THE
VENERABILE

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

WINTER 1965
Vol. XXIII. No. 3

PRINTED AT
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

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THE HOMILY

When the Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy was first promulgated by the Council in December 1963, some of the news reports seemed to suggest that preaching was being introduced into the Catholic Church for the first time. The comments that were made about the insistence on preaching in the celebration of the Eucharist implied that here was something new and quite unprecedented. For once, the news stories were not so far from the truth ; for what the Constitution has to say, and what the Instruction has underlined concerning the Constitution's text, really does mean for most of us something fairly new. Indeed, the homily as a part of the sacred liturgy, as an act which is essential to the celebration, has not as such been practised in the Church for centuries. I propose to say something about what the Council meant in its Constitution by this prescription of a homily, and what exactly in the tradition of the Church and in this second half of the twentieth century the homily ought to be.

The Constitution lays down very explicitly that the homily is definitely part of the sacred ceremony ; the Mass is one complete act of adoration and cult directed to God, but we can see now perhaps more clearly that the Liturgy of the Word and the Eucharistic Liturgy are really distinct. The homily is an integral part of the Liturgy of the Word. In paragraph 35 the Constitution lays down that there should be a recasting of the selections of scripture used in the Sunday Masses. It seems likely that there will be a new choice of Gospel passages, and perhaps a three-year cycle instead of one ; and there will certainly be a

much greater variety and abundance of readings from the Old Testament. The Constitution goes on to say that in the rubrics of the new missal there should be indicated a special place for the homily, which is not to be something added, not an interruption in the service, but essentially part of it. In paragraph 52 we have the nearest thing to a definition of the homily, a descriptive definition at least : 'By means of the homily the mysteries of the faith and the guiding principles of the Christian life are expounded, during the course of the liturgical year, from the sacred text ; the homily, therefore, is to be highly esteemed as part of the liturgy itself ; moreover, at those Masses which are celebrated with the assistance of the people on Sundays and holidays of obligation, it should not be omitted except for a serious reason'. It is thus abundantly clear that we are expected to provide a homily on one of the passages of scripture which are read out in the Liturgy of the Word. With the foremass now in the vernacular, the people are encouraged to listen more intelligently, and the homily should match up to the solemnity, impact and fruitfulness of the rest of the service. The homily is not optional, a counsel of perfection, but an essential part, not to be omitted without good reason.

The Greek root of 'homily' means 'to communicate', and there is a very fruitful comparison to be made here with the communion of the Liturgy of the Eucharist. The homily is a real communication of Christ to his people in the form of words, just as later he will be given to them in the form of bread. The parallelism of the word and the bread is of great importance. One might even go so far as to say that the reading without the homily would be somewhat comparable to the consecration (and the Real Presence) without communion. Indeed the word can be heard and appreciated of itself, but so can the Real Presence ; yet the consecration is incomplete without communion. It is the function of the priest to break and distribute the bread, and it is also the function of the priest to interpret and distribute the word. Cardinal Bea once said quite bluntly that a priest who is capable of celebrating the Eucharist and distributing communion, but is not capable of interpreting and distributing the word, is only half a priest—or, at least, he is fulfilling only half a priest's function. The homily is a real communicating of Christ : it is the communion of the word which parallels the communion of the bread.

The homily, then, means a religious exposition of a text that has been read and listened to ; it can only follow upon the liturgical proclamation of the word of God. There must be first a solemn recitation, by a duly appointed lector in the assembly of the Christian people, of some section of the scripture ; the homily follows as the explanation and contemporary application of the passage to *this* group of God's people here *this* morning in *this* church.

There is thus a great deal of difference between homily-giving and what all of us have been accustomed to think of up to now as preaching. The idea of a sermon was that you picked your subject first. For those with some faint liturgical interest, the choice may have been determined by the gospel of the day, or the season, or some particular feature of the Mass. The sermon was written, and often only then a scriptural text was tacked on at the beginning to provide a suitable launching-pad. The homily, on the other hand, adheres strictly to the passage *previously read*, and interprets that. Firstly, the passage demands context (especially the Epistles of St Paul), at least sufficient to explain otherwise obscure references. Secondly, it requires analysis : a homily does not give a line by line exegesis or commentary, but it does get to the essence of, or one essential point of, the passage in hand, and this demands an ability to recognize themes, doctrines, traditional developments—all, in fact, that is involved in the idea of biblical theology. Thirdly, the passage must be interpreted in terms that people can easily understand and apply here and now. There is a great richness of biblical theology in the gospels which until recent years has not been exploited in pastoral and homiletic terms. For good homily-giving, some acquaintance with the modern study of the New Testament as a whole is a great advantage, if not almost essential.

The homily also requires a certain humility. There is no place here for eloquence, or even rhetoric as such. The tone must be quiet, closer to the classroom explanation than the traditional oratory of the pulpit. The homilist has to subdue himself to the message which he is handing on, to put himself in the background as much as possible and concentrate solely on communicating what is contained in the passage that the people have just heard. If the passage has been well read, the people will already be impressed and responsive ; the homilist is not adding to that but interpreting it, repeating the essence in other

words that may be closer and more comprehensible to them. Yet he remains always the servant of the word. He will have succeeded most, if the people leave the church forgetting the homily, but remembering and thinking about the scripture they have heard.

The choice of a passage, from the scripture readings in the Mass, will depend on which the priest decides it will be more fruitful to discuss, since the principal idea is to help the people hear the word of God proclaimed. The homily is not a jumping-off point for a moral discourse, nor primarily an exhortation to behave in this way or that ; it is rather an aid to proclaiming the Good News that God loves us and saves us. Much more than admonitions and reproaches, or even encouragement about immediate external actions in their lives, people need at a deeper level that internal conviction of what it means to be a Christian—to be called by God, to be receiving his grace, and to love one's neighbour for his sake. We need to get back to that much more fundamental approach to the liturgy, as against the comparatively superficial approach of pulpit oratory, where the resources of human eloquence sometimes obscure the message of what the Christian faith is really about.

The priest giving a homily must put on Christ in a very particular way. He has to fulfil the office of the apostle in making Christ known and heard here. He should not be averse from particularity. He should be prepared to make the application, to show the doctrine of the gratuity of God's grace, of his love for us, of the exemplary character of Christ's life, of the effectiveness of his death and resurrection, and of the sacraments. These things really concern the congregation at the religious level, and he should apply them to this particular parish in this particular town, this morning. Homilies are not interchangeable ; the homily given in one church needs adaptation to be given in another, and the homily given one year certainly needs adaptation before it can be given the next.

We can now see the homily in its three essential aspects. It is *liturgical*, an essential part of the liturgical act. It is *biblical*, for it is concerned immediately with the exposition of a passage from the word of God. And it is *pastoral*, because it is directed to this particular group of people here and now.

These are the main points that seem to me to follow from the Council's great insistence on the importance of the homily. There remain a few practical suggestions. Firstly, a homily

must be short, perhaps ten minutes at the maximum, with five minutes closer to the ideal. The reading probably takes three or four minutes, and the homily should not be more than twice the length of the reading. Secondly, I think the reader and homilist should if possible be different people ; the reading and homily require different tones and style to be most effective. Thirdly, of course the homily should not be read, else it will appear as a mere appendage to the passage already read from scripture.

Homilies also figure in Bible Vigils, which are really only a special development of the first part of the Mass, an exemplar of what the foremass ought to be : the singing of psalms, the reading of passages from scripture, a homily commenting on one of them, and the group prayer of the people. There is an intrinsic sacramentality about the word of God, and people do listen with utmost attentiveness and obvious appreciation to a careful, deliberate, meaningful reading of a passage from the Bible. How much they understand of it on the first reading is almost beside the point, though we should not underestimate the working of the Holy Spirit in a congregation of baptised Christians. Nevertheless, clear or difficult, profound or simple, the word of God already fills them with the sense that God is speaking to them. They are not surprised to feel also that God's word is mysterious ; and they are ready to listen to an interpretation that will help towards a fuller understanding.

Here is the real communication of the word of God ; and at that level we can recover a great deal of the dynamism of early Christianity. Pius XII in his encyclical on the liturgy warned us against all 'archaeologising', and that is a danger which good liturgists are always on their guard against. But it is not archaeologising to point out that in the early centuries, before the great development of scholastic theology, and before the perhaps less happy developments of catechisms, the Christian people were instructed by such reading of the word of God and such homilies. The homilies of St Ambrose and St Hilary contain all that the Council wishes to see revived in this field : the commentary on the given passage, the intimate person-to-person communication, the impersonality of the homilist sinking himself behind his message.

From this springs catechising and acquaintance with the faith at a much deeper level. Admittedly people will not be so well instructed in the summaries which the catechism offers, and which will be always to some extent necessary. But their

place is not in the liturgy, where we already have available the inexhaustible riches of the scripture, particularly the New Testament. And, of course, the Liturgy of the Word is also the preparation that leads up to the Eucharistic celebration; having received Christ in the form of words, we proceed to our commemoration of his sacrifice and receive him in the form of bread. The Council insists that the two acts of worship go together, and the first one seems essential to the second.

RODERICK MACKENZIE S.J.

LUKE SHERRIN'S DIARY

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1902

Luke Sherrin came to the College to begin Philosophy in 1901. He was the son of George and Ellen Sherrin of the Gate House, Ingatestone, Essex, and was educated at Beaumont College. His father was an architect of some standing, having the present Moorfields Church in Eldon Street (1903), and the dome of the Oratory in Kensington among his works.

There are only two entries in the Liber Ruber (Vol. II, 1818–1919) regarding Luke :

Lucas Sherrin
1880 Septembris 5 Natus in diocesi Westmonasteriensi
1901 Decembris 6 Ingressus Collegium Anglorum convictor pro Dioc. Westmonasterien.

Thus he left before receiving the tonsure. He later trained as an engineer, and only eight years after writing this Roman diary he died of a fever, whilst working on a plantation in Assam.

We are indebted for the diary to the interest and kind permission of his relative, Mr P. F. Coverdale, Treasurer of the Essex Recusant Society, who also provided the biographical information.

Luke made entries in his diary almost every day from 1st January until 22nd February 1902. Sometimes he makes the brief comment that he does not feel well, but more often he makes a longer entry which occasionally runs to several pages. He mixes his account of life with more general remarks—some of them quite entertaining.

Early on in the diary we discover he used to like to compose poetry from time to time. We are able to judge his standard for ourselves :

'Jan. 4th. In the evening I found Archbp. Stonor at the College. He had brought back the two poems already sent in (for the Papal Poem) saying they were too short. One of the poems was a sonnet, and it does not speak very highly of the Archbishop's poetical knowledge when I say he wanted a few more lines added to it. The unfortunate poet was horribly upset. He had been racking his brains for hours to condense his idea into the necessary fourteen lines and required metre, and then discovered that the Archbishop didn't even recognise that the poem was a sonnet at all. This gave me a clue as to what is required, so as soon as I got to my room, I took pen and paper and immediately verse began to flow. The next thing I heard was the organ playing the Benediction, and looking at my watch (which by the way keeps excellent time) I saw I had run long past the time, and Benediction was nearly over. However, this is what I had produced.

Away beyond the sea within a land,
Where oft the feet of saintly martyrs trod
A people stray, who by a tyrant's hand
Were robbed of all they love, the Faith of God.

But some for whom their sires preserved intact
This priceless gem, there still remain, and we
Of them will never hesitate to act
In observation of thy Jubilee.

Then say we—Mighty God at whose Command
Sprang chaos and the twinkling orbs above
Incline to us thine ear, extend thy hand
Preserve our Holy Father in thy love.

Grant him length of years while yet on earth
Bestow eternal life, O Lord, and then
Make thou his every action sovereign worth
And bring his enemies to nought. Amen.

This is far from complete. I intend making it longer by inserting a verse or two between the second and third. With this I retired to bed as usual.'

Luke did not have his poem accepted as the Papal Poem however. In the entry for 9th January he writes :

'Today I hear the Pope's Poem is already accepted from a priest formerly at the College. I am rather glad after all because I am getting heartily sick of my own. To supper, prayers and bed.'

His entry for the following day, 10th January, shows that life was fairly full :

'Up 5.30 and to mass. To schools as usual, and on the way home called in to see the end of a Greek Mass. Nothing very interesting. Home to dinner, and to schools again. Walked afterwards to the Piazza di Spagna to see the English telegrams which are posted in a stationer's shop. No news, so back to Sant' Andrea and attended Benediction given by Cardinal Cavagnice, a pleasant looking man, but I did not see him to speak to. Home again to tea, and because we were in a hurry the kettle absolutely refused to boil. Sat an hour over the meal having a deep theological discussion as to whether matter really exists, and coming to the final conclusion that so long as a pork chop remained a pork chop, and boiled onions boiled onions, we didn't care whether matter existed or not. Mr Burns, a Scotsman who was upholding that matter does not exist, nevertheless persisted in having a third cup of tea (our teapot only holds seven cups), and the remaining half bun. We (Tynan and myself) consequently passed a resolution that Mr Burns was to have nothing to eat until he had finished some cake (spelt "Kake" in certain Roman confectioners) that we have had in hand since Christmas Eve. Thus ended the meeting of the tea club for today. To supper, prayers and bed.'

It is often interesting to compare Luke's life with our own.

'Jan. 12th. The cold still continues . . . After dinner to the parks lent by Prince Pamphilj to the English College, where the more enthusiastic members indulged in football. Here I had my first Roman smoke at a Roman cigarette which was decidedly inferior to the English make . . . We learnt today that the Scots College has assumed to itself the title of Venerabile, thus infringing on ours given by one of the

early Popes, on account of our forty-one martyrs. We are going to investigate the matter, so I think there are ructions impending. The Scots are still playing the high and mighty for some unknown reason. Colly absolutely ignores me now, in fact none of the college return our salute, so we have given up passing it. It is always customary for one Camerata when passing another of the same nation to keep their hats raised till they have gone by. The Americans and Irish always do so, but the Scots seem to have given up the habit.'

We are still lucky to be able to make use of the Pamphilj Gardens, and some can still be heard commenting on the inferiority of the Roman cigarette. Our relationship with the Scots, on the other hand, has fortunately improved.

One thing that can normally be guaranteed to exasperate is the Italian postal and customs system. From what Luke says things have not changed much over the past sixty-three years :

'Mon. Jan. 13th . . . found the post had nothing in my line at all, not even the spectacles that were sent off I believe some days ago. This isn't the first time I've been treated this way by the Italian postal authorities, for Bellamy tells me he sent off a pencil case in my direction somewhere about Christmas time, but it has not arrived yet. Probably both are being retained by the Customs, the plague of the country. Not long since, a Roman gentleman had a rocking horse sent out from England for his son. It arrived three or four weeks late, and in addition he had to pay three or four pounds duty on it. On inspecting the Customs bill he found it had been charged as a bale of silk. He accordingly complained to the authorities, and was informed that the harness had silk rosettes on it, and any other matter could not be deducted. I believe he consoled himself by writing to *The Times*. Another incident occurred at the College when a student had a little bottle of lime juice sent out. The Customs as usual inspected it and charged it as a patent medicine. Further inspection showed it to contain sugar, so it was charged as sugar, including the weight of the bottle. Not being content with this they charged it as a wine, and when it did arrive with ¼ taken out for analysis, the unfortunate man had to pay eight or nine lire duty, and history relates that he accidentally

broke the bottle carrying it upstairs, thus letting him in for another half lire for the servant who cleaned up the mess . . . This then is the state of the Italian Customs and post, so we need not be surprised at anything.'

Sometime later he had to visit the Post Office again :

'Our first stoppage was the General Post Office where Mr Burns intended to get a postal order. The General Post Office is a magnificent building which was formerly a convent, but the Government, thinking the Church had too much property, gave the nuns a fortnight's notice to quit. This is a very common thing for the Government "which has freed Italy from the tyranny of the Popes" to do when they want a building or anything else. At the order desk was an old man paying in some cash, so Mr Burns took the next place. First the old man handed in some fifty 5 lire notes and the attendant (sitting in an armchair) took each one separately and held it up to the light, examined each side of it and compared it with the others ; then placing them together in a bunch, he proceeded to examine some two lire pieces that the old man handed in. First he took one and examined each side of it, then he bit it, then rang it on the desk. Then he piled them up and examined the edges. I was expecting to see him throw them up and see how many would come down heads, but he didn't ; he just went on and examined some 200 lire pieces in the same scrupulous manner. Three-quarters of an hour had now elapsed and seeing a large pile of coppers coming in, Mr Burns refused to wait any longer. However during the examination of this money, I had the opportunity to see a clerk sorting letters. He stood in front of the pigeon holes with a bundle of letters in his hand and then picked one off the top, examined it carefully, held it up to the light, looked at the back, and then, after a lot of fumbling for the right pigeon hole, he put the letter in its place and went on with the next. I called Tynan's attention to this adept in the art of sorting, and we burst out into such a fit of uproarious laughter that we attracted considerable attention, and then two policemen marched down our end of the room and observed us closely. As far as I can make out, it is no crime by Italian law to laugh in a post office, so there was no warrant for our arrest and so, under close

inspection, we marched out. Whether that unfortunate old man ever got his order I did not wait to see, but in all probability the clerk took a short siesta between counting the pence and the half pence.'

Luke, for all his outings and jottings, does not seem to have been particularly healthy, but he comes through his illnesses in high spirits.

'Wed. Jan. 22nd. Up late and began eating again. Boiled chicken. A Roman chicken is a disgrace to its race. They bring the animals into town and feed them on next to nothing, then, when you order them, they have been on a starvation diet for a week or so, and they *pluck them alive* and send them in. A fowl in this condition has next to nothing on it, and it wouldn't be a very great business to eat three of them at a sitting. I was removed to a "warm place" this morning and stayed there all day long, and now I find myself going to bed feeling perfectly well and in excellent spirits. Our doctor is an excellent man, beats anybody I have been to yet. I don't think the College speculated on getting persons like me when they arranged to include doctoring etc. in the pension . . . Two cases of influ' in the house, but neither of them bad since Rome is such a healthy place.'

The next day he goes out for a walk and reports that he finds

'the whole of the Sapienza University in a state of rebellion. This University undertakes to educate Italian youth at the expense of the State. So altogether they are somewhat of a mixed lot. They can be distinguished by curly greased hair, cheap loud suits and brown boots. Their President just now is the cause of their troubles, on account of his being of socialist principles. He unfortunately displayed them last Tuesday, whereupon the students divided, and left the lecture halls. On Wednesday a free fight broke out and terminated in one case of knifing, the result of which proved fatal. On Thursday the lectures were superintended by a force of the constabulary, but, owing to the insufficiency of these noble persons, they had to beat a hasty retreat headed by the professor who was giving the lectures. After this retreat scenes of the wildest description broke out. Ten cases of knifing, all of which were fatal. Today the

University is closed and the students are thronging the streets in gangs of forty or fifty. The police are chasing them all over the place, but this seems only to add to their gaiety. To bed tired.'

For Saturday, 25th January, Luke adds :

'Today I went round by the Sapienza University, but apart from a double police file, nothing extraordinary was going on. The students are comparatively quiet since the government minister has been fool enough to give them an audience. Tomorrow they are going to consider his reply. There will be fine goings on I've no doubt.'

On a couple of occasions Luke reports visits to a friend of his, a Fr Wilderspin. One entry particularly highlights a common experience for the student meeting people in Rome.

'Fr Wilderspin met us at the door, and took us into his sitting-room where we smoked and talked. A little later we had tea, and at this point in the programme we were introduced to two ancient ladies who were accompanying Fr Wilderspin. One was a dark creature who was not at all unlike a Jew, and the other staid and silent with a large amount of white hair. We drank tea, ate, and talked, and the conversation was varied, but of course I was put through my catechism first. I think I shall have a few pamphlets printed to hand to these kind of people. It will contain the following answers :

1. I like Rome very much.
2. I've been here two months and am likely to stay some years yet.
3. I cannot speak Italian at all fluently.
4. I like St Peter's, but I think St John's is a finer building.
5. I have not seen the Pope yet, but I think I shall be able to see him some time this year.
6. The English College is a large building in the Via Monserrato near to the Piazza Farnese.
7. I like the English College very much.
8. We have students.

To hand a person one of these papers containing these eight answers would have a very similar effect to that of

giving him lock-jaw, for I find when these questions have been answered, very little remains to be said. However, on this occasion, after the catechism which the two old ladies put me through, we drifted to talking of the respective merits of Kaffirs and Zulus, then on to the language question, then to the Chinese and their superstitions about pigtails, then on to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and finally finished up with comparing "Roman Weather" with that of the English make. With this we came away . . .'

There was heavy rain in the early February of 1902, and Luke gives us his account of 'one of the worst floods on record'.

'Tues. Feb. 4th. The Pantheon is still flooded with a foot or two of water in the nave. The piazza outside is almost impassable, being in some places covered with two or three feet of water. This does not affect our house at all as we stand on comparatively high ground. Home by the Tiber embankment. The river is still in a most abnormal condition. Some of our fellows went out to Trefontane this afternoon, a little village about three or four miles beyond the walls on the North-East side. They found on reaching the place that the country around was all waterbound. However, a small government boat conveyed them to St John Lateran's which like most other places was under water. As they passed houses on the way, the inhabitants howled out from the roofs for bread. They all seem in a starving condition, being kept in their houses for over three days. The police official took particulars of these houses asking the number of persons confined there, and then on reaching dry land, ordered provisions to be sent out. From St John Lateran's the party was conveyed through three feet of water in a cart to the gate of the city whence they returned by tram. There is no doubt that the people round are in a very bad way, even though the Government is doing its best. This is one of the worst floods on record, and is sure to cause no end of destitution. I was at Pamphilj Park this afternoon and from there I could see for miles around ; all the Tiber valley looks like one great lake, with the tops of houses sticking out. To add to all this the warm weather has set in in the mountains, thus melting all the snow, and swelling the Anio, the big tributary of the Tiber. We shall be having the bridges washed away before long.

SEPTEMBER RAINS

> The English Papers are sure to make things appear much worse than they really are.'

These floods seem to have been equalled, however, by our present September storms.

In the middle of February Luke had a bad fever, but was obviously well looked after by his servant, Pietro, about whom he writes on 22nd February :

> 'My good old servant, Pietro, has been a regular brick while I have been ill. We have a servant to about every seven of us, but Pietro is about the best of the lot. He has been in nine or ten times a day to bring meals or do anything that needed doing, to say nothing of making my bed seven or eight times a day when the fever was at its height.'

Luke continues about servants in general :

> 'In Rome there is no trouble at all about getting servants at present. Any man will be glad to accept a post at seven or eight lire a week with his food and lodging. At one time we had a washed-out Count waiting on us ; people of this description are many. However, since free compulsory education has come in, the same state of things as is prevalent in England is being felt here. The young men all want to go into offices and that sort of thing, and it is only those of greater years who will serve at all.'

And

> 'Here endeth Vol. I'.

RODERICK STRANGE.

SERMONETA

Sermoneta lies eleven kilometres inland from Latina. It is a tiny village set on top of a hill, treated to a haughty sideways glance from Norma, which rises above and beyond it away to the north-east. Behind it lie the Volscians, hiding the nearest village for miles in an easterly direction, Bassiano ; and beyond that there is nothing, according to a fifteen-year-old informer, but enormous wild animals. What distinguishes it from hundreds of other Italian villages built on the tops of hills is its dominating castle, which effectively smothers everything else from view on the north side. The cluster of roofs which make up the village appear so small in comparison that they look as though they could be contained comfortably within the four walls. In fact they almost were once, during the last war when American advances and partisan defence made life a little hazardous in so prominent a spot. It is a pretty village seen from the road, but apart from a glance of appreciation you would not think of stopping for a closer look, for the road up the steep flank of the hill leads nowhere else ; better to press on to your destination —plenty more such villages between here and there.

But for us this is no ordinary Italian village. It has very close English connections ; the castle belongs to the Caetani family, and the present princess is married to an Englishman, Mr Hubert Howard. And thanks to his initiative and generosity it is this castle which was our home for two weeks in the summer of 1965 for the first catechetical venture in the short history of Palazzola.

We first heard of the idea about a year ago, but it was not until a few weeks before the beginning of the Villa period that anything definite was mentioned. By then it seemed we had been committed to running a 'boys' camp' at a village called Sermoneta. Somewhere down in the Pontine marshes, pretty little spot, a bit remote, out of gita-range : no one had heard of it before, let alone visited the place. Most of the details were left vague, but we did hope to have some of the queries cleared up at the beginning of July when we were due to meet Mr Howard and the parish priest of Sermoneta, Don Ascenzio Jacovacci. We met the latter first, who let us know that he had great hopes of us, especially since we would not be wearing cassocks ! However, the details we wanted were not to be had, mainly because neither side knew what exactly this course was going to be. It was not to be mere recreation, as in an S.V.P. camp, nor was it to be a high-powered Y.C.W.-type conference week. It had to incorporate a little of both, and because of that, and because it was an experiment anyway, we had to face the fact that how it was run depended on us, on our initiative and imagination ; there was no one to tell us what to do.

A few days later we met Mr Howard and with him worked out the more practical details of time, number and accommodation. He undertook to finance the whole venture, and we cannot overemphasise all he has done. We decided that for two weeks ten students would be accommodated at the castle (lodging in modernised apartments, of course), to look after a maximum of twenty-five boys from the village and surrounding countryside. The *parroco* had already assured us that he could easily collect that number, forty if we wished ; sceptics, however, were forecasting that we would probably be spending two weeks looking after three loyal altar boys.

Seventeen of us divided into two groups of ten—mathematically possible because three volunteered to go for both weeks to provide continuity, very valuable as things turned out. The first party set off on Monday morning, the College cars packed high with anything that might conceivably come in useful for this mystery course—record-player, paper, pencils, song books, tape-recorder, supplementary crockery, tea, even tennis net and rugger ball ! We were elated at being pioneers in a new experiment, but slightly apprehensive too, for not only were the boys an unknown quantity, but they also spoke

a foreign language : would our limited Italian stand up to the strain of such a protracted inter-personal dialogue ? In fact it proved adequate, even if the boys could mutter unfairly under their breath when they wanted ; but generally they made the necessary allowances, and we were never mocked in our mistakes. We met them first outside the main entrance to the castle, and they introduced themselves by carrying our luggage and cadging cigarettes from the Vice-Rector. Just before dinner there was a roll-call, and with the help of the *parroco* we took the names of those who wished to take a regular part in the fortnight's proceedings ; by the end of the morning we had a list of twenty-four, mainly aged between fifteen and eighteen.

We began officially with dinner, which was only right. Meals were taken in the old hall, a huge room on the ground floor of the castle, which had a big wooden table set in the middle ; it had to be big too, for on that first day there were thirty-five places laid, and this number did not diminish much on any occasion in the next two weeks. The kitchen was definitely the province of Vittoria, and the boys soon learnt to respect the boundaries of her domain. She was the castle cook, lent to us for the duration by Mr Howard, and although this must have been an unusual assignment, she rose to the occasion magnificently. Dinners were strictly vegetarian (meat was something of a luxury in Sermoneta), but never have vegetables been more interesting and palatable. These communal meals were something completely new to the boys, and very much appreciated. Despite the fact that they belonged to so small a village, they often had little real contact with one another, and indeed came from quite varied backgrounds. These meals together, along with the volley-ball and soccer matches we played from time to time, produced among them a community spirit which they had never known ; its good effects were obvious, especially on those who came from difficult homes, who tended to stick together in small anti-social gangs.

After dinner we made way for the Beatles, who needed no introduction, or sang songs ourselves. One day they brought their own instruments along—one set of drums, three mandolins and a clarinet. The ensuing concert never really got off the ground, but it was good fun. Later on in the first week we were treated to the local rendering of *Casa del Sole* for guitar and voice, very loud. All these entertainments were a good idea—

provided they didn't last too long. At about three o'clock our systems, taxed beyond the normal Palazzola routine anyway, began to scream out for their accustomed siesta. The boys scorned such things, and in the face of their derision we steeled ourselves to do without them—for exactly two days. On the third day, and for ever afterwards, we sent them off at two in the afternoon and had them return at four. In the event this arrangement suited both of us ; we had time to recoup our spent energies and reorganise our ideas for the evening, and they returned full of life and renewed zest.

One added advantage of this divided day was that they could not get into mischief if they were away from the castle during this no-man's time on a midsummer afternoon. For at this hour occurred the only troublesome incident we had. Some of the boys had taken to wandering about the castle battlements when we weren't looking, and throwing handy missiles onto the enraged heads of the inhabitants below. These latter, it appeared, had forecast that trouble was bound to come from the course because the Sermoneta boys, like modern youth in general, were nothing but a bunch of no-goods ; and here they were, behaving true to form. The grumbles and complaints, liberally buttressed by rumours, some half true, some false, gave rise to a special visit from the local policeman, who had been sent up by the *maresciallo* to apologise for the boys' behaviour, for the damage they had done and the goods they had stolen ! By this time the whole course had begun to go with a swing, and I was able to tell him, with a certain amount of indignation and not a little satisfaction, that his apology meant nothing, for we had no complaints at all—as far as we were concerned, the boys could not have been more cooperative.

The reason why the course was going with a swing at this time was that at last we had discovered a method of giving them something worthwhile, at the same time allowing for the differences in age and intellect. Immediately on the second day we had begun with group discussions. But somehow we felt we were not on the right track, mainly because many of them were just not capable of any prolonged conversation on a general topic. We had planned to 'bring in' Christianity, but we rather hoped to do it indirectly, working through some interest they already had. But in this I think we were mistaken, if only because their range of interests was very narrow. So we took

the plunge and adopted an idea which had been mentioned by the *parroco* a day or two before (we had rejected it then because it seemed too impractical, too much like school). Each boy was given a question to which he had to give a written answer, spending at least half an hour over his reply. When he had finished, he was taken aside by one of us to discuss what he had written. Topics were simple : Why is there a parish priest in every village ? Why do you want to go and live in a town ? (Most of them did.) The main virtue of this method was that it encouraged them to think for themselves, for many of them an apparently new experience.

Sometimes we would hold the discussions in groups, getting them to talk among themselves as well as to us. After a while, some of the older and more intelligent ones were able to organise very fruitful discussions of their own ; there was one in particular on marriage which reached a very high level indeed and showed a remarkably mature understanding of most of the aspects of married life. The group that was learning English adopted much the same pattern, except that the discussion was bilingual. There was one 'catechism class' with some of the younger and less informed, who had especially asked for it. We began by giving them a simple general question as something to base their thoughts on—*Perchè è venuto Gesu Cristo* ? One outstanding fact soon emerged : the persons in God were *Padre*, *Figlio*, *Santo* and *Spirito*, and Jesus Christ was not God. Obviously here was more confusion than heresy, and their ideas were straightened out with a little patient explanation.

The whole thing would have been a failure without the keenness and generosity of the boys, who by the end of the week would do absolutely anything we asked them, even if it was only trapesing down to the fountain with a large container to collect water when our supply at the castle was cut off (no foul play suspected), or keeping interlopers out during a film—a task which they undertook with almost too much relish.

And so we came to the end of the course, having lost all the soccer matches we played against them, but having won their confidence and friendship. The Rector celebrated Mass in the parish church on the final evening, all the boys came and most received Communion, for some of them apparently the first occasion in several years. We rounded things off with a get-together in the castle grounds, with the boys and their families

and the V.I.P.s of the village. Towards the end of a very enjoyable evening, one of the boys read a letter of thanks which they had composed themselves. This was answered by one of us, and then the Rector said a few words, thanking everybody who had taken part and promising to try and arrange a similar course next year. Not to be outdone, the *parroco* said his piece, after which we sang 'Auld Lang Syne' and made our regretful goodbyes. However, we will almost certainly be back—how else, after being recognised by the mayor as honorary citizens of Sermoneta ?

To gauge the success of such a course is wellnigh impossible, and not to be judged alone from the welcome and enthusiasm of the boys at the time : we had no competition, and this fortnight could have been no more than an unusual diversion from the rather dull routine of every day. The more lasting effects, if any, will only emerge with time, and we may have little opportunity of seeing them for ourselves—perhaps a useful object lesson in not looking for the results of one's labours. But of one effect we can be more certain : the fortnight was of immense value to *us*, and the experience of working together was useful and mutually encouraging. Maybe we cannot expect a chance for the same close teamwork under the present parish structure, and to that extent the experience was not a foretaste of things to come ; but it did make us feel at last that we were able to try our hand in a practical way at work which was directly relevant to the future.

As a postscript, I would like to give the text of the letter which the boys wrote. This, and the many cards and letters they have sent since, almost every other day, do show that they appreciated the course and, we hope, derived something permanent from it.

VINCENT BRENNAN.

Amici carissimi,

E'giunta l'ora di salutarci, l'ultimo giorno del nostro corso campeggio è arrivato. Noi ringraziamo tutti voi amici inglesi, per quello che avete fatto per noi, ed il Sig. Principe per averci ospitati nel castello. Noi vi preghiamo di scusarci

e di perdonarci se qualche volta non siamo stati tanto buoni. Ora voi partite e ci sembrera che qualcosa di noi vada via con voi. Noi pregheremo il Signore affinchè diventiate dei buoni e bravi sacerdoti, perchè la messe è molta e gli operai pochi. Questa non è una lettera di addio, ma di arrivederci. Arrivederci dunque al prossimo anno, e speriamo che il Sig. Principe, che è stato sempre tanto buono con i Sermonetani, ci doni il castello e ci permetta di restare un po' di tempo insieme. Nessuno di noi vi dimentichera perchè dimenticando voi dimenticherebbe degli amici e dei fratelli. Auguri dunque negli studi ed arrivederci al prossimo anno.

Con affeto,

I Ragazzi del Campeggio.

ROMANESQUE

PILGRIMS

Early morning straight after exams. I was strung out in the common room enjoying the sensation of Sag and catching up on Current Affairs and World Events, when the Rector appeared over the lip of the *Guardian*. He told me that he was in the process of wondering if anybody would be willing to go over to the Lateran to show a group of pilgrims round Rome. I suggested that I would be very interested if there was nobody else. The Rector remarked that there didn't seem to be, did there ; and in point of brute fact there wasn't. This was a pity, as my ignorance of pilgrims' Rome is possibly unparalleled in the annals of the College, and the temperature at the time was in the middle nineties. The party was in the hands of Fr O'Riordan, who had just been informed that the courier to his party should arrive about three days after they had left the city for Lourdes.

Fr O and I met inside St John Lateran, clammily but with genuine mutual relief, and a few hastily exchanged words and looks were enough to lay the facts of the situation bare : an abysmal lack of information between the two of us (I led by a short head on ignorance because he could remember things from the Holy Year, but he had to bow to my meagre knowledge of Italian), and total ignorance in the ranks of the Others, though some of them, mutinously perhaps, had bought guide-books. And They also had Miss O'Shaughnessy. The two of us sidled off to pretend to admire a statue, and amid gestures rococo with expression we cast around for a plan of campaign.

In the middle of a gesture of particular extravagance—though perhaps that of an angler rather than of a student of aesthetics —Fr O had a stab of excitement. Half apologetically he fished out from his hip pocket a tattered canvas-bound volume : *The Pilgrim's Guide to Rome*, Burns and Oates Holy Year Souvenir Edition. It wasn't much to match against their modern things with fifty stunning natural colour reproductions and added photogravure, but it was something, and anyway it looked old enough to be a Standard Work of Reference.

There followed introductions to all the members of the party within frenzied whisper shot—about five of them, which was a fairly high concentration as it turned out, since Fr O regarded finding a group of two as a triumph of organisation. In fact we were a very dribby drabby sort of party, partly because there was nobody to tell anybody anything, partly because some were very very old and couldn't keep up, and partly because others would creep into dark corners to keep away from the heat and not come out. And a lot of them wanted to avoid Miss O'Shaughnessy. She shanked her way towards us now, her C.W.L. badge glinting like a cuirass. Her hair was thin and her complexion tone was batter. Her eyebrows, stabs of crinkled yellowish hair plonked on her trenchered brows, had long since laid ambush to her eyes, and if produced would have met beneath her nether lip ; I couldn't find her upper lip, nor her tooth. She shot out her hand : clasped by an adder I thought ; we're not going to get on like a house on fire I thought. She was chairman of a multitude of parish organisations, Fr O's right-hand man, and in all probability a pillar of the Church. And this, she announced, was her sixth time in Rome ; her vocals had been scoured with grape-shot. I felt bad. I made a limp beginning with a few shreds from B & O, which Miss O'Shaughnessy copiously annotated ; say one part B & O to twenty parts Miss O'Shaughnessy. Fr O then made a valiant joke about 'Jacobus Minor' (written on the plinth of one of the statues) oughting to be 'Jacobus Major'—because the statue was so big—and most people put on a laugh or two when we explained the Latin to them.

We spent a very long time looking for the Scala Santa. We imagined them as something like the Spanish Steps, and were dumbfounded to find them eventually *inside* a building and leading nowhere in particular. And so we approached the steps with a slow wheeling movement of ever diminishing circles

round a building of obvious—but to us unfathomable—strategic importance, following agitated Italian directives which increased in vehemence the more closely we surrounded the building. Someone suggested that we must be getting hot. Sensing disquiet, Fr O manfully pointed out that the manœuvre, though extraordinarily wasteful of time and energy, yet had been conducted throughout with a certain tactical aplomb, having the unhoped for result of bringing the van- and rearguard of the party into contact for the first and perhaps only time of the tour. (One half of the group caught the wrong train at Victoria.) We found Miss O'Shaughnessy inside on the twenty-seventh step.

From this heady experience we fled in disorder to the Church of the Holy Cross. We were confronted by three doors, and I opted for the right-hand one as looking the most used. I was searching desperately for something to restore party morale, which had been visibly shaken by the previous hour's tedious meanderings, when I thought I had a brainwave. I swept open the door, ushering the ladies inside, and with a chortle of bravado croaked, 'See who's first to find the cross'. I looked to Fr O and he seemed suitably impressed by this introduction of have-fun and holiday spirit into the proceedings ; it even ran his own Jacobus joke pretty close. We followed in absently, reading from B & O in the hope that something would stick, and were delighted to hear female voices raised in the traditional English cries of pursuit. Then we saw a sign saying *Clausura*. We openly acknowledged our mistake and ran back out. But not before we had seen a sheepish looking monk leading the eldest of our party back down the main staircase to the door ; and them clinging to him, throats raised in gratitude, thinking that this was a messenger specially sent from heaven to guide them to the remains of the holy relic. He shoved them outside and slammed the door. Little by little the expedition regrouped on the church steps, until only the more intrepid foragers were left ; the last to be turfed out was Miss O'Shaughnessy, muttering mutterings : she said that she had had the prize, but that one of the monks had snatched it back. The air was hot with indignation, but fearing lest the scent should grow cold, we drove the glowering pack in through the main entrance door, and leaving them to do their work, we shuffled off into the gloom to give embarrassment time to drain from our faces. Next time—should such a horrible eventuality befall—I would show them round the Greg route.

We left immediately by coach for the Catacombs, where Fr O was to say Mass at noon. It was a relief to be out of the withering heat and no longer trudging those broiling streets hoping people weren't getting lost or haggling conscientiously for fixed price ice-cream or breaking down language barriers with pre-war School Cert Italian or merely languishing in the rear in the expectant dread of being pinched thereon ; or just stuck in some tar. (Even Boy Scout knives haven't got things for getting old ladies out of melted tar.) From the bus Rome presented a moving target which gave us greater latitude, but it was a pity that we weren't doing more churches because by now we had worked out a System. They all occupied sites originally built upon by Constantine ; all frescos were by Giotto or Son of Giotto (or even School of Giotto) ; all mosaics were by an unknown Franciscan lay-brother ; and anything else was an eighteenth-century addition unless Miss O'Shaughnessy could actually prove otherwise. But new techniques were needed for the constant what's that of the bus ride. Fr O was giving off, owing to my utter incapacity, and my job was to leaf spittle-fingered through B & O and feed him with the relevant data. But the trouble was that we seemed to be crossing at right-angles all the routes followed out in the book, and they hadn't provided a key to an otherwise unfathomable index. And it was in this paralysed state that we passed the ancient Roman Forum and the ancient Roman Colosseum and the ancient Roman Appian Way and the ancient Roman city gate.

'Which ancient Roman city gate is this one, Father ?'

Fr O, in desperation, turned to me.

'The Porta Latina', I offered brightly.

'But we've already had that one.'

This happened to be true, because that was the only name I knew for an ancient Roman city gate. So I stared Miss O'Shaughnessy straight between the eyebrows and said, 'This one is the ancient Roman Porta Latina Minore'.

We stopped at Quo Vadis, and to our consternation I could think of nothing but bits of the film and Victor Mature. I stayed behind in the bus to consult B & O, and in fact there was a general reluctance to descend. The morning's exertions had enervated everybody except Miss O'Shaughnessy who had a hip flask marked 'Lourdes water'. The party certainly seemed a degenerate rabble as it limped, crept and floundered across to the church, causing immense confusion to Roman motorists in

the process. The last to complete the trip was Margaret, the daughter of an Anglican vicar and an enthusiastic convert ; she was short and squatly necked, and by now her feet were swollen like gourds, her legs like boiled mushroom stalks. She waddled and frugged her way across amid a cacophany of klaxon and screaming tyre, and finally disappeared inside. Phew. Margaret was very kind, and would buy surprise bottles of lemonade for people, and she had asked me to give greetings to a Dominican at the Holy Cross from her own Holy Cross parish in Leicester. I felt mortified because I couldn't translate her goodwill into Italian, and the young Italian priest returned only pale incomprehension for her round smile.

We had Mass at the Catacombs, and were all glad of the cool and moist rock. I felt maliciously pleased to see Miss O'Shaughnessy sweating profusely under a Shetland wool cardy which she had pronounced indispensable for such a visit. After chasing a taper speaking garbled Englishese for ten minutes we finally emerged, and daylight hit us with a soft thump. Margaret bought us ice-cream and lemonade, and lots of old-fangled cameras were produced from deep-pouched shopping bags full of head-squares, vacant-eyed Swiss Guards and corn plasters, and many photographs were shyly taken by agitated fingers, with the 'Fathers' having to hide their ice-creams behind their backs. We returned late to the hotel for lunch, and many minutes passed while some of the more wayward members tried to remember their room numbers. We had cold macaroni and chips, and Miss O'Shaughnessy ordered in her impeachable Italian a nice wine she remembered from last time ; the waiter came back with a crate of Coca-Cola.

Nothing daunted, Miss O'Shaughnessy proposed an evening in the city visiting some of her more favoured haunts. Many of the weaker brethren succumbed to the invitation. We went by service bus, and all went well until we boarded one for the return trip from the Pantheon to the Mamertine prison. The bus was jam-packed with super-heated Romans and seemed to have been drenched in hot garlic, so that it began to look as if we couldn't possibly make the exit doors by the time we were due to descend. The party panicked and poor Margaret lost her head. She had a fruity voice like a hockey mistress from Roedean. 'Will you please pass along the bus', she yelled at the confused mass of Romans confronting her. In reply to which there was a general shifting of posture to acquire a better view of the row,

and so her strident commands succeeded only in provoking further massing of the enemy ahead as each strained and craned and tip-toed and peered through loops of arms at the bellowing prophetess. And all further business with the conductor was now suspended. I thought he might ask her to leave. Margaret shouted again, her tip-up nose shining like a seal's. Then she gave vent to a final agonised bray—'PARSS DOWN THE BUS !' and charged. Samson and jaw-bone could hardly have performed more valiantly, and in the twinkling of an eye she was grasping the handrail next to the door and glaring rearward in haughty defiance, her breath roaring. The bus adjusted itself and filled with astounded but genuine admiration for the Amazon, and I found myself seeing her sitting on a penny with a trident, considerably gratified for England's sake : a true daughter of Albion.

Two stops later we all tumbled out : all except Miss Clancy that is. She was a very frail old woman with huge kind purblind eyes, soft white hair and a soft chuckly voice. She wore an enormous protruding eye-shield like a croupier, and in fact it was a combination of slipped eye-shield and ravishingly handsome driver which had prevented her noticing the exodus of the other dozen of us from the bus. However, a babble of excited Roman clamour had finally impinged, and a forest of arms pointed the way we had gone ; her driver friend stopped for her, and so she returned to us, still in thick agitation wondering how on earth we were ever going to get her back. Her triumphal return provoked gales of laughter with a slip of a Miss Clancy bent double and Fr O smacking her for being naughty and even Miss O'Shaughnessy cracked into a grin. It was time to leave anyway, and this seemed a propitious moment with all previous disappointments and gaffes conveniently forgotten. So there were pleasant good-byes all round; requests to drop in at the English College some time and to look us up in England and bland admonishments to be good. 'And say some prayers f'rus. Don't Forget.'

TONY BATTLE.

THE ANCIENT SITE

FRESH DISCOVERIES—A FINAL ANALYSIS

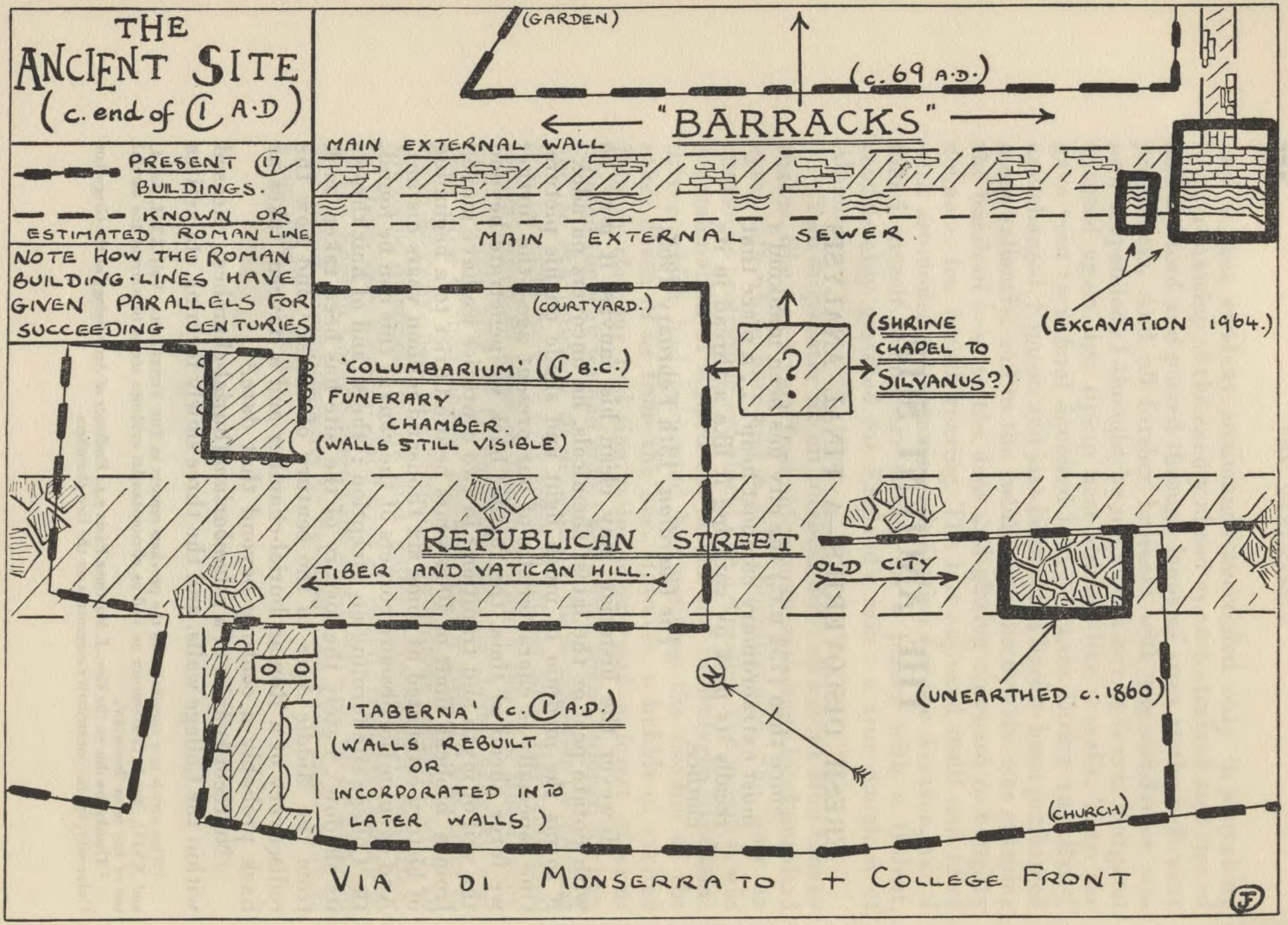
> 'Since then (754 B.C.) the city has been mankind's most extraordinary compost heap . . . a place that recalls its past by carrying it like a thread in its clothes.'
>
> *The Guardian*, 13th February 1965.

However the historian may clean his canvas, it may be with potato peel or the latest chemicals, he uncovers paradox : it forms the medium of much light and shade on his picture. One especially is characteristic of our present age—the further we forge ahead in time, the further back we penetrate beyond the veil of myth and tradition ; in two centuries we have moved from a 'biblical' limit of 4004 years before Christ to a beginning of history estimated at some six thousand million years distant. And even in the obscure corners of the canvas this can be found, the College site forming no exception : 'the strand of hair throws its shadow'. Lately the history of the site has been taken back from the Middle Ages to the century of Christ,[1] and now the rediscovery of a Roman burial-chamber and a 'tavern' takes us back probably a century beyond that date.[2]

No records exist of a *columbarium* (burial-chamber), encased within the College walls, and the three slowly forming stalactites

[1] This article is a conclusion to the previous reports in THE VENERABILE, Vols XXII, No. 4, and XXIII, No. 1. Convenience as well as circumstantial evidence seems to warrant the careful use of the term 'barracks'.

[2] Thanks are due to the Rev. J. Martinez-Fazio S.J., Professor of Archaeology at the Gregorian University, for his constructive comments on the two chambers.



Sketch Plan of the Ancient Site of College (cf. map, VEN. Vol. XXII No. 4. p. 243).

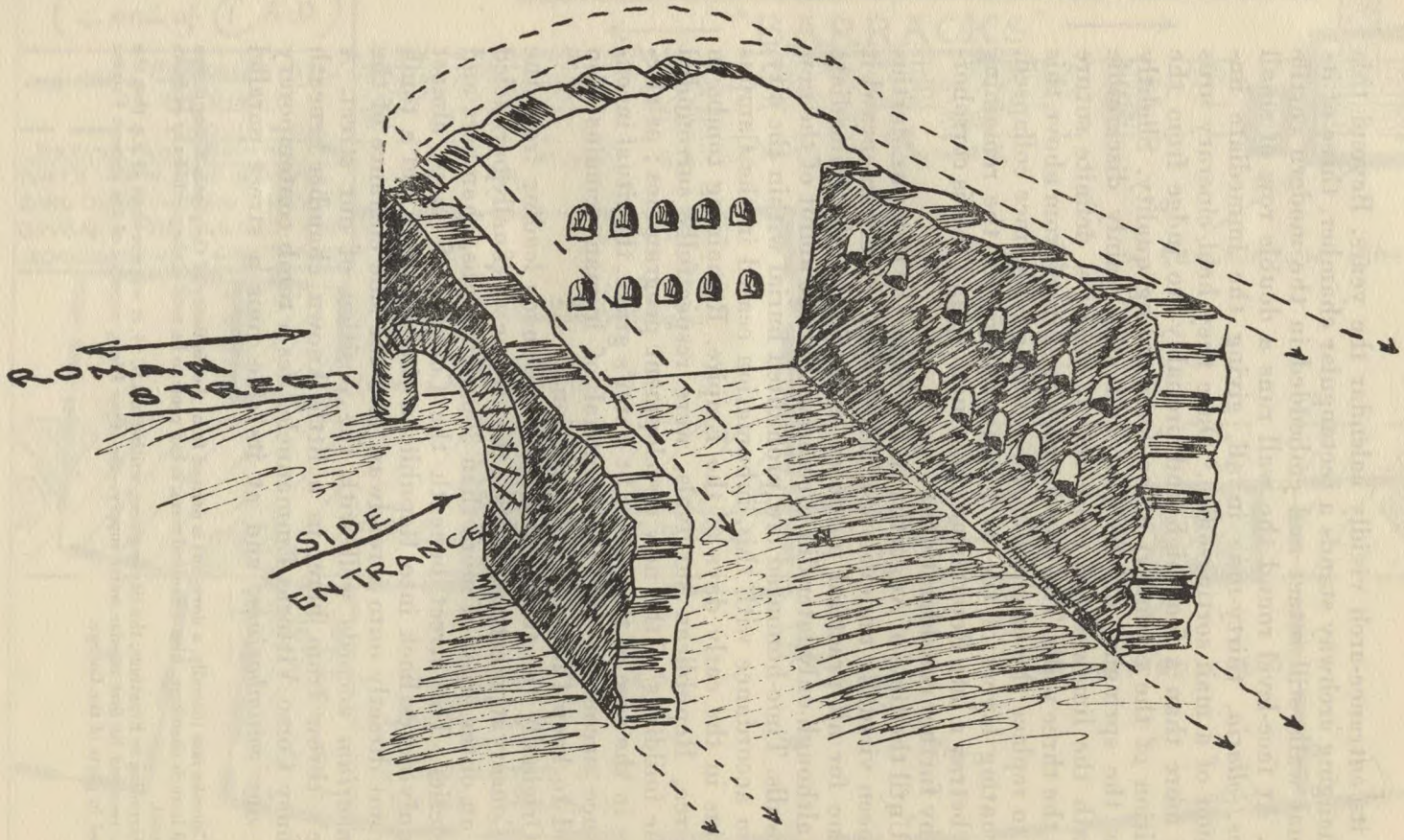
over its entrance-arch vividly calendar the years. Beyond this low-hanging archway stands a rectangular chamber, three of its original walls still intact and embedded in the modern cortile floor. At face-level round the wall runs a double row of small niches, *ollaria*, thirty-nine in all, giving the immediate impression of a mail sorting-office.[3] Once they held cinerary urns little more than a foot high and probably (to judge from the condition of the chamber) of no outstanding quality. Slightly below the springing of the roof and still plainly discernible beneath the limewash of more recent years, a definite suture scars the three walls. The present roofing springs from above this line, to replace the original barrel-vaulting long since collapsed. Alternating layers of tile and cement bands in the remaining walls betray a late Republican construction, and this is corroborated by further considerations.

Until the time of Augustus and Agrippa the Campus Martius had been virtually undeveloped.[4] Then with the urban sprawl it became for all practical purposes a district of the immediate city, although only later did it come within the ambit of the new city walls. Time-honoured law prohibited burial within the city, and in accordance with this, inhumation ceased in the Campus Martius in the early days of the Empire. Remaining tombs in the area, Republican survivals, were respectfully surrounded by the buildings of the new development programmes ; as elsewhere in the case of the site of St Peter's grave, the ritual inconvenience accompanying the removal of human remains also served to keep them from destruction.

Originally the tombs had lined the roads leading from the city. Conservative estimates state that Rome was finally barnacled with an outer crust of more than 300,000 tombs, chambers and cemeteries. The street beneath the College (cf. map) almost certainly dates back into Republican times ; rarely did a tomb open out directly onto a roadway, and the side entrance of the *columbarium* accords well with the position of our street. A stone's throw from here, in a little known chamber beneath the busy Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, lies a tomb contemporary with our *columbarium*, and at its side runs a street parallel

[3] *Columbarium* (literally, a dove-cot) is derived from the similarity of the pigeon-holing design adopted in such chambers. Also a nautical term, it had come to be used of the portholes or oarlocks of a vessel.

[4] According to Frontinus, the city engineer, writing in A.D. 97, it was not until 19 B.C. that the Martius received its first regular water supply—the *Aqua Virgo*, ancestor of the present *Vergine* still used in parts of the College.



The Columbarium as it stands today embedded in the College (Broken lines indicate its original form and size).

to our own.[5] As time went on, frontage too became more costly, possibly all the more reason why a rough *columbarium* flanking the road so close to the city should be of Republican date.

Knowing smiles greeted the suggestion that a 'Bar' also occupied our site. *Taberna*, however, is a generic term. Across the ancient street from the burial-chamber (cf. map) we certainly have a house of commerce, be it shop, tavern or an eating-house. This latter, a *thermopolium*, the ancient chip-shop, seems to be the most likely suggested by the general layout.

Inside the wide room, an arched brick and stone bench or display table skirts three of the walls ; the serving counter has two deep recesses, the ancient hot-plates, where vessels of soups or simply hot drinks were kept warm and ready for sale. Another hot-plate is let into one of the bench-tables. Across the brick pavement in an inner corner of the room stands a beehive-like oven, small but recognisable, where one 'beehive' tops the other (for the fire). The iron doors have long since disappeared, and only a delicately carved marble lintel remains just above the rubble. *Puteolanum* cement holds the bricks in a fire-proof grip.

'Within the room were placed several small tables arranged somewhat in the modern fashion of "boxes" and around these were seated several groups of men, some drinking, some playing at dice, some at that more skilful game of backgammon.' So Lytton reconstructs a Pompeiian drinking-house, 'the haunt of gladiators, prize-fighters, of the vicious and the penniless', where could be bought 'wine enough to thin the best blood in one's veins'.[6]

Suffice it to say that we know of a thriving Tiber dockland here in the Empire days, and probably this building should be attributed to the beginnings of an urbanised Campus Martius, and the first century A.D. As for the walls and accumulated College masonry, the amateur here shrinks from the combing out of a two-thousand-year-old warp and woof.

Before using all the data now available (to avoid unnecessary domestic detail, the reader is referred to the appended map) to draw up a plan of the College site as it would have been by the turn of the century of Christ, one further interesting point

[5] The tomb is that of Aulius Hirtius, Consul in 43 B.C., better known as the author of the last book of Caesar's *De Bello Gallico* and of the Alexandrinum appendix to *De Bello Civili*. Formerly Caesar's lieutenant in Gaul, he died at the head of a consular army fighting Antony in the uproar after Caesar's death. Contemporaries suggest that his pen was more pointed than his sword.

[6] *Last Days of Pompeii*, Bk II, Chap. i.

should be made. It arises from the original evidence, the charioteer's inscription found in the spring of 1682.[7]

Two words, the Emperor's name and rank have been scored from the original dedication of 90 A.D. By the autumn of 96, Domitian, the Sea Beast of the Apocalypse and held by some to be 'Nero Re-incarnate', was dead. Within months a Senate decree *obliterationis memoriae* had commissioned masons to erase his name from all public inscriptions : de-stalinisation in our own day seems to afford the closest modern analogy. Thallus must have watched with a scowl as the chisel defaced his all but new inscription. But naturally the question arises, where and what was the public building which sported this inscribed architrave ? Doubtless a small shrine-chapel to the woodland deity Silvanus, of which there were several in the city. Its location ? Tentatively it could be posited in the margin between the road and the 'barracks', adjacent to the burial-chamber. At least this would serve to explain the discovery of the inscription here and further complete our picture. It remains a suggestion.

NOTE

Sixty years ago, Rodolfo Lanciani, 'the prince of Roman archaeologists', wrote that 'On the opposite side of the same street (Via dei Cappellari) and between it and the Via Monserrato rose the barracks of the "Blues", on a corner of which the English Hospice was established by John and Alice Shepherd in 1362' (*New Tales of Old Rome*, p. 271). So far, so good : the question has been sufficiently exhausted. But Lanciani then goes on to point to a further mysterious epoch of the site. 'When the present Church of St Thomas à Becket was commenced in 1870 from the design of Vespignani the Elder, remains of ecclesiastical edifices of the eleventh or twelfth century and an ancient Roman road were discovered in the excavation for the new foundations.' Is this a clue to the missing Dark Age period ?

[7] 'IMP (Caesare Domitiano) AUG GERMANICO XV
M. COCCEIO NERVA II COS (i.e. 90 A.D.)
THALLUS AGITATOR L. AVILLI PLANTAE SER (vus)
DOMINUM SILVANUM DE SUO POSUIT ITEM DEDICAVIT.'
(CIL, vi, 621.)

Thallus, from his name, seems to have been of Eastern stock. Elsewhere a certain Thallus is recorded in A.D. 125 as having left a proverbial reputation in the racing world. One Plantus is referred to separately both as a freedman and a manager of the 'Reds'.

Stowe, the chronicler, records a legend (no more) that the Hospice was established 'where Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, had sometime builded a chapell of the Holy Trinity' (*Annales*, 1631 edition, p. 334). Today scientific historians admit that even lore has its value in preserving a kernel of truth under heavy disguise—witness the Glastonbury legend. Furthermore no one knows for certain the provenance of the 'Saxon' first-stroke bell in the College clock-tower. And to add to the confusion Ministry observers inspecting the College in 1965 pointed out that certain fragments of the Hospice Church now preserved in the College entrance hall could be dated back as far as the eighth or ninth centuries. Posers such as these postulate an answer . . . and perhaps another story ?

JOHN F. FOX.

FROM TIME TO TIME

(i)

Treble Clef :

Lord, before you here I stand
Uncertain of the way I go
Because I feel a weariness
Searching through the vein
Arterial investigation seeking
The maturation of an old intention
To issue in the truer dedication
Devoid the comfort sense
Of surety and undisturbed at rest.
For one by one decline consoling
Rumours near the heart where
Only satin soft assurance goes
To the single clear note melody.

Bass Clef :

So in on beat the moulded
Harmonies, the moments of decision
Incisive and atonal stringencies
Demanding resolution.
Then let the lifelong symphony
Prolong its contrapuntal dancing
Along time that jars and
Words that slide a scale-tossed
Rhythm-crossed coda of ideas,
Stray thoughts round fold
A central theme heard always
Now subtler keys in tune
No thought for other than
The phrase affords
The last full found and
Full shaped chords.

(ii)

At such an hour as this
The restless moments when a hand
Drifts in a careless wave
Across the unattended dust
On books and files inglanced,
An undefined lined huddle
Printed where the eyes rest
Weary, I shift a
Leaden thought along the unsure
Space between before and after,
The now refusing, present drifting time.
Yet do not let me ask come back
The breast-sucked milk of
Yesterday. Or dandle at the knee
Imagination dancing next week's
Tune unknown melody two days
Hence. Nor play with shadows
Dark along the wall of
Possible mistakes, signposts
To indecision's whirligig.
Fare forward, traveller
To where you have never
Been before ; the invitation
Is as clear as in the
Bell tone time, but only now
A muffled half heard unsure sound.
For when the loneliness is such
That I can only hear the
Sluggish stutter of the heart,
The whispers from the petal falls
Of yesteryear and honey soft the
Future calls along the path I am
Not called to take, then be
Sure alone the loneliness is where
The bell is clear.

WILFRID MCCONNELL.

NOVA ET VETERA

FROM 'THE VENERABILE" 40 YEARS AGO

'As a roof and walls, Monte Porzio meant little to us ; but as a gateway to Romance, the very thought of it thrilled us. As one looks back on it now, "Romance" seems the *mot juste.* There was colour and enterprise and variety ; at times, even peril. There was the dauntless endurance and the rash ardour of youth. Who but the adventurous would tramp six miles along the blinding white roads, and through unsheltered vineyards and over rocky short-cuts, merely to bathe in the Alban lake ? . . . Why, the very villagers were romantic, from Gabriele of the goats, who had herded his charges so long that his very walk was a caper, to the village cobbler who presided over the evening devotions at the Madonna's shrine outside our house, and led the choir in church on Sundays and festivals—an indifferent chorister, but one of God's elect, for all that. They were romantic —laughable, but none the less lovable—when they celebrated the anniversary of the Venti Settembre, and marched past our windows in procession, crying out, with badly simulated derision, "*Morte ai frati* !" "*Ammazza i preti* !" It was all play-acting and provided a diversion for the stolid young Englishmen who looked down on them, unmoved by this unreal outburst of Anticlericalism, which would subside with the fumes of the day's wine.'

'All Rome was horrified to hear of the assassination of Father Paul Geny on the morning of 12th October (1925). He had left the Gregorian a little after ten to visit his nephew in the Via San Basilio. Arrived so far as the street, he was standing reading his breviary, when a soldier named Marchi came up behind, drew his bayonet and plunged it into the priest's body. The point tore through the left lung and pierced both the heart and the stomach. Father Geny fell to the ground with a cry for help, but such was the loss of blood that although he was

carried immediately to the Ospedale di S. Giacomo, there could be no hope and he died within ten minutes. Such a deed would be fearful enough whoever the victim. The murderer had turned mad with anticlericalism and struck at the first priest he saw, a complete stranger. But that this priest should be one of such talents and generous service only renders the tragedy doubly appalling.

'Towards the end of the *villeggiatura* the remnant of the College left over from pilgrimages and long *gite* manifested a sudden desire to play hockey. With one or two exceptions we were wholly ignorant of the game, and we possessed nothing whatever in the way of equipment for it, except a hockey ball discovered by the cricket committee. But things at Palazzola move quickly. Achievement follows rapidly on the heels of the idea. One morning the woods around echoed to the strokes of the chopper and the plying of the saw, until a sufficient number of clubs had been fashioned. In the afternoon, having made ourselves a little less ignorant of the rules, we formally introduced hockey at Palazzola in an excellent match wherein the North defeated the South by six goals to one. Miraculously enough no one was injured. The restraining nature of the rules proved a little irksome at first, for most of us were more familiar with hurling methods. However, we managed a good deal of heavy hitting when the referee's attention was distracted. The experiment was so successful that we have had several games in quick succession. Whether the game flourishes amongst us remains to be seen.'

. . . AND 50 YEARS AGO

(*Extract from a letter to the Rev. H. E. G. Rope from William, later Father, O'Keeffe from Rome, dated 10th November* 1915.)

'. . . We of the English Coll. were very disappointed at not having any new men this year. We are now reduced to twenty ! which is rather bad, I think. The reason seems hard to find. One might have put it down to the war, but as far as one can see there isn't another college in Rome who haven't had new men. Belgian, Scotch, Irish, American, etc. are all represented in the first year and some numerously. I wonder where the hitch lies ! I don't know if you hear from the Beda or not nowadays. They are almost full up and all seem to be enjoying life pretty well. Did you hear Mr Duchemin was a subdeacon ?'

THE ROMAN ASSOCIATION 1865—1965

This year is the centenary year of the Roman Association. Its official name is the Association of the Venerable College of St Thomas de Urbe. Cardinal Nicholas Wiseman (Rector 1828–40) encouraged the proposal, and when on 4th January 1865 thirteen former Venerabile students met at the Catholic Institute in Liverpool to form the Association, they knew they had Wiseman's support and his promise to become their first Patron. Later the same month (twelve members present) the first general meeting took place at St Werburgh's, Birkenhead, on the other side of the Mersey. So the Association in its foundation was very much a Merseyside affair.

The Association set out as its first aim to 'foster a love for Alma Mater' and to keep up old College friendships. These aims have been furthered chiefly by the annual meeting and dinner. This meeting has failed to be held only once in the hundred years (1867), despite the very considerable difficulties during the two major wars of this century. The earlier meetings were small cosy affairs ; members would be the guests of some bishop or rector of a college or former student, now a parish priest with a large enough house of his own. Later, owing to greater numbers, the present pattern emerged, with the meeting and dinner taking place in the principal hotel of some large city—London area, Midlands and North in due rotation.

The second aim of the Association was to send to Rome—to use the words of our brethren of a hundred years ago—'students as shall be fully competent to avail themselves of the great advantages offered by the theological school in the Eternal City'. The Roman Association Scholarship (value £50 per annum) was almost immediately founded, and the Association made a good start in the scholars they chose : Samuel William Allen (Bishop of Shrewsbury 1897—1908), William Barry, scholar and writer, and John McIntyre (Rector of the College 1913–17, Archbishop of Birmingham 1921–29). In the past hundred years there have been eighteen scholars sent to Rome on the Association scholarship. In the present century, largely through benefactions to the Association, four extra burses have been founded : the English Martyrs' burse 1910 (six scholars), Our Lady's (Finch) burse 1913 (six), the Gray burse 1922 (seven) and the Cotton burse 1958 (one). For many years, from the interest on the donation of the late Fr Delany,

a grant has been made to the Rector of the College for the benefits of students to help them in their gita expenses in their final year.

The minutes of the Association reflect events in Rome. Messages of congratulation or sympathy are sent to the Holy Father on happy or sad occasions. It is interesting to note that in 1920 the Bishop of Salford, Louis Charles Casartelli, in an after-dinner speech strongly urged the publication of a College magazine. Every pope in the hundred years has blessed and approved the Association, and it is particularly proud of the letter of Pope Paul VI sent from the Secretariate of State to our President in the centenary year, Bishop Tickle.

THE STUART PORTRAITS

Once a hotbed of Jacobitism, the College still boasts relics of the tragi-comic Stuart 'Court' in Rome. Although these portraits (at present hanging in the Salone) are of uncertain provenance, they are undoubtedly authentic. Both contemporary Continental works, they mark the beginning and end of the Highland Rebellion of 1745. In quaint script on the backs of the pictures is brushed, respectively, 'Prince Edward of York on his departure for Scotland', and 'Cardinal Henry, Duke of York, receiving a letter from his brother defeated in Scotland. Painted by Subleyras.'

Charles Edward is shown as Prince Regent at twenty-four, about to leave Rome in 1744 to recover his grandfather's throne. Armoured and wearing an ermine-trimmed scarlet robe, he sports the maroon and gold baton of a Field Marshal : an invasion force, French troops seconded to the Stuart cause, was already riding the swell at Dunkirk awaiting his arrival to take command. The bravado of the artist's model was no empty panoply : his personal bravery in action was remarked even by his enemies. Below his right arm and suspended over its crimson and white sash can be seen the gold George-and-Dragon badge of the now abolished Order of St George. This, together with the Crown and Orb, obscure but significant on the cushion at his side, had been smuggled from England along with the Crown Jewels by James II as he fled the country in 1688. As late as 1807, Prince Henry, the last of the Stuarts, on his death tidily bequeathed the Regalia back to the Hanoverian 'usurper' George III.

Ballads have glamourised the following years. The task force was dispersed by storm and Charles impatiently landed in Northern Scotland almost alone. With astonishing speed a Highland army was mustered, snowballing strength through Edinburgh, the Border, Carlisle, Manchester and finally Derby. From here, news of the fatal decision to retreat and of the war of attrition waged by Redcoats against irregular clansmen served to allay the fears of the London populace. At Culloden the Stuart meteor came to earth, and a mist of legend and liqueur recipes marks the escape of Charles with his memories to the Continent.

Which brings us to the second picture. Between September and October 1746, Charles wrote from France to confirm the worst of the expedition. Henry, on receiving the letter, made for France, and his hero-worship of his elder brother made his sympathy welcome. Yet, allowing for a possible intentional anachronism in the name of the artist's licence, this cannot have been the letter held by the Cardinal in the picture. It was months after his return to Rome that in a rare flash of realism he shocked Jacobites at large by following his own calling and accepting the Red Hat. Support in England, mainly Anglican, was immediately alienated ; Whig snipers lampooned him as 'Old Redcap' ; Charles himself took the act as a betrayal of the House of Stuart, and for years to come there was friction between the two brothers.

It seems, then, that Peter Subleyras has taken for his theme the final letter from Charles expressing his chagrin. July 1747 saw Henry Cardinal ; Charles had the news by August ; within a year and a half, Subleyras, the Breton painter of the Roman aristocracy, was dead. The picture can only have been painted 1747–48. Henry wears the badge and blue collar of St George, while on the fringe of his *Cappa Magna* can just be seen the ermine trimming which so greatly annoyed his Curial colleagues. That Subleyras' notable characteristic was his delicacy in positioning his subjects here needs no comment.

THE ROME SPORTS ASSOCIATION

The English College monopoly of Roman cricket was challenged for the first time in October 1962. Our old friends who have enjoyed Villa hospitality over so many years availed themselves of Don Frank Doria's kind offer of his Villa to

Prince Charles Edward, 1744

Prince Henry, Cardinal, 1747

organise the 'Rome Ashes' knock-out competition. The College reached the final to face the Australian Embassy on 13th October, Feast of St Edward, coffee and *liquori*. The game took place on what many generations of stone-picking students will remember as the old soccer pitch. Heavy thunderstorms had left the coconut mat floating gently, like a magic carpet in a glutinous sea. Away from home waters, without the sun, and somewhat groggy after a rich Edwardian dinner, we suffered sorry shipwreck. After they had declared at 67 for 8, the Australians beat us by 25 runs.

Thus encouraged, the British Embassy, the Australian Sports and Social Club, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, the Beda College and the Venerabile launched the Rome Sports Association at a general meeting held in the College library on 19th February 1963. A committee of management was elected under the presidency of Don Frank Doria, and the declared aim of the Association was to encourage and co-ordinate amateur sport among the Commonwealth community in Rome.

Aided by many generous gifts and an annual subscription fee of L.2000 a head (the College pays a lump sum of L.50,000), the new venture got under way. Within a year a concrete wicket was laid, a fixture list of twenty games (including matches against F.A.O. and a N.A.T.O. team from Naples) was played off, the laity enjoyed a late-night barbecue, and in the October gala week the Australians retained the 'Ashes'. This time, no excuses.

During the course of 1964 the whole sports plateau was bulldozed level ; the cricket table was extended to a fifty-yard square, raked smooth, and close-seeded with fine grass ; and to the right of this, hard by the Via Aurelia Antica, a new soccer pitch was prepared. The introduction of soft-ball in 1965 brought the Canadian community into the fold. With cricket on one side and soft-ball on the other, a week-end afternoon in summer sees the Pamphilj gardens a hive of activity, ably served by the catering staff and barmen who are by no means the drones of the Association.

Regular fixtures, rising standards and a welding of the Commonwealth community are the results of the labours of the Association pioneers, many of whom are no longer in Rome. It is to be hoped that the flush of success does not give rise to over-ambitious projects, and that professionalism will be kept at bay. There is still room for analogy in the use of the term 'cricket', and for many the year's highlight is still the visit to Palazzola.

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 8*th Friday*. The indulgence of the *Rector Magnificus* extends thus far and no further, and we trail back to the Greg.

A large box of wallpaper appears by the Vice-Rector's room : presumably for using on the cracks.

9*th Saturday*. Even the pipe-organ is turning radical. For Benediction it becomes mute and smokes sulkily. But for Compline it is quite its old self again.

10*th Sunday*. Mgrs Iggleden and Clark depart.

Change of places in the refectory. The principle is that you meet fresh faces across the table, while retaining familiar elbows in your ribs. If you spent the last three months with your chin in the soup, you will now have your back to the wall.

11*th Monday*. *Lord of the Flies* reaches its sardonic conclusion. The Vice-Rector leaves for a spell in England. Mr Coote for the *n*th time initiates some optimists into the rudiments of skiing in the North West Passage. Some people never learn.

12*th Tuesday*. By way of contrast, we now eat to the sound of *Light on a Dark Horse*. Mirth and controversy.

We have the first of a new series of Tuesday evening *soirées musicales*.

14*th Thursday*. Gita. Pride of place goes to Terminillo, where yesterday's pupils take their first slithers. Other paths led to Orvieto, Subiaco, Boys' Town.

15*th Friday*. Frs Fitzgerald and Nowlan kindly visit us for confession in the absence of Fr Orsy.

17*th Sunday*. We now say Lauds immediately after meditation, and have breakfast before High Mass. Fr Ripley from Liverpool gives us a talk for our morning of recollection.

Meals today are somewhat fluid (so to speak) : the new system for Sunday dinner is sit-where-you-like, a weekly social fermentation. Supper

of beer and sandwiches outside the Common Room fortifies us against prolonged and repeated assaults of screaming Zulu tribesmen, in a defensive action which produced eleven V.C.s as well as a technicolor film.

January 18th Monday. Christian Unity Octave : appropriate bidding-prayers are included in Community Mass.

19th Tuesday. The evening *De Profundis* is now said in the *Grail* translation. Those accustomed to the time-honoured version fight constantly and not always successfully to restrain themselves from chiming in at the wrong places.

21st Thursday. The culmination of much planning among the OND : we are delighted hosts of an international and interdenominational gathering for dinner. Amongst many other guests, the Waldensians and Greek Orthodox were strongly represented. Although, as the Rector said in welcoming the guests, the occasion was not on the same level as the prayers we have all been redoubling this week, still it was a homely and friendly step towards greater mutual understanding, and one which we hope will be repeated.

We are saddened to hear of the sudden death of Father Lancelot Pears, a very old friend of the College. As usual, he had spent last Christmas with us. Nobody could meet him, even briefly, without remembering him with respect. May he rest in peace.

22nd Friday. Unlamented and almost unnoticed, the Martyrology becomes a thing of the past.

23rd Saturday. The Rector is worried that students might get stuck in the lift. We welcome Fr Gerald Corr O.S.M. of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, who gives us a talk on (guess what) ecumenism.

24th Sunday. Like people all over the world, we have been following with our prayers the increasingly sober news of Sir Winston Churchill's illness. Today we hear of his death. There is nothing left to say but, May he rest in peace.

In the evening, Italian television mounts a retrospect of his life.

25th Monday. An impressive Ukranian rite Mass celebrated by Mgr Slipji in the Aula Magna at the Greg. A good number take part in the Mass and communicate under both kinds. Coffee is provided afterwards, and morsels are eaten to ward off the pangs. Congratulations to Vita Nostra.

Yesterday we sang the solemn dirge over the body of Father Pears. This morning the Rector sings a solemn Requiem and preaches a short panegyric, and the coffin is escorted to the Campo Santo by a large number from the College. He would have wished it so. Father Pears is buried in the same vault as Mgr Giles.

The list of new cardinals is announced. We drink the health of the Cardinal-Designate of Westminster with an *ad multos annos*. It is fortunate that Mgr Worlock is with us, to give us the benefit of his plentiful experience of cardinalatial protocol, and to carry our congratulations and good wishes back to Westminster.

January 26th Tuesday. Postal strike. The College postman comes out in sympathy.

28th Thursday. General rejoicing : the unwieldly cam of four gives place to a more streamlined two-man version (a permissive, not a preceptive ordinance).

A 'Colleges XV' plays rugby against Propaganda—and is unambiguously beaten.

29th Friday. The three-day mail famine ends.

Fr Copleston addresses the Literary Society on 'Philosophy for Theology' His enjoyment as he lays about him is evidently as great as his audience's.

30th Saturday. A day off lectures to watch the television broadcast of Sir Winston Churchill's funeral. It was a *tour de force*, but more than that, it was an occasion of true national sentiment. The ceremonies were calm and uncluttered. Let's hope that many television sets were turned on in Rome today.

31st Sunday. A new course of sermon groups starts, this time centred on the paschal liturgy and the place of non-liturgical devotions.

FEBRUARY *1st Monday.* A memorial service is held at San Silvestro for Sir Winston Churchill. Present were Cardinals Cicognani and Heard, the British Minister, and many British residents and well-wishers.

4th Thursday. A vestigial offertory-procession is introduced into Community Mass : we now place our own hosts in the ciborium before Mass.

The alert and sharp-sighted observe an unexpected phenomenon—a snowfall (several flakes). Cardinal Heard is seen at the window.

Several people go to see the film *Vangelo secondo Matteo.* Some of the finer points of the introductory lecture are lost on us. The film arouses strong differences of opinion, but it's nice to see a religious film that breathes life instead of simpering.

5th Friday. End of term. Brief intermission from the Greg.

6th Saturday. Those not involved in exams take the opportunity of getting out of Rome into a healthy knifelike wind.

8th Monday. A new start and some new faces ; one professor strikes an original note by introducing his course with a warning that it is not the most important in the time-table, and should not be allowed to divert us too much. This assured him of an attentive hearing for the rest of the lecture.

A double anniversary, celebrated with extra candles at Mass and extra wine at supper. The Rector has been ordained for twenty-three years, and Rector for one. Which period seems longer he tactfully did not say.

The OND is brought up to strength by the arrival of Mr Budd from Pusey House (extra mural).

9th Tuesday. 5.30 a.m. is a notoriously cheerless hour. This morning a baleful luminosity and the dead thunking of the clock make it eerie as

well. Eyes slowly open, to take in the sight of Rome under several inches of snow. The snowfall continues all morning, by which time it may have reached a depth of anything up to a foot. The Greg is out of the question (never was there less doubt about *prima nix*), and Bernini's colonnade encircles a snowball fight that turns it into a latter-day Colosseum.

Breakdown of services : having no mail is a nuisance, but supper by candlelight makes a nice change, which we might do more often.

February 10*th Wednesday*. From Land's End to John o' Groats scores of fond parents open their newspapers and optimistically recognize little Johnnie among the half-dozen shadowy snowballers by St Peter's. Little Johnnie, meanwhile, is paddling his way to the Greg.

11*th Thursday*. Rome begins to reckon up the account of the snowfall. On the credit side is the sheer wonder of it, the inevitable satisfaction of establishing a record, the knowledge that here is something to tell one's children's children. No ordinary record this, either—even the hoariest of raconteurs cannot claim to remember the last great snow, way back in the eighteenth century. On the debit side is a good deal of havoc on the tramways, with fallen wires and twisted gantreys ; and the pines in gardens all over Rome will take years to recover ; and now the aftermath—slush. But anyone who sees the sculptured shapes of the snow-loaded trees beside Lake Albano, the glint of the Villa Cloisters under the blue sky, must think for a breathless moment that a few tram-wires are of little importance.

A lively Literary Society talk from our resident lawyer, Captain Morris.

12*th Friday*. Mr Brand bakes a real fish pie. There are five people in bed. Mgr Worlock leaves.

13*th Saturday*. It was a very good fish pie, which we hope will set a precedent. The five people have 'flu. Mgr Worlock was probably leaving anyway.

14*th Sunday*. A Day of Recollection, given by the Rector. In the evening a paraliturgical experiment : a Holy Hour with readings on diverse topics.

A sort of indoor *al fresc*' is now the prelude to films. When beer is not to be had, we fall back on wine. Catering is in very able hands, and a small group of slicers and spreaders is usually mustered by investing the task with a combination of allure and mystery. Today the collation was followed by *West of Minnesota*.

15*th Monday*. The vexed question of the 'sacred' character of Rome, the Concordat, and Hochuth's *The Representative*. After an attempt in a disused church had been thwarted by the police, a performance was eventually given in a bookshop, but one gathers that dramatically it did not live up to its preludes.

16*th Tuesday*. The wind has teeth.

February 18*th Thursday*. A gardening party continues its tidying up, paying particular attention to the gravel on Archbishop Heenan's rosary-track.

The soccer team beats the Holy Ghost.

19*th Friday*. Archbishop Heenan arrives, bringing with him his *gentiluomo*, Mr Anthony Bartlett, and his nephew, Fr Michael Reynolds.

The rugby team loses narrowly to part of the Italian Navy.

21*st Sunday*. Cardinal Heard ordains one priest and seven subdeacons. Mr Purdue has had to pay for his precociousness by cooling his heels since last October. But happily Top Year is reunited at last. A reception is given in the evening at which Mr Purdue's family brave the student body. The Cardinal is present, and the Rector says nice things about the *ordinati*. Warm congratulations to them all.

One may imagine a variety of celebrations taking place in Rome this week-end. Two which merit a passing reference are the exhibition of folk-dancing mounted by the Y.C.W. in honour of Mgr Cardijn, and staged in the dear old Greg ; and the Mother General's visitation of our own nuns, of which no further details are to hand.

22*nd Monday*. Mr Purdue's First Mass. He seemed reluctant to ascend to the altar of God after all these years, and moved purposefully about *in plano* instead. Such are the new rubrics for the Liturgy of the Word.

Archbishop Heenan's *biglietto*, the first of an exacting series of ceremonies. Instead of surprising each candidate in the privacy of his chamber, it has been found more convenient to surprise them in groups under the eye of the cameras ; consequently it was at the North American College that Archbishop Heenan received official notice of his elevation, read out to him by our Rector. He was cheered back to the College, and dinner gave us an opportunity for a quiet celebration. In reply to the Rector's toast, the new Cardinal described some of the sartorial dilemmas besetting one who is not sure whether he is an archbishop or a cardinal or a cardinal-designate. The *gentiluomo*, on the other hand, has no sartorial difficulties whatever.

23*rd Tuesday*. The portrait of the new Cardinal, which is to hang in his Titular Church, is to be painted by Mr Michael Reynolds (not to be confused with the subject's nephew). He was sketching assiduously during dinner, and the imagination is beguiled by the idea of such informal poses.

25*th Thursday*. An impressive ceremony in St Peter's, when the Pope concelebrates Mass with the new cardinals and presents them with their red birettas. Patriarch Maximos IV Saigh replies to the Pope's address on behalf of all.

Afterwards, Cardinal Heard presides at a dinner in honour of Cardinal Heenan, to which we are delighted to welcome Their Excellencies the British Ambassador and the British Minister, along with friends and relations of Cardinal Heenan, and representatives of many religious orders. Conversation continued over coffee and liquori in the Cardinals' Corridor.

February 26th Friday. A drizzling evening. The Pope celebrates Mass at St Paul's-Outside-the-Walls in memory of those who were killed in the Congo massacres, and the ceremony includes the conferment of baptism and confirmations. Unfortunately the size, the crowds and television arc-lights made participation unusually difficult.

27th Saturday. Cardinal Heenan takes possession of his Titular Church, which happily is San Silvestro in Capite, so well known to the English residents in Rome, and nowadays to our own priests in particular. He was received at the door by the parish priest, Fr Smith, who made a speech entrusting the church to the cardinal; in replying, Cardinal Heenan outlined his plans for making San Silvestro a vigorous centre for English Catholics in Rome. He then received the homage of members of the congregation, and the ceremony culminated in a Low Mass. Afterwards the Cardinal met many English residents and visitors. The ceremony managed to triumph over the ubiquity of the photographers and the background noises of the students' rag week (an event in which the blowing of whistles features prominently).

Despite the counter-attraction of England *v.* France on Eurovision most attention is concentrated on Cardinal Heenan's own reception in the College, for which many students volunteered for cloakroom-attending, lift-operating, handing-round and mopping-up. The last job proves the most popular.

28th Sunday. His Eminence gets a good send-off from the cortile. His luggage includes a large round box.

We try having a film in Italian (or was it Sicilian ?), *Divorzio all' Italiana.* A great success.

MARCH *1st Monday. St David's Day.* The English and Welsh College marks the occasion with a concelebration. The prayers of the Canon are now being chanted, and very impressive it sounds. The words of consecration come over clearly and solemnly.

The College's own private day of reckoning : Top Year shed their wings and fly from the nest; the house-list is published and several geese are cooked. Those overwhelmed with new office can escape temporarily to the North American College's gay rendition of *My Fair Lady.* Some even manage to escape as far as Fiesole.

2nd Tuesday. Gitas. A party of optimistic skiers shared a bus to Terminillo with the Americans, where they met heavy mist and persistent rain. Fortunately, the bus was weatherproof.

The Superiors must have had a gita of their own. They bring back a second-hand blue Citroen brake.

3rd Wednesday. The penitential season gets off to a cracking start with the distribution of ashes, a distribution of marks, and a Public Meeting. Messrs Coughlan and Brand gracefully retire from office, and are gracefully

replaced by Messrs Hollis and Wahle. Compliments, bathwater, refreshments and blood flow freely, but the whole proceedings last under an hour, and we are grateful.

March 4th Thursday. Postprandial visit in the Martyrs Chapel is the new order.

5th Friday. Back to the Greg after a few days' break.

The Italians by Luigi Barzini starts in the refectory : the sort of spicy, anecdotal, apophthegmatic book which slips down nice and easily.

6th Saturday. Vernacular : the *Messaggero* gives full-page spread treatment to tomorrow's changes—an encouraging sign.

Vernacular : the College receives a directive that we are to celebrate Mass in Latin 'sometimes' during the week. Selective devernacularization is put into effect (Mass in English will be four days a week).

7th Sunday. The First in Lent, and the Pope launches the Italian vernacular liturgy when he says Mass at a church on the Via Appia. First reports coming from our men at San Silvestro indicate a favourable reception of the changes.

Appropriately, there are distinct signs of spring.

8th Monday. A *dies non* for St Thomas. The Lady statue disappears from the stairs and the niche is speedily filled in.

10th Wednesday. First and Second Theology withdraw into a recollected silence, and are encouraged by Father Pesce C.P. It is one of those bright, fresh disembodied days, luminous, and with the promise of a hot summer.

11th Thursday. A day of frenzied sketch-writing, song-writing, rehearsing, leading up to Theologians' Concert. An especial prayer of thanks for the Red Hat and the Blue Citroen, ready-made concert fodder.

THEOLOGIANS' CONCERT, 1965

1. TWO ON THE PIANO
   Messrs Brand and Howling

2. PROGRESS AS YOU LIKE IT
   Messrs Brennan, McEvoy, Howling and McHugh

3. MUSIC-HALL NIGHT, featuring
   THE PONGOIDS and THE TIGHT FANTASTICS
   Messrs Ainslie, Round, McSweeney, Poulter, Loughran, Firth, Kirkham, Hollis, Dodd and Pullen

4. JACK OF ALL TRADES
   Messrs Howell, Wahle, Coote, Wade, Martin and Poulter

5. THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
   Messrs Fox, McHugh and Loughran

6. Auffahrt Zur Bliedenhilde Von Den Stimmenundteitspielers
   Messrs Round, Kelly and Poulter

7. South Romantic
   Messrs Coote, Cookson, Brand, Purdue, McEvoy, Johnson and McConnell

8. Liturgical Impacts
   Messrs Coughlan and McConnell

9. The Naughty Boy's Diary
   Messrs Dann, Standley, Feben, Wahle, Wade, Ashton, Jones, Martin and Cornish

10. McConnell Thinks Ahead
    Mr McConnell

11. A Smooth Performance
    Messrs Firth, Coughlan, Brand, Kelly, Pateman, Feben, Ainslie, Johnson, Trevett, McEvoy, McSweeney, McHugh, Howell, Pullen, Poulter, Round, Dodd, Howling and Kirkham

March 12th Friday. The Abbot-General of the Camaldolese concelebrates at San Gregorio with groups of his own monks, Benedictines from Sant' Anselmo, and some seculars from the English College. A hospitable agape follows.

Under a leaden sky a number of hardy traditionalists made the midday plunge : tank temperature 48 degrees.

13th Saturday. At the church of the Twelve Apostles, Bishop Pocci confers tonsure and second minor orders. The long ceremony was conducted with calm and unhurried efficiency.

The organist has been giving us some interesting musical experiences on Saturdays in Lent : Marcel Dupré's *La Chemin de la Croix*, complete with programme notes. The only objection is that it is difficult to do the music justice as one picks up one's biretta and liber and processes into the corridor ; and the rhythms are usually impossible to walk to.

14th Sunday. Cardinal Heard consecrates the altar in the nuns' new chapel. This is on the second floor, two storeys above the old site, and is decorated with a simplicity quite unlike its predecessor. Creamy walls are set off by isolated panels in red regency-stripe. The white alabaster statue of Our Lady, the modern stained-glass window of St Elizabeth of Hungary, and many other furnishings have been provided by generous gifts from many members of the hierarchy.

It is very pleasant to welcome a party of the Coldstream Guards and 13th/18th Hussars on their way from Libya to England by the land route. They have been spending a few days at Palazzola.

March 17*th Wednesday*. We make room for the Mass of St Patrick. Sprigs of shamrock are seen in the College, and the Irish Augustinians extend their hospitality to any who can claim Irish blood, and most can. At the Greg, one professor has to endure a whole verse of *When Irish Eyes are Smilin'* as he takes his place on a rostrum decorated like a Christmas tree.

18*th Thursday*. Blood-letting in the Common Room. Donors make up with a late breakfast.

19*th Friday*. It is close and muggy, we will probably be having thunder. Coffee and liquori encourage the energetic into the tank.

20*th Saturday*. Withdraw weather prophecy (as usual). No thunder ; sky clear, just trimmed with cloud. Under the influence of such a lucid day, the hyacinths and wallflowers are blooming in the garden, and even the goldfish seem frisky.

21*st Sunday*. A Recollection from Father Purdy.

23*rd Tuesday*. We hear of the death last night of Archbishop Grimshaw, news which was no less painful for being long expected. He has been much in our prayers, and a source of inspiration to us during his illness. May he rest in peace.

The electioneering at the Greg for Vita Nostra office is gathering momentum. This year the English College is watching from the sidelines—except for those who have greatness thrust upon them.

24*th Wednesday*. Father Roderick Mackenzie S.J. comes from the Biblicum to give us an inspiring talk on *The Homily*.

25*th Thursday*. We offer our prayers for Archbishop King, whose death we hear of today.

27*th Saturday*. Beefeaters and Sir Winston Churchill in the Piazza Pilotta, and rhetorical words swallowed up by the crowd. It was the flower of British manhood : in other words, Top Year paying its last visit—well, nearly its last—to the Greg.

28*th Sunday*. *Laetare*—for everyone except the incoming sacristan. His predecessor retires in good order and keeping his incense dry.

A piebald fixture against the North Americans—half rugby and half American football. And a more orthodox football fixture against an Irish team.

The Battle of the River Plate diverted the House in the evening, thanks to some classic stiff-upper-lipwork and the portrayal of Sir Eugene Millington-Drake, a legendary visitor to the College.

30*th Tuesday*. Stational function at San Lorenzo, and the end of central heating.

31*st Wednesday*. With the help of a docile blackboard and a wilful projector, we are given a masterly summary of the recent archaeological work beneath St Peter's. This for the benefit of two parties who have arranged to visit the site in the near future.

APRIL 1*st Thursday*. A good turn-out to encourage the soccer team against the Scots this morning. We were fooled : the Scots won 2—1.

2*nd Friday*. One or two Greg professors have been invited in to inspect our library, and stay and sample our food. We hope they enjoyed the meal.

3*rd Saturday*. A rugby team arrives from B.E.A., who think nothing of popping over to Rome for a day or two. The College beat them on the field, and then consoled them with wine in the Common Room.

6*th Tuesday*. The goldfish population has increased—a kind gift (which is a disappointment to those who have been thinking how wonderful Nature is).

8*th Thursday*. The soccer team and a good many hangers-on have an enjoyable afternoon at Boys' Town. Admiration is excited by the wine vats, the dairy farm, the ceramics and metalwork shops ; still more by the atmosphere of solidarity and friendliness.

10*th Saturday*. The Greg breaks up for the Easter recess.

11*th Sunday*. We go into retreat with Fr MacNicholl, a Dominican from San Clemente.

13*th Tuesday*. Fr MacNicholl offers us a special indulgence which is granted to Dominican retreat-masters—on the assumption, as he modestly said, that one is badly needed by anyone who has undergone a Dominican retreat. Our only grumble is the torrential weather he brought with him.

15*th Maundy Thursday*. The Rector concelebrates with six priests.

A number of people have been doing the seven churches' walk. One party got no further than St Peter's, where they were co-opted into the liturgy.

16*th Good Friday*. The solemn afternoon liturgy. A few also go out during the Triduum to take part in Tenebrae at the parish church. All those who witnessed the Pope's Stations of the Cross, either at the Colosseum itself or on television, were much moved by the ceremony.

17*th Holy Saturday*. Waiting for the Easter Vigil. Meanwhile, furious activity ; which includes the loading of the Citroen with necessities for the Villa.

18*th Easter Sunday*. In St Peter's Square the Pope says Mass before a numberless throng, and afterwards gives his blessing as the crowd spills into the Conciliazione. Fortunately, the occasional drizzle does not turn to rain until the afternoon, by which time we have been fortified by food and cheered by the ritual appearance of *Chi Lo Sa ?*

19*th Monday*. The dispersion. Parties set out for the beaches, the mountains, the *autostrada*. One party is swiftly reunited round the table at Palazzola, where they luxuriate in spring sunshine and lay attire.

20*th Tuesday*. During the night the wind threatens to uproot the Villa altogether. Those who brought a *zimarra* congratulate themselves on their foresight. Several guests in for dinner, and perhaps they think of *commodo viatorum* as they hide from the rain and sleet by the morgue fire. This is the weather for bridge and chess and monopoly and hot wine.

April 21*st Wednesday*. Gita. Five *castelli* towns make a pleasant ramble, without unduly overtiring the legs or overburdening the stomach. The only possible reason for regretting the College's abandonment of Monte Porzio is the excellence of the local vintage. Obligingly, the only snowfall of the day occurs during lunch, and the downpour of rain holds off until we should, by rights, have been safely back home.

22*nd Thursday*. The weather permits the energetic to use a cricket bat, and the less energetic to use a deckchair. Many capable hands make light work of an excellent barbecue.

23*rd Friday*. Rain prevents the cricket match which the Rome clergy was to have played against the XL Club. But one of Enzo's legendary meals carries on undisturbed, and cockles and spaghetti are consumed to the musical accompaniment of Enzo, Pietro and Antonio.

24*th Saturday*. Gita. The remaining *castelli* towns are conquered.

Paths from all over Italy converge on Rome, from Venice, Florence, Sicily, Ischia, the Abruzzi. The hoped-for rail strike does not materialize, but a new type of strike for a change—milk, this time, but one does not know at which stage of the chain of production the breakdown has occurred.

25*th Sunday*. A welcome visit from the *Pueri Cantores* from Walsall.

26*th Monday*. *St George's Day*—deferred. Among the guests at dinner we were privileged to have the Bishop of Bristol.

27*th Tuesday*. The bitterness of the return to the Greg is somewhat sweetened by the introduction of the summer programme.

28*th Wednesday*. The College, along with the Scots and the Beda, is present in strength in the Clementine Anteroom for the arrival of the Prime Minister on his way to a papal audience. Plenty of time to study the Swiss Guards and the chamberlains, to ponder the allegories and be astonished by the foreshortenings, and to wonder at the name of Clement. At last Mr and Mrs Wilson re-emerge, and are cheered to find much common ground with the Rector, Mr Laird and Mr Morgan. They were last seen in a traffic-jam trying to turn off the Conciliazione.

29*th Thursday*. Mr Wilson gives a press conference after his meetings with the Italian Government, and the press acclaims a *sostanziale identità di vedute*. Which may not throw much light on the talks, but it is an interesting lesson in cosmopolitan jargon.

30*th Friday*. Fr Orsy reminds us that the Jesuits are electing not only a new General, but a new Vice-Chancellor for the Greg.

MAY 1*st Sunday*. A day of sport. The Cup Final, and our cricket team playing the F.A.O.

In the evening we saw a forgettable film called *The Victors*.

2*nd Sunday*. Community High Mass at 8 o'clcok for the summer programme.

The Rector likes light hats and lights out.

4*th Tuesday*. Feast of the College Martyrs, and a concelebration. A large dinner, and a large number of guests.

May 5th Wednesday. Another concert appears magically after a day or two's frenetic preparation : it includes an Easter-gita travelogue and a First Year bandshow. The sound effects of both are memorable in their different ways.

ENGLISH AND WELSH MARTYRS' CONCERT, 1965

Prologue : Hallelujah Chorus, from Handel's *Messiah*

1. The Man in the Fifty-Guinea Suit
   Messrs Standley, Johnson, Wade and Loughran

2. Violin Quartet, *Golden sonata* (Purcell)
   Messrs Round, Ainslie, McCurry and Howling

3. Well, I Never . . .
   Messrs Pearce and Farrington

4. Disconbobulation
   Messrs Pearce, Martin and First Year Philosophy

5. Listen with Richard

6. The Armpits
   Messrs Brennan, McConnell, Pearce, Nichols and Howling

7. Top Year Sketch
   Messrs Coughlan, Brand, Howell, Pateman, Gath, Finn, Feben and Purdue

6th Thursday. In hot sun we make our way to the Catacomb of San Callisto, where we have Mass in the (ground level) Cella Trichora di SS. Sisto and Caecilia. Unfortunately, First Year cannot come, victims of an early examination at the Greg.

Cricket match against Propaganda ends in a draw.

Coloured lights and music on the balcony after supper proclaim that summer is really here.

8th Saturday. At a simple but effective ceremony, Germano and an assistant install the new Lady Statue on the stairs. It is a guileless Virgin and Child in wood, adapted from an original in Liverpool Cathedral. We are indebted to the Bishop of Leeds for this gift which is universally agreed to be incomparably better than its predecessor.

We entertain a party from H.M.S. *Centaur* in the Common Room, and with them comes Mgr George Pitt, the senior chaplain to the Royal Navy.

May 9th Sunday. The departure of Mr Trevett after a distinguished decade or so at the College. Not many can remember what the place is like without him.

Our good wishes and prayers to Simonetta, Arrigo's daughter, who makes her First Communion and becomes the focus of attention for a bus-load of relatives and friends.

10*th Monday*. Arc-lights and movie cameras in the aula at the Greg. It might be a new gimmick to keep us awake. It might (though it hardly seems likely) be a recruiting feature for one of the Orders. It might be the Greg secret police at work.

11*th Tuesday*. Cardinal Heenan comes to stay for a few days.

13*th Thursday*. In honour of St Robert Bellarmine, the Greg arranges a concelebration at Sant' Ignazio ; among the concelebrators are the hierarchy of the Greg and many college rectors. There follows a lunch at which we may suppose weighty matters of policy were discussed.

15*th Saturday*. We hear that Mr Budd will be returning next term as theology *ripetitore*, an announcement which we welcome with rejoicing both because of our regard for Mr Budd and of our real need for a tutor in theology.

We are to be allowed to put our hats in mothballs for the summer.

16*th Sunday*. For the first time we can promenade with a bare head and a clear conscience.

Before the Rector's departure tomorrow for a month in England, he bids farewell to those he will not see after their Licentiates. At supper, red wine marks the occasion and members of the OND are guests at the High Table.

18*th Tuesday*. The heat is oppressive, and the scene on the balcony after supper is one of silent torpor.

20*th Thursday*. Gita day, mainly at the seaside. The usual lobster complexions, but considering the tales of treacherous currents it is nice to see some people back at all.

A party goes to broadcast the rosary on Vatican Radio—in Latin, as it turns out.

21*st Friday*. A function at the church of Santa Trinità dei Pellegrini : the remains of San Giovanni-Battista de Rossi are being translated to a church in the suburbs, and the College acknowledges its debt to the saint who acted as our confessor some two hundred years ago. His special apostolate as a secular priest was in the confessional, and he devoted himself particularly to the down-and-outs of Rome.

23*rd Sunday*. A Day of Recollection, the conference given by Fr Buxton from the Beda.

In the evening, a slide-show evokes the joys of Easter gitas, though only in Sicily does the light seem to have been entirely satisfactory for photography. As usual, enthusiastic commentators point out landmarks which you can't quite see in the picture.

May 26th Wednesday. St Philip Neri, and the College is well in evidence in the round of ceremonies at the Chiesa Nuova.

Movie equipment has appeared in the photogenic Campo dei Fiori; troops of *bersaglieri* are seen marching at the trot, and Peter Sellers makes a brief appearance—perhaps what they have in common is a fine sense of the ridiculous.

The English Province of the Society of Jesus plays host at a dinner to which they invite alumni from their own schools who are at present studying in Rome. The College can muster nearly a dozen.

27th Thursday. Ascension Day. The dignity of today's concelebration was greatly enhanced by a new set of uniform vestments of Gothic design woven in white wool with deep red piping.

The film *Hot Enough for June* made a good programme with a couple of excellent shorts, one on Shakespeare and one on Churchill.

29th Saturday. A group is out from Menevia diocese, and for the first time in the College, Mass is celebrated in Welsh.

At Pamphilj, cricket and softball matches.

31st Monday. The schola is instructed to take a glass with them to their practice. One quails to think what may be in store.

JUNE *1st Tuesday.* The Greg shows signs of humanity, for which we are profoundly grateful: today is the last day of lectures. *Te Deum. Deo Gratias.*

The refectory becomes a passable imitation of the Palm Court of Grand Hotel, and Top Year entertains us to a tea which awakens vague memories of childhood orgies.

2nd Wednesday. The nineteenth anniversary of the Italian Republic, marked by a military procession and a fly-past. One could watch the latter without leaving the College, and admire the cunningly laid vapour trails in red, white and green. A firework display in the evening.

3rd Thursday. The arrival of furniture for the nuns' new quarters. There is also some new furniture which seems to be part of a new plan which is in the offing for the refectory.

While the OND are down by the sea, snatching a well-earned break from their theological preoccupations, persons unknown do a spot of snatching on their own account. The OND are left in what they stand up in—but even trouserless in Naples, their inherent dignity no doubt triumphs.

6th Whit-Sunday. The Pope concelebrates in St Peter's with the rectors of seminaries and colleges; the Council benches are occupied by students. The College is privileged to take an active part in the ceremony (despite the Rector's absence): Cardinal Heard is Deacon at the Throne, and a group of us accompanies the Pope in procession from the Vatican Palace to the Basilica. The choirmaster, armed with pitch-pipe, is summoned into the Pauline Chapel to the presence of the Pope, and reappears singing lustily, with the air of one who is glad to see the towers of Aix on the horizon while the good news from Ghent is still in his memory. The

rest then join him in the *Ave Maris Stella* as they follow the Pope and his entourage down the Scala Regia, through the portico and up the main aisle of St Peter's. The Pope preaches on education and the priesthood, and does not (as persistent and improbable rumour has had it) announce curial reform on this occasion.

June 7th Monday. Roast chicken, fruit salad and ice-cream near the sea at Fregene, a day of luxurious idleness ; some cloud and high wind, but the rain holds off until we are loading back into the bus. Others, influenced perhaps by a rather grey sky and the scrubby appearance of Fregene, or perhaps by an antipathy to tradition, spend the day at Bracciano or Frascati or Palazzola.

Vita Nostra's glossy magazine of student life appears, and includes photographs of the English College Beatles and the English College *Lark*. Judging from the Licentiate portraits, our colleagues could hardly be blamed if they regarded the College as a rest-home for retired vaudeville performers and subnormal army deserters. They would, of course, be incorrect.

8th Tuesday. Cool. Torrential rain. College strawberry season opens.

10th Thursday. A reception in honour of the Queen's birthday given by Mr Michael Williams, who a few days ago took up his post as H.M. Minister to the Holy See. Some of the ladies' hats may perhaps have been more imaginative, but the cardinals had the edge on colour.

11th Friday. A presentation in the Common Room to mark Luigi's fiftieth birthday : a suitably engraved mug is handed over in the name of his adoptive nephews.

A breath of country air is felt as people start to choose their Villa rooms.

12th Saturday. A few can find time to go to a concert of music by Sibelius, Malpiero, Milhaud and Stravinsky given at the Palazzo Pio in the presence of the Pope. Another musical event of note : the last choir practice of the year.

13th Trinity Sunday. Concelebrations are now ceasing to be a matter for individual mention. But the impact remains, and experience can continue to suggest improvements of detail.

The College feast gives us an opportunity of welcoming the new British Minister.

15th Tuesday. The cortile is full of sun and swooping swallows. Licentiate exams begin.

17th Thursday. Corpus Christi. Community Mass at the Little Sisters, amidst a symmetry of carnations and gladioli, and a gaiety of flags. Procession of the Blessed Sacrament along meticulously laid 'carpets' of coloured shavings, adorned with eucharistic motifs. The care of the preparations and warmth of the welcome—this is a red letter day for the old people and for us.

18th Friday. Fr McConnon is disc-jockey on the balcony.

19th Saturday. A tower of scaffolding joins the tower of babel in the refectory. It is not to support the roof, but to support a craftsman who will be injecting goo into Pozzo, and thus averting the threatened collapse of the ceiling. It will be cleaned at the same time. The responsibility

of having a unique masterpiece suspended Damocles-like over our heads has been a considerable strain on *spumante*-days. Work on the ceiling is but the beginning of what promises to be a far-reaching restoration of the refectory.

Top Year begin their solemn exit from the Common Room.

June 20th Sunday. The temperature goes into the upper 80's. High Mass in the Martyrs Chapel where the windows can be opened.

The cricket team beats the Australians.

21st Monday. All philosophy exams are over. Not so theology.

The Rector returns from England.

22nd Tuesday. Another highly welcome concession to the heat: Compline is said, not sung.

23rd Wednesday. *Ad multos annos* and a toast to Archbishop Cowderoy and Bishop Cashman on the announcement of the division of the Southwark diocese.

The Citroen absorbs an unbelievable cargo of equipment, nuns, domestics and students, and still leaves room for the Vice-Rector at the wheel. A preliminary onslaught on the Villa.

25th Friday. The Villa is getting closer: today a group makes a start on the tennis court.

27th Sunday. It seems that overnight the temperature never got below the mid-70's, and during the day we approach 100. The last priest leaves for England, and as he wings his way above Fiumicino, the College car is being towed despondently back from the airport by Germano's jalopy.

28th Monday. Where would you expect to find mattresses, birdcages, golf clubs, basins, refrigerators, deck-chairs, bedsteads, record-players, brooms, duplicators, table-lamps, shaving-cabinets, lecterns, all piled up with several dozen suitcases and trunks? Obviously, in the corridor awaiting transport to Palazzola.

The archives have at last found a smart, custom-built home in what used to be the nuns' quarters. Eventually it will be accessible from the second library—but as things are, six hundred years of history has to be laboriously shifted by the long route.

29th Tuesday. The advance party leaves for the Villa.

30th Wednesday. Most of the packing is done now. A sticky day. All set for the Villa tomorrow. But there is a handful of people who still have to call in for an exam at the Greg before they can count the year finished and freedom secured.

Not the setting sun behind the Janiculum, nor dawn on the Capitol, nor the Colosseum under a full moon; not the pageantry of St Peter's, not the peace of Sant' Onofrio, nor the commerce of the Condotti: the last note of the year is a skirmish between the police and a column of war-disabled demonstrating for higher pensions. Those whose tastes run to symbols might take it for a symbol of the predictable improbability of the city. Even such an unlikely sight as this has been enacted as recently as a few months ago. In Rome nothing is new.

FRANCIS PULLEN.

'THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVILS'

By Dylan Thomas

Narrator	Graham Dann
Dr Thomas Rock	Wilfrid McConnell
Tom Atkinson, a porter	Thomas Atthill
Elizabeth, Rock's wife	Christopher McCurry
Annabella, Rock's sister	Roderick Strange
Dr Murray	Bernard Kenney
Dr Brown	Timothy Firth
Dr Harding	Peter Kirkham
Bennett, a student	Francis Pullen
Dick Burke	Paul McAndrews
Bob Hare	John Guest
Nelly	David Standley
Kate	Daniel McHugh
Jennie Bailey	Spencer Pearce
Alice	John Koenig
Grannie	Fred Martin
Billy Bedlam	Vincent Nichols
Tavern Keeper	Richard Ashton
Mr Webb	Charles Pilkington
Mrs Webb	Fred Martin
Mrs Flynn	John Koenig
Policeman	Peter Morgan
Lord Chief Justice	Francis Pullen
Clerk to the Court	John Rafferty
Prosecutor	Thomas Cooper
Little girl	John Joyce

Produced by Graham Dann and Fred Martin

All the former magic was there. As we settled down into our deck-chairs on a warm summer evening, the stars shone brightly, the cloisters had that bewitching make-believe quality, the well stood defiantly garlanded with foliage, a fine series of steps swept down into the cortile, and potted music soared up to the night skies. Yet there was a difference. We knew it. The music was not the metallic tinkle of the piano ; those steps would never shudder beneath a heavy-weight ladies' chorus. Tonight would be no Gilbert and Sullivan fantasy. It was to be a harrowing tale of murder. We had been forewarned.

Let us face it, the producers took a risk in staging what is merely film scenario. Dylan Thomas was commissioned to write this scenario several years ago and there are several reasons why I feel film scenario does not survive theatre treatment. Scenario require swift change of location, mood and atmosphere—easy enough to effect on film, but desperately hard to capture in an open cortile on a lazy Italian summer evening. It requires close-ups that suggest a tortured mind rather than the reasoned statement of soliloquy. The dialogue itself is everywhere supported and buttressed by screen gimmickry. The producers were taking a brave gamble in trying to outstage film technicians.

What in fact was the theme of the play? Body-snatching in Edinburgh, the unscrupulous dedication to science of an anatomist, the social evils of a bygone age, man's thirst for experiment and truth, the end justifying the means? All these elements were there, but none with sufficient grandeur and force to raise the plot to the heights of true tragedy or to depict a a bitter page of social history. Instead we had a collection of incidents threaded together by soliloquies of some felicity but of little profundity, against a background of domestic tension, medical antagonisms, tavern carousals, and brutal murders. Who could wonder if the atmosphere was sometimes broken by a nervous giggle?

All this is an attack on the play and on its suitability for cortile presentation. But how about the actual production? This deserves full credit. Having taken the decision to stage it, the producers must be accorded unstinting praise.

As continuity was essential, wisely only one break was allowed in the performance. Yet, by judicious siting of floods and spotlights, the producers were able to illuminate six separate acting areas and achieve immediate transfer of action. This called for perfect timing and complete co-operation, and it is a pleasure to record the measure of their success. The bodgers, blessed by some imitation boulders and a set of steps left by a visiting film company, coped adequately with all the trials it is their lot to come across. Berlioz, Strauss and Stravinsky provided the musical effects that admirably heightened the dramatic force of the production; in particular, one recalls the tension as the grave-diggers removed the lid of the well. Perhaps the electricians deserved a special bouquet for meeting the very exacting demands made of them in the attempt to stage a film-script. There had been only one rehearsal of the whole play in night conditions when they could properly see what was required.

The general standard of costuming was extremely high, and the props men are to be congratulated on their inventiveness and millinery skill. The question of sandals for the ladies no longer seems a problem, but our ladies do suffer very much from a shortage of good wigs, wigs that will encase some of the not inconsiderable heads now current in the College. Make-up men do find it hard to convince a gorgeous young thing of nineteen that her ears do not stick out too far from a grey wig with a bun!

The principal character, Dr Rock, always left me relaxed. His charm,

obvious confidence and relish for the part, gave a crispness and polish to the whole production. Yet I remained expectant, waiting for the deep argument of conscience that never came from his lips. Somehow, though there was clever dialogue, it did not contain sufficient depth of thought or feeling. I felt little sympathy for him as a character. Perhaps the producers should have played him as he really was—short, ugly, ostentatious, opinionated, clever, unscrupulous—and he would have been in the sad, tragic, villain tradition. But the lines themselves would not support this. As it was, he appeared as witty, elegant and handsome, with a harridan sister and a bewildered wife, and he asked somewhat petulantly too late in the story, 'Did I set myself up as a little god over death ? . . . O my God, I knew what I was doing !'

The acting of the tavern dwellers and of the lodging-house murderers and their mistresses was at all times robust. It had to be, to provide a flash of colourful social history and to throw into relief the sedate yet tension-filled background of the Doctor, both in his home and amongst his smoothly hypocritical colleagues. It was at these moments that there was a touch of opera, even of ballet, as the tavern's drunkards were lured into the dance of death that finished on the murder couch in the squalid lodging-house nearby. It was with melodramatic guile that Burke and Hare lured their victims to death. These two characters looked and acted their parts to perfection, the one obsessed by the joy of calculated risk and consequent cash, the other simpleton craving the sight of violent death.

Billy Bedlam won our sympathy by his simple witlessness, the tavern-keeper our admiration for his ruddy complexion and whiskers. The medical gentry had the correct degree of foppish insincerity as they dined with the Doctor and then roistered in the tavern. But one felt that Dr Murray's love for Jennie was stifled by the script and Jennie's masculinity (see general criticism re wigs). Jennie Bailey had a difficulty all her/his own : in the original stage production she was played by Miss Aeron Thomas, the author's daughter, whom we were honoured to have present in the audience at the first night of this production. However, the only charming lady in the tavern did survive the predatory hands of Burke, so make-up men may rejoice that virtue sometimes triumphs !

The weakest moment for me was the entry of the law in all its bumbling majesty. This does not reflect on the Judge who spoke his lines with crisp authority. But the arrest and conviction were something of an anti-climax because they were so inevitable. Perhaps also I felt again the same itch from that Chief Justice's wig, and the fatal inadequacy of that ermine-trimmed robe barely meeting in the forefront. By now also even the Alfredo infants were sufficiently sated with murder and destruction. They expected retribution to follow. So we waited for the law to equate values, having drunk deep of the pageantry of cortile melodrama.

To all concerned must go warm congratulations. As Dr Rock said, 'I command you to experiment'. And this production can be acclaimed a brave experiment.

HAROLD PARKER.

PERSONAL

THE VENERABILE

Editor : David Standley
Sub-Editor : A. J. Brohan
Fifth Member : C. R. Strange
Secretary : Daniel McHugh
Under-Secretary : S. Pearce
Sixth Member : P. Morgan

We offer our congratulations and good wishes to the Most Rev. George Patrick Dwyer (1926-34), formerly Bishop of Leeds, on his appointment to the archdiocese of Birmingham; and to the Right Rev. David Cashman (1933–39), formerly Tit. Bishop of *Cantano*, who has been installed as the first Ordinary of the new diocese of Arundel and Brighton.

Congratulations to the Very Rev. Mgr W. P. Clark (1934–41), who celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his priesthood on 21st July; and to the Right Rev. Mgr G. Pitt (1933–40), who has been made a C.B.E.

We are very pleased to announce that the Rev. H. C. Budd (1956–65) has returned to the College as Tutor in Theology from October this year. His appointment will provide a welcome boost and direction to theological studies in the Venerabile. *Ad multos annos.*

The appointments of post-graduate and Top Year students are as follows :

Rev. Bernard Trevett, to St Osmund, Salisbury.
Rev. James Brand, to St Charles Borromeo, Ogle Street, W.1.
Rev. Peter Coughlan, attached to the Liturgical Concilium in Rome established by the Second Vatican Council.
Rev. Michael Feben, to St Edward, Windsor.
Rev. James Finn, to St John Fisher, West Wimbledon.
Rev. Lloyd Gath, to St Francis of Assisi, Leeds.
Rev. Joseph Howell, to St Anne, Liverpool.
Rev. Anthony Pateman, to the Good Shepherd, Nottingham.
Rev. Peter Purdue, returning to Rome for further study.

The Senior Student for the coming year is Mr Vincent Brennan ; the Deputy Senior Student is Mr Brian McEvoy.

We were pleased to welcome the following who stayed for some time at the College during the first half of the year :

His Eminence Cardinal Heenan, Archbishop of Westminster (1924–31) ; Most Rev. G. A. Beck A.A., Archbishop of Liverpool ; Rt Rev. T. Holland, Bishop of Salford ; Rt Revv. Mgrs G. Pitt (1933–40), M. Kelleher, S. M. Shaw, D. Worlock (Westminster) ; Very Rev. Mgr H. F. Davis (Birmingham) ; Canon E. Arbuthnott (Southwark) ; Revv. J. Allen (1956–63), M. Benjamin C.F. (Southwark), A. Bickerstaffe (1948–55), T. Cheetham (Upholland), D. Cousins (Birmingham), A. Dearman (1957–64), W. O'Brien (Birmingham), M. Reynolds (Southwark) ; Messrs A. Bartlett, P. Hoare.

Please note that the new postal address of the Villa is :

Venerabile Collegio Inglese
Palazzola
Via dei Laghi
Rocca di Papa
Prov. di Roma.

Stop Press

We are delighted to announce that the Vice-Rector is now Very Reverend.

OBITUARIES

The Reverend Richard Delany

In Hibernia natus
In Anglia conversatus
Sed corde Romanus.

This was Dick Delany's own epitaph, composed by himself and suitably quoted at his Requiem. It sums up what he thought of himself and what, indeed, he was. Ireland, Rome and England made him, but to Rome he gave his heart.

Born in Kilkeel, County Down, his roots lay in the Irish countryside, under Slieve Bignian in the Mountains of Mourne. He was thirteen when he was transplanted to Ushaw, and he became a genuine if somewhat individualistic Ushawman—his prowess as a 'cat' stroke (for the uninitiated, this is a very powerful and graceful action) became legendary.

In 1921 he came to the Venerabile. Rome of the 1920's was made to measure for him : no other period could have suited him so well. Arthur Hinsley was then at the height of his powers as Rector ; Palazzola was a brand-new acquisition, and the exploration of its *dintorni* still a thrilling source of new discoveries ; the long gita, on foot and on the cheap, opened up an Italy still largely unspoiled. Dick revelled in every aspect and, I think, did much to form a tradition himself. As Senior Student he even tried to tame a notorious First Year.

In 1928 he returned to Ushaw to teach, first Classics, and then for three years Philosophy ; but before he really had time to master his subject he was moved to St Mary's Grammar School, Darlington. He was good with boys : they respected him, with a mixture of fear and affection, and both his wide-ranging culture and his open-air tastes brought out the best in many of them. In 1940 he succeeded me as curate in Jarrow, and in 1943

was sent to do a week-end supply at Bellingham in Northumberland—and stayed there for sixteen years.

This was his most fruitful and happiest period. The parish, north of Hadrian's Wall, covers some 400 square miles of moorland and sheep; it holds the two passes over the Cheviots into Scotland, Redesdale and Tynedale; the Catholics, spread over this vast area of loneliness, number some 160. Sunday Mass was also said at Otterburn over a cowbyre: confessions were heard in the byre, next to the cow. Dick's lasting memorial is the gracious chapel he built at Otterburn, dedicated to St Peter (for whom he had a devotion strangely rare in the dedication of Catholic churches). He opened two other Mass centres as well: Kielder up Tynedale, and Stonehaughshields in the forest. His Sunday round could be up to sixty miles to give Mass to a hundred-odd people, and in winter the 1,100 foot crossing to Otterburn was often covered in snow and ice.

He was happy here. Local country pursuits were a natural part of his life, not just time-fillers: the garden, fishing and shooting (for the larder, not just for sport), day-long walks over the immense moors. Many old friends look back with grateful nostalgia to Bellingham hospitality, lavishly provided, all on a shoestring with the help of a devoted housekeeper. You often earned your rich repast by a day's walk among the sheep and curlews, or rowing the boat for him while he fished for supper on one of the loughs under the Roman Wall; and the day would end with interminable wrangling. Dick had a fierce look, nor did he suffer fools gladly: stories of his abrupt remarks when annoyed are legion (and usually true). But he would go to endless trouble to help anyone in difficulty, priest or parishioner.

In 1950 he organized me on a walking pilgrimage to Rome for the Holy Year. Not of course the whole way—time alone forbade; but we did walk from the French side of the Alps to Rome, sensibly jumping the Northern Plain from Turin to Bologna by train. It was a great experience in middle-age—we numbered ninety years between us. Three weeks of this, thrown entirely into one another's company, is enough to break or make any friendship: we stuck it, and limped gallantly through the Porta del Popolo one September morning, still united.

In 1959 he moved to the Durham pit-village of Easington. He greatly missed the beauty and manner of life of Bellingham, but was soon full of plans for building and improvement. His health, however, began to fail, and in 1963 he moved a few miles down the coast to Blackhall Colliery where the set-up should have been more congenial. But he worsened rapidly. He hoped a fishing holiday in Scotland might bring some improvement: but it was there, remotely in the Outer Hebrides, that he died on 17th August 1965.

Many thought that his talents had been wasted in small places, and there is some truth in this. A good preacher, original and striking, he prepared his courses with constant care, for a handful of listeners. He loved the beauty of God's house and chose its decoration with unfailing taste. He had style as a writer. He showed business competence but never had big projects

to handle. Yet, if suitability is judged by *quod convenit naturae*, and happiness is in its possession, then he was well placed at Bellingham. He fitted into the background of the Northumbrian countryside in a way few could have equalled : he was both successful and reasonably content in the field he was given to till.

R. P. REDMOND.

THE REVEREND FRANCIS SHUTT

Francis Shutt (1924–31) died suddenly on the morning of 27th March 1965. He was in his sixtieth year. The present writer, returning after Philosophy, brought him to Rome in 1924 and he became a member of a very distinguished year. He took an active part in the life of the College, was successful in all his examinations, and in 1930 he was ordained at the German College in an ordination that included as a fellow-priest the future Cardinal Stepinac. In the autumn of 1931 he went to St Edmund's House, Cambridge, to read classics. Three years later he was appointed to the staff of St Bede's College where he spent seventeen happy years teaching classics and preparing an ever increasing number of boys for the university. The last fourteen years of his life were spent in pastoral work, first as parish priest of St Mary's, Bacup, and for the past four years at St Bernard's, Manchester.

He was a man of wide interests and many talents : he was a musician, both pianist and organist ; he had a nice aesthetic taste, and designed chalices, vestments and mural decoration for his church ; he was a photographer who had the eye of an artist. He wrote with a ready pen, and in past numbers of this magazine there were articles on College history and antiquities, the fruit of his studies in the archives. When teaching at St Bede's he published excellent pamphlets for the boys on Latin grammar and syntax, as well as several notes on the syllabus for the public Religious Certificate Examination. I am told that he also wrote a very convincing article on How to Bet.

He was deeply interested in the liturgical reform and developments of recent years. His latest writings were to the *Tablet* and in the *Clergy Review* on this subject so dear to his mind. He was a firm believer in the use of the vernacular for priests and people, and though he was a sound classical scholar himself he was one of the first priests in the diocese to request and obtain permission to recite the breviary in English.

He had three great loyalties : to St Bede's, to St Edmund's House and to the English College. Among his effects was a complete series of THE VENERABILE from its first number in 1922. May he rest in peace.

WILLIAM O'LEARY.

The Reverend John Crissell

As a result of injuries in a car accident John Crissell died on 18th May 1965. He had been travelling to a meeting of his fellow clergy, the Annual Yorkshire Brethren Meeting at Harrogate.

Another accident has cut short a life when the main work was just beginning. Within a month of his death John Crissell had been chatting to a group of us about his keen expectancy of a parish. His past fifteen years had been of varied pastoral work at Barnsley, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Huddersfield and Maltby. Inevitably curacies can tend to become a series. Unlike an established position in a diocesan curia or a college they rarely point the scope of initiative to come.

His parishioners remembered his forthright sermons. At St Cuthbert's, Bradford, he had a predecessor of Chestertonian fame in Mgr John O'Connor. He may have been his mentor ; John had something of O'Connor's salt, his thought-provoking and penetrating conscience. I remember meetings of the Catholic Evidence Guild when his Sunday homily was quoted with relish and enjoyment.

John Crissell had a normative cast of mind, not dour but engagingly fresh. It may have owed something to his South Yorkshire home and background. This land of mines and steel can temper souls to clarity and decision, but one suspects there is little tolerance of adjustments in a complex society.

In Rome his friendships were not insular ; his closest seemed to be with students outside the immediate college circle. All were familiar with his characteristic good humour. It had not changed over the years. The casual Latin tag would greet you now with the same flourish as on a corridor at St Mary's Hall.

Only occasionally do priests encounter each other on a real spiritual level. My memory of John Crissell was one such occasion when he outlined with delicacy the relationship between a chaplain and the children of a Secondary Modern School. He had helped to pioneer this work in Huddersfield. The organisation of the cause of the English Martyrs in the Leeds Diocese was also his care. In fellowship with many of them he will attain his maturity in heaven.

Peter Walmsley.