

THE VENERABLE

conducted
by the past and present students
of the Venerable English College
Rome

November 1939

Vol IX.

No. 3

ENGLAND
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

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T

o the Superiors and students of the
Venerable English College, we
impart with paternal affection,
Our Apostolic Blessing.

May, 9, 1939

Pius pp. XII

EDITORIAL

For the second time in our editorship circumstances have been too much for us and **THE VENERABLE** will appear late: a misfortune which the bold subterfuge of dating the number *November* can do little to mitigate. However, our apologies can be tempered by thankfulness that it is possible to appear at all. What may be the difficulties to come it is impossible to say, but our readers may rest assured that everything will be done to maintain the continuity of the record of College life and that link "to unite many hearts to Alma Mater and the See of Peter", which Pius XI prayed should be the purpose of our existence.

Pride of place in this number is given to a long article describing what has so far been done for the study of Catholic Action in the College. It is written by those at present responsible for the work and we earnestly endorse their appeal that, without help from those already on the

mission, this must lose more than half its effectiveness through lack of that knowledge of practical details, which is essential to the carrying out of theories, however painstakingly these may be evolved according to the precepts of the available text-books. Good will and imagination are not enough to take the place of the constructive criticisms of experienced priests. CAPAC already owes much to the advice and encouragement of past students and we feel sure that this clear description of its methods and its needs will arouse in all a desire to give a helping hand to the present in this work, whose supreme importance is proved by those words of Pius XI: "Catholic Action must be regarded by the pastors of souls as appertaining necessarily to their sacred ministry, and by the faithful as a duty of the Christian life."

CATHOLIC ACTION AND THE VENERABLE

COMMUNISM, child of darkness, was conceived in a London attic, and fostered in the gloomy cellars of Moscow ; its antidote, an offspring of the light, has arisen from the focal point of light on earth, the Vatican. There is nothing surprising then in our studying the manners and ways of this antidote in the bright sunshine beneath the cypresses of Palazzola. But, before we talk of CAPAC beneath the cypresses, we must begin at the beginning and explain why there is CAPAC and how it comes to be there at all. The answer is to be found in the work of Pius XI. He spoke so frequently and earnestly, with such zeal and emphasis, that we could not but be enkindled with the fire of his words. He showed us the many-coloured robe of the Bride of Christ, the many fields of apostolic labour open to the priest, the many and grave problems that confront us, and he offered us the newly-forged weapon of "Catholic Action". We received a new light on the apostolate, an aspect of our vocation that had not previously entered into the scheme of things. His concept was of the Church Universal, whilst our ideas centred on our own particular problems, individual and insular. He spoke in terms of an all-embracing apostolate as universal as the Church herself, an apostolate of mankind, a spreading throughout the whole world. Phrases such as : *Catholic Action says to you priests : " in manibus*

tuis sortes meae”; the priest is the soul of Catholic Action : ensure that all priests receive the necessary preparation for this work . . . in the course of their Pastoral Theology, of which Catholic Action forms an integral part began to stir us into action, and thoughts turned towards the founding of a new activity in the House. A preliminary meeting was held (after lunch on a Friday !) and the majority of the House promised their support amid great enthusiasm.

The title of Catholic Action Priest Assistants’ Circle was agreed upon, whence sprang the more convenient form of CAPAC. A committee of five was elected—one priest and one from each year in Theology—to organize the work and arrange the publication of papers every two months, which were then to be discussed at a general meeting. Each year two of the committee were to remain in office to preserve continuity and three new men were to be elected. In point of fact these and other measures of the original constitutions, which were necessarily of a somewhat tentative nature, have not proved a complete success and, whilst certain modifications are already in practice, a complete reform is under consideration.

The first paper, therefore, after enunciating some well-authenticated facts about evils existing in England (merely a sop to Cerberus—something to reawaken anxiety and desire to learn the remedy), gave a simple definition of Catholic Action and explained its necessity—that the clergy, owing to the complexity of modern conditions, cannot maintain close contact with a large number of souls under their care and the Pope, through the hierarchy, has called on the laity to assist in this pastoral work. The Catholic, whilst aiming at his own personal sanctification, must thenceforth radiate his own spiritual life to all around him not only by his private efforts and good example, but closely united with his companions at the command of the Bishop. This was all contained in the definition *The Apostolate of the laity, under the direction of the hierarchy, organized in associations to be trained to exercise this apostolate among those with whom they live and work co-operatively for the needs of the Church*—a definition or description which may not be faultless but which was the first put forward and so his-

torically we give it. We wanted to show that the sole aim of Catholic Action is to seize on the whole man and make him an apostle ; the leaven of the multitude radiating to others the supernatural life, which he has himself received through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. And did not Jesus himself choose a layman, Simon of Cyrene, to take a very close part with Him in that sacrifice for the restoring of all things ? Little wonder that the Pope has called Catholic Action " a quasi-priesthood " !

The second paper, of a somewhat more practical nature set out to deal with the problem of the leakage of the young, due to the more or less complete ending of moral training after leaving school. The scheme (outlined in two pamphlets) was a plea for some method whereby the young could be kept in touch with the Church when they left school and thus the priest be given an opportunity to continue his training. This training, religious, moral and intellectual, is of the utmost importance during this period of a boy's life and should advance step by step as he reaches maturity and be adapted to the sphere of life in which he is going to work. With that as the ultimate ideal the paper insisted first on additional religious training in the top classes of the schools as a direct preparation for the problems that will immediately have to be faced on leaving, and secondly on special instruction after school, corresponding with the boy's intellectual growth, to be continued without a break until at the age of eighteen he can join the Young Men's organization. It was suggested that the priest should draw his assistants from the C.Y.M.S., Men's Guild, or some other society and, after studying local conditions, draw up a simple system of supervision, whereby no boy could be allowed to drift unnoticed from his church and from contact with Catholicism.

The initial training of an *élite* among the laity to be the leaders of the apostolate and leaven of the whole was the subject of the third paper. This leaven we called *Militants*, for want of an English equivalent, and the paper was a discussion of the qualities necessary to them and the method of their formation. A small group of those who show real interest in the conquest of souls should be selected ; a particular training

must then be given to them that they may be fitted to spread the Kingdom of Christ to others. The *militant* must work where the priest cannot, to carry the light of Grace, which he has received from the priests, into his own everyday walk of life. A weekly meeting was suggested with procedure something on the following lines : prayer and meditation, discussion of the work on hand, suggestions for action, and finally an instruction from the priest. In general it must be based on a real theocentric outlook on life, on the fact of the Fall and the Redemption, and the indwelling of the Trinity by Grace, man's incorporation in the organism of the Mystical Body—the Vine, of which he must be a living, growing and active branch. For the man to whom Original Sin and the dignity of Man are fact, the Marxian Wellsian Utopias are absurd. Social problems and legislation also, if he realizes he has an immortal destiny, are useful to him only in so far as they lead to his final end ; alive to his Catholicism he will immediately react against the arguments of the communist, the pagan and the materialist, and will strive towards the Christian reconstruction of the social order. The particular formation of the *militant* must be realist, teaching him to see with Catholic eyes, to think with the Church, and to act in concert with those of his own environment under the guidance of the priest. It is essential that this special religious, moral and social formation should be adapted to local conditions—Formation is for Action.

We came then to the end of the first year after a general consideration, at once theoretical and practical, of the nature of the apostolate of Catholic Action as the solution to the urgent problems of the present day, and that of the leakage in particular.

“ You will take steps to ensure,” wrote Pius XI in his last encyclical, “ that in all the more important cities, and if possible in every parish, a nucleus of workers will be formed in the heart of the four branches of Catholic Action ” and we now turned our attention to the study of this parish unit.

It was decided to evolve at some length “ the four branches of Catholic Action ” and “ turning the accomplishment of many

years into an hour-glass" we considered ourselves with the assistance of a group of trained *militants* at our disposal. The first paper dealt, more fully than in the discussion of the leakage, with the boys of from fourteen to eighteen years of age. We aimed first at keeping contact with them at all costs and secondly, with the help of the *militants*, at making them in their turn ardent apostles. A suggested method for this developed in the paper was the Boys' Club which should lead towards the Young Men's group in the parish, thus preserving continuity in the boy's life. After leaving school they should be introduced immediately into the club, which must provide recreation, formation and opportunity for active apostolate—recreation to attract and interest them and thus keep contact with them, formation, on the same lines as that given to the *militants*, to inculcate especially the ideas of vocation and the Mass as the centre of their lives, an opportunity for active apostolate among those of their own age at home and at work under the leadership of the *militants*, upon whom must fall the real responsibility for the running of the club. The paper concluded with a wise reminder that the priest is throughout the soul of the apostolate and, though the lay *militants* will organize and direct the work, it must remain under guidance and success will depend entirely on his own zeal and sanctity.

This paper was naturally followed by one on the *militant's* particular apostolate in the Young Men's group—the first branch of Catholic Action—of which they constitute the nucleus. While the *militants* meet every week a meeting of the whole group may be held once a month, at which all the problems of the apostolate are to be discussed, the common action of the parish arranged, methods of combatting current evils thrashed out and each man made to realize his power for endless good in the parish. The apostolate of this group to the non-Catholic world is the ultimate end and aim of Catholic Action, and it is from this group that there will spring up where possible those specialized vocational units working in the closest unity in their various environments for the conversion of their fellow men.

The men of the parish were considered in the last paper of the second year and to them the same basic scheme was

applied with, of course, a different formation in regard to the Family, the Parish, civic duties and the social apostolate. This year the last two branches of Catholic Action, the girls and the women, have been dealt with at length, as well as the more particularised subjects of education and specialization.

Finally we must give some account of a really excellent paper on *The Priest and his position in this work*, for Catholic Action "one of the principle duties of a pastor" is "a true and providential good, which is entrusted in great part to the Ecclesiastical Assistants and which depends on them".

According to the mandate of the bishop, which in its smallest detail he must carry out faithfully in absolute submission and obedience, the priest will form the parish councils first and from these, after due consideration, he will draw members to be the *militants* in the various branches. The principal work of the priest, as the Holy Father has told us, is a double one—to form and to direct the laity, and in the beginning, at least, almost the whole work will rest on his shoulders. When first he starts he will have no *militants* trained to assist him and must start with them in a small way, not attempting to organize the four branches of Catholic Action at once. Undue haste is fatal and the priest must start only as much activity as he himself can attend to personally: as the *militants* become capable of taking responsibility he can leave more and more to them, but before letting them work independently he must train them thoroughly, otherwise they will remain a constant source of worry and make it impossible for him to turn safely to the other branches. Moreover, the greatest care must always be taken never to let this or any other activity encroach on his essentially priestly duties. Catholic Action is a necessary extension of his apostolate, but it must be remembered that it is an extension and primary duties must come first.

Before deciding which branch of the parish may be in the greatest need of Catholic Action, the priest must thoroughly study and understand the difficulties of the parish and the lives and conditions of the people—of course where there is more than one priest several branches, in some cases all four, might be started at once.

Thus a year or more may pass during which he will decide to start with, for example, the young men and so he prepares to form the *militant* group, decides on the nature of their work, the chief apostolates to be undertaken, the plan of meetings and the rest, and then finally chooses the members of the groups themselves—probably from the ranks of the already existing societies.

When these are trained thoroughly, especially in sanctity, through the weekly meetings and are prepared for their rôle of lay leaders, the priest can withdraw to his true position of guide and Ecclesiastical Assistant, leaving them to manage their own meetings, though he himself will, if possible, always attend. Their special apostolates would be, the paper suggests, the net-work for the Mass attendance, after-care work and the Boys' Club, whilst a comprehensive census of the district might also be organized.

The *militant* group thus founded and formed, the priest can turn to the Young Men's group, whose formation by the monthly meeting has already been considered. The care of this group, which should eventually include all the young men, is gradually taken over by the *militants* with the minimum of supervision from the priest, whose decision, however, in any discussion, must be final. The apostolate of environment, the special sections working within the group, co-ordination and collaboration with, but not encroachment on, the already established societies such as the C.E.G. and S.V.P. will gradually be organised to embrace the whole activity of the parish and the priest can safely turn his attention to the formation of a further group—that of the young girls for example.

Perhaps five, possibly ten or more, years will elapse before Catholic Action is fully established in the parish. The number and zeal of the priests, the particular characteristics of the parish itself and the docility of the people may supply numberless factors to help or hinder progress to success. But, though slow, progress must be sure and "without Catholic Action it would be a miracle for the Church to be saved".

The second part of the paper deals with the priest's personal requirements, both psychological and intellectual, for this

work ; his enthusiasm must not be damped by failure or the worst set-back, he must be a real visionary, his theology and the study of moral problems must be adapted to life, especially the modern vices of incredulity, injustice and sins against matrimony and family life ; he must be cultured in the fullest sense of the word, able to speak and write attractively, the gentleman of Cardinal Newman's definition, Moreover, a deep knowledge of Ethics, the Social Encyclicals, and a real intimacy with the conditions of all in his parish are essential, together with " a heart full of the charity of Christ, which alone can bring back all hearts and wills to the laws of equity and justice ".

In this matter it is not talents but zeal that counts—zeal and hard work are alone necessary to form the instrument of the power of God. When failure comes, as it well may, let the priest call to mind that the history of Christ and the Church is one of failure, which nevertheless invariably turns to the triumph of the Resurrection. For the *militants*, it is the priest who must form their character and true education is far more than knowledge imposed from without and rather a true assimilation of personality, in which example must play a leading part. Complete generosity and a dazzling single-mindedness in the priest are required, besides a delicate tact and experience to ensure that, while seeming themselves to be leading, the *militants* are always in his hands, the shepherd of the flock.

As regards preparation for Catholic Action in the seminary it is suggested that the student should learn to consider his Theology in the light of the apostolate, to select the ideas which will in the future inspire his instructions and to practise adapting theoretical knowledge to the practical needs of various mentalities. Social problems and their solution must be thoroughly studied. Lastly a well-used library (which at present must perforce contain chiefly French and Italian books) on the essentials of Catholic Action and Sociology is indispensable.

And so we conclude the third year's work with the completion of a small outline of Catholic Action in the parish. The scheme is naturally in no way a dogmatic rule of action but merely intended to be a theory to be worked out in detail

from each member's own study and, later on perhaps, his own experience.

In the past Palazzola has usually been the scene of greater activity than in Rome and for the past two years circles have been organized to study more fully the broadest aspects of this new apostolate and the secret of its glory—its participation and co-ordination with the hierarchy and, in consequence, its unitary nature and universality. In addition an advanced circle on the Mystical Body and one on Formation, assisted by the Rector, have achieved great success. In all some 35 members have attended these regularly this year.

In the coming Roman year it is hoped to concentrate more on the theological aspect of Catholic Action. Papers are projected on The Dogma of the Mystical Body in its relation to the Laity, The Mass as the focal point of Catholic life and the participation of every man in Christ's priesthood and sacrifice, and The Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation with the duties and privileges that go with them.

Such then is CAPAC, a society which, not very old yet very flourishing, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Archbishop Godfrey, who showed such interest in its foundation. Some most useful criticisms of the papers, more than fifty copies of which are sent to England, have been received and for these we are more than grateful. Since we are all inexperienced and necessarily out of touch with actual conditions, our knowledge of practical problems is entirely dependent on letters of criticism and advice received from priests on the mission. Recently Fr J. C. Heenan gave an exceedingly practical and inspiring talk on the problems of parish life. If only more priests visiting Rome would address CAPAC the benefit of their experience would increase our wisdom a hundredfold and their efforts would assuredly not be wasted.

Even the cypresses which, swaying gently in the breeze eternal from the lake, so enhance the beauty of a principle, cannot but fail to bestow that knowledge which can only come from seeing things for oneself.

ROMANESQUES

29.—ROMAN TRAFFIC

WRITING a Romanesque is rather like making a speech at a Public Meeting on some controversial topic. Whatever subject one chooses to discuss one cannot pretend to speak with greater authority than anyone else among the audience or hostile voices are raised and cries of "Siddown!", "Out of order!", and "Mr Chairman, I happen to know . . ." strike the ear harshly. Take this question of Roman Traffic for instance. Supposing I wax lyrical about it, the chances are it will be raining next time you go out and, after you've dodged a few taxis splashing like speed-boats, you'll begin to doubt the sanity of any man who doesn't set down all Roman Traffic as a pest. On the other hand if I enlarge upon its horrors, you, adopting that superior air, will say "The man has missed the poetry of the thing". You'd be right. So I don't intend to wax lyrical, partly because I don't intend to wax lyrical about anything and partly because of my bias in the matter of Roman Traffic.

Taking it for granted that there are words with an ugly or evil connotation, as there are others with a good or pleasant atmosphere about them, I suggest that the word *Traffic* belongs to the former category; you find it in sinister street and we English are right in making it keep to the left. Can you, I ask, imagine a trafficker of any sort without at least a moral cast

in his eye? Traffickers are all essentially unscrupulous and Traffic itself is a pest, a horror, a thing to be avoided. What pleasant memories have you of Roman Traffic? Did you become enamoured of the bus? Do you recall the trams with delight, or the taxis? To say nothing of private cars, motor-bikes, push-bikes, *carozze*, hand-carts, and those pre-historic monsters you sometimes saw, and no doubt still see, mostly between the Porta San Pancrazio and the road that runs to the right of Pam gates. I refer to certain lorries, I suppose you'd call them, with hard tires, stilted chassis, and an ugly sort of snout for bonnet. They were usually loaded with bricks or iron tubes (dangling far out behind) and carried two men on the driver's seat. These men, as I remember them, wore rather curious summer uniform. A scanty vest, revealing muscular arms and hairy chest, covered them to the waist; pin-striped trousers, fairly dilapidated, seemed to be *de rigueur* among them, whilst many affected button boots with a spatty camouflage. One did the driving and the other might often be seen blowing down a piece of red rubber tubing. Whether he did this to cool the engine, to produce loud reports, or merely to while away an idle hour, I was never able to tell. Pre-historic though these monsters are it would be a pity to see them pass away.



“...blowing down a piece of red rubber tubing...”

Hereabouts, in the region of Pam as also in the Via Giulia, one often came in contact with that ultra-modern dragon, the *treno-stradale*. There should of course be a law against these things but, in the mean time, they may serve to remind us of the four last things. At the thunder of their approach a form of ritual is wisely practised. You cease to talk, take your last breath of fresh air, bury your nose in a handkerchief

if the nuns have sent you any back, and commend your soul to God. It will be all over in less than a minute, but during that time you will have wandered through a cloud of filthy smoke expelled sideways from some infernal pipe in the lower regions of the vehicle. St George himself surely had nothing worse to endure, at least during his approach shots.

Speaking of the region of Pam prompts me to remark that one of the chief glories of that hallowed spot is its freedom from traffic. Once inside the gates you can spread out over the drive and have no fear of being tracked down by a pestiferous taxi, swept away in the whirlwind of a passing bus, or deafened by the screech of a grinding tram. You escape all these and from being a mere Hunted Thing you become once more all that Billot says a person is. For the common pedestrian of Rome is really a Hunted Thing. I can remember no street or square down or across which you could count on walking without being chivvied about by some vehicle or other. You were safe as a rule in a *vicolo*, but then there were often other reasons for not wanting to walk down *vicoli*. But after all we joined in the hunt ourselves on the rare occasions when we took a taxi. "Knock him down" you'd murmur softly to the driver, "Pin him under the wheels" your *socius* would add, and then you'd both watch with regret the agility of the hunted animal in front of the bonnet. A recrudescence of the Roman cruelty you hear so much about, dating back no doubt to the days when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre! "The wild beasts are driven out with bands and red-hot irons, step by step, dragging back nameless mangled things in their jaws, and the bull-nosed dwarf offers the Emperor a cup of rare red wine. It drips from his mouth while he drinks, as the blood from the tiger's fangs. 'What were they?' he asks. 'Christians' explains the dwarf." That's how it is nowadays except that the bloodthirsty spectator sits in the back of a taxi, the Christians have just a slightly better chance of escape, and very few taxi-drivers have bull-nosed dwarfs to deal out cups of rare red wine to their passengers. Still you can get it elsewhere.

Mind you, I'm not suggesting that Roman Traffic did nothing

to brighten our lives. Behemoth the Bus, which lurches drunkenly past a shrinking camerata of students who clutch their wings about them like timid angels, has at least one redeeming feature. It has a notice, a superb notice, affixed to its door—

NON INGOMBRATE LE USCITE. Who has read that notice after a nightmare journey, crammed like a sardine against all and sundry, and not squeezed his way out with a smile



Non Ingombrate Le Uscite

on his face, forgiveness in his heart, and an admiring thought for the fine optimism of the official who thought it out? Were I that official I should have a copy of that notice hung over my mantelpiece to provide me with an eternal chuckle. I take it as certain proof of the immortality of at least one man's soul. For it I can forgive every waft of putrid air and reeking fumes suffered impatiently on summer nights or scirocco days.

The taxi too is redeemed by its driver, whom we have all known to attempt the impossible and sometimes to achieve it. How often he has provoked us to amused comment by his expostulating hands at a moment when he might well have concentrated them anxiously on his wheel! Knowing the extent to which he relied on the persistent use of his strident horn, we might well have expected to find him a broken man when that beloved toy was taken from him. The deprivation however merely served to stimulate his genius for making noise. Wild whoops from the engine, catcalls, whistles, slammings on the side of the taxi with spatulate hands, these are the means he immediately discovered to remove obstacles and maintain his speed. He never loses an opportunity to remonstrate and will vanish into the distance leaning out of his cab and yelling "*Stia zitto, Pomodoro*" to some red-faced person with whom he has had a slight *contretemps*. He probably splashed you on wet days out of sheer *joie de vivre*, the dear creature. You can put it down to the childish pleasure in playing with water, particularly rain water, which still lives in him.



"...poised stealthily on my bed..."

There is a species of Roman centaur which cannot go unmentioned in an article on Roman Traffic. He is here and there and everywhere. If you were in a position to hurl thunderbolts he would provide you with a target calling for your utmost dexterity. Thinking of him my hand tingles, for I am reminded of numerous occasions when, on hot summer nights, poised stealthily on my bed, I have slapped full hard on the wall with the flat of my hand, only to see the elusive sand-fly settling three points north-north-west of my palm. The Roman errand-boy on his bicycle is a combination of centaur and sand-fly. He grows from the saddle, he is an artful dodger. Off duty he wears a tight, highly coloured jersey, with some mystic word such as FRASCATI blazoned across his chest, and prefers to ride a machine so constructed that he must ride with his hind-quarters reared perilously above the level of his head. He will spend all Whit Monday in this preposterous position, cycling to Albano and back under the blazing sun, racing the tram in sheer exuberance of spirits. Back at work he will adopt a more upright posture and poise anything from a tray of *bombe* to a baby's cot on his head.



"...cycling to Albano and back..."

This must be the school in which his elder brother the taxi-driver is trained, for he will turn round to yell at anyone who has got in his way, trays of *bombe* or no trays of *bombe*. To say that he will carry a baby's cot on his head is no flight of imagination. I have seen it done. I saw this pocket Atlas finishing the last stretch of the Via Garibaldi with his head bulging up through the

spring mattress, believe it or not. I suppose it is like everything else—you must start at the bottom and work up. This youth no doubt began as a toddler, scrawling *W Binda* and *M Guerra* on the walls; passed through the stages of riding a bicycle so much bigger than himself that he had to regard the saddle merely as an ornament; did his apprenticeship riding up and down the seven hills of Rome with the trays of *bombe*, and finished up adorned with the baby's cot. There are no short cuts to perfection.

Having said something in defence of the bus, the taxi and the bike, I must not pass over the tram without recording at least one happy memory. I find it hard to think of Roman trams without conjuring up visions of people clinging all over them like leeches—bulging out of the doors, performing acrobatics on the steps and balancing on the couplings. So the Roman arrives at his destination literally by hook or by crook. Most people are surprised to find the platforms of these trams not neatly cleared of passengers but, specially designed to hold ten, invariably holding twenty or more. I suppose we have all travelled to Rocca or Albano in the appalling promiscuity of such a platform, jolted out of one's wits and waiting in dumb despair for the whole mad contraption to hurl itself from the rails and break for the open mad Campagna, thereby ruining the prospect of the annual record crop in that district. I remember once being trapped breathless on a Whit Monday in one of these compartments and listening to the sour comments of a fat and choleric Roman. The tram slowed down at Frotocchie, where a hopeful peasant stood with a large basket waiting to board us. The fat gentleman acted promptly. He whipped open the door, shouted down in the upturned face, and slammed it shut again—and the words he shouted were *Lasciate speranza voi ch'entrate*, which just about summed up the situation.

Horse drawn traffic is in these days scarce and consists almost entirely of the *carozza*, with an occasional *biga* by way of a change. You may still hear an occasional anecdote from the man who knew Rome when horses were common, as I did the other day. It concerned an accident in the Farnese and threw light on the Roman's method of getting a horse to its

feet after it had slipped on the cobbles. A firm kick, planted centrally in the belly of the animal, produced excellent results. That is the sort of thing we have missed by being born in this age of internal-combustion engines. Few taxi-drivers, however enraged, will be seen to kick their engines nowadays, and one may doubt whether such a course of action would produce the same satisfactory result as in the case of the horse. Besides there's probably a law against it.

I find that Traffic may be defined as "the coming & going of persons or goods by road, rail, steamship route, &c." Passing over the mysteries summed up in that "&c.", I feel that I am on safe ground when I state that Roman Traffic, as regards "steamship route", is negligible. Apart from the brown bodies of Roman youths frolicking in its waters on summer Sunday afternoons, the most that the Tiber can boast in "the coming and going of persons" is a tiny motor-boat with an outboard engine. In the stern sheets of this vessel sits a man adorned with a peak cap crowned with white canvas and looking as much at sea as a man, similarly adorned, might look taking money at a cocoanut shy at any of our popular seaside resorts. I have always believed, and will firmly believe, that this man is the River Police. Like every article of faith this has its difficulties, not to say its obscurities, for what illicit traffic can he be there to hinder? Be patient, and I will give you a hint as to the reason for his existence.

Judging by the crowds which line the Ponte Sisto and the other of the Tiber's bridges one might often imagine that numerous things were to do in this murky stream. Discover a place on the rails, however, and you will find that the concourse has gathered at the rumour of some fish being caught in one of those contraptions which moor habitually above the Tiber Island. It will be only a rumour: no self-respecting fish, unless it wished to give itself up, could possibly suffer itself to be lifted out of the water by those slowly revolving contrivances. Those nets, which heave themselves from the water like huge frying pans perpetually tossing non-existent pancakes, were never meant to catch fish. They are intended to rouse in the ideal Roman a mood for meditating on such subjects as the triumph

of mind over matter, perpetual motion, hope springing eternal in the human breast, or the upheaval of the unfittest. They have the same attraction for him as the spectacle of a dredger is supposed to have had for



"This man is the River Police."

the pitman on holiday, who refused to leave the pier until he had seen the last bucket come up. Should any fish be caught while playing hide and seek in these nets you have the reason for the existence of the River Police—to gather the inevitable tax.

Other objects of interest come and go in the Tiber—particularly when it is swollen by the rains, and fortunate is he whose eager scanning of the waters is rewarded by the sight of a dead cow or sheep brought down on the flood. He has an item of interest for the common-room, even though what he actually saw, did he but know it, was merely a misshapen block of wood. Other objects are static, like the Noah's Arks moored to the banks to serve as bathing huts and club houses for oarsmen. One I remember was magnificently adorned with the quotation *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*; and although I haven't the assurance to add "Virgil said that", yet I rather think he did. In any case it struck me as a surprising example of classical lore to discover in the owner of a boat-house. Given a chance such a man might go far, and perhaps even adorn the portals of the Cloaca Maxima with the words "O Fons Bandusiae".

The temptation to compare the steady stream of Roman Traffic with Tiber's flood has proved too strong for me. After all they do both roll for ever amongst the seven hills, and, though I never drank from the Tiber, I dare say it tastes as bad as the Traffic. As far as they affect the ear the Tiber has the advantage; in smell they are roughly on a par. For gladdening the eye the Traffic has it. It does not glide in a monotonous dull yellow stream, it has some high lights even if I have failed to reveal them, but the time has come to put a silencer on this exhaust.

LEO McREAVY

JOSEPH POWELL, PONTIFICAL ZOUAVE

IN 1871 Messrs Washbourne published a book named *Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves* by Joseph Powell, himself one of them. It is dedicated to Monsignor Stonor "the energetic, devoted, chief chaplain of the English-speaking Zouaves" and gives a very clear picture of the life of the soldiers of Pius IX, of holy memory, although the writer's two years (1868—1870) begin after the battle of Mentana, in which Julian Watts Russell gave his life for the cause. Notwithstanding, he gives us a valuable account of the early and most glorious years of this army, built on letters and direct information from his Zouave comrades, notably the late Mr Wilfrid Robinson, who lived to witness the Lateran Treaty. The main interest of Powell's work lies in the living picture it gives of the daily life of the Zouaves, their brave and joyful gallantry in peace as well as war, their marches, bivouacs and manoeuvres, and the loyalty of the people, especially in the country, to Pius IX and his government. To this we may add a good eye for landscape, an intelligent interest in local history (without any pretension to scholarship), and a direct simplicity of outlook that makes up for any lack of distinction in style. As such it forms a pleasant pendant to the glowing pictures of Mrs Crawford Fraser and her famous brother, the author of *Saracinesca* and *Don Orsino*.

There are one or two references to the Venerabile of some

interest and more to the neighbourhood of Palazzola. In August 1868 his company was encamped at Rocca di Papa on the Campo d'Annibale. Spelling of proper names is not his strong point, and we may be pardoned a smile over *Monte Cavi* and *Mondragoni*. Two sham fights took place; in the first Powell's company, after firing off all their ammunition "took the town of Albano by storm, and marched victoriously through it"; in the second they failed to take the formidable Rocca Priora, even in those days of Vandal *gleichschaltung*, aloof, commanding and majestic.

"We made (*i.e.* several English comrades and myself) two excursions to Monte Porzio, where the English College and the Oblates of St Charles were staying for their Villeggiatura. The English College received us as usual most kindly, and accompanied us part of the way back. We passed the ruins of Tusculum. . . . On the site of the ruined city a cross had been erected by the College, and it is visible for some miles. . . . While in camp, Mandy R—— and I descended for a bath to Lake Nemi after crossing a part of Monte Cavi (*sic*). We commenced to descend over a very broken country to the rocky mountain in which this lake is situated: this lake is indeed very beautiful, though with a beauty different to that of Albano, for Albano is beautifully blue, while Nemi is a deep green. After descending somewhat, we passed through the town of Nemi, and then commences the difficult part of the road, for the precipitous rocks are nearly perpendicular, and it is only by following the tortuous path, bending first to the right and then to the left, that one can descend at all. Near the shore of the lake on this side is a most productive soil, in which peaches, apricots and vines grow with wonderful luxuriance. We found the bath very refreshing after our hot walk, and much enjoyed it; afterwards, before ascending, we were enabled to taste some of the fruit grown in this most delightful spot. In the town we tasted some of the wine of Nemi, and pronounced it excellent, and we enjoyed it as we sat in a kind of balcony outside the Albergo, and then discussed the possibilities and probabilities as to the nature of certain craft we saw passing at sea in the far off distance. The shades of evening were closing

over us as we left Nemi, and then dawned on us the thought that we had a difficult path to find, an arduous road to walk, and an ascent of some fifteen hundred feet to mount, about eight miles in length, a great part of it through woods, where it was very easy to lose oneself, and, added to this, the prospect of *Salle de Police* and *Corvée de Quartier* on the morrow if we missed the *appel*. Under the circumstances there was no time to be lost, that was certain, so after reaching the ledge of the mountain cliff, Mandy led the way through the woods at about the rate of five miles an hour, and fortunately he remembered the turnings, and we got out all right, for as we descended Monte Cavi to the camp, we saw the *depôts* going through the illuminated figures of the Lieutenant Colonel—this was an amusement got up by him in honour of the visit of the Holy Father to camp, and the *depôts* were then rehearsing it. They carried lamps of various colours and the effect was certainly very pretty, and we then knew we were in time for the *appel*” (pp. 68—70).

Pius IX visited Rocca di Papa on August 10th. “There was a stage erected for his reception and for the celebration of Mass, which he said in the presence of the officers and men composing our brigade. He afterwards received the officers. The Holy Father appeared pleased to be amongst his soldiers; there was rejoicing in camp, for his soldiers are always pleased to see him among them, and he left for Rome in the course of the afternoon.” It is the fashion, maybe, to belittle Pius IX and his reign, but like other silly fashions doomed to a short life. To the present writer that time has all the beauty and the romance also that the Stuart cause has for all Jacobites, and for many besides these. It had moreover a quality which this kettle-churning generation is ceasing even to understand, that of dignity. The cult of crashing din and discord, demented hurry and hustle, was still distant and we were not poisoned with petrol fumes in the name of hygiene; we merely enjoyed vernacular health.

Powell only once refers to “Palazzolo” and its convent in repeating the common but mistaken belief that it marked the site of Alba Longa. Attached to the camp near Rocca di

Papa was a military hospital. "Our chaplains were with us, and were very attentive to the patients, one of them taking his turn of guard every night. There were services in French, English and Flemish, and confessions heard in these languages in the church of Rocca di Papa. The Dutch were conspicuous for their good attendance. Fr Gurdon, our chaplain, got up a tea-fight for the English and the Irishmen; it took place near the edge of the precipitous rocks hard by the camp fountain; most of the fellows came and we spent a very pleasant social evening together."

The finest chapter by far, I think, is that which tells of the disbanding of the Zouaves, and their farewell to the Pope they loved so loyally and warmly. Few passages in any book move me like this, of which I can only give a hanselling. "About midday the bugles called us to arms for the last time. The troops were all drawn up in the large square of St Peter's, preparing to march out, when at a window of the Vatican, to our great joy and consolation, we beheld our beloved Holy Father. At the same instant, our noble Colonel Allet, thirty-five years a soldier for the Pope, drawing his sword, cried in a loud voice, '*Mes enfants, Vive Pie Neuf*'. There arose from the whole army such a shout as perhaps has never, nor ever will again be heard. It came from the hearts of all who were there. . . . Our only desire was to strive with our tongues to express to him our love towards him, and our devotion to his cause. Long the cheering continued, the bands playing '*Viva Pio Nono!*'. Then for a moment we were silent as we presented arms and knelt to receive his blessing. Ere we stood up again, he was gone. . . . Silently and with heads bowed down and heavy hearts, we quitted the city. . . . And as we defiled among the troops awaiting on the Piazza their turns to leave, I noticed many young men, manly young fellows, weeping like children, and many an old veteran, bearing on his breast the medals for the African, Crimean, Italian or Danish and Austrian campaigns, furtively wiping away the tear that stole unbidden down his bronzed and weather-beaten face." They left by the Porta Angelica, of which Roesler Franz has preserved the memory for us as it then was, and marched round the back of the Vatican

to the Porta San Pancrazio, "and here let me thank for her kind prayer some, to me unknown, English lady, who, standing near the Porta Cavalleggieri as we passed it, exclaimed in heartfelt accents, 'Poor fellows, may Heaven preserve them!'" At St Pancras' Gate the Italian troops were drawn up along the road, their officers on horseback "along with our three Generals on foot. We marched past with fixed bayonets, our bugles sounding, our officers saluting our own Generals as we passed them, the Italians presenting arms and their bands playing as we defiled past them". The Zouave discipline caused frank surprise not without admiration. "We threw down our arms in a large field near the Pamphilj Gardens, and then set out on our march to Ponte Galera, a railway station eight miles off." This particular association of the loved Pamphilj will, I think, be new to many, since these years are vanishing fast from all living memory. *Et mortalia pectora tangunt* those lost causes that gain an added beauty in honourable defeat, a nobler majesty. And a glance back to forgotten days and ways may haply serve to enhance our love of sacred Rome. In this spirit have I offered these gleanings from a rare forgotten book.

H. E. G. ROPE

A ROMAN SHAKESPEARE ?

[This article is a shortened version of a paper, one of the best of recent years, read by Mr Hulme to the Literary Society. Chapter and verse is, however, omitted as being both pedantic and unnecessary.]

THERE is a period in Shakespeare's life about which little seems to be known. The dates would fit in snugly with a sojourn somewhere abroad. Where are his plays cast? Consider the names : Two Gentlemen of *Verona*, the Merchant of *Venice*, *Romeo* and *Juliet*. Consider the places in which the scenes are laid : Padua, the Rialto, Florence and Mantua—above all, Rome ! At a conservative estimate, Rome is mentioned over a thousand times in the plays and mentioned always with accurate detail. Shakespeare knew his Rome and there can be no doubt that he lived here for a few years at least. As to his life here there is only one workable hypothesis, but it will be found to be proved by the overwhelming internal evidence of the plays themselves.

Let us picture the Shakespeare home. A letter arrives and naturally someone asks "Where from?" ; someone else looks at it carefully and replies "*Oh ! from Italy . . .*" Shakespeare exclaims : *News . . . from Rome. Run thy fruitful tidings in my ear.* He is told to be careful *in all you write to Rome or else. . . .* He becomes somewhat uplifted : *My faithful friends, I have received letters from great Rome.* An old hand arrives,

to be announced : *there is a messenger from Rome desires to be admitted to your presence. He is—let him come near. . . . Welcome, what's the news from Rome?* Among other things it is that he is expected : *For three years term to live with me, my fellow scholars, and to keep the statutes.*

And so with his companion Shakespeare starts the journey, having got ready *his small packet of Greek and Latin books . . . a passport too.* They set out towards London and after *Lording it in London streets are safely brought to Dover where inshipp'd commit them to the fortune of the sea.* Then, *England's ground farewell : sweet soil adieu . . . to cross the seas to France.* Here follows *Fetch hither my boxes in order To plant . . . and overwhelm the custom.* That this would be necessary we gather from an earlier reference : *the letters too of many conniving friends in Rome, petition us at home.* However, something went wrong, as we gather from a later remark about *the goodness of your intercepted packets.*

Arrived in Rome his companion makes the typically fatuous remark : *These are the city gates* and reminds Shakespeare that he is *to cloister thee in some religious house ; that is to live and study here three years. And there are other strict observances.* The neophyte no doubt thinks rather ruefully of these as he prepares to change *my gay apparel for an almsman's gown,* whilst the first sight of a College hat evokes the exclamation *A headpiece extraordinary !*

The new life gradually unfolds itself. He begins *With all these living in Philosophy, till painful study shall outwear three years . . . to suck the sweets of sweet Philosophy . . . the Mathematics and the Metaphysics . . . that part of Philosophy that treats of happiness,* It is not so easy, *for a strange tongue makes my cause more strange. My native English now I must forego and now my tongue's use is to me no more ;* also he has *no skill to make distinction.* But the University has compensations even for the *worst of all her scholars.* One can always criticise : *I smell false Latin. . . . A very beadle. . . . No better office than to be a beadle. . . . Your German and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to your English.* A thesis is described : *Terms precise . . . with twenty such vile terms . . . with censure*

rash. The adversaries : new opinions divers and dangerous ; which are heresies, not reformed, pernicious—have the scriptures all turned to heresy and one of them even o'erthrows thy j's, friend ; thus we come to the proof, by turning over authorities and find that there is such unity in the proofs. Finally all difficulties are but easy when they are known.

Progress comes with the passage of the years till we reach the heart cry *Justice, justice, justice, justice !* ; later *I study virtue and grace* and so the emancipation of the 100 theses : *I am no breeching scholar in the schools ; I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times, but I learn my lessons as I please myself. . . .* Shakespeare, however, had no taste for the purely canonical : *But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law, good faith I am no wiser than a daw.*

Life is not all work : *'tis a playing day. . . . No school to-day ? . . . No. . . . it is let leave to play. . . . Blessing of his heart* (presumably that of the Rector Magnificus).

There is the familiar warning : *Take heed ere summer comes.* And when the Sheet comes out : *Look on the sheet. . . . Aye, now begin our sorrows to approach. . . . Now steel thy fearful thoughts and change misdoubt to resolution. Which done, The white sheet shall be my study, my brain more busy than the labouring spider.* Towards the end of June *When the schools embowell'd of their doctrine have left off . . . so you to study now it is too late,* but of such it is grimly said that they are *past cure of the fives.*

The examinations are faithfully described. *After strenuous cramming all are as thick as thought could make 'em.* The day comes for each to be *candidatus then.* As the 8 o'clock bell goes, the resolution comes *Away with slavish weeds, I will be bright and shine* but this optimism does not last long : *To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late.* On the way to the university dismal thoughts recur : *Twice for one step, I'll groan, the way being short and piece the way out with a heavy heart.* There is a certain consolation *That many have, and others must sit there, and in this thought they find a kind of ease,* besides the well-wisher's hearty *Dii faciunt laudis summa sit ista tua.*

The ordeal begins : *My thoughts are whirled like a potter's*

wheel ; I know not where I am. The examiner, *Beast like and devoid of pity*, begins his inquisition : *Speechless complainer I will learn thy thought . . . lege domine . . . more should I question thee and more I must. Even grimmer sound Answer have I none. . . . I fear I know not ;* but as the bell rings *Let him not pass* is changed to a bland *Satis quod sufficit*. In the end "*finis coronat opus*" and the results arrive : *I have cursed them without cause*, which is very different from *A mark ! O mark ! But that mark or We must rectify our knowledge*. And so up to Pamphilj with the triumphant thought : *How busy is the J', while we lie tumbling in the hay. . . .*

As is to be expected Shakespeare thoroughly appreciates the Villa, a *forted residence against the tooth of time*. He notes that *the fields are fragrant and the woods are green, whilst the air of paradise did fan the house ;* and determines to enjoy himself with the famous *I do fly after summer merrily. Merrily, merrily shall I live now*.

Further exploration produces the sage conclusion : *We house i' the rock. There is a garden circummured with brick and in it a cistern full of foul toads (I hope they kept him awake too). By gar me tank is the cry of the tyro, who bemocked at, stabs the still closing waters. Another has different tastes : I'll dive into the burning lake below. The sforza bears the olive freely ; on it the blind mole casts copp'd hills towards heaven and one engaged in trapping begs courteously : Pray you tread softly that the blind mole may not hear a footfall, we are now near his cell. Though at the Villa it is a case of there no more to fear the heat of the sun, prudence dictates that while you make holiday : your rye-straw hats put on. The most notorious inhabitant is well-known : Behold bright Phoebus in his strength. . . . O spartan dog. . . . Sir, he's a good dog and a fair dog, can there be more said ? . . . as full of quarrels as any young dog—no wonder in a district of dogs not easily won to fawn on any man.*

It is well known that Shakespeare was a great player of all games but a few quotations are very relevant to our purpose in this connection. At the beginning of the season the cricket captain is *toiling in a pitch* and the pozzualana *lies like one lump before him to be fashioned into what pitch he please*. Tennis

was unfortunate even in those days for we find them *Renouncing clean the faith they have in tennis because both the waters and the wind in that vast tennis court . . . have done their worst*, whilst golf even then laboured under the handicap of shortage of equipment : *I'll call for the clubs. . . . He being late grasped the heaviest clubs.*

I have mentioned Shakespeare's familiarity with Italy and Italian towns and cities. This familiarity might easily have been acquired on gitas. Day gitas can leave one spoiled for choice *between the lists* or on to a good thing : *seize thee that list*. One may go *to the forlorn and naked hermitage*, not forgetting that *There is cold meat in the cave*. At Fregene : *I leap into the sea for a minute's ease*, whilst Nemi, *bright Diana's temple is not far*. For your long gita you have to get your man, who may ask : *Tell me how far 'tis thither. What from Rome? return to Venice?* Authority is informed that they go *Sir, at the farthest for a week or two, to see fair Padua, nursery of the arts*. Again there is no lack of choice : *Florence, Pisa, Verona, Milan, Tripoly, Mantua, Bergamo* and plenty more are mentioned. *I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land* is more ambitious and *it is dear in Sicily* is certainly true, but there are plenty of references to being in all these places. One gita was certainly to Capri : *The climate's delicate, the air most sweet, fertile the isle, surpassing the common praise it bears* ; no wonder that the *gitanti* find themselves bound sadly home for Naples. *If wealthily, then happily* in Padua is cynical, but one would hardly expect *Venezia, Venezia chi non ti vede ci non ti prezia* from "Love's Labour Lost", perhaps the most Italianised play, which gives us also the splendid welcome *Contutto il cuore, ben trovato, may I say : Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor*.

Back in Rome we enter the common-room, a place for an interim to our studies, where *laud we the Gods and let our crooked smokes climb, its atmosphere a mixture of smoke and dusty vapours of the night*. As it is the beginning of the year this touching apostrophe is heard : *O thou weed, who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet that the senses ache at thee*. "These your unusual weeds," Shakespeare comments, "quite different from these

Italian weeds that Heaven stops its nose at". And as the evening progressed *Such a noise rose as the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest, as loud and to as many tunes; hats, cloaks, doublets, I think, flew up, and had their faces been loose, they had been lost. Such joy I never saw before.*

It must not be imagined that the sterner side of life is neglected, for example *Your meditation how to live better, when the golden sun salutes the morn.* One inclined to sit meditating in leaden contemplation is firmly exhorted to be *better in your pi'*. *To be up early and down late* is an obvious plaint of one about to indulge in the somewhat verbose art of reporting; that is if this sample is to be trusted: *Now, sir; the sound that tells what hour it is . . . are clamorous groans that start upon my heart . . . that is the bell which bid us to morning's holy office, the duty of the day . . . but were we late. . . . I must report this now. . . . If I did think, sir, I were well awake, I'd strive to tell. . . . We were dead of sleep, how we know not, but . . . with several noises of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains and more diversity of sounds, all horrible, we were waked. . . . Straightway, on a trice, were we thither.*

Out shopping, time can call too short to make it possible to *stay too long . . . the morning wears, 'tis time we were at Church . . . and well we may come there by dinner time . . . we may make hustle and come too late.* (Who hasn't felt that slipping past the Pantheon, with, of course, all hope gone of getting what you wanted yourself?)

Preachers will appreciate that *Discourse is heavy fasting,* but dinner has its compensations with *flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days . . . and, moreo'er, puddings and flapjacks fill bags.* A reference to the summer time-table is found in *Now sleepy slakèd hath the rout, No din but snores the house about, Made louder by the o'erfed . . . but as it were an after dinner's sleep.* Even the best things end, however: *A warning bell sings heavy music to thy timorous soul . . . time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds, hearing alarums at our chamber doors. . . .* A parallel quotation is *Hoarse with calling thee:* but calling some people is no use, they only hear *Sometimes voices that if I then had waked after long sleep will make me sleep again.*

Shakespeare would have enjoyed his church services, but *Black Vespers pageant* is rather bitter and this nasty dig at the Deacon *who snatches in his voice . . . for notes of sorrow out of tune . . . worse than the priests* was surely written on a Thursday morning. Station at San Girolamo is described as *the very cipher of a function* and on a more popular occasion the Romans are commended for *Their loud applause and aves vehement*, whilst for Guards in St Peter's there is the perfect solution to the problem of gate-crashing: *Bid any man stand. . . . How if 'a will not stand? . . . Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of the knave.*

Many things make up the true College life. We find descriptions of clothes worn: *Your long coat, priest, protects you* is the Greca, whilst, *Thou oughtest not to wear a cloak* is a warning against asking too often for a ferraiuola. *A dozen of them with delicate, fine hats* must be First Year. One about to give a tonsure says: *Priest, I'll shave your crown.* The Sacristan bewails: *My oil-dried lamp and time bewasted light.* The Public Meeting votes: *the congregated College have concluded.* The Bishop's agent boasts *I think for two Ordinaries.* The Pam porter requires of all *their permissive pass* and after Mass one fumbles in one's pocket because *the friar is come, like a true friar.*

Surely there can no longer be any doubt. The thesis is proved and Shakespeare comes to the end of his course at the Venerabile. For the last few weeks he has been accustomed to swear: *As firmly as I hope for fertile England.* An independent outlook is curbed by the usual snag; *Care not for me; I can go home alone . . . when I have a suit*, but a choice is soon made from the *suits of princely fellows* and off he sets determined to make the most of the journey *back to England all the world's my way.* We can hear the three cheers still ringing round the Cortile as we troop upstairs again and remember *this Roman with a Roman's heart—maybe the greatest Roman of them all.*

A. HULME

NOVA ET VETERA

PALAZZOLA CHURCH

THIS is the last chapter in the rather adventurous story of the restoration of the church at Palazzola. Artistic detail may be added or modified in the future, but the great work is now substantially completed. The sanctuary and the nave have been refloored and the new benches installed, with a success that has merited a unanimity of praise unbelievable to anyone acquainted with the variety of artistic tastes rampant in the House.

The new flooring of the nave is in red brick tile, strikingly relieved by a broad band of polished travertine running the whole length of the centre aisle and continued in the sanctuary to the foot of the altar steps. This strikes one as a bold but successful artistic venture, and has the effect of leading the eye straight from the main doors to the tabernacle. The red tiles laid in the sanctuary last year have been replaced by polished *cipolino*, which harmonizes beautifully with the prevailing note of dark green in the altar furniture. Church benches are often a problem which finds its solution in discomfort or ugliness—either the designer forgets that he is a man, or the man forgets that he is a designer. Fortunately the new benches in heavily waxed oak are both beautiful and comfortable, and their simplicity of design preserves the effect of austere neatness, which marks the whole restoration. Hand-

some and massive doors replace the ugly old relic with its attendant "baby-crusher" and are hung in a peperino arch restored to its original form, whilst on the marble *tympanum* are carved the College arms with the revised motto PRO PETRI FIDE ET PRO PATRIA, which avoids the ambiguity latent in the original form. A narrow dado of peperino and a slightly tinted wash have warmed the icy coldness of the plain white walls and a panel of peperino behind the altar gives added dignity to the sanctuary.

In true Roman fashion a tablet commemorates the completion of the work of restoration :

D. O. M.

HANC AEDEM CHRISTI
 SAECULO ARTIBUS CHRISTIANIS ADVERSO
 INFAUSTISSIME DEPRAVATAM DETORSAMQ.
 IN FORMAM PRISTINAM PULCHERRIMAMQ. INSTAURAVERT
 GULIELMUS GODFREY
 VEN. COLL. ANGLORUM DE URBE RECTOR
 JOANNES MACMILLAN EIUSQ. SUCCESSOR
 INCITANTE ET ADIUVANTE
 RICARDO LAURENTIO SMITH
 UTRIVSQUE VICE-RECTORE
 AD MCMXXXIX

In the sacristy there is another tablet, relegated from the church, which commemorates the work of the great Cardinal Fonseca, who—

IN HONOREM DEIPARAE VIRGINIS
 TEMPLUM VETUSTATE FATISCENS AC SITU SORDENS
 INSTAURATIS EXORNATISQUE FORNICE AC PARIETIBUS
 EXTRACTIS ODEIS PAVIMENTO STRATO
 MARMOREIS EXCITATIS AREIS
 FRONTE AC VESTIBULO EXTERIUS RENOVATIS
 IN SPLENDIDIOREM FORMAM RESTITUIT

Surely he could never have dreamt that the day would come when men as eager as himself for the beauty of God's house should send his towers crashing to the ground, dismantle his marble altars, tear up his pavement and break down his

plastered walls to find the ancient windows. Contrast our *infaustissime depravatam detorsamque* with his *in splendidiorem formam restituit*, and meditate on the fickleness of man's artistic taste! One cannot but rejoice that Fonseca's name has been spared the condemnation of his age for, in that *saeculo artibus Christianis adverso*, the towering rock face and the incomparable wall of the garden show him to have been a man of vision, and but for his zeal Palazzola might have remained the ruin he found it. Perhaps Cardinal Fonseca would be the first to congratulate those who have planned and completed the second and the truer restoration of Sancta Maria ad Nives.

THE CHANGES IN ROME

One of the chief difficulties in any scheme of improvement is to find a limit to what must be done: anything new or renovated will show up the shabbiness of its surroundings and to complete the job something has to be done about them too and so on *ad infinitum*. This is all very well if it is merely a matter of spring cleaning or redecorating a house, but when a whole city is involved, patience, wise-thinking and determination are essential to success, and it can be put to the credit of the present rulers of Rome that they seem to lack none of these qualities. At present there are three main centres where work is in progress within the city—in the Borghi before St Peter's, in the ancient Foro Olitorio and, to a lesser degree, along the length of the new Corso del Rinascimento. The area round the Augusteo seems to be substantially completed and determination is being shown to resist an obvious temptation to take thought and ruthlessly add cubits to the width of the Corso.

Before St Peter's there is now little more than a vast desert, in the midst of which Santa Maria in Traspontina, the Palazzo Giraud and the rebuilt Palazzo dei Convertendi face across to a sorely battered Palazzo dei Penitenzieri, and the little church of the Annunziata stands like a forlorn tree stump by the side of the new road, which now leads straight

from the Ponte Vittorio Emanuele into the Via della Conciliazione and cuts out the awkward bend round which the buses and trams used to skid so perilously. When the new buildings are finished it will be possible to estimate the wisdom of such determined sacrifice of whatever may have been of value in the old houses : from the Sant' Angelo corridor to Santo Spirito there has been a clean sweep.

Closely connected with the *sistemazione* of the approach to St Peter's is the work of making the new entrance to Rome from the north-west, along the Via Aurelia. Here a populous new suburb has grown up within the last few years, whose extent can best be judged on a clear night from the garden of Palazzola, whence the twinkling lights can be seen to be stretching ever further and further into the distance. The tunnel beneath the Janiculum would appear to be nearly complete and the foundations of the new Ponte dei Fiorentini are being laid. This bridge will lead straight from the mouth of the tunnel to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which it joins at the spot where the curious little Museo Barracco stood before its sudden disappearance one day last year. The Archconfraternity dei Fiorentini, attached to San Giovanni, has already rebuilt its premises and will have a handsome frontage on the new road.

The Corso del Rinascimento is open for traffic and the work of renovating the buildings in its neighbourhood is proceeding steadily. The Sapienza is being transformed into a municipal library and archives, whilst the church of the Sacro Cuore di Maria opposite is being completely restored to its former shape and beauty. The ugly baroque altar is being removed and a new one placed in the original position : the whole church is being turned round and the main doors will once more open on to the Piazza Navona.

The Foro Olitorio is a perfect example of the difficulty of bringing work to an end : the Via del Mare has reached Santa Maria in Cosmedin, the excellent municipal buildings are in full working order, broad roads lead up to Santa Maria della Consolazione and to San Giorgio in Velabro, the various levels have been straightened out, Sant' Omobono has been isolated

and beautifully restored, but all around there remain hideous blocks of old tenements which, with the decayed mass of the Museo di Roma, now cry aloud for destruction.

Work continues on the Cancelleria, though much of the repairing of the outside walls is complete and the new roof is on. When all is finished will be time enough for a full description of what has been done, and also for an account of the wonderful archaeological discoveries made amongst its foundations.

Gradually everything is being focussed into immediate preparation for the International Exhibition and nowadays E 42 is a name to conjure with. The exhibition buildings are rising fast at Tre Fontane and the problem of carrying the tourists to and fro is being vigorously handled. The Archaeological Walk has been remodelled and divided into four broad lines of traffic and the underground is being built after all. An enormous groove has been dug in the Via dei Trionfi, which ends in a great hole smashed in the ornamental walls at the foot of the Esquiline by the Colosseum, and there is another great hole behind Santa Maria Maggiore. There is talk of building a new Via Appia to by-pass all towns and the old dream of turning the Castelli into a suburb of Rome has not yet faded.

So things progress : Rome may not have been built in a day, but it is certain that she must be rebuilt before E 42, or someone is going to know the reason why.

A BRUSH WITH THE ANTI-CLERICALS, 1890

The four years we are considering afforded beyond the College walls one exciting and stirring period. About 1889 the Roman Anti-clericals, backed up by the Grand Orient, became very active and daily found some new opportunity and means of venting their hatred against the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff. They erected, about this time, in the Campo de' Fiori a statue to Giordano Bruno. The site became, thereafter, the rendezvous and pilgrimage centre of all the lower elements of Rome, anxious for a fling at the Vatican and all

who stood by it. Owing to our close proximity to the Campo and to our having to cross it daily to reach our lecture rooms in the Via del Seminario we naturally came in contact with these noisy mobs and got, so we thought, more than our due share of their unwelcome attentions. Some time after Easter, in 1890 if my memory serves me right, things got considerably worse and one morning, on its way to schools, my camerata got a particularly hostile reception. As the Via Nazionale (*sic*), we observed, abounded in threatening groups we decided to give it, for the nonce, a wide berth and make a detour by San Lorenzo in Damaso. However, we were pursued by a howling mob for a considerable distance, pelting us all the way with stones. It was then that we learnt to appreciate, as never before, the usefulness of the ugly and massive brollies with which we were provided. Still keeping strict camerata formation and not unduly hastening our steps, yet not lingering, we opened out our brollies and reached our destination unscathed, only a few minutes late. A few days later a somewhat similar incident occurred as we were returning from the Pamphilj Villa. We were again interfered with and insulted at the top of the stone steps leading down from the Janiculum. However, on this occasion I rejoice to record that we got even with our assailants and left with at least two of them parting gifts, with which they might long hold us "in fond remembrance"! Having accomplished this pleasing task we got down the steps in record time (a *facilis descensus*, believe me) and spreading aloft once more our faithful gamps we reached safety, again unscathed, amid the missiles rained down at us from the heights.

"A quelque chose malheur est bon" or, as we put it, "It's an ill wind. . . ." The City's rowdiness, above referred to, proved a great boon to the Venerabilini! It procured them an unexpected treat. Dr Giles, about Whitsuntide, becoming alarmed at the course of events and anxious too for the safety of his boys, suddenly decided to take us all out to Monte Porzio in the hope that, in the meanwhile, things in Rome might settle down and promptly return to normal. The Rector was justified in his surmise and what a glorious time we had! We had never beheld Porzio, Tusculum and the hills at this time

of the year and we had no idea that they could provide such a feast of beauty. The galaxy of wild flowers, the luxuriant green everywhere, offering so marked a contrast to the wide-spread aridity the same places would show a few weeks later under the rays of a torrid sun, the freshness and purity of the air compared with that of the City we had just left, everything tended to exhilarate us and fill us with a sense of well-being we had for a long time not experienced.

You will not be surprised to hear that we spent out in the hills a happy and memorable, if only too short, *villeggiatura*. Neither will you be surprised to hear that some of us were almost prompted to pray that the anti-clerical outburst in Rome might prove an annual event, could it but be, annually, accompanied by so pleasant a relaxation !

(From the reminiscences 1888—1892 of the late Fr R. H. Nash, D.S.O.)

PERSONAL

On the evening of May the 11th the Cardinal Protector paid a dramatic and informal visit to tell the Rector, on the eve of his departure for England, that the Holy Father had nominated him a Domestic Prelate. We thank his Eminence for thus adding one more notch to his tally of acts of kindly thoughtfulness, and heartily congratulate Monsignor Macmillan on the honour of his new dignity.

We join with our fellow students for the English mission in Rome in congratulating the Rector of Beda, Monsignor Duchemin, on his appointment as a Protonotary Apostolic *ad instar participantium*.

On November the 1st the 1908-1915 men celebrated their silver jubilees : *prosit* to Rev. F. AVERY, D.D., Rev. J. DU MOULIN-BROWNE, Cong. Orat., and to Rev. J. SUNN. *Auguri* to our own Fr H. E. G. ROPE, M.A., who will celebrate the same happy anniversary on February the 27th.

The appointment of two new Bishops' secretaries is to be chronicled : Rev. H. McNEILL, D.C.L. (1928-1938), to his Lordship of Hexham and Newcastle, and Rev. A. BOERS (1933-1935) to his Lordship of Plymouth.

The Rev. G. FORD, D.D. (1921-1928), who until recently filled the latter post, has become parish priest of Beaconfield, Plymouth, which was until his appointment a Mass centre without resident priest. We wish him *tante belle cose* in his new work.

This is the only news we have of newly appointed parish priests but we offer our congratulations to the Rev. J. DINN, D.D. (1923-1929), who is now Administrator of St Anne's Cathedral, Leeds ; while the following changes have occurred in the ranks of the curates : Rev. J. PARK (1926-1933) to St Clare's, Liverpool and Rev. E. WILCOCK (1932-1936) to SS. Joseph and Teresa, Woodlands, Doncaster, while Rev. J. MACDONALD, D.D. (1930-1938), who returned to England last Easter, has taken up his duties at St Anthony of Padua, Walker, Newcastle.

From the colleges comes news that Rev. G. NESBITT, Ph.D. (1929–1936) has been appointed to St Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle, Rev. G. MITCHELL (1934–1938) to Upholland and, of those who left last July, Mr Swinburne to St Mary's Grammar School, Darlington, Mr DUGGAN to St Bede's, Manchester, and Mr ASHWORTH to Cotton College.

The remainder of those who left last year are placed as follows: Mr WELLS to Our Lady Star of the Sea, St Anne's-on-Sea, Preston; Mr MCKEEVER to SS. Mary and Modwena, Burton-on-Trent; Mr CASHMAN to Our Lady of the Angels and St Peter's Chains, Stoke-on-Trent, and Mr WILKINS to St Mary of the Angels, Worthing. To all of them hearty *auguri* for the future.

Recently we were reminded by a speech from the Rector, which was accompanied by a very worthy *bicchiere* and made the occasion for the singing of *ad multos annos*, that Domenico, our major-domo, has been with us for twenty-five years—a length of service which speaks well for all concerned.

THE EDITOR WELCOMES ANY INFORMATION THAT MAY BE SENT TO HIM
FOR THIS COLUMN



THE VILLA CHAPEL

COLLEGE DIARY

FEBRUARY 9th. *Thursday*. In the evening six of our good friends, the Irish Christian Brothers, came to enjoy with us the English version of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, presented by the Rector to the House in celebration of his arrival. Quite the best film ever shown in the common-room sent us to bed to dream of Fairyland and to wish that life was even more Grimm.

10th. *Friday*. "Hi-ho, Hi-ho, it's off to schools we go . . ." but on our arrival at the University everything was forgotten in sorrow at the death of the Holy Father. Instead of schools the students of Rome joined the crowds streaming to St Peter's throughout the day.

11th. *Saturday*. In the morning the Rector sang a solemn Requiem for the Pope and later, whilst the majority struggled in the crowd besieging the Bronze Doors, two enterprising individuals were able to visit the Sistine for the first lying in state. In the evening the crowds in the Piazza when the body was carried into St Peter's were enormous. Rome is thinking and talking of nothing else but the Pope. News comes through that Cardinal Hinsley has already left England.

12th. *Sunday*. Wise men went to St Peter's this morning to join the reverent crowds filing before the catafalque in the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. Those more optimistic spent the afternoon engulfed in a seething mob pressed tightly against the closed gates of the Basilica. A pathetic touch is supplied by the English papers, which arrive with the news that the Pope is slightly indisposed. In the evening Mr Roche was privileged to take the Vice-Rector's place at the Vatican radio and read a description of the events in Rome.

13th. *Monday*. For the first time in history the various colleges have been given the privilege of watching by the Pope's body inside the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. This evening we shared the hour 8—9 with

the Scots, the Americans following at 9 o'clock. With us came also Cardinal Hinsley, who had reached Rome in the afternoon.

14th. *Tuesday*. In the evening the body of Pius XI was taken and buried in the crypt of St Peter's. Though the ceremony is strictly private, few who made the attempt failed to get in by some means or other, and all returned with glowing accounts of the impressive proceedings.

15th. *Wednesday*. In the morning the University Requiem at Sant' Ignazio. Speculation was rife as to what useful function the "Tiara" on the catafalque might perform in private life, but it was certainly a masterly piece of improvisation. It is impossible to buy back numbers of the *Osservatore*, or the current number after 10 each morning. In the afternoon, in a discreet and much-postponed game, Theologians were hard pressed by Philosophy but won 4—0, thanks to the Gilbertian display of a press-ganged goalie who is, ironically enough, one of our best Rugby players.

16th. *Thursday*. The annual general post whereat the quarter of the Refectory which has the use of one half of the chairs, changes places with the corresponding quarter. Breakfast was a compromise, some taking up their old positions out of absent-mindedness or a Nordic refusal to recognise the Latin breakfast as a meal. The Rector has been unwell since his abrupt move from the robust atmosphere of South Lancashire to *il clima di Roma*: today the Vice is down with a touch of flu and it was left to His Eminence to preside at dinner. Unfortunately, the bell refused to acknowledge its old master and the most vigorous shaking could produce nothing better than a sardonic chuckling.

17th. *Friday*. Most people have been to see the tomb of Pius XI, at present merely a shell of wood and (like so many things in Rome) painted to look more like marble than wood. A new game is to see how long it is before you get a glimpse, at a distance, of the latest Cardinal to reach Rome. Some copy *Alice in Wonderland* by going to the station at the advertised time of arrival. The 200th orange of the season tastes just as good as the first.

18th. *Saturday*. As Monday is a gita day, this afternoon a visit was paid to the new emporium of the C.I.T. in the Piazza Colonna, where everything is ultra-modern, except the reductions, and a final touch of service is shown by the fair-haired Anglo-Saxon recently co-opted to the Staff.

19th. *Sunday*. The 8th of the *Novendiali* and the second of the Solemn Requiems in St Peter's—clerics' day and, possibly in consequence, stricter supervision than ever. Each guard demanded to see one's ticket, some even tore it, but they still forget to look at anything but the colour.

20th. *Monday*. A huge reduction attracted parties to Viterbo (for Montefiascone) and Sutri. Skiing gains in popularity, though an overlaid car now means a fine—nobody concerned thinking it worth while to point out that seven in one car is not overloading. One party spent the

day spinning about the Pontine Marshes in luxurious cars as the guests of the Ministry. To supper Mr "Alfie" Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin, who added ours to his previous millions of handshakes. The Rector is in his stride again and was able to visit Palazzola with the Cardinal this afternoon.

21st. *Tuesday. Shrove Tuesday.* A willing hand rang the bell at 5.30 this morning only to be assured (mildly, we hope) that it was a long sleep. Others besides himself had not realised the fact and it is said that three of these were in church when a Superior in like plight said the prayer and started them meditating. At night the Three Musketeers (not the three referred to above) flashed a dexterous rapier in a most enjoyable quota film. We wondered if Cardinal Richelieu ever attended a Conclave and if so for how many of the modern restrictions he was responsible. One of First Year had to be literally and swiftly carried to the Blue Nuns with what proved to be an orange pip firmly lodged in his appendix: however, all was put to rights within fifteen minutes of his arrival in hospital.

22nd. *Ash Wednesday.* Santa Sabina is as crowded as ever for the first and most popular of the Lenten Stations. This year, we understand, everyone intends doing *all* the Stations. There has been divided opinion as to the correct prayer to be said after dinner: now the prayer *pro eligendo Papam* is prescribed by the Vicariate and the matter settled.

23rd. *Thursday.* A very hard game against the *Roma* Rugby Club was won by a splendid penalty goal to nothing. Our optimism must be admitted to have been a bit forced and so the win was all the more welcome. No doubt it was not *Roma's* best team and no doubt also our bustling methods, especially a certain freedom with the off-side rule, were new to them. None the less it must be recorded as a great victory and one which those who get a match so seldom feel to be worth the two years' wait.

24th. *Friday.* The overbright friend who smacks members of yesterday's Rugby team on the back soon realises that he is merely overbright.

25th. *Saturday.* Seventh Year reluctantly attend their last morning school. An enterprising boot-man has rigged up a "shoeshine" at this end of the Monserra' and First Year now attend schools like so many advertisements for Brill.

26th. *Sunday.* At supper we all picked out Mr Hammond of the *Daily Sketch*, billed to address the Literary Society, from his friend Mr Barry, who is also a friend of our friend Mgr Barton Brown—and all proved to be wrong. In this, the latest of the series of lectures on Spain, by sticking to his own personal experiences, Mr Hammond succeeded in arousing even the most war-worn of us to interest, though his most appreciated stories were of Holland and Munich.

27th. *Monday.* Oriental Theology received many a devastating interpretation this morning; other subjects no doubt fared little better

in their respective examinations. At the Vatican no one seems to know where any one is allowed these days. The great new school on the Tiber bank has a huge pipe sticking out of an upstairs window—modern decoration can go too far.

28th. *Tuesday*. Gamarelli display the traditional three white cassocks in their window. Even the largest is “not very big,” but possibly they have some inside information. Preparations for the Scots match go on apace. The latest method is to oppose the probables to an entirely inadequate opposition to develop a superiority complex. The Vice has installed a gadget for the control of callers: you press a bell and he replies with tiny robot signs—green for *avanti*, yellow for *attendete*, red for *occupato*. We confess to being disappointed. How much better a tiny ear-phone with appropriate music!

MARCH 1st. *Wednesday*. *St. David's Day*. Our solitary Welshman and our one Menevia student sport daffodils at breakfast, but by supper time the Welshman has grafted his on to a leek. The Conclave begins and we bid farewell to Cardinal Hinsley, an unfamiliar figure in his purple cassock.

2nd. *Thursday*. The first *sfumata* attracted a full house in the morning: not so the all-important one of this afternoon. Only a few hurried over their tea and reached the Piazza in time to see the puff of greyish smoke come eddying out of the chimney—as in 1922 the sign is found not so much in the colour of the smoke as in its density and continuance. Those still in the college, however, came hurrying down as soon as the wireless had announced the fact of an election, and all were present at the unforgettable scene except for one historical figure, who was having a bath at the critical moment and so remained blissfully aloof until it was all over. At supper it was with joy and enthusiasm that we raised our extra *bicchiere* to salute the pontificate of Pius XII. This morning's notice about tomorrow's arrangements for seeing the *sfumata* looks pretty weary tonight.

3rd. *Friday*. Football at Fortitudo this morning, which means that we've won one game there already, but as we played ourselves we've also lost one so that it doesn't seem to help much. A party visited the Vatican to pick up any remnants of the Conclave which the Beda may have left behind. One “postcard”, already on its way to England, consists of a strip of cardboard from a Conclave wall with a picture of Pius XII tacked on to it. At coffee and *rosolio* the Rector proposed the Pope's health formally and Cardinal Hinsley replied, and then we pestered him and the *conclavisti*, the Vice-Rector, Mgr Elwes and Fr Carroll-Abbing, who accompanied Cardinal Pizzardo, for any scrap of information or anecdote they could divulge.

4th. *Saturday*. *Plausus non vitantur in hac universitate*—for one day only. The oldest professors are busy remembering the days when a youthful Eugenio Pacelli performed with great credit at a menstrua, and Capranica, who were received in audience yesterday, have a new way of

preening themselves—or maybe this is just our imagination. Mr Belloc and Mr Woodruff have been visiting the college—the latter would be willing to give a talk on Spain!

5th. *Sunday*. Some early brickers located the Pope's birthplace at the corner of the Via Orsini, in the area beyond the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and behind the Chiesa Nuova. He was baptised at San Celso, just near the Tiber, but as it is no longer *parocchiale* the register is at the Chiesa Nuova.

6th. *Monday*. A menstrua—possibly with a future Pope defending! Even so First Year Theology felt they had scored as they were exempt in the morning and, for reasons not given, the whole thing was cancelled in the afternoon. We enjoyed a walk round Pam, which is at its best at this time of the year. Unfortunately, the long dry spell is causing distress to the land workers in the Campagna.

7th. *Tuesday*. There seems no end to the topical articles which the *Osservatore* is able to base on the new reign, nor for that matter to the supposedly ornamental borders with which its front page is adorned.

8th. *Wednesday*. *Prosit* to the Vice-Rector and Mgr Elwes, who are confirmed in the office of *Camerieri Segreti*.

9th. *Thursday*. For top year the traditional "two hard-boiled eggs" and the six inches of mystery, which turns out to be chocolate, the prologue to "The Written"—nowadays usually Scripture. For the rest a *dies* definitely *non*. To dinner the Cardinal Protector and, after coffee and *rosolio*, an exchange of cheers for and by Cardinal Hinsley and himself. At 5 o'clock Cardinal Hinsley gave Benediction in his titular church of Sta. Susanna, which was preceded by a sermon from the Rector of the American College, who supplied the choir, whilst we supplied the *assistenza*. To supper and to address the Literary Society Mr Douglas Woodruff who, forbidden to mention Spain, spoke on "Journalism" and almost persuaded us that newspapers are not so bad after all.

10th. *Friday*. "The Sheet" appeared today, as sheets will, to the horror of those concerned, for it contains a hundred theses, none of which they have any recollection of having seen before. One of the candidates was strolling down the Corso this afternoon when his new ferraiuola was neatly hooked by the handle of a passing car. He was dragged a few yards but little damage was done except to the ferraiuola. Amidst an interested crowd a sympathetic carabine started to take a few notes of the contretemps but was soon defeated by the spelling of the injured party's birthplace—Oswaldtwistle!

11th. *Saturday*. Mr Belloc addressed the Literary Society on "History," in his inimitable way letting us see History as something alive and full of significance for the future. Unfortunately, the impossibility of bi-location prevented us from staying at the station to welcome the Duke of Norfolk, His Majesty's ambassador at tomorrow's coronation. The train was an hour late, which an American Express man easily explained: "You see it comes from France, Father."

12th. *Sunday*. CORONATION DAY. At the belated cold lunch the stock subject for conversation was the magnificent places that one can so easily persuade oneself that one had—afterwards. One had spent the morning converting a Modernist, another as a member of the Greek choir from Grottaferrata, but the palm must go to the Philosopher who found himself, at the Pope's right hand, being gravely escorted into the Blessed Sacrament chapel by the Noble Guard. An extra *bicchiere* at supper supplanted the move of a large minority to get an early bed.

13th. *Monday*. No one took the plunge into the tank yesterday: liturgically, we said, they are quite right and will do it today. But we were wrong. Cardinal Seredi, the Primate of Hungary, sang the High Mass at San Gregorio. To dinner Mr Walsh, Editor of *The Catholic Times*.

14th. *Tuesday*. The Duke of Norfolk was leaving the College as we returned from schools this morning, but there was just time for a hasty cheer to be organised. The Senior Student is retiring and his carefully audited "balance sheet" monopolises the notice board, but the public meeting was adjourned after one session until St Patrick's Day concert is over. This is no time for frivolity. In the evening Mr De Valera called to see Cardinal Hinsley and then came down to us waiting to receive him in the bottom corridor. He came round the whole circle, shaking hands with each man, and we repaid his generosity with three of those cheers which bring even the most blasé of our tenantry to the windows of their flats.

15th. *Wednesday*. Station at San Girolamo attracted its usual select *assistenza*.

16th. *Thursday*. The blustering wind makes football at Pamphily even more of a game of chance than usual, and last night proved too much for one of the giant pines alongside the pitch. It now lies a pitiful wreck with great drops of resin oozing from its smashed branches. A select representation attended at the Legation to meet Cardinal Hinsley: the more punctilious were also careful to take their leave before racing him back to the College for supper.

17th. *Friday*. St. Patrick's was celebrated with an added zest this year in the afterglow of Mr De Valera's visit and the concert was as good as any of the many we can remember to have enjoyed.

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| 1. Piano Duet | Messrs. Le Blanc
Smith and Rawcliffe |
| 2. Solo . . . <i>The Ash Grove</i> | Mr McNamara |
| 3. Interlude THE ELOPEMENT | |
| A Broadcasting Skit in two scenes. | |
| <i>Mr Brown</i> | Mr McKenna |
| <i>Mrs Brown</i> | Mr Buxton |
| <i>Capt. Jasper Slazenger</i> | Mr Holland |
| <i>Landlord</i> | Mr Wyche |
| <i>Lady Betty Juniper</i> | Mr Brown |

	<i>Susan (her maid)</i>	Mr Buxton
	<i>Lt. Carfax</i>	Mr Iggleden
	<i>Property Man</i>	Mr T. Harrison
4.	Quartet . <i>A Dirge</i>	Messrs Hannon, Groarke, Murtagh, Kelly
5.	Song . <i>Alexander</i> (A. A. Milne)	Mr Duggan
6.	Item . <i>Clerical Confessions</i>	Messrs Iggleden and Hanlon
7.	Sketch . FIVE AT THE GEORGE	
	<i>Capt Standish</i>	Mr McEnroe
	<i>Landlord</i>	Mr Clarke
	<i>Mr Merridew</i>	Mr Hulme
	<i>Mrs Vane</i>	Mr Pledger
	<i>Gilbert Weir</i>	Mr A. Storey
	<i>Elsie Weir (his Wife)</i>	Mr Gibb
	<i>Inspector Baird</i>	Mr Key

GOD SAVE THE KING

18th. *Saturday*. At last the weather has broken completely and this was a day of short bells and pouring rain, but Mr McDonald splashed his way to the University to read the digest of his thesis: The Priesthood of the Laity. In the afternoon Cardinal Hinsley presided at the ceremony of consigning to the care of the Chapter of St Peter's the new tomb of the Stuart Kings.

19th. *Laetare Sunday* and Feast of St Joseph. Cardinal Hinsley received a visit from Cardinal Maglione, the new Secretary of State, in the morning, and stole away with the Rector to the Beda for dinner and to wish Mgr Moss a *Buona Festa*. In the afternoon a select body went to San Gioacchino's to assist at the confirmation of *una cinquantina* of pupils from the Irish Christian Brothers' school. In the evening an even more select body enjoyed "Pinafore" at the Scots College.

20th. *Monday*. The Feast of St Joseph this year has had a real Bethlehem welcome, even the Gregorian having no room for it. The prevailing opinion, certainly not confirmed by the cold facts, is that this has been a year of extra holidays. To dinner, coffee and *rosolio*, Mr Sullivan the Consul. Tea was raised considerably in height by the generosity of three of this year's priests. After supper the Cardinal came to bid us good-bye in the common room and to say how much he had enjoyed his five weeks' peaceful holiday.

21st. *Tuesday*. Station at San Lorenzo in Damaso—markers were moved from Ash Wednesday's prayer to today's as we processed ceremonially beneath the shadow of the Cancelleria. The prayer for peace "for all Christian princes and peoples" takes on an added significance these days. After supper the Vice-Rector showed a programme of films—some new reels and as many as possible of the old favourites.

22nd. *Wednesday*. An example of the new type of chair for the Palazzola refectory arrived and was duly sat on. It looks very handsome but the back is so upright that even Mr F.'s Aunt would find it difficult to relax on one of them. An old tradition was revived when the Senior Student announced the team to play the Scots tomorrow.

23rd. *Thursday*. Since Fortitudo and other neutral grounds were not available the game was played on the Scots' regular ground, that of the Knights. The weather justified the striking of a commemorative medal: one each to be given to the players and two to each of the spectators. Congratulations to the Scots on their victory and to Mr Wells, who scored our only goal from a free-kick. Has there ever been a wetter day? To Pam. this afternoon in a storm of hail (amongst other things) and to complete the dreary picture several of the steps have been smashed or washed away, making the ascent positively perilous.

24th. *Friday*. Already every one has his own pet theories about how we might have or should have beaten the Scots. To dinner Lord Howard of Penrith.

25th. *Saturday*. The Tennis Committee, with an umpire, visited Palazzola to survey the ground and to decide how many inches to the metre are essential to the new court.

26th. *Sunday*. To dinner Frs Hicks and Lawson, S.J. In the evening Dom Anselm Strittmatter, O.S.B., kept the Literary Society busy for an hour skipping among the *saturnalia* and the *robigalia*, which it seems are responsible for our modern Christmas—and we always thought it was Dickens! Many of the audience were left with the regret that the lecturer had not dealt with the analogues and their disputed effect on early Christian symbolism.

27th. *Monday*. The Cancellaria has grown a new tower, although the tall scaffolding still looks like a wooden ragamuffin trying to find a lost ball on the roof. Still more important for those on that side of the house is the new clock, which is most pertinacious in its hours not merely temporal but also liturgical. Those affected feel that the Canons of San Lorenzo should be satisfied with Office seven times a day. In the Refectory we set off with H. M. Stanley "Through the Dark Continent" in search of the sources of the Niles, White and Blue, and anything else of interest that may turn up.

28th. *Tuesday*. Tea was enjoyed to the tune of the rumoured fall of Madrid and even the most arrant sceptic was convinced when an extra *bicchiere* of red appeared at supper.

29th. *Wednesday*. The Spaniards celebrated the fall of Madrid by following their usual routine. The Last Trump will not find them in the Valley of Jehosophat, but tramping decorously across the Piazza Pilotta.

30th. *Thursday*. Count Van Cutsem and Mr Hamilton Dean visited the College and stayed to dinner. Football came to a precipitate end in

Pam. and, as often happens, the last game made us wish it was the first. Meanwhile a small group of cricketers were ensuring a well-earned stiffness tomorrow—the cricket militants these; others prefer to let the season get well aired before they start.

31st. *Friday*. A notice at the University confirms the welcome rumour that the whole of Easter week is to be free. Supper was an agonising meal: as we ate we suffered all the pangs of hunger and dread, expressed in true Victorian phrases, of Stanley and his noble Wangwana; at least we hope they were noble and, for the matter of that, that we have got the name right. The names are so much alike (like the superlatives) that it would be easy to attribute the virtues of one tribe to their deadly foes.

APRIL 1st. *Saturday*. Schools ended for a fortnight and a sermon on Purgatory sent us in to dinner with a good appetite. Gone was yesterday's tension and the 300th orange tasted better than the 200th, for in its honour a learned statistician gave free cigarettes. As Oxford did not win the Boat Race our general account was no gainer—a suggestion to our Oxfordian that Oxford's having turned out at all merited some recognition not being regarded as a seemly comment.

2nd. *Palm Sunday*. Palms this year were bigger than ever and the procession looked just like the coming of Birnam Woods to Dunsinane. The voting yesterday for next year's Senior Student was the inspiration this morning for an impromptu *sfumata* not universally popular. In the evening we went into retreat under Fr Francis Woodlock, S.J., and forsook Stanley for that even more eminent Victorian, our own Cardinal Wiseman in *Discourses on Holy Week*.

5th. *Wednesday*. A day for large hearted plans and much purposeless dashing about. Tenebrae starts in the evening and, in spite of Cardinal Wiseman's warning that to-day attracts merely the sightseers, everyone seems to be going somewhere if not to St Peter's.

6th. *Thursday*. The Abbey of San Girolamo remains the firm favourite for Tenebrae. One of First Year remarks that it is so like England: personally we must be from a different part of England. Rolls of wire in the Refectory are said by a humourist to be part of our A.R.P. measures—

7th. *Good Friday*—and he was quite right, for according to a new law a set of tiny blue lights are being installed for use in an emergency.

8th. *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Mr. Buckley, ordained Priest at St John Lateran this morning, and to 2nd Year Theology, who received the second minor orders. The rest of us did our best at the family service, a couple of the Prophecies being described later as “disappointingly good”. Rome is at present full of visitors: the archivist is in constant demand to display his treasures and there is scarcely any one but can boast a sister, a cousin or an aunt. *Chi lo Sa?* caused the usual block in the Common-room traffic with a number that seems better than ever—if it weren't for that

one about ourselves, which seems strangely out of place amid so much good, clean fun.

9th. *Easter Sunday.* Mr Buckley said his first Mass before we hurried down to St Peter's. In spite of assistance from the silver trumpets, the singing of the *Alleluia*, which the Pope had suggested should take the place of the traditional cheering, went but haltingly and everyone felt relieved when the enthusiasm of the people could no longer be restrained from its normal outlet. At dinner in the evening we drank a hearty *prosit* to Mr Buckley, and the Rector in his speech paid tribute also to the optimism and faith in aspirin of Dr Sabatucci—a very welcome guest.

10th. *Monday.* Half the house disperse to various parts of Italy and the rest make for the villa: settling in takes only a few minutes and then there is nothing to do but enjoy oneself. In the afternoon a few stray golfers sent their dilapidated balls rustling amongst the teeming wild flowers of the Sforza and a desultory game of football was eventually adjourned to the Golf house for an amicable wrangle about the rules, for there was no referee to give a final decision. In the chill of the evening our old friend the Gabina man could be seen making his tortuous way home from Albano and his lantern glimmered amongst the trees as brightly as though July itself were here again.

11th. *Tuesday.* After a very cold night it was a distinct relief to warm up again in the sunshine of the garden wall after breakfast. "The Italians" administered a hearty thrashing to "The Germans" on the cricket-field—more power to their arms!

12th. *Wednesday.* A gita day—and far too gloriously sunny a day for anything to have happened worth writing about.

13th. *Thursday.* In the afternoon the Rector brought out a small party of pilgrims and the Rev. A. Atkins.

14th. *Friday.* An amazingly energetic party got up in the small hours to run up Faete for the sunrise. The wise men, with an eye to the weeks to come, made the most of a really good night's sleep. Coffee and *rosolio* after dinner celebrated the last day of the Easter Villa, but there were no speeches. Just as we went into night prayers the electric light went off at the main and afterwards we went to the garden to watch the progress of a very realistic "air-raid" on Rome. It was interesting to note that the position of the darkened city was plainly indicated by the flashes from the great ring of anti-aircraft guns, whilst the buzzing of aeroplanes and the glow of parachute flares added to the excitement. However, it was all over quite soon: and so to bed with the "All Clear" siren at Albano whining in the distance.

15th. *Saturday.* We returned from Palazzola to meet the peeled wanderers from Cascia, Capri and the rest. Everyone agrees that there has never been such an Easter week for sunshine as this one. One party arrived too late to be met to-night, having waited three hours only to miss their train: even in this land of acrobatic railways this must surely

be a record. A bore is one who tells you about his gita when you want to tell him about yours. The common-room always seems to be huge the first night back, but *The Times* is as scarce as ever. With a shock we return to the crisis atmosphere.

16th. *Low Sunday*. The Rector carried the Blessed Sacrament to the sick in the annual *fiocchi* procession. There was no attempt on the part of rival bands of *seminaristi* to sneak part of the function—a welcome change from some recent occasions. *Ad multos annos* for Mr McDonald, who has won his Doctorate and sets off to the vineyard tomorrow morning.

17th. *Monday*. Stories of the gitas are getting around and growing taller and taller, those on whom they are foisted indignantly denying everything. It appears that there are still bears in the Abruzzi and blue lizards on Capri.

18th. *Tuesday*. Having got Mr Stanley to Uganda, mainly on a diet of ripe bananas, we left him in a most agonising position, which reminds us that we have at last finished the Books of Kings. They were begun long before crises had been invented and it is intriguing to speculate what the map of Europe will be like when next we work round to them again. Rev. Leo McReavy arrived *en route* to join Dr Park, of whose prowess “on the Sass.” we have been hearing much lately. The last of the *gitanti* returned full of Vallombrosa, Arrezzo and so on.

19th. *Wednesday*. The various hues of those who went on gitas or not are toning down, unlike their yarns, which time cannot check. The chief occupation of some is to see *Chi lo Sa?* for the nth time, and some of the jokes for the first. Rain and cold return to send us scurrying back to the clouts we cast so light-heartedly a few days ago.

20th. *Thursday*. The strong cricket committee to-day took the net and the mat up to Pamphilj, a most unsafe-looking hand-cart (left behind by Garibaldi) being commandeered for the last stage of the journey. Later in the evening Dr Park, who is here for a few days on his way from the Gran Sasso to the firmer skiing fields of the north, gave his pipe its formerly familiar airing amongst the pines.

21st. *Friday*. The Birthday of Rome and the bakers' holiday was robbed of most of its terror by the appearance of *pane d'olio*, the queer twists which are reminiscent of the alphabet biscuits of one's earlier days. However it is reasonable to ask why an eternal city should need a birthday. In the afternoon in Pamphilj the cricketers had a hard task to find twenty yards unoccupied by Rome's sportive youth. Once the net was up, however, the field emptied by magic to form itself into rapt and perilously adjacent masses all around to watch the fun.

22nd. *Saturday*. The Vice-Rector begins to explain the *arcana* of the Breviary to the would-be Subdeacons, and a harassed concert committee busily adds the final touches to tomorrow's programme.

23rd. *Sunday*. *Feast of St George*. To a magnificent *pranzone* came Bishop Hayes, Rector of the American College, Mgr Heard, the Rectors

of the Scots, Irish, Canadian and Beda Colleges and Dr J. Leahy. The excellent concert was made even more notable by the production of *Cox & Box*, whose success must have been ample reward for all the hard work and rehearsal lavished upon it. A surprisingly large number of people confessed to seeing it for the first time.

1. *Suite . Rondeau, Slow Air, Minuet, Allegro Giocoso* The Orchestra
2. Interlude . . . "Rest and be Thankful"
 1st Waitress Mr Auchinleck
 2nd Waitress Mr Pledger
 The Man Mr Kelly
 The Charwoman Mr Coonan
3. Item
4. Interlude . . . *The Elopement*
 (repeated from St Patrick's Day)
3. Seventh Year Song

Chorus

Mox egressuri patriam petentes
 Vos qui manetis valere iam jubemus
 Sacrosque singulis mores tradentes
 Exoptamus felicissima !

6. Operetta COX AND BOX
 Cox Mr Duggan
 Box Mr Hannon
 Bouncer Mr Buckley
 Penelope Ann Mr P. Storey

Scene : Bouncer's Lodging House

Music : Mr Hanlon

Piano : Mr Rawcliffe

Producer : Mr Pitt

GOD SAVE THE KING

24th. *Monday*. The morning after the operetta before—for our rose, that is, not for ourselves. Poor bedraggled wretch, your little day of life is over. The secret of preserving dying roses definitely died with Ben Jonson : it never reached our flower men, who, by the way, go out of office to-day. In the evening Lord Howard of Penrith entertained the Literary Society with a talk, in which he showed us the European situation turning on its Axis.

25th. *Tuesday*. News of the decision to introduce conscription in England causes perturbation to the youngsters and especially to Third Year Philosophy. The elder members point out how conveniently they can get their time in during their holiday in England, which is just what is worrying them.

26th. *Wednesday*. The title of a paper to the Social Guild, "The Philosophy of Work", deterred many who know the meaning of neither.

27th. *Thursday*—within the Octave, therefore a large band outdid St Jerome and heard an early Mass at the Catacomb of St Sebastian,

which few people ever reach, the majority halting at the better advertised San Callisto. There was the usual attempt to appropriate our turn by a couple of the *Sacerdoti Adoratori*, who are in Rome in great numbers for their annual conference. Though it was not done in the best pilgrim spirit, they expressed surprise on finding that we were not ourselves foreign pilgrims. We returned to San Callisto for the annual Mass, sung by the retiring Senior Student for the conversion of England, followed by the traditional photograph (six in fact) since the camera had not been forgotten in spite of the Public Photographer's gloomy fears. In the afternoon a violent *scirocco* cut down the number of cricketers to crisis level, and Pam. had quite the appearance of late June.

28th. *Friday*. A welcome surprise with the breakfast coffee was the announcement that instead of lectures all were invited to Benediction at St Peter's and an audience afterwards. Our feelings towards the *Sacerdoti Adoratori* mellowed considerably. For most of us it was our first audience with Pius XII and an impressive one. The Aula delle Benedizioni was packed with the clergy of Italy, amongst whom were large numbers of the *curia*. To while away the time we sang hymns, but with no great success despite the impassioned appeal of an agitated young cleric that there should be strict silence during the singing. However, Mgr Perosi himself stepped forward to conduct and then all went well. It was good to hear the impassioned loyalty of the cheering as the Pope passed in and out, and then the wise man backed into a corner as the free fight for a breath of fresh air began.

29th. *Saturday*. A colossal shower during Spiritual Reading sent one or two with guilty consciences or exposed positions bustling out to fasten their windows before the thunder bolted.

30th. *Sunday*. This was the day for the annual "Visit" to the Seven Churches in honour of St Philip Neri, but unfortunately the weather was dull with heavy showers. To dinner came Prior McElroy, C.R.L., of Bodmin. The Adriano claimed an unusually large number of devotees, to be charmed by the 9th Psalm—at least one hearer could follow all the intricacies of Fr Parenti's exegesis in the tonic rendering. Supper was well attended: Mr Duff and Mr Neagle of the Legion of Mary, Brs Clancy and Welsh and Rev. J. Leahy. After supper Mr Duff spoke in the common-room and set the Legionaries marching to a most appealing note, and then Mr Neagle dealt with the questions in a most business-like and convincing manner.

MAY 1st. *Monday*. A Menstrua at the Gregorian was well attended in both faculties. To the Philosophers Mr Holloway read an erudite paper *de tractatu "De Natura Humana"*, auctore D. Hume. *Ad multos annos* for Mr Mitchell, who gave Benediction instead of Night Prayers—an experiment which promises very well.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Mr Mitchell set off for the vineyard on the Rome Express. A small group went exploring, not in Uganda, but the Palazzo di San Callisto and found the Central Office of Catholic Action, a place

full of inspiration even apart from a meeting with the head of a Mexican seminary for girls, one of whom recently gained a certificate for defending Grace by public act.

3rd. *Wednesday*. A stealthy figure disappearing into the Sacristy as we went out to schools turns out to be Rev. J. C. Heenan, and in the evening Revv. J. and L. Wilkinson arrive. The superiors settle down again on the centre table and the next instalment of Stanley's adventures is postponed indefinitely.

4th. *Thursday*. Feast of the English Martyrs. The Cardinal Protector honoured us with his presence at the *pranzone*, the other guests being Mr D'Arcy Osborne, the Rector of San Silvestro and the Vice-Rectors of the Scots and Irish Colleges. Third Year Theology as an appetiser took the Vicariate examination for the Subdiaconate and Diaconate and returned with the usual tales of rejection of Togni. In the evening there was a camp fire in Pamphilj. It is true with no fire, owing to the weather, but this was definitely a most agreeable rally of Scouts and others, mostly others, from about twenty countries. Our own representation, though casual, was strong and capable. In the evening a mildly amusing film of opera singers and stolen jewels.

5th. *Friday*. There was an unusually friendly atmosphere about the University with Frenchmen and Russians and complete strangers coming up to ask the names of yesterday's songs, with in good evidence the Roman tendency to say *prosit* whenever possible. A surprise party arrived in front of the College and had sections of the road up and down before anyone seemed to notice. Their purpose was quite obscure but not their achievement, a burst water pipe. This will provide a pleasantly cooling effect until the department in charge of burst pipes is inspired to come and mend it—and perhaps to burst a gas pipe.

6th. *Saturday*. At last the new ping-pong table seems to have taken full possession of the music room, which should now be called the indoor athletics room. Moving the piano up to the North-West Passage would have aroused the admiration of Mr Jerome K. Jerome. Every corner, every stair had its own *contretemps*, its own adventure. At the journey's end the perspiring *cortège* was met with the bland enquiry "Are you taking that thing downstairs?"

His Grace the Archbishop of Southwark and Rev. H. Gibney arrived to stay for a few days. After Night Prayers a neatly packed suit-case and a couple of candles were evidence of the Sacristans' loving care for . . .

7th. *Sunday*. . . Messrs Martindale and Coonan, who were ordained Subdeacons today. The Rector took the opportunity of a Day of Recollection to speak to the House in chapel for the first time. His suggestion that a collective trip to see the Changing of the Guard would be a good thing for obedience is, Robin hopes, to be carried out some day.

9th. *Tuesday*. For the second Roman Empire, Empire Day; for ourselves a *dies non* in consequence. A few saw the military review, more

or less unofficially, and returned with descriptions of the Albanians, which sounded very reminiscent of Stanley. In the afternoon the Theologians gave themselves such a solid start that the Philosophers could hardly hope for more than a draw. The time for play was less than ever and, after one or two anxious moments, the game was saved as the rain came down. Dr Heenan gave the Literary Society a vivid account of his journey to Russia.

10th. *Wednesday*. The established order was upset when the usual walk home from University was found to be impracticable. Lines of soldiers blocked every street for the Prince Regent of Yugoslavia to go unhindered to the Pantheon. If we had been on the way to school we should have resigned ourselves to stay and watch the fun, but this was twenty to twelve and a Wednesday. Time and again we tried in vain and every back street and alley was explored before a kindly officer let us across outside the Vicariate, which is the ordinary way after all. The Southwark students had their usual excellent positions at the audience, to which they were taken by Archbishop Amigo.

11th. *Thursday*. The Thursday morning Requiems had fallen into arrears but we finished them off this morning with the third this week. The cricket match against the Beda provided its usual refreshing intervals; batsmen with any ability to stay in soon find themselves unpopular and the pleasantest fixture of the season ends as usual in an atmosphere of good fellowship which seems quite irrespective of the state of the score.

In the evening the Cardinal Protector paid a dramatic visit to the common-room to bring the good news that the Pope had named the Rector Domestic Prelate. Archbishop Amigo expressed our thanks and then Mgr Macmillan spoke for himself. The Cardinal left with a cheery "*Avanti il fumo*" but we had to give him three cheers in the Monserrato first and then a pleasant singsong followed with the Rector already in his purple and the sacristans hard at work downstairs so that Benediction should be solemn—the only fitting close to such a memorable evening.

12th. *Friday*. The Rector and some of our guests leave for England: the Rector and Dr Heenan by air, Archbishop Amigo and Fr Gibney by way of Venice. In Sant' Ignazio this afternoon, after First Vespers of Saint Robert Bellarmine, Cardinal Pizzardo gave a short address to the *carissimi giovani*. With a touch of pride we caught his reference to the cities of *Inghilterra*. Mobility is the great thing at these functions—once one has got a detachable chair, that is. To supper Mgr Moss, who came to hear confessions and give an instruction to the Pastoral Class.

13th. *Saturday*. In the morning the usual impressive High Mass at Sant' Ignazio and, for a few, a low Mass also. England *v.* Italy at Milan gave a sleepless morning to the patriots, whilst the hum of the radio during the afternoon study period took on a new mode of unjust aggression. We picked up the latest news from the *trattoria* by the Porta San Pancrazio, and in Pamphilj some languid cricketers were being constantly disturbed by the arrival of new and conflicting reports. Rumours of an imminent coffee famine have been getting rapidly stronger and . . .

14th. *Sunday* . . . the blow fell today. At first it was believed that the Salone Ovaltine had gone astray and got into the coffee-pots. Then the horrid truth dawned on us that this was the new breakfast cocoa: strong men blanched and invoked the spirit of G.K.C. to find words to express their agony. In the evening the music lovers betook their shattered souls to the Adriano and Fr Leo Wilkinson supplied the wherewithal to smoke his health after giving away what should develop into a very fine villa hat.

15th. *Monday*. The Rogation Litanies begin with the annual doubt as to whether they should be double or not. This year it seems that they should definitely be not. Revv. J. and L. Wilkinson left for Venice, which seems to be on the way home at present. The thesis sheets appear and with them the summer should have arrived but it is by no means hot yet. In fact we are having much of the rain which didn't fall during the winter months.

17th. *Wednesday*. THE VENERABLE was sold in the common-room after supper and caused a shortage of change. The Secretary was bitterly counting the number of wits who asked if it was the last number or the next. The present diarist indulged in the morbid pursuit of reading the last diary—in a sort of admiring despair.

18th. *The Ascension*. The Pope took possession of Saint John Lateran and for the first time since 1870 drove publicly through the streets of Rome. As we hurried by, the people were already gathering along the pavements and decorating their houses with the traditional hangings, but an incongruous note was struck when a *torpedone* dashed past full of the Noble Guard. There seemed to be no difficulty about walking in and securing as good a place as one wanted. During the long function, knowing only St Peter's, one was at once struck by the much more intimate character of a Papal Mass in the smaller basilica. After Mass it was an easy matter to slip out in the wake of the procession, to inspect the Pope's new car in the cortile of the palace and then make one's way round for the solemn blessing *Urbi et Orbi*. The great arches of the Lateran facade made a much more impressive setting for the blessing than the small balcony of St Peter's but one missed the sweep of the colonnades to enclose the crowd. The procession of cars drove away at a walking pace. The Pope in his open car was obviously delighted to be moving so freely amongst his people, whilst their cheers and enthusiastic devotion showed that he was taking possession not only of his cathedral but of his city.

In the afternoon the gardener went off to Palazzola with a couple of Theologians and quite a few boxes of plants for bedding out.

19th. *Friday*. The last after supper meeting of the season produced a hot argument on Distributism—though if the weather continues to refuse to get hot all the societies will be starting their activities again. There is a rumour that Venezuela is to send a supply of coffee to Italy. One certainly learns some geography these days.



A VIEW OF CASTEL GANDOLFO

20th. *Saturday*. A small group visited the Istituto Forlanini and came back with the most impossible tales (we nearly wrote tails) of guinea-pigs, blood-tests and so on. A notice on an overcrowded board gives details of a forthcoming pingpong tournament.

21st. *Sunday*. The sociological group continued their visits, though hardly with as much success as yesterday. The rest of us were relieved to see them all return safely.

Disturbing news comes through that a lawsuit is pending: one of our neighbours claims that the tank is undermining his property and that the latest alterations interfere with his ancient lights—if the first is true, the second seems superfluous.

22nd. *Monday*. There is no news of the lawsuit. It would be impossible to throw a dart anywhere on the notice-boards without piercing an appeal or a challenge of some sort. The latest additions are gita lists: Fregene has 46 names, Bracciano 2—cool weather to continue?

23rd. *Tuesday*. The flowers by the Madonna in the garden make a brave show—during the day-time: obedient to the rule they are all asleep by 10 p.m. The weather made an attempt to get up to date, but at five came a heavy shower. The Campo was a scene of fierce bustle: the flower men raised their huge umbrellas, the *carrozza* hoods were soon up. Newspaper men and other itinerant vendors scattered to cover as the rain swept the streets, whilst passers-by scuttled like young rabbits for shop doorways and like young rabbits peeped coyly out again, quite assured in their new-found security.

24th. *Wednesday*. To-day we learnt that the least use, even if the most obvious, of the banana is to be eaten. In Uganda it is used for everything except a razor and (for obvious reasons) a right-angle measurement. This, besides our Empire Day, being the day Italy joined the Allies in the last war, the *Pilotta* was besieged by the *Avanguardia* and the *Balilla*, the latter's bands led by the new-fangled drum majors achieving conjuring tricks with their long batons, even though with a certain air of anxiety.

25th. *Thursday*. To dinner His Lordship Bishop Chichester, S.J., of Salisbury, Rhodesia, his Secretary and Fr Lawson, S.J., of the Gregorian. First Vespers of St Philip curtailed the afternoon, but not for the gardener who was off to Palazzola to enquire after his plants. He reports that they are growing well but will require many more excursions to make assurance doubly sure. Archbishop Traglia pontificated at the Chiesa Nuova amid the usual riotous *romanità*. The *ragazzini* in cassocks, who play on the sanctuary, gave as varied and diverting a turn as usual.

26th. *Friday*. Feast of St Philip Neri. New ground was broken by a well attended low Mass in St Philip's room at San Girolamo. Archbishop Traglia sang the High Mass and pontificated at Vespers, whilst Cardinal Tedeschini gave Benediction, being bade good-bye amidst the crowds on the steps of the church with what threatens to become the

traditional three deafening cheers. The Cardinal Protector was at the church earlier in the day. Among the usual skirmishes a smart bit of work by the college train-bearer took his rival in the flank and easily gained the field.

27th. *Saturday*. Five of Third Year Theology left for the Casa and the Subdiaconate retreat.

28th. *Whit Sunday*. Coffee and *rosolio* has a new meaning in these hard days. There is just enough of the former in the store-cupboard for the celebration of major feasts. The city is crowded with women, 70,000 of whom have been brought to Rome for the annual *adunata*. Everyone is full of anticipation of tomorrow's gita and the weather promises a day of days by sea and lake.

It really is the Vice-Rector's birthday today and so we enjoyed as his guests the film "A Damsel in distress". However, it was a case of very much *absit* Wodehouse and many people were caught sighing for our own production of three Christmasses ago, but at the end Micky Mouse came to the rescue and acted everyone else off the screen in the twinkling of an eye.

29th. *Whit Monday*. But a mighty crash of thunder at the end of Mass heralded a day of beastly scirocco and steady drizzle. The gita was wisely postponed until tomorrow and the house settled down to a *dies non* whilst two stalwarts, having escaped before the postponement, were tramping in the direction of Cori and returned looking bronzed and well in time for Benediction.

30th. *Tuesday*. As one hopped out of bed to scan the skies there seemed some hope of a fine day but, alas, this Whitsun gita was unprecedented for cold and rain. However, the Mediterranean at Fregene and Lakes Bracciano and Albano were swum in with the usual abandonment and everyone seemed to enjoy himself. Of yesterday's Cori *gitanti* one is in bed with the flu and the other, after a gallant attempt to squeeze into the Fregene bus, which couldn't be done, stayed at home to do the study he should have done yesterday, and, with his 100 Theses looming large on the horizon, probably gained much benefit therefrom.

Three laics appeared in the common-room after supper—apparently they are walking round the world and, having reached Rome, turned naturally to the English Hospice.

31st. *Wednesday*. A leisurely day was spent in anxiously scanning the weather and relishing the taste of the 400th orange of the year.

JUNE 1st. *Thursday*. The Vice's birthday at Palazzola would be a red-letter day even if the special *castelli* tram were to be struck by lightning and the rest of the way walked in a snowstorm to find that the Madre had left the dinner behind. No such disaster happened to-day—the morning was fine with even spells of sunshine, the tram on time, and, after the usual expeditions to the lake, Faete, or the mere expenditure of energy in garden and tank, all settled down whilst Mother Letitia per-

formed her annual miracle and produced an elaborate six-course dinner out of the *baule* of Angelo's car and a couple of Greg bags. At coffee and *rosolio* it began to rain and so continued. Those unable to find a bed for siesta found the new benches for the church, stored in the common-room, a most comfortable substitute, whilst an informal funeral party assisted at the re-burial of the skeleton of one of the *Frati*, which was discovered when the floor of the church was dug up. It continued to rain and we had a wet journey home, but strawberries and cream and early bed made sure that none caught cold.

2nd. *Friday*. Of course the sun was the first thing in sight this morning and its beams made mockery of a pair of muddy and curled up shoes, a crumpled cassock and still soaked villa hat; and a peerless blue sky later canopied a rather disgruntled march to the university. The weather experts say that summer is come at last and even First Year, who were becoming more and more sceptical, are forced to realize that there must be something behind the tall stories. After supper the Vice was at home on the North-West turret, whence select parties viewed the dome of St Peter's flood-lit in honour of the Pope's *onomastico*—an extremely successful innovation.

3rd. *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Martindale and Coonan ordained Deacons and the rest of Third Year Theology ordained Subdeacons, except for Mr Macnamara, with whom we sympathise on the postponement of his ordination because of a mistake in his dimissorials. At last the weather has decided that it has been playing about long enough and today it is as hot as anyone could wish.

4th. *Sunday*. The new Subdeacon leaves his breviary on the middle table with a careful carelessness. Corpus Christi casts its shadow in a series of notices for functions—at the Little Sisters, where you never know which thurifer will be M.C. or which M.C. a thurifer, and at Santa Caterina, for which you need leave your books only as the procession is beginning to emerge from the church, and others. The Grail is in the public eye with an A.R.P. prayer scheme, which receives well-merited support.

5th. *Monday*. The returned heroes from Spain are to have a parade on Wednesday. That is why officials are everywhere busy putting up and taking down flags—trying to get the best spontaneous effect. The Roman Catholic Actionists have sent an invitation to attend the diocesan Corpus Christi procession—possibly the most impressive function in the Roman year. This year it will be at the great new church of San Francesco Xaverio in the Garbatella, where our good friend Don Baroncelli is *parroco*. The Subdeacons spent the day at Fregene, all except one who had an appointment with "The Family" in a Gregorian examination room. The rest of the house, remembering last week's rain, were much disappointed that none of them was badly sunburnt.

6th. *Tuesday*. The summer is now well established: balcony and garden circles are in full swing, whilst the common-room philosophically

endures a foretaste of its complete abandonment in July. At last the local nasturtium is in bloom. A tiny flower thrusts its way enquiringly into the huge world (the cortile). What if others across the way have several flamboyant flowers already—ours is a *red* one.

7th. *Wednesday*. In spite of the parade there is no holiday—we cannot help feeling that this is not the way to win victories. Thanks to the wireless, the newspapers we manage to get hold of, and the gossip of those who got hold of the newspapers we should have liked to have got hold of, the cricket news is most exciting. A team can be heavily defeated and win by an innings all on the same day, whilst to assess which scores to what games is work for an expert in relativity.

8th. *Thursday. Feast of Corpus Christi*. There was plenty of choice of processions whether as cross-bearer (“subdeacon, or cleric would do”) at Santa Caterina, or as 3% of the *assistenza* at the Little Sisters, or even 000003 recurring of that at Rome’s great demonstration of eucharistic faith. The trumpets sounding the *Christus vincit*, and the *Tantum Ergo*, the standard-bearers crashing their standards in salute at the Blessing, the myriad ever-varying children’s costumes, the Catholic Action hymns, and the huge jostling crowd reminiscent of Isaias’ prophecy, made the open-air Benedictions well worth the long wait to supper. This year the college assisted for the first time officially, which did not however prevent our non-schola representatives giving a lead in the singing. To dinner Bishop Mathew, Mgr Duchemin and Croft-Fraser. We congratulate the latter on his recent nomination as *Cameriere Segreto*.

At our own Solemn Benediction the Third Sacristan designate took advantage of the present incumbent’s absence in bed to mount such ablaze of candles as effectively to break all records and the hearts of all previous holders of the office.

9th. *Friday*. The nasturtium is very fine, but today “there is a glory gone from off the earth” due to the discovery that rival gardeners have nearly twenty fir trees between them. At present they are not very big (about an inch high to be exact) but their proud owners feel justified in planning stately groves at Palazzola, and promise to set the common-room up at Christmas from 1980 onwards.

10th. *Saturday*. The Pines at Pam. (that is, the ones just on the right past the arch) seem lost to us for ever as a resting place, but no one worries these days, so delectable is the rest of Pam. Already it is a month today when we go to Palazzola: “Gee-up, Dobbin!” Third Year Philosophy are busy finding out “what it costs in lire” and “how long it takes to walk”.

11th. *Sunday*. A day of Recollection with a programme arranged by a master mind. One of the subdeacons solved a personal problem by officiating at Santa Maria in Trastevere—he assured us that he had managed to find just the right blend of voice to keep in tune with the canons. The Vice-Rector treated us to a conference in which he displayed

a knowledge of types of vocations which we feel he must have gathered before he came to know US. To lunch Rev. Hugh O'Connor, a jubilarian from Hexham and Newcastle, and Fr Lawson, S.J.

12th. *Monday.* Examinations, even in these days, come thick—almost as thick as the students to them. The efforts of the examiners to give everyone an equal chance are most laudable. The latest scheme is to space out twenty questions with an odd line between each pair: the answers have to be filled in within this space *ad exemplum verborum telegrammaticorum.*

13th. *Tuesday.* Our statistician informs us that after tomorrow there are only six more *doceturs.* The time seems far from adequate for the programme we have in hand.

14th. *Wednesday.* The weather should only be the last resort of a diarist but at present it justifies mention. It is damp, even raw, and many a one is glad to find himself again within the folds of his calefacient *zimarra.* To supper his Lordship the Bishop of Winnipeg. A Philosopher was talking to some English nuns and told them that they were lucky to be staying in Rome until Sunday, when there would be a Beatification. "Yes, it's our Mother Foundress—that's why we've come" seemed a quite adequate reply. The Social Guild notice presents us with a new motif, a cross resurgent over a shattered hammer and sickle.

15th. *Thursday.* A strong party visited the villa and, in spite of the rain, were *molto divertiti.* Those who heard a cuckoo are being restrained with difficulty from writing to *The Times.* The cricket pitch is shoulder high in lush undergrowth and the church is nearly finished at last—the inscription designed for the completion of the work making no bones about priority's lapses in the matter of decoration.

16th. *Friday.* Our statistician is already beginning to count the hours that remain at the University. The Film Committee presents—its balance sheet: the elaborate percentages actually add up to a hundred, or one if you are a mathematical purist.

17th. *Saturday.* An enterprising broadsheet suggests a holiday in England at Blackpool, *il luogo melior di divertimento in Inghilterra*—such is fame!

18th. *Sunday.* A fortunate few took possession of St Peter's as Ushers at the Beatification of the Foundress of the Sisters of St Joseph of the Apparition. They admit that by the end of the morning they were really feeling as if they had a right to be there.

In the afternoon *Tor di Quint'*—a phrase to bring tears of recollection to the eyes of past generations. Who hasn't sat in that diminutive school-room and consumed many cups of tea and many sandwiches, and been sorry for it afterwards as the procession wound its length about the gardens in the hot sun? A man must be the sadder as he comes away from his last *Tor di Quint'.*

19th. *Monday*. These are days of leave-taking at the Gregorian as each professor winds up his year's work, gives some paternal advice about taking exams, and disappears with a final admonition not to clap. A suggestion that you should not be too fierce at examinations seemed to us original, if not very appropriate.

20th. *Tuesday*. It is announced that the Rector of the Beda has been named a Protonotary Apostolic—*ad multos annos!*

21st. *Wednesday*. Feast of St Aloysius. A large number attended Cardinal Sibilla's Mass at the altar in Sant' Ignazio for the general Communion of the Gregorian. One of them even penetrated to the Saint's room—to find as he was about to leave that he had been attending the nuns' Mass, that for the clerics being just about to begin.

Auguri to Mr Browne, who has been in the Blue Nuns' since Easter and is leaving to complete his studies in England. So begins the series of treks to the station which make the end of the year so mournful.

22nd. *Thursday*. Feast of St Alban and the anniversary of St John Fisher's martyrdom: as England's only Cardinal Martyr there is a special appeal about the festa at S. Vitale: a link with the earliest martyrs of the church. An *assistenza* assisted by a small congregation afterwards helped the *parroco* to tell a few jokes in the best ecclesiastical manner with much shoulder shrugging and many innuendoes. Our youngest member found his age the reason for a command to finish the *pasti*, which, with a remarkably good grace, he did.

23rd. *Friday*. Stanley, after hair-raising adventure, with rapids, cannibals and canoes, is once more pathetically reduced to his last banana. At this time of the year it is a question whether it is better to have reading about Uganda, where it seems to be just about as hot as Rome, or the South Pole, as last year. Opinions seem willing to agree to differ. Afternoon schools are finished, and the days begin when one debates whether to go out to Pam. while it is too hot to work, or to stay in while it is too hot to enjoy oneself in Pam. The tank is being refilled, which makes things even more complicated.

24th. *Saturday*. The Holy Father received in audience and gave an important and inspiring address to the ecclesiastical students of Rome—besides any other cleric who could squeeze into the Cortile of San Damaso. Those who thought they knew their way about in the Vatican were neatly caught out by the Pope, sitting smiling on his throne waiting for the clock to strike, when, punctual to the second, he began his discourse.

25th. *Sunday*. The cortile is full of life these days: besides the pigeon's throaty chuckle there is the shrill cry of the swifts endlessly wheeling in pursuit of the myriads of insects. A Philosopher wants to know why the swifts waste their time in the cortile when his room is full of sand-flies. This evening to the Beatification of an Abyssinian missionary in the best Pepys style. One of top year was even led into a special tribune by the *Maestro di Camera* himself.

26th. *Monday*. It is worth recording that today the heat was noticeable.

27th. *Tuesday*. The advance party to the Villa is already making plans. A local photographer is busy taking a series of celebrities at their desks. Some of the poses seem rather artificial but that is only to be expected at this time of the year. Surely the last day of schools—

28th. *Wednesday*—but the Gregorian carries on to the bitter end, though a cynic could point out that the flag was flying appropriately at half mast. The year of lectures finally peters out, except in one aula, where a professor with a flair for the dramatic waited for the bell before announcing an important curtailment of the thesis sheet. Open windows in Rome let in more than fresh air and at the end of dinner grace was seriously disturbed by a dispute in the Cappellar', which sounded as though the revolution had come. Stanley's adventures are finished abruptly in the moment of his greatest peril and we are forced to look him up in the encyclopedia to find out what eventually became of him.

29th. *Thursday*. *Feast of SS. Peter and Paul*. The greatest Roman feast of all—to dinner the Spiritual Director and *Ripetitore* of the Scots College.

In the afternoon "é logico andare al San Pietro". It took half an hour's standing in a queue to gain the indulgence for kissing St Peter's toe and even longer to reach the crypt, where Pius X and Pius XI lie side by side and the splendid new tomb of the Stuart Kings was receiving many admiring visits. If the contributors to the recent correspondence in *The Times* on the state of St Peter's toe could have been here today they would perhaps have found much to enlighten them.

30th. *Friday*. The indefatigable *praefectura* produces its first lists of examinees and seems to be hitting new records in the numbers up—including 79 in one day for a single subject—but not we hope for the number down. The ancient *Abdullah* advertisement is up again in the common-room—*viva il Viva!* Third year Philosophy are racked on the horns of the dilemma—to go home to conscription or remain. Most of them cheerfully count up their years and find that they are safe after all.

JULY 1st. *Saturday*. The Exodus gathers momentum as taxi after taxi makes its traditional giration in the cortile and disappears under the archway. Venerabile characteristic No. 9 :—the importance of seeing everybody off. The old adage is heavily underlined : the first out, the best dressed. Indeed almost as many collars, ties and grey flannels are borrowed as during the Christmas concerts.

2nd. *Sunday*. Bruno, the son of the *custode* of Pamphilj, is the proud possessor of a young gosling named Barbara. First Year are inclined to resent this obvious insult to their hero *Dux Wellington*. The member of Third Year who left yesterday afternoon and was in for supper is absent this morning but expected to dinner.

3rd. *Monday*. Fr Siwek might well find the reception of examination results a neat exercise in his Experimental Psychology. Someone is talking of going home on a motor-cycle, which may explain the din of the one which performs twice nightly and once a day during siesta round the streets and in and out of the cortile.

4th. *Tuesday*. The words *auguri* and "When are you up?" are heard on every side, mingled with a gabbled *Dopo—dopo—dopo DOMANI* from the more serious cases. The local shopmen begin to enquire when we are leaving Rome and resignedly wish us *Buona vacanza*—our friend "Mrs Pam-Shop" must count the days from July to November, when the graph of her sales in cigarettes, tobacco, matches, etc., will take an upward leap again. The advance party leave for the Villa—lucky men with not a care in the world, apart, that is, from the Vice-Rector's instructions.

5th. *Wednesday*. The children in Pamphilj have found a new game and one which is peculiarly diverting in this hot weather. They get an unwary Philosopher to climb up (preferably on the shoulders of another Philosopher) to one of the sarcophagi fixed on the wall of the arch to retrieve their ball. As soon as he is out of sight they throw it up again and wait for the next *camerata*. Today they made a fatal mistake and tried it on the same man twice in one afternoon.

6th. *Thursday*. The pile of luggage in the *vestibulo* grows larger and more complicated every hour. On top of all there is balanced a dissipated melodian. It is certainly going to enjoy its villa and be hanged to public opinion. Believe it or not—a *zimarra* was worn during meditation this morning.

7th. *Friday*. A day spent by everyone in the extremity of packing up with one eye on the thesis sheet and the books and the other roving in every other direction at once. Ways of escape are more numerous than ever, the friendly tout being outbid at the last minute by a party of moonlit hikers.

At the end the clock, always sensitive to atmosphere, stopped at twenty-five past 9 and, in the absence of the Senior Student, the Vice rang out the old year with a fandango worthy of the occasion.

A. HULME

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Firth	Secretary : Mr Hanlon
Sub-editor : Mr Pledger	Under-secretary : Mr Brown
Fifth Member : Mr Lavery	Without Portfolio : Mr T. Harrison

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Baeda, The Beda Review, The Cottonian, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Millhillian, The Oratory School Magazine, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, Roman Echoes, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Womersley Magazine.

We thank Messrs Chester for *The Chesterian* and the Catholic Association for *The Scrip*.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

As the result of a tremendous effort on the part of the Praefectura, the examinations finished on July the 17th. In some of the examinations there were as many as three boards in action at the same time and one man, we understand, was surprised and pained to find that his examiner was not even a Jesuit.

This year, owing to the lack of professors in Dogmatic Theology, it was decided to return to the cycle system for this subject, with the result that Second and Third Year Theology attended the same lectures. A change was also made in the faculty of Philosophy, where the authorities have decided to revert to the former system, by which two tracts of Philosophy are taught in each year, instead of three in each of the first two years with a third year for revision.

Under the able direction of Fr Soccorsi loud speakers were installed in Aula I and proved a great success. We can only hope that they will, in future years, be installed in all the larger halls.

The new professors were Fr Creusen and Fr Bouscaren in the Faculty of Canon Law, Fr Torra and Fr LeBlond in the Faculty of Philosophy.

Examination Results: 397 examinations were taken, out of which 378 were passed and 19 failed (8 in major subjects, 11 in minor subjects). *Summa cum Laude* was gained 33 times, *Magna cum Laude* 57 times and *cum Laude* 115 times. We also secured three Doctorates: Mr McDonald in the Faculty of Theology, Messrs McNeill and Ronchetti in the Faculty of Canon Law.

Among the books published at the University are:—

Arnou—*Metaphysica Generalis*.

Siwek—*Psychologia Metaphysica*.

A. C. IGGLEDEN

LITERARY SOCIETY

Once again we have the satisfaction of recording a very successful year for the Literary Society, due in great part to the indefatigable exertions and excellent qualities of the President, Mr Duggan. Many were the celebrities he introduced to us in the common-room and wide the range of subjects upon which they chose to speak. Perhaps the best talk given was that entitled *Catholic Prospects* by the late Abbot of Buckfast. We did not know then that Abbot Vonier was to die a few weeks later, but some of us thought we caught a certain valedictory note in his words. Now we look back with gratitude and reverence to this last speech of a great man—a speech full of his magnificent spirit of Christian optimism.

Another paper to be singled out for praise was the talk given on Walsingham by Father Scott-James, Administrator of the Slipper Chapel. Here was a dynamic talk indeed! We were stirred and exhilarated, and were made to feel very vividly the spirit of Walsingham and to make up our minds to visit it without fail.

The cleverest and most amusing paper was one from the House—that given by Mr Hulme entitled *Shakespeare in Modern Stress*. He kept us in paroxysms of laughter almost without a break for well over an hour. It was a real masterpiece of wit, humour and a first-rate knowledge of Shakespeare.

Mr Hilaire Belloc did us the honour of a paper called *The Right View of History*. Naturally we expected much of this distinguished writer and historian, nor were we disappointed in the slightest—he gave all we exacted and far more. We came away with some clear ideas about history and were left also in no doubt about the right view of the amazing genius of Mr Belloc.

At about the same time we were delighted by a talk given by Mr Douglas Woodruff on *Journalism and Newspaper Dealing* in general, and were much enlightened as to this very important item of modern life.

Early in the year Father Dyson, S.J., of the Biblical Institute, interested us with a remarkable lantern lecture on *Biblical Archaeology*,

illustrating various happenings in the Old Testament under the light of recent research.

We had a talk on India. Mr French, late of the I.C.S., chose as his theme *Political India Today* and laid stress on the very difficult phase of its present evolution. The talk was excellent and much appreciated.

Naturally Spain was to receive attention this year—the year of her final struggle and triumph. Mr Hammond spoke to us on the exciting experiences of a newspaper reporter during the last days of Barcelona, and Prince Rospigliosi, who had spent some six months in the country watching the actual hostilities, spoke on the naval and military activities of the various combatants.

Dom Anselm Strittmatter, O.S.B., read a most learned paper on *Christian Feasts and their Pagan Ancestors*.

The last talk of the year was given to the Society by our old and welcome friend Lord Howard of Penrith. He spoke on the present political situation in Europe and we listened with interest to the words of so experienced and famous a diplomat.

Next year Mr Cassidy will be President and Mr Lavery Secretary.

D. R. ROCHE

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

It is our sincere belief that the Grant still remains the most useful of the merely secular societies, and anyone attending debates regularly will sooner or later develop into an excellent public speaker. And so we regret that this year we were unable to hold more than four meetings. Before Christmas the way had to be left clear for the concert men, and afterwards so many momentous events were taking place that all the societies were driven into the background.

With the possible exception of the first the debates were of a very high standard. This debate *that since the War the Allies should have adopted a stronger policy towards Germany* was badly worded. The opposition quibbled on the word *stronger*, and eventually were saying exactly the same as the ministry. On such occasions one feels the curse of the scholastic mind. *That the chances of England's conversion were greater in the 19th century than today* was ably debated and produced several very fine speeches. The motion was defeated by one vote, though in our opinion the better speeches were in its favour. *That the present persecution of the Jews is more than justified* proved a very spirited debate. We heard complaints after this that we were confining ourselves too much to political questions and so we decided that the time had come for the impromptu debates. Two nights of really capital fun soon restored everyone's good humour.

The society is assured of further success next year under the capable direction of Messrs Holloway and Groarke. We congratulate them on their election and recommend to them a programme slightly more extended and varied than our own of this year.

J. P. HOLLAND

THE WISEMAN SOCIETY

Like most other activities of the House the Wiseman Society suffered from the many excitements and distractions of the past year, and the number of papers fell to three. But there was another cause of this, and one which has been evident for some time, that is the lack of a central plan of papers containing the backbone of a year's work. The papers in the last few years have been given mainly by the same few people: this year for various reasons most of them were unable to contribute their quota, and the number of papers fell considerably. A further explanation lies in the fact that most of our members are diffident about setting out their own personal interests in public, or are unable to be convinced that these may be of interest and use to others.

It was therefore decided at the last business meeting that we should have a plan on which the majority of the coming year's papers should be written, taking care however to leave ample opportunity for papers, which should be the result of individual efforts and outside that plan. The plan adopted for next year (and possibly for future years) was of papers on the English and especially the College Martyrs, which, I think most will agree, has very many points in its favour, for it stimulates and creates interest in a subject very dear to us, while providing admirably for the interests of the Wiseman Society.

The first paper, read by Mr Wyche in December, was centred round the Great Champion of Letters, Samuel Johnson, and concentrated on the greatness of the man himself as shewn forth in his works. It was written in a vigorous and lively fashion and seasoned with many interesting and piquant anecdotes, besides several shrewd pieces of criticism. Over forty members were attracted to the meeting.

In March Mr Holloway read an admirable paper on Dryden, again concentrating largely on the personality of the man. The thesis, though perhaps all would not agree with it, was ably defended by argument, analysis and flanking batteries of well and widely chosen quotation, evidence of a real knowledge and insight into the author's works. This paper too aroused much interest in the discussion, and left us wishing that bells were occasionally not quite so inexorable.

Later Mr Hulme read a short paper attempting to analyse the philosophical nature of the modern revival of Sociology. With illustration ranging from "Quadragesimo Anno", the pivot of the last pontificate, and the Social Credit movement to Fr Knickerbocker and the Salvation Army he led up to a discussion on the place of Social Study in any attempt to build up a new philosophy in England.

Mr J. D. Key has been elected Secretary for the coming year.

J. HARRISON

ORCHESTRA NOTES

The main difficulty under which the orchestra has laboured during the last two or three years has been the departure, almost in a body, of more than half of its seasoned players, a loss which is still far from being replaced. This is felt at the moment more especially in the bass,

which is at present represented by but one 'cello and one viola, with a double bass in the process of preparation. This latter instrument should do much to rectify matters, but nevertheless we are still faced with a regrettable *lacuna*.

This last year has seen quite considerable progress made, and we are at last once more in sight of playing as an orchestra instead of as several individuals, a fact helped in some ways by the diminution of numbers and by the keenness of people to practise privately, which is all-important for us with our very limited hours of corporate practice. Another difficulty which has been felt is also disappearing, the lack of a repertoire. We have plenty of good stuff amongst our music, which was quite unknown to nine-tenths of the orchestra. The result of this was a continual hard grinding at practices, with few opportunities for relaxation. Now that this can be remedied practices should offer more attraction and be more enjoyable.

At the St George's Concert we played a suite for strings by Purcell arranged for a small orchestra, and we played it quite well, no mean feat in view of the technique needed. The music itself is glorious stuff with a slow movement as great as anything our greatest English composer ever wrote. Next year we hope to return to playing at Christmas, again sticking to English music. We have in view one of the "symphonies" of Boyce (1710-1799), a composer completely and most undeservedly underrated. The eight "symphonies" (really *concerti grossi*), which he composed, show a highly personal style remarkable for its strength, clearness and facility, though lacking in the spontaneity and final genius of Purcell. They were scored for strings, with figured bass, and oboes, occasionally using bassoon, horns and trumpets.

We have one addition to the orchestra, clarinets in A and B flat, for use in place of the oboe, which is unusable in company with the piano, with which it never agrees—and we cannot afford to let the piano go.

J. HARRISON

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

The year was rather a quiet one. After Christmas three papers were read on *The Co-operative Movement*, on *Money, the Root of All Evil* and on *The Philosophy of Work*. Besides a Family Circle two other study groups solved the Education problem and the International Relations problem respectively. One circle had full attendance for its eight meetings.

Even more important for future members is the addition to the library by purchase or by gift of several first-class books.

An unpleasant feature is the drop in the sales of the *Democrat*, the value of which, because it is cumulative, is apt to be underestimated. Out of those who take it several are leaving so that an appeal is necessary to those who realise that this is our best means of helping the great work done at Oxford.

Our new President comes with a redoubtable reputation in matters sociological, and in general the future promises plenty of hard work. The courses at the University each year give more evidence of the growing importance attached to Sociology as a branch of Theological study.

A. HULME

ASSOCIATION OF THE VENERABLE COLLEGE OF ST THOMAS DE URBE

The Annual General Meeting of the Association was held this year at the Clarendon Hotel, Oxford, on Tuesday, May 16th. The date chosen was a little unfortunate as it coincided with the Annual Dinner of the Sick Clergy Benefit Fund of the Southern Dioceses: thus some members were deprived of the joy of a "free binge". All the more honour to those who preferred the Roman Dinner at its traditional price of 7s. 6d. Incidentally there was some discussion at the meeting on this price, and eventually Dr Carey's proposal that it be reduced to 5s. was carried. Another coincidence of date with the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes prevented the Cardinal and many members of the Hierarchy from attending. Fortunately the Apostolic Delegate was able to come, and arrived just in time to accept the position of President for the coming year.

The Oxford meeting appears from the Minute Book to have been always a notable one for guests, and this was no exception. We were delighted to welcome Mgr Knox and the heads of St Benet's Hall, Blackfriars, Greyfriars, Campion Hall, the Catholic Workers' College and the Salesian House. The silver tongue of Fr Meagher was enlisted to propose the toast of Alma Mater and the Association, to which the Rector replied on behalf of Alma Mater, and the President, Canon Kearney, on behalf of the Association. The President pointed out to us the happy coincidence of having both the ex-Rector and the new Rector together at the meeting. Fr Goodear welcomed the guests in a witty speech, and Mgr Knox was prevailed on to overcome his shyness and reply in very entertaining fashion. Many members thought that the speeches were the best that had been heard for some years.

At the meeting before dinner the business discussed was much as usual. We decided to hold the next meeting at Chester on May 16th, 1940. The Treasurer announced among other things that the English Martyrs' Burse could be offered for competition in 1940, and the Grey Burse in 1942. Our Lady's Burse was in a very bad condition and would need many years to recover sufficiently to carry a student. We decided to adopt these proposals and the usual rather fruitless discussion was started on the method of competition. The Secretary and Treasurer were re-elected for another four year sentence, and the Treasurer was deservedly congratulated by Dr Bird and the meeting on the wonderful improvement he had effected in the financial position, and in the clarity of the accounts since his taking office. And so farewell till next year.

L. W. JONES

OBITUARY

MONSIGNOR JAMES VALENTINE WARWICK

Monsignor Warwick entered the Venerabile from Cotton on November 12th, 1877 and was thus at the time of his death the oldest surviving Venerabilino. His contemporaries were Bishop Cowgill, who reached Rome on the same day, and Wilfrid Ward, who had arrived some days earlier. On that far off day Pio Nono was still alive and the new-fangled municipality of the Risorgimento was already deeply involved in the modernization of the eternal city: the Tiber embankments were complete and the foundations of the Victor Emmanuel Monument were laid, the new roads were being excavated and the ugly square blocks of tenements and barracks were already planned, but the *buzurropolis* of the Prati and the Palace of Justice did not exist and the plateau of the Janiculum could still truly be called part of the Corsini Gardens.

However, Mgr Warwick's time in Rome was short: after two years his health broke down and he was transferred to Lisbon, where he completed his studies, being ordained priest in 1882. He remained at Lisbon as a Professor for the next ten years and then returned to England to work in his diocese of Southwark. From 1895-1908 he was Rector of Balham. He returned to Lisbon as Vice-President in 1911 and, on the death of Mgr Hilton in the following year, was appointed President by the Holy See and named Domestic Prelate. He ruled the college until 1917 when he resigned and took charge of the mission at East Grinstead, remaining there as parish priest until, at the age of 70, he retired to Felpham, Bognor Regis. Even now he managed to help in serving an outlying district and converted the garage of his house into a chapel for this purpose.

He died at Felpham on March 22nd. May he rest in peace.

FATHER ROBERT NASH

Robert Henry Nash was born in London in 1867 and came to the Venerabile in 1888 for his theological studies. From youth he had been educated on the Continent, mainly at the Jesuit school at Vaugirard.

This influenced his life and temperament. He had to bear many a snub from French lads as being English, and when he came to Rome he was chaffed without mercy for his French ways and pronunciation. Scrupulously neat in appearance and dress it was natural that Burton should dub him "Beau Nash", and to his contemporaries he remained "The Beau" till death.

When I went to Rome in 1890 he, Peter Mason and I had rooms in the gallery opposite the Playroom, leading to the then closed Collegio Pio. The sun never shone into our rooms and we were accustomed (with Dr Prior's consent) to air our night-shirts (pyjamas were not as yet) by the embers of the Playroom fire after night prayers in winter. This little extra luxury helped to form a bond between us over and above all the life we shared with our contemporaries.

Nash was perhaps not very popular: he was reserved and at times cold and even cynical. For this his training was partly responsible—from childhood he had been a fish out of water. He was sensitive to a degree and it is not good to be always on the defensive. Like many a Frenchman he could use his tongue as a rapier. But he was not without humour. He formed the idea that one of us who never grumbled had no real sense of taste. One winter night Nash visited the refectory before supper, removed the seeds from the five dried figs supplied for dessert and stuffed them with our coarse pepper. He chuckled for years at the thought of the unconscious gusto with which his neighbour consumed these figs, without noticing anything unusual!

He got his S.T.B., S.T.L. and B.C.L. without difficulty. He was ordained at *Sitientes* in 1892. He was a model student and knew his work thoroughly, but he did not get his Doctorate. The failure was a surprise to others as to himself. No one will say that Billot was patristic in his lectures. At his examination Nash was faced by a series of patristic difficulties brought up by a complete stranger. He gave what may be styled "stock answers", but these did not satisfy his opponent. Nash then said that these difficulties had never been dealt with in the schools. The examiner said "They are all taken from a work by Pusey and if you are going to England with a doctorate from Rome you ought to be in a position to reply to them". So he was ploughed! But, with the knowledge that others inferior to him in ability had managed to scrape through, he was I think soured at not being treated as others. With his sensitiveness it was a bad start.

He served on the Mission at St Mary Magdalen's, Brighton, under Provost Moore and had as co-workers Frs Cowley Clarke and Alfred Fawkes: in these comfortable surroundings he became a little fastidious. He was for a time with the then Fr Doubleday at Walworth—a harder school. I think that some sense that others were getting missions before him led to his taking up Army work when offered to him.

He joined up at Aldershot, as a Chaplain on Probation, in January 1898. Fr Robert Kavanagh, C.F., died at Netley Hospital in May of that year and Nash went to take his place. I was then at Woolston, some

three miles distant, and he came to live with me, remaining till, at the outbreak of the Boer War, he took charge of troops at Portsmouth and in 1900 went out to South Africa. During my holidays in '98 and '99 he looked after my mission and I heard much of his assiduity in so doing and his even lavish generosity to the sick—a feature that may surprise those who ever thought him cynical and hard in dealing with others.

He did good work in South Africa and was “mentioned” in dispatches, but did not get any consequent promotion and had to work out his full ten years in the 4th Class. It was hard to see another with similar record getting ten years promotion. It was this same person who was due to go to the Bermuda station but “arranged” that Nash should go instead and stay “off the map” from 1902 to 1906.

I had taken over the care of the town of Aldershot in 1902 and Nash came to South Camp as Assistant in 1906 and remained till 1912. During those years we were in constant touch. I know the unremitting way in which he carried out his duties in camp and the hospitals. I had been away on holiday for several years in succession, walking or cycling on the Continent with either Ambrose Moriarty or John Hally, and often recounted our adventures. One day when we were walking he said: “You have never asked *me* to go away for a holiday with you!” There was his sensitiveness showing up again. I said “Well, will you come with me this year?” He said “Of course I will”: so in 1908 and 1909 we carried our packs in Switzerland and the Tyrol. In 1910 his senior refused permission for leave (another growl!). In 1911 we went to Rome, his first visit since he left in 1892 and his last. We walked out to Magliana with “the boys” and drove back with Mgr Giles. I remember that neither of us, both confirmed smokers, cared to smoke in the Rector’s presence, though the students had permission by that date. We felt somehow that he would not like it. I think Nash would have agreed that those three holidays furnished some of the most pleasant days of his life.

In 1912 he went out as Senior Chaplain to South Africa, returning after the outbreak of the Great War to the Southern Command, where a chaotic situation had resulted from all regular chaplains going overseas. He was then sent to France and in 1917 went to Egypt as Senior Chaplain. There he was twice “mentioned” in dispatches, but he was not happy. He never agreed with the system adopted in Egypt during the War whereby an Anglican Chaplain, assisted by a Junior Catholic Chaplain, managed the services of all denominations. This system was perhaps balanced by Mgr Keatinge being in a supreme position in Salonika, but Nash could never be anything more than coldly polite to a non-Catholic. He retired as far as possible into the background, but he got the D.S.O.

The War ended, he went as Senior Chaplain to Gibraltar in 1919. The Chaplain’s Department was “reorganised” in 1921 and he was retired though only 54 years of age. Like some others he was offered no option in the matter and this rather hurt him, for he was in good health and vigour and well able to carry on till the usual age limit.

He offered his services afresh to his diocese of Southwark and was

sent as Chaplain to the Convent of Notre Dame des Missions at Deal. There he did much more than was demanded of his mere office and gave lectures to the sisters and pupils on Christian Doctrine that were much appreciated. I think I am right in saying that he was paid no salary, but board and lodging alone were provided. He had of course a pension from the Army, duly earned. For a time he was fairly happy but felt he was capable of more responsible work and, I suppose, asked for it. He was given charge of the old and small country mission of Slindon. Here he was disappointed at the little support he received from the few who might have helped him, and realized that his having a pension was at the root of the matter. After a time he threw in his hand and went to his Ordinary, simply stating that after a certain date his services would no longer be available.

Thenceforward he retired more and more into his shell. First he went to Farnham, partly to be near old friends. At first he was quite willing to supply for me in need, but he thought that a serving boy laughed when he made a slip in singing an unfamiliar *Ite missa est* and he would never face such ignominy again! Later he moved to Reading, then to the East Coast, finally to Ipswich. In recent years I seldom saw him, only when Cardinal Hinsley was enthroned at Westminster, at Bishop Dey's consecration at Oscott, and at a Venerable Association Dinner in London, to which Canon Peacock brought him as a guest. When we did meet it was on the old familiar terms. Last Christmas he wrote a kind letter sending his love and good wishes through me to Canon John Hally, whose last illness was then growing acute. Though I did not know it Nash was himself beginning to suffer from the same trouble. News of his own unexpected death only reached me when it was too late to attend his Requiem and funeral. It was his old fellow student and friend, Canon Augustine Peacock, who anointed him and performed the last offices. R.I.P.

FRANCIS O'FARRELL

CANON JOHN JAMES HALLY

Canon John James Hally, who died at Brockenhurst on July 8th, was born on March 25th, 1869. His boyhood was spent at Aldershot until he went to Douai and then to Oscott and the Venerable. There his health was none too strong and he finished his theological studies at Oscott. He was ordained at Portsmouth Cathedral on January 12th, 1896. He served as curate at both St Joseph's and St Edmund's, Southampton. He was appointed Acting Chaplain to the Forces and served at Portsmouth, Aldershot (North and South Camps), Bulford and Netley Hospital. Returning to diocesan work, he took charge of Lyndhurst in 1912, and remained there for 26 years, only resigning last year to take over a new church dedicated to St. Anne, at Brockenhurst, which had been built and endowed for him and where he had built a priest's house adjoining at his own expense. In the event he could make use of neither, but had to bear

patiently a long sickness which ended only in death. The first actual public service held in St Anne's was his own Requiem and funeral.

Canon Hally was of a very retiring disposition, not one to initiate movements, nor a leader of men. He was content to do his duty day by day, simply and conscientiously without any parade or afterthought. A good classical scholar and linguist, he wrote nothing. He might have been a military historian: General Sir William Butler has left it on record that a certain Catholic priest (it was Canon Hally) knew more about Napoleon and his campaigns than anyone he had met, and quiet dinners at Government House, Farnborough, were long drawn out because knives, forks, glasses and bits of bread were used to indicate strategic positions. Artistic and clever with pen and brush, though untrained, in days prior to Press photography, drawings by him of sporting events near Aldershot appeared in the *Daily Graphic*, and at an exhibition in Bruton Street all his pictures were sold. Blessed with a great sense of humour, power of observation and imitation, he is still remembered by his Douai friends as an admirable actor who, if a layman, should have made his name upon the stage.

His many friends loved him not so much for what he achieved as for what he was in himself. *Requiescat.*

(from *The Tablet*, July 22nd, 1939).

FRANCIS O'FARRELL

Mgr John O'Connor writes:—

Further to Canon O'Farrell's sound and valuable, not to say discreet account of my dear lamented John James Hally—only now decorated, always plain *Hally* erstwhile, for it was a name to conjure with, creating an atmosphere—further to all this, I beg to recall the Sunday when I heard him preach at Lyndhurst in July, 1912. His deep intensity stabbed me through, for we had been clowns together for years. We were serious of course, in the intervals of clowning, as I have known all English College students to be: we had been serious about Napoleon, about Lady Butler, Ruskin, about Pinturicchio, “serious and seriouser”, but this new gravity was a revelation of what made the background of his infinite capacity for fun. And it proved that his was never the humour of the frivolous, from which God keep us all within and without.

It would be hard to say if Dr Giles was made for Hally or Hally for Dr Giles, or of their respective faces, which was modelled on the other. Hally had a fortune in his, had he chosen to seek his fortune pulling faces, but Dr Giles' mouth was not a conscious gift, though it would have become so had he ever seen Hally's imitations of it—even so too, the corrugation of perplexity, almost habitual to the Rector. They may be said to have descended upon Hally, ageing him before his time. He was the Pontiff of that inverse idolatry, which grew up around the old man. Hally never drew him, as another student did, in the pure spirit of glee. Hally had no need, he could always personate him, to the relief of all our feelings. From the day he christened the Venerable *Palazzo Giles* (please pronounce in the Italian manner) until his last illness drained all the high spirits from

him, it needed but a touch to set him off. Contemporaries will recall the Porzio orphan, who used to waylay us under Tusculum with tender enquiries about "*Lettere Colleg' Ingles'*". "*Ci stà adesso?*" "*No, affatto; é in Inghilterra.*" "*Quell' é un angelo.*" "*Io sono abbandonato da tutti—giovannotto senza padre, senza madre.*" He was on the shady side of seventy then, but all his life he had been telling the same tale and couldn't stop. When our inadequate remarks on the Rector were taking the downward turn to mere abuse, Hally would pull up dead in his tracks, and assuming the orphan's vacant look, intended for guileless, and pointing upwards would say brokenly: "*Un angelo di Paradiso*". I wish all could have watched that marvellous mouth, quivering under the tip-tilted nose, quivering with inextinguishable merriment.

He spent his spare time at Monte Porzio copying Francia's St Stephen, but he said the perfection of its simplicity completely stumped him. More successful the following year was a painting, copied from a photogravure only, of the French garrison coming out from the unshaken fortress, coming out with all honours of war after Napoleon's first fall, and numbering thirty in all! We brooded over Vernet and Raffet, and argued over Allison and his accounts of the battles—Waterloo being especially mixed. He loved Meissonier's Napoleon pictures—how the painter put flour and salt in his yard and rutted them with gun-wheels of the campaign of France, and how he contrived to have the original wrinkles in the green overcoat after Moscow, etc., etc. We both worshipped Sir William Butler, especially as he hailed from our part of the country.

Hally, I am told, was genuinely distressed and taken aback at being co-opted to the Portsmouth Chapter. But we of the Venerabile have honours thrust upon us; God help us and give him eternal renewal.

OUR BOOK SHELF

Saint Augustine on Eternal Life. By the Rev. D. J. Leahy, D.D., Ph.D. (1929-1937). Pp. ix+119. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne). 5s.

DR LEAHY has had the courage to publish, in popular English form, the thesis originally written for his Doctorate in Divinity. This courage has been rewarded by the production of a book at once scholarly and readable. The rare combination of clarity with brevity will appeal not only to the theological student, but also to the educated layman who is interested in this subject.

The book, enclosed by a short introduction and conclusion, is divided into three chapters of nearly equal length. The first of these, under the title "The Purpose of Life", describes with really masterly clarity the point where St Augustine departed from the teaching of the Neo-Platonists. This chapter is remarkable for its frequent reference to two contemporary Anglican scholars, Bishop Kirk of Oxford and Dean Inge.

The second chapter, "Life Abundant", treats of the Beatific Vision, of its varying degrees, of the part which Love will play in it, and of the fact that this Vision is ordinarily reserved to the Life after Death. These difficult points are explained with great care. The fourth section of this chapter, on the "Lumen Glorise", is perhaps rather disappointing in its vagueness, but Dr Leahy lays the blame for this at the door of St Augustine, whose teaching on this point was apparently very obscure.

The last chapter, "The Perfect Life in Body and Soul", deals in an interesting manner with the part played by the body in the Beatific Vision, and with the disputed question of St Augustine's opinion on the state of the saved soul before the resurrection of the body.

Dr Leahy's style is pleasant throughout, and he has skilfully interwoven translations of sufficient length to give us the meaning and the atmosphere of St Augustine's own writing, without being tedious. The book as a whole is clear, interesting and to the point.

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