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Venerable English College

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## EDITORIAL

The full story of the matter has already been admirably told in these pages by Monsignor Smith. At this time, then, John Cower was quite violently on the right side, being especially

One of Rome's titles to Eternity is her immunity to time. We may claim some slight indulgence, therefore, for a further and, we hope, final late appearance of the Magazine. Circumstances have again proved too much for us, but although the date of our arrival corresponds with the date on the cover, our jubilation is tempered by regret at having to extend the editorial calendar once more. We have good reason, however, to rejoice, for on 25th January a long-standing difficulty was solved. After an absence of ten years the College Archives were re-installed. With our main prop thus restored our difficulties are almost at an end, and we look with confidence to the future. Moreover, to encourage us, the Secretary whispers a word of cheer, that we may soon be able to reduce our rates again. As yet it is only a possibility, but it is a happy one. Our prospects, therefore, are rosy and we feel that we have every reason to rejoice.

## JOHN GOWER

At first John Gower was just a name to me, a name seen here and there on the flyleaves of old books. But somehow or other this name caught and held my interest, and a search for information produced sufficient evidence for a very short biography—not a very edifying story, perhaps, but a salutary one.

John Gower (pronounced and written Gore) was a Yorkshire man. His mother was a sister of Sir Christopher Wray, the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench who condemned Campion. She married Ralph Gower. John must have been born in 1546 or 1547 as he was thirty-two when he took the College Oath on 23rd April 1579. His early life is a complete blank to me until his arrival at Douay on 6th February 1576. He was only there a few months, because on 1st October of the same year he was sent with several others to Rome. This was the first big transfer of students. So he went through all the troubles of that very disturbed beginning of the College history. He was one of the leaders of the revolt against Morris Clenock, and was one of the four commanded by Cardinal Morone either to obey or else *depositis palliis decedere*. The same four were the heroes who went after Pope Gregory most of the way to Civitavecchia and back. Father Persons gives us a good view of him in this incident which occurred when Rector and students appeared before Cardinal Morone. "But when it was looked that they should have departed, one of them stood up and began to give a reason of their doing, and how they could not with safe conscience remayne under Mr Morrice, for feare of worse inconvenience, and this was I

thinke Mr Martyn Array or Mr Sherwyn, but he was of the Lord Cardinall byd hould his peace with some choler. But with that stood up on the other side Mr Gore, and with marvellous liberty and protestation that it was *Causa Christi* spoke three tymes more then the other, and touched Mr Morrisses goverment so pithely and vehemently that Mr Morrice stood up and said, Ille Domine, iste est Gorus ille, qui decipit et seducit bonos hos juvenes. Wherewith his Grace was very angry with Mr Gore, but presently all the Company spoke of one voyce, that they were all of the mynd that Mr Gore was, wheremat the Cardinal was yet more angry."<sup>1</sup>

The full story of this mutiny has already been admirably told in these pages by Monsignor Smith.<sup>2</sup> At this time, then, John Gower was quite violently on the right side, being specially prominent in the more turbulent episodes. Curiously enough, however, we find him mentioned once in quite a different context. Father Alphonsus Agazzari, who was at this time spiritual director in the College, according to Persons "in very small tyme took such a liking of them, that one day in the midst of his troubles, being warned very gravely by F. Generall to take heed of meddling any thinge in their matter, but to stay them what he could, because of the rumors cast against the Company, he answered that so he had done and would doe. 'Marry notwithstanding', said he, 'I must tell your Fatherhood that I cannot but love the yong men, and if you will prohibite me that, you must take me from thence, for if your Fatherhood did live there amongst them as we do and know their consciences, and se their acts as I doe, you could not but extremely love them too.' And after that he recounted a particular fact of one Mr Gore a good gentleman, and of nature very cholericke, yet one day being very bitterly used by words and iniurious tearmes by Mr Archdeacons nephew, gave him never a word in answeare, and the said F. Alphonsus hearing and wondering of the matter (knowing the mans nature) called him and asked how he had borne that so patiently. He answered that not only he was ready to bear wordes but also blowes and death too, in that, or any other iust cause for Christs sake" (Ibid. p. 152).

On the appointment of Agazzari as Rector we should suppose that Gower settled down and so he probably did because

<sup>1</sup> *Cath. Rec. Soc.*, Vol. II, p. 146.

<sup>2</sup> *Mutiny Among the Martyrs*, Vol. IX, Nos. 4, 5

he was very soon ordained and left the College in September 1580. He had three companions on his journey to Rheims: George Birkett, Anthony Tyrrell, and Edward Grateley. Birkett was the only respectable character of the three. Tyrrell became notorious as an apostate, while Grateley spent part of his time in Walsingham's spy service, and part in the dungeons of the Inquisition. It is interesting to speculate on what may have happened on that long journey, what confidences were exchanged, what were their reactions to one another. Something may have occurred which would explain what happened when they left Rheims for England on 29th October. John Gower stayed behind. Somehow he had lost heart, and would not carry out his oath. It is hard to see here the man who spoke out so boldly in Rome, and worked so untiringly for the success of the petition. Eighteen months later things had taken a much more serious turn. Writing on 7th February 1582 to Agazzari, Allen says "Orate ne P. Ioannes Gorus ineat malum consilium: nam scriptum est mihi secreto Lutetia illum vacillare in fide, et cogitare de revertendo in Angliam cum hac mala mente; quod ante secundum fidem et iusiurandum suum non potuit adduci ut faceret. Locutus est multa de ea re cum bono patre Thoma Darbishire qui conatus est ipsum ab illa mala mente et dubitatione remove. Non voluit fateri Romanam ecclesiam esse veram ecclesiam, neque Pontificem esse caput ecclesiae. Ego adhuc interpretor ista ex illa phrenesi aut melancholia potius quam ex haeresi provenire; scio enim ipsum esse proclivem ad talem morbum. Propterea nollem de illo aliquid divulgare antequam exitum rei videamus. Sed omnia timeo in homine tam furiosi ingenii et praecipitis. Deus avertat iram suam ab ipso. Iudex qui sententiam condemnationis protulit in P. Campianum et socios suos est eius avunculus, corde quidem catholicus, sed externo opere, ut videtis, Pilatus. Fortasse Deus puniet eius iniquitatem in cognatis suis permittendo ipsos labi." On 16th April, Allen writes again to Agazzari with further news of Gower in a postscript "cum P. Goro Parisiis locutus sum quae videbantur mihi necessaria. Credo quod dimiserit priores cogitationes. Vivit solitarie et melancholice. Facit tamen sacrum, ut opinor, quotidie. De paupertate questus est apud me et quod iusto metu sui et amicorum non posset ire in Angliam."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Knox Rec. Eng. Cath.*, Vol. II, p. 110.

Shortly after this something happened which made it necessary to imprison Gower, as noted in the Douay Diary on 31st May. On the same day, Allen writes to George Grimston, his godson "Georg, you did God good service in the discovering and apprehension of Gore, and all honest men will esteem you better while you live." From other letters of Cardinal Allen it seems that this imprisonment was meant to be medicinal, and all the expenses were being paid by Allen himself. Agazzari evidently began to wonder whether Gower had ever been genuine, for Allen writes "De Goro ego plane iudico nullam esse causam cur ullam de ipso suspicionem haberemus quod fecte versaretur in collegio vestro; sed Deus ex superbis ipsius permisisse potius ut vel nunc primum hoc anno laberetur, vel potius quod finxerit se propter spem honoris et commoditatis haereticum factum esse, cum non sit revera." After nearly a year of this treatment Gower seems to have come to better frame of mind so that he was absolved from heresy and released from his prison. On 14th April 1583 both Allen and Barrett wrote to Agazzari and mentioned Gower. Allen says that everyone agrees that Gower has much improved; while Barrett says that he is now taking the spiritual exercises at Paris.

For some years after this we hear nothing of him except that he twice visited Rome and stayed in the College. The later of these visits was in November 1588, so he was all right then. But some time between this and 1598 he went completely mad, and Persons writes "our olde acquaintance Mr John Gore who falling first from his faith and after from his wittes, is in that pittiful plight of madness at this day as he mighte and woulde perish if hee received not his only maintenance and helpe at the handes and charitie of the fathers in this place (i.e. Paris) where he began first to be ungratefull and troublesome against them." This is the end of the story, except that I like to think that the Rev. John Gore, an English priest, to whom Richard Haddock bequeathed his cloak, was his former fellow student "Gorus ille."

L. W. JONES.



## A MONTH AT MONTE PORZIO

(From Bishop Burton's Roman Diary for the year 1889.)

19th September, Thursday. Maugre some rain that fell as we got up, we started for Artena under a propitious sky about half after seven, and walked by the carriage road up to Rocca Priora (Corbio?). Thence we descended into the Alban Vale and refreshed at a fountain which is at no great distance from the gully through which the Via Latina leaves the hill-shut valley to traverse more open country and wend its way to Anagni. Blocks of lava-stone mark the progress of the old road through the pass, in which also are the unsightly remnants of a few deserted houses and chapel. There was little to diversify the monotony of our walk across the plain to the foot of the Volscian mountains. The dust was deep and clouded up very unpleasantly as we trudged along. Four little not unhandsome children at one point came forth from a vineyard and stood in a picturesque group to watch us as we passed them: at another two braggart canines made a sally from a rude tenement and retreated as speedily as they had emerged, when they saw us pick up stones. As we neared the town a mountain native, of sporting propensities, informed me that a certain high mountain of the Volsci about whose name I enquired, was Lanteria. Whether this be really the name of the huge broad peak, about which I asked, and which is seen from Tusculum towering at the back of Algidus, I am unable to say.<sup>1</sup> The town just seen above the Algidus range from Tusculum, apparently on the lower slope of the so-called Lanteria, I made out further on in the way to Rocca Massima. There is a Franciscan Convent by the road-side as you walk

<sup>1</sup> The native cannot have been correct: the huge mountain is M Lupone.

up to Artena, and further on you come to a large establishment with kiln and storehouses, where the men of Monte Fortino (the Papal and mediaeval name of the town) are engaged in the preparation of lime. At the back of the buildings rise the steep and white lime-rocks, from the summit of which swung some men upon ropes who dislodged great quantities of the mineral that came thundering down the hillside. Following the road which takes a great bend here, we presently walked into the town and entered the chief, in fact the only piazza, at whose farthest extremity you see a large palazzo, and at the left of it a square battlemented space, which is the roof of the town-gate that spans the road below. From this little square the view opposite is gorgeous. Far across the green plain you see the Capranica range of mountains with Rocca di Cave lording it proudly over the stony and lonesome ridge, and on its castle I oft and again looked as I sat within the "osteria" at dinner, longing to be once again upon those heights and feeling, even at such a distance,

"The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Upon more distant ranges you see Civitella (Bellegra) and Olevano: Genazzano is discernible too, and the Augustinian convent above it, and with field-glasses I made out the campanile of the shrine. The Subiaco chain, rocky and bare, rises behind the ridge on which Olevano stands. Then there is the gigantic Monte Serrone in front of you, and far away upon a spur to your right you see Anagni, a fairly large city, and easily distinguish a lofty bell-tower crown the white mass of buildings. Before dining in the osteria just above the piazza and commanding the same extensive view, we clomb up the narrow winding streets to the church. A fouler den than Artena I never was in—sewers poured their filth upon the foot-way, and human ordure caked the pavement at every step. Pigs of a sable hue were numerous, and seemed to be the pets and companions of the inhabitants. In one house I observed an elderly swine demurely warming himself at the kitchen fire. Despite the unsavoury condition of the place its inhabitants looked healthy. The parish church I found poor and devoid of ornament—a smaller church lower down the hill-side had a pretty old tower which I should have liked to sketch. Dinner past off well enough, though we had no knives and forks, and though cheese and fruit were both lacking. The dog of the establishment came in for all our chicken bones and great

foison of the spare victuals, and we saw him later in the piazza, with his hull out-bulging, lying hopelessly in the sunshine. We quitted the town about four, and as we neared the Valmontone station, upon the road in the plain saw the spot, marked by a cross, where last year the famous double murder was committed. Although a little depressed by the long walking I enjoyed the ride back hugely. I took particular note of Rocca Massima and Cori, situated upon the sides of the Volscian mountains. Pius IX used to get his snuff from Cori, which grew once, and perhaps still grows, excellent tobacco. As we sped on we got glimpses of Monte Circello, jutting into the sea, and of the adjoining islands, Velletri and its tall campanile passed, we skirted the slopes that run down from the banks of the two Latin lakes, and saw to our right Città Lavinia (a church and a huge round tower I picked out on the hill top), just got a view of Genzano church and the Sforza palace, and then but for the increasing gloam could have had a fine opportunity of seeing the town of Albano to advantage. Meantime whenever I looked out of the carriage window to the left, at no great interval across the Campagna ran the seaboard for many a mile, clearly discernible in the lingering light, while beyond stretched the dark blue waters.

“Far on into the rich heart of the West . . .”

At Ciampino we changed trains, and arriving soon after at Frascati, walked under a starry sky to our nest “on the Portian heights”, having completed the entire outer circuit of the Alban range.

21st September, Saturday. Pleasant run with Moriarty over the mountains opposite as far as the summit of Monte Salomone. Cloud and wind, a high south-wester, made the walk the more enjoyable—the weather now at length having broken up for good. Raining (12.5 p.m.).

24th September, Tuesday.

“Flent pineta tuum prope, Viniciane, sepulcrum,

Flent super antiquae levia saxa viae;

Tyrrhenique procul veniens a littore ponti

Maesta tuum circa sibilat aura caput.

Ut revocent imbres Albana cacumina contra,

Jamque informe comas exuat omne nemus,

Haec prope te pineta virent, vigilantque sepulcro,

Et parcet cineri ventus et unda tuo.



25th September, Wednesday. Returned half an hour ago from a charming walk with O'K. and Jimmy to Lake Regillus. The sun came out to cheer the land after the night's rain, and despite some few hundred yards' struggling through the loam and clay of a ploughed field on our return, the walk was voted a decided success.

Arnold (*Hist. of Rome*, 1845; Vol. I, p. 120) places the lake under Colonna ("in silice" [Cic. speaking of horse's hoofs' impress]): Macaulay (Lays) prefers site visited this morning at Cornufelle—says it is at least plausible and makes it the scene of battle throughout his poem. Gell in his map marks both spots as L. Regillus but prints ours in capital letters and the other in smaller type.

After dinner said Vespers and Compline in the cave by the south-east gate of Tusculum and sat there with Moriarty during the rain and whilst the scudding mists drove over the heights.

26th September, Thursday. Just came in from a second walk with Keatinge and Bennett to Lake Regillus, across the bed of which we walked and then clomb the extreme part of the left bank, where an opening in the ridge surrounding the lake allows a stream to pass into the Campagna. Saw the

portico of St John of Lateran distinctly from this point together with the palace adjoining.

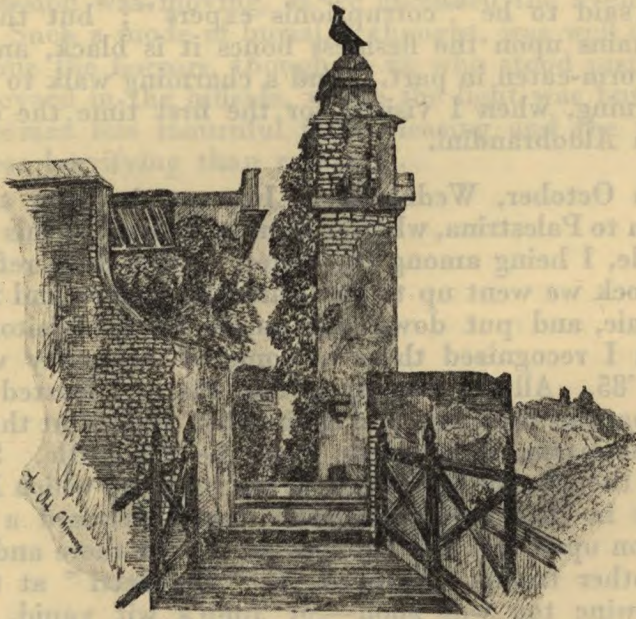
2nd October, Wednesday. Pleasant walk after the rain with Kelly to Grottaferrata. Entertained at American College for half an hour, where Archbishop Satolli is learning English previous to his trip to the States. Clouding up again. Finished second sermon last night and took it in—12.5 p.m.

3rd October, Thursday. Got off about nine o'clock towards Zagarolo which we reached at mid-day, having enjoyed the walk exceedingly. The vine-yards which we passed before entering the town were thickly stocked with fruitage. After gazing for a short time at the fine view of the foreshortened rocks and houses, topped by the cupola of the principal church, we entered by a side-gate overlooking the long ravine we had just crossed and walked up the main, and indeed the only street, past the Palazzo Rospigliosi, and turned in to the Locanda del Sole for hot soup, a dish of tripe, and our own cold victuals. After dinner I went with Dr Prior to see over the huge palazzo, or that part of it which is accessible to visitors, but failed to see much of aught that could interest one except the great hall, connecting the long suites of rooms in either wing, wherein, as I read on the marble tablet erected in the early part of the last century, a quorum of *eruditi* revised Sixtus V's edition of the Vulgate ("typis Vaticanis indiligenter exensum"), presided over by Cardinals Mark Antony Colonna and Allen. Amongst the theologians engaged in the work, which took only nineteen days, was Bellarmine. The hall, which is vast, is divided into two portions by a few pilasters, which aid in supporting the ceiling, and is hung around with paintings, mostly portraits, very rusty and dilapidated, of Cardinals and Popes.

From a window of an adjoining room, hung with tapestry, in which was a bronze bust of Clement IV (battered on the forehead), there was a delightful view of the Aequi mountains rising high in the distance above the ridge facing the town across the ravine. The sun shone on the mountain chain and made all so distinct. San Pietro came out very well. As we wound down the road after quitting the Porta Romana, some young natives flung stones upon us from a height of 50 or 60 feet and our heads were in peril. Ascending the opposite hills we were met by some bluff and jovial wights, who belonged to a Società di Cacciatori, and who having witnessed

the affront put upon us, made ample apology for the disgraceful behaviour of the juveniles of their community. They then led us into a vineyard where they were revelling with their associates, poured us out bumper after bumper of black wine, offered us cigars, and got their President to deliver a speech of reparation. We gave them three cheers and parted from them in high spirits.

6th October, Rosary Sunday. We have had many a wet day of late but today beats all. Having nought to do after dinner I went into the Pio playroom and sketched the old chimney, but had to leave off owing to the darkness coming on. This morning we had high Mass in the parish church during violent rains. Tom Fenn came back last night. Am writing to Whereat. On Friday, I paid my last visit to the Villa of Scots College and came back wet.



October 9th, Wednesday. Walked under a clear blue sky to Marino and then mounting through the woods to the back of lake Albano, moved along the stony ridge, enjoying meanwhile the charming prospect over the sparkling waters as far as the sea, until we came to Palazzuolo. Here I visited

the church and garden again, and then went up to dine in the faded saloon upstairs. After grace I went down the wooded declivity below with Morgan and Bennett and sat for a good while in the sun, which I enjoyed much after the late rains. As we started homeward I took what may perhaps prove a last look at the Consular tomb. The sketch on next page is copied from the one I took after dinner as we sat together on the sloping bank just above a sheer precipice overlooking the trembling blue.

13th October, Sunday. St Edward's—morning being extremely wretched, began outline of Tusculum and Camaldoli. Wrote to Doge. Archbishop of Nicaria here.

15th October, Tuesday. Saw Gherardo's "St Joseph", portrait of St Teresa, and the body of Carmelite General John of Jesus and Mary (†1615), all preserved at San Silvestro. The body is said to be "corruptionis expers"; but though the skin remains upon the fleshless bones it is black, and on the face is worm-eaten in part. And a charming walk to Montalto this morning, when I visited for the first time the chapel of the Villa Aldobrandini.

16th October, Wednesday. Just got in from a glorious excursion to Palestrina, whither some of us walked this morning, some rode, I being among the latter. After some refreshment at the Cock we went up to the Barberini Palace and inspected the mosaic, and put down our names in the visitors' book, in which I recognized those of some of our party who were there in '85. All the way up to San Pietro I feasted my eyes on the spacious prospect, and again when arrived at the summit of the mountain, some yards from the old castle. Somehow or other, though, the bare chain at the back, up which I climbed last year in that ever memorable tour, exercised a stronger fascination upon me, and I longed to set out there and then on such another tramp. Enjoyed the "spaghetti" at the Cock hugely—wine too was good—Sir John's wit vapid. Started homeward about half past three after taking a farewell view at the remnants of Sulla's four columns in the piazza and popping into the uninteresting Cathedral, the best thing about which is its fine stone belfry. Said office great part of the way home; could not help pausing in my orisons as I passed the dell in which Zagarolo appears.



As Tom and I passed under Compatri we heard a band's funeral strains and looking up saw the church walls illuminated with the flare of torches. There was a light too in the mortuary chapel in the cemetery, to which we afterwards discerned that the procession was moving, as we ascended the avenue of our village. Such a mode of burial, I thought, was well calculated to give one the horrors, though to us who stood just opposite the graveyard in the hillside, where the light was burning, the music seemed less mournful than pleasing and the whole incident less horrifying than romantic.



## THE DAILY ROUND

Some twenty years ago I described in this magazine the points of archaeological and historical interest on our route to the old Gregorian in Via del Seminario. So far no one has done the same for the new route, so I have looked up a few points of interest.<sup>1</sup>

The first part of the route, as far as Corso Vittorio Emanuele is practically the same as in the old days, but there are a few items not mentioned in the earlier account.<sup>2</sup> Piazza Navona marks the site of the stadium of Domitian. The stables and barracks of the four racing factions lay nearer to the Tiber, so that the Cancelleria covers the stable whose racing colour was green—hence the early name San Lorenzo in Prasino, from “factio prasina”. The English College is roughly on the site of the Blue “factio Veneta”, whilst Palazzo Farnese marks the Red “factio Russata”. Of this, a mosaic pavement still exists in the cellars. Until the building of this palace, the Campo reached to the river, and was not paved till the fifteenth century. Its name may be due to its remaining a meadow so long; though many explanations have been offered.

The fountains which flow into large baths of Egyptian granite, found in the Baths of Caracalla, were used to flood the Piazza in summer, but from 1653 the Piazza Navona was used instead, being flooded each Saturday night in August till the Sunday night. Then carriages disguised as gondolas

<sup>1</sup> My main sources are *I Rioni di Roma* (Baracconi), *Vie, Piazze e Ville di Roma* (Blasi), *Topografia di Roma Antica* (Borsari), *Die Stadt Rom Zu Ende der Renaissance* (Pastor), and an excellent account in English, *Rome* by Sir Rennell Rodd.

<sup>2</sup> THE VENERABLE, Vol. IV, Nos. 1, 2.

were driven about, and coins were thrown into the water for urchins to find.

We may reach the Campo by three streets, of which the central Via Marna (from the battle) was previously part of the Baullari (or street of the trunk-makers). The narrow Vicolo del Gallo gets its name from a family which resided here when the Campo was a prosperous business centre. It was also called "de' Macelli", and a butcher remains to justify the name. No. 12-13 is called "casa di Vanozza" and bears the arms of the Borgia family. It may be the old Albergo della Vacca, for there is a bull in the Borgia arms. In the Via de' Cappellari (or hat-makers) was another old inn, the "Campana" very popular with Germans. It was rented in 1479 by Johannes Teufel—called by the Italians "Angelo". The Cappellari is one of the few streets which is still characteristic of fifteenth century Rome. The third route is by the Vicolo della Corda—the rope by which criminals were hoisted twenty feet in the air, and allowed to drop till their feet were just above ground. Evelyn (6th May 1645) writes "At executions I saw one, a gentleman, hanged in his cloak and hat for murder. They struck the malefactor with a club that first stunn'd him, and then cut his throat." Elsewhere he mentions "the Campo di Fiori, or Herb Market, in the midst of which is a fountain casting water out of a dolphin in coper; and in this Piazza is common execution done".

From the Via Baullari we turn into the Piazza Pollarola or poultry market. The present market, which covers the Campo and Piazza della Cancelleria, was originally held at the Capitol, then in Piazza Navona, being moved here in 1870. But previous to this a grain market was regularly held here (cf. Evelyn above), and on Mondays and Saturdays, a horse market. There were stables in the Via de' Vaccari, which branches from the Piazza Pollarola, so that the gathering of drivers and cattle men gave the street its name.

The Piazza Pollarola also leads into Piazza del Paradiso, originally called "Berlina Vecchia", since it held the Pillory. According to Pastor its later name comes from an inn famous for its good living. From the Campo one may go by Piazza del Biscione, which may derive its name from the serpent in the Orsini arms, for they built the palace on the site of Pompey's theatre. In the Via del Biscione the fifteenth century inn "Albergo del Sole" still remains. In 1489 the French Am-

bassador lodged there, and at that time the Campo seems to have been the hotel centre. From here the Via dei Chiavari (or locksmiths) leads us to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which here replaces the earlier Via della Valle.

In Roman times there was a large depression stretching from Sant' Andrea to the Chiesa Nuova, which was filled with water, partly from springs. At one time called Tarentum, it then received the name stagnum Agrippae. On this lake Tigellinus prepared a pageant of debauchery for Nero, which took place five days before the famous fire (cf. Tacitus *Annals*, XV, 37). The Della Valle family, whose palace is almost opposite Sant' Andrea, get their name from this land which they reclaimed. Between the Via del Teatro Valle and the next street, whose name comes from a Sienese family Monteroni, lay the Horti Agrippae, attached to the Baths which Agrippa built behind the Pantheon.

Soon we reach the Via di Torre Argentina. There is a double explanation for this name. "Johannes Burckhard, Master of Ceremonies and Secretary to Alexander VI then built himself a spacious house in the Via del Sudario, some portion of which has been incorporated in the modern block numbered 43 to 45. Attached to Burckhard's house stood a tower which, like many others of the time had its name 'Argentina' inscribed upon it. It may be only a coincidence that Argentina should be the Latin name for Strasbourg, of which the secretary was a native, because its construction has generally been attributed to a Venetian, Cardinal Francesco Argentino, in the reign of Julius II." (Rodd. p. 177) Pastor (p. 86) merely says "Johannes Burchard of the diocese of Strasbourg built a vast house, on whose tower one used to read the inscription Argentina". The Teatro Argentina, where Rossini's opera *Barbiere di Siviglia* was first performed, is on the site of this tower.

After a few yards to the left we turn into the Via del Arco di Ciambella. This arch was destroyed in the pontificate of Gregory XV (c. 1621), but a segment of the domed hall still remains. It formed part of the Baths of Agrippa, which lay behind the Pantheon. Blasi gives a delightful choice of derivations for Ciambella. (a) When Cardinal della Valle, searching for artistic treasures, excavated here, there was found a large ring of gilded metal from the eye of the dome or cupola. The workmen noting its shape said "ecco una ciambella". (b)

Lanciani dismisses this, and recalls an osteria with such a name dating from the time of Alexander VI. (c) The name probably derives from a stonemason named Ciambella who had his shop here.

Crossing the Via dei Cestari (or hamper makers), we reach Piazza della Pigna, whose name may come from the enormous pine cone, now in the Cortile della Pigna at the Vatican, which was found in this district. In the Vicolo delle Ceste, which leads back to the Cestari, the hamper makers stored their goods. At No. 25 is a fifteenth century porch with the arms of the Porcari family (a pig and a net). Here lived Stefano Porcari a great humanist, in the early fifteenth century. He strove to emulate Cola di Rienzi, plotting to restore the Roman Republic, after burning down the Vatican and confining the Pope in Castel Sant' Angelo with chains of gold. His first plot was pardoned, but a second effort forced Nicholas V to order his execution.

Turning left in the Via del Gesù we reach Via Piè di Marmo, so called from the gigantic sandalled foot in marble of Apollo or Nero. Soon we are in Piazza del Collegio Romano—journey's end for so many of our former students. From here back to the Minerva stretched a group of Egyptian temples. The Piazza was once called Campo Camigliano from an arch at the corner of Via Sant' Ignazio, supposedly dedicated to Camillus. It was a side entrance to the temple precincts. The Temple of Isis covered much of the Piazza, and the temple of Serapis is marked by the rise in ground level at San Stefano in Caccis. This latter name records the finding of a statue in Egyptian granite of Anubis (a human figure with dog's head). This was popularly supposed to be an ape or "macacco". In this district have been discovered many obelisks, lions and Egyptian statues, as well as the colossal figures of the Nile and Tiber, now in the Vatican. In the Middle Ages the Dogana for cattle was in one corner of the Piazza, but it was later transferred to the Forum, which then acquired the name "Campo Vaccino".

The original Via Lata is now part of the Corso, the present one being merely "Vicus Latus". There is a tradition dating from the tenth century that S. Maria in Via Lata is on the site of the house where St Paul lived with a centurion. But the Saepta Julia extended along this side of the Corso. This was a public building started by Julius Cæsar, and finished by Lepidus, to replace the temporary divisions set up for the

voting of the comitia centuriata. Hence archæologists discount such a tradition, since it was unlikely that private houses existed in the confines of the Saepta (traces of which remain under the Doria Palace). Prof. Hülsen has, however, shown that the Saepta was a two storeyed building, but no one has yet suggested that the centurion may have had a flat on the upper floor. It may be that St Paul lived close by, and that a chapel was set up in the Saepta when it fell into disrepair.

There is a small fountain in the wall of the Banco di Roma, known as the "Facchino". It was originally set up in 1581 by a porter Abbondio Rizzi in the wall of his house in Piazza dei Crociferi. A lost Latin inscription records that this porter, famous for his strength, carried whatever weight he wanted, lived as long as he could, but at length, carrying two barrels of wine at once, died against his will. Like other statues it was used for pasquinades.

Much could be written of the Corso, the ancient Via Flaminia, which until the seventeenth century was still spanned by many triumphal arches. Its name derives from the races started by the Venetian Paul II, who built Palazzo Venezia. Evelyn's diary (17th February 1645) describes the Carnival races thus :

"We were taken up next morning in seeing the impertinences of the Carnival, when all the world are as mad at Rome as at other places : but the most remarkable were the three races of the Barbarie horses, that run in the Strada del Corso without riders, onely having spurrs so placed on their backs, and hanging downe by their sides, as by their motion to stimulate them ; then of mares, then of asses, of buffalos, naked men, old an young, and boys, and abundance of idle ridiculous pasetime."

Across the Corso is the Via SS Apostoli, taking its name like the piazza and tavern from the Basilica of the twelve Apostles. The Colonna palace was sometimes called by the same name—hence the passage in Pastor which records that Colonna troops after a forced march rushed to the Dodici. Nearby is the church of San Marcello, originally a chapel in the house of Lucina. Near this was the catabulum or stables of the Imperial Post, where Pope Marcellus was forced to work, and soon died. The present church replaces one destroyed by fire in 1519. This had its apse on the Corso, and its entrance on a small square. In 1328 Jacopo Colonna appeared here

with four masked companions and read John XXII's Bull of excommunication against Ludwig of Bavaria, who had just been crowned Emperor by Sciarra Colonna. A few years later the headless body of Rienzi was suspended from the apse of the church.

We now pass along the Vicolo del Vaccaro, where according to Rufini a rich cowherd sold milk. Finally we come into Piazza della Pilotta, at one time called del Olmo, from an elm, which survived from a nearby grove. The present name is the same as the Spanish *pelota*. The Florentines introduced this ball game to Rome, where it was played by the nobility in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The high ground against which the Gregoriana is built, was known as Biberatica, which Armellini derives from the latin "bibere", since there were many wells and springs of water in the district. A suitable place for the lecture rooms where we drink draughts of "living water".

No doubt there are variants to the route I have described, each with its own interest, but whichever way one goes there will be traces of the many centuries of Rome's history.

F. J. SHUTT.

## ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT

There was a young man who said Flop! Which sounds like the first line of a limerick but is a statement of bitter fact. For the instruction of babes and greybeards who never, perhaps, knew the word, let me add that its force is distinctly depreciatory. The tired actors of a rapidly written and produced pantomime (I knew of one when the final chorus was first practised half an hour before the show started) accepted applause as their due; even denunciation and rebuke showed that their efforts had stirred emotion, even though not the one intended, and with this slight satisfaction they were content. But "Flop" was not wrung from lips twisted with rage or laughter; it dropped as they were shaping themselves for a yawn. An ungracious word! Now, there was, as I have said, a youth who filled one of the larger Common Room chairs at every concert, who never released the pressure on his spine in order to sneeze behind a false moustache or allow himself to be used as a pincushion by props men. From his languid vantage point he frequently pronounced this damning judgment on the foolhardy.

That the entertainment would merit such condemnation was the fear of all amateur actors, producers, electricians, stage managers, make-up men and last-minute-stitchers-up-of-hitherto-undiscovered-holes. It was a fear to which rehearsals often gave considerable colour. Time and again what had been planned as entertainment threatened to emerge as torture. Time and again the man who airily remarked (as inevitably somebody did airily remark) that it would be all right on the night narrowly escaped being used as a propitiatory sacrifice

to Thalia. Time and again the prediction of the airy one was justified and it was all right on the night. This was occasionally due to the fears' being without foundation. I can remember a gripping drama which would have been backed to win by anyone but the two principals whose acting made it the success it was, but who were in a shiver of apprehension for days beforehand. More often, it was due to a sudden gathering of energy which throughout rehearsals had been anywhere but in the play. *Tons of Money* in dress rehearsal would have justified the suicide of the producer; "while of unsound mind" would have been the obvious explanation. Interested onlookers racked their brains for the right sentence which would so blend charity and truth as to leave their friendships and their conscience unimpaired. Such a sentence did not exist. They fell back on the last resource of the die-hard supporter, "It will be all right on the night", and failed to put conviction into that. But it was all right. It was more, it was an uproarious success. Later, to reverent Common Room congregations, theorists expounded just how the actors must have built up their interpretation of character, their mastery of dialogue, their subtlety of byplay. Those who had seen the dress rehearsal that same afternoon, when apparently the building process had not even started, meditated in mute bewilderment the architectural feat.

There were ingredients in the success of plays which came not from the genius of actors or producer but from the grapes of the Castelli. There was a burlesque which formed the climax of a S. Patrick's concert. Strange people were in the cast—I was in it myself. As we made up, the chief character kept asking me in hollow voice, "Have you ever been in a flop?" Sometimes he varied the tone for one of resolute cheeriness but the question was the same. But we had forgotten to ask the *vino e biscotti* man what plans he had made for the evening. By the time the curtain went up on the last sketch the audience would have extracted boisterous enjoyment from *East Lynne* or a drawing-room charade. The same sketch was repeated some years later in England with cider and far less success.

The main factor in the success of any play was that the audience was blissfully unaware of incidents offstage. When the chief actor in *I Killed the Count* repeated aloud lines whispered to him by the prompter, or even read from a script



held up in the wings, some marvelled at his memory, others took alarm, thinking how his studies must have suffered while he mastered his lines so thoroughly. When he skipped several pages of dialogue, nobody was any the wiser except the prompter, who was also sadder, and the reluctant small-part actor who, losing in this way over half his lines, was much happier. The fact that the forgotten episode contained clues vital to the story in no way damped the intelligent enthusiasm of the critics. Loss of memory of more tragic proportions nearly ruined *The Frightened Lady*. One key actor could not even remember when he was supposed to enter. This unnerved him a little and he communicated his feelings to others by asking in a feverish whisper, "Do I come on in this scene?" At one point each sentence of his part was repeated to him by the actor with whom he was apparently having a sinister conversation. In the last scene, we threw caution to the winds and gave him the prompt copy to use on the stage—while the rest of the cast stood around offstage and said Hail Marys to avert the fiasco which threatened when he had to leave his copy and walk to another position. Once again, there was no adequate answer to those who thought the standard too professional or the players too much lost in their parts. They were lost, certainly, but not precisely in the way suspected.

Anyone who mixed much with the Venerable dramatics, either on stage or behind the scenes, may be forgiven if successes remain green in his memory, while less happy occasions are allowed to lose their clarity. But the armchair critic is usually a connoisseur of failure and the unrehearsed effect. I once joined a Common Room circle where the conversation dwelt on recent flops. It dawned on me unwillingly that with every item mentioned I had been in some way connected. This is a bitter thought, which if a man can swallow there is little that will later prove difficult to digest. Eventually I pieced together excerpts from all these reputed failures into one sketch which we called *The Flop of Flops* and which proved the most triumphant effort in years.

The saddest failure, because the least deserved, is that due solely to the play and the audience not being in tune. The audience was usually in boisterous mood, especially at the short mid-year concerts, while the most suitable short plays were serious. It was therefore a hazardous business to predict the popularity of any play. *Who Killed the Canary?*

was a case in point. That was not its real name. I doubt if anyone remembered that two days after the concert. Nobody apparently knew what the title meant; few would confess to understanding the play. Some people out of the goodness of their hearts and others out of the malice of theirs spent the next week concocting explanations of what really happened and why—so that in retrospect it became very passable entertainment. I wonder how many people now remember *The Pot of Caviare*. Those who do remember will agree that it failed to grip, yet it was quite a good play. The great mistake was to cast one or two popular comedians in unlikely roles. It was folly to put Jacko, Gags and Lesch into a play and then call it drama. Nobody could help laughing; after all, they always laughed at Jacko, Gags and Lesch, whether they could see the joke or not. It was always safe betting that there was a joke and they did not want to be thought lacking in a sense of humour. Only this time they put their money on the wrong horse, the laughter destroyed the atmosphere without which the play could not breathe. It was like watching Danny Kaye play Hamlet.

The perfect example of the play which was not all right on the night was *Toad of Toad Hall*. As soon as the title of the play was announced, there was opposition from unexpected quarters. People whom one had never suspected of holding views on the matter, except a general feeling that Cortile practices were a waste of time when one might be hurtling up and down the lakeside under a blazing sun, expressed indignation at this unprecedented break in the Gilbert and Sullivan cycle. It was useless to explain the insuperable obstacles. They were not concerned with trivial details but with the spirit of the thing. Some thought it a subtle attack on tradition, after which if it were allowed to go forward unimpeded nothing would be held sacred. Others took the line that any Villa dramatics were a mistake but that this was lunacy and blasphemy combined. It was decided to stage it in the garden, to build a stage, to have rich scenery. Then a cold wind made it impossible to change the curtains and froze the audience in their seats. How much snigger they would have been in the cloisters. The hot wine was served too soon, and there was not enough of it. The show started half an hour late, the overture was regrettable. The electrician misread his instructions and the first scene was played in semi-darkness.

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Subsequently he muddled his switches and went through every colour on the board in an attempt to black-out when the curtain stuck. Supper interrupted just as we were warming up. The violinist's fingers were stiff with cold, the pianist expressed his feelings volubly every time he struck a wrong note, and the more he expressed himself the more wrong notes he struck. The conductor was always a little off the beat, essential characters were sometimes completely off the stage. The principals forgot their lines, the prompter (happy man) was too busy laughing, entirely without support, to find the place, somebody nearly electrocuted himself with a live wire, on a night when everything else was dead. As the play dragged painfully on, we noticed a scene which could be cut. The producer approached the Rector with the suggestion, trying to sound reluctant so that this renunciation would be weighed against the enormities of the evening. Then came the classic answer, "It's gone on so long already that a few more minutes won't make any difference". We continued strutting to the bitter end, too despirited to bow to the one man in the audience who had laughed encouragingly all the evening. Everybody agreed that there was no demand for a second performance in September, yet when we rather defiantly resurrected it at Christmas it was to an enthusiastic gathering.

Details had a way of looming large on the night, especially forgotten details. The knock that did not come, the bell that did not ring, the hat that did not stay on, the gun that would not go off, could upset the atmosphere and bring down the curtain on a frustrated cast. When we had practised one play on the bland assumption that we would be able to beg, borrow or steal a self-propelling bath-chair, and found ourselves tied to one, less accommodating than any mill stone, which needed pushing, several scenes, not to mention the scenery, were nearly wrecked. One play depended for its dénouement on a character's picking up one particular glass—this was also the curtain-man's cue to end the play on a moment of horrified suspense, so that the full force of the situation would strike the audience only after the actors had been cut from sight. When he cheerfully picked up the wrong glass, the curtain and the cast remained frozen, while the audience shook their heads and wondered what it was all about. The appearance of one character in a pair of riding breeches was a great success, but the play nearly came to an

untimely end, as he stuck halfway in getting them off and was thus unprepared for an entrance in the next scene.

Pantomime was always a thing apart. It has first to be written and no professor would accept *Ali Baba* or *Cinderella* in lieu of a practical exercise, perhaps because the Aesthetics of Aristotle did not figure in our course. So it had to be written between lectures, perhaps concurrently with an exercise on Newman's "Grammar of Assent" or the Growth of Messianism in the Old Testament. The double labour did not improve the style of either part, and, if we kept wisecracks out of the philosophy, we could not always exclude syllogisms from the pantomime patter. So what with explaining the jokes to the funny men, who were never hot on syllogisms, and explaining the funny men to the rest of the cast, the wonder was that we ever reached rehearsal. Some people did not. They were always engaged in a glee practice or a servers' dinner, a Wiseman paper or an interview with the Boss, and never really knew what the story was about. They could not understand what the elephant was doing in *The Babes in the Wood* (if we may judge by its behaviour neither could the elephant), or the dragon in *Robinson Crusoe*. This obtuseness, which extended to the more subtle gags, for which West End comedians might have paid money, was explained away with slighting reference to the author's peculiar sense of humour. It was useless to show them *Two Hundred Jokes for Jolly Jesters, a Lifetime of Laughs for Threepence*. That we should actually have paid money for the things merely confirmed their opinion of our mental infirmity. As Christmas drew near, more and more jokes were deleted as not funny, incredible doggerel took the place of our carefully hatched verses, until on the night the pantomime was "well up to the usual standard". Luckily nothing mattered in a pantomime—or very little. We nearly touched the depths of what audiences will endure under the impression that they are being entertained, when the chorus relinquished the stage to the funny men only to find that the funny men, not realising which scene followed which, were miles away having a quiet tab. There was a distinctly awkward pause during which it was thought that somebody was obeying the injunction "wait for the laughs" rather too devotedly. *Cinderella* deserves an article to itself, only nobody would have the heart to write it. We had to cut out a character and remodel the plot two days before Christmas. The Plumber,

who was going to bring the house down, got as far as smashing one of Bishop Giles' watercolours, when we thought he was being a little too literal and brought the curtain down. The pantomime King took his teeth out in order to look more senile and his part was liquidated in a series of gurgles and grunts. That was only the first scene and there were three more to follow. Even now peering across the years at that night, as one might peer at a man-eating tiger through the bars of a cage, I feel shivers of horror, a horror that might have been repeated many times but for the fact that on nearly every other occasion it was, more or less, all right on the night.

J. PLEDGER.

## UNDER ST PETER'S

Few parts of Rome have escaped the attention of the archaeologist as successfully as the area on which St Peter's is built. The size of the basilica and the massive foundations on which it rests have prevented any exploration of what lies underneath, for an excavation of the site is of its nature an engineering feat rather than a task for scientists. Beyond the fact, therefore, that the present basilica is built on the site of Constantine's basilica little was known for certain about the area, though since the time of Maffeo Vegio (1406-57) indications have been discovered of a pagan cemetery in the vicinity. In addition it was believed that the three southern walls of Constantine's basilica rested on the northern walls of Nero's Circus, and that north of these the Via Cornelia ran from east to west under the basilica (fig. 3).

In 1940, however, it was decided to enlarge the crypt and to lower the level of the floor, and as the work was bound to bring some new facts to light an archaeological commission was set up to direct the operation. The origin of the crypt is sufficiently well known. Antonio da Sangallo, one of the architects of the present basilica, raised the floor of St Peter's some ten feet above that of Constantine's basilica. The intervening space was filled with earth and rubble, but in two parts, the Grotte Nuove around the confession and Grotte Vecchie in the nave, sufficient space was left to

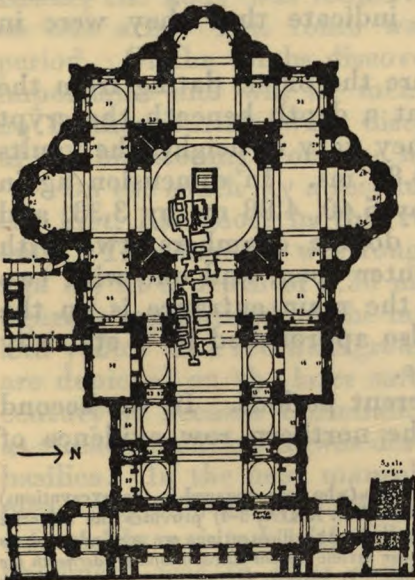


Fig. 1



provide a crypt. In January 1941 work commenced in the area between the pillar of St Andrew and the corner of the confession. Only in this part was space available and only here was the work feasible, owing to the arches supporting the vault of the crypt. In the area outside the crypt the roof was unbuttressed and even in the workable area immense difficulties had to be faced, as supports had to be added to sustain the pavement above and in some cases new foundations had to be provided, and this at a far greater depth.<sup>1</sup>

At about 20 cms below the crypt appeared the floor of Constantine's basilica. Immediately below this again was found a cornice which proved to be part of a Roman mausoleum. Underneath was found a double row of mausoleums, running roughly parallel from west to east and divided by a slight passage. The rows occupied a space 13 ms wide. The mausoleums all faced towards the south and had all been vaulted, but most of the vaults had been destroyed, and owing to a slight divergence from the axis of the basilica, the façade of one had been destroyed by one of the walls of Constantine's basilica. So far twenty mausoleums have been discovered in an area extending as far east as the second pillar from the confession (fig. 1). The mausoleums were in use mainly from the year A.D. 100-300 when they were used by Christians. Ossuaries found there, however, indicate that they were in use earlier still.

Those on the northern row are the older, dating from the early second century. They lie at a depth beneath the crypt of between 5.18 ms and 5.30. They vary in height, the vaults of the two highest standing at 4.80 ms. In dimension again they vary between e.g. 3.58 ms by 5.40, 4.88 ms by 3.33, and 5.50 ms by 6.10. Several have double chambers, two with inner chamber vaulted and the outer open, and one with two contiguous chambers. Although the main entrance is on the south, most of these tombs are also approached by a stairway from the hill on the northern side.

The ornamentation is of different periods. In the second mausoleum at the east end of the northern row evidence of

<sup>1</sup> A lecture by Fr. Kirschbaum, S.J. of the Gregorian (who was engaged in the excavations) and an article subsequently published in *Gregorianum* (Vol. XXIX, 3-4) provides the material for this account. For most of the facts, however, and for the illustrations we are indebted to Fr. R. O'Callaghan, S.J. of the Biblical Institute, whose article *Recent Excavations Underneath the Vatican Crypts* is the first account to appear in English. It appears in *The Biblical Archaeologist* (Vol. XII, No. 1, Feb., 1949) and is obtainable in England from Blackwells, Ltd., Oxford.

two periods is visible, the first of a delicate, the second of a more ponderous nature. The forms of burial also vary, urns and arcosolia being found in the same tomb. Cremation, however, does not seem to have lasted much beyond A.D. 150. The third mausoleum contained *cippi* of the late second century as well as sarcophagi of the third century with scenes of cock-fights and shepherds and representations of the dead. The next, consisting of two chambers, contains only urns. The fifth contains three large arcosolia. The façade is richly decorated in polychrome with pedimented windows, while the interior is decorated in stucco. The sixth mausoleum is one of the richest. Besides urns and arcosolia, it also contained two inhumations in the floor. The windows in the façade were decorated with terra cotta and reliefs, while on the opposite wall between small stucco columns was a niche with a picture of Venus rising from the waves supported by two Tritons. Similar columns separated the niches of the cinerary urns. At least four *cippi* were found, one with a canthus leaf design and an inscription to *M. Caetennio Antigono et Tulliae Secundae coniugi eius*. Outside the door was found a large marble sarcophagus with an inscription to the "Manes of Ostorina Chelido, wife of Iolaus, secretary to the Emperor". Inside, the body was found embalmed, with a golden bracelet on one arm. This tomb was used by Christians in its last period. Of the tombs discovered to the west of this, one is of importance and will be mentioned later. North of this row no further burials were discovered, but only the virgin soil of the hill sloping from the north.

On the south lay a second row. Of the two notable tombs, the first, like most in this row, was destined for inhumation only. The chamber was roughly 4.65 ms by 4.33 in dimension and lay at a depth of 6.30 ms below the crypt. An Egyptian figure is represented on the interior walls, painted in blue, green and yellow on a red background. Scenes of a Dionysiac nature are depicted on the later sarcophagi. At the end of the third century it became Christian. The façade of this mausoleum, as already mentioned, was destroyed by the wall of Constantine's basilica. In the next mausoleum to the east, the eastern wall, measuring 3.55 ms by 3.88, was preserved intact and the interior was richly painted with Sileni and mythological scenes. The pavement was in *opus sectile* and contained two sarcophagi, one with representations of the four seasons on the lid, and on

the front, the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux. The next mausoleum was similar to the preceding, but contained no sarcophagi; the space dividing the two had been filled in with sarcophagi and it was closed up from the passage way by a little wall.

The cemetery was clearly pagan. However, in the fourth century and in some instances earlier, Christians were buried there. In the sixth tomb of the northern row, a marble slab in the floor contains an inscription to a Christian lady. Under the inscription she is shown drawing water from a well and at the side two doves are portrayed bearing olive branches. Both are symbols of eternal repose. In like manner the "Egyptian" mausoleum of the southern row passed into Christian hands about the end of the third century, for the west wall contains a sarcophagus of clay above which an inscription reads *deposita* or *depositus* with the palm and dove. In this part there was also found a large marble sarcophagus of the fourth century with the story of Jonas carved on the lid. On the side there is a picture of the deceased with representations of Peter and Paul at either side. Another sarcophagus is also Christian as a young woman is represented on it in an attitude of prayer.

The most important discovery, however, was a small mausoleum at the west end of the northern row. A pagan tomb originally, at the end of the second century it was acquired by Christians, who closed over the urn niches and covered the vault, which is still largely intact, and the walls with a single mosaic plan. This mosaic, which is rich in colour, depicts on the north wall a fisherman with a hook; on the right is shown the familiar scene of Jonas being swallowed by the whale, while on the opposite wall is a damaged figure, possibly of the Good Shepherd. In the vault, Helios, his head surrounded by a halo, is seen on a chariot drawn by four horses. The Christian character of the mosaic strongly suggests that, despite the frequent occurrence of Apollo as a theme in Roman cemeteries, this representation is the first pictorial evidence we have of the already well known concept of Christus Helios. The mosaics themselves are the earliest Christian funerary mosaics yet discovered.

The excavation has thrown some new light on the position of Constantine's basilica. Hitherto our knowledge has depended on mediaeval descriptions and plans, but in the present excavation part of the apse and of the transept of Constantine's church

were uncovered, and to the south of the double row of mausoleums, the three walls of the nave.

One interesting fact was elicited from an earlier excavation and was fully confirmed in this. In 1625 when sinking the foundations for the bronze columns of Bernini's baldachino, it was discovered that the Vatican hill sloped to the south and east in this region. Soil was reached at depths of 3.96 ms, 4.40, 3.74 and 2.64 ms at the north-east, south-east, south-west, and north-west corners respectively. Moreover, the southern row of mausoleums lay, as we have seen, at a greater depth than the northern row, which to all appearances was cut into the hill at a higher level. This is confirmed by the fact that only in the northern row are the steps found leading into the tombs, the backs of which again, and only in this row, are almost completely covered by the soil of the hill behind. The only conclusion is that the hill in this region sloped sharply from north to south, while it declined more gently from west to east.

One of the three walls of the nave was exposed to its base and was discovered to be entirely of Constantinian construction. The wall to its base was 7 ms below the floor of Constantine's basilica. How much deeper it goes is not known. It was 2.07 ms thick for about 3 ms height and 1.93 ms the rest of the way. About 7.70 ms to the south rose the second

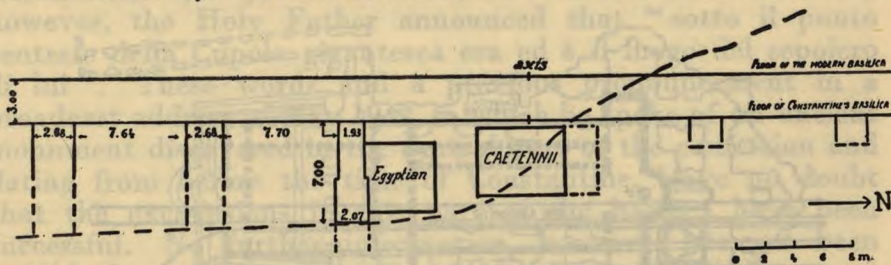


Fig. 2

wall, and 7.64 ms south again, the third wall. Investigations, moreover, made in the vicinity of the three walls prove that they rest on virgin soil and not, as was supposed, on the walls of Nero's Circus.

The level of the basilica was therefore some 7 ms above the level of the hill itself in the part explored, the walls serving as a gigantic pedestal on which Constantine built his basilica, in part suspended above the ground and in part built in an

area cut from the hill. The reconstruction in fig. 2 shows roughly the position of the basilica in relation to the hill; the position of the mausoleums is clearly indicated. The spaces divided off by the walls were connected by strongly arched passages, but the intervening space, which at parts may have been 20 or more ms deep, was not left empty to serve as vaults, but was filled with some 40,000 cubic ms of earth. This is a conclusive argument that the site was not chosen without a compelling reason. Constantine chose neither the foot of the hill nor the top, but built the basilica precisely on the slope. Added to the physical difficulties of the location there was the moral difficulty of the presence of a cemetery in the neighbourhood, which by strict Roman *pietas* could not be destroyed, and over and above all this is the fact that the church was not a small one, but was an enormous one of five naves and a transept. The site, therefore, was one not of choice but of necessity.

An ancient tradition affirms that the basilica was erected on the northern walls of Nero's Circus. The tradition rests chiefly on the fact that the obelisk now standing in the piazza of St Peter's originally stood on the *spina* of the Circus, in the spot marked near the wall of the sacristy. It received further support from some discoveries made at the time when the

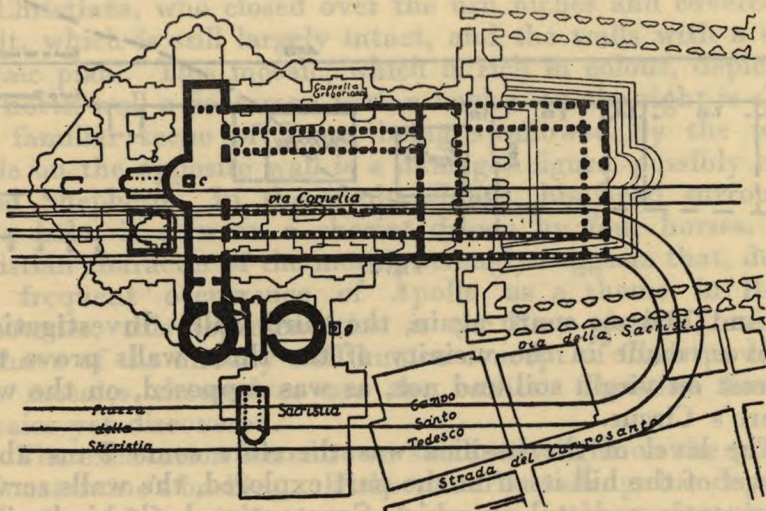


Fig. 3 (From H. Lietzmann, *Petrus und Paulus in Rom.*)

front of St Peter's was being extended. No part of the Circus, however, was in fact seen, nor was any trace of it found during an excavation made in the last century under the Teutonico. The circus could not therefore have stood in this region. A valuable discovery, however, was made at the east end of the newly excavated area. Over one of the mausoleums of the northern row was found an inscription of a Popilius Heracla enjoining on his heirs to erect a monument to him *in Vatic (ano) ad circum*. From this it is known that the Circus is near. The recent excavations have shown that it does not lie under the walls of the basilica, so it must lie somewhere further east.

The previously accepted opinion about the Via Cornelia has also been disproved. It was generally supposed that the Via Cornelia ran parallel to the walls of Nero's Circus, just north of them and under the basilica. This cannot, however, be true. The Via Cornelia can never have existed where it is placed by the plans. It may have passed south or north of the previously accepted position. Some, because of the stairs leading to the tombs on the northern row, hold that it probably lay north of this on the Vatican hill. That there was some Via there seems reasonable, but whether it was in fact the Via Cornelia can only be decided by further excavation.

As regards the main question of Peter's tomb, very little information has yet been released. In a recent audience, however, the Holy Father announced that "sotto il punto centrale della Cupola gigantesca era ed è il luogo del sepolcro di lui". These words and a previous pronouncement in a broadcast address of May 1942, in which he spoke of an ancient monument discovered in the central part of the confession and dating from before the time of Constantine, leave no doubt that the excavations in this part of the basilica have been successful. No further information, however, has yet been published on the work in this field. For a detailed account of the discoveries made in the confession we must await the official report.

C.F.S.

## ROMANESQUES

### 45.—NEMI

One of the legends of old Italy which relates to the Fall of Man tells how, when Domeniddio in His just wrath commanded the Angel to destroy the Garden of Paradise, He suddenly had a tender thought. He thought that He would keep some spots of Eden to scatter over the earth to be a mirror and a memory of what had been, so that all men might remember such things were. These "places of Paradise", says the legend, lie in loveliness over all the waters of the earth. In every land there is some soft spot, tree-curtained from the crowded gaze, some hidden corner mist-veiled to shield from mortal eyes too bright a glory. These places, says the tale, are to be come upon wherever men themselves are to be found, but they are most of them in Italy.

Now, one of these paradisal places lies deep in the Alban Hills, the centre of that *cor gentil d'Italia*. When Rome was pagan people thought that the goddess of fair beauty Diana dwelt there, but now everybody knows that it is one of the lost places of Paradise. This favoured coign is clustered about the little place we all loved which bears upon itself the sweet name of Nemi. It is, we are told, so called from *nemus*, the grove of the goddess. Over opposite it is Genzano, twin star to Nemi, though nothing like so fair. The lake between has, in truth, lost a little of its ethereal loveliness, since the waters were lowered to uncover the Roman galleys which were discovered there. But those who look may still find lingering traces of its enheavenment.

All this, if it means anything, you may read in the books. Of course, we also went once, as all do, to see the boats and the *bella vista* and to dream of its first enchantment. But that we

should have gone back at least once each autumn before we were called back to Rome was due not to the galleys, not even to the legends, but to another magnet still more powerful to draw. We went on gita days because of a little white albergo called strangely after the pagan and not the Christian legend, and most of all because of the genial, gentle, whimsical Signor Guiseppe de Sanctis who presided over its hospitality with such lordly generosity. Wait while we introduce him—or rather, though he has a little of our own northern shyness, he will not fail to introduce himself.

Suppose yourself to have picked your precarious way over the last stretch of rocky path that leads to the great Orsini gateway which guards Nemi. Entering in, at once you are amid the bustle of a tiny Roman *castello*. But before you have had time to look along the line of white cottages and away down to the lake far, far below, you hear a cry raised so strident and sudden as to startle even the dreamy, sad-eyed mules that are crawling up the cobble way. A figure with a rather frightening polypus is clambering down with outstretched hands to greet and almost to embrace you. "So, the Signori have come! *Sarebbe una festa degli inglesi*". We gave him the invariable answer "*Ogni giorno festa a Nemi*", a reply which always brought a great gust of laughter. Joe leads us through the throng of admiring beholders, visibly swelling with pride in response to their gaze. Arrived at the albergo, we were bowed and swept into wicker chairs, which each had to be dusted and polished before the Signori might accommodate themselves. Then followed a tremendous explosion of wrath at his family, because they had not run for Marsala but had stood over-awed at our coming. Next to us an abject apology for the present generation. "*C'e l'ignorante*", he would observe sadly. Joe suffered much from the foolishness of his family and retainers. He would assure us that he had lavished on his sons all the rich resources of his services of Cardinals and even Kings. Their breaches of etiquette were, therefore, a great affliction to his old age. *Bisogna rassegnarsi!* Probably before the Marsala would arrive, there would be another explosion at the faces flattened against the window and a dash outside to drive away the curious but which only succeeded in gathering an even greater throng.

I think if I had power over all the race of Hotel, Inn or



any keepers of hospitality, I would send them for a course to Joe's. For he was the very prince of hosts. There were albergos much nearer Rome where, before ordering tea, one had to send for a tea-pot and perform incantations over it to explain the blessed, saving process. And even then, to clinch the matter safely, it was wise to rush out into the *cucina* and remind them: "*Non diceva acqua calda ma Bollicante!*" And even so, what anaemic beverages you would get. Not so at Nemi. Here everything was cooked as it was meant to be. Joe himself would sit at table tasting all we had. And woe betide the unhappy domestic who had not risen to the palate of the distinguished *inglesi*, or who had appeared unbecomingly attired. He would be electrically halted, and the memory recalls one occasion when an unfortunate offender was publicly stripped of his napkins and ordered to the kitchen in a most terrifying manner. It was like a man being stripped of his regimentals with all the army by. All this was done because for Joe de Sanctis the Englishman was royal *di natura*; his race conferred nobility. It would indeed have been hard not to be a gentleman after receiving such high marks of esteem.

There were all sorts of saving graces at Nemi. There were, first of all, those unique strawberries as tiny as currants and so perennially fresh that they were, it seemed, always available. Joe liked to think they were "*famose per il continente*". Then, there was *zabaione*. Now, you are not to think of common *zabaione* (though that is royal enough, in all truth). This was a *zabaione* with "ameliorations" to be talked of reverently and to be dreamed of back in Rome on wintry nights. It was flavoured with a hint of something all the way from Sicily and something else from as near as Velletri, and there were all sorts of ingredients from less famous places but no less potent, which we learned to know by name, for they were each time rehearsed for us. You might order almost anything at Joe's and almost always get it. But, at the end, when you had finished the long list of delights, he would insist on *zabaione* as the foundation dish upon which he had built up his reputation.

As we sat there talking of everything, setting the world to rights and even sometimes Holy Mother Church, Joe's countenance would reflect the conversation, though he understood never a word, not having been one of those who had gone to America in his youth. His eyes followed each speaker

in turn. When we laughed, he would laugh as loud as any in unison, when we grew grave at some new threat from the Gregorian or Palazzo Venezia, he would be as solemn as could be. But usually a smile lit up his dark face, a smile beside which the sun and moon and all the stars were but a candle's light.

Towards the end of the feast, Joe would quietly rise up and disappear. Everybody knew what was coming but of course we feigned to be taken by surprise. This was Joe's finale. After many peeps through the doorway and loud whisperings ascertaining if the company were ready, the door of that long dining room would slowly open. In came a procession, Joe himself leading with a *bottiglia di vino speciale* that was simply swathed in cobwebs. (There must be somewhere in Rome a special factory for making cobwebs; they are there so altogether unnaturally luxuriant). Joe pointed the bottle almost horizontally like a gun. It still grieves to remember that precious stuff anointing the bare boards of the floor before anyone could get his glass under it. For, undignified as that may seem, it will be understood that this was what you had to do at Nemi or lose the balm entirely. The procession advanced gravely up the room with a couple of retainers bearing by no means ceremonial napkins, sons and daughters being in close support, and Joe giving voice the while to some appropriate sobriquet such as *Vino fa cantar* or even a burst or two of latin. *Nunc est bibendum, laeti ad pocula veniamus* (which no doubt he had acquired from the hoarding by the Rocca-Roma line) was given with great effect and frequency though we had reason to doubt whether he understood its meaning. Another phrase occurs: *Dum vivimus vivamus*. Interlarded with the latin were laments for the fallen quality of modern wine. But he was careful to make clear that he was not blaming Fascism for this. "*Signori, i vini hanno discreto buon gusto in questi giorni, ma spumano poco*", he would say. But then, stroking the cobwebbed bottle, "*Ma questo e un vino sincero!*" Joe never stopped pouring and talking. It was a part of the ritual to overflow the glass. He simply moved across the floor not lifting the bottle nor watching when a glass was full. Many a new hat and cassock lost its summer shine at Nemi, what with the *vino speciale* and the cobwebs.

Then came the toasts, and here he himself took charge.

He was most punctilious in his orders of precedence—Church before State, King before Minister, English before Italian. “*Al Santo Padre!*” of course came first to be sometimes followed by an impromptu “*O Roma felix*”. Next “*Al Re Giorgio VIII Sua Majesta Britannica d’Inghilterra etc.*” Sometimes the numerals differed and sometimes the names from Giorgio to Eduardo and Guglielmo. Then came King Victor, to be followed by Mr Eden (being the only English politician known to Joe), then the Duce, etc., etc. There were all sorts of institutions as well to be fêted before we could take our chairs again.

Before we went, there were formerly two heirlooms that we had to see. We might have seen them before but to refuse would be to deprive him of one of life’s delights. First, there was a great book like one of our old family Bibles. In this were inscribed the signatures and remarks of more notabilities than any Master of the Rolls ever gathered. There were literally Kings from many lands, whole colleges of Cardinals going back years and years. We left our humble names to gather grace and fame from theirs. And there were interminable and (it must be confessed) usually unintelligible episodes to be told of each. It was very nearly impossible to get home in time from Nemi. But it was a delight to see the relish with which he told of the old famous days and the smiles which illumined his face all the while lighted a fire in your heart. All the world comes to Rome, he would say truly, and who could be so unknowing as not to come to Nemi?

The other keepsake that had to be seen was always produced with great reverence and solemnity from a gilded covering and introduced with the formula: “Did I ever show the Signori *la vecchia madonnina?*” Joe possessed in a high degree a *sens de théâtre* so that everything that he did had to be accompanied by some ritual act. The object of this particular veneration was indeed singularly interesting. It was the ancient madonna which had hung outside the albergo for, I believe, two centuries. It had become very faded and torn and had been replaced by a new picture. For a long time the showing of this madonna was as necessary as the *zabaione*.

Then one day somebody reported that a strange thing had happened. We were never asked to see these things any more. At first no one had noticed the omission. Then it struck us as a curious thing needing explanation. Joe was

asked about it and proved to be most embarrassed. Several asked at different times and I fear that the answers did not always tally. Eventually we gathered that some American had tempted him and that the family escutcheon had been given away.

The lowering of the lira, and then "sanctions" with the falling off of tourists that followed on all that, seemed to become suddenly insupportable to Joe—not more, I am sure, for the loss of means of livelihood than because of the lack of opportunity to dispense hospitality. But he did seem to become terribly tired and to age. The last time we saw him he wept when he learned that some were going to England. His memory began to fade; he could not remember the name of his *parroco* and was upset that we should suspect him of not practising his religion.

There was something whimsical and wistful about Joe de Sanctis that was most winning and that blesses his memory still. He endowed a visit to Nemi with an altogether "special" quality which had nothing to do with the *vino speciale*, the legend or the abundance and magnificence of the fare. Everything that he did was ostentatious, but never was it done for ostentation's sake. If he handed you as a parting gift, as he usually did, a faded *cartolina* of the view like a general decorating you, he did it like that because it was the only way he could do anything.

If ever you get back to Nemi before the white Campo Santo over towards Velletri claims him—if indeed it has not already long since done so—no doubt you will find him standing at the door of his albergo. But not before he has seen you coming. And he will dance down the cobbles to you with outstretched hands (for the Italian does not grow decrepit with age as lesser mortals do). And he is sure to cry out that he had expected you, that it would be a festa of the *inglesi*. And you must give him back this password: "*Sisignore, ogni giorno festa a Nemi!*"

BRIAN FOLEY.

## NOVA ET VETERA

### BL. JOHN WALL

The following extract gives an interesting account of one of the College Martyrs, Blessed John Wall. He left the College in May 1648, and shortly afterwards became a Franciscan. In 1678 he was arrested and after a year's imprisonment suffered martyrdom at Worcester on 22nd August 1679. His brother William came to the College in 1645. He later became a Benedictine and after his return to England he was arrested and condemned to death. He was reprieved, however, and survived the persecution.

The account is taken from *The Life of Blessed John Wall* by Dom Bede Camm, pp. 8-10.

“From boyhood he gave great testimony of virtue and an excellent wit, and thus, when he was old enough to leave home, he was sent to that famous seminary of martyrs, the English College at Douai. Here he studied his humanities, till the year 1641, when ‘an innocent ambition of a farther improvement in higher studies carried him to Rome’, where he studied philosophy and theology at the Venerable English College. He was admitted and took the missionary oaths, 11th May 1642. He had intended to enter as a convictor, but his father, owing to the many claims on his estate, was unable to pay the pension, so he became ‘a scholar of the Holy Father’. He was known at Rome under the name of Marsh. ‘He proved an able student in divinity. He was so addicted to devotion that he omitted not to give God thanks for his good success in his studies. And having visited those holy places, and monuments at Rome and thereabouts, he began seriously to think upon a settled course of life.’ ‘His insight in divinity assured him of the narrowness of the way

to heaven, and what a hard matter it was to avoid the shipwreck of his soul among so many rocks and precipices of the world. This consideration moved him to pitch upon an Ecclesiastical state, and concurring with St Ambrose his judgment, *nescit tarda molimina Spiritus Sancti gratia*, that the Holy Ghost cannot go a slow pace . . . without dilatory circumstances he forsook his father and friends, his lordship and lands, esteeming all such advantages as dung that he might gain Christ and receive his soul.' Thus 'his Honorer' describes the dawn of his religious vocation, as he must have heard it from the martyr's own lips. Blessed John was ordained priest at Rome on 3rd December 1645. He continued his studies at the College until 1648."

(Bl. John Wall's brother William) "had been following in his footsteps. He made his classical studies at the College of St Omer's under the English Jesuits, and then passed to the English College at Douai, 9th July 1644, to pursue his philosophy. He was not there much more than a month, however, before a desire for greater perfection made him seek to become a Carthusian, and on 22nd August he left the College to join the English Charterhouse at Nieuport in Flanders. But his strength was not equal to the austerities of the rule, and he was forced to leave. He then came to join his brother in Rome, and he was admitted as a student, 10th December 1645. He will, no doubt, have arrived in Rome in time for his brother's ordination and first Mass. For two years they will have lived together in the College. They were both known there under the name of Marsh, which was probably their mother's maiden name. Our martyr had a very tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin—one manifestation of this is noted in the English College records; it was on his departure for England in 1648. 'Out of his particular devotion to our Blessed Lady, he would go by Loreto. Accordingly, putting a pilgrim's weed over his scholar's habit, and with staff in hand, he began his journey towards the Holy House. The Father Minister and Confessor, with six scholars, accompanied him part of the way, and then took leave of him. He went the rest of the journey alone.'"

#### A CONTEMPORARY TRIBUTE

Cardinal Baronius in his revision of the Roman Martyrology, published in Rome in 1585, pays the following tribute to the

English Martyrs and to the Martyrs of the College. It appears under the entry for St Thomas on 29th December :

“ Videre meruit saeculum nostrum hac ex parte foelicissimum quamplurimos Thomas, sanctissimos sacerdotes, aliosque nobilissimos viros Anglicanos ampliori (liceat dicere) martyrio coronatos, duplicisque tituli coronis auctos ; cum non solum (ut Thomas) pro Ecclesiastica libertate, sed pro fide Catholica tuenda, restituenda, ac conservanda, nobilissimo martyrio occubuerint : ut inter alios, quos nuper S. Societas Iesu velut agnos innoxios in sacris septis, sanctis eruditionibus ad martyrium, acceptissimas Deo hostias, saginavit ; quos Romanum, quos Rhemense sacra collegia, quae dixerim celsas turres a facie Aquilonis, et fortissima propugnacula fidei, emiserunt ad triumphos et provexerunt ad coronas. Macte animo, macte virtute, Anglicanorum nobilissime ac gloriosissime coetus, qui tam illustri militiae nomen dedisti, ac sacramento sanguinem spondidisti : aemulor sane vos Dei aemulatione, cum vos martyrii candidatos, ac nobilissimae purpurae martyres designatos aspicio. Compellor et dicere : Moriatur anima mea morte iustorum, et fiant novissima mea horum similia.”

## THE NEW CHANGES

The forthcoming *Anno Santo* has given a new impetus to the work of modernizing and developing the city. Apart, however, from the station, the only area affected by post-war reconstruction is the Borgo, where the task of building a worthy approach to St Peter's is at last nearing completion. The main outline of the scheme was accomplished just before the war. A broad avenue was constructed from the Ponte Vittorio Emanuele to the Piazza of St Peter's and the buildings on either side were brought into line, but the details of the scheme were left unfinished.

Recently the work has been resumed and an effort is being made to complete operations before the end of this year. The present plan includes the formation, in the Via della Conciliazione itself, of three new thoroughfares, one main road in the centre and two subsidiary roads at the sides. The centre road will carry most of the traffic, and the side-roads, except when there are functions at St Peter's, will also be used for traffic and for parking. During pilgrimages, however, and when the approach to St Peter's is likely to be crowded, the side-roads will be

reserved to pedestrians, who will thus be expected to leave the main road free for vehicles.

At the end of the road, over the central thoroughfare, will come the much discussed portico. It will be supported by four columns on each side. Behind it at the sides, on a site now surrounded by wooden fencing, two new buildings are already under construction. Thus the long cherished aim of enclosing the view of St Peter's will be substantially achieved, though traffic will still be allowed access through the portico to the Piazza and to the roads behind the colonnade. The buildings behind the portico, so the Vatican architect informs us, are to be completed to the height of the first floor by next December. This, however, seems an optimistic estimate, as the foundations, already over 25 feet deep, are still unfinished. In the building on the left-hand side, will stand the ancient church of San Lorenzo in Piscibus, which has been preserved from the surrounding demolition. The buildings will be used for exhibitions during the coming year, but no information is available about their ultimate destination. There is no intention, however, of using them to house one of the Congregations, as was originally intended.

Further down the Via della Conciliazione and adjoining the Via dei Penitenzieri, the old palace of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre is being reconstructed, or rather restored to its original style. On the other side of the road the stately Palazzo Torlonia, outwardly unchanged since pre-Reformation days when the English Ambassadors to the Holy See held their court there, is being extensively re-organized within for its new task of housing many of the offices of the 1950 Holy Year Committee. Finally at the end of the street on the same side stands the new five-storeyed building which is to serve both as the head office of the Italian Catholic Action and as a hostel for pilgrims. In all it will accommodate some 600 people.

Changes have also been made in the transport system. By bus you can now travel from the Piazza Argentina straight to S. Agnese and Monte Sacro, while a similar service will take you from Trastevere to the catacombs of St Priscilla and beyond. By tram it is possible, for instance, to go from the Via Giulio Cesare, near the Piazza Cavour, to St Paul's without changing. An entirely new service of express *torpedoni* is the most recent innovation. It links up such distant parts of the city as St Peter's and San Lorenzo, and the Porta Ostiense and St



Priscilla's. New vehicles, graceful and sleek in comparison with the older ones are rapidly being introduced, but for all these improvements the citizens themselves are paying, as a levy of five lire has been imposed on all tickets.

The most eagerly awaited event, however, is the opening of the underground railway, "La Metropolitana". Ever since the College arrived back in Rome in 1946, work on the tunnelling has been proceeding in several parts of the city, notably near the Circus Maximus and the Colosseum, and now it is whispered that it will be ready by December. But it is an undertaking of only limited aim, for it will merely link up the new Stazione Termini with the Porta Ostiense and so eventually with Magliana and the exhibition grounds of the "E 42", with intermediate stations at St Mary Major's and the Colosseum. The need for it will no doubt become more apparent next year, when, rumour has it, part of the population of the city will temporarily be housed at "E 42" to provide the necessary accommodation for visitors to Rome. For ourselves we shall always feel more at home fighting our way onto a filo-bus than strap-hanging in a Tube beneath the Domus Aurea.

## THE UNIVERSITY

The letter from the Congregation of Studies published in this column of the May 1942 number of THE VENERABLE established the position of the College in relation to the University during the exile. Back in Rome, the studies and examinations conducted at the College in England were accepted by the University, but difficulties arose when an application was made for a diploma for studies done at St Mary's Hall. The matter, however, has now been satisfactorily arranged. We print below a copy of the letter received by the Rector from the Secretary of the University.

PONTIFICIA UNIVERSITAS GREGORIANA,

Roma, 21 Marzo 1949.

Ill.mo e Rev.mo Mons. Rettore,

in risposta alla domanda fattaci pervenire il mese scorso per mezzo del Suo Delegato siamo felici di farLe sapere che confermemente alla Lettera della S. Congregazione degli studi

del 10 Gennaio 1946, la Pontificia Università Gregoriana accettò, in quel tempo, i suffragi ottenuti a Stonyhurst nel periodo 1940/46; tali votazioni sono tutte registrate nella nostra Segreteria, regolarmente trascritte nei volumi conservati nei nostri Archivi: possono quindi essere trascritte nei libretti, come del resto si è già cominciato a fare. Lo stesso dicasi per certificati che eventualmente fossero domandati, o diplomi.

Nella speranza di avere soddisfatto alle Sue domande, mi professo della S.V. Ill.ma e Rev.ma

dev.mo nel Signore

(signed) LEO HUDON, S.J.

Segretario Generale.

## COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 3rd 1948, *Saturday*. The city sunshine warms to its work, and the continual departure of ternary cameratas in *abito piano* marks the beginning of the Villa. We shall go by the Rocca Tram: it takes longer. On the bottom road there has been a little rain; immanent motion on all sides is one's gratifying impression. The Advance Party are looking tired but pleased with themselves, as the rooms are a shining testimony to their public spirit. The Cortile looks like a left luggage office. Less private luggage was brought this year, more books and gramophone records. The programme on the notice board looks very full, the structure of a good holiday, as it was last year. Furniture starts to move after a while. Some people are very particular about what type of water jug they have for the next three months. Suora Angelica's mattress has disappeared. Tomorrow we rise at six, *desideratoque acquiescimus lecto*.

4th *Sunday*. We ate our large breakfast rolls with relish not experienced in Rome for the past few weeks. Everyone has slept well, though mattresses and dismantled beds are still in the Cortile. The Rector celebrates Second Mass to ask God's blessing on the *villeggiatura*.

As the sunshine gently fills the garden, volunteers with rudimentary equipment approach the site of the cricket pitch, and a more earnest party clears the loose furniture from the Cortile. Second Year Theology have not yet taken their Dogma Examination and are holding a repetition in the Pergola. But gay laughter in the forenoon tank leaves one in no doubt that the holiday spirit is abroad.

Benediction with a large congregation. Our massed choir of voices male and female quickly reached a tacit compromise about the tempo of "*Noi vogliam Dio*," and that without assistance from the harmonium, which has not yet recovered from the winter.

This evening a Bridge circle opened the season with two packs that match and four score pads with pencils attached.

5th *Monday*. A miner came this morning to inspect the tennis court and offered to blast the rock if the surface could be cleared, which, it is generally agreed, it can not, so the *pozzolana* project must be abandoned and the scrawny grass disciplined.

Outside the Chapel our resident tuner dismantles the harmonium and removes the chestnuts left there by the Little Folk. Another Bridge circle opens this evening, scoring on cigarette packets and using two well-thumbed decks. Bidding is rough and stern.

The gramophone has been set up in the Music Room and attracts a couple of dozen. Many listeners read or talk in a circle manner, as the lighting and sound are more powerful here and the programme seems a Promenade in comparison with the Twilight Half Hour of the Roman summer.

6th *Tuesday*. Zimarras were worn this morning at Meditation and fluttered in the wind after breakfast as we stood around to wish the Rector *buon viaggio* as he left for Ciampino and the North.

Pianists are reaching an agreement about practice times. The tank this morning lay desolate and wind-swept, and bathers went down to the lake, which faithfully retained its heat.

The Vice returned from Rome this evening with a large post. Second Year Theology on the eve of their examination stop the final gaps in their knowledge to the accompaniment of the Mastersingers' overture, which seemed to raise their morale.

7th *Wednesday* and Sforza gita No. 1. Domenico's cooking is in the old tradition but the tea-time summons is weakening, although Dom himself prances gaily round his open-air kitchen.

*Auguri* to Third Year Theology who are off to the University this morning and in the evening. *Ad Multos Annos* to Mr Devaney, who starts his return journey to Salford Diocese tomorrow morning early.

As the stars looked down from a warm sky we swam in the tank after supper. There were excursions today to Rocca Priora, Tusculum and Monte Porzio.

8th *Thursday*. A generous supply of sunshine called us out for a stroll to the nearer Castelli. The tennis court is not yet ready but two people were standing on the Sforza at court distance playing a fast game with imaginary markings. Three men with pickaxes break stones near the tank for a new badminton court, and buckets are going up to the Sforza to provide the necessary solution for *pozzolana*. They only expect you to carry one, but a First Year man was roundly rebuked for carrying up two half-filled buckets.

The Vice-Rector's contribution of forty books to the Fiction Section of the Library has been gratefully received by members. Erle Stanley Gardner (Perry Mason Mysteries) has an appreciative public here, but Mrs Belloc Lowndes has lost none of her fans.

The imaginary adventurings of the escapists on the Sforza this evening were interrupted by a man who looked up from a *Clergy Review* to

enquire, "Who were the Patripassionists?" One of the many replies was that they did Ordination Retreats rather well.

9th *Friday*. *Feast of SS John Fisher and Thomas More*. The No Bell Day lost most of its charm because the weather from after breakfast till the next bell at 12.15 was most uninviting. Only a few drops of rain fell, but it was not till after tea that we felt confident that we were safe from any more. Strains of Sullivan from the Music Room this morning, where the score of *Iolanthe* was reviewed. We shall soon be more familiar with it.

Neat shelves now line the walls of both upstairs and downstairs libraries. A thorough classification is in progress, and armfuls of fiction are on their way downstairs to their new home where a stern notice ensures that they be borrowed only one at a time.

Extra wine at dinner. Draughts now in season.

10th *Saturday*, and a cloudy morning with icy little breezes meandering round the Sforza. But when we met for the preprandial smoke at the top of the steps we dodged them cosily with our backs to the wall.

A little more sun this afternoon, the cloud formations never at rest, with an occasional gap in the choreography for a clear stretch of the blue which we are popularly supposed to grow tired of in this country. Next time you look up the sun is hidden and only its rays are to be seen descending in shafts on the pastel-shade Campagna.

Returning from a friendly game of nine-a-side cricket we glimpse the gleam of the Tyrrhenian and the Tiber.

The Vice went to Rome today and brought back Father Tindal-Atkinson O.P., to supply for the weekend. The female members of the congregation are shy of singing the Litany but Luigi knows all the words and makes a determined attempt at the tune.

Bridge and "110" seem to be established as the principal indoor attractions, but this evening an assortment of what are known as Round Card Games lowered the tone and raised voices and spirits.

11th *Sunday*. Second Mass was celebrated in the Dominican Rite. Bouquet to the server, who had his reflexes under control and never genuflected once. But we do not really believe the pattern on the bell is part of the rubrics. The House was most attentive, though some hold that this sort of thing leads to schism and heresy, and the M.C.'s think it is a bad influence. We have Confessions after Second Mass, and there were long queues for Father Tindal-Atkinson and for our regular curate, Fr Coonan.

Sombre cloud-clusters loomed all day. Zimarras were worn although the breezes were not really cold, and the afternoon was hot without sunshine. The Pergola is gay with poppies.

Benediction was rather parochial. The celebrant was so carried away by the popular tunes from the Benediction Manual that he intoned the Versicle himself. Luigi was foiled by an English hymn of the chromatic type. But there is an archaic flavour on the final notes. Someone with strong views on the sugariness of thirds is putting in fifths.

Just before supper we noticed a car parked by the New Wing. Part exchange, we surmised, but how did the Vice manage to get his initials put into the registration number? The Vice's car is still here, however, and the new arrival is the property of Mr Keegan, who was our guest at supper with Fr Keegan and Fr O'Hara.

Messrs Crissell, Hamilton and Alexander left today to make their Ordination Retreat at San Giovanni e Paolo, our *Auguri* ringing in their ears.

The Castellani provided fireworks on the lake after Night Prayers. Noise before colour-schemes, seemed to be the general system, and the thunderstorm which followed immediately out-banged them and delayed our sleep.

12th *Monday*. Rain fell throughout Meditation, Mass, Study and Recreation, and the Musical Director invited some people to come for an audition with a view to casting the Opera. "We'll just try a few over; not sure which part will suit you best."

After siesta the rain had stopped, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to get numbers for soccer, and large cams went for short walks through the clear air.

This evening a heavy mist rolls about over the Lake, like a vast tract of snow from the trees below us out across the Campagna with the sickle moon above and the lights from Castel Gandolfo breaking through occasionally. This winter scenery gives us the atmosphere for Apsley Cherry Garrard's account of "The Worst Journey in the World" which we resumed the reading of today.

13th *Tuesday*. We wake to see the Lake prettily ringed with pink clouds.

The Vice-Rector intercepts the Community as they leave the terrace in response to the bell and cordially invites them to the Cortile to polish the red squares with petrol; they must carefully avoid the white squares. Domenico did one square as a model to us all, and a smart effect was achieved just in time for Third Year Philosophy to emerge from their Catechetics Class on to it.

The Golf Captain went up this morning to plan the direction of the course and lost a ball. This evening he had a squad uprooting the smaller shoots, chopping the larger ones, and sickling away the thornbushes to provide a fairway.

Netless tennis continues.

14th *Wednesday* and a Sforza gita. In the bright sunshine half-way up Cavo one realizes that technicolour can be produced naturally, as one looks down on the two blue mirrors in their bed of green. Cricket this evening.

Alfredo brought news of the assassination of On. Palmiro Togliatti at Piazza Colonna and rumours of a *sciopero generale* and all manner of strife.

Fr M. O'Leary arrived after supper in a jeep which had brought him from Ciampino, there being no other transport available.

The moon is almost semi-circular and the stars gleam in plenty, while the lake ripples are audible as we open our windows for the night.

15th *Thursday* and one may judge the gravity of the times by the fact that in Rocca only two hostelries are catering and Albano seems moribund.

Opera practices begin this morning with a pep-talk from the Producer followed by a quick survey of the Peers' Chorus in the Music Room and a dialogue practice in the Common Room.

To supper (and a stay of a few days, we hear) Fathers Fallon, Gannon, Hanlon, Buxton, Killeen and (in bed) Farrell.

16th *Friday*. This afternoon on the Sforza Shrewsbury, aided by one or two guests, challenged the Rest to a game of cricket, which finished in a victory for the Rest, although there was some confusion about closing time and moral victory was claimed by both sides; the Salopians were contented at having scored their point, namely that their Diocese is the best represented at the Villa.

We had Benediction this evening because today England is to be dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary by Cardinal Griffin at the Conclusion of the Cross Pilgrimage to Walsingham. We hear that the College is physically represented also by the students home on holiday.

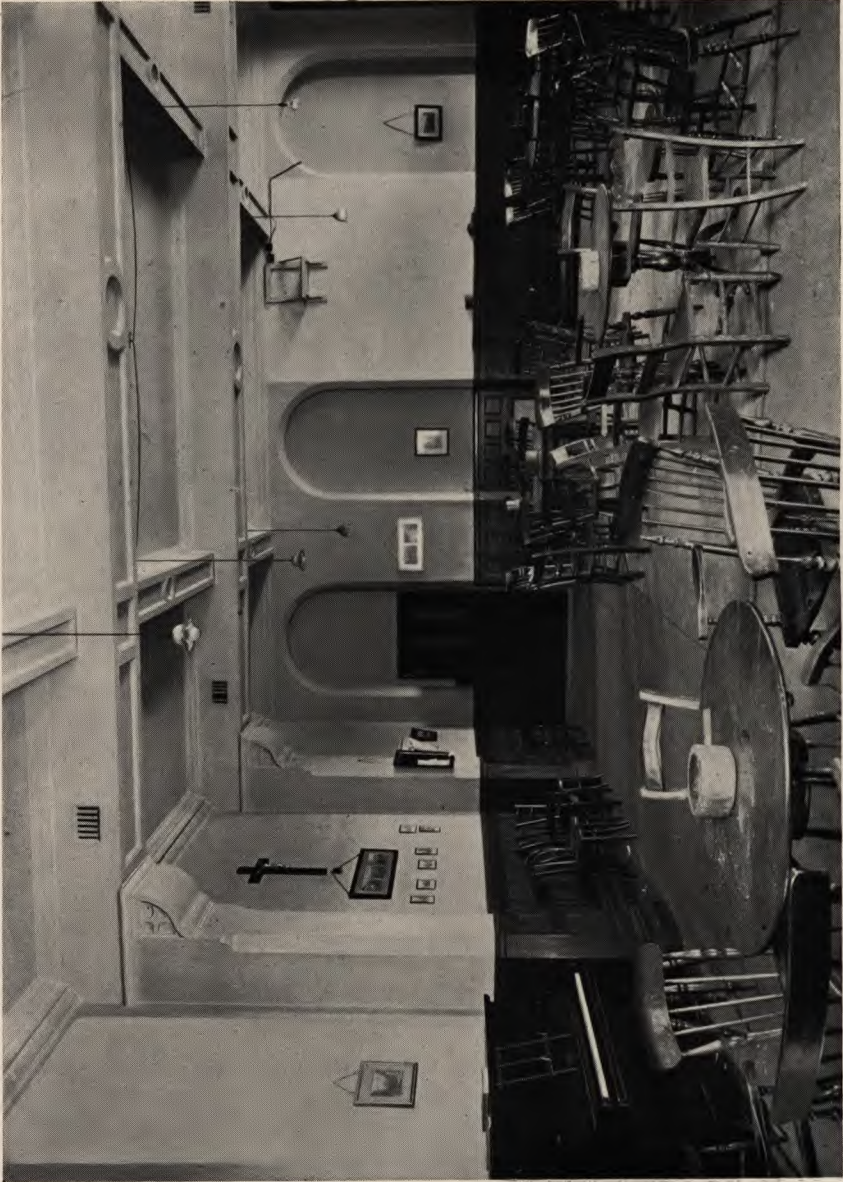
The *sciopero* ended this evening and the *trattorie* were doing a roaring trade when we passed by. Marks arrived for some Theologians and Physiologists.

17th *Saturday*. After a hard morning's opera practice we relaxed this afternoon with some diocesan excursions, Westminster and Lancaster to Nemi and Shrewsbury to Cavo. Sacristans were worried this evening arranging times of Masses for tomorrow.

18th *Sunday*. While Archbishop Traglia was ordaining Messrs Crissell, Alexander and Hamilton in the Leonine College, those of us who had remained at the Villa heard the first sermon of the season; the programme is to extract one simple lesson from the Sunday Gospel.

Repairs to the harmonium were completed in time for the return of Mr Crissell, the first back, who gave Benediction, after which we kissed his hands. Messrs Alexander and Hamilton arrived later.

After supper we moved the piano from the Music Room so as to accommodate the ladies tomorrow and held a sing-song in the Common Room, the programme comprising songs from the pantomimes of the last ten years and Bing Crosby songs of the last five. Musical Chairs were suggested and accepted as voices tired; when a chair was broken the M.C. suggested traffic lights. The M.C. was promptly ejected. Other items on the programme were Dead Man and a tug-of-war, Shrewsbury against the rest, resulting in a victory for Shrewsbury.



COMMON ROOM, ST. MARY'S HALL



19th *Monday*. Mr Crissell offered *primitiae* this morning at the Community Mass, and left us shortly after to begin his cisalpine flight; it is rumoured that we shall see him again in Rome enrolled in the Faculty of Canon Law. We finished our breakfast, which featured marmalade, and had just time for a smoke before returning to the Chapel for the First Masses of Messrs Alexander and Hamilton, each Mass being preceded by the Veni Creator.

While the visitors were being shown round the garden Opera practice continued inexorably until dinner time. Our guests in the Refectory were Mr Alexander, Mr Hamilton, Messrs Kendrick, Fathers Tindal-Atkinson, Tierney, Fallon, O'Leary, Hanlon, Gannon, Buxton, Farrell, Killeen. The Vice-Rector proposed the toast of the Ordinati and their parents.

Meanwhile in the Music Room tastefully decorated with flowers, three students acted as hosts and interpreters to Mrs Alexander, Mrs Hamilton, Mrs Kendrick, Miss Alexander and Miss Hamilton.

As coffee and *strega* ended, Fathers Fallon, Hanlon and O'Leary left for the Volscians with their maps, boots, and haversacks and the threat of the everlasting taunts of the remaining guests to speed them on their path. Mr Alexander gave Benediction. The harmonium seems to have been well established for the season, having stood up well to the heavy demands of the past few days.

20th *Tuesday*. The Ordinati begin a heavy round of party-conducting. *Arrivederci* to Fathers Buxton and Farrell, who left after breakfast, cheered by a large crowd.

21st *Wednesday*. Common phrase among the Opera cast is, "When are you up?" The producers were working all morning like a team of examiners and most of the cast were required intermittently. The Choruses tried their voices in the Cortile, and very feeble and discouraging they all seemed to find them. Remarks made by future members of the audience on their way to enjoy the Sforza gita morning made it all the harder, but at half-time the Madre appeared and cheered us all up with some excellent cake and lemonade, spam sandwiches and slices of melon. And the choruses were becoming really slick just when it was time to repair to the tank before the climb to the Sforza for dinner.

The Vice announced at supper tonight that the Trinitarian Fathers have given him to understand that repairs to the Church of the Tufo are now in hand and all assistance, preferably financial, will be welcome, especially from so esteemed a quarter of the parish as Palazzola.

22nd *Thursday*. At last the really hot weather has reached us in our summer retreat and nobody envies the "cambio" men as they go into Rome to adjust financial matters.

The quarrying party near the tank were surprised this evening by seeing two priests, one Italian and one American, witnessing their labours. The two priests wore plain black cassocks and grecas and spoke so familiarly that one of the labourers invited them to make free of the tank. As the

two visitors potted away, one of the stone-breakers remarked that the Italian one closely resembled the Cardinal who gives out the prizes. Another remarked that with a red *ferraiuola* there would be no mistaking him for anyone but Cardinal Pizzardo. We hope for a more ceremonious reception for our Ordinary at some future date.

Golfers are firing the undergrowth near the Golf House with a view to a velvet fairway. Tonight Beethoven's Quartet No. 131.

23rd *Friday*. Just as we had found the places in our Spiritual Reading books we heard prayers being intoned, and as we looked up, lo! there was a Second Year Theologian opening up a Summer Course on the marks of the Church.

Mr Hamilton's visitors took tea on the terrace with the Vice-Rector, Fr Coonan, Fr Gannon and Fr Killeen and afterwards accompanied Fr Gannon into Rome, where he took train for Florence, resolved, we trust, to come back before long.

After tea many sought the shade of the trees rather than perch themselves up to roast in the customary manner on the Garden Wall. Tonight, "Dido and Aeneas".

24th *Saturday*. One of the Trinitarian Fathers left cards today for each member of the community, with a device embodying the Madonna del Tufo on one side and a space for correspondence or Bridge scoring on the other.

The badminton players of the future have by now quarried a large quantity of rock and laid the tank approach in a trim pattern with clean paths, reminding one of the excavations in the basement of San Giovanni e Paolo. The Vice has decided to use these unwanted stones to build a stone path up the Sforza, superimposing it on the already existing log steps. It has been suggested that trim and carefully selected stones may spoil the tone of rustic and old-world casualness which, for some, differentiates our Villa gardens from any Municipal Recreation Ground, but the Vice says stone steps are as old as the Pyramids and is going through with it.

25th *Sunday*, and, at Arricia, the feast of St Apollonia, where one may find all the fairground attractions so frequently enlisted in concert vocal items. True, the Italian fair has not the same lavish display of mechanism and commerce as its English counterpart, but the weather was as capricious as any which ever blighted garden celebrations in England. As we hastened back through the initial drops the spirits of the citizens looked like drooping and we felt sorry they had taken the trouble of transferring the feast of their Patroness from its ordinary date, 6th February. But the attractions were not exhausted, and from the Terrace through the rain we enjoyed the more aspiring components of a brilliant firework display.

For a morning call, with business for Father Tindal-Atkinson, three Friars Preacher.

26th *Monday*. The Barbers pay their monthly visit, reminding us that the Villa is a third or so of its way advanced, and we have not made quite the progress we ought with the regulation six books which the Librarians distributed so carefully.

A rival organization seems to have claimed the stones from the tank district which the Vice had already begun to incorporate into his stone staircase. Just at the entrance to the garden steps there is a pile of portable boulders, where a notice pleads, "Don't forget your stone". The idea is to take it up to the first landing where a crazy paving is in the hands, apparently capable, of one solitary worker. The Sacristan also is at work out of doors today carving holes in a plank.

27th *Tuesday*. Readers in the Pergola were surprised this evening by a sound of steady munching as of a plague of locusts around them. The sheep stood about eagerly feeding, and apparently quite out of hand. Despite a general feeling that the management would shortly have the situation in hand two volunteers downed their books and ran, one to the top of the Sforza steps to cut off the entry, the other to round up the sheep most solicitously. The whole flock was progressing smartly up the steps when the volunteers glimpsed the shepherd standing amazed in the Wiggery. He explained politely that the excursion to the Pergola was all part of his plan for a perfectly balanced diet for his flock, but he was none the less touched by the students' care for their dumb chums.

Febo was reported missing this evening, and the garden has an ominous silence about it. He seems to have been in the habit of accompanying any camerata which took his fancy, but his knowledge of the Campagna is not accurate and we have always felt that the wanderlust would lead him astray some day. So where he sleeps tonight we do not know. The kennel lies silent.

28th *Wednesday*. The Opera seems to be progressing ahead of schedule; anyway the cast all had the day off, their first integral Sforza gita this Villa. So more numerous than usual were the cameratas this morning to Tusculum, Nemi, Cavo and Rocca, with the regular excursion of a binary team to Albano for the post. A taxi-driver greeted us cordially and remarked that he had not seen the *bravo Vice-Rettore* since he got the Ford but bore him no grudge, *però*.

Rain fell heavily just as the Sforza meal drew to a close. Some testified to the quality of Dom's cooking by remaining in their deck-chairs under the trees. By four it had stopped but we had tea in the Cortile.

29th *Thursday*. A cosmopolitan camerata of Propaganda students some 120 strong passed by the lakeside windows this morning just as representatives of North and South ("Put the border wherever you like") were dressing for the annual match of that name. The Australians brought us the news of England's second defeat in the Test at Leeds.

But for the internal struggle no morale had been lost and local pride so carried away some of the spectators that they sought to add verisimilitude by barracking in the appropriate dialect, so giving rise to the remark,

"In our community when people want to be rude charitably they always shout". The North won fairly easily.

Opera practice was called off again today but the Golf Committee are losing no opportunity of preparations. A man went round during the game painting the sign posts with whitewash. A large fire of brushwood was lit over by the cornfield, its flames hardly visible in the sunlight, though Monte Cavo seen through the heat appeared to be standing in a bowl of water. The brushwood burnt very quickly leaving a mass of long thin stalks like the blackened skeleton of a hydra.

The Vice returned from Rome with a lorry load of strange furnishings which were stacked in the Cortile until hands were available to move them further. A heavy oblong table has entered the Common Room for the more hearty Card Games along with a highly polished round one for an extra foursome, though at present there are only two Bridge schools, as the gramophone programmes are attracting so many.

30th *Friday*. Febo returned this evening full of strange oaths in the company of three of the youth of the district.

The badminton court was solemnly opened by the Vice-Rector. In the course of the evening several members of the Society tried their skill and although two rackets and one shuttlecock are now in need of repair their opinion is "expensive but well worth it".

31st *Saturday* and we are due to play the British Embassy. The morning was spent in rolling the pitch and borrowing bats from Propaganda. The team arrived during Spiritual Reading and were accommodated at the extended Superiors' table, their names being: H.E. the Ambassador, Sir Victor Mallet, Cmdr R. Mack R.N., Major J. Pyne, Major J. Moth, Messrs R. Shear, P. Kinrade, W. Chapman, F. Bedford, Dawson-Morny L. Parker, V. Britner, A. Lamb and Lt-Col. A. H. Gilmore. Play started at 2.30 p.m. and the Embassy fielded first; they had a spare man, so there was always one to whom the spectators could talk. Not attending too closely to the trees and deep-green grass one might have imagined the scene to be set in England. Probably by telepathy, lovers of the game from Propaganda, the Capuchin House at Frascati and even Santa Sabina got to know of the event and arrived to see it. Tea was served on the Sforza at half-time and then the game was rained off. Sheltering under the trees one breathed again the air of Old Trafford. Play was soon abandoned and all rushed down to the House, where Domenico gleefully lit two enormous fires in the Music and Common Rooms. The Gilbert and Sullivan records which the team had kindly brought for us were played on the gramophone at full volume, and as the wine went round and the pitch of chatter rose we felt glad that the rain had given a perfect English finish, the visitors would be tempted to come again to bat, and we had made closer social contact than is possible on the cricket field. When the rain had cleared and our guests were sufficiently fortified against cold we cheered them off, admiring the capable bouncing of the Ambassador's car as it climbed the path. Father Tindal-Atkinson appeared shortly

afterwards in a secular cassock and was cheered by the crowd who were using up the remainder of the fire in the Common Room.

Father O'Leary left this afternoon.

AUGUST 1st *Sunday* brings us our weekly conference from Father Tindal-Atkinson. Since returning home Febo has shown an increased appetite; before Rosary he attempted to bite four of the student body. The records of the *Mikado* were played this evening to a large audience who joined in the choruses and did the appropriate gestures.

2nd *Monday* and August Bank Holiday, celebrated by a No Bell Day, and a talk by the Vice at 7.45 p.m. After supper, on the principle of catering for all tastes, the gramophone management provided music by Glen Miller, Artie Shaw, etc.

3rd *Tuesday*. We are having this week's Sforza gita today because tomorrow is the Festa of S. Domenico which our venerable chef will celebrate by a visit to his home town, so depriving us of his culinary services. So another long Opera practice is held in the Cortile. The Peers' business becomes daily more aristocratic as their proud and lordly way grows habitual, but the poor Fairies did their tripping hither and thither many times, first with cassocks and then without, with the sunshine blistering the stones of the Cortile and time moving only imperceptibly.

*Qualchecosa* is an oasis in a seemingly barren period of painful practice. But the dances are taking shape. After supper, Balshazzar's Feast.

4th *Wednesday*. *Buona Festa, Domenico!* After breakfast a Plainchant practice for tomorrow's function. After dinner there was a conference in the Gramophone Room where the proposal to organize competitive games with Propaganda was rejected. The tank water is fresh but looks distressingly green because the floor is liberally coated with green slime. The badminton court is not getting much wear. Most of the people who made it did so either because they were technically interested or because they wanted some exercise of a Commando sort and have no further interest in the site now that work is completed.

5th *Thursday*. *S. Maria ad Nives*. The Vice-Rector was celebrant at our colourful and happy Villa High Mass. The Plainsong was full of the holiday spirit which seems to go a long way towards *élan vital*, and the Schola gave a poignant rendering of Arcadelt's popular motet. Afterwards Golf was struck out with full solemnity.

Guests at our festal table were H.E. Mr Victor Perowne, British Minister to the Holy See, Bishop O'Connor, Rector of the North American College, Provost Hazlehurst and Father Tindal-Atkinson O.P., and Mgr Carroll-Abbing.

Solemn Benediction was given by the Provost.

A long letter on the notice board announces that we are invited to reprobinate the highly desirable tradition according to which before the war we used to help in the celebration of the Patronal Feast of the Arch-Church of Rocca on the feast of the Assumption. Students of Italian were busy noting the epistolary forms.

6th *Friday*. After lunch the Tennis Club held a long and animated meeting in the Gramophone Room at which every possible system of membership was thoroughly exposed in essence and practical consequences.

Rock gardens on the Pergola are now very trim, but it is generally felt that there are not enough of them and two volunteers are regularly at work of an evening clearing the rubbish dump just beside the De Cupis' wall and levelling out the soil with a view to some charming arrangement in the future.

7th *Saturday*. The Gramophone Room was used again after lunch for an informal but earnest meeting to discuss the formation of a society to provide opportunities for speaking Italian. Febo was abroad again today on the Via dei Laghi where he chased a hen and was chased by three small dogs. To tea Father Tindal-Atkinson and our Capuchin friends from Frascati.

8th *Sunday*. The Schola augmented by any others who wish to join them begin practices for Perosi's *Messa in Re Bimol a Tre Voci d'Uomo*. There is talk of abolishing the Chant among those who are agreeably surprised at their own success in singing this facile form of polyphony.

9th *Monday*. It has given us great pleasure these past few days to talk in the garden with Provost Hazlehurst who retaining his love of Monte Porzio seems to be enjoying the College's new summer home. After supper seems to be the most fertile time for reminiscences but sometimes the Provost plays Bridge.

10th *Tuesday* brings us our annual encounter with the Australians, who yielded us a hard fought victory just before the rain fell. We all made for the house and a sing-song. Some excellent tenors too, and fine spontaneous harmony. And so the day ended with the foliage damp and bright and the lakeside air clear to receive farewell cheers.

12th *Thursday*. Perhaps the best way of hearing the gramophone is to walk through the darkness of the remoter paths of the garden with a string quartet or a piano concerto coming to you through the large open window of the Music Room and the moonlight bringing out the green on the trees and the fingers on the watch dial. And if you tire of this, there is the open-air Common Room by the wall with the odd anonymity of the darkness drawing the conversation into flights of fancy; and the stray murmuring groups at corners which greet you as you pass.

13th *Friday*. The newly formed *Società Italiana* met this evening in the Music Room to debate the motion "*Che l'Italia d'oggi è nel vero senso un paese cattolico*". Special pleaders for the Government attempted a scholastic treatment of the words, "*nel vero senso*", but the Opposition scored heavily with some vivid accounts of their more unpleasant gita experiences and secured a defeat amidst cries of "*bravo*", "*forza, Roma*", and some authentic *Romanesco* ejaculations.

14th *Saturday*, the Vigil of the Assumption, and the Schola were undeterred by the rain from tramping to Rocca for a Perosi practice in the gallery of the Ven. Arcichiesa Parrocchiale, which has been badly shaken by a bomb and still looks dishevelled. The windows are bricked up, the organ is destroyed and the loft staircase feels precarious. But we hope to contribute a little splendour tomorrow.

15th *Sunday*. *Feast of the Assumption*. "Apud Ecclesiam Parochialem Rochae Papalis Sacrum Sollemne cantavit Reverendus Dominus Vice-Rector." The College provided also *servizio* and *assistenza* (the sanctuary stalls were useful) and a Schola Cantorum of 25, augmented by the *Vice-Parroco* who contributed his ample *voce d'Uomo*. There was a procession afterwards with plenty of banners waving in the sunshine all the way down to the Piazza, and Luigi was conspicuous in an alb carrying one of the guy-ropes. Children assisted in large numbers and various saintly roles; St Charles Borromeo processed with rochet and mantellata, along with a number of less known local saints. While the bells pealed gaily, the Schola attempted to start "*Noi vogliam Dio*", and though receiving little encouragement from the laity went through with it until some of the bystanders joined in a fourth higher. In the Piazza the *popolo* introduced us to some other Italian hymns which they apparently sing with the same free rhythm which is customary in England.

H.E. Mr Victor Perowne and Mr Somers-Cocks shared our *pranzone*.

Some of us called into Nemi this afternoon to find the town looking very sleepy and the roast pork on sale in the streets fainting in the heat. Second Vespers was celebrated by the *Parroco* with a juvenile *assistenza* and two ladies of the *paese* to respond.

16th *Monday*. Although one sometimes feels that the Italian Post Office fail to give their customers their money's worth, everyone seems to enjoy the excursion to Albano for the mail every three weeks or so. After all, two is both the maximum and the minimum number for a walk among the boulders of the lake side path, and the satchel of office gives just a suggestion of the heroic aura of uniform. Then there are the regular greetings to be exchanged with the guard outside the Caserma, perhaps an encounter with the Dunelmite who has changed his windswept moors for the sun and wine of the Campagna and his garage in the See of Cardinal Breakspear, and at last we arrive at the cluster of *contadini* by the Post Office counter. When our turn comes there is no need for the introductory phrases from our Conversational Manual (Chapter viii, The Post Office) for at a glance the black silk-overalled assistant goes to get the Palazzola mail. Then we must not forget our small commissions at the chemist's or the watchmaker's and the time of day with Mr and Mrs Giobbe, before we resume the path to Spiritual Reading and our Campagna homeland. We must memorize the names of recipients so as not to disappoint enquirers as we scale the wall of the tank.

17th *Tuesday*. The Italian Society has reinstated the Circle in the Music Room where it meets twice weekly in the Roman Common Room

style, though there are differences—the language, for instance, and the lack up-to-date of rough houses and community singing. The volume of conversation seems to be higher than in the vernacular. Jokes are, of course, much easier.

18th *Wednesday*. For the last time this summer we stand for the short English grace on the Sforza, then recline for a leisurely *al fresco* prepared by Domenico at his field kitchen under the tree. We drink to the *cuoco*, the conversation swells to its climax and murmurs away as numbers lessen. We wake for tea and at last depart with crockery littered behind us. But the Shrewsbury men had to imagine all this because they went to Frascati and Porzio with Provost Hazlehurst and returned loquaciously only this evening.

19th *Thursday*. The Opera is only two days hence so the Dress Rehearsal was held in the Cortile after tea, though the only concession to the term was the removal of cassocks and a feeling that it is as likely to be all right on the night as at any other time.

20th *Friday*. Some uneasy principals were heard this morning having a final run-through of their solos, but the Chorus are saving their strength. To supper Mgr Carroll-Abbing.

21st *Saturday*. The cast are indoors being interviewed by the Props men, and tonight's audience are collecting lavish armfuls of greenery from the garden and arranging it in the Cortile, where it suggests the Botanical Gardens by noonday as we go from the Refectory to the visit. This afternoon the Electricians are draping flex between the pillars and inserting bulbs into sockets. A fountain begins to drip gently as we finish tea. The Rector's plane was sighted at 4.15 p.m. passing behind Castel Gandolfo and flying almost over the Lake to reach the Airport, and in good time for supper the Rector appeared in excellent health and looking forward to the Opera. Supper was held in the Refectory instead of on the terrace as last year, though most of the cast had to eat in the Props room in between making-up, and the Fairy Queen's costume necessitated a special stool in the Common Room. Darkness fell, the bell rang, the Cortile became a Glen in Fairy Land, the audience took their seats and the Opera began.

22nd *Sunday*. *Sveglia* 7 a.m. Second Mass at 10 o'clock reminds one of "the principal Mass" at one's parish church, with the candles glowing pale in the late morning sun. A community of nuns who are staying at the De Cupis' Villa occupied the back benches. When the necessary clearance in the Cortile had been completed we made today a day of rest *strictiori sensu*.

23rd *Monday*. The barbers called this morning and spent most of the day operating on the terrace. Asked for advice about gita destinations, they doted on Assisi and Perugia with an eloquence which the most loquacious English barber could not hope to rival, although Italian barbers on the whole do not seem to be able to talk while cutting but co-opt air-slicing with the scissors into the normal gesticulations.



24th *Tuesday*. The Gramophone Room was again the scene of an earnest post-prandial discussion; there today the Mezzofanti Society was refounded; its scope is for the present, as before, limited to Latin, French and Italian, proposals for German and Erse having been rejected.

After tea the tennis court was opened by the Rector with every circumstance of solemnity and skill.

There were lists on the notice board and excursions to Rocca's supply depots today because we are having a gita tomorrow.

25th *Wednesday*. First Mass at 3.30 a.m. and shortly afterwards the gravel crunches under the steps of the early *giganti* to the Volscians. Other destinations were Tusculum, the Lake and S. Pastore, and all returned very satisfied with their progress. After supper we sang *Ad Multos Annos* to Provost Hazlehurst and chaired him to the threshold as though to begin pastoral life again as a curate. The Volscians party was back late, of course.

26th *Thursday*. Many were tired after yesterday, having planned their walking as though still in the North of England, forgetting that the sun shines tropically from 10 till 6 ("I mean to say, four miles an hour's not much of a speed to keep up for four hours or so"). Ten men paid a visit to the Scots College Villa and were most hospitably received by the sixteen students who at present occupy it. The clear swimming pool was at our disposal and consideration for their guests even went so far as providing us with beds, a kindly thought after the excellent fare. As the sun set and we took our departure the hosts sang "Will ye no' come back again?" and although we did not join in, the answer was a grateful affirmative.

27th *Friday*. On the tennis court the moles are having some success at underground activity; as Avancinus remarked some weeks ago, "*Talpa in se, lynxes in aliis minima taxant*". Still the court looks fairly convincing, with a dense wall of broom serving the purpose of wire netting. Water is supplied in plenty from a hose attached to the tap in the ground.

Two students from the *Germanicum* came today to invite us to S. Pastore. As they crossed the Sforza a golfer addressed the ball in violent language. What did that word mean? Their *cicerone* thought quickly and said it meant the ball was possessed.

28th *Saturday*. Father Fooks has come to stay a few days. We were to play the Embassy again today, but many of the Staff were on holiday, so the Australians who had come to see the match stayed to talk. Father Tindal-Atkinson was here, too, with two Italian members of his Order whom we had hoped to introduce to cricket. There was a large camerata out blackberry picking today.

29th *Sunday*. The Madre provided pastry to support the blackberries picked yesterday. Father Tindal-Atkinson tells us he is going to Johannesburg to investigate another first-class miracle of Blessed Martin Pores. We were glad to see two of the Irish Palottines this evening.

The Mezzofanti Society held its first meeting since the war. Motion, "*L'art c'est l'éducation*". Speeches were mostly in French, though Italian seems to have ruined it. There was a feeling of frustration at one's inability to express thoughts on so stimulating a topic.

30th *Monday*. The fifteen men chosen by *tombola* to represent the College at S. Pastore arranged themselves in three parties: those who intended to cycle on machines hired from Genzano, those who had thought up some ailment which gave them a claim to a seat in the Rector's taxi, and those who were going to walk with the help of any of the local bus routes which had recovered from the war. A large semi-circle of "*Fratres Rubri*" hailed us at Gallicano with "*Salve Domine*", an honour, we are told, paid only to alumni and ourselves. Then they led us to the Villa, where we entered the oval tank with its non-stop lavish inpour and shortly afterwards the gigantic Refectory with its overwhelming abundance. Our hosts gave us an excellent entertainment, including a satirical song in English on our behaviour at the Gregorian and a custard pie farce in which the "English suit" often in demand at our concerts for horsey squires was worn. Cordial relations were established via the usual statistical overtures, and we were reluctant to leave though we did eventually, none too soon for the Palazzola time-table. Those who took the taxi were back in time for supper, but the others arrived just as Night Prayers were beginning.

31st *Tuesday*. Theology are making final arrangements for the Gita. There are five parties up-to-date, destinations being (1) Val d'Aosta; (2) Venice and the Tyrol; (3) Padua and the Tyrol; (4) Assisi, Loreto and San Marino; (5) Spoleto, Assisi and Loreto. Philosophy are signing up to spend tomorrow at the Lake, the Volsci and the Castelli. The Diary now changes hands.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Wednesday*. We watched most of Theology set off on their gita and then wandered off for the day ourselves accompanied by the three Theologians who did not take to the road.

2nd *Thursday*. Anyway the golf course is less crowded than of yore. Public Scripture Reading started this evening.

4th *Saturday*. Fr Alfred C.P. came to hear our confessions. Just before he arrived, a first-class storm started and shortly after supper one of the local power houses was struck by lightning with the result that our electricity failed. However, we made merry with candles.

5th *Sunday*. A shave by the light of one candle is quite exciting if you like that kind of thing—especially when you have no mirror. The electricity stayed off all day, and in the after supper Common Room ghost stories were the fashion while the rain beat upon the window panes.

6th *Monday*. Again an exciting shave, but the weather had improved and the lights went on in the course of the morning. Cardinal Canali,

the Protector, called this evening, but all that we saw was his car. Meanwhile the Vice-Rector is in Rome dealing with next year's furniture problems.

8th *Wednesday*. Another gita day.

10th *Friday*. A last day of peace, for on

11th *Saturday*, the Theologians returned, and we are only too glad to hand over to the real Diarist (but note that his gita stories are probably exaggerated).

Of course they're exaggerated, but they're good, and I am in just the mood for telling them, having walked from Rome and refreshed myself in the three feet of clear water at the deep end of the tank. All the destinations previously announced have been reached, and all *gitanti* are back looking well and in time for Benediction. In Via Monserrato the College has been accommodating some *Azione Cattolica* youth come to town for the two million strong demonstration in Piazza San Pietro. The ground floor is bare of its usual carpets and benches and covered with flabby straw mattresses, all doors are locked and stout barriers block the entrance to every corridor.

12th *Sunday*. The American Assistant to the General of the Dominicans heard our Confessions this morning and is staying over the week-end. As the evenings draw in we listen to the Acts in Arendzen's version; Theology give their criticisms of it at supper tonight, Philosophy presumably having already reviewed it when it started last week. Third Year chased about after supper recovering haversacks from Theology. They seem to have a lot of maps and a full programme already worked out. There are two parties, (A) Assisi and Siena, open road and alfresco; (B) Florence, Culture and the German Nuns.

13th *Monday*. As the *sveglia* sounds we hear the thrilling crunch on the gravel and the rasping morning voices of Third Year on their way to Rocca and transport, making sure they had the necessary alpenstocks, Baedekers, rucksacks, food, maps, money and fellow-*gitanti*. Rain falls heavily as we descend to Meditation. Second Year spend the day attending to the details of their careful plans, which cover halts for food, siesta and "spekking".

14th *Tuesday*. Second Year batter their way through the driving rain on their way to Genazzano and Subiaco, and Theology are left to their indoor amusements. Nobody bothers to put up gita lists.

15th *Wednesday*. The gita is postponed by authority and the rain continues. The Vice brings the Post to us from Albano in the shooting brake or station waggon. Tonight Round Card Games rivalled the last quartets of Beethoven.

16th *Thursday*. It is again decided that there is no future in a gita today. But some very painstaking work is put in on Tyrolese songs to

entertain the *Germanicum* delegation due tomorrow. How would the Boys like it, it has been asked, if the Germans were to sing "Annie Laurie" to us? They would probably be delighted.

17th *Friday*. After a discouraging start the weather was clearing up when two students from the German College arrived to inform us that they preferred to postpone the visit till the weather turned. The message delivered, we prevailed upon them to stay a little longer, and brought in also the dozen or so other students who had come in the back of their *macchina*. The *autista* looked lonely so we brought him in too. Thoughtful scavengers obtained *vino* from the ever-ready source, and so we all understood one another perfectly. In the fullest sense of the words we bade our guests *Auf wiedersehen*, and the festive viands went into cold storage.

18th *Saturday*. The gita which we have not yet had was voted out. "Anyway, the tank should be full by now", we thought, and so it was, with dank mud and aquatic animals.

19th *Sunday*. Father Alfred Wilson C.P., is here for the week-end and said Mass in the Roman Rite. Embellishments are afoot in the section of the Garden between the Common Room and the trees, the rather barren stretch of soil just off the Terrace. Strings are hung on pegs and stones lie ready in a barrow. And the sun has come back.

20th *Monday*. And a fine day for the German trek. The chairs and tables lay ready under the trees and the lookers-out kept their vigil on the Via dei Laghi, but the scarlet cassocks were so long in coming that there was talk of proceeding with the customary preprandial devotions when a burst of song from the Sforza steps heralded the arrival of our guests in solemn procession through the garden. We were unable to provide the usual polyglot frolics in the tank, but the showers were well received and likewise the *aperitivo* on the Terrace. We all said Rosary and Conversion of England Prayers together; the Chapel sounded very full with our guests putting in the Bass. What our pronunciation of Latin sounded like to them we cannot imagine, though they did try to tell us afterwards. Some of our visitors were familiar figures; others had only been in Italy for a couple of weeks and had never spoken English to English people before. In Germany, apparently, living languages are taught as such. Still, when we all got together for sing-song after tea we surprised them with a home-made song in German, "*In via Tolentino dar ist ein' schönes Ort. Da trinkt Mann immer vino und frisst den ganzen Tag dort*". We tried yodelling, too, and then they showed us how to do it. We made a joint effort at "Lilie Marlene" and managed two verses, in two languages. At last we sang *Ad multos annos* to the Rector of the *Germanicum* and "Auld Lang Syne" to the students, who took their leave with "*Zigger zagger, Heil!*"

21st *Tuesday*. Practices begin for the second performance of the Opera in the desultory manner which comes from having little more to learn and not wanting to learn it. This evening we were ready to watch

a good sunset when storm clouds gathered. Volunteers immediately went to Albano to cancel Giobbe's lorry which had been ordered for tomorrow. They must have been disappointed not to feel a drop of rain on the way back, but all feel they acted for the best.

22nd *Wednesday*. So the gita did not take place, except for the four men who had previously arranged to spend the day at San Pastore and would not call it off. They went off on their bicycles defying the weather, which was actually most clement, though of course they were back late, after sufficient mechanical mishaps to satisfy those who had told them so.

23rd *Thursday*. There was some apprehension as to whether Giobbe would arrive, word having reached us that he had to do another job because his son was away in Naples. However, an indignant reply savouring of Vermeersch and Hürth having been dispatched round the Lake, Giobbe turned up all smiles and off we went to Pratica di Mare, ducking to dodge the foliage of the thick green trees overhanging the road, stopping at Albano for supplies, and singing the rest of the way to the Mediterranean, which seemed rather lavish compared with the circumscribed tank and not too easy to cope with after the luxury of the lake. Games were organized, camp fires kindled, and as the sun moved into a central position the parties gathered together either round their provisions or into the seaside *trattoria*. Siesta followed, preceded by a sing-song and followed by a bathe and tea. So we returned through the darkness of the Campagna to light fires on the Sforza and sing long life to Palazzola.

24th *Friday*. The Room List is up and Angelo is keeping an eye on it to see who is going into what he calls "*i miei appartamenti*". All the Luigi family are outside the Chapel blowing up trees. It is Luigi's privilege as head of the family to place the gunpowder in position. Alfredo is then allowed to see how he shapes at lighting the fuse. Mrs Luigi thereupon puts her apron over her head and Piccolo Bill (now coming to be called "*Gugliè*") leads Maria to safety, while Luigi and Alfredo move one pace further back. Our siesta is then punctuated by a loud report followed by shrieks of laughter from all the *assistenza* as they return through the clearing smoke to survey the desired crack in the gnarled log.

25th *Saturday* brings us another cricket match with the British Embassy.

26th *Sunday*. Nineteen New Men are enlisted on the notice board, we suspect at the request of *Chi Lo Sa?* Preparations for a bigger and better Arcadian setting at the Opera tomorrow.

27th *Monday*. There was plenty of work to pass the day until it was time for the cast to start dressing and the rest to await our guests from the North American College. (We were sorry that the Scots were unable to come.) Darkness fell quickly and away we went to Fairyland. The Diary here changes hands for a spell, as someone else did the reviewing.

IOLANTHE  
OR  
THE PEER AND THE PERI

by

W. S. Gilbert, A. Sullivan

<i>The Lord Chancellor</i>	.	.	.	Mr FitzPatrick
<i>Earl of Mountararat</i>	.	.	.	Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Earl Tolloller</i>	.	.	.	Mr. O'Hara
<i>Strephon</i> (an Arcadian Shepherd)	.	.	.	Mr Kenyon
<i>Private Willis</i> (of the Grenadier Guards)	.	.	.	Mr Calnan
<i>Phyllis</i> (an Arcadian Shepherdess and Ward in Chancery)	.	.	.	Mr Buckley
<i>Queen of the Fairies</i>	.	.	.	Mr. P. J. Moore
<i>Iolanthe</i> (a Fairy, Strephon's Mother)	.	.	.	Mr P. Keegan
<i>Celia</i>	.	.	.	Mr Gallagher
<i>Leila</i> } Fairies	.	.	.	Mr Tierney
<i>Fleta</i> }	.	.	.	Mr Derbyshire
<i>Chorus of Peers</i>	.	.	.	Messrs Hamilton, Stewart, Laughton Mathews, Broome, M. Keegan, Collier, B. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Chorus of Fairies</i>	.	.	.	Messrs Gallagher, O'Dowd, Derbyshire, Tierney, McHugh, McManus, Calnan, Turnbull, Scantlebury
<i>Pianist</i>	.	.	.	Mr McGuiness
<i>Conductor</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kirkham
<i>Musical Director</i>	.	.	.	Mr O'Hara

The Opera was produced by Mr Lowery

"To begin with, we had never seen *Iolanthe* performed before; one cannot call that play-reading-cum-gramophone-recital with which we beguiled an Easter holiday at St Mary's Hall a performance. We had not even a first performance to compare notes with, unless you count the daily murder, under our very window, of the whole of the Peers' Chorus by Piccolo Bill as a sort of preview. Nor had we, nor have we yet, the Epiphany 'Repeat' to set the performance we saw in higher relief. Worst of all we realized that any other Venerable Opera which we might have used as a yardstick had been seen from the wrong side of the footlights, so that we could not even hide ourselves in that *refugium peccatorum* 'When I was at the Hall . . .'

We were in Arcady and there was no doubting it. The stage directions suggested trees, and the stagemen were not going to leave anyone uncertain on that point. Bushes and trees and shrubs grew everywhere in profusion; we might have been sitting in the Rocca woods, except that nowhere in the Rocca woods would you come across the wonderful fountain

which played before us, and which, falling, murmured of refreshing coolness until its waters were lost in the light from which they sprang. Above, fairy lanterns played hide-and-seek among the leaves, and beyond, the stars winked back at them coquettishly from a sky of velvet. Yes, this was Arcady.

Then from the forest there came forth the strains of the Overture. Now there is a lot to be said for replacing the orchestra by a piano. For one thing, an orchestra, unless it is extremely adept, can distract instead of focus the attention on the actors, especially when it is a question of music as delicate as that of *Iolanthe*. At the same time one feels that of all operas *Iolanthe* needs an orchestra to do full justice to Sullivan's music, which is never mere accompaniment but a brilliant commentary on the situations and implications of the libretto. Not that a Venerabile orchestra could have portrayed all the delicacies of the score, but there are passages which just cannot be interpreted except by strings, moods which cannot be captured except by woodwind. The pianist, however, was always excellent. Not only was he hidden better than in any orchestra pit, but we were continually oblivious of his presence until he stopped—which is high praise.

We waited anxiously for the opening chorus. We had been told by someone on the other side of the footlights that the ladies' chorus at the Venerabile does not trip except by accident, but, forewarned as we were, the last thing we wanted at the moment was for the Elysian splendour of the scene to be ruined by a troupe of scum forwards. In retrospect, it now seems preposterous that anyone should have suspected that this particular chorus of fairies could be anything but the gossamer creatures that they were. They entered with the noiseless sort of noise that one expected of fairies and, gliding gracefully in a manner that really was most entrancing, weaved the pastel shades of their dresses among the dark green of the trees. What magician had waved his hand over the Green Room? What spell had been cast over these scum forwards, so that for one glorious evening they could dance without being hampered by such encumbrances as feet? We sat enthralled, while they told us, as if we did not know, that they were dainty little fairies. Music, actions, words, dancing, all were done with such grace that we could not ask for an encore. The mood of the Opera was set, and it would have been a pity to handle such a delicate thing too roughly.

The Fairy Queen comes in at just the right moment to stop us all from sprouting wings too soon. Here was someone of more solid dimensions. Here was weight to counterbalance the gossamer of her chorus. And here too was majesty, so that from the first the emphasis was on the word Queen, as Gilbert had intended, and not on the word Fairy. Not that she could not be sprightly—she tripped with the best of them across the stage and back as she confided to her followers who it was who taught her to dive into a dewdrop. And with the invocation to *Iolanthe*, we were right back to where we started, actions and grouping in complete harmony with some of Sullivan's most tender music. There was no river on the stage, and *Iolanthe* wisely decided not to make her

entrance a pantomime by being hauled out of the well, so she appeared suddenly among the trees. Her green cloak fell from her, and the spotlight, blinded by its own dazzling reflection, blinked for a moment, then held her, revealing to us a most charming little mother, perhaps a little too sad and rather shy of her own beauty, but then twenty-five years at the bottom of a stream can dampen one's spirit. Her son was more confident, and rightly so, for he had a most pleasing voice and a fine figure, with not a trace of that inclination to stoutness of which his mother had told us. He was not so happy however with the dialogue, a defect, if we remember, not peculiar to him. But what would you? The dialogue is very secondary stuff, and, in *Iolanthe* especially, finds its *ratio sufficiens* throughout in carrying the action from one excellent song to another. In any case, we were far more interested in the chorus, who here and elsewhere did some of the finest up-stage reactions to situation we can remember, and before taking wing treated us to another of their will-o'-the-wisp dances. We let them go, and hoped that Strephon would not be too long about falling into the danger from which they promised to come again and rescue him.

Phyllis' entry was well stage-managed. She too had a very charming voice which was to blend well with Strephon's in their duet; and it was the voice we heard, echoing through the trees, long before she entered. She was certainly tall, but then the crinoline helped not to emphasize the fact, and on the sloping stage she very cleverly managed to keep as much as possible on a lower level. Perhaps the illusion would have been more perfect if she had sat or knelt more often. She wore a most serious expression when she sang, but then she did not have Strephon's advantage of being a fairy down to the waist. She was evidently of Irish extraction, but whatever made you think that Arcady was in England? Anyway her grammar was as good as her neighbour's. And Strephon was very much in love with her and she with him, and that was all that mattered.

The Peers' chorus entered with a magnificence befitting their dignity. You could not expect the Pillars of the British Nation to fight their way through the undergrowth with the rest of them. This was to be a unique procession, and before appearing on the stage to throw on us their crushing disdain (one of them, we noticed, wore a perpetual sneer) they marched in stately splendour round the roof of the Cortile, a flunkey bringing up the rear with a floodlight and a mile or so of flex. Their singing never belied their entry—strong, confident and lordly, something to anchor the flightiness of the Fairies when they meet, something that is going to shake the rafters when, at the Epiphany, they have a roof over their heads, and just the right sort of introduction to emphasize the humour of the little mild man who was their Lord Chancellor. We would have said that he was henpecked if we did not know already that he had no hen to peck him; but he sang his catchy tune with obvious joy. Was he perhaps a little too stiff and mechanical in his dancing? At any rate he attacked his dialogue with a more genuine attempt to interpret the part than we had yet seen. The Peers gave no points to the Fairies in sustaining a lively interest in the proceedings while up-stage—we take off our hat to



them, for after weeks of hearing the same dialogue it is hard enough to make any meaning at all out of the words, let alone react to them as if they concerned oneself. They announced their departure, and for just a few moments lost their innate dignity by shuffling uncomfortably as they, and we, wondered what exactly they were supposed to be doing; but with a quick nudge from the Man who Knew they became again the paragons of their entry and marched off in supercilious splendour, pretending it was most amusing, which it was.

The finale of Act I is too long and too well constructed. It makes no allowance for the eccentricities of the audience which, with perfect reasonableness, wants to savour the best tunes of the Opera by hearing them a second time. We might have waited until the end and then shouted ourselves hoarse till they did the whole thing again; but there was always the risk that the actors might not see eye to eye with us, and who could have blamed them? The alternative was to break in regardlessly at set intervals and demand a repeat from our last intrusion; but the conductor was a tyrant and cheered on his team through a fantasia of colour and music in which we can remember Strephon's beautiful rendering of his ballad, our joy at seeing the Fairies again, the swaggering bounce of the 'Taradiddle' rhythm rising with perfect control to its *accelerando crescendo*, the authority with which the Queen took charge of the stage and the versatility with which she composed tunes which were yet in harmony with the piano, and the glorious kaleidoscope of the final ensemble, the music of which was still ringing in our ears as we adjourned to the Common Room.

Act II is set in the Palace Yard, Westminster, but we were rather keen on our Arcady and decided to stay there. The only change of scenery, therefore, was Private Willis, who, believe it or not, was recruited for the occasion from the Fairies' chorus, and who had obviously left that weightless voice of his behind in the Green Room with his wings, for he sang his whole song three tones flat, with amazing effect and with a sangfroid which convinced us that it was the piano which was wrong. What with a busby which, but for his nose, would have descended to his shoulders, and a rifle which needed a lot of persuasion to keep locked, we had some excellent buffoonery, which would certainly have surprised Gilbert, though he would doubtless have joined with us in demanding an encore. The Fairies danced in to steal the limelight, but (it was bound to happen) their wings were beginning to droop. It might have been just the natural consequence of falling in love with those very earthy Peers, or it might have been that they drank a most unfairylike brew in the interval, but they were certainly earthbound in the 'Don't go' song, which needs an immense amount of business to convey the idea that there is some flirting going on. But we forgave them that, for it is very difficult to say 'Don't go' convincingly to your peer when he does not even look like going, and in any case the scene was redeemed almost immediately by some very able flirting with Phyllis on the part of Mountararat and Tolloller, followed by the most enjoyable dialogue of the evening. Next there followed a splendid quartet, but it was Willis we watched as he took up

his clowning again, this time with a recalcitrant moustache. The nightmare song was done with a beautiful precision which ensured that we heard every word, and if the Chancellor was again too stiff, he excelled himself in the trio 'Faint heart never won fair lady', which we would gladly have heard a third time and even a fourth. But with Iolanthe back on the stage, we settled down to a more thoughtful mood, for we knew that the climax was about to be built up. It was done to perfection. Perhaps Iolanthe's ballad might have been arranged to give more scope to her voice; left as it was, she was of necessity rather subdued. But this brought out even more the tenderness of the music, the moving appeal of which Sullivan equalled only once, in Elsie's prayer to Fairfax at the end of the *Yeomen*. And it was here that we appreciated what a touch of genius that fountain was, as its soft music suddenly increased to a thunder in the tense silence before the entrance of the Fairies and the quick finale.

There is a danger of regarding the Savoy opera as a sort of high-class pantomime, and so of making the characters a company of buffoons. There is an even graver danger of taking it too seriously, of being afraid to burlesque when the occasion calls for it, and so of failing to convey the fact that a good deal of the time Gilbert is laughing at the audience as well as at the puppets on the stage. To be able to steer a course between these two pitfalls calls for skilful handling, and tonight's performance achieved it by an excellent balance of contrasts. It was never afraid to poke fun at everyone, even at itself; and yet it succeeded in leaving the Opera the very charming fairy story that it is. We will not say that it was the finest Opera we have seen on our stage, not because it was not, but because, as we have explained, we are in no position to judge. If, however, we are privileged to see another production as fine as tonight's, we will be most agreeably surprised."

Afterwards we all gathered in the Common Room to join with the Vice-Rector in welcoming the guests and to cheer the American Vice and Spiritual Director and Mgr Carroll-Abbing after their speeches. The Americans then boarded their truck and we sang them *Ad multos Annos*, to which they replied, "For they are jolly good fellows, which nobody can deny", and drove into the darkness amidst reciprocal cheers.

28th *Tuesday*. After a late *sveglia* we cleared the Cortile once more and moved a log. Then we put out the chairs and tables and awaited the arrival of nineteen students from the Scots College Villa with their Vice-Rector, Mgr Flanagan. The day had no linguistic novelties but also no difficulties, and though the tank was again not available we had an excellent sing-song after tea ending with the Hokey-Kokey and "Auld Lang Syne".

29th *Wednesday*. Today Frs Mitchell and Hemphill left us and we went on a gita. Most of the nearer Castelli were visited.

30th *Thursday*. Volunteers go to Rome to clear up after the visit of the *Azione Cattolica*. The Scripture Reader read Knox tonight. The Gramophone Society presented records of Eliot's "Four Quartets". Somebody thought it was Beethoven and could not get out when he found his mistake.

OCTOBER 1st *Friday*. "*Chi Lo Sa?*" arrives with the Albano post in a parcel addressed to "The Boys." The Cigarette Man exposes a list revealing the revenue from some system of taxation which we apparently committed ourselves to, complete with the corresponding consumption statistics.

There was an orphans' picnic on the Sforza this evening. Coffee and cake was served in the Golf House. Golfers were warned that the little girls might not understand "Fore!" So more people went out for walks, and crossing the Sforza we ran the gauntlet of salutations.

We begin October Devotions. After supper *Iolanthe* on gramophone records. We put in the actions and at the conclusion of solos waved our *prosits* at our own corresponding performer. Sullivan is fascinating when you know him by heart.

2nd *Saturday*. A large load of luggage was ready to go in good time for the lorry this morning because the lorry did not come. The Vice on arriving in Albano to rebuke Giobbe was just in time to drink the health of Mrs Giobbe, Junior, and her new daughter, who had been the cause of the delay. The *camion* arrived just as siesta was beginning. Still, we thought, as we hoisted the linen chests aboard, there will be no siestas next week anyway. Father Alfred to supper and the week-end. During the meal the Vice rang the bell and announced that all beds must be dismantled immediately afterwards and made ready for the lorry due at 6 a.m. tomorrow. Febo, attracted by *la voce del padrone* amid the encircling stillness, made a brief visit to the Refectory.

3rd *Sunday*, the first of the month and the Marino *vino festa*, which was well attended and apparently a success when we called this afternoon, the whole population being attired in paper hats and either throwing grapes from balconies to the people below or else jostling one another to the various attractions, which comprised a *Tombola*, a *Mostra Cinematografica*, roast pork and the promise of a *Spettacolo Pirotecnico* at sundown, with the *Goccia d'oro* fountain flowing in the Piazza throughout the proceedings.

4th *Monday*, a day of dismantling and removals and packing and loading, until the jobs were completed and we watched our last Campagna sunset from the Pergola, looking down over the plain full of history to *Mare Nostrum*. Then we lit our fires and songs went up from all the camps. There were reminiscences, too, gita stories and Villa banter and speculation about the coming year. Our secession seemed to have brought us closer to the city, where a small band was already moving in the furniture for our return. We toasted with the appropriate anthems, the Pope, the King and Palazzola. And so to a noisy supper and a sing-song. At last we lay on our mattresses with the ceiling high above, not to awake till 2 a.m.

5th *Tuesday*. Everybody seems to have been woken but only about two dozen elected to rise for the dawn march to Rome. As we shaved

we saw a fire kindled by the knockers-up to cheer themselves as they waited for the party to gather. At 2.45 a.m. we started over the boulders with the foliage brushing past and a couple of lights left shining in a corridor to point out the Villa till the last. Albano was dark, road repairs uncompleted, but on the Via Appia Nuova heavy lorries and rattling vans with Campo vegetables continually scattered our *cameratone* spreading long clerical shadows. We cheered as we overtook a barrel of wine drawn by a drooping horse with a sleeping driver atop. Passing the American Villa we sang "For they are jolly good fellows, which nobody can deny". We were glad to branch to the Via Appia Antica and abandon ourselves to the quiet darkness. Rocca lay East high up and her lights all winking. It was about half an hour before we could distinguish the occasional road surface from the overgrowing grass and bushes, except where the electric torches played from the hands of the thoughtful. Our eyes continually reverted to our right where over the Sabines the morning sky underwent a chromatic metamorphosis, every instant a boundless canvas full of elusive form, until we were able to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones where we stopped to rest. The gates of S. Sebastian lay open down beside our road, but we did not stop till we reached at 6 o'clock the Chapel of S. Callisto, where we stood to answer the Mass together. At breakfast one felt that the pilgrimage was over and it seemed no irreverence to catch a bus afterwards to join the city traffic within the walls. One of the lessons of Archaeology is that Rome moves with the times, and certainly the vulgar street scene is one of the most grateful sights which greet the returning *villeggiante*. On board the *filobus* our urban reflexes reassert themselves as we move to the *uscita* and alight at the Cancelleria. Through the colourful Campo to the Monserra' where water flows in the best baths in Italy and the cool white curtains are hanging again. When the day's work is over and most of the beds erected, we form three close circles in the Common Room. Tomorrow the room will be full and the intense Roman life will be upon us. So as the conversation drives on we drink in and relish the communal peace which we have brought back to Rome from Palazzola.

6th *Wednesday*. Those who spent their holidays at home were back according to schedule this morning in company with eighteen new Venerabili, namely, for Second Year Philosophy, Mr Clifford Brown, of Hexham and Newcastle, and, for First Year Philosophy, Messrs Joseph Fitzgibbon (Westminster), Peter Gordon (Southwark), George Leonard and Francis Rice (Shrewsbury), Anthony Bickerstaffe (Middlesbrough), William Burtoft and John Burke (Leeds), Anthony Foulkes, Robert Mallinder and Vincent Smith (Lancaster), Brendan Travers (Salford), Joseph Duggan (Plymouth), Owen Swindlehurst and Bernard Connelly (Hexham and Newcastle), Bernard Doran (Nottingham) Cornelius Collins (Cardiff) and Charles Vella (Malta). One gathers that in England there is enough to eat but too little sunshine. Cigarettes, it seems, can just about be obtained by those who really try, but smoking is ceasing to be a fashion of adolescence. We had a good noisy Common Room.

7th *Thursday*. We revisit the Roman shops. The Government have cleared the streets of cigarette vendors except in Trastevere. Now you can buy most American brands in attractive State Stores for much the same prices as before. Our favourite, Players, are hard to come by. The *filobus* have increased in number and length and are gradually changing their colour from deep green to steel grey. Father Clark returns *summa cum laude* to be the *Ripetitore* for Philosophy. Mr Williams is back again to write a thesis in Dogmatic Theology, and Mr Crissell has come with him to enter the Faculty of Canon Law. The House now numbers eighty-three. There are three students accommodated in the Infirmary and one in each of the rooms on the stairs between the ground and first floors.

8th *Friday*. We visit the House of St Bridget next door. At tea we see Father Lilly S.J., who is already known to some of the Community as former Rector of Beaumont and is at present staying at the Beda. He is going to give the Conferences at the Retreat which starts this evening.

13th *Wednesday*. We end our Retreat "in festo S. Eduardi Regis Angliae et Confessoris, Ruris Aestivi in Palatiolis Patroni" which feast we shall always be spending in Rome if the present Gregorian schedule continues. At our festal table we entertain Father Jenner of the Southwark Diocese, Mr L. C. Appleton, of Vanpoules, Ltd., and Mr Stuflesser the sculptor from Ortisei.

14th *Thursday*. While the *Professio fidei et consilium generale Professorum* took place, we took First Year to the Vatican Galleries. After dinner there was a gathering in the Music Room of volunteers to learn parts of a new arrangement of *Ad Multos Annos*.

15th *Friday*. *Lectio brevis* (h. 9) and in the interval we greet our guests of last summer, the Americans, who are now distinguished by the pastel shade red sash and invisible blue piping. The American College in town is not ready so they come in by Vatican bus. There are now half a dozen of these green utility waggons in the P. Pilotta.

*Sacrum solemne de Spiritu Sancto* (h. 10) celebrated by Father Dezza, the *Rector Magnificus*. The *vas harmonicum* was occupied by a student of the German College whose gestures were after the Solemn School but the singing was as usual. However we can do that sort too so we joined in.

*Solemnis instauratio studiorum* (h. 16) brought us all together again, to the *Aula Maxima* where Fathers Dezza and Boyer reviewed the achievements of the past academic year and Cardinal Pizzardo presented the prizes. The College was distributed round the hall, being well represented in the choir and the "spekking" corridors as well as in the ringside seats, so the cheering was overwhelming as Mr Broome went forward to receive his silver medal. Although we had only one prize winner the *elenchus* records many other Venerabile achievements in all faculties which are by no means negligible.

After supper we ran our own premiations which were presided over by a jolly team of Prelates and *Superiores Majores* whom we allowed to give several prizes and speeches before ejecting them.

16th *Saturday*. Lectures were interesting, as they always are on the first day, and the breaks were made additionally welcome by the increase in the number of English-speaking students and the return of our old "speks" to enquire how we have spent our holidays. One soon becomes as fluent about the Villa as about the Catholic population of England. Diagrams are posted outside all aulas showing the "*Posti, tradizionali secondo l'ordine dell' Annuario Pontificio*", which puts us at the left of the Professor between Capranica and the Scots. Rain fell heavily from Second Lecture until lunch time.

Somebody walked out of white choir this evening, apparently overcome by the congestion in his bench. A film is being made in Via Capellari featuring many American sailors and, so far as we can see, a British Tommy. Machines whirred and voices declaimed for an hour or so after we had started the *Magnum Silentium*.

17th *Sunday*. We emerged from breakfast to welcome back Father Rope. The Schola made a graceful *début* at High Mass. Tonsures must be visible by tonight and were. The rain spoilt our walk this afternoon. This evening the motion "That Patriotism in England is Dead" drew a good roomful to the Ping-pong Room, apparently with the intention of not getting too closely to grips with the problem in the initial stages of the discussion but to enjoy every minute of the evening none the less.

18th *Monday*. Rain again, just as we pass *Collegio Romano* and we wonder if the weather always timed its inclemencies in this way to discomfort our forebears. Long Reading starts again; we are continuing the "Life of St Philip Neri" where we left off after Retreat, and the general down-to-work atmosphere seems to have influenced the debate, which in its second session underwent serious treatment, with two maiden speeches and an overwhelming victory for the Government.

19th *Tuesday*. The study hours are regularly pierced by the electric bells recently installed, which penetrate to the furthest corner of the Monserra' to call Philosophers to their repetitions, and already Philosophers on walks are apt to turn the conversation to their forthcoming essay.

20th *Wednesday*. The Spaniards, who are officially posted behind the Scots, are descending piecemeal through our midst, with a view, no doubt, to occupying the front bench, which seems to have little attraction for Capranica.

21st *Thursday*. *Scholae vacant* and so we have a fine opportunity for *Funebria solennia pro defunctis Professoribus et Alumnis* at San Ignazio.

This evening the Wiseman Society sponsored its first paper of the season, entitled, "A Glance at the Aeneid".

22nd *Friday*. The Public Meeting begins. The cigarette man was about to answer questions on the whereabouts of the Vatican supply of cigarettes when Raniero peeped round the door to announce that they had arrived.

23rd *Saturday*. The Public Meeting ends. After supper in the Common Room an uproarious sing-song with excerpts from all sections of our repertoire, including panto songs from before the war with their lusty *Romanità*, the polished nostalgic songs of the Hall, the slick satirical songs of recent vintage, Gilbert and Sullivan, Bing Crosby, classic English songs of which nobody knows the words, Tipperary and its coevals, and the paltry products of post-war Tin Pan Alley. We then found time for some hearty parlour games.

24th *Sunday*. This is not the Pam season, but the long afternoons are likely to find a fair number of cameratas going there so long as the weather permits us to indulge our tendency to form circles. Indeed, the now popular sprint round Pam seems fair to last the winter. Fortunately all First Year now have College hats so the *portiere* does not mind their lack of wings. A fourfold camerata from a College whose uniform resembles ours was ejected today. On our return we were encountered in Via Giulia by a man playing variations with an *oboe da caccia* over a ground bass provided by a bagpipes apparently constructed from a tyre and a rucksack. A man with a cap completed the trio. Prescinding from the general familiarity of street performances in this quarter, one feels almost as though one had heard the Dolmetsch family.

25th *Monday*. *Incipiunt cursus speciales et exercitationes*. Philosophers seem to be all taking Existentialism. We resume "The Worst Journey in the World". *Stasera alle h. 20.45 precise avrà luogo nella sala da "ping-pong" la prima sessione della stagione invernale della Società Italiana per un dibattito sulla mozione: "Che è il Collegio, non la Città, che produce il Venerabilino"*. *La S. V. è pregata d'intervenire*.

It took place with a good house and a series of fluent and accurate speeches, in which memories of the war years when the College had to continue without the visible *ambiente* overweighed the glowing descriptions of *Romanità* in all its urban aspects.

26th *Tuesday*. To supper Mr Michael Hamilton Erdy, who has come to Rome the Belloc way. The Italian debate comes to a close after a lighter treatment and a swing to the Opposition. City supporters dwelt upon *Romanità* as the *ratio formalis* of the Hall and secured a comfortable Oppidan victory over the Collegians.

27th *Wednesday*. Father Benedict Williamson died today at the Convent of the Little Company of Mary. *Requiescat in pace*.

Weights were taken of all except First Year, and the resulting statistics spoke well for the Villa regimen. Philosophers have made themselves scarce these days preparing for their concert next month.

28th *Thursday*. This morning Second and Third Year Theology were represented at a repetition conducted at the Gregorian by Father Alzeghy S.J., for those Colleges which have no *ripetitione* for Theology, and reported profit derived therefrom. Others would have gone but were engaged at the football ground which the Ministry of the Interior provide for their employees and which is known to us as "St Paul's", being situated near the Basilica of that name, whither we are now transported in the Vatican bus which on *dies scholae* conveys the Brasilians from their smart College *fuori le mura*. After supper, a concert sponsored by the Music Lovers' Society which apparently includes all those who can fit inside the Music Room at one sitting. The programme comprised music for tenor and piano, solo piano and two pianos.

29th *Friday*. The Rector was present and the College provided *servizio* and Schola Cantorum at the Requiem celebrated by Mgr Duchemin at the Blue Nuns for the repose of the soul of Father Benedict Williamson.

30th *Saturday*. Rain fell copiously, preventing our afternoon *passaggiata*. An edict from the M.C., prescribing about the regulation locker width per man, has resulted in an evenly distributed white choir.

31st *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. The Wiseman Society presented a Shakespeare reading transmitted by microphone from the Props Room into the Ping-pong Room where listeners sat in the faint glow of the red light, which was certainly easier on the imagination than a visible cast in zimarras rising in turn, book in hand, to say their pieces.

NOVEMBER 1st *Monday*. *Feast of All Saints*. There was an eclipse of the sun at 7 a.m., but we did not see it, being at Community Mass. There was an excellent *pranzone*, and in the evening a film, *Broken Journey*.

2nd *Tuesday*. *All Souls*. To the Campo Santo with the rest of Rome in the sunshine to pray for the dead.

3rd *Wednesday*. News of a Democrat victory and the re-election of President Truman. The American College are explaining in simple terms the position of the Republicans.

4th *Thursday*. We pay our respects to San Carlo Borromeo in his church on the Via del Corso, *già* Corso Umberto.

5th *Friday*. The Wiseman sponsors a talk on "Isobars for the Uninitiated", by one who has seen the weather close up from an R.A.F. Bomber. Apparently it is all nonsense about a red sky at night.

6th *Saturday*. Philosophy have been looking depressed lately, presumably over the forthcoming concert, so we were glad to see them with us again in the Common Room to renew our acquaintance with *Iolanthe*.

7th *Sunday*. *Retiro mensile*, with talk by Fr Alfred, long walk in the afternoon and Holy Hour before supper.



8th *Monday*. Walk-time brought most of us to the *Quattro Coronati* where the Irish College usually perform the ceremonies. The late Mgr Respighi, an old friend of the English College, has been buried here beside his uncle, Cardinal Respighi. After supper, a meeting of the Mezzofanti Society for a triglottal debate in which the shortcomings of the "Slug's Gita" were exposed with some fluency.

9th *Tuesday*. Another film this evening, about a Fräulein called Frieda who joins a war time English family, with consequences which are perfectly credible and interesting until her fanatical brother turns up as well, after which the drama becomes rather a strain, relieved only by one good rough house.

10th *Wednesday*. To supper, Mr Francis Toye, Director of the British Council at Florence, who addressed the Literary Society afterwards on Gilbert and Sullivan, drawing on his intimate acquaintance with Rupert D'Oyly Carte. Mr Keith Faulkner, Musical Director of the British Council here in Rome, came to supper and the talk as well.

11th *Thursday*. An "A" Soccer XI in one of their off moments met the Servi di Maria at Gelsomino and lost 1—3.

14th *Sunday*. News of the birth of a son to Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth. *Ad multos annos vivat!*

15th *Monday*. "*Non esce lunedì l'Americano*", but *Tempo's* front page left no doubt about the news, "*è nato un maschio*". So we knew we were not mistaken when we heard Italian students in the Aula repeating the same phrase with great excitement among themselves. I was able to give some information to a *Cursus Liber* Professor who seemed very confused about who exactly was ruling England at present but was glad to see that the only Royal House left in Europe [*sic*] had ensured its succession. All our foreign friends congratulated us and the Scots warmly.

This evening, the University Delegate, on instructions from the Rector, paid our usual respects to the Secretarius Generalis (R. P. Leo Hudon) prior to our taking a holiday, and the glad tidings of his good wishes went round the Common Room.

16th *Tuesday*. Study till 9.30, the rest of the day free. This afternoon fourteen of us went round the Forum with the Official Guide, a well-informed young man who was pleased to have an English-speaking audience which did not mind an occasional reference to Juvenal.

Hearing this evening as I passed the Common Room the *macchina* and its operators at work, I showed my press card and slipped in for a pre-view. The scene was laid in a saloon way back in the gold-digging country, where a short rough-house was in progress. After that, however, the film quietened down and I was glad to hear that the film then showing was only to test the machine and mislead the public.

Actually, the film people presented an excellent programme, comprising *The Ghost and Mrs Muir* and a technicolour documentary of Princess Elizabeth's wedding by way of full supporting programme. The apparitions of the ghost were particularly well received.

17th *Wednesday*. Back again, as the Pantomime chorus sings by way of introduction. But, on the whole, Wednesday morning at the Gregorian is not so very hard, and today our breakfast was brightened by film criticism. At dinner Captain Scott and his men seem to be in real he-men difficulties at last. For too long we have been baffled and bored by descriptions of their complicated trips to deposit food. Now that rations and the temperature are getting low, the characters of the explorers seem to come alive. St Peter's was closed this afternoon as a lawyer had committed suicide there, but the re-consecration was completed in time for First Vespers of the Dedication.

18th *Thursday*. Cold weather perseveres, but the scarlet cassocks of three students from the *Germanicum* on a courtesy visit added a little warmth to the colour scheme if not to the temperature this morning, while thirty rugby players warmed themselves on a hard pitch. This evening the Infirmarian succumbed to the bacilli and retired to his surgery where a strongly worded notice in two languages ensured him a minimum of privacy for receiving de luxe treatment from the Assistant House Surgeon, who is looking much better.

19th *Friday*. Feast of St Elizabeth of Hungary, one of the Nuns' many patrons. The Rector's Monsignorial brightened the tea time Refectory. This evening we provided Schola and Assistenza in the Nuns' Chapel for Benediction, to the delight of the Madre and the Community, who asked us to take a *bicchiere* afterwards. At their request we sang the Peers' chorus, and out of the habit formed from many such occasions, we followed up with "You are my Sunshine"; we concluded the celebration with *Ad multos annos*.

20th *Saturday*. The temperature drops and as the weather becomes more seasonal sample Christmas cards are displayed in the Common Room. There are many varieties, English and Italian, plain and coloured, with Vatican or Italian stamps to go with them. One places one's order by filling up a chart which resembles a Football Pools form. Mr Ken Maynard has arrived in Rome with a bull, and is offering £100,000 to anyone who can ride it for ten seconds.

21st *Sunday*. "Hora decima in gratiarum actione pro beneficiis regno Magnae Britanniae collatis a Deo Optimo Maximo his ultimis temporibus sacrum solemne cantavit Ill.mus et R.mus Dns. Dns. Rector". Among the congregation were representatives of the English convents in Rome, Mr and Mrs Somers-Cocks and Mr and Mrs Hamilton-Dean. The flags of Great Britain and Italy fly without. The arms of the House of Savoy have now been removed from the *bandiera*. The Schola sang music by Palestrina and Perosi. Te Deum afterwards.

This evening the *Aula Maxima* of the Gregorian was decked with the festal red hangings for a lecture by Fr Kirschbaum on "*Gli Scavi sotto la Basilica Vaticana*", which finished with the pregnant sentence "*saxa locuta sunt*" to console us for the shortage of the information we had really gone predisposed to get. We were shown technicolour slides of

mausoleum excavations which by themselves will make archaeological history. Our Baedekers are all thrown out-of-date by the failure to discover the Circus in the spot where tradition had placed it for so long. A good house with a row of *zucchetti* in the front but not enough seats for the guests of humbler status, and no *altoparlante*.

22nd *Monday*. This afternoon to *Santa Cecilia* along with many other English-speaking students—Beda, Scots, Palottines, Religious and Venerabilini. Also long lines of little girls and boys from *Bretotrofi*, not to mention the large number of Roman parents who took their children on independent excursions to this ever popular Roman *fiesta*. The new time-table unfortunately precluded the possibility of our presence at Vespers. But we were consoled, coming away, by the multitude of cherubic youngsters who make us feel like Don Bosco giving out *santini*.

23rd *Tuesday*. Further celebrations for the royal birth. We return from lectures to see the festal tapestries hanging expectantly opposite the Refectory. Nor were we disappointed, for we were served a *pranzone* of the first class, complete with floral decoration and a Superiors' table full of welcome guests, H.E. Sir Victor Mallet K.C.M.G., H.B.M.'s Ambassador to Italy, H.E. Mr Victor Perowne, British Minister to the Holy See, His Grace Archbishop Tonna, Abbot-General Smith, Abbot Langdon, Mgr Léger, Rector of the Canadian College, Fr Knox, Vice-Rector of Propaganda and Fr Bolland, English Assistant to the General of the Jesuits. In the Common Room afterwards the Rector proposed the Health of His Royal Highness, and we responded with *Ad multos annos*. We were glad to hear also a few words from our diplomatic guests.

There was just time afterwards to get to *San Clemente* for Benediction and a quick look at the frescoes.

24th *Wednesday*. *San Crisogono*. The Trinitarian Fathers made us free of their Church and its basement at an hour when apparently visitors are not usually catered for at all. *Sua Eccellenza* had not arrived for Vespers though the vestments lay waiting.

The Music Room is full of enormous pieces of paper and canvas painted by people who know what scenery looks like close up, and we look for a bright entertainment tomorrow. After supper Philosophers, their last rehearsals over, looked apprehensive, and the circles were dominated by "Senes Romani" who gave racy confidential impressions of the kind of speeches First Year might have made if they had been able to keep their inspirations to themselves.

25th *Thursday*. Rome looks beautiful in the clear air but the first few hours of morning study make us wonder why people go to the South Pole to keep cool. Stage hands, however, had warm work to do. But most of us made our way to Acqua Acetosa, where Theology replied to the customary challenge from Philosophy. The wag who typed out the Philosophers' notice styled the occasion "Philosophers' Feast", but Theology got the lion's share in the proportion of 31—5.

In the Common Room after lunch we thought at first we were going to be witnesses of an event which would make history, the forgetting of *caffè e rosolio*. The gathering had thinned to the normal allocation of newspaper readers when a shout was raised to hail the appearance of Arrigo and his men with the usual cheering baskets of *impedimenta*. The news got round and all were back in their circles when the Rector spoke, voicing our own *Auguri* to First Year, and after *Ad multos annos* had been sung to the flattered *Juvenes* we found the *maraschino* well up to standard.

The perennial motion to abbreviate the traditional replies of First Year having once again been rejected, the show carried on, and once again foundations were laid for many a presbytery anecdote. The sixth and last speaker will certainly remember being called from his room to deliver his speech from the end of the Common Room.

During the short walk time we called into the rival St Catherine's, *dei Funari*, for Episcopal Vespers. Later, we crossed the lamplit cobbles of *Piazza Santa Caterina* to the *Chiesina* where the *popolino* were already being catered for with a *fervorino* which, though this year it omitted the usual brief sketch of History of Philosophy from Pythagoras down to the Decadent Period, dwelt with rhetorical amplitude on the Roman Empire and its recrudescences in our own day. As the Tuscan periods rolled on we watched the congregation from the press gallery at the back. The Confraternity said our singing was better this year and praised in particular our rendering of "*l'Inno*". The Rector gave Benediction. There was a celebration afterwards for the Confraternity and Schola.

And here is the programme of this evening's novel concert.

### 1 FIRST YEAR SONG

#### Chorus :

In urbem ingredimus iuvenes qui  
Exibimus senes, Romani facti,  
Et utique—sicut iam philosophi—  
Romani non sensu lato.

### 2 PIANO

Pierrette ( <i>Chaminade</i> )	.	.	.	Mr Brown
Tango ( <i>Albeniz</i> )	.	.	.	

### 3 SKETCH

#### WE GOT RHYTHM

<i>Annie</i>	} Factory Girls	.	.	Mr Foulkes
<i>Lizzie</i>		.	.	Mr Mallinder
<i>Bill</i>	} Boiler Men	.	.	Mr Price
<i>Charlie</i>		.	.	Mr Smith
<i>Patriotism</i>	.	.	.	Mr Collier
<i>Idealist</i>	.	.	.	Mr P. J. Moore
<i>Cassock</i>	.	.	.	Mr Vella

<i>Brown-Shirt</i>	} Political Figures	.	Mr Doran
<i>Club-man</i>		.	Mr Travers
<i>Red-Shirt</i>		.	Mr Rice

## 4 PIANO DUET

Sonata for four hands ( <i>Beethoven</i> )	.	Messrs Kirkham,
War March of the Priests ( <i>Mendelssohn</i> )	.	Laughton Mathews

## 5 RADIO ROMA

1 Opening Chorus

2 Songs

Maire My Girl

I'll sing thee songs of Araby

3 "In Town To-night"	.	.	Messrs Talbot, Rice
			Boswell, Grech, Smith,
			Fitzgibbon, Gordon

4 Tyrolese Duet	.	.	Messrs Kenyon, Brown
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5 Octet

We Left the Baby on the Shore	.	Messrs Broome, Kenyon,
		M. Keegan, P. Keegan,
		B. Murphy-O'Connor,
		Scantlebury, Turnbull,
		Brown, Gordon

6 Sketch

The Fir Forest

<i>Sona Marya Illeana</i>	.	Mr FitzPatrick
<i>Peter Petrovitch</i>	.	Mr F. Davis
<i>Masha Natasha</i>	.	Mr Foulkes
<i>Sergei Andreyeff</i>	.	Mr Lloyd

7 Duet

Passing By	.	Messrs Turnbull, Brown
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8 Monologue	.	Mr Foulkes
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9 Topical Song	.	Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor
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10 Duet

Only a Rose	.	Messrs Kenyon, P. Keegan
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11 Item

*Trials of a Ripetitore*

12 Closing Chorus

<i>Pianist</i> : Mr Kirkham.	<i>Compère</i> : Mr Abbott.
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26th *Friday*. Fortunately, today is the feast of St John Berchmans, so we went to bed last night with that comfortable feeling that it is not all over yet. *Omnes scholae vacant*, and a large party was ready to tear itself away from Meditation to attend Mass in *San Ignazio* at the altar of the Saint, celebrated by the General of the Jesuits, Father Janssens. This evening First Year responded to the customary request for a repeat of their song. They gave it twice and some other items from their concert as well, after which we showed our appreciation.

27th *Saturday*. In the English-speaking section conversation during the breaks is mainly about College heating systems and possibilities for a little more home comfort in the Gregorian. Second Year Theology make a Retreat.

28th *Sunday*. We congratulate Messrs Walmsley, O'Hara, Lowery, Derbyshire, Fonseca, Tierney, Frost and Buckley on their reception of First and Second Minor Orders. They were ordained by Archbishop Traglia in the Leonine College.

30th *Tuesday*. Today the cameratas were scattered throughout the town knocking up the sacristans of the various churches of St Andrew, and the Rector went to partake of the Scots' hospitality. The Choirmaster held an emergency practice of the Schola and the producers began to see about getting the parts typed out, having made their choice of the talents exhibited the other night.

We ended the day before the Martyrs' Picture, where, with the relics exposed on the altar, led by the Rector, who read the Breviary lessons and intoned the *Te Deum*, we kept the Vigil of the College Martyrs.

DECEMBER 1st *Wednesday*. "De speciali indultu sacrae congregationis Rituum, in Festo Duodetriginta Sacerdotium et Beatorum, olim huius Venerabilis Collegii Anglorum de Urbe Alumnorum, qui duce glorioso viro Rulolpho Sherwin pro Petri Fide et pro patria in Anglia crudelissime necati sunt, sacrum solemne cantavit Ill.mus et R.mus D.nus, D.nus Rector". A very happy Feast, with *pranzone* and Solemn Benediction, and after supper a film *The Big Clock* which satisfied our appetite for close up interviews and tense dodging in the darkness. The *macchina* performed well and we caught most of the sound, though we think the dialogue-writers ought to leave more spaces for laughs. Sometimes, of course, they obviously did not expect the laughs we gave them, or the impromptu *glossae* which some fans interject.

2nd *Thursday*. *Santa Bibiana*. Rehearsals begin for the Pantomime and three plays.

3rd *Friday*. *Feast of St Francis Xavier* and a Gregorian holiday, which gave the North American College a chance to invite forty of us to their Villa at Grottaferrata. The party left in a hired charabanc after breakfast, not to return till supper time, after a full and happy day of American hospitality which provided us with games, a feast, a movie and a pleasurable feeling of being at home in yet another part of the Campagna.

4th *Saturday*. Today we received the first worth-while Post of the week. Heavy fog has hindered trans-European deliveries, and we have noticed the streets rather damp and misty.

5th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection. Dom Desroquettes came from the Pontificia Accademia di Musica this morning to hear our singing at High Mass and stayed for lunch. Long afternoon walk, which gives us an opportunity to visit Ostia or the Catacombs, and *Chi Lo Sa?* artists can make for the Forum with their sketchbooks for more serious drawing.

6th *Monday*. Our afternoon walk took some of us to S. Nicola in Carcere. We missed the distribution of gifts to poor children in the sacristy carefully recommended by Baedeker, but we saw the pillars of the temple below.

7th *Tuesday*. After tea the Rector gave a talk on the Rules to the House in the Common Room.

8th *Wednesday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. The Vice-Rector celebrated High Mass. Afterwards some of us looked into S. Maria di Monserrato where the Spanish Community of Rome, headed by their Ambassador to the Holy See, celebrated the patronal feast. To dinner and the Common Room *caffè e rosolio* H.E. Mr Walshe, Irish Ambassador to the Holy See, Mr Uttlee and Mr Keeling. After Benediction most of us went to join the throng round the statue of the Madonna in Piazza di Spagna, and some went to the Pont. Séminaire Français for a Séance Musicale, while a group of volunteers went to the Convent of the Handmaids of the Sacred Heart in Via Monte Parioli to assist Cardinal Fiumasoni-Biondi at Benediction.

9th *Thursday*. This afternoon most of us went in hired buses to Rome Rugby Ground at Acqua Acetosa where our first XV met Roma I and gave them a good game with a score of five all.

During study-time we heard the Schola feeling their way through the harmonizations of English Carols which they are shortly to broadcast on Vatican Radio.

10th *Friday*. The Literary Society met this evening. H.E. Mr Wu, Chinese Ambassador to the Holy See, answered questions on the intellectual difficulties consequent upon the meeting of East and West in the Universal Church.

11th *Saturday*. The public meeting to decide on the guests for Christmas was postponed for an experiment to discover how many we could accommodate.

This evening we helped the Parish of San Lorenzo in Damaso to celebrate their Patronal Feast, and Mr Groarke went off to San Giovanni e Paolo for his Ordination Retreat.

12th *Sunday*. The Salesians at Collegio San Giuseppe near Piazza di Spagna present a film show for the clergy most Sunday afternoons.

Programmes are advertised in the Gregorian. This afternoon the College was represented at a screening of *Bambi*. The Italian sound-track is beautifully synchronized, and though the dialogue is quicker than normal Italian speech, we think the attempt to follow it is one of the best methods of learning intonation and idiom.

A diagram written with a *penna sfera bicolore* has been affixed to the notice board showing how the Common Room can accommodate 130 at one sitting so long as they do not all insist on arm chairs, and a stool is provided for one gate crasher.

13th *Monday*. So we concluded the Public Meeting by voting in all suggested guests.

14th *Tuesday*. The lights are going out so frequently that the Sacristans have candles and matches permanently to hand so as to ensure continuity.

15th *Wednesday*. It is now high time that parts were known and producers are becoming inexorable in their demands. Once the post has been brought in the majority leave the Common Room for rehearsal whether in the Ping-pong Room (rather embarrassing, as members of other casts keep passing through), the Music Room (favoured by the pantomime producer because of its piano), the Small Room (now vacated by its former resident and used for learning parts), or the Quadraginta Quattuor corridor (which is suitable for large casts but is not much help in estimating the width of the Common Room Stage).

16th *Thursday*. Though weary with treading imaginary boards eleven of our footballers went to Gelsomino and scored 12—1 against the Scalabriniani.

17th *Friday*. Influenza bacilli recently crossed the border from France and have now met with a favourable reception in Rome. It is estimated (from G. P.s' consultation statistics alone) that 300,000 have fallen victims. The Ministry of Health, while advising us to avoid crowds, has made no suggestions as to how we are to carry on business without danger of infection. The familiar Campo vendors seem to remain at their posts croaking their wares with the functioning sections of the larynx, but the shops are badly served and the delivery of wigs to our Props Department has been delayed by reason of "*nove a letto*". Lectures are punctuated by coughs and sneezes, and even the Professors before taking the lift down to the big cold Aulas button up heavy coats over thick scarves. But while the epidemic rages we are thankful to record that we are the best represented College at the University, and domestic activities, including Repetitions, games, Schola, rehearsals and Common Room, proceed at their usual intensity.

18th *Saturday*. Mr Groarke returned a priest this evening after Ordination at the hands of Archbishop Traglia in the Chapel of the Latin American College. He gave Benediction and we kissed his hands. *Omnia faustissima*.



19th *Sunday*. "Hora sexta cum dimidio Missam Communem Celebravit et primitias suae Deo dicavit R.dus D.nus Groarke". Mr Groarke and his brother were guests of honour at the Rector's table and Mrs Groarke was entertained in the Salone.

20th *Monday*. "Occas. solis 16.30. antic. Mat. 14.15, Ave Maria serot. 17.15, iuxta tempus medium Europae Centralis". Christmas cards are coming in fast from alumni at home and abroad, the weather becomes a little warmer and the Schola run through their programme for the last time before the broadcast tomorrow.

21st *Tuesday*. After tea a Vatican bus took the Schola across the Italian frontier (now invisible except for a guard or two—the war time barrier has been removed) into Vatican City. A cheer for the Swiss Guard at every gateway. A glimpse of the gardens and fountains and the dusk panorama, and then we were welcomed to the Radio Station by Father Nolan, S.J. While some Czech students recorded some of their national carols, we made friends with the operators and played with their machines, receiving code messages from London. Father Nolan, after arranging final details, conducted us on a tour of the equipment until it was time for us to make our recording in the studio. The placing of the singers had to be calculated relatively to the conductor, the piano, the Hammond Organ and the microphone, and the operators of the recording machine had to be precisely informed of our programme which comprised fade-outs and commentary as well as the singing. Their patience had already withstood a severe test when at last we were ready to make a trial recording. But they all relaxed indulgently when we crowded into the receiving room to hear ourselves and nudge one another, as familiar voices came into prominence. The evening was far advanced when we finally committed ourselves to the disk, and we only had time to hear the programme straight through (it lasted fifteen minutes) before embussing for the College and Rosary. The Church door is surrounded with red hangings with the sign of the monstrance displayed above to call passers-by in to *Quarant' Ore* tomorrow.

22nd *Wednesday*. The door is ajar and layfolk are crowded in the benches to watch the beginning of Exposition. "Hora nona cum dimidio in Expositione Sanctissimi Sacramenti pro quadraginta horarum oratione sacrum solemne cantavit Ill.mus et R.mus D.nus D.nus Rector." Afterwards we just had time for the last lecture and the seasonal greetings of our Professors. At Night Prayers time Benediction was given and the Blessed Sacrament put away. There is to be no night watching this year, because so many of the Confraternità di Santa Caterina are suffering from influenza.

23rd *Thursday*. Just before Meditation the Blessed Sacrament was exposed once more and the Church door opened. At 9 o'clock Missa Solemnis pro Pace, and Masses continued with frequent distribution of Holy Communion until noon. The Superiors on entering the Chapel for the after dinner visit found their benches occupied by children looking for *santini*.

Today also our First XI played the Belgian College at Gelsomino and won 7—1.

24th *Friday*. With another splendid ceremony we brought the Forty Hours to an end. The day passed very quickly. There were rehearsals for the Pantomime and plays, arrangements of Props, the stage and lighting to finish the morning, and we all found plenty to do during the long shopping time in the afternoon. After our high tea we gathered in the Common Room to make holly chains until supper, and Night Prayers brought silence on the House.

When the bell rang at 10.30 p.m. to call us to Matins the Chapel was hung with holly and the Crib displayed. We made a bright spectacle in the stalls, cottas shining white in the full lighting and faces glowing with the evening freshness. One or two of the lectors seemed to be suffering from colds, but they must have felt our silent applause for their brave show. The Schola spread themselves on Casimiri's Responses and we had no time for the customary carols.

25th *Saturday*. *Christmas Day*. Mass was sung at midnight by the Rector. New men are surprised to hear that we perform the Christmas Liturgy at home: "don't we all go to St Peter's to join with the rest of Rome in some magnificent public ceremony?" It is hard to explain to one who has not experienced it why we prefer to keep the Feast in S. Tommaso degli Inglesi. After Lauds we went into breakfast and then up to the Common Room illuminated only by the crackling logs and the Candlelit Christmas tree with a *Buon Natale* in gigantic tinsel letters shining down upon us. The Rector and Vice-Rector joined us and one by one the last minute contributors to *Chi Lo Sa?* found places as the carols swelled in full harmony, until some guffawing from the places near the doorway told us that *Chi Lo Sa?* had made an unobtrusive entrance. Towards 4 o'clock, the Priests went off with their servers to await their turn at the altar of the Crib, at St Gregory's Altar in S. Pietro, or at S. Anastasia. Bells were still ringing and lights burned at the back of the Capellar' as we took to bed, not to awake till 8 a.m., with hearty greetings breaking in on our consciousness in the unaccustomed daylight. The day went its quiet domestic way with Low Mass of the Aurora followed by High Mass, a visit to the Crib at S. Maria Maggiore and then back to our Christmas dinner in the holly-decked Refectory where the turkey and plum pudding combined all the traditional English qualities with the extra *non so che*. And so to *caffè e liquori*, and Benediction. There was time for a short walk before tea, while the Pantomime cast dressed and made up. Then we returned to find the Common Room enriched by the smell of cigars and wine. Lights went out on the Auditorium and the concert man stood in the blaze of footlights to announce the programme here appended.

## CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1948

## 1 VOCAL SOLO

The Kerry Dances . . . . . Mr Buckley  
Believe me if all those endearing young charms

## 2 CLARINET SOLO

Minuet (*William Boyce*) . . . . . Mr M. Moore  
Rondeau (*Purcell*)  
Jig (*Purcell*)

## 3 PANTOMIME

## CHRISTMAS IN STORYLAND

<i>Baron Mum</i>	. . . . .	Mr Abbott
<i>Baroness Mum</i>	. . . . .	Mr D'Arcy
<i>Idle Jack</i> (their daily help)	. . . . .	Mr Lowery
<i>Maid Marion</i>	. . . . .	Mr Travers
<i>Hodder</i>	} the Broker's men	Mr Derbyshire
<i>Stout</i>		Mr Calnan
<i>The Princess</i>	. . . . .	Mr Turnbull
<i>The Giant</i>	. . . . .	Mr M. Keegan
<i>Ammonia</i>	} his daughters	Mr Rice
<i>Lysol</i>		Mr Fitzgibbon
<i>The Witch</i>	. . . . .	Mr Leonard
<i>Hassan</i> (The Robber Chief)	. . . . .	Mr Hamilton
<i>Mukkadam</i>	} The Robber Band	Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Mrs Cassim</i>		Mr Lloyd
<i>Morgiana</i>		Mr Swindlehurst
<i>Piano</i>	. . . . .	Mr Kenyon

Scene 1 The Glade of Storyland  
Scene 2 The Baron's Kitchen  
Scene 3 Outside the Giant's Castle  
Scene 4 The Giant's Dungeons  
Scene 5 The Glade of Storyland

A grand pantomime with a well-chosen and well-dressed cast, witty dialogue, tasteful satire, polished songs and a fantastic plot to take us away to Fairyland and bring us back in time for supper, a merry Common Room, Night Prayers and sleep.

26th *Sunday. Boxing Day.* We were glad to have this septennial opportunity of singing the Mass of St Stephen. Dress rehearsals followed for those taking part in tomorrow's Farce. In the evening *Oliver Twist*.

27th *Monday.* St John's, the Rector's Feast. To dinner Abbot Smith, Abbot Langdon, Father Coffey, Father Nolan and Father Bolland. In the evening a concert.

## ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1948

Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo  
 Ioanni Macmillan dilecto rectori nostro  
 patroni sui festum agenti  
 plurimam salutem exoptantes  
 opus hoc dramaticum  
 dedicamus

## 1 QUINTET

A Selection of Light Music . Messrs O'Hara, McGuiness,  
 Byron, M. Moore, Kenyon

## 2 PIANO

Variations on a Theme . . . Mr Laughton Mathews  
 Country Gardens (*Percy Grainger*) . Messrs. McGuiness, Brown

## 3 SKETCH

## THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by Charles Hawtrey

*Douglas Cattermole* . . . Mr Brown  
*Mr Cattermole* (Uncle to Douglas) . Mr Williams  
*Mrs Stead* (Landlady to Douglas) . Mr Richards  
*Mr Sydney Gibson of Bond Street*  
 (Douglas' Tailor) . . . Mr Byron  
*Harry Marsland* (friend of Douglas) . Mr Frost  
*Mr Marsland, M.F.H.* (Uncle of Harry)  
 . . . Mr Alexander  
*Edith Marsland* (daughter of above) . Mr Doran  
*Eva Webster* (friend of Edith) . Mr Mallinder  
*Miss Ashford* (elderly companion of  
 Edith) . . . Mr McConnon  
*Mr Marsland's Butler* . . . Mr Bickerstaffe  
*The Writ-Server* . . . Mr Hunt  
*Rev. Robert Spalding* . . . Mr P. J. Murphy-O'Connor

Act I (" Found ") . . . Douglas Cattermole's Chambers

Act II (" Full Cry ") . . . Mr Marsland's Country Seat

Act III (" Run to Earth ") . . . Mr Marsland's Country Seat

Produced by Mr McGuiness

28th *Tuesday*. The farceurs take a rest while the Props Department count their equipment and more dress rehearsals take place. This evening cards, *lato sensu*, from Bridge to Monopoly, until it was time to sing Vespers of St Thomas the Martyr, with the Church door open.

29th *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury*. The Rector sang High Mass and we were proud to have several visitors in our Church once again. To dinner H.E. Mr Victor Perowne, Monsignori Heard, Duchemin, Clapperton, MacDaid and Carroll-Abbing, and Father Dyson. Solemn Benediction and a fine concert.

## ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1948

## 1 PIANO DUET

The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba (*Handel*)

Messrs McGuinness and Brown

## 2 ITEM . . . . .

Messrs Lowery and Boswell

## 3 CAROLS

A Selection . . . . .

Messrs Walsh, Hamilton, P. J. Murphy-O'Connor, Spillane, Lowery, Derbyshire, Tierney, Hunt, Dakin, Laughton Mathews, P. Keegan, Broome, Fitzpatrick, Kenyon, Turnbull, Scantlebury, Brown, Gordon

Piano . . . . . Mr McGuinness  
Musical Director . . . . . Mr. O'Hara

## 4 SKETCH

## ROPE

A Play by Patrick Hamilton

<i>Wyndham Brandon</i>	.	.	Mr Collier
<i>Charles Granillo</i>	.	.	Mr Sutherland
<i>Sabot</i>	.	.	Mr Price
<i>Kenneth Raglan</i>	.	.	Mr Gordon
<i>Lelia Arden</i>	.	Mr Laughton Mathews	
<i>Sir John Kentley</i>	.	.	Mr Carson
<i>Mrs Debenham</i>	.	.	Mr Dakin
<i>Rupert Cadell</i>	.	.	Mr English

The Scene is the Mayfair Flat of Brandon and Granillo

Produced by Mr English

30th *Thursday*. This evening twelve of us went to see *Julius Caesar* at the Scots College and five to see *Professor Tim* at the Irish College. The remainder saw *The Road to Rio* up to where it began to be quite funny when the bulb exploded and the attempt to entertain the audience with the sound track alone was not successful.

31st *Friday*. We met the Scots at St Paul's and in a hard fought and enjoyable game wrested a score of 2—1 in our own favour. This

evening the Christmas Fair was attended by an increasingly gay crowd in paper hats. Hooters and balls secured by elastic were freely used to add to the conviviality which germinated in the *osteria-bar-pasticceria* at the end of the Common Room (where the only thing lacking was the free glass of water for the spoons) and emanated through the side-shows and gaming tables to add vigour to our shies and abandon to our stakes. A good deal of ingenuity was expended on quizzes and bees of the lighter sort and there were several *tombola* as well.

To close the day and the old year, *Te Deum Laudamus*, and to welcome in 1949, peals of ordnance from the Capellar' from 11.45 to 00.15.

JANUARY 1st 1949, *Saturday. Feast of the Circumcision.* To dinner Archbishop Tonna, Dom Joseph Colman from Mount Melleray, Very Rev. Mgr Whitty, Vice-Rector of the Beda, Bro. Conway, and Sig. Piccoli. Sundown brings us another grand concert with the students of the Scots College as our guests.

1 QUINTET

*A Selection of Light Music* Messrs McGuinness, O'Hara,  
Byron, M. Moore, Kenyon

2 PIANO SOLO *Autumn (Chaminade)* Mr Laughton Mathews

3 SKETCH

AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE

An Arabian Night's Fantasy in Three Acts

By Walter Hackett

<i>Lush</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Smith
<i>Poppy Faire</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr P. Moore
<i>Agatha Whatcombe</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Walmsley
<i>Ambrose Applejohn</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr O'Dowd
<i>Anna Valeska</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr. FitzPatrick
<i>Horace Pengard</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr P. Keegan
<i>Mrs. Pengard</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Rossiter
<i>Ivan Borolsky</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Stewart
<i>Dennet</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Connolly
<i>Johnny Jason</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Fonseca
<i>Pirates</i>	.	.	.	.	Messrs McHugh, M. Moore, Cox, Bickerstaffe, Collins, Duggan, Burke

Produced by Mr P. J. Moore

2nd *Sunday.* After High Mass, an Opera practice, and in the evening a party of twelve went to hear Schütz' Weihnachtsoratorium at a polyglot gathering in the German College.

3rd *Monday*. The new civil year sends us back to work with none of the stimulus of novelty, unless indeed the Opera producer looks a little more pre-occupied than usual as he tries to catch the opening words of the lecture. But our attendance was rewarded with a view of the late entrance of a bent cleric whose garb suggested O.F.M.Cap. His beard was an exceptionally luxuriant foliage and his thick spectacles bespoke the earnest student. Scorning the side stairway which is usually chosen to cover a late arrival, he made for the central arena, and began to tiptoe across. He was making good progress despite the sandals when he realized that rounds of applause had drowned the microphoned voice of the lecturer. Turning to the rostrum to bow his apologies, he dropped his pile of books, and it was not until a good deal of what French's Edition calls "Bus." had elapsed that he was seated in the place he had chosen at the back.

The lecturer conquered his smiles and tactfully brought us back to the Sabellians on whom he dwelt with some success for the next fifteen minutes. Then the *auditores* stirred once more. The friar was on his way down. His gestures to the Professor indicated physical rather than intellectual difficulties.

Opera rehearsals continue. Everything is known and we are in that depressing state where rehearsals seem only just worth while.

This evening Professor Tarini arrived and spent an hour with First Year for the beginners' class in Italian and a further hour for the Advanced Course. He speaks no English, and is a firm believer in the Direct Method.

4th *Tuesday*. Long reading in the Refectory again reminds us that the festal season is nearly over, though we have still the Epiphany and the Opera to come, but since voices are still rather hoarse it has been decided to postpone the Opera till next Sunday and with it the removal of decorations. We have a new book, "The Second World War" by Winston Churchill. The reader delighted us by conveying his enjoyment of the periods, and one feels glad to have heard the last of the Polar Expedition because explorers even if they have something to say do not necessarily know how to say it.

A favourite walk this week is to the Ara Coeli to hear the juvenile preachers.

5th *Wednesday*. Ten of us were invited to the Beda party this evening. It included a fine performance of *Charley's Aunt*. Another party went with the necessary liturgical books to assist at Vespers in the Russian Church near S. Maria Maggiore, and there were many tours of the Roman Cribs. At San Bernardino da Siena ai Monti you can get a *Presepio panoramico con visioni illusionistiche di riflesso* while the man in the kiosk behind the turnstile plays a gramophone record (*Stille Nacht* and *Tu Scendi dalle Stelle* alternately), but most exciting is the layout at San Giuseppe ai Falegnami, which features a sunset and highway traffic. Nearer home at Santa Lucia you can see the nine choirs of angels appear and vanish. In Piazza Navona stalls are laid out enabling one to buy cheap inlaid wood at twice the price of the tourist junk at Capri, as well as the paper hats, sweets and *lotteria* tickets common to every *Fiera*.

6th *Thursday. Feast of the Epiphany.* The Choirmaster has lost his voice but the Schola are recovering theirs. More Christmas fare, and to share it with us Mgr Moody, Mgr Ryan, Mgr Flanagan, Mgr Byrne, Fr Ryan, Mr MacDonal and Mr Somers-Cocks. A film could not be obtained this evening, so the gramophone was erected in the Common Room, and after tea we heard a mixed selection of records, including the whole of Beethoven's Fifth and Elgar's Enigma Variations, also "Cocktails for Two" and "Drip, Drip, Drip".

This evening also we provided assistenza to Cardinal Micara at the Convent of the Handmaids of the Sacred Heart in Via Monte Parioli.

7th *Friday.* We resume our round of lectures and repetitions, with some last minute Opera practices. Decorations remain in the Common Room but have been removed from the Chapel and the Refectory. The green painted curtain behind the Martyrs' Picture is fairly palatable after a few days of the maroon functional draperies. Entering the Refectory without its holly is like going out of a cinema into the open air, from cosiness to something which is a little brisk, perhaps a little chill, but not so very hard to face.

8th *Saturday.* Father Pearson is back again after a little more mountaineering and gave Benediction this evening.

9th *Sunday. Feast of the Holy Family.* We closed our Christmas-tide celebrations with a performance of the Opera which had already been performed twice at the Villa. Of course, half of the community saw it today for the first time, and for all of us the Roman performance has an element of novelty. The magic of the Cortile setting with the stars above and the southern night around us cannot be recaptured in the Common Room; on the other hand, here the audience is larger, more eager for entertainment, and it is easier for the cast to make their songs and dialogue fill the room and grip the tired man in the back row who is seeing his first Gilbert and Sullivan and is not sure what he ought to be enjoying. So there was a final solemnity perceptible as once more the auditorium darkened and the fairies entered. We were happy to have with us H.E. Mr Victor Perowne, Abbot Langdon, Abbot Smith, Monsignori Clapperton, MacDaid and Byrne, Fathers Tindal-Atkinson O.P., and Dyson S.J. And our critic of October asks a final word.

"We realize that an addition of this kind is probably unheard of in the history of dramatic criticism, but here it is necessary lest future generations should take their impression of this year's Opera entirely from our critique of the September performance, which was excellent indeed, but must take second place to the production we saw tonight. It would be a pity to leave unrecorded the performance of the Vice-Chancellor: if (which we now doubt) we were justified in calling him henpecked, stiff and mechanical, tonight at any rate he redeemed himself, for his acting and singing were inspired, and his interpretation of the part was not a mere genuine attempt but an outstanding success. We also find it difficult to understand why we said so little of Mountarat, the



assurance of whose acting and singing was equal to the best we have seen in the past. To these, to the producer, to the whole cast, we offer our thanks for a very successful evening."

After supper we sang the choruses again and fixed them in the Common Room repertoire. As we lean back in our chairs on the eve of many weeks' hard work our thoughts are full of the wealth and splendour of Roman life in its many interwoven series which lie synopsised in reminiscence and rise ahead increasing with the current of the New Year. Though we are not alone as we watch, still, our account, to ourselves at least, is as different as our personality, and lives its own reflected immanence until the glass is turned again and another is set to watch the sands flow past.

FRANCIS MCGUINNESS.

PERSONAL

Rev. B. HAYES (1937-44) to St James the Less, Colchester, Essex.  
Rev. E. TYLER (1944-46) to St Thomas, Canterbury, Kent.  
To the Vice-Rector, our new dignitary, we offer our sincere and professional congratulations on his new appointment. It is a great honour to be entrusted with the duties of the Vice-Rector, and we are sure that you will discharge them with the same high standard of efficiency and devotion which has marked your previous work. We are glad to hear that you will be spending some time in the College during your leave, and we wish you a hearty and successful return to your duties.

We also extend our cordial congratulations to the Very Rev. Mr. J. DICK (1933-35), who has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, and to the Rev. C. HASTINGS (1936-38) on his appointment as Canon of the Nottingham Diocese.

We were very sorry to learn of the illness of the Very Rev. Mr. J. DICK (1933-35), but we are glad to know that he is now well on the way to recovery. We assure his family our prayers for his health and wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Two of the most pleasant things we have heard of since the beginning of the New Year are the news that the Very Rev. Mr. J. PARSONS (1928-34) and Rev. F. GALLAGHER (1931-38) had recently returned from the Rev. S. LASCHEK (1932-34). We were also pleased to welcome the Very Rev. Canon KILIAN HYLAND (1893-1900), who visited the College on several occasions during his stay in Rome. We regret the congratulations and good wishes then extended to Canon Hyland for his approaching golden jubilee, which occur on 1st November.

We must apologize to the Very Rev. Canon BARRY (1892-9) for failing to record the golden jubilee of his ordination, which occurred last year, and offer him our belated congratulations and good wishes.

The Rev. I. Ashworth (1932-3) is now studying Canon Law at the University of Cambridge. We see him frequently at the University and at the College.

## PERSONAL

To the Vice-Rector, our new Monsignore, we offer our sincere and respectful congratulations on his recent honour. The news was announced at the beginning of April, but owing to the Vice-Rector's absence in England we postponed our rejoicings until Easter Sunday, when we were able to drink his health and wish him a hearty *Ad multos annos*.

We also extend our cordial congratulations to the VERY REV. MGR J. DINN (1923-9), who has been appointed Vicar General of the Leeds diocese, and to the REV. C. RESTIEAUX (1926-33) on his appointment as a Canon of the Nottingham diocese.

We were very sorry indeed to hear of the illness of HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GRIFFIN (1921-5), but we are glad to know that he is now well on the way to recovery. We assure His Eminence of our prayers for his health and work and express the hope that we may see him again at the College in the near future.

At the end of last year we were pleased, though not surprised, to see the REV. A. HULME (1934-40) in Rome again, and at Christmas we enjoyed the company of FRs MARTINDALE and PITT (both 1933-40). Since the beginning of the New Year we have received visits from the REV. T. PEARSON (1928-34) and REV. F. GALLAGHER (1931-38) and more recently from the REV. S. LESCHER (1932-8). We were also pleased to welcome the VERY REV. CANON KIERAN HYLAND (1893-1900), who visited the College on several occasions during his stay in Rome. We repeat the congratulations and good wishes then extended to Canon Hyland for his approaching golden jubilee, which occurs on 1st November.

We must apologize to the VERY REV. CANON BAILEY (1892-9) for failing to record the golden jubilee of his ordination, which occurred last year, and offer him our belated congratulations and good wishes.

The REV. L. ASHWORTH (1932-9) is now studying Canon Law at the Gregorian. We see him frequently at the University and at the College.

Other new appointments include :

REV. D. CROWLEY (1921-8) to Our Lady Help of Christians, Ruthin, Denbighshire.

REV. F. R. MILLER (1921-8) to Cheam, Surrey.

REV. J. SLATER (1925-32) to Grange Estate, Blackpool.

REV. W. LENNON (1926-33) has moved from Barrow Island to Walney Island.

REV. M. PEARSE (1929-36) to St Mary's, Rothwell, near Leeds, Yorks.

REV. L. WELLS (1932-9) to Wigton, Cumberland.

REV. P. McNAMARA (1933-40) to Most Holy Redeemer, Portmadoc, Caernarvonshire.

REV. B. HANNON (1937-44) to St James the Less, Colchester, Essex.

REV. E. TYLER (1939-46) to St Thomas of Canterbury, Grays, Essex.

Obituary notices will be found at the back of the present number of the Rt Rev. Mgr O'Brien England and of the late Fr Benedict Williamson. An account is also printed of Fr Maurice Watson O.P., who studied at the College from 1878 to 1880.

Mr Michael English is the Senior Student for the year 1949-50.

The Secretary would like it to be known that in future all bills for the following year will be sent out from the Villa. Prompt payment of bills would be much appreciated. Cheques may be sent either direct to the Chief Foreign Branch, Barclay's Bank, Ltd, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3, or to the Secretary in Rome. If sent to the bank, they should be made payable to "Barclay's Bank, Ltd, account of THE VENERABLE Magazine" and the envelope should also be marked "Italian Section".

While it is not yet possible to make a general reduction in the cost of the magazine, a slight reduction has been made in price for those who leave the College for the Mission. We hope it may be possible shortly to return to the former rates of subscription.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Spillane

Secretary : Mr Fonseca

Sub-editor : Mr Hunt

Under-secretary : Mr Philip Moore

Fifth Member : Mr P. Keegan

### EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges : *The Baeda*, *The Downside Review*, *The Edmundian*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Beda Review*, *The Oscotian*, *The Cottonian*, *Pax*, *The Douai Magazine*, *St Peter's College Magazine*, *The Womersley Magazine*, *The Prior Park Magazine*, *The Pylon*.

### MUSIC

It is the earnest desire of every music-lover's heart to be able to offer some points of criticism on the performance he has just attended, and so it was that those of us who heard the recital given by Yehudi Menuhin at Rome University, came away with a feeling somewhat akin to dissatisfaction ; for what, after all, can one find at fault in such a great violinist ? " He was wonderful ", and there the discussion must end. There was, however, ample scope for criticism in the concert, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, which followed soon after at the Teatro Argentina. All were agreed that the programme had been singularly uninspired, although the devotees of " absolute music " probably revelled in the Fugal Overture of Gustave Holst. The chief work of the evening was the Symphony No. 6, in E Minor, by Vaughan Williams, a composition completely unknown to those present since it was written only two years ago. The Venerabilini turned up in force to give loyal support to Sir Adrian Boult, and earnestly endeavoured, from the heights of the *palchettone*, to make up for the lack of applause from a half-empty house.

The only other concert at the Teatro Argentina that aroused any interest in the College was a fine performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, by the *Coro Stabile dell'Accademia di Santa Cecilia*, conducted by Paul Van Kempen.

The Sistine Choir, under its conductor Monsignor Perosi, gave recently, at the Teatro Adriano, its first public concert since we returned to Rome. The programme consisted of classical works by Palestrina, Vittoria and Masenzio, followed by some of the compositions of Perosi himself. The singing was remarkably well controlled, especially in the *Tenebrae Factae Sunt*, by Vittoria, and Perosi's *Verbum Caro*. It was a pleasure to listen to the Choir free from the distortions which inevitably occur when it is heard over the loud-speakers in St Peter's.

The College polyphony Schola, which now numbers twenty-two members, has improved in its performance this year; the singers, as they grow in experience, tend to become more supple and sensitive to the directions of the Choirmaster. The following motets, among others, have been added to the repertoire: *Ecce nunc benedicite Dominum*, *Ave Maria*, and *Gloriosi Principes* by Palestrina; *Te gloriosus Apostolorum* by Asula; *Aestimatus Sum* and *O Sacrum Convivium* by Vittoria; *Confirma Hoc* and *In Nomine Jesu* by Jacob Handl. Two Passions are being prepared for Holy Week, the St John Passion by Asula, and the St Matthew Passion by Tosi. All of these are arrangements for male voices.

A departure will be noticed from the regrettable custom of the past years, when the Schola used to sing, and none too successfully, music written for mixed voices. It has been found that the arrangements for male voices alone are much better suited to the voices of the Schola, and are certainly preferred by the singers themselves. The improved singing of the polyphony Schola this year is a sufficient guarantee to the success of this new practice.

Perhaps the finest performance of the year was the singing by the Schola of the Requiem Mass for Fr Benedict Williamson at the Blue Nuns' Hospital, which, we heard through Fr Dean, received favourable comment from people even in England.

Varied were the reactions of the Choir on the feast of All Saints when they heard, in Byrd's Mass for three male voices, the alto part sung in timid falsetto by two members of a diminutive Schola. Many were frankly amused; a few quite appreciative; but the experiment was evidently deemed unsuccessful, for it was not repeated. For many days afterwards attempts were made to recapture, in vain imitation of these youthful choristers, the high sweet voices of their pre-adolescence.

A broadcast of carols by a selected Schola was given once again this Christmas over Vatican Radio, and some of the carols were repeated at one of the concerts. An interesting feature of this broadcast was an arrangement of the *Adeste Fidelis* by the organist Mr McGuiness. It was a great disappointment to learn afterwards that all the Christmas broadcasts had been jammed by a foreign radio station.

A spell of damp weather occasioned the loss of many voices at this time, a fact only too evident during the reading of the lessons at Matins

on Christmas Eve. The Choirmaster, however, managed to draw out the voices of the polyphony Schola in a good rendering of the Antiphons by Casimiri; the Choir also proved its worth by singing Lauds in fine style. It is to be hoped that the custom of singing Matins, in abeyance during our first year in Rome, has now returned to stay.

The function for the feast of St Gregory was carried out as usual this year by the College. The Mass in plainchant was sung by all, and the polyphony Schola gave us, during the Offertory, the finest motet they have sung in memory, the *Ave Maria* by Palestrina. Fr Desroquettes O.S.B., who is attached to the Pontifical Academy of Sacred Music, was so moved as to exclaim that it was the first piece of prayerful polyphony he had heard in all his long experience. Such was his satisfaction with the performance of the Choir as a whole that he has offered to take choir-practice once a week, to improve (or should we say perfect) our singing. His methods of teaching are very encouraging and have had a noticeably good effect. They aim at removing from our chant that element of heaviness so commonly associated with roast beef and Englishmen. These weekly lessons of Fr Desroquettes should help to re-enliven the interest in plainchant aroused by Fr Dean during his fortnight's stay in the College last year.

The continual fluctuation in the strength of the electric current, and its frequent failure during the winter months, reduced considerably the number of gramophone recitals. There were, however, on the average, two or three afternoons in the week when those who wished to spend a leisurely half-hour's recreation after lunch could make their way to the Music Room and listen to the gramophone. It is usual for most people to take a book with them, the music being rightly regarded as a suitable background to their reading. A few endeavour to give their undivided attention to what is being played on the records, but the drowsy after-dinner atmosphere of the Music Room is not calculated to sustain such enthusiasm. We were very fortunate in obtaining from the British Council a recording of the Bach Matthew Passion, but although it had been prefaced by an excellent talk on the development of the Oratorio and Passion music given under the auspices of the Wiseman Society, the recital failed to attract more than a handful of people.

There have been two Music Lovers' concerts up to the time of writing, both of which had very large audiences. One of the criticisms commonly heard is that these concerts are too limited in their programmes, and that more popular items should be included. The decision therefore has to be made either to retain the original form of the Music Lovers' concerts being in reality private performances by a few people of works of their own choice, regardless of the fact that there might be others present *per accidens*, or to arrange the programmes with a view to satisfying the many and varied tastes of an English College audience, and thus to regard the concerts as a form of public entertainment.

A small band was formed to play at some of the Christmas concerts, by way of introduction to the rest of the items on the programme. A violin, piano, clarinet, double-bass, drums, and an accordion tried to

make themselves heard above the chatter of conversation preceding the concerts. They did this not without success, considering that they had been unable to hold more than two practices prior to their performance.

The Orchestra has kept up its practices as far as circumstances will allow, though greatly hampered by the weakness of the violins and the absence of a viola. It was disappointing to find that the loss of our leading violin last summer was not made up by any additions from a score of New Men. A complete lack of funds makes it impossible for us either to buy new instruments, or to repair those we already possess, for use by the newcomers.

There is no reason, however, to doubt, that, in the coming year, those with an active interest in music, though perhaps few in number, assisted by the New Men with their as yet undimmed enthusiasm, will join together to bring about a new high standard in the quality and quantity of the College musical activities.

MICHAEL MOORE.

## SPORTS

### ASSOCIATION

This year unfortunately we were unable to get any soccer at Palazzola. We had no bladders capable of holding enough air, for a sufficient length of time, to enable the few stalwarts to get from the House to the Sforza, and so, perforce, we had to await a fresh supply from Malta. When we did get started, in Rome, after the retreat, we were always embarrassed by the numbers wanting to play. There were generally thirty or more names on the list, and on one memorable occasion in Christmas week we actually managed to get numbers for two full games on the one morning.

The first difficulty of the season was to get a pitch. Many times we sighed for the security and certainty of Pam. After trying various spots, we finally camped near St Paul's. The pitch belonged to the *Ministero dei lavori pubblici*, and they charged 1,000 lire per game for the use of it. However, the Rector very kindly consented to pay, and so we found ourselves with a flat surface, grass, privacy, changing rooms, showers and even a balcony for the spectators!

The biggest difficulty from the playing point of view was to get a right-wing trio. We were considerably handicapped by injuries and, with only one match to be played, we have been able to field a full team only once this season. We lost our first match 3—1 when an "A" team played the Servites. However, we hope to rectify that before the end of the season. Two more matches were played and won fairly easily before we faced the Scots on the last day of the year. In the first half we had to face a strong wind but scored first and changed over level. The second half saw all the play in their half of the field and with more steadiness, and a little luck, we must have scored many more than the one goal necessary for victory.

In the New Year, as usual, interest has flagged, but we have played and won four matches. The most exciting was against Propaganda

College, who had an unbeaten record, including a 4—0 victory over the Scots, to their credit. A large percentage of the clerics of Rome turned out to watch a fast and exciting game, which was looked upon as the cup final of the city. For the first ten minutes we were, as usual, somewhat unsteady and our goal had a couple of narrow escapes. We were then awarded a penalty, which was well saved by their goalkeeper. After that, play was even until half-time. In the second half we did most of the pressing but their forwards always looked dangerous when they got going. With five minutes to go, after some narrow misses we finally managed to get the all important goal, which finally established the College as champions of Rome.

At the end of the season we will be losing our centre-forward, centre-half and left-back, who have all done great work for us in the past three years. However, there is plenty of keenness in the House and there is no reason why next season should not again see us at the top. It was decided not to play a Theologians *v.* Philosophers match as the latter had no regular member of the team. It is hoped that next season we will be able to return to Pam, but a lot will have to be done, as goal posts and all accessories have disappeared. We wish Mr Buckley every success for the coming year. The following is a list of matches :

<i>v.</i> Servites (" A " XI)	Lost	1—3
<i>v.</i> Scalabriniani	Won	12—1
<i>v.</i> Belgian College	Won	7—1
<i>v.</i> Scots College	Won	2—1
<i>v.</i> British Embassy	Won	5—0
<i>v.</i> Irish Christian Brothers' XI	Won	2—0
<i>v.</i> British Embassy	Won	6—1
<i>v.</i> Propaganda College	Won	1—0
<i>v.</i> Servites	Draw	2—2

The following were the full team : G. Fonseca ; W. Hunt, L. Farrow ; B. Frost, S. Monaghan, J. Lowery ; P. Derbyshire, L. Carson, T. Walsh, M. Buckley and P. Murphy-O'Connor. B. Murphy-O'Connor and R. Mallinder played on several occasions.

G. FONSECA.

## RUGBY

The distance and awkwardness of getting to Acqua Acetosa has probably been a considerable damper upon the spirit and keenness of the game in the previous two years. Certainly this year, with the use of a Vatican bus to convey us to the field, the number of games and players has increased. Besides three matches we have had twelve practice games all told, and we would have had more if the ground had not been so hard.

Our first match was played against Rome Rugby Club's First XV on a fairly hard ground, which was therefore ideal for the backs. However, as usual, the Roman pack completely outweighed ours, and although



our forwards played untiringly, they were unable to "feed" the three-quarters sufficiently with the ball. Nevertheless, towards the end of the first half, the threes received the ball from a loose scrum and scored a try, which was converted, giving us a lead of five points.

In the second half, we succeeded in holding our lead, until a few minutes from the end of the game, when in a scrummage almost on the goal line, the Roman pack pushed us over the line and scored. A good kick brought their score equal to ours, and before either side had a chance to score fresh points, the whistle put an end to the game.

The Theologians *v.* Philosophers match was played on St Catherine's Day and, despite the appearance of onesidedness, proved to be a very enjoyable game. The Philosophers fought hard and were in fact leading at half-time by five points to three. Soon after the start of the second half, however, they were unable to stem the tide any longer, and the Theologians broke through and took the lead. From then on nothing could stop the Theologians, and the final whistle left the score at 31—5.

On 2nd February we played a team comprised of Rosminians and other British clerics, and in spite of a hard fought game, ceded the honours to them by two tries and a goal (8 points). The game itself was fast and open, with good tackling on both sides, but the opposing threequarters had that extra thrust which won the day.

On 11th February our hopes of avenging last year's defeat were shattered when we were again beaten by the Australians. Once more they proved far too vigorous and energetic, and their unceasing attacks kept us upon the defensive most of the game. They took the lead in the first half of the match with a very good drop-goal by the fly-half. Soon after, the same man received a pass on the "blind" side, and after side-stepping what seemed to be half the team, scored a beautiful try beneath the posts, which was easily converted. At the beginning of the second half we had a fair share of the ball, and on two occasions came very near to scoring. We were soon on the defensive again, however, and finally the Australians brought their score to 11—0 by a penalty-kick awarded for an off-side infringement.

During the season the Venerable was represented by the following: Messrs Fonseca, Murphy-O'Connor P., Hunt, Carson, Derbyshire, Byron, Farrow, Groarke, Moore Philip, Alexander, Keegan M., Frost, Keegan P., Murphy-O'Connor B., Lowery, Travers, Cox and Lloyd.

We conclude by offering our best wishes to three departing members of the team, Messrs Farrow, Alexander and Groarke, whose hard work and experience in the scrum has been of great value on so many occasions.

The Captain elected for next year is Mr M. Keegan.

E. BYRON.

## CRICKET

The Ashes are ours! For the first time on record we beat the invincible Australians. It happened thus: at 9.30 a.m. we won the toss and, deciding to take advantage of the new ball, took the field, though we were to regret it later in the day. Slowly and confidently two of the Australians came to the wicket. Preliminaries over, our opening bowler winds himself up and puts all the force he has into his first delivery. It sizzles in the air, a slight swerve, a beautiful length. Five more of these seem to upset the batsman, but he survives.

Our next performer is not quite so true in his direction, but that serves only to worry the batsman more, and by the time our opening bowler has taken his long, slow stride back to the fence before his run up, we are of the confirmed opinion that, brave as these sons of fortune are, they have not had to undergo the experience of a blitz. Our confidence is not belied, and under the attack two batsmen retire from the fight.

But now arrives in a dour, purposeful, Bradman-like gait, their best batsman who caused us so much exercise the previous year. He digs himself into the *pozzolona* and refuses a second look at any ball which his discerning eye thinks will miss the wicket. The others glide from his bat as fast as they come, and only the alert field saves a crop of runs. Something must be done. A change of tactics? Yes! Some small player waves all the fielders to the legside and an imposing array of leg slips and boundary fielders crowds that side of the field. The batsmen look mystified (as do one or two fielders). Larwood resurrected? The bowler ostentatiously moves some giant at long-on a trifle back and farther round, and glares defiantly at the batsman amidst a deathly silence. Slowly he walks up to the wicket and releases the ball—a beautiful lob which rises high in the air and bounces gently before the wicket. But the wary batsman realizes that there must be something satanic hidden beneath the leather cover, and watches it crawl past his legs. To the second ball, an off break, the batsman swings his weapon viciously—anything to be out of this nerve-racking drama. And he is!—caught at round leg on the boundary. Another batsman comes in but departs to a faster delivery, with the score at 4 for 15, and the rest of the over is watched by the next who bides his time. Our fast bowler again resumes the attack, but without success.

The slow bowler now fixes the ball carefully in his hand, and as if reluctant to let it go, lets it slip from his fingers. More guile? Perhaps a mistake? Silly mid-off looks rather annoyed, and with an “I-told-you-so” look on his face watches the ball reach the off boundary.

Determined to make reparation the bowler hurls down four consecutive fast balls, but they are of no avail and runs are scored off them. A few snicks off the fast bowler and the score rises. But now we see his jaw pushed forward as he increases his run a few extra paces. He pounds down the field, scattering the mole-hills in his path, hurls himself at the wicket and sends the bails flying at the other end.

But who is this arriving? We are informed that this giant deposited all efforts to dislodge him the previous year over the boundary to the

tune of seventy runs. He plays the first ball to mid-wicket for a single and hears the end of the over announced. Will the puny slow bowler face him? He will! and the play resumes with a David and Goliath scene. Crack! An even higher and slower lob sails over the trees amid shouts of laughter from the Australians. Crack! Away the second soars, but not quite so far, and willing hands receive it at mid-wicket. The score stands at 6 for 30.

The first act of the drama is now almost finished. The rest of the wickets fall before lunch to the fast bowler, and we have trundled the Australians out for 52.

After *siesta* we resumed, but the weather had broken and the light was barely sufficient. Our opening batsman declared that he did not see the first ball, but realized that it had been delivered when his middle wicket flew from the ground. Further disaster came when four wickets fell in a row for a handful of runs, and but for two brothers-in-arms (and in blood) realizing that the only way to score runs was to hit the ball, and that the quickest method was to hit it to the boundary, a rout might have ensued. Twenty runs go up very quickly before one of them is caught by an acrobatic fielder on the boundary, at 6 for 43. While the other makes more runs, his partner is satisfied to keep his wicket intact. Fifty runs go up, but no one is going to betray his feelings until 53 are on the board. Each run is cheered with the half-voice of the breathless rather than of the disinterested. Fifty-one (a full-blooded drive stopped, short of the boundary), and the weaker batsman is facing the bowler. He misses the first ball, which fortunately also misses the wicket. The second ball hits the bat, which is twisted in the batsman's hands with the force, and races past point: two runs are scored and the game is ours. And the Ashes.

Such was the climax to a crowded year. We played twenty-eight games, had numerous practices, were beaten by the Beda and played the British Embassy twice.

This report would remain incomplete if we did not record that in the first match against the Embassy (in which Sir Victor Mallet captained the visiting side) their man at deep extra-cover was kept busy fielding a series of shots from the bat of our slogger. Unfortunately there is a crater six feet wide and one foot deep near that position and, despite his experience as a Sapper during the war, this valiant warrior simply could not manœuvre that hole. Every time he ran forward to hold an easy catch he found himself a foot shorter and, after a while, gave up the struggle to the Military Attaché who came on to take his place. We thank our visitors for two most enjoyable games.

In conclusion we extend our gratitude to Fr M. O'Leary for some excellent new equipment—especially for the bat, as our own are in very sad repair. Likewise to First Year who under the guidance of a returning old hand, carried across Europe for us some gear from St Mary's Hall.

P. DERBYSHIRE.

## OBITUARY

### THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR O'BRIEN ENGLAND

As far as I can remember, Henry O'Brien England came out to the Beda in my Third Year Philosophy, 1905. I was intrigued by his name "O'Brien England", a strange hybrid, connoting in this recently converted clergyman, Catholic blood in the past. He must have been nearly forty when he first came to Rome, and to me, a mere stripling still in the teens, he seemed quite elderly. To his contemporaries in the Beda he must have appeared "*profectae aetatis*" because he was at once dubbed with the sobriquet "Daddy". That was a nickname of universal respect and affection. He was so called because of his kindness to all, his fatherly interest in the affairs of his confrères and his deep, earnest piety, all of which placed him among the "Presbyters" or "Elders" of the College. An Iron Curtain divided the English and Beda Colleges, and although we had the same Rector and shared the same Refectory and Library, we of the Venerabile were not encouraged to consort with the "Inmates"—very variegated!—of the sister College. However, I made friends with many students of the Beda and with none more intimately than with Henry O'Brien England. I loved "Daddy"! He was a convert who was thoroughly converted, and Rome and her Faith became the passion of his life. Having completed the short course he left Rome before me and took with him to Westminster, where he spent the rest of his life, that *Romanità* that he loved so much. May he rest in peace.

H. A. HUNT.

### FATHER MAURICE (CHARLES) WATSON, O.P.

With the permission of the Editor of the *Dominican Annals* we publish the following obituary notice of Fr Charles Watson, who died on 4th November 1948. It is unfortunate that all contact had been lost with so venerable and remarkable an alumnus of the College. The College Diary has nothing to add to the following account. Fr Watson entered the College on 16th March 1878 and left on 1st July 1880.

"Father Maurice Watson was born in London on 7th January 1857, and thus was within two months of completing his ninety-second year.

His parents were non-Catholics and had him educated at King's College School, Strand, and it was at the close of his studies there that he made up his mind to enter the Church, being received at St Dominic's, London, by the saintly Fr Bertrand Wilberforce, who was then Prior, on Christmas Day 1873. In January 1874, he offered himself to Archbishop Manning as a candidate for the priesthood and was sent to complete his humanities at St Edmund's College, Ware, from which place he passed to St Thomas' Seminary, Hammersmith in 1876. In 1878 he was sent to the English College in Rome for his final studies and whilst there witnessed Cardinal Newman receive the Red Hat in May 1879. He was ordained priest by Cardinal Manning in the chapel of the English College, Rome, on 6th June 1880, and on his return to England was employed first as a professor at St Edmund's and then as a curate in the diocese. But in the early part of the year 1885 he sought and obtained leave to join the missionary society known as the Congregation of the Mission, called also Vincentians or Lazarists, and was sent that same year to work in China where he remained until 1895. At the end of that time he made up his mind to enter upon a more monastic form of life and with the consent of his superiors returned to England and made a retreat at the Charterhouse, Parkminster, and stayed six months with the Carthusians with the intention of joining them, but then realized his vocation lay elsewhere. He thereupon approached the Provincial, Fr John Proctor, with the request that he might be allowed to enter the Dominican Order, and the Provincial agreeing, he received the habit at Woodchester on 11th September 1896, being professed in the following year, 12th September. After his profession he began to give missions and retreats, and two years later was assigned to Hawkesyard to do the same work. In 1902 he was appointed to Leicester where he worked in the extensive parish attached to the Holy Cross Priory and also continued his labours as a missionary. In May 1904 he went back to China, this time to help the Spanish Dominicans in the Apostolic Vicariate of Amoy, but in 1905 he was asked to take up the post of naval chaplain to the China Squadron and served first on H.M.S. *Tamar* and then on H.M.S. *Bedford*, a large cruiser which foundered in 1910. Fr Maurice was rescued unhurt from the wreck but lost all his chaplain's kit and his books. Later he transferred to the battleship *Triumph* and remained attached to this vessel until the successful conclusion of the naval war in those waters in 1915 when the China Squadron ceased to exist. He then volunteered for military service and was commissioned chaplain to the Forces although in his fifty-ninth year, and went first to France and then to Egypt. On the expiry of his commission he was assigned to Hinckley where he assisted in the parish and continued his work of preaching missions and retreats. In 1929 he received a request from the Vicar Apostolic in Peking, Bishop Jarlin, to resume his missionary work in China, and at first the suggestion was favourably entertained by the Provincial, Fr Bede Jarrett, but on second thoughts he decided against it in view of Fr Maurice's age which was then seventy-two years.

In 1930 he was assigned to Hawkesyard where for a time he taught Church History and continued his activities as a missionary. He was

still giving retreats to clergy, both secular and regular, and to communities of religious women after his eightieth year. About ten years ago his eyesight began rapidly to fail and five years later he became almost completely blind, but he retained both his physical and mental faculties entirely unimpaired until within a few days of his death, which came to him very peacefully on the evening of 4th November, the feast day of St Charles, his baptismal patron, and he calmly breathed his last just as his brethren had finished singing the antiphon 'Salve Regina' at his bedside. He was in the ninety-second year of his age."

#### FATHER BENEDICT WILLIAMSON

Fr Benedict Williamson was born in London in 1868. He studied law and then architecture, and was received into the Church in 1896; he went to the Beda College, Rome, and was ordained priest in 1909. From 1909-15 he was given charge of the missions of Earlsfield and, later, Cobham. He hoped to restore the Bridgettine order, which he joined in England, and was made superior of the novitiate in 1912. He was still wearing the habit in 1919, but early in the twenties, I think, the hope had to be given up and he was secularized. In 1912 I first came in touch with him as editor of the *Catholic Review*, which he started in that year.<sup>1</sup> Next year he came out to Rome and was present at the obsequies of the Foundress of the "Blue Nuns" on the Celian. His tall spare form, grey habit, and his features, ascetic yet alight with charity, were arresting. Utterly free from human respect, alert in mind and body, he was on fire with zeal, yet always restrained, reserved, dignified, distinctly English. From 1913 he gave me his lifelong friendship.

In 1917 he became a military chaplain to the Forces and asked me to take over the editorship of the *Catholic Review* in the meantime, and to see through the press his book on *The Straight Religion* (1917). The fiercest passages of the fighting he shared, afterwards recounted in his *Happy Days in France and Flanders*. In one of his letters he told me it was like entering the gates of hell and coming back alive. The war, he said, had brought back many souls to God, and this explains the title of his book on it. He told me that the savage jargon of hatred and abuse then favoured by the secular press at home was unknown in his experience at the front, and that our soldiers spoke of the enemy with great good humour. If the bombing was heavy "Poor Fitz has a sore head this morning" was what one heard.

In 1919 he accepted my invitation to Plowden for a few days, and nobly preached on the Sunday, bringing in the fierce battle of Passchendael. Like Fr Vincent McNabb, he wore his habit with quiet fearlessness everywhere. Before he returned for good and all to the Rome he so loved (about 1923, I think) I met him once at Tyburn Convent. It was not a fast day but he was fasting and explained that he was doing a year's fast, as if it were but a trifle. Seeing my betrayed surprise he added "I am

<sup>1</sup> It was incorporated in *Blackfriars* in 1918.

doing it to get something", belike a friend's conversion. I mention this as one of very many tokens of the hidden life of suffering behind his ever-valiant cheerful bearing. In fact all who were privileged to know him look upon him (under correction) as a great saint.

I did not see him again until my Roman pilgrimage in 1927 when I found him happily settled on the Celian. Reluctant to touch on politics, I must not omit his joy in the Italian Revolution of 1922. In 1927 he came nearest to persuading me, but he could not reassure me about the pagan State-worship implicit in its authorized utterances, and thereafter we were apart in this one matter. I think he was mistaken in his facts regarding the Leader whom he represented as a devout Catholic and a keen Distributist. On one occasion he published in the great man's defence a *cento* from his speeches decidedly pro-Catholic, but it would have been easy to amass an equal selection decidedly pro-pagan. When I came to the Venerabile in October 1937 he made another effort to convert me, but we agreed henceforth to ban the subject between us, and I enjoyed an unclouded privilege of friendship and spiritual guidance for which I can never be thankful enough. It was the social side of Mussolini's work that most appealed to him, and further he believed the movement to be essentially of the Right (and I of the Left). Fr Benedict's spiritual guidance was indeed a privilege. He was never tired of urging "an immense confidence" in the loving mercy of God, and this was the keynote. The world was to him much as it was to Newman "a vision to dizzy and appal", but he was never gloomy.

Of his many books I had rather leave others to speak. To the end he was busy writing, and last used his pen to write a message announcing his own death, which followed a few minutes later, to a religious community. His books might be grouped under several classes, those dealing with the interior life, the war of 1914-18, lives of saints and holy servants of God, architecture, Catholic Social teaching and St Teresa of Lisieux. One of his last books harked back to the architecture he always loved, *How to Build a Church*. Besides this he wrote for journals and periodicals, and countless letters of spiritual counsel enriched and aided many souls in many countries. His visits to the hospital wards were constant and most fruitfully devoted and he awaited calmly his own end for years before it came, to the very last *in utrumque paratus*. Soon after my return last October I saw him in great pain but heroically cheerful under it. He rallied, and on the third day before his passing said he had no pain but much sickness. Eager to go to God, he was perfect in holy indifference. I knelt for his blessing; it was my last sight of him in this world. His eighty years had left him untouched by the world, and his end was peace. He left an autobiography in manuscript (whether finished or not I know not) and I understand that this will, God willing, be published. Meanwhile and always his life and work "smell sweet and blossom in the dust". In a letter of 15th February 1946 he wrote to me "My last book not yet published is on *Heaven*, the only country for which I am really home sick".

H. E. G. ROPE.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Origins of the Great Schism.* A study in fourteenth century history.  
Walter Ullmann J.U.D., F.R.Hist.S. (Burns Oates.) 18s.

Don Sturzo has said that when the battle of ideas ceases, war begins. In the different context of the society which is the Church this truth can also be applied, for it is true to say that when new ideas are abroad and a new mental attitude has unconsciously grown out of them, the Church is presented with a crisis. When into this play of ideas is introduced a spate of human passion and ambition, this crisis may prove serious to the unity of the Church. It is the greatest merit of Dr Ullmann's book that it sets the Great Schism against the background of what he rightly calls "a profound ideological crisis". (v.) Historians have too often over-emphasized the role of racial and national questions in the breakdown of the unity of the Church, forgetting that they are transposing into a former age concepts that were hardly born. These forces were at work, but chiefly "post factum". Others have suggested that the origin of this crisis is to be found in the violent opposition of schismatic cardinals to a pope sincerely bent on reform—but this "was merely contributory and ancillary to the eventual rupture" (p. 170). No one will accept the plea of the cardinals, the adherents of Clement VII, that Urban VI's election was null because it was caused by fear (which, according to the law of the time, was sufficient to invalidate an election). What then was the mainspring of the collapse of unity? It was a question of the law. In the eyes of fourteenth century jurists the law was found wanting. The Church was in danger of complete annihilation which humanly speaking seemed inevitable. Yet the law provided no means of healing the mortal wound. For, said they, the pope alone can summon the Council necessary to settle so important issues in which faith was involved; but should the pope refuse (granted the rightful claimant could be recognized), what then? Surely God would not permit His Church to be without the necessary legal machinery to save itself? Serious and sincere canonists examined the question and came to conclusions in dangerous conflict with dogma. But the point was that in the turbulence of that era the obvious clash



with the doctrine of the Primacy of Peter was not apparent. "The question was not one 'de lege lata', but one 'de lege ferenda'" (p. 175). The pope, once elected, though his rule might ruin the Church, was outside all human control: hence the attempt of the cardinals to render the election legally invalid. Perhaps we may be more in sympathy with the scholars of that time if we call to mind that Papal Power was not defined until 1870.

Dr Ullmann's thesis gives a new and enlightening perspective on events that seemed to spring from the most degrading of human motives. It confirms the truth, too often forgotten, that great movements and great conflicts spring from ideas. In the book he combines "juristic investigation with (the) purely historic analysis", and if there is any fault with this excellent study it is that 250 pages are not sufficient for his task. Much of the book is a refreshing rereading of ground already covered, the actual history of the year 1378. The author shows his deep experience of law in the handling of the evidence that demonstrates the invalid claims of the cardinals to upset Urban's election. As this is not seriously contested today, the reader is naturally impatient to see developed the "*idée mâttrise*" that is already insinuated in the early pages. Though the chapter on "The English Reaction" has obvious attractions for an English public, it does not serve to hasten the solution offered by the author to the fundamental causes of the schism. For the student the most interesting and satisfying presentation of this is in the concluding chapter and in the appendix. For a century or so before the breakdown, the Cardinals had grown accustomed to being the advisers of the popes in every matter of government, so much so that unconsciously they began to regard themselves as legislators. What was in the wind, was not so much a desire for "democratic government" ("The Conciliar Movement") but a firm intention of retaining this oligarchic structure. The cardinals in 1378 and after had not the slightest desire to call a council. The point at issue then was the rivalry between oligarchy and autocracy, the whole scene being inflamed by the fire of personal ambition and papal obstructionism and incompetence. Within a few years, almost inevitably, the idea of the power of the Church being invested in the whole of the society and not personally in its head spread into the universities and colleges, but this democratic swing of opinion post-dates, for the most part, the time of the schism. All this is presented by Dr Ullmann with a wealth of critical apparatus. In fact throughout the more "popular" parts of the book he does not fail to note his principal sources, which gives his work the value of a critical study. It seems that the work will take its place among the "text-books" of fourteenth century ecclesiastical history. It leaves the reader with a desire to see Dr Ullmann present to the public a full-scale inquiry into the legal causes of the Schism: his happy style is a guarantee that this, as in the case of the present work, would find a wide reading public.

ALAN CLARK.

*The Teaching of the Catholic Church.* A summary of Catholic Doctrine arranged and edited by Canon George D. Smith D.D., Ph.D. Pp. 1316. (B.O.W.) Two Volumes. 50s.

A collected and revised edition of the *Treasury of the Faith* series is certainly not unwelcome. There is still a great need of theological works in the English language. We are not only behindhand in the field of scholarship, having nothing to compare with the French in these matters, but we also need more books devoted to straightforward expositions of doctrine. It has often been remarked that the secular development of many Catholics is far in advance of their understanding of the truths of their religion, and that in matters of doctrine many have never left the penny catechism stage. While this is not so true now as it was some years ago, nevertheless any new book that will help to bridge the gap is to be welcomed.

The two volumes comprise thirty-five essays in all. There are two masterly introductory pieces by the Editor, Faith and revealed Truth and An Outline of Catholic Teaching, and then there follows the treatment of The One God, The Trinity, Creation, The Fall, Original Sin, The Redemption, Christ, Grace and the Virtues. Volume II is chiefly devoted to the Church and the Sacramental System. Each essay is the work of an expert and the doctrine is clearly put and what is opinion and what is dogma is clearly indicated. The Treatment is purely dogmatic in the sense that the work does not concern itself with apologetics. While the style is clear and concise, the unsuspecting layman should be warned that it is strictly a summary of Catholic Doctrine and makes no claim to be an attempt at simplification. It is not a Teach Yourself Theology or even a Theology Made Easy (if that phrase can be said to mean anything) and so it is quite possible that some will find the work rather strong meat. But this should not be a deterrent as a thorough understanding of the terms is an essential pre-requisite if one is to read theology seriously.

A criticism has been made that the series has not been sufficiently revised in the light of recent developments, but I do not think that this is a serious defect. The main purpose is to give the traditional teaching, and the new theories have yet to stand the test of time and gain a wide acceptance among theologians. There is an excellent index at the end and the only serious fault we have to find is the lack of a bibliography.

On the whole the work is well presented; the printing is excellent and the type is well set out on each page, but it is a pity that some pages are badly cut and that the margins are too narrow, thus giving an appearance of being cramped and leaving no room for private annotation. It is unfortunate too that present conditions do not allow a really good binding; one that will not disintegrate after a few months, but that will stand up to the constant use and wear that such a book as this deserves.

M. E. WILLIAMS.

*The Spiritual Letters of Father de Caussade S.J.* (Burns Oates.) 6s.

Fr de Caussade's book *Self-Abandonment to Divine Providence* is widely known and appreciated. His letters, however, are not very well known

though they are equally worthy of attention. They give the practical application of Fr de Caussade's principle of abandonment. For him it is the solution of all difficulties and the answer to all questions. In every letter there is this remarkable simplicity of outlook; the theme of abandoning oneself entirely to God's Providence runs through every page of the book. The advice is fundamentally always the same, and it is surprising that the constant repetition of this one idea does not become monotonous, but it never does. Perhaps it is because each letter throws a different light on the basic principle, and so there is always an element of novelty each time it is presented.

One cannot read the letters without being struck by their similarity to the writings of St Francis de Sales. There are many quotations from the works of St Francis, because most of the letters were addressed to contemplative nuns who were spiritual daughters of St Francis. But even apart from this there is that air of peace and gentleness and that careful avoidance of anything artificial or violent which inevitably calls to mind *The Introduction to the Devout Life*. For example take this brief passage: "You should pay no attention to distractions, but when you become aware of them, recall very gently your mind and above all your heart to faith in the presence of God and to the zest of your holy repose in His presence. If you cannot succeed in doing this, you have only to resign yourself. This cross of distractions is often more meritorious than prayer itself, for it unites our will with God's Will, in which lies all our good" (p. 39).

Some of Fr de Caussade's similes are very striking. "After this, remain in peace in the higher part of your soul whatever the storms and tempests devastating your lower nature. It is as if you were at the bottom of some great mountain where torrents of rain and hail are pouring, while on the summit, the weather is beautiful. Remain on those salutary heights so as to be protected from lightning and other disagreeable accidents" (p. 19).

Fr de Caussade shows clearly the distinction between self-abandonment and quietism: "But you will say, if it is enough to let us be passively guided what becomes of the proverb: 'Help yourself and God will help you'? I do not say that we must not act: no doubt we must help ourselves; to fold our arms and expect everything from Heaven whether in the order of nature or that of grace, would be an absurd and sinful quietism. But while we are co-operating with God we must never cease to follow His direction and lean upon Him. To act in this way is to act with assurance and consequently with calm" (p. 9).

The translation is excellent and reads very smoothly. At times the language is a little stilted, but that is the only defect and does not really detract from the merit of the whole.

MERVYN ALEXANDER.

*The Forsaken Fountain.* By Rosalind Murray. Pp. 210. (Hollis and Carter.) 12s. 6d.


An early Spiritual writer once said that if people who lived "in the world" came to realize the peace and happiness to be found in the religious

life, they would flock in their thousands to abbeys and convents and press for admittance. This view may be somewhat optimistic, even while allowing for the exuberance natural to one who has tasted the sweetness of a life "hidden with Christ in God", but we cannot deny the force of the argument when we extend it to include the Christian life in general, in the sense in which our Lord so often used to speak of the ways of the world as being in opposition to the true Way of life which He traced out for us. The daily work of a priest must bring him into contact with many people whose lives are tragically empty and insufficient; if they only knew the peace of mind and security which the Church offers, they would surely not hesitate to seek admission into her ranks. To present the truths of the Faith for their consideration is the function of the Catholic Apologist, whatever be the medium which his apologia assumes; whether it be an unemotional exposition of these truths or an analysis of the deficiencies inherent in any other way of life, or even an inspired appeal in the form of a modern novel.

Miss Murray, the writer of *The Good Pagan's Failure*, in her latest book combines the first two methods, to deal with a theme which would possibly be more happily expressed if made the subject of a novel. She sets before us the need for a more contemplative attitude to life, pointing out that only in the full light of Christian revelation can the desire of natural mysticism attain complete fruition. Her approach is by various metaphysical considerations, discussing in turn the method and value of various ways of knowledge, experiment, speculation and contemplation. Then the different types of contemplative are studied; the poet, representing the natural mystic, is contrasted with the saint. The great poet, in his moment of ecstasy, can claim to have been in contact with God "in the works of His hands"; his finest work is as it were a sharing in, an instrument of, God's own creative power. But the saint is in contact rather with God's holiness; his own self is transformed by Charity, so that his creative work is performed at the supernatural level. The vision of the true mystic is distinguished by his faith from that of the poet. In the last section of the book we are shown the respective roles of faith and grace in relation to mystical experience; true mysticism is not to be found save in the full acceptance of the supernatural order.

It may be objected that this book serves no useful purpose from the point of view of Catholic apologetics. It is true that its circulation will be rather limited: this is inevitable in a work of such a character. Yet when we consider the place which religious experience holds among non-Catholic theologians and others, and the dangers found in uninformed private interpretations of such mystical writers as St Teresa and St John of the Cross, we can see the value of such a scholarly treatise as this. The book is comparatively small and perhaps the discussion of so large a problem is unduly compressed and in some ways inadequate. Yet Miss Murray displays a profound knowledge of her subject. One is left in admiration of her grasp of Psychology and Metaphysics, and of the assurance with which she applies them to her theme.

JAMES MOLLOY.

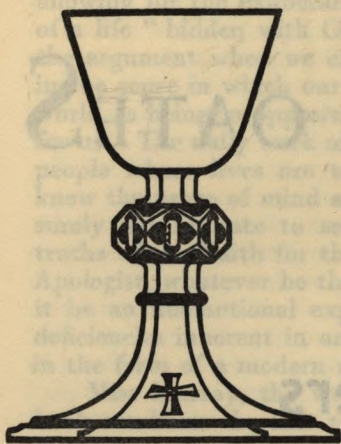
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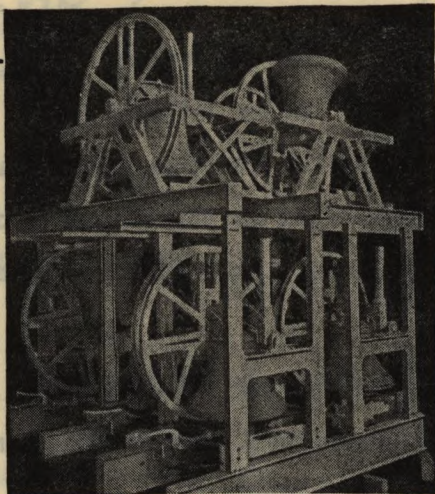
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