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The Holy Father during the celebration of the Mass in the College Chapel; 6th December 1979.

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EDITORIAL

In choosing 1579 to found this college, Gregory XIII has given the initiative to much of the writing within these pages. Not only have the Quater-centenary celebrations provided much of the content of this issue, but much of the interest in The Venerabile—and some very valuable contacts with Old Romans—have produced the fruit of these articles.

It is very hard to re-capture the particular flavour of last October and December; to pin it down on paper is far from easy - perhaps in years to come some writer in his reflections published in a future Venerabile will set us all vividly recalling our own particular experiences of the 1979 celebrations. Perhaps we are still too close in time to distil the special flavour; perhaps we at the College find it difficult to distinguish the particular feelings of the celebrations from the innumerable other events of that year - for only together do they form our experiences of 1979, not seperated one from the other.

Having surveyed innumerable copies of The Venerabile of recent times, with a view to discovering the purpose and content of an editorial, I discovered that during the past two decades editorials have consisted of apologies for the past, and hopes for a flourishing future, in equal proportions. This having been the main intention behind this present offering, I refrain from saying more than that several serious articles have already been promised for next year's edition, and I leave the present — far from perfect — issue to offer what it can, trusting that those who detect shortcomings and omissions will be charitable - or better still, raise their pens, and taking paper and ink, convey their ideas for the future appearances of this magazine.

The cover illustration is of the College Quater-centenary Medallion by David Renka, commissioned for the 1979 celebrations.

LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS JOHN PAUL II

To Monsignor George Adam Hay
Rector of the Venerable English and Welsh College
in Rome

On the happy occasion of the Thanksgiving Mass being celebrated to mark the Fourth Centenary of the foundation of the Venerable English and Welsh College, I am happy to extend a cordial greeting to you, and through you to the staff, to the students both present and past, to the Sisters, to all who work for the College, and to the members of the Hierarchy of England and Wales who have come to Rome to share in this anniversary.

For more than two centuries before Pope Gregory XIII founded the College, the site in Via di Monserrato had housed the English Hospice, which welcomed pilgrims to the See of Peter, and therefore the English and Welsh presence on this spot has continued, with two brief interruptions caused by war, for no less than six hundred and seventeen years. It has been a presence marked by hospitality based upon the love of God. And also after the house was transformed into a house of studies, the institution has continued to reflect that same hospitality: a welcome given to those who, wishing to answer God's call in their hearts, have been sent by their Bishops to the centre of Christendom, in order to prepare for the priesthood and to give themselves entirely to the spiritual good of their brothers and sisters in their native land.

In the times of persecution, responding to the divine invitation involved danger and even death. Forty-four of the College's former students witnessed to their faith by shedding their blood.

Such days are long past, and the present College is happy to welcome the visits of members of the other Christian Communions; such visitors have included, among others, successive Archbishops of Canterbury.

As you think about your past history and look with hope and resolve towards the future, I wish you to know that I pray for all of you. I pray especially for those who are now studying for the priesthood, that you may be generous and persevering and may fulfil the hopes placed in you. May your

life in Rome ever strengthen you in love of God and faithfulness to the ideals set before you. May the Holy Spirit fill you with zeal, so that all your activities may be inspired by those words of Jesus that form the College's motto: *Ignem veni mittere in terram* (Lk 12:49).

And may all of you who are sharing in this jubilee be confident in the protection of Mary, Mother of Christ and Mother of the Church. May you, who come from a land for so long called her Dowry, always experience her loving care.

It is with these sentiments that I send to each of you my Apostolic Blessing.

From the Vatican, 26 September 1979

Joannes Paulus PP.II.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

*Lambeth Palace,
September 1979*

My dear Rector,

The Quater-centenary of the Venerable English College will give joy to the many Anglicans who have received its gracious hospitality. I remember with affection the two occasions when I, and those with me, were warmly welcomed into your community.

There has never been a time when the Venerable English College has forgotten that its predecessor the English Hospice was founded precisely to be a home for English pilgrims in Rome. That tradition has been consciously continued by the College and I believe it to be providential because no dialogue between Christians of different traditions can prosper until there is personal encounter, friendship and trust. The presence of Anglican ordinands in your midst at this moment is a vivid example of this necessary precondition.

It is only from a position of mutual love and trust that we can look calmly at the mutual persecution and recrimination of the past. And this must be done, for a true ecumenism is not one which ignores the history and tradition which has moulded us. Mutual forgiveness is Christian, but mutual forgetting is cheap and makes penitence and forgiveness irrelevant. Whether our spiritual ancestors suffered at Tyburn or at Smithfield we can rejoice together with "so great a cloud of witnesses." I think we can go even further and recognize that the convictions for which the martyrs died have behind them truths which we are slowly and painfully discovering to be not wholly irreconcilable.

Our hope for unity does not therefore mean disloyalty to the past, though it does mean a sifting of that which is essential to Christian faith from that which is transitory. It calls for a striving to see those essentials of faith in Christian traditions other than one's own. I commend this striving to Anglicans and to Roman Catholics. May this search for reconciliation be close to our hearts, as it is to the heart of our Lord.

I rejoice with you in your celebration and offer my prayer for your future and our unity.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

Donald Cantuar
Archbishop of Canterbury



THE FOURTH CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OCTOBER 1979

The Fourth Centenary *fiesta* was one of those unique occasions when past and present telescope into one. The places and manners which we have in common drew together different generations of Venerabilini, until we felt we could say of the College and its life: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

I remember seeing Mgr Atkinson of Lincoln, a *nuovo* of 1919, sitting on a bench in the garden talking to a *nuovo* of 1979. Although he was telling of a vanished Rome, of oxen drawing great barrels of wine into the City over the dusty roads of the Janiculum, and of the *villegiatura* at Palazzola in 1920, the bond between the generations was obvious. The College and the Faith it exists to serve broke down the walls of time so effectively that one felt there would not have been much problem if the "Forty Four" themselves had materialised to share in our common feast.

More recent generations were not forgotten. Venerabilini of each decade since Mgr Atkinson were there. Men who remembered Hinsley and Godfrey, the exile at St Mary's Hall, the Rome of the *dopo guerra*, and the Holy Year of Pius XII, mixed with those who were in College when today's students were being born in the 1950s, and indeed the 1960s!

On two occasions especially, it seemed to me, were we caught up and joined to the whole history of the College. One was at that Office of Readings when an extract from Gregory XIII's Bull of Foundation was read. Of course the language of the Bull was a bit rich for our sensitive, late 20th century palates, but for all its florid wording, I found it deeply moving to hear: "We turned Our loving attention to the Kingdom of England: this once flourished with great wealth and concern for the Catholic Faith, but is now devastated by the dreadful taint of heresy which has seized almost the whole Kingdom... moreover, there appear frequently before Our eyes young men who have fled here from that wretched Kingdom, and have been led by the Holy Spirit to abandon their country, their families and possessions, and have sorrowfully offered themselves to Us to be instructed in the Catholic religion in which they

Bishop Murphy-O'Connor presiding at Mass at the Altar of the Chair, St Peter's Basilica, during the October Celebrations.

were born, with the aim primarily of ensuring their own salvation, but also so that once instructed in the knowledge of theology they might return to England to enlighten others who had fallen away from the truth..." *Plus ça change...*

The other, and lighter, occasion when I felt a peculiar sense of common identity, not this time with our predecessors but amongst ourselves, was during Bishop Clark's speech in the Refectory on the evening of that same day. As he spoke to us, and for us, about our common feeling for this place, and the mark it leaves on us, such that we can always call it "home", many sad and happy memories ran through our minds, and we understood what he was saying and knew why he had said it. *Loquebatur vinum*, I hear the cynics say; but I reply *in vino veritas*.

Places too, not only words, drew us together. As Old Romans explored the recesses of the College one heard, "Mine was the last room before the bend in the corridor" or "I lived here when we came back in 1946" and "Wasn't there a kind of outdoor passage leading to the Monserrà corridor?", or even "I can remember that bell being rung, you know." How many of our number, as they sat in the improvised Common Room Bar, could remember the cry of "Any six!", and the dash for the door over the very spot where they now sat sipping some italianate beverage such, perhaps, as a College cocktail?

Nor was the Villa forgotten. In the last days of September, many of the Old Romans got to know Palazzola and each other again, so that the centenary spirit was well established by the time they came down to the City for the celebrations. The day *gita* to Palazzola, at which the Rector presided at Mass, gave everyone the chance to renew acquaintance with that splendid prospect across Lake Albano to Castel Gandolfo, the Campagna and the sea beyond.

The reception at the Greg and the talk by Fr Carlo Martini S.J. on the University's present activities recalled another element of the English Roman life. I imagine the Greg Profs of an earlier generation would have appreciated such a display of *pietas* towards the University, albeit some of the details of their courses were by now remembered a trifle vaguely.

Fr Michael Williams gave us a talk on our own history. His book *The Venerable English College, Rome* written with the occasion of the Fourth Centenary in mind, brings together more of the College's story in a single accessible volume than we have ever had before. In his talk he cast light on what had, for me at least, been the dark subject of the College's survival as an institution through the Napoleonic period. Such a triumph of continuity through a hard time was surely an appropriate thing to celebrate on a fourth centenary.

Unified in sentiment the celebrations may well have been, but how were so many bodies to be brought together, housed and fed and welcomed? Once upon a time I heard someone airing the idea that present students would all move out to Palazzola for the *fiesta* and old boys would occupy the College and the Bridgettines next door. Even this expedient however would not have got

all the Old Romans within our walls. The Casa Pallotti, with its unsuspected myriad rooms, solved our problem. Members of the episcopal bench were happy to find that there was, in the event, enough room for some of them in the Salone.

The usual routine of a College meal, propped comfortably against a wall of the Refectory was, alas, one of those elements of College life that could not be recreated for all. The Nuns' excellent food was there as it always had been, even in the memory of the oldest of our number, but it had to be eaten out of doors, by the fish pond, around the tank, or on the odd bench or step in the garden. Can this have been deliberate policy, designed to remind us that the garden was as old as the martyrs though the College itself had been rebuilt? *Chi lo sa?*

Mass and Office in College for the innumerable celebrants was made possible by removing the benches in the church for the occasion and replacing them with chairs in a diamond shape, the altar remaining in the midst. Concelebrations of such giant proportions went as smoothly as could be expected in unfamiliar surroundings. The voices of so many priests joining in a chorus of prayer was simultaneously unfamiliar and very impressive, and the numbers in attendance at Lauds were certainly the best in College history!

The Masses we celebrated in the churches of the City were for many the highlight of the *festas* as well as the most powerful manifestation of the unity of purpose and sentiment among Venerabilini old and new.

First of all we were at St Peter's, Bishop Murphy - O'Connor presiding. So long was the procession of priests winding its way into the Basilica, that its head reached the Altar of the Chair just as its tail reached the sacristy door. It seemed suitable that we should begin at the beginning by gathering at the tomb of the *Princeps Apostolorum*. None of us, after all, would have been in Rome, nor would our College, had this obscure Syrian fisherman not come into exile here for the sake of the Gospel; an exile more alien than that of any Venerabilino.

The next day Bishop Alexander presided at San Lorenzo in Damaso. Besides the closing ceremonies of the *Quarant'Ore*, the College has a thousand parochial links with San Lorenzo. Don Augusto Cecchi, the *Parroco*, is pleased to number the College and its saints among the famous places and people within the bounds of the parish, and made a kind and characteristic *intervento* at the end of Mass thanking us for having come. It is fitting to recall that Don Augusto has the edge on us in terms of centenaries; the parish of San Lorenzo had already reached its twelfth when St Ralph Sherwin arrived in Rome.

The Mass of Thanksgiving for four hundred years of College life was celebrated here by Archbishop Bowen. His sermon adverted again to the See of St Peter as a constituent element in the origin, history and present existence of the College, as of the Church at large. Through four centuries the College has worshipped in the Church of St Thomas of Canterbury, the present church

occupying the same site as the mediæval one. It struck me during that Mass as not such a bad thing that Count Vespigniani's splendid chancel and apse were never built, and that the Martyrs' Picture gazes down on us from the same place as it did on most of the Martyrs themselves and on the four centuries in between.

"Love to be unknown" was one of St Philip Neri's maxims, but his name could not be forgotten on our fourth centenary. The Mass at the Chiesa Nuova presided over by Archbishop Worlock, let us recall our link with the 'Apostle of Rome' and sometime neighbour. The lightness, air and space of the Vallicella made even our large concelebration seem calm, cool and dignified.

These were Roman churches known to us as to our predecessors. There, on our fourth centenary, we worshipped where we had before and where they had before us.

In a way it would have been nice if the Holy Father had not given a visit to the United Nations priority over one to the V.E.C., but we all accepted the fact that the Pope's schedule was extremely crowded. Despite headlines in certain sections of the English Press which might have given a different impression, Pope John Paul had never in fact been able to promise us a visit at the time of the centenary celebrations. His good will towards the College and his awareness of the Quater-centenary were later to be amply demonstrated by a very successful and happy visit on the 6th December. On that later visit the Pope admired his bust, cast in bronze by Dr Arthur Fleischmann, which Bishop Konstant had unveiled during the October celebrations.

The centenary dinner and concert in the Refectory was worthy to be compared with any Martyrs' or St Thomas's Day *pranzone*. For the occasion, the Refectory had been remodelled on unaccustomed lines and a piano and various lamps introduced. The feasting was worthy of so rare an occasion and the roast pig, borne in state through the Refectory wearing a purple *zucchetto*, gave an appropriately raffish ecclesiastical air to the proceedings. The songs which followed, some old, some new, and one written that very morning, made for a jolly feast that night while recalling half-forgotten things and carrying forward a long tradition.

These recollections are what remain of the *fiesta*, these and the mass of unorganised private memories; chance encounters with old faces and with faces one never knew to exist, visits to *trattorie* and to old haunts full of old associations; memories so varied and so particular that they can never be collected or organised or communicated to anyone else. But they too are fitting, since College life abounds with just such things as these.

If *fiestas* are meant to do good to spirit and mind and heart, while not forgetting the stomach, then the *fiesta* we kept on our fourth centenary — being a microcosm of College life summoning forth prayers and reflections and emotions and combining them with a good deal of feasting — was indeed a *fiesta* worthy of the name.

John Parsons



Bishop Alan Clark addresses the assembled *Venerabilini* at the reception in the College, after the Thanksgiving Mass.

ASPECTS OF THE FINANCING AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE COLLEGE

“Murder the darlings!” In that remark, Quiller-Couch was not speaking to fellow-members of staff about students, but to students about their essays. It is a phrase which jumped spontaneously into the editor’s mind as soon as he set eyes on this manuscript, but, as editors often are, he was torn in two by the need to get the material to the printer. Fervently praying that readers would not try to lynch him as a result, he set out for said printers...

If truth be known I was originally asked to write an article on the College in the seventies. As often happens to articles and homilies, it unfortunately grew to alarming proportions. I therefore decided to leave other areas to a later article and concentrate on an aspect that can be summarized thus: a College such as the Venerabile must have at least that minimum of financial solvency, administrative efficiency and physical wherewithal that allows it to achieve its purpose, its mission... and perhaps one should add ‘at least in part’, as I am sure Cardinal Allen and Father Persons would have echoed, “nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum...”

The article offers glimpses of the history of the College up to the Second World War, dwells for moments on the 1950s, lingers a little longer in the 1960s, and finally wanders all over the place in the 1970s. You have been warned!

The mind turns to Allen because, as Michael Williams’ entertaining and informative history of the Venerabile shows, administrative and financial matters were not far from the minds of the College’s founders. These concerns have been on the College’s collective mind ever since, with the College’s fortunes over the centuries constantly rising and falling like a bucket in a well. As Allen left Rome in 1576 in order to bring students from Douai, and so effect the transition from Hospice to College, Cesare Spetiano carried out a last visitation of the Hospice. He sought among other things “to enquire whether a greater number of persons could be maintained on existing funds” (1). Sorry, did you say 1576 or 1976?

From the time of the Bull of Foundation, 1 May 1579 to 1 May 1979, when all the college, together with *Suore, ragazze, portieri, guardiani* and all other *personale*, gathered for a celebration Mass in the Vespignani Chapel and for a *banchetto festoso* under the sign of the George and Dragon, there is material in

Michael Williams' book that will bring both consolation and perspective to present administrators. "Is there anything new under the sun?" sighs Qoheleth. "Yes", would have replied Fitzherbert, Rector from 1618 to 1640, "the whole of Europe is in the throes of new and disastrous inflation." In the 1650s it was worse: fires at the College in 1654, a plague in 1655, further floods and war damage at the College property at Piacenza, rents no longer adequate, problems of Catholics at home increasing and, to cap it all, Pope Alexander VII refused to give money for the students' return to England! (2)

It is an irony that a College housing the pragmatic English should often find in its history that its most efficient and down-to-earth administrators were Italians rather than Englishmen! In 1773 the College was down to seven students and three superiors, and we find Cardinal Corsini, "in many ways the greatest of the eighteenth century Cardinal Protectors", as the man who began to put the College back into shape in that year: "The two areas singled out for reform, finance and discipline, were closely connected, since it was Rome's supposition that the College had to be a going concern and pay for itself. In Corsini's mind the quality and recruitment of students were related to the economic health of the establishment" (3).

The most extraordinary example of how the College was able to survive was between March, 1798, when the students took flight after the entry of French Republican troops into Rome, and 1818, the date when English and Welsh students again took up residence in the Via Monserrato. A College without students; a Rector's occasional dream of paradise regained! During this twenty years at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the College survived as a moral entity, thanks to the faithful administration by resident Italians and Roman officials. Though without staff or students, the College continued in existence thanks to the support of the Holy See in the person of the Cardinal Protector. The College has risen again and again from the ashes, but rebirth too has its pangs. Arthur Hinsley, writing in the very first edition of the *Venerabile*, October 1922, in an article in memory of Pope Benedict XV who had died in January of that year, recalls the restoration under Gradwell: "Benedict XV early in 1918 settled to issue an Apostolic Letter to the Rector to commemorate the centenary of the refounding of the College under Monsignor Gradwell. It was on December 18th that Wiseman and his companions arrived from the North of England at the College in Rome to make a new start in the old place after years of French misuse and of disuse (1798-1818). Pope Benedict XV showed his appreciation of the event, and his concern for almost the oldest of the national Colleges in Rome, by his Letter which appeared in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*." Hinsley must have seen parallels with his own restoration work in the College as is reflected in the same article: "The Association of Old Students will welcome the autograph blessing which Benedict XV granted to them in February, 1918. The Rector had explained to His Holiness all the Association had done for their *Alma Mater*, dwelling particularly on the their contributions towards the restoration of the College buildings, and on the Scholarships founded by them for English Students at the *Venerabile*" (4).

As Michael Williams points out, Hinsley's difficulties in the years prior to his writing the article were considerable. To begin with, it was a year and a half before he was able to take part in the meetings of the *congregazione* of administration of the College of which he was Rector! (5) Nor are problems regarding Palazzola, which Hinsley acquired in 1920, entirely new either: in 1922 we find the Rector asking the Roman Association for ideas on how the Villa could be used in the nine months of the year that the College was not in residence...*plus ça change...* Under Godfrey, with Mgr. Larry Smith as Vice-Rector, a great deal of development went on at Palazzola. The "new wing" came into being and the chapel was changed from baroque to its pristine gothic. On the more general front, practically every student in the early 1930s would know from their own experience and from their families at home the effects of the economic crisis of 1929 and of the Great Depression. Moreover, Britain's departure from the gold standard in 1931 reduced the value of sterling in Italy from 90 to 63 lire to the pound in the space of two months; income in sterling was thus reduced by a third. Michael Williams comments that "economies had to be made in expenditure, including food." He goes on, "the hierarchy continued with their support and the number of students remained well over seventy. Apart from the help given by the burses in the custody of Roman Association, the bishops had to find all the money for the students' upkeep, the old idea of the College providing for the complete board, lodging and education of the alumni had now gone forever" (6).

I. The Return. Macmillan and Tickle

In 1946 the College once again gathered from "exile". The flavour of the moment is vividly recaptured in Alan Clark's article "*The Return*" (7). Thanks once again to the concern of the Holy See, especially in the person of Cardinal Pizzardo, and to the loyal Italian administrators, especially Commendatore Freddi, all was still intact. The hospital run by the Knights of Malta kept the College building in good condition and Mgr. Macmillan was faced with a much happier situation than had faced Gradwell in 1818. The College had yet again survived the fortunes of war and peace, and life began again.

Food and fuel were immediate practical problems facing the College administration in 1946. The problem of food was hardly new to students who had been at St. Mary's Hall. In a 1946 issue of the *Venerabile* the editor wrote on the retirement of Fr. Grasar as Vice-Rector: "His was the most unenviable task of all, as in addition to the usual responsibilities of his position he had all the worries of wartime rationing which only increased as the years went on" (8). In the same issue Mgr. Macmillan welcomed Fr. Tickle as Vice-Rector at "this happy but financially worrying moment in the history of the *Venerabile*."

Enzo Giobbi, whose wine has sustained generations of post-war students, recalls that Mgr. Tickle invited him down from Albano one day and related to him, in sonorous tones which Enzo echoes as he describes the event, that

students had been seen emptying the *Campo dei Fiori* wine down the sink. "From now on, Enzo", intoned the voice famous to second-hand furniture dealers for miles around, "I want your family not only to continue to bring wine to Palazzola but to bring it down to the College as well!" From that day to this, Enzo has willingly provided the College with "the fruit of the vine and the work of his hands", wine for the celebration of thousands of Masses included: to date, there is not a Venerabilino who has regretted that momentous Tickle edict!

The standard of food, to telescope the years for a moment, has generally been high throughout the post-war period and this is largely thanks to the *Suore Elisabettine*. If men of the first twenty years after the war think back to refectory meals, taste and sound will often be so linked that the mention of a particular dish may well bring back memories of Pastor's "Lives of the Popes", or of the variations on the Book of Proverbs introduced by enterprising refectory readers. It is natural, of course, that those who regularly cook for a large community will occasionally fall back in sheer exhaustion on a few standby dishes. They meanwhile recoup their energies for a fresh attack on student appetites. Just such a dish, of *sugoad* potatoes and doubtful meat, did make its appearance from time to time, reminding the College men that "they were from dust and to dust they must return." It was this very same meal that inspired Richard Ashton's immortal reproduction of the refectory fresco in a *Chi lo sa?* of the early '60s. The reproduction was perfect, but there was a change in the *dramatis personae*: instead of St. George on a horse killing the dragon, with the princess taking to flight and safety, there was the *Madre Superiora* on the dragon killing a horse, with students taking to flight and sustenance elsewhere...

The Rectorship of Gerard Tickle: December 1952-January 1964

The entire post-war period in the College, up to late 1963, is linked to the person of Gerard Tickle. He came as Vice-Rector in 1946 and, since one of his outstanding traits was considerable versatility in practical skills, it was not long before his talents were at full stretch: "If a pair of curtains had to be rigged up or a homely speech made to welcome a distinguished guest or an emergency dish hurriedly improvised to feed a group of hungry mariners, he would be tailor, toastmaster and chef in quick succession" (9). Later, at the end of the difficult years of 1950-52, when Mgr. Macmillan's illness brought back memories of 1927-30 as a time when the College was practically Rector-less, he was asked to take up officially the post that circumstances had already thrust upon him in so many ways. He then asked Mgr. Alan Clark to join him as Vice-Rector. Together, they were to set the College on course for the next twelve years.

Palazzola

Alfredo Piacentini, the present *custode* at the Villa, gives a vivid account of the war years at Palazzola (10). Anyone who knows Alfredo well, knows his integrity. His whole life has been centred on the fortunes of Palazzola, and in the war years he twice went at great personal risk, under bombardments, to try and warn those looking after the College affairs that property at Palazzola was being destroyed or taken away.

One of the first tasks Mgr. Tickle had embarked upon after the war was the re-furnishing of Palazzola and the extensive repairs that were required throughout. Once this restoration was achieved he went on to lay a new tennis court and to build a new swimming tank. Alfredo recently told me that Bishop Pearson inaugurated this refurbished tank by diving into it in March 1959, and that he somehow managed to persuade the Rector to dive in too! Following a five-year plan, and doing the greater part of the work himself, Jock also constructed a winding flight of steps up from the *Wiggery* towards the tennis court, using stones hewn from the rock face to do it. In the '50s and early '60s, with even a mini golf course on the *sforza* and with cricket in full-swing on a pitch that Alan Clark had mown into shape, Palazzola was at its zenith.

Furniture: remove it...

"I removed that cupboard from the vestibolo..." Tom Walsh's 1959 pantomime song struck a chord that echoed throughout the whole period. Everywhere there was evidence of the Rector's second-hand furniture bargains. "Bodging" was closely allied to this and was an area of activity that enjoyed a certain kudos: among other things, students with bodging skills were called upon to help the Rector redecorate the flats in no. 48 and so try to increase the return on rents wherever possible. The "jelly-moulds" used as imitation wooden carvings in the flats of no. 48 have survived to this day. The story has passed down the years of Peter Bourne going into the UPIM department store, asking the girl behind the counter for a thousand or so jelly-moulds and the girl replying in utter amazement: "*Ma, Signore*, you don't have to have a different mould every time you have a jelly..." Furniture purchases came to their climax when the Rector acquired — and the student-body took three days to carry upstairs — the entire range of furniture of the third floor of a bankrupt hotel.

The Bishops' Wing

The renovation of the swimming-tank in Rome, the new Bede's chapel, work on the foundations, work on the common-room corridor, work on St. Joseph's corridor, the change from wood burning boilers to oil-fired boilers, these and many other things came in this period, but it was the Council which occasioned the last major work of renovation of the Jock Tickle Rectorship.

The first floor of the old Howard Palazzo was extensively prepared for the indefinite period of time that the Bishops were due to stay for the Council. Bedrooms and bathrooms, a large salone, a bar... work was still going on only twelve hours before all the bishops and periti arrived. Germano and the Rector were still putting up wall-paper, students were carrying furniture endlessly back and forth and scrubbing away the paint-stains from the floor, the Vice-Rector was organizing catering, meeting-rooms and transport... and so the College entered upon the heady days of Vatican II.

An ironic touch to the work of renovation connected with the Council was that no sooner had the Rector had the new lift installed after great effort, than it was time for him to leave to begin his work as Bishop of the Forces; the Rector had rather been looking forward to using the lift...

Overall financial situation

To see this period in perspective we must remember that the post-war years in Italy were the years of Italy's economic boom and rapid industrialization. During the late '40s and the early '50s the struggle had been to repair the effects of wartime both in Rome and at the Villa. By 1960 the rise in living costs in Italy meant that rising costs were hurting the College badly. In spite of the record number of students — 86 in 1961 — income had not risen proportionately to costs. The majority of the rents were frozen by law, the fees for students were relatively low, the lire had risen in strength against the pound, and these factors, coupled with the maintenance and running costs for old buildings filled with healthy and hungry students for each and every month of the year, were straining the College's finances very severely. Towards the end of the '50s, the College reacquired the Villa Cardinale from the Redemptorist Fathers. When the Redemptorists had taken it on, it had originally been agreed that the College would have first option if they ever decided to sell it. Rather than see the Upper Villa go into hands that could seriously affect life at Palazzola, especially as regards the three months during which it was occupied by the College, and in view of its investment value, the Rector decided to repurchase it. Although the Villa Cardinale was then rented by the College to Embassy, FAO and other such families during the summer months, the refurnishing and maintenance of this Upper Villa was a further strain on the College budget and inevitably made yet more demands on the time of the College superiors. The difficulties associated with this purchase at the time are best echoed in the Vice-Rector's words to the Rector on hearing of the decision to purchase it: "What with?" was his question, "What with?"

In the summer of 1960 I have vivid recollections of Mgr. Alan Clark making a heartfelt appeal for economy measures from the House. He said: "the College is used to having to scrape the bottom of the barrel in order to survive, but at present we are in danger of falling right through the bottom!" It was primarily he who handled the financial side, and he knew well that the College was barely able to make ends meet. It was in the light of all this that an appeal had been made around this time to the Roman Association. Many

former students were able to make this appeal in their parishes and others too brought generous assistance. In view of the nature of the appeal and the constituency to which it was addressed, the response was a reasonable one and the College had reason to be grateful for the help it afforded. Nevertheless, the impact of the appeal on the financial situation of the College was relatively slight and the situation remained serious by the time the appeal came to a close with the sixth centenary of the English Hospice in 1962.

II. The Rectorship of Leo Alston: February, 1964 to October, 1971

The College had flourished in the 1950s. The regime was basically that established by Mgr. Hinsley in the 1920s, and the community looked to a Church in England and Wales that was buoyant and self-confident. Vocations were plentiful, conversions were quite numerous, Catholics knew where they stood. Among the spokesmen for the Church in Britain in this period, the members of the Catholic Missionary Society, which included former Venerabile alumni, were among its most articulate leaders. In the College itself there was a phrase often used by Mgr. Tickle in describing a student's steps towards Orders, namely "he continues to make steady progress", and "steady as she goes" could aptly describe aspects of College life under his Rectorship. Harold Macmillan's "winds of change" may have been sweeping through Africa, and tidal waves may have been building up elsewhere that were to carry the bark of Peter into violent lurch forward in the 1960s, but as yet the surface of College life was relatively unruffled.

This had begun to change rapidly in 1960-62, and by 1963 waters were building up behind the dam and putting more and more pressure on existing structures. One is hardly expressing a new insight in saying that being a Rector in the days after the Council was markedly different from those before it. The job taken up by Leo Alston, in common with that facing seminary Rectors elsewhere, was to be a difficult one. Administrative considerations were not uppermost in Mgr. Alston's mind during his first years as Rector. The student body was providing more than sufficient food for thought in every other direction. He was content for the most part to leave administrative and financial matters to his Vice-Rector, John Brewer. Assisting Mgr. Brewer was Mr. Tom Morris; Tom had left the College just before the war, been in North Africa with the army and been among the first Venerabile men to follow Dr. Patsy Redmond in visiting the College after the liberation of Rome. Mgr. Alan Clark, after his long and arduous experience of keeping College accounts in the black and in some sort of order, was convinced that the College superiors needed more assistance in this area and engaged Tom's services as bursar from early 1964.

A Major Decision

A number of Colleges had decided in the previous years to vacate their

premises in the centre of the city and move further out. One can understand the reasons that prompted the Beda and the Scots College, for example, to move to St. Paul's and the Cassia respectively. They were not alone in their decision. The Venerabile, however, for many reasons was in a different situation, and the members of the Roman Association and many members of the hierarchy would have strongly opposed any attempt to move away from the College's historic premises. Cardinal Heard, the last of the College's Cardinal Protectors, expressed his views unequivocally as always, and said at a College lunch on a festa: "We're not going to flit!" (Later, when the Papal Letter was sent round abolishing the position of Cardinal Protectors, it said that Cardinal Protectors could nevertheless remain such "*usque ad extinctionem*" - a way of describing his mortality to which Heard took considerable exception).

Mgr. Brewer wrote: "In 1964 we faced a problem - to leave or to stay? We decided to stay, and, in so deciding, pledged ourselves to work as fast as energy and finance would permit to make the Venerabile not simply an historic pile but also an efficient and modern College with all the amenities of the present age" (11). That statement expresses the decision that lay behind the most far-reaching restoration work carried out in the College since the days of Howard three hundred years before. Tickle and Clark had begun the work, but lack of funds had prevented them from carrying it forward as they would have liked. Finance, then, was the first question the new regime had to tackle.

Finance

There were disadvantages in taking over the running of a College at a time which included two full sessions of Vatican II, with practically all' the Bishops of the Episcopal Conference residing in the College. But there were also considerable advantages. For example, with the Bishops in residence and willing to give the fledgling administration the backing it needed, the question of finance could be faced head on. It was the biggest administrative problem of the time. The sharp rise in the cost of living, increased taxation and the cost of ordinary maintenance meant that it was impossible to do more than scrape the surface of the reconstruction and modernisation requirements, and the fees were not even sufficient for day to day administration.

To meet this situation the hierarchy agreed to raise the pension from 250 pounds a year to a more realistic 350 pounds. At the same time every effort was made to ensure for as many students as possible the educational awards that, at the time, were increasingly being made by local authorities in England to theological students (12). A general appeal was not judged opportune, but it was decided to launch a donation and covenant scheme. The College was registered in England as a Charitable Trust, trustees were appointed and Mr. James Walsh, a former student of the College from the Hinsley era who had later become a chartered accountant, kindly agreed to act as secretary. While this trust has not yet proved of such value as was hoped (they were aiming at a target of around 100,000 pounds), a number of helpful donations and

covenants were made — the College was naturally very grateful indeed for those who gave assistance — and there was one considerable gift of industrial shares that has been of regular yearly benefit to the College ever since. The anonymous donor is still very much in the land of the living and, having seen over the years since 1966 how very helpful this gift has been, I take this opportunity to renew the expression of the College's gratitude to the donor.

The result of the rise in fees meant that sources of income formerly required to supplement the daily administration could now be made available for reconstruction purposes. Income from rents accounted for most of this extra income, although "blocked rents" did not give much room for manoeuvre. The annual contributions by Cardinal Heard amounted to a very considerable sum over the years and his generosity helped considerably in the reconstruction work of these years.

In order to find the large amounts of money necessary for further reconstruction, the Rector and Vice-Rector decided to turn to Mgr. Tickle's investment in the Villa Cardinale and obtain the benefits that could accrue from its sale. In the course of the following two years the sale was gradually negotiated and the Villa passed into the hands of a Roman businessman. Instead of immediately 'blowing the cash', an ingenious and widely-used financial device was arranged with the Vatican's *Istituto per le Opere di Religione* and the Italian *Cassa delle Provincie Lombarde*: the money from the sale was invested carefully, the College was mortgaged, the income from the investments being used to pay both principal and interest on the mortgage. The mortgage is spread over a thirty year period, and before too long we should be at the half-way mark. Not all would agree with the idea of the College being mortgaged, but having lived with the problems of College finances during the 1970s I well appreciate the dilemma faced by Leo Alston and Jack Brewer. I think the risk taken to have been a reasonable one and of long-term benefit to the College. As many parish priests know from experience with churches, schools, parish halls etc, it is often better to take a calculated risk now than wait and then have to face double, triple or even four times the original costs under the impact of inflation. If the College had to face the work of reconstruction now rather than in 1966, the cost would be enormous.

Reconstruction and Modernisation

a) *The Refectory*. The Bishops themselves suggested that as a gesture of gratitude to the College for the hospitality afforded them during the four sessions of the Council, the refectory should be redesigned at their expense. The present arrangement of the refectory, with the fine tables, chairs and panelling, results from the work undertaken at that date. The picture of the Pharisee's Supper proved unexpectedly heavy; when it came to put it back up, there were five men at one end and Enzo Giobbi at the other... *managia, miseria...* and up it went.

b) *Reparto delle Suore*. A major and very desirable re-arrangement

resulted in the Sisters moving from their cramped and ancient quarters on the second floor, to various sections of the third library wing. Airy and spacious bedroom accommodation for both the Sisters and the *ragazze* were provided on the third floor, the "Mayfair" of previous times. The cracking floors and ceilings of "Mayfair" were demolished and rebuilt in lighter materials. The old infirmary became the Sisters' chapel, the room below that (the former archives that led off the third library) became their sitting room, and the former chapel became their refectory. The Sisters appreciated these changes rather more when a lift was installed in their area a few years later, allowing them a graceful ride upwards instead of having to climb ninety-six steps each time they wished to go to their living-quarters.

c) *Second floor.* The Nuns' former quarters were taken over by the College, an opening being made at right angles to the Common-room corridor and leading into the small corridor with rooms off it that is at present used for some of the first-year men. A newly strengthened floor was laid in the "table-tennis" room that overlooks Piazza S. Caterina; it was originally intended to sound-proof this and use it for music or group discussions, but even in 1980 the room awaits its final destiny. At the same time the music room was reconstructed, making way for a dispensary, a shower and W.C., and for the three student rooms that enjoy an excellent view of the College garden and the buildings of the Montoro. Those living at the very end of the '44 corridor or people visiting the rooms of the spiritual director or philosophy tutor, may not be aware that until 1965 the area was rented as flats which were vacated at that time. A little later the "Blue Room" in the same area was redecorated and it has since proved to be the most useful room of all for seminars, "forums", slide-shows etc. and has been continually in demand.

d) *Kitchen area and Laundry.* Necessity is the mother of invention and when the old wood-burning range cracked asunder, change became inevitable in the kitchen. It was certainly desirable from the Sisters' point of view; over a period of three years a large gas-range was purchased, together with an automatic dish-washer, a coffee-making machine, a deep freeze, and, in the laundry, an extra washing-machine. Further reconstruction of the kitchen was possible and became necessary when tests were made on the floor of the second library. As Tom Morris relates: "a few test holes were made in the surface and to everyone's horror it was discovered that a mere six inches of old plaster and tiles prevented the contents and occupants of the library from mingling with the best of Madre's soups in the kitchen below" (13).

e) *The Library.* Those last remarks bring us to what to my mind is the most valuable and successful of the renovations of this period: the reconstruction of the library. Tom Morris' *Venerabile* article, aptly entitled "A Midsummer's Nightmare", gives a very brief description of the transformation of the first library into the present reading room and reference area and of the second library into a library depository, with steel-supported floor and steel shelving having a capacity of 80,000 books. The Common-room corridor had to be gutted and rebuilt at the same time, since once the library was finished its own ceiling, i.e. the Common-room corridor above, would be inaccessible

when the time came to replace the wooden beams which were already beginning to show signs of sag. Work had to be carried out therefore on two floors, and the reinforcing of both became the main feature of a hectic summer 1967.

Enough to say that it was done and done well. But I would like to quote from Tom's article regarding one aspect of the exercise both because it captures the more human dimension of College reconstruction and because it echoes Tom's own voice so well: "In a matter of a few days the wooden beams were exposed and the workmen set to with a will sawing them into several manageable lengths (no demarkation disputes here over who does what!) and lowering them by means of an electric hoist into the garden. How these beams were then moved must surely have been a setting for a *Laurel and Hardy* film. A workman with an enormous paunch brought on by years of *pastasciutta*, manoeuvred a humble wheelbarrow under the beam still supported by the hoist; gently it was lowered and by balancing the wheelbarrow with his hands and the beam with his massive corporation, he was able to push a load of several hundredweights to the tank end of the garden where the beam was tipped off. It may not have been a very scientific or modern approach to the problem, but it was effective." (14)

To tackle the library was to touch one of those two areas, work and prayer, that are central to the College's *raison d'être*. The reconstruction work was complemented by the enormous amount of work put in on the books themselves by Fr. Christopher Budd, theology tutor at that time, together with the student librarians. From the student point of view the actual shifting of the books is presented by Wilfrid McConnell in an amusing Romanesque entitled "Operation Bookworm" in a *Venerabile* of the time (15).

A professional librarian, Miss Teresa Jones, was employed by the College for two years, 1968-70, to carry out a comprehensive re-cataloguing of the library and her work, together with Chris Budd's and the students', has contributed greatly to the usefulness of the library over the ensuing years.

f) *Third floor Monserra'*. Old buildings = maintenance problems. In the summer of 1968 the Monserra' corridor finally fell before the oncoming pickaxes. As a matter of fact, if it had not fallen to the axes it would have fallen out into the Monserrato, lock, stock and Venerabilini! Excessive weight was forcing the exterior walls outwards and serious lesions had appeared. A salvage operation went into effect that ended by producing a much more attractive and better equipped corridor. The corridor had to be completely stripped down and rebuilt with lighter materials, steel hawsers being used to chain in the exterior walls. At the end of the Monserra' an area was opened up in the style of a "Spanish roof-garden", with pebble-dash wall covering, and the timber on the underside of the roof open to view and attractively varnished. The "North-West" was sealed off and left abandoned. Truth to tell even the Spanish roof-garden did not fulfil any particular use over the next five years or so. The area was popularly known as "Br...s folly", but in 1975-76 it was to prove very useful when we turned the area into an apartment for rental purposes.

g) *The Common-room*. The renovation of the Common-room completes this brief *tour d'horizon* and I shall leave it to Thomas Finnigan, diarist in 1968-69, to describe it: "Many a Thespian returned from England expecting to find a little Aldwych installed in the Common-room. Such was not the case. In fact the room looked a little lost without that Gaumont look. The potential was there in the form of a little man with a grin on his face and crowned with *Paese Sera*. You could read *subito* from ear to ear. By November his expression had changed to *pronto*. We had grown accustomed to seeing the bits and pieces of our old Wooden O carried upstairs, and were a little surprised to hear that it was stronger than the proposed new fixture. Stage rejuvenation was completed and a lighting complex installed. The permanence of the stage is a relief for bodgers and electricians. New furniture and a change of colour improved the rest of the room, though the general shape remains the same and one can still be forgiven for thinking of British Rail!" (16)

Running out of steam

By the end of 1968, the head of steam that had generated the far-reaching reconstruction of the '60s had largely spent itself. The will was there, but the resources were not. In the summer Tom Morris had written: "It goes without saying that if the ever-present financial difficulties, now greatly increased by the devaluation of the pound, were allowed to dictate policy, it would hardly be possible to keep the buildings in a satisfactory condition, let alone embark on an essential works programme" (17). Nevertheless, there comes a point where resources are so overstrained as to raise the question of whether one can even afford to pay off debts, never mind undertake new works.

A number of factors were now militating against new projects. The first was that mentioned by Tom, the devaluation of sterling by the Wilson government in early '68: instead of 1720 lire to the pound, one now received only 1500; as the reader will no doubt be aware, the significance of this is that the fees, as well as part of other sources of income, are in sterling. Secondly, debts on works just completed had accumulated rapidly. The cost of restoration, due especially to the unexpected and extra work discovered when hammers and drills went into action, had gone considerably beyond estimates. Thirdly, for reasons beyond the scope of this article, the number of students was beginning to drop and the financial effects of this were negative. As a result, hopes of renovating the chapel, the laundry area etc, had to be shelved for the time-being. By any yardstick, in view of the resources available, a very great deal had already been achieved in the second half of the sixties.

III. The Rectorship of Cormac Murphy O'Connor: October, 1971-November, 1977

1. a) *The Changeover*

In September, 1971, Cormac Murphy O'Connor was appointed Rector

following the resignation of Leo Alston and John Brewer's ordination as Auxiliary in Shrewsbury. In that same month, Cormac asked me to join him as Vice-Rector and we discussed the various aspects of College life together even before he left the parish of Portswood in Southampton. The financial and administrative side, it must be admitted, was not high on our list of priorities in discussion. It was only the hard facts of College life that later made us give it a lot of thought in that first year.

The situation to start with was not not an easy one. Leo Alston kindly stayed on until the end of December, 1971, so as to help the new Rector settle in; in practice this meant that neither was fully Rector. Since my own Bishop had asked me to finish some work I was doing before taking over, I was not due officially to start the job of Vice-Rector until the end of February. Since I was on the spot, however, and already nominated as Vice-Rector it was practically impossible not to become half involved in the job. Tom Morris loyally carried on with the accounts work, but we all had a sense of marking time and the result was something of a vacuum.

b) *Capital Debt*

One of the first matters facing the new administration was a bill submitted by the building contractor. To the amazement of both the former administration and the new, this bill covered aspects of work over the previous fifteen years! Naturally, it was carefully examined but proved to be correct. In view of the tardy presentation the contractor agreed that payment be further delayed, agreed not to insist on interest payments on the amount outstanding, and also agreed to go on with work in the meantime without requiring immediate payment. It may seem strange that faced with a capital debt of over 50,000 pounds, which is equivalent to a sum considerably over double that today, we were thinking of any more restoration work. The fact is that with all the enthusiasm and optimism that normally accompanies such beginnings, we were determined to push the numbers of students back up again if humanly possible. From around 85 students in the early 60s, numbers had fallen to around 50 by the early 70s; this of course was a problem affecting most seminaries at that juncture. The renovation work, which had necessarily included a reduction in the number of student rooms, meant that the College now had a capacity for seventy students. We hoped to fill the College to capacity.

To prepare the College for the men we expected, and to complete the basic reconstruction work, it was necessary to renovate the two remaining corridors which did not have running water. It would be fascinating to see the history of the College in the post-war years through the eyes of Tonino and Barone, the plumbers. Running water, cold and hot according to the state and mood of the boilers, had gradually found its way around the building. In the '50s it climbed to the Common-room corridor and the part of St. Joseph's corridor above it, in the '60s it poured into the third floor Monserra', in the '70s it gushed and gurgled through all the remaining areas of the College,

occasionally trickling out of blocked baths, showers and washbasins and dripping back to its home in the cellars, via the ceilings and heads of those in the corridors through which it passed. The stop-go manner of its installation has been rivalled by the go-stop quality of its performance; it would need an Emmett to draw a blueprint of the system.

The two corridors to which running-water was now extended, the *Cortile* section of St. Joseph's on the third floor and the '44 on the second floor, had become somewhat derelict as the number of students declined, with junk of all sorts piled up by migrating students in the uninhabited rooms. Apart from anything else it was important from the morale point of view that these areas be tackled. In the summer of 1972, St. Joseph's was cleared of the rubbish and the whole area was stripped down and rebuilt; the toilet area at the end of the corridor was also modernized. In the summer of 1973, the '44 was partially modernized and renovated, hot and cold running water, new window frames on the *cortile* side etc; a more thorough renovation was something we simply could not afford at that stage.

c) *Accounts*

Meanwhile, in the light of the way the capital debt had accumulated un-awares during previous fifteen years, we decided to have a thorough look at the accounting system. Little did we realise at that stage that it would take another five years before we reached a point where we would be reasonably happy with the system. Tom Morris, the Bursar, did sterling work and was a man of scrupulous honesty. He kept the accounts and he also followed the restoration work in detail, reporting on this to whoever was Vice-Rector at the time. He also had a deep affection for the College and felt the financial difficulties quite acutely. His system of accounting, however, was not easy to maintain and it did not lend itself efficiently to the preparation of the annual audit we had in mind. The Rector therefore asked an old friend of the College, Mr. James Walsh, to help Tom and ourselves to revise the system. Like Tom, he too was a former student of the College. As we gradually moved towards a new system of book-keeping over the years, there was considerable strain on Tom as he sought to adapt to the changes. He was also suffering from increasingly poor health. It was not an easy time to be facing the day to day realities of College finances — as was brought to our minds forcibly in the summer of 1972 when we had to take on a considerable overdraft to keep our heads above water: we had, as accountants are wont to say, a cash-flow problem!

2. a) *The Report to the Low-Week Conference, 1973*

In the midst of the many activities of 1972, we worked towards a report to the Bishops' Conference that would seek to bring matters to a head. As a result, the lengthy report on the College prepared for submission to the Low Week meeting in 1973 covered the area of finance and administration extensively.

The report acknowledged that the College had had problems in the area of finance for many years, but stated that since the problem was now becoming more acute it was our concern to try to try to regain a stable footing and ensure a regular income sufficient to the College's needs, while keeping fees at a reasonable level. The report, besides bringing the capital debt to the attention of the Bishops, concentrated on the reasons for the annual deficit and the need for a programmed approach to future repairs and maintenance. It was stated: "Like everyone else, we have had to meet rising costs. Being in Italy, we have further suffered from the fact that over the last few years this country has had one of the highest inflation rates in the Western world (in March, 1973, we did not of course foresee the further blow that would be delivered by the inflation deriving from the international oil crisis at the end of that year!). Recent labour laws regarding social insurance etc, have greatly increased the wage bill. The cost of maintaining an old building has risen steeply because of the unusually high price increases for building materials in Italy. Our ability to meet rising costs was severely impaired by the devaluation of sterling in the late 1960s and the floating of sterling in 1972 (the latter was to mean that at times the rate dropped to under 1350 to the pound). The fall in the number of students five or six years ago also entailed a considerable loss of income. The net result is that the College is running at a loss." The details of debt and annual loss were also given in the customary financial statement.

The heart of the report lay in what followed. How was the College to meet this situation?

Firstly, even without labouring the point, it was clear that fees would have to be reconsidered. Secondly, professional advice had suggested that it would seem necessary to raise a loan to meet such of our debts as required immediate settlement and sufficient to continue much needed restoration of certain areas of the College. One of the aims of such renovation would be to convert areas at present lying unused into flats so as to increase annual income, without thereby losing access or control of this part of the property for the rest of the century! Thirdly, in order to repay such a loan and to invest money so as to try to establish a higher annual income for the College, attention turned inevitably to the College's main asset: the Villa, Palazzola.

The very mention of possible sale of Palazzola was a way of bringing the seriousness of the financial situation before the eyes of former Venerabilini - to the majority of whom the thought of losing Palazzola was practically anathema! Nevertheless, this was not just a gimmick to galvanize people's attention. The College was in very serious financial straits and the Villa, its principal asset, had gradually been used less and less over the previous years. It had been a tradition that men went home after philosophy, and in 1968 second year theology men were also allowed home during the summer. By 1970 the Villa for everyone closed around the middle of August, and from the summer of 1971 the Villa period came to consist of around a month at the most. Attitudes in the College, as in practically all other national Colleges, had changed very considerably. Not only was it now much easier to travel back

and forth to England and Wales, it was no longer judged acceptable to keep students at the Villa all through the summer. One of the results of this gradual withdrawal from the summer Villa was that a growing number of repair and maintenance jobs at Palazzola had been left hanging, while money was spent down in Rome. The longer these tasks were left, the more expensive would be the outlay when eventually they were tackled.

The question was naturally arising in any case: if we are to keep the Villa it would seem necessary to try to put the property to more profitable use when the College is not there. To make the Villa pay for itself as a going proposition would require considerable outlay on facilities such as heating, running water etc, and the legal aspects would have to be clarified.

The Rector did not, any more than did the rest of us, have any desire to sell Palazzola. Given all that it meant, not only to past students but even to the contemporary College as "another lung", we wanted to hang on to it and try to develop it in some way or other. We felt that to part with it would probably be judged a mistake in ten or twenty years time. Faced with the financial situation of 1973, however, it was clear that if help was not forthcoming from elsewhere, it would be necessary to put either land adjoining the College Villa on the market or, more probably, to put both the Villa and the land on the market. Our first priority and purpose throughout was to ensure that the College continued as a viable institution offering a good and useful service to the Church in England and Wales, and that it should continue to maintain its tradition as a valuable link between Rome and the Church at home.

b) *The Bishops' Committee for the English College*

i) Since many of the Bishops had been to Rome during the years previous to the report making their *ad limina* visits, there had been the opportunity to speak of these problems with them. In addition, both the Rector and the Vice-Rector had made many visits to the Bishops in their dioceses over the previous two years with a view to strengthening support for the College, to explain and build up confidence in what we were trying to do, and asking if at all possible that the Bishops send more students as a sign of their confidence. This meant that there had been some degree of preparation for the report. Some of the Bishops who followed College matters most closely, notably Cardinal Heenan and Archbishop Dwyer, had also been concerned at the size of the overdraft necessary to tide us over to the end of the 1972 academic year. The report that now went before the Conference was the final push needed in order to obtain a greater degree of participation and direction by the Episcopal Conference in the affairs of the College. It resulted, during 1973, in the formation of "the Bishops' Committee for the English College."

For anyone who has read the history of the College and remembers the interminable questions of who has the right to control the College, Jesuit Fathers, Vicars Apostolic, Cardinals Protector and so on, the significance of

this Committee will be clear. A committee, headed by Archbishop Dwyer, was appointed by the Bishops and the Committee then came out to Rome to ensure that this was recognized and accepted by the Sacred Congregation for Catholic Education, since the Venerabile remains a Pontifical College, and also to meet with the Rector, staff and students. Besides Archbishop Dwyer as Chairman, there were also Bishop Bowen of Arundel and Brighton and Bishop Brewer, Auxiliary in Shrewsbury, as other Episcopal members. Mgr. "Ted" Wilcock, the widely respected financial secretary of Leeds diocese, was appointed as the fourth member.

ii) The first action of the Committee, and a very important one as far as we in the College were concerned, was to raise sufficient money to pay off the capital debt outstanding to the building contractor. The money was raised by direct contributions from the Bishops. The actual way in which the money was transferred from Britain to Italy had all the elements of comic opera. It had been suggested that the money be transferred by customary bank transfer, but I was loathe to accept this since it was then possible to obtain a much higher rate of exchange in London than in Rome. It was still legal at that time to obtain the lire sum in cash in London and then fly out of the country with the cash in one's pocket - or pockets! I had already done this for the College several times during 1973 when in England for editorial work on the Divine Office, which was in the preparation stages at that time. I felt that we should now do the same with the large sum raised for us by the Bishops. Cormac agreed in principle, but was haunted by the fear that I would be mugged and all the money stolen (not so far fetched as it may seem since four years later, when bringing back money for the College from a Roman bank at midday, I was the object of an attempted mugging!) He decided to agree to the idea but only on condition that he came along too. "If the plane goes down with the money", he said, "it would be better if we both went down with it."

In consequence, in early January 1974 two paranoically-inclined clerics were to be seen moving furtively around the City of London. Even at Heathrow, where we decided to treat ourselves to lunch with a bottle of wine on the proceeds, we did not take off our overcoats but sat there at table perspiring profusely and with wads and wads and wads of oversize lire notes causing bumps and bulges more normally associated with the Mafia or K.G.B. In the plane too, we did not shed our coats, and it was only when we sank into the back of a taxi after an anxious few moments between the customs and the cab that we began to relax. All angles were covered against ambush as we alighted in the Monserrato, a quick sprint upstairs and a dive for the recesses of the safe. At that moment, with calculators in hand, we decided that the risk had been worth it to the tune of a cool three thousand pounds clear profit on the deal. (Who says these jobs are not corrupting??)

iii) The second aspect of the Committee as regards administrative affairs was that at last it was possible to establish regular rises in fees that bore some relation to inflation. The Committee itself would be able to explain the why

and the wherefore of such rises within the meetings of the Episcopal Conference.

In addition to the above, the opening of the academic year 1973-74 saw an increase of students from 49 to 62. By the beginning of the following year numbers were up to 68. This gave us room to breathe, and all these factors together began to take the pressure off Palazzola. The reaction to the possible sale of Palazzola had been one of horrified alarm among many former students of the College. Nevertheless, the matter continued to be a subject of discussion between the College and the Bishops' Committee over the following year.

iv) The long term problem of restructuring and maintenance was on our minds, and approaches were made to certain charitable trusts in the course of 1973. After one or two disappointments, we suddenly had the tremendously good fortune to meet a favourable response. The merit for this was Cormac's since he had made a particular and personal appeal to the trustees of this particular foundation, pointing out that it was not merely bricks and mortar he was concerned with, but the long-term viability of the College and its contribution to the future of the Church in England and Wales, stressing especially the service it could give in terms of personnel in all parts of the country. The Trust wished to remain anonymous, but some of the trustees did become known to the whole House through their visits in subsequent years. Neither Cormac nor myself have ever underestimated the value of the help given to the College by this Trust in the 1970s. We were enabled to carry out work that was good for the College in terms of general morale as well as of long-term maintenance and income. For this, a most sincere word of thanks to the trustees and a prayer that God may bless them in the service they render.

3. a) *Maintenance, Restoration, Reconstruction*

i) By early 1974 we felt that a turning point had been reached. After a difficult beginning and a lot of uphill work, things were on the move. The *Cortile* was the first project to which funds of the Trust were applied. The wall-surface was stripped off and the brick work repaired, before being replastered and then painted. It takes only a few words to describe work that took a year! The effect on the appearance of the *Cortile* was dramatic, and the painters did a good job. *Sponte sua*, the painter restored the plaque of Our Lady over the *Cortile* door.

The garden-*cortile* was treated in the same way as the central *Cortile*. The section of the third library wing was in particularly bad condition, but by the time work was over this ancient part of the College, with its arches and capitals outside the *Guardaroba*, had assumed an appearance not seen in the College for generations. Professional gardeners were employed for a short time to strip the garden down, save the trees, put in new seeds and place the requisite fertiliser, and generally allow the garden to spring back into life. Mgr. Bryan Chestle has since developed one area of the garden much further,

and Suore Gemma and Gisella often come out to uproot weeds, plant flowers, etc. This garden was more used than ever during the summer lettings period.

While the Cortile was being renovated, work began on the reconstruction of a small apartment at the top of the stairs leading from the Cortile. This was in order to make living quarters available for Carlo Benvenuti, the new portiere. We had been looking for someone to replace "Pierino" who had left to begin work in the post-office, and at Christmas '74, on our Santa Claus rounds of the personale with *panettone*, *spumante* and dispeptic good cheer, Cormac and I discovered that the young man who was due to marry Simoneta, daughter of Arrigo the portiere, would be quite happy to settle down in a College job. Knowing Simoneta's suitor already, namely Carlo, and seeing the value of keeping things in *famiglia* in the Italian scene, we moved quickly to clinch matters. The possibility of offering accommodation — the fact that they would only be a flight of stairs from their in-laws being seen positively here, rather than negatively as it would often be in Britain — was a necessary part of the arrangement. I mention this, not only because Carlo is by now known to and appreciated by a 'generation' of Venerabile men, but also because it is a classic, and innocent, example of that vital process in Italian life: *conoscenze*, *raccomandazioni* and, most important of all, *sistemazione!* This was an example of the system at its healthy best; there are other situations where I would not think healthy quite the right epithet.

Fire risk was something we were often conscious of, and the advent of the summer pilgrims gave the cash opportunity to go ahead with work on fire escapes at the end of St. Joseph's corridor and at the end of the passage leading from the end of the Monserra' corridor. The latter leads over the roof and emerges unexpectedly upon a fine view of the rooftops of Rome, if the fire gives you a chance to look around before hastening down the *Cortile* staircase. Fire precautions and fire drills are always something that tend to be neglected, but it is to the peril of life and property that they are neglected. It is an area where I feel we did not do enough and I hope it will be taken up again more vigorously.

As Holy Year approached, we took the opportunity to stretch ourselves, and renovated and reconstructed the bathroom areas at the end of the "Heard" corridor on the first floor, behind the Common-room corridor on the second, and behind the *Portineria*. The quarters of Luigi, the College's faithful and popular retainer, were improved at this time; Germano, the man of all trades and more, together with his wife Nella and her mother, moved into a small apartment in the via Montoro since we had managed to persuade the previous occupier to vacate it. A popular rendezvous when there is a British soccer team visible on Germano's colour television, this small apartment is a miracle in its use of space with walls folding in and out to reveal beds, tables, cupboards etc. etc. Thus most of the College's key personnel were on the spot and very much part of the College *famiglia*.

ii) The clock-tower was also completely renovated, but the plasterwork on this was found to be in very poor condition indeed. In view of the "sculpting"

work that had to be done, the work took ages. Piero Angelini, the ironwork specialist, produced a fine version of the horse/dragon prancing as a weather-vane under the cross; when he took down the old one, there were holes in it that were unmistakably produced either by heavy calibre bullets or shells. He suggested they were stray shots from an aerial dog-fight, *ma chi lo sa?* Piero also put in an iron staircase to replace the crumbling ladder within the clock-tower, so that the top and the clock are easily accessible. The most disconcerting feature of the renovation of the clock-tower was its final coat of paint: everyone thought it finished, when the painters began to put the process in reverse and deliberately "aged it" with skilful varieties of shade and fade. This was to meet the requirements of the *Belle Arti* and harmonize it with surrounding rooftop colours in the *centro storico*.

The renovation of the clock-tower was still to begin when work began in the autumn of 1975 on the thorough-going reconstruction of the Spanish roof-garden and "North West" area. It was transformed into an attractive and spacious apartment, and by the following June it was ready for occupation, first of all by a family of Australian publishers and more recently by the family of an American diplomat. This particular exercise, made possible by an interest-free loan from the Trust, was an example of what it was hoped to do with other parts of the building, namely to utilize the property for letting purposes and so increase regular income. Such self-help projects are more likely to attract financial backing than maintenance alone. Moreover, the way income was raised is important; this was the second time we decided we could afford an interest free loan in the '70s; foundations and trusts are sometimes more able to give in this way than by straight donation, yet they know as well as anyone that by the time they get their money back five years later its value is halved. Once again, we had reason to be grateful.

iii) In early 1975 a further source of income was introduced by carrying out redecoration in the "Bishops' Salone" area on the first floor; it was separated from the rest of the building and rented out to a sixth form College preparing young people for American Universities, entitled "The Forum School." A garage in the *Cortile*, together with the "dive" formerly adorned with the Curtis-Hayward wrestling-mat of 1967-68, was also rented to the School. This arrangement too has worked to the mutual advantage of the School and the College.

iv) During the 1974 meeting with the Bishops' Committee, Cormac took the opportunity to stand up in the refectory and express the gratitude of the House to the Bishops. Addressing Archbishop Dwyer, who had been the prime mover in obtaining the direct support of the Episcopal Conference, Cormac likened him to the College's "fairy godmother." The House fully seconded the Rector's words of appreciation to the Archbishop, but roared with unseemly mirth at this unaccustomed manner of visualizing the metropolitan of the Midlands. As quick as a flash, Abp. G.P. was on his feet: "I don't know about fairy godmother, but one thing's for sure: the College is not out of queer street yet!"

b) Palazzola

i) As I said above, 1974 was a turning point. While the underlying situation of the College was not resolved, the involvement of the Episcopal Conference more directly through the Bishops' Committee, the aid received from the anonymous Charitable Trust, the further utilization of College property, the increase both in the number of students and in students' fees, all made for a healthier and more optimistic outlook. What then of the Villa?

Firstly the summer groups that had first been brought to Palazzola by Frs. Chris Larkman and Tony Battle in 1972 had begun to increase and multiply. They soon filled as many weeks as the school holidays in Britain allowed and the College was willing to permit. These groups looked after their own catering, gave a Christian family flavour to the weeks they were there, and, after a few minor growing pains, have been highly successful throughout the 1970s. In addition to the Larkman/Battle groups, Fr. Thomas Atthill arranged for Pax Christi groups to come in the summer months, and groups from the Forum School and from Ampleforth and elsewhere also made use of the Villa in the summer. During the year, scout groups and others used the Villa at weekends, and the College also used it at times for days of recollection. Film companies continued to provide useful income, only one or two being turned away for reasons of censorship, and there was no real trouble with them (a notable exception to this was to come in the early summer of 1977; despite the assurances of the manager of the unit, who had been true to his word on two previous occasions and thus lulled one into a false sense of security, and despite the valiant efforts of Alfredo, the caretaker, to "monitor" each stage, the film was not of the genre, the College would wish to sponsor!).

ii) Secondly, preliminary soundings among professionals in 1973 and 1974 had questioned the advisability of putting the Villa up for sale, in the light of the state of the property market. We had also, in 1974, invited a number of different people to inspect the Villa with a view to helping us see how to turn it into a source of income without, if possible, entirely losing the use of it. A number of schemes were suggested but all floundered on a basic question: the capital investment necessary to turn the Villa to other purposes.

By mid-1974 it had been decided that if at all possible we would hold on to Palazzola. Among students in the College the use of Palazzola during the year began to increase: crucial factor in this was the decision to offer a free lunch at the Villa to any student who wished to find his way up there on a Thursday. This was to become very popular. Alfredo and Fernanda were delighted to prepare a simple but abundant lunch, and from the amount consumed over subsequent years their cooking has evidently been a roaring success: "*Fettuccine alla Piacentini*", followed by *Vitello alla milanese*, mounds of potatoes spiced with rosemary, and *puntarelle in salsa d'alice* has proved one of the most popular menus... with just a drop of wine to go with it... The idea of this Thursday lunch was to ensure that, in spite of inflation, which made it difficult for some of the men to afford going out on the Thursday free

day, students would be encouraged to take exercise and fresh air away from the city. Traffic congestion has certainly affected the quality of the air since Giles' day!

iii) In January, 1975, it was decided to halt the 'drifting decline' which had been the fate of fabric and fixtures at Palazzola over the previous six or seven years. Whatever happened, it was important to maintain the state of the property. Beginning with that year a programme of gradual renovation was undertaken: besides necessary repairs to roofs, drains, windows, etc., an area was designated in the Old Wing for showers and wash-basins, with hot and cold running water being made available. This simple modification, plus renovations in the showers, W.C. and bathrooms in the ground-floor area leading out to the garden, made the Villa much more habitable, and increased the possibility of use by groups and by the College during the year. Modifications in the kitchen were important, and a water-heater came as a gift from the summer groups. Lighting was improved in such places as the "morgue" or library, and small gas heaters made available.

A further idea was to make the "Piazza Venezia" into a self-contained unit that could be used as a small apartment, and this was done by creating a small kitchen area with stove, etc. Minor modifications were made so as to make the Rector's area available in the same way. Some of these ideas worked better than others, but the main thing was that Palazzola was being approached positively and efforts made, by stretching whatever money came in from groups etc., to develop its potential and usefulness both to the College and to others.

One idea that was tried in 1975 was to have someone who could act as a "manager" and complement Alfredo's work. The idea which I must admit was my own, was only half-thought through on my part. After having employed a young ex-College student for about five months, it became evident that the idea was not working. The arrangement was terminated by mutual agreement.

iv) Efforts to improve the facilities at the Villa continued unabated, Fr. Michael Cooley being the man who perhaps did most of all in this regard. The arrangement of furniture, the obtaining of new furniture at extraordinarily low prices, the providing and airing of bedding as groups came and went, the clearing and chopping of wood, the clearing of the tennis court - in these and so many other ways Michael worked with Alfredo in improving the Villa. Fr. Thomas Atthill also joined strongly in the attack, leading work groups in painting and repairing, making the Common-room an attractive and welcoming room, showing how the kitchen could be used, helping to restore the Nuns' area, etc., and both men performed the crucial role of encouraging students to join them in their Villa work.

On completion of their terms as philosophy tutor and theology tutor, both Michael and Thomas have continued to support the efforts to build up Palazzola by encouraging groups to use it. For example, Michael Cooley has

brought group after group both in the post-Christmas period and in the Easter period; in 1975 he had helped prepare the Villa for use by University students under the leadership of Fr. Maurice Couve de Murville, and, having seen how it could be used, he decided to bring out groups himself. These groups have gathered money together to help pay for the renovation of the Villa path (shortly it is hoped to carry out this work), and so on. In 1977 it was decided to create the house job of "Villa man", to try and help Alfredo in his day-to-day maintenance and to involve the College more directly: David Evans, Bernard Gorman, Christopher Maxwell-Stewart and Ray Matus have filled the role to good effect. Continuing the tutor tradition, Fr. Philip Holroyd went to work with a will — and with assorted helpers — on the "Wiggery", and is still engaged in turning this area into a "Wiggery" not seen in living memory! He has also arranged for a stove to be moved from the Sisters' guardaroba to the Common-room, thus making this a room that offers a welcome even in the most adverse weather conditions.

v) The Villa then has had a reprieve. Its downward slide was halted and it is used in all sorts of ways. In the 1976-77 years income even exceeded expenditure, but it is not easy to maintain that position: indeed, even that statement could be challenged depending on the way you interpret accounts. In overall terms, activity regarding the Villa over the last five years represents a holding operation. It is important that nothing happens at Palazzola which demands major financial outlay in the near future: if, for example, the garden wall were really to be found to be in danger of following the landslip that occurred on the Albano path in February, 1975, then it is not easy to see where the money would be found to stabilize it. Moreover, the future of Palazzola is obviously closely bound up with the continuing economic health of the College. Any serious crisis could once again bring up the question that was asked so strongly in 1973. Even apart from such a crisis, the question will arise again of how possession of this empty property can be justified financially and socially. It would be very desirable to attempt to go beyond the present holding situation, and put Palazzola on a stronger basis by making it a going concern in its own right and of service to a wider number of people. To do this will, it seems to me, require investment of capital and the presence of personnel. A couple of years ago the College sought to interest the Brigittine Sisters in a cooperative venture, by which the Villa could be of year-round use both to them and to the College; that approach came to nothing. Other attempts are being made by the College staff at the present time and all of us wish them well in their efforts for Palazzola.

4. a) *Preparation for Holy Year. Tom Morris*

i) To return to the College in Rome in 1974: the scene that summer was a familiar one to Tom Morris. Everywhere there were workmen, painters, plumbers, joiners, welders, electricians... the summer of 1975 loomed a year ahead. We had already decided to go ahead with the summer lettings for Holy Year and had decided to do this with "The Universe Travellers' Club."

This only increased the work of restoration already undertaken, and the prospect of the lettings was not something Tom looked forward to with any enthusiasm. All the problems of cleaning, catering etc, arose like spectres before him. He was still engaged under the direction of James Walsh in the revision of the accounts system; James was in the process of handing over this work to Mr. Brian Godfrey, the chartered accountant who has, since 1975, audited the College accounts, coming out to Rome two or three times a year. He has by now become a welcome and familiar figure in the House.

All of this increased the strain on Tom, who was in very indifferent health at this time. His good humour and constant loyalty sustained him through the year and the gradual change in the College finances brought him some cheer. At Christmas, however, he returned to England for a holiday, and was taken ill while there. In early January, 1975, he died in hospital in Shrewsbury after receiving the last sacraments from Fr. Ernie Sands, a priest ordained from the College a year earlier and whom Tom knew well. Bishop Brewer celebrated the requiem Mass, and I conducted the service at the graveside. The College has reason to be grateful to him for his many years of devoted service, and his loss was keenly felt. May he rest in peace.

(ii) Mary Jo Lorello kindly agreed to take up Tom's work with the accounts on behalf of the College. Over the last five years, with the help of the advice of Brian Godfrey, she has brought the accounts system to a high point of efficiency and clarity. Her help was to be indispensable in the summer lettings period. All through the sixties and seventies the College has been assisted, especially as regards the area of Italian labour laws and taxes, by *Ragioniere* Bartocci; one certainly needs help in the increasingly complex jungle of legislation in these areas.

iii) We were gradually moving towards the Holy Year. This was to make demands both in terms of the diocesan pilgrimages during the scholastic year and the lettings during the summer. From the administration point of view it was a good stimulus to bring further improvements in the kitchen, and to produce inventories on all that would be required in the way of beds, linen, crockery, etc. Since the Universe agreed to advance considerable sums of money as a deposit, we were able to carry out many desirable purchases in these areas, and the Sisters were delighted!

b) *The College Church*

i) The Rector was especially concerned that in the process of renovation the College Chapel should receive a certain priority, since this was central to everything the College stood for. Discussions and plans regarding the Chapel over the previous ten years had been numberless. In 1974, Cormac commissioned Mr. Austin Winkley to draw up a design for modifications of the College Chapel that took into account developments in the area of liturgy over the previous fifteen years. Mr. Winkley drew up a radical design that reversed the axis upon which the existing arrangement was based: he would have put the chair at the end where the door is, creating a surrounding screen

between the chair and the door, and he would have whitewashed the walls, putting the Blessed Sacrament altar over to one side, and so on. The plan drew very lively comment from the community; it was certainly not something to which one could be indifferent. You were either for it or against it. A visit from Bishop Fallani, President of the *Pontificia Commissione per l'Arte Sacra*, together with two experts from the *Belle Arti* brought the matter to a decisive halt. They judged that Austin Winkley's design would destroy Vespignani's conception and this was not to be permitted!

ii) We therefore contented ourselves with repainting the walls in their original colour. We also employed a rather extraordinary gentleman who was a genius at painting the lower panels of the walls in such a way as to make them look like real marble. We were lucky to find him, since this is a craft that is fast disappearing. Robert Plant designed the altar and he, together with Paul Crowe and David Gummett, actually constructed it and covered it with material that blended with the general colour scheme. One of the most striking changes was the complete re-arrangement of the lighting. This was thought out and executed by Paul Nelson, at that time a student in the College and now teaching in Corby. His reorganisation of the lighting not only removed a dangerous fire hazard but transformed the Chapel. The beautifully painted ceilings were revealed to us as never before, and the lighting skilfully allowed one to evoke different moods according to what was illuminated and at what strength. Paul was later to also carry out a lot of work in re-wiring the Villa. Arrangements for the Chapel were carried further by extensive purchases of albs, stoles, chasubles etc.

The rearrangement was however only temporary. The benches remained, even though the platform beneath them was removed and the fine mosaic floor brought more into evidence, and the question of the former main altar was left unresolved. The intention was to carry the process further when more money was available and after wider discussion in the College. At the time of writing this article the Rector and Vice-Rector have been actively engaged in seeking an architect who will be able to assist in this work and thus provide a fitting memorial to the Fourth Centenary. The mosaic floor, one of the finest features of the Chapel, promises to remain a problem since the pieces of mosaic are very shallow and tend to come away under pressure of use. Estimates obtained from the Vatican mosaic laboratory in 1977 indicated that adequate repair of this was way beyond our reach. Nevertheless, the next few years will see very interesting changes in the Chapel, which remains as always the heart of College life.

iii) The Roman Association has generously agreed to contribute towards this restoration, and thus it is a contribution to the Chapel and a memorial of the Centenary at one and the same time. In the '70s, the Roman Association's help allowed us to undertake pastoral courses in England in the summer, such as Hatch End, catechetical courses, periods in parishes etc, and Italian courses at the beginning of the year in Rome. This assistance was much appreciated and of direct help to the students in their preparation for priesthood.

c) *Furniture, Furnishings et alia*

In 1974 work began to improve the quality of furniture and furnishings in student rooms. Donations helped in obtaining simple arm-chairs for practically every room. Twelve of these chairs were also placed in the Vice-Rector's office, which had been vacated to create a smaller reading room/common room accessible to all. The main Common-room was too large to attract people in the after-supper period, and it was judged that somewhere more intimate and welcoming, in a central position, could meet a need. To some extent it did meet a need and has become known as "the Snug"; it was to prove a boon as "the Bar" during the summer lettings.

At the end of December, 1975, Mrs. Liliana Pagano, an Italo-Australian lady, was employed by the College on a part-time basis. She took over the booking of flights to England. The students had been running this, but after talking it over with the man who had the job last of all it was felt better for the College to take it over and avoid the legal complications of having a burgeoning travel agency on the premises. We also felt that to some extent it could consume too much of an individual student's time, since many people from outside had begun to use this service and we wanted to cut it back somewhat. Besides this work, Liliana was able to assist the Vice-Rector in matters relating to the furnishing of some of the rented apartments, the furnishing of student rooms, corridors and other rooms, and in the area of menus and expenditure on food. In the latter area she has worked closely with Suor Renata, the *Superiora*, and with Suor Norma and Suor Berarda, who are in charge of the cooking. I also took this opportunity to initiate changes in the purchasing of food and other supplies. Efforts were made to improve the quality and variety of a two-week menu, altering this menu every three months, while also trying to cut back expenditure.

As far as the furnishing of rooms was concerned, Michael Cooley was already working with me closely in this area both at the College and at the Villa, but the advent of the summer lettings brought an inflow of cash that allowed something along the lines of a Chinese "leap forward" with "a hundred flowers blossoming." Thanks both to Liliana Pagano and to the retired carpenter Emanuele — a man who rather reminds one of Joseph of Nazareth who shared the same trade — we were able to carry out a systematic overhaul of furniture and furnishings. Carlo of the *Portineria*, who had been an upholsterer before joining us, was simultaneously engaged over three years in re-upholstering work around the College and in the putting up of curtains, an activity formerly exercised to perfection by Mgr. Tickle. Redecoration both of the main corridor and of the Sisters' *Guardaroba* were included in this work, the huge wardrobes in the latter being Emanuele's pride and joy.

The Summer Pilgrim Lettings

a) *Origins, Dates and Numbers*

i) The first contacts regarding the possibility of letting the College during

the summer months of Holy Year, 1975, had taken place in the month of November, 1973. By the following summer we had made the decision to go ahead with the idea and gradually began to prepare the way for what we guessed would be a considerable number of people.

We took soundings on the legal status of the scheme. The legal situation was somewhat obscure, but we decided to adopt an Italian approach to law since we were in an Italian situation and take the risk of going ahead. For Holy Year this was not considered to be much of a risk, since all sorts of institutions were having to open their doors to meet the need for board and lodging; the real risk and decision was to come in 1976, when we decided to go ahead in spite of the uncertainties of the situation. Enough that we did not put the College itself at risk; for the rest we would trust our luck and keep the show going until someone gunned us down!

In the light of the College's history the last five years of the 1970s have witnessed a curious synthesis of the institution's original purposes: it has acted both as a hospice for pilgrims coming to Rome (the original hospice took its inspiration from the experience of the needs of pilgrims coming during and after a Holy Year), and has been fully engaged as a College for the training of priests for the service of the Church in England and Wales. In both areas the College was firing on all cylinders, making fullest use of its capacity: it was again and again packed to overflowing in the summer and reached maximum intake of students during the scholastic year. From 1975 the Villa too was in full use during the summer months. The question facing us after 1975 was not how to increase in quantity but quality: the basic purposes were being achieved, but how to achieve them more deeply and effectively for the long-term? Any temptation to complacency or triumphalism was quickly choked by facing the question of 'how deeply', 'how effectively' was the college achieving Christian formation and, specifically, formation for the ministry of priesthood.

ii) Dates of Summer Lettings, Numbers of People, The Universe.

In the Holy Year we let ourselves in for a great deal of work by opening the College for pilgrims less than a week after the College had closed, and remaining open right the way through to the last week in September. (The pilgrim period closed, only to open immediately for the first-year men coming for the Italian language courses that had first been undertaken in 1972.) This was, quite frankly, too long and was a considerable strain on the permanent staff and on those who stayed to help right through the summer. Late July and early August were hot and keeping the whole thing rolling forward was uphill work. What is more, the central weeks of August around the time of *ferragosto* and the Assumption attracted fewer visitors than in the other weeks, presumably because people had been warned off because of the heat.

In the years following Holy Year, we always made a break in the middle of August so as to concentrate better on the other weeks and give some rest to the Sisters and the kitchen and cleaning staff. In these years too, we avoided as far as possible having the "Pilgrims" running concurrently with the College

Villa: those first few weeks of the Holy Year summer, when there were only five men to do all the jobs that were in later years to be distributed among eight to ten, were one... of a scramble. Thomas Atthill, Michael Smith and Paul Hardy were the men that especially bore the heat of the day! Once the Villa closed and the family groups arrived there, we had more help down in Rome. Only in 1977, when the first lettings period included an American summer school, did we open before the Villa ended; the mix in that summer of 1977 of American academics with the salt of the earth folk from Lancashire and London parishes was fascinating to watch; it worked well and certainly added flavour to the summer school on Italian literature and art!

iii) The most comfortable number of people to work with, both from the accommodation, kitchen and refectory, and guiding point of view, was around ninety people per week. This kept student helpers and staff engaged without being overstretched. In 1977 and 1978, however, this number was often exceeded. At the back of one's mind was the awareness that the future of summer lettings was precarious and it would be good to utilise potential to the full while we could. Nevertheless, I did push things too far on occasion. Not that Sisters, chaplains, students and other staff did not give willingly of their best, they most certainly did. But one was asking too much in view of the heat, the previous year's work, and the work required in the coming year. The wear and tear showed from time to time. In 1978 numbers were often around 115 or 120 a week. On one very memorable occasion, a change in plane times completely outside our control brought the numbers up to 140 for a few days: not only were the kitchen, refectory, tea-room and bar stretched to the maximum, but the hot water system practically gave up the ghost as well! After the 1978 experience, it was decided to keep the numbers within the limits of sanity and not demand heroic sanctity from the Sisters!

While we took various parish groups and people who applied individually from Britain over the five years of the "Pilgrim Lettings", by far the majority of our pilgrims came through the auspices of "The Universe Travellers' Club." We were quickly able to establish a good business relationship with the Universe directors and found them very good people to work with. Very importantly, it was not seen either by them or by ourselves in terms of business alone. The people who came through them were for the most part the very people from the parishes of England and Wales, and from Scotland and Ireland too for that matter, whom we most wanted to welcome as visitors. After all, in a very true sense it is *their College!* The links established through them with the dioceses at home were among the most valuable aspects of the entire exercise. The Universe directors always insisted on the spiritual aspect of their groups, laying great emphasis on the the audience with the Holy Father, access to daily Mass, and on the availability of a chaplain. A sincere word of thanks should be recorded to Mr. Christopher Hennessy, formerly Managing Director of the Universe, to his successor Mr. Gerald McGuiness,

and to Mr. James Landergan, Director of the Universe Travellers' Club. Their goodwill towards the College was further attested by the financial assistance given by them in the publication of Michael Williams' history of the Venerabile on the occasion of the Fourth Centenary.

b) *A Typical Week*

The summer lettings can best be seen by briefly describing a typical week. It would begin by waiting for the plane or planes to arrive, and this was truly a moveable feast. On the first evening in Holy Year, the plane was very late and we served supper to the pilgrims at about two o'clock in the morning. This was far from being the last time this happened. I remember one particular occasion when the plane was so long delayed that except for the unfortunates who were waiting to welcome the planes at the airport, we had all gone to bed. For some reason the alarm did not go off and the groups had actually arrived at three in the morning before we all piled downstairs to collect cases from the buses, distribute them round the rooms, serve the soup etc. in the refectory and make them all welcome. We were all in such a hurry that the only drink we put out for the parched pilgrims was wine, forgetting water and fruit juice. They went through a massive amount of wine before we realised our mistake. Since the people were already tired, the effect of the alcohol was a sight to behold: people were asleep on their feet as they were conducted to their rooms! Silence reigned!

On the first day the groups would depart early to the catacombs for Mass and a tour before lunch; after lunch and a rest they moved off again for another tour. On the following day too there would be a tour scheduled for the morning. By the afternoon the people were happy enough to find their own way round after their intensive introduction to the city. Wednesday was the day for the audience, and in the evening there would normally be an optional tour offered to Tivoli or around Rome by night. Thursday was the day for an optional tour to Assisi, and this was normally very popular; the highlights of the day were the Mass at the tomb of St. Francis of Assisi, the fine lunch provided at La Rocca, and the visit to the Porziuncola before returning home with Umbrian ceramics. Two further scheduled half-day tours of Rome were provided, by which time the guides were ready for a break. It often required pluck for the guide to set out with an unknown group, and even more courage if, as Paul Donovan did on one occasion, you set out to guide people round Tivoli and the Villa d'Este without ever having been their yourself!

The last night would be a special occasion: a more or less impromptu concert or party was put on for anyone who wanted to come - and most did. By the end of the week the general atmosphere had normally overcome the sharp edges of irritability and nerves that often appeared over the first two or three days; during the first days some felt themselves uprooted from their environment, somewhat exposed and even threatened. There were times when student helpers were inclined to think of one or two contenders for a

“pain-in-the-neck pilgrim award”, but such thoughts did not last, and the occasional difficulty was completely outweighed by the friendliness and understanding of most of the folk. The direct and everyday contact with one or two people who had more serious personality difficulties, and who required patience and compassion rather than rejection, was no bad preparation for later days on a parish. There were times when people’s difficulties looked as though they were going to benefit the College: one man left us in 1975 swearing that he was going to demand of Cardinal Heenan that he install air-conditioning in the College. Far be it from us, we said, to stand in the way of constructive criticism... As a member of staff on the other hand it was an eye-opener to see how students related to the people and the people to them. In my mind are a couple of students who had considerable difficulties in College life; in their contact with the people visiting the College, it was enormously reassuring to see and hear how the people were able to recognise strengths and virtues to which one had been blind.

If any of the students were able to play a guitar, they played it non-stop through the impromptu concerts. David Gummatt and Bernard Gorman made a great contribution in this direction. When Cormac was there, his skills at both the piano and on the guitar were well used. Over the years we certainly had variety: Mervyn Tower singing Portuguese Christmas carols in the middle of the Roman August, Andrew Wade chanting Syriac and playing the flute, Terry Dowling giving very competent renderings of arias from Italian opera, and we even had Bishop David Konstant playing the piano and getting everyone to sing the Latin round “Pauper sum ego, nihil habeo et nihil dabo” - a round that found an echo in the Vatican Halls on the other side of the Tiber. Our secret weapon on these evenings was our own Suor Gemma. The Sisters, with the girls who helped in the kitchen, would usually come up for a short period, and before they left they had practically everyone singing Italian mountain songs. But Suor Gemma’s piece was particular to her alone: “When the Saints go marchin’ in!” She would sing this in a voice that would cut through the hardest hearts like a chain-saw; all would melt before her, particularly when accompanied by Cormac on the piano. Her achievement was all the more extraordinary since the only other English phrases she knew were “softly, softly”, and “time gentlemen please!” This last she used to great effect but rather unpredictably...

c) The Chaplains, Student helpers, Staff involvement

i) The College undertook to provide chaplains during the summer months, whose task it was to be available to the people during the week. In addition to the daily Mass in the College, the Masses celebrated at the catacombs of San Callisto and at the tomb of St. Francis of Assisi were important highlights in the week and contributed to the overall tone and purpose of the tours. These, together with the Sunday Mass, were carefully prepared by the chaplains and were often the aspects of their holiday most remarked upon by the people in letters sent to the College and “The Universe Travellers’ Club.” Another ceremony was normally offered once a week in the

College chapel, the precise nature of this varying according to the group and chaplain; it would normally include a period of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament and close with Benediction. During Holy Year there was an exhibition in the Tribune. Paul Hardy was the moving force behind this and hundreds and hundreds of people went round it in that year. It gave a pictorial presentation of the history of the College and Hospice, stressing the many links between Rome and Britain, and also gave a presentation of the work of priests in England and Wales for which the College was preparing the students. It was an effective statement of what the College was about. Among the chaplains over the years were Michael Smith, Paul Hardy, Kieran Conry, Peter Fleetwood, Mervyn Tower and Bruce Harbert.

ii) The student helpers were really the secret of the success of the summer lettings. It was they, together with the student chaplains, who made the whole atmosphere so different from that of a hotel or *pensione*. The people who came back two, three and, in a few cases, even four times said that the atmosphere of the College and the personal interest taken by the lads made them feel at home.

The jobs were divided up among the students each week and were on a rotating basis so that everyone took the rough with the smooth. The students came as volunteers, almost all of them being students of the College, although in 1978 and 1979 there were a number of students from elsewhere. Three students from Ushaw came to give a hand during the 1979 summer and their contribution was much appreciated. There were normally two sessions of pilgrim lettings, the break at *feragosto* being the time when one team of students returned to England and Wales and another team came out for the next session.

Everyone helped at the beginning of each session to arrange the rooms as singles, doubles or even triples according to need, and spent two days moving furniture from one place to another in a manner that brought back memories of earlier days with Mgr. Tickle! The two major centres of activity were the ground floor and the second floor, and jobs related to these areas. Two or more normally three students would be assigned to the refectory for a week preparing tables, serving and clearing up for breakfast, lunch and supper. Another student would look after the bar which was situated in the "Snug"; he would also normally make sure the tea-room was stocked and clean.

This tea-room was a godsend. The idea for it came when preparing for Holy Year; we made tea, milk, sugar, a kettle, kitchen sink and refrigerator available there. Its value was twofold: first, it made people feel at home since they could brew up at any time - and brew up they did, morning, noon and midnight; secondly, if there were any people on their own or who were somewhat shy, the tea-room was a place where, while waiting for the kettle to whistle and bubble, people could meet and begin to chat without embarrassment. It was kept on for use by students after Holy Year and is still popular. If, on the first day, the people in any particular week of the summer weighed into both the bar and the tea-room with gusto, then we knew it was going to be a good week - provided we were all feeling hearty enough to take it. Staff

and students used the rooms on the first floor, and the Salone was like a haven to which students would thankfully withdraw before returning to the fray.

Another sector of jobs involved an information desk under the clock on the second floor, and *portineria* duty downstairs to keep the door open and guarded when Arrigo, Luigi and Carlo were off duty. Men at the information desk were expected to answer anything from the way to the Colosseum to the daily schedules of the Papal household. Moreover, it was enough for a man to be put behind a desk for people to see him as a figure of authority, a seat of wisdom, a jack of all trades, and expect him at one and the same time to be able to unblock sinks, rescue people locked in lavatories, provide tea-bags and sticking plaster, change money at the best available rate, sell medals and postcards from the "shop" adjoining the desk, book people in for optional tours, smile at the older ladies as well as the young, chat to the lonely, change light bulbs, comment on Italian horticulture and explain to his baffled audience why it was he had decided to become a priest!! Pressure at times was so great at the information desk that other men had to be brought in to handle money exchange and optional tour bookings, and if there were sufficient helpers in a given year, the jobs were subdivided. The man in the *portineria*, who alternated with the man at the information desk, often had the unwelcome task of consoling people whose handbags had been stolen by young lads on scooters. On one or two occasions people were hurt in these incidents and it was a very harrowing business. We were also continually on the watch for intruders or thieves; we were successful with the exception of one incident in Holy Year. On that occasion a man had come in presenting himself as a Canadian Jesuit; he had entered a couple of rooms before an uneasy sixth sense put a few of us on to him. He removed himself from the building with admirable aplomb; given the mood we were in he was lucky not to have been thrown into a piranha-filled tank.

Guiding was the remaining job that students undertook in turn. It was one of the most challenging of the jobs. In the first year of lettings we did not control the coaches ourselves and therefore did not fully control the tours. In the light of experience we moved in on this area the following year and were thus able to offer a better service to the people, as well as offering optional tours that were cheaper than elsewhere. They were also a good source of income for the College and for the lads doing the guiding. A good side-effect was the way men got to know the sights and history of the eternal city.

iii) *The Staff*

In Holy Year two members of staff remained with the groups through almost the entire period, namely Thomas Atthill and the Vice-Rector. The Rector came for a short period in the second half. He was more than willing to come for more, but it was more important that he should be attending to other priorities: presence at the ordinations in England, presence at the September pastoral courses, and, most important of all, have some time to renew the energy that would be required by the challenges of the coming scholastic year and to pray for the gifts of wisdom and discernment of spirits!

I had asked Fr. Thomas to prepare menus for the first year of lettings, trying to strike a balance between English and Italian cooking while blending quality, quantity and economy. He did this very successfully and his menus were to be used as a basis in the following summers. He also worked in the kitchen, along with Nella and the Sisters, right through the summer, thus bearing the heat of the day together with the heat of the kitchen. In the following summer, 1976, I invited Liliana Pagano to work with the Sisters on the menus. This work coincided with the effort during 1976 to cut back expenditure in the area of provisions, while at the same time providing a more interesting and varied menu.

In another sphere it was Mary Jo Lorello, the bursar, who allocated rooms to people and since we had large groups, small groups, individuals and families coming and going at different times, this was a very complicated operation. It was like playing chess with a computer. Her office, with its boards and charts, often looked as though war games were in progress, and her competence made for the smooth running of the summer as one week's groups made way for another. Together with Liliana Pagano, she also made sure each time groups or individuals moved out that rooms were ready for reoccupation, providing the information sheets, floor plans and fire exit indications that greeted all newly arrived visitors.

Michael Cooley also gave a hand in the second session of Holy Year pilgrims, but his major contribution in the summers was in preparing Palazzo for the groups of a hundred people that descended upon it once the College moved out. Philip Holroyd, at that time the philosophy tutor, had his first experience of summer pilgrims by joining me for the first half of 1978: it was in that session numbers were so great we even had groups sleeping on mattresses in the Common-room! George Hay looked after the second session in 1978, Peter Morgan taking over from myself as Vice-Rector in the middle of September. In 1979 the Vice-Rector looked after the first session, while the Rector and Keith Barltrop, now theology tutor, looked after the second session. The main function of Rector, Vice-Rector and the members of staff during these summer sessions, was to ensure that all sectors were functioning and the whole show rumbling forward with as much smoothness as could be expected. It was important to welcome the people and keep one's finger on the pulse of each week; it was especially important to be sensitive to the needs of the student-helpers, of their reactions to the pilgrims and to one another under the tensions of day to day demands, and to seek to sustain the Sisters and other staff in their work. It was necessary to be around to absorb the tensions, to encourage staff and helpers, and to keep thinking ahead... For my own part I continued all through this period with part time work in the Congregation for Sacraments and Divine Worship and with the Bishops' Agency; the demands of several jobs at the same time could at times be severe, but there was a value in activities which helped one stand back and observe the scene coolly and dispassionately from the other side of the Tiber... which is not of course to suggest that the Vatican is an island of Buddhist detachment, but that is another story.

d) *Portuguese Mackerel*

The last summer of pilgrim lettings, at least until some breakthrough is achieved on the legal side, was that of 1979. Philip Holroyd, who only a few days before had taken up the baton of Vice-Rector from Peter Morgan and who was beginning his sprint around that ever-widening track familiar to his predecessors, was confronted on the second night of the first session with a Portuguese tin of mackerel! Or, rather, he was confronted with its after-taste: ten people on that particular evening were not evincing the sounds of raptured delight expected and demanded of any self-respecting Venerabile pilgrim! They were in fact in the agonies of severe food-poisoning. Philip called in a doctor from the Blue Nuns hospital, and his judgement, together with that of Sister Elizabeth Mary who kindly came down too, was that the people should be taken to hospital. Something of a nightmare then ensued. Since the Blue Nuns could not take them, the pilgrims had to be taken to the hospital of San Giovanni. For anyone who knows nothing of the first aid centres at some Roman hospitals and who is unaware of the conditions of overcrowding, it will be difficult to imagine what the pilgrims faced. For some of them the first experience of the hospital was almost as traumatic as the after-effects of the mackerel. After registering the people and declaring that there were no wards free to take them, the staff of the hospital found enough beds to put in a corridor. It was then discovered that there were no sheets or pillowcases. They had some blankets and a few pillows and this just had to do. Meanwhile, the state of dehydration caused by the poisoning and loss of fluid was causing severe symptoms in some of our patients. To cut a long story short, the hospital staff acquitted themselves of their task as well as they could in the circumstances and most of the people were able to be returned to the College by the evening of the following day. They fairly quickly recovered from their ordeal and were full of praise for the efforts of Philip and his men on their behalf: no-one ended in the Campo Santo and no-one decided to sue the College!

The after-effects were felt elsewhere: entry into the public hospital for food-poisoning brought the hygiene authorities round to the College with an alacrity which surprised those long sceptical of Italian efficiency. Philip managed to assuage their fears, but there was no way on halting the bureaucratic process that had begun. The hygiene authorities wanted to know where the College had a *licenza* for providing a *mensa*, the *Questura* wanted to know where was the permission to accommodate people, and the local *Vigili* were told to keep an eye on us. The local *Vigili* have long been friendly with the College, and the visit of the Holy Father to their head quarters in the Monserrato, when he celebrated Mass and dined with the College last December, enhanced relations even more. They too, however, have to answer to higher authority: it was their warning in February, 1980, that the matter had still not been cleared in the various offices of the *Comune* and that they would have to inform the authorities if we continued, that brought the unavoidable decision to suspend the summer lettings.

The difficulty, to give the affair an Irish flavour, is not so much that what we were doing was illegal as to be able to prove that it was legal! The authorities were somewhat baffled as to where to categorize the College summer lettings. They were, however, clear that until the matter had been sorted out the College could not open its doors for pilgrims lettings unless it obtained a *licenza* for commercial *pensione* activities. This would have changed the legal status of the College, changing its *unico scopo*, and brought all sorts of consequences with tax authorities, labour laws and so on. The Rector and Vice-Rector, after consultation with the College lawyer and others, quite rightly decided in March, 1980 that the lettings could not continue for the present and hastened to inform the Bishops and "The Universe Travellers' Club" of their decision.

e) *Advantages*

One of the undoubted advantages of not having the summer lettings is that it will give the Sisters and other staff the opportunity for a physical rest. Several of the Sisters, as well as Mary Jo, have had periods of sickness and probably need this respite. Typically, though, when Philip informed them of the suspension their thoughts were immediately of the College and its needs rather than of themselves.

If I were asked to summarize the advantages of the five years of pilgrim summers, I would put them under four heads: a) the people themselves enjoyed a rewarding week at economical prices and in congenial surroundings and for a number their stay brought a refreshing and strengthening of their faith and prayer; b) for the students who worked in the College over those summers, it was truly a pastoral activity, it gave a number of them greater self-confidence, and was a good preparation for aspects of their later service as priests; c) closer links were established at the 'grassroots' level of parishes throughout England and Wales, thus making the College more widely known and accepted, and militating against any elitist tendencies we might have; d) for the College, the summer pilgrim lettings brought very considerable financial benefit, were a boost for morale and showed that we were not just sitting around waiting for handouts but doing what we could to remedy a difficult financial situation.

f) *Le Suore*

The Sisters deserve an article devoted to themselves alone, such has been their contribution over so many years. Their contribution to the summer lettings, for example, was quite simply invaluable, and their deep spirituality and total commitment were evident both to our pilgrims and especially to all the students who saw them at work and at prayer during those summers. They combined their religious witness with a cheerful simplicity and spontaneity of style that truly wins them the name of Franciscans.

One of the few things we were able to do for them at the time of the lettings was to arrange for Suor Marcella (the superior) and Suor Gemma to visit England in the summer of 1975. This was the first time that any sisters from the College had ever been to England, even though their own Congregation has had sisters at the Italian Hospital in Queen's Square, London. The sisters went first of all to Jeremy Garrett's ordination and, after an evening with all the Murphy-O'Connors and half the English College, went on to Coventry for Kieran Conry's ordination where they were delighted when Archbishop Dwyer stopped on his way up the aisle to greet them. From there they went to my own home and were then placed by my brother Joseph on the train to Shrewsbury via Wolverhampton, or so he thought. When the sisters did not arrive in Shrewsbury, Fr. Ernie Sands rang my brother to find out what had happened; investigations showed that due to platform alterations they had in fact boarded the "mystery tour train", as it is called, and no-one seemed to know where it was headed. The sisters themselves were enjoying the green fields, the birds chirping, the cows munching, in fact everything..., until they themselves began to feel peckish and directed a verbal barrage at rail workers on one of their many stops. Luckily, one of the men was a Neapolitan and explained to them that they were well on their way to Skegness! Disconcerted by the torrent of Veneto dialect which then poured on him, he hastened to bring the station master on to the stage. Once off the train the sisters gave him the only telephone number they had and asked, through the Neapolitan gentleman, that he ring it. The number was that of Bishop Brewer at Middlewich. It thus happened that Bishop Brewer found himself talking to a station master somewhere east of the Pennines: "Is that Bishop Brewer?" "Yes, it is." "Ay, well look, I've got two Italian princesses'ere, 'oo says as that they know yer..." From that moment the Sisters' estimation of British Rail has never dimmed; at three stops on the way back across England they were met with exquisite courtesy and escorted from one train to another... and so eventually on to Liverpool which was perhaps the best memory of all. They still speak of the way eight Liverpool students came to meet them, took them across the Mersey, pointed out the liver birds, showed them the two cathedrals, had them drinking Guinness outside a Liverpool pub, and finished the expedition by treating them to fish and chips out of the "Liverpool Echo"! What more could a Paduan Franciscan Sister of St. Elizabeth of Hungary ask for?

Cardinal Heenan, at Westminster, gave them a great welcome, had them in for morning coffee, and gave them each a memento before their return to Rome. This was one of the last gestures of kindness of the Cardinal towards the College, since he was to die only a few months later.

At the end of that same summer of 1975, Suor Cipriana, who had worked herself practically to a standstill and raised the cooking to new standards, left the College to move on to another house of the Congregation. Suor Norma, and later Suor Berarda also, took her place at the helm of College cookery. In the *Guardaroba* Suor Vladimira worked for many years, until her place was taken in 1976 by Suor Gisella; in the same year Suor Marcella handed over the

work of *Superiora* to Suor Renata. In both of these Sisters, who guide both their own Community and the *ragazze* and the ladies who help in cleaning and in the kitchen, the College has been very fortunate over the past ten years. I hope the editor will find someone to describe their work and witness more adequately.

g) *The Personale*

i) Rectors and Vice-Rectors come and go, but the *personale*, many of whom have been long years in College service, are a symbol of continuity amidst the changes of regime. Arrigo, for example, with his wife Rita, has been with the College since before the war. It was a great event to see, only a few years ago, his face wreathed with delight when his daughter Simoneta married Carlo in the College Chapel. There were people at the wedding who had not been to the Church for years, with all the weeping, embracing and sheer lack of inhibition that so often accompanies Italian events. A year later Arrigo's cup of happiness was full when his son Enzo was also married in the Chapel, and at both events the students had prepared the music and the ceremony in a way that the families still remember, as they also remember the *ad multos* in the refectory on both occasions. The College has, what is more, taken part in these events more than once, since they were made into short family films and these films turn up occasionally side by side with Germano's cine shots of Nuns' *gitas* etc. On one memorable occasion Cormac and I had been invited by Arrigo's family for a celebratory repast at their apartment when suddenly, in the middle of the meal, a tape-recorder was produced and they played back, with permanent damage to my digestive system, the homily I had given at one of the weddings! I assure you, dear reader, that however much one likes the sound of one's own voice there *are* limits. Luigi Sarandrea was there and saw the humour of the situation, as he does of most College situations. A natural diplomat, he knows exactly when and when not to pull someone's leg, and he has been unfailingly reliable over the years.

To complete this brief acknowledgement of those *personale* who live in the College building, we have Germano and Nella. This team can perhaps best be described as the Italian version of Andy Capp and his wife, with the difference that they both work, and work hard! Nella helps in the laundry, but has also helped in the kitchen in the past. Her private ambition was to open her own Roman *osteria* and she occasionally dishes out maternal affection on staff and students in the form of *gnocchi*, *pollo alla diavola*, sheeps' eyes and mountain cheese... washed down in abundance. She conveys that mother earth quality expressive of Italy's creativity and vitality, and has the Roman's inbuilt instinct for survival. Germano, who first came when the boilers moved over from wood to oil, and who had spent his early years decorating houses and cakes, is a man of unusual practical intelligence. He has the capacity *à la Edison* both to understand how a thing works, watching and assimilating what electricians, plumbers or engineers are doing, and to see what uses or applications, however unexpected, a thing may have. He has

been odd-job man for everything from picking locks to mending television sets over his years in the College, has painted practically the entire interior of the College, and been the harrassed nursemaid to our ageing boiler system. With the advent of the new boiler system, Germano has finally come into his kingdom.

ii) Working under the direction of the Sisters are the ladies who keep the College clean, Immelda and Rosa, and the girls who help them in the kitchen and laundry. There is also Pasquina, the lady who helps the Sisters in the kitchen. Over the last fifteen or twenty years, the presence of the *ragazze* has brought contact with Pugliano, a village in the countryside outside Caserta; it is from there that most of the *ragazze* over the years have come. In view of the difficulty of obtaining 'live-in' staff, their village area has been an important element in the background of College life. It occasionally comes into the foreground, as it did on one famous occasion when the majority of the students accompanied Cormac and Bishop Brewer for a Confirmation at the Pugliano parish church. The *parocco*, Don Mario, who is remarkably good at keeping in contact with his flock wherever they go and who has sustained church life in the area single-handed, was there to welcome the College. The village had gathered around him. Adorned in biretta, cassock and megaphone, he roared out a welcome: *Viva San Marcello* (parish patron), *Viva il Papa*, *Viva Mons. Brewer*, *Viva, viva il Collegio Inglese!!* Printed posters on trees, doorposts and walls proclaimed this same ecstatic message. During the ceremony this second Don Camillo described the arrival of the English College as an important ecumenical event, and he kissed Cormac and Jack on both cheeks to prove it. The meal, and the many visits to each and every family who had had any of their offspring in the kitchens of the English College, continued throughout the afternoon without respite. The College uttered a contented sigh of exhaustion as the bus wound its way down the country roads away from the village, weighed down to the axles with post-prandial *inglesi* and with every corner of the bus stuffed with salami, cheeses, artichokes, tomatoes, *Pugliano rosso*, and with that unmistakeable aroma of garlic wafting through the air...

Over the years there are many *ragazze*, now married, who have helped in the kitchen and laundry. By the time their children have grown to the age when they themselves came to the Venerabile, will the Sisters still have been able to staff the College? Will social conditions be such that the *ragazze* will be happy to have their daughters repeat their own experience? On balance, I would think the probabilities are towards a negative response.

h) *The Library*

In the early '70s money was so short that, as Michael Smith, librarian at that time, found to his chagrin, after subscriptions and binding the magazines there was little over for new purchases. From 1974 onwards it was decided to try and build up the library further, and Michael Cooley and Thomas Atthill

worked with the librarians Paul Burholt and Nicholas Paxton to fill many gaps in the scripture, theology and philosophy sections. In 1975, thanks to a donation, Fr. John Short, the spiritual director, was able to purchase a number of books required in the area of liturgy and spirituality.

In 1977 we decided to give the library a further boost and tried to put both money and energy into building it up. Philip Holroyd was the staff member with responsibility for the library and Bruce Harbert was appointed librarian. Bruce, with the Rector's approval, brought in an important change: books published after 1920 (even if written in a previous century, but now re-published) were placed on one side of the second library lower bookshelves and were separated from books published prior to 1920. This system, sometimes used in College libraries, meant that the books most students would in fact wish to read were easily visible and accessible. In my view, this change has been very positive and encourages frequent and easy use of the library facilities. The first library was also attractively laid out, and the third library came into use more for the poetry and music evenings orchestrated by Fr. Christopher Pemberton. Chris comes every alternate semester and acts as tutor in the area of voice production and proclamation of the word. Very importantly, more money was made available for the library and many useful purchases have been made by David McLoughlin and David Lewis who followed Bruce in the work of first librarian.

7. Towards the Eighties

a) *The Centenary Appeal*

To return for the moment to 1976. The summer lettings of that year had gone well, but we were strongly aware of the underlying fragility of the College's finances. We could not count on future summers necessarily continuing to transform the income situation. Restoration and maintenance continued to make demands that were beyond our possibilities. In October we discussed the matter with the Bishops' Committee and it was agreed to engage a professional firm to see whether an appeal was feasible or not. Consequently a representative of Craigmyle Ltd., the firm that had successfully conducted the Westminster Cathedral Appeal, came out to the College just before Christmas and laid the grounds for a feasibility study.

This study sought to establish the target amount needed, the constituency to whom we should or could turn for such an appeal, the likelihood of the target being reached by addressing ourselves to that constituency, and the funds and personnel required to launch the appeal. It had been agreed with the Bishops that an appeal to the Roman Association and parishes on the late 1950s model was not what we were after; our constituency must be sought elsewhere, even though we would, of course, look to former alumni for help and support.

The firm decided that such an appeal was feasible, but stressed two things

as being vitally important: firstly, an active and effective appeal committee; secondly, the active involvement of the Rector in actually going to meet the representatives of charitable trusts, banks, business people, trades union representatives and others. It was this second point that caused severe doubts. It may have been possible for Mgr. Hinsley to disappear to Africa for a few years and still continue as Rector, but that could in no way be countenanced in 1977. Even in more recent history, at a time when the clearly established rule system ensured that the College could be left on automatic pilot for a while, the years 1950 and 1951, during which time Mgr. Macmillan was really too sick to be a Rector in fully effective control, it had been difficult for Mgr. Tickle, as Vice-Rector, to carry things forward. The Rector's regular contact with students and his attempt to know them well is nowadays absolutely essential - even though the refrain "they do not know me" is psychologically inevitable, however justified or unjustified it may be as a statement of fact.

In early 1977 I had said both to Cormac and to Archbishop Dwyer, Chairman of the Bishops' Committee, that I wished to withdraw from the job as Vice-Rector by the end of the year since I felt that I had made whatever contribution that I was likely to make. It was also important to focus attention on the need to prepare for a new regime in the College in the not too distant future. Chunterings down the highways and hedgerows of England, and jungle drums at the Roman end, made me feel that it would not be too long before Cormac was moved on to another job. If this were to happen it was important that there be not too long an interregnum. Memories of Autumn 1971 were still vivid in my mind.

By the mid-summer, rumours had grown to such an extent as to make it difficult for Cormac to prepare himself to launch the appeal, as he had intended to do once the '77-'78 year was under way. The sword hung poised through October and November, and when it fell on November 21st and Cormac was caught up in the challenge of beginning his service as Bishop in Arundel and Brighton, it was clear that he could not spend his first year in the diocese running round England and Wales in the interests of a College appeal! From a meeting Cormac, George Hay and myself had in England at the end of January 1978, it was also obvious that for George to spend his first year as Rector travelling backwards and forwards between Rome and Britain for the appeal, was not the most propitious way to start as Rector. The conclusion was unavoidable: it was decided to postpone the launching of the appeal.

This decision, necessary as it was, meant that the psychological moment of the centenary, 1979, was lost as far as the appeal was concerned. The need for a stronger financial base remains, and the effort to achieve that will, wars permitting, be one of the major administrative objectives of the last twenty years of the century.

b) *Back to the Boiler-room*

i) Any temptation we may have had to a sense of cosy self-sufficiency was once again torpedoed by new Italian laws on heating installations, fuel oil, and fire-hazards. Legislation in this area had gradually been stiffening, but when an institute in Rome blew up in 1977, as a result of faults in a heating installation, the authorities became extremely severe. All institutions had to comply with the new regulations and to show that there was to be no Roman *laissez-faire*, heating inspectors closed down the central-heating and water-heating facilities of some institutes until such time as they changed the system.

Once again one beat the well-trodden path to Archbishop's House, Birmingham, and delivered the happy news. Archbishop George Patrick's reaction was remarkably sanguine and once we had obtained estimates etc, the bishops once more came to the College's rescue by producing the sixty thousand or so pounds required! For this the College superiors were enormously grateful, but we were painfully aware that requests could not be made too often.

ii) My first experience of College administration had come in 1959 when I was exalted to the dizzy heights of College "bath-man", a job that vied with that of "boot-man" for the bottom of the table of house jobs. For those of later generations who were never initiated into the waters of the Queen Mary, it should be pointed out that "bath-man" was a vastly different animal from "tank-man." The latter was a position of rank in the light of tank renovation at the time. While tank-men would talk together of turning the two tanks into trout farms during the winter months, and of other such entrepreneurial activities, bath-men did their humble best to ensure that tadpoles, toads and scorpions were safely dispatched down the plug-hole before the waves of Monserra' men descended to take the waters. It was after all only on two nights a week that men were able to have a hot bath, and the only baths were in the Queen Mary; they had to come down to the Queen Mary to have their bath within the half-an-hour slot assigned to each group.

It also fell to the bath-man to negotiate hot-water with Medi the boiler-man. Medi is still alive, even more ancient and by now completely deaf, but he can be seen in the *Cortile* on sunny days greeting all and sundry. The greatest task facing the bath-man was communication with said Medi: "more wood needed, no hot water, how long before the boilers are repaired" were the sort of thing a fellow had to render in Italian, and if he got it wrong the water would be cold and he would, like as not, be escorted for an uncalled for examination of the bottom of the tank by his fellow-students. The breakthrough came when I actually understood what Medi was talking about: he spoke of the day when he made his contribution to the war effort by removing tyres and tracks from German armoured cars! My admiration for this heroic achievement was, even in those early days, tinged with unworthy musings on the black-market price for tyres at that stage of the war, and whether the Allies had the same problem in Rome with their armour? In 1962 Medi made way for Germano, and wood for oil. There were two sets of boilers firing

away in that first session of the Council, one under the refectory and one under the Bishops' wing. In 1970 a larger boiler was purchased and this allowed the section under the Bishops' wing to be phased out. By 1977 boilers and burners and water-heaters were approaching the end of their natural life, and Germano was working wonders keeping them going. The new legislation brought the *coup de grace* and plans were drawn up for the total reorganization of the boiler area.

iii) It fell to Peter Morgan to supervise the many complicated aspects of preparing the cellars for the boilers, isolating the area from the rest of the cellar, opening up access to the boilers from the garden area, preparing for the lagging of pipes etc. Philip Holroyd, his successor, then suffered the pangs of the new system. It worked! But could we afford the heating oil?

During 1978 a bequest had enabled us to carry through re-structuring of the *dispensa* area, the drying room and Nuns' *cortile*, and to install large refrigeration cells. This bequest from a former student of the College has been of enormous benefit to the Sisters, and is a considerable improvement in that there is now an automatic pulley to save the backbreaking work of carrying wet clothes up narrow stairs to the drying room and terrace. Access, via a metal stairway, was also provided at the end of St. Joseph's corridor to a roof terrace. This was to allow better access to the water-tanks and to provide the basis for a roof-garden.

Early in 1979 George Hay and Peter Morgan obtained the service of *Ingeniere* Campa to oversee and advise in matters relating to repairs and maintenance. Attempts to find someone at an earlier stage had proved fruitless, and the presence of Ing. Campa has already been of benefit to the College. Work on the boiler area continues, seemingly interminably, with the lagging of pipes now complete, the providing of hot water containers continuing etc. In the *cortile* more ironwork has appeared from the indefatigable and artistic hand of Piero Angelini of Albano, and this time has taken the shape of the much-awaited gate into the *cortile* at no. 43, via Monserrato. Piero is a fine example of the men who have had a long association with the College, a man who is always willing to do anything from repairing a saucepan for the Sisters to producing artistic versions of the College crest. With typical Italian flair, a simple walkway to the top of the new "exhaust chimneys" from the boilers has been done as if it were an entry for an artisans' exhibition. He also looks after two of his sisters who are blind, taking them to Lourdes and helping them to become teachers of catechetics in the Albano area. As an ecumenical activity he recently turned out some fine altar candle-holders for Archbishop Lefebvre's centre at Albano!

Another familiar figure around the college is the building contractor, Sig. Marco Sansiveri. He remembers coming to the College as a youngster, when Mgr Godfrey asked his father to do some work in the *cortile*. When the Pope came to the College, he was one of the first of the wider *famiglia* to be in-

roduced by the Rector. Together with his workers Adolfo and Alfredo (the latter recently attended the ordination of a student in Burnley, Lancashire!) there is Luciano the electrician and so many others. That is the way it goes in Rome, business and work done at the College often imply long-term relationships, and the people concerned generally have considerable loyalty to the College. But they always remain businessmen, and a delicate but important point arises when the business interests of the College require changes that alter these relationships.

iv) Students today, who begin their time in the College with a course in Italian, probably have more to do with the College's permanent and transient personnel than did former generations. What is more, thanks to the regular house meeting that began in 1978 after the experience of Westcott House, Cambridge, students and staff probably know more of the administrative life of the College than was formerly the case. On one recent occasion, when the hot-water system had temporarily ceased to function while improvements were being made, a student forcefully complained to the Vice-Rector at this maladministration etc. By way of answer, Philip invited him down to the cellars — not to usher him into the dungeons of the *Corte Savelli* — but to point out to him the way the system worked, why pipes and water-containers were being modernised, which pipe would in the near-future carry gloriously-hot water to the particular student's room, and he illustrated some of the difficulties encountered in trying to achieve this purpose. As a result, same student thanked Philip for all that was being done, and returned to his quarters marvelling that anything like hot water could ever come from the chaos he had just witnessed!

v) To complete the general picture of work done in the immediate past one must mention the fine job of restoration carried out in the Martyrs' Chapel during the Fourth Centenary year by George Hay and Peter Morgan, and the rearrangement of the Nuns' Chapel, both improvements being carried out in 1979.

Conclusion: the 1980s

Here at last, I must draw to an end. Very shortly I must leave to catch a plane to England for the National Pastoral Congress - this leaves time neither for a revision of the text of this article nor for a carefully written conclusion. The first is regrettable, the second perhaps less so since the article speaks for itself in terms of the future. By now there is a repetitive quality about the need for a stronger financial base, and one observes with wry humour that every new administration since World War I has spoken about the severe financial difficulties it has met. The facts are there, the College somehow has survived. At present, fees only account for little more than half of the College's expenditure, and that means that money both for day to day administration as well as for repair and maintenance must be found elsewhere over

the coming years. We all wish the Rector and Vice-Rector the help of Providence in their work.

Meanwhile, let me just remind any reader who thinks this conclusion lets him off the hook that this article is merely by way of introduction to another article; in a future issue of *The Venerabile* I hope to look at least at some of those deeper aspects of College life that were mirrored in the '70s experience, even if, naturally, one cannot tell the whole truth... after all, who has the whole truth?

Peter Coughlan

- (1) MICHAEL E. WILLIAMS, *The Venerable English College, Rome. A History, 1579-1979*, London, 1979, p. 4.
- (2) *Ibid.*, p. 39.
- (3) *Ibid.*, p. 58.
- (4) ARTHUR HINSLEY.
- (5) MICHAEL E. WILLIAMS, *op. cit.* p. 153.
- (6) *Ibid.*, p. 171.
- (7) ALAN CLARK, "The Return", *Venerabile*, XIII, pp. 7-11.
- (8) Editorial, *Venerabile*, XIII, p. 3.
- (9) MICHAEL McCONNON, "Bishop Tickle", *Venerabile*, XXII, p. 216.
- (10) ALFREDO PIACENTINI, "Palazzola and the War", *Venerabile*, XIII, pp. 178-182.
- (11) JOHN BREWER, "Cracks in the Cloister", *Venerabile*, XXIII, pp. 303-304.
- (12) *Ibid.*, p. 304.
- (13) THOMAS MORRIS, "A Midsummer's Nightmare", *Venerabile*, XXIV, p. 176.
- (14) *Ibid.*, p. 178.
- (15) WILFRID McCONNELL, "Romanesque: Operation Bookworm", *Venerabile*, XXIV, pp. 85-90.
- (16) THOMAS FINNIGAN, "College Journal", *Venerabile*, XXV, p. 66.
- (17) THOMAS MORRIS, *art. cit.*, p. 176.

THE VISIT OF THE HOLY FATHER TO THE ENGLISH COLLEGE,

THURSDAY, 6TH DECEMBER, 1979

The first visible indication that something special was going to happen was the arrival of the police in the Via di Monserrato, on Wednesday evening, placing traffic-signs. By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon we were able to appreciate what Rome must have been like before the age of the motor-car; one could easily have imagined a horse-drawn carriage clattering along the cobbles. The excited atmosphere had drawn a small crowd of spectators into the Piazza Santa Caterina, to watch a mechanical monster from the *comune*, which began to clean the empty street. Meanwhile, inside the College the final preparations were already being made for the reception of our illustrious guest. Once the Chapel, Refectory and Salotto had been swept and polished, all that remained was the positioning of the security police. By six o'clock, the students and guests were seated in the Chapel, and the Rector, Vice-Rector, Archbishop Worlock and Bishop Alexander were at the door, waiting. All was ready.

Suddenly the noise of the crowd in the street became louder and we could hear the roar of the outriders' motorcycles. "He's here", said the whisperers. With a flurry of activity in the sacristy, the entry procession was quickly assembled, and the Mass began with the magnificent sound of "All People That On Earth Do Dwell", accompanied by the organ and a heralding trumpet. Then in a moment we saw before us that stooped figure, and that face of sagacity and determination. The Pope was here!

It was a grand entrance and yet paradoxically so simple; it was the Pope and yet the Mass was in some ways exactly like any other Mass in our Chapel. Assisted by two deacons, the Holy Father concelebrated with twenty-eight priests. The liturgy was all in English including his inspiring sermon, in which he called us to emulate our martyrs, in bearing witness to our faith. At the same time one could not help being aware of the depth of his, own faith, because throughout the Eucharistic Prayer, though especially at the Elevation of the Host, he was so completely immersed in the whole of the Paschal Mystery there before him.

All the music for the Mass was beautifully sung. The Schola was well-prepared, and had chosen two very English pieces for the preparation of the gifts - "If Ye Love Me" and "Lord Send Thy Holy Spirit", both by Tallis. For communion we sang "Where Is Love And Loving Kindness" by Alan Rees, and "How Lovely On The Mountains Are The Feet Of Him", and then finished with "O God Our Help In Ages Past", which accompanied the procession out of the Chapel.

Once unvested the Pope had a few words with the servers and sacristans before being taken to the Salotto, where he met both the British Minister to the Holy See, and the British Ambassador to the Quirinal. This was just the beginning of a series of *incontri*, for by the time he left the Salotto, all the Italian employees of the College were waiting in the corridor to be introduced to him. Arriving on the first floor, he was amused to see a bust of himself, which was recently presented to the College by the sculptor, Dr Arthur Fleischmann.

The next stop for the Pope was the library, where he entered to prolonged applause from the assembled students. There were speeches of welcome by Archbishop Worlock and the Rector, who presented the Pope with a specially-bound copy of the newly-published College history. Then came a little surprise; a greeting in Polish by Edward Koroway, one of the students. Once the speeches were over, the staff and students were introduced individually by the Rector; brief moments, but all recorded by camera. A short stroll down the Cardinals' Corridor brought the Pope to the Salone, where he was greeted by some of the English *Monsignori* working in Rome, and by Canon Hulme and Fr. Peter Tierney "representing" the Old Romans. As all looked on and as the cameras flashed yet again the Holy Father signed the Visitors' Book, on a page decorated to mark his visit.

Perhaps the most touching part of the Pope's visit was his staying to supper in the refectory. It was a simple meal, although served on the best College glassware and crockery. A few students were fortunate enough to sit at the same table as the Holy Father, one of whom described the table conversation as "normal bishop chit-chat." After the *gnocchi in brodo*, turkey breasts, *dolce* and cheese had been cleared away, the Senior Student proposed the Holy Father's health, thanking him for his visit. Then in an emotional moment the assembled company, in true *Venerabile* style, sang a magnificent *Ad Multos Annos*.

After a delightful meal, it was only fitting that the Pope should meet the nuns who had done so much to prepare for his visit. So he went to have a few words with our Elisabettine sisters and their Mother General from Padua, who presented him with a copy of the writings of their foundress, Elisabetta Vendramini. By the time the Pope came out through the Refectory, the students had lined the corridor to wish him farewell as he went out to his waiting limousine. So John Paul II left the English College. At that moment it was fitting to recall his words at the supper table: "It was a good idea to come here."

Paschal Ryan

Text of the Holy Father's Homily

"Brothers and sons in Christ Jesus,

I have come to celebrate with you the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Venerable English College — to commemorate with you and your fellow-countrymen at home the four centuries in which the Catholic faith has been lived here by young men preparing for the priesthood. From this historic edifice in the City of Rome, those young men have gone forth as priests in order to pass on the faith to generations of the faithful in England and Wales.

Within the sacred setting of this Eucharistic Liturgy, I wish to pay homage to this saving faith in Jesus Christ, and to honour all those whose lives have been anchored in this faith, those who, keeping their eyes fixed on Jesus, the Son of God, held fast to the confession of their faith (cf. Heb 12:2; 4:14).

A living faith in Jesus Christ has been the bedrock foundation of this College and of all its activities from the time of its establishment by my predecessor Gregory XIII in 1579. The men of faith who were your predecessors here continue to inspire you by the example of their lives. Yours is a great heritage; a whole *martyrum candidatus exercitus* honours the beginning of your College, and spans an entire century from the time of Saint Ralph Sherwin in 1581 to Saint David Lewis in 1679. As supreme witnesses to the faith, these Martyrs speak to you today from this chapel and from every corner of this house. And the Church herself corroborates their witness and exhorts you to "consider the outcome of their life, and imitate their faith" (Heb 13:7).

And so, dear brothers and sons, this moment of joyful celebration and solemn commemoration becomes a time of prayerful reflection and a day of challenge for the rest of your lives. Like your predecessors, you yourselves are called to be priests of Jesus Christ, servants of his Gospel, and witnesses before your people to the pure Catholic faith as transmitted by the Apostles, proclaimed by the Magisterium of the Church and upheld by the martyrs and confessors of all ages. By word and example you are called to bear your Catholic witness at this juncture of history. God is calling you here and now, in the present circumstances of the Church and the world. Christ and his Church bid you, however, to face the challenge of this hour, not just with your own skill or with mere human wisdom, but with the power of the Gospel. In the words of Saint Paul, you are to take the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God (cf. Eph 5:16-17). Your individual and corporate witness to the faith can be essentially no different from the witness given by your Martyrs — a witness to the faith of the universal Church, a witness that will lead others to Christ, a witness that will not yield when — as Jesus tells us in the Gospel — the rains come, the floods rise, the gales blow and the house is struck (cf. Mt 7:27).

It is precisely because we have the whole armour of God and are rooted in faith that we feel strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might, equipped to proclaim the whole mystery of the Gospel and to bear witness, in the continuity of this generation, to the fullness of Catholic truth.

This is the first part of your challenge today: to be witnesses to the faith.

You are called by Christ and will be sent by his Church on an ecclesial mission, to bear witness to the faith in a place where, perhaps, you never dreamed of being, in a way that you never thought of. And yet, openness, readiness and calmness are what you have learned from the history of your College and, in particular, from the lives of your Martyrs. And today in this liturgy, Isaiah addresses to each one of you young men his prophetic exhortation: "Trust in the Lord for ever, for the Lord is the everlasting Rock" (Is 26:4). And I repeat these words to you: Trust in the Lord; trust in the Lord, in order to fulfil your role as witnesses to the faith — faith in Jesus Christ.

It is good to reflect that you are likewise called to be witnesses in this generation to the vitality of the Church's youth — to be witnesses to the power and effectiveness of Christ's grace to capture the hearts of the young today. The world needs concrete proof that Christ can draw this generation to himself. And you must show that you have understood the meaning of life in the context of Christ's love and his call. You are called to bear witness to the fact that, amid the thousand and one attractions and options offered by the modern world, you have been "captured" by Christ, to the point of giving up all the rest, in order to become his companions and disciples; in order to embrace his mission and, finally, his Cross; and in order to know the power of his Resurrection.

The consideration of being witnesses to the strength of Christ's grace leads us naturally to something that is at the summit of our very being: our own freedom. It is only through the exercise of this freedom — God's great gift to us — that we can adequately respond to his invitation, to the call of his grace, to the love that he offers us. For each one of you the present challenge is this: to surrender your hearts and your wills to Christ under the action of the Holy Spirit, to give yourselves freely and totally and perseveringly to Christ. The Lord Jesus asks for the response of your freedom, for the oblation of your liberty. And the words of the Psalm enable you to reply: "My heart is ready, God; my heart is ready" (Ps 57:7).

Dear brothers and sons: you are therefore called to bear witness to your Catholic faith in all its purity; you are called to be witnesses to the victory of Christ's love, not as an abstract power, but as it touches your own lives and consecrates your own freedom. For all of you this is indeed an hour for great trust. He who began in you a good work — who began a good work in this College four hundred years ago — is well able through the power of his Spirit to bring it to perfection (cf. Phil 1:6), for the glory of his name, for the honour of his Gospel and for the good of his entire Church.

And Mary, the Queen of Martyrs, the Faithful Virgin, who stood by your Martyrs and all your predecessors, will be with each of you, so that your witness may be genuine in faith and holiness. She will assist you in the role that is yours as true disciples of her Son, faithful members of the Church, diligent students of the Second Vatican Council and of all the Councils that went before. In a special way I commend to her intercession the witness that you are called to bear in truth and love before your Anglican brethren in the

providential dialogue — to be sustained by prayer and penance — that is directed to the restoration of full unity in Jesus Christ and in his Church.

And so, anchored in faith and committed to holiness of life, look forward with joyful confidence to a new era of your College. Sacrifice and generosity, prayer and study, humility and discipline will be as much a part of your future as they were of your past. Countless men, women and children will look to you to find Christ. From the depths of their being they will plead with you in the words of the Gospel: "We wish to see Jesus" (Jn 12:21). Like the Apostle Philip you must show Jesus to the world — Jesus and no substitute, for there is salvation in no other name (cf. Acts 4:12). Thus you can clearly see that the destiny of your homeland is linked with the success of the mission of this institution. The contribution that you will make to the world depends on how well you bear witness to the faith and to the power of Christ's grace in your own lives.

My beloved brothers, sons and friends: after four hundred years this College is still, by the grace of God, just as active as it ever was, and what it stands for is more relevant than ever before. And so it will remain, provided that you continue to put into practice what Jesus himself tells you when he says: Preach my Gospel. Proclaim my word. Re-enact my Sacrifice. Yes, be my witnesses. Remain in my love, today and for ever. Amen."



THE CANTERBURY MASS: FRIDAY 28th DECEMBER, 1979

Those who were at Canterbury on Friday 28th December, 1979, owe gratitude to the inspiration of whoever thought of celebrating the ending of the 400th year with Mass in the Cathedral where our patron was martyred. Over 40 concelebrated, led by Archbishop Bowen and Bishop Murphy-O'Connor.

It was a crisp, cloudless evening as we came to the Cathedral, shining like dark gold in its floodlight. The priests and parishioners of the Canterbury parish of St. Thomas, and from other parishes in Thanet, were also arriving. They have for some years been coming to celebrate the Mass of the feast, through the courtesy of the Dean and Chapter. The Cathedral staff welcomed and directed us. The great choir area within the organ rood, as big as a large church, had been reserved for us, with the altar prepared in the East end, part way up the great flights of steps, leading to St. Augustine's Chair and the apse.

We vested in red in the North East Transept, and led by the Canterbury priests and servers processed into the great nave, through the choir, now filled with Thanet people, to take our places around the altar, on the steps, and around the Chair. A very kindly welcome was given on behalf of the Dean and Chapter by Canon Arthur Allchin, a Canon Residentiary, and Archbishop Coggan's representative for ecumenical activities. Archbishop Bowen thanked the Dean and Chapter for their courtesy.

It was a moving occasion, to be celebrating the Mass of St. Thomas, on the eve of the feast, close by the spot where he died. As the one who was to preach, there was an extra feeling of nervous awe, not least when making the long and lonely walk from behind the Chair down the great flights of steps and halfway down the choir to the pulpit.

After Mass, priests and people processed to "The Martyrdom", where Thomas died at the foot of the Altar of St. Benedict. Here we sang the *Salve*, and our hearts filled with thanks for the present moment in Canterbury and memories of Rome.

At Abbot Barton's Hotel, we feasted, and afterwards had a first-hand account from Father Peter Tierney of the visit to the College by the Pope a few weeks before. A treasured part of the celebration in the Cathedral and

afterwards was the presence of the Anglican Venerabilini, who had spent part of their time as ordinands at the College.

Great thanks to Father Frank Rice and all who helped him make for us three great occasions in the 400th year - the opening Mass in Westminster, the October visit to Rome, and the closing Mass in Canterbury.

The Sermon

It is fitting that we should end the fourth centenary year of the College of St. Thomas de Urbe here, where our patron lived and died. This place has been holy for so long. Augustine came here, sent by Pope Gregory the Great from the monastery on the Coelian Hill. It is revered as the cradle of the Church of the English. The martyrdom of Thomas made it one of the great pilgrim shrines of Europe.

We know a lot about Thomas, mostly from his friend John of Salisbury, who worked with him here in Canterbury, was with him in exile, and at his death. He was a Londoner, calling himself Thomas of London. His family background was unusual. His father was an immigrant Norman who did well as a merchant. He went on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was captured by a Syrian sheik, whose daughter fell in love with him. After his escape she followed him to London and became a Christian. They married, Thomas was their only child.

He had a privileged upbringing. He studied law in France and Italy. When he was 21, both his parents had died. After what he looked back on as a time of frivolity — he was mad on hunting and hawking — he sobered, and joined the household of Archbishop Theobald of Canterbury. He became a priest and eventually the right-hand man of the Archbishop, his Archdeacon. The King, Henry II, liked him, and persuaded him to work with him as his Chancellor. He proved himself again as a gifted administrator, and became a trusted colleague and friend of the King.

When Theobald died, Thomas, now aged 45, was Henry's choice as Archbishop. Thomas was reluctant, warned the King that it could finish their friendship, but was persuaded to accept. He was consecrated Archbishop here in 1162, on the 1st Sunday after Whitsun. He had a deep devotion to the Trinity, and thought it strange that there was no feast to honour this central belief of the Church. He asked that the Sunday of his consecration should be kept as a feast in honour of the Trinity. After his death the feast spread through the Western Church.

Thomas' worry about his relations with the King proved right. Soon they were in a row over the rights of Church and Crown - in particular the claim of the Church to have its own courts of justice, and its refusal to acknowledge the Crown's claim to the revenues of vacant bishoprics.

William Rufus and St. Anselm of Canterbury had rowed over these issues, and in the next century Henry III and St. Edmund of Canterbury were to do so again. Both Archbishops were driven into exile. After two years at

Canterbury, Thomas too had to go into exile. In exile, Henry hounded him still, and not only him but his friends and relations. He threatened the Cistercians, with whom Thomas was living at Pontigny, that if he continued to stay there, he would make their houses in England suffer. Neither Thomas nor the King, both strong, stubborn men, would give way. The Pope, Alexander III, at that time was in France. Thomas consulted him. Sometimes the Pope was supportive, sometimes not. Most of the English bishops gave way to the King.

At last after six years some sort of reconciliation was reached between Thomas and Henry, and in early December 1170, Thomas came back. No sooner was he back than he suspended, on the Pope's authority, the Archbishop of York, and excommunicated two of his own Suffragans, the Bishops of London and Salisbury. They had usurped, in his absence, prerogatives of the Archbishop of Canterbury. They appealed to Henry, who was in France. This brought the famous outburst, "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?", which prompted the four knights to cross the Channel.

Thomas spent Christmas in Canterbury. He preached here on Christmas Day. He was planning a long-overdue visitation of the diocese. On 29th December he offered an early Mass in his oratory, conducted diocesan business in the Chapter House, and had lunch as usual at 3 p.m. with his staff in the Hall in his house. They had roast pheasant, his favourite dish. John of Salisbury tells us he had more to drink than usual. It was probably little enough, but worth remarking of one who was so frugal. After lunch he went to his own quarters. The four knights arrived, and demanded to see him. He came back to the Hall. They accused him of being a traitor to the King. He defended his conduct. They threatened him, and left saying they would return armed.

It was almost time for Vespers. Thomas and three of his companions went from his house, through the cloisters into the Cathedral. As they came into the Cathedral they heard a commotion behind them. Someone suggested the cloister door should be barred. Thomas said the Church of God shouldn't be shut to anyone. He waited. The knights rushed in shouting for him. Thomas faced them at the steps of St. Benedict's altar. There they killed him, clumsily, with heavy sword blows.

England and the whole of Europe were shocked. The killing of an Archbishop in his Cathedral is high and tragic drama. Then came the realisation of the holiness of Thomas. When his body was being prepared for burial he was found to be wearing a particularly unpleasant kind of hairshirt. Under his outer clothes he also wore a Benedictine habit. Soon there were cures attributed to him. Then the pilgrims came. King Henry came to do penance. The King of France who knew and admired him came. Ordinary people came from all over these islands and Europe. A little over 2 years after the martyrdom Pope Alexander III, who knew him, canonised him in the small Cathedral of the little hill town of Segni, not so far from Rome. A contemporary rather roughly-lettered marble slab in one of the pillars there

commemorates the event.

Our own connection with Thomas began in 1362 when the Hospice in Via Monserrato was founded, and dedicated then, or soon after, to the Blessed Trinity and St. Thomas. Later the Hospice of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, in Trastevere was joined to it - and so our much-loved altarpiece in the Church of St. Thomas, "The Martyrs' Picture", is of the Blessed Trinity with Thomas and Edmund kneeling in adoration.

When the Crown broke with Rome, the Pope appointed as *Custos* of the Hospice, a cousin of King Henry VIII - Cardinal Reginald Pole. We are told that one evening in March 1538 at dinner in the Hospice the Cardinal remarked that though the King had pulled Thomas from his shrine in Canterbury he was still honoured in his Hospice in Rome.

Pole himself became a successor to Thomas as Archbishop of Canterbury — the last one, so far, in communion with the Holy See. He is buried close to us here, in the Corona of the apse.

Let us thank God for the blessing of being together tonight in this holy place, of offering the Mass of St. Thomas here, and for all the blessings which have come through our beloved College in these past 400 years.

Maurice O'Leary

THANKSGIVING MASS AT LIVERPOOL

On the feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, a group of Venerabilini from Merseyside and Liverpool in particular met together to celebrate the Fourth Centenary. Bishop Tickle kindly emerged from retirement to preside at Mass in the Lady chapel of the Metropolitan Cathedral, Liverpool, and Bishops O'Connor and Gray joined the concelebration. Mgr Leo Alston preached the homily. It was a very joyful Mass' full of the spirit of thanksgiving which was assisted by music chosen for the liturgy by Ernest Sands. Afterwards Archbishop Worlock joined us for an *aperitivo* in Cathedral House, and he and Mgr Thomas Marsh offered a few words. This was followed by a solemn procession to a local Italian restaurant. In particular we were happy to welcome Mgr Lescher, and our thanks are due to Brian Murphy-O'Connor for bringing Sid up. A good time was had by all.

Paul R. Gallagher

ROMANESQUE- “E’ UN BUON PEZZ’ A PALAZZOLA...”

The Fourteenth of February saw the Rector in England, no doubt celebrating Saint Valentine's Day, the Vice-Rector and the Infirmarian enjoying the evening hospitality of the Captain and Officers of H.M.S. Gurkha which had pulled in to Civitavecchia, and Italy as a whole celebrating *Giovedì Grasso*, the beginning of *Carnevale*. Exams over, the students were taking a few days respite before the imminent second semester by taking to the highways and byeways.

Palazzola is a blessed spot for those few days, and again it attracted a fair number whose sole purpose lay in eating, drinking and sleeping. That evening, Neil Thompson, one of the Anglican students coming to the end of his five months' exchange, found himself with two others in Albano on his way to the villa. Albano being in the full swing of *Carnevale* almost demanded their participation, so that by the time they set off the sun was down and their spirits well up. A torch was needed.

Now, the path to the villa can be perilous even in the day, but when you decide to reach it by way of *Ariccia*, just a little off the route, this gallant band wasn't making things easy for itself. As they walked in single file along the road, the sound of a motor scooter behind them made them pull into the side. But as the scooter drew level, the sight of a car coming in the opposite direction made its rider pull in as well, sending Neil falling into some inconveniently-placed thorn bushes.

All seemed not too serious, as Neil could still move his toes and had some control of his legs, until the ambulance men came on the scene some half an hour later, lifted Neil up by the legs, and sent his shin bone through his skin.

Albano hospital was either full, or understaffed, or something similar, enough to have the hospital authorities decide to transfer Neil not to Rome, or Ciampino, or *anywhere* near the City, but to *Anzio*.

Stories go round about mishaps in Italian hospitals, some of which must be exaggerated, some of which don't even bear thinking about. At Anzio, Neil was given a sedative, and the casualty officer decided that his leg should go into traction immediately. This involves drilling a hole through the heel for a traction pin on which to hang the weights. Unfortunately, they didn't give an anaesthetic, but stood with a Black and Decker, or its medical equivalent, and drilled, with Neil too drowsy to shout.

Evening came and morning came. The First Day.

Friday found Neil uncomfortable and unrested and furthermore, unwashed. This service, we were to find out later, was going to be left to the *famiglia*. There was also another quaint Italian hospital custom which we discovered — that you had to supply your own knife, fork and spoon, which it was left to you to wash up after each meal. This was the day that we met Angela. Angela was a nurse on duty, very kind and chatty, and who seemed to be very friendly with Neil already. During the course of the afternoon visiting hours, Angela appeared at the door of Neil's room in but a flimsy nightdress and dressing-gown. What was going on? But then Angela appeared in a nurse's uniform — the dressing-gowned one being her sister who was a patient in the orthopaedic section. For a moment there was almost a story to sell to a Sunday newspaper.

As for Neil's medical condition, we were informed that he could not be moved, not even transferred to Rome, let alone flown back to England. 'Come and hear what the consultant says on Monday morning' we were told. He might decide that it would be necessary to insert a pin by the bone to strengthen the join, but that seemed unlikely. In all probability, the plaster could be put on by Tuesday morning and Neil could leave.

Evening came and morning came. The Second Day.

The weekend saw the arrival of the Vicar, and his wife, of the parish in which Neil was to work. The last week before he was originally to leave Rome was going to be an opportunity for Neil to have a look at the City, to play the Tourist, and to see all those many things which he hadn't quite managed to see, in the way that one does if living in Rome for more than seven days. Isn't fate cruel?

Eight o'clock was the time to be at the hospital. The consultant would see Neil first. So, in obedient fashion, the Vice-Rector and the Infirmarian set out across a more or less deserted Rome for Anzio at a quarter past six. Eight o'clock metaphorically struck as we entered the hospital. Two hours later, the first doctor appeared - but no consultant. The consultant had a tooth infection which had made his face swell up and wouldn't be in until the end of the week. In the meantime, the junior doctors felt that they couldn't make any decision about discharging Neil, and anyway the wound where the bone had come through the skin had not healed so the leg couldn't be put in a permanent plaster, but they did say that they were ninety per cent sure that there would be no need for a supporting pin and that by the end of the week the leg should be able to be plastered.

One highlight of the morning to distract from the waiting was seeing Neil shaved by Nurse Angela. Whether or not she knew the story of Sweeney Todd, the butchering barber, she gave a very fair imitation. That afternoon, David Quiligotti provided an electric razor lest more surgery be done to his face than his leg.

And so on and so forth whilst the consultant's face went down and he

could get back on the job to give the go-ahead for whatever needed doing with Neil's leg.

Eventually a telephone call came from the hospital to say that the consultant would be along to see Neil at eight o'clock on Friday morning, strangely familiar words by now. Having been caught out once, arriving hours before anyone appeared, the Rector and Infirmarian allowed themselves an extra hour's sleep, not leaving until a quarter past seven.

The consultant ushered us into the plaster room to see Neil's X-rays and there for the first time did we discover that not only was the shin bone broken, but that the bone behind it was broken as well. "There is no way", said the consultant, "that those bones will set properly without a supporting pin." What to do? Neil had now been in hospital eight days, was still uncomfortable and not too enamoured with his "nursing" care. The doctors agreed to put a temporary plaster on his leg so that he could fly back to England for treatment. At least like that he would be in more familiar surroundings and be able to communicate without the aid of a dictionary (*padella* being the Italian for bed-pan, in case you have ever wondered what it is). *Subito*, immediately, said the consultant with regard to the plaster being put on.

That afternoon the plaster was still not on.

It was the last night in the hospital which proved to be the most revealing. There was a female patient in the orthopaedic section, not Angela's sister, who rather resembled one of those formidable women leaders of the French Revolution. She had been heard to say to Neil, "In this place there's no private property. What belongs to one belongs to all". This lady led a party in Neil's room with all the other patients in the section until one o'clock in the morning. Neil's recollection is of the patients dancing around, knocking the weights of his traction, completely oblivious to what it was doing to him. As the wine flowed the party became more raucous.

The party ended in the early hours and the patients returned to their beds. Later, Neil wanted the night nurse's attention, but persistent ringing of the bell through to the night nurse's office failed to bring her. Was some other patient so desperately ill that she couldn't leave the bedside? The morning brought the answer. As the sun started coming through the windows, Neil saw a figure on the fourth bed in the room, previously empty, to which his reaction was that he must have slept in the night after all, and that they must have brought someone else in with broken bones while he was asleep. Until, that is, he saw the figure rise. It was Angela, now the night nurse, who had spent her duty on the spare bed, and was now in a rush to get everything ready for the morning staff as she had slept longer than she had anticipated. "Can't stop", she said as she passed Neil.

Breakfast appeared, which marked the end of the tedium of a sleepless night. It was only after Neil had eaten the breakfast that it was realised that if Neil's leg were to be manoeuvred into plaster, then he would need a general anaesthetic, which he could not now have because he had been given breakfast. Still, they pressed on, moving Neil into the plaster room. The pain

of having your broken leg moved round whilst plaster is put on is only matched by having your leg neld up by the big toe alone when cramp appears. Needless to say, that happened as well.

Two of the infirmarians appeared at nine o'clock with the College van and crutches (for Neil, not the College van), only to find that the traction pin, which extended eight inches below the foot, had been incorporated into the plaster. Crutches were out — he would have to be carried everywhere.

Arriving at the College just after one o'clock, it seemed right for Neil to make a triumphal entry into the refectory in the arms of the infirmarians. As Luigi opened both doors to show this plastered figure being held high, great applause ceased the consumption of the pasta course. A very welcome home-coming, I suspect. All that there remained to do was to put a glass of wine into Neil's hand and to let him tell his story to everyone who came.

The Rector had arranged for Neil to fly back to England the following morning with Alitalia. It just so happened that it was the same flight which Cardinal Hume was taking back. Anyone would have thought it was planned. The airline proved itself surprisingly efficient by providing not just a wheelchair, but two staff to look after Neil. That afternoon, he found himself in St Stephen's Hospital, London.

The moral of the story? Next time, hitch a lift to Palazzola.

Paul Donovan

THE REORDERING OF THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME

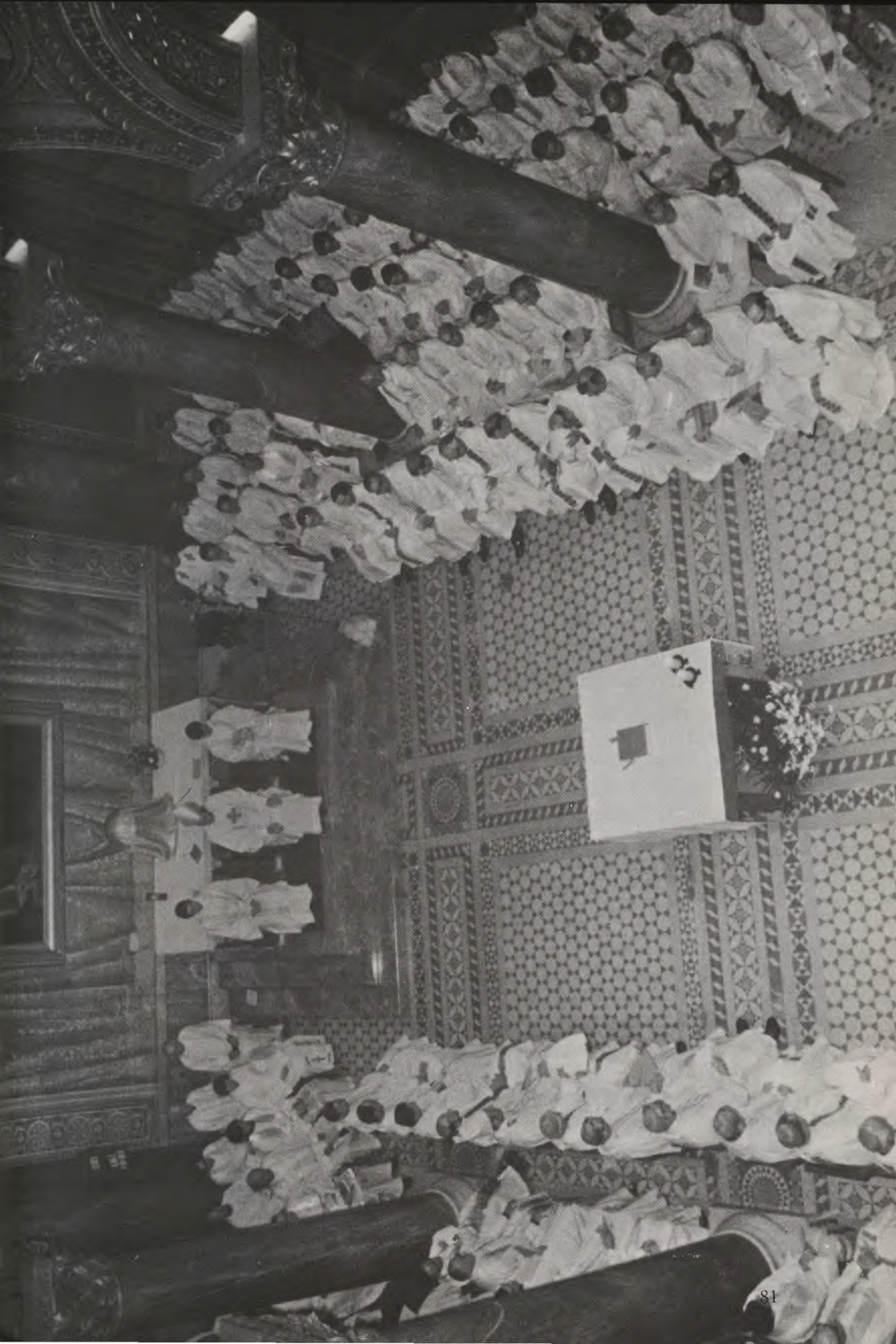
There has been much written about the history of the College church, most notably in recent years by Anthony Laird in vol. XXIV of *The Venerabile* (1967-8), pp. 28-38, 159-173, 258-268. These articles trace the history of the church from its earliest days until the completion of the present church as it now stands - a reduced version of an original design by Count Virgilio Vespignani, based very loosely upon the Roman Basilica of St. Agnese Fuori le Mura.

The foundation stone of this church was laid by Pope Pius IX on the 6th February 1866. (1) A picture taken in 1869 (2) shows the walls of the house (now bar) next to the College, on the site of the planned choir and apse, still clearly visible. Building the new church was a slow process and by 1871 all hope of finishing the church according to Vespignani's plans was abandoned and the house (nn. 46-48 Via di Monserrato) was repaired and relet. At some point in the late 1870's, the shell of the building was completed and the decoration of the interior commenced.(3) In 1883 the memorial plaques were replaced (in many cases reproductions of the broken originals), whilst on the 2nd of January 1888, the "Martyrs' Picture" was installed as the altarpiece of the church. The Rector, Mons. O'Callaghan, was consecrated Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle by Cardinal Parocchi on the 18th of January 1888. This ceremony seems also to have served as an opening ceremony. (4)

In the meantime the Church of San Silvestro in Capite, administered by the Pallotine Fathers, had been allocated by Pope Leo XIII (1886) for the use of English Catholics in Rome and so the new church became in effect the chapel of the College with occasional outside visitors attending its services.

Various alterations have been made to the furnishings and fittings of the

The present lay-out of the College Chapel. Archbishop Bowen presiding at the Mass of Thanksgiving for the Foundation of the College, October 1979.



church. The original benches were moved at some point to the domestic or Martyrs' Chapel and a permanent marble altar raised on three steps below the "Martyrs' Picture" was installed. This was the gift of H.E. Cardinal Heard who consecrated it on the 13th of January 1962. (5)

The liturgical changes which followed the Second Vatican Council brought about the temporary reordering of the church. In the College the first concelebration took place on the feast of the College Martyrs (1st December 1964) in the Martyrs' Chapel (6), whilst by 29th December a large freestanding altar had been erected in the church for the solemn Mass on St. Thomas' day (7). This altar was moved in and out for a while (photographs of February ordinations in 1965 show the celebrant using the Heard altar). During this period all the side altars and pictures on the ground floor of the church were removed and the decoration of the lower walls of the aisles restored. The marble high altar is now disused and serves to support the tabernacle for reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, whilst its steps support the president's seat together with a seat or seats for the deacon(s) at community Masses. The benches which were raised on platforms now rest on the floor and a solid but temporary altar made by three of the students stands in line with the second pillar west of the "Martyrs' Picture." At concelebrated community Masses on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Sundays and on other important occasions, the president sits with a deacon(s) on the footpace of the Cardinal Heard altar, the other concelebrants occupying the front benches on either side of the temporary altar. The bookrests/kneelers of these benches have been removed.

On Tuesdays and Wednesdays the resident College community of about seventy-five fit comfortably into the existing benches with the use of small portable benches between the pillars, but on Sundays extra seating has to be imported to accommodate a congregation of between 100-130. On other occasions (ordinations, the Paschal Triduum and major feasts), the church is very full with much extra seating needed. (See the picture reproduced elsewhere in this issue of the Thanksgiving Mass on the occasion of the Fourth Centenary of the College for which all the benches had to be removed and light individual chairs used).

At the solemn celebration of Mass the present arrangements work well, their dignity often attracting the compliments of visitors (not least from Mons. Virgilio Noé, the Papal Master of Ceremonies' after H.H. Pope John Paul II celebrated Mass in the church on 6th December last year). The present situation does, however, have several unsatisfactory features which I will try to outline and which have led to the present appeal for funds to reorder the church on more permanent lines and in keeping with the General Instruction on the Roman Missal, Chapter V, "Arrangement and Decoration of Churches for the Eucharistic Celebration." Under "General Principles" we are told: "Churches and such other places should be suitable for celebrating the Eucharist and for the active participation of the faithful. The building and requisites for worship, as signs and symbols of heavenly things, should be truly worthy and beautiful." Under "IV. Altar", we read that "the main altar

should ordinarily be a fixed consecrated altar.” “VI. Celebrant’s Chair and Other Seats” states, “the chair of the celebrating priest should express his office of presiding over the assembly and of directing prayer. Thus the proper place for the chair is in the centre of the presbyterium facing the people.” “VII. The Ambo for Proclaiming God’s Word” says, “ordinarily the ambo should be fixed and not a movable stand.”

It is evident from the above that our present altar and lectern do not correspond to the ideal presented to us and also that to have the president at Mass sitting with his back against the tabernacle is not desirable. It is now more than fifteen years since the problems were first discussed and time that a satisfactory solution was sought.

The main work to be done must include an awareness that anything undertaken now is likely to remain for a number of years and will need to be as “timeless” as possible. Cardinal Heard’s marble altar and possibly its supporting steps will have to be removed, whilst it is hoped to experiment with the position and level of the altar, president’s seat and lectern. Much discussion has taken place as to the most suitable materials and style for these fittings and also on the position and ways of reserving the Blessed Sacrament. It is also felt that something must be done about the seating for the congregation as the present large wooden benches are too inflexible for the many variations of use and numbers of people that the church has to accommodate. The state of the mosaic floor continues to give cause for concern and it may be necessary to make good some portions of the painted decorations of the church during the work.

At the rector’s request, a committee was recently formed in order to provide a detailed brief for an architect. The process of selecting an architect to undertake the work is now under way and it is hoped that once someone has been chosen, a realistic estimate of cost and also firm ideas for actual designs can be worked out.

Ray Matus

- (1) LAIRD, “The College Church”, pt. 3, *The Venerabile* XXIV, p. 258.
- (2) Reproduced by MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *The Venerable English College, Rome*, London, 1979.
- (3) LAIRD, *ibid.*, p. 264.
- (4) LAIRD, *ibid.*, p. 266.
- (5) LIBER 1518 (Photograph Album) College Archives.
- (6) *Ibid.*
- (7) *Ibid.*

NOVA ET VETERA - A PAST ECUMENICAL CONTACT

As the College becomes ever more involved in the continuing ecumenical dialogue, it is good to remember that throughout its past it has been a centre of interdenominational contact, albeit on a limited scale. In the 17th century men as far from the Church of Rome as Milton and Evelyn were cordially received here. Closer to our own day, the visit of W.E. Gladstone is worthy of recall.

Gladstone, subsequently Prime Minister, was a convinced High Churchman many of whose closest friends became Catholics as a result of the Oxford Movement. On his continental journeys he was in the habit of holding conversations with Catholics on religious questions, his dialogue with Döllinger at Munich in 1845 being perhaps the best known example.

Wintering in Rome in 1859, Gladstone was able to make contact with Fr. Louis English, the then Rector of the V.E.C. On 1st April he paid a visit to the College and, after a tour of the building, spent almost two hours with the Rector in a discussion which centred on the questions of the authority of ecumenical councils held after the break between Rome and Constantinople and the problem of the dual Anglican and Catholic hierarchies in England.

In a letter of thanks, still preserved in our archives, Gladstone says in part; 'Your exposition of the modern Roman view of conciliar authority I found particularly illuminating and, if I may say, more liberal than I had met with in some of your apologists I have read.

What you had to say of the religious condition of the Roman States fills me with a greater optimism than I had previously allowed myself to entertain... I am to leave for Florence next week and will not, I am afraid, be able to avail myself of your invitation to inspect your property at Mount Porsian (sic).'

It is interesting to note in passing that Gladstone was one of the last distinguished visitors to the College to be given afternoon tea in the Wiseman tea-house, an octagonal wooden structure with open sides, which stood at the west end of the garden on the site of the present Tank. Built by Wiseman in 1835 it was, alas, burnt down by a Garibaldian enthusiast in the autumn of 1860.

It is perhaps by very private personal contacts such as this, in which difficult subjects can be broached in a relaxed and informal way, that the ecumenical task is most fruitfully undertaken.

The Archivist

SMELL OF STEAKS IN PASSAGEWAYS

I.

Beau Geste and his companions suffered from the *cafard*. As the sun rose over their desert fort, life definitely lost its savour. Sgt.-Maj. Lejeune wasn't the only enemy.

There were *cafard* days for us too.

In 1954 it rained most afternoons, malevolently, starting at two. There were days when it bounced back, and we were marooned in the College. There were days when it oozed and drizzled, and we squelched through the streets for a statutory hour. Either way, it was depressing beyond words. It was the year of the Damp Cassock, the Leaking Shoes, of perpetual wrestling with wet gamps. It happened for my generation at the midpoint of the three years of philosophy. The novelty of Rome had worn off. The time still to go felt infinite, and England seemed like *El Dorado*.

Sunday afternoons in Pamphili with the M.C.'s notes for vespers. Ceremonies, for an unmilitary bumbler, were a minefield. Vespers happened in a stuffy, twilit chapel. As a vehicle for raising the mind and heart to God, this piece of liturgy was, for me, a signal failure. *In exitu Israel de Aegypto* we sang, flatly, to the *Tonus Peregrinus*: the song of liberation was what we sang, as we looked forward to a grim evening with the cosmology notes and those rather strange rice-stuffed tomatoes with which we concluded our Sabbath observance. In adolescence, depression can be intense, and immediate prospects can obscure the brighter horizon.

They did.

There was an underneathness about things. I was the candle sacristan, and suspected that being chosen for this was a sign of official contempt! Recollections of hours in that *oubliette* by the cellar stairs, wax in the finger nails, polishing diabolical brass-moulded candlesticks, blend with other earth-binding and unromantic memories. The thunderous roar of the plumbing at the beginning of the Monserra' corridor: the smell of ammonia in the Cappellari and the Campo de' Fiori: above all, the suffocating air of worthiness and uprightness, mild disapproval and po-facedness which seemed at times to overtake the entire English College, and drain the joy and the excitement out of life.

There can be little doubt that I was imposing my own feelings on a fairly innocent reality. Venerable Christianity can't have been as carbolic as that. I was bored simply because I was too young to have inner resources on which to draw. I wonder if others felt the same.

The past of the College often felt like a crushing weight. Not the distant past so much as the recent past of the Hinsley and Godfrey men. The heroes and villains of all their stories were nine feet tall, and their tales were epic tales. Visiting bishops in our days were affable men, and it was pleasant to meet them in the common room. They gave vent to unimpeachable sentiments. Rally round the Holy Father, lads.

And then, unexpectedly, would come a raising of the clouds. The pitch at Acqua Acetosa wasn't flooded, and the bus did come. A day at the Villa. Something got celebrated. There was a film or a concert. Did we enjoy things obediently, because we were told they were enjoyable? I often wonder, for example, whether the whole tobacco world was not a colossal cul-de-sac. If you told people they could only smoke at certain times, they'd want to smoke, and this desire was a sort of currency. You could then reward them with presents of cigarettes, and extra half-hours. I wish that at that time I had refused to smoke, and thus become an incorruptible noble savage. I am not suggesting that our superiors were indulging in Machiavellian ingenuity - they simply worked the system they had inherited. But system it was. The tide which today tugs you away from cigarettes ran strongly, those days, in the contrary direction.

Every year, some seasons and some events were a great lift to the spirit. The start of Lent, with bay leaves on the floor of S. Sabina, felt like the start of spring. The fair in the Navona, with the Abruzzi bagpipes playing *Tu scendi dalle stelle*. A first Mass, with the awestruck impression that someone you'd known for years had been changed out of recognition by God, and for good. St George's Day at the Catacombs: bitter-sweet, this one, because the shades of academic night were falling fast, but still remembered with tremendous pleasure. The start of a summer trip up north: Termini in the dark haversacks on the rack, with the Dolomites tomorrow and a surreptitious hop across the frontier at Dobbiaco for some half-price days in the mountains. St Catherine's Day, with a riotous Benediction over the road, and the concert. The deep and mixed emotions that accompanied *Decora Lux* in the Chapel, last thing on a June evening: the Greg foreclosing, people leaving, the Villa beckoning, ordinations pending. Sweet unrest, as the year turned at midsummer.

I recently attended a conference where we were invited to ferret out, if not to tell, our own Creation Story. What words and actions had been decisive and formative for us?

The English College is a big chapter in my creation story. The question is, what happens to such stories. Do they end conclusively, or can they have appendices? As I write this, I am waiting for the Bishop to arrive in the parish on official visitation. He is, in fact, the Vice Rector who, twenty five years

ago, followed with a jaundiced eye my dubious student activities. We shall meet him at the door with pipe, lyre, trigon, harp, bagpipe, organ and guitar: Things, as they say, will be Done Properly. But how much of me, this weekend, will still be the pimply youth who, about the time of the Queen's Coronation, made an Infernal Noise under the Villa Chapel?

II.

Things merge in my mind, especially the main roads out of Rome. I had, after all, little occasion to use them. They were the days before the *autostrade*, and I really should have known where the Nomentana went, and the Salaria, and the Flaminia. I certainly can't remember now, and I doubt whether I ever got it quite clear. Every *gita* had a natural pathfinder on it, after all, and it wasn't me, ever.

The memories come, rather, in ready-packaged and thumbnail form. A blue Zeppieri bus waiting at the Lateran or Castro Pretorio, belching blue exhaust on a December morning, and a crowd of us bound for Gennaro or Semprevisa, panting across the square to catch it. Haversacks of inconvenient shapes, full of food bought the night before in the Campo - including, if the exchequer was low, several *etti* of *biscotti rotti* from the shop on the corner of the Baullari.

The bus was like a tin of pilchards, scientifically crammed with people and goods, and then sealed. It would lurch away through the misty suburbs, filling quickly with Nazionale smoke and racket. The windows steamed over, irreversibly, and rubbing them with your sleeve only turned the fog into a waterfall. Reduced to reading the company graffiti, you mused: *Lasciare al personale il manovrare dei cristalli*. Leave to the personnel the manoeuvring of the crystals? A notice stolen, perhaps, from a primitive radio factory, or the tent of the Original Gypsy Lee.

The occasional glimpse, through the streaming condensation, told you that you'd reached the weird inconsequential fringes of the town, where nothing was planned, where there was mangy grass everywhere and gnawed old pine trees grew in pairs, where people ran nameless one-man engineering businesses in shacks and sheds, where sudden eruptions of little cottages and outhouses kept the *campagna* at bay, and there were knots of young men standing around and doing nothing, together. Dogs and dumps, bus stops under fig trees, old walls round semi-derelict farmhouses threatened and nibbled by urban sprawl. Then, abruptly, you were climbing through the woods, the temperature falling, the mist clearing, the sun shining with a clear white winter light, and the City dropping off you like a fetid skin.

III.

There is the click of heel-studs on cobbles, as staccato and regular as a

metronome. I am walking up that little bottleneck, that little wasp-waist of an alleyway, that leads to the Piazza Pilotta. It is quiet, and wickedly hot. There is no one around in the square. There is the ominous, baked stillness of a scene from a spaghetti western. But have spaghetti westerns been invented yet, in 1959, or am I committing an anachronism, which is Lonergan's arch-in? Heat and bright light addle the brain.

It's hot because it's July, and because it's afternoon. And I'm alone because I've got an exam, and the inflexible rule which has, for seven years, made me walk round Rome in tiny crocodiles, has suddenly flexed. You can be by yourself, Philpot, because you've got an exam. You cross the City on your own. We also give steak and French fries to prisoners whose reprieve has been refused: pistachio ice cream, too, before the gas chamber.

The Greg is marble-cold and passionless, now, and inside the aula it's semi-dark. Across green baize cloths, controlled weariness. For twenty years, thirty, forty, I've been asking seminarians these questions, teasing these trains of thought out of them, divining through a fog of bad Latin the understanding which is really there. Or not.

Is this subfusc jig, now, between nondescript tables, this series of whispered interviews, what I've been preparing for, for seven years? Flash-back: the excitement of the boat-train out of Victoria, the huge three-and-four year goodbye to the family which was a real amputation, the leaving-behind of austerity Britain which was not, that awe at meeting Catholicism for the first time as a majority-thing, that feeling of being at the bottom of an enormous hierarchical pile, that sense of utter symmetry and rightness at seeing Pius XII at St Peter's that first Easter Sunday... those desperate attempts, night after night on the College balcony, to the sound of Dvorak's New World and the scent of wistaria, to pack the memory with theses, was it all meant to end like this? Only this? Here? Comforting clucks, now. Come down to earth. *Bene, bene. Satis dixisti.* All change. It's happening fast. It's over. Next, please. *Vale, Antoni.*

Back in the square, now, life has quickened. If anything it's hotter. The traffic pelts past the steps and my eyes are only half-focused from fatigue and reaction. The glare is intense, and there is a lot of noise, and I nearly go under a Lambretta. *Bagarozzo stupido.*

Over there by the Biblicum, M. and T. in a borrowed 1100. They did their exams days ago, and they're waiting for me. They wave, and run the engine. I thread my way across to them, sprawl across the back seat, and we're off, scudding away across the Venezia like a water-beetle and heading for Tor Vaianica. Sweet, total liberty, unspeakable, voluptuous, sense-flooding, once-in-a-lifetime liberty.

Hot sand, now, against the skin, in the navel, between the toes, and salt on the tongue and lips and in the eyes. I hug the beach like a starfish, risking burned shoulders, and through half-closed lashes watch the sand-flies explore the hairs on my arm, and I survey the second half of my life, which has just begun.

IV.

"Old Sputty Pettifer", said the Old Roman, sitting on the parapet above the Albano path, and gazing at the horizon with rheumy eyes, "was always losing things."

We surrounded him in a respectful half-circle. Behind his head, the sun was setting spectacularly. Indeed, if he'd shifted a yard to the right, he'd have had a halo. It was all there - the palace at Castelgandolfo turning into a silhouette (*vista suggestiva*) and the sea in the far distance like a silver margin to the *campagna* (*mare luccica*), at our feet the lake, with its surface lightly dappled, and the best kind of August breeze stirring the whatever-kind-of-tree-it-was on the patio behind the house. It was reminiscence time.

"Poor Sputty. I'll never forget the day he turned up for medi without his socks and shoes on. You see..."

The girls in the kitchen were monotoning the Rosary loudly, in a plaintive and complaining way, like a chorus of importunate widows at a judge's window. The box hedge by the path was letting loose a heady bosky scent which would stick in the memory and evoke for years quintessence of Palazzola. The Old Roman gestured moistly with the stem of his pipe.

"...and I don't mind telling you, Hinsley was speechless..."

Behind us, students with bags of golf clubs went backwards and forwards in straw hats, rattling slightly, as if they were extras in a country house farce, incongruously dressed up in cassocks. Mysterious foody smells, rattles of crockery through the ref windows. People looking discreetly at their watches: time for chapel.

"...and Sammy Gradbold laughed so much he ruptured himself..."

"Canon, you'll have to excuse us, it's time for Benediction."

"...three weeks in the Blue Nuns and a ticket home..."

"...have to go, I'm serving..."

"...Sputty got his doctorate with a thesis on memory, that's the joke."

A polite yet purposeful drifting-away from the fringe of the group turned into a stampede, and the Old Roman, slightly ruffled, was left alone with his thoughts.

Far away in England, in some busy metropolitan chancery, old Sputty Pettifer granted four or five quick dispensations before supper, closed the register with a satisfied sigh, and lumbered away to an early chop. He never knew that his youthful ghost had, for a moment, been conjured forth among the Alban Hills.

Anthony Philpot



CHARITIES FUND

Towards the end of 1978, Friday fasting became a regular feature of College life; or perhaps, better, it became an organized feature of College life! For from that time on, Venerabilini could voluntarily give up their *secondo piatto* of *baccalà* or fish fingers or whatever, confident that the College Bursar would hand over the princely sum of 800 lire, for every person fasting, to the VEC Charities Fund, that new, somewhat mysterious body, which was set up under the auspices of the then Senior Student. Looking back on that exciting period of student initiative, it is difficult to remember which came first, the organised voluntary fasting or the Charities Fund; but one thing is certain, that the increase in the amount of spaghetti eaten at Friday lunch (for spag is very much a *sine qua non* for those students, members of Staff, Nuns and Girls, who choose to fast), can only be matched by the steadily growing sums of lire which the Fund has at its disposal. At the time of writing, the Charities Fund has collected over one and a half million lire. Where does the money go?

The largest portion of money (about half a million lire) has been used to aid the missions of our Elizabethine Sisters, recently established in Kenya and Equador. Other donations have been given to Kay Kelly for cancer research,

to Cafod, to the Asian Relief Fund, to a priest from Westminster diocese working in Peru and to help re-establish the war-damaged seminaries in Uganda. Nearer home we have donated money to a soup kitchen, run by the parish of San Lorenzo in Damaso, a number of donations have been to the Little Sisters of the Poor, who run an Old Peoples' home, near San Pietro in Vincoli, and money has also been given to help the *poveri* who live in the vicinity.

The variety of people and projects helped by the Charities Fund does, I think, reflect the success which organised voluntary fasting has had in the College. It is hoped that the scheme will continue long into the future, a sign of the concern which the College has for the poor and needy who surround us, not only in Rome, but in the World at large!

Sean Healy

SACRISTY NOTES

The increasingly-felt need to add a certain dignity to the post-Conciliar liturgy has had its effects in the College Chapel in the last year. The need to increase and renew vestments especially has led the Rector to set up a fund from second mass stipends sent to the College, to provide some regular income for this purpose. Early in 1979 ten new white concelebration chasubles were purchased to bring our concelebration set up to twenty-four - a number frequently required on Sundays and Feastsdays. Before the Villa a similar purchase was made to complete the red set, so that we were able to celebrate SS. Peter and Paul and St. Maria Goretti, patroness of Albano diocese, with a fitting splendour (!) We are about to order a new white president's chasuble to replace the present one which is showing signs of its heavy use. Ultimately we would hope that the fund will allow the purchase of a set of green concelebration chasubles, to replace the present collection of varied stoles; and perhaps a purple set, although it might be more appropriate to have something more simple for the penitential seasons.

At the same time we have been able to provide the nuns with a first-class set of vestments to go with their re-ordered chapel. The college gave them a white chasuble; the students, red; the priests leaving for the mission in the summer of 1979, green; and the Old Romans a purple chasuble at the time of the October Fourth Centenary celebrations. If you send any second Mass stipends to the college, you now know where they will go!

Neville Clark

LIBRARY NOTES

The year has seen continuing development in the Library - greater use by the students, and large donations of books as well as the normal acquisitions for courses at the Gregorian and other universities in Rome. It has been very evident that our Library needs four librarians, for besides daily duties and a regular weekly session on Saturdays, there is the Book Agency (one of the librarians being in charge of ordering books from England for the students and for the Library) and the normal processing of new books. The latter has been particularly intense throughout this year through numerous donations.

The Archbishop of Canterbury generously gave the library 200 pounds as Quater-centenary gift. With the help of Rev Mark Santer (principal of Westcott College) and William Challis (an Anglican curate from Islington staying at the college last year) and also David McLoughlin, the former librarian, a list of books was ordered from the S.P.C.K. We were also given a set of the *New Catholic Encyclopedia* by the Roman Association, and the new *Encyclopedia Britannica* from an anonymous donor. The Library continues to benefit from the advice and generosity of Mgr James Sullivan. A handsome collection of books was also donated by Neville Clark, one of the students. Fr. Charles Vella, Founder-Director of the *Centro degli Studi per la Famiglia*, gave a collection of the material on the work the centre is undertaking for the Italian Episcopacy. In fact these various acts of generosity have helped the Library immeasurably and have allowed more money to be spent on second-cycle studies.

The third Library continues to be a flexible part of the Library - a meeting place for the first theology seminar, a committee room for the European Bishops' Standing Committee and a pleasant evening for music and poetry. The latter organised by Fr Christopher Pemberton when he is in residence with us. A musical evening of particular interest was December 9th, when we had a Medieval and Renaissance music recital. For this a Rome-based group — Armonia Antiqua — joined us with their period musical instruments - it was a great success.

It was also a joy and privilege for us to see the Holy Father greeted by the Rector in the First Library on December 6th, where we were all able to meet him.

In connection with the journals, a new service — at the moment in the experimental stage — has been started. Licence students are informed of articles of possible interest to their specialisation during the process of recording incoming journals. My hope is to highlight the journals' section of the Library - both in this way and by having annual volumes bound, the latter process being completed with the vast majority of journals.

From the "Suggestions Book", the greater circulation of books, the arrival of new books — both donated and purchased — there is a continuing and increasing interest in the Library.

David Lewis

PUNK ROCK, DARTH VADER, THE SS. OR HOW TO RAISE MONEY THE HARD WAY

Not long after I started at the college, one sunny morning when I should have been at lectures listening to the gripping words of Father Selvaggi, there was a knock on my door. When Martin Higgins came in and said that he had a favour to ask of me, I had no idea what I was about to let myself in for. I was to help in the running of an auction at the end of November. The money raised would be sent to the Mill Hill Fathers to sponsor a student for the priesthood at a seminary in India. All that this entailed was merely to find four boxes, label them and put one on each of the four corridors for the collection of "goodies" for the auction. Not being able to claim that I was hard-pressed for time with my philosophical studies, I, of course, consented to help.

However, I was soon to find that there was far more to this auction than I had realised, for it was steeped in mystery and tradition that seemed as old as the College. I was informed that the identity of the auctioneer was to be kept top secret, and as eyes were not on me, the newest member of the committee, I would be used to pass messages. The auctioneer had to choose a character role and begin the auction with a short sketch. That year (1977) he was to be the leader of a "Punk Rock" group, and after a quick song his fellow musicians were to help with the selling of the goods. I have to admit it all sounded a bit crazy, and it wasn't until the night itself that I realised what an event it was to be. As the date drew nearer I couldn't help feeling that my movements were being watched. But despite the fact that some think it their vocation to discover the identity of the auctioneer at all costs, the secret was kept, and on Wednesday 30th November after a specially-arranged miserable supper — with extra wine — the auction took place. It was a great success, and for those of us in our first year, it was further confirmation that life at the English College was not quite what we had expected.

David McLoughlin, a deacon at the time, was the auctioneer, and with his group clad in the worst rags from the props' cupboard and adorned in dangling paper clips, he made quite an impact on the unsuspecting audience. From then on it was simply hard work. Various bits of donated junk were sold for unimaginable prices. But along with these, a number of new items had been given, and of course there was much of that ever-popular

commodity, drink. At the end of a very enjoyable evening the organiser was proud to announce that the figure raised, according to the calculations of the trusty accountant, was somewhere in the region of 500,000 lire - a very good achievement.

The College has been raising money for students at St. John's regional seminary in Hyderabad for many years now. An arrangement was made with Bishop Bouter of Nellore diocese in India by a group of students in 1938, to raise twenty pounds a year towards the upkeep of a student for that diocese. After the war the whole house became involved in the fund-raising, and over eight of the students sponsored since then have been ordained. The fund-raising has taken many forms, but in recent years has been reduced almost completely to the one big event, the auction. The only other contribution in the last two years has been from the treasure hunt. This consists of an hour's chaos, during which it is advisable to lock your room, just in case a clue is misunderstood, and twenty-odd people rush in and ransack your wordly possessions, before you have picked yourself off the floor.

The auction itself has become a major event. Coming immediately before Advent, it is the first of the big celebrations after people have settled into first semester, which means that everyone is prepared to let themselves go, and enjoy the evening. Conveniently they are not too worried about how much they spend, and will indulge in buying joke-presents, so that the most unlikely characters are landed with lacy cottas or hearty mountain gitas.

Last-minute preparations for the auction are always hectic, and each year brings its own surprises. Last year the planned buying of bread for the traditional hot dogs was forgotten until the afternoon before the event. So whilst the Common Room was being prepared, we were running round bakers' shops in Trastevere. Unfortunately, in the middle of this frantic search we went into Standa, where instead of finding any bread, we were stopped by security guards and accused of shoplifting. I had visions of a long evening arguing our way out of an ugly situation, but eventually we were able to prove our innocence, and return to College just in time to get things ready before the start of evening Mass. Yet even then I was not safe. The auctioneer that year was William Young who took the role of an S.S. officer, and at the beginning of the auction there was a *coup* in which I was beaten up by his "heavies", whilst he proceeded with the auction.

This year the auction was in the midst of a succession of celebrations, shortly after the October events and only a week before the visit of the Pope. However this did not overshadow the occasion. Indeed it was a great success. Stephen Porter was the auctioneer as the evil Lord Darth Vader from the film "Star Wars." After a very fast-moving evening we were expecting large receipts; and indeed this year's cheque which we finally sent to the Mill Hill Fathers was for five hundred pounds. That wasn't bad for one evening.

St. John's Seminary has gone from strength to strength in the past year. Twenty-five deacons who were ordained last December are being ordained to

the priesthood during the course of this year. It seems that they are in the encouraging, albeit frustrating, position that they have more applications than places. As for our auction, it seems that it will continue running healthily for many years to come.

Mark Crisp

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NATIONAL PASTORAL CONGRESS

At the beginning of the year it was felt that the house could benefit from a meeting to share our experiences of N.P.C. meetings which some of us had been involved in over the summer period in various parishes. At our initial meeting there was a general feeling that it would be good if there were to be some discussion in the College on the working paper on the Church. There were meetings once a week for a half an hour after lunch. Everyone was encouraged to take part and for those unable to come, minutes were kept and put on the notice-board.

Many also felt that prior discussion in smaller groups would be valuable, and it was suggested that Prayer Groups, as well as remembering the Congress in their prayers, might like to devote part of their «*après prière*» to an informal discussion of some aspect of the working paper on the Church. The initial purpose for all this discussion was to prepare us for a meeting on the N.P.C. in December when Archbishop Worlock would explain how the Congress had been organised, how it was going to take place and also to give us a progress report and the possibility to ask questions.

The Archbishop said that he saw our contribution to the Congress being a theological one. Shortly after his visit the house was given the opportunity to elect a delegate to send to the Congress in May, and the lot fell to me!

After Christmas the weekly discussion groups continued and the first topic discussed was centred on *Presbyterorum Ordinis*. I had written to Fr. Tom Shepherd (the General Secretary of the N.P.C.), giving him the minutes of our meetings and a progress report of our preparations. I was also placed in theme B: "The People of God: Ministry, Vocation, Apostolate", with my particular topic being that of the Ordained Ministries: episcopate, priesthood and diaconate.

Being in Rome, one can sometimes have the feeling of being rather isolated, so for this reason, anyone visiting the College was tapped for information, progress reports, etc., among them Mgr. George Leonard who was to have special responsibility for Press relations and publications on the N.P.C. committee. Our discussions then moved on to include "Set Priests Free to

Preach and Pray" - the statement by the National Conference of Priests and also we had two lively discussions on the question of women priests. These group discussions were quite well attended and a fair amount of interest shown. Again, all were encouraged to take part and progress reports were given for those unable to attend.

Although these weekly discussions were quite well attended, I felt that as delegate of the whole house, there had to be a way of involving the whole house in the preparations. So a questionnaire was given to everyone in the house. The questions asked were:

- What are your views on the diaconate?
- Why do you want to be a priest?
- Was there someone who acted as a catalyst (e.g. the example of another priest) in your decision to enter seminary?
- How do you see yourself being formed in the seminary? What are your views on seminary formation?
- What have you got to offer to the Church in England and Wales?
- How do you see your role as a priest differing from that of a lay Christian?

The aim was primarily to help me in representing the whole College in May to have everyone's opinions on the topics which may more than likely be discussed and I think it brought the Congress more into focus in people's minds and prayers as our preparations increased. A report of the results of this questionnaire will be given to the house after Easter.

The Paschal Candle lit on Holy Saturday night will bear the Congress *logion* and during the few weeks between the lighting of the Paschal Candle on Holy Saturday night until the lighting of the Congress Candle on 2nd May, we shall be making a special spiritual preparation for the Congress.

The College is sending me as delegate to Liverpool to represent the college and also to listen to the reports, recommendations, etc., which come out of the Congress and then on returning to Rome, there will be the job of feeding back these recommendations and assisting their implementation as far as possible. Many thanks to those who have given me their help, time, energy or encouragement.

Brian Purfield

“TWO GOLD MEDALS FOR V.E.C. AT GREG”

Noisily chattering students and professors in all shades of religious and civil garb gradually accumulated in the semicircular Aula I of the Greg, freed from their usual period IV lecture. First we were quietened for entertainment, as the serried ranks of *scozzesi* rose to sing the Highland ballad “Lizzie Lindsey”, led by guitar, violin, flute and soloist. This warm Mediterranean city cannot often hear folk singing from the wild fringes of far north-western Europe.

Il Rettore Magnifico P. Martini ascended the dais to report in bullet-speed Italian on the Academic Year 1978-79, referring first to the Pope’s encouragement of the learning community. Amongst staff changes, he welcomed Fr. R. Maloney, S.J. (Venerabile) to the Philosophy Faculty, and read obituaries for P. Maurizio Flick and P. Edouard Dhans. There had been substantial additions to the library, and several new courses started: for details we were referred to the programme, which also lists student numbers, research, academic publications and conferences.

Seven Malagasy students then sang the Canticum of the Three Young Men in the fiery furnace from Daniel, in their native tongue: a beautiful and uplifting piece. The award of medals worked down from candidates *summa cum laude probati... ad Doctoratum*, through *Licentiati* to *Baccalaurei*, from all corners of the world. The women recipients seemed to earn extra clapping, but the noisiest uproar came when a Scotsman walked forward and his fellow-countrymen erupted in cheers. Scots Nats rule O.K., at least in Rome. Sometimes a hesitant silence followed the name of a recipient, who failed to appear in the audience, and several medals were taken by proxy - including David Evans’ gold medal (*Summa* in Philosophy Licence) received by our Senior Student Sean Healy. Then Neville Clark was awarded a gold medal for the best result in the Philosophy Baccalaureate.

Fr. Martini concluded by remarking that the occasion was not to set up a meritocracy, but just to reward good work. The Greg couldn’t afford a medal for everyone, but they might like the *rinfreschi* outside. And we did.

Francis Marsden



The now traditional Holly-Cam lunch at Palazzola - D.B.L.s on the terrace - 13th December 1979.

HATCH END 1979

You're either fascinated and intrigued by microphones, T.V. cameras and the paraphernalia of the modern mass media, or you're not. O.K. so I confess that I'm hopelessly addicted to things electronic.

There we were, a dozen or so Venerabilini, faced with the mess and tangle of wires and cables, the glare of the floodlights, headphoned technicians waving arms about in curious patterns, a whole host of new jargon words to enrich our vocabularies, and we all rose to the bait, even those with no apparent interest in matters as mundane as television and radio. It's amazing how quickly someone can become an authority on a subject when you see him on a T.V. screen being interviewed by a professional, even if you know that "X" (I'd better be discreet here) hasn't really a clue as to what he is speaking about. We were treated to 'in-depth' interviews of *haute couture* designers, Italian politicians, 19th century historians, *Cordon bleu* chefs, parallel universe cosmologists, and other equally improbable experts, every one handled with great aplomb by the 'in-residence panel' of V.E.C. specialists. Never was so much known about so little.. But I do them an injustice. The interview on London's decaying docklands "where the scent of spice still hangs in the air, and the patter of tiny..." was definitely memorable (perhaps though not in the way its 'author' had intended) and carried with it some of the hopelessness of the people who still live there. So too that on the life and times of 'Eliza Doolittle', actor, producer, director *extraordinaire* was drawn from 'an experientially - lived situation.' We had serious interviews too, of course. Archeology, the problem of theology and science, the *Quebec libre* movement, and experiences of living and working with the handicapped. It certainly brings home to you the power of television when you see yourself, as an 'authority' on the small screen; "good heavens", you think, "do they all know as little as I do?" Nevertheless with the phenomenal growth of this industry in the last 20 years it is highly important that effective preachers of the Word of God use every means to proclaim the Gospel, and our experiences have somewhat helped us in this matter. It really isn't that terrifying to sit in front of the camera, with its red light winking at you, perhaps millions watching you, and yet remain reasonably cool and collected.

From the T.V. studios we plunged straight into the radio studios. Script in front of you, a disembodied voice in the headphones (the producer)... and what do you do? There's only a microphone in front, and you've got to catch and keep the audience's attention with *only* your voice. Every cough and splutter, every 'um' and 'er' will be broadcast throughout the land. - be clear, be concise, be interesting. Like the talk on Renaissance Rome; it really was like a water-ice itself, so cool, with the pet parrot reciting speeches from

Cicero at the papal court. Today's Rome, and how to keep the interest of a bus-load of pilgrims in a frenzy of ancient and modern, baroque and medieval — their brain cells quickly overload — pick on the minutiae of life, that quaint aspect that most miss, and will be what they remember during our long Northern winters' evenings. Or the talk on the size of the universe, how would *you* say the word "million" eight times in succession and *still* hold the listener's attention? Or explain the silver hall-mark system without being able to show the hall-marks? Or to offer an explanation of the mystery of God to believers and non-believers half-way round the world? These and many other exciting 'hints' were to be had at Hatch End. Considering that radio is even more ubiquitous than T.V., especially in the Third World, and that radio waves travel even through the Iron Curtain, the great emphasis on preaching the Gospel on the electromagnetic spectrum is appropriate. There can be no doubt that evangelization can be validly and convincingly carried out by radio.

Closer to home though, we were introduced to the delights (and perils) of the audio-visual presentation — two slide projectors, electronically linked to a tape recorder. The task — preach, and all we had were cameras, a roll of film each, recording tape and ourselves. Everything else we had to do and learn from scratch, processing the film, editing the soundtrack, matching the two... and presto an A-V presentation! The best of the three presentations told the story of the Good Samaritan, set in modern day North London. A hapless "youth" is set upon whilst walking along the A410 and robbed, the usual "priest", city "gent." pass him by, but a rather vague-looking man helps him into a taxi, takes him to a motel room, and sees that he is cared for. The story in slides, combined with the reading of the Gospel passage in Luke with appropriate "muzak", was very effective and showed us how easily a theme such as this could be developed, for example, for a sixth form R.E. group with a little effort and imagination.

All in all I think we enjoyed ourselves immensely, and came away the better prepared for dealing with the mass media as producers rather than consumers. The staff at Hatch End, as ever welcoming and friendly, patiently dealt with us - those of us who think in technology and those who don't, and made our stay at the Centre very worthwhile.

Stephen Porter

We should like to take this opportunity to congratulate Agnellus Andrew O.F.M., former director of Hatch End, on his Episcopal Ordination and appointment as Vice-President of the Pontifical Commission for Social Communications, and look forward to having him as a neighbour in Rome. - Editors.

THE SAINTS OF THE ROMAN CANON OF THE MASS

Brash it undoubtedly was. As a young man I used to say I'd take a bike where anyone else would walk. So it happened that I followed a path over a Derbyshire Hill and down into a valley where the thin line centred down the map. What I did not realise until I'd pushed along for some miles was that it was a former railway line, the line taken up a few years before. Then I faced a great wooden door, where the line had gone through a tunnel. The door opened and in I went. Too far to go back, I edged forward, dragging the bike from sleeper to sleeper. Those had not been taken up inside, as they had on the track outside. On I went and on. Eventually what slight light there had been ceased. No use looking back. More than once I hesitated as to whether even now I should retreat and call it a day. On I went. And...eventually...there was a spot ahead ever so gradually becoming a spot of light. It gained in substance. At last, indeed at last, I realised it was the place of the key in the far door of the tunnel. Another thought now came in. What if that door be locked. Nearer it came and nearer, a large keyhole. Arrived at it I had to summon up the resolve to try the large wooden catch. It worked, the door yielded... out into the sunshine and the air, and the rest of the short distance to a rideable road I went.

I have sometimes had the same sort of sensation since that day, 30th October, 1939, when I slipped down below St. Peter's and said my first Mass at the Tomb of Christ's first Vicar on earth. A First Mass Day is ever memorable in the life of any priest. 1939 had the extra poignancy that Britain was at War though, fortunately for me, not yet with Italy. Had this been after our exciting exodus a few months later instead of in advance of it, these lines could never have been written. (I would have been saying my First Mass at Tyburn, where I did say my first Mass in England, instead of St. Peter's). I would not have begun saying Mass at the Tombs of the Apostles and others mentioned in the Roman Canon. Of all our Relatives, the only one out in Rome for the occasion was my Twin. That too is an interesting story but for another time.

We were ordained in Rome at the start of our last year, rather than at the end of it, to give us the opportunity of saying Mass at the great Roman Churches and Shrines. This I took seriously. I said Mass at the other three of the four great Basilicas within the week: Mary Major, of the Spanish, where

the first gold from the Americas still gives glory to the high vault of the ceiling. St. John (Cathedral Church of Rome and of the World: YOUR Cathedral), of the French, with its precious relics of the heads of the two great Apostles, Peter and Paul. And St. Paul's of the English nation, whose Abbot Guardian of the Church belonged to the Garter, of which he was a prelate whilst our Monarchs had a Stall reserved for them, as a member of the Chapter, and for all I know still have. To understand this building it is necessary to trace out that in St. John's Apocalypse. It is all there; the sea of glass, the seats for the Ancients, the Lamb as it were slain, the book of the seven seals... the lot. A perfect altar at which to say Mass with personal devotion is that of St. Paul's.

We must look elsewhere than Rome for some of the greatest Apostles. But Sts. Philip and James (called the Less) have their Tomb in the City. Our King James, father of Bonnie Prince Charlie, "the old Pretender" died in the nearby palace and his body lay in state in this church for five days. I said Mass in honour of the two Apostles; their bodies lie under the high altar. It was even easier to say Mass in honour of Sts. Simon and Jude, whose remains had been brought to Rome, to lie beneath St. Peter's itself. In a similar way is the position of the Tomb of St. Bartholomew.

One morning in 1946, I arrived for breakfast at the CWL war time Canteen, formerly the Scots College (I fancy). I said I had said Mass on an Island and they were very interested, until I said it was the island in the Tiber. The Church is called St. Bartholomew's, in honour of the Apostle whose Tomb it contains. That gives the name to the hospital, chosen obviously for its separation from the rest of the City by the river that surrounds it. They say this was the first public hospital in modern Europe. Anyway its name was copied in England where Bart's has become so world famous. Memory plays games. It recalls that other morning when a Brigadier, obviously having got up too late for breakfast in the Mess, arrived at the Canteen and ordered 'bacon and eggs' only to be told that it was 'egg' or 'bacon' rations not extending to both. "Look here", he said, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." I hope he got his bacon and eggs. I know it often took me half the morning to walk to a church, say Mass and get breakfast.

Later attention may be drawn to the fact that martyrdom was the vocational hazard of our Popes for two and a half centuries. So it is not surprising that the names continuing in the canon are first of all the earliest Popes: Linus, buried by the Tomb of St. Peter; his successor Cletus, cheek by jowl with Linus; Clement, who has his own glorious tomb and Church, with the Temple of Mithra emerald-empurpled deep below it all. The latter which provokes the speech stopper of all time. The young man who said; "I know all about that" to each and every statement of the Guide explaining the unique glories of this place. To the remark that this was the Temple of Mithra, he foolishly repeated: "I know all about that." The bottled-up Irish laybrother perforce exploded; "That you don't then; because the only thing they know about it is that nobody knows nutthin' about it." So too, Pope Sixtus has his own ancient and venerable church. This was the Pope whom Lawrence

saluted: "Father, where are you going without your son?" The Pope told his Deacon "a more glorious victory" awaits you. The Persecutor whom we read "was no less a worshipper of gold and silver than of Jupiter and Mars" demanded of Lawrence a sight of the treasures of the Church. Lawrence on a spot near the Colosseum gathered the ordinary folk and showed him them, with the halt and the lame. The Prefect (Cornelius Saecularis), enraged, had Lawrence roasted slowly on a grid-iron. The great church arose over his Tomb, the fifth of Rome's patriarchal churches.

To make sure I was missing nothing (Compiègne, Toulouse, included) I said Mass at S. Lorenzo in Lucina and in Rome's other churches dedicated to St. Lawrence; as I had said Mass at the various tombs of the Sistine Popes; and at all the available altars in St. Peter's. More have been opened up but I have said Mass at 26 altars in and below St. Peter's. I might mention here one thing that happened. I had promised Bishop Youens that I would say Mass for him after my Ordination. The Mass I had booked at St. Lawrence's had fallen through as a Missionary Bishop claimed the time and altar (in those days we thought it an honour to give way to a Bishop, especially one from Mission Lands). Owing to our schedule as Students the next opportunity I got (on a Thursday) to say the Mass was 14th. So I said Mass at St. Lawrence's that day and that day Bishop Youens died, with the grace of that Mass to help him. I daresay I was the first Student he took on and I was ordained in time to say Mass for him.

No devout Christian who visits Rome but is deeply moved by the Catacombs, the streets of death, and of the Resurrection. One of the most romantic stories is the finding by the great Catacomb Scholar De Rossi of a fragment of marble which led to the uncovering of the Tombs of Cornelius, and Cyprian, in the area begun in Apostolic times, probably by Pomponia Graecina, wife of Plautus, the Conqueror of Britain. It was wonderful, for St. George's Day, to be thurifer and so processing along the catacomb whilst the plainsong Introit echoed from the chapel where our students were gathered for High Mass. But even better to be beginning Mass at the Tomb of such saints and martyrs in such a hallowed spot. Others know that many of the relics of these two saints have been translated, maybe more than once, but nowhere can they be saluted more fittingly than in the Catacomb itself: *Introibo ad altare Dei*.

In the first list of Saints in Eucharistic Prayer 1, the last five have one thing in common: they are laymen. It was a bit ludicrous to see those claiming a greater share for our laity in the Liturgy, cutting out the names of our laity. The chances are they were unaware of what they doing. Mass at the Tomb of St. Chrysogonus had a bonus, for not only has he a lovely old church to his name but this is the spot where the English had their hospice in the Eternal City; the Via Monserrato came later. John and Paul were a Twin. Their Church and Shrine is where they were martyred, in the very house in which they lived. It is all now the home in Rome of the mighty Passionist Order: their Founder St. Paul of the Cross rests here. He is said to be the first to organise public prayers for the Conversion of England (even before the Old

Pretender?) In the monastery is a portrait painting of Winston Churchill, which turns out to be of his great uncle Fr. Spencer, who stumped Ireland getting folk to say Hail Marys for the Conversion of England. Saints Cosmas and Damian were doctors. They have a church where it is always Christmas. The Neapolitan Crib here is so elaborate that it is never taken down. On this site were the Archives where early Christians writers could see the original decree which sent Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem.

The Baptist's name starts the second list of Saints in the Roman Canon. Mention has already been made of John Lateran with its double John dedication and the Romans rededicated the Summer Solstice for the Baptist John. A precious relic of his head is the great treasure in St. Sylvester's, the Church of the English Colony in Rome. Stephen too has his vast church in Rome, on the Coelian. A King of Cashel, son of Brian Boru, was buried in this church. One of the oddest things in my life is that the church (kept shut because of danger in the fabric, now remedied) was entrusted to German Clergy, then to the Chaplain of the nearby Convent. These too were late returning to Rome after the War. I was Chaplain for a brief time in 1946, so I suppose I was technically custodian of the body of St. Stephen, not that I had to do anything.

The Ignatius of the Canon is the one who, by direction of the Apostles, succeeded Evodius as Bishop of Antioch, "where we were first called Christians". Now he shares the church of St. Clement as shrine with St. Clement himself. Extraordinary that decree of Trajan himself directing that Ignatius be sent a prisoner to Rome. Alexander, Pope, was martyred in 117, and his body lies in the church of St. Sabina (under the High Altar), on the crest of the Aventine, another of the Seven Hills. This church is connected with St Dominic, who lived in the adjoining monastery. Pope Marcellinus and Peter await the Resurrection in the ancient catacombs of St. Priscilla. This catacomb goes back to those disciples of Sts. Peter and Paul. It is mentioned in the middle of the 2nd Century. It is a perfect example of the wealth of Rome giving the poor "the hospitality of the tomb."

The list ends with the lovely little litany of ladies; the Virgins and Martyrs whose courage left an impress on Christianity never to be obliterated. Felicity and Perpetua, whose story is antique even among antiquities and whose names have found expression in the phrase 'perpetual felicity', are linked with the painting of flowers on the walls of the earliest *cubiculi* in the Catacombs. You can see such for yourselves in the crypts of Lucina in the Catacombs of St. Callixtus. These two are linked with St. Cecilia. American priests in particular delight to say Mass, including their First, in this same catacomb at the spot where the body of the Saint was discovered incorrupt after so many centuries, and translated to her church in that chosen corner of the world where there is so much of holiness, Trastevere, which means 'across the river', across the Tiber, back to the old Family Home and where she was martyred. St. Agnes is another saint with more than one shrine. It is a sensation that leaves a deep memory to descend from the Piazza Navona, gay with portrait painters, 30 minutes; sketch-makers, 20 minutes; caricaturists, 15 minutes;

fire-eaters and so on (not forgetting the Advent Fair, with booths for all kinds of Crib Figures, and mainly all those odd extra fountains, villagers, chickens... general 'lay-about'), to descend below the church of St. Agnes, to another world to St. Agnes' Altar. Here she was imprisoned and hard-by put to death. The Piazza was the site of the Circus Agonalis of Domitian, that arch-persecutor. They gave Agnes a further shrine, laying her remains in the catacomb on the Via Nomentana, on the family estate. Agnes means chaste in Greek, lamb in Latin. She was of a wealthy Family and a beauty. The aristocratic youth of Rome were bowled over still more by her death. They still raise the lambs on the estate, now convent property, lambs to be blessed by the Holy Father on St. Agnes' Day... and the Pallium made from their wool for every Archbishop in Communion with the See of Peter. The Archbishop of Canterbury has a pallium, but currently only on the Coat of Arms he has inherited from predecessors, like Dunstan, who got theirs in wool in days of old. The last name in the list is that of St. Anastasia, martyred at Aquileia, in Diocletian's persecution. She has the High Altar tomb in this church called after her, just below the Palatine (the hill whose grand edifice gave the word 'palace' to our tongue), a church that is famous for its being mid-way between the church of St. Mary Major (where the relic of the Crib is kept), where Rome's Midnight Christmas Mass was sung... and St. Peter's where the Pope had his third Mass. The Mass at Dawn was at St. Anastasia; where else?

These names end the list. They also end the saints with their exclusive shrine in Rome. Others have their link with Rome but their Tomb is else where. We recall the church of St. Lucy in the via Monserrato (close to the English College). The Church of St. Agatha owed relics of the Saint to St. Gregory. It was the church of the Irish College though the church itself may have been under construction before Ireland became Christian; and it had been the church of the Arian Goths: The most illustrious student at the College was St. Oliver Plunkett, recently canonised; whilst the church contained the heart of Daniel O'Connell, so great a treasure for the Irish Nation that it has been taken to the new Irish College.

With these names and those of Saints Andrew and Matthew the aim I had by the time I had said Mass at every Roman shrine, not omitting any rival claimants so that there should be no controversy, began to take shape: to honour all the saints of the Canon by saying Mass as far as possible at their Tomb. Two seemed impossible: John and Barnabas. Even saying the Masses in Rome had taken some few years, for one reason or another. The tunnel got darker when it came to those outside Rome, and I had to fit a Mass in when I could. I went to Syracuse to that wonderful slice of another age, only to discover that the great shrine was empty, though still gloriously honouring the Saint, and it meant waiting for another vacation to find her tomb, this time at Venice. Lucy used to have her own Holyday in medieval England! Now a journey to Sicily made it possible for me to say Mass at Catania where the shrine of St. Agatha achieved a fame out of all proportion. Her breasts were torn in her torment, a fact that roused universal indignation when Etna erupted. Now, Etna was a permanent menace. Lava from its eruption

poured down on the city. The faithful of Catania rushed into the shrine, seized the Saint's Veil, and out to hold up the Veil. The lava ceased in a wall, as at a command. Catania was saved. News of this (and similar sacrifice and spiritual favours of the Virgin Martyrs) spread round the Empire. The people spoke: Enough. The Persecution was dead. Christianity came unto its own, in public as in private life. We could do with the same spirit today.

St. Matthew has his own Cathedral, at Salerno. This was an Allied beach head during the last war. It is also the Cathedral of the region from which that modern, Padre Pio, hailed and where he is said to have enjoyed bilocation.

Now, though it made the quest long drawn out, yet it was fun too. This was so true of Mass at St. Andrew's. His tomb is not in Scotland (he is patron of Scotland because the monks who began to evangelise Scotland from St. Andrew's, famous for Golf, came from the Monastery of St. Andrew (now St. Gregory's), Rome, bringing a tiny Relic of the Saint as the treasure of St. Andrew's Monastery). His tomb is at romantic Amalfi. Amalfi had its hour owing to its supreme Navy: Amalfi had no road into the city until this century: no wonder the Amalfians were sailors and conquerors by sea. To climb the 141 steps to a delightful Piazza is to stand in one of the most remarkable spots there could be. There stands a fine statue, of a young man, with one large fish over his shoulder: Statue of St. Andrew, fisher of Christ. Amalfi has given a symbol to the St. John's Order and Ambulance Brigade, choose which you will. The men of Amalfi won their battles, cared for St. John's Hospital at Jerusalem and gave the cross of Amalfi (with its 8 points for the 8 Beatitudes!) to the Order of St. John.

I began with that tunnel... the figure became more justified because the years began to pass quickly. Holidays were limited in a sense and with much to occupy them. However twice I arrived at Trier and said Mass at the Tomb of St. Matthias, in the great monastic church. The Abbot is a Rotarian, a modern touch. Again, to be sure you recall that I had said Mass at St. Mary Major in Rome, where some say relics of St. Matthias lie. Now, it was at Trier that St. Helen, daughter of Old King Cole, Prince of Colchester, lived. It was also here that Constantine and his soldiers had their vision, of the fiery Cross, with the words: "In this sign shalt thou conquer" before going on to invade Rome and win it for his Empire and soon for free Christianity.

It was in a Holy Year of Compostella, which they have every tenth year, that I went to Spain, for Mass at the Tomb of St. James, my father's Patron Saint. A bonus was that we took in Burgos and Fatima on that journey. Compostella was one of Europe's four most visited places. It is near the coast so it was the thing for pilgrims to bring back a shell. The shell became the sign of a pilgrim to Compostella and then of a pilgrim at all. The enormous church has its uniqueness: it has one national Madonna after another; to this galaxy was taken the statue of Our Lady of Walsingham. They put this in the crypt and it stood right at the far end and had the crypt challengingly to itself. Then there is the censer which is only used on very, very special days.

It is as high as the church nave and swings from far wall to far wall. There is one fact of especial interest for England: the hand of the Saint is missing at Compostella. It is in Marlow, England, one of the most intriguing stories in our history but quite neglected here.

I suppose the greatest moment in my life, liturgically speaking, was in my voyage to say Mass at Mylapore, Madras, in honour of the Apostle who first unequivocally saluted God made Man: "My Lord and My God." Thomas, the Twin. The tomb is empty though they preserved a bucket of soil, blood stained, from 19 centuries ago. The occasion I went for was the 19th Centenary of the Apostle's martyrdom. My friend, Archbishop of Madurai, got the English Cardinal to let me represent England at the Centenary. I was only one in black in a crowd of half a million. They thought I must be important to be in black.

The whole Indian Hierarchy were present, in white. Cardinal Conway made a super Papal Legate, majestic in a white-leather-padded white limousine. He was in white too. We had a wonderful open-air Mass, in Tamil. A snake came out of a tree trunk, swaying high above the ground where the crowd stood shoulder to shoulder. He went back inside the hollow tree. Had he dropped sheer panic would have erupted. Next day the Irish Sisters were making capital out of it, that the snake heard the successor of St. Patrick was in Town to banish snakes maybe, but that the Legate realised that snakes were O.K. in India so he could stay in his tree home.

On the journey, I was in a Corpus Christi Procession led by Elephants, one of which bore the papal flag.

In Coimbatore, the Monsoon arrived just too early, to interrupt the Consecration of the Bishop. It was just as if the Holy Ghost were showing His hand. Consecrating Bishops, M.C., etc., grabbed the Sacred Vessels, Missal and Stand, the lot - and fled just in time from the open-air altar into the Cathedral where they carried on as nature howled outside.

For the purist I ought to add that it was some time later that I got to Ortona on the Adriatic where they told their Lad, off with his ship and another of Ortona, to be an Admiral with the Venetian Fleet, to bring back a suitable Relic for Ortona's new Cathedral. He brought back the body of St. Thomas. *Floreat Ortona!*

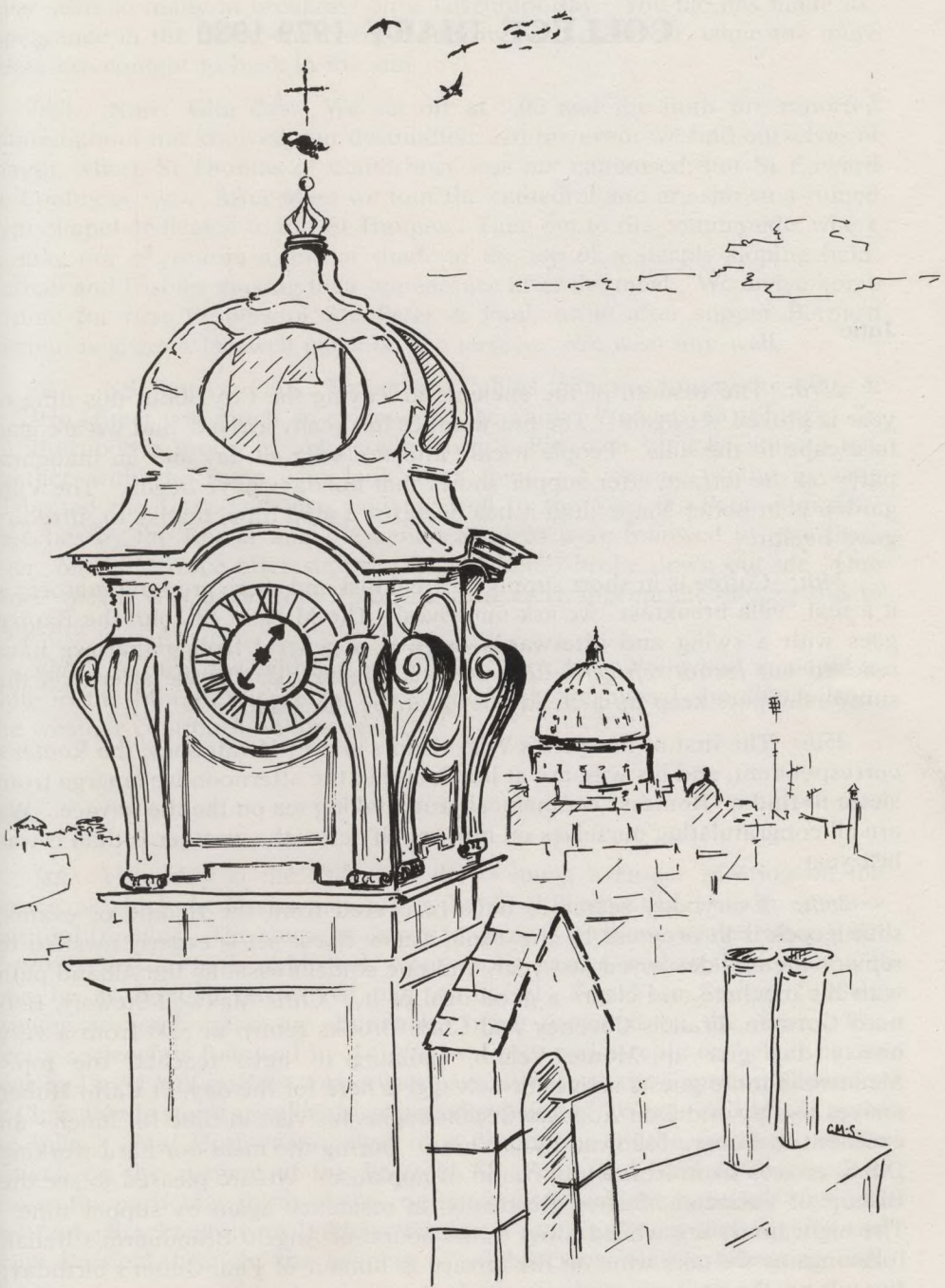
The vagaries of life seemed to have made it possible for Mass at the two shrines where I had thought it impossible. When I was ordained the site of St. John's Tomb at Ephesus was fields. By now, through the effort really of one man, things were otherwise. The Society of St. John of Ephesus Inc., Lima, Ohio, gathers a bit of cash each year and each year does a bit more digging at Ephesus. So the site of the Tomb is known and uncovered. As the Society digs, it constructs, so the Grave area as it is dubbed is beautifully paved... and tasteful walls and columns arise. I tried hard to get permission for Mass, as the Site is under official control. No-one would say 'No' but no-one would say 'Yes'; so I took it that they would not mind if I said Mass and said

nothing in advance. I arrived one morning as the curator opened up and I nipped along and said Mass whilst he was getting organised, maybe having his morning coffee and only just in time as the Inter-church Group I had slipped away from overnight arrived betimes. Bishop John Satterthwaite (of Fulham and Gibraltar), leader of the group, and to whom I pay tribute as an utterly unselfish and indefatigable Leader, greeted me with a paraphrase of: "Have you really been and done it?", he being the only one who knew what I was after as I did not want to run any risk of embarrassing the others. This was the first R.C. Mass at the Tomb of St. John in modern times. Later we stood on the site of the Council where each of the Fathers said: "I believe..." and then all together they said: "We believe..."

There still remained the Tomb of St. Barnabas, cited so often in the Acts, companion of Paul, Apostle of Cyprus. When I was ordained it seemed certain that the Greeks would not want a Latin Priest invading them. Ecumenism is changing all that. So I didn't see why I should not aim to say Mass at the tomb of St. Barnabas, especially as his was the last. But the tunnel was not yet finished, though the light at the end of it was strong enough. The troubles there in Cyprus, the Civil War, made matters unsure. I wrote to the Monastery of St. Barnabas in summer 1976, air mail; the letter coming back unopened by Christmas. I wrote to the Rotary Club of Famagusta. The Rotary Club of Nicosia replied that the Club of Famagusta was no more: but no word of my going to Cyprus. The Chaplain at Limasol replied, telling me on no account to come. I met him by accident later and he had the grace to look a bit sheepish. I did not refer to his letter. (He is now Prior at Bethlehem, a peaceful assignment let us hope).

Everyone tried to put me off. At the finish I just up and went. Minor snags arose over a Bulgarian visa; I had a night in the Turkish train. I was in the Federated State of Cyprus. I was at the end of the tunnel. The Monks were gone. I did not ask, I just said Mass. The young Guide changed completely when he saw me about my prayers. He showed me the Tomb and next day gave me the key, to help myself. I went down into depth. "Dark, dark, dark..." I had candles. There was the man, made cave: the massive Tomb against the wall, covered with an antique red cloth... a low stone *banca* or seat, a door roughly hewn into a second cave and that was all. I was back 38 years to the day, saying Mass at the Tomb of a great Apostle. The huge door at the end of the tunnel was open.

Anthony Hulme



COLLEGE DIARY 1979-1980

June

23rd: The wisdom of the ancients in leaving the City about this time of year is proved yet again! The hot weather has really arrived, and we are glad to escape to the hills. People trickle into the Villa all day and an inaugural party on the terrace after supper shows that holidays have begun. The Villa garden is in better shape than it has been for a long time, thanks to Alfredo's good health.

24th: Coffee is in short supply at breakfast and there are no tomatoes; is it a real "villa breakfast" we ask ourselves? The Mass of St John the Baptist goes with a swing and afterwards there is a general feeling that we have reached our *locum refrigerii, lucis et pacis...* Palazzola. In the afternoon the sunworshippers keep up a steady devotion by the Tank.

25th: The first of this year's Villa visitors arrive; Mr Mooney, the Reuter's correspondent, and his wife are at lunch and in the afternoon we emerge from siesta to find a "Romess" ecumenical group taking tea on the terrace. We are all congratulating ourselves on how much better the weather is than it was last year.

26th: Everybody seems to have recovered from the rigours of exams; shuttlecock is in progress by the Tank, a new *Bocce* set is eagerly awaited to replace the one destroyed last year, and one student assaults the Albano path with his machete and clears a good deal of it. Chris Maxwell-Stewart, Bernard Gorman, Francis Coveney and Chris Brooks return at 5.00 from a very hearty day gita up Monte Velino, claiming to have reached the top. Meanwhile more guests arrive: Fr Selvaggi is here for the day, Fr Carlo Huber arrives to stay and Don Augusto Cecchi begins his visit in time for lunch - an excellent *carbonara* followed by *tacchino*. During the meal our hard working D.S.S. arrives from Rome to a round of applause. We are pleased to see the Bishop of Palazzola, Bishop Restieaux, in residence again by supper time. The night hours are whiled away to the sound of Angelo Branduardi's Italian folksongs as we take wine on the terrace in honour of Paul Quinn's birthday; *fiaccole* on the parapet casting a gentle light upon the scene.

27th: Tusculum Gita day. The hot weather makes for an exhausting last haul up Tusculum hill. Meanwhile back at the Villa, old hands say they have

never seen so many at breakfast on a Tusculum day. The lilo has made its appearance in the Tank; the energetic throw each other off, while the more sedate are content to bask in the sun.

28th: Nuns' Gita day. We set off at 9.00 and the nuns are reported agitated about not knowing our destination. In the event we find ourselves at Anagni, where St Thomas of Canterbury was *not* canonised, but St Edward the Confessor *was*. After Mass we tour the cathedral and are shown a ruined crypt chapel dedicated to our St Thomas. Then out to the countryside, where we take our *al fresco* in a line of shade at the top of a steeply sloping field; football and frisbies making their appearance after the meal. We arrive home in time for first Vespers of SS. Peter & Paul, while after supper Bernard Gorman is given a farewell party on the terrace. We wish him well.

29th: SS. Peter & Paul. Fr Gerry O'Collins joined us in time for Mass & Fr Carlo Huber was much in evidence at the Tank. We were 85 at lunch. In the afternoon a group of old people from S. Pietro in Vincoli came to tea, together with the nuns who look after them. A *cenone* in the evening celebrated the festa and also said farewell to the Vice, Fr Peter Morgan. Speeches by the Rector and the Senior Student were followed by one from Peter, on the terrace after supper. The pulmino broke down outside "Quo Vadis" on the way back from Rome - a liturgically appropriate day for this to happen!

30th: A rare day without an official "fixture." Volleyball is popular, while in the Morgue, Scrabble, Chess and Risk are played simultaneously. The weather continues unimprovable.

July

1st: A Sunday at the Villa. In the evening, a House Meeting on the terrace, at which the Rector announces that Fr William Steele is to be our new Spiritual Director. The shape of things to come is further revealed when a list of next year's *nuovi* is published; what exotic names, and to think they will soon be as familiar as an old pair of boots! Top Year Supper follows, strawberries and cream in abundance being provided by the Year. The Rector's speech is followed by *Ad Multos Annos* and a reply on behalf of the Year by David McLoughlin. Afterwards we adjourn to the Common Room for Fr Chris Pemberton's excellently arranged evening of "Words and Music up at the Villa." Paul Haffner's reading of a description of the fireworks at the Vatican on the evening of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul 1868 seemed to arouse the particular mirth of the company, while a scene between Algernon and Lady Bracknell, from Wilde's "Earnest", read by David McLoughlin and Brian Purfield, brought the evening to an hilarious and exhilarating conclusion.

2nd: Lake Gita day. Mass was early, at 9.00, so people could be in the boats by 11.30. The company was distributed thus:

Boat 1: The Rector and Messrs Matus, Quinn and Michael Smith.

Boat 2: Don Augusto and Messrs Gummett, Quiligotti and Tower.

Boat 3: Messrs Barltrøp, Chris Bee, Lee and Miss Clare Lee.

Boat 4: Messrs Jackson, Challis, Crisp, Lewenhak and Parsons.

Boat 5: Messrs Stephen Gosling, Haffner, Phipps and John Telling.

Boat 6: Messrs Coonan, Deehan, Galligan, Goodwin and Nelson.

Boat 7: Messrs Crowe, Brooks, Coveney, Hennessy and Maasburg. After the row to the south end of the Lake, a swim and the traditional *al fresco* in intermittent sunshine, Don Augusto treated us to *qualche canzone italiana* in his inimitable style. A stiff breeze made the afternoon rowing hard work, but the various barks arrived safely back at Castel Gandolfo pier by 3.30. A good sunburn serves as a trophy of the day.

3rd: The good weather finally breaks, not into rain but into a dull grey sky. The retreat begins at 9.30 in the evening with a talk from Fr Peter Maguire. Everybody goes to bed on time!

4th: With the cooler weather has come clearer air, and the dome of St. Peter's is visible for the first time today. The garden is dotted with contemplative figures reading pious works.

5th: The retreat continues, as does the grey weather. Has it been sent for the mortification of the senses?

6th: The retreat seems better and better the longer it continues. *Oggi Festa!*, of S. Maria Goretti, patroness of the Diocese of Albano.

7th: The retreat finishes at lunch time and the hot weather returns. Lunch is very jolly and the stragglers do not leave the tables till 5.00. In the evening we discover that tonight's festa is to be in honour of Seamus O'Boyle's birthday. There is such a lot to celebrate at the Villa!

8th: Candidacy Mass. Francis Coveney, Liam Hennessy, Edward Koro-way and John Parsons are this Villa's batch of candidates, and are admitted by Bishop Restieaux in accordance with ancient tradition. College D.B.L.s follow, and then an excellent lunch under the trees on the terrace. Every lunch has been outside at this *villegiatura*.

9th: Acolytes' Mass. Our Bishop in Residence is called upon again to exercise his episcopal functions, and admits Anthony Doe, Paul Donovan, Robert Draper, Paul Haffner, David Lewis, Seamus O'Boyle, Michael Plommer, Stephen Porter, Brian Purfield and David Quiligotti acolytes. Another of the jolly if crowded lunches which have been frequent at this *villegiatura* follows. During supper Ken Freeman appeared in the Refectory to a round of applause, having failed to go to America. He will try again tomorrow.

10th: Today's brief respite from liturgical jamborees provides a day in Rome for about half the House. Numbers at Mass and lunch are the lowest this year. Can it be we are almost at the end of another villa? So full is the

programme that we have hardly begun before it is time to think about finishing.

11th: Diaconate Day dawns fine, despite last night's clouds and the D.S.S.'s uncharacteristically gloomy forebodings. The church looks spick and span and a sense of the occasion is certainly felt. David Gummatt sings the Gospel and Bishop Restieaux proceeds to ordain Peter Hart, Sean Healy, Chris Maxwell-Stewart, Brian Murphy, Paschal Ryan and William Young. Afterwards on the terrace there is a great clicking of cameras in bright ordination sunshine, and embraces all round. The rite continues with D.B.L.s and a pranzo taken sitting or perching wherever one can. *Ravioli* replaces last year's *tortellini alla panna con piselli*, and is washed down by the newly discovered rosé which has established itself as the special festa wine. The Rector makes an unwontedly loquacious speech and reads the telegrams of congratulation. *Ad Multos Annos* is sung with great fervour as the shimmering heat waves rise over the *campagna* and we stand, glasses raised, in the cool shade of our terrace. Yet another year has come to its climax. (Various people are thrown into the Tank immediately afterwards, by way of light relief, one of them, at least, being fully clad at the time).

A light supper around a campfire follows in the evening and mulled wine accompanies the singing of "old favourites" in both English and Italian. The nuns and *ragazze* join us for the occasion.

Here endeth the Villa, but...

12th: ...this year we have the possibility of staying an extra week at D.O.P. Villaphiles jump at this opportunity, for a few days of rest and recuperation are quite in order after a *villegiatura* as energetic as ours! The Senior Student preaches his first sermon as a deacon at Mass this morning, in both English and Italian... *che bravura!*

13th: Friends and relatives are taken on a coach tour to Assisi, while the remnant of the company enjoy a day of rustic leisure.

Until 20th the dwindling band remains, and then the peace of Palazzola returns. On 18th lunch was taken inside for the first time for fear of the weather; and even then it turned out to be quite unnecessary. The much-awaited *bocce* set never arrived; but there is always next year...

The year begins with a bang rather than a whimper. The Old Romans and the very newest ones arrive at about the same time; the former to spend some time at the Villa, from 24th to 29th September, the latter to swot their Italian from 21st *in poi*. The *nuovi* are depressingly good at their conjugations in a very short time, putting some of us oldies to shame. Meanwhile up at Palazzola Enzo's vintage is as dependable as ever, even though normal late September weather is not, and grey skies predominate. Semi-hearty 'gitas' around the castelli are reported, including a walk to Rocca Priora and back by the oldest Old Roman in residence.

On 30th September the festa proper begins in College and the usual



Umbrella Pine + Cypress. Lk.

timetable of the days here is established; Lauds at 8.00, Mass in College or elsewhere at 10.00, Vespers in the evening just before supper at 7.30, after which the Common Room Bar operates till 11.00. On Monday 1st October we are at the Altar of the Chair in St. Peter's for Mass. Various flabbergasted Italians watch this spectacle, none of them ever having seen a liturgical happening of such size and good organization south of the Alps. The Cappella Giulia surrenders its place in the organ loft to our schola for the occasion. Before lunch the Roman Association meeting, adjourned from Minsteracres, is reconvened, only to be concluded as soon as possible within the hallowed walls of the V.E.C. The Greg provides a *ricevimento* and talk in the afternoon. Fr Carlo Martini S.J., later Archbishop of Milan, regales the company with the details of today's Greg courses. Can this be a kind of surrogate lecture, designed to fill a nostalgic void in every ex-Venerabilino's heart?

October 2nd will live forever in the history of the College as the day on which the Pope did not pay us a visit. It is reported his advisers urged on him the prior claims of the United Nations Organization, a novel body unlikely to last four hundred years. His Holiness's absence means we have a free afternoon. Today's Mass is at San Lorenzo in Damaso, where the sanctuary squeaks at its seams as the concelebrants gather round the altar. The Mass is a great success all the same.

Next day we reach the climax of the celebrations. Office of Readings in the morning is in the main chapel, where Anthony Doe, quoting Gregory XIII, tells us all about "our hereditary foes, the Jew and the Turk" and the evils besetting Mother Church in the 16th century. A song in the Refectory that evening from Fr Pat Murphy-O'Connor refers to "Gregory's pre-ecumenical Bull." At 5.30 the Fourth Centenary Mass of Thanksgiving is said in the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The Nuns and assistants have excelled themselves in preparing for the feast which follows in the Ref. Tables groaning with goodies stand around the walls, a piano is available for the entertainment to follow, a whole roast pig or two are to be devoured and 'subdued lighting' sheds a flattering glow over the scene. Mervyn Tower acts as a kind of producer of the songs and party pieces as the evening progresses. John Clarke's performance of the finale to a Haydn trumpet concerto brings the house down, while a little 'soft shoe' number from Nella and the *ragazze* is surely the most spectacular thing the Ref has ever seen.

On October 4th Archbishop Worlock presides at Mass in the Chiesa Nuova, and after lunch Fr Michael Williams fills us in on some of the more recondite facts of the College's past. So far the celebrations have gone without a hitch, or without one worth mentioning. Can this last? The organizing committee have certainly done a good job.

On Friday those who could not come out for the mini-*villeggiatura* in September get their opportunity to visit Palazzola, if only for the day. Bishop Brewer says Mass and lunch is served in the refectory. The next morning all is over, barring a final Mass in College. At the Mass's end someone announces that the flight to England has been brought forward! A strange event in Italy. There follows a final flurry of farewells and a hasty retreat to the buses.

It has been a highly successful *fiesta*, leaving behind it a bust of John Paul II and the original of the commemorative medal struck for the occasion. Bishop Konstant unveiled the bust, which stands in the Cardinals' corridor and looks particularly lifelike at an angle of 45 degrees.

A welcoming party for the *nuovi* is held later in the month, but after the Quater-centenary this is rather a tame affair. The new men have slipped into the routine as easily as a *sugo di pomodoro* into a bowl of spag; they are Michael Burke, Joseph Callaghan, John Clarke, Martin Coyle, Harry Curtis, Mark Drew, Ian Farrell, Michael Gilmore, Paul Hendricks, Chris Litherland, Paul McPartlan, Frank Marsden, John O'Brien, Andrew Rooke and Stuart Spandler in Philosophy; and Frank Allish and Frank Harris in First Theology. This year's Anglicans are Perry Butler, from Lincoln Theological College, and Neil Thompson, from the Southwark Ordination Programme.

On All Saints' Day the College breaks up into 'recollection groups', as has become traditional about this time of year. Such old haunts as Montefiolo, the Cenacle, 'Jesus & Mary' at Nemi, Tre Fontane, the 'Verbites' also at Nemi, and various other religious houses within striking distance of the City recur as spots to go to on these occasions.

On 28th November the last 'Nig' auction is held. Henceforth it changes its name.

The film 'Star Wars' provides the theme for the auction. Stephen Porter, in an ominously black suit of armour, is the inter-galactic auctioneer. The bidding *seems* less extravagant than in past years, but perhaps this is because people actually intend to pay the full price offered this time!

Martyrs' Day is celebrated in the usual style again this year. The pair of red and golden hangings bearing the arms of Cardinal Vaughan make their appearance on the walls beside the Martyrs' Chapel door; the Ref is resplendent in white tablecloths and vases of flowers; Mass is followed by a College cocktail and the *pranzone*; coffee and liqs in the Cardinal's corridor and conversation tailing away into a much-needed siesta... A few dissident voices have been heard to say that College feasts are rather predictable affairs; to which other voices reply 'Long live Predictability!'

Inter-collegial conviviality continues on 5th December as we make our return visit to the Capranica. This institution, although older than ours, is as shiny as a new pin. Mass is celebrated in a highly polished marble chapel, where the priests of both our houses join in concelebrating. Our dinner is delicious and served in some state. The Rector of the Capranica seems as given to an after-dinner song as is the Bishop of Arundel and Brighton, and our voices are given no rest, even after an excruciatingly loud rendition of 'Santa Lucia'. A generous supply of nuts and wine is gradually exhausted. The appropriate speeches and the presentation of an inscribed plaque bearing our fourth centenary medal have been wisely assigned to the earlier part of the evening, so as midnight approaches jolly little assemblages of Venerabilini can be seen leaving the Capranica and tottering past the Pantheon on their way to bed.

The eagerly-awaited pontifical foot crosses our threshold on the evening of December 6th for the first time since the fall of the Papal States. A full day beforehand *vietato sostare* signs have appeared in the Piazza S. Caterina and the Monserra' has been cleared of traffic. A fine white mist gathers as evening draws on. Excitement grows in the chapel as the sound of the crowd in the street penetrates the walls. Assorted gate-crashers, clerical and lay, are removed with varying degrees of ceremony.

An enthusiastic cheer goes up in the street outside; someone suggests it must be for Monsignore Noé, but no... *He Himself* has arrived! The false daylight of photographers' lamps shines through cracks in the chapel doors as the hidden presence moves up the corridor and into the sacristy. Then suddenly there he is, processing into chapel just as one has seen hundreds of priests and bishops do before, but this time it seems quite unreal. Is this really our chapel?, and is that really the Pope? How very odd! Everything goes smoothly which perhaps adds to the trance-like feeling of the event. The sermon is excellent... who can have written it?... and makes ample and informed reference to the College martyrs and their relation to our task today.

The British Ambassador to the Quirinal, the British Minister to the Holy See, their wives, the *famiglia* of the College and various close friends and retainers are in the congregation and are presented in the Salotto and the corridor after Mass. Meanwhile, in what has some resemblance to a game of 'Hide and Seek', we assemble in the First Library. The Holy Father progresses along the Cardinals' Corridor, stopping to examine Dr Fleischmann's admirable bust on the way. In the library everybody is presented to the Pope and the Rector then gives His Holiness a copy of the College 'History' written by Fr Michael Williams. He then meets sundry English *monsignori* in the salone, and signs the Visitor's Book.

Downstairs the Refectory glitters with glasses and crockery which the Nuns have been keeping in reserve for four hundred years just in case... The papal *gnocchi in brodo* are the most delicious ever tasted, and the rest of the feast is of an equally high quality. The Rector speaks, the Pope replies, and a resounding 'Ad Multos Annos' ends the meal. Continuing our game of 'Hide and Seek' we line the Bottom Corridor while the Pope goes off to visit the Nuns by the kitchen door. Our final vision of him comes as he sweeps down the corridor between lines of applauding students and makes his farewells in the open doorway. The street outside is crammed with curious and enthusiastic crowds, hanging out of windows and blocking the doorway of Severino's *trattoria*.

It is a very happy and edifying visit, but we are intrigued to learn later from the *Osservatore Romano* that the Mass was accompanied by *chitarre elettriche*, and that the Pope arrived back in the Vatican a good half hour before leaving College.

From the unprecedented we revert to the unchanging. The traditional Holly Cam takes place in perfect weather on December 13th. One or two *bravi* actually pick the Holly, while the rest of us take the air and join in the very splendid lunch. On so perfect a day the Bracciano hills are clearly visible.

This year both play and pantomime are again produced. Seamus O'Boyle and Terry Phipps concoct a not-too-adulterated version of 'Cinderella' and struggle manfully to ensure that it retains what is conventionally known as a plot. The cast is as follows;

King Frederick	<i>Paul Donovan</i>
Count Dandini	<i>Ray Matus</i>
Majordomo	<i>Guy Nicholls</i>
Prince Charming	<i>John Parsons</i>
Attendants	<i>Mervyn Tower</i>
	<i>Mark Drew</i>
	<i>Paschal Ryan</i>
Buttons	<i>Neil Thompson</i>
Baron Hardup	<i>Anthony Doe</i>
Stepmother	<i>Perry Butler</i>

Ugly Sisters	Lady Dorothea	<i>Michael Gilmore</i>
" "	Lady Lillian	<i>Robert Draper</i>
" "	Lady Gertrude	<i>Terry Phipps</i>
Cinderella		<i>Sean Healy</i>
Herald		<i>Chris Brooks</i>
Tea-Pot		<i>Peter Hart</i>
Coffee- Pot		<i>Andrew Goodwin</i>
Spoon		<i>Chris Litherland</i>
Pan		<i>Joseph Callaghan</i>
Fairy Tinkerbelle		<i>Adrian Lee</i>
Fairy Snow		<i>Mark Crisp</i>
Fairy Liquid		<i>Liam Hennessy</i>
Fairy Nuff		<i>Stephen Porter</i>
Fairy Godmother		<i>Seamus O'Boyle</i>
Marquis William Orsonkart-Vanderbilt		<i>Chris Maxwell-Stewart</i>
Count Benedict Branston-Piccallili		<i>Frank Harris</i>

John Nelson manages the stage, Chris Maxwell-Stewart, Martin Coyle, John O'Brien, Frank Harris and John Nelson design and paint the scenery. The costumes, some of which are very exotic... has a tea pot ever appeared on stage before in our Common Room?... are designed by Peter Hart and Michael Burke and sewn by David Quiligotti and Mark Drew. The Table Tennis Room is again turned into the Peter Hart Academy for Theatrical Make-Up, while John Hodgson and Mark Crisp manage the lighting, Michael Burke plays the piano and John Clarke makes the *intervento* on the trumpet without which a College occasion of any kind is coming to seem incomplete! David Quiligotti and friends sustain the whole with their excellent sandwiches.

On 28th and 29th, A.A. Milne's 'Toad of Toad hall' is produced by Adrian Lee, with Terry Phipps playing the demanding role of Mr Toad. Chris Maxwell-Stewart, Neil Thompson and others work overnight to get the sets ready. The cast of very Edwardian animals is:

Mole	<i>Ian Farrell</i>
Rat	<i>Brian Purfield</i>
Badger	<i>Frank Allish</i>
Toad	<i>Terry Phipps</i>
Alfred, a horse	<i>Paul McPartlan</i>
The Rest of the Horse	<i>Seamus O'Boyle</i>
Chief Weasel	<i>Patrick Coleman</i>
Chief Ferret	<i>John Parsons</i>
Chief Stoat	<i>Chris Litherland</i>
A Weasel	<i>Andrew Rooke</i>
A Ferret	<i>Frank Marsden</i>
A Stoat	<i>Michael Gilmore</i>
Usher	<i>John O'Brien</i>
Policeman	<i>Ray Matus</i>
Gaoler	<i>The Rector</i>

A Rabbit	<i>Francis Coveney</i>
Judge	<i>Fr Bob Maloney S.J.</i>
Phoebe	<i>Joseph Callaghan</i>
Aunt	<i>Harry Curtis</i>
Washer-Woman	<i>Adrian Lee</i>

and behind the scenes:

Stage Manager	<i>Michael Smith</i>
Stage Assistants	<i>John Nelson</i> <i>Joe Callaghan</i> <i>Andrew Goodwin</i>
Scenery Painter	<i>Chris Maxwell-Stewart</i>
Costumes	<i>John Berry</i> <i>Andrew Rooke</i> <i>Peter Hart</i>
Props	<i>Mervin Smith</i>
Make-Up	<i>Peter Hart and a very loyal crew</i>
Lighting	<i>Mark Crisp</i>
Music	<i>Patrick Coleman</i>
Pianist	<i>Keith Barltrop</i>
Prompter	<i>Paschal Ryan</i>
Refreshments	<i>David Quiligotti</i> <i>Neville Clarke</i> <i>and many others</i>

As Toad himself might modestly have put it, 'Toad of Toad Hall' was undoubtedly the best piece of theatre in Rome this Christmas. Although the two productions do mean a great deal of work, they also mean a great deal of fun... 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap'... They also brighten the Christmas of lots of families and religious living in the City for long periods.

S. Thomas's Day brings another bout of celebration. Cardinal Casaroli, the new Secretary of State, was to have been our guest of honour, but cancels at the last minute because of pressure of work. Sir Ronald Arculus, H.M.'s Ambassador to the Quirinal is at lunch together with Lady Arculus. At lunch the Rector says in his speech that today marks the end of our fourth Centenary. Spontaneous applause follows! Centenaries are nice things to have, every hundred years or so. The Nuns remark that we all look a trifle *stanco*. We are therefore ready, as evening sets in on 29th December, to depart on gita and dash around until we are well and truly *stanchissimo*.

Some 'gitas' are predictable; Sicily, Naples, Palazzola, Assisi, Florence, Ravenna, the Lukanese villa of the opera star Madame Tettrazzini (now a Brigettine convent), and of course Venice, where the Franciscan house is reported to be only marginally inferior to Claridge's Hotel. David Gummett's England gita is more original; he sees his father ordained deacon. Congratulations to the Gummetts, one and all. After Easter, father and son

preside at community Mass in College. Will this too become a College tradition?

The 'tunnel months' that follow, from 'gitas' to Easter, pass painlessly, perhaps because of the sunny weather and a remarkable absence of the *sciocco*.

Early in February we welcome back Fr Chris Pemberton for his annual visit. The exams bring no disasters and when they are over, Palazzola opens its doors to a goodly batch of Venerabilini intent on a quick, short *gita*.

Fr Agnellus Andrew, familiar to us through our contacts with Hatch End, arrives in the City in mid-March to spy out the land following his appointment as President of the Pontifical Commission for Social Communications. Agnellus's informed and avuncular lectures at Hatch End have helped many of us to understand 'the media' better, and we hope he will do great things with his Commission, as well as become a frequent and familiar presence in College. Will he become our 'town' bishop, as Bishop Restieaux is our 'country' one?

The end of the 'tunnel' is in sight by the time lectorate comes round. Neville Clark, Francis Coveney, Liam Hennessy, Edward Koroway, Martin Lewenhak, John Parsons and Paul Quinn are given this lay-ministry-for-seminarians by Bishop Ramon Torrella Cascante, Vice-President of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, on 18th March. The Bishop not only preaches an excellent sermon, but displays a ready wit in an amusing after-dinner speech delivered, moreover, in English.

In 1978 one, Mervyn Tower; in 1979 two, Bruce Harbert and Robert Lasia; in 1980 three, Brian Murphy, Paschal Ryan and William Young; how many next year? These priesthood ordinations in College are one of the highlights of the year, letting us see as a body the beginning in some of our members of that ministry to which we are all called. Archbishop Worlock ordained this year's three on the evening of 28th March, members of all the families being present. Everyone has worked hard for the great event, including the Nuns, who provide us with a delicious feast. It is certainly worth the effort. Brian says his first Mass for the Nuns next morning, William for Mother Teresa's sisters at the *barrache* at the same time, and Paschal for the whole College at noon.

The next day is Palm Sunday. Easter has sneaked up on us unawares despite all the Lenten warnings. William presides at the ceremony in the garden and the procession to the church, then at his first community Mass. The day of recollection in College is led, from Sunday evening to Monday's supper, by Fr Jerome Quinn, Resident Scholar at the N.A.C.

The Easter triduum this year is celebrated entirely in College. The biggest change comes on Holy Saturday night when we celebrate our own Easter Vigil, beginning (only just) with the blessing of the fire in the cortile. Giles' drain serves as the base for a column, atop which the sacristans have carefully built a pyre. It is lit. The Rector advances to read the prayers by its light, but

although the light²celestial is steady and eternal, in our sublunary and corruptible world all, alas, is flux and darkness. Gusts of wind almost put the fire out and our orisons jerk to a temporary halt. But nothing can stop Easter, and we soon are on our way into the church. Readings and sung responses are competently done and Peter Hart sings the Great Alleluia as the bells of Rome peal in the Easter midnight. *Surrexit Dominus vere, Alleluia!* A little *rinfrasco* follows in the Common Room.

An audience of millions was glued to its 'tele-screen' as usual on Easter morning to see the V.E.C. Schola give its annual rendition of 'Sumer is icumen in' at the papal Mass in St. Peter's Square. Thank heaven they cannot understand the words! It is incredible what one can get away with when not using the vernacular. Our other piece, 'Christ Rising Again', by John Shepherd (c. 1520-c. 1563), is repeated at the request of the Director of the Pope's Music; *E' bello, è bello, cantatelo ancora!* After D.B.L.'s and a jolly lunch, coffee and liqs are served in the garden and we retire to bed.

Easter gitas are beyond the financial reach of most of us so Palazzola receives its usual complement of Venerabilini. How lucky we are to have the villa and how much it does for the morale of us all.

Hoping to bring this edition of the "Venerabile" before the eyes of its readers before the end of this academic year, your diarist craves permission to continue his life in peace, while promising to report anything important, and many things trivial, in a subsequent number.

John Parsons

NOTE

We greatly regret the printing errors which appeared in the 1979 issue of The Venerabile, and apologies especially for the errors on page 76 whereby the names of Fr Ekbery and Dr Butterfield were incorrectly spelt.

OBITUARIES

For various reasons this edition of *The Venerabile* does not carry obituaries of all those Old Romans who have recently died and whom we hoped to record here. We do intend that the next edition should complete some of the more notable omissions in the present issue.

Bishop Edward Ellis

Edward Ellis and I were brought up in neighbouring Nottingham streets in an area dominated, and according to the prevailing wind perfumed, by the factories of John Player & Sons. In those days we never heard about the need for Vocations or 'Priests Education Fund.' Perhaps I was a bad listener. Now and again a boy would "go to be a priest", and disappear to Lisbon or Rome, or some obscure French Seminary. Edward Ellis was sent by Bishop Brindle to Ratchliffe College, and then when only seventeen in 1916, he was ready to be sent to the English College - a barely possible journey, for the war conditions rendered travel very difficult.

Monsignor Hinsley, who followed Bishop McIntyre as Rector, soon impressed his stamp upon the college. Numbers were low during the war years, I believe that under twenty students remained there - including two future cardinals, Heard and Godfrey: Edward Ellis was server to the latter. He was a good student, not brilliant perhaps, but systematic and determined, well able to satisfy the examiners for the doctorate they awarded *bene probatus*.

When I was accepted for the College, the Rector had arranged through Cooks for a courier-guided party, but Edward Ellis — returning from a holiday in Nottingham — preferred to paddle his own canoe, so he conveyed a few of us to Rome. He gave me a first glimpse of a wider world, London, the Channel, Paris, the remnants of the battle front, and Italy, finally Rome - "Peters and Pam."

He now began the course of theology — Moral and Dogmatic — under the professors of those days, Vermeesch, Huarte, Van Laak *et alii*. Again he studied hard with John Donnelly as classmate, and both were awarded *bene probatus*.

Returned to the Diocese, two curacies prepared the way to being appointed administrator of the Cathedral. He was young for such a position but was well able to play his part in both church and civic affairs. During these years he was developing his hobbies, cricket and golf where possible, and fly-fishing - that being the love of his life. He left the Cathedral during the depression, when a 4d Pie Supper was the highlight of the parish social activity. He returned to the Cathedral to serve during the anxious war years when he did his stint as Warden and fire-watcher.

Bishop McNulty's failing health led to his untimely death in 1943, so the diocese looked for a new father in God and the Holy See's choice fell upon Father Ellis; Bishop of his own native city, village boy made good. In spite of war conditions it was possible to hold the customary Reception and lunch (perhaps we had 'Spam'.)

He was soon appointed to go to Germany to deal with the Local Hierarchy on behalf of the Occupying Power. At home, he was able to visit many P.O.W. camps and assist German priests who were granted special status. The newly-established 'Children's Rescue Society' had to be well provided, premises bought and staffed.

His main ambition and perhaps his life's work was to found a junior seminary. The Diocese was sadly deficient in Grammar schools so he believed it necessary to establish a college where candidates for the priesthood from all over the Diocese would receive their initial training. So, in 1948 St Hugh's College Tollerton was born.

The Bishop's main drive was in the development of Catholic schools. Under his guidance, fifty schools were built throughout the diocese, a worthy response of priests and laity to the Bishop's inspiration.

He was prudent enough not to neglect his hobbies, cricket had to go, but golf and especially fishing gave him relief from the anxieties of office. His holidays in Ireland developed his love for that country where he had many friends.

His vision stretched beyond England to the developing countries. He encouraged some of his priests and nuns to go to Nigeria and South America: one of the Nottingham nuns was killed during the Nigerian civil war. He went to Nigeria to see conditions for himself.

So the years went by. His Episcopal Silver Jubilee occurred in 1969 to be marked by celebrations. Cardinal Heenan and nearly all the English Bishops gathered in St Barnabas to join in his joy and thanksgiving, and the clergy and laity made a generous contribution.

His loyal adherence to the Pope's teaching on moral matters led some to regard him as stern and unbending, but papal teaching was clear to him, as was his duty to maintain it.

At the age of 75 he fell in with the Pope's expressed wish and tendered his resignation. This was accepted and he handed over the Diocese to Bishop McGuiness. There was no problem of retirement. He went to the Nottingham Nazareth House to be chaplain and a very active one he proved to be. The landmark of his retirement was his enrolment as a Freeman of Nottingham - a rare distinction.

He arranged an 80th birthday party with the present writer and a few friends, but was unexpectedly taken to hospital instead. His condition soon deteriorated. Attended day and night by Bishop McGuiness and the local clergy, he cheerfully endured a short illness until he died on the 6th July.

He well deserved the description *Sacerdos Natus*: one cannot imagine him as ever being anything else. To my mind he possessed all the desirable Pauline qualities of a bishop. He was remarkably hospitable and certainly upheld sound doctrine. He was always humble enough to confess to a bad memory, although now and again — to one's discomfiture — it wasn't too bad. He loved the old ways of the church, but accepted the new. What was good enough for the Pope was good enough for him.

His fellow Bishops, priests, people and Civic authorities gathered in his Cathedral to render Holy Church's last tributes. He had always encouraged a tradition of good music and ceremonial, and at the end there was nothing lacking. *In paradisum deducant te Angeli.*

E.H. Atkinson

James Redmond

Panegyric preached at the Requiem Mass, St Joseph's Church, Blundellsands; 14th March 1972.

"Your Grace, my Lord Bishop, dear brethren,

We are here this morning to thank Almighty God for the priestly ministry which in his goodness He has enabled Mgr. Redmond to exercise for nearly sixty years since his ordination in 1913, and to offer with our Archbishop this Holy Mass for his eternal happiness, and as the Missal puts it, 'Accept, we pray you Lord, the sacrificial gifts we offer on behalf of your priest and servant. You conferred on him the dignity of the priesthood: grant him also its rewards.' My main purpose surely in addressing you at this requiem must be to urge you to repay the Monsignor for all he has done for you his friends and former parishioners by your masses, rosaries and prayers, not just today and tomorrow but for long into the future. How quickly the names of our friends tend to fall out of our mementos! Cardinal Newman kept lists of his deceased friends in his prayer book.

In the death of Mgr. Redmond the Archdiocese has lost an exemplary priest who served it in many important offices, under all six of its Archbishops. Born in Liverpool in 1886, on the feast of St. Joseph, he spent his early boyhood in the parish of Our Lady in Eldon Street. There he had the good fortune to have the well-loved Fr. Alfred Walmesley as his parish priest who was to become his lifelong friend and inspiration and Dean. His early studies for the priesthood were at old Douai in France where he had as his senior fellow student and protector the young Joseph Dean: these two boys were thus a historic link with the past and took part with their Benedictine masters in the exodus of St. Edmund's community to the new Douai Abbey at Woolhampton under the French Laws of Association in 1903. Later he went to Up Holland for his philosophy and theology, and after his ordination by Archbishop Whiteside in 1913 he was sent to the Beda College for further

studies: there he gained his doctorate in Theology. Then began his long and happy years of work in Rome as Vice Rector of the *Venerabile* under Mgr. McIntyre, future Archbishop of Birmingham and then under Mgr. Hinsley, future Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. There his orderly mind and genius for detail, his unselfish, self-effacing management of the material and domestic well-being of staff and students made him invaluable to the great-minded Rector who could depend on his utter loyalty. During Archbishop Hinsley's three year absence in Africa as Apostolic Visitor, Mgr. Redmond carried the entire administration of the College with selfless dedication and without a single holiday break. On the appointment of Mgr. Godfrey to the Rectorship in 1930, Mgr. Redmond returned to serve in his own Archdiocese after Pope Pius XI had made him a Domestic Prelate, in recognition of his work at the English College. After a temporary appointment at St Charles' Aigburth, Archbishop Downey appointed him to the chaplaincy of the Everton Valley Convent and made him a member of the Curia, as Chancellor, and occasionally during Bishop Dobson's illness as Vicar General, Secretary to the Finance Board and Ecclesiastical Superior to several religious Institutes. For many years he served the diocese well in these positions of trust, and under his somewhat reserved and remote manner, bred of shyness, his fellow priests soon came to recognise his great kindness, compassion, charm and sense of humour. He loved to gather his priest friends around him, and a specially warm welcome and generous hospitality was extended to those he had known in his Roman days, as students at the English and Beda Colleges.

On the death of Canon Etherington, Archbishop Downey appointed Mgr. Redmond to succeed him here at Blundellsands in January 1938, and so began what was probably the happiest period of his long life. He loved this beautiful church and was tireless in caring for it and embellishing it. Its consecration (on a splendid September morning) by Archbishop Downey in 1938 had been carefully planned and rehearsed and the memory of that day will always stay with those of us who witnessed it. The Monsignor's methodical and orderly temperament was reflected in the rule of life he followed as a parish priest: always an early riser he opened the church a little before seven and spent half an hour in prayer before his mass, which he celebrated carefully but briskly at 7.30. After breakfast he invariably visited the Ursuline Convent to instruct the children *en route* for the Curial Offices: he was to be seen at his best in the company of children, many generations of them remember his religious lessons seasoned as they were with all his gaiety and charm. During the war years he took his full share of vigils with the A.R.P. wardens and won their trust and friendship with his genial good humour. Despite its sedate and residential character, Blundellsands' nearness to the docks put it almost in the front line, and the church just escaped a bomb which demolished the Presbyterian church hall across the road. After his morning at the curial offices, lunch and the *Times* crossword, he invariably paced the gospel aisle of this church reciting the next day's matins and lauds and spent the hours between tea and supper systematically visiting his parishioners. His reserve concealed a very real humility and respect and charity for all his fellows and in the seven years I lived with him I never heard him

make an uncharitable comment about anyone: when he was unable to approve he was silent.

Thus the years passed until he reached the golden jubilee of his priesthood and his twenty-fifth year as parish priest at Blundellsands, which anniversaries his devoted parishioners made memorable for him, while his Archbishop had him made a Protonotary Apostolic. Presently declining health and advancing age told him it was time to hand over his parish to younger hands and be retired to Ince Blundell Hall. All his priestly life he had been notably kind and helpful to nuns and now he was to experience their gratitude. He was full of appreciation for the care and attention he received from the Ince Blundell Community in his closing years. He was happy and serene in his retirement, and welcomed those quiet last years as an opportunity for prayer and preparation for a holy death. He bore patiently and uncomplainingly his increasing burden of infirmity, and accepted the greatest cross of all, his inability to offer his daily mass: gratefully he assisted devoutly and received holy communion at another's mass. Some time before the last stages of his illness he had the happiness of being able to visit this church and see the re-planned sanctuary and new Blessed Sacrament chapel and baptistry: he went round the church in a wheel chair and was delighted with all he saw.

Last Thursday evening a serious deterioration was observed in Mgr's condition and the end seemed imminent. As the prayers for the dying were being recited he was clearly aware of his condition and said 'Is it now, Mother?' but he lived through the night, and it was just as the sisters were leaving the chapel after the community mass that the final summons came and he died peacefully with the Ince Blundell community kneeling in prayer about his bed. Had he lived until next Sunday, St. Joseph's Feast and his birthday, he would have been 87, but perhaps St. Joseph arranged his death last Friday so that he might keep that 87th birthday in heaven.

To Mgr. Turner, the priests resident at the Hall, and the Ince Blundell community, who made his closing years so serenely holy and happy, we express our gratitude and sympathy, but the familiar assurance of the psalmist "that the death of his holy ones is precious in the Lord's sight" will comfort them, as it will his relatives and former parishioners and friends and all of us in the Archdiocese he served so long and so faithfully. As St. Teresa of Avila once said to her nuns: "I do not know how we grieve for those who go to the land of safety."

Eternal rest..."

T.P. Marsh

Bishop Joseph Rudderham.

Joseph Rudderham, retired Bishop of Clifton, died suddenly on 24th February 1979 as he was getting ready to say Mass. He liked to be definite and decisive in conversation and in action. He often began an interview by saying: "I won't beat about the bush" and then he would come straight to the point. Clergy and people appreciated his directness which went together with great honesty and fairness. It was somehow typical of him that when it came to dying, at the age of seventy-nine, he did not delay over it. It was also appropriate that he should have been preparing for Mass. He was deeply devoted to the Mass and always made a long and careful preparation for the holy sacrifice.

He was born at Norwich and educated at St. Bede's, Manchester; Christ's College, Cambridge; St. Edmund's, Ware; and came to the Venerable for theology. He was ordained priest in Rome for Northampton Diocese in 1926. He served in Peterborough for 16 years and was Administrator of Northampton Cathedral for six years. In 1949 he was consecrated Bishop of Clifton, a position he held with great distinction for twenty-five years.

He was above all a pastoral bishop who never forgot his experience as a parish priest. He took a great interest in the practical details of building projects. His time as Bishop was a period of intense activity in building churches and schools. His deep loyalty to the Holy See carried him through the changes which followed Vatican II. By inclination he was a traditionalist, as he explained to Her Majesty the Queen when she visited the newly-opened Clifton Cathedral in 1973. But he would always follow faithfully the lead of the Holy Father and if this meant change then he was ready for it. His years in Rome left a deep impression on him and he was always happy to visit the College. He loved fast cars, small children and good stories. He had a quick sense of humour and could always be relied upon to produce an amusing comment. Small wonder that people loved him.

✠ **Mervyn Alexander**

Garrett Sweeney

Garrett Sweeney (or 'Ptolly' as his striking profile caused him to be called from schooldays) and I were born in the same town but in different parishes, and I met him first when he came out to the College at the beginning of my third year. When he came back to England I was by then working out of the diocese and saw little of him for seventeen years, until I joined him on the staff at Tollerton in 1953.

During student days he suffered from a certain self-consciousness, occasionally issuing in the explosive expression of opinions which sat uneasily with the conformity that, in those days at least, marked most communities. Not everybody saw these as expressions of that forcefulness of mind and

purpose which in his later career was to become increasingly obvious. He did not make friends easily, but I was fortunate enough to be one of them, less from my own merits no doubt than from the fact of our home ties — local patriotism was always a strong force in him. He was my server, something which I think he enjoyed and was glad of. We remained good friends for the rest of his life, though at Tollerton the fact that our enthusiasms were not always identical must have put a strain now and then on his forbearance. He was a most satisfactory man to work with in the teaching of boys, who see through the superficial things they can mimic to the real worth within. He gave himself unsparingly to their interests, and they responded. He was a vigorous person, fond of manual as well as intellectual labour, and his dislike of self-advertisement meant that the solid work he found time for on English recusant records was insufficiently known, though valued by those who knew. However it must have played some part in influencing the appointment which determined the last and most brilliant phase of his life - his mastership of St Edmund House.

There is something to savour in the contrast between the circumstances in which he went up to Cambridge as an undergraduate and those in which he retired, as surely the only English secular priest ever to have a *festschrift* dedicated to him. In his years at Shirebrook (not the most stimulating of parishes) his industry and mental vigour led him to take an external history degree at London. His tardy dispatch to Cambridge to read classics was a classic illustration of the conceptions which governed St Edmund House in those days and which he was later to revolutionise. He was to teach at the new foundation of Tollerton - a venture on to the very disputable ground of minor seminaries. Though Ptolly took the training of priests very seriously, there was little doubt on which side of this dispute he stood; yet he did what was asked of him with complete loyalty, to the benefit of many.

I have spoken of his revolutionising St Edmund House. He was not the first to question the scope and limitations of the place as these had been understood for over half-a-century, but he was the first to carry such ideas beyond the stage of pipe dreams.

I was there as his guest with Cardinal Willebrands on the historic ecumenical occasion of the latter's Great St Mary's sermon, and again later, and he was frank enough to make clear that not all his difficulties came from those who opposed his ideas. The present house is his monument — it called for all his vision and determination and for riding out some delicate situations. The little academic work he was able to combine with the administrative task was of a quality to make one regret he had not had the benefit of living in Cambridge longer with less to devour his time.

His complete loyalty to the Church was always compatible with some sharp and strong views on its government, and these were argued with considerable weight of learning in an essay such as "The Small Print of Vatican I."

I am not one of those who feel happy assessing, even in an obituary, a man's spiritual qualities, and Ptolly would have been more embarrassed than

most by such edifying clairvoyance. Such empirical evidence as is accessible, notably the esteem in which he was held by all who worked with or under him, shows him as a man who, having once put his hand, not without inner struggle and anxiety, to the plough in the true Venerabile tradition, did not look back. That is as much as most of us will hope to say. I would like to end with a personal memory of him — one of the most vivid of all my memories. Before circulatory troubles slowed him down he was a zestful traveller, and I once ran into him by chance in Valladolid. After an hilarious evening with our co-diocesan Edwin Henson, rector of the college, we teamed up and set off, I on the pillion of his motorcycle, for four days touring and camping in Old Castille. I remember our sitting outside his little tent, high up on the *Sierra de Gredos*, with a marvellous view, with a bottle of Spanish Brandy between us, talking the sun down and the moon up. A true Venerabile moment, at which he was at his best, and it deserves to be recorded here.

W.A. Purdy

Bernard Wyche

My memories of “Barney” Wyche range from the time he entered the junior Seminary at Upholland until his death. Of large and rather ungainly frame, and somewhat rough in speech and manner, he was yet no Caliban. He lumbered up for “general proficiency” prizes at Upholland as effectively as he lumbered up to the bowling crease or around the soccer field. His classmate in Rome, J. T. R. (“Johnny”) Walker, slim, elegant, fastidious Etonian, pipped him by a mark or two in the only Roman Scholarship available that year. The brusqueness hid a shyness and sensitivity which, I think, caused him a good deal of suffering. No one could ever describe him as impassive - his delight or distaste shone clear in twinkling eye or beetling brow. He hated pretence and pomposity, and his sincerity and simplicity were to endear him to the people of the Liverpool working parishes, where most of his active life was spent.

Ordained in 1944, it was in 1950 as a curate in a city parish that, complaining of headaches and sight difficulties, he was taken to hospital where a serious brain tumour was diagnosed. The tumour was successfully removed, but it had already gravely damaged his sight. Many an obituary account might here conclude, briefly noting how “he spent the rest of his life in quiet priestly retirement in the loving care of the Sisters at...”

Not so Barney. After a protracted convalescence, he began to ease himself back into active priestly work, first as a chaplain to St. Edward’s Orphanage for Boys, then as a curate, until finally, to his great joy, he became

parish priest of St. Vincent's, Liverpool. His contemporaries in Rome and at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, will remember him in the honoured trade of electrician, and it was fitting that electronics should provide the aid he now needed in the preaching of the Gospel. Unable to read, he would get a parishioner to tape the weekly liturgy. Expression, timing, intonation were not called for at this stage - it was just a question of getting the texts on tape. Then Bernard would re-record the whole at his own chosen speed. Come Sunday, he would tuck a small tape-recorder in his pocket, couple it to an "ear-plug" speaker, and confidently speak his part, just a sentence behind the prompting in his ear. He was a dedicated pastoral visitor, and soon knew every family in his tenement parish. These were undoubtedly his happiest years. In 1974, a little reluctantly, he made way for a religious congregation which had been asked to take charge of the parish, and moved to another area as parish priest. I think it is true that he never really felt at home there, and his general health worsened, forcing him to take up chaplaincy work again, this time at St. Vincent's School for the Blind and Partially Sighted.

Shortly before Christmas 1978 he had an operation for circulatory troubles in Walton Hospital. He went to Park House Nursing Home for pre-convalescence, and whilst there celebrated, on 13th February 1979, the 35th anniversary of his ordination. With the kind help of the Augustinian Sisters he invited his ordination year to concelebrate Mass with him and join him for a meal. It was a joyous occasion, and Barney was on great form. He suffered a quick relapse, and died a fortnight later in Walton Hospital, where, 29 years before, he had undergone the brain surgery which prolonged his brave and dedicated life in the priesthood. *Lux aeterna luceat ei.*

Tom McKenna

Thomas Fooks

It was at Stonyhurst during the war that I first met Tom Fooks and so began a friendship that lasted almost 40 years . The life of a priest is such that it is not always possible to continue a close association even with those fellow students to whom we have an affinity. We go to different parts of the country or even abroad, and we have our business to attend to. Moreover friendship is liable to be a thing that demands constant renewal. But in a few cases the relationship is such that it can be picked up effortlessly without explanation or apology, if ever and whenever an opportunity may arise. At Saint Mary's Hall the windows of his room always seemed to be tightly closed, there was a coal fire burning night and day from first day of term to the last, and somewhere in a cloud of tobacco smoke there was Tom. His interests in those days were the classics and a small group of us used to meet from time to time to read the ancients together. Then there was recusant history. He never considered himself to be anything more than 'an historical butterfly' alighting on blooms that took his fancy, but his paper to the Literary Society on The Archpriest Controversy was remarkable not only for his deep reading but for those half mumbled comments and asides that were a feature of his conversation. One was never quite sure what was meant. We tended to attribute this to his Cambridge background- a touch of cynicism, but they were never meant to be hurtful. He liked the short stories of 'Saki' and there was something of that black wit and twist in the tail in Tom's observations. Apart from a period as curate at Beckenham all his life was spent in a scholastic community; school at Ramsgate and Ampleforth, two spells at St Edmund's House, Cambridge, and after Womersley and the Venerable, John Fisher School, Rome, and finally Allen Hall. Despite this he was in no way institutionalised and he made many friends outside these communities. This was especially true of this many years at the John Fisher School where parents, boys and eventually their children enjoyed his company and support.

We spent many holidays together. During the war we walked in Wales and Shropshire, but as soon as peace came he had to get back to Europe and in the summer of 1946, even before the Venerable returned to Rome, we were in Switzerland at Beckenried and he kept up contact with his friends there right to the end. Contrary to the impression he gave at college, he was not unenergetic, he liked walking if it had a purpose, but he saw absolutely no point in 'going for a walk' around the block as the college rule prescribed. Sometimes slow to make a decision on when to start a journey or what was to be the destination, once at the wheel of his car there was no stopping him. On one of those races across Europe we hit a stray dog on an otherwise deserted road. On arrival at Salamanca we were anxious about the blood stains on the car bumper, but once out of the driving seat no one would attribute violence or foul play to Tom. As well

as Italy he knew Germany and of course France. We discovered many interesting places but perhaps nowhere so memorable as that elegant, Edwardian and decaying hotel in Aix Les Bains. We recalled that day at the last meal we had together in Chelsea.

After twenty five years teaching in school, he spent a sabbatical year in Rome and was able to redirect his studies in a way that had already begun to attract him. His knowledge of the classics and his ability to learn languages suited him to Biblical studies and comparatively late in life he was able to resume formal academic study, gain his licentiate and proceed to the doctorate. This meant extending his stay in Rome which he partly financed himself. He was glad to live in Rome and thus ceased to be the only Venerabilino never to have studied in the Eternal City. At the Teutonicum he again showed his ability to make friends and rather enjoyed meeting and sometimes surprising the expectations of central Europeans as to how the typical Englishman should behave. He had always wanted to teach in a seminary and was glad to go to Allen Hall where he could regard from a distance his own diocese of Southwark. He managed to preserve his own style of life and made a point of always wearing a collar and tie, he was able to distinguish between the truly priestly and the merely clerical.

As we all do from time to time, he wondered how it would all end. He liked living in the company of people with similar broad interests and just he did not identify the priestly with the clerical, so he did not confuse the pastoral with the parochial. He had no desire to become a parish priest as since he conceived his role as schoolmaster and teacher in a wide enough sense as to include pastoral and priestly care.

He died aged 61 on July 27 1979 at St Stephen's Hospital, Fulham Road. His patron was St Thomas of Canterbury and perhaps we can join him in the old prayer 'Nos ne cesses Thoma tueri'.

Michael E. Williams

We should also like to record here the following Old Romans who have recently died:

James Byrne (Liverpool)
Edward Byron (Nottingham)
Francis Dawson (Birmingham)
John Garvin (Liverpool)
John Lyons (Shrewsbury)
William Sewell (Southwark)
Thomas Smith (Lancaster)

Eternal rest grant to them O Lord.

PERSONAL

Staff Changes

October 1979: Philip Holroyd relinquishes the post of Philosophy Tutor to take up the appointment of Vice-Rector. Fr Bob Moloney S.J. comes from a teaching post at Heythrop College to become Philosophy Tutor at the College.

July 1980: Fr John Short completes his time as the Spiritual Director to return to England, and Fr William Steele from Ushaw College comes to assume that post.

PRIESTS WHO LEFT THE COLLEGE IN 1979

Paul Chavasse (Shrewsbury)
Stephen Coonan (Shrewsbury)
Paul Crowe (Liverpool)
David Evans (Birmingham)
Kenneth Freeman (Arundel and Brighton)
Anthony Ingham (Salford)
Roger Kirinich (Westminster)
David McLoughlin (Birmingham)
Denis Parry (Hexham and Newcastle)
John Ryan (Leeds)

ANGLICAN STUDENTS AT THE COLLEGE

1978-79 Peter Atkinson
Michael Bartlett
1979-80 Perry Butler
Neil Thompson

PRIESTS LEAVING THE COLLEGE DURING 1980

Robert Davies (Arundel and Brighton), ordained Deacon 12th July 1978, and Priest 28th July 1979, studied towards the Licentiate in Catechetics at the Salesian University.

Timothy Galligan (Southwark), ordained Deacon 12th July 1978, and Priest 21st July 1979, completed the Licentiate in Dogmatic Theology at the Gregorian University, specialising in a dogmatic consideration of whether Jesus had faith.

David Gummett (Southwark), ordained Deacon 12th July 1978, and Priest 29th July 1979, completed the Licentiate in Liturgy at Sant'Anselmo, specialising in the history and theology of the ordination of deacons.

Robert Lasia (Salford), ordained Deacon 12th July 1978, and Priest 7th April 1979, completed the Licentiate in Dogmatic Theology at the Gregorian University, specialising in Anglican views on the Papacy since Vatican II, as an obstacle to, or centre of, unity.

Brian Murphy (Liverpool), ordained Deacon 11th July 1979, and Priest 28th March 1980, studied towards the Licentiate in Canon Law at the University of St. Thomas Aquinas (Angelicum).

John Osman (Leeds), ordained Deacon 29th June 1974, and Priest 22nd February 1975, completed the Licentiate in Spirituality at the University of St. Thomas Aquinas (Angelicum), specialising in the English religious tradition with special reference to the development of liturgy in England.

Mervyn Tower (Birmingham), ordained Deacon 14th July 1977, and Priest 17th March 1978, studying towards the Licentiate in Scripture at the Pontifical Biblical Institute.