded and eventually restored, we shall now endeavour to trace with the small amount of material at our disposal.[2]

On 4th February 1797 news reached Rome that the French army had crossed the borders of the Papal States and was marching on the city. A few days later, it was known that the troops were already at Foligno and that within a week their cannon would be thundering round the walls of Rome. Such was the panic that a proclamation had to be issued forbidding anyone to leave the city without permission ; the major part of the Sacred College fled to Naples, including the Protector of the English College, Cardinal Braschi ; and the Pope himself was about to leave when two British officers arrived from Florence and assured him that there was no immediate danger. Cardinal Albani, Protector of the Scots College, ordered before he left that the two Scots students at the Venerabile should be sent home out of danger, and upon hearing this all the English students demanded to be sent home too.[3] Fr Felici was ill in bed at the time, but, realizing the urgency of the situation, he acted immediately. Late that night a memorial was sent off to the Secretary of State for the necessary permission, and, in the early hours of the following morning, all eighteen students were travelling post-haste along the Via Aurelia in three heavy black coaches, bound for Civitavecchia and home.

The Rector was not, of course, returning to England with them, but they were in the hands of a Mr Sloane, a Scots banker and merchant from Rome who was also making for safety with his wife and family ; and, to ensure a safe passage, they had obtained a letter from the British Consul in Rome which they were to present to the commanding naval officer at Porto

[2] For the historical background to this article I have consulted the *Cambridge Modern History* (French Revolution) : Mgr Bernard Ward's *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England* and *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation :* and a series of letters from the Westminster Archives already published in this magazine under the title *Rome in* 1797 (VENERABILE, April 1934). These letters were written by the Rev. Robert Archdeacon *alias* Smelt, who was agent in Rome for the English Bishops at this time and who stayed in or near Rome during most of the war period. Quotations without references are from the letters ; quotations from our own Archives—my main source of information—have their own explicit references.

[3] Smelt was under the impression that Cardinal Braschi also had warned the rector to see to the boys' safety before he left Rome. This was not, however, the case, as is evident from a document in our archives, signed by Felici, in which he states expressly that he was not able to consult the Cardinal as he had already left Rome some hours previously. Cf. *Ricevute* 261, 3, Vol. VII, No. 7.

Ferraio, asking him 'to receive and forward them towards England as British subjects in distress escaped from the enemy'. At the same time the Consul had ordered a frigate to be sent to pick them up at Civitavecchia and prearranged a code of signals to make sure that the ship would be recognized. For the students, the coming voyage may have had its element of adventure, although it would not be without its discomfort and even perhaps real danger. Apparently they were not very happy at having to leave Rome : Smelt was a witness of the departure and wrote : 'The boys went away in college dress, some laughing, others crying, some again were eating and drinking till they departed ; one of Mr Gibson's boys called for a dish of chocolate before he got into the coach'. Fr Felici was popular with his students, but had they remained in the college a few hours longer a domestic crisis would certainly have arisen : 'A few hours after the boys had gone, a report was spread of the army being near the town ; the Rector immediately procured a number of men who began to pull down and carry off as fast as possible. This report was soon contradicted, otherwise in a few hours he would not have left in the house so much as a three-leg'd stool or a nail in the wall'.

At midday the coaches reached Montedragone, where they called a halt to change horses and snatch a hasty meal ; and some time during the evening they arrived at their destination. Next morning, Dominic Maini, one of the senior members of the College (a Lancashire man of Italian parentage), wrote to Felici to say that all were in excellent spirits and being well looked after by Sloane, although he himself was suffering from a violent headache, the result of an argument with the coachmen over the fare for the journey ! Arrangements had been made to send them to Naples that afternoon in a boat belonging to Sloane, but Maini wrote again that evening to say that the plans had been changed and they were now to leave in the morning. The frigate promised them by the Consul failed to put in an appearance : probably in the general confusion they were forgotten altogether. Maini suggested in his letter that the College silver plate should be sent on to them at Civitavecchia, so that they could take it to England with them and save it from being looted by the French, but Felici ignored his proposal. Smelt mentions earlier that 'they stood out for the church plate to which they thought they had a prescriptive right', but Felici refused to be persuaded. In all probability he

was fully justified, for he had already given them 'all the money he could get', as well as 'three silver lamps beat flat, and an elegant chalice given by Clement 11th . . . 26 silver-handled knives, as many silver forks and spoons'. With the Mediterranean infested with French men-of-war, their chances of getting through to England complete with valuables were poor.

Tuesday morning came, but with it, no ship, and they were again disappointed. Maini wrote to say that the latest plan was to wait till tomorrow morning when a boat would take them to Porto Ferraio but even there they would have to wait a whole month before anything further could be done about sending them to England. However, on Thursday evening the sails of a British ship appeared over the horizon, and prospects seemed brighter; but the same evening a letter arrived from Felici which must have damped their spirits anew. He had heard that the Pope was about to come to terms with Bonaparte and that the march on Rome had been stayed, and, hoping that this meant peace, he warned the students to take no steps without his express instructions. One can easily imagine how galling it was two days later to see the British ship put into harbour and realize that, unless political events moved quickly and Felici could come to an early decision, they might see it put to sea again without them; and even more galling to see two of their number, who were leaving Rome *re infecta*, go on board next day to interview the captain about a passage home. Perhaps it was some consolation to learn that the captain was unable to take passengers but would willingly take on the two boys as midshipmen—entailing a six years' apprenticeship, not necessarily ending up in England! This they were not prepared to face, but next day an English merchant offered them a temporary post in his counting-house at Genoa, which they accepted. For the rest, life for the next few days was dull and without incident, until eventually on Wednesday news reached them that the Treaty of Tolentino had been signed[4] and that it was safe for them to return to Rome. This was an anti-climax, but welcome news none the less; Maini wrote without delay to Felici: 'Avendo intese le buone nuove, e sperando per conseguenza che avremo fra poco ordine di ritornare, la prego di volerci procurare il Lascia

[4] By this Treaty, signed on 19th February, Pius VI promised to pay Napoleon 30 million francs for the cessation of hostilities, and the further sum of 300 million francs in atonement for the murder of Basseville, a secretary of the French legation, by the Roman populace in 1793.

Passare . . . Noi tutti godiamo ottima salute, ma siamo stracchi di questa vita così pigra.'[5] Next day they returned to Rome.

Life soon resumed its normal course, and Rome was quiet again; the political situation was tense but comparatively peaceful, and there was no further incident until later in the year. A French minister and a number of soldiers took up residence in the city, emphasizing the fact that the 'peace' was nothing more than a cessation of hostilities *pour mieux sauter* and that Rome was virtually an occupied city. The people grew more and more discontented; Smelt writes from Pisa: 'Rome . . . reduced to half its population. The inhabitants in distress and misery, famine staring them in the face . . . the people are so enrag'd that they kill all such [French] as come their way'. Christmas passed miserably; 'every article is so dear that the Rector of our College gave no dinner on St Thomas Day, not even a dish of chocolate in the morning'. Finally, on 28th December, the citizens' patience was exhausted and riots broke out all over the city. There was much bloodshed; Smelt writes again: 'Our students narrowly escaped, for an affray happen'd near the Colledge as they were returning home in the afternoon; the balls wisl'd about their ears, but they got safe in—I am at a loss what to do'. The disturbance he mentions was the centre of the outbreaks, a demonstration outside the French Embassy in the Piazza Farnese. Unfortunately, a French general was shot dead by someone in the mob, and the French seized on the incident as a pretext for marching on the city once more. This time there was no stopping them, and on 10th February Rome was occupied by the Cisalpine troops and declared a Republic.

The College was in no immediate danger, for General Berthier, in command of the army of occupation, had promised that he would 'never molest any house destin'd for the education of youth', although his orders were to seize all churches and Papal property. But the Mass-books in the College Archives show that for the first week of the occupation no Mass was said in the College, and we can only conclude that Berthier was not true to his word and in some way hindered the normal routine. A cold war was waged on the College: on the 23rd the lands were put up for auction, a little later a sale of movables was held in the Refectory, no money was allowed to enter the house; and eventually, on 30th March the students left Rome

[5] Venerabile Archives, C. IX, 11. (Temp. Class.)

for England, this time for good. Little did they realize that it would be twenty years before English voices would be heard again in the Via Monserrato . . . With them on the journey went the students of the Scots College, accompanied by the Scots Bishops' agent, the Rev. MacPherson. They sailed from Civitavecchia to Marseilles, crossed France, and arrived in London at the beginning of June. Of this journey we possess no details, but we do know that when the students arrived in England they were transferred to St Edmund's College, Ware, and that at least five of them, including Stephen Green (mentioned in our last article of this series) completed their studies and were ordained there.[6]

Meanwhile, in Rome, Felici and the staff continued on in hopes of saving the College, but the French pursued their policy of starving them out, and eventually on 4th April everyone was forced to leave. The Vice-Rector, Fr Giovannucci, had somehow contrived to be present at the sale I mentioned earlier —presumably in disguise, since it was exclusively for French soldiers—but was unable to retrieve any property. However, after they were ejected a series of public sales was held and he was successful in purchasing a number of articles, including a certain amount of church furniture,[7] as well as two oil paintings of some value, one of St Joseph and the other of Our Lady, adorned with a pearl necklace. There seems to have been some doubt as to the authenticity of these pearls, for Giovannucci himself says that they were 'credute false' and another authority states that they were 'buone' and of some value. Another picture, one of the most treasured possessions of the Venerabile, survived almost miraculously the whole twenty years of invasion and decay—the Martyrs' Picture. It was bought by someone during the sales, but never removed from its temporary home in what is now the Second Library (it had not hung in the Church for many years), and it was there that Dr Gradwell found it when he came to refound the College in 1817.[8] Why

[6] I am indebted for this information to the Rev. P. O'Mara of St Edmund's College, who kindly sent me this extract from Bishop Douglass's Diary (St Edmund's Archives) for 6th June 1798: 'Mr John Haly, student in Divinity from the Roman College, came to continue his studies . . . All the students from the English and Scots Colleges were sent with passports through France and arrived in London.' Other entries in the Diary show that four others from the Venerabile were studying Theology there at the time.

[7] The 'church' I refer to throughout this article is the old church of the Martyrs which stood on the same site as the present main Church. At this period there also existed the Sodality Chapel, of course, a *capellina* upstairs, and a small shrine in the garden, some remains of which are still to be seen affixed to the wall by the swimming bath.

[8] The picture of the Pharisee's Supper which hangs in the Refectory was also bought but never removed from its position.

it was passed over is difficult to understand, for everything was sold, every scrap of furniture, vestments from the sacristy, damask hangings from the church, the entire library with shelves and ladders, the students' billiard-table with accessories, all the door-locks, barrels of wine and oil from the pantry . . . literally lock, stock and barrel! All that could not be sold was thrown into the Rector's apartments and left there until somebody was persuaded to buy it *en masse*. Very soon after this the building was let out as flats.

The next six months passed slowly and miserably: the French went off on an expedition to Egypt, and the few remaining were reinforced by a detachment of Poles, who, although not the barbarians the Romans expected (some of the soldiers were priests) were incapable of bringing order out of the chaos the invading army had left in its wake. However, at the end of the year Lord Nelson appeared off Leghorn with a small fleet and 3,000 Neapolitan troops on board,[9] and together they forced the French to give up Rome. Within a few weeks, however, they had retaken the city and driven out the inferior Neapolitan soldiers. They remained in possession for a year, until in September of 1799 Nelson returned, this time supported by a new Austrian army and the Neapolitans, who together succeeded in routing the invaders and liberating the city. Unfortunately, they were not hailed as liberators for long, for a few months later Smelt wrote from Pisa, speaking of the situation at Rome: 'Great misery still prevails there, some days no bread to be had. It is dangerous to go out after dark; the town is swarming with thieves, the number of whom is considerably increased by the Neapolitan soldiers, the greatest rogues in the universe . . . the Romans hate the Neapolitans; some even prefer the French to them.' When the Neapolitans took over the city, the College was still in use as flats; but semi-officially it seems to have been in the hands of a rather doubtful character called Colizzi, who is open to suspicion of having collaborated with the French and having organized the auctions in the College.[10] As soon as

[9] The King of Naples was a thorn, although a diminutive one, in Napoleon's side. He was courageous enough to oppose Napoleon in 1797 by sending reinforcements to the Austrians—they were, however, only a token force and in any case arrived after the battle was over.

[10] Cf. a letter in the College Archives (*Interregnum*, Dandini Papers) in which Mgr Dandini, the *deputato* officially in charge of college affairs from 1799 onwards, says that he is 'ritardato da irragionevole dubbiezze di S. Colizzi in materia di sua legale professione'. His precise meaning is not quite clear, but the general tone of the letter favours this interpretation: that Dandini suspects Colizzi of having no official status. Another document mentions that Colizzi 'guastò tutto il Refettorio', i.e. ruined it, and that is where, most probably, the auctions took place. Hence my deductions.

the city was liberated, Sir William Hamilton, minister to the Court of Naples, took steps to secure all British property, and assigned a Mr Fagan, an artist living in Rome, to take over the English College. This came to the ears of Cardinal Braschi, who objected that in giving consent to the appointment of national superiors it had never been intended to part with material possession of the College, and therefore that Fagan had no right to intrude. Whether Fagan gave in to the Cardinal or whether he went to the College and found Colizzi already installed, it is impossible to say ; but in any case a week later the Apostolic Delegate appointed a Mgr Dandini administrator of the college property, and everything remained in his hands until and even after the restoration under Dr Gradwell.[11] Dandini and his assistants have suffered in reputation on account of the resistance they offered to Gradwell many years later: naturally in his capacity as Rector he desired that everything, particularly the finances of the College, should be handed over to him, but it was some years before Dandini and his *esattori* and *computisti* relinquished their hold on College affairs. In spite of this we must give them their due and admit that without their efforts over the period 1800–1808 all the property that disappeared during the sales would have been irretrievably lost. Three weeks after his appointment, Dandini wrote and signed a document (Dandini Papers) stating that the tenants had been ejected and that the College had passed into his hands, and from then until at least the end of the following year he was fully engaged in restoring the illegally sold property. In most cases it was easy enough to force people to return what they had purchased, but often it was necessary to threaten them with legal proceedings. One individual refused point-blank to return anything, another pleaded that he had sold all he had bought and was now unable to make restitution, another was traced to Florence where he had been shot by the French. How much was eventually retrieved we cannot tell, but what is important is that the picture of the Martyrdom of St Thomas (now in the 'Martyrs' Chapel') came back, and that, as I mentioned before, the Martyrs' Picture was never removed from the

[11] Mgr Ward, in his *Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England*, Vol. II, p. 222, says that Fagan 'succeeded in pacifying Mgr Dandini, the official "Delegato Apostolico" '. I do not know Ward's sources, but our Archives tell us in the first place that Dandini was not the Delegato Apostolico but was made *by* the Delegato Apostolico the 'deputato all' amministrazione dei beni del collegio', which is his proper title. In the second place, it is unlikely that any pacifying was necessary, since Dandini was not appointed *deputato* until October 1799 and had no authority when Fagan arrived on the scene.

Library. The Archives survived too, and the Liber Ruber had already been taken to England, not, however, to return until several years after the restoration.[12]

As far as this article is concerned, the next few years might well be called the Dark Ages of college history, for the building was uninhabitable and the English College existed only on paper. All that remains now is to follow up the chain of events that led finally to the restoration under Gradwell. The question of restoring the College was broached for the first time in the summer of 1800, when two English priests, Revv. Nassau and Gregory Stapleton, came to Rome on a mission from Bishop Douglass, armed with a memorial from the Vicars Apostolic 'begging that the appointment of national superiors might be permanently legislated for'. For reasons which I shall go into later, nothing came of the proposal and the College was left desolate for eight years more. In 1808 the French invaded Rome for the fourth time and the College was turned into a barracks. The church was profanated, the tombs opened and the bones of the dead scattered over the floor, and it was thus that Gradwell found it nine years later. It may be as well to mention, however, that the church was already in a ruinous state and had been so for many years. Even during the time of the Italian Seculars it was never used, and permission had to be obtained every year to celebrate the feast of St Thomas in the Sodality Chapel. Then, in the sales, it was stripped of its altars and every ornament and, on top of all this, shortly before the occupation of 1808 the walls were condemned as unsafe and the roof had to be taken off!

There was no further development until 1814, when Bishop Milner came to Rome on business connected with the troubles in England over the Catholic Emancipation Bill, and during his stay the question was brought up again. It was fourteen years since Dr, now Bishop, Stapleton had proposed restoration according to the terms of the Bill of 1783, and ever since the matter had been left in the air. Politically, restoration had been feasible, but other circumstances were unfavourable. The minds of the English Bishops were occupied with their own affairs at home to the exclusion of matters of lesser urgency,

[12] Cf. THE VENERABILE, April 1934, p. 392, footnote. The full story is as follows: one of the students carried off the Liber Ruber without the knowledge of the Rector or of Smelt when the students left in 1798 (not 1796, as Gradwell thought). On 29th April 1798 Smelt wrote: 'The Rector, before I left Rome, promis'd to preserve a book containing an account of every person in the Colledge since its foundation' (the Liber Ruber, of course). Apparently neither the Rector nor Smelt knew that even before Smelt left Rome the book was well on its way to England. Subsequently it was given to John Kirk, who passed it on to Gradwell, and thus it came back to Rome some time after 1829.

and the knowledge of the not-so-distant past naturally led them to believe that restoration held little promise of success. *Solvetur ambulando* was their final verdict. Obviously, then, if the College was to be restored at all the initiative would not, for many years at least, come from the Bishops ; and whether any of them would give more than moral support to the enterprise when it was undertaken was a moot point. Eventually it was fear of losing the College altogether that prompted them to send someone out to Rome and settle the problem once and for all : we shall return to this in a moment. Before this happened, however, the machinery had already begun to move. When Milner came to Rome in 1814 he characteristically involved himself in a dispute with Poynter as to who had the right to take up residence in the College[13] and was offered by the Pope himself the post of Rector, which he refused. He suggested instead that Stephen Green, one of the students who had left Rome in 1798, should be entrusted with the task of restoration, but unfortunately Green died before the offer could be made. Milner had already caused so much dissension on the English mission that the Pope at one time expressed his determination not to let him return home : Milner, he said, was *un tizzone*, a firebrand—but if so, why propose that the Venerabile should be burdened with him as Rector ? Whether for good or bad, that was averted, and the next proposal came from Poynter, who put forward the names of William Wilds, a London priest, and John Lingard, neither of whom was acceptable to the other Bishops. At the Vatican the patron of the cause was the Secretary of State, Cardinal Consalvi, later (in 1819) to become the first Protector of the restored college. Gradwell, in his letters, repeatedly attributed his success to Consalvi's zeal and influence. In another quarter he encountered, if not opposition, at least indifference on the part of Cardinal Litta, the Prefect of Propaganda. Years before, Litta had voiced the opinion that the Italian Secular mismanagement could best be remedied by assimilating the College into Propaganda. Milner and Poynter found him a difficult person to deal with, and it was perhaps lack of understanding and co-operation between all three of them that brought about the deadlock. For deadlock there was ; and it might have dragged on for years had not a situation developed which called for immediate action.

[13] He arrived in Rome in May, 1814 : such was the state of the College that rooms were not ready for him until February of the following year.

In May 1817 an elderly ex-Jesuit, Fr Walsh, was sent to Rome to plead the cause of the restoration of the Society in England. Without the knowledge of his superiors in England, Walsh suggested that the English College should be restored and taken over completely by the Jesuits.[14] Fr MacPherson, now back in Rome as rector of the new Scots College, heard of this and warned the English bishops that they were in danger of losing the College altogether. Hurriedly they cast around for someone capable of handling the situation, and on the recommendation of John Lingard sent out Dr Robert Gradwell, who arrived in Rome on 3rd November.[15] Some months after taking up residence in the College, Gradwell wrote the following letter to Bishop Douglass :

'I now know that the conspiracy of the Jesuits to exclude me from the rectory of the College was more deeply laid, and more widely spread, and their hopes of success much more confident than I was aware of. The Provincial of the Jesuits had made interest with so many Cardinals, Monsignori, friars, laics, etc., that in the abundance of his confidence he said that when the English College would be opened, it would be opened not by me but by the Jesuits. I . . . resolved to follow the best dictates of my own judgement, to go quietly but firmly to the Pope and to leave the event to His Holiness and to God. I did so, and nothing could have been better timed. This decision has blown up the whole conspiracy at once. It pleased both the Pope and Cardinal Consalvi who see the dilemma in which I was placed ; it relieved Cardinal Consalvi from the appearance of being in conflict with the other Cardinals who favoured the design of the Jesuits, because they thought thereby to ingratiate themselves with the Pope, the restorer and patron of the Jesuits, and took on myself the responsibility of making a fair representation of the business to His Holiness . . . without any regard either to the smiles or frowns of porporati . . . I learned from one Monsignore who is high in office the dangerous extent of the conspiracy and the delicacy of the situation from which I have successfully extricated myself. His excellence was tampered with and strongly, but unsuccessfully solicited to join the confederacy . . . Monsignore knows for certain that the most powerful solicitation had been made to His Holiness . . .' (Venerabile Archives, Gradwell's Scrap Book, p. 207.)

[14] This question is fully dealt with in an article for *The Month*, June 1910, by Fr J. H. Pollen.

[15] Fr Pollen (cf. note above) says that Gradwell received the commission to come out on 13th November. Actually he was already in Rome by that date. (Venerabile Archives, *Gradwell's Scrap Book*, p. 67.)

It is difficult to determine how much of this letter is fact and how much mere exaggeration ; to one unacquainted with the true facts of the case or with the character of Gradwell there would be no reason for calling the allegations into question. This much is certain : that however far the 'conspiracy' had gone, there was only one conspirator—Fr Walsh. Intrigue on his part behind the scenes at the Vatican could not possibly have found any backing among the English Fathers, for the Society had only been restored for three years, and bitter controversy raged over the question of the restoration of the English Province, so that underhand methods of realizing their ambitions would be extremely prejudicial to their position. No doubt Fr Walsh *had* hatched a plot of some kind, but he was playing a lone hand and constituted no danger to Gradwell for whom, as far as official support was concerned, all was plain sailing. Gradwell, however, came to Rome in the first place under the unfortunate impression that his mission was primarily an anti-Jesuit one, and his antipathy, deepened by Cardinal Consalvi who also disliked the Jesuits, developed into an obsession which coloured all his dealings and, in this case, led him to make a mountain out of an existent but negligible molehill. The myth takes little exploding.[16]

To all intents and purposes, then, there was no opposition to the restoration of the English College in 1817 or to its return to English Secular Rectors, and the course of College history could be resumed where it had been interrupted by the Revolution. The task of restoration was a great one, but far from superhuman, for Fortune smiled once more on the Venerabile after having deserted her for so many years. *Decline and Fall* has shown us the Venerabile at her worst : under the last years of Jesuit rule, then in the hands of the Italian Seculars after the suppression, and finally in dereliction and obscurity for twenty years of war. It is to the credit of the College that it survived—that men were found in a later generation who, strong in their defiance of the inglorious past and invincible in their determination to build a new future, founded the new Venerabile which survives in an unbroken continuity to this day.

PAUL MOAKLER.

[16] Ward says that Gradwell's main task in the restoration was in 'finding labours for Hercules', the Hercules in this case being Card. Consalvi. This is a most unfair assessment of Gradwell's work : his achievements are summed up rather well in one of his own letters—self-complacency, no doubt, but justified : 'The restoration of the College, the rescuing and improving almost double its revenues, the arranging a sound system of administration and economy, discipline, studies, etc., so as to convert the whole of the revenues, now [1828] £2,000 a year, as much as possible, to the benefit of the English Mission, was no slight undertaking, *even for a man who had nothing else to do*' (my italics), (Venerabile Archives, *Gradwell*).

TRASTEVERE

AN IMPRESSION

Trastevere è 'na stella rilucente
e pe' chi s'allontana ce sta un ponte
ma chi lo passa presto se ne pente.

Of all the Colleges the Venerabile is singularly fortunate in being situated near the Campo dei Fiori and the Via dei Cappellari. Here on our very doorstep we can see the Romans, and there is no danger of our spending seven years without coming into contact with the people who are born, live, and die in the City. Make no mistake, we would have a very imperfect idea of Rome if our days were spent in the vicinity of the Via Veneto. At the Gregorian we see only one aspect of Rome, its universality ; to find its individuality we have to go to school elsewhere.

To the less blessed the advice is simple : 'go to Trastevere'. Here you will discover, not another city as some have foolishly maintained, but the real Rome. Here is Rome opened up, like *baccalà*, preserved, salted, exposed for all to see and examine. What you find here can be found in other parts of the city too, but in most of these you have to explore, to dig ; in Trastevere it is laid before you without effort. Here are the people who have endured all manner of things from the Tarquins to the Atlantic Pact. Here you will not be disturbed by pilgrims or

foreigners from New York or Milan. Here it will dawn upon you that if Rome's pre-eminence in the world has been due in large measure to Fate, she has only the Romans to thank that she is eternal.

Guide books never give a comprehensive map of Trastevere, since nobody knows all the streets. Some of those that appear to be private are really public thoroughfares and very often what appears to be a main street suddenly turns a corner and ends in a blank wall. But this is certain : there is only one way to enter—across the Ponte Sisto ; and there in the Piazza Trilussa we take our first and last look at the fountains of Trastevere. Or rather, apart from the one outside S. Maria, this one of Gregory XIII is the only one we shall see. To the left we take the Vicolo del Cinque and after a few steps we have really arrived. Even the most insensitive will feel a change from the air that blows in the Corso. We are in contact with the people and at first it is most disconcerting, for these are not streets in the northern sense ; we feel as if we are trespassing. We are no longer outside. We ought to have knocked before we entered the street, since immediately we turn a corner everybody has a claim on us : eyes question why we have come, what our business is. The houses are not meant to be lived in ; it would be no use knocking at the doors, even if they were shut, because we are sure that there is nothing behind them. Dark corners, perhaps, but not a house as we understand it. The buildings seem artificial—a dilapidated and dank stage-set, against which life is enacted, and whose only purpose is to show off the people. It is in the street that they live : here they make toys and coffins, here they hang their washing, here they argue. This is home. It is Rome with her hair down. A stranger feels that he has no business here : not only are we entering into their lives, we are intruding on their secret thoughts.

The reason for this outdoor life is not hard to find. It is the sunlight. In this part of Rome the sky adds a lustre that not even the dinginess of the streets can destroy. These people worship light. In fact, behind the tobacco factory with its elegant Latin inscription, there lies the Vicolo della Luce, taking its name from the Madonna della Luce which is always closed. But I doubt if there is a church there at all, in spite of the façade pasted over with *avvisi sacri*. I am sure that if she really is the Madonna della Luce she is out in the street, mingling with the crowd and enjoying God's sunshine like the

rest and not staying locked up in a stuffy church. It is not surprising that for these people who adore light and for whom '*gli occhi so' fatti pe' guarda*" blindness should be the greatest material evil. It is more. It is a curse. One of the most pathetic sights in the whole of Rome is to see the blind beggars at the church of S. Lucia on 13th December.

We who still have our sight have the duty of being extra observant as we progress along the street, past walls of churches chalkmarked with political and sporting slogans, where Togliatti the Communist and Bartali the cyclist meet on the same plane and compete for popularity. We pass dark *osterie* with their bead curtains, flasks of wine, and a solitary *carciofo* swimming in oil displayed in the window. There are the itinerant sellers of dried beans with the inevitable stiff yellowy-brown paper ; we shall probably become involved in a football match ; but in the narrow streets the only wheeled traffic we are likely to meet is the little dustbin of the Nettezza Urbana, to disprove all those theories about the dirtiness of Trastevere. Trastevere is poor, it is dilapidated, but it is not dirty, and the regularity with which the garbage is cleared from the streets would shame many an English city. In cleanliness it is completely contrasted with Naples. Over that city there still lies the mantle of dust from the last eruption of Vesuvius. The inhabitants are too busy with their songs and *spaghetti alle vongole* to notice it. The Romans say of the sky of Campania '*Il cielo è bello ed è pulito perchè non arrivano a sporcarlo*'. But one cannot in justice say that of Trastevere where strong disinfectant is one of the characteristic smells, where *carabinieri* are few and the only uniformed person you are likely to meet is the dustman. Such a reverence for the representative of hygiene is almost Scandinavian.

The customs of the people in this quarter are unspoilt. *Caffè espresso* is almost non-existent. At 11 a.m. they drink wine as any civilized person should. Even the *pizza* is not common as this dish originates in the south. To the student of gastronomy it is interesting to watch the decline of the *pizza*. In Naples it is an integral part of life ; it is a main dish and you can have a *pizza* made at any hour at Da Ciro if you climb the spiral staircase. There it is, as large as a cartwheel and thick as a Calabrian peasant, with a pleasant sprinkling of herbs on top. This is *pizza par excellence*. As you progress North, so the quality declines : in Rome they bake only in

the evening and the product is very much thinner. Farther North it rapidly descends the social scale. I remember one Easter gita in Lucca passing a *pizzeria* where the *pizza* was served on a piece of brown paper. It was not considered worth a plate or a knife and fork ; it was put on the same level as a handful of dried beans. They tell me that there are *pizzerie* in Milan, but I do not intend to visit them.

In the evening when the sun is down, there comes a change. The streets become deserted and lamps shine through the slats of the *persiane*. The *osterie* are now the centre of life. As one writer has truly said :

> '*Non ha conosciuto Roma colui che non può in buona fede attestare che le sue ore più liete furono quelle trascorse con gli amici nelle osterie.*'

Here conversation is the main business, and the wine is simply to stimulate this. In Rome, even in Trastevere, at nightfall there is no *passeggiata* such as you will find in Siena, with the people walking up and down the streets and talking. Of course this Latin custom is found at its best in the Spanish *paseo*. But in the evening the Roman stays indoors to do his talking round a table ; and here you have the origins of our Common Room circle. This institution is predominantly Roman and an interesting thesis could be written tracing its ancestry from Rome and the Mediterranean. It is in direct contrast with the Anglo-Saxon idea of a 'club', where there is no conversation, but only Tory newspapers, billiards, and perhaps a mutual admiration circle. In the dark and cool interior of the *osteria* there are no cloths on the tables, simply wine and glasses, with perhaps a sprig of fennel but nothing more. Here the *Romano di Roma* can relax and really express his feelings, away from bureaucracy and all kinds of authority. Here he can drink, talk politics or dogma, sing a *stornello* or perhaps declaim a sonnet of Trilussa. In the *osterie* you will find Rome, not the capital of Christendom, not the capital of Italy, not the headquarters of the F.A.O.—but the City itself. And if you should stay to eat in Trastevere, when you have finished take good care to lay your knife and fork horizontally across the plate, the tips alongside each other, the handles outwards.

But you must not imagine that Trastevere is far removed from literature and the arts and that only the animal function

of eating finds expression there. St Benedict lived here, so did Dante, Raphael came here to be near his *fornarina*. There are the Cavallini frescoes at S. Cecilia, the mosaics of S. Maria in Trastevere, and it is on this part of Rome that the spirits of Tasso and Mezzofanti look down from their resting place in S. Onofrio. The language, *Romanesco*, is not really a dialect at all since it has hardly a vocabulary of its own. I know that on the Campo you will see a book called *Dizionario Romanesco*, but don't buy it as I am about to give you all the hints you need. *Romanesco* is simply debased Italian. Pronounce your Italian badly and consistently badly and you will speak *Romanesco*. For a start you can do worse than substitute 'r' for 'l'; instead of *suppli* you will say *suppri* ; for *volta* say *vorta ; albero* becomes *arbero ; il* is *er* and so on. 'gl' is often changed to 'j'. Add one or two slang words that are not normally used in polite Italian society, mispronounce them, and you will be famous as a fluent speaker of *Romanesco*.

Once these elements have been mastered, you can then proceed to savour the literature. Of all the poets, two stand out ; Belli and Trilussa. They are not the only *Romanesco* poets, but they are the best known and both are venerated in Trastevere : Belli with a statue in the Piazza Sidney Sonnino and Trilussa with a piazza named after him by the Ponte Sisto. Each is of a different type. Belli is the more descriptive or documentary ; his object was to leave a monument of what the people and City of Rome were like in his day. He is Roman in the sense that the people and places of his poems are almost all peculiar to the City. Trilussa is Roman in the sense that he traces his line from Pasquino and Marforio. Like many others born in the City his genius is critical rather than creative. He is satirical, a sceptic who is at the same time superstitious, but his subjects are not confined to Rome : mankind is his sphere. He uses *Romanesco* because it is the only language he knows, while Belli uses it to capture the spirit of the City. Trilussa specializes in the fable, making animals to speak and reason like men ; he is full of aphorisms, the sort of writer whose sayings are painted on ash trays and round majolica water jugs. Here are two sonnets ; I do not claim that either is typical, nor do they illustrate what I have been saying above. I quote them for no other reason than that I happen to like them. Here is Belli in an exultant mood :

Una giornata come stammatina,
Senti, è un gran pezzo che nun s'è più data.
Ah bene mio ! te senti arificiata ;
Te s'opre er core a nun sta piu in costina !

Tutta la vorta der cielo turchina ;
L'aria ordora che pare imbarsimata ;
Che delizzia ! che bella mattinata !
Proprio te dice ; cammina cammina.

N'avem avute de giornate tetre,
ma oggi se po' di una prima vera.
Varda che sole, va'; spacca le pietre

Ammalappena ch'ho cacciato er viso
de la finestra, ho fatto stammatina ;
Hah ! che tempo ! è un cristallo ; è un paradiso.

While Trilussa has a truly Roman understanding of human nature :

Ner modo de pensa, c'è un gran divario.
Mi padre è democratico cristiano
e siccome è impegnato ar Vaticano
tutte le sere recita er Rosario.

De tre fratelli, Giggi ch'er piu anziano
è socialista rivoluzzionario.
Io, invece so' monarchico, ar contrario
de Ludovico ch'è repubblicano.

Prima di cena, liticamo spesso
pe' via de 'sti principi benedetti ;
chi vo' qua, chi vo' la . . . Pare un congresso

Famo l'ira de Dio . . . ma appena Mamma
ce dice che so' cotti li spaghetti
semo tutti d'accordo ner programma.

For those who cannot stomach poetry of any kind there is always '*Rugantino*', a rather salacious weekly written entirely in *Romanesco ;* while you would have to be very obtuse not to enjoy the delightful Roman essays of Antonio Baldini.

But Trastevere is chiefly remembered for its closed churches, its *graffiti*, its cheerful promiscuity, its *ragazzi* who play *morra* in the street—ragged urchins who rejoice in such names as

Annibale and Marcantonio—the place where you half expect to see in real life those startling scenes that are pictured on the front page of the *Domenica della Corriere* every week.

Apart from the walk to Pam and the visit to S. Cecilia on 22nd November there is absolutely no need for us to go through the streets of Trastevere, since we live in one of the few predominantly Roman districts that are left on the other side. But you still see an occasional camerata there. Is it nostalgia ? Or perhaps, an indication that it would have been an even better arrangement had the Hospice of St Edmund absorbed that of St Thomas, so that Venerabilini would be synonymous with Trasteverini.

Trastevere da quanno t'ho lassato
ciavevo in petto er core e l'ho perduto
dimmelo bello si l'hai ritrovato.

M. E. WILLIAMS.

VEII

Ever this land hath laid on me her spell ;
Her lonely glens and streams with melody
Have fill'd mine hearing ; her wide-waving trees,
Her many-blossoming banks for ever tell
Of peace unbroken, where proud empery
Of Tuscan trumpets shrill'd upon the breeze.

So deep is buried Veii's memory,
So long ago hath nature here regain'd
Her sovran sway, we hardly can receive
The witness of the tombs and walls we see,
The temple's base where grim Apollo reigned
We know them true, yet scarcely can believe.

Only, like some faint undertone half heard,
The thought of wars and cities long ago
But deepens Nature's healing harmony.
For trumpets hear we but the warbling bird,
For camp and forum but the quiet flow
Of waters washing vineyard, tilth and lea.

H. E. G. Rope.

ROMANESQUE

53—PUBLIC MEETINGS

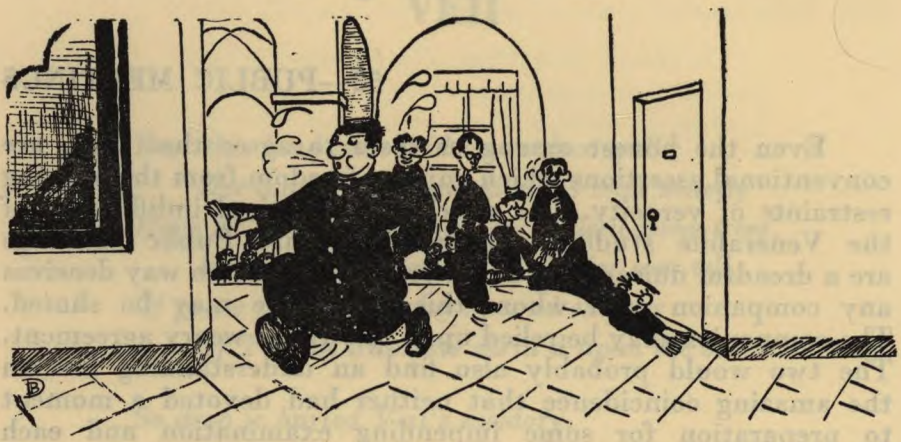
Even the honest among us seem to agree that there are conventional assertions which enjoy a freedom from the nagging restraints of veracity. The developed and tired indifference of the Venerabile student who protests that Public Meetings are a dreadful nuisance and intolerable bore in no way deceives any companion with whom this confidence may be shared. The companion may be relied upon to yawn a weary agreement. The two would probably also find an understanding link in the amazing coincidence that neither had devoted a moment to preparation for some impending examination and each faced certain failure. Frankness is too startling for our gently reticent natures.

Sharing such revealing confidences on the afternoon of a Public Meeting, the weary students attack the College stairs. Any haste in their movement upwards is no doubt provoked by the almost certain advent of a letter of supreme importance. The casual observer would note the strange coincidence that every member of the student body expects an equally urgent epistle this afternoon. The postman's progress to the Common Room table is blocked by the noisily expectant throng. On the bottom corridor none but the Senior Student remains to entertain the Rector. As they make a desultory ascent this week's *Lector ad Mensam* overtakes them with rapid strikes, having already mystified the Nuns by the ravenous rapidity or complete absence of his appetite.

The Rector, who will have matters of moment needing his attention elsewhere, will eventually rid himself of the Senior

Student who seemed particularly glue-like in his attachment this afternoon. Thus abandoned by his superior, and failing by even the most lethargic effort to make the last flight of stairs eat up more than five precious minutes, he yields himself to the uninterested concourse of his fellows.

Surprised beyond measure by the non-arrival of weighty matter from England, these latter have now spread themselves in weary fashion along the length of the Common Room and are engaged in occupations that harmonize with non-attachment to the event in which they are such reluctant participants.



'Any haste is provoked by the advent of a letter of supreme importance . . .'

Thus a pipe before use may well receive an unwonted cleaning despite the feelings of the smoker's immediate neighbour; whatever little did trickle through in the mail may be examined in exacting detail for hidden meaning, and the *Osservatore* may be subjected to absorbed perusal by linguistic braves whose prowess we had before now but dimly appreciated.

The suggestive ringing of the small bell enjoying one of its rare outings will partially distract the assembly's attention, and this opportunity will be seized by the Chair respectfully to urge the House to take note of certain matters. When these are prefaced in august fashion by 'the Rector wishes that in future', there is a terseness of wording and finality of manner on the chairman's part which shows that however bitter the detail his announcement is not the beginning of any debate. But democracy must not be too much outraged and the wise

chairman husbands such blows and deals them out in insidious ration. Tentative suggestions, emanating from the humble chairman himself, must be couched in gentler terms and painstakingly proved to be based on the best traditions before they merit the ear of the House and escape the certain condemnation that awaits whatever is produced from the reason rather than the past.

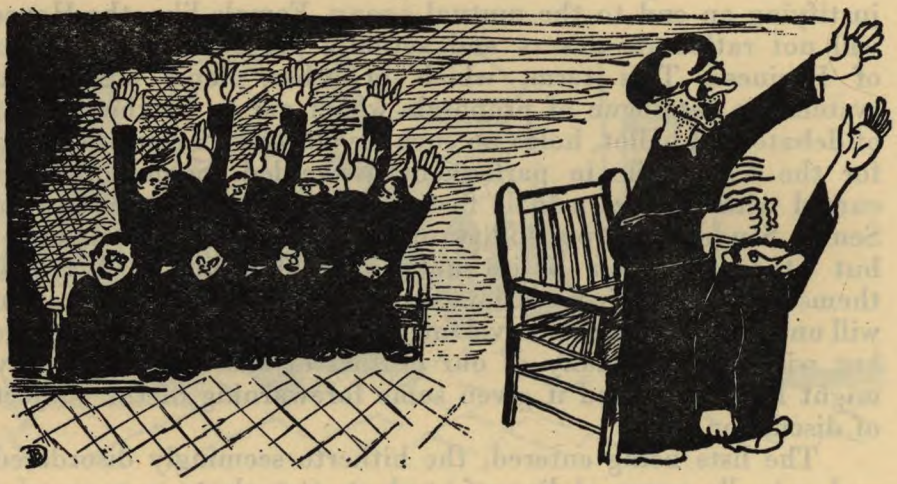
But now the weary body politic must bestir itself and legislate or die, for it senses an eager itch in the hand that caresses the impudent bell that will seize on any lacuna as justifying an end to the mutual agony. Female-like, the House will not ration its misery and actually proceeds to the Order of Business. This term, which in other places signifies a systematic catalogue of proposals which are to be the subject of debate and ballot, holds no such revoltingly efficient meaning for the Venerabile in parliament assembled. Some proposers cursed with natures a little fastidious may have hinted to the Senior Student the possibility of their raising a certain issue, but others in their desire not to trouble him will reveal themselves and their intentions at this hour. Their consideration will undoubtedly bring a novel unexpectedness to the proceedings but will also rob many of our orators of the advantage they might have possessed if given some forewarning of the subject of discussion.

The lists being entered, the hitherto seemingly disordered and casually grouped line of students reveals to our surprise rather sharp divisions within its ranks. From the obscurity of the far end of the room the proposers of motions usually seem to rise, and it is also there in the shadows that they receive the greatest measure of support. A daring definition might even declare the worthies here grouped to be Progressives. Learning little from grim experience and caring less for past records, they good-humouredly clamour for anything that savours of change and improvement and with a gay abandon rush to their own doom in this eternal sacrifice of preferment and respectability. Small wonder that our venerable British saints who for so long kept them reluctant company have at last veiled their eyes.

But it must not be imagined from the vapouring of the few that the whole body is unhealthy. Far from it ; there are in our midst many whose vitals are eaten up with feelings endured in the best interests of the House. Boldly righteous of

heart and proudly revealing their noble sentiments, they sit in the very centre of this gathering fully prepared to do battle for all that is best in our traditions. Their bold placing will give courage to the faint-hearted in the gallant task of out-voting the popular. They are also, of course, an effective barrier between the Senior Student and the contamination of pink poison.

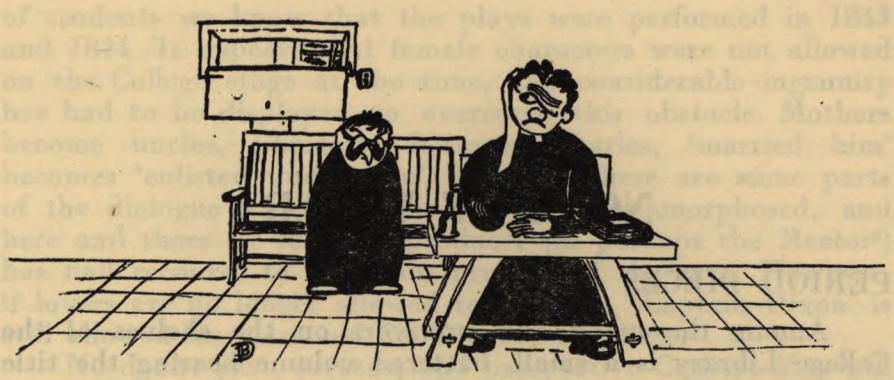
In our ranks we admit of few other general divisions. There are the few who are thinking about the merits of the motion



'. . . the worthies here grouped are Progressives'

under discussion and whose votes will be determined by the outcome of this tiring process. Whatever their conclusions, their exotic behaviour endears them to neither side. Then there is the notoriously honest little group that sits near the door because it likes sitting near the door. Occasionally, too, an individual will be found who sits in isolation behind the Chair and spends the afternoon in owl-like sifting of the struggling *ménage*. Bishops in search of secretaries could with profit be introduced to such lone birds.

As the debate drags wearily on few are proof against the soporific influence of the Roman afternoon and wishful thinkers in the Progressive camp will sigh for evening Public Meetings. Yet the born politician will appreciate that this exhausted assembly can well serve his designs, and with delicate touch will propose his financial resolutions at that moment when the



'. . . such lone birds'

public conscience, even in the most cautiously conservative camp, is no longer fit to struggle against weary nature. Any piped concern is lost in a weak rumble of 'vote, vote', and our sage has his money.

The Deputy Senior Student will decide when the limit of human endurance has been reached and kindly suggest our release on the College bell. Half an hour's serious occupation elsewhere will restore our balance and a brisk walk afterwards be a real tonic. Whatever the route it will be a pleasant walk as each loquacious student will meet with the complete acceptance of his sentiments, as all talkers desire, when he enlarges on the boredom of Public Meetings. Who can sneer at the cute little observer who recently did Europe and afterwards informed an entranced New York audience that the English never let their hair down ?

So much does the past re-serve of the setting of our meetings. Keener memories and abler pens should be called into service by the Editor to relive some of the sparkling debates before their echo be for ever lost.

NOVA ET VETERA

PERIOD PIECES

Among the many odd survivors on the shelves of the College Library is a small, battered volume bearing the title 'Theatre—Coll. Ang. Romae'. Unassuming as this title seems the book gives us a very interesting and amusing insight into the lighter side of College life in the mid-nineteenth century; for it contains a bound collection of plays performed or projected in the 1840's. The selection is nothing if not comprehensive, ranging from 'The Happy Man—An Extravaganza' through 'Uncle Tom's Cabin—a Drama of Real Life' to 'Hamlet—the Only Edition Existing which is Faithfully marked with the Stage Business, and Stage Directions'. A certain John Maddison Morton appears to have been a great favourite, as three of the nine plays in the collection are by him; he provides a link with the present, since, as the title pages declare, he is also the author of 'Box and Cox',[1] not to mention such masterpieces as 'Who Stole the Pocket-Book?', 'To Paris and Back for Five Pounds', 'A Thumping Legacy', 'Slasher and Crusher', etc.! It is a pity we cannot reproduce the etchings that adorn these plays as they convey the real period atmosphere; but something of it can be caught from the elaborate directions given as to the costumes to be worn: 'Ski-hi (the Stargazer)—Black gabardine trimmed with hieroglyphics, brown satin skirt, scarlet sleeves, trimmed with gold lace, green cotton skirt, brown satin Turkish trousers, yellow boots and beehive cap'; or 'Mr Snoozle—White trousers, white and pink striped waistcoat, large crimson tie, leopard-skin cotton jacket, light brown wig'. Even an Opera chorus would look dull by comparison!

But perhaps the most interesting aspect of this period piece for us is the producer's notes, scribbled in the margins, and the erasions in the text. Against the characters are pencilled the names of the actors, and thus, with the aid of the register

[1] It was this on which Burnand based his 'Cox and Box'.

of students we know that the plays were performed in 1843 and 1844. It appears that female characters were not allowed on the College stage at the time, and considerable ingenuity has had to be displayed to overcome this obstacle. Mothers become uncles, Charlotte becomes Charles, 'married him' becomes 'enlisted under him' Even so, there are some parts of the dialogue which cannot be thus metamorphosed, and here and there we find the producer (or perhaps the Rector[2]) has had recourse to a certain pruning of the text. However, if lovers are no longer allowed to languish, 'Captain Dixon' is still allowed his 'demmed fine !' every few lines.

No doubt past, present, and prospective Concert Men will be wondering how the dialogue of these plays would measure by their standards. They can rest assured that, whatever changes time may have brought in plots, dialogue, or settings, the type of humour popular at the College has persisted remarkably. A short quotation from 'A Quarter to Nine' may serve to demonstrate this. A poacher is speaking to Captain Frolick :

Roger : 'Danged if you don't know all about it—here, you shall have this for eighteen pence' (pulls a hare from under his coat and offers it to Frolick). 'I killed he with this stick coming along—beauty, bean't it. Times is hard.'

Frolick : 'There's half-a-crown for you—go into the trap yonder, and wait until the Captain comes.'

Roger : 'But what will you do with this here ?'

Frolick : 'This here ? You mean that hare.'

Or from 'The Happy Man'; Paddy Murphy is speaking to Rajah Ram-Rusti :

Pat : 'Then all I have to say is, it's a bad counthry, and though it's bad enough in the middle, it's worse on the border, it seems'.

Ram : 'Dare you call this a bad country ?'

Pat : 'Why, you call it bad yourselves. There's Allahabad, and Farruckabad, and Astrabad, and Firloozabad, and Hydrabad, and Khorumbad, and Futtybad, and Tuckabad—and if that isn't a bad lot, I don't know what is . . . Besides, it's against your own interest to kill accomplished strangers who could put the French polish on your mahogany population.'

With the smaller number of students (about thirty at the most) the problem of casting must have been more acute. Whether all actually 'went well on the night' we cannot tell,

[2] Dr Baggs or Dr Grant.

having no VENERABILE critic to report for us ; but it is interesting to know that such dramatics were at least attempted in former days, even if the tradition has not been continuous. It is pleasant to think that if among the ghosts of the Third Library there is any of those days, he would not be surprised should he wander into our present Common Room about Christmas time !

THE ARCHIVES EXHIBITIONS

In November of last year the old Library show-case was repaired and strong plate glass inserted. Early in the new year it was fitted with fluorescent lighting, and moved from the dignified seclusion of the Third Library to a central position in the second room. Now that a safe and worthy receptacle was available, the launching of a series of exhibitions of Archives documents and old and valuable Library books became possible. The first exhibition was ready for the Martyrs' feast, and appropriately enough it included the Liber Ruber, open at Bl. Ralph Sherwin's name. St Thomas's was the occasion of the next display : of particular interest was the entry in the Hospice's *Liber Commensalius* for the corresponding feast day in 1569, when the guests disposed of forty larks and sixty thrushes and much more besides ! Exhibitions were also arranged for St David's Day, Easter, and the feasts of the English Martyrs and St Robert Bellarmine. The series ended with a Coronation exhibition which was seen and admired by several of the distinguished guests : it included the wardens' copy of Henry VII's autocratic letter to the Hospice in 1496 ; a letter from Philip of Spain, one-time King of England, granting wine to the College ; and a petition from the Stuart claimant, James III, to Pope Clement IX, supporting Bishop York, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, in his plea for a Coadjutor. (The petition had the desired effect, and on 21st December 1756 Bishop Charles Walmsley O.S.B., was consecrated here in the Sodality Chapel.) It is hoped to make these exhibitions a regular feature in coming years, as they stimulate interest both in the College itself and among our visitors. It is now the custom to take groups of visitors on a conducted tour of the Library and Archives : they are shown the latest show-case exhibition, the Scrap Book, and the more interesting of our old books (Speed's maps of early sixteenth century England are always very popular.) Finally, in the Archives proper, a selection of books and documents is set out for their inspection.

THE ROMAN ASSOCIATION MEETING

This year's meeting of the Association, the eighty-fourth, took place on Whit Monday and Tuesday 1953 at the Rembrandt Hotel, London. Eighty members were present.

The Reports of the Treasurer and Secretary were accepted. Seventeen new members were voted in to the Association.

A Report was given on this year's Scholarship examination. Of ten entrants, seven survived the initial stage and proceeded to the Interview. Mr Wigmore of the Clifton Diocese was the successful candidate. There was discussion of the problem which sometimes arises in making the final decision when an older and mature candidate is on the short list, and a vote of confidence was passed in the judgement of the examining panel. It was decided not to hold an examination for Our Lady's Burse, now vacant, until it is more self-supporting.

It was agreed to award an honorarium to Dr Duggan, Rector of St Bede's, in token of his very considerable assistance in the holding of the examination.

There was much debate over ways and means of increasing devotion to the Martyrs. Eventually it was decided that the Martyrs Association should be subsidised and encouraged to extend its activity, and that a report on its progress should be sent from the College in time for the next meeting.

The Association paid warm tribute to Mgr Macmillan in the following terms : 'The Association wishes to put on record its appreciation of Mgr Macmillan as Rector of the College, and pays special tribute to the part he played in keeping the College together during the critical period of its history in the years of the last war.'

We then welcomed Mgr Tickle and wished both himself and Dr Clark a happy tenure of office.

NEW OFFICERS

President	Dr Avery
Council	Very Rev. Canon Donnelly D.D.
	Rev. M. Abbott M.A.
	Rev. W. Buxton S.T.L.
	Rev. L. Hanlon S.T.L., B.A.
	Rev. M. O'Leary S.T.L.
Auditors	Very Rev. Canon Wilson, PH.D., V.F.
	Rev. P. O'Dowd, S.T.L.
Secretary	Fr J. Molloy was re-elected

The next meeting will take place at Nottingham on 7th and 8th June 1954.

JAMES MOLLOY, *Secretary.*

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th *Wednesday*. The youthful apostles still lisp the word of God from the baize rostrum in the Aracoeli, but in the College the signs of revelry dissolve as fast as Christmas trappings in the Navona. The dancing feet of yesterday stand once more round the table at the far end of the Common Room as the postman recites his post-prandial litany. On the notice-board, a limp paper proclaims that Thursday's baths will be on Wednesday this week. Fortified with good resolutions against a hard world, we begin the next chapter in our book of life, with a vague feeling that we have read all this before.

8th *Thursday*. Fr Abellan S.J., Rector of the Gregorian, paid us a surprise visit as we were leaving to assist at Benediction given at Sant' Andrea by Bishop Gawlina. At supper we welcomed Mr Grant-Ferris, a Knight of Malta and former M.P.

9th *Friday*. Several friends of the College, including Mr Walsh, the Irish Ambassador, Fr Treacy S.A.C., and Fr Bolland S.J., attended an informal farewell luncheon in honour of Mgr Macmillan. Afterwards Mgr Tickle, Fr Rope, and the Senior Student each paid tribute to the work that the late Rector had done for the College. A presentation was made to him as a token of the gratitude of the House, and he replied to our heartfelt *Ad Multos* with a moving and inspiring speech.

In the evening Cardinal Griffin, accompanied by Mgr Worlock, arrived to take part in the forthcoming Consistory. He was met at Ciampino airport by Sir Walter Roberts (the British Minister to the Holy See), the Rector, and Mgr Whitty, Vice-Rector of the Beda College.

12th *Monday*. During the last few days we have given proof of our prowess in various fields. On Saturday the sportsmen beat Lazio 3—0 on the rugby field; yesterday the sadists sang Carnevale's *Rosa Mystica* Mass to the Little Sisters; while to-day Mr McHugh was devil's advocate at a Gregorian disputation. All round, our talents seem to be mainly destructive.

At the Vatican, the formal creation of twenty-four new Cardinals took place at a secret consistory. After the *ceremoniere's* '*extra omnes*', the Pope delivered a Latin allocution expressing his pleasure at the occasion and his sorrow that Cardinals-elect Stepinac and Wyszynski could not be present. Then the twenty-two Cardinals of former creations who were present stood bare-headed to reply '*placet*' to the Pope's '*quid vobis videtur?*' as the names of the Cardinals-elect were read out. The Holy Father then proceeded to the solemn decree of the new creations, and couriers were despatched to take *biglietti* to the new Cardinals awaiting them in various parts of Rome. In the afternoon Cardinal Griffin was received in private audience by His Holiness and later called on several of the new Cardinals.

13th *Tuesday*. Fr Cunningham, who has been with us over Christmas, left sorrowfully only to return a few hours later with the glad tidings of a railway strike. After supper in the debating room feminine intuition was deemed inferior to masculine logic. The victorious speakers seemed to favour logic in theory rather than in practice.

14th *Wednesday*. Cardinal Borgongini-Duca received his red biretta at the Quirinal from President Einaudi. The other Nuncios and the Spanish Cardinals received theirs from the respective Heads of State, while the remaining fifteen new Cardinals received theirs from the Pope later in the day.

15th *Thursday*. Early breakfast enabled the place-seekers to leave at 7.30 for the Public Consistory at St Peter's. The ceremony was the first of its kind that our generation has seen. The Cardinals assembled in the chapel of St Petronilla, and were escorted by Cardinal Griffin into the Pope's presence. They then made their obeisance to his Holiness, kissing his foot and the Fisherman's Ring, after which they were triumphantly embraced by the older Cardinals. Next, the Pope invested them with the insignia of their new dignity—the broad-brimmed, almost crownless *galero rosso*, which they will never wear. After the Papal procession had left the basilica, the new Cardinals prostrated themselves in the chapel of St Petronilla, and covered their heads with their scarlet hoods while Cardinal Tisserant solemnly prayed for God's guidance in their new office, and so the ceremony ended.

We returned promptly from the Consistory to say good-bye to Mgr Macmillan as he left for England. Our farewell cheers were still echoing round the cortile as cameratas bundled into taxis and hurried to the station to represent us all at the final leave-taking.

In the evening a reception was held in the Salone in honour of Cardinal Griffin. Being in Top Year has its compensations.

17th *Saturday*. Our two days' holiday from the University in honour of the Consistory reached a fitting climax at to-day's luncheon. Among the guests were their Eminences Cardinal Griffin and McGuigan, H.E. Sir Victor Mallet, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, and Mgri Heard, Allen and Worlock. The Rector proposed the toast of 'our guests' and each of the Cardinals replied. A piece of welcome news which emerged from the speeches was that Mgr Worlock had just been appointed a Domestic Prelate.

18th *Sunday*. Once again the centre table was a blaze of scarlet and purple. The guest of honour was the newly-created Cardinal Gracias of Bombay, and among the other guests were his Eminence Cardinal Griffin, their Lordships the Bishops of Bangalore and Changanachery, and H.E. Sir Walter Roberts, British Minister to the Holy See. Cardinal Gracias is an old friend of the College, and it gave the Rector and ourselves great pleasure to drink his health. Cardinal Griffin, too, seemed delighted to welcome the new Cardinal among the 'Big Five' Commonwealth Cardinals.

After tea Cardinal Griffin gave Pontifical Benediction.

19th *Monday*. At tea-time we were happy to welcome Cardinal D'Alton, Archbishop of Armagh, and Mgr Herlihy, the Rector of the Irish College. Before leaving, the Cardinal said a few words to the students assembled in the lower corridor.

20th *Tuesday*. The gentle hum of our evening table-talk was punctured by poppings as *spumante* corks fired a farewell salute to Cardinal Griffin, who is to leave us to-morrow. The Rector spoke for all of us when he said how honoured we were to have his Eminence as a guest at the College, and the Cardinal, for his part, said how much he had enjoyed his visit. Finally, we had an engaging speech from Mgr Worlock, 'on behalf of the Vanheems clergy'.

21st *Wednesday*. Cardinal Griffin left by air. At Sant' Agnese the lambs were so quiet throughout the service that one wondered if some National Health Service had vaccinated them against original sin.

25th *Sunday*. During our walk-time the nuns were shown *Never Take No for an Answer*. The film man took the hint and approached the Rector, who eventually gave permission for a general showing of the film 'for educational purposes'. Italian sound-tracks have their uses.

29th *Thursday*. A day-gita was granted to celebrate the accession of the new Rector. Many went to Terminillo. Long experience has convinced me that these parties wear their skis on the way down to Meditation, but this year I managed to sleep through till 5 a.m. The *sanior pars* rose later, to visit Orvieto, Viterbo, Gennaro, and even the Villa. On its return at supper-time it found an empty and echoing Refectory, until the erring brethren returned from Terminillo at about 8.30. One of their number, it seemed, in a bright attempt to take the chains off one of the wheels, had taken the wheel off the bus. I must remember never to ask him to give me a tonsure.

FEBRUARY 1st *Sunday*. Day of Recollection : the Rector gave the conference. In the evening Mr Fortescue, the assistant administrator of the Food and Agriculture Organization, was the guest of the Literary Society. His talk was highly interesting, and for most of us it was an added pleasure to recall cricket memories of the speaker from last Villa.

2nd *Monday*. For the first time in his Pontificate, the Pope was unable to receive in person the traditional gift of candles from the superiors of the Roman colleges. For some days now he has been confined to bed with influenza. Consequently the Rector and the Senior Student made the customary presentation to Mgr Montini.

5th *Thursday*. The unusual sight of red wine greeted our thirsty eyes as we stumbled into the Refectory for lunch. This, as the Rector explained, was to celebrate the appointment of Dr Clark as Vice-Rector, a pleasant surprise for all of us although not entirely unexpected by many. In response to the traditional buzz of 'speech' after the toast, Dr Clark briefly expressed his appreciation of the honour done to him and his hopes that he would not be found unworthy, amid applause which seemed to indicate that the student body had no doubt about his fitness.

Either fatigue due to the recent Canon Law exams, or the sublimation caused by the red wine reduced the fighting ability of our quasi-first XI, which drew 2—2 with the French College during the afternoon.

7th *Saturday*. After lunch a photograph was taken of all those who had assisted in compiling the new Library index. It will, I fear, be already obvious that I do not move in literary circles, but may I be permitted to say a word in favour of the old and human index? Not only did he infallibly find the book you wanted but he would often sit down and read it while you waited.

8th *Sunday*. It was pleasant to welcome Fr Sean Monaghan back to the College for a day. He had returned to Rome to defend his Doctorate in Canon Law, and joined Fr Copleston S.J. at our luncheon table. After supper Fr Conrad Pepler O.P., a Blackfriar well known to our Oxford students, addressed the Literary Society on 'Some Catholic Reactionaries of the 1920's'. In his own inimitable way, Fr Pepler recalled the aims and shortcomings of the Ditchling community, who sought to escape from modern society and live a life founded on basic Christian principles. The main actors in the drama were Fr Vincent McNabb, Eric Gill, and the speaker's father, with support from Chesterton and Belloc.

10th *Tuesday*. Everyone was presented with a book of rules this evening. The thin end of the wedge? I must remember to keep the book, anyway.

11th *Wednesday*. To-day, the ninth anniversary of Dr Clark's ordination, was appropriately chosen for his formal accession to his new post. Also appropriately, the luncheon table was surrounded by a galaxy of Vice-Rectors.

12th *Thursday*. Not long ago, a large hole was made in the road outside the church door, and an impressive tank lowered into position. Rumour had it that our hot-water supply was being tapped, but hastily gathered intelligence revealed that a monument was being erected to the march of civilization in the Monserra'—a petrol pump. The little garage whose wall flaunts the Communist daily has evidently changed its social status. For some days *Unità* has not appeared. Perhaps the proprietor (you remember him—a well proportioned gentleman whose main task is riding round the *piazzetta* to test recently-repaired bicycle punctures) now regards himself as a capitalist.

15th *Sunday*. The Shrove Concert was held after supper. Among other items, the Five Bartenders, whose close harmony was so popular at the

Philosophers' concert, played a return date. Few of the old professionals appeared in tonight's sketches, and much of the humour was unintentional, but altogether the evening was great fun. You would like to see the programme? (Well, even if you wouldn't, we shall have to give it because all the actors want to see their names in print.)

SHROVE CONCERT, 1953

1 PIANO DUET

Marche Militaire (*Schubert*) — Messrs A. Davis and Higginson
Eine Kleine Nachtmusik (*Mozart*)

2 SKETCH

THE OLD GEYSER

Colonel Jiggs	Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor
Dorothy	Mr Mullany
John	Mr C. D'Arcy
Joseph Smith	Mr Travers
Thomas Smith	Mr Marmion
Harry Smith	Mr Foulkes

3 MUSICAL INTERLUDE

The Five Bartenders — Messrs Formby, Brewer, C. Murphy-O'Connor, Ashdowne and Moakler

4 MONOLOGUE

Three halfpence a foot — Mr Crossling

5 SKETCH

THE MAYOR OF VENERABILOPIA

The Mayor	Mr Doran
Councillor Jones	Mr Dakin
Councillor Brown	Mr Bourne
Scholarship Candidate	Mr Formby
Stuckonski	Mr Smith
Alderman Killjoy	Mr Russell
Mayor of Deeds	Mr Swindlehurst
The Cuckoo	Mr Bickerstaffe

16th *Shrove Monday*. As usual, gitas were of three kinds : the healthy (Brisk walk—Valmontone to Tivoli), the wealthy (Terminillo—trat. lunch), and the wise (Villa, late start). Each party killed its own fatted calf—some, indeed, with a tin-opener—and this time we were all back in the College punctually to welcome Bishop Heenan at supper-time.

17th *Shrove Tuesday*. Even the healthy had recovered sufficiently from yesterday's exertions to enjoy *The Forsyte Saga* this evening.

18th *Ash Wednesday*. Bishop Heenan distributed ashes and sang Pontifical High Mass this morning. As usual, the hooded Misericordia brethren were the centre of interest on the afternoon walk.

19th *Thursday*. Conditions were ideal at Gelsomino for this year's first encounter with the Brazilians at football. Though held on the defensive all through the first half, we only conceded one goal, and continuous pressure in the second half brought a well-deserved equalizer. Although not classical in football skill, it was a most exciting game, and the team should be congratulated, as this is the first time that we have held the Brazilian team to a draw.

20th *Friday*. The largest Aula of the university was packed to the ceiling with canon lawyers and moralists, potential and actual, who had come to hear Fr Hürth expound the Apostolic Constitution *Christus Dominus*. The numbers and enthusiasm of the auditores seemed like something out of the twelfth century. So, after a few minutes, did the air we were breathing.

22nd *Sunday*. Bishop Heenan, assisted by the Schola, sang Mass at the *Regina Coeli* prison. The congregation was composed of about 150 of the inmates. The prison authorities were very kind and friendly, but even so we thought we sensed a hidden meaning in their final *arrivederla*. Fr Coyne, the Procurator General of the Salvatorians, was among our guests at lunch. Bishop Heenan gave Pontifical Benediction, and later entertained the Literary Society with some reminiscences of his work in prisons.

26th *Thursday*. Several camerate thronged the Vatican's majestic halls to witness the opening of the informative process for the Beatification of Cardinal Merry del Val, a former Cardinal Protector of the College. At lunch we celebrated Bishop Heenan's elevation to the Hierarchy, as this is his first visit to Rome since his consecration. The Rector assured his Lordship of our prayers during his forthcoming visit to Korea. In replying to the toast, Bishop Heenan had a pleasant surprise for us : he presented the Rector with the Papal rescript naming him a Domestic Prelate. The occasion could not be allowed to pass without the singing of a few college songs. Finally, we enjoyed a half-hour's recreation after tea to mark the Rector's new honour.

27th *Friday*. After lunch we cheered Bishop Heenan Koreawards.

28th *Saturday*. Prosit to Messrs M. Moore and Rossiter on their ordination to the priesthood at St John Lateran. Archbishop Traglia also raised First Year Theology to the clerical state.

MARCH 1st *Sunday*. Mr Rossiter said the Community Mass and at High Mass Mr Moore offered his *primitiae*. At lunch we welcomed Frs McGuiness and Monaghan and Mr Rossiter, and in proposing the toast

of the new priests the Rector dwelt on the joy felt by students and parents alike on this occasion.

In the evening the film committee presented *The Planter's Wife.*

2nd *Monday.* On the transferred feast of St David, Mr Rossiter sang High Mass for the intentions of the House. Some part of these may well have been focused on beating the Scots in the afternoon. When the teams met, Scots inborn football skill coupled with accurate execution earned them early laurels and a lead of two goals. But in the second half our superior speed and thrust was rewarded by three goals which reduced Scots touchline enthusiasm to a low ebb. Before the end came, however, they equalized, and the final ten minutes saw both teams wrestling strongly for the initiative until the whistle was blown on a drawn game. Though we cannot rejoice in victory, at least we succeeded in upholding our unbeaten post-war record.

4th *Wednesday.* We were pleased to welcome Fr Murphy (Fr Peyton's assistant in his rosary crusade) and Mr Paul Ketterer as guests to lunch. Afterwards the March Public Meeting, which opened yesterday, continued on its wordy way.

7th *Saturday. Feast of St Thomas Aquinas.* The Schoolman's holiday. We and our friends from the North American College sought diversion in Table Tennis. The match offered an occasion for repainting our table, and if shortage of time (but not of paint) produced a sticky wicket, we cannot point to this, or our lack of chewing gum, as the sole cause of our defeat. The Common Room was the chosen battlefield, and crowded rows of spectators from both Colleges enjoyed a most diverting afternoon. May this be the first of many similar exchanges.

9th *Monday.* Events in Trieste still cause occasional outbreaks of the Rag Day mood among the more venturesome spirits of young Italy. The anniversary of the Quadripartite declaration is always celebrated with noisy truancy which the newspapers call 'rioting'. During second lecture we were disturbed by noises off which turned out to be a crowd of youths hurling plant pots through the windows of the *Unità* offices. During the interval we surged out (despite the strident protests of the P. Secretarius) to see the fun. Three or four rioters (average age fourteen) were being chased through the Pilotta by five jeeps full of gesticulating policemen. Undaunted in the face of overwhelming odds, the policemen left their mounts and proceeded to bastinade the offenders, who, however, made their escape through the ranks of cassocked spectators while the leading gendarme groped at our feet for the truncheon he had dropped at a crucial moment of the proceedings. We went back to third lecture much refreshed. In the afternoon we could not fail to notice on our way to Pam that things were warming up outside the Hungarian Academy in the Via Giulia. The return journey revealed that two windows on the ground floor had developed sharp edges.

12th *Thursday. Feast of St Gregory the Great.* At San Gregorio the plainsong was divided between ourselves and the Academy of Sacred Music, while our polyphony deserved some at least of the abundant praise that was later showered upon it. After lunch we launched our maiden afternoon gita. The destination was left to personal choice, but the College offered tea for all who decided to go to Palazzola. Whether because of this, or the handy Via dei Laghi bus, or a desire to earmark serviceable furniture for summer use, the vast majority could be seen somewhere in the purlieus of the Villa during the afternoon. At four thirty informal tea was taken in standing, sitting, or intermediate posture, and at five o'clock the party broke up to allow sufficient time for those who so desired to visit Albano on the way home. A very pleasant day.

13th *Friday.* Congratulations to Fr Ashworth who successfully defended his doctorate in Canon Law this evening.

15th *Sunday.* St Gregory's coffee and liquori were transferred to this afternoon. After tea we experienced the thrill of seeing others break through *The Sound Barrier.* One wonders if the Rector would accept air-sickness as justification for a late rise to-morrow.

17th *Tuesday.* Shamrock bloomed in expected and unexpected places, though its gita from the fair isle had robbed the bloom of its maiden smile. A kindly Englishman offered to water one particularly jaded specimen, but was rudely rebuffed. I should mention that the specimen was attached to its owner at the time. In the evening loyalties were divided between the Station at San Lorenzo in Damaso and the less penitential function at St Patrick's, but after supper national sympathies were expressed in the Common Room *more nostro.* Bishop Beck arrived by air, accompanied by his Secretary, Fr Shanahan.

18th *Wednesday.* We entertained Frs Boyle and Brodrick S.J. to supper, and afterwards Fr Brodrick let the Literary Society into the secret of why he calls St Cuthbert an Irishman.

19th *Thursday. Feast of St Joseph.* After High Mass a large party left to assist at the Golden Jubilee celebrations of Canon Moodey, late of the Southwark diocese and now a Canon of St John Lateran.

We left coffee and liquori early in order to watch our three participants in the Gregorian Europe *v.* America match, which the old world won by three goals to two. After supper we enjoyed an informal smoking concert, at which we were treated to songs, recitations, and topical sketches round the piano, with little save a hat and a pair of spectacles for costume and the most rudimentary noises off. The lack of polish was well compensated by the abundance of spontaneity.

20th *Friday.* To lunch, besides Bishop Beck, came Fr Dufault, general of the Augustinians of the Assumption, Fr Bolland S.J., Fr Paulinus O.F.M., Rector of the Antonianum, Fr William O.F.M., professor of the same University, Fr Treacy S.A.P., Fr Tindal-Atkinson O.P., Fr Meechan and Fr Shanahan. After supper his Lordship addressed the Literary Society on the subject of education.

21st *Saturday*. Messrs Lightbound and Marmion (whose dimissorials were delayed) joined the rest of their year in the clerical state. Bishop Beck flew back to London, thus terminating an all too brief visit.

22nd *Sunday*. The larger half of the O.N.D. slipped off in an Easterly direction during lunch. We hear that after assessing affairs in Egypt he is hoping to invade the Holy Land.

23rd *Monday*. Eager hands await our weekly copy of *The Tablet* and it would be superfluous to mention our appreciation of its Editor, Mr Douglas Woodruff. He holds the distinction of having addressed the Literary Society on more occasions than any other speaker, and his talk this evening, on the origins of anti-Catholicism in England, was as stimulating as ever.

26th *Thursday*. The almost virgin soil of the Villa must have been rudely surprised to-day by the descent of the College gardeners. They were supplied with divers seeds in paper packets luridly and optimistically illustrated, and are hoping fervently that what a man sows, that also shall he reap. But the proof of the pudding is in the weeding.

27th *Friday*. The Vice-Rector departed this morning for two weeks' holiday in England. In the evening the Literary Society welcomed Mr John Ford, the American Catholic film director whose picture *The Quiet Man* has recently won such universal praise. Mr Ford is much in demand in Rome, and could only spare us about fifty minutes; but in that short time he and his companion, Mr Brian Hurst of Rank films, succeeded in revolutionising most of our ideas about the making of pictures.

29th *Sunday*. We sailed into Retreat, with Fr Bolland S.J. at the helm.

31st *Tuesday*. In the main chapel a memorial service was held for Queen Mary, whose death was announced last week. The Rector preached the panegyric and a solemn blessing with the relic of the Cross was given by Mgr Heard. The service closed with the *Domine Salvum Fac*, the prayer for the Queen, and the National Anthem. Among those present were Mgr Grano of the Secretariat of State, Sir Walter and Lady Roberts, the Australian Ambassador to the Quirinal, the Canadian and French Ambassadors to the Vatican, the Dutch Minister to the Holy See, Prince Doria-Pamphili with his daughter, Donna Orietta, and the British Consul.

APRIL 2nd *Maundy Thursday*. One camerata paid a surprise visit to the Ethiopian College and found the Maundy in progress. Since the College is obscured by the shadow of St Peter's, the congregation was small, and our friends were recruited as Apostles. They were at a slight disadvantage compared with the rest of the twelve, as theirs were the only feet theoretically supposed to be white.

3rd *Good Friday*. A casual observer would have gathered, from the explanatory whispers in the aisles, that English was the native tongue of the majority of the sweetly-scented congregation at the Greek church this evening. Active participation in the ceremony was limited to kissing the ikon and receiving a flower, to be treasured, until it droops, with our Latin palms. No incidents are reported.

4th *Holy Saturday*. Congregations to Messrs Turnbull and Collier who received their first Major Orders at the church of the Twelve Apostles this morning.

5th *Easter Sunday*. Popular opinion persuaded the Rector to allow us to hold the midnight service in the College, so that it was almost two o'clock before we retired to bed fortified by a light refection. At a seemingly early hour the polyphony schola brushed away the mists of sleep and repaired to the *Regina Coeli* where they assisted a young Italian priest to celebrate his first Mass. The congregation of prisoners was more extensive than on our first visit, and the number of communicants was so large that distribution was still in progress when we were obliged to return to our own High Mass.

At midday the Pope, now recovered from his recent illness, delivered an Easter message of hope and peace to a crowded piazza. We came home to join Mgr Heard, Frs Allen, Kenny, Monaghan and Moverley, and Major Utley, at lunch. During coffee *Chi Lo Sa?* was thrown to the hungry wolves—bigger and (with its new binding) brighter than usual. We rounded off the day with *Father's Little Dividend*—rounded off but not quite finished, for there were still a few socks and handkerchiefs to be thrown into an untidy bundle. Gita packing, we call it.

8th *Wednesday*. Those still at home learnt that the recent outbreak of fisticuffs in the Italian Senate after the passing of the electoral bill caused over £300 worth of damage to furniture. The Common Room spirit seems to be spreading.

10th *Friday*. As there was no official Villa gita most of the depleted House went to Fregene in search of sea and sun.

11th *Saturday*. The lost sheep returned to the fold, and brought with them the Vice-Rector and Mgr Shaw, the director of the Pontifical Mission Aid Society in England.

14th *Tuesday*. Fr Boyer, recently returned from receiving an honorary doctorate of Law from Montreal University, resumed his lectures on the Trinity by quoting from one of our own recent Doctors—Dr Michael Williams. It seemed to confirm an uncomplimentary adage when Dr Williams himself appeared at supper.

17th *Friday*. The C.S.G., which has long been the Cinderella of College societies, blossomed tonight with a very well-illustrated paper on the state of Catholicism in Italy. The talk, which lasted two nights, was of great value, if only because the authoritative figures refuted so many hearsay statisticians.

21st *Tuesday*. On the 2,706th anniversary of the foundation of Rome we welcomed Mgr Winham and Fr Casartelli as our guests for the next few days.

23rd *Thursday*. *Feast of St George*. At lunch we entertained, besides our resident guests, Frs Gogarty, Dyson S.J. and Doherty, with Brother

Oswald from S. Anselmo. Later in the day we entertained ourselves with the following concert:

THEOLOGIANS' CONCERT, 1953

1 PIANO SOLO

Two pieces by M. J. Kirkham . . . Mr Kirkham

2 SKETCH

WURZEL-FLUMMERY

Robert Crawshaw . . .	Mr Abbott
Margaret Crawshaw . .	Mr McConnon
Viola Crawshaw . . .	Mr Doran
Richard Meriton . . .	Mr Formby
Denis Clifton . .	Mr Lightbound
Butler	Mr Taylor

Produced by Mr Lightbound

3 SONGS

Sul Ponte di Bassano . Messrs Broome, Foulkes and Formby
Stelutis Alpinis
Vinassa, Vinassa

4 TOP YEAR SKETCH

5 TOP YEAR SONG

24th *Friday*. Dr Williams left us after some happy days spent in the world of garlic and the *Tribuna Illustrata*.

26th *Sunday*. Mgri Duchemin and Clapperton came to lunch with Fr Treacy and Major Utley. Such a gathering of British notables suggests that plans are maturing for the Coronation festivities. In the evening the Debating Society closed a successful season with an impromptu session.

27th *Monday*. The Rector left for England.

29th *Wednesday*. *Disputationes Publicae : omnes debent interesse*. On these occasions many a dictionary is thumbed to find out the precise degree of obligation implied by the word *debere*. Our interest this morning was confined to the theological faculty where Mr Turnbull was seated before a microphone with a formidable supply of questions.

30th *Thursday*. At 9.30 the schola left the College in a Vatican bus and were transported up the zig-zag road behind St Peter's to Radio Vaticana, there to record a broadcast on the English Martyrs. Our hosts oiled our throats before the performance, to obviate stage-fright, and voices bellowed in all the arranged places, and more. During lunch the Vice-Rector announced that the afternoon could be turned into a Castelli

gita if we so wished. The vast majority did so wish—the principle defaulters were potential licentiates who have an eye (either financial or academic) on their return to England.

MAY 2nd *Saturday*. To-day being Cup Final Day, the football fans willingly sacrificed their siesta to cluster round the Vice-Rector's radio in the Common Room.

3rd *Sunday*. Prosit to Messrs B. Murphy-O'Connor, Cox and McConnon who received the subdiaconate, and to Second Year Theology who received second minor orders, from Archbishop Traglia at SS. John and Paul's. Evolution of some type, and not always in a forward direction, seems to find branches on which to curl its tail in all life's activities, not excluding the liturgy. Photographers and their monkey business are becoming an integral part of all ordination ceremonies in Rome: soon they will be needing a special M.C.

4th *Monday. Feast of the English Martyrs*. We were glad to see several visiting priests saying Mass in the chapel this morning, and also to welcome the two English students from Propaganda to Community Mass and breakfast. At lunch our guests were Mr Walshe, Fr Tindal-Atkinson O.P., Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Dr Marsh and Mr Ainscough.

At supper-time a radio was installed in the reader's box and we listened to ourselves broadcasting. There was a look of rapt attention on the faces of the schola, a too obvious boredom on those of the philistines who refer to polyphony as 'that disturbance during the Offertory', and an expression of non-committal interest on the tactful few who maintain that in Chapel we are too near the schola to hear it to the best advantage. But no one will deny that musical appreciation is a gift, and while sympathising with the unfortunate let us congratulate the singers and script-writers and readers on to-night's performance. After supper, the Chaplin film *Limelight*.

6th *Wednesday*. Though the veterans do not as yet couple the adjective 'warm' with the noun 'weather', the evening musical recitals began their season this evening on the lantern-lit balcony. While expressing his gratitude for the gramophone kindly donated by a member of the House, the programme organizer hinted that shortage of records may limit the success of the season.

7th *Thursday*. To-day was the sacerdotal jubilee of Cardinal Pizzardo, Bishop of Albano and Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries. The College attended the jubilee Mass at the Minerva and in the evening we were represented at the Accademia at the Gregorian.

11th *Monday*. The Vice-Rector addressed the House on the subject of one or two of the rules. The room-rule and clerical dress were the main topics, and both corridor-trotting and berets were strongly anathematized.

12th *Tuesday*. *Prosit* to Fr Monaghan on his Doctorate of Canon Law, and many thanks for an excellent *bicchiere* of Orvieto.

13th *Wednesday*. This year marks the centenary of the Beda College ; appropriately it is also the first year in which we have played our annual

cricket match together at Palazzola. To-day the absence of the sheep, making their spring pilgrimage in search of more lucrative pasture, left us in peaceful possession of an Italian summer's afternoon and a grassy pitch. The veterans, winning the toss, decided that the advantage would be theirs if their superior training in jungle-craft were exploited at an early stage, and took the field shortly after three o'clock. Our essentially ecumenical batting traced its ancestry proximately to the mysterious and unpredictable cunning of the East, and only remotely to the orthodoxy of the West, but we were able to withdraw for traditional English tea with a reasonable score on the board. During the visitors' innings our attack was not at its best, and notwithstanding a determined last-wicket partnership, our victory on the last ball of the game must be attributed primarily to the generosity and unselfish co-operation of the batsmen. By now the evening breezes were becoming uncomfortable and players and spectators closed round the oak tree pavilion to toast in Castelli wine the continuation of the traditional English sport on foreign soil.

14th *Ascension Thursday*. In the evening the Italian film *Don Camillo*, with some delightful local touches.

19th *Tuesday*. There was a choice of entertainment after supper. You could either lick stamps with the Vice-Rector, or listen to our Palestine pilgrim relating his experiences, with occasional reference to his lantern slides.

23rd *Saturday*. The feast-day of St John Baptist de Rossi, a former confessor to the College. The Vice-Rector assisted by the schola sang Mass amid the Baroque of S. Trinità dei Pellegrini. To-day was also the last day to back your fancy in the Senior Student Stakes. It is reported that business was heavy.

24th *Whit Sunday*. Mgr Heard came down to lunch and afterwards joined us in coffee and liquori. After early supper the film committee presented John Mills in *The Long Memory*.

25th *Whit Monday*. Obligations at the Gregorian and our privilege of assisting at the celebration of the feast of St Philip Neri combined to delay our Whit gita. The postponed Catacombs Mass was sung to-day by the retired Senior Student at S. Domitilla. In the evening we assisted Cardinal Borgongini-Duca to sing first vespers of St Philip. In the sacristy afterwards, one of the cantors confessed that he had inadvertently picked up his Code of Canon Law in mistake for his Liber Usualis. Evidence from the congregation tends to confirm this.

28th *Thursday*. The delayed gita was prefaced by a Vice-Rectorial warning against excessive sun-bathing, and the *oratio imperata* for rain stopped this morning. Both these circumstances conspired to produce a dull and drizzly day, which does not, however, seem to have affected the enjoyment of the gita. The postponement from Whit Monday at least relieved us of local competition for transport and beach facilities.

29th *Friday*. The Rector returned from England to find the College car once more awaiting repairs in dry dock. Fortunately the blow was

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE VATICAN, 13TH APRIL, 1951

softened by a series of newspaper cuttings giving a full account of the recent accident and completely exonerating the Vice-Rector from blame. With the return of the Rector, senior philosophers now assert that Top Year tea is in *potentia proxima*.

30th *Saturday*. Messrs Turnbull and Collier were raised to the diaconate, and Mr Abbott to the subdiaconate, by Archbishop Traglia at St John Lateran. At home a consular notice invited us to the Coronation Ball, at which one must humbly accept the fall of our first parents by wearing either national dress or a black tie.

31st *Trinity Sunday*, which was duly celebrated with the last High Mass of the year, a modest *pranzone*, and the film *Rommel*.

JUNE 1st *Monday*. To commemorate the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, High Mass was offered at the *Dodici Apostoli* by Mgr Clapperton, Rector of the Scots College, assisted by the staff and students of the Beda College. Our own College contributed the plain chant and polyphony, with a gradual motet composed specially for the occasion by one of the students. The sermon was preached by Fr Treacy S.A.C. Amongst those assisting at the Mass were Cardinals Tisserant, Micara, Pizzardo, Masella, Tedeschini and Canali, two representatives of President Einaudi, the Canadian Ambassador to the Quirinal, the wife and daughter of the Australian Ambassador to the Quirinal, the entire Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See, Mgri Dell'Acqua, Tonna, Venini, Van Lierde, Bernadini, Smit, Lemuré and McGeough, the General of the Friars Conventual, and many of the Roman nobility.

2nd *Tuesday*. *Coronation Day*. By happy chance our long-awaited day of national pageantry coincided with the *onomastico* of the Pope and the feast of the Italian Republic, so that all Rome was *en fête*. The memory-scarred walls of the Common Room, the corridors, and the Refectory were bright with flags and symbols of the Commonwealth, while a surprisingly extensive display of photographs proclaimed our affection for the Queen and royal family. Queen Elizabeth II, 'whom we honour because she is our Queen, and whom we love because she is herself', has left a lasting impression of grace and charm even on those of us who have seen her only for a few minutes on the occasion of her visit to the Pope in 1951. By Rectorial proclamation a No Bell Day was observed, which most people used to follow the broadcast of the Coronation service. Upstairs an industrious staff toiled to produce a special Coronation issue of *Chi Lo Sa?* while below in the Library an Archives exhibition traced the connection of the English Crown with the Hospice and College since the Middle Ages.

The imposing array of guests at our grand *pranzone* must be given in full: Mgri Montini, Grano and Dell'Acqua, with Mgr McGeough and Commendatore Bellardi, from the Secretariat of State; the British Minister to the Holy See, with Mr Etherington Smith and Major Utley; the Irish Ambassador to the Vatican; Prince Doria-Pamphili; Bishop O'Connor, Mgri Moodey, Mostyn, Hemmick, Primeau, Cenci; Mr Neville Terry, the British Consul; Frs Abellan, Bolland, Dyson and Gill S.J.; Fr Davies I.C., Fr Treacy S.A.C., Fr MacEachen and Bro Clair Stanislas.

When we retired from the Refectory, coffee and liqueurs were taken in the Cardinals' gallery, as seems to be traditional on Coronation days. By evening even the weather had taken on an English colour, and the Embassy garden-party had to be held indoors. Undoubtedly the most popular topics of conversation there were the Coronation service and the triumphal ascent of Everest, while British aeronautical supremacy was demonstrated when Comet-carried London evening newspapers were distributed at seven o'clock. After supper a hushed Common Room listened to the Prime Minister introducing the Queen, and after her Majesty's speech we sang traditional English songs until bed-time at 9.45. Not all of us may live to see another Coronation but it is certain that none of us will ever forget this one.

3rd *Wednesday*. While yet the spirit lingers . . . To-night we were received at the homely residence of the British Minister to the Holy See. After supper, fifteen minutes of topical fun threw into gay relief the highlights of the past few days.

4th *Thursday*. *Feast of Corpus Christi*. Spontaneity may be one of the signs of a work of art if it conceals contemplation, but the activities—dare I say dissipations?—of the last few days had left little time for meditative practice : so nobody was surprised that the schola was not at its best at the Little Sisters to-day.

7th *Sunday*. While the citizens of the Republic were casting their votes we welcomed the newly elected Abbot Gleeson of Belmont and Dom McNulty O.S.B.

10th *Wednesday*. To lunch, Fr P. Anglim, who is to stay a few days, and Mr Hodgson, the special *Times* correspondent for the Italian elections.

11th *Thursday*. This morning Top Year were received in audience by the Holy Father. Two former students paid surprise visits during the day : Fr Richard Sutherland, recently ordained in Westminster Cathedral, and Fr O'Leary, who managed to spare time from his pilgrims to take supper with us.

13th *Saturday*. An unusual silence has descended upon the house ; as you pass down the corridors all is still except for a gentle rustle as of autumn leaves or thesis sheets.

15th *Monday*. The Romans, in their craze for calling streets after historic dates, would do well to rename the Via del Vaccaro as *Via XV Giugno*. On no other day is it so full of atmosphere.

18th *Thursday*. No less than six of Top Year were helped on their way from the Common Room this evening ; and if I may be permitted a peep into the future, I can tell you that all the rest of them slipped off during the next few days, except Mr P. Moore who is coming to Palazzola with us for the first week of the Villa.

20th *Saturday*. During these tense days any light relief is welcome. To-day our new servant, finding the remnants of White Choir unaesthetically decorating a room, carefully folded the cotta and laid it beneath the pillow for nocturnal use.

23rd *Monday*. Did you say that you saw the Vice-Rector packing a tin-opener last night ? You might be more than half right—he left by road for England this morning. The first batch of non-Licentiates have now finished their exams, and occasional spurts of merriment disturb the rest of us, still chained to our desks by the abolition of Second Series.

26th *Friday*. To-day Fr Rope left us, by carozza.

27th *Saturday*. With the exception of two theologians we have all finished our examinations and have nothing to do. We do it very well. Fr J. Buckley visited us this evening, accompanied by a small band of parishioners.

29th *Monday. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.* We were sorry that to-day's feast was our last opportunity of meeting Bro. Clair Stanislas, who is returning to England. He has been a close friend of the College, and we are very grateful to him for his gifts of books and sporting equipment.

30th *Tuesday*. The time has come to play the final chord in the symphony of another year. The Allegro, with its placid beginning and gradually increasing tempo working up to the reckless dance of Christmas, has been recorded by another hand, and it has been my task to note a few of the orchestrations of the last three movements. First, the slow movement—definitely *adagio* and at times almost a *marcia funebre*—whose main themes were stated with monotonous clarity ; then the brief and lighthearted scherzo of a gita, which gave vitality to the whole ; finally a rondo where after each interlude we had to return to the primary subject, stated with ever-growing urgency and at last resolved in a few crashing chords of the *maestro*. The melody has now been stamped indelibly on our minds, and we can only hope that the recapitulation has not been too dull.

WILLIAM BURTOFT.

PERSONAL

We are happy to learn that MGR MACMILLAN has been nominated a Protonotary Apostolic and we congratulate the REV. J. CUNNINGHAM on his appointment as Vicar General of the Salford Diocese.

We were fortunate in being able to welcome an unusual number of former students of the College as guests both in Rome and at the Villa this summer. Our records list the following: RT REV. MGR G. WINHAM (1919–25), VERY REV. CANON J. DONNELLY (1916–23), VERY REV. CANON G. FORD (1921–28), VERY REV. G. DWYER (1926–34), REV. J. MEAGHER (1901–08), REV. H. CASARTELLI (1919–26), REV. R. FLYNN (1927–34), REV. T. MARSH (1927–34), REV. A. JONES (1930–35), REV. M. ELCOCK (1930–37), REV. J. BUCKLEY (1937–40), REV. M. O'LEARY (1937–44), REV. H. RICHARDS (1939–46), REV. P. ANGLIM (1941–48), REV. M. WILLIAMS (1941–50), REV. S. MONAGHAN (1946–49), REV. J. LOWERY (1944–51), REV. L. HOWORTH (1944–51), REV. P. MURPHY-O'CONNOR (1944–51), REV. G. FONSECA (1944–51), REV. P. TIERNEY (1944–51), REV. R. SUTHERLAND (1946–49).

One of last year's post-graduate students, REV. T. DAKIN (1945–53), has left us and has been appointed to St Joseph's, Preston. Of the priests ordained last year, REV. J. BROOME and REV. J. MCHUGH are staying with us to study Canon Law and Dogma respectively, while REV. F. DAVIS is to study Canon Law at the Beda. The others have been appointed as follows:

REV. P. MOORE to St Peter's, Wolverhampton.
REV. F. MACMANUS to St John Fisher, Wythenshawe.
REV. J. D'ARCY to Our Lady of Reconciliation, Liverpool.
REV. M. MOORE to Finchley Grammar School.
REV. V. LLOYD to St Michael's, West Bromwich.
REV. P. FITZPATRICK is studying philosophy at Louvain.
REV. M. KIRKHAM has been appointed to St Gregory's, Preston.
REV. M. GRECH to Our Lady of the Assumption, Mosta.
REV. W. BOSWELL to the Cathedral, Northampton.
REV. D. ROSSITER to the Cathedral, Plymouth.
REV. M. KEEGAN to the English Martyrs', York.

We congratulate the following whose Silver Jubilees have occurred since the appearance of the last number of the Magazine: RT REV. MGR R. L. SMITH (1922–29), RT REV. MGR J. DINN (1923–29), REV. W. SEWELL 1922–29), REV. J. KELLY (1922–29), REV. J. HOWE (1922–29), REV. R. NICHOLSON (1921–28), and REV. E. MALONE (1923–29),

We would like to thank all those who have sent gifts for the Public Purse or who have presented books to the Library.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Kenny
Sub-Editor : Mr Curtis Hayward
Fifth Member : Mr Moakler
Secretary : Mr Brady
Under-Secretary : Mr Brennan
Temporary Secretary : Mr Davis

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society gave literature the usual wide berth this year ; but the season was none the less successful for that. It is sometimes said that the interest of the Society is rather in the people we meet than in the things they say, and that the most distinguished people sometimes give the most undistinguished talks. This theory was completely refuted this year by our four guests from the bench of Bishops. Whether it was Archbishop Myers, shedding the light of a genial and sympathetic understanding over the Church in France ; Bishop Petit, tackling Wales with an inspiring blend of zeal and common sense ; Bishop Heenan, inviting and answering questions on every subject from prisons to the Press ; or Bishop Beck, presenting in little compass a comprehensive picture of the whole Education question—each of them gave a talk which held our interest throughout and earned our gratitude for their generous sacrifice of valuable time.

Our other clerical speakers—two Jesuits and a Dominican—chose a more carefree and less systematic approach to their subjects. It was not that the speakers—two of them historians by profession—were incapable of orderly exposition : as we say in the Schools, the defect was rather in

the material cause. Neither the present philosophical situation in England, which Fr Copleston treated with great fairness, nor Fr Conrad Pepler's boyhood experiences of Eric Gill's Ditchling community, were subjects lending themselves to rigorously methodical handling ; while Fr Brodrick's 'Reminiscences of a Writer' was a professed ramble. None of them was the less worth hearing for that ; and the last one, besides being one of the most engaging talks of the year, was the Literary Society's sole excursion into letters.

The remaining speakers were laymen, but their subjects were by no means all secular. Mr Frank Duff gave us a full account of the work of the Legion of Mary. As a founder, he spoke with an enthusiasm which was backed by impressive evidence about the Legion's achievements, especially in China. Mr Douglas Woodruff (a recurring figure in the Society's records) gave a lucid analysis of the historical roots of anti-Catholicism in England. Pitched between heaven and earth was Mr Bryan Little's talk on the English cathedrals, tying up architectural developments to political ones in an interesting way, but not neglecting more important things ; while Mr Timothy Fortescue brought us right down to the subsoil with his description of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization and its activity.

The last and most novel talk of the season was given by Mr John Ford, the Catholic film director. It had a title, but that would not convey much idea of the actual talk even if the writer could remember it. It was nobody's fault that Mr Ford and his audience did not think the same thoughts ; the fact remains that as far as we were concerned the talk's novelty was its greatest merit.

At the business meeting of the Society, Mr McConnon was elected President and Mr Downey Secretary for the coming year.

RICHARD INCLEDON.

PRIVATE SOCIETIES

The Grant Debating Society attracted remarkably large audiences to its meetings this year—so much so that some traditionalists complain that it is becoming a menace to the Common Room. The average attendance at meetings was over forty, and at one debate—that on the English Government's invitation to Marshal Tito—there were more than sixty people crowded into the tiny Music Room. The high standard of speeches at this debate showed the advantages of choosing a topical subject for discussion, though other debates on more hackneyed topics—such as the idea of a Catholic University in England, and masculine logic *v.* feminine ntuition—were not without their moments of keen interest and oratory.

At the last session of the year, after Easter, several impromptu debates were held which revealed some unexpected talent. Mr Marmion has been elected President for the 1953–4 season, with Mr Russell as Secretary.

The Wiseman Society was not as successful as in previous years. There was no lack of volunteers to give papers, but rather, towards the end of the season, a difficulty in finding suitable opportunities to deliver them. Even during the Christmas Term, one paper that had been prepared about the Advent liturgy had to be cancelled owing to the claims of play-practices. The four papers which were read during the year catered for a wide variety of interests. Mr Pearce read an instructive paper on the poetry of William Blake to an audience which included His Grace the Apostolic Delegate, and Mr Incledon, in his 'Commentary on a Passage in Suetonius', gave an informed and diverting reconstruction of Augustus' attempt to make Horace his private secretary. After Christmas Mr Peter Moore entertained us for an evening with his spirited readings of selected passages from English authors, and the season closed with a scholarly paper from Mr Sutcliffe, on the music of Vaughan Williams, which was illustrated by gramophone records. Mr Curtis Hayward is the new Secretary.

Three meetings of the Mezzofanti Society seem to be the average ration per year, no matter how hopeful the incoming secretary may be. The more usual form of straight debate gave place this year to a series intended to assist those who felt that they were cast for the permanent role of twelfth man in the affairs of the Society. A balloon debate in Latin, Greek, French, German and Italian set the tone for the other three meetings, a somewhat lighter note than usual being struck. The diehards of the Society might have had some excuse for complaint, perhaps, at the next meeting, when a multilingual 'Twenty Questions' attracted a large audience. The proceedings were as near uproarious as any Mezzofanti meeting could be, but the most surprising feature was the number of new speakers. A rather delicate constitutional point now arises, as to whether the ejaculation of 'Estne vivens ?' on this occasion qualifies the speaker for membership of the Society. The final meeting assembled the brains of the Society into three teams for a trilingual quiz ; some difficulty was encountered by the reluctance of the participants to accept the answers prepared by the Question Master, but his ready repartee in any of the three tongues soon silenced opposition. Mr Moakler has been elected Secretary for the coming year.

The Catholic Social Guild ran only one discussion circle this year, on Education problems—a circle whose proceedings were both lively and informative. Three papers were read to the public at large, which attracted very satisfactory audiences. It was refreshing, for once, to hear a paper on Freemasonry which was not hysterical and sensational : we are grateful to Mr Collier. Mr Vella used to the best advantage a formidable apparatus of maps and statistics to give us the facts and figures about the practice of religion in Italy ; and at the last meeting of the season Mr Tweedy threw some new light on the problems of over-population. Mr Curtis Hayward is the new Secretary of the Guild.

CYRIL MURTAGH.

VILLA SPORTS

Few people really enjoy debating points of Scholasticism with Gregorian professors, and it is a commonplace to say that during the year the Villa is looked forward to as a haven of relaxation, a place of refuge from mental responsibility. This would be so even if Palazzola could offer us no diversion other than a fair selection of detective stories : but we are more fortunate than that. Unlike, one supposes, our unhappy brethren who are spending their holidays in England, we have at our very doors (or up a few well-constructed steps), facilities for cricket, golf, badminton, handball, swimming and, *in potentia*, tennis. It is true that we cannot claim to possess a Lord's, Wimbledon and St Andrew's rolled into one, but where the perfect conditions are absent, the excitement proper to each game remains. And there are redeeming features. Although on occasions golf balls shoot at alarming angles across the greens, on other occasions they enter the hole at the back door in a way unknown at St Andrew's. Although at times the wickets will fall through the agency of 'shooters', at others the score will rise through the agency of extras. We hardened sportsmen of the English College are no longer surprised by the eccentricities which are met with so regularly on the Sforza. No doubt a Walker Cup player would hesitate to face a second round on the Palazzola links ; no doubt Len Hutton would object to molehills so cleanly fielding his cover-drives ; but character is formed in adversity, and at Palazzola, the 1953 season has seen determined devotees of every sport in unprecedented numbers.

Golf has possibly been the most popular of the sports. This is partly because so many can take part simultaneously without too much regimentation and 'be-there-at-four-thirty-sharp'-ing. The standard, too, has risen, and we must congratulate Mr McConnon on lowering the course record to 32 : it is a case of much practice making perfect. Another feat worth recording is that of the golfman (is this a record ?) who holed out at the 9th in one.

The competitions attracted many optimists, and congratulations are due to Messrs Abbott and Bowen for winning the 'Palazzola Medal Play' and the 'Sforza Handicap' respectively. Our very sincere thanks to Fr Elcock who yet again, by presenting us with a fine set of clubs, has assisted us in keeping the supply up to the demand.

The cricket has been as popular as the golf, and besides our regular twice-weekly pick-up games we have had matches against the British Embassy (twice) and the Beda and Propaganda Colleges. It is sad to think that we have said good-bye to Sir Victor Mallet who has led the Embassy side into the field on so many occasions, and has helped to make these games so enjoyable. He ended his career on the Sforza on a successful note, for not only did he hold two tricky and important catches at mid-off, but with one magnificent stroke which whistled past the ear of short-leg (I speak with some feeling) he ruined our captain's bowling average. We have many reasons to be grateful to him, not least for the amount of equipment with which he has presented us. We wish him many seasons and any amount of luck with his village team in Kent.

Propaganda was the only side to beat us, and as an Australian was smiting our bowling, news came through that Laker and Lock were among the Aussies at the Oval. We were sorry that we lost in Italy to a team containing many Australians, but the Ashes made amends.

Our cricket equipment is of a high standard thanks to the generosity of the British Embassy, Fr O'Leary, Fr A. Jones, Brother Clair, Mr Gerald Russell and Mr Vella. The improvement in the field is due mainly to the efforts made by Mr Burtoft last year during his term of office as cricket secretary.

The tennis court is, as I have mentioned, very much in a state of potency ; however, nothing but admiration can be given to those untiring zealots who spend their afternoons banging away at the prime matter. Occasionally explosions rend the air, and well-founded rumours have reached us to the effect that our neighbours, the Redemptorists, are constructing an air raid shelter. Optimists are convinced that the courts will be playable early next year, but the cynics are putting the date at 1958—if professional help is called in.

There is no space available in which to report details of the activities to be seen every evening on the Badminton and Handball Courts. It will suffice to say that in order to get a game at all, you had to approach the organizers of both these sports well in advance. From these hot pastimes it is but a step to the swimming pool which has been kept blue and hygienic by some mysterious chemical inserted by the Tank Man. He too deserves our congratulations because throughout the summer the pool has been crowded with those willing to brave the advances of science, and they do not seem to have suffered unduly.

ALASTAIR RUSSELL.

OBITUARY

The Very Rev. Edward Canon Towers D.D.

I first knew Canon Edward Towers when he returned from the Venerabile and began to teach at Ushaw. This was in 1907 and so he left the Venerabile three years before I entered. I knew him, therefore, in the early years of his professorship and was able, thus early, to appreciate his outstanding gifts of mind and heart. Later I was to join him at Ushaw and to be in close touch with him for some twelve years. Since I became Apostolic Delegate I have met him on the occasion of visits to Ushaw and from time to time we were in correspondence.

Those who knew him best would not have been surprised had he been called to more spectacular work in the Church, but God led him along secluded paths to give the whole of his priestly life to the Alma Mater of his boyhood. This he did with a glad heart and unflagging devotion.

His early years had been spent in the spacious Catholic life of Preston amidst its good and loyal people and robust Catholic traditions on which the example of holy priests had left its mark. From this first shaping of his character in a good Catholic family and parish he went to begin his studies for the Church at Ushaw and there he remained, with the exception of holiday-time, for the long span of his priestly life of well nigh half a century.

The first thing one ought to say of Edward Towers is that he was a true priest of God, loving his Holy Mass and priestly duties and moving on through the years with single-minded purpose, well aware that he was where God's Providence had placed him. He did his work quietly and contentedly, and his soul found strength in the holy influences of a sheltered environment. He had a keen mind, well stored, not only with the sciences proper to his calling, but with the history of the Church particularly in

his own county and in the far North of England where his lot was cast. His love of the pastoral priesthood and his admiration for it was deep and strong, and this spirit he strove to infuse into the minds of the thousands of students for the priesthood who came within the influence of his learning and example. Year in, year out, he was ready for the task and would willingly set his able hand to whatever his superiors called him to undertake. A fluent speaker and a clear exponent of what he had to convey, he was in demand to speak from Catholic platforms on theology, philosophy, apologetics and the social sciences. Occasionally his love of the Church and the old faith brought him into conflict with prelates and divines who made the familiar claim that the Established Church was one with the Catholic Church in this land before the breach with the Apostolic See. In these jousts he could parry and thrust with the best of them and to the satisfaction of Catholics who followed the controversy, he emerged with laurels well won.

He had that kind of alert and nimble mind that would seldom be worsted in debate, and theology was a field peculiarly his own. He loved his Roman Alma Mater and the College of St Cuthbert, and his love was abiding. Truly his 'lines had fallen in goodly places' and he was the first to appreciate and to be thankful. To the delight of his friends and colleagues he was named honorary Canon of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle and later became Spiritual Director at Ushaw. It was the last stage in a very full life : 'man shall go forth to his task in the morning and shall work until the eventide'. He knew that not many years could remain and he determined to give of his best, as always, in this work of high responsibility in God's Church, the fashioning of the priestly character in the young men entrusted to his fatherly care. He was concerned about the dangers of the environment in which priests would find themselves on leaving the seminary and he was well aware that his counsel should match the needs of the times.

More than once he spoke to me of his difficulties and problems and I was able to see how strong was his desire to guide souls as God willed, and to lead them well prepared to the altar where he himself had been refreshed for so long by the bounty of God. The end came suddenly after a day of recollection with his fellow-priests. In their company he knelt in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, privileged indeed to have said Holy Mass on the last day of his life. *Mane nobiscum Domine ; quoniam advesperascit* ! Returning then to his beloved College he was taken suddenly ill and breathed his last within a few moments consoled and strengthened by all that Holy Church could give.

It has been good to know a priest so exemplary and faithful as Edward Towers, and the many priests, religious and layfolk whom he directed will be grateful for his inspiring example. The Venerabile gives thanks to God and shares in the glory of her sons. May God quickly admit him to the 'place of refreshment, light and peace' !

✠ W. Godfrey.

The Rev. Joseph Sunn

The death of Joseph Sunn on 15th April was a sad loss to the parishioners of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, New Southgate, and to the Archdiocese of Westminster.

He began his training for the Church in Douai in France, and in 1906 migrated with his College to England. When he was ready for Philosophy he came to the English College at Rome.

Though he was by no means a dunce, he was not one of the most brilliant students, and he did his course at the Gregorian without sitting for either Doctorate. He was a good companion, and though he was in several things *sui generis*, no one ever doubted his real devotion and fitness for the Priesthood. The colour of his hair and his bright disposition gained him the name of Sunny Jim, by which he was known among his contemporaries for the rest of his life.

After his Ordination on 1st November 1914, he completed his last year in Rome, and on returning to England was appointed to work at Westminster Cathedral. This was followed by several Chaplaincies, till in 1923 he was given the real work of his life, the foundation of the Parish of Our Lady of Lourdes at New Southgate. His first Mass there was celebrated on an Altar built on packing cases in an old house and there were eighty people present. It was 'out in the country' and the local building schemes were hardly thought of. In 1935 the ambition of his life was realized when Fr Vincent McNabb O.P. celebrated the first Mass in the new Church. By this time Sunday attendance had reached almost 400, and at the time of Fr Sunn's death it was over 800. In this great work of building up his parish he was helped and encouraged by his mother who lived with him till she died in 1947. In the ruling of his Parish he was in many things strict, with a happiness and joviality all his own.

During the war he was an A.R.P. Warden, but at the end of hostilities he was stricken by his last long illness. This caused him a bitter disappointment, preventing the visit to Rome he had promised himself with the money given to him on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee. His eternal Father invited him to make another Pilgrimage where, after a life of hardship and toil for the salvation of souls, he might find the reward awaiting him for his valuable work on earth.

May he rest in Peace.

F. Avery.

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