

# THE VENERABILE

CONDUCTED BY THE PAST

AND PRESENT STUDENTS

OF THE VENERABLE

ENGLISH COLLEGE

ROME

SUMMER 1965

Vol. XXIII. No. 2

PRINTED AT

CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS

EXETER

# THE VENERABLE HARDMAN CONDUCTED BY THE REV. FATHER OF THE VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE ST. ALOYSIUS A ROMAN D. GLASS WINDOWS NOT STAINED SYMBOLIC MARBLE AND STONE PRINTED AT CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS EXETER

## CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
Editorial	73
Cardinal Heenan	74
Understanding and the Development of Doctrine	
<i>Michael Sharratt and Nicholas Coote</i>	76
Background to Vatican II	<i>Derek Worlock</i> 83
Romanesque	<i>Anthony Dodd</i> 90
Morals and Imagination	<i>Dennis Loughran</i> 95
Our Man in Nellore	<i>Bishop Bouter and Daniel McHugh</i> 103
Nova et Vetera	
<i>From THE VENERABLE 40 years ago</i>	107
<i>Sir Winston Churchill</i>	108
<i>Unity Octave</i>	109
<i>Birettas</i>	111
College Diary	<i>Brian McEvoy</i> 112
University Notes	134
Personal	136
Obituaries	140

## EDITORIAL

Editorials, like forewords and prefaces, are usually read last. In this case it will be no disadvantage. We have no wish to summarise the contents, explain policy, excuse deficiencies ; a magazine speaks for itself and any alterations in structure or content should make their impact without the need to spell them out.

Change is the law of life, and a publication which continues to repeat the pattern of the past is moribund. **THE VENERABLE** enjoys a very diverse readership, and while wishing to cater for different tastes, the editors would be much helped in planning the emphasis of future issues by a closer contact with the reaction the magazine produces outside the College. We ask, therefore, for suggestions and criticism, in the hope that such a foolhardy appeal may generate thought and discussion about the purpose of **THE VENERABLE** and the extent to which that purpose is being fulfilled ; and in the hope, too, that some of the conclusions may filter back to the editors.

## CARDINAL HEENAN

ROME, FEBRUARY 19<sup>TH</sup>—28<sup>TH</sup>, 1965

Archbishop Heenan arrived in Rome on the Friday afternoon, and with him we were also pleased to welcome his nephew, Father Michael Reynolds, and Mr Anthony Bartlett, whose third occasion it was as *gentiluomo* to an English cardinal-designate.

The news of the Pope's intention to streamline the many complicated ceremonies hitherto involved in the creation of a new cardinal was most welcome. From the moment of His Grace's arrival until his departure ten days later as Cardinal this tendency towards simplification was apparent. All that now officially remain are the *biglietto* ceremony, the Consistory proper in St Peter's, and the taking possession of the Titular Church.

On this occasion the *biglietti* were delivered to only four places in Rome, and the Archbishop joined his appointed group at the North American College. Most of the ensuing two days were also spent there receiving the cardinals, diplomats and many friends who came to congratulate him. The demands of protocol must be honoured, and the Westminster students had the job later of taxi-ing round the city to return the new cardinal's visiting cards (top-left-hand corner turned down). This was just one of several ways in which they were of service to their Archbishop during his stay, and in return for their pains they were invited to accompany him and his family to the private audience with the Pope on the Friday.



Papal functions are not usually described as simple, but the concelebration in St Peter's which preceded the Consistory was essentially so. The Holy Father, in a long address, took the opportunity of referring again to his favourite Englishman when he reminded the new Cardinals of Westminster, Armagh and Baltimore that they represent 'the Second Spring, foretold by Cardinal Newman'. And so, with the conferring of the red biretta, His Grace definitively became His Eminence.

On the Saturday morning, Father Vincent Smith welcomed the Cardinal to his Titular Church of San Silvestro in Capite, recalling the church's strong English connections. In reply, His Eminence returned to this point, saying that he wanted to establish San Silvestro as the real parish church of the English Catholics in Rome. He promised to introduce the English liturgy for one of the Sunday Masses and arrange for different members of the English Hierarchy to give regular talks during the next session of the Council. He stressed the many facilities available in Rome that could make San Silvestro a real intellectual centre of English Catholicism. Low Mass followed, and the crowded congregation included many of the *Universe* party which had come to Rome to witness the making of a new cardinal.

After the Consistory on the Thursday, the College gave a dinner in the Cardinal's honour, and we were pleased to be present at His Eminence's first after-dinner speech when he suggested to Her Majesty's retiring Minister to the Holy See that one of the differences between Church and State is that in the former life really begins at sixty. There was an official reception in the College on the Saturday evening.

Cardinal Heenan left for England on Sunday morning, to meet the acclaim of his countrymen and the barrage of the press. Our congratulations and our prayers go with him.

## UNDERSTANDING AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE

Development of doctrine is a fact which is accepted by all Catholics. One could, however, be misled into thinking that by recognizing the fact, one had thereby explained a problem. Actually, one has merely transposed the problem into different terms. The idea of development is essential, if a Catholic is going to be able to justify his position when asked how the Church can teach, say, the dogma of the Assumption without distorting revelation. If then challenged that in this case any doctrine you like to choose, provided it does not openly contradict revelation, can be justified by such an idea of 'development', the Catholic will reply triumphantly, 'yes, but it must be *homogeneous* development'.

But in fact, by merely referring to 'homogeneous' or 'genuine' or 'true' development, we have solved no problem, we have explained nothing. Nowadays we are rather chary of saying that such and such a suggestion could never be squared with what we already believe. Many changes in the Church today, much of the 'new' theology, for instance in the ecumenical field, many new attitudes to important problems of moral theology, are justified by their exponents on the grounds of development of doctrine. 'Where will it all end?' we ask. 'Will the Church in another fifty years be recognizable as the same Church any longer?' Of course, we can be sure that what the Church does teach is in fact a homogeneous development of the deposit of faith, but that is not much help towards understanding *how* things can have changed as much as they have,

nor towards any attitude of acceptance other than a puzzled if resigned acceptance of the Church's 'new' teaching, on grounds of obedience.

Perhaps it would be as well to say at the outset what this article is *not*. It is not a full scale theological examination of the whole problem of the development of doctrine. For instance, we shall not touch on such subjects as : is the development of doctrine to be thought of along the lines of syllogistic reasoning ? can the virtually revealed be an object of faith ? Nor is it a historical examination of how dogma did develop. Even less do we presume to offer a theological explanation of what development of dogma really is. Instead the article tries to indicate what direction one's approach to the problem might take. There are certain attitudes which can only lead either to a rejection of the data accepted by faith, or to a 'faithful' solution which, if taken seriously, would be in danger of distorting the faith it sets out to defend. But there is one possible line of approach which could be helpful in at least formulating the problem in the right terms.

If the conclusions of the article seem to be vague or scanty, let us at least claim that it is better to try to state what a problem really is, or to indicate an element which may perhaps not be sufficiently taken into account, rather than solve a false problem with a facile answer. To be explicit : we do not offer a solution to the problem of development, but what might be a fruitful line of approach to the problem.

The persevering and patient reader may perhaps recognize certain ideas more familiar from Father Lonergan's works. While gratefully acknowledging the source of these ideas, we should not like to pin on him any of the opinions expressed below.

If one wishes to show that the faith of the Church of the twentieth of fifteenth or twelfth century is at least not a distortion of Scripture, one comes up against the difficulty : can one ever know the meaning of Scripture itself ? The obvious thing might seem to be to call in the exegete who is a professional scholar familiar with the context in which the passages in question were written. One may compare the research of all such scholarly historians with the procedure of a detective who is able, for instance, to decide what are to be considered important clues and what are to be disregarded as unimportant or even plants which have been placed there to mislead him.



A good enough detective will, all being well, be able to find out 'what really happened'. Similarly a good critical historian will be able to reconstruct events accurately or decide what a document really means. So if we are to decide the meaning of a passage in Scripture or sort out as far as possible what really happened say, at the first Pentecost, then we need only consult an able critical exegete.

We will assume that the detective analogy is a useful one. As outlined above it leaves out one very important factor—the mind of the historian. The views of the detective or the historian may well be biased. A truly critical history would have to include some critique of the historian's presuppositions, because it is in the light of these that he makes his judgments. It is all very well for Bultmann to free the New Testament from myth; one may accept his conclusion that Christianity is a gnostic myth of salvation, but if so one may go on to ask; why not get rid of Bultmann's own myth, namely that God reveals Himself to the believer through the preaching of the Gospel? Thus the way would be open to a revival of liberalism. The point that matters here is that one should accept Bultmann's version of the New Testament only if one is prepared to accept his presuppositions. The basic problem is not one of exegesis of particular passages, but of all interpretations of exegetes.

This is a problem which cannot be avoided by theology. It is an illusion to think that one can put all presuppositions on one side and arrive at what could therefore be considered a pure faith free from philosophical prejudices. Even Barth's assertion that we should accept the fact that there is a history of salvation involves presuppositions, and it has the added inconvenience that there is no reason why anyone should accept such an assertion. It is of course true that faith is not the result of a process of reasoning, but it is equally true that we must 'have reason to believe'.

It might seem that we are constrained to accept some sort of relativism: There are so many interpretations of Scripture that the only solution is to say that none of them by itself is the true one, but that all are true even though they seem to contradict each other. If this merely means that statements which seemed contradictory can often be shown to be saying the same thing in different ways, then there is no difficulty. But if it is claimed that, for example, it is true that Christ

rose from the dead, whereas from another point of view it is true that he did not, then it will not do. Either He did or He didn't. Of course the fact that relativism is false does not mean that we are committed to some form of rationalism. Our understanding of revelation and our expression of that understanding is always limited and perfectible. What is demanded by the data of the problem is the recognition that though the Church may and must develop her understanding of revelation, such a development cannot contradict what the Church has already taught as definitively true. In saying this, of course, we do not offer any clue as to how, in particular instances, one is to decide what is definitive in the received teaching of the Church. The problem remains, but that is the point to be made against a relativising interpretation which would merely deny that there can be any such definitive interpretation of revelation.

Nor does the rejection of relativism have to be based on an over-simplified view of certainty. The relativist points out that our knowledge is of its nature only partial and open to revision, that there are always further questions to be asked and that these further questions must be answered before our knowledge in any particular case can be definitive. He would exclude any definitive knowledge on the grounds that we are never in a position to answer all the further questions. Against this we may reply that we are only interested in further questions if they are *relevant*. It is often legitimate to say: whatever else may turn out to be true or false it is definitively true that X is Y. It would be illegitimate to ask for evidence which would exclude the logical possibility of our being mistaken. I am unable to exclude the possibility of my being mistaken in thinking that I am now sitting in a chair. But the evidence is sufficient to be quite certain that I am. The judgment that I am sitting in a chair is a limited commitment and I need have no fear that further knowledge will invalidate this judgment of fact.

The reason for discussing relativism here is that implicit in any understanding of the development of doctrine is some grasp of what it is to understand correctly, some appreciation of both the limitations of our knowledge and of our ability to be certain within limits.

Applying this to the interpretation of Scripture, we admit that our understanding of revelation is limited but we claim that within limits it is quite certain; so the official interpretation

of the Church is not open to revision in the sense that what has been put forward as definitive teaching may be contradicted by later developments. Again we are merely formulating the problem of development in slightly different terms. The exclusion of thorough-going relativism is not a denial that there is a development of doctrine. It is quite clear that there is a relative element in the Church's interpretation of Scripture or for that matter in Scripture itself.

But one thing is evident from what has been said already : there is no solution to the problem on modernist lines. The modernist 'solution' is to cut the Gordian knot by denying that the teaching of the Church remains substantially the same throughout all its reformulations and developments. Since it rejects a central datum of the problem it is not proposed to discuss it here ; in any case the various condemnations of modernism are familiar to all. As far as our problem is concerned, it is a dead end. As a result of its condemnation we are able to see the problem more clearly, especially now that modernism seems to have been to a large extent digested by the Church. The problem can now be approached by the theologian without having to fear accusations of modernism as soon as ever he says anything on the subject. But though we can see that modernism is no solution we are not thereby brought any nearer a positive understanding of our own.

It is not the intention of this short article to provide a solution. It is merely engaged in sign-posting one or two *cul-de-sacs*. One can see that modernism and relativism are dead ends but this does not mean that every anti-modernist or anti-relativist explanation of the fact of development or of the true interpretation of Scripture is bound to be satisfactory. It would not be satisfactory to think, for example, that one can decide whether a new doctrine is compatible with what is already held as true merely by checking the doctrine in question against a list of eternal truths. This may sound odd. One can, after all, find in Denzinger's handbook several defined dogmas of the Church and what are these if not eternal truths ? This will not do. Certainly, defined dogmas are eternal truths ; they will always be binding on the Church ; they may be improved on but not contradicted, etc. But here this is not the point. Denzinger is just a series of marks on paper (as is the Bible of course). What is at issue is the meaning of these marks on paper. Certainly, they have an objective meaning, but this is

not to be found merely by looking at spatially ordered marks on paper. There is no truth without a mind. The 'objective' meaning of the propositions listed in Denzinger cannot be ascertained merely by gaping at the book without understanding. A dog would make nothing of it. The objective meaning of Denzinger (or of Scripture) is proclaimed by the magisterium of the Church, which has the authority to decide whether a proposed new teaching is consonant with the faith of the Church. 'Consulting Denzinger' may be taken as a crude description of the way in which the Church decides whether a new teaching can be squared with what is already believed. But what matters is the Church's *understanding* of her faith and of the meaning of her defined dogmas and this brings us back to our original problem. How can one explain, for example, that the Church is able to accept as an authentic development something which at first may seem to be contrary to what was previously taught. Equally clearly it is at least a new translation of received teaching for a culture not envisaged by the past teaching of the Church. And perhaps it is more; it may be a new development in the understanding of revelation, though not of course a new revelation.

If it is to be a genuine development, the problem is to show how this development is consistent with the unchangeable element in the received teaching of the Church. And there is the same problem if it is not claimed as a new development, but merely as a faithful translation of received doctrines into modern terms. It would be an illusion to think that what is here referred to as the unchangeable element in doctrine can be found by referring to a list of propositions as though these somehow had meaning independently of the mind of the Church.

Would it be possible to draw up general principles which would provide a theoretical justification of the way in which the line is drawn between the changeable and unchangeable element in the Church's interpretation of revelation? Perhaps not. But as a problem it is not just a theological problem. It is the problem (*mutatis mutandis*) of the status of all historical interpretation, and, as was suggested above, it is a philosophical problem, involving a critique not just of the mind of the particular historian but of the nature of human understanding in general. Thus the data of the problem can be put in another way: one datum is the revealed word of God which is conditioned by the culture in which it was delivered: to this must

be added the fact that the interpretation of the word of God in the Church also is historically conditioned. A second datum is that the Church's understanding of revelation involves a real development in doctrine which must not, however, contradict the original revelation. A third datum and the one which has been the object of attention in this article is the mind of the person to whom God spoke his word. No discussion of the development of doctrine can leave out a discussion of the nature of human understanding. It may not be easy to show that corresponding to the changeable element in doctrine there is the changeableness of human understanding, which is ever open to revision and which is always conditioned in countless contingent ways, while showing at the same time that corresponding to the unchangeable element in doctrine there is in human understanding a constant structure and that man has the ability to make definitive judgments within limits. What is being claimed here is that the problem of development leads us to the problem of what understanding, knowledge and truth are and that the problem can only be dealt with adequately if one has grasped what human understanding really is and is not capable of. Nor would it be enough to accept someone else's assertion that human understanding is of such and such a nature. If one wants to understand what human understanding is then one has to start with one's own ability to understand. None of us know what it is like to 'think' like a dog; we can merely work out what it 'must' be like. It would be a mistake to treat ourselves in the same way. I may feel inclined just to accept St Thomas' view of what my understanding is like, but it would be more intelligent to use my inside information of what acts of understanding are. Then I may see what St Thomas was driving at. The moral would seem to be that if you want to understand the development of doctrine, then you have to 'do philosophy'. This may be of some comfort to those who have to do it in any case.

MICHAEL SHARRATT, NICHOLAS COOTE.

## BACKGROUND TO VATICAN II

Over six years have passed since Pope John XXIII, barely three months in the Chair of Peter, announced to an incredulous world that he proposed to call an Ecumenical Council. Already the Press was full of stories about this new and unorthodox Pope. But this time he had them by the ears. It was easy enough to say 'Pope John does it again' but few newspaper files held much on the last Vatican Council and what, they asked, was an Ecumenical Council anyway? Official ecclesiastical spokesmen turned hurriedly to their Catholic Dictionaries and from there to their seminary notes: to discover that the distilled wisdom of their professors indicated little more than that, after infallibility and the experiences of the Council in 1870, it was at best unlikely that there would ever be another. This was just the first of many reverses of accepted opinion. The *aggiornamento* had begun.

Once the expectant Conciliar Fathers had recovered from the shock and realised that return tickets to Rome had not to be purchased immediately, the clerical wiseacres took over with forecasts as to how many years it would take to prepare a Council. Anonymous greybeards at the 'Greg', remarking that Pope John was already in his late seventies, expressed plausible doubts as to whether the inspired utterance would ever become a reality. But every expression of doubt was countered by the indomitable Pope. In his first encyclical letter, *Ad Petri Cathedram*, issued a few months later, he made quite clear what he had in mind. And when it was suggested that there was no particular heresy with which a Council should concern itself, he set up an Ante-Preparatory Commission to

invite from bishops and religious heads throughout the world recommendations as to what they would like discussed. As the Press would say, questions could be thrown as wide as they liked. This may explain to subsequent generations why the Council has lasted so long, but it killed the argument that there was no need for a Council.

Gradually the seemingly impossible began to take shape. Preparatory Commissions were appointed to prepare the basic documents. A Central Commission, originally dubbed by the critics a Committee of Honour showed itself unwilling to be a polite sieve and vigorously set about every draft that was laid before it. Once more the prophets of gloom, as Pope John called them, rubbed their hands and suggested that these preparatory stages might well take a full seven years. The old Pope promptly announced that the Commission would finish its work in seven months, and made sure that its members returned to Rome every five or six weeks to achieve this target. At the end of 1961 he announced that the Council would convene in the following year; and when the know-alls pointed out that he had given no exact date, he gave one.

From all this it may be seen that it was largely due to the personality, drive and determination of good Pope John that the Second Vatican Council ever took place. Yet one may legitimately wonder if in those early days, he can have had any adequate idea of the problems of organisation and administration involved in the fulfilment of his wishes. The number of Conciliar Fathers eligible to take part in the Council had trebled since 1870 and most of the procedural troubles of Vatican II have been closely related to this factor. The installation of the latest in computing machines to separate and count votes, and well-contrived seating arrangements and amplification system, all these helped to transform St Peter's into one of the best debating chambers in the world; yet it was the very number of the Conciliar Fathers that necessitated radical changes in the rules and regulations handed down from the beard-pulling days of the past.

This numerical problem was not restricted to the conduct of affairs in the Aula. Like most capital cities, Rome is well-used to international conferences; but not to one of annual sessions of ten weeks at a time and with nearly three thousand episcopal delegates with attendant experts. Where were they all going to stay? Looking back, it now seems incredible that

serious thought can ever have been given to the opinion that one session would suffice, that it would 'all be over by Christmas'. Yet such was the widely-held belief. So much so that at one stage it was even contemplated that the accommodation problem might be solved by allowing the seminarists at the national colleges in Rome to absent themselves for the period of the Michaelmas Term 1962. Mercifully common-sense prevailed. Was it that the Fathers from some of the 'plusher' countries feared lest their effective contribution to the Council would be diminished by a prolonged return to the mattresses and enamel jugs of the seminaries they had known? Or were the universities perhaps unwilling to contemplate this quasi-sabbatical term because they still did not believe the Council would ever be held? At all events the decision was taken: block bookings of hotels were made in the name of the Holy See and any bishop wishing to claim such hospitality was provided for in this way. It had advantages and disadvantages: there were more 'mod. cons.' but hierarchies and regional groups found themselves dispersed—a serious disadvantage if consultation was required.

For some reason there never seemed to be much doubt about the Venerable Brethren from England and Wales. The nerve-centre of their Conciliar activity would be the Venerable English College, and those who could not find lodging therein—or indeed whose scholastic loyalties lay elsewhere—would find their way to the more up-to-date apartments at the Beda.

But of course it was not quite so simple as that. Twenty-four guests, whether of episcopal or expert status (an unhappy distinction one feels), would take some accommodation and it was clearly beyond the facilities available. 'Something had got to go'—and by general agreement it was not to be the students. 'Something had got to give'—and by generous arrangement it would have to be the bishops. The Rector of the time cast covetous looks across the cortile and the magic name of Paolozzi was heard, if not actually seen, upon his lips. Inside walls were tapped, outside walls were regarded. Marco appeared upon the scene—and after a decent interval a certain number of articles such as scaffolds, hollow bricks, chandeliers, hatracks and wardrobes. With this strange mixture of contemporary and baroque the way was paved for the coming of the hierarchy and the *aggiornamento*.

The stream of members of pre-Conciliar Commissions flowed on and gave the students some indication of the shape



of things to come. Yet nothing more than hard experience and native wit can have prepared them for the final onslaught upon the newly-won property which had somehow to be fitted out, furnished, painted and papered by day, scrubbed and dusted by night before the invasion of October 1962. Endeavouring to make sure that they themselves were not actually walled up nor trodden into the tiles, they listened with wonder to the general principle that, so far as was possible, the requirements of the Council should not impinge upon the students' way of life.

Somehow the preparations were completed. The wardrobes actually stopped arriving, the scaffolding was moved to another part of the cortile and the Rector of the time, not yet even a prospective Conciliar Father, slept for several hours.

Once in, the Bishops showed they were serious and set up their own Secretariat to provide for their needs. Cars were to be hired in preference to using student-drivers. Sacristans and servers would be needed, but at least the allocation of altars and times could be settled by the tireless Fr O'Brien. The ubiquitous Fr Loftus alternated between the preparation of liturgical *Intimationes* and the provision of suitable transport. Fr Ashdowne combined the duties of postman, newspaper-boy and relief chauffeur. And the present writer, remembering always to keep his heel in the ground to create a cloud of dust, struggled hard to give the impression of supervision.

There were, of course, other things to do and it would be unjust to pretend that the assistance of students has not frequently been sought; but so far as possible the general principle of keeping the Conciliar outfit as a separate unit has at least remained throughout the object of the exercise. Living at such close quarters it would have been unrealistic to pretend that the twain should never meet. But in the Refectory for simple reasons of acoustics and differing time-tables, a double-shift has been the general practice, save sometimes for festive occasions and at week-ends when the number of visitors may fall sufficiently not to interfere with the audibility of the students.

Mention of visitors will remind my student readers of one aspect of Conciliar life in which their help has proved indispensable. One essential element of the Council has been the contact established between the different hierarchies and individual bishops from throughout the Church. This has extended far beyond the morning assemblies in St Peter's. Guests at

lunch have been the rule rather than the exception and the names of many have figured in the lists of visitors to the College recorded in this magazine. But even the capacity of a central table prolonged to the length of the Refectory is inadequate if the hospitality and contact is to be comprehensive ; and so a series of receptions was decided upon, reaching a peak during the key Second Session of the Council when each week a national hierarchy or group of hierarchies came as guests to the College. Often this meant well over a hundred bishops at a time and a posse of students was required to form a shuttle-service of escorts up and down the stairs, not to mention taxi-rank and hat-and-coat duties. This proved a severe test for wind and limb and for the linguistic prowess of hosts and guests alike. Latin somehow proved inadequate in explaining to a Central European bishop that there was as yet no lift in one of Rome's oldest national colleges ; though if the Council lasted long enough . . .

The decision had in fact already been taken and the outward signs of work in progress merely increased the irony of the situation when Mgr Tickle crossed the floor of the house to join the ranks of the Fathers. Irony again when he returned in September 1964 to find the lift a reality but a notice on its doors saying 'Out of Order'. However its existence remains a memorial to his Conciliar labours and to the shoe leather lost in those early sessions.

It was not only receptions that brought episcopal visitors to the College. The purpose of contact, such as that established at these social gatherings, is a closer degree of collaboration and this has invariably meant more meetings. Historic indeed was the assembly during the First Session of members of the Hierarchies of Ireland and Scotland with their brethren from England and Wales. But this was only the beginning. The needs of cooperation in liturgical matters led to frequent meetings of representatives from English-speaking countries. And there have been many meetings of sub-Commissions and even sub-sub-Commissions, notably in the field of Ecumenism. For the last three years the October Meeting of the Hierarchy has been held at the Venerable and the Bishops have also met formally, perhaps twice each week to discuss Conciliar business. Of course the great advantage of having most of the Bishops housed in one place has been the ease of informal discussion, consultation and coordination of effort. Few other national groups have been so fortunately placed. Here again Mgr Tickle

showed great foresight in providing in the Bishops' Wing of the College a large room where such meetings and informal discussion might take place. Possibly he had not foreseen the noise of motor cycles in the Via Montoro below. Even the installation of an amplifier failed to counter the blast of first and second Vespas, and the students therefore lost the use of their main library on several evenings each week. The Bishops' salone has, however, served as an admirable Common Room which proved the envy of many hierarchies dispersed around Rome in second-class hotels without public rooms.

Meetings do not take place without paper work—usually before and invariably afterwards—and here mention must be made of another arm of the Bishops' Secretariat, four shorthand typists housed in the Via S. Maria dell' Anima. Known more simply as The Grail, they have provided invaluable help in the typing and duplication of speeches and background papers, not to mention help for the bishops in dealing with the inevitable correspondence from the home country. From the very fact that the Fathers are engaged in St Peter's each morning, much of the Grail's work has been carried out in the evening and even by night. The arrival each morning at the College of large envelopes and parcels was proof of their industry. The number of times in each session when their labours were completed by midnight could be counted on the one proverbial hand. The only obtrusion made on College life was possibly the occasion when one of the priests, returning very late from the Office, gained entry to the Cortile before discovering himself barred from the inner reaches of the establishment. Not until he had resorted to the imitation of an owl did he attract the attention of someone willing to come down and draw back the bolt.

Six years have passed since first there was talk of the Council. Three sessions have been completed and the fourth and likely last is at hand. Inevitably there have been changes : amongst the Council Fathers themselves ; in the Rectorship of the College and in the personnel of the Secretariat. Somehow the same spirit has been preserved throughout. Sashes and *filettata* have given way to the simple black cassock ; hired cars, because of their mounting cost, were dispersed with in the early days of the second Session in favour of a large bus which awaits its episcopal cargo each morning at a respectful distance in the Piazza S. Caterina. The sight of Fr William

O'Brien, ticking off his list of passengers, has become a commonplace; as also his patient figure waiting in the Piazza of St Peter's for his return load. On one occasion only has serious disaster overtaken him. After leaving his post to search for one of his errant flock, he returned empty-handed to find that the seemingly impossible had happened; the bishops and, more important, the bus had gone off without him.

In years ahead there will doubtless be more comprehensive studies and more detailed reminiscence of these Conciliar days. Perhaps it is too early yet to write even of the background to Vatican II. Yet one may without presumption refer already to one important side effect. Few of the bishops and priests involved can have expected at this stage in their life to have experienced once more life in a seminary, if not actually seminary life. Perhaps one should not develop this theme too far from the viewpoint of the visitors. For the inmates at least, in spite of the separate existence, it has, one suspects, made the Council come to life in a way which obviously has not yet been experienced in England. It has enabled the Bishops to achieve an unparalleled knowledge of their students. And without unction the latter have remarked of their Fathers in God, 'we have seen them work and we have seen them pray'.

In the previous issue of *THE VENERABLE*, Canon William Barry's article on the *Background to Vatican I* concludes by referring to 'the immense white flag of parley waving above St Peter's in a cloudless blue sky', and remarks of the Council—'This is a great play with a magnificent curtain'. Times have certainly changed and already it is said that as a result of Vatican II the Church will never be the same. As we move towards the final curtain we behold a pilgrim Pope bringing the new spirit of love to the Church of the poor. Talk is no longer of parley but of dialogue. Forthcoming changes in the Curia and the general administration of the Church are openly discussed. If a white flag of parley were now to appear, one could only guess what the Rome correspondent of *The Guardian* might make of it. Primacy is now seen clearly within the concept of collegiality. But if flag there be, it will surely bear the keys of St Peter as the Church goes forth in its spirit of renewal to give Christian witness to the modern world.

DEREK WORLOCK.

## ROMANESQUE

### ANALOGOUS CRICKET

Cricket enthusiasts among us are frequently reading articles by eminent newspaper correspondents on the difficulties of providing a good wicket that will last for three days, let alone five, before giving the thoroughly worn and well-beaten appearance of bare earth and no grass—such as the College football pitch at Gelsomino. I would submit that they have not yet considered all the possibilities. They may discuss special fertilizer, soil imported from Hong Kong and so on ; but the only real solution is that discovered by the Venerabile years ago—concrete. There is then no need to worry about a pitch that will last five days : ours has lasted five years, and if it is beginning to offer a crack or two now there is nothing that cannot be quickly concealed by the simple laying of a strip of matting. And a concrete wicket has the advantage of drying in next to no time, a very important consideration in the Anglo-Saxon climate, though admittedly one of which we do not often need to avail ourselves in Italy.

The three most characteristic aspects of cricket here can all be linked together : the sun, shorts and siesta. Of the three, the sun is the most important factor, especially on those days when the third one has to go by the board. If the captain wins the toss, he will never want to field in the heat of the afternoon—much better to send the opposition out there to wear off the effects of lunch. Then later in the evening, the sun can again be turned to advantage, as at about five o'clock on an August evening it is just beginning to come down over the Villa di Sopra, straight behind the bowler's head. The odd judicious donkey-drop here and there has often proved invaluable in dismissing an awkward batsman. As for shorts, they have

become an essential part of the College player's equipment. Nowadays, in fact, nearly all our opponents have taken to wearing them too ; indeed there was that famous match against a team of ex-Venerabilini in which one eminent parish priest played in his pale green pyjamas while another sported an even more personal piece of clothing—all rather than appear in their ordinary long trousers. I need hardly add that the third 'S' is *de rigueur* whenever possible : but then siesta always was sacred in the College.



"... SUN , SHORTS AND SIESTA"

Certainly one or two eyebrows might be raised by members of the M.C.C. if they were to see our particular version of 'analogous cricket', as it has come to be coined. Neither pitch nor outfield is all it might be and careful note must be taken of its vagaries both by the batsman, who is liable to find the sweetest and most delicate late-cut suddenly go to ground in a mole-hill, and by the fielder, who must always keep his eyes skinned to avoid losing the ball in a rabbit hole. Indeed, the match against the Beda at the beginning of May is invariably played in grass about two feet high, and this can provide an interesting

quandary for the umpires in deciding whether a ball caught in the grass before it actually hits the ground is a fair catch or not. One year an unusual diversion was caused by a horse and foal who insisted on walking across from mid-wicket to long-on in the middle of an over. Certainly you could see their point of view : what were all these people doing trampling down the grass in their grazing pasture ?

On our arrival at the Villa at the beginning of July, numerous notices go up on the board requesting, begging, demanding volunteers to sweep out the corridors, clean the wiggery steps, weed the tennis court, etc. One of these is signed by the cricket secretary asking for help in preparing the pitch ; the usual result is that the same secretary is left to cut the nettles around silly-mid-off all on his own, and with a pair of scissors, as the golfers will undoubtedly have requisitioned all the available shears and mowers. But golf proves to be much less of a rival than you might expect : true, golfers, like visitors in cars, are discouraged from driving across the pitch while a match is actually in progress, but in practice it turns out that most of the golfers are playing cricket themselves anyway, for it is those practised with a 'seven' or 'eight' iron who have the greatest success in getting the ball away high and clear over the top of the long grass.

At the Villa the College usually has little difficulty in getting the better of its opponents. This, I hasten to add, is by no means necessarily the result of any superior skill at the sport, but more by virtue of the employment of 'Romanship'. However, there was the one occasion when we did not need to call on any of these special tactics. A ship in dock at Civitavecchia had been asked for volunteers to visit what the sailors apparently thought was the English 'Finishing' College in Rome. Whether a ballot for places was necessary I do not know. Anyway, it can be imagined how they were caught off their guard right from the moment of their arrival. But at least one of them did admit afterwards that we were the 'nicest bunch of parsons' he had ever met, even if we did not dance.

The central principle of College gamesmanship is to ensure that the opponents are made to feel uneasy right from the first minute. The visiting captain is politely but firmly requested to move his car a little way to one side, as it is blocking the entrance of the Church. You then tell them that strict segregation of the sexes is the rule here. Yes, certainly the wives and children

can sit at the very bottom of the garden ; you may even offer to get them a packet of crisps from the kiosk if they are feeling hungry. Meanwhile you are making certain that all the players are eating as much rich food and drinking as much wine as you can persuade them to take. You position visiting priests with much care to give them just that little extra encouragement.



### ... A BIT OF ENCOURAGEMENT

The College team will of course be eating its own more simple fare, and will be out of the refectory and already changed some little time before the visitors are ready to leave. It is best to confirm with the Rector that this will not occur before the Senior Student can enter and politely point out that the match is due to begin in ten minutes. So the visitors rush up to the Sforza, only to learn the news that they will be able to shake off all the effects by fielding in the hot sun for two hours or more.

After a hasty tea the visitors are hustled to take up their bats and face the College bowlers. A stubborn partnership *has* been known to develop from time to time, and to cope with this it is often a good tactical move to put on the most erratic bowler in the side. One such over last season consisted of ten balls, including four wides and two wickets, and finishing up as a maiden. The batsman either loses patience and snicks a wide to gully, or else is so completely bewildered by it all that when the occasional straight one comes, as by the mere laws of chance it must, he invariably misses it.

I must leave aside many characteristics, almost traditions of analogous cricket ; one could mention the unique, often



personal advice and comments offered by a roving cardinal to the fieldsmen on the boundary ; or the entertainment of the children by numerous Pied Pipers down the years—‘Please will you roar like a big bad lion again, Monsignor ?’

But away from the Villa the College team is much more vulnerable, and we must confess that the records in Rome tell a somewhat different story. Whenever possible, of course, the special tactics may be employed, but there is naturally much less opportunity. However, one quite innocent episode occurred a number of years ago, which nevertheless had much of the ‘analogous’ spirit about it. When the two-year unbeaten record looked in grave danger with the other side needing only two to win and five wickets to fall, the College umpire promptly took off the bails and declared that we could play no longer as Vespers was due to begin in three-quarters of an hour. This action was no doubt much appreciated by the Rector, but it was not so enthusiastically received by our opponents. However, I hasten to add that the obvious one was not in fact the true reason why we did not happen to play this particular side again for four years.

The College achievement in the knock-out tournament in Rome over the last three years leaves much to be desired, and we have yet to wrest from the Australians the special trophy. This latter was somewhat boldly termed ‘The Rome Ashes’—the team lists of the four sides competing that first historic year were solemnly burned and dropped into the urn. This symbolic prize unfortunately lost some point and a lot of dignity when the daily help of the winning captain removed it from the mantelpiece and emptied its contents into the dustbin. *Sic transit gloria mundi !*

The game’s immediate future has been assured by the recent formation of the Rome Sports Association, but this is confined to members of the Commonwealth and, as yet, little attempt has been made to encourage cricket among the Italians themselves. Perhaps their temperament is against it, but the interest apparently shown by the servants and other native spectators suggests to the writer that it may be otherwise. The day may even come when we shall be able to watch five-day Tests over Eurovision ; but on second thoughts, this might not be such a good thing after all. Let us rather keep our ‘analogous cricket’ and its spirit of Hambledon and the village green.

ANTHONY DODD.

## MORALS AND IMAGINATION

The main tradition of English social thinking from Wordsworth, through Arnold and the nineteenth century Romantics down to Leavis, has for its central discussion the conflict of civilization and culture. Ruskin and Morris revolt—at great length—against the money-minded, cheapened society produced by the industrial revolution. The solution to them seemed simple : give them ‘Art’. Poetry especially would re-create the values of the past, the golden age where each man had his trade and was an artist in his own right ; workers then were not mass-producers, they were craftsmen. To illustrate their theories they returned to the Middle Ages, upholding feudalism as the sovereign remedy for all industrial evils. This was both a false view of conditions in feudal times and a mistaken attempt to fit the structure of a past age to a modern situation.

Arnold was not a social reformer. He was a literary critic and a poet, and he saw the problem in a new way and offered a different solution. Victorian man was bereft of a religion suited to his needs ; the established Church had failed in its duty as a moral guide. In its place Arnold substituted poetry—a religious act which can induce that state of mind capable of virtuous action. It induces moral sentiment, a feeling for what is right and proper. By ‘consoling and sustaining us’ with its therapeutic quality, its healing re-presentation of life, it settles our fears in the face of life’s difficulties.

This article is based on a Practical Exercise submitted for a Licentiate in the Faculty of Philosophy at the Gregorian in 1964.

As a necessary corollary to his theory of poetry with a religious function, Arnold needs authors with a high moral code. Immediately he is faced with the problem of great writers who led far from moral lives, but cleverly extricates himself by emphasizing 'sincerity' and 'genuineness' rather than morality. Allowing for inevitable mutations in society and the change of attitude among those who witnessed, and are still witnessing, the scientific revolution (as against the industrial revolution of Arnold's day), much of what he had to say has been taken up again by modern critics and developed in an attempt to meet the needs of our own time.

By far the most outstanding of these is Dr F. R. Leavis. He sees the problem as one of recultivating a society that has lost its appreciation of, indeed is unaware of the need for, sound craftsmanship, accurate modes of communication, and the traditional values in general. The 'masses' (his own word) must be revitalized by that minority which is in possession of the cultural wealth of society, which itself is primarily contained in the society's literature. Those who have been weaned on the milk of 'humane letters' have the task of passing on this wealth to the less fortunate. An academic answer to an academic problem?

For Leavis, literature takes pride of place as an education because of the tradition of cultural values which it embodies. "Humane" letters, though they may have no authority in the province of certified facts, have a good deal of authority in the question of what, in the long run, humanity is likely to find a satisfactory way of life.' The central question of this discussion is, how does a literary work embody this morality?

A good story has a moral; most people will admit at least this much. In some vague way it is thought that a novel or play applies to life. But if the same people were asked in what way a poem could be said to have moral content, they would have to admit that it is not enough to say that it has a moral. Where a novel can be said to comment on or criticize life, a poem does not necessarily do this. It might be rather clever, with conceits or beautiful balancing of lines, but it does not have to deal with human characters. In a sense, it can be quite abstracted from the human situation. There is an obvious type of moral content where the poet is aiming barbs at the shortcomings of others (e.g., *The Dunciad* or the Civil War poems of Yeats), but it is not the sort that carries through a whole poem.

In itself it is not inspiring, nor is it the chief sustenance of the work. The same can be said of a novel. It is not enough to say there is a moral in the story—there might well be—but the value of the work does not depend on that alone. True, the value of a morality might, because that only sets out to point a moral or a series of morals, but the *Pilgrim's Progress* could hardly be categorized into modern novel form.

The novelist and poet, working within their art forms, rather create from the springs of their own sensitivity a new moral entity which depends for its content on the sincerity, the mature character of the artist. So we find Leavis repeating, with slight variation, a central idea of Arnold: 'sincerity and genuineness'. A poem will be mature or not depending on the maturity and integrity of the poet: one who has fathomed the mystery of his own life wants to share his insight with others; given this character in the artist, his creative work of its very nature has moral content and is able to awaken its readers to an awareness of their existential situation, to a re-assessment, where necessary, of what are the real values of life.

But fine words butter no parsnips even in the field of literary criticism. To begin with, what is meant by 'awareness'? Leavis uses it both of a reader's understanding of the beauty of a literary work, and of a man's approach to life. The man who passively submits himself to modern cheap standards of living, who allows himself to be taken in by subversive advertizing, has no contempt for ugly things so long as he can use them, is said to be 'unaware': he has no appreciation of the true values of life. There appears to be a confusion here of moral with aesthetic and cultural values. Further, it is clear that Leavis has no concept, at least in this social context, of any form of existence beyond this life. His values are man-made, not God-revealed. At a later date he does reach a semblance of a religious position when dealing with D. H. Lawrence, but this is certainly never Christian, and he, therefore, never means quite what a Christian means by 'life' or 'morality' or 'awareness'.

An artist, to avoid condemnation as a didact, must enact his values: he must translate what he has to say into real, living, created form. What is evaluated has to be 'realized', brought into living contact with the real. For the poet, this 'realization' will be in the form of an image, and it is the ability to check the image at the right point of development that tests

the artist's perceptiveness, his 'awareness'. Part of this perceptiveness, particularly for the poet, will be in feeling for the language. As an example, Leavis quotes *Macbeth* :

'All our service,  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against these honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house.'

The passage is brought to life, given body, by the implied river image. It is not overdone ; the image is perfectly suited to the idea. In his ability to handle his material in this way the poet shows his maturity. But what is there in any sense moral about this ? Is it really anything more than a good piece of poetry ? It has moral value precisely because it is good poetry, in close contact with real living which is the outcome of the poet's insight into the meaning of life. So Leavis finds in Keats 'maturity, manifested in technique, of feeling in relation to thought, of imagination and desire in relation to actuality'. Thus there is a close connection between the reality of a poem (and so its meaningfulness, its moral value) and the sincerity or mature character of the poet. This character is not something that comes from stern moral training, it is not a matter of abiding by high moral principles, but rather a readiness, a flexibility to meet reality as it is. At the other end of the scale he places Shelley, who is in constant flight from reality.

It is clear that this type of moral content differs a great deal from didacticism. An imposition of what the author thinks to be the correct attitude to life, or a practical imperative 'Go thou and do likewise', cannot be the foundation of good imaginative literature. But rather the work must be allowed to grow in its own way, to create its own world. Each successive imaginative work must be fresh, not bound in by any philosophic or dogmatic principles. If the author has a belief which he is determined to put across, what he produces will probably lose all vital contact with real living, and each work will be a repetition of the same formula. That flexibility which Leavis equates with maturity of character had been seen by D. H. Lawrence to be the essential requirement of the sincere novelist. A novel of this pure quality can do something which neither 'Philosophy, religion nor Science could possibly do. They are too busy nailing things down to get a stable equilibrium.' But

the novel is free to take reality as it is. It can deal with man's true relatedness to his environment and to other people. 'The novel is the highest example of subtle inter-relatedness that man has discovered.' Arnold was content to substitute poetry for religion ; Lawrence apparently wants the novel to take the place of religion, science and philosophy.

The novel, as defined by E. A. Baker, is the 'interpretation of human life by means of fictitious narrative', and bears more directly upon human relationships than any other literary form. Narrative poetry is no longer an adequate mode of expression, since the emphasis is now on psychological depth rather than significant simplicity (for which the narrative poem was most valued). Leavis goes even further, arguing that the central tradition of literary values is not vested in any formal poetry but has been taken over completely by the novel. Whether we follow him this far or not hardly matters, but the novel is obviously important in this discussion since its moral workings are more easily discernible than the poem's.

A good story has a moral. A good poem has a moral too, but in a different sense. Might we not go on from here to say that the morality of the novel is something very different from what is meant by 'having a moral'. Much the same holds for the moral content of the novel as for that of the poem. The author's feeling for essential values is transformed into a literary context, takes a new form as a literary value. The reader's response to this new-created value cannot be the same as to the crude expression of the pre-created value. The new entity is not presented as an argument to be accepted or rejected, but as a facet of experience to be examined. New terms of discourse have been introduced, so that the area of response must be widened.

The novelist must, necessarily, be preoccupied with his form, but at the same time he has a responsibility towards a rich human interest, 'a complexity of interests profoundly realized', which must be incorporated into his form. This responsibility involves 'imaginative sympathy, moral discrimination, and a judgment of relative human values' (Leavis). Literature which springs from this 'awareness' can have great social value. It can galvanize man into an appreciation of the human situation of his time. In this sense it embodies the values of tradition which must be upheld if culture is to keep pace with civilization.

To carry out this social function the novel must, above all, express what Leavis calls an 'affirmation of life'. This life, meaningful and complete, is opposed to the inorganic, machine living of the day. Affirmation must presuppose belief. It is a setting down in novel form of the author's faith in life as somehow rewarding. We shall be saved from the Gradgrinds of this world. By whom, by what? By great literature, which is referred to more than once as having a religious character. So Lawrence is said to be exploring reality in its religious dimensions. Leavis is certainly moving towards a transcendental religious position, at least implicitly.

In *D. H. Lawrence, Novelist* the religious tendency is no more clearly defined, but it is related to the basic social conflict in which civilization seems to be rapidly overwhelming and destroying culture. Lawrence introduces the conflict at the personal level when he deals with the relationship between man and woman. Both achieve fulfilment in a very delicate and responsive relationship that goes beyond mere sexuality. This can never be a success until they see that intellectual consciousness is their greatest opponent because it gives them a view of life completely out of focus. Bodily consciousness, which is in touch with the real, not the ideal, is the only sure guide. Intellectual consciousness is the product of a disorganized, mechanized society, which has lost touch with reality, whose values have been warped, and which looks upon all sexual matters as taboo. By adopting the values of this real, bodily consciousness, the individual comes to know himself, be self-aware, and this leads to full living. The religious conception behind and beyond this, according to Leavis, is its view of life as a whole, going beyond the individual, yet always centred on the individual life. To the relationship of man to woman is added a higher relationship of both to forces which are supra-personal 'They know they do not belong to themselves, but are responsible for something that, in transcending the individual, transcends love and sex too.'

Lawrence's beliefs are worked out in the novels not as preconceived dogmas to be explained by a story, but as explorations. The values are moulded into the work, and not *vice-versa*. Leavis holds that such values must be true. 'What the creative imagination of the artist makes us contemplate bears an unanswerable testimony.' Lawrence's attitude to life coincides with Leavis' own, and since he firmly believes his own to be right, Lawrence's must be right.

But that Lawrence's attitude is completely healthy is disputable. Can any man perceive the whole truth from his personal experience, alone and unaided? Even granted the integrity of the artist, his awareness, centrality, still how can it be true that his novel is its own sanction? It is surely beyond any individual's creation. At times, Leavis, in his search for sanctions, indicates the need for this external reality, but in the absence of any clear conception of what this reality consists in, he prefers to retain his idea of the greatness of art guaranteeing the truth of its own world. But the artist is an artist, not a self-appointed prophet. He may have reverence in the face of life; his work may contain moral value; but it does not follow from this that he is the supreme regulator in the sphere of morality.

The search for sanctions is also the search for a complete way of life, the fully satisfactory religion. Christianity had lost its full meaning for Arnold. Its *raison d'être* had been its encouragement of moral virtue: 'the purity of that moral practice . . . was the very cause for which the common profession and worship existed.' Leavis had no cause to think differently of it. Lawrence exhibits for him more positive values than any he can see in the types of Christianity around him. Yet the Catholicity of the Christian religion is in the wholeness of its appeal, its full conception of the meaning of life and the complete satisfaction it can give. But it appears that Leavis is not quite sure what he is looking for: Eliot's comment on Lawrence can also be applied to him. 'He wanted a religion which would be Real, not a world of church congresses and religious newspapers, not even a world in which religion could be believed, but a world in which religion could be something deeper than belief, in which it would be a kind of religious behaviourism.' Lawrence did not find this religion.

However, because the propounders of this literary morality are not altogether right, it does not mean to say that they are completely wrong. Good literature has always had a profound influence on man; a spate of writers of the calibre of Lawrence can effect a social change. But this influence, this change is not always moral. Leavis uses 'moral' in the wide sense merely meaning cultural or aesthetic. Sometimes this leads to ambiguity, but at best it demonstrates a profound insight into man's social problem—and the Church's social problem. The Catholic, with his precise idea of morality and his



faith on which it is based, may think he has the final solution. But if he fails to see the Church's need for cultural integration within society, his solution will be worthless, because those people who most need it will never encounter it. He must accept whatever the pagan culture around him has to offer, and sincerely try to understand what is acceptable, not fight shy of it. The common tendency to depreciate a novel or drama because it does not express the reader's viewpoint (and Catholics are at fault here as much as anybody) may be ultimately bound up with this lack of integration. Leavis has something to offer on this point: let imaginative literature speak for itself, and look for the positive rather than the negative qualities of a work. In this way we receive full value for our reading pains.

Leavis' explanation of the workings of moral value through literature are the most developed so far, and are on the whole sound. The social dimensions of this moral function, on the other hand, are far from satisfactorily treated. Succeeding generations of critics have to contest both literature's priority as an education and its role as sole preserver of the cultural tradition of society. But literature's social extensions are still in the process of analysis. All in all, Leavis and the English critical tradition he represents leave the social and religious working out of their theories in embryo (even if a voluminous one). Their biggest weakness is a complete lack of understanding of organized religion. But if they have not much to tell us about Morality, they have plenty to say on 'morality' worth thoughtful study.

DENNIS LOUGHRAN.

## OUR MAN IN NELLORE

It is significant that the only appearance of Pope Paul VI at a working session of the Second Vatican Council was at the opening discussion of the Schema on the Missions. In the course of his address he observed that 'nothing is more salutary for the members of the Church than that they should have some share, however remote, in the missionary activity of the Church'.

People in the College have taken a keen interest in this work for some time. As long ago as January 1937, the present Bishop of Nellore, the Rt Rev. W. Bouter, wrote a letter to one of the students of the Venerable, thanking him and the mission group, which had been formed in the College, for their offer of help in the training of native priests for his diocese. When His Lordship visited the College in 1939, the group 'adopted' one of his native students into their care. The final stage in the formation of the present system came in 1947 when the whole College undertook to provide an annual sum of money towards the training of the student.

Providing this money has always been a clear demonstration of our concern for the Church in the missions, though we all know that being generous in this regard is made easy for us—the annual auction, the sweepstakes on the Cup and National, and card night at the Villa are pleasant ways of giving away money. It is not out of place to note that the amount collected each year has kept pace with the relative affluence of the College as a whole.

Of course giving money is not everything—the letters from our adopted student, the bishop and the seminary rector help

a great deal in making our contact with the missions more real and personal. Even more important in this regard have been the recent visits of Bishop Bouter to the College during the Council. His lively personality and his obvious dedication to his work have made a great impression. He spoke much about his students and his diocese, and has recently sent the following account of conditions and vocations in his part of the world :

Nellore, January 12th, 1965

‘On the occasions when I have been in Rome I have always looked forward to my visits to the Venerable to be able to thank the alumni for their generosity in supporting the training of a student for the priesthood in the diocese of Nellore. Brief though these visits have been, I have always been encouraged by the spontaneity of the warm welcome I have received, and further encouraged by the generosity of the students who have been anticipating the desires of the Council in their support of my students for many years.

‘The opportunity of writing a few lines for THE VENERABLE is most welcome; it gives me a chance of addressing old friends and cementing an old bond, and at the outset I wish to express my most sincere thanks to all those who contribute or have contributed in the past to helping me in my goal of establishing a local clergy in the area under my care. It was in 1926 that the late Archbishop Aelen appointed me the first Rector of St John’s Seminary, Nellore, and four years later I was consecrated the first Bishop of the newly-formed Diocese in the same place. Since then I have had the privilege of ordaining well over a hundred priests. This privilege has been extended in depth for in 1940 part of the diocese was erected into a completely indigenous diocese called Guntur. Now, twenty-five years on, I am awaiting the division of my diocese again, to be able to hand over another sizeable part to the local clergy. The success of St John’s Seminary has been a great consolation to me and it was with joy not unmixed with sorrow that I witnessed the transfer of the staff and students from Nellore to Hyderabad to commence the new St John’s Regional Seminary there. From small beginnings, very small beginnings, the seminary has now blossomed out into a huge complex of buildings situated in large grounds and with a highly qualified staff so that the future of the local clergy has been assured.

“Small beginnings” typifies the background to the life of any seminarian who wishes to devote his life to the priestly ministry in the diocese of Nellore. The local Telugu boys come from small villages cut off from the mainstream of civilisation but secure in the faith that has been theirs for many years. These Christian communities in rural India are very poor in this world’s goods. Sons of the soil in more ways than one, they are educated in tiny mission schools and then go forward to one or other of the two High Schools for boys in the diocese. Here they stay as boarders to complete their secondary education. Last year I began an Apostolic School to open out further opportunities for young boys who wish to try their vocations, and after completing the High School studies the aspirant goes to the Minor Seminary which was begun in 1956. Here there is a three years’ course in humanities, to fill in what is lacking in the education they receive at school. Here too they receive special formation in the spiritual life to prepare them for a life of real hard work in the service of Almighty God. One must never lose sight of the fact that the priesthood is a life of service, but with the poverty of early childhood, the difficulty of making one’s way in life is forbidding and the priesthood could seem to some an easy way out . . . a roof over one’s head, food to eat, clothes to wear, these are things the priesthood offers to the unscrupulous or to the unthinking, and so three years in the minor seminary are followed by nine years in the major seminary with every effort made to spiritualize the life of the aspirants. Our students come from the diocese or from Malabar on the West Coast of India; both are poor by European standards, but I would be rash if I were to suggest that poverty turns the young man’s mind to the priesthood; it is just that we have to be very careful in our selection of candidates, for life on the missions calls for great responsibilities and great personal initiative. The parishes have Headquarters where the priests reside, but most of the work has to be done on pastoral journeys, visiting many scattered villages and homes, so that a priest spends most of his time camping, living in very poor circumstances and submitting himself to immense physical discomforts. There is no place then for a priest who would wish to spend his days in the Headquarters and in the comparative comfort that it ensures. Many of our Catholics live at bare subsistence level, and the work of teaching and preaching has to be supplemented by medical aid, and by schemes of social

uplift. The priest, in fact, is their one hope for better conditions in this world as well as in the next ! Since aspirants come from many different backgrounds it is almost impossible for me to describe a "typical case", rather may I fill in a typical day of what the young man is expected to do in his service of God and his neighbour.

'Farmers and their workers are up before dawn, and the priest has to be up before them to say Mass, very often in rude chapels or huts. The sun rises and the priest packs up his Mass box, medicine chest and cooking pots, and makes ready to visit the next village on his list. Travelling by bus, bullock cart, motor cycle or indeed on foot he will aim to reach the village towards evening. He will call on the village catechist and get himself up to date on what has happened since his last visit. After sunset the people come back from the fields for what may well be their only meal of the day. Then the catechist calls the people, and the priest gives them an instruction, followed by confession ; invariably there are problems to be solved concerning the village as a whole—quarrels to be smoothed over, rudimentary justice to be meted out, and long-winded stories to be listened to. Early next morning Holy Mass, followed by the sick parade ; the local school to be visited, children to be instructed and examined, and then in the burning heat, off to the next village. Day after day this has to go on, with intervals for village feasts and village elections ; the tragedies of cholera and famine often intensify the work.

'For such work we need men of God, and it is in the formation of such men in our seminaries that the Venerable has played its part. May God bless you all for your generosity in helping me to extend the Kingdom of God in this part of India, where slowly the work of the Mill Hill Fathers is being taken over by the local clergy to the greater honour and glory of God.'

✠ W. BOUTER.

## NOVA ET VETERA

### FROM 'THE VENERABLE' 40 YEARS AGO

'What are we going to do with the old villa of Cardinal Girolamo Colonna, which stands, an unsightly ruin, above the Convent of Palazzola? This has been the problem since we bought this *casa diruta* and the 6,000 square metres of park-like land which goes with it. Some people suggested that it should be thrown down, and a great terrace and *belvedere* made out of the materials of the demolished building . . . Others would have us restore the old house, and either use it ourselves or let it out for *villeggiatura* to Cardinals or to Monsignori or to other *persone distintissime* from Rome. Such schemes, besides other drawbacks, involved the awkward supposition that the Venerabile was in a position to dispose of large sums of money for speculation or for useless adornment . . . We do not forget, and others remember well, that the English College monopolises the North East side of the lake. Why should these English, like dogs in the manger, grab and keep the best sites in the Province, simply in order to play football and cricket and tennis, not to mention golf, during three months in the year?'

'The Christmas (1924) activities over, we turned our attention to the gaining of the Jubilee Indulgence. The Rector addressed us and announced special concessions for the Holy Year, chief of them being the privilege of making the visits

to the basilicas in *camerate* of three. We did not apply for a dispensation from the ordinary conditions, and the majority of the students have fulfilled the Rector's wish of making the required twenty visits before Easter.'

'The Roman taxis are superior to many we have had the misfortune to use in other cities : the original "red-perils" have yielded place to well upholstered Fiat cars, and it is hard to believe that four years ago, the *carrozza*, of which a few specimens are still extant, was the only public vehicle plying for private hire. But we are inclined to think that this change means the extinction of the serpentine *camerata*. Even the most rigid discipline has to yield to an electric bus—and bus drivers are strong minded individuals, who simply will not wait for twenty people to cross the road together.'

'The confiscation of the Roman College after the occupation of Rome placed the directors of the University under the necessity of removing to the Palazzo Borromeo, a building not entirely corresponding to the dignity of the institution, and they have always realised the necessity of obtaining new premises. The site opposite to the Biblical Institute in the Piazza Pilotta is still occupied by houses and workshops, whose tenants cannot at present be evicted, but on 27th December 1924, the ceremony of laying the first stone took place. The new building designed by Sig. Giulio Barluzzi will be in the Roman style (1500–1600), and will combine the characteristics of the Palazzo Farnese and other palaces of that period. The central hall crowned by a movable cupola (for ventilation in hot weather) will have an area of 600 square metres and seating accommodation for 2,000 people. This hall is so designed that it may be converted into a church when desired. The building will have a frontage of 100 metres with an equal depth, and the last imposing feature is the three proposed entrances. We hope the undertaking will be reduced very soon from its present nebular condition to the real order, but Italian tenants are long stayers, and we fear that many more generations of English College students will be compelled to dodge *carrozze* in the Via del Seminario.'

## SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

On the death of Sir Winston Churchill, it was suggested that some sort of religious service should be held in his memory. As there was no possibility of celebrating a public requiem Mass, a suitable memorial service had to be devised. Fr Vincent Smith, the Rector of San Silvestro in Capite, and the Rectors of the English, Scots and Beda Colleges, decided on the basic structure: two readings (an Epistle and Gospel from the Masses for the Dead) and a panegyric. It was then left to the choir-masters of the three Colleges to formulate the rest of the service in consultation with Fr Smith.

The corporate effort which resulted was most successful. It was understood beforehand that the congregation would be by no means entirely composed of Catholics, but it would certainly be English-speaking, and the hymns were chosen with this in mind. The singing, led by a vociferous group of fifty students at the back of the church, began with the hymn *Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us*; this was followed by the well-known *The Lord's my Shepherd* and *Praise to the Holiest in the height*. The panegyric, preached by Mgr Curtin, was followed by one of Sir Winston's favourite hymns, *O God, our help in ages past*, in which the forces of choir and organ were supplemented by a trumpet, which also gave colour to the rendering of the National Anthem at the conclusion of the service.

The whole venture was a new experience for all who took part in it, as regards both format and content. It was probably the first time that the whole British community in Rome, both clerical and lay, have been able to assemble together for a religious service, and it is hoped that there will be many other opportunities in the future.

## UNITY OCTAVE

With the publication of the Council's decree on Ecumenism, and the encouragement given by the English Hierarchy to ecumenical activity, it was natural that the Octave of Prayer for Christian Unity should be given special emphasis this year. In addition to the celebration of Community Mass each morning



by different priests of the College for the intentions of the Octave, which has been the custom for the past few years, the College also made an effort to extend its participation in the Octave beyond the strictly spiritual. A talk by an expert from the Secretariat for Christian Unity, Fr Gerard Corr O.S.M., was arranged, and with the ready consent of the Rector, an invitation was given to various students of different denominations to come to lunch in the College during the Octave. The intention was that we should have the opportunity of meeting our separated brethren in an ordinary social and human way, so that both we and they should get to know one another better.

The lunch was, of course, to take place in the general context of the Unity Octave, and while being a social occasion, it was also to have a religious significance. To emphasise this side, chapter XVII of St John's Gospel was read out before the meal started. In the event, the students received seventeen guests to lunch on Thursday, 21st January, and amongst them were several Greek Orthodox and Italian Waldensians, an Italian Evangelical, a Dutch Calvinist, an American Presbyterian, the Episcopal chaplain to the American school in Rome, a Swiss Lutheran and an English Anglican. They were divided fairly evenly between professional theological students or ministers, and lay students resident in Rome. On the Superiors' table were the American Episcopalian Rector of St Paul's Church, the English Methodist Minister in Rome and the Scottish Presbyterian Minister. Unfortunately, the Rector of All Saints' Anglican Church was away from Rome that day and unable to come.

After lunch the guests were entertained in the Common Room over coffee and liquori, during which the Rector gave a short and most apt speech to welcome the visitors and to make clear the aim of the invitation. Certainly we profited from the occasion, and our guests seemed to have enjoyed themselves and appreciated our endeavours. Not a world-shaking event perhaps, but at least a sincere contribution to the first steps in ecumenical activity.

## BIRETTAS

Apropos of the Cardinal Protector's edict abolishing birettas in the refectory (cf. *Nova et Vetera*, *THE VENERABILE*, Summer 1964), Mgr R. L. Smith writes :

'One of the complications in wearing birettas was that we had to raise them at the mention of Our Lord's name and Our Lady's. The liturgically-minded also held that we should similarly salute the saint and the commemorations of the day. Patriots were all for doffing to British saints whenever they occurred. Pastor came to lunch one day and regarded this procedure with attention. Then he called Giuseppe, doyen of the Collipardesi, who went out and returned with his bowler on a salver. This the historian donned, raised when we raised, and wore solemnly to the end of the meal.

'Cardinal Bourne was due for *pranzo* one day. He arrived late from an audience with Pius XI and came into the refectory without his biretta. The Vice-Rector passed a note round that we should all put ours under our chairs. The Cardinal looked round, after he had satisfied the first pangs of hunger, and remarked that he was glad to see we had given up the silly habit of wearing birettas at our food. Hence Cardinal Gasquet's ukase.'

---

*The archives are at present being moved from one part of the College to another, and the state of transition has made it difficult to continue the work of preparing the catalogue; the publication of the catalogue in THE VENERABILE has therefore been temporarily suspended.*

## COLLEGE DIARY

### THE VILLA

JULY 2nd 1964, *Thursday*. I object to moving to the Villa. This year I was awoken at an unearthly hour. I'm not at my best in the morning and the light gives me a headache. My already low mood was not improved by the fact that I had barely broken my fast and was about to drink, when some clumsy idiot jerked me off balance and spilt it all. Hours of waiting in the main corridor followed, with people making more noise than a bunch of old hens. To complete an otherwise black day, someone started to strum a guitar nearby. Music I like, but not twanging bits of wire. Give me the whistle or the bell any time. At about ten o'clock the most terrifying part of the whole operation began. Travelling anywhere by bus fills me with panic. I sat petrified as we hurtled towards our destination, while everyone about me seemed to take a devilish pleasure in proving they were enjoying it. Just as I was about to give up all hope, we stopped, and I was unceremoniously bundled out. For a moment I seemed to crash through the air. Suddenly, before me lay that familiar scene of painful beauty—my home for the next three months. My black cloud of despair evaporated, and I let out a screech of delight while my owner bent down to retrieve my cage-cover.

Bishop Restieaux, too, came to nest awhile.

*3rd Friday*. We have a new daily programme, so that the general state of the patient is much improved.

As we are 'doing' *Macbeth* this year, the producer has started to scour the house for copies.

*5th Sunday*. The Bard dropped his usual succinct bomb when he said 'Parting is such sweet sorrow'. It may be that sometimes we say good-bye with a feeling of relief, but normally regret struggles with the desire to

break out afresh. Mgr Clark sang High Mass this morning and bade farewell at lunchtime. Speeches were exchanged in the warm afterglow of an excellent meal, and the sharp outlines of all past moments softened in the sparkle of the *spumante*. We share the Rector's hope that he will continue to drop anchor here occasionally, and wish him all the best in this new branch of the apostolate. However, he is not going just yet.

*July 6th Monday.* The film company have left us with one pagan temple (discovered this morning at the back of the swimming pool), a stock of imitation boulders, a battering-ram, and a bruise. Perhaps Macbeth could be a Visigoth?

*8th Wednesday.* Our first half-day gita, and probably our last. Do people go on hearty walks because they enjoy them or because then can describe their tremendous feats afterwards? Do you like to hear how we descended over trackless wastes in the burning heat, and toiled back again up vertical cliffs in fifteen minutes? Or are you satisfied with being informed that we spent the morning down by the lake? I prefer to tell the former and hear the latter.

*9th Thursday.* Our wandering Arameans—two OND and one brand new philosophy licensee—arrived back from the Holy Land whither they had journeyed under the auspices of *Vita Nostra*. They are staying for the ordinations.

*10th Friday*—and fish for lunch, with a vengeance. A few barrow-loads of *cozze*, preceded by a cauldron of *spaghetti alle vongole* and washed down by draughts of Madre wine, were the gift of Enzo; they were consumed in the garden.

*11th Saturday.* The retreatants return . . .

*12th Sunday* . . . and are ordained by Cardinal Heard: Messrs Coughlan and Brand to the priesthood, Messrs Feben, Finn, Gath, Howell, Pateman and Purdue to the diaconate. *Ad multos annos*, and no need to mention what a positive boost an ordination gives to everyone in the College.

Mgr Clark slipped quietly away.

*13th Monday.* Mr Coughlan sang his first Mass and preached at it, Mr Brand said his later. Afterwards it was the College's turn to entertain our visitors; a pleasant innovation was joining the ladies for coffee and *liquori*—the latter a gift from the guests. But as the Church hasn't yet produced many suffragettes, emancipation still has a long way to go.

*15th Wednesday.* The first of our full-day gitas and a race to that large-scale bathing establishment known as the Mediterranean. What? L.1800 for a bathing hut? We can't change on the beach? Why not?—most people seem to be wearing practically nothing anyhow. It's only the changing that matters. All right, we'll beat them at their own game. One hut will do for nine of us; two at a time and I'll go last. Now, have I got everything?—towels, shirt, sun-glasses, lotion, book, biscuits, cigarettes, and the key. Oh, I've forgotten my matches. Now, which are my trousers? Ready at last. Could I get what? Your watch? In your back pocket?

Eight back pockets later and triumph. No, I don't see the ball in here. At the bottom of the large rucksack—O.K. I'll get it. Now, where are they? *Scusi ! Permesso ! Scusi ! Per carità, è soltanto il mio asciugamano. Anche il mio, come si dice? ballo. No? Fa niente. Grazie.* There you are. What took me so long? Oh, nothing.

*July 18th Saturday.* A group of priests who have been given a holiday in Rome and are under the able guidance of Fr Reynolds came out to tea in the middle of a thunderstorm. But they were able to admire the view in that clarity which invariably follows.

The Rector was bitten and bedded.

*19th Sunday.* Fr Grimshaw arrived and brought with him his party from St Bede's, Manchester. Some of them played cricket against us, while the remainder found other means of entertainment.

*22nd Wednesday.* A day gita, and Bishop Restieaux returns to England for a hierarchy meeting.

*23rd Thursday.* An afternoon well spent in trying to make a group from the Legion of Mary feel at home.

*24th Friday.* The long gitas have been up-graded. We may now travel over the border—but only to those countries contiguous to Italy: England is still a world away. Second year (that is, the new Second-year) have had their lot improved also—they may now spend a week at Assisi. These holidays provide a partial answer to the awkward questions one meets in October.

*25th Saturday.* Australia all out for 660, England 160 for 2. On a microcosmic scale, we beat the Australian Embassy.

*26th Sunday.* Little Fiats chug to a standstill, and the children chase round the field while mother prepares lunch on a clearer bit of ground otherwise known as the first green. Meanwhile, father has wandered off and found just the right place to erect the card-table, a very long and curious strip of concrete. To the Villa sportsmen's trials and tribulations is added that phenomenon of mechanized life—the week-end picnicker.

*28th Tuesday.* Two students from Oxford paid us a visit and camped nearby.

*29th Wednesday.* Some of us were right royally entertained by Macbeth's fellow countrymen; having eaten the meal provided by their sisters in God, one might hazard that the secret of good cooking lies in contemplation.

*31st Friday.* A word about the tank. As the first two sparkling weeks faded, it remained hopefully clear until Archbishop Grimshaw's patent cleaner ran out. Visibility has now dropped to half an inch, and the outlook is murkier.

*AUGUST 1st Saturday.* We defeated the War Graves Commission.

*3rd Monday.* We were able to invite the whole Scots' College over for the day since they are only thirteen. Lunch ended with *Enzo spumante*, but our guests were too polite to comment.

*August 4th Tuesday.* The traditional victory of the North over the South on the cricket field was repeated this afternoon. I wonder if this rather light-hearted division which sometimes crops up in other spheres is a universal phenomenon.

*5th Wednesday. Feast of Our Lady of the Snows.* The plaque commemorating Pope Paul's visit last year had been carefully composed by the Rector and veiled by Germano. Mgr Nasalli Rocca di Corneliano, Maestro di Camera to the Pope, unveiled it in a brief ceremony, and then gave us a very fine gift of a chalice used by His Holiness until yesterday. A feast worthy of the Cæsars followed.

*6th Thursday. Feast of the Transfiguration,* and, appropriately enough, we set off in the early hours for Mass on Tusculum. A 'short-cut' through the Latin Vale allowed your chronicler to inspect each and every vineyard in the vicinity without bringing him much nearer his destination. Upon his eventual arrival he was returned to Palazzola, c/o Fr Steele and his car, with one other casualty—and without so much as a sniff at breakfast.

The Vice-Rector left for a short holiday in England.

*7th Friday.* Rector bitten and bedded.

*8th Saturday.* Sympathetic discussion over the breakfast table about which particular insect is gunning for the Rector. A cricket match against the British Embassy in the afternoon.

*9th Sunday.* The Australian Embassy defeated our tennis enthusiasts this evening, though they put up a good fight.

*10th Monday.* Blue reflecting blue. Albano and the sky. Green pool lay within green beds. Ten o'clock and the dry heat clasps the first brown bodies. Coloured towels clash with coloured chairs and fall apart along the side. Combatants detach to become flashing, foaming arrows of effort. Racing, shouting, fighting. Gouts of green water. Hurling bodies lost in rising spouts, becoming motionless logs. Water streaming from limbs and lemonade from lips.

And a grand gala it was. Fr Walsh, hardly recovered from his journey, found himself as the bottom half in a pick-a-back fight, and from a safe distance Fr Morris encouraged the hullabaloo with his parasol. Latin tutorial over, the Rector observed all through the lens of his camera. And all finished up as it should with the tankman's undignified descent to the depths.

*11th Tuesday.* I see I mentioned Latin tutorials yesterday, and most of you won't really know what they are. Well, if you care to step out onto the terrace any morning between about nine and ten—except today; it's raining—you may hear the sound of Latin from under the trees. Shades of Scipio? No, it's the Rector teaching an American friend who is starting at the Beda this autumn. While on the same theme, I may as well mention that we also have three Italian groups (no; two now, there was a judicious amalgamation), and some Bible study groups, too. What is it they say on the inside cover of those E.U.P's?

*August 13th Thursday.* The Borough Pipers came to see us today. Down the path they came with wonderful music and captivating laughter. Down they marched, through the cortile (rousing a lone laggard from the lap of Morpheus), onto the terrace, into our hearts. 'Like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering' out we came after them, nuns from the kitchen, visitors from above. They piped and they danced, they sang and we clapped. Albano smiled at this infusion of young joy and its hills laughed with us. And as evening came on, they skipped and we ran up the path to the bus and waved as their laughter and gaiety disappeared into the dusk, leaving us with memories of what must have been one of the happiest afternoons of the Villa.

*15th Saturday. Feast of the Assumption.* The celebration of this feast at Rocca has always puzzled me. I have taken part in similar, though never such exotic, processions in Ireland, and yet the atmosphere was rather different. Obviously the regulars enjoyed it here; but the younger people who watched it seemed as interested as they might be in a medieval suit of armour. The novelty of such an occasion has long been eclipsed by television and the cinema. There were few people at High Mass and even fewer received Communion. Afterwards, the various associations hoisted their impedimenta and we processed through the streets, led by the local band. As far as the spectators were concerned, things began to brighten up as soon as we left the church: it started to pour. The highlight of the whole proceedings came in the main square, where several attempts to scatter were prevented by one of the curates.

Later that morning a leaky bus deposited a large group of bedraggled clerics down by Palazzola. I think we saw the funny side of it, but we were still pretty much in the dark as to the significance of such an occasion in Italian religious life.

*16th Sunday.* To offset the pessimistic ring of yesterday's report, I should in all fairness mention that when the schola sang at Mass in the church of the Madonna del Tufo this morning, the crowds of people confessing and communicating were most impressive. Perhaps a larger number of the citizens prefer to show their devotion to Our Lady in this way.

Today was a Day of Recollection, and the Rector spoke on Pope Paul's new encyclical.

*18th Tuesday.* Scarcely a word so far on the subject of *Macbeth*. But the cortile has, in fact, been echoing many a strange sound during the past few weeks. For shame, O Thane of Fife! What do you expect if you leave your bottle of beer there? Witches and words, battles, soliloquies and sleep walkers have lent a noble air to this graceful cloister. Fie, Sir Producer! these words come not sweetly to mine ears. Now and then I have come into the house in the evening half-expecting to see Sir Joseph Porter's sisters, cousins and aunts flitting about the well, and sighed—with relief?—when they did not materialize.

I mention the play today because they have just had the dress-rehearsal with its air of frenzied frustration. But those are the feelings

which accompany most such occasions, and I hear that today's went off quite well, really, though they dare not tempt Providence by admitting it.

*August 19th Wednesday.* Spent the day sawing up blocks of stone and painting them grey, and finally sank back exhausted into the dusk and a deck-chair. A few bars of *Death and Transfiguration*, and the cortile shivered in the flares and faded. I looked up towards the blasted heath, and higher still pale Hecat's moon rose up through the skies. Watching from the loftiness of my semi-comatose state, I saw the cankerous growth and death of a man who spoke so nobly. Supper intruded, and a brief period when I was supposed to prompt the prompter. Finally, we bade good-night to the Scots, and somewhat later, as you can no doubt imagine, retired to

'Sleep no more,  
Macbeth hath murdered sleep.'

*20th Thursday.* A day spent in quiet recuperation. An attempt to set fire to the scenery just before the second performance was moderately successful. This evening we were hosts to the Americans, and to those families and friends who could not come last night.

*21st Friday.* What bloody scene of carnage must we have witnessed last night to leave such a mess as this? By lunch, however, all trace of Macbeth had vanished from the cortile. *Si prega di non disturbare.*

*22nd Saturday.* My classical amnesia, coupled with a sense of the dignity of the occasion, forbid me to liken Fr P. Murphy-O'Connor to the nimble messenger of the gods as he totalled twenty-seven in our match against F.A.O.

In the evening the Common Room echoed to the voices and music of Fr Richards and our hero of the afternoon. They have a very fine repertoire, and the fact that we enjoy such occasions so much makes one regret the decline of Italian folk-singing in the College—and indeed of folk-singing in general.

*23rd Sunday.* The Vice-Rector returned from his holiday.

One great difference between the 'sixties and the 'thirties, according to the Rector, is the constant stream of students' families to the Eternal City nowadays. Hardly a week passes without someone going away to stay with his family, and a large number of parents and friends came to see *Macbeth*. But this greater mobility is a natural product of the affluent society, and we can only be grateful for it.

*24th Monday.* The long gitas began today. At opposite poles are the Swiss-Austrian group travelling as comfortable tourists, and the 'vagrants' trying to prove that you can see Sicily on sixpence; scattered in between lie ingenious methods of travel and just as colourful ways of sleeping.

The rest of us settle back to enjoy those little compensations that an uncrowded House brings.

*27th Thursday.* A pleasant but uneventful journey finds me here in Assisi's Piazza Minerva—with the sudden realization that I have forgotten to ask anyone to keep a diary of events back at Palazzola. You will have to accompany the 'remnant', eight of whom set off this morning for a week



in Assisi, while the rest went off to Torvaianica, where they have been invited to spend the day in 'prayerful meditation' on the beach ; I believe it didn't quite work out that way.

When we had all assembled on the camping site, we made an attempt to pitch the fourth tent in the dark, but we abandoned the battle in favour of supper in the town. We returned much later, and achieved some measure of success with the aid of a storm-lantern.

*August 28th Friday.* It was not so much a sense of devotion that found me attending the 6 a.m. Mass at the tomb of St Francis as force of circumstances : one of our number was inconsiderate enough to get 'Roman pot' during the night and decided in the early morning to decamp and stay with the German Nuns—your chronicler's eagerness to act as interpreter was not immediately apparent. However, two of us handed him over and borrowed some blankets in return—Umbria is somewhat chillier than expected—and then went down through the gloomy Lower Church of the Basilica to that impressive and austere crypt which contains the sarcophagus of St Francis.

In the evening an unofficial massed choir of French girls, led by an energetic and dumpy mademoiselle, entertained the town and its visitors with French songs and dances in the main square.

*29th Saturday.* Fr Nash arrived to camp with us for the week-end, while two more from the Villa joined the others at the German Nuns.

*30th Sunday.* We decided to have a *Bet-Singmesse* at the Carceri this morning, but a certain amount of embarrassment and diffidence led us to drop the *sing* part of it. In the afternoon a concert in the main square was temporarily halted by a sudden thunder-storm ; but the band soon recovered its composure and continued from behind the fluted columns of the Temple of Minerva.

SEPTEMBER *1st Tuesday.* We went down to the station in the afternoon to say good-bye to Fr Nash. Some of us then walked on to visit S. Maria degli Angeli, while the others returned to make what has now become a yearly pilgrimage to Mrs Perkins.

*2nd Wednesday.* We spent the day in the ugly yet attractive medieval fastness of Perugia. While gazing at the frescos in S. Pietro, a church built a thousand years ago on the edge of the cliff, we were captured by a loquacious priest who took us through the biblical parallels once again, and then began to show us everything in the building right down to an English grandfather-clock in the sacristy. He did, however, sum up our holiday by opening a door in the choir to reveal a panoramic view of Umbria's sun-drenched hills surmounted by their towns and castles, with Assisi in the foreground and Spello just behind.

*3rd. Thursday.* All of us bar one are back, and with a vast amount of conversational ammunition. I hear that a House of eight had to dispense with High Mass on Sunday. Bradford scouts entertained and were entertained that afternoon, and spirits were kept at a high level on Monday

evening with a barbecue in the library. Tuesday they spent at Nettuno with the Rocca orphans—an event immortalised in the Rector's slides. On the Wednesday afternoon St Cuthbert's, Newcastle, came to the Villa. The weather is now much colder—flashback to Assisi, and an attempt to sleep the last night in a duffle-bag—and the swimming-pool has a forlorn autumnal look about it.

*September 5th Saturday.* No sooner back than into recreative action again; the Americans invited us over today since they will all be back in Rome next week. They have just come back from their holidays and so we were able to hear some fresh impressions of England, and, in our turn, give some sketchy opinions of Goldwater and Johnson. After a 'show', we enjoyed the traditional peanut-butter and ride back in the 'truck'—a new one this year.

*7th Monday.* A first group went into Rome for the day to start removing builders' dust from those parts of the College the Council Fathers will be using.

*8th Tuesday.* Rome. Cleaned windows, ate a lot of spaghetti, and scrubbed the main stairs.

*10th Thursday.* The last day we shall be all together at the Villa. A hot day. A sports day. A day when we are the guests and Top Year the hosts. The morning began with long-jumpers creating clouds of red shale, and ended with Fr Morris and Mgr Mullin screaming at each other across a tug-o'-war rope. The evening was marked by the richness of the fare provided by Top Year and tended to go rosier at the edges as darkness descended on the garden.

Bishops Parker and Grasar arrived to stay.

*11th Friday.* This morning the first group of fifteen left with some trepidation for a week in the City. Since their chief task is to serve their Lordships they will have plenty of time to do some cleaning and painting. There is also the small matter of some thousand books to be moved back into the third library.

*13th Sunday.* Four bishops and two moralists dropped in for the afternoon.

*14th Monday.* While some hearty souls set off for Rome at an unearthly hour—I wasn't about to see exactly when—the remainder of us settled back to watch the opening of the Third Session on television. It was a pleasant surprise to see the liturgical principles enunciated last December being carried out in St Peter's. We spotted some of the early risers in Dom Baratta's choir, but one familiar face at these occasions was missing from the screen; but we remembered that he is still on holiday in Ireland.

*15th Tuesday.* We are enjoying another spell of warm weather so that each afternoon some of the Fathers try to get out to the Villa away from the blistering heat of the city. The Rector's attempt to show us some slides this evening was foiled by a faulty machine or electrician.

*16th Wednesday.* The sacristans have worked out a chart to illustrate their comings and goings.

*September 17th Thursday.* Ditto last Tuesday—only the price of the bulb was different.

*18th Friday.* A second group of us arrive in Rome to discover that there is some truth in the reports on how good the food is and how bad the weather. We inspected and praised the first group's efforts in the field of painting—they had to do a lot of cleaning first—while making a few mental reservations on the subject of bright colours.

*19th Saturday.* Rolling up metaphorical sleeves—it's too hot for the real thing—some of us started on our own rooms while others finished off the top of the stairs. It is a pleasant change to be here in spite of the heat. And the bishops are away at school most of the time.

News from the Villa that the B.E.A. cricket team turned up unexpectedly this afternoon instead of tomorrow—and beat the College.

*21st Monday.* We heard the sad news of Mgr Lamb's death a few days ago. Recently he had been coming to the College quite frequently to hear confessions. May he rest in peace.

*23rd Wednesday.* A mass attack on the Monserra' resulted in two coats of light blue and a dark blue skirting; with the fluorescent lighting it looks like an aquarium. Archbishop Murphy suggested that if we painted the floor, we might get more on the walls.

*24th Thursday.* People have become so keen on manual labour that they continued to paint today instead of taking a gita. However, some took advantage of a gift of money to go out for lunch.

*25th Friday.* And so we handed over the baton to the last group, advised them on what colours to paint the Common Room, and returned to the Villa to find the weather much colder. That desolate look one remembers from winter gitas is beginning to set in.

*28th Monday.* The Vice-Rector moved into Rome for good today. Up till now we have been benefiting from a sort of cultural exchange whereby we have him for three days and then the Rector.

*29th Tuesday.* Would you put my things downstairs when the lorry comes? Just two cases, five cardboard boxes, the table-lamp and tennis racket—oh, don't forget the bookcase. And the shaving cabinet. There are a few things down at the tank, too. And while you're at it, you could pack some 'bloods'—and the books from the main library. It's quite simple, really. Only take five minutes. Make sure the record player goes in by car—and pack the records carefully. Thanks very much. Are you sure you don't mind? A last sentimental glimpse of Albano from the bus, and your diarist is in Rome for good.

They have painted the Common Room red, green and yellow; or perhaps it sounds better as burnt sienna, lime, and commercial primrose. This evening some of us, including bishops, went to the Hotel Columbus to see *The Tower and the Dove*, a catechetical film which makes excellent use of symbolism. Unfortunately, some of the nuances would probably escape the normal audience, though this could be overcome with the aid of a lecturer. The sound is slightly misconceived.

OCTOBER 1st *Thursday*. A last check to see that every room contains at least a bed for the impending return of those still at Palazzola. The lorry turns up periodically and spills all sorts of objects onto the main corridor. Books continue to crawl back into the third library at the rate of a couple of hundred a day.

This evening we joined the Villa in spirit with October Devotions.

2nd *Friday*. To all intents and purposes that day was the same as any other on the Rome-Naples road. Away to the right, Albano gazed open-mouthed at the sun and Marino continued to crumble into the valley below. The same lorries moved ponderously past Ciampino, the same little Fiats cockily edged their way round them, and the same trams stumbled along by the road side. The weather was ordinary Italian weather, and the people, well, just Italians. The aqueducts continued to point sadly back towards the hills. Rome yawned and swallowed a little blue bus. She burped contentedly and somewhere inside her the bus disgorged its clerical baggage.

Here endeth another chapter in the history of Palazzola.

## ROME

3rd *Saturday*. Parts of the College have vanished into the memory banks of the past. The music-rooms are now students' rooms (unfinished—*ma pronto subito*), the infirmary is enlarged (also unfinished), and everything else in that wing except the Third Library now belongs to the nuns (all unfinished). A second-hand dealer's dream is scattered about the corridors, and an archivist's nightmare in the library. The east end of the garden is littered with all the tools of a builder's yard.

However, by supper everyone from England had recovered from the initial shock and we reverted to the old 'Council' routine. Only one member of First Year was unable to come, owing to illness.

4th *Sunday*. Australia beat Naples in the final of the Rome Ashes at Pamphilj this afternoon. Bishop Holland stood in for Bishop Tickle at the presentation ceremony.

5th *Monday*. A violent storm in the evening. The College leaked like an old kettle and Nature's derisive marks appeared on some of our newly-painted walls.

Once again we are having Council bulletins read at supper; like the food, they can sometimes cause indigestion.

6th *Tuesday*. According to Luigi Barzini, Rome suffers from the *scirocco* for about two hundred days in the year. There are now only one hundred and ninety-nine to go.

Archbishop Heenan spoke again in the Council this morning, and a contingent of British police turned up at the College this evening.

7th *Wednesday*. We began the Retreat this evening with Father Timothy Fitzgerald C.P.

*October 10th Saturday.* Well-chosen readings and music made a success of our first Bible Vigil tonight.

*11th Sunday.* Birettas and bows reappeared at High Mass. The Vice-Rector spoke on Patience.

*13th Tuesday. Feast of St Edward.* As it is somewhat odd to ignore First Year until St Catherine's Day, they were officially welcomed today instead. The three victims came through their ordeal very well.

This evening you could find yourself a discreet seat and ponder the changing tastes of the film audience. In the matter of 'bloods' they no longer read Westerns and even Thrillers are on the way out; on the other hand, they will put up with much more where films are concerned. They may prefer something profoundly symbolic or merely entertaining, but owing to soaring prices they may well end up with two or three hours of undiluted drivel. The lights flash imperiously and suddenly go out, leaving a conspicuous figure clutching his bar of 'Oscar' to struggle back to his seat in the dark. On his face you can read anguish and the title sequence. His ebullient silhouette bobs lurchingly and falls over his neighbour. The machine revs up and the music appropriately changes key a few times. Paul Newman stumbles groggily into the hotel foyer, freezes, and with a strangled grunt disappears as the film snaps. *The Prize* was in fact very enjoyable.

*15th Thursday.* The breakfast-table groaned under the weight of conversational material this morning. Election manifestoes were interspersed with explanations of Krushchev's resignation. With Labour as national favourites, it might be interesting to see where sympathies lie within the College; there is by no means a unilateral view. Those who came of age before coming into exile were able to cast their votes this afternoon.

This morning Fr Dhanis, the *rector magnificus*—a term painful to translate—celebrated Mass in the 'temple' of St Ignatius.

*16th Friday.* Our first day back at the clerical outfitters, and marked by the introduction of a change in the domestic programme. The cry for more study time has been heard, and the *horarium* has somehow been expanded by curtailing siestas and walks. The new arrangement has much to recommend it.

*17th Saturday.* Some Italian political parties have managed to turn pink red and capitalise on the Labour victory. The Socialist posters proclaim that the workers have done it in England—you can do it here. What they have done remains to be seen.

The Public Meeting managed to exhaust itself just in time to prevent a third session. Evening circles were marked by a 'sing-song'—a rare enough occurrence these days.

*18th Sunday.* We hurried past a chieftain in ceremonial dress, past the guards and up through the dark tunnel. As we emerged into the light, drums were beating in the distance. Pressing on through the crowd we came to a clearing—the drumming and chanting were now close at hand. Any illusions as to our whereabouts were immediately shattered by the

Sistine Choir's *Tu es Petrus*. Two banners bobbed by and were hustled off to one side. The tops of halberds told us that the procession was passing; being fairly tall I could also see the occasional plume. Finally, applause heralded the approach of the Pope and he swayed by on his chair. The ceremony was reasonably short, the sermon long. We caught snatches of English, but only the very vigilant heard His Holiness announce that he is going to Bombay. Mass brought more competition between native music and Don Bartolucci's group, but the latter had the advantage of the loud-speaker system. A few sage remarks on the similarity of Italian and African ceremonial and we returned home with the Uganda Martyrs added to the Church's calendar.

*October 19th Monday.* Fr Orsy has decided to come twice a week in future, since one evening has lately proved not long enough to cope with all his clients. It is a pity he cannot take up residence here.

*22nd Thursday.* Once upon a time there was a group of people who liked to have stories read to them during meals. But they were very unhappy because nobody could suggest a book that would suit everyone. Then one day their leader found *Animal Farm* and they were all content—well, nearly all.

*24th Saturday.* A Requiem Mass was held in Sant' Ignazio for the General of the Society of Jesus, Fr Janssens, who died a few days ago.

*25th Sunday. Feast of Christ the King.* Cardinal Heard gave Second Theology their First Minors and raised Messrs Howell, Finn, Feben, Gath and Pateman to the priesthood. Congratulations!

*26th Monday.* The new priests said their first Masses, and this evening their families came to a reception in the College. Perhaps one of the Rector's secret ambitions is to be *lector ad mensam*, since he again gave his speech from the reader's box.

Later, another enjoyable film, *Our Man in Havana*. It was postponed from yesterday owing to *oggi sciopero*—a cry which is becoming more frequent than *oggi festa* in Italian life.

*28th Wednesday.* With the aid of a tape recorder, Bishop Dwyer took us back with him on a tour of South America and helped us realise that there exists a problem here about which we cannot be unconcerned if we call ourselves Catholic.

*30th Friday.* Archbishop Grimshaw spoke on the opportunities presented by the Liturgical Constitution, and of the hopes and difficulties with regard to England.

*31st Saturday.* Hallowe'en, and a chance to mention that spectral company whose purple shadow falls across every entry—the men whose activities are too numerous to set down in detail. Behind each page are the Bishops marching off to morning sessions, bustling off to evening meetings, flying to England, meeting visitors, holding weekly discussions in the library. There are Fathers who remain ebullient all the way through, and Fathers who bend under the strain; Fathers who walk to the Council daily, Fathers who go by bus; Fathers who use the lift and Fathers who

manage the stairs. There are those who read the paper at breakfast and those who talk, some who swim and many who walk.

We shall miss their Lordships when they finally pack their bags and go for good.

*NOVEMBER 1st Sunday.* Mr Pateman sang his first High Mass, and followed it up with a brief dip in the tank—unvested but still clothed; there was money at stake.

*2nd Monday.* In the morning the murmur of innumerable requiems. In the afternoon cakes for tea from Bishop Tickle.

*3rd Tuesday.* Eggs appeared on the breakfast table. We now have them almost every other day and so the slogan has been inevitably coined—'To the Greg on an egg'.

*5th Thursday.* After a wet morning many of us spent a sunny afternoon up at Palazzola. Most of us rejoined the bus at Rocca. After supper Dr Moorman, Bishop of Ripon, spoke to us on Anglicanism and Ecumenism.

Archbishop Grimshaw returned unwell to England.

*6th Friday.* Our Italian teacher has paid the first of his twice weekly visits this evening. He has enough volunteers, apart from First Year who have been conscripted, to divide them into varying stages of proficiency from bad to frightful. Only a very few can boast of being 'advanced', though some did gain from watching television during the Villa.

*7th Saturday.* In the evening an informal and interesting talk from Fr Michael Dwyer on his work in non-Catholic schools.

*8th Sunday.* A Day of Recollection, and the theme of Bishop Pearson's conference was the tender love of the will of God.

Propaganda 3, College 2.

*9th Monday.* We entertained 100 pupils from the 'floating school' this afternoon. As usual the scrapbook proved more popular than the plaques commemorating papal visits. A vigilant bishop might have noticed which of his students have a natural aptitude for youth work.

*10th Tuesday.* Premiations were held this afternoon in Sant' Ignazio before a distinguished gathering of ex-alumni. One of those drapes and potted-plant occasions enjoyed by no one but undergone stoically. However, the lengthy speeches gave the audience more than enough time to examine the church in detail; the perspective of Pozzo's fresco on the ceiling is quite extraordinary.

*12th Thursday.*

'On the occasion of the fourth centenary of the birth of William Shakespeare, the British religious communities resident in Rome and the Centro Cattolico Teatrale have organised a Shakespearian recital to be given by the Royal Stratford Shakespeare Company and a group of Italian actors directed by Orazio Costa.'

*All' augusta presenza di Sua Santità Paolo VI.*

Large group of us arrive at Palazzo Pio to be instructed in our duties as ushers. Move into small room off foyer. Moved into foyer. Moved out of

foyer. Brief altercation results in our being allowed to remain in foyer and eventually we receive our instructions. Thereafter all went well. Archbishop Heenan welcomed His Holiness, and then Dorothy Tutin read the dedication from the First Folio which had arrived yesterday by train. She, Tony Church and Derek Godfrey gave excellent performances in English of short extracts covering a wide range of the Bard's works. Miss Tutin's interpretation of 'Crabbed age and youth . . .' was especially memorable. The second half was performed in Italian and consisted of longer extracts, but here the bilingual programmes proved very useful to us as they had been to the Pope and others during the first part. Afterwards Pope Paul gave a short speech in English and the actors were presented to him. Finally, he misunderstood a request in English to bless the Folio and thanked the actors for their kind gift; Archbishop Heenan came quickly to the rescue. It was, as the Archbishop said, an evening of 'inspiration and delight'.

*November 13th Friday.* The Christmas card industry hit the College today. However, Vita Nostra cards are popular too, because of their price if not their design.

*14th Saturday.* No comments from their Lordships as we set off this morning. *Docetur* at both Greg and Council today; lack of time and pressure of work have caused the Fathers to lose their *dies non*. Nor did the weather show much mercy as the mercury climbed to 72°.

*18th Wednesday.* So that the Bishops can provide both audience and entertainment, the Philosophers' Concert was put forward to today and dedicated to the liveliest member of the community, Bishop Parker. There were enough episcopal guests for one between two, and we discovered that nowadays their Lordships are not often perplexed by topical allusions to the domestic scene. An enjoyable evening was had by all.

## PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1964

### FIRST YEAR SONG

BEAKS' PANTO                      Messrs Guest, Koenig, Larkman, Nichols,  
Payne and Pilkington

INTERLUDE                        Messrs Fallon, Farrington and Strange

SEMPER IDEM                      Messrs Atthill, Joyce, Kennedy, Kitchen,  
Laird and Moss

### OUR MAN IN THE COLLEGE

Messrs Atthill, Brohan, Cooper, Corbishley,  
Fallon, Farrington, Joyce, Kennedy,  
McAndrews, McCurry, Moss, Morgan,  
Payne, Pearce, Pilkington, Rafferty,  
Strange and Toffolo



PIANO DUET	Messrs Koenig and McCurry
ANIMAL FARM	Messrs Brohan, Corbishley, Fallon, Kitchen, Koenig, Laird, Larkman, McAndrews, Moss, Payne, Rafferty and Toffolo
T.W.4	Messrs Athhill, Battle, Cooper, Farrington, Guest, Joyce, Kitchen, Laird, Larkman, Lowe, McAndrews, Morgan, Nichols and Pearce
	Guest-artist : Mr Sharratt

Pianist	.	.	.	Mr Hughes
General Producer	.	.	.	Mr Lowe

November 19th Thursday. *St Elizabeth of Hungary*. We enjoyed the nuns' hospitality and they seemed to enjoy our concert. More careful preparation and the introduction of sketches have improved it greatly in the past few years.

Bishop Pearson is still in the Blue Nuns with a touch of pneumonia.

20th Friday. Fireworks in the Council on the subject of religious liberty failed to prevent its suppression until next session.

In the evening the annual sale of discarded objects was begun. Popular attractions included winter underwear and the ever-faithful *Story of Cuddles*.

21st Saturday. A glance out of the window to see purple patches emerging to look for their bus. One is metaphorically skipping—that's Bishop Parker. He's one of the concelebrants. The Pope has chosen to concelebrate with bishops in whose dioceses are situated the principal Marian shrines of the world. No need to hurry yourself if you are watching it on television. The cameras seem to have an anti-Walsingham bias. There he is. I do wish our screen wasn't so small and distorted. They have starting counting the votes. Our Lady is to be 'Mater Ecclesiae'. And fasting for only one hour. Five against *De Ecclesia*, 39 against *De Orientalibus*, 11 against *De Ecumenismo* with the usual Bishop Null. A tribute to the respective commissions to have been able to arrive at formulae that satisfy such overwhelming majorities, when only a few weeks ago these *placet's* were bristling with *iuxta modum's*.

And so ends another session. Bishops Dwyer and Holland began the exodus by leaving straight after lunch. In the evening the auction continued, this time with considerable episcopal support. The gold spoon used by Bishop Parker this morning, and an English breviary, fetched the highest prices. The spoon was later returned to its rightful owner.

22nd Sunday. Bishop Tickle is waiting for Bishop Parker to recover. It was finally decided today to leave the long form of grace at meals to the monastic communities.

College 1, British Embassy 1.

*November 23rd Monday.* News of a disaster at Fiumicino reached us just after tea. A TWA plane exploded killing many people.

*25th Wednesday.* The Beatles hit the Greg this evening. Though their deafening power was spoilt by a fault in the amplifying system, the act received a fair ovation.

The function at Santa Caterina went off in the way expected.

*28th Saturday.* A Bible Vigil for the beginning of Advent.

*29th Sunday.* Any fears aroused by our ambiguous position, or the possibility of a counter-offensive by one of the Congregations, evaporated this morning as the rubrical changes were introduced into High Mass, with the promise of the vernacular tomorrow.

*30th Monday.* My own first impressions of the English Mass are relief that it is finally here, a certain dissatisfaction with its present piecemeal nature (though this is unavoidable at this stage), and a vague feeling of doing gymnastic exercises, the sort of feeling one gets during Stations of the Cross in Lent. Priests will now have to advertise their linguistic abilities for Mass as well as Confession.

DECEMBER *1st Tuesday.* We rose late and gathered at 9.25 for what was to be our first concelebration. White Choir entered the Martyrs Chapel, where a large and impressive table had been successfully converted into an altar, followed by the Rector and twelve other priests. Low Mass was then concelebrated, 'accompanied by appropriate music'. The M.C. handled this unfamiliar rite with consummate skill and it was very impressive indeed.

The Film-man managed to keep up the enjoyable standard of films by producing *The Informers* for our entertainment this evening.

*2nd Wednesday.* This morning the Pope left for India with a small portable court. Later we watched a film of his departure on television.

The Rector's departure from the same airport was not televised.

*3rd Thursday.* Some went off to see *Il Gattopardo* this evening. The book has enjoyed some popularity in the College chiefly as *The Leopard*, though a few have tackled the original. For many it constitutes the sum total of their adventures into Italian literature.

*5th Saturday.* This afternoon we had an invitation to the 'Spaghetti Bowl', an affectionate term used by the Americans to describe the ball-game between new-comers and old-timers.

In the evening we dashed out from the television as Pope Paul neared the College on his triumphant return. Though it was bitterly cold, he was standing in an open car acknowledging the welcome of the Romans and Trasteveresi who are rather jealous of having Peter living in their midst. Later, we watched a film of the last day's events.

*6th Sunday.* A Day of Recollection marked by a lively, practical conference from Father Nowlan, our Experimental Psychology lecturer at the Greg.

The College beat the British Embassy, 7-1. I had an attack of cold feet, due, I think, to the dampness of the ground.

*December 7th Monday.* The Rome Sports Association borrowed the library for their annual meeting.

After supper, Archbishop Beck gave us a bishop's eye view of the Eucharistic Congress in Bombay, a graphic and interesting description despite the fact he was suffering from the results of being shifted suddenly from one extreme of temperature to another.

*8th Tuesday.* Some Frenchmen have been back and forth during the last week borrowing props. The fruit of their labours was *Dr Knock*, which was enjoyed very much by those who went.

*9th Wednesday.* A public Meeting with one red-herring, two naïve remarks and three motions passed.

*10th Thursday.* Though Lazio beat the College 21—3, the encounter was not particularly amicable.

*12th Saturday.* That red-herring from the Public Meeting has gone bad. It concerned the refectory: whether we should change places, how often, in what manner, with whom, when, and, I expect, why. The number of votes necessary for this ensured the final disintegration of the motion at lunch-time.

*13th Sunday.* The Schola-master has obligingly set himself up as a coconut-shy by sending round opinion boxes. Judging from the amount of correspondence everyone has polyphonic views from the tone deaf to the mad but musical liturgist. Rumour has it that there is to be a merger with the Choirmaster.

*15th Tuesday.* Rumour was right, up to a point.

Coffee and milk appeared separately at breakfast. Is this a miracle?

*16th Wednesday.* Bishop Holland, sporting an astrakhan, is in Rome with a group of pilgrims en route for England. He called today but missed the Rector who returned from England later and a little the worse for wear.

College 3, Marina Militare 9 (rugby).

*17th Thursday.* The Rector's birthday; flowers for lunch and cakes for tea.

We heard the tape recording of an uninspiring programme on *Objections to Roman Catholicism*.

*18th Friday.* A group of Father Christmasses descend on the poor unsuspecting child and its rather more suspicious parents as they enter the piazza; hundreds of drab little figures line the shelves, with scores of repulsive *bambini* who stretch out their podgy arms towards the customer; a man in white swings a rope of sticky rock with the skill of an artist; plastic toys from Japan and America dangle over our heads, ready to drop at the sound of money; ladies of doubtful reputation wave rifles and shout *venga*; a few isolated craftsmen's stalls stand aloof. Tradition or commercialism, neither of them would make up the Navona Fair if it wasn't for the jostling visitors.

But while you have been able to take a breather from rehearsals, others have not been so lucky. Back home, producers are gently suggesting that we go through this bit for the fiftieth time, and the panto-man asks

you to tell that bore of a joke just once more. Still, without this too, Christmas would not be the same.

*December 20th Sunday.* The holly and the ivy are now both full grown, and the Common Room men have gone to the Villa armed with Christmas pudding and good cheer.

In the evening a festival (*tertia classis*) of lessons and carols was enjoyed by all.

*21st Monday.* Entering its fourth week at the top of the refectory reading chart is *Lord of the Flies*. It is also quite popular.

Forty Hours began this evening. Night-watchers missed our annual visitor, the old man with the beard who, it is thought, is in hospital with a broken leg.

*22nd Tuesday.* Little pieces of string tangling with holly and the serpent grows within the gauntlet of chairs to snake out of the Common Room as it reaches full size. Carols force their way through the smoke only to be drowned by loud conversation. Chant takes the field and has the mastery for an hour. But, as the Choirmaster said, it was the only opportunity.

*23rd Wednesday.* Though we included a Wassail in our repertoire of two carols at the Greg this morning, the ale was not forthcoming.

Post-prandial exercise took the form of carrying large sections of stage upstairs. Thanks to the chief bodger's powers of persuasion, it was erected in a remarkably short time.

*Christmas Eve, Christmas Day.* Dash down and get a bit of holly for my room. An hour or two before Matins. Just time for a bath and confession, or shall I take advantage of these precious hours of peace before the storm? A final touch of freshness with the clean cotta. *Procedamus.* Got through that invitatory with some gusto. Beginning to suffer from a surfeit of nocturns but a fresh burst of joy sweeps us all into the Mass with its light, flowers, gold vestments, the meditative joy of the introit (as the Choirmaster said). *Pax tecum*—Happy Christmas. I'll take those mince pies up. Holly-chains, hot wine, walnuts, the drowsy warmth of a rare Common Room fire. *Stille nacht.* Oooh . . . I'm tired. 'Night. What time is it? Half-past three. Eight o'clock? Hardly feel as if I've been to bed. A good breakfast, that. *Puer natus est nobis.* A quiet morning by the fire, perhaps. No, I don't think I'll come to Peter's for the blessing, it's drizzling. A big turkey, that, for an Italian. Luigi's amused by the Christmas pudding. Watch out for that spume cork! Time to snatch an hour or two before 'high tea'. What's this? Three programmes for one panto: choruses, cast, *The Daily Mirror Supplement to Liverpool.* 'Cigarettes by Nazionale.' Could you pass the red-dry, please. That was good, very good. A bit disconnected, but the jokes were up to scratch. More wine, please. You don't need much of a story, anyhow. *Prosit*, everyone. G'night. (How many more of these days are there?)

## CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, 1964

## ALADDIN AND HIS MOST EXTRAORDINARY LAMP

<i>Widow Twankey, an Imperial heavy</i>	Bernard Kenney
<i>Aladdin, her son, a guileless youth</i>	Spencer Pearce
<i>Captain R. Ling, of the Imperial Guard</i>	Anthony Battle
<i>Serjeant Bullshine, Imperial Guard</i>	John Kelly
<i>Guardsman Chin</i>	Anthony Dodd
<i>Guardsman Ping</i>	John Rafferty
<i>Guardsman Pong</i>	Peter Morgan
<i>Ein Gang, First Gangster</i>	Charles Pilkington
<i>Aus Gang, Leader of the Gang</i>	Vincent Nichols
<i>Bully, Second Gangster</i>	Daniel Wade
<i>Beef, Third Gangster</i>	Michael Poulter
<i>Wicked Uncle, a Villain</i>	Michael Sharratt
<i>Bedsread III, Genie of the Lamp</i>	Christopher Larkman
<i>P. Kanthropos, a Caveman</i>	Terence McSweeney
<i>Chop-Suenens, a Bishop</i>	Dominic Round
<i>Sionnach A. Bu, his Secretary</i>	John Fox
<i>Huckleberry, Emperor of China</i>	James Finn
<i>Jemima, his faithful confort</i>	Dominic Round
<i>Princess Owzyerfavah, beautiful Daughter</i>	Thomas Atthill
<i>Rick Shaw, a Footman</i>	Christopher McCurry
<i>Ciao-Ciao, Chief Mandarin of China</i>	Anthony Pateman
<i>Dr Boris, a fealthy economo</i>	Joseph Howell
<i>Swillbucket Jackson, folksong collector</i>	Wilfrid McConnell
<i>Paddy O'Mersey and Mick, Scouses</i>	Joseph Howell, Vincent Nichols
<i>Miss Ada Brackett, pick of the proms</i>	Dennis Loughran
<i>Scarper, Porter and Handyman in the Palace</i>	Francis Fallon
<i>Flo, his loving Wife</i>	Michael Farrington
<i>First itinerant fiddler</i>	Dominic Round
<i>Second itinerant fiddler</i>	John Ainslie
<i>Third itinerant fiddler</i>	Christopher McCurry
<i>Pongo, reiterant Choirmaster</i>	Thomas Cooper
<i>Sam, Secretary to Wicked Uncle</i>	David Payne
<i>Eric, a barman</i>	David Payne
<i>Dufflecoat</i>	Christopher McCurry
<i>Johnnie Walker, a blithe spirit</i>	Bernard Trevett
Continuity	Michael Brown
Music	Brendan Howling
Lyrics	Vincent Brennan
Producer	Richard Ashton

*Boxing Day.* Crawl from a bleary-eyed bed into a restful, rainy morning. Leave behind the thought of a siesta and explode into active participation



at the North American College, where their first females entertained us in *Life with Father*. Adieu to our friends and back here to get outside a beer and some sandwiches by the Common Room before watching the outstanding film of the year, Anouilh's *Becket*—a veritable feast for everyone, even liturgical historians.

*December 27th Sunday.* A grand tour of the new Scots College brings you finally to their auditorium and an enjoyable evening of old favourites from *H.M.S. Pinafore*. The return journey elicits a few repeats from the pantomime.

*28th Monday.* Please keep out ; rehearsals in progress. Come and have a game of solo, or are you going up to the North-West to listen to some music ? Sleep well !

*29th Tuesday. Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury.* A fitting occasion for our first concelebrated High Mass—in the main chapel this time, where the two front top benches are removed to make room for an improvised predella and altar half-way down the aisle. (This has much to recommend it as a permanent arrangement.) Concelebration Mark II even more impressive than Mark I.

After a high-protein feast, we struggle onto the Cardinals' Corridor for coffee and liqueurs, thus assuring ourselves no respite before we turn host to our guests for Anouilh's *The Lark*—a fine play and very well performed, perhaps leaving the audience slightly uncomfortable at the finish.

## ST THOMAS' DAY CONCERT, 1964

### 'THE LARK'

By Jean Anouilh

Translated by Christopher Fry

<i>Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick</i>	.	.	Roderick Strange
<i>Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais</i>	.	.	James Brand
<i>Joan</i>	.	.	John Guest
<i>Her Father</i>	.	.	Michael Feben
<i>Her Brother</i>	.	.	Peter Nealon
<i>The Promoter</i>	.	.	Anthony Cornish
<i>The Inquisitor</i>	.	.	Timothy Firth
<i>Brother Ladvenu</i>	.	.	John Fox
<i>Robert de Beaudricourt, Squire of Vaucouleurs</i>	.	.	Bernard Trevett
<i>Boudousse, a Guard</i>	.	.	Christopher McCurry
<i>Agnes Sorel</i>	.	.	John Koenig
<i>The Young Queen</i>	.	.	John Joyce
<i>Charles, the Dauphin</i>	.	.	Thomas Cooper
<i>Queen Yolande</i>	.	.	Clyde Johnson
<i>Archbishop of Rheims</i>	.	.	Peter Corbishley
<i>M. de la Tremouille</i>	.	.	Terence McSweeney

<i>Page to the Dauphin</i>	.	.	.	Peter Morgan
<i>Captain La Hire</i>	.	.	.	John Brohan
<i>Hangman</i>	.	.	.	Fred Martin
<i>First English Soldier</i>	.	.	.	Peter Nealon
<i>Second English Soldier</i>	.	.	.	Christopher McCurry

Produced by Fred Martin

*December 30th Wednesday.* The rain has finally stopped. In the evening the Rector and others returned from the Holy Ghost College minus their car. They were slightly late for the *V.I.P.s*, a modern fairy tale brightened only by the occasional appearances of Margaret Rutherford.

Do you know where the spare wheel is on a Fiat ?

*31st Thursday.* The quickest way to a man's pocket is through his stomach. Sabotage had already been attempted at San Silvestro where we assisted at a Benediction given by Cardinal Heard. However, the House rose nobly to the occasion and Fair wine flowed freely enough. The Rector joined in *Auld Lang Syne* and emerged alive. A few brief attempts to redecorate the Common Room followed, and we retired for forty winks before the Romans began their task of driving out the old year.

JANUARY 1st 1965, *Friday.* There must be a bottle shortage, since the streets this morning were only sprinkled with glass. After Mass, the cry was heard 'L.1000 to the first person to take the plunge', followed by a splash.

In the evening, the back-room boys scattered as the producer raised the curtain on his New Year offering, a morsel of Victoriana. As we shuttled back and forth behind the scenes adjusting bustles and cravattes and enjoying ourselves, the audience seemed to be making the right noises out front. The producer's pleasure overflowed in liquid form afterwards, and one might say that the play finished with an unusual rendering of the *Jube* at Compline (tone nine ?).

## NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1965

### 'HOBSON'S CHOICE'

BY HAROLD BRICHOUSE

<i>Alice Hobson</i>	.	.	.	.	Dennis Loughran
<i>Maggie Hobson</i>	.	.	.	.	Peter Kirkham
<i>Vickey Hobson</i>	.	.	.	.	Graham Dann
<i>Albert Prosser</i>	.	.	.	.	Michael Kennedy
<i>Henry Horatio Hobson</i>	.	.	.	.	Wilfrid McConnell
<i>Mrs Hepworth</i>	.	.	.	.	Anthony Laird
<i>Timothy 'Tubby' Wadlow</i>	.	.	.	.	Daniel McHugh
<i>William Mossop</i>	.	.	.	.	Paul McAndrews
<i>Jim Heeler</i>	.	.	.	.	Brian McEvoy



<i>Ada Figgins</i>	.	.	.	.	Peter Kitchen
<i>Fred Beenstock</i>	.	.	.	.	Francis Pullen
<i>Dr MacFarlane</i>	.	.	.	.	Peter Coughlan

Produced by Anthony Jones

*January 2nd Saturday.* Awoke to the sound of pigeons marching about in hob-nailed boots, and the consolation that there is no Greg.

It would be wrong to say that sounds of *Macbeth* were heard for the first time today, since hints of individual practices have already filtered through. But it would be true to say that the ringmaster's whip has begun to crack in earnest.

*3rd Sunday.* While some of us partook of *Deutschgeist* and *schnaps* at the German College, others beat the Navy team from H.M.S. *Cassandra* 3—2. Mutual entertainment followed in the Common Room.

*4th Monday* dawned with the pleasant knowledge that the Greg will not start until the 8th. We owe today's holiday to Italy's new President and tomorrow to common sense.

The Navy played host today to a group at Civitavecchia. One result is that a limited supply of English cigarettes appeared in the tab-box.

*6th Wednesday. Feast of the Epiphany.* The morning took me to the Venezia where the custom of giving presents to the traffic police has become little more than an opportunity for firms to advertise, though I am sure the policemen don't mind. A race up the steps of the Ara Coeli to hear the children delivering their sermons to the Christ-child, and time to drink in the beautiful sight of Roman roof-tops in a mantle of sunshine before returning to a mighty meal.

Many of the faces that we normally see only from the other side of the rostrum watched *Macbeth* with us this evening. Though the Villa cortile had obvious advantages as a natural setting, the cramped space of the College stage was somehow overcome; the originality of the backcloth was highly successful. A new lead, David Standley, meant a quieter, more harassed *Macbeth*, not so eaten up by ambition as his wife. Forgive me, but it was impossible not to compare him with his more tempestuous Villa counterpart. Both let the lines speak for themselves, and yet both personalities influenced the words.

*7th Thursday.* The Superiors went off on a gita on their own, leaving us to tidy up the remnants of Christmas, to attend an 'at home' of Mr and Mrs Cape, to do a function at Sant' Andrea della Valle, and leaving your chronicler to scratch his head in perplexity as visitors stroll through his memory and cast reproachful glances because he forgot their names, to gaze in bewilderment as days jostle each other vividly, wondering how to commit them to writing, filled with despair as bare entries stubbornly remain dead printed letters, and wishing that the teeming events of our seventy different half-years would tidy themselves up and settle down into orderly columns.

BRIAN McEVoy.

## UNIVERSITY NOTES

The academic year 1964-65 opened with news of certain administrative changes at the University. Fr Alfaro has been appointed Prefect of Studies and Fr Sullivan has succeeded Fr Latourelle as Dean of Theology. Fr Sanschagrin has relinquished his duties as Secretary-General and has been replaced by Fr Joseph Bozal from Spain. There have been changes too in the Canon Law Faculty ; Fr Huizing has returned to Holland and his place as Dean of the faculty has been filled by Fr Gordon.

The Theology Faculty now have a canon lawyer attached to their staff, who is Fr John Russell from Ireland. Fr Crowe, who last year taught *De Deo Trino* has returned to Canada and his place has been taken by Fr François Bourassa, a French Canadian. Fr Orsy makes a welcome return to the Theology course, taking Fr Huizing's classes on the canon law of Matrimony, which is taught at the end of the Morals lectures in second year. Another new and welcome face is that of Fr Leopold Maleves from Louvain, who is teaching on the Doctorate course in the second semester. Among other new professors, we should mention, too, Fr Albert Vanhoye who comes on to the Scripture course to lecture on the Epistle to the Hebrews to Third Year Theologians and Fr Angelo Anton who has taken over the first part of *De Ecclesia*.

There have been fewer changes in the Philosophy Faculty, where Fr Selvaggi really seems to have taken root as Dean. Frs Morandini and O'Farrell still initiate newcomers into the strange new world of scholastic philosophy. Fr Satura, who taught Rational Psychology last year, has gone to Innsbruck and his place has been taken by Fr George Szaszkiwicz. Owing to the illness of Fr Cronin, Third Year were fortunate indeed to have Fr Copleston taking them for the course on the text of St Thomas.

The Conciliar Constitution *De Ecclesia* has dominated the scene during the first semester. Fr Truhlar's course on Spiritual Theology was based on it and the *De Ecclesia* that is taught during the second semester (which used to be a commentary on *Mystici Corporis*), will now take the form of a

commentary on the Conciliar document. There are indications, too, that this is the last year in which this quasi-speculative half of the *De Ecclesia* tract will be taught in the first year. This is welcome news, because, at the moment, the ecclesial aspects of certain tracts taught later in the course, tend to get forgotten. It is to be hoped that this speculative treatment of the Church will make its appearance in the third or fourth year.

At the beginning of the year we were sorry to note the death, in Spain, of Fr Puzo. We would also like to offer our sympathy to Fr O'Farrell, whose mother and sister died over the Christmas-New Year period. May they rest in peace.

Dr Ayd has continued with his afternoon classes on Pastoral Psychology and the Goethe Institute has again attracted many to try their hand at learning German.

Continuing the 'ecumenical' movement started last year, when Fr Dunker O.P., began teaching Hebrew to Second Year Theology, this year saw a Special Course on the Liturgy taken by Dom Salvator Marsili O.S.B., from San Anselmo.

We were glad to be able to welcome some twelve to fifteen professors to the Epiphany performance of *Macbeth*. Fr Dhanis, the Rector of the University, was due to have been among the guests but unfortunately had to cry off at the last moment—he had actually been reading the text of the play that very morning. Fortunately we were able to see him at the Colledge a little later on, when he came to the luncheon in honour of Cardinal Heenan.

The Octave for Christian Unity saw two main functions at the University, organised by Vita Nostra—on the opening day of the Octave, Fr Dhanis celebrated Mass in the Aula Magna, and the week was brought to an end with a Ukrainian rite Mass celebrated by Archbishop (now Cardinal) Slipjy. There was also in late February a reception held at the University to honour the new Cardinals, and especially those who are old alumni of the Greg (they number ten or so).

As a closing note, the Dean of Theology has ideas on reducing the number of lectures to sixteen per week (four days) and we would like to wish him every success with experiments of this kind.

Finally, Liverpool rears its ugly head, even in the Aula Magna, and we were entertained by the English College Beatles during the Matricola Concert in November.

CRISPAN HOLLIS.

## PERSONAL

### THE VENERABLE

*Editor* : David Standley  
*Sub-Editor* : A. J. Brohan  
*Fifth Member* : C. R. Strange

*Secretary* : Vincent Brennan  
*Under-Secretary* : J. D. McHugh  
*Sixth Member* : S. Pearce

The following fourteen new students came into residence at the College in October, 1964 :

Into First Year Theology : Wilfrid McConnell, Frederick Martin (Hexham and Newcastle), Peter Nealon (Leeds), and Francis Pullen (Shrewsbury).

Into First Year Philosophy : Paul McAndrew (Hexham and Newcastle), Peter Morgan (Shrewsbury), Anthony Laird (Liverpool), Thomas Cooper (Northampton), Peter Kitchen (Salford), John Joyce (Hexham and Newcastle), John Koenig (Northampton), Christopher McCurry (Shrewsbury), Peter Corbishley (Lancaster) and Kieran Moss (Plymouth).

Revv. Peter Cookson (1960-64), Nicholas Coote (1957-64) and Michael St Aubyn (1955-62) returned for further studies in Theology, Rev. Michael Sharratt (1957-64) for further studies in Philosophy.

'At first and last the hearty welcome.'

Hearty congratulations to the Rev. H. E. G. Rope, former College archivist and librarian, who celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on 27th February 1965.

It is with deep regret that we record the death on 21st January 1965, of the Rev. P. L. Pears (Shrewsbury), old friend and benefactor of the College. The funeral took place in the College chapel, and he was buried in the College vault in the Campo Verano.

We are very pleased to welcome the following who stayed with us for some time at the Villa :

Rt Rev. C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33) ; Very Revv. Canons P. Coughlan (Shrewsbury) and L. Williamson (Nottingham) ; Revv. E. Coughlan (Shrewsbury), M. Grech (1937-53), G. Hay (1953-60), M. Kirkham (1946-53), J. Molloy (1933-44), P. Murphy-O'Connor (1943-41), B. Nash (1954-61), M. O'Dowd (Notts), P. O'Dowd (1943-50), J. Pledger (1936-43), H. Reynolds (1935-42), H. Richards (1939-48), G. Richardson (1955-62), A. Snape (Liverpool), W. Steele (1953-60), T. Walsh (1956-60), J. Wigmore (1953-60), T. Worden (Liverpool).

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

Rt Rev. Mgr J. Carroll-Abbing (1930-37) ; Revv. M. Ashdowne (1950-57), P. Cullen (Nottingham), A. Grimshaw (1955-62), H. Martindale (Lancaster), G. Seaston (1923-24).

During the Third Session of the Second Vatican Council, we were again very honoured to be hosts to many members of the Hierarchy. The following is a list of all guests who were resident in the College at some time during the session, several of whom also stayed for a period at the Villa in September :

Most Revv. J. Heenan, Archbishop of Westminster (1924-31), F. Grimshaw, Archbishop of Birmingham (1919-26), G. Beck A.A., Archbishop of Liverpool, J. Murphy, Archbishop of Cardiff ; Rt Revv. 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, Bishop of Salford, J. Parker, Bishop of Northampton, T. Pearson, Tit. Bishop of *Sinda* (Aux. Lancaster) (1928-34), C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33), J. Rudderham, Bishop of Clifton (1923-27) and G. Tickle, Tit. Bishop of *Bela* (Bishop-in-Ordinary to H.M. Forces) (1928-35) ; Rt Revv. Mgrs L. McReavy (Hexham and Newcastle), D. Worlock (Westminster), J. Mullin (1931-38) ; Very Revv. Mgrs A. Clark (1938-45), H. F. Davis (Birmingham) and B. Kent (Westminster) ; Revv. G. Burke (1953-60), C. Davis (Westminster), Timothy Fitzgerald c.p., W. O'Brien (Birmingham) and M. O'Leary (1937-44).

We were pleased to welcome also the following members of the hierarchy who came fairly frequently during the session to meetings and meals in the College :

Rt Revv. C. Cowderoy, Bishop of Southwark, J. Cunningham, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle (1939-43), C. Grant, Tit. Bishop of *Alinda* (Aux. Northampton), J. Petit, Bishop of Menevia, B. Wall, Bishop of Brentwood, and W. G. Wheeler, Tit. Bishop of *Teudali* (Coad. Middlesbrough).

The bishops welcomed the following guests to the College during the session :

His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney.

Their Graces Archbishops D. Athaide O.F.M. CAP. (Agra), J. Attipetty (Verapoly), P. Chang (Tit. *Uccula*, Aux. Taipei), J. Cordeiro (Karachi), A. D'Souza (Calcutta), A. Fernandes (Tit. *Neopotrasso*, Coad. Delhi), J. Fernandes (Delhi), J. Gopu (Hyderabad), P. McKeefry (Wellington), P. O'Donnell (Tit. *Pelusio*, Coad. Brisbane), J. Scanlon (Glasgow).

Their Lordships Bishops G. Alapatt (Trichur), M. Arattukulan (Alleppey), B. Ashby (Christchurch), V. Billington M.H.M. (Kampala), J. Black (Paisley), P. Cule (Mostar), R. Delargey (Tit. *Irina*, Aux. Auckland), J. de Reeper M.H.M. (Kisumu), L. D'Mello (Ajmer and Jaipur), R. D'Mello (Allahabad), A. De Sousa (Poona), J. Field O.P. (St George's, Grenada), I. Gopu (Tit. *Feradi Maggiore*, Coad. Visakhapatnam), R. Guilly (Georgetown), W. Hart (Dunkeld), J. Healy (Gibraltar), J. Kavanagh (Dunedin), J. Le Cordier (Tit. *Priene*, Aux. Paris), J. McGee (Galloway), F. Muthappa (Coimbatore), R. Piérard (Châlon), E. Pinto S.J. (Ahmedabad), A. Polachirikal (Tiruvalla), A. Schmitt C.M.M. (Bulawayo), O. Snedden (Tit. *Acheloo*, Aux. Wellington), S. Valloppilly (Tellicherry), S. Vayralil (Palai), J. Ward (Tit. *Sita*, Aux. Glasgow), J. Wilhelm (Tit. *Saccea*, Aux. Calgary).

The Right Revv. Pref. Ap. J. Boerkamp M.H.M. (Kashmir and Jammu), J. Ireland M.H.M. (Falkland Islands), A. Swarbrick O.F.M. CAP. (Jullundur).

The Rt Revv. B. Reetz O.S.B. (Archabbot of Beuron) and B. C. Butler O.S.B. (Abbot of Downside).

The Rt Revv. Mgrs Baum, J. Buckley (1937-40), E. Frering (Cincinnati), G. Koksa, Rector St Jerome's College (Zagreb), J. Laboa (Cong. of Rites), Canon J. Mostyn (St Peter's); the Very Revv. Mgrs Canon F. Bartlett (Westminster), W. Duault A.A. (Sup. Gen.), Canon J. Elwell (Plymouth), J. Gill S.J. (Rector Oriental Institute), R. Heot S.S.S. (Sup. Gen.), G. Mahon M.H.M. (Sup. Gen.), J. Oesterreicher (Vienna).

Revv. A. Andrew O.F.M., J. Bebb (Westminster), M. Borelli (Naples), G. Burns S.J., H. Carpenter O.P., Connolly C.S.S.R., F. Copleston S.J., J. Crichton (Birmingham), W. Cubley (Menevia), T. Fitzgerald C.P., F. Frayne, J. Goodfellow, B. Haering C.S.S.R., W. Hughes C.S.SP., P. Huizing S.J., J. Maguire (Brisbane), A. McCormack M.H.M., P. Molinari S.J., H. Morris O.S.M., B. Murphy-O'Connor (1947-54), M. O'Dwyer (Westminster), M. O'Leary (1937-44), L. Orsy S.J., W. Purdy (1928-35), M. Said O.P., F. Saurin, B. Sharp (Leeds), G. Slater A.A., M. Work (Washington).

Messrs M. Barry, Dr Bryden, T. Burns, Don F. Pogson Doria Pamphilj, B. Dunne, D. Fisher, M. Foley M.P., H. Hadden, O. Herschan, Sir Harold Hood, P. Keegan, Dr McDonnell, T. Murphy, P. Nicholls, J. Norris, J. O'Hara, Dr Scarisbrick, N. St John Stevas M.P., D. Woodruff.

The following Observers came to lunch :

Rev. G. Baur, Prof. W. Cannon, Prof. Hoffman, Very Rev. J. Moorman (Anglican Bishop of Ripon), Prof. J. von Roer, Prof. W. Zuanbeck.

Other guests welcomed to the College during the month of December were :

His Lordship Bishop F. Reh (Rector of the North American College) ; Abbot A. Williams o.s.B. (Tit. Abbot of Shrewsbury) ; Rt Revv. Mgrs J. Curtin (Southwark), P. Flanagan (Motherwell), Canon W. Hemmick (St Peter's), A. Iggleton (1933-40), E. Moodie (Southwark) ; Very Rev. Mgr W. P. Clark (1934-41) ; Revv. R. Bissonnette P.S.S. (Canada), P. L. Pears (Shrewsbury), V. Smith o.s.A. ; Major J. Utlej, Mr D. Cape.

## OBITUARIES

THE MOST REVEREND FRANCIS JOSEPH GRIMSHAW,

ARCHBISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

Archbishop Grimshaw left Rome last November, a fortnight or so before the end of the third session of the Council. He did so reluctantly, but bowing to the strong pressure put upon him by some of his confrères, who were concerned about his health. Yet none of them even dreamed that there was anything really seriously wrong—not even when news came that he was to have an operation. Not till the New Year did the true position become known. His last public appearance was at the consecration of his newly-appointed Auxiliary, Bishop Cleary. Those of us who had not seen him since he left Rome were shocked at the change in him—we knew then that it would need more than medical skill to restore him to the active list.

He accepted his illness and its foreseen ending with the same cheerful tranquillity which marked his whole life. He was never one of those who are spectacular in action. He belonged to the 'big' year of 1919 in the Venerable list. During his seven years, he was distinguished but never brilliant—except as an illustrator of *Chi Lo Sa* and of *THE VENERABLE*, and also as a swimmer. Those two hobbies remained with him throughout his life. When at Plymouth he was an all-the-year-round swimmer. This was one of the things he missed most on his transfer to Birmingham, at least until he was able to equip the new Archbishop's House with a swimming pool.

His posts in his native diocese of Clifton were not many: six years as curate at Swindon, fourteen as parish priest at Fishponds in Bristol, and barely twelve months at St Mary's, Bath. He was also a well-loved and most successful Diocesan Inspector.



His appointment to Plymouth was no surprise to his fellow priests. One of them remarked to me—'We could all see that he was marked out for a bishopric'. He loved Plymouth, loved its people, its priests and its problems. He himself said towards the end of his life that his heart was still in Plymouth. For all that, he gave all he had to his new and far more responsible charge in Birmingham. His achievements there are outstanding : seventy-five new schools, forty-five new churches, a University Chaplaincy, a flourishing Vocations Commission—these are the highlights of ten years' successful rule.

With all this, he could still direct the liturgical movement in this country. His nomination to the Liturgical Commission in the Council gave him real satisfaction ; it gave an unsurpassed opportunity to his lifelong interest in the liturgy. He was personally responsible for a great deal of the vernacular now in use in the Ritual, and his firm guidance and control played a large part in getting the first vernacular in the liturgy so soon.

But perhaps his most valuable contribution to the work of the Church in his different spheres was his intense concentration on his pastoral duties. He was first and foremost and all the time a shepherd of souls. This pastoral care, this sense of his task as the Father of those under his care, was the one guiding principle of all that he did. And his first care went to his priests, because through them he felt that he most faithfully exercised that pastoral care belonging to the office of a bishop. And it is as this, the true Father of his people, that he will be remembered with most affection.

✠ JOSEPH RUDDERHAM.

#### THE MOST REVEREND JOHN HENRY KING, ARCHBISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH

Archbishop King died at the advanced age of eight-four on 23rd March 1965 in the city of Winchester, a city he had known and loved for over forty years of his priestly life. His body was brought to the Lady Chapel of St Peter's Church on the evening of the Feast of the Annunciation and lay there in state for three days until his burial in the tiny pre-Reformation cemetery of St James.

John Henry King came of good yeoman stock, his father being a tenant farmer on the Wardour estate in Wiltshire. He was extremely proud of his English ancestry which linked him so closely with the history of penal-day Catholicism. All his life he had a great devotion to the English Martyrs and he was a keen student of recusant activities, eventually becoming an acknowledged authority on the subject. For several months the writer of this obituary had the privilege of driving the Archbishop to various parishes of the diocese in the course of his episcopal duties. Whenever possible the main roads were avoided, and little known routes were preferred. As we made our way along these old roads the Archbishop would point out places of interest, discoursing at length on the lives and times

of those hardy Catholics of old for whom he had such deep respect and affection.

In his later years, though he retained his great interest in the past, he remained as always young and active in mind. He entered wholeheartedly into the changes in the liturgy and encouraged his priests and people to do likewise. For their part, the clergy and laity loved and revered him. On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood he told a large gathering: 'I have always tried to rule my diocese with love and not with a stick'. The word to be most frequently found in the many tributes to his life and character was 'simple'. He was indeed simple in the true sense of the word: never pretentious, always unaffected, he was equally at home with great and small. His household was a happy one, the atmosphere friendly and hospitable, and ever lightened by his wonderful sense of humour.

With his passing goes also the last link with another day and another generation. Archbishop King first entered the College in the nineteenth century, and he remained in Rome for five years before returning home to be ordained in 1904. He always maintained that he was recalled by his bishop for fear of his becoming a Modernist. 'I think he was probably right', he would say with a twinkle in his eye. His memory of his student days was quite remarkable—when over eighty years of age he was able to describe in great detail his first journey out to Rome in 1895. He often spoke of those days, and in particular of the *villegiatura*. He had visited Palazzola on several occasions, but in his mind there was no comparison with dear old Monte Porzio. The Archbishop was a regular subscriber to THE VENERABLE, and he never failed to read and comment on the articles written by the students. As late on in his life as 1962 he travelled up to London to attend the annual meeting of the Roman Association.

Archbishop King's sixty years of priestly life were spent in the Portsmouth Diocese. Much has been written and said about him. His memory will live with different people for different reasons; but for those of us, especially his own clergy, who knew him so well, he will be remembered for the one thing that really matters. He was a true priest of God, fulfilling in his daily life the aspirations and promise of the student. John Henry King was a man of charity, a kindly, simple, and truly humble man. In the practice of these virtues lay his real greatness. May God grant him eternal rest.

P. J. MURPHY-O'CONNOR.

#### THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR PROVOST JOHN DINN

John Dinn came to the College in 1923 and was a great favourite with everybody during the whole of his course. His was a smiling, equable, well-ordered temperament. He was one of those men who are the sheet-anchors of a community. No one ever said a really hard word against

John Dinn and he never said one against anyone else. He was a sound scholar, passing his examinations with good unspectacular marks. He never lost his interest in the things of the mind, and in his life as a priest never missed the annual meeting of the Conference of Higher Studies. He was active in every sort of college activity. I know few men who so well fulfilled in their lives St Paul's admonitions to Titus on the need for order in all things.

Refreshingly, his order was not always perfect. The meetings of college societies over which he frequently presided as Chairman were notable rather for hilarious confusion than ordered efficiency. He was loath even to seem to impose his will on a meeting of equals.

On his return to the Diocese of Leeds he spent ten years in the old Leeds seminary as professor of theology and later as Rector. When the seminary closed its doors in 1939 he became Administrator of the Cathedral. From then on his career was the counterpart of his character, reliable, solid, gracious. Canon and later Provost of the Chapter, Vicar General, Domestic Prelate, Parish Priest of St Marie's, Sheffield, and as such the leading Catholic figure of the city: this was the kind of man and the kind of career that assures continuity and stability in a diocese.

He was a man of outstanding loyalty. Things that a lesser man would have counted as disappointments he showed no sign of even noticing. He was totally dedicated to his vocation as a priest. His vocation and his life coincided completely. It is given to few men to carry themselves with such dignity and distinction and yet remain utterly devoid of self-importance. His piety was of a piece with his character—following always the mind of the Church and therefore alive to the liturgical revival, yet keeping a firm attachment to the traditional devotions.

He died after a short illness on the Feast of Our Lady of Ransom, 1964, at the age of sixty. His friends could not have wished him a better end after a very full and very good life. But we should be less than human if we did not admit to a sense of very bitter loss.

✠ GEORGE PATRICK DWYER.

#### THE VERY REVEREND PROVOST JOHN DONNELLY

Comparisons are odious, but, without wishing to offend any visitor to the Venerable during the past few years, one can say with certainty that there has been no one quite so welcome as John Donnelly. His death at the age of 67 after some years of failing health touched very deeply all who were privileged to know him. For recent generations of students his annual holiday frequently spent at the College was a highlight of the visiting season. For them, to put it mildly, he was a most lovable priest, generous to an extraordinary degree and thoughtless of himself to the point of annihilation. He had a sense of humour, too. Hunched in a chair in the

Common Room or terrace at Palazzola he would be the centre of a huddle of students crouching to hear his soft and gentle broguish voice relating one anecdote after another.

As frequently happens in the case of great men, those who knew him well shied away from writing his obituary. It has therefore been left to the present writer, who can claim no intimate knowledge of him, to record his memory in *THE VENERABLE* of which he was the principal founder and first editor. Not that it needed a long acquaintance to know him. He was a great man, but his greatness was in his simplicity, a fact obvious from a few minutes of conversation with him.

Born and buried in Rostrevor, County Down, he was educated at Douai College and entered the Venerabile in 1916. He gained his doctorates in Philosophy and Theology, and returned to England in 1923 to work in the Shrewsbury diocese. His first appointment was to Altrincham to which he later returned as Parish Priest for twenty-three years. He was appointed to the Shrewsbury Chapter in 1944, and he became Provost a few months before his death on the feast of St Thomas of Canterbury, 1964.

His whole life was spent for and with his people. In his last years, although exhausted, he never for a moment relaxed in his devotion to his parish which was one of the busiest and shortest staffed in the diocese. His undoubted sanctity was *par excellence* the holiness of a priest totally dedicated to his people, the ideal of the secular priesthood. It was acquired and nurtured by the exercise of his ministry and was crowned by the testing virtues of the secular priesthood; humility, meekness, service and limitless charity.

Stories abound about John Donnelly's charity; how he would return to the presbytery after a long round of collecting money with less in his pockets than when he went out. He could never refuse a hard-luck story. On at least one occasion he is reported to have started giving his clothes away when he ran out of money. He had the reputation of giving more Benedictions than any other priest in England as he was unable to refuse nuns anything. He rarely offered a cigarette without the whole packet, and it was fatal to admire any object he possessed. The students' public purse has for many years been supported from his generosity.

Stories are legion, but all point to one solid fact: in his death many priests and students have lost a great exemplar of the priestly life. May he rest in peace.

J. BREWER.

#### THE REVEREND LOUIS HANLON

For many of us, Christmas was overshadowed by the news that Louis Hanlon was lying unconscious in hospital after a tragic road accident. He never regained consciousness, and died on the feast of the Epiphany.

It had seemed that his main work was just beginning, a work of huge importance. Only some ten weeks earlier, Christ's College, at Woolton,

Liverpool, had opened under his rule. For the previous four years or more he had been untiring in his efforts to secure the best in buildings, in Staff, in equipment and in curriculum. Travelling, discussing, planning, interviewing: all this was brought to a triumphant conclusion. Now he could begin to see the fruits of it all. Deeply learned in matters scriptural and liturgical, and an expert—one of the very few in England—in modern catechetics, he intended his College to be above all a first-rate centre for the training of teachers of religion, themselves fired by his own enthusiasm. The College Chapel witnesses to this. His hopes were shared by the Hierarchy, who well knew the man they had chosen. Hence the shock of his death—untimely indeed. ‘All of us are poorer for his passing’, said Archbishop Beck at the Requiem in Bishop Eton. We are naturally dismayed. But, as His Grace also pointed out, we accept in faith the value of such a death as a following of Christ. Fr Reynolds, his closest friend, who preached the panegyric in Salford Cathedral, very beautifully says: ‘It would seem that Fr Hanlon was given some forty years in which to prepare himself for a highly specialised task and then a mere ten weeks in which to accomplish it; but those of us who knew him as a close friend, who lived beside him as a colleague, are quite certain that Almighty God is already congratulating him upon his success’.

I have begun at the end, since the end was so sudden and shocking. Louis Hanlon was born in Bradford, Manchester, on 13th August 1916. After attending St Brigid’s School, of which his father was Headmaster, he went on to St Bede’s College, and had there a distinguished record. He realised his vocation to the priesthood only in the Sixth Form, and was then sent to the Venerable in October 1935. I myself joined this ‘year’ a few weeks later. May I say it was a happy and united class; Louis, calm, capable, industrious, taking part in most College activities, with his clear-headed common sense and good humour, was probably a stronger force in that happiness and good-fellowship than we realised. Men like him were responsible for the carrying on in exile of the spirit of Rome. He was Secretary of the Debating Society and of the Magazine; he sang in the Schola and helped us to learn our polyphony; he took major roles in the Operas—Koko, for instance, and Lord Mountarat. He ran, so far as one could judge, a very tranquil course. I don’t remember ever seeing him ruffled or worried.

We were ordained together on 8th February 1942, by his own Bishop Marshall, in the beautiful Boys’ Chapel of Stonyhurst College.

In the October of that year, Fathers Hanlon, Reynolds and I met again in St Edmund’s House, Cambridge. Louis was a member of Downing College and read Economics, having shown great interest in social matters during his Roman years. In spite of the war, it was a happy if busy time. He took his degree with the same ease as ever, and was then sent for further sociological studies to Louvain. There he came fully into contact with the liturgical and catechetical movements, and laid the foundation of what saw to come—if all too soon to end.

Next he spent a few years—1947–50—as curate in St Ann’s, Ancoats. But it was evident that his real bent lay in teaching, and he joined the staff of St Bede’s. In religious teaching in the Sixth Forms he did great things, and many priests and laymen must remain permanently in his debt. At the same time he worked with Young Christian Workers, Young Christian Students, the Evidence Guild, the Legion of Mary, the Newman Society; he gave many Retreats and Days of Recollection. He became known all over the country for his up-to-date approach; he often went to Belgium to help the Lumen Vitae centre. No one but himself was surprised when he was chosen to plan and be Principal of the proposed new Teachers’ Training College. Even during his last busiest years he continued to give lectures wherever he was asked. I remember well a week-end he spent in Upholland in 1963, lucidly expounding the principles of modern catechetics. Four or five long lectures in two days, and discussion to follow: this in a year when he must have been ‘up to the eyes’ in his official tasks. His patience was unbreakable.

It would be wrong to omit mention of the help he gave to the Conference of Catholic Colleges in the preparation of the new syllabus for religious teaching in Sixth Forms. This too was a work of supererogation; but he knew it was supremely important. Connected with this syllabus is the series of booklets, *Where We Stand*. Father Hanlon wrote the introduction to the first volume; his colleague, Mother Benedict Davies O.S.U., is one of the editors, and one can see his influence throughout. I don’t think it out of place to quote from that introduction. ‘It would be hard to find anything in the Church today more in accord with Pope John’s spirit of *aggiornamento* than the catechetical movement. The catechetical movement is an attempt to present a true image of the Faith to the world of today . . . (it) is not yet native to these shores. The ideas of the catechetical movement must be woven into the fabric of English education.’ And why is it we are so far behind, in spite of our freedom in religious teaching? ‘There are many reasons for the present malaise but among them must surely be included the fact that we have simply not given sufficient thought and hard work to the whole problem.’ No one could accuse Father Hanlon of any lack of either.

We mourn him with his brothers and sisters, his colleagues in Christ’s College, and his young students. Many of us mourn a great friend, all a fine priest. But his work remains and will prosper, firmly laid on solid foundations. God’s love for man, and man’s response to that love: these are the themes of catechetics, as Louis Hanlon so often said. His own response was plain to see. It is for us to remember his teaching and try to imitate his cheerful, untiring service of his Lord, his Christian scholarship, his Christian courtesy. May he rest in peace.

J. L. ALSTON.