

THE VENERABLE

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by the past and present students
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Al Rettore, ai Superiori agli Alunni del
Venerabile Collegio Inglese, perche
vi sia in effigie in mezzo a loro, chi vi
e' sempre col pensiero e col cuore.

Invoca su tutti le piu' calde grazie del
Signore

Camillo Card. Caccia Dominioni Prolettore

Roma 18 Febbraio 1937 —

EDITORIAL

Few Venerable men can have had greater devotion to the College than Father Welsby. And, as was ever his way, his devotion found outward expression in good works. Exactly how much he did for the College, or at what inconvenience to himself, these are questions at whose answers we can only guess. Never a word would he say to enlighten us, and he was so matter-of-fact about it all that we too came to regard it as a matter of course to find him, shall we say, ever at our beck and call. More than that, he was truly one of ourselves, ever at home with us and we with him. In Rome, when we were celebrating some *festa* with coffee and rosolio, the various circles would despatch a man to waylay him at the common-room door before some other circle could seize upon him. And at Palazzola during those last few weeks—what more can we say than that he was at home with us? The morning would

find him sitting in the Pergola telling a delighted circle of his experiences, say, in Preston : “Now remember this, it will come in useful some day when you are running a school of your own ”—and after tea he was always to be seen on the Sforza, watching the cricket, chaffing the golfers, and, unless you were quick to stop him, helping in any work that was on hand. Neither Rome nor the Villa are the same now he is dead ; we will miss him especially at the Villa, where we enjoyed his company so much and where we were able to do a little, a very little, to repay him for all that he had done for us. *Tu ei, Domine, dona requiem et locum indulgentiae.*

THE KING'S ACCESSION

THIS number of THE VENERABILE, the first to appear since the Accession of Their Majesties the King and Queen, is published a few weeks before their Coronation. It is fitting therefore that it should contain some expression of that loyalty which is so vital an element of our heritage of tradition. For this House has an intimate connection with the Throne—the Schola Saxonum was founded by King Ina of Wessex, and later the Hospice, the centre of the national life in Rome, was the residence of the King's Orator, had its wardens appointed by the King, and from Henry VII gained the title of 'Our House'. Then came the Reformation with its many changes, but still this House remained a national institution, the centre to which came all who visited Rome; and the burning devotion of our Martyrs for the Holy See, for which they died, in no way dimmed or diminished their loyalty to the Crown. And now, as then, *Pro Patria* is an essential part of our motto: wherefore, in the name of the Venerabile, we rejoice in the Accession of Their Majesties the King and Queen, and offer them our devoted loyalty and respect.

FATHER WELSBY

THE Senior Philosopher was in his eyrie—the first room on the “slums” overlooking the Monserrato—all intent upon his books, with no eyes for the welter of renaissance roofs outside his windows, when a knock at the door interrupted his concentration and there entered a complete stranger, a Jesuit thin and talkative, to know whether this were the scene of Father Ricci’s imprisonment in the bad old days of the Suppression. The Senior Philosopher rather believed it was ; so, at least, tradition affirmed, though that had never disturbed his sleep. “Well, well, upon my soul . . .” mused his visitor of the ascetic appearance ; “now isn’t this remarkable ! Just fancy that poor, unfortunate man shut up here, taking his meals . . .” and he talked on with such fervour of detail that the occupant of the room began to look about him with new vision. Gone were the photographs of his family and of his bishop, gone Remer and the books he had bought in his first year’s auction, gone the relics of a past *Befana* which gave such a homely touch to his otherwise austere apartment. Instead, he saw Corsican soldiers at the door and a harassed lay-brother serving what food he could extract from the college cook to a silent figure, sitting there by the table. And then the Senior Philosopher was abruptly restored to his own century by the remark : “The Lord’s very good : He doesn’t allow that sort of thing to happen in the Church now-a-days !”

This was, I believe, Father Welsby's very first visit to the Venerabile, in the year 1922 shortly after his appointment as English Assistant to his General. Characteristically, he had insisted on climbing to the top of the house that he might pay his pious tribute to the memory of the ill-used Ricci. Little did anyone then realise that this was the beginning of a great interest in his life and of a great debt in ours. The stages of its development are not easy to trace in detail, but the germ of his particular affection for the Venerabile certainly lay in the long historical connection between the College and the Society of Jesus. He was never tired of talking or of hearing about this subject; Allen and Campion and Persons were as vivid to his mind as if still alive; to tell him that the Shireburns figured in the Pilgrims' Book was to invite a soliloquy on the bonds which bound England to Rome. And that ready-made interest of his grew with the years into so strong an affection that it formed a large part of him. One afternoon, not long before his death, he told me the three chief loyalties of his heart; Almighty God first, of course; then the Society, of which he was so proud to be a member; and thirdly—the Venerabile: his devoted service of all three only bore out his words.

Jesuit though he was, through and through, he yet spoke of the students of this College as "our men" *sine addito*; he made lists of their names and tested himself by the *Liber Hebdomadarius*, to see if the man he expected walked into the box to read next Saturday; if he were going out of the house after Benediction had begun, he would take a good look at the thurifer, and have him placed for the rest of his course. He also made lists of the students' dioceses and of the marks they got in examinations, and would follow their careers afterwards with unflagging interest—the appointments' page in the *Universe* was the only one he read with any care. He regarded it as his right to give the retreat before Major Orders; the House had no more stalwart champion than he to face its critics; better than that, he produced it as his trump card against the captious, when they accused our clergy of second-rate culture, and would quote extracts from the Magazine

about the various activities of the College until his indignant torrent of words had effectively silenced his adversary. And he was repaid with an affection little short of hero-worship. At the first, with a mixture of admiration and amusement, we called him "Praise-God Welsby": that was before he became an institution. The affection and the amusement remained, but the name changed; and it was as "The Weller" that he finally took his place beside Wiseman and the Gi—while Saturday with its confessions was rechristened in his honour "Ah Well-a-day"!

Practically all his active life had been spent in the service of the young, first at Malta and then for years as Rector of the Catholic College in Preston. Afterwards he was named Master of Tertians, and in this appointment he found his métier, he was happy as even he had never been happy before, dealing exclusively with the things that belong to God. And then, suddenly, he was called to Rome, to a life which could hold few natural attractions for him. In middle age he was bidden adapt himself to the company of foreigners, to a strange climate and a different tongue and un-English food; the long day must be spent always at his desk, writing reports and letters and recommendations until his hand ached. Father Welsby was an ideal religious; his profound spirit of obedience came to his rescue, and the loyal service he was ready to give his General grew easier the longer he worked with Father Ledochowski, who inspired in him the deepest veneration. Christian Rome, too, meant a great deal to him; he felt the privilege of living in such close contact with the Apostolic See. Nevertheless, amid his duties of administration, he could not help yearning for the old spiritual occupations; he longed to be again at the task of building up men of prayer. It was with a wry heartiness that he laughed at our description of the new Curia as a place where every sound was muffled save the banging of typewriters, and where you were only allowed out of your room if you had a bundle of papers in your hand. So, when one by one the English-speaking Colleges turned to him for help, no press of business could induce him to refuse: with this return to spiritual direction his new life recaptured much

of the glow which had surrounded those twelve short months at Tullabeg, and Father Welsby was thoroughly happy again. He had got back to human relationships, and human relationships of which the purpose and the background were always God.

It was wonderful to see the way he captured one place after another. He was so English and so Lancashire-Catholic in his outlook that one might have expected his appeal to be very limited. Yet many a convert who came to the Beda kept up with him afterwards ; men, whose culture and whose antecedents were so different from his own, wrote to him regularly, giving accounts of themselves and asking for advice. His admiration for the sacrifices they had made widened his sympathy, enabled him to understand and to help. When he found some Maltese at the Scots College, he gleefully relied on his years in the island to win their confidence. Although he was a John Bull, almost to the point of caricature, his veneration for an immortal soul and his tender reverence for anyone, who was trying to live up to his graces, made him friends everywhere he went. With the Christian Brothers at the Marcantonio Colonna, with the Scots at Marino, with the Irish at Formia, with these and many others he was always at home, and showed that he knew it. He had no particular gifts for the spiritual direction of women ; but nuns are naturally quick to recognise a man of God, and he was a welcome visitor at the Via Buoncompagni, at the Via Sicilia and the rest of the Roman convents.

But I am concerned here principally with his work in the Venerabile. His penetration of our walls was a very gradual affair ; at first, we knew him only as a rare visitor, who looked as if he lived on mortification. Then, after a while, he was asked to give the annual retreat, and this was so good that folk began to frequent his great, gaunt room in the German College, with its incongruous Pompeian decorations. Father MacMahon died and Father Welsby took his place as mid-week confessor, whereupon his following grew. The summer sealed his supremacy ; whosoever of our normal confessors might be taking a well-earned holiday, he never failed ; whether he were in Rome or at Rufinella, it made no matter—Saturday

morning would see him walk into the house and put up his flag. Gradually more and more men discovered his worth; few who went to him for confession ever changed again. And so his ultimate appointment as our official Spiritual Director was only a bare recognition of facts. From that time forward, he took possession with an expansiveness born of affection; every Tuesday he was "in the box" until Rosary, after which he gave a conference; and he spent the whole of Saturday here—not to mention the many occasions when he came specially at our request. For if a change in our programme made any of the ordinary hours impossible, he would manage to fit us in somehow, though his time-table was as crowded as a Bradshaw with little room for emergencies. Thursday was dedicated to the Irish, Friday to the Beda and the Scots, Saturday was ours—and all the while he had his enormous Assistency to attend to, which one was inclined to forget.

His devotedness was something at which we never ceased to marvel. We would still be having our breakfast at Palazzola when Father Welsby arrived, having walked from Rufinella. And, until his health began to fail, he would be setting out again on the way back, with the sun scorching the air, when we were fading off to siesta. All who have walked with him in that furnace will remember what it meant, and will recall their wonder at his bubbling conversation. Towards the end of his life the journey was only as far as the Rocca tram; but formerly it had been all the way to Rufinella, or round the exposed rim of the lake to Marino with that grim last mile among the vineyards and the dust. There were frequent stops to pass the time of day with muleteers and *cacciatori*. These were chance meetings, but he would stop deliberately to discuss the world and his wife with the groups gathered round open doors upon his way. They seemed to be promiscuous parties, but Father Welsby knew them all, what the seventh son was doing and the fifth daughter. "E Leonora sta bene?—Un maschio?—Bravo! Mi rallegro—E già stato battezzato?—O . . . Eugenio—un bel nome—lo stesso come suo avo, non è vero?—Bene, bene—ecco un santino per il piccolo—Addio—buon giorno a tutti quanti—addio—addio. . ."

His Italian was, if possible, more staccato than his English ; and that countryside must be flooded with the *vera effigies* of Saint Ignatius.

So, on he would tramp, his ridiculously small hat planted on his high, sloping forehead, his cassock hooped up from incessant hitchings at his belt, his shoes wide-spread without actually being splay-footed. And as he walked he would talk unceasingly, his thin hands moving in restricted gestures, his shoulder blades prominent beneath the black cloth where it was worn shiny, while he turned his whole body from side to side as he addressed first one companion and then the other—for a fall in childhood had set his head stiffly on his neck. He would push his glasses back above the bridge of his nose, give a tug at his belt, and resettle his collar ; but nothing interrupted the flow of words, and always God was creeping into his conversation and tip-toeing out again, so quietly that it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

If anyone lay sick in Rome, Father Welsby would never miss a week without visiting him ; it meant hours of his precious time, but he could make it up at night, and there was no hardship of course—it was so much cooler then. So he turned up at the Blue Nuns, as if it were a matter of routine, knelt beside the bed to hear one's confession, gave the news of the week in abrupt summary, with flashes of picturesque imagery, bade the patient take good care of himself, and eat all he was given to the honour of God ; and then hurried out to catch the tram which the Lord had arranged for a most convenient hour. It was the same in the house : he always made the round of the sick, when there were any, whether they needed his spiritual ministrations or not. He gave them the opportunity, it is true ; but that was far from being his only purpose in coming round the corridors, nor did he confine his visits to his own penitents. Sometimes people felt, mistakenly, that they must make his journey worth while, and one invalid is reputed to have gone to confession to Father Welsby while the waters of a former absolution were still settling over the surface of his soul. For those of the Superiors who chose him as their confessor, he would fix a time when he came to their

rooms, to give them the least possible trouble—and the least possible excuse.

If anyone visited him in his own room at the Curia, he showed one of the marks of sanctity by never giving the impression of having been interrupted in his work; there were scarcely ever any papers on his desk. He would jump up to welcome you, take your hat and push you into his best chair, and talk away about the most trivial things with invincible patience until you yourself introduced the object of your visit. If you had not been round the house, he would offer to show you, and he did not scamp the showing. Dropping his biretta on his head—a curious action which always seemed inadequate to its effect—he would lead you along miles of linoleum, demonstrate the efficiency of the architect's arrangements, point out the General's door with a mixture of familiarity and awe, take you on the roof and show you its superb views, praise the lay-brothers to be seen working about the place, go up and down with you in the lift for the sheer fun of it—and altogether spend himself in giving you pleasure. Only if he had an appointment with the General would he make any move to curtail your visit, and then his distress was pitiable.

He showed this same recklessness of generosity in a hundred other ways. If one were making a day's recollection on one's own, Father Welsby would walk across to the Casa Sacro Cuore twice and three times a day to give one a special talk, slightly embarrassing as an experience at first, every remark seemed so very pointed. But he was perfectly simple about it, and took as much pains as if he had been preaching to an important audience. He always kept the most elaborate lists of those who had heard any conference, so that he might not repeat it at another retreat. This was more complicated than it sounds, as a man due for the diaconate might enter a retreat three days after it had begun, and then turn up for his priesthood with quite a different set. Multiply this possibility by the number of English-speaking clerics in Rome, and you will understand the care Father Welsby took of his retreatants. He was always there to greet them on their arrival at the Casa, he made special efforts about their food,

and would see them off whatever the hour of morning, for they often had to be at the other side of Rome by half past six for their ordination.

One thing he disliked intensely, having his confessional room in the house changed. He got used to one place and knew his penitents got used to it too; and, as far as in him lay, he planned to make confession as easy a habit as possible. Nevertheless, owing to the work of renovation at Palazzola and in the College, he suffered many removals, and in a burst of exasperated amusement once threatened to write a book on "places where I have heard confessions."—"Bless me, they've even put me in a bath-room before now." Recently the Blessed Sacrament was restored to the Martyrs' Chapel and the mid-day spiritual reading transferred thither from the church. This meant that on Saturdays Father Welsby had to move to the old archives: when he understood the position, he bowed to the inevitable, but not without a mild protest—"I've been alone here for years, and now the moment the Lord comes in, I'm thrown out!"

He believed in efficiency, even over this confession business. He soon got "one of our brothers" to make his flag—a card with his name very legibly printed, and the whole thing protected by some sort of gelatine—and this he carried about with him from college to college and put up outside his room. But the drawing pin, with which to put it up, was not so convenient a thing to carry on one's person; on the other hand, he soon found that it was no use leaving it in the door, as it would often be missing by next Saturday. So, he thought a bit, and looked around a bit, and then he enquired what happened to his chair during the week. When he heard that it reposed untouched in the little sacristy, he had the pin problem solved: it was firmly pushed into one of the chair's back legs, and thereafter he never failed to find it when he wanted to put out his sign.

We laughed at stratagems like this, and so did he when he found we had discovered them. But they did not blind us to what lay behind, his heroic regularity, and the love which prompted it. When his illness had been in progress some

time, he realised that he would have to curtail his activities, even if he got well again. "You know, I'm afraid Father General will make me drop a few things—but, there, there, whatever else goes, I know he'll leave me the Venerable." Is it to be wondered at that we were devoted to Father Welsby?

Yet that is by no means the whole story; it was not only that he was so good to us, but that he was also so lovable in himself. Those who did not know him well were apt to write him down as a narrow-minded old buffer and ultra-conventional, who had fallen behind the times and who badly needed to enlarge his experience of the modern world. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Let it be conceded at once that he did not read much, and that his mental picture of England was a trifle out of date. For instance, he loved the old fisticuff type of controversy and it was only towards the end of his life that he got any idea of the complete indifference in religious matters which is so marked a feature of England today.

But this was nothing beside his real youthfulness of mind and heart. He had faith in young men and always gave them scope. It had been so when he was a superior himself at Preston, and nothing angered him more than to hear of some scholastic, who had been removed from his care, not getting on in his new post; for that he was always inclined to blame the young man's new superior. His tertians too, I am told, found him understanding and ever ready to believe in them. This was what we also felt about him; and the proof lies in the fact that our men went to him about all sorts of schemes and ideas which had nothing directly to do with the confessional. There was not a plan devised in the College about which he was ignorant, nor which he did not applaud and encourage, from the rockeries and benches at Palazzola to *Chi Lo Sa?* and C.A.P.A.C. He would assist anyone with material from the Curia library, get our documents photographed by their expert, spread the knowledge of our Martyrs as if they were his own. Indeed, they were his own, so entirely had he identified himself with all that was ours.

Even in the most material things he was always alive to

the desirability of improvements ; a fresh coat of paint gave him physical pleasure, and he would have full use made of every modern invention which really improved efficiency. I suspect that his own personal interests were few from a desire of mortification, and for no other reason. Certainly, his capacity for sharing others' enthusiasms was inexhaustible. He was for ever egging me on to write music, any sort of music, even to comic songs. "Now, just you write one for me, and I'll come and listen to it—and mind you make me laugh. Then, gracious, it won't have been a waste of time." Everyone in the House could tell similar stories. He would have us all develop our hobbies, however frivolous they might be, drawing, and painting and photography, just as much as archaeology, history, poetry and the more cultured interests. It was all one to him. He had a horror of one-track minds, and it is a cruel paradox that he should ever have been accused of having such a mind himself. His conversation was another thing which suggests that he had deliberately restricted his own interests, for the sake of husbanding his energies to do God's work better ; it revealed how many interests he had once had, and that, though he were grown a trifle rusty, they had in fact lost none of their fascination for him. The most unlikely animals appealed to him, and he really knew a lot about the habits of the smaller ones. So, he readily accepted an invitation to come to the Zoo with me, and his comment before every cage was : "The Lord is wonderful in His creatures—fancy His thinking of a kangaroo, now !—Who else but God could ever have imagined such an animal ?" Only once did the reflection stick in his throat, and that was when he stood silent in front of the vultures. "Hideous, aren't they ?" I said and he nodded and led me off to look at the giraffes.

If more proof be needed that he was broad-minded, it is afforded by his loathing of parochialism in any shape or form. Petty jealousies or intrigues or rivalries among Catholics caused him the most acute distress. With so great a purpose to work for, he could not understand why those of the household of the Faith should squabble among themselves : he loved the Church and such rivalries were disloyalty to the

Church, one of whose marks is unity. His motto was not only *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* but also *ad universalius bonum*. Consequently he took no narrow view either of policy or of means : what was good for the Church at large was the right thing to be done, even though it made his own part harder ; and who did it scarcely mattered—the point was that it should be well done. These are platitudes, we should all subscribe to them ; but when the moment comes for submission of our own wills, we find the thing harder than we thought—sometimes we do not even recognise it. Father Welsby was true to his professions. Few knew that he longed to write a book, that he had planned it in detail and collected the material during his year at Tullabeg. “Then the Lord took me away, so that was that. Perhaps He will send me back and then I may write it after all ; or again I may not—it all depends ;” and he did not need to add on Whom it depended.

It was for the same reason, and also from a praiseworthy *esprit de corps*, that he reacted sharply to any merely malicious gibe at the expense of his Order. But he was equally severe on the critics of other people ; I have heard him defend the Carmelites with the utmost vigour. His respect for the Secular Clergy was sincere and well-informed ; he always wanted them to do more in the way of giving retreats and spiritual direction ; Archbishop Whiteside was among his heroes, and he maintained that in any Latin country “the cause of our Thomas” would by now have been far advanced towards beatification.

So much for his lack of all pettiness. On the positive side, one of the most delightful traits in his character was his love of the lay-brothers. He got up early in order to say their Mass every morning, he was for ever praising their devotedness and their ingenuity. It became quite a game in the house to find something for which he could not produce the corresponding lay-brothers. He was reputed to have been elected to his Assistancy by the efforts of these same humble, hard-working religious—nor do I wonder. Nothing could have been more fitting than that they should have been the ones to carry his coffin to its place before the high altar, and then

on its last journey from the Curia to the waiting hearse. No tour of that Curia was complete until Father Welsby had shown you some of their activities ; he would take you into some little room, hidden away in a corner, where a brother was busy painting the latest Jesuit *beatus* : then you were whisked off to another forgotten angle to watch a second brother binding old manuscripts, mounting crumbling pages and doctoring diseased *pergamena*. Their avocations were legion and he was rightly proud of them.

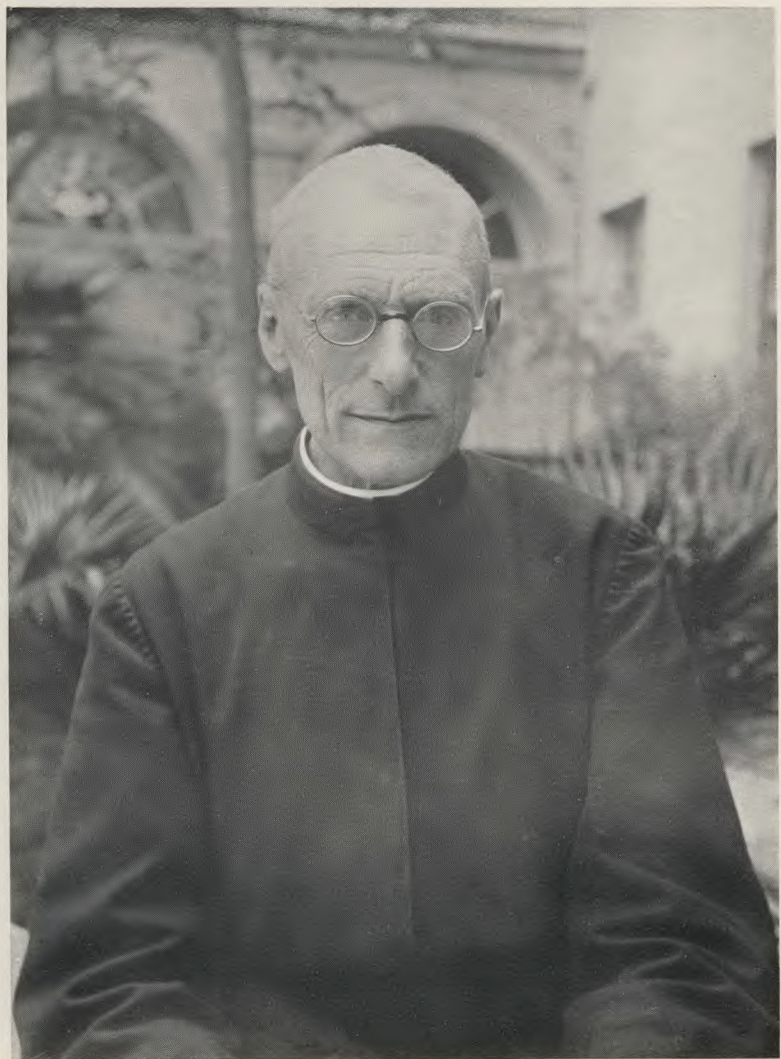
With this large heart one might be sure humility would be blended ; after all, he was an important person, but he never seemed to think so. He really wanted a low place at the table, and when he and Father Cotter met at the refectory door, there seemed no chance that either of them would get inside before the meal had ended. What might have been missing was a sense of humour ; I do not know that it is essential to sanctity. But whether that be the case or not, he certainly had the gift. That we found him so funny was largely due to his mannered vocabulary ; there was something Dickensian about him, so that if you knew what he was going to say, you could make a good guess at how he would say it. But it was not easy to guess what he would say, so that there was much more to it than manner. His reactions were often unaccountable. One day he listened quietly to the distressing story of a priest who had started a schism on his own and kept it up till he died unreconciled. " Yes," he said at the end of the recital, " you've only got to get a decent maggot in your brain and you're about done." Another time the Rector came into breakfast at the Villa after talking with the Franciscan who had come over for alms. " I've just heard such a sad thing ; a great, strong brother at the Cappuccini went out begging yesterday. He came back to the monastery full of life and suddenly fell down with a stroke and died ! " Father Welsby looked up from his coffee : " Well, how else can the Lord get rid of them when they're so strong as all that ? "

His childlike faith in Providence was a never failing source of joy to us. When he was run over by a bicycle on the Tiber banks, just opposite the College, his only comment was : " And

do you know, I nearly missed it. But the Lord could have sent lots more bicycles, if He'd wanted." That was always his attitude. Tell him about some wonderful piece of surgery and he was unimpressed: "They're getting very clever, I've no doubt, but the Lord's always got a new disease up His sleeve and that'll puzzle 'em a bit." But I despair of reproducing the mixture of simplicity and caustic shrewdness which made up his very real humour. The truth is that he was very wise about the world and very simple about God, which is a rare combination. It was his practical psychology which made him so good a confessor; "Get matter for humility even out of your failures—turn to our Lord and tell Him this shows you once again what a poor specimen you are and how much you need His help—that'll defeat the old enemy. It won't be worth his while attacking you if every time you only come to trust more and more in our Lord."

Which brings me to Father Welsby's spirituality, and here indeed I am treading on holy ground. One saw him at his best when he gave a retreat; short conferences did not allow him scope enough to develop his thoughts and to implant the love of God so deeply in the souls of his hearers. Church students make so many retreats that they become, willy-nilly, excellent critics; so that the worth of Father Welsby's retreats can best be gauged by the explosive tribute of a subdeacon; "When I'm ordained, I shall distribute *santini* of the Weller!"

The Exercises formed his background and his plan; the talks themselves always centred round the person of our Lord with a delicacy and a familiarity that led one into the secret places of sanctity. Some of his phrases, considered in isolation, would have been irreverent but for the adoration and tender worship which breathed in every word he spoke. His description of the Trinity planning our redemption was, for instance, definitely anthropomorphic: but it did more than a hundred treatises *De Trinitate* to stir the heart in contemplation of this tremendous mystery. One began to have some idea of the vision of Saint Ignatius in the cave at Manresa. Our Lady, Saint Joseph, even our Blessed Lord, all talked like Father Welsby when Father Welsby was talking about them. But



FATHER WELSBY, S.J.

behind these mannerisms, indeed truly because of them, one learned how to look on God as a Father, how to speak to Him in one's own words, whatever they might be, how to be perfectly open and simple and sincere about the thoughts which jostled in one's mind. Here was a practical lesson of infinite value, an exercise in "the unction of the Spirit," as Challoner would have said. Father Welsby was teaching us how to pray—that in addressing God there was no need for our vocabulary to turn suddenly Tudor—that using our own words does not change mental into vocal prayer—that such talking with God often helps to banish distractions when wordless thinking is liable to chase a myriad red herrings in one half hour.

That, and the habit of looking upon our Lord, the interpreter of God to man, were his great lessons. Christocentric is an abominable word, but it is the most succinct description of Father Welsby's faith. This, he said rightly, was the most potent weapon for overcoming oneself. "The Lord said 'Learn of me'—Now do we obey Him or do we not? He said 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find'—Do we really believe Him? Do we think He can do what He says? Surely we must. But then, why don't we seek, why don't we learn? Because we're always looking at our own silly little selves instead of at Him—and that makes us squint." And to acquire ease in looking at our Lord, he recommended the practice of frequent ejaculations and of mild but regular mortification.

This was all so simple and so eminently do-able. His retreats passed the six days in looking on Christ, in discovering more and more of the richness of God, as contained in the Gospel accounts of the Word made flesh. Father Welsby was bred on the Exercises, on the sermons of Saint Bernard and the meditations of Saint Boniface. In spiritual reading, he would have us tackle solid stuff. In retreat, after the prayer, he would sit down and pull his watch out, hand over fist, as if the long chain to which it was attached were a hawser; put the watch in front of him, close his eyes and start to talk of our Lord as we talk together of a mutual friend. "There's

such a crush here, dear Lord : come into a corner where we can hear ourselves speak—I want to tell you what I’ve been doing all day and hear what you think about it.” This was the homely way in which he taught us all sorts of lessons. “ You’ve worked for years in a parish and no one seems any the better for it—to tell the truth, no one is any the better for it. Then you die and go up to heaven quite alone. And the Lord meets you and shows you a row of Chinamen and tells you that you have saved their souls. And you say : ‘ Chinamen, Lord ! Can’t stand the sight of ’em—never could—nasty, yellow fellows.’ And He says : ‘ Still your work wasn’t wasted, you see ; it travelled across the world and saved all these immortal souls. That was where I needed it, and you were faithful ; without you I could not have saved them.’ Then, won’t you be glad that you didn’t give way to discouragement but ground on and on ; and you’ll kneel down and kiss His wounds in humble gratitude for being allowed to co-operate in His redemptive work.” It was after listening to Father Welsby talking like this that one retreatant made the remark ; “ How God must look forward to the Weller’s meditation every morning ! ”

Several years ago an impertinent youth started to quip Father Welsby about his humility matches at the door of the refectory with Father Cotter, and remarked that the Redemptorist usually won. Father Welsby was not in the least put out : “ Dear, good soul—yes he did—but then the Lord probably has a rod in pickle for me some day—say a big cancer now.” That memory was to come back to many of us with pathetic distinctness.

Since the beginning of 1936 he had not felt really well ; he, who boasted of his health, who loved to refer to creaking gates and to joke about broken pitchers, seemed to grow thinner and frailer with every day, and to be losing a little of his capacity for fun. He was obviously tired, too tired sometimes even to try to hide it. So that when in May the *subdiaconandi* went into retreat, for once he did not take it and handed the task over to the American Assistant. It was actually during the course of this retreat that he fainted one morning at Mass.

Naturally he made light of it, and turned up as usual at the Casa to hear confessions ; but his brethren were alarmed, and when he came to us the following Saturday, the Minister rang up to ask that, though it was Ember Week, he should be made to eat meat and should be sent home as soon as he had finished his work. I have never seen him so humiliated ; he piled his plate with potatoes to hide the miserable little piece of veal, which he had taken in obedience, and which he gulped as if every mouthful burned his conscience. Afterwards we persuaded him to hand over the evening confessions to Monsignor Moss, and he went off with his tail between his legs. He had enough fight left in him to refuse a taxi indignantly, but he argued about nothing else.

He grew a little better, but complained that he could not summon up any energy. "It's the old Lancashireman's lament," he laughed ; "I eats like a horse and drinks like a fish and I sleeps like a hedgehog : but when they says owt about work, me limbs comes all over a tremble." An X-ray examination gave negative results and the doctors were driven to the diagnosis of nervous exhaustion, for which they prescribed rest and quiet, good food, and a complete change from his usual routine. Palazzola for two months or so was suggested, and it gave us all the greatest pleasure to see how he jumped at the offer.

Everyone was looking forward to having Father Welsby to ourselves, to being able to look after him, who had looked after us for so many years. The advance-guard sat in solemn conclave on his reading, and ended by putting "Sam the Sudden" and an Edgar Wallace by the bedside against his coming. He arrived the next day with all his retreat notes to be revised and put in order, and a whole trunkful of books and papers. He intended to lie fallow for a fortnight—fifteen days' glorious laze—and then he would get down to a little light, congenial work.

For the first fortnight he did indeed seem to be improving. The air and change sharpened his appetite, and helped him to sleep at nights. He spent jolly hours on the Sforza, enthroned in the golf-house and talking away to his heart's con-

tent ; or seated on a rickety chair between three greens, ragging the persistent golfers who revolved around him ; or—best of all—under the big tree, watching the cricket, bantering unsuccessful batsmen and clumsy fieldsmen, and telling the pavilion how he had entertained the Australian Eleven with stories of Spofforth in his heyday.

One mid-July day after dinner, he was sitting in the garden, stirring his coffee, when he said suddenly : “Do you know what I was thinking to myself in meditation this morning ? I was thinking : ‘Joseph Welsby, none of your people lived very long, so if you’re going to do any good at all, you’d better set about it at once.’ ” Little did he realise how much good he had done, or that all that was left to him now was to suffer ; and he set about that with a right good will, once he understood what God wanted of him. For from this moment ill-health grew on him apace : and yet he was such a babe in these things that he did not easily recognise the gravity of his symptoms, though everyone about him was daily growing more worried. He could not sleep and he began to be troubled with much pain. He accepted all suggestions in a spirit of childlike obedience, forcing down food which he was told was good for him, sitting about in a chair doing nothing, when he had not the remotest idea how to do nothing profitably. He had looked forward to the High Mass on Our Lady of the Snows, but he was so bad that morning that the Rector told him to go and lie down. When Monsignor Godfrey went up to his room, later in the morning, he found Father Welsby recovered and full of spirit : “What a lot there is in jurisdiction ! I couldn’t sleep all last night—you send me to bed and I fall fast asleep at once ! Well, well it’s wonderful ! ” Moreover, his gratitude for any little attention was out of all proportion ; he simply could not understand how people could be so kind to him—and this, when it was impossible to repay more than a fraction of all he had done for us.

But he was growing steadily worse and the Rector felt that he ought to see a doctor again ; if nerves were his trouble, they were not yielding to the treatment prescribed. So the Father General was informed and he sent him into Rome to

be under medical observation. "He has promised that I shall come back," said Father Welsby, whose dread was to be left for weeks in a hospital; unfortunately, the promise was beyond the General's power to fulfil. The doctors' diagnosis proved to be the worst possible, advanced cancer, and the patient too weak to bear an operation. I went into the City to see him, and found him sitting on a balcony looking over new Rome. "Well" he said, smiling; "Have you heard? They've found the enemy at last—a tumour it appears—and now the position seems to be, either I kill it or it kills me. Dear old Palazzola could hardly be expected to cure that, now could it?"

I sat down by him and tried to say something of what this news meant to us, but he sailed serenely on to practical matters, a cushion he had left behind which belonged to the Curia, some letters he needed, and even what had we paid for the car which brought him to Rome? I brought the conversation back to higher levels by telling him of the wall of prayer which was rising round him, of how all the men of the Venerabile, whether in England or still in the College, were combining to assault heaven for his recovery through Blessed Ralph Sherwin; and that I had brought him the relic which he himself had been mainly instrumental in obtaining for us. He took it with delight and kissed it: he had not wanted my stuttering praises, but gratitude in the shape of prayer obviously gave him great consolation, and once again he marvelled at all the kindness in the world. Moreover, he readily agreed to join in the prayers to our Protomartyr. I had been a little nervous about this. After all, we were trying to postpone his enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, and if there was to be a miracle, he might naturally prefer us to pray to Campion or someone else of his own predilection. In fact, his only suggestion was that we should invoke all the Venerabile *Beati*: "One miracle will do for the lot," he pointed out, as if anyone but himself were under discussion.

Several of us visited him while he was at the *Qui-Si-Sana*, and found him always himself, though he grew daily worse. He could no longer say Mass every morning, and his resignation

over this was the more admirable, when one remembers what the Mass meant to him and what sacrifices he was wont to make in order to say it. He was most amusing, too, about his treatment—to think that from feeling inexpressibly wicked over the taking of one aspirin, he had fallen in so brief a space to morphia! “Shocking, isn’t it—but I suppose these doctors must do something for their living, poor fellows; and I’m such a reprobate old sinner that I can’t sleep without it now.”

When the Curia came back from Rufinella, he was glad to be moved back to the Borgo Santo Spirito. They put him in the infirmary and when I went to see him there in October, I was shocked by the change in his appearance. He was bent like an old, old man and walked with a stick the few paces to his chair. Even then his steps were made with the greatest difficulty, and when he sank down he could not speak for a full minute. But when he did begin, his conversation was all of the English Martyrs. If he had known what pain he would have to endure, he doubted whether he could have faced it; but they knew, and while they were still free embraced a life to which there could be only one end. “What a great grace they must have had,” he panted: “they were magnificent men indeed.” I had been warned not to stay more than two minutes, but he kept me a little longer, telling me how the Martyrs had helped him, and what a joy it was to suffer with our Lord: he had never suffered before—or so he said. Then the hand, which was pressed to his body all the time, stiffened with the pain he was enduring, and he just gasped to me that I was to bless him with Sherwin’s relic. “Excuse me if I don’t come to the door with you; I can’t get about very easily—my love to them all—God bless you and pray for me.” That was the last time I saw him, sitting very rigid in his chair, smiling and gallantly managing to wave his hand in farewell.

The Martyrs did not cure him: God must have wanted him too much. One day, when he was near his death, he sent for the Rector to say good-bye. He had not allowed them to drug his pain so that he might have all his faculties for this last interview, but it was almost more than he could manage. Evidently he had thought it all out, and because he knew his

strength would not last above a minute, he scarcely let the Rector speak, but hurried on with his last message to the College. "I have worked now for the Venerabile for fourteen years, always with increasing affection, and now I want to say two things. First, tell them that all I have ever preached to them is true, every word of it. I have nothing to take back of what I have said. Tell them to keep the ideals high—always—never to allow them to be dragged down. . . And now another thing—listen. It is the ascetic life that matters: that is certain. I see it all clearly. . ." He was panting with the effort: perhaps he had meant to say more, but all he could do was to whisper "Mortification—mortification. . . ." He lay still a moment till he got his breath again. "Take my blessing to them—you must go now—time is short, but we shall meet again, when we are with our Lord." He could say no more than that: but weak as he was, he yet managed to wave cheerily as the Rector went out. That was his last will and testament to the Venerabile; its content, the effort and pain it had cost him, and the emotion of his halting words, showed once again how truly he loved this House.

We had long looked upon him as a Saint, and now his own brethren at the Curia came to share our views. His one prayer, all the time, was "*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo*". When Father Maher, the American Assistant, went in to see him, he would just say: "Tell me something about our Lord. . ." and then: "That's so true . . . do you mind leaving me now to think about it?" He was suffering agonies, no drugs would any longer take effect; but his absorption in Christ was complete; he had said good-bye to the world and wanted no news of it. To the Father General he said quietly: "All for the Church and for the Society." He would give his pains for their progress with all his heart, but the details of that progress interested him no longer.

The men who had been in retreat for the subdiaconate when he first fell definitely ill, were in retreat for the priesthood when he died. It was felt impossible even to ask him to pray for them: he would be praying for us all, that was certain, and all the better for not having his concentration

on our Lord interrupted even by news of this sort. Cardinal Boetto did not hesitate to say that he was giving an heroic example; the General called his community together and spoke to them of the dying man, spoke of him with pride and affection and veneration.

For a short time he grew delirious and out of the depths of his tortured memory the picture of Palazzola rose to the surface. He was back at the Villa, having a cold shower after his hot walk from Rufinella. Then he would go up to the quiet room in the Piazza Venezia, and put on his stole and give all that was in him to the service of the men in whom he delighted. But before the end his mind ceased its wandering. He could no longer speak, and just lay quietly with his eyes wide open, waiting for the blessed sight of his Redeemer. His laboured breathing ceased and that was all. It was eight minutes to six on the morning of December the 16th.

We were all at his simple funeral; the church of the Curia hardly sufficed for the crowd who attended. And after the Requiem, by the kindness of the Jesuits, the superiors of the Venerabile, of the Beda and of the Scots College followed Father Welsby's coffin to San Lorenzo and joined in the prayers while it was being carried to its last resting place in the chapel of the Society. It was fitting that we should have been there, for who owed him more than we? And so we left him to God, strong in the assurance that if he had been so good a father and friend to us in this life, his hand would still be stretched out to help us until the end—and how much more powerfully when it were now held firm in the grasp of the Lord he had always loved and preached and served, and Whose image he had refashioned for us in his own life of devoted sacrifice. *Iustus germinabit sicut lilium et florebit in aeternum ante Dominum.*

RICHARD L. SMITH

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DIARY

(continued)

WE left Casemore undergoing the humiliating ordeal of kneeling in the middle of the refectory. Whatever his feelings at the time, he seems soon to have overcome his sense of indignity; we find him that same evening "playing at ball with the Irish Friars".

The next day was the feast of the Assumption. Nothing particular seems to have happened, save that "we roasted a pigeon and made coffee". "Inwards of fowls" formed an ingredient of the day's banquet. The Sodality celebrated the feast on Sunday, the 18th, with a High Mass, "sung by a Portuguese". The choir consisted of the "Singing master don Bernardini", with two of his friends, whom "Twopence [the Rector] insisted upon paying".

Most of the students' time at this period of the year was spent in attending disputations (those, at least, which were accompanied by refreshments), in playing *pallone*, and in talking to the "Hibernians" and "North Brittons" at the Villa Medici. With regard to the less inviting disputations held at the Roman College, a certain amount of friction arose between Fr Hothersall and his subjects. On the 20th, "Twopence and Porter came and told Burgess we ought all to have come to the dispute as likewise to all disputes whether perform'd by Jesuits, Collegians, Seculars &c to wit at the Roman College". Casemore looks upon this as a typical piece of jesuitry. In

his entry of the 23rd we read the sequel: "this morning [the Rector] told Goodman and Burgess we should absolutely go, being [i.e. because] he had found it in his books: therefore after we returned from schools we sent the Prefect of the house to acquaint the Rector that no one of the higher schools would condescend to what he called a rule, 1st because this custom was broke off by Fr Elliot¹ as it goes by tradition, 2ly because it was no evident rule, for my reader must know this book was made . . . by one Fr Penden and Minister if I don't forget . . . and moreover a great hero among the Jesuits. This would not satisfy the Rector, so being advertised we all went down to his room and what happened anyone may imagine; in fine he said he would consult Fr Thorpe² . . . and left it to our *arbitrio* to go or not to go . . . but my reader must know that the good man had wrote a bill to be read up in the Refect; wherein he commanded us to go to every dispute, but upon this our proceeding it was recalled."

Let us pass on now to the *villeggiatura*, as there is little of interest to detain us in the next few days. Two or three items, however, are worthy of the press.

Friday 29th "As there were but three for walking out Goodman went with the lower gallery, and Halsey and Case-more after a bloody battle with the Rector to the vineyard. . . ."

Sunday, 13th. "N.B. The higher gallery had a dish of snails of their own gathering".

"Mon. 23. Sleeping at *libitum*. 16 dinner [about 10 a.m.]. 17½. we set out for Monte Porzio and arrived somewhat after 22 . . . 1 [about seven o'clock], Supper, a soup, boiled mutton, 3 dishes on the table and those very small, and roast mutton only 2 dishes; we begin ill indeed. 4 to bedd. Toasted cheese."

Five dishes of mutton (and toasted cheese) seem to us an ample if unbalanced meal. It is not clear whether the toasted cheese was consumed in bed, as the diary would suggest. In the next day's entry, "wine and toasted cheese *de jure*" are

¹ Fr Nathaniel Elliot, S.J., was Rector of the College from 1750 to 1762. "He was much beloved there."—Kirk's *Biographies of English Catholics*.

² Fr John Thorpe, S.J., Penitentiary of St Peter's at this time (cf. Kirk's *Biographies*).

mentioned as part of the students' breakfast. Later we read, at the end of the dinner menu, "toasted cheese with asking for". So this delicacy seems to have been not the least important of the pleasures of the *villeggiatura*. *Merenda* too, was only partaken of at Monte Porzio, also after having been (as a matter of form) asked for. Curiously enough, Casemore fails to give us a description of this lesser repast; probably, however, a glass of wine and "manchet" of bread, which we know formed the *merenda* of earlier days, were still customary. The drug Tea had not then taken that pernicious hold on the nation at large.

The 25th was "the vaccance of the week", though what was the point of a vaccance at the Villa is not clear, unless it were an excuse for an extra course at dinner, for which they had:—"Ham and cabbage: stewed meat and boild beef". What carnivores they were!

"Sun. 29. This morning the minister of the Clementines with some few of his came to see our pallace [even the most ardent lovers of "dear old Monte P." would hardly call the English Villa a "pallace"] . . . dinner, stewd mutton, boiled beef and 6 fowls between eleven persons, red wine and parmesan. . . ."

The next day was a gita day, and the diarist's narration of it is so attractive that a transcription of his account almost in its entirety seems indicated: "Mon. 30. The gita. B. Brown, Casemore, Halsey, and Sayles set off about 11 o'clock [5 a.m.] to go to Monte Alto or to Villa Bracciani. When we arrived at Frascati we went to hear Mass at ye Jesuit church. At the end of the Mass Sayles swoned away and tumbled down in church; now the Brother [probably "B. Brown"] being a Doctor in a short time recovered him, and then we went all together to B. Bottelli, once *spenditore* in our College who gave us all a breakfast consisting in bread, cheese, wine, roast beef and *pasticetti*, after which we prosecuted our journey, but Halsey and Casemore tarried a short time at the gate of the City to revive their spirits with a draught of brown liquor, and found accidentally a bottle of rosoly nigh the same gates but for which they paid 15 *bajocchi*; with this we went toward,

the Villa called Mont Alto, or Bracciana, and overtook Sayles and his companions who helped us to empty the said bottle. Before dinner we went to the Scotch College, to wit, Casemore and Halsey, and was well treated by the Rector. . . ." Dinner itself was a substantial affair: "English soup, pork stakes, roast beef, cold pie and tart, parmisan cheese and fruits." "English soup" is probably a translation of "zuppa inglese." "After dinner, the rest went to invite the *Scoti* to make *merenda*, and in the meantime Fr Porter our Minister went home. [How did he arrive on the scene? Did the whole College meet for dinner at Montalto?] We enjoyed the day happily and arrived home past one o'clock. . . ."

October 1st. "The Rector made us a present of 10 pauls to buy a *pallone* with."

On the 3rd, four of the Scots came to pay a return visit to the English Villa. They must have arrived early, for they were in time to partake of a breakfast of "giocolate and frittata &c". In the afternoon "we went to Villa Conti to play at ball [soccer no doubt!] with the Scotch".

The following Sunday was the occasion of what Casemore calls "the grand treat". After singing High Mass in the parish church, the students sat down to the following:

"A stew,
boiled beef,
half a chicken a head,
3 ducks among 12,
confetti,
red wine with two *biscottini* :
O what a grand dinner."

This magnificent repast (another traditional feature of the *villeggiatura*) surpasses even that on St Ignatius' day. The diarist did himself so well that he and another were unable to join in the procession (the diary reads "possession", a palpable error) which took place in the afternoon.

A man was sent next morning to Zagarola "to see if we could make a gita there". While Casemore was out on a walk to Frascati, the man returned with the news that a gita to Zagarola was impracticable. The superiors then fixed on

Mondragone, "upon which arose a great tumult", the outcome being that "to M. Dragone we should go and that dinner absolutely should be carried there: this was the determination of the Rector, but the Scholars answered that they would not go, let it cost them what it would". The following comment and pious aspiration are added: "I dare say never such a bustle was in the Colledge before. O good God free us from the like." On Tuesday, the Rector, finding the determination of the house fixed against going to Mondragone, "recalled his word and asked us where we would make the gita, who immediately answered to Lariccia [Ariccia], to which place a man was immediately sent". Once more the students had their way. The dinner intended for the gita was served that day in the refectory.

"Wed. 9. Casemore got up at 6½ and awaked Sayles and Halsey who got up and came downstairs, but Halsey finding it too soon went to bed again. At 9 we departed, we, i.e. Casemore, Sayles, Broomhead, Halsey and Burgess and [walked?] to Rocca di Papa through all the woods with only one lamp for we could not [see?] one another although close together. At Rocca di Papa we extinguished our lamp, for then we could begin to distinguish the road. We arrived at our journey's end at 13 o'clock [about 7 a.m.—they must have risen soon after midnight]: and after having visited the house in which we were to dine—a secular house, and viewed the city, we went to Gensano which is about a mile and a half off, and saw the lake of Nemi &c, and then returned back where we found Fr Porter and Goodman who had come on horses: Goodman took his horse at Frascati; we dined and besides the common dinner which is always the same we had some *mortadella*. After dinner, Porter, Halsey and Casemore went to Galoro to see Mr Gostoldi. After we had seen Ghigi's pallace¹ at Lariccia we set out for our return and passed through Albano Castello, and visited the Irish Colledge, where we wetted our mouths; Marino and Frascati, and arrived home somewhat before 2 o'clock."

¹ Who "Mr Gostoldi" (or "Gostaldi") was I cannot ascertain. "Ghigi's Pallace" is of course the Palazzo Chigi, built by Bernini circa 1661.

Casemore does not seem to have kept his diary at the Villa with such care as in Rome. A number of days occur for which no entry is made save dinner and supper, a space being left blank in many cases for the name of the place to which he "made his walk".

Tuesday, 15th. "We went to visit Fr Savagieri [the Minister of the Clementines] who gave us *giocolate* and shew'd us the house . . . rainy weather . . . After dinner we set out for half way house. Casemore mounted upon an ass and Shaw and Sturdy¹ upon horses went round by Frascati." Thus is described the return to Rome after a *villeggiatura* that to us seems absurdly short. Apart from that, the idea of travelling from the Villa to Rome "mounted upon an ass" is rather attractive, compared with that of going in a noisy, evil-smelling tramcar.

Next morning rising was "at discretion", breakfast being about eight o'clock (our reckoning).

It is interesting to note that in those days, the students went to Holy Communion obligatorily on the third Sunday in each month, and apparently never on other days, not even on great feasts. On Sunday, October 20th, a dispensation was granted by the Confessor, and Communion was *ad libitum*. Thus did the Jansenistic influence prevail even in Rome.

The "Exercise" or Retreat began that same evening. Of the next four days Casemore tells us nothing except what he ate during them—hare, "maccarone", and "fresh fish" were doubtless appreciated during that period of recollection. On the Sunday, confessions were heard by a Dutch Jesuit ("agent to the English and Dutch Jesuits in Flanders"), who, the diarist notes, was served at dinner with "some birds extraordinary". The Retreat ended with a general Communion on Sunday—it was probably because of this that the dispensation had been granted a week before.

On the last day of the Retreat arrived a new Minister, that office having been vacant since the departure of Fr Allen.

¹ Of these two the former came to the College in 1767, and was expelled for being indolent and unruly in 1773. He was more fortunate than Casemore, for by special favour of Cardinal Corsini (then Protector) his fare home was paid by the College! The latter came here in the same year as Shaw, and in 1774 went to Douay (*Liber Ruber*).

Our historian says the newcomer was "seemingly a gruff sort of a Man". However his first official act was to give two hours' recreation before supper.

The 29th was a Magliana day. Again, I will let Casemore tell about it in his own words. It is the last extract that will be published, anyway, for on October 31st this diary abruptly ends, with the words "N.B. To night the hour changed" scrawled across the page.

Tuesday, 29th. "The Gita day, which we made at the Maliana: all except Goodman rose 13 quarters before the *Angelus Domini* which is at 11½, and then set about heating the coffe which they had prepared last night. We went out at the Church door at the *Angelus Domini*. . . . After a hours walk (but first you must know we heard Mass in Strada di San Francesco at the Franciscans) we arrived at the Maliana and immediately seased upon 4 guns and went a shooting (for we were already armed with powder and Shot), which was our sport all day long and only killed 3 birds. Fr Porter, Goodman, and the *Vigniarolo della vigna nostra* came about 15 o'clock. 18, dinner, english soop, *frittata rognosa*, mutton chops, cold roast beef, 2 turkeys instead of the pye, tart made by Francesco, the Spanish cook who lives at the Anima, and an excellent one indeed; parmisan, grapes and pears and our common wine at home—Licino, the Brother [the caretaker, we presume] of the Magliana gave us a bottle of his old wine, and another of his new, both very good, 2 melons exceeding fine and good, and half a *Cucumero*, *eviva Padre Licino*; We arrived home a quarter past 1: Fr Porter came with the Brother (the *vigniarolo* above mentioned) in the chaise".

And now no more. If William Casemore's diary has amused or interested you for a few minutes, he did not write in vain. He has given us some insight into the life of our predecessors of 1771, from the point of view of one of them; and I think that a Venerable whose alumni rode horses, shot, and ordered their superiors about in the way we have heard described, has little to learn from more recent times.

ROMANESQUES

24.—FIRST YEAR

THERE is a certain familiar picture, based, it would seem, on the more descriptive writings of ascetic theologians, which depicts a group of monks with unkempt beards and generally tattered appearance: some are rapt in prayer, but the majority are expressing, in striking gestures, a deep remorse for their former wickedness. In contrast to these brethren there sits bolt upright a fresh, young figure in a spotless, new habit, gazing with horrified repugnance on the scene around him. The picture, we need hardly add, is called "The Novice". Now whether his plight be no worse than that of the new Venerabilino placed for the first time in the company of his fellows, may be a point open to question; but the basic fact remains true—the new man feels strange as a fish out of water his first evening at the Venerabile.

And surely he has ample reason. Is there anything so completely and bafflingly new as this new life in which he is plunged? Tourists or pilgrims to Rome can never experience the like feeling: for they view this foreign land in a solid security based on their Cook's return ticket. But to the new Roman, it is not so. From the moment he crosses the frontier he feels that this strangeness is closing in on him, that it must become part and parcel of his life. That foreign language he hears, he himself must speak; the broad-brimmed hats and black sou-



"... pounces on his victim in the common-room and suggests a stroll to S. Saba . . ."

tanés worn by the priests, he himself must don ; the pungent fumes of that *toscana* which his companion lights with such composure, he himself (he is informed) will shortly enjoy. In fact, by the time he arrives at Roma Termini he is prepared for anything. So now, as he stands in the evening twilight before the doors of number 45, we may, *con permesso*, join him in his new life.

“Not so bad after all,” he thinks, as he unconsciously compares the evil-looking locality outside with the spacious hall within. Down a short passage to the left he catches a glimpse of splendour ; while straight ahead he sees a garden which the faithful gloom of evening reveals in a vista of arbours and pillars. But he has little chance for quiet reflection here, for he is swiftly propelled up a broad staircase, gathers from a mysterious list that he has certain well-defined relations with a “camera” and a “piano”, is stripped of his comfortable English clothes and robed in a too roomy cassock (amply compensated by a too narrow collar), and in this stricken condition is led down to supper. There he is rather silent ; his over-worked mind is developing a tendency to mingle all his impressions of the past few days, so that the well-drilled regiment of wine-bottles, and the hoofs of St George’s horse poised high above him keep company with the fading lights of Dover, sunrise over Lake Maggiore, and the customs official who appropriated his cigarettes. But such silence can never last for long where “the cream of the English Dioceses” is gathered together, even though the cream be but newly mixed ; and soon he will be listening with growing distaste to an eloquent account from his first-year companion, of “the best possible journey out”. This first argument will probably be punctuated by an earnest call from a man of obvious experience higher up the table, that he should say “ancora” to the servant. See with what emphasis and dignity he pronounces the mystic word ! Indeed his Roman education has already begun.

Later that same evening he is introduced to another room, a room with an individuality strongly defined by the men who sit in circles and conduct ceaseless, clamorous conversation ; strongly defined too by the solid comfort of its copper ash-trays,

and by its deepening pall of smoke. Here he will meet old friends and with bewildering speed be introduced to new. He will be settled in a snug basket-chair, will be asked for the latest news of his old college, and be surprised by the familiarity with its customs possessed by total strangers; surprised too at the lively interest they take in lesser known details about their own companions who formerly attended it. Indeed so quickly does he feel at home that he may find himself thus early being taken on a confidential tour through a strange domestic periodical called "Chi Lo Sa?".

We meet him next early in the morning of his first full day in Rome. Now on this first day there are many things that *may* be done: he may buy an alarm-clock and umbrella, he may even retrieve his luggage from the *dogana*. But there is one thing, his co-diocesans will soon inform him, which *must* be done—a tour not to be found as such in any guide-book, and summed up neatly and concisely as "Peter's and Pam". He enters the great basilica and is allowed about fifteen minutes for its



"... pricking his fingers with holly and holding the electrician's screwdriver ..."

grandeur to overwhelm him. He pays his visit to the centre of St Peter's itself, and kisses the foot of the famous statue, wondering perhaps, as he observes the curious action his companions make with their wings, whether Chandlery was strictly correct in his statement about pilgrims' lips. He is, in fact, just ready to begin a thorough examination of the side-chapels, when his companions, with an understanding glance over his head, remark that time is short and they must be getting along. And see, they lead him away from the centre

of Christendom, conduct him along a dusty road outside the city, through the iron gates of Pam to a draughty arch, there to allot him a corner on a cold sarcophagus and make him listen to stories about people and places unknown. Surely a strange proceeding! But to attempt to explain to him, at this stage, the symbolism of this walk, and why on this first day "Pam" must always be commemorated along with "Peter's", would be a fruitless task. He must bear the phenomenon in patience.

His first week will pass in a medley of strange new sights, sounds and smells. He will, if he be normal and honest, admire all the wrong things. He will be impressed by the Victor Emmanuel Monument, and suggest that S. Maria in Cosmedin should be renovated. He will marvel at the Roman craftsmen who produce highly skilled work in dismal workshops with a feeble light amplified by glass bottles. He will note the simple machinery with which tradesmen do business with clients on the top floor. Among his deeper impressions will certainly fall the atmosphere of the older churches, a smell composed of a thousand elements that could not possibly be found in conjunction elsewhere: so that he will come to regard it as every bit as essential to the church as the pillars and walls themselves.

His chief danger may well be that he will see too much. For there is a certain type of public enemy in whom the deepest passions are aroused by the sight of an innocent new man. He pounces on his victim in the common-room and suggests a stroll to S. Saba; he drags him over the hundred and seven hills of Rome, holds him over the Lapis Niger and pushes him down Roman drains, till the iron enters deep in his victim's soul. The new man grows bored with everything Roman, and any link with his former life appeals to him. He turns in disgust from the loveliest *campanile* to look with emotion on a packet of Sunlight Soap.

But even if he falls to this low ebb, there is close at hand a cure as sure and lasting as it is unsuspected—the Gregorian University. As he sits there on his first day and nibbles at the introduction "Ad Lectorem Benevolum", under the impression that philosophy begins at the beginning, a profound

change comes over him. Those four thousand shoulders that jostle him on the stairs have done their work ; he is no longer the passive creature of the last few days but a minute though very active cog in a highly important machine. True it is that, to his untrained ear, the professor pronounces Latin with every consonant suppressed ; but he had been led to expect that, and in any case he is separated from the voice by fifty unfamiliar styles of tailoring. In a word, then, he enters the University a new man and emerges a First Year Philosopher. His class becomes a moral unit. Convenience dictates a fixed camerata of his own year for schools ; together with them he battles



... Old Seventh Year at the side ...

daily for his rightful place "behind the Germans". In the common-room he finds himself a raconteur, swiftly countering the adventure of "Aliquis Titius" with the latest wisecracks on Predicaments. In the daily walk after schools his own wings are already fluttering, and soon the day comes when, scorning the knowledge of his elders, he loses himself, of his own motive power, in the byways of Rome.

The most prominent milestone on his road at this time is the feast of his patroness, St Catherine. Then he finds himself officially welcomed (he had almost forgotten he was new) and

gives his first impressions to the Venerable in an official reply. Whatever be the vagaries to which his tongue may lead him it is a great occasion which, with his part in the evening concert, ranks him for ever as a public member of the community, with the bounden duty of plunging the common-room in darkness at suitable moments and of leaping into the breach whenever the piano breaks into his first-year song.



"... he may buy an alarm clock ..."

And so the year begins its downhill run to Christmas. Now if there is one thing of which repeated assurances will never fully convince him, it is that he will enjoy his first Christmas away from home. Yet somehow or other the miracle happens. For there is no man living who can stand in the common-room on Christmas Eve, pricking his fingers in holly or holding the electrician's screw-driver, and not be seized by the fever of that moment. He is certain to be ear-marked for something, great or small, hidden or prominent, and therefore he welcomes with proprietary pride the success of each concert. The holiday passes in a dream, but it is a dream which, when blurred by the weary line of *doceturs* that follow, will still glow with all the variety and colour of the Chinese lanterns themselves.

Now he turns to a more quietly strenuous period of the year, when, once for all, he settles his accounts with Barbara and her friends and gets to roots of the Porphyrian Tree. But Lent soon comes, and the station churches provide their own peculiar fare. He reads the headings of the Roman Missal for the first time, and visits again the churches he had found so chilly in his early days, to feel them now warm with life. He meets a Roman congregation at its most Roman, notes

the detachment with which aged people can kneel on a marble floor undisturbed by the surrounding confusion, notes too the unfettered freedom with which they sing the Litanies, and adds himself to that disordered and completely unselfconscious throng. By the time he has worked through the climax of Holy Week and climbed the Scala Santa, he rightly feels that he has earned a few days' holiday.

So it is that on Easter Monday another fabled name comes to reality. Nowadays he needs no introduction to Palazzola, since he was privileged to taste its joys in his youngest days in Rome during the October retreat. But he was a stranger then, and knew it merely as a lovely spot outside Rome. Now he finds it in its full significance, jealously guarding its doors for those who have suffered the rigours of Roman life, of which it is the complement and cure. So round he goes viewing with a prospective eye to his future existence the swimming-pool, the derelict tennis-court, the golf-course and the lakeside. He sits on the terrace in a broken deck-chair after dinner, and enjoys the first warmth of the summer sun; he protects his head with the battered relic of some far-off dynasty found in his *armadio*; and he decides to himself that a man's tastes must be extravagant if he cannot satisfy them here.

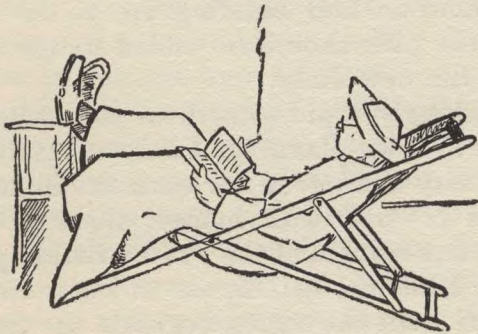
But all too soon the villa slips back below Monte Cavo and becomes a memory to tantalize him as he crosses the Ponte Sisto. Back in Rome he finds the atmosphere slightly changed with the programme. Societies have already expressed a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman for a very successful session; the ten-o'clock bell on Thursday morning is losing its influence; and the common-room talk tends to flow in a single channel. With a feeling he is heading for the unknown the First Year man buys fresh foolscap and corrects the dangerously clarified concepts he had gained after Christmas. "Summer has come", he thinks, and runs down to the garden to plunge in the icy waters; while old Seventh Year at the side regards him with a "more in sorrow than in anger" expression, and mutters about the time he himself went in on Christmas Day.

Slowly and surely the heat really approaches. Even First Year now is glad to defy the Italian proverb and walk in the

shade, and the jaded common-room finds fresh life after supper on the balcony. "Owd Shuttleworth" emerges once more from the gramophone box and the First Year man who is anxious to hear the words is intensely annoyed by the well-versed majority who can beat him to all his best jokes by a split second. Over his last engagement of the year we may, perhaps, draw a sympathetic veil. After all, his emotions in Seventh Year will be as strange as they are in First. More fitting surely to join him as, with cloud lifted from his brow, he hangs on the step of the crowded Castelli tram, clanks into Albano, and climbs the final obstacle to the Land of Promise.

Here on the villa path, just overlooking the hermitage, we may leave him, with hearty *auguri* of course for a Villa that will be perfect in the knowledge that many more are to come. Further we dare not go: for there is a notice-board in the cortile over there that, in defiance of the whole course of nature, chronicles him to the world as "Second Year".

BERNARD GRADY.



" enjoys the first warmth of the summer
sun "

THE MODERN CITY

“Now is it Rome indeed and room enough” (*Julius Cæsar*).

ROME must be the most restless city in the history of the world. Her genius has given a feverish impatience to all her rulers to add each his share to the architectural ant-heap; the example of the fractious Romulus has been followed by many worthy imitators, notably Martin V, the “second father of the city”, Nicholas V and Sixtus V. The Fascist régime has accepted this inheritance with enthusiasm. Today, more than ever, demolition and building are to be seen going on side by side; the pick should be added to the lictor’s bundle in the arms of the new Italy.

The astonishingly rapid growth of Rome has necessitated this experiment in town-planning, if only to resolve the problem of traffic. The city has spread her tentacles in every direction; Monte Verde is covered with houses, there is practically no room left in the flat reaches of the Prati; buildings are climbing out beyond the Madonna del Riposo to Forte Braschi and the Pineta Sacchetti; all the space between the Salaria and the Nomentana is inhabited; from Parioli, beyond the Villa Umberto and Pincio, down to the Tiber banks, there is one long succession of villas and flats. But the heart of the city, which has to expedite the circulation of all this cross traffic, is still choked by narrow, winding streets.

Arterial roads must, therefore, be made; and quickly. Sixtus V had opened up the Corso, the Via Babuina and the

Ripetta from the Piazza del Popolo. The Risorgimento had cleared the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and the Nazionale, both meeting at the Piazza Venezia. It had also made the embankment along the Tiber, with occasional blocks, near Santo Spirito or under the Aventine. Lastly, it had built many bridges, but had not supplied the broad avenues which should have led to them.

That was the situation which the Fascists found on assuming the government. From sheer necessity they must do something; their pride in the tradition of Rome and in the prestige of their régime demanded that this something should also be magnificent. They began therefore with the Capitol, sweeping the Ghetto away, and constructing a grandiose ring of roads, the Impero, the Via dei Trionfi from the Arch of Constantine to the Archaeological Walk, the Via della Valle Murcia facing the Palatine, and the Via del Mare, which runs from S. Maria in Cosmedin, past the Tarpeian rock, back to the Capitol. In all this, there was little to do beyond knocking down the bric-à-brac of centuries. And the volume of traffic along these new ways shows that they were more than a work of pious antiquarianism. But very different problems arise at the stage which has been reached. It is no longer altogether a question of classical ruins smothered under a swarm of hovels, of getting back to the old lines of Rome's lay-out. The new quarters demand new arteries in medieval and renaissance Rome; and these must be provided, while everything which recalls past grandeurs must be scrupulously respected.

The result of this twin necessity on architectural style is interesting. In the suburbs modern taste can work its will; and on the whole has thoroughly justified itself, though it has not yet managed to build a dignified church. But in the centre venerable age commands the respect even of these moderns, and gives a quality of reverence to their buildings which one seeks in vain elsewhere. And this is to the good. Rome is not the slave of the builder; she is the mother of architects and exercises dominion over their passion for straight lines and stark simplicity. Outside her walls the imperial rhetoric of the new styles may carry the day; within, those who seek

to mould Rome to an expression of their ideals of force and drive and domination, find that it is always Rome which triumphs, and bends men's wills by the sheer strength of her tradition. So that the works already started, or those to be undertaken, whilst certainly far from servile imitations, come to be designed with deference to the older glories of their surroundings. The one exception is the big Post Office, near the Porta San Paolo, facing the protestant cemetery : a concrete nightmare with twisted, triangular windows.

To explain the combination of ruthlessness and respect with which the authorities are proceeding, it would perhaps be best to take a journey down the Tiber, strangely magnified by Roman patriotism from a miserable river into a mystic stream of inspired life. Let us begin, then, at the Ponte Molle ; and without wasting time on the undistinguished new church which fronts the bridge across the piazza, we will take the bank under Monte Mario and stop, a few hundred yards along, at the Foro Mussolini. This athletic paradise covers acres. Its buildings are modern enough to please the most advanced ; it boasts a cubist monolith, which pays only lip service to the many obelisks of the city. But the stadia are all surrounded by rather coarse statues, of a semi-classical atmosphere, and the starkly simple fountain in the middle of the avenues has a mosaic floor which might have come from Herculaneum. Facing the main entrance a bridge is being built, to connect with the populous Flaminian quarter, whose tiers of flats rise like Babylon across the river. Here, a conflict of ideas ended in the rejection of a beautiful, single-span bridge in favour of one with several arches, which it was urged would be more in keeping with the traditions of Rome : an extreme example of conservatism, as the site is certainly far enough away from the architectural centre of the city, is overlooked by the aggressive modernism of the Foro Mussolini, and has a single-span bridge as its neighbour further down the river. Ruthlessness appears in the plan to drive a road through the flats opposite, which have barely been finished, in order to link up with the Flaminian way from the Porta del Popolo. There is no history to respect here, and all else must be sacrificed to the handling of heavy traffic.

Continuing with the current, we come to the bridge which gives us a view of Pincio on one side and of the Vatican on the other. The niches of the Pincian belvedere, on whose balustrade you have so often leant to watch the sun set behind Saint Peter's, have been embellished with fountains, effective when one gets near to them, but hard to see at a distance. We will walk to the Piazza del Popolo and take the extreme right of Sixtus V's roads, the Ripetta, which starts so impressively but peters out by S. Luigi dei Francesi and Pustet's. We do not need to go far before we come to an enormous space on our left, stretching to the Corso Umberto. This used to be the rabbit-warren round the Augusteo, that maze of streets where one could walk right round the concert hall and never see it. The circular building itself stands disconsolate and solitary in a great waste; its glass roof is off, and workmen are dismantling the bizarre accretions, which with their wall-papers look like bilious barnacles upon its smooth sides. The mausoleum of Augustus is to be restored, as far as possible, to its original appearance; and around will be a vast piazza, perhaps with gardens, opening up the whole of this crowded district. One happy accident of the scheme has been the revelation of S. Carlo in Corso, the Rosminians' church, which proves to be more than a dome and a façade, and to possess really graceful flanks, which one hopes will not be hidden again by the new buildings on the edge of the piazza. But it needs imagination to see all this; at present it is a wilderness of barbed-wire and brick heaps. So we will continue on our way along the Tiber bank until we come opposite to the Palazzo di Giustizia, and here we must stop by the Albergo dell' Orso (also in process of restoration), at the corner of the Napoleonic museum. We must stop because there is a new view to our left, nothing less than the Piazza Navona. All the buildings at the beginning of the Via dell' Anima are down, and one can see Neptune's fountain through the sketchy fencing erected around the demolished area. This will not be a permanent view, at least on the present scale. A new block has to go up on this site; but it will contain a large cortile and two great entrances, through which one may pass into the Piazza, and

through which it should still be possible to see the river gods splashing about.

The reason of all this is a truly Procrustean road, the Corso del Rinascimento, which will depart from this point, swing round the Navona by way of the Apollinare and the Sapienza, and come out opposite S. Andrea della Valle on the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. Here again the architects have ruthlessly drawn their lines through a solid wedge of buildings ; but they have touched nothing of value, and have shown their delicacy of understanding by leaving the Navona enclosed. Mere efficiency would have driven a road straight into the piazza at either end, and so have destroyed its character. As it is, it will remain the place we have always known at Befana, and the children will be safer with the traffic passing behind a block of buildings. This has been our pet change of all the changes in Rome, lying as it does on the road to knowledge and the Gregorian. Towards the end of last spring many shops near Pisoni's advertised closing-down sales ; but the false alarms were so many that it actually came as a surprise when they did put up their shutters. Then the demolition began, and soon it was safer to keep to the Campo side of the road until one was well past the clouds of dust. A small fountain is to grace the entrance of this new road, our shortest way now to the Popolo or Pincio.

But we must return to the Tiber bank where we left it, and walk on to the Ponte S. Angelo. Let us cross here to see all that is happening. The Castel has already had its moat excavated and turned into a unique park for the tumbling youth of the Borgos ; but the fortress itself seems somewhat embarrassed by the change, like an old peasant dressed up for the day out. To restore its medieval character of a keep the old bastions are to be rebuilt, rising sheer from the river ; and the road, widened by this expedient, will pass along battlements in front of the present entrance, where you pay your money and pass through the turn-stile to visit the museum inside.

From the Castel it is only a stride to where the famous *spina* is coming down in clouds of dust. The other day I saw

six workmen just push the wall of a room over ; a quick way to get rid of it, though one would expect the neighbours to object to the resulting noise and dirt. Here again the wall-papers rudely exposed to the gaze of the whole world, look inexpressibly drab : rooms were not made to have one wall removed—everything seems to shrink as a result, until one wonders how folk ever lived there. And so it is a relief to see the storeys collapse one after another. The work is going ahead fast : too fast for some folk. You will remember the fountain at the corner, where the Borgo Vecchio and the Borgo Nuovo divided. A street cur came for a drink the day the water supply was cut off, and its baffled look of outrage, when it found the fountain dry, would have done credit to the most independent Roman of them all.

The project of making a worthy approach to Saint Peter's is not a new one, and has been a favourite newspaper controversy in the silly season. Some maintained that a broad avenue would only dwarf the basilica : this is hard to credit. Others, with more reason, agreed that it would be good to see the dome in its true proportions, but argued that Maderna's façade would be too big a price to pay for such an unobstructed view. The argument went on in circles, and no conclusion was ever reached. Then the Fascist régime, which specialises in decisions, took the thing in hand : the long block of uninteresting buildings between the two Borgos will be knocked down ; but where the Piazza Rusticucci starts (where the trams and buses stop at present), there will be a wide portico, a cross between Bernini's colonnade and a triumphal arch. The aim of this scheme is to preserve the enclosed character of the piazza, without blocking the view of the dome and the twin cupolas. It will also have the effect of cloaking Maderna's façade—and Bernini himself wanted something of the sort : there is a papal medal showing a stretch of his colonnade right across the mouth of the piazza.

The arguments have not stopped, by any means. But a decision has been taken, and work goes forward on this plan unless subsequent experience should lead to modifications. Mussolini came and dismissed the first brick, and now Sunday

afternoon's favourite walk of "Peter's and Pam" must needs include a detour to see what progress has been made. Gradually the premises have been evacuated, but always only a few doors ahead of the destroyers. A lean, sorry-looking cat haunts one advanced post which has mysteriously escaped the pick so far ; but if proverbs mean anything the rats should have gone long since. Further on a renaissance front has each stone carefully numbered for re-erection elsewhere. This is to happen, too, in the case of the Oriental Congregation, which for the sake of Rafael and, presumably, of the Congregation, is to be moved across the Piazza Scossa Cavalli, where it will face the Torlonia. The beautiful little fountain here is safe ; but the church of S. Giacomo has to go. When Saint Helena was bringing Abraham's altar of sacrifice and the table of the Presentation along this road, the horses stumbled and refused to move. This was regarded as a sign from heaven ; so the relics were left in the little church nearby and it will be interesting to see whether, after all these centuries, they can tolerate the idea of a move.

The next point of interest is the hideous old Ponte di Ferro, where so many people used to cross on Easter Sunday, for the fun of not having to pay a *soldo*. I believe it was put up with British capital ! At any rate, it is coming down. A new road is to be built from the Castel S. Angelo to this point, cutting across the Corso Vittorio and past S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini at the end of the Giulia ; it will cross the Tiber by a new bridge on the site of the present eyesore and plunge into a tunnel under the Janiculum, to come out in the Quartiere Aurelia, that growing suburb behind Corsini where the Stazione S. Pietro feeds the old line to Viterbo. This is really necessary as the only route at present lies behind the colonnade of Saint Peter's and round the corner of the Holy Office : a bottle-neck far worse than by the Gesù, because no-one can see what is coming. It will be a relief when ugly lorries, carrying earth, stone and débris of all sorts, are banished from the precincts of the great piazza. The portico plan grows on one, after all. Its ideal of the *hortus conclusus* will at least prevent many anomalous sights on the threshold of the Vatican City ; and

with the lorries of utilitarian ugliness, may we hope that all advertisements for Martini may also be banned !

Still further down the river, and we come to Regina Caeli. It is still there, though a new prison has been planned for long enough outside the city. Eventually the site is to be cleared and roads will climb the Janiculum from a semi-circular piazza, like the ribs of a fan. This will all look very lovely from the river side ; but I shall regret the little *trattoria* which advertises meals to be sent in to the *Sigg. Detenuti* by their well-wishers. Perhaps its proprietor has already staked his claim to a site near the proposed new prison.

We cross the Ponte Mazzini with its ornamental rostra, and continuing down-stream pass the opening which leads to the College. By the way, the trams stop here now, in full view of our Church windows—most convenient for us, and most considerate of them. Several buildings have been reconditioned on this stretch of the Lungotevere, and more are in process of having their faces lifted. But we shall not find anything very interesting, until we come to what was once the Ghetto, by S. Nicolo in Carcere and the Piazza Montanara. This is all completely different ; you look at an isolated medieval house where you used to crowd into the *fornaio* for bread those dark winter mornings on your way to the Catacombs. A broad new road, the Via del Mare, runs past us here, leading from the Forum to S. Maria in Cosmedin, and along this stretch of it great new buildings are rising, to house the mushroom growths of Rome's municipal bureaucracy. We shall watch their architectural style with interest ; this is a case where one hopes the conservative may win over the so-called rationalist school (a presumptuous title) for so many ancient monuments are near at hand ; those two tiny temples, whose names form an unfailing subject of argument among the knowledgeable ; the arch of Janus, S. Giorgio in Velabro, and behind, the Forum and the Palatine. Meanwhile, the actual building has only reached three feet of concrete foundations ; but the pile-drivers and arc lamps gather a permanent crowd, fascinated no doubt by the sight of other people working.

Those are the main focal points of our tours of inspection.

There are other things to see ; for instance the ultra-modern University City, between S. Lorenzo and the Station, within whose uncompromisingly straight lines it is hard to visualise the study of any science older than Aerodynamics. There are the two vast hospitals beyond Trastevere Station. And there is one further undertaking which will ultimately affect Venerabilini even more than those already mentioned, a Roman Tube system, for which two hundred million lire have been voted, and on which work has already begun. The relief this will be to traffic in the streets is obvious. It has always been said that Rome's subsoil was unsuitable. The Fascists laugh at this as an example of the inefficiency of their predecessors, whom they accuse of finding excuses to avoid big enterprises. But difficulties are anticipated, and the fun will begin when layers of ancient Rome are discovered ten to fifteen yards below the present surface. However, we can be sure that the work will be completed to schedule, and that the Duce will be photographed driving the first train before the end of 1940.

The reason for this despatch is the World Exhibition to be held in 1941 on a site adjoining the railway line to Ostia. The plans could hardly be more ambitious. A new city is to be built, stretching almost to the sea, and Magliana becomes the centre of a huge pool in the Tiber, to be used as a depot for sea-planes. The traffic problem is being handled with corresponding energy.

To follow the lines which are to be built first. The present railway from Ostia will be reinforced by other tracks, which on reaching Rome will burrow underground near the Porta S. Paolo, and go by way of S. Maria in Cosmedin direct to the Piazza Venezia in the heart of the city ; thence, beneath the Nazionale, they will climb up to the present railway terminus, which forms the apex of the new system. From the terminus a second line makes straight for the Lateran gate, and comes out into the daylight to continue as far as Ciampino, where three branches divide, one to Frascati and Rocca di Papa, a second to Albano, and the third to Velletri. The trains are to travel at a hundred kilometres per hour, which means less than four minutes from the Piazza Venezia to the city walls

and only another fifteen minutes to the sea. Palazzola will be within an hour's journey from the Monserrato, including the walk at either end. What this means for gita parties can be readily imagined. Ciampino seems destined to become a name of awe, bringing the new cities in the Pontine Marshes within easy reach of a day gita.

Later on many new lines are to be added, and when you revisit Rome, we shall dive down escalators with you in the Piazza Navona. Waiting should be unknown, as the trains are to run every two minutes or less ; and, as each will hold a thousand passengers, 40,000 people it is calculated, can leave a station in one hour ; 250,000 in one day. You will also find a new terminus when you disembark from your *wagon-lit* or third class carriage. The whole station is to be rebuilt, with twenty-six lines running majestically to twenty-six parallel sets of buffers. Everything will be very modern and convenient and straight-lined. But outside in the Piazza Esedra you will still have the fountain of the naiads with its glorious column of water, to give you the sense of home-coming and of the ubiquity of the baroque.

All these railway lines and tubes are part of the grandiose plan to build a new Rome from the Mediterranean to the Alban Hills. Probably it will be a fact some day ; but equally probably the Monserrato will look just the same as ever. So there is no need to feel unduly depressed.

ANTHONY HULME

ACQUA ACETOSA

At the time when the Venerabile came to spend its summers near Monte Cavo, the stories of Acqua Acetosa were few and hazy. Yet men had ventured over from Monte Porzio in the old days, and some still spoke of the mineral spring on the shore of Lake Albano, and so, when it was announced that Palazzola had been purchased and that the grand opening would take place with all honours, one of the veterans volunteered to lead a party of us, after a morning by the lake, up the path from the spring to the new Villa.

We lost the way of course. The stories of those early days always end like that, especially when the word "scorciatoio" comes into them. But in the afternoon some others attempted the return journey, and did pretty well until a thunderstorm, which showed them all the meaning of Monte Cavo's reputation, clapped down upon the party and soaked them to the skin in two shakes. Blankets; hot wine; built-up fires, and "thunderstorms we have experienced in the past" for conversation. Nobody was much the worse, but the Acqua Acetosa path had been found and charted! *Haec dies quam fecit Dominus!*

Henceforth for many a vacation the path down to the water's edge came very largely into the life of the Villa. We went regularly. The daily descent was hardly interrupted until the project of a swimming tank in the grounds of the Villa itself

came to take the energies of the very people who were keenest. When that was finished, those who were weak played lawn tennis or golf, or sat and wrote poetry in the Sforza, and then came down the steps for a bathe before supper; but there remained some who were made of sterner stuff. Still the call could be heard in the cortile after *merenda*: "'Cetosa anybody?" And the same voices replied, time after time.

The Rector imposed an *itinerarium*. The water was deep and you might go too far out, or get cramp or something, so we were to recite the Litany of Loreto going down. (Probably none of us can say the Litany now without bringing to life again the memory of those afternoons.) Carrying swimming gear and armed with sticks, the party would move off from the front door and straightway the descent began. Two hundred feet of sheer drop on one side, steeply up to a cloudless sky on the other; sudden descents, slight rises, brambles to remember. Sometimes a long, green grass-snake would slide across the path, and halt the party for a moment in a fruitless hunt. Then at last through the neglected olive plantation where the going was good for twenty yards. After that, you rounded a boulder on the very edge of the little plateau, and scrambled down the goat-track which covered the remaining distance to the water's edge. Immediately below the olive plantation was the *acqua acetosa*. A continuous trickle of water, a few gallons an hour at the most: but taste the water! Just a drop or two; do not drink too freely. You have made the discovery that the inhabitants made, heaven only knows how long ago, that this water holds in solution mineral salts. It possesses in consequence violent medicinal properties; and every day men come there to fill great glass flagons with the stuff. They drink it, I believe, in Marino boarding houses, and spoil good wine with it in *trattorie*. It would never have surprised us very much to find that that little railway station had been called Marino-Spa.

There were never many people to be seen on this side of the lake. Occasionally one or two would make the circuit, and now and then a party might arrive in a boat, usually on Sundays; but they landed, as a rule, farther along towards

Marino. If they saw us and discovered our nationality they cadged cigarettes. (It would surprise you how hard it was to make us understand, for not all the eloquent movements of arms and hands, nor the carefully articulated "da fumare," "sigaretta" could make us know what they wanted. One boat-load pulled away in disgust at loons who were so dense; and on that day was born a famous phrase which floated across to us upon the waters: "Che gente geologica!")

The waters of the lake are soft like oil, and swimming in them is an experience all its own; dreadfully deep, though, and the less practised must choose their place carefully and not venture too far from the old causeway that skirts the shore. This causeway is a Roman construction, for naturally the Romans knew all about Albano and its beauties. Domitian built this paved road around the lake, as "your guide books will tell you," and did a great many other things besides to beautify it as a pleasurable pool in his summer seat; and on the opposite side there are remains of many a villa and of more than one temple. You may see over there, too, the break in the water-line which marks the *emissarium*, built to spell doom to the Veii; but somebody else must talk about all that. Above all, silhouetted against the sky, was the Papal Villa, and who of us thought that so soon the Holy Father himself would be there too.

It is a pity that the classical men of the House were not so devoted to the 'Cetosa path as they might have been. They came, but not often. The less mature ones of us were always ready to listen to those venerable uncles, ex-professors who had taught such as us before coming to sit by our side for their philosophy. School mastering, like Anglican orders, even if it does not carry with it any sacramental grace, does confer a sort of character, so that even those who had not done more than taste the sweets of pedagogy were marked out. They were questioned upon anything that needed the kind of ready-reference knowledge they invariably possessed. One, like Solomon, was able to discourse of "all the trees of the earth from the cedars of Lebanon to the hyssop that grows out of the wall"; another, perhaps, would suddenly hit you

in the small of the back, on this very path, with some fact of antiquity, and finish a discussion then and there which had been built up on mere conjectures and possibilities. Had they come oftener and, so to speak, worked themselves up for it, it might have been possible to say something here about Alba Longa.

The climbs back again up to the Villa were perhaps the best part of all. We took our time, as a rule, climbed steadily, and arranged things so that we were able to sit on the deserted and overgrown mound of a charcoal-burner, not far from the top, and watch the setting of the sun. I am sorry in a way that ever I began to write about this lake path, because I cannot hope to convey any notion of the beauty of those few moments. The lake below reflected the whole spectrum of colours which made up the sky, and the crater which held the lake gathered to itself all the heaviest purples, while the Campagna beyond was purple too, but more brilliantly, mingling its hues with the reflected redness of the setting sun until it ended at the brilliant line on the horizon which was the sea. Every second brought a deepening of those unforgettable colours. Suddenly, "at one stride came the dark". Lights appeared here and there in the villages, everything was quiet. The Angelus rang out from the Villa tower; and we climbed the last hundred yards to home. How chill it was on those autumn evenings!

For a short time it was the rule to go down to the lake-side, each week, for an al-fresco lunch. Sor Domenico; *risotto*; and once or twice, as a treat from the Rector, melons (or was that at Lake Nemi?). And wine. And of course, if you wanted it, *acqua acetosa*. They were great days!

F. J. GRIMSHAW

NOVA ET VETERA

ROBERT SHERBORNE, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

So many are the famous names interspersed in the College history that an exceptional event is needed to focus attention on any individual among them. Last August a *Times* paragraph brought into prominent relief the fourth centenary of Robert Sherborne, Shirburn, Shireborne (or whatever variant pleases you), Bishop of Chichester, and some time *Custos* of the English Hospice.

Sherborne strikes an interesting figure, in some ways outstanding, in some ways almost too typical of the throng of ecclesiastics who served the pre-Renascence English court. As ambassador for Henry VII he negotiated the first step in the great Schism, when he obtained the dispensation by which Henry VIII married Catherine of Aragon. As Bishop of Chichester, living in a splendour that was second only to that of Wolsey and Henry, and echoing for the last time in England the old rôle of international churchman, he is typical of those who, unwillingly, promulgated the announcement of the King's Supremacy over the Church in England.

Winchester educated him, and from there he passed to New College, Oxford. The memory of these two great training grounds for churchmen lingered pleasantly in his mind, and financially his will proved him a worthy alumnus.

From this time onwards he began to enjoy the long stream of preferments, almost bewildering in their variety, which were the usual lot of the ambitious churchman of easy-going conscience. The strong atmosphere of secularity in the office-holders of the English church during these years, their ease and jests in their well-fed and solid security, even the foundation almshouses adding splendour to already illustrious names, these things showed a state of material security such as is only found on the verge of a great collapse.

Preferment began for Sherborne with his appointment to the mastership of St Cross Hospital at Winchester, a foundation of the great Henry of Blois, half-brother to Stephen of England, and warrior bishop of Winchester. Here Sherborne spent much money in restoration, and it is this trait of monetary generosity, later to grow into semi-royal splendour, which reveals to us much of his character. "Man of weight" he certainly was, great in character, and yet combining with this quality that cautious subtlety which stamped the diplomacy of Henry VII. He had a real affection for the church, and in his last days resigned his bishopric, ostensibly from ill-health, probably from an uneasiness of conscience regarding the part he would be required to play in Henry's enforcement of royal supremacy.

At thirty-three he was secretary and vicar-general to the great Morton, and later to Henry VII. He played many rôles as ambassador, and it was one of these that brought him to the Hospice, the ordinary residence of the King's ambassadors. His mission on this occasion was to assure the Pope and his Holy League of Henry's support against France. In this year 1496 he is first listed as a benefactor of the Hospice. His next appearance was of some moment for the Hospice. The strain of supporting a large legation, and the fact that from July 25th until November the Hospice lacked, through death, a *custos*, had thrown the affairs of the place into some confusion. Sherborne thought fit to report this to Henry, who, desirous of upholding the national dignity, at length decided to reserve to the Crown the right of appointment to the office. His choice fell upon Sherborne. It is rather regrettable that the

archives contain little information upon this point, which must have been considered of some moment.

It was during his ambassadorship in Rome that he negotiated in 1502 the royal dispensation.

At the beginning of 1505 he arrived in England, bearing with him bulls of appointment to the bishopric of St. David's. He managed to obtain possession of the temporalities, but suspicions were soon aroused, and it was discovered that the worthy bishop had forged his own bulls! At the King's request he was treated with leniency, and was soon (1508) rewarded for his ambassadorial services with the bishopric of Chichester. He found his cathedral weighed down with "ancient squalor and most damnable customs", and laboured heartily, aiming at "the increase of divine worship".

When the question of Royal Supremacy arose he acted in no way differently from those of his peers who subscribed to the doctrine with uneasy consciences. To save himself from the attacks of Cromwell he abjured, on February 26th, 1534-5, the supremacy of the Pope. But the pace was too fast for his peace of mind, and in June 1536 he resigned his bishopric, playing no further part in Henry's schemes. In August he was dead.

One of the old school of European ecclesiastics, he was typical of many in his failure to fit his conscience to the new nationalist mode. He temporised together with the others when the moment for decision came, but in the end his habit of faith won. Even his wealth was used for the Church, and St Cross, the English Hospice, Christ Church, St Paul's, and above all, Chichester, benefited from his lavishness. In his will he provided for four prebendaries—Bursalis, Exceit, Windham and Bargham, which were to be held by scholars "of the College of Blessed Mary of Winton". He lies in his own cathedral, a type of English churchman that was in direct line from the cathedral-builder, a type not too straight in conscience, but fundamentally and ineradicably Catholic.

THROUGH ITALIAN SPECTACLES

The following description of Palazzola appeared last Summer in the *Messaggero* and to our sober English eyes it is so deliciously enthusiastic that we cannot refrain from reproducing it here almost in its entirety.

Palazzolo è un luogo bello e suggestivo. Vedere questo luogo significa amarlo.

Quest'angolo di pace presenta tutta la gloria delle albe asiatiche e la splendida unità colorica dei tramonti d'oriente. La sottostante meravigliosa conca del lago di Albano ha tonalità più belle dei Faraglioni di Capri. I sentieri dei boschi, l'alterna visione di luci e di ombre, il colore del cielo e dell'acqua del lago, la freschezza dell'aria, la sintesi di ogni bellezza che la natura ha profusa su questa terra, fanno di questo luogo un mirabile insieme di tutte le bellezze del Creato.

Ammoniti e con animo disposto ad ubbidire con rispetto alla cercata quiete, ci spingiamo su questi sentieri deliziosi di frescura, riflettenti in una luminosità verde. Pezzi di sole, filtrando tra il fogliame, rimbalzano fra ombre e ombre e formano certe decorazioni e rimbalzi di colori, come su tanti damaschi; un verde che si stempera in tutti i toni in una pace che assorbe le voci vive della natura, respinge inesorabile quelle degli uomini.

In questo luogo si allentano materialmente tutte le tensioni, suggerendo, quest'incanto di silenzio, un desiderio di abbandono.

E pur senza abbandonarsi al riposo, seguiamo silenziosi il cammino, spingendoci fin su la rotonda di Palazzolo, dove s'erge maestosa la villa che appartenne agli Sforza Cesarini Colonna, ora invidiato asilo di pace del comm. De Cupis. Sotto v'è l'antico convento e il meraviglioso specchio d'acqua del lago di Albano.

Palazzolo a me piace senza storia, così come si presente ora; ricco di tutte le meraviglie della natura. Esso è tutto un sorriso. E' un grande sorriso in cui si riassumono tutte le gioie. Non dicono di gioie le acque del lago? Non ripetono un senso di lieta esistenza i castagneti dei vicini boschi?

Palazzolo canta e sorride; sorridiamo anche noi, tra questo incanto di quiete, dove gli amatori del bello, con purezza d'animo di bambini, ma con più sano e elevato intelletto, potranno meditare su una stupenda frase di Emanuele Kant: "Il cielo stellato sul capo, la coscieza pura in fondo al cuore."

A MARTYR'S EXPENSES

The accounts of Edward Mico are to be found in two books—lib. 313 (E), p. 111, and 314 (F), p. 19. He was admitted as a convictor on October 27th, 1647, when nearly nineteen years of age, and took the College oath “*sub forma veteri*” on May 21st, 1648, receiving minor orders on 21st of June. On March 28th, 1650, he left for the Jesuit house at Watten, where he entered the Society. He died in Newgate on December 3rd, 1678, but still awaits beatification. The accounts are in the name of Odoardus Banesius, though in the *Responsa* he gives his real name as Edward Mico, and then signs it Harvaeus.

Though many of the entries do not give details, we print the debit (*dare*) page in full. There are however some items of interest. Who were, for example, the Neapolitan singers? Did they give a concert in the House or a public one in the Augusteo of those days? The credit page (*recto*) contains an interesting reference to the poet Crashaw. “1649 A di 13 May six crownes for so much payed him for a cloake and cote by Mr. Richard Crashaw as in this. 21.” There is a cross reference in the accounts of Crashaw, which we hope to publish later. One wonders how the poet came to buy a coat and cloak from the future Martyr.

Book E. (Lib. 313).

A di 29 Novembre 1647 S.70 b.60 dico scudi settanta & 60 mta. for so much taken out of Fr. Harvey's chamber & due to ye same Ed. Harvey or Baines.¹

Book F. (Lib. 314).

Odoardo Banesio dare 18 April one crowne for the	
Neapolitan Singers	1.0
The first of September six Julios60
2 Sept given to B. John Collins to provide clothes for	
Ed. Baines six crownes six Julios	6.60
8 of September on crowne for Monte Porzio	1.00
12 Sept. B. John Collins his bill of apparel came to	
S.uno b.75 more than received	1.75
Summe	10.95

¹ There are ten beiocks (b—baiocchi) to a Julie (giulio) and ten Julios to a scudo (S.) or crown. “mta” presumably for “moneta” i.e., small change.

Remaineth good to Ed. Baines .	59.65
12 September 1648 I receaved of fr. Procurator fifty nine crownes beiocks sixty five	59.65
Summa totalis .	70.60

Dare di contro 17 October 1648 twenty crownes lent to Edward Cotton	20.00
One Julio the 26 of November for bindinge of a booke .	.10
Two Julioes and a halfe 22 of Decembr.	0.25
One Julio for almes the 18th. of March	0.10
Two Julios for gloves the 13th of Aprille	0.20
Two Julios for gloves the 5th. of June	0.20
five Julios the 4th of July	0.50
One crowne the 17th of September	1.00
	<hr/> 22.35

Two Julios for gloves the 11th of January	0.20
The 19th of February 5 Julios to the Sacristan	0.50
The 22th. of ye same one Julio10
The 18th of March five Julios50
	<hr/> 23.65

One at least of these entries seems to have been made by Mico himself: "I receaved 59 crownes etc." He seems to have returned almost the whole sum within a few days, for on the credit side we find: "Anno 1648 Odoardo Bainesio. Havere. A di 16 Sept fifty eight crownes b. 55 restored me back again by R. F. Rectour."

From the Pilgrim Book we learn that Edward Cotton came in Nov 1645 and after three days received the gown. In a note on the credit page he is called Edward Blunt. "... not counting the S.20 lent to Edw. Blunt the which we must recover of the foresaid Edw. Blunt. p. 13." Under this reference we find it was borrowed for his journey. Apparently only 18 scudi were recovered on 13 July, 1649. B. John Collins was a lay brother in charge of the wardrobe.

THE VIA DEI LAGHI

The Via dei Laghi is finished. And frankly we may say that it is not the source of trouble we had expected. We had visualised the twin plagues of trippers and traffic and despondently had foretold the ruin of the old leafy walks to Marino, Nemi and Velletri. But few of these fears have been realised. On a fine Sunday, it is true, the traffic is considerable—what else could you expect when there is such a splendid road within so short a distance of Rome?—but throughout the rest of the week the road is deserted. And even on a Sunday our *beata solitudo* is little disturbed. A stout barbed-wire fence along the edge of the Sforza repels the curious trippers, and the trees and shrubs do much to shut out the noise. And though the blare of a motor horn or the shriek of brakes occasionally pierces the repose of a summer afternoon, at least they provide you with a reasonable excuse for losing your wicket to a straight fast one.

The road runs from Marino to Velletri, with a branch to the right leading to Nemi. Leaving Marino you climb steadily to reach the rim of the lake, and as you swing out onto the crest you are amazed that this road is not more popular among the Roman motorists. It is a fine broad road, not curving overmuch but never so straight as to grow monotonous. For the most part it follows the rim of the lake, but occasionally it swings to the left to give you a view of the Valle Violata, Rocca di Papa and the Tusculum range in the background. As you near Palazzola the road plunges in among the trees, passes through our old orchard and away up past the De Cupis wall to skirt the Sforza, crosses the Rocca-Albano road where the Ponticello used to stand, and then makes away past the Pink House towards Velletri. As it begins to cross the Latin Vale the side road branches off to Nemi on the right—a strange road this, for much of the way blasted through the living rock, and, just before it enters Nemi, tunnelling into the hillside to emerge at the far end of the town. But the main road runs straight and purposeful across the Latin Vale. Twice or thrice it swings to climb the hill, and almost before you know



THE VIA DEI LAGHI

it you are out on the shoulder with Velletri at your feet and a far-reaching view of the Campagna, the Volscians and, on a clear day, Circeo and its attendant Isole di Ponza.

Every prospect pleases and only man is vile—the quotation is apt in connection with the Via dei Laghi, especially when ‘man’ is crouched behind the wheel of an ancient Fiat. But luckily traffic is infrequent as yet, and the road is on the whole a boon to us at Palazzola. Most of our old paths through the woods remain untouched, and as we swing home from a gita to the Volscians or an alfresco on Algidus, chanting lustily the traditional songs, the white level surface ringing beneath our feet is infinitely preferable to the pot-holed surface of the mule-track we used of yore. Forty years on, when Rome extends from Albano to the sea, we will have changed our tune and sing a different song about the beauties of the Via dei Laghi—but by then Palazzola will be a hotel, and we will have moved further afield in search of our *sola beatitudo*.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 10th, *Friday*. Lot fled not from his home town with more headlong eagerness to be gone than we showed this morning. A last look round one's room ; a clash as the windows are shut for the last time ; gropings in the darkness ; a clatter downstairs, rucksack bumping on one's back in the last minute rush for the tram. Without a backward glance we rattle and shriek and grind our way through the dull grey streets, strongly reminiscent of a burnt-out grate. We leave Rocca eventually and make our way through the woods, stopping every now and then to listen and to marvel at the stillness. We have to squeeze through a double barbed-wire fence to reach the Sforza, and, as we near the House, find Fr Welsby, who is to be our guest, already on the doorstep welcoming all and sundry. A cool breeze blows on the backs of our necks in chapel, the air is delightfully fresh, and there is an unwonted sparkle in everyone's eyes at supper ; and then to bed, and the rustle of a nightwind in the trees instead of heat and the midnight banjo of the Capellà, the howling wireless on the Monserrà, or the teething babe of the Cortile. "Transivimus per ignem et aquam—in refrigerium."

11th. *Saturday*. One or two zimarras looking positively musty from disuse appear before breakfast. Most of us are still bound to our desks, but we find that a bottle of water placed on the window-sill affords two miniature pictures of the lake, one upside-down, the other as you were ; so we don't have to get up every half-hour to hang out of the window and ponder over its beauty. The hawks occasionally soar gracefully into view and cries are wafted up on the hot breeze from the Gabina where the youth of Albano is splashing about in the margin of the misty blue lake. Six more theses before dinner.

12th. *Sunday*. A tremendous electric storm during the night roused even the heaviest sleepers. After excited talk at breakfast about it we found that three of the cypresses at the end of the garden

had been struck. A large piece of bark had been stripped from one, and it had suffered a huge rent amidships. After an exhaustive examination we lean over the garden wall. The lakeside looks drunk this morning, and well it may, for we heard it drawing long and deeply in the small hours. Benediction this evening began with a *T'Adoriam* (*con slancio*, of course), and the Rector accompanying on the harmonium added that Monte Porzio touch. After supper we gave Mr Leahy a thunderous *Ad Multos Annos* and helped him rather ignominiously from the common-room.

13th. *Monday*. Bedlam reigns in the billiard room. If the gramophone is to be used at all (which seems obscurely necessary) it must be put on at top-speed, otherwise it gives up the ghost half-way through a record.

14th. *Tuesday*. Every day a dull grey envelope attracts a crowd of beating hearts to the foot of the Salone steps. The owners of the hearts stand on one leg and examine, now the Madonna, now the telephone booth and the plan of Palazzola, and wonder whence came the name "The Cardinal's Suite". They prophesy either ruin and disaster or "at least eight", according to temperament. At last their turn comes, they leap up the steps, receive the blow, and descend either delighted or disgruntled (also according to temperament). We were troubled today to hear of the death of one who has for several years been the admiration and wonder of Venerabile men, Fr Vermeersch.

15th. *Wednesday*. We sang farewell to Mr Neary tonight and heard that sanctions, with a very small 's', had been taken off. Our carabines will be sorry to hear it—they could have a nice quiet smoke behind the front door while on duty.

16th. *Thursday*. Only the drone of aeroplanes breaks the morning stillness. After tea we cheered Mr Neary from the bottom of the Sforza steps and returned to our rooms for three more hours. There is just time after that for a bathe and a short smoke in the Pergola while we hammer out one or two difficulties.

17th. *Friday*. The clock in the tower which has hitherto been striking when and how it pleased, went completely off the lines this morning, striking the *Ave*, half past twelve, a quarter to nine and a quarter past six in quick succession. We learnt later that it is being mended. The young clockman who has been having a rough time lately between the clock, the Rector, and those who were late, is breathing huge sighs of relief. The wireless appeared in the billiard room as a substitute for the gramophone. It is a small thing, about a foot by nine inches in the face, but anyone who knows anything about loudspeakers can see that it will cause a certain amount of dissention before long in a community of widely varying tastes in music such as ours.

18th. *Saturday*. At last.

19th. *Sunday*. *Periculo facto*, we rose early to begin to enjoy the

Villa in earnest. Ferreting out last year's villa hat, we set off briskly on a tour of inspection. That part of the Sforza just above the steps which you remember as a barren wilderness, marshalled here and there into some sort of order by rock walls, has lately been adorned with flower beds—we don't know their names but the flowers are pink, white, red and gold—and the effect is delightful. The Pergola stands amid this glory, but its wooden seats are very dilapidated and await repair. The trees, shrubs and grass are very luxuriant this year and give every corner an air of delicious seclusion. The tour of inspection petered out at the golf-house where we found one or two people ruminating about the exams, with books on their laps which they have wanted to read for so long and now prefer to dream over. We idly wonder who will take the place of the general handyman and repair the winter's damage. A ukase from the Rector at supper to the effect that in future we are to sing the *Ad Multos Annos* once only; he demonstrated the ideal tempo there and then. *Prosit* Mr Elcock, who, ordained today in Rome,

20th. *Monday*, said his first Mass. We had a no-bell day for the occasion. The *grillo* tribe began to make itself heard today. What must have been a particularly large specimen settled in the tree just outside the Church door and accompanied our spiritual reading. It is hard to believe that an insect could make such a noise, or that it could have been immortalized in verse:

“ a voice will run
From hedge to hedge . . .
That is the Grasshopper's.”

It does. To dinner Mr B. Elcock. Afterwards we sang the revised version of the *Ad Multos*, but there were such wide differences of interpretation at the “throbbly part” that the effect was decidedly scraggy. Mr Elcock gave Benediction which was followed by the *Te Deum* and *Kissing of Hands*. The last three men returned from Rome and the exams are over. *Deo gratias!*

21st. *Tuesday*. The first game of cricket was played. It drew to an exciting but protracted close, the winners emerging with a margin of five runs. The sides stroll up casually, armed with deckchairs and books, and however late they are, the committee are still engaged with mats, whitewash and sightscreens. The wickets (and the sightscreens) fall steadily to cries of “Grub”, “Hard luck”, or “Take him off”, and we all retire for a bathe before dinner. After tea we are even more sluggish in congregating, and umpires and substitutes are hard to find. The shadows fall across the pitch and the sun glares over the De Cupis wall. The last rabbits appear and score more in a short time than the so-called batsmen take half an hour to make. We dribble down for another bathe with a pad and a stump, or the score book and a deck-chair, and squabble mildly about the respective merits of the sides. There was a *piano concerto* on the wireless tonight—hushed is the call of The Trumpeter, the Blue Danube runs no less still than deep.

22nd. *Wednesday*. First Sforza gita. To dinner, George, our beggar, in much the same condition as usual. He appeared half-way through the spaghetti and cast himself down under his chosen olive, there to receive a mountainously piled plate from Piccolo Bill. We heard the first strains of the opera today as the pianist skirmished with the producer in the common-room.

23rd. *Thursday*. The tennis court has at last won in its annual struggle to remain uncivilized. After a few tentative pokes at it the Committee turned away, broken men, and the poppies flutter all the more gaily and the wire-netting lurches all the more abandonedly for the victory. Fr Welsby returned after spending five days with the Irish at Formia.

24th. *Friday*. We saw the first signs of activity today when someone began to repair the seat round the tree which the cricket captain calls "The Pavilion", and which also accommodates Sforza diners who have not inherited, bought, or purloined deckchairs, or who regard it as a strategic position for the waylaying of servants while the plates are still full. After supper a blood-red moon attracts much comment (of the Old Moore's Almanack type).

25th. *Saturday*. Someone sank nine holes in the corresponding greens this morning and will very shortly be cursing himself for not having made them a good deal larger. Talking of sinking, one enterprising youth, who had made himself a triangular box affair in which he might with much discomfort steer himself round the swimming bath, sitting in two inches or so of water and submerging at irregular intervals, has decided to make his craft more seaworthy by caulking the joints with putty and adding a species of surfboard thoughtfully studded with nails to the blunt end. The only result so far seems to be a new and unpleasant tang in the already tasty water.

26th. *Sunday*. A game of cricket kept us out in the sun all the morning and there are few who cannot boast of some vivid colour on face and neck. Fr Welsby sat in the "clubhouse" and encouraged and consoled, mostly the latter, while the devotees of the Pipe established their usual superiority over the mere "Weeds".

27th. *Monday*. The burden of the great heat lies heavily on the landscape and only an occasional bird or butterfly shows any sign of life. We were introduced to English Catholicism by Dr. Matthews at dinner.

28th. *Tuesday*. Mr McNeill left for England after issuing some last-minute birthday greetings. Golf began this afternoon, somewhat unenthusiastically, with as good a clout by the Senior Student as has been seen for many a year. As it is still possible to lose (temporarily) a cricket ball at silly point, it follows that golf balls simply disappear in the deep. Someone lost four in his first nine holes! Fr Welsby, who takes an interest in everything, was at hand to cheer the disconsolate putter.

29th. *Wednesday.* Things are afoot: the Rector climbed the Sforza leading a procession of useful men, the Architect, the Plumber, the Bricklayer and the Painter. Rumour had it that they went to see the tennis-court.

30th. *Thursday.* We were honoured by a flying visit from the Fr General of the Jesuits who came, presumably, to wish Fr Welsby a happy feast day. Shortly after his arrival, inside information on the Spanish situation was circulating round the Sforza. A less welcome visit was paid by a lynx-eyed tax gatherer from Rocca, who pounced on the new shutters over the cortile window of the refectory.

31st. *Friday. Feast of St Ignatius.* Consequently Fr Welsby said the community mass (and found a bouquet on his plate at breakfast). At supper we drank an extra glass of red to the Jesuits. It takes a relay of five strong men to switch our wireless set from long to short wave, and by the time we succeed, the Spanish news is over, and the fortunes of Glamorgan and Sussex are being discussed with equal seriousness.

AUGUST 1st. *Saturday.* The first of what the University Calendar labels "*feriae aestivae*", which we gazed at with such a longing eye in June. Mr Osborne arrived for the week-end, accompanied by Mgr Heard, who forthwith vanished like a wraith.

2nd. *Sunday.* Mr Osborne set up his easel at the end of the garden to attack the fountain. It is just the right weather for golf, but too cold to sit in the golf-house afterwards and ruin your partner's good name, so we retire to the Wiggery which was thoughtfully smoked out by a handy-man yesterday. A shower after tea stops in time for cricket practice, which in these days is as dangerous as rock-climbing—but Fr Welsby is always at hand with the "short form" in his pocket and a running commentary on his lips.

3rd. *Monday.* Dr Gowland arrived and began immediately to make himself at home—with the Opera cast's bowling, despite which it won. The arrival of a carpet at the swimming bath makes it so much easier to take the initial plunge. You race along, shut your eyes, and find you've done half a length without noticing it. What matter if everyone else has to begin drying all over again?

4th. *Tuesday.* After tea much activity on the Sforza. A harassed cricket captain ploughed about in the deep with a mowing machine looking for a new practice pitch. After stripping forty square yards or so of grass, he found the surface adorned with an extraordinary number of death-traps. Strong men meanwhile tore the old roof from the golf-house and began the work of re-covering it, in more rustic and becoming fashion. Unfortunately, three out of every four nails seem to collapse on being hit. Work goes on steadily on the new bench round the "cricket pavilion", designed to defy the course of years and the weight of many generations.

5th. *Wednesday*. *S. Maria ad Nives*. Luigi added body, if not tone, to our *Ave Maris Stella* at the High Mass before breakfast. The thought of climbing back to the Villa (by "short-cuts") at midday deters us from joining a noisy throng lake-bound. The handy men at the golf-house continue to bend nails.

6th. *Thursday*. A perfectly balmy morning, with a sort of caress about it. The heavy stillness, however, is shattered by the first cortile practice.

7th. *Friday*. In the New Wing a Chapel is being built at the far end of St Edward's Cortile to house the Nuns more commodiously—on the site where, so rumour had it, stood some good fig-trees. Mgr Clapperton and Fr Stephens paid us a visit from the Scots Villa.

8th. *Saturday*. Dr Park arrived looking extremely well and more muscular than ever, and after borrowing a cassock and breviary settled down to teach the Bridge fans how to play Contract. A marvellously fresh night, the moon not yet up and the stars all out. We carefully noted the Plough and the Milky Way before retiring triumphantly to night-prayers.

9th. *Sunday*. Today was introduced a new cricket rule against "grubs". The stumps were marked low down with tape, and any ball striking them below this Plimsoll line was considered a no-ball. Our demon bowlers thereupon set to work to bowl steady body-line. The wireless programme was so bad tonight as to provoke a spell of the gramophone—but not for long. The boy Lough, Petrolini and the *Hallelujah Chorus* proved quite sufficient, and we returned to foreign parts.

10th. *Monday*. We think we ought to put it on record, as an encouragement to future generations, that one gentleman in the course of two rounds of golf has driven eight balls into the woods from the fifth tee.

11th. *Tuesday*. The Sforza is very deserted these mornings. The student in the golf-house is undisturbed save perhaps by a downcast figure making his way fernwards with a scythe, uttering fervent prayers to St Anthony, or by an aspirant to lower scores going forth armed with bill-hook and rake to take revenge on the patch of rough which ensnared him yesterday.

12th. *Wednesday*. The electrician was seen with a look of firm resolve on his face and a coil of wire in his hand. The result is the long-desired aerial which prevents that fading-out so irritating to the news-seeker. Meanwhile the cricket-committee hopefully prepared a pitch (*the pitch*, rather) for tomorrow and left the lime-bucket on the crease. We heard that one of Carnevale's cows coming in later for its evening meal made for this unaccustomed delicacy and drank long and deeply therefrom, as cows will. The result was rather unfortunate, and the cow spent the next few minutes trying to unslake itself.

13th. *Thursday*. Gitas begin to be discussed. An exciting period when reductions need to be ascertained, clothes and maps borrowed, companions selected and so on. We will be glad when we get on that horrible crowded night-train for the North, and can definitely say "We're off!". To dinner Bishop Hayes, Mgr Clapperton and Fr Stephens.

14th. *Friday*. "Jejun. et abstin." as the Ordo has it, a hopeless dawn. There is usually more exercise taken on these mornings than on any others, a general impression being current that golf, swimming and handball help to distract the mind from the distressing state of the stomach. Be that as it may, Sixth Year challenged Seventh to a seven-a-side cricket match this evening and were defeated for their pains, though by the narrowest of margins. One enthusiast turned out attired in the fashion of our ancestors, but found it impossible to bend in the slips, nor did a top hat prevent him from being "grubbed out". It transpired later that only three people of the fourteen had the slightest desire to play. It is marvellous what enthusiasm can achieve. One of our absent brethren arrived from England with a consignment of eatables for tomorrow's dinner. We believe that with great difficulty he restrained himself from sampling the goods which are to be by way of a surprise packet or plate. We all know, of course, what they are and it will be recorded in due time.

15th. *Saturday*. *The Assumption*. They were German sausages.

16th. *Sunday*. The day appointed for the contest between the Old and New Wings at Cricket. The New Wing were aided by Dr Gowland who proved invaluable to them, and yet, as usual, they lost. The hope of the Old Wing hit the twenty required to win off one over and was then bowled.

18th. *Tuesday*. One of the worst sciroccos on record. We went about all day with a glazed look in our eyes, hoping for the end.

19th. *Wednesday*. One of our butts went to Rome today to see the Doctor and returned with the stigma of jaundice, whereupon someone rather callously suggested that *Chi lo Sa?* would be sending into Rome for a tube of yellow paint. Mr Dawson left us.

20th. *Thursday*. The ordinary daily round is broken by three cheers for Mr Carlile who is leaving us. The Balilla sweeps away to bring back the Vice-rector.

21st. *Friday*. A long sun-burnt day of cricket, Philosophers against Theologians. The importance of the game gained a no-bell day, so we made an early start. Philosophy succumbed cheaply before dinner and the more mature Theologians won easily, despite the fact that their opponents were aided by Dr Gowland. The piano woke to life at the Vice-rector's touch, all the more vivid for his stay in England. A public meeting, held in the open air under the bay trees, was finished off in business-like fashion in one sitting.

22nd. *Saturday*. The weather is gradually warming up and the horseflies are swooping round in packs. While drying oneself at the bath it is necessary to keep up a steady smacking at all parts of one's anatomy in order to remain unstung.

23rd. *Sunday*. Fr Welsby left us today for a stay in the hospital, "Qui Si Sana"—we hope one does—and Archbishop Cicognani dropped in after tea to say goodbye. We had looked forward to his spending some days with us, but this was not to be.

24th. *Monday*. "Now for the eggs and the ham, and the strawberry jam." We are not supposed to know either the words or the tune, but unfortunately they are both growing a little hackneyed by now. Popular prejudice, however, demands that they be not sung in the ears of the ten or twelve of us who will make up the audience on "the night".

25th. *Tuesday*. A sermon. And a sermon class. But the first quarter of the moon is riding over the Lake in a clear night sky.

26th. *Wednesday*. The last Sforza gita, all of which have been held in perfect weather, was rounded off by drinking Domenico's health; we then wound our hot and dusty way down to the House for the most important siesta of the week. It was not to be. In the first place, the men who get things done were decorating the cortile with the normal holly chains of giant girth and putting a thatched roof on the well. Then there were the electricians stretching coils of wire along the corridor. And the painter, who is touching up the windows throughout the house, started a devil's tattoo on the common-room shutters immediately below us. Last of all the Balilla arrived with a toot and a scrunch to snatch away Dr Gowland; we hope he enjoyed our company as much as we enjoyed his. It was then time to go and stand under a shower and restore oneself to normal.

27th. *Thursday*. We had a round of golf with one of the cast this no-bell-day morning. He was anxious to get into voice, instead of which he got into the rough and came out hoarse. The cortile is a scene of intense activity, and the junior electrician has lost at least ten pounds in the last few days. *Ne bis idem*, we refer you to the Epiphany for a criticism of the Opera. Suffice it to say here that the show started promptly after the usual half-hour's delay, but we whiled away the time sampling the wine and biscuits provided by the generosity of Dr Gowland. The firework display which accompanied the incantation, and the generous dollops of mustard hidden in the sandwiches taken during the interval combined to give us an extremely exciting evening.

THE SORCERER

by

W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre (an elderly baronet)
Alexis (of the Grenadiers—his son)

Mr Duggan
 Mr Gallagher

<i>Dr Daly (Vicar of Ploverleigh)</i>	Mr Roberts
<i>Notary</i>	Mr Auchinlech
<i>John Wellington Wells</i> (<i>of J. W. Wells & Co., Family Sorcerers</i>)	Mr Curran
<i>Lady Sangazure (a Lady of ancient lineage)</i>	Mr Sweeney
<i>Aline (her daughter—betrothed to Alexis)</i>	Mr Henshaw
<i>Mrs Partlet (a pew-opener)</i>	Mr Clark
<i>Constance (her daughter)</i>	Mr McEnroe
<i>Chorus of Villagers</i>	Messrs Ford, Wells, Wilkins, Gannon, O'Neill, Alston, Mitchell, Weetman, Brown, Keegan, Hanlon, Key, Smith, Stanley

ACT I Grounds of Sir Marmaduke's Mansion. Midday

ACT II Same. Midnight, twelve hours later

Dresses : Messrs Auchinlech and Pledger

Lighting Effects : Messrs Jackson and Connolly

(By kind permission of R. D'Oyle Carte)

28th. *Friday.* After breakfast conversation turns on the amount of sleep one failed to get last night and today of all days has been chosen for the emptying of the bath. We felt an almost personal loss as we watched the dark waters slowly draining out. However, the Campbells are coming next week and we must have fresh water to offer them.

29th. *Saturday.* A strange confessor arrived from *Rufinella* to substitute for *Fr Welsby*, who is under observation in hospital; so did *Fr Wood* to stay the week-end with us. The bathing pool has been quickly whitewashed against the Scots, and the water is now clattering into it. Snatches of the Opera haunt the air.

30th. *Sunday.* The last game of cricket was a very scrappy one too, ending up with "tip and run". To dinner *Mgr Clapperton*, *Fr Stephens* and *Mr Ingram*.

31st. *Monday.* The last day of preparation before *gitas*. The season of borrowing has reached its height, and rucksacks are being tightly packed with the belongings of others. The swimming bath is slowly filling and is being helped on by the energetic efforts of a few chosen souls. One gentleman carried a hundred buckets from the tap in the rock today and was rewarded for his labour by thinking he saw the water rise an inch—he was rather doubtful about this. *Wagner*

night on the radio suited our surging feelings—but we have yet to pack a thousand and one articles most of which we will certainly jettison in Rome as being unnecessary. *Arrivederci!*

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Tuesday*. As we trooped down to meditation, we could see the Rector and his party making ready for Lugano amid mounds of luggage. After breakfast other expeditions stamped manfully away, some with genteel suit-cases, others carrying the homely borrowed rucksack, and the incorrigible few with pyjamas in their pockets and one toothbrush among three.

2nd. *Wednesday*. Nineteen men of the Scots College came to us by devious dusty roads this morning, and were refreshed in the usual manner, though the swimming bath was not even half full and can only be described as moist in the shallow end. Coffee and rosolio were taken in the garden, and were followed by the usual dilemma: bridge or siesta? After tea the Sforza resembled a composite photograph of "When White Men Meet", golf, cricket and 'shooting-in' flourishing side by side.

3rd. *Thursday*. The first of the day gitas.

4th. *Friday*. Half a dozen numbers of *Punch* have made their appearance in the common-room, the gift of some kind-hearted diplomat in Rome. However, all the Frank Reynolds cartoons on earth could not deter the five pathetic figures who crept up to the Sforza after tea for a cricket match. How they arranged the teams nobody knows: presumably two a side, and one Mystery Man.

5th. *Saturday*. Mass this morning was offered for the speedy recovery of Fr Welsby. In the evening came Fr Fitzgibbon, S.J.

6th. *Sunday*. Six die-hards played a game of soccer this afternoon, goaded to activity, no doubt, by Friday's embryo cricket match.

7th. *Monday*. The American visit, and our guests were twenty-five, the same number as ourselves. After dinner we gave a short concert and for once the still small voice that says "siesta" was unheeded after coffee and rosolio. After tea everything that a casual glance could identify as a golf-club was requisitioned. Some Americans were initiated into the mysteries of cricket, and made tremendous progress. After such a very pleasant day, it was a great shock to be told by the Vice-rector that Fr Welsby is very dangerously ill. We are to say the prayers for the sick during the public visits, and will make a novena of masses, starting on Wednesday. Tomorrow the Vice-rector will take the relic of Blessed Ralph Sherwin to Fr Welsby.

8th. *Tuesday*. Several theologians left for the Abruzzi this morning: we also have a sprained ankle or so tucked up in bed, so our numbers are smaller than ever.

9th. *Wednesday*. Gita day was as popular as ever today. Nobody seems to have any desire to go record-breaking "over the hills and far away" in these degenerate days.

11th. *Friday*. Last night when all men slept, our faithful Domenico was attacked by a mosquito which took refuge in his left ear, and refused to come out again, despite all the blandishments of the Senior Infirmary. This morning the Rocca Doctor was able to extricate the latter half of the retiring insect, but most of its body remains entombed, perhaps irrevocably.

12th. *Saturday*. Rain at last: intermittent showers of it all day, with thunder in the background. Today confessions were heard by Fr Ellis, S.J. Three theologians all with thoroughly cropped heads and boiled faces hurried back tonight to the haven where it is unnecessary to call for the *conto*.

13th. *Sunday*. A return to fine weather, but it is now too chilly for the bath to be popular. This is the season for sudden colds and interior gripings. The wise man keeps his zimarra handy and doesn't stay out at night to admire the sunset. Third Year are making last minute preparations for departure. The singing is somewhat thin at Benediction but on the other hand the billiard room is a haven of peace and quiet after meals. We are now a quarter of an hour ahead of Roman time and are treasuring it up for a little extra sleep one of these mornings.

14th. *Monday*. We had it this morning and then watched the Vice-rector depart with Third Year Philosophy. We now touch low water mark and number a mere fifteen all told.

15th. *Tuesday*. A dull, grey day. Rain in the morning—not whole-hearted rain, which is what we need, but poor thin stuff, hardly wetting the surface of the ground. Nine more people and the Rector returned tonight.

16th. *Wednesday*. Most travellers returned and the leaden skies continued to relieve themselves of intermittent showers. The Wiggery is the only dry spot on afternoons like this, for the ambitious golf-house roof was never finished and makes no pretence of keeping out the rain.

17th. *Thursday*. "The storm which raged unabated all night" put the lights out most opportunely just as we were seizing the shaving-brush. The lightning struck the wires on the lakeside with a loud clang, and we had Meditation and Mass in darkness. When the current did begin to run again half the lights in the church worked properly while the others seemed to be suffering from some sort of anaemia, and it is thus all over the House. The *fornaio* from Rocca evidently thought we would not need bread on such a morning and so stayed at home. The rain paused sufficiently to allow the main part of the House to leave for the visit to the American Villa.

18th. *Friday*. Gita Day. "One of those blue and gold mornings" though somewhat stuffy. The common-room after breakfast was the

usual hive of hesitation and doubt. People hover round the notice-board waiting for the original and attractive list that never comes. Hardened alfrescoers had a feverish and swashbuckling search for tackle owing to some new regulations restricting borrowing from the kitchens and were eventually successful—albeit there was only one tea-spoon between five. Eventually the crowd thins out, the enterprising folk departing for some such wild fastness as Monte Compatri or Faete, the more sober setting out later for Rocca, there to haggle over a *prezzo fisso* and (probably) to order coffee in a fit of rashness at the end of the meal.

19th. *Saturday. Ember Day.* Some person brought a pair of scales into the breakfast, but soon convinced himself that they were incorrect. So much for scrupulosity. To dinner Fr Ellis, S.J.—a dinner which he had well earned by shriving us.

20th. *Sunday.* We killed our first scorpion of the Villa tonight and studied the corpse, flattened on the wall as neatly as a flower in a schoolgirl's book. Though armed with a beautiful pair of workmanlike pinchers fore, and a strong tail aft, it did not seem to have any head—perhaps it came away on our slipper. Do scorpions have heads? We drew our bed carefully away from the wall.

21st. *Monday.* We visited the Scots and climbed back from Marino, not along the old difficult path, but by the new Via dei Laghi. We hear that the Nuns' chapel is to have a *campanile* with two bells and tremble with forebodings of unforeseen horrors.

23rd. *Wednesday.* The great heat combined with more Opera practices beguiled us into thinking we were back in August again. We rejoiced to see Dr Cunningham arrive this evening accompanied by Fr Keily. Kindly hands had decorated the latter's room (in mistake for the former's) with the Union Jack, but they were speedily informed that it had been hung upside down.

24th. *Thursday.* Luigi has been trimming the box-hedges lately and the garden looks much neater in consequence. This morning he started work on the wall which has brought forth a small jungle of tangled brambles, shrubs and other flora.

25th. *Friday,* being the Rector's birthday, the Senior Student proposed his health and we sang the abbreviated form of *Ad Multos Annos*, but we have not got the *tempo* right yet. The Vice brought Second Year back from the Dolomites in time for dinner. Our jaundiced one returned in the pink, and they were all tremendously pleased with themselves and monopolised the conversation during coffee.

26th. *Saturday.* The first game of soccer this afternoon, but not even the overwhelming enthusiasm of the Committee could 'pressgang' more than sixteen, and the result, to a casual glance, seemed extremely scrappy. We have now a large sprinkling of rugger players, and it is remarkable how few of the latter can stand on one leg and kick a ball

in the correct soccer fashion. Dr Cunningham was prominent in a sing-song in the common-room; we unearthed a number of old favourites.

27th. *Sunday*. The two low Masses followed each other in order that a full rehearsal of the Opera might be held in the cortile. The sea stands out clearly on these dull days and catches the reflection of the afternoon sun. By lowering the eyebrows and squinting through the underbrush one may discern a ship here and there in the silvery-golden glitter. A full-house on the golf-course tonight, and a fire in the golf-house to cheer things up. Gita experiences are gradually coming to light under the influence of wood-smoke.

28th. *Monday*. Second performance of the Opera. The clerk of the weather insists on playing his annual joke, and the sky, after threatening all the morning, looses a downpour just before dinner, drenching the stage decorations (*necnon* the decorators). A fresh breeze from the sea, however, puts an end to all doubts after dinner, and while the cast besiege the common-room and carefully disguise themselves, we take the air under a clear fresh blue sky. At dusk we return indoors. A strong reek of pigments and what not, mingled with hot wine, assails the nostrils as we pass the green room. It is going to be chilly, so we wrap ourselves closely in zimarras and tuck ourselves into the gutter. The lights are dimmed, the overture starts, the hot wine passes round. After the performance there is a congratulatory speech from the Rector. A torrential shower of rain thunders down on the house as we slide into bed—to remind us of what might have been.

29th. *Tuesday*. The cortile, hideously untidy in the grey light of morning, was stripped and swept clear before the rain began in earnest. Zimarras appear on duty again, fires are lit in the common-room during Rosary, and a pungent smell of wood-smoke pervades the place.

30th. *Wednesday*. Gita Day. A most singular phenomenon might be observed this morning by anyone who ventured out on the terrace after breakfast. A thick mist had slowly lifted out of the Lake and left it literally steaming. Little wisps rose all over the surface for about half an hour. The temperature has distinctly dropped; those who know these things say that the wind is a *tramontana*. It is certainly remarkably clear, and an extraordinary amount of sea seems to have banked itself up on the horizon. A few chosen souls stamped round the common-room mumbling something about it being a day for the Volscians. No doubt it was—but Frascati isn't in the Volscians, is it? Dr Cunningham and Fr Keily left us after breakfast, with musical honours and flag-dipping.

OCTOBER 1st. *Thursday*. Those who prefer to take their after-breakfast recreation in the open air, and who normally congregate on the terrace, moved down to the middle of the garden this morning to catch the slanting rays of the morning sun. It is as cold as we have known it at Palazzola—as the Opera cast will testify; they had to change into their flimsy motley for photographs.

2nd. *Friday*. In the small hours of the afternoon, while some of the House slept, a distinct tremor of the earth rattled walls and floors for five or six seconds. We haven't yet heard whether this earthquake was noticed officially, but we can vouch for its historicity, as it even woke one or two of our hardened sleepers. Otherwise there were no ill effects.

3rd. *Saturday*. You can laze on the garden wall for hours these mornings. Every detail of the huge landscape is at once distant and intimate; a murmur rises from the Lake, either from its waters urged steadily towards the Gabina by a strong wind which flecks the surface with a myriad fanciful white horses, or from the trees which brood over it. And after tea, if you are feeling energetic, get out onto the road in the boisterous wind, climb quickly through the damp woods, rustling the chestnut leaves and kicking the empty cases flying, out onto the shoulder of Faete. Circeo rises clear behind its bay and the Isole di Ponza loom out to sea. If these are the *Ottobrate* there are no days like them.

4th. *Sunday*. It is not advisable to walk along the new road on a fine Sunday evening. A constant stream of cars makes one yearn for the old leaf-strewn paths; it is irritating to be hooted at by cars on a road which you trod when it was a mere mule-track.

5th. *Monday*. The post brought the Opera photographs tonight and the cast look rather disgruntled.

6th. *Tuesday*. A cheer was raised in the billiard room at ten o'clock. By 10.30 the only person who did not know about it was the Vice-rector, and he was out of doors. A few people gathered round the wireless heard it first; it was announced in a perfectly calm voice, in the middle of the *Empire News Bulletin*, as if it were of no importance. Conversation turned on it after dinner, glowing pictures of the future were drawn between the mouthfuls of spaghetti, growing more and more vivid as we attacked the cheese. There was talk of English tobacco and cheaper text-books, of extra wine, and hot and cold water in all the rooms. The news, of course, was that we were to receive the old exchange, ninety-two lire for a pound!

7th. *Wednesday*. Yesterday departed Second Year, in the safe keeping of Dr Park, on the annual three day trip to Subiaco. Where they are now we know not, for their route was as uncertain as the weather; perhaps they are being swept by wind and rain at Guadagnola; perhaps they are huddled steaming round a brazier in Monte Compatri; perhaps Palestrina holds them in a clammy embrace. But wherever they may be, it will be raining.

8th. *Thursday*. Second Year (and the Repeater) are still absent, and it is feared that today's boisterous wind and rain will have obliterated the last tracks of their faltering footsteps. Some excitement was caused after dinner by the appearance of those menu cards of the mental *pabulum* to be served up by the University in the course of the year. They were anxiously perused to see who had got whom, and for how long.

9th. *Friday*. Second Year returned in our absence. It appears that their grand tour degenerated into a series of bus rides through the rain.

10th. *Saturday*. To dinner His Lordship of Southwark and Fathers Coffey and Collins. After tea, what more suitable for a contemplative mood than a stroll up to the meadow, there to find a dry spot on the rocks where one can meditate with one's eye cocked on the bright lake? Only one more week! As we meander home we see among the dead leaves the long-burnt out remains of fires lit in bygone years; the charred ashes are surrounded by lumps of rock, like so many crude tombstones to remind us of departed heroes. We heard today of the death of His Lordship Bishop Thorman and of Fr Schaaf, S.J., of the University. R.I.P.

11th. *Sunday*. The handball tournament which began yesterday was continued today. Two competitors this morning, by losing a set at 21—0, went far towards winning the booby prize, a bar of chocolate.

12th. *Monday*. The barber made a long desired appearance and turned us out looking like so many Jerry Crunchers. There was a great to-do in the corridors as the servants made their rounds with extra beds for the newcomers. This is the beginning of the end. A choir practice too reminds us of the proximity of Rome, though it is only for tomorrow's High Mass.

13th. *Tuesday*. *St Edward's*. And rain all morning. We began the day with High Mass, and the *Iste Confessor* went with a full-throated roar as we feel it should, but the horrible harmonium took the edge off its dignity. To dinner Sir Eric Drummond, Monsignori Clapperton and Nicolo, Fr Ellis, S.J., and Dr Sabatucci. The refectory was heavily decorated, but oh horror! we had to take our coffee and rosolio indoors. Solemn Benediction rounded off a dull day unrelieved by the appearance of *Chi lo Sa*?

14th. *Wednesday*. We have sing-songs after breakfast nowadays. This morning the crowd which gathers in the common-room to arrange gitas collected round both the pianos and we rendered *The Sorcerer* again, drifting out slowly in parties to the normal places. It was a magnificent day for a gita, the colouring of the landscape being as fresh as the air. A party sat round the fire in the Cave singing the sun down and listening to others blundering home in the darkness above from Anzio (via Albano), shouting for *Chi lo Sa*? It appeared after supper and as usual was surrounded by about fifteen eager youths, only three of whom could see anything.

15th. *Thursday*. Room lists appear for the new men during retreat. Ichabod, the glory is departed. One catches wonderful glimpses of the sea from the Sforza these nights. After playing a mashie shot you look up and see it through a gap in the trees, quite high on the sky line, the setting sun powdering it with gold. Then after sun-down it is good to

stretch your feet out to a fire in the golf-house or the pergola and sniff the wood-smoke. His Lordship of Nottingham arrived.

16th. *Friday*. There is a scirocco over Rome, but strangely enough the distant hills are remarkably clear and their colouring quite fantastic, like a Japanese print.

17th. *Saturday*. This glorious morning, our last few hours of peace, the air is full of gossamer threads. With the sunset came the new faces and the old. The House buzzed with excited conversation and hoary members of Seventh Year felt quite shy and out of place. The refectory and chapel are packed out and the new men are wandering round with blank faces wondering what will happen next. Mr Leahy had the distinction of being late and the last to arrive. We heard a Second Year cicerone murmuring something about "cinquecento" and "Of course, the sunsets here are famous". The names of the newcomers are: Messrs Roche (Westminster), Pledger (Southwark), O'Malley (Westminster), Storey A. (Middlesbrough), Gibb (Liverpool), Dawson (Birmingham), O'Connell (Lancaster), Franklin (Westminster), Brown (Westminster), Lavery (Hexham), Holland (Liverpool), Murtagh (Portsmouth), Daly (Shrewsbury), Fahy (Leeds), Hills (Southwark), Cotter (Clifton), O'Leary (Clifton).

18th. *Sunday*. We spent the day showing the new men round; the Lake, Rocca, Nemi. After the last few rowdy minutes in the common-room we plunged into silence. *O beata solitudo. O sola beatitudo.* The tag over the front door springs to the mind.

25th. *Sunday*. We cannot recall the sudden release of the flood-gates of speech, nor the excited din at breakfast and after, when everyone tries to talk to everyone else and the large post is brought to light and there are seven *Times* and seven *Osservatores* and seven of everything, and there are so many humorous incidents to recall and you just can't remember the screamingly funny thing that happened on Monday last, and everyone is desperately determined to be good and only succeeds in being hoarse, and fixes up walks and games with all sorts of people and is still talking at dinner until the climax of coffee and rosolio. We cannot, we say, recall anything of this, because Seventh Year, having left for Rome yesterday morning, received the diaconate from Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani at the German College this morning.

26th. *Monday*. The last day. Perhaps there is nothing else to be said of it. The best and the saddest day of the Villa when you make your last effort to capture the atmosphere of the place and store it away in your memory to help you through the vicissitudes of the coming year. The Senior Student was burnt according to custom and the cries echoed round the Lakeside. Our rooms are stripped bare save for jettisoned hats and old cassocks:

Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago.

27th. *Tuesday*. A small fleet of cars drew up before the church

door after breakfast and a large and motley crew squeezed themselves out of sight, breathed in and shut the doors. Thus many of us travelled back to Rome in the luxurious privacy only obtainable by eight people in a six-seater. In Rome we found large numbers of strangers wandering about the College helping to hang curtains, lay carpets, polish floors and render the place ship-shape after the dust and dirt caused by the workmen; but the new sanitary arrangements are not yet in order, despite the desperate efforts of the Vice-rector during the last week. The refectory looks palatial after the crowding of Palazzola, and we peer across the vast polished spaces at the man in the far corner. Peter's and perhaps Pam in the afternoon. We found the whole piazza up and a large crowd of workmen engaged in relaying it, but the noise of their labours was drowned in the clang of the bells ringing for the first vespers of SS Simon and Jude. So we were able to show the new men the Canons in action, after telling them the size of the pen in the Evangelist's hand and the rest of the rigmarole.

28th. *Wednesday*. The electric bell, which was out of order yesterday, calls us back to earth. The Duce knocked down the first brick of the Borgo this morning, and then spoke to a vast crowd in the Piazza Venezia. Most people interrupted their unpacking and sorting labours to go and see what there was to be seen. The first game of soccer was played in Pamphilj and we rounded off the day with an extra glass of wine at supper and an impromptu *Ad Multos Annos* for the Rector; today is the twentieth anniversary of his ordination.

29th. *Thursday*. The City swarmed with clerics laying in stationery, toilet necessities, books, pious objects and other paraphernalia. You are bound to meet everyone you know by sight somewhere in Rome's Woolworths, which goes by the cryptic name of "Upim".

30th. *Friday*. Half the House visited the Catholic Press Exhibition this morning, but mere sightseers found the mass of material rather confusing, and it was icy cold in the building. The Magazine appeared in the common-room after dinner and the talk subsided to a certain extent.

31st. *Saturday*. Pamphilj is exactly the same as usual, and this afternoon it was just too cold to sit on the stone seats and pick holes in the football—you remember that pernicious wind which nips across the vast panorama as you look at St Peter's and keeps all the play on the other side of the field. Mr McNeill returned with the Rev T. Ronchetti (Leeds) who is to study canon law. The House is now full and the tobacco smoke in the common-room when the bell goes for night prayers eddies about the misty figures in blue waves.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Sunday*. *All Saints*. The Vice-rector said the community mass for Fr Welsby, whose case the doctors have now given up as hopeless. The Rector sang the first High Mass of the year and we experienced the annual temptation to watch First Year giving each other the *Pax*. After tea the Rector spoke to the House on the

constitutions, and we had an early supper and a film which was something of a catastrophe as the talking machine went wrong and emitted all sorts of horrible noises.

2nd. *Monday*. All Rome's streets lead eventually to San Lorenzo and the Campo Santo, and all Rome seemed to be disgorging itself there this afternoon. The crowd begins to thicken under that little railway bridge this side of the Porta Tiburtina, you are besieged by women selling flowers, but you've already seen them coming and fixed your eyes on the middle-distance which happens to be a vignette of Gennaro looking as purple and white as a Dolomite in the afternoon sun, above the cypresses down the Via Tiburtina. Eventually you surge into the comparative stillness of San Lorenzo, and then squeeze into the burial ground, lifting your hat *passim*, to make the conventional visit to "The Gi's Grave". Having rubbed shoulders with half the population of Rome, you spend the rest of the night rubbing yourself. Weighing in after supper; the record gain is $17\frac{1}{2}$ lbs!

3rd. *Tuesday*. To the *Lectio Brevis*: on to Sant'Ignazio, in the wet, of course, and sharing an umbrella. Archbishop Hinsley and Mgr Elwes arrived during after-supper recreation and were given a vociferous welcome from the common-room windows, and shortly afterwards at close quarters.

4th. *Wednesday*. *Premiations*. The Aula Maxima was festooned with loudspeakers and Fr Rosadini read a paper of some length. Yes, it rained too.

5th. *Thursday*. The man who lives under the Arch in Pam told us yesterday that we could expect fine weather; "la piccola estate di San Martino", he called it. It began today—you could smell the trees and the leaves and the grass. Coffee and rosolio to drink the health of the new doctors, or quasi-doctors, and we dragged a speech out of each of the visitors in turn. Surgeon Lt.-Commander Barry, R.N., spoke to the Literary Society today on: "Is the British Navy tied up with string?"

6th. *Friday*. Early schools. But not the early schools that you used to know. You no longer have an abbreviated Meditation and Communion before Mass; you no longer scramble upstairs after a hastily swallowed breakfast (or no breakfast at all if the bread were late); you no longer sit down in hat and wings for half a cigarette or a few pulls at your pipe before dashing out, still digesting violently, into the cold grey dawn. Schools now begin precisely at 8.30, and oh the difference to those that have them! Bishop McNulty left us.

7th. *Saturday*. To dinner Fr Leeming who remained for the rest of the afternoon to hear confessions. We had to walk round the library corridor about a hundred and forty-six times before our turn came. Under the new time-table, we go into church almost immediately after returning from third lecture. We then say rosary in private, and the "Starvation Prayers", and have dinner at 12.20.

8th. *Sunday*. The "Orch." struck up! And there came to dinner Monsignori Heard, Clapperton and Duchemin, Fathers McCormack and Leeming of the University, and Mr Mallett.

9th. *Monday*. Public Meeting. No one had anything against the customary six speeches on St Catherine's except First Year, and they didn't dare to object.

10th. *Tuesday*. More Public Meeting. The scirocco is now four days old, but we are enjoying Mr Lunn's latest book in the refectory.

11th. *Wednesday*. Someone on the Capellà has learnt "Yes, we have no bananas", words and all. We dragged ourselves away from this treat to hear Mgr Clapperton sing Mass for the dead at San Silvestro, where we were tucked away like sardines in one of those horrible side chapels. A game of rugger (played with a soccer ball) gave plenty of amusement to the onlookers who had morbid tastes. We were delighted to see Mr A. Bowring at tea.

12th. *Thursday*. The new Martyrs picture, which was hung in the Chapel about a week ago is being touched up (or toned down—it is hard to say exactly which) but the process can hardly fail to improve it. We forgot to say that the Public Meeting ended yesterday at the last moment.

13th. *Friday*. *Scholae vacant*, as on Wednesday, that some may attend the Congress of Missions which is being held in the Aula Maxima. The second game of rugger this week was played today, and as the new baths are not completed yet, the more heated players were constrained to take an icy plunge before tea. We watched them with a shudder as they dived between the fallen fig-leaves.

15th. *Sunday*. A round number accepted an invitation to attend a lecture on Catholic Action at the Angelicum. Others preferred to sit on the sarcophagus or squat on the floor under the Arch in Pam, and discuss the names on the walls. It was raining, and stuffy, and the trees dripped and—well, you remember what it is like on such occasions.

18th. *Wednesday*. Third day of the Book Auction, which has now reached the twenty cents and no bid stage.

19th. *Thursday*. A Requiem Mass in S. Ignazio for the repose of the souls of Fathers Vermeersch and Schaaf, S.J. Seventh Year went off to the Vicariate in their best cassocks, Togni in their pockets, and came back smiling. Rumour has it that there are now five wireless sets in Dr Park's room, and that the pound is sinking again. An interesting talk from Mr Bernard Wall after supper.

20th. *Friday*. Bishop Dey and Fr Morris arrived in the small hours and were introduced to our rather ascetic breakfast table. At dinner they moved across to the walnut and sat amid the glory of pink glass.

21st. *Saturday*. Advice is now being offered to the six unfortunates in First Year who have to make after-dinner speeches. The history of "The Lion Story" is recalled and how So-and-so put his foot in it last year.

23rd. *Monday*. Last night we saw and heard a film: *Don Chisciotte*; that is, we saw all that could fit on our tiny screen (you remember how sometimes one got a magnificent view of the singer's chest while his head was invisible), and we heard a lot of noises supposed to be in the Italian tongue. Most people, however, came away feeling quite satisfied because they had heard Sancho Panza say "Che c'è?" quite distinctly. Lectures were called off at eight o'clock this morning because of the Thomist Congress, and no one seemed to be sorry.

24th. *Tuesday*. The Regent Horthy received a shattering salvo from the Gianicolo which must have shaken all the hospitals in Rome to their foundations. Opalescent weather, the sort in which you're at the top of Pam Steps before you realize that you have begun to climb the hill.

25th. *Wednesday*. *St. Catherine's*. There are high jinks on foot in honour of the Regent Horthy; we hear that a tremendous procession of soldiers, twenty-four abreast, paraded along the Via del Impero—infantry, cavalry, artillery and, most marvellous of all, a regiment of fire-sprayers in asbestos uniforms! Three fire engines brought up the rear, but there doesn't seem to have been any room for the post office officials. We had some difficulty in getting back after third lecture, and caustic remarks were passed between *camerate* as we squeezed through the cars packed in the Piazza Colonna. Having toasted First Year, we enjoyed the usual spate of speeches and even called for a seventh before hastening out to lectures. (One of the joys of St Catherine's is that the festivities are sandwiched between the dry crusts of daily toil). At the function in the evening we noticed that the age-old joke of blowing your neighbour's candle out in the sacristy beforehand is still as popular as ever. The concert was splendid and the singing (apart from the First Year song) of a high quality. The Committee men kept their weather eyes open and noted much promising material. The sketch, we thought, was particularly well acted, and despite its hoary age "got across". The common-room fire was lit for the occasion—a stroke of genius. The rowdy members worked off all their old jokes, and those who knew the words squeezed their own First Year song in between the items.

1. FIRST YEAR SONG

CHORUS:

Salvete O dignissimi
Laureati domini
Miti voce canimus
Magno cum timore

Remer, Geny,
Morandini

Sumus omnes juvenes
Sobrii et simplices
Pingues nos et nitidi
Oleum fundentes

- | | | | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|----------------|-----------|---|---|--------------------|---|
| 2. | SONG | . | . | . | . | . | Mr Gibb |
| 3. | INTERLUDE | NOVA ET VETERA | | | | | |
| | O'Meary | } | Four | . | . | . | Mr Hills |
| | O'Deary | | New | . | . | . | Mr Dawson |
| | O'Weary | | Men | . | . | . | Mr Daley |
| | O'Beary | | | . | . | . | Mr Brown |
| | Leeks | } | Four | . | . | . | Mr Pledger |
| | Soap | | Returning | . | . | . | Mr O'Leary |
| | Wigs | | Wanderers | . | . | . | Mr O'Malley |
| | Dave | | | . | . | . | Mr Lavery |
| | Scene : Desert Island | | | | | | |
| 4. | QUINTET | . | . | . | . | . | Messrs Curran,
McKenna, McEnroe,
Hanlon, Gibb |
| 5. | ITEM | . | . | . | . | . | Mr Pledger |
| 6. | PIANO SOLO | . | . | . | . | . | Mr O'Malley |
| 7. | SKETCH | | | | | | |
| | Mr White | . | . | . | . | . | Mr Auchinlech |
| | Mrs White | . | . | . | . | . | Mr McKenna |
| | Jim | . | . | . | . | . | Mr McEnroe |
| | Mr Sampson | . | . | . | . | . | Mr Firth |
| | Sergt. Major Morris | . | . | . | . | . | Mr Curran |
| | Scene : The Whites' Living Room | | | | | Time : The Present | |

26th. *Thursday.* *St John Berchmans* and Low Mass at S. Ignazio if you felt so disposed. The highbrows went to hear M. Maritain lecture at the Thomistic Congress—but one man confessed that his intelligence stopped short at the French. The Rector gave us Fr Welsby's last message : " Aim high asceticism."

27th. *Friday.* *Scholae vacabant* for some reason or other, and the clear blue sky, which we have enjoyed for a week, clouded over slightly. A rather depressing function in S. Ignazio in honour of Cardinal Bisletti—an hour's wait and then Benediction.

28th. *Saturday.* The vision of B. Ralph Sherwin appeared in the staircase window this morning and was duly admired by all. We immediately looked round for anyone who would go suitably into the corresponding window on the next floor. The old inverted bowler hats which have for so long illuminated the corridor on the ground floor were replaced today by something in the nature of inverted street lamps which give off a mottled glow. Opinion seems to be divided,

29th. *Sunday*. Bishop Dey gave the Literary Society a most amusing and interesting talk on his experiences as an Army Chaplain. To dinner Mr Sykes.

30th. *Monday*. Bishop Dey and Fr Morris moved camp in the evening. They have been most entertaining visitors.

DECEMBER 1st. *Tuesday*. The feast of our own Martyrs, besides bringing all the usual solemnities, brought us our new Protector, Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni. After the brief had been read he blessed the new picture of Blessed Ralph and spoke for some minutes. As usual on these occasions we then adjourned to the refectory. To dinner, his Eminence, Monsignor Bocchini, Grano and Nicolo, Fr Leeming, S.J., Count Riccardi-Cubitt and the Hon. Algernon Bowring. The Rector proposed the Cardinal's health at coffee afterwards in very able Italian, and the Cardinal after replying, announced his intention of visiting all the "gruppi" in turn, and proceeded to do so. He received a most enthusiastic send-off which spread out of the cortile into the Via Monserrato! Veneration of the Relic followed by an early supper, after which the Film Committee presented *The Tale of Two Cities*. We were just beginning to enjoy it when the machine broke down. Willing voices supplied words and music until it was decided to postpone the performance until

2nd. *Wednesday*, tonight. It was only when we returned to lectures that we realized what an enjoyable day we had had yesterday and the film lost nothing through being postponed. We enjoyed "The Vengeance" tremendously.

3rd. *Thursday*. The post-mortem was held in the common-room after breakfast; we picked out the anachronisms and, inspired by a recent Literary Society lecture, sought for traces of real art. Rugby Roma were just superior when we played them this afternoon—but there will be mention of this elsewhere.

4th. *Friday*. An official from the Questura came to take the names and origins of the more suspicious looking characters in the House.

5th. *Saturday*. To dinner, Mr A. Bowring and Count Riccardi-Cubitt. We began another novena for Fr Welsby on the "never say die" principle. The cricket enthusiasts are striding about with haggard faces; all we know of the Test is that England is 260—the wireless coughed over the number of wickets. But that makes all the difference, doesn't it? However, we have constructed some very pleasant imaginary score-sheets in the common-room. Rev V. Marsh appeared at tea.

6th. *Sunday*. Hubermann gave a concert at the Teatro Adriano (which is being used until a new Augusteo be built), and a large number availed themselves of the general permission to attend. Much talk of wind and phrasing and so on followed. The weather has broken at last.

7th. *Monday*. A notice passed round the refectory reminds us that the demands of Sketch and Concert Committees are beginning to thin out the circles in the common-room.

8th. *Tuesday. The Immaculate Conception.* This afternoon we saw snow on the surrounding hills, the Terminillo, the Velino and even on the long flat ridge of Autore. Coffee brought the news that the boiler has burst or given out or something—anyway there is no hot water—just as the new baths were ready for use!

9th. *Wednesday.* Great excitement among the cricket fans. The Scots naturally got the news first!

10th. *Thursday.* For the first time this year a football list failed to attract sufficient men for a game.

11th. *Friday.* News of the King's abdication reached us. It had already been the subject of much gossip in the common-room, and we are glad to see the end of the whole unhappy business.

12th. *Saturday.* Seventh Year left for the Casa, which will no longer be the same without Fr Welsby's active presence. A new hand must describe the details of the following fortnight.

13th. *Sunday.* A very typical Roman winter's day: rain, short glimpses of watery sun, and acres of muddy cobbles. Our chills and cramps received anticipatory relief after supper, when a notice appeared on the board announcing that the new baths may be used from tomorrow onwards.

14th. *Monday.* Birthday of His Majesty King George VI; we drank his health in an extra *bicchiere* at supper.

15th. *Tuesday.* We received very sad news this morning. Fr Welsby is not expected to live another day, and Mgr Palica has been anointed and is in grave danger. A radiogram arrived from Buckingham Palace thanking the College for its message of congratulation to His Majesty the King on his birthday.

16th. *Wednesday.* Before Meditation this morning the Rector announced the death of Fr Welsby, which took place in the early hours. Mgr Palica also died to-day. *Requiescant in pace.* Motor-cars in the Piazza S. Caterina, and a stream of visitors all the afternoon and evening, testified to the esteem in which Mgr Palica was held. And it is unnecessary to say anything of what the news of Fr Welsby's death means to those who knew him.

17th. *Thursday.* Before breakfast the Rector sang a Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Fr Welsby. The Matins and Lauds and a Requiem at the Church of the Curia were attended by large numbers from every English-speaking college in Rome. The Rector and a car-load of students dashed off to Palazzola, the students' work being to point out likely branches of holly for the all-powerful axe of Luigi. We understand that all is fresh and fair at Palazzola; we who remained in the City had a particularly dank fog most of the day.

18th. *Friday.* After a Requiem at the Chiesa Nuova Mgr Palica was buried. This evening we welcomed another visitor, Dr L. McReavy of Ushaw.

19th. *Saturday*. Congratulations right and left today. First of all to the new priests, Messrs Pearson, Ford, Doyle, Carroll-Abbing, McDonald, McReavy, Rogers, Roberts. *Prosit* also First and Second Year Theology, who received the Tonsure and last two Minor Orders respectively. The ceremony took place at the Lateran and was performed by Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani. One party of First Year Theologians had to walk to the Argentina for a taxi in the damp early hours of this morning, and when they did get one it burst a tyre after the first few hundred yards. However, all the *ordinati* were in time for their late breakfast at 12 o'clock, and we found them cheerfully entrenched behind a zareba of *zabbaione* cups and banana skins. All day folk have been getting the blessing of the new priests—the kneeling groups in all sorts of queer corners have quite a furtive and Elizabethan air.

20th. *Sunday*. *Primitiae Missarum*. To dinner, to drink with us the health of the new priests, Fathers Kelly, Leeming and Burns, S.J., Canon Bishop, Dr L. McReavy, and Mr and Master Rogers. And in the evening after Benediction the *Kissing of Hands* and the *Te Deum*.

21st. *Monday*. The Quarant'Ore begin. Huge Christmas posts are beginning to arrive. After supper the Vice appeared on the newly erected stage and distributed largesse from Mother Clare.

22nd. *Tuesday*. *Missa pro Pace* in the morning. And in the evening those of us whose rooms overlook the cortile have our study disturbed by the schola practising polyphonic carols.

23rd. *Wednesday*. Tonight we realise that Christmas is here again. From tea till supper we work making holly chains and other decorations for the common-room. Mr Osborne, the Minister to the Vatican, has made us the most welcome present of two thousand American cigarettes.

24th. *Thursday*. *Christmas Eve*. The usual rush of feverish preparation. The order of the day is shopping morning and afternoon; last minute practices are being held for the concerts, and in the common-room all is bustle and confusion as the Committee make frantic efforts to complete the stage. But in spite of all the work to be done most of us manage to get to bed before Matins,

25th. *Friday*, *Christmas Day*, Midnight Mass and Lauds. We assembled round the fire in the common-room, smoked and sang all the old songs and yelled for *Chi lo Sa?* which, however, did not appear till late in the morning. To share our Christmas dinner, Mgr Heard. And in the evening, the concert. The pantomime deserves special mention, for it was really a panto of the old-fashioned type. It had all the old characters and next to no plot; the Bad Baron clowned it and made topical remarks in the authentic style, while the Babes crooned sentimental American ditties; and, best touch of all, twice a comedy elephant put in an appearance. In fine, it was just the right mixture—plenty of laughs, colourful costumes, some good tunes to see us through the months ahead, and no mental effort required.

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|----|----------------|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. | Orpheus | <i>Hymn before Action</i> | |
| 2. | Piano Solo | <i>Sonata, Beethoven</i> | Mr Molloy |
| 3. | Song | <i>Whatever is—is best</i> | Mr Doyle |
| 4. | Item | | Drs Dwyer and Purdy |
| 5. | Violin Solo | <i>Bolero (German)</i> | Mr Ekbery |
| | | | Piano : Vice-Rector |
| 6. | Sketch | | |

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

Characters :

<i>Baron Savonarola, the wicked Uncle</i>	Mr Lescher
<i>Will</i> } <i>The Babes</i>	Mr Gannon
<i>Ciss</i> }	Mr Loftus
<i>Nanny Twanky</i>	Mr Firth
<i>Public Enemy No 1</i>	Mr Key
<i>Public Enemy No 2</i>	Mr Holland
<i>Robin Hood</i>	Mr Gallagher
<i>Maid Marian</i>	Mr Curran
<i>Friar Tuck</i>	Mr Iggleton
<i>The Outlaws</i>	Messrs O'Neill,
	Keegan, Alston,
	Gibb, Hills, O'Leary
<i>Trumpeters</i>	Messrs O'Connell
	and Cotter
<i>Prologue</i>	We introduce ourselves
<i>Act I</i>	Outside the Baron's Castle
<i>Act II</i>	The Heart of the Forest
<i>Act III</i>	Still Heartier
<i>Act IV</i>	Back to the Castle

26th. *Saturday*. Certainly if there is one day when you feel that strenuous exercise is not 'indicated' it is today. And the appearance of the common-room and corridor augment the 'morning-after' feeling. The stage with its scenery looks almost raffish under the revealing light of day, and the corridor is a wilderness and desolation of props. Now if we were in the mood for moralizing After supper a film : *Dr Pasteur*.

27th. *Sunday*. Tonight the second of our Christmas concerts at which were present some of our friends from the American and Beda Colleges. Once more the octet scored a triumph. They tunefully informed us that they were glad that they had got their religion in time (*Alleluia, O Glory*). As for the sketch, it simply begs description. We laughed continuously from its beginning to its strangely sudden end that left us all wondering whether it had really finished.

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|----|-----------|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. | Octet (a) | <i>Croon underneath' de moon</i> | Messrs Gallagher, |
|----|-----------|----------------------------------|-------------------|

- (b) *Hush, somebody's calling my name* Henshaw, Iggleden, Loftus, Curran, McKenna, Hanlon and Gibb
2. Pianoforte Duet *Slavonic Dance (Dvorak)* Vice-Rector
Mr Molloy
3. Song *In June* Mr Loftus
4. Sketch
- Characters :
- | | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| <i>Hook</i> | | Mr Elcock |
| <i>Warner</i> | | Mr A. Storey |
| <i>Lionel Frush</i> | | Mr Abbott |
| <i>Mrs Frush</i> | | Mr McKenna |
| <i>Sir Hector Benbow, Bart.</i> | | Mr Curran |
| <i>Ronnie Gamble</i> | | Mr Jackson |
| <i>Lady Benbow</i> | | Mr Roche |
| <i>Kitty Stratton</i> | | Mr Mitchell |
| <i>Jones</i> | | Mr Pitt |
| <i>Whittle</i> | | Mr I. Clarke |
- Act I* Library of Sir Hector's flat, Mayfair. Evening
- Act II* The same. Next morning
- Act III* *Scene I* Dining room at Thark. A week later
- Scene II* Ronnie's room at Thark. 3 a.m.
- Scene arrangements* Messrs Wells and Harrison
- Lighting* Mr Connolly
- Dresses* Messrs Auchinlech and Pledger

28th. *Monday*. This evening our annual card night. No one started the usual rowdy pontoon circle, so the bridge fans were able to enjoy their post-mortems in peace.

29th. *Tuesday*. *St Thomas*. At a word from the Editor we began again here. The "train gang" were on duty again after High Mass. One man rattles a sheet of tin, another thumps on a roll of three-ply wood, a third tattoos on a drum and screams, while one or two others make incidental noises—all this in a gradual crescendo and diminuendo. The whole is a very considerable uproar for a "Ghost Train" to make. To dinner, his Eminence Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni, Mr Osborne, Bishop Hayes, Monsignor Duchemin and Bocchini, Father Leeming, S.J., and Mr Mallett. The orchestra opened the concert in its own inimitable way. The octet was brighter than hitherto, and Mr Gibb sang a third song. The effects were the most striking thing about the sketch; we had a little Stravinsky to raise the curtain, and wind and storm records throughout. The train itself was, of course, the feature of the evening, and the 'gang' acquitted itself admirably. After supper Mgr Moss set the ball rolling with a couple of songs, and we called on our guests and the Christmas night successes in turn.

1. Orchestra *Symphony No 5 (Haydn)*

2.	Octet	<i>The Torpedo and the Whale</i>	Messrs Henshaw, Curran, Loftus, Gibb, Iggleton, Hanlon, McKenna, Gallagher
3.	Song	<i>Preghiera (Tosti)</i>	The Rector
4.	Item	Mr Gannon
			Mr Pledger
5.	Song	<i>The Silver Ring</i>	Mr Gibb
	Accompanist	Mr Molloy
6.	Sketch		
	Characters:		
	<i>Saul Hodgkin</i>	Mr Holland
	<i>Richard Winthrop</i>	Mr Ekbery
	<i>Elsie, his wife</i>	Mr Henshaw
	<i>Charles Murdoch</i>	Mr Foley
	<i>Peggy, his wife</i>	Mr Hanlon
	<i>Miss Bourne</i>	Mr P. Clarke
	<i>Teddie</i>	Mr Hulme
	<i>Julia</i>	Mr Pitt
	<i>Price</i>	Mr McEnroe
	<i>Dr Sterling</i>	Mr Ronchetti
	<i>Sergt. Jackson</i>	Mr Dawson

The action takes place in the waiting room at Fal Vale Station.

30th. *Wednesday*. A heavy fall of rain during the night has banished the clear fresh air we have been enjoying for the past week. The traditional Christmas weather has at last arrived; stagnant skies, used-up air and dirty streets. Twenty men went to take tea with Mr Mallett of the Legation, thus thinning down the merry-makers at the annual Fair, without, however, making any appreciable difference to the volume of sound produced. The buffet was livened up with vocal efforts and an earnest drummer, but the pillow-fight provided the chief attraction. More impromptu effort on the stage after supper.

31st. *Thursday*. Full thirty heroes struggled about in the mud of Pamphili to prove or disprove that the term "Oxford" is worthy of more respect than the term "Cambridge". As a matter of fact, they were merely working off steam generated by the Christmas round of pleasure, and they all came back in the evening pleasantly tired, to enjoy *Captain Blood* and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, shown by our own talkie machine which, after a few false starts, showed its worth.

JANUARY 1st. *Friday*. To dinner, Mr Christopher Dawson. An excellent concert in the evening, and a last uproarious sketch, giving much promise for the future. More new and commendable departures were made in the 'effects', the 'noises off' reaching a very high standard.

1. Orpheus *Hymn Before Action*

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|----|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2. | Duet | <i>The Fisherman</i> | Messrs Loftus and McKenna |
| 3. | Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, | | Vice-Rector |
| | <i>Allegro animato</i> (Grieg) | | Mr Ekbery |
| 4. | Song | <i>The Devonshire Wedding</i> | Mr Roberts |
| 5. | Item | | Vice-Rector |
| 6. | Sketch | | |

Characters :

<i>Algernon Sprigge</i>	Mr Duggan
<i>Sir Reginald Toothill, Bart.</i>	Mr Hills
<i>Barmaid</i>	Mr Connolly
<i>Mrs. Purdy</i>	Mr Weetman
<i>Amos Purdy, J.P.</i>	Mr Pledger
<i>Bates</i>	Mr Auchinlech
<i>Joe Purdy</i>	Mr Brown
<i>Katie Purdy</i>	Mr Murtagh
<i>Lizzie</i>	Mr Regan
<i>Jane</i>	Mr Harrison
<i>Cook</i>	Mr Connolly
<i>Albert</i>	Mr Daley
<i>Panama Pete</i>	Mr Gallagher
<i>Police Sergeant</i>	Mr O'Malley
<i>Newsboy</i>	Mr Daley

Act I *Scene I* The "Champagne Only" Bar at a suburban race meeting

Scene II The Library, Newstead Grange, three days later

Act II The same. Ten days later

Act III The same. Two hours later

2nd. *Saturday*. Crash ! "Uti dicebam," said the professor. Luckily most of us have Saturday afternoon off, which helps to break the fall.

3rd. *Sunday*. Horror of horrors ! A 'phone call from Pam to say that, as we have omitted to get our *permesso* renewed, we may not enter therein ! No use complaining that you've been to Pam every afternoon for the last six years—there's nothing for it but the Palatine, where everyone looks for a quiet corner and no one finds one. Still, some of these bricks are very interesting.

4th. *Monday*. We are being stirred to the depths. A new *sveglia* ringer, just appointed to the task and anxious to prove his metal, roused the House at 4.25 a.m. Only a few incautious people were completely deceived and did an hour and a half's Meditation. The Pamphilj tragedy unfolds itself further ; apparently we have no chance of getting in until the 10th ! Someone discovered S. Maria Antica this afternoon. Our guests spent the day at Palazzola.

5th. *Tuesday*. Today one of our silver-throated tenors sounded a fire alarm after breakfast. Apparently there was a small outbreak on

the roof. Schneider's Band were soon on the scene and spent the rest of the day knocking the offending chimney inside itself. The débris crashed down past our room and deposited itself in the garden.

6th. *Wednesday. The Epiphany.* At Benediction the Schola rendered *Stille Nacht* in Latin from the tribune, and we rounded off the function with "Glaw-ria". Something which sounded very much like servile work was being done on the stage this afternoon—last-minute preparations for the Opera, of course. But as the man who sat next to us took copious notes throughout the performance, we'll leave it to him to describe the impressions he gathered.

"The diligent instrumentalists get less praise than they deserve. Not yet, perhaps, have they merited the flattering epigram applied to the work of a former pianist: 'never obtrusive, always an embellishment,' but that is plainly their ever-present ideal. Their overture on this occasion gave us the atmosphere better than the rather meagre rhyme which does duty for an opening chorus. But the well-assorted maidens made what could be made of this, and retired with reasonably soft-footed tact, leaving Mrs Partlett to administer somewhat austere comfort to Constance, sighing for love though her hands were indissolubly wedded to her apron and her eyes to the impressionable conductor. Doctor Daly cruised in and charged the air with his amatory number—satirically reminding us of the hey-day of *I'll sing thee songs of Arabee*. None could doubt he had 'learnt in suffering what he taught in song'. A good number.

"Some few points dialogue was needed to decide me which was Sir Marmaduke and which the young Alexis. Two instinctive Savoyards these, just the right salient-chested bonhomie and ripe, old tawny voices.

"During Doctor Daly's sermon the spot-light gave a dignified acrobatic turn, trying to embrace at once the preacher and the two well-fed lay figures who were pirouetting in front of him.

"In *O happy young heart*, Aline set herself a standard of skill and restraint which she maintained to the end, overcoming well the handicap of her improbable costume. It is difficult, not to say unsuitable, to speak of Lady Sangazure without extravagance. Hers was by far the most complete single performance. Helped by the touch of genius in her preposterous costume, recklessly and with subtly extravagant motions skitting all sorts of people, not least her off-stage self, she literally flung at us a mixture which lacked no authentic ingredient of the ridiculous, yet remained quite individual.

"The only parallel to her copious vitality was in the work of the male chorus—surely one of the best for some years; a confident corporation, a *persona moralis* pursuing with unified energy and breeziness the clear, firm, common purpose of gingering things up. Their entrance after the spell-weaving was especially effective. The sorcerer's over-anxiety to be preternatural may explain his too great mobility—and it was a disappointment when the tea-pot failed to go off. But his duet with Lady Sangazure was good in every way.

"The second act leaves a series of uncoordinated impressions—very good chorus work in the awakening scene early on and in the boisterous finale, the vicar's gaiters and tin whistle twinkling in a 'daphnephoric bound', Lady Sangazure not, after all, dissolving in a blue flame, a good quintette and *Oh, pity, pity me* well sung, and most of all Aline retiring furtively to damp down the drumming of the impetuous prompter-producer, who merits the last word of praise for his courageous execution of a difficult task—difficult because the fact that this opera *did* leave impressions rather than a continuous memory seems to argue that its shortcomings were in construction rather than in performance."

Here endeth, and heaven help the man who has to chronicle the stripping of the common-room for the *n*'th time.

LEO McREAVY

PERSONAL

To our new Protector, his Eminence Cardinal CACCIA DOMINIONI, we hasten to offer our respectful good wishes. For two pontificates now he has been well known to Venerable men as the Maestro di Camera to his Holiness ; indeed, as the Catholic press remarked, he is well-known to many thousands of pilgrims, to whom his smiling presence was especially welcome in the rather awe-inspiring apartments of the Vatican. We rejoiced to hear of his elevation to the sacred purple, and rejoiced again when he was appointed to be our protector. We assure his Eminence of our devoted loyalty and obedience, and trust that the Venerable may long enjoy his watchful patronage.

We congratulate Monsignor V. ELWES (1922-1925) on his appointment as *Cameriere Segreto* to his Holiness. He has already paid us a visit and received our best wishes, but here in the name of our readers we repeat them. *Prosit !*

Congratulations also to the Rev J. DINN (1923-1929). When Monsignor Poskitt was consecrated Bishop of Leeds he chose Dr Dinn to succeed him as Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, Leeds. *Prospere procede et regna !*

We hear that the Rev H. COGAN (1907-1914) has been appointed Vicar General to the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle. This was no surprise ; and we wish him every success in his new work.

The Very Rev Canon F. CLAYTON (1887-1888) will celebrate his golden jubilee on September 25th ; and the Revv F. COUPE and E. O'ROURKE (both 1905-1912) their silver jubilee on June 1st. To these our sincere good wishes. *Floreat in aeternum !*

Prosit our two new Bishop's Secretaries. The Rev J. HALSALL (1924-1931) has fled from grimy Merseyside to Westminster, and the Rev T. DUGGAN (1926-1933) has left the classical shades of St Bede's,

Manchester, to assist the Bishop of Salford. We are especially pleased to record these appointments, for they have both done yeoman service on the staff of THE VENERABLE, as secretary and editor respectively.

And talking of classical shades, we hear that the Rev P. MCGEE (1925-1932) has left St Edward's, Manchester, to join the professorial staff at St Bede's—whether this is a permanent or temporary appointment our correspondent did not know; the Rev W. BUTTERFIELD (1923-1930) has left Upholland for a chaplaincy to Park House, Waterloo, Liverpool; and the Rev F. FLEMING (1928-1935) went to Upholland at the beginning of the year from St Charles, Aigburth, to teach the rising generation Mathematics.

The diocese of Salford provides us with a goodly number of curial appointments to be chronicled. The Rev J. TURNER (1916-1921) has gone as *Parroco* to St Thomas of Canterbury, Higher Broughton, and his post of Diocesan Chancellor has been ably filled by the Rev A. BARRE (1914-1921). Dr COUPE, whose silver jubilee we mentioned above, has been appointed *Officialis*; and the Rev J. MASTERSON (1919-1925) is exercising his canon law as *Defensor Vinculi*.

Of the men who left us last year and whose appointments we have not yet recorded, Mr GRADY is teaching at the St John Fisher School, Mr NESBITT is (temporarily, we believe) at St Robert's, Morpeth, Mr MALONE at the Church of Blessed Mary Immaculate, St Helen's, Mr PEARSE at St Anne's, Keighley, and Mr WILCOCK at Goldthorpe at the Church of the Sacred Heart.

Within the last few months we have been indeed fortunate in the number of our guests. The Rev A. WOOD (1910-1915) stayed with us at Palazzola for some days at the end of August; and in the middle of September, to "broaden our vision with tales of the Mission", came the Rev B. CUNNINGHAM (1927-1934) with a new friend, Fr. T. KEILY. Fr CUNNINGHAM was wearing his arm in a sling, and so was unable to bathe or play cricket with us; but before many days had passed he was leading gita parties to Monte Porzio. In October Bishop McNULTY, an old friend of ours, preached our retreat and stayed with us for some days after this was over. Within a few days of his leaving us two more most welcome visitors arrived, HIS GRACE OF WESTMINSTER, and Monsignor ELWES. As we had expected they both were very faithful to the common-room, and that in spite of great press of work—the first thing they did on arriving, late in the evening, was to toil upstairs to see us before proceeding to the refectory for their supper. After some fortnight's stay they left us sorrowing; but their place was promptly filled by another old friend, Bishop DEY, who brought with him Fr MORRIS. Next came Canon BISHOP, who after all too short a week fled back to Romford for Christmas. Meanwhile Dr McREAVY of Ushaw had arrived, and also the Revv G. DWYER (1926-1934) and W. PURDY (1928-1935), both hot-foot from Cambridge. Dr McREAVY had unfortunately to leave us in the middle of Christmas week, but the others

stayed on, and were joined on St John's day by the Rev J. MACMILLAN (1922-1929) and Fr IBISON from Upholland. The Rev L. JONES (1924-1931) too came next day—he had travelled with them as far as Turin and there missed his train. Luckily all these guests were able to prolong their stay until after the Epiphany, so the holiday finished for them, *more Romano*, with the grand climax of the Opera.

The Rev B. WRIGHTON (1923-1930) has been having an adventurous time, and in the *The Cottonian* we see an article describing his alarms and excursions in Red Spain. The war broke out so suddenly that he was stranded in a Communist district, and when eventually he made his way to Malaga he had to wait a week for a boat. However, by jettisoning his collar and waving his passport he managed to survive until a friendly ship arrived to evacuate him.

The Rev J. GARVIN (1923-1930) has succeeded the Rev J. HAMPSON (1919-1924) as Assistant Editor of the *Catholic Gazette*. *Ave atque vale*. Dr GARVIN edited THE VENERABLE, so we have no fears for his success in his new work.

At present the Rev V. MARSH, who left us last year, is in Rome. He has come out to get his doctorate thesis printed, and is staying at the Beda. But of course he does not forget to pay us frequent visits.

Our readers will be sorry to hear that old GIUSEPPE has left us. For thirty-four years he has been with us, but of late his work grew to be too much for him, so he has retired with a well-earned pension. When he left the Senior Student presented him with a sum that we had collected for him, a sign of our affection and gratitude.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

Alas, we are growing old. Another Editor has retired—Mr. Mullin, the eleventh man to guide the destiny of *THE VENERABLE*, who for two years now has held the reins in his capable hands. And, unless we are much mistaken, he has established a new tradition: during his exact editorship the Magazine has appeared punctually—and what this means all editors and secretaries will realise. In the name of our readers we thank Mr. Mullin for his devoted service.

The Staff is now composed as follows:—

Editor: Mr Swinburne

Secretary: Mr Foley

Sub-editor: Mr Firth

Under-secretary: Mr Pitt

Without Portfolio: Mr Hanlon

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Beda Review, The Cottonian, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Millhillian, The Oscotian, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Womersley Magazine.

We thank Messrs Chester for *The Chesterian* and gifts of music, and the Catholic Association for *The Scrip*.

SPORTS NOTES

CRICKET

One game stands out from last season's cricket—that between the Old and New Wing at Palazzola, or to give it its latest provocative title: "Palazzola against The Annexe". Since its foundation some four years ago, this match has come to be our local Derby and has all the heatedness attaching to such contests. Last year there had even been

canvassing while the rooms were being chosen, and the Annexe had gathered within its walls a great array of talent. Batting first they made 79 runs, and then when Palazzola went in, three wickets fell almost at once and it seemed that all was over. We got to 40 for seven, however, and then to 60 for nine, and we still had two more wickets (for we bat all eleven men here).

Hereabouts there were anxious whisperings between captain and bowlers, careful changing of the field, followed by some very well organized concerted appeals between slips and wicket-keeper. The bowlers were multiplying the 'grubs' by dropping the ball short of the mat. It seemed that Palazzola would be out-captained. If we remember rightly it was in this memorable match and at this stage that one of Carnevale's cows caught its horns in a sight-screen and left a rent in the linen that the Madre will grieve to see. Having driven the animal onto the first green, we continued the game amid general suspense. Slowly the runs were coming. Then, when we were only 14 runs short, a heavy blow fell, our stone-waller, who had been there from the beginning, being bowled by a ball which he had left the slips to field but which struck a patch and turned almost at right angles, as he affirmed. Fourteen to make, one wicket to go and a new over to face for the last batsman. He rightly judged that the situation demanded no ordinary tactics. The first ball was hit to the golf-house for six, the next went almost as far, falling into the brambles at the foot of De Cupis' wall, while the third ran safely through the olives to the boundary. And so the supremacy of Villa cricket remains where it has always been, and always must be, enshrined in the cortile. It was a great match.

To the other games we can only give brief mention. The Philosophers were well beaten at the Villa (by seven wickets), but in Pamphilj they might have won but for the rain.

This Pamphilj match was made historic by the use for the first time of sawdust discovered in the caretaker's lodge, part of which we now use as a pavilion. Fourth and Third Year Theology played a seven-a-side, the former just winning. We played two games less last August than has been usual lately. The reason was in part that so many of our faithful supporters were in England. On a few occasions we tried to aid the batsman by fixing a 'grub-line' below which no one could be bowled. It is nearly a hundred years since Johnson took a party through the Latin Vale looking for a pitch, and we are still only experimenting.

We still field a good honest long stop: indeed he has to have the safest hands of all and is usually the first to have his place assigned to him. How many times we have seen games won and lost by the long-stop. It has been sometimes said that the umpires are our weakest point. They may be judged in general by one who, asked for 'middle-and-leg' replied that he only gave 'middle' and that you must find the 'leg' for yourself; or by another who answered an appeal with "no bid". But last year there was much improvement. For the com-

petitive games we had non-playing umpires who would appear in long white bath-towels. And once, for a very important match—that between the Public Schools and the Seminaries—they even wore toppers, by kind permission of the “ Props ”.

We ought not to end this account of last season without at least a mention of Fr Welsby. Almost every afternoon he used to sit by the net and watch us at practice. It was wonderful how much cricket lore he had. He could go back to the days of the round-arm bowler, and once, as has been told elsewhere, while at the Curia he delighted a touring team who were visiting Rome with his memories of great Australians. Sometimes, if he could not watch a match, as on Friday when he had to go to the Scots, he would beg us to put it off for him if it should not be inconvenient. In many ways he helped to enliven our games, as did also Dr Gowland, who stayed with us during August.

Once again we must thank several benefactors for the help they gave. Fr Seaston again sent a generous donation. The Rector kindly brought out with him six balls, four of them the gift of the Sacred Heart Convent, Roehampton. And Dr Cunningham presented us with a new bat. We are therefore already well prepared for next season. One of the mats is beginning to fray and will not last much longer. But there is an excellent piece of cocoa-nut matting on the floor of the Villa sacristy, and if it is quite in keeping we may perhaps look forward to its transference to a hardly less sacred spot. We shall then only have to wait for the infirmarians to discard their white surgical coats, or to raise the ban on them, to become fully equipped in all departments.

B. FOLEY, *Captain.*

GOLF

The Sforza golf-course is decidedly *sui generis*—in fact, a *cursus peculiaris*. The uninitiate would never guess that this small patch of ground, studded with outcrops of rock and dotted with oak and olive trees, is the happy hunting ground of the golfer. And certainly it is one of the charms of the course that it is always the unexpected that happens. As you stand on the tee and make the preliminary mystic passes over your ball, you never know what will be the outcome of your shot ; you may (with luck) find the ball on the green ; if you hit one of the many trees you may find it several yards behind the tee whence you drove ; or you may never find it at all. But the golfers are a grim and stubborn race, who persist in deriving pleasure from the most impossible circumstances.

The 1936 season was not an unqualified success. The members of the club were both numerous and keen, and the course was in good condition ; for through the generosity of the Rector we had been able to buy a new mower that kept the greens in splendid trim, while the deadly work of our trappers the year before had left very few moles to pester us. The season opened serenely enough, but before many

weeks had passed we found that we must husband our slender stock of balls. A couple of dozen more ordered from England reached us safely, but a larger consignment following shortly after was stopped at Ventimiglia, nor have we yet succeeded in persuading the Customs officials to unhand them. This shortage of balls naturally weighed most heavily upon the beginners, on whom the woods exercise an irresistible attraction—and once a ball has passed the boundary line it is never seen again. But those of us who were less erratic managed to get through the season with the five or six balls with which we started. And some excellent golf was played—witness Mr McReavy's round of 32. It is typical of Palazzola golf that starting a second round immediately after this feat he took an eight at the first hole.

G. SWINBURNE, *Secretary*

ASSOCIATION

At the Villa the season opened very slowly. On returning from England the present writer was given a dismal report from his colleagues as to the prevailing lack of enthusiasm in the House—instead of the customary four or five games at Palazzola only two had been played. But with the arrival of the new men things took a decided turn for the better, and instead of begging people to play we had to appeal for volunteers to stand down. And this keenness has been sustained throughout the season, so that we have rarely had to let slip the opportunity for a game. The weather too has been very lenient, and only once towards the close of an afternoon's play were we rained off.

Usually the Scots Match is played immediately after Christmas; this year we decided not to issue the challenge till later in the year. As things stand at present the game has been fixed for March 6th and is to be played at the Fortitudo ground.

In Pam our right to the pitch is usually recognised by the various colleges and institutions that play there, but there is still the embarrassing task of turning off the trespassers. They may be divided into clerical and lay, and though the latter easily submit to our invasion the former are not so easily moved. However the *argumentum ad baculum* usually wins the day. A few spectacular dashes by our forwards and a judicious amount of strong kicking from the halves brings home to them the truth of Aristotle's saying that everything must tend to seek its proper place in the universe, and a retreat ensues.

We are deeply grateful to Dr Cunningham for his generous gift of a new ball and bladders; and at the same time we should like to thank all those who have helped in any way.

M. CASSIDY, *Captain*

RUGBY

Owing to the hardness of the ground, the opening of the season was postponed for three weeks. This ensured that it started with a bang. The first game showed a surprising amount of talent among the new recruits and augured well for the rest of the season. There was a smartness about the passing and handling of the three-quarters and a dash in their running that resulted in the best three-quarter work ever seen in Venerabile Rugger.

Thanks to the enthusiasm of the younger members of the house and a little staff work on the part of the Committee, we managed to take alternate games with the Soccer people until Christmas. Up to the time of going to press we have also played an outside game. The Roma Rugby Club challenged us early in December. Something of the international spirit invaded our supporters and they shouted encouragement—and advice—every moment of the game. True to our tradition the team did not really wake up until 6 points had been scored against us in the first ten minutes. Then we proceeded to fight back, giving the opposing side more than they gave us for the remainder of the first half. Half-time 6—0. After the interval we attacked gamely against a heavier and faster side, and a brilliant piece of work between pack and threes resulted in Mr Murtagh slipping through just over half way between the goal and the touch line. The kick failed. Time and again we looked like getting the three points needed to draw level but always the defence of the Roman team stopped us. A word of praise is due to the forwards, who constantly hooked the ball during this period although the lighter pack. Meanwhile the Romans made every opportunity to seize their opportunities and good backing up by their forwards resulted in a run-away try which was converted. The score was now 11—3. Almost immediately from the kick-off we scored again through a forward rush, Mr Key touching down. 11—6. Right on time Rome scored again and the whistle sounded at 14—6. A very enjoyable game !

The team was as follows :—

Messrs : McEnroe : Henshaw, Gannon, Murtagh, Key : Regan, Storey A. : Ford, Sweeney, Lescher, McKeever, Storey P., Hiscoe, Dawson, O'Leary.

Another game of note, the "Varsity Match", was played in pouring rain during Christmas week. The Vice-rector refereed in true Twickenham style, and our permanent representatives in the House from Oxford and Cambridge bestirred themselves and played as touch-judges. The Rev W. Purdy, who is studying at St Edmund's, Cambridge, and who was spending Christmas with us, captained the Light Blues. And the result of a hard-fought game was a draw, 3—3.

In conclusion, a word of thanks to Mr Lescher who has brought the club safely through two seasons and who now continues to play the godfather to the present committee. Two rugger bladders were a very welcome Christmas gift from the Rev L. W. Jones.

The other members of the committee are Messrs Henshaw and Gannon.

F. McKEEVER, *Captain*

OBITUARY

ARCHBISHOP PALICA

Very early in the morning of December 16th, the day of Father Welsby's death, the Venerabile lost another true friend in the person of Monsignor Guiseppe Palica, Archbishop of Philippi and Vicegerent of Rome. During the last few days their names had been linked together in the intentions of all the masses and prayers offered for the sick in the College. A Roman by birth, Archbishop Palica spent the whole of his life in the City, as student, *ripetitore*, and Professor of Moral Theology at the Roman Seminary and, since his election in 1917, as its Vicegerent.

It would be true to say that the average Venerabilino comes to know, even by sight, only a few of Rome's teeming ecclesiastical population and will raise his heavy hat to fewer still, however eminent. But with Archbishop Palica it was quite a different matter and when cameratas met him salutation was natural and sincere. Apart from purely official matters his connection with the College was close. For many years he had lived in one of our flats at No 48, Via Monserrato, where his rooms were so placed that he could hear and follow the services in the church, and he would make a point of listening for the *Salve* each night. He liked to come to the College, walking in at his ease through the back door and kitchens, and invitations to Palazzola were joyfully accepted. The atmosphere of the common-room delighted him, especially if there was music; he even penetrated the mysterious humours of *Chi Lo Sa?*, insisting that everything should be fully explained. He was always ready to give any assistance that was in his power, and with perfect simplicity would himself bring papers from the Vicariate to the Rector's room. At functions, where we often met him, his genial dignity and fine presence were in their proper setting, and the crowds of every degree who thronged the Church of San Girolamo for his solemn lying-in-state showed the esteem with which he was held throughout the City.

All those who have met him, not to speak for the many who received their ordination at his hands, will remember him with affectionate respect. R.I.P.

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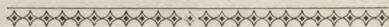


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