

THE VENERABILE

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EXETER

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EXETER



THE POPE VISITS PALAZZOLA

Pope Paul VI, just two months and a day after his election as Supreme Pontiff, paid an informal visit to Palazzola on the morning of 22nd August 1963. His Holiness arrived at about 9.15 a.m. He was greeted by the Rector and Vice Rector who escorted him up the carpeted steps, answering enquiries about the church's history and architecture as they went.

As the Holy Father walked to the prie-dieu at the altar steps the Schola sang *Tu es Petrus* (Refice) and continued with *Ave Maria* (Haller) while he prayed before the Blessed Sacrament. The Rector then made a short speech of welcome.

In reply the Pope, standing in the middle of the sanctuary, spoke first in English, and then continued in Italian. He explained that his coming was not an official visitation but only the friendly visit of a neighbour who also spent his holidays on the shores of Lake Albano. Touching on the history of England, especially its religious history, the tragedy of the Reformation but also the hopes and achievements of the last 100 years, the first glimmerings of a new dawn for English Catholicism, his thoughts turned to the present and future. 'You are', he said, 'one of the strategic points of the life of the Church, through whose work we look forward to greeting England once again as "The Dowry of Mary" and all of you, including all your fellow countrymen, as sons of one Church with a common faith and a common hope of salvation. May God give you strength for the task to which He has called you.'

To receive his training for the future ministry so near the See of Peter should not cause the English seminarian to be alienated from his native land, his own language or customs, but should give him the ability to understand, preserve and love them better and to be the instrument for calling down on his country, that great and blessed land, the blessings of Holy Mother Church.

'How many owe their civilisation to England?' the Holy Father continued. 'My good wishes and blessing must extend

therefore not only to you, to your families and to the dioceses from which you come, but also to all that wide, that world-wide, area which speaks the English language.'

His Holiness then led the congregation (which included students, nuns, servants, residents from the Villa Cardinale and some visitors) in the Pater Noster, adding an Ave Maria since the church was dedicated to Our Lady and in honour of her feast-day, the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. He then gave his blessing.

The Pope left the church, chatting with many people as he went, and passed through the Cortile into the garden, glancing with obvious appreciation at the newly-painted Common Room on the way, where a throne had been erected should inclement weather have precluded a gathering out of doors. Happily this was not the case and brilliant sunshine enabled the Pope to admire the kind of view from the terrace that has been all too rare in this rather fitful summer. He commented that our *vista* across the lake to his Villa was, if anything, better than the similar one he had of ours.

Then the Holy Father, seated on a modest predella, received all individually and distributed medals, at the same time chatting to the Rector and students about England and the College, incidentally displaying an impressive knowledge of both. After a few words of introduction from the Senior Student, the whole College sang *Let folly praise* by Blessed Robert Southwell. His Holiness next suggested a group photograph. He left the garden to a rousing and heartfelt *ad multos annos*.

Walking through the Cortile again, the Holy Father paid brief visits to the library and refectory where he read the plaques recording visits of his predecessors to Monte Porzio, and met the nuns, the caretaker's family and the servants, speaking and distributing medals to everyone in turn.

As he entered his waiting car, the Pope was again cheered by all. We were grateful when he personally insisted that the hood be left down as he was driven off, so that we could catch a final glimpse of him as he departed after his brief, homely, but highly successful and memorable visit to Palazzola.

This account of the Holy Father's visit would be incomplete without a few words of very sincere thanks and appreciation to His Excellency Monsignor Mario Nasalli Rocca di Corneliano, the Maestro di Camera to His Holiness, who did so much to help us on this truly historic occasion.

THE COSMIC SCIENCE OF GOD¹

‘And therefore let us consider how to incite one another to charity and to good works . . . exhorting one another, and this all the more as you see the day drawing near’ (Hebrews x, 24-25)—the day, that is, of the parousia, the day of Christ’s Second Coming.

In commenting on this particular verse of the Epistle to the Hebrews, St Thomas actually elaborates a law of spiritual gravity, long before Newton had devised his physics and his law of material gravity. St Thomas uses a very felicitous example to explain the ‘magis magisque’ of this verse. He says that just as a stone falling to earth increases in speed the nearer it approaches its centre, so likewise the soul of man, the nearer it approaches the term of its life, that great day of Christ’s Second Coming, should be inclining to him with ever greater intensity and ardour. It might be called the Law of Uniform Acceleration in the spiritual life. As we go on, and the longer we go on, there should be always a uniformly accelerated progress. This means very simply that those of us who today are ordained twenty or thirty years are, or should be, much holier than those who are starting out. If grace is grace, then in us, because grace has had much more opportunity to work, there should be a greater holiness and a greater Christ-likeness.

Progress is the law of life. Just as a child never remains a child but grows to puberty, to maturity and to manhood, so likewise there must be growth in the spiritual life. Without it

¹ The substance of this article was first given as one of the conferences during the Holy Week Retreat, April 1963.

you have that stunted thing, so ugly both in the world of material things and in the world of the spirit : a dwarf. Progress is the law of all spirituality, just as uniform acceleration is the law of physical gravity. This principle applies, then, to the transitus which we are all making in Christ and with Christ to the Father, to the death-resurrection that is uniting us to God and bringing us into his presence. In our Blessed Lord's life it all took place in a moment. In our lives it is something that is always going on, a gradual and continuous process.

Unfortunately, when we think of the resurrection, we always think in the thought-patterns of the Greeks. We tend to dichotomise body and soul and to see them as utterly separate entities. Consequently St Paul's description of the resurrection (I Cor. XV) seems to us very much like a magic abracadabra. There will be the blow of the trumpet and then, lo and behold, all our bones will come rattling together, the dust will gather from the four winds of the earth, the flesh will clothe us over, and we shall be adorned with those glorious gifts of agility and subtlety that will enable us to dart here and there and to pass through doors. To us that is often the whole meaning of resurrection. If so, we have completely missed the point, concentrating on what we might call the superficial gifts of the body so as to overlook the real meaning of the resurrection of the body. For to St Paul, thinking in the thought-patterns of the Hebrews, the body is the whole person : imagination, feelings, emotions, flesh, blood, heart, soul, spirit, and mind ; in one word, the whole man.

And since the whole man will arise, for St Paul the essential thing about the resurrection is that the whole man will be utterly like Christ. 'As is the heavenly man, such also are the heavenly.' (I Cor. xv, 48). For this reason no one in heaven is going to be a stranger to us ; we shall be able to greet *each one* and to love him as a long-lost brother. We shall know *everyone* through and through because we shall know Christ through and through, and every risen person will be another Christ in the fullest sense of the word. 'We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is' (I John iii, 2). In knowing Christ we shall know everyone else, for in everyone else there will be the lineaments of His face and the whole perfection of His spirit.

All through life we are working out our own resurrection. Day after day we are rising more and more. As we grow older,

if we have obeyed the law of acceleration, if we have progressed and grown in holiness, though our bones may ache with sciatica and we suffer from a wheezy asthmatic cough, though we may be half blind or half deaf, we shall be on the very verge and brink of our own glorious resurrection. To complete it we shall need only the gifts of subtlety and agility. Almost all the rest of the work will have been done already.

I shall have worked out my own resurrection in the course of my life. When I control an impulse or check an evil inclination, I am bringing a serenity into my disposition that is the serenity and self-control of Christ himself. Day by day, through meekness, gentleness and humility, I am taking on the mellowness of the personality of Christ. The more I become master of myself, the more do I radiate the presence of Christ into the life of every man with whom I come into contact. It would be a tragedy if, coming to the age of 60 or 70, I could show no greater measure of self-control than I had forty years previously. It would mean in fact that something had gone wrong in my spiritual life: that over the course of the years there had been no effective death to my own selfishness, no real, effective living to God through the resurrection of daily life with Christ. Progress is the law of life. Death-resurrection marks its every moment, so that all through life a man can really say he is rising with Christ, preparing for the final gifts which, on the day of resurrection, will consummate all of Christ's work and all of man's striving.

This is why the Greek Fathers referred to the Eucharist as the *Φαρμακον ἀφθαρσίας*, the medicine of immortality. Every time we receive Our Lord in Holy Communion our whole person is filled with new power to die to selfishness and to take on the attributes of Christ's risen life, a life utterly radiant with the fruits of the Spirit, with 'charity, joy, peace, patience, kindness, self-control' (see Gal. v, 22). Those words cut a character-profile of the risen Christ. They present also a character-profile of every one who each day is trying to die to self, to die to sin, in order to live with God in his risen Son. Progress, then, must be the watchword of the spiritual life: ceaseless and daily resurrection to be consummated when Our Lord comes again.

But progress is also the law of the world. It has often been pointed out that Catholics are not always the most committed people in the affairs of this world. It has been suggested that, because we have placed so much emphasis on eternity and the

spiritual, we have, as it were, created in people a Manichean fear of the material world in which they live. It is embarrassing to examine a programme of necessary political or social reform and find that there is not a single Catholic among the list of supporters. For too long a time Catholics have held back, afraid to involve themselves in the world. For too long a time they have earned the taunt : 'Ah, but they're living for eternity. They're living in the spirit. The world and the flesh can go to the devil.'

How foreign this is to God's plan ! For too long a time we have laboured under the dichotomy of natural and supernatural, material and spiritual. Looking upon the earthly, the material, as something tainted, we have failed to see it in the beautiful plan of God, that plan which he first uttered in the garden : 'Let us make man to our image and to our likeness and *let them have dominion*' (Gen. i, 26), let them rule this earth, let them cultivate this earth ; let them make this earth something glorious, that finally its perfection can be consummated in the glory of our Kingdom. The law of progress in our spiritual life is also the law of progress in bringing the world to God.

Too often, when we think of the end of the world, we think of a vast conflagration that will raze everything to the ground. We envisage a cataclysm that will destroy everything so that God may create an entirely new world. This is to miss the important point that in the great change which will take place, 99% of the work will already have been done by ourselves. Every technical advance, all cultural progress, all effort at humanistic development, every single project to make life more livable for men, to provide them with the comfort, the security and the material goods that they need to live for God—all this fits marvellously into God's plan that his kingdom should be the body of his Son, including all men and including that world which Christ's members have prepared as a worthy dwelling-place for the body which is so dear to him.

As priests, therefore, we must have minds fully open to everything that spells progress for men who are living in the world and for the world in which they live. Attempts to promote economic expansion, to raise the standard of living, to develop atomic energy for peaceful purposes, are attempts to accomplish in the world the progress which God intended. Cardinal Stritch of Chicago once received a deputation of Catholics to discuss the dangers of atomic warfare. He listened to their

crusade talk and then smiled benignly. 'My, but isn't it wonderful', he said, 'to think that through the balance of atoms we shall be able to do so much for men.'

We should rejoice at every career fostered, at every cultural project advanced, at every technological achievement, for these things are all working towards God's glorious plan that the world should grow in perfection 'magis magisque', until on the day of his Second Coming he can convert the total result of our labours into a glorious part of his kingdom, the abode of those whom he has saved with his own precious blood.

Nothing human should be foreign to us. We must be ready to support, to advance and to encourage any man in any field of human endeavour. The wider the range of activity in which Christian men and women are prominent, the wider is the area which can be conquered and won for Christ. If a young man has a talent for ballet, let us not hold him back. The ballet-stage, too, belongs to God. If a boy wants to become a test-pilot, let us not dissuade him by stressing the dangers of that avocation. We need people to make that kind of technological advance because, by giving what is best to that field, they are not only improving it in a material way but, through their presence there, they are filling it with Christ.

An old Newman chaplain at the University of Wisconsin once said that the most dynamic Catholic apostle he had on the campus was the head of the English department, a woman of deep refinement and vast erudition, who directed her classes with consummate competence and ranked as one of the most capable professors. She did not have to talk about the Faith. Her Faith spoke for her: not just her daily Mass and Holy Communion, but her ordinary actions. She put her whole heart into her work and tried always to develop and improve it. Thus through her very presence and activity she radiated the spirit of Christ.

It is true that the work of a priest, like that of Christ, is primarily spiritual, and his mentality therefore will, to a large extent, take its scope and perspective from that of the sacred ministry itself. At the same time, however, he must exercise his ministry in the world. His spiritual principles must become operative not in a vacuum but in the midst of men. Hence, in addition to his intellectual background in theology, a priest must seek a deep and personal culture, so that no area of human activity is alien to him. In his training he must fill

out his personality with as rich a knowledge of all things as is possible.

In this pursuit, two principles must govern him : that of proportion and that of motivation. The time he allots to absorbing a more general culture must not be at the expense of time that should be devoted to his professional studies. He must learn to give the greatest space to what is most important, and at the same time provide in due proportion for those other interests which a priest should have. Secondly, a priest must never forget his vocation. Whatever interests he may develop, his motive should always be the desire to be a more effective instrument as a priest. With that motivation and with that due proportion there will come a power for building up, for contributing greatly to the work of preparing the world for the glory of the parousia.

In our day Cardinal Bea offers significant example of a priest who has achieved that delicate and precise balance between the spiritual and material cultures which renders the minister of Christ a truly effective instrument of His glory. I knew him many years ago when he was still Father Bea. In those days you thought of him as a man who worked diligently through a perfectly ordered day. He had his hour for this and his two hours for that. The rule of his life was inflexible. Today he stands before the world as rich in his vast outlook on ecumenism and fully *au courant* with everything that everyone else is interested in. He can meet anyone outside the Church on a perfect level because he is at once so widely cultured and so completely steeped in the doctrine of the Church. The long years of growth, of controlled study, have now borne their fruit, though no one could have foreseen in the years past the glorious future that was waiting for him in the hour of life's gloaming.

Growth is a slow process, not easily described and often unnoticed. But it can and must be controlled, both in the spiritual and material spheres. It is the particular position of a priest to form a bridge between these two worlds, neither neglecting the one nor despising the other. His life and teaching should be a convincing example and should lead others to realise the tremendous cosmic science of God : that Christ may be in all things and through all things, that he may bring all men and all things to his Father.

BARNABAS AHERN, C.P.

NE GREGI DESIT CURA PASTORIS¹

Those who have spent the last six years in the College will take away with them memories of three popes, Pius XII, John XXIII and Paul VI, and it is many years since a whole pontificate fell within the seven year term here. Yet despite the brevity of Pope John's reign, it will surely rank as one of the most momentous in the history of the Church, not merely because of what he achieved but because of what he was.

It is interesting now to look back on those October days in 1958. For most of us Pope Pius XII was part of the landscape. He was a great pope, already secure of his place in history before he died. His reign had lasted nineteen years, his great encyclicals were recognised as a massive development of the Church's teaching, and his numerous addresses on social problems made it clear that the *aggiornamento* of the Church had already begun. He was a Roman, and the strength he gave the City in 1944 and in the difficult years after the Liberation made Rome without him unthinkable.

Then he died at Castelgandolfo ; rather ironically, he was the first pope for many years to die outside Rome. In the College we heard the church bells tolling late at night, and the October retreat ended early. We took part in the long and impressive funeral procession from the Lateran. As we reached St Peter's, night was falling, and the floodlights made the scene a dramatic one. Then the Conclave followed, with much speculation on who would be elected. One evening, after a characteristically indeterminate smoke signal, everyone for

¹ Cf. the alternative Postcommunion prayer of the Mass *Si diligis*.

some reason waited. After half an hour, darkness having fallen, the lights went on in the Hall of Benedictions and we realised, rather surprised, that there had been an election. In marched the detachments of the Italian armed forces, and as we looked at the façade of St Peter's, ghostly white in the floodlighting, we learnt that we had a pope, Cardinal Angelo Roncalli, John XXIII.

Everyone was pleased and no one was excited. The usual post-mortems of the Conclave were held; it seemed evident that a compromise candidate had been elected. The work of Pope Pius would be consolidated and everyone would have a breathing-space for a few years. The life of the new pope gave us no clue of what was in fact to follow. He had served the Church with distinction in ecclesiastical diplomatic posts in Sofia, Istanbul and Paris, and then had been made Cardinal, and Patriarch of Venice. It all seemed predictable enough, and there was nothing to prepare us for the historic pontificate then beginning.

It would have been surprising if anyone had correctly foretold the course of events. Few knowledgeable people considered the times propitious for an Ecumenical Council, at least humanly speaking. Pope John stressed that the idea came to him while praying, as an inspiration rather than as a considered stroke of policy. The course of the pontificate was unpredictable for another reason: only people who already knew Angelo Roncalli could possibly foresee what he would be like as Pope. With other men, it might be possible to forecast their policies; in the case of Pope John his achievements were the result not of policies but of the sort of man he was, a man of great personal sanctity, full of charity and humility, yet with great humour and simplicity, which made him 'simpatico' to all.

It did not take long for the humanity of the new pope to make itself felt both in Rome and, through modern mass media of communication, throughout the world. The things that caught our attention were little things, the visits to a children's hospital and to the Regina Caeli prison at Christmas—'You cannot come to see me, so I have come to see you'. He raised the wages of everyone in the Vatican City, including the cardinals', some of whom were in real need. Of the bearers of the sedia gestatoria he said: 'They have more to carry now that I am Pope, so it is only fair that they should be paid more!' It is

an everyday occurrence for one man to ask another to have a drink with him, but when Pope John invited a Vatican gardener to join him in a casual glass of wine, the result was that for many the Papacy was transformed from an institution into a person.

The closest the College ever came to Pope John was at the private audience last year, given in recognition of the sixth centenary of the foundation of the Hospice. It is still fresh in our minds how the Pope transformed what could have been a formal occasion by the asides he slipped into his prepared speech.

The impression made by Pope John's great warmth of personality has meant that his great intellectual gifts have been overlooked by many. Yet his encyclicals *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris* together with his historical works on his own diocese, and especially on St Charles Borromeo, will prevent any such mistake in the future.

Television especially made Pope John's impact on the world even greater than it would otherwise have been, but the Pope himself by his journeys round Rome made the Papacy a thing of flesh and blood to the Italians once more. For the first time we realised what had been lost in the years when the pope was the 'prisoner of the Vatican'. Pope John's visit by train to Loreto and Assisi, the first time the Vatican railway station had ever been used by a pope, made it possible for many people to see him who would never have made their way to Rome. It also produced yet another 'Pope John story'. He left the train at a small station to stretch his legs; in chatting with the station master, he discovered that they had both attended the same seminary. 'We've both come a good way since then', said Pope John. 'Yes', replied the station master, 'but you've gone rather further than me!' The Pope was never able to visit Monte Cassino, much as he looked forward to doing so; his last journey outside the Vatican City was to the Quirinal, and for most of us this was our last sight of Pope John alive.

Yet Pope John will probably be remembered most because of the Council. To call it at all was an act of tremendous courage in view of the difficulties inherent in it and the opposition prevalent among many. During the preparations, and during the first session itself, it was impressive to see how Pope John listened to all, no matter what their opinion. When tempted to be anxious as to the outcome he would remind himself that

it was all in God's hands, saying : 'Now, Angelo, do not make yourself too important.' But all along he had the purpose of the Council before his eyes, the *aggiornamento* of the Church, that she may unite all. When someone complained during the preparation that the ecumenical slant had completely receded, he said : 'Don't worry ; in a while I shall bring it back again.' The significance of his intervention after the ambiguous vote on the schema 'De Fontibus' is too well known to need more than a mention here.

Pope John's death took no one by surprise. For months, although no official announcement had been made, it was well known that he was a very sick man. Had he wished, he could no doubt have taken life more easily, but as he himself said, a sick pope is no use. So he kept his illness and its gravity as secret as he could, worked as usual until he could do no more and then died.

During the four or five days when it was known that the Pope was dying he was in everyone's mind, and people stopped one in the street for the latest news. Day and night the Square of St Peter's was never empty ; all eyes were on the lighted window of the Pope's bedroom. As the details of his prolonged death-agony became known, it was soon clear that Pope John's death would be as full of meaning for us as his life had been. His patience and serenity were apparent in everything he said : 'I have been able to follow the course of my death step by step.' St John's Gospel was often on his lips : 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' As always, other people were foremost in his mind, and he said to his secretary, Monsignor Capovilla : 'Don't forget ; when all this is over, go and see your mother.'

There could be no finer example of a Christian death, and the memory of it will strengthen many when they come to die. Pope John regretted that he was unable to say Mass, but was told : 'Holy Father, this bed is your altar on which you can offer the sacrifice of your life in union with the death of Our Lord.' There could be no better summary of his death. Milton's words in *Samson Agonistes* came spontaneously to mind and have remained :

*Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.*

The news of Pope Paul's election came at about noon on a hot June day. The sun was beating down on the façade of St Peter's, and the sight of the late Pope's coat of arms hanging from the central balcony brought back memories of that cool October evening four and a half years before, when the crowds gathered to hear the news of the election of Pope John. It was not long before the processional cross appeared on the loggia, and we heard Cardinal Ottaviani announce in a strong and clear voice that we had a pope, John Baptist Cardinal Montini, Archbishop of Milan, who would reign as Paul VI.

He was best known before his election as one of the two Pro-secretaries of State to Pius XII, and then as Archbishop of Milan, and during the first session of the Council he is reputed to have done much to reconcile diverging opinions. Although his name is linked with the so-called 'progressive' trend, he is not a 'party' man, and this was reflected in the brevity of the Conclave: he was acceptable to all.

None the less, it was soon obvious that he meant to follow in Pope John's path. The choice of the name Paul was significant, especially in view of the words of the Epistle for the feast of the Sacred Heart, the day of the new Pope's election: '... on me, least as I am of all the saints, he has bestowed this privilege, of making known to the Gentiles the unfathomable riches of Christ.' In his message to the world, Pope Paul announced that the Council would continue and would constitute the main work of his pontificate.

Pope Paul has followed his predecessor in the little things too; for example, prisoners all over Italy had an extra good dinner at his expense on the day of his coronation.

From an English College point of view, we particularly welcomed his visit to Palazzola on 22nd August, the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Pope stressed that this was not an official visit but just a neighbourly one to show his friendship and interest. After a short impromptu speech from the centre of the sanctuary, Pope Paul led us in prayer and gave us his blessing, the blessing, as he said, 'dell'ultimo e più piccolo Vicario di Cristo, ma sempre autentico erede e successore del Principe degli Apostoli'.

BRIAN NEWNS.

ROMANESQUE

SEDE VACANTE : TV OR NOT TV

You may wonder, dear reader, why on earth a Romanesque should be written on television. With reason, for in fact my instructions were to write about the Sede Vacante, 1963. At this point, however, it should be remembered that the Sede Vacante in question took place in June. And June for a Roman student is no Saturnalia. With June come exams and all the stresses and strains attendant on them. In such a rarified atmosphere the trivial frequently becomes momentarily the paramount. Thus molehills become mountains, and every teacup shelters a potential storm. (Who slammed that door? *Who* slammed that door?) This may go some way to explain why my memories of the Sede Vacante, 1963 are dominated by such an incidental (though hardly trivial) happening as the advent of the television. Romanescapism, perhaps?

It was a large modern-looking machine with a sort of glass side. Some said from the outset that it was a television set, but that, of course, was unthinkable. A television set in a seminary? Whatever next! Of course, we had read all about them in the *Clergy Review*, and knew that they were for putting moral theology across to the people in a digestible form. Curates, apparently, might find them helpful in their work. But in a seminary—well . . .

Such idle speculations were, however, terminated when one practical intellect had a look at the box in which the machine had arrived. There, in letters a foot high, was the legend :

TELEVISORE—FRAGILE. There could be no further doubt : the College had acquired a television set.

While we were pondering on all the implications involved (will it get England ?), one of Top Year unanimously decided that someone should fetch an electrician, or Germano—preferably Germano. Within a moment Germano was there in our midst, scarcely less excited than ourselves, and with him a business-like character, presumably a representative of Messrs Fragile Ltd. In next to no time they had waved their screw-drivers and *cerca-fase* and we were transported to a garish baroque sacristy, spellbound before the vicissitudes of Carlo and Maria. They seemed to be having a terrible time at the hands of Monsignore Parroco, who, for some reason best known to himself, could not permit himself to marry them. So this was the curate's Utopia.

But such secular entertainment could never be the *terminus ad quem* of the purchase. Even the most studious of us knew that outside there was a Sede Vacante in progress. So, whenever there was a function televised, we could go along to the Common Room and watch the girations of ubiquitous *cerimonieri* in St Peter's.

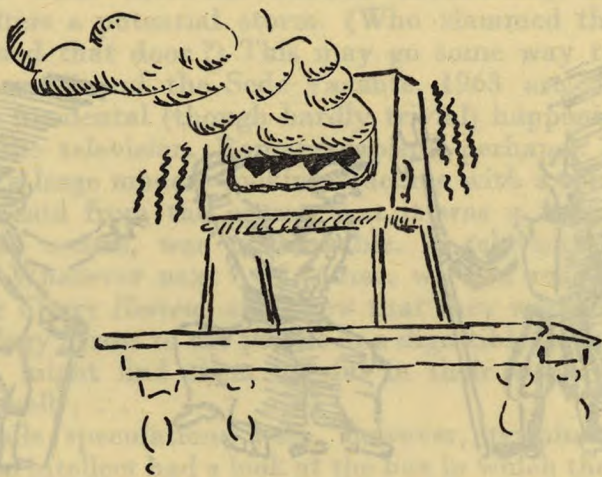
All went well for a day or two until it struck someone that we were seeing the very same thing as everyone in England. This *was* a bit worrying until some alert mind pointed out that the commentary was in Italian—which made us feel much better.



'Arguing with guards and flunkeys'

The chief interest in watching television was undoubtedly to see the antics of one's fellow-students in St Peter's. Every swing of the camera would give us a new view of some distinguished Venerabilino. The more experienced were to be found chatting casually with ambassadors (and what do you feel about Church-State relations in Mauritania, Excellency?). The neophytes were revealed in dark corners, arguing fiercely with guards and flunkys of every shape, size and colour (Lo so, ma io sono Inglese!). There were also one or two good shots of the ceremonies.

Nevertheless, television had its drawbacks too. For one thing, it was treated with great contempt by the nucleus of men-with-inside-information. Was this because the commentator tended to contradict them? For another, like all things new, it was doomed to become a source of dissension. It had the effect of splitting the student body into two sharply divided groups. There was the 'It's-the-atmosphere-that-counts' group. Its members were to be seen, either on the television screen itself, or else rushing frantically around the corridors trying to raise a cam. Not for them the artificial joys and despised comforts of the new-fangled contrivance. What's the point of coming to Rome if you watch everything on TV? Infinitely better to be in the thick of the crowd, to breathe the same air as Cardinals and *Onorevoli*, to capture the excitement of a



'White Smoke'

Roman mob (Padre . . . per favore, mi dia qualche cosa . . .). The other group comprised, paradoxically, both those who by nature despise all unnecessary activity (Me, stand in a crowd?), and those who were surfeited with frenzied activity of an academic nature (I've just come for the first five minutes).

However, as hopes of infiltrating into the Sistine Chapel grew fewer, so *pari passu* the machine came to be taken for granted, and the set really came into its own during the Conclave. Only a remnant were loyal enough to make the journey to the Piazza for each *fumata*, while it was only too easy to go to the Common Room to check on the colour of the smoke.

And so it was that I was quietly putting the finishing touches to my understanding of the Trinity, when a cry came up from the neighbouring Common Room—WHITE SMOKE. My first reaction was one of horror. Some unskilled person had turned the wrong knob—better fetch Germano, quick . . . Having poked my head round my door some three seconds later, I was relieved to see that all the smoke was on the screen. In fact, clouds of it were pouring from one side of the screen to the other—all patently white. That was enough. Here was a chance to watch the Trinity in action—and it had better be the right man! Wings—and a quick dash for the Monserrà and St Peter's. This was one occasion when atmosphere was essential. A long wait in the noonday sun (today Romans as well as the Mad Dogs were out), and then the announcement—which I heard, not *viva voce*, but through a friendly native's transistor set . . .

Perhaps, by way of an epilogue, I should add that I was unable to go to the Coronation, since I was in retreat. But the Father Rector of the House of Exercises very kindly invited us to watch it—yes—on his TV.

PETER JONES.

ITALIAN ELECTIONS, 1963

Anyone who toured Italy about Easter time will not forget the election campaign in a hurry. It all began some weeks before Easter at what seemed to many an exorbitant pace even allowing for the extravagance which one usually associates with Italian sport. Banners hung across the streets fluttering their legend : *sempre fiducia, avanti con la D.C., per la pace, vota comunista*, and even one or two *mai come adesso* flags left over from last time. In the centre of Rome pedestrians slushed ankle-deep through the propaganda. It became a battle of wits to see who could get rid of the most paper in the shortest time ; so inevitably helicopters played their part in the strategy and we had two or three air-raids a day. Pamphlets dropped from the sky could alight on the inaccessible with the sticky persistence of an Egyptian plague.

During Easter Week itself there were organised mass meetings in the evenings. The Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, who has a great reputation as a public speaker, addressed a gathering in the Piazza del Popolo where he vented his unambiguous feelings on the Establishment with May-Day vigour. The Fascists staged a revivalist meeting in the Piazza Navona which drew a fair crowd. The surprising number of students present gave this the atmosphere of a university rag-day ; they pressed passers-by with even more leaflets, and the tourists who sat outside the cafés sipping their drinks stared in amazement at the feast of colour and the affected, toy-soldier regimentation.

The Christian Democrats had their rendezvous in the square near St John Lateran ; this served as a morale booster to Fan-

fani and his colleagues, who were receiving from many quarters a venomous torrent of abuse of a type which is only just beginning to appear in public politics in England.

The campaign began to peter out early, rather like a miler with nothing left for the last quarter, and it was little wonder that many grew irritated with all the paper and talk and began longing for normal television programmes to be resumed.

One thing was striking about the techniques adopted throughout the election. A Communist poster would merely say, *se vuole mangiare vota per X*, or, *se non vuole mangiare vota per Y*, and attached there might be a relevant portrait of X or a cartoon of Y; so simple, in fact, that it would get across to the *analphabet* vote. Posters put up by the other parties were not so direct. If one had the patience to read beyond a paragraph of some placards, the galaxy of abstract nouns and four-syllable words left a feeling of musical emptiness. Ideological patter appeals no more to Italians than it does to anyone else. A glowing family Fiat scene looking like an advertisement for petrol, or impressive statistics about the economic miracle somewhere up north cut little ice with old women chopping stones on the slopes of the Abruzzi. In fact, this sort of propaganda is a butt for the cynicism of the not-so-affluent young men who filter in and out of the bars in Trastevere.

For some people, to vote Communist was to register a protest not so much that things were not happening somewhere—after all, the Fiats and flats of today are the Lambrettas and open spaces of yesterday—but that nothing was happening in their own world. To vote Communist had nothing to do with the dialectic; icy doctrinaire melts in the Italian sunshine, anyway. It is a Communism calling for no act of faith in a system, but rather asking for more bread on the table and a fairer deal from those at the other end of the social totem-pole. A troupe of young Italian Communist film stars and actors gave a show in Moscow and their success suggests the appeal of this spacious 'Communism without tears'. Older people took the line that there were no outstanding characters like De Gaspari and Sforza, the same faces had been seen for too long and there was dissension in the ranks anyway; they were more prepared to look elsewhere.

To catalogue the museum of Italian parties is the work of the connoisseur and the average Italian seems as mesmerized by it all as the Reuter reporter. '*Tutti sono lo stesso*', says the

old man, glass in hand. '*Tutti sono buoni*', replies the barman, wryly rolling the 'o'. However, in this election, a party's attitude to the *apertura a sinistra* provided a popular yardstick for judging its merits.

To act as a working government, the Christian Democrats had required the support of other parties, and among these the Saragat Socialists had threatened to withdraw if a land reform bill was voted out. The Christian Democrats had then made overtures to the Nenni Socialists (these, unlike Saragat, have in the past been boycotted by the British Labour Party) and conceded the nationalisation of electricity on condition that Nenni would not block other government measures in the Camera. The Liberals and Fascists were violently opposed to any such flirtation with the Left and spent a fortune saying so. They dubbed the Christian Democrats crypto-Communists and courted the Catholic vote by painting dark pictures of Italy as a godless satellite in the seventies. The Communists, on the other hand, were naturally urging people to go the whole way, 'enough of this milky socialism'. With Nenni's party also split on the issue, it was obvious that the Christian Democrats could not escape without scratches.

The Church, in her more clearly shown interest for the singer as well as the song, may well have appeared more tolerant of the presence of so many card-holding Communists in Italy, but Catholics obviously were forbidden to vote Communist. The Communists seized on carefully chosen snippets from the new encyclical, '*Pacem in Terris*', and presented them as the green light to Italian Communism; they then urged any potential Christian Democrat voter who was still wavering not to imagine for a moment that the spring-cleaning taking place in the Church had removed any of the post-war cobwebs from the Christian Democrat party.

As a last minute stab at the Fascists, the Communists, who are the last people to drop any catches in the field, gave full coverage to the execution of Grimau in Spain. This opportunist vote-catching enables them to adopt a policy of decentralisation and press regional autonomy; and they know, too, how to raise a storm over the scandal of tax-evasion said to be widespread in Italy.

'Italy will never go Communist', says a man in a train. 'The women outnumber the men, and the women go to confession.' '*Italia va Comunista*', croaks *Unità*, and the people

stare in silence at the headline ; 94% of the electorate voted and the Communists gained well over a million votes.

Why did this happen ? In their campaign, the Communists had observed a pious check on their normal anti-clerical broadsides, yet had thrown enough mud for some of it to stick, but their largely negative platform can hardly account for the minor landslide especially in the booming, industrial triangle of Milan, Turin and Genoa where the Communist successes baffled everyone including themselves. They had the advantage of being the bulkiest alternative to a party which had been in power for a long time and which was finding it difficult to maintain discipline amid internal dissension. To vote Communist was a temptation to make a vote matter and to simplify a complicated business. The Socialists gained in some areas from a disenchanted electorate, but lost to the Communists in others. While the Liberals and Fascists took votes and money away from the Christian Democrats, the final reckoning showed a narrowing of the gap between the two major parties.

If there was an air about this election that 'it was not as naughty as all that to vote Communist', and if this in turn was traced to some extent to Pope John's handshake with Kruschev's son-in-law and to half a sentence in the middle of 'Pacem in Terris', it is a fair comment on the Italian situation as a whole. Practically all the Communists will be baptised and most of them will want to marry and die *con tutti i conforti religiosi*. There are contributory factors that may have played a part : the seeming failure of the Christian message to make any impact on a rapidly growing urban society coupled perhaps with inadequate religious instruction in the schools, and a certain barrier between priest and people, particularly in the cities, which, if it is the complaint of Italian laymen, is also a constant source of anguish to the Italian priest.

After the election a magazine sported a cover showing a priest's hat and cassock with a hammer and sickle acting as the face ; a few workmen wearing newspaper hats grinned, and some clerics grinned too. Taking the long-term view, could it be that some good has been achieved after all ?

DAVID MCGARRY.

ST VINCENT PALLOTTI AND THE COLLEGE

The ties that existed between the English College and St Philip Neri are well known to most of us. But not so well known are the equally close connections between the College and St Vincent Pallotti, Rome's 'second St Philip', who was canonised on 20th January of this year. As well as living and working in the immediate neighbourhood, he came into direct contact with the students, probably through the agency of Dr Wiseman, the Rector at that time. Indeed, it seems probable that he acted as spiritual director to the College from the early 1830's to 1840, when Wiseman left Rome.¹

St Vincent was a Roman diocesan priest who, consumed by the apostolic desire 'to revive the faith and rekindle charity in Catholic countries, and to propagiate that faith and charity amongst non-Catholics and infidels',² founded in 1835 a new missionary society of priests and lay-people. The society was that of the Catholic Apostolate, and its first home was quite near the College, at the church of Santo Spirito in Via Giulia. Pallotti was a man devoured by charity, spending his days in hearing confessions and preaching, and a large part of his nights in prayer, and his zeal soon showed practical effects in the foundation of a home for 'girls who were abandoned or in

¹ See THE VENERABLE, XIV, 319 (May 1950).

² R. Melia, *Life of Father Pallotti* (London 1871), p. 23. This work forms the basis of much of this article. Raphael Melia was one of the founder-members of the Society of the Catholic Apostolate. His biography relies entirely on the sworn evidence submitted in the first stages of the canonisation process (Pallotti was declared 'Venerable' in 1870), supplemented by his own personal recollections.



Pope John leaving St Peter's after the Canonisation of St Vincent Pallotti

danger'. His next foundation again brings us back to the Via Giulia, because it was there³ that he set up the first Roman night school for the poor working lads who used to follow him around when he preached in the open. His work among the young, the sick, the poor and the abandoned soon made his name familiar all over Rome. His reputation for personal sanctity added to the impact of his work, and the complacent religious life of the Rome of that time began to stir. Vincent's enthusiasm was spreading.

It was while he was concerning himself particularly with spreading among the Romans an interest in the foreign missions that we find mention of direct contact between him and the English College. This may well have been one of the reasons that influenced Wiseman to introduce him to the students, perhaps as part of his plan to inspire the students with missionary zeal. Certainly, St Vincent used to say that from the College was to result the return of Protestant England to the Church.

During this same period, he was giving spiritual direction also to the Scots, Irish and Greek colleges, as well as to his chief cares, the Roman Seminary and Propaganda Fide college. He used to spend hours every day in hearing the students' confessions⁴ and during the summer villa-period spent many days at the same task, travelling out of Rome on foot to the holiday residences of the two last-named colleges.

The solemn Epiphany Octave is still an annual feature of Roman and College life. It was started by Pallotti in 1835 at the Santo Spirito church in Via Giulia but was in the following year transferred to its present venue at Sant'Andrea della Valle. Its declared aim rings a strikingly topical note in these days of the Second Vatican Council: 'for the reunion of separated Eastern Christians with Rome'. Our associations with the Octave certainly date back to 1836, when Wiseman preached during it, and it is more than probable that we were supplying *assistenza* and singers and providing a preacher even in its very first year.⁵

³ Close to the church of San Nicola degli Incoronati (Melia, p. 40). The church itself he re-established as a night oratory, the first of several; there 'he heard confessions, preached, catechized and from it went to preach in the neighbouring square of S. Lucia del Gonfalone' (ibid., p. 64).

⁴ A comment of interest to present-day students: 'He was so discreet that he did not suffer the students to lose their usual walk through confession' (Melia, p. 45).

⁵ 'In 1835 . . . to indicate that the Saviour came to form of the whole world one sole family, Vincent called before the Divine Infant, to pray for the propagation of the faith, all the gradations of the ecclesiastical hierarchy . . . seminaries, colleges . . . to assist alternately at the functions. Every day, besides the Mass in one of the Oriental rites and sermons in diverse languages, a religious of the Latin rite sang High Mass; one or more of the seminaries and colleges served at the altar in the evening, and a Cardinal gave solemn Benediction' (Melia, p. 29).

Yet another contact between the new Saint and the College is possibly to be found in the visits that Wiseman started making to the hospital of Santo Spirito in Sassia with small groups of students during the cholera epidemic of 1837.⁶ Vincent carried on his main apostolate among the sick there at this time, and it is on record that during the epidemic he 'placed himself at the head of numerous zealous ecclesiastics, and with them began the beautiful work of assisting the infected'. It is interesting to note that English College students started visiting the same hospital again in 1962.

Wiseman then seems to have been responsible for procuring the help of this holy and apostolic priest in the formation of the students. But the connection between himself and Vincent was not confined only to college affairs. He joined the Society of the Catholic Apostolate in 1837, two years after its foundation,⁷ and in 1839 consulted Pallotti as to the best means of propagating the Forty-Hour devotion in England.⁸ It was probably Wiseman too who introduced the convert Anglicans with whom Vincent held conversations concerning the conversion prospects in England. Perhaps the most striking example is the confession by Wiseman that he went to St Vincent on one occasion when he was suffering a crisis of doubt about the faith: after a few moments' prayer, the Saint told Wiseman, to his great surprise, to devote himself in an active way to promoting the foreign missions—a surer remedy than any intellectual enquiry.⁹ It was the still active memory of this interview that, according to Wiseman, made him encourage Father (later Cardinal) Vaughan so strongly in 1860 to found a College for Foreign Missions in England. We can recall too that it was Wiseman, when Cardinal, who invited Vincent to come to England to organise the Italian mission, although Vincent found himself unable to do so. And it was to priests of the Society for the Catholic Apostolate that the Cardinal entrusted the care of the Italian church in London,¹⁰ which was opened in 1863 in the presence of all the English bishops. Finally it was a priest of the same Society who was Wiseman's confessor at the time of his death.¹¹

⁶ THE VENERABLE, IV, 60 (October 1928).

⁷ THE VENERABLE, XIV, 320 (May 1950).

⁸ W. Ward, *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, I, 309.

⁹ THE VENERABLE, XIV, 320-1 (May 1950).

¹⁰ St Vincent contributed £1,500 towards the cost of building it.

¹¹ W. Ward, *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, II, 510.

It was the English College's good fortune to have enjoyed the influence, at a crucial time in its history, of a man imbued with so dynamic an idea of the Church's apostolate. His basic vision was that of the Church in a state of mission—both within and without, at home and abroad. And it is perhaps because we ourselves are living in a time when the Church is trying to embody this ideal to the full that we gladly call on the prayers of St Vincent Pallotti to help us to realise it.

CLYDE JOHNSON.

NOVA ET VETERA

ROMAN ASSOCIATION MEETING, 1963

The annual meeting of the Association was held at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, on Wednesday, 5th June. The President, the Rev. Dr L. W. Jones, was in the chair.

The *De Profundis* was recited for the repose of the souls of His Holiness Pope John XXIII and of deceased members.

The Secretary reported that a scholarship had been awarded to Mr C. Pilkington of St Bede's College, Manchester. The proposal of the Treasurer, the Right Reverend Mgr Canon E. Atkinson, that two scholarships should be offered for competition in 1964, was adopted.

His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham, the Very Reverend Canon H. Withers, administrator of the Cathedral, and forty members were present at the Dinner on the Tuesday evening.

The Right Reverend Mgr T. Duggan was elected President for the next year. Revv. J. Molloy, E. Coonan and P. J. Pedrick were appointed to the Council. Revv. C. Budd, B. Chestle, A. O'Sullivan, J. Allen, J. Hine and F. Thomas were elected members.

At the luncheon on 5th June following the general meeting sixty-four members were present. The Vice-Rector of the College, the Very Reverend Mgr A. Clark, replied to the President's toast of the College and the Association.

Next year the meeting will be in Manchester on 20th May.

J. GROAKE, *Secretary.*

FROM 'THE VENERABLE' 40 YEARS AGO

THE ROYAL VISIT TO ROME

'Precisely at 3.0 p.m. three big grey airships hovered over us, accompanied by a large aeroplane and several smaller planes. This was the first indication of the arrival of the visitors, for this aerial fleet had left Rome to meet the royal train and had accompanied it on the way. At the station, King George and Queen Mary were received by the King and Queen of Italy . . .

The Cardinal Secretary of State . . . conversed in private with his Royal Visitors for about 10 minutes. After the audience . . . Their Majesties condescended once more, as they had done on entering, to speak a few words to the students inquiring about their war-service. The King and Queen then descended the Papal stairs . . . and entered their motor-car . . . As the car entered the Cortile Pappagallo from that of San Damaso it was stormed by the students and forced to stop, and one of our First Year, assisted by one of the Scotsmen, opened the door of the Royal car and presented to the Queen a large bouquet of roses with an inscription in the Rector's writing: "A token of loyalty and respect from the British clerical students in Rome. May 9th. 1923". The Queen thanked them and the King put out his hand. Meanwhile, despite the prohibition—I think, however, the Vatican would forgive us—there was loud cheering and hat-waving by the several hundred British students who, despite the Guard, continued to swarm round the car and cheered and cheered again. At last the car restarted and left the Cortile, and the memorable visit to the Vatican was over.'

THE GERMAN VISIT

'On September 20th, twenty students of the German College came to visit us. They left their Villa of San Pastore in the early hours of the morning, and after a five hours' walk arrived at the Campi di Annibale where they were met by a party of our students. On their arrival at Palazzola they were regaled by the consolations of the brimming glass and by a dip in the "tank". At dinner the refectory was festooned with vine leaves and ivy, and bunches of grapes luscious to the eye but, as we knew from sad experience, Dead Sea fruit as regards

taste, hung from the electrolier. The hospitable board groaned with good things which gladdened the hearts of guests and hosts alike, and a generous flow of the Castelli vintage loosed a stream of Teutonic and Saxon Italian which would have drawn groans and bitterness of spirit from Otto Sauer and the Berlitz School. After dinner under the laurels there was music, English and German, and German discipline went to pieces during coffee and liqueurs, cigarettes and pipes being much in evidence. The time for departure came all too soon, and by the cross where the old posting road from Velletri to Rome passes the edge of our domain we gave them three lusty cheers of farewell, to which the Germans replied with deep-throated *Hoch! Hoch!* . . . The Rector visited the German Villa a fortnight previous to this visit, thereby formally re-establishing friendly relations between the two Colleges.'

'On Thursday, September 27th, we paid our return visit to the German Villa at San Pastore . . . All agreed that our eyes, like those of Major Bagstock, had been opened to a staring degree, in our case to the merits of the German College, and fully convinced that these inter-collegiate visits are a very important and desirable institution and one not likely to be discontinued on our part for any consideration whatsoever.'

SERMON CLUBS

'There is always a Palazzola Sermon Class, in which the Vice Rector carefully inoculates the Theologians with doses of that immortal aid to preaching, Potter's "Sacred Eloquence". But at all times, theory alone is apt to be a little dull. Hence the idea, thrown out by the Rector last Easter, of Summer Sermon Clubs, found favour with many, as calculated to be of great practical use. (There are, of course, sermons preached in Rome, but *this* scheme included Philosophers as well as Theologians and, besides, enabled one to gain a little self-confidence before having to face a full church.) An organizer was soon found who took the names of prospective members (practically the whole house joined), formed them into five clubs, and managed to foist the position of club-leader upon sundry somewhat diffident youths.

A very successful session has to be reported, though naturally all the clubs were not equally enterprising or

enthusiastic. A good number of sermons was preached—many of them of excellent quality—each club meeting privately in the Chapel on the days it chose. After each sermon helpful criticism followed from the other members of the club. Generally two sermons were delivered at each meeting. The results seem to have been sufficiently appreciated to ensure the continuance of the scheme next Villeggiatura.’

THE GOLF CLUB

‘The formation of the Palazzola Golf Club was somewhat sudden. One day two individuals could be seen driving aimlessly across the Sforza; the next day a perfectly organized Golf Club was in full swing. This was all due to Mr Elwes, who has made a most interesting nine-hole course . . . At first, difficulties were to be feared from Contadini who *would* steal matting, cups, and everything they could lay their hands on, and from cows which took great delight in chewing the flags. However, the cows seem to have lost their taste for flags, and there is reason to believe that the Contadini have overheard the groundsman’s threat to make them feel warm if he caught them. Each of the greens is in charge of one of the members of the Club, so that many of them are in excellent condition for putting. Bogey for the course is 36.’

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th *Monday*. Once more Christmas is over and the geese have got fat. The stage has been dismembered and confused members of the props department coming and bodgers going have restored the Common Room to its normal self, ready for the recommencement of circles.

Tonight, the first function of the year, found us at Sant'Andrea, where Cardinal Marella gave Solemn Benediction.

8th *Tuesday*. Thesis sheets arrived for licentiate years this morning.

After lunch, people were rather interested to see who would take the letter addressed to Tony Eden. I waited for some time but in vain. It must have been retrieved at night.

9th *Wednesday*. Our prayers were asked for Cardinal Godfrey who had been taken suddenly ill.

The Grant Debating Society held a preliminary meeting to decide on officers for the coming year. After voting conclavically for three sessions, the president was finally elected.

10th *Thursday*. As the last of our Christmas guests left, twenty-six students went to the Beda to see their play; fifty-five had signed on the list.

11th *Friday*. *In search of London*: chapter the twelfth continued.

12th *Saturday*. From the underworld came the gurgle of boiling oil; lights, dials, switches and scientific sounds welled up from below and the bathman was left in charge of the new apparatus.

A notice appeared in one of the aulas saying that *panini* are replenished every day. This led the hungry morsel wallowers to discover another new piece of machinery, the compartments of which can be swivelled to one's own taste and liking.

This evening a group went to entertain some of the patients at the hospital of Santo Spirito.

13th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection, with the conference by Fr Barnabas Ahern C.P.

14th *Monday*. Monday spaghetti is now becoming quite an institution. Risotto has gone for ever.

Tonight saw the first debate of the year.

15th *Tuesday*. The new book in the refectory, *Benito Mussolini* by Christopher Hibbert, should give scope for sketch writers.

16th *Wednesday*. Morning disputations at the Greg', starring one of our more serious-minded philosophers. Subject: the ethics of Ayer.

The goldfish had a gita to the Monserrato after lunch. It is said that the move is only temporary.

17th *Thursday*. The College split into three for the afternoon's activities. Some went to play an OND eleven at football; others to the 'At Home' held by Mr Cape, the Secretary of the British Legation to the Holy See, and his wife; while others listened to Cardinal Bea, although no one seemed to know really what he had said.

18th *Friday*. Two new appearances: great placards showing progress in Christian Unity in different countries of the world appeared at the Greg', and new radiators in the 'Queen Mary'.

During the evening conference it was stated that we had had as much rain in the last two months as Oxfordshire has in a whole year.

19th *Saturday*. *I'm all right, Jack*, the last of the Christmas films, made good entertainment.

We learnt with sorrow of the death of Mr Hugh Gaitskell.

20th *Sunday*. Twenty went to the Canonisation of Vincenzo Pallotti. Later, we assisted Cardinal Heard in the Gesù for the Unity Octave. Bishop Castelli, the preacher, dropped his notes during the sermon and was heard to exclaim: 'Quando carta cadit, scientia vadit'.

21st *Monday*. We were asked by the Pamphilj family to assist at Sant' Agnese in the Piazza Navona for High Mass and Vespers.

A large supply of recent books has appeared in the library.

The debating society prefers arties to hearties.

22nd *Tuesday*. No lectures, due to the Pope's sudden appearance at Sant'Andrea. We waited outside the church until the Pope drove up in his car. It was bitterly cold.

We received the news of the death of Cardinal Godfrey. R.I.P.

23rd *Wednesday*. Community Mass was offered for the late Cardinal.

With the thermometer registering 26°F. it was decided in a semi-public meeting to postpone the January gita.

24th *Thursday*. Pipes and windows are bursting out all over and reports from Monte Terminillo show several metres of solid ice and 17° of frost. Nevertheless, a film company is still using the Villa.

Sant'Andrea Pallottine function in the evening, as part of the celebrations in honour of St Vincent Pallotti.

25th *Friday*. A Requiem was held for the late Cardinal Godfrey in the Chapel. Cardinal Heard performed the Absolutions.

End-of-semester exams started for philosophers in the afternoon.

A strong smell of bad cabbage reminded us that the oil boilers were having a day out.

26th *Saturday*. Part of the roof of one of the houses in the Monserrato fell off. Luckily the street was wide enough to stop it colliding with ours.

The Americans have been skating on their fountain. Now that it is not playing they complain that the silence gets on their nerves.

27th *Sunday*. A strong smell of gas drifted around the house for most of the day. The cause is believed to have been external.

In the afternoon some joined in a procession in honour of St Vincent Pallotti, while others went to listen to the Rector preaching at the Mater Dei Convent. Tea afterwards took forty-two seconds.

There was a sermon class in the evening.

28th *Monday*. Latest statistics show that there are about 65% of the College wearing spectacles; more are appearing, too. The percentage of pipe-smokers has risen as well. There is no cause and effect relationship between the two.

The Debating Society refused to consider that the College should be built on more modern lines in a healthier part of the city.

30th *Wednesday*. The thermometer this morning registered 23° (Fahrenheit).

Fr Morris has recovered from an illness and is again able to make us his weekly visit to hear Confessions.

Several of us received our first copies of *The Bible Today*, an American magazine of quite a high and popular standard. It is not a substitute for Puzo and Asensio but it is the next best thing.

Bishop Cashman and Mgr Worlock arrived for tomorrow's Requiem.

31st *Thursday*. *Prima nix* sighted at 3.30 a.m.

Cappella Papale Requiem for the late Cardinal was held in the Chiesa Nuova. The College provided the *assistenza*.

FEBRUARY 1st *Friday*. Even with snow on the ground there was no *prima nix* as far as the University was concerned. Still, it gave a chance for an East v. West student battle in the Piazza Pilotta.

It is interesting to note that we are still having Common Market eggs even after England has been refused entrance.

2nd *Saturday*. Some went to the Vatican to see Mr Macmillan and Mr Heath during their visit to the Pope. One philosopher carried on quite a learned conversation with the latter about what should be done with the French Embassy in the Farnese.

Some new 'pops' arrived from England.

Bishop Cashman and Mgr Worlock returned to England.

4th *Monday*. Mass this morning was offered for the repose of the soul of Cardinal D'Alton.

News that cigarettes have now gone up in price was received in stunned silence.

A young member of second year theology was seen for the first time ever in a zimarra.

5th *Tuesday*. Top year took their written licentiate exam and retired to the Villa for the afternoon. The rest of us stayed for long reading on a *dies non*. However, it proved rather interesting, for an Irishman pronounced his patron saint's name with a long 'a'.

6th *Wednesday*. While first year went to take their 11+ exam in experimental psychology, a second year man was leaving his examiner completely speechless by *transeating*. Candidates in second year Canon Law just wrote down seven words and then walked out; it must have been a mark a word.

8th *Friday*. Parts of the Cappellar' seem to be falling down, but the television aerials are still standing.

Tonight we were entertained by a Wiseman talk on 'Vampires'. First hand accounts are so refreshing!

9th *Saturday*. The first of a series of choir practices by the Vice Rector began to-night—a mere spring-cleaning of which the House is badly in need.

10th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection with the conference by Fr Orsy.

11th *Monday*. Today, January's transferred gita, with rain and snow falling both on the just and the unjust . . .

14th *Thursday*. Two days ago we were asked to donate our blood. This had no connection with the Wiseman talk on Vampires. Today, after a depleted breakfast, volunteers, led by the Vice-Rector, poured into a very efficient-looking infirmary. Some felt quite giddy at the thought of a mere test, and one person remained prostrate for a fair time after he had first caught sight of blood coming out of both arms. The thought of a more substantial second breakfast brought in a few more donors of the sap of life.

15th *Friday*. A telephone appeared on the top floor this morning. Already some of the inhabitants are thinking of running an extension line into their own rooms.

Impassioned discussion ensued as to the destination of the proceeds of the transfusions.

16th *Saturday*. First year theology go into retreat for the day.

17th *Sunday*. Archbishop Cunial raised Messrs Coote and P. Jones to the Order of Subdiaconate and first year theology were tonsured. *Prosit* to all.

In the evening we saw *Inherit the Wind*, a good bit of old bible-thumping. One of the lines that seemed to stick in people's minds was: 'I may be rancid butter, but I'm on your side of the bread.' This

eventually evolved into: 'I may be a tough horse, but I'm on your side of the spuds.'

18th *Monday*. It was eventually decided to send our blood winnings to the Oxford Famine Relief Fund.

19th *Tuesday*. A new piece of machinery appeared at the Greg', this time an Appia and Limonappia supplier.

20th *Wednesday*. Two new servants appeared in the refectory just in time to hear the correction of mascara and Camilluccia.

A heated debate on matters of Church and State sorted people out into *avantis*, pseudo-*avantis*, or just plain *indietros*.

21st *Thursday*. Community Mass at the Chiesa Nuova and afterwards the opportunity to supplement the regular breakfast fare.

Later on, we listened to a recording of the television interview between Archbishop Heenan and some 'teen-agers.

To complete the day, a function at San Lorenzo.

22nd *Friday*. Another San Lorenzo function with 'Archbishop (*sic*) Voce' in fine form. A few souls were distracted by a copy of *Le Figaro* in the hands of one of the choristers.

23rd *Saturday*. An experiment without the rising bell was attempted in the early hours. The first day's results are promising.

24th *Sunday*. In spite of the wine at lunch, presented by the Pamphiljs, we managed to draw with the Spanish College at football.

25th *Monday*. A gita, with again no casualties at Terminillo.

26th *Tuesday*. Those who went to see the American College adaptation of *A man for all seasons* voted it easily the best of their productions they had seen.

A theologians' concert with enough material for thirty minutes in the morning rehearsal developed into a respectable show lasting for one and a half hours. The best song was written during supper.

THEOLOGIANs' CONCERT

MUSICAL ZUCCHETTAS

Messrs Linares, Wilcox, Coote, Tully, Brand, Purdue and Hollis

JAM SESSION . . .

Messrs Feeney, Brand and Coughlan

'AGOSTINO ! WOOF, WOOF !'

Messrs Pateman and Kerrigan

'SINGING : LONERGAN, AVANTI POPOLO'

Messrs O'Sullivan, Dearman, Tuck, Corley and Feeney

MR MUDDERWIDGE INTERVIEWS

Messrs Coughlan, Coote and Everley

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Messrs Newns, McGarry, Brand, Finn and Kenney

AVANTI VAN BEETHOVEN

Messrs Linares, O'Sullivan, Tuck, Brand and Everley

TALK BY REV. BARRABAS A'FLAHERTY

Mr Corley

IN A 17TH CENTURY NURSERY

Messrs Brand and Dearman

A TOPICAL NIGHTMARE

Messrs Hine, Dearman, P. Jones, Tully, Corley,
Pateman, Finn, Everley, Wahle, Kirkham, Wade,
Kenney, J. Kelly and Dann

27th *Wednesday*. Ashes were received on tonsures new and old, with the foreheads of others plastered with thick paste relief work. Silent speculation went on as to how one of the members out of choir would receive the ashes.

28th *Thursday*. Getting colder. We greeted the return of a couple of the Fiesole patients. When asked if he had had a good time, one of the convalescents just patted his stomach in an affirmative sort of way.

MARCH 1st *Friday*. Feast of St David, with the Welshmen (there are three of them now) sporting daffodils. Community Mass was said by Bishop Hart. Bishop Petit emerged from the Blue Nuns for his feast day.

One keen theologian went to the Greg' to take notes, only to find a *vacatio scholae* when he arrived there.

Experiment in Terror worked.

2nd *Saturday*. Our student preacher this morning referred to the sermon of the week before, given, it seemed, by the junior curate.

A smaller version of the theologians' concert was given for the benefit of Archbishop Heenan, who replied to *Galloping Dick* by singing *The Sleeping Student*.

There was no choir practice from the Vice Rector this evening. He too must have watched the concert.

4th *Monday*. Several were taken round the *scavi* at St Peter's in the afternoon by a Danish guide who spoke excellent English. Some think that she was taught by someone from the College.

Those who stayed behind witnessed a first-class row on the Cappellar' over the washing of one's linen in public. This can only have been equalled by a similar discussion on sanitation two years ago.

5th *Tuesday*. At last, the House List, but no real surprises. Another group went to the *scavi*.

The remainder of the Fiesole party returned.

7th *Thursday*. The Public Meeting continued for a second day.

8th *Friday*. Some practised the 'family fast' on a spaghetti day. After the reader had finished his piece, he was greeted by cries of *Duce, Duce* from the servants. Yes, we are still reading *Mussolini*.

9th *Saturday*. A body of five met today to discuss the purchase of a new gramophone. This saved the public meeting going on for another two days.

Dom Baratta paid us his first visit for two years and told us we still could not sing Credo III. The battle with the Institute concerning the San Gregorio function still continues.

10th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection. The conference was given by the Vice Rector.

Community Mass this morning was full dialogue. Some of the bows to choir have gone from High Mass.

In the afternoon we drew at football against the Americans. Coming back, we were in time to see the Holy Father pass by on his way to one of the Station Churches.

12th *Tuesday*. Fr Rogers said Community Mass. We assisted at San Gregorio where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Abbot General.

A fairly warm day made the initial 'tanking' fairly easy.

15th *Friday*. Our serving in the refectory was made easier by the advent of two new trolleys constructed by Germano.

The Cappellar' open-air musical concerts have begun during Spiritual Reading once more.

We are now reduced to smoking non-English cigarettes.

16th *Saturday*. More spring-cleaning in choir practices.

Triduum to St Joseph with the prayer in English.

17th *Sunday*. The showers downstairs have been adjusted to allow the maximum of water to flood the minimum amount of space.

Only two people dared to appear in shamrock.

19th *Tuesday*. Feast of St Joseph. A few more people are taking the waters—after coffee and *liquori*, that is.

The Americans have begun a triduum for their first saint, Mother Elizabeth Seton.

20th *Wednesday*. The sky remained quite an unnatural yellow for the greater part of today.

One person managed to kick over the heavy iron weight which prevents the door of the Martyrs' Chapel from banging.

21st *Thursday*. A few went to the Mentorella shrine with Vita Nostra, while the rest of the House witnessed the 8—0 defeat of the footballers by the Scots. Some went on to lose 6—0, playing for the Holy Ghost Fathers.

Despite recent rumours, our two candidates assured us that the Vicariate still has only one examiner for the priesthood exam.

The reader is getting very proficient at arriving just in time for the *Jube, Domne, benedicere*.

23rd *Saturday*. The football team, strengthened by a few Brasilians, played very well against a naval team to beat them 7—1. The star player of the Navy side was unable to appear, as he had received some bites while playing an Italian team the day before. The ruggier players managed a 19—9 win over B.E.A. Both sides were entertained in the evening.

24th *Sunday*. Large slabs of chocolate arrived today from Archbishop O'Hara for smokers and non-smokers alike.

A silent Japanese film provided mixed criticism. One person left the room after fifteen minutes. He returned an hour later to find the same action in process.

25th *Monday*. Feast of the Annunciation. Solemn Benediction was given by Fr McConnon.

Some went to a Band Show in the afternoon.

26th *Tuesday*. *Aut Kraut will aut* appeared on the door of another twenty-one-up man.

Somebody in the Obit Book died in 1972.

San Lorenzo Station Church function.

27th *Wednesday*. A wild 'hurley' game was watched by some this afternoon.

29th *Friday*. Our spiritual director spent some time explaining the significance of the 'dark night of the soul' as used in the last literary society talk.

There is now another kitten at large in the College.

Third year theology retreatants came back from Villa Cavalletti looking very well.

30th *Saturday*. Subdiaconate ordinations: *prosit* to Messrs Dearman, Wilcox, Butler, Sharratt, Tuck, Tully, Newns, Corley, McGarry and Cookson.

The second Saturday sing-song on the run looks rather promising. This week we were allowed to hear the conclusion to the Dr Beeching speech, curtailed by the bell a few nights ago.

31st *Sunday*. There was a slight divergence of opinion over the *Gloria Patri* at Vespers. The usual distinction of rubricians versus liturgists no longer seemed to hold good.

APRIL 1st *Monday*. The painting of the repetitore's tower has been finished. The debated 5.30 telephone call was not put through, even considering the date. The Gregorian, however, welcomed a rather distinguished visitor this morning.

Wires, earphones and loudspeakers surrounded the organ in the Chapel for a rather difficult rendering of *Zadok the Priest* planned for Easter.

2nd *Tuesday*. The Communist party has started campaigning already. The D.C.s should start within a month or so.

3rd *Wednesday*. The Rector returned from England just in time for a literary society paper delivered by Fr Bernard Lonergan S.J.

4th *Thursday*. The Propaganda match. The pitch was 'vicariously' inspected before commencement of play.

5th *Friday*. The last day for those who play football and for those who debate and for those who do both.

6th *Saturday*. A happy day at the Greg'; incidentally the last for top year. Several horse-drawn citizens lost their hats in their thirst after knowledge. This is Vita Nostra running well.

7th *Sunday*. Full dialogue has disappeared and bows have returned as normal at High Mass.

The retreat this year, given by Fr Barnabas Ahern C.P., begins one day earlier.

10th *Wednesday*. Unleashed from what was an excellent retreat, Seven Church walkers lost no time in doing the rounds of which they had been deprived on Sunday.

11th *Maundy Thursday*, and the arrival of the first of our Easter pilgrims. Two of the members of the OND went on parish supply work, while the rest of the House prepared for functions and *Chi Lo Sa*. After the evening ceremony some discussion ensued as to whether the rattle marked 'Tigers' should have been used or not.

13th *Holy Saturday*. We are now eating Jugoslav eggs.

The 'tab man' has thirteen assorted brands in stock, but only three of them English.

Different liturgical attitudes were struck during the Triduum in the matter of taking holy water and genuflecting. One person actually left the refectory to go in search of his breviary for the *Miserere*.

14th *Easter Sunday*. This year the Holy Father was unable to sing the Easter Mass in St Peter's and so we managed to celebrate High Mass in the College. Afterwards we went to the *piazza*—the fullest I have seen it yet. The sun was quite full out and there was not a cloud in the sky—most unusual for Pope John in his rainy pontificate. At 12.30 p.m. he appeared to the loud and enthusiastic cheering of the crowds. He then gave his address, with words of welcome in sixteen or more different languages. The bands struck up after the blessing, and as people made their way back for their 'collatials' celebrations they all felt: this is what Easter Day should be!

15th *Monday*. Easter gitas began in the usual way. It was not long before one cam' returned looking for a haversack, whilst another, Positano-bound, made two frantic calls, one declaring a loss of thousands of lire and the other missing a passport. Those that stayed behind went very red, largely on account of the sun at Fregene.

16th *Tuesday*. At lunch, grace was advocated in the vernacular, and it was decided that there would be no reading. The change is said to be only temporary.

17th *Wednesday*. The birthday of one of the oldest of our philosophers took him to Bracciano where, after enough to eat and drink, he posed as an eminent archæologist in an attempt to enter the castle, which was not open to view for the ordinary run of visitors.

18th *Thursday*. *On the Waterfront*, for the third time, was enjoyed by all.

20th *Saturday*. Easter gitas ended also in the usual way. Most long-distance travellers, convinced that there was a grave necessity to be back by 7.15, arrived in time for a function which did not take place until later on.

Arriving back just in time for supper, I was ready both to plague my table talkers with adventures in the Abruzzi, and even to listen when I had to pause for breath.

23rd *Tuesday*. St George's Day, with a shrill cock crowing on the Cappellar' to awaken us. Only five people decked themselves in roses this year. They were all red ones, too.

The Westminster Choir School sang during Solemn Benediction.

We concluded the day with a showing of *The Manchurian Candidate*.

24th *Wednesday*. Most people were feeling slightly brain-washed from the night before, but were all brought down to hard reality at the sight of several planes going overhead and ejecting election leaflets.

25th *Thursday*. The Rogation procession started and continued in pairs of four, and in some cases bunches of five, but soon all was under control. Later on we went to the Catacombs of S. Domitilla for the annual Mass of St George. All the photographers afterwards were using colour film. I think this is the first time this has happened.

27th *Saturday*. From last night's conference we were led to believe that our exams will be of a much higher standard. This was not quite appreciated at the time.

We had the martyrs' relics exposed on St Joseph's altar for a change.

28th *Sunday*. The first of the cricket matches in Pamphilj gardens, with refreshments laid on.

A member of a certain convent group found her way into the casualty department of Santo Spirito hospital, and did not seem to require the aid of two College interpreters. If the nurses did not understand her Tyneside accent, then that was just too bad.

30th *Tuesday*. The first of the election results appeared in the Italian newspapers, but I fear that the complicated business of Italian politics is outside my scope and ability.

MAY 1st *Wednesday*. Feast of St Joseph the Worker. Tonight's concert should have been Theologians' Concert, but it turned out that we had that one at Shrove. So in fact we had Shrove Concert in May, including Top Year Sketch, which should have been in Theologians' Concert. We found it much easier to arrange it this way.

SHROVE CONCERT, 1963

1. ORCHESTRA

Messrs Tuck, Round, Ainslie, Cornish, A. Hughes and Brand
Mozart, Piano Concerto No. 12 in A (K414), 1st movement

2. LISTEN WITH REVEREND MOTHER

Messrs Ormston and Firth

3. GIBRALTERIAN CANDIDATE

Messrs Dann, Fallon, Linares, McHugh, Farrington, Fox,
Kenney, Brand, O'Malley and Feeney

4. ALPINI SONGS

Messrs Newns, O'Sullivan, Cookson, Fox, Johnson and Wahle

5. MARLENE AND GOSSAGE COME TO ROME

Messrs Coughlan, O'Malley and Johnson

6. THIS IS YOUR LIFE, MR LINARES

Messrs D. Hughes, Trevett, Pateman, Corley, Feeney,
Coughlan, Everley—AND Linares

7. ROMAN SONG

Messrs Kirkham, O'Malley, Johnson, Dann
Mr Brand at the piano

8. TOP YEAR SKETCH

Messrs Budd, Hine, Allen, O'Sullivan, O'Loughlin and
Chestle

2nd *Thursday*. Feast of St Athanasius. No Creed.

Thesis sheets and May devotions arrived. These are two separate entities.

There was an absence of repeat songs after last night's concert.

An infirmarian caused some stir in the refectory this morning with his *Oliver Twist* act.

3rd *Friday*. Second year theology in retreat.

A rumour is circulating that we are to have an O.P. teaching among our S.J.s next year. Oecumenism is certainly catching on everywhere these days.

A ladder system to reduce confession queues was introduced this evening. It is hoped to continue this every Friday from now on.

4th *Saturday*. Feast of the English Martyrs, with Solemn Benediction celebrated by Archbishop Grimshaw. *Prosit* to second year theology on receiving their second Minor Orders.

We saw *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* in the evening.

5th *Sunday*. Balcony sessions began on tapes.

7th *Tuesday*. Most candidates again had only one examiner for their Vicariate priesthood examination. Once more the rumour of two has been thwarted.

8th *Wednesday*. Fr Morris's book of meditations appeared with its author in the refectory at tea-time.

Charades are well under way again.

9th *Thursday*. Beda cricket match at the Villa. One Theologian had a football taken away from him by a guard in the Farnese during the half-hour wait for the buses.

We learned with sorrow of the death of Fr Gathier S.J.

10th *Friday*. Pope John's reception of the Balzan Peace Prize in St Peter's. The workers staged a huge strike at the Colosseum, either out of protest or sympathy.

A scorpion was sighted in the 'Queen Mary'.

The Farnese was flooded in light most of the night. Receptions get bigger and better these days.

11th *Saturday*. In the morning we attended Fr Gathier's requiem at Sant'Ignazio.

Later on in the day some went to see the Holy Father greeted by the Mayor of Rome, and then viewed the reception by Segni at the Quirinal on television.

12th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection with the conference given by the Rector.

Once more ITV cameras were in the College for a spot of gentle filming.

16th *Thursday*. While top year enjoyed lunch at the Scots' Villa (or should it be Scots' College?) strawberries made their first appearance this year in the refectory.

17th *Friday*. A rather severe notice appeared at the University. It seemed to imply that failure to attend lectures resulted in failure at the end of the year. Several people, discussing the problem during one of the breaks, came to the conclusion that attendance had already been checked from *tessera* photographs. During the rather technical anti-gestapo-technique conversation that followed, I overheard a member from another institution gloomily prophesying that an example would be made of someone from each College.

18th *Saturday*. The notice has spread to the philosophy floors now.

It was refreshing to notice more people again in the recently cleaned 'tank'.

Great financial speculation began on the prospect of buying a second-hand duplicating machine which can produce notes and drawings in all the colours of the spectrum. The estimated vast turn-over led one person to believe that it would not be long before we had our own printing press. Another individual held out for a second-hand Zeppieri bus, which he thought would pay for itself over about ten years.

20th *Monday*. After yesterday's match against the Australian Embassy, we were once more plunged into normal routine, with Major Litanies in the morning and long reading at lunch.

The machine discussed above has arrived . . .

21st *Tuesday*. . . . and there was a demonstration of it in the Common Room by the College astronomer.

We celebrated something connected with Shrewsbury Cathedral with *paste*.

23rd *Thursday*. Ascension Day, with flowers on the altar and a new piece performed by the Schola. Mgr Campbell gave Benediction in a cope which was making its grand *début* under the critical eyes of a College congregation.

We saw *What a Carve-up* in the evening, starring Mr Sydney James.

25th *Saturday*. Archbishop Slipyi was seen in the College this morning. He was calling on Cardinal Heard.

In the afternoon there was the Cup Final and, for those not interested in that, Vespers at the Chiesa Nuova.

There was some slight difficulty in starting the 'growler' with a handle. Eventually the driver understood that Germano was telling him that there was no hole for the handle to fit into the car.

26th *Sunday*. Feast of St Philip Neri, with its changed time of supper to enable us to take part in the Pontifical Benediction at the Chiesa Nuova.

New saucers have appeared in the refectory.

We heard that Pope John had been anointed.

27th *Monday*. One live cat and mouse, both belonging to the College, provided entertainment for several onlookers after breakfast. Otherwise 82° and drainpipe excavations in the garden continue.

The Cardinals have started a novena for the recovery of the Holy Father.

28th *Tuesday*. A bell was heard to ring at 5.25. So the experiment has ended.

Top year tea with strawberries, which have been quite difficult to obtain this year.

29th *Wednesday*. Eggs (Bulgarian, I think) for philosophy examinees this morning—a good institution.

Fr Hürth died, and we learned much about the late deceased from various morals professors at the Gregorian.

31st *Friday*. We sent a *rappresentanza* to Sant'Ignazio to sing at the funeral.

About four o'clock saw many, theologians and philosophers alike, eager to listen to a fairly controversial doctorate defence.

A report at midday declared that the Pope had called the Cardinals to his bedside.

JUNE 1st *Saturday*. Last night we learnt that Cardinal Heard had been called to the Pope's bedside. From the college roof we could see quite clearly the light burning in the Holy Father's room and we listened with dismay to the news of a sudden collapse and loss of consciousness and that peritonitis had also been diagnosed. At 2.15 in the morning Pope John regained consciousness and shortly afterwards uttered the words 'I am the Resurrection and the Life'. By now hour to hour reports were coming over Vatican radio in about ten languages; newspaper reports, official and less official rumours were filtering through to the faithful all over the world. The crowds in St Peter's Square continued to hope and pray, in sun, in rain, through the day, and during the night.

2nd *Whit Sunday*, and another day in the life of Pope John. The reports say that he was seen sitting up in bed and drinking a cup of coffee with his relatives. The attendant medical staff is not too hopeful. At 7.30 p.m. his condition was *gravissimo*. A crowd of 40,000 waited. At 10 o'clock the dynamos of the searchlights began and, when the floodlights turned on the large bell of St Peter's, rumour began to spread that the Holy Father had died. But half an hour later he was said to have prayed for unity and imparted a blessing. 24,000 people still waited.

3rd *Monday*. In the morning Pope John's temperature had risen; so had his pulse. However, he was able to attend Mass in spite of his weak condition. More cameramen and reporters arrived. Throughout the entire world people hoped and prayed. Kruschew hoped for the recovery of this 'leader of peace', while in Westminster Abbey Archbishop Ramsey mentioned the Pope as 'the greatest Christian of our time'. Messages poured in from all the heads of state, prayers were offered in cathedrals and synagogues, and even *Unità* had as its headlines: 'This great Pope is one of the greatest personalities of contemporary history'. In the evening Cardinal Traglia began Mass on the steps of St Peter's, being joined by the ever-increasing crowds. A news bulletin at 7.40 showed no change in the Pope's condition. At 7.49, as we were walking back to the College after Mass, we learnt that Pope John had died during the last Gospel. May he rest in peace. His last words had been 'ut omnes unum sint'. If one man could be pointed to as being loved by the whole world, surely here was that man. After supper we returned to the floodlit square. At 9.00 the bronze doors were closed. A large number of people gathered in the *piazza*, and there was only the noise of a large bell tolling above the heads of the relieved crowd.

4th *Tuesday*. At six o'clock in the evening the body of the late Holy Father was escorted from the Vatican to St Peter's, almost exactly the same route as for the opening of the Council a few months ago. He was dressed in red vestments and was carried on an open bier. Newspapers and periodicals began their flood of pictures and literature, but somehow it did not seem like full commercialisation.

5th *Wednesday*. The Pope was lying in state, raised up under the *baldacchino* of St Peter's. While several went from the College to pay their respects, others were faced with the inevitable examinations.

6th *Thursday*. During the night the guards had tried to close the basilica, but the thronging crowds from all over the country had prevented this. It was estimated that, with the crowds moving straight through, at quite a fast pace, it would take about an hour from the beginning of the *piazza* to the exit doors. In the evening most watched the funeral on a recently-acquired television, while others managed to obtain entrance into the basilica. The service was simple. After the official prayers, Pope John's relatives, accompanied by three senior Cardinals, the Secretary of State, the Archpriest of St Peter's, the Cardinal Camerlengo, the papal bodyguard and immediate attendants, made the last journey with him to the crypt of the basilica. One small change was that the coffin was not sealed until it reached the crypt.

7th *Friday*. The official period of mourning began with a series of requiems, celebrated by members of the Sacred College. It was rather aptly said in this evening's conference that Pope John had shown a real twentieth-century sanctity.

8th *Saturday*. The Gregorian was brought to a close rather abruptly yesterday, and today all the students assembled in Sant'Ignazio for the University requiem.

9th *Trinity Sunday*, with its usual celebrations. Some soldiers were seen in the Conciliazione today with *annuarii pontificii* under their arms; perhaps they were caught up in just a little commercialisation.

10th *Monday*. Soft drinks arrived on the top floor today. It has been thought a good idea to have them during the last few weeks of Rome, and also as a prelude to the Villa.

The tank was once more cleaned and filled. This has reached a very high standard this year.

12th *Wednesday*. The Villa definitely approaches. Peaches have appeared in the refectory and a vendor of deck-chairs has appeared upon the scene.

13th *Thursday*. Feast of Corpus Christi, with our annual High Mass at the Little Sisters. However, this year there was no procession, as we were still in the period of mourning. The red tablecloth was out at lunch-time today, but there were only two guests to appreciate it.

15th *Saturday*. The beginning of the end for third year philosophy.

In the evening Archbishop Grimshaw performed a Baptism in the Martyrs' chapel.

We listened to our own 'Pick of the Pops', but at the same time wondering just how 'square' we were.

16th *Sunday*. A Confirmation and a First Communion took place in the main chapel today.

The cat was relieved of one mouse and almost its tail as well. I don't think that the same person was responsible for giving a certain member of the OND a bath, even if he did need one.

17th *Monday*. The first of third year philosophy departed for his holidays.

A new Spanish bookshop has opened down the road. It sells, besides books, rather exciting modern church vestments. One of them was a sort of cross between the Eiffel tower and Liverpool Cathedral in design, and was labelled 'classico'.

The last of the papal obsequies by Cardinal Ferretto.

18th *Tuesday*. Speculation in the College as regards the *papabile* has begun. There were those who held the Malachy theory, better known as Flos Florum; others preferred to back the 'R and non-R theory', while a few believed in the 'thin-fat' system. Although systems were combined and sometimes completely overlooked, all views were once more complicated by the fact that it had been pointed out that the Flos Florum table was actually one out in its order of prophecies. Strangely enough though, most people thought a non-Italian less likely than in previous elections.

19th *Wednesday*. While the Malachites were busy shouting their wares, others noted that one of the Cardinals' names was a spoonerism on the feast of the day, that of St Falconieri. In the morning, High Mass of the Holy Ghost was offered in St Peter's. Several people inside the basilica were spending their time trying to identify the *papabile* from glossy periodicals. As eighty of the eighty-two Cardinals moved into the conclave in the evening, several groups in the crowd were giving relative hand claps to the candidates. Cardinal Cushing enjoyed it very much. Due to the large number of the Sacred College, each Cardinal was allowed to take in only one secretary. Some of us watched on television, while our repetitore managed quite a good view from inside the Vatican.

20th *Thursday*. Mass was said in the Martyrs' chapel because of the heat.

The first smoke from the Sistine was black as expected. However, the second one caused quite a bit of doubt, but eventually most people decided that it was black. Coming home, one of the trolley-bus wires caught fire, and the colour of the smoke was white. This caused one good lady to go quite hysterical.

21st *Friday*. The Feast of the Sacred Heart. The smoke came earlier than it should have done ; that was our first and last clue that it was white. Summer had really and truly arrived and the atmosphere in the *piazza*, when we reached it, was quite electrifying. Once more people stood with their glossy magazines, their eyes trained on the *loggia*. Presently some men came out and draped some material bearing the arms of the late Pope over the front of the *loggia*. This was the last time they would be seen in public. After about an hour, Cardinal Ottaviani appeared to make the announcement : *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum : habemus Papam : Eminentissimum et reverendissimum Dominum, Dominum Joannem Baptistam . . .* then everyone knew that Cardinal Montini had been elected. What was he going to be called ? . . . *qui sibi nomen imposuit . . . Paulum Sextum*. There was the answer. The cheers were deafening. The Cardinals appeared in their purple. A very short time afterwards the new Pope came to the balcony and gave his first blessing. The crowds cheered, the bells chimed, and once more happiness reigned.

Coming back through the market, I was asked who had been elected, and my answer was thrown back with : 'but we wanted *un altro Giovanni*'. That was a difficult one to reply to.

One newspaper managed to have the result of the election ten minutes after the event.

Pope Paul had the Cardinals to lunch at midday and is reported to have sat in the chair which was his own, not that reserved at the top of the table.

We welcomed Cardinal Heard back from the conclave who reminded us that he had said that it was going to be a short one.

22nd *Saturday*. Now it was another big chance for the newspapers with their various supplements. We watched the third obeisance of the Cardinals in the Sistine on television. The canopy above the new Pope's throne was still erect, while the others had been lowered. In his first *urbi et orbi* speech, Pope Paul underlined social problems and those of world peace. He also gave the impression that the Council would certainly continue, and ended by expressing full confidence in the Roman Curia. In the afternoon we learnt that he had left the Vatican to visit the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, lying sick in the old Spanish College, and that just before he had walked through the Vatican gardens to pay a visit to the tomb of Pope John.

The thermometer topped 100° on the balcony today, and the Villa rooms list also appeared.

23rd *Sunday*. Several went to St Peter's in the hope of a blessing from Pope Paul, including our own nuns. Sure enough, at twelve o'clock he appeared, said the 'Angelus' and gave his blessing, just as his predecessor had done. Cardinal Suenens was with him, and we noticed that Pope Paul gave his blessing from a window on the second floor.



24th *Monday*. We have started giving our *ad multos annos* to top year. All of them had stayed back for the conclave.

25th *Tuesday*. The Vice Rector returned from England, complete with the much discussed Pye Black Box and some new records.

An owl has joined the crickets in the cortile and insists on making himself heard. He is even awake in time for meditation in the morning.

Reports show that Pope Paul has started straight into his work, with the same zeal that characterised his labours in Milan.

29th *Saturday*. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, the day we thought the Coronation might be held. But no, it is reserved for tomorrow, the feast of St Paul.

30th *Sunday*. Sensibly enough the ceremony took place in the evening, and outside as well, so that many more people had a chance of seeing what was going on. It did seem rather strange having tickets to go into the square, but there was always television if one did not obtain a good enough view. By the time of the actual Coronation, dusk had gathered, and the greens and scarlets showed up very well under the arc-lamps of the cameramen. Amidst the vast crowd, many Milanese watched Cardinal Ottaviani perform the crowning with their own tiara. Some street vendors were rather pathetically trying to sell *sede vacante* stamps after the ceremony, but people were too overjoyed to worry about that.

JULY 1st *Monday*. And so I release my fingers from the typewriter keyboard and hand over to the blue pencil. A good deal could have been said, and probably an even greater amount need not have been said, but the Villa calls, and another diarist waits to carry on the good work.

GRAHAM DANN.

PERSONAL

It is our sad duty to record the death, on 16th July, of the Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, the Most Rev. Gerald Patrick O'Hara, Titular Archbishop of *Pessinus*. Archbishop O'Hara became Apostolic Delegate in June 1954 in succession to the late Cardinal Godfrey, the first holder of the post. He always showed himself to be a sincere friend of the College and his kindness and affability made each of his visits to us a real pleasure.

At the last moment before going to press we have heard the welcome news of the nomination by the Holy Father of the new Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain. Archbishop Cardinale has spent many years in Rome in the Secretariate of State and has paid several visits to the College. He does not therefore come to us as a stranger but rather as a friend. We offer him our very sincere congratulations on his new appointment and assure him of our prayers that Almighty God may grant him every grace and assistance in his new task.

We offer our very sincere congratulations to the new Archbishop of Westminster, the Most Rev. John Carmel Heenan (1924-31). During the past six years as Archbishop of Liverpool his dynamic personality and keen pastoral zeal have been an inspiration to all. We assure him of our earnest prayers that Almighty God may grant him many years of fruitful service as Archbishop of Westminster.

We also welcome the news that the Right Rev. Monsignor J. Redmond has been made a Protonotary Apostolic. The College owes a big debt of

gratitude to Monsignor Redmond for his many years of devoted service as Vice Rector (from 1917 to 1931), and those who were students under him will be especially happy to learn of this new mark of honour conferred upon him by the Holy Father on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood.

Ad multos annos also to Rt Rev. Mgr Provost R. Iles and to Rev. J. M. Edmondson (both 1907-14) who celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their Ordination on 1st November, and to the following who will, on Christmas Eve, be able to look back on twenty-five years of priesthood :

Rt Rev. D. Cashman, Titular Bishop of *Cantano* (1933-39), Very Rev. Mgr L. Ashworth, Rev. P. Pedrick, Rev. G. Swinburne and Rev. D. Wilkins (all 1932-39).

We were very pleased to welcome the following who stayed for some time with us in the College in the first six months of the year :

Most Rev. J. Heenan, Archbishop of Liverpool (1924-31); Most Rev. F. Grimshaw, Archbishop of Birmingham (1919-26); Rt Rev. D. Cashman, Titular Bishop of *Cantano* (1933-39); Rt Rev. W. Hart, Bishop of Dunkeld; Rt Rev. T. Holland, Coadjutor Bishop of Portsmouth.

Rt Rev. Mgr Canon B. Bell (Shrewsbury); Rt Rev. Mgr J. Mullin (1931-38); Rt Rev. Mgr G. Pitt (1933-40); Rt Rev. Mgr D. Worlock (Westminster); Very Rev. Canon A. Campbell (Shrewsbury); Very Rev. Canon J. Donnelly (1916-23); Very Rev. Canon A. Hulme (1934-40); Very Rev. Canon J. O'Connell (Menevia); Very Rev. Mgr W. P. Clark (1934-41); Very Rev. Mgr H. F. Davis (Birmingham); Very Rev. Mgr A. Iggledden (1933-40); Rev. E. M. Abbott (1935-37); Rev. C. Barker (1959-61); Rev. M. Cooley (1955-62); Rev. D. Cousins (Birmingham); Rev. B. Ferry (Westminster); Rev. T. Fooks (1940-44); Rev. W. Ford (1930-37); Rev. M. Grace (1930-34); Rev. M. Grech (1947-53); Rev. M. Groarke (1942-49); Rev. D. Leahy (1929-37); Rev. C. Lloyd (1954-61); Rev. J. McGuire S.D.B.; Rev. F. McManus (1946-53); Rev. P. Moakler (1951-58); Rev. W. O'Brien (Birmingham); Rev. M. O'Leary (1937-44); Rev. J. Scholles (Westminster).

We also welcomed the following as our guests at lunch or supper :

January : Rt Rev. Aidan Williams O.S.B., Titular Abbot of Shrewsbury; Rev. Barnabas Ahern C.P.; Rev. B. Hall S.J.; Rev. P. L. Pears (Shrewsbury); Rev. W. Purdy (1928-35); Major J. D. Utley; Mr R. Samuel; Mr H. Dormer.

February : Abbot Williams o.s.B. ; Very Rev. G. Lucas c.ss.R., Provincial of the English Province ; Very Rev. A. H. Maloney c.ss.R., Provincial of the Irish Province ; Very Rev. V. Smith s.c.A. ; Rev. B. Hall s.J. ; Rev. C. Burns (Paisley) ; Rev. P. L. Pears, Dr M. More.

March : Rt Rev. J. Petit, Bishop of Menevia, who was allowed to leave hospital in order to celebrate St David's day with us ; Rt Rev. Mgr J. Mostyn (Westminster) ; Abbot Williams o.s.B. ; Rt Rev. Mgr H. Cosgrove (Holy Office) ; Very Rev. Mgr C. Roberts (Brisbane) ; Very Rev. Mgr W. Carew (Secretariate of State) ; Very Rev. Mgr K. McCabe, Vice Rector of the Irish College ; Very Rev. V. Smith s.c.A. ; Rev. Silvan Rowse c.p. ; Rev. C. R. Leatham i.c. ; Rev. L. Orsy s.J. ; Rev. P. L. Pears ; Rev. E. Rogers (Brisbane) ; Rev. P. Sheils c.s.sp. ; Rev. J. Riordan c.ss.R. ; Rev. W. Purdy ; Rev. A. Walker (Southwark) ; Canon D. Wanstall, All Saints' Church, Rome ; Don Francesco Doria ; Col. Colquhoun ; Col. Simpson ; Col. Tellier ; Mr K. Rogers ; Dr F. Ayd ; Mr C. Biass ; Mr P. Smith ; Dr M. Gavin ; Mr W. Kaulback.

April : Most Rev. P. Hallinan, Archbishop of Atlanta ; Rt Rev. Mgr G. Nabuco, Prot. Ap. ; Abbot Williams o.s.B. ; Rt Rev. Mgr J. Mostyn ; Very Rev. Mgr Canon L. Curry (Liverpool) ; Very Rev. Mgr H. McEwan (Glasgow) ; Very Rev. V. Smith s.c.A. ; Rev. P. L. Pears ; Rev. E. Rogers ; Rev. L. Orsy s.J. ; Rev. J. O'Donnell s.J. ; Rev. P. Molinari s.J. ; Rev. C. R. Leatham i.c. ; Don Francesco Doria ; Major J. D. Utley ; Mr McEwan ; Mr R. Samuel ; Mr Peel ; Mr Preece.

May : Rt Rev. Mgr Canon W. Clapperton (Aberdeen) ; Rt Rev. Mgr S. M. Shaw (Westminster) ; Rt Rev. Mgr J. Oesterreicher ; Very Rev. Mgr W. Carew ; Very Rev. V. Smith s.c.A. ; Very Rev. Mgr D. McDaid ; Very Rev. Mgr Thomas ; Very Rev. Mgr Hannon ; Rev. W. Purdy ; Rev. P. Molinari s.J., Rev. P. L. Pears ; Rev. G. M. Corr o.s.M. ; Rev. G. Baum o.s.B. ; Rev. M. Winter (Southwark) ; Rev. C. R. Leatham i.c. ; Rev. T. B. Kearns i.c. ; Rev. H. Smith c.s.sp. ; Rev. Finn ; Sir Arnold Lunn ; Col. Griffin.

June : Most Rev. G. O'Hara, Titular Archbishop of *Pessinus*, Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain ; Abbot Williams o.s.B. ; Rt Rev. Abbot Herbert Byrne o.s.B. ; Rt Rev. Mgr J. Mostyn ; Rev. C. Burns ; Rev. M. K. Brennan o.s.B. ; Rev. Agnellus Andrew o.f.m. ; Rev. W. Purdy ; Rev. T. Winning (Motherwell) ; Rev. P. L. Pears ; Mr R. Dimbleby ; Mr M. Dury.

The appointments for post-graduate and top year students are as follows :

- Rev. Bernard Linares to Bishop's House, Gibraltar.
- Rev. Christopher Budd returns to Rome for further studies.
- Rev. Bryan Chestle to St Joseph's College, Mark Cross.
- Rev. John Hine to St Matthias, Worcester Park.
- Rev. Anthony O'Sullivan at present at Spanish Place, W.1.
- Rev. John Allen to St Mary of the Angels and St Clare, Stockport Road, Manchester, 19.

We take pleasure in being able to record the gaining of two doctorates, one of Canon Law and the other of Sacred Theology, and congratulate Rev. B. Loftus (1952-) and Rev. B. Linares (1954-63).

The Senior Student from March 1964 will be Mr Peter Coughlan.
The Deputy Senior Student will be Mr James Brand.

As this issue was already going to press, we received news of the Rector's appointment as Bishop-in-Ordinary to H.M. Forces. For the moment we can only record our most sincere and heartfelt congratulations, while promising to do justice to his many years of devoted service to the College in the next number of THE VENERABLE.

THE OPERA, 1963¹

'THE GONDOLIERS'

or

'THE KING OF BARATARIA'

by

W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN

<i>The Duke of Plaza-Toro (a grandee of Spain)</i>	.		Mr Brand
<i>The Duchess of Plaza-Toro</i>	.	.	Mr Wahle
<i>Casilda (their daughter)</i>	.	.	Mr Dann
<i>Luiz (their attendant)</i>	.	.	Mr Butler
<i>Don Alhambra del Bolero (the Grand Inquisitor)</i>	.	.	Mr Coote
<i>Marco Palmieri</i>	}	<i>Venetian Gondoliers</i>	Mr Coughlan
<i>Giuseppe Palmieri</i>			Mr Corley
<i>Antonio</i>			Mr Poulter
<i>Francesco</i>			Mr Tuck
<i>Giorgio</i>			Mr Wilcox
<i>Annibale</i>			Mr McGarry
<i>Gianetta</i>	}	<i>Contadine</i>	Mr Johnson
<i>Tessa</i>			Mr Slowey
<i>Fiametta</i>			Mr Kenney
<i>Vittoria</i>			Mr Fox
<i>Giulia</i>			Mr Fallon

¹ The criticism of the opera has hitherto appeared as part of the College Diary in the Summer issue of THE VENERABLE. We shall in future publish it as a separate article in the winter issue, in order to reduce the time interval between the actual performance and the critic's verdict.

<i>Inez (the King's Foster-Mother)</i>	Mr Newns
<i>Chorus of Gondoliers</i>	Messrs Wade, Kelly, Loughran, Hollis, Standley, Brohan, Dodd, Brown, Firth, Newns, Tully, McHugh
<i>Chorus of Contadine</i>	Messrs Kerrigan, Toffolo, Feben, Farring- ton, Kirkham, Lowe
<i>Musical Directors</i>	Messrs Dearman and Brand
<i>Pianist</i>	Mr Hughes
<i>Choreographer</i>	Mr Kirkham

Produced by Mr Purdue

I am afraid the following lines cannot compare with the expert articles of those who in preceding years have written about the annual performance of the opera at Palazzola. I am neither a critic nor a writer; I am just an outsider whom the Editor has asked to give his impressions of what he has witnessed. I know little of the intrinsic artistic merits of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Gondoliers*, so all I can do is to express briefly my warmest appreciation of the splendid efforts of the students. It was certainly the opera I enjoyed most amongst the many I have witnessed at Palazzola.

I had the pleasure not only of seeing the actual performance, but of assisting at every one of the rehearsals. Nor were the students slow to take advantage of my presence: my cushion and my sun-shade were borrowed for the pianist, my snuff box was loaned to the Duke, and my stick became a prop for old Inez. Goodness knows what else they might not have taken if I had not put my foot down. It was all I could do not to be dragged from my deck-chair to join in the dancing of the cachucha. In return they kindly let me share the 'morsels' which formed their well-earned elevenses.

Several of the cast were at the same time employed as dressmakers, 'bodgers', electricians and decorators. It is a mystery to me how some of them managed to be faithfully present for singing and dancing rehearsals at every beck and call of the producer and yet could spend hours shut up in a room with their sewing machines, threads and needles, or cutting and painting bits of tin and wood to transform them into the most varied objects such as crowns, buckles or even gondolas, or might suddenly appear on the roof to paint the campanile and the canals of Venice. Anyhow, they did it.

The performance had to be advanced twenty-four hours at very short notice on account of the sudden appearance, during the all but last rehearsal, of Mgr Nasalli Rocca, Maestro di Camera of the Vatican, to announce the visit of the Pope. The loss of a day means a great deal to actors with pages of dialogue or songs still to commit to memory or with a lot of quick and complicated steps still to master, and can cause still greater

havoc and consternation among those who must have scenery and costumes ready on time. But no one was discouraged. I was surprised that, after rehearsing long hours for many days, singing at the top of their voices and stamping on the hard stones of the cortile, they were able to sing at all or that they had any skin left on their feet. All tiredness seemed to be forgotten and the dress rehearsal, which had to be done without dresses, went with great swing—with more swing, perhaps, than the performance itself was to do.

During the thunderstorms and downpours of the preceding days we all naturally prayed hard for fine weather. Our prayers were answered: the clouds disappeared and so we were spared last year's disaster when the players in their silk dresses, undaunted by the rain, valiantly remembered that the show must go on.² There were about 150 spectators who by some kind of magic were all able to find accommodation in the limited space of the cortile and its balcony.

Both the dances and the songs were on the whole extremely successful. There may have been a few false steps, a few lines not quite according to the book, a few high notes some tired voice could hardly reach, a pair of spectacles not removed through haste or excitement, but no one really noticed such details and they certainly did not interfere with the pleasure we derived from the ensemble. There were many and prolonged cheers for every member of the ducal family of Plaza-Toro, for the Grand Inquisitor who really looked his part, and for the two Gondoliers with their sweet little wives who did their best to captivate the audience with their pretty songs. Luiz, Fiametta and Vittoria all sang their songs very well. Antonio's short appearance as a soloist made one wish his part had been more important; however, his strong voice and delightful and continual smile were indispensable in supporting the choruses. Of course, there were encores for the dancers who were quite exhausted by their efforts. I hope the producer and the conductor were as pleased as I was with the cachucha. I also enjoyed the drill movements of the ducal retainers who were marched off the stage and brought to a halt in the best military style by their improvised sergeant major.

The untiring efforts of the producer, who, moreover, at the last minute had to take a place in the chorus, deserve every praise, as also those of the musical conductor who simultaneously acted as a very efficient and providential prompter and seemed to know every single note and word by heart. The pianist who was stuck to his stool for three weeks, morning and afternoon, gave a most talented performance, while the choreographer somehow managed to turn heavy treading into rythmical and almost dainty footsteps.

The dresses were as usual superb. The girls especially made a pretty sight, and Inez looked exactly the old woman she was supposed to be.

² However, the rains came again during this year's second performance, when umbrellas to suit costume and character were skilfully blended into dress and dance.—[Ed.]

Some of the actors were quite unrecognisable, so good was their make-up, though I did hear it suggested that the Venetian gondoliers looked a little too much like Englishmen. A special word of congratulation is certainly due to all those (not forgetting one of our visiting priests, Fr Pledger) who contributed towards the dressing and disguising of the players.

The scenery was as convincing as we have by now come to expect it to be, despite the fact that work on the second act set was still in progress during the interval. One chorus member in fact gallantly sacrificed his chance of appearing on stage in time by continuing to paint until the last moment. The gondola, which was also pictured on the very attractive multi-coloured programme, was equally realistic, though perhaps beached a little too securely, for on one occasion the Gondoliers appeared to be wading through the canal.

Then of course there is the troupe of backroom boys : the 'bodgers', the electricians, the props men and so forth. They do not get a bow or applause from the audience but they certainly merit one. The opera brings to light unknown abilities ; one really wonders where or how they ever learned to do all this in a manner which to me seems very clever indeed. This revealing of unsuspected talent is certainly one of the advantages of the opera.

The Gondoliers is rightly considered one of the most difficult of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. As I write, I am looking forward to the second performance in September which will not present, I am sure, the slight imperfections in the singing and dancing or the slight indecision and lack of verve which a critical eye or ear could have detected in the first.

HILARY MORRIS, O.S.M.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

Editor : Francis Wahle
Sub-Editor : Mr Standley
Sixth Member : Mr Brohan

Secretary : James F. Finn
Under-Secretary : Mr Brennan
Fifth Member : Mr McHugh

THE LIBRARY

It has become increasingly apparent over the past few years that perhaps the biggest problem to be faced in the library is that of space. Neither the catalogue nor the shelves allow for much expansion. As regards the former, no final solution has yet been reached. The problem of physical lack of room has been temporarily met by doubling up on some shelves, but this is more than unsatisfactory, as it will lead in time to an impasse. A move towards a more permanent answer has been made by the reorganisation of several sections.

Philosophy was the first section to be tackled, Fr Copleston showing us what books to transfer to storage. Similar work was carried out on the biblical section where Fr Ahern gave us of his valuable time and knowledge. The history section is undergoing similar transformation at present with the help, as in many other tasks in the library, of volunteers who give up their free time to make the library more serviceable. On the Syriac section Fr Matheos of the Oriental Institute kindly gave us his expert advice, but no physical movement of books has as yet taken place.

New lighting and furnishings were installed in the second library to give more space there for study, thus attracting even more students to take advantage of the warmth from the kitchens below during the cold

winter evenings. During the Council period the first library was on several occasions used by the bishops as a conference hall. Adjustable shelf-lights have been added here.

Many new accessions have recently come into the library via both purchase and donations. The latter include gifts from the following: Rt Rev. George Dwyer, Bishop of Leeds, Sir Marcus and Lady Cheke, Rt Rev. Abbot Aidan Williams o.s.B., Rt Rev. the Rector, Very Rev. Mgr H. Francis Davis, Very Rev. Canon Michael J. FitzPatrick, Very Rev. Canon Anthony Hulme, Revv. Peter Anglim, Godfrey Anstruther o.p., Joseph Barrett s.j., Frederick Copleston s.j., Petroc Howell, Anthony Kenny, Charles Lloyd, John McHugh, Hilary Morris o.s.m., Peter L. Pears, Henry E. G. Rope, Aelwin Tindal-Atkinson o.p., Mr and Mrs Cape, Major J. D. Utley and Mr Cormac Rigby.

Subscriptions to the following periodicals have recently been taken out: *The Catholic Biblical Quarterly*, *Philosophy Today*, *Philosophy* (by kind donation of the Vice Rector), *Journal of Theological Studies* (perhaps a little technical for our purposes) and *Theological Studies*. It is hoped to give a fuller account of recent acquisitions in future issues of THE VENERABLE.

JOHN KELLY.

LITERARY SOCIETY

In previous years the range of topics covered by addresses to the Society has been varied. During the past winter, however, the mood has been strictly clerical, set by conciliar feeling within the College. Consequently the talks aroused more discussion than usual.

The year opened with a talk from Archbishop Hurley of Durban on *Seminary Education*, which he saw as a necessary participant in the great movement of renewal taking place within the Church. Doctrine, liturgy and Christian life must all become means of teaching and of bearing witness to Christ. He mentioned some possible means of making the academic life of every seminarian revolve around the Scriptures, with an initial year of the course devoted to increasing the 'vision' of the new student by studying the Bible and its relation to the priesthood, and later showing the relevance of every tract to the great Scriptural themes. He stressed the importance of a more pastoral approach in subjects grown formal by being seen as subjects for study and little more.

A few days later Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh delighted all with the verbal adroitness he exhibited and with the skill with which he parried questions from the floor, especially when he considered an ecumenical-minded OND member to have 'too juridical' an idea of the Church. Whether speaking of his connections with the English or of the exaggerations of the

journalists covering the Council, His Lordship was entertaining, while the perceptiveness of his observations made one regret the secrecy of proceedings in St Peter's.

With the prorogation of the Council and a consequent exodus of *periti* in sight, three speakers followed in quick succession. Fr Jungmann S.J. spoke on the Liturgy, its catechetical value and possible reforms. Strange to hear a man speak so soberly of the need for much more vernacular in the liturgy, after the heated arguments one becomes used to hearing for and against this emotive proposal. It was sadly ironic that this appeal had to come in Latin, owing to our inability to follow a lecture in German.

But the House redeemed itself by inviting Père de Lubac S.J. to speak in French. After a short outline of ways to an *aggiornamento* in the Church, he spoke with some feeling about Teilhard de Chardin, whom he knew intimately over a long period, though he explained it as a personal rather than an academic appreciation.

Fr Barnabas Ahern C.P. enthralled his audience by his *Portrait of Christ in the Synoptics*, a magnificent exposition of the Gospel background in the early Church, with the result that he returned a month later to penetrate more deeply into the minds of the individual Evangelists, showing how these marked differences of approach explained the real divergencies in their accounts of the life of Our Lord.

Dr Ayd addressed the Society twice. His first visit was devoted to the possibilities of treating mental diseases by means of drugs and surgery, and so loud were protests in some quarters at the general feasibility of such an undertaking that he had to return to convert even the hesitant. He also distinguished the positions of patient and penitent and pointed out the pastoral scope and limitations of the priest in this field.

Fr Lonergan S.J. is known to all by reputation at least, while some claim a considerable acquaintance with his thought. But the distinction became of little account as, speaking about *The Relevance of Philosophy*, he unfolded an historical view of the development of dogma, from classical consciousness to historical consciousness.

After so successful a season the Society will, we hope, enjoy an equally full and satisfying year, particularly with the approaching session of the Second Vatican Council giving ample opportunity for finding speakers on many subjects of particular interest to the College.

ANTHONY CORNISH.

THE GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

This was a very successful year from the point of view of both speeches and attendance; on one occasion the record number of fifty-six was present. It was discovered that the more serious motions were better fought and argued. The house was persuaded that the secular clergy have done more

for the Church than Religious, that Great Britain should be grateful that it was refused permission to enter the Common Market, and that the State should grant equal rights to all religions. Of course, the first and third were rather 'Conciliar shop', but it is interesting to see speakers, who are obviously of the 'right', arguing for the 'left', and vice-versa. The impromptu debate was not quite so well attended as usual but an entertaining evening was spent discussing such time-wasters as: 'Improper fractions should not be taught to school-children'. Once more we had a successful balloon debate. Miss Gina Lollobrigida, the Vicar of Broadway, Mr Macmillan, Archimedes and Charles Darwin, though dressed to the teeth, were frustrated and ejected by one Dr Beeching—Fr McConnon thus scoring his hat-trick—with only a railway cap and a tin whistle as his props and mainstay. The President is to be thanked for arranging the meetings in the more commodious surroundings of the newly-painted North West passage, and the additional novelty of an electric bell gave the Society a new lease of life which I think will continue for some time.

GRAHAM DANN.

THE WISEMAN SOCIETY

Only two papers were given this year, both of them in February. Mr Feben's *Things that go bump in the night*, though its title might belie it, was a work of sound scholarship. Its aim was to show that occult phenomena have more than a fictional reality. Taking vampires and werewolves as the most improbable of these phenomena, he produced ample evidence for their factual basis, drawing on such varied sources as Greek mythology, trials in Europe during the sixteenth century, and even novels. Mr Feben pointed out that if a good case could be made out for these improbable cases, then other psychic phenomena could well have a basis in fact. The wide variety of questions was competently dealt with.

In the second paper Mr Loughran discussed *The Poetry of W. B. Yeats*. The first part traced his growth as a poet of the 'Criticism of life', showing the progress made from his early work as a member of the Irish Literary Movement to the later, mature 'Meditations'. The fundamental system of 'A Vision' was explained, since this played an important part in much of his later work. The system was seen to have been an aid to his verse in so far as it supplied a useful symbolism; but when his neo-Platonic ideas became too prominent a feature, they did not make for poetry of the highest order. Unfortunately, there was not enough discussion time at the end. It would be better in future to cut the paper short, rather than miss this valuable opportunity for an interchange of ideas.

DENNIS LOUGHRAN.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Two matches were played in the second half of the season. The first was a disastrous (41—0) defeat by 'Roma'—largely due to our fielding an all-College team which now means cannon fodder for the first-class Roman teams. The other was the Propaganda match, which was accompanied by much excitement in the College, no doubt due to our victory last year. We lost, though not as crushingly as the 26—0 score suggests. Numerous injuries caused us to field a weaker team than last year. In the backs we were completely outclassed, due mainly to an Australian centre and the Fijian scrum-half, both of whom are very fine players. But our pack put up a stern fight; their work both in the tight and loose scrums did much to keep the ball away from the hands of the greedy opposing three-quarters. Had the pack not done their job so nobly, the score could have been a real disgrace. As it was, we left Acqua Acetosa certain that, if we can get a stronger three-quarter line for next year, we will have a most effective team.

Looking back on the past two years of College rugby, we can say that the game has taken on a new lease of life, and the very good spirit among all the players from inside and outside the College has resulted in some good rugby and—most important of all—a most happy team.

We are again much indebted to our many friends, both here among the Italian clubs and rugby authorities and at home, who give us such a lot of help and support. We would like to thank especially the Rector, who still keeps an interested eye on our progress, and the B.E.A. Silver Wings for their very kind present of a new ball for next year.

The following members of the College played in the team: Messrs Ashton, Coote (*Capt.*), Doyle, Fallon, Firth, Fox, Hine, McHugh, Poulter, Price, Round, Toffolo and Wilcox.

TIMOTHY FIRTH.

CRICKET

This year has marked a break-through as far as cricket in Rome is concerned: thanks to the generosity of Prince Doria Pamphilj, sporting facilities have been made available in Pam to the British and Australian Embassies, the Imperial War Graves Commission, the Beda and ourselves who have combined to found the Rome Sports Association.

The cricket side of the Association—eventually it is hoped to include also rugby and soccer—was opened in October with a knock-out competition among four teams. The College met the War Graves Commission in the

first round and beat them by 8 wickets. However, we met our match in the final on the next day, St Edward's Day, in the form of the Australians and were beaten by 15 runs. Perhaps the most memorable feature of these games was the appalling weather conditions; both games were played in heavy drizzle, and the mat was just a strip of greasy mud by the end. However, the Association was launched and during the winter a more than adequate strip of concrete was laid under the careful supervision of the Australians.

The new season opened for us on 5th May with a match against the British Embassy. Despite some lapses in the field, especially in the slip area, the College won by 11 runs. Our annual match against the Beda was not transferred from Palazzola to the new pitch and an interesting battle was fought out on the Sforza. The result was a draw, the College just failing to dismiss the opposition, thanks to the stubborn resistance of Dr Purdy. We had a score to settle with the Australians and 19th May gave us the opportunity. We bowled them out for 108 and seemed nicely set ourselves at 50 for 3, but within ten minutes we were struggling at 62 for 7. But a splendid rearguard action was fought by Messrs Doyle and Round, and in the end we won by 3 wickets, with a minute or so to spare. The last game of the Rome season was against the War Graves Commission; we won by 8 wickets.

So far at the Villa, house games have suffered badly from persistent evening thunderstorms, but in between the showers we managed to win an extremely enjoyable game against H.M.S. *Layburn*, a 'boom defence' vessel which was visiting Civitavecchia.

During the year the following have represented the College: Messrs Allen, Budd, Corley (*Capt.*), Dann, Dodd, Doyle, Everley, Farrington, Firth, Gath, Hine, Hollis, D. Hughes, Kenney, Lowe, McGarry, McSweeney, Poulter, Round, Slowey and Tully.

CRISPIAN HOLLIS.

TENNIS

This year there was probably more work than usual to be done on the court, as new lines had to be laid even after the initial clearing operation was complete. At the end of last season, newspaper was used as under-felting to the protective straw and this additional layer was more effective in keeping down the weeds. There was, however, plenty of voluntary labour, and despite the amount to be done, the opening game was played only a week after the beginning of the Villa. The abundant supply of *aqua communalis* and *aqua caelestis* seemed to upset the plumbing system and play was interrupted later, but only for one day, while a new piece of piping was installed close to one of the taps.

More people played tennis this year than last and so the selection of the team to meet the Americans at their Villa on 23rd July was a difficult job, not so much from a lack of available talent, but from an excess of it. Unfortunately, rain prevented the finish of what was a very exciting match; at the end the Americans were 4—3 up in games with two more to play, and so the result was called a draw.

The team consisted of the following pairs : Messrs Dann and Standley, Coote and Feeney, Brand and Farrington.

GRAHAM DANN.

GOLF

Preparing for the opening of the golf course proved to be a herculean task. The moles had constructed numerous mounds, showing a marked preference for the tees, as if they considered those the safest places for them. These and the long jungle-grass had to be dealt with by two hand mowers and a scythe. The course was officially opened on 15th July by Mgr Elwes and Fr Grace, who were partnered by Mr Gath and Mr Morris respectively. Mr Morris, this year's secretary, was soon afterwards compelled to return to England for medical treatment and so was unable to enjoy the fruits of his work on the Sforza. We hope he will return before the golfing season is quite over.

Although the course has not changed its design radically over the years, there have been minor alterations as regards the position of the holes, and an entirely new tee was made to take the place of what was originally the ninth tee. Previously, when the visitor was asked by what means he found the greens, he would reply that there were flags in them, but the introduction of a motor mower, kindly loaned to us by the War Graves Commission, has changed all that, as well as providing endless enjoyment for those who could use it.

Members responded willingly to enter the golf tournament, but continued bad weather and long gitas have caused the play-off to be postponed until some time in September. Fr McConnon, who has rejoined us fresh from the Royal and Ancient, will therefore be able to take part.

The main lesson this year has taught us is that there is no truth in the statement that nothing prevents golfers from playing except snow or fog. We have had neither snow nor fog (so far!), but there has been comparatively little golf. One reason may be the increased cost of golf balls—customs duty is quite heavy—though we have very gratefully received a gift of one dozen balls from Mr Howard.

FRANCIS FALLON.

SWIMMING

We owe very great thanks to Archbishop Grimshaw for his very generous supply of potent chemical for cleansing the water, the stimulating effect of which was plain for all to see, particularly in the swimming gala.

This was held on the very cloudy and cold morning of 9th August. Some races were so popular that heats had to be run, thus providing additional work for the judges, and later for the tea man, whose generous help had been enlisted for the occasion. In this way we catered both for competitors and for the vociferous, if less active, spectators. We saw demonstrations of speed and efficiency in the water and of grace and dexterity in the air. We even saw the point of swimming backwards (feet first) and of floating forward on the tummy. The obstacle race, despite its hazards, passed off without much comment, except that it was deemed almost impossible for the larger of our brethren to propel themselves through the tyre provided for their use. Other events included 'bombs', some of which produced a mighty stirring of the waters; a pick-a-back race down the length of the tank; and a pick-a-back fight which seemed to persist indefinitely, both pairs being equally unwilling to be drowned. The main and final event, and also the noisiest, was the inter-year relay. It was won by Third Year Philosophy. By dint of desperate enquiry and calculation it was later discovered that the Victor Ludorum was Mr McSweeney.

MICHAEL POULTER.

OBITUARIES

THE VERY REVEREND CANON JOHN PATRICK MURPHY

Canon John P. Murphy was born in Cork, and came to Rome from its University College in 1911, spending seven years there. He worked, for the greater part of his priestly life, both as curate and parish priest, at Gosport, a town at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour. In 1947 he went to Reading and served his last years in the mother parish there.

In the 1920's, there was talk of his becoming Spiritual Director of the College, but it came to nothing. During the war, he gave one of the retreats at St Mary's Hall. He was always proud to have studied at the Venerabile, and showed his affection for the College in a practical way after his death.

Very many people knew him through meeting him or at least by name through his writings. Not a great number were allowed to penetrate to the real man. His dignified, handsome appearance could seem formidable. Those who did really get to know him found a gifted person of very delicate perception who viewed the world in a kindly, unemotionally detached way. He could be a most pleasing and amusing companion, even among people many years his junior. His subtle intelligence and command of language gave an interesting viewpoint on matters of the moment in a neatly turned but studied phrase. Many people valued his advice on things spiritual.

He was a kind pastor, highly respected by his parishioners. They, and all non-Catholics who met him, thought of him primarily as a man of God. His friends valued their friendship with him.

Declining health and the death of his relatives and contemporaries caused him a lot of suffering which was bravely borne and rarely allowed to be seen. He died in October 1962 aged 70, while abroad on a short holiday, and was buried in Paris. May he rest in peace.

F.S.

One of Canon Murphy's parishioners writes :

'In the company of all whose lives have been richer and holier and happier as a result, I thank God for the inestimable grace of having known "J.P." The Canon's Mass—so quiet, so reverent, so majestic—took one into another dimension, where there was awe, and silence, and holiness, and where the veil between Heaven and earth was felt to be slight indeed.

To enter his confessional was like entering your Father's house, as indeed was the case : the quiet welcome, the helping hand when fatigue or nervousness made words difficult to find, the quick judgement when his Master's honour was at stake, and the gentle "Go in peace", which was not a dismissal but a command that lifted the heart. Once I remarked upon how tiring these long hours in the confessional must be, and for a moment he put aside the reserve. He said that so many, particularly of the young men who came to him were lonely and homesick. These he tried to "mother" in the confessional, as well as absolve. Then, with a wry look in my direction, he said that the women must be treated with more reserve !

His affection for young people is described in his little book, *The Adolescent and the Convert*, which sets out his methods and his ideals. Of them he says : "These adolescents need the lightest touch. They love the priest's remoteness of office and proximity of tenderness."

Instances occur to my mind : that of an adolescent girl, shattered by the sudden information that she was an illegitimate child. I took her to the Canon, of course. The kind, confident voice, the protective attitude, the quiet discussion of the facts—the reference, even, to other eminent illegitimates, like Leonardo da Vinci !—and the girl's bitter tears turned to smiles and then to laughter. He piloted this girl through a successful nursing career and to a happy marriage later on.

On another occasion he was called to a "closed" Borstal, the toughest kind, where youths who continually abscond are confined behind lock and key. A boy in a desperate mood had attempted suicide and could not be pacified by anybody. The Canon knelt and took the boy in his arms, and presently the "trouble" came tumbling out—the usual story of rejection by parents, family and friends. "There is absolutely nobody who cares." And the Canon's voice, full of compassion and concern, replied : "But you see that you are quite wrong, because here is one person who cares about you a very great deal."

He was an affectionate man, unafraid to show this gift to the disheartened, the bereaved, the lonely and the young. Once a little waif of eight years old was taken to see the Canon : her "mum" was in prison, her father's whereabouts unknown : her world was overwhelmed. They talked gravely together, then presents were exchanged. He gave her a badge of the Sacred Heart, not forgetting the butter-scotch. She dived into her pocket and produced a shiny threepenny bit. This he gravely accepted, explaining that it was "bread for the Priest". Then she went

across to his chair, put her arms about his neck and gave him a solemn kiss. The sensitive, lonely, affectionate man was moved to the point of tears.

Great sorrows came his way : the death of those he loved among family and friends, and increasing loneliness and infirmity to which he refused to surrender in the slightest degree. When his young and devoted curate remonstrated with him towards the end, he replied : "I will give in only when my curate drops !"

He died in a Paris hospital, away from all but one of his faithful friends, but attended constantly by a priest. Conscious to the end, he doubtless gave back to God with complete generosity the life that he had lived so fully and with the whole of his great mind and heart.'

We have also received news of the deaths of the Very Rev. Canon William Boulton (1911-18) and the Very Rev. Canon Denis V. Ryan (1919-23), and hope to publish full obituary notices in our next issue.