

THE
VENERABILE

CONDUCTED BY THE PAST
AND PRESENT STUDENTS
OF THE VENERABLE
ENGLISH COLLEGE
ROME

June 1948

Vol. XIII. No. 4

PRINTED AT THE
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

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THE VENERABLE
is published twice yearly
Literary Contributions to THE EDITOR
Subscriptions (*eight* shillings each year)
to THE SECRETARY
Venerable English College
Via Monserrato 45
Roma 116



EDITORIAL

Somewhere in the recesses of past numbers appears the first apology for late appearance of the Magazine. To it we join our own regrets. With the advent of peace our difficulties have increased. Elsewhere in this issue the Secretary gives an account of our chief embarrassment and regrets to announce an increase in the rates of subscription. In the Magazine itself no further economies are contemplated, but for the present we must abide by the reduction in size made during the years of the war.

In the present number we have endeavoured to maintain the Roman policy. With the article on Stephen Langton we hope to inaugurate a series on some of the earlier English connections with Rome : the other articles need no introduction. Our immediate hope, however, is that with the return of the College Archives in the near future we may be able to resume our work of continuing the history of the College. Meanwhile we invite contributors to fill existing gaps.

STEPHEN CARDINAL LANGTON

A GREAT ENGLISH SECULAR PRIEST

At the other side of the modern Ponte Garibaldi stands the ancient church of San Crisogono. Though it dates from at least the sixth century, the present basilica is a twelfth century building, but restoration and rebuilding by Scipio Cardinal Borghese has robbed the interior of its ancient and more severe decoration. It was from this church that Stephen Langton took his title when raised to the cardinalate in 1206, but no inscription or monument remains to record the event. At one time a hospice for English sailors stood close by. Beyond this, no link has been preserved between this church and the land of a great English archbishop and statesman.

Stephen is known to most as the architect of Magna Carta, and historians have been content to record his political activity in connection with the struggle between the baronage and the Crown which resulted in John's capitulation in 1215. The fact that he was mentally equal to this crisis to the extent of incurring disgrace at Rome because of his firm support of the "rebels" should have induced scholars to undertake some research into his earlier history. But it is only recently that students in England, France, Belgium and America have demonstrated that his claim to greatness is not so much in his statesmanship as in his theological and biblical teaching as a Master of the Paris schools. He is therefore first and foremost a European figure. In 1928, the seventh centenary of his death, Langton students decided to pool the results of their personal studies and to produce a definitive edition of his works, for without this a true estimation, not merely of his

place in the history of European thought, but also of his character and personality, is impossible. To some extent, therefore, what follows in this essay is a premature attempt to portray something of that personality. But already some material has been published, and I think that it is a sufficient warrant for the following biographical sketch.¹ Langton was an actor in several of the great issues of the Middle Ages at a period which saw the victory of the Papacy in the face of the growing power of national sovereigns. Until his works are fully edited and more research has gone into this period of history, it would be impossible fully to appreciate the part he played. This is a serious limitation when one is discussing the make-up of a personality, and consequently I must admit that a scholar will find aggravating deficiencies in this essay. However, I have chosen an aspect of the man for which there is, in my judgment, enough material. For Stephen was above all a great secular priest, and his personal qualities appear to me to justify the claim I will make that his priesthood was the dominating factor in his character. Unfortunately I can offer no more than his approach to the various problems that he had to face, and I have made no effort to construct anything in the nature of "historical solutions". What I wish most to show, is how he brought to bear on the chief work of his life, as archbishop of Canterbury and chief counsellor to the Crown, a mind already formed in the theological centre of Europe, and how completely his conduct was guided by the principles of his own theological teaching. He is an example of complete consistency between thought and conduct, and this quality shows best the attributes of the man. For it is the man behind the archbishop and statesman which is the foundation of his personal greatness. The actions he took were the inevitable result of his independent and honest convictions, and these moved him to stake his reputation on a movement among the English aristocracy which was condemned by Rome and earned for himself the suspension of his episcopal powers and disgrace at the Roman court.

¹ A very good biographical sketch and appreciation of Langton was published by Professor Powicke in 1928 (*Stephen Langton*, Oxford, 1928), and any who have read this excellent study will realize how much I am indebted to it; I would like to take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging this debt. A technical description of his *Commentaries* was published by Mgr Lacombe and Miss Beryl Smalley in 1930 (*Studies on the Commentaries of Cardinal Stephen Langton: "Archives d'histoire doctrinale et littéraire du Moyen Age"*, 1930, pp. 5-152) Grabmann gives a short estimate of his academic position in his *Geschichte der scholastischen Methode* (1911), v. 2, p. 497 ff. A short but excellent summary of his life and work is given by Miss Kate Norgate in the D.N.B. (s.v. "Langton").

It is significant that only a century or so after his death his reputation in Europe rested on his preaching and his moral theology. We possess five hundred of his sermons as yet unedited, with the exception of the sermon he preached on the occasion of the Translation of the relics of St Thomas of Canterbury. He enjoyed this reputation also among his contemporaries, though among his European colleagues the emphasis was usually on his scholarship. His countrymen, however, always saw in him the successor of St Thomas, for he found himself in almost the identical situation as the saint. Except for martyrdom he trod the same steps. Something of his own attitude is seen in the fact that the reverse side of his seal depicted the actual martyrdom, and there is plenty of evidence to show his own devotion to the saint. He stands in the middle of three great archbishops of Canterbury, the last of whom, Edmund Rich, was also a saint. All lived at a critical time in history, and, apart altogether from his part in English constitutional history, he contributed personally to the victory of the Papacy by applying the decrees of the all-important Council of the Lateran (1215) to our country. As a theologian he was outstripped by another English cardinal, Robert Curzon, who was his personal friend, but, as a man of principle and of action with a grasp of the issues at stake both for Christianity and for England, he appears as one of the great figures of the early thirteenth century.

When and where he was born and how old he was when he died in 1228 is uncertain. We know nothing about his personal appearance, and his episcopal arms are lost. He was a native of Lincolnshire and one of three brothers; the second, Simon, also entered the church and after a tempestuous career, at one moment of which, but for the Pope's veto, he was well on the way to being elected archbishop of York, he became archdeacon of Canterbury and was with Stephen when he died. Stephen must have been born about 1165, in all probability at Langton by Wragby on the old road between Lincoln and Horncastle, some fifteen miles from the cathedral city. The township was not far from Bullington where there was a famous abbey of the Gilbertines. As a boy he would have come into close contact with the clergy of Lincoln and must frequently have heard men discussing two topics: monasticism and the great issues raised by St Thomas. Though the Cistercian abbey of Kirksted, the Benedictine house at

Bardney, and the Gilbertine monastery, were all in easy reach of his home, he did not become a monk. It is open to discussion as to why he chose the secular priesthood, but he never showed any lack of appreciation of the monastic life. In the course of his lectures at Paris he touched on the historic question, "si vita contemplativa sit melior activa", and he admitted that the former was a better life; but he stressed also the advantages of his own vocation, for the works of the active life are "alms, preaching and testifying by suffering". It is clear that the choice of vocations was something to which he had given much thought, but it is also evident that his interest was centred in the problems of human responsibility, of administration and of ecclesiastical government which only indirectly touch the monastic vocation. He deplored the tendency of monastic cathedral chapters to elect monks as bishops, for, said he, only a monk of real eminence of life and learning could ever be expected to make a successful bishop. Nevertheless, he loved the seclusion of the monastic life and spent the greater part of his exile along with several of his fellow bishops at the Cistercian abbey of Pontigny, following the example of St Thomas and setting a new example for St Edmund Rich. He had a truly English dislike of the practice of pledging children to the monastic life, and where he finds exceptions, as in the case of Samuel and Saul, he makes the sober and sane comment: "dicimus quod privilegia paucorum non faciunt legem communem". He seemed to be asking for a return of monasticism to its former simplicity and purity, and its withdrawal from secular affairs which are not properly the sphere of the monastic vocation.

Stephen's childhood coincided with the last years of St Thomas who, on his circuitous flight from Northampton to the Continent at the end of 1164, came to Lincolnshire and was given a very friendly welcome by the Gilbertines who helped him to escape and gave him money. Stephen would have known the story and all the tragic details of Thomas' death. We know how the news of the martyrdom at Canterbury spread quickly across Europe. The saint was revered as much in Paris as in England. The future Innocent III, who was to raise Stephen to the see of Canterbury and also to disgrace him, visited the shrine on his way from Paris to Rome. St Thomas could not have failed to have been something of a hero to the youth, and his example must have lent

a great deal of weight to his decision to become a secular priest. That he recognized in him the model he himself must follow in maintaining the liberties of the Church and the law of God, is clear from the burning words of his sermon at the ceremony of the Translation of the saint's relics :

“ Quod beatus martyr, cujus solemnia celebramus, lucerna fuerit ardens et lucens, coelum et terra testantur. Ardens, inquam, sanctitatis exemplo, lucens documento salutifero. Dominus hanc lucernam accendit, cum electum suum in apicem eximiae praelationis erexit. Hanc etiam lucernam emunxit, cum martyrem suum exilio diuturno, contumeliis, damnis, et injuriis innumeris affligi permisit. Fuit enim haec tribulationum immensitas tanquam emunctorium hujus lucernae, quia quod beatus vir purgandum habuit, fornacis hujus flamma consumpsit. Dominus hanc lucernam extinxit, cum servum suum martyrio consummavit.”¹

I do not think that Stephen was wholly uncritical of everything that St Thomas did in his defence of the Church against the king. His own attitude to John showed more deliberation and more patience with that violent monarch than Thomas' policy in the face of similar violence on the part of Henry II.

When Stephen went to Paris in 1180, in his late teens, the great fortress of the Louvre, the “ Tower ” of Paris, was being built, and masons and craftsmen were busy on the new cathedral on the Island, the first stone of which had been laid by Alexander III in 1163. “ The nave was rising when Langton was teaching nearby, the transepts were roofed by 1198, and by 1206, when Langton left, the church was complete except for the façade and towers.”² He always lived in close connection with this church and in due course was elected a canon of the Chapter ; for a long time his obit was kept on 7th July, a date of which he would have fully approved and an indication of how Paris joined his memory with that of Becket. Paris by this time had entered the period of its greatest fame, and English names are not infrequent among the lists of the Masters. To mention only a few who lived about the same time as Langton, there was Robert Curzon who organized the studies of the University in 1215, Richard of St Victor, a Scot, who was famed for his lectures on the Trinity, Adam of Bangor sur-

¹ The sermon is printed in the appendix to the second volume of Giles *Vita S. Thomae*.

² Powicke, p. 25.

named "Parvipontanus" because he set up his school on the Petit Pont, Alexander Neckham, with a reputation for encyclopaedic knowledge, Gerard Pucelle, later bishop of Coventry, William of Leicester, etc. Stephen came under the influence of the great school of Chartres, represented at this time by Peter of Rheims, known as "The Chanter". Along with Peter of Troyes, with the less dignified title of "The Eater" (probably dead by the time Stephen reached Paris), Peter the Chanter had established the reputation of the biblical-moral school at Paris, with its love of the Scriptures, a rather unrestrained taste for allegorical interpretation and an immense interest in practical moral questions and the virtues of daily life. After learning his theology under this great master, Stephen set up his own school. As a teacher he won a great reputation among his contemporaries, and he is mentioned by the chroniclers of the period. Robert of Auxerre says of him :

"Quite recently the Pope raised to the cardinalate a man of exemplary life and famous among the masters of Paris for his prolific knowledge of the Scriptures."

Another writer, Otto of St Blaise, gives two references to Stephen :

"In England after the death of the archbishop of Canterbury Hubert Walter, at the king's command a certain cleric called John Grait (? de Grey) was elected : this election was quashed by the Pope in the presence of the monks (the proctors) at Rome and Master Stephen de Languetone was elected and created archbishop, 'nominatissimus doctor theologus', of whom we have his books on the prophets, on the psalms and postils on the epistles of St Paul : he is said to have written many other works. He came to France upon his expulsion by John the king, and set up residence at Pontigny where he did a great deal of writing."

The other notice is for the year 1228 :

"In England died the archbishop of Canterbury, a theologian known above all others of his time, who wrote many theological commentaries and books worthy of the consideration of later ages, one of them on Ysaias, another on the XII Prophets and certain Postils on the Epistles of St Paul."

The pseudo-Henry of Ghent in his "De Viris illustribus" gives this description of him :

"Stephen, by birth an Englishman, presided over the faculty of Arts at Paris, after which he directed a school of theology and taught that science with great distinction. He was the first who began to comment the whole Bible in its moral and full sense, and left in writing his moral explanation of the Heptateuch and of Kings. He wrote a subtle moral gloss on the XII Prophets, explaining them after the method used in the scholastic 'lectio'."

There can be no doubt that in the minds of these annalists Stephen was a great Scripture scholar and a moral theologian of note. Grabmann, in his estimate of Stephen's contribution to the history of Scholasticism, has no hesitation in pointing to the claim of his Scripture studies. It is well known that the present arrangement of the Books of the Bible and their division into chapters of roughly equal length are his work. These divisions are the work of a teacher who needed the Scriptures in handy sections for the purposes of lecturing; they show a serious attempt to keep a certain unity of subject matter. However, his moral questions are of more interest to anyone endeavouring to show the particular cast of mind which eminently fitted him for the see of Canterbury. Grabmann says that his "Questions" betray a theologian who had a marked preference for dialectical problems and showed a sense and understanding of practical questions. His moral decisions are excellent. But Stephen was no intuitive moralist: he made sure of his principle before he applied it. What Miss Smalley calls "His incomparably pithy 'dicta'" were the fruit of mature consideration and discussion, not the spontaneous flashes of a genius.

The great principle that overshadows all his reasoning is that of the absolute domination of the natural and moral law. He is fearless in applying it to pope or king and, in his view, it is the universality of this law which is the restraining force in the exercise of all authority. This natural law is the full moral law of Christianity, not merely the divine law as seen in the light of reason alone. It overrides all positive law, ecclesiastical and secular, and no command of a superior which is inconsistent with it must be obeyed. He was himself so certain of its fundamental claims that it is the guiding principle

not merely of his dispute with John, but also with Innocent III. And, it is to be noted, Stephen had no scruples about Papal authority, which he fully accepted. Arguing from the natural law he was a fierce opponent of usury, pushing his principles to their logical conclusion in denying the right of anyone, even the Church, to benefit by usury. It will help a correct appreciation of his mind if I give something of the way he approached certain of the practical questions of his day.

What was obviously a topic of argument and discussion at this time was the relation of the ownership of property to the secular clergy. The monastic ownership of property presents no difficulty, for all the monks own their property in common. But a secular priest has a certain amount of property at his disposal. What it held "iure proprietatis" or "iure dispensationis"? In spite of authority to the contrary, Stephen argues that the secular priest has at least the right of possession in ecclesiastical property. At the same time he stresses that he is much more in a position of trust and more limited by moral undertakings than the ordinary layman. "If it comes to argument on the matter", he says, "I will not agree that my cloak belongs to any other righteous man". The whole question was raised to a national and political level by the frequent exactions of princes on the goods of the Church. By the Lateran Council of 1179 all demands of princes were to be resisted, unless the bishops and clergy recognize a real necessity such that, without ecclesiastical aid, the common weal would suffer: but there is to be no coercion. In the course of one of his lectures Stephen puts to himself this question: "A clerk is immune from liberties, but as Christ paid to avoid scandal, so clerks ought to pay to avoid scandal". Though he is thinking of the concrete case of a prince demanding money for what he knows to be the unjust aggression of a neighbour, Stephen considers all the possibilities suggested by the question. "However just the cause may be", he replies, "the bishop ought not to give if he suspects the Church would be burdened in consequence, that is to say, if the exaction would become the ground of a custom. But if there is no such fear, and if no scandal will be caused to others, and if the king has a just cause, then assistance may be given from the goods of the Church . . . If the cause is unjust, then nothing should be given, for the land of the Church should not be involved." This reply raises the further question of an unjust war, so a further pro-

blem is put : a king attacks a castle unjustly—ought his subjects to go with him ? No, not if the king acts “*proprio motu*” ; but if there has been a formal judgment, even an unjust one, then they should go to storm the castle, “for the people are not concerned with the judgment”.¹ “Obedience is due to monarchy, provided that the king acted with the counsel of his proper counsellors. The king was subject to the higher lordship of God. He must observe custom, but he is bound by natural law.”² It would be interesting to speculate as to what would have been Stephen’s approach not merely to participation in a modern war but also to the more thorny problem of war-guilt.

He shows great interest in another question which would later affect him personally—the personal qualities and authority of a bishop. His teaching is not free from acid comments on certain of the episcopal bench of his time. Looking round his poorly-clad scholars in the school at Notre Dame, he remarks :

“Because our bishops have not had personal experience of the poverty of the life of a student, they despise poor scholars.”

While when commenting on the words “*Virga ferrea*”, he says :

“The rod of our doctors, princes and prelates is not made of iron but of lead, for it is heavy : and yet it is only lightly applied if a coin (*pecunia*) is slipped on top of it.”

Among several questions about the character of a prelate, he discusses : “Whether a prelate is bound to works of mercy above his fellows ?”, “Whether he is bound to possess perfect charity ?” and “Whether a priest or prelate is bound to be perfect ?” In the following question he gives an example of his patient and honest treatment of the obedience due to a bishop :

“A canon is at the schools (as a scholar!). His bishop, without giving a reason, summons him back. The canon has reason to think that the bishop’s action is done from regard to the canon’s temporal well-being, and not ‘*propter utilitatem ecclesie*’. Query : is the canon bound to obey ? We reply : if the custom of the church does not make residence obligatory, and he has reason to think that the bishop is

¹ “*Cum populus non habeat discutere de sententia.*”

² Powicke, p. 95.

acting for his good, he is not bound to obey. But suppose that his colleagues (in the chapter) are bad, and he is a good clerk and has reason to think that he is able to improve them, and the bishop orders him, ought he to obey? We reply: if he is in a state of perfection and knows that he will not be infected by their companionship, it is better for him to go. But if he is conscious of moral weakness and is convinced that they would easily corrupt him? We reply that he is not bound to obey in this case. And what if his conscience tells him that he can improve the canons? If indeed his conscience tells him so and also that he would not be corrupted, then he is bound to return."

This answer not merely shows Stephen's humanity but also the way he pivots the replies to many such questions on the claims of charity. Many of them precisely deal with "caritas", and throughout he shows his respect for the integrity and responsibility of his fellow men. He brushes aside frivolous instances of scandals. "Some may find scandal in my lectures, but they have their remedy (they needn't come!) and therefore I am not bound to stop." "A parishioner is scandalized by having to pay tithes. It is his duty to pay. Make him." When discussing the sacraments—and his favourite sacrament is Confession—he mixes theological with practical and legal matter and shows an honest reserve when he is not sure of the answer. On the question as to whether transubstantiation takes place if the wine is not mixed with water, he replies:

"I dare not commit myself. The Master says in the Sentences that it does, so long as the celebrant intends no heresy, in that case he must be punished. Cyprian the martyr says on the contrary that it does not, because it was revealed (!) to him that the Lord used mixed wine: perhaps the wine of Palestine is such that only mixed wine is drunk and the Lord gave this to his disciples at supper."

Always he is sober and honest. If he cannot solve a question, he says so and passes on, and is not frightened by a dilemma.

One can see the training that his teaching gave his own mind. "By the year 1200 the ablest men in Europe, men often destined for high office, had been trained to discuss practical questions in the light of first principles. Their minds

had been fed on problems and disputations.”¹ This was the preparation for the great Council of the Lateran. But Stephen’s work was not restricted to teaching; as I have already noted, he gained a European reputation as a preacher also. He joined up with Curzon in a mission in Artois and Flanders, and their efforts were mainly directed against usury. His vernacular sermons do not survive except in a few Latin translations. Haureáu says of his sermons :

“They have the rapidity of movement, the casual style of the extempore discourse, and must have won the success that always comes to literary facility. The man of action is speaking, saying in pithy, brusque phrases everything that he wishes to say. Yet at the same time he plays far too much upon words, as men of his age did—and he goes beyond the fashion in exaggeration.”²

Of this judgment Powicke remarks :

“This mingling of directness and subtlety is not uncommon in great men whose public life is inspired by profound conviction, and is perhaps especially common in Englishmen. Here it is sufficient to say that in his sermons Langton gives ample evidence of his quickness of observation, and of his intimate acquaintance with the life of men in all kinds of society.”³

As an example of his directness and simplicity, it is worth while quoting his explanation of the calling of Matthew :

“Suppose an earthly king should appoint one of his household to hear cases and complaints in his court, and a poor man who had greatly offended the king should bring before his steward some grievance which he had suffered and should count upon the royal pardon and reconciliation because he had suffered : and suppose the steward should say to him that although his sin against the king was still the same, neither greater nor less, yet he was pardoned and had been appointed also to the office of steward, so, Beloved, on this day the King of kings appointed the blessed Matthew to hear the petitions of his men in his court.”

¹ Powicke, p. 90.

² “*Notices et extraits de quelques manuscrits latins de la Bibliothèque Nationale*,” II (1891), p. 114.

³ Powicke, p. 43.

As might be expected, Stephen was devoted to our Lady, and there is still extant a famous commentary of his on the "Ave Maris Stella". That he was capable of great poetry is certain from his composition of the sequence "Veni Sancte Spiritus", a hymn in the musical tradition of Notre Dame.

With these few notes one may close this formative period of Stephen's life. In all he spent some twenty-five years at Paris, a sojourn which brought him into contact with all the great minds of his age. No ecclesiastical or political movement was unknown to him, and he would have jostled shoulders with the future court of Innocent III, the great Pope of the thirteenth century. Several testimonies of his character come from the pen of the reigning popes. When John in anger rejected Stephen's nomination to Canterbury, Innocent, in a letter dated 26th May 1207, after referring to the archbishop's career at Paris, ironically wrote to the king:

"We are very surprised that a man of such distinction and a native of your kingdom could be unknown to you, and the more so, since after we had promoted him to the cardinalate, you wrote to him to express your pleasure that he had received such an honour. But you should have taken peculiar note of the fact (here the Pope is referring to Stephen's election as archbishop) that he was born in England of faithful and loyal parentage, and that he had been given a prebend in the church of York, which is so much greater and more dignified than that of Paris."

Honorius III, Innocent's successor, writing to Stephen in 1224 and complaining against his conduct, expostulates—"You, who in comparison with all other scholars of world-wide reputation excel in universal learning and a deeper penetration of doctrine!" There is no doubt Rome thought highly of him, and his destination to Canterbury was really something in the nature of a Papal appointment. He was made cardinal in 1206 and elected archbishop in December of the same year by the proctors of Canterbury in the presence of Innocent. The Pope consecrated him at Viterbo on 17th July 1207. But John forbade his entrance into England, at one time threatening to hang him if he dare set foot on English soil. The archbishop, therefore, was forced to set up his headquarters on the Continent and chose the abbey at Pontigny. The next five years saw several attempts at reconciliation, but John had

been pursuing a policy of enriching the Treasury at the expense of church lands, especially in sees where bishops had gone into exile along with Stephen. The king heartily rejected the necessary conditions of reconciliation—the introduction of canonical elections, the restitution of stolen lands and just indemnities. These five years show the untiring patience of the archbishop. It was not till 1212, when England had been under interdict for four years, that the strong methods of a papal sentence of deposition were asked for and received by him in Rome in the company of the bishops of London and Ely. In his letter to the English people in 1208 there is not the slightest trace of bitterness or a sense of personal grievance. He obtained some mitigation of the interdict in 1209, and it is not improbable that the delay in John's own excommunication was due to his advice. In another letter addressed to the barons, he applies his well thought out principles to the matter of a subject's allegiance to his sovereign: "fealty is promised or sworn to kings . . . saving loyalty to the superior lord, the eternal king, who is king of kings and lord of lords. Hence whatever service is rendered to the temporal king to the prejudice of the eternal king is undoubtedly an act of treachery."

The main causes of the dispute between England and Rome are too well known to need much description here. Not merely an English but a European problem was at issue. Rome demanded that elections in the future should be made in accordance with the prescriptions of Canon Law. The aim was clearly to secure the election of men of the best character possible and, where they were available, of men of learning and experience. This just demand raised the issue of the conflicting claims of the lay and ecclesiastical powers and urged the superior claim of universal law to that of particular custom. With John's submission English custom gave way before the law of the Church. But Rome had no intention of depriving the Church of the co-operation of the lay power. Elections must indeed be free and lawfully conducted, but the acquiescence, and even the advice, of the lay ruler was and still is of the greatest importance for the safe-guarding of the necessary harmony which must exist between Church and State. The claims of custom as the best interpreter of law in particular cases were fully acknowledged, but they were not allowed to negative the application of ecclesiastical, natural and divine law. John's argument, therefore, that the Canon

Law, by overriding English custom, threatened his rights, was not powerful enough to invalidate the claims of the Church's law as an authoritative declaration of the moral law. Stephen, it is to be noted, did not use the principle of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope when releasing the barons from their oath of allegiance: he appealed directly to the divine law. Here I think we can notice a difference of emphasis between the way he approached the problem and the viewpoint of Innocent: the latter did not shirk to appeal directly to his prerogatives as suzerain of John and consequently argued to his right to order the details of government in England. After John's submission England was legally a vassal state and, in practice, Innocent had far too little time to bother himself with the ancient customs of a far-off land. I think he must have considered Stephen's views on the supremacy of the natural law and the independent operation of the feudal system as a little too academic for the occasion. Politically Innocent considered John as his vassal and had no hesitation in sending Nicholas of Tusculum to administer the affairs of England, especially Church affairs. Stephen, although he reconciled John, was kept to his purely ecclesiastical duties as metropolitan of the province of Canterbury and consequently had no say in the administration of the other province of York. He must have watched with growing irritation the fumbling fingers of the legate as the latter endeavoured to administer ecclesiastical problems which needed a knowledge of English law and custom for their temperate solution. He himself was quite clear in his own mind what was needed—the establishment of "ordered freedom" in Church and State. In the concrete he sought for three objectives: the full restitution of ecclesiastical property, the observance of canonical elections, and the establishment of sound government. He seems to have considered the surrender of the kingdom to the Pope as an unnecessary blunder, and the legate's leniency towards the king in the arrangements of restitution moved him to protest against the latter's interference with the rights of chapters and patrons. When Nicholas left in the autumn of 1214, Stephen was able to assume the full leadership of the English Church. As Miss Norgate well remarks—"Stranger to his native land as he had been for so many years, intimate friend of a foreign and hostile sovereign as John charged him with being, faithful and submissive servant of a foreign pontiff

as he undoubtedly was, Stephen nevertheless fell at once, as if by the mere course of nature, into the old constitutional position of the primate of all England, as keeper of the king's conscience and guardian of the nation's safety, temporal as well as spiritual".

Now, when John might have retrenched his position, he chose rather to aggravate it. And he had the ear of Rome. Stephen had already sent a complaint about Nicholas' conduct of appointments to Rome, but Pandulf, as the emissary of both king and legate, arrived in good time to dispute the archbishop's claims, which were sustained by Simon, his brother, who was acting as his agent. Pandulf represented the English bishops as "too stiff and greedy" in demanding the restitution of John's ill-gotten gains. The Pope could not be expected to see the details of the issue: he had forced John to accept his principle, and now he was ready to permit John to re-assume his kingship, keeping nevertheless a fatherly eye on his vassal. Stephen equally wished to co-operate, but he also desired—and here Innocent must have been blind to the archbishop's proved loyalty to Rome—the formal recognition of the Canon Law in England, and also some guarantee that the king would observe English customs. Again we find Innocent too busy to have the patience to see the details of the problem. Stephen, however, went ahead. In 1213 he set to work to establish right relations between Church and State—"the maintenance of the royal confidence, the observation of the coronation oath, the restoration of union and order, the restatement of English custom in the light of new necessities."¹ According to Professor Powicke, "Magna Carta" was regarded by Stephen as merely an elaboration of the coronation oath and the laws of Henry I which were the basis of that oath. He actively tried to reconcile the growing anger of the barons with the mischievous violence of the king, now bent on foreign war. He acknowledged the justice of the cause of the barons and was willing to sponsor what were objectively the demands of right, even though he was not unaware that the cause was embraced by some from doubtful motives. The king cleverly endeavoured to thwart the mounting opposition by taking the vow of a crusader and blandly complained to Innocent of the archbishop's treason. The Pope, seeing a rebellious baronage opposing a king who was his humble vassal, had no hesitation

¹ Powicke, p. 111.

in excommunicating the lot. Rather than promulgate this papal sentence against the barons, the archbishop was ready to incur disgrace. He was suspended from the exercise of his office just as he was about to leave England to attend the Lateran Council. It was the bitterest moment of his life, and he was greatly depressed. He had met complete failure—a king violent and wild, a vindictive and excommunicated baronage, an administration in complete disorder, and personal disgrace. Little wonder that he had thoughts of becoming a hermit or Carthusian.

This moment, 1215, brings out best the consistent bent of Stephen's character. He openly differed with Innocent on the supreme grounds of natural justice. He was misrepresented at the Papal Court where tittle-tattle said that his refusal to obey was based on personal objections to the Pope as a feudal suzerain whom he did not recognize. He had the added hurt of seeing Innocent, whom he had known for so long, disgrace him on the evidence of John alone. Once the Pope had publicly supported John, it is difficult to see what he could do in the face of a refusal of an archbishop to obey except temporarily suspend him. The great mistake and fault of Innocent was to trust the word of a clever and violent prince with a very bad record at Rome. Stephen, however, took the view that the Pope had acted without true knowledge of the facts. He would not act against his conscience, but he would submit to the Pope whose universal authority he freely acknowledged. His sorrows were unduly increased by the confirmation of his suspension after his arrival in Rome, just a week before the Council opened. In due course the Pope's anger seems to have subsided and the sentence was revoked on condition that the archbishop stayed away from his see—almost as cruel a blow as the actual suspension. Innocent died without admitting any other mitigation of the sentence he had passed on his friend.

It was not long before Stephen won the favour of Honorius III, and he set out to return to England. Always apostolic, he preached against the heretics in Northern Italy on the way, and against his hated enemies, the usurers of Flanders. He arrived in the country in 1218. He had not been without friends in his disgrace. Ecclesiastical opinion was divided over Innocent's support of John and his own suspension. The intellectual world of France was on his side, and even among the cardinals he found supporters, for he clearly took up a position

completely consistent with the theology he had taught at Paris. There, as I have described already, he had always taught that the Pope could not use his authority contrary to the claims of natural law or the fundamental moral law expounded in the Scriptures. But he was also the first to admit that there were difficult questions, border-line cases and knotty points; here I judge he showed himself not merely an independent thinker but an utterly honest man.

“We say that it is not our business nor is it possible to define how far the Pope can go. For who would have dared to say before the time of Pope Alexander that a woman who had not consummated her marriage could transfer herself to the monastic life . . . But afterwards when the decretal was issued, any man who had previously denied it would say that the lord pope could dispense. Similarly, I am at liberty to believe that the lord pope cannot dispense laymen from the payment of tithes, even small tithes, and Alexander’s decretal confirms this view . . . but if the Pope decreed otherwise, I should say I was in error.”

Most theologians accept papal decision, but how many are willing to say, “I was wrong”. Stephen put a limit to the amount of independent thinking he permitted himself, and that limit was the power of the Pope to give authoritative interpretations of the moral law. When a pope acted in this way, there was no course open to a true son of the Church but to silently submit.

The last ten years of the archbishop’s life are crowded with activity and alone are worthy of a separate study. In 1220 Henry III was crowned, and that year marked the vindication of Stephen’s great predecessor. “St Thomas had at last come into his own. The liberties of the Church had been secured. The right to free canonical elections by chapters had been acknowledged. The ecclesiastical courts were busy, the Canon Law was seriously taught and studied. The daily life of the Church was fully and freely open to the inspection and intervention of the Universal Ordinary. On the other hand, the period of tutelage was drawing to a close. The archbishop was no longer on probation. When he went to Rome in October of this year, carrying with him portions of the sacred relics of St Thomas, he received no half-hearted welcome . . . He was able to represent to the papal court that England was now

at peace, and that the archbishop of Canterbury need no longer be subordinate to a legate who ought, as bishop-elect of Norwich, to behave as one of his suffragans. He asked for papal recognition of the new order . . . He pointed out (that though) the right of the pope to nominate or to guide nominations to canonries and livings was undoubted . . . if it were exercised as it had been exercised of late, it would create an unhappy division of sympathies in England. To override the normal procedure without grave cause, and to encourage foreign ecclesiastics, especially Italians, to seek preferment in England, was unwise. Langton got his way on most points, and before he reached England again in August 1221, Pandulf had ceased to be legate."¹ He at once set to work to apply the Lateran decrees to England. The first provincial council met at Osney in April 1222. He received the first Dominican mission to England, sent by St Dominic from his last general chapter in 1221. Three years later the first Franciscans arrived, a few days before St Francis received the Stigmata in the Apennines. Both Orders received the utmost kindness both from Stephen and his brother. As chief adviser to the Crown, the archbishop once more asserted his independent views and complaints reached Rome from the old supporters of John, but this time the "crisis" passed quickly, and in 1225 Stephen saw the re-issue of the Charter. Honorius mooted the question of the provision of a permanent revenue from the whole Church, but, under Stephen, an English council deferred its consent till such a time as the whole Church should accede. In 1227 Henry III obtained his full independence, and a year later, in July, Stephen died at his own manor of Slindon, three miles from Arundel in Sussex.

He had shown himself as a man at home with the intellectual life of Europe, the Court of Rome, and the common man of England. He has, it is true, no claim to originality, but his mind was clear, sensible and penetrating. In his last years he was privileged to see the triumph of his own work, but I do not think he would have viewed the issue so personally—for him it would have been the triumph of the law of God and His Church. The characters that mark him out for greatness are his singular grasp of principle and consistent application of principle to the details of practice. He was, in other words, devoted to truth, and this devotion cost him exile and disgrace, a lot not easy to bear without a courageous nobility of soul. His

¹ Powicke, p. 145.

recognition of the universality of law and his cool judgment show him in a particular English light but, in many respects, he inherited this refreshing quality from his Master at Paris. It is said of him that he found difficulty in framing his lectures within the limits of the scholastic "Questio", and this detail is in complete harmony with what we know of his practical and legal mind. Between the lines one can read not merely a respect for his fellow men but also a belief in them. Whether he was a man of wit is not clear from the material I have studied, but he was not above expounding Scripture to his own purpose : he could scarcely have interpreted the Book of Ruth in the sense of an injunction to scholars not to desert the theological faculty without his tongue in his cheek. All in all, one sees Stephen as a priest of independent mind, a man of principle as well as being practical, in touch with all states of men, obviously keen to preach and hating oppression or injustice, loyal to Rome even when he profoundly disagreed with papal policy, and without a trace of offended dignity or malice. These qualities are, I think, the shining glory of a great secular priest. The somewhat conventional epitaph which was composed after his death does not do justice to him ; in its general phrases it only hints at the personality it describes :

"Presul virtutis Stephanus documenta salutis
 Vivens multa dedit, moriens a morte recedit.
 Forma gregis, clerique decus, vite speculator
 Et speculum, Christique fuit devotus amator."

But it is the epitaph of a secular priest.

ALAN CLARK.

ARVA BEATA

It was at the early hour of 6.15 of a September morning that I crossed the tarmac (at Northolt) to take a seat in the Rome plane. I occupied a comfortable single seat over the wing. The red lights glowed instructing us to fasten our safety belts and to refrain from smoking. The engines roared out; the plane began to move; and we tore along into the blinding brilliance of the rising sun. Then I realized with a gasp that we were airborne and that London was falling away as with beautiful poise and steadiness we forged into "the long savannahs of the blue". The journey was sheer delight. By the time that we had had breakfast the white cliffs of England, edged with miles of whitening surf, had come and gone and the shores of France come into view. An excellent lunch was served about half past eleven, and I was just finishing coffee and pulling comfortably at my pipe, when I noticed the familiar lines of the Alban Hills below and found that we were circling around Ciampino preparing for the descent. Stepping out of the plane I paused; there was something terribly familiar . . . the stifling, oven heat, a vivid contrast from the sharp air in England five hours before. The immediate reaction of the whole body was clamminess. I pushed my way through the heat to the *dogana* and here was a surprise. Everything was very untidy and ill-organized. There were no spick-and-span, authoritative and coldly formal black-shirted officials to gimlet you with their eyes. The passport scrutineers sat in their shirt sleeves. The formalities were easy, although long drawn out, and I was glad to get away into the bus that

took us to the Hotel Flora in the Via Veneto, the headquarters of the B.E.A.

The *carrozza* that took me to the Via Monserrato had seen better days. But then a *carrozza* by definition is a horse drawn vehicle that has seen better days. This one had a perpetual lurch towards the centre of the road to emphasize the fact, and the horse drooped and looked sadly disillusioned about this sad business of existence. The driver might have passed off as a taciturn man, had I not evidently touched off a powerful spring within him. I chattily remarked that everything seemed much the same in Italy as before the war. The dam of self pity was burst with a vengeance and I was flooded with an account of the prices and qualities of all things appertaining to the life of a *carrozza* driver. In an impassioned finale he produced a piece of soiled bread from his pocket, discoursed upon it as an example of the trash that they were condemned to eat, declared that the very *cavallo* that I beheld in front was too refined to eat it, stopped the *carrozza* in the middle of the Piazza di San Eustachio and smote the horse with it on the fleshy part of the nose. The outraged animal made as if to rear, but remembering that it was a *carrozza* horse decided not to indulge in this extra exertion. By this time the bread was well out of its reach, and the seal of Q.E.D. was put to all the argument. I asked to look at the bread, and it seemed to me that if it were not for the several coats of dirt that it would be quite reasonably resembling white, but when I mildly remarked this, the outraged man looked at me with pity and drove in silence to number forty-five. Here, Raniero, I found, was absent, but Tito received me, and soon we were on the phone to the *autista*, Angelo, who arrived, resplendent in a white coat and cap, to drive me to Palazzola. An urge for grapes and peaches, *nepoli* and *fichi grossi*, caused me to direct him to Giobbi's. Giobbi fell at once into a transport of recollection. Wasn't I with *Reverendo* Meagher and Barre on the famous cycle gita to Pratica di Mare when all the cycles fell to pieces. No? Then I was in the *camione* that time the wheel came off? No? Then, I was . . . I finally admitted to having been somewhere in order to be able to depart, paid my bill and set off for Palazzola once more. When the car turned from the top road Angelo had to make one or two skilful swerves to avoid bomb craters that had received only temporary repair, and I noticed that some of the villas on the slopes of Monte

Cavo were completely wrecked. I realized how thankful we should be that Palazzola escaped so well as it did.

Life at Palazzola proceeded as though there had been no interruption of seven years. It seemed incredible that the little habits, the odd ways, the distinctions from Roman life, should all have developed so easily and so rapidly again. The hours of confinement to *camera*; the Opera; the Sforza gita, all these and more were the direct appointments of the *Rettore*, ever vigilant and careful of tradition. But the spirit of the House was in no way different, and it was interesting to notice how in details the students were following in the footsteps of their predecessors without being conscious of the fact.

Common Room life was, as is usual at the Villa, at a discount. The hour of the bridge fiends reigned supreme, and what conversation there was, was conducted from the *banchi* on the Terrace outside. People watched for the last train to leave Gandolfo and see the station lights go out as the train plunged into the tunnel for Marino. Then followed the rush to the tank for a drink of the cool water from the tap there. The Salve Regina before the della Robbia in the Cortile was something I had almost forgotten and was consoling in the extreme.

I went with the "Boss" to the golf house and sat there watching the everlasting hunt go on for golf balls, which the votaries call a "game". The golf house seemed to me to be the best that has ever been erected. The thatch of broom and ferns is extremely well done, and the framework is substantial. The veterans would perhaps disapprove of the iron brackets which the Vice-Rector has introduced to consolidate the corners as departing from the rustic ingenuity of patriarchal days, but they do save one from taking an unexpected backward dive over the seat, and this, I am sure, will commend itself to the mature minds and older bones of those who never thought of them. Anyhow, it is still as uncomfortable as ever, corrugating the flesh and smiting the back in all the wrong places. One or two lacunae struck me as rather sad, and they were entirely due to the inability of the Vice to cope with them both owing to lack of funds and time. One was the absence of "Quiet Room" life. I recall this room off the Common Room as being one of the high spots of villa life. The big map of the surrounding district that covered the whole wall; the round table; the bookshelves laden with P. G. Wodehouse and the like created the ideal atmosphere for planning and

retrospection. There was always a lively company there and the term "quiet" referred rather to the peaceful penetration of the mind than to absence of noise. There is no table, no map, no books to speak of and no bookshelves. Hence everyone seems to avoid the room and this side of life is missed, since the larger area of the Common Room dissipates the concentration that used to be created round the table.

Again, I decided that a little Horace might not be inappropriate in such an atmosphere. I felt that at least I owed it to my year to show them some sign of culture and intelligence, and so I repaired me to the library upstairs. Here indeed there was desolation. The library consists of books heaped up and sorted on the floor. All the bookshelves, like the rest of the furniture, had been stolen or burned and, as yet, has not been replaced. With the best will in the world it is hard to hunt for Horace on all fours and it is a tribute to my zeal that I eventually burrowed my way to one. A great deal of restoration and "make-do" has been done by the Vice-Rector himself, and it was owing to his tremendous enthusiasm that the Villa was so much as it used to be. I do hope, however, that he will not have to face the expensive and laborious task of having to bring so much of the *roba* from Rome for the next Villa, but that ways and means will be found of refurbishing the depleted stock.

When the invitation came from the German College to visit San Pastore I decided, for old times sake, to go. I looked at the lists in the Common Room of the parties that were walking (the Frascati-San Cesareo line is badly bombed) and talked loudly about which party I would join, so loudly that the Rector heard me and offered me a place in his car. The German College had only a small percentage of German students, the greater part being Hungarians, Austrians, and a mixture of the more Slavonic states. There was no look-out on the tower, and no choir greeted each camerata with *Salve in Domino*. But all was arranged with typical exactitude and the welcome was warm. The *Ripetitore* had been detailed off to entertain me, but there is nothing new under the sun, and the good old question about the statistical record of *Cattolici in Inghilterra* was eventually produced from the oblivion of the last seven years. When the cameratas of our students began to limp in, they were proudly conducted to a spotless and dazzling swimming bath picturesquely situated in a grove of trees.

The joy of caressing waters must have been somewhat cramped by the thought of the greeny viscosity of the Palazzola tank, which is all that we have to offer in return, for the Venerabilini well knew that once emptied it would be many weeks before it could be filled again. Certainly, who would have expected that the Germans would have had an up-to-date swimming bath? The Americans and Propaganda both have them and this demonstrates the changing attitude of the Roman powers to these erstwhile barbaric things. Another shock was administered when the football match was played after dinner . . . the usual stagger out into the garish light and stifling heat, weighted with *risotto* and stiff of limb from the long walk . . . to find our opponents not in cassocks but shorts, just like the mad English wear!

In Rome itself the most obvious difference, not only to the senses but in the mental atmosphere, was that Fascism had been exorcized and the happy spirit of *lascia stare* reigned again. Certainly, there was an uneasy undercurrent concerning the future, and wherever you went it was not long before the conversation turned to inflation, the difficulty of finding sufficient amongst the apparent plenty, and the fear that the spectre of want might drive them to Communism. As we screeched along on the Albano tram I heard an ex-prisoner of war telling his audience of the high standard of living in England, which he demonstrated by saying that the *colazione normale nella mattina fu prima frutta, poi pollenta; segue un po' di pesce, e sempre uova e prosciutto, e per finire marmalata, pane burro*. Contrasted with the usual Italian fare for breakfast this did seem somewhat gargantuan: I remonstrated mildly and tried to explain our rationing system, but I might as well have been talking to the tombs on the Appian Way.

There were very few petrol buses in the city, all the main routes being served with trolley buses. The conductor sits at the back, but you may get your ticket and refuse point blank to move up the bus past him, and alight at the back when you reach your destination. On the trams, which still clang and jangle in internal and external circles, nobody bothers very much at which end you mount or alight, which all makes for impossible congestion and confusion, but is a very pleasant change from the awful formality of Fascist days. The shops in Rome abounded in goods as in days of old, only more so, and the prices on the exchange worked out at about the same

as in England, perhaps slightly less. The main difference, of course, being that in England one never sees goods in such profusion, and many kinds not at all. The currency is just impossible compared with pre-war days. There is no need now of a little marble slab on which the shopkeeper used to ring your five or ten lire pieces. There are not even *soldi* now, but every denomination is in paper, and the reckoning is in hundred lire rather than in terms of the lire as a unit. *Omnia cooperantur in bonum*, and even though the money is paper the *ragazzi* at the Trevi Fountain have lost nothing, because the bombing of the aqueducts has prevented any flow of *acqua vergine* to the fountain, and so the obols of the superstitious desiring a return to Rome flutter in safety into the dusty basin to be quickly retrieved.

I went with the Vice-Rector to see the gathering of the men of the *Azione Cattolica* from all parts of Italy in the Piazza di San Pietro. At the special request of the Vatican the College had been loaned as a hostel for the week-end, and camp-beds had been installed in the corridors and the Refectory was used for meals. The rooms and Salone were all locked during the week-end. The men who came were of the typical *contadini* type and would sit on their beds for hours carving a grim-looking loaf of *campagna* bread, which they consumed along with *pecorino* or *salame*. The atmosphere in the morning, after all the windows had been carefully sealed for the night, was such as to make the Common Room atmosphere at the end of a Literary Society meeting seem dewy by comparison, and one reached the front door when going out for Mass in a gasping state. On the evening of the rally, large black clouds charged with rain raced menacingly overhead, but the storm held off. The processions to the Piazza had been filing in all afternoon, and it was the biggest rally of men that I have ever seen in my life. The Holy Father was carried from the Bronze Doors right across the centre of the Piazza and then up to his throne in front of the main entrance to St Peter's, and the enthusiasm augured well for the resurgence of Faith in Italy. Loud speakers were fitted all along the roof of the Basilica, and even though we were on the fringe of the crowd at the far end of the colonnade, where the vendors of *gazzosi* were plying a vociferous trade, the reception was quite good, and we were able to follow the long and inspiring speech.

Many of the students were away on their long gitas, and it was noticeable that the mountain regions, which were only coming into vogue fifteen years ago, are now an accepted tradition. I had a strong desire to regain the gita spirit, and in particular to revisit the Gran Sasso and see what changes might have occurred in that region. In consequence, I called at the premises of the Roman Alpine Club in the Via Gregoriana and enquired with diffidence how means of transport were for Aquila degli Abruzzi, remarking that I was a member of that section of the Club. The secretary asked my name, and, to my surprise, on giving it I was instantly accorded an enthusiastic welcome. It seems that a copy of the Achille Ratti Climbing Club Journal had come into their hands, and that they had followed with vivid interest the inception of a Catholic Climbing Club in Britain. After that all was easy. Two bus loads were going next day (Saturday) to the Gran Sasso, until the Sunday night. Would I join? Although I had no boots or equipment of any kind, I thought that the chance was too good to be lost, and so next day with a collection of fruit and *paste* I presented myself in the Via Gregoriana at 1 p.m. The company was a mixed one and the conversation very lively. We tore round the hairpin bends in the approved style, and left billowing clouds of white dust behind us to settle on the unlucky pedestrians or oxen carts. The ride by Città Ducale and Antrodoco was magnificent. The bus broke down but nobody was dejected, and the recalcitrant part was persuaded to go with a piece of wire culled from a neighbouring vineyard. After a stop of half an hour, in which the vineyard lost much more than wire, I regret to say, we whirled away and, since it was late when we arrived at Aquila, we proceeded at once to Assergi where the *funivia* operators were waiting to take us up. I was very excited, for some of the finest expeditions that I have ever had were in this region. Certainly I was not disappointed that evening, for the sky was clear and sapphire blue, and the pageant of the setting sun on the Corne Grande, Intermesole and Cefalone, whilst the valleys in the shade below twinkled already with lights, was mountain colour at its best. The Albergo Campo Imperatore was a sad disappointment. When we had visited it in 1938, about two years after it had been opened, it was a *di lusso* hotel, both in its appointments and service. Now it was completely stripped and had been badly used during the war, so that a

tremendous amount of work will have to be done before the former standard of comfort is restored. At 2,200 metres the night air was keen, and only having a light cassock and a khaki shirt and shorts, I had to go to bed to keep warm. Next day our leaders organized us with great efficiency into a long line and we commenced the ascent of the Corne Grande. The day was of crystalline clearness and the sun was mercilessly hot. Grand, though the panorama of the peaks was, it was too barren to be described as beautiful, and unless one is an enthusiastic rock climber I could not see any compensation for being there in the summer. I was sorry to see that the Garibaldi Refuge on the Campo Pericol is now entirely abandoned. In the old days, when there was no *funivia*, we had to make that tremendous ascent in deep snow, through the Passo Portello down to the Garibaldi, which at Easter was covered with snow to a depth of several feet above the roof. A pole on the roof was the means of discovering its whereabouts, and one year, even that was covered up. Some great adventures occurred there in our pioneering days, and I hope that an abler pen than mine will record them for those who no longer know of what the Gran Sasso used to exact from its devotees in the grim days of the Garibaldi. However, to return to our *comitiva*. At the *concha degli invalidi* we appropriately left some of the weaker brethren behind, and the leaders decided to proceed by way of the crest. Most of the party were not accustomed to rock even of such an easy nature, and the *passeggiata* of some parts of the crest proved rather sensational for them. Hence, progress was slow and I found myself on the summit nearly two hours before the main party arrived. Here I was able to watch some of the *cordate* engaged in rock climbing. Certainly the rock is superb for ascents of all kinds, and the condition of warmth and dryness ideal. I formed the opinion that the normal standard of rock climbing that we are used to is much more difficult in England owing, not only to its being highly artificial, but also to the colder and wetter rock. Also, it is almost always necessary to be able to climb in nailed boots on English rocks, whereas rubbers or rope soles are the fashion here. The view from the top was *dal Adriatico al Tyrreno* and is the most astounding panorama that I know. The overlong solstice on the top was compensated for me by a long and rhythmic scree descent lasting the greater part of an hour, inducing that drunken and delirious sensation of being

unable ever to stop and all the mountain side moving noisily with you and helping to carry you down in that headlong pace.

I tried to find out how Mussolini was taken away from such a formidable stronghold by the Germans. I did not find them very communicative however, and I gathered it was rather a sorry story. From what I learnt the guards offered no serious resistance the moment the paratroops appeared from the Camp Imperatore; Mussolini, far from rushing out to welcome his rescuers, begged his guards to save him from being taken away by the Germans and hid himself, but was dragged out and forcibly removed. It was certainly not a story of glory, and on the whole I found that the whole party preferred not to talk of the war, and were sensitive about it.

The Castelli, considering that they were the scene of the battle for Rome, did not appear to have been very seriously damaged. I can well imagine that Albano looked a shambles for a time, but when the clearing up has been done, it remains substantially the same. Frascati has been badly destroyed in parts, and I was sorry to see that the Chapel at the Convent of San Carlo had been completely destroyed. Suora Giuseppina was loud in her lamentations and, since I was the first of the English College to revisit the convent, I was able to discover that the usual unstinted tea was produced at a modest price. The Duomo has a gaping hole in the roof, but repairs are going steadily ahead. A much sadder scene was presented when I made a visit to some friends at Valvori, a few miles from Cassino. The journey from Rome by *torpedone* was surely the most fantastic imaginable, only possible in Italy. There must have been about forty of us crowded into the bus, the luggage rack was crowded with men, and four stood on the ladder to the roof. Although the springs were depressed so that the bus seemed to touch the floor, it still tore along at breakneck speed along the Cassilina, the *autista* engaging in a jabber of talk with those who sat by and upon him. Except for huts and temporary buildings, there was nothing at all left of the lovely old city that used to slope up the lower slopes of the hill, that was crowned by the *Badia*. A stranger might have thought that it was a disused quarry. The dust and desolation were appalling. My Italian friends had arranged for a car to meet me and, in a battered old Alfa Romeo, which snorted and exploded along, we mounted the valley of the Rapido first to Sant'Elena and then higher still to Valvori.

This village, composed mostly of villas belonging to Italians in England, was intact owing to the unusual event of the German Officer in charge refusing to execute his command and touch off the charges with which all the buildings had been mined, when they withdrew. I went to the *Asilo* attached to the church and was interested to see that the British and American Relief was still the method of feeding the children. These were a lusty and lively crowd of vivacious youngsters, and I was surprised to hear that only a year ago they were skin and bone. At one of the *vignale* I spoke with the old *padrone* who had never once ceased to tend the vines and other fruits, and from the terraces of the steep sides of the Rapido Valley he had had a grandstand view of Monte Cassino below. The British and American planes had come roaring just over the tops of the mountain where he was working and day after day made their merciless and devastating attack on the monastery. The ironic part was that a mere handful of Germans were holding up the whole advance, and in some instances one man was manning two or three machine gun nests, giving the appearance of strength. The German occupation had been ruthless but correct, and there was nothing to fear so long as their discipline was adhered to. The menfolk, however, had all fled to the caves and woods of the wild slopes of that twisted mass of valleys and mountains, for fear of being taken for forced labour, and had dwelt there for months, only stealing to the villages at night to get food and comforts from their womenfolk. Some of them were reduced to a sorry plight, and they were exposed to the terrific bombardments which those hills were subject to. When the Allies came their situation was not improved because the village was occupied by the *marrochini*, the French coloured troops. They will never be forgotten in Valvori, for they were not civilized and had nothing to teach the Russians in regard to their treatment of women. All these things have left an indelible impression on these villages and the *contadini*, and one finds less of the old simplicity; a certain amount of detached judgment which feels strange when one is inclined to feel that they ought to feel grateful to us that they have been let off so lightly; often there is a vicious bitterness and communistic hatred; more often just a simple desire to be left in peace as they had desired it before.

I was sorry to leave Italy. It was a most interesting period just when they were making the first brave effort at recovery,

and the wounds of war were fairly fresh. Now, after the elections, although there will be a stern struggle, there will be better perspective and a more settled state. My biggest impression was one of admiration for the way in which they are tackling the problem, undismayed by the fact that it is gigantic, of rebuilding and economic recovery again. Work does not seem to frighten them; they seem over anxious to avoid extremes; they are wary of propaganda, so wary that even the truth has hard work to get itself accepted. The Venerabile has in appearance settled back in just the Rome that we knew of old—but only in appearance. The temper and the tone are very different from Fascist days. But within the College the spirit and traditions have been preserved unchanged. No one need think that they can go back and teach them how to resume where former Romans left off. It is a great tribute to the work that was done at St Mary's in exile; to the underground life of the Venerabile there which made possible, quickly and quietly, its resurgence in its place of ancient glory, Rome.

THOMAS B. PEARSON.

THE CITY OVERFLOWS

In Rome size is not what really counts. The Rome of the antiquarian, the Rome of the Christian monuments, the Rome of the historian, the "bricker's" Rome, is quite a small place. A casual visitor might well leave thinking that Rome was no larger in area than, say, Northampton. A first year man might keep the same impression for months. There is the knowledge that more lies beyond the orbit of the daily walk, but it seems to be only a fringe. A glimpse of houses is caught through the Gate of St John Lateran, but evidence of the spread of Rome may only be forthcoming on the first trip to the Villa when the tram passes through the huge housing estate on the Appia Nuova.

A few figures will give an idea of the need for growth of the city. In 1921, the population of Rome was 691,661; in 1931, 1,008,083; in 1936, 1,179,037; in 1938, 1,274,500. Today, some estimates are as high as 2,000,000. This increase in population is the chief factor determining building schemes of all kinds, and there has been a necessary, if not casual, connection between the various projects to glorify Rome as the Capital City and its increase in size.

There were first projects to glorify what has slightly euphemistically been called United Italy. The Monument most obviously represents this era. Four bridges were built, the names speaking for themselves: Garibaldi, Umberto, Cavour, Margherita. These served the double purpose of self-glorification for the new humanistic state and of meeting the needs of, for instance, the traffic flowing from the newly

developed Prati across the river and north of St Peter's. In a hesitant fashion other areas began to be developed, but it was left for the Fascist regime to tackle the problem with vision. To say that is not to feel it was a pity not to leave intact the old Rome and build the new Rome alongside it, which Dr Ashby, among many others, recommended, but there was vision in carrying out the plan adopted.

To glorify itself, the regime made a new road of the Via Veneto, from the Piazza Barberini to the Golden Gate; to remind all of their pre-Christian origins, it uncovered monuments (the Augusteo, Tomb of Augustus), it isolated monuments (a vast plan included many of the Roman Fora), it erected monuments. All the time a shrewd eye was kept on efficiency. The road which leads past the Fora (the Via dell'Impero, now Via dei Fori Imperiali), takes an enormous load of traffic straight from the city's centre, the Piazza Venezia, on by reconstructed roads past the Colosseum and the Aventine, to the Porta S. Paolo. Another road, the Via del Mare, passes the Monument on the other side and, passing under the shadow of the Ara Coeli and the Campidoglio, sweeps round by the Theatre of Marcellus to the Tiber by Santa Maria in Cosmedin and those tiny temples about the origin of which it was always easy to start an argument. Continuing along the Tiber, this road turns left under S. Anselmo and circles the Aventine before also reaching the Gate out to St Paul's; just before St Paul's is reached, it turns off the Via Ostiense and becomes the fast motor road to Ostia and the sea.

The Venerabilino's favourite new road is the Corso Rinascimento. It leaves the Corso Vittorio Emanuele just opposite S. Andrea della Valle, keeps parallel with the Piazza Navona and, immediately beyond this, finds an outlet to the Tiber by the Ponte Umberto, opposite the Palace of Justice. It is part of a scheme to bring roads from two more of the Tiber bridges to the Corso Emanuele: from our own Ponte Sisto to S. Andrea to link up with the Rinascimento, and from Ponte Mazzini, the bridge half-way from the Ponte Sisto to St Peter's, to the Chiesa Nuova. If the scheme is ever finished the traffic problem from the Tiber to the Emanuele will be solved satisfactorily. There are many new or reconstructed roads. An interesting example is the Viale Angelico. This (under various names) stretches from St Peter's north to the hump in the Tiber, and sweeps round past the Foro Mussolini and the Ponte

Milvio to join the Via Tor di Quinto and find its way out of Rome altogether. Less spectacular schemes included the widening of the road behind the Gesù, to take part of the load of the Via del Plebiscito, the narrow end of the Emanuele as it enters the Piazza Venezia.

On every hand, there is something added, such as the Ministry of Education at the foot of the Janiculum and the Casa Madre dei Mutilati by the Castel Sant' Angelo, where the whole district along the Tiber was cleared and laid out. Many of these buildings were already completed long before the war. The Foro Mussolini (still bearing that name) is well known, but, there too, there have been additions. This area provides ample matter for study in the Fascist style of architecture. It would seem more in keeping with Stockholm than with Rome. It is full of square projection, clean cut lines and, in general, is engineering rather than architecture. In so far as it has a spiritual inspiration, it is paganism rampant. In this corner of Rome, across the Tiber and below the Ponte Milvio, there is the Ministry of Marines, now complete. A quotation sculptured in its flank will give archaeologists of a far distant date a happy exercise in dating it. The quotation reads: "*L'Italia nuova non potrà uscire dai suoi porti perchè da qualunque parte è minacciata dai cannoni francesi ed inglesi . . .*" The actual date is just after the fall of France.

Other memorials of the twilight of the regime are the monument to the Garibaldians, another bridge, and the tunnel to the Via Aurelia. The Garibaldian Monument is on the Janiculum, tucked away near San Pietro in Montorio. It is a modern temple, simple and effective in design, but not seeming to stand for anything very much in spite of its challenging inscription: *Roma o morte*. It contains the names of the Republican troops and has a pretty design in mosaics, the artist having seemingly studied the crypt of Pope Pius the Ninth in S. Lorenzo. The attendant will point out to you (if you wear the *soutana*) the name of a priest among the Republican host. He will also tell you that Mass could be said in the temple. It is one of the ironies of history that this monument was finished just in time for the expulsion of the House of Savoy, in whose interests many of the Garibaldians made Rome, whilst the remainder found death.

Altogether utilitarian are the bridge referred to above and the tunnel. The former bears the name of Amedeo di

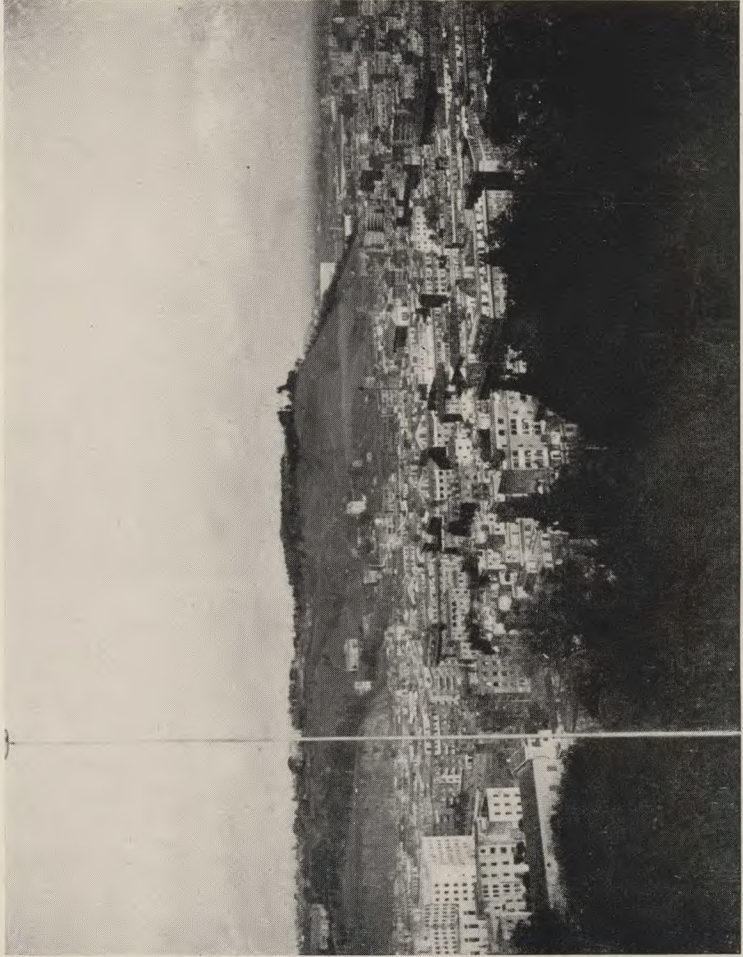
Savoia-Aosta. It is just below the Ponte Vittorio Emanuele, where you used to take a pride in showing pilgrims the laurel wreaths held out to the City, and the drawn swords brandished towards the Vatican, to show your knowledge of Italian designers and their little ways. It leads from the Florentine Church of S. Giovanni, at the end of the Giulia, and replaces the old toll bridge. It is a three-span bridge with two hollowed arches in the piers through which the water can escape when the river is running high. This is not so exciting to watch as the water pouring through the hole in the Ponte Sisto, but as they are lower they give warning when to be on the look-out at the Ponte Sisto, if such warning were needed. The tunnel begins at the point where the road to Propaganda starts to climb and passes under the University and College of Propaganda, at least sixty feet above the crown of the tunnel arch, to the Via Aurelia and all the district behind the Janiculum. Both bridge and tunnel play a necessary part in handling the new stream of traffic from this quarter and both were completed about the beginning of the war. Both are singularly without decoration or inscription, perhaps a sign of their time.

A man knows his Rome if he can easily place S. Francesco a Ripa. It lies behind the Tiber opposite the Aventine, or beyond S. Cecilia, if you prefer it that way. Slightly beyond it again, tucked inside the Aurelian wall near the Porta Portese, is a brand-new-looking New Theatre and an Orphan Centre, evidently meant as the administrative centre of an orphanage system to care for the new, streamlined type of orphan. Again in the Prati, in the Piazza Mazzini, is one of the modern Post Offices. It is a wonder that the customers were not at first too awed to enter. There is something disconcerting about building such places for the sale of mere stamps. But these are the left-overs of the decades from 1922 to 1942 and they are to be found all over Rome. They reach their most pretentious in the slightly older University City with its attendant Policlinico and satellite Institutes of Medicine, Chemical Research and the like, but which do not belong to us just now, as they are from the earlier days of the regime.

Turning from the work done in the heyday of Fascism and in its decline, mention must be made of work it left unfinished, notably E 42. Over ten years ago, a world exhibition was planned to be held in 1939 and called E 39. This next became E 40 for obvious reasons. It was again postponed because of

the difficult world situation, and when the College left Rome it was E 41, the scheme, as E 42, finally collapsing altogether. The site chosen for the exhibition was an excellent one out on the road to Ostia, and served by the electric trains to Ostia. A great deal of energy went into the planning and building of the site, although it is quite a mournful thing to visit it now. Our troops used it, and trucks and ambulances still lie around in profusion, waiting till all the forms concerning them get filled up, no doubt. The main exhibition hall has had every one of its countless glass panes smashed. Refugees have lived in the echoing rooms and corridors for a time. Shepherds now drive their flocks through what was to have been a superb amphitheatre. Lying on the ground are eight enormous statues looking crestfallen at their plight; niches await them but it seems unlikely that they will ever join their fellows now. A huge stone horse, made in sections, was to have surmounted a commanding balcony: it is all there, assembled, like any other piece of machinery, except for its head. It seems wildly symbolic of the whole frustrated exhibition, grandiose in conception but unfinished in execution. The various exhibition halls show real quality in construction. Above all towers the Church of St Peter and St Paul. This is simple, being little more than a supported dome. It has supporting colonnades, at a distance of thirty feet, which command a splendid view of the Tiber valley on beyond Magliana. The outside of the Church is decorated by reliefs of the deaths of the two saints and by the simplest designs of Christian symbols. The inside is bare, desolate and unfinished. The dome hangs high in the air and, from a distance, is mistaken by many a stray pilgrim for St Peter's itself.

Not that every scheme has been left. Some will be continued, others are being completed even now. Especially with regard to housing, the greatest need in Rome and all over Italy, as it is throughout Europe. Roughly speaking, Rome is now built on from the junction of the Aniene (Teverone) and the Tiber in the North, to St. Paul's in the South. On the left-hand bank, the town stretches as far as Monte Sacro, itself partially built on, down then by the railway line to the Campo Santo Verano (S. Lorenzo) and on to the Via Appia Nuova estate. On the right-hand side of the Tiber, the Tor di Quinto estate and as far as the Ponte Milvio is being developed. There is only a fringe below the Monti della Farnesina (where the



THE PRATI

Foro Mussolini is). The Prati are old established but pushing their boundaries ever further out. Houses and institutions have crept up Monte Mario and though it still looks a green patch from the far side of Rome, its days as such are already numbered. Behind St Peter's, Hell Valley is filling up as far as the railway line to Bracciano, which here spans the valley on lofty arches before diving like a Pied Piper's holiday excursion into the hillside opposite. On the other side of St Peter's, the Via Aurelia is being built on and is now as much a bus route as any other. The hill of Gelsomino, Monti della Creta, where the College now plays its football games, is not yet built up, but it threatens to be before long. On the other side of Pamphili, Monte Verde is almost covered with houses. Below it, and continuing Trastevere south, the built-up area goes below the Trastevere Station, fanning out round the bottom of Monte Verde away from the Tiber, whilst nearer to the Tiber before long the whole area as far as the bank opposite St Paul's will be built on. The sizeable green spots that remain are the Pincio and Borghese, or Villa Umberto, and, beyond the Catacombs of St Priscilla, the Villa Savoia. There are the sites of the Roman antiquities including the Circus Maximus, the Terme di Caracalla, and the Terme di Traiano with its Golden House. Across the river, there is still to some extent Monte Mario; there is the Janiculum, and there is Pamphili. There are many small private estates, notably along the Nomentana and the gardens of SS Giovanni e Paolo. But it would have been much wiser to have insisted on leaving what open spaces there were and on building beyond them.

Even so, this by no means exhausts the growth of the city. It can safely be said that whole new estates are springing up along every road out of the city, along the road to Sulmona, on the Tuscolana and, and, as has already been mentioned, along the Appia Nuova. Notre Dame have a house along the Casilina miles beyond the Station but as much part of the new Rome as any other. Tor Pignattara and Cento Celle along the Via Labicana used to be country walks. Rome is sweeping out to engulf both. Within the City Walls, the only space left, besides those mentioned above as "lungs," was below St John Lateran. Between the Lateran and the Porta Metronia is now an almost complete estate with its own tram route. A new road from the Lateran towards S. Maria in Domnica (the Titular of Cardinal Caccia Dominioni had a most Ethiopian

name: it is now the modest della Ferratella, for changes in Rome include facile changes of name according as the political wind boxes the compass. This built-up area is what we used to think of as open country beyond the Blue Nuns.

Beyond the Walls at this spot, there is an even larger estate, called the Quartiere Latina. Outside the Gate of John Lateran, several key roads fan out, the largest the Via Appia Nuova. Along another, is now a Via Britannica, a reference, I fear, to a 2,000 year old conquest rather than to any more recent and reciprocal feat in the field of arms. This estate stretches to the railway line and to the Via Latina, which has become the edge of Rome in this area. In places, it still looks ready for the Legions, in mute protest against the irreverent modern spread of the housing estates. This Latin Quarter has homes for 150,000. The first ones were built under the auspices of the regime, with a plenteous splashing of marble and reliefs glorifying the limited number of civic virtues known to the epoch. Work is still going on. What gaps there are left are rapidly diminishing under private enterprise at a rate which might make some of our own house seekers envious. Whether the products will last long is another matter. All are huge blocks of flats and once the framework is up, the national flag flies whilst work is in progress. In this area, it has been possible for a flat-dweller to buy his own flat over a period of years at what is no more than a moderate rent. The story of this estate could be repeated all over Rome, along the Nomentana, along the Corso Trieste (behind Sant' Agnese), and so on. The types of houses differ; on the Parioli (which overtops Acqua Acetosa), palazzini are the norm; on Monte Verde, above Trastevere, the same applies. All around Rome, housing areas began to be opened up and developed right up to 1942; and in them all the gaps are being filled. The result will be that Rome will be a built-up area, several times what it was in 1922. But that is not all, even beyond this area, the houses creep . . . half way to the Alban Hills, half way to the sea.

Connected with all this development, are many particular schemes. There is an enormous ring road from the Aniene (Teverone), two miles at least, north of the S. Lorenzo cemetery to the Tiber near St Paul's. Roaming round the outskirts one is continually coming across stretches of it, or of work in progress. There is the inevitable bridge at the other end of

Rome, this time above the Ponte Milvio, begun ten years ago. The work is now under way again and nearing completion. The number of markets, playing-grounds and schools needed, and built, during the last ten years can well be imagined. The same tricks of fate are played here. A school bordering on the Valle d'Inferno, for instance, still bears the fasces and though the name of Ciano has been removed, its impression still remains as a ghost title on the front of the rakish building. Much of this development can be left to the imagination but there are three things which must be mentioned. The first is the Tube, long since proposed and, according to many, abandoned. A dozen years ago, a hole was sunk in the Piazza Venezia, the Duce, archæologists, engineers, technicians, surveyors, journalists, detectives, officials and retinue descended. Then the whole matter was hushed up, no one knows why. Were they afraid of letting loose the lost waters of Rome or of finding too much *Romanità* which had better not be disturbed? However it was, the scheme has been resurrected and has broken out in two spots. First, in the Via Cavour where there is all the panoply of the excavators' symphony—picks, shovels, bricks, scrap iron and dirt—to show that work is in progress. The new Italian technique is here demonstrated of building a wall around a site in which work is to be done: a cheaper expedient in the long run: better an occasional wall than a frequent robbery. The other outbreak is below St Gregory's. Here it is easy to see the colossal amount of work there is in such an undertaking, if only to build the necessary arches or ventilation shafts. The tram shunts slowly over a temporary bridge which the work has made necessary (there had to be a bridge in the scheme somewhere!). The original plan was to serve the Castelli, to handle traffic below the whole of Rome, and to take a line out to the sea. The present work is designed to make a start on this last part of the plan. Coming from the Main Rome Station, via Mary Major's, it can easily link up with the line to Ostia.

The second is the Main Station, Roma Termini, itself. As a visitor for the first time leaves the Station these days his mind immediately flies to the war, air-raids and bombs, so shattered is the façade of the old station buildings. The cause is merely preliminary demolition. Each time you go to meet the Simplon Orient Express from London you find a different exit being used. Meanwhile the new station gradually

nears completion. The front onto the Piazza Cinquecento will be the last part completed. Already the sides, along the Via Marsala and the Viale Principe Piemonte (trams to the Castelli), stretch for quite half a mile, tearing a huge gap in the City Wall below the Gate of S. Lorenzo. Every imaginable service is housed in this huge length, from the Post Office to a special siding for providing water for the trains. Meanwhile an approach to the trains may be a cross between an engineer's tour of inspection and a minor battle-course test. It remains to be seen who will get the credit, but they may have to have a bus service inside the Station.

A third scheme which was begun over ten years ago and which is nearing completion is the Via della Conciliazione. Gone is the old crowded approach to St Peter's via the Borgo. It is difficult to remember what used to be where in the straight wide street that now brings the traffic from St Peter's right on to the Tiber. The current phrase used about this scheme calls it the: "*Sistemazione degli accessi alla Basilica di S. Pietro, opera di supremo interesse urbanistico, discussa per secoli*". It is certainly of great interest to us and is at last practically accomplished. In brief, what has happened is that the narrow streets to the Vatican from the Tiber, with the buildings between, have been cleared, so that a clear view of the whole Piazza is obtained from the actual river bank. A building line has been rigorously enforced along the new road. On the left-hand coming from the Piazza, the line has been that of the Sacred Congregation of the Penitentiary and of S. Maria in Transpontina, which now looks like an old lady in rusty weeds, yet still quite sure of herself among her young and bright relatives. On the other side of the road, at the Tiber end, is the new Palazzo of Catholic Action. Meanwhile the ubiquitous "Piety Stores" find new homes in the re-built frontage, the Swiss Stocker among them.

There have been some interesting sidelights to the plans. The Church of St Joachim is pretty well gone. It served Pope Leo XIII once when he could point out, from his window, a church dedicated to the father of our Blessed Lady to an Oriental who was confusing the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth, the Holy Father's native Italian tact not going unappreciated. Other demolitions give us two fountains in one road, almost opposite each other, a puzzle for future ponderers on the why and wherefore of urban utilities. In

daily walks, it has been possible to watch with neighbourly interest the fabrication of new shops, observing your Italian workman making wood look like marble, or marble look like cloth, or cloth look like leather . . . happy working in any material so long as he is making it look like something else. And last of all, a huge habitation for priests is beginning opposite the Catholic Action Palazzo. A passing camerata can gaze to their hearts' content through the gateway in the temporary wall thrown up round the site, and muse on building lines, sprung arches, concrete castings, piers and the like. This majestic new approach, when it is complete, will fittingly add to the glory of the greatest church in Christendom.

ANTHONY HULME.

NOVA ET VETERA

A LETTER OF 1880

From Matilda Lucas's *Two Englishwomen in Rome, 1871-1900*
pp. 58-60.

May 16, 1880.

Last Sunday we went with the Countess de Barral to see the consecration of Bishop Patterson at the English College and, admitted by the magic name of Cataldi, we took our seats in the chapel. Lady Herbert of Lea, Lord and Lady Lennox, and other Catholic grandees were present. Two other bishops helped to officiate, all directed by Monsignore Cataldi, who has lately been made Prefect of ceremonies by the Pope . . . As is generally the case, the new mitre did not fit, and had to be rammed down to keep it on. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to the Refectory, where an elegant breakfast was ready. I would have given anything to turn and flee, as I have a great objection to pushing, particularly being a Protestant, but the Countess would make us come. The English Rector, Dr. O'Callaghan, who in spite of his name is *not* Irish, and who is rather severe at times, was most polite, and even ventured on a small clerical joke, saying that when Anne and I returned as students, we should know our places at table.

Over 100 people were present including the students. Cardinal Manning, still in scarlet, sat at the head of the centre table, surrounded by a bevy of bishops in purple . . . It is like an Italian wedding breakfast, and consists entirely of sweets. First chocolate and one kind of cake, then coffee and another, and a third, iced drinks, and a fourth and last

of all a dish piled up with most delicious bonbons, all handed by different people's menservants, amongst them Cataldi's Luigi . . . Cardinal Wiseman's old servant Newman, who is now Manning's, was there. He is a great character, and more openly anxious for Kelly's and Middleton's perversion. Manning used to have Kelly to see him, and after each visit Newman would say, "Well, sir, 'ow are you getting on today?" and when Middleton tipped him he said, "I shall spend it in 'Ail Mary's for you, sir". When breakfast was over we all went into the corridor. Harry Cassell, who is a recent pervert, came up to us with a beaming face. Anne could not help saying, "You see two poor goats have got in", at which he said, "I think you will not remain goats long", and Anne replied, "Yes, we shall, for we think the goat is a more intelligent animal". People stood about talking for some time. Lady Herbert of Lea came up and talked to Anne and me . . . I did not know who she was, but was much charmed by her face and manner . . .

Before we left, the Countess was very anxious to renew her acquaintance with the Cardinal, whom she met in London many years ago, so Mr Beck arranged the interview. The Cardinal came down into the parlour in a black dress and his scarlet stockings. The faithful rushed to kiss his hand in the corridor, and then the Countess, Anne and I were shut in alone with him. The Countess advanced first and kissed his hand, and so did Anne and I, for, whatever we may think about his creed, no one can help feeling a great personal admiration for the man. Kelly always kisses his hand. The Cardinal is so thin that he is almost a shadow. The expression of his face is very sweet, but very firm. His cheeks have a very hollow depression and he has a nervous twitch. His speaking voice is very pleasant, but he cannot chant well. Whilst the Countess talked to him for a few minutes, he evidently took in with his penetrating eyes that Anne and I were Protestants. He said that he had seen us before, and, when we rose to go, shook hands with us very kindly, talked to us a little about Mr Kelly, and then said, "Good-bye. God bless you both." Then the Countess drove us home, and we made up for past omissions by attending our own church in the afternoon. We find it was quite the right thing to do to stay to breakfast. All those present were expected to stay.

CHANGES IN THE COLLEGE

The post-war broom has been busy in many corners of the College. Few material changes, however, have been made, as the work has been mainly directed to repair and restoration.

Constructive work has been confined to the church, where the carpenter spent a busy week raising the floor of the sanctuary. The entire floor is now level with the first step. At present the aisle between the stalls is the only part of the choir unaltered, but it is intended later to bring it up to the surrounding level. A welcome change in the stalls themselves is the construction of hinged doors half-way in the back benches to provide an extra and more convenient means of access to the benches. Also in the benches, the catches on the lockers have been removed and the doors fitted more tightly in the frames. The thunderclaps of yore have consequently been transformed into smooth and noiseless efficiency in the opening and shutting of the doors.

Changes have also been made in the Common Room. As mentioned in a recent Diary, the benches were removed during the war and have not been replaced. The present Diary records the translation of the stage to the bottom end of the room. New staples have been erected to support the proscenium, and the stage itself has been enlarged. More recently the wall has been graced by two new perforations, this time with official sanction. The holes are again for the film machine, which now operates from the top end of the room through the wall over the fire-place. The original hole has been put to use by the electricians to watch the effect on the new stage of their elaborate lighting arrangements, now conducted from a switchboard at the corridor exit of the hole. Finally the English Saints, for a century beholders of our revels, have at last been subjected to the strigil. Their abraded remains are now interred beneath a coating of cream distemper, and in the middle of the back wall a white screen has been painted for the better projection of our films.

On the same floor the Infirmary has been cleaned and rendered habitable: the dispensary has been in use for some time. Elsewhere, in the bottom of the Clock Tower, our photographers have built a dark room, complete with tanks and enlarging equipment. Other minor alterations include the removal of the glass panelling erected by the hospital

authorities in the archway leading to the Cardinals' Gallery. It has not been mentioned before that they also moved the "traffic lights", installed by Mgr Smith in 1939, from the door of the Vice-Rector's room to the Rector's room, where they still remain.

Finally our liturgical and academic calendar has been revised in one particular. In response to his promise made in a farewell speech to Archbishop McGrath, the Rector has granted us a worthy celebration of St David's Day. We have obtained an indult for High Mass on 1st March, and *dies non* has been inscribed on our Gregorian calendar. In the afternoon we celebrated worthily with *caffè e rosolio* and Solemn Benediction.

CIRCOLO ITALO-INGLESE : A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR MR EDITOR,

May I bring to the notice of readers of THE VENERABLE something which I am sure will be of interest to them ?

During the war and afterwards many of our soldiers married Italian girls, who have now come over and settled in England. An Association known as the Anglo-Italian Families Club or the Circolo Italo-Inglese has been formed to help them settle down to English life and to keep them in contact with the Church. The Foundress and President of the Association is Donna Nennella Carr Salazar, of Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk. The Association has its centre at the Oratory in London, and there are branches in Liverpool, Leicester, Luton, Southend, Leeds, Plymouth, Birmingham, etc. It has its own paper, a monthly which costs sixpence a copy and which is full of good advice and comfort for these girls. It is also, incidentally, of great interest to anyone who knows Italy. The paper is called *La Voce degli Italiani* and may be obtained from the Editor, 4 Back Hill, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Besides bringing untold consolation to many lonely souls, the Association is helping to regularize marriages, have children baptized, etc., etc.

Unfortunately, in many cities and towns where it is most needed there is no branch of the Association. There is great need, for instance, at Manchester, Coventry, York, Colchester, Swindon, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and no doubt elsewhere. If only someone can be found to bring these people together,

much comfort will be brought to them and they will be saved to the Church. Unless, however, it is done soon, it will be too late.

There are really no difficulties to deter one from helping to form a group. In local branches the members meet once a month at a central church or hall; they have a brief Benediction, sing an Italian hymn or two, go to confession and so on. Tea follows in the hall, and perhaps a little talk is given to them by a visitor on some topic which may help them. All that is needed is a little preliminary searching to contact them. They can then be visited and circularized. But here too there are few difficulties, for they are able to tell of one another's whereabouts. The work is so attractive that it is its own reward. They are very delightful people and greet you with a warmth of welcome. And what a joy it is, even for the least proficient, to hear and venture in once more *la lingua degli angeli*!

If anyone is in a position to organize one of these branches of the Association, no doubt he can get all the information he requires from the President or from the Editor of *La Voce*. If anyone knows of isolated *spose italiane* too remote from centres to go to the monthly meetings, perhaps he would like to let them know of the newspaper. I am sure that apart from other things, there are many who will welcome an opportunity of lessening a little the debt we all owe and can never repay to Italy and the Italian people.

“QUIVIS.”

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 12th 1947, *Saturday*. The Hegira took place this morning, and by midday we were tramping along the path from Rocca to the Villa in a cloud of dust, peering from it occasionally to refresh our eyes, so long accustomed to the dull pink and orange wash of Roman walls, with a glimpse of the blue of the lake and the green of the trees, colours so sadly lacking in a Roman July.

As we approached the Villa we drew out, in a burst of "diaristic" enthusiasm, our pencil and notebook, and prepared to jot down rough notes for those first impressions you are all so eagerly awaiting. However, as luck would have it, a lorry full of assorted furniture turned up at that very moment, so that we got our first view of the Cortile and the Common Room from an odd position somewhere in the works of the piano which we were forced to carry in. Just then, another enjoyable diversion was provided by the arrival of our six sandfly victims, who, amidst the jeers of their healthier brethren, were swiftly borne away by the infirmarian and put to bed. Anyway, they have a different ceiling to look at now.

In the afternoon Messrs Anglim and Williams came to look, like Moses, on the promised land, before returning to the flesh-pots of Rome for a week's retreat. Later we tested the resurrected deck-chairs of a bygone era—about five survived the ordeal—and finally, after supper, whilst the grim silence of the bridge fiends hung over the Common Room, we were able to settle down comfortably in the garden to watch the sunset and the slow appearance of the stars, and we realized that we really were at Palazzola at last.

13th *Sunday*. This morning we made an exploration of the Villa—then out into the garden, which is incidentally, in excellent condition, and up the Sforza steps (Cigarette? No, thanks. Good). The Pergola is in a state of semi-disrepair and the paths and steps in this area are badly overgrown (However, a prophetic glance into the crystal tells us that all will be restored in a month or two). We wander on, up past the Wiggery, to the Sforza itself, where all is still. As we arrive we come

upon the Vice silently meditating on when, where, and how, the Golf House is to be built ; we see the Tennis Committee gazing ruefully at the shell-struck remnants of the tennis court ; the cricket men prospect on the horizon for a pitch ; and even in the distance we can see an enthusiastic golfer apparently searching for pre-war balls.

In the evening Luigi, ably seconded by the three-year old Nino, gave us our first taste of how "*T'adoriam*" should really be performed.

14th *Monday*. Having seen us safely installed here, the Rector returned to Rome this morning en route for England. With him went Father Ekbery, who had an important engagement at the Piazza della Pilotta. In fact it was a day of departures, for in the afternoon the last remnant of Third Year Philosophy, who had fallen victim to the sandfly whilst his luckier brethren packed, also set off for England.

15th *Tuesday*. During the last weeks in Rome all kinds of rumours about "work on the road" were flying round : however, our fears of sweating chain gangs and the like were dispelled today by the sight of two philosophers patting down a few boulders here and there. After stopping to give them a kindly word of encouragement (so welcome on a really hot day), we moved on with a feeling of duty well and truly done ; for after all, the Diarist's job is to write history, not to make it. In the evening we welcomed the return of a be-laurelled Fr Ekbery. He defended his thesis *summa cum laude* yesterday. *Prosit !*

16th *Wednesday*. As acting-choirmaster after acting-choirmaster falls victim to the sandfly, we get a different voice starting the *Salve* at a different pitch almost every night.

17th *Thursday*. We were sorry to hear of the sudden death today of Fr Hannon S.J., one of the confessors to the College. R.I.P.

19th *Saturday*. Congratulations to Mr Peter Anglim (Westminster) and to Mr Michael Williams (Birmingham) who received the priesthood from Archbishop Traglia at the Dodici Apostoli this morning. They returned to the fold this evening, bringing with them Fr Tindal-Atkinson O.P., who is to come out regularly during the *villeggiatura* to hear our confessions and to give conferences. We must also note the return of Mr. Murphy-O'Connor, minus his appendix.

20th *Sunday*. *Primitiae Missarum* this morning. At dinner the new priests were our guests of honour, and afterwards we wished them "*Ad multos annos*" at our first *caffè e liquori* under the bay trees. In the evening we had an excellent view of the fireworks let off over the lake by the noisier element in Castel Gandolfo.

21st *Monday*. So far we have been led down no less than two "absolutely fool proof" short cuts to the lake. We shall wait till a *funicolare* is installed before we go again !

23rd *Wednesday*. Our first Sforza gita. After a little mild exploration we enjoyed the pleasures of eating spaghetti in all sorts of peculiar attitudes. We can now understand why the Romans finally gave up the triclinium.

After lunch the better men (as recommended by the Vice) curled up to sleep on the Sforza; the rest (led by the Vice) slunk down to their beds. However, they missed hearing Dom's shout at tea-time; up to now we had only seen the shout (upon Mgr Smith's films, which are, perhaps fortunately, silent), so that the full-throated reality was rather a revelation to us. Incidentally, Dom revealed that today was the 1067th time he had made spaghetti on the Sforza: allowing even a conservative estimate of seven Sforza gite per annum, this gives him a remarkable record of unbroken service since the days of Napoleon!

24th *Thursday*. Good-bye Mr Swan!

25th *Friday*. Over an extra *bicchiere* at supper we drank Fr Ekbery's health, on the tenth anniversary of his ordination.

26th *Saturday*. Yesterday we were twenty minutes slow (going by Rome time), but today our temperamental clock was a good fifteen minutes fast. At this rate it will no doubt leave out—

27th *Sunday*. And go on to—

28th *Monday*. And again on to—

29th *Tuesday*. To lunch, Fr P. Clark; also Commendatore Freddi and Ingegnere Sneider, who, when confronted with our still erratic time-piece, merely shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "*C'è la campagna.*"

30th *Wednesday*. Sforza gita. Since the cricket pitch is not yet in working order, the latest rage is a cross between baseball and rounders—the most striking thing about it is the fluidity of the rules.

A rustic bench of gargantuan proportions was solemnly placed on the terrace tonight as a memorial to the work of some of the Handy Men. Consequently, Luigi was seen walking about with a broad smile, confident that his winter supply of wood is now assured.

31st *Thursday*. A self-conscious air in the after-dinner Common Room warned us that something was afoot, as did the almost monastic silence which was enshrouding it. On entering we found the explanation—the new number of the VENERABILE had arrived.

AUGUST 1st *Friday*. Opera practices are now well under way. As a kind of protest our water supply from Rocca has been temporarily cut off.

2nd *Saturday*. The pioneer spirit which urged three cams to go out blackberrying this evening resulted on

3rd *Sunday* in the shape of a very pleasant *dolce* of blackberry tart. Rumour has it that the Vice-Rector himself was responsible for the instruction of the Suore in the art of pastrymaking. In the evening the ever-active trainer-manager of our Indian Student arranged a whist drive to get funds for him. It was very successful—even though we did get the booby prize . . .

4th Monday.

“Wake, for the Ruddy Ball has taken flight
That scatters the Slow Wicket of the Night:
And the swift Batsman of the Dawn has driven
Against the Star-spiked Rails a fiery Smite.”

As Francis Thompson so truly remarks. This sudden burst of poetic eloquence is commemorative of the fact that, it being a No-Bell day and Bank Holiday to boot, the Theologians seized the opportunity of beating the Philosophers in our first proper cricket match.

5th Tuesday. *Our Lady of the Snows*. The acting-choirmaster chose today to retire to bed, and so the singing at High Mass left much to be desired. To lunch, Bishop O'Connor (Rector of the American College) and Mgr Heard, Clapperton and Carroll-Abbing. Afterwards we gave our first and formal “*Ad multos annos*” to Fr Ekbery, who is leaving us tomorrow after sixteen years of residence, whilst after supper we had a more informal and “family” farewell at which the Senior Student presented him with a silver cigarette case from his past and present disciples. Nor should we pass over the fact that in the evening the “Nig Man”, emboldened no doubt by his success of two days ago, organized a swimming gala.

6th Wednesday. In the teeth of a strong gale we wished Fr Ekbery God-speed this morning. Owing to his departure we postponed today's Sforza gita to—

7th Thursday. The exploring spirit is carrying men further afield these days. Some even get back in time for dinner . . .

Why is it that the stars are so much clearer here? Each night, during lulls in the conversation, we sit and gaze entranced by the Milky Way and its companions, though any protracted meditation on the subject of space, infinity, celestial bodies, or spiritual substances (which are said to swing from stars, cf. *De Potentia*), is utterly precluded by the Man with the Loud Voice who thinks he can see Arcturus.

8th Friday. The sermon season starts today. Is it better, we wondered, to have one's congregation staring straight at one, as here, or at one another, as in Rome?

9th Saturday. Since Fr Tindal-Atkinson has gone off to Bologna, Fr Alfred Wilson C.P., came this evening to hear our confessions.

10th Sunday. We have heard of the *fuochi di San Lorenzo*, but so far we have not seen any. (Nor did we later. Note added in September.)

12th Tuesday. To lunch, Mr Utley, Mr Gilbey and Dom Utley and Dom Gilbey from Ampleforth. The Westminster Scribbling Diary (how appropriate a title!) informs us that Grouse Shooting starts today. Out here we went one better and started evening study.

13th Wednesday. Fr R. Carson arrived yesterday from Ushaw to spend a few days amongst us, and had his first real introduction to us at today's Sforza gita.

15th *Friday*. *The Assumption*. Since we had no liabilities at Rocca, we had High Mass here this morning. After Mass and again after tea there was a Homeric struggle between North and South on the cricket pitch, which ended in a draw after an exciting last five minutes: in celebration whereof we feel constrained to let you have another stanza from Thompson's lyric:

"A level Wicket as the ground allow,
A driving Bat, a lively Ball and thou
Before me bowling on the Cricket-pitch,
Then Cricket-pitch were Paradise enow."

Earlier today we were honoured by a visit from the King's nephew, the Earl of Harewood. Dom, who has a great respect for the House of Windsor, was very shocked to learn that the Earl was not a "*Duca*" and certainly not a "*Principe*".

16th *Saturday*. We had the first rain since our arrival at Palazzola. Before going any further we must mention the epic deeds of the bat-slayers, four courageous men who, armed with sticks and brooms, ventured into the penumbra of the attic, and after a busy two hours emerged with one grey squirrel and something like two hundred bats to their credit. They were interred in a mass grave at the bottom of the garden.

This evening we received a large post for once: for the last fortnight or so the posts have been very small, never more than two or three letters a night. Is this because we ourselves collect the post nowadays, two men a day? We have no *biga* now, so Domenico no longer enjoys his stately trot to Albano.

17th *Sunday*. Lancashire challenged the ever-ready rest to a cricket match this afternoon. As a result, we were treated to a burst—or should we say a splash?—of Mancunian weather, so someone organized a whist drive instead.

18th *Monday*. A flash of red at tea-time indicated the presence of some *gitanti* from San Pastore.

19th *Tuesday*. This evening, somewhat belatedly, work was started on the Golf House. The usual number of Strong Men, Hangers-On, and Moral Supporters, collected to watch the proceedings, gather opinions, borrow cigarettes, and so forth.

20th *Wednesday*. A Sforza gita, at the end of which the Left played the Right at cricket. Even in this nursery of tradition the Left gained the victory, by five runs.

21st *Thursday*. Whilst taking our cursory look at the notice-board on our way to Meditation this morning, we perceived a notice: "Tea will be served on the Terrace this afternoon". No one yet knows why, but it was.

Whilst we were still debating this interesting question, we were alarmed by the entry of a "Cambio Man", his usually cheery face marred by a harassed expression. He informed us (in hollow tones) that the Borso

had for some reason refused to change our sterling : since it is now only ten days to the long gite, it was not long before the House was full of the most alarming rumours about depreciation, whilst economists settled down to discuss how to do a ten day gita on rather less than nothing, and then have enough left over for a *torrone* in Albano on the way back.

Horrified by this excessive interest in filthy lucre, we fled to the garden to appease our soul by watching the moon set over the lights of Ostia ; but even there our peace was disturbed by the Congenital Idiot, who confessed that he was expecting to see the lights of Ostia set as well.

22nd *Friday*. A crash of glass at the back of the Chapel this afternoon, followed by a noise as of Superiors evacuating their benches, drew our attention to the fact that the glaziers are putting glass in the Chapel windows. Elsewhere, despairing shrieks from the Music Room heralded the last Opera practice. " Finishing touches " they call it, though we (as an outsider) feel that " coup de grâce " would be a more appropriate phrase. However, the morrow will show which is right.

23rd *Saturday*. All day the Cortile was cluttered up with stagemen and their fellows, decorating the Well with bay leaves, hanging up lanterns, sticking up what purported to be odd Japanese scenes, in an atmosphere of grim and purposeful silence, broken only by the occasional cry of an electrician summoning his mate. However, everything was ready in time (i.e. later than usual, owing to the *Ora Legale*), and after one of those unusual but satisfactory suppers we were gathered around the Cortile. The Superiors, accompanied by Mgr Carroll-Abbing and Fr Tindal-Atkinson, were conveniently tucked away behind a pillar, and all was ready to start. The Nuns, the servants, and the Luigis were there in force, armed with Italian synopses of the plot : the Nuns even had a programme built up entirely on laundry numbers (you know the idea : "*Il Imperatore di Giappone : Numero 33*"), and occasionally one would hear murmurs of *Bravo, numero II*, etc., from their corner of the Cloister. The stars above shone out bravely for the occasion (in England they used to tell us that they would), and the thunderstorm did not break till we were safely in bed.

Now you cannot expect a dramatic criticism from us : we are merely the hired hack. You will have to wait until the Epiphany before you get any expert comment. Suffice it to say that we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, especially during the Second Act, though the Finale was somewhat marred by the mirth of the cast when the deck-chair of a prominent member of the audience collapsed at the words " We think you had better succumb, cumb, cumb ".

When it was all over, and those who should have made speeches had made them, we retired to bed, but since we had started late it was by then at least five minutes after—

24th *Sunday* had started, so we made up for our late night by sleeping in until 6.30 a.m. One of those quiet days, but the postponed match between Lancashire and the Rest ended in a victory for the Rest.

25th *Monday*. In spite of the occasional thunderstorms, the men working on the Golf House laboured on, fired by the example of the Vice-Rector. It is now nearing completion, and promises to be an imposing structure, combining all the best elements of a Roman tram and a kraal.

26th *Tuesday*. At an early hour the red sashes of Propaganda appeared in our midst, for today was the appointed day for our "Test Match". We played valiantly, in between showers, but lost heavily to the Australians.

27th *Wednesday*. As it was the last Sforza gita we toasted Domenico after lunch, and he returned thanks in a speech which ranged through "*Il povero Cardinale Heeensley, Monsignore Godfrey, Guglielmo, il caro Monsignore Rettore*", all the list of Vice-Rectors (except Fr Grasar, whom Dom no doubt regards as a kind of Anti-Vice since he only held sway in England), "*e tutti gli altri studenti vecchi*" . . .

In the afternoon the C.W.L. brought a small party of British Servicemen up to see us, and thoughtfully provided a very welcome English tea for all of us. After tea we alternated between playing cricket and then (during showers), singing scraps of the Opera to our visitors.

28th *Thursday*. Owing to the imminence of the long gita, many people were in Rome today laying in the necessary supplies: when they came back we learnt to our dismay that the Cambio rate had dropped, and, moreover, that we had to face a cigarette shortage. Let us turn hurriedly from such sad thoughts to the events of—

29th *Friday*. The Golf House and Course being now completed, the Vice drove the first ball some seventeen yards.

30th *Saturday*. Pre-occupation with gita preparations made us forget to notice whether anything happened today.

31st *Sunday*. A day of departures, including our own. And so we have to put you at the mercy of a substitute for the next ten days. Poor chap, he trembles at the thought of filling our large footsteps. However, the night train is waiting. I must be off.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Monday*. The last Theologians departed on their gita, leaving a house full of Philosophers together with one Theologian who had retired to bed in lieu of the road.

At about a quarter to eleven at night the Rector returned from England, so we did not see him until—

2nd *Tuesday*. A windy day, followed by a rainy evening; however we were cheered by the arrival of Fr T. Pearson and Dr Rickards. The former is staying with us, the latter, at Rocca, but we hope to see him often.

3rd *Wednesday*. The first full gita day.

4th *Thursday*. The College in Rome is being taken over by some of the delegates to the big Italian Catholic Action Congress that is to take place over the week-end. Stories have reached us of camp beds in all the corridors, and even of people sleeping on (in ?) the Common Room piano. Anyway the Vice has gone into Rome for a few days to watch the College interests.

6th *Saturday*. To lunch and supper, Fr Kershaw. In the evening even the most hardened members of the garden circle gave up when they saw the rain tipping down, and so we had a full Common Room for once, much to the annoyance of the bridge players.

7th *Sunday*. As a result of the rain it was very clear this morning, and we had the most extensive view we have yet seen from the Terrace. At his conference this morning, Fr Tindal-Atkinson introduced us to "eutropelia". Inspired by this the "Pulpit side" beat the inevitable "Rest" at cricket this afternoon.

9th *Tuesday*. A party went over to the German villa at San Pastore this morning for the annual visit. They were welcomed with a good hearty German *Salve in Domino*, and swiftly taken to their luxurious tank, which was a pleasant relief after a long walk. Immediately after a very large lunch a game of football was proposed—our boots against their pumps—and, whether because we were not used to such exertion immediately after meals, or because our team was a very mixed bag—well, to cut it short, they won 1—0.

After tea the homeward trek began. Meanwhile, at Palazzola, anxious faces looked for the party's return: night prayers came and went without a sign of the wanderers; and it was not until 11.30 that they reached the Villa, having spent the interim in wandering in various directions through the woods under the skilled guidance of Fr Grasar. Meanwhile, the stay-at-homes and those who accompanied the Rector in the car were traversing the land of dreams.

10th *Wednesday*. When we left on our day gita the house was empty and quiet, but on our return it was full of noisy and boasting Theologians. The Diarist proper was sharpening his pencil in a rather obvious manner, so we had nothing to do but to hand over to him once more.

If you expect us to start writing up our diary on the very day of our return from a gita, you are much mistaken. We intend to take a holiday until—

12th *Friday* when the last gita party returned and promptly added its voice to the chorus of Great Liars. Hearing the word "Sasso" occurring frequently in their narratives, Fr Pearson became suddenly fired with enthusiasm and disappeared in that direction, armed merely with an alpenstock and a tooth-brush.

14th *Sunday*. Just a faint suspicion of autumn in the air, combined with the sight of a July *non-probatus* conning a text-book in an abstracted fashion, made us realize that we are over half-way through the Villa. Result—a profitable meditation on the Last Things.

15th *Monday*. An oasis in our eternal search for cheaper cigarettes, caused by the customary tribute paid by the youth who entered man's estate today.

In the afternoon a red glow on the horizon heralded the return of Fr Pearson, who has definitely caught the sun (as well as left his breviary) on the Sasso. Immediately on his arrival he went into consultation with

the Great Liars. Later in the evening we were glad to welcome Mr Perowne, Minister to the Holy See, who is to stay with us for a few days whilst recovering from a recent illness.

16th *Tuesday*. A gita day. The Senior Student returned with a large bruise on his usually faultless countenance, caused, we believe, by insomnia on the part of a younger member of his party.

17th *Wednesday*. Today fifteen of the German College returned our visit of last week, so we spent a very pleasant day with them, considerably helped by the fact that most of them spoke excellent English. Of course the day centred upon lunch, a substantial meal, at which the Rector, speaking in Italian, welcomed our guests. In the evening some of us escorted them as far as Rocca, where the combination of black and red cassocks caused quite a stir.

18th *Thursday* had hardly started before Third Year left us for their gita, chaperoned by the Theologian who had to stay at home earlier in the month.

19th *Friday*. Fr Pearson disappeared again today.

20th *Saturday*. To lunch, their Lordships the Abbots of Ampleforth, Belmont, and Fort Augustus. Since there are so many Benedictine Abbots in Rome at the moment for the election of a new Abbot-Primate, we may yet be visited by a few more of them.

21st *Sunday*. We were. Two American Abbots called upon us today. The more impressionable men hurriedly saw to their tonsures.

22nd *Monday*. After breakfast Second Year (Party A) set off for Subiaco very noisily, but returned again in five minutes as the gate to the Sforza was locked. In the evening there arrived Bishop Grimshaw of Plymouth and his secretary, Fr Boers, to stay with us for a few weeks. The after-supper post contained a letter addressed to "The Head Teacher, English School, Rome", which the Vice-Rector duly opened. It was a letter from one, Priscilla Pierce, aged eleven, of Sydney, Australia, who wanted a pen friend . . . !

23rd *Tuesday*. Second Year (Party B) left us this morning. The main characteristic of the day was one of quiet peace—there were only Theologians in the House. Then, in the evening, Third Year returned; also Fr Pearson, who, it seems, had been passing away the time at Monte Cassino. Incidentally, have you noticed the subtly Benedictine tone of this diary in the last few days? You haven't? Well, look back at the reference to Abbots, to Subiaco, to the Senior Student, and to Monte Cassino.

24th *Wednesday*. If all gita days dawned as brightly as did today, the world would be a happier place. But by eight o'clock the sky was black and rain was pouring down (though it held off later on). Consequently, most parties made hurried changes in their plans—two parties even ate their lunch at the Villa and went for a sedate afternoon stroll. But how shall we describe the sufferings of the party of four, who at eight

o'clock were just breasting Monte Compatri en route for the German Villa : suffice to say that they got there and spent a pleasant day enjoying the unusual experience of wearing red *zimarre* whilst their cassocks dried. In the evening we anxiously awaited the return of Party A from Subiaco, but nothing turned up until 10.30 when a rather subdued group of twelve turned up—also a little wet.

25th *Thursday*. The return of Party B was celebrated by a new departure in the shape of an attempt at "choral" reading of Avancinus. However, after a few syllables the weaker reader admitted defeat, and his rival, unperturbed, carried the day.

26th *Friday*. It rained hard, the lights failed, the water supply stopped, and no one had any cigarettes. However, after a picturesque supper by candlelight, things began to look up ; the rain stopped, someone found some cigarettes, the water began to run, and the lights went on.

27th *Saturday*. Once more the skies presented an unruffled front, although the leaves brought down in the gales of the last few days now provide a strong undercurrent of brown in the green of the woods. Fr Pearson left us finally today : it is rumoured that he is planning to take the Alps to the Lake District next summer. In the evening Fr Tindal-Atkinson came out as usual, and with him his American confrère Fr Skehan O.P. You may wonder why we have not made further mention of Mr Perowne, who is still with us ; but the explanation is really quite simple ; he has become so much one of us (even to the wearing of a *zimarra*) that one does not find it necessary to "write him up" separately.

28th *Sunday*. We still skim lightly over the fact that in the last cricket match of the year, which took place this afternoon, Philosophy prevailed.

29th *Monday*. The youngest Theologian emerged from his teens today. In the afternoon we were invited to pay a visit to the Jesuit House at Ariccia. During the war the novices there had made Palazzola the goal of many day gitas, and so wished to pay us for our "unconscious" hospitality. The idea was that we should be shown round and then, perhaps, a little *merenda* . . . We were shown thoroughly round, up hill and down dale, in doors and out, and then the word *merenda* came to the fore again. We were conducted to a large table in the garden, covered entirely with grapes. The good Jesuits then egged us on as we ate bunch after bunch of grapes, washed down with a plentiful supply of water. At supper no one could look a grape in the face . . .

30th *Tuesday*. A gita day, and all parties reported complete success. For the first time we had fires on the Sforza and in the Wiggery this evening, singing resuscitated songs and guiding late *gitanti* homewards with helpful shouts.

OCTOBER 1st *Wednesday*. As we looked at our little calendar above our shaving mirror this morning, the full meaning of the date was brought home to us. A second later, as we began to mop up the blood, we meditated gloomily on the fact that the last month of the Villa had

begun, the Twilight of the Gods. Such thoughts still occupied our minds as, later in the morning, we gazed out over the lake towards the sea and awaited the arrival of the Scots. Soon they arrived, and we turned once more into our holiday selves and proceeded to show them the sights and generally to help them to work up an appetite. Bishop Grimshaw, with Fr Boers and our two Plymouth Students, went round to Castel Gandolfo this morning for an audience. He returned just before lunch, bringing with him Fr Ian Jones and Fr Fanning, both Plymouth priests.

But perhaps the greatest event of the day came at the end, when we had a New Arrival—a small ball of grey which entered the Common Room in the Vice-Rector's arms after supper, and was introduced to us as our watch-dog elect—Febo II. Which is why, on—

2nd *Thursday*, the bell-ringer in the New Wing was not so surprised as he might have been, when he heard shrill barks coming from the Vice-Rector's room at 5.55. During the course of the day Febo, who is three weeks old, made himself thoroughly at home, though at the moment there seems to be no combined operation between his front and back legs when he goes for a walk: they all work in a purely independent and, for Febo, disconcerting fashion.

4th *Saturday*. After yesterday's rain came today's sun, and, with it, by far the clearest day we have had here yet. On our right, Rome and St Peter's and the hills beyond stand out very clearly: in front of us, the white buildings of Ostia are silhouetted against the sea. As it was the feast of St Francis, the Bishop gave Benediction in the Nuns' Chapel, *schola adstante*. After night prayers we put back our watches, as *Ora Legale* had come to an end; so that on—

5th *Sunday*, we had the luxury of a long sleep. As yesterday was Bishop Grimshaw's feast day and tomorrow is his birthday, we split the difference and had *caffè e liquori* in his honour today. The Rector proposed his health, and His Lordship, in reply, hinted that if ever we were down in the West Country . . . In the evening he gave Pontifical Benediction.

6th *Monday*. The Rector and the organist disappeared into Rome this morning to celebrate the marriage of the daughter of Medi, the boiler-man. The ceremony took place in the College Chapel. (Canonists are referred to Canon 1109, para. 2). It was in preparation for the wedding feast that our fish-pond in Rome became for two months the home of a pair of ducks.

After the usual flurry and bustle we settled down in the evening to enjoy the Second Performance of the Opera. The essentials were the same, but Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum had exchanged parts, and a new and unconventional Mikado made his *début*, accompanied by the ubiquitous Febo. The weather was even better than at the First Performance, though the night was cold and *zimarre* were still to the fore. We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves; and once again you will get no criticism deeper than that unless you turn to January 6th. The show, speeches and all, finished about 11 p.m., and we went to bed happy in the assurance that, thanks to Bishop Grimshaw's intervention, we would not have to rise on—

7th *Tuesday*, until 7.30. Meditation at 8 a.m., set the tone to the whole day.

8th *Wednesday*. A gita day: most of us commandeered Giobbi's lorry to carry us to Pratica, where the most unlikely people turned out to be cooks. Comparison with former diaries will reveal that on almost every other Pratica gita something has gone wrong owing to the perversity of the lorry, etc., but for once we came through absolutely unscathed this year, and even with time to make a fire on the Sforza.

9th *Thursday*. It was definitely a doubtful looking day when fifteen of us set off to Marino to return the Scots' visit: meanwhile the rest stayed at home and kept dry.

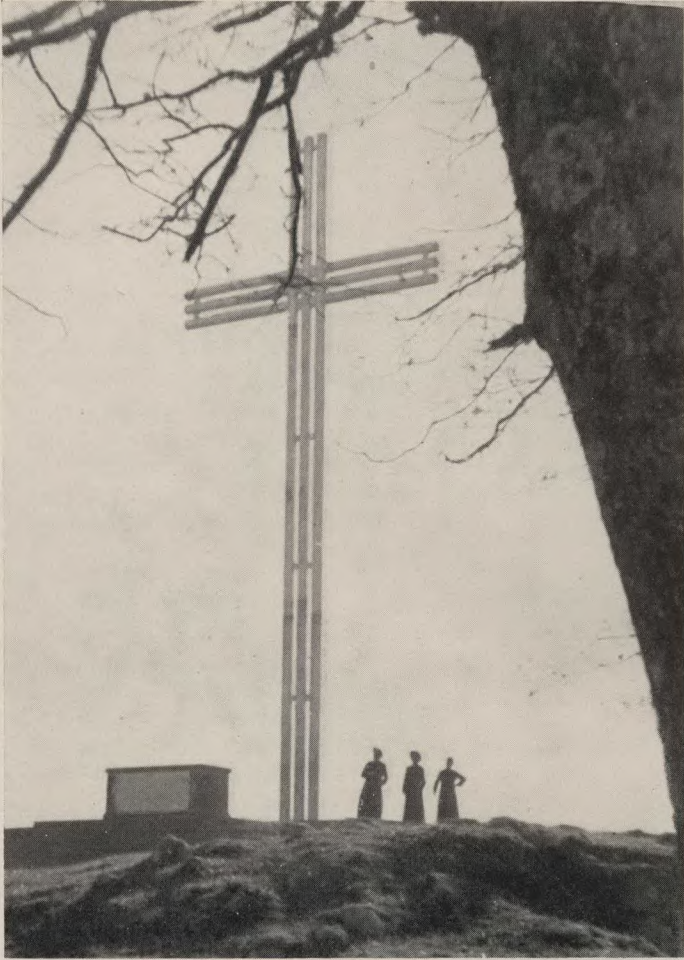
10th *Friday*. The skies wept once more as Bishop Grimshaw left us to return to Plymouth Ho. In the evening a man who had been to Rome today came in and informed us gleefully that he had seen the New Hats (for which we were measured in July) in the sacristy; so when we return to the city (in only ten days time) we shall no longer have to wear the somewhat bedraggled plumes of a past generation.

11th *Saturday*. A very clear day as a result of the recent rain. We should have given more prominence earlier this month to the laudable habit of roasting chestnuts in the Pergola and Wiggery before the Ave. We sit around, tools, deck-chairs, clubs all laid aside, warming our hands as the air begins to chill and the sun begins to sink over a reddish sea. Then, as it goes down, someone remembers that just before it finally sets, the edge goes green, and we are all so busy watching for this phenomenon that the chestnuts burn to cinders. The sad thing is that, owing to the change in the Greg. calendar, we shall begin lectures next year in mid-October and so miss this very delectable period of the Villa, one of the best parts of it in many ways. In fact it looks as though we shall have to find it a new patron, as after this year we shall always be in Rome for St Edward's Day. An event which must not be passed over is that the first game of football occurred today.

12th *Sunday*. The servants went off to Rome this morning to vote in the elections there. The Nuns also went, but left a skeleton force to see to our lunch. Meanwhile, owing to the absence of servants, we provided our own servers, and older men cast a brief thought towards St Mary's Hall (where we used to serve every day) and were glad to see that the standard of serving had not deteriorated even though the servers wore white jackets and not aprons.

13th *Monday*. *Saint Edward's Day*. In the morning the Rector sang High Mass. At one of those dinners that live in the memory we had as our guest Fr O'Connell, repeater at the Scot's College. During coffee *Chi Lo Sa?* made its punctual appearance, but we had to be careful how we laughed as the Rector began filming us.

14th *Tuesday*. The list for rooms in Rome went up today; as only two men went out last year there was nothing to do but to have a kind of "General Post".



TUSCULUM, 1948

15th *Wednesday*. A perfect day for the last gita of the Villa. One party (a very large one) tried to do several gitas at once, and, having watched the sunrise from Faete, pushed on at a quick trot to Algidus, and then wandered over to Tusculum in time to have some lunch. Bigger and better fires on the Sforza in the evening, and certainly very much louder songs.

16th *Thursday*. The weather has been excelling itself in the past few days, as if to make up for its bad behaviour in the preceding fortnight. Even the Golf Man has woken up again and hurriedly organized a tournament.

17th *Friday*. Those who had been members of the First Party out to Rome last year, were able to note with satisfaction that it was the first anniversary of their arrival in the Via Monserrato.

18th *Saturday*. Yes, we are definitely having a real St Luke's summer so as to make it even harder to leave Palazzola.

19th *Sunday*. The Golf Final was played to a close finish this morning. But even whilst we kept up this normal show of Villa life, preparations for the return were under way. The Nuns went off by lorry on a little gita and so we had a kind of Sforza lunch on the Terrace, but even there we were not immune from reminders from the Senior Student "That all Roman beds must be downstairs before the lorry comes tomorrow" *et alia huiusmodi*.

20th *Monday*. The advance party went into Rome with a lorry-load of furniture. Those of us left behind did our best to preserve appearances. It was a beautifully clear day, so some of us climbed Cavo and had a last look around—the two lakes at our feet; further away, Rome, Campagna, and the sea, the Volscians, Circeo, and even the Corne Grande. Then, overcome by it all, we turned to refresh ourselves in the excellent building founded by Cardinal York, and mourned over all that we were about to leave.

21st *Tuesday*. Should really be passed over in silence; anyway you know it all already: the last look back over the shoulder as you prepared to descend into Albano, the difficulty of finding your new place in Church and in the Refectory, the odd sensation of having tablecloths again, the mixed feelings connected with moving into your new room, the same baby still screeching in the flats, the walk to Peter's and Pam in the afternoon, and the longing looks at distant Cavo; not to mention the apprehension of what the morrow will hold in the persons of the New Men.

22nd *Wednesday*. As we sauntered from the Refectory after breakfast we ran into a mob just entering the corridor: on looking closer we recognized some faces and rightly concluded that we were watching the arrival of the New Men and their mentors. We subsequently identified the newcomers as: Mr J. Molloy (Westminster) who joins the O.N.D. and is studying Philosophy, Mr M. Buckley (Leeds) who joins Theology, and Messrs B. Price, G. Talbot, R. Cox (Westminster), B. Murphy-O'Connor

and F. Scantlebury (Portsmouth), R. Abbot and V. Turnbull (Shrewsbury), D. Collier (Birmingham), and M. McConnon (Salford), who come into Philosophy.

23rd *Thursday*. First Year began to see Rome, escorted by their elder brethren (literally, in some cases). Meanwhile those old hands who had been less fortunate than others in July had to make the weary journey to the Gregorian to take their examinations.

24th *Friday*. This evening we went into retreat under Fr Tindal-Atkinson O.P.

25th *Saturday* to 28th *Tuesday* (inclusive). "Reader, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite . . . For a man to refrain even from good words and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is a great mastery." Not us but Lamb. Ssh!

29th *Wednesday*. We came out of retreat. During it we had noted with pleasure the arrival of Archbishop McGrath, Bishop McCormack, and Bishop Parker, the latter two being accompanied by Fathers McNeill and Grant.

30th *Thursday*. Bishop King arrived, and Fr Ibbett with him. Archbishop Amigo had travelled out with them, but he is staying at the Blue Nuns, much to our loss.

31st *Friday*. A *camerata* of five from the College formed over half of the bystanders at a ceremony at San Gregorio this morning when a Sardinian monk, who is the only member of an order he founded some years ago, unveiled a slab commemorating St Gregory's work for the conversion of Sardinia, and then presented us with printed questionnaires about Roman baths in our home districts.

NOVEMBER 1st *Saturday*. *All Saints*. Archbishop McGrath sang Pontifical High Mass this morning. To lunch came Archbishop Amigo, Fr Leake, and Mr Walsh, Editor of the *Catholic Times*. As that organ remarked a week later, "Archbishop Amigo was greeted by a rousing cheer from the students when he went up to their Common Room for coffee". In the evening Bishop McCormack gave Benediction.

2nd *Sunday*. We manfully chanted our way through two Vespers this afternoon and then many went to the Campo Santo to visit Mgr Giles' grave. In the evening Bishop King gave Benediction.

3rd *Monday*. *All Souls*. Bishop Parker pontificated at High Mass for the Dead. After that the day lapsed into the normal *dies non programme* and the absence of after-tea smoking reminded us grimly that we are now back to the full rigours of the winter horarium. In the Common

Room after supper the Rector voiced the pleasure of the House at the visit of Archbishop McGrath and Bishops McCormack and Parker, who are leaving us shortly. Their Lordships replied, and Archbishop McGrath, goaded by Bishop King, gave us the Welsh point of view on the early troubles in the College, supported by our solitary Cambrian student with loud cries of "Cymru am byth" and similar uncouth sounds.

4th *Tuesday*. "Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians : and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times : or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world . . ." (Not me : Addison. However, it's appropriate). Yes, we met again at the Gregorian this morning, and professors and students went through the annual process of taking each other's measure, which is commonly known as *lectio brevis*. After lectures we adjourned to S. Ignazio for Mass of the Holy Ghost.

In the afternoon the November Public Meeting got under way in its usual ponderous fashion. In the evening there were Premiations at the University, and after supper we enjoyed our more homely version of the same ceremony. At dead of night Archbishop McGrath, Bishop McCormack, and Fr McNeill left us.

5th *Wednesday*. Back to the full lecture programme. No comments.

6th *Thursday*. This morning there was a Requiem at S. Ignazio for Fr Lazzarini S.J., who died last year.

Owing to the bounty of Bishop King we enjoyed *caffè e liquori* after lunch, and His Lordship and Fr Ibbett in their speeches took us back with them to their respective eras. At tea-time, just as we were taking a last, regretful look at our empty cup and preparing to evacuate the Refectory, we were surprised by the sudden entrance of Cardinal McGuigan. He was to have come to lunch with us on All Saints', but was unable to come. Bishop Parker and Fr Grant left by the midnight train.

7th *Friday*. We interrupted our after-breakfast smoke to lean out of the Common Room windows to wish *Buon Viaggio* to Bishop King and Fr Ibbett. However, the College did not remain "Bishop-less" for long, as within ten minutes another car drove into the Cortile bearing Bishop Brunner and Canon Brunner.

8th *Saturday*. End of the Public Meeting.

9th *Sunday*. Most of the House were able to get into St Peter's this evening for the Beatification of B. Jeanne Delanoue.

10th *Monday*. To lunch, Archbishop Amigo, Mgr McDaid, and Fr Leake.

12th *Wednesday*. The electricity has recently devoted itself to the game of ceasing to function during the more vital hours of the evening. Thus this evening we enjoyed a very picturesque supper by candlelight.

13th *Thursday*. To lunch, Bishop Poskitt and Mgr Duchemin. Another half-hour without lights in the evening.

15th *Saturday*. To lunch, Archbishop McDonald, Bishop Mellon of Galloway and Bishop Scanlan, who are staying at the Scots College.

16th *Sunday*. Vague memories of St Mary's Hall were conjured up by the sight of Bishop Marshall and Fr Cunningham in the Refectory at lunch time.

18th *Tuesday*. Monsignor Heard, who recently became a "displaced person", inconspicuously took up his abode amongst us today. Rather more conspicuous were his effects, which arrived in large lorry-loads.

19th *Wednesday*. That extra little something about today's lunch reminded us that it was the Nuns' feast day—*Sant' Elisabetta*. In the evening the Rector gave Solemn Benediction in their chapel, assisted by the *Schola*.

20th *Thursday*. Today we loyally celebrated Princess Elizabeth's wedding. To our lunch, *modo festivo*, came Mr Somers Cox, Secretary to the Legation to the Holy See. Afterwards, at *caffè* and *rosolio* in the Common Room, the Rector proposed the Princess' health. After tea we continued celebrations with a very well organized Fair, such as normally occurs only at Christmas; however, in spite of the special atmosphere we connect with Christmas, it was very successful indeed.

21st *Friday*. In spite of yesterday we survived the usual four lectures. In the evening Fr Tindal-Atkinson gave us a conference: this is to become a regular fortnightly occurrence.

23rd *Sunday*. Yesterday (St Cecilia's) and today (St Clement's) large cameratas went to the respective churches to celebrate these two very Roman feasts. This evening, Archbishop McDonald gave us a very interesting and entertaining talk on Land Settlement.

24th *Monday*. At lunch today, the top table being absolutely devoid of Bishops, we reverted to long reading. The reader took a deep breath and embarked on Vol. I of Pastor.

25th *Tuesday*. *St Catherine's Day*. After we had officially welcomed them, First Year provided us with the usual galaxy of speeches. After tea we assisted at Benediction at S. Caterina, which for the first time in living memory ran severely to time.

In the evening (after welcoming Fr L. Wells, C.F.) we sat back and enjoyed a really first-rate concert from the Philosophers. Just to show that we too can understand the dedication we must point out that it is precisely twenty-five years since the first such concert, organized by the Rector's year. Incidentally, does one speak of the "*Skye Boat Song*" or of the "*Skye Boat Song*"? The announcer hovered between the two.

1 FIRST YEAR SONG

Chorus :

Salvete, seniores vos
 Romam nunc venimus
 Sit faustum hoc exordium
 Quo cursum nunc inimus.

2 OCTET

The Skye Boat Song Messrs Dakin, Hunt, Buckley, Kenyon,
FitzPatrick, Broome, Dolan, Turnbull, B.
Murphy-O'Connor.

3 SKETCH

THE DEAR DEPARTED

<i>Mrs Slater</i>	.	.	Mr Dakin
<i>Victoria Slater</i> (her daughter)	.	Mr FitzPatrick	
<i>Henry Slater</i> (her husband)	.	Mr Carson	
<i>Mrs Jordan</i> (her sister)	.	Mr McConnon	
<i>Ben Jordan</i>			
(Mrs Jordan's husband)	.	Mr Scantlebury	
<i>Abel Merryweather</i>			
(Mrs Slater's father)	.	Mr Collier	

4 SONGS

(a) <i>Bantry Bay</i> (J. J. Molloy)	.	.	Mr Dolan
(b) <i>Believe Me</i> (Thomas Moore)	.	.	

5 LIGHTNING SKETCHES

Messrs Byron, Rossiter, Calnon, D'Arcy

6 TRIO

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik (Mozart)
Pianos : Messrs Kirkham, Laughton-Mathews
Violin : Mr Kenyon

7 SKETCH

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

By Noel Coward

<i>Walters</i>	.	.	Mr McHugh
<i>Lady Maureen Gilpin</i>	.	Mr FitzPatrick	
<i>Commander Peter Gilpin</i>	.	Mr P. J. Moore	
<i>Lt-Commander Alastair Corbett</i>			
		Mr Laughton-Mathews	
<i>Mrs Wadhurst</i>	.	Mr Vaughan Lloyd	
<i>Mr Wadhurst</i>	.	Mr Rossiter	
<i>Mr Burnham</i>	.	Mr Calnan	
<i>The Hon. Clare Wedderburn</i>	.	Mr Sutherland	
<i>Colonel Gosling</i>	.	Mr D'Arcy	

26th *Wednesday*. *The Feast of St John Berchmans* and a holiday from the University. A large party from the House attended the Mass celebrated by the General of the Jesuits at the Saint's tomb in S. Ignazio.

27th *Thursday*. There was a very small post owing to the rail strike and general troubles in France. In the evening we had an interesting talk from Mr McGurn, correspondent of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, on the present situation in Italy, which is gloomier than we had realized.

28th *Friday*. As we walked to schools this morning, still turning Mr McGurn's words over in our minds, we kept a weather eye open for revolutions. However, none came to light. Instead, on our arrival at the University, we found a neat, duplicated sheet on each bench in the Aula. (Did you, gentle reader, ever in your seven years receive a communication at the University beginning with the words "Amico Carissimo"?) The sheet announced the imminent appearance of a students' magazine: *Vita Nostra*. It also hinted at the formation of a society for the general interchange of ideas.

29th *Saturday*. *Vita Nostra* appeared, with a cover-picture of Aula V in action, and altogether very much as might have been expected.

30th *Sunday*. We shed a silent tear as Fr Wells retired in the general direction of Graz.

Last February they started to dig up the Via Giulia: by Easter the whole street was pitted with large holes, each about ten feet deep: about ten days ago the last cobble-stones were reverently relaid and the lorries, drills, shovels, and workmen departed. Today, a new batch of lorries, drills, workmen, and shovels has appeared, and they are frantically rooting up cobble-stones all over the place. Rumour has it that something was left behind. Anyway, it makes the journey to Pam all the more difficult.

DECEMBER 1st *Monday*. "Come, happy December, who shall obscure you, who shall preserve you?" In the evening we venerated the Martyrs' relics and sang the *Te Deum* before the Martyrs' Picture, but as today was the transferred feast of Saint Andrew, it was not until—

2nd *Tuesday* that we were able to celebrate the feast of *The College Martyrs*. To lunch the Rectors of the Beda and Irish Colleges, Mr Carroll-Abbing, Mgr Ryan (of the Secretariate of State), the Vice-Rector of the American College and Fr Hulme. In the evening we had an excellent film show, the first since last Easter.

3rd *Wednesday*. *Saint Francis Xavier* and so a *dies non*. First signs of Christmas appeared tonight: the Common Room was half empty as the various play producers cleared for action.

5th *Friday*. Lectures provided a pleasant break in the monotonous round of *dies non* and *vacats*. At lunch time the martial figure of Mgr Smith appeared, clothed in blue battledress this time (it was khaki when we saw him last), and later the Common Room piano came under his influence once more.

7th *Sunday*. *Day of Recollection*. Interest is added to our walks these days by the presence in Rome of thousands of Partisan Troops who are here for a congress: their uniforms vary immensely, but they have one thing in common—a red scarf with hammer and sickle to match.

8th *Monday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. In the afternoon we walked up to that very Roman occasion, the offering of flowers at the statue of Our Lady in the Piazza di Spagna. Then, after an early supper, we enjoyed a very appropriate film: *The Song of Bernadette*.

9th *Tuesday*. The threatened general strike began to fill our conversation.

10th *Wednesday*. To supper, Mgr Campbell, Archbishop of Glasgow. The strike was due to start today, but owing to bad weather was postponed until—

11th *Thursday*. As a result the whole city was very depressing and as quiet as the grave—like a wet Sunday afternoon. As even the bars had, very inconsiderately, closed down, the strikers had nothing to do but hang around in chilly streets, playing football, or just loafing. Occasional bursts of mild excitement enlivened the Piazza Colonna, but that was all the trouble any of us saw.

Being the feast of Saint Damasus, the College attended the function in San Lorenzo in Damaso, our parish church.

12th *Friday*. It takes more than a mere strike to unsettle the Gregorian, and so we struggled gaily on. The strike was still officially in force, but by mid-day most of the shops were half-open. Our post has now stopped entirely: it had been bad for the last week owing to the French railway strikes. To tea, Mgr Flanagan, Vice-Rector of the Scots' College, whom we must congratulate on his recent appointment as a Papal Chamberlain.

13th *Saturday*. Mgr Smith left us, and the strike stopped.

14th *Sunday*. *Gaudete*. A chosen few went to a Beethoven concert at the Argentina this evening.

18th *Thursday*. Swathed in overcoats, scarves, *zimarre*, and all the usual arctic equipment, the Common Room men left us freezing in the House whilst they set off for the Villa to collect holly for Christmas. About two hours later we met the Pessimist in the corridor, with a smile on his face. We ventured to ask why, and he silently pointed to the nearest radiator which was positively buzzing with life. We spent the rest of the day enjoying the novel experience of getting warm.

19th *Friday*. As we thought! Our own radiator has gone very much on strike.

20th *Saturday*. Second Year Theology received their First Minors from Archbishop Carinci at San Carlo ai Catinari. At the same time Mr Buckley received the Tonsure. *Ad maiora!*

21st *Sunday*. The hangings went up in church in preparation for *Quarant'Ore*. In the afternoon Vespers were replaced by Compline—a welcome change.

22nd *Monday*. The Rector sang the High Mass of Exposition this morning, and after it those less fortunate ones who had a fourth lecture had to totter to the University. All of which so stirred the reader at lunch that he found himself proclaiming Von *Papen's* "Lives of the Popes."

23rd *Tuesday*. As we trotted down to meditation this morning *si prega di non disturbare* notices on various doors reminded us that some of the priests had been up watching for half the night, aided as ever by the

Confraternity. High Mass for Peace was sung on the Martyrs' altar in the church. In the evening we underwent the yearly agony of making holly chains.

24th *Wednesday. Christmas Eve.* High Mass of Deposition, sung by the Vice-Rector at 10.30 this morning put an end to our Forty Hours. Then followed the usual muddle that constitutes our Christmas Eve—the Senior Student singing the Martyrology (on an uncomfortably high pitch), last minute shopping, that peculiar mixture of tea and supper (including very high-class *torrone* this year), anticipated night prayers, chaos in the Common Room, all miraculously resolving itself into order as we proceeded into church for Matins.

This year we reverted to our "English" custom of singing solemn Matins instead of monotoning them, but the *schola* sang the responsories to a new setting which fitted their range better. Lectors of various ability introduced us, with differing degrees of success, to a wealth of ultra-solemn solemn tones, some of them accidental, though chief honour must go to the man who sang half his lesson and then firmly retired. We finished our *Te Deum* just as it struck twelve and we commenced on—

25th *Christmas Day.* The Rector sang Midnight Mass and we followed up with Lauds and then, to the strains of "Be We Merry", we retired to our well earned collation. Thence to the Common Room, utterly changed since we last saw it—holly chains all over the place, Santa Claus making his way over the proscenium behind a team of perspiring students, and, above all, the fire. Anyway, we got to bed some time, with that delicious feeling of not having to rise until 8 a.m. Need we say more? After spending a quiet morning, eating a very large and excellent lunch (assisted by Fr Hulme) and taking a short walk, we were ready to enjoy the Pantomime. It was a positive prince of pantomimes, with a really original and well turned plot—as even a look at the programme may show you. In short, a first-class evening.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1947

1 CAROLS

(a) <i>Coventry Carol</i>	Messrs Walsh, Clark,
(b) <i>While Joseph was a-walking</i>	Scantlebury, Hamilton,
(c) <i>God Rest You Merry Gentlemen</i>	M.-O'Connor P., O'Hara,
(d) <i>I Saw Three Ships</i>	Dakin, Rickards

2 FLUTE SOLO

<i>Selection from La Traviata</i> (Verdi)	Mr Frost
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3 PANTOMIME

FANTASIA IN PANTOLAND

<i>Old King Cole</i>	Mr Rickards
<i>Prince Charming</i>	Mr Jones
<i>The Baroness</i>	Mr D'Arcy
<i>Matilda</i> } (The Ugly Sisters)	Mr McConnon
<i>Maud</i> }	Mr B. M.-O'Connor

<i>Cinderella</i>	Mr Cox
<i>Buttons</i>	Mr Lowery
<i>Ali Baba</i>	Mr Hamilton
<i>Idle Jack</i>	Mr Crissell
<i>Robin Hood</i>	Mr Abbott
<i>Robinson Crusoe</i>	Mr Talbot
<i>Goldilocks</i>	.	.	.	Mr Philip	Moore
<i>Red Riding Hood</i>	.	.	.	Mr M.	Moore
<i>Old Mother Hubbard</i>	.	.	.	Mr	Dolan

Act I	The Court of Pantoland
Act II	The Baroness's Kitchen
Act III	The Road to the Palace
Act IV	The Palace

By the way, we never told you that the stage is now at the other end of the Common Room—a great improvement, as there somehow seems to be more room down there, and also it means that we can use the main door of the Common Room, instead of having to trek down the corridor to get in.

26th *Friday. Boxing Day.* Need we remark that most people spent today very quietly? A film in the evening, and also a very well produced documentary on the Catholic Action pilgrimage to Rome last September, and of the Papal Audience in the Piazza San Pietro.

27th *Saturday. Saint John.* The Rector's feast day was celebrated this year by a victory over the Scots, the score being 3—2. Nothing daunted, the Vice-Rector of the Scots joined the Vice-Rectors of the Beda, Irish and American Colleges as our guests at lunch and at coffee, when we drank the Rector's health.

In the evening we had a good concert and a well-produced play; though it must be confessed that the occasional use of explosives during the play set the tone for the after-supper Common Room.

1 PIANO DUET

The Dance of the Hours (Ponchielli) Messrs McGuinness and
Laughton Mathews

2 CHORUS

"*Achieved is the Glorious Work*" (from the *Creation*—Haydn)

3 VIOLIN SOLO

Liebesleit (Fritz Kreisler) Mr Kenyon with Mr Rickards

4 SKETCH

THE MOON IS DOWN

By John Steinbeck

<i>Dr. Winter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Balfe
<i>Joseph</i>	.	.	.	Mr Boswell
<i>Sergeant</i>	.	.	.	Mr Grech
<i>Captain Bentick</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dakin
<i>The Mayor—Mr Orden</i>	.	.	.	Mr Alexander

<i>Mrs. Orden—His Wife</i>	.	.	Mr Tierney
<i>Colonel Lanser</i>	.	.	Mr P. J. Moore
<i>George Corell</i>	.	.	Mr Groarke
<i>Major Hunter</i>	.	.	Mr English
<i>Lieutenant Prackle</i>	.	Mr Laughton	Mathews
<i>Captain Loft</i>	.	.	Mr Howorth
<i>Lieutenant Fonder</i>	.	.	Mr Lane
<i>Molly Morden</i>	.	.	Mr Kirkham
<i>Denis Morden</i>	.	.	Mr Kenyon
<i>Will Anders</i>	.	.	Mr Thornton
<i>Tom Anders</i>	.	.	Mr Frost

The action of the play occurs in a small mining town in Norway in 1941.

28th *Sunday*. After getting the usual cold looks from First Year when we wished them *buona festa* we settled down to enjoying a quiet day. To lunch Mgr Carroll-Abbing. In the evening we had the usual "card-night" in the Common Room, but the bridge players did not get it all their own way and were seen compressing their lips very patiently as "Snap", and even "Soccatome" became noisier and noisier. Before supper we sang First Vespers of Saint Thomas (at which two unaccustomed figures made their *début* in copes) and, all books having been duly removed from their lockers "and NOT left in the vestibolo", the sacristans flung the church open to the public.

29th *Monday*. *Feast of Saint Thomas of Canterbury*. The Rector sang High Mass this morning for the Roman Association. Since the stage is conveniently at the other end of the Common Room, we were able to add to the joys of life by having a fire during the morning. This was sheer hedonism because it was the warmest day we have had for a long time. As our guests at a very large lunch we welcomed Mr Perowne, the British Minister, Mgr Brennan of the Rota, Mgr Heard, Monsignori Duchemin, Clapperton, McDaid and Ryan, Fr Tracey of San Silvestro, Fr Alfred C.P., Fr Dyson S.J., and Mr Somers-Cox, Secretary to the Legation. In the evening we had another concert, this time of lighter vein.

- 1 CHORALE
Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring (Bach)
- 2 PIANO DUET
Spanish Dances (Moszkowski) Messrs Laughton Mathews and Kirkham
- 3 DUET
From Don Giovanni (Mozart) Fr Grasar and Mr Dakin
- 4 CHORALE
The Heavens are Telling (Haydn)
- 5 PIANO SOLO
Warsaw Concerto Mr Kenyon

6 SKETCH

TONS OF MONEY

<i>Sprules</i> (a butler)	.	.	Mr Byron
<i>Simpson</i> (a maid)	.	.	Mr P. Keegan
<i>Miss Benita Mullet</i>	.	.	Mr McGuiness
<i>Louise Allington</i>	.	.	Mr. FitzPatrick
<i>Aubrey Allington</i>	.	Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor	
<i>Giles</i> (a gardener)	.	.	Mr Calnan
<i>Mr Chesterman</i> (a solicitor)	.	.	Mr Walmsley
<i>Jean Everard</i>	.	.	Mr Derbyshire
<i>Henery</i>	.	.	Mr Fonseca
<i>George Maitland</i>	.	.	Mr Buckley

Produced by Mr Gallagher

30th *Tuesday*. A quiet (and wet) day. In the evening a party went to see *Macbeth* in the appropriate surroundings of the Scots' College, whilst those who stayed behind settled down to a more low-brow entertainment consisting of several Disney Cartoons and Bing Crosby and Bob Hope in the *Road to Utopia*.

31st *Wednesday*. In the morning we played the Rome University Rugby XV and won by 23—0. After the usual chaotic preparations the Fair got under way in the evening, until it was time to celebrate the end of the year with *Te Deum* in church before supper and "Auld Lang Syne" in the Common Room after it.

JANUARY 1st. *Feast of the Circumcision*. After a disturbed night, caused by our more active neighbours in the Capellar, who spent a pleasant time letting off fireworks to speed the parting year, we arose to greet the New One in no very placid frame of mind, and so had broken most of our resolutions before the end of breakfast. To lunch, no one!! In the evening we enjoyed every moment of Shaw's *Saint Joan*, which unfortunately had to be rather cut to suit the exigencies of the horarium.

1 QUINTET

- (a) *The Wand of Youth* (Elgar)
- (b) *Chanson de la Nuit* (Elgar)

2 VOCAL SOLO

- (a) *Come, Live with Me* (Handel) Mr O'Hara with Mr McGuiness
- (b) *Dream of Spring* (Schubert)

3 ITEM

Sound the Trumpet

4 SKETCH

SAINT JOAN

By George Bernard Shaw

<i>Robert de Baudricourt</i>	.	.	Mr Carson
<i>Steward</i>	.	.	Mr Lloyd
<i>Joan</i>	.	.	Mr Williams
<i>Bertrand de Poulengy</i>	.	Mr F. Scantlebury	

<i>Archbishop of Rheims</i>	.	.	Mr McHugh
<i>Mgr de la Tremouille</i>	.	.	Mr Turnbull
<i>Court Page</i>	.	.	Mr Rea
<i>Gilles de Rais</i>	.	.	Mr Sutherland
<i>Captain La Hire</i>	.	.	Mr Broome
<i>The Dauphin</i>	.	.	Mr O'Dowd
<i>Duchess de la Tremouille</i>	.	.	Mr Clark
<i>Ladies in Waiting</i>	.	.	Mr Hunt
			Mr McManus
<i>Man-at-Arms</i>	.	.	Mr Boland
<i>Duke of Vendome</i>	.	.	Mr Rossiter
<i>Earl of Warwick</i>	.	.	Mr Collier
<i>Chaplain de Stogumber</i>	.	.	Mr Richards
<i>Bishop of Beauvais</i>	.	.	Mr Devaney
<i>Warwick's Page</i>	.	.	Mr Rossiter
<i>Dunois</i>	.	.	Mr Davis
<i>Inquisitor</i>	.	.	Mr McManus
<i>D'Estivet</i>	.	.	Mr Farrow
<i>De Courcelles</i>	.	.	Mr Price
<i>Ladvenu</i>	.	.	Mr Anglim
<i>Executioner</i>	.	.	Mr Stewart
<i>Assessors</i>	.	.	Mr Hunt
			Mr Turnbull

Produced by Mr Spillane

2nd *Friday*. "*Uti dicebamus in praevia schola . . .*" muttered the professor, who had apparently been sitting in his rostrum throughout the last fortnight awaiting the return of his flock.

3rd *Saturday*. To lunch, the Bishop of Gibraltar and Mgr Duchemin. The reader put on a special show for their benefit: in majestic tones he read out "*The Obit Book of the Venerable English College for January 4th*" . . . and there he stopped. There was no entry for January 4th, and not being an imaginative youth he did not feel capable of composing one without notice. I also have in my diary the cryptic words "*Hebdom. Book*", but what he did with that I fail to remember.

4th *Sunday*. We recaptured the Christmas spirit with a very enjoyable thriller film this evening.

5th *Monday*. As we settled down to listen to our daily ration of Pastor today, wondering meanwhile how much spaghetti we could take from the dish without causing active comment from the man at the bottom of the table, an unfamiliar sound broke upon our reverie, and we realized that Volume I had come to an end. As a result the Popes have been returned to the Middle Ages and Mr Trappes-Lomax is now telling us about Bishop Challoner.

6th *Tuesday*. *The Epiphany*. Once again we were back to the spirit of Christmas, and there was Christmas pudding at lunch to rejoice our palates. As our guests we welcomed the Rector of the Canadian College,

Mgr Flanagan of the Holy Office and Mr MacDonald from the Irish Legation. Tea followed close upon the heels of lunch, and then we lit our pipes and settled down to enjoy the Opera once more. When recording the Villa performances (to which our thoughts turned sentimentally this evening) we promised you, dear reader, that, since we ourselves are remarkably lacking in the qualities that go to make a dramatic critic, we would hire a scribe for the task of "writing up the Opera". We noticed him taking notes furiously all through the show, and he is at our elbow now, so we have nothing to do but let him loose on you. Here he is.

THE MIKADO

or

THE TOWN OF TITIPU

by

W. S. Gilbert, A. Sullivan

<i>The Mikado</i>	Mr Hamilton
<i>Nanki Poo</i> (his son)	Mr Dakin
<i>Ko-Ko</i> (Lord High Executioner)	.	.	.	Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor	
<i>Pooh Bah</i> (Lord High Everything Else)	.	.	.	Mr FitzPatrick	
<i>Pish Tush</i> (a noble lord)	.	.	.	Mr Dolan	
<i>Yum Yum</i> (ward of Ko-Ko)	.	.	.	Mr Hunt	
<i>Pitti Sing</i>	.	.	.	Mr P. Keegan	
<i>Peep-Bo</i>	.	.	.	Mr Gallagher	
<i>Katisha</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lane	
<i>Chorus of Nobles</i>	.	.	.	Mr Farrow, Williams, Davis, Devaney, Byron, Rickards, Broome, Laughton Mathews	
<i>Chorus of Schoolgirls</i>	.	.	.	Messrs Anglim, Jones, Hallett, Sutherland, McManus, M. Moore, Kirkham	
<i>Piano</i>	.	.	.	Mr McGuinness	
<i>Musical Director</i>	.	.	.	Fr Grasar	

The Opera was produced by Mr Hamilton

"It was in a sober and reflective mood that I approached the far from easy task of giving an appreciation of the 1947 Opera. Tonight we were given for the fourth time in Venerabile history one of the most popular in the cycle: *The Mikado*. From the first I gave battle to those die-hards who, clinging to the well-known refuge of the Moralists that circumstances can change an act, declare that the Epiphany "Repeat" is something that bears but little relation to the Villa performance. Can the shadow-lit Cortile at Palazzola, the spirit of abandon and the warmth of wine so transform Gilbert and Sullivan? Or is there a new heresy abroad which holds that the Venerabile touch, when applied on *villeggiatura*, gives birth to a creature of a night, a treasure of the memory, like an island seen above a sea-mist in the glory of a morning sun? But softer thoughts imposed themselves, and from the first I felt the pride of common achievement that much new wine had mingled with good old vintage to

entertain us this Epiphany evening. Let me explain. My mood was good, and, in spite of those over-sensitive men who justify their hebetude of soul by attributing a cloud of prejudice to a critic who was open to every thrill of originality, I was not living in a glorious past (and it had a glory, mark you, that the new wine has not yet attained) and sighing for its mechanical repetition, as if the Venerable spirit could be exhausted in a cycle of six years' exile. No, I was eager to see the fruit of well-recognized versatility. But an uneasy suspicion crept into my mind that the 'matter' had not been sufficiently disposed to the 'form'. The curtain rose on a chorus of dazzling colour: but, O men of Titipu, a chorus is the incarnation of the spirit of song. It dawned on me, before the last chords of an excellently played overture had died away, that these flashing citizens of bourgeois Japan had solemnly passed a vote of no confidence in themselves. I longed to see them sweep into the vigorous rhythm of 'If you want to know who we are', but, instead, I realized all too soon who they were: their own individual selves in a team of marionettes. No form can be educed from such 'materia secunda'. Who will doubt that this opening chorus, with its need for precision, unanimity, and perfection in gesture and intonation, sets the pace of the first act? On this evening the pace was set to a halting and uncertain tempo. There was a shyness in the musical leads and an oceanic rumbling in the harmonies which prevented these excellent men of the chorus from attaining their absolute certainty of melody and part, which, to me, is one of the greatest compensating factors that fill out the native deficiencies of a Venerable cast. My tiresome memory would go back to the first twenty minutes of the *Gondoliers* with its musical accuracy and the colours of its production, and a vague uneasiness settled in my soul which no frenzied waving on the part of an indefatigable conductor was able to dispel. I sensed the wavering pulse, even in the glorious climax of the finale to Act I. With the entrance of Nanki-Poo the chorus derived a certain stiffening and their songs were more convincing. Nanki-Poo carried himself nobly and gave the impression that he at least was enjoying himself. But why did he shirk any note above D, and lapse into a Capellar' falsetto? One felt that with a producer's hand more evident, he could have radiated a natural assurance that would have had a miraculous effect on everyone, including a reactionary critic. His voice production is too strained and he seems to throw away the gift of a useful tenor voice.

The dialogue throughout the Opera was poorly attacked. Gilbert's lines do not carry themselves, and much 'business' is needed to keep pace with the excellence of the situation or the accompanying music. It prevented an atmosphere of 'plot' from seeing the light of day. Even as in the matter of musical certainty, I regard brilliant characterization, expressed in the dialogue just as much as in the song, as a necessary compensating factor in our productions. But the actors tonight had a fear of consistently holding their parts, let alone developing them, but, as always, there were good exceptions. I have seldom seen a chorus so reminiscent of *Acqua Acetosa* as these men of Titipu when they loped off the field before the entrance of the girls. Or should I say limped? The

girls, as far as I could see, admired the masculinity of the men : they were shy to be either dainty, girlish or coy, but breathed heavily from the start. I could not resist the temptation of wondering whether, on the whole, they should have looked so ugly, I so desired to be oblivious of the identity and sex of these alluring maidens. On this night I was earth-bound, and these Sirens had no allurements that could lift a depressing disappointment from my heart of clay.

Of the principals there is much that I would like to say. Katisha, beyond doubt, gave the best performance of the evening, excelling for me, a former Katisha in a greater production. Her passionate soul, controlled by constant defeat, vibrated nevertheless in every pore of her ageing skin, and with calculated and menacing conspiracy directed all other things to subserve its craving for possession of the handsome young Nanki-Poo. Suffering yet another final defeat, it could rise to the slightest breath of the cowardly love of the miserable Ko-Ko, and in that little cheap tailor she rests content. Her singing was sensitive, and she was capable of great climaxes, while her reactions to a Ko-Ko's beautifully delivered 'Tit-willow' were, for me, some of the finest acting of the evening. Her rival, Yum-Yum, deserves great praise as giving us a gay, charming, and pleasing portrait of a Japanese maid with a woman's logic. She gave an attractive rendering of 'The Sun whose rays . . .' and her singing was in complete accord with the lightness of her acting. I cannot say that the other principals satisfied ; but there was in their performance much that pleased and delighted. Pooh-Bah had it in him to be gorgeously pompous and polysyllabic, but he jibbed at this effort—it must have been his beard that destroyed his concentration. Ko-Ko seemed completely at a loss as to what former stage 'success' he should repeat, and in the end chose to render the Lord High Executioner in the accents of Alastair Sim. I do not altogether blame him, for his clever clowning in 'Here's a how-de-do', though perhaps foreign to the Savoy, was a cause of great merriment, and made one forget that he had missed the irony of Gilbert's character and the good-humoured satire of which he is the foil. Like most of the principals he was inclined to forget his character when he sang, and to seize it again when there were two bars rest. Of the other two little maids, Peep-Bo made a spirited attempt to interpret her part, but I think she was very naughty to flirt with the Mikado in a scene which already had its full quota of burlesque. Pitti-Sing had everything on her side, but so surprised was she that she could emit a pleasing coquettish note that, still as a statue, she contemplated the succession of crotchets and quavers that poured forth, fearing to move in case the wave-length was lost. She was, nevertheless, well cast in her part. I would have thought that the trio 'The criminal cried', would have forced the delinquents on to their knees, but this they delivered standing, robbing themselves of any chance to shiver, shake, quiver and tumble in the agony of their unfortunate predicament. The Mikado feared to risk the over-interpretation of his part, which is indeed the only way to get inside it, and preferred to be a genial and attractive villain in a pantomime.

From that evening I have several 'spiritual bouquets' to refresh any harsh convictions that remained. But perhaps my conclusion would be that the actors had faulty manuscripts in which no sub-title appeared. 'The Town of Titipu' is the microcosm of all the venality, pomposity and pleasant corruption of the bourgeois municipal councils of Gilbert's day, and in the citizens of Titipu Gilbert satirizes with good humour these not unlikeable people. He allows much fun, but every so often, especially through the mouth of Katisha, he forces a laugh that hurts, and introduces that element of pathos without which no comedy of human manners can bear two successive summers. The Mikado is not only the first opera ever played by the Venerable, it is also the first opera since 1939 in its proper setting of Palazzola, and I own that if I had been there on that cool August evening I would be less addicted to objective criticism and be quite content to cherish the memory of a human experience that cannot be forced into the categories of stagecraft. I think I appreciate the spontaneous fun that went into its riotous production, but I still have the misgiving that the cast of 1947 were no whit less capable of attaining the Savoy tradition than were their precursors, without losing their obvious versatility and zest.

There must have been much hard work behind the scenes. The pianist can fit into no category of praise, but where was the noble supporting orchestra, which adds so much to the general atmosphere of opera? The electricians and the army of stage hands deserve the thanks of an ungrateful spectator, and in a spirit of appreciation I should like to close this meditation on the possibilities of Venerable opera, asking for mercy towards one who is condemned by his contemporaries to the ranks of those who limp along behind the firm steps of a modern generation."

So there we are. The critic's task is over, and ours also, I fear. Distant thuds remind us that the stagemen are even now wrecking the work they so conscientiously performed a fortnight since, and it is another's painful duty to describe the wreckage that will meet our eyes tomorrow. He is even now practising on scraps of paper, trying to work out a respectable start to his *magnum opus*, poor fellow, and so we leave him to your tender consideration.

RICHARD L. STEWART.

PERSONAL

At the beginning of the scholastic year we were pleased to welcome to the College His Lordship the Bishop of Portsmouth. A Roman of Romans, Bishop King was at home from the moment he set foot in the house. His anecdotes of the College in the early days of the century are legion and are a spur to the present generation to emulate the deeds of their predecessors. We are especially grateful for the *liquori* which he provided for the celebration on the eve of his departure.

We were also pleased to welcome His Grace the Archbishop of Cardiff, His Lordship the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, and later Bishop Brunner, Auxiliary to Bishop Shine of Middlesbrough, who were making *ad limina* visits to Rome. Ill health unfortunately prevented His Grace the Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark from staying in the College, but he gave us the pleasure of his company on several occasions by visiting the College.

On Easter Sunday we received a visit from Bishop Bouter of Nellore, India, who gave us a personal report on the progress of the Indian Student whom the College has adopted. And on Low Sunday we were pleased to receive a visit from Bishop Myers on his way back from the West Indies. His Lordship stayed with us until 20th April.

To Mgr Carroll-Abbing, whom we see at the College from time to time, we offer our congratulations for the award of the Italian Red Cross Gold Medal of Honour in recognition of his relief work for Italian children.

We also congratulate the REV. D. CASHMAN (1933-9), private secretary to Archbishop Godfrey, on his appointment as a Privy Chamberlain; the REV. E. J. KELLY and the REV. R. EARLEY, both of the 1920-7 vintage, on their appointments as Canons of their respective dioceses. Canon Kelly is now at Connah's Quay, Flintshire, and Canon Earley is parish priest of St Patrick's, Manchester.

We also send our congratulations to Canon Collingwood (1891-6), who has returned from a well-earned retirement to be chaplain to the new Carmelite Convent at Ashbourne.

We must apologize to CANON DONNELLY (1916-23) of Shrewsbury for not having recognized his appointment as a Canon of the diocese in 1940. We are also asked to point out that the REV. J. A. THOMPSON (1926-9) has been parish priest of St Michael's, Conway, since 1945, a parish noted for its outdoor Stations of the Cross. This year Fr Thompson was appointed diocesan youth director.

We send our hearty congratulations to the REV. E. WHITEHOUSE (1938-42) on his first appointment as parish priest at Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire. His parish is wonderful gita country and we suspect that many Romans will be dropping in on him.

Other new appointments include :

RT REV. MGR F. CASHMAN, V.G. (1920-7) to St Winefride's, Holywell.

REV. D. RYAN (1919-23) to Corpus Christi, Weston-super-Mare.

REV. D. CRAWLEY, D.D. (1921-8) to St Winefride's, Welshpool, Montgomery.

REV. V. FAY (1925-32) to St James's, Rawtenstall.

REV. J. J. CASHMAN (1926-33) to the Holy Name, Fishguard.

REV. S. LESCHER, C.F. (1932-8) to The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, as resident chaplain.

REV. H. MARTINDALE (1933-40) to the new junior seminary for the diocese of Lancaster, at Thistleton Lodge, Kirkham.

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

REV. D. SWAN (1940-7) to St Lawrence's, Feltham, Middlesex.

We were sorry to learn of the death of MGR CANON TYNAN and of MGR CANON HALL. Obituary notices will appear in the next issue. An obituary of the REV. J. CAHALAN appears on another page of the present number.

MR MERVYN ALEXANDER is the Senior Student for the year 1948-9.

The Secretary would like to remind subscribers that payment should be made by cheque, the required sanction having been obtained from the Bank of England.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The Secretary regrets to announce that a rise in the price of the Magazine is necessary. Throughout the war, apart from the addition of a mere sixpence in 1942, the price of the Magazine has remained unchanged. In fact, there has been no other change since the inauguration twenty-seven years ago. But the demands of the present age and the effects of the war must, at last, be recognized. The cost of labour and the increasing rise in prices of materials have compelled the printer to raise the price for publication. In all justice it must be pointed out that it was only through the generous help of the printer that the price of the VENERABLE, unlike other magazines, has hitherto been maintained at so low a figure. So will subscribers please note that the price of the Magazine for the future, dating from November next, will be 8s. yearly instead of 6s.

The members of the present staff are :

Editor : Mr Spillane

Secretary : Mr O'Dowd

Sub-editor : Mr Hunt

Under-secretary : Mr Fonseca

Fifth Member : Mr Philip Moore

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges : *The Baeda, The Downside Review, The Edmundian, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Prior Park Magazine, The Pylon.*

MUSIC

When the House returned to Rome and found in the neighbouring Teatro Argentina facilities for listening to music which were unknown even in the latter years of the exile, there were not wanting the cynics who, distinguishing active music-making from passive, questioned whether

the House, and, for that matter, the British public, had any genuine interest in music. "What is more", they would remark, as they looked down from the *palchettone* on to the technicolour of an Italian stalls' audience, "if it weren't for the lights and the people and walking back through the city after seminary hours, there wouldn't be so much passive participation either".

It was the arrival at Septuagesima of Dom Aldhelm Dean O.S.B., which gave the House an opportunity for active music-making. Nothing had been lost of the tradition of good plainsong established in England when all functions were domestic and numbers smaller, but sight readers had been few and the principles, though inculcated *passim* in the past year, were never grasped as a whole. At last, through the generosity of Fr McNally and the other far-seeing friends of the College, we were to obtain a Solesmes synthesis, presented, with practical demonstrations, by the choirmaster of Quarr.

For a fortnight Fr Dean lectured daily. There were two courses, the "Minor" comprising Notation and Modality, and the "Advanced" for Chreonomy, Interpretation, and Palaeography. The two courses were soon fused, since curiosity was aroused equally by both syllabi.

Like the Jesuit professors of the better sort, Fr Dean was faithful to the time-limit of fifty minutes a lecture. Supplementary instruction was given to the many who sought it in his room, where, like the Retreat Father, he was available at most times. During his brief stay Fr Dean gave further impetus to our singing by joining the Schola at High Mass. Under the auspices of the Literary Society also, Fr Dean enthralled us with an account of Solesmes musical scholarship. Some felt, however, that the Solesmes congregation had their best advertisement in the personal charm of the monastic grace with which we so often made contact in the Common Room while our guest was in our midst. We also enjoyed Fr Dean's rendering of songs by Handel and Debussy, which reminded us that the musical deposit extends beyond the period of the last monastic manuscripts.

Subsequent improvement in the singing of Chant, particularly in sight singing and interpretation, is only what one expects in view of the widespread *élan vital* whose more eccentric redundations have provided popular satire with badly needed material. True, one of Malherbe's manifestos has been seen lying on a window sill, but the four *gitanti* who recently shared a cloister with the accomplished heresiarch of the Tuscan hills are reported to be still in conformity with the rest of the House, and on most bookshelves, beside the Denzinger and the Summa, one may find the hundred-page manual, *Notes on Gregorian Chant* (Typis Ven. Coll. Angl. 1948), Fr Dean's *folia dactylographica*, of which copies may still be obtained on application to the Choirmaster.

The Choir now regularly alternates with the twelve who form the plainsong Schola in singing the Common and the Proper, apart from the Versicles, which are sung by six Cantors. A separate polyphonic Schola of fifteen members (some of whom double on the Chant) has been formed to sing motets at outside functions and during the Offertory on major

feasts. High voices are still wanting; moreover, in the Gesù and S. Lorenzo one despairs of finding English voices which are even loud enough. And so the polyphonic Schola stands uncertain of its future. Plainsong exists for every occasion, and for domestic functions if need be we can use it exclusively. But when the Ven. Coll. Inglese are billed for a function in a neighbouring church, when the *corteo* enters with the *Eminentissimo Porporato* in its wake, are the Schola to shock Roman convention with plainsong? "Certainly", say the advocates of Solesmes-or-nothing. "Well, obviously", say the practical, "unless funds are forthcoming for new music."

Recently the Schola acquired copies of Casimiri's "Sacri Concertus", a setting for three male voices of the Christmas Matins Antiphons, and Mr Alan Johnson, who is well acquainted with the Schola's resources, sent us his tuneful setting of an old English carol, which was sung between Matins and Midnight Mass. Christmas is well provided for, but we still have very little polyphony within our range, and most of what we have is compressed SATB.

Many functional gaps can be stopped by the organ, though experience of the local organs tends to diminish the liturgist's dislike of gaps. In our own chapel, however, we have enough diapason for the popular fugues of Frescobaldi and Bach, and the abundance of orchestral colouring is useful for Handel's Organ Concertos. Lack of a tuba and of a third manual discourages the attempt of much English music after Mendelssohn and Elgar.

The Music Lovers' Society usually functioned most fruitfully between Christmas and Easter. This year all available energy seems to have been spent in the plainsong drive, though it is difficult to say what chamber work can be done while so few instrumentalists are available.

The Orchestra continued practices twice a week whenever the only suitable room was not requisitioned by the Concert Committee. The repertoire has not been extended sufficiently for a full concert, but the Overture to "Titus" and Elgar's "Chanson de Matin" were played by the Orchestra at the Theologians' Concert, and at Christmas a Piano Quintet played Elgar's "Chanson de Nuit" and serenade from "The Wand of Youth".

The gramophone, which last year shared valves with the film machine, is now, through the ingenuity and hard work of the electricians, an independent unit capable of a fine reproduction of the shades of orchestral timbre and volume. Funds for maintenance are in a precarious condition, although there has not yet been any occasion for major repairs. Until Easter short after-lunch programmes were played twice a week, and as we go to press the summer evening series of Promenade concerts on the *loggia esterna* is rapidly playing out the records at our disposal. The whole repertoire of British music (Handel included) and the more notable British renderings of other works is, through the kindness of Mr Keith Falkner, available to us in the Record Library of the British Council. Though it is impossible to discover, as to satisfy, all tastes, no one could mistake the enthusiasm of the reception accorded to "The Messiah" or

the "Dream of Gerontius", nor could one fail to be impressed by the tolerance and indulgence shown in listening to "Belshazzar's Feast" or Rubbra's second Violin Sonata, but it is on our inadequate supplies of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Italian opera that demands are most insistently made.

Indeed, a preference for the classical repertoire, rather than particular views on the relative merits of Votto, Rossi, and de Sabata, seems to determine the choice of programmes at the Argentina. Furtwängler's occasional visits have never failed to draw a cluster of cameratas, and when Barbirolli and Sargent visited Rome with works by Delius and Bliss, there again were the College representatives to join the Piazza di Spagna element in applause *all'inglese*.

For some the most memorable concert will have been the recital of Beethoven Quartets by the Lener Quartet at the Sala Accademica. But it was Mario Gui's direction of *Messia* which of all performances aroused most critical interest, and bath-time Handelian singers now show a preference for the version, "*Oggi fra noi un bimbo è nato*".

Those who possess the appropriate miniature scores do not hesitate to follow them at gramophone recitals, but opinions are divided about taking scores to concerts. Certainly it was a great day for critics of the stricter observance when the wood-wind fumbled on entry in Beethoven's Fourth under van Kempen. Conversation, however, rarely turns on music, and the very conservatism of popular taste suggests that music is justly regarded as a refining recreation rather than as a primary object of study. It seems that it is only at Choir practice and in church that interest is transmuted into earnest and communal activity; is it not to be feared that the cynic himself, no less than the habitually sanguine, may be now not only convinced that the interest is worth sustaining, but even tempted to complacency about the activity?

SPORTS

ASSOCIATION

The season got off to an early and promising start during the last few weeks of the *villeggiatura*, when the enthusiasts, treating with the same reckless indifference olive-trees, shell holes, golf flags, sheep, and whatever else happened to break the uneven surface of the Sforza, spent the long evenings in a regular and ever-satisfying pursuit of the *ballone*, and incidentally guaranteed for themselves the maximum of enjoyment from that final evening immersion in the cool waters of the tank.

But if we expected such good fortune to continue for the rest of the year, we were sadly misled. On our return to Rome we found that with the departure of the British troops from Italy in the early summer had departed too our right to use the sports ground at Acqua Acetosa, and despite many efforts it proved impossible to establish a claim to any other ground. This lack of a pitch killed regular soccer for the House, though a number

of morning games were possible at the Knights of Columba ground at Gelsomino, where however, our claim was very uncertain and we were several times disappointed. The situation was all the more regrettable since interest in the House was obviously quite considerable. Nevertheless there was some consolation in the general good quality of the football which was played, and this showed itself in the clean record of the College XI in its outside games. The first of these, at the end of November, was against an Army XI from the British Embassy Guard and it provided the team with some shooting practice—the final result was 9—0, which came in very useful for our annual encounter with the Scots, which took place once more during the Christmas holidays. In this we established an early lead, which we managed to hold despite very determined attacks, especially in the second half, and thus the game ended 3—2 in our favour. However, if we are to be sure of a similar victory next year, more preliminary practice will be required on the part of the team.

After Christmas the famous Gregorian Football League was formed as part of the general *Vita Nostra* movement, and along with over a dozen other teams we joined in, partly as a means of assuring a game of football for at least a few people in the House. So far we have played only three games, winning them all, so that we find ourselves at the top of our section of the *Classifica*. The scores were as follows :

College v. Beda College	7—1
College v. Collegio Capranica	5—2
College v. Padri Carmelitani	4—3

In addition one or two friendly games have been arranged with other groups at the University e.g., with the Collegio Pio Latino. Among those who have represented the College in all these matches are : Messrs Fonseca, Price, Farrow, Scantlebury F., Carson, Monaghan, Scantlebury B., Groarke, Walsh, Hamilton, Devaney, Lowery, Thornton, Buckley, Murphy-O'Connor P., Frost and Dolan.

We wish the new Captain, Mr Fonseca, every success in his search for a new ground for the coming season.

RUGBY

Rome rugger came into its own again this year when we took a ball up to the Sforza on one or two occasions towards the end of the Villa. Although we could only play touch-rugger, the games were energetic enough and lacked none of the enthusiasm which was to pervade all the games throughout the season.

Back in Rome, we immediately set the ball rolling again on the Rome Rugby Club's ground at Acqua Acetosa, and large numbers of stalwarts kept it in constant motion right up to Easter. The rugger, always enjoyable, reached a remarkably good all-round standard, but it often just lacked the finish which may now easily come in the near future.

Of our outside games, we played six, won four, and lost two. Our first victory came in a scrappy game with Rome Rugby Club's Second XV, in which the final score was 14—0. Rome University then played us twice,

yielding to us on both occasions for the scores of 21—0, and 23—3. Our final victory was gained against Rome Rugby Club's First XV, in which the score of 9—3 was a fair summary of a keenly contested game.

Both the games in which we lost were played against the Australians of Propaganda College. We were happy to renew our rugby friendship with them, and we hope to make good our defeats next season. In all their play they showed fire and determination. In the first game, they achieved victory in the last minute when their fly-half, receiving the ball from a loose maul, dived over the line to score the fatal try, which, when converted, raised the score from 3—3 to 8—3 in their favour. The second game was much more open than the first, and although territorially we had the best of the play, our inability to finish off, combined with faulty handling in the backs, and other small but vital mistakes, gave them the close victory of 6—5.

Thus a most enjoyable season came to a close; and as none of our rucker players is leaving this year, and First Year may again produce some enthusiasts, we look forward even more confidently to a good season of rucker next year.

The Captain for next year is Mr Byron.

OBITUARY

REV. JAMES CAHALAN

James Martin Cahalan was born at Robert's Cove, near Cork. His father was in the Civil Service and the family moved to Shrewsbury when the children were very young. As a boy at Shrewsbury Jim Cahalan served Canon Moriarty's Mass, and it was the future Bishop who sent him to college. He went first to Douai, where he distinguished himself both as a student and as a member of that remarkable rugby team that won fame for Douai amongst the public schools of England.

He was at the English College from 1921 to 1928. After ordination he was a curate at St Laurence's, Birkenhead, St Alban's, Liscard, St Joseph's, Stockport and St Werburgh's, Birkenhead. For the last twelve years he was parish priest of the charming little parish of St Mary's, Hooton.

Fr Cahalan will be remembered by those who attended Roman meetings, and other occasions when the clergy foregather, as a robust figure, always laughing, a fount of bubbling talk. He loved company, especially the company of his fellow priests, and despite prolonged illness, he loved life. He was one of those happy people who never grow up. Many and many a time, as he drove somewhat wildly through the pleasant lanes of Wirral, he would exclaim *Che bel giorno!*—and burst into raucous song. He had an enormous fund of persiflage and anecdotes, many of the *bel trovato* kind, and he loved Rome and the Venerable with a constant deep affection.

His faults were obvious ones, and largely the results of his never growing up. But more obvious were his virtues, which can be summed up as an abounding generosity of spirit which showed itself especially in his ready sympathy for anyone sick or in trouble.

His death came as a great shock, after a short illness, but all those who had the privilege of visiting him in hospital were greatly edified by his wonderful faith and resignation to the will of God. In spite of great pain he put as much gusto into the work of dying as he did into living. He was forty-six.

The diocese of Shrewsbury has lost a great priest and the Venerable a most devoted son.

JOHN GOODEAR.

BOOK REVIEWS

The History of the Primitive Church. Vol. IV. By Jules Lebreton S.J. and Jacques Zeiller. Translated from the French by Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D. (Burns Oates.) 25s.

This is the final volume of the English translation of the first two volumes of Fliche and Martin's *Histoire de l'Eglise*! It covers the period from Origen down to the Peace of the Church under Constantine. The authors share the work in roughly equal portions. Père Lebreton opens this volume with a brilliant study of Origen which sets this great master in his right perspective as one of the greatest glories of the Eastern Church (ch. xxiv), and traces his influence on the school of Alexandria in the time of Dionysius and also on the personality of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus in Neocaesarea (ch. xxvi). The author clearly throws into relief the conflict in Origen himself between his own Gnostic tendencies and his acceptance of the faith of the simple. In chapter xxv some important details are given of the origin of Manichaeism, based on the discovery of the Fayum papyri in 1930, and even though all the results of this discovery are necessarily not included, enough is given to show this heresy, not as a pagan religion, but as a heretical growth on the stock of Christianity. The fourth chapter (ch. xxvii) points to Antioch as the cell from which Arianism took its origin, but it is to be noted that this heresy which shook the Church in the fourth century depends on the Meletian heresy, for Arius himself was a Meletian (pp. 909-10). An accurate and very informative chapter is given describing the religious tendencies in the third century (ch. xxviii), stressing the problem the Church had to face among the masses precisely because she triumphed. The dangers of apostasy, the leanings towards pagan syncretism among superficial minds, as well as a growing Rationalism *within* the Church, threatened the existence of undivided Christianity and was a sure sign of the approaching crisis, which itself was aggravated by a growing separation of the Schools from the people (p. 951).

In chapter xxx, "Ecclesiastical Organization", M. Zeiller takes up the history. In this volume his pen is at its happiest, for his sphere is

necessarily less open to brilliant writing than that of his colleague. A living picture is given of Christian life in the third century, with special reference to the predominance of the Roman See (cf. ch. xxxi). Dr Messenger has made good the omission of Fr Bevenot's *De Unitate* (cf. Vol. III, p. 700, note 2). In the Baptismal controversy the Roman primacy is seen in action: the Roman pontiffs act as if conscious of their powers but seldom defining these prerogatives (p. 1008). "We have a right to say in conclusion", writes M. Zeiller, "that the distinctive features of the Catholic constitution of the Church were set forth in Rome with a continuity, a definiteness, and an absence of hesitation in which we discern at once the manifestation and an explanation of its universal authority" (p. 1015). In ch. xxxiii a clear exposition is given of the relation of the Christian to secular society with reference to questions such as public office and military service. The second half of the same chapter deals with the specific Christian possessions of martyrdom and the life of the Catacombs. A false distinction appears to have been made between the Capella Graeca and the cemetery of Priscilla on p. 1053. According to Wilpert (*Le Pitture delle Catacombe Romane*, Vol. I, p. 176ff.), the subject of "The adoration of the Magi" occurs in the Capella Graeca and in other catacombs, but no mention is made of another example in Priscilla. One would have liked to have seen mentioned the "Fractio Panis" in this Catacomb, for it goes back to the beginning of the second century and is therefore earlier than its countertype in Callixtus. The last chapter of this volume is a vivid description of the last of the persecutions, and the last pages describe the terrible outburst just before the accession of Constantine, the last bloody effort of the Empire before it capitulated to Christ.

Nothing but the highest praise can be given to this history of the Primitive Church. Its documentation, which is on a most extensive scale, is a witness to the brilliant scholarship of the two authors. Great praise is also due to the eminently readable translation of Dr Messenger. This last volume is greatly improved by the wider format of the printing: the publishers deserve our thanks for avoiding the irritating presentation of the considerably cheaper French edition. A comparison shows that much is to be gained by the necessary expense of good quality paper and more generous type. A careful index to the four volumes is included and more than justifies the choice of a continuous pagination.

ALAN CLARK.

The Holy Rule for Laymen. By T. F. Lindsay. (Burns Oates.) 7s. 6d.

Brevity of title seems to be required by modern practice, but the result is frequently misleading. Thus the book under consideration is in reality neither a Rule composed by one T. F. Lindsay, nor yet a presentation of some already existing Rule as though it were the only one either worthy of being called holy or capable of being practised by laymen. It is rather Mr Lindsay's commentary upon the Holy Rule of St Benedict, a commentary written by a layman for laymen—and it must be noted at

once that both the author and the reader he visualizes are ordinary men of balanced commonsense. "Cranks" will be disappointed, for, in a work of this calibre, there is no room for those interminable discussions of the shape of neums and vestments which for so many people cloud the issue as soon as St Benedict is mentioned.

One may question the legitimacy of "interpreting" the Holy Rule at all, but it is proved by the practice of the various present-day Congregations which, despite (even because of) their great divergence in details of observance, are yet all in the fullest sense Benedictine. The same thing may be proved *a priori*, for, unlike other rules, St Benedict's was not the invention of his own mind, even the inspired mind of a saint (apart, that is, from those chapters which deal with purely technical points, the arrangement of the psalter and so on); it was simply the transferring from home to monastery of the ordinary Christian family life, that complete life in which everything, from the individual soul's relations with its God to manual labour and the details of social etiquette, has its own essential place. The pagan influences which drove Benedict from the world have been allowed to triumph in the world; it is in the cloister, thanks to Benedict's codification, that Christian family life has been preserved, so that if, in God's providence, this is to be the age of reconstruction, we would surely be well advised to look there for our ground plan. This is the timely aspect of the book which Cardinal Griffin so warmly welcomes in his Introduction.

We must do the reverse of what St Benedict did. To take one example, the best known of all, his Abbot is simply the good Christian paterfamilias placed in different surroundings; therefore, one who would rule his own family Christlikely might well meditate upon the portrait of the Abbot in chapter ii. Like Benedict himself, the Rule is thoroughly Roman. Excess of any kind is forbidden, even of zeal (chapter lxxii); in its place prudence must rule, prudence based on deep understanding. The life envisaged by St Benedict is essentially balanced. "Too much prayer and study might breed neurotic dreamers; too much toil, a congregation of dull peasants" (p. 111), and in the matter of food and drink "we notice that moderation, temperance and charity are far more highly esteemed than severe abstinence" (p. 103). Dealing with the chapters on prayer, Mr Lindsay gives a brief yet convincing account (convincing because of its very soberness) of the nature and importance of the Divine Office; then he gently sketches its *suitability*, no more, for private recitation by the ordinary layman, and passes on without more ado to stress St Benedict's refreshing, and so often overlooked, advice on the subject of private or mental prayer.

We have said that one must "meditate" upon the Rule. It is the author's own phrase; he presents his work as "a kind of discursive meditation on the Rule, suggesting a few points which have occurred to one Benedictine oblate, and perhaps pointing the way to others who will be able to produce for themselves a much richer and more fruitful interpretation" (p. xi). Without any *tour de force* he draws the most practical applications from the most unlikely places—from chapters

xxi and xxii, for example, which are considered together under the title "Deans and Dormitory"; where some chapter is purely technical (e.g., xv "Alleluia quibus temporibus dicatur"), it is simply passed over.

Being a layman, he draws the conclusions of a layman. Priests will be grateful for this, for the layman's mind is something they must come to know yet cannot work out for themselves. Then, stirred by the fruits of Mr Lindsay's own efforts, they may be encouraged to accept his invitation and make the same experiment for themselves. The text is not given in the present edition, but the author refers to a "current edition" with English translation, and pocket editions of the original Latin are easily obtainable on the Continent. Not the least success of the book will be if it encourages more people to become acquainted with the phrases of the Holy Rule itself.

The book is solidly produced, as befits its contents, and the format is pleasing enough—although one regrets that the margins are too narrow to permit the notes which most of us like to make in our own copy of a book of this kind. The indexing, too, is insufficient. The many subdivisions of the general section "XXXV–LVII Daily Life", for example, some of the most valuable parts of the work, are nowhere listed separately.

PETER ANGLIM.

The Ways of Confucius and of Christ. By Dom Pierre-Célestin Lou Tseng-Tsiang. Translated by Michael Derrick. pp. 140. (Burns Oates.) 10s. 6d.

In some circles it is taken as axiomatic that Western civilization as we know it is doomed. Not merely that Europe is materially bankrupt, for this has happened many times before and yet she has recovered, but that spiritually and morally she is weakened and seems to have lost even the will to recover. A common sense of natural values uniting the West has almost disappeared and the only binding force abroad today, apart from the Catholic Church, is Communism (with its common doctrine of Materialism and Marxist economics). The search for a natural common denominator led men to a consideration of the Far East and of China in particular with her Confucianist philosophy. Hesitant attempts are being made to align together the old ways of life of East and West against the New Enemy and this has meant a mutual revaluation of the other's natural ethic. The solution to the whole problem is, of course, Christianity; but the supernatural is built on the natural and just as there was much good in the old pagan Roman civilization that could be put to a Christian purpose, so too Confucius is a stage towards Christ. Being Westerners by temperament it is hard for us at times to sift what is specifically Christian in our way of life from what is Western; much of our literature and art is, if Christian in content, at least conditioned by other considerations. It is then of great value to hear of someone who like Dom Pierre set out to Europeanize himself for love of China and who found during his work in the diplomatic service in various European capitals that the advice

of his old chief, M. Shu King Shen, at St Petersburg was true: "The strength of Europe is not to be found in her armaments; it is not to be found in her science; it is to be found in her religion. In the course of your diplomatic career you will have occasion to study the Christian religion. It comprehends various branches and societies. Take the most ancient branch of that religion, the one which goes back most nearly to its origins. Enter into it. Study its doctrine, practise its commandments, observe its government, follow closely all its works . . . When you have understood and won the secret of that life, when you have grasped the heart and strength of the religion of Christ, bring them and give them to China." As things have worked out, Dom Pierre married a Belgian Catholic, became a Catholic himself a few years later, and finally, after the death of his wife, entered the Abbey of Saint André near Bruges, where he became a Benedictine monk and from where, as a priest, he wrote the present book under the title of *Souvenirs et Pensées*, a few months before the end of the war in Europe.

It is a very stimulating book as so many problems are touched on, and one only wishes that many points could have been more developed. The first two sections deal with life in the diplomatic service in Europe and political happenings in China. The author was very much concerned in the fate of his country, not only at the time of the Hague Conference in 1907, but also at the end of the 1914 war. He was first minister of foreign affairs under the new Republic and, for a time, Prime Minister. The particular value of these chapters is that he tells of well-known events from the point of view of China and the East.

It is the second part of the book that is most important and which deals with his own conversion and vocation to the priestly life and shows how becoming a Christian does not involve ceasing to be a Confucian. Dom Pierre then treats of the Christian vocation of his country in a chapter which involves a practical application of the principles expressed elsewhere in the book. If China has much to learn from Europe in the way of Christianity, so too Europe has much to profit by an examination of the Chinese way of life which may do much to restore the natural values of family life and devotion to duty. He cites as examples the Confucianist ideal of obedience to the natural law as a *sine qua non* of all objective work, the family as the social foundation on which all human existence is built, and filial piety which is the bond of the family.

It is worth noting too that it was as a statesman that Dom Pierre found the Church, and it is to be wished that others follow his example. As a Chinese he can make the proud statement that "The religious basis of political power has been the corrective principle for all abuses to which, one after the other, through the weakness of human nature and through its corruption, the successive dynasties which ruled the Chinese people allowed themselves to succumb". Happy the nation that can retain the religious basis in politics. The prospect of Christian Monasticism in the East is one that is not often sufficiently considered, and the author makes interesting suggestions as to the suitability of the Benedictine Order among a people naturally contemplative . . .

The book has some good full-page photographs and is, on the whole, well produced. The price may seem at first sight prohibitive. But short as the book is, it contains much of lasting value and moreover, one should judge cost according to intrinsic value. A book is more than the paper it is written on and is worth more than the mere cost of production. And this is not the sort of work to discard after use, but to keep at hand and refer to and ponder on for a fuller understanding of what we mean by the Catholicity of the Church.

MICHAEL E. WILLIAMS.

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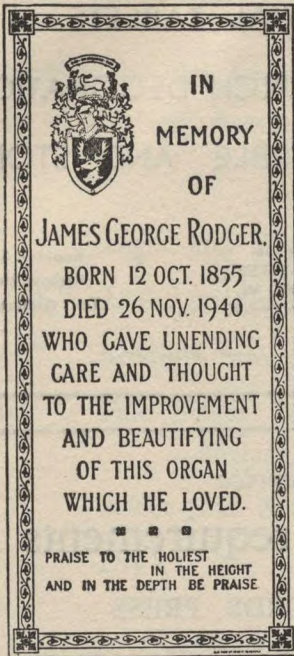
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