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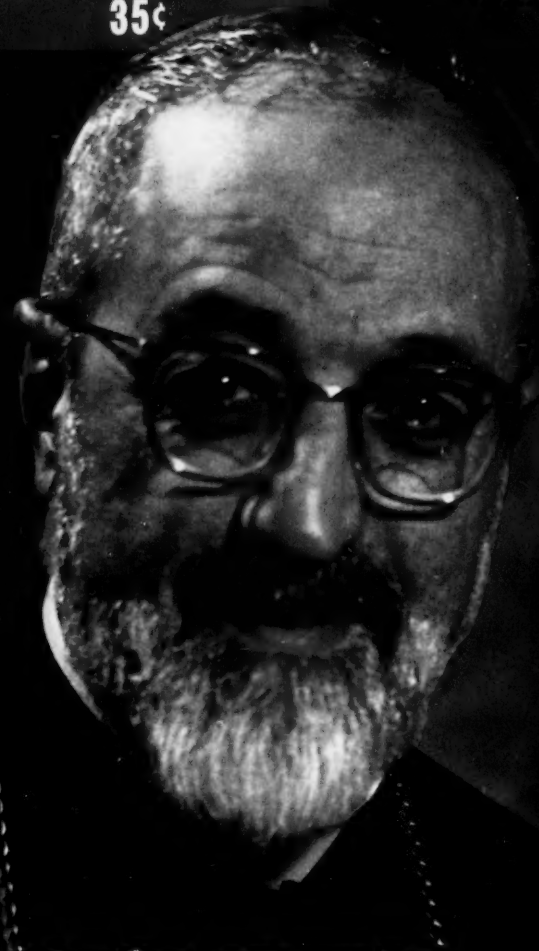
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# Our Hands

By Romano Guardini

Condensed from "Sacred Signs"\*

**E**VERY PART of the body is an expressive instrument of the soul. The soul does not inhabit the body as a man inhabits a house, but lives in each member.

If you will watch other persons (or yourself) you will notice how instantly every slightest feeling—pleasure, surprise, or suspense—shows in the hand. A quick lifting of the hand or a flicker of the fingers say far more than words.

So it could not but be that in prayer, where the soul has so much to say to God and so much to learn from Him, the hand should take on expressive forms.

When we enter into ourselves and the soul is alone with God, our hands closely interlock, fingers clasped in fingers, in a gesture of compression and control. It is as if we would prevent the inner current from escaping by conducting it from hand to hand and so back again to God who is within us, holding it there. It is as if we were collecting all our forces in order to keep guard over the hidden God.

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this be the argument of your  
thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to  
the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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Of course, this does not mean ap-  
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only of what is published.



(Continued from page 3)

But when we stand in God's presence in heartfelt reverence and humility, the open hands are laid together palm against palm in sign of steadfast subjection and obedient homage, as if to say that the words we ourselves would speak are in good order, and that we are ready and attentive to hear the words of God. Or it may be a sign of inner surrender. These hands, our weapons of defense, are laid, as it were, tied and bound between the hands of God.

In moments of jubilant thanksgiving when the soul is entirely open to God, with every reserve done away with, then the hands are uplifted and spread apart with the palms up to let the river of the spirit stream out unhindered and to receive in turn the water for which it thirsts. So, too, when we long for God and cry out to Him.

Finally, when sacrifice is called for and we gather together all we are and all we have and offer ourselves to God with full consent, then we lay our arms over our breasts and make with them the Sign of the Cross.

There is greatness and beauty in this language of the hands. The Church tells us that God has given us our hands that we may "carry our souls" in them. The Church is fully in earnest in the use she makes of the language of gesture. She speaks through it her inmost mind.

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by **Kay Sullivan**

## Two Hayleys Are Twice as Funny

*In "The Parent Trap" Britain's youngest comedienne proves she can be a double dose of U.S. teen-age mischief*

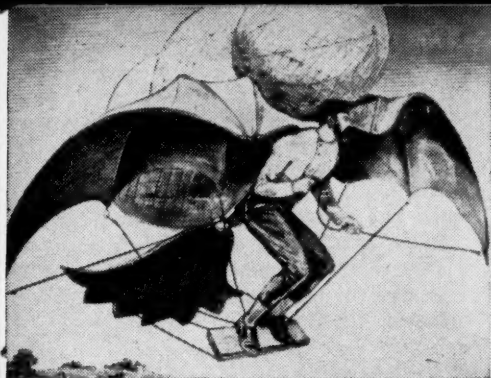
Hayley Mills, a teen-age blonde who looks like the schoolgirl next door but isn't, received an honorary juvenile award at the Academy Awards

this year for her performance in *Pollyanna*. It is our conviction that she'll be back for another Oscar once she is seen in **The Parent Trap**.

*Hayley has normal teen-age relationship with phone—often and continuous.*







*Mystimation, latest movie technique*

Hayley, daughter of English actor John Mills, more than justifies her employer's estimation of her. Walt Disney, producer of *The Parent Trap*, calls Hayley "the finest young talent to come into the picture industry in 25 years." Her latest performance—a challenging role in which she plays twins—is assured, witty, and highly polished.

She knows just how long to go on crinkling her nose or doing an incredibly loose-jointed session with a guitar. She has the power to bring on tears or laughter with the slightest quaver of her reedy voice. At 14, she has the comic aplomb of a Roz Russell or Eve Arden.

*The Parent Trap* plot allows Hayley ample opportunity to show off her talents. It gives her a surprise twin sister, her exact opposite in upbringing and demeanor. Together, the girls attempt to bring about the reconciliation of their father and mother. Maureen O'Hara and Brian Keith are the parents—who seem much too attractive to have ever been separated in the first place. Fortunately, the double dose of Hayley brings them together again.

A new film technique brings with it a new term for movie-goers to master. "Mystimation" is the key to **The Fabulous World of Jules Verne**. This startling new method of photography combines live action, animated cartoons, and lithography techniques. Showman Joseph E. Levine has brought the film to this country; it won a grand prize at the Brussels Film Festival. Warner Brothers will release it. Be prepared for all kinds of thrills and chills, including the struggles of a scientist to protect his invention of a deadly explosive, underwater battles with pirates and a giant octopus, and a grand finale in which hero and heroine escape in a balloon.

## Theater

An utterly delightful musical, already heaped with awards and cri-

*They spar with words in Mary, Mary*



tics' praise, is holding forth at New York's Imperial theater. **Carnival** is an adaptation of the *Lili* story (Leslie Caron did it for the movies) and it has been turned out with imagination, good taste, and great skill. This time the timid little waif who joins the carny crowd is Anna Marie Alberghetti, an irresistible beauty with voice to match.

At the Helen Hayes theater, Jean Kerr, author of the best-selling *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, proves she can write just as engagingly for the stage. **Mary, Mary** traces the reconciliation of an average young couple via a glittering trail of bon mots and laugh-provoking situations. Barbara Bel Geddes and Barry Nelson (below) are the bright young couple who quip themselves out of a separation.

#### PERSONAL APPROACH

## He Lost Weight to Play a Saint

When actor Bradford Dillman was offered the title role in the forthcoming film **St. Francis of Assisi** he rushed out to read about the 13th-century founder of the Franciscans.

"Chesterton's book gave me the best picture of Francis," says Brad. "He was no cardboard saint—such will power, such determination. In a time filled with strife and war, he knew the value of peace."

To achieve a suitably ascetic look, handsome, dark-eyed, and slender Dillman had to lose 20 pounds. He also took on three wig changes and five beard changes to indicate aging.

The \$3 million film, which 20th Century Fox is releasing, was shot on location in Assisi, other Umbrian towns, in Rome, and on the island of Sardinia.

"Assisi has scarcely changed from the saint's own days," says Brad. "The only thing the cameramen had to cover was the telephone wires."

Whenever Brad walked around town in his gray robes (the traditional Franciscan brown came later) crowds followed him.

"The very little children were convinced I was their Francis," recalls Brad. "They'd ask me to bless their pets and bring me gift crucifixes made of twigs. It was touching."

Brad, a native San Franciscan who has two children of his own, got along famously with the youngsters. For the role, he had to master such aptitudes as swordplay, plowing with a wooden plow, dancing a pavanne, talking to birds.

"We used army pigeons for doves, and it was uncanny to see how they reacted to direction," says Brad. "They actually lit on my arm, sang, and flew away on cue."

The film is laced with high drama, including battle scenes of the 5th Crusade, a suspenseful visit by Francis to the aging Pope Innocent III, and the saint's reception of the stigmata in his dying years. The musical score includes singing of Gregorian chant by cloistered nuns of Assisi.

For the rising young actor (he has made six films to date) St. Francis "solved some personal problems, heightened my religious feelings."

"You can't spend weeks living and thinking one man's way without having it make an impression," says Brad. "St. Francis will stay with me for a long time."

## TELEVISION

If you have any doubts about the popularity of religious programs, speak to Joan Paul. Producer of three such shows—the *Christian in Action* on ABC, *The Catholic Hour* on NBC, and the Catholic portions of *Church of the Hour* on CBS—Miss Paul says the demand for quality religious programs increases each year. An average of 500 letters a week pour into her office from enthusiastic listeners (her three shows are all on radio). They ask for transcripts, send in thoughtful questions for her "Question Box," demand repeats of favorite performances, suggest guest stars. Miss Paul strives to relate sur-rent events to religion.

Joan Paul



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# *It Always Rains in Rome*

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

**T**HIS NOVEL by John F. Leeming will completely delight you. It is suspenseful and colorful; and it is gusty with laughter in its situations and in the development of its characters.

The story is set in Fontana d'Amore, a mountain town in Tuscany, Italy. The action takes place toward the end of the 2nd World War.

Fontana d'Amore is untouched and lovely in the midst of the ravages of war: a semicircle of pink-washed houses flanking the lofty bell tower of the ancient church.

The valley is long and narrow. Along its steep sides countless generations of peasants have painfully terraced the slopes with stone walls, behind which baskets of rich earth had been laboriously heaped. From the vines and vegetables grown on these terrace farms the townsfolk of Fontana d'Amore depend chiefly for their comfortably frugal living.

A river foams through the valley, and escapes into lower country between two granite crags. Stretching between them is a beautiful bridge which has made

Fontana d'Amore world famous.

It was built by Taddeo Gaddi, the godson of Giotto, who also built the fabulous Ponte Vecchio across the Arno in Florence.

The people love their beautiful bridge with fanatical devotion. It is at once their Rialto and the traditional spot where young lovers plight their troth.

The Germans control the town and the southern entrance to the bridge. They shatter the calm by telling Mayor Roberto Conti that they must soon withdraw to the north and that they will blow up the bridge to halt the Allies.

Roberto has been mayor for many years. He is not fundamentally fascist but is a tinpot Mussolini—a strutting comic-opera character, with deep love for the town of his birth.

The intended destruction of the bridge sends Roberto into a rage. He defies the German Colonel Von Goslar with insults to Hitler, and escapes to the house of Father Leone, who is greatly beloved and trusted.

Father Leone sees at once that dynamiting the bridge will mean more than destruction of beauty.

The tons of masonry falling into the gorge below will dam the river, flood the town, and destroy the terraced farms. It will mean the complete ruin of Fontana d'Amore.

The priest resorts to the two village leaders of the partisans who have been hiding in the hills, while keeping up radio contact with the slowly advancing English and Americans.

The partisans are supposed to be communist dominated, but their faithfulness to the party is much like Roberto Conti's fascism, an *opera bouffe* pose as an outlet for the desire to be important and a craving for cops-and-robbers drama.

The partisans get in touch with the English. The contact results in the parachute drop of an English captain, Roy Kimber, and an American sergeant, Bob Tuttle.

The meeting of these incompatible elements in Father Leone's home is rich with childlike humor. Father Leone, Roberto, and the two partisan chiefs all know a little English. Kimber has a faint knowledge of Italian, brief as the two vacations he had spent at Portofino and Capri. Sergeant Tuttle, Italian on his mother's side of the family, knows American slang.

The final result of this polyglot attempt at communication is the horrifying news that Kimber and Tuttle have orders to dynamite the "so beautiful bridge" at once.

Thus they will close the last escape route for Germans still to the south.

From this point the story moves forward with accelerated speed in a series of nerve-taut episodes that are worthy of Jerry Lewis at his hilarious best. The arrest of Roberto Conti by the Germans and the confusion of cross purposes and stratagems roll up to a satisfying climax that's as funny as Bob Hope.

Like the delightful film *Around the World in Eighty Days*, the author pokes deft fun at the national characteristics of the races involved: the correct authoritarian Germans, the bombastic Italians, the carelessly sure British, and the unpredictable Americans. But it's wonderfully good-humored fun, because the fundamental good in humanity is not lost sight of despite our amusing national differences.

This novel is far more than mere summer reading. The swift-paced story will catch you up into its compounded excitements, but you will reach its conclusion with a satisfying chuckle over the humor that unites all nations.

*It Always Rains in Rome* is a 192-page book published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc., New York City, at \$3.95 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the club, write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD17, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

*Mother Cabrini, first U.S. citizen to be canonized, blends well with the business background of our country*

## An 'AMERICAN-TYPE' SAINT

By Arthur J. Hallinan

**H**IGH ABOVE the marble floor of St. Peter's basilica, close by the magnificent altar that marks the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, stands a giant statue of a little nun. She is the only American citizen to rate a statue in these niches of the blessed: St. Frances Xavier (born Maria Francesca) Cabrini. This year is the 15th anniversary of her canonization.

Mother Cabrini, as she was called when she walked the earth, founded the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and 67 schools, hospitals, orphanages, and other institutions on three continents. She came to the U.S. in 1889 at the age of 39, and died in Chicago in 1917.

She was a native of Sant' Angelo, near Milan. She always remained Italian in temperament, interests, and character; yet she

was also as American as they come.

Though possessed of a spirituality that merited her canonization only 28 years after her death, the diminutive nun enjoyed a shrewdness in business matters that must have been the envy of every businessman with whom she came into contact.

She could parlay a ridiculously small amount of cash into a thriving institution—\$250, for example, into lower Manhattan's multimillion-dollar Columbus hospital. The \$250 went for a month's rent of two adjacent houses and ten inexpensive beds. The Sisters slept on the floor until additional contributions permitted them better accommodations. The hospital today has 329 beds and handles 7,400 patients a year.

Mother Cabrini exhibited what seemed to be almost clairvoyance

in buying sites for her establishments. She would select apparently worthless land and eventually it would become extremely valuable.

In Denver, Colo., for example, she purchased a large piece of property on which to build an orphanage. It was on the edge of the city; the bishop advised strongly against the location. Yet within only a few years the population expanded in that direction, streetcar lines were put in, and property values zoomed.

At Burbank, Calif., she secured land for a tuberculosis sanitarium for girls. Once more, everyone advised her against the property. Once more, a steep climb of land values in that area ensued.

It may be argued that in newly developing territory such property-value inflation was inevitable. Yet it is significant that in each case the preponderant opinion was opposite to Mother Cabrini's.

Her know-how was demonstrated in other ways, too. When she bought the North Shore hotel in Chicago for conversion into a hospital, she suspected that the owners were trying to cheat her out of part of the property. She sent out a party of nuns early one morning to measure the area with string.

When it came time to sign the papers, she pointed out to the chagrined owners that the frontage indicated in the contract lacked 25 feet of the actual width of the property. The owners had planned to reserve those 25 feet for purposes of their own. The "error" was corrected.

Mother Cabrini was away from Chicago when the alterations were begun to convert the hotel to charitable use. When she returned, she found that her contractors had done much needless tearing out of walls and equipment, and after using up large sums of money had not really begun to do the work required. She canceled the contracts out of hand, and thereafter acted as her own contractor for the job.

It has been said of Mother Cabrini that she never kept a list of the Sisters of her Order, and



Mother Cabrini

did not know precisely how many members there were. Yet she knew every Sister personally (there were nearly 2,000 of them at the time of her death) either from direct contact or by correspondence.

Her specifications for the designing of her Order's habit read like an industrial engineer's recommendations. There was to be no starched linen, since laundering such pieces took away time that could be put to more useful pursuits. Likewise, intricate crimping and shirring were eliminated.

The rosary was to be carried in a pocket rather than hanging at the side, so that it would not interfere with the manual work of the wearer.

But the Americanism of Francesca Cabrini was not exemplified alone by her practicality and her astuteness in business affairs. She dreamed dreams like those that Americans have been conjuring up since the Revolution and before—of great things to be done to satisfy immense needs.

Francesca would have waved away deprecatingly any talk of commercial sagacity, as she waved away mention of her record as a foundress: "I have done nothing; the Sacred Heart of Jesus has done everything. I am merely a witness of the wonders of God."

This self-effacement was not just a pious pose. She strove to keep the full depth of her spirituality almost completely hidden

from view. She even burned her personal notebooks (all save one, which apparently escaped her notice). But her letters to the members of her Order, and the memories cherished by the Sisters with whom she worked, give many clues to the magnitude of her sanctity.

"I have already learned," she wrote, "that whenever I failed in any undertaking it was because I trusted too much in my own powers. None of us will ever fail if we leave everything in the hands of God."

We Americans generally look to results as a test for the practicality of an idea. In Mother Cabrini's case the tangible results are overwhelming in her many orphanages, schools, hospitals, and the 4,000 members of her Order who maintain these institutions.

Weighing the heroic virtues of this American saint, one concludes that what appears at first to be business acumen was really an unbounded confidence in God, followed by God's complete justification of that confidence. "I can do all things," wrote St. Paul, "in Him who strengthens me." Francesca Cabrini took those words as her life motto.

One other "American" characteristic was her intense, continuous activity. When not building a sanitarium or a school she was usually en route to another city or another country to found one there. "I came a month ago from



South America. I am just leaving for Chicago. After two weeks there I expect to proceed to Los Angeles, and soon after I return East I shall have to go to Italy."

Sixty-seven establishments in 30 years meant more than one every six months. Had she lived 40 years later she would almost certainly be the first canonized saint to have traveled by airplane.

The profitable use of time always included conversation with God and his saints. The rule she devised for her Order calls for beginning the day with an hour of mental prayer. Mass, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, recitation of the Little Office of Our Lady, other devotions in common, and private prayers total four hours each day. On Fridays and in the season of the feast of the Sacred Heart additional adoration before the Blessed Sacrament is prescribed.

The American motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart is at West Park, N.Y., on the right bank of the Hudson river, 70 miles above the upper tip of Manhattan island. Francesca purchased the property in 1890 from the Jesuit Fathers, who had been unable to locate a source of water on the grounds. The saint selected a spot halfway up the hill, across the road from the main buildings, and ordered drilling at that point. The well was successful.

It is characteristic of Frances-

ca that her next move was to go a few hundred feet farther up the hill and build a little chapel to our Lady. It still stands there, a scant nine feet across. Praying within its walls is the high point of a visit to West Park. The pilgrim's thoughts keep echoing back, "In this tiny room, almost within our own lifetime, an American saint knelt and prayed to the Mother of God."

"An American saint"—more exactly, a U.S. saint. The patroness of South America, St. Rose of Lima, died in Peru in 1617 and was canonized in 1671. St. Isaac Jogues and the other North American martyrs met death in what are now New York state and Ontario, in 1646 and 1649.

But Mother Cabrini was the first *citizen* of the U.S. to be canonized. It was in 1909 that she stood before the federal judge in Seattle and took the oath of allegiance to her adopted country.

Why did Maria Francesca Cabrini choose American citizenship? Born in Italy, she ministered here and in several other countries to Italian immigrants; and she was general of an Order whose motherhouse was in Rome. Why would she sever her civil ties with her native country?

Perhaps her naturalization was merely a matter of convenience. Yet it is pleasant to think that she wanted to be closer to the immigrants to whom she was devoted, and for that reason became

a citizen of the U.S. as so many of them had done.

Originally entombed at West Park, Mother Cabrini's body was moved in 1933 to a high school named for her in upper Manhattan. There it reposes in a crystal reliquary beneath the chapel's main altar. The sign in the subway station across the street says simply, "Mother Cabrini," not "Mother Cabrini Shrine" or "Mother Cabrini High school." It is as if the saint still lived there, and the sign were pointing the way to her residence.

In a sense, that is the fact. Around the chapel in which her bones rest is a hum of movement that seems to echo the ceaseless activity of the foundress.

High-school girls go from classroom to classroom; the Sisters move about the building carrying on the work begun in the Order's first convent at Cadogno in Italy 79 years ago. Throughout the day nuns may be seen in the chapel engaged in the meditation and prayer that Francesca prescribed. Mother Cabrini indeed still lives here.



### THE PERFECT ASSIST

The youthful Msgr. (later Cardinal) Merry del Val was sent to Canada in 1897 by Pope Leo XIII to investigate religious and social problems.

It was a time of great political tension. The Liberal party, under Wilfrid Laurier, had won a victory over the Conservatives (favored by the majority of the French episcopate) the previous year. The accepted color of the Conservatives was blue; that of the Liberals was red.

At a banquet at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, a speaker tried to put the papal delegate on the spot with regard to Canadian affairs.

"Your Excellency," he said, "you are confronting blue and red, the color of heaven and that of hell. Can there be any doubt as to your choice between heaven and hell?"

All eyes upon him, Msgr. Merry del Val arose, a gleam of mischief stirring in the deep places of his eyes.

"I have not yet had the joy of seeing heaven," he said, "and I hope I never have the extreme misfortune of seeing the color of hell; but I know with certainty that between heaven and hell there is purgatory, and it is precisely in purgatory that I find myself placed by your question."

Condensed from *Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val*, by Marie Cecilia Buehrle. ©1957, and reprinted with permission of Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]



## What My Illness Taught Me

By John F. Kennedy

*Condensed from the  
"American Weekly" \**

I WAS FEELING glum. It looked as if corrective surgery for a war-time injury would keep me idle in the hospital for several months. Others, I thought, as I lay on my back gazing at the ceiling, restless to return to the Senate, had luck, and I didn't.

Then one day the letter came. It was from a 90-year-old lady who had always lived in a small Cape Cod village. She, too, was bedridden, she wrote, perhaps for the rest of her life. But her letter was full of hope and good humor.

After I stopped feeling sorry for myself I got around to doing things I had always wanted to do

"Never voted for a Democrat in my life, Mr. Kennedy," she started right out. "But I want to vote for at least one before I die—it might stand me in good stead up above. So I want you to be up to running in 1958. Don't waste away feeling sorry for yourself, young man! Keep busy. Do all the things you've never had time to do."

"Ninety years old," I thought, "and telling *me* to keep busy, just as she must be keeping busy." It was tonic for my spirits.

\*575 Lexington Ave., New York City 22. April 29, 1956. © 1956 by Hearst Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

I think if I hadn't received that letter I'd never have got around to writing *Profiles in Courage*.

After reading the letter, I realized that there were a lot of things I wanted to do for which time had never been available. If I couldn't get back to the Senate for a while, I could do the research on courageous senators of the past that I had long wanted to do. I decided I'd do it.

The Library of Congress kept a steady stream of books flowing to my room during all the months of my convalescence. Finally (this was in 1954) I felt I knew the stories of eight senators who had put their nation and their conscience ahead of their political careers and their popularity. When my manuscript was accepted by a publisher, I was actually grateful in a sense for all the hours I had been forced to spend away from Washington. And I recalled with a smile the words of my 90-year-old friend from Cape Cod.

Of course, her letter wasn't the only encouraging one I received. During that hospital stay I came to realize how much a kind word can mean. I had kind words from friends and strangers, from senators and bus boys, from my parish priest in Boston, from the White House in Washington, from a foreign-service officer I had met in Saigon.

I am sure most people have had opportunities to know of

similar instances in which the long, dreary hours of illness have been put to constructive use.

Franklin Roosevelt's polio attack, his wife wrote, was a "turning point, and proved a blessing in disguise; for it gave him strength and courage he had not had before. He had to think out the fundamentals of living, and learned the greatest of all lessons—infinite patience and never-ending persistence."

Through the last lingering months of his illness in 1858, Thomas Hart Benton, the "wild buffalo" of Missouri politics, worked steadily to complete his unique compilation of Congressional history, dictating to a secretary when his own hand became too feeble to grasp a pen.

Some of the world's greatest literature, some of its most significant scientific discoveries, and some of its most forceful calls for liberty have been devised by those idled by illness or injury.

Others have discovered new hobbies, new games, new books—even new ways of doing nothing.

"I reckon being ill as one of the greatest pleasures of life," wrote Samuel Butler nearly a century ago, "provided one is not too ill and is not obliged to work till one is better."

We seldom realize, until we are laid up in bed, how little "leisure time" we have these days to do something new or different. When we are not busy at work,

we are busy at play, or busy traveling, or busy enjoying our families, or even busy loafing or sleeping. We just don't have enough time, we think—until suddenly we find that we have nothing but time.

I would not wish to exaggerate the compensations of being ill. It is better by far to be well. But if

illness strikes, though we may grumble at first about the long days away from our normal work and routine; if we recognize the potential opportunities those long days make possible, we will realize that our disability—whatever its pains and discomforts — may in some ways have been a blessing in disguise.

### PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

Among the happiest recollections of my first trip to Italy last year is an incident at Assisi. After visiting the upper and lower churches of the basilica, and the tomb of St. Francis below, I planned to have an outdoor lunch on the hillside behind the town where the good friar had walked so often. My briefcase contained meat and cheese, and I intended to buy a small loaf of bread at a *panetteria* in the town. Since it was after 12 noon, however, all the bakeries were closed.

Resigned to a breadless picnic, I continued up the hill to the outskirts of the town. I espied a young boy carrying a large loaf of bread. I asked in my halting Italian if he could direct me to the bakery where he had undoubtedly bought his loaf. Unfortunately all stores were closed now, he explained, but he could let me have some of his. Ignoring my feeble protests he broke off one end of the loaf and shyly proffered it. As I was adding it to my supplies and trying to express my gratitude, he ran up an alleyway.

The lunch was somehow improved by that particular chunk of bread. Afterwards, on my way down again to take the bus back to Perugia, I saw my young benefactor standing in a bright sunlit clearing. He was tearing crumbs from a small piece of bread to toss to the noisy birds surrounding him. He graciously refused the 100-lire piece I offered him (how untypical of youngsters!) and suggested it could be put to good use in one of the boxes for the poor at the basilica.

The memory of that encounter with the modern spirit of St. Francis will be with me a long, long time.

R. Girard.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

*Leo  
Carrillo:  
Last  
of the  
Caballeros*

By Charles Oxtan



Leo Carrillo

*"A man can ask no greater reward  
than to be loved by children"*

**A**S A BOY IN California, Leo Carrillo was possessed of an incurable wanderlust. Descendant of a long line of Spanish soldiers, statesmen, and explorers, he made up his mind early in life to see the world. Today, more than 50 years later, the rollicking, warmhearted Pancho of TV's *The Cisco Kid* has logged more miles and projected the image of America to more people than almost any other person in the entertainment world.

At an age when most men think

longingly of a leisurely life, Leo is looking ahead to his next overseas jaunt. Late last winter he completed a 20,000-mile tour of eight Latin-American countries: Mexico, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Brazil. His mission was to solicit participation of the South American republics in the 1964 New York World's Fair.

"I went," he says, "to open the doors of the Latin heart to a better understanding of the U.S.

"Men and women everywhere

realized that the great need was for us all to work together. We must gain the confidence of the people there—think of them as partners, not objects of charity. We have the know-how; they have the resources that need to be developed for their benefit. Of course, there are agents working to upset our appercart and turn countries against us. But the rank and file of the people are not fooled. They look to the U.S. as the bulwark of their salvation.”

Playing the role of an unofficial good-will ambassador comes easily to Carrillo. At the height of *The Cisco Kid's* popularity, it is estimated that some 53 million viewers saw the show. Today, although it is not on an active shooting schedule, reruns still appear all over the world, and the response would amaze any poll taker. Wherever Carrillo goes, people buttonhole him in hotel lobbies or run up to him on the street. This is especially true of the youngsters.

“To the *minos*, I am Pancho in the flesh,” he smiles. “A man can ask no greater reward than to be loved by children.”

Apart from his acting ability, Carrillo has another big factor in his favor.

“I speak five languages,” he explains. “Besides English and Spanish, I speak Italian, Chinese, and Japanese—as well as a few other dialects for which there are probably no names.”

A master of mimicry and a compulsive storyteller, Carrillo has built up a world-wide reputation as a droll comedian. Talking to him in the quiet of his Santa Monica home, you find that he can be profoundly serious. His comments on much of the motion-picture product turned out in nearby Hollywood show a lack of sympathy for the sensationalism that often passes for entertainment these days.

“It’s all unnecessary,” he says. “Audiences want to leave a theater feeling happy or inspired, not dirty and a little ashamed.”

Leo Carrillo did not originally set out to be an actor. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that he would play a prominent role in bringing a message of hope and freedom to millions.

His great-great grandfather, José Raimundo Carrillo, came to California with Gaspar de Portola’s expedition in 1769. Two years earlier, Portola had become governor of Lower California (now Mexico). To guard the interests of the Spanish crown against the claims of England and Russia he set out with a band of soldiers, settlers, and missionaries to solidify the Spanish hold on Upper California. The new territory, an unexplored paradise, ran roughly from San Diego to San Francisco.

Raimundo was a sergeant in Portola’s troop. One of his earliest experiences was to march alongside the saintly Fra Junipero Ser-

ra, founder of the California mission chain.

"To blaze a trail through 1,000 miles of wilderness would be a magnificent feat in any era," says the actor. "For Father Serra, tired as he was and suffering from an ulcerated leg that pained him constantly, it bordered on the miraculous. He brought the faith to California, and he opened up a territory that might not have been explored and settled for another 100 years. And he did it without shedding one drop of blood. Later, settlers poured in, commerce developed, and the China clipper ships brought the goods of California to the distant reaches of the Pacific—but it all began with Father Serra. Every merchant and every sea captain who lived in that period owed him a debt of thanks."

The lad's great-great-grandfather was one of the mainstays of the expedition. To the Indians he was both friend and disciplinarian. He decided to make California his permanent home, and won the hand of a beautiful girl named Thomasa Ignacia de Lugo. Father Serra married them at Mission San Carlos in Monterey on April 25, 1781.

A year later Raimundo and his bride moved to Santa Barbara. The young soldier became commandante of the presidio there. Another ancestor of Leo's, his great-grandfather, became the first provisional governor of Cali-

fornia in 1837. His great-grandmother helped make the first American flag ever to fly in the Southland.

Although he was born in Los Angeles, Leo constantly refers in his conversation to Santa Barbara as "my ancestral home." On his first solo venture into the world, at the age of 15, he slept on the floor of the baggage room in the Santa Barbara railroad station.

"I thought myself another Peer Gynt," smiles Carrillo. "Gynt had lain on his back to watch the king's henchmen in the clouds, and—so Ibsen wrote—it fired his imagination. I lay there reading baggage labels and dreaming of faraway places."

Carrillo is one of eight children. He was still a young man when he got a job laying tracks for the Southern Pacific railroad. At night he lived in a boxcar, listening to the gossip of crewmen who came from all over the world, including China. Listening to the talk, watching the gestures and mannerisms, Carrillo picked up a working knowledge of languages. When he left the railroad and came to San Francisco to look for another job, his experience steered him unwittingly into show business.

He was in Nevada when he made up his mind to try his hand at illustrating, a facility he had been developing since he was a boy. Another worker, with visions of becoming a lawyer, announced



one night that he was heading for San Francisco to study for the bar. "I've got \$500," he told Carrillo. "I think I can make it."

"I've got \$400," countered Leo. "So do I."

In their first months in San Francisco, Leo and his friend boarded with two old ladies. For a room and breakfast they paid \$6 a week. While the would-be barrister plunged into his books, Leo got himself a job with the San Francisco *Examiner* at \$15 a week. He was assigned to cover the Chinatown beat with a young reporter named Edmund Coblentz, later to become head of the Hearst newspaper chain. Carrillo's knowledge of the Oriental patois opened doors that might never have been opened otherwise. Coblentz wrote the stories; Carrillo illustrated them.

Leo began to try out his dialects on the gang at the newspaper office. The recitals, delivered to the accompaniment of clacking typewriters and the whirr of printing presses, caught on. When a group of bankers, brokers, and businessmen in the city announced plans to launch a project known as the Family club and publicized the effort with an amateur variety show, Carrillo's name was offered by one of the *Examiner's* editorial staff.

Leo reported for an audition before a broker named Edward Bowes. Bowes listened, liked the routine, and put Carrillo into the

show. Later, as head of the famous *Amateur Hour*, the broker-turned-showman introduced Leo to his coast-to-coast radio audience as "my No. 1 amateur."

For all his lack of professional polish, Carrillo made a hit with press and public alike. A press agent who saw the show arranged for him to go through his paces for another monologist then playing the Orpheum theater. The actor was Walter C. Kelly, the famous "Virginia Judge" (uncle of Princess Grace of Monaco). Like Bowes, Kelly took a shine to Carrillo. He helped get him on the Orpheum circuit at four times his salary at the *Examiner*. With money in his pocket and rave notices from the San Francisco newspaper critics, Carrillo gave up cartooning and put on the grease paint for good.

From San Francisco he moved to Chicago. Booked into the Haymarket theater during a heavy snowstorm, he found himself one afternoon facing an audience of Sioux Indians. The Indians had come to attend a tribal convention in the Windy City, and had been shepherded to the theater to boost the sparse attendance caused by the storm.

"For a while," recalls Leo, "I thought I would never get a laugh. They didn't understand my monologue, and I didn't speak Sioux."

The impasse finally was broken when a well-muscled white man

in one of the boxes began to chortle at Leo's sallies. The Indians didn't know what they were laughing at, but the man's reaction was contagious. Soon the theater was rocking with laughter. (The white man's name, for the record, was Gentleman Jim Corbett, who was as generous with his laughter as he was handy with his fists.)

Carrillo's stretch in vaudeville took him all over the U.S., including that mecca of show business, the old New York Palace. From there he went to Broadway and made one of his outstanding successes as the star of the play *Lombardi Limited*. The show played for two years in Manhattan, two more years on the road, and one year in Australia.

Like every performer, Carrillo was not foolproof in his choice of vehicles. One play, *Upstairs and Down*, took a beating from the press but Leo, fortunately, escaped their ire. His performance was praised, and Walter Morosco, the producer, wisely decided to use Carrillo to try to salvage something from the wreckage. He invested \$5,000 of his own money to play up Leo's appeal. The gamble paid off; the show went on to chalk up a respectable 48-week run.

Carrillo's debut in pictures was in a film dramatization of *Mr. Antonio*, a play he had appeared in on Broadway. From there he went on to play the dashing hero

or the amiable counter-lead in such movies as *The Gay Desperado*, *Girl of the Golden West*, *Lillian Russell*, *Merrily We Sing*, and *Bowery to Broadway*. For years he hung his hat in every major studio in Hollywood.

He also made such a reputation as a man interested in every phase of California's development that a state-wide grass-roots movement to run him for governor developed. It might have projected him into national political prominence if he hadn't declined. When TV came in, he duplicated his movie successes with his role as the fun-loving Pancho who furnished the comic relief in *The Cisco Kid*.

A man who does not give his friendship easily, Carrillo numbered among his closest associates the late Clark Gable and Will Rogers. Will was a crony from his early vaudeville days. Leo and Will shared the same dressing room when they appeared in Manhattan; it was Carrillo who first persuaded Rogers to talk more during his rope-twirling act.

In the beginning Rogers was reluctant to take the advice. He told Leo soberly, "All I know is what I read in the papers."

"Use that line," countered Carrillo, and Rogers did. It became a classic.

Since the death of his wife Edith eight years ago, Leo has relied more and more on his daughter, Maria Antoinette, his only child. She is his confidante, secre-

tary, tax consultant, and book-keeper. "She's wonderful," he says proudly. "Just like her mother."

The presence of Edith Carrillo is still strong in the ranch nestling in the Santa Monica hillside. A vigil light burns constantly in her memory in front of a statue of the Blessed Virgin. A girl from Nyack, N.Y., Edith first met Leo when he was appearing at a Gotham theater and she was sitting in the audience with some friends.

When Leo underwent major abdominal surgery a little over a year ago, messages of sympathy and encouragement poured in from all over the world. A regular visitor to his hospital room each night was Father Albert Heinzer, C.S.C., associate producer of Father Peyton's *Family Theater* on TV and radio. "His prayers and the prayers of all those people helped pull me through," says Carrillo.

Talking to Carrillo, one finds it easy to roll back the mists of time and picture a country serene under the Pacific sun. You see a California where life was unhurried, where brown-robed Franciscans toiled lovingly alongside their Indian charges and caballeros, and their ladies brought a flash of color and Old World culture to an area still wide-eyed in its innocence.

You listen, and the great names of the past (the Morenos, the

Sepulvedas, and the Camararillos) come alive once more. You follow the younger male members of the Carrillo clan as they move down the coast to the Isthmus of Panama, cross it on muleback, sail up the Atlantic to New York, and then entrain for New England—for one reason: to complete their Catholic education. Leo himself attended Loyola university in Los Angeles, but his ancestors invariably finished up at Holy Cross college in Massachusetts.

Of all the surviving members of his immediate family, Leo finds himself, nearing 70, the most likely heir to a great tradition. Other branches of the Carrillos have their memories, of course, and some have become outstanding in their chosen fields. A brother, Jack, an engineer, helped plan Fort Tryon park in upper Manhattan and played an important role in building the 1939 New York World's Fair. But by training, inclination, and accomplishment, Leo most closely resembles the image of the Spanish soldier-settlers who marched side by side with the missionaries and brought the faith and civilization to a sun-drenched, flowering wilderness.

With no son to carry on his name, Leo Carrillo is probably the "last of the *caballeros*." With him will pass a way of life that will never return.





# The Ups and Downs *of the* Liberty Bell

*It has known both ridicule and reverence; its peal  
has expressed hope, defiance, exultation, and sorrow*

By Hugh Mulligan  
*Condensed from  
the Baltimore "Sun" \**

**M**OST OF THE 1.5 million tourists who pass through Independence Hall in Philadelphia each year have the same reaction upon first seeing the Liberty Bell. They reverently doff their hats (although there is no sign urging them to) and then do a double take at the size of the crack running from the lip of the bell to the crown.

Most of them say they knew

about the famous crack but didn't think it was that bad. Some grow indignant that nothing has been done to patch it. Each year welders offer to do the job for free.

Such sympathy is misdirected. The battered old bell wears its wounds proudly.

Its life cycle has run the gamut from ridicule to reverence, from angry protests against its early frequent ringings to hushed veneration for it in its present eloquent silence.

It has been bounced off an army wagon, nearly sold at public auction, left on a railroad sid-

\*Calvert and Centre Sts., Baltimore 3, Md. July 3, 1960. © 1960 by the A. S. Abell Co., and reprinted with permission.

ing in snow and rain, twice almost melted down as junk, and carted about the country to bolster attendance at fairs and exhibitions.

Few people realize that its prophetic inscription, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof," had nothing to do with the American Revolution. The Province of Pennsylvania was still devoted to the mother country in 1750 when its assembly finally got around to adding a steeple to the lovely statehouse built 14 years before.

Within a year the steeple was rising, and Isaac Norris, chairman of the assembly committee that ran the statehouse, set about procuring a bell through Robert Charles, London agent for the colony. Norris chose the famed inscription from *Leviticus* 25:10 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of William Penn's Charter of Privileges, which granted religious freedom to the colony.

"Respected friend, Robert Charles," he wrote on Nov. 1, 1751, "we take the liberty to apply ourselves to thee to get us a good bell, of about 2,000 pounds weight, the cost of which we presume may amount to 100 pounds sterling or perhaps, with the charges, something more."

Charles asked Thomas Lester's Whitechapel foundry for a bell to be modeled after Westminster's Great Tom, which Henry VIII

had hung in honor of Edward the Confessor. By September of the next year Norris cautiously reported, "The bell is come ashore and in good order and we hope it will prove a good one . . . though we have not yet tried the sound."

His caution was warranted. As he informed Charles on March 10, 1753, he had "the mortification to hear that it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper without any violence, as it was hung up to try the sound. Though this was not very agreeable to us, we concluded to send it back by Captain Budden, but he would not take it aboard.

"Upon which two ingenious workmen undertook to cast it here and I am just now informed that they have this day opened the mold and have got a good bell, which I confess pleases me very much that we should venture upon and succeed in the greatest cast, for aught I know, in English America."

But in trying to remedy the brittleness of the British bell the "ingenious workmen," John Pass and Charles Stow, Jr., had added an ounce of copper to each pound of melted-down bell. It produced a ghastly sound.

"Upon trial," Norris sadly related, "it seems they added too much copper . . . and were so teased with the witticisms of the town, they had a new mold."

So at last, in May, 1753, on the third try, the Liberty Bell

finally got off the ground and into the steeple. Still Norris wasn't satisfied. He had the Whitechapel firm send over another bell to replace its first effort, but by this time the assembly was so fed up it refused to take down the American bell.

The English replacement was hooked up to the State House clock, where it remained until it was donated to St. Augustine's Catholic church in 1828. Ironically, this bell, which might have become the Liberty Bell, was destroyed when anti-Catholic North American party rioters set fire to the church in 1844.

Meanwhile, the American bell, to which Pass and Stow had proudly affixed their names, set about its destiny of proclaiming liberty throughout the land. As the official statehouse bell and the unofficial town crier, it alerted the people of Philadelphia to the momentous events leading up to the American Revolution.

It pealed hopefully on Feb. 3, 1757, when Benjamin Franklin went "home to England" to seek redress of colonial grievances.

It pealed joyfully on Jan. 25, 1763, for the Treaty of Paris ending the French and Indian wars.

Its clapper muffled in cotton, it pealed mournfully on Oct. 5, 1765, when the *Royal Charlotte* came up the Delaware under convoy of a man-of-war bringing Stamp Act stamps for the colonies

of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland.

After that, its clanging became more urgent, more defiant. It announced passage of the hated Parliamentary Act, news of the Boston Tea Party, the subsequent closing of the Port of Boston, and, belatedly on April 25, 1775, the battles of Lexington and Concord.

Its brazen tumult was heard so often that the assembly received "a petition from diverse inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia living near the state house, setting forth that they are much incommoded and distressed by too frequent ringing of the great bell."

The assembly ignored the complaints and instead enhanced the official status of the bell. Members who tarried too long over a glass of madeira in the Old City tavern were fined one shilling for failing to "appear in the house within a half hour after the assembly bell ceases to ring."

The bell did not ring on July 4, 1776, since the Declaration of Independence was signed in executive session. But it did ring on July 8, when Col. John Nixon mounted the special wooden platform outside the statehouse for the first public reading of the document.

On July 4, 1777, the bell rang in America's first Independence day celebration, a day marked by fireworks, bonfires, a parade of

North Carolina recruits and the Maryland Lighthorse cavalry, and music by (of all people) the Hessian band captured at Trenton the previous Christmas.

The celebration was short-lived. Two months later, with British troops circling Philadelphia, the assembly ordered all bells removed from the city lest they fall into enemy hands and be melted into cannons.

Loaded on an ox-drawn baggage cart, the Liberty Bell was taken through the British lines in a convoy of 700 wagons under escort of North Carolina infantry. It tumbled into the dust when its wagon broke down in front of the Moravian Brethren house in Bethlehem, Pa., but finally reached safe haven under the floor of the Zion Reformed church in Allentown, Pa. In hiding for almost a year, it returned to Philadelphia in time to herald the surrender of Cornwallis and eventually the end of the war.

After that, its role was largely funereal. Its muffled knell announced the deaths of Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson, all of whom had once answered to its call. It tolled for Charles Carroll, last living signer of the Declaration of Independence; for Lafayette, last of Washington's generals; and finally, in 1835, for Chief Justice John Marshall, last of the old Federalists, when according to legend it developed its famous crack.

The bell narrowly escaped being sold at auction in 1818, when Pennsylvania moved its capital to Harrisburg. It was close to being melted down for junk in 1828, when the City of Philadelphia ordered a new bell. Luckily, the Germantown founder who had the contract for the new bell refused to cart off the old one, was taken to court, forfeited his \$400 junk allowance, and even had to pay court costs.

Two not-so-ingenious workmen widened its crack by driving in bolts in an attempt to get a tone out of it for a Washington's birthday celebration in 1846. Voiceless and nearly forgotten, the bell came back into vogue just before the Civil war. An antislavery faction called the Liberty party seized on its famous inscription as a party slogan.

Since 1915, the bell has been on open display on the ground floor of Independence Hall. The public may touch it, but may not ring it. It was tapped ceremoniously on VE and VJ days and, in the fall of 1959, by a tympanist from the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra for a special tape recording that will be used for all future ceremonial ringings.

The bell is still owned by the City of Philadelphia, but is now in custody of the National Park service. Scientists from the Franklin institute have given it an exhaustive physical checkup to determine whether traffic vibra-

tions, noxious elements in the air, or perspiration from tourists' finger tips might have an effect on its life span.

After 200 years, the crack is the main topic of bell conversation. The British firm which manufactured the first bell, still doing business at the same old stand, keeps apologizing for its initial

failure. A park-service historian wrote to A. A. Hughes, present head of the Whitechapel foundry, for some particulars about that first bell. He got this reply: "I have never been able to understand why Lester's bell should have cracked when being tested, for such an occurrence is practically unheard of here."



### IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

This month THE CATHOLIC DIGEST goes to 144 pages and appears in a new type face. That means more and easier reading for you. And for next month the editors are now at work on an even larger number of articles you're sure to enjoy. Here are just a few of them.

- Susan Peck, a mother of four, reports on a survey made of what children say about their parents. The study was made in a Westchester school and the kids didn't have to sign their names, so the comments are amazingly candid. "I like my parents the way they are now. But I hope they don't get worse." There you have a fair sample. Condensed from the *New York Times Magazine*.

- Hans Selye, M.D., author of *The Stress of Life*, explains just what he means by stress and how you can come to terms with it. Not all stress is harmful, he points out. And a good thing, too, since no one can avoid it.

- In the Valley of the Dead Sea is a ruin called Qumran. Nearby are the caves in which the Dead Sea scrolls were found. The famous, Biblical scholar Father Leonard Johnston reconstructs the history of the scrolls, the Jewish community which preserved them, and the mysterious "Teacher of Righteousness."

- Ireland is a land of paradoxes. In the August issue, it is explained how an American came to be President of Ireland, a Dubliner chief rabbi of Palestine, and in what language *whiskey* is the name for water.

- Sister Mary Caroline, I.H.M., has had such astonishing success as a teacher of reading that one observer after another has asked her, "Why don't you write a book?" Sister finally did just that, and her book, *Breaking the Sound Barrier*, is now getting an enthusiastic reception from reading specialists throughout the country. Charles Oxtan tells how Sister Mary Caroline, using a "deductive approach," helps her pupils learn how to attack words on their own.



SENATOR  
EUGENE  
McCARTHY  
of  
MINNESOTA



**U. S. Senator McCarthy**

As a "Christian in politics," he emphasizes the demands of democracy

By Mary Boo

**O**N A HOT, hectic night last summer a tall, handsome Minnesotan took the rostrum at the Democratic National convention in Los Angeles. In a resounding tenor, Senator Eugene McCarthy urged the delegates to support his nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson as Democratic candidate for President. The McCarthy speech was acclaimed by many who heard it as the best

given at either of the 1960 political conventions.

Shortly after McCarthy stopped speaking, his secretary in Washington, D.C., Jean Stack, placed a long-distance phone call to his administrative assistant, Dick Boo, in Minnesota.

"What did it remind you of?" she asked.

"Plowville," was Boo's response.

"Exactly," said the secretary. These two close associates of McCarthy could remember only

one other speech in his 12-year political career similar in delivery to the Los Angeles speech. In both cases, McCarthy was responding to acoustical challenges. On an outdoor platform set up at a plowing contest in Minnesota in 1958, he had to shout high winds to be heard by thousands of gathered farmers. In Los Angeles, he was trying to be heard by some 15,000 noisy, restless delegates and spectators in the huge Los Angeles Sports Arena.

The convention rejected McCarthy's candidate for the nomination, but the speech was not forgotten. Requests for copies poured into his office, and McCarthy, always a popular speaker, found himself in impossible demand throughout the campaign of the summer and fall. He worked hard for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket. Listeners whose previous acquaintance with Minnesota's junior senator was the Stevenson nominating speech must have been surprised by the slow-spoken, soft-voiced, wryly humorous McCarthy of the campaign circuit.

McCarthy had long been a Catholic spokesman in American political life, and audiences during the campaign invariably questioned him on the special problems of religion and politics. As far back as 1949, he had written, "Although in a formal sense Church and state can and should be kept separate, it is absurd to hold that

religion and politics can be kept wholly apart when they meet in the conscience of one man. If a man is religious and if he is in politics, one fact will relate to the other if he is indeed a whole man."

Early in 1960 he was selected to discuss Church-state problems with Paul Blanshard on a national TV program. He is unusually well informed about his own faith and a gentle but incisive critic of unfair or ignorant criticism.

McCarthy's strenuous campaigning in 1960 put him in the hospital with pneumonia shortly after the election. The doctor ordered a complete rest, but the hospital was hard put to keep visitors away. Among the callers who got past the no-visitors sign on his door were President-elect Kennedy and Senate majority leader Mike Mansfield.

McCarthy came to the Senate in 1958 after ten years in the House of Representatives. Almost immediately he was tagged a "comer." In the fall of his first year in the Senate, he was named chairman of the nine-member special committee on unemployment problems, an unusual distinction in the Senate, where seniority is taken very seriously. The appointment was applauded by the Washington correspondent for the Knight newspapers, Edwin A. Lahey, who called McCarthy "one of the most thoughtful and sensitive freshmen in the Senate."

McCarthy is totally unpom-

pous. One day last winter he drove his 1953 Nash into the parking area reserved for Senators in the courtyard of the old Senate office building in Washington. A watchful young policeman hurried out to McCarthy's car and told him he'd better move it. McCarthy looked thoughtful, and said he didn't think it would be in anyone's way. The policeman half-heartedly agreed, but then added, "You'd better leave your keys so I can move it in case a Senator wants to park here."

McCarthy surrendered his car keys and went on to one of his committee meetings. A few minutes later, a nervous cop presented himself in the McCarthy office. "I took away the Senator's keys," he explained in horror. "After he left, I wondered about him, so I looked in the pictorial directory. There he was. I hope he won't be too sore." McCarthy's secretary assured him that her boss would laugh, if he had noticed the slight at all. He had, and he did.

McCarthy calls all his staff members by their first names, knows where they live and what books they are reading, keeps track of their health, and is concerned with their problems. Two women employees whose desks happened to be in the same room were treated for ulcer symptoms last year. McCarthy would break off work at his desk occasionally and announce that he was going to visit his "ulcer ward."

McCarthy, who is 45, has a young, well-educated staff. All of the top members are "retired schoolteachers," according to McCarthy. His legislative assistant, Emerson Hynes, a former college sociology teacher, is 45. Administrative assistant Dick Boo, a former college English teacher, is 33. Other ex-teachers on the staff are George Cashman, a former college English teacher; and Jean Stack, a high-school social-studies teacher before becoming McCarthy's personal secretary in the House.

McCarthy likes to sit in his office at the end of the day talking to members of his staff and the many after-work visitors who drop in. The conversation may range from the problems of raising children and buying a house to the national debt and the missile race. He likes to read aloud—if he can get anyone to listen—and what he reads may be Carl Sandburg, Charles Péguy, Paul Blanchard, or the evening paper.

"He looks more like a professor than a politician," frequently said of McCarthy, has little real meaning, since the 100 politicians in the U.S. Senate look pretty much like a cross section of 100 successful men anywhere. The judgment persists, however. One explanation is McCarthy's basic seriousness, coupled with a quick, sophisticated sense of humor and an informal, though never undignified, manner.

He really was a professor before he entered politics. After his graduation from St. John's university, Collegetown, Minn., he got a Master's degree in education and economics from the University of Minnesota in 1938. He taught social studies in Minnesota and North Dakota high schools for five years before returning to St. John's as a teacher. During the 2nd World War he served as a civilian technical assistant in military intelligence for the War department. He was acting head of the sociology department at the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul when he ran successfully for Congress in 1948.

McCarthy the senator retains many of the characteristics of McCarthy the teacher. A wide and scholarly reader, he makes many notes—frequently illegible—and draws fluently on his ample background for quotations, examples, and analogies in his speeches and articles. Something of a philosopher himself, he is well acquainted with the political philosophy of the past as well as the present and is fond of tracing the growth or decline of theories and movements.

During his ten years in the House of Representatives McCarthy wrote all of his own speeches, articles, and statements, ordinarily using a dictaphone to make his first draft. In the Senate, under the press of a heavier work load and increased demand for his

speeches, he sometimes talks over what he is planning to say with his legislative assistant, Emerson Hynes. Hynes then drafts an outline, makes notes, or roughs out a speech which McCarthy reworks, using the dictaphone or a typewriter.

When this draft is returned to him by his secretary on legal-sized paper, triple spaced, he again rewrites, usually working on a speech up to the last minute. He frequently departs from his prepared text.

McCarthy used no script for his much praised Stevenson nominating speech. "Corny as it sounds, it really was just a few words on the back of an envelope," an aide says. The text released later was transcribed from a tape recording made by a TV network.

McCarthy is fond of saying that one of his purposes in public office is the preservation of the English language. The unabridged dictionary beside his desk is much used (he likes to look up word origins) and his staff claims that he never misuses or misspells a word. When the research staff of McCarthy's special committee on unemployment problems gave him the first draft of the committee's final report last year, McCarthy was appalled at the technical jargon and tortuous sentences. He insisted that the committee hire a part-time editor to go over the report and "put it into English."

His sense of humor often comes

as a surprise to those who know him only through his published words. The press releases his office sends out in advance of a speech are usually philosophical statements that appear to be the work of a solemn student of government. "Another civics lesson," one Washington newsman groaned last year when he got a typical three-page advance release on a McCarthy speech. In person, McCarthy delights an audience with his urbanity and wit.

Once, speaking in behalf of Hubert Humphrey, Minnesota's senior senator, McCarthy was asked if he agreed that Humphrey "talked too much." "Oh, I don't think so," McCarthy replied. "Hubert does have a disadvantage, though. He says things in such a way that people remember them—and that is an obvious handicap to any politician."

His humor is part of McCarthy's basic philosophy. His patience with the discouragingly slow processes of lawmaking is based on the profound conviction that all change is slow and that any progress is encouraging. McCarthy is in no sense the angry young man crying out against the evils of his time. When he read a magazine article which described him as a contemplative, a man of "interior recollection," he laughed. "Just low metabolism," he said.

His patience is at least partially grounded in a bit of political philosophy he frequently quotes

from St. Thomas More: "It is not possible for all things to be well unless all men are good—which I think will not be this good many years."

McCarthy entered politics in 1948 at a precinct meeting of Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor party. He was soon elected county chairman, and was endorsed as the DFL candidate for Congress from the 4th congressional district. After a tough primary campaign in which he defeated a labor-endorsed Democrat, he went on to beat the incumbent Republican in November by 25,000 votes. He was re-elected four times.

In his fourth term in the House, McCarthy won a place on the powerful ways and means committee. In his final term he was acknowledged leader of a group of 90 Northern and Western members who formed the liberal bloc in the 85th Congress. His growing reputation as a speaker and writer prompted the British Broadcasting Co. to invite him to make two broadcasts on American politics for British audiences. When McCarthy announced his candidacy for the Senate in the spring of 1958, the famous British weekly the *Economist*, wishing him well, called him "one of the most intelligent men in politics."

In a brief 1958 filing statement, McCarthy said that he thought he could better serve the people of Minnesota in the Senate. His

announcement that he would give up a sure House seat to try to beat two-term Senator Ed Thye, popular former governor of the state, was greeted with some dismay by McCarthy party workers in St. Paul, the heart of his congressional district. One ward chairman summed up the final reaction, though, when he said, "We hate to take a chance on losing him in Congress, but if he wants to run for the Senate, we're with him all the way." After a heated battle for party endorsement, McCarthy won the necessary votes on the second ballot.

The Senate campaign was just like his House campaigns. The candidate wrote or ad-libbed his own speeches, dictated his own press releases, supervised the content of his campaign literature, and vetoed campaign ideas as fast as his paid staff and volunteer workers could think them up. One thing the staff was sure of: their candidate would win if he could be seen and heard by a majority of the voters.

The McCarthy office still gets requests for one piece of campaign literature, a little 24-page booklet called *The Demands of Democracy*. The booklet was McCarthy's idea. He wanted to get out in some kind of readable form a summary of his position on basic political and philosophical questions such as the role of a citizen in a democracy, the challenge of communism, political liberalism, the two-party

system, and Church-state relations in America. A volunteer editor was assigned to select significant passages from McCarthy speeches and articles. *The Demands of Democracy* was an off-beat piece of campaign literature, but its popularity seemed to substantiate McCarthy's belief in the basic seriousness of most voters.

"Democracy does not make life simpler for those who enjoy it," he often tells audiences. "Rather, it complicates life by adding the responsibility of participation in government to the other responsibilities of life in society."

In the course of the campaign, McCarthy traveled far and wide through the state. He was born and grew up in Watkins (population 650) in central Minnesota, where his father still lives, and he is skilled in the informal encounter and Main St. small talk.

In November, McCarthy won a 608,847 to 535,629-vote victory. After the election, he moved his family—wife Abigail and children Ellen (13), Mary (12), Michael (9), and Margaret (5) — to Washington. After ten years of running for election every other year, the McCarthys were glad to settle into the six-year Senate term. They bought a four-bedroom house in Bethesda, Md., a 45-minute drive from the Capitol.

Abigail McCarthy, like her husband a former high-school and college teacher, met Gene while they were both teaching in Man-

dan, N.D. They were married in 1945. Abigail is a skilled speaker and writer (she has published a number of short stories), and an enthusiastic campaigner.

In the Senate, McCarthy serves on the agriculture and finance committees. The finance-committee assignment, considered quite an accomplishment for a freshman, pleased him because of his interest in fiscal legislation and his experience on the comparable ways and means committee in the House.

McCarthy fans waited in vain for his maiden Senate speech in 1959. According to Senate tradition, the first formal speech of a freshman gets a good deal of attention from the member's colleagues and the press. Advance texts are released and the press gallery is full of Washington reporters from the senator's home state. McCarthy, no stranger to legislative debate after his years in the House, took part freely in Senate discussion, but gave no maiden speech in the traditional sense.

In June of his freshman year, however, he delivered a speech that few who heard it have forgotten. In it he urged repeal of the student loyalty oath required by the National Defense Education act. Senator Kennedy, sponsor of the repeal legislation, called McCarthy's speech the best given in support of the bill. The speech was later expanded and published in

*Commonweal* magazine. "I firmly believe that the basic issue here is one of the propriety of oath taking, of respect for the traditions of this nation, and of the fundamental demands of democracy," McCarthy wrote. A Supreme Court justice who read the article wrote a note to McCarthy praising it as the "best statement on the subject I have seen anywhere."

McCarthy gives as his general guide in public office the hope that by his actions an imperfect world may become less imperfect. "The Christian in politics should be judged by the standard of whether he has helped, at least, to achieve the highest degree of perfection possible in the temporal order," he says. "The mistakes and failures of the Christian in politics should be the result of leniency rather than of fearful self-interest, of excess of trust rather than of excessive doubt and anxiety. Because the line between good and evil is sometimes blurred and shifting, the Christian in politics has to be prepared to make hard choices." In his recently published book, *Frontiers in American Democracy*, McCarthy wrote, "The ideal politician is a good man, an informed man, and a man skilled in the art of politics."

Shortly after McCarthy took his Senate seat, Washington columnist William S. White predicted that the McCarthy name would be one "to reckon with in the Senate, and in the country, for

decades to come." Another Washington correspondent, Charles Bartlett, agreed. "The new McCarthy is a man to watch," Bartlett wrote. "He will be observing the meanings more than the movements of the political scene, and he is the sort of spokesman who can inject meaning and validity into the national climate."

It is unlikely that Gene McCarthy would take either of these predictions very seriously. Reading another Washington daily columnist aloud to Assistant Dick Boo one day last spring, McCarthy commented, "You know, it's rough for these columnists. They have to think of something new to say every day."

### HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

Out of Miami these days are coming many sad stories of Cuban refugees who have had to abandon their homes, businesses, professions—all that they knew and loved—in order to retain their rights as free men. Hundreds are bidding for every available job, no matter how menial. Many who formerly held high positions are working as servants or unskilled laborers merely because they cannot speak English. Beaten and afraid, they find themselves very much alone in a strange, hardly friendly new world.

One such incident concerns a man who had been a high official in Cuba's customs and immigration service. He had applied for work at a Miami hotel, hoping to be taken on as a bell boy or a dishwasher. The manager, who had been several times to Cuba, happened to recognize him.

"Say, weren't you once in the Cuban customs office?" he inquired.

The man acknowledged that he had been.

"Now I remember you," remarked the hotel manager. "Three years ago I visited Cuba, and had a terrible time with the customs department. Everything I said to the officials only seemed to make things worse for me. Then a perfectly strange official came along and straightened them and me out. That man was you, isn't that so?"

"Yes," replied the refugee.

"When I found out I wasn't going to have to go to jail, I was so grateful I offered you \$100. But you said you'd rather have a friend."

The Cuban smiled and nodded at the memory.

"Well, you *have* a friend," went on the hotel manager. "This hotel is your home as long as you need one. Friendship works both ways."

Marjorie D. Moran.





MAN  
WITH a LIFE  
in  
HIS HANDS

*A surgeon pits his  
skill against cancer*

By W. C. Heinz  
*Condensed from "Life"*\*

"GOOD MORNING, Doctor Matthews," the voice of the woman on the phone said. "It is 6:45." He had been lying there in the gray darkness, half awake, half waiting for the phone to ring. "At 8 o'clock," the voice said, "you're at University hospital for a lobectomy. At 11:30 you're at Mercy for a conference. At 1 o'clock you have a mitral stenosis there. At 4 you're at your office to see patients until 7. At 8:30 you're at the Academy for a meeting of the medical society. That's all."

"Will you be home for dinner?" his wife asked as he hung up.

"About 7:30," he said. "But I have a meeting at 8:30."

His mother was the one who had started it all. She was thin and wiry, with high cheekbones, and black hair drawn back straight. She was deeply religious. While she was cleaning the house in Colorado or scrubbing the kitchen table until the wood was bleached almost white, she would be counseling her son.

"Be a healer," she would say. "Christ was a healer. But if you can't be a priest and heal the soul, be a doctor and heal the body."

Now he drove downtown, locked the car, and walked across the street into the hospital. "Doctor Matthews," the receptionist said,

\*Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City 20. Jan. 20, 1961. © 1961 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

"your patient's wife and son would like to talk with you."

A woman in her late 50's and a broad-shouldered man in his 30's were standing there. "We just want to wish you luck, doctor," she said. She was trying to force a small smile across the fear in her face.

"Look," he said, "please try not to worry. We'll take good care of him."

"I know you will," the man said.

"Now remember," he said to both of them, "I'm not worried, so you needn't be."

"Bless you, doctor," the woman said, still trying to smile.

When he was much younger, every operation was surrounded with tension. He would lie in bed the night before and play it over and over, trying to imagine everything he could possibly run into. Now, at 53, he had opened 5,000 chests and he had it all so beautifully systematized that each move was almost a reflex.

Walking into the doctors' lounge, he flipped the light button by his name and signed the registry. "Why!" he exclaimed, "look at all the great surgeons."

"Good morning, Matt," Tomkins said.

"Hello, Tom," he said.

There were a half dozen of them in the room. "Didn't you sleep last night?" one of them asked.

"I slept fine," he said.

He got into pajamas and put on

the green cap. He shook out the mask and tied the bottom strings around his neck and then he put on his half glasses. Finally he slid his feet into the open-backed operating shoes.

"Well," he said, shutting the door of his locker, "you successful doctors can sit around and talk about taxes and golf, but I have to work."

Tomkins followed him out into the hall. As they were about to pass the elevator, the door opened and two orderlies pushed a bed out. On it was a gray-haired man.

"Is that our patient?" he said.

"No," Tomkins said. "Ours'll be here in a few minutes. You'll remember him when you see the X rays."

**H**E USED TO remember them all: their faces, the way they handled their fear, their struggles to make a living, and their hopes for their families.

One of them was that white-haired man whose son had brought him from Ireland. The old man had never spent a day away from home since his wedding. He had never been out of his own country before, and it was the spring of the year.

When the doctor lost him that morning, he walked the son down to the end of the 7th floor there at Riverside hospital and they stood, each with one foot up on the radiator, and he tried to explain. The son took it with his face set,

and then they shook hands and the son left.

Alone, he stood there for a long time, looking up the river, alive in the sunlight. Across the avenue the trees were just coming to bud. He thought of how green they say Ireland is in the spring and then, perhaps for the last time, he felt tears in his eyes.

"MATT," TOMKINS said now, "here are the pictures."

They walked into the operating room and said Hello to the anesthetist and the nurses. He went over to where Tomkins had two X rays clipped to the lighted panels on the side wall. He saw the shadow in the upper lobe of the left lung, almost the size of an orange and partially hidden by the heart shadow.

"Yes," he said. "I remember him now. He's that house painter."

It had been late one day about two weeks before, and Tomkins had walked in and snapped the films up under the clips. They looked at them together. "What's the history?" he had said.

"He's 59 years old," Tomkins said, looking at the papers in his hand. "About eight months ago he coughed up some blood, and then two months ago he started again. About a week later he had a pain in the left chest. He says he feels fine now, but his wife says his appetite is poor and he's short of breath. I thought you might

come in and talk with him. He's scared."

The man was standing, with his shirt off, in the examination room. He was about six feet, lean, with his hair graying and thin on top.

"Hello, doctor," the man said, shaking hands.

"Hello. What do you think your trouble is?"

"I don't know," the man said. (Very few of them even dare mention it.)

"Are you scared?" he had asked then, looking right at him.

"No, I'm not scared. But I'm a little nervous."

"A big guy like you? Let me do the worrying."

It is something you have to do with so many. They come in scared, and you have to build their courage so that they don't quit on you when you need them the most. Then he had put the stethoscope on him.

"You smoke?" he had asked.

"Maybe a pack or so a day."

"How long have you been smoking?"

"Oh, I don't know. Forty years."

"Well, there's nothing wrong with you that we can't fix."

They walked into Tomkins' office then and he met the wife. When they left, Tomkins followed him back into his office.

"Well?" Tomkins had said.

"It's cancer."

"I'm afraid so."

He had heard it, all right. A

healthy lung sounds like leaves rustling in a tree. This one was like a door squeaking, and then there were the symptoms and the history.

Now he walked out into the hall.

"Good morning," he said.

The patient was lying on the bed outside the door, the sheet tucked up to his neck. "Oh, hello, doctor," he said, turning his head.

"You waiting for someone?"

"Yes," the man said, trying to smile. "I guess I'm waiting for you."

Taking the man's right hand in both of his and looking down at him he said, "Now, in a minute or two they're going to stick your arm with a needle. That's all you'll feel, and the next thing you know you'll be back in your room."

He put the hand down and picked up the large manila envelope from the foot of the bed. He walked to the window and, taking out the reports, he saw that all the organs were functioning normally. When he turned back they were pushing the bed into the operating room. He handed the envelope to a nurse and started to scrub, first the hands, then the forearms—five minutes in all.

As he turned back to the room he saw the patient. They already had him under sodium pentothal.

"Well, Susie Q," he said to the

anesthetist, "how are you doing?"

"Fine, doctor," she said, looking at him over her mask. "We're doing fine."

"Good morning, doctor," he said to the intern.

"Good morning, sir."

Standing there, his gloved hands folded in front of him, priestlike, he watched Tomkins and the intern while they turned the patient onto his right side.

"Doctor," he said to the intern when he walked back, "you're not trying to scrub my patient away, are you?"

"No, sir," the intern said, stopping and looking at him.

"That's fine. I think you can paint him now."

"Yes, sir."

He watched the intern dip into the pan of disinfectant and swab the whole area.

"Good," he said, walking up. He saw that the table was at just the right height so that, at the end of the day, he would not feel that aching fatigue across his shoulders. At his left, the scrub nurse had swung the instrument tray across on its stand. He put out his left hand and she pressed the scalpel into it, and he turned it in his hand. With the back of the scalpel he made the scratch, just marking the skin, bringing it up in the big C and shifting to his right hand and finishing behind the shoulder blade. Then he made two small marks, intersecting it, about 12 inches apart.

"So when we put him back together," he said to the intern, "we'll know exactly where the skin edges go."

"Yes, sir," the intern said.

No, he thought, taking the first towel, I wouldn't want to be young like that and starting all over again. He doesn't see it yet, but I know that I will find beauty here in the clean, functional, always-in-the-same-place orderliness of everything.

He placed three towels as a frame around the scratch. Then, over the whole body, he, Tomkins, and the intern spread the green thoracotomy sheet with its white-trimmed opening.

He and Tomkins clamped the sheet so that one end of it rose above the patient's head, hiding the anesthetist from his view. He looked over the drape and down at her, sitting on her stool next to the respirator and the gas tank and the dials.

"Good-by, Susie Q," he said. "I'll see you later."

"Good-by, doctor," she said, looking up.

"Is everybody ready?" he said.

"Right, Matt," Tomkins said.

"Yes, sir," said the intern.

"Yes, doctor," the scrub nurse said.

"What time is it?" he said to the floating nurse.

"It's 8:26, doctor."

"OK, let's go," he said, and he reached across with his right hand. "Knife."

"You see, doctor?" he said to the intern now. "The bigger the incision you make, the more money you can charge. Do you believe that?"

"No, sir."

I'll have to loosen him up, he was thinking. During this early routine you have to keep them loose, the intern and Susie Q and the scrub nurse. You don't want them tired when you get to the critical part of the problem.

"You see," he said, "this patient has been very considerate. He has kept himself thin."

HE SPOTTED the small spurt where a vessel had been severed. "There's a bleeder," he said.

After he had sponged, he saw that they had clamped all the bleeders. There would be perhaps a hundred more of these small veins and arteries. He and Tomkins started to tie the first of the 300 or more knots.

"No, doctor," he said as the intern cut the thread. "You're holding those scissors like a woman. Here."

The scrub nurse handed him a pair, and he showed the intern how to hold them, with the thumb and ring finger in the eyes of the scissors, the middle finger to the side, and the index finger down the length of them as a pointer.

"Now you're ready for anything," he said. "Knife."

With each cut, certain of himself, he went all the way through

to the periosteum, the tissue covering the ribs.

"This is just like football," he said to the intern. "Say you're a halfback going wide. You have to have two speeds. That's what we have. These chest openings are automatic, so we just go along one-two-three at top speed."

"I understand," the intern said.

"Then when we get inside and see what the problem is, we slow down," he said.

Moving his fingers down over the ribs, he counted them slowly. "Two, three, four, five," he counted.

"How are you, Susie Q?"

"We're all right, doctor," she said, her voice coming up over the drape. "His pulse is 86, and his pressure is 130/85."

"Knife."

He made the cut through the periosteum, the tough, adherent covering of the rib. When he dropped the scalpel onto the towel, the scrub nurse handed him the periosteal elevator. With the first move he pushed the periosteum back across the upper half of the rib. With the second he scraped it down across the lower half and, as he did, they saw the clean, gray-white arch of the rib emerge.

"Very nice, Matt," Tomkins said. "You must have done this before."

"Don't flatter me," he said. "Rib cutter."

He severed the rib at one side

and then at the other. He handed the cutter back and, with the other hand, gave the severed eight-inch portion of the rib to the intern.

"If you need another rib you can have this," he said. "Our man here will grow a new one in three months."

"Sponge count?"

"The sponge count is correct, doctor."

"Now, Susie Q," he said, "you're going to have to work. You're going to have to breathe for this man, because I'm going to open the pleura."

"I'm ready, doctor."

SHE TURNED on the automatic respirator. He reached in and, with the scissors, severed the inner periosteum and then the pleura, the soft, latexlike lining of the chest cavity. When he did, he heard the air rushing in and destroying the chest vacuum, but it was unable to collapse the lung because Susie Q, sitting there below the drape and watching her dials and feeling the pressure in the anesthetic bag with her hand, was maintaining the patient's normal breathing. He could hear the tick-hiss-tick of the respirator.

"Rib spreader."

When he took the rib spreader and started to place it, he had the feeling that something was loose. He turned the spreader over. "Hey!" he said. "Where's the wing nut?"

"Oh," the scrub nurse said. "It's right here."

"I'm glad you're not fixing my car," he said.

She handed him the nut and he put it on. He placed the spreader between the 4th and 6th ribs and set it. Tomkins gave the handle four turns and the opening started to enlarge.

There within lay the lung, the pink and purple and black marbled whole of it rising and almost filling the opening, then receding, the ebb and flow controlled by the machine as Susie Q maintained the rhythmic breathing.

"What time is it?" he said.

"It's 8:47, doctor," the float said.

"Twenty-one minutes," he thought. Then he asked, "Can you drop your pressure just a little, Susie Q? I want you to collapse him a little so we can see what's wrong with him."

"Yes, doctor."

This, now, was the moment. He reached in and, with the rest of them watching in silence and even Susie Q looking over the end of the drape but still reaching down and feeling the pressure bag, he moved his right hand slowly up toward what, until this moment, had been first just a succession of symptoms and then a shadow on an X ray.

He felt the lung, normal and pliable. Then he felt his fingers come to the edges of it, the be-

ginning of the hardness, the spreading patch. Slowly he followed it to the root of the lung: that was hard too. From the root he went to the heart and felt the leatherlike spread of the hardness on the pericardium itself, the thin covering over the heart.

"It has spread so far now," he was thinking, "that if I do anything at all I will have to take the whole lung, the lymph nodes, and that hard portion of the pericardium. Then I must denude all the adjacent structures that can't be removed. If I do this he may die right here on this table. If I don't, if I just close this chest and send him back to that wife and son, the only hope will be in nitrogen mustard and those new chemicals or cobalt or radium. That is the decision, just as plain as that."

Still the only sound was the tick-hiss-tick of the respirator. He turned the lung enough to expose the yellow-gray waxy growth. When he looked up, Tomkins was looking at him.

"This man," he said, "was so afraid he had cancer of the lung that for six months he tried to forget it. Now he not only has cancer of the lung but it has extended into his mediastinal structures. Tom?"

He waited. So he's not yet 60, he was thinking. If we take the whole lung, his heart will stand it and, except for the heavy smoking and the city smog, his right lung has had only routine abuse.

That right lung performs 55% of the breathing function anyway, so if we do get away with it, we won't be leaving him a wheelchair cripple.

"Well," he said to Tomkins, "can he stand a pneumonectomy?"

"I say Yes," Tomkins said.

"I say Yes, too," he said.

If you stick to nice, clean cases all the time and never get into the tough ones, you lose not only your touch but your courage. After all these years, it's only from the tough ones that you feel any real reward.

"IF WE CAN GET a clean pulmonary artery," he said, "we can get this out."

So he would leave the bronchus, the tube bringing air into the lung, until later. He would go for the pulmonary artery first and, without telling Susie Q, free it and tie it off. Then if she didn't say anything after about five minutes, he would know for sure that the patient hadn't deteriorated and that he could live with only one lung.

He put a right angle under the artery and Tomkins passed a heavy silk tie to it with the forceps. He brought the end of the suture up and discarded the right angle. Taking the two ends of the suture and being careful to tie on a straight line so as not to tear, he slid the first knot down around the artery.

After he had put in the second

knot he felt it give and knew that the first had been ineffective, and then he put in a third.

"Good," he said. "What's his heart doing now, Susie Q?"

At this point, you are almost one with the patient. You are so much a part of a man who is really a stranger to you that, like the beat of a musician's foot, your head moves a little with the rhythm of the patient's heart, and he had felt it miss just that once.

"His pulse is 100, doctor. His pressure is 120 over 80."

"Good."

Now he could get back to work again. He worked for about five minutes, exposing the veins and preparing them for division. Still he had not heard any alarm from Susie Q.

"How are you, Susie Q?" he said finally.

"His pulse is 96, doctor, and his pressure is 110 over 80."

Now he knew he could do it. The patient was holding his own. Because he had done so many like this, he knew he could remove this lung and that his patient would live.

"Good," he said. He severed the artery about a half-inch beyond the tie and watched the end retract and open. He finished isolating the veins and tied them and divided them.

"Now, Susie Q, I want this lung to collapse a little."

With Tomkins holding the lung



up with the three forceps, he put the first clamp on the bronchus, cutting off the air, and then the second one. He cut through the hard whiteness between the clamps. Then he took the three lung forceps from Tomkins and passed them to the intern.

"Hold these in both hands, doctor," he said. "Now, when I give the word: lift."

The lung came out. The intern stood there holding it.

"You see, doctor?" he said. "You came here wanting to be a surgeon, and you've just performed a pneumonectomy. You've removed a lung."

"Thank you, doctor," the intern said, looser now.

HE WAITED while Tomkins drained the area, then started to remove the first of the chain of lymph nodes. When a cancer spreads through the lymphatic channels, the nodes are the depots at which it stops. But as he took them, almost round and the size of small marbles, he saw the pigmentation was a normal black and not patched with white.

"We're running into a little luck here," he said. "They look fine."

"Do you want these to go to pathology, doctor?" the scrub nurse said.

"Yes," he said, passing her another.

"Susie Q?"

"Yes, doctor."

"I'll give you ten breaths and then stop."

"All right."

"Stop."

He cut a half-inch off the satin-white, tubelike bronchus to get beyond where the clamp had crushed the tissue. Then he forced the curved needle and the first suture through the tube and pulled the end partly closed. He drew the stitch up tight, knotted it three times and let Susie Q take the ten breaths for the patient. Then, the same way, he put in the eight other sutures, spacing them so that each would carry the same load, stopping after each for Susie Q.

"The bronchus is closed," he said finally. "Saline wash, please."

Now he would test it. He took the pan of saline from the scrub nurse and poured the solution into the open chest until it covered the stub of the severed bronchus.

"Now see if you can make it leak, Susie Q," he said. "I want you to push hard on your bag. You ready?"

"Yes, doctor."

"All right, push. Push hard. Are you pushing, Susie?"

He watched the surface of the saline solution above the stump of the bronchus. There were no bubbles.

"I'm pushing hard, doctor," he heard her say.

"OK," he said. "You can stop. Good girl."

He stood, aware for the first time that he was sweating, while the float wiped his brow with the gauze.

"Thank you," he said. "How's he doing, Susie Q?"

"All right, doctor, we're keeping his pressure up. He's 110 over 80."

"We'll be about a half hour closing," he said.

"Matt?" he heard Bradley from pathology saying from the door. "The frozen section shows your patient has carcinoma of the lung."

"Thanks, Brad," he said. "But we couldn't mistake this one."

"Also a couple of the nodes are suspicious, but we'll have to wait for final microscopic examination."

"I got them all anyway," he said.

Tomkins turned the handle of the rib spreader and took it out. "Now we can go back to our one-two-three," said Dr. Matthews.

"Approximator," Tomkins said.

Setting the fingers of the rib approximator along the slide, Tomkins pulled the ribs back into position. He restored the muscles to their normal state, and then he sewed through the tough fascia, just catching a piece of each muscle.

"You see how easy it is, doctor?" he said to the intern.

"Well," the intern said, hesitating, "I don't know."

"How are you now, Susie Q?" asked Dr. Matthews.

"All right, doctor. His pulse is 82. His blood pressure is 120 over 80."

Tomkins took off the skin snaps and discarded the stockinet on one side while Matthews did the other. Then, with a straight needle, matching the cross marks he had made across the first scratch, he put in the first stitch and pulled the skin together again. Tomkins matched the other marks, then he started from one end and Tomkins from the other, sewing, tying at half-inch intervals, closing the wound.

"No," he said to the intern, who had reached in and cut the threads of the first tie closer to the knot. "We cut all the ties at once and about a half inch from the knots so there's no chance of them coming undone."

WHEN THEY HAD finished and the intern had cut the ties, he laid a doubled strip of gauze over the closed wound. He held it there while Tomkins stretched the four-inch elastic tape over it and pressed it down.

"Tom," he said, "you're a gentleman. You've made me look good all morning."

"Any time, Matt," Tomkins said.

"How about finishing up for me right now?" he said. It was 11:40. "I want to get over to Mercy."

"Sure, Matt."

"Thank you, all," he said.

"You're welcome, doctor," they replied in chorus.

The float untied his gown and he slipped out of it and left it in her hands. He tossed the rubber gloves to her and pushed the door open. In the hall he slipped his mask down and pulled off his glasses. The locker room was empty. He got out of his pajamas and threw them with the cap and the mask into the canvas hamper.

He dressed, aware for the first time of fatigue. But when you really feel tired is not on cases like this when you've won, but when you've worked for three or four hours and lost. Then it all seems so pointless. When you get home your wife knows it the moment you walk through the door.

In the lounge he signed out and flipped off the light button next to his name. He saw the broad-shouldered young man waiting for him outside and looking right at him.

"I'm sorry, doctor," the man said, "but I couldn't wait. I . . ."

"That's all right," he said smiling. "Your father's doing fine."

"God bless you, doctor," the man said, the tears coming into his eyes. "God bless you always."

"That's all right."

"Will you tell my mother now? It's been a long wait for her."

"Certainly."

The man walked, hurrying,

ahead of him to the waiting room. The woman in the green dress was standing there. There were tears in her eyes, too, as she looked into his face.

"The doctor says he's fine, mom," the man said.

"That's right," he said, smiling and taking the woman's hand. "He's in the recovery room now. Pretty soon they'll be taking him back to his own room."

"May God bless you, doctor," she was saying.

"You'll be able to see him for a few minutes tonight," he said.

"God bless you, again," she said, still crying and still holding his hand.

Well, he was thinking as he left them, this is what it is all about and what he had wanted to be.

As he drove west on Washington St. he was aware, starting to unwind, that he had had only two cups of coffee at the apartment and that he was hungry. With the heart at Mercy and then the office, he would not get another chance to eat until 7:30, so he would stop at the hot-dog cart down at the corner. He swung his car across the street and up onto the apron next to the cart. He turned off the motor and waited while another customer was served.

"So what's yours, Mac?" the man said.

The best way to enjoy a beautiful, productive garden is to live next door to one, and cultivate your neighbor.

Robert Jones.



# FATHER LLORENTE *of the* YUKON

A write-in vote by his Eskimo parishioners sent him to the Alaska legislature

By K. M. McClain

**P**OLITICAL observers throughout the nation raised their eyebrows when 54-year-old Father Segundo Llorente, a Jesuit missionary on the Lower Yukon, was elected to the Alaska state House of Representatives. He had not campaigned for the office. His election resulted from a write-in vote.

"I just sat in my rectory," the priest says, "without making a single speech or in any way advertising myself for the job."

The 24th district, which Father Llorente represents, includes the Yukon Delta, where the mighty river's various mouths debouch into the Bering sea. The sparsely

settled area has some 3,000 inhabitants, predominantly Eskimo.

Father Llorente's parish extends over the tundra wasteland for 4,000 square miles. It has a population of 850 in four villages: Akulurak, Kwiguk, Sheldon Point, and Alakanuk, his headquarters. (His parish is one of the smaller ones of the Yukon.)

In these villages Father Llorente has filled many roles in his time: teacher, carpenter, fisherman, instructor, legal and business advisor, marriage counselor, welfare worker, newspaper correspondent, and now legislator.

He has often enjoyed one of the most rewarding experiences a priest can have: to baptize babies of couples whom he has baptized

and joined in marriage. He is an official marriage counselor, having been appointed 14 years ago by the territorial court and reappointed to that office by the new state's supreme court.

The marriages in his parish are lasting. Only one divorce has occurred in 25 years.

Years ago, Father Llorente discontinued delivering sermons from the pulpit. He mingles with the parishioners as he talks, and in this way can hold their attention for an hour, if he likes. He fits any religious subject to their way of life.

"He has a way of winning a person's heart. Everyone willingly confides in him," comments Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., who is in charge of Alaska's missions.

Children adore him. In teaching catechism, he makes his points emphatically, ending each sentence with "Yes?" He'll say, for example, "Do you want to go to hell? Yes?" and voices emphatically cry, "No, Father, no!"

On the lighter side, he teaches the children to sing in Spanish many of his favorite songs while he accompanies them on the accordion.

Father Llorente was born in Leon, Spain, on Nov. 18, 1906, one of nine children. With the exception of a brother, a Jesuit in Cuba, all are married and living in Spain.

Although he hasn't been back to his native land since 1930, he

probably is more widely known in Spain than if he had remained there. His colorful letters about the Eskimos to a Jesuit monthly have developed into seven books which are brisk sellers in Spain and in Latin America.

Alaskans have been made aware of his deep concern for the Eskimos through his column in the Fairbanks *News-Miner*. The managing editor rates him "the best stringer we've got."

Once, an Alaskan priest was vacationing in Spain, a bewildered stranger. When it was learned that he knew Father Llorente, he was treated like a visiting dignitary.

In 1931, Segundo Llorente taught Spanish and Latin at Gonzaga university in Spokane, Wash. He absorbed the English language without an hour's tutoring. Along with learning English he learned swimming, a skill which later saved his life when his team of huskies broke through the Yukon ice. Today he speaks excellent English, seasoned with a Spanish accent and American slang. He speaks Eskimo, too, but says his knowledge of it is limited. To know the Eskimo language, he says, one must be a polyglot indeed, for there are almost as many dialects as villages.

In 1934, he completed his theology at St. Mary's seminary, St. Mary's, Kan., and was ordained. A year later, he embarked on his mission to the Arctic wasteland.

He soon learned that his work in the Yukon would involve more than spiritual labors. Today he has the large, callused hands of a laborer. He has witnessed the Eskimo's painful progress from the old to the new. A tiny thread of the old way of life still remains to create conflict between parents and children.

He has vivid memories of the sod huts scattered across the wilderness. It used to be easy for the Eskimos to make a living, since they existed on fish, an occasional stray whale or seal, ptarmigan and other waterfowl, in addition to wild berries. There was enough to go around. They were satisfied with their life, for it was all they knew.

Despite the blessings of progress the Eskimo community has been upset. Too many are settled in big villages to survive on hunting, fishing, and trapping. Today a real danger of starvation is possible, Father Llorente says, especially if lawmakers erroneously revamp fishing laws.

Not long ago, meetings were conducted throughout the villages. The question involved was whether the men preferred to keep the 50,000 limit on king salmon, with Sundays off, or to fish four days a week without any set limit.

The habits of king salmon are as uncertain as the weather. The fish will run in hordes for one to three days, then ease off to a trickle until another run makes

its appearance a week later. The risk becomes greater after July 4. It would be tragic if fishing were prohibited on days the salmon decide to make an appearance.

The colorful kayaks have given way to outboard motors (referred to locally as "kickers"). And the Eskimos are abandoning the dog teams for the snowmobiles, which cost \$1,000. Five such infernal machines (as Father Llorente calls them) have appeared in the area. Their noise brings everyone racing outdoors in hope that the mail plane is coming in. Babies awaken, dogs run for shelter. Father Llorente says that on the trap line, curious mink, having never heard such noise as the snowmobile makes, come up from their holes to see what's going on, and get caught faster.

The Eskimo's personal life has undergone a drastic change. The Eskimos are firm believers in close family relationships. Parents are in the habit of having dances nightly, often until midnight. They are still unfamiliar with baby sitters, and children run unchecked. The late hours do not produce alertness in school the following morning.

The sod huts have been replaced with log houses. Each house has a radio. Some have gas-operated washing machines.

The Eskimo loves to buy things he sees in a mail-order catalogue, though local stores are well-supplied with merchandise. Every

Eskimo wears a wrist watch. He usually attends a weekly movie. What he sees of the outside world on the movie screen fills him with new ambitions. He has to earn hard cash to get what he wants. No longer does he plan to trade for mink. He works for wages in a cannery, fishes for a company, or sells directly to the company.

Father Llorente does a great deal of winter traveling by dog team, but has never developed any fondness for that mode of travel. "You get used to it," he says, with a shrug.

"God has gotten me under cover every night," he adds. "He knows my fear of being lost; it is like facing a firing squad. On the tundra, death is immediate; it is impossible to survive."

Since the arrest of tuberculosis in the region, the mortality rate has been low. When someone gets sick an emergency plane comes in, and the patient is evacuated to the nearest Alaska Native service hospital. Another reason for the decrease in the mortality rate is that doctors, nurses, and X-ray technicians visit the villages regularly.

Father Llorente is optimistic about the Eskimo's future. So far, Eskimos have shown them-

selves capable of becoming good clerks, nurses' aides, airplane pilots, mechanics, and artists. It's likely that if given the opportunity, they can forge ahead as doctors, lawyers, and engineers.

Father Llorente's election to the legislature came about as the result of a proposal by a bush pilot, a non-Catholic. Last September, voters in one village were in a quandary. No suitable candidate for the office had appeared; they were going to refuse to vote unless a worthy name were presented to them. The pilot suggested a write-in vote for Father Llorente.

"If the plan had been known sooner," says the pilot, "he would have had a landslide victory. Everybody respects him."

After the election, there was disappointing news. Father Llorente would not go to Juneau, after all. He had resigned his new office.

Then came the welcome announcement that Bishop Francis D. Gleeson, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, had decided that Father Llorente should not turn down the office. "As far as this particular district is concerned," said the bishop, "it would be of a real benefit to the people if Father Llorente went to Juneau."



Six-year-old Chuck went fishing with his grandfather, and proudly returned home with two fish. "This one's a perch," he explained excitedly to his mother, "and this one's a loudmouth bass!"

*Wall Street Journal* (25 April '61).

# The Pigeon in War and Peace

*As messenger, pet, or nuisance,  
he has been around a long time*

By Webb Garrison  
*Condensed from Columbia\**

SOME experts say that only a bird moron could have achieved the pigeon's status. The lives of a thousand men have hung on the fact that a pigeon is so stubborn about roosting at home that he readily flies 500 miles for the privilege. No other common creature is so paradoxical in habits or has played such widely varied roles.

The half-tame, half-wild "public-library" type, descended from rock pigeons, abounds in most communities of North America and Europe. Instead of perching on limbs and twigs, the ancestral pigeon was a cliff dweller. Descendants have feet ideally engineered for ledges and cornices of public buildings. Wild species are casual about their nests; members of the avenue variety



manage with a few feathers or bits of straw.

Pigeons pay little attention to noise. Such unconcern is essential to their use in war, and fits nicely into a pattern of living that includes taxis and fire trucks. For some reason biologists do not understand, this bird, with feathers fluffed, can remain comfortable at 45° below zero. Eyes are so placed that he has nearly all-round vision. This factor, coupled with his ability to spot a cracker crumb at 30 feet, helps account for the fact that pigeons now outnumber sparrows in most cities.

Pigeon haters like to point out that feathers often harbor vermin, which once spread from birds to members of a fashionable Manhattan church. Such cases are rare. Most of the damage they do comes from blocking gutters and drainpipes with debris. Of course, side effects upon window sills,

\*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. May, 1961. © 1961, and reprinted with permission.



bay-window roofs, awnings, fire escapes, hand rails, and public monuments are not to be ignored.

Some cities permit trapping of pigeons on a small scale. Milwaukee and Los Angeles have experimented with putting hunters on the payroll. Anything like a general assault is impossible; sentiment for protection remains too strong. Late in 1944, Britain's food minister was shouted down when he proposed a pigeon shoot in Trafalgar square to stock meatless larders of city hospitals.

Short of slaughter, no control method has proved effective. Unlike starlings, city pigeons do not fly to the country to feed. Only limited numbers can survive on scraps dropped by accident. So the rule of thumb by which to estimate the pigeon population of any community is to find out how many people there feed the pigeons.

Many persons, chiefly pensioners, include pigeon feeding in their daily routine. On an average, one feeder supports about 30 birds. Some go far beyond that level. For years, a shabby woman appeared daily at New York's Metropolitan museum, pushing a baby carriage loaded with grain. Her hobby cost her about \$800 a year, and supported scores of birds.

Flocks of pigeons, fed in every park and square, help give an aged gray look to London and other Old World capitals. In some

of them, flocks are so large that except for men and rats, pigeons are the most numerous creatures in the city.

Pigeons and men have been associated down the ages. Egyptian monuments 6,000 years old show that the birds were raised for table use as well as for their all-important guano.

Various Near-East religions linked the dove with divinity. Its role after the Deluge was far from unique. From Egypt to India, men revered the bird that carried royal and priestly messages. Greeks may have adopted the use of homing pigeons from the Persians. By 560 B.C., they were being used to take reports about the Olympic Games to distant provinces.

Religious history was made by a dove in 236 A.D. Meeting in Rome to choose a Pope, the electors couldn't reach a decision. During one of their sessions, a Roman soldier happened to enter the church where they met; a dove flew in and lighted on the visitor's head. Inspired by this omen, electors insisted that the soldier become head of the Church. First layman to fill the office, Fabian served as Pope with honor until his martyrdom on Jan. 20, 250.

Greeks, Romans, and Saracens made wide use of homing pigeons as messengers. Then the art of training them declined, and remained largely a curiosity until

businessmen revived it in the early 19th century.

Nathan Rothschild, the London banker, operated a network of fliers during the Napoleonic wars. They made it possible for him to get military news ahead of his competitors. He piled up a fortune by stock-exchange operations based on work of pigeons.

Use of pigeons entered its most dramatic phase during the Franco-Prussian war. Besieged by German armies for months, Paris had to find a way to send and receive messages. Balloons stocked with homing pigeons were released inside the city, recovered miles away. An estimated 150,000 public and 1 million private messages were carried into Paris by pigeons.

In 1916, no flying machine could match the pigeon in speed or endurance. Most warring nations had pigeon units in the military, and civilian breeders volunteered their birds. Exact records are not available, but estimates of pigeons used on all fronts range as high as 500,000. At Lille, in France, a monument commemorates the 20,000 Allied birds killed in action.

Cher Ami, an English-bred blue-check cock, is famous for having saved the Lost Battalion, a New York unit of the U.S. 77th Division. Tossed into the air by troops cut off from their regiment, the pigeon was hit by shrapnel that tore one leg to shreds and by a machine-gun bul-

let that passed through his breast. In that condition, he flew 25 miles to bring help and win international fame.

During postwar years, every power adopted pigeons in every branch of service. British pilots learned to release them from planes at 350 mph. Ships, tanks, and even submarines were equipped with pigeon coops.

Under battle conditions, 1st World War flights averaged 25 to 50 miles. Range of 2nd World War flights was nearer 500 miles. In Africa, U.S. troops found that nine out of ten birds got through despite artillery and sand storms. One out of every seven RAF fliers rescued after being forced down at sea can be said to owe his life to a pigeon.

Individual birds performed incredible exploits. On Oct. 18, 1943, a pigeon named G.I. Joe flew 20 miles in 20 minutes to call off scheduled bombing of an Italian village suddenly captured by the British. Having saved more than 1,000 lives, he was awarded the Dickin medal by the Lord Mayor of London.

Snow White, a favorite with bombing crews, flew more than 100 missions over Germany. Jungle Joe, called into service when only four months old, was dropped with a patrol behind Japanese lines in Burma. With a lengthy message clipped to his leg, the pigeon flew 225 miles through hawk-infested country. Large sec-

tions of Burma were captured as a result.

Many analysts think that the centuries-old military career of the pigeon is now ended. By 1950 most armies had disbanded their pigeon service.

Yet instead of dwindling, global population is mounting. Popularity of squab on menus of expensive restaurants is a factor, but enthusiasm for pigeon breeding and racing is more important.

One reason for modern expansion of racing is the low investment required to start. Fine birds are sold for more than \$1,000, but good ones can be bought for as little as \$10. Unlike blooded horses or even greyhounds, pigeons can be reared almost anywhere. Most modern fanciers live in urban centers, and have selected homing pigeons as being ideal for low-cost recreation.

Modern racing began in 1818 with a 100-mile flight between Belgian cities. Soon dozens of race routes were established in most western lands. Fastest growth of the sport has been since the 2nd World War, resulting in an estimated 100,000 owners of racing homers in Great Britain and perhaps half as many in North America.

Many theories have been advanced to explain homing. It was long thought that birds are sensitive to earth's magnetism and navigate by means of its currents. Tests with magnets and radio

waves have made this explanation doubtful.

Memory is definitely a factor in homing, for only trained birds succeed on long flights. But familiarity with landmarks is little help to a pigeon shipped 500 miles in a closed cage to a point never before seen! Veterans liberated under such circumstances usually fly straight home.

Some handlers think that pigeons have built-in apparatus, somewhat like a sextant, that enables them to navigate by the sun. Others are equally vigorous in defending the idea that effects of earth's rotation guide homers. A few support the view that pigeons have always demonstrated a power that men are just now discovering: extrasensory preception.

Whatever else it may be, homing is a natural instinct. Selective breeding and directional training sharpen the skill, but do not produce it. Since the beginning of history, men have puzzled over the pigeon's prowess as a navigator. No satisfactory explanation is yet in sight.

When fine birds are sold, they are usually kept caged for life. Otherwise, the purchaser is likely to lose his pigeon. There are many records of returns over long distances after eight to ten years. One such flight, from Caracas to Long Island, covered 3,000 miles. Yet it fell far short of the distance record for homing, held by a bird

that flew 7,200 miles from Arras, France, to its perch in Saigon, Indochina.

Trainers have found that birds can learn to fly to a moving home whose site changes frequently, when reared in it rather than on the usual stationary roost. Housed aboard ship, pigeons locate their quarters from any point of the compass, with the ship under way!

Homers who carry messages or race against other birds account for only part of the pigeon's hold on mankind. Thousands of fanciers concentrate on production of exotic breeds for show purposes. Long before beauty-parlor operators thought of them, pigeon breeders were producing such shades as bluet and sulphurette. Other show breeds feature a peculiarity of behavior. No one knows why, but the tumbler loops the loop in flight. The coo of the laughing pigeon sounds like the giggling of a teen-ager.

Part of the enigma of the pigeon centers in the fact that this bird so ready to adapt to ways of the city is so inflexible in following nature's schedules.

Both cock and hen participate in nest building, though they do

little more than pile a few bits of grass together. Seven to ten days after starting to build, the hen lays her first egg. Unless deceived by electric lights, she deposits the tiny treasure between 4 and 5 P.M., local sun time. Almost exactly 44 hours later, her second egg is laid—this time, at midday. Sitting doesn't begin until both eggs are in the nest. After 17 or 18 days, the two young squeakers often emerge from their shells within half an hour of each other.

Emancipation of women is a concept quite foreign to the world of pigeons. Though the cock shares the job of covering the eggs, his daily shift is as precise as though geared to a clock. He sits from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., while the hen takes the 18-hour shift between. An occasional fellow seems to have twinges about this arrangement. Librarians once saw a cock bring a gift of a paper clip to his mate.

Such odd touches actually give the true index to pigeon personality. More than any other common creature, this bird leads a double life. Under his familiar name of dove, he is the emblem of peace. Still, few animals have played so important a role in war.



Little Mike showed imagination in his 4th-grade studies, but plural forms sometimes puzzled him. When asked by his teacher to use the plural of platypus in a sentence he responded, "A platypus has just arrived at our zoo, and so have two more."

Jim Harget.

# HONOLULU: Capital of Tolerance

Her old Cathedral is a living symbol of the struggle to achieve mutual respect among races and religions

By Bob Krauss

**I**N HONOLULU, the capital of Hawaii, America's 50th state, young Gov. William F. Quinn attends Mass every Sunday at Our Lady of Peace cathedral, which

was built of coral block by native Hawaiians in 1843. At the same service you may find Catholics of Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiian, and Filipino descent.

*Waikiki with Diamond Head in background*



Art by Don Lynch

In other parts of Honolulu worshippers are welcome at Buddhist temples, Confucianist-Taolist shrines, Shinto shrines, a Mormon tabernacle, a Jewish synagogue, and a dozen other Catholic churches as well as those of some 30 Protestant denominations.

Many of the nearly 300,000 tourists who have visited this beautiful palm-shaded city in 1960 must have gone home impressed by such examples of tolerance. President Dwight Eisenhower, returning from a Far East good-will tour, told a Honolulu audience that the other 49 states might learn from this model.

Most visitors are unaware of the battles that were fought against intolerance in Honolulu before such freedom of worship was possible. That chapter of the city's history has left few marks on the bustling face of modern Honolulu.

Your first look at Hawaii's capital comes as you swing around the bald knob of Koko Head, an extinct volcano on the island of Oahu, in an ocean liner (four and one half days from California) or passenger airplane (four and one half hours by jet).

The city lies sprawled along the coast for more than 15 miles. At Honolulu's front door is the broad, blue Pacific. At its back door is a range of rugged, green mountains, the Koolaus. Between the ocean and the mountains is a narrow strip of flat land upon

which Honolulu was built. Today, with an exploding population of 291,000, the city is climbing higher and higher up the sides of the mountains.

You notice this the minute you round Koko Head, where the slopes are being bulldozed by industrialist Henry J. Kaiser. He plans to put up a subdivision that will house 75,000 people. For the next ten miles you will pass residential districts where new homes are springing up like mushrooms in spite of high building costs.

Then comes another extinct volcano crater, Diamond Head, which juts into the sea, flanking Waikiki, Honolulu's resort area on the other side.

Here hotels and apartment buildings are growing faster than the palm trees. Nearly 1,000 new hotel rooms were added in 1960, and the pace is continuing along a three-mile-wide strip of beach on which tourists from all over the world come to splash in the surf.

Back of the beach, near Honolulu's gardenlike zoo, is the silver half-moon of Waikiki Shell, with seating for 10,000. Here the New York Philharmonic and folk singer Harry Belafonte drew the largest crowds last summer.

In the very heart of the crowded, crazy, colorful Waikiki, has long stood one of Honolulu's most charming churches, St. Augustine's, soon to be supplanted by a new \$1 million edifice. It was built by priests in 1898 during the

Spanish American war to provide a place of worship for the Philippine-bound American soldiers camped at nearby Kapiolani park.

The priests didn't have time to put up more than a wooden floor and a roof with a steeple supported by timbers. Instead of walls, the church had latticework on the sides to keep out the rain and let in the breeze. Its architecture has been copied by other churches in Honolulu, where an average year-round temperature of 75° makes this type of construction practical.

Past Waikiki is busy downtown Honolulu, overcrowded like most cities and suffering from an acute lack of parking space. The buildings in the financial district have an odd British flavor, reflecting the early influence of England in the islands. But only a few blocks away you will find yourself in the Oriental atmosphere of Chinatown. Nearby is an open-air fish market where you can buy fresh squid and tuna that have been only a few hours out of the ocean.

Watching always over downtown Honolulu, like a mother hen sitting on her nest, is Punahoa crater, now the National Cemetery of

the Pacific. Correspondent Ernie Pyle is buried here with some of the men he wrote about so movingly during the war.

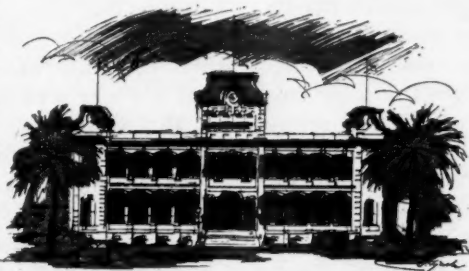
A few miles farther on is Pearl Harbor, America's largest naval base in the Pacific. Here atomic submarines daily glide past the rusting hulk of the battleship *Arizona* resting on the harbor bottom with more than 1,000 of her crew still in the ship. She was sunk on Dec. 7, 1941, during the Japanese bombing.

One of Honolulu's most popular historical sites is Iolani palace, the state capitol, which looks like something out of early 19th-century France. It was built in 1882 by Hawaiian kings, who tried to duplicate the royal courts of Europe until Hawaii was annexed by the U.S. in 1898. The ornate, red-plush throne room is now used by the state legislature. Governor Quinn's office is upstairs in what used to be a royal bedroom.

Our Lady of Peace cathedral is not far away, on Fort St. An average of 3,500 people attend Mass

here Sundays in the oldest Catholic church in Hawaii, hemmed in now by 5c and 10c stores. A fire house stands just across the street.

It was on



*Iolani Palace*

this spot that the first Catholic mission to Hawaii took up residence in three grass shacks in 1827. But how different Honolulu looked in those days!

Picture a harbor ringed by mud flats, where weatherbeaten whaling and clipper ships were tied up at the wharves. The water front was a ramshackle clutter of pine-board sheds and bleak little stores and dirty saloons. Between them wandered streets that were dusty when dry and muddy when wet. Back of the harbor, on a flat, treeless plain extending to the mountains, stood a scattering of grass huts and rude frame houses.

The city was already almost 40 years old. It had sprung up after an American sailing captain discovered the deep-water harbor. Before that the Hawaiians, who required no harbors for beaching their outrigger canoes, had little use for Honolulu, although native royalty frolicked in the sun at Waikiki much as tourists do today.

The harbor was an ideal wintering place for whaling ships on their long voyages in the Pacific. Herman Melville, author of *Moby Dick* and *Typee*, visited Honolulu as a seaman before the mast on a whaler. The harbor also served as a refitting port for clippers sailing between China and Boston.

The crewmen all came ashore for liquor and amusement. Enterprising merchants quickly set up

shop to supply their demands. Honolulu grew. It acquired a reputation as the wickedest port in the world.

In 1820 the first Congregationalist missionaries from New England arrived and began waging war against paganism and waterfront vice. The native Hawaiians, often confused by the invasion of a new culture, soon learned to admire the hard-working clergymen. As a result, the ministers came to be trusted advisers to the rulers of Hawaii on matters involving other foreigners.

It was in this period of sweeping change that the first Catholic missionaries stepped ashore in Honolulu. The date was July 7, 1827. For eight months they had been sailing, by way of storm-tossed Cape Horn, from Bordeaux, France.

The party consisted of three priests of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary: Fathers Alexis Bachelot, Abraham Armand, and Patrick Short; and three lay Brothers, Theodore Boissier, Melchior Bondu, and Leonore Portal.

It soon became obvious that the Protestant missionaries in Hawaii did not welcome the arrival of the Catholics. Portly Queen Kaahumanu ordered the captain of the ship to take the Catholic missionaries away when he sailed. The captain ignored the order.

No serious objection followed, however; the native king even



granted the three lay Brothers (because their mechanical and farming skill was in demand) a plot of ground in what is now downtown Honolulu, where the cathedral stands.

At that time three grass huts stood there. In these the missionaries lived until January, 1828, when they built a house and opened a small chapel.

Their work went very slowly. By the end of July, 1829, two years after they landed, the missionaries had baptized only 65 adults. They encountered many obstacles.

In the summer of 1829, Queen Kaahumanu prohibited her subjects from attending Catholic services. This prohibition resulted in numerous arrests. As punishment, the Catholic natives were put in work gangs. A street in Honolulu now called Wilder Ave. was formerly known as Stone Wall Road because of the stone boundary walls the Catholic prisoners had built nearby.

An unfortunate accident of language tended to discredit the new mission. Since the priests came from France, the new church was called the French church, or *Pule*



*St. Augustine's, Honolulu*

*Palani* in Hawaiian. *Pule* means church and *palani* means French; but *palani* is also the name for an evil-smelling fish.

On Jan. 3, 1830, came an order forbidding the priests to teach the Catholic religion. Father Bachelot replied that he could not refuse instruction to those who asked for it.

Finally, on April 2, the queen issued a decree of banishment. She threatened the priests with imprisonment and confiscation of property if they did not leave within three months.

The priests stayed on. Their decision resulted in an embarrassing impasse for Queen Kaahumanu. She was reluctant to harm the foreign priests: she wished only to send them away. But there didn't happen to be any ships going to America at the moment.

At last, on Dec. 24, 1831, the

priests were put aboard the brig *Waverly*, which landed them at the mission San Pedro near Los Angeles. Shortly afterward the persecution of native Catholics in Hawaii was discontinued. But for several years the mission lay almost idle.

On Sept. 30, 1836, Father Arsenius (Robert A.) Walsh, a British priest, landed in Honolulu. He stayed, with the help of British sea captains, despite orders to expel him. On April 17, 1837, Fathers Bachelot and Short reappeared in Honolulu. Native soldiers carried them bodily back to the ship.

Faced with a resurgence of Catholic influence in Hawaii, King Kamehameha III, on Dec. 18, 1837, issued a stern ordinance formally rejecting the Catholic religion. This act seemed to make religious intolerance the official policy in Honolulu, and the reputation of Hawaii today might be

much different if the matter had rested there.

Word of the treatment received by the French priests finally reached France. On July 9, 1839, the king of Hawaii awoke to see the French frigate *L'Artemise*, under the command of a Captain Laplace, sail purposefully into the harbor.

The captain came ashore. He demanded an audience with the king, while the city lay under the guns of his ship. During the interview, Captain Laplace told the king that France considered the persecution of the Catholic religion and the banishment of French priests an insult.

Then he proposed a unique treaty. It was signed at the point of a gun, but involved no concession of territory or loss of sovereignty. The captain only demanded freedom of worship for Catholics in Hawaii, as well as the removal of import restrictions

on such French goods as wines and brandies. All Catholics imprisoned because of religion were to be released; the king was to deposit in the hands of Captain Laplace \$20,000 as a guarantee of future conduct. The only alternative was war.



*Beach at Waikiki*

The treaty was signed. From that time on, the persecution of Catholics in Hawaii ceased. Today it is only a dim memory; but the hardships weren't over.

In 1843 Bishop Stephen Rouchouze, on his way from France to take up residence in Hawaii, and ten Catholic Sisters coming to Honolulu to open a school, were lost at sea at Cape Horn.

In the same year the cathedral was completed after three years of hard work. Building materials were large blocks of coral carried on the backs of natives from a quarry half a mile away.

The church did not have pews until late in the 19th century. Native Hawaiians sat on the floor, as they did at home, on mats woven from *lauhala* (pandanus) leaves. Eighty-eight-year-old Auntie Jennie Wilson, once the favorite hula dancer in the court of Hawaii's last king, still remembers walking to the cathedral on Sunday morning carrying her mat under her arm.

In the belfry hangs a set of bells still in use after more than 100 years of exposure to weather and salt air. The only renovation made in the old building was a new roof in 1927.

The cathedral has seen Honolulu grow from a wild, uncouth whaling port to a beautiful, cosmopolitan city with a top-ranking symphony orchestra, a community theater that just closed on a record run of *Flower Drum*

*Song*, an art academy with one of the world's finest collections of Oriental art, and a museum with an inexhaustible fund of information on the peoples of the Pacific. The cathedral has lived through a dramatic revolution in communications in Honolulu, from the days when it took Mark Twain weeks to send a scoop by sailing ship back to his editor in Sacramento, Calif. Today up-to-the-minute news appears in morning and evening editions of two major Honolulu dailies (plus numerous weeklies and several foreign-language dailies) and on newscasts over 11 radio and three television stations.

The old church has watched sugar replace whaling as Hawaii's leading industry (with the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania) and has witnessed the arrival at Honolulu harbor of foreign laborers to work the sugar cane. They came from China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, to change the whole complexion of Hawaii.

Since the church was built, Honolulu has acquired an excellent public-school system and a fine university. The city is soon to begin construction (with federal funds) of an East-West study center, where students from Africa, Asia, and America can study together in Hawaii's climate of diverse races. (The project is particularly significant because Russia is also putting into operation

a similar school in Moscow to lure Afro-Asian students into the communist block.)

It was in the old cathedral in 1864 that Father Damien was ordained. Nine years later he went to the island of Molokai to begin his work among the lepers. He himself died of the disease in 1889.

The old cathedral has stood through the annexation of Hawaii by the U.S., through the bombing of Pearl Harbor, through the exuberant celebration when Congress finally accepted Hawaii into the Union as the 50th state in March, 1959. Two Catholics played prominent roles in the statehood drive. They are Governor Quinn and Hawaii's delegate to Congress at the time, John A. Burns.

On the cathedral grounds is the chancery office of the Honolulu diocese, the only self-supporting diocese in the Pacific. Chancellor and secretary to Bishop James J. Sweeney is Father Charles A. Kekumano, the first Hawaiian priest, ordained in 1949.

The first Catholic school in Honolulu was established by the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts in 1859. Today the chancery in Honolulu administers Hawaii's 34 Catholic schools and Chaminade

college. The only Catholic hospital in Honolulu is St. Francis, where passers-by sometimes find a fresh flower lei on the statue of Christ at the street entrance. The voice of the Church is the *Hawaii Catholic Herald*, a weekly newspaper with a circulation of 16,000. Catholics in Hawaii number between 200,000 and 225,000. Of the native Hawaiians, once punished for attending Catholic services, about 50% are Catholic. Estimates are that about one third of Hawaii's Chinese are Catholic. One reason for this surprisingly high rate is the eagerness with which the new immigrants sent children to Catholic schools for education. The percentage is somewhat lower for the Japanese in Hawaii. It is very high for Filipinos. Over all, the Catholic Church claims about one-third of Hawaii's population.

In 1939 the old cathedral served as the place of ordination for Hawaii's first priest of Japanese descent. Recently a priest of Filipino descent was ordained there.

Today Hawaii's trade-mark is acceptance of all races and all religions. And the old cathedral on Fort St. in Honolulu is a living symbol of the battles fought to achieve it.

★

## TAILGATING

The Orono school newsletter reports the excuse of a 2nd grader who showed up late for class. "I was walking behind a slow dog," the lad insisted.

Minneapolis *Tribune* (26 April '61).

# Catching the 'Cuckoo' Driver

Connecticut troopers go out in seven-car patrols to pluck drunks and "nuts" from highway traffic

By Edward D. Fales, Jr.

Condensed from "Popular Science Monthly"\*

CONNECTICUT state troopers call a certain group of drivers "cuckoos." Sometimes cuckoos are sober, but usually they are dead drunk. They are the drivers who swerve through city streets at 85 mph, roar down crowded highways at 100 or more, charge up the wrong side of the road at 2 A.M. There aren't many cuckoos, but the havoc they wreak is all out of proportion to their numbers.

One night not long ago a cuckoo loaded four friends into his car near Madison, Conn. He screeched out into the westbound lane of the 60-mile-an-hour Connecticut Turnpike. The trouble was, he was going east. He hit a truck head-on. Five died.

Another driver picked up a salesman, and got to bragging that his car would hit 110. Over the salesman's protests he tried to prove it on a busy pike. This cuckoo's victims were two per-

sons returning from a PTA meeting.

Not all cuckoos are men. One grim night a woman, after too many drinks, took the wrong lane. A young couple never knew what hit them. Their baby survived.

To deal with such drivers, Connecticut has launched a new kind of patrol. Six uniformed troopers



\*355 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. March, 1961. © 1961 by Popular Science Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

in satellite cars are sent out to circulate around a seventh car. The driver of this car is the "eye" of the patrol and its leader. He drives an unmarked car and wears no uniform.

To avoid confusing drivers, he doesn't make arrests. His orders are: 1. spot the bad ones and follow them; 2. direct one or two satellite cars to them by radio; 3. see that the potential killers are grabbed before they can kill.

I went to Westport, Conn., recently to ride with a satellite patrol. We went out cuckoo hunting. We didn't have long to wait.

We began on the Connecticut Turnpike. In this area, 12 of the last 17 deaths had been caused by drinking drivers — not mildly tipsy guys who had some rein on their senses, but drunks so far gone that they leaped the center strip and hit cars going the other way.

I was watching the smooth flow of the Sunday-night traffic when trooper Donald Waite said, "Tighten your seat belt. There's a fast one coming."

We had parked by the eastbound lane of the big pike in TS18, a tan Ford, the key car. Waite wore a blue sports jacket and no hat. Our six satellite cars had moved out from Westport with us, and now were deploying around us in different directions, but never more than ten miles or seven minutes away.

We didn't know exactly where

they were, though we had a general idea. We knew, for instance, that TS13, with trooper Walt Trella, was somewhere up ahead. TS17, Charley Hyatt, was up there, too. (TS stands for "Traffic Squad.")

Our first cuckoo went by like the wind. Our car looked like any other '59 Ford, but under the hood was a 430-cubic-inch (350-hp) job called a Thunderbird Interceptor. We went out like an arrow.

In the first dash—to get his number—we zoomed past a radar. The operator radioed us: "Your speed is one-zero-zero. He's eight seconds ahead." This was in a clear stretch. No cars. We got the number and slowed down.

Not so the cuckoo. He had gone by the radar at 91, still accelerating. At what must have been 110 he zigzagged through a pack of ten cars traveling at the legal 60. It was blood-curdling. A few more passes like that and there would be iron and people all over the turnpike.

Waite punched a radio switch. This cut off the regular headquarters channel and swung us over to the emergency 29.23-megacycle car-to-car channel, lifeline of a satellite patrol.

"TS18," Waite called, "to all TS cars. We are eastbound behind blue '56 Olds, terrific speed. Grab this guy quick."

For a moment, silence. Then things happened fast. TS17 check-

ed in first. He was five miles east and coming toward us, but would turn and try to intercept the Olds. TS14, Jim Jacob, was two miles behind and coming up fast. One or two others were on nearby roads and immediately turned around and sped toward the turn pike.

We kept them posted. "He's about 20 cars ahead of us . . . moving from 1st to 3rd lane . . . just passing a big tanker."

Then a crisp voice cut in, loud and close. "I'm two miles ahead and waiting. I think I see him coming." It was big, good-natured Walt Trella in TS13. Silence again. Then Trella cut in. "I'm right behind him, Don. Man, is he a flyer!"

Then Trella had him. TS17 and TS14 roared up to help. In three minutes they had neatly lifted a death maker out of all that Sunday-night family traffic. His tires were paper thin, and too hot to touch.

"These fellows lose control and everything explodes," Waite commented. They hustled the man off to a police station. We went back to looking for more cuckoos.

By such lightning tactics Connecticut is chopping down the killers. On roads around Danbury, the highway killings during six months dropped from 28 to 14 when a satellite patrol moved in under a quick-thinking sergeant named Ernie Harris. (Such a saving, if maintained over a ten-year

period, would total 280 lives saved in this area alone.)

Connecticut at present is running two satellite patrols, "TS East" and "TS West," and soon may have more. I rode for a day and nine nights with TS West and saw the troopers pluck several cuckoos out of traffic. Some were fighting drunk. One, skillfully fished out of the wrong turnpike lane before he hit anybody, said thickly, "I feel sorry for all those guys going the wrong way."

Each day we were posted on where the patrol would meet that night. The satellites are rovers; they have no base of their own. The key car is a flagship that sets the strategy. Sometimes we met on lonely roads, once under a bridge in a rainstorm, sometimes in sand pits, and twice in a back room of a town hall. There trooper Don Waite or Sgt. Ernie Harris would brief us.

After the briefing we would roll out quietly. All our cars had those big Interceptor engines. The plain car had a disappearing red flasher, clamped on top of the dash panel, that could be lowered to the floor to avoid drawing attention. Each car had three-way radio. Each carried a kit for testing any driver arrested as a "DD" (police jargon for drunk driver).

These patrols are the work of a two-fisted lawman, Leo J. Mulcahy. Eighteen months ago Mulcahy, an up-through-the-ranks trooper, was picked by Abraham

Ribicoff, then the state's safety-minded governor, to be his police commissioner.

For years as a trooper Mulcahy had been sickened by highway deaths. Many experts tell you that deaths are caused by decent people who make one fatal mistake. Some are; but Mulcahy knew that more than half the slaughter was being caused by hardened violators, criminals, and drunks. He knew, too, that many a driver reported as "going to sleep" at the wheel had actually passed out from drinking. (Newspapers don't dare say so unless there's a charge of intoxication.)

Mulcahy had also learned that hardened violators and nuts are often able to smell a uniform a mile away and to go on good behavior. Hence his choice of a plain-clothes trooper for each squad. Mulcahy set the squads up on his first day in office: July 1, 1959.

Within days the toll began to drop as word got around. Newton, Conn., which had had six recent deaths, sent an sos to the new patrol. TS West ghosted in. One of the first to learn about it was a local wild one. This fellow had learned that he could outrun a cop. He tried it once too often. He went through Danbury's main street at 86 mph. This time the air around him crackled with radio calls. Suddenly the TS men were everywhere, and he was in the net.

It was on my ninth night with TS West that we met the really bad one.

We were on a road where not long ago two women, driving home late one night, had met a wrong-side cuckoo who had been sopping up drinks since afternoon. It had been the same old story: headlights, scream of tires, an explosion of glass, chrome, and dust. One woman died. The other was barely alive when they took her from the wreck.

At 12:38 A.M. we passed an inn and heard a racket at the bar. Then we saw two men loitering in shadows near parked cars. Car thieves? Waite pulled off the road and cut his lights. The two men went into the inn.

A burst of singing and shouts from the inn. The lights inside blinked for closing. Then the men we had seen before staggered out into the road. They were in bad shape. They began trying to flag cars on the busy road.

Waite was worried. "Somebody," he said, "is going to get hurt." He pushed a button and the green car-to-car light came on. He said into the mike, quietly: "TS18 to TS17. Where are you, please?" We knew trooper Bernard Peterson in TS16 had just gone north and that Walt Trella was up there, too. Jim Jacob was south in TS14, and Jerome Nepiarsky was coming out of Danbury in TS12. TS 17, Charley Hyatt, probably was closest.



TS17 answered. "I'm a mile north."

"Got a coupla drunks on the road," Waite said. "Want to come up and get 'em out of here?"

Hyatt rogered. A moment passed, and we saw his lights. His cruiser stopped right beside us, facing the same way. He called over to the drunks and talked them off the road.

At 12:52 A.M. we heard new shouting from the inn. Lights blinked again. Suddenly our radio was saying "Did you see that?" It was Hyatt.

We saw it, all right. The front door of the inn opened and a tall, wiry man in a bright red jacket ran out. He fell flat on his face.

Instantly he picked himself up, got in his car, and started the motor. The car, a yellow Pontiac from Ohio, shot out backward, skidded to a stop, then came forward. It turned, heeling sharply, and the headlights bored into our car. It was going to ram us.

Then it swung. It was going to ram TS17, instead.

Hyatt had no time to get out. The car came at him, and with a humping skid, stopped bumper to bumper. The driver hammered his horn, trying to blast Hyatt out of the way. Hyatt got out to collar him.

The fellow swiftly backed, turned, and spitting gravel, blazed off. Way down the road we saw several pairs of lights coming. Waite said, "He's on the wrong side! He's

going to hit somebody!" We didn't know it, but the first oncoming car was Walt Trella's.

Hyatt ran back to TS17. We didn't wait for him but went out like a Texas tornado. Then we saw a parked car ahead. It was Peterson in TS16, a blue Ford. Waite barked into the mike: "Get him quick, Pete, before he nails somebody! He's a real cuckoo!"

We saw Peterson jump out, flash in hand. The car nearly ran him down. The oncoming headlights were right ahead now. When a crash seemed inevitable, the first car spun out of his way. As we went by we saw Trella in TS13 up on the grassy bank. He whirled and followed us.

More headlights ahead. We had to get between them and the drunk we were chasing. Our red flasher came on and our siren went up about 20 octaves. The bass notes came from that Thunderbird Interceptor. Then for an instant the Pontiac weaved over. Waite saw his chance. We hurled past, cut him off, and skidded.

When the tires stopped howling we had him blocked. The oncoming car, seeing our red flasher, stopped. The cuckoo also stopped and lurched out, leaving his car rolling. Walt Trella ran up and set the brake. The driver fell flat again, this time on his back. Staring up into the troopers' flashlights, he giggled, "It's a good thing I'm not drunk." Nobody laughed.

# Annettes to the Rescue

Housewives'  
mutual-aid groups  
in California

By Jack Goulding

Condensed from  
the "Family Digest"\*



A MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT summons is often the climax of a nine-month association between obstetrician and expectant mother. One such summons for Dr. J. J. Ahlering of Whittier, Calif., resulted in more than the birth of a baby.

It gave life to the Annettes, a parish organization named in honor of the mother of the Blessed Virgin. The organization is dedicated to serving families in need of an occasional helping hand.

Dr. Ahlering's patient had to call a cab that night and make the trip to the hospital alone. She was deprived of what comfort her husband might have given her because he had to stay at home with their other children.

The doctor knew that such situations were common. The family

lived in one of the new suburbs of Los Angeles. They had no close relatives or friends, and hesitated to wake a neighbor to care for their other children.

When the mother came home from the hospital, she was faced with the daily round of household chores, plus the work that piled up while she was gone. In addition to all this was the care of the new baby.

Three years ago, at a mothers' meeting at St. Gregory the Great parish in East Whittier, Dr. Ahlering made a suggestion. "As young mothers of families of modest means you will be confronted from time to time with these same emergencies," he said. "Why not pool your resources?"

From this meeting the Annettes were born. The women drew up a

\*Huntington Ind. February, 1961. © 1961, and reprinted with permission.

mimeographed form to be distributed at all church gatherings. It explained the organization that called itself the Annettes. Members would help families faced with childbirth, illness, and death.

On the form were listed eight categories: providing food; helping in the home; furnishing transportation; baby-sitting; child care in a patient's home; washing and ironing; and emergency night care.

Requests for meals exceeded by far all other types of help offered by the group. During the Annettes' first year, 150 women volunteers provided about 200 meals.

To keep the preparation of meals from becoming too much of a burden on Annettes who have families of their own, the preparing of a single meal is divided among three members. One bakes a nourishing but inexpensive casserole, one does the salad, and the third prepares the dessert.

Pregnant women with other children to care for often fall behind in their household tasks. The laundry piles up and other routine housework is neglected. The Annettes help a mother over the rough spots by doing an occasional washing and ironing for her.

Recently a mother of eight children broke her ankle. During the two weeks she was confined to her bed, the Annettes left a casserole dinner at her home each evening; straightened up the house each morning; washed and ironed; and

cared for the younger children.

Enough women take part in these tasks to make the work light. They often complain that they are not called upon often enough. St. Gregory's has 150 Annettes. The neighboring parish of St. Bruno has about 200. Holy Redeemer, in Orange parish, has about 150, and other parishes have reported similar numbers.

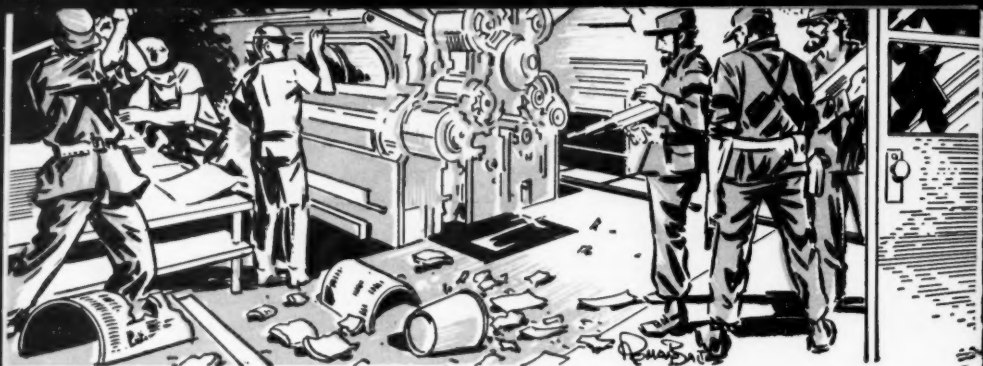
One of the first lessons the Annettes learned was that families are reluctant to ask for help. Most of the requests come from sympathetic neighbors.

Few persons have imposed on the Annettes. A woman recovering from major surgery once suggested to an Annette that as long as she was tidying up, she might just as well clean out the kitchen cupboards. The Annette tactfully sidestepped a chore she dreaded doing in her own home.

Usually, it is the other way around. A woman who had just had her 8th child would permit the Annettes to do only ironing.

In one parish one of the most willing of the Annettes is a mother of ten children who has been helped herself several times.

By word of mouth the Annettes have spread to a score of California parishes in and about Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Whittier, Covina, Glendora, Costa Mesa, Orange, Alhambra, and San Gabriel. At least two Protestant churches in these areas have similar groups using the same name.



# The Night Our Newspaper Died

By Jose I. Rivero

*"Diario de la Marina" went on  
telling the truth about events  
in Cuba until Castro stopped  
the presses*

*Condensed from "Guideposts"*

HAVANA WAS filled with an excitement which you could see in the brightness of men's eyes and hear in the pitch of their voices in those days of 1958. The hated dictator Batista had fled. Rumors flew that Fidel Castro was on his way to Havana, coming from the mountains where he had fought Batista for five years. Already the city was filled with *barbudos*, the bearded, war-dirty revolutionaries, carrying carbines, waving to the crowds that lined the Prado.

And then Castro himself came, bearded, smiling. At first I was happy to throw the support of our newspaper *Diario de la Marina* behind this man. I am sure that Castro was happy, too, about that support. Mine was the oldest and most influential paper in Cuba, with a reputation for speaking out against tyranny. My grandfather had been stoned because of his free-spoken editorials and my own earliest memories are of exile: my three brothers and I were taken often to the U.S. "to visit

\* 8 W. 29th St., New York City, February, 1961. © 1961 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

relatives" while my father stayed on to fight the dictator Machado.

When I took charge of the paper I, too, printed the truth as I knew it about Batista, and rejoiced to see his regime topple. None of us knew that the biggest fight was still ahead.

I was full of hope as Fidel Castro came into Havana. Within a week, however, I began to suspect that something was wrong. For Castro was bringing Cuba not freedom but hatred. He spent long hours before TV spitting out promises of revenge. He showed us how he dealt with his enemies: he executed them before TV cameras. On home sets children were watching the death throes of men who were shot before the firing wall.

Castro's reforms? He seemed bent on coupling them with vengeance. He did put up new schools, but with them went a harsh proclamation: any academic degree earned during Batista's regime was invalid.

Economic aid? He had promised cheaper housing: arbitrarily he cut all rents in half, whether the landlord was a millionaire or a widow whose only income was the rental of a spare room. Under another law, hundreds of farms were seized. Farm workers had their wages cut almost in half. Of this, only 50c a day was paid in cash, the rest in script usable only in "people's stores."

I began to suspect that Fidel

Castro was a communist. In my mind, I began to review: his use of hate to gain support; his "people's courts"; his division of society into two classes, one the hero, the other the villain. But most disturbing of all were the advisers he called to sit with him in the palace; many came from communist countries.

What should I do about it? I asked myself. I had watched Castro handling his enemies before the *Paredon*. (*Paredon* was the place where dissenters were executed against the firing wall.) There was no doubt in my mind that if I crossed him, mobs would appear outside our windows.

What should I do? I was proud of the new buildings which housed *Diario* now: the rotogravures, gleaming behind glass doors; the thump and whirl of our new presses. Here was a powerful, ready-made weapon, but it could speak only if I told it to.

Then one day, early in February, 1959, I sat down at my desk. Suddenly, I was aware of the crucifix that hung above it on the wall. It was a simple ivory crucifix which my mother had given me. I had mounted it on velvet and hung it there to remind me always to use the power of the paper in a Christian manner. Now it seemed almost as if Jesus were looking down at me with sadness.

I knew in that moment that I did not have any choice. From

that day on I began to write editorials about the things I did not think right in Fidel Castro's regime.

Castro reacted as I knew he would. After my first editorial he berated me on TV, shouting that I was the newest "enemy of the people."

But I did not stop the editorials.

A month passed. And another. Castro broadened his barrage: not only on TV but also on radio, and through the controlled newspapers he urged the public not to buy *Diario*. When our circulation doubled under his attack, he turned to the brute strength of the mob.

"I cannot take responsibility for the actions of fired up Fidelistas," he shouted over TV.

The Fidelistas took the hint. They burned bundles of *Diario* on the street. Mobs appeared outside my office. I began to hear the cry I had been awaiting: "*Paredon! Paredon!*"

And they began to harass my family. One evening my home was surrounded by 12 secret police. The next day I sent my wife and part of our family to Miami "to visit relatives." I never went back to our home. From then on I spent each night in the house of a different friend, and drove to the office in a different car. I felt the end was near.

I cleared the office of all valuables. Almost all, that is. I didn't know what to do about the cruci-

fix. I didn't want to lose it when the paper was seized, yet I didn't want to be without it. In the end, I left the crucifix on the wall. It gave me the sense of Christ's participation in our paper's martyrdom, and this gave me the strength to carry through the next few days.

It happened just as I had expected. A group of Fidelistas arrived at the paper and walked through the plant, urging our employees to strike. After the Fidelistas left, however, our men drew up a petition supporting the paper. I wrote an editorial about that petition and sent it to press. Later that day, while I was away from the paper, the Fidelistas came again, this time with machine guns. They broke through the glass doors into the rotogravure room and smashed the plates. Then they left.

I returned as quickly as possible and my three brothers and I picked up fragments of the rotogravure plates. As we stood there amid the debris, I heard a stir and a gasp of surprise from the employees behind us.

I turned around. There stood my mother! She was supposed to be safe in Miami. "If my sons are going to die," she said, "I am going to die with them."

"Now, mother," I answered, "no one is going to die. But you can't stay here in Havana."

Mother stood firm. "The paper is going to die," she said. "I am

not going to watch that happen from Miami. I fought beside your father and I'll fight beside you."

We had to pick her up and carry her from the building.

We prepared another engraving of the petition, then started the presses. I waited at the plant until nearly 11 o'clock, then went to the home of friends for dinner. We had barely seated ourselves when the telephone rang.

"They have stopped the presses. Do not come down, José. They are after you now."

That night, as the button was pushed and the presses stopped, *Diario* died after opposing Castro for a year and a half. It was the last independent journalistic voice in Cuba.

That night I was hidden in a friend's house. I cannot identify the person who later took me to asylum in the Peruvian embassy, but this much I can say: it was not easy to arrange. The Fidelistas had guessed my plan. Before dawn they lined up at the embassy, carrying their machine guns. I hid beneath a shroudlike sheet in the back of an automobile and was driven up to the embassy door. Minutes later I slipped into a private entrance. A few hours later I escaped by plane to Peru.

Looking at it one way, I have lost my fight. Our family home is gone. I sneaked out of my own country. Our newspaper is dead there.

But I wonder if the battle is really lost? A few days after I reached Peru, I boarded a plane for the U.S. We landed at Miami where, to my amazement, a crowd was waiting, shouting, and waving placards saying, "Hurrah for *Diario de la Marina! Viva Rivero!*"

It wasn't really "*Viva Rivero!*" that they were shouting. It was "*Viva!*"—that power which each of us is given to stand for what he believes. It was "*Viva!*"—the spirit in each of us which can stand up to injustice. As long as this spirit lives, is the battle lost? I am quite sure that it is not.



HE STOOPS to concur. *Morris Bender* . . . Optimist: man who has had his bad breaks relined. *J. M. Braude* . . . Orchestra whimpering to get going. *Mary C. Dorsey* . . . Hypochondriac at his phial cabinet. *Sister Cesira, F.M.A.* . . . It's costing us more to make history than the stuff is worth. *Scott Brady* . . . Off day: day after a day off. *Mary C. Dorsey* . . . The safety razor and juvenile delinquency came in together. *Bishop Sheen*.

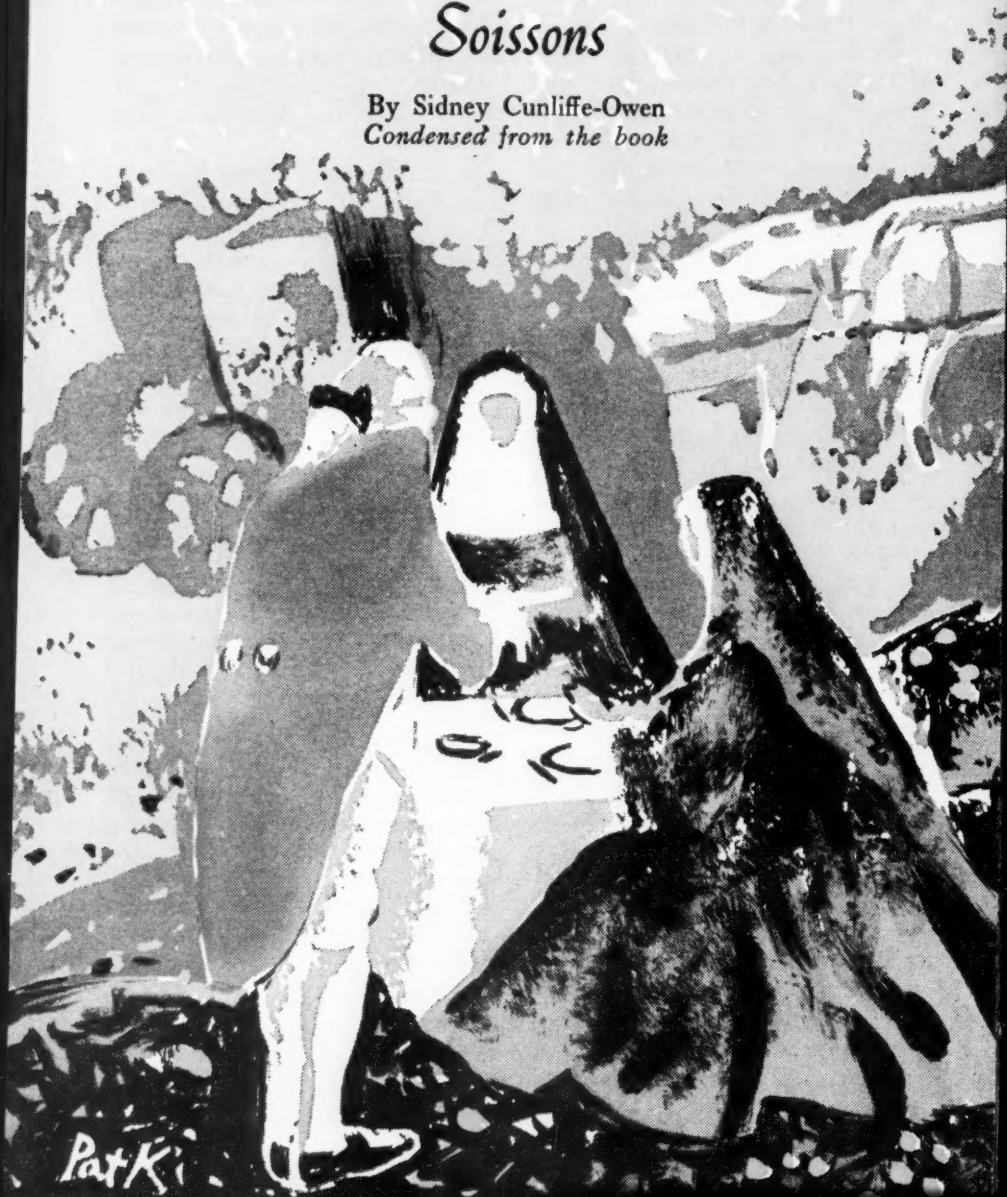
[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

—Ed.]

Fiction

# The Ladies of Soissons

By Sidney Cunliffe-Owen  
*Condensed from the book*





## THE LADIES OF SOISSONS

ABBESS EILEEN sat on her favorite rock on the lakeside skipping flat pebbles over the water till the agonized screams of the Americans reminded her that she was disturbing the fish.

"Am I charging them enough?" she wondered. "Surely the good God does not mind one overcharging Americans, for surely heaven is a quiet place and He does not like noise." The American tourists were, she reflected, the chief source of the convent's livelihood, with its twin lakes so splendidly stocked with fish. Moreover, the secular proprietors of fishing rights in Connemara charged much more.

"What an anachronism I am in the second half of the 20th century, a mitered abbess!" she thought. True, there was one in England at Stanbrook, and there were several in the Rhineland, who even now kept up considerable state and had roads cleared, the troops out, and flags flying when they passed through the towns in procession on their patronal feast days. And there were some in Italy and some in Austria. But she was the only one in Ireland, the only one of Irish nationality (though her Community belonged to the French Congrega-

### Fiction

*This rollicking tale of a completely legendary Order of nuns is truer to life than most long-faced, well-documented chronicles.*

tion), and the youngest in the world.

She had been elected in 1956 at the age of 29, by the wish of the formidable Abbess Catherine, who had reigned for 50 years and then abdicated in favor of her beloved protegee. Of course, the elections of abbesses, for life, are by secret ballot, and so it was in this case. But the nuns were all so frightened of Madame Catherine that they would not have dared go against her wishes. Even now, after being four years abbess, Eileen still could not believe that she, an uneducated girl from Mayo, should have risen to such heights so quickly. When she thought of her predecessors, refined great ladies of France, wondrously learned, she sometimes felt quite scared. But she had a great deal of determination underlying a quiet, almost timid, manner. She had many reforms in mind. Abbess Catherine had raised the Community to heights

it had never reached before, especially during the two world wars, but after 50 years of rule and at 80 years of age, her hold had inevitably relaxed.

And then the French members of the Community would not pull their weight. They had left Soissons as long ago as 1940, but they still wished to go back! So the young abbess determined to get rid of the French nuns by degrees and replace them with Irish girls. She herself would cease to be Madame de Soissons, and become instead the Lady Abbess of Lingmoor.

And yet she was the latest of a proud line. She passed in review in her mind's eye the portraits in the great hall, starting with the Abbess Anne, and ending with her humble self. Twelve abbesses there were, each with miter, cope, and crosier, the same which she would find placed beside her stall when she went indoors for Compline that evening. Some great, some small, they all looked most regal except herself. She looked, she thought, like a young girl dressed up for a masquerade.

She started back toward the abbey. "Say, abbess, the fishing here sure is good," cried one of the Americans, catching up with her and displaying four large trout.

"I'm very glad to hear it," she answered, trying to maintain her dignity.

How well she remembered each

word spoken on that memorable day when she had first intimation that she was to be abbess! Madame Catherine had sent for her. (She was acting novice mistress at the time.)

*"Viens ici, petite. Je vais abdicuer."*

"Abdicate, Madame—but why? I can't imagine! Are you allowed to by the Rule?"

*"Je ne sais pas.* I have written to the abbess-general in Rome, but whatever she answers, I shall go. I am tired, and wish to spend my last few days in France. I shall suggest—of course, I can do no more than that—I shall *hint*, that you be elected as my successor."

"Me, Madame? Me? Never! Oh never!"

"You would make a fine abbess."

"Impossible."

"Nothing is impossible with God's help. Pray to Him."

"But me in your place . . . a young girl. It is unthinkable!"

But Madame Eileen was elected. Madame Catherine watched her for a couple of months afterwards, and then announced her departure for France. She was going to live with a Community on the outskirts of Paris.

"You're all right," she said abruptly one morning to the young abbess. "You'll do. You're in the saddle now. You will come and see me off."

So together they drove to Gal-

way, along the islanded shores of Lough Corrib, and then sat for four hours in the swaying 1st-class carriage gazing out over the weeping hills and dreary bogs.

"*Ah, que je suis contente de retourner en France apres ces longues années d'exil!*" she exclaimed as the Liverpool packet came in sight, moored to its anchorage at North Wall. "Don't you wish you were coming with me to *la belle et douce France?*" she cried as they got down from the taxi and felt the tang of the sea air.

"*Mais non,*" Madame answered her own question. "You are Irish and you love your native land. It is quite natural and quite right to love *son pays*. But how can you, I really cannot comprehend," she went on, "and you so intelligent, be content with those bogs? I fear that when I am gone you will turn the Community into an Irish house, despite its centuries-old connection with France. *Eh bien,* I shall not be there to see."

"And I love Lingmoor, Madame."

"I know you do. One can see that. And I am pleased. You will flourish here, because of that."

In the cabin on the boat, Madame Catherine suddenly knelt at the feet of the young abbess and asked her blessing. Madame Eileen was completely overcome, and fell on her knees also. "No, no! Bless *me*, my mother!"

The old lady burst out laughing and scrambled to her feet. "What a spectacle we are! Two women groveling to each other and quarreling as to who should bless whom! *Debout, mon enfant,* and let me give you a farewell kiss."

She embraced the young abbess tenderly, with tears in her eyes, and then exclaimed, "Now go! Go!" And opening the cabin door, she almost pushed Madame Eileen out.

The young abbess, her eyes now blurred with tears, stumbled down the gangway and stood on the windswept quay, where the fumes of Guinness were being borne down river on the offshore wind, among the swirling debris of departure, bits of paper eddying in the air currents, orange peel upon the water, paper bags and greedy seagulls screaming, until the ship startled her with its hooting and soon afterwards floated silently away down the river towards the open sea.

The young abbess hoped that Madame Catherine would appear on deck and wave good-by, but she could not see her. She turned away disconsolately to find a taxi that would take her to the convent where she was to spend the night. She felt more lonely than ever before in her life.

IN 1688 A SMALL Community of Benedictine nuns was living at Brentford in Middlesex, under protection of the Queen Dowager,

Catherine of Braganza. The very thought of continuing to live under the rule of the usurper, Dutch William, who had just landed at Torbay, was abhorrent to them. So the prioress and all her 40 nuns packed their bags; and, hiring two carts, had themselves conveyed to Tilbury, where the lawful King James II and his fleet were on the point of embarking for Ireland.

They stood on the quay, the wind blowing their veils askew, and begged to be taken on board. Hearing the commotion, King James came out of his cabin. He said, "The prayers of the Sisters are worth an army corps to me. Let them come."

So the nuns were embarked, and that night the flotilla sailed down the Thames on the falling tide and four days later reached Ireland.

Throughout the campaign which ended in the Battle of the Boyne, the nuns were most useful to King James. They were probably the first hospital nurses, for they worked in the front line, tending the wounded, tearing up their habits for tourniquets, giving cups of water, comforting. Two of them were killed by cannon shot.

After the battle they fled with James to France. There King James became a pensioner of Louis XIV, who was glad of any opportunity of annoying Dutch William. James asked Louis if he

could do something for his poor faithful nuns who had fought with him so gallantly. Not understanding one word of French, they were now uncomfortably lodged with some Benedictines in Paris who wished to be rid of them as soon as possible.

Some time later Louis let James know that there was a disused convent at Soissons, and that the nuns could go there. It would be at least a roof over their heads. If they could find means of restoring the property and making themselves comfortable, perhaps by giving English lessons, or taking paying guests, why, so much the better! Meanwhile, he would give them a small sum of money to start them off.

The nuns were exceedingly grateful and made it known that they would pray for King Louis XIV every day of their lives (which they are still doing in this year of grace 1961). They moved to Soissons and for the first time saw the place which was to be their home until the 2nd World War.

It was a huge old rambling place behind high walls, centered round a chapel, the interior of which struck the nuns as exceedingly modern. "Just like Sir Christopher Wren," they declared. There was a pleasant cloister, the cells were large and airy (more like rooms), there were the remains of a large vegetable and a small flower garden. But

everything was in a state of disrepair: the roofs gaping, windows broken, shutters banging in the breeze.

**T**HE NUNS SET to work. They quickly made friends with the local carpenters and masons, who admired their courage and determination. "None of our French Religious would dare so much," they declared. That nuns should leave the shelter of their convents to travel for the sake of their king and their faith compelled their deepest admiration, and they helped all they could to make the property habitable.

In a couple of years, the nuns had restored the vegetable garden, had cows in the meadow, and gathered fruit from the orchard. So they were practically self-supporting. The chapel had been reconsecrated by the Archbishop of Rheims himself. English lessons were being given to the sons and daughters of the local nobility, for English was becoming a fashionable language to learn, owing to the reputation of the philosophers Newton and Locke. Finally, the nuns had set aside a suite of rooms for elderly ladies, dowagers of good family. Here they could be looked after, be waited on, receive their friends, and come and go as they wished. They were charged a monthly fee fully commensurate with all the privileges.

The nuns themselves had start-

ed to learn French, and as it seemed unlikely that they would be able to return to England soon, the prioress welcomed applications from French girls to enter the novitiate. She decided that eventually the Community must become totally French. This would enable the Community to become affiliated with the French Benedictines, with the corresponding advantages.

It was in 1710 that King Louis XIV came to Soissons for the last time. Much of his long reign and all of his money had been spent campaigning on his northeast frontier, and precious little had he got out of it. By this time he was becoming most agitated over the state of his soul. He could not hope to live much longer, for he was already over 70. For years past, Bossuet, in public from the pulpit, had been urging him to consider his latter end. His life had been far from exemplary, and, according to Bossuet, if he did not obtain powerful intercession quickly, his condition in the next world would be less comfortable than it had been in this one.

So he asked the nuns to redouble their prayers on his behalf, and raised the priory to the status of an abbey. Two years later, in 1712, more frightened than ever, he asked for more prayers and Masses in perpetuity, and raised the abbess to the status of a mitred abbess, having the priv-

ileges, but not the powers, of a prince-bishop.

Weavers living in La Rochelle were commissioned to make the newly appointed abbess's cope and miter, while her crosier, silver and elaborately chased, was made by the best silversmith in Paris. The cope was especially magnificent, portraying the Holy Trinity up aloft, with a cloud of mitred abbesses rising up to meet It, sponsored by a satisfied-looking St. Benedict on the one side and St. Peter on the other. The lower part of the cope was embroidered with flowers, and round the bottom ran a frieze of St. Benedict's ravens from Subiaco.

Henceforth the abbess would be known as *Madame de Soissons*, her fully professed nuns as *Les Dames de Soissons*, and her novices and postulants as *Les Soeurs de Soissons*. It was the first mitred abbess, Anne, who had made the coach drawn by six white horses, which someone has declared to be as lovely as the queen of Britain's coronation coach, though for Neptune and the trident it has angels and archangels. The abbesses used it until 1940. Then Field Marshal Goering looted it and took it to his East Prussian estate of Karinhall. This was looted by the Russians, who took the coach to Moscow, where it may be seen in the Kremlin museum, complete with six prancing and caparisoned white horses and a notice pointing out the

laxity, wealth, and luxury of the Roman Church.

THUS THE LADIES of Soissons started on their magnificent career.

The 18th century was a period in the life of the Community which was usually glossed over by the young abbess when she had to show distinguished visitors over the abbey and passed the portrait gallery of abbesses. This was strange because, although the Community had not been noted for piety during that period, the splendors of the Ladies of Soissons were known from one end of the kingdom to the other.

All this came to an abrupt end with the outbreak of the French Revolution. Abbess Clare, who had been elected in 1772, 17 years before the Revolution broke out, had not paid much attention to stories of trouble which had come to her ears. Soissons seemed quiet, staid, and conservative as always. When she heard that the king and queen had been forced to return to Paris, she thought it was a good idea and understood that they were treated with every honor and lived in the Tuileries palace.

When, therefore, she received one morning a message from Madame de Compiègne, the Carmelite abbess, asking if she could come and discuss an important matter, she did not suspect what that important matter could be.

Madame de Compiègne explained that she could not come to Soissons because her Community was strictly enclosed, but that she understood that Madame de Soissons possessed every facility for making a comfortable journey to her.

This somewhat feline allusion to the coach and six rather nettled Madame de Soissons. However, she agreed to come. She had never met Madame de Compiègne, who was not a Benedictine, and could not imagine why the latter should want to see her.

It was a beautiful spring morning when she set off. She took with her her secretary, Dame Thérèse. In the spacious coach a dining table had been set up. There was a picnic basket full of cold meats, cheese, fruit, bread, and wine, and Madame Clare said they would picnic somewhere in the forest under the trees.

Their way led right across the forest of Compiègne. The track was a broad grass ride, soft beneath the springless coach and silent beneath the wooden wheels. The abbess lay back contentedly among her cushions. "This really is delectable," she exclaimed to her companion. "How good God is to create such beauty and to give us the senses wherewith to appreciate it! I can't think why Madame de Compiègne wishes to see me, but I am glad she does, as it has given an excuse for a delightful outing."

The trees stretched endlessly on both sides of the track. The abbess let down the window, and the fresh damp air blew into the coach. She could now hear the birds singing, and they saw deer, a fox, and a weasel. At midday the abbess ordered the coachman to stop, and said she would lunch alfresco under the trees. With the help of the postilions, the table was brought out from the coach and a picnic set up with the abbess's second-best silver to eat it with. The wine was removed from the icebox and uncorked. A rug and cushions were placed upon the grass up against the trunk of a large beech tree, and the abbess and Madame Thérèse settled down to a good lunch and siesta after.

TOWARDS SUNSET they reached Compiègne. The Carmelite abbess was on the steps to welcome them. She was an alarming woman with black beetling eyebrows, black eyes like gimlets, and a moustache. She cast disapproving looks at the great golden coach with the six white horses, the three postilions, and the coachman and footman on the box.

Madame de Soissons descended with stately dignity, advanced towards her colleague, and embraced her perfunctorily. Madame de Compiègne led the way indoors, and presented her guest in the parlor with "a little collation."

"Little it is," thought Madame Clare, who was hungry after her long drive. A plate of cheese, some bread, and a glass of water! She looked at her surroundings. They were equally austere. Austerity of all was her hostess. Madame Clare inwardly gave thanks to God that He had not given her any desire to be a Carmelite. After a few desultory remarks, while Madame Clare ate up the bread and cheese, Madame de Compiègne came to the point.

"They have guillotined the king," she said.

Madame Clare was speechless with horror. "*Ils ont fait quoi!*" she cried, unbelievably.

"Now," went on Madame de Compiègne, "the revolution really starts! Robespierre has set up Committees of Public Safety all over the country. There is one here in Compiègne, and I dare say you will find there is one in Soissons. They mean to destroy religion: they have set up a goddess of reason in the Place Louis XIV in Paris."

"*Quelle horreur!*" exclaimed the terrified Madame Clare.

"So you see what we must do," continued Madame de Compiègne.

"Yes, indeed. We must . . ." It was on the very tip of Madame Clare's tongue to say "flee the country, skip over the border into the Netherlands or Germany." But she pulled herself up in time, realizing from the look of

those burning black eyes upon her that Madame de Compiègne was about to suggest a very different solution.

"We must go to Paris," the implacable voice continued, "and shed our blood for Christ upon the guillotine. What joy, what a privilege is ours to win the crown of martyrdom! I have asked my girls, and one and all they welcome the golden crown." (As indeed they did. Three months later Madame de Compiègne and her Community went to the guillotine in Paris and Poulenc wrote an opera about them, *Les Carmelites*, which was produced at Covent Garden in 1958.)

Madame Clare reflected that if she were to ask her "girls," the answer would be very different: "Over the frontier as quickly as possible," a verdict in which she herself heartily concurred.

All that night she lay in terror on her hard pallet bed, unable to sleep. Madame Thérèse, also quaking with fear, lay near her. Each time the night watchman's step was heard outside the window, the abbess shuddered. "It is them," she would whisper.

By four in the morning, the abbess had had enough. It was beginning to get light. The birds were singing. "Go and tell the coachmen to harness the horses immediately," she told Madame Thérèse. "Tell them it is essential we return to Soissons as soon as possible."



The dawn was so beautifully soft and clear that Dame Thérèse found it hard to imagine revolution and bloodshed stalking the land. Half an hour later the coach rumbled up to the front door of the convent. Madame de Soissons hoped to slip out unobserved, but Madame de Compiègne, straight-backed, black-browed, and inflexible, was standing on the steps as Madame de Soissons started to get into the coach.

"Why so early, Madame?" came the harsh voice. "Without Mass, without taking breakfast?"

"I must get back to my nuns," panted Madame Clare, "and warn them. They may be in great danger."

"I am sure they will know how to behave at such a time," replied Madame de Compiègne calmly. "I wished to present to you my girls and show you the convent. We possess interesting relics of martyrs from earlier persecutions."

Madame Clare had no wish to be added to the list, her thigh-bone in a dusty glass case, her little finger up on a shelf in the sacristy. She wished to be buried whole and complete, when her time came, in a cemetery, and die an ordinary penitent sinner like everyone else.

"You are kind, Madame," she declared, "but I have other plans."

Whereat, before Madame de Compiègne could argue any fur-

ther, she sprang into the coach and shut the door.

They sped through the sleeping town, the postilions cracking their whips and whacking their horses. At one point the great coach nearly upset as they took a sharp corner on one of the narrow cobbled streets. The noise was terrific. Citizens, including the members of the Committee of Public Safety, put their heads under their bedclothes and prayed. Ten minutes later the refugees were in the forest.

It looked more beautiful, more cool, delightful, and Arcadian than ever. "Like one of Monsieur Watteau's pictures," said Dame Thérèse, but Madame Clare saw Robespierre lurking behind every tree. She would not allow the coach to stop till Paul, the head coachman, finally brought it to a halt, climbed down from the box, and told Madame Clare that if the horses were not rested they would drop dead and so would he.

"You must not do that," said Madame Clare, "for tonight we must continue to the German frontier."

"Tonight?" Paul was aghast.

"Or else we shall be murdered in our beds," declared the abbess.

"Did she tell you that? Her with the moustache—back there?" He gestured in the direction of Compiègne.

"She did, and worse. We have not a moment to lose."

"*Sapristi! Nom d'un chien!* But it is impossible. We shall never get there. Are all the ladies going?"

"Yes, indeed."

"The horses for their carriages will be fresh, so I think it would be best for you and Madame Thérèse to go in one of those, and leave these behind. Also it is less conspicuous."

The abbess saw the force of the last remark, but could not bear the thought of leaving her coach and six white horses behind and appearing at Aachen drawn by only two black ones and no postilions. She had already rehearsed her entry. She would send a postilion ahead to inform the authorities that the great abbess, Madame de Soissons, no less, was a fugitive from her own country where she had escaped the guillotine by minutes, and that she threw herself at the feet, metaphorically, of a generous people, and by that she hoped to find the Cardinal Archbishop in person waiting at the city gates, and thereafter to be suitably housed and fed till the Revolution was over.

THEY STOPPED for half an hour and ate bread and drank wine sitting, as before, upon the grass. But the shadow of Robespierre and Danton and the king's death and the tall black shape of the guillotine were like hostile soldiers stalking them from tree to tree.

The abbess kept looking at her watch uneasily. She had promised Paul *une bonne demi-heure* for she did not wish the horses to break down. Besides, she knew Paul would not stir till it pleased him. She depended absolutely on him.

He had finished eating, was sound asleep and snoring loudly, his ugly red face turned up towards the sun. The horses, hobbled, were cropping the grass. The *bonne demi-heure* became two hours, for the abbess, who had lain awake all night quaking, fell asleep, and so did Dame Thérèse.

At long last someone woke up. There was a fearful commotion as the horses were fetched and harnessed, while the grooms and postilions rubbed their eyes. It was at least another *bonne demi-heure* before the coach got moving, and it was dark before it at last emerged from the forest on to the Soissons road.

Tired though she was the abbess immediately assembled her nuns and gave them the alternatives: martyrdom or flight. At first they thought they were expected to voice their wish for immolation, and stood silent with hangdog and embarrassed expressions. But when the abbess said, "I know which I shall choose," and jerked her head in the direction of the frontier, they came to life and heartily agreed to the last woman.

The abbess bade them pack up the valuables, the silver and gold chalices and monstrances from the sacristy, her own cope, miter and crosier, the tabernacles.

Monsignor Perouge, their chaplain, was coming with them, and he would safeguard the Hosts.

They would hear Mass and receive Communion before they left, which was to be at two in the morning.

All the silver and gold-plated knives and forks, finger bowls and cups and goblets must be taken. All these things were to be distributed among the occupants of the 20 carriages, and some she would take with her in the coach. They would leave by different roads through the town, so as to be less conspicuous and noisy, and would rendezvous eight miles outside the town.

The abbess that night exercised generalship worthy of Napoleon. Her dispositions made, she retired to the chapel to pray. She remained there till Father Perouge arrived to say Mass. She saw her nuns off carriage by carriage, many weeping, all terrified. When the last had gone she herself got into the golden coach. The weary white horses staggered as they gave the initial pull against the huge inertia of the great vehicle, and so the abbess left Soissons.

Ten hours later they crossed the frontier at Aachen. The abbess had sent her groom ahead, and, sure enough, there was the

Cardinal Archbishop and his clergy at the city gate, waiting, together with a vast crowd of people who cheered and knelt and prayed. The delighted abbess found that the summer *Schloss* of the Prince Cardinal Archbishop had been put at her disposal for the duration. She was glad she had kept the coach. It was worthy of its new home.

FOR FOUR YEARS the Community remained at Aachen, where they led much the same life that they had led at Soissons. They gave French lessons to the sons and daughters of the nobility, for French was now as fashionable as English had been a century ago, owing to the philosophy of J. J. Rousseau and its popularity. They also took *pensionnaires*, and were favored by the acquaintance of many people of importance in the city, who were delighted to receive the abbess and her nuns in their houses.

Eventually, however, Napoleon became first consul, and the Revolution was over. Bonaparte would have nothing to do with atheism. "Of course, there is a God," he declared. "Every soldier knows that. I intend to uphold the Catholic religion in which I was born and in which I shall die, because it supports Law and Order."

The abbess thoroughly approved of this sentiment, and the female upholders of Law and Order

prepared to quit the summer *Schloss* and return to uphold Law and Order in Soissons.

They had a great farewell, including a party with fireworks, and were escorted to the city gate by a throng of people all anxious to receive the abbess's blessing. Madame Clare sat regally in the golden coach, bowing, smiling, and distributing blessings impartially out of the window. The six white horses broke into a gallop; the postilions were singing and cracking their whips. And so they galloped into France again, the 20 carriages containing the nuns, each with its two black horses, trailing out behind far along the road like the tail of a comet.

The excitement and enthusiasm in Soissons knew no bounds. Well outside the city limits the crowds had already gathered. When the abbess's coach appeared in view there were cries and cheers and sobs. "*Elles sont rentrées! Enfin elles sont là!*"

In the square opposite the cathedral, all the clergy and the bishop were lined up to welcome the abbess formally. Bands played, troops lined the streets, dense crowds waved and cheered and fought with each other for a better view. The abbess descended from the coach and entered the cathedral for a short service of thanksgiving. On leaving to the sound of pealing bells she did not enter the coach, but appeared vested in cope and miter, and

haughtily carrying the crosier. In front of her went the crucifix, then the secular and regular clergy, followed by the bishop, all singing the *Te Deum*. Then came two little girls strewing rose petals at the abbess's feet, then an acolyte carrying an aspersorium, and finally Madame Clare, handsome, majestic, dignified, followed by all her nuns, asperging busily with her left hand and blessing with her right.

Thus they came home, accompanied by a storm of cheering and not a dry eye in the place. The convent was untouched, though unkempt. Everything was dirty and dusty, the paths in the garden unweeded, the flowers ran riot, the chapel was cold and empty. But an army of willing helpers came to aid the nuns, and in a few weeks' time the abbess was able to send out invitations for her homecoming feast.

Meanwhile, she had been touched by the number of personal messages she had received. "Soissons was drab and bleak without you all!" "We missed the happy faces of the Religious in our streets." "The presence of the Ladies of Soissons gives the town a peculiar *cachet* such as no other town in France possesses."

At the feast the abbess was at her very best. She was now, in middle age, exceedingly handsome. She had great dignity, poise, and presence. She had a charming smile, she moved beau-

tifully, her voice was full, rich, and melodious, and she chose her words with care and spoke her subtle language with attention to all its nuances.

On this night, as she watched the feasting, and saw the happy faces of her nuns chatting away to their friends from the town, and doubtless recalling their many adventures in Aachen, trivial incidents they would be for us, but full of thrills for them, the abbess felt tears come into her eyes, and went outside into the garden for a moment to be alone. There was a moon, and the night was very still. She could hear the horses munching quietly in the stable.

Suddenly there came upon her, as it comes to all of us, however sinful, at least once in our lives, lasting for perhaps a second but never forgotten, and vouchsafed continuously only to the saints, a mystical awareness of the glory of God. For a brief space the abbess saw things as they are,

glorified by the hand of their Creator.

The moon, the rosebushes, the trees, the grass in the meadow, all became real. She saw them for an instant as God sees them, not as we see them through the medium of our bodily senses, but spiritually. In the same way she heard the horses munching and the distant laughter of the guests, and she knew then that all things worked for good, and that events such as the French Revolution were the fruit of original sin, but the glory of God was the supreme fact of the universe.

Even as she realized it, the vision died away. She returned to her guests, gracious and smiling, a great lady indeed, but a mystic no more.

But for perhaps two seconds she had been. She had been one with St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross, with St. Francis, Thomas a Kempis, and St. Catherine of Siena.

*(To be continued)*



## TUNES OF GLORY

Composer Giuseppe Verdi was once a member of the Italian Parliament. With each passing year, however, he found himself devoting more time to music and less to his duties as a legislator. One day a heated debate broke out in the chamber. While the argument went on, Verdi absently scribbled some notes on a scratch pad.

Suddenly he realized with a start just what he was doing. He was setting the debate to music. That settled it. Shortly after, Verdi resigned.

E. E. Edgar in *Coronet* (May '61).

# Crisis and Comeback

in

## NEW MEXICO

By William E. Barrett

*The Newman foundation at Albuquerque has brought new strength to the state's Catholic traditions*

THE ATOMIC bomb has endangered the Catholic Church in the traditionally Catholic state of New Mexico. The explosion was not spectacular, like that at Hiroshima, but it was devastating. The struggle for survival in New Mexico, and the long journey back, has not received much national attention, but it does make a most dramatic story.

Catholicism came to New Mexi-

co with a Franciscan missionary, Fray Marcos de Niza, in 1539, and the first Franciscan martyrs under Indian torture in 1544. Henry VIII was still reigning in England, Martin Luther preaching in Germany. When the U.S. annexed the territory in 1864 it was Spanish-speaking and largely Catholic.

The English language came to



New Mexico with the Catholic school system. Loretto academy opened in Santa Fe in 1852, and St. Michael's college for boys in 1859. There was no public high school or college in the territory until 1889. The University of New Mexico opened its doors on June 15, 1892, the year following the enactment of the first public-school law. Nuns taught in the public schools, and statehood made no difference. New Mexico was a Catholic state.

New Mexico became the State of the Bomb during the 2nd World War. The city of Los Alamos, surrounded by secrecy during the war years, became the center of a boom in the postwar years. The Sandia Corp., makers of atomic weapons, was established in Albuquerque, employing 10,000 people. Other projects throughout the state attracted more out-of-state workers and their families. The great White Sands Proving Grounds expanded. Albuquerque, a city of 35,000 before the war, boomed to 200,000.

The human tide rolling into the state inundated the Catholic population. The new citizens, many of them from Texas, were predominantly Protestant. Albuquerque, almost totally Catholic as a small city, found itself with 30 Baptist churches and 23 Catholic churches when it became a metropolis. Money made in Texas oil fields flowed into Protestant societies which established missions and

hospitals in hitherto unchallenged Catholic territories, the small Spanish towns and the Indian pueblos. Inevitably, the employment of nuns as teachers in the public schools was challenged. In 1949, in the Dixon case, a court decision barred all Religious from teaching in the public schools of New Mexico.

Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne, who had been appointed to the Santa Fe see in 1943, inherited a crisis. His archdiocese, huge in geographical area but sparsely populated, had always been poor, one of the nation's lowest in per-capita income. The Catholic share in the state's boom was small. While the nuns taught in the public schools, where non-Catholic students were once a rarity, a small parochial-school system had been adequate. Almost overnight, a huge parochial-education problem was created.

Archbishop Byrne knew that he would have to raise funds for many elementary and secondary schools. Higher education was beyond the resources of the archdiocese except for the limited capacity of two institutions. There would have to be a strong Catholic center at the state university, staffed by able men who understood the Spanish tradition. Archbishop Byrne went to the provincial of the Dominican Order in Chicago and asked for help.

The first two Dominican chaplains at the university, handicap-

ped by inadequate funds, could do little more than conduct a survey and prepare a report on needs. In the fall of 1953, they were replaced by a priest who has been making Catholic history in New Mexico ever since.

Father Richard Butler, O.P., did his undergraduate work at Notre Dame university and at the Catholic University of America. He then entered the Dominican House of Studies at River Forest, Ill. He obtained his doctorate in philosophy from the Angelicum in Rome. He is the author of two books on philosopher-poet George Santayana, whom he knew personally, and of *Religious Vocation, an Unnecessary Mystery*. He was young, eager, and confident—perhaps overconfident.

At his first university dinner party, Father Butler discovered that his fellow guests were waiting eagerly for the result of a cross-country race in which university students were participating. The result was announced over the speaker system: "The winner: Jesus Maria Sanchez, of the Baptist Student Union."

That was the Dominican's introduction to New Mexico. His headquarters was the dilapidated Sigma Chi frat house, near the university. Archbishop Byrne had bought it, and the Catholic women of Albuquerque, many of them mothers of students, had re-decorated and furnished it. Twenty students lived at the center.

The lounge accommodated 80 at full capacity, the chapel only 40.

Father Butler supported himself by extra teaching and preaching. A tall, impressive man with an easy smile, he made friends with members of the university faculty, students, parish priests, and citizens of Albuquerque.

In 1953, Archbishop Byrne conducted a successful drive for school funds. He allotted a liberal portion for a church that would stand as a symbol of New Mexico's traditional Catholicism on the edge of the university campus. The church, St. Thomas Aquinas, was dedicated by Cardinal Spellman on Sept. 6, 1954. The building was designed to blend with campus architecture. It seated 400. From the beginning, it was a magnet for many, attracted in part by Father Butler's reputation for eloquence.

Among the friends whom Father Butler had made in his rounds of preaching was Benjamin G. Raskob, the youngest son of the late John J. Raskob, Al Smith's campaign manager and builder of the Empire State building. Father Butler received a grant of \$15,000 from the Raskob foundation. Then Father Butler attended a national Newman Club convention in New York City. While there, he called on Chauncey Stillman, who had encouraged him in the writing of his first book on Santayana. The result of this call was another grant of \$15,000, extended to



him by the Stillman foundation.

The Aquinas Newman foundation was incorporated in Albuquerque to handle gifts and bequests. Father Butler organized a men's auxiliary and a women's auxiliary.

He made an interesting discovery. The men tended to big promotions, they organized bazaars and smokers and similar entertainment, which often did little better than break even. The women operated on a small scale with bake sales and rummage auctions and card parties. The women raised more money than did the men.

Father Butler plunged heavily into debt. The old frat house came down, and in its place a Newman center rose. It contained a large social lounge, chaplain's office, coffee shop and kitchen, an auditorium seating 500, a library, classrooms, and a large patio. Beside it was a Dominican house with its own private chapel and patio.

Father Butler was reinforced by three Dominican priests: Fathers John C. Walsh, Timothy Sullivan, and Bartholomew Ryan. The Newman circle was humming. Catholic students, young men and women, met in the lounge and discussed their school work, drank coffee, argued, planned projects, and sometimes fell in love.

The young Dominicans enrolled for courses at the university. Father Butler organized a lecture

series, and brought in prominent speakers in the arts and the sciences. The lectures drew members of the faculty and students of all faiths to the Newman auditorium and built the cultural prestige of the center. Between lectures the seats were cleared away and dances were held.

The future leaders of Catholic New Mexico were no longer a minority with no place to go. They had a center in which they took pride, to which they invited Catholic and non-Catholic friends and former Catholics who had slipped away. They had a beautiful church with preachers whose eloquence attracted many non-Catholics. They had priest counselors, some of them fellow students, to whom they could speak frankly. Ideas germinated in discussions at the center spread across the campus, awakening new interest in the old traditions of New Mexico.

It was a solid accomplishment, and it was expensive. The debt was heavy. One night Father Butler, talking over the problem with two of his advisors, said suddenly, "Las Vegas, Nevada, is simply glittering with famous entertainers. They lure big money to Las Vegas. They could do as much for us. Whom do we know in Las Vegas?"

No one knew anybody in Las Vegas, but somebody said, "Do we have to know anybody? Why don't we hit it cold?"

They hit it cold: a priest, a TV man, and a banker. The show-business people were hospitable, but most of them were wary of benefit performances.

One man, comedian George Gobel, became interested when he heard the story of the Newman center at the University of New Mexico and of the need that it was filling. On June 28, 1958, Gobel brought a company into the Albuquerque civic auditorium at his own expense, played to a standing-room-only audience, and contributed all of the proceeds to the Newman center. Appearing with him were Paramount star Shirley Harmer, George Riley, the Albins, Tommy Morgan, and Michael Davis.

Father Butler and his fellow adventurers, inspired by their success at Las Vegas, made a trip to Hollywood. They had no friends in the motion-picture capital either, but they called on celebrities, accepted a few rebuffs, and finally gained the attention of Bob Hope.

The comedian not long thereafter passed through a physical crisis and was forced to cancel many profitable engagements, but he kept a date with the Newman center. On June 12, 1959, Hope appeared in Albuquerque with an all-star cast he had personally recruited and whose expenses he paid: James Arness (*Gunsmoke's* Matt Dillon), Jerry Colonna, Jane Russell, Robert Lynn, Sue

Raney, Elaine Dunn, and Lester (Little Satchmo) Smith. Extra seats were installed in the civic auditorium, and the show played to the largest audience in the history of the city. Again, the proceeds went to the Newman center.

Other generous show people volunteered their services: Anna Marie Alberghetti, Dennis Day, the Lennon Sisters, Raymond Burr, Edmund Lowe, James Garner, Margaret Whiting, the De Castro Sisters, Jerry Lewis, and Fabian.

The future President of the U.S., Senator John F. Kennedy, was one of the visitors attracted by the center's growing reputation. And in August, 1959, the center was host to the 1,500 delegates to the National Convention of Newman Clubs. Messages from Pope John and President Eisenhower were read to the convention.

The big atomic-bomb boom had rocked the Church in New Mexico, but Catholics did not run and hide. The Church is strong today and will be stronger tomorrow in the enchanted land which first welcomed Catholic missionaries over four centuries ago. In retrospect, the boom of the bomb seems to have brought certain blessings. As one young man in the Newman center put it, "When we had no challenge, we were lazy Catholics. We cannot now afford to be lazy. We are on the march."

# The Gentle Armenian

*Cardinal Agagianian, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, is "a strong personality, gently expressed"*

By Paul F. Healy

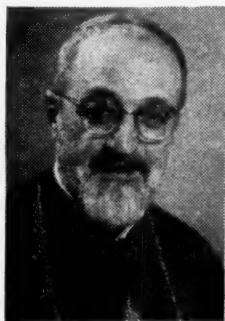
Condensed from "The Sign"\*



**CHARLES (Chip) Bohlen**, serving as U.S. ambassador to the Philippines in August, 1959, was introduced at a reception to one of the most picturesque Churchmen he had ever beheld. He met a heavily bearded cardinal, with penetrating eyes looking through black-rimmed spectacles, who had the disarmingly unsophisticated manner of an early Christian. The prelate fascinated the diplomat by addressing him in Russian.

Bohlen, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, delightedly answered in the same language, "I never expected to be talking to a Catholic cardinal in Russian in Manila."

The visitor laughed merrily; for Gregoire Pierre XV Cardinal Agagianian (pronounced "ah-gah-jahn-yan") is used to having



**Cardinal Agagianian**

strangers look him up and down. Almost everything about him is a little unusual. He was born in Russia. He speaks seven languages fluently. He is a globe-trotter who travels on a Lebanese passport. He is director of the Church's world-wide missionary activities in his capacity as prefect of the Congregation of

the Propagation of the Faith. And as the patriarch of 200,000 Armenian-rite Catholics, he symbolizes the unity of East and West in the Church.

In 1958 Agagianian was one of four cardinals reported to have the best chance of being elected Pope. Today, at 65, he is still rated at the very top among the *papabili*—those cardinals regarded as likely to succeed Pope John.

Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston has called Cardinal Agagianian "one of the most brilliant

\*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. October, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

Churchmen of modern times, and possessor of one of the greatest minds in the history of the Church." Francis Cardinal Spellman, who spent five years in the seminary with him in Rome, recalls him as a "brilliant, scholarly leader among all the seminarians there."

When the Armenian cardinal visited the U.S. in May, 1960, Cardinal Spellman said he and other American Churchmen were impressed most of all with his affability and his understanding of the American mentality. His knack of making friends quickly has made Agagianian one of the most popular cardinals in Rome.

When I enjoyed a rare private interview with the cardinal in Washington, D.C., I was surprised to find that so intellectual a man could radiate such a charming simplicity. Madison Avenue would call it "the soft sell." One observer who has been a traveling companion of Cardinal Agagianian sums him up as being "a strong personality, gently expressed." He exudes an attractive combination of modesty and wisdom.

He is five feet, nine inches tall, but seems shorter because of his habit of bending graciously toward his visitor. He has a slender frame, but there is a wiry toughness about him. His beard—a characteristic of the bishops of the Eastern rite—is streaked with gray; it looks neater than it does in photographs. When I

asked him about its significance, he laughed and dismissed it as "an accidental thing—of no importance."

The cardinal told me he was born a Russian subject on Sept. 15, 1895, at Akhaltsikhe, a small village in the province of Tiflis in Georgia, near the Turkish border. His mother tongue was Armenian.

"My father, who had been engaged in various small businesses, died when I was five years old, so I never knew him," he said. He has one brother, Peter, a telegraph operator, and a sister, Elizabeth, the widow of an office worker for an oil company. Both live in the Soviet Union.

The boy was baptized Lazarus. He early showed intellectual gifts. At the age of 11, he said that he wanted to be a priest. His pastor, Monsignor Der-Abrahamian, sent him on to the Urban college of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome.

One day Father Fernando Cento, a staff member at the college, was leading a group of new students to a papal audience. Father Cento, who is now apostolic nuncio to Portugal, pointed to the young Armenian boy and told the Holy Father—Pope St. Pius X—he would have to send him home because of his tender age.

At the end of the audience, the saintly Pope motioned the priest aside, and said, "Tell the cardinal in charge of the college to keep the Armenian boy, for he will ren-

der great service to the Church." Later, it is said, the Pope told the young Armenian student that he would become "a priest, a bishop, and a patriarch."

Agagianian is reluctant to discuss such incidents; he told me there was no truth at all in some legendary anecdotes which have been printed. They relate to his return to Georgia in 1919. He had been ordained in Rome two years earlier, after winning degrees in philosophy, sacred theology, and canon law, and had served as faculty member of the Pontifical seminary.

Back in Russia, Agagianian took over as pastor of the Armenian Catholics in Tiflis. He found the province torn by the Bolshevik revolution. Legend has it that he was introduced to an elderly Georgian woman who told him sadly, "My son, too, once studied for the priesthood." She was supposedly the mother of Joseph Vissarinovich Dzhugashvili, who became better known as Stalin.

It is true that Stalin was born in the same region and attended an Orthodox seminary. But the cardinal says that to his knowledge he never met the mother of Stalin or (as narrated in another apochryphal story) Stalin himself. However, he did study closely the career of his infamous fellow Georgian, and has become one of the best informed members of the hierarchy on that subject.

In February, 1921, the Bolshe-

vik army began a six months' occupation of Tiflis. When I asked if the Reds "confined" him, he smilingly replied with a wave of his hand, "No, they had many other things to do."

He was recalled to Rome and named assistant rector of the Armenian Pontifical college in late 1921, and eventually became its rector. He became proficient in Latin and Hebrew. His Italian acquired a Roman accent that is the delight of the congregations who listen to his erudite, graceful sermons in Rome. He also speaks French, besides Russian, English, and Armenian. His English is excellent, touched with an unidentifiable accent that probably owes something to all his other languages. He has a reading knowledge of Arabic.

During a 14-year stretch in Rome, he rendered useful service as an authority on Oriental canon law. He taught scores of seminarians from the U.S. at the College of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. Seventeen of his former American students have since become bishops.

When he began teaching at the college, he feared that he might not command sufficient respect because of his youthful appearance. To cultivate a mature look, he "nursed along every hair" on his fast-growing black beard.

It has been said (by Americans) that his mingling with a

constant stream of young students from the U.S. developed in him an American sense of humor. A serious person on a serious mission, he nonetheless has a light approach to life. There is no sting in his humor, but sometimes it has a gentle slyness. When he became a cardinal, he was asked how it felt to exchange "His Beatitude," the form of address for a patriarch, for "His Eminence."

"Well," he replied with a twinkle, "It is better to be blessed than to be eminent."

The cardinal's manner is both dignified and animated. Whenever I referred during my interview to some wildly inaccurate statement written about him, he looked momentarily dismayed, then threw up his hands, shook his head, and slapped his knee in chuckling disbelief.

He was made a bishop in 1935 and took up residence in Syria, which later gave him its highest award of merit. He was elected Patriarch of Cilicia of the Armenians at Beirut in 1937. The Armenian group is one of nine Eastern churches which differ in Liturgy but not in doctrine from Latin-rite Catholics. The new patriarch took the name of Gregoire Pierre: Gregory for St. Gregory the Illuminator, apostle of Armenia; and Pierre (Peter) in honor of the first Pope.

He received a red hat in 1946. As a cardinal, he continued to administer the affairs of the Armen-

ians, shuttling between Rome and his residence at Beirut. In June, 1958, another shift caused him to give up, at least while traveling, the fez-like stovepipe headgear of the Oriental patriarch in favor of a simple biretta. Pope Pius XII appointed him pro-prefect—in effect, executive head—of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. The late Cardinal Stritch of Chicago had been appointed to the post but had died in Rome before he could take over. Pope John named him prefect to succeed Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, who died July 12, 1960.

The Congregation is a ministry of the Holy See which was set up in 1622 to meet the growing needs of an expanding Church. As overseer of all Catholic missions, its jurisdiction includes 31 million Catholics and 3 million catechumens in 78 archdioceses, 197 apostolic vicariates, 114 prefectures, six independent abbeys, and three independent missions.

Cardinal Agagianian and his 27-man staff occupy a block-long, remodeled Renaissance palace in the famous Piazza-de-Spagna section of Rome. It is a half-hour walk from the Vatican, but enjoys the same extraterritoriality. The cardinal is unusually accessible in the one-time throne room which is his office. He devotes the morning to talking with missionaries and other visitors, then works on his reports and correspondence

while the Romans are taking their siestas in the afternoon.

He is deeply impressed with the reports from faraway outposts which flow across his desk daily.

"These messages are most edifying," he says. "And when I am out in the field visiting the missionaries, I am terribly impressed not just with their dedication to their work but with their joyfulness. They never seem downhearted."

Few cardinals have seen as much of the world as Agagianian. In 1954 he became the first Prince of the Church to visit Iran. Early in 1959 he became the first man in his post to visit the Far Eastern missions. At his first stop on this 11,000-mile journey, he presided over South Vietnam's first Marian congress in Saigon. The 1,150,000 South Vietnam Catholics are a minority but are the best-organized religious group in a country dominated by strife-torn Buddhists.

As he moved coolly through the burning heat in his scarlet robes, the bearded cardinal was a symbol for the entire nation. Thousands of non-Catholics lined the flag-bedecked streets as he passed, and thousands of Catholics gathered around the city's churches every night to show their support of his mission. When the cardinal celebrated Mass one morning at the cathedral in Saigon, the surrounding streets were jammed with onlookers, some of

whom had slept all night on the pavement.

To kindle morale along the tense, smoldering Chinese border, the cardinal tirelessly inspected Catholic schools, hospitals, refugee camps, convents, seminaries, and nurseries. One Vietnam priest said, "He has strengthened our determination to free our enslaved brothers in the North. Above all, we are now secure in our knowledge that Rome thinks of us, no matter how small or unimportant we are."

Cardinal Agagianian then visited Thailand, Formosa, Hong Kong, Korea, and Japan. In Seoul, Korea, 3,000 Catholics thronged the cathedral for a pontifical Mass sung by the cardinal while hundreds more stood outside the church in a driving rain. Referring to the Catholics in Red China, Agagianian told the congregation, "My mind turns with much pain to our brethren who, not so far from here, are persecuted by the enemies of God."

In Japan he traveled to the Catholic sees in seven cities. In Nagasaki he examined the atom-bombed church of Urakami then being constructed. He thanked the Japanese for the "courteous respect and honor paid to the humble representative of His Holiness, Pope John XXIII."

In August, 1959, he flew to the Philippines and then participated in the centenary celebrations of the Brisbane diocese in Australia.

He returned by way of Indonesia, where he plunged deep into the island of Java to get a personal look at the missions there.

He has made three visits to the U.S. In 1951-52 he toured the communities of Armenian Catholics in nine large cities. In October, 1954, he presided at the national Marian congress of the Eastern rites in Philadelphia. At that time, he said that the facts of Catholic life as he had seen them in the U.S. refuted the charge that America is a country of materialists.

"The extraordinary number of vocations to the contemplative life is an obvious answer to the charge," he said. "Beyond this

we must point to the countless American missionaries who have left all material comforts and sought out in the desolate and difficult parts of the world new areas for the salvation of souls."

Last year the cardinal visited seminaries and convents while traveling to Washington, D.C., Chicago, Dubuque, South Bend, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York.

He held many press conferences here, but smilingly refused to be drawn into a discussion of political questions. Nonetheless, he did make one significant point relating to his own work. "Wherever the Church is free, the missions are prospering," he said.

## In Our Parish

*In our parish.* I and my ten-year-old son Andre were attending Mass last fall when he noticed some strange nuns seated in the front pew. Andre is an avid baseball enthusiast, so he whispered, "Dad, there are some new ones here. Some of the nuns must have been traded."

Charles C. Barbera.

*In our parish.* 1st grade, Sister was explaining that "God loves us all." The class nodded happily, all except one girl who broke into tears instead.

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?" Sister asked.

"He doesn't love me," the little girl sobbed. "I tried Him on a daisy."

Mrs. J. F.



## THE OPEN DOOR

DURING THE 2nd World War my aunt met a young sailor who had been brought up in France. Although he was younger than auntie, a strong friendship developed between them. The friendship rapidly grew into what they thought to be a "romantic interest." Auntie decided it would be a nice thing to learn to converse in French.

So while her sailor was sailing the seas and fighting the war, auntie went to a private tutor and began her lessons.

At one session, before they really got into the lesson, the conversation somehow turned to the Catholic faith. The discussion lasted for almost all of the lesson time. As she was leaving, auntie said (in English), "Isn't it a shame that I am not more advanced? Then we could have had this discussion in French, and not wasted so much time."

"Where an immortal soul is concerned, nothing is a waste of time," replied the teacher.

The comment set auntie to thinking, and soon more and more of the lesson time was devoted to religion than to language. Finally, convert classes replaced French classes, and with the tutor as godmother auntie was baptized. She never did learn to converse in French; but a most devout life and a long list of conversions in our family are testimony to her more important conversa-

tions with our Lord and his blessed Mother.

The sailor? A lukewarm Catholic became a fervent one, met one of my cousins at auntie's after the war, converted her, married her, and now is the father of five fine Catholic children.  
Mrs. Edgar T. Ziegler.

CAROL IS NOW a 7th grader attending a Catholic school. But if it hadn't been for a stubborn baby whim of hers, three persons might never have come through the Open Door. Since Carol was an only child who came to her parents after 18 years of marriage, it is hardly surprising that very few of her desires were ever denied her.

While still little more than a baby, Carol decided, among other things, that she wished to go to church. No doubt, playmates had been talking to her.

Though the family was not particularly church-going or committed to any denomination, off to church they went to please Carol. Meanwhile, Carol was touring the churches of the neighborhood.

Before long, she would have none other than the Catholic church, and every ounce of stubbornness revealed itself if she were taken to any other.

Consequently, Sundays soon found the trio faithfully at Mass. It wasn't long before the parents' efforts to please their little girl resulted in having her enrolled in the parish school; at the same time, they began looking into the Catholic faith on their own account.

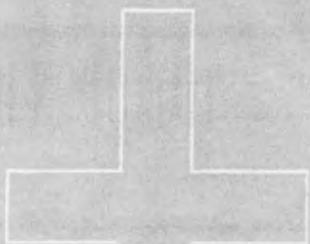
Now the three of them go to the Communion rail together.

Sister Cesira, F.M.A.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]



*Father Luke Turon, Dominican medical missionary, tends villagers in West Pakistan. Below, he administers to a Pakistan patriarch.*



Luke



*Father Luke visits old-world village in modern mobile unit.*

From the "Torch," by E. B. Boland, O.P., and Richard E. Vahey, O.P.

# The Physician

## —2000 YEARS LATER

Dominican Father Luke Turon is following in the footsteps of the evangelist-physician, St. Luke, who administered to the spiritual and physical needs of the people 20 centuries ago.

One of three priest-physicians from the U.S. actually engaged in the general practice of medicine, Father Luke covers an area about the size of New York State in Bahawalpur, West Pakistan. He visits some hundred small villages in this Old World setting in a modern medical mobile unit, equipped with an air-conditioned cab and four-wheel drive. Father Bertrand

Boland, O.P., of Providence, R.I., travels with him.

Father Luke was born at Old Forge, Pa., 37 years ago. He is a graduate of Western Reserve, where he received his M.D. in 1945, and he also attended the University of Scranton. Before he was ordained in 1955, he served his internship at St. Vincent's hospital in New York City and did a stint with the U.S. army in Yokohama.

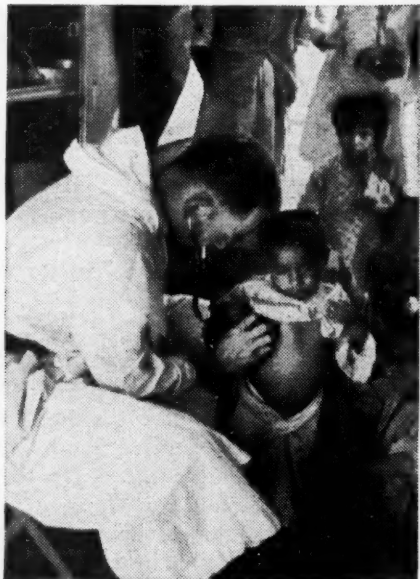
Well-trained and better equipped than his namesake, Father Luke eagerly shares the zeal of St. Luke to heal souls and bodies.

*Fascinated villagers watch Father Luke prepare X-ray equipment in tent.*

*Priest looks forward to new St. Dominic's hospital opening.*



*Child is mystified by the doctor's stethoscope. Fifty per cent of babies in mission area die in their first year.*



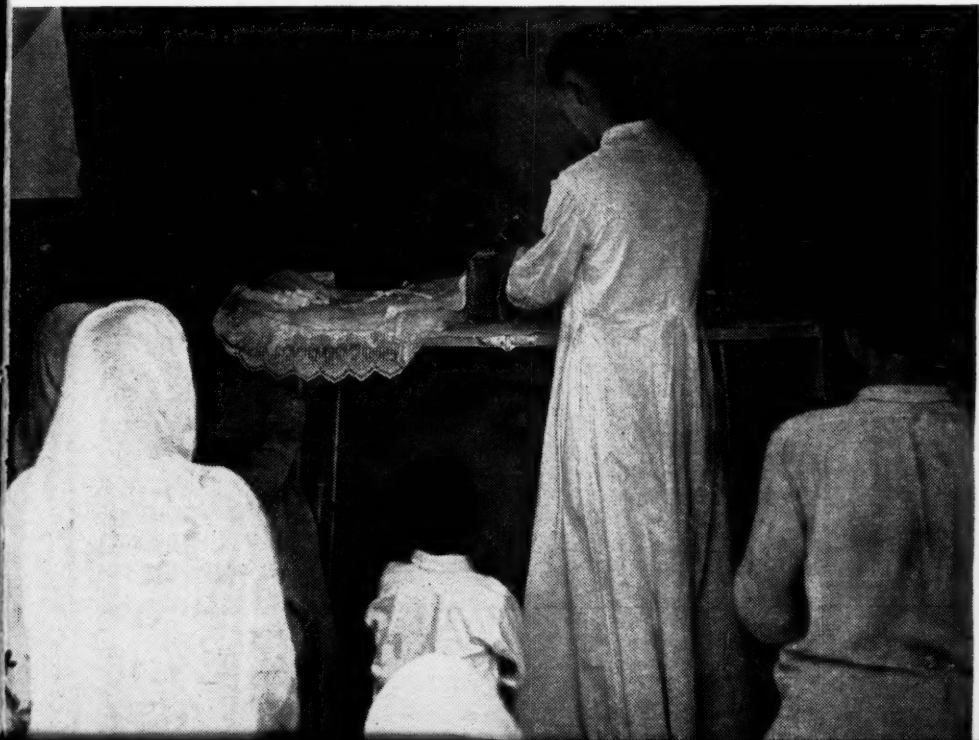


*Father Boland hears Confessions  
as Father Luke heals bodies.*



*Even four-wheel-drive unit yields to  
uncharted shifting-sand wastes.*

*A portable altar is set up in tent attached to dispensary.  
Father Luke prepares chalice while parishioners wait.*



By Lawrence Galton

# The Mystery of Fat

*We are overweight because of the life we lead, but science is finding sensible ways of control*

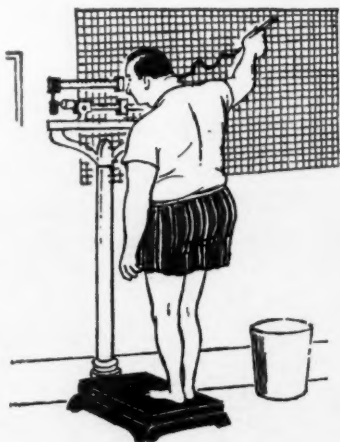
*Condensed from the  
"New York Times Magazine"\**

**D**RINKING these days is less likely to be to heighten spirits than to shed pounds. The glass that appears most often is one with a meal in it, a reducing meal.

In the months since liquid diets were introduced, the formula has swept the nation. At least 40 variations are on the market and new ones emerge weekly.

As a nation, we clearly run to flesh. The latest study by the Society of Actuaries shows that average weights have shot up two to five pounds for men. Women have done better. Their average weights are less than they were a generation ago; down as much as two to six pounds at various ages.

But even average Americans are



too heavy. You have to be below average to be a good insurance risk, the study shows.

If you are fat, why are you? Obviously, a person grows fat when he eats more than he needs. But why do people overeat? And is it only a matter of overeating?

Today we know that some sort of body mechanism regulates en-

\*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36, Jan. 15, 1961. © 1961 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

ergy balance. Shave the hair off rabbits, thus increasing energy expenditure through heat loss, and they increase their food intake. Dilute the food of rats by adding nonnutrient materials, and the rats automatically eat more.

Appetite is regulated by a cluster of cells in the hypothalamus, an area deep in the brain. Animal experiments have shown two distinctive regions in the cell cluster. Injure one and the animal eats incessantly and grows enormously fat. Injure the other area, and the animal refuses to eat even if food is placed in its mouth. The two regions together form an appetite center which functions much like a thermostat and has been labeled the *appetstat*.

We don't know exactly how this control center functions. One theory is that we eat for calories and the *appetstat* stops us when we have enough. Or perhaps we eat for warmth and become satisfied when we have eaten enough to raise body heat to an adequate level.

A new and more widely accepted theory, that of Dr. Jean Mayer and his associates at Harvard, holds that appetite signals are turned on and off by fluctuating levels of sugar (glucose) in the blood. Low blood sugar content brings hunger; when blood sugar is raised by eating we feel satiated.

Whatever the appetite mechanism is like, the message fed into

it may produce a maladjustment. "When you have any mechanism," Dr. Mayer says, "it is likely to obey one of my favorite natural laws—Murphy's Law—which is this: 'If anything can go wrong, it will.'"

Many things can go wrong with the *appetstat*. Measles, a bad cold, or a blow on the head can curb the appetite. Other maladies like sleeping sickness or tumors can set the *appetstat* for overeating.

Heredity may be involved in overweight. Recent investigations have demonstrated that children of one obese parent are six times, and children of two obese parents 13 times, more likely to become too heavy than children of thin parents.

Some plump people have long claimed, to the accompaniment of jeers, that it doesn't matter how little food they eat; everything turns to fat. Recent studies indicate they may have a point. Working with a strain of mice with inherited obesity, investigators found that these mice store much more fat than normal animals, even during fasts. They get rid of other materials but retain so much fat that, even when emaciated, they're still obese from the standpoint of body composition. Some humans show the same characteristics.

But although genetic and metabolic factors may account for perhaps 10% of obese cases, far more

people become overweight through pure habit. Repeated overeating can set the appetat so high that normal amounts of food no longer satisfy.

Sometimes an overeating habit is established during convalescence from illness. With others, good food and plenty of it is a family tradition. Some eat too much out of sociability. Still others consider food a badge of success.

The modern supermarket also is blamed. Once the housewife would buy only enough food for a few days. Now that she has a freezer she buys a week's worth and her family consumes it in about five days.

Psychological need also can be a factor in establishing overeating habits. Hunger is the first tension-producing experience in our lives. Within a few hours after birth, the infant wants food, and becomes tense until he gets it. This tension could account for a basic fear of starvation which all of us may carry into adulthood.

In addition, there is what Dr. Theodore B. Van Itallie, of Columbia university, calls "the normal tendency to overeat." This tendency is not a matter of gluttony but has deep psychological roots in the past. Until fairly recently, man's food supply came at irregular intervals. To survive, our ancestors gorged whenever possible, not just to satisfy acute

hunger but to store up something against the day of famine. We may not think this way consciously, but the memory may linger in a dark corner of the human mind.

For many people food is not just food; it is a symbol of security. And they seek relief from tension by eating. Dr. C. Knight Aldrich, a University of Chicago psychiatrist, tells of one obese pregnant woman who said, "It seems that almost anything can start me eating. Now that I've left my job and I'm home alone, I get lonesome and eat. When I worry about how I'll be able to care for my baby, I eat. If I have an argument with my husband, I eat. And even after the obstetrician has bawled me out because of my weight, I go right home and eat!"

A recent medical symposium defined three types of psychological overeaters.

1. The aggressive person. He loves to eat, drink, chew, swallow, smoke, talk, suck, bite. He considers food intake as adding to himself, since he gets bigger and, literally, is able to throw his weight around.

2. The passive, dependent person, who equates food intake with warm feelings of love and protection. He eats most when he feels lonely, deserted, dejected, unappreciated, or unloved.

3. The timid soul, who insulates himself from a frightening



world with a fortress of fat. He is impressed with the defensive advantage of large size per se.

But food intake isn't the whole story. Underactivity contributes to weight gain. And underactivity is part of modern living. There is evidence that per-capita energy consumption has decreased by 10% in the last 50 years.

Today's carpenter saws boards with a power saw. Teamsters use mechanical lifts. Junior has a car instead of a bicycle. At home, on the farm, and in industry, labor-saving devices make life increasingly sedentary. So do our recreational habits. TV occupies many of our free hours and spectator sports have largely superseded individual participation in athletics.

At the University of Pennsylvania, investigators, using pedometers, have found that obese women walk an average of 1.9 miles a day in comparison to 4.7 miles for normal women; obese men walk 3.7 miles, as against 6.2 for normal men.

Recent studies of obese children show that in most cases food consumption is *not* above normal; it is below. But the fat youngsters are extraordinarily inactive, devoting only one third the normal time to exercise.

Skeptics argue that exercise consumes very little energy and, further, that the more you exercise, the more you eat. But Dr. Jean Mayer says, "Take a look at tables of caloric expenditure.

Walking at a moderate clip uses up 300 calories an hour, the equivalent of a dessert. Playing tennis uses up 700 calories an hour; swimming vigorously, 700 calories an hour."

Further, Dr. Mayer says, it is true that you eat more if you exercise more "if you are already quite active. But experiments on both animals and men have shown repeatedly that the converse is not true.

"If exercise is decreased below a certain point, food intake no longer decreases. It increases. Walking one half-hour a day may be equivalent to only four slices of bread but if you don't walk the half-hour you still will probably eat the four slices."

So much for what can make you fat. How about measures to make you thin? Many drugs have been devised for controlling appetite.

Perhaps the most widely used of these are the so-called appetite-curbing agents, which stimulate the central nervous system. The stimulation provides a pleasant lift for many people, enough to get their minds off food. These drugs also may help by dulling smell and taste. They also seem to increase physical activity.

But drugs are helpful only for short-term control and as aids to carefully controlled diets.

Many physicians now believe that the best hope for sustained results lies in the psychological

approach. Self-help groups are hard at it. For example, some 1,100 local TOPS (Take Off Pounds Sensibly) clubs are waging a psychological war against overweight by applying principles similar to those of Alcoholics Anonymous. These clubs claim that their 25,000 members last year collectively shed about 100 tons of fat. They urge each member to have a physician's advice on diet. At weekly meetings, food addiction is discussed openly. Weight losers are cheered; gainers are booed.

At Chicago's Michael Reese hospital, research with rats has shown that nibbling leads to less fat formation than regular meals.

This may or may not hold for humans, but it is a stimulating lead. And at the Piedmont hospital in Atlanta, Ga., it was found that four-to-seven-day fasters, when taking only water, not only lose weight but also don't mind the fast. Afterward they feel satiated on diets that previously would have left them ravenous.

The best hope at the moment is to find a physician with genuine interest in the overweight problem in general and in the patient in particular. He will prescribe a diet (or a drug if necessary), a practical regimen of exercise, and whatever else may be needed, including his own sympathy and psychological support.



## IN OUR HOUSE

Our only daughter, Susan, is the constant target of criticism, snide remarks, and all the other teasing of which five brothers are capable. Her ambition is to some day accomplish something which will meet with their complete approval. Consequently, she tries to do everything possible to please them—a fruitless task, as she learned recently at breakfast.

Susan had set the table, poured the juice, given each boy the dry cereal of his choice, and prepared a plate of hot toast. Then she sat down, very proud of herself, hoping that for once everything was satisfactory. Seven-year-old Tommy took a piece of toast and eyed it disdainfully. In exasperation I said, "For Heaven's sake, what could possibly be wrong this time?"

"Susie buttered my toast on the wrong side!" Tommy protested.

Mrs. Guy Oseland.

(For similar true stories—amusing, touching or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.)

# *In the Midst of the Midwest*

The harvest of the Church is what the inhabitants would call a "bumper crop"

By Robert T. Reilly

*Condensed from "America"\**

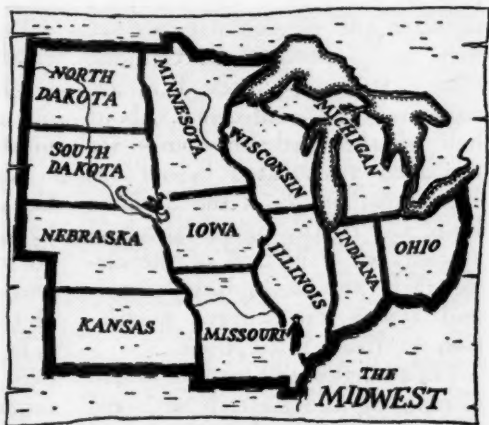
ON THE eastern seaboard a mythology persists concerning the Midwest. New Yorkers pity our insular existence: Bostonians do not know we are here. If they think of us at all, it is in terms of corn, flatboats, and Indian blankets. Occasionally a basketball score serves to remind Easterners that the frontier has indeed finally been pierced.

I confess to having held to a similar attitude when, about 20 years ago, my father received notice of a transfer to a strange place on the Missouri river called Omaha, Neb. I hurried down to the cowboy haberdashery in Lowell, Mass., and purchased a silk Western shirt. It was black with pearl buttons and had a pocket embroidered with a branding iron. Only lack

of funds prevented me from going all the way and donning the boots, levis, and ten-gallon hat which I thought all Nebraska natives wore.

Following the war and four postwar years in Eastern universities, I returned to the Midwest to stay. My New England friends

*Map by Tom Eng*



\*329 W. 108th St., New York City 25. Feb. 25, 1961. © 1961 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

were incredulous. "Good Lord, Omaha!" they gasped. It sounded to them more like a penal sentence than an opportunity.

By way of a lesson in geography, may I report that we have cement sidewalks in the Midwest, not boardwalks? We have skyscrapers and jet airliners and books and museums and symphony orchestras and major-league baseball. People drive late-model cars and watch TV, and know less about six-guns than do New Yorkers who have more channels to choose from. (Fashions are somewhat tardy, and election-year jokes arrive here a day late.)

And, with all of this mundane progress, a vital Catholicism thrives in the Midwest. Over 40% of the nation's priests, nuns, and seminarians are native Midwesterners. A fourth of the country's missions and mission parishes are here, and a third of the Catholic college students in the U.S. are registered in the Midwest. About half of the Catholic homes for the aged are located in our 12-state area, and 7% of the Catholic hospitals. In the parochial-school system, we claim 40% of the elementary and secondary schools and 35% of the student population in these institutions.

Let's narrow the focus a notch. Comparing the Eastern seaboard (Maine through the District of Columbia) with the Midwest (Ohio through Kansas), we note

a similarity in population totals. The Eastern sector has 47 million inhabitants, the Midwest, 48 million. Fair enough?

From Maine through Maryland, 50% of the Catholic students of elementary-school age are in parochial schools. The Midwest's figure is 72%. The Catholic ratio is 35% to 44%, again in favor of the Midwest.

Some inequities exist in education. Although the Catholics of the Midwest contributed 2,000 more nuns than the Eastern seaboard, they have 4,000 fewer teaching in their schools. Sisters form 64% of the faculties from Maine to Maryland, as against 58% from Ohio through Kansas. This, of course, adds a little extra burden to the farm-belt school budget.

More than twice as many hospital beds are here as compared with the East Coast. Patients treated at Midwestern Catholic hospitals outnumber by four to one those treated at Catholic hospitals in the East.

Although behind the East Coast in total Catholic population by 6 million, the Midwest secured 10,000 more converts last year and accounted for over a third of the converts in the U.S.

In terms of growth the numbers favor the East, but the percentages point to tremendous strides in the Midwest. Of course, the smaller the base, the easier the multiplication, but statistics

still indicate an impressive expansion.

In the last 50 years the Catholic population of Boston has tripled. New York has four times as many Catholics as in 1910, and Baltimore has six times as many.

The Midwest starts from there. Omaha has seven times as many Catholics as it had half a century ago. But Dubuque and Milwaukee have eight times as many; Davenport has nine times as many; Cincinnati and Sioux City have ten times as many; Lincoln, Neb., 14 times as many, and Wichita, Kan., multiplied its early-century total by 38!

These are cold facts. Here are some as warm as a New England boiled dinner.

Seven of the nation's top eight dioceses in terms of per-capita mission giving during 1959 were in the Midwest. Only the Diocese of Wilmington (5th) interrupted the solid line of St. Louis, Winona, Springfield, Cape Girardeau, Indianapolis, La Crosse, Toledo, and St. Cloud.

Detroit university has the largest Catholic college enrollment, full and part-time, in the U.S. Marquette in Milwaukee has the largest full-time enrollment among the nation's Catholic institutions of higher learning. Notre Dame is a Midwestern giant; St. Louis university possesses the micro-filmed Vatican library in a multi-million-dollar structure dedicated to Pope Pius XII. Creighton uni-

versity in Omaha, while smaller than those mentioned, is the only Catholic school in America with the full complement of healing-arts courses: medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, and nursing.

The Catholic press is active here, with the *Register* and *Our Sunday Visitor* chains and other Catholic newspaper chains in Milwaukee, Detroit, and Cleveland. You find individual excellence among diocesan papers in Chicago, Kansas City, Davenport, and many other Midwestern cities. *Ave Maria*, *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*, *Extension*, the *St. Anthony Messenger*, the *Voice of St. Jude*, *Marriage*, *Worship*, the *Young Catholic Messenger*, and many other Catholic periodicals call the Midwest home. Among Catholic publishers in this area are Bruce, Pflaum, and Fides.

In addition, Chicago should be cited as a center of the lay apostolate. The city's record of activity in a dozen nationally known lay Catholic organizations is difficult to match.

Let's concentrate on a single diocese, the Archdiocese of Omaha. I choose this because it happens to be my own diocese.

We have in Omaha, besides Creighton university and two other fine Catholic colleges for women, one of the largest Catholic hospitals in the U.S., Creighton's Memorial St. Joseph's hospital; Father Flanagan's world-famous Boys Town; the American

headquarters of the Columban Fathers; and several of the pioneering parishes in perpetual adoration. We have two Catholic-theater groups, and a strong retreat league (sponsored primarily by the Columbans with an assist from the Jesuits and the archdiocese). A Catholic home for the aged is of recent origin, and a new progressive-care hospital is being built by the Sisters of Mercy.

During the last decade six new parishes have been created within the archdiocese. New construction of hospitals, homes, dormitories, schools, churches, student centers, and the like, has amounted to more than \$50 million over a 15-year span.

There are few sources of great wealth in the Omaha archdiocese, but the average Catholic more than offsets this lack with his own pattern of contributions.

In many an Eastern parish the "buck-a-Sunday" parishioner deposits his single \$1 bill with a flourish; the \$2 man is a philanthropist. In our Omaha parish, Sunday envelopes average more than \$3.50 per envelope user. Parishioners have also given generously to special collections, to mission collections, and clothing drives. In the last year parishioners have loaned our pastor \$100,000 at 4% in order to reduce our interest. A few years back close to the same amount was loaned, interest-free, for a year to meet a particular emergency.

The parish, only six years old, started with 300 families. In these few years a church has been erected, followed by a 19-room school, a large gymnasium, and a ten-room school addition. New property has been purchased for parking, playgrounds, ice-skating rink, lay teachers' residences, and for future building. Total value of the parish holdings amounts to almost \$2 million; yet the pastor expects the parish to be debt-free within this decade.

The people have shouldered this unusual burden (a project of several generations in the East) because they believe in the benefits of Catholic education and are willing to sacrifice to maintain them. In addition to construction, they must bear the additional cost of a disproportionate number of lay teachers to Religious. In our parish the ratio has run as high as two lay teachers to each nun. People in our parish find it difficult to understand why other areas of the country are closing down some grades and talking about scrapping the entire parochial system. They wonder if such a surrender is not too hasty.

The sacrifice doesn't stop with financial aid. The men of our parish have given over 100,000 hours of free labor since the church was built. School desks, pews, the Communion rail, stations of the cross, even the altar itself—all have been bought secondhand and beautifully refinished by the Holy

Name members. Working parties handle the landscaping, painting, construction of rock walls, window washing, and cleanup and maintenance duties. The pastor runs the tractor; the assistants wield shovels. The women clean the church weekly and handle the lunchroom.

Home-and-School meetings attract 500; Holy Name meetings often top the 400 mark. The parish has committees to visit the sick, welcoming committees, disaster committees, financial committees.

In four years, our school has contributed nearly two dozen vocations.

Even at that, some other parishes put us to shame. The little parish at Tekmah, Neb., just south of the Omaha-Winnebago Indian reservation, has but 50 families, but they are in the midst of a \$100,000 school project. Their pastor is no longer a young man, but he pitches in on the carpentry and electrical work. At the last mission collection these 50 families averaged \$3 per wage earner.

Few Midwesterners ever remember with bitterness any religious struggles. In Lowell, Mass., my relatives still point out the bridge over the canal where some determined Irishmen of a past generation defended St. Patrick's church against the APA. In Omaha similar struggles occurred, but one knows of them only through old

files of the diocesan weekly. Bigotry here is a personal thing, not a group exercise. A recent gift of \$1.25 million to Creighton university came from a board composed of non-Catholic nonalumni.

We have out here, above all, a pioneer missionary spirit that remains like the rutted wagon tracks in the Nebraska sand hills. Priests minister to the Indians under primitive conditions, and many young clerics live a solitary existence in vast expanses of this sometimes lonely country. Signs along the roadside tell of Sunday Mass in remote communities, and farmers and ranchers drive great distances to attend, sometimes 75 miles or more. Churches are likely to be ranch style or old "steamboat Gothic," rather than imitations of European architecture. Tithing may be done in crops or livestock in some areas. Everywhere there is a relationship to the soil, an earthiness about the people and their faith.

This is the Middle West of Father Marquette and Father De Smet. It is a land of dust and loneliness, of broad skies and sudden storms, of broken arrows deep in peaceful fields. In the 19th century the prelates of the Eastern seaboard cautiously gambled on the Middle West. Their return could be symbolized in this heart of America by the fields white for the harvest, rich and plentiful, with roots that go deep.

# A Gift from the Myron Taylors

At their magnificent Florentine villa, now the Pius XII institute, American women study the fine arts

By Daniel M. Madden

*Condensed from the "Victorian"\**

TWO DOZEN young American women pleaded with the dapper little man from Missouri to play a few bars on the shiny piano when he dropped by at their school in Florence, Italy.

But Harry S. Truman, jaunty former President of the U.S., resisted the coaxing. "You're better musicians than I'll ever hope to be," he said grinning. "I know all about you."

Mr. Truman was probably being overly modest about his musical ability, but the second part of his statement was accurate. He had been as thoroughly briefed about the young women as if they were pivotal voters and he was once again making the race of his political life. The briefing had been a high-level one, too, carried out by an old hand in diplomacy. It had come from Myron C. Tay-

\*Lackawanna 18, N. Y. May, 1961. © 1961, and reprinted with permission.





lor, who for 11 years (1939-1950) was the personal representative of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman at the Vatican.

The young women, Mr. Truman knew, were all American college graduates with majors in art or music. They were doing post-graduate study in a 15th-century Florentine villa which looked more like a magnificent art gallery than a busy schoolhouse.

What diplomat Taylor had glossed over in his briefing was that he and his wife Anabel had devoted more than a dozen years of their lives, and a megaton-sized sum of money, to equip the elegant Villa Schifanoia as a home. Then, without fanfare, they had turned it over to Pope Pius XII for the education of American women.

The three patrons of the unique school, Pius XII and the Taylors, all died within a year of each other. But they lived long enough to see the school become a significant bridge of good will between the Old World and the New.

Today, the Pius XII institute, a graduate school of fine arts, has international standing. Of all the American colleges and universities with branches or affiliates in Europe, it is the only one accredited by U.S. education authorities to grant a Master's degree in art and music.

Since its establishment in 1948, the institute has provided intensive training for more than 250

American women. Its graduates are everywhere in the wide world of art and music. Some have been signed up by American and European opera companies. Others are off on their own on international concert tours. Their paintings hang side by side with old masters in galleries and private collections in Europe and North America.

A young Canadian has been an understudy for Maria Callas. At New York's Lighthouse, a former student teaches the piano to the blind. A Hunter college alumna studied at the institute, and is now back at her New York alma mater as a teacher of music.

On the masthead of a highly respected fine-arts magazine is the name of a graduate as copy editor. Another graduate, in between sessions at the easel, introduced an art column in the *Catholic Standard and Times*, Philadelphia's diocesan newspaper.

A young sculptress found her niche quickly. Her talent so impressed her professor, celebrated sculptor Antonio Berti, that he invited her to help him produce a statue of St. Louise de Marillac, co-founder of the Daughters of Charity. The Carrara marble statue, done by the teacher and student, has joined the other statues of saints and founders of Religious Congregations spaced in niches along the upper walls of St. Peter's. The statue of St. Louise filled the last niche.

The Taylors picked the picturesque villa and its ten landscaped acres as their summer home in 1927. It was no snap decision. They had house-hunted from Cairo to the Riviera, and from Paris to Vienna.

From faraway places and from forgotten hideaways in Italy itself, they shipped in antique furniture, Renaissance stone doorways, and precious works of art. A heavy-beamed ceiling, paneled with figures of saints and delicately gilded and frescoed, was imported from Spain.

In 1934, after they had moved in, the *New York Times* ran a picture of the villa. Among those who saw the picture was a Dominican nun, Sister Catherine Wall, art-department director at Rosary college, River Forest, Ill.

The picture gave her an idea. Rosary college was in the market for a Florentine house where it could send top students for on-the-spot study. Myron Taylor, she knew, was chairman of U.S. Steel, and a man of much knowledge. He might be just the one to know about some bargain-priced property. She wrote to him.

During the next four years no suitable house turned up. But a stream of correspondence criss-crossed the Atlantic between the American nun and the non-Catholic capitalist and his wife.

The unique exchange of letters halted abruptly in January, 1938, with Sister Catherine's death. The

mother superior at Rosary college wrote the Taylors to say that the Sisters appreciated their kind interest, and would always remember them in their prayers. As a memorial for Sister Catherine, the Taylors sent Rosary college a medieval carved-wood statue of the Blessed Virgin.

That was the last the Sisters heard from the Taylors until the *New York Times*, in its edition of Sept. 22, 1941, carried another story about the famous Florentine villa.

The story, datelined Vatican City, announced that the Myron Taylors had given Pope Pius XII their villa for use as an American school. They had specified that the school was to be operated by the Dominican Sisters of Rosary college.

War and postwar political turbulence kept the villa from being transformed into a school until 1948. When the Sisters finally arrived from the Midwest, they were not really foreigners in Italy. The big time clock of history had completed another circle. Early in the 19th century, their Community of teaching Sisters had been established by an Italian priest, Father Samuel Mazzuchelli. He had traveled from his native Milan to tend the spiritual needs of Irish immigrants settling in the Indian lands of Wisconsin, Ohio, and Kentucky.

The name Mazzuchelli soon became "Matthew Kelly" to Amer-

ican settlers. Teaching the three *R's* was the first order of business, but the priest counseled the Sisters to keep their scholarship sights high. Art and music were subjects he wanted introduced into the backwoods country as soon as possible.

In those days on the American frontier a string quartet of banjos would have made a big Saturday-night hit. Yet even in the rural atmosphere of Sinsinawa, Wis., where the Sisters located their motherhouse, the music room of their first school was crowded with musical instruments, including several giant harps, imported from back East.

The Indian name of the Wisconsin town from which the Community eventually spread to all points of the compass often stirs up amusement. "Sinsinawa—what a curious name for the home of a convent!" the Taylors used to tease the Sisters. "Sin, Sin away."

The Taylors, right up to their deaths, watched closely the progress of the Pius XII institute, and thrilled like proud parents at the achievements of individual students. If some financial problem threatened to halt a student's study, they quietly came to the rescue.

A few years ago the Taylors had a survey made to show the accomplishments of graduates. Printed copies of it were sent to museums, opera companies, concert managers, art critics, and

others in a position to lend a helping hand along the path to recognition.

The institute's guestbook would take an autograph collector's breath away. Cardinal Spellman, Clare Boothe Luce, General Matthew Ridgway, pianist Robert Casadesus, and Roumania's exiled Queen Helen are among those who have stopped by.

Each year's class has about 25 students, studying the full range of fine arts. Often the faculty is larger than the student body because of the specialized study requirements of each of the young artists, singers, and instrumentalists.

Four Dominican nuns from Rosary college administer the institute, but the teaching is exclusively in the hands of members of Florence's university, academy of fine arts, and conservatory of music. That means there must be a careful orchestration of the time spent by the professors at their professional posts and in the classroom. It is not unusual for a course to begin in the middle of one semester and to end somewhere in the next, if the professor is on a concert tour. Last year, opera classes had to be given in the evening, from 8:30 to 10:30 o'clock, because Prof. Bruno Rigacci had a tight schedule of rehearsals as conductor of the Florence Symphony orchestra.

The Pius XII institute occupies the four buildings which comprise

the Taylors' villa. They are spotted around a formal garden the size of a football field. The two-story main building, which has some 20 rooms, is the students' living quarters. Three of the students share what used to be Mrs. Taylor's bedroom, a room as large as the main salon on the ground floor. From its bank of windows is a Cinemascope view of Florence and its splendid cathedral.

The fourth building is the chapel. It was not part of the property originally, but the Taylors acquired it when they feared it might fall into the hands of someone who would turn it into something else. Mass is celebrated in the chapel daily at 7:30 A.M. Attendance is not compulsory, but the antique, tiny pews are filled each morning.

Usually the student body includes three or four American nuns. One Ursuline, an art teacher in Toledo, recently studied at the institute. Her work as an artist at home had attracted such recognition that the Toledo museum gave her a grant to do some painting and studying of the Italian scene.

At times, artists-to-be find another vocation at the institute. Some years ago one of the young women went off to Austria after graduation. She had heard how Alpine camps were brimming over with men, women, and children who had crashed through the

Iron Curtain in search of freedom.

Before returning to America, she spent six months in the Austrian camps as a volunteer worker. After that she went to Lourdes, and for three weeks tended the sick pilgrims.

Back home again in Vermont, she set up an arts-and-crafts shop. It was not long, though, before she hung up a going-out-of-business sign. She had decided to become a nun. Her fingers are still busy with the brushes, however. She now teaches art in Visitation High school in Chicago.

Between a third and a half of the institute's students are on scholarships. A recent scholarship student was a young Negro girl from Virginia. She had little or no formal education, but she did have an exceptional voice. She knew it, too, and wanted to use her voice not for mouthing jukebox repertoire but for German *lieder*, operatic arias, and Italian art songs. As a 16-year-old she had headed north to New York. In the Big City, she clerked at Gimbel's and invested the bulk of her salary in voice lessons. Cardinal Spellman heard about her, and arranged a scholarship for her at the institute.

When she sang the title role of *Aida* at a local audition one evening, a visiting star from Italy's La Scala Opera said admiringly, "Some day I'll sing that with you." He probably will, too.





*Non-Catholics are invited to send in questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.*

## What would you like to know about the Church?

### THE LETTER:

To the Editor: I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. And I believe that there is no other way of salvation than through His shed Blood on the cross.

I would like to know how and what is the Catholic idea concerning the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, according to Acts, chapter 2 (Acts 2:4), and the outward evidence of speaking in tongues. What I do want to know is: do you (the Church) believe it is for today?

In Chapter 10 of the book of Acts, St. Peter was preaching in Rome: a Roman household to whom Peter was preaching remission of sins through faith in Jesus received a mighty spontaneous blessing (Baptism) in the Holy Ghost. Peter was sure of this, "for they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God" (Acts 10:46).

We Pentecostalists join with St. Peter and declare with confidence, "This is That"; and furthermore "that" is "this," which will perpetuate the work of Christ upon the earth, until Christ return for his saints.

A Brother in Christ, Rev. Mitchell Blackburn.

### THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

First let me ask you a question. How should I address you? Should it be Brother, or Reverend, or Mister? I am serious. We hear much talk of a dialogue between representatives of the different faiths. I think

a good start would be for us to find out the proper, polite, and pleasing title for each other. I have noticed that some Protestants fumble a bit with *Father* when they speak to me; and I am often at similar loss when I speak to a minister. *Reverend* is an adjective; it seems clumsy as a title. *Brother* is fine in some areas and some denominations. *Mister* seems secular.

I like it when the minister has a degree and I can call him Doctor—until I get on a first-name basis, and then I find that my own formidable title of Monsignor frightens him from such familiarity.

In the army we got by easily: everyone could be Chaplain or Padre (much easier to say than "Father") and everyone shared a snappy, irreverent "Sir."

Since you sign yourself "A Brother in Christ," I will presume to call you Brother, even as Paul addressed Philemon (7), as he claimed the Israelites (Rom. 9,3), and as he wrote to the Romans (e.g., 1, 13 and 10, 1). I call you Brother in the same spirit of benevolence with which Stephen addressed the members of the council (Acts 7, 1), but with no suspicion that you accuse me of blasphemy or want to stone me as the council did Stephen. I use it as a sign of our union in our mutual Brother, Jesus, who tells us: "Anyone who nurses anger against his brother must

be brought to judgment . . . if he sneer at him he will have to answer for it in the fires of hell" (Matt. 5, 22).

Do you note a lack of familiarity in my quotations, Brother? I am using *The New English Bible*, which is just off the press as I write this. It gives a modern clarity to the familiar verses. I don't know how Pentecostals may accept it, but I plan to read it through once, at least. (And for my Catholic readers, I cite Canon 1400 which permits the use of a translation of this kind to a person who is in any way a student of the Bible or of theology. I am an amateur student of both.)

I presume, Brother, that your reference in your final paragraph is to the words of St. Peter in his first public sermon (Acts 2, 16), but *The New English Bible* rather spoils your play on words; it says simply, "This is what the prophet spoke of"—instead of "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel."

Of course, I agree entirely with the statement you make in the first paragraph of your letter: that we are all redeemed, sanctified, and saved through the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. So I will devote my time to the questions raised in your next two paragraphs.

I shouldn't quibble about unimportant details, but Chapter 10 of the Acts says explicitly that

Peter preached his sermon to Cornelius and his Roman household at Caesarea, a seacoast city of Palestine; not at Rome. My new translation says that Cornelius was "a centurion of the Italian Cohort," and he is generally considered the first Gentile convert to Christianity.

The point of your reference is that "Peter was still speaking when the Holy Spirit came upon all who were listening to the message." The Jews who had come with Peter "were astonished that the gift of the Holy Spirit should have been poured out even on Gentiles. For they could hear them speaking in tongues of ecstasy and acclaiming the greatness of God" (Acts 10, 44-46).

You call this "a mighty spontaneous blessing (Baptism) in the Holy Ghost." I question only your word in parentheses. If this is a Baptism then what does Peter mean in the next verse: "Is anyone prepared to withhold the water for Baptism from these persons, who have received the Holy Spirit just as we did ourselves?" Then he ordered them to be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ" (Acts 10, 47-48).

And now to go back to your first reference (Acts 2, 4): "And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to talk in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them power of utterance." We consider this also "a mighty spontaneous blessing," a special gift of the

Holy Ghost. Only in most figurative language could you call it a Baptism; as you know that "to baptize" in Greek means to dip, or to dip under. The technical name for these special gifts of the Holy Ghost is charism, a word we borrow from the Greek, where it means a grace, favor, or free gift.

**N**OW YOUR MAIN question is this: Does our Church believe that we get these special gifts of the Holy Spirit today, in the normal course of our sanctification? The answer is that we do not get those extraordinary charisms like speaking in tongues, prophecy, healing, discerning spirits, and working miracles. We do get an abundance of those ordinary, practical gifts, graces, favors and charisms which we need to maintain a loving, sanctifying union with our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

In some ways, Brother, the Catholics and Pentecostals are about as far apart as two Christian groups can get. And yet we do have much in common. Not only do we agree that our salvation comes uniquely through our redemption by Jesus Christ, but we also have a common faith in the supernatural. And that, as you know, is an attitude which many of our Christian brethren shun. They try to wring it out of their creed, and to find a "sensible" explanation for everything right in the natural order.

I want to make it clear that we Catholics share with you a firm belief in the extraordinary charisms given to the early Christians, and in the recurrence of these and similar special gifts in the lives of many saints and mystics.

Our main disagreement would be on the frequency and purpose of these startling manifestations. We do not believe that they form a normal part of our sanctification. They were frequent in the early Church, where they were needed to bolster the witness of the Good News in a pagan world; or as in the case of Cornelius, where they were needed to teach lessons to the disciples themselves.

You must be very familiar, Brother, with I Cor. 12, in which St. Paul explains the charisms and gifts of the Holy Ghost. Does he not make it clear that they are given for a special purpose? They are not given equally to all, but with much diversity; so that each person may be equipped for specialized functions in the Mystical Body of Christ.

On one point you and I are in agreement; as human beings we need tangible, external evidence to convince us of the fact of our sanctification. We differ in the nature of this evidence; you seek it in ecstatic manifestations: in tongues, healings, and prophecies; we find it in the signs of the sacraments. We believe that Jesus was aware of our human need

for evidence. He had healed the sick, raised the dead, and risen from his own tomb, to show his divinity. He had equipped his Apostles with tongues and prophecies to bring his message of love and meekness to a proud and hateful world. But as enduring signs through the centuries his sacraments would be enough, bolstered occasionally by an attractive miracle, to serve a special purpose.

At the first Pentecost the Holy Ghost came down in visible form and scattered his gifts profusely. But we do not call that a Baptism. You need water to baptize, as St. Peter said in the home of Cornelius. When Philip had given the Good News to the eunuch from Ethiopia, "they both went down into the water, Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him" (Acts 8, 36).

Jesus Himself said to Nicodemus, "In truth I tell you, no one can enter the kingdom of God without being born from water and spirit." My new translation fails to capitalize the word *Spirit* here, as you and I both know it in our familiar versions; but otherwise, by omitting the article *the*, it shows how water and Spirit combine in one efficient principle to produce rebirth. Reference is probably made to the words of John the Baptist: "I baptize you with water . . . but the one who comes after me . . . will baptize you with the Holy



Spirit and with fire" (Matt. 3, 11).

For us Baptism is not a noise from the sky, "like that of a strong driving wind" (Acts 2,2). It is not the sudden striking of "tongues like flames of fire" (Acts 2, 3). It is not "a light flashed from the sky" on the road near Damascus (Acts 9, 3). It does not cause us to speak "in tongues of ecstasy" as the family of Cornelius did (Acts 10, 46).

Baptism is rather that action which our Saviour commanded his Apostles to perform: "Go forth therefore and make all nations my disciples; baptize men everywhere in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit" (Matt. 28, 19). It is that which Peter counseled in Jerusalem on the day of the first Pentecost: "Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus the Messiah for the forgiveness of your sins, and you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit" (Acts 2, 38).

It is that which the Apostles did a few moments later, after Peter had "pressed his case and pleaded with them: 'Save yourselves from this crooked age.' Then those who accepted his word were baptized, and some three thousand were added to their number that day" (Acts 2, 40-41).

Baptism is that which Philip did for the eunuch. It is that

which Peter ordered to be done for Cornelius and his family after the gifts of the Holy Spirit had come upon them (Acts 10, 47-48). It is that which was done for Saul at Damascus after the Lord had blinded him by the lightning of conversion, and after the scales had fallen from his eyes. "Thereupon he was baptized, and afterwards he took food and his strength returned" (Acts 9, 19).

For us Baptism is an external action and sign, given us by Jesus Christ Himself and used by Him to sanctify our souls. In Baptism we receive the Holy Spirit just as effectively as the family of Cornelius did, and He comes to us with his most precious, but hidden charisms: faith, hope, and love; and He remains in our souls quietly and effectively as long as we want Him to stay. Seldom does He make a fuss in his busy work of making saints of us; seldom does He display such startling gifts as tongues or prophecy.

**AFTER BAPTISM** we have another sacrament which is a personal little Pentecost for each of us. We call it Confirmation. It gives us each the graces and gifts necessary to be an effective witness to Christ, as Jesus promised to his disciples before his Ascension into heaven: "You will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you; and you will bear witness for Me in Jeru-

saalem, and all over Judea and Samaria, and away to the ends of the earth" (Acts 1, 8).

This sacrament lets each of us share personally in that promise which Jesus made to his Apostles at the Last Supper. "I will ask the Father, and He will give you another to be your Advocate, who will be with you forever—the Spirit of truth. The world cannot receive Him, because the world neither receives nor knows Him; but you know Him because He dwells with you and is in you."

Often in the Scriptures we find that an external action—a sign—was needed to bring the Holy Ghost. Philip the Deacon had preached in a town in Samaria where many had listened to his word and had been baptized, but "until then the Spirit had not come upon any of them." So the Apostles "sent off Peter and John, who went down there and prayed for the converts, asking that they might receive the Holy Spirit. . . . So Peter and John laid their hands on them and they received the Holy Spirit" (Acts 8, 4-17).

It was on this occasion that a magician named Simon wanted to buy the power to give the Holy Spirit. He was sternly rebuked by Peter: "You and your money, may you come to a bad end, for thinking God's gift is for sale" (Acts 8, 20).

This is the sacrament which

Paul administered to a dozen disciples at Ephesus. He found that they had never heard of the Holy Spirit, that they were not really Christians, since they had only received the Baptism of repentance administered by John, as a preparation for the coming of Jesus. So then and there "they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus; and when Paul had laid hands on them, the Holy Spirit came upon them and they spoke in tongues of ecstasy and prophesied" (Acts 19, 1-6).

As we go through the Scriptures we find that the laying on of hands was only one of the terms used for this sacrament. St. Paul probably referred to Confirmation when he wrote to the Corinthians: "And if you and we belong to Christ, guaranteed as his and anointed, it is all God's doing; it is God also who has set his seal upon us, and as a pledge of what is to come has given the Spirit to dwell in our hearts" (II Cor. 1, 21-22).

St. Paul reminds the Ephesians: "And you, too, when you had heard the message of the truth, the good news of your salvation, and had believed it, became incorporated in Christ and received the seal of the promised Holy Spirit" (Eph. 1, 13).

St. John has similar reference in his 1st Letter: "You, no less than they, are among the initiated; this is the gift of the Holy One, and by it you all have

knowledge" (2,20). A footnote tells me that the original Greek expression was, "you . . . have an anointing." It is this anointing which is the gift of the Holy One and numbers them among the initiated.

Our sacrament of Confirmation has all three features: a laying on of hands, an anointing, and a seal. And using these signs as an impressive instrument the Holy Ghost gives us Himself, his graces and his gifts, especially those sound, unspectacular charisms which are listed by the Prophet Isaias (11, 2):

*The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him:  
a spirit of wisdom and of understanding,  
a spirit of counsel and of strength,  
a spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.*

Confirmation also gives us that harvest of the Spirit which St. Paul lists in Gal. 5, 22: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, fidelity, gentleness, and self-control.

It also gives some of those gifts listed by St. Paul in I Cor. 12: not often the charism of inspired preaching, or of *wonder-working* or healing; but always that greatest gift, which St. Paul extols in Chapter 13: love, which gives meaning and purpose to all the rest, and keeps us from be-

ing "a noisy gong and a clanging cymbal."

Confirmation gives us all the supernatural aids we need to become witnesses to Christ in our modern world; and for being witnesses few of us need the extraordinary charisms given to the Apostles and to many of the early Christians. Possibly we are better off without the gifts of healing, of miraculous powers, prophecy, and ecstatic utterance (I Cor. 12, 10), which would make us an oddity in the world, and leave less range for a firm and simple faith.

**T**HE NEXT SACRAMENT which has obvious connection with the Holy Spirit is that which we call Holy Orders: it makes us ministers of the Spirit, to teach and baptize, to bring the Good News of salvation and the aids for attaining sanctity.

Jesus gave the graces and powers of Holy Orders to his Apostles bit by bit, and his Church confers them today in successive stages: first to a deacon, then to a priest, and finally to a bishop.

First Jesus called his Apostles. He told Simon and Andrew: "Come follow Me and I will make you fishers of men" (Mark 1, 16). At the Last Supper He reminded them all: "You did not choose Me: I chose you" (John 15, 15). At that same Last Supper He gave them the greatest of their powers: St. Paul reminds

the Corinthians of it: "The Lord Jesus, on the night of his arrest, took bread and, after giving thanks to God, broke it and said: 'This is my Body, which is for you; do this as a memorial of Me.' In the same way, He took the cup after supper, and said: "This cup is the new covenant sealed in my Blood. Whenever you drink it do this as a memorial of Me. For every time you eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the death of the Lord, until He comes" (I Cor. 11, 23-26).

After the Resurrection Jesus sent his Apostles to preach and minister. "Go forth to every part of the world, and proclaim the Good News to the whole creation. Those who believe it and receive Baptism will find salvation" (Mark 15, 15-16).

At about the same time He told them, "'As the Father sent Me, I send you.' He then breathed on them, saying 'Receive the Holy Spirit! If you forgive any man's sins, they stand forgiven; if you pronounce them unforgiven, unforgiven they remain'" (John 20, 21-23).

After Jesus had returned to heaven the Apostles began giving these gifts to others. They first chose Matthias to take the place of Judas (Acts 1, 15-26). Then the disciples chose seven men of good reputation, men full of the Spirit and of wisdom: "These they presented to the Apostles,

who prayed and laid their hands on them" (Acts 6, 6)—and they became deacons.

At Antioch the Holy Spirit made it known that He wanted Barnabas and Saul set apart "to do the work for which I have called them.' Then after further fasting and prayer, they laid their hands on them and let them go" (Acts 13, 1-3).

After these two missionaries had brought the good news to Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe, they went back through each city, "heartening the converts and encouraging them to the true religion. . . . They also appointed elders for them in each congregation" (Acts 14, 21-23).

St. Paul reminded his disciple Timothy: "Do not neglect the spiritual endowment you possess, through the laying on of the hands of the elders" (1 Tim. 4, 14). And also, "I now remind you to stir into flame the gift of God which is within you through the laying on of my hands."

So in our Church today our bishops choose men carefully, lay hands on them solemnly, and send them out filled with graces and gifts of the Holy Spirit, to preach and minister, to baptize and forgive sins, and to re-enact the realities of the Last Supper.

You know, Brother, that we have four more sacraments; and two of them, at least—Holy Eucharist and Penance—find abundant witness in Sacred Scripture. I

would like to discuss them with you; but my space is used up. Maybe another time, if you are interested. The sacrament of Extreme Unction is described by St. James: "Is anyone of you sick? He should call in the presbyters of the Church, and have them pray over him, while they anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord. That prayer, said with faith, will save the sick person, and the Lord will restore him" (James 5, 14-15).

We believe that this Last Anointing brings the graces and gifts

of the Spirit also—those specially needed by the soul which faces death at close range. And Matrimony, too, brings its gifts: those needed by husband and wife for their many obligations to each other, their children, and God.

Our sacraments are signs of the life and sanctity they put into our souls, as instruments designed by Christ and used by the Holy Ghost. The human lover gives proof of his ardor by a kiss or an embrace. Our Redeemer shows his sanctifying love for us in the signs of the sacraments.



### ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 139)

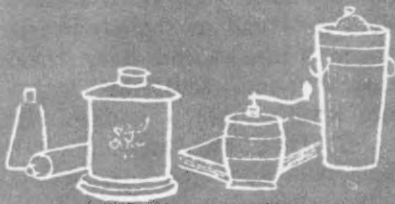
- |                              |   |
|------------------------------|---|
| 1. wanderlust (wan'der-lust) | h) An impulse to travel.  |
| 2. quartz (kworts)           | d) A brilliant, crystalline mineral.  |
| 3. waylay (way-lay')         | j) To ambush; to wait for and accost by surprise.                               |
| 4. hinterland (hin'ter-land) | c) A region remote from cities and towns.                                       |
| 5. panzer (pan'zer)          | e) A mechanized armored force, especially a division.                           |
| 6. flak (flak)               | b) Antiaircraft fire.   |
| 7. zwieback (zwi'bak)        | l) A form of toasted biscuit or rusk.   |
| 8. rinderpest (rin'der-pest) | k) An infectious disease of cattle; cattle plague.                              |
| 9. bivouac (biv'wak)         | a) A temporary encampment; particularly of soldiers.                            |
| 10. plunder (plun'der)       | i) To take by force or fraud; pillage; booty.                                   |
| 11. veneer (ve-neer')        | g) Any attractive but superficial appearance; to cover with a superior surface. |
| 12. ersatz (er-zats')        | f) Replacement; substitute.   |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

*the Catholic Digest*

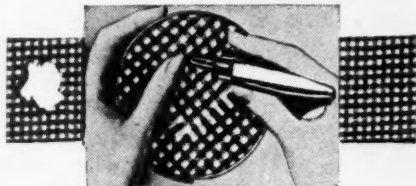
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by *Cathy Connolly*



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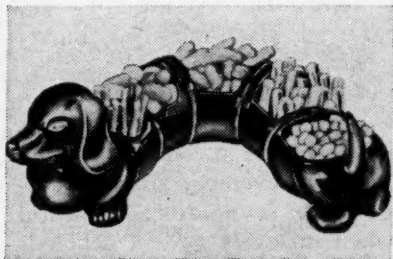


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# Six Ways to Quit Smoking

Sometime I must try them all again

By J. Campbell Bruce

PUTTING OUT cigarettes would be as easy as laying off arsenic, if only occasions didn't arise that *require* a smoke.

Take the other morning. I awoke refreshed from a dreamless sleep, and after a cold needle shower I felt gloriously alive, like a Chopin mazurka. As I stood shaving, the thought occurred, "Look, you feel like seven million bucks. Why not stay that way? Remember what that authority says, 'You don't *have* to smoke.'" The face in the mirror looked skeptical, and I offered reassurance, aloud: "That's right. You *don't* have to smoke."

As always, that simple truth brought fantasies of a life full of bustling activity, unhampered by the enervating effects of tobacco. As the razor starts down the right cheek, I envision myself basking in the tropical sun on a tramp steamer off the west coast of Central America, a Man of Iron in relaxed mood. I stride the deck, sucking in the unsullied air, flexing muscles hardened by pushups.



Down through the Panama canal—pitying the poor languid Panamanians with their cigarettes drooping from lower lips—and on across the Atlantic I sail, clear-eyed, clean-mouthed, bursting with vitality.

And then, as the razor attacks the left cheek, I begin the voyage home. Now I'm on the *Queen Mary*. It's evening, and the dining salon is aglitter: beautiful women in lovely gowns, debonair men dapperly groomed, a string ensemble industriously chopping up a gypsy air.



At the captain's table, we finish dinner with coffee and cognac. I produce a silver case and gallantly offer my charming dinner companion a Melachrino. (I can't stand the smell of Egyptian tobacco, but this is 1st class.) Letting the smoke escape in a jet of perfect little rings (a feat I can master only in daydreams), I glance over the salon with the insouciant air of a cosmopolite.

See what I mean?

It's obvious that I can't give up smoking until the *Queen Mary* docks in New York and I get out of that dinner jacket. And so, shattered by this experience, I enjoy a cigarette with my morning coffee.

But this day isn't lost. On the commuter train, I stare entranced at a color photo in a magazine of a fieldstone lodge in the High Sierra. It's a winter scene, and instantly I'm in a Mackinaw and lumberjack boots, an ax across my shoulder. I have been out all afternoon felling trees—small trees—for fireplace logs. Again the singing exultation that comes with swearing off cigarettes forever as I tramp through the deep snow toward the lodge.

Slipped and robed, I sit before a roaring fire, a blizzard howling in the night outside. Perfect setting for reverie. A reverie without a pipe? I forgot to bring a pipe. However, a pack of cigarettes materializes on the table at my elbow . . . .

What's the use? Disheartened, I close the magazine and light up. If I *have* to smoke, why not enjoy it? Inhaling happily, I turn back to the magazine. Ah, a picturesque cottage by the sea. Rather guiltily I crush the cigarette underfoot. For there I am, in a turtle-neck sweater, hiking along the rugged coast, salt spray on my face, filling my lungs with the pure air. And again, the wild joy of freedom from cigarettes.

Then, in a flash, I'm lounging in the cottage before a crackling fire, a Beethoven storm rampaging off the sea. To enjoy it to the full, I light up . . . .

In a way, this was a record, even for me. I had quit smoking three times, and the day was still young.

My hopes of release rose when a sure cure called "No Smoke" came on the market. Science to the rescue! Before handing over \$10 for a small bottle, I glanced at the instructions: "When you feel the urge to smoke, put two drops of No Smoke on your tongue—and *don't smoke*. Keep this up for three weeks, or longer if necessary."

This wasn't a remedy; it was \$10 worth of advice on how to stop smoking: stop. With all the urges to smoke that assail me, my tongue would be constantly saturated with No Smoke. No, it wouldn't work; not at \$10 a bottle.

That best seller *How to Stop*

*Smoking* sent me soaring again. Here at last was the answer. It spoke of the joys of smoking, and I agreed with every word. Then it spoke, with cold scientific authority, of the substances that tobacco smoke lugs into the lungs, and I was horrified. As further stimulus to quitting, the volume thoughtfully offered a daily guide.

The first morning before breakfast I read the 1st day instructions, and I went through that whole day without a cigarette. Next morning I read *2nd Day* with memorizing care, and breezed through that day without a smoke. Nary a cigarette—for seven days!

And then, on the morning of the 8th day, calamity struck. The book didn't tell me what to do. The daily guide stopped on the 7th day. I was lost, helpless, a vessel without rudder. On the way to the office I bought a pack of cigarettes.

After that crushing episode, I seemed doomed to reek like a faulty flue. And then came the cheering news of the lung-cancer scare. Cigarette smokers got it, said the chest experts, but not pipe or cigar smokers. I tried a cigar. Were those experts playing a practical joke? It nearly finished me off. I hadn't been so sick since that youthful struggle with the stogie behind the barn.

I tried a pipe and found it gentle enough. But it was terribly discouraging. I had to tote

around half a ton of paraphernalia, my pockets bulging like a news photographer's: the pipe itself, a can of tobacco, a pocketful of kitchen matches, tamper, bowl scraper, whatnot. Simply impossible with a double-breasted suit. Pipe smoking, I felt, is for carpenters.

One night, knocking the ashes out of the meerschaum at a friend's home, I cracked a fragile antique ash tray. Thereafter, I carried an emergency pack of cigarettes for use in homes. That led to more excuses, and I was soon smoking the pipe only part time.

Then, months later, came the explanation of why cigar and pipe smokers were not susceptible to lung cancer: they didn't inhale. No? I inhaled every drag. (They weren't *deep* drags; I never could get the pipe to draw that well.) With great relief I went back to cigarettes full time. If I were on the road to disaster anyway, I preferred to travel light.

I experimented next with the filter-tip brands. They tasted a little like cotton. Then I acquired a holder that filtered out 44% of the tars and nicotine. Almost half—I'd save at least one lung. But that simply boosted my expenses. The holder rendered ordinarily strong cigarettes so mild I was soon smoking twice as much. To reduce this intake of tars and nicotine, I took to smoking filter-tipped cigarettes in the

filter holder. Worse yet. I was now smoking *three times* as much as I had been.

I'm working on a third filter, for use between the filter-tipped cigarette and the filter holder, to strain out everything: tars, nicotine, even the taste. Then I could quit entirely, for good reason: why go to such lengths to breathe hot air?

Once I thought I was about to join the happy fraternity of nonsmokers whose reformation was enforced by heart attack. Dull pains in the upper left chest. Half hopeful they were signs of a cardiac condition (mild, of course, and quickly corrected by swearing off) I went to the doctor for a checkup. He thumped, poked, listened.

"Heart trouble?" I asked, almost eagerly.

"Not a sign. Sound heart, good lungs."

"But I should stop smoking?"

"Not unless you want to. There's a simple remedy for those aches—black coffee."

A nurse summoned the doctor to another room. I gestured to her to remain a moment, then asked her to take my pulse. It was 64. She left and I lit a cigarette, reassured that my heart was in tiptop shape. The first drag tingled to the finger tips as nicotine constricted capillaries. Presently the doctor came back and resumed the examination, taking my pulse.

"What is it?" I hastily asked.

"Eighty-four."

"*Eighty-four?* The nurse just said it was 64."

The doctor frowned, started counting again.

"Meantime, I smoked a cigarette—first of the day."

"Oh."

"But isn't that bad?"

"No, your heart can take a little jolt like that."

Desperate, I rattled off symptoms: appetite of an anemic wren, utterly fagged at the end of a day, poor vision, no sense of smell, nervous tension, peach-fuzz tongue, morning cough.

"Hmmm, if smoking does all that to you, you should quit," said the doctor, lighting a cigarette himself.

Discouraged, I lit up, too, then tried a new tack. "Doctor, look at the smoke curling up from the tip of the cigarette. Like a pale blue gossamer veil. Now watch." I inhaled, exhaled. "See the color of the 'used' smoke? A dirty gray. Doesn't that convince you smoking is no good?"

"I've always been convinced," said the doctor, puffing away.

Once a virus kept me off cigarettes for a few days and I managed to stay off for several weeks. I was full of energy, eager to do a million things. I did nothing. I couldn't settle down, couldn't concentrate. It was so frustrating I had to start smoking again.

There's another problem. After

you stop smoking you experience that wonderful glow of well-being, sure, but it has rough edges. The exultation itself seems to get on your nerves. You become cantankerous, snapping when spoken to. How often have I heard my wife wearily ask, "John, have you quit smoking again?"

On a flight out of La Guardia one day I sat next to Willard Van Dyke, the documentary-film producer. The moment the no-smoking sign went off he tendered a pack. "No, thanks," I mumbled.

"You don't smoke?"

He asked that too eagerly. It tabbed him at once as a man with a smoking problem, anxious for my secret. Smokers who can't quit envy those who can. Don't I know!

"I'm not sure—yet," I replied.

He started. "Not sure?"

"I quit this morning. But then, I quit every morning. Something always comes up, and I start again. Quitting has become a worse habit than smoking."

He confided sympathetically, "That's my trouble. I can never quit during production of a film. I get irritable when I quit, and I like to have good relations with my crew. I'm always going to quit once we finish a film." He shrugged. "Then we always start another. It's hopeless."

That had a familiar ring. I can never quit in the midst of a writing project because I need a cigarette to think—or so I think.

I often wonder, how did people get along before Sir Walter Raleigh discovered the pleasures of tobacco?

Van Dyke told of a motor trip he'd taken through South America. He ran out of American cigarettes and, finding the native variety intolerable, gave up altogether. Three months later he drove into Santiago, saw a sign in a restaurant window, "American Food Served Here," and rushed in.

"It was surprising enough to find American food in Chile, but what food! I hadn't tasted anything like it except my mother's cooking. It had all the flavors and aromas of the meals I remembered at home when I was a kid. Then it dawned on me. I wasn't smoking! It was the first time I'd really tasted food since I left home and took up smoking."

With his taste buds working again, Van Dyke developed a sudden craving for a tomato. "We were warned not to eat anything uncooked, but I had to have a tomato, raw. I bought a big red tomato at the market, dipped it in potassium permanganate to kill the bugs, then washed it in sterile water. Nothing ever tasted so delicious. That settled smoking for me. Never again!"

He mulled over the memory, wistfully. "When I returned to New York—well, you know, the tensions of work. I took a few puffs on a cigarette." He glowered

at the cigarette in his hand. "Been quitting ever since. But I think I've got it beat: a firm New Year's resolution."

"New Year's? But you're still smoking."

"It was a resolution that some time during the year I'd stop smoking." He took a long, confident pull. "Still six and a half months to go."

Sometimes I think, quitting is

such a real pleasure, why limit myself? Why not keep right on enjoying fresh releases from the habit? The doctor summed it all up: "Forget about quitting and stop feeling guilty. Enjoy your smoking. When you really *want* to quit, you'll quit."

I *want* to right now. But I can't, not while I'm writing this. Once it's finished, I'm going to stop smoking. Tomorrow morning.

## NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

English has borrowed words from all the chief languages of the world. Some of these "loan words" can be readily recognized. *Waltz*, *pretzel*, *pumpernickel*, *sauerkraut*, and *kindergarten* are a few common words taken directly from German.

Below in Column A are a dozen more German loan words. Recognize them? Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B?

### Column A

1. wanderlust
2. quartz
3. waylay
4. hinterland
5. panzer
6. flak
7. zwieback
8. rinderpest
9. bivouac
10. plunder
11. veneer
12. ersatz

### Column B

- a) A temporary encampment, particularly of soldiers.
- b) Antiaircraft fire.
- c) A region remote from cities and towns.
- d) A brilliant, crystalline mineral.
- e) A mechanized armored force, especially a division.
- f) Replacement; substitute.
- g) An attractive but superficial appearance; to cover with a superior surface.
- h) An impulse to travel.
- i) To take by force or fraud; pillage; booty.
- j) To ambush; to wait for and accost by surprise.
- k) An infectious disease of cattle; cattle plague.
- l) A form of toasted biscuit or rusk.

(Answers on page 131)

# UNCLE SAM'S LABORATORY

*The National Bureau of Standards is an essential element in America's technical prosperity*

By John C. Schmidt

SCIENTISTS at the National Bureau of Standards have used the fleeting trails of meteors to bounce radio messages halfway across the country.

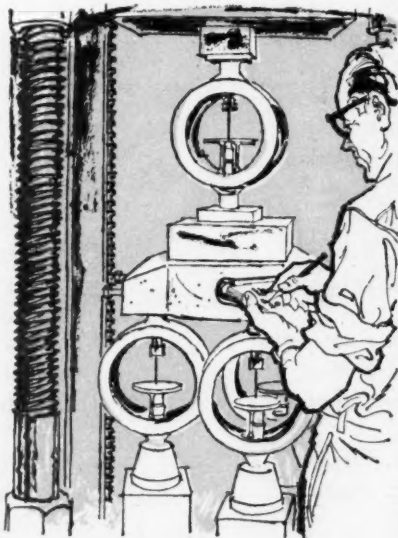
They have turned graphite into diamonds and gold into mercury. They have built a camera that could record the entire Bible twice on the area of a grain of rice. They have listened to the airborne sounds of tornadoes and earthquakes thousands of miles away.

These and other fantastic achievements represent a small part of the scientific burrowing that makes the bureau one of the important basic research centers in the country. Its work is essential to America's continued technical prosperity.

Measurement is the bureau's main business. In its 60-year history, its men and women have developed about 700 individual standards on which the conduct of U.S. commerce, industry, science, and engineering are based. It is the standard-bearer of the nation for inches, pounds, volts, degrees, decibels, kilocycles, luminescence,

soapiness, glossiness, glassiness.

The bureau once received a letter asking what were the standards for "a gentleman." The bureau referred the writer to the dictionary and to guides on customs and courtesy. The story appeared in a newspaper as a humorous item, but many people took it seriously and wrote in for additional information on the bureau's standards for a gentleman.



To settle a 1939 controversy over the respective liveliness of the baseballs used by opposing leagues, Clark Griffith enlisted the aid of the bureau scientists. They devised a mechanical batter which gave the ball the same wallop. No measurable difference was found between the two types of balls. One of the bureau researchers said, "Emphasis should be on the batter, not the ball."

The country runs on bureau-broadcast time, determined by atomic clocks accurate to one second per 1,000 years. An NBS color dictionary sets the tone for makers of garments, dentures, and color-TV tubes. Our money is printed on paper developed by bureau research. Through its radio propagation laboratory at Boulder, Colo., the bureau forecasts the feasibility of radio communication between any two points on the globe at a given time.

As its own research and that of other laboratories opens up frontier areas in science, the bureau must develop new standards, devise new instrumentation, and arrange calibration or accuracy-checking services.

Last March, the bureau began moving from its cramped Connecticut Ave. quarters in Washington, D.C., to a 550-acre rural site near Gaithersburg, Md., 20 miles northwest of the nation's capital. When its \$104-million facilities there are complete, it will

be one of the largest research laboratories in the world.

The bureau is assuming such mammoth proportions with good reason. Demands of modern technology are outracing efforts of measurement devices. Complex space rockets require more precise components than we can produce on a routine basis. The result could be the slowing down of technological progress while measurement techniques catch up.

One man keenly aware of the problem is Dr. Allen V. Astin, a veteran of 30 years with the bureau and now chief, acclaimed for his work on the proximity fuse in the 2nd World War. Dr. Astin says, "Measurement requirements of the nation's scientific laboratories, technology centers, and industrial plants are increasing at an unprecedented rate. Many of the most critical requirements are linked with such spectacular areas as space exploration and nuclear technology.

"For example, length measurements must be performed with an accuracy of one part in 10 million. Accurate temperature measurements must be extended downward toward absolute zero ( $-495.6^{\circ}$  F) and upward toward the  $20,000$ - $30,000^{\circ}$  F range. What is true of length and temperature is true in other areas: mass, frequency, electrical units, electronics, and optics, to mention just a few."

To measure length with an ac-

curacy of one part in 10 million on the earth's surface, one would have to measure the distance between Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia with an error of less than one inch. When such precision is applied to small items such as guidance gyroscopes and supercritical transistors, tolerances of a millionth of an inch are far too great. That margin of error in a critical moon-rocket component could cause the rocket to miss its mark by 1,000 miles.

Rockets provide a good example of why such fantastic precision is necessary. The average space vehicle contains more than 1 million individual parts made by 500 or more manufacturers in different parts of the country. Unless each manufacturer is using the same yardstick, the chances of all the parts working together are nil.

When the bureau set up shop in 1901, its standard meter was obtained from Europe and defined between two hairlines on a \$10,000 bar of platinum-iridium. This bar is still on display in a glass-front vault at the bureau, but for practical purposes it has been replaced by a far more accurate system.

The bureau has led efforts to get away from such arbitrary prototypes which could be lost or change their values with time. Its scientists have turned to the pulsing heart of the atom for their latest batch of standards. They have built a lamp which uses the

wave length of the isotope Krypton-86 to yield an "atomic" meter. This technique is repeatable in a laboratory anywhere in the world, and produces a meter accurate to one part in 100 million.

Dr. Astin likes to recall a story about a public-relations officer in an industrial corporation. "The company engineers were justly proud of an achievement in which difficult dimensional tolerances had been maintained to a few ten-thousandth parts of an inch. The public-relations man in preparing a release on this achievement felt that the use of the word 'few' was too self-effacing. He revised the claim to read that tolerances were maintained to 'many ten-thousandth parts of an inch.'"

Calvin S. McCamy, one of the bureau's younger men, developed the ultrahigh-resolution camera. "Not only could we reproduce the entire Bible twice on the area of a grain of rice," he has said, "but on the ends of the grain we could put a concordance and a couple of maps of the Holy Land."

In his first successful experiment, he photographed part of the opening page of Genesis to prove his theory. When the plate was developed and he located the image through a microscope, among the first words he saw were: "And God divided the light from the darkness." "There, you see," McCamy said proudly. "God was interested in resolution, too."

Bureau researchers in high pres-



sure made use of a 7.5 carat diamond confiscated by the Customs bureau from smugglers. The scientists drilled a fine hole in the gem and created a miniature pressure cooker in which they could generate pressure 30,000 times greater than atmospheric pressure. The once flawless diamond finally shattered in an experiment, an event that had been expected sooner or later.

The diamond was not the only unusual research material used by NBS scientists. In 1942, Dr. William F. Meggars went to Fort Knox and got 40 ounces of proof gold which he hoped to transmute into an isotope of mercury—mercury 198. He bombarded the precious metal in a cyclotron for three years but produced only microscopic amounts of the isotope. The atomic pile at Oak Ridge, generating a far more intense source of neutrons, finally did the trick. With his mercury 198, Dr. Meggars made a lamp which emits an unchanging wave length of light, one of the pioneering steps in development of an atomic length standard.

Bureau workers have contributed new concepts in mechanical translation of Russian technical literature, using computers with coded vocabularies, programed to recognize grammatical connections between words. This is an enormously complex project, with many possible pitfalls. (Mrs. Ida Rhodes, small, gray-haired Rus-

sian-born pioneer in the application of computers to language translation, cites the example of a human translator working out of his field. He translated the Russian words for hydraulic ram as "water goat.")

In carrying out these and some 700 other projects simultaneously, the bureau must operate on the scale of a scientific supermarket. At its Washington location it has 1,000 individual laboratories. Of its staff of 3,000, more than half are scientists or engineers. A recent breakdown of professional personnel showed 525 physicists, 300 chemists, 375 engineers, 95 mathematicians, and 175 specialists in other fields.

The bureau is no giant among federal agencies, however. By comparison, the National Aeronautics and Space administration, another government scientific agency, has 9,600 employees and a budget many times greater than the bureau's \$37 million total.

Just as the number and nature of its activities have grown enormously since the bureau's founding, so have its needs for tools of research. Robert S. Walleigh, associate director for administration and the man in charge of the move to Gaithersburg, says the bureau that will grow up there will not be the same one that has been choked for space in uptown Washington.

"We don't just want to recreate what we already have," says Mr.

Walleigh. "One of the things this move has done is cause the directors to look very hard at the bureau's programs and to think about which way we are going and which way we ought to go."

Dr. Astin and his associates have spent the last year taking such a critical look, and the result has been significant changes in all but four of the bureau's 20 scientific divisions.

First priority in new construction has been given to two new laboratories, for engineering mechanics and radiation physics, be-

cause of urgent national needs for expanding those programs.

One of the new features of the engineering mechanics laboratory will be a 1-million-pound dead-weight testing machine. The present 111,000-pound-capacity machine, built in 1927, cannot measure into the range required by today's technicians. One manufacturer of rockets has estimated that greater precision in measuring thrust of powerful rocket engines could save hundreds of millions of dollars now spent on experimental firings.



### SIGNS OF THE TIMES

On a gas station in Detroit, Mich.: "All foreign cars washed with imported water." John Novak.

\*

Over a bowl of pretzels in a bar in Cleveland, Ohio: "The Drinking Man's Filter." John Novak.

\*

In a Wisconsin garage and service station: "We require a 50% deposit from all customers we do not know, and a 100% deposit from some we do know." Dr. L. Binder.

\*

In a Los Angeles, Calif., fuel shanty: "Firewood like mother used to chop." Morris Bender.

\*

In a girls' locker room in Long Island, N.Y.: "Jackie Kennedy wouldn't throw paper towels on the floor." *American Weekly* (2 April '61).

\*

In front of the flower gardens in a municipal park in Jackson, Mich.: "Love 'em and leave 'em." Alan Markowitz.

\*

On the rear bumper of a car in San Francisco, Calif.: "Don't follow me. I'm lost." *Philadelphia Inquirer* (10 April '61).

\*

Over a rack of paperbacks in Mt. Vernon, N.Y.: "Books for people with more brains than money." Charles Chick Govin.



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