

THE VENERABILE

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EXETER

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But what has he taught these men? At once I would say: the greater virtues, even more by his example than by his words. Pride of place goes to priestly charity. No man has more exemplified in himself the great virtues of compassion, tolerance, dedication to the needs of others, prodigality in time and service to all and sundry—all facets of the sovereign virtue of charity. These all will gladly testify to his loyalty and service, first of all to God, then to the Church and ecclesiastical authority.

Yet there is another quality, something strictly personal and therefore quite difficult to describe. It could be called his liberal prudence and his wise appraisal of the waywardness of human nature on the one hand and his confidence in the value and dynamism of the individual on the other. In other words, it was a quality which enabled him to see the best in every man and to help him to become a better man.

WELCOME

We should like to offer our sincere congratulations to Father Joseph Leo Alston on his appointment as Rector of the Venerable English College.

Father Alston came to Rome as a student in 1935. He gained his Licentiate in philosophy at the Gregorian, but his theology was disturbed by Mussolini and he was forced to continue his studies in war-time England at Old Hall, Stonyhurst, where he was ordained by Bishop Marshall on 8th February 1942, 'all amid the winter snow'. From there Father Alston was sent to Cambridge where he was awarded a scholarship by Christ's College and obtained a First in Classics in 1945. After some years on the teaching staff at Upholland, he became Headmaster there in 1952, which post he retained until his present appointment. We wish him a happy and successful Rectorship.

We offer our congratulations also to Father John Brewer (1950-59), who has been appointed to succeed Mgr Alan Clark as Vice-Rector.

FAREWELL

It was much easier to say these things on the last night : 7th January 1964. But there must be a way to write them down. One had listened to a series of more formal speeches over the last months since the announcement that the Rector had been nominated as Bishop to the Armed Forces. Not necessarily, though, with the proper patience. It could be that those who had travelled a fairly long road with him might be justified in thinking they knew best what the College owed to him. The fact that there had been no parting of the ways surely argues that he was and is a man of immense patience.

Over the last seventeen years he has written the history of the College in so many ways. A lot of his work has been of a tangible kind—his hand can be discovered all over this building and in his much-loved Palazzola. Even at a time when there was even less money available, he still planned ahead and was able to accomplish a transformation of the College that does not cease to astonish those who return.

This would be a great thing in itself—but only the short-sighted or otherwise afflicted would think that this has been his main contribution to the long history of the Venerable.

A Rector is ultimately judged by the priests he has trained. Since 1946 when we returned to Rome, 144 men have been ordained and have returned as priests to England. Of these 114 began their studies in or after 1946. Fifty-three have been ordained during his Rectorship.

But what has he taught these men? At once I would say: the greater virtues, even more by his example than by his words. Pride of place goes to priestly charity. No man has more exemplified in himself the great virtues of compassion, tolerance, dedication to the needs of others, prodigality in time and service to all and sundry—all facets of the sovereign virtue of charity. Then all will gladly testify to his loyalty and service, first of all to God, then to the Church and ecclesiastical authority.

Yet there is another quality, something strictly personal and therefore quite difficult to describe. It could be called his liberal prudence and his wise appraisal of the waywardness of human nature on the one hand, and his confidence in the value and ultimate integrity of every individual. In other hands, not a few students might have enjoyed an unceremonious departure from Rome.

The Rector has been judged and judged well by his men. All of us owe him so much, those here now and those who have left.

There are those, however, who might not be mentioned but who would gladly join the long line of debtors. They represent the human race in all its motley colours. The pilgrims, the beggars, the College tenants, officials, tradesmen, servants, sailors and every Tom, Dick and Harry who has enjoyed his company and friendship and wasted so much of his time.

It has seemed right, one feels, that what was said on the evening of an historic date in the College history, should be written down, however inadequately, so that posterity should read the tribute of those who, living with him, should know best.

ALAN C. CLARK.

BISHOP TICKLE

In 1946, when the post of Vice-Rector of the Venerable fell vacant, it was clear that the Rector, Mgr Macmillan, would need for his lieutenant a practical, zealous and energetic administrator, who had the additional gift of improvisation. The exiled college returned to Rome in October of that year, a time of rationing, currency difficulties, strikes and administrative confusion. According to contemporary chroniclers the Roman Comune, enmeshed in its own red tape, could scarcely guarantee adequate water supplies, and it seemed that the only well-organized public utility was the black market.

In this atmosphere of disorder and uncertainty the new Vice-Rector, Fr Gerard Tickle as he then was, worked tirelessly with Mgr Macmillan to re-establish the College in Rome. The buildings had been used as a hospital during the war—a better fate, perhaps, than the Napoleonic stables of the previous century, but sufficiently remote from its normal purpose to dictate a far-reaching plan of reconstruction. Furniture and fabric were restored or replaced. The operating theatre became once again a student's room, and one of the main wards returned to its former status of common room. Slowly the College settled down. Food was a constant problem but, with the aid of Vatican contacts, this too was solved and within a short time white bread (a rare delicacy in those days) began to appear in the refectory.

One of the outstanding traits of Monsignor Tickle (as he became in 1949) was the versatility of his practical skills. If a pair of curtains had to be rigged up or a homely speech made to welcome a distinguished guest or an emergency dish hurriedly improvised to feed a group of hungry mariners, he would be tailor, toastmaster and chef in quick succession. It was he who taught the nuns how to make the shrimp antipasta which the



English-speaking community of Rome still savours on great festive occasions. His second-hand furniture bargains are visible all round the College to this day. One of his more inspired purchases was the entire range of furniture of the third floor of a bankrupt hotel.

When ill-health forced Mgr Macmillan to retire in December 1952, Pope Pius XII appointed Monsignor Tickle as Rector. The choice was a popular one. With his rare aptitude for human relations, he won the hearts of students by his tolerance and understanding, of diplomats by his friendliness and natural charm, and of children by his simplicity and warmth. To the orphans of Rocca di Papa he was a blend of rich uncle and Pied Piper. They followed him everywhere and he showered them with presents. He used to return from their annual trip to the seaside a blistered wreck through spending hours in the shallows, helping children who had scarcely seen the sea before pretend to swim.

He went to infinite trouble to provide audience tickets for pilgrims, especially for his fellow priests, and in return they spread his fame and that of the College back in England. Guests were his particular favourites and he was a truly magnificent host. Morning after morning he would carry shaving water to them or furnish them with light reading matter or drive them to Palazzola. In everything he showed punctilious concern about all those small and simple comforts which make so great a difference to a holiday.

Mention of Palazzola reminds one that the villa was one of his great delights. It suffered during the war far more damage than the College. THE VENERABLE of November 1947 describes its occupation by the Germans, its use as a divisional headquarters and its subsequent bombardment by the Allies. There were three long-range guns on the Sforza which could fire as far as the sea, so it was hardly surprising that bombs and shells landed in and around the villa. Much of the furniture was used by the Germans as firewood, and much of what they left intact the Americans 'requisitioned'. Monsignor Tickle bent his energies to the repair of the damage sustained both by the villa and by the chapel. Later, when the war-wounds had been bound up, a new swimming tank was built, new tennis courts were laid and then, a peculiarly personal achievement which was the fruit of a five-year plan, a winding flight of steps was constructed from stones hewn from the rock face.

It must have given him great satisfaction, therefore, to listen to the Pope's admiring comments when His Holiness visited Palazzola in the last summer of his rectorship.

Though careful to emphasize to the students the importance of their work at the University, he was primarily a realist rather than a speculative thinker. Perhaps his experience as curate in the Shrewsbury Diocese and as chaplain in the Forces helped to strengthen this bent. At any rate realism was the predominant quality of his sermon and pastoral classes and of his talks on the rules. He displayed also a whimsical humour and gentle wit—as well as suitable firmness. His judgement of character was uncannily accurate but it was an intuitive flair and the justification of it rarely fell within the ambit of the explicit.

In the training of priests he attached great importance to self-discipline and self-formation. His methods pre-supposed great trust of the students, and in this he followed the best traditions of the College. He was an example to those he trained in many ways : by his punctual appearance at morning meditation, by the immense dignity of his morning Mass, by his unobtrusive piety and reliance on Divine Providence, by his meticulous regard for the rubrics and his flawless sense of liturgical decorum.

Appropriately enough, Monsignor Tickle's last and greatest single venture was a building project : the reconstruction of a wing of the College to house the bishops during the Second Vatican Council. His energy, stamina and readiness to take part even in the most menial and laborious of tasks ensured that the new quarters were habitable in time, but he was still adding some of the finishing touches as their Lordships were landing at Fiumicino ! The preparations for the Council and the entertainment of the Conciliar guests during its first two sessions marked the climax of his rectorship.

Among his most dominant characteristics were his abiding love for Rome and the Venerabile and his enduring respect for the hierarchy. It is indeed fitting that he who has done so much for the College should have been called to the fullness of the priesthood in the College and by the Cardinal Protector of the College, and that, having exerted himself so greatly for the Fathers of the Council, he should at last take his place among them.

MICHAEL MCCONNON.

REFLECTIONS ON THE COUNCIL

What is the purpose of the Council? The question needs to be asked since, from the very beginning of its preparations and even now, many have been troubled by genuine doubts. Why have a Council at all, they ask. After all, the Pope is infallible, there is no major heresy which has not been sufficiently dealt with already—Pius X did not need to summon a Council to settle the Modernist crisis. Then again, why divert the Bishops away from their real and pressing work in their dioceses; if their advice is to be sought, why not do it by post, as was done in the case of the preliminary investigations for the definition of the dogma of the Assumption? Even granted that it would be a good thing to exhibit to the world the splendid and impressive sight of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church in Council, why has the Council taken so long? We have had countless speeches; ahead lies the prospect of at least one more session. And the result in the way of definitions or solemn statements? Just the two Constitutions on Liturgy and Means of Communication. If the preparation was as thorough as one had been led to believe, surely the Bishops could have come to Rome, approved with a great majority the dogmatic statements already drawn up, and then gone home again without all this expense and waste of time?

The brief answer to these questions is that the Council is intended to renew the Church, to bring it up to date and reform it from within, and that it is the most effective, perhaps the only, way of achieving that aim. Both Pope John and Pope Paul have clearly said so in their speeches at the beginning

and end of the first two sessions. Pope Paul has called 'renewal of the Church' one of the four basic issues of the Council.¹ The Popes by these speeches intended to give a guiding line for the Council and also an account of what had been achieved. Much of this paper is drawn from them : we could not look for more authentic sources.

The Council is a microcosm of the Church. Though not the same as the Church, it represents her *structure* and her *activity* in a concrete and tangible fashion.

The Church is a visible, hierarchical society which enjoys the triple function of prophetic, priestly and royal power. This abstract truth is to be seen concretely in the Bishops in St Peter's : the supreme prophets, priests and kings, under Christ, in the Church. The Church is also the whole body of the faithful. This aspect, too, is reflected by the Bishops. When assembled in the Council they not only teach with supreme authority but represent authentically and evidently the faith of the Church today, the faith of the whole Church which is guided by the Holy Spirit. Though in no way a parliamentary delegate, a bishop is not independent of the faith of his people. Born and educated in his own country, he expresses his faith in terms characteristic of his local church and coloured by its pastoral needs.

It is easy to talk of 'the Church' in an impersonal way. Any such danger is prevented by the sight of the Council. There are the shepherds of the Church, representative of the millions of Catholics in the world. There are the successors of the Apostles gathered, as both Pope John and Pope Paul have noted, in a new Cenacle like the Apostles around Christ, the source from which the sanctifying power of the Church has radiated down the centuries. There, above all, are human beings, not angels or a divine collectivity, human enough to need the help of preparatory work, to disagree sharply in discussions, and to arrive at final statements only after long, laborious efforts.

The Council reflects the structure of the Church. Even more important, it represents the *activity* of the Church. The Church does not exist just for its own sake ; it exists to act, to bring Christ's salvation to men and men to God. A Church

¹ September 1963. The other three are : the idea or understanding (*notio vel conscientia*) of the Church ; restoration of unity among all Christians ; and a dialogue (*collocutio*) between the Church and modern man.

which did not act, which had a marvellous structure and an efficient organisation but which never used them to do anything, would be an absurdity. The most characteristic act of the Church is the celebration of Mass, in which the Church is actualised in every place and time at which the celebration occurs. It is noticeable that the Popes and the theologians frequently speak of the 'celebration' of a Council. This is not mere oratory but indicates that the Council is an act of the Church in her mission of bringing the Good News to men. It is an actualisation of the Church and an action which follows from her prophetic, priestly and royal structure. Moreover, it is not a local activity of the Church but a central one which reflects the action of the whole Church.

This action consists chiefly in *the Church reflecting upon herself*. Opening the second session, Pope Paul told the Council Fathers that its main theme would be the Church herself. He went on: 'We believe that the Spirit of Truth in this Ecumenical Council will grant the sacred ranks of the teaching Church a better understanding and inspire a clearer formulation of the nature of the Church, so that, as the Spouse of Christ, she will seek her pattern in Him and, impelled by a most ardent love, strive to discover in Him her true expression, the radiant loveliness which He desires in His Church'.

If one is inclined to ask why the Church should need to reflect on her own nature, since she should know herself pretty well by now, the Pope replies that she is a mystery.² Therefore human thought will never achieve complete comprehension of the Church, any more than it will of the Trinity. Secondly, the situation of the Church in the world has changed because the world has changed. The Church must take into account, must use, the human material of new ideas and developments which God has given her, to gain a new and richer understanding of herself. But it is not just a question of some theologians reflecting on some ideas about the Church or even of the Pope teaching some new doctrine about the Church: it is the *Church* which is to reflect. Because the Council mirrors the Church, the Council is a concrete and authentic example of the *consciousness* of the Church. It is not to be seen as just a Bishops' brains trust; it is the Church in thought.

² 'And because the Church decided to reach a fuller understanding and knowledge of herself, the Shepherds and Teachers of the Church have now given much thought to the mystery which gave the Church her origin and nature (forma) . . . Has the Church ever before achieved so complete an understanding of herself? . . .' Paul VI, December 1963.

Where does it find the *object* on which to reflect? Right there in front of it. Each Bishop by meeting his Council brothers is meeting the Church. This very real confrontation is the truest start for any reflection. There is no room for idealistic dreams; the reality of the Church, as it actually is today, is there. So the Council can be said to be not only representative of the consciousness of the Church, but of its *self*-consciousness, by the very fact of its meeting and regardless of what particular matters may be discussed.

In this connection it is interesting to notice the ecclesial aspect of all the schemata already discussed. Liturgy itself is the life of the Church, her gift and Christ's gift to her. The debate on Revelation turned fundamentally on the position of Holy Scripture in the Church. Ecumenism is obviously being discussed in relation to the Church, and the schema on Our Lady is to find a similar context, so that the title 'Mother of the Church' is suggested by Pope Paul himself. This is no accident. Not only has the Pope stated that the discussion of the Church is to form the principal task of the Council, but the nature of the Council itself implies the Church as self-conscious.

The object of reflection, then, is the concrete reality of the Church. But this is not just a self-examination of complacency or even of mere curiosity; it is an examination *in the light of Christ*. Pope Paul laid down this principle at length in his speech at the opening of the second session.³ In the light of Christ as the starting point: Christ founded the Church and gave her the pattern he wanted, he gave her an image, Himself. In the light of Christ as the way: it is Christ who presides at the Council, a notion particularly emphasized in the early Councils and still proclaimed today by the presence of the open book of the Gospels on the altar in the centre of the Council hall—here again the Council reflects the Church, always governed by her glorious Head from heaven who promised that he would be with her all days until the end of time. In the light of Christ as the goal: the Church's purpose is to present Christ to the world, to be the instrument of Christ's sanctifying activity, so as to bring men to the Kingdom of God.

³ 'We say that Christ is our starting point, Christ is our guide and our way, Christ is our hope and our goal . . . May this Ecumenical Council see fully the bond which links us to Jesus Christ, which unites this living, holy Church, that is, ourselves, to Christ from whom we spring, by whom we live and to whom we tend.'

However, the *concrete reality* of the Church as she is may not measure up to her *prototype*; the human may conceal the divine. Christ's image always remains in the Church, but is it shown? His sanctifying influence is always active, but is it allowed its full scope? The Holy Spirit never deserts the Church, but is He free to act and breathe where He wills? Is it possible that the supernatural *holiness* of the Church, which is Christ's choosing of his Church out of the world and his consecration of her—just as he consecrated himself and was not of the world—is it possible that that holiness has become concealed by a counterfeit holiness: isolationism, an idea that being not of the world is achieved by being not in the world?

The Church's *catholicity* is founded in Christ's mission to her to make disciples of all nations, which implies drawing a diversity of traditions into the Church. Is it possible that this catholicism has been mistaken sometimes for the mere physical presence of diverse elements, without any real assimilation? Have other traditions been left outside and individuals been drawn into the Church by being detached from their own cultures, traditions, etc.? Christ did not command us to destroy all nations, but to make disciples of them.

The Church has an unbreakable *unity*, which is that of the Father and the Son with each other in the bond of the Spirit. Has this ever been obscured by a taste for uniformity, a mechanical idea of One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism?

The *apostolicity* of the Church consists in the fact that the Apostles were sent by Christ as Christ himself was sent by the Father—and the Fathers of the Council are the successors of the Apostles who hand on the teaching of the Apostles. But is this sometimes thought of as merely a succession produced by valid orders and a material conformity of doctrine to that handed down? Do the Apostles *speak* through the Church today? If they speak through the Council Fathers, then they do indeed speak through the Church.

Looking at themselves in the light of Christ, as Pope Paul has recommended, the Council Fathers are the Christian self-consciousness of the Church. It is themselves they are to look at. By judging themselves they are judging the Church, judging whether the Church they represent is true to the image of her Saviour or not. If the Church does not perfectly reflect Christ, that will become apparent in the Council. The result of such a judgement is an inevitable desire to *remedy* this situation,

to close the gap between what is and what should be, between what the Church is now and what she is destined to be one day. Nor is there any higher authority to appeal to, any other body which can assume the full responsibility, any third party to blame, anyone else to reform. The Council is the Church's self-consciousness and by that fact it is impelled to be the Church's conscious desire to reform herself from within.

Because this renewal is an *interior* one, springing from the heart of the Church in the Council, it will also be an *appeal*. It is the only fruitful way. An external and imposed attempt at reform would lead to hostility and resentment. It was the tragedy of the Reformation that the reform became external instead of coming from within, an attempt to force something on the Church rather than a spontaneous movement. External and imposed reform is centrifugal; interior reform is centripetal.

Many Councils in the history of the Church have been held at a time of crisis, when some serious heresy had arisen, when the Church faced attack from within or without on her faith or her order. But this is not so for Vatican II. There are plenty of errors but, as Pope John has said, errors come and go and the Church outlives them all. Mercy and a positive demonstration of the Church's teaching rather than condemnation were, he emphasized, to be the order of the day for the Council's activity. Nor is the Council concerned with putting an end to all discussion or with settling many questions with new dogmatic definitions.⁴ We are not faced with the limitation of an area of free discussion (which in any case the Council has shown to be wider than has sometimes been thought) but with the presentation of guiding principles for fresh and fruitful thought.

The Council is certainly concerned with interior renewal of Faith, of Christian morality and of 'ecclesiastical discipline'. Such renewal, however, is not just a static change in the Church and its organisation. It is *outward-looking*, for that which is to be renewed is of a sacramental nature, signifying as well as effecting God's salvific plan for all men. The Council looks outward, firstly, to our separated brethren: the Church cannot

⁴ "There are many points which the Church leaves to the discussion of theologians, in that there is no absolute certainty about them, and, as the eminent English writer John Henry Cardinal Newman remarked, such controversies do not disrupt the Church's unity; rather they contribute greatly to a deeper and better understanding of her dogmas. These very differences shed, in effect, a new light on the Church's teaching and pave and fortify the way to the attainment of unity . . . "Unity in essentials, freedom in uncertainties, in all things charity". John XXIII, *Ad Petri Cathedram*, 1959.

be conscious of herself without being conscious also of those who are related to her, of the loss to her unity and catholicity of a great sector of Christianity, and of her share in the responsibility for this matter.⁵ Beyond them, the Council looks outward to the whole world.⁶ The Church is to be renewed so as to serve men as Christ served them, in her capacity of witness, as a sign raised up among the nations and as an invitation for them (cf. Vatican I, DB 1794).

To end on a practical note: what can we do about the Council? The first and obvious contribution we can make is by prayer. This needs no further development and has been the subject of appeals by Popes and bishops. But there is another contribution we should make: we should prepare ourselves so that we shall be able to give the decisions of the Council a ready and fruitful reception.

We have a duty therefore to acquaint ourselves now with the issues, including the context in which they are being discussed—not with the object of creating a babel of contradictory opinions, but in order to be able to contribute constructively by an active and vital response to the implications of all decrees. If we wait until the decisions have been made, they will find us unprepared. The Council is not a headquarters conference from which we passively expect orders and decisions. It is for us to obtain the spirit of the Council now and to spread that spirit, so that the Church's new understanding and consciousness of herself may spread through all her members. It would be sad to think of the Church behaving like a metaphorical dinosaur, a tiny brain in a tiny head moving a vast, clumsy and uncomprehending body. In fact, unless we do our part to acquire

⁵ 'We do not wish to put anyone in history on trial; we shall not seek to establish who was right and who was wrong. Responsibility is divided. We only want to say: let us come together, let us make an end of our divisions.' John XXIII, December 1962.

'By God's grace, then, we shall hold this Council; we shall prepare for it by working hard at whatever on the Catholic side most needs to be healed and strengthened according to the teaching of Our Lord. When we have carried out this strenuous task, eliminated everything which could, at the human level, hinder our rapid progress, then we shall point to the Church in all her splendour, sine macula et ruga, and say to all those who are separated from us, Orthodox, Protestants and the rest: look, brothers, this is the Church of Christ. We have striven to be true to her, to ask the Lord for grace that she may ever remain what he willed. Come; here the way lies open for meeting and for homecoming. Come; take or resume that place which is yours, which for many of you was your fathers' place.' John XXIII, address to Catholic Action, 1960.

⁶ 'The most pressing topics will be those which concern the spread of the Catholic Faith, the revival of Christian standards of morality, and the bringing of ecclesiastical discipline into closer accord with the needs and conditions of our times. This in itself will provide an outstanding example of truth, unity and love. May those who are separated from this Apostolic See, beholding this manifestation of unity, derive from it the inspiration to seek out that unity which Jesus Christ prayed for so ardently from his heavenly Father.' John XXIII, Ad Petri Cathedram.

this spirit, however successful the Council may appear as an act, it will in reality not be a full act of the whole Church. Unless we make the Council really our own, so that we put into practice (under competent ecclesiastical authority) what the Council produces, as something which comes from within us, we ourselves will manage to frustrate the work of the Council. The responsibility lies heavily upon all of us to make sure that the Council really does carry that note of an activity of the whole Church which its structure implies.

Nor is it enough to pray about or be enthusiastic over the Council in general. Our real attitude will be measured by the way we react to particular matters. For instance, what is our attitude towards the Constitution on Liturgy? Whatever our former opinions were, are we prepared now to begin to form ourselves to receive this guidance willingly and humbly? Are we ready to share in the mind of the Church, or are we going to prefer to shut ourselves up in a particular mental world and in a refusal even to consider the possibility of learning? To the extent that the Council is not ours we are not of the Church, we do not share the Church's mind. In its extreme form, of course, formal rejection of an Ecumenical Council, this is separation from the Church by heresy. But it is quite possible to despise a Council in practice without going to the length of actual doctrinal deviation. On the other hand, by opening ourselves to the spirit of the Council we can become instruments of grace to the whole world, so that God's great gift to the Church and to the world will be not only the Council but the Holy Spirit Himself, in a new and abundant outpouring upon all men (cf. Acts ii, 16f).

NICHOLAS COOTE.

PREPARING FOR THE COUNCIL

A roof over one's head, a bed to sleep in, food and drink and the normal amenities of this century are as desirable to a Conciliar Father as to any other member of the human race. As the opening date of the Council came into vision, a choice of lodging in Rome had to be made, and it had to be made in time for any adaptation of existing premises to be completed by 29th September 1962. Hence eyes, episcopal and other, were naturally turned to the College which has had experience of these things for several centuries. Obviously there was room in the College block for a considerable number of people. The irritating fact remained, none the less, that some available space was in a state of disrepair and, in any case, unadapted to the purpose in mind, while other space was occupied by house-owners quick to see the advantage of remaining *in statu quo* unless rich compensation were offered.

Cardinal Godfrey approached the then Rector, Mgr Tickle, who had long ago foreseen what might be done to satisfy most members of the Council coming from England. The well-known Paolozzi flat, vacated at long last, offered great possibilities. This had been the apartment of Cardinal Howard in the latter years of the seventeenth century and, in that sense, already had an ecclesiastical twist in its planning. It had been built as the 'Piano Nobile' and possessed superb sixteenth-century

ceilings, dating back to the time when this part of the College was the Corte dei Savelli (it was bought for the College in 1663). Unfortunately, access to it, except by way of the Cortile, was blocked by a flat whose tenant, though willing to go for a price, had to be wheedled and chivvied into a reasonable settlement. Once this was achieved the newly acquired area communicated directly into the present Salone and thence into the Cardinals' Corridor.

A survey was made by all concerned and the cost estimated. The architect and builder assured us it could be done in time. Maybe, like us, they believed in that half-truth that 'they built well in those days'. Sadly we were to discover that Cardinal Howard, possibly so as to lead a life undisturbed by builders, went to large expense (and debts) to rebuild three sides of the Cortile and elsewhere but did not think it necessary to touch his own area. When the internal walls were bared, they were found to be dangerously jerry-built. The contractor of those days must have gone to the local brick dump to pick up cheap lots of broken bricks and rubble. Some walls could be pulled to pieces by hand.

However, these discoveries were ahead of us when the plans were drawn and the first moves made. The idea was to construct living quarters that would be comfortable and secluded, where the Conciliar Fathers could meet their friends in relative privacy and where all modern services would be abundantly provided. Basic constructional defects were remedied by the insertion of iron girdering in all the flooring. Independent heating and hot-water plants were set up in the cellars, and derelict ground-floor space turned into useful garages. All went according to plan until the crumbling transverse walls caused the worry that all would not be finished in time and estimated costs would be exceeded.

The true story must go down to history that the Rector and the ubiquitous Germano, a jack-of-all-trades if ever there was one, were papering the walls at 3 a.m. on the day the Conciliar Fathers arrived in Rome that September. The Vice-Rector had limped to bed at 2 a.m. after performing the less skilful task, with the help of willing students, of cleaning and scrubbing the floors. We made it, to use an apt phrase in this context, by a few hours, though the bishops had to pretend not to see the many unfinished odds and ends that needed several days to tidy up.

They entered a fully-furnished area with which they appeared more than content, though the street noises of both the Via Montoro and the Via Monserrato often caused a certain sleeplessness! (Old students will remember their first days on the 'Monserra'). There were eleven private rooms available and ten bathrooms—to the astonishment of some of the Italian servants. In the old Salone three more rooms, adapted where possible to more modern standards, were also put at the disposal of the Fathers; two guest rooms already existing in Cardinal Heard's corridor brought the total number of guest rooms to the sizeable figure of sixteen. On the staircase two more small rooms were made to house secretaries, and the Vice-Rector was rightly induced to vacate his bedroom and bathroom to the Bishop of Lancaster. The Bishop of Shrewsbury was graciously content with room No. 66, the former bedroom of the same Vice-Rector and in recent times a student's room. Four other Conciliar Fathers occupied empty students rooms on the second and third floors, until in 1963 we had recovered the mezzanine floor half-way up the Cortile stairway (Scala B) and were able to put this modern flat at their disposal. In such wise twenty-four Conciliar Fathers were reasonably accommodated.

Accommodation is one thing. There are other elements in the machinery of living. The Sisters felt they could cope in both refectory and laundry if a couple of extra girls could be added to their domestic staff. In the same way two extra manservants were hired. The guests will bear witness to the reasonable efficiency of this side of College administration. For the record one should note that the existing ecclesiastical staff were forced, by events, to show remarkable hidden talent and were graciously aided by their own guests in the business of Roman life during Vatican II.

Two sessions of the Council have shown that the basic ideas were justified. Many episcopal friends of our own Hierarchy showed envy for their quarters. The disadvantages of living in the middle of town were more than outweighed by the proximity of the College to St Peter's and by all its amenities. The House made the daily Mass of the Conciliar Fathers something to which they never had to give a worrying thought. Furthermore, College life itself was sometimes a relief to our guests, driven daily to three-hour sessions in St Peter's where not all that occurred could be called exciting or rewarding.

The College administrators and the entire House have the right to feel proud that the confidence placed in them was not mistaken. At the same time our guests needed to show patience when the machinery stuttered or showed signs of strain, and for this we shall always be grateful. But, at the final reckoning, the credit must be justly given to the foresight and technical skill of the Rector who prepared it all and to his professional collaborators whose spirits he never allowed to droop when sometimes the task seemed too big to achieve.

ALAN C. CLARK.

BACKGROUND TO VATICAN I

Information about College life and activities in the days before *THE VENERABLE* was first published is often hard to come by or even non-existent. What material our archives contain relating to the second half of the last century is only partially catalogued and, while efforts to remedy this situation are at present under way, no really substantial details concerning the time of the First Vatican Council have as yet come to light. Nor are the prospects for such discoveries very bright.

Fortunately, however, the memories of those days are not altogether lost. An article appeared in the *Dublin Review* in 1920 entitled 'Roman Memories of 1870'. The author, Canon William Barry, was a student at the College from 1868 to 1873 and has a place in the Obit Book for his opposition to the *piano regolatore*, the proposal to extend the Campo di Fiori into the College Garden. His obituary notice (*THE VENERABLE* V, 226-7, April 1931) recalls that he was 'the last Venerabilino to assist in bearing the papal canopy round the Piazza of St Peter's' until the Lateran Treaty allowed the custom to be re-introduced. The best years of his life were devoted to what he himself called his 'literary Apostolate' and were crowned by the title of Protonotary Apostolic which Pius XI conferred upon him.

We are grateful to the Editor of the *Wiseman Review* for permission to reprint a slightly abbreviated version of the original article. In this issue we publish a 'student's eye view in retrospect' of the *periti* at the Roman College, reserving for

our next issue the Canon's memories of the Bishops and Cardinals. One little matter intrigues us : what stratagems did our student-predecessors employ to infiltrate into St Peter's and so to hear 'the vehement discussions to which the vaulted roofs of the Basilica rang' ?

I.

I am glad that I lived in old Papal Rome and at the English College before the change and during the very crisis of Council and Temporal Power ; there was a touching grace in our visits to Pius IX, secluded within Vatican walls, beyond which lay the Eternal City where he would nevermore be seen. And yet the people loved him. It was not the Romans who did the work of spoliation. But when we wandered round St Peter's on 8th December 1869, a dull and rainy winter's day, to get a glimpse of the procession in which, as though it were a moving pageant, all the Catholic hierarchy passed along, we might have been viewing some vast fresco, dimmed by age, exceedingly rich in its mingled tones, solemn as a Last Judgement. An era was ending ; we talked of Gallicans and Ultramontanes ; but the real question had been raised by the Syllabus of 1864—would modern society bow to the yoke of Christ or crucify Him afresh in His true believers ? The Council, in eight months, held four public sessions : at Easter we received the definitions which dealt with Nature and Revelation—or, to sum the matter in a pregnant word, with Monism ; on 18th July, the dogma of Papal Infallibility was declared. Next day the Franco-Prussian War broke out. Never again could the Council meet ; its essential task, however, had been done. For it told the world what Catholics believed concerning God and his creation ; it proclaimed the Church to be its own evidence ; and it acknowledged St Peter's successor as the divinely-appointed guardian of St Peter's faith.

In this large undertaking our masters at the Roman College bore a part, chiefly by way of preparation and counsel, which, however momentous, did not bring them on the public stage. Men like Franzelin, Perrone, Kleutgen, Schrader, Palmieri, were students or experts, not statesmen or politicians ; they drew up schemata—rough drafts which were severely handled

in debate by brilliant speakers, whom it was not their place to answer. Nevertheless, when we review the dogmatic Constitutions, *Dei Filius* and *Pastor Aeternus*, it is in substance their work that we see before us. The vehement discussions to which the vaulted roofs of the Basilica rang—sometimes in our hearing while we prayed at the golden lights of the Confession—turned, I believe, rather on history or policy than on the dogmas themselves. With policy the Roman College has no concern; and my feeling, when I first attended lectures in those lofty classrooms adorned with portraits of the great Jesuit theologians, was that history, taken for granted, would not occupy much of the professor's time or of ours. All, I might say, was idea, was *a priori*, deductive and legal, in the teaching of doctrine, despite an admirable knowledge of Aristotelian methods. But the inductive, experimental spirit of Aristotle must be sought elsewhere. History, whether of philosophy, of the Church, or of dogma, which my German reading had set down as indispensable means to a genuine acquaintance with our respective subject-matters, we might study for ourselves; the Chair was a Chair of exposition and argument, not of research.

The mental atmosphere, in fact, had not been changed since the days of Suarez or Toletus, although Franzelin spent great zeal in refuting the condemned opinions of Hermes and Günther—the men as well as their writings unknown to his audience, except for a dozen Teutons, it may be, among three hundred Italians, Latin-Americans, Hungarians, Belgians, Scots and English. Franzelin, himself a Tyrolese, who had taught in Graz and elsewhere, was in 1870 the acknowledged prince of theologians; but how little like a prince did that saintly man appear! I cannot well imagine him in the Cardinal's robes with which by and by the Holy Father invested him. Nothing of Italian grace or French stateliness might be discerned in figure, attitude, or voice while he lectured, always earnestly, with an undertone of spiritual fervour, in his German Latin, moving slowly through sentences which found no end, or found it after long endeavour. He seemed at all times weary; and suffering, as we know now he did, from the disease of conscience called scrupulosity, the wonder is that he held out so many seasons without relief, immersed in the work of Roman Congregations, and treating himself austerely. Professor of Oriental Languages, he never alluded to the East or quoted Hebrew; but, somewhat

a rare thing in the case of scholastic divines, he was mighty in the Scriptures, though hardly ever touching on problems of criticism. Altogether, being a man of genius completely unaffected by any modern influence, I may say that for this pure unworldly spirit time stood still. To us who heard and saw him only at lecture he was a voice ; at the best a great light ; but to the end a stranger.

These masters of so many thousands of young men held their disciples at a distance, made no attempt outside the Schools to shape life or thought, and relinquished to the College authorities what is significantly called discipline. They were not our friends. Neither, again, did the superiors of the English College in my time show the faintest personal interest in us, or our studies, or our future. Beyond a code of teasing regulations, wasted on youths who lived in a strict and almost monastic routine, we had a singular kind of liberty, following upon the perfect neglect which directed none of our reading but abandoned us to the Roman College and our own will. I was not sorry that so it was. Under a cast-iron system, beloved of mediocrity, one would have been forbidden to read Goethe, to remember the Greek poets, to learn worldly wisdom from Thackeray. Cramming for 'public acts', the conquests of medals, would then have seemed 'the be-all and the end-all' of our sojourn in Rome. At another College this narrow programme put English literature simply on the Index ; and prizes fell in abundance to the gifted fellows who were thus driven, as between blinkers, to victory. We took few prizes at that period of the Venerable ; and our Italian tutors fell into despair when we dealt out to them a certain ironical treatment which made light of the learning (merely formal repetition, it is true) they offered and we disdained. This comedy went on of itself, always with unflinching good humour ; but our innocent ineffective guides would have felt even more puzzled if they happened to be told how much serious reading, what lively discussions, and what intensity of metaphysical reflection, such apparent indifference concealed. The Eternal City was our university, the College our hostel ; and I who, by nature, breeding, dedication, was a born student, felt pure delight when the notice-board on the Jesuit portals announced, '*Scholae vacant*'.

Yet who with any mind, attending lectures and getting headaches in the ill-ventilated rooms which were soon to be seized from us by the Piedmontese, could fail to admire the

force of intellect revealed when Ballerini was bringing his judgement, ripened by experience, to bear on the problems of casuistry? Or when Palmieri recited in unchanging tones from outspread sheets the dissertation he had composed on St Augustine, Jansenism, and the quarrel *De Auxiliis*? Listening to Palmieri we understood how St Thomas might be held the Angel of the Schools. Outward appearance did not count; emotion never coloured an accent; the voice, clear in every syllable, lasted precisely one hour, then stopped, to begin and end to-morrow as it had this morning. Palmieri was indeed a 'separated intelligence', calm as the absolute zero, his mere procedure an education in pure reason.

In the French view persons and personality are everything; but personality became an abstract idea when our Jesuit Angel took it for consideration. Ballerini had to decide concrete and real issues; by tradition, the moral professor cultivates humour; he is *der Lustige*, the jester, of the Schools; and this tall, bent old man of Bologna, white-haired, wrinkle-faced, with glowering eyes and a large smile, was by temperament a humorist. He kept warm an ancient feud with Rosmini, whose whole system he had violently assailed. The name never dropped from his lips; but in the curiously rugged Latin of more than one paragraph within his edition of Gury we may discover certain shrewd thrusts at the moralist of Rovereto. There was something breezy and Aristophanic about this genial jester; compared with his fellows, who lectured but never thought of laughing, let me boldly say that he walked and talked as one *inter mortuos liber*, and his vivacity kept us alive. He had passions no less than parts; a superb vocabulary, Latin and Italian, of scorn, of indignation, of sarcastic wit; and a philosophy which was proof against exile in early days, and now against the shameful confiscation of which the Society became the victim soon after the new Government plumped down with their officials on Rome. He went out gaily, muttering, 'Itur a refectorio in refectorium'. For the sake of Ballerini, had he known him, Sainte-Beuve would, I can fancy, have given the Society of Jesus at least partial indulgence. Never was there a Jesuit so little corresponding to the legend of the dissembler, the polite assassin, the plague that walketh in darkness. To a multitude of priests in many countries the Roman College meant Ballerini, not without pleasant cause.

Such as these, then, were the agents employed by the Holy

See in drawing up schemes of Canon Law and doctrine for the Council. Their work was tried as by fire ; the stubble perished ; and when Connolly, Archbishop of Halifax, flung away the first draft, crying aloud 'Sepeliatur', the stroke must have gone to Franzelin's heart. Nevertheless, amendment of Bills is the very essence of Parliamentary debate ; and what was the meeting of the world's bishops but a Church Parliament ? By and by, Kleutgen won general applause with his preamble, written in great haste, to the Constitution *Dei Filius*, of which Lord Acton observes that 'several of the Jesuits obtained credit for the ability and moderation with which the decree was drawn up'. Acton is severe upon the uncompromising Clement Schrader, as I can well understand, having in remembrance that professor's lectures on St Luke's Gospel—the most pedantic and unprofitable it was ever my fortune to endure. This very gentlemanlike Hanoverian, careful in speech and appearance, was a Ciceronian of the school of Passaglia, whose colleague he had been. His abilities were undoubted, his logic went straight forward, without making allowance for human nature in things that concern it more than pure mathematics ; and given all this, I need hardly say that extreme conclusions did not frighten him. To critics of the Syllabus and opponents of the papal claims, men of this quality are at once welcome and detestable, as affording a reduction to the absurd of the positions where they lie entrenched. I contrast him with Perrone, the amiable shrewdly-judging old man, who verified his logic by observation of the freedom allowed in Catholic schools to so many groups of orthodox teachers. Mediocrity, which was all Perrone claimed for his writings, is sometimes golden. I think with pleasure of Newman's generous words about him; and count among my happy memories that I was examined by him for my degree and holy orders.

WILLIAM BARRY.

(To be concluded.)

ROMANESQUE

UNIFORMS

Nothing is more certain than that in this twentieth century the old, colourful, traditional styles of dress are everywhere on the way out. The ordinary man today tends to dress the same whether he be a native of Athens or Aberystwyth. Even in Italy, the land of tradition, you must go ever farther into the remote hill districts before you can see them, except in the Piazza Navona at Christmas.

Under such circumstances it falls to the public authorities, civil and military, to provide a little colour to offset the drabness of male dress. The great common denominator is at work even here; the lesser states ape the styles of the greater, while in England British Railways are now dressing their staff as Germans. The visitor to Rome could be pardoned for failing to distinguish a postman from a general, except for the medals.

On the other hand, it is noticeable that most people have a sort of intuition for uniforms as far as the forces of law and order are concerned. No doubt this is bred of the age-long regimentation of man by officialdom, with the necessity for a built-in early-warning system. It is possible to cross the Piazza Argentina heedless of traffic signals, and it is also possible to ignore the little man blowing his whistle, but no one ever pretended not to know that the little man was a policeman. Since the powers-that-be have provided several sorts of policeman for Rome, the better to keep an eye on all spheres of human

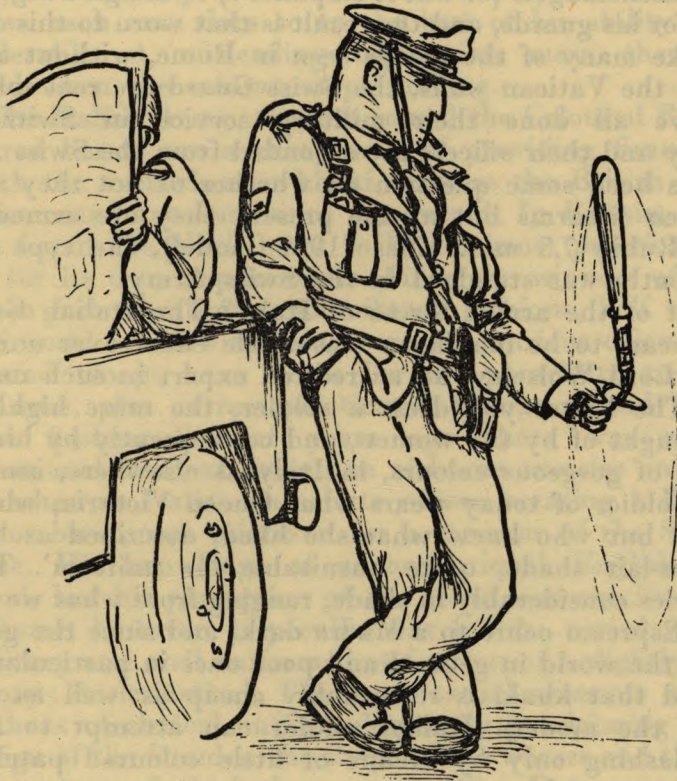
endeavour, it would be as well to be able to recognise and differentiate between them.

The most obvious and by far the most impressive of these forces are the Carabinieri, the aristocracy of all police. Sometimes you will find the Carabinieri in blue, sometimes in khaki; sometimes in peaked cap and sometimes in cocked hat; but at all times they will be wearing a white shoulder-belt from which is suspended a pouch. The tale that the pouch is used to carry morsels is, of course, a foul calumny put about by anti-Carabinieri elements. Some Carabinieri wear boots and spurs. This is a throwback to the days when they all had horses and, according to the old prints, spent their time emptying their pistols into the brigand chief's face while rescuing beautiful ladies from stage-coaches. When on duty in the winter a sort of zimarra is issued. By this is added much glamour, not to say panache, for the Carabiniere wears it with the corner thrown back over his shoulder to reveal the scarlet lining.

Next come the Municipal Police of Rome. They are definitely several cuts below the Carabinieri, having neither the height nor the aloof mien, and are decidedly the more human for it. The uniform is a dark-blue jacket and blue-grey trousers, with the usual pistol hung on a hook. Since this force is a Roman institution, it is only fitting that its mode of action should be civilised as well as humane. An arrest will be accompanied by a sorrowful shake of the head at the follies of man, and it is obvious that they much prefer to regard humankind as rational, acting rationally. Not very long ago a patrol car was called in to investigate an uproar at a certain travellers' hostel in the vicinity of the College. In the course of the operations one of these officers of the law was laid out by a bottle wielded by an Australian student. This occurrence was so unusual as to be virtually incomprehensible and left the other police nonplussed. However, civilisation again prevailed; after some thought they took the offender to their headquarters, releasing him next morning, after he had sobered up a little, on promise of good behaviour in future.

There is another category of constabulary with whom it is better not to mix, unless your social tastes run in that direction. This is the *Polizia di Pubblica Sicurezza*. One can see these less-than-elegant gentlemen in various parts of Rome at various times, but usually when there is a public meeting in progress. When the meeting gets to the 'bricks and paving-stones' stage,

their work begins. They will probably be spraying much green liquid about. You will find that this is extremely difficult to get off your clothes. But have no fear : if a policeman sees it, he will give the matter his undivided attention. This force wears uniforms of a grey-green colour, with chin-straps under the chin in workmanlike manner. When not attending meetings they can be seen with their feet up in their jeeps, reading the *Corriere dello Sport* to pass away the dreary hours of inactivity.



When not attending meetings . . .

Altogether, one gets the impression that they would like nothing better than a good rough-house for limbering-up purposes and to relieve the intense boredom. Even here one finds the subtle leaven of Roman civilisation creeping in : the Polizia di Pubblica Sicurezza buy their newspapers to read—not merely to tear

up and put inside their peaked caps, as do certain police forces at home.

However, let us leave this slightly distressing theme of the law and turn our attention to a body of men known the world over : the Swiss Guard. We all know what they look like and something about them. Their uniform is some 450 years old and is brilliant in hue, but by the cut of it looks to be quite a practical battledress. The steel helmet too is a little obsolete in pattern but was most successful in its time. Pope Julius II engaged Michelangelo (or was it Raphael ?) to design a regulation uniform for his guards, and the result is that worn to this day.

Unlike many of the troops seen in Rome, without as well as within the Vatican walls, the Swiss Guard are real soldiers : they have all done their military service in Switzerland previously and their officers are seconded from the Swiss Army. There has been some question on whether or not they should retain their firearms but at the present they are armed with Schmidt-Rubin 7.5 mm. rifles (1931 model), the type which until recently was standard in the Swiss Army.

What of the armed forces of Italy ? The Italian Government appears to be making a reasonable effort over uniforms. The late Lord Wolseley, an accredited expert in such matters, wrote : 'The better you dress a soldier, the more highly will he be thought of by the women, and consequently by himself'. The days of gorgeous colours, in Italy as elsewhere, are gone, and the soldier of today wears what Queen Victoria, who was no expert but who knew what she liked, described as 'a sort of café-au-lait shade, quite unsuitable for uniform'. Today, khaki varies considerably in shade, ranging from what we might term an Espresso ochre to a Madre dark, and since the governments of the world in general and poor ones in particular have discovered that khaki is remarkably cheap as well as inconspicuous, the modern Italian soldier can attempt to render himself dashing only by means of little coloured patches of cloth or, regrettably, plastic.

The only consolation, apart from the fact that fourteen months is not really very long, is that the fortunate ones will be able to wear funny hats. Ever since armies began, the standard manoeuvre for appearing exceptionally dashing is to wear a funny hat. If you can get away with it for long enough it becomes traditional. Thus in Rome you will notice particularly the Alpini, who wear Robin Hood hats, complete with feather, and

the Bersaglieri, who sport a sort of sombrero hung with a great bunch of feathers. The latter also have a red tea-cosy hat with a blue pom-pom on it. It is worn on the extreme back of the head, but how it is kept on in this insecure position is a mystery equal to that of the Scotsman and his kilt. The other noticeable feature of the Bersaglieri is that they always march at the double, in accordance with their light infantry tradition. They also sing songs of a patriotic or regimental nature. Prolonged periods of singing and doubling are very tiring, so it is only natural that when they halt and are able to relax each man does so to the best of his ability, which is considerable. A misleading impression may, therefore, be created when the column stops moving.

The Italian Army, too, has joined the Coloured Beret Club. Coloured berets are a cheap way of providing funny hats to go with the even cheaper khaki suits, as the British and other governments have long since discovered. In Britain, the Tank Corps found the black beret to be the most practicable head-dress for its own requirements. Since the winners of any war are *ipso facto* the leaders of military fashions, half the armies of the world are now sporting berets in various colours. Italian armoured troops have black berets; parachute troops wear green ones, plus extra-sophisticated formation and branch-of-service flashes. Several years ago there was nearly an international incident during an airborne exercise on Salisbury Plain when an Italian parachute officer, wearing a light-khaki summer beret, was mistaken for a member of the Special Air Service. His knowledge of unconventional English was not so good, but his perception of the trend was excellent.

Rome, however, is peculiar not for the varied abundance of military and civil uniforms but for that of a slightly different category: ecclesiastical. The most casual observer will notice a plethora of clerical outfits, eloquently proclaiming the sense of design of the founder, the shape of the wearer and the fashion of the century of which they are the relics. But space is limited, so I am forced to leave further research in this absorbing field to some later antiquarian, someone perhaps with a subtler sense of the exotic, the classical and the truly Roman.

RICHARD ASHTON.

FACTIO VENETA—THE 'BLUES'

*De Prasino conviva meus Venetoque loquatur
Nec facient quemquam pocula nostra reum.*

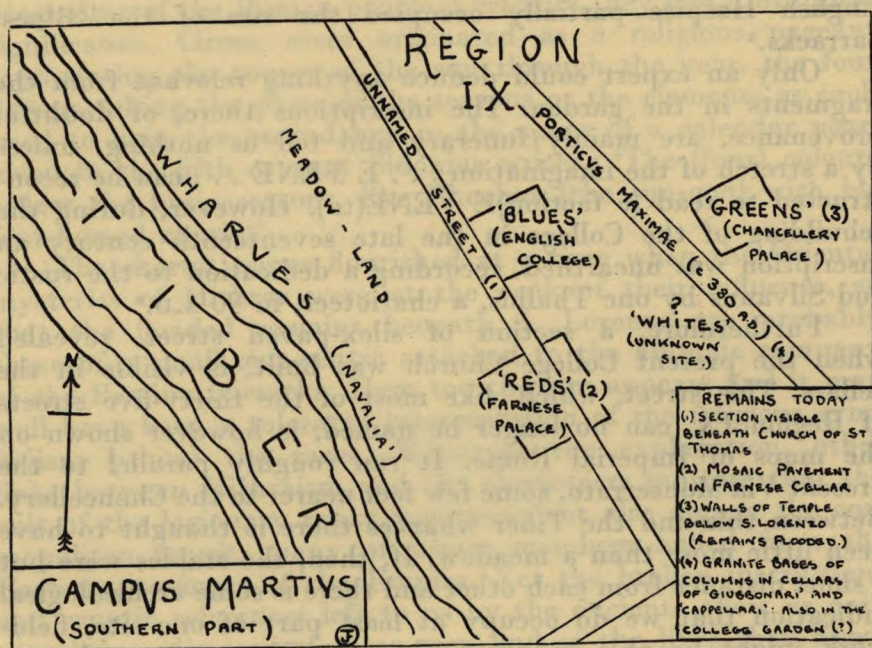
(Martial, Lib. 10, ep. 48.)

Some thirty feet below the high altar of S. Lorenzo in Damaso lie the remains of a temple of Mithras, its fine reticulate work clearly visible beneath several feet of water. Dating back to the third century, it is possibly the last visible remnant of the stable-barracks of the 'Greens', one of the four chariot-racing squadrons in the Circus games of Imperial Rome.

Originating in the time of Julius Cæsar, the four *factiones*, Prasina, Veneta, Albata and Russata, flourished for several hundred years with a curious admixture of fortune and notoriety. The 'Reds' (Russata) and 'Whites' (Albata) appear to have been the first founded, followed in close succession by the 'Leek-Greens' (Prasina, from *πρασον*, a leek) and the 'Blues' (Veneta, after the Venetii who were particularly addicted to that colour).

Today it is generally held among Romanologists that we can locate the sites of three of the four team quarters, while that of the 'Whites' remains a mystery.¹ That the four State barracks stood in close proximity to each other we know from Regionary Catalogues of the 4th century which include the 'Stabula IIII Factionum' together among the important edifices of Region IX in the southern part of the Campus Martius. Archæology and the divination legitimate to that science must then help to fill remaining gaps in our information.

¹ Thanks are due to Dott. Francesco Dionisi, Rome, for his help in investigating the probable sites of the stable-barracks.



Sketch of probable location of 'Stabula IIII Factionum'

Evidence is strongest in the case of the 'Greens', who are believed to have occupied the site of the present Chancellery Palace near the College. Several dedicatory inscriptions of Prasina charioteers have been found in or around that area, in addition to a lead conduit inscribed '(fac)TIONIS PRASINÆ', which archæologists regard as the strongest pointer to the site. Tradition and a tablet in the Church ascribe to St Lorenzo a former title of 'in Prasino', going back to the days of the original church of Pope Damasus.

In the cellars of the Farnese Palace a well-preserved black and white mosaic pavement of the Imperial period seems to confirm what inscriptions already suggested—that this was the site of the stables of the 'Reds'. Add to this the fact that the 'Reds' and the 'Blues' later amalgamated and hence were probably close together, and we have corroboration for what is perhaps the weakest of the three traditions: that the old

English Hospice partially occupied the site of the 'Blues' barracks.²

Only an expert could deduce anything relevant from the fragments in the garden. The inscriptions there, of doubtful provenance, are mainly funerary and tell us nothing, unless by a stretch of the imagination . . . E VENE . . . can be reconstructed to read (e faction)E VENE(ta). However, during the rebuilding of the College in the late seventeenth century an inscription was unearthed, recording a dedication to the rustic god Silvanus by one Thallus, a charioteer, in 90 A.D.³

Furthermore, a section of silex-paved street, revealed when the present College Church was built, is visible in the cellars. This street, which, like most of the thirty-five streets of Region IX, can no longer be named, is however shown on the maps of Imperial Rome. It ran roughly parallel to the present Via Monserrato, some few feet nearer to the Chancellery. Between this and the Tiber wharves there is thought to have been little more than a meadow. If, then, the stables were but a short distance from each other and there is some archæological indication that we do occupy at least part of one site, field-work might be able to prove that the Veneta barracks are located somewhere beneath the parts of the College east of that Roman street nearest the site of the Hospice foundation ; that is, under the kitchen area.*

Passing over the 'Purples' (Purpurea) and 'Golds' (Aurea) instituted by Domitian (81-96), whose names faded almost as quickly as that emperor's reputation and whose regal significance is obvious, there is considerable discrepancy among the ancient authorities as to the significance of the colours. The majority,⁴ no doubt rightly, see them as representing the four seasons ; others link them to the four elements, and a few even manage to associate the 'Reds' with Mars, the legendary

² This view is held by Lanciani, *New Tales of Old Rome*, p. 270 (quoted by Cardinal Gasquet in his history of the College).

³ *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI, no. 621. Described as 'erutum in Collegio Anglorum', the inscription, now in the Museo Carpineo, leaves Thallus' team unrecorded.

* Since this article was first written, field-work has in fact been undertaken in the College cellars. The information and articles obtained as a result of the excavation are encouraging and go some way to substantiating the hypothesis advanced in the article. We hope to publish full details in our next issue.—EDITOR.

⁴ Sidonius, *Carmina* 23, 323 ; Tertullian, *De Spect.* 9 ; Cassiod., *Var.* 3, 51.

progenitor of the Roman people. Certainly they had a liturgical significance. Circus races originated as a religious pageant representing the course of the sun through the year, the four drivers taking the parts of the seasons or the elements as each tried to gain the ascendancy in the space of a calendar year. Even in the fifth century Sidonius writes: 'The (four) colours reflect the basic seasons, like Phoebus (the sun-god) with his four-horsed chariot'.

The chariot teams flourished at a time when the Oriental mysteries of Mithras were at the peak of their influence, so that the flooded remains beneath S. Lorenzo are probably those of a small cult-centre attached to the all-male company of the Prasina barracks. Here too the sun appears and it may well have been a tolerated interpretation of the religious symbolism behind the races. Whatever the explanation, other links between Mithraism and the charioteers indicate that the cult of the legionary ranks was prevalent also among the cosmopolitan teams, many of whose members hailed from the Eastern provinces of the Empire. Yet the broken inscriptions and cryptic references left to us by the ancients allow us only tantalising glimpses of these men and of the lives they lived.

When Crescens,⁵ a young North African, began his career with the 'Blues' in the reign of Trajan (98–117), his team was still in keen rivalry with the 'Greens' and all the factions possessed fine new barracks, erected some thirty years previously by Vitellius, the emperor-patron of the 'Blues'. Still alive were old charioteers of the team who had enjoyed this brief period of favour under the short-lived despot, many of them no doubt veterans of his last-ditch defence against Vespasian.

Stories lose nothing in the telling, and if by this time Nero was already a legendary figure, the picture of Caligula presented by the malicious historians of the period almost defies belief.⁶ In the course of regular nights of carousing spent at the Prasina barracks, the crazed young autocrat would order his favourite horse, Incitatus, to be led into the banquets from its luxurious marble and ivory stall. Decked out in magisterial purple and jewel-spangled finery, the puzzled beast was placed before a table heavy with golden vessels where it lapped at the wine

⁵ *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* VI, no. 10050. Nos 10044–10077 have been used throughout this article. Other sources drawn on are given in the footnotes. To these should be added *Corpus Antiquitatum Romanarum* (Thomas Dempster, England, 1732) and Suetonius, *Nero and Vitellius*.

⁶ Suetonius, *Caligula* 55; Josephus, *Ant. Jud.* 19, 4; Dion Cassius, *Gaius* 59.

and food as Caligula toasted its future. So enamoured was the monarch of the horse that only the Pretorian assassin's dagger prevented him from creating it Consul for 42 A.D. Perhaps Caligula's order to the militia to enforce silence in the barracks' area lest the reposing Consul-designate 'be disturbed in the twenty-four hours before a race', was merely added fuel to the discontent of the Pretorian Guard: even their punishment squads were made to clean out the horse's stall.

The names of the horses with which Crescens won his first contest at the Nervan commemorative games of 115 A.D. (Circius, Acceptor, Delicatus and Cotynus) are all still imaginable in equivalent on any modern form-card. Although we are not told of the charioteers' reaction to the elephants introduced by Claudius (41-54) or the camels they were required to drive by Elagabalus (218-222), intensive training was certainly the normal requirement. Crescens raced an average of eighty-five seven-lap contests each year for almost a decade and would certainly have needed all the vigour of his youth. A day's racing consisted of twenty-four contests (*missus*) and lasted from sunrise to sunset. For the four tensed drivers, their Arab stallions held steady by *moratores* at a chalk starting-line, the signal for a race was the white napkin dropped from the box of the chief civic magistrate. This custom is believed to have replaced the bugle-call in the time of Nero when the clamour of the crowd rose from the tiers of the Circus Maximus to the Palace above, angrily demanding that the races begin. Rising from his meal, the emperor went to the terrace overlooking the stadium and let fall his napkin, the only object at hand, as a signal to commence.

Apparently the test of a charioteer's skill came at the *metae* or turning on the corners, marked by the spine down the centre of the Circus. To cut himself or his horses free, should anything go amiss, he carried a knife at the belt of his coloured team-tunic, yet in spite of this and even the padded helmet, many a charioteer met his end in trying to round the *metae* at speed. 'Qualis artifex pereo', Nero's deathbed boast, sounds less hollow when one considers that in competitive races he could speed a ten-yoked vehicle around these dangerous points.

Doctors, blacksmiths, ostlers and goaders, among many others, all feature on remaining inscriptions as part of the regular entourage of each team, and no doubt not even the generous State patronage would cover all their wants. Com-

mercialism in sport is no new phenomenon. 40,000 sesterces is recorded as a single prize and Juvenal laments that a charioteer of the 'Reds' could win 'the salary of a hundred lawyers' along with his victory crown. Crescens, in addition to the forty-seven victor's palms which he carried away in eight and a half years, also carried away over one and a half million sesterces. Nor, in spite of the strain and danger, was youth essential: Diocles, a Spanish-born rival of his, driving successively for the 'Whites', 'Reds' and 'Greens', was still braving the course at almost forty years of age.

Those same crowds, who had so impatiently summoned the emperor from his table and who in the Maximus alone numbered over 250,000, must have been at once a help and a distraction to the charioteers. Verus, 'a supporter of the "Greens" . . . had many insults hurled at him by supporters of the "Blues" because he had pronounced an unfavourable judgement against them', while Caracalla, less restrained under provocation, shortly afterwards 'turned troops onto the jeering crowd to teach them a lesson'. Juvenal, writing just at the wane of the 'Greens' popularity and at the time when Crescens was racing, describes the ear-splitting clamour when the 'Greens' won and the contrasting grief which descended upon the disappointed populace, 'as if the Consuls had once more fallen in the dust of Cannæ', were they to lose. With the races forming the greater part of Rome's one hundred or more games' days, to which each emperor added his own commemoration, it is small wonder that feeling was so strong. Murder was not unknown, and Caligula, thinking nothing of poisoning a victorious rival of the 'Greens', went so far as to name the poison 'Columbinum' in his memory. Vitellius meted out execution to citizens 'merely for voicing open disapproval of the "Blues"'. With a more childlike fervour, Nero had the surface of the Maximus course sprinkled with copper-carbonate greenstone (*chrysocolla*) to show where his sympathies lay. And when one hears from Pliny that a fervid supporter of the 'Reds' flung himself onto the pyre of a dead hero, the wistful legend 'FORSITAN MIHI FAVISTI VIVO', inscribed upon the tomb of a charioteer, seems to hide a wealth of meaning.

This fanaticism, deplored by Tertullian, was condemned along with the sport itself by Pope Leo the Great. Undeterred, ingenious Christians pointed to the text describing Elias' ascent to heaven in the fiery chariot as marking the approval

of Scripture itself. From the evidence, revealing Christians as both supporters and drivers, we can conclude that their exegesis had considerable success!

In time, the provinces were infected by the racing enthusiasm, Spain and Gaul among others. In Constantinople, during the days of Justinian (527-565), some 30,000 perished in civil strife when the 'Greens' rose in arms against the emperor and his intolerable 'Blues'. If the 'Blues' had peaceful enough beginnings, they went out of history 'with their long hair and Hunnish ways' as the bane of the Eastern capital. In Rome the racing teams died away with a whimper. By the end of almost three centuries, the enfeebled 'Whites' and the 'Reds' were compelled to amalgamate with the 'Greens' and the 'Blues' respectively. Came the inroads of the Goths and the final mock-races in the Maximus to which the cowed and long-besieged citizenry were invited by the Gothic king, Totila. The city was left bared to the winds and this part of the Campus Martius became a huddled settlement of survivors. Succeeding centuries of flood-silting and careless layers of hurried building have left the present level high above that of the once notorious stable-barracks of ancient Rome.

Today little remains of this interesting chapter in the history of the College site. But one weather-worn inscription even now affords a touch of irony: on this same spot, where an allegedly Saxon first-stroke bell still sounds out over an English community, was it some playful Muse of History which prompted men centuries ago to dub a jet Arab stallion 'The Saxon'?

JOHN F. FOX.

NOVA ET VETERA

FROM 'THE VENERABLE' 40 YEARS AGO

'We are very grateful to the Cardinal Protector for his wise order of 14th February (1924) to the effect that birettas are no longer to be worn in the Refectory.'

SAN SILVESTRO IN CAPITE

After extensive repairs to its structure and the renovation of its pictures and frescoes, the English church in Rome was officially reopened on 1st November in all its late baroque splendour. In 1958 an engineer was called to look at the floor of the rector's bedroom which had fallen in. While he was there he was shown a crack in the ceiling of the church. He declared that the whole structure was in danger of collapsing, and began the repair work in 1960. Eventually the church had to be closed completely.

San Silvestro has a long history, being founded by Pope Paul I in 761 on the site of his family home, according to the 'Liber Pontificalis' to enshrine the bodies of his brother Pope Stephen II and Pope Silvester 'ubi et monachorum congregationem constituens graece modulationis psalmodie coenobium esse decrevit'. The monastery was generously endowed with property, including the Ponte Milvio and the column of Marcus Aurelius in the Piazza Colonna! There is a tablet on the (outside) wall of the church bearing fierce maledictions on those who try to deny their rights to it.

By the twelfth century the Greek monks had disappeared and we find Benedictines there, whose numbers later dwindled.

Their place was taken by Poor Clare nuns who lived in the monastery until 1876 when they were expelled and went to S. Cecilia, finally joining the Franciscan nuns there. The Italian government converted the monastery into the present post office.

St Vincent Pallotti had been spiritual director to the community of nuns, and in 1885 permission was given to the English Pallottine fathers to open the church for the English-speaking community in Rome. The other countries acquired different national churches, and so San Silvestro eventually became the English national church.

Fr Smith claimed that throughout the repairs the San Silvestro club has never closed, catering for the special needs of the English in exile—for tea in the afternoon.

THE WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE

The students of the Babylonian Exile (at St Mary's Hall) made a resolve that, should and when the College returned to Rome, they would make a thanksgiving pilgrimage to Walsingham. The pilgrimage—at first on foot, but transport is now offered and used—has been held every year since, not always without difficulty. It has varied but now is settled into a pattern. Mass (dialogued) the first evening, about 6 p.m.; supper is followed by a walk, barefoot, to the Slipper Chapel (torchlight, rosary, hymns); at the Slipper Chapel, Benediction and our own *Salve* round the statue; then 'Common Room' and tired to bed. Next day, early Masses, breakfast, High Mass (a thing of beauty this in the setting of the Slipper Chapel), visit to the Martyrs' Field, with invocations of our own and, nowadays, a prayer to the Forty. There is time to visit the Abbey with its Lonely Arch, the original site of devotion to Our Lady of Walsingham, and other places of interest locally, including the Anglican shrine. Then a lunch or rather *pranzone*. Most then depart.

The present Secretary for the pilgrimage is Fr Ronald Cox, Our Lady's, Hendon, N.W.4, who will be pleased to hear from anyone who intends to join the pilgrimage this September.

A. HULME.

COLLEGE DIARY

THE VILLA

JULY 2nd 1963, Tuesday. When the bus-load of wrathful students arrived at Palazzola nearly two hours late, the diarist, being a member of the advance party, was there to receive them though not to record their colourful comments. Leaving the hot, strained atmosphere of the City is normally hectic but this year it was even more so on account of the spectacular Coronation of Pope Paul VI.

July 3rd Wednesday. A no-bell day on which Bishop Restieaux and Monsignor Elwes arrived and nine subdeacons left us for their retreat.

July 4th Thursday. At last the shadow of the University lifts and, as the last man returns from exams, we are all free men—at least for a while.

Father Morris has taken up residence in the new wing and is to spend the whole villa with us.

July 7th Sunday. *Prosit* to Messrs Coote and P. Jones who were ordained in the Villa Chapel this morning by Cardinal Heard. Our congratulations also go to Messrs Butler, Cookson, Corley, Dearman, McGarry, Newns, Sharratt, Tuck and Tully who were raised to the diaconate. In the evening Mr Coote gave Benediction.

July 8th Monday. This morning our two new priests celebrated their first Masses in the presence of their parents and relatives. At the lunch in their honour the Rector proposed the toast, putting before them the living example of the late Holy Father as a standard of priestly life to be closely imitated. Later, Mr Jones gave Benediction.

Fr McConnon must have got tired of waiting for the opening of Palazzola golf season—he has gone in search of English greens.

July 9th Tuesday. Community Mass was offered for Mgr Macmillan whose anniversary it is.

July 10th Wednesday. First Garden Gita this morning, and it is left to a guest to keep up the Rocca Priora tradition!

July 11th Thursday. For almost a week now enthusiasts have seen to it that the Sforza should ring with leather on willow—just as it does in all good cricket reports. Today we played our first match against a team from H.M.S. *Layburn*. Although we had an easy victory at cricket, the Navy left us standing in the spontaneous swimming gala after tea. We all enjoyed the visit very much indeed.

July 14th Sunday. The first of the Sung Masses, now a weekly feature of villa life.

July 15th Monday. Sporting life is really under way now, and keen tennis players provide fitting incidental music to the opening of the golf season. It's a pity Fr McConnon did not wait, but even in his absence the players attract a large though prudently distant crowd. For Mgr Elwes it is his first game in twenty-five years.

July 16th Tuesday. And now we really feel at home: the first notes of *The Gondoliers* begin to fill the air.

July 18th Thursday. Requiem Mass was offered for Archbishop O'Hara, the Apostolic Delegate, who died on Tuesday. *Requiescat in pace.*

July 19th Friday. Can it really be true—torrential rain in the middle of July?

We were pleased to welcome a group of Rosminian friends from St John at the Latin Gate.

July 20th Saturday . . . for those still in doubt, another storm with noises off and very convincing 'effects'.

July 21st Sunday. For the Day of Recollection Mgr Elwes preached. The daily storm is no longer news.

July 22nd Monday. Cricket? Don't be silly, it's raining. Well, let's read—by candlelight!

July 23rd Tuesday. Both company and conversation down at the tank are not nearly so engrossing today, but Bishop Restieaux who has returned to England assures us that we will soon see him again.

A group of tennis enthusiasts left early to play a team at the North American villa. According to them, honours were even throughout the morning's play but rain prevented a final outcome. Along with the team went a spectator to represent our interests, but he got entangled in 'giving the global' to our American brethren.

July 24th Wednesday. We have recently invested in a new duplicating machine. This morning its advantages were demonstrated practically as we read a new prayer for the Council. I fear, however, that the opera cast are already having doubts about the benefits of such a machine. 'Teach yourself the Cachucha' or 'Gavotte without tears' is fine, but 'Venetian Canals as I knew them' on six sheets of foolscap with optional gloss is perhaps a trifle formal.

It seemed a pity that for this evening's play-reading of *Macbeth* we had not the enterprise to leave the shelter of the Common Room. Up on the Sforza nature had a full, if damp, set prepared for us.

July 25th Thursday. A fine sunny evening tempted the play readers on to the ninth tee where we remained dry and reasonably at ease regardless of the 'blasted heath' surroundings.

July 26th Friday. If in later months this section of my diary seems very weather conscious, it will very accurately reflect the present mentality. The elements are literally dominating our activities. This afternoon the Senior Student is forced to call for candles in order to conduct the second session of the Public Meeting, and we again relinquish hopes of an evening's cricket.

July 27th Saturday. A memorable day for bridge lovers: sixteen of them took part after supper in a game of duplicate bridge. All this the diarist¹ is ready (and glad) to accept on faith.

July 28th Sunday. The Rector addressed the House before lunch. Although he did not mention it, I should think that, after the barbers' efforts this morning, his normal view from the back of chapel is considerably improved.

July 29th Monday. We were sorry to say good-bye to Mgr Elwes who is returning to England. But to cheer us up the piano made its first appearance in the Cortile.

July 31st Wednesday. The Vice-Rector has greatly helped the work of cutting the cricket out-field by obtaining a motor-mower for a time. This evening, not content with providing the machine, he provided elbow grease as well. The mower has the advantage of releasing idle cricketers like myself since we do not know how to handle it. So I spent the evening on the Wiggery, reading with at least a dozen others the summer issue of *THE VENERABLE*. It is rather ironical that this should appear in the hands of a guest from England. Such comments as I gathered on this occasion would probably not pass the Editor.

AUGUST 1st Thursday. A transferred Garden Gita this morning saw a great turn-out for Mass on Tusculum, offered for the intentions of the House. Everyone who could possibly go, including two of our guests, was there, though it should perhaps be noted that walking both ways is not in itself very popular.

August 3rd Saturday. Yesterday evening we could not get numbers for a game of cricket, indicating either a habitual distrust of Italian summers or a decreasing interest in sport. On second thoughts, it must be the weather. At any rate the dress of some of the newcomers to sermon classes this morning evoked the warning that 'the keynote is formality'. On this first encounter I feel that, no matter what the weather does, sermon classes will never be the indoor answer to outdoor dampness.

August 4th Sunday. Mgr Mullin preached a conference before lunch, as he was to do on several of the succeeding Sundays.

The peach festival on the other side of the lake provided us with the usual picturesque fireworks display. It was a change from the evening storms if only by being more colourful and less noisy.

¹ Which one? We must leave that as a problem for our readers [Editor].

August 5th Monday. Feast of Our Lady of the Snows. The Rector sang High Mass and entertained a distinguished gathering of guests at our 'festive board'.

The Holy Father left the City today and arrived at Castel Gandolfo to spend a few weeks at his summer villa.

August 6th Tuesday. Because of yesterday's feast, August Bank Holiday was transferred to today, a perfect day for the annual North v. South cricket match.

The Knox-Oakley translation and the reader's West-country accent combined to lend piquancy to the comparison between farmhand and University professor in *The Imitation of Christ*.

August 7th Wednesday. The annual whist drive in aid of the Mission Fund was held this evening. Last year's winner topped the list again.

August 9th Friday. In the morning, a most enjoyable swimming gala. Cakes were a welcome addition at tea. Thanks and congratulations are due to the Vice-Rector on his birthday. It is just as well we had something to fortify us because during the evening the opera cast were called upon to change their tune for Palestrina. The Rocca function is in sight and things are getting hectic on the musical side of life.

August 10th Saturday. Fr Morris celebrated the 47th anniversary of his Ordination. We congratulate him and wish him many years of happiness. In the evening he kindly entertained us with cigarettes and, for those who joined him on the terrace, amusing anecdotes.

The Rector suggested that one of the preachers couldn't possibly know what the old Holy Week services were like.

August 11th Sunday. Fr Morris was able to say 8 o'clock Mass for the people. Due to his indifferent health and the routine at San Marcello he has not often had the consolation of distributing Holy Communion, and this opportunity afforded him great pleasure.

The Importance of being Earnest is very definitely drawing-room comedy and yet it lost nothing by being read on the ninth tee. We drew the line at muffins but afternoon tea helped the genteel atmosphere.

August 12th Monday. I am forced to take back all I said on 24th July. 'Teach yourself the Cachucha' could well run to several volumes—or so it seems after this evening's rehearsal. As we stamped and clicked our way about the Cortile in the confusing steps of the 'wildest of dances', it seemed as if the spirit of Spain really 'runs in abundance' among us again. It is a pity our Spanish expert is no longer with us.

August 13th Tuesday. For most of us the Rocca function marks a half-way house in the villa period. Last evening a more romantic soul indicated the appearance of the first grapes of the season and grew eloquent on the advance of autumn. But tonight I was able to point out a perfect peach—and show that summer is still here.

The Cardinal left this afternoon for his holiday.

August 14th Wednesday. By now Fr Morris has quite a following after supper on the terrace. If the little train failed to disappear into the tunnel above the lake I think he would never go inside.

August 15th Thursday. Feast of the Assumption. We went as usual to Rocca di Papa for High Mass and to take part in the *fiesta*. This year the schola sang Palestrina's *Missa Sine Nomine*, without organ accompaniment. For a time we faced the possibility of collapse in some parts where members had fallen by the wayside to park cars, etc., but the Vice-Rector's voice came to the rescue. The 'concert' was left to the Salesian Band, with some very young instrumentalists, who played during the procession. Italian piety does not cater for high winds and the banner-bearers were soon forced to retire for refreshment and discussion of whose fault it was. But the band played on stoically and took its cue from us—unfailingly striking up each hymn as we finished singing it.

August 18th Sunday. As a group is gravely rehearsing the steps of the Gavotte, Mgr Nasalli Rocca breezes into the Library, and with him the possibility of a visit from the Holy Father becomes a hope in everyone's mind. 'Breezes' is just the right word because it would be difficult to match the speed and efficiency with which the Maestro di Camera and his companions made their inspection of the amenities of Palazzola. A martial air being drilled into the men's chorus welcomed them in one room; in another, the lilting melody of a flowery fantasy from the ladies' line—to our distinguished guests the glee-club atmosphere must have appeared very proper indeed.

The Monsignori invited us to sing a little sacred music for them. The Schola was hurriedly assembled. Gathered in a nervous group near the chapel door we gave of our best. A request for something in English caught us unprepared. Everyone suggested his favourite hymn or the one he felt most fitting for the occasion. Hymn books, quick! In a few moments we were singing *Full in the panting heart of Rome*, followed by *Faith of our Fathers*. Feeling instinctively that we were in a position to sing the Holy Father to the villa, we made sure that the *ad multos annos* for his Maestro di Camera was as rousing as possible. As a last fling three cheers made a strong impression, even though protocol and titles suffered badly in the process.

August 19th Monday. Papal visit or not, the opera run-through is to take place this evening.

August 20th Tuesday. The Cortile has the appearance of a circus after a gale or a tableau on the theme of the Tower of Babel. All morning bodgers and props men have been running around. But, a tribute to their zeal and resourcefulness, by evening we are in Venice, complete with canal and gondola, and ready for action. Dedicated to the Rector, the opera was played to a record audience which included a number of parents as well as the Scots.

After lunch we had learned for certain that Pope Paul would visit us on Thursday morning. And as Tuesday draws to a close we anticipate

a day of hectic cleaning (and an early rise !). Rapidly, even as the last of our opera guests leaves, the Cortile ceases to be a theatre and the Common Room is turned into a handsome throne-room. Everyone rallies to help. Is it today or tomorrow ? We have lost count of time : it has simply become a matter of aiming for 8.30 a.m. on Thursday and forgetting all else.

August 21st Wednesday. 'Let that passage be painted', and before you can say 'but what if it does not dry' the whole place is transformed. All over the house people are finding themselves proficient in tasks which they had never even considered before. Gardeners are discovered by the dozen and painters spring up like hot-house lettuces (a mere simile of speed !). Some polish the floors to a high degree of danger, while others clean windows which have scarcely been noticed before. The entire drive is re-surfaced in less time than it takes to trim half the privets in the garden. A rostrum ? Make it three. While one man with all the skill of a mountaineer descends the sheer wall on a nylon rope, another simply falls off the path and hangs by his fingers, loudly trying to convince his companions that this time he is serious.

By supper there are few places where you can walk without dirtying the floor. But it is hardly likely to matter because everyone is in the Library practising folk-songs. The Common Room is complete with throne and the Papal Arms. All is more or less ready.

August 22nd Thursday. By 8.30 a.m. everything was indeed ready. In spite of our efforts at secrecy the inevitable groups of religious seemed to appear from nowhere. Plain clothes men and uniformed police gave the morning an atmosphere just sufficiently formal to suit the privileged occasion. One comes to recognise the trimmings of a Papal function in Rome : increased numbers of police, impressive and solidly-seated outriders, as well as strong, silent types who always manage to look bored with the proceedings. We had the full complement to provide interest and diversion as we waited.

Shortly before 9.15 we moved into our places in chapel where a Vatican Radio official was conveying to the sanctuary some more of the atmosphere we recognised as he moved microphones to vantage points. Our nuns, who were, if anything, more excited than we were, were joined at the very last minute by the Madre Superiora who had returned post-haste from a conference. Of course there were half a dozen false alarms and then quite simply the Pope arrived.

Singing is always a nervy business ; on this occasion it was a wonder that anyone picked up the right notes. But as the short, neat figure, clad in white with plum-coloured mozetta, moved up the aisle, we somehow produced a strong *Tu es Petrus*. One had sung the words often and heard them even oftener but now, with Peter's successor kneeling before the altar of our own chapel, they really meant something to us. 'And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven' are words which will always bring this scene to mind in the future and recall the day when the Servant of the Servants of God visited us as a neighbour who shares the same fresh air and the same lake view.

The Holy Father's message to us was a personal one, a message of encouragement, full of sympathy. Listening spell-bound to his words, I was struck by this note of personal contact. The Pope is a person whom we normally see surrounded, perhaps even overwhelmed, by pomp and splendour, and to be so near to him, earnestly but informally speaking to us about England and our history, was a most encouraging experience.

As soon as the Holy Father had given his blessing the atmosphere grew even more relaxed. He looked about the chapel and chatted to the Rector on the way to the garden. We followed close behind. Everyone was at his ease and the spirit of the whole visit continued to be one of family pleasure. The morning was perfect : no breeze, just blue sky and a warm sun, so that the villa looked its best. In the garden we were alone with the Holy Father, surrounding him as he admired the view, seeing Castel Gandolfo from our angle for a change.

After a few minutes the Holy Father sat down on a prepared rostrum, giving each one of us a small gift as we came up to him. We sang for him again and he suggested a photograph—an official one, that is, for our own cameras had been working overtime all the while. The Pope then returned to the house to inspect the library and refectory. The nuns and all the servants were waiting in the Cortile. For each one the Pope had a few words. The obvious pleasure of the sisters added much to the family spirit which seems to have strongly increased among us in these last few days.

Three hearty cheers ended the visit as His Holiness got into his car. He had some difficulty in convincing the chauffeur that the hood of the car should be open, but when he succeeded he smiled warmly on everyone, blessing us all as he was driven off. A friendly wave from Mgr Nasalli Rocca in the second car showed that he was just as pleased and contented as we were.

August 23rd Friday. A day of rest !—but some went on a gita.

August 24th Saturday. A Bell-day, by way of a change !—though perhaps it doesn't really count as there was a late rise.

August 25th Sunday. This afternoon the first groups depart on long gita.

August 27th Tuesday. The select body who remain in the house are determined to keep fit. Along with a number of guests we had a very hearty game of rounders. After supper we were less hearty but equally united in a whist drive, the prize being the mere glory of winning.

August 28th Wednesday. A lake gita for all the remnant except for a few stalwarts who walk to Monte Porzio. More remarkable, perhaps : a day of no telephone calls, so the Rector declared.

August 29th Thursday. The return from hospital of yet another water-on-the-knee victim. So much kneeling must take its toll. Fr Morris has to move smartly to claim his wheelchair now—though of course we know from last week that he *can* move smartly when he wants to !

Frs Turnbull and Berryman arrived to stay with us.

August 30th Friday. A sing-song after supper.

August 31st Saturday. Second Year and some theologians return from long gitas, and we have a fairly full house for the week-end.

SEPTEMBER 2nd Monday. First Year leave for Subiaco in unusually fine weather, while others enjoy the exceptionally clean waters of the Tank and some optimists even try to sunbathe. But it is cold enough for Fr Morris to don his heavy winter cloak.

September 3rd Tuesday. Another 'friendly' whist drive.

September 4th Wednesday. A gita day took many to the Lake or the seaside, Frs Turnbull and Berryman to Cassino with the invalids, and some hearty ones to the hills. First Year returned from Subiaco.

September 5th Thursday. The House is at one again and stories are busily exchanged. But the long gita programme continues till Sunday, with informal Grace and no refectory reading or 'rooms' time.

September 7th Saturday. At 2.30 p.m. those who were still up heard the news of Archbishop Heenan's appointment to Westminster.

After a whole day in the clouds we surfaced just in time for a very fine sunset—but there was no one to tell us how it compared with those of Monte Porzio days.

September 9th Monday. For once we were able to have coffee and liquori outside on the day of the Americans' visit. Last year's cricket-lovers are no longer in evidence, but several of the Americans were able to bring us eye-witness accounts of the English scene.

September 10th Tuesday. Public Scripture Reading makes its appearance once again—and so does the opera.

It smells like . . . it looks like . . . it can't be . . . it is : real English pork sausages!—kindly brought out by the B.E.A. cricket team who played us on Saturday.

Cardinal Heard is back from his holiday.

September 11th Wednesday. Gita. One group went to the last audience before the Pope's return to the city. A wine bottle made it as far as the top of Algidus but then succumbed to the effects of being looked at simultaneously by the top-year man notorious for this kind of thing and his first-year deputy.

The 'staff' is restored to its full complement of one, the latest arrival looking very fit after a couple of months on Lytham Golf Course.

September 12th Thursday. Rounders Inc. extended their activities to organising a Sports Day. Unfortunately, the weather treated their efforts with its now customary disdain. One person arrived in a cycling cape, which evoked some unflattering comparisons. That everyone enjoyed the morning in these conditions is a great tribute to the organisers and comedians.

September 13th Friday. Blackberry pie at supper. Our thanks to Wednesday's Algidus camerata for some assiduous picking.

We are enjoying the benefits of the spring-cleaning that preceded the Pope's visit; the Common Room in particular is a much brighter place nowadays. All praise to Germano and his men who worked on it day and night. But shed a tear for the premature passing of the darts craze. The board which was so recently the pride of Palazzola now lies

forlorn in the fiction library, the victim of a legitimate pride in workmanship and of an equally justifiable distrust of our ability to get the darts anywhere near the board.

September 16th Monday. A most enjoyable day at the American College villa. They treated us to a *very* British movie about the war (the British won, of course) and we paid for our keep by interpreting for them. One memorable word didn't need interpreting.

Welcome back to our Doctor of Canon Law, who is here to organise the bishops' transport again during the Council session.

September 17th Tuesday. Another reminder of the imminence of the Council—Bishop Restieaux arrives to form 'the vanguard of the Council Fathers', as the Rector put it.

Rain clouds all day, but the opera rehearsal went off with only one break, ending amid the gathering gloom with the help of reading lamps in the windows above.

September 18th Wednesday. After rain all afternoon we almost got as far as deciding to have the opera in the refectory—but in the end we braved the elements. At least it added point to the line about the 'unusually wet season'. After two breaks we carried on under gaily-coloured umbrellas borrowed from the audience, and were rewarded with drier weather for the second Act. All the cast showed remarkable zest in maintaining the atmosphere of sunny Venetian gaiety, and the audience (including a bus-load from the American College) seemed to enjoy the evening.

September 20th Friday. A party of workers departed for Rome, and returned with the usual stories of chaos in the College. Apparently the Martyrs' Chapel Sacristy is a heap of rubble, and the building of a lift is said to have begun. The general reaction was one of scepticism.

September 21st Saturday. The last sermon class of the villa series. One preacher, perhaps with tongue in cheek, turned suddenly unecumenical. Soon the Scots arrived and we had a very pleasant day with them.

The apple season, like the English football season, seems to get longer every year. It can't be more than three months since the last one.

September 22nd Sunday. Few could conceal their delight on hearing of the Pope's speech to the Curia yesterday.

Fr Morris gave us some thoughts on 'Thoughts'.

September 23rd Monday. More work-parties leave for the City, and it is clear the villa is coming to an end. Just to rub it in, cases appear near the front door in response to an urgent appeal—Enzo is busy with the grape-harvest and will have to take our luggage to Rome at the rate of about one load per day.

September 24th Tuesday. Community Mass was offered for Archbishop Heenan, who is being enthroned in Westminster today.

The Scots entertained us with their usual lavish hospitality, though they apologized for the quality of their grapes, which have naturally suffered slightly from the bad summer.

September 25th Wednesday. After putting off his departure as long as possible, Fr Morris reluctantly returned to San Marcello. We have been as pleased as he that he was able to stay so long.

The Rector, who has seen many Italian summers, assures us that he has never known anything like this one for rain. True to form it poured down in the evening and we had our last-night-of-the-villa celebration in the Library, with Top Year providing the refreshments. Supper was a mere formality, and afterwards there was a slightly desultory sing-song in the Common Room.

ROME

September 26th Thursday. Ten did it the hard way—the rest used a hired bus which was only half an hour late this time. We soon got ourselves organised, though the College will take a little longer—to those who thought their luggage might go upstairs in the lift, the answer was 'Not just yet'. We have returned so soon because of the Council, and until the others arrive from England we are keeping more or less to the villa programme, with balcony concerts in the evenings. All services are in the main Church until the builders have finished with the Martyrs' Chapel.

September 27th Friday. Many are taking advantage of the long period of freedom to decorate their rooms.

The bishops began to arrive.

September 28th Saturday. All hands on deck to clean up the Martyrs' Chapel ready for use as Community Mass chapel from tomorrow onwards. In fact it came into action this evening with the First Vespers of St Michael, traditionally held at the Hermitage. The Hermitage has been rather neglected this year—there was no Festival there either—but not entirely, for there have been gitas and other functions to keep its memory alive and its path clear.

September 29th Sunday. Opening of the Second Session of the Council. Cardinal Tisserant sang High Mass and the Pope introduced the session with a long and inspiring speech. Many watched the ceremony on television, as is now the fashion.

During the session we are to rise at 5.30 so that there will be time to fit in all the Masses. Two new altars have been erected in the Church (making seven in all downstairs) and one in the Tribune (making eight up there). Soon there will be a new one in the Martyrs' Chapel Sacristy, but the oratory above it has gone for ever.

Vespers (optional) of St Michael again in the evening.

September 30th Monday. 'Down to work' for the bishops, and also for a selfless band of students who aim at giving some of the new men a brighter introduction to their Monserra' rooms. We started the shift system for meals, serving ourselves at lunch—but by supper time it had

been decided that this was unnecessary as there are enough servants to wait on the bishops and on us (with occasional assistance from ourselves). The walk has been shortened to one hour, starting at 4 p.m., and Spiritual Reading is at 7.15 p.m.

OCTOBER 1st Tuesday. October devotions begin, at 9.15 every evening.

October 2nd Wednesday. Gita. Since we are still at the villa in spirit, some felt obliged to pay homage at Torvaianica. Others are claiming a record climb for a day-gita from Rome, having reached the summit of Monte Viglio. The painters stayed at home.

October 3rd Thursday. The room painting would have been finished in the evening but for some delay caused by a power failure during a storm.

October 4th Friday. The new men arrived in good time, and by 10.30 p.m. (!) the ranks of Theology were complete as well. Common Room circles started, but October devotions are now shorter and in English. However, lest any of the newcomers should forget that they are in Italy now, we had a rousing *Noi Vogliam* at the end of Benediction.

October 5th Saturday. The new men were taken to see the nuns, who with amazing foresight had zimarras and wings to fit nearly all of them. They could hardly be expected to have bargained for the *really* tall one, though.

A new choirmaster made his first appearance and expressed a well-earned appreciation of his predecessor's work.

October 6th Sunday. Community Mass on Sundays is said by one of the bishops—today it was Archbishop Grimshaw's turn. At 9.0 we had the first High Mass of the year, but without White Choir as the vestibolo is covered in dust from the work on the lift. Afterwards the new men and many others joined the large crowd at St Peter's to receive the Pope's blessing.

The cricketers again failed to win the Ashes, but some of them succeeded in thinking up plenty of excuses.

October 7th Monday. We listened to a recording of Fr Charles Davis's recent broadcast on theology and its need for lay theologians, for contact with universities, and above all for a thoroughly ecumenical treatment. Most stimulating.

October 8th Tuesday. The hierarchy held the first of a series of receptions in the College for the various regional groups of bishops. The advantage of holding a reception in a place like the College is that no food need be wasted.

Afterwards we began our retreat under Mgr Mullin, already familiar to us from his villa conferences. The refectory reading was a biography of St Pius X, but we were relieved to hear later that it was not the one Mgr Mullin had recommended.

October 9th Wednesday. Two popular changes have been made in the retreat programme. We have a long period of freedom after the morning conference, with Sext and None just before lunch; and Compline is sung in full in the evening instead of being chanted immediately after Vespers.

October 11th Friday. The Martyrs' Chapel Sacristy is now in use as a chapel in its own right.

October 13th Sunday. Feast of St Edward. The retreat ended after 'Community' Mass, but as the community is in fact dispersed at that time we had the Te Deum after the High Mass.

Cardinal Heard came to lunch and proposed the toast to the new Archbishop of Westminster. Archbishop Heenan in reply made some slightly disparaging remarks about the lift (speaking in his capacity as quondam supplier of breakfasts to the present Rector) and also addressed us on the subject of conversions (speaking now, presumably, in the name of the hierarchy).

In the evening we welcomed the bishops to the Common Room for the film *Billy Budd*.

October 14th Monday. We were privileged to have a talk from Abbot Christopher Butler, who explained the importance of the 'People of God' concept in modern theology.

October 15th Tuesday. The opening of the Greg year. The new Rector, Fr Dhanis, sang the Mass of the Holy Ghost. Premiations in the afternoon.

October 16th Wednesday. Lectures began, with Theology now completely split into four separate years, and with several new professors in action including an Englishman, Fr Francis Clark.

A notice warns us of a motion to reduce the number of Christmas plays. The idea is that we should think about the issue before the meeting so as to save time and confusion in the meeting itself.

October 18th Friday. A Dominican was spotted at the Greg, but he was not engaged in sabotage—he is the new professor of Hebrew, the Jesuits being unable to spare anyone qualified for the job.

The new refectory book is *The Defeat of the Spanish Armada* by Garrett Mattingly.

Congratulations to all on getting through the public meeting business in a day. There will be only two plays this Christmas, but how we are to accommodate our guests remains to be discussed in another meeting.

Afterwards many of us attended the Tonsure ceremony performed by Archbishop Heenan in the Martyrs' Chapel. Congratulations to the new cleric, Mr Wahle.

After supper we listened to the radio reports on Mr Macmillan's resignation and Lord Home's attempt to form a new government. The programme was followed by an interesting word-picture of Anglican life in Rome.

October 19th Saturday. Tread carefully near the Common Room—sacred rites are in progress there. Fr McConnon is initiating First Year into the Temple of Philosophy via the porch of Minor Logic. Of course Fr Morandini has already done this, but in case any of them didn't quite follow the Latin Fr McConnon repeats the ceremony in the vernacular.

October 20th Sunday. Mission Sunday. The Pope consecrated several bishops including our new Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Cardinale. In the afternoon the deacons left for their priesthood retreat, thus missing the function at San Lorenzo, which was slightly more chaotic than usual as a cardinal was present. Some thought eight cantors an unwieldy number, but they justified themselves in the Litanies.

October 21st Monday. The bishops have fallen in line with many others and now go to the Council in a bus. They say it feels even more like going to school. One or two hoped it would make them feel more like a college.

As a change from the Spanish Armada we are having the daily Council bulletins read out in the refectory.

October 22nd Tuesday. A blitz on the garden during walk time.

October 23rd Wednesday. A rush for places in Fr Charles Davis's circle in the Common Room.

October 24th Thursday. Bishop Beck gave us an instructive and encouraging account of the Education problem.

October 25th Friday. Another much-sought-after Common Room guest—Fr Mario Borelli.

October 26th Saturday. A day of recollection for Second Year Theology, Dr Loftus giving the conference. The ordinands returned from the Villa Cavalletti looking very fit and pleased with life. In the Church, both side altars have been dismantled to make as much room as possible for the enormous number of guests coming to the Ordination.

October 27th Sunday. *Feast of Christ the King.* Cardinal Heard raised Messrs Butler, Cookson, Corley, Dearman, McGarry, Newns, Sharratt, Tuck and Tully to the priesthood, while second year theology received the first two Minor Orders. Congratulations to all. We were grateful for the fine weather which allowed the new priests to give their first blessings in the garden. In the afternoon some went to the celebrations at St Peter's in honour of the newly-beatified Dominic Barberi. After Solemn Benediction with the Te Deum, a film rounded off the day.

October 28th Monday. First Masses. Because of the exceptional number of guests there was a reception in the refectory at 4 p.m. instead of the customary formal dinner. All were delighted with the new arrangement, which allowed everyone (including the ladies) to meet everyone else. The Rector proposed the health of the new priests from the reader's box, saying it was his first speech from there since his student days. Cardinal Heard visited the gathering and met all the guests. At length the meeting was adjourned to the corridor so that the nuns could prepare the tables for supper.

October 29th Tuesday. The Council reports still compete with the Spanish Armada for refectory reading. To-day there was a further variation with the reading of the Pope's letter to Archbishop Heenan. As at the villa, Pope Paul stressed his admiration for England, and he said he was dedicating one of the new churches on the outskirts of Rome to St Augustine of Canterbury.

October 30th Wednesday. The Unity Commission met in the Library. In the evening half the House went to a Mass at SS. John and Paul's in honour of Blessed Dominic Barberi. Those who remember Fr Alfred's conferences were pleased to see him giving the sermon—he has been working on Blessed Dominic's cause for many months. The Sistine Choir didn't know (or refused to recognise) the *Ite* of Mass V.

NOVEMBER 1st Friday. The re-opening of San Silvestro after three years' renovation work. We provided the *assistenza* but not (as the *Universe* reporter thought) the choir. Cardinal Traglia celebrated dialogue Mass, preached, and gave Solemn Benediction. As he said, the church is a history of Art in itself, and with the magnificent new lighting we can appreciate many paintings which had formerly languished in dark corners.

Fr Alfred C.P., once such a familiar figure in the College, was among the guests at lunch.

November 2nd Saturday. All Souls' Day. The Rector celebrated his birthday by singing the High Mass and performing the Absolutions over the now-famous catafalque—and also by giving us cakes for tea.

November 3rd Sunday. No High Mass in the College, as we all had to go to St Peter's for a function at noon celebrating the fourth centenary of the foundation of seminaries by the Council of Trent. We sat in the Council seats, offered Low Mass with Cardinal Pizzardo, listened to Archbishop Staffa's homily, and recited a Latin prayer together. Lunch was at 2.15.

November 4th Monday. No lectures, as the celebrations were continuing in St Peter's. The Pope addressed the seminarians of Rome in the morning, and Cardinal Wyszynski did so in the evening. We had the last of the series of nine Solemn Benedictions given by the new priests, and after supper there was a slide-show in the Common Room.

November 5th Tuesday. We returned from the Greg to be greeted with the stirring news that the Rector had been nominated Bishop to the Forces. With Mgr Worlock's help we waylaid him coming out of the Salone and sang *ad multos annos*. He said he would be sorry to leave the College which had become so much a part of him.

Soon after this a party of 500 schoolchildren came for a Benediction given by Archbishop Heenan, followed by refreshments in the garden. They are taking part in a kind of Mediterranean cruise combined with school (they say!) and are obviously enjoying every minute of the experience.

The hierarchy entertained the Canadian bishops. An anonymous but extremely well-known 'Roman Correspondent' came bustling round to the College on being told that the Bishop of Bela was ready to be interviewed.

November 6th Wednesday. It seems that Bela is in Bulgaria, but this fact is unlikely to affect the breakfast egg situation.

November 7th Thursday. After many delays the first sermon of the year was preached at last. A 'long afternoon' saw most people at the villa, though a good number went on hearty walks.

November 8th Friday. Fr Charles Davis gave an inspiring talk on Ecumenism, showing that what people sometimes mean by the word is in fact only the first of three stages of ecumenical activity.

Mgr Worlock gave the Blessing at Night Prayers—is this the first shot in an election campaign?

November 10th Sunday. Some went to see the Pope take formal possession of the Lateran basilica. In the afternoon the soccer team fought hard for a 1—1 draw with Propaganda, while some resumed last year's practice of visiting the patients in the Santo Spirito Hospital.

November 11th Monday. For the first time in four years the Remembrance Day Requiem was at San Silvestro. We provided the *assistenza* and Mgr Carew preached the panegyric.

November 12th Tuesday. The choirmaster insisted that his talk on plain chant and the Liturgy was not meant as a kind of supplementary choir practice. He did not go into details about the mysterious activities of the 'hymnology faculty', but we look forward to reaping the fruits of their labours soon.

November 14th Thursday. We were pleased to welcome to the Common Room an Anglican student who is taking a course at the Greg. By a coincidence he met another Anglican visitor to the College, the Rev. Mr Rowland. A small group was representing the College at the Sant' Ignazio Requiem for the professors who have died during the year. At lunch we had the Council bulletin even though it is not a lecture day.

November 15th Friday. A red-letter day with the introduction for the students of what might be called the two-course breakfast: bread-and-butter-and-honey (or whatever it is) and bread-and-butter-and-marmalade. It should be mentioned that the morsel-vendors eulogized in the last two numbers of the magazine proved a financial failure and had to be removed, so that our breakfast has to sustain us throughout the morning's lectures. However, marmalade is a complete innovation and a very popular one. As fashions in breakfasts change fairly frequently, it may be of interest to past and future generations if we record the current schedule—starting with Sunday, the 'first-course' foods for the days of the week are: synthetic chocolate, honey, pressed meat, real cheese, corned beef, hard-boiled eggs, and synthetic cheese.

The Rector left for a short visit to his new headquarters in London.

November 16th Saturday. The first-year theologians have now seized absolute power in the musical world. But the retiring schola-master is not being allowed to retire just yet! Vita Nostra have called him in to conduct a choral item for a concert in honour of the Council Fathers. He held his first practice today in 'Humility Street' and carried the session along with his usual verve despite the handicap of having to do it in Italian.

November 17th Sunday. Day of Recollection. Bishop Holland gave us a conference on Reverence. In the evening we had Vespers *and* a Holy Hour—not to mention a sermon class.

November 18th Monday. The reaction to the refectory reading showed that a surprising number of students—though apparently not this week's reader—have been following the story. In the evening he was on safer ground with the account of the Council discussions, which have now turned to Ecumenism.

November 19th Tuesday. The annual book auction has long since ceased to deal merely in books. Today there was keen bidding for a teapot—a very fine teapot, be it said, and one that would enhance the artistic appearance of anyone's room.

The Rector returned from England just in time to give Benediction for the nuns on their feast day. A select schola sang for it, and afterwards treated the nuns to a yet more elaborate concert. As last year, the piano was heaved downstairs for the occasion, and this year there were several new Italian songs and 'gimmick' items.

After supper we had an exhilarating talk from Archbishop Young of Hobart, reminiscent of the one by Archbishop Hurley last year. His Grace described his efforts to introduce a living grasp of the Liturgy in Tasmania.

November 20th Wednesday. Archbishop Heenan's Council speech, pledging the hierarchy wholeheartedly to the ecumenical cause, attracted widespread publicity and a most favourable reaction both inside and outside the Council Hall. The Senior Student read us the text in the refectory.

Afterwards the 'book' auction continued on its (for us) entertaining and (for the Missions) profitable way, outstripping all previous records.

November 21st Thursday. Vita Nostra enthusiasts went on a successful outing to Viterbo.

November 22nd Friday. In the Common Room after supper we were stunned to hear of the assassination of President Kennedy. May he rest in peace, and may God comfort his bereaved family and fellow-countrymen.

November 23rd Saturday. The shadow of last night's tragedy hung over the whole day. The Requiem Mass, the flags at half mast and memorial notices already pasted up in the streets, the subdued atmosphere at the

Greg, the newspaper tributes, and in the evening the television programme showing the reactions of the whole world : all conspired to leave us with an overwhelming sense of man's helplessness in the face of such great issues, and we could only echo Pope Paul's prayer that from this horrible thing might come not hatred but greater understanding and peace among men.

The concert planned by the Greg students to honour the Council Fathers was cancelled.

November 24th Sunday. We began the novena to the Forty Martyrs.

At lunch the guest of honour was Archbishop Cardinale. Archbishop Heenan proposed the new Apostolic Delegate's health, and he in reply told us with charming frankness of his reactions on hearing of his appointment, and appealed to the priests of the House to volunteer for the Secretariate of State. Apparently there have been complaints about the quality of their English translations.

In the evening the Rector left to sample for himself the delights (culinary and other) of the Villa Cavalletti, of which he has heard so much from Major Order retreatants.

November 25th Monday. St Catherine's Day. This was Pope John's birthday, but now it becomes once again the only feast-day on which we have to go to lectures. (Incidentally Pope Paul has his birthday, as well as his personal feast-day and Coronation anniversary, outside the lecture period.) The Rector came out of his retreat to celebrate with us. Once again we went through the motions of welcoming the 'new men', though as one of them said in his speech of reply, we already know them well enough to be rude to them. Another told us of his discoveries in prime-number theory ; perhaps when we have meditation in the main Chapel, with its mosaic floor, he will have to switch from classical to statistical analysis.

The names of the new men are : Michael Kennedy (Liverpool), Thomas Atthill (Clifton), John Guest (Nottingham), Charles Strange (Shrewsbury), Charles Pilkington (Salford), Hugh Elwes (Westminster), Christopher Larkman (Southwark), David Payne (Middlesbrough), Anthony Battle (Hexham and Newcastle), John Rafferty (Shrewsbury), Michael Fox (Portsmouth), Vincent Nichols (Liverpool), Vincent Hughes (Shrewsbury), and Spencer Pearce (Nottingham).

We were pleased to have with us again Bishop Bouter, who gave us an informative picture of the progress of the Church in Nellore and in India generally.

The Benediction across the road was as pleasant as ever, and the Philosophers' Concert a rousing success, with purple sashes greatly in evidence on both sides of the footlights.

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1963

FIRST YEAR SONG

MARTYROLOGY

Messrs Brown, Cornish, J. Fox, Johnson,
Larkman, Loughran and McHugh

RADIO NEWSREEL

Newscaster Mr Strange
Memories of an Ambassador in Rome Mr Elwes
Who's Twisting? Messrs Battle and Farrington

INSIDE THE COUNCIL

Messrs Atthill, Battle, Brohan, Elwes,
Fallon, Farrington, Firth, M. Fox, Guest,
V. Hughes, Johnson, Kennedy, Larkman,
Lowe, McSweeney, Nichols, O'Connell,
Payne, Pearce, Pilkington, Poulter,
Rafferty, Slowey and Strange

GRAND DRIVE

Messrs Kennedy, Loughran, Pearce and Standley

MOCK MOZART

Messrs Poulter and Slowey

THE SAGA OF BILLY CRUDD

Messrs Brohan, Guest, V. Hughes,
Kennedy, Loughran, Lowe, McHugh,
McSweeney, Morris, Payne, Pilkington,
Poulter, Slowey and Toffolo

Pianist Mr A. Hughes

General Producer Mr Standley

November 26th Tuesday. The last of the hierarchy receptions involved the bishops of Germany and the Iron Curtain countries.

November 28th Thursday. This evening's slide-show in the North-West gave us an absorbing account of the Holy Land, and was remarkably free of puns.

November 29th Friday. We have had several visits from papal M.C.s in preparation for tomorrow's Consecration ceremony. They soon retire, however, when confronted with our own papal M.C.

Bishop Blomjous, Mgr Mullin's Ordinary in Mwanda, Tanganyika, opened our eyes to the possibilities of the Lay Apostolate this evening.

RESIDENTS AND GUESTS



FEAST OF THE COLLEGE MARTYRS 1963

November 30th Saturday. Cardinal Heard, assisted by Archbishop Heenan and Bishop Grasar, consecrated the Rector a bishop in the College Chapel. Half the choir benches were occupied by bishops, and many other distinguished visitors were present at this great occasion. All were entertained afterwards in the cardinals' corridor, and the new bishop reluctantly allowed us to kiss his ring. The main celebrations are being left till Monday as many of the guests were busy observing St Andrew's Day today. In the afternoon we saw the special bound number of *Chi Lo Sa?* which has been prepared for presentation to the Rector. A Missal, Pontifical, and Canon have been given to him already. They have been neatly inscribed with a dedication—in Latin.

DECEMBER 1st Sunday. The Rector said Community Mass, with truly pontifical dignity and three servers.

Cardinal Cicognani was the guest of honour at lunch.

December 2nd Monday. Feast of the College Martyrs. The Rector pontificated, with two of his Vicars General as Assistant Priest and Deacon, and the Vice-Rector as Subdeacon. Afterwards we heard a tape recording, kindly lent by Archbishop Young, of a plainchant Mass sung in English. The hierarchy joined in the College photograph before lunch, at which Cardinal Heard proposed the toast to the new bishop in glowing terms. There was pontifical Benediction too, and in the evening a film made up of sequences from Harold Lloyd's films, which the Rector enjoyed enormously. We enjoyed it too, which must have made him feel we had some taste after all.

December 3rd Tuesday. We hoped to see the Rector leave for the Council, but other duties kept him indoors.

December 4th Wednesday. The ceremony closing the Council session was televised, and so the morning found many of us in the Common Room once again. The Pope announced his forthcoming visit to the Holy Land, and also commented interestingly on all the subjects discussed during the session. He had already promulgated the Liturgy Constitution after the Fathers' almost unanimous vote, and in the afternoon there was a copy for us to read in the Common Room. Although we had heard so many laudatory comments and isolated quotations from those 'in the know', the general reaction was one of astonished delight at the brilliance of the document.

In the evening the Rector bade the hierarchy farewell. As he pointed out, this involved saying farewell to himself, but he hoped to be back for the next session occupying a more humble place at table. His vote of thanks to the bishops for being such accommodating guests was warmly received, and Archbishop Heenan replied with an equally heartfelt appreciation of the Rector's hospitality.

December 5th Thursday. The bishops departed, no doubt with a satisfying feeling of solid achievement behind them. There have been dull moments, and much remains to be done, but who would have predicted so much progress when the Council began?

We returned to the normal programme except that Rosary is recited privately. Fr Pears, no longer needing to fight shy of the purple, came to lunch.

December 6th Friday. More farewells, as the Rector was off to Cyprus to exercise his episcopal powers, and Mgr Mullin, who has become so much a part of the family over the last few months, left with him.

The Matricula concert at the Greg contained many skilful and entertaining items. Unfortunately, some of them were far too long, and it was amazing that so many were still in the audience at 7.15 to give an enthusiastic reception to the last item—the inter-collegiate choral singing originally prepared for the Council Fathers.

December 7th Saturday. The Spanish Armada raised its head in the refectory for once. In the afternoon many went to see another type of battle, the ball-game at the American College. We needed no introduction to the hot dogs, while the game itself was explained to the uninitiated by willing tutors, so that all could share the excitement of the finish. The New Men, not yet worn down by the Roman sun, achieved the rare distinction of beating the Old Men. Some of the Americans seemed sceptical at our description of rugger and promised to come and see it for themselves.

December 8th Sunday. The feast of the Immaculate Conception took the place of the Sunday, but the singing at High Mass was unaccompanied just the same—we seem to sing better that way. The lunch guests were all members of the family: Abbot Williams, Fr Orsy and Col. Simpson.

The trend towards more frequent Vespers continued as, for the first time, they were celebrated in conjunction with a Solemn Benediction.

December 11th Wednesday. All went to San Lorenzo where the feast of St Damasus was observed with a pontifical Benediction *coram cardinali*.

December 12th Thursday. A very fine day for our gita. First Year Theology were able to join the other groups after surmounting the hurdle of the tonsure exam at the Vicariate. Two bus loads of professors were spotted, also on gita. It was even suggested that their outing was more strenuous than those of some of the students.

December 14th Saturday. The Rector returned from Cyprus. He seemed calmly confident about the recent trouble there and denied that it had any connection with his visit.

December 15th Sunday. Day of Recollection. The Vice-Rector gave us some guiding principles for our approach to some of the new ideas current in the Church.

December 16th Monday. Heavy rain in the morning kept most people gratefully confined to their rooms. After our complaints about the villa weather we should in fairness record that we have had a fine spell since returning to Rome.

December 17th Tuesday. The public meeting was over in a day, but only just—it finished at 3.30. The guest problem was quickly solved by some deft mathematics from the Deputy Senior Student, but other issues took more time. What *are* the bodgers going to do with all those screws?

Fr Pears arrived to spend the Christmas season with us.

December 18th Wednesday. Disputations at the Greg.

December 19th Thursday. Congratulations to Fr McConnon, ordained ten years ago today. And thanks for the cakes at tea-time. The Forty Hours' Exposition began in the evening. The night-watching programmes were certainly liturgical . . .

December 20th Friday. An anonymous benefactor (perhaps the author?) presented us with a bound copy each of a catechetics manual.

December 21st Saturday. The Rector performed his first Ordination ceremony today at San Marcello, ordaining a priest and a large number of major and minor orders. Congratulations to Mr Wilcox, who was among the new deacons. Fr McConnon sang the Mass of Reposition in the evening. The Rector seemed glad to have a break from the round of farewell parties and to relax instead in the Common Room.

December 23rd Monday. Carols round the Christmas tree as we leave the Greg for all too short a time. Our only contribution this year was the record of the King's College choir, replacing the old 'White Christmas' one.

The Common Room was decorated in the evening. The stage has been in place for some time, as new scenery is being installed.

December 24th Tuesday. A more solemn tone than usual for the Christmas martyrology, but otherwise the customary atmosphere of confident preparation. After High Tea and 'Night Prayers' many retired to bed, but by 10.30 all were present (*I think*) for Matins, Pontifical Mass sung by the Rector, and Lauds. The refreshments afterwards were in the Common Room instead of the refectory, thus leading on naturally to the carol singing session which, as always, found the House at its most harmonious.

December 25th Wednesday. A happy Christmas to all. Another High Mass at 10.0. The Schola treated us to some diatonic effects never dreamed of by Mendelssohn; the organist, on the other hand, warned us in advance that his harmonies were *meant* to sound rather *avant-garde*. Afterwards some went to St Peter's for the Pope's blessing, some listened to carols in the North-West, some were nowhere to be seen, and some toiled on with *Chi Lo Sa?* which eventually made its appearance during coffee and liquori.

In the evening the new box-type scenery made its first bow and doubtless played its part in the success of the panto, one of the best in recent years. Many will remember this as the Beatles' panto; others, perhaps, will remember the gorilla joke and groan, as they were meant to do.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, 1963

'BIANCANEVE E I SETTE BELLI'

or

'SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN WARTS'

	Censor deputatus	ACC	
	Imprimi potest	Pongo	
	Imprimatur	✱ Gerard	
<i>Queen Pinda</i>	Mr Pateman	<i>Harry</i>	Mr P. Jones
<i>Snow White</i>	Mr Slowey	<i>E. Sez</i>	Mr Nichols
<i>Herald</i>	Mr Poulter	<i>J. B. Squeeze-Bochs</i>	Mr Payne
<i>Prince</i>	Mr Atthill	<i>Barman</i>	Mr Ashton
<i>Sorcerer</i>	Mr Feeney	<i>Cloak</i>	Mr Battle
<i>Apprentice</i>	Mr McHugh	<i>Dagger</i>	Mr J. Kelly
<i>Happy</i>	Mr Finn	<i>Sneezy</i>	Mr Budd
<i>Doc</i>	Mr Sharratt	<i>Grumpy</i>	Mr Corley
<i>Dopey</i>	Mr McGarry	<i>Bashful</i>	Mr Fox
<i>Sleepy</i>	Mr Larkman		
	Continuity	Mr Tuck	
	Producer	Mr Dann	
	Pianist	Mr O'Malley	

December 26th Thursday. Boxing Day. A quiet day in the College, one gathers. Some were in (or trying to get into) the packed hall of the old Spanish College where the film of *West Side Story* was shown. In the afternoon almost everyone went to see the Scots' production of *The Pirates*. The Scots are still at Marino, waiting for the completion of their new College on the Via Cassia. We almost envied them on this fresh sunny afternoon, though we would soon change our minds if we had to travel into Rome by bus every day. Back in the College, more Beatlemania and the end (what a hope!) of the gorilla joke.

December 27th Friday. Rubricists had fun picking holes in the film, *The Singer, Not the Song*.

December 28th Saturday. Another quiet day except for the stage workers and those concerned in tomorrow's play. The absence of a play

on the 27th does not seem to have diminished the sense of urgency on the stage. But many others appreciate the chance to rest or to go to other colleges.

Fr Pears had to finish his stay despite the Rector's entreaties to celebrate St Thomas' Day with us. In the evening we sang the First Vespers of the feast.

December 29th Sunday. Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury. The Rector sang another pontifical Mass, after which the tradition of hearing Handel's *Messiah* in the North-West was resumed. We had the usual large number of guests to lunch, followed by coffee and liquori in the cardinals' corridor.

The first play of the season lasted till 8.0. We were glad that so many of our visitors were able to stay long enough to see the end of the enthralling production. The new scenery was exploited to the full, and the delay caused by having wine outside in the intervals was offset by the advantage of having room for many more guests.

ST THOMAS' DAY CONCERT, 1963

'THE AFFAIR'

by Ronald Millar

<i>Thomas Crawford, Sc.D., F.R.S., Master of the College</i>	Mr Kenney
<i>Tom Orbell, M.A., Lecturer in History</i>	Mr McSweeney
<i>A Club Steward</i>	Mr Dodd
<i>Sir Lewis Eliot, M.B.E., M.A., a former Fellow</i>	Mr Standley
<i>A Club Porter</i>	Mr Dodd
<i>Laura Howard, Donald's wife</i>	Mr Guest
<i>Martin Eliot, Ph.D., Lecturer in Physics</i>	Mr Brohan
<i>G. H. Winslow, M.A.</i>	Mr A. Jones
<i>Lester Ince, M.A., Lecturer in Music</i>	Mr Tuck
<i>M. H. L. Gay, M.A., F.B.A., Hon.Litt.D., Senior Fellow</i>	Mr Feben
<i>Julian Skeffington, M.A., Demonstrator in Physics</i>	Mr Strange
<i>Arthur Brown, M.A., Senior Tutor</i>	Mr Brown
<i>Sir Francis Gelliffe, C.B.E., Sc.D., F.R.S., Professor of Physics</i>	Mr A. Hughes
<i>Alec Nightingale, Sc.D., Bursar</i>	Mr Kirkham
<i>Margaret Eliot, Sir Lewis's wife</i>	Mr Toffolo
<i>Donald Howard, Ph.D., an ex-Fellow</i>	Mr Cornish
<i>Newby, the College Porter</i>	Mr V. Hughes
<i>An Assistant Porter</i>	Mr Dodd
<i>Gilbert Dawson-Hill, M.A., Q.C.</i>	Mr Firth

Produced by Mr Coughlan

December 30th Monday. *The Great Escape* was such a long film that it had to be continued after a break for supper. This gave us a welcome chance to have our regular film guests, the Irish Christian Brothers, for a meal in the College.

We heard with sorrow of the death of Fr Vignon S.J., who was lecturing on the Eucharist until four weeks ago. May he rest in peace.

December 31st Tuesday. Tomorrow's play had its dress rehearsal, but also, more ominously, the strains of *The Gondoliers* were heard echoing from the music rooms. A new function for the Schola was a Benediction at San Silvestro given by Cardinal Heard. This caused a change in the timing of the Fair, which lasted from 6.45 till 9.15. This seemed a popular arrangement except, perhaps, for one member of Top Year for whom 'high tea' is a distressing Northernism. The Rector gave Benediction at 9.30 and we sang a rousing *Te Deum* for the blessings of the year.

JANUARY 1st 1964, *Wednesday.* The new year began with many theologians reaching for their morals books, as one of the priests was taken ill after the Consecration and Mgr Iggleden was called in to finish the Mass. The sick one was reported to have kept his fingers and thumbs joined for the rest of the morning. Mgr Paul Clark sang the High Mass.

In the evening, an old favourite, new to many of us and riotously funny to all.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1964

'CHARLEY'S AUNT'

By Brandon Thomas

<i>Jack Chesney</i>	Mr O'Malley
<i>Charles Wykeham</i>	Mr Butler
<i>Brassett</i>	Mr Pilkington
<i>Lord Fancourt-Babberley</i>	Mr Brand
<i>Kitty Verdun</i>	Mr Pearce
<i>Amy Spettigue</i>	Mr Kennedy
<i>Colonel Sir Francis Chesney, Bart.</i>	Mr Trevett
<i>Mr Stephen Spettigue</i>	Mr Loughran
<i>Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez</i>	Mr Farrington
<i>Ella Delahay</i>	Mr Fallon

Produced by Mr Price

January 2nd Thursday. A hard morning for the opera choruses. In the evening, a peaceful card-night atmosphere. The OND and Top Year took the Rector and Vice-Rector out for a farewell dinner—farewell to the Rector, that is. Top Year inhospitably won the race back by a few lengths from the Rector, the Vice-Rector taking a more cautious approach to the Highway Code.

January 3rd Friday. A 5.30 rise, and back to scantily-attended lectures. Even infirmarians must fall to the 'flu bug sometimes, I suppose. But if they happen to be principal members of the opera cast as well, producers are apt to be intolerant.

January 4th Saturday. The Americans arrived late at the Greg, armed with miniature papal flags and palm-branches issued to them to be waved at the Pope on his departure for the Holy Land. Though we were not there ourselves to cheer the Holy Father on his way, our prayers go with him on his historic pilgrimage. The television coverage of the journey kept many of us watching till late at night despite some poor editing and tedious filling-in sequences.

In the evening there was a farewell reception in the College for the Rector.

January 5th Sunday. The infirmarian was back to form for the final opera rehearsal, but there were two other substitutes.

This being a Sunday, we had a rare opportunity to sing the First Vespers of the Epiphany.

Another late night, watching the Pilgrim's progress.

January 6th Monday. Feast of the Epiphany. Mgr Igleden sang the High Mass and gave Solemn Benediction. In the evening a distinguished audience watched the third performance of *The Gondoliers*—a performance free from the hazards of rain or imminent papal visits, though not entirely unaffected by illness. The deputy 'merriest fellow' seemed merry enough, but could hardly hope to match the 'remarkable hilarity' of his predecessor, laughing away in the audience from behind his plaster-cast. The show went with a swing from beginning to end, providing a worthy climax to an excellent dramatic season. Bishop Tickle, now in his last forty-eight hours as Rector, expressed the hope that he would be able to see other College productions in future years.

The opera finished in time for us to race out and see the Pope on his way back to the Vatican. This was an exceptional occasion even for those hardened to papal functions, and it was noticeable that the most spontaneous cheer of all came when the Holy Father, speaking from his window overlooking the square, mentioned his joy at being able to embrace a leader of our separated brethren. Few diarists can ever have had a more triumphant note to end on.

PERSONAL

Plus ça change . . . The past few months have seen the announcement of several new appointments. We have recorded elsewhere the arrival of a new Rector and Vice-Rector at the College, and on going to press last time we mentioned the nomination of Archbishop Igino Cardinale as Apostolic Delegate in Great Britain.

We offer our congratulations to the new Archbishop of Liverpool, the Most Rev. George Beck A.A. He will be much missed in Salford where his reputation and popularity have been outstanding.

Madre Elena has departed from the domestic scene in the College, and been sent to a Clinic at Catanzaro. We take this opportunity of recording our sincere thanks to her for several years of loyal service ; the fact that we were known to her as numbers rather than names did not lessen her personal devotion and affection for all the students. We welcome Suora Innocenza as the new Madre.

We would like to correct an error in noting the appointment of the Rev. John Allen in the last issue : his, and other recent appointments, are as follows :

Rev. John Allen to Sacred Heart, Levenshulme Road, Gorton, Manchester, 18.

Rev. Basil Loftus J.C.D., to St Francis, Manor Road, Holbeck, Leeds, 11.

Rev. Anthony O'Sullivan to Our Lady and St Thomas of Canterbury, 22 Roxburgh Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

Rev. Michael Ashdowne to St Edmund's College, Ware.

It is with deep regret that we record a number of deaths in the past few months.

On Maundy Thursday died the Right Rev. H. Bright, Titular Bishop of *Soli*. His breezy good humour will be much missed around the College during the next session of the Council.

Another popular figure at the College who died recently was the Right Rev. Mgr Canon B. Bell (Shrewsbury); we hope his holiday companions will continue their annual visits to Rome.

We also note with sorrow the deaths of His Grace the Duke of Leeds (perhaps better known to us as Sir D'Arcy Osborne), the former British Minister to the Holy See, in Rome on 20th March; of Madre Hildegonda, in Padua on 30th January; and of Thomas Walsh, Esq. (1902-06), early this year in England.

Cardinal Heard celebrated his eightieth birthday on 24th February 1964. The occasion was marked by a lunch in his honour, and in a lively speech His Eminence drew memories from the past and looked forward with interest to the coming decade.

The Most Rev. John Henry King, Archbishop of Portsmouth (1899-1904), celebrated his Silver Jubilee as a bishop on 15th July 1963, and will celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on 20th November 1964. We offer him our congratulations at once belatedly and in advance.

Ad multos annos also to the Right Rev. Mgr Joseph Buckley (1937-40; 1946-48), and to the Revv. Edward Coonan (1933-40; 1946-49), Hugh Hyland (1939-40) and Henry Martindale (1933-40), all of whom celebrate the Silver Jubilee of their priesthood this summer.

Finally, academic congratulations to Rev. Michael Ashdowne on gaining his doctorate in Sacred Theology.

Stop Press congratulations to our Rector, who was created a Domestic Prelate on 18th May.

In addition to Right Rev. Mgr J. Mullin (1931-38) and Very Rev. H. Morris O.S.M., who spent the summer months with us, we were also pleased to welcome the following who stayed at the Villa:

Rt Rev. C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33); Rt Rev. Mgr V. Elwes (1922-25); Revv. R. Abbott (1947-54), H. Berryman (Hexham and Newcastle), G. Burke (1953-60), D. Collier (1947-54), P. Doyle (Liverpool), G. Evans (Shrewsbury), T. Fee (1929-36), J. Formby (1949-56), M. Grace (1930-34), A. Grimshaw (1955-62), P. Howell (1953-60), B. Loftus (1952-59), J. Lowery (1944-51), G. Mitchell (1934-38), P. Moore (1946-53), A. Philpot (1952-59), J. Pledger (1936-43), J. Short (1950-59), V. Turnbull (1947-54), J. White (1955-62), P. Wroe (1927-35).

More fleeting visits were paid by:

Rt Rev. Mgr J. Carroll-Abbing (1930-37) and F. Murphy (Boston); Very Rev. Mgr F. Galles (Winona) and H. McEwan (Glasgow); Revv. J. Challenor Cong. Orat., J. Foley (Motherwell), V. Furlong (Liverpool), Lewis S.V.D., R. Potter O.P., G. Reynolds (Liverpool) and J. Walsh (1929-36); Bro. Machar F.S.C.; Dr Bianchini, Messrs D. Cape, G. Campbell, P. Carroll, Capt. T. Catlow, Messrs I. Horsley, D. Laskey, Capt. T. Morris, Messrs R. Pindar, Andrew Cape and Edward Laskey.

During the Council the College again became, for varying lengths of time, the home-from-home for many members of the hierarchy. The following is the complete list of those who stayed as our guests in Rome :

September/November : Most Revv. J. Heenan, Archbishop of Westminster (1924-31), F. Grimshaw, Archbishop of Birmingham (1919-26) and J. Murphy, Archbishop of Cardiff ; Rt Revv. G. Beck A.A., Bishop of Salford, H. Bright, Tit. Bishop of *Soli* (Aux. Birmingham), G. Brunner, Bishop of Middlesbrough, D. Cashman, Tit. Bishop of *Cantano* (Aux. Westminster) (1933-39), G. Dwyer, Bishop of Leeds (1926-34), E. Ellis, Bishop of Nottingham (1916-23), B. Foley, Bishop of Lancaster (1931-38), W. Grasar, Bishop of Shrewsbury (1931-38), T. Holland, Tit. Bishop of *Etenna* (Coad. Portsmouth), J. Parker, Bishop of Northampton, T. Pearson, Tit. Bishop of *Sinda* (Aux. Lancaster) (1928-34), J. Petit, Bishop of Menevia, C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33) and J. Rudderham, Bishop of Clifton (1923-27) ; Rt Rev Mgri L. McReavy (Hexham and Newcastle) and D. Worlock (Westminster) ; Very Rev. Mgri H. F. Davis (Birmingham) and B. O'Neill (1935-42) ; Revv. M. Ashdowne (1950-57), A. Chatterton (1954-61), C. Davis (Westminster), B. Nash (1954-61), W. O'Brien (Birmingham), T. O'Shea (Leeds) and R. Redmond (1926-34).

December : Rt Rev. Mgri A. Iggleden (1933-40), J. O'Mahoney c.F. (Middlesbrough) and G. Pitt (1933-40) ; Very Rev. Mgr W. Clark (1934-41) ; Rev. P. L. Pears (Shrewsbury).

The Council and the consecrations of Bishop Tickle and of the new Apostolic Delegate gave us the opportunity of welcoming a large number of distinguished visitors to the College at special receptions and for meals :

Their Eminences Cardinal Cicognani, Titular Bishop of Frascati, Secretary of State ; Cardinal Dœpfner, Archbishop of Munich ; Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris ; Cardinal Frings, Archbishop of Cologne ; Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney ; Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay ; Cardinal Kœnig, Archbishop of Vienna ; Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto ; Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, California ; Cardinal Meyer, Archbishop of Chicago ; Cardinal Richaud, Archbishop of Bordeaux ; Cardinal Ritter, Archbishop of St Louis ; Cardinal Rugambwa, Bishop of Bukoba ; Cardinal Wyszynski, Archbishop of Gniezno and Warsaw.

Their Graces Archbishops M. Alaupovic (Sarajevo), J. Amissah (Cape Coast), D. Athaide O.F.M. CAP. (Agra), J. Attipetty (Verapoly), H. Audrain (Auch), M. Baudoux (St Boniface), M. Beovich (Adelaide), J. Berry (Halifax), I. Cardinale (Tit. *Nepte*, Apostolic Delegate in Great Britain), J. Cody (Tit. *Bostra*, Coad. Archbishop of New Orleans), W. Conway (Armagh), T. Cooray O.M.I. (Colombo), G. Del Mestri (Tit. *Tuscamia*, Apostolic Delegate in East Africa), E. D'Souza M.S.F.S. (Bhopal), A. Fernandes (Tit. *Neopatrasso*, Coad. Bishop of Delhi), J. Fernandes (Delhi), G. Flahiff c.s.B. (Winnipeg), R. García y García de Castro (Granada),

J. Garcia y Goldaraz (Valladolid), J. Garner (Pretoria), J. Gawlina (Tit. *Madito*), M. Gonzi (Malta), J. Gordon (Tit. *Nicopoli al Nesto*, Apostolic Delegate in Thailand and Malacca Peninsula), G. Gray (St Andrews and Edinburgh), P. Hallinan (Atlanta), M. Hermaniuk c.ss.R. (Winnipeg for Ukrainians), D. Hurley o.m.i. (Durban), L. Jaeger (Paderborn), V. Jasinski (Tit. *Drizipara*), A. Jordan o.m.i. (Tit. *Silio*, Coad. Archbishop of Edmonton), A. Kozłowiecki s.J. (Lusaka), M. Lallier (Marseille), E. Mabathoana o.m.i. (Maseru), C. Mansourati (Tit. *Apamea di Siria* for Syrians), F. Markall s.J. (Salisbury), L. Mathias s.d.B. (Madras and Mylapore), J. McGeough (Tit. *Emesa*, Apostolic Delegate in South Africa), J. McQuaid c.s.sp. (Dublin), M. Mihayo (Tabora), T. Morris (Cashel), E. O'Brien (Canberra and Goulburn), P. O'Donnell (Tit. *Pelusio*, Coad. Bishop of Brisbane), M. O'Neill (Regina), J. O'Sullivan (Kingston, Ontario), P. Pocock (Tit. *Isauropoli*, Coad. Archbishop of Toronto), W. Porter s.m.a. (Tit. *Lemno*), R. Prendiville (Perth), T. Roberts s.J. (Tit. *Sugdea*), A. Rohracher (Salzburg), M. Roy (Quebec), P. Ryan o.p. (Port-of-Spain), F. Seper (Zagreb), L. Shehan (Baltimore), J. Urtasun (Avignon), P. Veuillot (Tit. *Costanza di Tracia*, Coad. Archbishop of Paris), J. Walsh (Tuam), and G. Young (Hobart).

Their Lordships Bishops R. Ackerman c.s.sp. (Covington), T. Agniswami s.J. (Kottar), J. Alcaraz y Alenda (Badajoz), F. Allen (Tit. *Avensa*, Aux. to Coad. of Toronto), J. Angerhausen (Tit. *Eminenziana*, Aux. Essen), M. Arattukulam (Alleppey), J. Arneric (Sibenik), D. Arulswami (Kumbakonam), A. Atton (Tit. *Teudali*, Coad. Bishop of Langres), V. Baldwin (Tit. *Bencenna*, Aux. Rockville Centre), G. Barthe (Fréjus-Toulon), Basilio (Bishop of Roumanians in Exile), G. Béjot (Tit. *Cassandria*, Aux. Reims), A. Bell (Sacramento), H. Belleau o.m.i. (Tit. *Perre*, Vic. Ap. James Bay), V. Billington m.h.m. (Kampala), J. Black (Paisley), J. Bluysen (Tit. *Aeto*, Aux. s'Hertogenbosch), A. Boghaert c.ss.R. (Roseau), P. Boillon (Verdun), R. Boisguerin m.e.p. (Suifu), R. Boudon (Mende), F. Bougon (Moulins), W. Bouter m.h.m. (Nellore), H. Boyle (Johannesburg), W. Brennan (Toowoomba), T. Brosnahan c.s.sp. (Freetown and Bo), J. Burke (Simla), C. Buswell (Pueblo), E. Butler (Mombasa and Zanzibar), L. Byrne (Tit. *Sabadia*, Coad. Bishop of Wichita), T. Cahill (Cairns), K. Calewaert (Ghent), F. Carroll s.m.a. (Tit. *Sozopoli di Emimonto*, Intern. Ap. Liberia, Vic. Ap. Monrovia), G. Carter (Tit. *Altiburo*, Aux. London), S. Cekada (Skoplje), F. Charrière (Lausanne, Genève and Fribourg), P. Chevalier (Le Mans), F. Cialeo o.p. (Lyallpur), W. Cleven (Tit. *Sasima*, Aux. Cologne), G. Cobben s.c.j. (Helsinki), J. Connolly (Fall River), S. Courbe (Tit. *Castoria*, Aux. Paris), C. Cowderoy (Southwark), J. Crawford o.p. (Tit. *Caffa*, Vic. Ap. Western Solomon Islands), P. Cule (Mostar), J. Cullinane (Tit. *Flumenzar*, Aux. Canberra and Goulburn), J. Cunningham (Hexham and Newcastle) (1939-43), B. Czaplinski (Tit. *Faustinopoli*, Aux. Chelmino), J. Czerniak (Tit. *Eudocia*, Aux. Gniezno), A. Ddungu (Masaka), A. Decosse (Gravelbourg), L. De Kesel (Tit. *Sinao*, Aux. Ghent),

P. De La Chanonie (Clermont), A. Demets c.ss.R. (Tit. *Cadossia*), R. De Roo (Victoria), P. Dery (Wa), E. De Smedt (Bruges), G. De Vet (Breda), P. Dlamini F.F.J. (Umzimkulu), L. D'Mello (Ajmer and Jaipur), R. D'Mello (Mangalore), H. Donohoe (Stockton), J. Dougherty (Yakima), J. Dougherty (Tit. *Cotenna*, Aux. Newark), W. Doyle (Nelson), J. Drzazga (Tit. *Siniando*, Aux. Gniezno), M. Drzecnik (Maribor), A. D'Souza (Poona), C. Dubbelman O.PRAEM. (Jabalpur), W. Dunne s.p.s. (Kitui), D. Durning c.s.SP. (Arusha), C. Elwell (Tit. *Cone*, Aux. Cleveland), I. Emanuel (Speyer), J. Enciso Viana (Mallorca), J. Essuah (Kumasi), J. Evrard (Tit. *Dionisiopoli*), A. Fauvel (Quimper), V. Favé (Tit. *Andeda*, Aux. Quimper), J. Fernandez (Quilon), S. Ferrando s.D.B. (Shillong), J. Field, O.P. (St George's, Grenada), W. Field s.M.A. (Ondo), R. Finn s.M.A. (Ibadan), W. Fitzgerald O.P. (Tit. *Zarna*, Aux. Port-of-Spain), B. Flanagan (Worcester), C. Flusin (St Claude), M. Forst (Dodge City), R. Fourrey (Belley), T. Fox (Wilcannia-Forbes), F. Freking (Salina), P. Furlong (Tit. *Arassa*, Aux. New York, Vic. Castr. U.S.A.), A. Fuerstenberg w.F. (Abercorn), C. Gachet F.M.I. (Castries), B. Gallagher (Port Pirie), A. Galvin M.H.M. (Tit. *Lete*, Vic. Ap. Miri), A. Gaudron (Evreux), W. Gomes (Tit. *Parlais*, Aux. Bombay), J. Gran O.C.R. (Tit. *Rafia*, Coad. Bishop of Oslo), C. Grant (Tit. *Alinda*, Aux. Northampton), M. Green (Tit. *Trisipa*, Aux. Lansing), J. Griffiths (Tit. *Gaza*, Aux. New York), N. Grimley s.M.A. (Tit. *Tuburbo minore*, Vic. Ap. Cape Palmas), H. Gufflet (Tit. *Calama*, Coad. Bishop of Limoges), J. Guilhem (Laval), R. Guilly s.J. (Georgetown), L. Guyot (Coutances), A. Haene s.M.B. (Gwelo), J. Hagan c.s.SP. (Makurdi), F. Hall, M.H.M. (Kisumu), G. Hammes (Superior), E. Hamvas (Csanád), M. Harrington (Kamloops), W. Hart (Dunkeld), R. Hayes (Davenport), J. Healy (Gibraltar), C. Helmsing (Kansas City—St Joseph), F. Henschke (Wagga Wagga), N. Hettinga M.H.M. (Rawalpindi), V. Hines (Norwich), E. Hinojosa (Piura), R. Hodapp s.J. (Belize), J. Hodges (Wheeling), J. Holmes-Siedle w.F. (Kigoma), A. Hornyak O.S.B.M. (Tit. *Ermontis*, Aux. Westminster, Ap. Exarch for Ukrainians in England), M. Hyle (Wilmington), G. Jacquot (Gap), J. Jobst s.c.A. (Tit. *Pitane*, Vic. Ap. Kimberleys), F. Jop (Tit. *Daulia*), E. Joyce (Christchurch), R. Joyce (Burlington), C. Kabukasansha (Tit. *Cibira*, Aux. Fort Rosebery), L. Kaczmarek (Tit. *Alia*, Aux. to Coad. of Gdansk), P. Kalwa (Lublin), A. Katkoff M.I.C. (Tit. *Nauplia*), J. Kavanagh (Dunedin), P. Kelly s.M.A. (Benin City), A. Kempf (Tit. *Limira*, Aux. Würzburg), W. Kempf (Limburg), R. Kérautret (Tit. *Areopoli*, Coad. Bishop of Angoulême), F. Kervéadou (St Briec), J. Kæstner (Gurk), V. Kovács (Tit. *Zarai*, Admin. Ap. of Vác), K. Kowalski (Chelmo), J. Kulik (Tit. *Rando*, Aux. Łódź), J. Kurpas (Tit. *Orisa*, Aux. Katowice), C. Kurteff (Tit. *Briula*, Ap. Exarch for Bulgarians of Byzantine rite), P. Lacoite (Beauvais), F. Lacoursière w.F. (Tit. *Amadassa*), A. Lazik (Tit. *Appia*, Admin. Ap. of Trnava), J. Le Cordier (Tit. *Priene*, Aux. Paris), C. Leiprecht (Rottenburg), L. Lemay s.M. (Tit. *Agbia*, Vic. Ap. Northern Solomon Islands), S. Leven (Tit. *Bure*, Aux. San Antonio), D. Liston c.s.SP. (Port Louis), P. Lyons (Sale), M.

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THE VENERABLE

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THE LIBRARY

In some ways books have been the least of the library's concerns this year. The first library was borrowed once again by the bishops for their conciliar meetings; the ceiling of the second vomited plaster onto our liturgy section shortly after the promulgation of the Liturgy Decree; and the third, which at present sports something resembling the Grand Canyon down the centre of its ceiling, is due to be repaired in the very near future.

Nevertheless, books have always been one of the library's chief interests. The theological revival continues apace and many modern works have appeared on our shelves. One or two new sections such as Ecumenism, Religious Sociology and Modern Catechetics have made their debut. The impression that the Theology section is exclusively for those consulting the sources or for the bibliophile is fast disappearing.

It is, however, a well-known fact that this library, like many others and perhaps even more so, falls between about five stools. If ever you find it difficult to make conversation with a Venerable librarian, ask him about 'lack of shelf space', and 'precious books'; the answers should be highly illuminating. The library contains many precious books and

some rubbish ; it is sometimes difficult to distinguish them. Our science section, for instance, is very probably a fine collection of the latter, but we cannot be quite sure. It boasts works ranging from 'A Jesuit's Nine Celestial Visions' to a detailed description of 'The Cat'. It is not easy in Rome to find someone versed in bibliology and science who can evaluate them, but we hope to do something about this in the near future.

If you are particularly sensitive about precious books, go and stand in the middle of the second library when all is quiet. You can almost hear—forgive the poetic licence—their most implacable enemy, the bookworm, munching his way thoughtfully through a fresh volume. In fact, our facilities for storing precious books are woefully inadequate ; some have been restored recently but this is an expensive hobby. Often, too, the fact that we have such books is not well known, so that their function is decorative rather than useful. However, last year we were able to supply Harvard with a fairly lengthy list of books printed in English or in England before 1640.

An attempt is being made to introduce more coherence into the History section. English and European secular history has been reset in a more orthodox chronological system, but the Church, Recusant and Local histories remains somewhat confused. We are examining the possibility of bringing all the history books into one area but, in view of the vast recataloguing that would have to accompany it, the project may prove too ambitious for amateur librarians.

In addition to books purchased we have received donations from the following : Most Rev. Iginio Cardinale, Apostolic Delegate in Great Britain, Rt Rev. Mgr J. Mullin, Rt Rev. Mgr R. L. Smith, Very Rev. Canon J. B. O'Connell, Revv. C. Lloyd, L. Orsy s.J., H. E. G. Rope and Messrs Geoffrey Chapman Ltd.

BRIAN McEVROY.

To the library notes we append short notices on some recent acquisitions ; we confine ourselves here to Catechetics and Religious Sociology, but propose to cover all sections in future issues of *THE VENERABLE*. We hope this may be of some value and welcome comment on the scheme.

Handing on the Faith by J. A. Jungmann, s.J.

This work deals thoroughly with the essentials necessary for the effective teaching of Catholic doctrine. The history, principles and modern pedagogical methods of catechesis are dealt with in a stimulating manner ; Christ's 'good news' must be handed on. This book is a natural companion to the famous 'Catholic Catechism'.

Teaching All Nations by J. Hofinger (Ed.), Clifford Howell, s.J., part translator and reviser.

A symposium on modern catechetics aimed at freeing the Christian from mere formalism and turning his faith into a more personal and active

one. Though intended primarily for the missions, the principles and many of the methods discussed are equally applicable to England. There is some unevenness in quality among these essays.

Requiem for a Parish by John Foster.

Fr Foster does not contend that parish life is dead, though he thinks it may be dying on its feet. The Christian formation of Catholics within the parish framework has been too superficial; there are many who go through the motions of being good Catholics, yet who do not respond to demands on their faith and charity in time of emergency. The author suggests ways in which the spiritual life of parishioners may be deepened, and is optimistic about the future.

Man is Your Brother by Abbé Pierre.

A short but incisive book of televised talks and Lenten sermons. The talks deal with the needs of the underprivileged—Food, Health, Housing, Work and Knowledge—seen from a secular, statistical viewpoint; Abbé Pierre lets the facts move his readers to action. His sermons are on the Commandment of Love, the Nature of God, the Church as a Community, Confession and the Eucharist. The book suffers in being a transcript of spoken texts and because the practical examples are drawn largely from French affairs.

An Introduction to Religious Sociology by F. Boulard (translated by M. Jackson).

This book offers an effective counter to Disraeli's remark that 'there are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies and statistics'. It shows shortly but clearly how statistical analysis of Mass attendance can help the mission. It looks at the problem in its historical perspective and so prepares the way for a pastoral theology which is especially directed at the group to be instructed. An exciting book which opens new horizons.

Lay People in the Church by Yves Congar, O.P.

Baptism is the sacramental consecration of all into the Priesthood of Christ. Sharing theologically in its life, the laity also possess a share in its practice, and Fr Congar shows in concrete terms how the layman can exercise the powers of priest, prophet and king given him by Baptism.

UNIVERSITY

We are pleased to record that on 19th March Fr Muñoz-Vega was consecrated titular Bishop of Ceramo, Auxiliary to the Archdiocese of Quito, Ecuador, by Cardinal Confalonieri, assisted by Archbishop Samorè, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Affairs, and by Archbishop O'Connor, Rector of the North American College. Fr Dhanis

has succeeded him as Rector of the University while also retaining his position of Prefect of Studies and continuing to lecture in Theology. Our congratulations also go to Fr Gill on his appointment as Rector of the Oriental Institute. Fr Gill will be familiar to many post-war students for his lectures—in *lingua vulgare* (*quod mirum est*)—on Anglican Theology.

A number of familiar faces disappeared during the past year from the lecture rooms which we frequent. For Church History, Frs Mario Fois and John Krajcar have filled the gap left by Fr Hertling's retirement. Fr Kirschbaum's archæology course is now given by Fr Louis Martinez Fazio. Rational Psychology has been transferred from Fr Delannoye (who remains Minister) to Fr Vladimir Satura. Fr Joseph Goetz substituted at the last moment for Fr Van Bulck's lectures in the Comparative Religions course. Fr Rasco has moved from Hebrew to replace Fr Puzo (Scripture) and the reshuffle of Morals lectures has meant the retirement of Fr Furlong. Stability has not yet been reached in Canon Law as taught to first year theology; Frs Orsy and Navarrete have been the lecturers successively in 1963 and 1964.

There has also been in the last eighteen months a welcome influx of new faces as a result of the step to give each year in Theology its own lectures. In addition to those already mentioned, we welcome Frs Frederick Crowe, Pierre Adnès and Francis Clark (Dogma): and Frs Frederick Moriarty and Juan Leal (Scripture). The Philosophy faculty has gained Frs Timothy Cronin and Peter Henrici (History of Philosophy) and Fr Vincenzo Archidiacono (Physics).

A special welcome must be extended to Fr Peter G. Duncker O.P. (surely the first non-Jesuit to be invited to teach a compulsory course at the Greg?). In his hands Hebrew, now taught in second year Theology from October till Easter, has almost attained the status of a major course. Fr Duncker in his white habit evoked tremendous applause and is, as the Dean of Theology pointed out, a visible sign of the bond of friendship that exists between the Angelicum and the Greg. Ecumenism, like charity, begins at home.

Among other new professors, we must mention the appearance of an Archbishop, Victor Sartre, formerly Ordinary in Madagascar and now resident in the Borgo S. Spirito. His subject is *Pastoralis Missionaria*.

In the course of the year we were sorry to hear of the deaths of six professors: Frs Franz Hürth and Henri Vignon (Theology), Aloisius Naber (Philosophy), Pasquale d'Elia and Emile Gathier (Missiology) and Gustave Gundlach (Sociology). May they rest in peace.

First generation Pugini may note that voluntary afternoon lectures have attracted large audiences this year. By far the most popular among English-speaking students was the course given by Dr Francis J. Ayd, M.D., an eminent American psychiatrist, entitled 'Notitia de morbis psychicis utilis confessario et directori animarum'. His lectures—in English—were invariably packed and followed by lively discussion. Scheduled to last until Easter, the course came to an abrupt end on 2nd March when

Dr Ayd's father died after a heart attack. We would like to take this opportunity of offering Dr Ayd our sincere condolences.

Afternoon German classes, organized by the Goethe Institute, also proved a great attraction, especially for us. So many students enrolled that they had to be divided into three groups, each with two lectures a week (from 3.15 to 4.45 p.m.). If good lectures are provided, students are only too eager to attend them, even for ninety minutes and at inconvenient hours.

Another innovation has been Fr Springhetti's course on the Latin language. This is not voluntary, as second and third years of Philosophy (and the Canon Law faculty) can testify.

The standard demanded in examinations is still rising. Fr Latourelle believes that ecclesiastical Universities should not fall behind the increasing standards demanded by lay Universities. We hope that this imitation of lay Universities will be extended also to the system of teaching: less lectures with more time to assimilate the matter. There seems, however, little prospect of this. There is talk of spreading the Morals course over three years instead of two, and of extending Scripture to cover three years instead of three semesters. Patrology lectures (under Fr Dumeige) already continue through second year theology. The same trend applies also to Philosophy where it seems probable that some form of Physics and Mathematics will be taught in each of the three years.

Recent books include a revised edition of Fr Fuch's *De Castitate et Ordine Sexuali*. He has also brought out in note form *De Sacramento Paenitentiae*. We hope that this book, written with Fr Fuch's customary emphasis on the personal approach to the subject of Morals, may soon be given the wider audience it deserves. Fr Lonergan's *De Deo Trino* in two volumes is at last available for the 'general' public. He is also completing his *Method of Theology*, which is eagerly awaited by his many disciples. Fr Bertram's topical *De Relatione inter Episcopatum et Primum* has already been reviewed in the March issue of *The Clergy Review*. Philosophers may be interested in Fr de Finance's *Essai sur l'agir humain* and Fr Selvaggi's *Scienze e Metodologia* (a scientific study of various patterns of epistemology). In the Sociology faculty Frs Carrier, Hervé and Pin are preparing a most welcome symposium entitled *Sociologie du Christianisme*. Finally, two reprints of biblical works: *Christ's Resurrection in Pauline Soteriology* by Fr Stanley, and Fr Lyonnet's *St Paul: Liberty and Law* (reprinted from *The Bridge* 1962).

On the social scene the Student Organisation, to which we have, for the first time ever, contributed one of its Vice Presidents, has had a successful year. If unable to act in a truly representative capacity, it has been busy in other spheres. Si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo. The North American College has joined the ranks of the hospital visitors, assuming responsibility for the Bambino Gesù hospital. Our own visits to the Santo Spirito hospital have continued and the Epiphany concert, in co-operation this year with the Spanish College's musical group, was

considerably more ambitious. The Collegio Pio Latino also provided musical entertainment there on Christmas Day itself.

Greek and Armenian rite Masses for the students heralded and closed the Church Unity Octave. The Aula Magna after each occasion was turned into a vast coffee bar. Here, as on the annual pilgrimage to Genazzano, the numbers present far exceeded expectations—a good omen for future years.

In the University itself the short-lived sandwich machine has disappeared to be replaced by an (equally short-lived) coffee machine. (At the time of writing, it carries a *guasto* notice.)

To mark the Pope's visit to the University on 12th March, a Volkswagen was presented to the Holy Father for the Missions. Its presence for several weeks in the Aula Magna and adjacent areas caused some excitement. Raised tiers of stands were erected in the gallery for Philosophers who thereby obtained a better view of the Pope than their confrères on terra firma. But all benefited by the *dies non* the following day, needed to organize the removal of the stands.

The elections of the new President were particularly lively. A preliminary meeting of the central committee was held in our Common Room. The Rector's kind hospitality more than made up for the fruitless legalistic discussion which ensued. At a subsequent meeting four candidates were adopted. Voting was to be open to all, not only to the delegates as in previous years. This provoked the entry of an unofficial candidate at the eleventh hour who had previously won popularity by his forthright criticisms of the organisation. Though disqualified, his supporters bore him on a deck chair to the microphone to the accompaniment of martial music, just as José Raffo (Collegio Pio Latino), the new President, was receiving the keys of his office.

JOSEPH HOWELL.

CRICKET

Outside games at the Villa were late starting this year, and the annual August Bank Holiday game of North *v.* South was the first major event of the Villa season. The South looked nicely set at lunch-time but abysmal batting against rather friendly bowling led to their collapse and defeat by 49 runs.

The British Embassy visited us on 10th August and were fairly comfortably defeated by 36 runs, though it took until the last ball of the match to do it.

Our old rivals, the Australian Embassy, were our next opponents. They batted first and we were pleased to dismiss them for 118 by tea-time. Thanks to a splendid, hard-hitting innings of 70 by Mr Gath, we were

able to keep up with the clock, despite very accurate medium-paced Australian bowling. At the beginning of the last over, we seemed to need 5 to win. With one ball to go we still needed 2 but there was a run-out and so we finished apparently 2 runs behind with 3 wickets to fall. A check of the score book happily revealed that, in fact, we had already passed the Australian total, so we claimed a victory. The Australians did not bring a scorer!!

The Imperial War Graves Commission came out on 24th August, but they had not got the bowlers to curb the College batsmen in an aggressive mood. They tumbled to defeat by some 146 runs, thanks to some cunning lob bowling by a member of Top Year. I must mention here what a great debt of gratitude we owe to the War Graves Commission for the loan of a heavy-duty motor mower which saved the Secretary and others many back-breaking hours with the hand-mowers.

B.E.A. (London) visited us for the second year running on 8th September, but a rainy day in Rome the day before had not left them in very good condition and they lost by 6 wickets.

Unfortunately, there was no opportunity to arrange a match with Propaganda this year, owing to changes in their Villa programme. As it happened there was one week when they could have played, but that coincided with the Opera and the Pope's visit!

The second week-end after our return to Rome saw the College once more engaged in the Knock-Out Tournament for the Rome Ashes, which was held on the pitch in the Pamphilj Gardens. We disposed of the War Graves Commission fairly easily in the first round, and had a bye to the final, where once more we collapsed against the steady and accurate bowling of the Australians to lose by 62 runs.

During the summer, the following represented the College: Messrs Brown, Corley (*Capt.*), Dann, Dodd, Farrington, Firth, Gath, Hollis, McGarry, McSweeney, Pateman, Poulter, Sharratt, Slowey, Toffolo and Tully.

CRISPIAN HOLLIS.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

A good season, despite a considerable drop in the numbers for House games (due perhaps to the attraction of *voluntary* afternoon lectures!). With some new and energetic blood from First Philosophy to strengthen the forward line, we began the season with a tough game against Propaganda. Our opponents were lively and agile, so that controlling the game was difficult; nor did the tufty pitch help. Ten minutes from time, with the score standing at 1—1, we were awarded a penalty, but missed it. *Magari!*

We later played a Beda XI and won 4—3, though confessedly we did not field our full side.

The British Embassy have now formed a team, as part of the Rome Sports Association. A close-fought but somewhat scrappy game against them gave us the eventual victory, 3—2. Two days after this (on 14th January) we met the Irish College—for the first time since 1927, word has it. It was an enjoyable match all round, ending 3—2 in our favour, though we indulged in the luxury of another missed penalty. The Irishmen had a terrible tendency to handle the ball!

Against our American cousins the V.E.C. team hit form and won 3—0. Perhaps we might be accused here of psychological warfare—we arrived half an hour late!

But the outstanding game of the season was the Scots match. This we played earlier than usual, on 5th March, due to a clash of festas and the distance from Marino to Rome. Very untraditionally we seized domination at the kick-off, laid on several attacks, and scored. Before half-time, however, the opposition had equalized. In the second half it became evident that we had lost control of the mid-field play, and the Scots forced another goal. But the outcome still remained open until they drew further ahead through a penalty to make the final score of a hard, evenly balanced and enjoyable game 1—3.

The results of the other matches were: Carmelites (1—1); Holy Ghost (2—4); Lombardi (7—0); Spanish College (1—3). We hope to meet the South Americans and Germans before the close of the season.

The following have played in the team: Messrs Battle, Brennan, Corley, Doyle, Feeney, Gath (*Capt.*), Guest, Howell, Lowe, McGarry, McSweeney, Nichols, O'Connell, Payne.

DONALD FEENEY.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Our main concern is that all those who wish to play rugby should be able to do so. To a large extent, however, this ideal is being compromised by 'circumstances beyond our control': we depend on the generosity of the Rome rugby clubs for the use of the only pitches available, and in return they expect us to field teams which will provide a good match for their senior sides. In the past we have been able to do this quite easily, but the standard of Rome rugby is ever on the increase, while our own has somewhat declined in recent years; consequently, we can provide adequate opposition only by calling in aid from other colleges to strengthen the team, and too often this has deprived our own players of a chance to play. A partial solution has been found in fielding an all-College team against junior sides from the Roman clubs, but this arrangement has little appeal

to our Roman friends and so there are few fixtures of this sort. We hope that the laying of pitches in the Pamphilj Gardens will enable us to play more House games and make us less dependent on the kindness of the Roman clubs.

We made an unfortunate start to the season by losing to Lazio II 17—0, and soon afterwards to Lazio I 14—3. We did better against Olimpico, but not well enough to avoid a 10—3 defeat. However, we managed to retrieve our confidence a little with a resounding victory over an Italian Navy XV 38—8. After Christmas we beat Rugby Roma Juniors 9—3. Then came the Roman English v. Roman Irish fixture which we hope will become an annual match if only to avenge ourselves next year for a 9—0 defeat this time. The much heralded highlight of the season was the match *Selezione Clericale v Selezione Romana* in which the clergy went down to a 26—0 defeat against the best the Romans could offer; and that best is now very good indeed. The final game was against the touring B.E.A. team, and although a rather disappointing match was lost 9—6, this fixture is now a very pleasant annual occasion.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to an anonymous donor who has presented us with three brand new rucker balls.

The following have played for the team during the year: Messrs Ashton, Coote, Doyle, Fallon, Farrington, Firth (*Capt.*), Fuller, McHugh, Nichols, O'Connell, Payne, Pilkington, Poulter, Rafferty, Round, Strange, Toffolo and Wilcox. Mr Standley again acted as referee.

MICHAEL POULTER.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Our main concern is that all those who wish to play rugby should be able to do so. To a large extent, however, this ideal is being compromised by circumstances beyond our control: we depend on the generosity of the Home rugby clubs for the use of the only pitches available, and in return they expect us to field teams which will provide a good match for their senior sides. In the past we have been able to do this quite easily, but the standard of Home rugby is ever on the increase, while our own has somewhat declined in recent years; consequently, we can provide adequate opposition only by calling in aid from other colleges to strengthen the team, and too often this has deprived our own players of a chance to play. A partial solution has been found in fielding an all-College team against junior sides from the Roman clubs, but this arrangement has little appeal

OBITUARIES

THE VERY REVEREND CANON DENIS RYAN

All who knew Denis Ryan will agree that it is impossible to write about him in any other than a very personal way, so let me try to describe how I first met him. He and I were to be two of that large entry of students into the College in 1919, after the first Great War. He had already been three years at Thurles, where he had completed his Philosophy and one year of Theology so successfully that the Bishop thought it worth while to send him to Rome for a degree. We met in Bristol. We were taken to see the Bishop whom we met near the Suspension Bridge and who, climbing into the taxi we occupied, interviewed us driving round the Downs. Bishop Burton could be forthright in criticism. He mentioned someone unknown to me but well known to Denis Ryan, it seemed. 'What do you think of So-and-so? Isn't he a great ass?' And Denis Ryan said: 'I think he is a very holy man, my Lord.' He said it so very quietly and with such a smile! It had no disrespectful sound in it but clearly he meant what he said. I did not realise it then, but there was nearly the whole of Denis Ryan's strong and kindly character in that short answer.

And so we went to the railway station, and thence to London, and the next day began that unforgettable journey to Rome, a hard journey across a hungry and war-scarred Europe. Neither of us had been far from home before. Neither had much to say. He had come from Ireland where at that time Irishmen were giving their lives for freedom, and Englishmen had no strong claim on his affections. Yet on all that difficult journey he was the kindest, most patient companion. He made no fuss. Nothing seemed to put him out of temper, not even the lack of food and sleep.

Through some accident our coming had been delayed and we arrived to find the College in Retreat. From the Martyrs' Chapel came a curious sound which proved to be the voices of students reciting office together. The corridors were deserted. We found the Rector, Mgr Hinsley, who met us at the door of his room, an open razor in his hand, half his face still

covered with lather. Someone was found to look after us. Rooms had been hurriedly prepared for us. Mine was to be one of those on the same floor as the Common Room but over the *salone*. Two iron trestles, three planks and a bag of corn pods were to be the bed. The brick floor was broken and harboured things that could make life uncomfortable. There was a combined desk and chest of drawers, a wash hand stand and on it—the only fresh looking thing in the room—a piece of antiseptic soap. This was the Venerable. It was an unfortunate, and very lonely, beginning. I shall never know in this life what Denis Ryan thought of our depressing arrival because, as far as I know, he never mentioned it.

He was a model student. If others broke College rules it was no affair of his ; but for himself he kept them. He ate, and drank, what he was given. He even smoked a cigarette now and then. He never raised his voice very much nor laughed very loudly but he was always able and ready to smile.

He played no games that we could provide and still was as strong as a horse. In days when the Carnivali's and the Gattas of Rocca di Papa used to pasture their cattle around the ruins, as they were then, of the Villa Sforza Cesarini we were used to driving cattle off the golf greens and the cricket pitch. But it was Denis Ryan who realised that the herd that bore down on us one day was headed by a young but frisky bull. Only he among us all, a farmer's son, knew what to do ; only he had the presence of mind to do it. He reached for stones, picked up clods of earth, anything that came to hand. He attacked the beast and drove it off through the hedge. And we stood by, our breath taken away by the energy and courage of one usually so quiet and gentle.

He had been sent to Rome because his career gave promise of a successful degree course. He would certainly have done well, but a little before the examination time his father died. He returned home. It was suggested that he should come back later and sit for the doctorate which would certainly have been his. But he never came. Affairs at home took some time to settle and when all was done he went to work in the Clifton diocese he was ordained to serve.

Appointed assistant priest at Salisbury, he spent seven years there, not easy years in some ways, and then became a parish priest. He had several parishes. At Chippenham he built a new church and set the parish well on its feet. In Weston-super-Mare he developed a parish already, indeed, well established but in danger of outgrowing, as parishes so easily can, the buildings and organisation which appeared entirely adequate when they were provided. There his health broke down. A Canon now of the diocese, he retired from active work and went back to his native Ireland, where followed several years of painful inactivity, tiresome years to one whose priesthood had brought so much happiness to himself and had done so much good to others.

There are, in the experience of us all, just a few men in whom it is hard to detect any notable fault of character. Denis Ryan, I feel, was

one of them. A devoted, hard working, yet peaceful priest, a brotherly counsellor, a sincere friend, he took whatever came his way with gratitude. He suffered much but he was to the end a happy man. May God's generous hand give him a rich reward.

✠ FRANCIS GRIMSHAW.

THE VERY REVEREND CANON WILLIAM BOULTON

William Boulton arrived at the English College on 21st October 1911. He had won the Scholarship, and become dean of his year. In 1914 he passed his doctorate in Philosophy, and had already come to be known as 'Bonar' because of his strong political views. War broke out during his Philosophy holidays, and the journey back did not lack its excitement and hazards. However, we continued to be able to get home to England even in the subsequent years. The Belgian students were not so fortunate, and one summer they came to stay with us at Monte Porzio.

The Germans remaining in Rome caused no untoward incidents. Bishop Dunn of Nottingham did manage to come home one day with a cut forehead, occasioned by a Trastevere missile, but that was only anti-clericalism. These years saw the Consecration in the College Chapel of Bishop Keatinge by Cardinal De Lai. Among those present on this occasion, the creation of the first Bishop in Ordinary to the Forces during the war, were Cardinal Gasquet, Mgr Prior and C. Respighi, the present Cardinal Heard, the Papal M.C. and Bishop Ellis.

Studying under war-time conditions was not easy, with food very much below Venerabile standards, but 'Bonar' continued to pass all his exams except the final one.

His rich bass voice was an asset to the choir, then under the delightful command of the future Cardinal Godfrey. He had a passion for football, never missing an opportunity of playing in 'Pam', and was always picked to play in the team against the Scots. He was deeply attached to the College and especially Monte Porzio (despite its fleas), whether playing bridge with Mgr Prior, or lunching out at Tusculum, or going on gitas to Nemi, Rocca di Papa and the occasional visit to Genazzano.

As Senior Student he was ordained in June 1917. After leaving the College he worked in Pontyprydd and finally in Barry. For some years he was the 'Promotor Justitiae' at Cardiff Marriage Tribunal, and in later years was promoted to the Chapter.

'Bonar' will be mourned very affectionately by all who knew him.

THOMAS C. SMITH.

Canon Boulton will be gratefully remembered by future generations of the College for the donation of a whole set of the VENERABILE which he sent in response to an appeal some years ago.

THE VERY REVEREND CANON D. J. B. HAWKINS

When Denis Hawkins died suddenly at St Edmund's, Godalming, on 6th January, a light was extinguished—not only for his friends and contemporaries, but for the Church. He was meteoric, unique, irreplaceable—an intellectual of the purest type to be met with in a generation, and yet much more than that.

When he came out to Rome with a mixed bag of freshmen in 1924, as a slim youth of 18, he was marked out from the rest by his somewhat *soigné* appearance, manner and accent, his slight scholarly stoop and his very scholarly mind. From Whitgift to the Greg cannot have been an easy transition, but he took it in his stride, as he took everything else. His equanimity was as remarkable as his mental acuteness and lightning repartee. He seemed to mop up the scholastic curriculum without effort, leaving himself plenty of time for more agreeable researches. He was in his element when addressing the Literary Society and dispensing deft and witty answers to naive questioners. His sallies could be devastating, but were never unkind. He delighted in expressing the most outrageous views, *pour épater le bourgeois*. The dusty files of *Chi Lo Sa?* if they are preserved, must still be gleaming with the gems of his light verse (he could improvise an apt limerick for any occasion in a matter of seconds).

He was no mean scholar in the principal languages and literatures of the West, and very knowledgeable about its arts, but was not tempted to extend this field of study at the expense of depth. 'In der Beschränkung'—he would agree—'zeigt sich erst der Meister'. First and foremost he was a metaphysician, as was brilliantly shown in a series of brief and pithy volumes on philosophical questions which he produced between 1937 and the very last month of his life. They are books which will repay much re-reading, for he wrote nothing superfluous; and the final booklet on *Christian Morality* is a worthy epilogue to a distinctive job of work which was well worth doing and which no one else could have done. His peculiar combination of a discreet Thomism with the best of the English empirical tradition found a ready welcome in academic circles and kept him busy lecturing up and down the country. There was also a steady output of articles in learned journals, and reviews in *The Times Literary Supplement*.

Yet he always remained the private scholar, for his post-Roman career was entirely pastoral. By some rare miracle of concentration he managed to combine the diligent care of souls with an unflagging intellectual life. As curate at Bermondsey, Leatherhead, Eastbourne and Hove, and as parish priest at Esher and Godalming, he ordered all things with efficiency and decorum and was universally loved and respected, while his services to the diocese of Southwark were recognized by the honorary canonry conferred on him in 1956 and by Bishop Cowderoy's sincere tribute at his funeral.

It was hard to realize that he was a sick man in these last years: for he kept working, never complained and was averse to talking about

himself. This reticence was particularly marked in all that pertained to the private spiritual life: 'There was a Veil past which I could not see . . .' The cheerful equanimity was preserved to the end, and the shock of losing him is all the greater.

We shall hardly see the like of 'Harry' again. He was in the twentieth century but not of it. He would have fitted perfectly, one felt, into the circle of either Dr Johnson or Confucius. He was blissfully indifferent to modern gadgets and crazes. They were ἀποπροηγμένα. Never was he known to ride a bicycle, drive a car, travel by air, or use a typewriter, gramophone or wireless receiver; and his nearest approach to the world of sport was the *Times* crossword puzzle, which was invariably solved over his frugal breakfast. Yet he thoroughly appreciated the more solid amenities of civilized life, and was a charming host. If he was rather deficient in conventional small-talk, he made up for it as soon as there was anything worth talking about. He had no illusions about human nature, but reacted to it with irony rather than rage, and was unfailingly kind and patient with individuals.

We grieve that he was taken from us at the age of only 57. But it is no bad thing, surely, to depart in the fullness of one's powers, with many friends and no enemies, and with a lasting literary achievement in the service of truth.

B.W.

THE REVEREND LAURENCE CHARLIER

I first made the acquaintance of 'The Doc' when, as a small boy of eleven years, I entered the Cardinal Vaughan School in 1928. In addition to Religious Instruction he taught Latin and Greek in the lower and middle school, and I have only to close my eyes to recapture the sound of his rather nasal utterance, full of patient resignation as he tried to explain the intricacies of the Ablative Absolute to a dim and uninterested pupil, or the rather peculiar hiss, so beloved of mimics, with which he expressed disapproval. Though always a very shy man he was most popular with the boys, partly, I suspect, because he ran the Tuck Shop, but mainly because he was in charge of games and an enthusiast where they were concerned. I can still see him disgustedly changing his role in a 1st XI practice game from referee to centre-forward, dribbling past several defenders and scoring a brilliant goal—after which he would be left winded for the next five minutes. In his Religious Instruction classes it was very obvious that the Mass was the centre of his life, and I believe that the steady stream of vocations from the school was largely due to his influence.

He was deeply attached to the English College and delighted to show to us boys his albums of photographs. Little did I dream at the time that I was looking at places which would eventually be the background to my own life. Years later he spent Christmas in Rome, and his deep happiness and contentment were visible to all.

When war broke out the Cardinal Vaughan School was evacuated to Windsor and the staff had to become House Masters of a boarding school. Dr Charlier, always a man who lived on his nerves, found the strain more than he could bear. Thanks to his friendship with the then Headmaster of Gunnersbury Grammar School, Canon McCliment, who had been his colleague for many years at the Cardinal Vaughan School, he was able to change schools and became the Canon's Deputy Headmaster.

By now his health was beginning to fail: muscular atrophy in the legs affected his mobility and slowly grew worse. It was at this time that I was appointed to the school, to find him sadly changed. His work was becoming an increasing burden to him and he looked forward to retirement. Yet underneath there was still the same charm and gentleness. My position, an ex-pupil of his now his superior in the Classics Department, could have been an awkward one. Yet never once did he allow me to feel any embarrassment; on the contrary, he was always ready to help me in whatever way he could.

Eventually he began to have difficulty even in walking and so he retired and went to live with the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary at St Leonards, where he had permission to say his Mass sitting down. Yet still he would make an effort to come up to London whenever the priests of the Venerable arranged a lunch. He would arrive from Victoria by taxi, anxiously check whether there was anyone present he knew who would drive him back to the station, and then, that worry settled, he would relax and quietly enjoy the company. It must have been a great blow to him when even this little pleasure became impossible.

He was always a quiet, humble man, and he slipped out of life just as quietly and humbly. I feel sure that the Heavenly welcome he must have received was a very great surprise to him.

BERNARD CHAPMAN.

The Reverend J. du Moulin-Brown writes:

'Laurence Charlier arrived in 1910, a contemporary of the late Cardinal Godfrey with whom he struck up a lifelong and affectionate friendship. Our numbers were small in those days and the arrival of new students was always an excitement. We looked the newcomer up and down. He was rather shy and anxious, but we decided he would do. How right we were! He soon fitted in and was a splendid 'community man', never rubbing people up the wrong way and always the same.

Our Billy, who is still going strong [Rev. W. Driscoll—*Editor*], soon told him all about football and Magliana. I have an idea that Laurence was not very strong and suffered very much from the cold; but he never complained and was always cheerful.

Over fifty years is a long time to remember back. Details have become blurred but the over-all picture remains vivid and clear: that of a lovable man. When he died on 12th September there was only a brief notice in the papers. He would not have liked more. He was very humble.'

News of the death of the Rev. D. Crowley (1921-28) on 3rd May 1963 has only recently reached us. His obituary will appear in our next issue.

CATALOGUE OF THE ARCHIVES (3)

Libri 91–105 appear to be accountancy journals or day books from which the *Libri Mastri* or ledgers (*libri* 37–65) were written up until 1637. In 1590 and 1613 two other series of account books begin ('*libri della cassa o sia di uscita*', cf. *libri* 106, 123, 111, 113; and '*libri di entrata o sia dell'essattore*', cf. *libri* 107–8, 110, 112, 114–5), the exact nature of which has not yet been determined. Both series then combine until 1698 (*libri* 116–119), after which there is another division: into '*libri di entrata e uscita dell'Esattore*' 1699–1793 (*libri* 126–136), and '*libri del Rettore di entrata ed uscita del Collegio*' 1699–1787 (*libri* 145–150 and 155, 143–4).

Bank transactions are recorded in *libri* 137–141. *Libro* 152 is the cash journal for approximately the same period. Apart from summaries, the remaining books consist of the names of College debtors (*libro* 142), registers of Mass stipends (*libri* 153–4) and the accounts for one year of a College-owned farm (*libro* 156).

No.	Size (cms)	Title	Period and Contents
86–90	MISSING		
91 (A)	43.5 x 29	Libro di entrata e uscita	28 March 1579–1583
92 (B)	43.5 x 28.5	ditto	1584–1587
93 (C)	43 x 28	ditto	1588–1589
94 (D)	43 x 28	ditto	1590–1591
95 (E)	43.5 x 28.5	ditto	1592–28 February 1596

No.	Size (cms)	Title	Period and Contents
96 (F)	34 x 23.5	Libro di entrata e uscita	1596
97 (G)	34 x 22.5	ditto	1597-1599
98 (K)	35 x 24	ditto	1600-1603
99 (O)	35 x 23	ditto	1604-1607
100 (P)	35.5 x 24	ditto	1608-1611
101	35 x 23.5	ditto	1612-1618
102	35 x 23	ditto	1619-1624
103	35 x 22	ditto	1625-1629
104	35 x 23	ditto	1630-1634
105	34.5 x 22.5	ditto	1635-1637
106	31.5 x 22	Libro della cassa o sia di uscita	1590-1624, cash expenditure
107	29 x 20.5	Libro di entrata o sia dell'esattore	1613-1624; property administrator's receipts and payments
108	28 x 21	as No. 107	1625-1634
109	24.5 x 17	Ristretto di entrata e uscita	1630-37, 1644-46, 1653-67; summary of income and expenditure
110	28.5 x 21	as No. 107	1635-1643
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137	36 x 23.5	Registro de' Mandati, che si spediscono al Sagro Monte della Pietà	1779-1798 ; payments instructions to the bank
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