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*Fidelis servus et prudens, quem
constituit Dominus super familiam suam.*

The death of a Pope must of necessity be an occasion of sorrow to the Catholic world, but outside the Church it usually calls for little more than polite comment and courteous condolences. How different a situation was created by the death of the late Pope. No Pontiff, at least in modern times, was so sincerely mourned both within and without the Catholic Church as John XXIII. At the time of his election, he was well advanced in years. He had reached an age at which little action of a forceful or dynamic nature could normally be expected. People spoke of a 'caretaker Pope', yet this aged Prelate who hitherto had made no exceptional impression on the wider ecclesiastical life of the Church, gained for the Papacy a position in world affairs which it had not held since the Middle Ages. At a time when the world was trembling at the possibility of a war of complete destruction, a war of annihilation with atomic weapons, John XXIII brought a new spirit of hope to mankind. He brought a hope of unity between nations — no matter how diverse their ideologies; he brought a hope of unity between Christians, a unity founded on the charity of Christ Himself.

How did Pope John achieve so much in his short reign of little more than four and a half years? It was not by profound scholarship — though he was no mean scholar and historian. It was not by high diplomacy, though he was an able diplomat. It was by his simplicity and goodness and, perhaps more than all, by his genuine humility. His pontificate was a sermon to the world on the virtues of charity and humility. But more important still, it was a sign that true christian virtue can be recognised and appreciated in a modern, material world.

It is our fervent prayer that the affection and esteem which he has received from all nations and creeds here on earth be confirmed by Almighty God in heaven.

*Euge, serve bone et fidelis . . .
Intra in gaudium Domini tui.*





WILLIAM CARDINAL GODFREY, 1889-1963



MEMORIAE

GULIELMI GODFREY

SANCTAE ROMANAE ECCLESIAE PRESBYTERIS

CARDINALIS

TITULI SANCTORUM NEREI ET ACHILLEI

ARCHIEPISCOPI WESTMONASTERIENSIS

COLLEGII VENERABILIS ANGLORUM DE URBE

STUDENTIS OLIM AC RECTORIS

NOS

MODERATORES ALUMNIQUE UNIVERSI IPSIUS

COLLEGII

VIRTUTIS EIUS ET BENEFICIORUM MEMORES

HAS PAGINAS AB AMICIS EIUS SCRIPTAS

DEDICAMUS



WILLIAM CARDINAL GODFREY

1889—1963

William Godfrey was born on 25 September 1889 in Leven Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool, the younger son of George and Maria (*née* Garvey). In September 1903 he went to Ushaw College, Durham, where he received his early seminary training and also First Tonsure and Minor Orders. He came to the Venerable in November 1910, took his Doctorate in Philosophy in 1913, followed four years later by his Doctorate in Theology by Public Act. In the meantime he had received Major Orders in November and December 1915 and was ordained priest on 28 October 1916 by Cardinal Vico.

By August 1917 he had begun work at St Michael's, West Derby Road, Liverpool, as curate. In January 1919 he returned to Ushaw College to teach classics. The following year he was made Professor of Philosophy there and in 1928 Professor of Dogmatic Theology.

In June 1930 he was made Rector of the Venerable, arriving at Palazzola on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows to whom the Palazzola chapel is dedicated. The same year he was made a Domestic Prelate and elected to the Supreme Council of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. He was created Honorary Canon of St Lawrence-super-Mare, Malta, in 1935.

On 21 November 1938 he became the first Apostolic Delegate for Great Britain, Malta and Gibraltar and exactly a month

later was consecrated Titular Archbishop of Cius by Cardinal Rossi in the College chapel. On returning to England he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires for the Holy See to the Polish Government in exile in London.

On 14 November 1953 he was appointed Archbishop of Liverpool. On 3 December 1956 he was translated to Westminster as its seventh archbishop. The following year he was appointed Apostolic Exarch of the Ukrainians of the Byzantine Rite in England and Wales. Pope John XXIII created him Cardinal Priest of the title of St Nereus and St Achilleus at his first Consistory in December 1958, and later made him a member of the Central Preparatory Commission of the Second Vatican Council. He died on 22 January 1963 and was buried seven days later in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral.

STUDENT (1910-17)

The Rev. L. Charlier writes :

I was an exact contemporary of Cardinal William (Bill) Godfrey at the English College from 1910 to 1917, and I recollect that he was an exemplary student (if ever there was one), and very popular with everyone. He had a dry sense of humour and was an impersonator of no mean ability ; he was very amusing when he could be persuaded to sit down at the piano and entertain us. His musical talent extended to being a most efficient choir-master.

He and I returned to England together for our holiday after Philosophy. I remember that he was much amused and a little peeved that I was so averse from leaving our baggage unguarded in the railway carriage—justifiably perhaps, as my caution meant that we had nothing to eat from breakfast-time until we reached London in the evening.

He was not always a non-smoker, as I recall that whenever we went to Villa Pamphili together we used to smoke one Gold Flake cigarette each.

We were ordained together at the South American College by Cardinal Vico, and afterwards shared a carrozza back to the Venerabile.

I have had the greatest regard for him ever since, and commend his soul to God's mercy.

RECTOR (1930-38)
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE (1938-53)
CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER (1956-63)

Monsignor William Godfrey was in his prime when I went to the Venerable as a student in the summer of 1933. He had then been Rector for three years and during my time in the Via Monserrato a friendship sprang up between us which only ended when he died on 22 January 1963. His Rectorship of the Venerable was not an easy one. He had taken over from a very beloved and popular Rector in Monsignor Arthur Hinsley whose long absences as Apostolic Visitor to the Missions in Africa towards the end of his time as Rector had resulted in nearly all the routine administration of the College being left in the capable hands of the Vice-Rector, Monsignor James Redmond. As a consequence of this Monsignor Hinsley was spared much of the unenviable trial and friction which accompanied the maintenance of routine and discipline, and was remembered affectionately for the lighter and more carefree moments of his Rectorship. By 1933, however, Hinsley was a name and the new Rector very much in the saddle exercising a real and solid influence in the College. The late Cardinal had the happy gift of combining severity with a great tolerance. He was exacting in essentials, especially where the Rule of the College or the demands, both academical and spiritual, for the preparation of the priesthood were concerned, but in other respects he showed a commendable lenience. He could laugh at the lampoons, often highly critical, which found their way into *Chi Lo Sa?* or at the sketches and pantomimes which, not infrequently, were anything but flattering and often downright uncharitable to the 'beaks'.

The life in Rome, of the College, the Curia and the City appealed to the Rector and we, the students, felt that he was always delighted to return from his annual visit to England in time for the villeggiatura at Palazzola where the easier timetable gave him more opportunity of sharing the lighter pursuits of the students, applauding the opera or taking part in the gitas with the rest of us. He was still young enough to accompany the stalwarts on some of their more ambitious walks and was at his happiest tramping the lanes and woods of the campagna. He loved Rome and knew it well, his Italian was fluent and he made many friends in every walk of Italian life.

His administration of the house was shrewd and careful and many were the material improvements he made both in the College itself and particularly at Palazzola. He knew difficult times and anxious moments in his Rectorship, particularly during the Abyssinian crisis when the 'autarchia' introduced by Mussolini reduced the pound sterling to such a ridiculously low value and, as the College depended on sterling, we experienced trying days. This Roman life was a very full one with the College, as always, the centre of his activity. The Rector was meticulous in the example he set his students. He was the first in the Chapel each morning for meditation and it was rare to see his place empty at any community duty. He was a vigilant Rector and very little escaped his notice.

The Curia, too, took up much of his time as he was often in demand at the various Congregations when advice or guidance were needed on English affairs and he loved this intimate connection with the inner workings of the Church. In these years and in these circumstances, he built up an experience and connection which were to be of inestimable value to him in his later tasks as Apostolic Delegate and Archbishop of Liverpool and Westminster.

It was evident to all who knew him that these were happy days. Despite the responsibilities that were his, despite the difficulties and unsettled nature of the times, he was devoted and untiring in his work of preparing men to serve God in the Church. The Church was the centre of his life, especially the Church of the Martyrs, the Church which was part and parcel of the history of England and for which our forefathers had suffered and died, the Church which was Rome; and he was insistent in word and by example on loyalty and devotion to the Holy See. He was impatient of criticism and suspicious of anyone who disparaged the Church even in its human respects.

His connection with the Roman Curia and especially the Secretariate of State resulted in the Holy See's using his services for various missions. In 1935 he accompanied Cardinal Lepicier to Malta and later on, in 1937, he was in the suite of Archbishop Giuseppe Pizzardo as Counsellor when he led the Papal Mission to England for the coronation of King George VI. These constant connections with the life of the Curia gave him an insight into the administration of the Church at the highest level and his gifts did not pass unnoticed, so that when, in 1938, a new

Apostolic Delegation was established in London, very few were surprised to find him named the first Apostolic Delegate. He was sorry to leave the College he loved so much, the interests of which were so close to his heart, but at the same time the novelty of his task intrigued him, for he was to serve the Holy See as the Pope's Representative in his native land and he was supremely content. He was consecrated Titular Archbishop of Cius by Cardinal Rossi in the College Chapel of the Venerabile on 21 December 1938 and came to England early in 1939. On his way to take up his new post he stayed in Paris with the Nuncio and while at the Nunciature heard the sad news of the death of his friend Pope Pius XI. In consequence, his first task in London was to preside at the Requiem Mass in Westminster Cathedral for the deceased Pontiff.

While the Archbishop had been in England for the Coronation of George VI the Papal Mission had been instructed to indicate to the Foreign Office the Holy See's desire to establish a Delegation in London. There had been a British Mission to the Holy See since 1916 and it was felt that even if diplomatic reciprocity was not feasible the existence of a Delegation in London would be of considerable advantage. The British Government's reaction was favourable and thus the Delegation was established. His instructions were '*metere i radici*' of the Delegation quietly and unobtrusively. There were questions asked in the House of Commons and the old bogey of 'Papal Aggression' was pushed forward but the reasonableness of the move and the advantage of the Apostolic Delegation in London caused these expressions of doubt to have little effect. There were some who would have wished that the representation of the Holy See in London should be established with a certain amount of lavishness and there was criticism when the Archbishop bought a modest property in Wimbledon to be the seat of the Delegation. It was typical of his cautious approach that in these surroundings he avoided any semblance of diplomatic status and proceeded quietly and effectively to establish cordial relationships with the Hierarchy in England and Scotland. Strange to relate, some of the Bishops were opposed to the establishment of the new Delegation but the outbreak of the Second World War with its tensions and difficulties proved how providential had been this step, for by means of the Delegation it was possible throughout the whole war to maintain a confidential and direct relationship with the Holy See, and every

Bishop had at his disposal the facilities which the Delegation enjoyed.

The war brought new responsibilities and the Delegate played an intimate part in the peace moves of Pope Pius XII but when these proved of no avail and the shadow of war descended on Europe he was soon engaged in the manifold humanitarian activities of the Holy See. The situation, however, was complicated. The Geneva Convention had made provision for all relief activity to be in the hands of the Power protecting enemy interests in the various countries and the International Red Cross so that the Delegate soon encountered the official reluctance of the Government for any other element to become engaged in this work. It took some time, great patience and no little diplomacy to reach an agreement and it was only when the Holy See proved, in so far as prisoners and internees in the Far East were concerned, that they were in a unique position to help, that full activity in humanitarian endeavour became possible. The war brought foreign governments to London in exile from their homeland and the Polish Government, always conscious of its close links with the Holy See, asked the Vatican to appoint an accredited diplomat to replace the Nuncio in Warsaw. Archbishop Godfrey was appointed by the Holy Father as Chargé d'Affaires to the Polish Government in exile. This appointment started in the life of Archbishop Godfrey a great love for Poland and deep awareness of the sufferings of the Polish nation together with an appreciation of the valour and determination with which the Poles defended their native land. It was a love which never diminished and he grieved with the Polish Government in the subsequent setbacks and reverses which history meted out to them. He was proud of their recognition of his services and the Order of Polonia Restituta was among his most treasured possessions.

The war dragged on slowly and sorrowfully and life in Wimbledon was anything but comfortable. The Delegation suffered bomb damage on more than one occasion and most nights were spent in the doubtful comfort of air-raid shelters. But the work went on and most evenings found the entire staff of the Delegation hard at it.

The coming of peace brought a slow return to normality for there were many problems consequent on the war in which the help of the Holy See was required, such as the resettling of individuals who found themselves in concentration camps and

the tracing of relatives who had disappeared. The Holy Father was ever active in this field, with the Apostolic Delegate deeply involved.

The years in Wimbledon were full years and in consequence sped fast and when the news came of his appointment as Archbishop of Liverpool, he was heartbroken. Happy as he was to return to his native diocese and the pastoral care of people he had never ceased to love and admire, the surrender of his position as the representative of the Holy Father in England was a hard blow. I was not privileged to serve the Archbishop during his period as Archbishop of Liverpool but I returned to his side as Auxiliary Bishop shortly after his appointment to Westminster in 1956 and spent the rest of his days very close to him. He was 67 when he came to Westminster but very fit and young for his years. It must be evident to all that Westminster is an exacting See not only on account of the vast pastoral responsibility of one of the most populous areas in the Kingdom but also on account of the part it plays as the leading Metropolitan in the country, so that the Archbishop was doubly harnessed and the physical strain was enormous.

He was meticulous in his pastoral visits and in the first years of his reign had succeeded in visiting well-nigh every parish in the diocese. He attached great importance to being accessible to his clergy and made himself available to them for their various needs and difficulties. He was ever interested in the formation of priests—his first love—and was constant in his visits to the Seminary at Old Hall. His great pride during these years was the restoration of the country house which Mgr Robert Benson had left to the Archbishop of Westminster and his summer holidays were invariably passed in this quiet spot where he was able, as at Palazzola, to enjoy the refreshment of country life and, after London and Liverpool, to relax in the countryside. It was here in the garden at Hare Street that he learned officially of his creation as Cardinal Priest of the title of St Nereus and St Achilleus in December 1958 and he welcomed this further indication of the Holy See's confidence with that quiet humility which was so especially his.

Christmas 1958 was spent in Rome at the Venerable for the ceremonies connected with the Consistory and the universal joy which was expressed by all and sundry at his elevation to the Sacred Purple gave ample testimony of the affection in which he was held. He enjoyed every moment of this stay in the Eternal

City, for the City like the College is unchanging in the character of its people and its customs and he was able to recall more vividly the bygone days as a student and a Rector. His interest in the College after he had left it never diminished; he was a generous benefactor and watched its every development with a paternal care.

Back in Westminster in January 1959 he was ceremoniously welcomed by the Apostolic Delegate, his brother bishops, the Cathedral Chapter, priests and people, and the traditional splendour of the occasion was in keeping with the high standards for which the Cathedral at Westminster has for long been renowned. His work in the diocese went on apace, his visitations of parishes and other similar functions taking up much of his time—he was devoted to his work and loved it.

The announcement of the convening of the Second Vatican Council brought an added interest and further occupation to his busy life. As a member of the Central Preparatory Commission he had to absent himself frequently from the diocese for the sessions in Rome. The constant coming and going took great toll of his energy and the fact that he seemed tired in 1961 when he went to Hare Street for his annual holiday in August was not surprising. The rest at first appeared to do him good but it was necessary to have medical advice and the doctors recommended an operation. It was evident after his operation that the lifetime of good health which the Cardinal enjoyed had ended and the nature of the malady was such that the doctors could not give any assurance as to whether it would be a long illness or not—they were all agreed that generally it was considered incurable. His Eminence was determined that none other than his immediate associates should be told of his condition and he made up his mind to continue his work for as long as his health lasted. The Council was now occupying most of his time and energy and he was resolved that humanly speaking nothing would impede his playing an active part in it. To this end he attended every session of the Central Preparatory Commission and journeyed to Rome frequently for its meetings. While back in England it became clear that further surgery would be needed and patiently he resigned himself to it. When the Council opened in September 1962 he was a very sick man but his determination and courage were heroic and despite the inconvenience which his illness caused him he played a full part in the Council, a fact which is known and appreciated by all who were involved in it.

He attended regularly the sessions of the Council and followed them with keen interest. We know that he delivered five major addresses, three on liturgical matters, one on mass media and a final speech on 4 December in the discussions 'De Ecclesia'. Daily, while in Rome, he had to attend the hospital for treatment but he was still confident that God would give him the strength to see the Council through. When he returned to England before Christmas 1962 his English doctors found him much weakened and they were greatly disturbed. It was suggested that he should enter the Westminster Hospital for specialised treatment and it was this decision which caused him to send a letter to his clergy informing them of his ill health and asking for the prayers of his people. The treatment in the Westminster Hospital was momentarily successful and hopes were raised for a day or so but they were raised in vain and his condition deteriorated. On 19 January he suffered a mild attack at Archbishop's House and I administered to him the Last Sacraments. He was quite conscious and cheerful and remarked when the ceremony was over, 'Now the Church has given me everything'. He should have returned to hospital for continuation of his treatment but his doctors decided that it would not be advisable to move him and although there was a slight improvement on 20 January it became evident that the end was near. His Eminence died peacefully in the afternoon of 22 January.

Our Lord sends His Church rulers fitted for the moment. In a dynamic, mobile age such as ours, an age of change and rapid developments, a leader with calm and prudent judgement is essential. This, it seems to me, is undoubtedly the role which Providence intended His Eminence to play and he played it well. He was a traditionalist, not just for the sake of tradition but because he was suspicious of violent change and preferred evolution to revolution. What had stood the test of time and was not found wanting was not easily jettisoned. He gained no pleasure in wielding authority and was content if the rule of law or authority superior to himself made the decisions. His caution was the outcome of a mind trained to sift evidence and this was never done hastily or lightly but with perfect impartiality. His motto was 'Pax a Deo' which was derived from his name. May he now find that peace with God.

✠ DAVID CASHMAN.

ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

(1953-56)

When, in November 1953, Archbishop Godfrey was appointed to the See of Liverpool, he returned to his native diocese after an absence of over thirty years. He had gone to the professorial staff at Ushaw in 1919 after serving in a parish for just over a year after his ordination. He left Liverpool as a curate and returned as Archbishop. Yet he seemed to take up the work as Archbishop so naturally that one might have thought that his whole pastoral life had been spent in the diocese. He was anxious from the beginning to get to know his priests and people, and one of his many regrets on leaving Liverpool for Westminster was that he had been unable, in the brief space given him as Archbishop, to complete the round of visitation of all the parishes. In this work of getting to know the diocese he was served by his extraordinarily good memory. On occasions of visitation he would hear a name or see a face and immediately be able to enquire by name about every member of a family which he had known forty years before, and with which he had had no contact in the meanwhile. This gift of memory was not reserved for occasions of visitation; once, a strong denial that a certain detail formed part of a gospel account was immediately rebutted by the Archbishop with a direct quotation of the Greek text.

A tuneful voice, a special fluency in Latin, and great patience helped Archbishop Godfrey in his mastery of long and complicated pontifical ceremonies. At least some part of the credit for his patience must go to the English College master of ceremonies who was in charge during the days immediately after the Archbishop's consecration. One of his first tasks as a bishop was to confirm a college student who was a recent convert, and it was on that occasion that the whole college winced as the M.C. drove a new and tight-fitting mitre hard down, forgetting for a moment that even bishops have ears.

As a speaker, the Archbishop was happier in the pulpit than on the platform. When he preached, he spoke simply and with feeling. Quite frequently, when talking of the great mysteries of the Faith or the Christian virtues, he was so physically affected that he found it impossible to hide his feelings. His address to his priests on the occasion of the opening of the twenty-fourth Diocesan Synod summed up that love and respect

for the priesthood which he possessed himself and with which he strove to inspire his fellow priests and the many future priests for whose training he was directly responsible.

Throughout his life, from boyhood until his consecration as Archbishop, Dr Godfrey had lived in community, and it was a life he was to continue to enjoy in the smaller and more intimate circle of his household. He loved his home, and, as far as public duty would allow, liked to keep up the regular life which he had lived for so many years as student, professor and rector. His spiritual life was a constant, but not tyrannous, example to those who shared his company. If, sometimes, one did express surprise at, perhaps, some marathon of patience, he always had the same amused answer : 'It's in the books !' His gentle humour was often expressed in an air of mock injury ('It's a bit hard . . .') or mock apprehension ('Will you be hovering around the pulpit tonight?'). This last phrase referred to a previous occasion on which an impatient secretary had fidgetted over a long visitation sermon. Most M.C.s tell or have told against them stories of whispered asides in the course of ceremonies. One of them recalls his first occasion serving Archbishop Godfrey at Benediction : 'Zucchetto, Father'. 'It's on, Your Grace.' 'I know : it should be off !'

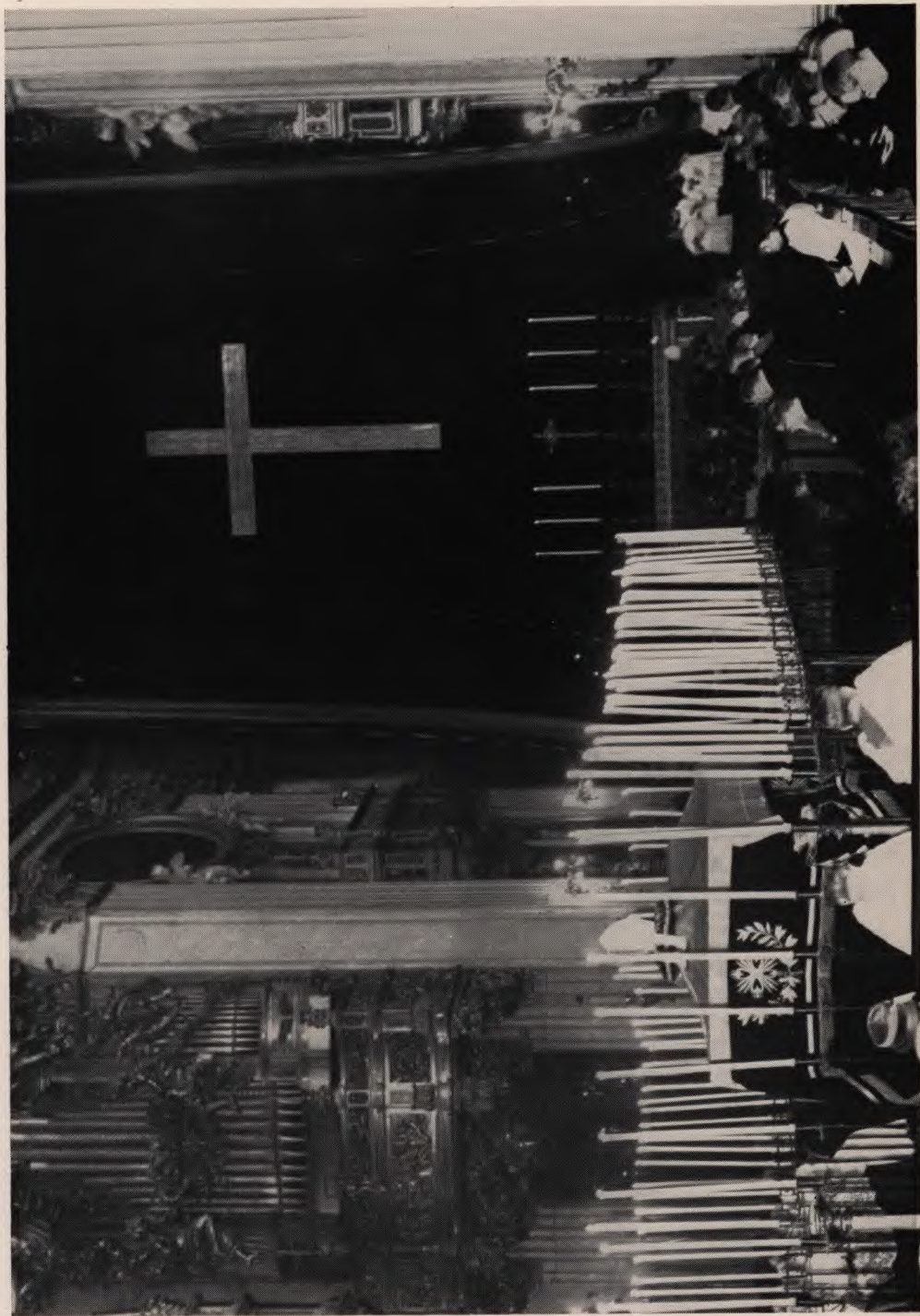
The brief years of the Archbishop's reign in Liverpool saw no major changes or innovations ; the work of the diocese went on smoothly, adjusted here and there to suit altered circumstances, reflecting always what Archbishop Heenan, on his succession, referred to as 'the prudent zeal' of Archbishop Godfrey. Those who were old enough to be able to do so, often likened him to the first Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr Thomas Whiteside, a former student of the English College. How far the parallel could be drawn, I do not know ; but I am confident that the late Cardinal would not be displeased to be so judged.

Vivat cum Deo !

THOMAS MCKENNA.

SACERDOS MAGNUS

It was the final session of the Central Preparatory Commission of the Council which brought Cardinal Godfrey to Rome last June. Though wearied by the long meetings and journeys, he regarded it as a great privilege to be at the Venerabile for



Cappella Papale in the Chiesa Nuova, 31 January 1963

the celebrations on Trinity Sunday to mark the sixth centenary of the foundation of the Hospice. So far as the general jollifications allowed, he spent much of the day in the Chapel, soaking up memories of the past. At supper that evening, after the Rector had proposed his health he made almost unprepared what was perhaps the most moving speech I have ever heard. The Hospice, he reminded us, had been founded through charity. Through greater charity it had become the College, and the work was sealed with heroic charity and sacrifice. 'All during today', he told his audience, brought to absolute silence more by his commanding sincerity than by flights of oratory, 'I have had this great thought : how it is all bound up in charity which leads to great personal sacrifice and service to Almighty God and holy Church'. He spoke once more of the martyrs and of the privilege of the priesthood. Even though he still kept secret his knowledge that death was not far away, it was clear that he was struggling to put into words for the students all that he felt he himself owed to the grace of ordination. Then suddenly he could say no more and, as he sat down, frail-looking but rather pink in the face, he smiled with pleasure at the tremendous ovation his words received.

No one present that evening is ever likely to forget that speech, which was in some way his testament to the future priests from the College. Certainly no one could live long with Cardinal Godfrey without realizing that his priesthood was the very centre of his life. His daily meditation and his punctilious preparation and thanksgiving for Mass were a byword. His frequent use in public addresses of quotations from the Mass exemplified its position of supreme importance in all that he did each day. Although he had a great sense of the dignity of the episcopate and of his membership of the Sacred College and although his phenomenal memory studded the calendar with anniversaries of various kinds, yet nothing compared with his ordination anniversary. It was with a sense of real hurt that he regarded the intrusion of any engagement on 28 October, to be observed almost as a day of recollection—unless of course he had the greater joy of ordaining priests himself.

It is not easy to write in a few words about Cardinal Godfrey as a priest because his priesthood pervaded his whole character and his whole day. But it does not follow that his was a simple character. Simplicity was itself one of his virtues but his character had many aspects. It is sometimes suggested that

these characteristics were paradoxical but the very balance of one by another contributed in large measure to his greatness.

For himself and for others he could, where necessary, be a strict rather than a stern disciplinarian. Yet he had an immense patience and compassion for those, priests or laity, who had fallen from grace. Right up to his death, many a so-called 'shepherd in the mist' received from the Cardinal regular handwritten letters of encouragement and help. He was generous to a degree where his personal charity was frequently imposed on but he strongly disliked any form of ostentation amongst his clergy. Any talent compatible with the priesthood was to be encouraged but he was highly suspicious of the singularity of anyone whom, in North country parlance, he would label a 'bit of a corker'. At a parochial visitation he would scrutinise registers, confessional grills, the inside of ciboria and the number of members of the Blessed Sacrament Guild. But when the ceremonies were complete, he would remind the priests that a visitation was a joyful mystery and he would relax happily in their company, leaving them delighted and encouraged by showing them that he was their brother-priest as well as the Local Ordinary. Asked sometimes if he found the good fare tedious, he would remark that he himself did not have to eat all that was set before him and that the curates deserved food fit for an Archbishop at least once every five years.

Cardinal Godfrey was renowned for his equanimity of spirit. It has been said that he never hurried but this applied more to the making of important decisions than to actual movement. Truly each year was busier than the last, and that he stood the pace so well was due to his great gift of remaining unruffled even when all about him was near turmoil. He was not easily roused and I doubt if he ever displayed temper. Instead he had the present Holy Father's gift of being able to communicate serenity and in his case this was undoubtedly due to self-control of a quite phenomenal degree and bred of a really profound spiritual life. It was the more remarkable in that he was personally highly sensitive : that this was seldom suspected is testimony of his remarkable self-control. 'All news is good news', he would tell his anxious-faced doctors, 'for it must be the will of God.'

He drew his friends from the widest of circles and even his critics remained his friends. He was quite literally as much at home with ambassadors and dukes as he was with the Cathedral sacristans and the servants of the Venerable and at Ushaw.

They were all souls and therefore in some way part of what he delighted to call 'the flock'. All this may sound a little sedate but his company, which was invariably edifying, could also be most joyous. He was, as has been noted, a brilliant story-teller and mimic, yet even here he never offended against charity. He was also a good listener and enjoyed a good story, yet he would openly wince if told an unwelcome, though jocose, priestly reminiscence, if it were in any way related to the administration of the sacraments. And if ever some over-confident would-be confidante prefaced a remark by 'I should not really tell you this but . . .' he was invariably halted with a smiling but firm 'Well, don't'.

Such eulogy suggests smugness, but the Cardinal was saved from this by a warmth and charity which sections of the Press have referred to as his 'humanity'. It was more than this. It was a gentle fatherliness which won for him an abiding and loving place in the hearts of priests and people. His own students experienced this in a wonderful degree in their Archbishop. And I suspect that it existed also in the relationship of this ex-Rector with his former students whom he delighted to meet in the parishes of England and Wales. As he said in a different connection last Trinity Sunday, it was all founded in charity. It was a charity which, especially in those months of secret sickness, 'led to great personal sacrifice and service to Almighty God and holy Church'.

DEREK WORLOCK.

VENERABLE ROBERT MIDDLETON, MARTYR¹

On Lady Day, 1586, the heroic martyr Margaret Clitherow was pressed to death, with a sharp stone under her back, over the Ouse at York. Throughout her trial she had displayed such constancy in the face of her judges, that on the last day of the hearing Parson Wiggington, who had been deputed by the bench to spend the preceding night with her in order to break her resolution, expressed openly his indignation at the proceedings of the court.

If such were the sentiments of one who was, by profession, a fierce opponent of Catholicism and an ardent supporter of the reformed religion, what must have been the repercussions of the event upon that happily small body of Catholics who, hoping for a swift end to Elizabeth's reign, had temporarily given her their allegiance, until such time as the old order should be restored and they would be free to practise their religion in the open, without the constant threat of death, imprisonment and fine!

Among this unfortunate group none would be more deeply affected than the martyr's own relations, the highly respected family of the Middletons, of Stockeld and Middleton, York. Her father had gained much by his policy of 'temporizing', having been made successively freeman of the city in 1530,

¹ The Cause for Venerable Robert Middleton's beatification, along with those of Venerable George Haydock and Venerable Edward Thwing, whose lives have appeared in previous editions of *THE VENERABLE*, is soon to be re-opened under the vice-postulation of the Jesuit Fathers at Farm Street.

chamberlain in 1552, and sheriff in 1564-5, so that it is hardly surprising that her brother, who bore his father's name of Thomas, should have followed in his footsteps. He brought up his children in the Protestant schools and with them attended the Protestant services. But their youthful consciences, as yet uncorrupted by the lure of material advantage, could not remain unmoved by the atrocious proceedings against their aunt, sponsored in support of this new religion in which their father sought peace and security. Though we have no direct evidence of the fact, they must have known of the devoted woman's attentions to the priests who came in such numbers to her house; it is highly likely that she requested some of these young men to speak with her lapsed brother's children on the subject of their religion. The seed Margaret Clitherow had sown did not fall on barren ground. Her heroic death for the Faith was the turning-point in the life of one of these children, her nephew Robert Middleton, then about 15 years of age.

Born between 1569 and 1571, the date is uncertain, Robert had, as we have seen, received a strictly 'orthodox' education in the city of York. During the first eighteen years of his life 'he thinketh he did go usually to church', that is, to the Protestant services, 'but after that time he refused, and being asked who persuaded him from the Church he saith he cannot tell other than his own conscience and the reading of books'.² In this extract from the account of his examination it is clear that he uses this last enigmatic phrase so as not to implicate any of the Clitherow household or his other Catholic friends, by attributing his conversion to them.

To have continued to live with his family after his conversion would have been courting ruin, both for them and for himself, so Robert very soon made his way to London. Here he would have met many of the young seminary priests who had just arrived from the Continent, and from them received the seeds of his future vocation, for when later questioned as to his place of residence prior to departure for the Continent, 'for London he will not answer'.³ Later he moved to Kingston-upon-Hull, where he lived with a certain Mr Richardson, a merchant and alderman of the town. Of this gentleman we know little except that he must have died quite soon afterwards, as Robert mentions him by name under examination. He was

² Extract from his examination at Preston. P.R.O. S.P.12/275 fol. 2-3.

³ *Ibid.*

probably one of the more fortunate Catholics who, living away from the main centres of persecution, was able to lead a normal life without conforming to the state religion.

In 1594, having finally decided on his vocation, Robert boarded a collier from Newcastle and managed to slip over to Calais. Thence he proceeded to Douai where, no doubt on the recommendation of his friends among the clergy in London, he was received into the Catholic college by the rector, Dr Barrett. After three years of study there, he was sent to Rome with a group of fellow students, and with them was received into the hospice attached to the English College on 30 March 1597. The group of newcomers comprised two Lancastrians, one of them John Almond, the future martyr, two students from Durham and two from York, one of whom was Robert. On 14 April of the same year he was received into the seminary which Cardinal Allen had founded in the building in 1578, 'a R.P. Alphonzo Agazzario . . . Rectore de expresso mandato Illmi. Cardinalis Burghesii Viceprotectoris . . .'⁴ He appears to have completed most of his studies before coming to Rome as he received all his Minor Orders between September and November of his first year in the college, and was ordained priest at the German College on 4 January of the following year.

After spending just over a year in the Eternal City, Fr Middleton received Pope Clement VIII's blessing and his viaticum, or travelling expenses, and left for the mission in England with some of his fellow students on 20 April 1598. Boarding a Dutch ship at Flushing, he was put down secretly in the ship's boat, somewhere on the south coast, 'but the place he will not name',⁵ because, no doubt, it was in frequent use by priests returning from the Continent. He immediately made his way north to the area assigned to him and the next we hear of him is that he was one of the seventy-nine clergy who signed the letter to Pope Clement, dated 8 November 1598, in favour of the institution of the Archpriest.⁶

The constancy of the martyrs in refusing, when on trial or under examination, to implicate those who had helped them in so many ways during their ministry, often leaves us with a very incomplete picture of their missionary labours. In the case of Fr Middleton we must fill in the details for ourselves from the

⁴ *Liber Ruber* of the Venerable English College, p. 56v.

⁵ P.R.O. S.P. 12/275 fol. 2-3.

⁶ *Collectanea P*, ff. 570-1, Stonyhurst Archives.

fragmentary evidence of his examination : 'and being demanded whether he have said Mass, christened children, married any person, or reconciled any to the Church of Rome, he said he hath done so, and all other things concerning a Priest'.⁷

The period of his active ministry, however, was destined to be short. On 30 September 1600, as he was riding with another Catholic gentleman along the road that leads from Preston into the Fylde district of Lancashire, he was accosted by Sir Richard Hoghton, of the well-known Lancashire family of Hoghton Tower and Lea Hall. This unfortunate gentleman provides us with a typical example of the indirect methods employed by the government to place a stranglehold on Catholicism in England under which it was hoped it would ultimately disappear. His father's half-brother, Thomas Hoghton Esq., had been a staunch Catholic and a friend of William Allen, the future Cardinal, whom he had entertained at his recently rebuilt manor, Hoghton Tower, before being driven into exile by the threat of fine and imprisonment. His son, who bore the same name, after studying at Douai under Dr Allen, was ordained priest and returned to the English mission, where he was almost immediately captured and thrown into Salford gaol. There his name continues in the list of recusants until January 1584, after which date, it is presumed, he joined the large number of Catholics whose deaths for the Faith are unrecorded. Sir Richard's own father was killed in a quarrel in 1589, and Richard was immediately taken in ward by Sir Gilbert Gerard, of Gerard's Bromley, Staffordshire, whose daughter he later married. By her he had a son, Radcliffe Hoghton, who returned to the ancient faith of his family as a result of the good example of some Catholic cousins.

Such then was the man, the one black spot on his family's otherwise unblemished record of Catholicism, who was chiefly responsible for the capture and execution of Fr Middleton. On meeting the priest, Hoghton questioned him concerning his vocation and Middleton admitted his priesthood, whereupon he was taken to Preston and there subjected to an official examination. It is from this examination that most of our knowledge of the martyr's early life is drawn. After giving details of his youth and training on the Continent, he was asked the usual questions. 'Being required to declare whether he used in his reconciling or otherwise any persuasion that if the Pope should invade the realm of England for the alteration of religion with

⁷ P.R.O. S.P. 12/275 fol. 2-3.

force, whether those that are reconciled to the Catholic Roman Church should take part with the Queen's Majesty against the forces of the Pope coming for such a cause, to that he saith he will not answer, for he doubteth of it. And being demanded whether he taketh the Queen's Majesty to be lawful Queen of England, he saith he doth in temporal matters, and that he hath done, and will pray that God would make her Majesty a Catholic. And being likewise demanded whether her Majesty ought to be Queen of England, the Pope's excommunication notwithstanding, to that he saith he will not answer, nor any more questions.⁸

On the following day, 1 October, Hoghton, in high expectation of royal favours in reward for his diligence, and anxious to impress upon the Privy Council his complete rejection of all that his family stood for in their eyes, hastened to inform their lordships at Whitehall of the efficient manner in which he was handling the situation. 'Sir, yesterday I apprehended a Seminary priest in the way that leadeth into a part of Lancashire called the Filde. The priest was well horsed and appointed with his pistol; there was with him one other man who escaped from me, and as yet I cannot fynd him, although I have caused diligent search and pursuite to be made after him. The priest that is apprehended nameth himself Robert Middleton . . . and (I) have alreadie sent him to the Castle of Lancaster, there to be saffellie kept in the Common Gaole until the assisses except your honour and the rest of her highness most honourable pryvie councill do gyve other directions.'⁹

Had he waited for news of the prisoner's safe arrival at Lancaster Castle he would have saved himself considerable embarrassment, for at that very moment a rescue attempt was being planned which, for its audacity, is only equalled by the dramatic rescue of Fr John Gerard S.J. from the Tower of London, almost exactly three years previously. The task of transferring Middleton to Lancaster from Preston was allotted by Hoghton to a small group of private citizens under the leadership of a Preston draper called Henry Breres, and the account he gave of the day's events on his return to Preston gives us a clear picture of the far from resigned attitude of the Lancastrians of the Fylde towards the persecution. ' . . . this examine . . . saith that upon the same wednesdaie as he, this examine, and his ffellowes were goeing with the said Seminarie

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Letter from Hoghton to Robert Cecil. P.R.O. S.P. 12/275 fol. 1.

towards the said Gaole; they were overtaken with ffowre horssmen and one ffooteman to them unknowne, in a place called St Laurence lane, distant from the said Towne of Preston about fyve myles, which ffowre horssemen . . . called unto the preest to goe with them, which the said preest offered to doe. And then this exam. to staie his escape, did strike hym of his horse. And thereupon the said ffowre horssemen with weapons drawne, did violentlie offer to take the preest from them. Which when this exam. did perceive, he drewe his sword and with some force used upon one of the said foure horssemen staid the said preest from escaping. And then the other three horssemen did verie outragiously upon horseback assault the rest of this examine's fellowes, who in defence of themselves & in regard of the saffekeepinge of the said preest, did also drawe their weapons. By means whereof one Greenlowe, beinge one of the said ffowre horssemen, did offer to discharge his pistoll upon one James Dike . . . which pistoll would not then Shoote of. Whereupon the said Dike, with his sword, did unhorse the said Greenlowe . . . And all this notwithstandinge the said Greenlowe, beinge on foote, offered to escape, and was pursued by the said Dike, one William Claiton & one Christopher Crosse . . . from the place where the assault first begune about one myle, the said Greenlowe still keepinge them of with his pistoll charged . . . And then this examine & the rest of his Companie, with one Travice and one Walkden . . . went to assist the said Dike and Claiton, Who meetinge the said Greenlowe at a gate, staid hym. Whereupon the said Greenlowe did discharge his pistoll upon the said Travice, and wounded hym in the Thighe with ffowre bulletts, and then was taken.¹⁰ That a group of Catholics should have thus taken it into their heads openly to defy the law is indeed remarkable, but what is even more astounding is that the trigger-happy 'Greenlowe' was none other than Fr Thurstan Hunt, a stalwart Yorkshireman with fourteen years of experience on the English mission!

The two priests were then taken back to Preston where Hunt was examined by Hoghton and two other Justices of the Peace. The ambitious Hoghton would have preferred to have kept this account of his negligence from the ears of his superiors in London, but the day after the rescue attempt the mayor of

¹⁰ *Theaminacon of Henry Breres of Preston in Amoundernes in the Countie of Lancashire draper, taken the second daie of October 1600 Anno Regni domine nostre Elizabeth Regine nunc xliij^o at Preston afforesaid before me Henry Hodgkinson gent. Maior of the Towne afforesaid. P.R.O. S.P. 12/276 fol. 6-7.*

the town, Henry Hodgkinson, returned after a short absence, was present at the examination of Breres on 2 October, and sent an account of the whole affair to the Privy Council. However, the Secretary of the Council, Robert Cecil, was surprisingly indulgent in his reply to the sheriff's letter of 1 October, and in his reply, dated 15 October, spoke of 'your care and diligence (which we greatly commend)'. He clearly recognized the necessity for encouraging this turn-coat Catholic by holding out promises of higher favours, for he concludes: 'her Majestie hath noted in you so great zeale and forwardnes (as wee speake it to your comforte), that her Majestie will make it appeare upon all occasyons how well she discerneth the difference betwene the corne and the chaffe'.¹¹

So flagrant an attack on the course of justice as that of Hunt and his companions demanded further investigation, so Cecil made arrangements for the two priests to be brought up to London and lodged in the Gatehouse at Westminster in order that he might examine them himself. Robert Hesketh, Attorney of the Wards, was entrusted with the conveyance of the prisoners and completed the 250 mile journey without mishap. Of the examination before the Privy Council we have, unfortunately, no record. Fr Grene s.j., in his account of the martyrs, merely states: 'Being brought to London, they were often examined, kept close prisoners, loaden with irons . . .'¹²

On 1 March 1601 an open warrant was directed by 'the Courte at Whitehall' to the sheriffs of the various counties through which the priests would have to pass on their return journey to Lancaster, 'to see them safely conveide, their legges bound under the belly of the horses they shall ryde upon, and their hands behinde them . . . and so to be conveyed in lyke manner with sure guard, as notorious Traytors, from Sheriffe to Sheriffe, untill they shall be delivered over to the High Sheriffe of Lancaster . . . and to see them kept in the common gaole, in sure yrons, untill the Assizes.'¹³

The journey back to Lancaster must have been a martyrdom in itself 'for . . . they had but very ill horses scant able to goe, their leggs tyed under the horse's belly, their dyet very badd, and every night parted and their leggs bolted to the beddstock.'¹⁴

¹¹ *A letter to the Sheriffe of the countie of Lancaster, Sir Richard Houghton Knight, Mr Heskith Attorney of the wardes, and Raffe Ashton Esq.* P.R.O. P.C. 2/25 fol. 1.

¹² A.R.S.I. Anglia 37, Hist. Angl. VIII, ff. 58v-60r.

¹³ *An open warrant . . .* P.R.O. P.C. 2/26 fol. 1.

¹⁴ A.R.S.I., op. cit.

The trial at the assizes was a sheer mockery of justice as Cecil had already intimated in his letter to Hoghton, that the Queen was anxious to have an example made of them, and they were condemned 'merely on account of their priesthood',¹⁵ that is to say, under the statute 27 Eliz. cap. 2, 2, which made it treason for any priest to remain in or return to England from forty days after the decree's promulgation.

The two martyrs utilized their last hours in reconciling some of the other prisoners who had been condemned to death. Indeed the verdict of their own trial was not brought to them until a few hours before their execution, so that Middleton, meeting an acquaintance of his in the prison yard on that last morning, remarked to her: 'Alas, Mrs N., we shall not be hanged today!'¹⁶ He had expressed the same desire to lay down his life for Christ the very day before his capture when, talking with a relative of Venerable Edward Thwing, who was lamenting that martyr's execution at the previous assizes, he exclaimed: 'Madam, I would I might this day ride a good way and out of my way, to have so good a chance as he had'.¹⁷

The verdict was not popular with the Lancaster townfolk, not one of whom could be prevailed upon to lend a horse or other gear to drag the martyrs through the streets to the place of execution, so that in the end the sheriff was forced to use his own fine animal. As he was freed from the hurdle and prepared for execution, Fr Middleton's sister, who had doubtless travelled from York on the news of her brother's arrival from London, begged him to permit her to purchase his reprieve for £100, but he reproached her for it although, as she protested, she acted out of sisterly affection, rather than from any wish to make him abjure his faith. Maybe the family had suffered a rude awakening to its religious duties as a result of Robert's sufferings, and was prepared to be reconciled to the Church, but it was now too late to save him.

Thurstan Hunt was martyred first and allowed to die before being cut down and butchered, but Middleton was not so fortunate. He was cut down too soon by mistake, and as soon as he began to stir in the hang-man's hands the sheriff ordered that his head should be cut off.

¹⁵ *Annales Elizabethae Reginae*, Dr Anthony Champney, 1618, MSS. Westminster Archives.

¹⁶ A.R.S.I., op. cit.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

So died 'little Mr Robert Middleton . . . a person of great sanctity', as Fr Henry Garnett s.J. affectionately calls him in a letter to the Father General of the Order, Fr Vitelleschi, about the martyr's request to enter the Society of Jesus.¹⁸ His request was granted but Fr Garnett later admits that he is not sure whether the news reached him before his death or not.¹⁹

The memory of this humble yet heroic champion of the Faith was not permitted to die among those Catholic families for whose salvation he had laid down his life. A fitting tribute is paid both to Fr Middleton and to his companion, Fr Hunt, in a contemporary poem by Fr Laurence Anderton s.J. entitled 'A Songe of foure Priestes that suffered Death at Lancaster':

'Huntes hawtie courage staut, with godlie zeale soe true ;
Myld Middleton, O what tonge can halfe they virtue shew ;
At Lancaster lovingly, these marters tooke their end
In glorious victorie, true faith for to defende.'²⁰

DOMINIC ROUND.

¹⁸ Intercepted letter. S.P. 12/271, No. 32 fol. 1.

¹⁹ A.R.S.I. Anglia 31, Hist. Angl. II, ff. 183r & v.

²⁰ British Museum Addit. MSS 15, 225, f. 31.

ROMANESQUE

SI PARLA VENERABILESE ?

'The Madre always provides antipast' on a festa.' This explanation to a first-year man on his first day out of retreat may not convey the required information, but at least it tells him that the college has a language of its own. One does not have to be a devotee of Billy Bunter or Stalky & Co. to be aware that any small society or group will develop its own language. Of what precisely this group-language consists depends largely on external influences and on tradition. With Stalky it was perhaps the military background of the boys which produced a leavening of Indian words. No doubt Bunter's speech existed only in the mind of the author, but it is a good example of its species.

At the Venerabile the influence of Italian must inevitably dominate in the emergence of a group language, but what a language! No mere smattering of foreign words used where there is no English alternative: words and phrases sometimes seem to be used for their own sake—or to demonstrate one's knowledge (or lack) of Italian; or, not least, to show how well integrated one has become with college life. The effect of this is lasting, so that in after years priests greet their fellow students in speech frankly unintelligible to others. Is this sheer provocation, or an unthinking side-slip into forgotten idiom? *Chi lo sa?*—you see what I mean.

Abbreviations often make it impossible for the untutored to decipher the meaning. 'A cam of bags in the Doge' is a phrase many would use without a second thought, yet what a mine of research to the philologist.

One must not be tempted to think that this game can be played merely by putting in any Italian word where one feels like it. This is a trap for the unwary first-year man who thus

shows himself more of a beginner than if he used no Italian at all. In answer to *when*? (not *quando*?), one may reply *oggi* (or, more probably *domani*), but never *ieri*. Before any endeavour, the expression is *auguri* but, on successful completion, *latinitas* takes over with *prosit*. Is all this to fill up what is wanting in our English vocabulary? (I say 'our', for surely there are suitable words in the O.E.D., but they would sound too pedantic for everyday use.) It would, for example, be difficult to find a satisfactory alternative for *gita*. But, of course, it is not just a question of usefulness; there is also the question of mystique—the happy feeling that only our own people can understand what we are saying. Surely much the same feeling that drives the beatnik to say: 'Dig that beat, Daddioh!' It goes without saying that a student who left his swimming-trunks in the cloakroom (?), rather than his 'tande in the vestibolo, would be the college equivalent of a square (*piazza*? *quadrangolare*?).

Technicalities are another matter. The all-important matter of food draws on an extensive Italian vocabulary, largely because the foods have no other name—at least, not served in that particular form. How insipid is the word *coffee* (even qualified by *American* or *Italian*) compared with the possibilities conjured up by *espresso* (*doppio*), *cappuccino* and *caffelatte* (*in abbondanza*). Spaghetti is now a word as much English as Italian (even in England where Herr Heinz uses it for some entirely different substance in tins). But there is no translation either for *cannelloni*, *lasagne*, and so forth, as is made abundantly clear from the unsuccessful efforts made by those hotels which present one with menus in three or four languages.

Other types of technicalities become second nature to those on the job, in all departments of college activities. What electrician could give you the English of *deviatore*, *morselli*,¹ or *cerca fase*—he might even have to think twice before realizing they were NOT English.

One can easily forget that others do not understand one's own jargon. I remember an army officer of my acquaintance who used to tell a funny story about the loop resistance on the third channel of a one plus four. He never understood the baffled silence which followed the telling. It is sometimes difficult to realize that other people are not familiar with one's vocabulary. Recently I had the experience of being for one week in a presbytery with three other Venerabilini. At meals one used

¹ Nothing to do with bits of bread and cheese being taken to the Greg.

expressions incomprehensible to others who were present—not, we hope, for any other reason but through sheer inability to describe some things in plain English.

Surely this is the great danger of the college conversational Italian. How often the word is used just to save thought—and how often wrongly used. Not that I suggest abandoning what is almost a folk language. But why not a little self-examination occasionally? What about that article referred to as an *impetito* but certainly not known as such by the Madre?

Then there are English and Italian words which, in abbreviation at least, could be confused. When you say *medi*, for instance, how do you distinguish it from *Meddi*? And there are those abbreviations, the originals of which have by now (am I right?) been forgotten by all save the erudite few: it may be years before one finds out the meaning of *OND*. Are there any whose origins have now been completely lost? And why, after all this, do we insist on using an English word like *wings* when we have a perfectly good Italian original?

What then are we to conclude about our peculiar half-language? Is it something of which we should be proud, and is it something which must adhere strictly to the unwritten rules governing its usage? something which will mark a *Venerabilino* as his accent marks a Cornishman? Or would the purist have us stamp it out altogether, and use either English or Italian, but never mixing the two? Apart from the difficulty in finding alternatives for such words as *prego* (by all means, don't mention it—how unsatisfactory), *piazza*, *Sforza* and a host of others, is there not something alive in the college dialect? Its rules cannot be laid down. The conventions will vary from year to year and from generation to generation. Surely this is an expression of the complex duality of every student at the *Venerabile*: so English in Rome, and so Roman in England—but not consistently so. A healthy interchange of two backgrounds, hammered into a natural mode of expression by strenuous everyday use, this is indeed something to be valued. May it always thrive, but let it never be artificial. Never let the words be used merely because they are Italian, but because by connotation and tradition they convey more to us than any possible English equivalent. Let us then continue to develop our heritage, using the happy phrase, the apt expression when the occasion demands, *sempre . . . ma non troppo*.

JAMES WIGMORE.

NOVA ET VETERA

MARTYRS' PORTRAITS

In previous issues, we have mentioned the existence of forty or so portraits of the College martyrs and our efforts to trace them. They appear in several of our seventeenth-century documents and their former position is explicitly given in *Scrittura* 12, 16 p. 5: 'Nel corridore del 3° piano (the present common-room floor by Italian standards) ci sono i ritratti di 41 alunni del med^{mo} Collegio martirizzati in Inghilterra per la Religione'. Some of them at least still hung there in 1773 but had disappeared without trace by 1851, possibly during the French occupation of Rome (cf. *THE VENERABILE*, Vol. XX p. 205).

Our starting clue as to their present whereabouts was the reference (*THE VENERABILE*, Vol. VI, p. 439) to pictures 'discovered in an attic of the Gregorian University (Palazzo Borromeo) and now—i.e. in 1934—at the South American College and the Gesù', which it was suggested might be the missing portraits. Both the trails were duly taken up three years ago by our archivists who quickly eliminated the South American College. The spoor leading to the Gesù seemed more promising. The portraits themselves, it is true, were not to be found there, but a further clue was: a lot of property had been moved after the last war from the Gesù to the Jesuit house at Galloro; perhaps the martyrs' pictures had formed part of it. So the search moved to Galloro. Here again the tangible results were nil but the scent was strong: a lot of furniture and other

movables had been sent in 1959 from Galloro to the Jesuit house near Fiesole. It was possible that the portraits had gone too. The hounds seemed to be closing in on the hares.

In February of this year two students enjoying a period of convalescence at the Blue Nuns' villa at Fiesole called at the Jesuit Villa di S. Ignazio. They were kindly received by Father Minister and taken on a tour of the house in search of the portraits. In the attic was an old print of Bl. John Ogilvie. A painting of Bl. Oliver Plunkett and other martyrs hung in one corridor, and a group of English martyrs (probably painted during the last century) was found in one of the studies. There was nothing resembling the martyrs' portraits formerly to be found in the College.

So ends a once promising and exciting trail and, unless new clues come to light, the search must be called off.

FROM 'THE VENERABLE' 40 YEARS AGO

'The students returned from Palazzola to Rome. Every time we have returned from the Villa new surprises have awaited us in Rome . . . Now another and a more splendid change has taken place, two small and stuffy rooms stocked with furniture that bore unseen peril for the unwary have gone, and the Common Room is now one magnificent 'salon' with gleaming floor of polished wood blocks, chaste white curtains, magnificent pictures, luxurious arm-chairs, and, not to be forgotten, chryselephantine ash-trays that defy even the most careless of smokers to spill ash on the floor, that floor that profane and unwiped feet may never tread.' (Diary, 20 October 1922.)

'Today the Eternal City witnessed a strange spectacle. Not once but many times have victorious armies marched in triumph through her imperial streets, but not often in modern history has the metropolis of one of the leading powers of Europe been taken by an army of patriots. All afternoon down the Corso one heard, for one could see little, the steady tramp of feet, not the easy pace of the Italian Army but a rapid swinging pace. Save for that there was little sound ; at intervals came a burst of applause that rippled along the bystanders as some hero passed

by, but always that silent stream of black-shirted tanned warriors who had fulfilled the grim prophecy they had written on their black fez caps, 'Roma o morte', a war-cry centuries old, a sacred slogan. One could perhaps not share the political views they represented, but one could not but be impressed. Would that their ideal were to lead Italy back to the Church; how one could then admire their silent discipline.' (Diary, 31 October 1922.)

'An old student urged us not to revert to the old idea once rampant in the College, that the University degrees are great and noble things but not to be striven after by the humble members of the Venerabile. He advised us to grasp with both hands the opportunities offered by a course in Rome, and to return to England worthy of the confidence which the Bishops placed in English College students.' (Diary, 3 November 1922.)

'The guest at dinner was the distinguished historian Baron L. von Pastor, who came after dinner to the Common Room and made a short speech.' (Diary, 4 February 1923.)

COLLEGE DIARY

Quot homines tot sententiae ; suos cuique mos

THE VILLA

JULY 3rd 1962, Tuesday. The long (and eagerly) awaited day arrives, but the reasons for expectations are different : for the College as a whole, today betokens the beginning of the holiday proper, but for some, the unfortunate diarist included, the pleasures of Palazzola are yet clouded over with an appointment at the Gregorian later in the day. As I sit in my room overlooking the Cortile, the sense of desolation impinges most forcibly : all the shutters opposite are closed ; there is no hum of conversation from any part of the building ; raucous shouts from the tradesmen in the Via Monserrato echo but lifelessly around the deserted corridors ; my room, without books and pictures, those comfortable companions of homeliness, is reduced to an unwelcoming shell.

When the Professors have finished their penetrating quizzing, a mad dash to the Lateran brings us at last within sight of the Villa : a bus bearing the happy legend *Centro Pio XII* is ready to carry us off to the Albans.

4th Wednesday. The business of sorting out begins today. Finding new places for one's belongings ; rescuing luggage from the jumble in the Cortile ; wondering, as you help someone upstairs with his trunk, what on earth induced him to pack so much. There are those who look upon our annual three-months' stay at Palazzola as a holiday and nothing more, and then there are those who regard Palazzola as a place to be lived in, like home, or like the College : the former pack the basic minimum, reducing

everything to its strictly holiday utility, whilst the latter move out lock, stock and barrel, only leaving behind those things which are proper to the City—hat, wings, and Denzinger.

The labours of the advance party must not go unsung ; the Villa looks so clean and presentable that many have commented on the fact that it looked inhabited when we arrived. Nine months' dereliction, and the inevitable mark this leaves, has been scrubbed polished away to nothing.

5th *Thursday*. Now we get down to the full, villa routine, with a Garden Gita to let us investigate the immediately surrounding countryside and see what changes have been made since last we passed this way. To our horror, reports are brought back of the decapitation of Faete : on the now flattened top there are signs of an hotel ! No more Faete-sunrise parties. Because of a high wind prohibiting lunch in the garden, we sat in the Refectory, like Richard III in his Council Hall, receiving reports of disasters and changes ; we also heard of a savage attack of a grass-snake upon a Third Year Theologian—an action which drew blood and our sympathetic interest.

6th *Friday*. The kiosk is now open : once again we can refresh ourselves in the midst of our labours—cutting Sforza grass (we miss the Vice-Rector's cheery help here), removing straw from the tennis court, preparing the greens for golfing, tending the flowers.

7th *Saturday*. The Ordinations now loom large and practices for tomorrow's great event are the order of the day.

8th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Budd and Chestle, who were ordained priests today in the Villa Chapel by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector. Those who are still delighted by pyrotechnical spectacles, watched the sparks fly from Ariccia tonight.

9th *Monday*. *Primitias dedicaverunt*. At the traditional festa, given in honour of the new priests, the Rector proposed the toast *Ad Multos Annos*, and Mgr Canon Bell, the Rector's erstwhile Vicar Capitular, said a few words on behalf of the visitors.

Ordination cards circulate at coffee and liquori ; I notice that artistic taste in this line is veering from Gothic to Byzantine, but perhaps there are racial differences at work.

11th *Wednesday*. Another Garden Gita brings us out of our paradisiacal enclave to sniff at the *dintorni* of Palazzola. We return for lunch, which once again is in the Refectory, owing to cloud and wind without. Lunch, of course, remains informal : that is to say, we sit anywhere we like (*mensa Superiorum excepta*) and manage without napkins—very informal.

12th *Thursday*. To underline our Collegiate-sufficiency, some of the students, with the help of Germano, have repaired one of the College cars ;

this is undoubtedly good training for some of those ancient, battered crates that will be our delight in England.

13th *Friday*. Once again the die is cast, and the bad Baronet of Ruddigore, with his equally bad ancestors, make themselves heard. Opera time comes round for the umpteenth time, and we steel ourselves to enjoy it.

For some there was, however, an alternative form of relaxation—cricket practice, or did I hear someone say 'netters'?

14th *Saturday*. Top Year has had a record fling—the last member departed today for England, whilst we sweep the dust from the front-porch.

Ambassadorial cricket occupied the attention of some during siesta time; ambassadorial tea claimed the attendance of all!

15th *Sunday*. Four candles for Low Mass proclaimed a special occasion, and during the day we were able to offer our sincere congratulations to Canon Campbell on his Ordination anniversary.

17th *Tuesday*. Hermitage Festival: the literary wallahs were forced to become cave-men as sudden rain extinguished their literary lights and forced an ignominious retreat. But perhaps 'literary' is not quite the word; Roget says 'slangy, colloquial, vernacular . . .'—if the cap fits . . .

18th *Wednesday*. The bad weather hovers still, so our Garden Gita lunch, generally taken on the terrace, has to be eaten in the Refectory *modo civiliter*.

19th *Thursday*. Canon Donnelly, whose Parish Church is dedicated in honour of St Vincent, declared today to be festal, and provided ice-cream for all.

In the traditional manner, the Rector opened the golf-course with Fr McConnon, playing against Fr Magner and Mr O'Sullivan, the latter obtaining the laurels.

20th *Friday*. Tanglewood Tales and Rudyard Kipling were evoked today, as an adder hunt was instituted on the Wiggery . . . or was it only a grass-snake, after all?

We played cricket in the afternoon against an XI from the Imperial War Graves Commission.

21st *Saturday*. Not wishing to lose too much face to his golfing counterpart, the Tennis Secretary declared the season open and the court useful, if not usable.

22nd *Sunday*. The weather conditions proclaim that it is *not* spring-time, but shorn lambs are everywhere in evidence after a visit from the barbers.

24th *Tuesday*. The shearing is justified! At last, the weather has declared itself and we bathe in undiluted sunshine. Now, in our very human fashion, we can grumble about the heat, instead of the wind and rain.

25th *Wednesday*. With the advent of the heat come the Cortile Practices. Thus has it been ordained ; ancestors wicked and chorus bridal once more must bare their necks to the burden.

For the cultured few, however, it is a Garden Gita day, and we can explore the Italian countryside that we have loved long since and lost awhile.

27th *Friday*. The serious side of Villa life shows itself with the publication of the Sermons List, and we retire to the Library to consult Challoner or Knox, according to taste. Not a man but went consulting ; not a tome but lay uncovered.

Also to keep us serious, there was a Public Meeting after lunch.

28th *Saturday*. The Rector offered Community Mass this morning for the repose of the soul of Bishop Giles (Rector, 1888-1913).

The heat having made itself felt even in the Salone, the Rector has permitted Spiritual Reading to be done in the cool privacy of our rooms, or where we will.

29th *Sunday*. The Play Reading Circle discarded its Roman mantle of obscurity, coming out into the open with the annual attempt at Literary Education for the Masses : an Irish comedy was the subject of their endeavours.

Fireworks in Castelgandolfo enlivened the post-cenal chatter on the terrace.

AUGUST 1st *Wednesday*. The Tusculum Mass, to which (I think) almost the whole College has gone. We remaining sluggards and chronics enjoy the peace, and muse silently on the possibility of a weekly Tusculum Mass !

We said 'good-bye and God-speed' to our visitors from Shrewsbury.

4th *Saturday*. A Swimming Gala attracted many to compete for titles and records. Whatever the allurements of the silver cup may be, it would seem that the china one is as highly prized during the interval and the Tea Man did a roaring trade.

5th *Sunday*. *Feast of Our Lady of the Snows*, patronal feast of the Villa Chapel. The High Mass was sung by the Rector, and we were very pleased to welcome Cardinal Heard to lunch, and many visitors from the villa di sopra.

6th *Monday*. The customary Bank Holiday Cricket match, North *versus* South, brought stalwarts from all over England to defend their demi-national honour.

10th *Friday*. More cricket, but this time the struggle is not internecine. A party of young men at the villa di sopra managed to combine themselves into an Oxford University XI, and promised to present themselves for battle at 2.30 p.m. When the game eventually got under way, we, having

waited and siestaed for an hour on the Sforza, were able to demonstrate how cricket should be played, and brought off a decisive victory.

11th *Saturday*. A change ! *Cantores* have become *acolythi*, and *acolythi* are now styled *ceroferrarii*. What is the difference ? Purely nominal, I gather, since the line-out at Benediction is exactly the same as ever.

12th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection. Fr Hall s.J., gave us a conference on the Assumption.

15th *Wednesday*. *Feast of the Assumption*. The framework of the Rocca function remains apparently unalterable but this year there were two slight modifications : we had a bus to take us there and back, and the Schola branched out into some new, and highly varied modern polyphony, which, regrettably, did not find general favour. There is a feeling, and a proper one, that High Mass should not be turned into a concert.

The Rector sang the Mass and carried the Relic in procession.

16th *Thursday*. After many weeks visiting transatlantic friends and general globe-trotting, the Vice-Rector returned, trailing clouds of glory, with many Americanisms, to his real home. Once more amidst the Palazzola family, he is now able to relax from his labours, and have a proper holiday with us.

Also to arrive for a holiday was Bishop Restieaux.

Today was the day of the Prop' match—the season's real contest, compared with which all other matches pale into social significance.

19th *Sunday*. A group of students choral went up to the Madonna del Tufo church to help out with the feast day there, and forge another link in the chain that binds us to the Trinitarians.

20th *Monday*. Cropping season again, and the Opera cast, in order to preserve some hair for the morrow's performance, are hiding away from the Hair-Cut Man, who prowls around seeking them whose hair the shears may devour.

21st *Tuesday*. The Cortile undergoes transformation once more : the tantalising Cornish coastline begins to materialize in the arches, greenery obscures wires and lamps, and the all-duty cricket net effortlessly pretends to be a fishing net for a day.

After many hours of patient making—and pinning-up, the Opera begins with a flourish and we settle back to enjoy ourselves . . .

. . . We did enjoy ourselves. (For Cast list, etc., cf. 17 September.)

The performance was dedicated to Bishop Restieaux :

EXCELLENTISSIMO ET REVERENDISSIMO DOMINO,
DOMINO CYRILLO EPISCOPO PLYMUTHENSI,
ORDINARIO DRAMATIS PERSONARUM,
OLIM REBUS ELECTRICIS PRAEPOSITO PERITO,
ITERUMQUE AEDES NOSTRAS PRAESENTIA ILLUMINANTI,
OPUS HOC DRAMATICUM LIBENTER DEDICAMUS.

22nd *Wednesday*. The dreadful sight awaits the early risers : a cortile, apparently hit by a tornado, strewn with débris and cigarette ends. After breakfast we all buckle to and order is rapidly restored. A heavy thunderstorm around lunch time finished off our work and cooled the air for a refreshing siesta.

23rd *Thursday*. Another Day Gita calls us out to bathe in the sea or make the time-honoured pilgrimage to 'dear old Monte P'.

24th *Friday*. The Golf Tournament is organized again, and I see a notice proclaiming 'Qualifying Rounds' today, but the Golf Secretary intends no pun.

At lunch we welcomed ice-cream from Fr Lang and Fr Morris from Monte Senario.

26th *Sunday*. For the Second Mass today a Missa Cantata ; we have not enough people in Major Orders for High Masses at the Villa, and in response to a very popular appeal the Rector has allowed us that form of Mass which is perhaps the more common form of Sung Mass on Sundays in England.

To supply for Cardinal Heard's absence in England, Fr Hall S.J., has kindly come to hear Confessions.

After Benediction, those with long distances to travel, are permitted to start on their Long Gitas.

28th *Tuesday*. There is a pervasive gloom and hush about the place, only broken by First Year shouts and the mutterings of one poor student whose duties keep him chained to his typewriter.

Fr Grech has arrived for a short stay with us.

31st *Friday*. A distinguished member of last year's OND arrives, in a great state of confusion and high dudgeon. He had managed to get himself out of the plane at Ciampino, but had not been so dexterous with his luggage, which at that moment was doing the Classical Tour. However, Athens Airport soon gave up its prize (we were confidentially informed that it was a doctorate thesis whose value was inestimable) and the peregrine trunk was returned post-haste to Palazzola by private transport.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Saturday*. Second Year returns *en masse*, joyfully bubbling over about the marvels of Assisi.

3rd *Monday*. Some of First Year go off to maintain that great tradition with the past—the Subiaco Gita ; they left on foot in the pouring rain.

4th *Tuesday*. The remainder of First Year also wishing to keep up fine traditions decided that this could be done in a less hearty manner and they left for Subiaco using public transport.

5th *Wednesday*. Fr Grech left today whilst those remaining had a Day Gita.

6th *Thursday*. *Redeunt omnes gaudentes*—the House is united again and receives much stimulus for conversations from its latest experiences.

7th *Friday*. The *Ave* bell hounds us in at 6.45 p.m. now, and the Roman routine continues to make its inroads on our freedom; now an evening study period brings us nearer to Rome and reality.

8th *Saturday*. Opportunities for singing abound: Voluntary Schola lists appear for *Missae Cantatae*; also, the Opera again—Cortile practices once more provide a diversion for the occupants of the villa di sopra who peer down with inquisitive delight.

9th *Sunday*. Cricket match against a visiting B.E.A. team, which turned out to be the most hard-fought of the season: and still we won.

11th *Tuesday*. Fr Pledger took the Sermon Class, and we benefited from different experience.

We did not distinguish ourselves at the Swimming Gala held at the Propaganda Villa; but then not many of us take our swimming that seriously. Our Tank may fulfil the functions of bath and playpen, but I have not noticed much training for competitive swimming.

12th *Wednesday*. A visit to the American College Villa, and the usual grand hospitality. We heard among the announcements at lunch that the 'Coke' machine was functioning once more. We sensed the general relief; life was worth living, once again.

I am full of admiration for the Americans' ability to remember names; single, fleeting introduction, and one is thereafter ever addressed with disarming familiarity. Months later perhaps, crushing past an unrecognized face on the Greg' stairs, it will be, 'Hi Dave', or 'Bye now, Mike'. Why can we not do the same? Certainly their surnames are more improbable than ours, but surely Bret or Ford or Clancy are no more difficult to remember?

We were shown a film about the Korean War; most of the film was viewed through the hero's dark-glasses, but I do not think we missed too much.

We had a very jolly journey back in one of their 'trucks'.

13th *Thursday*. Today we are flooded out with *episcopini*—at least, someone who is *not* colourblind told me that the Scots' cassocks are of a purple hue!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie me
To see othersels as others see them!
It wad frae mony a blunder free me,
And foolish notion.

14th *Friday*. An exciting day for the students and Nuns. Those who went down to the Lake for their gita were at close quarters to a filming company and saw a 'drowning incident'. Luigi, the *custode's* eldest son, getting hold of the wrong end of the stick (on purpose) rushed to tell the

Nuns that a student was drowning in the Lake and had them in a panic. Wicked Luigi was severely reprimanded.

15th *Saturday*. The cricket team demonstrated its prowess against the Embassy with the usual satisfying result.

16th *Sunday*. The weather is showing signs of contrariness ; doubtless aided and abetted by the Vicariate's '*ad petendam pluviam*' mandate. The hourly question is 'What will it be like for the Opera ?' as clouds and dampness close in around us.

17th *Monday*. After a morning of undecided squalls and bursts of sunshine, the Opera was decidedly rained upon. Weather prophets and optimists stand astounded ('Rain on Opera night ? Rubbish !') whilst the anti-G. & S. brigade, with little effort at concealment, maliciously parade their satisfaction.

Unfortunately, it was for this production that the Editor had arranged his critic.

RUDDIGORE

OR

THE WITCH'S CURSE

BY W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN

<i>Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd</i>	.	.	.	Mr Cookson
<i>Richard Dauntless</i>	.	.	.	Mr O'Malley
<i>Sir Despard Murgatroyd</i>	.	.	.	Mr Budd
<i>Old Adam Goodheart</i>	.	.	.	Mr Corley
<i>Rose Maybud</i>	.	.	.	Mr Johnson
<i>Mad Margaret</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brand
<i>Dame Hannah</i>	.	.	.	Mr Armour
<i>Zorah</i>	.	.	.	Mr Round
<i>Ruth</i>	.	.	.	Mr Purdue
<i>Sir Roderic Murgatroyd</i>	.	.	.	Mr Coote
<i>Chorus of Professional Bridesmaids</i>	.	.	.	
				Messrs Coughlan, Doyle, McHugh, Slowey, Loughran, Fox, O'Connell
<i>Chorus of Bucks and Blades</i>				
				Messrs Wilcox, Tuck, Finn, Turton, Ashton, McEvoy, Standley, Morris, Poulter
<i>Chorus of Ghosts</i>				Messrs O'Sullivan, Newns, Tuck, Tully, McGarry, Pateman, Feben, A. Jones, McEvoy, Firth, McSweeney
<i>Pianist and Musical Director</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dearman
<i>Conductor</i>	.	.	.	Mr Ainslie
				Produced by Mr Corley

Maturity and deep roots are everywhere at Palazzola, and it is nice to reflect that long before Edinburgh or Prades, Aix or Spoleto, the theatrical possibilities of our sturdy Bramantesque cortile were being exploited. They have never, as a setting, been better exploited than they were this year, I am sure. The use of the whole space instead of merely the traditional section not only gave much greater freedom of movement but was turned to great visual advantage. For the first act a very convincing Cornish village and harbour glimmered through the rear arches, cricket made its contribution with copiously-draped nets as well as personnel, lanterns glowed as gaily as ever, and the Italian night should have done the rest.

Alas that the elements (prompted, it was widely alleged, by the Rector in the role of liturgical Quisling) chose rather to enter into the spirit of realism and to give us an English seaside evening. The trilling semi-quavers of the Overture were more liquid than even the admirable accompanist under his umbrella could make them; before long the stone spouts were pouring out a steady ground bass, damp-stains spread on the shoulders of the professional bridesmaids and the conductor, as immaculate as Sir Malcolm, proved also his equal in virtuosity, closing his drenched score, conducting from the libretto and periodically baling out the music stand.

This dismal handicap, though it forced only one brief suspension, persisted through the first act, and it was enormously to the credit of everybody that the show never became either bedraggled or ragged. The chorus of bridesmaids was a substantial unit, built in general for comfort rather than speed, its tone being set by a Derbyshire stalwart who suggested one of the larger Scandinavian deities come down in the world—descended from Valhalla to Dodge City. Producer and dresser equally grasped this nettle as it has not always been grasped before. The toilettes, though perhaps evoking Laramie more powerfully than Rederring, wisely used the human form as something to build on rather than to emphasize, and each trim craft was equipped aft with a superstructure so well-found as to be capable quite literally of taking her opposite Buck or Blade for a ride. Similarly their dance steps were, at the occasional risk of monotony, confined to suggesting the galleon rather than the skiff, and achieved a real and engaging stateliness in the first act finale. Finally, they and the male choruses too sang very well, lightly and truly, an important achievement since the proportion of chorus-work was high.

Musically, in fact, the production was most sound, showing an exact awareness of limitations. Though one remembers better voices in the past, those of today seemed to be used better. The phrasing and breath control were generally good, there was hardly any forcing, and, considering the cold, damp atmosphere, limitations of range were not obtrusive. Moreover everybody seemed determined that Sir Despard's lines :

'This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter

Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter . . .'

should not set the standard of diction; one got quite a high proportion

even of the patter songs. A spanking musical pace was maintained and, considering that Ruddigore is even more than most of the Savoy operas a series of set pieces, the dramatic pace reasonably matched it.

To take the principals in order of appearance: Dame Hannah's is a hard part—like all Gilbert's heavy contraltos she has a large share of the more creaking dialogue, two difficult songs to sing, and not much recompense in the way of chance to impress herself on the action. Our dame had not the advantage of weight either vocal or physical, but she bore herself well and sang, if lightly, very pleasantly indeed.

Rose, very demure, with a nose *très retroussé*, was excellently gowned and wigged, decidedly graceful and tuneful, and will undoubtedly be a stand-by for the next seven years, as will Sir Ruthven, dark, slim and personable, who apart from revealing some inexperience in his patter songs made a good lively *début*. In the damp, still stiff atmosphere of the first quarter-hour these two handled their 'I know a youth' duet really deftly.

Richard, very much the Gilbertian sailor, seemed unlikely in his first song to be vocally equal to the part, but the rain-enforced suspension in the middle of it presumably allowed him to draw his rum-ration, and there was subsequently more warmth and velvet to go with the nautical-Hibernian charm. These three rounded off the first phase with a good trio, and we were ready for the irruption of Mad Margaret.

Here too, oddly enough, was an opera debutante—the right part had not previously been found for that unique blend of sophistication, vitality, invention and raven-like notes. But here it was—the rich variable branded article in a fifty-seventh brilliant variety—this time Ophelia, the Sadlers Wells ballet and Margaret Rutherford with a stiff dash of flamenco. The temperature was at once raised, the audience thoroughly engaged, so that the almost liturgical procession of gorgeous gentry basked in good humour to which they fully responded. The battle was over, the weather routed, and the lordly buffet supper merely consolidated the victory. The sharp squall which preceded the restart was nothing more than a baffled shake of the elemental fist, and all was calm as we took our seats again under the immobile scrutiny of the painted ancestors.

These sumptuous spectres greatly underlined the advances that have been made over the years in dressing the opera. Set each in his frame within an arch, historically nicely graduated (and accurately) from Norman to Edwardian, they lacked only more contrast of lighting to make a perfect scene. (The defect, I am sure, was one of equipment rather than imagination.)

Sir Roderic acquitted himself with considerable ghostly authority, tempered by a proper sentiment in the reunion with Dame Hannah, but in this act it was Sir Despard who came fully into his own. It was no everyday assignment to stand up to the supercharged exuberance of Margaret, but his particular type of benign and angular drollery, with very clear and careful singing, was more than equal to the task, and made him one of the night's successes.

Nevertheless, this was really a success of team work rather than *tours-de-force*, and it is a pleasure for a non-addict of Gilbert and Sullivan to admit that it will strengthen the fortress of tradition considerably.

WILLIAM PURDY.

18th *Tuesday*. A strange black dog arrives, and we welcome Fr Nash.

19th *Wednesday*. A Day Gita for the House whilst the three sub-deacons go off to the Villa Cavaletti for their diaconate retreat under the mastership of Fr John Pledger. The Villa Cavaletti bids for a high place in our affections, being almost equal in siting and view to Palazzola. Set on our side of Frascati, and a little beneath Tusculum, this secluded Villa for the Jesuit Casa Generalizia commands a superb view of the *campagna*. A modern building with mod. cons. also helps to give the best of both worlds and combine cleanliness with devotional silence.

20th *Thursday*. The traditional weather accompanied the Americans on their visit to us : from Castelgandolfo they brought translacustrine rain and transatlantic humour.

21st *Friday*. It is an annual but fascinating sight to see the clouds swirling around in the lake crater beneath us—and once again we are given the sensation of fairy castles and magical otherness as our view of the lake is cut off and Castelgandolfo becomes a gloomy spectre hovering intermittently in the mists.

22nd *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Hine, O'Sullivan, and Allen on receiving their diaconal stoles at the hands of Cardinal Traglia in S. Marcello this morning.

24th *Monday*. We gather that the room situation is threatening to be desperate ; rumours circulate that whole corridors will have to be given up to our honoured guests, whilst we sleep . . . ? . . . at the Greg' ? A party of students departs to change rooms, and moves quantities of furniture.

25th *Tuesday*. The visit to the Scots in the Villa at Marino—accompanied by fine weather and jollification.

26th *Wednesday*. A Day Gita, and the last, to boot, of this villa ; the traditional 'last-gita' activities are engaged upon with determined enthusiasm by Top Year.

27th *Thursday*. Another group goes into Rome for a day to help in the Bishops' apartments—to be ready to help, anyway. Those remaining at Palazzola look out upon a miserable, dripping landscape—it seems that the weather has broken and rain is to be our lot for the few villa-days that remain.

28th *Friday*. *Chi Lo Sa ?* prepares to do battle again.

Those who went to Rome yesterday 'for the day' ('E sez) still have not returned but as they are in the good hands of the Rector our guess is that they are having a whale of a time . . .

29th *Saturday* . . . They were ! The happy wanderers return this evening with glowing tales of much work done, duly rewarded with some meals of which, they said, they all ate a lion's share.

30th *Sunday*. A *dies irae* for some, and a day of triumph for others ; those who consider that manual labour and dish-carrying are the necessary hall-marks of the pastoral clergy, rejoice that we are now without servants, and are having to do our chores ourselves. Those who, in Rome at least, prefer to spend their time studying, lament the passing of the *camerieri*, but take hope from the Vice-Rector's 'It's only temporary'. However, in whichever camp we are, all buckle to and actually enjoy our new-found labours, realizing, by the effort expended, that the servants had to do a great deal more than we hitherto imagined.

OCTOBER 1st *Monday*. 'No Bell Day'—and the erstwhile neglected and dusty trunks and cases are brought from under beds and regretfully packed in readiness for the return to Martial's Queen of the Ancient World—

*Terrarum dea gentiumque, Roma
Cui par est nihil et nihil secundum.*

ROME

2nd *Tuesday*. The day is occupied with much coming and going, the result of our arriving and staying.

3rd *Wednesday*. One of the new men arrived today—during siesta time. A hushed building and a hurricane-swept looking Hall surely gave the impression of desertion, but, with perseverance, contact was made eventually and our first new man installed in his just cleaned room. Further instalments occurred in the evening.

4th *Thursday*. With the episcopal invasion now imminent, work has to go on day and night in the new apartments—but we do not wish to give the impression that the Rector and students worked *all* night long, as one newspaper seemed to think.

5th *Friday*. Still with much to be done in the Bishops' apartments, we exchange manual labour for the spiritual variety, deserting the Rector's practical classes in interior decoration for Fr Hall's prayerful ones in interior recollection.

7th *Sunday*. A prayerful and decidedly penitential procession from St Mary Major's to the Lateran, where the Pope spoke and gave Benediction, drew a *rappresentanza* from the College.

9th *Tuesday*. With the end of our spiritual exercises, we awake, as it were, to the world again, to find ourselves in a sea of purple: practically the whole of the Hierarchy of England and Wales is staying with us for the duration of the Council.

11th *Thursday*. The great day arrives, and what has been the subject of our conversations for weeks is at last realized. Scenes of 'historic splendour' (I quote) were stretched out to a 'monumental length' but whether this means the length of St Peter's is probably open to doubt! All of us managed to get some glimpse or other of the procession of Council Fathers in the Piazza San Pietro—most of the College from vantage points in the Piazza itself, whilst the wise virgins, with the gracious permission of the Rector, saw the whole thing in the comfort of the Salone Vescovile on the television screen therein installed. And it is with some truth that I can add that those of us in the Salone had a much better view of the proceedings than most of our own Bishops in the Council Hall.

In the evening the people of Rome organized a torchlight procession to welcome the Council Fathers to Rome. The procession wended its way from Castel Sant'Angelo to St Peter's Square, and some of the College took part.

12th *Friday*. While we are still in the process of 'settling-in', before the Greg' starts, initiative has at last taken a hand and started the much-needed decoration of the North-West Passage. Pandemonium and chaos apparently reign but the *capo* assures all sightseers 'It'll be all right, I tell you'.

13th *Saturday. Feast of St Edward*. High Mass was sung by the Rector, and the usual pranzone was postponed for a day so that we could celebrate this English feast together with the Hierarchy.

14th *Sunday*. At our delayed celebration in honour of St Edward, the Rector made a speech officially welcoming the Fathers, on whose behalf Cardinal Godfrey spoke in reply.

In the evening we were all highly amused by the film *Invasion Quartet*.

15th *Monday*. The official opening of the Greg' academic year is marked by a High Mass of the Holy Ghost in the Gesù, as the University church—Sant'Ignazio—is still out of commission for cleaning and repairs.

The First Library was the scene of an historic occasion—the meeting of the English Hierarchy for the first time ever in Rome. And here again I must correct some mistaken, newspaper impressions: the First Library of the Venerable English College is not the 'Grand Hall' of the Pontifical Gregorian University.

16th *Tuesday*. *Docetur in omnibus facultatibus* : first lectures, from which First Year returned bewildered, but determined not to be beaten—*Veterum Sapientia* means nothing to neophytes.

Just before lunch, a surprise load of furniture was delivered in the Cortile, and we found ourselves dragooned into clearing it away as quickly as possible—*laborare est orare*. It was said that there were 30-roomsful—and even more promised or threatened (depending on whether you wanted new furniture or were satisfied with what you had).

17th *Wednesday*. Furniture continues to arrive in large quantities, and just before supper came the 'last load'.

18th *Thursday* . . . and yet more, but positively the last load.

19th *Friday*. Inevitably, a new word has been coined for the College vocabulary and is rapidly gaining ground : *mobilomania*.

22nd *Monday*. On the newly-acquired, automatic scales weighing-in is a comparatively simple and speedy process.

25th *Thursday*. The Cuban situation causes heated discussion on the moral issues involved—some using the ancient scholastic terms and following them to bitter and ridiculous conclusions, whilst others are prepared to reshuffle their prejudices ; few, very few, admit the necessity of revising the principles involved.

26th *Friday*. In choir, but not in choir-dress, this evening at our Parish Church of San Lorenzo in Damaso, we were amazed to find one of the Council Fathers reading a French newspaper. The Rector, who was to sing the High Mass, arrived late because he had to 'rescue' Cardinal Heard who, during a drive in Pamphilj Gardens, had been marooned owing to the theft of his car's ignition key.

27th *Saturday*. A *ricevimento* is announced for the New Men of the University, to welcome the latest additions to the student mass. Our First Year did not go but they were represented by the University Delegate and the Vita Nostra Delegate. To describe the festal conviviality a new phrase was coined : *Tutti erano coccolizzati* !

28th *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. *Prosit* to Messrs Hine, O'Sullivan, and Allen who were ordained priests in the College Chapel by Cardinal Godfrey.

During coffee and liquori, which was strictly *in famiglia*, the College had a very hearty and enjoyable sing-song, and discovered a capable pianist among the ranks of the New Men. The session was pleasantly reminiscent of the 'old days', when Saturday evenings were always devoted to such entertainment—a feature that many G. & S. fans now miss.

Solemn Benediction was given by Mr Hine, and we sang the *Te Deum*. After supper there was a good, English film, *Murder She Said*.

29th *Monday. Primitias dedicaverunt.* The newly-ordained offered their First Masses consecutively in the College Chapel. A beautifully-cut, new, Gothic chasuble, of ample proportions—the choice of one of the new priests—evoked an almost universal rejection of the Roman ‘sandwich-board’, and, individually, a silent vow to possess a like vestment when the time comes.

At the pranzo in honour of the *nuovi ordinati*, there were present practically all the Bishops, and three relatives of the new priests. The Rector made a speech welcoming ‘the illustrious Hierarchy’ and the relatives. Cardinal Godfrey replied, and proposed the health of the new priests, with the traditional formula: ‘*Ad Multos Annos . . .*’

In the secular Press we read of unfavourable comparisons of the Ecumenical Council with the World Council of Churches at New Delhi where, it seems, the arrangements for the Press were infinitely superior to those provided in Rome.

Russia’s climb-down over the Cuban missile bases has delighted those in the College still blessed with *sancta simplicitas*; the cynics, versed in statecraft and duplicity, see it as the prelude to another storm and darkly suggest things as yet unimagined.

30th *Tuesday.* The First Day of Issue of the Vatican’s commemorative stamps of Vatican Council II. There are the usual large crowds milling in disorderly fashion around the Post Offices in the Piazza San Pietro, and the usual ‘spivs’ selling sets of stamps (already franked) at enormous profit.

‘*Omnia Romae
Cum pretio.*’

In the evening the President of Italy held a reception in the Palazzo Quirinale for all the Cardinals.

31st *Wednesday.* Returning from the Greg’ we rejoice that lectures do not claim our attention until Monday—a long time ahead.

NOVEMBER 1st *Thursday. Feast of All Saints.* The High Mass was sung by one of the new priests, in the presence of his family.

2nd *Friday. All Souls’ Day,* and the Rector’s birthday.

A very generous tea was provided by the Rector, in honour of his advancing years; we rejoice with him that the accumulation of wisdom and Bishops has not served to turn his hair white.

3rd *Saturday.* Today is declared a *Dies Non* in honour of the Pope’s fourth anniversary of his coronation, which this year falls on a Sunday, tomorrow; as ever, we are grateful to the *Rector Magnificus* for the magic words *causa laetitiae, scholae vacant.*

As we come back from our afternoon's constitutional, we encounter much *movimento* in the Main Hall : the College is the venue for the meeting of the Hierarchies of Scotland, Ireland, and England and Wales. A glimpse of a red-and-gold hat-band announces the presence of Cardinal D'Alton, among the total of fifty-five prelates from the British Isles—we may perhaps claim this meeting as the first Britannic Council ?

The newly-decorated 'North-West', now having settled down and acquired a 'used' look, very well reflects the changing atmosphere of the College. Gone are the too-heavy (and therefore depressing) pieces of black-wood furniture ; the hideous conglomeration of 'pictures' which were said previously to adorn the walls have been consigned to places more proper to them. Nowadays, the floor is littered with very light tables (results of the Rector's bargaining) which are so small that, like kittens under your feet, they trip you up ; on the walls we have some very chic lamp-brackets which do much to illuminate the solitary naval shield—a battle trophy from some sporting event ; but the music . . . ! I feel that now Radio Luxembourg, with its 'Top Twenty', has nothing on the Venerable Glee Club : divisions in the College will no longer rejoice under their old, conservative tags—Clerics and Laymen, Theologians and Philosophers—for the Day of the Squares and Beatniks is with us. I am told that I am a 'square', but all my angularity seems to consist in is a liking for peace and quiet, with touches of Beethoven !

4th *Sunday*. The Rector made a subtle distinction at Sermon Class this morning : agreeing that 'pious platitudes' were to be avoided, he remarked that perhaps one could make good use of 'seasoned phrases', which, we gathered, were comforting and acceptable to the laity.

Pam' continues to hold its accustomed pride of place, as many wend their way thither—to read Schmaus or Shakespeare, to write Practical Exercises or Philosophers' Concert, to chat and smoke, or perhaps just to snooze in the sun.

The Vice-Rector this evening addressed the House, in the Common Room on the complicated subject of the Rules ;

'he wreathed the rod of criticism with roses'.

5th *Monday*. A very wet Guy Fawkes' Day. After an already lengthy holiday from lectures, a short-bell at 8.10 a.m. proclaims the Rector's indulgence and we are able once again to turn undisturbed to books and study.

6th *Tuesday*. One is thankful to record that the Public Meeting was finished in one session. Shaw's phrase comes persistently to mind, as one sits grimly through each demonstration of democracy, which, he says, only gives the 'sensation of self-government'.

7th *Wednesday*. A deserted Piazza Collegio Romano puzzled us as we swept and billowed towards the Greg' this morning. Curiosity was satisfied

for those who did not have four lectures : mid-morning the *medici Italiani* were demonstrating for, I suppose, some mitigation of their hardships and indigence.

We arrive at the Greg' and find a transformation in the Aula Magna : the crimson draperies are festooning the walls and arches, privets have sprouted between the pillars, and we are politely informed that tomorrow, with so many Bishops present, there will be no seating-room in the body of the Aula Magna for students, who will therefore have to stand round the first-floor gallery *veluti coronam Antistitum suorum formare*.

8th *Thursday*. A blanketing *scirocco* brought a sleepless or disturbed night for many. An excited First Year deserted our common chapel this morning for the subterranean thrills of a Catacombs Mass, but their pious and archæological ardour must have been sadly dampened, for the atmosphere closed in around breakfast time and then showered down on us, in the violent squalls of rain, the penetrating sand particles from the Sahara.

It was advertised that Premiations were due to begin at 5.00 p.m., but they did not get under way until nearly 5.30 p.m. The setting was superb, and the row upon row of ferraiuoloed and skull-capped prelates was surely an eloquent testimonial to the Fathers of the Gregorian in their work of the intellectual preparation for the priesthood. It is roughly estimated that of the 2,500-odd Conciliar Fathers, over a quarter of that number has followed courses at the Gregorian University.

9th *Friday*. The marathon aspect of a morning's lectures at the Greg' is being reduced somewhat. Although one is still likely to have to attend as many as four lectures in one morning, at least now, during the breaks, one can get some sort of refreshment on the spot ; huge 'Coke' machines have been installed in convenient places, and for the expenditure of 50 lire one can fortify oneself for the succeeding forty-five minutes.

10th *Saturday*. The Rector offered Mass in Sant'Andrea delle Fratte for the British Remembrance Day Service, after which Fr Purdy gave a short address.

11th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection. The Rector gave a conference during which we discover, to our horror, that he reads Chaucer in *modernized* versions.

13th *Tuesday*. An erstwhile-damaged member of First Year Theology returned to the fold today from clinical experiences in England. After suffering much at the hands of National Health, he is reported as having said that he was actually glad to be back : even the Vice-Rector looked cynical at this !

15th *Thursday*. For our recreation, a half-day at the Villa is granted. Because of the very unpromising weather, many decide to go to other places. The bus back from Palazzola picked up some German students,

there being a strike on some of the Zeppieri routes ; many of the contadini thought that ours was a service bus and rushed over only to find a load of baleful clerics staring out at them from behind a *Gita turistica* notice. (Be it noted to our shame, that some of the Germans travelling with us were able to give the *lead* in singing English songs, whilst of our number not more than about half-a-dozen have any acquaintance with the speech of our linguistic cousins.) And so we came to Rome, '*auf Flügeln des Gesanges*'.

16th *Friday*. During the usual Friday conference, Fr Orsy committed a grammatical solecism that might have led us to believe that there is a difference between 'Papal dicta' and 'Theology properly speaking', but he explained himself to the satisfaction of the potential Inquisitors.

17th *Saturday*. One of the OND delivered his *lectio coram* this evening at the Greg', and I noted somewhere that the art of reading is to skip judiciously.

19th *Monday*. The Nuns' feast, for which we supplied the customary glee-singing, which delighted.

21st *Wednesday*. The cry of Chalcedon is raised again today as the Pope makes a personal intervention in the proceedings of the Ecumenical Council : *Petrus per Joannem locutus est*.

22nd *Thursday*. Some of us went to a defence of a Scripture Doctorate which was held in the Aula Magna of the University this evening. Cardinal Bea, one-time Rector of the Biblicum attended the proceedings. Cardinal Pizzardo, Prefect of the Congregation of Studies, presided.

25th *Sunday*. A feast for Philosophers—Theologians and the Superiors were also present. The Rector in welcoming First Year echoed, if not with elegant Latinity at least with English aplomb, the essence of Cicero's remark to his son :

Sapientia . . . cujus studium qui vituperat, haud sane intellego, quidnam sit, quod laudendum putet.

The customary speeches having been made in reply, we can now consider First Year as full members of the House, and extend to them the House's official, hearty welcome :

Gwyn Williams (Cardiff), John Lowe (Lancaster), Michael Ormston (Hexham and Newcastle), Michael McCarthy (Liverpool), David Hughes (Leeds), Michael Farrington (Salford), Adrian Toffolo (Plymouth), Adrian Hughes (Lancaster), John Brohan (Brentwood), Francis Fallon (Shrewsbury), and Michael Brown (Lancaster) ; also, to First Year Theology, Michael Kerrigan (Nottingham).

In the evening, what the Philosophers had 'sown in sorrow, they reaped with joy', and a very successful Concert was the result. Many of the Episcopacy were present, and it is rumoured that they enjoyed themselves when they could understand the jokes.

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1962

FIRST YEAR SONG

TAKE ONE AT BEDTIME : The Three Bears . . . Mr Price

'ON THE WHOLE, I RATHER THINK IT'S MURDER', HE SAID
Messrs O'Malley, Turton, Standley, Brohan,
Doyle, Johnson, McHugh, Toffolo, Poulter,
Ormston

Produced by Mr Ashton

BRITAIN, LAND OF MUSIC

A Musical Evening . Messrs Brennan, O'Malley, Firth, Mc-
Sweeney, Loughran, Morris, A. Hughes

The Charleston . . . Messrs Firth and Williams

The Last Night of the Proms . Mr Poulter and the Orchestra

'THE ORCHESTRA' Messrs Round, Cornish, Lowe and Toffolo
(Violins); Mr Ainslie ('Cello); Mr Brown
(Clarinet); Mr McCarthy (Bassoon); Mr A.
Hughes (Piano); Messrs McSweeney, Woods,
and Farrington (Percussion)

March from Suite *The Virtuous Wife*, by Purcell

Extract from *New World Symphony* by Dvorak

March from *Scipio* by Handel

Arranged and conducted by Mr Howling

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH : The English School, Rome
Messrs Mitchell, Slowey, Ormston, Fox,
Farrington, Jones, Price, Fuller, McEvoy,
Poulter, Brennan, Johnson, Loughran,
McHugh, Standley, Fallon, Round, Ainslie
Produced by Mr Brennan

Pianist and Musical Director . . . Mr O'Malley

General Producer : Mr Turton

26th *Monday*. A more than usually comic section in the Refectory Reading book delivered us from the exquisitely boring and exhaustive search for a capital city for a short time, leaving us howling in the middle of Trafalgar Square with the water from the fountains thereof splashing our faces. The water, be it said, did nothing to assuage our mirth, and in fact only added to the comedy of the situation. As a Londoner, I reflect grimly that if that is all a provincial can find to say about the capital, then he seems sadly to have missed the mark.

29th *Thursday*. This evening saw everyone much elated : a talk from one of the Council Fathers, on the subject of Seminary Education.

DECEMBER 1st *Saturday*. *Feast of the College Martyrs*. High Mass was sung by the Rector.

At our pranzone we were privileged to be able to entertain the new British Ambassador to the Quirinal, Sir John Ward. The Rector made a speech of welcome, to which Sir John replied, recalling that he had some knowledge of the Venerabile already, having played cricket at Palazzola just after the last war ; he added that he looked forward to renewing his acquaintance with the Villa.

3rd *Monday*. With the end of the First Session of the Council in sight, there is a feverish haste to get speakers to the Literary Society. This week we have managed to secure the services of four, the first of whom, Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh, Penn., spoke to us this evening answering questions on almost any topic.

5th *Wednesday*. The famed liturgist, Fr Jungmann S.J., addressed the Literary Society on 'The Liturgy', and, naturally enough, spoke in Latin.

6th *Thursday*. Our speaker this evening was one well known to generations of Major Orders retreatants—Fr Barnabas Ahern C.P. ; he spoke of the origins of the Gospels.

7th *Friday*. And finally, the House was addressed in French by Fr Henri de Lubac S.J., whose subject was personal reminiscences about Teilhard de Chardin.

8th *Saturday*. The last day of the First Session of the Council, which closed with a Papal Mass. The exciting days of debate and argument are prorogued for a time, and we can now get things peacefully and thoughtfully into perspective.

9th *Sunday*. A general episcopal exodus proclaimed the reality of the adjournment of the Council.

We were all very sorry to hear that Bishop Petit has been taken ill suddenly. He remains in Rome, unable to return for the time being to his diocese.

10th *Monday*. Cardinal Godfrey and Mgr Worlock left for England.

11th *Tuesday*. The last of the Hierarchy to leave—Bishop Parker and Bishop Brunner—bade farewell just before lunch.

12th *Wednesday*. Fr Hannigan, secretary to Bishop Petit, arrived from Wales this afternoon.

13th *Thursday*. A gita brought us the usual rain.

16th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection, during which the conference was given by Fr Ashdowne; he spoke of the necessary combining of the spiritual and material sides of pastoral activities to form a unified priestly life.

18th *Tuesday*. Bishop Petit's secretary returned to Wales.

In the evening, a High Mass of Exposition starts our *Quarant'Ore*, and the theologically awake plan exciting watching periods for those who would otherwise physically sleep.

19th *Wednesday*. At the Greg' this morning, the Dean of the Theological Faculty, Fr René Latourelle, laid himself open to difficulties in the form of a question time for the students, who were answered with the Dean's accustomed gaiety and sincerity.

It is reported that under the watchful eye of the Rector, the First Secretary to the Legation managed to make off with a bed. It was one of those not in use at the time.

The Greg' had its Matricola some time recently. A shy Scot admitted *coram Anglico* that he had heard (as from a distance, the Scots are so remote these days) that the Matricola was not a success this year because the English College did not take part.

20th *Thursday*. Invitations are positively flowing from the College to our Professors; we hope to see a large number of them (rumour has wildly asserted that some two dozen will come) at the Opera, on the Feast of the Epiphany.

The latest edition of the *Vita Nostra bolletino* has firmly rapped the English, Germans, and Americans over the knuckles for not taking part in the Matricola; we are flattered but unrepentant.

22nd *Saturday*. Last lectures at the Greg', with the usual vigorous clapping and blackboard inscriptions. After the third lecture, there was a Carol Service in the Aula Magna, which had been fittingly decorated with Christmas Tree and *bambino*. Here we demonstrated the reason for hiding our light under a bushel at Matricola-time and preserving our strength; the College's contribution to the carol singing was Handel's *For unto us a Child is born*.

23rd *Sunday*. To lunch we welcomed Fr Pears, who is to spend the holiday with us in the College.

After tea, there was the customary Holly-Chain-Making-Session, to the usual lively accompaniment of 'pops'.

We were pleased to welcome the Vice-Rector's brother once more, Mgr Paul Clark.

24th *Monday*. Criticism being lacking at this morning's Sermon Class, the Rector brought the meeting to a close fairly quickly, saying that he thought we perhaps had 'other things to do', a view from which none dissented.

At High Tea, we had the customary warm *pizze*.

25th *Tuesday. Christmas Day*. To our *pranzone di Natale* we welcomed Col. Simpson; during coffee and liquori afterwards, *Chi Lo Sa?* made its appearance and was mirthfully received.

Fr Morris arrived in time for the evening's entertainment, and we were glad to hear that he is to spend a few days' with us.

The Pantomime was noteworthy in that after an absence of many years, the rousing song *Galloping Dick* was once more heard within the walls of the Common Room . . . but I forget, it would not have been the Common Room anyway that last heard it—rather, the Hall!

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, 1962

'ALI BABA AND THE NAUGHTY THIEVES'

<i>Ali</i>	Mr Linares
<i>Caliph</i>	Mr Sharratt
<i>Gassosa</i>	Mr Ormston
<i>General Pasha</i>	Mr Allen
<i>Sheherezade</i>	Mr Dearman
<i>Yod</i>	Mr Wahle
<i>Clod</i>	Mr Fuller
<i>Clem</i>	Mr Poulter
<i>Sem</i>	Mr Ainslie
<i>Jem</i>	Mr Tully
<i>Flem</i>	Mr O'Connell
<i>Risotta</i>	Mr Dodd
<i>Frog of the Foreign Legion</i>	Mr Pateman
<i>Jacques</i>	Mr Hine
<i>Macques</i>	Mr Ashton
<i>Wacques</i>	Mr Feeney
<i>Bandi</i>	Mr Finn
<i>Alfonso</i>	Mr Corley
<i>Taffy</i>	Mr McGarry
<i>Supporting cast</i>	Mr Brand
<i>Extra</i>	Mr Trevett

Pianists : Messrs O'Malley and Dearman

Produced by Mr Finn, aided by Mr Sharratt

26th *Wednesday. Boxing Day.* A large party, all happily mixed up with Americans and Holy Ghost Fathers, betook themselves to Marino, to see the Scots' production of the rarely-performed *The Sorcerer*: it was most enjoyable and in so far as G. & S. can be novel, it was new to our ears.

The coach-drivers had a bumpy passage from Marino to the Scots' Villa and declared themselves incapable of returning along the same track after nightfall—we should have to leave, they said an hour before dusk! However, some persuasive words from the Scots' Vice-Rector restored the drivers' native confidence and we bumped and rattled along the track as if in full daylight.

27th *Thursday. Feast of St John the Evangelist.* After the onslaught of the Pantomime, the Props' room looks tornado-struck. But the *capo*, keeping up the splendid tradition of his predecessors, once again draws the rabbit out of the hat, and provides another, different 'wardrobe' for this evening's play, a new one in the College repertoire.

Before an audience composed of English, Irish and Americans, in apparently equal numbers, Shaw's dramatic comment on the business of Cabinet rule proved itself an admirable choice for College entertainment.

ST JOHN'S DAY CONCERT, 1962

'THE APPLE CART'

By Bernard Shaw

<i>Pamphilius, secretary to King Magnus</i>	.	Mr Brohan
<i>Sempronius, secretary to King Magnus</i>	.	Mr Hollis
<i>Boanerges, President of the Board of Trade</i>	.	Mr Turton
<i>King Magnus</i>	.	Mr Coote
<i>Princess Royal</i>	.	Mr Howell
<i>Proteus, Prime Minister</i>	.	Mr Butler
<i>Nicobar, Foreign secretary</i>	.	Mr Williams
<i>Crassus, Colonial Secretary</i>	.	Mr P. Jones
<i>Pliny, Chancellor of the Exchequer</i>	.	Mr Trevett
<i>Balbus, Home Secretary</i>	.	Mr J. Kelly
<i>Amanda, Postmistress General</i>	.	Mr Farrington
<i>Lysistrata, Powermistress General</i>	.	Mr Kirkham
<i>Orinthia</i>	.	Mr Dann
<i>Queen Jemima</i>	.	Mr A. Hughes
<i>Vanhattan, American Ambassador</i>	.	Mr Brennan

Produced by Mr Howell

28th *Friday*. Warmth and stickiness this afternoon, and our hopes for a white Christmastide were dispelled: 'It's only a warm spell', says the new man; 'It's a *scirocco*', declare the elders, and trot out Newman to back up their argument, 'which the native detects at once, while a foreigner is often at fault'.

A film on the inside story of American political life—*Advise and Consent*—brought little relief from the now humid atmosphere.

Mgr Iggleton and Canon Hemphill arrived this evening, for a short holiday with us.

29th *Saturday*. *Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury*. The High Mass was sung by the Rector.

To lunch we welcomed a large number of distinguished guests among whom were H.E. the Cardinal Protector, H.E. the British Ambassador, and H.E. the British Minister.

Another piece new to the College stage was billed for the evening's entertainment: *The Strong are Lonely*. A play difficult to produce and to act kept our interest well sustained as human nature battled with Jesuit obedience, and the ecclesiastical arm bent under the secular.

ST THOMAS' DAY CONCERT, 1962

'THE STRONG ARE LONELY'

By Fritz Hochwaelder

<i>Alfonso Fernandez S.J.</i>	.	.	.	Mr Cornish
<i>Ladislaus Oros S.J.</i>	.	.	.	Mr Fallon
<i>Rochus Lieberman S.J.</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lowe
<i>Chief Candia</i>	.	.	.	Mr McHugh
<i>Andre Cornelis</i>	.	.	.	Mr Johnson
<i>William Clarke S.J.</i>	.	.	.	Mr Newns
<i>Don Pedro de Miura S.J.</i>	.	.	.	Mr Firth
<i>Sergeant of the Guard</i>	.	.	.	Mr Wade
<i>Captain Villano</i>	.	.	.	Mr McGarry
<i>Captain Arago</i>	.	.	.	Mr Loughran
<i>Lorenzo Querini</i>	.	.	.	Mr Coughlan
<i>Bishop of Buenos Aires</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kenney
<i>Garcia Queseda</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tuck
<i>Jose Bustillos</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brown

Produced by Mr Kenney

30th *Sunday*. After yesternight's play, the question of Church and State relations was inevitably toyed with at breakfast, and chewed over again at lunch.

Quite a number of us sallied forth this afternoon for the cause of furthering Anglo-Teutonic relations. The Germans entertained us in the approved fashion and also produced a Chorale for our delectation.

For those who preferred to remain in their castle, there was a film: *Elmer Gantry*, which, I am told, provided amusement at the religious revival level.

31st *Monday*. Fair Night—Party Games—and sounds of rowdiness from without.

JANUARY 1st 1963. *Tuesday*. The first meditation of the New Year was accompanied by tinkling from the Via Monserrato: the street-sweepers were busy clearing up the broken glass that Italian high spirits and revelry had last night precipitated out of neighbouring windows.

High Mass was sung by Mgr Paul Clark.

For this evening's entertainment, we turn to the boiling-pot and draw out the familiar favourite, which usually has everyone rolling in the aisles; this evening's performance was no exception.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1963

'THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE'

By John Dighton

<i>Dick Tassell</i>	Mr Slowey
<i>Rainbow</i>	Mr Toffolo
<i>Rupert Billings</i>	Mr Standley
<i>Godfrey Pond</i>	Mr Kerrigan
<i>Miss Evelyn Whitchurch</i>	Mr Price
<i>Miss Gossage</i>	Mr O'Malley
<i>Hopcroft Minor</i>	Mr D. Hughes
<i>Barbara Cahoun</i>	Mr Fox
<i>Joyce Harper</i>	Mr Doyle
<i>The Reverend Edward Peck</i>	Mr McEvoy
<i>Mrs Peck</i>	Mr A. Jones
<i>Edgar Sowter</i>	Mr Wilcox
<i>Mrs Sowter</i>	Mr Howling

Produced by Mr Feben

2nd *Wednesday*. I fear a groan escaped me as I heard choruses coming from the Common Room: the Opera is being practised again for next Sunday, and the air is filled with 'Trip-trip-daintily'-type music which recalls happier days at the Villa.

3rd *Thursday*. Fr Morris returned to S. Marcello, and we to study at 5.30 p.m. prompt. The Christmas hols are over!

A slide show in the North-West rounded off the festive period by arousing the nostalgia in us with pictures of what we were doing three months ago.

4th *Friday*. Early rise brought us rudely back to our senses and to the Greg' once more.

An industrious and serious-minded Theologian has been spreading the intelligence that from the latest Biblical research it can be held that not only is the number of the three kings doubtful, but also their royalty is called into question.

6th *Sunday*. *Feast of the Epiphany*.

The Rector must have noted with relief that the Three Kings duly appeared in our Crib.

A late start to lunch, plus the prolongation of coffee and liquori, delayed the preparations for the Opera. But then for an Opera to start on time would probably be a record.

Our guests for the Opera started to arrive at 4.00 p.m., and we were delighted that so many of our Professors from the Gregorian were able to come. Those who came early were able to have a look around the College and those who saw the Library expressed their wonder at its antiquity.

The Rector entertained the British Minister, our Professors and many other guests, clerical and lay, to tea in the Salone Vescovile, and then all came up to the Common Room for the performance.

The ethos of a Rome performance as opposed to a Villa one is so different that it is difficult to make valid comparisons. However, the Opera was enjoyed and we may conclude to a successful 'season'.

The thralldom of those joined in temporary slavery to a typewriter is now no more my lot. I have made record of our *res gestae*; much will have been omitted, and sentiments expressed that do not find the echo of general accord—I can only but claim the reader's indulgence,

*Do you hear, let them be well used ;
for they are the abstracts and brief
chronicles of the time.*

MICHAEL J. BUTLER.

PERSONAL

Of those who were in Rome for the period of the Ecumenical Council, we were very honoured to be able to entertain the following, who stayed with us in the College :

His Eminence Cardinal Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster (1911-18).

Most Rev. F. Grimshaw, Archbishop of Birmingham (1919-26);
Most Rev. J. Heenan, Archbishop of Liverpool (1924-31); Most Rev. J. Murphy, Archbishop of Cardiff.

Rt Rev. G. Beck A.A., Bishop of Salford; Rt Rev. H. Bright, Titular Bishop of *Soli*; Rt Rev. G. Brunner, Bishop of Middlesbrough; Rt Rev. G. Dwyer, Bishop of Leeds (1926-34); Rt Rev. E. Ellis, Bishop of Nottingham (1916-23); Rt Rev. B. Foley, Bishop of Lancaster (1931-38); Rt Rev. E. Grasar, Bishop of Shrewsbury (1931-38); Rt Rev. T. Holland, Coadjutor Bishop of Portsmouth; Rt Rev. L. Parker, Bishop of Northampton; Rt Rev. T. Pearson, Titular Bishop of *Sinda* (1928-34); Rt Rev. J. Petit, Bishop of Menevia; Rt Rev. C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33); Rt Rev. J. Rudderham, Bishop of Clifton (1923-27).

Rt Rev. Mgr L. McReavy (Hexham and Newcastle); Rt Rev. Mgr D. Worlock (Westminster); Very Rev. Mgr H. Davis (Birmingham); Rev. W. O'Brien (Birmingham).

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

Most Rev. D. Mathew, Titular Archbishop of *Apamea in Bythinia*.

Rt Rev. D. Cashman, Titular Bishop of *Cantano* (1933-39); Rt Rev. C. Cowderoy, Bishop of Southwark; Rt Rev. G. Craven, Titular Bishop of *Sebastopolis*; Rt Rev. J. Cunningham, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle (1939-43); Rt Rev. C. Grant, Titular Bishop of *Alinda*; Most Rev. A. Hornyak, Titular Bishop of *Hermonthis* (Aux. Ukranian Exarchate); Rt Rev. B. Wall, Bishop of Brentwood.

His Eminence Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay.

Most Rev. G. O'Hara, Titular Archbishop of *Pessinus*, Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain.

Most Rev. J. Cordeiro, Archbishop of Karachi; Most Rev. J. Dearden, Archbishop of Detroit; Most Rev. J. Fernandes, Archbishop of Delhi; Most Rev. J. Garcia y Goldaraz, Archbishop of Valladolid; Most Rev. J. Garner, Archbishop of Pretoria; Most Rev. Sir Michael Gonzi, Archbishop of Malta; Most Rev. G. Gray, Archbishop of St Andrews and Edinburgh; Most Rev. D. Hurley, Archbishop of Durban; Most Rev. A. Jordan O.M.I., Coadjutor Archbishop of Edmonton; Most Rev. F. Markall S.J., Archbishop of Salisbury; Most Rev. O. McCann, Archbishop of Cape Town; Most Rev. P. McKeefry, Archbishop of Wellington; Most Rev. M. Mihayo, Archbishop of Tabora; Most Rev. E. O'Brien, Archbishop of Canberra and Goulburn; Most Rev. P. Ryan O.P., Archbishop of Port-of-Spain; Most Rev. L. Shehan, Archbishop of Baltimore; Most Rev. G. Young, Archbishop of Hobart.

Rt Rev. F. Allen, Titular Bishop of *Avensa* (Aux. Toronto); Rt Rev. V. Billington (Mill Hill), Bishop of Kampala; Rt Rev. R. Boisguérin M.E.P., Bishop of Suifu; Rt Rev. A. Boghaert C.S.S.R., Bishop of Roseau; Rt Rev. W. Bouter (Mill Hill), Bishop of Nellore; Rt Rev. K. Calewaert, Bishop of Ghent; Rt Rev. P. Cantero Cuadrado, Bishop of Huelva; Most Rev. W. Conway, Titular Bishop of *Neve* (Aux. Armagh); Rt Rev. P. Cule, Bishop of Mostar; Rt Rev. R. Delargy, Titular Bishop of *Hirina* (Aux. Auckland); Rt Rev. E. De Smedt, Bishop of Bruges; Rt Rev. W. Doyle, Bishop of Nelson; Rt Rev. J. Field O.P., Bishop of St George's, Grenada; Rt Rev. V. Foley S.M., Titular Bishop of *Petinessus* (Vic. Ap. Fiji Islands); Rt Rev. A. Furstenberg S.M.A., Bishop of Abercorn; Rt Rev. J. Gleeson, Titular Bishop of *Sesta* (Aux. Adelaide); Rt Rev. M. Gonzalez, Bishop of Astorga; Rt Rev. A. Galvin, Bishop of Borneo.

Rt Rev. A. Haene S.M.B., Bishop of Gwelo; Rt Rev. F. Hall (Mill Hill), Bishop of Kisumu; Rt Rev. L. Hardman S.M.M., Bishop of Zomba; Rt Rev. J. Healy, Bishop of Gibraltar; Rt Rev. J. Kavanagh, Bishop of Dunedin; Rt Rev. J. McEleney S.J., Bishop of Kingston, Jamaica; Most Rev. E. O'Doherty, Bishop of Dromore; Rt Rev. R. Piérard, Bishop of Châlons; Rt Rev. W. Power, Bishop of Antigonish; Rt Rev. L. Raymond,

Bishop of Allahabad ; Rt Rev. J. Scanlan, Bishop of Motherwell ; Rt Rev. L. Smith, Titular Bishop of *Marida* (Aux. Buffalo) ; Rt Rev. J. Suhr o.s.B., Bishop of Copenhagen ; Rt Rev. J. Taylor, Bishop of Stockholm ; Rt Rev. P. Théas, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes ; Rt Rev. J. Wright, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

Rt Rev. Aidan Williams o.s.B., Titular Abbot of Shrewsbury ; Rt Rev. Mgr J. Mostyn, Canon of St Peter's ; Rt Rev. Mgr Rapallo (Gibraltar) ; Rt Rev. Mgr G. Laboa ; Rt Rev. Mgr G. Nabuco, Prot. Ap. ; Rt Rev. Mgr Kocsa, Rector of the Croatian College ; Very Rev. Mgr D. Shanahan (Brentwood, Chancellor) ; Very Rev. W. Dufault, Superior General of the Augustinians of the Assumption ; Very Rev. E. Heston, Procurator General of the Holy Ghost Fathers ; Rev. P. Molinari s.J., Rev. B. Ahern c.P. ; Rev. B. Bassett s.J. ; Rev. J. Gill s.J. ; Rev. N. Said o.P. ; Rev. A. Andrew O.F.M.

His Excellency Sir John Ward, British Ambassador to the Quirinal ; His Excellency Mr Leo McCauley, Irish Ambassador to the Holy See ; His Excellency Sir Peter Scarlett, British Minister to the Holy See ; Sir D'Arcy Osborne ; Donald Cape Esq.

Rt Rev. John Moorman, Bishop of Ripon ; Very Rev. the Archdeacon of Colombo ; Very Rev. Bernard Pawley, Canon of Ely ; Rev. Roger Schulz, Rev. Max Thurian, Frères de Taizé ; Prof. James Nichols (Presbyterian ; Princeton) ; Dr Douglas Horton (former World Moderator of the Congregationalist Church ; Randolph, U.S.A.) ; Dr H. Roberts (Methodist ; Richmond, Surrey) ; Mr R. Moss (President of the Congregationalist Seminary, Pennsylvania) ; Prof. F. Hildebrandt (Methodist ; Drew University, U.S.A.) ; Dr Grant (New York) ; Dr Wolf (Harvard) ; Mr Ullman (Birmingham).

Apart from the guests whom the College entertained during the period of the Council, we were also very pleased to welcome the following who stayed with us for a short time at the Villa :

July : Rt Rev. Mgr Canon Bell (Shrewsbury) ; Very Rev. Canon Donnelly (1916-23) ; Very Rev. Canon Campbell (Shrewsbury) ; Rev. J. McGuire s.D.B. ; Rev. B. Lyons (Shrewsbury) ; Rev. M. Keegan (1946-53) ; Rev. J. Wigmore (1953-60) ; Rev. R. Magner (1953-60).

August : Rt Rev. C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33) ; Very Rev. Canon Higgins (1921-28) ; Rev. G. Mitchell (1934-38) ; Rev. H. Reynolds (1935-42) ; Rev. M. Bowen (1952-59) ; Rev. M. Grech (1947-53) ; Rev. T. Rice (1954-61).

September : Rev. W. Purdy (1928-35) ; Rev. J. Pledger (1936-43) ; Rev. O. Swindlehurst (1948-55) ; Rev. B. Nash (1954-61).

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

July : Rev. J. Barrett s.J. ; Rev. P. Treanor s.J. ; Rev. J. Robinson (Montreal).

August : Rt Rev. E. Ellis, Bishop of Nottingham (1916-23) ; Rt Rev. Mgr J. Carroll Abbing (1930-38) ; Rt Rev. Mgr M. Bigarella (C.F.I.) ; Very Rev. Mgr H. McEwan (Glasgow) ; Very Rev. Canon Rivers (Westminster) ; Rev. C. Plummer (Southwark) ; Rev. P. Bourne (1950-57) ; Rev. T. Winning (Motherwell) ; Rev. W. Duddy (Motherwell) ; Rev. J. Barrett s.J. ; Don Francesco Doria ; Col. Pinder ; Col. Tellier ; Capt. J. Morris ; Mr D. Cape ; Mr P. Tellier.

September : Rev. A. Harding (1949-56) ; Rev. O'Connell s.J.

Our congratulations go to Mgr J. Buckley (1937-40), who has been created a Domestic Prelate.

We offer our sincere good wishes to His Lordship Bishop Petit, who returned to Wales on 21 March 1963 after having been in hospital in Rome since the end of the First Session of the Council.

We apologise to His Lordship Bishop Cunningham (1939-43) for the delay in recording his Silver Jubilee which he celebrated last year, and hasten to offer him our congratulations.

Ad multos annos also to Rt Rev. Mgr J. Redmond (Vice-Rector 1917-31) and Rev. W. Driscoll (1906-13), who are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of their Ordination this year ; and to the following who are celebrating their Silver Jubilees ; Revv. G. Mitchell (1934-38), F. Duggan and L. Wells (both 1932-39).

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

Editor : Michael J. Butler
Sub-Editor : Mr Wahle
Fifth Member : Mr Standley

Secretary : James F. Finn
Under-Secretary : Mr Brennan
Sixth Member : Mr McHugh

UNIVERSITY

Under the Presidency of José Garcia the Student Organization has had its most successful year to date. This is reflected in the circulation of its monthly paper which in twelve months rose from 300 to 2,000. The editor is confident that this increased interest will make it easier for him to improve the actual quality of the articles. The President has been largely successful in his campaign to have each college officially represented in Vita Nostra. The number of delegates has already risen from forty to just over a hundred. This welcome growth of 'togetherness' has however raised problems. The practical difficulty of conducting a General Meeting of such a large number of delegates has yet to be solved. But the very efficient reorganization of Vita Nostra headquarters during the last twelve months gives reason to hope that the larger problem will not remain long unsolved.

The English are no longer the only ones who eat morsels during the breaks. Thanks to Vita Nostra there is a self-service machine which provides a variety of morsels, costing 50 lire. There are also machines which supply Coca-Cola and other soft drinks. Reliable sources affirm that by the time these lines are in print there will be a coffee machine too. At the moment these machines cause some inconvenience. Owing to the crowds they attract, it takes longer than ever to commute from one part of the building to another. However, it is intended to provide a recreation room on each floor of the building and as soon as these are ready the machines will be permanently installed in them.

Life however is not all Coca-Cola and morsels. No doubt each generation of students has felt that the standard demanded in examinations rises each year. In our case the impression has confirmation from unimpeachable sources. It is planned to raise the standard of the Licentiate Course in Theology and this process has already started. It is true that so far there has been no noticeable increase in the number of students following the Seminaristic Course, though this is a not unlikely development. But of those taking the First Year examination in Fundamental Theology in 1961-62, 25% obtained 6 *vix* or less; it is hardly necessary to point out that this is an unusually high percentage. Still, if the vocal minority is at all representative of the rest, then the general opinion of the student body seems to take it for granted that it is a good thing for the standard to be raised.

This year has seen a useful change. First and Second Year Theology no longer follow the same course of lectures in Morals, Canon Law and Church History. The advantages of this change are obvious. At the moment Second and Third Theology still attend Dogma lectures together but, provided that sufficient extra professors can be obtained, they will have separate courses as from next October. It seems unlikely that the Liturgy Course will be able to assume its status of a Major Course before 1964-65.

MICHAEL SHARRATT.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

After a successful first half to the season, injuries destroyed any chance of a stable team with the result that, as the season progressed, the quality of the football decreased.

Our first game was against the Holy Ghost Fathers whom we beat 2-0. The first half was scrappy and typical of a beginning of the season game but the second half provided football of a higher quality and, what is more important, a rousing team-spirit.

December and January were both very wet months and there was no football for six weeks. We came out of retirement for the first game of the New Year against a 'Post Graduate' XI. Here it became apparent that our defence was firm but that there was a weakness in attack. We won this game 4-2 and the return game a few weeks later ended 6-3 to us.

By this time we were beset by injuries with four footballers convalescing at Fiesole. This stretched our resources to the limit and did not augur well for the future. Worse was to follow for in the next match, against the Spanish College, when leading 3-1 after only twenty minutes, yet another man was injured and we battled on to a 3-3 draw.

This was perhaps the most successful point of the season for we were as yet undefeated. But we lost our next match against a very strong Servite team. In fairness it is true to say that we have played worse football and

won. This was followed by a draw against the American College, where it required an equaliser five minutes before the end to save the game.

So we led up to the Scots match which was again played at Acqua Acetosa. In this game we faced a team that played outstandingly good football from start to finish. Their fitness and skill enabled them to control the game from the very beginning and we were never allowed to change this pattern. Winning the toss they swept into our half where they remained for most of the first forty-five minutes. Their goals—five in the first half—were well taken and resulted from excellent approach-work. The second half continued in this vein and we were not helped by the loss of two men, one through a sprained ankle and the other through a strained thigh muscle. The final score was 8—0.

A 7—1 victory over a Naval team two days later was a very welcome result indeed. For this match we fielded several guest players on account of the large number of injured players. They contributed a major part to this victory and certainly inspired the College players to perform above their normal standards.

This brought our final results to 9 played, 4 won, 3 drawn, 2 lost. The following have represented the College during this year: Messrs Brennan, Corley, Doyle, Everley, Feeney, Fuller, Gath, Howell, Hughes D., Linares, Lowe, McCarthy, McHugh, McGarry (*Capt.*), Slowey.

TERENCE EVERLEY.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The happy trend in College rugby has continued this season, and the loss of some good players from last year has been compensated by the arrival of a number of First Year players. From the point of view of results, this year has been one of the most successful for many seasons. A new feature has been a number of matches against the newly-formed junior teams of Lazio and Old Rugby Roma. These have the great advantage that we can field an all-College team and some very spirited rugby has resulted. In these we are so far unbeaten, with more than forty points to our credit, while our line has only been crossed twice.

Against the senior teams of the Rome clubs we have had to call on outside help as in former years: the Holy Ghost Fathers, White Fathers, Rosminians and Irish Augustinians. The first senior match against Lazio was a 3—3 draw and the return fixture was lost 3—8. In both these matches the improvement in the forward play in the loose and line-out was most encouraging: we seem at last to be learning to stand up to the fast, loose forward play of the Italian packs. Two games were also played against C.U.S.—Olympico, who now form a single team. In the first, lack of fitness robbed us of victory and we had to be content with a 3—3 draw, but the second resulted in a defeat of 3—11.

The climax and end of the first part of the season was a hard, open and most enjoyable game against B.E.A. Silver Wings Club which the Colleges won by 19—9. We were very happy to carry the long-standing connection with Silver Wings onto the rugby field, and our thanks are due to Mr Abbott and Mr Williams for their hard work in making the tour possible.

The very wet winter has been responsible for the virtual absence of House games ; this has certainly affected our play and we have never been as fit as our opponents. But we are looking forward with confidence to the remainder of the season, which really means one thing—the match against Propaganda.

Our thanks are due once again to our many friends among the Italian clubs, especially to Sig. Bigonzoni of the Comitato Regionale and Sig. Puecher of Acqua Acetosa for their helpful co-operation ; also to Messrs Stanley and McCarthy for their faithful service as referees.

The following represented the College during the season : Messrs Ashton, Brohan, Coote (*Capt.*), Corley, Dodd, Doyle, Everley, Fallon, Farrington, Firth, Fox, Hine, Howell, McGarry, McHugh, McSweeney, O'Connell, Poulter, Price, Round, Toffolo, Wilcox.

TIMOTHY FIRTH.

OBITUARIES

THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR
JOSEPH APAP BOLOGNA NAVARRA CASSIA

Monsignor Joseph Apap Bologna died after a prolonged illness on 22 December 1962. He entered the College in November 1900 when he was only 17½ years old, though he had already received the First Tonsure and Minor Orders. In the December following his 21st birthday he was ordained to the priesthood, presumably as a result of a special dispensation.

The Rev. M. Grech writes :

'May I be allowed to pay a respectful tribute to Mgr Apap Bologna of Malta.

Born on 18 March 1883 of a noble Maltese family, he himself was to become one of its prominent members, a Vatican diplomat and head of the Metropolitan Chapter. He was at the Venerable English College from 1900 to 1905 and later on at the Accademia Pontificia dei Nobili. After some years in the Vatican Diplomatic Service in various countries he came back to Malta where, among other posts to which he was appointed, he was made Rector of the Seminary and also Archdeacon of the Metropolitan Chapter.

But all these titles and all these positions of honour and responsibility never affected him. Above everything he was a considerate, widely cultured and retiring priest. Those of us who had the privilege of going to him for advice found a gentle soul who upheld the highest traditions of the Catholic priesthood. We also found a gentleman who was widely travelled and most interesting to listen to. He was unobtrusive in his manner and yet he gave a sound and spiritual advice when asked. The pity is that a larger circle did not benefit from his spirituality, his wide culture and his gentle tact.

He bore his sickness with great resignation and was a shining example of a kind-hearted priest and a noble gentleman. May he rest in peace.'

THE VERY REVEREND CANON JOHN BERNARD FARMER¹

John Bernard Farmer was born in Newark, 31 August 1887. His mother, to whom he was extremely devoted, was a convert to the Faith, as also—shortly before his death—was his father. His early years were spent in Matlock, and for a time he was educated at Battersea with the Salesians.

During the First World War he served in the Sherwood Foresters as Lieutenant until, leading an attack, he received the severe wound in the shoulder which was to cause him recurrent pain for the remainder of his life. From the Army he went to the Venerable English College in Rome, went through the Minor Course, and was ordained to the priesthood 15 August 1923. He was a great admirer of the then Rector, Mgr Hinsley, in whose honour he intended, before his death, to name the new Catholic School in Newark. He was popular in the Common Room and used his good singing voice there as well as in the Chapel as Cantor.

After his ordination he served a testing apprenticeship as curate at Mansfield for three years until he went as Parish Priest to Belper in 1927. While there he laid the foundations of the present Ripley Parish and built the Church there in spite of such setbacks as seeing a promised benefaction for its building being transferred to another parish.

From Belper he went, in 1934, to be Parish Priest of Leicester, St Peter's. Among his achievements here was the building of the Parish Hall. During this period he was also Treasurer for the Ecclesiastical Education Fund—a work which gave great satisfaction to his intense English patriotism, for it promised to promote the formation of a native-born diocesan clergy. In 1944 he was transferred to Newark. He had always been extremely hard-working and had never spared himself until, ten years ago, his health began to fail and he was given to understand that he had not much longer to live. Nevertheless, he continued to work devotedly for the erection of a new Catholic school in Newark, and was especially interested in the building of the chapel of Our Lady of Victories at Southwell, which he had the happiness to see opened only a fortnight before his death. He was named an Honorary Canon in 1954, and entered the Chapter two years later. He died 27 September 1962, at St Hugh's Nursing Home, Cleethorpes, and was buried at Newark the following Monday amid an unusually large gathering of friends and clergy.

HUMPHREY WILSON.

We have also received news of the death of the Very Rev. Canon J. MURPHY (1911-18) on 14 October 1962, whose obituary will appear in our next issue.

¹ The obituary of Canon J. B. Farmer was first published in the Nottingham Diocesan Year Book, and is reproduced here by kind permission of His Lordship the Bishop of Nottingham.

CATALOGUE OF THE ARCHIVES (2)

Libri 37-85 : 'LIBRI MASTRI DEL COLLEGIO'—containing daily expenditure, annual accounts and rentals from the year 1579 to 1850.

No.	Size (cms)	Period
37 (A)	44.5 x 30	28 March 1579—1583
38 (B)	44.5 x 30	1584—'87
39 (C)	43 x 28	1588—'89
40 (D)	43 x 28	1590—'91
41 (E)	43.5 x 28	1592—'95
42 (F)	34.5 x 23	1596
43 (G)	44 x 30	1597
44 (H)	44 x 28.5	1598
45 (I)	43 x 28.5	1599
46 (K)	45 x 32	1600
47 (L)	45 x 32	1601
48 (M)	45 x 32	1602 and, from p. 83, 1611
49 (N)	45 x 32	1603 and, from p. 93, 1610
50 (O)	45 x 32	1604 and, from p. 83, 1609
51 (P)	45 x 32	1605 and, from p. 89, 1608
52 (Q)	45 x 32	1606—7

For nos 53, 54, 55 and 56, see nos 51, 50, 49 and 48 respectively. There are no separate books corresponding to these nos.

57 (R)	45 x 32	1612—'13
58 (S)	45 x 32	1614—'15
59 (T)	45 x 32	1616—'17
60 (U)	44 x 28	1618—'19
61 (X)	44 x 28	1620—'22
62 (Z)	44 x 28	1623—'27
63 (AA)	43 x 28	1628—'30

No.	Size (cms)	Period
64 (BB)	43 x 28	1631—'34
65 (CC)	43 x 28	1635—'39
66 (DD)	43 x 28	1640—'44
67 (EE)	43 x 28	1645—'48
68 (FF)	43 x 28	1649—'54
69 (GG)	43 x 28	1655—'64
70 (HH)	43 x 28	1665—'71
71 (II)	43 x 28	1672—'80
72 (KK)	43 x 28	1681—'90
73 (LL)	52 x 39	1691—1703
74 (MM)	43 x 28	1704—'15
75 (NN)	43 x 28	1716—'24
76 (OO)	41 x 28	1725—'31
77 (PP)	43 x 28	1732—'38
78 (A)	55 x 38	1739—'45
79 (B)	55 x 38	1746—'53
80 (C)	55 x 38	1754—'62
81 (D)	55 x 38	1763—'77
82 (E)	55 x 38	1778—'88
83 (F)	53 x 38	1789—'95
84 (G)	53 x 38	1805—'20
85 (H)	56 x 40	1821—'50