

# THE VENERABILE

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ARCHBISHOP J. MASTERSON



## EDITORIAL

It was with great regret that we learned of the death of our Protector, Cardinal Caccia Dominioni, so soon after our return to Rome. Most of us had no personal knowledge of him, but we knew that he was devotedly watching over our interests during our exile and that he was doing his best to bring that exile to an end. *Requiescat in pace.*

In his stead we welcome our new Protector, His Eminence Cardinal Canali and assure him of our constant loyalty. As we go to press the brief announcing his appointment has not yet been issued but it is expected soon.

We send our sincere congratulations to His Grace Archbishop Masterson on his appointment as Archbishop of Birmingham. He is assured of our best wishes and prayers for his future labours.



## CARDINAL CACCIA DOMINIONI

I gladly welcome the invitation kindly made to me by the editor of the VENERABILE to pay some tribute to our late beloved Cardinal Camillo Caccia-Dominioni, First Deacon of Santa Maria in Domnica. It is an opportunity for me to give expression to the admiration and affection which I feel for a great Roman Prelate and Prince of the Church, whose name was so well known, not only in the Roman circle in which he moved with distinction for so many years, but the world over. For, in every part of the world, bishops, priests and pilgrims came to know him when they sought audience with the Holy Father, and, in the period of waiting, saw him moving about in the anticamera, busily employed in making all arrangements for the visitors whom he was about to usher into the presence of the Holy Father.

When Cardinal Lépiciér died, and the Venerabile was again left without a Protector, I remember going over one day to the Congregation of Seminaries and Studies to ask that a successor might be appointed, and I hoped that the choice of the Holy Father might fall on one who would be as devoted to our interests as the Eminent Protector who had been taken from us.

The name that came to my mind most frequently as I pondered over the matter was that of the genial Monsignore, who, up to the time of his elevation to the Sacred College, had served Pope Pius XI with such diligence and devotion, and I determined, having talked the matter over also with Monsignor Duchemin of the Beda (which College was equally concerned),



to propose the name of Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni. I promised to broach the matter also to His Eminence, in order to find whether such an appointment would be agreeable to him, and I found that he was both surprised and delighted that the Venerable English College should look to him as one who, as representative of the Holy See, should protect its interests and give his enlightened guidance in our affairs.

The matter then developed as we all hoped, and, in a short time, the nomination was made.

During the time of my Rectorship that still remained, we saw the Cardinal from time to time. His coming to us was always an occasion of great joy, for he entered into our life and took an interest in our ways and plans, joined us at dinner or in the Common Room, and was always an encouragement both to superiors and students. It was a pleasure to see the smile of greeting as he stepped from his car and came into the corridor from the sunshine of the Via Monserrato, and one could feel the warmth of the affability with which he chatted with all, even the youngest who were making their first modest efforts in the language of the country.

His priestly life was spent almost entirely in the immediate service of the Popes, and that is a privilege granted to few. He came to Rome, in fact, only two months after his ordination, in 1899, and his residence there was to continue until the end of his life. He served three Popes at the Vatican as Privy Chamberlain, and his great friend Pope Pius XI, whom his family had known for many years at Milan, confirmed him in the office of Maestro di Camera, which Pope Benedict XV had entrusted to him in 1921. His duties were increased by the added responsibilities of Maggiordomo, and it was in this high office that thousands of pilgrims from all over the world came to know him. Pius XI called him to the Sacred College in 1935, and the Cardinal had the honour of announcing the election of Pope Pius XII, now gloriously reigning, and afterwards of placing the triple crown upon his head.

Those who have lived in Rome in recent years saw with what kindness, tact and gentleness he fulfilled his duties. One remembers particularly his untiring devotion to his work during the Jubilee Year of Redemption proclaimed by Pius XI, and the long hour he spent, day by day, in arranging audiences and accompanying the Holy Father as he made his way from group to group, exhorting and blessing and reminding



his faithful children of the precious gifts which Christ's Redemption had brought to the world.

In all this ceaseless activity on behalf of the Holy See and the Vicar of Christ, Monsignor Caccia, as he was called, was upheld and sustained by his priestly zeal and love of Holy Church, seasoned with a delightful sense of humour which enabled him at times to smooth out difficulties, often of a delicate kind, in the arrangement of audiences. On such occasions he would have recourse to the Rector of the Venerabile when the audience had any concern with Great Britain and the Commonwealth, and he was always most grateful for any suggestion which helped him to make the best arrangement under the circumstances.

His tall burly figure, his kindly smile, with the occasional characteristic blink of the eye and twitch of the face, were well known to all Rome, and occasionally stories went round of his pleasantries, showing that, in the midst of his heavy responsibilities and labours, he did not allow his patient good humour to be ruffled, even when harassed by many demands.

I recall that once he was dealing with a request on behalf of a Protestant prelate for audience with His Holiness, and, after taking particulars, he looked up coyly and smilingly, and with the well known facial twitch and blink said: "C'è forse anche la Vescovesa, No?"

Once, while driving to St Peter's on the occasion of a Papal function, he saw the latter half of an English "camerata" hurrying on to join the others. The Cardinal stopped his car, invited them in, and seeing me in the *cortile* of St Damaso, he said, as the students stepped out: "Ecco, Monsignor Rettore, le Sue pecorelle smarrite!" He was the soul of good humour and kindness, and quick to see the amusing side of a situation. The words used by the *Osservatore Romano* in his obituary notice certainly do not exceed when they refer to his "naturalezza e squisita carità".

I was very happy during my stay in Rome in October last to have the pleasure of visiting the Cardinal in his apartment, and to have a long conversation with him. I noticed a great change in him physically. He had failed greatly during the years of war, and it appeared that the years of his active life were moving to a close. Our conversation was most cordial, and although his face was now thinner and somewhat worn, there was always the old smile and the same quiet, un-



assuming dignity as we recalled other events and other days. When I thanked him for his care of the College during his protectorship, and especially in the time of the exile of the College from its Roman home, he protested that he wished he could have done more, but that the little he had done, he had done with loving devotion. As I rose to go, he bowed his head and humbly asked a blessing. I helped him to his feet, and he walked with me to the door. So I took my leave of a great and much-loved Roman Prelate and Prince of the Church. May he rest in peace! I heard afterwards that, shortly before his death, he asked to be helped to the window, and he looked over at St Peter's and said: "per vedere il cupolone per l'ultima volta". The sight of the great dome of Peter's, beneath which he had so often taken part in solemn and stately ceremonial, would have seemed to him to gather within its great space all the love and devotion of which he was so prodigal in his priestly work for God's Church, for the Holy See, and the Vicar of Christ.

May it be given to us to serve the Church and the See of Peter, if not in such close intimacy with the Pope, at least as faithfully and as well in whatever sphere God's providence may assign to us!

WILLIAM GODFREY.



## OPTIMUS RECTOR

(ENGLISH COLLEGE MEMORIAL SLAB)

It is unfortunate that the tercentenary of Father Parsons'<sup>1</sup> birth should have passed without mention in the VENERABLE, but in the bustle of vacating Stonyhurst many tasks were neglected. If now I venture forth with a somewhat belated panegyric, I must disclaim all pretence to writing an historical, or even biographically full, article on the great Jesuit. The planners of the Gregorian curriculum do not make allowances for the undertaking of such tasks—this task in particular being rendered formidable by the mass of conflicting evidence and uninformed prejudice which everywhere, in print and in discussion, surround this character of the Counter Reformation. What I write is rather by way of reflexion, prompted by surprise at the fact that Parsons—naturally disliked by enemies of the Faith—is still far from enjoying the affection of many English Catholics. Controversy and doubts will remain, but enough is certain to show that Parsons deserved well of our Catholic fellow-countrymen and of those who went before us in this college.

As we still await a proper biography, for which there is abundant material in the Archives of the Society,<sup>2</sup> and elsewhere,<sup>3</sup> our reflexions had best be accompanied by a repetition of some of the details of his very full life.

<sup>1</sup> Even over the spelling of his name there is some doubt. In original letters I have seen it 'e.' This, however, was a change and the spelling used by him when young and certainly by his family, was 'Parsons'.

<sup>2</sup> Stonyhurst College Archives contain a valuable collection of Parsons' letters—some original but most are copies made by the Jesuit Greene. Here are his writings on the malcontents in the English College, Rome, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Records Office, English College Archives, Westminster Diocese Archives, etc.



Parsons was born at Nether Stowey in Somerset on 24th June 1546. His father, Henry Parsons, is said to have been a blacksmith.<sup>1</sup> The incumbent of the parish, seeing his remarkable ability, even as a child, helped in the expenses of his education. At eighteen he was at Oxford, where his college was Balliol. He was elected fellow in October 1568 and proceeded M.A. in December 1572. He was a distinguished and popular tutor and held the offices of bursar and dean for some time. His enemies gloat over the fact that he twice took the oath of royal supremacy while at Oxford. However, those who praise Campion at Parsons' expense should note that the former did likewise.<sup>2</sup> The taking of the oath, however, is not in itself a proof of the subjective renunciation of Parsons' religious convictions and the issues, in the absence of any clear pronouncement of the Church, were not well understood by all.<sup>3</sup> The opinion of Sir John Winter, "that they give just scandal (which is malum in se) that they renounce their religion; as indeed the common acceptance of the words of the said oath do impart no less . . ." <sup>4</sup> is the reflexion of one able coolly to consider the facts and not the hot act of a young man enjoying academic success and confused by the second turn of England from the Faith after her superficial<sup>5</sup> acceptance of Rome under Mary.

We do know to Parsons' credit that, while at Oxford, he apprehended the danger in which Campion was. The latter achieved great fame by his dispute before the Queen, allowed Dudley to patronize him—afterwards dedicating to him his *History of Ireland*<sup>6</sup> with rather cringing praise of the Earl of Leicester, who was certainly not worthy of his admiration—and he even accepted orders from Cheney.<sup>7</sup> Parsons recommended to him the study of the Fathers as the only safe unchanging thing in these times and it is quite probably from

<sup>1</sup> Attempts have even been made to cast doubts on his legitimacy. There appears to be no evidence for this scurrility. It is interesting to note that his brother, no friend to the family Jesuit—he was a parson—defended him in a letter against this charge.

<sup>2</sup> Tobie Mathew (reported) saying, "that he took the oath against the supremacy of the Pope and his own conscience." See Simpson's *Edmund Campion*, p. 5. Mathew's bald severity would seem to be inspired by envy.

<sup>3</sup> Moreover, it is essential to remember that Parsons was not a Catholic by open profession at this time, although probably he was already one by conviction.

<sup>4</sup> Quoted by Francis Plowden: *Church and State*, being an enquiry etc. London 1795. Book I Ch. 9, ix 126.

<sup>5</sup> Thus did Parsons himself afterwards think of the Marian reformation.

<sup>6</sup> An extraordinary production of Campion's. He was quite unfitted for the task of writing a history of a country about which his knowledge was most scanty.

<sup>7</sup> The wound this afterwards gave his conscience remained sore for many years.



Campion's reading that this Catholic sense became so strong and in some disgust he left Oxford in 1569.

Parsons stayed on until 1574 when he left under circumstances the accounts of which are quite conflicting. He is said by some to have incurred hostility by publicly favouring Roman doctrines, by others through spreading Calvinistic theology, while others again, have slanderous explanations ready to hand. Over the first two proffered opinions a fresh difficulty arises on the question—what religion was Parsons really professing at this time? Evidence to solve the question clearly is altogether lacking, but the most probable view would seem to be that he was an occasional conformist, while a Romanist at heart.

Proceeding abroad with the intention of studying medicine at Padua, he stopped at Louvain and making the spiritual exercises under Fr. William Good, was formally received into the Church. It is typical of Parsons, extremist as he was, that once<sup>1</sup> in the Church, he should seek admission to that order which, yet in the first vigour of its faith, was everywhere in the forefront of the Counter Reformation. He was ordained a Jesuit priest in 1578.

After ordination he held a post at the Vatican, but the few years which passed before his departure for England do not really hold much interest for us here. The history of the English College now enters into the story, in as much as the dissensions there were indirectly responsible for the Jesuit Mission to England. The students complained that the College was little more than a Jesuit novitiate—so many of their number entered that order. There was a Sodality of the B.V.M. in the College which the Jesuits used to attract students to their order by showing its members special favours. The malcontents' allegation runs—"in ea recipi qui rectori videntur addicti quive bene se erga Soc. affectos ostendunt, istos prae caeteros honorari, istos diligi plus aliis, cubiculis praefici, quaestiones philosophicas vel etiam theologicas publice defendere, citius ad ordines promoveri, magis pios existimari, agi cum istis humanius, reliquos hac ratione despici—".<sup>2</sup> The whole charge would seem to be very much exaggerated, if not untrue. Fr Leo Hick's close examination of the evidence<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He actually spent a few months studying medicine, but was restless and dispirited.

<sup>2</sup> From Segar's report.

<sup>3</sup> See *The English College, Rome and vocations to the Society of Jesus March 1575 to July 1579* in *Archivum Historicum Societatis Jesu* for Jan.—June 1934.



and, indeed, Allen's attitude at the time seem to prove this. Parsons cannot be associated with the Jesuit superiors when this charge is made against them and actually it was only when he became Rector permanently that peace was finally restored.

Allen, who was deeply disturbed by the discontent in the English College clearly saw that what worried the students was not an addition to the Jesuits but a loss to the Mission at home. It was thus to restore harmony and establish a certain unity of purpose that he advised the sending of Jesuits to the English Mission. The General was hard to persuade but eventually agreed, appointing as the first missionaries, Parsons and Campion. The former landed at Dover on 12th June 1580, dressed as a soldier "in a suit of buff laid with gold lace, with hat and feathers suited to the same".

As this is no full biographical account, I must avoid any lengthy chronicling of Parsons' work in England. Suffice it to say that the work was one constant outpouring of energy for the strengthening of the Faith by every means—sermons, private exhortations and printed pamphlets. Even for the unfriendly his mission has a romantic and daring flavour about it—his management of the secret printing press, through which passed Campion's "Decem Rationes", being in itself a thrilling story.

In a study such as this, however, we must pass to the consideration of more sober questions. That Parsons made political contacts while in England is clear. It is also certain that when he returned to the Continent, he was in the forefront of those urging the invasion of England for the overthrow of the heretical Queen and the re-establishment of Catholicism. For his enemies this is enough—he is a traitor to his Queen and country. We can admit the material charge of treason, but was he formally guilty of this serious crime? This is another and more important question—equally important, too, in the defence of Cardinal Allen and many others.

We must see what was the ethical conception of a kingdom in those days in relation to the vital question—what is the ultimate source of all legitimate authority among men? The answer would without doubt be: God is the author of authority in every order. It is only to God's delegate that men need submit their wills. "Hence, while he has a strict right to the obedience of his subjects, the very nature of the right reminds



him and them that his decrees are without force if they are manifestly in contradicton with God's laws, and that as he rules not slaves, but God's free men, his end in ruling must be, not his own private advantage, but the common weal." From this we can see the serious nature of treason, which is now just a political offence, and also the sacredness of the king's person, expressed so strongly by Shakespeare :

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep at what it would."

The close union between Church and State, based on the recognition that their authority came from the same source, was responsible for the severity with which heresy was treated by the State as well as by the Church. A heretical king ruling over a Christian people was an impossible conception. Only the split in Christendom caused by Lutheran and Calvinistic doctrines made possible in England the severance of Church and State or, as it came to be, the supremacy of the State. Thus there were two viewpoints and it is quite possible and even probable, that many conformists in the new line of thinking conscientiously looked on Parsons as being guilty of high treason for not approving of Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> while Parsons and his friends, still imbued with the old concepts, asserted that she had forfeited her rights by her rejection of the indirect source of them, the Pope, God's vicar.

If it were just a question of Parsons' disapproving of Elizabeth, we could end here, but it is patent that he urged measures to bring about her overthrow through rebellion aided by invasion. We must see if this far more daring and "treasonable" course of action can be justified. On modern principles it certainly can, as the right of revolt against an oppressive sovereign is now generally accepted. A Catholic can certainly consider as oppressive one who denies him the right of practising his religion.<sup>2</sup> Parsons' outlook, however, was a little more exact. Together with most Catholics he considered that under certain circumstances a temporal sovereign could lawfully be deposed. If we agree with the first tenet and secondly find the conditions fulfilled, then with what right do we join voice with the heretics against him ?

<sup>1</sup> We cannot include here Elizabeth herself, who had nothing but scorn for "her own" Church as she showed at death : or her Ministers for whom the change of religion meant so much material gain.

<sup>2</sup> Who, for example, would now seriously assert that the persecution which brought about the rebellion in Ireland in 1798, caused an "unjust" rising. Even Adrian's mysterious bull cannot help the protestant and imperialist writers in this case.



As regards the first opinion there was little doubt in the mind of the Church—"si vero dominus temporalis requisitus et monitus ab Ecclesia, terram suam purgare neglexerit ab heretica foeditate, per Metropolitanum et caeteros conprovinciales episcopos, excommunicationis vinculo innodetur: Et si satisfacere contempserit infra annum, significetur hoc summo Pontifici: ut tunc ipse vasallos ab eius fidelitate denuntiet absolutos, et terra exponat catholicis occupandam: qui eam, exterminatis haereticis, absque ulla contradictione possideant et in fidei puritate conservent . . ." <sup>1</sup> Paul V acted on this decree when he excommunicated Elizabeth, and Parsons certainly appealed to it when he wrote in conjunction with Allen, "il decreto del concilio Lateranense da a tutti principi cattolici i regni e terre che di heretici possono pigliar, quando herede cattolico non resta; il che in questo particolare sara confirmato de la bulla et excommunia de diversi Pontifici." <sup>2</sup>

Were the conditions which would justify her deposition and the release of her subjects from allegiance fulfilled? Yes, without doubt. We may doubt the wisdom of the Pope's act in issuing his bull "Regnans in excelsis", but when he called Elizabeth an incorrigible heretic and a sower of heretical doctrine, who can disagree? In this lies Parsons' defence. It was not the custom for the Pope to excommunicate heretical princes and absolve their subjects from allegiance unless he hoped by some practical means to restore the Catholic faith in their lands. <sup>3</sup> Parsons' efforts were largely directed towards finding these means. Philip was to be the instrument for the execution of the bull and neither the Pope nor Parsons can be blamed for the troubles in the Low Countries which so diverted his attentions. Under the circumstances the Pope, to prevent further suffering for English Catholics, allowed them to give to Elizabeth the allegiance due to a lawful sovereign, though to him she was a usurper. Was it treason for Parsons to endeavour to remove from the throne of England one whom he too, justly considered to be a usurper? <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Decretales D. Gregorii Papae IX.* Parisiis M.D. LXXXV. Lib. V. De Haereticis Tit. VII, cap. XIII.

<sup>2</sup> From a memorandum drawn up by Parsons and Allen and intended for Philip. See *Records of the English Catholics.* (Knox), Vol. II, p. 281.

<sup>3</sup> Otherwise he might be described as a spreader of anarchy. Consider too that he might then have excommunicated Danish and Central European rulers if it served a good purpose.

<sup>4</sup> Earlier in English history St John Fisher had appealed to the emperor to be an instrument of justice for the English people when Henry had robbed the Church of her legislative character, proved unfaithful to his oath and wished to change the lawful succession. See *Bridgett's Life of Bl. John Fisher*, pp. 229—33. The suzerainty of the emperor was not so generally admitted in Parsons' time, but the idea of a Christian prince doing battle for right at the pope's instance should not prove repugnant to any Catholic.



There is yet a more serious form of treason—"imagining the king's death"<sup>1</sup> This might lawfully come through a "perturbatio" which even St Thomas would defend. When speaking of a "regimen tyrannicum" he says, "perturbatio huius regiminis non habet rationem seditionis."<sup>2</sup> Plotting it deliberately as a separate act would seem however, to be plain murder. There was such a plot among active Catholics on the Continent and Parsons, if not a chief instigator, certainly had knowledge of it and did not disapprove. How can we possibly defend him here? He knew that the death of Elizabeth would be good in as far as it would cut off a persecutor of the Church, but the end does not justify the means. Some authors have proposed a solution of justification on the grounds of the liberation of Mary, Queen of Scots which would follow Elizabeth's death. Elizabeth's intention was to murder Mary in as lawful a fashion as she could invent. It was thus lawful for Mary to do away with her enemy first if she could—and if lawful for Mary, why not for her friends acting in her defence? This may quite possibly have been the reasoning of the plotters of Elizabeth's death—too many honest men had knowledge of it not to disapprove unless they saw what they considered to be justifying circumstances. Lacking definite evidence, is it not more reasonable to accept this explanation than to brand the persecuted exiles as murderers.<sup>3</sup>

These are but a few of the problems which we meet when studying Parsons' life. Space has allowed only a skimpy consideration of them and forbids the covering of the whole course of his life. Moreover, much of what came afterwards

<sup>1</sup> See Maitland's *Constitutional History of England*, p. 227.

<sup>2</sup> S.Th. *Secunda Secundae*, q. xlii, art. 2, ad 3.

<sup>3</sup> While Moral Theologians of the present day would not easily commit themselves on this point, there seems to have been greater leniency before. The question is proposed by St Alphonsus—"an si innocentes, positive nolentes occidi, defendere non possis sine occisione invasoris, tenearis, si possis sine periculo tuae vitae, invasorem occidere." See *St Alphonsus Theol. Moral* (new ed.) Tom. I, Lib. III, Tract. IV, Cap. I. De quinto praecep. Dial. Dub. III, De occisione. He refuses to give a simple affirmative but he would appear to be stricter in his views than others whom he quotes and whose opinions would be known to Parsons and other Catholics of that time. However, St Alphonsus does say, and this is important, "excipe casum, quo persona invasa esset persona necessaria ad bonum publicum." The choice then is between Mary and James in relation to what we think was the "bonum publicum" (of Scotland).

An opinion of 1612 is of more interest and we find *Sà* somewhat easier than St Alphonsus. He certainly agrees that in an extreme case it would be lawful to kill "defendendo alterum", see *Aphorismi Confessoriorum ex Doctorum sententiis collecti*. Taurini, MDCXII, p. 264. *Homocidium* n. 5 "Licet occidere defendendo se vel alterum. . ."

This was no strange Jesuit view of the time, as some might urge, as it is as strongly affirmed over a century later. We read in *Theol. Mor. Salmanticensis, Venetiis*, MDCCXXXIV, Tract. XXV. De quinto Decal. Praecep. Cap. I, De Homicidio, Punct. iv. "si innocentem defendere non possum, sine occisione invasoris, teneat (si fieri potest) sine periculo vitae propriae illum occidere."



would more properly appear in an article on him as a College Rector. His absence in the former series in the *VENERABLE* on College Rectors is a sad omission.<sup>1</sup>

Parsons was human, and so had faults, but because he was a man, known by countries, and not only by men, he is unfortunate in that his faults are the playthings of historians. To me they all seem to be the excesses of an over-zealous man. Are they not then more worthy of consideration by those who can sympathize with his great zeal to restore England to Christian unity, than by the type of enemy with which he himself had to deal, and ever since has dealt so roughly with him? His defence of his fellow-Jesuits against calumnies can be applied to himself: "For what shall we say of the labours of Jesuits through the whole world for the conversion of Infidels, as in Mexico, Peru, Brazil, Aethiopia, China, Japan, and in other vast kingdoms, wherein above a hundred of them, besides other afflictions, have shed their blood? Is this opposite to Jesus or no? . . . Do English ministers (his then calumniators) take upon them these labours? What shall I say of their manner of life, bare diet, simple apparel, punctual obedience, strait poverty, exact charity, much prayer, severe discipline, continual mortification? Do not these things symbolize with the life of Jesus? . . ." <sup>2</sup>

It is sad that his prose is so little known today.<sup>3</sup> A new edition of his works, in a form more acceptable to those who like to avoid the labour of reading volumes published some centuries ago, would be a great boon.

A biography too is sorely needed. Whoever undertakes the task will have a mighty labour; but I feel sure that the true and unbiased presentation of all known facts will be the greatest defence of the much-maligned Jesuit. The future author will be able to say to each and every one of Parsons' enemies: "appensus es in statera, et inventus es minus habens."

MICHAEL ENGLISH.

<sup>1</sup> To the unfortunate writer of such an article I shall leave this consideration of Parsons' part in the Archpriest Controversy.

<sup>2</sup> See his *Quiet and Sober Reckoning* with M. Thomas Morton (edition of M. DC. IX) in the appendix about "A Case of Equivocation," p. 679.

<sup>3</sup> It is of interest that his style earned the praise of the Dean of St Patrick's in the *Tatler*. Such praise from Swift is a rare compliment.



## PALAZZOLA

23RD JANUARY 1947

Three months within the city walls, outgrown  
Long since by swelling suburb, closely pent,  
Our longing eyes the country had not known,  
Save when from heights Janiculum outwent  
Our hungry gaze unto the hills of God.  
Upon a cloudless world the sunrise breaks ;  
Sun-flooded tracks this day our feet have trod ;  
Our heart one choir with woods and waters makes.

The chill breeze stirs us to a keener zest.  
Albano's hostelry with logs ablaze  
And fragrant coffee greets the welcome guest.  
Slow wending down the immemorial ways  
The sumpter mules their bales of brushwood bear,  
As through the ages, to the country town.  
House, church and cloister cleave the golden air.  
Woods ring the mere and crest Mount Cavo's crown.

Lo, yonder Palazzola, on the ledge  
Between the lake and mountain, seen afar,  
Looks forth unto the Midland Water's edge  
O'er fields and forests of Virgilian war,  
And Ostia, whence St Monica went home  
To God, all-happy in her son's return ;  
And all the story of undying Rome  
On every side recorded we discern.

Her shrine renewed our Lady of the Snow  
Kept scatheless through the war years, till again  
The mass, please God, return. Comes to and fro  
The tinkling of the sheep-bells, glad refrain.  
Wood fires add fragrance to our store of grain  
And fruit and wine. We breathe the air of peace  
From all the landscape all the hours, and gain  
A glimpse of that which never more shall cease.

H. E. G. ROPE.





PALAZZOLA



## THE FIRST GITA

A new man's introduction to the ways of the Venerable is, as often as not, by way of a gita story. This takes the form of a highly-coloured drama in which the narrator was beyond all doubt the protagonist, either holding out for days on the top of a mountain against a pack of wolves, or obtaining sumptuous food and drink from an admiring landlord who refused to accept payment. Such demands, however, were not made on the credulity of newcomers this year, as the countryside was equally strange to all except the few survivors from a bygone era, who remembered pre-war Italy. Far from being an inconvenience, this unfamiliarity gave the first gita a peculiar flavour of romance. It is one thing to set off for the villa, knowing quite well that most of the party are familiar with the quickest and surest route to it: but it is quite another to set off in different directions into an unknown countryside, only knowing that by some means or another one must eventually arrive at Palazzola. One feels the blood of Hakluyt and Drake in one's veins—at least while planning the gita. Planning a gita is a true science, and (in most cases) strictly theoretical. One feels so completely divorced from mere earthly considerations of spirit-stoves and sore feet, when with a slight movement of the finger, one can denote two hours of sweating exertion, and a mere pencil line across the map can mean anything from scrambling over a ridge to falling into a bog. Even the buying of food assumes a nobler quality "Two kilos of onions—we'll fry those as a snack". Three days later the speaker is suffocating over a smoky wood fire endeavouring to discern whether the



mixture (said to be olive oil and onions) in the pan will ever become warm, let alone fry. Again, what a contrast is there between buying new packets of butter, and attempting to spread the same butter with a knife which has already been used to peel the onions and open the bottle of olive oil.

Such preparations were eventually made. The rationing system in Italy, quite incapable of checking a well-organized black-market, is equally incapable of imposing price control. Hence food, though more varied than in England, is correspondingly dearer. However by judicious economy, and by the thought that the morrow would take care of itself, all parties were eventually equipped with food, at once sustaining the agreeable. Those of a Bohemian nature sampled the various vintages of Italian cheese, or supplied themselves with "whole plantations of the rank and guilty garlic" as Lamb would have said. All however were eventually satisfied.

The appointed day, 23rd January, came at last: all were to be at the villa for lunch at 1 p.m.: until then all were free to attempt whatever might seem right and proper to them. Accordingly one saw such notices as "Rise—3.45" or "Rise—4.45"; one even saw a "Rise at usual hour" for those whose discretion was decidedly the better part of their valour. Our own party, true to Thomistic principles, took a "via media". We were to hear Mass at 5 a.m., and leave about half an hour later. Just as we were preparing to set out we heard the inevitable tolling of the bell, and thought with rather malicious pleasure of those who were just then breaking the ice of early rising. We gave a final tilt to our villa hats—they seemed strangely light after our Roman ones—shouldered our packs, and crept across the *cortile*. Stepping into the early morning air was like plunging into a cold bath. One felt invigorated and energetic as one realized that the stars were still bright and that there was much to do and see before noon. Our first port of call was the station, as we aimed to reach Albano by tram, and then move on to Faete and perhaps Nemi, returning to the villa in time for lunch. The ambitious nature of this programme did not strike us at the time, and in the innocence of our hearts we fondly imagined that, on the map, "strade campestri" were equivalent to good second class roads. The tram to the station was crowded, much more so than its equivalent would be in England. A further contrast was the chatter of the passengers: to one used to the stony



silence of the 7.30 tram to the city, it seemed almost improper that there should be this hilarity at such an hour. The station was reached at last and the tram disgorged its load. As usual two of the party were carried on to the next stop. Soon however, we were all together again looking for the tram to Albano.

It was still dark when the tram set out, but a thin line of grey in the east told us that day was not far off. The tram rattled through the streets towards the Porta San Giovanni. Though Rome rises earlier than English cities, the streets were comparatively deserted in the half light of first dawn. The Porta San Giovanni drew near, and the lines of Flecker came to the mind :

“Open the gate, O watchman of the night,”

but it is not the golden road to Samarkand that we were taking, it is a twisty, turning road, a road ever new and unexpected, a road on which one experiences the sublime and the bathetic—the road of the *gita*.

The walls flashed by on either side of us, and there ahead lay the open country. A faint red light from the Alban hills showed fields of that dark, almost bluish green, peculiar to Rome: Here and there were plantations of olives and vines: away to our right was the original Appian Way with its mighty aqueduct, whose huge remains looked incongruously forlorn amid the quiet meadowland. By this time the hills stood out plainly in the morning light: Towards the east the sun was just appearing over the range: higher in the sky a misty blue gave promise of a hot day: behind us the city still lingered in the last shreds of night. Rome, with its hubbub of cars, trams, buses and lorries: its unceasing throngs of loquacious citizens: its cigarette stalls and pedlars—Rome seemed far away both in space and time at this moment.

Ciampino flashed by us: it is now occupied by hundreds of Allied tents, and we did not see a single aeroplane there: bomb damage had been repaired and the only relics of air attack were scattered “dimples” in the surrounding fields. But it was not so in Albano where we arrived about 7 a.m. It is rather tragic that such a village as Albano should have been torn so badly by the war, while the Victor Emmanuel monument still flaunts to heaven its undamaged vulgarity. In Albano very little had been done it seemed, to remove the rubble, and great piles of it showed where houses had once



been. We checked up times for trams returning to Rome and then began the gita proper.

Our way lay to the east of Albano: more exactly than that we did not know, we fondly trusted that one could make for Nemi, where we wished to see if the famous "Nemi Joe" was still in the land of the living, and then turn back and reach the villa by way of Faete and Cavo. We struck out along a side road which thrust itself into the hills. It was all very pastoral and quiet. The sun was still low-lying, and each pebble on the road cast a long, spear-like shadow across the path. We followed it, rising continually, and drawing nearer and nearer to the hills ahead which were now bright and clear to view. But even here the war had left its mark. Here and there along the road could be seen the shell of a burnt out tank, rusty and broken, in the meadows would be the remains of a field-gun, gradually sinking back into the soil. At last, in a little clearing near the road, we came across a German cemetery. Perhaps fifty rough crosses in all: a name on one or two—the rest, nameless. Amid the freshness of this January morning, all these relics of war, already neglected and forgotten, seemed to have gathered an added poignancy.

Suddenly without any real warning, we found ourselves looking down on Lake Albano. The road curved sharply towards it, and, scrambling through hedge and brush-wood, we saw the whole expanse of it. There it lay, still misty in the morning light, with its surrounding trees and foliage brown and severe in their winter dress. The only adjective which could describe it was "pure". Everything about it, from the clear blue water to the shining towers of Castel Gandolfo was unspoilt; it was almost as if it was being seen for the first time. But we could not loiter. Before we returned here there was Nemi to be seen, Faete to be scaled and lunch to be eaten. We girded up our loins and pushed on.

The road wound on deceptively and enticingly for a mile or so, and it was a rude awakening for us to realize that, not only was Nemi no nearer, but that all familiar landmarks had disappeared. Even Monte Cavo had been swallowed up among the surrounding hills. We caught sight of a solitary labourer on a hillside and made the usual enquiry. "Ola—Siamo pressi a Nemi?" "Sempre, sempre, dritto": was the reply, quite inevitable from the Italian peasant. Then came the equally inevitable "e poi a destra". Whether one asks



for Nemi or Nagasaki, the reply is unchanging : but the spirit is very willing. We were therefore, somewhat sceptical as to the likelihood of our reaching Nemi at all that day. Accordingly, we struck off the road into the woods in a direction which we thought might end up on Faete. It was rising ground, and thickly covered with the dead leaves of its innumerable trees. Across dried-up streams we went, through brake and brier until we came on yet another scene of a former military engagement. On the trees, small red dots began to appear—presumably the “toll” of snipers. Here and there, a battered helmet could be seen, with rust already biting into it. Further on, we came across large black circles, bearing witness to the fact that in spite of everything, the charcoal burner still pursues his time-honoured trade. Higher and higher we went, until the inner man in all of us cried “Enough!” Faete was nowhere to be seen, neither was Cavo, neither was anything on earth except trees, trees and still more trees. Here we were, half-a-dozen hungry men, with a large parcel of food. There was no argument, no appeal to the noble ideals we had set ourselves while planning the gita : with one accord we set about preparing the meal. We were all ready for it, and the failure of the primus-stove to do anything but pop and explode was but an added spice to the food.

When at last, like the homeric heroes, we had “put away from us the desire of meat and drink”, the heat of the sun told us that a decided effort would have to be made in order to reach the villa in time for lunch. Accordingly, we resumed our packs, and with slower, if equally determined steps made for the direction in which the villa seemed to lie. Gully after gully was crossed before we came across a track leading through a small lumber-camp. The labourers were delighted to show us the way, especially after we had taken a photograph of them, which we promised faithfully to give them during the summer stay at the villa. At last we struck a road which seemed to lead somewhere : in a few minutes Lake Albano could be seen, and we were soon limping across the sforza, which has been graced by the addition of a tank.

Down the steps, past the fountain where the water is frozen solid and along the path overlooking the lake. And this is Palazzola ! In front of the door is Domenico bending anxiously over a huge cauldron of spag, a sight which brings our appetites racing back. Soon we are all sitting in the



Refectory almost too busy eating to notice the walls with their bright paintings of swords, helmets and spears, which are a reminder of the German occupation of the villa. We visit the chapel and then inevitably drift to the Common Room where we sit round a blazing wood fire and think how good it is to be alive. Our first gita has ended at Palazzola. Where better could it end ?

PATRICK FITZPATRICK.



## EARLY CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE IN ROME

There is an old adage that one man's meat is another man's poison. Apply this to art or architecture and, *mutatis mutandis*, you can read that one man's view is likely to be much at variance with another's. There is a great temptation to fall into the opening gambit of the artist class and to introduce the question of Functionalism in architecture, but it is too much like a Buddhist prayer wheel and who can say where a circle ends?

The architect knows that architecture with all its varying phases and complexity of development, must have had a simple origin in the primaeval instinct of mankind to fashion for himself a protection against the inclemency of the weather and the inroads of animal life, both of the brute and rational species. *If* you want to call that Functionalism, then you are free to do so, but a better word would be Utilitarianism. Architecture is utilitarian . . . with Liberal tendencies and these tendencies do something to cover up the ravages caused by asking: "For what is it to be used?" *Nemo agit nisi propter finem*, and no one builds without a reason. The field of purely decorative and, to some extent, subjective, ends is covered by the offspring of architecture; art, sculpture and so on, but the field of objective ends is adequately and solely occupied by architecture.

To the Porphyrian tree there is an architectural counterpart showing the species and categories of the styles. There are six conditions which greatly affect this tree. Of these,



three (Geological, Geographical and Climatic) are the physical moulders, two more (Religious and Social) are the civilizing conditions, while the sixth (Historical) is the map of the progress, triumphs and falls of the people of the world. The early known styles, Peruvian and Egyptian, which held sway until the first century B.C., are the ground in which this tree is set. The first Decorative ideas came from the Assyrian and Chinese and from time to time there sprang out strong branches representing the main styles like the Roman and from this sprang the Byzantine jewels and the Saracenic gracefulness. Gothic, or as some prefer, Gothesque, forms one main branch, extending in time from the thirteenth century onwards and affecting most of the world. This was a transverse force which was offset by the perpendicular drive of Roman influence which eventually surpassed and replaced the Gothic.

The Renaissance was a beautifying influence which arose in Italy early in the fifteenth century. It was a break in the continuous evolution of architecture in Europe which had developed into national Gothics. The reason why this process should have begun in Italy is probably that she was still loyal, to some extent, to her earlier traditions and the Gothic had not become firmly rooted. The Renaissance at first retained Gothic form, but soon the old classical orders were revived. Yet the originators of the Renaissance were not Eastern in their methods and copying was not the order of the day. The progress depended more on the individuals such as Vignola and Palladio who started guilds of design and thus in each country there grew up an individual style influenced by the six conditions. Unlike the tree of Porphyry, our tree has no *Summum* and it will progress with the passage of time. Sometimes there are revivals of old methods, sometimes there are evolutions of old methods, but gradually there is growing up a style suited to a world where stability is a thing of the past.

To consider the architectural development of one country, still less of one city, is like looking at one picture to the exclusion of every other: How can a judgment, still less a criticism, be formed by such a method? Yet on the other hand, national characteristics and amenities vary immensely and architecture is, not fundamentally, but foundationally, the expression of these influences.

How Roman influence spread throughout the world, its why and wherefore are matters more capably dealt with by



the historian. It belongs to his sphere to tell of Roman conquests and Roman methods of civilizing the conquered, to explain how the geographical features of Italy affected the national characteristics, but the geological structure of Italy comes within the scope of anyone writing on the architecture of that country. In Greece almost the sole building material was marble while in Italy there was terra-cotta, stone and Roman brick as well as a plentiful supply of marble. Near Rome itself, there was Travertine, a volcanic substance—tufa, and an excellent supply of sand and gravel. There remains one more material to be named which made for great innovations in the constructional methods of domes and vaults, and which could afterwards be faced with a variety of finishing materials. This was concrete, made from a clean sandy earth known as Pozzuolana which, when mixed with lime, turned into a hard, cohesive mass.

Passing over the climatic and social influences, there remains the religious influence and within this there is the Christian influence which gave rise to the Christian architecture. In all the pages of history there is no record so impelling as the rapid growth of the Christian religion. It has inspired the building of some of the most magnificent architectural monuments of all time. Unlike the pagan temple, the purpose of the Christian church was to shelter those who came to pray to their unseen God who Himself “dwelleth not in temples made with hands”.

The character of the early Christian architecture can be seen in the buildings of the fourth to the seventh centuries or of the tenth century. A new architectural style is usually an evolution from its immediate predecessor and so it was with the early Christians. Roman craftsmen as they were, with a background of Roman tradition, at first they made no revolutionary changes. Perhaps it was penury which drove these early fathers of Christian architecture to search near at hand for material which would be cheap. Could there be a better example of poetic justice than to use the materials taken from the old pagan temples? From the use of this material there grew up what came to be known as the Basilican style.

Most of these churches are similar in form to the Basilican churches, having three (though occasionally as many as five) aisles separated by rows of columns supporting entablatures with the addition of a frieze and cornice. In general the central



aisle or hall of the church was terminated by a semi-domical apse or a rectangular transept. The columns were those taken from the old classical buildings and scant care was taken to arrange them with any uniformity. There can be found in one row a variety of orders, diameters and even altitudes. Examples of this can be seen in nearly all the old churches, notably in S. Giorgio in Velabro, S. Maria in Cosmedin and the solitary church on the island. A survey of the architraves in these churches leads to the conclusion that their ornamentation was never meant to be found as a continuous whole but was ravished from some earlier work of art. It was once a common opinion that such buildings were not the work of the early Christians but were merely old classical buildings adapted by them. It can be conceded that the early Christian buildings can hardly be said to have the architectural value of a style produced by the necessity of resolving constructional difficulties, but the very irregularities are a sufficient refutation of such an opinion.

In the Basilican churches a lofty brick wall rises upon the entablature, pierced with round-headed windows which are placed horizontally and regularly, so that the spaces between are roughly equal to the breadth of the window. Columns alone, placed vertically under the joints of the entablatures would have been insufficient to support the weight. Therefore small arches, small in curvature as distinct from small in breadth, were built on the entablatures and the result was to throw the weight directly on to the columns. From this it was only a logical development to remove the entablature and to place blocks of marble above the capitals of the columns and between them and the springs of the arches. This left a row of columns upon which rested visibly a row of small curvature arches and thus a merely mechanical device was incorporated into the decorative scheme. Both these developments can be seen in S. Maria Maggiore, S. Crisogono, S. Maria in Trastevere and S. Lorenzo, while the later development is exemplified in S. Pietro in Vincoli.

Roman vaulting made necessary another step in the evolution. In the construction of this vaulting the transverse cylinders were rested on the columns so that the partition wall was in part built on semi-circular arches as well as on the arches of small curvature. The bomb damage at S. Lorenzo allows this structural device to be clearly seen. Construction



having reached this stage of development, it was only natural that the small curvature arch should be the next to be outmoded and we are left with the wall entirely built on the semi-circular arch on which rests the vaulting. This is the second important step in revealing the mechanical construction, the useless entablature is done away with and the mechanism forms the design.

The central aisle of the Basilican churches is usually exceedingly broad compared with the thickness of the partition wall which necessarily is of the same breadth as the column. This explains why the central aisle usually had a flat wooden roof instead of the vaulting which was used over the side aisles. But these flat roofs are not to be despised, they have a beauty of their own on account of their simplicity of form. Over the transept was placed a roof similar to that over the main aisle. At the entrance of the nave into the transept there was a double weight to be supported and so an arch was thrown over the nave to carry the roof of the transept and to give additional support to the roof of the nave.

There may seem little connexion between the round churches of baptisteries and the Basilican churches, but they were contemporary styles and a development in one led to development in the other. Perhaps the best known round church is S. Stephano which was the largest of its kind in existence. For the statistician, the diameter of this church was 210 feet and the rotunda of the Pantheon is 142 feet 6 inches, which, with the addition of 85 feet 7 inches for the portico left it some 18 feet greater *in toto*, but some 67 feet 6 inches smaller as regards its rotunda. Constructional changes have taken place in S. Stephano and the original outside wall has ceased to be an integral part of the church. It appears that the remnant of the semi-circular wall now visible from the steps of the church of S. Maria in Navicella is all that survives of the original church wall.

The support for the lofty central roof and the lower aisle roof in S. Stephano was given by two concentric rings of columns taken from older buildings. The outer range carried arches, while the inner bore a horizontal architrave. The first similarity between this and any Basilican church was the brick wall rising above the entablature pierced with lights. The usual difficulty prevented the use of vaulting as in the Basilican churches. Even the comparatively light wooden roof needed



the additional support of central columns and a diametrically placed wall. It was in these round churches that the dome really came into its own. In Rome there remains no example of a dome in its original place, but after its introduction it was gradually brought into the more orthodox type of church. The smallness of the dimensions of some rotundas admitted the use of a dome which was strengthened by a transverse arch. But the days of the wooden roof were not yet over and a more delicate form of support was developed than that used in S. Stephano. Four diametrically placed arches sprang from the alternate columns and semi-arches, serving as buttresses, counteracted the lateral thrust of the main arch. The idea of doubling the thickness of the partition wall was not popular at first, though it served well wherever it was used. Naturally, to do this, the columns had to be paired and both of them were placed on the same radius.

And now, with no apology for what may seem a digression, let us examine the principles of architectural construction. Who is better fitted to instruct us in these principles than the master of church building, Augustus Welby Northmoor Pugin? Among his more controversial lectures, one published in 1841 is known as "The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture". There is no one who would dare to compare the efforts of the early Christians with the magnificence of the true Gothic, but fundamental principles are the same, whether applied to the alpha or omega of a developing art. In this lecture the master of Gothic lays down two principles: first, that there should be no features about a building that are not necessary for convenience, construction or propriety and, as a corollary, that all ornaments should consist of and in the enrichment of the essential construction of the building. In pure architecture the smallest detail should have a meaning or serve a purpose and even the design should vary according to the material.

Having thus established his principles, Pugin proceeded to make the controversial statement that it is only in Pointed architecture that these great principles have been carried out. He further asserted that the Middle Ages were the first to turn the natural properties of the various materials to their full account and to make their mechanism a vehicle for art.

After the publication of "True Principles", the "Quarterly Review" said that Mr. Pugin had not treated his subject



philosophically and to this criticism we may add that he most certainly failed as regards the historical aspect. To disagree with an acknowledged master is usually a sign of genius or foolhardiness. But in this case we feel that the accusation we make is at least substantially true, though we do not fully agree with the criticism of the "Review". An historical survey of Christian architecture, at least up to the time of its decadence, shows that Pugin's principles were carried out to the letter. Step by step this style developed, not according to whim or plan, but because of the need of solving constructional problems. The arch took the place of the keystone. Why? To take the weight off the roof. The entablature went, because it was a useless piece of decoration. Examples could be multiplied, but in general we can say that utility was the dominant note and what more was Pugin demanding than this? As for his corollary, like all corollaries, it follows once the thesis is demonstrated.

The semi-circular or lesser vaulted roof gradually crept into church building and necessitated the re-arrangement of the arcades. Also, as a result of this, rectangular piers with shafts attached to their transverse faces were introduced. The transverse arch was brought in to support the semi-cylindrical roof and was placed across the central aisle and strengthened by the lesser arches over the side aisles. The spring of these arches rested on the rectangular piers set in the colonnades. Now this pier contained within it the form of all later piers having rectangular trunks. Briefly, there were four forms of the rectangular pier according to whether the columns were semi-circular or ribbon pilasters. The equality or non-equality of the diameter or breadth of these with that of the faces completes the four forms.

In accordance with the axiom that every artifice of construction must be displayed, and because the system of arches on which the vaults rested was so complex, separate shafts were introduced for their support, so making up the compound pier. Once the development had reached this stage it was unlikely that anything revolutionary would be introduced and gradually the form of the style was moulded. Logical developments, of course, took place and an example of this is that the rectangular pier, from being simple in form, became compound and from the compound pier followed the alternate placing of compound and simple piers.



So far we have only been concerned with the interior of the early churches but in tracing the historical progress of buildings we must not confine ourselves to the internal construction. In Italy the most important external feature of the church was the façade and often it was made lavishly ornate. The façade of the church seems to be made attractive at the expense of the rest, but actually this is not the whole truth. Although the façade is usually the only part of the church which is in any way ornate, it is not at the expense of the rest of the church but in spite of it. In general the churches in Italy do not stand apart from nearby buildings, but are often only a link in a chain of buildings. It is of little use to consider the façade with reference to the rest of the church because often only the main construction of the façade is of the same time as the rest of the church.

Two kinds of façade are used in churches of one aisle, either an ornate wall looking squarely out, or a face following the contour of the gable. When the number of aisles increased, it became more common to finish each aisle with a separate façade, each based on the form of the aisle and each following the roof contours. Again the axiom that every artifice of construction must be displayed can be applied to the building of façades and in fact each successive design and decoration did grow from the shortcomings of the previous style. There remains hardly one of the Basilican churches which, as regards its façade, has not suffered at the hands of the so-called renovators.

At first the façade served to hide the mechanical construction of the church, especially the construction of the aisles, and they themselves were decorated in order to hide their own construction. How this offends against the rubrics! Little idea of the interior disposition of the church could be gained from its façade, but very slowly honesty gained precedence and the construction was not only revealed but also began to be the guiding factor in decoration. It is easy to see how this process was similar to the interior development of buildings. We find the signs of a healthy movement towards honesty in architecture, a tendency which reached its culminating point in the true Gothic.

Mosaics were the first means used in the decoration of the façades and an interesting device was used to give some protection from the weather. The summit of the façade was



constructed so as to overhang the base instead of following the contours of the gable. At the church of S. Cecilia the façade retains some of its original characteristics, but it too has suffered much from the renovators. In front of this church there is a fine cortile which is, in a way, a relic from the original plan. The small ornate pillars are perhaps the most typical thing left to us to indicate a method of pure decoration which is now no longer used. Among the materials taken from the old buildings there were many such pillars which, on account of their size, were of little use in the interior construction. But, rather than waste them the Christian builders used them in the decoration of the façades and used them to excess. A pillar is quite a useless thing if not constructed for the job in hand, and it appears that the only use that the builders could find for them was to make rows of porticos on top of each other. Time brought new methods to the old idea of what we now know as the church porch. Instead of the usual form of portico which would lead into the church by a covered way rather like a sawn-off cloister, it was reduced to an arcade of panels. Such an arrangement did not at first make any difference to the placing of doors which continued to lead into the aisles and were of the same number as the aisles. The lintels of these doors which were usually rectangular in shape were made out of remnants of classical finery—incongruous in effect but not out of keeping with the methods used at the time. Eventually there must have come a time when the supply of decorative materials began to grow short. It is hardly to be wondered at since these Christian pirates had been robbing the classical buildings for decades. This meant that new ideas were needed and what could be more natural than that the façade should undergo the same changes as the portico and become a panelled façade supported by semi-columns? As time went on the façade gradually changed until hardly anything of the original idea remained and perhaps, all things considered, it is not to be regretted.

If we were to compare two graphs, one showing the changes in architectural styles and the other illustrating the changes in any particular style, we should find that there has been a very similar development in the two. Each new style was not thought out as a novelty and then introduced, but grew out of the changes which needed making in the previous style. In the same way the changes in each particular style resulted



from the necessity of solving some constructional difficulty. What can we say in general about the architecture produced by the early Christian builders in Rome? The very idea of a church was a new thing to them. For a long time they had been building temples, but a building in honour of a God who was not going to reside there like the pagan gods obviously required more thought than a mere temple. For the Christian church was to be a place where the people would come and worship. And after all this God was some day to be their judge so they might as well make as good a job of His house as they could. Who can fully enter into the mind of these early Christians or realize their problems? As for their works, they are by no means to be despised. They succeeded in producing churches which were neither barns to shelter the faithful, nor gaudy temples like those of the pagans. Their buildings had, and to some extent, still have, a soberness which is an inspiration in itself. They laboured under great difficulties, of which poverty was not the least, and they triumphed gloriously over these difficulties. If men had looked back on those days when church architecture was falling into decay, the world would have been saved from some of the horrors that it now calls churches and which have a closer affinity to dance halls. Anyone who tries to consider one architectural scheme will find himself judging it in comparison with some other scheme which has appeared to him to be the ideal. Why delay any longer then, why not consider this early Christian work in relation to the perfection of church architecture and admit that it is not comparable to a true Gothic? Well, do we usually compare Raphael with the art of the Stone Age?

LAWRENCE HOWORTH.



## THE VISITATION OF 1657

The picture one forms from the account of the Visitation of 1657 of the life of English college men of that generation is curiously similar to the life of their modern counterpart. There are some notable differences which show that in some ways the rule of life in those days was somewhat sterner than it is today. Even so, by 1657 it seems to have relaxed considerably since the days of Anthony Munday, judging by the account of college routine given in his "English Romaine Lyfe".

It is to be regretted that we have not more diaries of long ago students of the Venerable. It would be especially interesting if we had some such personal accounts dating from the time of the 1657 Visitation. The College report to the Cardinal Protector gives us the cold details of their daily lives, but, for the most part, we have to rely upon unsatisfactory speculation to know what they thought about England, Rome and the College, how they fancied philosophy and theology and how they spent their recreation and vacations. Perhaps we shall not be far wide of the mark if we hazard a guess that in these things they were not very different from ourselves. Human nature is more enduring than rules of life.

Gasquet in his *History* (p. 116-17) gives the date of the Visitation as 1667 and since he refers to the same document which I date 1657, someone has blundered. It has not been possible to refer to Foley's Records, which are probably Gasquet's source, so perhaps later some archivist will look up the originals and settle the point. There is, however, one hint. He says the small number of students is accounted for "thirdly because



the fire in 1563 had caused so much talk that parents would not send their sons to the College . . . Fourthly because in 1655 four students became religious. Further the Plague of 1655 prevented arrivals . . . ” But surely in another ten years these causes would not be so important. However, I hesitate to assert my reading without further verification, especially since in older writing the figures six and five are not unlike.

In *Scrittura* Vol. XXIX, n. 3, we find some students' complaints dated 1656 which were perhaps a remote cause of the Visitation. There is first the usual one that the convictors (i.e. those who paid their own fees) had all the new clothes, whilst the scholars (who were supported by the foundation) had to be content with shabby ones. Also, “Fr Rector receives with harshness the prefects, if they bring up anything which they judge relative to the students' welfare, although this is ordered in the rules, and although he himself does not watch carefully over their welfare”.

*Scrittura* Vol. XXIII, n. 7, contains a letter, dated 1657, in which, “The College Rector humbly explains to your Lordship that there are in the said College several students in a state of unrest. These, because some permissions very harmful to college discipline have been denied them by their immediate superiors, as, for example, going through the city two by two, going out of the College in the morning before light, or before the appointed time of rising for the rest, conversing freely with the members of other cubicula at the vineyard and such like, secretly solicit the other students to sign a memorial . . . ” Therefore, he asks for a Visitation.

The College report to Cardinal Barberini, the Protector, is to be found in *Scrittura* Vol. XLVII, n. 5. The preamble states that the students maintain with vigour the spirit of their foundation . . . The priest students give some further proof of this whilst they have in turn for six months the charge of instructing dexterously the English who come to Rome . . . This they have done so well that after the last visit there were sixty converts.

### § 1 DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE

In the morning they rise in summer normally at 8 hours. The first half hour is given to dressing and preparing for prayer. In the second half hour mental prayer is made on some passage



of Sacred Scripture. At 9 hours they go to Mass and at  $9\frac{1}{2}$  to study for about two hours and about  $11\frac{1}{2}$  they put on their shoes and after "un poco di collatione" in the Refectory (when there is no fast or abstinence) they set out all together with their appointed companions to schools and say the rosary of our Lady along the street. (Note—these old horaria are always troublesome, being based on the evening Ave Maria, so that one has to know what period of the year the document describes. Cf. VENERABILE Vol. VIII, n. 2; where in "An eighteenth century diary" we find the note for Oct. 31st, "N.B. Tonight the hour changed." Also at Corpus Christi they rose at 9 and on Sundays at that time of the year at 10. It seems best to estimate the rising hour as 5 a.m. The modern Ave Maria is not a reliable guide.)

At  $13\frac{3}{4}$  they return from schools and the first bell for dinner goes immediately. Meanwhile they tidy or sweep their room and at 14 they go to dinner all together, where they remain always in silence and edified, whilst one of the scholars reads from the pulpit some ancient (?) history or Homily of the Fathers. After dinner, which lasts about half an hour, there is recreation in common according to the distribution of the rooms, for an hour. At  $15\frac{1}{2}$  they retire to their rooms to study and prepare for the repetitions. These last for a whole hour, each class separately. When they are finished, they return to their rooms to study until schools, to which those of the Mathematic Lecture go at 19, those of the Hebrew at  $19\frac{1}{2}$  and the rest at 20 hours.

On returning from schools, i.e., at  $22\frac{1}{4}$ , when the first bell goes for supper they arrange their beds and rooms for sleeping and at  $22\frac{1}{2}$  there is supper after which there is recreation for an hour until 24. Then they recite together the litanies and make the examination of conscience for a quarter. There upon they retire to their rooms, where, the prefect reading the meditation for the following morning, in silence and prayer they go to bed at  $24\frac{1}{2}$ . Here they repose normally for  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours but on feasts and holidays  $8\frac{1}{2}$ .

This order of life is observed also in winter with proportion, i.e., they rise at 12, dine at 18, sup at  $21\frac{1}{2}$ , making the repetition an hour before supper and at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  all are in bed.



## § 2 ON THE PRACTICE OF PIETY

For the advancement of piety and progress in true and solid virtues, apart from the daily mental prayer, Mass, rosary and examination of conscience already mentioned, all go to confession every Saturday and on Sunday morning receive Communion. The same is done also during the week when there occur the feasts of the Apostles, the Blessed Virgin, our Lord or some eminent Saint or Patron.

Every Saturday morning and on other more solemn feasts especially of the Madonna, *finita l'oratione* (after meditation) the signal is given for the congregation established in honour of the Assumption, where all meet to hear an exhortation and perform other devotions. If one of them dies even outside the College in England or elsewhere, they perform the exsequies for him as for a member of the Congregation and every Saturday evening in Lent in the same Congregation there is a "sermonecino" from one of the theologians on some mystery of the Passion, with other spiritual exercises in honour of the Madonna. They finish with discipline "con tutta la devotione di ciascuno", preceded by some prayer for their benefactors. In addition many and frequent are the devotions and severe mortifications.

In addition every Sunday and feast day apart from the Community Mass, where all communicate, solemn High Mass and Vespers are sung, with the appropriate ceremonies, at which all are trained and officiate in turn. Every week one of the rooms (i.e., a *camerata*) in turn recites the seven psalms and litanies before the Blessed Sacrament. On Saturday evening it is for the Conversion of England, and Communion the following day is to be applied for the same intention, and a special prayer is to be recited for this purpose every morning when they commence meditation. All abstain on Fridays for the same end.

In the autumn vacation and at Easter many of their own accord make the spiritual exercises for about eight days, and it is already an old custom that all recent arrivals do this. On the free day each week many do the seven churches or visit some other sacred place.



## § 3 ON LITERARY EXERCISES

Apart from the daily exercises of lectures, repetitions and disputations in the Roman College, the following take place in the house :

(1) Every school day (as has been mentioned) there are repetitions for an hour, each class making them separately, except on Saturdays and vigils when the bell goes for Confessions.

(2) Every week in addition all the philosophers meet in the big hall for the "conclusioni communi" of the three classes, all the superiors taking part. The theologians do the same for the "conclusioni di Teologia"; this is normally on Sunday or free days especially in winter. Philosophers and first and second year theologians are examined at the end of the year to see how much they have profited. Of those who are found more apt, one is appointed out of each class to defend publicly either in the Roman College or in ours, apart from those who defend publicly the whole of philosophy, dedicating the defence to some Cardinal.

(3) Every Sunday, when the after dinner recreation is over (except in vacations) some philosopher recites the tones, i.e., a short Latin composition specially prepared, and then a theologian gives a "sermoncino di dieci righe" on the epistle of the day, and at supper the same day some theologian preaches on the current Gospel to try his talents and gain practice. In the same way at supper on Monday a philosopher recites his own essay on some philosophical point for practice in Latinity as well as philosophy.

(4) To instruct them in controversies with heretics so necessary in England, every Friday has a repetition of them for all theologians for the space of an hour.

(5) Finally for practice in the sacred tongues every Sunday (outside vacations) they have an Academy for Greek; and for Hebrew, second year theologians go all that year to the Roman College for a half hour to learn it.

## § 4 ON FOOD AND CLOTHING

The diet (as is fitting for scholars) is moderate but sufficient. Every meal has three courses. On Sunday, Monday and Wednesday there is in addition an antipasto as also on Friday, but then there is no portion at supper because of the abstinence (i.e., a meal of soup, bread and cheese but no main dish). Also



on the vineyard days there is something additional, and on the more solemn feasts two or three antipasti and postpasti according to the solemnity. Care is taken that the wines are the lighter ones, as those of the Castelli, being more suitable to the constitution of our youth, and that the bread is the best obtainable. Of this each has at table as much as he wants.

As regards clothing there is little to say. They have two sorts of dress, one of cloth (*panna*) for the house, the other of fine woollen cloth (*saia*) for when they go out. They change every time there is need, especially at the beginning of summer and winter.

### § 5 ON RECREATION

There is recreation every day after dinner and supper for a whole hour. In addition every feast day after vespers they go for a walk or have recreation in the house until supper, and on the free day (i.e., normally once a week and in the long vacations twice a week) they go to the vineyard or garden near San Gregorio, where they have recreation for the whole day. When because of rain or excessive heat they cannot go to the vineyard, in those days (apart from the walks in the mornings for those who wish) they have an hour and a half of recreation before dinner, the same after dinner, two hours before supper and an hour after supper. (Elsewhere we find that the *vacazioni minori* lasted from early July till the end of August, and during this period there were only morning lectures. The *vacazioni grandi* lasted through September and October.)

In addition in the September vacation the scholars are sent in turn outside the city to Monte Portio for the benefit of the air, to stay there about ten days. The experience of many years proves that this change of air confers much benefit on the health of the students.

### § 6 ON THE CORRECTION OF FAULTS

When there is some fault of importance against the rule, after the first or second private admonition (if the circumstances do not demand otherwise) the fault is read publicly at table and a penance is imposed of some prayer in church. Account is taken of this, and it is the normal penance which is given. As regards actual expulsion from the College, recourse is not



had to this except when they are incorrigible and "enormiter delinquenti", and even then not without express orders from the Cardinal Protector.

This concludes the general description made to the Cardinal Protector, and I have no further information about this visitation except some of the regulations which as usual followed it. They are to be found (I think) in the Liber Ruber. First come the rules for the vineyard. On arrival there is a visit to the chapel. Then if they lay aside the "toga superior" they should fold it tidily and lay it in a clean place. No one without permission should go outside the place of recreation appointed for each camerata by Fr Minister, or converse with one of another camerata. It will not be permitted to anyone to pick fruit, break branches or cut up trees, just as it is not permitted at home. Games should be modest and such as befit clerics, and in them they should be mindful of modesty, peace and fraternal charity. They should know that it is absolutely forbidden to play for money. At table there should be some reading from Thomas à Kempis, afterwards the martyrologium and then they may talk "submissiori tamen voce". As regards going to the library in the college, philosophers may only go with permission of their ripetitore, and theologians may not go "in scio Praefecto studiorum". They must close the door after them. Also no light must be taken in except for a grave reason and with the express permission of the Rector.

No one may approach pilgrims without a superior's permission, and if he has permission he shall not give any information about any student or about the affairs of the College. (This would be due to the danger of spies coming to the College as pilgrims, and learning for example the real names of the students, all of whom had an alias.)

There is a special rule for the Sacristan. He was to receive any priest who came for Mass "omni cum humanitate" and take care that he be decently vested, and especially that his alb should hang evenly on every side. The office of Sacristan seems to stand outside time and change. It seems no time at all since the Sacristan was reminded that the alb should be a "circulum fluens". Different words but the same sentiment. Different generations but the same Venerabile.

F. J. SHUTT.



## NOVA ET VETERA

### PAMPHILI

“ I know nothing in the environs of Rome half so grand and charming as the ornamented grounds of the beautiful villa Pamphili Doria, the gates of which are always open to the public. A blessing be upon the head of its princely owner, for this prized permission to the world at large ! May his liberality never suffer by the hand of wanton mischief, nor ever be checked by the presence of a rude intruder ! Many a time, when fairly tired with the never-ending scenes of painting and sculpture have I resorted to this charming spot, here to enjoy an hour or two of rural quiet and of purer air, and could I have had a few British gardeners by my side, the enjoyment would have been more complete, for gardeners in general are choice observers . . . The marble fountains of Pamphili Doria, its lofty trees, its waterfalls, its terraces, its shrubs and flowers and wooded winding paths delight the soul of man and clearly prove what magic scenes can be produced, when studied art goes hand in hand with nature. The walk canopied by evergreens of ancient growth and at the end of which a distant view of St Peter’s colossal temple bursts upon the sight, has so much truth and purpose in its plan, that I question whether its parallel can be found in the annals of horticultural design. When St Peter’s dome is illuminated, whilst standing under the wooded archway of this walk, you may fancy yourself on the confines of Elysium. As an additional charm to the beauties of Pamphili Doria, the birds are here protected, so that not one of them which comes within its precincts is ever transported to the bird market at the Pantheon



in Rome, where individuals of every species known in Italy, from the wren to the raven, may be had ready trussed for the spit . . . Towards the close of April, the walks of Pamphili Doria resound with the sweet notes of the nightingale both day and night, and from February to mid-July, the thrush and blackbird pour forth incessant strains of melody. There stands in this enclosure a magnificent grove of stone pines, vast in their dimensions and towering in their height. Here the harmless jackdaw nestles, here the hooded crow is seen, here the starling breeds in numbers and here the roller, decked in all the brilliant plumage of the tropics, comes to seek his daily fare." Waterton. *Essays Nat. Hist.* Pp. 26-30.

"It would be difficult to imagine life without Pam—still more difficult to live it. Once, and once only, has there been a break in our visits there. When the father of the present prince died, on 5th December 1914, the villa was closed. At first the students thought this to be part of the mourning and were accordingly patient. Days and weeks went by and still there was no sign of a re-opening. Twice an application was made for a *permesso*, only to be refused. The brick-hunters were not entirely sorry; they saw a golden opportunity for sightseeing, but we were told that the enforced interest in antiquities was not long sustained in the hearts of the Philistines (more power to them). The Sunday station-churches of Lent saw the Venerabile in force as they never saw them before or since. At last, on the 24th of March, the news came that Pamphili was once more thrown open—a welcome relief to the archaeologist as well as to his unwilling victims, for all appreciated more than ever the freshness and quiet of this pleasant retreat." THE VENERABILE, April 1927.

Even to a generation which had never so much as entered the gates of this Elysium, it was difficult to imagine life without Pam. For in the long years at St Mary's Hall, no name was more frequently on the lips of quondam Romans. It came to form an integral part of our vague concept of Rome, and it is hardly to be wondered at since for some of our elders the quintessence of the Eternal City seemed to be summed up in the immortal phrase "Peter's and Pam".

At Stonyhurst, living in the heart of the country, it was impossible to realize how supremely alluring green fields and trees can appear to the weary dweller of the town. If Waterton's birds, perched in grim solemnity in their glass cases in the



corridors of Stonyhurst could have received for a moment the power of speech, perhaps they would have warned us to breathe deep draughts of fresh air while we had the opportunity. Possibly the birds, not unnaturally, had a grudge against Waterton and the whole human race—whatever the reason, they remained dumb. Only a visitor to our Shangrila could visualise Stonyhurst in terms of Peter's and Pam. For us it was all Pam and no "Peter's"—and we wanted Peter's!

We came to Rome and we saw "St Peter's colossal temple" and duly admired it. That moment was the satisfaction of a heartfelt desire; we felt that the long years in England had not been in vain since they were the prelude to such an experience. The reality was so unlike and yet, at the same time, so like our vision of it that we felt instantly at home.

Yet—soon we felt the desire to see it, as Waterton had done, from the gardens of Pamphili and almost unconsciously the cameratas began to wend their way to the Janiculum. But the gates of the Villa Doria Pamphili were closed against us and our walk, which had something of the nature of a pilgrimage, so hallowed is that path by the passage of countless English College men, was in vain.

Pam has remained barred to us. The result has been similar to that of 1915 when the Villa was first closed. For the first few months we did not miss it. Rome was new and exciting and there was so much to see and do—the Catacombs, the churches, the classical monuments and all the amazing variety of things which make Rome what it is. Every day in Lent the station churches had a strong representation from the English College—often well over half the College would be present. Sometimes the cameratas followed so hard and fast upon each other that they looked more like Spanish "crocodiles". Explorers searched far and wide and nearly every church of any note must have received a visit.

Meanwhile, enthusiasts addicted to both the round and oval species of football, scoured the city for a pitch and sighed for Pam. When the weather grew gradually warmer even the most ardent students of Architecture began to long for a quiet green spot instead of seeing always the fierce glare of the sun reflected from streets and buildings. And as the warmth of the climate, experienced for the first time, began to tell on us, there came the instinctive English reaction—the desire for fresh air.



The favourite places of resort became the Borghese Gardens, Pincio, Monte Mario and the Janiculum, or indeed any place where there was a chance of finding green trees and fresh air. But even the Janiculum, which is perhaps the most popular, as it is easily accessible and has one of the finest views of Rome, is a poor substitute for Pam, even to those of us who do not know the original. As the black figures stroll along the avenues of statues that crown the Janiculum many longing glances are cast at the green coolness of Pam, elusive and unattainable.

But recently some angel of light has brought the good tidings. Shortly the gates are to be once more opened to us and we shall enter into the Promised Land. The reprieve has come only just in time, for surely it would be sentence of death to endure a summer in Rome without Pamphili.



## COLLEGE DIARY

OCTOBER 20th 1946, *Sunday*. Thus laconically must one record the re-establishment of the College in Rome, for, despite the solemnity of the occasion, the striking phrase and rounded periods of Wiseman are better left in Wiseman and because one does not wish to encroach yet upon the Obit Book. Future archivists and authors are referred to an already overladen waste paper basket filled with the effusions of first attempts, for henceforth the Chronicler intends to emulate the concinnity of (the College) Johnson, without, we hope, his indiscretions. So—*we arrived*. The vaunted Italian genius for adaptation provoked no surprise in the nineteen, phlegmatic members of the “4th party” when they were bundled into a diminutive *torpedone* and whisked, in peril of life and limb, to the portals of the Ven. English College. Some had seen and most had read or heard of the “wide and lofty corridors” so it was with the critical eye of homecomers rather than of newcomers that we sought their familiar adornments: the sawdust, mats, scrapers and Euclidean parallels of the carpet, the lantern lights, palm leaves (and fig leaves?), dazzling distemper, commemorative slabs and decorative shields of the English Cardinals. It was all as we had, collectively and continually, left it.

Amidst the babel and bustle of unloading, most for the first time met Raniero and Domenico, the latter more toothful and patriarchal than an earlier Vincenzo, and, schooled in exile by “tradition”, we parted brown curtains for a visit, noting the fabled slabs “on the wall of the College chapel”, large as life, and then, beneath Pozzi’s fiery dragon, an abiding reminder to “the few” of Croft Lodge, we enjoyed our first substantial meal in Rome.

Refreshed, we repaired to the Common Room and there, escorted by Romans of one or two days’ *soggiorno*, we were conducted to our rooms. A brief survey of its amenities, a quick wash and change, a plunge into the *acqua vergine* of the tank, a hasty tea (or *merenda*), and the new generation of English College men, in dusty beavers and wings, clutching yellow *biglietti*, were spurting towards St Peter’s and the Pope!



Through the wooden barricade at the Piazza and past the sentry box, we strode into what a notice informed us was the "Neutral Territory of the Vatican City" and passing the stripes, swords and feathers of the guards, we poured with the multi-coloured throngs into the pomp and excitement of St Peter's to attend the Pope's Benediction in honour of the new Beata, Marie Thérèse de Soubiran.

Later, map in hand, we made for home and renewed our acquaintance with the, as yet, exotic food and unfamiliar stoups of wine. The novelty of hearing the reader in a lofty rostrum, somewhat different from the precarious counting desk of St Mary's Hall, and of dining in the grandeur of a comparatively luxurious picture gallery, proved no deterrent to the hearty *prosit* and garrulous prattle of sixty people odd, impatient to recount the day's adventures.

The visit, with an opportunity to examine the slabs, tombs and involved profusion of the structure's decoration; the hazy Common Room, like a supine Tower of Babel; night prayers and a reversion to the Roman "De Profundis"; and the echoing "Salve" on the stairs bore us rapidly to the close of our first eight hours in "this restored inheritance".

21st Monday. *Sveglia* 5.55: and we note that the peremptory buzz of electric bells has given way to the peals of the old monastic bell. Community Mass celebrated by His Grace the Apostolic Delegate, who is our guest, our first continental breakfast and then the thrills of pioneering, must for the present suffice to stop an enchanted gap. Though new-fledged wings fluttered on many a wanton breeze throughout the city, the majority stood at ease in the unruffled atmosphere of St Peter's, which we revisited to make the traditional obeisance to St Peter and to examine at greater leisure than the crowded moments of yesterday allowed.

"Pam" is closed. As yet, we of the present generation feel no pain of loss—merely the frustration of curiosity, though later, no doubt, when summer comes and "bricking" palls, we shall have to rest beneath the scanty shade of the Tiber planes.

Homeward then, pausing a moment in the Borgo, we scurried along the scorching cobbles of the Via Giulia to the chaste waters of the tank for a quick dive and thence, scarcely dry, to the chapel to reflect our souls before the fatted calf which was to honour our return and the departure for England of Mgr Godfrey. So we celebrated our first "At Home" in the shape of a near approach to one of those fabulous, Lucullan repasts of which one had heard so much from the nostalgic Romans of St Mary's. Present were our guests of honour, Mgr Godfrey, Mgr W. T. Heard, and lest they go unlisted, our guests, *in famiglia* Fathers Rope, Ekbery and Grasar.

Our vocabulary, more restricted than our appetite, falters before the toothsome morsels of our fare except for the "dolce", nuts and, to accompany the latter, with an eye no doubt to St George, the cautious provision of Cesanese, gift of the Apostolic Delegate, in which we drank his health to the trembling of the groined ceiling and the evident discomfort of the dragon! *Caffè e rosolio* (*strega*, which we first befriended in the latter days of Babylon) and speeches, more "bricking" and sightseeing, which space forbids me to describe, preceded our *merenda* and then the



rigorous and smokeless procession to our rooms, taking the fat with the lean with a vengeance!

Benediction, Supper and Common Room and one comes again to the end of a spindle-shanked description of another remarkable day.

22nd *Tuesday*. Much water has flowed down Giles' drain, but rarely to such melodious accompaniment from a morning Common Room—an auspicious symptom, gladdening to the erstwhile "League of Joy", disquieting to dyspeptics, but perhaps after all the rally before capitulation to "that Englishman's stronghold of misery and pain—the liver".

Those who suffered in the earlier Procrustean distribution of hats and wings, today stepped forth, after an appropriate exchange of garments, to uphold our fame as men of fashion. Meanwhile, volunteers set to work on sorting the stored property in the Tribune where the altars are required and dusty trunks and boxes passed under the figurative wings of articulated Protectors.

If one has felt a sense of achievement in omitting the brackets in Wiseman's book of prayers, today one feels the repletion and first permeation of "Romanità" in his introduction to "spaghetti" to which we made a determinedly dainty approach, though few battlefields have witnessed such scenes of embroiling entanglement and frustration. On the strength of the occasion, the hardy ventured to stomach the fragrant fumes of "Nazionale" and "Toscani", but the predominant haze is still as truly blue as the Royal Blood.

The ever-increasing burden of the postman draws the attention of hopeful spectators, but our limited supply of newspapers—the *Osservatore* and *Rome Daily American*—is destined to blush unseen while the Common Room remains the Mecca of the talkative. Travellers' tales of today include that of the observant youth who discovered the bones of Raphael the Archangel in the Pantheon!

23rd *Wednesday*. Rain again, but it did not prevent the daily excursion of brickers and shoppers—Baedekers, Treves and Tani are becoming as inevitable an accoutrement as the Londoner's umbrella, whilst phrase-books and a less pretentious rote of "quantas", "troppos" and "scontis" supply deficiencies in the "lingua toscana" of the shoppers. Many firms, however, profess a knowledge of "American"—an ability they deem it necessary to advertise.

Today a final plunge left the tank in its modest attire of fig-leaves until St Gregory's. A short tour of the garden disclosed no "curved rows of privets" round the paths but there is the old luxuriant profusion of palm, lemon and orange trees. Pozzi's experiment in perspective bears the look of faded respectability, but is still distinguishable surrounding the Madonna, while the sarcophagus and other relics of the past and the "artistic stone benches" remain undisturbed save by the bubbling of the fountain or the clucking of Raniero's hen, our modern counterpart to the "Herbert, James or Egbert" of our elders.

The after-lunch Common Room was devoted to completing in triplicate, under the aegis of the Vice-Rector, forms for the "Soggiorno degli Stranieri



in Italia" to obtain *tessere* for food and cigarettes. A roll call of ages disproved the theory that reticence is the prerogative of the weaker sex, but wrested blushing and blasé admissions from tender teens and pre-adamites alike.

Those who knew "Pam" called today on "Mrs Pam-Shop" and found it unchanged, but a later report announced the disappearance of at least one English oasis—Mrs Watt's.

Meanwhile, information about the University is seeping through bit by bit. The Delegate, who has risen to his full stature after the honorary capacity of the "Hall", hints that a passport may now be necessary to get into lectures. The sanguine expect visa difficulties.

24th *Thursday*. Those who seek for signs find the increasing prevalence of *zimmare* as disturbing as the last swallow, for its announces the arrival of undreamt-of chills.

Touring parties have extended their field of operations and are now visiting the sights "outside the walls". Within, one is guided to places of interest by painted wooden notice boards bearing "potted" information of the spot, surmounted by miniature American and Italian flags. An inscription on the corner records their erection by "MTOUSA" in co-operation with the Italian Government. The board affixed to the (exterior) chapel wall reads:

"Church of St Thomas of Canterbury

Founded by Offa, King of the East Saxons in 775. Destroyed by fire in 817, but rebuilt in 1159 and dedicated by Pope Alexander III to St Thomas à Becket, the English Martyr, who had once lodged in the adjoining hospital. The attached College preserves portraits of Roman Catholics who suffered for their faith in England under Henry VIII and Elizabeth."

A wider excursion brought three members of the O.N.D. and the Senior Student to the Villa. They bring back ecstatic accounts, though a new page has been added to its cosmopolitan history for they report that it is now in the hands of Lithuanians.

25th *Friday*. Sunshine found an empty house once more except for those who remained to sort out books and pictures removed from the Tribune, while Friday drew attention to the Tiber to admire the proverbial patience of fishermen. One wondered how they could see the fish for the mud.

In the evening an augmented Schola proved to the "Cappellar" that we too have music in our souls.

26th *Saturday*. Glossy "Greg" bags and the sheen of new umbrellas protruding from parcel-laden figures mark the end of an epoch. Prices range from 600 lire for both umbrellas and bags though one man has paid 11,000 for what the price alone must term a budget! Other purchases render the Common Room an El Dorado where gold glistens from all save tooth and button.

The suggestion, previously mentioned, that passports might be required for the University has been confirmed and for several days past we have suffered the portrayal of our features in "Foto Roma." We hope that



the professors who note the hilarious mirth which ill-befits the studious gravity of our dossiers will take into consideration the jester behind the scenes. Meanwhile, the increasing arrival of forms and questionnaires shows that the Gregorian is keeping abreast of the times.

Today no flourish of trumpets or beating of drums announced the arrival of our hoary Charivaria, Chi Lo Sa?, Special Extra, wherein are immortalized the perennial and extraordinary first impressions of the Venerabilino. Its stealthy infiltration recalls the padded step and lurking shadow which one has heard and glimpsed in many parts of Rome.

In the evening youth, mindful of coffers of gold, returned to the Infirmarians when they broke the seals on the Infirmary Chest and under the guidance of Dr Rickards, one of the new men, cast a professional eye over its contents.

27th Sunday. *Feast of Christ the King.* High Mass this morning was sung by the Rector and attended by a serpentine White Choir whose involutions nonplussed even the M.C.'s. Afterwards the "grenouilles" raced to the new Church of Christ the King.

Later we were regaled with the official lunch to celebrate our return to Rome, to which we welcomed Mgr Duchemin and Fr Whitty of the Beda, Fr Walsh of San Silvestro, Fr Flanagan, Vice-Rector of the Scots College and Bro. Walsh of the Christian Brothers.

After lunch we had coffee, *rosolio* and speeches in the Common Room and later Solemn Benediction. In the evening we had another opportunity to attend a beatification at St Peter's, where two resourceful members, scorning the dictates of mere paper, scaled a balcony and later succeeded in kissing the Holy Father's hand.

28th Monday. An extension of shopping permission was granted this morning of which the dilatory availed. The only purchase of note was that, by a fastidious or credulous youth, of a tin of D.D.T.—not T.N.T., as one's *raconteur* had mumbled.

Our doctor blazed the trail today by going to bed with athlete's foot. A glittering display of forceps, knives and scalpels restrains one from an apt and hackneyed tag.

A glorious sun smiled on the last hours of our *quasi-villegiatura* though clouds came to one group in the form of stone-throwing anti-clericals. The response was a British compromise and the hasty departure of the ruffians on a mere show of strength.

After *merenda* we had the treasured privilege of an extra smoke until 6 o'clock which loosed the shyest tongues and lustiest throats until at 6.30 silence descended and we entered our Retreat under the guidance of Fr John Hannon S.J.

NOVEMBER 1st Friday. A second Te Deum before the Martyr's Picture ended our three days' retreat this morning. The first, unrecorded, was on the evening of our arrival.

After High Mass, which was celebrated at the Roman time, an unaccustomed early hour for us, cameratas renewed their short acquaintance with the sights and monuments of Rome.



Notable events during the Retreat include the re-adoption of the variably named St Thomas', Sodality, Beda and, for us permanently, Martyrs' Chapel. St Thomas looks unmoved in his tall baldachin behind the six golden candlesticks, and the picture of the Holy Family sits sedately over the sacristy door, while overhead Pozzi's "Assumption" still revels in a galaxy of cherub-laden spendrels, twining arabesques and sadly faded garlands and festoons. One must mention also the sea of scallop shells, if only to record the relief they afford from the interminable Hot Cross buns of the Church.

A more congested form of relief brought the community to round the corners of our garden, where one learned to sympathize with the murmurings of the Israelites and to long for the hedges, woods and fields of Stonyhurst and the flower and creeper clad front of St Mary's Hall. However, the studious pursued their interests among the relics and the rather limited flora and fauna of the demesne, while the energetic followed in the wake of our ten disconsolate goldfish.

In the evening we were pleased to welcome a new guest *in familia* Rev. J. Buckley, who has come to complete his Doctorate at the Gregorian. 2nd *Saturday*. *All Souls*. Sacrum Sollemne de Requie was celebrated by the Rector at 9 o'clock.

In the afternoon several members of the community followed the footsteps of past generations to the Campo Santo to visit Mgr Giles' grave, which, however, they were unable to find. They report considerable damage in the Church of San Lorenzo from the bombs of 1943, which also affected the nearby corner of the cemetery on the left of the Arch.

3rd *Sunday*. 5.25 a.m. marks the toll for the brave and the opening of a new era. One felt the excitement of a dress rehearsal or a battle practice in the crowded rush of the morning's programme, though the baker's tardiness checked the impetus of our assault. We therefore lounged in an extra lull of after-breakfast smoking to test the advertised efficacy of a "Camel."

Lunch was at an earlier hour than heretofore and to it came a very welcome guest, the Rev. R. Dyson S.J., whom we last saw in the smoky atmosphere of St Mary's Hall in October 1945, before he took his roaming English road to the Biblical Institute. To lunch also, came a new addition to the community whose arrival after demobilisation coincides with the arrival of the Beda College.

Further reversion to the pre-war programme brought us Vespers and Benediction in the afternoon, *merenda*, at which we caught a glimpse of Capt. Tom Morris, Rosary and Spiritual Reading and the familiar, time-honoured evening routine of College life.

Though the manoeuvres of the day have left no casualties, one feels on the threshold of Scholastic Rome that one must pause to gazette the veterans and list the tiros of the "Apostolic Succession of the Venerable". For posterity therefore and for completeness, we record: the Rector, Rt Rev. Mgr J. M. Macmillan and our new Vice-Rector, the Rev. G. W. Tickle, the Rev. H. E. G. Rope and our guests Frs G. Ekbery, W. E. Grasar, who have come to complete their doctorates, and the Rev. J. Buckley.



To the O.N.D. we welcome Mr E. Coonan (Shrewsbury) who is to study Canon Law at the Apollinare, Messrs A. Clark (Southwark) to study Dogma, T. Walsh and B. Scantlebury (Portsmouth), L. Farrow (Clifton), S. Monaghan (Lancaster) to study Canon Law at the Gregorian and finally Mr H. Richards (Westminster) who is to study Scripture at the Biblical Institute. Of the latter only one is a newcomer to the Venerable and three have come direct from the "heat and toil" of St Mary's Hall.

In the ranks of Theology and Philosophy are the thirty-three who constitute the "continuum" of our "Domus Jacob": Messrs Peters and Frost (Northampton), Swan, Anglim, Groarke, Fonseca, Balnaves (Westminster), Devaney, Hamilton, Howorth, Hunt, Davis (Salford), Williams (Birmingham), Crissell, Walmsley, O'Hara (Leeds), Alexander (Clifton), Lane, McDonnell (Liverpool), Gallagher, Murphy-O'Connor (Portsmouth), English, Lowery, Derbyshire (Shrewsbury), Spillane, Stewart, Hallett (Southwark), O'Dowd, Tierney, Byron (Nottingham), Rea (Plymouth), Dakin (Lancaster).

Finally, to the relief, no doubt, of our reader's patience and the writer's cramp, our twenty-six newcomers: To Theology, Messrs McGuinness (Shrewsbury) and Balfe (Portsmouth), and to Philosophy: Biennists, Messrs Moore and Boland (Clifton), and Triennists, Messrs Rickards, Kenyon and Kirkham (Lancaster), Davis, Loughton-Mathews, Moore, Sutherland, St John-Stevas (Westminster), Moore, Lloyd, Keegan (Birmingham), Carson (Middlesbrough), McHugh, McManus (Shrewsbury), D'Arcy (Liverpool), Thornton (Clifton), FitzPatrick and Broome (Hexham and Newcastle), Dolan, Calnan (Nottingham), Boswell (Northampton), and Rossiter (Plymouth).

There remain four unclaimed denominations on the list who labour under the anonymity of Malta 1 and 2 and Poland 1 and 2. Claimants, no doubt, will arrive and be recorded in due course.

4th Monday. The long-awaited day has arrived at last and this morning an 8.30 bell sent pounding feet and pounding hearts along the cobbles of the Baullari and over a well-worn path to behold the 'Greg' in all its apocryphal glory. Those who were nursed on the nostalgic memories of "Chi Lo Sa?" and Common Room stories were appalled to find that fact was indeed stranger than fiction, while in accordance with the sealed instructions of our elders we deployed our exiguous forces to seize our place "behind the Germans" and to man the windows.

*Lectio Brevis* was followed by the Mass of the Holy Spirit in S. Ignazio where a forlorn conductor gave the beat from the "Vas Harmonicum" and received the lack of attention which the beat invariably procures. Thence we returned to an abbreviated college routine and, later, sped again, enthusiastic, to the splendour and majesty of the "Solemnis Instauratio Studiorum" and the oratorically gilded pill of forthcoming attractions.

In the evening Capt. T. Morris shared our hard-earned repast and later, "Props" rescued a scarlet biretta and tattered cloak from the remnants of our private premiation, where the eccentrics bathed in dis-



tion lavishly bestowed by a presiding prelate whose voluble Tuscan would have brought blushes to the Roman cheeks of his ecclesiastical counterpart.

5th *Tuesday*. It may have been a ghostly spectre awaiting the shades of the Palazzo Borromeo, but the stockinged feet and motley garb, like the clinking of Marley's chains, argue the importunity of "Farnese Bill" who has come with the punctiliousness of his tribe to speed us to the "Greg."

Within Pope Leo and Pope Gregory smiled indulgently from their lofty frames at Armageddon come to the Piazza Pilotta and squatters paled before the advancing phalanx as we joined the perennial issue of the third row back! Thenceforth we rested on our adamantine laurels and experienced the meaning of "schools", a word previously associated in the writer's mind with whales and Ushaw. Later, wiser and sadder by four lectures, we returned to our ambrosial cheer partaken by an old friend, the Rev. A. Hulme.

At supper we started for Molokai with "Damian the Leper."

6th *Wednesday*. It is 8.10 and we plunge once more into the chills of the Monserrà and head for early schools. The contentious have debated the pros and cons of morning lectures only as against a division between morning and afternoon. Our interest in the latter is purely speculative since the *Magnifici* of the University prescribe the former programme.

Late lunch, however, after aptly designated prayers, requires the after-lecture stupor, which was today bestirred to drowsy admiration by the resurrection of the film machine.

In the evening we were introduced to the cut and thrust of our dual Sweeny Todd—a family business like the hangman's.

7th *Thursday*. Mice in the form of bulls and bears came out to play when the 10 o'clock bell sent speculators in quest of "Cambios". Unless one is embroiled in sinking funds one envies the immunity of St Paul on his lofty perch from the importunity of the "change money" touts who throng the Piazza Colonna and busy thoroughfares. Those who followed the narrower path of the Vatican Bank found their destination staidly disclaimed by Swiss Guards whose tongues visibly protruded through their cheeks till loosened by the subtle reservations of an "Opera di Religione". Elsewhere, threes went forth to feast their eyes or sate their wants with the cornucopian abundance of Roman Amaltheas.

Thursday's programme brought the welcome change of early lunch at 12 o'clock and two hours for exploration of the City's charms, though the Philistines preferred to sport on the borrowed pitch at Propaganda. Travellers relate with lurid detail descriptions of the "Bone-Shop", while the morbid contemplate its gruesome photographic evidence.

8th *Friday*. Principle and the stiff upper lip combine to quell our rebellious sympathy with the blues and greens who shiver in the Arctic draughts of Aula V, where Land Reform came today with a professorial ukase dividing the secular East from the religious West. Hats and a fez or two for the most part fill the seats, though a fair representation of all



nations except the American is sprinkled through the halls. An occasional hat is perched upon the fire extinguishers, but with none of the ensuing fire and brimstone of former days.

In the evening the corridors rang once more with the cheerful voice of Dr Sabbatucci, and later our own medico was taken away with an abscessed foot to the older Mount Street of the Coelian Hill.

9th *Saturday*. Today one is happy to record the raising of a recalcitrant sunblind in the Martyr's Chapel which Fate decreed should cast its shadow upon the writer, but the nail on which he has sat Job-like, still rears the hoary head of what he fears may be a Napoleonic relic. Frantic whisperings and the hasty withdrawal of the librarian were due, we found, to the instigation of a genuinely "vague cleric", an American who called to enquire the password to the "Greg".

In the afternoon, a postponed business meeting of the Grant Debating Society saw many gauntlets tossed across the floor, which seems to augur eloquent evenings in the quickened life of Rome.

10th *Sunday*. High Mass this morning was at the Church of San Silvestro whither we splashed our way with fervent prayers for the ribs of our umbrellas. The Mass, a Solemn Requiem for those who lost their lives in the two wars, was celebrated by the Vice-Rector and attended by a strong representation of Army and Air Force personnel to whom the Rector preached.

At 3 o'clock we had Benediction and then dodged between the showers for our afternoon walk. The rain seems to have damped the spirits of the Romans, for today an election occurred without the firing of a shot.

11th *Monday*. We don the palmer's cape and sandals and face Pilotta-wise. In the sturdily constructed rostra we see the departure of yet another English entertainment with the hopes born of each creak in the homely precariousness of the professor's dais. The movable knot in Aula V offers poor consolation, but the illustrative exertions of Fr Tromp may yet afford some long-awaited diversion.

We returned to titillate our palates with the bouquets and aromas of our *vino nuovo*, an unbaptized improvement on the syrupy potion of the sweet-toothed.

12th *Tuesday*. Scrutators announce that "Blocco del Popolo" have secured a majority of votes in the recent election. We had to pick our way home from the University through a crowd of demonstrators in the Corso, who unfurled the Red Flag to the strains of the "Internationale."

The Capuchin cemetery in the Barberini still exercises its lugubrious attraction. The Infirmarians, meanwhile, scour the neighbouring *Farmacie* and *Drogheria* in search of "Bronchiolina", presumably in anticipation of the churchyard cough.

After supper Orpheus visited the Common Room with three harmonicas. The gaiety may be attendant on the good news of a refund of 2,300 lire from Cook's for food not provided on the journey out.

13th *Wednesday*. The Rector announced the death at 8.35 p.m. yesterday of His Eminence Cardinal Camillo Caccia-Dominioni, the devoted



friend and Cardinal Protector of the College since 1936. Those who knew him before the exile will remember his last visit on the night before they left for England in 1940 when, in the words of Mgr Smith, "he came into the Refectory and spoke a few words of farewell, gave us his last blessing and so parted from us." Requiescat in pace.

14th *Thursday*. Heavy rain with thunder and lightning during the night brought miniature floods into the corridors and some of the rooms.

Present at lunch today was Capt. O'Shea, C.F., who is attached to the C.W.L. in Rome and an old friend, Mr Utley. After tea we joined the Lombard and Beda Colleges in the Basilica of SS. Ambrogio e Carlo al Corso to receive the remains of Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni.

15th *Friday*. Those who expected blissful repose beneath the sunny skies of Italy have had their early estimations greatly watered down, for it has rained again, but the skies were blue once more at 8.10.

A Solemn Requiem for the late Cardinal Protector was attended this morning by representatives from each year, again in the Church of S. Carlo al Corso. Talking at lunch came as a pleasant surprise to dispel the Friday gloom and to whet the tongues of the grandiloquent for the November Public Meeting which was adjourned after a busy session.

One envies the shortsighted and those who contracted larynxes confine to the everyday strains of living. Little need they reckon of the recurrently concentrated miseries of "Schola 6.30."

16th *Saturday*. A Walter Raleigh amongst the servants has succoured the crumbling tiles near the Chapel door with what looks like a patchwork quilt, aware perhaps that a sober shade would look amiss amidst her infinite variety.

Mobs near the "Banco di Santo Spirito" in the Corso again diverted our journey home from the University. Carabinieri who stood by in three or four charabancs afforded various explanatory rumours from bomb-throwing fanaticism to common or garden bank robbery.

The second session of the Public Meeting saw the exhumation of an old hatchet and the grinding of many axes in the new problem of "lebensraum" for patrons of the gramophone and of the pianoforte. The witty, evoking memories of 1929, propose a "Regolatore" for the latter. Secretaries of our various societies rose to cast oil on the troubled waters, but with no avail, so after much fruitless contention the bone was temporarily reinterred. The problem centres on two music rooms which must accommodate the gramophone, seven or eight new pianists, the table tennis fans and, with respects to Props or the R.S.P.C.A., the carcass of what may be a Camel, Yak of Jabberwock. The old North-West is now a flat for Raniero. We are spared at least one apple of discord—the billiard table.

17th *Sunday*. A reminder from the Rector brought us back to the neglected custom of visiting the Lady Altar after Mass where the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, the gift of the Redemptorists in 1933, blends again with the gilt of its surroundings.

To breakfast, lunch and tea—white bread, an intermittent visitor since our arrival.



A stumbling block on the stairs reminds one of the "cans and containers with their metal frame" of a recent *Romanesque* which have decorated many parts of the House since our Retreat. One has glimpsed them up and down the stairs on their errands of mercy to those who carry on the newest traditions of No. 45 (though it has been a hospital before). The infirmarians, meanwhile, less spick and span without their white coats, pore eagerly over their battered encyclopaedia in search of a better sounding name for "Pink Eye", an affliction which has come to roost with Roman chills.

18th *Monday*. One feels inclined to try conclusions with a predecessor in this craft who registered progressions with a calculus of oranges. As terms one's choice would be Schola practices or rain. We had all three today.

Thunders of applause defied Gregorian interdicts and echoed through the halls to acclaim the doctorate of Fr Mocsy, a new addition to the Scripture staff and an "old boy" of Fr Dyson's. The *bidelli* appeared lost between the demon and the deep, blue sea.

*Trinciato* consumers today took their bow—an indication of dwindling supplies. The tobacco is an undefined product of the Campo, where, under Necessity's maternal care, vendors vie with one another in the display of weeds of dubious origin and multifarious hue. Cigarette stalls scattered in profusion throughout the City wheedle a few into financial indiscretions in the purchase of English and American cigarettes at a price of about 3/6 for a packet of twenty, but the majority prefer the emporium provided by the renaissance of the Tobacco Man who offers the official ration of twenty *Nazionale* and ten *Macedonia* at the inclusive and moderate cost of 1/3.

19th *Tuesday*. Our first venture into the Gregorian lists was today made by the Rev. J. Buckley, assisted by an audience of two English College men who prophesy the success of our first engagement. A harbinger of other engagements is the announcement that a soccer pitch has been obtained near the Acqua Acetosa which the enthusiasts report to be ideal. The British Forces, by whom the property is administered, have permitted us to use it once a week.

20th *Wednesday*. Carabinieri with British troops and a patrolling British tank in the Piazza S. Andrea della Valle excited some curiosity this morning. The excitement was due, we learned, to the Von Mackensen and Maeltzer trial at the Sapienza for their part in the Ardeatine Caves massacre of March 1944.

Medical or mechanical attention has at last been tendered to the film machine and has re-embodied its scattered parts into the semblance of a glorified projector. The stairs have been re-enriched with the prints of Michelangelo's "Prophets" and "Sibyls," while an occasional curtain has appeared to deck the nudity of our windows. No carpet has yet come to grace the travertine, but the painted crucifix at the foot of the stairs has been in place since our return after its wartime service as an altarpiece in place of the Martyr's Picture. "The empty well is still empty" as a



former annalist once remarked, but the lift he suggested has come and gone with the "Ospedale Principe di Piemonte." They have left no visible trace of its existence and a close examination of the well only confirms the Rectorial comment that "Italians are very good at that sort of thing." The well is intact in its vacuity, with the addition perhaps (?) of a deceptively painted dial-plate at the top casting its reflection on the polished tiles below. The Ralph Sherwin Window has lost none of its colour and is now mirrored in the glass panes of a white partitioning door in the archway leading to the Cardinal's Gallery. The hatstands, meanwhile, look as willing as ever to receive our guests' and Freddi's hats.

A heavily sealed, express delivery, air mail package added a touch of romance to the Schola practice this evening as a specially written motet arrived in bare time for tomorrow's ceremony.

21st *Thursday*. Thursday's respite took a party to the Catacombs for Mass this morning.

A change of programme in the afternoon allowed us to attend the ceremony at St Patrick's for the centenary of the Holy Child Order. Cardinal Canali was the celebrant and Mgr Duchemin and the Rector, Deacon and Subdeacon respectively, at the Solemn Benediction, before which Fr Garde O.P., Rector Magnificus of the Angelicum, preached. The Schola added lustre with its singing and completed the romance of the motet by singing it in candlelight after the electric lights had failed.

The Rev. J. Buckley enhanced the festivity of the day with a defence of his thesis at the Gregorian, which won him our first doctorate secured there for eight years. *Prosit!* In the evening Stanley's clock added its joyful peals to the general rejoicing after a week's silence.

22nd *Friday*. *Feast of St Cecilia*. A conspiracy between Providence and the Atom Bomb seems determined to dole out our ration of "tempo inglese" at inconvenient times. The first downpour greeted us in the Corso and the second drove us bedraggled to the pre-prandial sawdust at home. At lunch we were regaled with a new book—hardly novel, *The History of the Venerable English College, Rome*.

St Cecilia's drew the liturgists in the afternoon, though one of the members of the yet unpurged *Opera Nazionale Dopolavoro* visited the church for Mass this morning. After supper was revived the custom of singing old favourites around the piano, but the fastness of the bindings regrettably suggests that it is not a very tenacious survival.

23rd *Saturday*. Our third or fourth *dolce, cioccolatta*, came to dispel the very ordinariness of the day. In the afternoon a hopeful camerata crossed the sun-bathed Tiber, somewhat tarnished since the time of Horace, to attempt to wheedle an entry to the shady bowers of "Pam." Charon's two obols would have brought them to their destination sooner, but Cerberus and Medusa were unbribable and unyielding. The pines waft their breeze over the neighbouring estate on the Via Aurealia Antica, where a notice in English announces the exclusion of all but Red Army personnel!

The postman later raised the spirits of one of the dejected group with a loosely attired package of chocolate, the price of which in Rome explains its unlimited abundance in the shops.



In the evening the novena for the Martyr's feast began—an eight day novena on account of an omission or oversight last night. The relics were exposed on the altar after supper.

24th *Sunday*. Our early apprehensions have been fulfilled for the lunch and breakfast Common Rooms have long since captured the air of the older London clubrooms. One could almost hear the proverbial pin drop except for the rustling of our yellowing papers.

Today Spiritual Reading and Rosary, hitherto echoed through the nave and star-spangled vaults in the side aisles of the church, returned to their rightful place in the Martyrs' chapel where the "enormous, gallows-shaped, standard lamp with powerful bulb and fragrant yellow shade" casts its flickering light on the immarmoreal, peeling marble of the walls. The lamp has at some time during its career acquired a villainous patch of brown paper and, to add to the grotesque effect, what looks like a solitary tenterhook infixed in the ceiling casts its eerie shadow over Pozzi's fresco.

A hush of expectation fell upon the evening Common Room, unattended as it has been now for a fortnight by the younger members of the House.

25th *Monday*. *St Catherine's Day*. An English generation of Venerabilini had warned us of the Gregorian's unchivalrous demand for lectures on St Catherine's feast, but mindful of the *otium et rura* of St Mary's Hall, the 8.10 bell dismayed us all the same. We survived, however, and returned to lounge after a sumptuous lunch in the comparatively sybaritic comfort of rush armchairs, coffee and *strega*, bestowed by the Rev. J. Buckley, and to revive memories of former days in the English cigarettes preserved and presented for the occasion by a member of the senior faculty. We cheered the "Ben venuti" of the Rector, endorsed his invitation not to be shy or indiscreet and then travelled with the speakers from Tyneside to the Cam.

A 5.45 bell brought us to the neighbouring chapel of ease where we kicked our heels for the best part of an hour during a somewhat highly coloured *feverino* in Italian after which our own "five frankers" and the strident caterwauling of the congregation rent the air. Solemn Benediction celebrated by the Rector concluded with the *Inno a Santa Caterina*, sung with a Lancashire acquired *con slancio*.

A rainbow-coloured curtain, reminiscent of a bathing tent heralded the Philosophers' Concert 1946 of which we append the programme. The absence of good lighting, the "impressive stage, green rooms and tiered seating" made it less lavish than previous performances at St Mary's Hall, but talent-hunters must have filled notebooks with the names of many future "stars". We, the audience, reclined in the informality of *vino e biscotti* and thoroughly enjoyed a first-class smoking concert.

#### 1. FIRST YEAR SONG

*Chorus* : Gaudeamus igitur Romani cum simus,  
Lugeamus itaque aliis pro omnibus,  
Quamquam sumus anni primi,  
Sumus Venerabilini,  
Pares vobis senibus.



2. " WAITING "
- |                    |   |   |   |             |
|--------------------|---|---|---|-------------|
| <i>The Man</i>     | . | . | . | Mr Dakin    |
| <i>The Woman</i>   | . | . | . | Mr Tierney  |
| <i>The Doctor</i>  | . | . | . | Mr Walmsley |
| <i>The Servant</i> | . | . | . | Mr Fonseca  |
3. SONGS (a) " In Summertime on Bredon " (*Graham Peel*) Mr O'Hara  
 (b) " Old Mother Hubbard " (*Victor Hely-Hutchinson*)
4. PIANO DUET . . . . . Messrs Kirkham and Laughton-Mathews.
5. INTERLUDE " She was right "
- |               |   |   |   |                     |
|---------------|---|---|---|---------------------|
| <i>John</i>   | . | . | . | Mr Fitz Patrick     |
| <i>Mary</i>   | . | . | . | Mr St John Stevas   |
| <i>George</i> | . | . | . | Mr Laughton-Mathews |
| <i>Dodo</i>   | . | . | . | Mr Sutherland       |
| <i>Ethel</i>  | . | . | . | Mr Boswell          |
6. OCTET Messrs Dakin, McManus, Moore, P. J., McHugh, Tierney, Keegan, Hunt, Lowery, Davis, F., Broome, FitzPatrick, Laughton-Mathews.
7. TOPICAL SONG . . . . . Messrs Derbyshire and Byron
8. SKETCH " The Rehearsal "
- |                                |   |   |   |               |
|--------------------------------|---|---|---|---------------|
| <i>Rev. Peregrine Chickpen</i> | . | . | . | Mr Hallett    |
| <i>Mrs Malinda Chickpen</i>    | . | . | . | Mr Balnaves   |
| <i>Joe Chuckey</i>             | . | . | . | Mr Lowery     |
| <i>Miss Winifred Parsnip</i>   | . | . | . | Mr Hunt       |
| <i>Ned Rider</i>               | . | . | . | Mr Derbyshire |
| <i>Harry Strap</i>             | . | . | . | Mr Byron      |

26th *Tuesday*. *The Feast of St John Berchmans*, wherefore the Gregorian failed to come like the morning after the night before. A small number attended Mass at the Saint's altar in Sant' Ignazio and returned to breakfast.

A new copy of *Punch* was avidly consumed by a circle deep as the ripples in a pool whilst others perused the latest additions to our stock of papers for information religious and profane.

The evening Common Room echoed to the tunes of last night's concert and the Rev. J. Buckley was inveigled into singing two contributions to the evening's merriment.

27th *Wednesday*. The University, the history of the College and Spaghetti sum up what might except for the last item have been an anticlimax. For one at least it must have been for he underwent an examination at the Gregorian today. To tea came the Rt Rev. W. Upson, Abbot of Prinknash and Mgr W. T. Heard.

28th *Thursday*. Examinations again cast their shadow on the house but this time they were for orders at the Vicariate. In the afternoon the surprise return of Mr Rickards, looking none the worse for his stay in San Stefano, disproved reports that he was languishing with dysenteric ailments.

In the evening the Grant Debating Society, rejuvenated before its approaching Silver Jubilee, as the sheaves of notes on the Common Room



board about its constitution and recent rehabilitation bear eloquent testimony, invited rhetoricians to bandy words and measure swords in the first debate of the season—"That Merrie England is a fiction."

29th *Friday*. A Solemn Requiem for the late Cardinal Protector was attended today by nine of the community at the church of S. Maria in Domnica.

There was short reading at lunch in honour of the Rev. J. Buckley who departed quietly in the evening on his homeward journey. Benediction and Rosary for the Novena in honour of the Immaculate Conception were at 7.30 and later, last night's debate concluded with the defeat of the government by sixteen votes to eight.

30th *Saturday*. The feast of St Andrew was remarkable only for the absence of purple cassocks in the Gregorian. They, together with the scarlet cassocks of the Germans, are the only relief from the dull monotony of dark cloth at the University. "Spekkers" are out in force and strut proudly up and down with their retinue of Anglophiles. Interest is otherwise enlivened by the assorted articles which find their way into the Halls. One cleric has startled the denizens of Aula V by wheeling in a bicycle which he still transports to various dark corners of the first floor. St Andrew's, however, did not go entirely unsaluted, for the uninitiated were freed from the galling chains of Hebrew for today. More examinations took place in the afternoon.

Threats of bread rationing have at last been fulfilled and today we received particulars from the Vice-Rector in lieu of coupons. Incipient fustigations in the Common Room resulted in a rousing sing-song.

DECEMBER 1st *Sunday*. *Feast of the College Martyrs*. Mr Peters and Mr Swan, our solitary representatives of Top Year, were today ordained deacons in the nearby church of S. Carlo ai Catanari. We wish them a hearty *ad Maiora*.

Our own High Mass of the Martyrs was excluded by the Mass of the Sunday which was sung by the Rector. A new Schola of eight members seems to indicate a house divided against itself and presumably represents the "Inner Circle". It at least avoids passengers among the new members and the not so new.

To our celebrations we welcomed Lt Col Fr Dorman S.C.F., Capt. O'Shea C.F. and the Rev. M. Walsh of S. Silvestro and also the Rev. A. Hulme who is completing his doctorate and staying at the Maryknoll College near the Barberini. The day fulfils all the requirements for a first-class *fiesta*, so we enjoyed our extra *bicchieri* of *vino rosso* and retired to the Common Room for coffee and *strega* and a few carefully preserved English cigarettes. At 3 o'clock we had solemn Benediction with the prayers of the novena. Telegrams brought the good wishes of those unable to be with us, one from the Rector and Community of Stonyhurst and one from Venice from Mgr Carroll-Abbing.

After supper we visited the Martyrs' Altar, where the painting of 1936 portrays the Saxon features of a forgotten generation and later sang the *Te Deum* before the Martyrs' Picture during the ceremony of the



Veneration of the Relics. The Silver Reliquary of 1936 recalled old and new links with the Jesuit Fathers at Stonyhurst with whom we pray continuance of the "close friendship . . . gloriously sealed at Tyburn" on this day in 1851 and so pleasantly renewed in the memorable days of our recent exile.

2nd *Monday*. The Low Mass of the day was replaced by the Mass of the Martyrs, but the Gregorian was to follow. The first of its green envelopes appeared this morning in the rack of No. 6 and bore cheering tidings to the examinee of November 27th.

Another migrant to the Coelian made his preparations for a slight operation on the morrow. In the Common Room this afternoon wild excitement greeted news of our vested interest in India when a letter from Bishop Bouter of Nellore to the Secretary of the Missionary Union of the Clergy appeared on the notice board. It announced that Paulose Kanatt has returned to the world and enclosed a letter from our new theological student, also of Malabar, whose name, not yet quite glib upon the tongue, is Thomas M. Kaippadacherry.

In the evening First Year learned the rudiments of the local vernacular under the guidance of the Vice-Rector and later enjoyed a repetition with the newly appointed *ripetitore*, the Rev. G. Ekbery. Numbers in the Common Room have diminished once more, as the Christmas season draws near, but gusto was the keynote of a highly relevant revival of a new old favourite "Cocoanut Paul."

3rd *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Francis Xavier* and a *dies non* except for those who attend the Apollinare and the Biblical Institute. A party of stalwarts departed with the Vice-Rector to make an inventory of Villa goods and chattels.

A slight drizzle in the afternoon provided a body of rigger players with showers, for the "Queen Mary", once more resplendent in her polished tiles, refused to yield more than a few drops of luke-warm water. Someone has apparently taken effective notice of a visiting Queen of Hearts for the nozzles on the showers have disappeared. The lights have slowly been replaced and we no longer need enjoy our ephemeral six inches in the soft and hazy glow of candlelight. However, one misses the benedictional procession of "torches" by the followers of the weekly roster.

*Jam*—that luscious distillation has come to cheer the crusty bread and water of *merenda*! One treads lightly in the presence of so delicate a guest for fear of shortening the duration of its stay.

More good news is the rising rate of the exchange. Prices meanwhile rise to preserve the equilibrium but we are still a march ahead. Recent purchases include a typewriter at 17,000 lire, though another, third, fourth or fifth hand model has been bought in the nearby Campo for 5,000 lire. Its vacant keyboard reminds one of Shakespeare's seventh age.

In the evening yesterday's visitor to the Blue Nuns returned without having had his operation as conditions for the present are unsuitable.

4th *Wednesday*. Storms, rain and reports in the English papers of floods in Rome drew us today to view the "Flavus Tiberis", which confirms



earlier suspicions that Horace was colour-blind. The hole in the Ponte Sisto is as yet too high a Plimsoll to gauge the muddy trickle, but some political slogans painted on the banks provide a lower water-mark. The water we left bathing the toes of the Italian "Communisti" has so far only floated the foundering "Noah's Arks".

So we left the faded green trams, still clanging their flanges over the loose cobbles of the *Circolare* route, packed within and without by Italians who squeeze on as persistently as they squeeze out the meat juice from our daily meat, to seek comfort in the pines and cypresses of the Janiculum. Rising hopes of an approaching "prima nix" were discouraged by the absence of "snow on the Sabines" and we returned wrapping ourselves in the cosiness of our *soprana* as a protection against the icy blasts of a *tramontana*.

We were cheered with a re-acquaintance with jam at tea and an equally welcome recognition of white bread. The Common Room is now decorated with Christmas lists for stamps and cards, which at least provide a respite from football scores and crossword circles. The *Aesthetes* have already purchased parchment, hand-painted cards and others have expended their artistic tastes and purses on large framed reproductions of famous masters with which to grace their rooms.

5th *Thursday*. The lobe-footed cherub at the corner of the Via dei Farnesi must gaze with envy at the striding cameratas on their weekly shopping tours, though the angel on St Bridget's still "cocks his snook" in perpetual disdain. The Campo dei Fiori still sports its flowers and the numerous stalls, through the courtesy of U.N.R.R.A., display the abundance of pre-war and the variety of an American drug-store. Haggling and huckstering rival the lark in the roasted pear and chestnut air over goods ranging from staple—officially rationed—foods, American soap, "candy" and chewing gum to the woolly underwear so persistently thrust in the faces of approaching clerics.

To lunch we welcomed Dom Philip Langdon O.S.B., and Sir Francis D'Arcy Osborne, British Minister to the Holy See since 1936. The *vino rosso* and *caffè e rosolio* were all the more welcome for their unexpectedness and whetted our appetites for the speeches which followed in the Common Room.

Our first rugby match was played and lost—to the Roma Rugby Club.

6th *Friday*. *Projectiones* attracted strange faces to Fr Hertling's lecture on Church History this morning. Later *spaghetti*, which appears with increased recurrence since the rationing of bread, prepared us for a soporific Common Room. Following the *paste* in the soup it is like the wood for the trees, but one sees it all the same.

An unwelcome addition to the menagerie on the *Cappellar* is a raucous cock which chimes the midnight hour. Suilline grunts from the lower regions and the clucking of our solitary hen makes one hope and pray for the speedy cooking of the Christmas dinner.

7th *Saturday*. *Ou sont les neiges d'antan?* Meanwhile we pine for the ashbuckets of St Mary's Hall, and in the abeyance of the *riscaldamento*



*centrale* or the *scirocco*, join the older Ice Age in "arctic conditions of winter and stone floors", without their fire to heat and dry our clothes, though our beds are more resilient than mattresses of *canni* or planks and iron trestles.

Shortage of soap now renders laundering a fortnightly process. A specimen laundry-list has made its appearance on the public notice-board with collated translations in English, though *mutande* was notably omitted from translation. In the evening the Rector gave us points for the *ritiro mensile* of the morrow.

8th Sunday. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception.* We ate our bread in silence but found it hard to contain ourselves over the morning coffee, which has hitherto been replaced for the most part by continental tea. High Mass was at the now familiar hour, with a rendering of Palestrina's *Alma Redemptoris Mater* from the larger schola. A harking back to the days of our youth was caused by a peroration from the first M.C. who desires parallel formations in white choir. One is now inclined to space out drill-wise with a hand on the shoulder of the man in front.

Prayers and the British Martyrology prepared us for our celebration at which we broke the silence to discuss our visitors—Mgr Carroll-Abbing, of song and epistolary fame whom we last saw at Stonyhurst in 1943, Mgr Ryan of the Secretariate of State, and Rev. R. Dyson S.J.

The bliss of *vino rosso* and *caffè e rosolio* was completed by some "Lucky Strike" gift by Mgr Carroll-Abbing, whom we toasted after the Rector had expressed our gratitude for his labours for the College during the war. We then settled back to hear some of the "story of the troubled times" and of his present work for the *Sciussia*, or shoe-shine boys, of the Italian towns. Three claimants wrangled for the historical aura of their rooms with the news that an important state meeting took place in a small room "near the top of the stairs", and the denizen of what used to be the Senior Student's room paled at the prospect of a sleepless night with the ghosts of thirty patients who died one night in what was then the operation theatre, while we all resigned ourselves to the contralto and would-be soprano who fills the air of the main *cortile* to disturb our spiritual reading in the knowledge that she has a worthy precedent in the singing of the great Gigli there himself.

*Merénda*, jam, silence and Holy Hour and we slept the hours to another Monday.

9th Monday. It rained all night but the sun shone brightly as we entered the "three imposing doors" of the Gregorian. New voices from the reader's box, which again bears its silver crucifix, bring what novelty they can to Gasquet's *History of the College*. White curtains have been added to the windows to protect us from the *Cappellar* and the portraits of rectors and other notables gaze again on a replete community. The large picture of the Washing of Christ's Feet looks none the worse for its wartime sojourn on the wall, and over the door hangs the painting of the Holy Trinity, replacing an earlier experiment—the painting of the Crucifixion, copied, I believe, at Cardinal Hinsley's request from a painting



which hung, or still hangs, on the walls of the *Cappellar*. The latter picture has been removed from the vulgar gaze to the *salone*.

The tables are lined inside and out and the superiors' table is now the polished oak one in the middle of the Refectory, while the long one at the top is draped, but to no better purpose than to act as an auxiliary dumb-waiter of kinds to the superiors' table.

Overhead, the rotund cherub of the ceiling disaster of 1932 still holds his portly form while what we suppose is Britannia and the muses in the spandrels and the scarcely distinguishable royal emblems in the arches have in part peeled almost beyond repair. One of the muses, Clio I suspect, brandishes the last unwrested fasces in Rome, while another holds what looks like a cup of tea—a national symbol enhanced by the cream-cake frieze of Pozzi's fresco. The polished walnut wainscot still bears the supposed sword-slash memorial of Napoleonic days, like the whetstones on the stairs, and up above the wrought-iron lamps, with their apposite scriptural texts, still shed their light, except for one which proudly proclaims "Dominus Illuminatio mea".

10th *Tuesday*. The film machine, like the attendants at Mme Tussaud's, stands near the Common Room to receive many sleepy apologies in shrouded majesty. A stack of green, vest-pocket *tessere di riconoscimento* for the Gregorian bear the print of our early sittings in the studios of *Foto Roma*. Our features were tanned from an over-immersion in hyposulphate which is considered, no doubt, a veiled improvement on our pallid nordic skins.

The arrival of a new *Listener* reduces the waiting-list for the *Rome Daily American* and later, the arrival of the long-awaited Christmas cards afforded some consolation to the disappointed members of the queue. In the evening the visitor to the Coelian Hill migrated once again.

11th *Wednesday*. The arrival of one of the old guard provided an explanation of the use of the armorial Salve benches in the corridor, which were today cluttered with a *Campo*-like assortment of scholastic requirements not mentioned on the new man's list of requisites. We were warned of an impending visit when he accosted us on our way to the droughty Trevi fountain, into which we were unable to cast a coin as paper money is now the sole medium of exchange.

A public meeting after lunch ended in the elimination of surplus names from our list of Christmas guests, which was, filled rapidly in the course of the last few days. The Senior Student also blew the dust from the mantelpiece to give pride of place thereon to the first of our Christmas greetings which arrived this afternoon.

In the evening we again attended the annual ceremony at our parish church of S. Lorenzo and competed with the husky sopranos of the congregation from our place in choir behind the altar.

The postman has enrolled an auxiliary staff to deal with the piles of out-going letters which he finds difficulty in squeezing into the ever-crammed postbox in the Piazza Farnese. The incoming post remains a thing of fits and starts.



12th *Thursday*. Feverish activity from the stagemen reminds us of the proximity of Christmas, while statisticians parade like ready-reckoners the number, hours and split seconds of lectures till the end of term. The two old carpenters, whose care it was, have died or vanished, leaving the stagemen to re-erect the movable stage of 1924. Among the woodwork they unearthed from the tribune attic is the shoe-bench, missing from its place in the corridor, and the Common Room benches, which no longer grace its walls.

The Common Room, more spacious and homely without the benches, has changed little and bears no trace of the twenty beds which it held. The polished parquet floor affords relief from the infinite straight lines, symbolic, no doubt, of clerical rectitude, which stretch throughout the house. Circles, crossword and otherwise, still form around the "great brass ashtrays" and audacious pianists still tinkle on the black piano over which, amidst the "frenzy of pictures on the wall", hangs the autographed portrait of King George V in its gilt frame surmounted with the cushion and the crown. The "Gi's" landscapes, preserved in the Chapman landscapes at St Mary's Hall, and the statue of Our Lady, remembered oppositely in a statue of St Francis, blend with the homely atmosphere of the old chapel at the top with its moulting fresco of the English Saints and perilously balanced picture on the cupboards, while the "hole in the wall" still stands in vacant purposelessness, a monument for future students of Venerabile folklore and song. The faded yellow curtains have recently been replaced, while portraits of two more recent and lamented alumni, Frs G. Nesbitt and P. Firth, who lost their lives on the beaches of Normandy in the invasion of 1944, have been added to the portraits on the wall.

*Merenda* in the afternoon was at 3.15, after which we hurried to a disputation at the Gregorian opposed by Fr Garrigou-Lagrange O.P. In the evening, after early supper, we enjoyed the first session of the Literary Society with a talk on wartime experiences from Fr Benicasa, a late chaplain to the U.S. Forces.

13th *Friday*. Despite the date a happy day for *Omnes Scholae Vacant*, presumably a reward for devoting our free day to a disputation at the Gregorian. Superstition, however, was confirmed for our jam supply has ceased and the writer fell a victim to the doubtful charms of influenza.

14th *Saturday*. Snow has appeared on the Sabines, so we cherish less meagre hopes of a *dies non* for *prima nix*. In the evening our recently-ordained deacons departed for their priesthood Retreat with the *auguri* of the house.

15th *Sunday*. The absence of warmth is pronounced even in the cessation of the wheezy comfort afforded by the organ. To lunch, a late arrival, came Mgr Bonazzi of the Congregation of Rites.

An empty Refectory at *merenda* was due, not to the devastations of the 'flu or the revolutionary outcome of recent chapters of our book, but to the presence of some forty students at the *Teatro Argentina* for a *concerto orchestrale*. We later had a conference from the Rector in the Martyrs' Chapel.



A badger has been seen in Fr Rope's chapel above the Martyrs' sacristy. Reports on which the writer depends added graphic details of bared fangs and gore-stained paws. We hope the tale is less apocryphal than that of the ghost in the third library. The server, however, decided that discretion is also the better part of inquisitiveness!

16th *Monday*. There are now two badgers in the chapel, or one is a cat! We hope shortly to see the result of geometrical progressions.

We have returned to Gasquet, having finished the "Mutiny among the Martyrs" articles in the Magazine. Today a dissertation on the pros and cons of the Welsh character, mostly cons, proved an embarrassing source of amusement to our one and only representative of Cambria.

The first stall has appeared in the Navona, which is another mile-stone passed. Even Rome is quite Dickensian with profuse American supplies of tinsel and un-Italian "Daddy Christmasses".

17th *Tuesday*. Trunks registered from Victoria the week of our departure have started to arrive. One man is known so far to have subsisted on three socks.

We went this afternoon to hear some Susa from an American Army band in the Piazza Venezia before the Wedding Cake, from which the gilt is rapidly disappearing. Opposite the old Papal Palace with Mussolini's balcony the British, French and American flags flutter in the breeze outside the Assurance palace, which is now the "Rome Area Allied Command." The batteries of searchlights and loudspeakers are still on the roofs nearby and along the Via dei Fori Imperiali, but elsewhere there are signs of the changing times in the gaping hole on the wall of the Corso Umberto where the nameplate has been torn from the wall, and in the removal of Fascist emblems everywhere, and of the Mussolini plaque from the Palazzo Madama by some Allied Commission. The walls of the city are whitewashed with political slogans, which have also left their mark in an *Evviva Stalin* on the rusty iron door in the *Cappellar* wall of the garden, presumably the work of the hospital patients or the *alcuni studenti universitari*, who have also left their pencilled signatures and gambling debts on the pillars near the Tank, close by the time-worn names of Wiseman and Errington. The long-suffering walls, including the street wall of the chapel, have lately been plastered with a variety of coloured posters calling for a *Prestito della Ricostruzione*, while a sixty-foot copy, recently erected in the Piazza Colonna, eclipses the column of Antoninus. The Palazzo delle Colonne behind is now the headquarters of the "American War Graves Registration Service—Mediterranean Theater Zone", and the Albergo Milano at the rear, is under the care of the R.A.F., though the Barberini and Termini areas contain most of the requisitioned hotels, of which the most sumptuous sport the "Stars and Stripes".

A new rota system has been devised and put into practice this evening for those who fail to get their weekly quota of hot water. Later we had prayers and practices as usual.

18th *Wednesday*. The *rorate caeli* of the Introit was answered before the morning was out, but not before we had shaken the dust of the Piazza



Pilotta. We later fled for home avoiding the splashes of the smart green taxis, which again sound their horns with impunity inside the walls of Rome. Occasional survivors of the old regime pass with battered dints on the drivers' door, now memorials of a forgotten era. We envy the warmth and cosiness of the Brazilians' bus which passes with the greatest splash of all.

A gift parcel from England arrived for one lucky man today, who wisely retreated to his room.

19th *Thursday*. A scuffle in the benches preceded the undignified removal of one whom Avancinus overpowered, to spoil the clean bill of health we have enjoyed in the last few days.

In the morning the Common Room Committee, including the writer, with almost the July quota of trappings comprising *zimarre*, two coats, boots, saws, rope, a box of food and a case of wine, departed in the rain to oft-sung Palazzola to seek the Holly branch. Occasional peeps from the rain-drenched cover of our army truck revealed the crumpled masses of steel in the hangars of Ciampino and walls and houses pockmarked and spattered with shells and bullet-holes. Albano was mostly rubble and the area around bears witness to the devastations of the war, with its half-buried field guns and wrecks of army vehicles lining the roadsides.

We eventually reached the rocky road to the chapel door, where the four cypresses of 1939 were waving in the misty breeze from Cavo, and fled within for shelter to be engulfed in a pool of water on what were once the "gleaming red tiles" of the *cortile* corridor and deafened by a cascade from the corner of the *cortile* roof, where the mortar bomb of 1944 has left its mark in the chips and smudges on the plaster wall.

We paid a cursory visit to the, happily, Gothic chapel where the "waxed oak benches" are piled in dusty confusion, to the murky Common Room where the eviscerated clock still tries to uphold its dignity at a precarious angle, to the Refectory and billiard room with the wash drawings of the Germans—almost heraldic—of helmets, spears, clubs, lyres and harps and the sententious memorial of Dr Arnaldi still above the door.

We joined Luigi and Alfredo to cut our holly on the *sforza*, on which the old tank lies embedded in what were the creases, goals and divots of the cricket, golf and football field and later crossed the nearby road to search in vain for Christmas trees near the empty shell of what used to be the nearest villa above the road. Finally, we reclined on our prickly bed and faced the bumpy road to Rome, to enrol assistants and start our labours on the Christmas decorations.

20th *Friday*. Today we speared our *fettucine* and quaffed our *vino*, cheered by the welcome news that there is to be some heating in the house. Hitherto we have felt and looked as blue as the sashes of the Spaniards at the "Greg."

The loft near the cupboards on the Lower Monserra' is showing the abundance of a magician's hat in the accumulated stage parts near the Common Room. The painters are meanwhile splashing their colours on the proscenium, peeped at by many curious and inquisitive eyes.



In the evening a select Schola practised carols for a forthcoming broadcast on the Vatican radio.

21st *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Peters and Swan, who were ordained this morning at the Basilica of St John Lateran, whither their many years of "kneeling for the prayer" brought them punctually at 6.45 for a ceremony which actually began at 8.30.

Two more Christmas cards have come to embellish our mantelpiece in an unusually large post which had something for everyone. In the afternoon the Vice-Rector, assisted by the stagemen, carried the boards and trestles to the Common Room for the erection of the stage. The Schola men visited the Vatican for their recording for the broadcast and later they and the new priests returned to our now stamp-size Common Room for a mock literary society meeting and distribution of prizes. In the evening we kissed the hands of the new priests and sang our third *Te Deum*.

22nd *Sunday*. In the morning the new priests celebrated their *primitiae missarum*, preceded by the "Veni Creator Spiritus"

At 11.30 we joined the sun-bathed throngs in the piazza of St Peter's for a profession of faith and the blessing of the Pope. High Mass was celebrated at the door and then the tapestry suspended from the *loggia berniniana*, onto which the Holy Father walked through the great folding doors to the cheers of the thousands who filled the great square and approached to the Vatican.

Lunch was at 1.30, at which the guests on the superiors' table were Fr Dyson S.J. and the *novelli sacerdoti*, whom, at the Rector's invitation, we toasted with our *vino rosso*. We then adjourned for our *caffè e rosolio* and the smokes and tobacco (English!) provided by the guests of honour, one of whom later was the celebrant at Solemn Benediction.

23rd *Monday*. The Monday morning feeling was dispelled by the *scholae vacant* of tomorrow; and at 12.15, nothing loath, we bade a week's farewell to the storm-lamps and candles of the aulas.

After lunch a creaking table bore our weighty Christmas post with which came more additions to our miniature gallery of Christmas cards.

Six of the lustiest bore and screwed the stage proscenium to its place, beneath which the red curtain was hung again and from which the electricians hung their lights. In the evening we had the traditional assembly for holly chains and rivalled the Inferno with our own "green hell", where the din of hammers rose above the clamour as the stagemen put the finishing touches to their work.

After supper we experienced the "lights that failed"—an occasion for a premature outburst of Christmas songs and carols—and made our way to prayers with candles and spotlights playing on one from unexpected corners. One caryatid held the flame aloft for the reader of *Avancinus*, which was assiduously followed by one member of the back benches in the flickering diffusions of a cigarette lighter. And so to bed in the seasonally romantic glow of candlelight.



24th *Tuesday. Christmas Eve.* *Sveglia* at 5.30 awoke us to a busy day and the flurry and scurry of last-minute practices and preparations. After lunch and the Senior Student's variation of the Martyrology we resumed our various activities until supper, notable for the consumption of our first Italian egg, at 5.15. Smoking ended at 6.45 when, after the "Salve" silence descended on the house until "sveglia 10.30" and our nocturnal entry into Christmas Day. Committees meanwhile hung the holly-chains galore and paper decorations and scattered their tinsel and silver dust on the cribs and Christmas tree.

25th *Wednesday. Christmas Day.* The Rector sang the Midnight Mass and after a very racy Lauds and "Be We Merry" we partook of our *merenda* and mulled wine and talked and dozed and carolled by the blazing logs of the Christmas fire. Breakfast was at 8.30 and we smoked and chuckled over "Chi Lo Sa?" till meditation. High Mass and a welcome extra half-hour smoke bore us to our dinner and our blazing Christmas pudding, to which we welcomed Mgr R. L. Smith, our travel-weary guest for Christmas Week. In the evening we left the dust to settle on our "Christmas Carol" and joined the prancing males and females to meet Aladdin in his woodland glen.

## CHRISTMAS CONCERT 1946

## ALADDIN: A PANTOMIME IN THREE ACTS

*Characters:*

<i>Aladdin (a dutiful son—at times)</i>	Mr Keegan
<i>Widow Twankey (a washerwoman)</i>	Mr Lowery
<i>Wishee Washee (a hindrance rather than a help)</i>	Mr Boswell
<i>Abanazer (a wicked, wicked man)</i>	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Mutt</i>	Mr Derbyshire
<i>Jeff</i> } ( <i>two doubledyed villains</i> )	Mr Anglim
<i>Princess Angela (a rose without a thorn)</i>	Mr Kirkham
<i>The Genie of the Lamp (a well-meaning lad)</i>	Mr Balnaves
<i>Chorus of Laundry men and girls</i>	Messrs Stewart, Jones, Hunt, Dolan, Boland, Broome, Moore, P., and Moore, M.

*Act I* Widow Twankey's Laundry.

*Act II* The entrance to the Magic Cave

*Act III* The Palace

26th *Thursday. St Stephen's.* Today we went to see the cribs of Rome. Meanwhile the Common Room Committee toiled, and in the evening regaled us with the Fair, whither we came to cast our lire on the board and hold the bucket on a very live and bucking "Yak" and later feed and quaff in "Via Monserrato 45" with musical accompaniment. We later "gyred and gimble" in the lees of *vino e biscotti* and swept the floor of telegrams and berries.

27th *Friday. Feast of St John.* The Rector's feast-day and a revival of our Christmas celebrations. In the evening we welcomed Frs Dyson S.J. and A. Hulme, Capt. T. Morris and a party of our fellow-islanders to *Journey's End* by R. C. Sherriff. We hardly recognized our woolly blankets



in the earth walls of the dug-out, or realized the nerve-racking effects of nails and cardboard, while the changing shades and vivid flashes of Very lights and bombs induced our humble respect for the switch-manipulating, much-maligned, fuse-menders of the house. Later in the evening we enjoyed Mgr Smith's entertainment at the keyboard of our black piano in a quiet and conversational Common Room.

1. QUARTET "Come Wiegenlied"
2. MONOLOGUE . . . . . Mr Lowery
3. SONGS "The Cobblers' Chorus" . . . . . Mr Clark  
"Galloping Dick"
4. JOURNEY'S END

Characters :

Captain Hardy	Mr Alexander
Lieutenant Osborne	Mr F. Davis
Private Mason	Mr McHugh
Captain Stanhope	Mr FitzPatrick
2nd Lieutenant Trotter	Mr Groarke
2nd Lieutenant Hibbert	Mr Fonseca
Colonel	Mr O'Dowd
Company Sergeant Major	Mr McManus
2nd Lieutenant Raleigh	Mr Laughton-Mathews

Produced by . . . . . Mr Alexander

The scene is laid in a dug-out in the British trenches, March 1918

28th Saturday. *Feast of the Holy Innocents.* Furrowed brows and icy smiles belied the festive hearts of First Year on their immemorial *onomastico*. Our Christmas cards, increased to immense proportions, look wilted in the blaze of homely colour that describes the decorations in the Common Room. Elsewhere, the Vaughan tapestries, in lavender since the week of our arrival, have again appeared to deck the bottom corridor.

In the afternoon the annual soccer match with the Scots was played on the pitch at Gelsommine and a new Flodden added to our scanty successes of the past. The laurels were borne to an already verdant Common Room, where in the evening, bridge and whist scores recorded the passing of our card night until, at 7.15, we intoned First Vespers of tomorrow's feast, and later cleared our lockers and slammed-to the doors.

29th Sunday. *Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury.* We had no "festal bells from dawn" but with the chimes of Stanley's clock welcomed in the day with meditation. High Mass at nine o'clock was sung by the Rector and later several cameratas visited St Mary Major's to see the blood-stained tunic of St Thomas. Our guests at lunch were Bishop O'Connor, Rector of the American College, and Monsignor Clapperton, Duchemin and McDaid, Rectors of the Scots, Beda and Irish Colleges respectively, and Mgr Carroll-Abbing, Rev. R. Dyson S.J. and Rev. A. Hulme. We later retired for *caffè e rosolio* to the Common Room, where two circles occupied a ghostly stage shrouded in white sheets to protect



its secrets from the curious. Solemn Benediction was followed by the veneration of the Relic of St Thomas, at which the flapping of our "baby-crusher" and strident Monserrá Italian of the Divine Praises were audible reminders of strangers in our midst.

In the evening we welcomed Fr Dyson, Mr Utley, Capt. T. Morris, some members from the Beda and the Australians from Propaganda, and with them enjoyed the traditional farce, excellently played against a background of tapestried walls composed from the old Library curtains.

1. OCTET            Sea Shanties arranged by Arthur Fagg
2. SONGS            "The lass with the delicate air" (*Michael Ame*)  
                      "A Dinder Courtship" (*Eric Coates*)            Mr O'Hara
3. LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY

*Characters :*

Lord Richard Sandridge	.	.	.	Mr St John Stevas
Arthur Thompson	.	.	.	Mr Dévaney
Captain Tubby Banister	.	.	.	Mr Hamilton
Carter (butler to Lord Richard)	.	.	.	Mr P. J. Moore
Sylvia Gayford	.	.	.	Mr Hallett
Evelyn Lovejoy	.	.	.	Mr English
Lady Violet Elliot	.	.	.	Mr Sutherland
Cook	.	.	.	Mr Lane
P.C. Brown	.	.	.	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
Gladys	.	.	.	Mr Gallagher
Rose	.	.	.	Mr Lloyd

The play was produced by Mr Devaney

30th *Monday*. The electricians were busy in the morning converting the Common Room into a cinema, and in the evening, all expectation, more from anxiety to see how long the machine would last than to see the film, we saw and heard *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and joined in the chorus of "sound, frame and focus". Present at the performance were Mgr Carroll-Abbing and the Irish Christian Brothers, who stayed to supper and remained afterwards to see the last two reels of the film.

31st *Tuesday*. *New Year's Eve*. After tea we repaired to the Common Room for a Social Evening, Smoking Concert or what you will, which included an impromptu concert, question time and parlour games. Later we had Solemn Benediction and Te Deum and finally a cramped, but successful "Auld Lang Syne" to sing the old year out and then climbed our hilly stairs to sleep the new year in.

1st JANUARY *Wednesday*. *Feast of the Circumcision*. High Mass today was sung by Mgr Smith, after which the stagemen whiled away the hours to lunch with preparations for the last performance of the season.

To lunch came Canon Rouppe of Paris, Fr Engelbert O.S.B., Fr Alfred C.P., Fr Lennon O.M.I., and the Rev. A. Hulme. In the evening the last play *None but the Brave* came to cheer us before we cross again the marble floors of the Gregorian. Our guests included the Rev. M. Walsh of S. Silvestro, the Rev. A. Hulme, the Irish Christian Brothers,



Capt. T. Morris and several Americans and Rosminians and finally two scarlet clad figures from the German College.

New Year's Concert

- |            |  |                       |
|------------|--|-----------------------|
| 1. OCTET   | “ All through the Night ”                      |                       |
| 2. PIANO   | Nocturne in F major ( <i>Chopin</i> )          | Mr McDonnell          |
|            | La Cathédrale engloutie ( <i>Debussy</i> )     |                       |
| 3. QUARTET | “ Italian Salad ”                              |                       |
| 4. PLAY    |  |                       |
|            | <i>Lord Tankerdown</i>                         | Mr Rickards           |
|            | <i>Bluebell Ayres</i>                          | Mr Tierney            |
|            | <i>Honoria Tankerdown</i>                      | Mr Dakin              |
|            | <i>Sir George Tankerdown</i>                   | Mr Williams           |
|            | <i>Robert Tankerdown</i>                       | Mr Rossiter           |
|            | <i>Major Knappshott</i>                        | Mr O'Hara             |
|            | <i>Broody</i>                                  | Mr Byron              |
|            | <i>Blowers</i>                                 | Mr Carson             |
|            | <i>Footman</i>                                 | Mr D'Arcy             |
|            | <i>Paravento</i>                               | Mr Crissell           |
|            | <i>Col Melito</i>                              | Mr Walmsley           |
|            | <i>Inspector Moseley</i>                       | Mr Thornton           |
|            | <i>Policeman</i>                               | Mr Calnan             |
|            | <i>Two Members of Malatesti Secret Society</i> | Messrs Rea and Kenyon |

The Play was produced by Mr Frost

Those responsible for the presentations of the season include :—

<i>Costumes</i>	Messrs Derbyshire, Byron, Rossiter
<i>Make-up</i>	Messrs Richards, Murphy-O'Connor, Peters, Lowery, Howorth
<i>Lighting</i>	Messrs Hallett, Boswell, Sutherland
<i>Stage</i>	Messrs O'Dowd, Rea, Spillane

2nd *Thursday*. Today the stagemen struck a final blow at the scene of our festivities and an after-lunch visit to the Common Room revealed a cluttered corridor and barren nudity where stood the stage. A momentary blackout at *merenda* provided one parting romantic touch and then we faced our grey-backed books again—but there is still the holly!

3rd *Friday*. *Sveglia* 5.25. The seats at the Gregorian appear no softer for their recent lack of occupants. Holly leaves again are the only reminder of our celebrations, though tangerines and figs are still a variation of the apple.

4th *Saturday*. Today we felt the coldest of the icy blasts, but have little hope and interest now in *prima nix*. The Common Room received its second cleaning today and it is even more redolent today of paraffin and elbow grease. The boards and trestles of the stage have been removed and reinterred beneath the chapel roof and all has regained its pristine state of bare austerity.



There is still no sign of a *permesso* for Pamphili, so we again face our ceaseless ambles through the streets of Rome.

5th *Sunday*. In the afternoon we had First Vespers of tomorrow's feast and in the evening Mgr Smith addressed the Literary Society on "The British Zone in Germany". Present at supper and the talk were His Excellency Mr J. Walsh, Irish Ambassador to the Holy See and Fr Flanagan, Vice-Rector of the Scots College.

6th *Monday*. *Feast of the Epiphany*. *La Befana* and our snow at last in which we bowed to custom in the washing of our hands. Many visited the Russian Church and the Ara Coeli in the morning and staggered home through a minor blizzard, partly natural and partly the unsolicited acquittance of "santini" debts. Our guests to lunch and *caffè e rosolio* were Lt Col Long, Lt Col Tomlin, Major Kelly and Captain Runacres. Solemn Benediction in the afternoon was followed by an early tea after which we reached the climax of a film, and through miscalculations on the part of those responsible, *dénouement*-less faced our supper and our beds.

And so while the last fumes of our English cigarettes still mingle with the coyly peeping berries of the holly, we take our leave. The corridors ring once more with the sound of English voices and of our clump-soled boots. We have seen the seven hills and four basilicas of Rome and the sun that shone on Borrowdale and Pendle now gilds the Dome of Peters and warms the Gothic corners of our northern hearts. Tomorrow we shall tighten the guy-ropes of our hats and mount the lofty steps of the Gregorian until again we heard the lion in his tank and reach the halcyon days of Palazzola, hoping, despite the laudators of the past and the seventy who have returned that the last state of the College is no worse than the first.

COLM F. SPILLANE.



## PERSONAL

As we go to press Cardinal Griffin and Archbishop Masterson are staying at the College and we wish to welcome them heartily to their old Alma Mater. The whole College was waiting to greet them in the cortile when their car arrived. We are very pleased to have them with us.

Also we welcome Bishop Petit of Menevia who has come to Rome with a pilgrimage from England and Bishop Ellis of Nottingham who was a great friend of the College in the days of St Mary's Hall.

We are very pleased to hear of the award of the Polish Forces Silver Cross of Spiritual Welfare to FR THOMAS PEARSON of St Cuthbert's Parish, Blackpool.

We send our congratulations to VERY REV. H. D. WILSON, PH.D. (1919-26) a former Vice-Rector of the College, on being made a Canon of the Nottingham Diocese.

We are also very pleased to hear of DR. BUTTERFIELD's appointment to St Swithun's, Gillmoss, West Derby, Liverpool.

Other new appointments include :—

REV. J. GOODEAR (1919-26) to St Joseph's, Tatton Street, Stockport.

REV. J. HEENAN (1924-31) to the Missionary Society.

REV. W. KELLY (1926-33) to St Winefride's, Lymm, Cheshire.

REV. P. WROE (1927-36) to be Professor of Moral Theology at St John's College, Womersley.

REV. G. D. SWEENEY to St Edmund's House, Cambridge.

The Senior Student for the year 1947-8 is MR PETER ANGLIM.

The information given in the last issue of THE VENERABLE concerning payments to the Public Purse was unfortunately as incorrect as it was complicated, and the Senior Student apologizes to those who kindly sent contributions to the bank in London only to have them returned.

We are asked to announce that under a new arrangement it is quite in order for cheques and postal orders to be sent directly to the Senior Student at the College; he will endorse them for banking in England, and the money will be transferred to Rome under permit as the need arises.



# COLLEGE NOTES

## THE VENERABLE

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Alexander

Secretary : Mr O'Dowd

Sub-editor : Mr Spillane

Under-secretary : Mr Fonseca

Fifth Member : Mr Hunt

We wish to express our thanks once again to Fr H. Lavery for seeing to the proofs.

## EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges : *The Baeda, The Downside Review, The Oscotian, Pax, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Ampleforth Journal, The Douay Magazine.*

## MUSIC

We are witnessing in England today a re-awakening of popular interest in things musical : so that it is true to say that whereas our fathers would read for entertainment, the modern generation is coming to find its most congenial cultural recreation in listening to music. Since coming to Rome we have had the opportunity of attending the concerts of the Augusto Orchestra at their new headquarters, the Teatro Argentina : one result of this had been a widening of interest in orchestral music and many, who in England were denied such opportunities are coming to realize something of what is in store for the man who interests himself in this branch of art.

Our musical activities in England were many and varied. At first it was thought sufficient to keep alive the institutions which had been inherited from former generations, but gradually new ideas were evolved in the shape of the Glee Club and the Music Lovers' Recitals. Enough



has been said about the Glee in past Music Notes, but it is our sorry task to record its virtual extinction in the last years of our stay at St Mary's Hall: since the return to Rome it has not been revived with its original aims. The reduction of numbers in the House and the chronic shortage of high voices in the last two years were too much for the best efforts and the Glee receded into dignified silence. It is hoped that an attempt at revival will be made soon, as it would supply a deficiency felt by many who cannot give vent to their own peculiar brand of musicianship in the existing organizations.

The Music Lovers' Recitals were inaugurated three years ago with the idea of providing chamber music for a small public and, although the whole House frequented the concerts, the choice of music presented was not dictated by popular demand. Solo, instrumental and vocal, string quartets and trios and occasionally an orchestra, provided the main; it was unfortunate that the actual number of performers should have been limited to a stylish coterie of seven people, but as it was their idea, and they did it for fun, and everyone enjoyed it, what does it matter? This year two recitals have taken place and included two works of peculiar interest: Schumann's "Dichterlieder" Song Cycle and Bach's Concerto in C major for two pianos. The translation of the German words of the Song Cycle left much to be desired, but a careful study of the songs makes one realize that vocal music can be raised far above the level of ballads about jovial monks and lugubrious trumpeters. Whether this particular cycle is true art let our amateur Eliots discuss to their hearts' content.

The orchestra has had rather a lean period so far and, although a number of conscripts from the new men have made their appearance behind the desks, the violins lack vigorous leadership and the bass strings have to struggle hard to balance a rather vociferous flute and clarinet. A start was impossible until after Christmas as it was only then that some of the instruments, found in a mutilated condition in the library—along with the gramophone of which more later—had been put in a start of temporary repair. Even now through lack of funds the condition of instruments is unsatisfactory. (If this sounds like an appeal, why not?) Although the orchestral library contains many interesting compositions our future will be based on the policy followed in England—to tackle simple music and wait and see how we get on. It is worth recording that of an orchestra of twelve players only five were members last year and any ambitious programmes must be shelved until some semblance of balance and cohesion has been reached.

When we eventually managed to make the gramophone work the noise that it produced frightened away the few stalwart souls who had braved the icy blasts of the Music Room. The electricians inform us that a new speaker is needed and so operations have been suspended for the present; yet periodically some hero will attempt to sit out half an hour's rattling and screaming and tell us that he enjoyed it.

This last year has seen an increase in the numbers of the Schola, but not an increase in the number of high voices. But with many difficulties to contend with, including a lack of experienced leaders, many new motets



have been learned and old ones, dropped in the last few years through lack of singers, have been reintroduced. Two broadcasts were made over the Vatican Radio: at the second of these four male voice polyphonic motets were sung exceptionally well by an augmented Schola. It was indeed a blow to witness the disappearance of Sung Matins and Tenebrae, which had become so treasured a part of Christmas and Holy Week, but our programme at these times is very overcrowded. The rendering of the Chant shows considerable improvement over last year, especially in the Choir. The singing for the Armistice Day Requiem at San Silvestro was a model but more concentrated effort is needed to maintain a high standard. There are still very few sight readers in the House and so music has to be learned by heart.

Finally, our thanks must be expressed to Fr J. McNally who enabled three members of the Schola to attend the Society of St Gregory's Summer School.

In general the past year has been a difficult one for our music. What is felt more than anything is the lack of capable organizers and the main is carried out as usual by the faithful few. But it can truthfully be said that there is now a greater musical interest in the House than ever before: whether or not this interest can be transmuted into activity remains to be seen.

## SPORTS

### ASSOCIATION

"Of course" said the prudent member, "we may not get Pam back for a long time," and the generations of Pamites who had crossed the Ponte Sisto on bleak winter days shuddered, and turned disconsolately in their graves. But he was right; the gates of Pam were closed on our arrival in Rome, and the football gear lay in a trunk while the Captain tramped the highways and byeways of Rome in search of anything that bore the slightest resemblance to a football pitch. Thanks to the kindness of Fr O'Shea, the Chaplain to the Allied Forces in Rome, we managed to use the Campo Sportivo at Acqua Acetosa, a very fine ground well outside the Walls, but reasonably accessible. While the spirits of Old looked on with glance at the fine pitch, we began our season with a number of enjoyable games with full numbers. Alas, the distance to the ground proved too much for many and soon we had to be satisfied with eight a side. On 28th January we played a game against Propaganda, which we won 3—2. We thank the College for a most enjoyable afternoon.

On 30th December we played the Scots College at the Gehomine ground, and confounded both camps by running out easy winners 4—2. Rarely have our forwards had such a field day, and only bad shooting on our part prevented the score from being much higher. The Scots scored after three minutes play when their centre-forward slipped between the backs and banged home a goal in the corner of the net. For the rest of the half we pressed strongly and equalized following a corner. In the second half the Scots seemed to tire, and we scored three very good goals in rapid succession. Towards the end the Scots rallied and scored a con



solution goal, but there was never any danger of them turning the tables. The game was fast, clean and enjoyable throughout, and we came away well satisfied.

Later in the new year we played the Mark Antonio School of the Christian Brothers, and were held to a draw, 1—1, by a young enthusiastic team, which was supported by some three hundred of the school. A replay was soon arranged in which, to their great jubilation, they beat us 2—1 after a magnificent game.

We also played two games with Army elevens at the rest camp outside Rome, one of which we won 4—0, and one which we lost 5—1.

A football season is not to be judged by outside games, and this one was noteworthy for the dropping off of enthusiasm. Even granting that Acqua Acetosa is further away than Pam, it seems a pity that with so many in the House we should find it so difficult to obtain numbers. Now that we have hopes of the use of Pam we can perhaps expect a greater keenness in the coming seasons when we hope to remain invincible against the Scots. The Captain for the next season is Fr S. Monaghan. The following represented the House in outside games: Messrs Fonseca, Farrow, O'Hara, Lowery, Scantlebury, Monaghan, Peters, Carson, Walsh, Devaney, Murphy-O'Connor, Frost, Thornton, and Kenyon.

## RUGBY

It calls for great inventiveness to write about the rugby this year as there were only three games, all of which were against various Roma teams.

To start with, we never succeeded in securing a rugby pitch and we were, most unfortunately, banned from playing on the soccer pitch. Consequently, this year can hardly be called a success.

In our first game with the Romans (who were delighted to get games with us) they fielded a combination of their first and second XV, plus the ten or eleven substitutes on the touchline. The game was played in a sea of mud and water and, as a result, it was hard to find our form, or theirs. The result was a victory for them, 6—3.

In the second game we played their Second XV and won 22—11. The game was extremely scrappy and our scores were due to individual efforts rather than team work.

Finally their First XV agreed to play us and again the game was played on a very muddy pitch. We held them until half time to the score of 6—3, but after that, when our wind was all expended, we went to pieces. The final score was 27—3, in their favour.

That was the last game of the season and there is no prospect of better times ahead unless a pitch can be secured for the purpose of practice, because in our three games the most glaring distinction between the two teams was fitness. We also live in hopes of picking up a number of rugby players from next year's First Year. If these conditions are fulfilled then once again rugby in Rome will retrieve its rightful place on an equal footing with soccer.

The Captain for next season is Mr Hunt.



## OBITUARY

REV. N. CURMI

On the 20th December 1946 the Rev. Nazareno Curmi died suddenly at Zeitun, Malta. He was ordained at San Giovanni in Laterano in 1902. Though he had been getting on in years—he was 67—he still felt very young and he was very proud of saying that he was an Old Boy of the Venerable English College. He had had contacts with eminent English prelates and an autographed portrait of the late Cardinal Hinsley used to adorn his mantelpiece. Archbishop Godfrey stayed for some time at his house when he visited Malta in 1938.

He was for some time private secretary to His Grace the late Archbishop Carmana, O.S.B., and the ideal of perfection which he had already set himself was enhanced through this and other contacts with the Benedictine spirit. In the last decade of his life Fr Curmi was very active in spreading devotion to St Thérèse of Lisieux: Through his untiring efforts as Secretary of the Malta Branch of the Association of Priests of St Thérèse, the members are well over a hundred. He always did his best to instil in his brother-priests love for the saint and for her lesson of perfection.

Fr Curmi worked tirelessly in the parish where he was assistant priest. He found time to help the parish priest of a neighbouring village and he held also a convent chaplaincy. All those who came in touch with Fr Curmi loved him and they will not forget him in their prayers, now that he is enjoying the recompense due to him for his labours. May he rest in peace!

REV. BASIL PEARSON

The most lasting impression that I have of Basil Pearson is that of simplicity, an impression that is all the more noticeable in our days of exaggeration and complexity. He was a simple man in the best sense, simple in his tastes, in his approach to others, in his mind, humour, and above all in his ideals. He aspired only to one thing, to do his work in College and go out to do his work for God in England. Nothing ever seemed to happen to him, he just went on, taking a gentle interest in all that was happening, and finding an exquisite delight in the small things that other people miss. I remember going on a gita with him one Easter,



and all we did was to walk and stop and then to walk the next day and so on to the end of the week. What we saw was not important. We went from shrine to monastery, and his desire to go to those was significant of his whole mentality, and on the way we talked of little, saw little, but enjoyed every minute of it. Half an hour might be spent on speculation concerning the starting point and destination of a train that we saw down in the valley, the time it set off and the time it would arrive. They were just trifles, but they cost nothing and provided interest.

I can remember much of the same interesting simplicity in those always rather tedious walks to and from the Greg. He would show quite a bewildering and detailed knowledge of the lesser known parts of Rome, by which I mean such things as the names of the various insurance firms who decorated the walls of their clients' buildings with most charming plaques bearing such names as Assic, Padre Eterno, and so on. He could say with fair certainty what would be the name on this and that and the next building, and the one round the corner as well. It was simple and it was Basil Pearson. I think he must have given many a lesson to those who got bored, sought for relaxation in this or that, arranged expensive gitas, for he was always himself content with the least, and rejoiced in it.

The same quality was evident in his respect for the rules, in the carefulness of his work, and in the regularity of his life by which he formed himself for the one big thing, his priestly work. Without any doubt he was a model in such matters, and they gave a good clue to the whole-heartedness of his spiritual life. He was, I think, a nervous type, but in spite of this he was clear and unhesitating. Recollection and exactness in his prayer, meticulous charity and consideration of the feelings of others, readiness to do anything within his powers for them, these were the gifts he showed in college and more fully in his few years of priestly work. I only heard a little of the work he did in the parish before his illness, but of the five years that followed I have heard enough to know that nobody can ever say enough to praise them. Two facts may serve to show how his life there was the fruit of his careful and detailed training in college. His saying of Mass was so careful and devout that one of the novices said that she had learnt more from him than from any books or instructions about the sacred meaning of the sacrifice of the Mass, and that was a common feeling among all the nuns. His devotion to morning meditation was also a most impressive characteristic. Having had a sleepless night he would come infallibly to chapel, when they thought that he might at least consider his health and meditate in his room; and through their singing of office he would kneel recollected and lost in God. This duty, they say, he never missed. His fidelity to small things obtained for him this strength to do the little bit extra that turns goodness into sanctity. Great weakness and suffering could not break down that character he had built up so slowly and solidly. Like a child he had prepared for whatever work it might be the will of God to give him, and like a child he did not question the mysterious decree by which God cut short that work. That name might well be his monument, for he became like a child and of such is the kingdom of heaven.



## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Holidays.* Translated with notes by the Right Reverend R. A. Knox, M.A. Pp. 279. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 10s. 6d.

"My dream reader" says Mgr Knox in his preface "is not a harassed curate, desperately turning over the pages of this book at ten minutes to eleven in the hope of extracting a pulpit message from it; he would I fear, go away disappointed." Very true, for this is not meant to be a book of sermon notes on the Epistles and Gospels. But I suggest that if the harassed curate turned over the pages on the Saturday evening, he would not be so disappointed. For the book is primarily one of exegesis, and there is nothing more conducive to good sermons than good exegesis. The Epistles of St. Paul which we once found almost without meaning, have suddenly become, in this book, surprisingly intelligible; not only because we can read them here in an English which we can understand, but also because we have at the same time a clear and simple commentary, which, if it is not immediately adapted for sermons, at least suggests an abundance of sermon matter.

As regards the translation, much has already been said in a previous review (May 1946) in praise of Mgr Knox's excellent work. Let it be added that his scholarly knowledge of Greek eliminates many of the difficulties which we find in reading the Epistles and Gospels in English. In this respect, the book is particularly interesting in that it often gives an explanation of the translator's choice of words. "Learned to believe" which occurs frequently instead of the familiar "have believed," has worried many at first sight; yet, as Mgr Knox explains, it is very difficult to render the Greek aorist in any other way. "Have believed," the usual version of the Douay, in any case does not translate it, because it indicates, in English, one who has now ceased to believe. And the same reason holds for the translation "shewed love" in place of "have loved." However, Mgr Knox does not seem to take sufficient account of the peculiarities of hellenistic Greek, which is the language of the New Testament.



θεάομαι does mean "to look at a show" in classical Greek, but in hellenistic Greek it means no more than "to see," and since it is used indiscriminately as a substitute for ὀράω, βλέπω and θεωρέω, its original precise sense cannot be pressed. Similarly too with prepositions: hellenistic Greek no longer regards the fine distinctions of ὑπέρ and περί, ἀπό and ἐκ, εἰς and πρὸς; so that it is unnecessary to find the implication of "at once very close conjunction and the existence of mutual relations" (p. 35) in the use of πρὸς with the accusative, for in the New Testament language it is exactly equivalent to παρά with the dative, and means little more than "with."

The semitic idiom also plays a large part in the understanding of the New Testament, and Mgr Knox keeps it well in mind. To give only one small example, Luke xviii, 9 is more naturally translated (in the notes, not in the text, for the Vulgate has an uncompromising "ad") "about these Jesus spoke the following parable," since the πρὸς most probably represents the Hebrew *le*. For this reason, because Mgr Knox is usually so careful to keep the semitic idiom in mind, it is annoying to be told in the same passage that "the Pharisee 'took his stand'—one hand on the lapel of his coat, the other under his coat-tail, you fancy" (p. 208), when most obviously we are dealing with the common semitic idiom of "opening his mouth he said," "sitting he taught," and here "standing he prayed."

A word should be added here in praise of Mgr Knox's dexterity in the use of the English language, for it appears even more clearly in this book than in a mere reading of his translation. Where the Greek or the Latin will bear of two alternative meanings, he has with great ingenuity often managed by his rendering to convey both: thus "a darkness which was not able to master it," retains the ambiguity of both κατέλαβεν and *comprehenderunt* of John i, 5; *quem mittet Pater in nomine meo*, which can mean either "in virtue of my intercession" or "to represent me in my absence" is neatly translated "whom the Father will send on my account." John xiv, 26. And where the Vulgate has forced him to translate a word which is not in the Greek, he has nevertheless succeeded in giving us the sense of the Greek. Thus "discovered the truth" translates the *cognoverunt de verbo* of Luke ii, 17, while retaining, however faintly, the sense of ἐγνώρισαν; "There must be no whisper of it among you" satisfies both the  *nec nominetur in vobis* and the more probable sense (in the context) "let there be no instance of its occurrence among you" of μηδὲ ὀνομαζέσθω in Ephesians v, 3.

The book is interesting in yet another way: on the feast of the Assumption of our Lady it gives a preview of what we may expect from Mgr Knox in his future translation of the Old Testament. One cannot of course generalize from merely one passage, especially since it is a poetical one, but at least in this one piece of Ecclesiasticus xxiv, 11-30, Mgr Knox does not seem to be so happy. It is not that he cannot deal with poetry—his translation of the Sermon on the Mount is very delicately done; it is not that he has left the sense obscure—the new version is certainly easier to understand than the old; and it is not that the reviewer would insist on retaining an archaic rendering merely because he is accustomed



to it; it is just that the new version does not run so easily as the Douay, and unnecessarily inverted phrases like "pleasant was the scent of me" seem to jar as one reads through the Epistle for the feast.

So much for the book as illustrating the new translation. But by far the most valuable part of the book lies in the explanatory notes after each Epistle and Gospel, and it is here more even than in the clear translation that the difficulties disappear. For here those perennial questions of the faithful—about the Unjust Steward, the abomination of desolation, Raca, the unclean spirit, the *noli me tangere*, and all the others—are clearly answered. Here morals are drawn and lessons brought home, even in things which seem far away and long ago, such as in the celebrated Epistle about Agar and Sinai. Here the teaching of the parables becomes obvious because what belongs only to the story of the parable is distinguished from what has its counterpart in the application. Here the mind of the sacred author is unravelled, so that we do not merely get the general drift of what he is saying, but perceive his argument through and through, for here the background is fitted in, the implications filled out, and the connexions of thought explained. The analysis of the Epistle for the Second Sunday after Easter is a masterpiece.

It is for this reason that the book will be found so useful on Saturday evenings. It gives no sermon plans, but it will certainly make sermons on the Epistles and Gospels easier. Among the faithful, too, the book should find its readers. Mgr Knox himself explains that his dream reader is the hostess who will salvage the ruined Sunday luncheon conversation with the consecrated formula: "We'll see what Knox has to say about it, afterwards." She may be warned here, however, that she must not go away disappointed when she finds that a number of the explanations cannot be fully appreciated without some knowledge of Greek.

HUBERT J. RICHARDS.

*Letters from Rush Green.* By John C. Heenan. Burns Oates. 8s. 6d.

This new venture of Fr Heenan's consists of a series of letters written by a priest to his niece. It is a novel and highly successful attempt to gild the pill, to many an unwholesome one, of the foundations of Catholic belief. Many Catholics feel the need for a sound, clear knowledge of the fundamentals of religion but few have the industry to study dry, scholastic text books. Fr Heenan makes the task as simple and attractive as is possible without sacrificing accuracy.

The method he uses is a sort of drama in which the central figure is a priest who undertakes to supply his niece, Ruth, with explanations and arguments to defend her faith against the cynical attacks of her boyfriend. The reader is put in the position of Ruth and is gradually instructed through the medium of her uncle's letters. Interest in the truths of religion is maintained by the underlying story of Ruth's love affair. Just as the reader is making heavy going of some knotty problem the author gives a little more of the story and the reader passes on with renewed zest to consider the next question put before him. It is very cleverly



done. The book is one that forces the reader to think for himself, for the arguments for both sides are given and the conversational tone of the book makes the discussion very much alive.

One of the most attractive points of the book is the fact that the author is scrupulously fair in explaining the doctrine and arguments of adversaries, whatever school of thought they belong to. He is not content to give an over-simplified or distorted version of their opinion and then refute them in two lines. On the contrary, he makes their case as strong as possible, expressing it in the form in which it is most frequently found and then he urges the Catholic arguments with devastating effect.

Further, the position of Hugh, the *advocatus diaboli* is perhaps the commonest in England—materialism. His views on religion are the familiar ones based on evolution, a twisted idea of modern science and sheer prejudice. Fr Sinclair's apologia of Christian Doctrine is enlivened by a host of examples and anecdotes, which do a great deal to clarify the difficulties. The problem of evil is particularly well handled.

If there is a fault to be found in the book, it is in the character of Fr. Sinclair. The author explains "Uncle Joe's" failings in the preface, but it is not his touchiness or impatience that one finds annoying, it is his weakness for being epigrammatic. But this is a very slight fault in a work of such excellence.

In passing Fr Heenan discusses many little points of doctrine and of Catholic teaching on social and family life. Mixed marriages, social groups and vocation to the religious life are all touched on as well as many other difficulties. Thus, in spite of the fact that the book aims principally at establishing the fundamental truths, its scope is surprisingly comprehensive.

The book is a clear, concise and, at the same time, interesting study of Catholic belief. It would be difficult to improve upon it.

MERVYN ALEXANDER.

*The Priest's Guide in Holy Week.* By Arthur Proudman. Burns Oates. 1s. 6d.

This is a very useful and timely little book which should prove itself invaluable. It is an encouragement to carry out the Holy Week ceremonies as solemnly as possible since it makes the preparations simplicity itself. The book gives a complete list of all the things required for each ceremony and prints out all the prayers which the priest says when he is away from the Missal.



*Wippell's*  
world  
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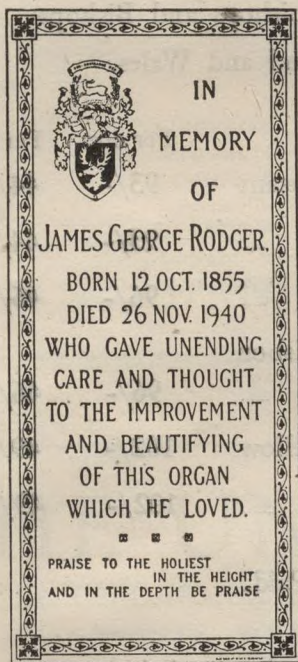
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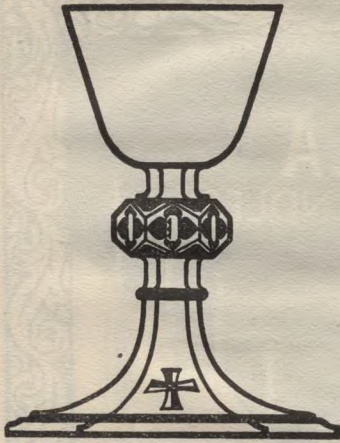


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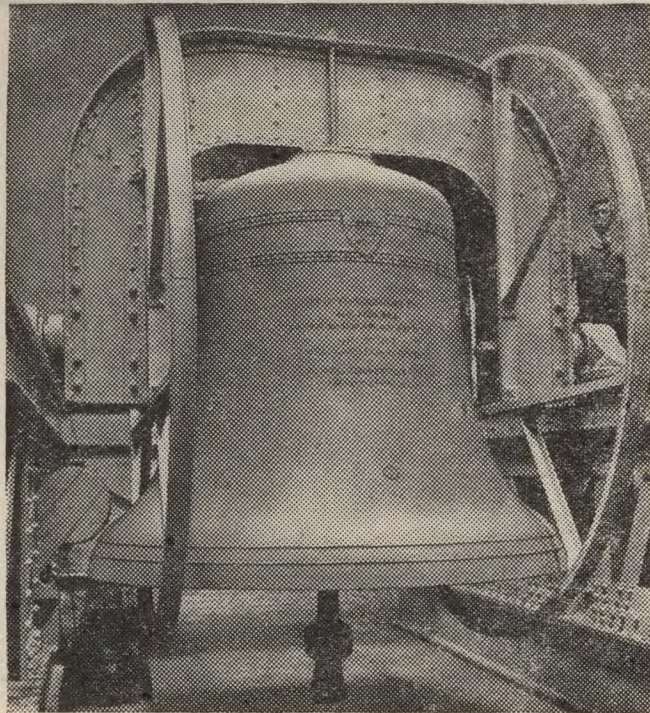
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