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EXETER

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## WILLIAM THEODORE CARDINAL HEARD

It is some thirty years since there was a British Cardinal in the Roman Curia, Cardinal Aidan Gasquet O.S.B., who died in 1929 being the last. While it is true that all the British Cardinals who have lived in Rome have been fairly closely connected with the English College, yet none has been so intimately linked as our new Cardinal. Naturally, we are among the first to defer to his Scottish nationality and we rejoice that, after so long a lapse of time, the Scottish nation is once more honoured with a member of the Sacred College; but we cannot help rejoicing too, that the turn of events brought him to the English College to study for the priesthood.

His Eminence was born in Edinburgh on 24th February 1884 and he was received into the Catholic Church in 1908. He came to the English College in October 1913 as a student for the Diocese of Southwark. He had already gained his degree in civil law at Oxford, and had practised in London as a solicitor before coming to Rome, so he was considerably older than his companions. Nevertheless, when it was suggested that he might take a shorter course of studies, he was adamant in his refusal. He had no wish for a short cut to the priesthood. With characteristic thoroughness, he preferred to go through the full course, and this he did with distinction, gaining his triple doctorate of philosophy, theology and canon law. He was ordained priest by Cardinal Pompili in the basilica of St John Lateran on 30th March 1918, and offered his first Mass in the present Martyrs' Chapel.

On his return to the Diocese of Southwark, he was appointed to Dockhead, Bermondsey, where he served as a curate and later as priest-in-charge. His pastoral zeal and his work there for the youth are still remembered—even after a space of forty years; but his juridical talents had destined him inevitably for other more onerous duties, and in 1927 he was called back to Rome as an Auditor of the Sacred Roman Rota. This was to be the field of his labours for the next thirty-two years, and those of us who have lived in contact with him can appreciate the exactitude with which those labours were carried out. From his colleagues at the Rota one learns more—the almost

infallible precision of his judgements and the human sympathy which always attended them.

From the time he returned to Rome, His Eminence has been confessor to the College, and though his other duties would not permit him to become full spiritual director, he has always been willing to help in giving conferences from time to time. Many past students will remember these conferences. The Cardinal has a gift of combining very sound spirituality with an effective practical application—the whole seasoned with pleasant humour and anecdote. What better recipe could be found? He always said that this spiritual work for the students provided an uplift for himself as well after the heavy legal preoccupations which filled his day.

Soon after the war, His Eminence came to reside permanently in the College and this enabled him to devote much more of his time to hearing confessions and giving spiritual direction—in fact he made himself available to the students at any time that he was not officially occupied. It was therefore especially during the post-war years that the students came to know him well and to value the spiritual help and guidance that was within their reach. The Cardinal, however, did not restrict himself only to spiritual direction. Any problem, any anxiety could be presented to him and be guaranteed a sympathetic hearing. During the summer months at Palazzola he was able to expand still more, and the terrace after breakfast was often the scene of fascinating and amusing general discussions.

But in addition to his work for the College as confessor and spiritual director, we owe His Eminence a great debt of gratitude for the personal example he has given us as a priest. His devotion to the Mass, his strict and ascetic rule of life and his love of study have been an inspiration to all who have passed through the College, and will be a lasting memory throughout their priesthood. To those who knew him well, it was no surprise when the Holy Father confirmed him in the important post of Dean of the Rota, although he had already passed the usual age for retirement. Before a year had passed, the Holy Father had raised him to a still greater honour by nominating him to the Sacred College of Cardinals. We venture to say that it was a well merited honour and we offer His Eminence our sincere prayers that Almighty God may spare him for many years of still greater service to the Church in the high office which he now fills.

## FROM HOSPICE TO COLLEGE<sup>1</sup>

### I

At the accession of Queen Elizabeth I in 1559 the medieval English Hospice in Rome came to the end of its useful existence. It was a handsome building in the fashionable quarter of the city, well endowed with the profits of four vineyards and the rents of some thirty houses. The houses stood mainly in the Via di Corte Savella (now Via Monserrato), the Via dei Cappellari, the Via del Pellegrino, the Via dei Macellari and in Trastevere; each house bore over its door an image of the Trinity as a token of its ownership.<sup>2</sup> The Hospice appears to have been governed still, in theory, by the medieval statutes, with slight modifications made in the reign of Pope Paul III by Cardinal Pole.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Historians of the College have not greatly interested themselves in events prior to 1579. The earliest accounts of the foundation of the College are (i) the *Brevis Narratio de Origine ac progressu Collegii Anglicani in Civitate Romana* written in 1582, preserved in MS. in the Roman archives of the Society of Jesus (A.R.S.I.), Romana 156, 21ff, and in the Vatican (Vat. Lat. 3494); this was apparently composed from two separate sources which give quite different reasons for the foundation of the College; (ii) *Initia et progressus Collegii Anglicani de Urbe*, written in 1587 and largely dependent on the *Brevis Narratio*: this has been printed from a copy at Stonyhurst in Volume II of the Catholic Record Society's publications (C.R.S.), pp. 89-101, with variants from another version in A.R.S.I. Rom. 156, 101ff; (iii) Fr Person's account in the *Storie of Domesticall Difficulties*, C.R.S. ii, 48ff. All three of these accounts are demonstrably inaccurate and betray an animus against Owen Lewis; early as they are they are not to be trusted except when confirmed by strictly contemporary sources. The best published account of the foundation of the College is that in Fr Pollen's *The English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, 271-82. The chapter in Cardinal Gasquet's history is somewhat inadequate and not without inaccuracies. The present article is based mainly on the unpublished papers of Cardinal Morone in the Vatican (Vat. Lat 12159, 98ff; abbreviated in notes to VL), recently discovered by Fr Godfrey Anstruther O.P., to whom I here record my indebtedness. Use has also been made of the volumes of the Calendar of State Papers, Roman (C.S.P.). The present article is in the nature of a report on work in progress: it does not attempt to be a definitive study.

<sup>2</sup> VL, 193; C.R.S. 9, 51.

<sup>3</sup> Pole's modifications were designed to cope with the conditions of the Henrican schism, e.g. the requirement that a *confrater* must be a loyal subject of the King was withdrawn (VL, 173). The statutes drawn up by Bishop Clerk in 1526 had remained a dead letter (*ibid.*).

There does not seem to have been any general agreement where the supreme authority over the Hospice lay. Cardinal Morone, who became Protector of England after the death of Cardinal Pole, claimed jurisdiction over the Hospice, but his claims were not immediately accepted. There was a College of five priests, and also a wider confraternity which included some non-residents. There was also a warden, in theory but not always in practice elected by the fellows. In 1559 the warden was Sir Edward Carne LL.D., the English Ambassador in Rome : Queen Mary, following her father's example, had used the Hospice as an Embassy.<sup>4</sup>

After the Elizabethan settlement of religion it soon became obvious that henceforth few genuine English pilgrims would visit Rome. In these circumstances, it was not long before a proposal was made to turn the Hospice into a College for émigré students. In about 1560 an anonymous memorialist wrote : 'There are, outside the kingdom [of England] many Catholic prelates and priests who have been deprived of their churches and benefices because they were unwilling to follow the new religion. If his Holiness wishes, the order could be given that the revenues of the English hospital in Rome should be administered by these priests and prelates, instead of by laymen, and used to bring up those young Englishmen who wish to learn Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical ceremonies, so that when the time comes they will be able, God willing, to serve the Church in England.'<sup>5</sup>

Sixteen years were to pass before any of the funds of the Hospice were used for the education of young Englishmen ; but there was no lack of priests and prelates willing and anxious to administer the revenues. During the early sixties Rome filled with refugee clerics who had left England rather than conform to the Elizabethan settlement. Some of them had been imprisoned for their religion ; but few, if any, of them appear to have been saintly men. Rather, they were experienced benefice-hunters with a keen eye for a cosy sinecure such as a fellowship in the Hospice had now become. For instance, there was Henry Henshaw S.T.L., a priest of the Lincoln diocese, Rector of Lincoln College at Oxford until 1599, and also Canon of Wolverhampton, Rector of the parish church of Twyford, and Rector of a chapel in Buckinghamshire. There was Edmund

<sup>4</sup> C.S.P., I, 146 ; Lib. 22, 231.

<sup>5</sup> Meyer, *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth*, Appendix I.

Daniel PH.D., once of Merton College, then Subdean of the Chapel Royal, Dean of Hereford, Canon of Worcester, Canon of Hereford, and Rector of Kingsland. There was Edward Taylor PH.D., a former schoolmaster from Eton. All these men, with a former chaplain to the Countess of Feria named Henry Alwaye, acquired chaplaincies in the Hospice before the first half of the decade concluded. Sir Edward Carne died in 1561; he had been relieved of the wardenship in April 1560, but had enjoyed a pension from the Hospice until his death, and presented to it a white damask chasuble. In his place Thomas Goldwell, who had twice been warden during the earlier schism, and had been made Bishop of St Asaph by Queen Mary, came from the Theatine house in Naples to govern the Hospice. During his absences at the Council of Trent, the house was supervised by a vice-warden.<sup>6</sup>

Other exiled pluralists found other benefices in Rome. John Seton S.T.D., poet and preacher, Canon of York and Canon of Winchester, Provost of the Hospital of St Mary Major and Rector of Alresford, became chaplain of the chantry which Cardinal Morone had attached to the Hospice in memory of Cardinal Pole. Dr Nicholas Morton, a former fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, Rector of Plukeley and Vicar of Milton, became English penitentiary at St Peter's. With him, at the college of the penitentiaries, lived Dr Charles Parker, Rector of Swanton, Folsham and Faringdon, the brother of Lord Morley.<sup>7</sup>

The names of Goldwell and the five chaplains, along with those of Morton and Seton, appear among the signatures to a testimonial drawn up in the Hospice on 19th January 1564 in favour of Thomas Sackville. Sackville, who later became Earl of Dorset, was a young English nobleman on a tour of Europe, who, after being entertained in the Hospice, had been arrested on suspicion of being a dangerous heretic. Among those who signed the testimonial were also the Welshman Gruffydd Robert (the grammarian, who lived in the Hospice

<sup>6</sup> The details are taken from a paper entitled *Nomina cognomina et beneficia Presbiterorum Anglicorum qui modo sunt Romae*, VL, 113.

<sup>7</sup> Other refugees were not so fortunate. Oliver Starchey, who describes himself as 'to the last degree indigent', wrote from Malta in April 1562 begging for a pension from Hospice funds. The Cardinal Protector replied that such relief could be given only to residents in the Hospice. Starchey renewed his request in July, pointing out that with the diminished number of pilgrims there must be funds to spare; so that to refuse his request was to defeat the intention of the founders of the institution. It was not of his own choice that he was absent from Rome, in Malta of all places! (C.S.P., I, 78 and 96).



before becoming chaplain to St Charles Borromeo in 1565) and Morus Clynnog.<sup>8</sup>

Clynnog had had a more distinguished career than any of the other exiles. During twelve years of study at Oxford he had become D.D. and B.C.L. ; he had lectured for six years in various Colleges and Halls on Civil Law. He had studied law for a further eight years at Louvain, Bologna and Padua. During Mary's reign he had enjoyed the confidence of Cardinal Pole and had held responsible positions both in the Archdiocese of Canterbury and in the Legatine Court. He had been chancellor of the prerogative court of the province of Canterbury, and Dean of peculiar jurisdiction in Canterbury itself ; he had been auditor of the Legate and confessor to the Cardinal's *famiglia*, frequently acting also as almoner and personal secretary. Shortly before Mary's death he had been nominated Bishop of Bangor ; but learning of the change of religion while seeking confirmation in Rome, had decided not to be consecrated to an empty title. He had accompanied the Papal diplomat Parpaglia on his mission to Queen Elizabeth in 1560, and since then had studied theology in Louvain. It was probably in 1563 that he returned to Rome and began to take an interest in the affairs of the Hospice.<sup>9</sup>

In 1565 Bishop Goldwell went to live at the Theatine house at San Silvestro, and Clynnog became Warden of the Hospice. In that year there were living in the Hospice, besides the chaplains mentioned above, William Knott, and William Giblet, both former fellows of New College, Oxford, and William Grescop PH.D., once a fellow of Corpus Christi College in the same University. There were also three laymen, Robert Talcarne, Edward Alport and George Neville. The chamberlains for the year were Henry Alwaye, one of the chaplains, and Dr Morton, who did not reside in the Hospice.<sup>10</sup>

For some reason which is not entirely clear, the new warden became very unpopular with a number of the *confratres*. Certainly Clynnog, a Welshman, an Oxford man, and a jurist, proved himself consistently unable to agree with Morton, who was an Englishman, a Cambridge man, and a theologian. Moreover, Clynnog was a friend of the Protector, Cardinal Morone, whose authority over the Hospice had been contested by the brethren

<sup>8</sup> C.R.S., 2, 3ff.

<sup>9</sup> These details are taken from Clynnog's autobiography, VI., 137.

<sup>10</sup> Lib. 33, 40v.

only two years previously. It is perhaps significant that it is not until Clynnog's wardenship that we have any record of Morone taking an effective part in the government of the Hospice. Certainly, Clynnog later bore the reputation of having unjustly sided with the Cardinal against the Hospice confraternity.<sup>11</sup>

However the quarrel began, it became public through a rather trivial affair in the autumn of 1565. Cardinal Morone was at this time absent in Lombardy. Dr Morton, with some other *confratres* resident outside the Hospice, approached Clynnog with a view to buying some of the wine which had been bought for the Hospice at the Ripetta. Clynnog replied that such a sale was forbidden by a Papal edict under pain of excommunication. Greatly annoyed, the three outsiders conspired with three of the resident fellows to have Clynnog deposed. Late one night the six plotters, unknown to the warden and the other fellows, met together in the presence of a notary and drew up an act of deposition. The pretext given was that Clynnog had given alms to some Englishmen without the consent of the chamberlains, and that he had bought wine and wood for the Hospice in their absence.

Next morning, when the news became public, Girolamo Pareseti (Cardinal Morone's auditor) and Vincente Parpaglia (Clynnog's companion of 1560) came to the Hospice and quashed the proceedings in the name of the Protector. Morone, on his return, took statements in writing from both sides, confirmed Clynnog in office, and made the interested parties agree to a new set of statutes.<sup>12</sup>

These statutes, which were confirmed by Morone on the 19th January 1566, are still extant.<sup>13</sup> The first provides that Clynnog is to remain warden until 3rd May 1566. The second forbids the warden to receive any guest without the consent of a majority of the *confratres*. The third provides that each year a new warden is to be elected, in holy orders, and '*unus ex Collegio, iuxta vetera statuta*'. The fourth rules that to the College

<sup>11</sup> In 1563 Morone wrote from Trent to order the Hospice to entertain a client of his. The vice-warden replied that the fellows did not accept any authority but that of Bishop Goldwell (C.S.P., I, 146).

<sup>12</sup> This is Clynnog's account of the quarrel, written in 1579 (VL, 137ff). His enemies—the first students of the College—said: '*praeteritis annis dum custos hospitalis . . . esset, ita se gessit ut cum totius nationis consensu illo munere depositus tanquam dissipator bonorum communium hospitalis pronunciatu fuerit.*' (C.R.S., 2, 108) But Clynnog's account bears the marks of truth and is confirmed by what contemporary evidence we possess.

<sup>13</sup> VL, 98.

of five priests there should be added four other *confratres* now living in the Hospice.<sup>14</sup> The sixth instituted offices of Major Chaplain, Sacristan, and Chaplain of St Edmund, for which elections were to be held yearly. It also insisted that on feasts the chaplains and their associates should attend the High Mass, as also a monthly Requiem for benefactors. The seventh provided that the chaplain of the Pole chantry should have a room provided in the Hospice, if of English nationality. Others provided that important decisions needed a majority vote of the *confratres*, and that doubts of interpretation were to be settled by the *congregatio*, which appears to have been an assembly of all the English in Rome.

The statutes clearly represent a compromise between warden and fellows ; they also mark a victory for the Cardinal Protector, whose authority was not further questioned. In 1566 Bishop Goldwell returned to the Hospice, and Henry Henshaw became warden in Clynnog's place while Dr Morton remained chamberlain. In 1567 Clynnog was elected warden again, but refused ; Tayler was elected in his place. Henshaw and Clynnog together became chamberlains, thus breaking an earlier tradition that at least one of these officers should be a non-resident. During the next few years the handful of priests in the Hospice circulated its offices and benefices between themselves. In 1565 three laymen had been among the four new members of the *collegium* ; but as their places fell vacant they were filled up by clerics. Alport and Neville disappear in the years before 1572 ; the third layman, Talcarne, appointed rent-collector, remained on the staff until the very end, occupying both a room in the Hospice and a private house, and growing steadily richer by speculations in *luoghi di monte* which brought him into ill repute. Into the vacancies moved Edward Bromborough, yet another fellow of New College, and a priest named Thomas Crayne. Alway returned to England after 1566 and was imprisoned in the Tower ; Knott left for Louvain, it seems, in 1569, though a room was reserved for him at the Hospice in 1570. Tayler and Kirton disappear from the lists of residents in 1569 and 1570 respectively, some years after the Protector had first tried to eject them to make room

<sup>14</sup> This is surprising, since there were at least six others living in the Hospice besides the five chaplains. We know that three of the four new members were laymen : they must therefore have been Talcarne, Neville and Alport, the only laymen resident. The fourth new member may have been Knott, Giblet or Grescop.

for others. The gaps were filled in 1572 by the appearance of a priest named R. Bernard, and John Bavand, a tutor of St John's College, Oxford. During the seventies the Hospice can have resembled nothing more than an Oxford senior common room. The nine clerics resident there included two fellows of New College, one of All Souls, and an ex-president of Lincoln. The one Cambridge man concerned, Dr Morton, steadily lost influence. It was not surprising that Sir Richard Shelley, English Grand Prior of the Knights of Malta, wrote to complain to the Pope that the Hospice had become 'the exclusive preserve of Oxford men of plebeian origin . . . who remain there for ten, twelve, or even fourteen years, and are but benefice hunters'.<sup>15</sup>

From time to time attempts were made to break into this closed ring of refugee dons. Impoverished Englishmen with a mind to study would present themselves, armed with an injunction from the Protector, or a *motu proprio* from the Pope, granting them permission to reside in the Hospice; but all to no avail. Year after year the same caucus remained, thwarting all attempts, however high-powered, to have them dislodged. In 1568 and in the early fifteen-seventies, as in 1560, suggestions were made in vain that the Hospice should be turned into a

*Man. Var. Misc. Ann. II, T. 84, ff. 44r, v, 45r.*

<sup>15</sup> C.S.P., II, 244. Shelley was an aristocrat with small respect for the academic life: he had broken off his own university studies to travel abroad.

It would be tedious to describe in the text the changes of internal government in the Hospice, but for the convenience of researchers I list below what information I have about the *confratres* between 1565 and 1578.

Clynnog: Had rooms in the Hospice 1565-78. Warden in 1565, 1576 and 1577. Chamberlain in 1569-71 and 1573.

Morton: Chamberlain in 1565, 1566 and 1568.

Alwaye: Had rooms 1565-6; Chamberlain in 1565. In Tower, 1572 (C.R.S., 2, 3).

Taylor: Had rooms 1565-8; Warden in 1567.

Seton: Had rooms 1565-67; died 20/7/67.

Neville: Had rooms 1565-67 and 1569-71. (Sir John Neville had a room in 1572).

Giblet: Had rooms 1565-78. Warden in 1572, Chamberlain in 1576.

Henshaw: Had rooms 1565-78; Warden in 1566, 1571, 1578; Chamberlain in 1567, 1572-75.

Alport: Had a room in 1565.

Talcarne: Had rooms 1565-78.

Daniel: Had rooms 1565-76.

Grescop: Had rooms 1565-67.

Knott: Had rooms 1565-70; matriculated Louvain 8/4/69 (C.R.S., 26, 9).

Kirton: Had rooms 1565-71; Warden in 1568 and 1570; Chamberlain in 1569; had a servant,

Nathan Sheppard, who had rooms 1568, 1570.

Goldwell: Had rooms 1566-78.

Crayne: Had rooms 1569-78.

Bromborough: Had rooms 1569-78; Warden in 1573; Chamberlain 1574.

Bernard: Had rooms 1573-6; Chamberlain 1572, 1575; Warden 1574.

Bavand: Had rooms 1572-78; Warden 1575; Chamberlain 1576.

From 1572-78 the chaplains were: Clynnog, Henshaw, Giblet, Daniel, Bernard, Crane, Bavand and Bromborough.

Most of the above information was supplied from Lib. 33 in the College archives.

College ; it was even alleged that it had been Cardinal Pole's intention to make the building a school for young Englishmen of noble family. The example of Douai, founded in 1568, was ignored ; young Englishmen who wished to study in Rome, such as John Gibbon or Thomas Cotton, had to seek admission to the Germanicum.<sup>16</sup>

The question obviously arises : what did the confratres of the Hospice *do* all this time ? They were certainly not overwhelmed with the work of entertaining pilgrims. It is difficult to know exactly how many genuine pilgrims visited Rome during these years : it was suggested at the time that the fellows of the Hospice deliberately kept the number secret.<sup>17</sup> We know for certain that no women pilgrims came during Elizabeth's reign, though a room was still set apart for them ; and as for the men, even at the most generous estimate there were never more than an average of three in the Hospice on any day.<sup>18</sup> The liturgical commitments of the *confratres* were not heavy : the sung Masses for benefactors had been commuted into low Masses by Cardinal Pole. In any case, they were not observed ; outsiders noticed that the lay *confratres* would not even get up to serve Mass.<sup>19</sup> During this period, the penurious English exiles in Flanders wrote volume after volume of apologetics, spiritual reading, church history. Their comfortable compatriots in Rome, for all their academic distinction, produced scarcely a book between them. How, then, did they occupy their time ?

In dissipation and faction, say the contemporary sources. A memorial of 1568 alleges that the *confratres* spend their days in card-playing and drinking, in speculating with Hospice funds, in patronising brothels, in entertaining concubines and in quarrelling with one another. This last detail is amply confirmed : we are not surprised to be told that the public meetings of the confraternity were marked by raucous shouting, banging of feet, waving of arms, and physical violence. The atmosphere was so charged with hostility that it was impossible to attend to the Divine Office. The only virtue of these men—according to the memorialist, who regarded it as a vice—was tolerance.

<sup>16</sup> See, for example, the disregarded injunction of the Protector to admit Ralph Egerton and to expel Tayler and Kirton (probably 1566, VL, 119) ; the complaints of Shelley about the twice disregarded *motu proprio* (C.S.P., II, 224) ; and the memorial in C.R.S., 9, 51ff.

<sup>17</sup> C.R.S., 9, 51.

<sup>18</sup> This estimate was made in a list of expenses necessary for the Hospice in 1578. (VL, 151.) It seems to have been based on the figures for 1575—a Jubilee Year ! (Tierney, ii, ccxciv.)

<sup>19</sup> VL, 173 ; C.R.S., 9, loc. cit.

They entertained heretics to meals in the Hospice and connived at their changing their lodging nightly to avoid the Inquisition. They even welcomed as a guest John Dee the astrologer, 'a married priest, given to magic and curious arts'.<sup>20</sup>

It is impossible to be sure how true these charges are : certainly other observers agreed that the condition of the Hospice at this period was a scandal.<sup>21</sup> But two, at least, of the English colony in Rome seem to be innocent of the general idleness : Clynnog and his rival Dr Morton. Clynnog, in spite of his age, continued his studies and attended the lectures of Emmanuel Sa, Toletus, and other Jesuit theologians ; he produced a simple introduction to Christian doctrine in Welsh, *Athravaeth Gristnogawl*, which was published at Milan in 1568. Morton, in connection with his work as Penitentiary at St Peter's, took the Doctorate which, in his younger days, he had failed to obtain at the Sapienza. Unkind people said that it was awarded not for any learning, but out of commiseration for his age and banishment.<sup>22</sup>

However that may be, it was not in letters but in politics that Clynnog and Morton attempted to leave their mark on history. By a strange quirk of fate, the foundation of the English College came about as a by-product of their energetic but misguided attempts in these fields. How this happened will be narrated in the next article of this series.

ANTHONY KENNY.

<sup>20</sup> C.R.S., 9, 51ff. For the quarrels, see, for example, the disputed election of Roger FitzWilliam in 1570 (VL, 99).

<sup>21</sup> Shelley : C.S.P., loc. cit. ; and an undated visitation, VL, 157.

<sup>22</sup> So VL, 155 ; which says of the former occasion : '*reiectus olim . . . in examine solemnii, unde cum lachrimis, re infecta rediit, prandio amicis frustra parato*'.

## ROMANESQUE

### 65—ROMAN HORIZONS

I begin to write this on New Year's Day ('that was the cause, but yet *per accidens*'—what follows was inspired by, incorporates and recommends absolutely no good resolutions) sitting on the roof top in the sun. It is just right, the sun—yesterday it was rather too warm and made one feel sticky. That should arrest the attention of my stay-at-home contemporaries. Talk to them about Wider Horizons, or intellectual stimulus, or being near the Engine Room (dreadful phrase) or unlimited picture galleries or spaghetti, and they turn back to their Brains Trust or Hancock's Half-hour with a shrug. But tell them that you can sweat in the sun in January and the most convection-heated of them will turn blue with envy. Yet such is the inveterate perversity of the human species, or the hereditary weather-mindedness of the Anglo-Saxon, that a major topic of conversation among the more elderly English-speaking in Rome is still, as it was in the palmiest days of Baedeker, the 'treachery' of the Roman climate. What a spanking way of being betrayed—toasted into a sense of well-being which can be as illusory as it likes for all I care at the moment. You see, forty-eight hours of Roman sun is enough to make me forget that it has been raining almost continuously since the beginning of November.

In many parts of the City, admittedly, you have to climb pretty high to get the sun, for the obvious reason that during most of the year we are more concerned with avoiding it. For the same reason Roman building has never been very remarkable

for what contemporary English architects are fond of lauding (on paper) as 'human scale'. In particulars, too, it is often very ugly : as I raise my eyes now I see only a vast vertical expanse



of varying shades of dirty grey, broken by equally dirty and higgledy-piggledy windows (why are so many Romans so mortally afraid of paint?) and ending in a chaotic skyline. But then no one is conscious of it as a skyline except from this not very usual position : Rome's skylines are generally provided by her hills and have been shrewdly preserved and embellished. If I turn my head to the right I can look right across the trough of old Rome to the Janiculum, and many famous and familiar things stand out in between—reflecting Rome's history as almost any view over it does. The dome of the Pantheon, the column of Marcus Aurelius topped with its statue of St Paul ; I glimpse the pediment and high balustraded walls of Sant' Ignazio, and am reminded of our baptism of sweat in the dim halls of the Palazzo Borromeo, the high-pitched comminations and avenging swoops of Father Lazzarini, whose unenviable task it was to keep the cramped cosmopolitan hordes in order during the last years before they migrated to the luxury of the Pilotta. It was a stiff noviciate, including—let the pampered young never forget—Hebrew at two in the afternoon. Any sympathy we might have cherished for the Risorgimento was stifled, as it were, in the Old Greg, a plutonic pit only a stone's throw from Ammanati's stately Collegio Romano, which Cavour's minions had stolen from us.

I wander from the view—but then this is not the sort of view to induce mute, static contemplation, whether poetic or



merely bovine : they say Chesterton wrote his 'Resurrection of Rome' in a sort of loquacious oscillation between his bedroom window at the Hassler and the Capo le Case beer-house.

There is the dome of Sant'Andrea della Valle : I passed under its shadow for years before I noticed that it was second in shapeliness only to St Peter's ; there is Borromini's lantern on the Sapienza, which I remember regarding as plain funny—or rather, intricate-funny. Those of us who affected artistic views were inclined to echo Ruskin rather than foreshadow the Courtauld Institute. An appreciation of Borromini would now be fashionably regarded as the test of sophistication, and for once fashion is right. If Bernini really meant that gesture of horror on the Navona fountain to be aimed at Sant'Agnese he was letting professional jealousy cloud his judgement.

We were given to talking about Baroque 'sham' and gaudiness : I doubt if half-a-dozen of us realised that the 'chaste' classical Greeks used to paint their peripteral temples in gaudy contrasting colours. I remember people thinking patronisingly, when Chesterton's *Resurrection of Rome* was read in the refectory, that its spirited defence of the Baroque was just another bit of Chestertonian jugglery. In fact, of course, his prophecy that it would return to favour has proved remarkably accurate, mainly through the accident of the Nazis driving a handful of German art historians to a fruitful exile in London.

Was it merely a combination of English primness and youthful insouciance that made us miss so much of what was under our noses, or can it be that architects and their patrons from Michelangelo onwards really overdid it ? Rome as a collection of churches suffers from the same trouble as a collection of pictures like the Uffizi—there are too many of them in a confined space. If those who admire only what they are told to admire refuse to credit that there can be so many good churches close together, it is only because of the physical difficulty in looking sufficiently. If we stopped to admire every building there is to admire we should never arrive anywhere in time. But 'what', as the scribbler very reasonably asked, 'is this life if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare ?' Perhaps the only argument for the present traffic conditions is that if increasing numbers of people are going to see Rome from the windows of a coach, then the slower they go the further the experience will be removed from farce, though that will never be very far.

None of this supplies any convincing excuse for the fact that I spent seven years vaguely coupling, architecturally, San Girolamo della Carità with Santa Caterina as two rather tatty churches outside our front door. Nor did anyone ever tell me that the great Vittoria lived there for five years with St Philip Neri; how much that explains of the intensity of love and pity in such things as his *Tenebrae Factae Sunt!* I never, as far as I remember, went inside San Giovanni de' Fiorentini—which was built as a result of an architects' competition in which Raphael, Baldassare Peruzzi and possibly even Michelangelo were *defeated*. I never gave a second glance at Sant' Eligio—a small, neglected masterpiece we pass on about a third of the occasions we find our way out on to the Tiber bank.

Not that I (or you, or any un-discerning foreigner) can take all the blame. Another ill result of the glut of good buildings here is that too many of them look uncared for, at least externally. Roman travertine does not weather very well, especially in the City. It tends to collect, not the dignified patina of age like the red-gold stone of Salamanca or the rosepink brick of Albi or the mellow Cotswold limestone, but merely uneven deposits of grime, which modern traffic and other conditions have aggravated. It needs a sympathetic as well as a keen eye to appreciate the interplay of lines and planes and volumes in a sixteenth or seventeenth century façade when the first honest thought it prompts is that it needs a good scrubbing. In London and other English towns, where older buildings have acquired a uniform suit of solemn black, a great deal of cleaning has been done which all but a few sentimental reactionaries regard as brilliantly successful. Why cannot the same be done in Rome? To take only one street, what a difference it would make to see all the churches in the



Corso cleaned! With one exception they are distinguished façades of not too great size.

Why waste money on cleaning churches, you will say, when so many of them are redundant and so many vast new expanses of flats are without adequate provision for Mass? You have a point. I feel sure that the Americans, who have taken buildings across the Atlantic and reassembled them, would know how to give some of the city churches a new lease of life. You could take down a couple of dozen of them and put them up again where they would do most good, at the same time shielding the exiled suburbans from such regrettable incidents as Sant'Eugenio. What a fine assemblage of flats one could plan around three sides of a spacious court, with—say—San Nicolò da Tolentino set in the middle facing the open side. I would not of course advocate this in preference to the flourishing of a healthy modern style—if a healthy modern style were flourishing here. It is a very good church of 1614, but it never seems to be even open. The only reference to its use I have come across is, of all places, in Ronald Knox's *Spiritual Aeneid*. When he came to Rome with his brother in 1907 he went there to a Uniat Armenian Mass—one of the only two Masses he attended. The other was in St Peter's on Easter Sunday—and he only stayed for the half of it. He went every morning to All Saints in the Via Babuino, 'whose very walls', he wrote, 'seemed to cry out to the homesick Anglican: "*Ubi Mowbray, ibi Ecclesia*"'. (Just to show that you can never tell in Rome, further enquiry reveals that San Nicolò is still used by the Uniats in Holy Week. But there are still enough virtually unused churches to go round several times.)

I suspect modern non-Catholic tourists are more eclectic in their churchgoing, but even in those days, and earlier, non-Catholic churches must have had a forlorn look in Rome; must have seemed just a part of that determination to carry the Victorian or Edwardian way of life around on one's travels as the snail does its shell. The guide books of that more spacious age were not content with merely listing the names of non-Catholic places of worship—they gave a copious description of each, down to the quality and tone of the organ. The American Episcopalian place in the Nazionale was described as 'a handsome edifice in the Lombard Gothic style'(!) where 'the peal of bells is very complete and harmonious'.

There were many other home comforts they were not prepared to do without in those days : the efficient handbook had to tell the tourist where he could get his Daily Governess, his Fencing Master, his Painter on Porcelain and even his Paleographer. Yet do not think he was like your insular modern pilgrim who sighs for his cup of tea and his glass of Watney's. He knew how to get the best out of the native products—he was recommended to visit the chief fish market, which then stood outside Cardinal Heard's church of San Teodoro (hardly a stone's throw from its classical site) as 'forming a very interesting exhibition for the naturalist'.

True, a note of that sturdy suspicion which is never wholly absent from the English attitude to the foreigner occasionally appears :

'Purchasers of wine should be on their guard as to the purity of what they buy, for the art of making wine without grapes is studied and practised here as well as in France . . .' but it was, even in the days of the Papal States, consistent with a very full entry into the native life. I have a keen ambition to know more of a certain Mr Arthur Strutt who, in the midst of the birthpangs of the Kingdom of Italy, was busy showing the inhabitants of Cività Lavinia how to make their red and white wines the champions of the Castelli.

He 'has purchased an estate in that district, and has shown them that their wine, if scientifically made, will not only keep any length of time, but will also carry safely to any part of the world. Having turned his attention, first only as an amateur, to the study of vine culture, [he] is now a successful producer and exporter of wine. In 1876 for his red wine he received a special gold medal from King Victor Emmanuel II, for the best of all the Italian wines exhibited that year in Rome. Mr Strutt's red and white Cività Lavinia wines are full-bodied, pure and free from acidity, and may be obtained for immediate use or order for export at his residence, 81 Via della Croce. They are also to be had at the principal hotels.'

One notes the neat modulation into advertisement, and wonders whether they charged him for it. What became of Strutt ? Did his secret die with him, or did the cunning *vignaiuoli* of Grottaferrata, Frascati and Marino get on to it and catch up again ? Is his name still held in honour in those parts, along with the other great Lanuvians, Antoninus Pius and Marcantonio Colonna, or has he become a ghostly legend as the last of the

Carolingians did in Germany—believed to be still living in some wild cave in the Alban woods, awaiting his time to come down again and knock the rival vinous communes for six?

It may be that those of my readers who still have the Gregorian bloom on them (and which of us does not like to think he has?) are asking sternly what is the unifying factor in all this? What indeed—but does it matter? We have somehow got out into the Castelli, where we traditionally take something of a rest from dialectic and other forms of mental discipline. Old-timers who contribute to these pages, or to Common Room conversation, are always suspected to be finding their way round to the proposition that Rome or the College is ‘not what it was’, to which it is always open to the irritated contemporary inmate to reply that, like *Punch*, it never has been. Myself, I disclaim any such intention; in fact the nearest I can come to stating a thesis, apart from my Bardic title, is to say with perfect sincerity, if with imperfect originality, ‘*plus ça change . . .*’

It used to worry me slightly at the Villa last September that quite often, scanning the distant City from the terrace, I could not find the dome of St Peter’s. Was it that the City had advanced so much in twenty-five years, or merely that my eyes had gone back? But it mattered little—I was pretty sure it was still there. On the other hand, I could still see clearly the grey-purple line of the Tolfa Hills, as graceful and fluent as a Bach tune, declining to the sea and bounding the prospect to the north, yet I was no more certain that they existed than I had ever been—or that anything existed beyond them. If it did then it was indeed Etruria, the land of the dead whose language is undecipherable. There are more important things than geography—everybody has his own localisation of the ‘over the hills and far away’ fancy. Mine has always been the Monti della Tolfa. I determined that now, as a belated stage in growing up, I must go into them, at the risk of breaking the spell.

I did so, on a fine sharp morning in January, walking from Ladispoli to the necropolis of Cerveteri. The spell was not broken, but enhanced. They *are* magic hills—gentle, yet silent and aloof, a touch of mystery in the smile that breaks over them with the sweeping sun as a cloud passes. Is it because one gets the best view of them standing above the strange Etruscan tombs? How could I have spent seven years without

visiting this place, where the great vaults grow (as the lonely ageless hill-towns do) out of the living volcanic tufa, yet offer a panorama of six centuries of rustic Italian architectural experiment and vivid homely sculpture? Perhaps I was meant to save it up—but don't take the awful risk of following my example: go and see it now, before you forget, or become a fisherman or golfer, or some other form of enclosed religious.

The quality of that scene seems to me to be only a higher concentration of a general quality of all Italian scenes—a death that is not death but a kind of very pregnant sleep. I suspect it is this strange quality that was always challenging and eluding Poussin and Claude, Joseph Wright and Turner, in the Campagna, and oddly they triumphed in defeat; they deepened our sense of the mystery which defied them.

A few weeks ago I heard old E. M. Forster, astonishingly vigorous and lucid in his eighties, describing how Italy inspired his first story. He sat at the head of a gully above Ravello, in a truly classical landscape, and suddenly saw there in his mind's eye a staid English middle-class picnic disrupted by the god Pan. I wanted to clap, so much did I feel that I knew what he meant—though I would understand it in a wider sense—and in a less liberal one as Forster would use that word.

'*Pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova*'—we might apply without irreverence to the Roman scene what Saint Augustine said of the Faith. If we must all, in varying degrees, add '*sero te amavi*', the important thing is to be able to say at least that.

W. A. PURDY.

## NOVA ET VETERA

### A BULL OF EUGENIUS IV

This Bull relating to the Hospice is dated 1445 ; the Latin original is preserved in the College archives.

‘EUGENIUS EPISCOPUS SERVUS SERVORUM DEI  
AD PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.

We whose office it is to rule the Universal Church do follow with heartfelt attention and interest all those pious and wholesome petitions of the faithful that are intended to promote the fuller service of God and from which the salvation of souls is to be expected, and gladly protect them by the authority which arises from Our position so that they may obtain their desired effect.

Wherefore, since (as is stated in the petition recently presented to Us on behalf of Our beloved sons of the English Nation who are members of the Roman Court or who assist thereat), the Hospice of the Holy Trinity and of Saint Thomas the Martyr for persons of that same Nation has a Chapel, at which large numbers of the Court and of the aforesaid persons are wont to assist at divine worship and the like, and since these Courtiers and other persons earnestly desire that it should be consecrated together with the burying-place therein to be established for the burial of the bodies of the deceased.

Wherefore, prevailed upon by these petitions, we do grant and concede by these letters, on the Apostolical authority, that the Chapel and the burying place when appointed, may lawfully be consecrated by any Catholic Bishop in communion

with the Apostolic See, and that the aforesaid bodies may be buried there, provided it be without prejudice to the parish rights, and that the Chaplains of the aforesaid Hospice and their successors may, by the same Apostolical authority, and after having duly and attentively confessed them, absolve each and every one of the poor and any other person of the said Nation living in the aforesaid Hospice, as well as those therein administering to them, both now and in the time to come; may absolve them from all their sins, except in those cases reserved to the aforesaid See, and may impose a fitting penance and may lawfully administer to them the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist and the other sacraments of the Church.

All general and particular laws to the contrary are hereby revoked; let no man, therefore, infringe these Our concessions nor rashly dare frustrate them, and let him who should presume so to attempt know that he will incur the wrath of God Almighty and of His blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.

Given at Rome at Saint Peter's, on the twenty-third day of March in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Four Hundred and Forty Five, the sixteenth of Our Pontificate.'

## SCHOLARS AT SPORT

One of the most familiar facts about the early students of the 'English Seminarie' in Rome is that on one day every week they were freed from their studies and given 'accesse abroad to sport and delight them selves'. 'Sometime they walke to theyre Vineyarde, and the *Iesuites* with them, where they passe away the day in diuers disportes, what game, what toy any one can devise, they altoggether in pastime ioyne & performe it.' Thus Anthony Munday in the well-known passage of the *English Romayne Life*. Munday's account of the College is perhaps the earliest reference to it in English literature. The *Romayne Life* was published in 1582. Some ten years later there is another mention of the English College students' *dies non* among the works of Thomas Nashe, the Elizabethan poet and controversialist. 'At the last', says Pasquill in Nashe's *Pasquill & Marforius*, 'hearing the Schollers of the English Seminarie merrie, as they returned from their Vineyarde, and full of fine tauntings when they talked of the Sects and opinions sprong vppe in Englande, I stole out of Rome by night, to make tryall my selfe of the trueth of theyre reports.'



These 'Schollers', 'merrie' as they might be, were probably returning in camerata from the College vineyard in the charge of their Jesuit superiors. Yet there were some among the students who were not content with official outings of this kind, and who struck out on their own. Such were the men who, in 1597 were accused of visiting a vineyard behind the Ponte Sant'Angelo and not a few taverns, *inscio Rectore* and *sine ulla superiorum licentia*. The leading spirit was Edward Tempest, who appears to have been a rich young priest of a generous and convivial disposition. In fact Tempest admitted upon interrogation '*se sepius tabernas Romae frequentasse, et aliquando—the indictment has frequenter—pro aliis solvisse*'. It was Tempest who was charged with passing himself off as a German College student, '*quid Iure offendat alumnos atque Superiores Collegii Germanici, atque etiam ipsum Pontificem*'. Most of the story is already common knowledge, but it is interesting to note in the evidence of the *examinatio de excessibus* that several of the incidents occurred '*rediens a peregrinatione sublacensi*'. So it appears that the Subiaco gita is a traditional custom which has come down to us from the earliest days of the College. The *examinatio* also gives us a detailed account of the various taverns and where they were to be found. Among the most frequented were the 'Rose' near San Marco, the 'Sun' near the Pantheon, and the 'Spread Eagle'—'*taberna aquilae pansae*'—which appears to have been too well known to require location.

Some thirty years later we have another account of the English scholars at their vineyard which helps to fill in some of the details of their 'diuers disportes'. This is Lewis Owen's *Running Register* of 1626. 'All the recreation they have', we read, 'is upon Thursdays in the afternoon, for then they all dine in a garden-house or vineyard, which they have within the walls of the city, in that place that that tyrant Nero had his golden palace, whose ruins are to this day to be seen, which was a famous thing.' 'After dinner they do play at tennis or at bowls for an *Ave Maria*, or a *Pater-Noster*; yea some of them (that are good gamesters) will not stick to adventure the mumbling over of a whole pair of beads, for the losers must pray for the winners. And sometimes they will wrangle & chide more about a cast than our common alley-mates in London for money' . . .<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We are grateful to the Rev. H. E. G. Rope M.A., for the quotation from Thomas Nashe (Wks., 1958, I, 73) : to the Rev. Dr A. Kenny for the *examinatio de excessibus* (Westminster Archives, 6, 319), and to the Rev. Godfrey Anstruther O.P., for the passage from Lewis Owen (*Running Register*, 1626, p. 22).

## FATHER ROBERT PERSONS S.J.

THE 350<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH

On 15th April 1610 died the celebrated Jesuit, Robert Persons, twice Rector of the College, and known as its 'Second Founder'. To mark the occasion we print the peroration of the panegyric preached at Persons' exequies by Father Henry Walker, a student of the College, on 13th May 1610. The original is in Latin, and is preserved in the College archives.

'High-soul'd, yet wise, a flame of truest charity: when shall we see his like? Whose now the wit to discover heresy's tricks, the eloquence to confound it utterly? Who shall boast now of godly power, stirring men up to virtue's way, the way of right felicity?

What, then, of us? For us his anxious care, of noble life an image and our spur. He fear'd, we know. What would befall us at his passing? Self and suffering relentlessly he spurned, for the sake of those he would leave, orphaned, behind. Being all things in the needs of others, in regard of his own sickness he was nothing. From the time the infirmity was first upon him, he put aside (yea, even of life itself) all care. While in full vigour his only thought had been of other's good; on the bed of death, unto the end it was the same.

This much is sure, this is our certain trust: he whom solicitude did so entrap that e'en in his agony he could not forget, will still protect us. Eternal quiet is his. As he grows deeper into God, so may his love for us grow all the more.'

## OMNES DEBENT ADESSE, 1773

A large undated hand-written notice, signed by Cardinal Corsini, Protector of the College from 1773 to 1789, and preserved in the Archives (Scr. 6, No. 21) reads as follows:

*Metodo per le scuole  
da osservarsi*

*dagli Alunni del Ven. Collegio Inglese di Roma.*

*Gli studenti di Teologia, e Filosofia anderanno al Collegio Romano. Il Calendario del Collegio Romano sia la Norma inalterabile per i giorni di Scuola, e per le Vacanze, e il medesimo si osservi nelle scuole domestiche di Rettorica, Umanità e Grammatica.*

*L'Abbate Berni resti nel suo Posto di Accademico, e ad'esso  
incomba L'Esercizio quotidiano dei Teologi, e Filosofi.*

*L'Abbate Lodi farà scuola di Umanità, e Rettorica.*

*L'Abbate della Vedova farà scuola di Grammatica inferiore e  
superiore.*

*A. Card. Corsini, Protre.*

It was Cardinal Corsini who introduced the Italian seculars into the College after the Dissolution of the Jesuits.

### STUDENT LIFE IN THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES

'The Venerabile, in my time, could not boast the imposing numbers of the present day. We never, I think, exceeded twenty-seven. To my mind, an excellent spirit prevailed in the place. We were all conscious of the fact that we were English College men, successors of the '*Quadragesima quatuor*' (no mean heritage), proud of this, and of the fact that we were the successors of a host of others who had striven, not in vain, for the Faith in the homeland. So, with '*noblesse oblige*' as our motto, we too strove, in our own quiet and reserved way, the English way, to become good priests and to fit ourselves for the tasks awaiting us at the end of our course.

'Most of us applied ourselves seriously to the studies mapped out for us by the Gregorian University authorities, and took on others according to our own personal tasks and inclinations. Great freedom was granted us, and on the whole it was not, in my time, abused.

'The Common Room and Ambulacrum, where we daily met, afforded both opportunity and means to plane off the rough edges of those who met there and to turn us out, in the end, according to type. There was no beating about the bush in these two places, no quarter there was ever given and none was expected. The motto and guiding principle there was: "*Non enim qui seipsum commendat ille probatus est*". Anything like self assertion, any expression of a boastful nature was likely, yea certainly, to be at once resented by the majority, and condign punishment, on occasion, to be forthwith, in all good humour inflicted. The old winter log fire, *data copia fandi*, could vouch for this . . .

There was always imminent danger in the Common Room of being "dogged", of getting a leg-pull, of being made the butt of some other's smart saying or joke. It originated—the saying—with one whose sobriquet was the "Doge". We nearly all, in my time, had some nickname or another. The student nicknamed the "Doge", now long since gathered to his fathers, at all times of a kind-hearted and trusty nature, had been hoodwinked, by some unfeeling wag, into believing that he was the fortunate possessor of a remarkably good tenor voice; that, it only required care, attention and assiduous practice to make it one out of the ordinary. Our "bird" fell into the snare laid for him, practised unremittingly—unfortunately, he had no voice worth mentioning—and, as with the mountain in labour nothing happened, so with our friend the result was negligible, and the choir remained bereft of its tenor!

What made the whole affair funnier, is that the gulled one refused to credit the sincerity of a well-wisher, anxious to put him on his guard against his tormentors! He remained convinced to the last that this intervener was but jealous or envious of his talent!

The fear of being "dogged", you will realise, was a real one among us all. You may be inclined to think that some of us, at least, were a bit cruel. Perhaps. But that prevailing spirit and atmosphere was, in the long run, all to the good. Don't forget too that we were young. Have we not it on very good authority that "*cet âge est sans pitié*"?

From the reminiscences of Fr Robert Nash D.S.O. (1888–92).

### PAMPILI, 1940–1960

'At long last we have our own goal posts—and through the winter they stand, a little bit of Palazzola in Pamphili. The many hours of hard work to cut down and hack into shape two healthy young chestnut trees are forgotten in the pleasure of having something permanent and firm at which to shoot. We have one fear: that they may begin to sprout chestnuts despite the expenditure of so many gallons of creosote and white paint. They may not be so very straight, but then, as Giobbe said, this made it so much easier for the lorry to negotiate the corners on the way to Rome. All things considered we are well content.'

‘At long last’—but not for long. These words were written in 1939 : a few months later the College was in exile, and the goalposts did not brave another winter. The field in ‘Pam’ that for half a century had been the scene of sporting combats was turned over to wheat, and all signs of its former purpose obliterated. Through the continued kindness of the Doria Pamphili family ‘Pam’ had long been the haven of seminarians from many Colleges, where they could ‘sport and delight themselves’ at soccer, ruggie, cricket and—for the hardiest—at swimming in the original Tank. Pam was, in short, the perfect resort for scholars at sport and, when the exams drew near, of sportsmen at ‘swot’.

In the post-war years after the Return, the grounds of Pam were again open to the College, but the playing field was no more. Those who had smuggled their boots up to Pam in ‘Greg bags’ to change in the stables, found that the building had been converted into a dwelling-house, at present the seat of a foreign Embassy. Now in 1960 the scene has changed, and before long goal posts will be seen again in Pam. For to-day the cornfield is a meadow and, through the generosity of the Princess and Don Francesco Doria Pamphili, it is to be used once more as a sports ground and reassert its claim to be ‘a little bit of Palazzola in Pamphili’. So, after twenty years, old traditions will relive ; football and cricket will be played again within the sound of ‘Peter’s bells’, and future battles for the Church in England may yet be won upon the playing fields of Pam.

## ELENCHUS ALUMNORUM

How many students have there been at the College since the Return of 1818 ? Which is the largest year on record ? What is the most popular Christian name ? The answer to these and similar questions has been made very easy to find by the *Elenchus Alumnorum* recently compiled for the use of the VENERABLE by Mr Bernard Tucker. Drawn from the College registers, this valuable work contains an entry list, year by year, of all who entered the College as students between 1818 and the present day, together with their dates of ordination and/or departure. There are also two lists of priests, one alphabetical, the other diocese by diocese. The *Elenchus*, of course,

claims neither infallibility nor absolute completeness, though it does guarantee that positive data such as dates of ordination are in general correct.

A study of the 'Tucker List' reveals that from 1818 to the present day there have been 1,092 students at the Venerabile. As regards ordinations, if we take the number of students from 1818 up to the entry year 1953 (the present Top Year), we find that the total number was 1,002, of whom 687 were ordained, some 68½ per cent. (This does not include the nine who were ordained elsewhere before coming here.) Of those who left before completing their course twenty went to religious orders: the Trappists account for four, the Benedictines, Jesuits and Oratorians each took three, two became Camaldolese, and the Carmelites, Dominicans, Passionists, Redemptorists and Holy Ghost Fathers received one each.

The average number of students per year for the whole period is just under eight. The largest entry year was the post-war year of 1919, which brought thirty-three students to the College. Twenty-eight came in 1946, after the Second World War, while third place is taken by 1926 with nineteen students. 1835, 1870, 1917 and 1918 saw no new students, nor did any of the (six altogether) members of the entry years 1822, 1829, 1855 and 1915 reach ordination. Not surprisingly the largest number of ordinations was forthcoming from the largest year, of which twenty-nine became priests. Sixteen years were ordained *in toto*: these were the entry years 1819, 1837, 1845, 1860, 1863, 1871, 1872, 1882, 1886, 1887, 1894, 1898, 1906, 1911, 1922 and 1933.

The most popular Christian names were as follows:

	1818—1897	1898—1959
1.	John	John
2.	William	Michael
3.	Thomas	Joseph
4.	James	Francis
5.	Joseph	William
6.	Henry	James, Thomas and Peter
7.	George and Francis	—
9.	Richard	Anthony and Bernard
10.	Edward	—
11.	Robert	Edward
12.	Charles	Richard

Perhaps the most remarkable fact to emerge from this list is the overwhelming popularity of the name John: there have been 129 of that name, and the only other name which reaches even half that number is William with a mere sixty-seven. (It is interesting to compare this with the names of the forty-four martyrs, among whom there were ten Johns and five Edwards, followed by Thomas and Robert with four each, William with three, and Edmund, Richard, Henry and Christopher with two.) The increasing popularity of the name Michael is also evident: it has leapt up from 13th place to 2nd, helped largely by the arrival of six Michaels in one year (1957). On the other hand such traditional English names as Edward, Charles and George seem to be losing ground and giving way before names such as Francis, Anthony and Bernard, saints' names pure and simple, with no historic English overtones. The proverbial 'Tom, Dick and Harry' are also on the decline: Thomas has dropped from 3rd to 6th place, Richard from 9th to 12th, and Henry has fallen headlong from 6th place to 17th.

These slight lapses from the traditional, however, have brought no corresponding striving after novelty, though recent years have brought more variety: the conventional holds sway and, apart from such occasional exceptions as Florence, Willibrord and Fenwick, there has been a general lack of startling appellations. On the other hand many quite common names hardly appear at all. After Wiseman in 1818, for example, there was no further Nicholas until 1957: such reasonably ordinary names as Alan and Maurice appear only twice in 140 years, while others like Geoffrey and Timothy have occurred but once in all that time.

#### PLUS C'EST LA MEME CHOSE ?

'My motive for going to Rome was not the greater gain and higher honours promised by the friends who were urging me to go—though at the time such considerations were not without having some effect upon my mind. The principal and practically the only reason was that I had heard that the young men there pursued their studies in greater quiet and under stricter discipline.' *St Augustine of Hippo* (354—430).

## BLESSED JOHN WALL

It was high summer of 1641, and Rome was buzzing with rumours of war. Duke Odoardo Farnese, a proud if impecunious nobleman, had quarrelled with Pope Urban VIII and insulted his nephew, Cardinal Francesco Barberini. Encouraged by Cardinal Richelieu, who foresaw political advantages for France to be gained through the dispute, he had retired to his castle of Castro and was fortifying it against siege. An order from the Pope to raze these works had been ignored, whereupon a Congregation of Cardinals had determined that Taddeo Barberini and the Marchese Luigi Lante should advance against Castro with twelve thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry. They were also to take some of the 130 Papal cannon, some of them cast from bronze looted from the Pantheon, of which Urban was so inordinately proud. Papal mercenaries, colourful, if notoriously timid, swaggered about the city; there was great activity in the armoury under the Vatican library, while Bernini, who had just finished the Fontana del Tritone, was now busy strengthening the defences of Castel Sant'Angelo.<sup>1</sup>

In the midst of these Baroque preoccupations there arrived in Rome a young man from Lancashire, who was to be the last Englishman hanged for his priesthood. John Wall was at this time twenty-one, and heir to an extensive estate in Norfolk.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pastor, *History of the Popes*, XXIX, pp. 360-407.

<sup>2</sup> His father, William Wall, was squire of the Norfolk village of Aldeby, but not long before John's birth the bitter Puritan feeling of East Anglia had driven him to move to Lancashire. John was born there, and described himself as 'Lancastrensis' in his Responsa. His mother was Dorothy Reynes, of an Essex family (*Harleian Society*, Vol. LXXXVI, pp. 228-9). The arms of Wall of Aldeby are, Argent, on a cross sable five lions rampant or (*ibid.*).



When he arrived in Rome he had not yet decided to become a priest. He had come to Rome out of 'an innocent ambition of a further improvement in higher studies', to obtain the university education from which Catholics were debarred in England. But 'having visited those holy places and monuments at Rome and thereabouts, he began seriously to think upon a settled course of life. His insight in divinity assured him of the narrowness of the way to heaven, and what a hard matter it was to avoid the shipwreck of his soul among so many rocks and precipices of the world. This consideration moved him to pitch upon an ecclesiastical state . . . and without dilatory circumstances he forsook his father and friends, his lordship and lands, esteeming all such advantages as dung that he might gain Christ and secure his soul'.<sup>3</sup>

Wall entered the College in November 1641 under the alias of Marsh. This was the name of his brother-in-law, his sister Dorothy's husband.<sup>4</sup>

'He proved an able student in divinity', and in November 1644 he publicly defended theses in philosophy at the College. This was something of an occasion; a presentation copy of his 'conclusions' was printed on satin for Cardinal Rosetti, and fifteen crowns were 'paide to Marrocchi for ye musik at his defension'.<sup>5</sup>

The purpose of the College was still to train martyrs, and discipline was strict. 'The scholars are devided by certain number into every Chamber, as in some foure, in some six, or so many as the Rector thinketh convenient, as well for the health of the schollers as the troubling not much roome.' Each *camerata* studied together and walked to the University together; each had its own room for recreation, and the students were normally forbidden to talk to members of another *camerata*, even on their weekly excursions to the vineyard near San Gregorio. All conversation was to be in Latin, except during

<sup>3</sup> The main continuous source for Wall's life is a memoir written by his 'True Honorer', a Warwickshire priest who knew him and was apparently present at his execution. This MS. is in the Franciscan archives at Forest Gate, London. Most of it was printed by Dom Bede Camm in his *Life of Blessed John Wall* (1931). Any quotations for which no source is given are from the Honorer and may be found in Camm. Other information about his early life is taken from his *Responsa* and the *Liber Ruber*.

<sup>4</sup> Dorothy had entered the Franciscan convent at Nieuport in Flanders in 1641 'under the name of Sr Domitilla Seraphia', but 'at the end of the novice-year being finished returned back into England and was there married' to William Marsh. C.R.S., XXIV, p. 25; Harleian Society, Vol. LXXXVI, pp. 228-9. In Wall's accounts in the College archives are two entries, in 1644 and 1646, recording money sent him 'from his sister Dorothy'. Lib. 313; VENERABLE, October 1931, pp. 244-5.

<sup>5</sup> VENERABLE, loc. cit.

recreation, when Italian was permitted. Lectures continued throughout July and August, and the College only went out to Monte Porzio for ten days in September, and then not all together.<sup>6</sup>

On the other hand, at Christmas and Shrovetide the College staged plays at least as elaborately as it does to-day. The stage accounts for many of these productions are still in the Archives, and make fascinating reading. On 27th January 1645, for instance, we read of 'wigs from Fr Giovandi to be used in the *Comedia*'; and on 2nd February 1646 of a 'tip for the man who brought swords for the *Comedia*'. A week before they bought '400 nails . . . 4 pairs of black serge shoes . . . 22 lengths of silk ribbon'. In Evelyn's diary, under 29th December 1644 we read: 'We were invited by the English Jesuits to dinner, being their great feast of Thomas (à Becket) of Canterbury. We dined in their common Refectory and afterwards saw an Italian comedy acted by their alumni before the Cardinals'. From 1647 to 1650 the Rector was Fr Emmanuel Lobb, who in 1670 received the Duke of York, later James II, into the Church. He wrote five gory tragedies based on Church history, at least two of which were produced at the College while Wall was here: *Leo Armenus, seu Impietas Punita*, which was staged in 1645, and *Mercia*, which deals with St Chad and was produced in 1648 in the presence of the author. In technique these plays owe a lot to the masques which were so popular at the English Court in the reigns of James I and Charles I, and spectacular effects are common. Another of Fr Lobb's plays, *Theoctistus, seu Constans in Aula Virtus*, requires a chariot drawn by fiery serpents to carry off the Patriarch Jannes. Altogether, these plays must have been worth watching.<sup>7</sup>

Wall was ordained on ~~10th~~ 10th December 1645. Just before his ordination his younger brother, William, arrived at the College. He had tried his vocation as a Carthusian at Nieuport, but his health would not stand up to the austere rule; he now came out to Rome, where he was ordained in 1650. He later became a Benedictine, and in 1679 was tried at the Old Bailey for complicity in the Oates Plot. He proved conclusively that Oates had never met him and was acquitted; soon afterwards, however, he was again tried, this time for his priesthood, and was condemned to death. Charles II reprieved him, and he

<sup>6</sup> *The English Romayne Life in the Seventeenth Century*, VENERABILE, April and October 1933.

<sup>7</sup> VENERABILE, May 1956, *Nova et Vetera and College Rectors: IX—Emmanuel Lobb*.

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survived in prison until the accession of James II, who made him one of his Court chaplains. After the Revolution of 1688 he retired to the Continent, where he died in 1704.

John left the College in May 1648; he must have been back in England by August, but nothing whatever is known of his movements there. It was a disastrous time for Catholics; the victorious Roundheads were busy seizing the estates of those who had fought on the side of the ungodly, and Catholics were singled out for special attention. The following January the King was beheaded outside Inigo Jones' classical Banqueting Hall in Whitehall.

At the end of 1650 Wall crossed the Channel to Douai, and joined the Franciscans there.<sup>8</sup> 'His carriage in the noviceship was edifying to the wonder and amazement of the Convent . . . He preferred the coarse hood and habit of a Friar Minor before the glorious state of a rich heir and elder brother in the world.' His brother, William, had come to Douai in 1650, and it may be assumed that he was present at his brother's clothing and profession. (He was master of the Rhetoric class at the English College, until 1652 when he was sent to England.) Douai was at this time full of Royalist exiles, and on one occasion John was presented to Charles II himself, then a penniless wanderer in the Low Countries. The King promised that if he 'recovered his own' neither Wall nor any other Catholic priest would be troubled for his beliefs.<sup>9</sup> The political history of Charles II's reign is largely the story of how his attempts to keep this promise were frustrated by Parliament.

It is striking evidence of Wall's character and sanctity that within three years he became vicar of his convent and novice-master. In 1656 his superiors, 'observing the fair progress he had made in sanctity and learning, judged him now ripe and completely qualified for the mission. A consultation was held and by the unanimous consent of the Fathers, Father Joachim was commanded for England.' He came as one of a group of Franciscans, led by himself and Fr Leo Randolph. They first made their way to Wood Bevington, near Alcester in Warwickshire, the home of Fr Leo's father, Ferrers Randolph.<sup>10</sup> There they split; the rest of the party went north to Yorkshire, while Wall and Randolph stayed in the Midlands.

<sup>8</sup> A Franciscan breviary printed in 1651, which was almost certainly Wall's, is kept at Harvington. It bears the initials F.P.I. (Frater Pater Ioachim). Joachim was his name in religion.

<sup>9</sup> *The Proceedings and Tryal of Mr Francis Johnson . . . written by himself.* (1679). Francis Johnson was the *alias* under which Wall was indicted.

<sup>10</sup> This house is shown in the bottom right-hand corner of the map.

For at least four years Wall's home was in Warwickshire, apparently at one of the Catholic houses in the neighbourhood of Alcester and Evesham. It is impossible to say exactly where. All we have to guide us are some stray remarks of his 'True Honorer': 'At my first arrival into Warwickshire in the year '60, Mr Web (Wall) gave me a hearty welcome and immediately



resigned a great part of his flock to my care . . . Warwickshire was too narrow a compass for his zeal : Worcestershire, Staffordshire and Gloucestershire also heard his voice . . . A gentleman of much worth and wit not far from Alcester extolled him for a wise and safe guide in spirituals . . . He quitted a person of quality his house, to the end that he might have the more liberty to serve the meanest persons in Broom, Wixford, Grafton, Eversley and Coughton.'

These hints indicate somewhere in the triangle formed by Evesham, Alcester and Stratford, perhaps Coughton Court,

Abbots Salford Hall or Billesley Manor. But at present no definite answer is possible.

His 'Honoror' gives a portrait of him at work. 'Being called to labour in our Lord's vineyard he did not stand there all the day idle, as one that had forgot his errand. He made frequent visits to his penitents, catechised them at their own houses, treated with them apart, kept nothing back from them ; by his close correspondence he made a discovery of their particular wants and suited his application of instructions, reproof or comfort . . . When he heard of any Protestants or sectaries that were sick, he could not rest until he had sent Catholics to them (calling them out of their beds sometimes on this account) to put them in mind of the danger they were in, and to prepare a way for his admittance. And upon the least encouragement he was ready to go, early and late, by day and night : no journey seemed long, no pains uneasy . . . He soared not above the capacity of his hearers, but fitted his matter, style and discourse to the persons he had to deal with, becoming all things to all men that he might save some.' And the Honoror quotes the 'gentlewoman not far from Alcester': 'It is not the depth, nor the wit, nor the eloquence of the ghostly father that pierces and profits us, but his nearness when he spoke to my conscience, as though he had been behind the hangings when I sinned, and as though he had read already the books of Doomsday'.

There is a tradition at Harvington Hall, near Kidderminster, that Wall was priest there for the last twelve years of his apostolate (1667-78). The Hall, a great rambling pile of Elizabethan gables and chimneys, was at this time owned by a widowed Royalist and Catholic, Lady Mary Yate. No documentary evidence has yet been found to confirm the tradition, and there are some reasons to doubt it. My own opinion is that it is more likely to be true, but it is impossible, at present, to be certain. What can be said definitely is that Wall worked in the area which was served from Harvington during the eighteenth century, and whether he lived there or not, there is no reason to doubt that he visited the Hall and said Mass there. He was eventually arrested only three miles from Harvington, at Rushock Court.

Apart from Harvington, the only other house in north Worcestershire with a traceable resident chaplain at this time was Grafton Manor, about seven miles farther along the Kidder-

minster-Bromsgrove Road. This house was served by the Jesuit Fr John Harvey and owned by Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,<sup>11</sup> later Secretary of State under William III and Lord Chamberlain and Lord Treasurer under Anne.

Grafton was almost totally destroyed by fire in 1710, all that remains to-day being the porch, entrance hall and one crow-stepped gable. Rushock Court, where Wall was captured, is now, to outward appearance, an unremarkable Georgian farmhouse. But Harvington, though stripped of most of its original furniture and panelling, is structurally untouched, and still retains to a remarkable degree the atmosphere of the persecution. It is not difficult to reconstruct the scene as Wall said Mass in the little chapel at the top of the house: the two candles guttering on a carved oak table; the watchers at the windows of the nursery next door; old Lady Yate, imperious and slightly disapproving, in lace and blue silk, with a book of French devotions from Douai;<sup>12</sup> the rest of the congregation, her servants and tenants. Close to the main chapel is another, smaller, chapel, decorated with red and white drops symbolizing the blood and tears of the Passion. Opposite the window the pattern ceases, in the place where an altar would have stood and where, in confirmation, wax from candles still adheres to the timbered wall.

Not all recusants were landed gentry and farmers: Wall's work covered what was for those days an industrial region. Kidderminster and Bromsgrove were textile towns, specializing in fine cloth for clothing, hats and caps. In 1612 the Stourbridge glass industry had been founded by Huguenot craftsmen from Lorraine. But far more important was the iron industry: throughout the seventeenth century the Sussex industry was giving way to the Black Country of Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Staffordshire. Any picture of the time which left the impression that Wall's work was solely among farmers would be seriously misleading. More than this, there was an intimate connection between economic expansion and religion. Unprincipled commercial opportunism and Puritanism were easily wedded, and it was no accident that the growing industrial towns were strongly Puritan.

<sup>11</sup> Foley, IV, pp. 31, 282, V, p. 852.

<sup>12</sup> There is a portrait of her at Coughton Court. Some of her French prayer books are in the library at Oscott.

Apart from his parish work and the duties which befell him in two periods as Guardian of Worcester (which covered all the west Midlands and north Wales), Wall was also busy writing books. His Honorer says: 'He was nimble at controversy; the numerous sheets which he hath left written speak him an expert controvertist . . . The learned Protestants and fanatical disputants were not able to resist the spirit by which he spake.' Unfortunately, the only specimens of his work I have yet been able to trace are his own account of his arrest and trial (the *Proceedings and Tryal of Mr Francis Johnson*),<sup>13</sup> and his speech on the scaffold. This exists in four different versions; three of them are transcripts, differing only verbally, of what he actually said on the scaffold; the fourth is a much longer literary version, heavy with the imagery of the Italian Baroque, which he wrote in prison to be printed.<sup>14</sup> It runs to sixteen folio pages of close print, and is an interesting example of his devotional style. His *Proceedings and Tryal* show that he could be plain and direct enough when he chose, but this meditation on the three virtues has an entirely different flavour:

'Vouchsafe again, O gracious Lord, to restore in mercy to me this nuptial vestment, ere I dare appear at the supper of the Lamb. Make me, O heavenly Father, a penitential prodigal, and then I shall have put on me again the best robe of charity. This I beg from the bottom of my soul, for his dear sake who was divested of his garments out of charity, that I might be invested in his charity; who also suffered his garments to be divided, that he might purchase grace that we might never be divided from the unity of his Faith and Church, but rather willingly suffer for his sake the separation of our lives from our bodies, the separation of our bodies from our souls, and the separation of our bodies into quarters, that we may the more perfectly by those sufferings and separation from ourselves be united to him.'

MICHAEL HODGETTS.

(To be continued.)

<sup>13</sup> There are copies of this in the British Museum, and in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House (Prattinton Miscellanea, II, 35, 1). The last paragraph of these two copies varies slightly, showing there were at least two impressions. The *Proceedings and Tryal* were reprinted by Cobbett in *State Trials of England* (1809).

<sup>14</sup> There is a copy of this version in the British Museum.

## TAILOR YOUR OWN CHIMERE

When Sir Walter Raleigh gallantly spread his cloak in the mud before the feet of the Virgin Queen, he became, albeit unwittingly, the patron of Those Who Have Found a Useful Purpose for their Wings. He was to be followed by generations of English College students who have turned their erstwhile smart and well-tailored *soprane* into costumes for the stage, coverings for books and papers in the rain, or moorings for attaching their companions to their seats during lectures: and also by generations of schoolmasters who have found the M.A. gown the most convenient blackboard duster. We cannot be sure that Raleigh's gesture may not even have been a kind of theatrical disavowal of Popery, on the basis of the old tag '*cucullus non facit monachum*'. Be that as it may, here at last was a chance to put the garment to some straightforward and practical use, and Sir Walter met the emergency by self-effacingly trailing his coat. But, you will say, that is all very well, but it was a cloak, not wings, nor a schoolmaster's gown, nor a monk's cowl. And this is where you would be wrong. The fact is that it was all these things, and a zimarra to boot. Let me explain.

I must begin at the beginning. Here we are in the city of Rome, the very wardrobe of ecclesiastical millinery. All around us we see clerics garbed in costumes of astounding variousness. Our first impulse is to laugh, but then we realize that we, too, must look most odd to other people, with our cassocks and wings and furry-hats-with-strings. So we are led to seek some explanation to justify this plethora of ecclesiastical attire, and that is how we come to notice that most of these strange garments



are akin. The chasuble is cousin to the cope, Sir Walter's cape to Wolsey's cappa magna, while the obsolete term *pellicium* covers what is now a multitude of zims. The Zim! Admirable garment! Of all others the zimarra is perhaps the only article of ecclesiastical apparel to have preserved its first and foremost function: to keep the man who wears it warm. It is my contention—not, I am afraid, based upon any foundation of sound objective scholarship—that the zimarra is the key to the development of church costume. It seems to be related to almost everything else, and to represent the final stage of an evolution, as though the other garments were the earlier stages, the partially successful experiments, like prehistoric animals.

Throughout the Middle Ages one of the most urgent problems for the clergy was: how to keep warm without losing hold of clerical dignity and decorum? One of the first solutions to this problem took the form of wearing one's extra clothing *underneath* the official costume, so that it wouldn't shew. For many centuries, and indeed to this day in France, the alb, or '*linea*' as it was called in its Roman hey-day, was the normal choir-dress, and was always worn at the divine office. But in large medieval stone churches entirely devoid of central heating, the alb did not provide much warmth. The clergy therefore took to wearing a fur coat or *pellicium* underneath their albs. This was so awkward that the alb had to be modified into a surplice, to go *super pellicium*. The cotta and the episcopal rochet, similarly, are also modifications of the alb, although there seems to be no real distinction between the surplice and the cotta. Concertina-laundrying is of course a more recent development, and one which aroused the old-maidish ire of Pugin, who compared the crimping and plaiting of the folds of drapery to the 'scoring of the skin, practised among some uncivilised nations'. One is severely tempted when confronted with one of these creations, to snip the supporting stitches, step back, and watch the cotta thaw and dissolve itself into an alb. On the other hand, one cannot really approve of the ultra-simple Cambridge surplices which are open down the front and tied at the neck—a relic of the days of wigs, when it was difficult to put a surplice on over one's head.

So much for the superpellicium. Let us turn back to the pellicium. Since, as we have seen, this garment was worn furtively under the alb, there are no pictures of it being worn, and so we have no precise idea of what it looked like. We may

regret that it was not worn on top, but we should not be too critical of the medievals for that. No English College man would dream, for example, of putting on a pullover on top of his cassock: those others who do so are heartily despised. Yet one is reminded of the disconcerting habit which people had at the College in Bishop Giles's day, of wearing their zimarras underneath their cottas in order to keep warm in church. The good Bishop occasionally used to forbid the practice, but unfortunately used as often to succumb to it himself.

But, one cannot help asking, why all this obscure pother with fur coats? Did they never make a clean breast of it, and wear their creature-comforts over the top of their surplices? The answer is that they did, eventually. The pelliceum gradually dropped out of use and was replaced by more respectable garments. We need not regret its passing; for we still have no idea what it looked like; one thinks vaguely of shaggy sheepskins like those worn by the pipers in the Navona at Christmas time. It is entertaining to picture an assorted choir of medieval canons, all padded out with sheepskin, bellowing their way through Matins and Lauds on a cold winter's morning. They must really have looked like 'pastoral' clergy. Yet perhaps they would not have looked rustic to us at all. One is reminded of the case of the Belgian countryman who came to stay in an English village, and because of his peasant fur coat, was respectfully known to the villagers as the 'foreign count'. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*. The pelliceum, as we were saying, never achieved official recognition. Doubtless in time it was found that woollen underwear performed its function quite as well. But it is otherwise with the garments worn *over the top* of the surplice—*super superpelliceum*.

It must be assumed from the outset that the basic clerical upper garment is the cloak. It was always so, and on the whole still is. You may if you like call it a cape, and to this, of course, the word 'cappa' or 'cope' is allied; and they are both cloaks. Now it was the cloak which seems to have superseded the pelliceum as the cleric's heat-conserving garment. Instead of putting on an extra layer of clothing before going into choir, the clergy solved the problem by the simple expedient of not taking off their outdoor cloak or *pluviale*. (One thinks of Gregorian professors lecturing in grecas.) This dodge was a great success, and eventually it even gave rise to the vestment called the cope, which is simply the choir-cloak in an ornate form for

use on festivals. The introduction of this into the sanctuary was the first challenge to the hitherto undisturbed monopoly of the eucharistic vestments.

Once the cloak had thus been admitted its possibilities were quickly realised, and within a century or two there were even more startling uses of the cloak in church. In fact the whole collection of formal robes which we now know was gradually built up as a result of the clerical desire to keep warm at all costs, even in church. It is all rather disreputable, yet it shews what magnificent results can be achieved, over a sufficiently long period of time, by the ingenuity of the clerical mind. Nowadays there is not much scope for sartorial initiative among the clergy, founders of new religious orders excepted. In the old days it was not so, and the variations in design to which the cloak was subjected are endless. Most of these arose because the cloak as such has two main disadvantages: it is open down the front, and it restricts the use of the arms. So the front was closed for greater warmth; slits were made through which the arms might be put; cloaks were given sleeves, or armholes at the shoulders instead of sleeves. Already the cloak was turning into a zimarra.

The monks also were not backward in making use of these developments. Now the monks had vowed never to wear linen, which they regarded as a luxury; they sang their office in their plain habits. But—observe—they too feel cold in church. So rather than adopt the unascetic alb, they take to wearing cloaks in choir in order to keep warm. The monastic 'cowl' as it is called, is merely a cloak, closed down the front, with sleeves added for convenience (and, one suspects, warmth as well). This, or a similar garment became quite normal as clerical and academic dress in the later Middle Ages. The various fifteenth century coats and gowns eventually survived in the form of the eighteenth century full-skirted coat, the nineteenth century frock coat, and the modern jacket. An academic gown which closely resembles the monastic cowl may be seen in the soprana with sleeves, as it is worn by the Greek and Armenian Colleges in Rome. Again, the mantelletum, worn over the rochet by Bishops and Monsignori, is in effect a mantle or cloak with slits for the arms. It is a cappa really, or cape if you like. (It reminds one strongly of the outdoor capes worn by Capuchins.) The cloak or cappa continues in use in the Dominican and many other religious habits: the ferraiuolo in all its forms is no more than

the same thing ; lengthen it and turn it scarlet, and you have the cappa magna of a cardinal. Take a black cappa and make arm-holes in it, and you find yourself with a 'chimere', the Anglican episcopal equivalent of the mantelletum, or else the students' mantelletum, the soprana.

That the chimere and the soprana have a great deal in common with each other, you can see for yourself by putting on your 'wings' over your cotta. Try it some Sunday evening after Vespers, or while waiting in the Smokers' Sacristy at San Lorenzo. If only the cotta sleeves were ampler, you would look exactly like a Bishop of the Church of England wearing his chimere. As with the soprana over a cotta, the chimere presents the same piebald appearance of a sleeveless gown together with white linen sleeves. In fact, according to the normal rules of ecclesiastical dress, that is how we should appear at functions. The principle seems to be that only the boss can work in his shirt sleeves, while all the others must keep their jackets on. For inferiors to take off their 'mantles' is to deny the jurisdiction of the superior. When this was put to one of the Papal *caeremoniarii* recently, he had no option but to agree that the principle was correct, but noted that in practice an exception was made for the students of ecclesiastical colleges. So unfortunately the faithful of San Lorenzo will never be regaled with the impressive sight of eighty *vescovini anglicani* filing into choir.

The soprana, of course, is an academic gown—and is exactly similar to the Oxford undergraduate gown, apart from the length, which at Oxford has been horribly curtailed. Perhaps we should wear wings in the Refectory and during repetitions, as at Oxford they wear gowns in Hall and at Tutorials. The strange tapes that flap behind are vestigial sleeves, and are similar to those of English Jesuits' gowns. In certain types of gown the upper part of the sleeve is still used, while the lower hangs down as a useless ornament—though not altogether useless, for the broad 'sleeves' of the Cambridge M.A. gown have been known to come in useful as a handy receptacle for tennis balls. In the



soprana the sleeves are merely ornamental, yet they have been put to mischievous use on more than one occasion. It is great fun to tie the pair in front of you together as they walk upstairs to lectures at the Gregorian, and to watch their attempts to branch off to different lecture rooms. Outdoors, results can be less felicitous, as on the occasion when a cyclist butted though a pair of yoke-companions, only to garrotte himself and be dragged off his bicycle . . .

The soprana, then, shows that we are students, and in fact English College men are so inseparable from their wings that many professors have come to regard them as a specific mark of the English College. Basically, however, wings are our 'walking-out dress', and as such should keep us warm and dry: which, being flimsy and sleeveless, they are incapable of doing. The only remedy would be to fabricate a combination of over-cassock and soprana, by adding cassock sleeves to the soprana, making sure the sleeves appear to originate beneath the armholes, and inserting a cassock front, with buttons, behind the open frontage. The final touch would be to have the whole outfit waterproofed. Your old soprana you could keep for fine weather use, while on doubtfully rainy days, you could continue to hang your umbrella on the inside from the left armhole, according to the established custom.

It must be quite obvious by now that there are great affinities between the soprana and the Anglican chimere: what is not so obvious is the fact that, etymologically at least, the chimere is nothing else but a zimarra. The original chimere—*chimera* in medieval Anglo-Latin—appears to have been a riding cloak, similar perhaps to that worn by the Italian mounted police. (The word *chimera*, be it noted, has nothing to do with nightmares or mirages, but seems to descend from the Indo-European root meaning 'winter', of which *hiems* is the Latin variant.) From the *chimera* is derived the Old French *chamarre*, now called *simarre*—a gown worn by magistrates, professors and clergy. The Spanish *zamarra*, on the other hand, is a shepherd's coat of undressed sheepskins, which takes us back once more to the Navona shepherds and the mysterious pelliceum. Then there is the familiar Italian zimarra, which is all these things, though it does seem to have lost its function as an outdoor garment. The zimarra of the Roman dustmen is an exception to this. It is exactly the same as ours, only shorter, and made of heavy mackintosh material. You may see it in

use any Sunday morning at the dustmen's jamboree around their garbage-chewing *macchina* in the Piazza Santa Caterina della Rota. I am not suggesting that the College should adopt the dustman's zimarra as its walking-out dress, yet I feel it is a curious fact, though not untypical of the development of ecclesiastical vesture, that the soprana, now a light and singularly useless garment, should be the student's outdoor dress, while its thick warm cousin, the zimarra, should be reserved for indoor, and church, wear—though not, of course, in conjunction with the cotta.

But whether worn indoors or out, there can no longer be any doubt as to the ancient and impressive ancestry of the zimarra. It is the original chimere; its name alone indicates that, and, after all, the cape and sleeves are only inessentials. It is thus related also to the monastic cowl and the monsignorial mantelletum, to academic dress (and *soprane*), and ultimately to the common or garden cloak or cappa, which gave rise to all the trouble in the first place. It would be interesting to know whether the future holds in store any further developments.

*Chimeras all, and more absurd or less*, says Dryden. Absurd some of these garments may look; some may even leave us cold. And yet we feel that all have a claim upon our gratitude and affection. Cloaks, gowns and cowls, cappas and capes, chimeres, sopranas and zimarras—each customary item of the costume of the 'cloth' owes its existence to one admirable and persistent purpose—at all costs the clergy must keep warm.

ANTONY WHITE.

## SQUIRE WATERTON COMES TO ROME<sup>1</sup>

'In the winter of 1817-18, I was in Italy with my friend, Captain Alexander of the Navy. During our stay in the eternal city I fell in with my old friend and schoolfellow, Captain Jones. Many a tree we had climbed together in the last century ; and, as our nerves were in excellent trim, we mounted to the top of St Peter's, ascended the cross, and then climbed thirteen feet higher, where we reached the point of the conductor, and left our gloves on it. After this, we visited the castle of St Angelo, and contrived to get on the head of the guardian angel, where we stood on one leg.'

Strange sights are not uncommon in Rome. But even the sight of a six foot English squire standing stork-like on the Angel of Sant'Angelo must have been enhanced by the mode of dress which he invariably affected—a blue swallow-tailed coat with gold buttons, a check waistcoat, grey trousers, and a chimney-pot hat. Such feats, however picturesquely performed, are not in accord with Roman *gravitas*, and they gravely scandalised Pius VII, the reigning Pope. Far from being amused at these acrobatic exploits, he ordered the immediate removal of the offending gloves from his basilica. After this it is hardly surprising that Waterton should have been obliged to leave Rome without the favour of a papal audience. The reason would not, however, have lain exclusively in the displeasure of the injured Pontiff. The Squire, for all his eccentric behaviour,

<sup>1</sup> Charles Waterton (1782-1865), Squire of Walton Hall, the fine old English naturalist and eccentric, is well known to those who studied with the College at St Mary's Hall, or at Stonyhurst, which houses the famous Waterton Collection. His description of the Villa Pamphili appeared in *THE VENERABLE*, Vol. XIII, No. 2, pp. 112-3.

was a man of principle : nothing would have induced him to exchange his Pickwickian costume for that laid down by papal etiquette.

Squire Waterton's next visit to Rome took place in 1840. On this occasion he gained a great reputation for piety through having walked the last twenty miles to Rome barefoot, to show his 'respect and reverence for the sacred capital of the Christian world'. 'Would that my motives had been as pure as represented', he writes, 'the sanctity of the churches . . . the remains of canonised saints placed in such confusion throughout them might well induce a Catholic traveller to adopt this easy and simple method of showing his religious feeling. But, unfortunately, the idea never entered my head . . .' Some years before, Waterton had acquired the taste for going without shoes while in the forests of Guiana, and now all he sought was 'easy walking and self-enjoyment'. 'I took it for granted that I could do the same [as in Guiana] on the pavement of His Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, never once reflecting that some fifteen years had elapsed from the time that I could go barefoot with comfort and impunity.' The Squire, with his companion Mr Fletcher, set out from Baccano at 4 a.m. on the last lap for Rome. Waterton, of course, went barefoot, but Fletcher 'having been born in North Britain, ran no risk of injury to his feet by an act of imprudence'. With a stocking and shoe in either pocket, the Squire strode manfully along the Pope's highway, on feet soon numbed by the cold and the hardness of the pavement. 'I went on merrily for several miles without a suspicion of anything being wrong', he tells us, 'until we halted to admire more particularly the translucent splendour of the morning planet, and then I saw blood on the pavement . . .' His right foot was bleeding. Turning the sole uppermost he examined it by the light of the stars, and saw there 'a piece of jagged flesh hanging by a string' which he immediately twisted off. Mr Fletcher was horrified and insisted that Waterton should continue by carriage. But the Squire, 'aware that the pain would be excessive so soon as the lacerated parts would become stiff with inaction', would not hear of a carriage, and, forcing on his shoes, walked every inch of the way to Rome. 'The injured foot had a two months confinement to the sofa before the damage was repaired': the rest of the journey to Rome must certainly have been as he describes it—'very uncomfortable'.



When he was sufficiently recovered to take an active part in life again, Waterton divided his time in Rome between the bird market and the Gesù. Four-thirty every morning saw him on the steps of the Gesù, where he would go to attend the first Mass of the day. After that, as he writes to a friend, 'I go to the bird market at the Rotunda [the Pantheon], and when I fall in with a rare bird in good order, I buy it and take it home in order to prepare it . . . The whole of my time has been taken up, from light till dark, in preserving birds . . .'

That the bird-life of Rome has changed very little in at least one respect since Waterton's day, may be seen from his description of the months of May and June 'when the returning warmth of summer has filled the upper air in the street of Rome with multitudes of swifts and house martins'. The Squire also describes the ingenious way in which 'idling boys' contrive to catch these swifts and martins, and one wonders whether this method has still survived. 'They procure a silken line of sufficient length to reach above the eaves of the houses. To one end of this they attach a small curled feather or two, and behind these is formed a running noose. This apparatus is taken up into the air by the current of wind blowing through the street; and as the poor birds are on the look out for materials wherewith to line their nest, they strike at the floating feathers, and get their necks into the fatal snare, and are taken to the bird market at the Rotunda for sale.'

For the Squire, ornithology and the exercises of religion seem to have been inextricably mixed. On the steps of the Gesù he would meet the birdmen of the Rotunda, who despite their uncouth bandit-like appearance, were good Christians who attended the first Mass every morning. Then again, it was while walking to Mass that Waterton first saw the *passer solitarius* of Psalm 101. Dawn was just appearing when a 'lonely plaintive songster' flew over his head as it winged its way from the roof of the Odescalchi Palace to the campanile of the Dodici Apostoli, singing as it flew. This 'sparrow', he tells us, is in fact a thrush in size, shape, habits and song. From his lodgings in the Palazzo di Gregorio Waterton could see the nest of one of these solitary thrushes on the roof of the Propaganda across the Via dei Due Macelli. 'I longed to get at it, but'—here his previous sad experience speaks—'knowing that the Romans would not understand my scaling the walls of the Propaganda in order to propagate the history of the

solitary thrush . . . I deemed it most prudent to keep clear of the Propaganda, and try to procure a nest from some other quarter.' After many disappointments a nest and four eggs were presented to him by the Rev. Mr Cowie, vice-president of the Scots College in Rome, who 'sent expressly for a nest to the vineyard of his College'. Having made a thorough study of the habits and habitat of the solitary thrush, the Squire concludes with confidence: 'I cannot have a doubt but that this was the same bird which King David saw on the house-top before him . . . Moved by its melody, and comparing its lonely habits with his own, he exclaimed in the fullness of his heart, "*Vigilavi, et factus sum sicut passer solitarius in tecto*". "I have watched, and am become as a *thrush*, all alone upon the house-top".'

One morning at the Gesù, Waterton resolved to address an old gentleman who was often to be seen pacing up and down there, waiting for the doors to open, and to ask him if he had ever seen Benedict Joseph Labre. 'He told me that he had often observed this pattern of humility and self-denial both in the streets and in the churches; but that he had never conversed with Benedict, for that this poor follower of Jesus Christ was never seen loitering in the streets through which he passed from one church to another, where he spent nearly the whole of the day, either standing in profound recollection, or on his knees absorbed in prayer.' He added that he had seen 'all Rome in motion on the day in which Benedict died, and that on the following days, all ranks of people, from the highest to the lowest, were incessantly flocking to the church of Santa Maria dei Monti, where the body lay, in order that they might have an opportunity of showing their respect for it'. Waterton records his opinion that Benedict would be canonised before long, as the cause of his beatification had already started. As it turned out, Benedict was declared Venerable in 1859, and canonised in 1881.

On festival days the Gesù was decorated with a vast quantity of rich gold fringe, and, though uncertain of being able to do so 'without trenching on the very nervous sensibility of modern decorum', the Squire cannot refrain from telling the story of the saving of the fringe from the French. The French occupying troops were known to have their eyes on this fringe, and it would inevitably have been plundered but for the genius of a good lay-brother who devised a plan for its preservation,

‘such as would have done honour to the brains of Annibal himself’. ‘Having collected the immense mass of golden fringe, he threw it negligently into an unfrequented room, and covered with a heap of bedclothes . . . He then went into the streets with a couple of buckets in his hands’ and filled them with refuse from the local drains. Bringing these back to the room he ‘shut the window, and having closed the door without locking it, returned to the performance of his ordinary occupations’. A day or two later a detachment of French troops arrived and gave the house a thorough search. But when one of them spotted the room in question and opened the door, ‘in an instant out rushed all the incarcerated vapours, “*quâ data porta ruunt*”,’ so that the ‘visitors deemed it time to retreat, disgusted with the filthiness of a convent where they had hoped to reap a golden harvest’.

Rome for Waterton was, strangely enough, essentially a city of silences, and he talks of coming back from the ‘laughing, noisy, merry city’ of Naples to enjoy the ‘soothing quiet of the Roman capital’. ‘Rome’, he asserts, ‘is certainly the most quiet city I ever visited.’ Nevertheless there were many things in Rome which offended the ‘English feelings’ of the Squire, though they seemed to have no effect upon the natives. The streets were far from clean and full of puddles, and most annoying of all were the cascades of water which gushed into the streets from the eaves of the houses, ‘inflicting a deluge on those who have not learned the art of threading their way successfully through the spaces which intervene betwixt the descending torrents’. Italian kitchens and cooking habits were also the object of the Squire’s dislike. ‘The kitchens of these Italians appear as though they have never once been white-washed since the days of Ancient Rome; whilst their utensils are, at times, none of the most cleanly.’ Waterton’s English maid once asked for some utensil to pour broth into, and ‘the Italian servant had one in her eye which would just suit. She went and brought the brass pan in which we regularly washed our feet!’ On another occasion Waterton caught the cook frying an omelet in a warming pan. All the same, the Squire did not dislike Italian cookery, and was amazed at the delicacies Rome could provide: countless varieties of game and poultry, ‘butcher’s meat of all descriptions, and the finest fruits and vegetables’. ‘Rome’, he says, ‘cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams . . . If a man

cannot get fat in this city at a very moderate expense, it must be his own fault.'

Waterton and his party made many friends in Rome, including the venerable Cardinal Frasoni, Prefect of Propaganda, with whom Waterton's young son Edmund was a great favourite, as he was with the fathers of the Gesù, who called him the '*angelino inglese*'. 'The friendly offices, too, of Dr Wiseman and Dr Baggs, of the English College, added much to our enjoyment', the Squire tells us. But as regards English visitors to Rome Waterton is somewhat critical, 'especially of their behaviour during ceremonies.' He is ready to make allowances, however, on account of the prejudices instilled in them by their upbringing, and he lays a great deal of the blame on the local guides or *laquais de place*, many of whom are 'first-rate scamps, with information ready concocted to suit the tempers of those who hire them'. 'Half of the calumnies against our faith, from the pens of English people abroad', the Squire asserts, 'have their origin from this polluted source'. But there was one occasion when Squire Waterton could not prevent himself lecturing an English acquaintance who stood next to him at the blessing of the beasts of burden at Sant'Antonio. His acquaintance remarked that he was tired of looking at such a scene of superstitious folly, to which Waterton, for whom the scene was one of 'primeval piety', retorted: 'If it be folly to give a blessing to an animal in one shape, it is certainly folly to pronounce a benediction upon an animal in another. And still we all do this in England, and in every other civilised country. Where is the well-regulated family which, on sitting down to a leg of boiled mutton and caper sauce, does not beg the blessing of Almighty God upon it . . . Who would ever think of cutting up a young roasting-pig, immersed in delicious gravy, and hot from the kitchen, without asking a blessing on it?'

The Watertons stayed in Rome for eighteen months and were involved in several interesting adventures which may be read in the Squire's Autobiography. When at last the time came for them to leave the Eternal City, we do not know whether or not Waterton was given the consolation of an audience with the Holy Father, Gregory XVI (Cappellari). All we can say is that it is not improbable that he did, as there is an account of a stratagem devised to permit him to conform to papal etiquette without sacrificing his principles. While

Waterton would not take any office or commission under the Protestant ascendancy, he had (without the necessity of any anti-Catholic oath) been given a commission in the Demerara militia, when in 1808 he had carried Lord Collingwood's despatches up the Orinoco. If he could wear his militia uniform there would be no need to don the evening dress which he so heartily despised. Unfortunately the Squire did not have his uniform with him, so some of his naval friends, including it is said, Captain Marryat, decided to disguise him if not as a horse-marine, then as a 'naval-militiaman'. Waterton's everyday blue gold-buttoned coat formed a good foundation, and to it were added naval epaulettes and the cocked hat and sword of a Captain of the Royal Navy. A wag suggested that spurs would heighten the effect, but here Waterton quite rightly drew the line. What, we may ask with one of Waterton's biographers, did Gregory XVI, 'that urbane and lettered prelate, make of this weird member of his vast flock?' The answer we shall never know.

Before leaving Rome Waterton made the acquaintance of Thackeray, who immediately took a great liking to him. Waterton, on his side, sincerely worked to bring about the novelist's conversion, and begged him to pray for enlightenment before a miraculous picture, probably the Madonna of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte which had effected the conversion of the Jew Ratisbonne. Thackeray recounts the incident in *The Newcomes* in a letter from Clive Newcome, and we could not do better than to end with Thackeray's touching tribute to his kindly and ascetic mentor: 'My friend bade me to look at the picture, and kneeling down beside me, I know prayed with all his honest heart that truth might shine down upon me too: but I saw no glimpse of heaven at all . . . The good kind W— went away, humbly saying "that such might have happened again if heaven so willed it". I could not but feel a kindness and admiration for the good man. I know his works are made to square with his faith, that he dines on a crust, lives as chastely as a hermit, and gives his all to the poor.'

## COLLEGE DIARY

### THE VILLA

JULY 1st 1959, *Wednesday*. To leave Rome and its night noises was a true relief. A coachload of early arrivals at the Villa preceded the more leisurely individualists who preferred to find their own way. The early arrivals, however, were the first into the new and enlarged swimming pool, and even those with goggles and 'snorts' found the bottom at the deep end almost beyond their depth.

Fr R. Cox arrived to stay.

2nd *Thursday*. Examinees dolefully return to Rome to test the endurance of the Gregorian Professor. Monsignor Heard's trunk required the light-fingered attention of College cracksmen before he was able to unpack.

3rd *Friday*. Fr R. Sutherland arrived for a visit. While Villa veterans renewed their acquaintance with Faete, Rocca and Nemi, unsuspecting members of First Year were lured into weed-pulling on the tennis court, scything on the cricket field, and clipping on the golf greens.

4th *Saturday*. By now, all cases are unpacked, rooms fumigated by enthusiastic flit-sprayers, and netting affixed to faulty windows. Nothing remains but to fill shelves with the new classics now lining the walls of the modernised Library, or with the old paper-backs that decorate the Fiction Library.

The new concrete wicket—one long stretch instead of just two creases—has been receiving attention from the enthusiasts who hope to flash their drives to the boundary over freshly-cut turf.

Fr R. Cox left.

5th *Sunday*. Our sincere congratulations to Mr Hay and Mr Wigmore who were ordained this morning at Santa Prassede by Archbishop Ronca. In the evening Mr Hay gave Solemn Benediction, which was followed by the Kissing of Hands.

Fr M. Taylor with Fr J. Kendall fortuitously timed their arrival for to-morrow's festivities.

6th *Monday*. First Masses of the two new priests. At the ordination lunch we were delighted to welcome the relatives of the new priests. Coffee and liquori on the terrace was concluded with the ceremonial immersion of Fr Sutherland in the new Tank, in response to his challenge of 'Any Six'.

The last examinee returned to Palazzola this evening. While the lateness of the exams this year gave some an opportunity to shine more brightly than they might otherwise have done, it certainly robbed those concerned of that wonderful feeling of arriving at the Villa free from the strain and worry of exam fever.

7th *Tuesday*. Rain damped the ardour for activities to-day, and after tea much book-browsing was done among the many new books which help to fill the gleaming shelves recently fitted in the Library.

8th *Wednesday*. Our Capuchin friend, Fra Ruffino, looking older and frailer now, caused the usual excitement amongst Villa newcomers by his hand-kissing. The first Garden Gita Day of the Villa tempted more than half the residents down to the lake. Rocca Priora claimed the next largest contingent, and the Sforza claimed the indecisive, who paid for their indecision by rolling fairways.

9th *Thursday*. Hoopoes, it is claimed, are in possession of the Redemptorist Villa. As this Villa is now empty, the news at first caused some alarm among those ignorant of what a Hoopoe is/are.

10th *Friday*. The first cricket match of the season provoked enthusiasm for the new concrete wicket, and the game was successfully concluded before black clouds spread over the field and forked lightning entertained the inhabitants of Rocca. For once, the Sacristans were not required to furnish candle illumination while tinned tunny was consumed at supper.

11th *Saturday*. An evening without rain. Many names now fill the lists for language tuition in Italian, Spanish and German.

12th *Sunday*. We can now hear the Roman-style *Te Deum* drifting on the evening breeze from the new Paulist villa nearby. Though this bright-red-brick monster also overlooks the lake, it is mercifully screened from us by trees. It has, however, cut off our path to the Ariccia road.

13th *Monday*. The Wiggery was successfully smoked out this evening by the enterprising scorched-earth policy of the gardeners. Moreover, the path to the golf house is menaced by the stone-laying activities of two enthusiasts who seek to ease Mgr Heard's passage to the Sforza. The Vice-Rector departed for a few days on Ischia.

14th *Tuesday*. Before breakfast, equestrian experts were summoned to extricate a mule that had capsized its cart on the Villa path. The bucking bronco nearly brained one intrepid Philosopher who rashly approached it from the rear, but a second attempt unpinned the animal and coaxed it to its feet before an admiring crowd.

A *specialista* began a course of treatment on the tennis court surface to put it in match condition. West defeated East at cricket. Dr Jones arrived to spend his annual holiday with us.

15th *Wednesday*. Garden Gita day again, and a hot, sunny morning meant that dinner was in the garden. In the evening Frs Taylor and Kendall left after a bustling week.

16th *Thursday*. Sir Marcus Cheke arrived, but merely for an overnight stay. He was immediately whisked off to the Hermitage Festival and regaled with verse, song, prose and lemon tea in the midst of the anchorite brambles. It is rumoured that when he later extolled the sylvan setting of the Hermitage, the Rector confessed a long-felt urge to restore the edifice.

Fr Anthony Kenny arrived for a few days on his way home from the Near East.

17th *Friday*. A first 'briefing' for the *Yeomen of the Guard*—to be performed with a cast of thousands.

The Vice returned from Ischia with tales of being attacked by bow and arrow while underwater fishing.

18th *Saturday*. The *specialista* and his fellow-worker, burnt black by the sun, to-day completed their work on the tennis court which now looks most tempting. In the evening the golf course was officially opened by the Rector who sported a very jaunty jockey cap for the occasion.

19th *Sunday*. The College naturalists are to be found in impossible positions with telescopes and binoculars, as they view the feeding of the infant Hoopoes. The nest is in a hole in the back wall of the Chapel, twenty-five feet above the ground.

To-day it was the turn of the tennis court to be officially opened as three distinguished players, together with a student, fought out a set. Mgr Ashworth, the Vice-Rector and Fr Kenny revealed scintillating form on this newly-treated surface, but we fear that the rats and moles dwelling below will strike back after their happy winter under straw.

20th *Monday*. Rocca's celebrations for the feast of St Charles Borromeo must have been of a somewhat hectic nature as the fireworks were audible in the Villa until the early hours and no workmen turned up for labours at the Tank changing rooms.

Mgr Ashworth will be spending all his sleeping hours with us until he returns to England for a holiday.

22nd *Wednesday*. The Senior Student was prevailed upon by a pushing Second Year philosopher to enter the Tank in all save his cassock.

Frs Buxton and Hook arrived to spend a few days with us and bury C.M.S. bogies at the deep end of the Tank.

23rd *Thursday*. Fr Kenny left early to return to England. The Public Meeting was wonderfully shortlived and lively, with 'fish slosh' again the subject of anxious deliberation.

24th *Friday*. Last minute preparations in the garden and on the cricket pitch for to-morrow's visitors.

The Hoopoe infants continue to be fed by their parents, while below them mules jog contentedly down the garden with stones for the changing



rooms at the Tank. These rooms already look a tribute to the craftsmen who labour there from 6 a.m.

25th *Saturday*. The Embassy cricket match. An enjoyable afternoon in the sun was spent by all, including Sir Marcus and Lady Cheke. Numerous pink-cheeked infants happily clutched fistfuls of sticky sweets in the Rector's wake. Mgr Heard casually ducked a forceful drive for six as, unperturbed, he followed his route across the Sforza.

26th *Sunday*. The second Low Mass has been a Dialogue Mass since we left Rome, but to-day we stood at the *Orate fratres* in readiness for the Preface. This modification gave the pious recliners little ease.

The Auxiliary Bishop of Frascati, Mgr Buderacci, together with the Sindaco, Vice Sindaco and Assessore of Rocca and Don Luigi, the Parish Priest, all came to lunch. The *Comune*, it seems, has big building plans for the woods between us and Rocca, and much ground has already been cleared.

27th *Monday*. A flourishing Fr A. Russell arrived to stay for a week.

28th *Tuesday*. The North v. South cricket controversy was resolved in a flurry of fours and sixes that spelled success for the North.

As the house is particularly full this year with sixty-two students in residence, it is said that shortage of beds and rooms will require our next arrival to sleep in an *armadio*.

29th *Wednesday*. Tusculum saw Mr Hay and Mr Wigmore each saying Mass beneath the umbrella. Afterwards some thirty hot and hungry climbers cooked their bacon, eggs, tomatoes and fried bread in idyllic splendour before scorching back to spaghetti *al giardino*.

30th *Thursday*. A council of war in Rome to-day to decide the fate of St Joseph's corridor, which is being strengthened from below with steel girders.

Two weasels hauling a dead white rat were spotted by nervous readers on the Wiggery.

31st *Friday*. The ex-Jesuit products whom we greeted on this morning, the feast of St Ignatius Loyola, looked considerably happier by supper time.

Fr R. L. Stewart came to stay, and occupied the last spare room.

AUGUST 1st *Saturday*. A joint B.E.A. and B.O.A.C. team gave us an enjoyable game this afternoon.

2nd *Sunday*. The invasion of Villa seclusion is beginning. Last night light sleepers in the New Wing were awakened by a party of enthusiasts who had come to admire the Lake by moonlight. We fear that the path down to the Villa will soon become better known in view of the new road to Frascati that has replaced the gully track we used to take. As the local *Comune* are putting up forty *villini* in these woods, we expect the path to become more popular still. Even this afternoon, a car party set up tables outside the church for their picnic.

Bishop Dwyer and Dr Redmond arrived for tea and a holiday.

3rd *Monday*. A successful Whist Drive which belied its name for noise and general hilarity. Perhaps it made a fitting climax to a No-Bell day when Lancashire defeated the Rest.

(It is an interesting feature of No-Bell days that only one less bell is rung on them !)

4th *Tuesday*. Death knells were heard frequently over the Campagna this morning as a cortile rehearsal for the *Yeomen of the Guard* continually repeated the execution scene. The old tower bell was brought out of cold storage, and sounds far more impressive than the present Villa bell.

The garden gita was brought forward because of to-morrow's festa, and perhaps anticipation was the reason why so much wine remained undrunk.

5th *Wednesday*. On this, the feast of the Dedication of Our Lady of the Snows, we welcomed Mgr Clapperton, Mgr Schlichte and Fr Kinsella to swell the ranks of our own resident guests at the festive board.

In the cool of the evening lithe figures in white and wearing head-masks were seen fencing on the Sforza wicket. Furthermore, a group of enthusiasts pushed two handmowers over the jungle of the outfield to such effect that a third of the whole area is now at lawn thickness.

6th *Thursday*. 'One man went to mow' was the theme song to-day, as rain fell in the evening. A quiet day was spent on the tennis court by the water and roller squad.

7th *Friday*. Three students lured Bishop Dwyer and Dr Redmond as far as Faete this evening, and there prevailed upon them to drink wood-smoke tea. A less energetic group went to examine the workings of the new Boeing airliner at Ciampino.

8th *Saturday*. The cutting of the cricket area was speeded up to-night when a third lawn mower made its appearance with the Vice-Rector at the helm. This now gives us two new machines, and Doctor Jones need no longer painstakingly push the old mower over the long grass in attempts to flatten it.

*Murder in the Cathedral* was perpetrated on the ninth tee by a zealous group of play readers. To-day, too, some thirty-five hopefuls who know their voices are good enough for the Schola but can convince no one of the fact, had their opportunity to volunteer to sing at Rocca for the Assumption Mass.

9th *Sunday*. On this day of rest the mowers rested and left the field open for driving, putting, browsing, bug-hunting and other Sforza joys. A snake that was killed on the fourth tee had removed itself unobtrusively and effectively from its execution site by the time the next pair of golfers reached the spot.

Mgr Ashworth paid his last visit before leaving for England.

10th *Monday*. The voluntary schola, now thirty-two voices strong, continues to struggle manfully both morning and night with polyphonic problems and provides startling contrast to the Opera refrains.

A rain shower sent us scampering for the house this evening. Fr M. Grech arrived from Malta to stay for a few days en route to England.

12th *Wednesday*. As there were no Opera rehearsals, trips were made to Algidus, the lake, Frascati and other haunts. Frs Pledger and McConnon, who arrived yesterday, were among the gitanti. Bishop Dwyer took his fortunate students into the Pope's private study at Castel Gandolfo for a private audience, and these students claim that a photograph of them may yet be released by the Vatican.

In the evening those who went to the Pope's new Audience Hall found this long, glass-panelled building crammed to overflowing, and the heat inside oppressive. The Pope spoke in both French and Italian, and his Monsignori tackled German and English.

Fr M. Grace arrived to stay with us.

13th *Thursday*. The Ashes returned to England to-day when Propaganda fought a gallant fight on the new-mown turf. The issue was for long in doubt and a thrilling game resulted.

14th *Friday*. The Sermon Class had Fr Redmond as a guest critic. He praised the intentions of all four Instruction-givers and emphasized that simplicity is the only clue to success.

Clouds kept the sun at bay to-day and we are tempted to wonder whether all the sun is for England this summer.

15th *Saturday*. *The Feast of the Assumption*. In bright sunshine and led by a smart white-suited band, we sang our way up and down Rocca's High Street in the procession. Our ad hoc schola had previously given a creditable rendering of the three-part Mass, and the Parish Priest, Don Luigi, broke tradition by giving a short fervorino. The whole procession and function went very smoothly and, for once, the band and the College did not agree to differ.

16th *Sunday*. The real schola sent a deputation to the Madonna del Tufo church at 6.20 this morning and an exciting time was had in the organ loft, while crowds packed the confessionals and a *ferragosto* enthusiast loosed off explosive crackers beside the church.

In the evening a slide show was held on the terrace.

18th *Tuesday*. This morning Bishop Dwyer took the plane from Ciampino with Fr Redmond.

In the evening the sun so pierced the clouds that the sea shone for miles, and the new American Boeing jet airliner left huge black trails as it soared up in a steep climb above Castel Gandolfo. Our aeronautical experts claim that it consumes 40,000 gallons of water in this take-off. In England, we hear, they are fining gardeners who water their plants.

19th *Wednesday*. The first full Gita day dawned beautifully clear, but rain fell steadily after 2 p.m. This did not dampen a score of lake-siders who sang through the perils of climate and stewpot spaghetti. More energetic ramblers sought Mount Algidus, both the spurious and the genuine one of Horace's poem. The difference in mileage made itself apparent in the heavy-footed stride of some into supper.

20th *Thursday*. The stage-men were awakened from their siesta to-day to be told that heavy rain was engulfing their backcloths above the cortile. The evening continued with heavy rain and a very cold atmosphere. Even hardened characters sought warmth in zimarras.

Fr M. Ashdowne arrived in torrential rain to take up his post as mentor to 1st and 2nd Year Theology.

21st *Friday*. A quiet day with fish as the highlight.

22nd *Saturday*. A cricket match against F.A.O.

On Saturday evenings nowadays one can hear Benediction hymns wafted on the breeze from the Paulist villa. Perhaps it is compensation for the 'Audience' hymn singing that used to come over the water from Castel Gandolfo before the new Audience Hall was built.

23rd *Sunday*. The Peach Festival at Castel Gandolfo gave us fireworks over the Lake.

Frs Elcock, Mooney and Doyle arrived in style in a green Landrover.

24th *Monday*. Clouds scudded fast overhead to-day and the final Opera rehearsal had only a slight shower in the evening to dampen enthusiasm. New pikes arrived from the Albano *fabbro*, constructed to the Props' specifications, and these are generally conceded to be the most lethal weapons north of Naples. Moreover, the builders at the Tank seem to be losing large numbers of bricks to the hodgers, who are delightedly constructing battlements all round the cortile. In fact, there are all the signs that we are prepared to withstand a long siege.

Fr Campbell nevertheless managed to fly in before the drawbridge was pulled up.

25th *Tuesday*. A fine day dawned for the Opera, and by the time the Scots and the other guests were seated we were sure that the evening would be warm and without breezes.

The performance was dedicated to the Rector.

## THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

OR

## THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

BY W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN

<i>Sir Richard Cholmondeley</i>	.	.	.	Mr A. V. White
<i>Colonel Fairfax</i>	.	.	.	Mr Grimshaw
<i>Sergeant Meryll</i>	.	.	.	Mr Richardson
<i>Leonard Meryll</i>	.	.	.	Mr Walsh
<i>Jack Point</i>	.	.	.	Mr Needham
<i>Wilfred Shadbolt</i>	.	.	.	Mr Burke
<i>The Headsman</i>	.	.	.	Mr Wilcox

<i>First and Second Yeomen</i>	Messrs Cunningham and Linares
<i>First and Second Citizens</i>	Messrs J. White and Trevett
<i>Elsie Maynard</i>	Mr Armour
<i>Phoebe</i>	Mr Hately
<i>Dame Carruthers</i>	Mr Hodgetts
<i>Chorus of Yeomen</i>	Messrs McGarry, Coote, Newns, Burns, Tuck, O'Brien
<i>Chorus of Women Citizens</i>	Messrs Feben, Brand, Butler, Finn, Dazeley, J. Howell
<i>Chorus of Men Citizens</i>	Messrs Sharratt, Corley, Parker
<i>Conductor and Musical Director</i>	Mr P. Howell
<i>Pianist</i>	Mr Dearman

Produced by Mr Parker

After an interval of twenty-five years the Cortile at Palazzola once again echoed with the strains of the *Yeomen of the Guard*. Although it had been produced during the period of exile at St Mary's Hall, it was as long ago as 1934 that it was last done here. That must have been a memorable production, for Alfredo, Luigi's son and now caretaker at the Villa, not only remembered it, but recalled how the present Rector had made the Yeomen's uniforms.

The weather is always a preoccupation on Opera day, and this year it was even more so as we had had such a wet spell. The prophets were optimistic, but then they always are. This time, however, they proved right. The day started fine and cloudless, and this happy state lasted all night. Preparations went on apace; stagemen, scene painters, electricians, hodgers and their many minions all working feverishly to transform the Cortile into Tower Green. How very successful their efforts had been was revealed when the lights went up at the beginning of the performance. With great ingenuity and skill they had contrived to provide perhaps the best set I have yet seen here. *Prosit* to one and all.

The *Yeomen of the Guard* must surely rank as one of the best of Gilbert and Sullivan's combined efforts, if not the very best. In the plot Gilbert has not only given us the usual lighthearted fun and witticisms, but has also introduced a serious note—that of real tragedy. Likewise, in Sullivan's score there is everything from the haunting melody of *I have a Song to Sing, O* and the tender songs of Elsie Maynard, to the catchy tune of *Were I thy Bride* and the full-blooded choruses of the Yeomen and Citizens. Hence, in many ways this opera demands more from producer and cast than the average Gilbert and Sullivan. The production we saw to-night, good and enjoyable though it was, did not quite fulfil these demands. Obviously, in an amateur production such as this, it would be unreasonable to expect perfection from everyone, but I do not think that it is too much to expect a correct interpretation of the outstanding elements. I refer to the producer's concept of the Yeomen. Surely it must have been

clear that they were intended to be the traditional, aged, ample and dignified Beefeaters of England, thus providing a solid, serious background against which the whole plot, but most especially the tragic part, was to be played. Instead, we were treated to a caricature—seven slim and slovenly young men, of no more than twenty-five years apiece, followed by a Spanish brigand with mustachios and spectacles ! These funny Yeomen may well have endangered the success of the whole opera : that they did not was largely due to the excellence of the Chorus of Citizens and, particularly, to Jack Point.

Always a key-part in the opera, to-night even more depended on Jack Point and he rose to the occasion. A Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast and veteran, he gave us a performance that could not be faulted. Now bouncing and buoyant, now sorrowful and sad ; each change of mood and mien being perfectly timed. His 'business' with Shadbolt in the *Cock and Bull* song was astonishing : where he got the energy and breath from still remains a mystery. He sang competently throughout and at times was especially effective, as in his duet *I have a Song to Sing* with Elsie. The seal to this performance was set in the final tragic scene when he held the audience spellbound and almost had them in tears.

Of the other characters in the central plot, Elsie Maynard's is perhaps the most difficult to play—especially for a man. Though nervous and rather unsure of herself, our Elsie on the whole managed well enough. Her voice is on the small side and tended to be drowned on occasions, but nevertheless for many it added a delicate touch to her character. It was a very creditable first effort, and I am sure we may look forward to greater things from her in future. Colonel Fairfax played his part well. With confidence and feeling he used his excellent and most pleasant tenor voice to the best. All in all he gave the air of a man impervious to death, yet grateful for life, and even more grateful to find his bride of 'convenience' to be the girl of his heart. As a character in the plot he seems to sail through the various twists of fortune with imperturbable ease, so much so that he appears a little heartless to both Phoebe and Jack Point. Phoebe was extremely good throughout, both in her acting and singing. Made-up to look the part completely, she gave Wilfred Shadbolt ample cause for being jealous, and even more cause for allowing her to make off with the keys of the cells. More important, perhaps, she won the sympathy of the audience by her unselfish devotion to Fairfax.

Turning to the Tower officials, we had a novel and most admirable interpretation of the Lieutenant ; he reminded one of a cross between a dithering Victorian bishop and a muddle-headed diplomat. This added an air of amusement to the part which was not in the least out of place. Shadbolt was a typical cockney—that quaint mixture of the proud and the humble, the pathetic and the humorous—and he did it very well. He made the most of his lines and opportunities for some funny 'business'. Two scenes particularly come to mind, that of the *Cock and Bull* song, and that in which he retails how he shot Fairfax.

Both Sergeant Meryll and Dame Carruthers were I thought a little disappointing. Though they sang excellently, their general bearing tended to be rather stiff. Both, however, had difficulties to overcome which did not make things easier for them. Dame Carruthers was obviously nervous, hence she did not let herself go ; while Sergeant Meryll, like his subordinates in the Yeomen, was made to look far too young and slim, which made it hard for him to be convincing.

Lastly, Leonard Meryll deserves a mention. He delighted us with his part in the Trio which he sang beautifully. What a pity he had no more to do except speak a few words at the end. I wonder how long ago it was since we had such a superfluity of tenors, that one of the calibre of Leonard had but such a very small part.

Of the Choruses, perhaps enough has been said of the Yeomen. However, in their defence, it ought to be added that they played the part asked of them well enough. The Chorus of Citizens was really first class. Lively and reacting to all that went on around them, they sang with zest and control that completely captivated the audience. Indeed one could not have imagined a better Chorus.

Props especially, and Make-up too, deserve the highest praise. I cannot remember ever seeing an opera here so well dressed and in such excellent taste. It must have meant much hard work for all concerned, but they have the consolation of knowing that it greatly contributed to the success of the whole show.

The music was generally well known and well sung, and the Musical Director is to be congratulated on this. However, he did not seem to be very much at home as a conductor, particularly in the matter of giving the Choruses clear leads ; with the result that they often took about four or five bars to get really into the swing of a piece.

It seems inevitable that the Pianist should be left till the end of a critique such as this. He has, perhaps, the most uneveivable task of all, and one that would have tried the patience of Job—weeks of relentless hammering out of the same tunes during rehearsals. And when it comes to the actual performance both cast and audience tend to forget his existence. This is especially true, when, like to-night, he does his job extremely well and so is unobtrusive : for surely unobtrusiveness is the hallmark of great accompaniment. *Prosit.*

This short notice would not be complete without a word of thanks to Fr Pledger, who gave the cast and Props much valuable advice and assistance. During the week before the performance, he was to be seen in the Props Room sewing Yeomen's uniforms and cutting out Tudor roses, while his tips for some 'funny business' must have inspired Jack Point and Wilfred Shadbolt in their acts.

In conclusion, a word of congratulation for the Producer. Though I shall never agree with him on his Yeomen, he richly deserves our praise for having given us a most entertaining and enjoyable performance, one in the best Venerable Gilbert and Sullivan tradition.

MICHAEL ASHDOWNE.

26th *Wednesday*. A late rise enabled all to catch up on lost 'shut-eye'. Gita lists for the next day went up and came down rapidly when Anzio and Castel Fusano were declared out-of-bounds.

Frs Pledger and McConnon left.

27th *Thursday*. Another glorious day brought sunburn to the faces and shoulders of swimmers at both lake and sea. One enterprising member of Second Year Philosophy made gita news by carrying his double-bass down to the lake on his back. Then, accompanied by a Second Year Theologian on the guitar, the two took ship to serenade the Pope after siesta. They made a pretty picture in the boat sculling into the sun and alternately sending the strains of 'Coming round the Mountain' echoing over the lake.

28th *Friday*. The language classes are not meeting as regularly as they did at the beginning of the Villa. It is said that this is because the handball, golf and swimming competitions are upon us. Or is it that voluntary sermon classes are taking their place? Whatever the case, long-gita preparations are uppermost in the thoughts of Theology.

We welcomed Canon Donnelly, Canon Bell and Fr Lyons.

29th *Saturday*. Under a fitful sky the swimming gala was held. But although our cooks supplied tea, the only indigestion was suffered by those who entered the last event. This event involved the consumption of a glass of lemonade and a dry sawdust biscuit after a frenzied bout of swimming and sprinting. Needless to say, the winner was a man renowned for his powers of digestion.

30th *Sunday*. The first of the long-gita parties set off this evening—two groups obviously hoping not to meet, one to Sicily and one to Trento. Many last-minute preparations kept the rest of the House packing rucksacks and stuffing them with last-minute borrowings. The Propaganda performance of the *Pirates of Penzance* amused a goodly contingent of our early packers who walked over in the heat of siesta.

31st *Monday*. The house emptied early and Second Year were left to enjoy a quiet day, which livened up after supper when Fr Lyons received support from double-bass, mouth organ and vocal chords as he tickled the ivories. Third Year Philosophy had set off for Assisi in one large party.

Mgr Heard left us to visit Scotland.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Tuesday*. A new month opened with the first organised attempt at blackberrying on the Sforza.

2nd *Wednesday*. A gita day, and sixteen out of the remaining twenty members went down to the lake, where it rained all day. Although the constructional engineer who organised the building of a shelter there repeatedly assured the soaking sixteen that they were having a jolly time, this did not prevent an early return to the Villa. It was after this precipitate return that H.E. Cardinal Amleto Cicognani caught many people unawares by suddenly appearing in the Library. Blackberry tart at supper brightened the evening.



3rd *Thursday*. Fr Buckley was welcomed back from torrid England by admiring Philosophers.

5th *Saturday*. Eight members of Second Year set off for Subiaco in pouring rain, determined to enjoy the hike there or drown. In the evening Third Year arrived back from Assisi minus one member, who had been left to languish with the Blue Nuns in Rome.

6th *Sunday*. A further five members of Second Year left for Subiaco, but by a less strenuous route.

10th *Thursday*. The day was fine and sunny to welcome home the long-distance travellers, both the bronzed ones and the ones who had been washed out in mountain floods above the Adriatic. A full house sat down to supper and long were the yarns there fabricated.

11th *Friday*. By general consent the day was taken as one of rest and recovery, though tennis and golf had their full quota of devotees. The Tank, however, was rather too cold for most.

12th *Saturday*. A return match with the B.E.A./B.O.A.C. team. Tea on the Sforza was more highly organised than before, and gave the cricketers chance to have maximum playing time.

Every day at noon two sweat-stained figures can be seen hauling themselves and a mysterious canvas sack up the dusty track to the Villa: post is now taken and collected in the morning.

13th *Sunday*. The recent rain appears to have cleared the Tank, and liberal use of chemical is making it possible to see the bottom of the deep end. The weather remains icy chill, however.

14th *Monday*. The Rector and Fr Campbell left to fly to England: the Rector, we hear, to officiate at a wedding. Twenty members went to see Anouilh's *Antigone* performed by the Scots on the outside staircase of their Villa. All came back with praise of the diet proffered, both material and aesthetic.

15th *Tuesday*. To-day we were visited by fifteen members of the American College. Although it was hoped to entertain them on the field of sport, the rain forced us to limit our activity to the fields of chess and bridge. It rained steadily throughout the afternoon, and coffee and liquor were consumed in the cortile cloisters while a thunderstorm raged overhead.

Hot wine sped our guests on their way home just as blue skies were beginning to peep through.

17th *Thursday*. Our visit to the Americans. Forty of us were regaled with choice food and wine and Doris Day in technicolor. Our truck journey home through the rain was cheered by the thought that we would gain half an hour's beauty sleep from the late rise next morning. The twenty or so who stayed at home were fed on blackberry pie—the fruit of some energetic scrambling on Algidus the day before.

19th *Saturday*. The Room List went up to-day and draw-winners in the lottery for rooms in Rome began their careful and protracted assessments. Books and Thesis sheets are now also in evidence in the rooms of

those unfortunates who 're-sit' in October. Sniffles and snuffles seem to have afflicted all twenty-five members of one lake camerata that met rain last Wednesday.

Mgr Heard returned from England only to be motored to the Blue Nuns. We pray that he will soon be back with us.

20th *Sunday*. Schemes are afoot to sell some of our land near Palazzola, but any plan would have to meet with the approval of a wary Belle Arti Commission, which perhaps fears a repetition of the Paulist Villa. A Novena has begun seeking the guidance of the Holy Ghost.

21st *Monday*. Twenty Scots arrived for their annual visit. Each one seemed to play bridge, golf, handball and tennis in addition to swimming, and in between meals they did all these with our encouragement and their own characteristic abandon. It was a very happy visit. Moreover, Fr Ashdowne's birthday gave us cakes for tea.

22nd *Tuesday*. A fortunate error gave us an augmented audience for the second performance of the Opera, and twenty Scots and fifteen Americans gave us full-throated encouragement. We were delighted to see them all. Canon Donnelly received the full brunt of the Dedication in recognition of his many kindnesses, and we also welcomed Canon J. Meagher, Fr Connelly and Fr Morris to the show and to stay with us. The weather, in spite of the banks of low cloud over the lake, remained warm and the stars overhead were winking merrily.

23rd *Wednesday*. Festive was the board to-day when we welcomed six English Benedictine Abbots who are attending a General Chapter in Rome. After lunch they took coffee and liquori on the terrace with us.

In the morning three of the House were locked away in wireless silence while they prepared a dramatised lecturette for the use of Divine Word missionaries in India. The corridor was belabelled with *Silence* notices, piano playing was verboten, and some even assert that low flying honey bees were diverted via Ciampino.

In the evening Fr Morris gave an interesting talk to Theology on hearing Italian confessions, and he was requested to follow it up with several others.

24th *Thursday*. Half the College again swamped the lakeside for to-day's gita. There was no eating of hare or quail there at lunchtime, but the tour-of-the-lakes camerata to Genzano did find these unusual items on their menu card. What is more, they sampled them. *Divieto di caccia* does not seem understood around this township.

25th *Friday*. A sleepy House rejoiced that the Faete sunrise walk had been postponed. Canon Donnelly left to-day.

26th *Saturday*. *King Lear* enlivened a wet evening for the play readers. Dr Purdy arrived to stay out the Villa with us.

27th *Sunday*. Those awakened by the sound of the rising-bell heard heavy rain drumming on the roofs. *Chi Lo Sa?* staff issued their usual threatening ultimatum and began their endeavours in earnest. Fr De

Rosa returned looking tanned by the English summer and all set for philosophic laurels. In the evening King Lear was brought from his madness to his death as the rain chased readers from Wiggery to Terrace to Common Room.

28th *Monday*. A working party sallied forth to Rome to-day to inspect the new floor and ceiling that keeps St Joseph's corridor out of the Common Room corridor. Its members sank rapidly to their knees with many pious exclamations, we understand, as they scrubbed and dusted and brushed. There is still much to be done in these rooms before they receive their promised rubber floors.

Back at Palazzola, the sun gave way to torrential rain during tea, and First Vespers of St Michael, arranged for the Hermitage, went unsung.

29th *Tuesday*. The last gita of the *villeggiatura* was made optional when heavy rain continued to pour down. A dozen members stayed at home while the remainder took a chance. The weather clerk immediately made amends and gave us one of the most glorious days of the three months at the Villa. 'Dear Old Monte P.' was visited, Monte Compatri, Frascati, the Lake, the Cave and Tor Vaianica each received last farewells, and a dutiful squad of volunteers continued to scrub and clean and rearrange the furniture of No. 45, Via Monserrato.

After morning Mass many had been surprised to observe a bearded Trinitarian with a begging bowl in the cortile. Apparently he first appeared during long gitas. We hope this will not provoke brotherly strife with the Capuchins.

30th *Wednesday*. Packing for the return to Rome began to-day. Speculation is rife about the new order for seating in Chapel and Refectory: one thing is certain—that those who have to sit on the low chairs in the Refectory will neither be able to see above the table nor fit their legs comfortably below it. We expect thirteen new students and one of these is to start in Third Year Theology.

'Bloods' are being returned to the Library and unused Greek and Hebrew grammars being flicked free of dust before being pushed into rucksacks. Top Year now walk in nostalgic vein across the Sforza. Fra Ruffino appeared for the last time to *baciare la mano* and dip his bread in the coffee.

OCTOBER 1st *Thursday*. Another squad went to Rome to deal with furniture moving and room cleaning—and to inspect the bright colour scheme in two new showers on the heights of St Joseph's corridor.

At Palazzola a beautiful sunny day with its fresh atmosphere left many wishing they could stay to do the Retreat in such idyllic surroundings.

Hot wine was consumed with much hilarity around the bonfire, while lusty choruses disturbed the birds in their evening slumbers. The ruthless diehards made last-minute preparations for their march on Rome at crack of dawn.

## ROME

OCTOBER 2nd *Friday*. On arriving at the College we found a heavy layer of plaster dust which was soon cheerfully trodden into every carpet and polished floor. The walkers staggered in from the Catacombs to see squads of ambitious painters already stripping the walls of their own rooms in readiness for a grand assault.

It was a pleasant change to see tablecloths again at meals, and supper saw the Rector restored to us after his trip to England.

3rd *Saturday*. Our thirteen new men (including Mr Colin Barker, late of Maynooth, who comes into Theology) arrived to-day. Consternation reigned when it was rumoured that one of them had pledged himself not to drink wine. All the stalwarts returned to commence Theology, and our O.N.D. now numbers three. Every room is taken, the Infirmary has two occupants, but the new telephone kiosk is still free.

4th *Sunday*. All our newcomers seem to have survived the journey out in most determined style. No one crept furtively into meditation and no one languishes in the tender clutches of the Infirmary. The enterprising room painters leaned admiringly on their brushes to-day, the Sabbath, and invited inspection from more knowing but less energetic colleagues.

6th *Tuesday*. The first game of football of the season was played at Gelsomino and, as usual, unwary members of First Year exhausted themselves chasing a bouncing ball under a hot sun on a hard ground in studded boots.

In the evening the Divine Word Missioner gave a slide-show with musical effects which the Villa holidaymakers had compered. A full house seemed to have been much impressed by it.

7th *Wednesday*. Last-minute preparations, letters home and last shopping before the Retreat began in the evening. Fr Bouscaren, the American Jesuit of Canon Law fame, gave it. Silence reigned for five days.

13th *Tuesday*. The Feast of St Edward. After the Te Deum at Mass this morning we came out of Retreat. Spam met our eyes in the Refectory, a bumper post was collected afterwards and excited discussion took place over the General Election results in England.

High Mass was sung by the Rector. The Bishop of Copenhagen, Fr Bouscaren and Abbot Williams were among the guests at dinner.

In the evening *The Reluctant Debutante* entertained a lively audience. We congratulated Mr Needham and Mr Nash who were announced as forthcoming Senior Student and Deputy.

14th *Wednesday*. As the last day of freedom before the Greg, this day was spent begging, borrowing and reclaiming text-books, dusting cobwebs from shelves and collecting debts.

15th *Thursday*. High Mass for the opening of the Academic Year, and Premiations. The numbers enrolled this year break yet another record, and we tremble at the competition there will be, both for exam successes and, more important, for seats in the aulas! Fr Ashdowne took up his

rôle as tutor to Theology, a post that has not been occupied for some time now.

16th *Friday*. Four lectures for most people this morning, and each professor was welcomed with the customary cacophony of applause and desk-thumping.

17th *Saturday*. The Tank still lies empty as the cement hardens in the corner where excavations have been made to find a leak. Our two cats now choose meal times in the Refectory to display their mutual animosity, and it is generally conceded that our disdainful Tom (or Carolino, as the *camerieri* call him) with his year's seniority is the victor in these exchanges.

18th *Sunday*. Our four deacons went into Priesthood Retreat this evening at SS. John and Paul's.

Chestnuts appeared at supper: the Nuns have beaten the Tiber chestnut sellers to it. The Tiber bank has changed somewhat recently, in that the CS tram has been replaced by a bus. This change, plus the zebra crossings, now makes jay-walking more exciting.

19th *Monday*. While the enthusiasts hammered away at each other on the rugby field, the plumbers hammered radiators into the newly plastered rooms on St Joseph's corridor.

Tailors keep appearing and disappearing with black bundles, and we are assured that First Year will soon be returning half the wardrobes of the College.

20th *Tuesday*. The Public Meeting dealt swiftly with all its agenda after lunch. First Year were conducted on a labyrinthine tour of the Libraries and Archives and many, it was hoped, might escape by supper-time.

The Tank, its leak sealed in solid concrete, had now received a coat of whitening and gleams resplendent in its glory. The new pillars, smart, tiled changing rooms and shower, concrete fence and new entrances have certainly transformed the site.

21st *Wednesday*. Lunch time digestion is now assisted by the sympathetic reading of Mr Edward Hutton's book on Rome. Its lyrical passages certainly call for sympathy rather than enthusiasm. Our evening was brightened by a Wiseman talk on Bull-fighting given by a stocky *aficionado* from Third Year Theology, who made passes at imaginary bulls with his zimarra. (A learned contributor to these pages tells me that the bull-fighter's *capa* is indeed a zimarra and a cappa and a chimere to boot!)

22nd *Thursday*. The Senior Student said Mass at the Catacombs of San Callisto this morning and took with him First Year and 'any others'. Breakfast was taken there afterwards.

23rd *Friday*. *A function to-night*—and at San Lorenzo. As we returned in the dark for supper, we saw the new aluminium gutters gleaming above us along the Monserra. This has been the workmen's achievement during the last week, and it was to the peril of all passers-by. The workmen at least were roped as they leaned out.

24th *Saturday*. Day of Recollection for Second Year Theology. Hence a certain amount of shuffling in the Refectory elevated new men to lordly eminence with the O.N.D.

Wooden beds keep arriving in sections to decorate the vestibolo.

25th *Sunday*. This morning, Feast of Christ the King, we were able to congratulate our four new priests, Messrs Steele, Howell, Magner and Walsh, who were ordained by Archbishop Traglia at the Sacred Heart church in the Piazza Navona. We also extended our congratulations to our new deacon, and the thirteen recipients of First Minors.

Coffee and liquori were served for the occasion, and our guests were Mr Hennessy of the *Universe* and Fr Briscoe, a Naval chaplain and former colleague of the Rector's in war-service days.

Kissing of Hands and Solemn Benediction in the evening were followed by the *Te Deum*.

26th *Monday*. Our new priests said their First Masses this morning, and we were delighted to welcome their relations and friends to the College. The four priests were duly toasted at dinner and together with their male visitors were lured up to the Common Room afterwards to be our guests of honour.

27th *Tuesday*. One of Theology was to-day surprised to find Fr Zapelena sitting beside him during a New Testament lecture. Unabashed, he simulated industry to such an extent that Fr Zapelena took him for an *españolito*! These tours of Fr 'Zap' take him round most of the lecture rooms, but he usually hides himself discreetly from the lecturer.

28th *Wednesday*. We rejoiced with the Rector to-day on the Silver Jubilee of his Ordination. High Mass was sung by the Rector.

At lunch were: Mgri Clapperton, Duchemin, Herlihy and Whitty, Abbot Williams, Fr Anstruther and Dr Purdy, whose Jubilee also falls to-day. The *pranzone* satisfied the dreams of even the wildest gourmets. The Vice-Rector proposed the toast of the Rector with our warm approval, and the Senior Student presented a silver cigarette-box suitably engraved. The Rector in his speech noted with delight that the box was full.

In the sing-song that followed coffee and liquori we survived *The Hole in the Wall* by Dr Purdy, *Phil the Fluter's Ball*, from Fr Buckley and a new song written for the occasion by Fr Anstruther. Walk was conveniently forgotten and there were cakes for tea. The occasion was immortalised by a special Jubilee Edition of *Chi Lo Sa?*

29th *Thursday*. Heavy yellow cloud hung over the city and lightning flashes disturbed study, meals and slumber. Even the weather-cock on the College tower was disturbed when one flash struck his perch.

30th *Friday*. Return to normal routine with lectures and long reading. The Vice-Rector flew to England after lunch.

31st *Saturday*. To lunch came sixteen Catholic soldiers from the British Army stationed in Berlin. They had cycled the whole distance through the Brenner as part of an endurance test, living on six shillings a day. Their object in coming to Rome was to see Pope John. Three officers

accompanied them, and some of the College found old school acquaintances in the party. The Army made up for its spartan diet at lunch. Speeches from Fr Duggan, their chaplain, and the officers were equally wittily responded to, and a general sing-song ensued in which double-bass, guitar, piano and a heavy-weight Scots tenor figured prominently. Cakes at tea were followed by hot showers or a cold Tank in the rain, and the evening closed with *Faith of Our Fathers* at Solemn Benediction.

Monsignor Heard returned from hospital and we rejoiced that he was fit enough to do so.

NOVEMBER 2nd *Monday*. All Souls, and the Rector's birthday. After singing High Mass, the Rector was presented with a *Chi Lo Sa?* birthday card commemorating his '50 Not Out'. Those who returned from the Campo Santo or from the match against Rugby Olimpico were delighted to demonstrate their goodwill towards the Rector by demolishing the cakes he had provided for tea.

3rd *Tuesday*. The usual notices threatening dire penalties for entering the Aula after the last bell have appeared at the Gregorian. These are somewhat negated by the shortage of entrances and passageways. Perhaps that is why lectures now end five minutes earlier.

At home, Scripture reading began this evening with St Paul's Epistles.

4th *Wednesday*. A holiday to-day to celebrate the first Anniversary of the Pope's Coronation. Many went to St Peter's where Cardinal Montini sang the High Mass with Pope John at the throne.

5th *Thursday*. Guy Fawkes' Day, and the Annual Requiem Mass of the University. These University Masses are now attended by a vast congregation of students in choir dress, who join in the singing of the Mass.

After dinner the majority of the College repaired to Palazzola. Ancient Veii was exhaustively explored by others. In the evening the Grant Debating Society decided to reform itself.

6th *Friday*. The Vice-Rector returned from England. The first of the annual Requiem Masses was sung before breakfast in the Martyrs' Chapel. Before supper, Fr Anstruther began a series of conferences on prayer. Perhaps he had observed the recent artistic pastime of painting ikons on plywood—one is three feet in length.

7th *Saturday*. Those returning from the University this morning without a fourth lecture had this lost pleasure somewhat recompensed by the sight of Princess Grace of Monaco as she was driven past the end of the Baullari on her way to see the Pope.

We learned that the Nig Auction held two days ago realised 43,000 lire—a record.

8th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection. The Instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries was read out by the Rector.

9th *Monday*. A *rappresentanza* sallied forth from the College to the Holy Souls church in Via Giulia, where Cardinal Mimmi gave Benediction.

At the Wiseman Society, a Second Year Philosopher diverted a large audience with an illustrated talk on Baroque in Rome.

Perla soap continues to sell, cheaper than all others, to sock-minded members of the House. We hear that the Madre is to leave on Saturday.

11th *Wednesday*. Remembrance Day, and as we walked into San Silvestro poppies were on sale. The Rector sang the Requiem there, and Fr Lamb preached the panegyric. Though most of his audience were among the congregation, Fr Gill had to leave for the Greg to lecture on Anglican Theology in their absence.

12th *Thursday*. Gramophone recitals of serious music continue to please a fair proportion of the House before afternoon walk on Thursdays and Sundays. They also allow us to hear some of the new long-playing recordings that have been given to swell our limited repertoire.

14th *Saturday*. Evening choir practice was enlivened by a harmonised version of the National Anthem which will be tried out after Philosophers' Concert.

15th *Sunday*. At the Literary Society Fr Tucci S.J., Editor of *Civiltà Cattolica* gave a lively talk on Italy's religious, social and political state in very convincing English.

16th *Monday*. At dinner we were overjoyed to hear that Monsignor Heard had been nominated a Cardinal by His Holiness. The roar of enthusiastic approval at the Rector's announcement must have travelled up through the ceiling to Monsignor Heard in his sick room. We offer His Eminence our sincere congratulations. The rest of the day was spent in excited discussion of changes in the Curia and speculation about the coming Consistory. At supper we let ourselves again be reminded of this delightful surprise as we partook of extra wine.

17th *Tuesday*. While the Greg buzzed with excited news about the eight new Cardinals, members of the College told all and sundry that their Cardinal lived with them and that they chatted daily with him. Cardinal Jullien's was the first name in the Visitors' Book which by night-fall contained an imposing list of signatures.

18th *Wednesday*. Former Tollerton students now in Theology were entertained to dinner by Dr Purdy who was celebrating his Silver Jubilee to-day. A Symphony Concert in the new concert hall near St Peter's attracted some twenty members of the College from their books in the evening. A tape-recording of Archbishop Heenan and Mr Malcolm Muggeridge discussing Faith was played during recreation.

19th *Thursday*. Community Mass was said this morning by the Rector in the Chiesa Nuova at the tomb of St Philip Neri. Breakfast became quite an embellished affair for some in consequence.

To-day also, the Nuns' Festa, a formal presentation was made to Madre Idegonda of a statue of St Francis and a cheque. Elect members of the Schola and a mixed band of ex-sacristans sang Italian songs, melodious or otherwise, and the Madre was charmed by the speech of the Senior Student. This happy occasion was only marred by the news that Monsignor Heard had to return to hospital.



20th *Friday*. Fr Anstruther revealed in his evening conference that it was Cardinal Howard, who, in the 1680's, instituted the half-hour Meditation in the Chapel.

21st *Saturday*. The Madre was welcomed into the Refectory after dinner to hear the Rector formally thank her for all her services, and receive the toast of *Ad Multos Annos* which she herself must have heard so many times before. She was visibly moved by the ordeal—for the noise was overpowering. In the evening she was left in no doubt of our affection when she departed by car with the type of rousing send-off usually reserved for Cardinals.

23rd *Monday*. The Baby of Theology to-day celebrated his 21st birthday, and is now ranked equal with his colleagues in Second Year Theology. The English Catholic papers came in for close scrutiny on their reporting of the eight new Cardinals; not all avoided howlers.

24th *Tuesday*. Tickets for buns and orangeade were having a ready sale at the University to-day, as the College sold them in readiness for Thursday's *Matricola* concert. Since the attempt to produce *Macbeth* in English and in cassocks, the College seems to be sticking to the essentially practical side of these concerts.

In the evening Mgr Davis gave a talk on Cardinal Newman to the Literary Society illustrated with colour slides.

25th *Wednesday*. St Catharine's Day and Feast of the Philosophers. After lunch we had fluent speeches from three unabashed First Year men in reply to the Rector's toast. In the evening we were treated to a sumptuous concert in which no efforts were spared to amuse and entertain. The whole of Philosophy, some appearing in several parts, combined to make this variety concert a thorough success. The new men made a brave show, and we were very glad to welcome into our midst: Messrs Terence Everley (Notts), Francis Wahle (Westminster), Anthony Dodd (Southwark), Crispian Hollis (Clifton), Peter Kirkham (Leeds), Donald Feeney (Liverpool), Daniel Wade (Southwark), Bernard Kenney (Lancaster). John Loran (Salford), John Kelly (Leeds), Graham Dann (Southwark) and Norman Crampton (Clifton).

26th *Thursday*. Our catering department at the *Matricola* seemed to satisfy the needs of the masses, in spite of the early arrival of College consumers. Evening Common Room gave us the previous night's songs again—for those who had been too *commosso* to appreciate them the night before.

27th *Friday*. The return journey from the Gregorian after four lectures was cheered by thoughts of spaghetti. Mr Gibson, Secretary of the Commonwealth Club in Rome, came to dinner. The list for guests to the Christmas concerts was put up. At the Wiseman, a recent contributor to the *Clergy Review* gave a provocative paper on 'Kierkegaard and St Thomas'.

28th *Saturday*. Sample Christmas cards appeared on the Common Room board, and reminded us to revise our mailing lists. The two cats

have now solved the problem of divided loyalties—one sits only with the students, while the other takes his meals with the Superiors.

29th *Sunday*. First Sunday in Advent. While long walk enticed some rugby enthusiasts to watch the American ball-game, played annually on their College pitch to the accompaniment of cheer leaders, popcorn and hamburgers, more serious-minded walkers betook themselves to the Roman Zoo.

30th *Monday*. A short bell to-day as the rains poured from the sky, but a good proportion of the College faces was seen at lectures. Supper was eaten by the light of flickering cigarette lighters when Rome's electricity failed. Veneration of the relic of Blessed Ralph Sherwin took the place of night prayers.

DECEMBER 1st *Tuesday*. Feast of the College Martyrs. High Mass was sung by the Rector. At lunch we welcomed Mgri Whitty and McCabe, Abbot Williams, Fr Anstruther, Fr Gill and Fr Coffey S.J., Dom Sebastian Moore, Mr Stark, Col. Fleming, Major T. Morris, Dr McEwan.

The film-man had chosen a very provoking whodunnit for the evening's entertainment—*Catch a Crooked Thief*. The dénouement was left so late that many were still trying to unravel it with their chocolate paper at breakfast.

2nd *Wednesday*. The Play and Pantomime producers met their casts for the first time after dinner. Shopping for to-morrow's gita was a sporadic affair, as most shops open only in the last few minutes of walk-time, when a large proportion of the College was to be found in Fravolini's.

A new smell in the College has now been diagnosed as hot dust on the top of radiators which to-day gave heat for the first time.

3rd *Thursday*. A Gita day. Intensive rain which had fallen steadily for 100 hours ceased in time for us to sally forth. Many made a special trip to view the swirling flood of the Tiber, but it had not reached the safety holes in the bridges. In the fields on the outskirts of the city there was evidence of widespread flooding. However, the clouds disappeared, the sun came out, and by evening rosy-cheeked walkers and climbers were unashamedly exaggerating the length and heights of their achievements. Extra luxuries had come out of rucksacks at mealtimes too, for the basic allowance of 300 lire had been supplemented by the kindness of Fr T. Fee.

5th *Saturday*. Limp banners and rain-sodden flags heralded President Eisenhower's visit to the Vatican as we trudged along damp streets to the Greg. The lecturing of Fr Fuchs was enlivened by the release of one white balloon which soared to the ceiling, demonstrating incontestably where most of the hot air goes in an aula.

There was a dearth of hot air at the Public Meeting after dinner and all business was transacted in good time.

6th *Sunday*. Fine weather. The Navy party who came to lunch had a good day for sightseeing. As we were due to turn out both a soccer and a

rugger team to play them, much hammering of studs, nails and finger ends took place in rooms.

One of our two cats, Georgy by name, was to-day transported to the Villa, there to begin a new life, and perhaps to migrate to a better world.

7th *Monday*. H.M.S. *Daring* and H.M.S. *Battleaxe* hammered both College sides into the mud of *Acqua Acetosa* this afternoon. Our only reply was to entertain them to tea. It has been noticed, however, that a remarkable quantity of duty-free cigarettes are circulating among the smokers, so perhaps the defeat was profitable.

8th *Tuesday*. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Vice-Rector sang High Mass. Major Morris came to dinner, so we were very much *in famiglia*. He told us afterwards of his activities in Rangoon, and that he was going as Vice-Consul to Düsseldorf.

9th *Wednesday*. A quiet day, much appreciated after the recent hectic events. With spaghetti for dinner, no long reading, siesta and an uninterrupted study time, what more could a student desire?

10th *Thursday*. While two of the College footballers played on opposing sides in the P.U.G. Philosophy *v.* Theology Derby, a band of rugby stalwarts reinforced by Commonwealth support from Propaganda, successfully crushed a team of former Rome University players.

In the evening Sir Arnold Lunn entertained the Literary Society with a description of his travels in the Near East.

11th *Friday*. Christmas cards were on sale at the Greg to-day with the usual greeting in fifteen languages. In the evening Solemn Benediction at San Lorenzo for the feast of Pope Saint Damasus.

12th *Saturday*. Professional workmen are being eyed askance by the College hodgers as they convert a room into a private chapel with an altar for the Cardinal's use. More visitors arrived to join with us in welcoming the Cardinal—Bishop Ellis accompanied by Provost Wilson and Fr Drury.

13th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection. Fr Anstruther gave the Conference. At walk time the postman staggered down laden with outgoing Christmas mail and four helpers had to take it to the Farnese post box.

Wing-Commander Grant-Ferris M.P. was at supper, having luckily chosen to do his service as a Papal Chamberlain this week, which will be the week of the Consistory.

14th *Monday*. At half-past ten this morning, the Cancellaria Palace filled up slowly with students from the College. By the time Monsignor Heard arrived we were packed into the small anterooms of the Rota. We lined a long corridor when the biglietto bearers appeared and then determinedly followed them into the room. Cameras clicked and whined, bulbs flashed, the formal announcements were read, and all flocked forward to congratulate our new Cardinal. On his return to the College, the cortile rang with cheers of welcome and there was extra wine at dinner.

16th *Wednesday*. Shopping permission was transferred to to-day, and those estimable stores of Standa, Upim and Rinascence seemed full of beaver hats as their owners bought razor blades, socks, note books, Christmas cards, bathmats and artificial snow. The Navona too was full

of eager speculators who fingered crib figures, wound up musical cigarette boxes, or vacantly chewed large strips of nut-riddled nougat from 'Giacomo's'.

We welcomed the Cardinal into the College to-night after he had been to receive the biretta, and we saw him for the first time resplendent in his robes.

To dinner—Mgr Fahy and Mgr O'Neill.

17th *Thursday*. The whole College made its way to St Peter's to-day to see Cardinal Heard receive the Red Hat. Seven of the eight new Cardinals were there to kiss the Pope's ring and foot and receive from him the kiss of peace and the Red Hat. Most of us were by the Confession which was reserved for clerics, and we saw the Cardinals finally kneel at the tomb of St Peter before leaving for a secret Consistory.

At dinner we rejoiced to have the Cardinal in our midst with some of his relatives and friends. Among the guests were Archbishop Gray, Bishop Ellis, Bishop Scanlan, Mgr Clapperton, Mgr Duchemin, Mgr Whitty, Mr Francis Etherington, Mr Eric Heard, Mr James Heard, Provost Wilson, Canon Cotter, Canon McManus, Fr Drury, Fr McKenna and Fr Moore. After the dessert we toasted his Eminence right royally, before, to use his own words, he went 'for a lie-down so as to be on top form for the bearers of the Red Hat'.

At five o'clock as we lined the Cardinals' Corridor, the Red Hat was brought from the Vatican on a silver tray, and was delivered to the new Cardinal. The usual photographs were taken, and the Cardinal eventually withdrew to return once more to the Blue Nuns after all the excitement of these hectic days.

18th *Friday*. Bishop Ellis flew back to England. There are rumours that the old soccer pitch in Pam may be made available for our use. It was ploughed over three years ago and is riddled with small stones.

19th *Saturday*. A *Dies Non* to celebrate the elevation of the eight new Cardinals, in particular of Cardinal Bea. Three students from the College were invited to a Reception in his honour at the Gregorian.

In the evening, Mass of Exposition began the Forty Hours, and night watchers prepared for the vigil. The bewhiskered veteran of the Confraternity was there as usual—but this year with a vacuum flask in his overcoat pocket.

21st *Monday*. Chilled workmen again balanced precariously on the roof as they continued to seal leaks in the tiles. Down in the cellars the scene painters are busy constructing a tropical island—for the Panto.

22nd *Tuesday*. Mgr O'Neill left for England. A mysterious party left for the Villa ostensibly bent on picking holly, but including a Librarian and a chef of repute. The rest of the College manhandled the stage upstairs after tea under the compelling gaze of the 6 foot 2 inch Stageman.

23rd *Wednesday*. The last day of lectures, and carols were sung round the Christmas tree in the Aula Magna after third lecture. After tea holly chains were threaded by those with prickle-proof fingers, while nostalgic carols and melodies from *Oklahoma* assailed us from the gramophone.

24th *Thursday*. Christmas Eve, so a six o'clock rise. The Panto had its dress Rehearsal while scene painters daubed at the scenery, props-men pinned up their charges, stage-men sawed away indefatigably, and the Producer started writing the last scene. For all, there was early supper and warm pizza; for some, hot baths, feverish Prophecy chanting behind locked doors, or gentle snoozing in darkened rooms. *Sveglia* at 10 p.m., and in gleaming white cottas the College processed in for Matins and Midnight Mass sniffing contentedly at turkey, mince pies and incense.

25th *Friday*. *Christmas Day*. Lauds followed immediately after Midnight Mass. We then partook of a refectation, and round a log-fire in the Common Room carols were sung until discretion triumphed over valour. After High Mass at ten, many went to the Pope's Low Mass in St Peter's, and punctually at noon he appeared on the *loggia* to give his blessing and a five minute address. The sunny piazza was surprisingly full.

Turkey and Christmas pudding *flambé* sent people happy into coffee and liquori. Our guests were Fr Morris and Fr Ripley C.M.S. By the time tea was over the Panto was deemed ready, and we were overrun by pirates and cannibals successively competing with Robinson Crusoe for treasure, human flesh and a winsome heroine.

## CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, 1959

## 'ROBINSON CRUSOE'

<i>Iipse Robinson</i>	. . . . .	Mr Walsh
<i>Pa Crusoe</i>	. . . . .	Mr Cooley
<i>Mama Crusoe</i>	. . . . .	Mr Linares
<i>Theo(philus), Robinson's Brother</i>	. . . . .	Mr Finn
<i>Cleo(patra), Robinson's Sister</i>	. . . . .	Mr Dann
<i>Polly, waitress in the Crusoes' Caff</i>	. . . . .	Mr Rice
<i>Miranda</i>	. . . . .	Mr Kirkham
<i>Capt. Hook, Pirate Chief</i>	. . . . .	Mr Burns
<i>Jersey Joe, his Mate</i>	. . . . .	Mr Dearman
<i>Jasmine, The Pirates' Cook</i>	. . . . .	Mr Feeney
<i>Capstan Ed</i>	. . . . .	Mr O'Neill
<i>Cut-throat Sam</i>	. . . . .	Mr Cunningham
<i>Dirty Dan</i>	. . . . .	Mr Richardson
<i>Deadeye Dick</i>	. . . . .	Mr Wade
<i>Rhubarb III, Cannibal Chief</i>	. . . . .	Mr Wahle
<i>Bali Hai, his Daughter</i>	. . . . .	Mr Barker
<i>Dumbo, the Cannibals' Cook</i>	. . . . .	Mr Tully
<i>Sambo</i>	. . . . .	Mr Sharratt
<i>Mumbo</i>	. . . . .	Mr Wilcox
<i>Jumbo</i>	. . . . .	Mr Hine
<i>Rainbo</i>	. . . . .	Mr Papworth
<i>Man Friday</i>	. . . . .	Mr McGarry

Pianist: Mr Robinson

Produced by Mr Papworth

26th *Saturday. Boxing Day.* A day of rest for some, and of hard work for bodgers, stagemen, electricians, actors, producers, props-men, wine men, film winders, scene painters, make-up men, etc. A humorous film, *The Mouse that Roared*, kept those of us roaring who were not roaring at the Scots Opera.

27th *Sunday.* The accumulated mail of two days arrived and its distribution led to scenes as of a battleground.

The evening's play *A Likely Tale* entertained a full house and guests from the American, Irish and Propaganda Colleges. Fr Paul Clark and Fr Laughton Mathews arrived to stay for a few days.

## ST JOHN'S DAY CONCERT, 1959

### 'A LIKELY TALE'

BY GERALD SAVORY

<i>Lola Petersham</i>	.	.	.	Mr Convey
<i>Mirabelle Petersham</i>	.	.	.	Mr Corbould
<i>Oswald Petersham</i>	.	.	.	Mr Steele
<i>Ursula Budgeon</i>	.	.	.	Mr Everley
<i>Gregory Lupton</i>	.	.	.	Mr Coote
<i>Jonah Petersham</i>	.	.	.	Mr J. White

*Produced by Mr Allen*

28th *Monday.* While scene painters transformed last night's set in readiness for the next day's play, desperate games of chance kept gamblers at the tables in the Common Room—for it was Card Night. Others went to the Irish College play or snoozed happily by the log fire.

29th *Tuesday. St Thomas of Canterbury.* High Mass was sung by the Rector. At lunch Cardinal Heard, replying to the Rector's toast, spoke of his deep attachment to the College and warmly praised the Rector's efforts to raise funds and restore the fabric of the building. Among the distinguished guests were: H.E. Sir Ashley Clarke, Mgr McDaid, Mostyn, Clapperton, Duchemin, Carrol Abbing, Herlihy and Emenegger, Abbot Williams, Sir D'Arcy Osborne and Mr McDermot.

After Solemn Benediction and Veneration of the Relic, the second play, *Shop at Sly Corner*, was presented and enjoyed by all.

## 'THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER'

BY EDWARD PERCY

<i>Decius Heiss</i>	.	.	.	Mr Chatterton
<i>Archie Fellowes</i>	.	.	.	Mr Hatley
<i>Margaret Heiss</i>	.	.	.	Mr O'Sullivan
<i>Joan Deal</i>	.	.	.	Mr J. Howell
<i>Mathilde Heiss</i>	.	.	.	Mr Oura
<i>Mrs Catt</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kenney
<i>Robert Graham</i>	.	.	.	Mr Garnett
<i>Corder Morris</i>	.	.	.	Mr Armour
<i>Steve Hubbard</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dodd
<i>John Elliot</i>	.	.	.	Mr Gath

*Produced by Mr Dazeley*

30th *Wednesday*. A quiet day enabled the bodgers to strip the stage completely. It was made yet quieter when the film men announced that the promised film had an inaudible sound track. As a result, fire stoking, crosswords, cards and games kept those occupied who were not at the Irish Augustinians' play.

31st *Thursday*. Fair Night and New Year's Eve. After a siesta punctuated by experimental rocket testing on the Cappella', we took tea and then with trepidation entered the Common Room. By adroit dodging of darts, dice, tin cans, electric bells, electric shockers and grip testers, the practised Fair Nighter could penetrate to the 'bar', and there, to soulful music from the skiffle group, demolish *sfogliatelli* or assorted *bombe* and, later, clear his head with hot black coffee.

After supper, 'party games' until *Auld Lang Syne*. After Night Prayers we retired to bed to await with ear plugs the full onslaught of a Roman rocket-blasting New Year's Eve.

JANUARY 1st 1960. *Friday*. Fr Paul Clark sang High Mass. Cardinal Heard was at dinner. At coffee and liquori he was presented by the Senior Student with a *Canon Missae* from us. In reply the Cardinal repeated his hope to see much of us all when he was fully recovered.

After tea, the third play—a farce—kept a contented house amused and sent Palottine students and Atonement Friars away happy.

## 'THE BLUE GOOSE'

BY PETER BLACKMORE

<i>Margaret</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tuck
<i>Charlie Rogers</i>	.	.	.	Mr Feben
<i>Mrs Elizabeth Portal</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brand
<i>Anna Portal</i>	.	.	.	Mr Butler
<i>Louise Portal</i>	.	.	.	Mr Coughlan
<i>Mrs Keppel-Piggot</i>	.	.	.	Mr Pateman
<i>Henry Portal</i>	.	.	.	Mr Newns
<i>Richard Hardy</i>	.	.	.	Mr Hollis
<i>Hubert Briggs</i>	.	.	.	Mr J. Kelly
<i>Mr Flanagan</i>	.	.	.	Mr Crampton

*Produced by Mr Grimshaw*

2nd *Saturday*. An extra holiday saved us from a one-day study week. An Opera rehearsal for the Epiphany performance sent shivers down the spine of both Producer and cast. A slide show was given in the evening.

3rd *Sunday*. The film men presented us apologetically with a technicolor wide-screen comedy that provoked no response from a lethargic audience beyond the muscular effort of toffee chewing.

4th *Monday*. 5.25 a.m. rise, and back to the Gregorian with a vengeance. Breakfast was eaten in hushed silence, and to-day even the perennial hearty jokers sat despondent.

Fr Moore left for home to-day, and Fr Buckley, who has been in Ireland since before Christmas, was restored to us.

5th *Tuesday*. It has long been a tradition that the English College needs fresh air at the University, and therefore always chooses the sunny spots on the steps during breaks. This year a new feature is for exalted theologians to eat mid-morning morsels on the steps as they decorate the portico.

6th *Wednesday*. Feast of the Epiphany, with High Mass sung by the Vice-Rector. To dinner: Fr Pears, Mr William Teeling M.P., and Major Utley. Christmas pudding made a welcome second appearance to-day. Figures seen sliding away from coffee and liquori were later observed transformed by grease paint and wigs into Warders, Dames and Citizens for the *Yeomen of the Guard*. An enjoyable performance sent even three Gregorian professors home with enough courage to face tomorrow, while your Diarist heartily rejoiced in completing his task.

HAROLD PARKER.



## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

Editor : Mr Trevett  
 Sub-Editor : Mr Chestle  
 Fifth Member : Mr Butler

Secretary : Mr Dumbill  
 Under-Secretary : Mr Tully  
 Sixth Member : Mr Finn

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

October saw us with high hopes of a successful season, but the weather has been against us. During a very wet winter the wettest days were always those immediately preceding a soccer day. Consequently we have been able to play only five House games so far, three of these being in October ! There were always enough eager to play and, whenever the ground was not *bagnato*, the standard was fairly high. Great things were expected of the College XI, containing as it did ten of last year's almost unbeaten team. However, only once did we hit top form. Several changes were made in search of the right blend but we finally settled down with more or less the same formation as last season.

The first game was against the O.M.I. Although we had most of the play, O.M.I. were leading 2—1 until the last twenty minutes. Only then did our continual pressure begin to tell and we came out winners 5—3. The Pio Latino College fielded a strong side to meet us on their own pitch. They were the better side, and though the score was 1—1 until the last ten minutes of a evenly contested game, we finally collapsed and they beat us by four goals to one. Next day we met the Carmelites and gave our worst display of the season. Although we won 4—3, this was a moral victory for the Carmelites, whose play has improved almost beyond recognition since last season. Our best display so far was against the North American College, whose pitch is well-nigh perfect—spacious, soft and grassy—rare qualities in a Roman soccer pitch. We played good football and by half-time were leading by three goals to nil. We only scored once in the second half, but were well satisfied at having recovered our lost form. Early in December we met a combined team from H.M.S. *Daring*

and H.M.S. *Battleaxe*—the best Navy team we have seen in Rome for some years, though they were a little flattered by winning 7—4. This game, played at Acqua Acetosa in deep mud and the occasional shower, was one of the most enjoyable of this half of the season, and we might have snatched a draw had not two or three defensive blunders presented the opposition with easy goals.

Our thanks are due to Fr Ashdowne and Messrs Linares and Parker who have refereed our games and helped to make them enjoyable.

The following have represented the College this season : Messrs Walsh, Rice, Parker, Creasey, Dumbill, St Aubyn, Cunningham, O'Neill, Dearman, McGarry, Corley, Burns, Gath, Howell J., Feeney and Everley. There was one second team game against the Carmelites, which we drew 3—3. The team was Crampton ; Rand, Elwood ; Finn, Sharratt, Purdue ; Dumbill, Linares, Dearman, St Aubyn, Hine.

ANTHONY O'NEILL.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL

After a promising start to the season in October, prolonged rain or storms at inopportune moments have prevented play from about the beginning of December; since when we have not had a single game. So far we have only managed to play three House games, but the number of players has risen since last year, and a useful contingent from First Year has appeared on the field. We have again been helped by Propaganda, the Rosminians and two Scots in House games—and on one occasion by the Irish Augustinians.

With so little play it has been hard to judge the standard of rugby this year, but the season of matches opened well with a game against *Rugby Olimpico*, which, in spite of being lost 6—0, showed promise of better things. Our next encounter was with a Royal Navy XV, when we made the mistake of playing an exclusively College side, and that considerably weakened by the absence of those playing in the football XI. The result was a severe beating on the wettest and muddiest ground anyone can remember playing on. Our third match against an 'Ex-Cusini' XV resulted in a 29—5 win, thanks to a very strong team we had made up with the assistance of Propaganda and the Holy Ghost Fathers. The standard of play was by far the best that has been seen for three years. We hope to have another meeting with *Rugby Olimpico* in the near future.

Prospects for the rest of the season are slightly dimmed by the appalling condition of Campo 3, the field which we are invariably allotted, except when we are playing Italian teams. A comparatively small amount of rain is now sufficient to make the ground *bagnato*. Better weather and more regular play should give a fillip to the waning enthusiasm reflected by the recently declining numbers of those wishing to play.

NICHOLAS COOTE.

## OBITUARY

THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR GEORGE WINHAM D.D., PH.D.

It happens that my first meeting with George Winham is one of the vivid memories of my life. The outer Common Room—for there were two rooms in those days—was empty and lonely; the afternoon sun of an October day still caught the upper angles of the windows, but the shadow of the cortile had already begun to dim the room; the sound of anticipated Matins came from the Martyrs' Chapel down below: that was the only sign of life, and otherwise the College appeared to be deserted. For the students were in retreat. Through some misunderstanding the two Clifton students had been sent out a week late; and here they were now, tired and very lonely. The first World War had barely ended, travelling across France had been a nightmare, food in Italy was, if anything, rather more 'substitute' than food at that time in England, and risotto, believe it or not, is an acquired taste. So, then, was Italian fish, and it was Friday.

'*Sed qui consolatur humiles, consolatus est nos Deus in adventu Titi.*' The door opened, and two other young men came in. One was Joseph Masterson; the other was George Winham. Both had returned to their preparation for the priesthood after Army service, and having made a retreat earlier in the autumn, had been excused the one in progress now. They had been sent along by the Rector to see what they could do for the new arrivals.

The years that followed may have mellowed them and physically enlarged them, but did never change them. George Winham, 'Tich' to the Venerable from that time forth, had been in the Southwark Junior Seminary when National Service had claimed him. Born a Londoner, he had inherited all those traits that make a man proud to be able to call himself a Cockney; ever lovable, and ever to be depended upon.

That was George. In the years ahead we were to listen, often in that very room, to the exploits of an old campaigner, and to hear recounted

also those amazing dialogues between Tich and 'the Boss'. The idea that Monsignor Hinsley might be confronted by a student with: 'if you had spent three years serving your King and country'; or implored with the greatest possible respect (we had George's own word for that) to 'come off it', was more than most of us could believe, even during the post-prandial gossip of a gita-day; and indeed any encounters when witnesses were present always seemed to be very normal conversations between Mr Winham and the Rector.

He took no part that I can remember in plays or Common Room entertainments, but he was always good company, particularly on excursions. Very few entered more readily into the noisy arguments of recreation time, or were heard less when there was work to be done. Through it all he knew that he only wanted one thing: he got it on his Ordination day.

He came back to England and priestly work in the summer of 1925, having gained his doctorate in both Philosophy and Theology. In September he went to Mark Cross; in 1931 he became a travelling mission priest; from 1934 to 1946 he was a parish priest, and when war came again, he piloted his parish, and sometimes his Bishop, through the 'Blitz'.

But during those years he also began to show an exceptional grasp of the ever more complicated Education problems; and the war being now over, and school building being the outstanding, overriding element of Catholic reconstruction, he was given that to do as a full-time job. He joined the Catholic Education Council.

In that he made his name, and earned the gratitude of Bishops, priests and people throughout England and Wales. School commissioners discovered that they could write to him or come and see him, and that nothing was too much trouble to him. Officials found in him one who could talk their own language and, sometimes, call their bluff. Here was one who, first, last, and all the time, was a priest, but who somehow or other carried his priesthood comfortably and with no obvious effort to be dignified: with that perfection of humility which recognises not only that a man's self counts for little without God, but that without God the other man does not count for much either; so that the better of them is the one who has God on his side: and George knew that he had that. When at length he was honoured by the Holy See and made a Domestic Prelate there was sincere rejoicing everywhere.

What a pity it all ended so soon! George Winham was ill for a long time, on and off. When he told us of his exploits as a soldier he had not said much about the privations of the Dardanelles campaign; nor had he much to say at any time about the off-colour days that he endured as a result of them. Perhaps he would not have made old bones whatever he did. He preferred to use to the full the talents that God had given him; and if good health was not among them and God wanted it that way, who was he to complain?

Those of us who saw him and were privileged to give him hospitality now and then during the years of his illness—how much we owed him that

we could never repay!—will always be the better for his company and for the example he gave us of cheerful courage and resignation. We miss him sorely. *'Aperiantur ei caeli, collaetentur illi Angeli. In regnum tuum, Domine, servum tuum suscipe.'*

✠ FRANCIS GRIMSHAW.

#### THE REVEREND HERBERT EDWARD CALNAN D.D.

Brusque in manner and forceful in his enthusiasms, Doctor Calnan presented rather a terrifying appearance to a boy. And it was as a boy that I first met him: I a boy in the Junior Seminary, he a professor. The keen, unflinching glance beneath the shaggy eyebrows, the impatience with solecism, whether social or educational or liturgical, made one tremble at possible correction and crumble when it came: but it also lent a special glow of satisfaction when one was praised, and in fact there never was anybody who could be or was more generous in giving praise. The Doctor, or 'Mossoo' as he was sometimes irreverently styled, was in reality a man with the kindest of hearts. As a perfectionist he felt acute pain when he saw what he thought was slipshod or inaccurate or botched, whether in matters of polite behaviour or doing your lessons or serving in the Sanctuary. He wrote a small book on 'Correct Mass-Serving'. Deviations from the rubrics and, let it be admitted, deviations from some small additional customs of his own as well, made him resemble one of the more gloomy of the Old Testament prophets about to denounce the infidelity of the Children of Israel. Once he inveighed against a priest who in the Mass of a Confessor not a Bishop started the Introit 'Os justi' and pronounced the word 'os' as if it meant 'bone' instead of 'mouth'. 'My dear fellow', he expostulated, 'This is absolutely shocking—all the educated people in the congregation will be laughing at you!'

Doctor Calnan was a priest through and through. All his talents and his many gifts, his learning and all he did was related to the Priesthood. For him this interest was paramount and exclusive. Part of his loyalty to the Church was reflected in his affection for Rome and the Venerable English College. He had been there during the time of Saint Pius X and had many stories of that great Pope. He used to love to recall the occasion when, at an Audience, he begged the Holy Father to work a miracle and cure a friend of his who was gravely ill miles away in England. 'I thought', said Doctor Calnan, 'that the Pope was going to hit me. He looked quite angry and said, "What do you mean? I cannot work miracles." Then he asked me, "Have you faith?" I replied, "Yes, Holy Father." He walked on without another word, but at that very hour away in England the sick person began a rapid recovery.'

Doctor Calnan's popularity with very many non-Catholic officials and others he met during the course of his work for the Diocesan Schools

Commission was a considerable asset in winning sympathy and understanding for the cause of Catholic Education. His connection with the Catholic Truth Society and his interest in religious polemics made him a vigorous antagonist, forceful and convincing, but there was never a vestige of personal ill-feeling in all his controversy. His cheerful good-heartedness predominated over his almost indignant assertion of the truth, and even after heated argument he had quickly forgotten the contest. I got to know him really well when he was Promoter of the last Synod to be held by the late Archbishop Amigo. I was one of the notaries. There were times when the Promoter nearly drove me out of my mind, with his sudden, unexpected irruptions into the Chancellor's Office with the menacing introduction, 'Father, I really must insist that . . .' In spite of all this, through working with him I came to appreciate very much his kindness and cheerful spirit : and he certainly always took his fair share of all the work of preparation for the Synod, if not more than his share.

As Bishop I was deeply impressed by his sincere humility and his gratitude. He was quick to express his thanks for even very small services or acts of courtesy which really cost very little effort. After his retirement he came to see me to say good-bye. He was very embarrassed—in fact, he was quite speechless—when I thanked him for all his good work both in the Diocese and elsewhere and told him how appreciated he was and how wide that appreciation had been. In teaching and examining, in parish work, in his writings and his work of publishing Catholic literature and his work with public bodies : in so many ways he had given a fruitful and valuable service. I thanked him especially for his very loyal and painstaking fulfilment of the office of Dean of Mortlake. He went away to live in Cornwall, in a house he named after St Pius X, 'Sarto', but he kept up a deal of his writing and his interest in the Catholic Truth Society. He also followed the life of the Diocese and on important occasions he would send me a very kind letter of encouragement, written in his usual alert and attentive style.

I was not surprised to learn from those who were with him in his last days of the holy resignation and calm with which he accepted death, brave and cheerful (and, perhaps, even a little domineering still) to the end. One of his nephews who saw him a day or two before he died, told me that he was amazed at such great fortitude and such enthusiastic acceptance of the Will of God. He also recalled, with a wry smile, that even on his death-bed his Uncle was showing one of the nurses 'the correct manner' of taking a temperature.

A lovable character, a kind friend and a very good priest. God rest his soul.

✠ CYRIL, *Bishop of Southwark.*

(The obituary of Canon Calnan was first published in the *Southwark Record*, and is reproduced here by kind permission of His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark.)

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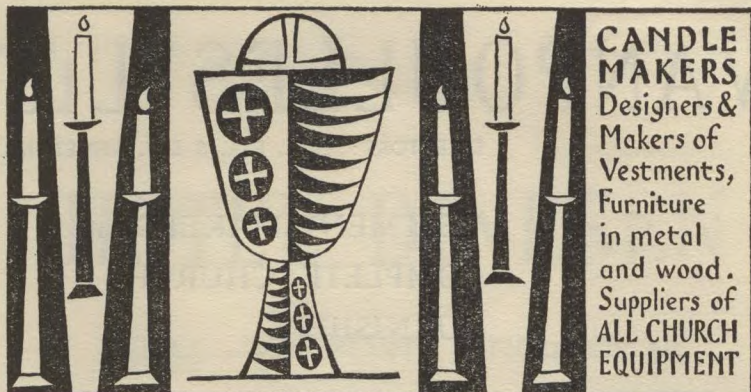
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