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EXETER

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CARDINAL PROTECTOR

It is with great pleasure and satisfaction that we are able to announce the nomination of His Eminence, Cardinal Heard, as Cardinal Protector of the College : the Brief of Appointment is dated 20th December 1961, and His Eminence formally took possession in the presence of the whole College on 27th January 1962, the 600th anniversary of the acquisition by the English Nation of the College site.

The wish was universal in the College that His Eminence should be appointed Cardinal Protector and we rejoice that the helping hand he has given to us, collectively and individually, should be, as it were, publicly recognised by his appointment as Cardinal Protector. Already so much in his debt for the watchful eye he has kept over College interests we can but assure him of our gratitude and constant prayers. *Ad Multos Annos.*

THE BRIEF OF APPOINTMENT

JOANNES PP. XXIII

Dilecte Fili Noster, salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem. Inter multa Pontificia Collegia, quae in hac Alma Urbe condita, juvenes ad sacerdotium instituendos curant, honestus nobilisque

obtinetur locus a Venerabili Anglico Collegio. Id enim tum ortus antiquitate, tum bona educandi arte, tum religiosae disciplinae ratione, praeclaram famam multo ante est consecutum. Nunc autem cum Nicolaus Cardinalis Canali bo. rec. e vita excesserit, consilium est Nobis eidem Collegio assignandi Purpuratum Patrem, qui sollertia atque prudentia tutor ejus et custos sit. Tibi quidem, Dilecte Fili Noster, id muneris concredendum censemus, quippe cum Sacrum Institutum penitus noveris ideoque ejus bono et incremento consulere valeas. Itaque motu proprio, certa scientia et matura deliberatione Nostra, hisce Te Litteris Apostolicis Nostraque auctoritate, Venerabilis Collegii Anglici Patronum seu Protectorem, quod vives, cum omnibus honoribus, privilegiis, juribus, facultatibus atque oneribus, quae, vi Constitutionis ejusdem Collegii, propria hujus sunt officii, eligimus, constituimus ac renuntiamus. Universis proinde et singulis dicti Collegii Moderatoribus ac quibusque personis mandamus ut Te in suum Patronum excipiant et ea, qua debent, reverentia prosequantur, contrariis quibusvis nihil obstantibus. Datum Romae, apud Sanctum Petrum, sub anulo Piscatoris, die XX mensis Decembris, anno MCMLXI, Pontificatus Nostri quarto.

Dilecto Filio Nostro
 Vellelmo Theodoro (L.S.)
 S.R.E. Card. Heard
 Diacono, Sancti Theodori in Palatio.

H. J. Card. Cicognani
 a publicis Ecclesiae negotiis.

THE RECTOR'S SPEECH

'Your Eminence,

My first duty is to express our firm thanks to the Holy Father for Your Eminence's nomination as Cardinal Protector of the Venerable English College. One of the greatest traditions of the College has always been its loyalty to the Holy See and to the person of the Supreme Pontiff. In fact the most illustrious pages of the history of the College are those which record the sufferings and martyrdom of our early students. They suffered and died for the Catholic Faith, and to uphold the supremacy of the See of Peter. It is our earnest hope and prayer that this tradition may continue, and even grow stronger, as long as

the College continues to carry on the work of training priests for the mission field in our own country. We accept this appointment of Your Eminence as a further sign of the benevolence and affection which the Supreme Pontiffs, in their turn, have shown towards the College.

I would like now to express a very sincere welcome to Your Eminence as our new Protector. Since the foundation of the College, many distinguished ministers of the Church have assumed the care of the College as Cardinal Protectors, but this is the first time in our long history that we have been able to welcome in this post one that belongs to the College in a special way as a former alumnus. In addition to your great work for the Church over many years, we can never forget the affection you have always shown towards your own Alma Mater, and also your invaluable help as confessor and spiritual director. It is therefore with feelings of great joy and gratitude that we welcome Your Eminence and assure you of our deep loyalty, and especially our prayers that Almighty God may preserve you for many years to guide and care for the interests of the College, for which you have always shown such outstanding affection.

In conclusion, I should just like to add that it gives us particular pleasure that your formal taking possession should occur on this day when we are commemorating the sixth centenary of the foundation of the old English Hospice on this site. It is an historic occasion in itself, but a new lustre is added to the occasion by the additional historic note that this is the day on which for the first time an old alumnus of the College has assumed the position of Cardinal Protector.'

THE CARDINAL'S SPEECH

His Eminence, after expressing his thanks to the Holy Father for the honour he had done him in making him Cardinal Protector of the Venerable, and to the Rector for his kind words of welcome and good wishes, said that it was a special joy to him to find himself made Cardinal Protector, because it was practically fifty years ago that he first came to the College and, with the exception of five or six years working in a dock-side parish in London, he had been here or hereabouts ever

since, in fact for the greater part of the time actually resident under the College roof; and that it gave him particular satisfaction to take possession of his post on the 600th anniversary of the occupation by the College of its present site. The Cardinal went on to say that it must indeed be a great source of inspiration to any student to find himself the member of a College that has given 600 years of loyal service to the Holy See: the strength of a chain is in its weakest link, and surely anyone who has any generosity of heart will resolve within himself that he will not be the one to break the series, and that he will strive with all his might to keep up the great tradition of those who have gone before him, all the more that amongst them no less than forty-four have laid down their lives for the Faith. It is not indeed probable that any of us will be called on to face actual martyrdom but what we have to cultivate here if we would be loyal sons of the College is the Spirit of the Martyrs, that is to say the determination to do God's Holy Will when, where and howsoever He pleases, to dedicate ourselves to His service in sickness and in health, in success or in failure, eager only that God's Will be done—no easy task and one to be accomplished only with courage and perseverance and cheerfulness. God loves a cheerful giver and if we go to God with a cheerful heart and a full trust in His Divine Providence we shall assuredly win from Him the graces which we need.

THE VENERABLE GEORGE HAYDOCK, MARTYR

Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium

Of the traditions attaching to the Haydock family in the County of Lancashire, none is more curious than that of the prophecy said to have been made in 1558 by the mother of the martyr, George Haydock, about two years after his birth. While the saintly wife of Evan Haydock lay dying, the news arrived that Mary Tudor was dead, and that the daughter of Anne Boleyn was proclaimed Queen. The squire stood by his wife's bedside, pondering on the future, which was to find him a widower, a priest, and a fugitive for conscience's sake. He had seen the blood of his great-uncle, William Haydock, ruthlessly shed with that of his abbot in front of Whalley Abbey by order of Henry VIII. He had watched a new doctrine grow up and wax strong, whilst legitimate religion was trampled underfoot. His wife, divining his thoughts, raised herself with an effort, and pointing to the motto beneath the Haydock arms embroidered on the tapestry at the foot of the bed, slowly and distinctly pronounced the prophetic words, *Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium*; then, clasping her youngest child, George, by her side, she lay dead in her husband's arms.¹

George Haydock was born at Cottam Hall, a moated and semi-fortified manor-house in the parish of Preston, in 1556² or possibly 1557; he was the youngest son of Evan and Helen

¹ Joseph Gillow, *The Haydock Papers*, London, 1888, p. 6.

² Deduced from an entry in the *Liber Ruber* of the English College, Rome.

Haydock, and had four brothers and one sister. George came into the world at a time when the unfortunate Queen Mary, fired with a sadly misdirected zeal for the conversion of her country, had reversed most of the religious statutes of her father, Henry VIII, and her brother, Edward VI, and was plunging England into further upheaval with the persecution of those who would not conform to the ancient religion of the land. In 1558, two years or so after George Haydock's birth, Queen Mary died, and was succeeded by her half-sister, Elizabeth, whose Protestant inclinations, even if only of political expediency and lacking spiritual conviction, were nevertheless sufficiently strong to restore the régime and ordinances of Henry: Catholic England was once again to be subjected to persecution.

Although the North was stronger in its allegiance to the old faith, George Haydock was brought up in an atmosphere in which religious disturbance, change and reversal, were becoming an everyday matter. Change of religion was all too frequently a mere, political pawn in the game of statecraft and for both sides there was always the hope that a new sovereign would ring the changes again—a hope which, for Catholics, was much frustrated by Queen Elizabeth's longevity.

Following the custom of wealthier Catholics, George Haydock was sent abroad for his education, a device that did not seem to worry the authorities too much in the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign. As his uncle,³ William Allen, was the Superior of the College at Douai, it was only natural that George should be sent there. His entry is not recorded but it seems probable that when his father and his elder brother, Richard, entered the Seminary to study for the priesthood in 1573, George accompanied them.⁴ Evan Haydock finished his studies within two years, was ordained priest, and on 21 November 1575 set out from the College towards England. The strict watch kept by the English government was probably the cause of the temporary postponement of his passage across the Channel, for in the following February he was again at Douai for a few days. Eventually he reached the English mission, where he was appointed procurator for his old College.

³ George Haydock's mother, Helen, was the sister-in-law of Cardinal Allen. (*The Haydock Papers*, p. 7; Yelverton MSS, Brit. Mus. Add. 48029 f. 124.)

⁴ The *Concertatio Ecclesiae* of John Bridgewater (ed. 1588, Augustae Trevirorum) records that George Haydock went to Douai with his brother, Richard (f. 133 r); the arrival at Douai of his father and his brother is recorded in the *Diarium Primum* for 1573 (Diocesan Archives, Westminster).

He was hunted from place to place, until at length he died, in 1581, whilst staying at Mowbreck Hall, the home of his brother-in-law.

The first mention that we find of George Haydock in the Douai Diaries is a record of his readmission in June 1577 :⁵ he had been home for his health's sake. According to his own admission in a later cross-examination, he was 'At Doway 4 yeares', studying grammar.⁶

Much has already been written in the pages of THE VENERABLE of the efforts of Dr Allen in founding seminaries for the education of English priests to combat Cecil and his national heresy and we wish to add nothing here but merely to recall the fact that the English College in Rome was founded upon a nucleus of students from Douai. George Haydock was one of these first students and he left Rheims for Rome, possibly on 8 February 1578. At any rate, he is recorded as taking the Missionary Oath on 23 April 1579,⁷ which was 'to be obedient to the Pope, to be priests, and to come into England at our superiours commandment'.⁸ At this time he was aged 22 and a student of logic.

It seems that his health was never robust and the heat of Rome tried him severely : in spite of this he stayed the Roman climate, studying philosophy and theology, until he had been ordained deacon on 3 September 1581,⁹ but then misfortune befell him. Having caught a chill on the Seven Churches Walk, he developed a severe illness which so greatly weakened him that he was recommended to return to a less trying climate. Accordingly, in September 1581 he went to pay his respects to the Pope, Gregory XIII, who gave him funds for his journey to Rheims.¹⁰

He went there in company with three priests and another student, and their route took them across Italy to Ancona, where they boarded a ship for Venice—a trial for Haydock, as his already weakened condition was aggravated by violent sea-sickness.¹¹

⁵ *Diarium Secundum Collegii Anglo-Duaceni*, 1^o die Junii 1577.

⁶ A.R.S.I., *De Georgio Haddoco et sociis Mm*, Anglia 37, Hist. Angl. VIII, f. 5 v.

⁷ *Liber Ruber*, Eng. Coll., Rome.

⁸ A.R.S.I., Angl. 37, Hist. Angl. VIII, f. 5 v.

⁹ Vicariate Archives, Rome. Ordinanze lib. 4 (1580-8).

¹⁰ *Liber Ruber*, Eng. Coll., Rome.

¹¹ Bridgewater, *Concertatio Ecclesiae* : f. 137 r. There is a very full account of the events leading up to the martyrdom of George Haydock in this book, and it can be generally assumed that it is the source of all information in this article, unless otherwise stated (cf. ff. 133r-139 v).

The party arrived in Rheims on 2 November 1581,¹² and soon afterwards we hear from George Haydock who writes to his friends in Rome on the subject of his forthcoming ordination to the Priesthood, and of his father's death, the news of which he received upon arrival in Douai :

‘ . . . Determinavit enim Dominus Alanus, ut ab ipsomet intellexi, me brevi ad sacerdotium promovere, et sic statim me in Angliam mittere. Restat igitur ut ego tali dignitate indignissimus, vestrum auxilium implorem humiliter rogans vestrorum patrum omniumque fratrum meorum gratissimas preces Deo optimo maximo pro me effundi, quibus fulcitus per Dei gratiam non dubitabo omnes haereticorum minas, verbera, tormenta superare : et si Deo placuerit Sanguinem pro Christo et Ecclesia Catholica effundere.

Commendo etiam vestris precibus animam patris mei jam pridem defuncti, qui vivens nunquam pro vobis ac collegii felici successu cessavit orare.’¹³

George Haydock was ordained priest on 21 December 1581, probably at Soissons, and having said his First Mass on 4 January 1582, he left for England twelve days later ‘that in return for the gift of his priesthood, he might gain souls for Christ’.¹⁴

After a safe crossing, he made his way up to London. As it was nightfall when he arrived, he sought lodgings immediately ; a weary tramp the length of Holborn proved fruitless¹⁵ but eventually he found suitable quarters nearer the river in the area of St Paul's Churchyard.

Later he went to visit former friends who were at that time in prison : John Townley, who was in the Gatehouse, and William Hesketh, his cousin, who was in the Fleet. Having brought what comfort he could to the prisoners and learnt their news, he went on to visit another friend of former times, one Hawkinson, whose house was close by his lodgings, in St Paul's Churchyard. Hawkinson, whom Haydock believed to be a Catholic, was the son of a tenant at Hollowforth, in Lancashire, and had helped Haydock to return to Douai in 1577, after the

¹² *Diarium Secundum*, Douai Diaries. Westminster Diocesan Archives.

¹³ Extract from a letter of George Haydock to Fr Agazzari S.J., Rector of the English College, Rome, and dated Rheims, 28 November (1581). Archives, Stonyhurst College, Anglia, i, n. 22, f. 56.

¹⁴ Bridgewater, *Concertatio Ecclesiae*, f. 133 v.

¹⁵ A.R.S.I. Anglia 37, Hist. Angl. VIII, ff. 5 v- 6 r.

short break in his studies that was caused by his ill-health. However, unknown to Haydock, Hawkinson had apostatised, and was now a rabid supporter of the priest-hunters to whom he was especially useful with his intimate knowledge of so many Catholics, both priests and laymen.

Hawkinson saw a chance to capture Haydock with ease ; so he arranged with two pursuivants, the notorious Slade and Norris, that they should seize the priest as he came out of his house in St Paul's Churchyard. The matter was accomplished as easily as it was arranged and thus, only two weeks after landing in England, on 4 February 1582,¹⁶ George Haydock was in the hands of the priest-hunters, who took him immediately into the nearby Cathedral, where a Calvinist minister offered him his freedom if he would but renounce the Pope—an action which Haydock absolutely refused to countenance.

Next, Haydock was taken to the house where he usually took his meals and there, unfortunately and quite by chance, they came upon one William Gimmison, a law-student, eating in company with Fr Arthur Pitts, whom Slade, once a fellow-student at the English College, Rome, immediately recognised. Pitts, and Gimmison, although not a priest, were arrested and together with Haydock, taken before the Attorney-General, Sir John Popham. Whilst waiting to appear before Popham, the prisoners had a keen disputation, lasting nearly an hour, with law-students from the Temple. Here it is recorded that Haydock showed great zeal in the defence of the Faith and modesty in the way he deferred to his senior, Fr Pitts.

Popham examined Haydock at length, on his life abroad and on his motives for coming to England. Clerical studies, the effects on the Continent of the execution of Edmund Campion, and the number of Jesuits then in England, were among other subjects in which he showed interest. Haydock was surprised to learn that besides having lists of students at the English Colleges of Rome and Rheims, Popham also had knowledge of his movements since arriving in London.¹⁷

The examination at a close, the prisoners were confined to the Gatehouse for the night. The following day they were all brought to the Star Chamber to appear before the Lord

¹⁶ 4 February seems the most likely date for his arrest, though there is some divergence in various accounts. The Tower Bills record him as being imprisoned from 5 February.

¹⁷ A.R.S.I. Anglia 37, Hist. Angl. VIII, ff. 5 v-7 v; Bridgewater, *Concertatio Ecclesiae*, ff. 134 r-135 v.

High Treasurer, Burghley, who committed them to the Tower, where Haydock remained for two years before he was brought up for trial—or rather, before he was brought out for his condemnation, for ‘trial’ is a word hardly applicable to many of the Court proceedings which, at that time, made mockery of the English judicial system.

Upon his arrest, Haydock had given Norris some money as a bribe that he might be freed.¹⁸ Norris broke his promise to free him but retained the memory of the gold that Haydock had on him; he informed the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Owen Hopton, that the prisoner still had a large amount of gold about his person. Hopton, anxious to acquire the gold for himself, put Haydock in a remote cell, allowing no one to visit him but the gaoler, and in this way the theft was kept quiet.

Haydock remained in solitary confinement for fifteen months. During this time, he underwent the customary deprivations, both of comfort and of visitors; only once in this period did he see a priest, who gave him Holy Communion. He was, however, subjected to those tiresome visits from Protestant ministers who, as a matter of routine, were sent to harangue Catholics in an effort to make them renounce their faith. Such ‘disputations’ were of much the same pattern, wherever they occurred: they would centre around the vexed question of the Royal Supremacy over the English Church.

There is a record of one such ‘disputation’ between George Haydock and an heretical minister. In a letter of Fr Persons s.J., to Fr Agazzari s.J., then Rector of the English College, Rome, the date of this examination is given as August 1583. After Haydock had denied that the Queen was, or ever could be, the Head of the English Church, and had asserted the authority of the Roman Pontiff, the Protestant minister said, ‘If that is the case, write in your own hand these few words’. Whereupon, George Haydock replied, ‘I have no paper’, but he took some charcoal and in the presence of the minister and the gaoler wrote over the door of his cell

Gregorius XIII est caput Ecclesiae Anglicanae, et Universalis, cui tam Elisabetha regina quam reliquus mundus universus subjici debent si salvari volunt.

The gaoler told him to rub it out, but he refused saying that for this truth he would gladly shed his blood. For many

¹⁸ A.R.S.I. Anglia 37, Hist. Angl. VIII, f. 6 v.

days he expected death on account of his defiance. Indeed, many Catholics tried to persuade him to rub out the words, to avoid irritating his accusers, but he again refused to do so, as he did not wish to scandalize those who had already read the words over the door—in particular his gaoler, who was by then half-converted by his constancy.¹⁹

During his imprisonment, Haydock had a recurrence of the ill-health which had forced him to leave Rome. This illness caused him great pain day and night, giving him violent cramps in his stomach and limbs of an hour's duration, but his patience in suffering was a source of great edification for all who saw him. Shortly before, in May 1583, he had been moved to less strict confinement and better quarters, and in these conditions he was able to receive Holy Communion frequently and to administer the Sacraments to his fellow prisoners.

At last, the authorities decided that their efforts to 'convert' him were in vain, and so, on 18 January 1584, George Haydock was brought to the Guildhall to appear before the Recorder of London, Sir William Fleetwood. During the examination which followed, Fleetwood swore at him in a disgusting manner and raising his fist struck him a heavy blow, at which Haydock said, 'Use your might, for on behalf of the Catholic faith I will cheerfully suffer anything'. In reply to a question concerning the authority of the Pope and of the Queen, he fearlessly denied that the Queen had any spiritual authority, and asserted that such authority belonged to the Pope alone. The rest of the examination was so manipulated that Haydock was forced to admit that the Queen was a heretic and without repentance would be eternally lost.

After this examination he said that it was a great privilege to defend the Pope's rights on the Feast of St Peter's Chair in Rome and added that if he had the choice he would prefer to die for the authority and prerogatives of the Roman Apostolic See (*quod est christianae pacis et unionis vinculum*) rather than for any other article of Catholic discipline.

Returning from the examination he said to his confessor, 'Be of good cheer : it is all over'. And indeed it was : although the form of the trial was yet to follow, its decision had already been reached—for reasons of State.

¹⁹ Fr Robert Persons S.J., to Fr Agazzari S.J., Rector of the English College, Rome. Dated Paris, 24 August 1583. A.R.S.I. Anglia 30, I, f. 288 v.

The indictment was drawn up in which he was accused, together with James Fenn and seven other priests, of conspiring against the Queen on 20 September 1581 at Rheims, and of coming to England on 1 November 1581 to carry out his plans.²⁰ Of course, the charges of conspiracy were trumped up and fictitious—so much so that they were ludicrous. So sure of the verdict were the priest-hunters that they had not bothered to check the dates at all: Haydock did not arrive in Rheims from Rome until 2 November 1581, and did not leave for England until 16 January 1582.²¹ Thus some of the charges against him were blatantly false.

The real crime, therefore, was not the treason of plotting against the Queen, but the treason of being a Catholic priest. Accordingly, George Haydock and his companions were condemned under a statute of 1581²² making it a treasonable offence to 'withdraw any of the Queen's Majesty's subjects . . . from their natural obedience to her Majesty or to withdraw them for that intent from the religion now by her Highness' authority established . . . to the Romish religion, or to move them to promise any obedience to any pretended authority of the See of Rome'. From the strictly legal point of view, it would seem that the execution of Haydock and his companions was 'justified' as it can hardly be denied that a Catholic priest in England intended to do all he could to maintain and spread the Catholic faith.

The fabrication of the charge of plotting against the Queen's life at Rheims would thus appear superfluous. However, if one remembers the general atmosphere of the nation as a whole at that time—produced by the Spanish threat; the foolhardy Throgmorton Plot; and the attempted assassination of William of Orange in the Netherlands—both at Spanish instigation—it can be seen that any hint of a plot to assassinate Elizabeth and subvert the realm would immediately arouse the populace against those supposed to have taken part in it. This is further borne out by the fact that in November 1584 the majority of Englishmen of all creeds, formed themselves, at the instigation

²⁰ Original document in P.R.O. K.B. 27/1288.

George Haydock, together with eight others, is accused in the following words: '. . . *Sed instigatione diabolica seducti, Cordialem dilectionem et veram et debitam obedientiam, quam veri et fideles subditi dicte Regine erga ipsam dominam Reginam gererent, et de jure gerere tenentur, penitus subtrahere delere et extinguere intendentes, vicesimo die Septembris, anno regni domine Regine nunc vicesimo tercio apud Remes . . . falso et maliciose et proditorie conspiraverunt . . .*' etc.

²¹ *Diarium Secundum*, Douai Diaries. Westminster Diocesan Archives.

²² 23 Eliz. Cap I, 1.

of the Privy Council, into 'The Bond of Association': this was designed to deprive Elizabeth's would-be assassins of any advantage by swearing to kill anyone who tried to supplant her. The most reasonable assumption, then, would seem to be that the charge of conspiracy was introduced to blacken Haydock and his companions in the eyes of the people, and to implicate Catholic priests in England in foreign plots against Queen and country. For such a crime as this the usual penalty was to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

On 6 February 1584²³ in company with Thomas Hemerford, his close friend, James Fenn, John Munden, and John Nutter,²⁴ George Haydock was formally arraigned before the Queen's Bench at Westminster, where he pleaded 'Not Guilty' to the charge of treason. The judges were surprised at his apparent youth, and, taking pity on him, one said, 'Being one so young, is it not great audacity and temerity on your part not to allow yourself to be ruled by the counsel and prudence of older men?' To which Haydock replied, 'There is no need to worry about my tender age because I am of sufficient years to serve God, and this life, in as much as it shall be surrendered to its Creator, thus far is it more acceptable to Him, and as for me, I willingly pay whatever you unjustly and cruelly seek'.²⁵

The Judges, following the will of the government, pronounced sentence of death²⁶ on Haydock and his companions on 7 February 1584. On hearing it they sang a *Te Deum* for so great a blessing, and forthwith they were returned to their prison.²⁷ The trial started on the Feast of St Dorothy to whom George Haydock had a special devotion.

With the martyr's crown now in sight, George Haydock went back to prison full of joy, and prepared himself for the coming trial with prayer and fasting. He was alarmed to hear a rumour that the Queen had reprieved him, but his confessor assured him that such rumours were usually a sure indication of impending execution. He did not have long to wait for the appointed day.

On 10 February, a precept was addressed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, which recalled the sentence to be carried out

²³ P.R.O. Indictment, K.B. 27/1288.

²⁴ (a) *Annale del Collegio Inglese di Roma del 1584*. (b) A.R.S.I. 156. I ff. 31 r-38 v. (c) *The Annals of John Stow*, London, 1592, p. 1190.

²⁵ Cf. footnote 24 (a) and 24 (b).

²⁶ P.R.O. K.B. 27/1288.

²⁷ A.R.S.I. *Anglia* 37, *Hist. Angl.* VIII, f. 7 r.

on the prisoners and directed that they were forthwith to be handed over to the Sheriff to be drawn to Tyburn, and there executed.²⁸ The cruel martyrdom which he had awaited since before his ordination was now approaching.

On 12 February²⁹ George Haydock offered Mass early and later, with his four companions, was drawn on a hurdle from the Tower, across the City to Tyburn Hill, the martyrs-to-be being followed by the usual mixed crowd of scoffers and sympathisers. Haydock mounted first onto the cart, where he immediately said the doxology *Praesta, Pater piissime . . .* Then the Sheriff, John Spenser, and the Protestant ministers asked him to confess his treason and beg the Queen's forgiveness. With the rope round his neck he replied, 'I do call God to witness unto my soul that of the crime whereof I am accused I am altogether innocent, and that therefore there is nothing for which I can ask pardon'. He continued, 'I take her for my lawful Queen; I have said this morning these many Paternosters for her and I pray God she may reign long Queen. If I had her in the wilderness I would not for all the world put a pinn towards her with intent to hurt her.'³⁰ Spenser went on to charge him with crimes discovered since his condemnation, to which Haydock retorted, 'Ye have found out no evil since then, but this anxiety of yours to trace out a crime shows that I have been unjustly adjudged to death'. The Sheriff then called forward from the crowd Antony Munday, who had been a fellow-student with Haydock at the English College, Rome, but had now become an informer.

Munday claimed that when he, George Haydock and another had been out walking together in Rome, his other companion had wished for the hearts of three of the Queen's counsellors, to which Haydock had added that he would have the head of the Queen 'for a messe'.³¹ This Haydock quietly denied, and then asked Munday why he had not come forward at the trial to give this evidence on oath, to which Munday could only reply that he had not known that the trial was proceeding.

²⁸ P.R.O. K.B. 29/219. Writs concerning trial and execution.

²⁹ Bridgewater, in *Concertatio Ecclesiae*, gives the date as 13 February, though the date given both in the indictment and in the writs for execution is 12 February (P.R.O. K.B. 27/1288; P.R.O. K.B. 29/219). This latter date is followed by most other biographers.

³⁰ A.R.S.I. Anglia 37, Hist. Angl. VIII, f. 7 r.

³¹ messe or masse=pool or sweepstake.

Seeing that the crowd had not been deceived by the new charge, the Sheriff then asked Haydock if he had not called the Queen a heretic, to which he replied, 'I confess I did'; a chorus of 'Traitor! Villain!' from the Sheriff and his officers greeted this answer. In the midst of all this disturbance, George Haydock prayed quietly in Latin, and one of the ministers present, hearing this, exhorted him to pray in English that the people might join with him. Haydock pushed the minister away as well as he could, saying, 'Away, away! I will have nothing to do with thee.' Then he requested all Catholics to pray with him for his own and the country's salvation. Whereupon a bystander shouted, 'Here be no Catholics'; but another voice retorted, 'We be all Catholics'. Haydock said, 'I call Catholics those who cherish the faith of the holy Catholic Roman Church; God grant that my blood may increase the Catholic Faith in England'. Spenser, the Sheriff, cried, 'The Catholic Faith! The Devil's Faith! Drive away the cart!'

Haydock was not allowed to slip into unconsciousness before the drawing and quartering began, as the Sheriff ordered the executioner to cut the rope almost immediately. According to an eyewitness, the martyr was in full possession of his senses when the brutal disembowelling began. All this took place before the eyes of his four companions, who themselves awaited the same fate, and who found a source of strength in Haydock's constancy in confessing the faith.³²

Thus, after much pain, suffering and abuse the ardently desired martyr's crown was his: the prophecy had been fulfilled—

Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium.

PETER DOYLE and MAX PRICE.

³² Bridgewater, *Concertatio Ecclesiae*, ff. 138 v-139 v. A.R.S.I. Anglia 37, Hist. Angl. VIII, ff. 7 r-7 v.

Exemplar litterarum P. Richardi Barretti ad P. Rectorem Collegii Anglorum de Urbe. Remis 6 Aprilis 1584. A.R.S.I. Epist. Select. ex Anglia, 651 N. 605 f. 107.

SERVATIS SERVANDIS, MUTATIS MUTANDIS :

THE GREGORIAN

It was in February 1551 that over the door of a small house at the foot of the Campidoglio a notice appeared : *Scuola di grammatica, d'umanità e dottrina cristiana. Gratis*. On 22nd February, fifteen Jesuit students moved into the house, and within a day or two the lectures started. This was the beginning of what is known today as the Gregorian University. It was a long way from the no doubt ramshackle house bought by St Ignatius (he rarely managed to buy anything better) to the marble Aula Magna of the present building. The history of the Institution would make fascinating reading, but it awaits still its Fr Brodrick who could weave together the story of human failings and that of divine charity which, after all, has given life to it and kept it going through the centuries.

The idea of St Ignatius was to open a school where teaching was imparted according to the method of the University of Paris, whose system he had learned to appreciate while he was studying there.¹ In his mind, he had no doubt that it was the best in the world. In fact, the advantages of the *methodus Parisiensis* were manifold : first, the students were distributed into small classes, according to their age, talent and knowledge ; then, it was a sort of *Montessori* method, with emphasis on active work by the pupils : although they had lectures, there were

¹ Cf. R. G. Villoslada, *Storia del Collegio Romano*, Roma, 1954 ; p. 11 and 14.

many disputations and repetitions; and finally, individual attention was given to every student, and the intellectual formation was evenly balanced by education in the full sense of the term.

Since the days of St Ignatius, the Institution has grown beyond recognition. There are now 134 Professors, of whom about 100 are living on the third and fourth floors of the present building. The number of students, attending more or less day-by-day, is 2,680, to which may be added nearly 300 as 'advanced' students, 'advanced' being perhaps the best term to denote those who have not finished their thesis during the statutory term of one or two years, and are still *in Urbe* (or deemed to be so), putting the finishing touches to their dissertations.²

The large number of Professors is a great strain on Jesuit provinces all over the world. Good theologians are needed everywhere, but as soon as a theologian distinguishes himself somewhere, the Gregorian may claim him without warning, in the name of the greater good he could and would do in Rome. And what can the Provinces do, but bow their head, and begin to prepare another theologian, hoping against hope that they will be able to keep him?

The choice of a new Professor is usually made by the University, at the suggestion of the Faculty concerned. After the name has been agreed upon, the Rector will ask the Fr Delegate to get in touch with the Provincial of the candidate. Then reasons are weighed, the greater good considered by both sides, and finally, if all goes well, the General will be asked to make the appointment, and, as Vice-Chancellor of the University, to sign, seal, and deliver the necessary document through which the canonical mission to teach is given.

I should explain what 'Fr Delegate' means. It is a new, legal institution, not found in the old editions of the rules and regulations of the Society of Jesus. Originally, the Gregorian was part of the Roman Province, the Italian Provincial, whose

² It might be interesting to give some figures about the distribution of students according to their nationalities:

Italy	631	Brazil	175
U.S.A.	487	France	159
Spain	395	Mexico	142
Germany	176	England	133

Those are the first eight nations according to the strength of their representation. Further down in the list we notice Ireland with 73 students, and Scotland with 45. There is no separate entry for Wales. If one asked which is the largest language group at the University, the answer is: the English-speaking group. All counted, they are not far from 800.

residence is at the Gesù, having full jurisdiction over it. It was in 1946 that the General Congregation of the Society (which is its supreme legislative organ to which even the General owes obedience), took the University out of the Roman Province, and placed it under the immediate jurisdiction of the General.

The reasons were simple: after all it was the General only who could order the other Provinces to give men for the Gregorian, and also, it was fitting that an international house should have a supra-national government. Shortly after, all the international houses of the Society followed suit, and acquired the same status. Thus, in fact, a new Province has been formed, with the General as Provincial. As there are some 600 Jesuits living in those houses, the General obviously could not deal with their individual problems—while governing the Society as well. Hence, a quasi-Provincial has been appointed who is called the Delegate of the General. At present he is Fr Arnou, former Professor of Natural Theology. It is his duty to visit every house of his quasi-Province once a year, and to see to it that all under his care are growing in grace and wisdom. During his annual visitation he gives an address to the whole Community assembled in the Chapel, and he has to see in private every single subject.

Although the Gregorian is administered by the Society, in reality it is the University of the Holy See. This means a closer contact with the Congregation of Studies, and also a greater subordination to it. Needless to say, the University is bound by the Apostolic Constitution *Deus scientiarum Dominus*, and has to follow strictly the programme prescribed by it, or in virtue of it. Any change would be of the competence of the Congregation.

In recent years, two new Institutes sprang to life with the blessing of the Holy See. One is the Institute of Social Sciences, the other the Institute of Spirituality. The aim of the former is to give solid information in Catholic Social Doctrine, especially, but not exclusively, to priests and seminarians from underdeveloped countries. The ordinary course takes three years, and it is conceived to impart theoretical and fairly wide technical knowledge as well. Those who wish may take one or two years more to obtain the degree of Doctor in Sociology. The purpose of the latter (the Institute of Spirituality) is to form spiritual directors for seminaries and masters of novices for religious congregations. It consists of two years of systematic lectures

on the theology of the spiritual life, to which some training in practical psychology is added. It does not give degrees in the proper sense, as does the Institute of Social Sciences. Both Institutes can report reasonable success : the number of students in Sociology is about 100, of those in Spirituality about twenty.

It would be a mistake to think, however, that the spiritual message of the Professors is confined to the School of Spirituality. Many of the Fathers do apostolic work outside the precincts of the University. Some are spiritual directors in colleges, some are confessors in Roman parishes, some are regular preachers in different churches. During the summer, many give retreats : religious houses and seminaries being the most frequent beneficiaries of this activity.

For the summer vacation there is no rule. Those who wish, may stay in Rome (very few do) ; those who wish, may go away (many do). A large proportion go back to their own country. The summer is a good time to make one's own retreat as well : eight full days spent in prayer every year is the rule for every Jesuit.

The term begins for Professors (i.e. they have 'to be up') on 1 October—which gives a full fortnight to prepare the first lecture. With the opening of the academic year, the daily routine starts, though it is not much of a routine. The idea of St Ignatius that much freedom should be given to the priests of the Society is respected. There is no iron rule for the time of sleep : one may need more, another less. Hence, there is not really common rising at the Gregorian. The first bell goes at 5.30 a.m., but an observer could spot lights from 4 a.m. onwards. After a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament, one hour's meditation is of strict obligation for all. To celebrate Mass, a good part of the community goes out to religious houses, or other churches, and the rest can be accommodated in the house. After Mass, there is breakfast, and each then goes off to his work. Office is not said in common : it is *always* recited in private, using the Roman Breviary.

Five minutes after last lecture, at 12.20, the bell goes to summon the Fathers to examine their consciences for a quarter of an hour. After which the Litanies of Saints are recited in common—the only common prayer in the Society. Dinner follows. Long reading is the rule, with one or two exceptions in a week. After dinner the community meets in the Common Room where Italian is spoken over the *espresso*.

The next meeting of the community is for supper at 8.15, after which there is no *espresso* and consequently, any language may be spoken. This is the time when the resounding voices in the building are bound to remind one of the Tower of Babel, or the Miracle of Pentecost, as the case may be. It is at 9.15 p.m. that silence begins, and after a quarter of an hour's spiritual reading, and another quarter for the examination of conscience (all in private), the day officially ends. But again, it will be some time before the last light goes out : it is difficult for some to say good-night to their books.

Books are indeed a problem, and in more than one way : they seem to be scarce always and never cheap. The library is good for what could be called ecclesiastical sciences : it is up to date in Theology, Philosophy, Canon Law, and Church History. In these subjects, as a rule, it is enough for the Professor to fill up a form in order to get the book he wants. But in other subjects, helpful though they may be for theology, etc., it is more difficult to get satisfaction. Also, standard works, text books, even in main subjects, do not exist in as many copies as there are students asking for them. Perhaps, in the near future, some improvement will come about, since under the title of *Fundatio Pii XII*, a special fund (i.e. capital) is being constituted for the Library, which should bring sufficient interest to ease the slightly strained situation. The capital is being collected in the U.S.A., by one of the American Fathers on the Staff.

Lack of funds is the source of difficulties, not only for the Library but for the whole Institution. The Bursar says that if he were allowed to publish the credits and debits of the Gregorian, a new miracle of Providence would be demonstrated. In 1870, the Collegio Romano lost its building, all estates and capital, and has not since recovered. Anything that could be collected, went into the construction of the new building, and as at present there is no fixed and steady income from any source, trust in Providence has to be united to human ingenuity. The work of the Professors outside the house brings in some money, and there is occasional help from the General of the Society. But the Jesuit Constitutions are emphatic that each house should be self-supporting, and the Gregorian is encouraged to observe the Constitutions. Some years ago the situation must have been particularly hard, because each priest throughout the Society had to say a monthly Mass of

which the stipend had to be sent to the Gregorian. Indeed, the greatest preoccupation of the Superiors is to put the University on a sound financial basis, which, once established, would necessarily have a beneficial influence on its life and activity.

The work of the Fathers, of course, is not confined to lecturing and to writing books and articles. Requests and commissions are regularly coming in from the Holy See, and such work must have priority before any other, though it rarely comes to the notice of the public. Those who work for the preparation of the Council are known: there are two, Frs Tromp and Bidagor, who are Secretaries to a Commission, and some twelve more who are either Members or Consultors. Then there are the Consultors of various Sacred Congregations. The amount of their work can only be guessed by having a look at the parcel-sized letters that they frequently receive from Vatican City. Finally, there are those who are called upon to help with the drafting of an important document, be it an Encyclical or an Apostolic Constitution. They are few, and their contribution is known to the Angels only.

If we talk about work, the lay brothers should not be forgotten. One of them holds the key to the smooth running of the University: he is Brother Cook. He is a Spaniard, but well learned in how to handle an international community. In June, he makes a special effort to keep the Professors cheerful and contented, as it is the month when the work is the hardest. There is a Brother who is in charge of the Printing Press of the University; another one is the right-hand man of the Secretary. Two are employed in Accountancy, and one is postman for the place. Another combines the job of hairdresser with that of typist. The Jack-of-all-trades is not missing either: he is seen everywhere in his blue overall. The infirmarian is also a laybrother, looking after the aged or weaker brethren.

The aged ones are never missing in the house, as those who worked in Rome may elect to stay in Rome after their retirement. In fact many do. One of them was Fr Hoenen, who died in August 1961. After he had received the Last Sacraments, he asked for a cigar, in order to celebrate the great day. And the great day it was: in the evening he departed peacefully to a better world. He was known to many generations of the Venerable as Professor of Cosmology, and incredible as it may seem, especially for a Dutchman, was quite passionate about the nature of the *continuum*.

Some of the Old Romans will find it interesting to learn that the Faculty of Philosophy has undergone a change since the days when Fr Hoenen was lecturing. Some Colleges have decided to send to Rome theologians only, thus increasing the capacity of the College by permitting a shorter stay in Rome. The consequence for the Gregorian is that those doing the ordinary course in Philosophy are less numerous. One is proud to say that neither the English nor the Scots have fallen victim to that reasoning, and have not given up one inch of metaphysical learning. On the other hand, as philosophers are kept home, in their own countries, so the need for Philosophy Professors increases. Hence, more young priests come for post-graduate studies in this branch of learning. Altogether there are 431 real or potential philosophers at the University.

The Faculty of Theology is considered the strongest at present. It is said that some lectures are so good, the students come even in a thunderstorm. It is hoped that the sections that have not reached the thunderstorm-resisting quality, will be made stronger in the not very distant future. The Faculty has 1668 duly matriculated students, to which 149 in the *Cursus Seminaristicus* should be added.

The Faculty of Missiology had the reputation of having more Professors than students. This is not true any more as there is an increase in the number of candidates contending for degrees: they are twenty-five. In fact, the reputation was an unjust one, as it is this particular Faculty which provides lectures on the history of religions for theologians, and those lectures are well attended. Should one call it the extra-mural work of the Missiologists?

The Faculty of Church History enjoys a high standing among similar institutes, and the standards set for thesis work are of the highest. The Faculty has a fairly high rate of publication—the results of research studies—and is planning a new periodical, mainly on the History of the Popes. There are about 100 students in the Faculty.

As for the Faculty of Canon Law: we may record that it supplies the highest number of Counsellors for the different Sacred Congregations, and that there are 186 young priests learning legal wisdom in its lecture halls.

After the review of the faculties housed in the University, I should say a word about the building itself. It is still large enough, though it had been planned for about 2,000 students.

The only serious difficulty at present is that not even the largest of the lecture halls can accommodate two years of theology reunited into one class. Hence, either more seats should be squeezed into it somehow, or the class should be divided. For the first solution a great deal of ingenuity would be required, and a good architect, too ; for the second, new professors would be called upon, and that would mean further sacrifices from the Provinces. The problem is being weighed and considered, and no doubt a solution will be found. The easiest way out, of course, would be to adopt the system of the House of Commons : never so many seats as M.P.s. But the Alma Mater is anxious to have as many seats as students. Apart from this particular problem, there is no outstanding difficulty. If need arises, any overflow of Professors or students could be directed into the neighbouring house, called the *Palazzo Frascara* (occupying the north side of the *Piazza della Pilotta*), which the Gregorian had to buy some years ago, in order to avoid the threatened presence of a very undesirable political organization in the piazza. Till now, it has been leased to tenants, but it will shortly be adapted to scholastic use.

This is the picture of the *Scuola di grammatica, d'umanità e dottrina cristiana* in the beginning of the year 1962. It has indeed undergone some changes in the course of its existence : although the teaching is still *gratis*, some Registration fee has been imposed ; the *methodus Parisiensis* is no longer possible because of the numerous lectures and students. But Christian doctrine has been taught there for four centuries, and one desire of St Ignatius fulfilled to a great extent : he wished that his College should train priests for the revival of the Catholic Religion in Northern Europe.

Finally, one should say that the links between England and the Gregorian were always close. If anybody doubts it, let him consider : is there any other country in the world where jugs are named after a former Rector of the Collegio Romano ? And that small fact covers a great deal, and tells a fine tale.

LADISLAS ÖRSY, S.J.

ROMANESQUE

69 — NOSTALGIA ED ATTUALITA

On my last visit to the College I met an old Roman of my own epoch who was in a fury of disillusion. 'It is over thirty years since I was in Rome', he said, 'and I shall never come back again. It is no longer the Rome we knew, you and I. The traffic is appalling. It spoils everything. It chokes the streets. It's noisy and smelly and dangerous. The City is changed out of all recognition. I hate it as it is now.'

Rome has indeed changed since the twenties. It was bound to change. It is not a fossil like Pompeii but a living, busy city. Need this spoil Rome for us when we return? Obviously it depends largely on ourselves, on our purpose in coming back. If this is only to rediscover old haunts and repeople them with ghosts of other days, reality may well fail to match our memories.

This raises two questions. Should our reason for returning be so limited? And has Rome in fact changed so much as to have been spoiled?

It is impossible to banish all nostalgia. No Roman can escape his memories. Nor should he want to. But this does not justify his being allergic to all change. It would be more than arrogant to expect the City to stay exactly as it was just for his benefit. After all, other people have to live in it. And does he realise that some, at least, of his disappointment is due to the fact that it is not only Rome which has changed? He has changed himself. The excitement and delight of bathing in the

tank at Pamfili are hard to recapture merely by going and looking at the gloomy old thing. One's first visit to the catacombs was undeniably a thrilling experience. But they lose their atmosphere progressively with each subsequent visit, which becomes a strictly archæological excursion—bricking to you, venerable reader.

How much has Rome changed? More of course to the man who stays away for thirty years than to the regular visitor. My irate friend was seeing the Via della Conciliazione, the Via del Mare, the Via San Gregorio, the piazza at the beginning of



the Archæological Walk and the other outside the walls by the pyramid of Caius Sextus, these and much else all for the first time. Many of us, however, had watched the progress of these wide ways during the thirties and had approved of them. Who can really regret the Spina, leading to Saint Peter's, even if he can imagine a less pompous approach than the one which eventuated? Who will deny that the present high road among pines, with its views of the Palatine, is a great improvement on the old, dreary, dusty Via dei Cerchi?

Around the Colosseum very little is changed, from the Giulia to the Bocca della Verità. All central Rome is much as we remember it. The maze of streets round the Minerva and the

Pantheon, the tortuous ways from the Farnese to the Largo Argentina, past the Trevi fountain and under the huge bulk of the Quirinal, Pincio, the Borghese Gardens, Pamfili—they are all the same. If you have to jump out of the way of cars now, we had to jump out of the way of carrozze then, and they took up as much room in the narrow streets. Besides, there were cars after all in the twenties, let us remember; not so many of them, but they travelled quite as fast and they came at us from every direction. They are more disciplined today.

Since the traffic figures so largely in the accounts of returning Romans, since it seems to be the principal shock they suffer and their chief annoyance, let us try to strike a true balance. My own impression is that the Monserrà is much quieter than it used to be, when young men tested vast motor bikes without silencers and the close walls vibrated like the sound-boxes they were. In no city before have I seen such admirable signs for pedestrians as, for example, those outside Sant'Andrea della Valle. All traffic stops, from all directions, and a zone of peace is created so that one can cross in complete quiet of mind.

Those four flashes, to show that the truce is about to expire, are friendly flashes and eminently practical.

The Englishman needs to learn a new technique at zebra crossings. Traffic will stop for him only where he is, neither in front nor behind. So, he must walk ahead steadily and resolutely, from bonnet to bonnet. Once he acquires sufficient confidence to do this, he finds that the system works. Otherwise he will dither on the pavement for eternity. Where there is no zebra crossing one takes the road in halves. When the near side is clear, walk to the middle and wait there until the farther side is free. It is exhilarating to stand motionless with the traffic streaking past on either side. This must be the olympian sensation of a policeman on point duty. But in the case of one-way traffic I have no advice to offer, unless it be to invoke Saint Christopher and leap.

There are places which the rush of traffic has spoiled, such as the piazza in front of San Georgio in Velabro and Santa Maria in Cosmedin, because essentially it should be a quiet place. But not many examples spring to mind. The real rush occurs on arterial routes and there it is reasonable. For the old Roman in new Rome the essential thing to grasp is that though the traffic moves so much faster than in Britain, there is a definite discipline. It is different from ours. But once the

stranger has learnt what the Italian expects of him, he is as safe in Rome as in London—no more, but no less.

A new sight to us revenants is provided by cassocked clerics on scooters. This appears to have dealt a death-blow to the system of camerata. And it also seems to have done away with wings, although college buses to and from the University may have made their contribution to this result. I rather regret this since I like wings as a garment. But the facts seem to be so. Near Sant'Ignazio I saw many Germans wandering about alone in their scarlet cassocks and without soprane. Most of the Spaniards and South Americans left the Gregorian also without wings or ferraiuola. Another sign of increasing informality is the popularity of what we used to call the Villa hat. Venerabilini stand out in the crowd for their fidelity to the traditional beaver hat. Do the Scots still wear it?¹ The Spaniards have discarded their George Robey headgear, polished little crowns and virtually no brim. It is a pity. It all added to the comedy and variety of life.

Where Rome has changed most is, of course, on the outskirts; beyond the Ponte Milvio, beyond the Lateran and most of all beyond Saint Paul's. But, except for the pleasure of paying a visit to the new Beda, why should your nostalgic old voc want to go there at all? These blocks of flats and wide streets and vast piazzas and churches are brave with colour and clean and hygienic. But they might be anywhere in the world of today from Rio to Ghana. They are not Rome, only around Rome. If you were blindfolded and dropped in one of these suburbs, you would be at a loss when the handkerchief were untied to guess your whereabouts. And yet nothing is without its compensations. If you want to see the daring architecture of the last Olympics, don't be caught as we were and go out to the Foro Italico. Travel past Saint Paul's to the area where Mussolini planned his World Fair of 1942. There you will find what can be done with concrete. Nowhere in Britain will you see its like.

What about the College itself? Even the die-hard traditionalist will not object to changes here, unless he belongs to the school of curmudgeons who demand that all succeeding generations endure what they endured—presumably to make it grimly enjoyable in retrospect. And, thank God, the College is not standing still.

¹ They do: without guy-ropes, of course.—ED.

Palazzola is a dream with everything in apple-pie order. You can still see Saint Peter's dome from the garden, despite some sceptics, even mitred ones. Three of us saw it one bright October morning. It was not the dome near the Esposizione. It was the real one, in the right place. So, Rome is not so smoky after all.

How glad one is that De Cupis's villa, the old Villa Cardinale, is part of the property again. I well remember our distress when it was sold and we had to replan the golf course with the intricacy of Hampton Court Maze. I hope some of the wall will eventually be taken down to get that first long hole, from the first tee to the far corner where the lodge now stands, between the Via dei Laghi and the road down to Palazzola. Does the present generation still talk of the Tank?² The swimming baths, both at the Villa and in Rome, are now so resplendent that, surely, they should bear no longer so undistinguished a title. And Notre Dame de la Regarde watches over the swimmers and divers once again, undamaged apparently under that mass of stone for so many years. To be able to walk down the Villa garden without getting one's shoes full of dust is only one of many modern benefits. The library looks and feels like a library. And the sacristy is another splendid improvement. If we veterans were a little more mobile, what a spot for a holiday!

We arrived in Rome the day before the College came back from the Villa. It was the usual summer chaos. Workmen were tramping about, dust everywhere, trunks and packages of unbelievable shapes littering the bottom corridor. I had brought a distinguished companion for a holiday. What he thought of the place in those circumstances was an uncomfortable speculation. I didn't ask him. But, as the days went by, and he watched with a silent interest that missed nothing, luggage disappeared, tiled floors were polished, curtains put up and carpets laid down. The annual transformation had taken place and from being a shambles the College rediscovered its dignity.

The immediate change to strike one is to see red curtains up the stairs to the piano nobile and along the Cardinals' corridor. They are still yellow elsewhere. But a real live Cardinal lives at the far end, adding fresh distinction to the line of portraits along the walls. This corridor was originally planned

² It does : architectural change has not affected nomenclature.—Ed.

to be bare of all furniture. However, a touch of genius has rescued from the garden, where they were subjected to the weather of, I think, more than a century, the four original carved joist ends from the medieval church. That should have been done long ago ; and they look magnificent in their new position in the centre of the Cardinals' corridor. The vaulted roof of the first library has gone. It had to do, for it was giving way under the weight it had to carry. Cardinal Hinsley was always very doubtful about those vaults, and we nearly had a catastrophe in the refectory during Cardinal Godfrey's reign.

The common room is as it has been since 1922, except for tip-up chairs in place of the old wicker ones. This is an innovation which does not appeal to me, though doubtless they are stronger and harder to damage. I always get the impression that the common room does not truly find itself much before Saint Catherine's day. Of all the rooms in the house, it seems to take longest to recover from its own emptiness during villeggiatura. There are still photographs on the wall but remarkably few new ones. Many of the familiar faces now adorn the corridor wall outside. Some of them, I believe, have been banished elsewhere or perhaps been given Christian burial. There ought to be a Romanesque on Common Room photographs, written by one of those men with encyclopædic memories.

Before the College returned we climbed up to the top floor and I was delighted to see some proper wash basins in a few rooms. I did not recognise the furniture in my own old room. But I should have been disgusted if I had. Even then, it was fit for nothing but to serve as firewood.

What else ? The College clock still whirrs and strikes as it always has done, naturally. The Senior Student's bell outside the Common Room is cracked and sounds even worse than before. The bell, which Cardinal Hinsley gave to the College and consecrated under the patronage of Saints John Fisher and Thomas More, has had to be lowered from its perch, which was no longer safe. The Rector's ingenuity will, no doubt, soon find an inspired use for it.

For a long time now, even from the days when I had a small say in things, I have thought that the tribune is a mess. The altars are useful, of course ; indeed necessary. But they do spoil things. When the money comes rolling in, perhaps it may be possible to use the crypt for this purpose.

There, ancient Roman, I have tried to give you an idea of what it is like to go back in 1961. And of two things I can assure you. You will receive nothing but princely hospitality from everyone, be he Rector, Vice, Senior Student, First Year or Raniero. Courtesy, thoughtfulness, kindness and generosity will wrap you round. And however good your housekeeper's spag may be, the nuns' is (or are) far better.

RICHARD L. SMITH.

SOME NEWMAN LETTERS—III

This is the third and last of a series of articles based on unpublished letters of Cardinal Newman in the College Archives. The first two articles, which appeared over twenty years ago, covered eleven of the total number of seventeen letters. With the outbreak of war and the departure of the College for England, the final article was not written, and the letters themselves were mislaid. They have recently come to light once more, and the remaining six are here published.¹ Four of them are addressed to Monsignor Talbot, and the remaining two are to Mr Shakspeare Wood, sometime Rome correspondent of *The Times*.

* * * *

In 1851 Dr Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh and future Archbishop of Dublin, visited Newman at the Birmingham Oratory and invited him to become Rector of the proposed Catholic University of Ireland to be set up in Dublin. The new University was to be a substitute for the undenominational Queen's Colleges which had been established in Cork and Galway by Sir Robert Peel. The Queen's Colleges were intended to provide university education for Catholics (who could not attend the Protestant Trinity College, Dublin), but the Irish episcopate had condemned them. Moreover, both Gregory XVI

¹ See J. Harrison, *Some Newman Letters*, THE VENERABLE IX, 1 (October 1938) and X, 1 (May 1941). The letters in the present article are published with the kind consent of the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory, the Cardinal's literary executors. They will shortly appear in the complete edition of Newman's correspondence which is being published by the Very Rev. C. Stephen Dessain, Cong. Orat.

and Pius IX objected to the Colleges. It is not surprising. The period was seeing the rapid development of scientific studies and an attendant spread of anti-religious thought. In Catholic circles anything in the nature of 'mixed' education was therefore deeply suspect. Dr Cullen's plan for a Catholic University was approved by the Synod of Thurles in 1850, and Rome gave its blessing to the scheme.

Newman did not at once agree to the proposal that he should become Rector. Dr Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, did not share the other bishops' enthusiasm for the new University. In his view the Queen's Colleges would soon become Catholic in fact if not in name, and he therefore strongly opposed the new foundation. Newman could foresee great difficulties if the University were established in Dr Murray's own see. This was not all. On the human level there seemed little likelihood that the University would be a practical proposition. Newman finally agreed to accept the rectorship, trusting that the new task was sent to him by Providence.

In the first of the letters to Mgr Talbot, we see Newman in the first flush of enthusiasm. It was written the day after the new University was opened :

Monday in Pentecost June 5/54

My dear Mgr Talbot

I write at once thinking the Holy Father will be gratified to know that the University is now begun. Yesterday after High Mass, at which Dr Moriarty, the new Coadjutor Bp of Kerry, celebrated, I took the oaths, & then the Archbishop of Dublin [now Cullen] preached a very impressive sermon. The Church (of Marlborough Street) was more crowded than it was ever recollected to be.

I have this to tell and no more—but this is a good deal, if *dimidium qui capit habet*. We have begun on the most suitable of days, and I trust we shall put ourselves under the patronage of the *Sedes Sapientiae*, and that St Thomas and St Catherine, and other saints who are patrons of learning, will help us—and that St Philip will not refuse to bless us.

Zealous friends in England and Ireland are putting their names on our books. I want *yours*, & the sooner the better. It involves nothing beyond giving your name. I also want those of FF *Perrone* and *Passaglia*—F *Bresciani*,

F *Modena*, F *Salva*, F *Theiner*, F *Benigno* (of S Francesco a Ripa, if he is alive). You see I am selecting whom I knew *personally* and can seem to be paying a *personal* attention to—for, if I took any other [*illegible* : rate ?] I should not know where to stop. Is it giving you too much trouble, to ask you to get these names ? I dare say some other friend of mine at Rome would relieve you, of part of it, and would explain that the fear of giving the expense of postage hinders me [from sending] separate letters. I would ask for the names of Mgr *Hohenloe* and Mgr *Barnabò*, if they would [not] think the request a liberty.

Dr Cullen has been writing to stop the reported sale of some MSS at St Isidore's to Trinity College, Dublin—which we wish to make use of ourselves—just in time !

The Cardinal is going to write to his Holiness to get me formal leave of absence from the Oratory for so many months every year—lest my absence shd be a *precedent*.

I am beginning a *weekly University Gazette*. I wish there was some way of getting it to you—if I could, it would keep his Holiness in continual information of how we are getting on. I shall inquire whether it is possible to do so

Ever yrs most sincerely in Xt

JOHN H. NEWMAN

To the Very Revd
Mgr Talbot &c. &c.

The second letter, written about three weeks later, is less enthusiastic in tone. Newman is having to face public apathy towards the new University, particularly from those holding the view that the Queen's Colleges should suffice for the education of Catholics.

University House, Stephen's Green
Dublin

In festo Apostolorum 1854

My dear Mgr Talbot,

Dr Cullen wishes me to ask you the name of the Louvain Professor. The Chair is not filled up, but we are anxious to get as good an occupant as we can. We have

heard of a Mr or Dr des Cocx [?] of Louvain. Do you know any thing about him? I don't suppose it is he?

The Cardinal tells me you can give me information about the Pope's foundations—e.g. the Collegio Pio etc. I should very much like to be able to publish some account of them here.

I feel your kindness in sending me the Apostolical Benediction—in my present very arduous & anxious undertaking it is the one stay I have—and this is the Feast especially to remember it. Mgr Nesbit [?] is consecrated at Amiens [?] today.

We are getting on as well as we can. We have some little difficulty, naturally, in getting the adhesion of gentlemen who have supported the Queen's Colleges—but I think we shall get it.

Ever yours very sincerely in Xt

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.

In April 1856, after two years as Rector, Newman decided to resign his post in July 1857. The next letter, written two months after the decision had been made, gives no hint of his intention. Its tone is cheerful, for the bishops meeting in synod had just approved Newman's statutes and appointments. Even Dr McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, one of the strong opponents of the University, had shown him great goodwill. It had been largely because he anticipated opposition and obstructiveness from the bishops that Newman had told Archbishop Cullen that he meant to resign. Now, having met with unexpected approval, he returns to the task with fresh hope. But he does not retract his resignation.

6 Harcourt Street,
Dublin June 30/56

My dear Mgr Talbot,

As you are just starting for Rome, you may like to take tidings to the Holy Father, of what I only knew yesterday, the happy result of the Synodal Meeting of Bps here, which closed on Friday. They have written a Synodal Letter to him, but that won't go into particulars. They were especially kind and courteous to me—they enter-

tained favourably all my plans and projected statutes, and have confirmed them for three years on trial. They have taken all my appointments—I trust now we shall start with fresh vigour, as from a new beginning.

Our principal success is, and will be, our Medical School, which promises to be the first in Dublin. Our next hopeful prospect lies in the Dublin youth—whom in a little time I think we shall bring to us. This in the course of time will create a high Catholic society in Dublin. Our Church too is very successful from the time it has opened, & will be of great use to us. What we have failed in is in getting students from Ireland at large; but this, we were told before we began, we should not & could not do—because there were none to come. We had altogether 94 students in Lecture at Easter.

Our Irish Archæological Institution will be something of universal interest and utility. We wish to get the Irish MSS from St Isidore. Every one is for it. The Fr General, the Guardian of St Isidore, the Fr Provincial here, and the Pope—but, at the same time, it is so difficult actually to *effect* what all concede, that you will do us a great service, if you can make some agitation on the subject.

I should have liked too to have talked to you on the subject of the English Oratory. Things were going wrong, and the Oratories were being mixed together, in a way which threatened confusion, then the Holy Father came to our assistance—and stopped it. I trust now that they will settle down, each in its own place, and not interfere with each other

Ever yours most sincerely in Xt

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory

In the last paragraph Newman mentions the matter of the confusion of the Oratories of London and Birmingham. The events which led up to this confusion are briefly as follows. In 1855 the London Oratorians applied to Rome for a change in their rule which would allow them to become directors to religious communities. This they did without consulting Newman. Propaganda agreed to the request, and gave the permission—which was to cover the Birmingham Oratory as

well. Such was the confusion mentioned in the letter. Newman was very hurt by the action of the London Oratorians, and he tried to persuade them to apply to Rome for a distinct recognition of the two Houses. They refused, so Newman went to Rome himself early in 1856. So deeply did he feel the importance of his appeal to the Holy See that on arriving in Rome he went straight to St Peter's barefoot to pray before going to his hotel.

He discovered that the Pope had refused to confirm the decision of Propaganda until Newman himself should have been consulted. But he also learnt that he had been strongly criticised and accused to the Pope of wishing to be 'head or General of the two Oratories'. Cardinal Barnabò treated him brusquely, and sharply declined to give the two Houses a separate Brief. Some months later however he changed his mind and at Father Faber's request granted a separate Brief.

The next letter refers to the Rome visit, and to Cardinal Barnabò's subsequent change of mind. The tone of the letter is so formal and painstakingly correct that one concludes that Newman felt certain that Talbot was behind the feeling against him in Rome. It is odd that he should be so insistent on the fact that he had not raised the question of the confusion of the Oratories with Talbot during the latter's London stay in June 1856. The last letter was clearly sent to Talbot before he left for Rome and the presumption is that he was in London.

The Oratory. Birmingham
Sept. 17, 1856

My dear Mgr Talbot,

Your letter of the 4th came yesterday. I thank you for the trouble you have so kindly taken about my "Rector's Report", and for the thorough way in which you have done what I asked.

It concerned me to find, as I did, that my letter, written to you in November last on the subject of the confusion made between the two Oratories, should have crossed the Atlantic to you. I did not, however, as you think, bring the subject before you, *when you were in London in June*, nor had any intention of doing so.

Thank you for your information about the proposed Brief of the London House. I mentioned the subject to Cardinal Barnabò, when I was at Rome last Christmas ;

but he did not then take to the notion. I was grateful for his Eminence's letter of last month on the subject, and answered it without any delay.

I am, My dear Mgr Talbot
Most truly Yours in Xt

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory

The Rt Revd
Mgr Talbot
&c &c

We now move forward twenty years, to 1879. Pius IX was dead and Leo XIII occupied the Chair of Peter. With the passing of Pius IX had passed also the suspicion with which Newman had long been regarded in Rome. His friends thought it would be an excellent thing if he were at last to receive formal recognition of his work for the Church—a Red Hat was suggested. The suggestion was made by the Duke of Norfolk to the Pope, who agreed, and granted Newman permission to continue to live in Birmingham. On 15th March 1879 Cardinal Nina sent Newman the official notification of his elevation to the Sacred College, and on the Wednesday of Easter Week he set out for Rome. He arrived on 24th April, suffering from a bad cold which kept him indoors almost all the time till 12th May, when he received the *biglietto* in the apartments of Cardinal Howard in the Palazzo della Pigna. On 14th May he came to the Venerabile where a reception was held in his honour. The excitement proved too much for him, and he had to take to his bed once more. In his stay of five weeks he was able to say Mass only twice.

Three days before he left for England he wrote the following letter to Mr Shakspeare Wood, sculptor, archæologist and Rome correspondent of *The Times*, who had placed himself at the service of the new Cardinal during the Roman visit.

48 Via Sistina
Whit Sunday 1879

Dear Mr Wood

I cannot return the books you have so considerately lent us, without asking you to receive from me a few lines, in acknowledgement of the various acts of kindness which

you have shown me and my friends during the weeks just past.

I should like very much to call and thank you in person but my doctor so fears the chance of a relapse, that he will not countenance the idea

Very truly yours

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN

S. Wood Esq^r

Our last letter was written when Newman was 82 years old, seven years before his death. It is a short note of sympathy on the death of one of Mr Wood's daughters. Though only a few lines long, the letter serves well as evidence of his kindness and undiminished delicacy of feeling. He had put off his letter for fear 'of being rude' by writing immediately on receiving news of the little girl's death.

Birmingham

July 3, 1883

My dear Mr Wood

I trust you will not think I have been wanting in sympathy with you in your late trial, though till now I have not written to you.

I deeply felt your kindness in sending me the sad notice, but I was afraid of being rude to you in the beginning of so great a grief. How could I be indifferent to it, while I have in memory your kindness to me in Rome? Not the least touching instance of it was your bringing your children to me; and I am surely right in my memory that the dear child whom you have lost was one of those who, when I left Rome, saw me off. I have said Mass for her.

May God's mercy come down on her abundantly—and upon you, in your trial and Mrs Wood & all yours

Yours very truly

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN

Shakspeare Wood Esq

BRYAN CHESTLE

FROM MONTE PORZIO TO PALAZZOLA¹

The Very Rev. John Morris, Canon Penitentiary of Westminster, afterwards member of the Society of Jesus, writes in his record of *Cardinal Wiseman's Last Illness* : 'One afternoon the Cardinal said to me, "I am sure it would do me more good to have a long talk about Monte Porzio than to be kept so much alone". I answered, "Well, let's have a good talk about Monte Porzio." And then he straightway flung himself into it : "I can see the colour of the chestnut trees, and Camaldoli, and the top of Tusculum. What a beautiful view it is from our Refectory window ! A newcomer does not value Monte Porzio properly. It takes a hard year's work in Rome to enable you to appreciate it. I loved it dearly. I keep a picture of it in my bedroom, both here and at Leyton. They have kept the Rector's chair in the place where I used to sit. I got that gold chair for Pope Leo's reception, and I always used it afterwards. I used to sit there writing for hours after every one was in bed, and then I would refresh myself by a look out of the open window into the moonlight night."'

The Cardinal was talking to an old Vice-Rector of the College, whose soul was easily stirred by recollections of the old Country-house, and who, nearly half a century later, was to give to the world his own reminiscences of the College life

¹ This was written about forty years ago, by the Rt Rev. Mgr John Prior D.D., who was then Pro-Dean of the Sacred Roman Rota. The article has not appeared in the pages of *THE VENERABLE* before, and we print it now as a commemoration of our fortieth year of publication.

at Monte Porzio and of pleasant expeditions in its neighbourhood. Monte Porzio, indeed, was a magic word that had rung music in the ears of many generations of Venerabile men, from the young student who had barely recovered from the pleasant wonder of his first *villeggiatura*, to the white-haired missionary priest, once a student of the Venerabile, whose life had been lit up at intervals by the recollection of the old home in the Alban Hills, and who, as the end of his earthly task drew near, like the great Cardinal on his deathbed, could still find solace in the delightful memories of life at Monte Porzio, which emerged so vividly through the long vista of years.

Some, I believe, were fond of the old ramshackle house itself in which we used to live, with its dark and rambling staircases, its brick floors and its hundred minor discomforts according to the measure of modern standards. It certainly had the advantage of contrast to the stately halls and spacious corridors of the College in Rome, which stood for more rigorous discipline and longer and more trying hours of study. But, on the whole, it seems to me that the old house was tolerated with spartan courage for the sake of the lovely country, to which it gave ready access. The real charm of Monte Porzio lay in its surroundings, with their abundant opportunities for recreation of body and mind. The fresh air of the hills was invigorating after the stuffy atmosphere of the Schools and the streets of Rome. The chestnut trees, which Cardinal Wiseman saw in his deathbed memories of Monte Porzio, and the many woods which clothe the Western and Southern slopes of the Alban Hills gave welcome shade in the hot summer months. The Sabine range is beautiful, but the glare in summer from its white limestone rocks is wearisome, and there are few trees there beyond the scraggy olive, which in its best state of cultivation gives little protection from the broiling sun. There are no hills within a wide radius of Rome to compare with the Albans for cool retreats and shady walks.

Moreover, the Alban Hills abound in historic and classical interest. It could not be otherwise in the near neighbourhood of Rome. But, apart from the reflection of Rome's greatness, they had a story of their own in the flourishing Latin communities of Tusculum, Ariccia, Alba Longa, etc. before Rome was thought of. Even the prehistoric age of bronze has left its mark in the soil, as the nut-urns testify, discovered under an old bed of lava and deposit of vegetation near Lake Albano.

Just below Monte Porzio, on the fringe of the Campagna, lies the dried-up basin of Lake Regillus, where the battle of the Thirty Cities was fought.

*To where by Lake Regillus
Under the Porcian height
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought the glorious fight.*

We used to meet for our Tusculan dinners on the top of Tusculum under the shade of the trees, hard by the well-preserved old Grecian theatre, with a view of the Roman Campagna on one side and of the Latin Vale, or the *Albana Vallis*, on the other. Two hundred yards away were the remains of Cicero's Villa, which we reached by the old Roman road of solid blocks of lava, that still bear the marks of the chariot wheels. Was it not here, or on the rival site at Grotta Ferrata, that the great Roman Orator wrote the Tusculan Disputations?

The goal of our first walk at Monte Porzio was always Tusculum. We used to clamber up the pile of stones at the base of the gigantic wooden Cross, erected by the English College on the very summit of the old citadel, facing towards the house at Monte Porzio. And what a glorious panorama met our gaze! The broad Roman Campagna, with its forty mile diameter, enclosed on three sides by hills and on the fourth by the Mediterranean: the grey-white Sabines on our right, with the peak of the lordly Monte Gennaro towering above them, and the pre-Roman towns of Palestrina and Tivoli clinging to their sides: Monte Soracte rising abruptly from the plain thirty miles away, and far beyond it to the North on the clearest days could be seen the cone of a loftier mountain cutting the sky-line, which we named the Ninety-mile Hill: farther to the West the well-wooded Monte Cimino and neighbouring hills, hiding in their folds Viterbo and Montefiascone and Bolsena, but revealing to us the placid waters of Lake Bracciano. Rome is clearly seen, surmounted by the mighty dome of St Peter's. There was old Father Tiber, too, wandering here and there through the undulating plains of the Campagna, until at length in the neighbourhood of Ostia he discharges his yellow waters into the blue Tyrrhenian Sea. And such a riot of brilliant colour lit up the Western sky as we looked on the sun slowly sinking in the Mediterranean, the last rays glinting from its

tossing waves and shining on the white sails of the fishing-craft going out for the night's labour. The Roman Campagna itself often enough was all aglow at sunset with a bright purple haze that hung over its entire surface like a transparent veil.

If we turned in the opposite direction, the wide Latin Vale opened out before us, with Monte Cave at one end, Rocca di Papa hanging on the lip of the old volcanic crater, and at the other Mount Algidus, at the foot of which Cincinnatus freed the besieged Roman legions and struck his deadly blow at the Volscian hordes.

Yet, however abundant are the traces of pagan greatness in these favoured hills, long centuries of Christian faith and practice have set a still deeper mark upon them. Our spirits were often refreshed with the village festivals in honour of their Patron Saint or of some local wonder-working Madonna, when the whole population joined in the celebration, and the peasant of the hills was seen at his best. Numerous were the shrines of our Lady. There was the Madonna della Castagna (of the Chestnut tree) near the old Carmelite Monastery of San Silvestro, overlooking Monte Compatri; the Madonna del Tufo on the slope of Monte Cave, where the boulder of rock was miraculously arrested by our Lady in its murderous career down the mountain side; the Madonna of Galloro, where hung the daggers and muskets of repentant brigands; and many others. It was not uncommon on our way through the woods to see a picture of Our Lady nailed to the trunk of a tree, with a bunch of wild flowers beneath it. Above all, Camaldoli, the home of the holy hermits of St Romuald on the slope of Tusculum, was a silent admonition to the young aspirant to the priesthood of the eternal realities of life. Its bell was heard at intervals throughout the day, calling the community to long hours of prayer in the church, or to the slow, meditative recital of the Divine Office. Cardinal Wiseman must have often heard its midnight call to Matins, as he sat in the papal chair at his table in Monte Porzio, writing far on into the night.

It is not to be wondered at that a touch of gloom fell on the spirits of the old Venerable men, when the rumour went forth two years ago that Monte Porzio was to be abandoned. The reasons for its abandonment were imperative. Projects for enlarging the building area of the village were on foot, which would have shut up the College in the middle of the village, making it an impossible residence for students. But what

necessity imposed seemed none the less disastrous. It looked as though the great treasure of holy, interesting and happy memories connected with Monte Porzio, that had been the common inheritance of Venerable men, had cheered their lives and cemented the bond of union between them for three hundred years, would now be lost to the future generations. A kindly Providence, however, has laid all these fears to rest. The new seat of the English College *villeggiatura* is in the very centre of the Alban Hills ; it is in the old monastery of Palazzola on Lake Albano. Nothing of the old traditional memories will be lost by the change, except the old house at Monte Porzio, which the altered condition of the times had rendered quite unsuitable. The familiar old spots, which we were wont to frequent on our gite—Albano, Gensano, Nemi, etc.—are within easy reach : Tusculum is an afternoon's walk. The indispensable shade, which is so eagerly sought after in the summer, abounds in the neighbourhood of Palazzola. The moment you leave its gates you are in the woods : they encircle the old monastery on every side. The trees begins at the water's edge and cover the thousand or more feet of the steep lake-side to the garden wall of Palazzola, except for a few intervals where the vertical face of the red rock appears ; they continue on upwards even to the ilex grove on the summit of Monte Cave, the highest point in the range, where once stood the great temple of Jupiter. They extend over all the Southern end of the lake to Albano, Ariccia, Gensano and Nemi. They reach out to the East under Rocca di Papa to the foot of the Tusculan Hills. It was always so. Livy describes the Alban Lake as the lake in the Alban wood : *lacus in albano nemore*. The woods, of course, have suffered from that process of thinning which has been going on in man and beast and vegetation throughout Europe and other continents during the world war, but the effect in the landscape is hardly noticeable.

Palazzola, moreover, stands in a situation of unparalleled beauty. Sir William Gell writes in his *Topography of Rome and its Vicinity* : 'The Lake Albano, one of the most beautiful pieces of water in the world, and, in respect to scenery, beyond comparison the finest of those of purely volcanic origin in Italy, is about two miles and a third in length, and one and a third in width, and more than six miles in circuit.' The old monastery, which is now the property of the English College, rests on a ledge of rock on the rim of the extinct crater which

forms the basin of the lake, its grey-white walls and church turret making a pleasing contrast to the green woods all around. It is the only building to be seen on the Eastern side, with the exception of a deserted casino in a glade above. From the spacious garden, which overlooks the lake from a height of nine hundred feet, a full view of this lovely expanse of water is obtained, with Castel Gandolfo, the old summer residence of the Popes, on the opposite side, which, when the lake is unruffled by any breeze, appears as clearly in its reflection in the waters as in the direct line of vision. About fourteen or fifteen miles beyond Castel Gandolfo the long coast line and the Mediterranean come into view.

Palazzola is also a spot of exceptional historical interest, as it occupies part of the site of Alba Longa. It was from here that the company of shepherds set out in the prehistoric age of bronze to pitch their tents on the Palatine Hill and found Rome. For long after that period the crater of Monte Pila, where now lie the peaceful 'Fields of Hannibal', continued at intervals to belch forth its smoke and flame, and shower stones on the country round about, and the Alban Mount heaved with its internal rumblings up to its very summit. As Livy wrote: *In Monte Albano lapidibus pluit—Vox ingens e luco et e summo montis cacumine*. In the garden of the old monastery there is a consular tomb excavated in the rock of the date of 176 B.C.

From the time of Innocent III at least, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, there has always been a church and monastery at Palazzola, which were occupied successively by Cistercians, the Carthusians of S. Croce in Rome, and lastly by the Friars Minor from the year 1449 up to a few years ago, when the property was sold by the Portuguese Government to a Syndicate that erected a sanatorium there, conducted on the lines of the simple life. I think the good angels, who look after the interests of the English College, must have sent that Syndicate to Palazzola. They remained just long enough to put the place in a good state of repair, to improve its sanitary arrangements, instal electric light and telephone, furnish it throughout in the simple, solid fashion their principles required, connect it by a private carriage-road with the main road from Albano to Rocca di Papa, and then they surrendered the whole residence with its full equipment into the hands of the English College. The Syndicate was known as the Colonia Arnaldi, and had marked their linen with the initials C.A., the linen-

mark used from time immemorial by the Collegium Anglorum. The good angels must have smiled as they saw their work done so completely.

The acquisition of this valuable property has been in quite a marked degree the work of a kind Providence in favour of the Venerabile, and the co-operation, which Providence usually requires from those who benefit by its arrangements, has been given in full measure by the College authorities. As soon as the Rector, Mgr Hinsley, heard from Fr Murray, the General of the Redemptorists, that Palazzola was for sale, and discovered that the agent of the Syndicate in Rome had his own preferences in the choice of a purchaser, with admirable promptitude he posted off to North Italy to treat with the Principals in the matter. As good fortune would have it, he arrived there and was able to tender his offer one day before a decisive meeting on the matter took place. They resolved to negotiate with the English College, and under the wise direction of the Cardinal Protector, Cardinal Gasquet, the negotiations were brought to a successful issue. His Eminence was quick to see the immense advantages of such a country residence, in its lovely situation, its accessibility from Rome, its history and its connection with the old traditions of the College *villeggiatura*, and made up his mind that the opportunity of purchase must not be missed. When he brings out another edition of his most interesting *History of the Venerable English College, Rome*, he can tell how the old Venerabile passed from Monte Porzio to Palazzola.

NOVA ET VETERA

STUDENT'S-EYE VIEW :

THE MARTYRS' CHAPEL CEILING

For generations, students of the College have been daily in and out of the Martyrs' Chapel, taking but scant notice of the picture that a seventeenth-century Jesuit laybrother, by the name of Pozzi, painted on the ceiling, except perhaps to cast the cursory glance required to indicate its presence to the interested visitor. Now, however, with the newly installed strip-lighting above the pilasters, we are able to gaze fruitfully at our ceiling which, as many have remarked since the inaugural 'switching-on', is quite worthy of notice after all. With the ceiling now unashamedly spotlighted for our critical eye, it becomes almost a game to point out the picture's faults and failings, and to reconstruct in some measure what lay originally underneath the present 'Assumption'. But, criticising or no, we are at least taking notice of one of the College's many glories which, because of daily contact with them, have perhaps become somewhat dimmed in our estimation.

The picture itself has unfortunately suffered from cracks and doubtless a little fading, but the illuminations make the colours appear much livelier than we have ever seen them. I like to imagine that the large figure in the foreground—nearest the camera, as it were—is St Peter. After all, does not his robe,

a blue undergarment with a voluminous drape of a golden-peach colour, bring to mind those mosaics in St Peter's? Think of Ananias and Sapphira before the Prince of the Apostles—there his dressing is much the same as our man who is placed, I like to think, significantly, upon a rock. He is definitely the most colourful of the earth-bound group, and, although it does not detract from this splendid figure, I wonder if you have noticed that the little finger of his left-hand is inordinately long? Whatever he may have studied, our Jesuit lay-brother artist had not perfected his *cursus anatomicus*.

The colours of the group of which the Madonna Assunta is the central figure, are of the order of tints—pale, in comparison with the earthy-toned men surrounding the empty tomb: colours after all that are more suitable to their subject, the gentle Maid of Bethlehem, and also the humble Mother of God.

Between the two groups, and hovering above that lovely sunset-colour background that reminds one so vividly of the sunsets admired from the *terrazzo* at Palazzola, is an angel upholding the cloud of glory upon which our Lady is being assumed into heaven. The colours of the angel's robe are perhaps but accidentally significant: yellow and white, the colours of the Papacy, symbolically supporting, as one may imagine, the Dogma of the Assumption. Unknown to him, Pozzi's choice of colour was like a prophecy.

All this though is only from the actual picture—there is a very fine 'golden' frame surrounding the whole, and beyond, a collection of cherubim, seraphim, angels, what you will, which frankly, are unfortunate. Their proportions are impossible and their facial expressions masterpieces of the cartoonist's hilarious art. One can reasonably hope that they were not painted by the artist who did the central picture. However, the surround has one successful point which, in fairness, must be mentioned. The perspective and shadow painting of many cherubic limbs has been so well executed that there really is the appearance of legs and arms sticking out of the ceiling, be they only plaster; were the remainder of the surround painted with such care we should have a ceiling perhaps not pleasing to all but certainly betraying all the characteristics of Baroque magnificence.

At either end of the central panel there are oval panels containing musician angels—an art form that is centuries old,

although our flamboyant figures from the angelic orchestra can hardly be said to be reminiscent of the stiff and stately representations of the same idea painted two centuries earlier by Melozzo da Forlì which we can see in the Vatican Galleries. But our ceiling is of a different order, bubbling over with full-blooded life, still strong in colour, expressing with vigour the virility of the age in which it was painted. And yet Englishmen will probably make the very Anglo-Saxon reservation that such an age hid its vigour and virility under a cloud of unnecessary decorations. And who shall say them nay?

MICHAEL J. BUTLER.

NEW HIGH ALTAR IN MAIN CHAPEL

We were very pleased to see installed at the end of last year a new High Altar—an improvement that has been long awaited. Ceremonies can now take place without any of the once familiar creakings and groanings as the irregular steps protested, and the 'big 6' are no longer given to alarming lurches when the weight becomes unevenly distributed on the steps. As can be seen from the picture, the new altar is of the same pattern as the former, although the gradine has been removed and now everything, tabernacle and candles, all stand on the *mensa* itself. Marble has been used throughout and the contrasting colours give a pleasant change from the splash of black and gold that used to be the centre of attention.

The *mensa* alone was consecrated by His Eminence, Cardinal Heard on 13 January 1962, and the relic enclosed under the altar stone was one of St Thomas of Canterbury.

For interest's sake we give the description of the altar as rendered by the makers :

3 gradini in Marmo Noisette Florè
 Paliotto in Marmo Giallo di Siena e Verde S. Denis
 Colonnine in Rosso di Francia Incarnat complete di
 basette e capitelli (in marmo Bianco Statuario) con
 intaglio lavorato tutto a man eseguito da Artisti
 specializzati per detto lavoro
 Mensa (da m. 2.76 x 1.18 x 0.10) in Marmo Bianco Acqua
 Marina.



LE SETTE CHIESE DI ROMA

Per non perdere l'istita del fatto pubblico con
vanti del Pontefice Sig. Gregorio XIII. avendo
lanciate spavente e non senza disegno con il
carnato di Roma, dove si vedeva delle chiese
conosciute del famoso e di non molte persone
un luogo, ogni persona (indolente, insensibile,
depravata) in tutto sperante, l'istita più presto
giure, rispetto con il Santo a. H. come de
dove di non sarà, e se non il popolo di
Santo publico, il quale (che, videro, non dove
fatto per parole, acquistate nel presente
anno 1777. 1600. August. 1777. 1600.

SEVEN CHURCHES WALK

The woodcut of the Seven Churches Walk, reproduced opposite, is by an unknown Italian of the sixteenth century. It is now in the Gabinetto Nazionale delle Stampe, Via Lungara, Rome (full reference Vol. XLVI, H.4, Scatola 40). The inset at bottom right reads in translation :

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ROME

Since the year of the Holy Jubilee granted according to the old custom by Our Lord Gregory XIII has arrived, this design of the circuit of Rome has been made, in which the said churches are seen enlarged beyond their natural size. And if they are not placed in their right position, any judicious person will know that it is for lack of space. Of these seven churches four are privileged : they are shown with the Saints to whom they are dedicated and with a ✠. In them the Holy Jubilee is gained. That we might gain it in this present year of 1575, may God give us his peace. ANT. LAERERII ROMAE.

Of the seven basilicas, St Peter's is the most fascinating. The dome is shown incomplete. The rest of the building is that of old St Peter's built by Constantine, in which atrium and narthex lead to the actual nave. Hooded members of the *Confraternità della Morte*, preceded by torch-bearers, straggle between St Peter's and the Porta S. Paolo, crossing the river below Tiber Island, while another group makes its way from from the Lateran to St Mary Major's. Monte Testaccio and the Pyramid are visible on the right, as is also S. Maria in Trastevere. The church of Tre Fontane and another church which we have been unable to identify are at top right. Between St Paul's and St John Lateran a procession of nobles wends its way on horseback, preceded by a group of retainers. The tomb of Cecilia Metella may be seen beyond S. Sebastiano, and next to that the remains of the Circus of Maxentius, now excavated. Beyond that the arches of the *Acqua Claudia* limp towards the Albans. The Colosseum is placed next to S. Croce ! At bottom left S. Maria del Popolo stands beside the Flaminian Gate, through which travellers from the North would have entered

the city. The dry moats around St Peter's and Castel S. Angelo are also shown, continuing the many-turreted mediaeval wall which encircles the city. The Seven Churches Walk, on which Ven. George Haydock fell ill (as noted elsewhere in this magazine), is about twelve miles long and its revival, in the sixteenth century, was mainly due to St Philip Neri. It is still a College custom to do the walk during Holy Week—in about four hours.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ROME

Since the year of the Holy Jubilee passed according to the old custom by Our Lord Gregory XIII has revived this design of the circuit of Rome has been made in which the said churches are seen enlarged beyond their natural size. And if they are not placed in their right position, any judicious person will know that it is for lack of space. Of these seven churches four are privileged: they are shown with the Saints to whom they are dedicated and with a 4. In them the Holy Jubilee is gained. But we might gain it in this present year of 1575, may God give us his grace. ANT. LARRERI ROMAN.

Of the seven basilicas St Peter's is the most fascinating. The dome is shown incomplete. The rest of the building is that of old St Peter's built by Constantine in which a stupa and another lead to the actual nave, flanked members of the Constantinian della Morte, preceded by two basins, strange between St Peter's and the Port of St. Paul's, crossing the river below Tiber Island, while another group marks its way from from the Palazzo to St. Mary Major, Monte Testaccio and the Pyramid are visible on the right, as is also St. Maria in Trastevere. The church of St. Peter's and another church which we have been unable to identify are at top right. Between St. Paul's and St. John Lateran a procession of robes winds its way on horseback, preceded by a group of retainers. The tomb of Costin Metella may be seen beyond St. Sebastian's, and next to that the remains of the Circus of Maximian, now excavated. Beyond that the arches of the Aque Claudia jump towards the Alban. The Colosseum is placed next to St. Croce. At bottom left St. Maria del Popolo stands beside the Flaminian Gate, through which travellers from the North would have entered

COLLEGE DIARY

THE VILLA

JULY 1st 1961, *Saturday*. Rome was shimmering in a heat haze—it had been for weeks. While the bus driver was summoned from his bed we sat in front of the Farnese hugging those things that one does hug going up to the Villa. Our presence did not quite draw a crowd of interested spectators but we got some peculiar looks.

After supper, we gathered in the common room to present Fr Ashdowne, who is shortly to leave us after two years as Theology Ripetitore, with a specially bound copy of the Summa.

2nd *Sunday*. The house is quiet. Somehow the energetic period of the villa, if it exists, has not yet arrived. The Senior Student and his Deputy left us to begin their Priesthood ordination retreat.

3rd *Monday*. A No Bell Day. To prove its remarkable powers of recuperation the college came to life. Hordes assailed the cricket pitch and tennis court. It is only now that the hours of thought behind the Vice-Rector's well-timed holiday become apparent. Those making hay had to deal with angry swarms of frustrated parasites, forced to turn their attention to lesser mortals.

The gardeners treated us to a real fire on the Wiggery after lunch. A classically-minded member of the house has drawn the attention of your philistine diarist to the line '*ignes suppositos cineri doloso*'.

The last of the interviews at the Gregorian is over.

4th *Tuesday*. The cricket enthusiasts turned out in motley garb for the first game of the season.

5th *Wednesday*. The first Garden Gita. A considerable number of those sticklers for tradition left to have a closer look at Rocca Priora. There are rumours that not all made the same close examination but were conveniently diverted in the woods. It is encouraging to see that the majority of the house manfully resisted any like temptation.

8th *Saturday*. Despite desperate appeals recently for information leading to the discovery of two of the holes, the golf season opened this evening. The Rector led for the Superiors against Top Year. A respectable crowd was drawn even from the broadcast commentary of the final stage of the third Test Match.

9th *Sunday*. Our congratulations to Messrs Dumbill and Parker who were ordained today in the Villa Chapel by Bishop Dwyer.

To supper were the Superior General of the Franciscans of the Atonement and three of the community from Sant'Onofrio—old friends.

10th *Monday*. First Masses. Besides the relatives of the new priests there were at lunch Bishop Dwyer, Fr Murphy, Fr Barrett S.J., and Fr Hall S.J.

12th *Wednesday*. A stiff wind and flying laurel leaves added entertainment to today's Garden Gita.

13th *Thursday*. The Bridge-minded members of the house welcomed an addition to their ranks in the person of Fr Magner. Supper saw *paste* and a toast by way of farewell to Fr Ashdowne. Ad Multos Annos.

14th *Friday*. It seems that last evening's festivities were premature—the second case of appendicitis within two weeks has turned out to be Fr Ashdowne. A telling proof of the lethargy of the house—nobody has opened a book as to victim number three.

15th *Saturday*. Today we played cricket, watched it, or 'prepared for tea'. Our visitors were the British Embassy team with whom we drew in a twelve-a-side game that ended in some excitement as only one of the visitors' wickets was left to fall.

16th *Sunday*. After two weeks of very hard work in preparation, the tennis season opened.

17th *Monday*. St Bede's, Manchester, took us by storm. Twelve men were mustered to do battle on the Sforza but neither side could report a victory.

18th *Tuesday*. A detachment of volunteers went into Rome to move books from the first library. There are rumours of the imminent gutting of the building in that vicinity.

The Opera reared its ugly head.

20th *Thursday*. The Hermitage Festival. As usual somebody managed to get there 'by way of Castel G'. The wide bill included a Gelineau psalm in Hebrew and the Beatitudes in Russian.

21st *Friday*. After a week languishing in the Blue Nuns, Fr Ashdowne made his reappearance at tea today. The Senior and Deputy Students also rejoined us.

22nd *Saturday*. Bishop Dwyer and Fr Murphy left us today.

23rd *Sunday*. With all the work done and the house having settled down to a quiet villa, the Vice-Rector returned from his holiday.

A small fire broke out below the villetta which was soon put out but not before a misunderstanding had led somebody to inform the occupants

of the Villa above that the house was burning around their ears. I understand that they were not impressed—who could blame them, as they had been the original bearers of the news of the fire? The Fire Brigade was summoned but arrived too late to fight the fire—it had been put out long before. However, anxious to do something whilst they were on the premises the *pompieri* kindly watered the tennis court!

24th *Monday*. Before lunch the Rector gave us a conference in which he reminded us that although this was the villa period we still had duties to perform and some studies to keep up.

26th *Wednesday*. Tusculum Mass—I believe that everybody got there, even the Senior Student who managed it by bus. Meanwhile, Fr McConnon set his sights for England.

This evening, Canon Cusworth, Rector of St Thomas's Intermediary Seminary, Grove Park, after much wandering about the campagna, or at least the lake, as he joyfully reported, put in a much awaited appearance and stayed for supper.

27th *Thursday*. We were treated to a Public Meeting after lunch. Despite promise of long and heated discussion in the old tradition, it all finished off very quietly and quickly.

29th *Saturday*. Periodically one bursts upon a group of cricket enthusiasts glued to the radio in an attempt to miss absolutely nothing of the fourth Test Match.

30th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection. The conference was given by Fr Hall S.J., who gave us some thinking points based on the College motto. Fr Hall stayed for lunch.

31st *Monday*. Fr Ashdowne flew home today. A few of the college were at last shamed into giving more help than ironical remarks to those fine pillars of the community working on the Wiggery steps.

AUGUST 1st *Tuesday*. The idea that has been brewing for some time has reached fruition. Owing to the initiative of a few we can now buy soft drinks on the premises rather than having to go up to the kiosk for them. One feels that the Salone has appreciated the change.

2nd *Wednesday*. Pirates and maidens risked sunstroke in the first cortile practice.

3rd *Thursday*. We welcomed the Propaganda cricket team. Our visitors set us to play some brighter cricket, batting against the clock in order to win in an entertaining finish.

4th *Friday*. Community Mass was offered for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Canali, our Cardinal Protector, who died yesterday. R.I.P.

5th *Saturday*. *The Feast of Our Lady of the Snows*. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rector. The College was complimented on its plainchant in the most glowing terms.

We entertained to lunch Cardinal Heard, Archbishop O'Connor, Mgr Flanagan, Fr Blenkinsop S.D.B., and our neighbours from the villa di sopra—Colonel Tellier, Colonel Fleming, Commander Burn, Mr Pinder,

Mr Rodd and Mr Sherwood whom we welcomed back among us after some months in New Delhi.

Reports of a water leak in the second library sent a party scurrying into Rome to salvage books stacked there from the first library—not before some had suffered though.

6th *Sunday*. Today we welcomed the B.E.A. Silver Wings Cricket Club. Yet another game ended in equal honours.

7th *Monday*. A new term has entered the college vocabulary—analogueous cricket, a term which is only deeply meaningful to those for whom *entia contingentia* and cover point are equally exciting. Whatever it may mean, all are agreed that today's game could not be so styled. Both North and South took the field determined to end all doubt as to their comparative merits. The game ended in a tie.

Canon Cusworth arrived tonight to stay with us—just in time to take part in the Whist Drive and present the prizes.

8th *Tuesday*. Sections of the Cornish coastline are in the course of being immortalized at strategic points around the cortile.

9th *Wednesday*. The more public-minded of the house were involved in a cortile practice in the sweltering heat.

10th *Thursday*. The thermometer remains the centre of interest and genuine sympathy is expressed for those with cares drawing them down to Rome. Fr Grech entertains us with accounts of his ideal holiday in England—in the rain !

11th *Friday*. Added to the normal programme in today's swimming gala was a new item—a race in cassocks. It is seldom that such old cassocks make their appearance in the Tank.

12th *Saturday*. A small bank of cloud over Cavo and a few stray wisps out to sea caused hopes of relief from the present inferno to rise slightly.

13th *Sunday*. A wind in the night has brought the temperature down a little, though I am assured by an expert that it is a scirocco.

15th *Tuesday*. *The Feast of the Assumption*. The function at Rocca is now a time-honoured custom which we look forward to with pleasure. Once again, the Rector sang Solemn High Mass in the Duomo, supported by College assistenza and choir, and afterwards carried the Relic in procession down the hill to the Piazza della Repubblica ; the climb up was as steep as ever but the presence of clouds made the return journey less gruelling than usual. Although we always say that the local band contrives to ruin our rendering of Italian hymns at this function, it seems that its absence left things a little flat. We hope that this very characteristic feature of the occasion will be competing with us in the musical effects next year.

16th *Wednesday*. The heavy bank of cloud in the morning only managed to produce a little rain in the evening ; certainly not enough to spoil the first day gita.

17th *Thursday*. A cricket team of the Fleet Air Arm was specially flown from Malta only to fall victim to the clergy.

18th *Friday*. A box of chocolates was given to the Madre for the feast of Saint Helena. We met Propaganda College on the tennis court this afternoon.

19th *Saturday*. This morning's sermon class was taken by Fr Pledger who gave us something to talk about.

The common room this evening shook to the hearty impromptu rendering of the motet *Posuisti*, with the piano accompaniment of the composer himself, Fr McGuiness.

20th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection, with a conference given by Fr Pledger.

The Parroco of Rocca, last year's Sindaco and the members of Rocca's Council came to lunch.

While Castel Gandolfo was celebrating peaches, Avancinus made heavy weather under a barrage of fireworks: point three was accompanied by a sign from heaven.

21st *Monday*. Cardinal Heard left by air for a three weeks' holiday in England and Scotland.

23rd *Wednesday*. Today we were joined by Willie—Willie is a tortoise. Once again the weather for the Opera was fine, and we were pleased to see several visitors swelling the audience. The evening's entertainment was dedicated to Fr Pledger.

25th *Friday*. The menus proposed by the various lake gitas showed that some thought had to be used to cope with abstinence. The lake was not the only attraction and one group got as far afield as Terracina.

In the evening Fr P. Murphy-O'Connor joined the singing on the terrace after supper and added to the entertainment by making corks disappear from under Villa hats.

26th *Saturday*. To lunch were Mgr Healy and Mgr Foster, the new Rector of Oscott, and in the afternoon there was a cricket match against the Australian Embassy.

27th *Sunday*. A few got away this evening for their long gitas.

28th *Monday*. With long gita cameratas all gone and Third Year Philosophy away in Assisi the house is suddenly much smaller—and quieter.

29th *Tuesday*. The stillness is only broken by the arrival of visitors; departures are sorrier, less boisterous occasions.

SEPTEMBER 2nd *Saturday*. A contingent returned from Assisi in time for supper—even after a holiday, food is still appreciated by the student's system.

4th *Monday*. Second Year Philosophy, or at least a large mass of them left for Subiaco.

5th *Tuesday*. The rest of Second Year Philosophy being now on route for Subiaco numbers are down again.

There were signs of lightning during night prayers and at 11 o'clock the storm burst. Several windows were blown open and there was a torrent, inches deep, flowing out of St Edward's cortile.

6th *Wednesday*. While three of the stouter hearts set out to brave the elements in the direction of Monte Porzio, the rest settled down to a very enjoyable day in the cave beyond the Tank.

7th *Thursday*. The noise in the refectory rose as many waxed eloquent about their long gitas.

9th *Saturday*. Cardinal Heard returned from England.

11th *Monday*. Frantic preparations for the second performance of the Opera occupy most of the time of most of the students.

13th *Wednesday*. To lunch were Mgr Dinn, Canon Nixon, Fr Wilcock, and Frs G. and J. Corcoran, all of whom stayed until the evening for the Opera when among the audience were Cardinal Heard, Fr Weston, Fr Hurst, Fr Wilson, and Mr B. Tickle. The gathering also included twenty visitors from the American College.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR

THE SLAVE OF DUTY

BY W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN

<i>Major-General Stanley</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kenney
<i>The Pirate King</i>	.	.	.	Mr Wahle
<i>Samuel (his Lieutenant)</i>	.	.	.	Mr St Aubyn
<i>Frederic (the Pirate Apprentice)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Grimshaw
<i>Sergeant of Police</i>	.	.	.	Mr Parker
<i>Mabel</i>	}	(General Stanley's Daughters)	.	Mr O'Sullivan
<i>Edith</i>			.	Mr Allen
<i>Kate</i>			.	Mr Everley
<i>Ruth (Pirate maid of all work)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kirkham
<i>Chorus of General Stanley's Daughters</i>	Messrs Corley, Dann, Howling, Price, Doyle, A. Jones, Ainslie, Round			
<i>Chorus of Pirates</i>	Messrs Richardson, Wilcox, Newns, Tuck, Tully, McGarry, Wade, Fuller, Turton, Cunningham, Feeney, Ashton			
<i>Chorus of Police</i>	Messrs Coote, Hollis, Holleran, J. Kelly, McEvoy, Fegan			
<i>Pianist</i>	.	.	.	Mr O'Malley
<i>Conductor and Musical Director</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dearman

Produced by Mr Budd

I felt like the ghost of some 'Pirate' of yore returning to the scene of his crimes as I flitted through the perpetual twilight under the 'Piazza Venezia' into that other world of Palazzola just before an Opera. It was with mixed feelings that I 'materialised', just in time, next to a front-row American, who at once joined me in a 'pirate bumper', or as he called it, a 'curtain-raiser'. I remained restless. Was it the

thick *quaderno*—a questionable gift from a thoughtful editor—now balanced precariously on my knee, which filled me with misgivings? Surely I was not expected to fill it with discerning criticisms? My transatlantic neighbour seemed to think I was mixing work with pleasure after failing the Second Series! Or maybe my feelings of discomfort were due to the innate Venerable sense of fair play, which made me loath to sit in judgement on the present when I was acutely aware of belonging to the past. I consoled myself with the thought that, in the words of another critic, the last production of 'Pirates' had not been among the best. Perhaps there was every prospect of success for this performance. I came back to earth as the overture began. Those who remember how the piano used to be sited next to the nuns, may wonder, as I did, what was the advantage of having it behind the well. By the end of the Opera I was quite sure that it had helped to keep the cast and accompaniment most effectively united. (An example, I suppose, of leading one's regiment from behind.) The familiar *antipasto* of melodies-to-come unfolded itself. I had time to admire the vivid pools of light from the traditional lanterns, and the drapery of nets spanning the cortile. In the background an impressive view of Cornish coast and sea gave an illusion of distance that made the arches of the southern cloister quite an acceptable part of the scene. In such a setting, under the stars, the imagination drifted into a mood of readiness, impatient for action, and, after a flutter of applause for a well played overture, the 'floods' came on. The imaginary curtain was up.

Pirates to suit every taste confronted us. Colourful, convincing, leering, swaggering—let us run the gamut of adjectives; it would fail to do justice to these creations of Props and Make-up, who each managed to preserve an individual piratical personality. But as they launched their *Pour, oh pour*, it was evident at once, that, however individual their appearances, their singing was remarkable for its united strength. Hardly were we recovered from this rousing opening chorus than we were confronted with a Pirate King of most convincing appearance. At first, remembering '52, I felt that he was a trifle under-sized for his exalted position. This thought was quickly banished, as he showed himself, from the start, to be a rightful heir to his part and master of this as much as of his villainous crew. I remember clearly his wicked smile, nimble foot and boundless zest. It was a pity that the opening dialogue got lost in transit. This early fault—in audibility—did not reappear, and, in any case, Ruth, looking ideally pathetic, came to the rescue with her didactic solo, coping well here and later with what must always seem dull notes for a male voice. From here on my critical scribble became quite illegible, thanks to that grip which any confident performance must sooner or later take of its audience. *Oh, better far to live and die* was superbly sung. Frederic and Ruth, with no chorus to distract our eyes and ears, gave us a pleasing duet, in which Frederic established himself as a reliable tenor, giving promise of pleasures still to come. All would have been perfect had his control of hands and eyes matched his control of voice.

Enter the long-awaited 'bevy of beautiful maidens'—a telling moment in any Venerable production. We were not disappointed. These 'hardy little lasses' may have lacked some of the grace and refinement of their Savoy sisters, but this was amply compensated for by their exquisite costume—a glory of colour, and by a lightness of foot and voice, which made us overlook the extra pounds and the missing octaves. Edith and Kate, though diffident, were well cast, and the singing and dialogue at this point was, to me, quite sparkling. Frederic's *Stop, ladies, pray!* seemed too gentle in contrast. But his touching appeal, so well received by a reaction-trained chorus, brought us effortlessly to Mabel's difficult entry. Difficult—in theory, I should say, although on this occasion I have no idea what happened to that long trill on *Yes, 'tis Mabel*, so busy was I (and the rest of the audience, too) applauding her very appearance. Once the 'leading ladies' had returned to their respective places, we were able to proceed with our admiration of this Mabel, who could not be faulted in any detail of her adornment. (Could it be that even Props-men read back numbers of THE VENERABLE?) Be that as it may, any finishing school would have been proud of the deportment of this well-turned-out young lady. From the way she wore her ear-rings to the angle she held her parasol, she was a complete triumph. But it was her fine singing which earned her the trophy of the first encore of the evening. The subsequent duet with Frederic was, for me, one of the best vocal moments in the entire Opera, especially as the chorus kept their background chatter—*How beautifully blue the sky*—in perfect control.

Boosted by an unnerving scream from the girls, the return of the pirates, looking more sinister than ever, could hardly fail to impress. The joint chorus work gave us our first (-rate) opportunity of hearing how well this larger ensemble remained firmly united under the inconspicuous baton of the Musical Director.

The arrival of the Major-General, looking for all the world as if he had just emerged from a meeting of the I.G.S., brought a distinct change of *tempo* to the Opera. While his uniform and bearing were perfect, his manner was rather subdued throughout, and his singing was distinctly more in command than his dialogue. But then, this part has been open to many interpretations, all of them different. This Major-General delivered his patter song with martial dignity, except for that aggravating and difficult pause for recollection before the last line of each verse. The *orphan-often* interlude always did seem *de trop* to me, and it was a relief when we were back on the surer ground of solos and choruses.

Although our dark career was further evidence of the supremacy of the Pirate King, and after *Hail, Poetry*, which was tuneful beyond expectation—no discord, as of old—we saw the choreography come briefly into the limelight in the all too short *Oh, happy day*. This momentary combination of song and dance was an oasis in an Opera that gives little scope for such calculated steps.

All too soon came Ruth's last appeal to Frederic. His look of dismay at this moment was far more spontaneous than any signs he gave of his affections for Mabel. Then we were plunged into the brief gaiety of the finale. *Pray observe the magnanimity* romped to its close, robust and well-controlled to the very last '-inity'. So, with the unfurling of rival flags on each wing, the final tableau brought Act One to its conclusion with a symmetrical flourish.

We adjourned to the *terrazzo* and an excellent buffet-supper. In true Palazzola fashion the entire company from both sides of the footlights [*sic*] exchanged comments and courtesies, until it was time to return for the rest of the performance.

In our absence, the cortile had been cunningly transformed for Act Two. The distant arches had now become the windows of *A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight* with a pleasing seascape beyond. Soon we were back with the story, and it becomes even harder to single out for mention more than a few memories, since everything was so worthy of attention. *Oh, dry the glistening tear* tunefully reduced us to dejection with the Major-General, who was the very model of remorse. The arrival of the Police lifted us to heights of hilarity equal to all expectations. Under the competent leadership of their loose-limbed Sergeant, every flip of their flat feet, even the traditional buffoonery at the expense of the smallest member, well deserved our laughter. The Sergeant's competent solo and the disciplined antics of all brought a cry of 'Encore!' as you might have expected, so we had *When the foeman bares his steel* again—all of it! The Major-General gave us an anxious moment with some of his notes, but this was quickly forgotten when the entry of the Pirate King and Ruth had us all sharing their gleeful mockery of Frederic. It was, to me, a further paradox that the hoped-for encore was better in every way than the original. Next came some outstanding dialogue between the Pirate King and Frederic, though I still remain puzzled as to why Fort Knox was deemed a worthier objective than Tremorden Castle.

Mabel and Frederic were next on the list of encores. Their rendering of *Ah, leave me not to pine* was outstanding. But once again it was a short triumph, for the Police returned to amuse us anew. *When a felon's not engaged* was admirable. With its encore we lapsed into an amusing, though regrettable, Pantomime version of the song. Not to worry. The far-away tones of *A rollicking band of pirates* we restored us to full G. and S. procedure. The tossing of *Fifty-fold* from Pirates to Police was a trifle wobbly, but who wants to remember that when there were such redeeming items as *With cat-like tread* and *Here's your crowbar*? There was a fine combined singing from both choruses here and throughout the subsequent *Sighing softly to the river*. The latter song was the Major-General's best moment.

The brief victory of the Pirates was a gymnastic display in miniature. The varied postures of the Police in defeat defy description. The reversal of victors and vanquished was over in a trice, and, in great spirits, all the cast sang and danced their way through the finale, leaving the Major-

General to partner himself, and Mabel and Frederic oddly separated. However, these are but *minutiae* in a performance that was well above average. All departments, Producer, Musical Director, Pianist, Props, Make-up, and all the rest, had well earned the bouquets. A final word from the unfortunate critic? I would say that, after a little more rehearsal, the Epiphany performance was even better.

JAMES BROOME.

14th *Thursday*. This evening Fr O'Leary gave us a talk on the work of the Catholic Marriage Advisory Council of which he is the Chairman.

15th *Friday*. We tried to cope with another Friday gita and some of us made off seawards in search of *spiedoni di scampi, zuppa di pesce* and other denizens of the not-so-deep.

16th *Saturday*. Fr O'Leary was asked to continue his talk of Thursday this morning before he left us later in the day.

This afternoon there was a cricket match and our visitors the Embassy. Modesty forbids our publishing the result—*qui legit, intellegat*.

18th *Monday*. The American visit. For the first time in years we were blessed with fine weather. A Philosophy *versus* Theology cricket game was organised for the benefit if not the entertainment of our guests. Whether they got wind of this or not is not known but they showed no signs of arriving until it was all but over.

To lunch were members of the American Faculty—Archbishop O'Connor, Mgr Fleming, Fr Francis Murphy and Fr John Cronin s.s.

A diminutive exodus—Top Year left to make their retreat in preparation for the Diaconate.

19th *Tuesday*. A Day of Recollection with a conference from the Vice-Rector in the morning.

20th *Wednesday*. A large lake gita returned with rumours of the arrival of a member of First Year and a rather old car. Somehow, those parts of the house that are normally guaranteed to add the interesting touches to any story were staggered by the truth. While it gave us a topic of conversation at supper none of us felt inclined to improve upon it.

21st *Thursday*. The Scots' visit, which was also rewarded with fine weather. To lunch we welcomed Mgr Flanagan and Fr Foley, and to tea came Fr Molinari S.J., Postulator of the Cause of the Forty Martyrs.

This evening expectations were fulfilled by the appearance of the 'autonaut' himself.

23rd *Saturday*. Community Mass was offered for the repose of the soul of a former Madre Superiora, Suor Letizia, who died recently. R.I.P.

Our visitors for today's cricket match were the B.E.A. Silver Wings C.C. At this time of the year a new element, the light, enters into factors for consideration in the afternoon's cricket. 'Tea on the Sforza', is the enthusiasts' cry, and so we have tea on the Sforza, balancing tea, buns and cigarette in one hand, all—like 'liber, biretta, and candle'—'impossible to handle'!

Congratulations to those of Top Year who received the Diaconate from Cardinal Traglia this morning in the church of San Marcello.

This evening we heard of the death yesterday of Fr Soccorsi s.J. R.I.P.

24th *Sunday*. The Rector disappeared for a short holiday at sea.

This evening Bishop Dwyer arrived for work on the commission to which he has been appointed in preparation for the coming General Council.

25th *Monday*. A large party went up Faete to keep tryst with the sun.

26th *Tuesday*. Today a contingent visited the Scots who lived up to their reputation as hosts, in spite of damage sustained by their spring diving-board—the result of the energy of a ponderous member of Second Year Philosophy.

27th *Wednesday*. The visit to the Americans took place today; after lunch we were entertained by their Dramatic Society, who performed extracts from Elizabethan Drama.

OCTOBER 1st *Sunday*. Summer broke with a vengeance, but the return of the Rector brought whiffs of warmth with his tales of Mediterranean cruises and high-ranking cabin-boys.

It was decided that the return to Rome at the intended time would be impracticable and the date was postponed for a little until the building operations should be nearer completion.

2nd *Monday*. *Chi Lo Sa?* made its appearance this evening.

3rd *Tuesday*. The bonfire with its customary sing-song on the Wiggery to mark the end of the villa has grown in importance. This evening Top Year provided refreshments—in the Library because of unsettled weather without.

4th *Wednesday*. Faces old and new—and elaborate arrangements to accommodate the newcomers. The Refectory is now packed to capacity, and First Year, centrally placed, are a bewildered cynosure. Their inconsistency in seating arrangements makes learning names peculiarly difficult.

Parties are now going into Rome daily to refurnish rooms in preparation for our belated return.

5th *Thursday*.—A No Bell Day. With the work finished in the first library a detachment went off immediately after breakfast to replace books therein. A day's job indeed!

6th *Friday*. Another No Bell Day. The return is upon us.

ROME

7th *Saturday*. While the weather deteriorated rapidly we made our way down to Rome. Then the rain came. Somehow it managed to find all the previously known weaknesses in the College's protection against the elements and many more besides.

On our return we found Mgr Eaton and Smith already in possession.

8th *Sunday*. In the evening we entered retreat, with Fr Millar C.S.S.R., as Retreat Master.

13th *Friday*. *The Feast of St Edward*. The retreat is ended and everybody talks at once. To lunch were Abbot Williams, Mgr Curtin, Mgr Whitty, Fr Millar C.S.S.R., and Fr Orsy S.J. The film in the evening was a tale from 'down under'—*The Sundowners*.

15th *Sunday*. An outing to Pam marked the start of the soccer season.

16th *Monday*. In Sant'Ignazio there was a Solemn Votive Mass of the Holy Spirit to open the Gregorian's academic year. Premiations seem to have been postponed until a later date this year.

To add interest to life the house is weighed every year. This is always the occasion for clever remarks: I speak as one who knows. It was not for this reason, however, surprising as it may seem, that thirty people were mustered from the College alone for a game of rugger.

17th *Tuesday*. We went back to the Greg' today and any excitement there may have been was tempered by the promise of more lectures to come.

The insidious trick of weighing continued today, accompanied by the remarks of the seeming-incredulous.

18th *Wednesday*. Once again, despite signs to the contrary, today's Public Meeting finished its business. One feels that we are setting an admirable example to newcomers. We were repaid for our retarded siesta by rain.

Bishop Murphy, Archbishop-elect of Cardiff and Bishop Ellis arrived this evening.

19th *Thursday*. For better or for worse, shopping has been changed to Thursday afternoons.

20th *Friday*. To lunch—Archbishop McCann of Cape Town and Mgr Zagan of the Hungarian Academy.

21st *Saturday*. Towards the end of the morning the heavens opened and those returning after last lecture had some clearing up to do. It is said that we have been treated to rain about twelve times this year and that Bari has had a drought lasting since the early months of the year. Dues are being paid now.

22nd *Sunday*. Top Year left to begin their retreat in preparation for the Priesthood at Sant'Alfonso.

23rd *Monday*. Having said au revoir to Bishop Murphy and Bishop Ellis, we welcomed Bishop Rudderham and his secretary, Fr Frayne.

25th *Wednesday*. Three in Top Year left for their Diaconate retreat in company with the Deacons already at Sant'Alfonso.

26th *Thursday*. A Mass at the Catacombs introduced First Year to one of Rome's thrills—the touch of antiquity and the feeling of proximity to the Early Christians.

27th *Friday*. We were introduced to the book for long reading at lunch today—*The First World War* by Cyril Falls.

28th *Saturday*. Second Year Theology are to be recorded as trying to look very solemn and recollected.

To mark the Anniversary of the Rector's ordination there were *paste* for tea.

29th *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. Today there was no second Mass in the College so that the House could attend the Ordinations at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart in the Piazza Navona—we suspect that they could not cope with the singing.

Our congratulations to Messrs Daley, Papworth, Grimshaw, Cunningham, Creasey, Dazeley, Richardson and White who were ordained to the Priesthood by Cardinal Traglia; also to Messrs Kelly, Cooley and St Aubyn who were raised to the Diaconate, and to Second Year Theology who received First Minors.

To lunch we welcomed Archbishop Mathew, Canon Hemphill, Frs Coplestone S.J., Anstruther O.P., and Orsy S.J.

The film tonight—*Touch and Go*, an unfortunate example of British comedy—was sandwiched between two 'Tom and Jerry' cartoons that seemed to get their message across to the house and made up for the dismal lack of comedy in the main item.

30th *Monday*. First Masses, with the last one getting on towards midday.

To fête the new priests was a very large gathering at lunch; in fact, the number at our festal board was the largest, according to the Vice-Rector's memory and computations, since 1953. Among the guests were Abbot Williams, Canon O'Leary, Fr O'Meara and Fr Collingwood. Also, we were lucky to have with us, as the Rector pointed out in his speech, Mr Grimshaw, senior, attending the priesthood celebrations of a second generation.

NOVEMBER 2nd *Thursday*. *All Souls' Day*. A fair representation of the house made their several ways to the Campo Verano.

Tea was supplemented in honour of the Rector's birthday.

4th *Saturday*. Some of the house braved the elements to attend Pontifical High Mass sung by Cardinal Montini to mark the 3rd Anniversary of the Pope's Coronation.

This evening the sky was full of searchlights while Rome celebrated something. Just what that something is nobody is quite sure — about the house there are rival theories. Anyway, one doubts whether the celebrators know much themselves.

5th *Sunday*. A brief walk round the streets of Rome has solved last night's problem. Friends, Romans, and countrymen are invited to remember the glorious unification of Italy. Now one remembers that this is the Centenary Year.

Just to belie the notion that will by now have crept into my readers' minds that nothing is happening, the bitter wind that has been blowing for some time finally got the better of one of the trees in the garden. Typical of this prosaic life, it did no damage.

6th *Monday*. Community Mass was offered for the repose of the soul of Bishop Flynn of Lancaster who, we heard yesterday, had died on Saturday. R.I.P.

The large face of Mussolini printed over some quotation regarding the importance of China has today been replaced by one of Churchill, who has been made responsible for a remark embarrassingly trite in comparison.

To lunch Cardinal Godfrey and Mgr Worlock.

9th *Thursday*. This morning we attended a Mass in Sant'Ignazio for all deceased Professors and ex-alumni of the Gregorian University.

10th *Friday*. All were very pleased to have Fr Orsy S.J., give us his first conference of the year this evening.

11th *Saturday*. Leaving the Greg' after 2nd lecture today, we provided the choir for the annual Remembrance Day Requiem Mass, once again at Sant'Andrea delle Fratte; the English Church in Rome, San Silvestro, is still closed for extensive internal repairs. We look forward to the time when this British occasion will once again take place in our National Church. The Mass today was offered by Mgr Curtin, Rector of the Beda College.

12th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection, with a conference from the Rector in the morning.

At lunch were Cardinal Godfrey, Archbishop Mathew, Archbishop Suhr of Copenhagen, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Mgr Curtin, Abbot Williams, Mgr Worlock, Canon Hemphill, Fr Orsy S.J., Fr Carpenter O.P. and Fr Purdy.

Rain brought a very welcome short bell, and by the kindness of the son of the Vice-Rector's Danish convert, tea was augmented with *paste*.

13th *Monday*. After we had fought back from fourth lecture through another heavy storm we were thrilled to return to the mud of Flanders and the *First World War*.

14th *Tuesday*. Some really fine things came up for auction this afternoon in aid of the 'Nig' and some high prices were fetched. Meanwhile, the rain continued.

15th *Wednesday*. A second day of auctioneering plus a fine example of a Jumble Sale at the end brought in an all-time record amount—almost double that required.

16th *Thursday*. Cardinal Godfrey and Mgr Worlock were here for lunch.

This evening the Greg' held the Matricola. The College came out of a long retirement to put on a turn which was not unappreciated by the audience.

17th *Friday*. We are very grateful to the Pope who has made us a present of a cloth-of-gold set of Low Mass vestments.

18th *Saturday*. A choir practice with a difference: having slaved through the weekly dose we were entertained to the monks of Solesmes on records showing us how it should be done. Needless to say, we found

points to criticise even in their rendering. We have a complete set of these records now as the result of a gift from Fr Ashdowne.

It cannot have helped First Year in their attempts to learn the names of the house to find that the new man was a Third Year theologian after all, just returned from a long spell in hospital.

19th *Sunday*. The Nuns' Festa—*St Elizabeth of Hungary*. The usual group of troubadours—a medley group composed of past and present members of the Schola and the Sacristans, *in et ex officio*—provided some diversion for them after tea. Judging by their efforts in their rehearsal this morning it was some entertainment.

The evening saw us round at San Lorenzo for a Mass of Deposition. It appears that the gilt vases of flowers at the altar rails are fixed: no one tried to move them, anyway.

20th *Monday*. Returning from lectures this morning we found the heating on; it has had a habit in the past of coming on during a warm spell—today it broke the habit. Now there is a warm crispness in the air, and recently decorated radiators are giving off the usual peculiar odours.

21st *Tuesday*. There are rumours that Fr Lombardi S.J., has been conducting proselytizing activities in connection with the college. I understand that we are not numbered among the elect.

22nd *Wednesday*. A long afternoon brought relief from study and the usual trip to the Villa for most of us. A few fallen branches in the garden at Palazzola testified to the storm that struck the area recently doing extensive damage at Castel Gandolfo. There are accounts of the occurrence of 'ball' lightning which, the experts assure me, is a rare phenomenon restricted to the tropics.

23rd *Thursday*. We welcomed to lunch Fr Anstruther O.P., who is shortly leaving Rome to go to Leicester where he has recently been elected Prior.

Weather conditions have raised speculation as to the possibility of a 'prima nix' tomorrow.

24th *Friday*. Disappointed! The rain came, but only on the way back from lectures and once again we had some clearing up to do.

Archbishop Heenan arrived today and saved us from the *First World War* for a while.

25th *Saturday*. *The Feast of St Catherine*, when once again the world in general, and the English in particular, demonstrates its desire for knowledge and sends us (officially on this day, at any rate) a new batch of men to cull the difficult art of Philosophy from our Reverend Professors . . .

'Drink deep or taste not of the Pireian spring.'

On our Philosophic doorstep this year we have seventeen stalwarts (whom the Rector officially welcomed during Common Room Speeches after luncheon): David Standley (Southwark), Timothy Firth (Westminster), Clement James (Portsmouth), Clyde Johnson (Menevia), Gerard O'Connell (Leeds), Gerard Backhouse (Shrewsbury), Anthony Cornish (Plymouth),

Cormac Rigby (Westminster), James McHugh (Birmingham), Gerard Slowey (Hexham and Newcastle), Bernard Woods (Lancaster), John Morris (Salford), Terence McSweeney (Liverpool), Michael Poulter (Brentwood), Patrick Mitchell (Nottingham), Dennis Loughran (Lancaster), and John O'S. Fox (Salford).

To lunch were the Most Rev. George Flahiff c.s.B., Archbishop of Winnipeg, the Archbishop of Liverpool, Abbot Williams, Fr Morris o.s.M., Fr Kennedy c.s.B., Fr Barrett s.J., and Fr Hall s.J.

This evening, the Gregorian University held its belated official opening of the new academic year. This was given a special orientation this year in connection with the Holy Father's eightieth birthday.

After supper the young blood entertained the old lags to :

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1961

FIRST YEAR SONG

BAN THE BOMB Messrs Kelly, Kirkham, O'Malley, Turton,
Rigby, Ainslie, Poulter, Johnson, Wade

PALM COURT QUARTET

Messrs Ainslie, Howling, Round, James

RADIO BROADCAST

Messrs Fegan and Holleran

ENGLAND THEIR ENGLAND

Messrs Ainslie, Holleran, Fuller,
Johnson

OLD ROMAN MEETING

Messrs Wahle, Kelly, Dann, Dodd, Brennan,
O'Malley, Firth, Johnson, Morris

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Messrs Feeney, Wahle, Hollis, Kenney,
Brennan, McEvoy, McHugh, McSweeney

A FAIRY TALE

Messrs Dann, Doyle, Price, Fox

EPILOGUE

Mr Kenney

THE PAPAL CHAMBERLAIN REGRETS

Messrs Everley, Kirkham, Howling, Dodd,
Ashton, McSweeney, Mitchell, Standley,
McEvoy, Fegan, Holleran, Cornish, McHugh,
Fuller, O'Connell, Backhouse, Loughran

Produced by Mr Everley

26th *Sunday*. The organist is getting a-liturgical ideas : he pre-intoned the *Kyrie* three times before realising that it was the *Introit* that we were wanting. When he had finally come to, the Choirmaster had beaten him by a short head and a liquescent porrectus.

Bishop Holland and Mgr Davis arrived for a meeting of their preparatory commission for the forthcoming Council.

27th *Monday*. Before moving out to the Paulist Villa on Lake Albano for a meeting of their commission, His Grace the Archbishop of Rouen, and their Lordships the Bishops of Bruges, Lausanne, Dunkeld and Groningen came to lunch.

At supper we were introduced to the naval battles of the First World War—a less boring recital of names than the record of the land battles, the sea hardly having the capacity for having villages with unpronounceable names built upon it.

29th *Wednesday*. After two fine days there is promise of rain and the Tiber is high. Since the recent cold spell, the trees, especially the plane trees beside the Tiber, have been shedding their leaves more rapidly than usual.

DECEMBER 1st *Friday*. *The Feast of the College Martyrs*. Once again we sang our own student-composed Mass, and the Schola celebrated the memory of the Martyrs with *Beati eritis* by Croce.

To lunch were Mgr McCabe, McEwan, Lamb, Mr McDermot, Col. Tellier, Group Captain Abrahams, Col. Inglis, Fr Gill S.J., Fr Coffey S.J., Fr Coplestone S.J., Fr Orsy S.J., and Mr Patrick Smith.

For the evening's entertainment we had *The Hoodlum Priest* : a thought-provoking film about the apostolate of ex-prisoners, which gave us a talking point at breakfast.

2nd *Saturday*. To lunch Archbishop Mathew, Mgr Rogers, Lt.-Comdr. Harewood and officers from H.M.S. *Ark Royal*. In the afternoon we met the officers on the football field and discovered that they were somewhat out of practice.

3rd *Sunday*. At lunch today were some of the men from H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, whom we afterwards split up into groups to show them one or two places of interest. They were brought back to the College for tea, and a chat and a smoke in the Common Room.

In the evening Archbishop Heenan addressed the Literary Society on Christian Unity, telling us exactly what is an Ecumenical Dialogue and what its effects may be.

4th *Monday*. The Vice-Rector left us today to direct operations in the naval exercise. ‘‘*Chaplain-to-the-Fleet*’’, ‘e sez.’ We hope that he proves a good sailor.

We have evacuated the Main Chapel and the workmen have taken possession thereof : already there is something to show for the long-promised altar.

5th *Tuesday*. New candelabra have sprouted on the stairs. Opinion is hardly divided but rather strong.

6th *Wednesday*. On return from lectures we found the new candelabra have grown further : they are enmeshed in a web of wiring.

Rain brought a short bell this afternoon—a mitigation of the programme that was met with mixed feelings ; gita shopping has to be done sometime—by somebody.

7th *Thursday*. A Gita Day—and not a *very* rainy one, either. The weather was anything from snowy to bright according to destination, which was often fishwards, as we coped with yet another abstinence gita.

8th *Friday*. *The Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. We forwent our customary High Mass in the College in order to go to the Hall of Benedictions to assist at the Mass, offered by the Pope, marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Pontifical Institute of Music. However, since it is impossible to accommodate there all the seminarians of Rome and half of the nuns as well, most of us returned to the College. Those who stayed heard about the achievements of the Institute in an address which the Pope gave impromptu—he handed an attendant his notes after a few cursory glances at the first sheet. Nobody seems to be sure why today was chosen for this celebration unless it was that somebody forgot about it beforehand.

9th *Saturday*. Before lunch we found about a dozen men struggling with the new altar table. Let it be understood that even Enzo struggled. By the evening, as far as could be seen from the body of the church, the work was finished. The improvement is obvious.

The Public Meeting was so short today that it almost slipped my notice.

10th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection. Fr Purdy gave us what he considered were 'marginal thoughts', and stayed to lunch, in company with our other visitors, the Parish Priest and his assistants from San Lorenzo. In the evening, a few of our number helped with the First Vespers of San Damaso, Patron of the parish church.

11th *Monday*. To lunch were Bishop Primeau of Manchester, U.S.A., Mgr Howard of Chicago House and Mgr Whitty.

The Vice-Rector is back with the land-lubbers : we expect the Salone to be known as the 'Ward Room' and the Cardinals' Corridor the 'Quarter-deck' for at least a week.

The College supplied an assistenza for the Evening Mass at San Lorenzo.

14th *Thursday*. It was with not a little relief that we moved back to the Main Chapel after lunch.

15th *Friday*. After the cosy stuffiness of the Martyrs' Chapel, the Main Chapel is decidedly chilly early in the morning.

What a blessing are hard-boiled eggs at breakfast : this welcome change has proved itself a regular Friday institution.

18th *Monday*. Early in the evening, owing to neither Electricians nor Bodgers, we were plunged into darkness. All rooms on the top two floors were affected, and we wandered around in the brilliance of guttering candles. Light returned towards the end of supper.

19th *Tuesday*. With the drapings over the end wall of the Main Chapel and the Martyrs' Picture obscured, we began *Quarant' Ore* this evening. About midnight, a would-be worshipper had a few revealing home truths about the clergy for our benefit: the gentle lady-orator claimed to be a relation of the late Pope.

20th *Wednesday*. Fr Doyle of Birkenhead arrived for a holiday of a few days. He is celebrating his Silver Jubilee here, and we offer him our heartiest congratulations.

By permission of the Vicariate, the Mass of Peace was this year celebrated in the evening.

21st *Thursday*. The candelabra are now up as far as the first floor and the strong feelings of the house are being somewhat modified, if not reversed.

With Christmas coming on apace, the Bodgers thought it time to press-gang people into starting work on the stage.

The Mass of Reposition this evening marked the end of our *Quarant' Ore*.

23rd *Saturday*. The occurrence of Sunday on Christmas Eve meant that the dress rehearsal for the pantomime had to be squeezed in during the afternoon before holly chains were made. It appears that in the tradition of all dress rehearsals it was a miserable failure.

24th *Sunday*. The usual Midnight ceremonies began without a hitch. The enjoyment of these three hours in choir is not easy to recall in cold blood.

25th *Monday. Christmas Day*. The lamentable absence of another publication (THE VENERABLE'S 'senior contemporary') did not go unnoticed but perhaps a few people got to bed just that little bit earlier. The carol-singing around the fire in the Common Room after the Midnight function was a great success this year, owing to the foresight and careful planning of a member of Top Year who had had many sheets of words typed out for our benefit.

A new timetable for Christmas Day gave a separate period for meditation thus making it possible for us to attend the second Mass of Christmas officially.

His Holiness' customary Christmas appearance and Blessing were not until 12.30 this year making it less convenient for the College to attend. Before this, the Pope published the Bull officially convening the forthcoming Council.

To lunch were Cardinal Heard, Fr Gayner s.c.a., Fr Pears, and Col. Simpson.

To allow the pantomime to begin at 6.45, tea and supper were amalgamated to produce High Tea.

With us in the audience for the pantomime were Fr Morris O.S.M., Fr Orsy S.J., and Col. Simpson.

The pantomime must be pronounced a success.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, 1961

'JACK AND THE BEANSTALK'

<i>Ma Tanci</i>	Mr Everley
<i>Methuselah</i>	Mr Finn
<i>Bill</i>	Mr Grimshaw
<i>Jack Tanci</i>	Mr J. Kelly
<i>Rose</i>	Mr Dearman
<i>Fred</i>	Mr White
<i>Three Spies</i>	Messrs Feeney, Cookson, Turton	
<i>King George the Fat</i>	Mr Linares
<i>Winston</i>	Mr Hine
<i>Ethelburga, Queen</i>	Mr Loughran
<i>Hamburga</i>	Mr Dodd
<i>Dr Jekyll</i>	Mr Brennan
<i>Giant</i>	Mr Corley
<i>Tom</i>	Mr Richardson
<i>Dick</i>	Mr McSweeney
<i>Harry</i>	Mr Mitchell
<i>Wizard</i>	Mr Standley
<i>Kiosk Man</i>	Mr Poulter
<i>Strolling Guitar-Player</i>	Mr Papworth
<i>Strolling Melodica-Player</i>	Mr Fegan

Pianists : Messrs Howling, Dearman, O'Malley

The producer was Mr Sharratt, aided by Mr Burns

26th *Tuesday. Boxing Day.* In the Church of St Bridget, next door, there was a Benediction given by Cardinal Ottaviani, for which we provided a small assistenza who attended the Reception that followed the ceremony.

The remainder of the college enjoyed a film—*The Guns of Navarrone*—as also did Capt. Morris, our visitor for the day.

27th *Wednesday.* In recognition of the sixth centenary next year of the foundation of the English Hospice we produced *Murder in the Cathedral.*

ST JOHN'S DAY CONCERT, 1961

'MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL'

By T. S. Eliot

<i>Archbishop Thomas Becket</i>	.	.	.	Mr Coote
<i>First Tempter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Pateman
<i>Second Tempter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Ainslie
<i>Third Tempter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kenney
<i>Fourth Tempter</i>	.	.	.	Mr O'Sullivan
<i>Priests of Canterbury</i>	.	Messrs	St Aubyn, O'Malley, Rigby	
<i>First Knight</i>	.	.	.	Mr Parker
<i>Second Knight</i>	.	.	.	Mr Firth
<i>Third Knight</i>	.	.	.	Mr Creasey
<i>Fourth Knight</i>	.	.	.	Mr Burns
<i>Messenger</i>	.	.	.	Mr Fox
<i>Women of Canterbury</i>	.	Messrs	Dann, Johnson, Feben, Price, Round, Howell, Coughlan, Wahle	
<i>Choir</i>	.	Messrs	Dearman, Budd, Tuck, Newns	

Produced by Mr Brand

The ambition of those responsible for this production was well repaid and I hope that this success will convince the house that a more ambitious play occasionally is quite within the bounds of possibility.

28th *Thursday*. Mgr Paul Clark and Fr Ashdowne arrived this afternoon in plenty of time for First Vespers of St Thomas.

29th *Friday*. *The Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury*. We celebrated our Patron's feast-day with the customary High Mass which was sung by the Rector.

To lunch were H.E. Cardinal Heard, H.E. the British Ambassador, Abbot Williams, Mgr Moodie, Hemmick, MacDaid, Clapperton, Flanagan, Herlihy, Carroll Abbing, Chambers, Zryd, Curtin and P. Clark, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Mr McDermot, Major Utley, Frs Bissonnette P.S.S., Orsy S.J., Purdy and Ashdowne.

We had already decided earlier in the year, when the question was first broached, to produce our sexcentenary celebration play twice and therefore this evening saw the second performance of *Murder in the Cathedral*.

30th *Saturday*. As a relief from our own activities we were able to sit back and watch a film—*The Magnificent Seven*.

31st *Sunday*. The year draws to a close with the college imagining itself to be a circus—Fair Night is with us once more, full of happy, laughing party-games.

At Benediction there was the Te Deum, after which we went happily to bed, reflecting perhaps that sleep would not come until next year—it didn't!

JANUARY 1st 1962. *Monday*. High Mass was sung by Mgr Paul Clark, and to our simple *pranzone* we welcomed Fr Gill S.J., and Col. Simpson.

In the evening we were treated to some rollicking fun in the form of *The Chiltern Hundreds*, a comedy which was even further enlivened (literally) by the presence of a live rabbit among the hand-props.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1962

'THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS'

By William Douglas Home

<i>The Earl of Lister</i>	Mr Cornish
<i>Lady Lister</i>	Mr Ibbett
<i>June Farrell</i>	Mr Kirkham
<i>Bessie</i>	Mr Doyle
<i>Beecham</i>	Mr Corbould
<i>Lord Pym</i>	Mr Butler
<i>Lady Caroline Smith</i>	Mr Armour
<i>Mr Cleghorn</i>	Mr Backhouse

Produced by Mr P. Jones

2nd *Tuesday*. Once again the Rector of the University has given us a further day's holiday.

Those responsible are now preparing to perpetrate the Opera once more; those irresponsible are kicking their heels, and very nice it is too.

Card Night once again brought with it the very welcome fire in the Common Room.

3rd *Wednesday*. The Rising Bell went in the small hours and the gaping jaws of the Gregorian were ready for us.

4th *Thursday*. I am told that the temperature at 5 p.m. today was 71° F. This compares somewhat favourably with England which we understand is deep in the grips of a frost, whilst the Post is deep in the grips of a freeze.

5th *Friday*. The backing to the altar, which one wag attempted to describe as a reredos, has gone through a series of changes from the crimson velvet of Christmas, via apple green for New Year's Day to plain plywood.

6th *Saturday*. The High Mass was sung by Fr Ashdowne, and the Schola added Solemnity to the occasion with Palestrina's *Hodie Christus natus est*.

To lunch were Abbot Williams, Mgr P. Clarke, Fr Kearns I.C., Dom Oswald Mowan O.S.B., Fr Hall S.J., Fr Catcheside I.C., Fr Orsy S.J., and Fr Ashdowne.

For the benefit of our guests and of the First Years of Theology and Philosophy we resurrected the Opera *The Pirates of Penzance*. One very small visitor in the front row, avidly following the libretto (thus giving the soloists something to worry about), joyfully remarked in the first interval: 'You've made three mistakes so far; the Scots only made two in the whole of their Opera'. *Ex ore infantium* . . . However, in spite of mistakes and the absence of the Villa mystique, all concerned are to be congratulated on another enjoyable evening.

So, my period as Diarist closes: I have written my little portion of College history, and can now leave the job to others. I return to that happy state of *insouciance* where visitors' names are as passing shadows and the date matters not.

JOSEPH IBBETT.

PERSONAL

Just in time to get into this issue of the Magazine has come news of the filling of the two recently-vacant English sees. To Mgr William Grasar (1931-38), Bishop-designate of Shrewsbury, and Canon Brian Foley (1931-38), Bishop-designate of Lancaster, we offer our heartiest congratulations and the assurance of our prayers for them in their new dignity.

We offer our congratulations to the Rt Rev. Mgr R. Foster (1930-4) who was created Domestic Prelate since we last went to press; also, to the Rev. G. D. Sweeney (1930-7) who will be celebrating the Silver Jubilee of his ordination in the near future. *Ad Multos Annos Vivant.*

In connection with his work for the Boys' Towns of Italy, and coinciding with his priestly Silver Jubilee, the Rt Rev. Mgr J. Carroll Abbing (1930-8) has been signally honoured by the Italian Government in having conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit of the Italian Republic—the highest honour that can be conferred in Italy—and the Gold Medal for Merit in Culture and Art. Also, at a special ceremony in the Campidoglio, Mgr Carroll Abbing was awarded the Gold Medal of the City of Rome, a medal which had been specially struck for the occasion. We should therefore like to take this opportunity of adding our own congratulations.

We were very pleased to welcome the following who spent some time with us, either at the Villa or in Rome :

June-July : Rt Rev. G. P. Dwyer, Bishop of Leeds (1926-34) ; Very Rev. Canon Higgins (1921-8) ; Rev. R. Abbott (1947-54) ; Rev. R. Magner (1953-60).

August : Very Rev. Canon Cusworth (Birmingham) ; Rev. M. O'Leary (1937-44) ; Rev. J. Pledger (1936-43) ; Rev. M. Grech (1947-53) ; Rev. F. McGuinness (1946-50) ; Rev. P. Murphy-O'Connor (1943-51) ; Rev. B. Travers (1948-57) ; Rev. F. Rice (1948-55) ; Rev. J. O'Connor (1950-57) ; Rev. A. Russell (1951-58).

September : Very Rev. Mgr Canon Collings (Westminster) ; Very Rev. Mgr P. Clark (1934-41) ; Very Rev. Canon F. Tootell (1925-32) ; Rev. Dr L. Jones (1924-31) ; Rev. J. Tootell (Lancaster) ; Rev. B. Connelly (1948-55) ; Rev. J. Broome (1946-53) ; Rev. J. McHugh (1946-55) ; Rev. T. Ronchetti (1936-9) ; Rev. H. Hennelly (Leeds).

October : Rt Rev. Mgr Canon T. Eaton (Lancaster) ; Rt Rev. Mgr R. Smith (1922-9) ; Rev. F. Flynn S.D.B. ; Rev. T. Dullehan S.D.B.

November : Most Rev. J. Heenan, Archbishop of Liverpool (1924-31) ; Rt Rev. T. Holland, Coadjutor Bishop of Portsmouth ; Very Rev. Mgr H. Davis (Birmingham) ; Very Rev. Canon Hemphill (1919-26).

December : Rev. E. Doyle (1930-7).

Also, the following whom we welcomed to lunch or to supper :

July : Very Rev. Canon J. Rea (1926-34) ; Rev. P. Tierney (1944-51).

August : Rt Rev. Mgr Carroll Abbing (1930-8) ; Rev. G. Pitt (1933-40) ; Rev. A. Pearson (Southwark) ; Mr Pring (1955-8) ; Mr Digby-Williams ; Mr Campbell.

September : Rev. J. Molloy (1933-44) ; Rev. B. McNamara (1952-9) ; Rev. A. Lear (Hexham and Newcastle) ; Rev. A. Burke (Hexham and Newcastle) ; Rev. T. Cunningham (Hexham and Newcastle) ; Rev. A. Doyle S.J. ; Rev. J. Barrett S.J. ; Mr Fairclough.

October : Rt Rev. A. Williams O.S.B., Titular Abbot of Shrewsbury ; Rev. V. Key (Nottingham) ; Rev. A. Dolan (Nottingham) ; Rev. W. Purdy (1928-35) ; Rev. G. Fitzgerald C.S.SP. ; Rev. P. Caraman S.J. ; Rev. P. Molinari S.J.

November : Abbot Williams O.S.B. ; Rt Rev. Mgr Canon Clapperton (Aberdeen) ; Rt Rev. Mgr C. Fay (Birmingham) ; Very Rev. Godfrey Anstruther O.P. ; Rev. L. Pears (Shrewsbury) ; Dom Oswald Mowan O.S.B.

December : Abbot Williams O.S.B. ; Rev. W. Purdy ; Rev. L. Pears.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

Editor : Mr Michael J. Butler
 Sub-Editor : Mr Wahle
 Sixth Member : Mr Rigby

Secretary : Mr Michael J. Tully
 Under-Secretary : Mr Finn
 Fifth Member : Mr Brennan

UNIVERSITY

The academic year opened with a Solemn Votive Mass of the Holy Spirit in Sant'Ignazio on 16th October. Beginning the year was a gentler process than usual: the *Instauratio Studiorum* was deferred until 25th November so that it could be made an occasion of honouring the Holy Father on his eightieth birthday. Premiatiions, therefore, were dispensed with, and medals were distributed privately.

Our congratulations go to Fr Peter Anglim (1941-8) who was awarded the Gold Medal for his Doctorate in Canon Law. His thesis, written under the guidance of Fr Bidagor, was entitled: Household Ordination—A Study of the 'Titulus Familiaritatis' in Tridentine and post-Tridentine Legislation.

There are now more students attached to the University than ever before. Last year the 3,000 mark was passed for the first time, and the number has since increased to 3,313. Over seventy nations are represented.

The opening of a new national College must be a rare occurrence, but this year a college for students from the Philippines has begun: on a black cassock they wear a distinctive sash—light blue with red stripes.

Changes among the Professors were noted in the last number of *THE VENERABLE*; we should add that Fr Furlong has been appointed Rector of the Bellarmino, while still lecturing on Moral Theology at the University.

With regret we have to record the death of Fr Zapalena on 5th January. He was well known to many former students, for he lectured on *De Ecclesia* from the early thirties until his retirement in 1958. May he rest in peace.

The Solemn Requiem Mass for deceased Professors and students was offered by the Rector of the University on 9th November. The Holy Cross Fathers provided the choir and excelled with their plainchant. While the singing at University ceremonies is not always what it might be—often both the choir and congregation sing consistently flat—there has been improvement in the general character of the ceremonies: all the congregation except for a few die-hards wear cottas, General Communion now take place at every Solemn Mass, and at the Requiem for Fr Zapalena some of the Professors distributed Holy Communion, an admirable idea since one usually sees them only in their academic capacities.

The beginning of the year does not seem to have been very fruitful with regard to new books; Fr Alszeghy has written his own tract *De Paenitentia Christiana*, which, though not marked '*ad usum privatum*', is available only in the form of ordinary notes.

On the two occasions when entertainment was given at the University, the College was well to the fore. During the interval of the Matricula, a vast array of gadgets, some of them musical, was assembled around the piano and harmonium on the floor in front of the stage. One student eyed curious bystanders lest they dared to touch his instrument—a set of bottles partly filled with water and suspended from a contrivance like a washing line. Soon was underway the 'Minestrone' Symphony, a medley of many types of music including Tschaikovsky's Piano Concerto and 'The Saints'. The Orchestra, whose range of instruments defies brief description, rendered everything with verve under the guiding baton of an eminent Roman choir-master: he had made a sudden and unexpected entry from the back of the Aula Magna. A choir had been waiting unemployed on the stage, and to conclude the display it more or less joined forces with the Orchestra for a Latin rendering of part of the Choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth. The College's contribution brought prolonged laughter and applause from the audience.

On the last day of lectures before Christmas, the usual carol-concert was given round the Christmas tree in the Aula Magna. '*Angelus ad Virginem*' and the rousing 'Boar's Head Carol' were sung by the College's choir under the direction of Mr Dearman: both carols were highly appreciated, particularly the latter.

Apart from the high standard of these two efforts by the College, a pleasing feature of them was the large number of people who took part : both productions were thrown open to everyone. In fact, over fifty students were in the Matricola orchestra-with-choir, and the carol singing attracted almost as many : they sounded like fifty, as well.

November 25th saw the official opening of the academic year. Seventeen Cardinals, including Cardinal Heard, were present, and no pains had been spared in decorating the Aula Magna. The customary addresses from Cardinal Pizzardo and the Rector of the University paid special tribute to the Holy Father's work for seminarians and for the Gregorian University in particular. Fr Tromp spoke about the Second Vatican Council—he is Secretary of the preparatory Theological Commission. Some magnificent singing by an international choir of students gave added solemnity to the occasion. The *omaggio* of the students to the Holy Father was expressed on a scroll signed by a student of every nationality at the University ; this was presented to Cardinal Pizzardo as Legate of the Holy Father.

Vita Nostra, under an able Belgian President, is flourishing. Its journal has improved in quality, and activities appear to be more stable and organised than was sometimes the case in the past.

With the collaboration of Vita Nostra, an exhibition on 'The Church of Silence' was held at the University in December ; this was well attended during the whole week it was open and it gave an excellent bird's-eye view of the Church's sufferings in communist countries.

It is impossible to describe the exhibition in a short space but it is worth noting that its impact was astounding : the depressing and ungodly atmosphere of those countries under Communist sway pierced the warmth and brightness of the Exhibition room and every visitor left with much to think and pray about. The exhibition was produced by Rome's Centre of Social Studies and is to tour the dioceses of Italy before returning to Rome where it will be set up as permanent.

MICHAEL ST AUBYN.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The most satisfying feature of the season so far has been the un-failing, regular number of people who are keen to play whenever the chance arises ; in all the House games up to now, twenty-four have played, except in one when the O.N.D. joined us and twenty-five played. However, the extra players on the smallish pitch 'cramp the style', as many would have it believed, so we have had to revert to the principle of 'first come,

first served', with the limit at twenty-two. The games have been enjoyable none the less and many have produced fine football, something which the College team has been unable to reproduce consistently in Fixtures. With the large number of players in the House at present, we are able to field two respectable elevens to represent the College, but as usual the main problem is that of finding somewhere to exhibit them.

Having a surfeit of capable defenders, in particular of half-backs, and not enough forwards, the 'deep centre-forward plan' is being tried out in one of the teams. On occasions it has proved quite successful, especially in filling the gap which used to be all too evident between the forwards and the defence; as yet though, it has not been subjected to a thorough testing in normal conditions.

The senior side has played four games, winning the first three quite easily and losing the fourth, 1—5, to an excellent Brazilian College XI, which year by year seems to reproduce the qualities which we have come to associate with their national team. By a magnificent fighting display in the defence, the College managed to hold them to 1—1 at half-time, but then a substitute appeared and helped himself to a 'hat-trick' almost in passing, so we went down. Another game eagerly anticipated was a fixture against H.M.S. *Ark Royal*. Unfortunately, the Navy had not heard of our feats in previous years against Her Britannic Majesty's Ships and sent up to Rome a very weak side which the College overwhelmed to the tune of 8—2 in a very scrappy, undistinguished and disappointing game.

The other College team has played two games, in one of which, played against the Beda, we were shown that youth does not have the monopoly in footballing skills although it might have a little more wind. The fixture, an innovation, was a great success, especially if the Beda enjoyed the game as much as we did, and we hope to have a return match later on in the year.

Finally, our thanks are due to Rev. P. McGuire for the gift of a new ball; to the Vice-Rector for his efforts on our behalf in arranging the Navy game; and to Messrs Linares, Dodd, Woods, and McSweeney who who have refereed our matches.

The following have represented the College this season: Messrs Burns, Doyle, Mitchell, Feeney, McGarry, Creasey, Howell, Gath, Corley, Everley, Cunningham, Crampton, Dearman, Howling, McSweeney, Purdue, Brennan, Sharratt, Kelly J., Kenney, Linares, St Aubyn, Backhouse, Hine, Loughran, Slowey.

LLOYD GATH.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

'Oh what a noble team is here o'erthrown.'

This could well be our regular quotation so far this season—fortunately, however, more as an apologia than as an epitaph. It has been a season of great hope modified by frustration. To begin at the beginning: an influx of some good, keen players in First Year enabled us to field thirty players from the College itself for the opening house-game of the season. This was played on 16th October. Unfortunately, this enthusiasm was stifled somewhat by our inability to obtain a pitch again until 4th December! This lack of match practice naturally affected the play of the first team in the interim games against Lazio and A.S. Roma. Although it is only right to say that the Italians have improved immensely even in the last twelve months, yet fitness more than anything else is their major weapon. Their superior stamina and speed about the field enabled them to specialise in the close passing game which we still find difficult to combat.

It might be depressing to give a statistical summary of results to date. Suffice it to say, however, that at the start of the second half, our opponents have usually managed to cross our line three or four times. We have had one victory, though, even if it was Pyrrhic: we beat, 6—0, a Lazio second XV which was undoubtedly good but lacking in experience. We also fielded an 'A' side this year in an interesting, if aquatic, match against the Juniors of 'Old Rugby Roma': a 3—3 draw was a fair result. Rugby Roma have reformed on a 'Veteran' basis—for the most part over 35's. We played them before Christmas and a lively game resulted in our losing 11—16—despite a 6 point lead at half-time. Some of our own ancients were quite encouraged by the veterans' display.

We have every reason to be optimistic for the future. There is a very strong, playing nucleus in the College and what may be lacking in skill is made up for in enthusiasm: several have made good use of Pam for practice and training sessions; players seem more eager to learn the theory of rugby, to seek advice, and to profit by mistakes. This report is being written just more than half-way through the season. If we can apply to our remaining games the knowledge and experience acquired in the period just passed, then we should have our fair share of wins and should play sufficiently attractive rugby to satisfy even the most critical members of our spectators' club.

Our thanks are due to Sig. Bigonzoni, Mr Redfern, Drs Gradilone and Vinci for their help and co-operation. We cannot conclude without recording our gratitude to the Vice-Rector for his valiant efforts in attempting to salvage the wreck of the *Ark Royal* fixture, and to those members of other Colleges who have helped us in making up numbers for House games (from Propaganda, Beda, Rosminians, White Fathers, and Precious Blood).

The following have represented the College : Messrs Wilcox (Captain), Round (Vice-Captain), Coote, Ashton, Firth, Fox, Doyle, Poulter, McHugh, Holleran, McGarry, Gath, Hine, St Aubyn, Creasey, Fegan, Howell, Everley.

In addition to a few of those already mentioned, the following played in our 'A' fixture : Messrs Standley, Price, O'Connell, Backhouse, Dodd.

Finally, our thanks to Messrs Wilcox, Coote, Standley, Fuller, Cunningham (Rosminian), Lawlar (C.S.Sp.), and Dr Purdy for refereeing duties.

BRIAN FEGAN.

OBITUARY

With regret we announce the death of Canon George Ford (1921-28) of the Plymouth diocese who died suddenly before an evening Mass on 10 December 1961; and that of Rev. Walter Lynch (1919-21) of the Portsmouth diocese.

R.I.P.

Full obituary notices will appear in the winter issue of **THE VENERABLE**.

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