

Clapping their hands & shouting
"Viva il Papa" "Buon giorno Papa"
Their favorite actor, or champion
is passing. Its quite impressive
wish I hadn't missed the first
part. Then — everyone
rushes out. Priests try to
admonish people to go slowly &
take care of children but no
every one must rush outside
because the Pope will reappear
on the Balcony. Outside units
of all the different military are
standing at attention & a band.
"A sergeant straightened the helmet
of a soldier who had an odd
shaped head & who's helmet
kept sliding around.
Then the dignitaries appeared
at the side balconies & removed
their Mitre just leaving their
little crimson skull caps. Then
the Papes Chair & Canopy appeared
& finally the Pope. He gave
his blessing, the band played &
there was much shouting &
waving of handkerchiefs.

There were many groups from
out of town with their panels fixed
to a table on sticks indicating the
town they were from, also so as
not to get lost. A woman who
came rushing up to the guard rail
said something about letting
a child ahead so it could see
but a man standing next to me said
"Siamo tutti bambini in queste
giorni" & when I laughed he
said "Non a vero?" "Sì" said I.
There was much display of gold braid,
needles, swords. Saw some one
else being helped to the emergency
clinic. The men had arm bands & were
on the look out for feeble females &
called by any one who see some one
about to faint. Evidently this happens
often on these occasions when the
Pope appears. San Giovanni is
the Pope's own parish church. Each
Pope has one. After it was all over
every one sought some shade &
at the lunch they were carrying, I
ate my three carrots & then took
the Car home. This is a double Car
& goes around the city & you can

stay on & come right back to where
you come for 306, I guess if you
had nothing else to do you could
keep right on going all day!

Friday

Something new at the Istituto. Saw
a coat of "gelata" as Ignorino Munna
calls it to my boob - Back to aft.
read, washed my hair, knitted & then
went wandering around, to USIS &
read a story in the New Yorker by Frank
O'Connor - great! about an old Irish
widow who after her husband died didn't
want to live with either of her married daughters
& took in to unwanted babies & they were
more real to her than her own. Dinner &
back to aft.

Saturday

Went to an other library, Biblioteca
Vallucelliana but was shown nothing
that impressed me, so went on to St.
Peter's which was close by & "did" it.
Looked at everything took elevator to
the top & walked the balance of the way
621 steps up. Stupendous view from
there. I could even see my tower.
took ~~the long~~ my dinner near by at 1:30

* then back to see the treasures of
the Vatican. These are vestments &
chalices of gold, silver & precious stones.
Some merely ornate but some
rather beautiful. Bought a medal
for grandmère. Took the ED. Car
home - that's the long way. Bought food
for to-morrow. Have only 1500 left
of 50.00. Check so must be careful until
next one arrives. No word from Peter.
I'm rather worried & wrote to Toto
to please call her up.

Sunday

Started out at 9 & walked to the
Parioli hill where I had seen a small
modern house & wanted to photograph it.
then took the "D" bus to station & then
the #36 to go see Santa Costanza
a small circular plan, the chapel is
surrounded by a barrel-shaped vault
with 12 mosaics. very plain.
It was being readied for a wedding
gilt chair, red velvet cushion & white
flowers. Altar is in center & priest
faces audience. I didn't stay
for wedding - looked in at St. Agnes
St. Agnes - outside the wall & then

boarded an alba #36 to continue
to the end of the line as on the
map it is shown as green implying
that it is country - It is called
Monte Sacro (also called Garden City)
Thought I would eat my lunch there
It was a very depressing sight
Apt. house after apt. house all
with washing hanging on balconies
- at windows. Apparently a
new project put up in a hurry
for lower ^{middle} class. No trees or
very young one, Hot, Windy
sandy etc. so I just rode
back on the same bus to the
Terminal & there ate my lunch
on a bench in the shade by
the walls of Diocleziano Terme
which I afterwards visited until
closing time. Will return as I did not
see everything. Am studying
my Italian every morning, reading
Hight's "Poets in a Landscape",
The "Hand produced - book" by David
Dranger Dinger a very scholarly
tome, Vatican assignment by Alce Randall
very dull - will return it to library to ^{be read}

Monday

It had started to rain when I woke up & was pouring by 8:30 so waited until it subsided before leaving so didn't get to school until 10 o'clock. Worked on my book & the book to aft for lunch & reading until 4:30. off to Post office - main branch & to Ag. Ex. & letters! Wilms, Hannah, Miss & Grandma. Dinner & home. It rained but managed to walk between rain drops. I don't think Rome is for me. I have yet to meet a Roman! When they, Italians, walk, its strolling - slowly but when they get in a car or on a motorcycle or Vespa they are like devils & can't go fast enough. The conglomeration of different types of people, Faded Elegance, young girls dressed in latest styles hair in beehive & skirts up over breeches, either very tight or full with petticoats, farm-servant girls with high collar in check & large well-shaped hands red from many hrs. spent in cold water washing, floors washing clothes & marble floors.

Little wild strawberries are off the
market. Perhaps there will be another
crop. But now the cherries are here
& they are wonderful! Apples
have appeared but not good
to eat, no juice, no taste.

Tuesday

After morning at Istituto & lunch
at home started out again on
Hannah's quest & walked & walked
for two hours & still I can't find
that street or any one who knows
where it is. I guess writing to
Signora Martinelli will be the only
salvation but I wonder if she will
answer. Took some pictures
of the Istituto this morning.
Hope they come out well.
Saw Miss Mackenzie on the street
& she said "Hello". First time
it's happened in Rome. Have seen
so much of the outskirts in
looking for Hannah's friend.
Lots of new buildings going up. All
apartments & lots of balconies.
Nothing very exciting architecturally
speaking.

at the apartment, not very successful as
I had no glass - had to use a framed
picture.

Wednesday

Work at institute & back to apt.
& stayed until 5 - very warm out. Then
went to see an apartment located near
Via Milano - in fact just 2 streets away
but it would have cost me more in the
end as there was gas, electricity, water & tel.
besides 5 flight up. Young Am. couple
who wanted to sub let for few months.
So back to Am. Ex. No mail got books
out of Red Lion - My Secret Diary by
Giovanni Guareschi. Started letter to
Peter, tried to do some mending on my book.

Thursday

Another Holiday - big parade of
military units. Miss Menna gave
me a ticket for a seat in stand
Left the house at 7 - Parade was
to start at 8:30. But by the time I
found the stand it was filled & so
watched for a while from nearby
parks & then off to see St. Clement.
Back on ES & stayed in until 9:30 then
went for walk until 9 - Read -
wrote to Peter, 4 pages. all my doubts
& thoughts about this work & the future
& how long I should stay.

Friday -

It was indicated to me to-day three Signorina Menna that as I did not have a laurea in chemistry nor in biology I would be useless for me to stay longer than ^{the} just training in restoration. I do agree with her & so it sort of solves my dilemma of how - long I should stay. I think to the middle of July - that is if Mrs Bazzi will let me stay a few days longer. My rent is up on the 11th. Will pay another month & that will carry me thru July 11th. I'm sure the heat would be too much. I felt very light headed this morning. The minute there is no air one suffocates. I don't know if its because I haven't had a regular meal - just piece-meal - grabbed here & there or at home. Must be careful not to get sick. Summer is here! Everywhere you hear the beating of carpets. all wallens are being cleaned & put away in moth balls!

Saturday June 4

Started at 9 walking to Red Lion to see if they had any knitting books. Lost the directions to block sweaters on the "Apostrophe" & have tried to finish it without them but the whole thing seems a mess so though if I could find some pattern I liked I'd start all over a gain, but found nothing. Several delightful English women were there chatting away & a nanny & three little boys & their baby daughter "Susy" who had long pines. Then to Am. Ex. & letters & package of papers from Blo. Bought cheese 2 lbs. at market, to main post office to Piza Venezia to look for a store. Miss Mackenzie told me where they have knitting books but did not find so continued on past the Campidoglio, Temple Vesta, Santa Maria in Cosmedin along ^{Park} Circo Massimo way then up to Pares Savello & S. Sabina which was closed so back to little park which has a beautiful view at one end, its high up of St. Peter & across the Tevere. This is where one looks thru a key hole & sees St. Peter in the far distance as if it were close up. (the key hole is a little further on but at this same street.