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### THE VENERABLE

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Francis  
Bishop of Missouri  
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## EDITORIAL

It is with a sense of triumph that we announce the first Palazzola number since November 1939. The wheel has come full circle and we are back again in occupation after eight years, during which the Villa has passed through the hands of Italians, Germans, Americans, Spaniards and Lithuanians.

We have now experienced a complete Roman year and can contrast the light and shade of Roman life with the years in England, of which we can at least say that they have deepened our enjoyment of Rome, for they have taught us what to look for. And now Palazzola the word has given way to Palazzola the reality. The name which in England caused our young men to see visions and our old men to dream dreams is now more than a name, it is at once a reality, a vision and a dream.

A glance through these pages will show that this is indeed a Palazzola number, for it has crowded everything else into the background. The last word has by no means been written on the history of the Villa during the war; there are many gaps to be filled in and the present account may not be accurate in every detail. However, it is substantially true and it is a fitting chapter in our history.

At present it is not possible to continue THE VENERABLE'S policy of filling in the many blank pages in the history of the College as the archives are not at present accessible. They were taken to the Vatican for safe keeping during the war, and, as yet, it has not been possible to bring them back. However, as soon as the archives arrive the work will be continued. In the meantime the story of Palazzola during the war is an important contribution to our history and soon we hope to print the story of the College in Rome during the war.

We wish heartily to congratulate Bishop Grimshaw on his appointment as Bishop of Plymouth. We were very pleased to welcome him to Palazzola during the summer. In the past he has often written for THE VENERABLE and many of the best drawings are from his pen. So it is with especial sincerity that we wish him, *Ad multos annos!*

## MEMOIRS OF A GRANT DEBATER

“ Qui non si parla di alta politica ne di alta strategia. Qui si lavora, e, s'è possibile, in silenzio ” (Mussolini).

That was what Mussolini thought of free speech, and it was to be read on notices all over Rome during the last years before the exodus of the college in 1940. No proof is needed to say that the Venerabile preserved its right of free and open speech, but if proof were demanded we would need to do no more than advance the continued virile existence of the Grant Debating Society. Not that the Grant was an exciting society; it aroused sober interest rather than fervent enthusiasm. But that interest was universal—everyone came and spoke on some occasion—which made one think that whatever else went out of college life the Grant would continue for ever. Our branch of the Social Guild, for instance, which belonged to that same sober class of college society, lacked that rock-like appearance of permanence. In our time it was very obviously struggling to keep going, and one subscribed to the Christian Democrat much as one bought the Obit Book—out of a sense of duty.

The College in our time suffered, perhaps, from a dearth of the mushroom type of society, such as I imagine the Mezzofanti and the Dante to have been, societies which are born of enthusiasm, flourish for a time, and then die. There is much to be said for such societies. They fulfil an important need so long as the need is felt and then drop quietly into oblivion when interest has waned. They are not expected to be permanent societies, except perhaps by the enlightened founders, and so no one feels a sense of loss at their passing. The nearest

approach was the enlightened coterie which used to meet after dinner for gramophone recitals in the *Northwest Passage*, and these recitals continued during most of the time at St Mary's Hall. But perhaps these gatherings were too informal to qualify for the dignity of a society. Frequently the gramophone room became a retreat for those whose sole interest in the music was as a background to a little light reading.

Perhaps a future generation will combine two ideas and have a debating society which constantly employs a background of music. Each speaker would select a piece that would best suit the theme of his speech and it could hardly fail to spur him on to greater eloquence. Think how impressive it would be to make a stirring patriotic speech to the inspiring sound of "Land of Hope and Glory!" What audience could fail to be impressed? And how effective it would be to plead tearfully for the distressed poor to the pathetic strains of "She was only a poor little mill girl." The idea has endless possibilities. To silence the speaker who tends towards prolixity it would be sufficient simply to turn the gramophone to full volume. Also any awkward pauses in the middle of a speech would be covered by the music. Some might prefer to sing their speeches and in no time we would have Grand Opera!

But let us get back to the Grant. The four or five debates each season were held in a room overlooking the garden. On the strength of a well-worn piano it was euphemistically termed the Music Room, much as the room next to it was called the Billiard Room because it had once contained an ancient billiard table which, incidentally, ended its days when the cloth was cut up to dress Robin Hood's men in the Christmas pantomime. The chief decoration, however, of the music room was not the piano, strange though that may seem, but the numerous shelves of bound copies of the *Civiltà Cattolica* and the *Dublin Review*. The dust lay heavy upon the work of the last century because no one ever read these ponderous green volumes, yet they provided an excellent background for the Grant, harmonizing well with the numerous heavy speeches, acting as a foil to the occasional fireworks.

Like every other society the Grant had its difficulties. By no means the least was the fact that the music room was situated on the wrong side of the infirmary. To reach the infirmary one had to pass through the music room, so that a

meeting might be interrupted by the Rector hurrying through on his way to visit an invalid, but more often the intruder would be a victim from the latest rugby game and the whole effect of one's speech on the iniquity of the monitorial system would be lost in a chorus of banter which would greet the victim hobbling across the room, leaving behind him the unmistakable odour of *Sloans* !

That the debates were never taken too seriously was quite clear from the manner in which they were decided. A debate was continued over two evenings. The correct technique for a leader was not to do too well the first evening. Scoring too freely in the first session of the debate meant, invariably, an irretrievable loss during the second, for the better speakers in the audience would, out of a sense of fair play, speak for the opposing party, even though they had spoken against it the previous evening. This was disastrous because the voting was really cast on the merits of the speeches on the second evening, which were fresh in the mind and, besides, few attended both sessions so that many of the voters at the end knew little or nothing of all that had been said the previous evening.

The title of past debates in old magazines remind one of what we were feeling and thinking at any particular moment. Mr Gary Cooper had told us in the film which we had just seen, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, that "the Regiment should always come first", so we had a debate about it. There was a full-scale debate on conscription at the time Mr Hore Belisha was urging this measure in pre-war England. There were fine jingoistic subjects and speeches in the years immediately preceding the war. I remember one man proving that Munich was a great English victory. In the same years we closely examined the questions whether the system of parliamentary government was outworn, whether pageantry served any useful purpose and, once the war had started, whether the Allies should have adopted a stronger policy towards Germany.

But we left politics for lighter subjects when we debated that "Men educated in seminaries tend to lack the broader human sympathies", (an excellent debate in which the Old School Tie scored a notable triumph) or that "Fanatics rather than men of calculating reason have done greater and better things". This last debate was a quibble from start to finish on the meaning of the terms, and the same benefactor of humanity was claimed by both sides.

The last meeting each season was always devoted to a series of impromptu debates in which the chairman made a show of picking speakers out of a hat, who somehow were always just the men for the particular subject! So it would happen that the man who was well known for the turn of speed he showed daily at 6 a.m., would be called to defend the motion that "When God made time He made plenty of it".

One or two subjects each year were chestnuts, such as professionalism in sport—a subject specially chosen to give an easy opening to new men. Some maiden speeches were remarkably good: most of us made floundering first attempts, but they were always greeted with a loud clap, so that one sat down feeling a regular hero and ready to speak again at the first opportunity.

It was interesting to watch the personal style which was adopted by speakers as they began to find their feet. There were those who spoke in a wheedling, confidential tone like Italian shopkeepers. Some had obviously studied the preachers we heard at S. Caterina and the Chiesa Nuova. They attempted to sweep you to their side by a *fervorino* full of dramatic gesture. Only one managed this successfully, I thought. He had the natural trick of frothing beautifully at the mouth and his words were emphasized by a miniature Niagara. Others, in contrast to the heat of the preceding group, concentrated on light. They were always bringing you back to fundamental reasons and salting their discourse with the tags of the schools. The most successful in my opinion were the John Bulls, who showed neither vehemence nor clearly-reasoned logic but who adopted a common sense tone combined with humour. Rightly or wrongly, they are the speakers who make most impression on an English audience.

There was one man with a style very much his own. He conceived his mission in life was to brighten up the College by promoting an association called the Sunshine League of which the president was an imaginary character, Lawrence Hemingway. His debate speeches were a series of disconnected puns and references to the sayings of the great Hemingway. The amazing thing was that this little ray of sunshine was a most successful debater, but it was just as well that he was unique.

We did not debate many serious subjects at St Mary's Hall. They were mostly of a light-hearted nature such as the



one on the kitchen cat. This animal had gatecrashed its way into white choir, joined us in the lecture room, followed us into the Refectory where it liked to sit in the middle of the floor and stare in a shocked manner at the reader whenever he stumbled over the Latin quantities. There were those who thought this sociable animal was a menace to public peace and order and ought to be painlessly exterminated, so we debated the subject. Perhaps the greatest argument in its favour was not defence's description of it as "a neat, elegant and athletic muscular pattern of first-class prize-winning black-blue persian" but the cat itself. During the whole debate it sat curled up in its basket in front of the chairman with a winning look of perfect trust in mankind. Its life was spared.

The Stonyhurst Debating Club invited us over on one occasion to join in with them by our providing the leader and a couple of supporters on each side. As all the members in their society claim to represent some English constituency we took as our titles the Castelli towns. It would have done Giobbe good to hear the words of the freedom-loving representative for Albano, and Joe de Sanctis would have stood free *vino* all round after listening to his member for Nemi. We soon found, however, that in speaking against the college boys we could not afford to rely merely on the greater maturity which is supposed to come from a philosophy course. Their speeches were more polished and prepared, though more uniform in tone; the whole atmosphere was more formal. They had more of a parliamentary manner, although this was perhaps balanced by our more direct approach to a subject which produced a more telling and spontaneous speech. Anyway, the meeting with the Stonyhurst society was a very happy occasion.

But the Grant's greatest success, certainly during the first three years at Stonyhurst, was a stunt debate. Eight members impersonating well-known figures were imagined to be in a balloon which was in danger of crashing unless it was lightened by one of them being thrown overboard. Each made a speech explaining why he should not be the victim. All were good, especially Dean Inge and Stalin, but the honours of the evening were stolen by the Long-Expected, who claimed to be the new full-time spiritual director for whom various solemn men had been long clamouring in public meetings. The last speaker was a character called Greg. Prof.<sup>1</sup> His con-

<sup>1</sup> Hit argument for not being thrown overboard was very simple - "Systema Kantil est reiciendum. Atqui ego non sum systema Kantii. Ergo.

cluding words went something like this : " Quis ergo est eiciendus ? Quis ex nobis octo illustribus ? An ullus ? Forsan quis dicat hunc vel illum, unum aut alium. Sed addo tertium suggestivum—just a suggestion—cur non est eiciendus ipse Praeses ? Quis aptior ? Quis dignior ? Quis aequali merito gaudet nisi forsan ille dominus a secretis ? Clamat vox populi ; clamatur iustitia ; clamatur recta ratio—quis negabit ? quis dubitat ? Cur in tuto debet restare ? Cur incolumis ? Cur immunis ? Eiciatis ergo eos sine addito, sine compunctione, sine mora. Dixi. Avanti ! " In actual fact it was Stalin who was thrown out of the balloon—into the Common Room carpet where he was tossed to the ceiling.

We are told in a recent number of the VENERABLE that the Grant has lasted for twenty-five years in its present form. It will live for ever. Let my readers as they look down from their pulpits next Sunday evening and see the rows of interested faces turned up to them remember with gratitude the society which gave an encouraging clap to their first stumbling public utterances.

JOSEPH HOLLAND.

## CARDINAL ACTON

“ Jener wirkte still hienieden,  
Und so ist er auch geschieden.”

Uhland *Auf der Ueberfahrt.*

Names, like books, *habent sua fata*. For all but a very few the name of Acton means only the famous historian, the first Lord Acton (1834–1902). It might have been otherwise. The historian might have shared the name's renown with his uncle, the cardinal, like him highly gifted, in character most unlike him.

The Actons were an old Shropshire family, early settled at Aldenham near Bridgnorth, High Church and Tory by tradition. In the sixteenth century they drifted with the religious, or rather, irreligious stream; but independent conversions in the eighteenth century brought the family back to the Catholic Faith. Conversion played a larger part than is commonly thought in that period of which the convert Challoner was the noblest and greatest figure.

In the 1750's Sir Richard Acton, the squire of Aldenham, was received into the Church and kept a chaplain in the village. His kinsman, Commodore Acton, who had passed from the service of our East India Company to that of the Emperor and Grand Duke of Tuscany, became a Catholic some time before 1762, and the Commodore's brother, who studied medicine in Paris, married a Frenchwoman at Besançon, settled there and was there converted. The doctor's third son, John Francis, father of the cardinal and great-uncle of the historian, rose to greatness in a varied and adventurous career and comes into the lives of Edward Gibbon, his kinsman, and Lord Nelson.

Sir Richard Acton's loss of his son in 1762 left John Francis his prospective heir and the latter paid a brief visit to Aldenham. Entering the Neapolitan service he overhauled its Navy in 1778 and four years after was Minister of War. Later he became general commander of the Neapolitan forces by sea and land, and Prime Minister. His romantic career is told in Archbishop Mathew's brilliantly written *Acton*.

Late in life John Francis, who in 1791 became heir to the English estates and baronetcy on the death of Sir Richard, married by dispensation, his own niece, whose father, Joseph (1737-1808), was successively Minister of the Marine and Finances in Naples. The marriage ceremony was duplicated, the first, doubtless in order to gain English legality, taking place in Sir William Hamilton's house at Palermo (whither the French invasion had driven the Court), with Nelson's Protestant chaplain officiating, and the second, with a nuptial Mass, in the Chapel Royal, at which the king and queen were present.

The first child, Ferdinand Richard Edward, was born in 1801, followed by Charles Januarius (1803) and Elizabeth. Charles Januarius Acton was born at Naples on 6th March 1803. In 1811 his father died. The mother and three children came to England and the education of the boys became the care of their guardians, who undertook to respect their religious faith while training them for the life of English gentlemen. It will be clear that the historian inherited the double tradition of Continental diplomatic life and that of England's landed gentry.

Charles had been taught his first rudiments by the Abbé Mazenod, later Bishop of Marseilles. He was sent with his brother to a school kept by the Abbé Guicquet (spelt Quégné by the D.N.B. and Quéqué by Gillow) at Richmond<sup>1</sup> and then to Westminster School, from which, when interference with their Faith was attempted, they were removed to a Protestant school at Isleworth. It was there, Wiseman, our chief authority, tells us "that he first was admitted to Communion by the Rev. M. Beaumont: and he used to relate with great delight, how it was on that happy day, by the banks of the Thames, that he formed the resolution of embracing the ecclesiastical state. He was then at a Protestant school at Isleworth." (*Recollections of the Last Four Popes*, 1858, p. 476.) Lastly, a Protestant clergyman in a Kentish village was their tutor until they entered Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1819.

<sup>1</sup> Gillow says Parsons Green (*Biog. Dict. Engl. Cath.*)

Of his years at Cambridge we have no available information. It were greatly to be wished that his letters to his mother were made accessible. Where and when, if ever, did he hear Mass in those days? There was no Catholic church in Cambridge or near it. Even in the late twenties, Kenelm Digby, received into the Church in 1826 and Ambrose Philips, who followed, had to ride twenty-five miles to Old Hall to hear Mass or to be shriven and houselled. Kenelm Digby, who took his B.A. in 1819, makes no mention, I think, of Acton, a most faithful Catholic, steadfast from boyhood in his resolution to enter the clerical state. His retiring disposition and the penal statutes kept him hidden indeed.

His nephew vainly sought admission to the same college. "Late in '49 or early '50 I attempted", he says, "through John Lefevre, to obtain admission as an undergraduate. But Magdalene and two other colleges refused to have me. There is nobody there who remembers the circumstance, but they conjecture that Papal aggression had to do with it." (*Acton*, p. 73.) John Shaw Lefevre was deputy clerk of the Parliaments.

Leaving, perforce degreeless, in 1823, the future Cardinal went to the *Academia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici* in Rome, where Professor Fornari, later Cardinal, was his private tutor. An obligatory essay by the shy eager student drew the attention of Cardinal Somaglia, Secretary of State, and Leo XII presently made him a chamberlain and attached him to the nunciature at Paris, from which Pius VIII recalled him to make him Vice-Legate, giving him free choice among the four legations over which Cardinals presided. He chose Bologna which afforded special opportunity of studying legal practice and provincial administration. In 1829 he travelled to England to marry his sister to Sir Robert Throckmorton.

Promotion and greatness were thrust upon the humble scholar. Events moved swiftly. The long hatched revolution broke out at Bologna, with all the political rascality, all the canting bigotry in Britain applauding.

"The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,  
And trudg'd away to cry 'No bishop'."

Pius VIII died in December 1830 and was succeeded in February 1831 by the much-maligned Gregory XVI, whom so many ignorantly dishonour. Charles Acton had left Bologna on the death of Pius and the new Pope made him an assistant

judge in the Civil Court at Rome and Secretary to the Congregation of *Disciplina Regolare* (chiefly regarding religious orders). In January 1837 to his dismayed surprise, the new Pope named him Auditor of the Apostolic Chamber, a dignity regularly leading to the cardinalate, which, after a first refusal, he accepted only under obedience. The death of Cardinal Weld on 19th April 1837, left Mgr Acton the natural adviser of the Holy See in matters concerning England, for which his English education had providentially prepared him.

Although he could not share Wiseman's confidence in the imminent conversion of England, he was at all times intensely zealous for the conversion of Englishmen, and most eager to help and welcome enquirers and converts. It was he who obtained for Faber, before his conversion, the great privilege of a private interview with Gregory XVI, on the occasion of Faber's visit to Rome in 1843. At this interview that warm-hearted, outspoken Pope told Faber very frankly that he must look first to his own salvation, and not wait for others to move; he also pointed out that the State authority and not doctrine was the bond of union in the Anglican body. It is clear that this conversation sank deep into Faber's soul and led to his glad submission two years later. On hearing of Newman's reception, Cardinal Acton at once wrote him a very gracious letter of congratulation to which the receiver answered in November 1845: "I hope your Eminence will have anticipated before I express it, the great gratification which I received from your Eminence's letter. That gratification, however, was tempered by the apprehension that kind and anxious well-wishers at a distance attach more importance to my step than really belongs to it. To me personally it is, of course, an immense gain; but persons and things look great at a distance, which are not so when seen close; and, did your Eminence know me, you would see that I was one about whom there has been far more talk for good and bad than he deserves, and about whose movements far more expectation has been raised than the event will justify. . . . my powers will, I fear, disappoint the expectations of my own friends and of those who pray for the peace of Jerusalem. If I might ask of your Eminence a favour, it is that you would kindly moderate those anticipations." (*Apologia*, vi, 367-8.)

Dr Grant, that devoted son and later Rector of the Venerabile, who had been Acton's secretary, was a direct link with

the beating heart of Catholic England in Rome. He said of Acton: "That venerable prelate allied to the most methodical business habits and clock-like punctuality in little as well as in great things, a boundless charity, a love for the poor and for prisoners that amounted almost to a passion. He would empty his purse to release some poor father of a family who was in prison for debt, and when he had no more money left, he would steal his own silver candlesticks and sell them to procure the necessary ransom." (K. O'Meara *Thomas Grant*, iii, 29.) Dr Grant was named secretary to the cardinal soon after his ordination. A common love of the poor ripened into warm friendship, and "as a last proof of the confidence and affection he reposed in his youthful secretary, the venerable prelate appointed him his executor".

It was Dr Grant who posted to Albano peep-o'-day-wise and was just in time to bring Faber, on the point of setting out for a day in the woods, back to Rome for that interview with the Pope which Acton had gained for one who never looked for such a privilege. "The little more and oh, how much it is!"

Lady Throckmorton, be it recorded, was also eager in the cause of the Church in England. Blessed Dominic Barbéri wrote of her: "the sister of Cardinal Acton has requested a foundation on her estates. I have seen the house and it would be excellent; it is far larger than Aston and just what we want. I am sure that Cardinal Acton will be pleased." (Fr Urban Young, C.P., *Dominic Barberi in England*.)

Meanwhile Acton's reputation in Rome rose higher and higher. "The soundness of his judgment and his legal knowledge were fully recognized by the Bar, for it was familiarly said by advocates of the first rank that if they could only know Acton's view of a case, they could make sure of what would be its ultimate decision. In like manner when he was officially consulted on important ecclesiastical business and gave his opinion in writing, this was so explicit, clear and decisive that Pope Gregory used to say that he had never occasion to read anything of his twice over." (Wiseman *Last Four Popes*.)

Mgr Acton's brother, Sir Ferdinand Richard Edward Acton (known by his second name) died of pneumonia in Paris early in 1837. A man of cultivated tastes, dying at thirty-five, he eludes a closer knowledge. We have a flamboyant portrait of Sir Richard, mounted on a charger performing his regulation prance on a convenient plateau, straight and

rigid as his own white chocker, modish as his own side-whiskers, holding a small top hat low down with his right hand, while his cloak billows leftwards for a furlong or two towards the bay of Naples and in the offing, a British soldier salutes his back—altogether sham-romantic even to absurdity. His English home saw little of him; he lived mainly in Naples. He left an only child, the future historian.

Mgr Acton paid a last visit to England to settle family affairs, which he did in a truly generous fashion. "The most important individual in the family circle was certainly the child's uncle, Monsignor Acton, a young prelate of self-effacing tenacity, who had recently been appointed to the great Roman office of Auditor of the Apostolic Camera. Delicate in his health, a fragile figure with hollow cheeks and those meek unsmiling eyes which veiled a swift intelligence, Monsignor Acton held to a permanent interest in the affairs of England. His views were large and clearly formed; his relations with the Pope were intimate; a Cardinal's hat awaited him. He was a true ecclesiastic of the reign of Gregory XVI—that period of much activity in the Church and sanguine hopes, with new congregations and fresh missionary endeavours and the great prelates lying anchored in a Metternichian world. The Monsignor was anxious that his nephew should receive a wholly English education. At a later stage and in different ways he himself was to exercise a certain influence upon him; but at the moment he merely added his support to his sister-in-law's project that Aldenham should be his nephew's home." (Archbishop Mathew: *Acton*.)

Truly, greatness was thrust upon this retiring, unambitious man. "Many who saw him knew little of his sterling worth. So gentle, so modest, so humble was he, so little in his own esteem, that his solid judgments, extensive acquirements and even more ornamental accomplishments were not easily elicited by a casual visitor or guest. . . . Certainly his countenance seemed to have retained the impression of a natural humour that could have been easily brought into play. But this was overruled by the presence of more serious occupations and the adoption of a more spiritual life." (Wiseman.)

Many a time I have scanned his portrait in the Library corridor. A certain wistfulness, a hint of the wit and humour he seldom allowed himself to express, an almost Chestertonian playfulness shine through those retiring, almost bashful, features,



those mobile yet restrained lips, shy yet ardent, penetrating eyes. We are not surprised to learn from Wiseman that in youth he had been noted for witty and entertaining conversation and proficiency in music.

For all his high seriousness, his keenly conscientious diligence, his temperament remained sunny, even and attractive; he was eminently tactful, as behoved a zealous peace-maker.

When Acton returned to Rome to take up his new duties he strove hard to even out the differences between seculars and regulars in England and to remove the difficulties the Holy See found in the Vicars-Apostolic. To the latter's equivocal position in a quickly changing England was added a certain tactlessness of some of these excellent prelates (whom I would be among the last to disparage), notably the saintly and zealous Dr Griffiths of the London District, of whom Gregory XVI, normally an excellent judge of men, shared Wiseman's misunderstanding, so that the stars in their courses seemed to oppose Catholic advance in England.

There were difficulties of authority, for the Vicars-Apostolic were not ordinaries, their priests had no parishes and Rome had to remind them that their meetings and joint resolutions had no synodical character. Regulars claimed their exemption and too often lay patrons had the whiphand regarding appointments.

Several disciplinary decrees of Rome were misunderstood, and caused heart-burning in some quarters until the misconceptions were removed, notably regarding the building of churches. Because Rome had not expressly mentioned the need of obtaining the Vicar-Apostolic's permission, it was supposed that the regulars might build churches without it! (We may recall also the brush between Dr Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, later Cardinal, and the good fathers of Stonyhurst, about thirty years later, over certain schools in Manchester.)

It fell to Mgr Acton to explain, as he did most tactfully, that the regular's need of obtaining their Vicar-Apostolic's permission had been taken for granted by the Holy See. The details of this and other such cases are very fully set forth in the *Sequel to Catholic Emancipation*, a work which can hardly be overpraised, "strong without rage, without o'erflowing full". I have neither space nor inclination to recount them here, and apart from canon law studies they have little present interest.

It is indeed remarkable that regarding the restoration of hierarchy, again a burning question from the later thirties, Mgr Acton was strongly opposed to it *precisely because he was an ultramontane*. He held that "the English throughout their history had been factious and were not to be trusted with more and more independent power". Probably Acton had drawn his convictions from his reading of Lingard's history, to which some who upheld him appealed, notably Cardinal Castracane of the Propaganda, although when he wrote to Lingard later on, he found him personally in favour of the return of the hierarchy. Ullathorne says that Acton committed his reasons to writing and "had always said to Dr Grant when he was his secretary, that 'everybody in England, bishops and regulars, votes for the Hierarchy, in the hope that his own power will become greater thereby; and all will be disappointed in this hope.'" (*Hist. Rest. Cath. Hier. in Engl.* iii, 28.)

I venture to consider Archbishop Mathew's phrase "anchored in a Metternichian world" misleading. While using the help of Austria against the Revolution, neither Gregory nor his Curia were ever "anchored" to her statesmen or her politics, and Acton's own conservatism was of the far-seeing kind that fears unnecessary change or reform of discipline and method. "He felt, not without reason, that the English bishops were too conservative and too deeply rooted in the traditions of their former isolation", especially "when new missions were created in which the bishops had to divide responsibility with the heads of religious orders. Yet it was impossible to form new missions and to build new churches with secular clergy alone, on the scale which the phenomenal increase in Catholic population demanded." Gwynn *The Second Spring*. Acton, and the Pope with him, favoured provisional increase in the number of Vicariates, but Gregory certainly, and Acton probably, looked on this as only a necessary preparation for the hierarchy. Towards the end of his reign the Pope expressed that definite goal, which a certain obstacle as yet prevented. Mgr Ward suggests that Cardinal Acton himself (who outlived Gregory only one year) was the obstacle in question. (*Sequel to Catholic Emancipation*.) Be that as it may, the Pope continued his confidence in the English prelate, made him cardinal *in petto* in 1839 and proclaimed him, with the title of S. Maria della Pace, in January 1842 and appointed him Protector of the English College, where his name

appears on the marble tablets recording Gregory's two visits in 1843 and 1846. On looking back we may surely see in the delay of the hierarchy's restoration and the interim plan favoured by both Acton and Gregory, the hand of Providence.

In April 1846 Ullathorne wrote to the Prior of Downside : "Yesterday brought me a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Acton in which he informs me that, 'after much prayer and counsel', His Holiness has been pleased to nominate the person who now writes to you to the Western District of England". In words that surely reveal his own character, the Cardinal urged acceptance upon Dr Ullathorne : "If honours and riches had gathered round the mitre which is now hanging over Your Lordship's head, then perhaps your virtues might find out some motives to allege as a plea for refusing the offer. But in the present circumstances, My Lord, it is pain, trouble and labour which are offered to you and therefore I trust that through love for Christ and His Church, you will immediately accept the offer." (*Butler Life and Times of Archbishop Ullathorne*.) "Ullathorne took the letter with him into his chapel, and after reading it again decided that refusal would be ignoble." (Gwynn.)

When the doubling of the four English Apostolic Vicariates was enacted in 1840, Dr. Weedall, President of Oscott, was appointed to the new Northern District. He hurried to Rome to beg to be excused on the score of health. His request was granted, but unfortunately he also lost his presidency of Oscott when Wiseman was appointed to the post. Archbishop Mathew, who says that "Weedall, standing with his *calf-lick*, pulling people by the ear, was no match for Monsignor Acton", seems to imply a cynical manoeuvre on Acton's part. This is utterly alien from all we know of him, all that those who knew him have testified of him. Has not His Grace's gift of brilliant epigram here outstripped his judgment? He does not mention that, foreseeing Weedall's reluctance, Acton had expressly asked that acceptance of the Vicariate should be specially urged upon him. *Schadenfreude* is ruled out by all that we know of Charles Januarius Acton.

In his last years the most important event was his presence at the momentous interview between the Czar Nicholas I and Gregory XVI, recalling that between St Leo I and Attila, and followed in our own day by the meeting of Pius XII and Ribbentrop.

“The greatest proof which the Pope could well have given him of his confidence was to select him, as he did, to be his interpreter and only witness in the important interview between him and the late Emperor of Russia. Of what took place at it, not a word was ever breathed by the Cardinal beyond this, that when he had interpreted the Pope’s first sentence, the Emperor turned to him in the most respectful and finished manner and said, ‘It will be agreeable to me if Your Eminence will act as my interpreter also’. Immediately after the conference . . . Cardinal Acton wrote down, at the Pope’s request, a minute account of it; but he never allowed it to be seen.” (Wiseman.)

What he urged upon Ullathorne, Acton eagerly practised. His heart was wide open to the suffering and his sympathy led him to take a voluntary share in their anguish and their privations.

“The King of Naples came to Rome principally to provide a good bishop for his metropolis and pressed acceptance of the See on Cardinal Acton, who, however, inexorably refused it. When a lamentable accident deprived the then reigning family of its first-born, I well remember that the bereaved mother wrote to him as a friend, in whom she could confide, to tell her griefs and hopes, and obtain through him what could alleviate her sorrows. As to his charities, they were so unbounded that he wrote from Naples that he had actually tasted the distress which he had often sought to lighten in others. He may be said to have departed home in all the wealth of a willing poverty.” (Wiseman.)

Always frail in health, he was stricken by ague, sought restoration at Palermo and then at Naples, where he sank quickly and died on 23rd June 1847. During his last months he had striven to lighten the sufferings of the plague-stricken in Naples, reducing himself to poverty and want. This also should be enough to quicken and endear his memory to all his countrymen and especially, to those of the Household of the Faith.

On 23rd June 1947, in his titular church of our Lady of Peace, in the city he loved, a requiem was sung at which the Venerable and the Bede were represented by their honoured Rectors, Superiors and Students, together with the present and late Ministers of Great Britain, the Irish Ambassador to the Holy See, Mr and Mrs Douglas Woodruff (the latter a

grand-daughter of the Cardinal's nephew) and many others, glad to honour in this quiet but decisive manner a humble yet outstanding and most faithful servant of God, whose actions indeed "smell sweet and blossom in the dust".

H. E. G. ROPE.

## PALAZZOLA AND THE PEACE

What tomes could be written in praise of the *villegiatura* at Palazzola! How often we had wondered how much we could believe of all that we heard from those who had known what it meant to spend a summer in the shadow of Monte Cavo. So it was with a feeling of adventure, the indefinable thrill of a new experience, that we set out for the Villa after the exams and settled down to live there for three months. We had seen it in January when it had been the destination of our first Roman gita, and in spite of its bareness and war damage, we had admired its possibilities. Now, thanks to the hard work of the Vice-Rector and the advance party, we found ourselves in a building more than worthy to receive examination-worn students. As we looked out over the lake, we thought gratefully of that truly great man Cardinal Hinsley who changed the site of the Villa from Monte Porzio to Palazzola, in spite of strong opposition. Palazzola is, perhaps, not the least enduring of his monuments. Monte Porzio was visited many times during the summer and some of us had the honour of being shown over the old Villa by the present occupants—the *carabinieri*. Fortunately the cells were not occupied on this occasion and so there was no objection to our wandering round. Later on we encountered one Italian who thought that we still lived in the Villa!

At Palazzola the scars of war have now almost entirely disappeared and certainly, no one would guess that it had suffered several bombardments during the war. The church is in excellent condition and all the windows have now been restored. The walls have been cleaned up and after much

hard scrubbing and polishing by the advance party the floor and benches look very well. The roof is rather difficult to get at and it required a long campaign to dislodge the many spiders and webs, and even now the victory is not complete. The bronze candlesticks which Mgr Carroll-Abbing rescued and carried off to Rome while the German soldiers were in occupation of the Villa, are now restored to their rightful place and harmonize very well with their surroundings. In fact, everyone found the dignified simplicity of the altar and of the whole church most attractive, especially in contrast with the over-elaborate style of many Roman churches. The Sisters, too, have worked very hard to make their chapel as good as ever, and the transformation is amazing.

Furniture is a very serious problem. Much was carried off by the Germans while they were here, but afterwards, they replaced what they had removed with excellent furniture from houses in Rome. Unfortunately, this was again removed later on in the war and very little remained when the College returned to Rome in October 1946. The only way to solve the problem was to bring furniture out from Rome to the villa, which called for careful organization in order to ensure that everyone had at least the bare necessities of life. Besides the advance party another party was required in Rome to load a lorry with a variety of articles that it was a wonder to behold. In the event the removal to Palazzola worked very smoothly.

The Refectory remains as it was with the exception of the walls which the Germans apparently found too bare in their virgin white. Some artist amongst them exercised his talents on every available space and the results certainly add a touch of colour. The sketches might have been inspired by Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. They depict spears, swords and shields, and all the military paraphernalia of past chivalry. One picture shows two heraldic trumpets emblazoned with the German eagle. Another which has caused much speculation shows a harp of massive proportions. Our friends from the German College were very interested in the drawings but were unable to suggest any explanation for the harp. Opinions are divided on the question as to whether the paintings improve the wall or not.

The lake, of course, has attracted much attention. The paths down from the Villa were very overgrown when we first arrived, and only those with Red Indian blood in their veins could find their way down and up again without difficulty.

Some took as much as an hour to get down and many took even longer to get up again. One party took an hour and a half to get back, climbing under a blazing sun. Every few yards seemed to bring them up against a blank wall of rock which might have been scalable for a monkey but not for a sluggish student fresh from a University which offers no diplomas for physical agility. When they finally arrived they bore the appearance of raw recruits after a preliminary Commando course, their faces plentifully bedewed with perspiration and obscured by not a little dirt. They had one idea and one only—the Tank. It drew them like a magnet, and it was only after a long swim in its cool waters that they became once again recognizable. It was noticeable that a certain period of time elapsed before the individuals concerned again ventured down to the lake.

The first few weeks at the Villa must have been very like the early days at Palazzola when, chroniclers inform us, it was the expected thing to lose the way. Now, however, the paths are reasonably well known and the regulation time is twenty minutes to go down and half an hour to climb up again, with the Tank as an inevitable conclusion.

As a rare change from walking gitas, the Lake, provides a very enjoyable day with swimming and boating and an interval for cooking a sumptuous meal over an open fire. Only the initiates can know how excellent a meal can be made from fried eggs, tomatoes and bread. The smell alone would make the most dyspeptic as ravenous as a wolf.

It was on the *sforza* gita days that we first became acquainted with the surrounding countryside. All the old spots were visited, Monte Compatri, Mon Dragone, Frascati, Cicero's villa, the Camaldolese Monastery, Tusculum, which (now) has a new metal cross in place of the old wooden one, and all the other haunts of English College men. And then back to the *sforza* to recline gracefully under the oak trees with large slices of melon in our hands while Domenico gives the last stir to the inextricable spag. When the *sforza* gitas gave place to the day gitas, we ventured further afield to visit the ancient hills—Faete, with its romance of Hannibal, Algidus with its shattered house, all that remains of a German look-out post, and the Sabines, with their memories of the matrons of long ago.

The *sforza* has been the scene of much activity. Every corner has been inspected by some type of games enthusiast



with a view to exploitation. There has even been talk of a bowling green. Lest this be interpreted as a sign of infirmity and decadence, we hasten to add that the perennial games have not been neglected. The golf club is again swung with all the vigour of former days, if with less accuracy, and the royal game of cricket has not lost its attraction for the young in heart. There were a few games of rounders, notable for the divergence of opinions as regards rules, a divergence phenomenal even in a community not given to subservient agreement, and notable also for the supreme disregard for rules displayed when at length a system had been adopted. On the other hand we regret to say that tennis has remained in the realm of *pura possibilia*—there has been much activity on the court but the instruments have been spades and picks, not racquets.

The Golf House has risen from its ashes like the Phoenix, more splendid than before; a most substantial structure built under the masterly direction of the Vice-Rector. The roof of grass gives it something of the appearance of a South Sea Island dwelling, an imaginative touch which is somehow not out of place. Once again the Golf House has vied with its rivals, the "Wiggery" and the "Pergola", for pride of place as a spot for roasting chestnuts and heating wine after an October gita. This may prove to be the last year that we are able to roast chestnuts at all, as next year the Gregorian reopens in mid-October.

And so the *villegiatura* flits away much as it must have done in the old days at Palazzola. The similarity was particularly emphasized by the *Mikado* male chorus in their opening song asking the cortile if it wanted to know who they were. No doubt the picturesque well with its rather forlorn wheel could re-echo many responses from the past. After all, the scene must have been very similar as the cortile is little changed, only the church wall was a bit chipped.

The garden was well kept during the war and bore its fruit in due season: tomatoes to brighten our *collazione* and figs, pears and grapes "*per pranzo*". The bower of trees provided ample shade to reminisce over *caffè e rosolio*, and the four cool cypress trees lent shelter as one gazed idly at the fish pond, whose fountain no longer plays, but whose fish still swim ceaselessly round. The after-supper garden circle was still a feature of Villa life right up to the end, whilst others played cards in the Common Room. The terrace near the house

was preferred to the cypress trees and many a newcomer to the circle was led astray by the astronomy of the stalwart who star-gazed from a bench which attempted to combine rusticity with security (not always incompatible factors). Eventually, even the stalwarts retired to join the rest in the billiards room, where the log fire blazed cheerfully in the hearth, lighting up the glowing faces of the chestnut roasters and the songsters. And there we will leave them to enjoy their evening to the full, for in a few days' time they will be returning to Rome and their first *villeggiatura* will be a thing of the past.

## PALAZZOLA AND THE WAR

*(This account has been translated from an article written by Alfredo, the son of Luigi, the custode of Palazzola. Many will remember him as a boy.)*

The war came to Palazzola on the 2nd February 1943. Until then the house had been occupied by the College of the Calasancian Sisters but it had now become a dangerous place and the Sisters and the children left the Villa. Then came the first Germans. The Cardinal Protector sent three Sisters to Palazzola so that the Germans would not occupy it. But although these three Sisters remained, the Germans obtained a *permesso* from the Pontifical Villa at Castel Gandolfo and part of the house and the garden were occupied by twenty-five soldiers and fifty horses. On 10th February the Germans left, taking with them whatever they thought might be useful. On 12th February there was a heavy bombardment by the Allies and the Sisters fled while we remained alone. The same evening the Germans came to occupy the house, replying to our protests: "We are occupying an empty house". The main doors and the doors and windows which overlook the garden had all been opened by the blast and so the Germans found no difficulty in getting in. On the 18th February I went to Castel Gandolfo to tell Comm. Freddi that the Germans were burning the furniture and library books, but I was unable to get through to him. I again went to Castel Gandolfo to try to telephone on 20th February with Comm. De Cupis' caretaker and I managed to speak to Comm. Freddi the same day, explaining what was happening here at Palazzola, but I saw no one.

Some days later the Sisters came to recover the things that they had left behind when they were driven out. They found nothing. Then they recognized a sack of flour which was standing in the Germans' store-house, together with other things which belonged to them, but it was impossible to get them back because the Germans said that all these things were their property. The Germans continued to burn the furniture because they were not living in the house but in the caves, and were only making use of the house as a Divisional H.Q. One day we told the Germans to burn the firewood which was in the cortile instead of the wardrobes and tables. But they replied that the firewood caused smoke while the wardrobes and tables did not and these burned more brightly because they were varnished.

During the German occupation Mgr Carroll came twice and saw what the Germans were doing. On 25th March Count Vittorio di San Martino was sent to Palazzola to tell the Germans to respect the house as the property of the Holy See. But even while he was making this request the Germans were burning a door in his presence. This gentleman was going to take away with him a map of Rome of 590, but just as he was going it was taken away from him by the same Germans.

At Easter in 1943 the Germans took over the house as a military hospital. Then they had to equip it as before and they were working on it up to the middle of May. When the house was almost ready the Germans began to flee because the front had come much nearer. From 12th February until the beginning of March, the bombing was nearly always at night. But after this period there were raids morning, noon, and night, so much so that in one day about a hundred bombs of high calibre fell in the lake. The Germans were very pleased with this because they caught a large number of fish.

In the retreat the Germans could not carry away with them what they had brought up for the hospital, since the roads were being bombed from the air and shelled by American artillery. So all the furniture brought by the Germans remained at Palazzola and it was very nice to see the house furnished once again. During the German retreat, which began on 25th May, they brought to the *sforza* three long range guns which could fire as far as the sea. This was very unpleasant for us because the Allies began to bomb and shell the *sforza*, the Via dei Laghi and Palazzola itself.

At this time the S.S. began to retreat, which was rather terrifying for us. First they chased us out of the cave to occupy it themselves and then they even chased us from the house, saying: "The Americans will soon be here and the Americans are *niente buoni*, so come along". But we fled into the wood and a little later returned to the cave which was now free as the Germans had fled during the night.

On June 1st three bombs fell on Palazzola: the first in the cortile, the second in front of the main door and the third in the cloister, which completed the destruction of all the window panes. On the night of the 22nd June the general retreat began and for three hours the Germans were on the move. On 3rd June a Colonel of the S.S. came to us and searched the whole house. Finding nothing of his own he took away *prosciutto*, three Italian Army shirts and the material that I was keeping to make a suit as soon as the war was over.

At 4 o'clock on the 3rd June, I was standing outside the house with a friend of mine from Naples, who was staying with me, waiting for the coming of the Allies so that he could return home. Suddenly three Germans who were armed worse than brigands, came from Albano and ordered us to go with them to the front to transport munitions. My friend and I looked at one another. What were we to do? To fly was impossible, so we explained to them that we wanted to go to the house for our coats. One of them showed us his watch giving us five minutes to return. But as soon as we had entered the cortile we made straight for the tank, jumped the wall and were away into the caves. We returned to the house in the evening at about seven o'clock and found two Germans who had left their weapons in the wardrobe belonging to the Sisters so that they might be taken prisoners. So we immediately armed ourselves as a defence against other Germans. At nine o'clock the same evening seventeen Germans came to Palazzola and said: "The Americans are a hundred metres away". On the morning of 4th June, the De Cupis' caretaker called me to tell me that the Americans were already with him and by nine o'clock they had also arrived at Palazzola. As soon as they arrived they disarmed the nineteen Germans, two of whom escaped but were recaptured in the Common Room where they were trying to hide behind the fireplace. The Americans gave us many sweets, but I was so happy that I was not able to eat anything.

Soon things became a little calmer. On 5th June Mgr

Carroll came and said: "The Americans wish to occupy the house; go with him to Castel Gandolfo for the *permesso*". On the following day the Major commanding a battalion of parachutists came to Palazzola and I accompanied him to Castel Gandolfo where he obtained the *permesso* to occupy the house and promised not to touch anything that was there. We were outside the house when they arrived and saw the whole of the motor column. The first to arrive broke open the door of our cellar and stole 300 litres of wine. I cried out for payment but it was all in vain. The Americans threw away all that was in their way, because there were about five hundred of them living in the house. On 11th July they began to leave and we saw them carry away beds and tables. I went at once to Castel Gandolfo to inform them that the Americans were leaving and were taking away the furniture from the house. That same evening Comm. Bonomelli and a priest came to Palazzola to speak with the Major but he said that they had only taken away what they needed during the war.

It took five days for them all to move out and during this time some officials from the Vatican came regularly to see what they were taking away. On the 16th, Ragionier Santini came and saw the Medical Officer who was getting ready to leave. Ragionier Santini examined the whole house and saw that they had taken everything away. So Palazzola remained completely empty. A few days later the Americans brought back about thirty chairs, two tables, two mirrors and a wardrobe. Scarcely had they gone when Comm. Freddi, Mgr Carroll and a British Army Captain came and reproved us, saying that we were also to blame for the damage. I was very offended because I had gone to Castel Gandolfo twice to telephone Comm. Freddi during a bombardment at the risk of my life or of being deported by the Germans and, instead of being thanked for the care we took of the house, we were blamed.

In the summer of 1945 six families from the Vatican and some priests from the Spanish College came to live at Palazzola and these six families altogether had about twenty-three children between the ages of one and twelve. Then came the Lithuanian College. During this time Palazzola was without water—first, because there was only a little and secondly, because these children continually wasted it and so we were very short. The children shrieked from morning till night and they did nothing else but damage to the garden and the house.

The person who writes this is a young man who was born at Palazzola, has grown up there and has followed the whole course of the war there, and here declares with lively faith that everything which he has written here is the simple truth.

Palazzola 1947

ALFREDO PIACENTINI.

## ROMANESQUES

### 43.—VILLA GOLF



Prefix the word "Villa" to anything you like and that thing suffers a rich change for which the term "analogy" is mild. Take a Villa hat, now; I mean the country cousin of the Roman beaver, and yet no cousin but a new thing—hide without hair, a creature with staying power, a helmet, a lid of

price. For two-thirds of the road from Nemi to Albano mine stood up to a dribbling by waggish friends determined to see the last of it. But a hat that has passed from Vice-Rector to Props. and—rejected even by that salvage bin—finally to me assuredly has stamina. It was the wags who tired, and my Villa hat lived to see the day when a cowardly *co-gitante* hurled it down the Sibyl's torrent at Tivoli; a Viking's funeral, of a sort; it died hard, in the grand manner. Or consider the Villa cassock, that brave green flimsy, suckled on tank-water and weened on vino, badged with the stain of every osteria in the Castelli; why, its poor Roman relation cannot compare. The ignoble shine of sleeves rubbed on Gregorian varnish, the stars and stripes of laborious ink—what medals are these? And so on.

For the unprivileged many Golf is a mystery-religion of dumb initiates. Bury it in the caves of Mithras, I will not sing of it. Our Sforza air never bred the monster. If that is not Golf, so much the better for the human race; if it is truly Golf, well then I use the term wildly.



We dress for Golf. Shirted and *tande-ed* as white as the day of the week, we crown ourselves with a handkerchief, quaintly knotted, or a loud cloth-cap, or a cunning "bowler" whose dome remains fixed as you raise the brim. (This last device, you may remember, lifted the eyebrows of a Prince of the Church, a man of great heart and humour; indeed, he had need of his qualities that day—he had been welcomed to the Villa by a surprised student in a bath-towel.) The golf-balls, cow-chewed for the most part, are duly pushed down the stocking and we are ready to choose our weapons. A word about



are duly pushed down the stockings!

these tools . . . At the Villa (as at St Andrew's I should think, if the truth were told) what we may conveniently (and quite ineptly) call the Stone Age of our Golf opened with a walking stick and a tennis ball and a dash of fanaticism. The Iron Age quickly supervened and we inherited as pretty a set of railings as any wartime Government confiscated. The era of Bronze was ushered in with a shrewd advertisement in the *London Times* ("English school abroad would appreciate gift of old golf clubs"). This shook the foundations of every club house in England and brought down a shower of antiques into the waiting lap of the Venerable. More literally, they arrived in a crate. There were brassies with heads like pumpkins, niblicks grown old in the school of the English language, a left-handed set that offered hopes of a new technique to the despairing, and a children's size that wits never tired of offering to the small dark man (of whom more anon). It is another tribute to Latin intuition that the Italian customs delayed them as suspected lethal weapons addressed to "unauthorized persons", for of unauthorized persons the Villa was full.

It is the custom among the peoples of Palazzola to inaugurate their Saturnalia in the following fashion. On the first tee, in full view of a derisive gaggle of golfers (highly incompetent themselves) stands one who is appointed to open the ball (an ominous expression too often justified). The happy nominee is the Senior Student. Now this functionary, as you know, is not chosen for beauty or brains or brawn, nor—I may scarcely add—is he selected for his golfing handicap. Indeed I have given the matter some thought and yet I cannot boast having

discovered the common and minimum qualifications for the office. If the process of a necessarily limited induction is anything to go by, it would seem that the candidate must be possessed of a senatorial pecker and of an ability to keep that pecker up under the most trying circumstances. Mind you, I am well aware of the danger of confusing the aura projected by high office with the glow that comes from within; but I



I think I am right, Senior Students are born not made. I think he would look well in a toga; at present he is conferring a dignity, if not a grace, upon the pair of *tande* in which he condescends to address the ball. (It goes without saying that he has no idea of the address except that it will not be far from Tee Number One, Palazzola.) This distinguished person, then, on the occasion I speak of, is bestowing on his yet unmangled ball a concentration worthy

of less trivial things, a concentration which, focused elsewhere, might have brought him more than an *Aegre* in his last exam. A couple of airy errors which he tries to pass off as practice shots (but the Chorus of Accountants in the golf-house is calling: One, Two) are succeeded by a titanic blow, two feet in front of the trembling ball. This brings the earwigs down on the accountants' heads; it also raises a smoke cloud from which the SS emerges trying to look as if he had made no further attempts under its screen. What we may agree to call his fourth shot takes everyone by surprise. By some strange chance it is a beautiful swing; we are prepared to applaud until we notice that his hands are empty and his feet are kicking the ball into the dell with uncontained fury. The Club was subsequently retrieved in the rough under De Cupis' wall. That, if memory serves, was how the 1932 season opened.

These recollections have intruded. We had, I think, selected our implements. We have now placed them (a million to one) in the bag with the hole in the bottom. Our next step which experience makes a quick one (we know of the poised jug in the window above the door) leads us through the grey dust of the garden, up by the Earwigs' Nest—perchance arousing

(for his own good) a fourth series man to a sense of his responsibilities—past the tennis court whereon the wild thyme blows and so to the golf-house. This poultry-crate boasts perching shelves of the more knobbly sort to which our annual pest, the arboreal builder, adds interest by driving his nails (rather unusually) from under the seat upwards. Still, it is our golf-house and we are fond of it and I have never seen its like and it provides the villeggianti (black be their fa') with their winter firewood.

But look, the first couple (inventors of the go-slow strike) are calling us through. This is unprecedented; this is politeness. From my artificial tee (to which I have attached a miniature parachute) I drive short but true, a faultless five yards. This seems to please the poultry in the crate who feed on what they are pleased to call failures. They are waiting for more corn, and they get it. I suppose my partner's shot would come under the heading "slice" if that term did not imply that the ball is hit with the surface of the club-head. In him it may be unconscious genius for he has never been able to give me the prescription, but I have watched him many times and I think I know. Having carefully committed the position of the ball to memory he is free to devote his attention to the flag, which he does. The rest is easy. His eyes are still on the flag as the ball swishes into the ferns. With a dry cough I tell him so; the poultry (without the dry cough) do the same. Having now a few moments to spare I pass an encouraging word to the botanists snouting in the rough, kick my ball out of a hole which shouldn't be on the fairway anyway, and use a putter for safety. My companion (I call him companion because we meet on the greens) has taken eleven (I saw fifteen of them) to get to the hole. With my seven we halve it, so he says.

Do you remember late afternoon on the Sforza? Remember the inner peace that came from a blend of siesta, tank, Rosary and tea behind us and nothing more arduous than pontoon and a deckchair before? The sultry whiff of dry herbs; the feel of them underfoot; the untiring shrill of the grilli rubbing their knees; Cavo presiding? Have you been first to the golf-house after tea and seen the Sforza as an empty stage, waiting? (How often it must have looked so during the Exile, and no one to regard it.) But the air is already loud with catcalls. The golfer (I use the term for convenience) is once more at large.

The one with the biggest collection of carbuncles under his stockings (carbuncles by Dunlop) is excited by Carnivale's cattle, politely cropping the fifth fairway. That is why he is galloping down the field brandishing his heaviest niblick and loudly haranguing the cows in Italian at least as good as their own (*lingua Toscana, vacca Romana*). This interesting sight is too common to arrest the attention of the habitu , but it reminds me of one dreadful afternoon in October.

In the month of October our Sforza sun begins to sicken and its satellites languish with it and finally die. The cool melon on the Villa table gives place to more stolid foods; the blue tank is brown, chill, unpopular; the cold invades the very soul of us and, in unguarded moments, makes thoughts creep Greg-wards. Now of cricketers, too (as of crickets),



the golfer, on the other hand <sup>is</sup> was at his most rampant.

heat is the very life; in October, therefore, the matting is rolled up and the pozzolana deserted. The golfer, on the other hand, is at his most rampant. This, no doubt, explains the display of energy which was my undoing. It was on the fourth hole that Death stood so close to me that day. At least, I think it was the fourth because I remember noticing that, on the second round, it would have been

the thirteenth. You may recall that this short but wicked piece of Golf-captain's malevolence was a tongue of turf licking between trees lakewards; on the tip of this tongue there was a tee (a dusty tee at all times but, set my partner to drive from it and he added new glories to the sunset). Uphill at the root of the tongue sat the green which an  chelon of olives made quite inaccessible except by balloon. My partner drove first, under his customary illusion that he had won the last hole; he hit the nearest olive squarely with a gashed ball, a wooden thud and a wild laugh. Leaving him, courteously enough, to solve his own problems, I drove into a small declivity or pit in the middle of what the captain had taught us to call "the fairway". My partner being still hors de combat I

selected the most efficient excavator kept by the Villa armoury for such occasions, a genteel type of mace, and buried the ball a little deeper in the soil. Deaf (for my blood was up) to a strange hum that might have warned me I addressed myself with vigour to the work ahead. Now concerning wasps I am told, and do truly believe, that they are disposed to attack only in self-defence. I do not therefore impugn their good will but rather their ignorance of the demands, aye, of the frenzies, of golf. Their judgment is rash; they know comparatively little of double effect. So be it, the result was the same. I do not think that I have raced the full circumference of the Sforza either before or since nor (alas!) am I likely ever to do it again. My partner (that same small dark man I told you of) was a great help; he ran fleetly behind me, happily lashing at my attached wasps with many a merry cry. In the quiet embrocation-scented eve he called on me, expecting to be thanked.

Like all our offices at the Venerabile the Captaincy of Golf has attached to it neither emolument nor honour but rather obloquy and expense (that is to say, expenditure of sweat). Of what great spiritual calibre, then, are such as offer themselves for such a post? Oh, you forget the omnipotence of the Meeting's voice; this will not be gainsaid even by sober reason (recall that hardy annual, the Firebucket motion, laughed yearly out of court for no other cause than the very vehemence and persistence of its proposal). This omnipotence, it seems, is extended by common consent to the dangerous cabals of the Golf (and Tennis) addicts. There was one who sought (cannily enough) to thwart his threatened election to the post of landscape gardener to the tennis court. "Nemo tenetur ad impossibile," he thought, and he was probably right; it was before the days of the atom bomb. His method was simple: he absented himself from the meeting. What a child he was in those days! He was informed of his election by a lusty, unscrupulous embassy that thrust its way into the Common Room and carried him in triumph before the Meeting. When, in an impassioned speech, he told them that they could hang the Hat on a bush, they told him that the Hat was their affair and the bush his. And so it was.

But we were speaking of Golf. The election procedure (if "procedure" is the right word) was the same. It is evident, therefore, that Golf Captains are not so much a type as a

succession of individuals with one thing in common. This one thing is the hunted look of the election-shy, a look which the vindictive instinct of the herd interprets infallibly and implacably pursues. Oh, they lose it all right once the ferns have been cleared, and in its place they assume a hard mask behind which they weave their wicked plans. The cry of every new dictator was "Longer Holes!" In the good old days of the Villa course a mashie



5.

---- are not so much a type ----

and a putter would take you round, now you were to need a driver and a brassie and a von Nida behind them. And so it came about that all the old dogs had to learn new tricks in those days. Under the earlier dispensation our longest (and most disastrous) hole had been number seven. It was here, if I am not mistaken, that our diviner (a benign *pezzo grosso* from the Gregorian, of hitherto unsuspected parts) discovered a modicum of water. A blood-diviner would have been luckier. In my mind's ear I still have the sickening crack



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to bite the nose that fed

z..

of my ball as it hit the limestone rock below the green and returned to bite the nose that fed it. When the planner (*sic*) of the course explained that he couldn't help the rock being below the green I was too disgusted to remind him of the man who considered it a proof of Providence that all large towns are endowed with big rivers.

As I was saying, until interrupted, this seventh hole was something less than one hundred yards in length but, seen from the tee, it looked to our unaccustomed eyes like a day-gita. Hairy men trembled there and even the stylists (about one and a half per cent of the total strength) forgot a rule or two. You might have thought it warning enough for any new broom, but no. The new broom (whom we may call First Clown for short) must needs con-

template the brassies, whose despatch had lightened many a bag and heart in old England, and rub his chin and murmur: "Principale" (you would hardly credit it) "sequitur accessorium; longer clubs, longer holes". Now if ever, in your wicked student-days, you have wasted exercise-books with attempts (vain, I warn you) to supply three houses with water, gas and electricity without allowing the pipes to cross, you will appreciate the fact that, granted a measure of wit in earlier designers, lengthening the holes meant crossing them. To do him justice, the First Clown knew it. But did this stay his hand? Not a half whit. Conceive it! This, this brigand, must have crept to the secrecy of his room, taken to himself a pencil and deliberately placed the fourth tee on the third fairway. I do not deny that similar disasters had been involuntarily achieved by the erratic personnel of our great Sforza-golfing public. But for the First Clown to make it a matter of policy was, not suicide—would it had been—but mass homicide, pogrom. Half the permanent bruises on the English mission are to be laid at his door. It soon became a matter of only mild interest to see a hopping figure (and lucky at that) being assured (as if it helped) by his assassin that he did shout, didn't he? Nor will you be surprised when I assert that I have seen a brave man struck down in the very act of shouting "Fore!" himself. I hope the First Clown reads this.

\* \* \* \*

In the limpid prose of the School, operation follows the being, actions are of the suppositis. No reservations, you'll notice, for our lightest acts are a betrayal. No less than the thunderous cataract the thin, upward frolic of the fountain tells of some great head of water. If frivolity had no deep sources, who would trouble to write a Romanesque? We knew that our Villa golf was "insufferably hearty" but that phrase was minted by some visitor for the Venerabile itself. Though not without some point, it was a kindly pleasantry enough and I should be pleased (though surprised) to see it stand side by side with "Pro Petri Fide et Patria". Why? Because I think it means the abounding charity which met me like a refreshing breeze when my vessel first made the Monserrato and filled her sagging canvas on the day she sailed.

## COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th 1947, *Tuesday*. Without a doubt, the Epiphany is the end of the Christmas festivities ; and the decorations still hanging defiantly with a bleary-eyed Father Christmas trudging mournfully across the Common Room wall apparently in search of a good, old-fashioned chimney, in no way serve to soften the university benches or lighten the gloom shed by four lectures.

Returning along the Corso Emmanuele we fell in with a Communist procession of the harmless type that is composed of a few regulars and a whole host of *ragazzini*, all hoping that there might be a meal at the end of the queue. Wondering whether to sing *Faith of Our Fathers* or the *Red Flag*, we stuck to our guns, so to speak, and walked through the middle of them. The result was most disappointing and one actually raised his hat to us.

In the evening many visited the Beda College for a very pleasant tea and a play about the Jesuits. We returned in time to wish Mgr Smith a hearty *Buon' Viaggio*. His visit has been all too short. No sooner had he gone than we had to sprint down to S. Andrea della Valle for Benediction. We roared ourselves hoarse in an effort to drown the sighs and ejaculations of the crowds behind.

8th *Wednesday*. Today the temperature rose a degree and every one discovered that he had caught a cold. We sat in the Gregorian and sniffed disconsolately in harmony with all the rest : we listened resignedly at lunch as the reader brightly intoned that familiar volume, Gasquet's *History of the Ven. English College, Rome* : finally we sat in the Common Room in the company of other woe-begone 'flu victims and dejectedly exchanged symptoms in the very chairs from the depths of which we had joyfully swapped gita yarns a few days before. Then, to crown it all, as we lay in our little cot wondering if a Roman winter was always like this a happy tenor voice floated up from the *Cappellar'* asking us if our tiny hand was frozen : and it was.



9th *Thursday*. Many took the opportunity of a free morning to visit S. Andrea della Valle where during the Octave of the Epiphany Mass is said in all the various Western and Eastern rites.

In the afternoon twenty-two good men and true braved the elements and splashed about in the mud of *Acqua Acetosa* to the amazed delight of the "locals" who never tire of watching *i padri inglesi* at their antics. At normal times the Roman trams are attractive only to those who hunger after all forms of *Romanità*, but when you are caked in mud, wet, tired, bruised and sorely in need of a hot bath, they can be a real trial of patience. As we hung on to the strap for dear life and felt the pressure of alien elbows in our ribs, we comforted ourselves with the thought of a glorious hot bath, only to find on our arrival that the hot water supply had failed.

10th *Friday*. It rained during breakfast: a steady English downpour such as often spread gloom among would-be gita parties at Stonyhurst but now it brought glad thoughts and joyful faces. Over our coffee we thought of the other colleges who would arrive at the *Piazza della Pilotta* soaked to the skin while we stayed dry at home: we clustered round the garden door, watching the drops "coming down and bouncing back again", as the old song has it. Just as we were climbing the stairs the rain stopped and we nearly broke our necks hurtling down again with wings and umbrellas.

The plumbers arrived today and had a happy time mending a drain pipe on the garden side of the House which we personally had never dreamed of as being burst.

A huge hole is being dug in the *Via del Gesù* and not even the workmen seem to know what it is for. It looks more like a bomb crater than the result of a few minutes work with picks and shovels. The Italians seem to be gifted with a large measure of curiosity—"that noble quality that alone divides man from brute beasts"—and they always seem to be pulling up the road to inspect the sand underneath. Fortunately the cobbles make it a simple process and we are spared the nerve-shattering roar of pneumatic drills. The only way of crossing this cavity and of reaching the university was by a very cunningly devised bridge which saved us from leaving to make a detour.

Only a Prometheus or a Job could remain impassive on hearing the news that the Test Match is over. Our experts on the game have lost their worried look and once again one can approach the notice-board secure in the knowledge that there will not be news of further disasters.

12th *Sunday*. *Ritiro Mensile* with the morning conference given by the Rector. Colds are overpowering the sturdiest and today the Head Infirmarian himself, worn out by the cares of office and the never-ending struggle, hung his stethoscope on the wall and retired to bed.

The Superior's table, which was extended to full length during Christmas time to accommodate all the guests has now shrunk alarmingly and the Superiors huddle around it holding on for dear life, lest it should shrink away altogether as happened to Alice.

15th *Wednesday*. Today there appeared on the notice-board another letter from our Indian Student, Thomas Kaippadacherry. Perhaps we should explain that for several years now, with the welcome help of past students, we have collected sufficient money to support a student of the diocese of Nellore, where once we built a cathedral!

16th *Thursday*. A large group departed after meditation for the Catacombs of S. Callisto and returned with the startling news that it is warmer below ground than above. We thought differently on the subject after going to S. Sabina, surely the coldest church in Rome, and battling along the *Lungotevere* against a *tramontana* that made light of the dignity of the *soprana*.

To supper came Cardinal Wiseman to oust Cardinal Casquet and the reader's voice took on a triumphant note as he skipped lightly through the first page of the first volume that we practically know by heart.

17th *Friday*. The very word *gita* is enough to make even the staidest Roman turn *commosso* and tell dreamily of adventures up and down the length and breadth of Italy. One could observe this phenomenon on all sides today for there appeared a notice about the forthcoming *gita* to the Villa and a map of the Alban Hills soon found its way on to the wall of the Common Room and at once became the centre of an animated group. The old hands prefer a quiet tram to Albano and a nostalgic meander through the woods: but to counteract them there are the studious antiquarians who yearn for a tramp along the dusty Appia Antica. Also we must not forget the cheerful optimists who intend to strike out blindly across country; the wildly unbalanced who prefer a circular tour embracing Monte Porzio, Tusculum, Nemi and Anzio and finally, the usual few megalomaniacs who insist that the only way to get to the Villa is to slide up and down the neighbouring peaks all day.

18th *Saturday*. *Disputationes publicae: omnes scholae vacant*, but, in no way deceived by this subtle Jesuit wit, we turned up in force for our first taste. On the whole it was quite a normal procedure, far different from the wild accounts whispered over *caffè e rosolio* at St Mary's Hall by The Men Who Knew. As we were not represented in either faculty we could criticize freely on the way back and as we threaded our way through the Campo stalls we promised that if and when we were asked . . .

At Benediction the organ wheezed, sighed and then ceased functioning altogether. The Litany sank lower and lower until only the chosen few who are modelled on the Jetsam style were able to carry on.

19th *Sunday*. Colonel Dunne gave us an interesting talk on Rhodesia, ending with what seemed like a passionate appeal to migrate to this land of plenty. When all was over we thought someone had risen to the call but it was only the Deputy Senior Student going out to ring the bell.

20th *Monday*. Tonight's Benediction was at the church of S. Paolo alla Regola.

This evening the Rector began a new series of talks in the Martyrs' Chapel.

22nd *Wednesday*. It seems to be the firm conviction of our Choir Master that if you start the *Dies Irae* high enough, you will get half way through before it is necessary to re-intone it. At today's Requiem it was pitched so high that agonized looks appeared on every face and eyes were raised to high heaven in protest as we vainly attempted to tell the world about the *tuba mirum*.

After supper the usual pre-gita fever was evident on all faces and a lively Common Room sent us to bed in high spirits, eagerly awaiting the first light of tomorrow.

23rd *Thursday*. Many *cams* were very early in setting out and sleepy-eyed cart drivers on Campagna by-roads rubbed their eyes in astonishment as successive waves of black robed ghosts appeared for an instant in the morning gloom and then vanished as swiftly as they had come. By one o'clock all had arrived safely at the Villa and the Refectory rang with the sounds of the invasion that was a return home. Never was a prodigal son returning to his long-abandoned home happier than we were in coming back to the inheritance that we had left under force of circumstances and not by choice. It was a day of glad rejoicing with much reminiscing before the log fire in the Common Room, and after lunch the Church once more re-echoed to the sound of English voices singing a heartfelt *Te Deum*.

Tea followed hard upon the heels of lunch and all too soon we had to turn our backs on Palazzola and make our way back to Rome. The day ended with a perfect Common Room in Rome when we stretched our legs under the tables and let our thoughts and conversation wander back over what was the greatest day the Villa will ever know.

24th *Friday*. "Nunc redeamus ad auctorem" said the professor with a keen glance at our bench and we gently stretched our stiff muscles and tried to concentrate. The Aula Maxima is no place for post-gitanti and we were glad when the time came to hurry back through the Via Baullari, meanwhile comforting ourselves with thoughts of yesterday.

26th *Saturday*. Given the opportunity your Roman can adapt himself to any circumstance and none felt out of place when today we found ourselves in the Angelicum listening to a concert given by orphaned children and organized by the De Lellis brothers. Whether a scholastic aula is a suitable place for treble voices is open to debate; certainly the children were not self-conscious, nor were they intimidated by row upon row of clerics of all nationalities and costumes. The latter, in spite of being reared on syllogisms and contrasyllogisms, showed themselves surprisingly appreciative of this novel form of lecture.

27th *Monday*. We have in our midst the amateur photographer. No opportunity is missed, no group can gather without his arrival with his ingratiating smile and his call for happy expressions. The finished products are put in the Common Room and there you can observe yourself, leaning negligently on doorposts, sadly gazing out over the great city, forming one of the boisterous garden group, or rolling in the mud at Acqua Acetosa. It makes no difference really: you are expected to buy the lot.

28th *Tuesday*. Some English tobacco arrived today and served to sweeten palates jaded by three months of "Nazionale" and "Macedonian."

After supper there was a paper on Marlowe and the discussion that followed was reminiscent of the Mermaid Tavern on a Saturday night.

30th *Thursday*. Today was the Rector's birthday and to lunch came Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Mgr Duchemin, Mgr Clapperton, Fr Dorman, C.F., Fr Dyson and Fr Walsh of S. Sylvestro. After a *pranzone* worthy of the importance of the occasion, we went out to the Acqua Acetosa to play the boys of the Mark Antonio school. To their delight the result was a draw and we received a further shock when we heard the condescending remark of one small boy: "*i poveri vecchii padri*".

After supper Fr Cunningham, general of the Paulist Fathers, gave us an absorbing talk on his work on the American motor missions.

FEBRUARY 2nd *Sunday*. The Rector and the Senior Student went to the Vatican to present candles to the Holy Father and received special blessings for the College. A hearty *prosit* to Messrs Hamilton, Groarke, Alexander, Lane, Gallagher and McDonnell who received their first Minor Orders.

3rd *Monday*. The feast of the Purification was celebrated today and so we had no lectures. For the energetic a brisk walk on the Janiculum is the best substitute for Pam and from the top there is a fine view of the distant hills, especially the snow-covered Terminillo.

In the evening we had the film *The Sea Wolf* and it was so realistically filmed that you could feel the spray in your face. The film machine behaved with great restraint until the last scene which seemed to take place in a dense fog.

6th *Thursday*. The Tiber was in flood today at the Milvian bridge and some optimists confidently expected to see the Monserra' awash by evening.

7th *Friday*. On the way to the Gregorian today everyone was wearing that worried look which anyone familiar with the signs would have recognized as indicating preoccupation with minor exams.

9th *Sunday*. That chosen band, the Schola, were today carried off in a black van to broadcast over the Vatican Radio. At lunch their talk was of auditions and the future of wireless and television. The ordinary mortals who are rather slightly designated as "the choir" had to listen in silence. However, their turn will come when they hear a repeat broadcast.

10th *Monday*. Demonstrations against the Peace Treaty took place all over Rome, concentrating finally on the Victor Emmanuel monument. A ten minute silence was observed all through the city and even in the "Greg" the Italian students walked out. Those who thought that the lecture had ended were speedily disillusioned for the professor hardly faltered in his stride. The return from the University was a little difficult on account of the crowds in and around the Corso Umberto and lorry loads of *carabinieri* were much in evidence. The Campo, of course, would not be affected if an atom bomb fell on Rome and it was just as noisy as usual.

17th *Monday. Shrove Monday*: and there were gitas to all the old haunts, Tivoli, Gennaro, Velletri, Bracciano, Anzio and the usual wanderings through the Campagna. It was the first real gita day and everyone made the most of it.

18th *Tuesday. Shrove Tuesday*. We realized with a shock that Lent was upon us. Today was the sort of day that a man likes to dwell upon; rather like the moment before a cold shower when the imminent cold shiver is compared with the present warmth and found wanting.

In the evening we had a concert which seemed rather half-hearted but it struggled on manfully.

### SHROVETIDE CONCERT

- |   |                                |   |                     |
|---|--------------------------------|---|---------------------|
| 1 | SONGS                          | (a) "Good Night"—for four voices                    |                     |
|   |                                | (b) "I've got a robe"—for three voices              |                     |
| 2 | PIANO                          | (a) Sonata in C ( <i>Mozart</i> )                   |                     |
|   |                                | (b) Pavane for a Dead Infanta ( <i>Ravel</i> )      | Mr McDonnell        |
| 3 | ITEM                           | . . . Messrs Gallagher, Murphy-O'Connor, Derbyshire |                     |
| 4 | VIOLIN SOLO                    | Mofo Perpetuo ( <i>Carl Bohm</i> )                  | Mr Kenyon           |
| 5 | LIGHTENING SKETCH              | . . . Messrs Murphy-O'Connor and Lowery             |                     |
| 6 | THREE SONGS                    | . . . . .   | Mr O'Hara           |
| 7 | SKETCH "The Thread of Scarlet" |   |                     |
|   |                                | <i>Migsworth</i> . . . . .                          | Mr Williams         |
|   |                                | <i>Smith</i> . . . . .                              | Mr FitzPatrick      |
|   |                                | <i>Butters</i> . . . . .                            | Mr Lowery           |
|   |                                | <i>Landlord</i> . . . . .                           | Mr O'Dowd           |
|   |                                | <i>Breen</i> . . . . .                              | Mr Alexander        |
|   |                                | <i>Traveller</i> . . . . .                          | Mr Laughton Mathews |

Scene: A smokeroom of a small village inn. Time: the present.

19th *Wednesday. Ash Wednesday*. In the afternoon we set off to visit S. Sabina, the first *Station* church of Lent. Many for the first time were greeted by the attractive smell which some failed to realize was anything to do with the profusion of bay leaves on the floor. All were duly deceived by the false pillars which are so religiously shown to all visitors. We inspected the orange tree of St Dominic and found it looking remarkably healthy considering its seven hundred years. It occurred to us to wonder what the orange trees in our garden will look like in the year 2600. They produced a few fruit last season in spite of their unpromising situation. *Floreat in aeternum!*

21st *Friday*. Today all converged on the church of SS John and Paul, the station church. Most of Rome seemed to have had the same idea for their afternoon walk. Coming out we met Mgr Respighi who gave us his usual friendly wave. We rarely have the opportunity of seeing the processions at the station church as they usually do not appear before five.

23rd *Sunday*. Raniero has spent hours pruning a certain tree in the garden, though whether it is orange or lemon is a mystery and whether it will bear fruit a mere conjecture. Domenico holds on to a perfectly secure ladder with that patience and dignity that we know so well and beams happily upon all created things.

25th *Tuesday*. An uproar in the Cappellar' during the afternoon was the prelude to what almost amounted to a pitched battle. As if conscious of their audience (unwilling or otherwise) the rival Amazons were out to show their mettle and they were still in action when we went to tea.

The more ozone-minded of the community as usual insisted on having the windows open at the "Greg" and today this brought down upon them the long-suppressed wrath of the regular clergy who muttered imprecations from the depths of their beards and sank even deeper into the folds of their habits.

27th *Thursday*. A preliminary notice appeared about the Easter gita, but it was enough to set tongues wagging and all the old tales were brought out, dusted and presented to the highest bidder. To give another twist to the knife, the Irish Ambassador, Mr Walshe, gave us a talk on his journey to Mount Sinai and illustrated his account with lantern slides. It is a pity that our Scripture Professor cannot follow his example.

MARCH 1st *Saturday*. *Feast of St David*. Our only Welsh representative had to undergo the customary gibes at breakfast, to sit through four lectures on his *fešta* and to return to do battle with the ready wits who come from the emerald Isle.

2nd *Sunday*. Today we were privileged to have as guests at lunch the Rector Magnificus of the Gregorian University, Fr Dezza, and the Prefect of Studies, Fr Boyer. Speaking in Italian, the Rector reminded us of the debt we owe to the Jesuit Fathers, both in Rome and in England during the exile, when the Fathers lectured to us at St Mary's Hall. This was a solemn occasion for it was an official expression of gratitude of the Rector and the College to the Society, without whose help it would have been impossible for the College to exist in England. It was through the Stonyhurst Fathers that we found a home in England and it was vital to the College that the Gregorian University should recognize our degrees in Theology, as they so kindly agreed to do. As a result of this we have been able to take our places in the Gregorian course as if we had done all our studies within its walls. Fr Dezza replied to the Rector's speech in Latin that was a joy to hear, and the roar of applause that greeted him must have assured him of our sincerity.

4th *Tuesday*. At last we have finished the life of Cardinal Wiseman and now have turned to the history of Palazzola, of which we must confess an abysmal ignorance.

6th *Thursday*. The first signs of Spring were sufficient warrant for the commencement of the task of cleaning out the tank. The mud of seven years seemed to line the sides and bottom and seemed likely to defy all attempts to dislodge it. However, the workers assure us that in time the tank will return to its pristine whiteness.

7th *Friday*. *Feast of St Thomas Aquinas*, and, like all good schoolmen, we rested from our labours. It was such a nice day that we went to the Zoo and studied the monkeys: they make us feel almost human!

After supper we had another Music Lover's Concert, and very good it was.

- 1 Nocturne in B Major (Opus 32, No. 1) (*Chopin*) Mr Laughton Mathews  
 2 Song Cycle *Dichterliebe* (*Schumann*) Mr O'Hara  
 PIANO Mr McGuinness

8th *Saturday*. *Disputationes publicae*. In the faculty of Theology Mr Stewart objected.

9th *Sunday*. Mgr Heard and the Rector of the German College were guests at lunch today.

Those parading on the Janiculum this afternoon saw the advancing storm clouds over the Alban Hills and managed to reach the College before the rain began in real earnest. But the unfortunate *cam* who were walking back from St Paul's were thoroughly drenched for their pains and came in rather apologetically, their hats very much the worse for wear.

10th *Monday*. The Easter public meeting began today and the retiring Senior Student passed on the sceptre of office to his successor. From the amount of business to be dealt with we shall still be at it in July.

The hardy few who intend to take the plunge on St Gregory's grouped themselves around the tank and discussed the pros and cons from the depths of their *zimarras*.

12th *Wednesday*. Today is the anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius XII and so St Gregory's was transferred to Sunday. The less liturgically-minded took the plunge and came out blue and shivering. The faint in heart insisted that St Gregory's should be the day, whether transferred or not, and so gained a few day's respite. But even they themselves were not deceived by such excuses. Over *caffè e rosolio*, the sacred hour of confidence, the adventures of the morning waxed eloquent on the advantages of an early opening to the swimming season. By common consent all windows were shut: these March airs are quite chilly!

14th *Friday*. On going to the "Greg" this morning we found that the last stage required very difficult navigation as the whole of the Piazza Pilotta is being dug up and our path was blocked by a solid mass of earth, cobble stones, rubble and workmen. The confusion was even sufficient to dishearten the old beggar woman who spends her day on the University steps and the murmured ejaculations, which might pass as curses as well as blessings, were absent.

16th *Sunday*. *Laetare Sunday*. S. Gregorio on the Coelian Hill was packed for High Mass at which we supplied the *assistenza*. A large crowd of schoolchildren in clean smocks arrived just before the end and helped to fill the church even more. We raced back to the Monserra' to get the full benefit of the tank and retired to the Refectory to thaw out. The Rector being the guest of the German College today, the Vice-Rector presided and failed to get anything more than a hideous chuckle from the bell.

In the evening we had a film called *Conflict*, a title applicable to anything seen, or rather, almost seen, on our screen,

17th *Monday. Feast of St Patrick.* Even if you had not noticed it on your first entrance to the Refectory at breakfast, when "the green" was much in evidence, you would have realized the great occasion soon afterwards, since everyone who had the remotest connection with a certain country was endeavouring to improve on the blarney. Those still true to the Rose were hard put to it to maintain their position and the inevitable conclusion took place with all the usual vigour in the Common Room after supper.

18th *Tuesday.* Function at our parish church of S. Lorenzo in Damaso. The Stations' procession swelled to huge proportions in the Piazza della Cancelleria and eventually the head caught up with the tail. The interesting consequences were cut short by the advent of Mgr Respighi who entered the fray like the old warrior he is and soon produced order out of chaos. The blessing with the Relic was given by the Rector to a crowded church.

19th *Wednesday.* *The Feast of St Joseph* and the nuns turned out a *pranzone* fit for kings. In the evening we were presented with a concert which was well received and sent us to bed well content with life in general and ourselves in particular.

1	OCTET	
2	THREE LIGHTENING SKETCHES	Messrs Derbyshire and Rickards
3	RECITATION	Mr Stevas
4	SONGS (a) "Kerry Dances"	
	(b) "The Low-backed Car"	Mr Walsh
5	SKETCH "The Man in the Bowler Hat"	
	<i>John</i>	Mr P. J. Moore
	<i>Mary</i>	Mr Rickards
	<i>Hero</i>	Mr Derbyshire
	<i>Heroine</i>	Mr Broome
	<i>Chief Villain</i>	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
	<i>Bad Man</i>	Mr Hallett
	<i>The Bowler Hat</i>	Mr Inguanez

20th *Thursday.* We learnt with regret of the death of Brother Clarke of the Irish Christian Brothers, well known to us on account of his obtaining tickets for us for papal functions. R.I.P.

In the evening Colonel Sutherland gave an excellent talk on the raid on Dieppe and all our pet theories were brought forward and accepted or refuted as the case might be.

21st *Friday.* The Schola attended the Requiem for Brother Clarke at the church of St Joachim and also the funeral at S. Lorenzo.

22nd *Saturday.* Owing to the indisposition of the present Choir Master, two former wielders of the baton have come out of retirement and



divided the work of preparing the music for Easter between them. The pessimistic regard this as a device for fitting in extra practices.

26th *Wednesday*. The connoisseurs assured us that there was a new wine at lunch today and this, together with the news that Pam may shortly be ours, gave rather a festive air to the meal.

27th *Thursday*. In the evening we welcomed Fr Angus Buckley, O.P., who gave us a fascinating talk on Art. It was followed by a brilliant vote of thanks from the hoary infirmarian. One tends to associate votes of thanks with nervous pauses and wearisome clichés and this came as a welcome change.

Pam is stilled closed, but if you care to walk down the Via Aurelia Antica there are plenty of fields where you can lie down and watch St Peter's and Monte Mario disappearing under a heat haze—an unpleasant reminder of what is to come.

29th *Saturday*. Enthusiastic clapping at the "Greg" indicated the end of a gruelling *semestre* and to mark the event we again climbed the Janiculum for a further look at those alluring hills so soon to be ours. We loitered hopefully outside the gates of Pam in the hope that the *portiere* would take pity and let us in. But it was all in vain and we had to race across the Ponte Sisto and along the Via Giulia to be back in time for tea.

30th *Sunday*. The Schola fought their way valiantly through a difficult programme and were gratified to find that for once there was no criticism.

As many as were able tried to do the seven churches but many lost heart when they reached S. Paolo and did the last lap to S. Pietro by tram. In the evening Common Room before Retreat there was keen debate as to whether it was legitimate to do S. Pietro in the morning and then take the bus to S. Maria Maggiore in the afternoon. The majority seemed to uphold the more rigorous view. At six-thirty we had to abandon the discussion and retire under the guidance of Fr Lennon, O.M.I., until

APRIL 2nd *Wednesday* when we discovered that we still had tongues left. We learned that the Rector had departed for England and wish him a happy landing.

3rd *Thursday*. *Maundy Thursday*. After the ceremony in our own chapel we raced round to S. Lorenzo for a repeat performance. In the afternoon people dispersed to different churches for Tenebrae, the liturgical making their way along the Via Boccea to the Benedictine monastery of S. Girolamo while others visited the Gesù and S. Anselmo.

4th *Friday*. *Good Friday*. Some seized the last opportunity of doing the seven churches, whilst others climbed the Scala Santa. Huge crowds were reported at the major basilicas where the less active did the seven altars in comfort and also heard Tenebrae at the same time—an altogether admirable economy of effort.

5th *Saturday*. *Holy Saturday*. Ordinations at S. Carlo ai Catinari where 2nd Year Theology received the second minor orders. In the after-

noon 1st and 2nd Year Philosophy did their best to convince us and themselves of the joys of an Easter Week in Rome.

*Chi Lo Sa?* made an apologetic entrance just before night prayers and was thrown to the wolves. Soon there arose the sound of that mingled, hollow and real merriment which greets every number on its first appearance.

6th *Sunday. Easter Sunday. Buona Pasqua* was thundered across the Refectory at breakfast and was the beginning of a glorious day, easily the hottest this year. As the Holy Father is indisposed there was no Pontifical High Mass at St Peter's and we had our own ceremony and a hot meal instead of following the usual custom of a cold lunch. The first gita party left during coffee with ice axes and *ramponi* tied to their rucksacks and the jeers of a sceptical Common Room ringing in their ears. And here we may ease our cramped fingers and leave you to the man on the spot, for we have a date with a mountain in the far Abruzzi and mean to keep it.

In the evening we enjoyed the appearance of James Cagney in *Each Dawn We Die*, in which we were treated to a display of drama in the real barn-storming tradition. Some of the Long-Gita men have already departed to put into practice all the fair promises with which they have been belabouring us for the last three months. We wish them heartily, if incredulously, *Buon' Viaggio*.

7th *Monday*. Early rising for all this morning and eight o'clock saw an empty house as 1st and 2nd Year have a day gita today and Friday. The evening Common Room was depleted but just as lively as one would expect after a gita. All felt glad that the "Greg" had not to be faced on the following day,

8th *Tuesday* which was passed much more pleasurably amid the more leisurely time-table of Easter Week. There is an optional gita tomorrow and some are planning a trip to Anzio.

9th *Wednesday*. The weather, which so far has been very fine, looked very threatening today but it does not seem to have prevented the gita to the coast from being very enjoyable. The Schola assisted at a Mass in the Catacombs today, which was attended by a large number of British troops who are staying in Rome on an officially sponsored tour. We expect them at the College tomorrow.

10th *Thursday*. The weather was not very kind to our visitors today as the morning was decidedly wet. However, the afternoon was somewhat better and at 3.30 the army arrived *en masse* and the church was soon filled to capacity. The Vice-Rector delivered a short address on the history and aims of the Venerabile and this was followed by Benediction. We ended with the hymns "Faith of Our Fathers" and "God bless Our Pope", sung with that rousing enthusiasm which these two hymns always arouse. Tea was supplied by the C.W.L. and the Refectory was soon filled with a tea-drinking and bun-consuming multitude. A hasty tour of the College was interrupted all too soon by the departure

of our guests. It was a very real pleasure for us all to welcome our fellow-countrymen to Rome and we hope they will take away the memory of a happy hour at the English College. At supper tonight we had as our guests four of the visitors of the afternoon.

11th *Friday*. Another gita today and after an initial dullness the weather proved very pleasant. Evening saw the return of one party from Assisi. They probably wanted to get in with their gita stories before all the rest came back. It is pleasant to see the College filling up again after its temporary emptiness.

13th *Sunday*. Fortified by mountain wind and rain, we brushed aside our fast-decaying assistant and took stock. Most parties have returned blistered by mountain winds or tanned to a healthy brown colour by the sun. The customary yarns were told and received with that polite incredulity and long-suffering patience which are the hallmark of a Roman. We could tell you a tale or two about the Abruzzi, but perhaps it will keep.

To Lunch came Mgr Heard, Mgr Clements, Fr Dorman, C.F., Fr Johnson and Fr O'Hara. The Schola went to S. Gioacchino to assist at Confirmation there where the boys from the Christian Brothers' School were being confirmed.

In the evening many hurried off to S. Pietro to be present at the Beatification of Maria Goretti, the little girl of Nettuno who was murdered for defending her chastity. As the new *beata* was an Italian and also came from a district so close to Rome, the ceremony was very popular with the Romans and the Basilica was probably fuller than it was at any of the other beatifications which have taken place this year. Many were left outside frantically waving *biglietti* when the doors were closed at the beginning of the ceremony. Luckily the doors soon opened again to let out a stream of weary and half-fainting pilgrims, many of whom had spent most of the day in the Basilica patiently waiting for the ceremony to begin. As soon as the doors were opened more visitors began to pour in again and inside there was very little room to move about. The acclamation which the Pope received from his own people was deafening: the trumpets might just as well not have been playing for all that was heard of them.

14th *Monday*. At the "Greg" the various professors greeted us with dark hints about the steadily approaching exams. The last of the gitanti limped in from Assisi, very much the worse for wear. A most welcome and thoughtful innovation is the transferring of Spiritual Reading until before Supper.

15th *Tuesday*. Rome now bears a sleepy look as though it were enjoying a perpetual siesta and the "Greg", a hothouse at the best of times, is becoming almost unbearable. The swim before lunch is the inspiration which carries us through the morning and when the long-awaited moment arrives the tank is chock-full of those who want to practise a new dive, those who are learning to swim and the patient plodders who don't care how long it takes them to get across as long as they cool down in the process.

Today was revived the custom of presenting the swordfish to those attaining their majority and another tooth was written on.

17th *Thursday*. For the first time, probably, in its history *Acqua Acetosa* was today the scene of a game of cricket and the Italian workmen of the district looked on in amazement at the solemn ritual. No top-hatted denizen of Lord's cricket pavilion could have found fault with the dignified and sedate way in which the opening pair walked out to the wicket, nor for that matter with the way in which they walked back to the pavilion.

Prices are steadily rising and smokers assure us that their tobacco will soon have risen fifty per cent. There followed a long discussion on the pros and cons of the tobacco habit while the blue smoke curled upwards and out into the cortile.

19th *Saturday*. At Benediction tonight we had the old favourite, *T'Adoriam* which we first sang so shyly at St Mary's Hall when Italian was to us a closed book and the verve of a Roman congregation an unknown quantity. But now we know the meaning of those mystic words *con slancio* which every diarist worthy of the name must use in describing such occasions and we put the words into effect.

20th *Sunday*. One man returned from the Teatro Argentina so entranced by the music that he entered the tank fully clothed and swam gracefully to the other side. It was rather an impressive sight but it does not seem likely to become the fashion.

The Theologians' Concert is giving grey hairs to many—especially the Philosophers.

21st *Monday*. Today, to our astonishment, we found that the Campo had disappeared. We had always regarded it as one of the few eternal things in a world of change and evanescence, but today there was not so much as a pepper stall. In its place there was a huge hole growing steadily under the picks of hordes of workmen.

In the afternoon a heavy rainstorm freshened the air and damped the budding sopranos of the Monserra' who are now well into their summer season.

23rd *Wednesday*. *Haec dies . . . exultemus in ea!* At long last our *permesso* for Pam arrived and almost the whole College made the climb up to the Porta S. Pancrazio and into our very own gardens. Ancient haunts were sought out and the report that the soccer pitch has been ploughed over was unfortunately verified. However, we once more have access to our sanctuary from the heat of the sun and the cares of the world. How pleasantly distant seem such sordid things as exams when one is walking through green fields and breathing clear air! And we had almost forgotten what trees looked like.

We owe a great deal to Prince Pamphili for his generosity in allowing us to use his gardens. When the Rector first visited Rome after the war, the Prince expressed his regret at not being able to allow us the use of his grounds for a year as they were being used for growing food. Now he has kindly restored to us the privilege which we have enjoyed for

many years. The College first gained access to the grounds through Lady Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. She became the wife of Philip, Prince Doria Pamphili in 1839 and it was probably soon after this date that visits began.<sup>1</sup>

24th *Thursday. Feast of St George.* The Theologians' Concert in the evening was a very creditable effort considering the time of year.

- |   |                 |  |                        |
|---|-----------------|--|------------------------|
| 1 | OCTET           | (a) "Up with the Jolly Roger"                          |                        |
|   |                 | (b) "March of the Guard"                               |                        |
| 2 | RECITATION      | .  | Mr Richards            |
| 3 | SONGS           | (a) "Admiral Benbow"                                   |                        |
|   |                 | (b) "Floral Dance"                                     | Mr Clark               |
| 4 | TOP YEAR SKETCH | "Russian Mother"                                       | Messrs Peters and Swan |
| 5 | VIOLIN SOLO     | .  | Fr Ekbery              |
| 6 | SKETCH          | "The Fatal Gasogene—Passion, Poison and Petrification" |                        |
|   |                 | <i>Lady Fitztollemach</i>                              | Mr Anglim              |
|   |                 | <i>Lord Fitztollemach</i>                              | Mr Clark               |
|   |                 | <i>Augustus</i>  | Mr Murphy-O'Connor     |
|   |                 | <i>Landlord</i>  | Mr O'Dowd              |
|   |                 | <i>Maid</i>  | Mr Stewart             |
|   |                 | <i>Policeman</i>                                       | Mr Hamilton            |
|   |                 | <i>Doctor</i>  | Mr Farrow              |

Produced by Mr Devaney

25th *Friday.* Back to the "Greg" again today where references to the coming thirty theses are growing in frequency—and significance. At supper we were pleased to welcome Fr Dorman as our guest.

26th *Saturday.* An enthusiastic group have begun to clean the tank and it is interesting to see the amount of dirt that has accumulated there since the last scouring which took place in Easter Week. The spectacle of the Madre's best brush vanishing down the "exhaust" did not deter the workers in the least.

27th *Sunday.* A First Communion party in the Cappellar' provided us with unusual entertainment today. Festivities began in the morning but it was the arrival of the band in the evening that really set the ball rolling. Spiritual Reading in the Martyrs' Chapel took place with an unusual background of popular music and we walked into supper to the tune of "Roll out the Barrel". When the rejoicings finally came to an end, we cannot say. The last memory before sleep came is of crashing cymbals, throbbing drums and all the outward signs of merriment.

28th *Monday.* This evening we all gathered in the cortile to greet the Rector on his arrival back from England, in company with His Eminence Cardinal Griffin and His Grace Archbishop Masterson. When the taxi arrived we cheered enthusiastically only to find that it contained the Vice-

<sup>1</sup> For the history of Pamphili, see THE VENERABLE Vol. 3, April 1927.



Rector and all the luggage. However, this little mistake did not rob our welcome of any of its heartiness when the visitors did arrive, after having first paid their respects to St Peter's. Cameramen, professional and amateur, gathered round the Cardinal's car to get the first photograph, while some enterprising individual commandeered the car to fulfil some urgent business.

29th *Tuesday*. Today we were pleased to welcome His Lordship the Bishop of Menevia. He is in Rome in company with a large number of English pilgrims, who are once again becoming a common sight in the City.

MAY 1st *Thursday*. *Festa del Lavoro* and a day of many demonstrations all over Rome. Some extremists fancied the idea of stopping the trams and buses at regular intervals by the simple expedient of sitting down in the middle of the road. This effectually halted all traffic in the region of the Colonna for quite a time. Whole companies of *carabinieri* leaned comfortably against the wall and smiled placidly at the disturbers of the peace. It was evidently no concern of theirs if the stoppage continued all day or else they felt incapable of doing anything. Perhaps their policy of letting sleeping dogs lie was the wisest, for the bus drivers and populace in general seemed quite content to wait all day and in the end it was the demonstrators who tired first and wandered off to more exciting activities. But we wondered how an English policeman would have handled the situation and we fancied he would have managed rather more successfully than an army of *carabinieri*!

3rd *Saturday*. The coming function on Monday has brought the handy man into his own. Anyone who is even remotely practical is wandering round with a hammer looking for an episcopal throne, or with an episcopal throne looking for a hammer. To appear on the bottom corridor is to run the risk of being ordered to carry wood, hold nails, set out vestments or just stand by in case you are needed.

5th *Monday*. It was a perfect day: the sort of day when you feel you ought to be leisurely wandering across the *sforza* instead of being sunk in the depths of the *Monserra*<sup>3</sup>. However, the Pontifical High Mass sung by Cardinal Griffin went off admirably and the large group of Catholic undergraduates who were present seemed very pleased. Perhaps the most impressive part of all was the *Decora Lux* which was sung as the procession was passing along the corridor from the Church to the Martyrs' Chapel. It seemed to echo throughout the whole college.

At a *grande pranzone* the guests were His Eminence the Cardinal, His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham, His Lordship the Bishop of Menevia, Mgr Duchemin, Mgr McDade, Abbot Smith, C.R.L., Fr Flanagan and Fr Waterton. During *caffè e rosolio* the Rector expressed for everyone our pleasure in welcoming our guests and we sat back and enjoyed speeches from our visitors.

In the evening there was an excellent concert to round off a perfect day.

- 1 GLEE "The Heavens are telling" from "The Creation" (*Haydn*)
- 2 VIOLIN SOLO . . . . . Fr Ekbery
- 3 LIGHTNING SKETCHES . . . . . Messrs Rickards and Derbyshire
- 4 SONGS "Old Mother Hubbard" (*Victor Hely-Hutchinson*) Mr O'Hara  
"How Jovial is my Laughter" (*Bach*)
- 5 NIGHTMARE THESIS . . . . . Messrs Lowery and Murphy-O'Connor
- 6 QUARTET "Italian Salad" Messrs Walsh, Clark, Richards, Scantlebury
- 7 TOPICAL SONG . . . . . Mr Walsh
- 8 SKETCH Two Gentlemen of Soho

*Characters :*

<i>Plum</i>	. . . . .	Mr Richards
<i>Lord Withers</i>	. . . . .	Mr P. J. Moore
<i>Lady Letitia</i>	. . . . .	Mr Lloyd
<i>Duchess of Canterbury</i>	. . . . .	Mr Sutherland
<i>Sneak</i>	. . . . .	Mr Peters
<i>Topsy</i>	. . . . .	Mr Derbyshire
<i>Hubert</i>	. . . . .	Mr Boswell
<i>Waiter</i>	. . . . .	Mr Williams
<i>Pianist</i>	. . . . .	Mr Kirkham

6th *Tuesday*. A large contingent rushed round to the French church of S. Luigi where, rumour had it, the Cardinal was to give Benediction. The church was full of French pilgrims. We found the French style of oratory far more soothing than the Italian—we did not feel that at any moment the preacher might leap down from the pulpit and prove his point by violence. Actually Cardinal Tedeschini gave Benediction.

After supper the Literary Society welcomed Cardinal Griffin who gave a very interesting talk entitled "Rebuilding the Bridges".

8th *Thursday*. Today was the occasion of the Catacombs Mass which in England meant a walk to Whalley in the late English Spring. This year once again, it meant Mass being sung by the retiring Senior Student in the Capella di S. Cecilia at the Catacomb di S. Callisto.

9th *Friday*. 8 a.m. proved to be a busy time for the sacristans. Bishop Ellis arrived with his secretary, Fr J. D. Key, after a night journey by air from England via Geneva. His Lordship was able to join the Cardinal and Archbishop Masterson at a luncheon given in their honour at the Gregorian.

10th *Saturday*. Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Minister to the Vatican, was our guest today at a farewell lunch in his honour. We also welcomed Mgr Ryan and Mr Richard Stokes, M.P. Speaking afterwards in the Common Room, the Rector recalled to us the kindness of Sir D'Arcy during his period of office, and also the admirable way he had filled his office at different times, winning the fullest confidence of the Holy Father, and we sang a sincere *ad multos annos* to one whom we have come to regard as a great friend.



12th *Monday*. After supper an entertaining talk was given to the Literary Society by Mr Stokes on his recent tour in the Middle East. The discussion ranged from the price of oil to the question of the next general election.

13th *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Robert Bellarmine* and High Mass was sung at S. Ignazio. The Cardinal gave a short talk on St Thérèse of Lisieux in the Martyrs' Chapel before supper and afterwards appeared for the last time in the Common Room. Speeches were called for and given in the best Common Room style and a grand evening ended with a hearty "Auld Lang Syne".

14th *Wednesday*. The departure of the Cardinal amidst cheers that brought all the occupants of the flats to their windows, was balanced by the appearance of the thesis sheet with its grim reminder of things to come.

15th *Thursday*. *Feast of the Ascension*. Everyone was in the Basilica early today for the Canonization of Nicholas de Flüe. As it was the first canonization since the war whole armies descended upon St Peter's. There were many coach loads of Swiss pilgrims who had come to the canonization of their patron. The examination of *biglietti* was much stricter than usual but nearly all of us obtained good positions. The heat inside was terrific but the Holy Father seemed to stand the strain well. We were disappointed not to hear the trumpets play at the Consecration. The reason was, apparently, that the choir sang so long a *Sanctus* that the Consecration was all over before they had finished.

The ceremony finished in time for lunch and everyone returned feeling very satisfied with their first sight of a canonization. The Dome was illuminated after supper and we joined the huge crowds which went along to see it. Some merely climbed on to the College roof and had a perfect view.

17th *Saturday*. The Nottingham students departed with their Bishop for a day at the Villa. As they set out the sun was smiling gently down on the cortile with every promise of a glorious day. Unfortunately it poured with rain all day at Albano and in the evening a rather bedraggled, but thoroughly happy group of students stepped out of a taxi that had brought them back.

19th *Monday*. Our afternoon walk up to Pam was brightened by the sight of a diminutive bride and bridegroom in their First Communion dress. They were obviously thinking of the grand party to come in the evening. From what we remember of the celebration held in the Cappellar' last month, a First Communion party is worth looking forward to for months.

21st *Wednesday*. Mr Alexander Clifford of the *Daily Mail* gave an interesting talk on Russia and his opinion of the Church's chances against Communism. There followed a very lively discussion which ended all too soon and left everyone waiting for another hour or two.

22nd *Thursday*. The mechanically minded went out to see the Rome Grand Prix, and of course returned discussing the continuum.

But then even the lighter conversation tends to hinge on the exams these days, and the hunted look in some eyes becomes worse each day.

23rd *Friday*. The O.N.D. left today on a week's gita and the thought of quiet evenings in the Umbrian hills, lazy swimming off the coast of Capri, the acrid smell of Vesuvius and the more rancid smell of Venice made us go straight off and do two theses to take our minds off the subject.

25th *Sunday*. Triduum at the Chiesa Nuova, and half the house were there for the High Mass, for which we supplied the *assistenza*. The church was packed tight and it took hours to struggle near enough to see the body of St Philip. We had plenty of opportunity to reflect on the merits of Italian choirs. The *Sanctus* was at least fifteen minutes long and the relief at its ending was short-lived because the *Benedictus* lasted another ten.

26th *Monday*. High Mass, Vespers and Benediction given by Cardinal Masella completed the Triduum. Of all Roman functions that last Benediction is the greatest, and in the hot, incense-laden atmosphere we roared out *O Filippo, Amabil'santo* with a *slanciò* that did us justice, but to an accompaniment of sighs, groans, admonitions, tears, promises, petitions and shufflings of the huge crowd which pressed round the altar rails and swayed to and fro with an emotion that only a Roman congregation can show.

27th *Tuesday*. Gita. As has been said, man does not learn by history—only by personal (and often painful) experience. If this needed further proof we might quote the series of visits to Fregene in different years. Many past chroniclers have recorded the sad effects of the Fregene sun—a pleasure that should be enjoyed with restraint and not with the gay abandon with which one reacts to the mild sun of Brighton—the diary mentions many examples of those who have returned from Fregene sadder and wiser men. Yet all warnings were in vain, the wisdom of Solomon would not have deterred the headstrong band which set out so gaily for the alluring Mediterranean, and very few in number were those who returned unscathed. In place of the merry rosy-faced crowd which set out there returned a sullen, swarthy crew with complexions of a deep mahogany colour. The closing hours of the day were reminiscent of the last scene of "The Duchess of Malfi" with men collapsing on all sides. Being wise in our generation we had gone to Lake Albano.

JUNE 1st *Sunday*. *Feast of the Holy Trinity* and the last High Mass of the year sung by the Rector. To luncheon came Bishop Kyne, the late Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Abbot Langdon, Mgr Duchemin, and the Vice-Rector of the Scots College. In the evening the last film of the year, *Acque del Sud* which, considering the Whit gita, was not a suitable title.

2nd *Monday*. *Scholae vacant* and we packed off second year theology to their exam and got down to the thesis sheet.

In the evening His Eminence Cardinal Canali paid us a visit in order to be installed as Cardinal Protector of the College and to receive our



To the Superior and  
Students of the Venerable,  
with my best wishes  
and a special blessing.

M. Card. Canali

Vatican City  
July 4-1947.

homage. The Rector gave an address of welcome in Italian and then the Rector and Students kissed the Cardinal's hand in token of their obedience and loyalty to him. The Cardinal's reply to the Rector's address was also in Italian but his conclusion was in English and it came as a pleasant surprise to our generation to learn that His Eminence had visited England and had had some connection with English affairs as Secretary to the late Cardinal Merry del Val.

3rd *Tuesday*. A pleasant variation these days is Community Mass in the Martyrs' Chapel. This morning a playful breeze, the first for weeks, rustled the curtains and enabled us to breathe once again. A new notice says that there is to be hot water only once a fortnight in future. It can hardly be said that coals of fire are being heaped upon our heads!

4th *Wednesday*. It doesn't take much to set the bells ringing in Rome, and the anniversary of the liberation of the city was enough to bring forth a clamour which made study and, later, sleep impossible.

5th *Thursday*. *Feast of Corpus Christi* and the College divided up into those who prefer coolness and S. Lorenzo, and the true Romans who prefer the seething crowds and the hot air of Santa Caterina. Mass was sung at S. Lorenzo with the Schola in attendance but at Santa Caterina it developed into a glorious procession in which everyone from Farnese Bill to staid members of the O.N.D. joined in and roared out the hymns in true Roman style.

6th *Friday*. It was a shock today to hear of the death of Mgr Respighi, a well-loved figure at all ceremonies. One will miss his stumping into the Italian churches and bringing liturgical order into the over-exuberant chaos which normally ensues.

It does not take much to create a *fiesta* and the *Via Dorotea* was ablaze with mattresses, tablecloths, gaudy rugs and anything that can hang out of a window in a blaze of glory. The reason for it all was obscure and the huge crowd of the Trastevere, which was wandering from trattoria to trattoria, was far too busy to satisfy our curiosity.

8th *Sunday*. Today we once again attended the function at the little Sisters of the Poor. The Rector sang High Mass and then there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the garden. The church and grounds were beautifully decorated for the occasion and the paths were strewn with flowers. The Benediction altar in the garden was one mass of flowers arranged very artistically in the form of a cross. The church was crowded and nearly all the congregation walked in the procession and joined in the hymns whenever they could. It was most impressive, especially to those of us who were seeing it for the first time.

10th *Tuesday*. The traffic policeman at the top of the Corso Umberto has at last changed from his winter overcoat, and appeared today in splendid white and glittering with brass buttons.

Garden circles and after-supper tanks are becoming increasingly popular, but the gramophone is not functioning.

12th *Thursday*. The annual cricket game was played against the Beda on our cricket pitch at the Foro Mussolini. It was unpleasantly hot and we had to field all the afternoon while the spectators jeered at us from the shade of the rickety shed which we grace with the term "pavilion". Both teams returned in a lorry, the Beda to discuss the relatively light points of the afternoon and we to a quick tank and an hour with the sheet.

13th *Friday*. *Feast of the Sacred Heart*. The Vice-Rector announced that he wants volunteers to go to the villa on Thursdays and prepare it for the July invasion. The thought of even five minutes at Palazzola would be enough to attract the less stable, but the need for a short rest from study is likely to sway even the over-cautious.

15th *Sunday*. The new Minister to the Holy See, Mr Victor Perowne, was our guest today at lunch together with Mgr Heard and Mr Utley, 2nd secretary at the Legation to the Holy See. The Rector made a speech of welcome to the new Minister whom we hope to see often in the future.

16th *Monday*. Crowds around the notice board, *Pro Omnibus*, gave us the clue as to the news. There are to be no lectures next week because of the canonization next Sunday. Lectures took on a most boisterous air and we were even ready to smile at those Armenian "spekkers" who acquire *Alice in Wonderland* and expect you to explain it to them and keep a straight face.

18th *Wednesday*. The temperature dropped a degree during siesta and the pessimist appeared at tea in a *zimarra*. A burst of clapping after lunch denoted the end of yet another nail in the Roman year's coffin. In the evening there was little incentive to do anything except climb the road to Pam and seek shelter under the pines.

20th *Friday*. Despite the ancient rule: *plausus vetantur*, we clapped out all the professors, tipped our hats to friend and foe, and shook the Gregorian dust from our slightly moth-eaten *soprane*. The exhortation was given in S. Ignazio by Father Dezza, the Rector Magnificus. His words were an encouragement to us to be ready to follow in the footsteps of a distinguished former student of the Gregorian, and incidentally, one who is very much in the minds of English Catholics today—Archbishop Stepinac. Benediction followed at the altar of St Aloysius. The German College sang a motet at the end and then the hundreds of clerics dispersed as suddenly as they had appeared.

21st *Saturday*. Sant' Ignazio was crowded for the feast of St Aloysius and we had to kneel a full half hour before it was our turn to go up for Communion. Afterwards we joined the crowd which was inspecting the rooms of the saint.

All budding tenors accepted an invitation to attend the Pontifical Academy of Music for a choir practice for tomorrow's canonization. They hope to obtain a place near the altar, but whether they will see more than the head of the man in front is another matter.

22nd *Sunday*. Two canonizations in the one year is a generous ration, and everyone had wormed his way into a good position before the procession. The huge crowd gave the Holy Father a great reception and the Catholic Action girls and boys were clearly audible, so much so that he bent over to give them a special blessing. Afterwards many lingered in the piazza and were rewarded by the Pope giving his blessing from his study window. This reminder of how he used to bless the City during the air-raids of the war was most enthusiastically acclaimed.

23rd *Monday*. The strain proved too great for one member of theology who retired in the late hours of the night to the Blue Nuns with suspected acute appendicitis.

24th *Tuesday*. The Vice-Rector has purchased a motor bike and took it out for a trial run today watched by the admiring occupants of the garden side of the house, who sacrificed a few valuable minutes of their time to enjoy this sight.

26th *Thursday*. A lucky few departed for the villa, weighed down with colossal knapsacks of food. It seems likely they will do nothing all day but eat. The thought of an afternoon by the lake was sheer torture to men striving desparately to plumb the depths of all things theological and philosophical.

28th *Saturday*. The tank is now a dark green oily colour with a brown scum on the top. However the wild-eyed men who stagger out and fall into it during the day care nothing for its qualities so long as it keeps them cool.

29th *Sunday*. *Feast of SS Peter and Paul* with *caffè e rosolio*, ice-cream in the garden and the sudden realization that we are near the end. It did not rain, so the net in St Peter's hand was not very realistic in appearance. Conversation now is of the exams and the villa, and the walk to Pam is a greater test of strength and endurance than the Gran Sasso.

30th *Monday*. D-Day minus one, and as we viewed our chances from the shelter of the trees in Pam we came to the sad conclusion that our prospects were far from rosy. We wished we had taken the second session and would have galloped back to the Monserra' for another cram, but the breeze was cooling and the grass soft so we took forty winks: it was worth it.

JULY 1st *Tuesday*. The first of the few went out with the light of grim determination in their eye, and their evening consisted of a gruesome post mortem.

Someone has purchased a tortoise and, either out of malice or in a moment of forgetfulness, someone has dropped it in the fish-pond. It is not at once obvious how to apply artificial respiration to a tortoise but we did our best.

2nd *Wednesday*. The age-old argument began by the Porta S. Pancrazio as to which white dot on Monte Cavo was the villa. A heavy shower scattered the contestants and brought a welcome freshness to the

atmosphere. The first results arrived today and the long queue outside the Rector's room was a spur to a last endeavour.

5th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Anglim and Williams who received the Diaconate at the church of San Martino ai Monti. A plan of the villa is on the notice board and all concerned are picking rooms. If you are poetic you have the view of the lake and the noonday sun; if you are prosaic you keep cool and meditate on the beauty of the De Cupis's wall.

7th *Monday*. Trunks, cases, bedding, chairs, beds and everything else in the world was trundled downstairs and on to lorries, and the College took on a bare aspect, with walls stripped of treasured possessions and people wandering round in the most appalling cassocks.

Examinations and results are continuing with monotonous regularity, and the first session is nearly over. The first of third year philosophy departed for England in the bizarre costumes one associated with St Mary's Hall and a trip to the Pennines.

9th *Wednesday*. It is all over: we have our mark, our cases are packed and we are ready to depart. Whether one is going to Palazzola or Clapham Common the feeling is the same—anticipation of what is to come and regret that personally this was not the finest year of one's life. We have, however, burst into the Roman life as if we had never been out of it and to have survived the ups and downs of a scholastic year as we have done is no mean achievement.

We could say more, but already our successor is fitting a new nib to his pen, and with the fresh complexion of a man about to begin a great holiday is waiting for us to go. And go we shall, with our knapsacks and staffs, down the Monserra' with the sunlight slanting across it and out onto the highroads of Italy. The hardest thing in the world is to finish, but where better could we leave you than at the northern gates with a blue haze over the City, and above it all the great dome with the evening sun lighting up the cross and ball and turning them into a soft burnished gold.

JAMES LOWERY.

## PERSONAL

On Monday, June 2nd, His Eminence Cardinal Canali paid his first visit to the College since his appointment as Protector and we were very pleased to welcome him and to express our loyalty.

We send our hearty congratulations to Bishop Ellis (1916-23) on the Silver Jubilee of his ordination. His Lordship paid us a very welcome visit in May. *Prosit*, to Fr D. Ryan (1919-23) and to Fr Donnelly, D.D., who also celebrate their Silver Jubilee this year. Fr Donnelly was the first editor of *THE VENERABILE* and we congratulate him sincerely on the occasion. We hope that he will prove to be the first in a very long line of editors and that *THE VENERABILE* will continue for many years to come.

We wish to thank very sincerely Mrs Douglas Woodruff (née Hon. Marie Acton) for her kind gift to the College of the Cappa and some letters of His Eminence the Cardinal to his Mother. The Cardinal was Protector of the College from 1842 to 1847. This year is the centenary of his death and it will be remembered that the Rector, with *assistenza* and *schola* of the College, sang a Solemn Requiem for his soul on June 23rd, in his titular church of Santa Maria della Pace.

We are also very grateful to Fr Rope for presenting to the College some personal letters of Bishop Burton of Clifton.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Fr Ekbery, Ph.D., who left during the Villa after completing his doctorate. During all the years he has spent in the College as *ripetitore* and as Professor of Philosophy in England, he has been in the truest sense a guide, philosopher and friend. Our best wishes go with him to his new appointment to the teaching staff at St Edmund's, Ware.

It was with great regret that we heard of the sudden death in Rome of Fr Hannon, S.J., while we were at Palazzola. He had given the conferences for our first Retreat in Rome and was the regular Confessor to the College. *Requiescat in Pace*.

The Rev. E. H. ATKINSON has been appointed a Canon of the Nottingham diocese. He is now at The Annunciation, Chesterfield.



Other new appointments include :

REV. B. WRIGHTON, M.A. (1924-30) as Parish Priest to Holy Trinity, Hethe.

REV. F. CASHMAN (1920-7) has been appointed Vicar General of the diocese of Menevia.

REV. E. H. WAKE, D.D. (1924-31) to be Headmaster of the new school of St Peter at Guildford.

REV. J. REA, D.D. (1926-34) to Our Lady's, Bath.

REV. T. LYNCH, D.D. (1926-34) to St Joseph's, Southampton.

REV. G. DWYER, D.D., B.A. (1926-34) to Catholic Missionary Society.

REV. W. LENNON, Ph.D. (1926-33) to St Mary's, Barrow-in-Furness.

REV. J. PARK (1926-33) joins Mgr R. L. SMITH as his assistant on Religious Affairs Branch of the Control Commission at Land, North Rhine.

REV. G. PRITCHARD, Ph.D., M.A. (1927-34) to St Etheldreda's, Ely.

REV. L. HANLON (1935-42) to St Anne's, Ancoats, Manchester.

REV. T. McDONAGH (1935-42) as R.N. Chaplain.

REV. P. McENROE (1935-42) to St Charles's, Hull.

REV. E. WHITEHOUSE (1938-42) to St George's, Normanton, Derby.

REV. A. HULME (1934-40) has returned to Rome for a further year of Higher Studies.

REV. T. FOOKS, B.A. (1940-4) to John Fisher School.

REV. P. KELLY (1938-45) to Westminster Cathedral as Chaplain.

REV. J. B. CAMPBELL (1938-45) to St Edmund's College, Ware.

Last Year's Top Year have been appointed as follows :

REV. B. PETERS to St John's, Norwich.

REV. D. SWAN to be Assistant Secretary at Archbishop's House.

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

We have a large number of pre-war issues of the VENERABLE, dating from 1923 to 1939. If anyone would like to obtain any back numbers, would he please write to the Secretary.

## 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 renew our sincere thanks to Fr H. Lavery for seeing to the proofs.

The Secretary would like to remind all readers that subscriptions may be paid by cheque in the usual way.

### EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges : *The Baeda*, *The Beda Review*, *The Prior Park Magazine*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Douay Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *Claves Regni*, *The Edmudian*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Oscotian*, *The Cottonian*.

### UNIVERSITY NOTES

After a period of six years we have once more taken our rightful place at the Gregorian, and we must admit that the transition was not as difficult as some of us had feared. The recognition we had received for our studies while in England proved to be a big advantage and each man was able to continue his studies without a break and fit into his proper year at the University. The examination marks in England have been duly recognized by the authorities and are now inscribed in our *libellus*. And so in our first year in Rome we find ourselves in full working order and as regards numbers the second largest college to attend the Gregorian.

To most of us, of course, the teaching staff is new but there are many here who were on the staff in pre-war days. Fr Boyer is Prefect of studies and Dean of the Faculty of Theology, and we still have Frs Lennerz, Filograssi, Tromp, Zapelena, Moglia and Mueller with us. Of the newcomers in theology there are Frs Vignon and Flick and Fr Asensio now takes Old Testament Scripture and Fr Mocsy New Testament. Morals are now taught by Frs Hurth and Abellan, while Frs Hertling and Hansens teach Church History and Liturgy respectively.

In Philosophy Fr Arnou is Dean of the Faculty and teaches Natural Theology and, in addition, there are Frs Hoenan, Delannoeye, Naber, Morandini and Gaetani, while the Rector, Fr Dezza, teaches Metaphysics.

In the Canon Law schools the principle professors are Frs Cappello, Creusen, Bertrams and Schönegger. Fr Bidagor is Dean of the Faculty, who also lectures on *Institutiones Iuris Romani*, while *Ius Publicum* and *Ius Concordatarium* are dealt with by Fr Aguirre.

Perhaps the chief change since 1940 has been in the timetable. Lectures now begin at 8.30 and we have three periods of 50 minutes and one of 45 minutes before dinner, so that all lectures for the day are finished by 12.15 and the afternoon is free. Although this means that we have a very long morning between breakfast and dinner it seems to be generally admitted that the advantages outweigh any disadvantages.

This year the examinations were all over by July 12th, and judging by the results we acquitted ourselves very well. During the year we can claim two doctorates, one in Philosophy and the other in Canon Law. We were also able to take our turn in the monthly disputations both in Theology and in Philosophy.

Apart from the usual course of lectures there was during the year a public disputation on the Definability of the Doctrine of the Assumption; the thesis being defended by the fourth year theologian and the "objectors" including Fr Garrigou-Lagrange of the Angelicum and Fr Farges of the Lateran. The Academy of St Thomas still has its regular meetings at the Cancellaria and during Easter week there was a course of lectures on Existentialism, during which we had addresses from Jacques Maritain Etienne Gilson.

The chief books recently published at the University include :

Boyer : *De Trinitate*

Boyer : *De Poenitentia et de Extrema Unctione*

Hurth : *De Statibus*

Hurth-Abellan : *De Sacramentis*

Hertling : *Theologia Ascetica*

Dezza : *Metaphysica Generalis*

Ferraris : *Historia Ecclesiastica*

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

## LITERARY SOCIETY

A seemingly bleak outlook faced the President (Mr Swan) when, at the beginning of this the first year back in Rome since the exile, he found himself with miserably few contacts. But his persistent efforts and scouring of the City soon rewarded him with a series of good references, which resulted eventually in the introduction to the Society of some interesting speakers.

Two American chaplains and a Canadian Colonel provided three early talks on war experiences. The season commenced with a talk from Fr Benicasa, a former chaplain in the American Army, who related in a vernacular that was none too familiar, but nevertheless most entertaining, his experiences in the American forces in war-time, stressing for the most part the absurdity of the relations existing between the chaplains and the military authorities. Then Fr Cunningham—at one time chaplain in the U.S. Navy, now General of the Paulist Fathers in America—gave a talk under the arresting title of “Hollywood and all that”; but, in effect, “all that” embraced many American topics, the chief of which were the Trailer Missions of the Paulist Fathers, the political situation, a few personal war-time experiences as a chaplain, and a glance at Hollywood, while the whole talk was seasoned with anecdotes and humorous incidents. Finally Colonel Sutherland of the Canadian Army spoke on the Dieppe Raid of 1942. Although he was not an actual participant in the raid, nevertheless he was on the planning and interrogating staffs and was thus enabled to speak as a competent authority. The impression given was of a series of fateful mishaps in planning and execution owing to a serious lack of knowledge of the enemy's position and defence system. This led the speaker to summarize the raid as one in which “there was plenty of guts, but no cunning”.

Travel rarely fails to arouse interest, and the amount of knowledge that can be gained from descriptions of places is considerable if the listener be presumed to have any sort of imaginative powers. Thus four talks in this sphere provided the majority of the members of the Society with a substantial dose of geographical detail and general information. Colonel Dunne gave us a graphic description of Rhodesia, together with an historical survey of its foundation, and a vivid description of its native inhabitants. His Excellency Joseph P. Walshe, Irish Ambassador to the Holy See, described to us, with the help of lantern slides, a journey he once made to Mount Sinai. Mgr R. L. Smith, an old friend of the Society, kindly consented at short notice to give us a talk on the British zone in Germany today. Finally, Mr R. Stokes, M.P. gave us an enthralling account of his travels in the Middle East, simultaneously supplying us with a clear and up-to-date picture of the political and economic problems facing the British Government, and the difficulties of the Arabs and Jews in regard to the settlement of claims.

Two talks on politics and religion completed the season. Under the title of “Rebuilding the Bridges”, a talk given by His Eminence Cardinal Griffin proved to be very interesting, being a sort of top-drawer

report, devoid of all minor subtleties, presenting a concise picture of conditions in post-war England, and the attitude and efforts of Catholics to construct anew a stable social edifice founded on solid Christian principles. The other talk, which dealt with the Vatican and Communism, was given by the *Daily Mail* correspondent, Alexander Clifford. He had been to Russia and had seen for himself the might of Communism and was thoroughly competent in exposing the truth of this aspect. He had then come to Rome to discover if the Catholic Church could oppose the onrushing tide of this present anti-Christian menace. But on this point he could not speak satisfactorily; one was led to think that he could not have found the answer in so brief a visit in which, as he frankly admitted, his search for information only provided him with sparse second-hand material and was thus, to say the least, not much more than superficial.

Perhaps the most scholarly and entertaining literary talk this year came from Fr Angus Buckley, O.P. on the idea of Art—a talk that was scintillating with wit and humour, so deep in its comprehensiveness yet so simple in its exposition that it could not fail to arouse keen interest. It was not so much an historical survey of Art, but rather an exposition of the ways of appreciating Art in its different styles.

Thus was completed another successful year; the burden of management for next year passes to Mr Williams as President, and Mr Dakin as Secretary, to whom we extend all best wishes for good hunting.

J. B. HALLETT

## GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

Before we left Stonyhurst the solemn conviction that our return to Rome would solve all our problems made itself felt amongst us very strongly. At the final business meeting in England this conviction was more than once expressed with regard to the activities of the society. As was recorded in these notes at the time there was a general air of dissatisfaction. A new system was called for on Parliamentary lines. As a result of this the season opened with two business meetings. The first of these was an exchange of views between the President and members; the second was intended to give members an opportunity to approve or otherwise criticize the amended constitutions. Older members will be interested to learn that we found ourselves in the position of having shown dissatisfaction not with the system laid down in the constitutions of the society but with a system that had in many ways deteriorated during a long period of exile, when ignorance of constitutional methods was a regrettable fact. It was natural that the President and several members should look on this as a fulfilment of the belief that our return to Rome would solve our problems and propose that a return to the old and proper system should be made at once. Other members, however, opposed this on the grounds that even the properly constituted system held no reply to their objections. If an awkward pause in a debate occurred there was no one ready to fill the gap. Furthermore a definite speaker to open the debate on the second

night was required, they felt, to re-establish the flow of thought from the previous evening. The concrete proposals amounted to this: "There should be a Government and an Opposition each of four members, a Prime Minister to propose and an Opposition leader to oppose the motion, a seconder, a speaker to open on the second night and a fourth member ever ready to take the floor in case of an emergency. The Government should remain in office until such time as it was defeated when the Opposition should pass to the Government benches." The vote was taken and the amendment carried the day, the constitutional system being restored as the framework for this parliamentary superstructure.

It must be said that the compromise worked well. We had six serious debates. It was not altogether the President's fault when debate subjects were well worn ones. Despite many appeals he received few or no practical suggestions from members. An old favourite returned in the form of an impromptu debate. Certainly the general trend in debates was towards seriousness and several speeches were notable for sincerity and considerable thought, but let it not be said that wit was altogether neglected. There required, of course, that happy combination of clear thinking, wit and, above all, the ability not to take one's opponent too seriously as essential characteristics of the good debater. Attendances at every meeting has been remarkably high.

In view of the fairly good year's record the criticism of members at the latest July business meeting was not less constructive than before and demonstrates their keen interest in the progress of the society. It is hoped that with the minor alterations, which were suggested in view of experience, the new season will be a singularly successful one. It will be in good hands as Mr Hamilton is elected President for the coming year with Mr Hunt as Secretary.

PETER P. A. TIERNEY

## WISEMAN SOCIETY

Despite the difficulties of the transition period and the greater restriction of our time and our resources in Rome the society functioned normally during the past year. Five papers were read, a total which does not compare unfavourably with the number of papers read at former Roman sessions and at the sessions of the society in England.

Mr St John-Stevas opened the season well with a paper on "Christopher Marlowe" and avoided a common source of complaint in the past viz. the lack of provocation in the papers. The writer assessed Marlowe's writings, marshalling his arguments to support the hypothesis that had Marlowe lived longer, his genius might have overshadowed that of Shakespeare, a conclusion which was taken more seriously than perhaps the author had intended. The paper was excellently composed and delivered and, if one must find a fault, one is happy to state that the paper erred in its "provocativeness".

A second literary paper, Mr FitzPatrick's, proves that there is still much to be said about the literary giants. It was an appreciation of

Milton's poetry and dealt mainly with his imagery. The title, "Hail, Holy Light", suggests a recurring theme on which, with Darkness, Order, Music and allied subjects, the writer based his analysis. Lively discussions and questions followed and as is usual with papers on poets and poetry, there was considerable argument about objective criticism. Mr Fitz-Patrick quitted himself well, producing quotations which were plentiful and to the point, as indeed did Mr St John-Stevas in his paper. An admirable departure in both of these papers was that for the most part they were delivered extempore and not merely read.

The remaining papers were informative rather than argumentative. Mr McHugh's application, however, of his "Principles of Translation" as criteria for a judgment on Mgr Knox's translation of the New Testament, gave rise to an interesting discussion. The other two papers, "Rousseau" by Mr Hallett and "St Thomas as a Scholar" by Mr Inguanetz, were unfortunately too orthodox to invite differences of opinion.

Throughout the season attendance at the meetings was large. On the average, half the number in the house attended and most of those present took part in the discussions. With regard to actual members of the Society, if admittance is determined by the reading of a paper, there are now sixteen in the house. There is considerable ignorance of the original constitution and requirements of the Society, as the first minute-book cannot be found, but it makes little practical difference. There is more than sufficient talent in the house and great readiness to write papers, but if one must deplore anything, it is that the willingness to take an active part in the Society should seem to be limited to the newcomers.

Mr M. A. English has been elected Secretary for the coming year.

COLM SPILLANE

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

The Social Guild is the only society that has not yet taken firm root since being transplanted from England. It was anything but robust even during the early part of the year and the first breath of summer caused it to wither completely. There were four study circles which more or less fulfilled their programme but they lacked the vigour and keen interest which social subjects should arouse. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that it had not been possible to make many preparations beforehand and partly perhaps to the inevitable lethargy that steals over one in the after dinner period.

However study circles were run on Local Government, Economics, Youth and Fundamentals and, if nothing more was accomplished, at least the flag was kept flying. Towards the end of the year Mr Clark read a paper to the house on "The Background to Planning" and the meeting was well attended and the paper keenly discussed.

After a year's experience of Rome we now know our limitations and opportunities and have, moreover, the villegiatura in which to prepare subjects for study and so we can look forward to a more successful year under the new secretary Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor and his assistant Mr McHugh.

## SPORTS

## CRICKET

Pamphili being closed at the opening of the season we turned for assistance to our military compatriots in Rome. A pitch was discovered on the West bank of the Tiber, two miles beyond the Ponte Milvio, where part of a former race-course had been transformed into a filling-station for British Army vehicles. The Army, and later the Navy also, provided a number of keen games, and it was at Army 373 Rome, as the camp is registered in the score-book, that the annual Beda match was played—a far cry from Stonyhurst's field.

The Villa season was a most enjoyable one. Our first attempt to lay a pozzolana wicket was ably directed by one of the local shepherd-lads, drawing on pre-exodus experience it would appear—suspicion! Was it always by proxy, as it were, that our worthy predecessors sweated to prepare their pitches? Additional encumbrances in the form of shell-holes, tank-traps, etc., served only to intensify the traditional spirit of our peculiarly Venerable cricket. The spice of ancient feuds made for a lively game when North met South or the "Lancashire Lads" strove valiantly against "The Rest". But the event was our—almost fatal—attempt to avenge the Australian Tests: a more judicious use of the time would have made victory almost certain for the visitors. To win this match next year will be the crowning glory, we hope, of another first-rate season.

## GOLF

Luigi's cornfield, the cricket pitch, the large patch of pozzolana, the oaks and the olives and the "rough" near the road all assisted in determining the final shape and dimensions of the golf course. The "greens" are distinguished from the fairway by describing an imaginary circle four yards in radius from the pin.

After the rains the swollen earth pushed up the hole-tins so that the putter had to be discarded and a niblick used to clear the rim—an unusual complication which contributed to the skill and excitement of the game.

About ten feet of the Madre's best quality linen pillow-case material made nine brave white flags. They have since been consumed by the sheep.

During all these preparations the Vice-Rector and a working party of Philosophers of exceptional talent were engaged in the construction of the Club House. This erection has been claimed by the critics as an imperishable work of art. It is, of course, no proof against the wind and the rain—nor makes any pretence to be—but for a quiet sit down in the pensive evenings with a meditative pipe it is a place *sans pareil*.

On August the twenty-eighth everything was set for the official reopening. A brand new ball, temptingly teed up outside the house, awaited the Vice-Rector's opening shot. The day was perfect. A great number of spectators crowded the club house. After the first swing the Vice-Rector complained that a new ball always unnerved him. A second ball—a real *vecchio*—was sympathetically set on the tee. It was driven with tremendous power into a distant copse and has never been seen since. A magnificent start to a triumphant season.



## OBITUARY

### THE VERY REV. PATRICK CANON KEARNEY, D.D.

The Very Rev. Patrick Kearney, D.D., of the Diocese of Shrewsbury, died on October 22nd, 1946. On that day, the Venerable lost one of its most devoted sons—loyal with a devotion that had grown stronger with every year of his life. He will be remembered by many, and for long.

He was the man who is not easily forgotten. He was a "big" man—big in stature—big in every trait of his character. One might meet him rarely, or even only once, but he would be remembered; whether favourably or otherwise, he "impressed".

He impressed me, when I first met him, on my going to Rome in 1898. My first impressions were not all favourable; one had to know him well to discover all his good qualities. But I count it now my good fortune, that, from that date, circumstances kept me in close touch with him, and often in collaboration. We would, and sometimes did, disagree, but our friendship could stand the test, and there was always something new about him, to win affection and admiration. He will be remembered. Very often I find myself telling stories about Pat Kearney.

Intellectually, Canon Kearney was a very gifted man, a clear thinker, with a logical mind. He was not a hard student—life had too many interests for him! But he went through the Roman course without difficulty, and when his Bishop called him back to England before he could take his final Doctorate examination, he returned to Rome after a year of Parish work, just to take his Degree. He did it with ease. But all his life, it was characteristic of him, to be intolerant of those who would put sentiment above reason, and good stories are told about his incisive remarks, at diocesan conferences and elsewhere. "The Sayings of Pat Kearney" would make a very interesting and entertaining little volume—but the sayings could not be told, separated from their context and circumstances, without being misunderstood. For he could be plain-spoken, even to the point of indiscretion.

But what I think was greatest about him, was his capacity for loyalty and friendship. Loyal he was indeed to the Venerable—a Roman of

Romans, and I know how proud he was to be elected President of the Roman Association. As a friend, he could not be surpassed. In this, too, he was a big man : he had, indeed, a big heart. Many of us know his devotion to his life-long friend, Canon Frank O'Leary, and the blow which the death of that friend was to him. For behind his sometimes apparently aggressive manner, there was in Patrick Kearney, a very real and deep sensitiveness. He could be easily hurt.

There are many who will miss him. There are still more who can remember him as a student, when, I fear, he was an "enfant terrible", to the Rector and Vice-Rector. One never knew what he would do next—certainly one could never guess what he would say next. He could be the life of one of our gitas—he would scintillate in our Debating Society, with close argument and provocative phrase—one can hear now, down the years, his unmusical voice, in one of his songs, of which no one knows the origin. There are some who can remember his entry, as a young priest, into the Diocese, and how again it was a case of first, and, later, corrected impressions. Many can remember him as a Parish Priest, in county and town, with his practical zeal, his original ideas, and his straight talking. While he was Parish Priest of Middlewich, he built the church of the now adjoining Parish of Sandbach, and made a preaching tour of the Diocese, to raise funds for the cost. And a few of us know, how, in his later years, failing in health, and feeling deeply the loss of old friends and companions, he was lonely, and felt it. Pat Kearney was not made for loneliness—God grant him to be happy with his friends !

He knew that his work was done ; we all know that it was well done.

H. E. HAZLEHURST

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Diary of a Lost Soul.* By Doris Burton. Allen and Blair (distributed by Burns Oates). 1s. 6d.

Perhaps it would be true to say that the greatest harm done by modern materialism is not in converting many to its beliefs but in considerably weakening the faith of all in the supernatural order. Certainly it is true that there is a great need among English Catholics, and even more among Englishmen as a whole, for an increased understanding and conviction of the overriding importance in our lives of the supernatural. It is true that we, as a nation, are more tainted by materialism, are slower to accept the truth about spiritual things than are, for instance, the Italians. We are greatly in need of a conviction that devils do really exist, that they loathe and hate God and try in every way possible to damn the soul He has created. For it is only with this conviction, based on a real understanding of the supernatural order, that we shall realize our weakness and work out our salvation "in fear and trembling".

It is the aim of this book under review to do something towards giving the instruction and the conviction required. The method chosen, a novel and palatable one, is to present the supernatural order as seen in a concrete case by one of the devils and the book consists of extracts from the copious diary kept by this particular devil to record his work of winning over to Satan a certain Neil Randall. The work begins in the year 1916 with an attempt to prevent the baptism of newly-born Neil, son of an agnostic father and a lapsed Catholic mother—an easy task! But Neil's Guardian Angel steps in and effects the baptism by cleverly insinuating that all the best people have their children baptized. Nor is that all, for despite all the efforts of the devil, the Guardian Angel is successful in making a fine convert of the father and in bringing the mother back to the faith. From then on there is a constant warfare between the devil and the Guardian Angel and always the steady working of grace in Neil's soul despite various falls into sin. The diary ends in the year 1941 with Neil, now a priest and an army chaplain, dying in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany; the strivings of the devil have continued to the last but he is now in torment as he sees the workings of grace and the mercy of God triumph in Neil's death as a martyr, supported as he is by the ever-faithful Guardian Angel and his patron, St Stephen.

At first the language and the style appear unnecessarily stilted and archaic but very soon it is clear that these greatly help to produce the right atmosphere for a story told by the devil. The whole theology of the supernatural is carefully and completely outlined in a convincing way without interrupting the story. Apart from a sentence on page fourteen, where the devil seems to forget that venial sin is one of the best weapons in his armoury, accuracy in theology is never neglected and no difficulty is shirked. Even so, the author uses her story to the best possible advantage and, in particular, brings out very clearly the utter opposition between the devils and God, the tremendous power over evil of the Mass and the Sacraments, and the infinite mercy of God. Above all, a true balance is maintained between the great power for evil of the devils and the certainty of victory over them if we put our trust in God.

The skill of the writer is, however, best shown in the final stages which prove a fitting climax to the whole. The betrayal and death of Fr Randall are carefully, but in no way blatantly, modelled on the betrayal and death of our Lord. The betrayal by a friend, the weakness of the governor in face of threats, the throwing of lots for the clothes of the innocent man being put to death—all are there and one is struck by the fact that the vices and weaknesses of the Jews who put our Lord to death are also our vices and weaknesses! Only the victim is changed and our Lord has said that what we do to one another shall be accounted as done to Him. The comparison is, as I have said, in no way blatantly drawn; it is only on second and deeper thoughts that it becomes apparent. Thus it is with the whole book. There is far more here than can be obtained in a first reading; it is worthy of being re-read at intervals to strengthen the conviction it gives of the reality of the supernatural order. Nevertheless, the essential points are given due prominence and most people would get great benefit from even one reading. The class of readers for whom the book will be of value comprises all who have some definite belief in Christian dogmatic teaching.

It is obvious that comparisons will be made with C. S. Lewis's "Screw-tape Letters". For myself, I would say that, while the more recent work equals the other in sincerity of purpose and yields little in skill and ready wit, it has all the advantages of comprehensive Catholic teaching over one which lacks any real doctrinal basis—a great advantage indeed. Mr Lewis, deservedly sure of a large number of readers, was fortunate in having his work published in a permanent and fitting manner. On the other hand, the reading public of Catholic books is never very large, nor is it conversant with the works of Miss Burton. Publication of her work has therefore to be in booklet form. This is however a blessing in disguise for its low price makes it available for the large circulation of which it is certainly worthy. In conclusion, it can be said without hesitation that the majority will not be content with the first reading but will be drawn to get from it further understanding and conviction of that which God has revealed.

MICHAEL D. GROARKE.

*Eroismo e Carità del Clero.* By Luigi Ziliani. Libreria San Paolo.  
160 lire.

This book was not written as a commercial proposition but as a spontaneous tribute to the conduct of the Italian clergy during the 1943-5 risings. The tone of the narrative is consequently simple and sincere and is not the *fevorino* we might expect from an Italian writer with less altruistic motives. It is a simple story of the Hierarchy and priests of Italy, and of their reactions to partisan activities and Nazi persecution. It is not a continuous narrative but a series of episodes, flitting from Trieste to Sicily, Ancona to Anzio, describing the death of a *parroco* or curate, or simply mentioning some priest's self-sacrifice for his people. It is a moving account which never fails to arouse interest, but it is not a literary work. The individual purpose of the book was better achieved by this analytic method of relating short dramatic events than it would have been had the author determined on a synthetic prose style.

To us who never experienced occupation by enemy forces, it came as a shock to read how many priests gave their lives in those last months before the liberation of Italy. They were shot in most cases because of their connections with partisan activities, but in some simply because, as priests, they were the leaders of the people. In N. Italy fifty per cent of the clergy were persecuted or shot. In Turin alone twenty per cent were imprisoned. At Pedescola, when the Germans arrived, they found about fifty people, old and infirm, and the *parroco* who had stayed behind with them. The rest of the village folk were in the mountain refuges. The priest was taken to the square. He said the Act of Contrition and gave Absolution to his flock, when he was struck down. His father was killed with him and some others. The village was then burnt. Fr Morosini of Rome was arrested in June 1944. The partisans, whose secrets were all known to him, were in a panic. "*Guai a noi se P. Morosini parla. Siamo fritti!*" Asked by his captors to reveal the names of his accomplices, the priest replied: "*Giammai, io non sono un delatore ma un prete*". Condemned to death, he asked and was granted permission to say Mass. He was assisted to the end by Mgr Traglia, Vice-Gerent of Rome. These incidents are two of many, each differing in locality and circumstance, but each revealing the same sterling character in these Italian priests.

We learn that the Holy Father became known as "*Il Maestro e Artifice di Carita*", the Bishop of Trieste "*L'Angelo di Trieste*". Three cardinals are mentioned—Della Casta of Florence, whose example everyone followed in the sixty-day siege after the liberation of Rome—Pietro Boetta of Genova, whose importunity was rewarded with the release of ten of his priests and the release of certain prisoners "*che affolavano le carceri e le camere di tortura*"—Cardinal Schuster of Milan, whose work for peace and freedom there we have long since known and admired. The numberless priests who became chaplains to the partisans, travelling long distances through the Dolomites and the Valley of Aosta to bring spiritual comfort to these straggling outposts. The Corvino *parroco* who declared: "*La*

*mia politica e quella del Pater Noster. Lasciamo fare a Dio che fa meglio di noi.*" The Bishop who heard that there was a price on his beard! He presented himself at the *Prefettura*: "*Voi volete la mia barba per cento mila lire. Vengo ad offrirvela. Eccola. Datemi 100,000 lire per i miei poveri*"! After a heated discussion, the Bishop departed with 100,000 lire—and his beard. Heroism, tragedy, humour, pathos.

There are two passages however which do not ring true, which spoil an otherwise workman-like production. The introduction begins: "*Il 10 Giugno 1940 Mussolini dal balcone di Piazza Venezia dichiarava guerra alle Nazioni Unite—ma non Italia! Dichiarando la guerra Mussolini parlava in nome proprio e assumeva personalmente tutta la responsabilità*"! I would prefer not to comment on such a statement, nor to cast aspersions on its undoubted credibility. Again, commenting on the brave resistance shown by the people of the Valley of Aosta, the author describes the people as "*guidati da un solo ideale 'ridare l'Italia agli Italiani'*". This summer I was in the Aosta valley and remarked many chalked slogans which hardly gave substance to the author's statement: "*L'Aosta per la France*", "*Vive la France*", "*Nous voulons le plébiscite*".

But these inaccuracies do not affect the tone nor the excellence of this book. It is well worth the two shillings it costs at the present rate of exchange.

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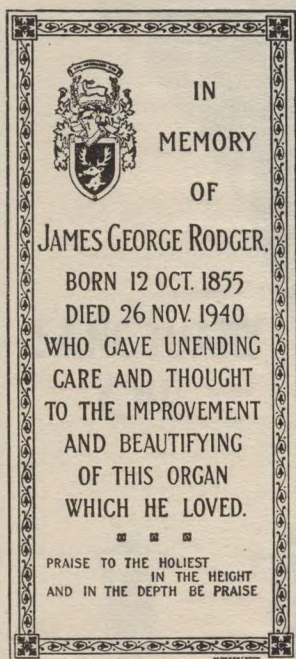
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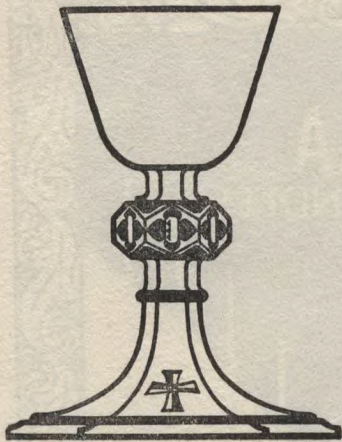
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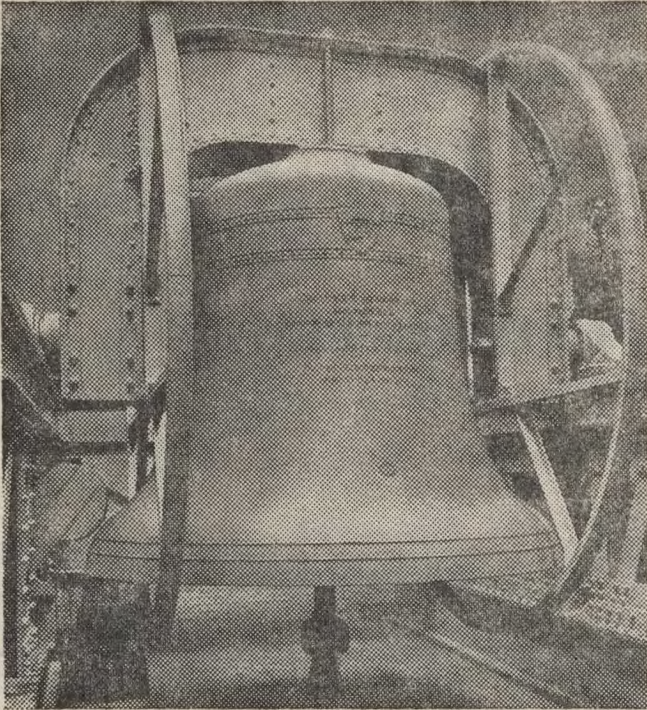


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