

THE VENERABILE

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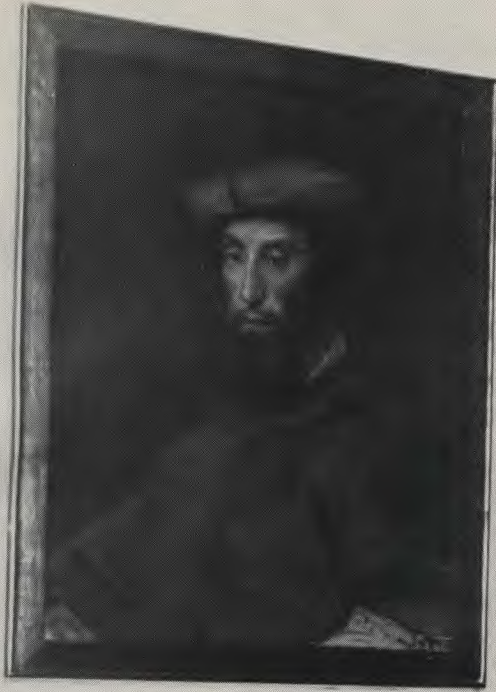
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EXETER

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FOUR HUNDRED YEARS ON



REGINALD AND MICHAEL CANTUAR.



ENCOUNTER

A Canterbury cap tossed skywards and caught by its owner. Two outriders revved their engines and moved out under the cortile arch. Cars detached themselves from the crowds and obediently fell into line behind.

It all began in the dim past, sometime in the early days of last month when rumour had it that the Archbishop of Canterbury was going to stay at the College while in Rome. This rumour, however, gradually solidified into fact. We even read it in the papers. As yesterday faded into tomorrow this bald fact began to grow and produce offshoots of more facts and rumours; he and his party would be staying in the Bishops' apartments; the Pope would be coming to the College. And these, in their turn blossomed into futurables: what would protocol have done had he decided to bring his wife? what if he wanted to celebrate the Eucharist here? what about asking him to do the ordinations on 26th? But still all through the looking-glass, providing fit dishes for gossip or useful gambits for starting conversations.

Then the concretisation of the visit began to filter down gradually from the realms of higher diplomacy to Germano. With little more than a week to go he swung into action with a paint brush. The cortile door grinned a fresh green smile at visitors and plaster dust floated gently through the front door to deaden the footsteps of those returning from the Greg.

But it was really only the day before he arrived that we began to feel immediately affected. The Common Room was left

abandoned like a deserted rubbish-tip as nuns and charwomen hoisted their skirts and brushes and made for the Bishops' rooms. Downstairs memorials gazed piously out from behind soapsuds and the Rector led the prayers before lunch, temporarily replacing our daily excursion into Victoriana with a fine prayer for unity. The only discordant element in the picture was the arrival of certain potted members of the plant world. They stood around uncomfortably in dark corners of the stairs and corridors and the only one that really settled in was a potted palm which lifted its fronds towards the clock-face in the well of the stairs. That evening an unguarded remark from the Rector on the subject of tidying away unwanted objects almost led to their disappearance.

The Archbishop's programme seemed to consist mainly of *partenza per* or *partenza dal Collegio Inglese*. 'The stuff has been removed from the main . . .' 'A bell will be rung . . .' 'Perhaps we ought to phone the airport.' 'They're back.' 'They can't be. I've not had my bath.' Still, everyone was in the cortile by the time the outriders roared in under the arch, followed by the cortège. Archbishop Ramsey's car stopped in front of the door and the others obediently fell into line behind. Out he got and acknowledged the applause with that peculiar arm-gesture of his which was to become so well known. Obedient to the photographers, he dived in among us and began to shake all the hands which strayed in his direction. Round One to the Archbishop. Then in through the door and lost to sight for the moment, the rest of his party gradually extricating themselves from the crush and doing likewise. Only two figures among them we knew by sight, Bishop Moorman and Canon Findlow.

A momentary hiatus and a golden opportunity of breaching the salone's defences arrived with the luggage. 'Is there anyone . . .' said a small man wearing a black skull-cap. 'Oh, thank you very much. Could you put . . .' Single pieces of luggage mounting the stairs. A knock. A startled Archbishop leaps out of his chair as our resident 'vicar' heads an influx of cases variously labelled 'Canterbury' or 'York' according to their ages. A few moments of hospitable small-talk and the Archbishop can no longer reach his bed without first unpacking. Upstairs the holiday atmosphere set in and first impressions were being exchanged and embroidered. Downstairs Canterbury and Curia met in their first confrontation: the Archbishop took tea with Cardinal Heard.

For us the day's activities were nearly at an end. There was one more glint of Mercedes and flash of scarlet as Cardinal Bea arrived to welcome Dr Ramsey who shortly afterwards came downstairs to see him off and help him to his car. After that the Archbishop's party—and the O.N.D.—were noticeable by their absence as they went, first to the Embassy and then to the Legation. We didn't wait up.

The minimum Greg=maximum activity principle still applies. So, Wednesday dawned with the prospect of more activity. Bishop Holland presided over the concelebration and by the time we emerged from the Church the Archbishop's party had slipped wraithlike out into the dawn, for a communion service at All Saints. The only sign that they would return was six mute napkins on the centre table of the refectory. At about nine the Rector crossed the cortile to dust a last few specks from his car and a few moments later the Mercedes motorcade swept hungrily in.

Most of us missed their departure for the Vatican but others were able to describe, a little nostalgically and inconsistently perhaps, the fine sight they all made in their robes and gowns. By five to ten, however, there was standing-room only around the TV screen. It may have been the sight of Rome and Canterbury sitting together in the Sistine chapel, of a heritage lost and a heritage gained. But when these met and embraced the enthusiasm for the visit which had already been there began to well until it reached its climactic explosion on the afternoon of the Archbishop's departure. There were indeed other factors, including the personality of Dr Ramsey himself, which led to certain comparisons with Pope John, and the fact that he represented so much of what we have regretfully lost. All this led to the growth of an enthusiasm far surpassing any we have shown to anyone else.

The Archbishop returned early from his visit, so he had time to prepare for the guests at our *pranzo intimo*, as the newspapers called it. The phrase meant only that there were less than a hundred guests present—thirty-two to be exact—and that it was not being held in one of the Roman palaces. Watered silk mixed freely with Anglican violet and we eventually sat down to the most spectacular meal in living memory. The *pièce de resistance* glided in disguised as antepast gondolas. For most of us, however, they were mere visual extravaganzas and the real nourishment came with the later dishes.

The time between sleeping and waking is short and this is perhaps the reason why the Archbishop left for the Vatican while a still, silent atmosphere brooded over the house—except, of course, in the cortile. With his return he began his brief but very close encounter with the students first in the refectory and then in the Common Room. Supper, in fact, breathed the usual air of post-festal drabness but the conversation afterwards was well-spiced. From his position at the centre of a very large group (containing, in fact, all of us) Dr Ramsey gave us very frank answers to our uninhibited questions. In this the Archbishop showed a fine grasp of the need to be completely open with the younger generation and he responded very well. Owing to the strenuous day he had spent we let His Grace go after half an hour or so and a very tired man found his way downstairs, clutching a copy of the Sexcentenary VENERABLE under one arm. One more small thing remained, a quick visit to the exhibition in the library. Then to sleep and perchance to dream of caviare and Kings or student days of old.

Thursday morning and a remarkable piece of astute thinking on the part of the Vatican. Ten volunteers wanted to keep people without tickets out of St Paul's, the sort of request which goes against all our natural instincts. Anyway, they went and ended up distributing programmes of the service—and helping people without tickets to get in. The rest of us arrived somewhat later but in plenty of time to get good positions. That is, the positions were good until the service started. At that, people began to stand on their benches and the high altar vanished behind the ample posterior of an Italian priest. Soon, however, a mixed grill of sonorous English, Italian and guttural Latin assailed our ears. The service turned out to be simple, well-arranged and meaningful. The scene outside on the departure of Paul VI and Michael Cantuar was unforgettable. The Primate was overcome by Paul's sudden gift of the Fisherman's ring and by the crowd surging around to kiss his hand and cheer. As one man shouted *Viva il Papa*, his neighbour rejoined *Viva il Canterbury*.

A tired and happy group returned to the College for their last rushed meal and press conference. Then came our own moving farewell. To describe it as it was is to be emotional. But then there is no getting away from the fact. We were. We knelt in the church and joined together in the Lord's prayer. Then his final few words of thanks, his blessing asked and received,

three genuine cheers, the Archbishop tossed his cap skywards and was gone.

In these few days Soloviev's grim picture of the reunion of the Churches seemed far away. This meeting opened up many happier possibilities. It is not as if union were only a desirable thing ; it is absolutely necessary. The warmth generated by the Archbishop's visit was no emotional froth, something that will recede with the bubbles. If we are to be obedient to Christ's command we have to get past the stage of merely being polite, of circling round each other suspiciously. Just at present there are too many cases of our practice and our preaching running along two divergent lines. We must take steps to realise the prayer the Archbishop prayed in St Paul's : 'Give us grace, Lord, seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly union and concord : that as there is but one Body and one Spirit . . . we may with one mind and one mouth glorify thee ; through Jesus Christ Our Lord.' Amen.

BRIAN McEVOY.

* * * *

Why, winter loves us !
 No harsh nor searing blast
 Tears flesh into the mind, but
 A world of midday moonlight,
 White-whispered woods
 Sparkling like a summer sea,
 Calmly but sharply caressing—
 Soft silence after sleep.

FRED MARTIN.

OUTSIDE THE COUNCIL

Members of local hierarchies are continually meeting one another, but always in small digestive doses, across dining-room tables, or conference tables, or choir stalls. It hardly ever happens in the lifetime of any hierarchy that they are all thrown together in one house, living together, eating together, breathing together, and practising collegiality in the open corridors. Vatican II was one of those historic occasions which may never come again, when practically the whole Hierarchy of England and Wales lived together under the same roof at Via Monserrato. It was this which prompted the Editor to ask the loaded question, 'What did the Hierarchy think of the experiment?' The plain answer to that is that, like the tight-rope walker, we didn't think about it at all. We just did it. It is only now when we attempt to write about it that we come out in spots, thinking of all the things that could have happened and didn't. The average age of cardinals, archbishops and bishops lodging at the Venerabile was, at a conservative estimate, somewhere in the early sixties, and at that ripe age to be all back again at Square One, sleeping in bed-sitters, eating institutional food, catching a bus at 8.30 a.m., and listening to speeches for three solid hours, and still to vote for collegiality at the end of it all, is one of the wonders of the Council. My predecessor at Shrewsbury, Bishop Moriarty, was never too keen on the collect for a deceased bishop in the Requiem Mass, which suggests that as a reward for being joined to his fellow bishops here on earth, he should now enjoy an eternal Low Week Meeting in Heaven. Vatican II was a perpetual Low Week

Meeting on earth, and the fact that we endured it without exploding or having an approaching hurricane called after us is surely one of the minor miracles. As far as I can remember, there were no explosions, no strikes, no sit-downs. The nearest we came to it, when the final straw was laid on our backs by stealing the Saturday mornings from us, was a mild suggestion of 'working to rubric'.

One of the stories circulating in the Aula was that there were three Archbishops in Winnipeg who lived within a stone's throw of each other and didn't. Let it be likewise said for the record that during Vatican II, on and off for nine months, twenty bishops of the Hierarchy of England and Wales could have kicked one another under the same refectory table and didn't. I think all the bishops would agree that we sailed through Vatican II on an even keel and with a very competent and efficient skipper, who, whenever he threatened to dominate, was always cut down to size with the agreed slogan: 'Our trouble is that we haven't got a leader'. I can recollect only one approaching storm, a darkening of an episcopal countenance, followed by a speed of delivery at the pithead, which suggested all sorts of explosions at the coal face. But it was never meant for us. It passed over our heads and fell with fury on A. N. Other. *Odium Theologicum*, especially if it were *ad extra*, was a great safety valve for frayed nerves. It had its uses.

In the refectory, bishops and *periti* were all liturgically installed at a centre table which ran the full length of the room, and successfully gathered all the murmurs en route. For the sake of our ears, we might have fared better had we followed the old liturgical usage of 'up against the wall'. I believe that 'top table' is disrespectfully referred to by American undergraduates as the 'Think Tank'. But I am afraid the conversation in our 'Think Tank' at times never rose much above the level of 'pass the butter'. Incidentally, you needed a shout of round about ten decibels for that, and eleven on feast days when the *spumante* began to flow. It had, nevertheless, its advantages. When visitors arrived and one was 'rubbing shoulders with the best brains in Europe', and didn't feel up to it, it was so much easier to smile ecumenically and pass the salt. And in the final sessions, it led to our staggering of the meal times to the mutual advantage of both students and bishops. It was only then that we realized how many decibels we ourselves had contributed to the backing.

Tribute was paid in one of the speeches in the refectory to the foresight of Bishop Tickle in providing and furnishing the Montoro wing for the sole use of the Bishops during the Council. It was a well deserved tribute. He has a mind which despises the retail and soars to the wholesale. Bishops never like sharing a party line, and certain delicate facilities were not merely adequate, but overpoweringly generous. The sleeping arrangements too, were excellent, at least *quoad nos*. It was the noises off which caused the difficulty. The feline weakness in the Montoro for filling in prenuptial forms has already been touched upon. I would merely add a postscript to these findings. Recent surveys have established that cats have two ranges : an inner range in which they feed and clean, and an outer range in which they hunt and court. The inner range is sacrosanct, and no animal save the occupant enters this holy of holies. But the outer range is free for all, and I am convinced that the Montoro is a free zone. I wouldn't want to exaggerate the noises ; there were brilliant snatches of silence during the night triggering off an unconscious convulsion which had you sitting bolt upright in bed wondering what had happened.

All this time, I have been treating the Editor's question lightly and shelving the one really important question which he meant to ask, but didn't quite get round to. 'Did living at Via Monserrato create a ghetto mentality among the English and Welsh Hierarchy *vis-à-vis* the Council?' Not that the Editor would ever have used the word 'ghetto' ; an overworked stencil, which now covers everything from a Catholic school to a cloister, and suggests a virus infection which strikes low any community which is specifically Catholic. If this is the meaning of 'ghetto mentality', then we must admit that we all had it badly at Via Monserrato. We followed the dull magisterium of the Church, were all desperately conformist, and couldn't boast even half a deviationist among us. But apart from the magisterium, the virus infection never touched us. As far as I am concerned, the episcopal common room was choc-à-bloc with opinionated antagonists without a leg to stand on, none of whom saw eye to eye with me. It is possible that others had the same experience. But then several of us at different times have suffered the traumatic experience of being asked to write a joint pastoral only to witness our dream child torn to pieces by wild beasts, and buried in an unknown grave. One is never quite the same afterwards, and is inclined to react violently when

anyone suggests a prepared intervention of his going out in St Peter's in the name of the Hierarchy. They hardly ever did. If ever there had been a party whip in the English College on social matters, he would have had a thin time. The only two people in the common room who seemed to agree on any solution were the two who did *The Times* crossword every evening. Living in community I find, far from producing a ghetto mentality, produces argument for argument's sake and leaves little room for mental scelerosis. There were other enigma variations, too. Those who walked to the Council every morning, and those who argued strongly that if the good God had wanted them to walk, He would have given them wheels; those who went on retreat during the Council interstices, and those who went to Sorrento. It takes all sorts to make a Council.

Finally, the most popular consortium in Rome was the St Paul's Society, which met every week at the English College. It was initiated by Cardinal Heenan and named by Cardinal Conway. It included representatives from all the English-speaking hierarchies throughout the world. Of all the meetings in Rome, it was the most popular. With all due deference and humility, we tried to explain the attraction. Was it the English and Welsh Hierarchy or was it the bar? It was neither. It was something greater than either could offer. Am I right in thinking that a renewed unity between the Irish, Scottish, and the English and Welsh Hierarchies became a centre of attraction to a new commonwealth? Not the ancient political commonwealth, but a new ecclesiastical commonwealth of English-speaking nations, born out of the ashes of the old, and fuelled possibly by the esteem and affection in which the Foreign Office was held in all missionary countries. And am I right in thinking that the old Hospice was giving a new twist to *aggiornamento* by staging a come-back, and playing host to the English-speaking pilgrim? One thing is certain: during Vatican II, Via Monserrato housed far more than the English and Welsh Hierarchy, and many apart from our own will look back with gratitude and pleasure on this haven of rest and refreshment.

✠ JOHN A. MURPHY,
Archbishop of Cardiff.

‘GAUDIUM ET SPES, LUCTUS ET ANGOR . . .’

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY

I

How odd St Peter's looks without the Council benches. How odd to think that there will soon be those in the College who will never have seen St Peter's as it has been for the past four years. No more Council debates read in the refectory day by day, no more morning departures of the bishops' bus, no more press conferences, no more talks by Council Fathers in the Common Room. And now the seminarians can get down to their books again as if nothing had happened? No, thank God; because what the Council means for us could not be measured by external bustle, by the fact that we happened to be in Rome at this particular time. Quite apart from the fact that one of the Council's documents is for those training for the priesthood and another directly concerns our future ministry, the Council has been a direct experience of grace, a vocation you might say.

Like any vocation, this one was not always easy; there was worry and uneasiness as well as great joy; there was a painful growth in understanding; there is still the open question of fidelity to this vocation: shall we be faithful to the Council, or shall we fail? Shall we be in a position to be able to be faithful to the Council? We might make our own the opening words of

the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World :
'*Gaudium et Spes, Luctus et Angor . . .*'

When the Council began we were as unprepared as anyone else, no doubt. We had our pessimists and our optimists. During the first session there was division amongst us and real tension : some did not see what all the fuss was about anyway ; some were impatient at delays and openly triumphant at what were seen as significant turning points ; others reacted against this triumphalism and uttered dark warnings and thought even darker thoughts. We were too ready to fasten on to the dramatic event, the external change, the latest gossip (and it must be admitted that these, too, really did play a part in the Council, however irritating it may be to have to acknowledge the fact). The point was that living alongside the Council, one simply could not be indifferent to it. Then came the stage of growing harmony and a deepened understanding, particularly as the documents of the Council began to come out. Here was the Church examining her conscience on her mission, and we could not help doing the same about our own positions. The problems were put in a sharper light, they could no longer be passed over or pushed into the background, or considered in a merely domestic context. There was no longer a slick answer to every problem, but an invitation to think with the Church : to think what the real problems were ; to think about our own particular situation here as candidates for the priesthood, being trained in Rome ; to accept the form of our mission no longer as something to be taken for granted, but as a challenge, put to us by the Church in a new way, and demanding a new form of spiritual, intellectual and moral responsibility.

What follows, then, is a personal testimony to what the Council has meant so far. It is personal in the sense of being written by one person, but perhaps it reflects the thoughts of many contemporaries. It is a testimony : what I feel here and now, what the Council has meant to me ; a thinking about the future in the light of what the Council has said. I hope it is not personal in the sense of misguided, separated from the living traditions of the Church. It is certainly not a programme, a manifesto or even a protest ; it is just thinking aloud—and it makes no claim to originality.

II

Council and priests. They affect each other—but just as a mutual problem and difficulty, or as a mutual necessity and help?

It is clear that there is some sort of a crisis in the priesthood today.¹ Living in a seminary we know that the numbers of those who enter have dropped, that many more than before leave during the course. Sometimes the sense of insecurity among those already ordained seems to have been increased by the Council. We hear of those who believe themselves eclipsed between all the talk about bishops on the one hand, and the priesthood of the laity on the other. The emphasis on service, dialogue rather than paternalism, the new emphasis on the ministry of the Word, the exaltation of the lay vocations—all this makes priests wonder what is really stable and constant when so much that seemed age-old and traditional is now being changed.

We recognise the crisis but we believe that there is an answer sufficient to inspire fresh vocations, to encourage those who have started and to restore confidence in all—namely : complete fidelity to the Council's teaching on the Church and on the priesthood in particular. Just as the new Archbishop of Turin said that he found the Council a providential inspiration and guide for someone who is about to undertake the office of bishop, so we, too, find that same hope, joy and inspiration in the idea of the priestly ministry put forward by the Council—but only if we are, and are allowed to be, faithful to the Council. We need the Council.

Conversely the Council needs all priests. If we do not cooperate and try in every way to be faithful to the spirit and letter of the Council, it will fail.² It is not that the Council depends only upon priests, but that if priests fail, so will the Council.

¹ '(The priesthood document is an) important text, because it is an answer to a need, rather to a kind of crisis that lies hidden . . . a crisis that arises neither from discontent, nor from a sort of defeatism, but from an unrestrained desire to be genuine. This is a fact : those who have bound themselves to the priesthood, sacrificing everything and giving everything to Our Lord suffer from a situation in which they are both powerless and useless. They no longer feel inclined to submit themselves with prudence and resignation as did their older colleagues. They are searching for a solution at any cost, and if nobody helps them to find one, the worst is to be feared.'

René Laurentin in *Le Figaro*, 13–14th Nov. 1965. Quoted by Alfonso Prandi in *L'Avvenire d'Italia*, 17th Nov.

² 'In fact, the happy outcome of the Council and its fruitfulness in the life of the Church will depend, not so much on its many directives, as on the seriousness and zeal with which, in the years to come, its deliberations are carried out in practice . . .

'In this common task, there is no doubt that, before everything else, priests, and particularly those who have the care of souls, will be of help to their bishops. The Ecumenical Council, in giving

We have been inspired by the work of the Council and we hope that it will be possible to be absolutely faithful to it. But we wonder and fear. To what extent has there been obedience, so far, to the actual letter of the law (altars are still being built against the back wall; concelebration on Holy Thursday has been forbidden on occasions). To what extent will the letter be taken as the *ne plus ultra*, the absolute maximum, instead of as the starting point for further pastoral zeal. Of course, precise instructions are to be obeyed and with exactitude, the law is not to be broken. But will this be an excuse to forbid or hinder continuations and development in the spirit of the Council and in the light of parish experience? Is the Council an end or a beginning, or rather perhaps a means to an end? Now, as in every age, there remains the danger of canonising a particular situation and making it endure as a structure which permits no fresh change—the very danger which the Council wished to meet.

Where there is letter and spirit there is also the danger of stopping at the letter and of not giving the present letter life with the spirit (what have the changes in the liturgy meant for us so often except that we now rush about the sanctuary instead of rushing about the altar as we used to do? Is the homily nothing more than a funny word for the normal Sunday sermon based on the gospel?). But where there is a letter, where there are concrete directives, at least something has to be done. What happens where there are scarcely any directives? Is the rest to be dismissed as mere words and wind, with no relevance to practical work on the mission? If so, what price the Constitution on the Church (*Lumen Gentium*) for the priestly ministry?

One may ask, too, to what extent the spirit of the Council has been and will be understood. For instance, the Council has emphasised the value of diversity in unity. Is there already a hankering for a return to uniformity? Is the form of celebration of Mass to be made uniform all over one country? (N.B. no

them directives for their guidance, has offered them an incomparable instrument for the worthier and more effective exercise of their priestly duties; and so let them welcome these directives as an instrument, and if they use them, they will be enlivened by stronger intentions to achieve sanctity, and to exercise the sacred ministry with care and generosity.'

Pope Paul VI, Apostolic Exhortation, *Postrema Sessio*, No. 1965, for putting the Council into effect. Cf. *Rivista Diocesana di Roma*, pp. 770-71.

'The Council is not just a collection of decrees. It is the prelude to a spiritual enterprise. Upon you, the priests of the future, the success of the Council depends.'

Cardinal Heenan in a homily when the Hierarchy of England and Wales concelebrated High Mass in the College on 8th December 1965, at the closing of the Council.

reference to uniformity of liturgical translations.) Again some people seem to think that the Council was a bishops' affair: now it is all over and we can return to the reassuring comfort of normality. There is an element of justice in this feeling, but as a general principle it would seem to imply a complete rejection of what the Council stood for.³

Finally, one may wonder whether there are not some who want nothing of either the spirit or the letter of the Council. In how many presbyteries are there to be found copies of all the Council documents so far published? How many of them, if bought, are actually read and studied? And if not, why not? There is certainly a problem, but it is hardly fair to suppose that it is one of ill-will or laziness. It is more that some just do not see the point of it all.

In a word, the solution would seem to be 'education' in the widest sense of the word. Bishop Holland in an article in *The Universe* (24th December 1965) spoke of the necessity of celebrating the Council all over again, at every level. He said that we all have much to learn—"we", notice, not 'you' . . . So it would seem to be a case of learning together in a continuous process of re-education in the spirit of the Council. 'Education' or 'theory' are always suspicious words to the pragmatic English mind. However, Lenin once said that theory without practice is sterile; practice without theory is blind. One can hardly call communism an unpractical movement without concrete results. Perhaps we should be wary of reacting against theory as something woolly and time-wasting and stop congratulating ourselves on our common sense approach.

The English contribution to the Council is characteristic in this respect, not of the English bishops, but of the English Church, since every hierarchy reflects more or less the Church it guides. We had considerable success in the diplomatic, procedural and practical field. But what of our share in the theology of the Council? Can we point to a specifically English contribution in the strictly theological field? We do not believe that practicality is a sufficient contribution of any local Church to the Church at large and we hope that in the future the English

³ 'With the Council over, is everything to return to what it was before? Appearances and customs will reply "yes"; the spirit of the Council "no" . . . In no way is this period which follows the Council a period of ordinary administration, still less of rest and easy ministry; rather it is a period of even more intense work, if that is possible; certainly it is a time of more exacting toil.'

Pope Paul to the Italian Hierarchy, 6th Dec. 1965. *Rivista Diocesana di Roma*, p. 924.

Church's contribution will go far beyond the rather limited record of our achievements at the Council. Let it be said that that is not a criticism of our bishops, but of the whole English Church, of ourselves, of an English characteristic magnified into the proportions of a positive virtue. It is not a moan about the past, but a worry about what the future may be.

To help with the process of education in the spirit of the Council the Pope instituted the six months jubilee so as to bring the Council to the diocese in a concrete and symbolic form: around the bishop. Has it? Or has the jubilee passed as a series of ceremonies in the cathedral, a few talks, an indulgence—in fact the carrying out of an order from Rome which does not understand the local situation and wastes the time of hard-working priests?

In this process of communal education the Council documents have stated the necessity for the use of modern sciences (for instance, religious sociology), as an important part of pastoral planning. We fear that British common sense will consider itself sufficiently practical to be above the need for co-operation with more 'theoretical' sciences! The priesthood decree has re-affirmed the necessity for individual study, particularly in theology, and the need for priests to understand the culture (in the broad sense of the word, e.g. Williams, Hoggart) of modern society. If we read and study, more still, if we show ourselves interested in 'culture' or in the narrower 'art' will this be written off as time-wasting and eccentricity?

If time-wasting is to be mentioned, then there are other time-wasters we should prefer to indicate. We do not feel that we were ordained to run parish pools or bingo, however good or fruitful the side-effects of these activities may be. We were ordained for a priestly ministry and we can readily sympathise with the feeling of the Apostles who felt overburdened with various material, though even more necessary 'Christian' tasks.⁴ It is not that we shrink from dull, grinding work, or that full of youthful zeal we look forward to a spectacular, rose-strewn ministry. But however silly, unjustified or unpractical our worries

⁴ 'At this time, as the number of the disciples increased, complaints were brought against those who spoke Hebrew by those who spoke Greek; their widows, they said, were neglected in the daily administration of relief. So the twelve called together the general body of the disciples, and said, It is too much that we should have to forgo preaching God's word, and bestow our care upon tables. Come then, brethren, you must find among you seven men who are well spoken of, full of the Holy Spirit and of wisdom, for us to put in charge of this business, while we devote ourselves to prayer, and to the ministry of preaching.' Acts 6, 1-4.

may sound to experienced priests, it is worth noting, that many young men do not feel inspired to generosity by the practical or theoretical picture of the priestly life which is sometimes put forward to them today.

III

However, we believe that the Council does put forward an inspiring ideal of the priestly life, and that it offers something very useful about translating theory into practice when it outlines a *hierarchy of tasks* in the priestly ministry, when it describes *the way of carrying out these tasks* and when it speaks of *differentiation of functions* in the Church. These are practical steps to meet practical problems, but based on a theology of the Church.

There is a *priority of tasks*, which means that what comes high on the list is essential and must be carried out, if necessary at the expense of what is lower down. First there is the service of the Word, preaching in all its forms. Shall we really be encouraged to put this first on the list?⁵ Then there is the liturgy (not rubrics): are we really convinced that it is the heart of our ministry or is it just an interest for those who have the inclination? We have heard so often 'it is the Mass that matters'; which Mass? The Mass of the mechanical celebration, of the magical mentality which says *ex opere operato* and that is all—or the teaching, sanctifying liturgy which builds up the people of God and is the climax of the Church's life and reality?⁶

Then there is the pastoral mission in its relation to the world as it really is today, not as we should like it to be. How often we have heard from experienced priests of the agonizing

⁵ 'A priest who knew well how to celebrate the holy sacrifice, the *fractio panis*, but who did not know how to break the Word of God for his people, would only be half a priest.'

Cardinal Bea in *La Maison-Dieu* 1956 (47-48), pp. 144-5. Quoted in *The Way*, January 1965, p. 36.

⁶ 'The Most Blessed Eucharist contains the entire spiritual boon of the Church, that is, Christ Himself, our Pasch and living bread, by the action of the Holy Spirit through His very Flesh vital and vitalizing, giving life to men, who are thus invited and encouraged to offer themselves, their labours and all created things together with Him. In this light the Eucharist shows itself as the source and the apex of the whole work of preaching the Gospel. Those under instruction are introduced by stages to a sharing in the Eucharist, and the faithful, already marked with the seal of baptism and confirmation, are through the reception of the Eucharist fully joined to the Body of Christ.'

'Thus the Eucharistic action, over which the priest presides, is the very heart of the congregation.'

Decretum de Presbyterorum Ministerio et Vita, §5, p. 10. Cf. *Constitutio de Sacra Liturgia*, §10.

split between the theory which has been taught and the actual practice. Is practice what you say in the confessional, in marriage talks, in personal advice, and theory all that irrelevant stuff in books? We shall need thought and re-education; study and rethinking of theory in the light of the Council; knowledge of the ways of thought and action of modern man in modern society. Surely this will require much time, much application and a certain amount of sitting still; but equally surely it will not be a waste of time if it is the way to heal the split between theory and practice. Or are we to leave it all to the professional theologians?

Again we are reminded by the Council that our pastoral care concerns not just Catholics, but all Christians—and all men. How often one hears priests say that there is hardly time to look after the Catholic flock. Specialised missions, too, are recommended, but one feels that the parish priest with 2,000 may take a jaundiced view of the university chaplain with 200. So often numbers are the only criterion.

In fact if the hierarchy of tasks we have spoken about is really to be respected, it can only be through a changed mode of exercise, and a differentiation of functions in the Church. It cannot be just a fresh addition to priests' duties, since most priests are working at full stretch already.

Differentiation of functions is a necessity, not a threat to the priest's position. Awakening the laity to their position is not benevolent paternalism; it is the recognition of their rightful status—and particularly today, it is the practical recognition of the fact that the priest cannot (as well as should not) do everything. He cannot maintain the hierarchy of priestly tasks unless he works with the laity.⁷

As curates we shall hope for delegation of responsibility, the opportunity for a partly specialised ministry within the parish team. The parish priest cannot be an expert in everything, nor can we. As we wait to go on the parish mission, we gobble up stories told to us by those who return: 'curate-killers', curates who are mere subordinates—and on the other hand parish clergy who work together as a team. And these are thoughts which

⁷ 'So necessary is the laity's action within the Church's communities that without it the priestly apostolate can frequently fail to achieve its full effect.' §10.

'In the many regions where there is an extreme shortage of priests, the Church can hardly take an active lead without the work of the laity.' §1.

Decretum de Apostolatu Laicorum.

have occurred to more responsible members of the clergy.⁸ However unfounded our fears may be, this is what we hope for from our future parish priests: a general education in the pastoral mission, the chance to learn about, and discuss with those who are more experienced, the problems of the priestly mission and their possible solutions—not just instructions on how to fill in marriage forms or apply for dispensations, however necessary this may be. Again, we hope for a progressive initiation into pastoral responsibility, not just: ‘if you do as you are told, Father, we should get on very well’, ‘When you have been on the parish as long as I have you will know that . . .’ We want to feel that we are useful members of a parish team with a contribution to make, a contribution which will grow as our experience grows and which will not be discounted in advance just because we are young. Co-operators, not instruments of the parish priest.

As diocesan priests we shall also hope to have the chance of local initiative, rather than just waiting for the bishop to order something to be done. We shall hope to receive from the bishop general orientations and to show ourselves sufficiently active and responsible not to need detailed and uniform legislation.

Of course, this differentiation of ministries, with each responsible for his own particular function (the principle of subsidiarity in the Church) will obviously lead to chaos, unless there is an agreed *way of exercising our functions*. There will be the need for *co-operation* and *communication* on all levels.

In the ‘horizontal’ direction we hope to feel free to co-operate with other parishes, without having to fight against a ‘parochial’ mentality, without being accused of undermining the parish priest’s authority or of being disloyal. We shall hope to find in the deanery conferences the chance of sharing in practical directives and plans rather than a tiresome formality to be gone through (how seriously could one take a deanery conference which included, for instance, in its liturgy section ‘the use of the biretta in church’?). We should also hope that the younger clergy would be able to discuss problems and meet

⁸ ‘In fact there is one man the Council has mislaid—it has forgotten to speak of the curate. As such he is unknown to Canon Law which says he has only one right—ecclesiastical burial. Yet half the priests in some dioceses are curates, and often they are treated like adolescents. They become parish priests at forty when they have lost their earlier vigour. Their condition within the Church, then, is serious. I propose, . . . therefore, that the body of priests acting in an advisory capacity to the bishop of the diocese should be made up, not only of parish priests, but also of curates, who ought to be the parish priest’s first advisors—not merely guests at the presbytery.’

Mgr Leven, Aux. Bishop of Sant’ Antonio, U.S.A. Cf. *L’Avvenire d’Italia*, 17th Oct. 1965.

in informal groups without incurring the suspicion of insubordination, revolutionary activities and plotting. After all, there are junior clergy exams, so why shouldn't the junior clergy also meet to exchange ideas and experiences ?

Looking out still more widely we would hope for the chance to attend conferences and courses in other dioceses and even in other countries. Sometimes the time 'lost' in this way could in fact be an immense gain to our pastoral abilities and outlook, and one would like to feel that even for an ordinary diocesan priest this would become more of a normal event and less of an extraordinary privilege. On a less formal level we would be glad to be able to keep up the contacts with students of other nationalities and indeed with theologians, which have begun during our years of training here in Rome. Perhaps there might even be the chance of the occasional and temporary exchange of priests, made possible by prior acquaintance, which could be so helpful in opening one's eyes to what our sister-Churches can contribute to the Church's mission as a whole. Certainly the little we have seen of the Church in Italy after the Council has afforded lessons which are not only negative and which are a reminder that it is not enough to sit at home in the British Isles congratulating ourselves on our own brand of Catholicism and looking down in our insularity on the superstitious and idle Italians, to say nothing of the woolly-minded Germans and the theorising, impractical French (unspeakable foreigners).

In the 'vertical' direction of communications we hope for co-operation and good communications between ourselves and the bishops on one hand, and the laity on the other. With regard to the bishops, we hope for the freedom to approach our bishops for help or with our own suggestions or problems ; we hope that frankness and expression of opinion will not be regarded by others as currying favour or telling tales out of school. During the Council we have had the experience of living close to our bishops and getting to know them. We have been able to talk to them openly and we believe that they have come to know us, too. We look to the future with some anxiety, wondering whether this relationship will continue. We fear that attempts to preserve this contact will earn us the label of bishops' 'toadies'. We reflect on the reply given by a priest to the question, 'Do you see much of your bishop ?' 'No. Just when he comes on visitations—and the less I see of that man, the happier I am.' We hope instead that there will be the time when the visitation

will be looked forward to and enjoyed, when the bishop will be seen as a welcome visitor, rather than as a harbinger of an episcopal last judgement.

With regard to the laity, we hope to be free to accept suggestions, to work with the laity, to cross the gap between 'us' and 'them' without being accused of devaluing the priesthood. For an illustration of what happens when there is a breakdown in vertical communications all the way down the line, one has only to look at what happened in the reform of the liturgy: quite often bewildered and suspicious priests, with disgruntled and uncomprehending congregations. God help us if this is going to be the pattern for the future of the Council in practice.

All this means a large programme of education, as we have said, and again 'we' not 'you'. We have to learn together with our more experienced brethren, and for this there must be instruments of learning. In Rome we have learnt the blessing of libraries, bookshops and conferences. How can the process of our education continue, as it is supposed to do, with few diocesan or regional centres available for training (in catechetics, liturgy, sociology, psychology, youth work), with hardly any up-to-date diocesan libraries, informative diocesan bulletins, expert lecturers? Of course diocesan resources vary, as do distances between towns, and also population densities. But we beg that something be done for us here and that this something be put high on the list of priorities. Will it be enough to go on living on the theology we learned in the seminary, even if aided by private study? Wasn't this supposed to be just a beginning?

IV

Hopes and fears—and, perhaps, the reader who has persevered this far will say: a good deal of impertinence as well. How can someone who has virtually no experience of parish life begin to talk about it?

But surely experience is not the only value; sometimes experience can be another word for habit—and there can be a value in a fresh look from outside, so to speak. In any case there must be both experience and fresh look, neither should be excluded. Again we have been told by Pope Paul that there must be a dialogue in the Church. This is precisely what we are trying

to practise. Everyone admits that there must be dialogue between priests and laity: are we, the younger clergy (and Church students) the only ones who must be silent?

There is, however, one area of experience which we would claim and that is the exclusively direct experience of the young generation because we are a part of the young generation. In the seminary it is clear that the people arriving now are not the same as the people who came even seven years ago, so rapid has been the change. Condemn us and you condemn the younger generation; in our turn we cannot betray the hopes and fears of our contemporaries, however strange or misguided they may seem, unless we wish to live in isolation from the world of tomorrow. It is the young generation which is nearest to the future and as members of it we are part of the world of tomorrow.⁹ That is why we wish to be heard.

Nevertheless, are not the reflections we have made an attack on the way in which those who have gone before us have exercised their ministry, as if they had never seen any problem or achieved anything? Is it not even an attack on the priesthood itself which remains always the same? Shouldn't our prime concern be to try to be as good priests as those who have gone before?

No, we are not criticising the devotion, the intelligence or the achievements of those who have gone before us and we do hope to follow in their footsteps. The priesthood is indeed essentially the same. But it is exercised by particular men, in particular times and in a way which corresponds to particular needs. If there are to be changes in the way of exercising the priesthood, it is not we who are suggesting it, but the Council¹⁰: or was the Council just reiterating eternal truths and saying

⁹ 'You it is who prepare yourselves to receive the torch from the hands of your elders and to live in the world at the time of the greatest changes in its history. You it is who, receiving the best example and teaching of your parents and masters, prepare yourselves to form the society of tomorrow. You will save yourselves or die with it.'

'For four years the Church has been working to make herself young again in order better to fulfil the plan of her Founder, the true Life, the eternally youthful Christ. At the end of this impressive "renewal of life", she turns to you. It is for you, the young above everyone else, that she has, with her Council, lit a light—a light to illumine the future, your future.'

'... And it is in the name of God and of his Son, Jesus, that we exhort you to let your hearts embrace the whole world, to hear the cries of your brothers, and to employ your young energies courageously in their service... Construct with your enthusiasm a better world than that of your elders.' From the Council's message to Youth.

¹⁰ '... In order that their ministry be carried on more effectively and their lives be provided for better in pastoral and human circumstances which very often change so profoundly, this Sacred Synod declares and decrees as follows...'

Decretum de Presbyterorum Ministerio et Vita, §1.

nothing new—and if so why did it speak at all? What we hope to do is to combine youthful zeal, respect for the experience of our elders and fidelity to the Council. Of the three, fidelity holds the first place, but both of the other two have a claim.

‘Youthful zeal.’ Yes, the young always think that they will change the world. But in fact it is the young themselves who will be changed—by experience.

Yes, of course experience will change us, it must do. Perhaps we shall soon think on different lines, but at least it seemed worthwhile putting down on paper our feelings, our hopes and fears at this particular moment. However, our youthful zeal is not just about some personal little gimmick which we have thought up; it is inspired by what we have heard from the Council. Our hopes and fears are about the possibility of, or the obstacles in the way of, faithfulness to the Council. Things will always be the same? There will of course always be sin and human weakness, but if the Council does not succeed in changing anything more than certain external forms and institutions, then it will be a resounding failure.

We are an élite, then, coming back to England to put everything to rights? No, we are not an élite. Like everyone else we have much to learn, we shall make mistakes, we may already be exaggerating. We are not trying to stand apart in judgement as from a superior and privileged level. We hope to make a sincere and useful contribution, which will be integrated with the contributions of everyone else. We fear that unfaithfulness on our part may be the easy way out, the comfortable way: unfaithfulness to God, to the Church, to the call of the Council, to the experiences of our training, to our age, to ourselves. Was it a happy coincidence that in a general audience on 29th December, the feast of our College Patron, Pope Paul should interpret the words contained in our College crest ‘*Ignem veni mittere in terram*’?

NICHOLAS COOTE.

RALPH SHERWIN—MISSIONARY PRIEST*

1550—1581

I

(1550—77)

‘Has history since the memory of man anything more wonderful to tell, than of youths nobly born and wealthy for the most part, who could live quietly and comfortably at home, and who solely from zeal for their faith have left parents and friends, and all that is dear to them in this life, in order to go into voluntary exile . . .’¹

In July 1575, Exeter College, Oxford was alive with rumours about the imminent departure from the college of two of its most promising young Fellows. Yet this would be no unusual occurrence, especially since 1569 when a royal commission led by Sir William Cecil had visited the university to ferret out papist partisans. The purge was systematic and thorough; college by college was scrutinized, and all who refused to take the Oath of Supremacy were deprived and expelled.² Recusant scholars had no alternative but to emigrate to the centres of learning established on the Continent. The result was that the academic strength of Oxford was greatly impoverished: ‘the very flower of the two universities carried away, as it were by a storm, and scattered in foreign lands’.³ So on 4th July 1575 when Ralph Sherwin and John Curry told their friends at

* The first issue of *THE VENERABLE*, October 1922, carried an accurate but very incomplete account of Ralph Sherwin’s martyrdom, with only a passing mention of the other periods of his life. For this reason, the present writer offers a fuller treatment of Sherwin, with the help of many new facts which have since come to light.

Exeter of their decision to leave the college and set out for universities abroad, it was interest they caused, not surprise.⁴

The precise location of Sherwin's⁵ birthplace is a disputed question, but the majority of manuscript evidence points to Radesley, near Langford, in Derbyshire.⁶ We know that he was born sometime in the year 1550,⁷ but we have no certain record of his parents. Perhaps we have a reference to them in a report on recusants written on 7th February 1587 by William Knyveton, and sent to the Earl of Shrewsbury. This mentions a 'Constance, the wife of John Sherwin of Roddesley';⁸ if not Ralph's parents, this couple were most probably related to him. Also in another list of convicted recusants for the county of Derbyshire in 1592 we find a 'Constancia Sherwhyn, spinster' who lived in Langford, the village next to Radesley.⁹ In addition to these members of his family, Ralph had a cousin in London called Helen, who was married to William Allen, a merchant draper.¹⁰ We can also trace his brother John who visited him when imprisoned in the Tower.¹¹ But the member of the family closest to Ralph was an uncle, the old Marian priest Fr John Woodward, who obtained his B.A. in 1546 at Merton College, Oxford, was later Rector of Ingatestone, and then personal chaplain to Sir William Petre, Master of Ingatestone Hall; at length he retired to Rouen where he died in 1597.¹² As he lay in chains in the Tower, on the eve of his execution, Ralph wrote to his uncle thanking him for all the help and guidance received from him during life, and praying that they meet soon in heaven.¹³

History tells us nothing of Sherwin's life until 1563 when at thirteen years of age he entered Eton College.¹⁴ The College was founded by Henry VI in 1440; it was a 'public' grammar school in the sense that as a royal foundation it accepted scholars from throughout the kingdom. Grammar schools as such were established principally to provide students for the universities, so the usual curriculum was designed as an introduction to university studies.

During the sixteenth-century school hours were prodigiously long by modern standards. During Sherwin's time Eton scholars rose at 5 a.m. to attend chapel until school started at 6 a.m. Breakfast was at 9 a.m., and classes were resumed at 9.45 a.m. and lasted till lunch at 11 a.m. In the afternoon school continued from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. There were short vacations at Christmas, Easter and Summer. On the whole, scholars of Sherwin's day spent twice as much time in school as their present-day counterparts.

Like any other sixteenth-century grammar school Eton laid great emphasis on the study and memorizing of Latin grammar as the basis for a sound knowledge of the language. Hand in hand with this, scholars daily learnt by heart lists of Latin words and phrases. Next, the literature was studied, the most popular authors being Cicero, Virgil and Ovid. Senior scholars were required to attempt Latin prose and verse composition; these were also expected to speak the language during class and at meals, and those lapsing into English were punished. At Eton and a few other schools Greek was taught according to the same method, but it was considered of secondary importance compared with Latin and regarded only as a means to the reading of the New Testament. History and Geography were also taught, though in conjunction with the classical authors studied. Writing, arithmetic and geometry featured in the curriculum but only as subsidiary subjects. Sport was not neglected, and was seen as ensuring the scholars' physical health and fitness. In addition the inculcation of good manners was regarded as an essential element in the grammar school education. Disobedience of any sort was generally punished by flogging.¹⁵

'The youth of this scole I shall diligentlie instruct in religion, learning and good manners'; this can be taken as expressing the ambition of every schoolmaster in the sixteenth century. So it was that at Eton Sherwin found religious instruction considered as important as secular learning. The instruction followed lines laid down by the 1559 religious Injunctions of Queen Elizabeth.

As a result of the 1558 penal laws on education (The Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity), Eton's Catholic provost Dr Henry Cole was dismissed, and replaced by Dr William Bull. On the latter's death in 1561 the Fellows chose a Catholic successor, Dr Richard Bruerne. Immediately a royal visitation was carried out which led to the expulsion of its Catholic members and the election of a new 'loyal' provost. Eton was thus purged of the old leaven and the Protestant reform proceeded.¹⁶

During his stay at Eton, Sherwin was instructed in the rudiments of the new religion. The training was based on systematic readings from the Bible, and study of the Dean Nowell Catechism, which was practically the same as the one contained in the Book of Common Prayer. As well as this formal religious instruction, the spiritual development of the scholar was encouraged by daily prayer and chapel services.

After a four-year course in the College, Sherwin left Eton in 1567, having completed his pre-university studies.¹⁷ Though it was customary for the Eton scholars to pass on to King's College, Cambridge, instead in the following year Ralph proceeded to Exeter College, Oxford.

Ralph entered Exeter College in the summer of 1568.¹⁸ He was entering a college whose loyalties were predominantly Catholic. In fact throughout the whole of Elizabeth's reign Exeter remained 'most distinctly catholic . . . John Neale, the first "perpetual Rector", was deprived [in 1570] for refusing to attend the reformed service in chapel. About the same time several Fellows fled the country, one of whom [Richard] Bristowe, became President of Douai.'¹⁹ At eighteen years of age Ralph Sherwin became a full Fellow of the college on 10th July 1568, after receiving one of the three livings ('tenements') recently given to Exeter by Sir William Petre.²⁰ Ralph's Patron, Sir William, had himself been educated at Exeter, served in many official capacities under Henry, Edward, Mary and Elizabeth, and eventually retired from public life in 1567.²¹ There is much circumstantial evidence that Sir William and household were Catholics, in secret, however, owing to his official government duties. One year before his retirement, Sir William acquired as personal chaplain John Woodward, a thirty-six year-old Marian priest.²² It is tempting to conclude that Ralph owed his Fellowship to the influence his uncle had as Sir William's chaplain; I think this is a fair assumption. It may well have occurred to his uncle that this would be an ideal opening for Ralph; it would mean that the youth would be placed in a Catholic environment which might lead ultimately to his being converted.

Towards the end of his third year at Oxford, Ralph formally applied for the degree Bachelor of Arts, on 26th April 1571;²³ seven months later on 22nd November he was awarded the full B.A.²⁴

Ralph continued at Exeter, studying for the Master of Arts degree. All this time he had witnessed friends of his leaving the college to study abroad, away from the interference of government inspectors and informers. In 1570 he saw how 'William Wyot [Wyatt], the sub-Rector, was imprisoned in the Castle and in the Bocardo, for refusing to declare what Papists he knew to be in the college'.²⁵ Not long after this a crown visitation found that 'in Exeter College, of eighty were found but four obedient subjects; all the rest secret or open Roman affectionaries'.²⁶

This was the atmosphere in which Ralph continued with his academic career. By the time he obtained his Master of Arts degree on 2nd July 1574, he had won renown as a scholar of Latin, Greek and Hebrew.²⁷ As a result, on 26th July of the same year, he was chosen to lead the public disputation in the presence of the Earl of Leicester, the Chancellor of the University, and other members of the royal court.²⁸

A brilliant career was now open to him, either in the University or in the service of the crown. But in the following year he became a Catholic, and made ready to quit Oxford to travel to the continent.²⁹ So Ralph's far-sighted uncle had been right after all ?

Among his privileges as a Fellow, Ralph enjoyed the right to travel abroad for a period of four years to study medicine or civil law, the whole enterprise to be financed by his Patron.³⁰ But first of all the Patron must approve ; Ralph therefore approached Sir John (later Lord) Petre, successor to his father William who had died in 1572. Thus it was that on 4th July 1575 Ralph obtained leave of absence from Sir John, on the pretext of studying medicine abroad.³¹

His mind now set on studying for the priesthood, Ralph prepared for the journey to the English College at Douai where many of his Oxford friends had been settling right from its opening in 1568. After spending seven peaceful years of study in the university of Oxford it was natural for Ralph to feel regrets at leaving. He had made many friends there among fellow dons and pupils, for he was an attractive and stimulating personality. No genuine portrait of him survives, but we are lucky in possessing a contemporary description ; it was furnished to the government by one of its spies : 'Tale of stature and slender—his face leane. His bearde of a flaxen collor cute short and little here and none on his cheekes.'³² Later in his career he was to show great leadership powers (during the students' revolt of 1578 in Rome) ; joviality and high spirits (while enchained in the Marshalsea prison) ; and a sharp sense of humour (on leaving the court after hearing his death sentence pronounced). But this is to anticipate ; sufficient for the time being to say that it was 'a popular and accomplished don' who set out for the continent in 1575 in the company of another Exeter don ; Ralph Sherwin and his companion John Curry both entered Douai College, and were eventually ordained together.³³

The scholars exiled by the two Acts of 1559 first took refuge in the university of Louvain which shortly became the centre of academic life for English Catholics. One of the exiled number was William Allen; in 1554 he graduated M.A. at Oriel College, Oxford; was Principal of St Mary's Hall, Oxford, for the period 1556-60; settled for a time in Louvain; then was ordained priest in 1565 at Malines.³⁴ Allen was not satisfied with 'an overseas Oxford', or 'a seminary to meet the need for educating Catholic youth'.³⁵ His intention was to make England Catholic once more; to do this he needed missionary priests. This was his principal aim when in 1568 he founded the English College at Douai in the Rue Blanc-Rosier. A close study of Allen's letters leaves us in no doubt that the college was a seminary for priests and that its products, once ordained, were destined for the English mission.³⁶ Furthermore, from the very outset Allen was scrupulously careful to exclude from his plans any trace of political aims; every student he accepted was required to profess his desire to crusade for the Catholic faith; to this spiritual end every other ambition must be subordinate.

In consequence, when Ralph entered the college in 1575, he was obliged, as every entrant was, to swear the following oath: 'I swear to Almighty God that I am ready and shall always be ready to receive holy orders, in His own good time, and I shall return to England for the salvation of souls, whenever it shall seem good to the superior of this college to order me to do so'.³⁷ After taking the oath Ralph realized how complete his dedication had to be.

Ralph was formally admitted as a student of Douai College when Thomas Stapleton, the greatest of its rectors, was at the height of his powers. At this time, as well as being rector of the college, he was professor of divinity in the university of Douai; thus almost the whole of Ralph's theological training was carried out under his supervision. Stapleton's learning has been commended by many writers; all agree with the judgement that he was 'the most learned R. Catholic of all his time'.³⁸

The course of advanced studies which Allen composed shows how great an insight he had into the pastoral and practical needs of the English mission. If one bears in mind the academic standing Ralph had already achieved, one might reasonably expect him to have pursued a modified or shortened course; but no, for it was only after another five years that he crossed into England to begin his priestly work.

For the next two years Sherwin was immersed in the study of theology; the intellectual and spiritual formation was intense, though it was always the latter which Allen stressed most. The description that follows gives some idea of the course pursued at Douai in Allen's time: 'There was the explanation of a chapter of scripture daily at dinner and supper; dictation of passages on all points of theological controversy rife in England; weekly disputations on these; sermons in *English* every Sunday and feast day; to such purpose that the Old Testament was covered twelve times every three years, and the New Testament sixteen times, with supporting courses in Greek and Hebrew. There were two lectures weekly on the *Summa Theologica* of Aquinas, and a disputation. "Pastoral matters" for professional instruction included the breviary, rosary, catechism and confessions, in the light of the Tridentine decrees. All this was in addition to their academic course and the enduring character-formation of the liturgical and community life. At the end of it, none was sent to the English Mission till aged at least thirty, and till academically able to have taken "any degree in divinity" at Oxford or Cambridge.'³⁹

In an entry for 23rd March 1577, the college diary records Ralph's ordination to the priesthood for the diocese of Lichfield. Along with nine others he was ordained by the bishop of the local see in the town of Cambrai.⁴⁰ This is the first of the diary's five brief references to Ralph Sherwin. Two of them concern a journey undertaken by him on 15th July 1577. In the company of the vice-president of the college, Thomas Bayley, another priest named Martin and a recently ordained deacon Mr Harrison, Ralph went to visit 'the relics of St John the Baptist'; within five days the pilgrims were back in the college.⁴¹ This famous shrine was in the town of Amiens (Latin, *Abianus*), where in one of the cathedral chapels was venerated a relic from the skull of St John the Baptist. The first two Diaries of Douai College mention that students made frequent pilgrimages to the shrine; this is an indication of how widespread the saint's cult remained even in Europe of the Reformation.

With the foundation of Douai College, William Allen had succeeded in giving English Catholicism a base for counter-attack. Yet its proximity to England left it vulnerable to spies and threats from the English government; also its position among the rebellious Spanish inhabitants of Flanders eventually caused in 1578 a temporary move to Rheims. It was obvious

to Allen that he must establish another centre to cater for the ever-increasing numbers who applied for entry into Douai. It was equally clear that the best plan would be to found the new college well away from the scene of English-Spanish hostilities. The place he had in mind was the ancient English Hospice in the Via di Corte Savella (now Via Monserrato) in Rome.

In the February of 1576 Allen had been summoned to Rome by Gregory XIII; he was consulted about a plan for the military conquest of England by French, Italian and Spanish forces. Though the plan of invasion was shelved, Allen had made up his mind about the Hospice. In May of the same year he returned to Douai, determined to send students to finish their studies in Rome. The project was set in motion on 16th August 1576 when William Holt, Ralph Standish, and two other students set out from Douai on the pretext of gaining the indulgences promised by the Pope to their President William Allen.⁴² On 4th February 1577, the old Hospice formally became a house of studies for the training of priests. This date is best regarded as marking the foundation of the Venerabile, although the official Bull of Gregory XIII followed two years later, 1st May 1579.⁴³

By the autumn of 1577 the number of students in the new college had increased to nine, and Allen was determined to continue sending as many students as possible; by the year 1600 there were seventy scholars in residence. We have no way of knowing for sure how Douai students were chosen to finish their studies in Rome; Allen told them to go, so they went. Thus the Second Douai Diary informs us that on 2nd August 1577 'Dominus Martinus [Array], Dominus [Edouardus] Ryshtonus, Dominus Sherwinus sacerdotes, Dominus Harrisonus diaconus' left the English College, Douai for the English College, Rome.⁴⁴

On the journey to Rome in August and September, Ralph would never have suspected that only four years of life remained to him before he was hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn on 1st December 1581. But shortly after his arrival in Rome he learnt the glorious news of Cuthbert Mayne's martyrdom on 29th November 1577. Cuthbert Mayne was the first missionary priest to die for his priesthood, and his background was strikingly similar to that of Ralph Sherwin: both were born in Derbyshire, and both educated at Oxford and Douai.⁴⁵

Ralph could hardly have let this sign pass unnoticed.

MICHAEL BROWN.

(To be continued)

- ¹ Robert Persons S.J., *Philopater*, para. 73.
- ² For a detailed account of the purge, cf. H. N. Birt, *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, ch. i.
- ³ N. Sander, *Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism* (1585), ed. D. Lewis (1877), p. 261.
- ⁴ C. W. Boase, *Registrum Collegii Oxoniensis*, p. 76.
- ⁵ This is the most frequent manuscript spelling of the name; there are many variations: Sherran, Sherrin, Sherring, Shervin, Sherwhyn, Sherwin, Sherwine, Sherwing.
- ⁶ As evidence for this opinion, cf. Foley, *Records*, VI, p. 130; T. F. Knox, *The First and Second Diaries of the English College, Douai*, p. 276; E. Lodge, *Illustrations*, II, p. 343; Speed's Atlas, p. 301. For an alternative suggestion, cf. C.R.S., 53, p. 209.
- ⁷ In 1579 he is reported as being 29 years old. C.R.S., 37, p. 8.
- ⁸ Lodge, loc. cit.
- ⁹ C.R.S., 18, p. 30.
- ¹⁰ State Papers, 12/170, No. 95.
- ¹¹ Cf. Challoner, *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, where a manuscript he quotes mentions a 'John Sherwin, Ralph's brother' (p. 31).
- ¹² C. W. Boase, op. cit., p. 81, n. 2; Cardinal Allen's *Briefve Historie*, ed. Pollen (1908), pp. 42-43. For extensive documentary reference to Woodward, cf. *Essex Recusant*, Vol. IV, No. 1, p. 13, and Vol. IV, No. 3, p. 92.
- ¹³ Allen, op. cit., loc. cit.
- ¹⁴ Cf. Sir Wasey Sterry's *Eton College Register*, which gives a Sherwin at Eton during the years 1563-67. Sterry maintains this is Ralph; indeed, the chronology of Ralph Sherwin's life seems to justify this conclusion.
- ¹⁵ In my account of the grammar school, I am greatly indebted to S. J. Curtis' *History of Catholic Education in Great Britain*.
- ¹⁶ Cf. H. N. Birt, *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, pp. 203-06.
- ¹⁷ Sterry, op. cit.
- ¹⁸ J. Foster, *Alumni Oxon.*, Vol. IV, col. 1349.
- ¹⁹ W. K. Stride, *History of Exeter College*, p. 47; cf. the article by B. Newns in *THE VENERABLE*, Vol. XX, No. 2 (May 1961), pp. 113-23.
- ²⁰ Boase, op. cit., p. 76; A. A. Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, ed. Bliss (1813), Vol. I, p. 478.
- ²¹ Cf. F. G. Emmison, *Sir William Petre at Court and Home*.
- ²² *The Essex Recusant*, Vol. IV, No. 1, p. 13. Concerning the Catholicism of the Petre family, cf. article of B. Newns cited in note 17.
- ²³ Boase, *Register of the University of Oxford*, Vol. I, p. 282.
- ²⁴ Boase, *Registrum Collegii Oxoniensis*, p. 76.
- ²⁵ Birt, op. cit., p. 294. Oxford 'Castle' and the 'Bocardo' were local prisons.
- ²⁶ *Ibid.*
- ²⁷ Boase, op. cit., p. 76; Wood, op. cit., p. 478; Allen, op. cit., p. 36.
- ²⁸ Wood, *ibid.*; Allen, *ibid.*
- ²⁹ Foster, op. cit., Vol. IV, under 'R. Sherwin' entry.
- ³⁰ Boase, op. cit., p. 99.
- ³¹ Boase, op. cit., p. 76.
- ³² British Museum, Add. MMSS., 48029, f. 127.
- ³³ Wood, op. cit., p. 478; cf. C.R.S., 22, p. 100, where a recusant list for Oxford in 1577 claims that John Curry was then studying in Louvain University; the Douai Diaries, however, make extensive mention of his activities at Douai, and thus prove the inaccuracy of the government list.
- ³⁴ Cf. the Historical Introduction of T. F. Knox in his edition of *The Letters and Memoirs of William Cardinal Allen*.
- ³⁵ Cf. J. E. Neale in his *Queen Elizabeth I*, p. 249.
- ³⁶ Cf. Beales, op. cit., p. 41, who argues from Allen's letters as collected by T. F. Knox.
- ³⁷ J. B. Black in *The Reign of Elizabeth* cites this oath on p. 171. Notice its close resemblance to the 'Missionary' Oath taken by students of the English College in Rome; cf. C.R.S. 37, p. 8.
- ³⁸ Knox, op. cit., p. 276; on Thomas Stapleton (1535-98), cf. A. C. Southern, *Elizabethan Recusant Prose*, pp. 45-46.
- ³⁹ Beales, op. cit., pp. 115-16.
- ⁴⁰ Knox, op. cit., p. 8; Boase, op. cit., p. 76.
- ⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 125.
- ⁴² Knox, op. cit., p. 109.
- ⁴³ Cf. A. Kenny's series of articles in *THE VENERABLE*, May 1960, November 1960, May 1961 and November 1961, where he traces the evolution of the English Institution in Rome 'From Hospice to College'.
- ⁴⁴ Knox, op. cit., p. 126.
- ⁴⁵ Allen, *Briefve Historie*, pp. 104-10.

GENTLEMEN, THE PRODUCER . . .

If ever a playgoer's catechism appears, with a title something like 'Apt Replies for the Average Audience', then a telling answer will have to be provided for the inevitable question, 'Did you enjoy the play?' When someone says yes, he did enjoy the play, it is often a conventional reply to cover a multitude of evasions. It satisfies the neurotic appeal of the producer, when there is no immediate necessity to shatter his nerves any further. It may well be the truth : you did enjoy the play. There seems no need to say more.

Yet, consider the awful prospect of a militant producer who insists on knowing just exactly what we did enjoy. There are producers like this, quite embarrassing really, but quite insistent. Their nervous twitchings can only be stilled when they have searched the soul of the audience, or at least of one captive member of it. The answers given to his questions would perhaps vary according to the era to which we belonged, for it would seem that even the College has passed through several Dramatic Eras since the end of the Second World War. May it be said at once that these 'eras' are not strictly historical. And obviously they overlap ; their delineation is fluid, their use purely for convenience and perhaps diversionary. And it may well be added that the ensuing remarks are drawn from only one man's reflections on the actual statements and pregnant silences of the Diarist ; a more complete and objective survey is left to the sociologists of the future.

The first era of the post-war years could be called, without inspiration, the Former Era ; it would date from 1946 until the turn of the decade. Those were the days. In general, Europe was probably more concerned with forgetting the war and clearing up the social and economic mess, than in fostering a resurgence of stage drama. Peace was to be enjoyed ; to be entertained was sufficient. Some would be tempted in retrospect

to say that the material was banal, escapist and superficial. Such an observation might stand, provided the critic avoided the pitfall of identifying the material with the actual standard of production.

During these four or five years, Noël Coward's *Blihe Spirit* took Apollo's crown. It was acclaimed enthusiastically and regarded by the Diarist as 'the finest production ever seen at the Venerable'. The producer must have enjoyed those after-days of approving *prosits*, with the warm knowledge of a suitable mention for posterity. But Noël was not used as the yardstick for 'seriousness'. That title was reserved for *Ten Minute Alibi*. Seriousness was equated with the suspense of the thriller. Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Niggers* and Patrick Hamilton's *Rope* date from this period. Decius Heiss, too, chilled the willing spine in *The Shop at Sly Corner*.

Carefully balancing this seriousness, there was the farce and the light comedy. *Tons of Money* was staged, and P. G. Wodehouse appeared in dramatic form with *Leave it to Psmith*. Let the imagination take its course with such titles as *Lord Richard in the Pantry* and *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure, An Arabian Night's Fantasy in Three Acts*. George Bernard, were you sleeping there below? Not quite. *Saint Joan* did appear in 1948, but was 'unfortunately . . . cut to suit the exigencies of the horarium'. Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down* was performed the previous year. Yet, by and large, the material for production is drawn from the farce and the thriller. Even those plays which might beg to be entered as 'drama' (*Rope*, for example), tend to be given left-handed compliments—'excellent example of its kind', or some such equivocation.

The second era can be said to have begun with the Fifties—the Era of Tension and Preposterous Situation. It spans the years from 1951 to 1957. The actual standard of the plays was little better than in the preceding Era, although Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* flashed across the stage in 1950. But a new element is appearing. The Diarist is becoming more exacting in his comments on the plays themselves. Everyone is still enjoying everything, but the scripts are being subjected to scrutiny. *The Ghost Train* was 'all the better for judicious cutting'. The performance was 'perfect' despite the fact that 'the cast had to overcome the weakness of the script'. The 'denouement was feeble'. Yet still it was, as always, 'enjoyable'.

J. B. Priestley's *Laburnum Grove* won the approval of all. The script was regarded as the 'best', for 1951 at least. The

Diarist dared to rate it above the productions of the Former Era. Something more than entertainment was being asked. Even if the dramatic world at large still offered little scope, what there was was being kindly challenged. Several more reputable names appeared on the lists, including Daphne du Maurier, Terence Rattigan and Christopher Fry. Unfortunately, as they make their appearance the Diarist falls peculiarly silent. We are left with pure conjecture.

The predominant tone of these few years was set by comedy. Light wit and preposterous situations were the order of the day. *Hobson's Choice* spiced the Christmas programme with 'an evening of comedy and great good humour'. *The Chiltern Hundreds* was 'just what the audience wanted'. *Tons of Money* slipped back in from Former days, just for a giggle. Shades of P. G. Wodehouse lingered with Ian Hay and du Garde Peach and *The White Sheep of the Family*. And then in 1956 the Common Room was tickled to death as the Belles of St Trinian's romped through *The Happiest Days of Their Lives*. Yet out of this preposterous conflagration a tentative phoenix took another bow. In 1957 *The Importance of Being Earnest* returned; and this time as a full-blown Christmas 'play', without the strange title of 'sketch' which it had received in 1950.

The tension of the Second Era is akin to the seriousness of the Former. The gripping plot of the *Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse* could set the nerves on edge. A 'very creditable degree of tension' numbed those who were informed that *I Killed the Count*. No word has been left us how relieved the audience was when the curtain fell on *Dial M for Murder*. But among all these, the palm must go to Bernard Merivale's *The Unguarded Hour*, which claimed the distinction (again) of being 'among the best ever witnessed on the College stage'. 'Despite the fact that audience and actors had known each other for years', tension did out.

Running alongside this boisterous procession of laughter and bouts of *frisson* was a quieter stream of drama and comedy, perhaps the gallant origin of the force that would produce Drama 60. Plays like *Rebecca* and *The Winslow Boy* are not seen as high drama, but they are plays apart during a decade which leant heavily on farce and tended to view life from the drawing-room window. Equally notable exceptions are *The Lady's Not for Burning*, *Quiet Week-end* and *His Excellency*. Thus the second era differs in material but little from the Former; but there is a new air of 'drama' à la *Rebecca*, and the Diarist, when functioning, had become more demanding.

1957 marked the end of an era. Strangely, the symptoms of change were most noticeable in the Concert entertainment of the College. Concerts, up to this year, seem to have been of a far more serious nature than plays. They had the inevitable farcical sketches, but also drew upon the resources of classical music ; piano duets, arias and songs were all in evidence. Shaw, Pinero, A. A. Milne, John Galsworthy and Maurice Baring are among the varied list of inspirations. But the Theologians Concert of '57 was undoubtedly a trend setter. Concerts have followed its pattern ever since. Could it have been the Venerable's version of *Look Back in Anger*? Ultra-modern drama was hitting the headlines at home, and the first shock-waves had reached Rome. Things would never be the same. The gale of change was gently blowing, and the title read : *Is There a Doctor in the House ?* or *Don't Put the Jellymoulds in the Flat, Monsignor, There's Plenty of Room in the Cellar*. As the piano lid came down and the schola hung upon the dying anthem, it became clear that parody, although not new, had broken its own sound barrier, to breathe the free air of outer space and come to earth again who knew where.

Thus the third era was the Jellymould Concert Era. It began in 1957 and carried on into the early Sixties. While the Concerts were setting the pace, the drama was staggering about in a most unpredictable fashion. Indeed the Former Era was making another bid for recognition. Entertainment was again at fever pitch : *Blithe Spirit* returned to be greeted as a 'good play'. *Ten Little Niggers* was again unequivocally enjoyed. People again shivered as the fireplace swung back in another production of *The Shop at Sly Corner*. The House was 'amused' and the Pallotine Fathers as well as the Atonement Friars 'went away happy' after a performance of the *Blue Goose*. Most people, it appears, were provided with a 'good laugh' by the return of *The Chiltern Hundreds*, not to mention *Arsenic and Old Lace*. There was a near riot from all accounts when that hoary old favourite *Charley's Aunt* set the teacups tinkling. Great Bacchus himself seems to have been called to round off the fun with yet another showing of *The Happiest Days of Your Life*, which had 'everyone rolling in the aisles'.

But things had changed. Behind the laughter there was a new 'seriousness'. In 1961 T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* was acclaimed. The comment of the Diarist is particularly interesting : 'I hope that this success will convince the House that a more ambitious play occasionally is quite within the

bounds of possibility'. (An echo of the critical voice raised as far back as 1951?). George Bernard Shaw at last made an uncut appearance (the exigencies of the horarium must have been overcome): *The Apple Cart* was performed in 1962, 'an admirable choice'. That same year Fritz Hochwaelder's *The Strong are Lonely* was entered on the lists. Some would not regard this latter play as comparable with Eliot and Shaw, but it does maintain the trend towards a higher standard in the choice of material. The same might be said for Ronald Millar's adaptation of C. P. Snow's *The Affair*. The stage is set for the next Era, which is still with us.

Meanwhile, at Palazzola, Gilbert and Sullivan, that staple diet of seminary drama, swept majestically, inevitably on. Jellymould might never have been, it was as if the revolutions of '51 and '57 down in the big city had never taken place. Palazzola was a law unto itself. One could hardly imagine the Villa without that heavyweight ladies' chorus, the tinkling piano and the love duet at the end of Act One. Here was preposterous situation perhaps, but hardly tension. A Gilbert and Sullivan operetta was produced at the Villa almost every summer from 1946-63. There does not seem to have been much question of an alternative. It was G. & S., or nothing.

Then in 1964 the impossible happened. G. & S. went out, and Drama 60 was in; and who better to herald it with tucket and drum than Shakespeare himself. *Macbeth* was staged at Palazzola that summer, in the very sanctuary of G. & S., and the production met with such success that it became the first play to warrant an article all to itself, instead of the normal cramped mention in the Diary. 'Shakespeare was worthily honoured', concluded the reviewer.

Drama 60 continued in Rome with Jean Anouilh's *The Lark*, that interesting counterpart to Shaw's *Saint Joan*, and was welcomed as 'a fine play'. Ambition seems to be creeping in. Experimentation took the floor with Dylan Thomas' *The Doctor and the Devils*. Again a separate article appeared. O 'brave experiment'. And now these latter days have seen the production of two very mod pieces—John Whiting's *Marching Song*, which 'seemed to go down surprisingly well'. Why surprisingly? Perhaps it was delayed reaction after the House found itself 'stunned, beguiled, puzzled, all at the same time' by the meaningful-meaningless absurdity of N. F. Simpson's *One Way Pendulum*.

Yet still they are here, those Former days. *Hobson's Choice* lurched on to the stage in 1964. But listen to the Diarist—'a

morsel of Victoriana . . . the audience seemed to be making the right noises out front.' Would he have said that back in the Forties? Then Ben Travers' *Thark* is hardly over. But listen to the Diarist: 'Not surprisingly, it proved to be some people's favourite; which just goes to show what a built-in resistance to education can do'.

At last, the bone of contention, to mix a metaphor, has reared its ugly head. It is no longer a matter of entertainment as in those Former days; it is not even a matter of Jellymould Concert self-assertion, nor yet of higher standards. It is a matter of opinion. Does dramatic education exclude the enjoyment of the old farce? Must our laughter titter knowingly at only the dubious wit of Falstaff? Is the singing weighing-machine replacing the upstairs-downstairs tangles of more conventional comedy? What an essay is here—but for another time.

One well-known authority considers that at this moment we take ourselves too seriously. Certainly in these past few years dramatic seriousness has taken a decided turn away from what passed for seriousness twenty years ago. Drama 60 is in the melting pot. Which way next? Such names as Ionesco, Wesker, Miller, Ibsen and Old William himself are all jumbled about along with other stars in the galaxy of Drama. Perhaps the greatest problem of all is to keep a perspective on what productions here in the College are meant to do—if they must be doing something. At one time we wish to be entertained; at another we raise a critical eyebrow; at another we demand solid stuff. The present trend ever to improve the standard of the play could contain the seeds of dramatic fascism—particularly with amateur and institutional productions. If Brecht gives place to Ben Travers, it is not necessarily an educational anomaly. But it may well be an attempt to allow more people the opportunity of treading the boards, which is educationally more fruitful than witnessing a fair-to-middling performance of a better play. Serious are the days we live in. But while we search yet uncharted and untried levels of drama, we will not fail to hear the Old Swan singing—concerning the actual production:

' . . . and these our insubstantial pageants faded,
Leave not a rack behind.'

Paradoxically it may be true that the best drama of all reads better than any possible production.

WILFRID McCONNELL.

THE SEMINARY AND SACRED MUSIC

No. This is not yet another article proclaiming the unique importance of some minor subject in an already overloaded seminary curriculum. Neither is it an impassioned appeal for a choir practice every other day. The seminary is not a choir school.

A better, but more long-winded title for this article might have been, 'The Seminary and Sacred Music according to the pastoral orientation and decrees of the Second Vatican Council'. Mention of 'sacred music' immediately brings to mind chapter 6 of the Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy, treated, of course, in the spirit of the whole Constitution. What is, however, more important is an interpretation in line with two other decrees, that on Priestly Training and that on the Priestly Ministry. The purpose of these two latter decrees is surely to serve both as a directive to those for whom they are destined, namely the priests of today and tomorrow, and as a frame of mind in which they should study the other conciliar decrees. No one doubts the pastoral orientation of the Council's documents. The problem is: *how* are they to be put into action in the concrete circumstances of the Church today? In our case, then, how are they to be applied to the actual state, here-and-now, of sacred music in the seminary?

Sacred music fulfils a real 'ministerial role' in the liturgy: in the case of High Mass this is 'necessary or integral' (Const., art. 112). And it is there for the people to sing as well as the choir (*ib.*, art. 30, 114, 118). All very well, you may say, but what has that got to do with the seminary? In June 1965, a conference

was held in London on the 'Provision of Music for the English Catholic Liturgy', in which it was considered that 'the general quality of music in parishes . . . depends primarily on the personal interest of the priest in charge. No musician, however highly skilled, could develop a constructive policy without the backing of his pastor' (*Church Music*, Vol. 2, No. 8 [August, 1965], p. 7). The report goes on to say that 'it was agreed that most seminarians, although reasonably grounded in plain chant, came out with hardly any impression of the general scope and nature of music. They had, therefore, at best, a tentative attitude to the ordinary, commonsense problems of organizing parish music; at worst, a negligent one.' (The report also comments that musical education in Catholic schools 'could be important nowadays as a purely pastoral as distinguished from a purely musical consideration' [ib.]). The picture painted here may not be as black as it seems, but in any case its message is clear: seminarians ought to know something about music for pastoral reasons. The logic is simple: it is the priest in the parish, far more than the choirmaster, who has the job of encouraging people to participate in the liturgy—to participate, according to the mind of the Vatican Council, with 'responses, psalms, antiphons, hymns . . .' (art. 30).

The Council has been more explicit than this, however. In paragraph 5 of the Decree on the Priestly Ministry, we find: 'Priests . . . instruct their people to participate in the celebrations of the Sacred Liturgy in such a way that they become proficient in genuine prayer . . . Finally, they train (*erudiant*) the faithful to sing hymns and spiritual songs in their hearts to the Lord, always giving thanks to God the Father for all things in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ.' And in the Decree on Priestly Training, under the title of 'The promotion of strictly pastoral training', we find: 'that the pastoral concern which ought to permeate thoroughly the entire training of the students also demands that they be diligently instructed in those matters which are particularly linked with the sacred ministry, especially in catechesis and preaching, in liturgical worship . . .' (art. 19). Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the concept of the priest being trained with a view to encouraging the people to participate in singing dates from before the Council: in a letter from the Congregation of Seminaries promulgated in 1949 '*Ad divinum cultum promovendum*', the end of training in sacred music in seminaries is 'that the

faithful will celebrate (the liturgy) in the house of God, resounding with "hymns and spiritual songs", and that they may more easily approach the sacraments, and obtain life more abundantly from them'.

What is to be done? The Liturgical Constitution simply says (art. 115): '*Magni habeatur institutio et praxis musica in Seminariis*'. Let us be practical: as was said in the first paragraph, the seminary is not a choir school. There is simply not enough time in the normal seminary curriculum to be able to devote a great deal of attention to the subject. This makes it all the more important that what little time there is available should be used to provide as wide a scope as possible in the use and practice of sacred music. The London Conference already mentioned submitted to the English Hierarchy the suggestion 'that, in accordance with section 115 of the Constitution, the proposed Musical Commission should draw up a scheme for the encouragement of sacred music in seminaries, so as to enable the clergy to perform their part in the liturgy and assume their musical responsibilities in parishes, and that this scheme would be assisted by the encouragement of general musical culture'. (It may be of interest to note that 'general musical culture' is being encouraged here at the Venerabile in the form of 'musical evenings'—one or two a week—after supper, which are quite well frequented.) In their reply, the Hierarchy welcomed the drawing up of such a scheme. As a result, the English National Commission for Catholic Church Music has appointed a study group to investigate the question.

There are many factors which militate against the encouragement of sacred music in seminaries. One practice a week, and that on Saturday evening, is just another interruption or distraction from one's course of studies. One cannot be as optimistic as Pius XI, who wrote: 'the practice of sacred music, if carried out in a liturgical spirit, will be a relaxation (*solatium*) for the students rather than a burden, after the study of the more difficult tracts'. Anything reminiscent of a compulsory lecture or class, particularly if one is expected to be active at it, is bound to be something of a bugbear.

The weekly choir practice, for everyone, must cater for all abilities: for those who have, and for those who, despite their willingness, have not. It necessitates a severely practical line: three-quarters of an hour is precious little time, and most or all of that must be used in preparing for the Sunday Mass,

Vespers and Benediction, and anything which may turn up in the succeeding week. Given the ability and zeal of the choir-master, and the willingness and co-operation of the choir, which are indispensable, the most important factor is the right spirit, the spirit of the liturgy. If this is absent then the whole *raison d'être* of the choir as a choir is absent. The liturgy must first live in each member of the choir, and *then* find its expression and be nourished in and by the music. It is not enough just to sing—a canary can be taught to do that; music as used in worship must be a prayer. 'Sacred music will be holier the more intimately it is connected with the liturgical action, whether it be by expressing prayer in a more tuneful way or by stimulating a sense of unity or by enriching the sacred rites with greater solemnity' (art. 112).

All this is a necessary preamble to considering what one is going to sing: for it is important to have the right idea about the purpose of singing before one thinks of opening one's mouth.

It is not easy to decide *what* sacred music should be sung at the seminary. It must be guided by the needs of the present and the future: in other words, the needs of the seminary as a community here-and-now, and the needs of the pastoral ministry later on. I do not mean to separate the two; on the other hand, it would be unrealistic to pretend that one can create in the seminary all the conditions of a parish, and *vice versa*. The basic reason for this is that the seminary is far more of a close-knit unit than a parish could ever be. As a result the seminary community can be trained to sing many pieces of music which it would be impractical to teach to a parish congregation. In this sense, it is a proper 'choir': on the other hand it is one that is limited in its scope by the various degrees of musical ability of its members—not all seminarians are musicians. With respect to the normal distinction of congregation and choir, then, the seminary takes up a midway position. As such it will take over most of the functions normally reserved for the 'choir' (e.g. the proper of the Mass), as well as those of the congregation.

This does not mean, however, that there is no room for a *schola cantorum*, i.e. those whose musical and/or vocal ability is greater than average—provided, of course, that they are also interested in putting in some extra weekly practice. The scope of the schola will be very much determined by the particular circumstances of each seminary. Where a minor

seminary or school is attached, the use of boys' voices will open up an enormous field of polyphonic music. Where these are not available, the schola will have to make do with a much more limited repertoire of polyphony, that written for men's voices, and it may well be further restricted by shortage of good voices : all the goodwill in the world cannot get over the difficulty of a weak tenor line (as is the case here at the moment). Apart from the alternation with the rest of the 'choir' and the singing of some of the more difficult pieces of plainsong (which may be left to a smaller group of cantors), the schola can devote itself entirely to polyphony, singing either by itself—classical polyphony, when and where appropriate—or together with the rest of the choir, e.g. in harmonising hymns. The latter has had a particular success at the Villa, where there is no accompaniment instrument available : (the organ accompaniments can often be re-arranged for a descant [tenor] line, and the two bass parts below or around the tune). The use of classical polyphony as such in the liturgy, in line with the Church's mind on liturgical matters, is a difficult problem into which I do not intend to go. Suffice it to say, however, that the use of any musical form other than plainsong should provide opportunities for part-singing and therefore for the use of a schola.

Mention of plainsong brings us to another problem. I believe that plainsong, except for special occasions, has little or no future in the average parish : most parish choirs are not capable of singing it in such a way that it becomes a real prayer for the choir or congregation . . . However, that having been said, and having also said earlier that one cannot pretend to establish the conditions of a parish in a seminary, I consider that there *is* a future for plainsong in the seminary. This is not an attempt to make religious houses in general a museum for preserving outdated forms of musical expression. But given the liturgical and musical training and ability of a seminary choir, Gregorian Chant can be often (not always) a very real and heartfelt means of prayer, despite the difficulty of the Latin language. An Anglican cathedral organist recently wrote : 'I have always thought that as a means of communicating an immediate and powerful atmosphere of religious devotion, plainsong has an absolute authority which cannot be matched by any other means'. Certainly until one can find a more effective and meaningful means of musical expression, what is the point of throwing out introits like *Dominus dixit ad me*, *Puer Natus*

(Christmas, 1st and 3rd Masses) or *Gaudeamus* (St Thomas of Canterbury, All Saints) on the sole grounds that 'they do not belong to twentieth-century culture' and that they are not in the vernacular (despite the fact that the Latin is understandable)? By all means let the future priest become acquainted with the current forms of vernacular singing, especially when the texts of High Mass are set to music, but there is no need to throw out plainsong. The French Hierarchy have directed that 'the singing of (their) liturgical gatherings may be henceforth in two languages' (i.e. Latin and French), even using both languages in the same Mass, with the idea of keeping the best of the Gregorian Chant without thereby ever excluding the participation of the congregation in a liturgical gathering.

Even while we wait for the 'Sung English Liturgy', some attempt can be made to give some idea of what has been written for parish liturgical use, even the little there is. Gelineau's *Messe Responsoriale* has been sung here, slightly re-arranged from its original scoring of congregation, choir and solo voice to a setting for a seminary choir, schola of three equal voices and cantors: opinions here were varied, but all saw the point of the experiment. Bévenot's *Mass in Re* has in general gone down well. Cognizance must also be taken of the spread of Low-Mass-with-hymns in England: this could be used with great benefit when a High Mass is not practicable. One must always be aware, however, that what may be successful in the seminary may not be so in the parish. For instance, on Maundy Thursday 1965, Psalm 22 was sung with the Grail words to a Gregorian psalm-tone, with great success from every liturgical point of view: what a parish might have thought of it is quite another matter.

There is another function in liturgical music at the seminary: educative. I hesitate to use this word; I do not mean it to be an excuse for 'performing' elaborate pieces of music of little or no liturgical value on the grounds that they are 'educative'. On the other hand, as was said above, it is important for the priest to be aware of what exists and what potentialities there are in the field of sacred music, especially in these days of change. A particularly important field here is that of hymns. The large number of hymns from the *English Hymnal* now approved for Catholic use are well worth investigating. There is certainly little to be found in Catholic hymn books which can compare with such hymns as 'For all the Saints who from their labours rest', 'Praise, my soul, the King of heaven' and 'I bind unto

myself today the strong name of the 'Trinity' (St Patrick's Breastplate).

In conclusion it may be as well to refer back to a point already touched upon: the liturgical spirit of sacred music. A seminary student just as much as a member of a parish congregation will not sing with the right spirit, if at all, if he does not see the reason for singing in the liturgy, which is only one form of that participation in and living of the liturgy which everybody knows about, but all too few put into practice. One can lead a horse to the water, but one cannot make it drink unless it has a thirst. If it is true that the parishioner must come to realize *why* he ought to sing in church, how much more important is it for the priest or future priest, whose job it will be to show other people why they should participate in the liturgy. I am not trying to equate participation with singing: but 'more effectively than other elements, singing produces and expresses the spiritual union of the congregation' (Cardinal Lercaro). There is thus more than simply a personal reason for each individual to participate in the liturgy: the liturgy is a community action, and 'liturgical action makes true and real the exhortation of the Apostle which connects singing with charity, the perfect bond, and joyous peace, which is the fruit of the Word of Christ accepted into the heart' (id., cf. Col. 3, 14-16). It is thus important in the seminary choir as in the parish congregation and choir that one does not sing for oneself, but as a part of the community effort, a community prayer in which singing forms the milieu and the unifying principle, for 'sacred song is a token and pledge of union' (id.). And this union is not just a union of voices, but a union of hearts and minds, each person helping and being helped by the rest of the congregation in their prayer.

This article is not meant to be a blueprint for change in the seminary. All that it has tried to do is to put forward the Council's teaching on the subject of sacred music in the seminary and some points affecting their concrete application. So much has been written about the pastoral orientation of the recent Council: so much has yet to be put into practice. It will be up to the priests of tomorrow, being prepared for their mission today.

JOHN AINSLIE.

ROMANESQUE

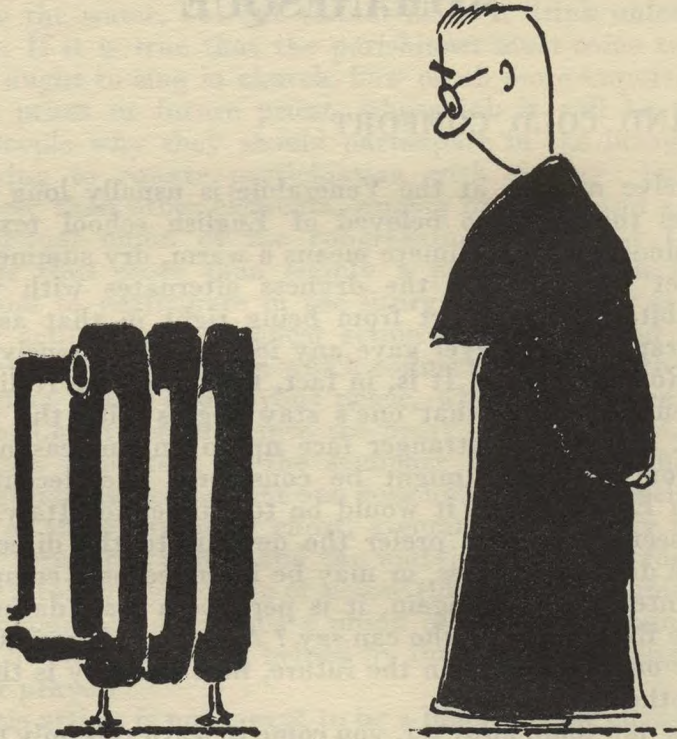
HOT AND COLD COMFORT

Twelve months at the Venerabile is usually long enough to dispel the myth so beloved of English school textbooks, that a Mediterranean climate means a warm, dry summer and a cool, wet winter. That the dryness alternates with wetness is undubitable, but apart from being right in that assertion, no geography lesson ever gave any idea of the extensive range of the Roman climate. It is, in fact, typical of the Italian way of presenting reality that one's stay begins with the year at its best. To make a stranger face up to an unpleasant truth right from the start might be considered the decent thing to do in England, but it would be too direct for Italy, where people seem always to prefer the devious to the direct. This could be due to kindness, or may be intended as a compliment to the intelligence, or again, it is perhaps a trait dating back from the Renaissance ; who can say ? Anyway, where in October at home one's hopes lie in the future, here memory is the balm that soothes the present.

As a new man, however, you come to learn this only through hard experience. Your cautious enquiry during circles on your second night as to whether 'it gets very cold here' is greeted with a hearty laugh, and perhaps a joke about a second blanket should the infirmarian reckon it's necessary, then the conversation turns to the Villa tank or next St Gregory's Day. Thus reassured, you can give yourself up to the enjoyment of the October mildness, casting a superior glance on the *zimarras* already affected by the weaker brethren. There is, after all, a radiator in your room, ready to be turned on as soon as winter begins in earnest. And you quickly learn how to defeat any

sudden nip in the evening air : you just take your big grey book on Ontology along to the philosophy tutor, who is sure to have an electric fire on in his room.

Filled with all the inspiring new thoughts encouraged by your philosophical studies, the days glide quickly by, until suddenly, it's winter. Whether it arrived during the night or in the space between one lecture and the next, you must steel yourself from now on : no more soft evenings thinking how much



an excited gurgle . . .

nicer than an English November this all is. It is time that radiator went on ; but nothing seems to happen beyond an excited gurgle one evening that later turned out to have come from the floor below. Day after day it stands in the corner, a silent reproach to human progress. True, there was the day when a huge gang of men filled the cortile with their Doolittlish cries while two of their number endeavoured to swing a vast boiler into the cellar, and many hopes were raised. The confident

claimed the worst was over ; it turned out, however, to be only a prelude to being woken in the small post-meridial hours by their accomplices wanting to bang on every radiator in and out of sight with a chisel. Another two gurgles and then silence. When the dust had settled after their departure, still there were optimists, and *conoscenti* spoke about airlocks and residual pressure. Perhaps they were right, but the net result was none the better for it, and the cynic won once more.

When, later that winter, things got worse, you told yourself that being so much farther south than the Scilly Isles, the temperature couldn't be that low. Maybe thermometers work no better in Italy than radiators, you said, but you didn't think it likely. A pity that the Northern European expedient of simply wearing more clothes in winter is so alien to the Eternal City as not to be entertained for a moment, and you wonder how the penguins manage at the South Pole.

If the city's winter would cause the hardiest new man to look back occasionally from his plough to the comforting glow of the artificial fire below the electric heater at home, it must seem almost idyllic when viewed in retrospect from the torrid flagellation of June. First, though, there is a respite, a period of truce, no more, that fools the gullible. For a week or two in March (or in April if the Easter gita falls in March) all is right with the world. A pleasant warmth distends itself everywhere, the trees unfold leaves and blossom enough to conceal even the dinginess of Lungotevere, and the screaming house-martins invade the sober precincts of the garden with their spring frivolity. And then, as swiftly as hope was stifled in the breast by the first *tramontana* last autumn, so it dies away again in the face of the enormity of Roman treachery. The armistice is over ; the siege once more begins.

It doesn't take the clouds long to realize that the time of seasonal unemployment has come round again, causing them to migrate hastily to safety beyond the English Channel, and with their departure, no friends remain to shield one from the baleful glare that there is no escaping. The narrow streets which only a month ago were so wet and friendly now loom wide and hostile ; every fountain mocks aching feet, and under the new harsh light every beggar assumes the terrifying imperiousness and glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner.

Any attempt to wander outside without the call of business is soon found to be sheer foolhardiness, and you quickly realize

that no course remains but to trudge back to Via Monserrato before your cassock bleaches or catches fire. Your goal is in sight when you are confronted by an eager lady with a camera, short sleeves and a brother in the Benedictines who claims to be from Hampstead and wants a snap of you in your Mary Quant hat framed in the College doorway. Effectively deceived by your hounded aspect and cheerless mumblings she scurries away,



in your Mary Quant Hat . . .

probably thinking that she got the procedure wrong and had better phone the Rector or the *Maestro di Camera* before she tries again. She would doubtless have been more mystified, bearing the short sleeves in mind, had she realized your trouble was the heat, so you leave her to go her puzzled way.

Safely inside at last, it strikes you that there things are, after all, little better than outside. The relentless walls and corridors only squeeze back at you from every side the heat soaked up from the sun in great gulps. All day long, and far

into the night, an endless line of haggard souls trails around the upper regions in search of a place of cool repose, but in vain. Windows cannot remain closed for ever, and the haze lurking patiently outside knows that soon it will have to be let in. You try a tap ; but it gives only a dull cough and an odd sucking noise that tells you it would be pointless to join the gloomy line of neighbours, towel in hand, waiting hopefully outside the showers.

So you wipe away the pools forming behind your ears, and look around for some way of passing the time. Work is out of the question. Two pages of the best modern thought available lie open on your desk, with the sum of your personal reflections scattered where your budgerigar left them after your last game of ping-pong football together, but it's no good : the old magic has gone. If only the tank were not so tepid and oily, you think, it might be worth going down the steps. As you flick the broken ping-pong ball expertly into the waste-paper basket, the bell for supper interrupts your musings. Supper turns out to be steaming hot, probably in response to last December's public meeting vote, and there is no cold water as the fridge is under the weather too.

Still, *nil desperandum* ; only another hour and seventeen minutes left till Compline, and then you can retire. When you arrive in your room an hour and thirty-one minutes later, it is to find that your two frantic blue-bottles have been joined by a particularly stupid moth. The day is just fading into fitful sleep when the contingent is strengthened by the arrival of a new, improved variety of mosquito . . .

The next day, rest assured, will afford little enough relief, and so the weeks toil past until it is time for examinations. Wherever the Bard learned that 'where the greater malady is fixed, the lesser is scarce felt', you realize that it was not in Rome during the sessionals. But the end is in sight, whether it is the ephemeral storm-born grass of Palazzola or England's pleasant pastures green. For a space there will be a distension of eyelids and sweat-glands. And then a new group of the great unwary, fed with travel brochures and Old Roman gossip, will materialise, while you, a hard lesson learned, a dear illusion shed, will show all your sagacity as you dismiss their question so naive, 'whether it gets very cold here', with talk of the Villa tank or next St Gregory's Day.

ANTHONY CORNISH.

NOVA ET VETERA

FROM 'THE VENERABLE' 40 YEARS AGO

'In the College Church Archbishop Palica, Vice-Gerent of Rome, held an Ordination for which there were 103 candidates, mainly from the North American College. This was the largest number in our history, and the prostration during the Litanies presented a real problem. However, the Master of Ceremonies concocted a scheme, whose practicability they proved by corporeal demonstration the preceding evening. As a result of this measurement rehearsal everyone was duly accommodated, the entire Sanctuary, the central space between the Stalls, and all the left side of the Church being paved with albed figures.'

CENTENARY OF THE COLLEGE CHURCH

'On February 6th, 1866, His Holiness Pope Pius IX laid the foundation stone of the present College Church. It was, however, not until 1888 that it was informally opened.' This is how the Obit Book sums up a project involving many of the eminent figures of nineteenth-century English Catholicism, lasting a quarter of a century and extending over two rectorships.

In 1861, Mgr George Talbot, for ten years a Privy Chamberlain and close friend of Pius IX, was appointed Delegate Pro-Protector of the College, and the first positive action towards rebuilding the church, ruined during the French occupation, seems to have come from him. The first appeal,



The College Church under construction, 1869. Surveying the work are Mgr Henry O'Callaghan (left), Rector 1867-88, and Mgr George Talbot, Pro-Protector of the College



ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME (?)

This photo appears in William Barry's *Memories and Opinions* (1926) with the caption 'English College, Rome'.
I am indebted to the Trustees of the College for 1970. See page 9.

signed by Talbot and the Rector, Frederick Neve, was issued on 1st January 1864, addressed 'To the Catholics of England, and of the whole Church, for the rebuilding of the English Church in Rome'. (There were also simultaneous appeals in Italian and French.) Naturally, Cardinal Wiseman lent his support to the appeal and headed a list of donors with a contribution of £150. He also secured a letter from the Sacred Congregation of Ecclesiastical Immunities, which gave a summary of the circumstances in which it was thought fitting to undertake this work of reconstruction.

Provost Manning, too, was interested. During a long sermon preached in the church of S. Carlo, and later published by Burns and Lambert, he proclaimed, 'It is a seasonable and excellent purpose to rebuild in Rome the Church of St Thomas the Martyr. We cannot gather up his dust from the soil of England, nor restore his tomb in the glories of Becket's crown at Canterbury, but we may give back to him his sanctuary in the Holy City. Of old, Pilgrims wore deep paths in the lanes of Southern England to visit Becket's shrine; now they will find him where he came to shelter, by the side of the Vicar of Christ. The ruin of the great revolution, which burst upon the opening of this century, destroyed his Church. We owe to him a reparation . . . also to our brethren of the faith in every land, especially in Italy. If there be a people who have sown wherever they go, and wherever their speech is known, the anti-Catholic spirit of hostility to the Holy See . . . it is we English.'

Many people in England, however, felt that greater reparation could be made by giving what money they could spare to the appeals constantly being made for charitable institutions, or for the building of churches and schools at home. As a result, the public appeal, and the numerous private letters addressed by Talbot to his wide circle of acquaintances, brought in a far feebler response than he had hoped for. Nevertheless, preparations went ahead and plans were drawn up. Pugin was commissioned, then dismissed (cf. *THE VENERABLE*, April 1928, pp. 340-44). Eventually, Talbot's Roman sympathies prevailed even in the matter of architecture, and the designs of Count Virginio Vespignani were accepted instead.

Two years after the first appeal enough money had been collected to allow work to begin, and on 6th February 1866 Pius IX, whom Talbot had interested in the undertaking, arrived to lay the foundation stone (the location of which

is not known). Other visitors at this ceremony were the Royal Family of Naples, several of the Roman nobility, numerous bishops and the General of the Jesuits.

The Pope himself gave £100, and work continued steadily for a while. But with the capture of Rome in 1870, building came to a standstill; the chapel was never completed, and was opened finally only in the winter of 1888 for the consecration of Dr O'Callaghan as Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. But that is a different story.

THE END OF ALL THAT

At a time when every Angle and Saxon due North of here is celebrating our most famous 'strategic withdrawal', even Rome must not allow the occasion to pass without meriting her own Mention in the Hastings Despatches. Eight years previous to the Norman landing, Ina's Saxon Hospice on the gentle spur of the Vatican Hill had sheltered Prince Harold. Piety and the prestige of the Apostolic Blessing were not his only reasons for making the 'Rome Journey'. He had travelled by way of Normandy in an attempt to sound the intentions of the Norman nobles. Invasion by William had been threatened for some time; would the barons lend the necessary support to the none too popular William, or would they respond to a request from Harold for aid should he need it? At all events, the Chronicler records that Harold satisfied himself that there would be no Norman attempt on England.

With the advantage of 900 years of hindsight, one cannot help thinking that had his Intelligence probes been a little more accurate we might not now be celebrating the last bridgehead the Continent was ever to make on our island coastline. The Normans finally restricted the travel rights of their new subjects, and so it was that the Roman 'Schola Saxonum' slowly fell into disuse. In a century which had welcomed to Rome not only Harold, but also Canute (1027), Macbeth (1050) and Thorfinn, the Norse Earl of Orkneys and Caithness (the Caithness of Shakespeare's play), we should remember that the most outstanding date was, besides being the beginning, also in many respects the end of '. . . all that'.

COLLEGE DIARY

THE VILLA

JULY 1st 1965, *Thursday*. The bus was late in the best Roman tradition, and grandly so, but every cage and *zimarra* was at last loaded and another Villa had begun. We were greeted on arrival by overtures from G. & S., then found out they were not for our benefit, but to sustain the work tempo of the excellent advance party. Even so, the sound told us we were back, and plucked a chord in older hearts that perhaps mystified those who had never stamped to a cachucha or decorated a bevy of Gilbertian maidens.

In the evening Fr Buckley entertained the time in the Common Room, turning it for a brief hour into something like the Salone . . .

2nd Friday. Fr Buckley's flying visit ended.

Rumour has it that in Rome the panels in the refectory are already out and destruction is afoot. Meanwhile at Palazzola the building looks like Palestine after the Israelite conquest: a flurry of sickles and a lawnmower, loot being tenderly carried to new tabernacles, and the High Priest on the cortile balcony watering the geraniums, as though to show the nomad it was time to put down his roots.

3rd Saturday. The name of the play was announced: *The Doctor and the Devils* by Dylan Thomas.

4th Sunday. The Senior Student and his Deputy went off to their priesthood retreat. No interest was shown when the writer tried to start a conversation at breakfast by affirming that yesterday's temperature in Palermo was 108° F.

5th Monday. Ear-ache is rampant, and not a swimmer but has his issue of cotton wool. The tank man disclaims all responsibility, pointing out that only Bottom Year seem to have succumbed, and it is suggested that if they had been brought up on M. of F. Orange Juice things might have been different.

July 7th Wednesday. The first member of the Hierarchy arrived this afternoon, and seemed not at all upset when informed that the Council would not be re-opening until September.

8th Thursday. What purports to be a bus timetable made an appearance on the notice-board, though Bradshaw, or even Wisden, would make easier reading.

9th Friday. Today saw the first cricket match on the new-mown Sforza, a twelve-a-side affair to help the analogy. But first a visit from the parish priest of Sermoneta to discuss the forthcoming 'Youth Camp'.

10th Saturday. The more enterprising of those at home last year found with dismay that *chips* are now served in a certain Rocca hostelry as an alternative to *pizza*; the fish remains unidentified.

11th Sunday. Congratulations to Mr Hollis and Mr Wahle on receiving the priesthood from Cardinal Heard.

In the evening a widespread fire towards Marino brought together a few observers to soliloquize on various historical and philosophical aspects of the phenomenon. Nero, Smithfield and 1666 were touched in passing, not to mention the other three elements, but no conclusions were arrived at.

12th Monday. First Masses, the lunch for the newly ordained, then coffee and *liquori*. The toast was again drunk on the terrace in the welcome presence of the ladies.

13th Tuesday. A busy and energetic day for the Rector, who opened the golf course, then tanked before moving on to partner Mr Standley against the Vice and Mr Dann on the tennis court. Experience prevailed over youth this time, though not easily. The Rector's shirt, which, he explained in an exclusive interview, was bought just before Utility clothes came in, was worn with a distinction that the Vice's beret and dark glasses could not match.

Fr Morris arrived today.

14th Wednesday. A gita day used by one select group to find a Roman wall under the garden. Further particulars of this will probably follow in the next issue.

15th Thursday. The opening day for rehearsals and for the study groups scrutinizing Romans on the Wiggery.

16th Friday. Today, we are reliably informed, was very *sciocco*-ey.

17th Saturday. A tuneful evening in the Morgue was rounded off by a Gibraltese tango from Fr Linares to the enjoyment of all.

18th Sunday. For some days now whispered conversations have involved many swimmers; today the voices were raised to mutters at least reinforced by a pungent message incised into the algae on the floor of the tank by our semi-resident member of the Hierarchy. The upshot was that on

July 19th Monday the tank was swept in the hope that the carpet would disappear. It didn't.

21st Wednesday. A snake seen on the Wiggery. This could have caused a duelling session had it not been added that it was four feet long and black.

At Benediction, the M.C. gave away his cassock and followed the service from the door, so perhaps Zalba's casuistry is not so improbable as some would have it: what would have happened if it had been judged situationally? (Replies to The Editor, *Clergy Review*.)

22nd Thursday. A swimming gala today, with all sorts of nice events to give everyone a chance.

24th Saturday. Tusculum Mass in wonderful weather, and enough food to last until the next meal.

26th Monday. Perhaps the Victorians were right in their assertion that the Englishman's home is his castle, but times have changed. This may explain that odd feeling of apprehensive eagerness, akin to that felt by generations of Ushaw men as they first enter the Venerabile, that was experienced by the expedition of ten, your diarist included, as they set off to taste a week of the real thing. The departure was scheduled for a gentlemanly hour, as befitted the occasion, but even this was treated with signorial disdain. At last, however, all was ready. A large farewell party was impressed to see records established in both the number of people and the amount of luggage fitted into the Rector's car. The other seven found places with their chattels in the Citroen. In spite of its being market day at Sermoneta, our arrival did not go unnoticed, and our trek through the town rapidly came to resemble the American advance through Sicily. A moat and two drawbridges later, we thought we had reached our haven, so we set about establishing ourselves in our apartments in the modernized wing, bright rooms decorated with drawings by Edward Lear. The hope, as it turned out, was forlorn. What had at first sounded like no more than a civilized conversation between two extrovert Italians in the courtyard below, grew in volume until it was clear something would have to be done: the inevitable had arrived. To restore order and dispense with formalities recourse was had to the curious expedient of shouting a seemingly endless list of names, the surname first, I realized sometime later. Anyhow, the remedy seemed to work, and this ability of things to turn out well persisted throughout the week. Moments to remember were a film in the night air about snow, a girls' school, and the Russian court that surpassed *The Victors* in forgettability; dear old *pallavolo*; the blessed relief of supper on our own; and the fact that nobody met Lucrezia Borgia on the stairs. What was done is recounted elsewhere; what was achieved is more difficult to assess. After five days, gruelling at times but worth all the effort, a temporary good-bye was said to all our new friends, and we returned on

July 31st Saturday to find that there are now nearly as many guests as students.

AUGUST 2nd Monday. The Rector seems anxious about the now regular appearance on the breakfast table of lettuce and carrots, freshly picked from the garden and when Alfredo's back is turned, no doubt. Someone feels like Peter Rabbit.

5th Thursday. *Our Lady of the Snows*. The second group have temporarily returned from Sermoneta, and witnessed the Rector celebrate for the first time at Palazzola, with the guests and the two new priests. After coffee and *liquori*, the tradition of lively tanking was if anything reinforced.

6th Friday. Today all seventeen who had been at Sermoneta went back to say good-bye. The Rector celebrated an evening Mass in a crowded church, and then in the castle courtyard there was a farewell supper and speeches all round. *Arrivederci* on both sides was heartfelt and sincere.

ANTHONY CORNISH.

9th Monday. Extraordinary scenes in the cortile as the whole College (it seems) set about making noises that on tape might give the impression of a busy market. Those not directly involved fled far and wide. Children from above were willingly roped in to provide the higher range human voices, but most of the animals we managed easily enough. Amazing what convincing noises some people can make.

11th Wednesday. Today officially we rehearsed in dresses, though nineteenth-century buttons and bows have been on view in the cortile for some time now. Spats with sweaters, bustle without bust, stovepipe hats and T-shirts give an oddly surrealistic effect to the mere onlooker. But today was more like tomorrow than it normally is. We even provided the dark by an intentional late start—an opportunity for the electricians, on whom this year much depends, to operate in their natural milieu. They impressively wheeled their arc-lamps and spotlights back and forth along the cortile balcony like film men on location, which was only suitable for a play that began life as a film scenario.

12th Thursday. Body-snatching in the cause of medical science, carousing in the less reputable Edinburgh taverns, prim dinner parties and proper class distinctions, murder, violence, drunkenness and more murder: the gentle tale of *The Doctor and the Devils* was told with biting wit and fine poetic imagery, and acted out before an appreciative audience that tonight included Miss Aeron Thomas, the author's daughter. Her natural charm and delight were very evident in her interesting comments after the performance.

August 13th Friday. Second showing, and improvement in small details makes us wonder what it might be like after a week of this . . . but I think we would rather not discover. A midnight curfew was publicly imposed to moderate the celebrations, but the government militia was not out to enforce it.

14th Saturday. How do so few people create so much litter? The refuse of human enjoyment, and with it the tangible memories of this year's production, were swept out of the cortile and into the past.

15th Sunday. Feast of the Assumption, and the traditional Rocca function. But not so traditional as usual. Such a profane event as the local cycling *Giro dei Castelli* was allowed to confine the procession to the small piazza in front of the church. Gone were the flying banners, the tottering Madonna, the marching band. And there weren't many tears.

16th Monday. The arrival of two Italian scouts caused some consternation, as at first sight they did not quite conform to the fresh-faced, clean-living image Baden-Powell had intended. They said they wanted to scour the property for Etruscan remains (we've heard that one before), and suspicions were further aroused when our resident expert assured us that their knowledge was very shaky even on the most elementary aspects of Etruscan potsherds.

17th Tuesday. It transpires that our suspicions were well-founded. They came again today to pursue their search, but soon developed an unhealthy interest in old ammunition finds near the Consular Tomb. Alfredo is certain they were rebels from Alto Adige, but if they are typical, Italy has nothing to fear.

18th Wednesday. Gloomy and overcast. It being papal audience day and also the day when our telephone completely gave up, we had an unexpected vision of a vast Alfa-Romeo long-distance coach juddering down the drive to disgorge a mob of colourful pilgrims from Nottingham, who immediately set to work on their picnic lunches in the garden. Has anyone worked out why the females so staggeringly outnumber the males on such trips?

At the same time, six diplomatic (the Rector hopes) students were being grilled about Vatican II by a reporter from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, complete with a portable tape-recorder. The distant thunder supplied a suitable conciliar background (shades of Vatican I).

19th Thursday. The annual trip to the Scots' Villa. For some, the path led via Grottaferrata where we found an Italian wedding Mass going on to the accompaniment of an emotional quartet—vernacular with strings. The Scots' cuisine staggered us with its refinement: and you really get food like this every day? The Scots' nuns also play squash, and there must be some connection.

August 20th Friday. The South beat the North at cricket. Everyone beat everyone else at whist in the evening. Reports coming through from Rome say that the College is in chaos, apart from the shiny new crested dinner plates reverently laid out in the sacristy.

21st Saturday. Cricket against F.A.O., and a flying visit from once familiar faces: the Pinders.

The pre-supper reading had an apocryphal aura—from Paul's Third Letter to the Corinthians.

22nd Sunday. An early walk for many up to the Madonna del Tufo for the annual function. Our usual place on the morning programme had been taken by a bishop, but our fasting stomachs suffered more than our pride. We eventually performed, having descended in haste from a veiled singing gallery which gave a fine view of the ceiling, and nothing else.

23rd Monday. Despite the mass departures for long gitas, the daily programme remains grimly unmoved.

26th Thursday. First Year set off for Assisi, making the very existence of Community Mass a theoretical affair; someone has to serve the guests' Masses, after all, don't they?

29th Sunday. The arrival of the hunting season was announced by what seemed to be an ack-ack across the lake. This proved, however, to be only a taster for a conflict, of wills not of arms, between vernacularists and Latinists at the 9 a.m. Mass for visitors. Latin won the day—this day, at least.

But the event of the morning was an impromptu gymnastic display by Mgr Laboa down at the tank. This pursuit he recommends for all sedentary workers in the Vatican. Mr Coughlan, however, has other ideas . . .

30th Monday . . . and reports on his first day's work for the Liturgical Consilium. We are all disappointed to find that it was really quite respectable after all.

The Rector says he is reading an article about seminaries so as to have some answers ready for the bishops. That's what he said.

No supper at the Villa tonight: the Superiors went to Enzo's, while the remnant of students decided that the Bersag would do for them. Almost a house function, it was.

31st Tuesday. A barbecue in the dark and windy garden. Fr Morris' chair collapsed, but foul play is not suspected. *Nasty* perhaps, but not foul.

SEPTEMBER *1st Wednesday.* A great and violent storm began, which went on into

2nd Thursday, when reports started coming in of vast chaos all over Italy. Small bedraggled groups began arriving back in the evening, glad to cluster round the Morgue fire in the failing light, and eagerly recount their individual tales of horror.

September 3rd Friday. All back, but the storm continues unabated.

4th Saturday. And on the fourth day the rain stopped, and the sun shone. Noah opened the window of the villa, and behold, he was on high land surrounded by a vast immensity of white cloud for as far as he could see. Some trigger-happy photographers went down to Rome to see the river—a boiling brown trench edged by excited crowds.

The rooms list for Rome is up. The new plan shows such a proliferation of showers and W.C.s and such hypothetical entities as a 'new Music Room', that we're beginning to wonder if it is the old V.E.C. at all that we're going back to. Or does it only exist in the Vice's imagination as yet?

6th Monday. The Council casts its shadow (or is it light?)—Bishop Dwyer arrives, and the Vice descends to survey the College.

7th Tuesday. The Sforza this morning saw the greatest display of energy this summer—the occasion was 'Sports Day'. The times recorded proved to be unbelievably near Olympic standard, until we discovered that the stop-watch was sticking. A sophisticated touch was added by the Rector's very mod smoking jacket: definitely first in the sartorial stakes.

The terrace this evening saw the greatest display of food of the summer—the occasion was Top Year Supper. The delights included soup, hot-dogs, hamburgers, *pizze*, blackberry pie, *zuppa inglese*, and the sight of the nuns hunting for herbs in the garden by the light of a small torch. Food for thought.

8th Wednesday. The Rector buys a new car—and makes it quite clear that lifts will not be forthcoming. Ideally speaking, the House needs some car or even a minibus of its own: until that merry day, we'll just have to be cadgers, I suppose.

9th Thursday. The first work party has already descended to Rome, while Bishops Rudderham, Grasar and Parker were today observed descending the drive in the Citroen—it must have been the speed that caused those grim expressions.

Bishop Dwyer's morning Mass produced a liturgical novelty worthy of the most esoteric Oriental rite—the celebrant solemnly and publicly changing from slippers to shoes while vesting, and all done, if I may say so, with great *insouciance*.

11th Saturday. A special evening prayer service for the Council, complete with readings from Corinthians I and Vatican II.

14th Tuesday. The opening of the last session of the Council and a general descent to Rome for the event. The novelty has long faded, but the interest remains, despite the usual never-ending type of Peter's function. The bishops' self-control must be very good, or perhaps their own interest was in fact flagging—anyhow, only one was observed to react visibly in any way at the Pope's announcement of the episcopal synod. But, on reflection, perhaps Runnymede was rather a dull place as well.

The day's events also provided an opportunity to survey the finally completed refectory. It proves to be very different from the old, something of an initial disappointment (students are in fact a very conservative lot), and indeed some traditional soul mentioned something about a high-class German beer house. However, first impressions are deceiving—after all, what did *you* think of the College on your first day here ?

September 15th Wednesday. Again proving that we are very conservative, a cam set out this morning on a horse gita. The horses and mules did not seem to encourage confidence, but the party was eventually forced into the saddle by public opinion. The highlight of the episode was the way the horse owner rocketed up the path past the rather sedate College party, with legs flying, on a three-foot high donkey. Shades of Sancho Panza.

Other conservatives went to Algidus.

17th Friday. Cardinal Heenan appears in the Villa refectory, as also does one of the most weird assortment of fungoid growths the Italian woods can ever produce. Everyone, including the sister cook, is disclaiming the distinction of being *pratico* in the art of separating the edible varieties—so we eat in anxious expectation.

18th Saturday. Xavier Rynne and a few bishops up for the day (on reflection—had he called them mugwumps yet ?). Also, the unexpected sight of Bishop Tickle and Mgr Clark chatting together outside on the terrace : for a moment, it could have been a vision of the past.

19th Sunday. The tank was surrounded by a bevy of bishops dressed in cassocks, frock coats and alpaca jackets—but not all on together.

20th Monday. An unforgettable glimpse in Rome of a rather fierce bearded Eastern prelate gliding along sucking a red ice-lollie. This *aggiornamento* is dangerous.

21st Tuesday. A visit from three capable nuns from Mondo Migliore, who had been anxious to see the Villa. One had just come from Japan where she had been teaching U.S. servicemen how to dive (into water).

22nd Wednesday. A gita down to the lake to swim, to eat, and to investigate again the extensive remains of a large Roman villa which extends for a quarter of a mile around the lake edge near the power station. There also seemed to be some kind of harbour, but the depths were too murky to find much. Roman rubble is tending to pile up in certain rooms in the College, anyway.

23rd Thursday. The ten-year-old son of our Rocca baker has died—from leukemia. The funeral took place this evening : the square and the church were packed to capacity—impressions of huge wreaths and a vast crowd going to communion. While the sun was going down over the *campagna* and painting everything purple and gold, our little procession wound out from the village to the 'village of the dead' in the cypress trees beyond, and the small coffin was lowered in as the glory of the baroque sunset gave place to the darker shades of evening.

September 24th Friday. The reluctant descent to Rome of those who will not be returning this year—the final working party. Dear old Palazzaghers, *antecamera del Paradiso*, and all that: beneath the coating of cynicism there is often a soft, chewy centre of sincerity.

The week passes by in a flurry of disorganized games with paint, and clearing up all the mess the disorganized games of the last lot have left.

30th Thursday. Everyone spruced up, the working party obediently files behind the Rector across the scrupulously guarded spaces of St Peter's for a Council Mass at which we were to supply the deacon, lector, acolytes and thurifer. One regretted that the uniformity of the Roman rite made it not immediately obvious as to the nationality of the *assistenza*. But when we came to the lesson and the first clear tones of leisurely anglicised Latin rose from the pulpit, Bishop Moorman, the Anglican observer, shot out of his seat and examined Mr McEvoy most intently: obviously from the same club. We were quite glad to be thrown out at the end of Mass—the atmosphere was getting quite stuffy, and how those purple people manage to work with all those clothes on will remain a mystery. Hans Küng was being thrown out at the same time because his *tessera* wasn't in order, so we felt in good company.

Not wishing to say good-bye to the Villa too finally, we all went up in the evening for yet another barbecue, this time with Enzo and Italian food much more in evidence. We were also graced by the presence of a New Man who has arrived rather *in anticipo*, but set down to the task of making himself an old Roman before the rest come with surprising relish. A bumper *Chi Lo Sa?* even managed to get him sketched an hour before publication.

ROME

OCTOBER 1st Friday. All to Rome, including a thinner and browner Mr McSweeney who has been on a language course in Germany.

4th Monday. A spring-cleaning spree up on the Monserrà in preparation for the innocent arrivals. Even the tiles were polished: not like it was in my day—all the dust, the rubble, the cracking plaster and the rickety furniture. They've never had it so good.

We also had a holy hour, which was meant to coincide with the Pope's visit to the United Nations.

5th Tuesday. The Rome Express disgorges a bewildered load of Beatle-haired, guitar-bearing Saxons. The Celts came by plane.

6th Wednesday. Yes, you'll need a biretta, *Liber*, umbrella, Greg bag; oh, and for the refectory the word is *ancora*.

October 7th Thursday. Bishop Dwyer's transfer to Birmingham is announced and his health drunk, while the bishops wait at the open refectory door for us to finish : it must be the only recorded occasion in his career that he seemed to be embarrassed and actually lost for words.

Our retreat begins under the gentle care of Fr Patrick Treanor S.J. from the Castel Gandolfo observatory. Our expectation of astronomical similes was not disappointed. For once, the retreat reading co-ordinates nicely : the life of Galileo Galilei.

8th Friday. Small loudspeakers appear in the refectory to help the reader counteract the resonances off the slatted panelling, and also the clatter of stainless steel dishes. It doesn't really help.

A few went along to the Bridgettines in the evening for a function in Swedish : judging from the responses to the prayers, though, there weren't many Swedes present.

9th Saturday. This *aggiornamento*ed retreat system is splendid—out for talks and walks every afternoon along the river bank and up in Pam. It releases the tension, reduces the puzzlement of First Year and gives a welcome breath of fresh air. Palazzola must have been ideal.

12th Tuesday. The gap in the diary doesn't mean that nothing at all is happening—even in the *foro externo*.

13th Wednesday. Out of retreat, glad to be out, but very happy with Fr Treanor's delightfully informal student's eye view on current problems. Both he and Fr Orsy joined in the concelebration which marked the feast of St Edward.

In the evening we saw the first film of the season, *The Man from Uncle*, which was supposed to be a parody of James Bond. Or was it ?

14th Thursday. The Welsh retired *en bloc* to the hills for the day. Meanwhile, a city-bound cam of First Year men started off in fine style bargaining with souvenir merchants in the Forum, stunning the Roman drivers with their light-footed skill on the roads, and actually managing to get lost on the way back. Much wagging of hoary heads at a judgement on such uppishness.

15th Friday. *Tutti insieme a Sant' Ignazio*—the Greg opening Mass, concelebrated and with a hot salvific sermon from Latourelle. We once more take up the old love-hate relationship where we left off.

An unusual scene at the College in the evening—a special reception for the non-Catholic Observers. The martyrs might have been surprised, but not half as much as some of their successors. Anyway, it was a great success, despite one strange conversation with a foreign bishop, which started on the assumption that he was a Catholic, changed midstream to Protestant when he began bringing out his opinions, then reverted suddenly to Catholic when he revealed his identity just before departure. You do meet them, don't you ?

October 16th Saturday. First day of lectures, with a day of rest to recover afterwards—*17th Sunday.*

18th Monday. Greg again ; yes, it was just as bad as I thought. Casting an anxious eye over one's store of goodwill, patience and energy, one takes up battle positions for another weary campaign.

An understandably subdued Public Meeting in the afternoon, whose only dramatic counter for the momentous and historic motions of previous years was a meek suggestion that we buy a stapling machine. It was defeated.

19th Tuesday. Bishops were observed in the garden being photographed, proudly draped over stone lions or coyly hiding behind rose bushes. It could almost have been a Sunday Colour Supplement in the making, or perhaps an ecclesiastical *Vogue* in preparation. Unfortunately, it was the former.

21st Thursday. After having lost almost four complete evenings to singing practices, we finally have the end product—a recording of two services for the BBC. The frayed tempers and the frustration were blown away in a monumental rough-house in the Common Room during circles. It's amazing how the taste for study survives at all amid the tribulation of Roman life ; must be the unconquerable spirit of man, etc. One starts off the academic year in a blaze of enthusiasm, which is immediately doused by the Greg, functions, concerts and the interminable trivia of College life. Much of this is necessary, of course, but the fight often seems unequal.

22nd Friday. A stray character from Barchester Towers observed in frock coat in the main corridor turned out to be Mgr Gilbey on a flying visit from Cambridge.

23rd Saturday. The evening's entertainment consisted of a Brains Trust composed of Archbishops Murphy and Dwyer, Bishop Holland and plain Father Worden, with Mgr Worlock to keep the peace ; he was obviously tempted not to keep his own a few times.

24th Sunday. Cardinal Heenan said Mass for his flock at San Silvestro, and addressed them and the TV cameras on the Missions.

26th Tuesday. The announcement of two new bishops. A vast and uproarious greeting for the embarrassed Mgr Worlock, and rather anxious enquiries about Mgr Fox—as it turned out, we needn't have worried. He's very ecumenical, says student. Sounds like a disease, retorts prelate.

28th Thursday. The system of optional gitas in addition to the House ones—amounting to one a month—is proving very popular. Monte Velino (8,000 feet) was finally conquered, after taking a car up a track to 3,000 feet. Quite enough for one day after all.

October 29th Friday. A somewhat surprising talk from Malcolm Muggeridge, full of the eschatological significance of Christianity—well that's what he really meant, anyway. To redress the balance, most questioners put up some very pointed Southbank-religion rejoinders afterwards.

31st Sunday. Feast of Christ the King. Ordinations to First Minors took place at the North American College, given by Bishop Reh, the Rector, who was ordaining over fifty of his own deacons at the same time. A simple, impressive service, most of which was in English, and very direct now in their re-orientated sanctuary. It turned out to be all Bishop Reh's idea after all; who'd have guessed?

The evening saw the presentation of *Topakape*. Higher quality had been promised in return for higher subscriptions, but it must be a bit early to notice the difference yet. It was only Peter Ustinov who gave us our lira's worth tonight.

NOVEMBER 1st Monday. All Saints. The concelebration presided over by Bishop Restieaux, it being the anniversary of his ordination. A particularly smooth and impressive ceremony, helped by the fact that it was done without pontificalia.

We finally managed to fit in the First Year speeches after lunch: sufficient to say that each speech contrasted violently with the individual image the speaker had managed to create in the College up to this point. It's amazing the effect an audience has.

To ring the liturgical changes, we had Solemn Pontifical Benediction in the evening, with gold vestments, the altar groaning under candles, polyphony, pontificalia, plus, plus. It was great fun.

2nd Tuesday. A more sombre concelebration presided over by Bishop Grasar, and, thanks to the Liturgical Consilium, without the catafalque. In the afternoon, a very profound talk by the young Abbot of Trier on Ecumenism.

4th Thursday. The official half-day gita prompted most to follow the magnetic attraction and end up at Palazzola, while some did Vellino again, and others just went to see a film (religious) in Rome.

5th Friday. The bishops return to Rome after their recess, some looking very sun-bronzed—it must have been the golf.

The Friday evening conference was given by the Rector, who really let himself go on the evil of unregulated nose-blowing, and ended his talk with this significant phrase: 'The future of Britain depends on you. It's a frightening prospect.' Interpretations are various.

6th Saturday. Marked by an extraordinary meeting of the Central Committee of Vita Nostra, at which four of the College were present, to discuss Fr Dhanis' plan to introduce an attendance control on lectures at the Greg. Vociferous protests all round, but there are hopes of a compromise. Read on.

November 7th Sunday. Ordination Day for Messrs Dann, Kelly and Kenney. Cardinal Heard as usual followed the Roman Pontifical with great fidelity.

8th Monday. A series of first Masses, each with a selection of harmonised hymns. The reception took the form of 'high tea' in the refectory. The ladies, I'm sure, enjoyed their now equal status, but we have yet to reach a satisfactory answer to the problem of combining refreshment and social intercourse.

9th Tuesday. The Magnificent Rector is said to have suggested as a compromise that all students undertake to attend 85% of lectures. The colleges who generally attend anyway are agreeable, while the Germans and South Americans, of course, are up in arms. But a feeling of impatience and disappointment is now pretty general. Watchman, how long the dawn? But we must admit it all adds some spice to going to the Greg these days.

11th Thursday. Twenty students went up to the Villa for an unofficial reception of the newly ordained and their families. It gave an opportunity for meeting in more informal surroundings.

14th Sunday. Another concelebration, and they do seem to be going from good to better now that the rubrical details are learned and have become a subservient part of what should be a Christian community experience. This morning the concelebrants were the Rector and all the new priests: a fine and fitting conclusion to their first week.

A team from H.M.S. *Eagle* was entertained with soccer in the afternoon, and with wine in the evening. Some, however, went to Propaganda for their production of *The Mikado*: definitely esoteric, with dialogue in Italian, songs in English, and a cast of all colours, shapes and sizes. It did, I must admit, create a certain nostalgia for our own G. & S. productions; and someone actually suggested a revival . . .

We had the Black Pope for supper, but we didn't eat him—neither did he us.

17th Wednesday. A Literary Society talk from a female dynamo called Sister Gabriel, a German nun from the Order of Our Lady of Sion. In addition to being the first woman speaker we've had since Barbara Ward thirty years ago, she stimulated us with a lively and often moving talk about Christian anti-semitism, supported by disturbing examples of Christian cruelty and blindness—some of them contemporary. She was quite the right person to say, 'But it's *wonderful* to live in a diaspora'.

18th Thursday. Reports that the Greg has decided to impose the lecture control after all. Reactions vary from weary acceptance to indignant hostility. Have they heard about Vatican II?

November 19th Friday. The politico-ecclesiastical wheels creak round to their logical conclusion : an anonymous letter appears scattered round the aulas this morning, complaining of lack of dialogue with the Greg authorities. Fr Dhanis meets the Vita Nostra Central Committee : the representatives dissociate themselves entirely from the letter, apologize profusely, but say that the majority of students certainly agree with the sentiments therein expressed. At which Magnificent Rector himself expresses genuine astonishment and incredulity.

20th Saturday. A brave and intrepid Fr Dhanis suspends first lectures (eloquent indication of the gravity of the situation) and addresses the whole University on the 'troubles'. In a rather tense atmosphere, he declares his sincere goodwill towards the students ; changes are in fact going to come quite soon in increasing the biblical and pastoral orientation of the courses, and the educational method will move towards a more personal emphasis ; but the control is still coming in. Only a big man could have done it : and he did it well. He created rather than received a respectful reception. The Bastille is safe for another day ; the problems, however, remain.

On the home front, the Vice-Rector finds himself a Monsignor.

21st Sunday. A stunning, volcanic, apocalyptic conference from Fr Barnabas Ahern on the theme, A priest is only a good priest in so far as he is first a mature man and a holy Christian. Very probing, very tough, but I'm sure highly beneficial.

23rd Tuesday. A forty hours function for some at Santa Caterina. One John Bull was buttonholed afterwards by a cocky altar-boy about his pronunciation of '*Questo è il mio cane*' : the quicksilver reply was '*Ma tu sei Romano—io sono Napolitano*'. Collapse of junior party.

24th Wednesday. The Matricola Concert at the Greg in the afternoon. The College once more strove hard to live up to its image, by putting on top-hatted aristocrats, good imitations of pretty females (doing the Charleston), and a clowning policemen's chorus (from *Pirates*). The strange fact is that most of the other colleges' items were more polished and sophisticated than ours, but hardly any was as popular. Perhaps the English vocation is to find expression through farce and satire, and leave more rarefied flights of cultural endeavour to other nations. I write as a Welshman.

November 25th Thursday. A flurry of pen and paper as most of the House prepares its well-weighed criticisms and suggestions for the Greg : they have been asked for by Fr Dhanis. Most contributions follow the usual horribly-familiar lines, but the final symposium is quite positive, containing as well the suggestions of the theology tutor and a synopsis of the Robbins report on English universities. *Speriamo bene.*

The evening saw an extremely enjoyable Philosophers' Concert, bearing a heavy load of messages directed at various parts of the Establishment, while still remaining within the bounds of decency, just. After all, satire is the English forte . . . What happened after the Concert had better stay out of print.

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1965

FIRST YEAR (plus) SONG

OLIVER'S HALF-HOUR

Messrs Dean, Healy and Marsland

RADIO VATOLINE PRESENTS

Roman Stereophony : Messrs Hadley, A. Murphy, Nichols and Strange

Hymni sine fine : Messrs Joyce, Kitchen, McAndrews, Morgan and Nichols

Workers of the World : Messrs Atthill, Berndsen, Burke, Cooper, Guest and Rodgers

True Blue : Mr Kitchen

WHY DO THE ENGLISH ?

Messrs Hadley, Laird, McCurry, Morgan, A. Murphy, Rodgers and Strange

THE BRAINS TWIST

Messrs Carroll, Cooper, Healy, Holroyd, Joyce, Koenig, Laird, McCurry, Pitt and Rafferty

DONNA

Mr Burke

JAMES POND, AGENT 0.07

Messrs Battle, Carroll, Convery, Corbishley, Dean, Holroyd, Healy, Larkman, Marsland, McAndrews, Pearce, Pitt, Rodgers, Sanderson, Strange and Williamson.

General Producer Mr Atthill

26th Friday. A bumper Nig auction which realized the fantastic sum of L. 200,000, due in large part to the generosity of the bishops and to an ebullient auctioneer. It made the Nig-man so self-satisfied that the remainders went for free.

30th Tuesday. A classic example of the officially-regulated day. Today the notice-board contained announcements that catered for every spare minute from 3.30 p.m. to supper : sermon classes, schola practice, Eucharist talk, liturgy talk, scripture study groups, choir practice and theology tutorials. All good and necessary, of course, but there is the little question of an S.T.L. . . .

DECEMBER 1st *Wednesday. Feast of the College Martyrs.* Oh, day of doom and judgement—the clouds of wrath were unsuspectingly hanging over our heads all day, or perhaps lurking in the kitchen. The concelebration went well. The *pranzone* went well, too. But three hours later miserable individuals could be observed all over Rome vomiting into gutters. There was even a mass exodus from a talk on the Real Presence, which caused some doubt about student orthodoxy (it was a *very* orthodox talk), until the episcopal bench joined in the rush too. All from poisoned peas, carefully planted in the succulent shrimp antepast. One feels a certain sympathy for Cardinal Bainbridge that never really existed before. Anyway, most of the twenty-five students and three bishops who lay restlessly in bed that night suspected that death would have been a welcome release. Despite the chaos, the disinfectant, and worse, the festal film went on, *Bridge Over the River Kwai*. I don't really feel capable of giving an objective judgement on it, as my house job (infirmarian) and a touch of the plague myself were keeping me rather busy that night.

2nd *Thursday.* Some were persuaded to face the world again, and a penitent Madre set out special 'light diet' tables in the refectory.

3rd *Friday.* The last of the food-poisoning victims are struggling to their feet as the first victims of an influenza epidemic are retiring to their beds.

4th *Saturday.* Ten in bed with flu now—and the arrival of a stainless steel fish tank on wheels which delivers piping hot food to the sick. Not quite by itself, but it looks as though it should. (This is getting rather like a medical bulletin.)

5th *Sunday.* After supper in the Common Room a presentation of Meriol Trevor's *Life of Newman* to Bishop-Elect Worlock—or should it have been 'Father-Elect'? Father Restieaux smiled but didn't comment.

We were proudly done by today too, with the broadcast of one of our recorded services for the BBC, and the appearance of that issue of the *Sunday Times* Colour Supplement. Makes you wonder if it's the same place they're talking about.

7th *Tuesday.* A day of divided loyalties: a few went to Naples for the Italy *v.* Scotland soccer match, while other few went to St Peter's for the promulgation of the final Council decrees. A vast sigh of relief is breathed out quietly over the roof-tops of Rome.

8th *Wednesday.* High Mass concelebrated by twelve English bishops at the central altar in the main chapel: and very moving it was, for all concerned. Four years ago, who would have thought this scene was possible. With today's Mass too, concelebration has reached its ultimate in respectability: this session it started off as a rather self-conscious morning event for a bishop or two and some *periti*, but the group has been expanding all the time, and not always the same faces, either. Today was a fitting climax.

The actual closing ceremony of the Council in St Peter's Square proved to be rather an anti-climax: too long and badly timed—more than half the crowd had left before the finish.

December 9th Thursday. The ebullient daily group of expansive and enrobed prelates in the bottom corridor was today replaced by a quiet gathering of rather elderly clergymen waiting with their luggage.

10th Friday. Fr Burke, Cardinal Heenan's secretary, has been sent to the Blue Nuns with appendicitis—which makes a pair: Fr Elliott, the Archbishop of Southwark's secretary, is already there recovering from the same thing. Perhaps it is one of those occupational hazards . . . ?

11th Saturday. It is all as if the Council had never been. Ghastly thought.

12th Gaudete Sunday, though Madre can't have noticed it: she seems to have withdrawn the usual Sunday *dolce*.

13th Monday. A new student arrives—from Poland: a priest doing post-graduate work in Rome. The Rector suggested in advance that an approximation for his name would be 'Stan'. So Stan it is: but Stan denies that it's even an approximation.

14th Tuesday. The Greg Rector receives a copy of our suggestions, declares himself delighted with their positive character, asks many questions, and orders a copy of the Robbins Report.

15th Wednesday. A Literary Society talk by Mr M. Carota, an American who is encouraging Catholic families (well, that's what they said: I wasn't there). We were invited to go to Malta this summer and help with a building programme—but no one committed himself.

16th Thursday. A large selection of hearties to out-of-the-way mountains shows that a revival of walking gitas, which began about eighteen months ago, is still going well. The nuns decided they preferred a bus, and they went to Cassino with the Vice-Rector. He took his rosary.

19th Sunday. Well, Cambridge may shudder, but we Roman Catholics had a service of Seven Lessons and Carols. The Beda and the College sang, and sometimes the congregation as well. Although only an experiment it seemed very enjoyable, and appropriately seasonable.

20th Monday. Under the threat of dire canonical penalties if he didn't (according to the Vice), the Rector has departed for a three-day retreat.

21st Tuesday. The Vice-Rector gave the House a talk on the financial situation of the College—*problema perenne*. Most of the servants are to go, and instead we are getting women to do the house cleaning (what price *clausura* now . . . ?). The College is to be rapidly rebuilt on the money we get from the Top Villa (we hope), and there are money-raising schemes for future years. The Three Year Plan will demand heroic economy and sacrifice from the faithful stackhanovites, but, brothers, what a glorious future—for our successors. We ended up with what might have been called, in the old days, a rules talk.

22nd Wednesday. Last day at the Greg for 1965, and the usual international carol concert—our contributions were rather limp.

23rd Thursday. The Rector returns from retreat and immediately says an English Mass on one of our two Latin Mass days. It's amazing the influence these Jesuits can have.

An unusual guest at the evening singing practice was a young Danish Lutheran student who is studying at the Greg and is interested in every single part of College life—including those parts we lost interest in years ago.

December 24th Friday. More Christmas atmosphere in the College this year than I can ever remember—even the individual corridors are blooming with lights and holly. We missed the sung martyrology, though, which always seemed to set the tone (but not too high) for the feast. Its fate is said to be necessarily the same as that of the said martyrology, which seems a pity.

Flexing our liturgical muscles, we started at 10.30 p.m., and finished at 2 a.m.—only to recommence straight away with carols until 3. *Amor, non clamor, sonat in aure Dei* (from an old monastic psalter : and they should know).

25th Saturday. Christmas Day. Rising to find breakfast all ready, we could take the option of a second Mass, and then proceeded to High Mass. After a suitable interval, turkey and plum pudding followed, but none of the celebrated shrimp antepast—a passing sorrow, for the resulting meal seemed decidedly more balanced. The panto made the evening, and included among its curiosities and delights a sprung stage-coach. All a great success, with a vast number of songs for everyone to join in.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, 1965

'CINDERELLA'

<i>Cinderella, wench and heroine</i>	.	.	John Koenig
<i>Baron Oliver Dither, stepfather and wicked</i>	.	.	Bernard Kenney
<i>Jacketta, one half of the ugly sisters</i>	.	.	Dominic Round
<i>Rose Budd, the other half</i>	.	.	William Pitt
<i>Buttons, laugh a line, gent</i>	.	.	Francis Fallon
<i>Grand Chamberlain Tonsilitis, catching</i>	.	.	Vincent Nichols
<i>Joe Loss, henchman</i>	.	.	Anthony Dodd
<i>Dead Loss, brother henchman</i>	.	.	Michael Corley
<i>Lefty, a one-armed bandit</i>	.	.	Richard Ashton
<i>Toeless Joe, too quick on the draw</i>	.	.	John Murphy
<i>Prince Charming the Alarming, hero, B.A. Oxon</i>	.	.	Francis Pullen
<i>High Mortadella, aunt to Prince, B.O. Roma</i>	.	.	John Joyce
<i>Big T, Flashbulb Brown</i>	.	.	Charles Pilkington
<i>Cancelleria, Bart, weight and see</i>	.	.	Michael Farrington
<i>Beethoven, von Fairy Ludwig</i>	.	.	Terence Rodgers
<i>J. Morris, the Vicar</i>	.	.	Fairy
<i>Synonymouse</i>	.	.	John Fox
<i>Anonymouse</i>	.	.	Michael Poulter
<i>Brush</i>	}	<i>Fireside Companions to the Prince</i>	John Fox
<i>Shovel</i>			Michael Poulter
<i>Tongs</i>			Anthony Convery

<i>Oxfam (French), a hungry Ox</i>	.	.	Patrick Egan
<i>Trotsky, the long-distance Runnersky</i>	.	.	Spencer Pearce
<i>Marks</i>	}	<i>Chinese Crackers</i>	.
<i>Spencer</i>			
	.	.	Spencer Pearce
<i>Madre Macree (Irish)</i>	.	.	Gerard O'Connell

Director of Music : Brendan Howling

Producer : Wilfred McConnell

December 26th Sunday, Boxing Day, and of course yet another High Mass. We could almost do it all in our sleep now ; perhaps we do. A mammoth film in the evening, providing both spectacle and psychology, *Lawrence of Arabia*.

27th Monday. Everyone is practising for plays or going to see other people's : including a rather didactic one at the Irish College about the Easter Rising, but they were quite nice about it.

28th Tuesday. A day of wonder : nothing public happened.

29th Wednesday. Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury. Not the gargantuan spread of past years, but just as welcome, if not more so.

In the evening, the second of our Christmas productions hit the stage, *One Way Pendulum*. It stunned, beguiled, puzzled, all at the same time. Being accustomed already to the theatre of the absurd by many a College concert, it wasn't hard to laugh, but I had the uneasy feeling that I was missing quite a lot ; the serious side, as the author said, was 'just above the sump, and difficult to get at'.

'ONE WAY PENDULUM'

A Farce in a New Dimension

BY N. F. SIMPSON

<i>Kirby Groomkirby</i>	.	.	.	Patrick Berndsen
<i>Robert Barnes</i>	.	.	.	Anthony Jones
<i>Mabel Groomkirby</i>	.	.	.	David McGough
<i>Sylvia Groomkirby</i>	.	.	.	Paul McAndrews
<i>Aunt Mildred</i>	.	.	.	Stephen Dean
<i>Myra Gantry</i>	.	.	.	Michael Healy
<i>Arthur Groomkirby</i>	.	.	.	Fred Martin
<i>Stan Honeyblock</i>	.	.	.	Daniel McHugh
<i>Judge</i>	.	.	.	David Standley
<i>Policeman</i>	.	.	.	Kieran Moss
<i>Usher</i>	.	.	.	John Marsland
<i>Clerk of the Court</i>	.	.	.	Timothy Williamson
<i>Prosecuting Counsel</i>	.	.	.	Philip Holroyd
<i>Defending Counsel</i>	.	.	.	Thomas Cooper
<i>and three weighing machines</i>				

Produced by Anthony Cornish

December 30th Thursday. Another evening of shocks: a brutally powerful film about a military prison during the war, *The Hill*. It stimulated blasé reminiscences from the ex-servicemen, and gave the rest nightmares. Fortunately, the Rector didn't see any disciplinary measures he felt like copying.

31st Friday. A rather heavy evening session: *Te Deum* at San Silvestro, followed by an increasingly respectable 'qualch' there, followed again by a buffet supper at the College, and this followed immediately by the ambiguous delights of Fair Night. And the wine consumption actually went up—which might have accounted for the difficulty in throwing First Year out this time; or perhaps they just hadn't read the rules.

JANUARY 1st 1966, Saturday. Concelebration again at the central altar, which is staying up until the Epiphany: its presence certainly seems to bring the main chapel to life.

In the evening, our most serious play of the season. This sad reflective tale seemed to go down surprisingly well, thanks to an imaginative production and a receptive audience. Anti-theatre writing produced, not for the first time, a decidedly dramatic effect.

'MARCHING SONG'

BY JOHN WHITING

<i>A Man</i>	John Guest
<i>Harry Lancaster</i>	Tony Battle
<i>Dido Morgan</i>	Spencer Pearce
<i>Matthew Sangosse</i>	Philip Carroll
<i>Father Anselm</i>	Joseph Moore
<i>Catherine de Troyes</i>	Roderick Strange
<i>Rupert Forster</i>	Timothy Firth
<i>John Cadmus</i>	Clyde Johnson
<i>Bruno Hurst</i>	Adrian Hughes

Produced by Brian McEvoy

2nd Sunday. Madre must be in a penitential mood again—no *dolce*.

3rd Monday. We are getting back to normal with a vengeance. Today's events included: the disappearance of the long central table from the refectory, and the migration of the Superiors to the garden wall: just wait until the ants start getting them. The arrival of the long-awaited teams of Amazon labour, who began at once to scour the upper corridors: efficient indeed, but rather inhibiting on student dress. The removal of the three side altars from the Monserrà aisle of the main chapel: they have been given away to charity—definitely a Good Work.

January 5th Wednesday. An optional gita day, and many made the effort to blow away the accumulated alcohol and tobacco fumes—well, the tobacco fumes, anyway.

6th Thursday. Feast of the Epiphany. We can't be unconventional all the time, so today we put on an old-time farce. Not surprisingly, it proved to be some people's favourite: which just goes to show what a built-in resistance to education can do.

'THARK'

BY BEN TRAVERS

<i>Hook</i>	Anthony Sanderson
<i>Warner</i>	Peter Kitchen
<i>Cherry Buck</i>	John Hadley
<i>Lionel Frush</i>	Vincent Brennan
<i>Mrs Frush</i>	Peter Morgan
<i>Sir Hector Benbow, Bart, M.F.H.</i>	Graham Dann
<i>Ronald Gamble</i>	Peter Burke
<i>Lady Benbow</i>	Terence McSweeney
<i>Kitty Stratton</i>	Christopher McCurry
<i>Jones</i>	Nicholas Coote
<i>Whittle</i>	Peter Corbishley

Produced by Peter Kirkham

7th Friday. What do we find when we return to the Alma Mater but the event of the century: the Trins have modernised their habits. The future can now hold no further surprises: the permanently unchanging have themselves given in to progress. *O tempora, O mores.*

CLYDE JOHNSON.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

At the risk of vamping the Diarist's work (cf. November Diary), we can record a most significant University year, 1965-66. Clarity began at home, and we welcomed Fr Christopher Budd on to the College Staff as Theology Tutor. Significantly, the title of *ripetitore* has been discarded and with it its overtones. On the University barometer little change was registered in October. Scripture studies have now been re-arranged to cover the four-year course: Fr Rasco lectures to First and Third years together on the Synoptics, while Second and Third years share lectures in Old Testament Exegesis from Frs Bernini and Moriarty. Fr Fuerst relinquished *De Novissimis* to Fr Pozo. By the close of the last Council Session, the conciliar documents were being used on this side of the river as regular source material for most subjects. Equally symptomatic of the times, Dr F. Ayd, the noted American psychiatrist, was co-opted on to the regular academic staff to lecture in Problems of Pastoral Psychiatry. He is the University's first lay lecturer.

It is a more delicate task, however, to record the atmospheric conditions in the University. Much of the criticism which must inevitably accompany such an account is already being rendered as anachronistic as the system against which it is directed. With the end of the Council we knew that a syllabus overhaul was due. Information failed to filter down and this lack of public relations suggested that the lesson learnt from the 'secret' First Session of the Council had not been taken to heart in all quarters. Heat and a certain mistrust was engendered which, by a better psychological approach, might have been avoided. It took the *Felices Culpa*e of the threatened attendance-control and the anonymous letter to bring work on University reform into the light of day. Student contributions were invited, and both Staff and students of the College proffered their own separate papers. A board of professors meeting almost every day has been working for some time upon the proposed changes.

Overdue emphasis on lectures, itself the result of historical circumstances and a certain mental outlook, has been an obvious failing. But the basic problem to be tackled is the lack of co-ordination and even mere social contact between the University and the Colleges which in four centuries have clustered to form its Campus. Fr Dhanis has deplored the situation and holds that the individual Colleges are as much to blame for this as is the University itself. Besides the larger Colleges, smaller independent houses have become legion, thereby increasing the difficulties of any co-ordination which may have been mooted in the past for outside of

the lecture hall. Consequently the latter has come to be of paramount importance.

Change therefore is certainly due in October. Exactly to what extent, the next writer in this column will chronicle, although it would not be out of place to outline the expected reorganisation. Latin is partly to be replaced by the main modern language groupings. Minor courses will become optional, in some cases perhaps even eliminated, while the overall number of lectures is to be reduced. Eventually, smaller study groups are to take the place of the battalions which at present assemble in the lecture-halls. Still a very moot point seems to be the concurrence of Philosophy and Theology right through the seven years. A further problem to be faced is the different purposes for which students are sent to the Gregorian. Fr Dhanis expressed surprise on hearing that the English did not regard the post-graduate course as the *logical* and *necessary* conclusion to the course in Rome. It is hoped to gear new courses in Liturgy and Pastoral Problems to the needs of those embarking on a mainly pastoral mission.

Finally, official recognition may soon be given to the Tutors in the individual Colleges. National blocs will presumably share their facilities as already do the Americans and British. Tutors will become an integral part of the University structure rather than a mere compensation for linguistic difficulties. In the smaller houses, suggested the Dean of Theology, University professors left redundant by the new syllabus could provide tutorial staff where this may be lacking.

Academically it has been a difficult year, *inter saxum sacrumque*, knowing that the present working system stands condemned and yet inevitably having to see it out to the end of the year. This perhaps more than anything explains the feeling aroused by the proposal to check lecture-attendance. The promised changes will be realised only gradually, but at last there is being allayed that frustration which has beset those who have had to find a working solution compatible both with consciences and expediency inside the system.

The Students' Organisation, that dragon without teeth, is passing its milk stage. Three members of the College on the Central Committee took an active part in *Affari Interni*; a reception for new students, the *Matricola* and a Pilgrimage to Subiaco all formed part of the regular year's work. Half a million *lire* was collected from the Aula Magna for India, and the year of social activities draws to a close with a rare enthusiasm being shown for the Presidential elections. In its final issue, the magazine of the Organisation promises to publish both a letter from Fr Dhanis explaining the proposed changes for the coming year, as well as an interview with Mgr Garrone, the new Pro-Prefect of Seminaries, on the subject of a modern ecclesiastical University. The outlook here in the Organisation is promising, and in the light of the past year it seems that it will soon fulfil its rightful role as the channel of public relations between staff and students.

JOHN F. FOX.

COLLEGE NOTES

RENEWAL IN THE WISEMAN

It says much for the spirit of *aggiornamento* in the Church that it has penetrated even as far as the Wiseman Group (*née* Society). Having recently fallen on leanish times, it became necessary to rethink the role of the group within the College.

With regard to the potential 'audience', it seemed that the major attitude to be countered was not so much one of apathy as considered lack of interest in the rather academic fare which had been the staple diet of the group over the last few years. Moreover, as far as the potential writer of a paper was concerned, the pressure of studies at the Greg has made it increasingly difficult for any single member of the College to give a paper whose thought, though profound and complex, has been sufficiently well assimilated to be put across in a readily intelligible manner to an uninitiated audience. But these difficulties loomed small in the face of the more basic problems of Space and Time. At the moment, a College society must function in the three-quarters of an hour between supper and Compline; and though this time is sufficient to begin a discussion, yet it seems not to be enough to complete one (if that is ever possible), nor even always to get to the central points at issue. Readily granted 'extensions' have eked out the time, but have served to sweeten the pill rather than remove the malady. The difficulties presented by the problem of space are equally critical. The smoking ban in the library, the unsafe floor in the Music Room, and a glaring lack of amenities in the North-West have meant that the most daunting task of the promoters has been begging, borrowing and stealing chairs. With the College penniless, it seems that they must be prepared to be daunted for some years to come.

The main aim of the organisers was quite simply to promote the value of talking—or communication on problems of immediate relevance to the

priests-to-be in the College. Communication, communion and community, are three very 'in' words perhaps, but nevertheless they denote a vital human reality whose existence depends on a flow of ideas within the nascent community. Of prime importance, therefore, will be discussion, which begins where agreement leaves off, and where disagreement among members of the community can be articulated. Discussion, however, must be initiated by informed introductions on relevant topics. If possible, each person present should expound and so identify his point of view, for talking or verbal argument reveals most clearly the limits and strengths of one's own opinions. It need not necessarily end with neatly-packaged conclusions, though each should have seen the crucial principles involved in the discussion, and the modifications to be made to his own position in the light thereof. Discussion in the group has so far covered such topics as prayer and an evaluation of popular song ; the meaning of meaning and the role of the priest in the modern world ; pornography and censorship ; folk-song ; nonsense and absurdity and big-city down and outs. Next year we hope to treat of Catholic education, celibacy, nuclear war and Christian pacifism, the Church and politics, etc.

Sociological theory states that the size of the group best adapted to communication is as small as five or six ; for each is then forced to make some contribution sooner or later. Larger groups (10-15), however, may be the only practicable way of working, and a large group (of say 50) may be necessary to provide a pool of ideas from which discussion in smaller units can arise, and must, if communication is to be viable and a community of individuals be formed. Those who attended the Wiseman can perhaps see how far the above aims worked out in practice.

TONY BATTLE, PETER CORBISHLEY.

ARCHIVES

Two years ago the archives were forced to flee from their traditional abode before the combined forces of gravity, which was threatening to bring the ceiling down, and the Vice-Rector, who was bringing the nuns up. Thus it came about that for eighteen long months the archives dwelt in the wilderness of the third library—to which cause any dearth of historical articles in recent issues of *THE VENERABLE* should be attributed. Now, however, the Promised Land has been reached. This is a small room overlooking the nuns' cortile, accessible now from the second library thanks to a door made last summer through the Oriental section (*pace Wiseman*) ; too late, though, to save several archivists and numerous volunteers from exhibiting that love of learning which alone could sustain the spirit when the body was faced with a multitude of weighty account books to be carried up a flight of stairs, along a corridor, and down another flight of stairs to a destination only feet away from the point of departure.

So once again work can progress. The two archivists are currently engaged in sorting into *Scrittura* envelopes the various loose papers, mostly of the nineteenth century, which have never been properly scrutinized. Work is also going ahead, so we are assured by those who have assumed the tasks, on the Canadian Agency papers, the Howard letters, the Stonor papers, and on Bishop Ullathorne's connection with the College. Preliminary work is being done on Bishop Giles (for a possible addition to the 'College Rector' series). We also hope to cover the times of Archbishop McIntyre, but for this latter period, 1913-17, we have probably less information than for any other since the foundation of the College. We have no diaries or letters, the scrapbook was not kept up, and even the hebdom book 1907-20 (the only one missing since 1818) and the *Iuramenta Alumnorum* 1911-19 were never put in the Archives. The archivists, therefore, would be extremely grateful for any information whatever on this period: letters, diaries, photographs and personal reminiscences will all be acknowledged, and they would be published only with the express permission of the sender.

ANTHONY LAIRD.

RUGBY

If there weren't any College rugby, some enthusiast might get the idea that there ought to be and begin making routine enquiries about organising some. Within a week he would probably abandon the project as impracticable. He would realize that regular house games are out of the question; we have no pitch of our own and would have to survive on the generosity of the Roman clubs, whose internal politics are so complicated that one just cannot keep up with whom one should apply to for permission next—and pitches for our own games would be unobtainable unless we could offer some form of exhibition game against a British touring side. He might then investigate the transport situation. He would discover that *Acqua Acetosa* lies on no bus route that comes anywhere near this part of Rome; enquiries on the *Capellar* into the possibility of hiring a lorry would finally come to nothing; and he would be reduced to bargaining with coach firms for a reasonable price for an afternoon's hire. The best he might get would be L. 5,000-6,000 a time, and a few calculations would soon show him that with about fifteen games a season, rugby would be running him (or the College) into annual debt of some L. 20,000—always presuming he could remember to collect L. 150 each trip from players and spectators alike (there comes a point at which higher fares mean diminishing returns . . .). He would be a foolhardy man to continue.

However, there is a rugby team in the College, and certainly there is plenty of interest. The new men produced a fine crop of good, keen players, thus enabling us to field more often a completely College XV. It has been a satisfactory season, better and certainly more enjoyable than the bare results would indicate. Out of a total of 13 games, we have won 5, lost 7

and drawn 1. The pack has kept up the high standard of recent years, and our own set of backs have played some fast, open football. One of the best games was against our old friends Marina Militare at their new ground out on the Viale di Tor di Quinto; a hard fight earned us a 12—0 victory. The game against B.E.A. was played in wet English conditions which seemed to favour them rather than us (exiles too long), and we just lost 3—6.

Once again this year Lazio sponsored a Christmas Tournament, and we went into the Final against Propaganda College after beating Rugby Roma 12—3. The Final was certainly the best game of the season: it was notable especially for the speed, size and skill of the Prop backs who scored a total of 23 points; the fighting spirit of the College side managed to keep Prop down to a mere 5 points in the second half, while going over the line once ourselves.

Our one House game was a lively affair between Philosophy and Theology, the latter including several veterans of past seasons. The Philosophers had the edge in a most enjoyable match (rugby at its coarsest) and won 14—3. Almost the last fixture of the season was a lunch at Frascati.

The following played for the College this year: Messrs P. Berndsen, P. Browne, P. Burke, P. Carroll, A. Convery, N. Coote, P. Corbishley, A. Dodd, T. Firth, J. Fox, M. Healy, J. Koenig, A. Laird, D. McHugh (*Captain*), D. McGough, J. Marsland, J. Moore, J. Murphy, V. Nichols, G. O'Connell, C. Pilkington, M. Poulter, J. Rafferty, D. Round, A. Sanderson R. Strange and A. Toffolo.

CHARLES PILKINGTON.

SOCCER

Football this year has been most enjoyable. With fine support and enthusiasm from the new men, house games have nearly always been played with full numbers and at a much higher standard than in previous years. Realising that we are not outstanding footballers, we have tried to concentrate on teamwork, understanding and genuine united effort, and the overall result has been very satisfactory. Our games have been played with great spirit and it has only been the lack of that final punch in front of goal that has prevented us from scoring much more often.

The opening game of the season was a 'farewell' match for Les Perkins of the British Embassy. In the last few years he has done much to hold the Embassy team together, and he has become a great friend of the College. This game was also notable in that Michael Corley, back in Rome for Canon Law studies and promptly elected captain for the season, scored his first ever goal for a College team.

This year we have twice played teams from the Royal Navy: on the first occasion we met the Dartmouth Training Squadron (drawn 1—1), and on the second we went down to part of the Malta Fleet (1—2). Each

time the sailors came back to the College after the game for tea and the normal Common Room hospitality.

Another memorable occasion was our day at the German College Villa. Although the football match in the morning was not so successful (lost 1—4), we had a marvellous lunch and a most enjoyable afternoon. Similarly, after playing in Rome against a team from Testa di Lepre (won 3—2), one of the Pamphilj farms, we played the return game at the farm itself which is situated some 30 kilometres north of the city. This game ended in a draw (1—1), and a fine reception followed. This fixture was kindly arranged for us by Don Frank Doria.

Last year we had played for the first time against the Boys Town of Rome and won by the odd goal in seven. This year we went out to the Town again, but were beaten 2—3. These visits were made possible by Mgr Carroll-Abbing, and provide another example of how we have been able to combine our football with an opportunity of meeting Italians of our own age and so open new friendships which we hope will continue in the future.

This year's Scots match, played at Acqua Acetosa, did not quite work out as planned. In fact it reversed all our expectations to the tune of a 4—0 defeat. The Scots have a strong team and it certainly rose to the occasion. This, I think, gives a more or less complete picture.

Other fixtures this season have been against Propaganda College (won 2—0), the British Embassy (won 4—1), the Ukrainian College (lost 3—5), the North American College (won 2—1), the Beda (won 5—2) and the Holy Ghost Fathers (won 2—1). In all, we have won 8 games, drawn 4 and lost 5. The following have played for the College during the year : Messrs A. Battle, V. Brennan, P. Burke, P. Carroll, A. Convery, P. Corbishley, M. Corley (*Captain*), J. Guest, J. Joyce, J. Kelly, J. Lowe, P. McAndrews, T. McSweeney, J. Marsland, J. Moore, P. Morgan, J. Murphy, P. Nealon, V. Nichols, D. Payne, T. Rodgers, A. Sanderson and T. Williamson.

VINCENT NICHOLS.

PERSONAL

THE VENERABLE

Editor : David Standley
Sub-Editor : C. Acton
Fifth Member : C. R. Strange

Secretary : Daniel McHugh
Under-Secretary : S. Pearce
Sixth Member : P. Morgan

We welcomed the following new students into the College in October, 1965 :

Into Third Year Theology : Patrick Egan (Westminster).

Into First Year Theology : Charles Acton (Westminster), Patrick Browne (Shrewsbury) and David McGough (Birmingham).

Into First Year Philosophy : Patrick Berndsen (Cardiff), Peter Burke (Shrewsbury), Philip Carroll (Hexham and Newcastle), Anthony Convery (Westminster), Stephen Dean (Arundel and Brighton), John Hadley (Nottingham), Michael Healy (Clifton), Philip Holroyd (Leeds), John Marsland (Salford), Joseph Moore (Cardiff), Anthony Murphy (Liverpool), John Murphy (Westminster), William Pitt (Liverpool), Terence Rodgers (Lancaster), Anthony Sanderson (Middlesbrough) and Timothy Williamson (Portsmouth).

Revv. Michael Corley (1957-64) returned for further studies in Canon Law, and Peter Purdue (1958-65) to begin a new course at the Biblicum. We were pleased to welcome also the Rev. Waclaw Swierzawski, a Polish priest from Cracow who is studying English at the Venerable and Liturgy at San Anselmo ; he is joined there by the Rev. Peter Coughlan (1958-65), who is combining academic studies with practical work for the Liturgical Concilium. Rev. Michael St Aubyn (1955-62) has moved into residence at the German post-graduate house attached to Santa Maria dell' Anima.

It is with great pleasure that we welcome the Rev. Charles Burns, sometime *alumnus* of the Scots' College and now working full-time in the Vatican Archives, as an additional confessor.

Congratulations to the Revv. Kevin Connolly, John Gannon, John Harrison and Peter Storey (all 1934-41), who celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their priesthood in March this year; and to the Very Rev. Thomas McKenna and the Rev. Gerald Hiscoe (both 1934-41), who marked the same occasion in June. Our good wishes also to the Rev. Richard Inledon (1950-57) on his new appointment to Fisher House as Chaplain to Cambridge University.

We offer our congratulations to the Rt Rev. Mgr A. Clark (1938-45) on his promotion to the rank of Domestic Prelate, and to the Very Revv. Canons T. Lynch (1926-34) and T. Walsh (1940-44) on their appointment to the Chapter of the diocese of Portsmouth.

It is with deep regret that we record the death on 7th December 1965 of Abbot Aidan Williams o.s.b. (Titular Abbot of Shrewsbury). He had been a friend of the College for many years, and his familiar figure will be greatly missed all over Rome. May he rest in peace.

We were very pleased to be able to welcome the following guests who stayed with us for some time at the Villa, 1965 :

Rt Revv. G. Dwyer, Bishop of Leeds (1926-34) and C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33); Rt Revv. Mgrs J. Kelly (Leeds) and J. Laboa (Cong. of Rites); Very Rev. Mgr W. Clark (1934-41); Revv. K. Abram (Westminster), J. Brand (1958-65), A. Brown (Oscott), M. Buckley (1947-51), M. Cooley (1955-62), J. Corcoran (Shrewsbury), P. Coughlan (1958-65), G. Creasey (1955-62), P. Cunningham (1955-62), A. Daley, F. Daley (Hexham and Newcastle), L. Dumbill (1955-62), R. Fox (Leeds), J. Kennedy (1949-56), M. Kirkham (1946-53), B. Linares (1954-63), A. Lear (Hexham and Newcastle), J. McNamara (1952-59), H. McManus (1946-53), J. Molloy (1933-44), H. Morris o.s.m., C. Murphy-O'Connor (1950-57), B. Nash (1954-61), M. O'Leary (1937-44), H. Parker (1955-62), J. Pledger (1936-43), G. Richardson (1955-62), A. Russell (1951-58), M. Tuck (1957-64), and J. White (1955-62).

During the Fourth Session of the Second Vatican Council, we were again honoured to be hosts to most members of the Hierarchy. The following is a list of all guests who were resident in the College for the session :

His Eminence Cardinal John Heenan, Archbishop of Westminster (1924-31); Most Revv. G. Beck, Archbishop of Liverpool, C. Cowderoy, Archbishop of Southwark, G. Dwyer, Archbishop of Birmingham (1926-31) and J. Murphy, Archbishop of Cardiff; Rt Revv. D. Cashman, Bishop of Arundel and Brighton (1933-39), J. Cleary, Tit. Bishop of *Cresima* (Aux.

Birmingham), E. Ellis, Bishop of Nottingham (1916-23), B. Foley, Bishop of Lancaster (1931-38), W. Grasar, Bishop of Shrewsbury (1931-38), T. Holland, Bishop of Salford, J. Parker, Bishop of Northampton, C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33), J. Rudderham, Bishop of Clifton (1923-27) and G. Tickle, Tit. Bishop of *Bela* (Bishop-in-Ordinary to H.M. Forces) (1928-35).

Rt Revv. Mgrs L. McCreavy (Hexham and Newcastle) and D. Worlock (Westminster); Very Revv. Mgrs A. Clark (1938-45) and H. F. Davis (Birmingham); Revv. G. Burke (1953-60), J. Elliott (Southwark) and W. O'Brien (Birmingham).

We were pleased to welcome also the following members of the Hierarchy who came fairly frequently during the session to meetings and meals in the College :

Rt Revv. J. Cunningham, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle (1939-43), C. Grant Tit. Bishop of *Alinda* (Aux. Northampton), T. Pearson, Tit. Bishop of *Sinda* (Aux. Lancaster) (1928-34), J. Petit, Bishop of Menevia, B. Wall, Bishop of Brentwood, and W. G. Wheeler, Tit. Bishop of *Teudali* (Coad. Middlesbrough).

The Hierarchy, with the College, welcomed the following guests during the session :

Their Eminences Cardinal Bernard Alfrink, Archbishop of Utrecht; Cardinal Augustin Bea S.J.; Cardinal Joseph Beran, Archbishop of Prague; Cardinal Achille Liénart, Bishop of Lille; Cardinal Leo Suenens, Archbishop of Malines-Brussels.

Their Graces Archbishops P. Cantero Cuadrado (Saragossa), I. Cardinale (Tit. *Nepte*, Apostolic Delegate in Great Britain), J. Cordeiro (Karachi), A. Fernandes (Tit. *Neopotrasso*, Coad. Delhi), M. Gonzi (Malta), D. Hurley O.M.I. (Durban), M. Olçomendy (Malacca-Singapore), T. Roberts S.J. (Tit. *Sygdea*), B. Torpigliani (Tit. *Malliana*, Apostolic Nuncio in Guatemala and El Salvador) and G. Young (Hobart).

Their Lordships Bishops P. Birch (Ossory), J. Black (Paisley), R. Boisguérin M.E.P. (Suifu), W. Bouter M.H.M. (Nellore), H. De Cocq (Tit. *Acque di Bizacena*, Vicar Apostolic of the Cook Islands), P. Dery (Wa, Ghana), J. Essuah (Kumasi, Ghana), N. Farren (Derry), J. Field O.P. (St George's, Granada), M. Forst (Dodge City), M. Foylan (Aberdeen), A. Galvin M.H.M. (Tit. *Lete*, Vicar Apostolic of Miri), M. Gonzalez Martin (Astorga), J. Gran O.C.R. (Oslo), J. Hagan C.S.SP. (Makurdi), W. Hart (Dunkeld), J. Healy (Gibraltar), C. Helmsing (Kansas City, St Joseph), V. Hines (Norwich, Conn.), D. Herlihy (Wexford), A. Katkoff M.I.C. (Tit. *Nauplia*), V. Kennally S.J. (Tit. *Sassura*, Prefect Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands), J. Kyne (Meath), A. MacFuly (Raphoe), E. Maginn (Tit. *Curio*, Aux. Albany), A. Mathias (Chikmagalur), J. McGee (Galloway),

S. McGill (Argyll and the Isles), H. Murphy (Limerick), W. Philbin (Down and Connor), W. Power (Antigonish), J. Rodgers s.m. (Tit. *Sbida*, Vicar Apostolic of the Tonga and Niue Islands), P. Schoenmaeckers (Tit. *Acarasso* Aux. Malines-Brussels), F. Sheen (Tit. *Cesariana*, Aux. New York), D. Stuyvenberg s.m. (Tit. *Dionisiade*, Vicar Apostolic of the Solomon Islands), R. Tracy (Baton Rouge), G. Van Velsen o.p. (Kroonstad), D. Vendargon (Kuala Lumpur) and J. Whelan c.s.sp. (Owerri).

Right Revv. the Abbot of Trier and B. C. Butler o.s.B. (Abbot of Downside).

Right Revv. Mgrs P. Casey (Westminster), O. Cocchetti (Cong. of Rites), A. Gilbey (Cambridge University), A. Iggleden (1933-40), J. Laboa (Cong. of Rites), Canon S. Monaghan (Lancaster), Canon J. Mostyn (St Peter's), U. Murphy c.p. (Prefect Apostolic of Bechuanaland), A. Ryan (Down and Connor), Canon R. L. Smith (1922-29) and P. St Onge (Norwich, Conn.).

Very Revv. Mgrs J. Arrighi (Secretariate for Christian Unity), W. Baum (Kansas City), J. Fitzgerald (Superior General of the Paraclete Fathers), F. Frayne (Liverpool), Canon F. Holdright (Leeds), Canon B. Kershaw (Lancaster), Canon A. Rivers (Westminster), and P. Strand (Southwark).

Revv. B. Ahern c.p., A. Andrew o.f.m., M. Bowen (1952-59), R. Brown (Westminster), B. Doran (Nottingham), M. Grace (Liverpool), P. Hamell (Maynooth), A. Harris (Liverpool), P. Hebblethwaite s.j., W. Hughes c.ss.r., F. Hodson (Lancaster), B. Ivinson (Lancaster), P. Jones (New Zealand), J. Lang s.j. (Secretariate of Christian Unity), C. Leatham i.c., B. Loftus (1952-63), L. Marteau (Westminster), A. Mitri o.m.i., P. Mullins (Westminster), F. X. Murphy c.ss.r., R. Neumeyer c.s.sp., G. O'Brien s.m., L. Orsy s.j., N. Postlethwaite c.p., W. Purdy (1928-35), F. Rice (1948-55), M. Said o.p., V. Smith o.s.a., M. St Aubyn (1955-62), G. Slater a.a., G. Tavad a.a., H. Van Straelen s.v.d., F. Walker s.j., J. White, H. Winstone (Westminster).

Messrs A. Bartlett, K. Billington, D. Brown (*Sunday Telegraph*), T. Burns, D. Cape, G. Chapman, Don Frank Doria, J. Douglass, B. Dunne, P. Farley, Professor Finberg, J. Howlett, Sir G. Hulton, P. Keegan, T. Knowles, A. McElwain (*Catholic Herald*), G. McDonald (B.B.C.), Dr N. Moynihan, M. Muggerridge, G. Noel, R. Nowell, Baron Poswich, Dr Rosenberg, P. Smith (B.B.C.), N. St John Stevas m.p., N. Tomalin (*Sunday Times*), J. Walsh, J. Walton (*Daily Telegraph*), M. Williams (British Minister to the Holy See), A. Winkley and D. Woodruff.

The following Observers attended a reception held in their honour at the College on 15th October :

Very Revv. Archimandrite Maximos Aghiorgoussis, Rector of the Greek Orthodox Parish of Rome, and Archimandrite Andrew Scrima, personal representative of His Holiness Patriarch Athenagoras to the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity (Ecumenical Patriarchate of Constantinople); Very Rev. Archimandrite Nicodeme Galiatsatos, Dr

Theodore Mosconas and Dr Vasso Canavatis (Greek Orthodox Patriarchate of Alexandria); Very Rev. Archimandrite Joan (Bulgarian Orthodox Church); Very Rev. Saliba Shamoon (Syrian Orthodox Church); Rev. Dr C. Eapen (Syrian Orthodox Church of India); Rt Rev. Bishop Karekin Sarkissian (Apostolic Armenian Church); Very Rev. Archpriest Igor Troyanoff and Prof. Dr Serge Grotoff (Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia); Rt Rev. Bishop Thomas Mar Athanasius (Mar Thoma Syrian Church of Malabar, India).

Rt Rev. Dr John Moorman, Bishop of Ripon, Revv. Canon B. Pawley, Canon J. Findlow, Dr E. Fairweather, Dr P. Day, Dr J. Lawrence (Anglican Communion); Rev. Prof. Haggen Staack (World Lutheran Federation); Rev. Dr Wolfgang Dietzfelbinger (Evangelical Church in Germany); Revv. Dr Albert Outler and Dr Harold Roberts (World Methodist Council); Revv. Dr Douglas Horton and Prof. Ralph Hyslop (International Congregational Council); Dr William Blakemore (World Convention of Churches of Christ); Prof. Douglas Steere (Friends World Committee for Consultation); Prof. L. Van Holk and Rev. Dr A. Cramer (International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom); Rt Rev. Pereji Solomon (Church of South India); Rev. Dr Lukas Vischer and Dr Nikos Nissiotis (World Council of Churches); Rev. Frank Cuttriss (The Australian Council of Churches); Revv. Pastors Max Thurian and Roger Schutz (Community of Taizé); Revv. Dr Oswald Hoffmann and Dr Walter Wolbrecht (Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod); Rev. Dr William Norgren (National Council of the Churches of Christ, U.S.A.).

OBITUARY

THE REVEREND BERNARD CUNNINGHAM

On Monday evening, 7th February 1966, after a grievous affliction patiently endured for many years with exemplary resignation, Father Bernard Cunningham gave back his soul to God. It was the anniversary of his mother's death.

Born in Lancaster in August 1906, Bernard first went to the parish school of St Peter, and from there, in 1920, he went to St Joseph's College, Upholland. In 1927 he entered the Venerable, and after the usual course of studies at the Gregorian University he gained his degrees in Philosophy and Theology. He was ordained in the English College chapel by Cardinal Marchetti Selvaggiani in 1934, and soon after returned to his own diocese of Lancaster, serving the people of God in Preston, Blackpool and Fleetwood.

Now began the great priestly work of his life. What he did for his 'sailor boys' (as he called them) when they came up from Naples 'on pilgrimage' was but a foreshadowing of the arduous and heroic work he was destined to do for them later. Early in the war he volunteered and became a chaplain in the Royal Navy, serving with great devotion in far-eastern waters. His great love for sailors was evidently God-given and remained with him throughout his life.

In 1949 he was invalidated home from Singapore with cancer of the larynx. He spent three years in and out of hospitals, but his spirit was always cheerful as he struggled to regain his strength and learn to speak again. Bishop Holland, himself a naval chaplain, writes of him: 'I guessed he was the chaplain at Trincomalee (Ceylon) when some of the ratings described the idiomatic, punchful sermons given at the cathedral Mass for sailors—and sure enough it was "Ham"'. One of his "submarine boys" told

me recently that his sermons then were just what the sailors wanted.' After his stay in hospital he went to the Mission House in Brondesbury Park. He was very sad on the day his name was removed from the Navy List.

Returning to his diocese he went to a little chapel at Knott End, near Fleetwood, and for over ten years until his death, this little flock was helped and gladdened by his priestly life in its service. Then almost a year ago the hand of God gave him a still heavier cross to bear. He was unable to speak and unable to eat. He could not say Mass or receive Holy Communion, yet regularly every morning he unlocked his little church and gave Holy Communion to his devoted people.

On 6th February this year he returned once again to Knott End after yet another visit to hospital. His condition had so deteriorated through the long journey from London that he was given the Sacrament of the Sick; he lingered for almost twenty-four hours, until at length God called him to Himself. Bishop Foley sang the Requiem, and he was assisted by 'Ham's' two priest nephews, Frs Tom and Gerard Deakin.

May he rest in peace.

JOHN SLATER.

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