

THE VENERABILE

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

November 1956

Vol. XVIII. No. 1

PRINTED AT
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

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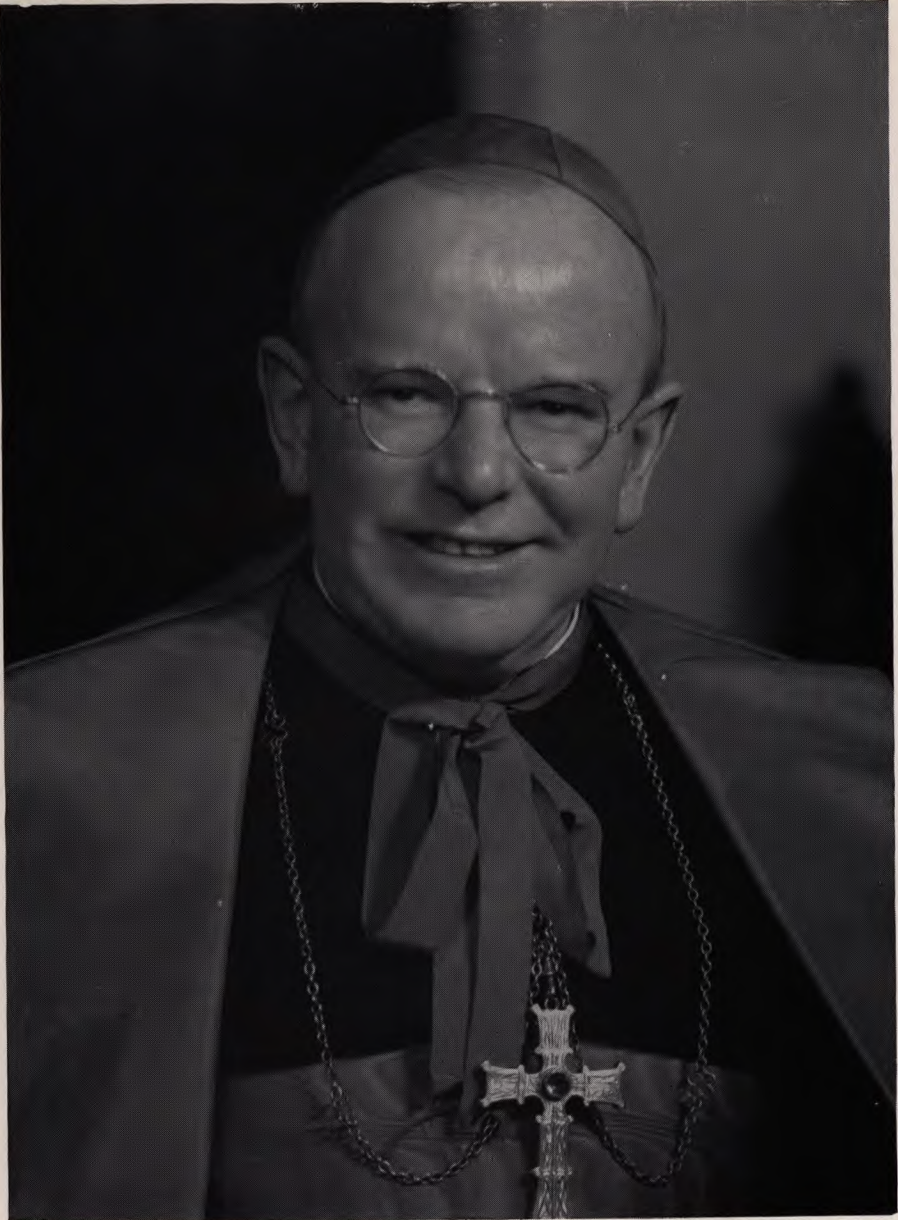
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CARDINAL GRIFFIN

CARDINAL GRIFFIN

Through the death of Cardinal Griffin the Church in England lost a fearless and popular leader ; Westminster was bereft of a zealous and devoted Archbishop ; but as I write now I am thinking of a group of priests, once students of the Venerable, who mourn the passing of a companion of their student days and a lifelong friend.

It was in 1919, when the first Great War was hardly over, that Monsignor Hinsley appealed to the Bishops to send students to the Venerable. Throughout the war years, by various devices, the College had been barely maintained in existence. Now numbers were needed to make a start again.

We were a mixed lot ; and among us were a considerable number who had either interrupted or postponed their studies to do military service. And to compensate in some measure for the delay they had suffered, they were allowed to complete their Philosophy course in two years instead of the customary three. They began Theology, therefore, in the autumn of 1921, instead of the following year when the rest of us began it.

Into that group, from Oscott, his Philosophy completed, came Bernard Griffin.

He had missed those first two years during which the College got used to its greatly increased numbers, the first two years of *villeggiatura* in Palazzola, years when old traditions were adapted to changed conditions and new traditions were made. In the years above him there were hardly any students at all. The years below were still in Philosophy. In consequence it was only a limited circle that came to know him really well.

Slight in build, quick in movement, serious and reserved, sometimes even preoccupied, his name appeared in neither football teams nor concert programmes. As he avowed in later life, his hobby seemed to be work. Yet he was always pleasant, always affable ; and he took quite strenuous exercise, walking briskly and sometimes for long distances.

In later years those who knew him off-duty heard stories of encounters between himself and various people, including superiors, always good-tempered and told with humour, but adding quite a great deal to the impression we had of this pious, hard-working arrival from the Midlands.

He was one of that group who returned to Palazzola one night, late. They had been out on a three or four days' walk over the Campagna and they had come home very tired. The Rector was very kind about it all : so kind that one of them asked that they might be allowed, next morning, 'a long sleep'. The answer was categoric, emphatic, unmistakable. It was 'No !' One day they would be priests on the mission ; and what then would excuse them from getting up in time to make their meditation and say their Mass ? They were all down next morning ! And when Bernard Griffin had become Cardinal Griffin he told no story with more relish than that one.

After his Ordination, his *Primitiae Missarum* and particularly his first sung Mass linger in the memory. Clearly he had at last what he had worked for and longed for. It had not been without difficulty, not entirely without anxiety. He had never wavered in his desire, but there had been times when the magnitude of it appalled him. That I know from what he told me in later years when I had come to know him better ; and throughout his life he retained that same awe and reverence for his priesthood.

His subsequent career, his work in Birmingham and then in Westminster, have been recounted often in these past, sad weeks, and this is not the place to recount them again ; save only in saying that throughout all his life he never forgot the Venerable and the debt he owed to it. When he was made a Cardinal much of the joy of the occasion came to him through his being for it a guest of the College.

Providence entrusted him to more than one Alma Mater. He had several College allegiances. But the years of his proximate preparation for the priesthood were spent at the Venerable. If the foundations were laid at Cotton and Oscott, if lustre was added at the Beda, the solid edifice of his priestly character was completed here. The College acknowledges him with pride ; his contemporaries remember him with affection. We pray that he may rest in peace and be rewarded richly for his service to the Church and to his country.

✠ FRANCIS

ARCHBISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

BLESSED JOHN ALMOND

II

‘. . . The Keeper of Newgate has been somewhat hard unto me and others that way, whom God forgive, for I do. For I have been prisoner there since March, we have been ill-treated continually, but now at last without charity; for we were all put down into the hole or dungeon, or place of ‘little ease’, whence was removed since we came thither two or three cartloads of filth and dirt; we were kept twenty-four hours without bread, or meat or drink, loaded with irons, lodging on the damp ground, and so continued for ten days or thereabouts’ (Challoner).

This is how John Almond describes the reaction of the Keeper of Newgate when he discovered the escape of seven of Almond’s companions. The remaining thirteen or so priests were thrown into an underground dungeon, which seems to have been the sump for the prison drainage. They were starved, having only brackish, tainted water, and black bread ‘such as is given to dogs’. There are several descriptions of the place, which was probably the dungeon in Newgate prison known as ‘Limbo’, although it may have been the famous ‘Little Ease’ in the Tower of London.²⁸ Grene describes this dungeon: ‘*li sacerdoti prigioni nella carcere detta la porta nuova stanno tutta via (after ye death of Mr Almond) rinchiusi tutti insieme carichi di ferri in una caverna sotto terra dove non hanno altro lume che di lucerna . . . E quanti vengono a parlarli alle ferrate si fanno prigioni ancora che siano Eretici . . .*’ Yet, says the Jesuit MS.,

²⁸ Almond says on the scaffold that he was put into ‘a place of little ease’. ‘Little Ease’ was primarily a very small cell in the vaults of the Tower, but the name was also used for other similar places. A.R.S.I. says the dungeon was ‘*nel fondo della Torre*’, but has already mentioned the tower once, which would account for the use of ‘*della*’; and the capital letter means very little in early seventeenth century writing. Almond says he was in Newgate ‘until ten days since’, but this by itself is not conclusive. On the other hand, Almond sends a ring back to Muscott ‘in Newgate’, which Muscott had given him the evening before. This seems decisive. And although the Keeper of Newgate omitted Almond’s name from the Calendar for the Sessions beginning 2nd December, this is not because he had come from a prison other than Newgate. Almond was not tried at the Sessions to which the Calendars refer (Sessions of Gaol Delivery), but at those of Oyer and Terminer. However, because the Oyer and Terminer Sessions began on the same day as the G.D. Sessions, Almond’s name was later added to the Calendar by the Clerk of the Court.

'they ceased not to sing their Office together, in token of thanksgiving to God'. In this condition Almond had to dispute with the heretical ministers, whom he 'reduced to speechless confusion ; they knew not what to answer, realizing that they had come to grips with a learned and able theologian'. (A.R.S.I. tr.)

Another reason for this increased severity, or so Grene alleges, was the sermon of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the funeral of the Prince of Wales,²⁹ in which he pointed to the Prince's death as a punishment for too lenient a policy towards the Papists. This was a theme pursued by many preachers, of course.

On Thursday, 3rd December, Almond was brought to trial. This was apparently an unexpected, if in some ways welcome, development, as we have seen that Catholic prisoners were often kept indefinitely in detention. Fr Robert Jones writes in a postscript to Cardinal St Robert Bellarmine, 'When I had finished my letter, a certain learned and venerable priest, named John Almond, formerly a scholar of the English College at Rome, has been *suddenly* delivered up to judgement' (italics mine).³⁰

The reasons for this turn of events can be seen in a general way, though the precise relation between the causes is more difficult to determine. We have seen that there had been increased severity on the part of the authorities, particularly the ecclesiastics, who tried to persuade James to be more relentless against Catholics. The Archbishop of Canterbury was of a Puritan turn of mind, and more anti-Catholic than Bancroft, his predecessor. Since the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, there was more acute fear that Catholics were a danger to the life of the King and his Parliament (we shall see how the absolution of regicides figures in the trial, and in the disputations at the execution). Doubtless there was personal animus against Almond on the part of Abbot and King, especially if they had been publicly discomfited in theological debate. The escape of the seven doubtless brought matters to a head ; it was decided to make an example of one of the more outstanding priests, *pour encourager les autres*. What more suitable occasion than the accusation of Price, the Keeper :

²⁹ Henry Prince of Wales died on the 5th November. Grene suggests that James might have been responsible for his son's death, and a marginal note adds, 'The next day after ye Prince's death ye King went a-hunting'. This was a rumour gossipped at the time, but there seems to be no evidence for it now and historians do not mention it. It seems generally taken for granted that the Prince died of typhoid fever.

³⁰ Letter reproduced in Foley, IV, 378.

JOANNES Almondus Divi! Sebren! annos natus 22 Sabent^{am}
honorem aptus ad Thirnicam agnitionem! receptus fuit in hoc Anglor. Colleg.
inter Alumnos S^m J. N. Zapae Cements viij a R. P. Alphonso Aguar.
p. Collegij Teed. de Caprens mand. Hm. Carls Burgherij Vicepot. in
Die xijij Aprilis 1597.

Ego praedictas viro de supra ... fecerit 4^o minor et ordinet anni 1607
die 30 novebris et in 20 decemb. et
anno 1598 4^o Januarij et 6^o embre anno 1597

In Disputatus factus 17 May 1601. Diaconus 7. Aprilis
Secundus 21 Aprilis ~~anno~~ Den^o ann
Discessit a Collegio Anglicum versus 16^o Janu^o Almondus.
Septemb. a^o Tomi 1602.

Martyrio glorioso coronatus est mense Nov. 1612.

'His enemy Mr Price, keeper of Newgate, did depose against him that he heard him say that he had power to absolve one, though he should kill the king. But Mr Almond upon his oath denied this, and said that he only had said "through true penance Ravilliack³¹ might be saved".'

Although this was the accusation which seems to have brought Almond to trial, it was clearly only an ideal opportunity. He was tried for his priesthood; and though the question of absolving regicides doubtless came up at the trial, and certainly did at the execution, it was not precisely for this that he was arraigned. But the usefulness of such an accusation is obvious. Regicide, or to be an accessory to regicide, is clearly a treasonable act, quite apart from the law of the land, and as such would influence the jury. This is especially true in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, when treason was viewed with unimaginable horror; we have only to read Shakespeare's History Plays to realize that. Now, we are here concerned with the act of being a priest, which to say the least is not as clearly treasonable as regicide, whatever the law of the land might say. The psychological effects of the Gunpowder Plot, and all the propaganda showing priests to be of their nature plotters against the common weal, were perhaps in some cases still insufficient to move a jury to condemn an individual priest of flesh and blood, particularly if he were obviously a saintly and honourable man. No matter what the jury might think of the priesthood in the abstract, they would need something more particular to move them to a verdict of treason than the general stigma of being a priest. Thus the particular accusation of Price was of the greatest value—so much so, that there was no attempt even to prove Almond's priesthood, never mind any real treason. Propaganda had done its work well.

He was brought to trial, then, on 3rd December (o.s.) 1612, at the London Sessions House, otherwise known as Justice Hall (i.e. the Old Bailey). He would be tried at the General Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, which were only called when cases of treason or other rather special cases were to be heard.³²

³¹ Marginal note to Blount, p. 3. François Ravailiac, a religious fanatic, assassinated Henry IV of France on the 16th May 1610. Executed 27th May 1610.

³² Cf. Dom Hugh Bowler's reproduction of *London Sessions Records 1605-1685*, in C.R.S. 34, especially footnote to item (4), File XXXIV. (This File is for the Newgate G.D. Sessions, concurrent with Almond's trial. Item (4) is the Newgate Calendar, on which the Clerk of the Court has added Almond's name with the note, '*pro prodicione*.' Fr Bowler's general introduction to this volume gives a full and clear description of Court and Prison administrative procedure, and has been of the greatest help to the author of this article.)

The Bench of judges included Bishop King (was he on the Bench to ensure a conviction? Cf. A.R.S.I. : he 'feared, it is thought, that the judges would be found unwilling to pass a sentence so unjust . . .') who was once more to suffer from Almond's accusing tongue, as we shall see.

He was, therefore, arraigned for his priesthood, with no attempt at witness or proof; 'The third day of December being Thursday, Mr Mollinax alias Ladome alias Almond a Roman priest was carried to the Sessions House, arraigned for a priest, without any man that could witness against him, or accuse him of ought to the great dislike even of Protestants themselves, by reason of such unjust proceeding; he refused to put himself to the verdict of the 12 because there was no proof at all, nor any just suspicion that might be sufficient to condemn him, and therefore he said he was lothe, those 12 men should be guilty of his death, adding moreover that he might be a french man, an Italian, or Spaniard, and noe English man for ought they knew . . .'³³

The Jesuit MS. gives other details of the legal procedure: ' . . . The law lays down that those who refuse to submit their case to a jury shall be executed with greater cruelty,³⁴ but Almond . . . chose rather to expose himself to a more painful death . . . He did not have his way, however; for the justices, who to find favour with the King and his so-called Archbishop of Canterbury had not scrupled to press him to submit to a jury a case without witnesses or proof, had no scruples about proceeding with a fresh act of injustice, and contrary to English law, they looked no further for evidence or proof of his priesthood but, as if the matter were proved, established and admitted, they passed judgement on him as being a priest and as having by his priesthood incurred the penalties due to those guilty of high treason; and so for being a priest they sentenced him, as a traitor to King and country, to be hanged, drawn and quartered alive, ordering that his bowels should be burned and that his

³³ Letter of Fr Blount (attached to the Grene MS., with marginal notes by Grene) p.1. The official records of the trial are lost; papers of O. and T. trials were at that time filed separately from G.D. Files (Bowler). We just have these unofficial accounts.

There is inconsistency here: Almond admitted before the Court of First Instance that he was an Englishman (cf. part I of this article).

³⁴ The penalty for refusing to submit to a jury was pressing to death. Cf. Blessed Margaret Clitherow, who was martyred in this way at York in 1586. 'If you say I have offended', she said to the judges, 'and that I must be tried, I will be tried by none but God and your own consciences.' (L. S. Oliver, *Life of Margaret Clitherow*.) The execution took fifteen minutes, and they were being as quick as possible.

head should be set up on London Bridge and his quarters over the city gates to be eaten by birds.³⁵

The Bishop seems to have been more chary of engaging in disputation with the martyr, but Almond does not fail to point out the incongruity of the Bishop's position, and again reminds him of his perjury in taking the Oath of Allegiance. 'Mr Mollinax . . . used some words unto the Bishop of London, taking occasion that it was objected against him that when he was examined before the said Bishop, and by him proffered the Oath, he answered that it was unlawful to be taken, and the Bishop replying that he himself had taken it seven times, Mr Mollinax answered that he had seven times forsworn himself. This he affirmed at the bar, and said he was ready to maintain it by argument against him if he durst.

'But all this while although the Bishop gave great signs of coller & impatience, yet durst he not speak a word as having received some blows, in that kynd before by the former man the sommer past to his great confusion ; but Mr Mollinax ceased not to urge the Bishop proposing unto him that he wondred what he ment to sit as a secular judge on life & death if it were true indeed that he was a true Bisshop. He tould him that it was not meet for a Clergyman to mingle himselfe in secular businesses, especially in matters of blood, that he was no priest, & consequently noe Bisshop, that he should pardon him for not calling him Lord Bisshop, because he was none, that he was but a secular private man, and that it was fitter for him to be at home attending to his house, his wife and children, then to meddle in those matters. But all this while the Bisshop did swell, yet made no answer at all.'³⁶

The trial over, he was taken back to the dungeon, where he was greeted with 'great tenderness' by his companions. The Jesuit document continues :

'Almond himself was overjoyed, for he burned with longing to suffer for love of Jesus Christ ; and although he spent the greater part of the time in prayer . . . yet he did not fail to converse a little from time to time with his fellow priests . . .'

He remained in the dungeon all the following day (Friday the 4th)³⁷ and on the morning of Saturday, between seven and

³⁵ A.R.S.I. tr.

³⁶ Blount compares this trial with that of a minister : 'at ye same time was arraigned a Minister for a rape with a childe of 10 years old, which ye mother of ye child herself and 2 other women did witsnesse yet this matter was shuffled up and the poor priest without any witsnesse at all condemned . . .'

³⁷ Possibly the trial finished on Friday 4th : Blount says he was in prison 'all Friday', and the A.R.S.I. could be translated as 'all that Friday' (*tutto l' venerdì*).

eight o'clock, having given his blessing to his fellow-prisoners and received theirs in return, he was led out of Newgate, thrown on a hurdle, and drawn at the horses' tails to Tyburn.

The authorities feared a great crowd of people at the execution, so they spread the rumour that it would not take place until the Monday: but in fact it was arranged for an unusually early hour on the Saturday. '. . . but this notwithstanding there was a great assembly at Tyborne betymes in the morning.' (Blount.)

There are four accounts of Almond's execution, not entirely independent of each other, but at the same time not perfectly agreed as to the order of events, and some include things which others omit. It does not seem profitable to try to establish the order of events, and a more realistic impression will be given if the sources are quoted as they stand, omitting repetitions as far as possible, and endeavouring to include all items of interest. Pollen's account³⁸ gives more of the Martyr's words in direct speech, so his account will be used as the basis, and the others will fill in details.

'. . . Being come to Tyburn and raised up into a cart right underneath the gallows, with a cheerful countenance signing himself with the sign of the Cross, and saying *In nomine Patris*, etc. he desired the Sheriff to give him leave to speak, protesting he would not speak any word either against his Majesty or against the State. This the Sheriff did yield unto, but first he would have had him put off his clothers, and speak in his shirt, which he was unwilling to do, urging that he could not speak so well with his clothes off, desiring he might have them on and he would be very brief; which at length was granted him . . .

'He said he was born in Lancashire, the town's name was South Allerton, where he was brought up until he was about eight years old, at which time he was carried over into Ireland, where he remained until he was at man's state. And when he was last taken, which was on the 22nd of May a year since, no man knew whether he was an Englishman or no. He then being carried before a Justice of the Peace, "which here", he said, "he would not name, to avoid offence", was by him examined whether he was a priest or no.³⁹ He did not confess to him that he was. Whereupon the Justice offered him the oath (which he called of allegiance), which by him was refused, in respect that in conscience it could not be taken without danger of perjury, both to his Majesty and to him that shall take it.

³⁸ Pollen, *Acts*. From an account of the martyrdom in a MS at Stonyhurst (*Anglia* iii, 120).

³⁹ The 'Justice of the Peace' would be King, the Bishop of London.

“Then he, kneeling on his knees, said he took God to witness, and as he hoped to be saved . . . that this which he spake, he spake from his heart, without any manner of dissimulation, that his Majesty was sole and lawful King of this realm, and that he bare so true and loyal a mind to him, as either the King of Spain, or King of France, or any other Catholic prince whatever could desire, either by the laws of God, nature, or nations, of their subjects. He protested also that never in his lifetime any jot or least thought of treason did enter his heart . . . and if he should have heard of any intended against his Majesty, he would have revealed it by all means possible.

“Then a preacher standing by did ask him whether he held the King to have sufficient power to make laws or no. Before he could answer him, another preacher asked him another question. What it was I know not, but by his answer it seemed to belong to the former question, for he desired him to hold him excused, till he had answered the first, and then he would speak to him.

“Then turning to the former he answered his question thus : that the King has as sufficient power to make laws in England, as the King of France . . . or any other prince . . . had to make laws in their own realms. “But as the King of Spain, France, and all other princes have power to make laws over their own subjects, so likewise both the Kings of England, Spain, France, and all other princes whatsoever are subject to our Saviour Christ Jesus. And . . . the kings and other princes . . . have no power to make any one law against the law of God, which I hope you will not deny,” speaking to him that first moved the question.

“Then turning to the second he answered him in this manner . . . Thus out of St Matthew he proved that our Saviour having power, gave it to His disciples “. . . and so consecrated priests have it from Him, and at His commandment do go through the world to preach the Gospel. This being the law and commandment of the Pope, who is the substitute of Almighty God, to go and preach throughout the world, the priests in England are no traitors in coming into England to preach the faith.”

“. . . The first preacher told him he was not executed as a traitor, but as an heretic. But he said again, Why was he hanged then and not burned, which is the death of an heretic ? The minister hereupon was silent, and he went on with his speech as afore.

‘He told them that he was brought from the Justice of Peace that first examined him and committed to Newgate, where he remained until about ten days since, when seven of the prisoners made an escape out of prison, at which time on Sunday morning he was taken out of his chamber with all the rest that remained, put into a dungeon, filthy and loathsome. The Sheriff said that he did malign the State therein; Whereupon he said, “Good Mr Sheriff, I do not and will not. For I thought that was done by the keeper, and not by the State.”⁴⁰ Then going on with his speech, that being cast into that loathsome dungeon where he had scarce meat and drink to sustain nature . . . he there was kept till the time that he was brought forth to his arraignment, where he was indicted of two several points. What they were I have forgotten, but as I remember one of them was for denying the oath of allegiance . . .

‘At which words, he being suddenly interrupted by one of the preachers, who told him he held it no sin to kill the King, he utterly denied that, and did abjure all such thoughts, and held them as most wicked and abominable sins. The minister answered again, “But if a man should determine to kill the King, the Pope would forgive him that sin.” He denied that also, and said that the Pope neither would nor could do it, but if a man had committed a sin, after hearty repentance, contrition, and satisfaction, &c. “. . . If a man had committed a sin and was truly penitent, the Pope both might and would forgive him. And so for the killing of a king, if a madman killed a king, and were heartily sorry and repentant for it, God forbid that you and I should then deny that his sin might be forgiven him.” Then asking him how he thought of it, the minister answered that he must confess, that if a man had committed a sin, and were truly repentant for it, he held his sin might be forgiven him. But although it were true doctrine, yet it was an ill instance, and dangerous to speak before a community: and so that argument ended.

‘Then he went on with his speech, that he was come hither to shed his blood for our Saviour’s sake, Who shed His for his sins. In which respect he wished that every drop of blood that he should shed might be a thousand, wishing to have there St Laurence his gridiron to be broildd on, St Peter’s cross to be hanged on, St Stephen’s stones to be stoned with, to be ript, ript, ript, and ript again . . .

⁴⁰ Another pointer to the interest of the Bishops in the prisoners’ bad treatment.

‘Then putting his hand into his pocket he took forth ten shillings, and gave it to the Sheriff, desiring him to distribute it among those men that took pains with him and went afoot with him through the dirt, which were those that guarded him with halberts. Then he hurled forth by handfuls among the people to the quantity of 8 or 9 l. Then he gave to the Sheriff an handkerchief, and to the hangman an angel in gold, which, he said, he gave him, not to spare him, but to execute his office as he should do.

‘. . . Then he kneeled down and said some prayers in Latin, which when he had done he rose up. Then he hurled from him amongst the people his beads, and another handkerchief, his band he gave away, and all his points he hurled, with his discipline for those to get them that would. Then the hangman pulled off his clothes, and he blessed all the people round about him. Then he took a gold ring off his finger, and gave it to the Sheriff, earnestly entreating him to give it to Mr Muskett⁴¹ in Newgate, for that he gave it him to wear so long as he lived.

‘The Sheriff told him that he should hang till he was more than half dead. He answered they should rip him up alive as he was, if they pleased, and not hang him at all, so willing he was to endure torment for so good a cause.

‘Then standing up after a pause, he said : “There is a doctor of divinity in this company, that holds opinion that no man can live chaste, which I deny, I myself having lived chaste, pure, and die a maid.” Then the hangman put the rope around his neck, and tied a handkerchief before his eyes. With a cheerful and merry countenance he willed him to tell him when he drew away the cart from under him, because he desired to die with the name of Jesus in his mouth. At which speech the minister which had conferred with him all the while in scoffing manner, said to him that there was great virtue in that name sure. For which audacious speech a gentleman standing by took him up very roundly.

‘Then he signed himself with the sign of the Cross, and said : “*In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum. Redime me Domine Deus veritatis. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, esto mihi Jesus,*” and so died. Amen.’

⁴¹ George Muscot, *alias* Acton/Ashton, whose real name was George Fisher. At the College during Almond’s time (see above); imprisoned for several years from 1610, and again in 1627. He was a marked man because of his outstanding work as a priest. Condemned, but reprieved just as the hurdle was waiting to take him to Tyburn. His release was due to the intercession of the Queen. He became President of Douai, and died in 1645.

Challoner fills in many details, and colours those we have already quoted :

‘ . . . he stepped with a smiling countenance into the sledge prepared for him, and so was drawn to Tyburn. When he arrived there, being taken off the sledge, and having his hands untied, he put off his hat, and blessed God with a loud voice, that he had held him worthy, and had brought him to that place to die for his name and glory. Then asking what he was to do, the sheriff told him that he must get up into the cart that stood under the tree, where he must die. Which he did, though not without much difficulty, the cart being high, and his legs weak and stiff, with his ill and cold lodging for ten days before. Being up, he cheerfully said, I am now, I thank God, up ; and kneeling down, he first blessed himself with the sign of the cross . . .

‘ . . . Then being almost unstripped, having nothing on but his waistcoat and breeches, the halter having been long about his neck, he kneeled down and began to pray, by giving thanks to God, who had strengthened him by his grace, and brought him thither to shed his blood for the catholic religion, which he most firmly believed to every tittle without the least doubt or wavering. And here again he was interrupted by a minister that stood near, who told him that he had forgot to ask forgiveness of his sins. Mr Almond replied, he did not do well to interrupt him, that he could not do all at once, and yet he could do that without the minister’s counsel. Then rising up he pulled several things out of his pockets, which he flung away, looking round about in the disposing of them as his affection guided him. He also flung away some three or four pounds in silver amongst the poor that crowded about the gallows . . .’

‘ . . . Then turning to the executioner he gave him a piece of gold of eleven shillings : adding, “I don’t give thee this to spare me, for I am ready, as my duty doth bind me, to lose both life and blood, and therefore he might, if he would, rip him up alive, and cut off his hands, for that no torment was sufficient to satisfy his obedience to his redeemer, wishing he had the heart of St Vincent, or the body of St Laurence to be broiled upon a gridiron ; for he was ready to suffer all, even to be pulled in pieces joint by joint, without any favour, so much he hoped God would strengthen him with his power ; and that all that blood which he had to shed for his master Christ was too little, and not enough.” And then kneeling down again, he humbly acknowledged himself to be a sinner, and earnestly

begged God's mercy and forgiveness ; not doubting but that what sins soever he had committed, which he confessed were many, Christ by his mercy, his death, and the shedding of his blood, would remit and pardon ; and that he would now accept his willingness to shed his blood for his glory. Of which words a minister presently taking hold, asked Mr Almond, What ! do you match and compare then your blood-shedding with Christ's blood-shedding ; as if Christ were not able to work your salvation without your own means ; "You mistake me, quoth Mr Almond ; my sins, though venial, deserve Christ's wrath and punishment. It is his death alone, and the shedding of his blood alone, that is not only *sufficient*, but also *efficient*, to save us all. I have not much more to say, one hour overtaketh another, and though never so long, at last cometh death ; and yet not death, for death is the gate of life unto us, whereby we enter into everlasting blessedness ; and life is death to those that do not provide for death, for they are ever tossed and troubled with vexations, miseries, and wickedness ; but to use well this life is the path-way, yet through death, to everlasting life."

' . . . Then being ready to die, having stood long in his shirt, the weather being cold, and the morning frosty, yet shewed he no shivering, nor once to quake, but most readily yielded his hands to be tied by the executioner ; and the cart being ready to be drawn away, he asked if it were not good, or the fashion to have a handkerchief over his eyes ? The people cried, yes ; one offering a foul one, which was refused, Mr Almond said it was no matter ; then a stander by gave him a clean one, and tied it over his face, which still looked chearful. Then he desired the executioner to give him a sign when the cart was to be drawn away, "that he might die with the name of his blessed Saviour Jesus, that sweet name of comfort in his mouth." He often repeated these words, *In manus tuas Domine*, etc. and the sign being given, he cried *Jesus, Jesus, Jesus* ; and then hanging for about the space of three *Pater-nosters*, some of the standers by pulling him by his legs to dispatch his life ; he was cut down and quartered, his soul flying swiftly to him that redeemed us all, for whose quarrel he protested he died.'

Blount adds the following details of the final scenes :

'His courage and resolution in dying made great impression in the hearts of all that were present yea of Protestants themselves in so much that they spake exceeding well of him & blamed

the bench for condemning him & some began to stagger in their religion already, in generall all pittied him and without doubt he did much good in his so resolute death.

'They would have persuaded the people if they could that he was one of those that approved the killing of kinges, because in a certayne occasion he had said, that there was no doubt, but that he that killed a king might (being after penitent, & sorry for his falt) be absolved and saved; the Mynisters of Tyborne would have inferred from hence that he affirmed y to be no synne to kill a king, because he said, that being penitent afterwards he might be saved, but Mr Molinax declared himself in such sort, that as he gave them satisfaction and checked the mynisters for their paynes . . .

'His hart being cast twice into the fire both tymes left out & being kept the second tyme was conveyed to Fr Blunt a Fa : of the society who keepeth it with the reverence due to so pretious a relicke.'

Archbishop Ussher writes this fitting obituary notice, despite himself: 'On Saturday last, Lathom, *alias* Molyneux, one of the learnedest and insolentest of the Popish priests here (for so I might easily discern by the conference which I had with him and his fellows at Newgate), was executed at Tyburn.' (The letter is written from London.)

It was asserted by many Catholic writers of the time that Bishop King was himself converted; and though we may doubt this for lack of evidence, this article could find a less fitting close than the following apostrophe, reputed to have been written by King himself:

'O happy Almond, who here upon earth didst mask thyself under the name of Molineux! In thy blood, even in thy blood did I wash my hands: it was I that did further thy death. Be thou, O blessed saint, who now seest and hearest me ("*Quid non videt, qui videntem omnia videt?*" What does he not see, who sees him that sees all things?) Be thou, I say, out of thy seraphical charity, as propitious to pray for the remitting of that crying sin, as I am ready to acknowledge the sin: and let thy blood (guilty of no other treason than in not being a traitor to Christ and his church) not resemble the blood of Abel, which cried for revenge against his brother, but rather the blood of Christ, which prayed for pardon of his crucifiers.'⁴²

WILLIAM STEELE.

⁴² From *The bishop of London's Legacy*, published after King's death and in his name. *Epistle to the Reader*, pp. 10-11. Quoted by Challoner.

ROMANESQUE

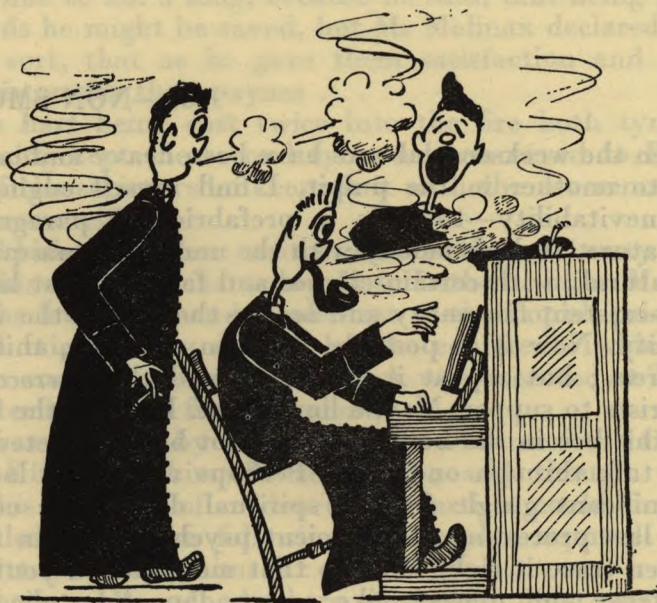
59—NON-SMOKERS

When the week-end labours have been heavy and one thing has led to another in the pulpit, I find myself edging—with dismal inevitability—towards a prefabricated paragraph on Fallen Nature. It deals chiefly with the unnatural masquerading as the natural ; with certain cliques and factions that lay claim to a non-existent normality and accuse the rest of the world of eccentricity. Now it is possible that, on occasion, this theme will impress ; but repeat it too often and the *parroco* brings psychiatrists to supper. Maybe he is right. Perhaps the irritable buzz of this bee in the bonnet should not be interpreted lightly as mere talk through one's hat. Perhaps we should look at it as a significant gurgle from a spiritual depth, the conscious mind at last protesting over ancient psychic scars. In fact, we could even trace it right back to that maladjusted youth when we sat tense and uneasy, like a quondam Apostolic Visitor, peering through terrifying mists, eremitical Non-Smokers in the Common Room, muffling our protests and stifling our lungs, fumed and fuming, the Archetype of the oppressed minority.

For your shunner of weeds was a sensitive plant who liked to think he had roots . . . and yet timidly doubted if he really *belonged*. The College programme and the social habits of The Lads combined to suggest that he was an unsolid wisp, a mere futurable, at the best perhaps an Hegelian pipe-dream ; his own Cartesian cogitations might erect a subjective status but the external evidence was shaky. Yet how he longed to be a Roman like the rest of you ! So if you have already unsheathed your pen and brandished it over the parish notepaper, ready to denounce the Editor for allowing this chilly irrelevance to rob

you once more of a warm and wistful reverie—put it down, puff away and perpend.

You may still cherish your ideal of *sigaretta Toscana in bocca Romana*, but I wonder if you can honestly look back over your course and say that you never quailed before our earnest Nonconformist eye? Did you never think like a dispassionate observer, 'looking quite through the deeds of men', with a vision of Rome that differed from your own, not seen through



'... Rome seen through smokescreen ...'

smoke-screen nor recorded by a clouded lens? Surely when all extravagant claims for seminary training are left aside, you will have to admit that your boasted genial tolerance came from smoking something other than *Tre Stelle* and *Trinciato*; and I suggest it was the practice of living with starry-eyed innocents to whom a *Nazionale* was only a street: to whom Easter bells had only spiritual significance: whose afternoon walks were planned according to incomprehensible categories of Time and Space: who understood neither top nor bottom of the Iron Stairs but blurred all distinctions in one Smokeless Zone: and

finally—though this is perhaps most important—whose gastric juices obeyed different laws.

If your Non-Smoker was ever an objective solid citizen who lived fully, it was at breakfast. When age reduces us to Andrew's and orange-juice, we can restore our faith in basic pleasures by looking back at our friends again as they settled in to the table, undisturbed by a yearning for the early morning tab but convenient to the butter of those who were. Their cherubic faces glowed at the celestial slither of Giuseppe's slippers and the brisker walk of Dom's; they heard tambours and zithers where others only noticed the leaden clang of medieval coffee-pots, insulated by the plaited string that was the only proof of industry or craft in Collepar'. Luigi's toothsome tomatoes could scarce heighten such bliss. But, even more mysteriously, they scented heart-warming aromas and said it was non-smoking that sharpened the nose. Unhurriedly they nicked a piece off the corrugated oblong of butter, they dipped it daintily in the salt (they too had their elegant fads) and lovingly spread it on their rubbery *panini*. Then, with nice calculation, they scraped most of it off; for they knew their capacity and the morning was young. Some men could last three rolls, some men more. They said it was non-smoking that gave them their appetites. If we remarked on their girths they would add that non-smoking had kept them quite fit. A few tried to cheer the day with misguided quips; and went down telling us what had kept them so cheerful.

They emerged, later, to a warmer morning sun where they playfully bombarded the tortoise, facing a day like the tortoise's own, a slow and placid continuum and not a staccato affair of jangling bells which split up time into periods for gratifying the lower self and periods for testing the obedience of the higher. Even the bell for early morning schools was almost devoid of significance; they could polish their shoes and shine their hats and amble forth like Vatican Postmen—and they would already be idling past the Odescalchi stills when our smoke-the-whole-butt purists, heading for lower-level Morals, came pounding past the locksmith's. In the Greg. itself they were strangely content, needing no smokersrooms, official or otherwise; and if cynical at times, they were more tolerant than most of our clinical insistence on air-conditioning these spacious halls after the recent fumigation of others. So home they toddled, healthy specimens, to enjoy their dinner like the next man.

And then, somehow, they wilted. They could not blame the Martyrs' Prayers, for they were still going well after the *dolce*. But afterwards, if there were no cobblers, bookbinders or *Sapone Palmolive* before which they could expand their egos, the Common Room found them out and deflated them. When they had collected their post they had so little to do that they flapped, aimless and homeless, round the table, rejected souls without the obols that would transport them to smokier climes. They might for a few moments cheer themselves with conscious virtue as they sniffed at the bulky newspapers and hollow books in which contraband has been known to arrive. Then the twinge came, I am sure, as they remembered with embarrassment the hearty letter of welcome they received from a fellow-diocesan, telling them how much they would enjoy College life, where they could get those mysterious stockings, giving them in fact all the 'gen', with the careless footnote: 'P.S. Cigarettes are cheap on the boat, by the way. Customs don't mind.' They had written their thanks and mentioned irrelevantly that they did not, in fact, smoke. After a decent interval they were assured that it did not really matter, but it would be no harm to bring along a couple of hundred and someone would doubtless find use for them. They arrived empty-handed and unpopular, with some faltering story about thinking it made no difference, or about having left them under the seat at Modane.

So they flitted uncertainly towards the lunatic fringe of the Crossword solvers, or cast an unresponsive eye on the sparkling humour of *Chi Lo Sa*? Or they found some occult compensation in drooling away, to the last legal minute, on oboes and bassoons. Such unawareness of sacred moments, such insensitivity to the noumena, was not merely a public scandal but a danger to themselves; for at the Villa you might glimpse them, ignorant of the more elegant ways of beguiling the time, unconscious of siesta bells, seated in the glorious disorder of the Blood Library, shimmering in the heat-haze that beat in through the window, incandescent but not yet smoking—and playing chess!

Of one thing we were all aware. The after-supper Common Room found them most wraithlike. No matter how often they applied their Puritanical energy to Wiseman Papers or the Social Guild, no matter how they shrieked for notice by organizing sing-songs, or guaranteed their solidarity by ejecting Any Six, the moment came when they had to draw up a chair and slide into a circle. There they reeled before their El

Alamein . . . which was, paradoxically enough, a silent battery of confident faces, maybe Top Year or a Vice-Rector amongst them, all inhaling and exhaling wisdom, poised between cultured conservatism and cheerful liberalism, polished and socially competent, solid and soothing as Highland cattle in a pool. Before such monuments of civilized living, with their Augustan contempt for 'enthusiasm', your Non-Smoker all but withered away. Inwardly those mandarins might feel the stir of a mis-giving, but they never let him know . . . and what had he to offer? He could not fittingly recount a gita epic, for he could not pause impressively to roll a cigarette, to fill his pipe, to shake forgotten strands from the corners of a pouch. He had no little tin in which to sniff deliciously his own personal concoction, moistened with anything from *acqua vergine* to *aqua vitae*. He had no glittering pipe-sticker to ram home his



‘ . . . to ram home his points . . . ’

points. His best line of argument would be met with pitying silence and knowing nods, but it was hard to tell if the opponent was still conscious. And, as the strain told, the feeling grew upon him that he was himself the outsider, the oddity who might crack at any moment and stand up to cheer for Heidegger or Investitures or a Vernacular Liturgy. Even in his summer recess on the balcony he was an alien spirit among the solidly

learned, and floated up gradually to his proper element to clamber about by the chimney pots or to leer like a gargoyle from the clock.

Some caved in completely. I suppose their apostasy was expected, because they dithered too long between opposing temptations. On one hand was the undeniable fact that a Non-Smoker rose in public esteem, at certain irregular intervals, when a battered tin tray was borne into the room with the important inscription 'One Each', followed by minor details about visiting bishops, Twenty-firsts or passing theologians. Former friends greeted you at the top of the stairs to make sure you would not take your share; others had presumed your permission. The tradition of the Fathers was neither clear nor consistent, since some gave effeminate chocolate to placate those total abstainers who would otherwise mutter dark criticism of the 'dynamic correlation of tones' in an Ordination Card which you had failed to foist off on your relatives. On the other hand there were men with more complicated principles—officially they did not smoke, but they picked up everything free and sucked away, amateurish and defiant, and called it practice for the Christmas plays. Their exquisite palates could even enjoy the vintage brands thriftily saved by the Little Sisters and exposed for veneration once a year. Nemesis met them after the Papal Election when, in a memorable Martyr's Corridor reception, the Cardinal Protector was moved to a princely gesture, and circulated the Superiors' Corona-Corona. There was, however, a still stranger sect who took everything they saw but were never known to smoke, a problem that baffled even the Infirmarians who usually had tabs on everyone. It was suspected that they gathered by the fire on Christmas morning and held their own shameful Sabbath, 'their service quaint', when straightforward folk had gone to bed. Such men, after furtive practice, would suddenly pop up in a circle, clenching their teeth on briar stems as jaunty as their chins or, like a dowager with a lorgnette, raising a disdainful finger beringed with a little brass holder.

The faithful few staggered on, clustering the tighter for mutual support, but the battle was hardly a fair one, since walk-time could scatter the ranks. The incautious straggler came bounding downstairs—and then saw that his identity (definitely Non-Smoker) and his hopes would be swamped in a cam. In summer he might willingly relax in the semi-tropical

luxuriance of the Botanical Gardens, but this was a crisp *tramontano*: he filled his lungs and felt like a pioneer; he must be off to outlandish parts, to Sant'Agnese and beyond; he must go places and see things. This Americanism was suspect of heresy and understandably received little encouragement. He became just 'another for Pam' . . . and what was Pam to your genuine Non-Smoker? He had hardly touched the fringe of the mystery; so, discontented and moody, he stared over the aqueduct at the dome of St Peter's or strayed in the dark forgotten world of the original Tank. His unregenerate heart rejected the equation 'Venerabile equals Pam', and he shied from 'Peter's and Pam' as an hebdomadal tether on Brother Ass. Such a man needed close watching, particularly if you were starting from the Greg. He had a deviationist line which led him to bookshop windows. You might get him to join the marathon to Pincio and home by the Ponte Margherita, but this was hardly a stalemate since both sides lost . . . although De Sica might have found another touching episode for his *Villa Borghese* in the study of a seminarian soul which sets out to survey Classical Rome and ends watching the swans fighting by the Temple of Aesculapius. The best and commonest compromise for the awkward type was to steer him into the well-known groove and trot him past Trajan's Column down into the Forum, to yon cool reclining column where he was free to study varieties of grasses or the legionary ludo in the Basilica Julia. Here he might meet kindred spirits, regroup forces and set off up and over the Palatine to that dreamer's corner where brown earth met blue heaven, where he could get a free view of the latest exhibition in the Circus Maximus or peer ruefully out to the Villa wall, just visible below Cavo in the afternoon sun.

It was at these moments that he planned his revenge. I am sure you remember how he got it. Try in your composition of place to recapture the far-off tranquillity of a Palazzola night when you had put away the cards and were sitting on the bench gazing over the lake. Don't forget your moon '*lucida, spessa, solida e pulita*', blackly silhouetting the southern fringe of the crater but, above, softening the distance between those aggressive three-dimensional stars. A *cerini* lid clicks, a pipe wheezes, a cigarette glows. The snoring of the owl only deepens the sense of incubation. Words are rare, and mere whispers. This is the smoker's hour of mental prayer, when he despises

idle chatter and is content to feel, and to thank God for His gifts. Prayer, poetry, peace. 'O *beata solitu*—' . . . and they come ! Tumblers, jongleurs and matchless Pucks. With nothing in their hands or their mouths they flit around, witless, like the bats that ping through the Nuns' Cortile. They splash around the tap, they fiddle with the telescope, they jostle each other in hedges. Then cheerfully they breeze over, sweep grey stone-dust from the cracks in the wall, hitch up their cassocks and perch in a line with parrotty conversational gambits.

May Heaven give peace to their restless souls. You, too, of course, could release them from their purgatory by quenching your flames and giving a few hollow raps with your pipe—raps that re-echo from all those brazen domes and teed-up golf balls that are somehow accepted as ash trays. Eventually they gladly shuffle into step beside you, solid and thick as yourselves, as you file towards Avancinus and—*O pudor!*—that oblivion in which all Romans rest equal.

HUGH REYNOLDS.

NOVA ET VETERA

ROMAN ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING, 1956

This year the Meeting was held in London. His Eminence the Cardinal was with us for the Council Meeting and for lunch. We were thus able to express our gratitude to him for the energy and interest which he had given to us in support of our efforts to help the College financially.

The chief business this year was, of course, the Appeal for the College (see separate Report).

There will be a scholarship examination during the coming year for the two vacant places.

This year it has been necessary to draw on General Funds in order to give £5 to each of the eleven students in Top Year, since the Delaney Fund at present cannot meet the full expense.

The question of efficient and quick notification of the deaths of members was discussed. On this subject, the Secretary will be grateful for the assistance of Romans in the Dioceses in reporting deaths of members.

We are glad to have Fr Calnan at the helm for a second term. His guidance and work as President during the past year have been truly invaluable in dealing with the Appeal.

Our next Annual Meeting will be in Birmingham on 10th and 11th June 1957.

J. F. MOLLOY, *Secretary.*

THE COLLEGE APPEAL

The College Appeal was launched in December 1955 and extended to all priests in England and Wales, asking for collections

THE PALAZOLA TENNIS COURT 1956

and assistance. All times are bad times for raising money these days, and there had been unavoidable delay in the beginning, so it was decided to get the business moving as soon as possible.

To the end of July 1956, we have raised £7,150—a fair distance from the goal of £35,000.

It has been the experience of preachers often enough that the layfolk are ready to appreciate the significance of a national college in Rome, and the special associations of our own. So far, seventy-two parish collections have come in: three have reached or passed £100: fifteen others exceed £50, and all but nineteen have reached or exceeded £10: in many of these cases the sum attained has exceeded the average Special Collection for the parish.

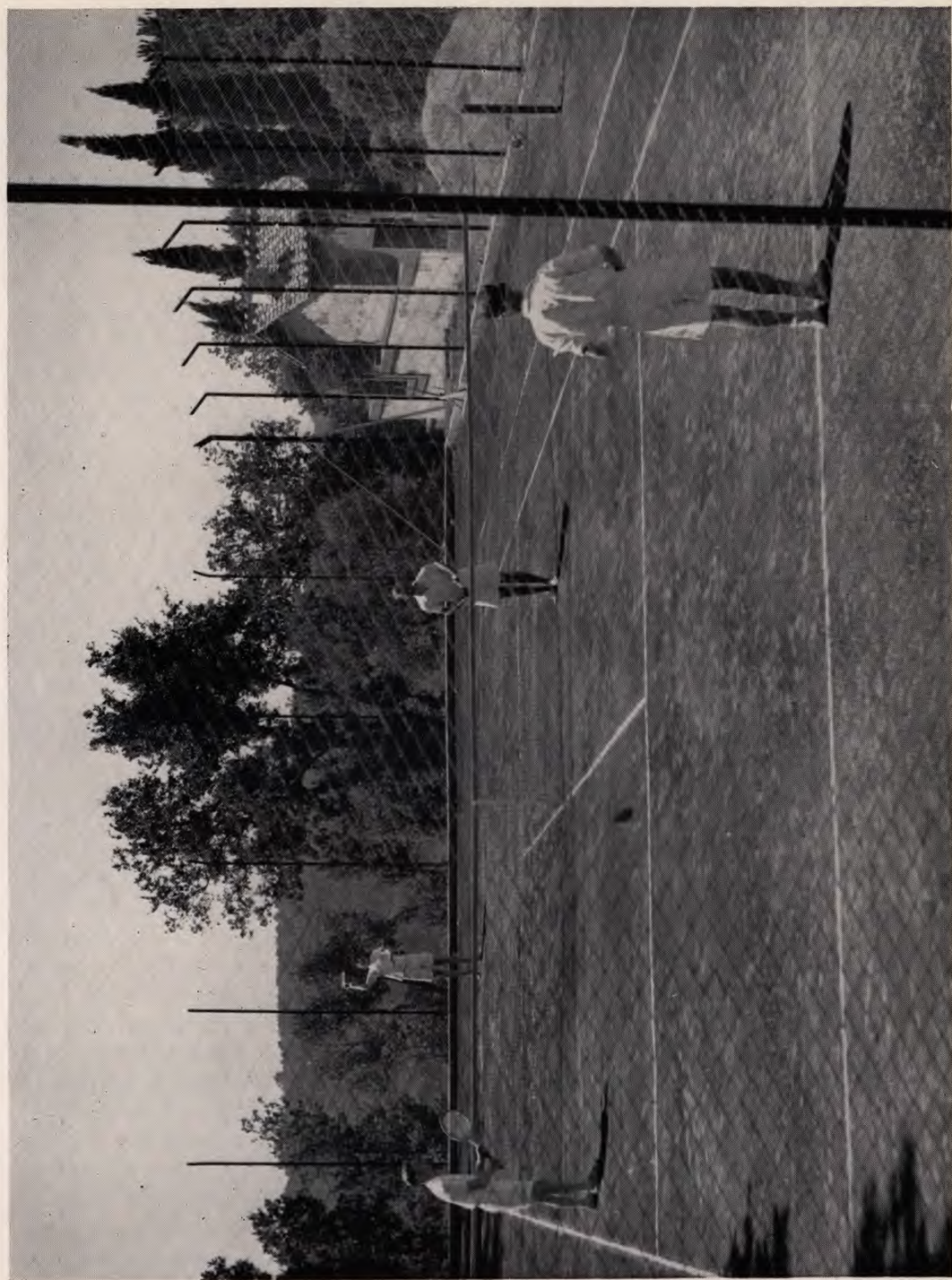
To try and stimulate further interest among the priests we are obtaining, wherever the Bishop of the diocese approves, a diocesan organizer for the Appeal. We need, too, the personal support, and active propaganda among his friends, of every priest and layman who has any interest in or association with the Venerable if we are ever to approach £35,000.

It is fitting that we should put on record in THE VENERABLE that without the generous gift of £1,000, and the active interest and advice of His late Eminence Cardinal Griffin, the present measure of success would not have been achieved.

J. F. MOLLOY, *Secretary.*

THE PALAZZOLA TENNIS COURT

Tradition ascribes the beginning of tennis at Palazzola to His Lordship the Bishop of Nottingham. His Lordship's attempted tennis court underwent a most substantial change, and after a few years was serving as the golf committee's best green, to be known for ever—*salva reverentia*—as 'Ellis's Folly'. Since that time there have been several attempts to build a tennis court at Palazzola. From time to time tennis has been played, and although sometimes the play has been short and spasmodic it has lent some incentive to the work of building a proper court. This year we have become the proud possessors of an exhibition court, and those whose work in the past has



THE PALAZZOLA TENNIS COURT 1956

contributed towards it may be interested now to see how their efforts have fitted into the final picture.

In 1922 a temporary 'grass' court was made ready for play, with the hope of a permanent hard court in the following year. In fact the court was used until 1925 as two attempts in this period to make a hard court both failed. Play appears to have been somewhat spasmodic, and the condition of the court deteriorated badly. As a result of this, the court was abandoned and an appeal for money was made through the magazine. A generous response enabled a third attempt to be made to lay a hard court in 1926 with professional help; Cardinal Gasquet and Monsignor Hinsley, the Rector, were among those who had answered the appeal. The court was made of *pozzolana* with a foundation of rock and broken stone, but hopes for its success were ephemeral. The surface crumbled badly because of the shortage of water. Weeds were plentiful and made a great deal of work necessary each year before tennis could be played. It is perhaps as a result of this that a contemporary number of *THE VENERABILE* tells us that 'enthusiasm was not widespread' (*THE VENERABILE*, Vol. IV, p. 421).

A shale surface put down by the students in 1932 merited the description—'fundamentally sound and superficially smooth' (*THE VENERABILE*, Vol. V, p. 432). Shortage of water, however, was again the main obstacle to continual play. Neither can this surface have been proof against weeds, for in the following year the most striking achievement of the tennis committee was to provide wild flowers from the court for the altar. This gesture was certainly in keeping with the then secretary's impression of the court as 'like the Nursery for the Rocca vegetable market' (*THE VENERABILE*, Vol. VI, p. 198).

The installation of a tap on the court in 1934 was a great improvement, but the annual problem of weeds was still not solved satisfactorily. At the beginning of each season the court was covered with bracken and this was burned in order to get rid of the weeds. This solution gave only a temporary respite from the problem and there appears to have been very little tennis played from 1936 to 1939. An appeal to England in 1938 realized 5,000 Lire, which raised great hopes for a court in the following year. But this was not to be; the sum was very badly affected by the inflation at the beginning of the war. Even worse was to follow. The war and exile undid a great deal of the work which had been done in the previous twenty years.

The serious damage caused by the occupying troops and the explosion of a mistimed bomb were worse even than the growth of weeds, unchecked for these six years.

The Hall men coming to Palazzola in 1947 had the Stonyhurst courts still fresh in their memories. They began work straight away, and attempted to play again in 1948. Because of the very bad conditions which made play so difficult this was the last tennis to be played at Palazzola until the present court was completed this year.

1949 saw the start of the eight years of work which have culminated in the present court. For most of that time the work of blasting, breaking and laying the *peperino* rock was carried on without any hope of money to make further progress when the rock foundation had been laid. This fact did not damp the enthusiasm at all, and discussion often waxed fierce on the rival merits of different surfaces, *terra rossa*, concrete or asphalt. In 1955 our work on the court was completed; professional help would be necessary if any further progress were to be made.

It was at this stage that Monsignor Heard entered the lists with a very generous donation which enabled us to call in the required professional help. The workmen laid a surface of lime and *pozzolana* and erected a very effective wire netting. Enthusiasm had never been greater. In fact in one case it was too great, and an unwary diarist recorded the court as already completed.

The almost unprecedented severity of last winter made further progress during the year impossible. When work was resumed a big disappointment awaited us. The *pozzolana* surface, in spite of constant watering and rolling, did not prove satisfactory. Though hard underneath, it remained soft and dusty on top. The assurance of the workmen '*Ci vuole tempo*', did not carry conviction, and early this Villa the decision was made to shovel away the *pozzolana*. It had now become obvious that the only serviceable surface would be *terra rossa*, but it appeared equally obvious that this *terra di lusso* was beyond our means.

Nevertheless, this temporary setback did not dismay us, in fact we were shortly to achieve a success far exceeding even the most optimistic anticipation. The Rector, who had always encouraged the students by his interest in their efforts, agreed to call in the experts in *terra rossa*. Monsignor Heard again came to the rescue. It is to him, therefore, more than to anyone else, that we are indebted for the completion of the present court, and we welcome this opportunity of expressing our very sincere gratitude.

The final days of work were not without their difficulties. The water supply from Rocca di Papa failed us several times, and occasionally caused a complete holdup. The feast of the Assumption was fixed as the opening day, and despite further opposition from the Rocca Water Board, and a new source of danger in the *pastore's* extremely thirsty cows, everything was ready when the day came. The Rector blessed the completed court, and then, after putting a testing shot into the net, served to the Vice-Rector and play was on. This was no formal opening serve, for the Rector, partnered by one of the students, stayed on the court and lost narrowly to the Vice-Rector and his partner. It was only after the game that he admitted that he had not played since he won the doubles tournament at Palazzola in 1930.

The tennis court has had many false starts, but yet there has been no wasted work, for the former efforts have at least acted as an invaluable spur to future Romans. The tennis committee thanks and congratulates all those who have taken part.

BASIL LOFTUS.

A FORGOTTEN BOOKLET

Browsing, as my wont is, among the higher shelves of the Library, I came lately upon a forgotten work which surely should never have so slipped out from the memory of our kind, a little 12° parchment-bound book entitled: 'AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST PURGATORY, OR *Discourse, wherein is shewed that Good-Workes, and Almes-deeds, performed in the Name of Christ, are a chiefe meanes for the preventing, or mitigating the Torments of Purgatory. Written by that Vertuous, and Right worthy Gentlewoman (the Honour of her Sexe for Learning in England) Ms. IANE OWEN, late of God-stow, in Oxfordshire, deceased, and now published after her death.*' This title-page is preceded by a pictorial leaf showing an angel coming down to deliver the souls from the flames, whereunder 'Mart. Baes. f.' presumably indicates the artist. Beneath this is 'Permissu Superiorum. M.D.C.XXXIIII.' At the top is written in printlike characters 'Coll: Anglor: de Urbe', and, at the foot, in a seventeenth century hand, 'pro cubiculo Patris Confessarij'. The writer must have been the wife of John Owen of Godstow, near Oxford, well known as the place where Rosamund Clifford, the unhappy mistress of Henry II, was buried, first within and then outside the convent church. John Owen was a most faithful Catholic who suffered imprisonment and was sentenced to death for falsely imputed treasonous words in 1615. The intercession of the Spanish Ambassador at length got him out, on condition of leaving the country within twenty days, and so, about 1618, he went into exile. The Owens, like the Southwells, had been receivers of Church lands, but if they had conformed to the schism never seem to have accepted Protestantism. Of Welsh

origin, like other Owens (already fairly numerous in Oxford University and London), George Owen, an Oxford M.P., great-grandfather of John, achieved eminence in medicine, became physician to Henry VIII, and was cannily rewarded with the spoils of the Church.¹ In 1546 George Owen bought Cumnor Place, where his second son, William, was living when Amy Robsart perished (1560). In 1572 he sold it to Anthony Forster. The elder son, Richard, inherited Godstow, and married Mary, daughter of Sir Leonard Chamberlayne of Sherbourne Castle. They had four sons, of whom George, the eldest, was probably the father of our John, since Godstow came to the latter by inheritance. Francis Owen, who came to the College on a visit in 1586, would probably be a brother of this George, and of Christopher Owen, who died before he could be ordained, in the College, a student, in 1580, just before the Pilgrim Books begin. In 1580 we read: 'July. I hear from Rome that Mr Owen's son of Godstow, who was at the Seminary there, is dead.'² In 1583 some informer writes: 'Mr Owen of Godstow keepeth him continually in his house Hynde a priest.'³

The book opens with an epistle dedicatory, 'To the worthy and constant Catholickes of England; And more particularly to such, as be of the best temporall meanes.' Having constantly in mind the severity of the pains of Purgatory, the writer feels bound to make an earnest appeal to her fellow Catholics to redeem the time and, although women writers were not unknown in medieval England, deems it needful to ask her readers to 'pardon I pray the boldness of my sexe herein'. Although she writes very well, it is clear she has no literary aims. Her work is avowedly drawn from the Fathers and from St Robert Bellarmine, to whom she pays warm tribute. It has all the force and freshness of a single-minded effort to help others, and *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. It is practical and free of needless trimmings. 'Thus I make him [St Robert Bellarmine] the

¹ 'Dr George Owen was physician to King Henry VIII, and for professional services many manors round Oxford were made over to him upon easy terms, some to be resold almost immediately. Godstow, however, was kept in the possession of the Owen family for more than a century.' (Mrs Bryan Stapleton, *History of the Post-Reformation Missions of Oxfordshire*, 1906, p. 184.) Edward VI continued the royal favours and he received jointly with Henry Martin of Oxford, Durham College, which they sold in 1554 to Sir Thomas Pope for his intended Trinity College. It is probable that his Catholic convictions (whether openly avowed I know not) gained him the good will of Queen Mary, who made him her physician, and of Cardinal Pole. He died in October 1558, just a month before the Queen, the Cardinal, and Catholic England.

² Cal. State Papers, Dom. Eliz., Add 1580-1625, p. 11; apud Mrs Stapleton, p. 185.

³ *Ibid.*, citing Foley, Rec. VI, 719, where the wording slightly differs.

foundation or ground-worke of this my ensuing Discourse ; and the rest following I do build, and erect on this foundation ; so, as this Miscelene worke of mine, may perhaps resemble the statue of Nabuchodonozor, of which, part was gould, part silver, and part of baser mettall. So I am sure, that what is taken out of the learnedd Cardinalls writings in this my Treatise, is perfect gould or silver ; what is adjoynd thereto by me must (I willingly yield) endure the touch of the learned, to prove what mettall it is' (p. 3). The Cardinal's own words, she notes, 'are without any affectation of Oratory, or fyled Speach' (p. 7). Indeed, she proves a well-equipped writer, and on occasion lays Protestant authors under contribution. 'M. Godwin the Protestant (in his Catalogue of Bishops, p. 3) thus commendeth him : That blessed and holy Father S. Gregory' (p. 168). She cites St Bernard, 'of whom in regard of his piety of life even Dr Whitaker our Adversary (Lib. de Eccl. pag. 338) thus celebrateth his worth : Ego quidem Bernardum vere fuisse sanctum existimo' (pp. 168-9). Her quotations from Holy Writ are not excessive, as in Protestant writings, but sufficient and very relevant. There is a half-humorous reference to her own work where a soul in Purgatory is made to say : 'O that I had beene so happy, as to have followed the wholesome Advyce, given to me by way of Presage, in a little treatise entitled, An Antidote against Purgatory : I then did read it, but with a certaine curiosity, as thinking it nothing to belong to me. But (alas) I now find it to be a true Sybill, or Prophet, of my future Calamitous state' (p. 145).

Her loyalty to King Charles is wholehearted, and well enforced with good authority. If the Israelites were counselled to pray for Nabuchodonosor and Baltasar, 'how much more Reason, then, have all Priests, and Catholickes in England, even to besiege the ears of God with their daily and incessant Prayers and Impetrations, for the spirituall and temporall good of their King Charles ?' (p. 190). She dwells on this at some length. The persecution is no fault of his, but due to the bigotry of certain magistrates. 'Since the Israelites then prayed for their Enemy ; we pray for our dread Sovereigne. They for him, who did lead them into captivity ; we for him, who keepes us in Liberty, peace, and tranquillity' (ibid.). I think few would now dispute that Charles detested the Penal Laws and only let them be put in force under the strongest Protestant constraint. It would take me too far afield to discuss here the

question : ought not King Charles to have become a Catholic ? Mary Ward certainly thought so,⁴ and if she was right the true tragedy of Charles I is a far deeper one than the judicial murder. At Madrid intellectual conviction came to him, but his evil genius, Buckingham, vehemently dissuaded him from following it up, not, be it noted, because he deemed the Catholic Faith untrue, but merely for reasons, and fears, of state. Yet it was from his Catholic subjects that Charles received the truest devotion and, unlike Buckingham's, a disinterested one.

'The first of these *Good Workes*, so much wished by me, shalbe not only in a man's private Devotions and Prayers, but also by soliciting of others of our Catholike Clergy (though even of their owne most ready propension and loyalty herein, I know they are not wanting) to pray for his Majesty of England, our most gracious King, and for his worthy Queene, and their Royall Issue. This is the duty, which all Subjects (of what Religion soever) ought to performe; and the performance thereof is a pleasing, & most grateful spirituall Sacrifice to the Divine Majesty, and a good meanes (among others) to expiate our former Transgressions' (pp. 187-9). Our author goes further. 'Therefore, in regard of so worthy a worke, which even in duty ought to be performed by all English Catholickes and Priests; I, the poore authoure of this Treatise, will make bold, though a woman, to Personate all the English Catholickes in my selfe, and will offer up to the Highest (in behalfe of us all) this our most zealous and daily prayer: *God preserve with His eye of Vigilancy, and care, our most noble Prince King Charles, and his most illustrious Queene, and most worthy Issue*' (pp. 191-2). After asking for a happy reign, and the continuance of their line, the prayer goes on: '*And grant, that in the close of their lives, they may all leave the Stage or Theater of this world with spirituall Trophees and Triumphs, for the gayning of that Celestiall Kingdome in compare of which, all the Kingdomes upon the Earth deserve not to be Types or adumbrations . . . to this my unfeigned prayer, I wish all good English Priests, and Catholickes, to say, Amen*' (p. 193).

Although called a Treatise, the work is really an appeal or exhortation, for consideration (and 'appropriate action', we might say), of what our Faith teaches us about Purgatory. It presumes only an ordinary catechism knowledge of the

⁴ Cf. her life by Mrs Chambers, 1885, Vol. II, pp. 209-10. Cf. also L. Clarus, *Bartholomaeus Holzhausers Leben u. Gesichte*, 1849, Vol. I, pp. 68-69.

Faith and makes no pretences to dogmatic exposition. It calls for diligent heed of the severity of the pains of Purgatory, with such examples as Drithelm, taken from St Bede, and Innocent III, taken from Surius's collections, and dwells on the folly and presumption of neglect and delay.

Of special interest to us should be the glimpse Mrs Owen gives us of the lives of English Catholics, and the certain perils, other than the obvious ones, besetting them. In spite of all the State's plundering, a good many Catholics were still well-to-do. Let them turn their wealth to good account, especially by sending and providing for church students for the seminaries abroad. Let them consider that some Protestants put us to shame by their zeal for training their ministers : Let them not squander in vain diversions the means by which the Faith may be preserved and increased in their own needy land. Let them remember that needless diversions lay up a grim Purgatory hereafter. Jane Owen makes a special appeal to her own sex, and in particular to widows. 'Many of you (I know) are ready to bestow a hundred Marks, or more, upon one gowne ; and that gowne must not serve two yeares, but another (as chargeable) must instantly be had. Agayne, some of you will be content to lose a hundred Marks, or more, in one night at Gleeke ; and will wear about your necks Iewels, worth many hundreds of pounds' (pp. 181).

The words I will now quote surely acquit our author of presumption. 'Well then, seeing my owne hower-glass is almost run out, let me turne my speach to you (Deare Catholiks) in my health my chiefest Familiars ; & with whom I did most consociate in my former pleasures. There is no difference betweene you and me, but the tyme present, and the tyme to come . . . You are yet in health, & perhaps as improvident in laying up spirituall riches against this fearefull day, as my selfe have been. O change your Course, whiles there is tyme. Let my present state preach to you, & suffer these my last dying words to give lyfe to your future actions ; since they preach feelingly whose Pulpit is their death-Bed' (pp. 145-7). Some were giving but a notional assent to the Four Last Things. Ignorance of the Faith is a deadly peril, but so is refusal to practise what the Faith enjoins.

Earnest Protestants send youths of promise to be trained for heretical ministry at our Universities, to extend a false religion. Then 'how meritorious and pleasing is it in the sight

of God, for you to practise the like Charity to yong poore schollars of hopefull expectation, for their bringing up in such places of literature, as that when they have ended their studies, they may be serviceable in the Catholick Church for the general good of others?' (p. 198).

Let Catholics heed closely the dangers awaiting promising English lads if none come forward to befriend them. 'I instance (for example) in a pregnant yong boy of seaventeene or eighteene yeares of age; This boy through want of meanes, for his better preferment is to become a Servingman, a Clarke, a Prentise, or at the best (indeed the worst) a Minister; In all which states, considering the present streame of Protestancy in England, his soule is in all likelyhood to perish eternally, for his not dying in a true Fayth, and Religion. Now here observe the wonderful difference, rising from the performing, or omitting of such a charitable deed. Yf such a boy stay in England, then is his soule (as above is said) in great peril of eternally perishing, through his professing of an erroneus Fayth; Yf he be Catholickly brought up, and sent over the seas, he is to be instructed in the only saving Catholick Fayth, to the most hopefull Salvation of his soule' (pp. 198-200). Not only that, but one will occasion the ruin, the other the eternal welfare, of a multitude of souls. Had the author herself owned riches, 'I do assure you . . . I had rather make choyce to distribute to this use of providing and maintaining of hopefull youths in learning, to the end above expressed, than to any other particular end whatsoever. For if neither any places of Residence beyond the Seas had beene provided, and furnished with sufficient maintenance for the bringing up of English Schollers, nor that there had beene any Catholikes, who would have opened their purses to this noble End, Catholike Religion had beene utterly extinct many yeares since, in England' (pp. 204-5).

There is another good work which offers itself to Catholics of means, to contribute to the rescue of fellow-Catholics reduced to ruin by the cruel fines, and laid open to temptations of apostasy. 'You see, that the Catholikes throughout England pay yerely great sommes of money for their Recusancy; Among whom, there are many hundred of poore Catholickes, who are so overcharged with these yearely payments, as that their meane Estates are not able to support any long time such payments; of which his Maiesty (who is most prone to commiseration and pitty) little heareth in particular; this being

effected only by certaine Subordinate Magistrates, adverse to our Catholicke Religion. And thereupon for their avoiding of the said payments, imposed upon them, diverse of these poore men and women have forsaken already (contrary to their conscience) externally their Religion, and are content to come to the Protestant Church' (pp. 229-30). How helpful to many souls wealthy Catholics might be; and how pleasing in the sight of God, if they came to the help of their poorer fellows in such affliction! 'I well remember, that some twenty yeares since, a certaine Prison having in it some six or seaven Priests, & far more poore lay Catholickes, lying there in great want; there was a Catholicke gentle-woman of good account, who taking great commiseration of their wants, relieved all the Catholicke imprisoned company, with weekly provision of meate for severall months; and so she intended still to continue this her Charity, but that she was shortly after prevented by death. This was an Heroical and most Christian charity in her' (pp. 255-6).

The doctrine of Purgatory was singled out for special attack by the renegades, together with the cloistered life, and for the same reason, a burning zeal to loot the endowments therewith connected. True to their model, they cried out: 'Why this waste?' and, like him, posed as champions of the injured poor. Thus Simon Fish, about the end of 1528, produced his *Supplycacyon of Beggars*, namely, the poor deprived of their due, while slyly hinting to the King, whose secret aims he had divined, that these endowments might serve for a truly royal scoop. So the Anglican historian Mandell Creighton holds (D.N.B., s.v. Fish), and there seems to be no good reason for refusing his admissions. This pamphlet drew from St Thomas More his lively and telling rejoinder, *The Supplycacyon of Souls*.⁵ The saint later declared that Fish, before the plague carried him off in 1531, retracted his errors and died in the peace of the Church, which Creighton is unwilling to believe. It is a mark of Anglicans to bewail the entrance or return of others into the Fold which itself proudly refuses to enter. A generation later, after the Revolution (for such it was) of 1559, appeared William (later Cardinal) Allen's *A Defense and Declaration of the Catholike Churches Doctrine touching Purgatory* (1565). It is

⁵ I may be pardoned a smile when a reviewer in the T.L.S. of 1st June 1956, gravely tells us, 'It is not easy, reading it, to like More' (pp. 330-4). No doubt it is difficult—for him.

a grievous pity that this noble English classic, a masterpiece of clear exposition and sound reasoning, enlivened with telling illustration and example, and now and then a touch of More's own homely wit, is so little known and less read, despite Fr Bridgett's reprint, in modern spelling, under the title *Souls Departed* (Burns and Oates, 1886). No one will ever regret the time (little enough) its reading requires, while very many will rue the hours given to some best seller. ('But everybody's reading it now.' So much the worse for everybody.)

It is worth noting that Dame Owen's booklet came just a hundred years after St Thomas More's. The saint's work is mainly a rebuttal of heretical aggression, while the lady of Godstow Manor is more concerned with rousing indifferent and careless Catholics; and we may fairly claim that her work is a not unworthy pendant to the masterpieces of More and Allen.

H. E. G. ROPE.

MORE LESSER ROMAN CHURCHES

Because of their numbers, knowledge of the lesser churches of Rome is some test of a man's *Romanità*. It is also a handy weapon with which to meet the permanent dilemma that arises each afternoon.

'San Lorenzo fuori', you suggest.

'Too far.'

'The Spada ?'

'Too near.'

'The Capitol, then.'

'That's neither one thing nor the other.'

'Santa Maria del Carmine, then.'

'Where's that ?'—and you have them. Content yourself by pointing out the Capitol as you go past. Even when using this angle of approach, I insist from experience, it is quite possible to spend months in Rome without realizing that the Capitol is there at all. Your destination is just beyond and is vastly better hid. In fact, it seems hardly fair to reveal it at all. Still, there it is, lying behind the Waldensian church on the via Quattro Novembre, quite a substantial church in an area that looks hardly big enough to conceal a mousetrap.

Why Rome should make one think of cheese it is hard to say ; in former days, when San Pietro itself was camouflaged, it is a fact that wending one's way through the Borgo was likened to a maggot working through cheese ; although the impression I have is rather of a *soufflé surpris*. Nowadays one is surprised only by the lesser churches—San Biagio, for example, hidden in a back street beyond the Corso, or, better still, San Biagio in the via Giulia : in a half-mile street with over half a dozen churches, this, the most remarkable, may easily escape notice.

Here you may find an Armenian Bishop to act as your Sacristan and, more surprisingly in Rome, you will see the women communicants come up to kneel on the predella. The mention of a third Roman church to St Blase suggests that the riparian citizens were much afflicted by diseases of the throat (through overuse, perhaps). You will find the latter at the back of San Carlo ai Catinari, possibly, like Sant' Andrea della Valle, built on the site of two or more earlier churches. If we are right in allowing four small churches where there are now but two large ones, we cannot escape the conclusion that this part of Rome had reached pretty near saturation point. Between San Carlo and Sant' Andrea we find two more churches: San Sudario, and a Confraternity chapel. What did the priests do, one wonders, apart from hearing each other's confessions? Of course, you might ask the same question to-day, but to do so is to reveal a curious connection between the College and some churches and an apparently arbitrary anathema against others. Sant' Andrea we know: it has an Epiphany Octave. The street of San Sudario has two churches, one, I suspect, Confraternity, and the other, the church of the Belgians. Both are typically baroque. They are plain and partly used; we can place them and dismiss them. Yet San Carlo is a rather fine big church. It is spacious and well marbled. While no match for the Gesù, it is more beautiful than Santa Maria sopra Minerva and quite as busy as San Agostino. Yet I suppose that as few of us visit San Carlo as visit the twin churches flanking the Corso as it enters the Piazza del Popolo. I wonder how many of us know the names of these two churches: Santa Maria in Montesanto, and Santa Maria dei Miracoli. And how many of us are under the impression that Piazza del Popolo means 'The People's piazza'? These two churches to Our Lady, however, are mainly closed, except for Sunday morning, notoriously a bad time for bricking.

Still, there is no need to revert to such recondite conditions as we find here. After all, they are small churches, of a pattern and unopened. They are, moreover, far from home and under the shadow of a very treasure-house in Santa Maria del Popolo. Perhaps this last is the real reason. After all, how many churches are visited which are on a direct route to St Peter's? Santa Lucia is, certainly, but only on the feast.

What of St John of the Florentines? In a city for the best part ill-equipped with beautiful tombs, St John's must surely

claim passing attention. I mean the interior : the façade receives exactly that.

The church at the far end of the Ponte Vittorio commemorates a confraternity which included pre-Reformation English Kings and Queens. It merits a visit if only to see a modern restoration in clean, simple marble. From here Santa Maria Traspontina should be visible, and the setting and façade provide quite a fair prospect. On a busy day you are more likely to find take the road leading past the Casa S.J. and so on to Santo Spirito in Sassia. The picture given by King Ina no longer hangs over the High Altar. Judging by the rate of decay in the church, it probably rotted out of its frame about the same time San Pantaleone received its English bell. And that is so long ago that the bell has disappeared. Beyond Santo Spirito you are unlikely to visit San Magno, although I have met an English priest who actually stayed in the convent. Finally we arrive at Sant' Anna, past our destination but falling well within St Peter's shadow. How many have dropped in as they went to the Vatican P.O. ?

Hard by the Pantheon and with easy access from the street, San Eustachio offers a ready welcome. It may be that this is the first ordinary church you will visit. If so, you are lucky and have chosen well. It is not a beautiful church, and the darkness is kindly. Every other church you will visit will benefit by comparison. Nevertheless, you will feel at home, for here you will find familiar benches—conspicuous by their absence in the larger, Brickers', churches. Indeed, there was a time when I wondered if the Italians needed benches to attend Mass. I know better now. They don't. After all, kneeling is not conducive to the easiest conversation. San Eustachio, then, is a parish church with a regular congregation ; but it is by no means the only church in the parish. In England the general rule is, one church, one parish. In Rome they do these things rather better. Our own parish of San Lorenzo in Damaso, for example, has almost a score of churches and chapels—I doubt whether the *parroco* himself could tell you to within two of three chapels. There is certainly a family whose flat includes a private Oratory. However, San Eustachio rises above this level and is in point of fact the parish church of that parish. Really, the only thing of interest about it is the stag's head with the cross between its antlers.

If San Eustachio is familiar to us by reason of its very pedestrian existence, up the Corso and opposite Saint James' of the Incurables we find a church that is even more familiar by reason of its style—the Gesù e Maria. By Roman standards it is modern. It is one of the few churches that has anything of a nineteenth century flavour. It is a darkish church, though not gloomy, with heavy black benches; the benches can be matched by the German church, Santa Maria dell'Anima, but nowhere in Rome will you find such a superb period piece as the internal porch. With its thin strips of coloured glass, reminiscent of the old-time tramcar, it is a piece of pure Victorianism, the like of which I have encountered in such diverse places as my own back door and the balcony of a Burmese bungalow. Hardly modern by any other standards than those of Rome! Yet it is modern, for the Roman standard is baroque. From the simplicity of San Agostino to the florid ornamentation of the Maddalena, the baroque façade alone offers an unrivalled and fascinatingly wide field of exploration. It is only because of the enormous total of churches that we can find a separate classification for such nineteenth century interiors, which even with San Alfonso represent less than one per cent of the Roman numbers. I would not care to embark on the task of labelling the more recent erections in Rome individually, but I suppose the term modern is wide enough to be accurate.

At the other extreme we have churches, and to spare, that can match both the age of the upper San Clemente and the antiquity of the lower. By these standards, baroque itself is modern and something of an interloper. For all that, baroque is the fruit of tremendous vitality, and the mosaic tradition has been dead some eight hundred years, as you will see by comparing St Cyril in the lower church with the mosaic in the apse, or, better still, look at the nineteenth century mosaic in San Paolo a Regola. The tomb designate of Pio Nono in San Lorenzo is obviously of the same genre, and so are the apse and crypt of the new German College chapel. It is not a survival you can see in Santa Balbina, it is a rebirth.

Nevertheless, the pendulum is on the swing and Rome is now moving away from the baroque. Once again the style reveals the anatomy of a building. For churches this means less external ornamentation and the removal of façade. For the secular building it spells death to the severe box-like construction, and often a return to exterior marble. Within the

buildings, as examples of the passing style one can only recall the frescoes in the new American College chapel. Secular buildings follow the same trend, and for every new fresco there are half a dozen old ones that have gone, replaced for the most part by some not very happy marble walls; however, the mosaic pavements that go with them are well conceived, and the occasional miniature fountains to assuage the Roman's love of water are very pleasing. The chromium and glass shop counters which have been adopted from America are, I like to think, inspired by the Italian immigrants as a development of their baroque background. However, it is not a point to prove in half a line, and the materials, impermanent as they are, nevertheless call for the same simplicity of style in their treatment as the other plain and more permanent materials once again in vogue.

Let us not shed too many crocodile tears over the passing of baroque. One of its greatest virtues for an ordinary church—a lesser Roman church, perhaps—lies in the happy chameleon-like character of a fresco. Congregations, I fear, get bored with a masterpiece after a century, and we might appeal once more to the story of San Niccolò in support of our argument. If the new style, or any new styles, can hold its congregations, let it prosper and thrive. When it ceases to do so, let it go under. We are not building churches to create works of art, or, if we are, we are not considering the lesser churches of Rome. Let us instead compare the ancient massif of the Pantheon with the commonplace parochial San Eustachio. The former is a shrine for the morbid American with no belief in dead kings: the latter a familiar sanctuary for the daily worshippers of the living God. Go where you will among the lesser churches of Rome—you will look long to find one empty. Greater and lesser alike, who can offer a more striking testimonial?

ROBERT J. ABBOTT.

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th 1956, Saturday. After lunch we removed all symbols of yuletide joy with an efficiency that would have delighted the heart of an unrepentant Scrooge. Labour was conscripted to banish the stage to the cellar for another year, and it was interesting to watch some of our more confident actors suffering from, well, stage fright, throughout the operation. In the evening we assisted at Benediction in Sant' Andrea for the Epiphany Octave. Cardinal Masella officiated. For once, the College of Cardinals beat the English College to a function: his Eminence arrived well ahead of schedule and seemed to enjoy having stolen a march on the punctual English.

8th Sunday. To lunch, Dr Lyle Cameron, who promised to give us a Literary Society Talk to-morrow. To tea, Fr Salmon from Southwark. To supper, Fr McNichol O.P. To the film *Marty* that rounded off our Christmas festivities, our old friends the Irish Christian Brothers. Fortunately, no one was invited to breakfast, for heavy rain cut our lifeline with Palladini's and the bread arrived late. The delay was made up for with an unexpected smoke after High Mass.

9th Monday. Fr Healy S.J., finished a special course of lectures he has been giving in the College to the two top years. After supper Dr Lyle Cameron gave us a most interesting talk on the surgical aspects of the Crucifixion.

10th Tuesday. We said good-bye, or rather au revoir, to Fr Paul Clark. Cardinal Wiseman returned to his place of honour in the Reader's Box, and we are plodding along the well-read track of nineteenth century ecclesiastical history.

12th Thursday. Community Mass this morning was in the chapel of the Bambino at the Ara Caeli. As it is only a small chapel and we quite a big College, it proved a tight squeeze. To our disappointment, none of First Year took advantage of the children's pulpit which stood so empty and inviting in the morning gloom.

13th *Friday*. To lunch, Viscount Furness. On the Notice Board there appeared a letter from the B.B.C. thanking us for our recording of the *Salve Regina*. The Choirmaster tried hard to look coy when he read the flattering comments on our plain chant.

15th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection.

16th *Monday*. To-day was to have been a red-letter day in our rugby annals. We had at last managed to field a completely domestic side, independent of Dominicans, Rosminians, Holy Ghost Fathers, or Beda. In after-breakfast circles form was discussed with a keenness that would have made Grand National entrants green with envy. All was prepared, or so we thought until no special bus arrived to carry the thirty equipped and waiting players to the fray. Only the fanatics could stand the rigours of both rugby and S.P.Q.R. transport, so they had to play seven-a-side by themselves. The Rugby Secretary muttered things about 'well-laid plans o' mice and men' and said he still believed the Italian for Monday was *martedì*.

21st *Saturday*. Cars may come and cars may go, but the old Fiat refuses to budge. It squats dejectedly in the cortile with the sullen air of *La Mule du Pape*, who saved up her kick seven long years for her persecutor. You have been warned, Fr Buckley! It might, however, be jealousy. A modern version of the Fiat 1100 has made its appearance. Big Brother 1900, of course, still remains the favourite.

25th *Wednesday*. A Rugby XV drawn from the local Anglo-Irish clerics scrummaged and rummaged for the ball this afternoon with the stronger of the two Roman Rugby Clubs, *A.S. Roma*. The Italians had the advantage of height and weight, but we finally drew 11—11.

26th *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector departed for home via Denmark and Ushaw.

29th *Sunday*. At lunch we entertained Frs Risk and Copleston S.J., Fr Daly, and Captain Morris. In the evening Fr Bonnichon, author of *Cell 23—Shanghai* in *The Month*, gave a talk on his experiences as a prisoner of the Communists in China.

30th *Monday*. *Disputationes Publicae*. Mr Linares argued in the faculty of Philosophy.

FEBRUARY 2nd *Thursday*. *Feast of the Purification*. A quick sniff of fresh air before breakfast revealed the garden covered in a thin layer of snow. Trust *Prima Nix* to fall on a Thursday. One individual worried over breakfast what this sign could portend. Are we to build a church in the garden? After High Mass the Rector departed with the Senior Student to present the customary candle to the Pope.

6th *Monday*. A *Dies Non* to mark the end of the First Semester. It also gave us an opportunity to brush up our Hebrew, Biblical Greek, Ascetics, Texts of Aristotle and other like subjects which come to a welcome end now.

7th *Tuesday*. Another *Dies Non*. For the past two days we have had a fire in the Common Room all day long, as it has been so bitterly cold along the two top corridors. The refugees from these corridors huddle round the fire and plod on with revision preparing for

8th *Wednesday*, when we return for Second Semester and examinations. After lunch, the papers brought us the sad news of the death of Mr Walshe in Egypt. As Irish Ambassador to the Vatican, Mr Walshe often came to the College and joined us in our feast days. He always loved the after-dinner circles in the Common Room, and whenever he was there you could always be sure of a lively discussion. R.I.P.

9th *Thursday*. We woke this morning to a snowbound Rome. Even the Vice-Rector grudgingly admitted that it came well up to 1940 standards. The snow pleased everybody except Top Year, who had to chart their course to the Gregorian for a frigid Scripture examination. A second fall of snow during the morning marooned one of our invalids at the Blue Nuns, and the Rector rushed in on four wheels where taxis feared to tread.

10th *Friday*. A holiday to celebrate *Prima Nix*.

12th *Sunday*. Through the gathering slush to San Lorenzo in Damaso to assist at the Mass of Deposition. The recent frost seems to have sharpened the canonical vocal chords. The Schola also sang.

To-night's Concert was a very happy affair. Our prolonged absence from the University and the vague feeling of Christmas cheer produced by the snow-covered city, sharpened the enjoyment of the evening. The Concert men realized that popular taste demands the lightest of light entertainment at Shrove, and they rose to the occasion in fine style. Tenants of rooms along St Joseph's corridor were rewarded with actually seeing the instrument that had ruined many a morning. It was played this evening with a verve and vigour that preclude any Higher Criticism. The plays are old favourites and both were well produced. Sir Arthur Pinero might have regretted the exuberance of the performance, but there is no doubt that it suited the audience. The topical sketch, sad to relate, let the curtain down with a bump when we were all expecting the grand dénouement.

SHROVETIDE CONCERT, 1956

THE UGLY DUCKLING

By A. A. Milne

<i>The King</i>	.	.	.	Mr Steele
<i>The Queen</i>	.	.	.	Mr Murphy
<i>Princess Camilla</i>	.	.	.	Mr Philpot
<i>The Chancellor</i>	.	.	.	Mr Loftus
<i>Dulcibella</i>	.	.	.	Mr Richardson
<i>Prince Simon</i>	.	.	Mr Murphy-O'Connor	
<i>Carlo</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dumbill

Produced by Mr Tweedy

FLUTE SOLOS

Larghetto and Allegro from Sonata No. 4 in C Major *Handel*

Vivace from Sonata No. 6 in B Minor *Handel*

Mr Curtis Hayward, accompanied by Mr Sutcliffe

PLAYGOERS

By Sir Arthur Pinero

<i>The Master</i>	.	.	.	Mr Ashdowne
<i>The Mistress</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lang
<i>The Parlourmaid</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dazeley
<i>The Cook</i>	.	.	.	Mr Rand
<i>The Housemaid</i>	.	.	.	Mr Howell
<i>The Kitchenmaid</i>	.	.	.	Mr Stappard
<i>The Useful Maid</i>	.	.	.	Mr Pring
<i>The Odd Man</i>	.	.	.	Mr St Aubyn

Produced by Mr Downey

DANCE VARIATIONS . Messrs Sutcliffe and Davis

SKETCH

DOWN UNDER

an exaggeration in one act

'Erbert	.	.	.	Mr Cooley
<i>Ethel (his better half)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Papworth
<i>Elmer</i>	.	.	.	Mr Taylor
<i>Sadie (his better half)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Bradley
<i>Two Balts</i>	.	Messrs Crossling and Brewer		
<i>Early Christian</i>	.	.	.	Mr A. White
<i>Chorus of students</i>	Messrs Mooney, Burke, Buckle, Trevett, Rice and Jones			

Produced by Mr Mooney

13th *Monday. Oggi gita.* Like Captain Oates we marched out into the blizzard. More energetic people spent a strenuous morning chatting to the drivers of snowbound buses not going to Subiaco, Cori, or the foot of Gennaro. The restfully-inclined, on the other hand, found themselves fighting their way up the Via dei Laghi to the Villa, which was too closely resembling an Alpine refuge to awaken any memories of last year's *villeggiatura*.

14th *Tuesday.* Snow must be the most anti-social of all the elements. To Zurich and other resorts it brings millions of pounds: to the Cappella' it brings nothing but colds and 'flu. Since the snow came, the black funeral drapings have hardly ever been away from the door of San Lorenzo, and the parish priest says he has never had so many funerals in one week before. There was no *Carnevale* this year, no colourful parade of gaily-dressed children on Pincio.

After supper we fortified ourselves for the rigours of Lent with a film, *The Ship that Died of Shame*.

15th *Ash Wednesday.* A very chilly Santa Sabina awaited a frozen clientèle to start the round of Station Churches. Even the vendors of Station books seem to have diminished in numbers and vivacity.

16th *Thursday*. Efforts to discover who the guest was resulted in the discovery that the Ripetitore has at last succumbed to the lure of extra-large spectacle frames. He says they are becoming very fashionable among the *Doctorandi* at the Gregorian.

19th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection. To lunch, Mgr Duchemin, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Sir Alec Ranke, Abbot Williams o.s.B., and Major Utley.

24th *Friday*. Philosophers watched the Ripetitore on a Vespa demonstrating the thesis on Impenetrability against the cortile walls this evening. He has the machine on approval, but it has already been found wanting in some respects.

MARCH 1st *Thursday*. Our Welsh gardener spent the day trying to coax the daffodils into appearing in time for

4th *Sunday, St David's Day*. The Rector sang High Mass. At *caffè e liquori* after lunch we sang *Ad multos annos* to Group-Captain Pinfold, Air Attaché at the Embassy, who is leaving Rome to take up a new appointment. Group-Captain Pinfold was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Embassy v. College cricket matches. In the evening, the film *Detective Story*.

6th *Tuesday*. This evening we went to St Mary Major's, where all the seminarians of Rome gathered for a Holy Hour in honour of the Pope's birthday. Archbishop Confalonieri preached, and a prayer for peace, specially composed by the Holy Father himself, was recited.

7th *Wednesday. Feast of St Thomas Aquinas*. The Schola went to sing at the High Mass in Santa Maria sopra Minerva. In the afternoon we beat Lazio at rugby 8—6.

8th *Thursday*. The Rector said the Community Mass in the chapel of St John of the Cross at St John and Paul's.

11th *Laetare Sunday*. The Ripetitori of the Scots and American Colleges came to lunch. We had more snow to-day, which may have accounted for the breakdown of the film machine during *Father Brown*. We gave up in disgust after waiting half-an-hour in the dark.

12th *Monday. Feast of St Gregory*. There was ice on the steps of San Gregorio as we arrived for the function. Despite this, three traditionalists went into the Tank before lunch. The first was the film man, in despair after last night's fiasco: the second, the Editor of the Magazine, in search of publicity: the third, a First Year man who really enjoyed it.

13th *Tuesday*. Station at San Lorenzo, complete with Solemn Benediction and Te Deum in honour of the Pope's birthday. We were there from 5 o'clock to 7.15, and just had time to race home for Stations of the Cross.

15th *Thursday*. We had a friendly game with Rugby Roma: two of their team were injured.

17th *Saturday. St Patrick's Day. Prosit* to Messrs Short and Brewer, who received the Subdiaconate from Archbishop Traglia at the Lateran.

19th *Monday. St Joseph's*. Fr Buckley sang High Mass. To lunch, Mgr Ashworth and Fr McCarthy.

22nd *Thursday*. An afternoon out at Palazzola.

23rd *Friday*. The Ushaw Magazine arrived, bringing us news of the Vice-Rector.

24th *Saturday*. The Vice-Rector arrived back, bringing us news of Ushaw.

25th *Sunday*. We go into Retreat under Fr Risk S.J., until

28th *Wednesday* when we started preparing for the new ceremonies of Holy Week.

29th *Holy Thursday*. Rome seems strangely quiet this evening with no great crowds moving from church to church visiting the Altars of Repose.

30th *Good Friday*. For the new ceremonies, we used the crucifix from the Sacristy: everyone liked the change so much that the Rector has decided to keep the crucifix over the High Altar permanently.

31st *Saturday*. With special permission from the Congregation, we started the ceremonies at 10 o'clock. This meant that we were spared from losing a large part of our night's sleep.

APRIL 1st *Easter Sunday*. The *Alleluias* this morning sounded like a *cri de coeur* from the Master of Ceremonies and the Sacristan, who guided us successfully through all the new ceremonies of Holy Week. After High Mass we went in force to St Peter's Square for the *Urbi et Orbi* blessing. Each year, as more and more pilgrims come to Rome, the crowd in St Peter's Square becomes more international, and this year, for the first time, the Holy Father addressed the crowd in all the main European languages. This gave to the formal Easter address something of the intimate atmosphere which characterizes the audiences in the cortile at Castel Gandolfo. We rounded off the festivities of the day with a film, *Dance little Lady*. Throughout the evening there was an urgent bustle of preparation for

2nd *Monday*, when a strong force of Theologians, plus Third Year Philosophy, set out in pouring rain on their Long Gitas. 1st and 2nd Year Philosophy had the patience to wait for a while for the rain to stop before they set out on their first Day Gita. Their *al frescos* were a bit off the Beeton track, as the College baker also went on a gita to-day and had not baked since Saturday. Several parties of pilgrims were shown round the College and round the Villa too. Despite the morning rain, quite a number returned from the gita sun-tanned and peeling.

3rd *Tuesday*. Many of us showed pilgrims round the College.

We welcomed Fr R. Stewart, who is spending his holiday with us.

4th *Wednesday*. Very hot for the gita, with the temperature reaching over 70°. The Tank, a cool 59°, was very popular on return.

5th *Thursday*. Fifteen men from H.M. ships *Surprise* and *Manxman* came to lunch. In the afternoon they were entertained in the Common Room and later taken round places of interest in Rome. Nine of the men were able to return for tea in the College and for the film afterwards, *Duel in the Jungle*.

6th *Friday*. A cold, wet day, and the final day gita. The Villa was the popular destination to-day, but one camerata braved the elements and paid a visit to the *Surprise* and *Manxman* in berth at Civitavecchia. They came back with almost as tall stories as the other gita men who returned on

7th *Saturday* full of their experiences.

8th *Sunday*. The parish of San Lorenzo is bursting with rude health and there are no sick. So we experienced no hot sun, jangle of bells, smell of incense and Cappella', sound of hymns and Vespas, no patchwork quilt effect of many windows festooned with hangings, in short, all that goes to make the *Fiocchi* procession.

9th *Monday*. The transferred *Feast of the Annunciation*, which gave us another day's Easter holiday. Half a dozen students spent the day guiding the Ignatian Pilgrimage round Rome. Their stories in the Common Room after supper gave the old campaigners an opportunity to hint at greater deeds done in Holy Year.

10th *Tuesday*. The tramp of unwilling feet was heard once more along the well-worn groove to the Piazza Pilotta. All the familiar beggars were at their usual places along the route, eagerly awaiting the new session. I'm sure they think we have too many *Dies Non*. We learnt of the death of Fr Delattré S.J., who had been Librarian since 1932. R.I.P.

In the evening we welcomed the Ignatian Pilgrimage to the College. Archbishop Roberts gave Solemn Benediction with an *assistenza* from Stonyhurst and Beaumont. The choir stalls were filled with pilgrims, the organ was taken over by Fr Clifford Howell S.J., and for once we saw a Solemn Benediction from the Nuns' point of vantage, in the Tribune.

11th *Wednesday*. To lunch, Archbishop Roberts and Fr Tigar S.J. In the evening Fr Tigar entertained the ex-Osterley men in Rome, of which we supplied three, and a photograph of the celebration later appeared in the *Stella Maris*.

12th *Thursday*. About twenty of us went on the annual *Vita Nostra* pilgrimage to Galloro and, after High Mass, ate in little international groups on the banks of Lake Nemi.

14th *Saturday*. *Auguri* to our new Choirmaster, who this evening experienced for the first time the thrill of diagnosing our neums.

15th *Sunday*. At lunch we entertained Mgri Mostyn, Moody and Wheeler.

16th *Monday*. All along the way to the Gregorian, temporary hoardings have been erected of scaffolding and sheet tin. The forthcoming election battles will be followed with interest from 8.10 to 8.30 each morning. But for the present, the royal wedding next Thursday at Monaco has stolen all the interest. Every news stall in Rome is ablaze with futuristic pictures of the wedding.

17th *Tuesday*. Tension at the French College, where a number of students may be called up to fight in Algiers.

18th *Wednesday*. H. V. Morton's *In Search of London* began to-day in the Reader's Box. We noticed the Rector taking great interest in the description of the furniture in the Tower of London. The reason for this became apparent on

19th *Thursday* when a fine collection of chairs appeared in the vestibolo. Their age and destination are as yet uncertain. But if they could speak they would talk Anglo-Saxon.

20th *Friday*. We played the Pio Latino College at football and beat them, despite the fact that they have a television set and watch all the international games.

21st *Saturday*. Here let me introduce you to our latest canine acquisition, Febo the umpteenth, who is known as Fritz because he is a dachshund and because the Vice-Rector couldn't pronounce the name he had before. He likes Superiors and Nuns and dislikes cats and students. Altogether, not a very discerning dog.

22nd *Sunday*. The demand for roses for St George's Day to-morrow dwindled as the price rose, and in the end only one person had sufficient patriotism and money to take the plunge. A few plan to sport artificial blooms, which surely is rather made-up-tie-ish and not done. Because today is a Sunday, for the first time for many years we had the First Vespers of St George.

23rd *Monday*. *The Feast of St George*. The Rector sang the High Mass. At lunch we were pleased to have with us once again the Apostolic Delegate; with him was Mgr Cashman, whom we must congratulate on his elevation to the rank of Domestic Prelate. After lunch we had coffee and liqueurs in the Cardinals' Corridor. The Vice-Rector and Mgr Cashman were seen huddled together talking Arundel. We rounded off the festivities with a Concert.

26th *Thursday*. The Catacombs Mass. We sang the plain chant with so much *Gefühl* that a party of German pilgrims demanded that we should sing to them again afterwards. We obliged with the *Salve Regina*. In the evening some of us went to the British Council to hear Sir Ashley Clarke give a talk on Nationalism in Music, illustrated with his own singing and piano accompaniment.

27th *Friday*. The annual match between us and the Scots College has always been something of a tussle, but since the war we have always been successful. This year our luck ran out. The match was played at Quo Vadis and we lost 2—1.

29th *Sunday*. This evening Third Year Theology left for their Subdiaconate Retreat at St John and Paul's.

30th *Monday*. To tea we welcomed Group Captain L. Cheshire v.c., who is well known to us through his exploits both during and since the war. He promises a less fleeting visit later in the week.

MAY 1st *Tuesday*. *The Feast of St Joseph the Worker*, and a *Dies Non*. Many of us went to St Peter's for the general Audience: the Holy Father spoke for about twenty-five minutes to the thousands of pilgrims and workers assembled in the basilica, and to the many more thousands who were following him on radio and television. *Caffè e liquori* after lunch. We saw His Holiness again this evening when a helicopter landed on the steps of St Peter's, and the Holy Father was presented with a statue of St Joseph the Worker.

2nd *Wednesday*. Back to the Gregorian, and Thesis sheets after lunch. We were pleased to see Group Captain Cheshire at supper this evening. Determined to speak to us all, he came up to the Common Room and

chatted to a number of circles. We also welcomed to the Common Room Canon J. Goodier and Fr B. Hewitt, who are leading a local pilgrimage from England.

3rd *Thursday*. After an early lunch, two coaches took us to Palazzola for the cricket match with the Beda. The Beda team was all out for 70 before tea, and the College went in afterwards and declared at 74 for 4. After the match we strengthened our *amicizia* with wine which the Beda kindly provided for the occasion.

4th *Friday*. *Feast of the English Martyrs*. Canon Goodier's party was present at High Mass and was shown round the College afterwards. After supper we were entertained by Jack Hawkins in *Touch and Go*.

5th *Saturday*. We listened to the Cup Final in the Common Room after dinner. Whatever the weather in Manchester may have been, there was sunshine on the faces of the Manchester men when the result came through.

6th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection. *Prosit* to Third Year Theology who received the Subdiaconate this morning in the chapel of the Lateran Seminary, and also to Second Year Theology who received the Second Minor Orders. *Prosit* also to Alfredo's son Robertino, who was baptized this morning at Palazzola.

8th *Tuesday*. The Rector left for England. To supper, Fr Marsh from Liverpool.

9th *Wednesday*. Fr Buckley says he has plans for a holiday in South Africa this summer. Several Philosophers have already joined the Mau Mau.

10th *Thursday*. *The Ascension*. The Vice-Rector celebrated High Mass.

11th *Friday*. Workmen are taking up the cobbles in the cortile: apparently they are laying a concrete foundation so that water will not seep through into the cellars. During siesta-time they play at bowls with the cobbles.

13th *Sunday*. A Smoking Concert this evening, during which the band played and a piano accordion kindly drowned it.

We heard the sad news of the death of Provost Peacock, who was the oldest living Roman. R.I.P.

16th *Wednesday*. Community Mass this morning was said for the repose of the soul of Provost Peacock. Fr Vignon gave a talk in the College on the tract on Faith to Top Year.

17th *Thursday*. Community Mass this morning was at Santa Maria in Cosmedin. A party went out to the Villa to roll the tennis court.

18th *Friday*. We are used to being told by the Bath Man that there are 'No baths to-day, there is no hot water', or 'Plenty of hot water but no cold', but now there is plenty of hot water and no baths to put it in. Trigger-happy plumbers are having a field day slicing up our system of pipes and knocking holes in walls.

19th *Saturday*. The doyen of Second Year Theology acted as bridesmaid this morning to some friends of his who were married in St Peter's. At least, that is the nineteenth-hand version of the truth that has reached the Diarist.

20th *Whit Sunday*. At lunch we entertained Canon Davidson from Northampton and Fr Fay from Salford. In the evening, a film called *The Night my Number Came Up*, which was *not* a documentary on the *biancheria*. After supper the Vice-Rector, in an official announcement, described in lurid detail the horrors of sun-burn. There is a gita to-morrow.

21st *Monday*. We experienced the horrors, not of sun-burn, but of burnt dinner at Fregene. Others experienced sausages at the Villa, lobster at Anzio (the horrors came later), and sardines at Horace's Villa beyond Tivoli.

22nd *Tuesday*. The head workman in charge of the 5-year bath plan presented the College with his pet tortoise.

23rd *Wednesday*. The Vice-Rector sang High Mass at Santa Trinità dei Pellegrini for the feast of Saint John Baptist dei Rossi.

24th *Thursday*. The election campaign is winding up. Along the Corso this morning came thirty sandwich-board men advertising the Monarchist Party. A moment later five brand new Fiats 1900 came by advertising Communism. Puzzling.

25th *Friday*. Shades of Mussolini in the piazza Venezia to-night. The M.S.I. massed before the empty balcony with lighted torches and sang *Giovinezza*. All campaigning stops at midnight.

26th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Mr Incedon who received the Subdiaconate from Archbishop Traglia at the Lateran this morning. This morning we provided the *assistenza* for the High Mass at Chiesa Nuova in honour of St Philip Neri. In the evening Cardinal Micara gave the Solemn Benediction and left with three hearty English cheers ringing in his ears. We viewed the altar boys during the function with futurable respect when our historian informed us that one of the altar boys at Provost Peacock's first Chiesa Nuova function in 1885 was Eugenio Pacelli.

The Madre, not to be outdone by to-day's change in the Breviaries, transferred from *verna* apples to *aestiva* cherries.

27th *Trinity Sunday*. The Vice-Rector sang the High Mass. At lunch we entertained Bishop Tomizawa of Sapporo, Japan, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, and some of our friends from the Embassy and F.A.O.

In the evening, the film *Doctor at Sea*.

28th *Monday*. At the Gregorian, all sorts of rumours about the results of the elections. At the College, even stronger speculation about . . .

29th *Tuesday*. Top Year tea.

31st *Thursday*. *Corpus Christi*. The Vice-Rector sang the High Mass and gave the Benedictions at the Little Sisters of the Poor. The Choirmaster was congratulated on our singing. Many of Top Year were away at Orvieto for the day.

JUNE 1st *Friday*. We note an outbreak of exam fever among the beggars at San Onofrio. They now preface requests with a promise of prayers '*per gli esami, padre*'. Perhaps their nearness to the North American College accounts for this knowledge of matters scholastic.

2nd *Saturday*. A *Dies Non* for the Pope's *onomastico*. We had to make do with hunting on the buses instead of post as the rest of Rome was celebrating the Republic with special *brio*, to-day being the tenth anniversary of its inauguration. Our mid-morning break was enlivened with a jet display over the Cappella' *et alibi aliorum plurimorum* . . .

4th *Monday*. The hundredth cherry of the season, every bit as succulent as the first.

5th *Tuesday*. Or was it? One member of First Year Theology was rushed off to the Blue Nuns this morning with appendicitis.

9th *Saturday*. At last! The *Adhortatio* was held this year in the Gesù because of the fourth centenary of the death of St Ignatius. Fr Soccorsi preached, and the General of the Jesuits gave the Benediction. We said good-bye to all our friends, and homeward plodded our wary way.

10th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection.

11th *Monday*. An air of jovial uneasiness throughout the House betrayed frantic preparation for

13th *Wednesday*, when examiners at the Gregorian spied with their little eyes something beginning with M.

12th *Tuesday*. A certain theologian confessed during his Scripture exam that he didn't understand the text book. In an unguarded moment the author almost admitted the same.

15th *Friday*. We said good-bye to Fr Thomson. *Auguri* to Top Year who start their Licentiate examinations to-day.

16th *Saturday*. Some of us managed to tear ourselves away from our books to be trounced by the Embassy at cricket at the Polo ground. One wonders whether we have an unfair advantage at Palazzola, knowing the ups and downs of the field so well.

18th *Monday*. Three lucky people who had finished their examinations went out to the Villa this morning with the Vice-Rector to see the new stove installed in the kitchen. The Nuns will now have a permanent supply of hot water. We bade au revoir to Messrs Lightbound and Kenny, whom we shall be seeing again in October in the O.N.D.

19th *Tuesday*. Light relief at the Gregorian this morning was provided by the spectacle of one of our philosophers trapped in the professorial lift. Despite frantic advice shouted up and down the lift-shaft by would-be fellow-travellers, it was some time before native wit made him remember to re-shut the lift door.

20th *Wednesday*. The first batch of Third Year Philosophers left for their continental tour. At lunch we entertained two members of the Australian hierarchy, the British and Australian Ministers to the Holy See, and Major Utley.

21st *Thursday*. A large section of the house ignored the holiday in the *Kalendarium* for to-day and went on with examination preparation. Some went to the Mass of St Aloysius said by Cardinal Masella in San Ignatio for the seminarians of Rome. The seminarians of Rome were mainly Americans.

Fr Rope left by taxi for his holiday in England. The Rector, looking very fit, arrived back from England in the afternoon just in time to see Messrs Brady, Formby, Crossling, Taylor and Kearney leave us for the mission field. *Ad multos annos*. They travel via Naples by boat to Southampton, and will no doubt soon discover that life on the mission also has its ups and downs.

22nd *Friday*. The cat that haunts the cortile around midnight has returned after a week's absence. It has learnt to yodel.

23rd *Saturday*. The same philosopher (cf. Wednesday last), at his examination to-day, mistook the hand extended for his Libellus for the warm hand of friendship and solemnly shook it. Collapse of reverend gentleman.

26th *Tuesday*. More lucky people who had finished their examinations saw their mattresses from a new angle as they staggered from room to room at Palazzola.

27th *Wednesday*. We welcomed Fr Peters, who is spending his holiday in Rome.

29th *Friday*. SS. *Peter and Paul*. Raniero's daughter received her First Holy Communion and was confirmed in the College chapel today. After lunch she distributed *confetti* (*anglice* sugared almonds) in the traditional Italian fashion.

30th *Saturday*. Those going to the University for examinations this morning learnt of the death of Fr Pelster S.J., who died last Thursday. R.I.P.

JULY 1st *Sunday*. Messrs Brewer and Short left us for St John and Paul's for their priesthood retreat.

2nd *Monday*. Condolences to the tortoise, who is not coming with us on

3rd *Tuesday* when we leave Rome for Palazzola, where one less fortunate than myself will have to write the Diary. Any resemblance between this present Diary and any other Diary, living or dead, is scarcely coincidental.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

PERSONAL

We would like to extend our congratulations to REV. G. D. SWEENEY M.A. (1930-37), on becoming Rector of Tollerton Hall Junior Seminary, and also to RIGHT REV. MGR D. J. CASHMAN (1933-39) on his elevation to the rank of Domestic Prelate.

We were very pleased to welcome HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP GODFREY as our guest at Palazzola this summer, and also HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP RESTIEAUX, who was paying his first visit to the Villa since his consecration as Bishop of Plymouth. Towards the end of the *villeggiatura* we were honoured by a visit from HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM and HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MENEVIA.

The following former students have visited the college since the spring : RIGHT REV. MGR CARROLL-ABBING (1930-38), VERY REV. PROVOST WILSON (1919-26), VERY REV. CANON J. GOODEAR (1919-26), VERY REV. CANON C. M. DAVIDSON, REV. R. GOWLAND (1923-30), REV. L. W. JONES (1924-31), REV. V. M. FAY (1925-32), REV. T. MARSH (1927-34), REV. M. O'LEARY (1937-44), REV. B. PETERS (1940-47), REV. R. L. STEWART (1943-50), REV. M. KIRKHAM (1946-53), REV. M. KEEGAN (1946-53), REV. R. ABBOTT (1947-54), REV. R. COX (1947-54), REV. L. MCCARTHY (1928-32).

The appointments of Top Year are as follows :

REV. J. FORMBY to St Charles Borromeo, Ogle Street, W.1.
 REV. B. BRADY to St Barnabas' Cathedral, Nottingham.
 REV. D. MARMION to St Joseph's, Stockport.
 REV. J. KENNEDY to St John's, Wigan.
 REV. B. CROSSLING to St William's, Darlington.
 REV. P. LATHAM to St Gabriel's, Northolt Road, South Harrow.
 REV. M. TAYLOR to St Joseph's, Preston.
 REV. A. HARDING to St Nicholas, Bristol.
 REV. F. KEARNEY to St Columba's, Wallsend.
 REV. C. LIGHTBOUND and REV. A. KENNY return to Rome for post-graduate studies.

We wish a hearty *Ad multos annos* to the following who have celebrated their Silver Jubilees since our last issue : VERY REV. CANON F. TOOTELL, REV. J. W. CAMPBELL, REV. L. J. WILKINSON, REV. E. J. CAREY, REV. V. M. FAY, REV. P. MCGEE, and REV. J. SLATER, who were all students at the College 1925-32, and REV. L. MCCARTHY (1928-32).

The Senior Student for the year 1957-58 is Mr Rand. The Deputy Senior Student is Mr Tweedy.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The members of the present staff are :

Editor : Mr Moakler

Sub-Editor : Mr Steele

Sixth Member : Mr Trevett

Secretary : Mr Davis

Under-Secretary : Mr McNamara

Fifth Member : Mr Chatterton

LITERARY SOCIETY

The President of the Society deserves to be congratulated for his unerring choice of good speakers during the year 1955-6. The talks were varied, and every one of them was more than usually interesting.

Mr Walton Hannah, of the Beda College, opened the season with a well-balanced and authoritative treatment of Freemasonry. The talk did not suffer from a superstitious fear of the unknown, nor did it attack Masonry indiscriminately : the methodical and scientific approach made it all the more palatable. We were grateful to Mr Hannah for consenting to come so soon after his arrival in Rome.

On 13th November Mr John M. Todd spoke on the Church in Poland. His talk centred to a great extent on the *Pax* movement, and so acquired more than a suggestion of being on the defensive. Mr Todd never seemed quite at ease with his subject. All the same, his information was largely first-hand, and we learned much that would otherwise have remained quite outside our ken.

Fr Godfrey Anstruther O.P., spoke to us in November about Wisbech Castle. Seldom has history been presented more digestibly. His description of the conditions in the Castle during Elizabeth's reign and of the discords rife between the prisoners was admirable, and gave us a fair notion of how sadly Catholics were divided in those days of persecution. It was not hard to see that behind his engaging manner Fr Anstruther harboured a very wide and scholarly historical background.

The first talk of 1956 was by Mr Lyle Cameron, the eminent Catholic surgeon, on the surgical aspects of the Crucifixion. The main point he emphasized was the nature of surgical shock and how dilatation of the stomach resulting from such shock could account for the phenomena accompanying the death of Our Lord. It was most refreshing to hear the Crucifixion discussed from the point of view of a surgeon, and in a matter-of-fact way which brought home even more strongly the sufferings of Christ. If Mr Cameron was inclined to dogmatise, the keen interest of the talk more than compensated for it.

Fr Bonnichon S.J., next addressed us on his experiences in a Chinese prison and the methods used to make him confess to espionage. The talk gained by being cheerfully delivered, and also from the sidelights which were added . . . for instance, the fact that his gaolers knew next to no geography. We have had several talks on China, but this one is perhaps the easiest to remember because of the speaker's keen sense of observation and refusal to be depressed.

The blood and thunder came in our next talk, from Colonel Janvrin of the Beda College, who spoke of his experiences in Greece during the last war. The account was simply fascinating, and situations worthy of Alfred Hitchcock were packed tightly into the hour for which Colonel Janvrin spoke. The whole was delivered quietly, evenly and detachedly, which somehow added to the pleasure the talk gave us.

Fr Joseph Christie S.J., next spoke on the Englishman's attitude to Catholicism. It was a deep and sometimes caustic analysis of the Englishman's mind, and what keeps him away from the Church. This was the most inspiring of the year's talks because it bore directly on our vocation, as Fr Christie did not fail to point out. The consistency of the talk was perfectly gauged to our receptivity, and Fr Christie spoke with confidence, not to say plomb. We enjoyed it very much.

The June business meeting elected Mr Incedon as President and Mr Trevett as Secretary for the coming year.

ANTHONY PHILPOT.

PRIVATE SOCIETIES

Last year's report on the work of the GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY suggested that the Society should take a year's holiday to recover from its lack of vitality. It very nearly did take one this year, but whether it was by accident or by design might be a point for the Society itself to debate. The fact is that only two debates were held during the year on the motions: 'The American Way of Life is to be Deplored' and 'It is Better to Marry for Money than for Love', both of which were carried by the House. The standard of the speeches was not high, but both motions provoked plenty of comment from the floor of the House and had no difficulty in lasting out the two evenings allotted to each. Both debates, but particularly the second, provided amusement rather than erudition.

It was encouraging to hear speeches from the newer members of the College and their enthusiasm should bode well for the future. It was a pity that there were not more debates this year to provide more scope and it is to be hoped that in the near future this new blood will transfuse new life into the Society. The new Secretary is Mr Davis.

The first of the papers read to the WISEMAN SOCIETY this year was by Mr C. N. Collingwood. His talk was entitled 'The Language of Mystery : Some Soundings', and was an attempt to apply language-analysis to the kind of statement that thinkers of an existentialist type make. There followed two biographical and literary studies, the first by Mr Trevett on 'Geijer in England'. Mr Trevett spoke very amusingly and competently on this Swedish poet of the early nineteenth century, and we were particularly interested by Geijer's comments on English life and manners. Mr Philpot then gave a lively portrait of Paul Verlaine, with the emphasis on quotations from his poetry at some length, some of which were read by Mr Curtis Hayward and some by Mr Philpot himself. The fourth talk this year was Mr Sutcliffe's on the organical aspect of musical form, with several gramophone examples ; particularly interesting was his interpretation and criticism of earlier theories of the history of musical form. Finally, Messrs Murphy, Downey and Kenny gave us a philosophical symposium on the Principle of Causality : this was rather a difficult subject, but each symposiast managed to put forward a fairly well-defined position. There were plenty of questions in the time available, and the discussion did not altogether come to a close with the meeting. The Secretary for the coming year is Mr Downey.

The MEZZOFANTI SOCIETY is flourishing. Both meetings were very well attended this year and there was never a lack of speakers. The first meeting was an innovation consisting of fairy tales and adventured stories concocted impromptu by six experts. The first speaker began the story in French and the rest continued in French, Latin, or Italian with a two-minute time limit. Impossible situations resulted and a most amusing and valuable evening was had by all. The year finished with a debate that '*Roma nos magis insulares quam cosmopolitanos reddit*', in which the merits and demerits of the influence of Roman life on the English character were hotly discussed. Mr Mooney is the Secretary for the coming year.

The circle which discussed Fundamental Sociology occupied most of the CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD's time this year. The unusually large number of people in First Year, and the great interest which they showed, kept two of the more experienced members of the Guild fully occupied until the circle adjourned in March. *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* were used as the main material for discussion. For some years now the First Year circle has been the best attended, and it is hoped that the same enthusiasm will continue to make itself felt as former First Year men join other circles. It was considered advisable to have only one other circle, thus making the best use of the very little time which was at the Guild's disposal, and providing a somewhat larger and more satisfying discussion

group than would otherwise have been possible. The topic for discussion was 'Relations between Church and State'. Messrs Davis, Rand and Loftus are to be thanked for their help in organizing all the discussions throughout the year. Mr Loftus is the new Secretary.

VILLA SPORTS

It was thought by some that the new tennis court would effect a decline in the popularity of golf, but, most opportunely, an anonymous benefactor has chosen this year to present a cup for the Singles Competition with a box of balls each year for the winner. We thank him most sincerely and look forward to the award of the cup in September. Owing to a winter of heavy rain and snow, the course was in a difficult state at the beginning of the Villa. There are no sheep this year to crop the grass short, and the cows are more of a hindrance than a help. After much joint work the course is now in a fair condition, but there has been no rain for over two months and the greens are rather too hard and fast for the comfort of most wielders of the putter. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have put in so much hard work on the greens since we came to Palazzola. At the moment of writing, the Competition is not yet finished, but barring something sensational from the dark horses of Second Year Philosophy, it seems that Mr Russell's total of 127 should make him the first holder of the Palazzola Cup.

Our cricket season began as usual with the Beda match in May, when, after 69 for 5 wickets, the Beda collapsed and were all out for 70. We passed this score for the loss of four wickets. An innovation during examination time was the match with the Embassy at the Polo Ground in Rome, to the accompaniment of thundering hooves in the next field. A forceful innings from the latest and—mercifully for us—temporary addition to the Embassy's naval staff was responsible for their score of 86, to which we replied with a mere 60, thus losing to the Embassy for the first time. For the second game, the Sforza looked less than ever like a cricket pitch, especially after the polo ground setting, but despite the fact that the wind was at half-gale strength the cricket on both sides left nothing to be desired. After a bad start we totalled 105 for 7 declared, thanks mainly to the proverbial 'captain's innings'. Yet again we found the naval representative difficult to dislodge, and when he left, two short of his half-century, a spirited tail denied us victory—with the last pair together, the stumps were drawn at a score of 77. Not the least remarkable point of the game was the smartness of the Embassy's fielding, which put our youth to shame.

For the third year running Propaganda were overcome. We could only manage 74 against some hostile quick bowling which gave their captain 9 wickets for 24; but, despite the encouragement of Fr Morris, they could make nothing of our new Laker, who took 5 wickets for 4 runs, and so only totalled 42. The third match of the series with the Embassy we won by bowling them out for 34—our fast bowler once and for all

proving his worth in an unplayable spell in which he took 8 wickets for 7 runs, including the hat-trick. Not without some apprehension, we passed their score for the loss of five wickets.

Thanks to the Secretary's ingenuity, we had many interesting House games—the 'Over 23's' overcoming their juniors, and the 'Ignatian Fiends' succumbing to the rest. We can look forward to several more equally interesting games in September: the traditional Theology *v.* Philosophy match and a challenge from Second Year Philosophy to the rest of the House.

The competition of the tennis court proved too much for the Badminton as the season progressed, but handball was as popular as ever when there were high spirits to be worn off after garden gitas.

A most successful Swimming Gala ended with slight confusion over the identities of the *victores ludorum*; and spectacular but involuntary back-dives were performed by the fully-clothed organizers. The Palazzola Olympic Games were also popular, and the spectators were able to enjoy the agony of the less athletic performers. The latest sport is under-water harpoon fishing, which is still in its infancy. Up to now, the initiative has remained firmly in the hands (or the fins) of the fish.

The following have represented the College at cricket this year: Messrs Murphy-O'Connor, Ashdowne, Russell, Bradley, Bowen, Rice, Daley, Dumbill, Creasey, Tucker, St Aubyn, Cunningham, Lethbridge.

TIMOTHY RICE.

OBITUARY

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR AUGUSTINE PEACOCK

Augustine Peter Peacock began his priestly career as curate at Northampton and later at Norwich. He was appointed parish priest of Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1894. In those days, in this scattered diocese of seven counties, priests were called upon to take up lonely work at an early date in their priesthood. It was here I first met Fr Peacock. It meant much to me, for I had just been received into the Church and frequently lived in the neighbouring village of Long Melford. I discovered a priest who was living in great poverty, who was revered throughout the whole town and district. President of the Bowling Club, and a friend to all, he removed the bigotry that had been so conspicuous in a small town that knew nothing of the Church except as something to be detested. He was even able to build a Catholic school. His kindness to me from that date to the day of his death was indeed a privilege which I shall never forget. In 1917 Bishop Keating, afterwards Archbishop of Liverpool, decided to move him to High Wycombe. I saw a copy of the letters he wrote about this move. He wanted to stay in Sudbury in spite of its poverty and isolation. He obeyed immediately but with a heavy heart. However, he quickly adapted himself to the people of High Wycombe—no mean task, for East Anglia is strikingly different from other parts of England.

Fr Peacock was at High Wycombe from 1917 to 1921. His sadness at leaving Sudbury is shown in his entry in the log book. 'I find it hard to begin life again at 53 years of age. I experienced my first real lesson in detachment. For twenty-three years I had been surrounded by warmth and genuine friendship. Now I was in an empty house, cold and draughty, with chapel and sacristy lacking essentials. I was a stranger among strangers, and it was poor, despised Sudbury that now had to furnish the Presbytery and kitchen and find many sacristy wants.'

However, he was able to leave High Wycombe with the parish organized, an elementary school struggling on and land bought at Beaconsfield for a future church. Frequently he ejaculates in his notes, 'Thy Will be done'. He writes to Bishop Keating, 'Do as you like with me and do not consider me'.

But little did he dream that his main work was yet to come. He was sent to St Pancras Church, Ipswich, and remained there for thirty-two years. A Canon in 1919, Provost in 1943, and Domestic Prelate in 1952, his influence in the diocese was very considerable. As Dean of the Ipswich Deanery, he was a tremendous help to me at Aldeburgh where I had to begin without church, money, and with but a handful of people. It was his

holiness of life that made such a deep impression on all who really knew him, together with a sense of humour and a trust in God which he would bring home to others when they began to weary and wonder at overwhelming difficulties. At Ipswich he soon became what he had been in other parishes, the father of his people. As at Sudbury and High Wycombe, his worth was recognized in the town and he was a member of many committees. For many years he was a member of the Education Committee. His Requiem Mass at Ipswich, said at the same time as the Requiem and funeral at Beaconsfield, was attended by the Mayor and representatives of every city organization. He was buried at Beaconsfield, near the grave of G. K. Chesterton.

Mgr Peacock was born on 5th July 1864 and died at the age of 91 on 7th May 1956. He was educated at Douai. From there he proceeded to the English College, Rome, which he entered on 1st November 1885. He was ordained priest in the Archbasilica of St John Lateran on 23rd May 1891. He began his priestly life in England on 27th June of that year. He was therefore a contemporary of all the Bishops of Northampton, for Bishop Waring was born in 1865. He saw Leo XIII, and it seems certain that he was present at the Audience when St Teresa of the Infant Jesus sought the Pope's permission to enter the Carmelites at fifteen years of age. He was the oldest living student of the Venerabile, and the oldest member of many of the great Catholic Societies that have been established in the apostolic days of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The Catholic Truth Society was proud to have him as its oldest member.

These dates come to life as we look at Mgr Peacock's work in the Northampton diocese as a holy Parish Priest. We find the same singleness of purpose in every parish he was in. He never once asked a Bishop for anything, and simply obeyed authority. Mgr Peacock was a man of absolute sincerity and integrity. He was heard once after an intricate argument on Canon Law to make the disconcerting remark, 'I believe in God'. Though extremely well versed in Theology and Canon Law, he sometimes thought that Canon Law was strangling the Church. In every parish he kept a most careful day-to-day log book from which one can learn the key to his spiritual life, a boundless faith in divine Providence as manifested by authority. He would have liked to die in harness in Ipswich. As it was, he spent three years in the Nursing Home at Beaconsfield, digging himself in, praying and preparing, as his Bishop had told him, and giving as little trouble as possible. His recreations there were the crossword puzzle, his daily pipe, and his love of trees and flowers and the changing seasons, to which he would apply the different verses of the *Benedicite*. He insisted on trying to say the Office with the assistance of a magnifying glass until an official document arrived dispensing him. The saying of the Office was the one pleasure left him, he said. He said Mass up to about three weeks of his death, when his failing eyesight and weakness made it impossible. At his last few Masses, he was helped by a Jesuit novice on whom he made a tremendous impression. A very holy and upright priest has died, leaving an example of sturdy independence, solid piety, and right intention in all his actions.

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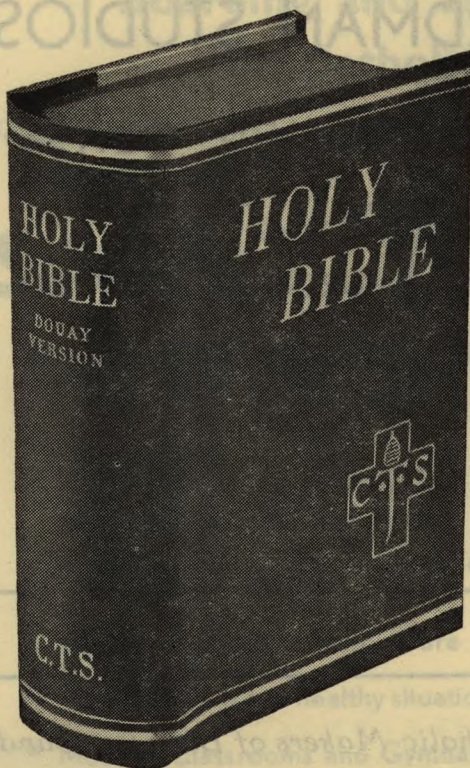
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