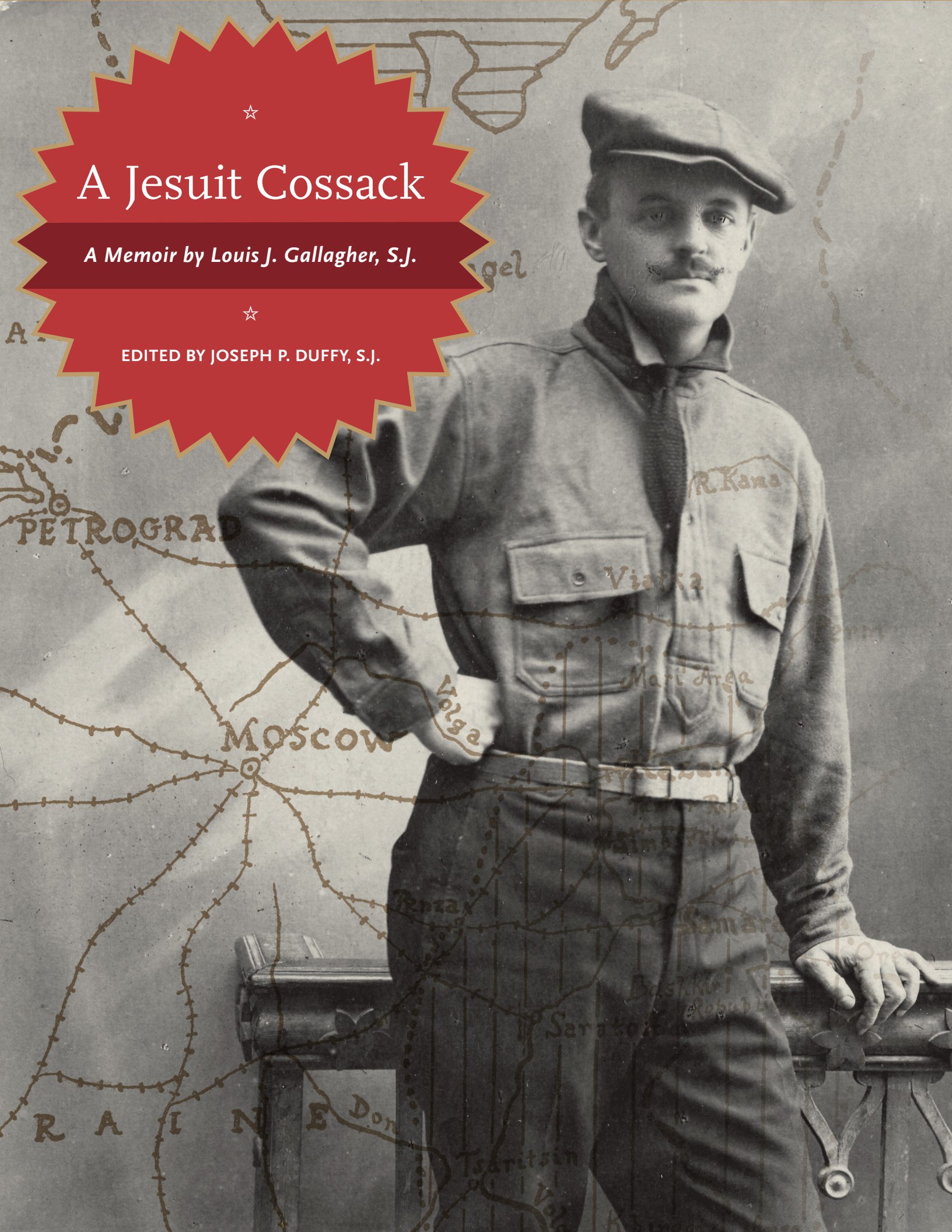

A Jesuit Cossack

A Memoir by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J.

EDITED BY JOSEPH P. DUFFY, S.J.

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On the cover: Louis J. Gallager, S.J., Moscow, circa 1923.

About the Author

BY JOSEPH P. DUFFY, S.J.

LOUIS J. GALLAGHER, S.J. WAS BORN IN BOSTON ON JULY 22, 1885, the second of three sons of James P. and Sarah Gallagher. He grew up in Boston and Malden, Massachusetts, where he completed his elementary school education. After graduating from Boston College High School, he attended Boston College for two years and then entered the Society of Jesus on August 14, 1905.

During his years of formation as a Jesuit, he pursued the normal course of studies and was ordained on June 29, 1920, at Georgetown University. After completing his theology studies in 1921, he was appointed Headmaster of Xavier High School in New York City. It was toward the end of that school year that he was invited to be the assistant to Fr. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., the Director of the Vatican Famine Relief Mission to Russia, where he served in that capacity for 15 months.

Upon his return to the United States, beginning in 1924, he undertook a number of administrative positions. First, from 1924 until 1926, as Prefect of Studies (Dean) at Georgetown University. Then, from 1926 until 1932, he was Executive Secretary to the Provincial, Major Superior of the New England Province. After this assignment he was appointed Rector/President of Boston College, a position he held until 1937. In the years that followed until 1949 he combined writing with a number of administrative positions; as Editor of the *New England Province News*, Associate Director of the Institute of Social Order, Director of the Jesuit Seminary Guild and Editor of the Jesuit Seminary News. From 1949 until 1955 his main occupation was writing and in his last years of active ministry, 1955–1970, he lived at Georgetown University where he continued his writing and worked with his long-time friend, Fr. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., collecting and classifying fifty years of Walsh's letters and documents, and arranging them for the University Archives.

All of this resulted in Fr. Gallagher's writing the biography entitled, *The Life of Edmund A. Walsh, S.J.*, one of his six published books. Another of which was *The Life of St. Andrew Bobola, Jesuit Martyr, Patron of Poland*. From his memoir and all of his writings and lectures it is clear that the 15 months spent in Russia early in his Jesuit priestly life and decades long association with Fr. Edmund A. Walsh were unforgettable experiences and left an indelible impression that remained with him throughout his long life.

In 1970 Fr. Gallagher returned to New England and took up residence at Weston College where he served as a House Confessor until his death on August 14, 1972, at the age of 87 on the 67th anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus.

FOREWORD

"Meet me at Cunard Pier—docking at 5 p.m."

BY JOSEPH P. DUFFY, S.J.

IN THE EARLY 1960S FR. LOUIS J. GALLAGHER, S.J. COMPOSED A MEMOIR, titled either *A Twentieth Century Jesuit* or *Recollections of a Jesuit Cossack* that focuses for the most part on the 15 months he spent in famine-stricken Russia as Assistant to the Director of the Papal Relief Mission, starting in late July, 1922, all the while acting as a layman. There are several versions of the memoir but, with minor exceptions, they are identical. Despite some early efforts, the memoir has never been published.

The present edited version of Fr. Gallagher's memoir seeks to share that challenging and intriguing experience with all of the difficulties and hardships it entailed as well as the satisfaction of providing food, clothing, and medicine for a starving, desperate and grateful population of men, women, and children in Russia. The story also tells of his role as a Diplomatic Courier of both the Soviet Government and the Vatican in bringing the remains of the then-Blessed Andrew Bobola from Moscow to Rome. According to Fr. Gallagher, his is the first eyewitness account of the recovery of the body, and described in more detail than is found in the Vatican record.

How did this amazing adventure come about? After ordination and completing his study of theology, Fr. Gallagher's first assignment was as Headmaster of Xavier High School in New York City. It looked like the beginning of a school career. And then, in his own words:

Toward the end of that school year, when preparing for the closing exercises, the Headmaster [*Gallagher always refers to himself in the third person.*] was surprised to receive a short and rather puzzling telegram from an ocean liner coming into New York. The telegram read, "Meet me at Cunard Pier—docking at 5 p.m." Realizing that the man who sent this message was on his way back to America before he had finished his year as a Tertian Fr. at Paray-le-Monial in France, the conclusion was that something unusual was afoot. With no previous explanation of the telegram and without prologue or introduction to the subject, that evening at dinner, the Headmaster was asked, "Will you come with me to Russia?" The question created a moment of surprise, such as diplomats dispose of by lighting a cigarette, to gain a moment for consideration. Evidently the matter had been prearranged with Superiors and needed only the consent of the one involved. It was a direct question that called for a direct answer.

"Yes, certainly. When?"

"Sailing at noon, June 17th, on the Coronia for Cherbourg, then to Paris and Rome, And from there we shall find our way to Moscow."

And so the memoir begins.

The Soviets, the Vatican, and Fr. Louis Gallagher, an introduction

BY CHARLES GALLAGHER, S.J.

ON SEPTEMBER 15 1924, A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BISHOPS carried a front-page article written by its Vatican correspondent that recounted a face-to-face conversation between an anonymous German priest and Vladimir Lenin just prior to Lenin's death. The priest had known Lenin when both men were journalists in Paris. Now, however, Lenin was "the author of one of the most terrible revolutions in history" and engaged in war against Roman Catholicism and religious faith in general. Three principles guided him: firstly, that the deliverance of mankind was not effectuated by Christ, but by the Soviet system; secondly, that this system would appropriate funds, land, and authority unto itself; and lastly—and perhaps most terrifyingly—that the system was exterminationist, that "what is opposed to us" had to be obliterated.

Lenin's revolution was not simply a socio-economic one, or even a revolution against capitalism. Catholics such as the Jesuits Edmund Walsh and Louis Gallagher—who are the leading characters on these pages—viewed Lenin's co-option of Marxist theory as something much more sinister. Lenin's revolution was, as they saw it, eschatological. It aimed at world domination under a religion that was bereft of divinity and transcendence, but which nevertheless contained teleological elements of utopianism. These, in turn, Gallagher and others worried, might offer a substitute for the spiritual ends of Roman Catholicism, with the social justice components of Marxism turning ordinary believers away from the sacred and toward the profane.

Gallagher's experience in Russia, recounted here, was an experience of the mechanism by which such turning would occur: the police state. Father Edward Pace's article on Bolshevism in the 1922 edition of *The Catholic Encyclopedia* reflected this understanding. "A Red Terror," was emerging not only against the property-owning classes, but also bringing "wholesale executions and persecutions of the Christian churches in all [their] denominations." Fr. Walsh, who was Gallagher's mentor and companion in the Soviet Union, framed Russian interference with Papal relief efforts as "terroristic." The "terrorism of the Tcheka" had kept him from completing his work for Papal Relief, Walsh once wrote. By 1923, the arrests, torture, imprisonment, and execution of Catholic priests (and non-conforming Orthodox), inspired Walsh to write that the whole "government, its army, its police, its legislation, [and] its control of food," was nothing more than "subsidized terrorism."

In many ways, the younger Gallagher grew to see the "threat of Communism," as he put it, as two-pronged. Yes, there was the police state, the informers, the spies, the jails and the risks of imprisonment. But for Gallagher, Communism was not just a state apparatus. It was an anti-faith, and a parallel faith to Christianity.

The secrecy, danger, and hardships of Gallagher's Russian assignment were for Gallagher the

byproducts of a religious purpose, and one which he knew could cost him imprisonment or his life. Gallagher's mission to Russia to preserve the relics of then-Blessed Andrew Bobola underscored the contrasts between Soviet Communism and Roman Catholicism. The stark materialism inherent to Marxist and Leninist theory dismisses the idea of the human body as sacred. The divine origin of the human person, as well as the eternal destiny of both the body and the soul, was a teaching abhorrent to the new regime. To the Soviets, Gallagher's mission was folly. But to Gallagher, it was sacred, with an eternal purpose on behalf of the church founded by Jesus Christ.

As an obedient Jesuit, Gallagher lived his post-Russia priesthood largely out of the limelight, as a dean at Georgetown and later as president of Boston College (1932–1937). But the challenge that Communism posed to Roman Catholicism defined nearly all of his later life. As late as 1947, he was addressing Boston College alumni groups on "The Threat of Communism to Western Civilization." For Gallagher, formed as a young man in the crucible of the Papal relief mission, the Soviet threat never ceased. He published nothing about himself in his long lifetime, but much about the saints and about those who fought the Soviets and their allies.

Charles Gallagher, S.J., is a member of the history department at Boston College and no relation to Fr. Louis Gallagher.

Louis J. Gallagher, S.J., dressed as a layman, Moscow, 1922.

CHAPTER I

Papal Relief Mission

FR. EDMUND A. WALSH WAS A MAN WHO LIVED IN THE PRESENT as he had planned it. During the many years of his intercontinental travel on trains and planes and aboard ocean liners he was continually planning for future months and years and determining details of proximate weeks and days. In February of 1922 he was called from Paray-le-Monial to Rome by the General of the Society of Jesus for consultation with Vatican officials on the feasibility of organizing a Papal Relief Mission, to be affiliated with the American Relief Administration (A.R.A.) then operating in famine-stricken Russia. On March 23 he was welcomed in Moscow by Colonel William Haskell, U.S.A., Director of the A.R.A., as it was commonly called, with whom he made a hurried visitation of famine-beset areas along the Volga Valley and chiefly in the District of Samara. He was back in Rome by May 3, and after an interview with Pope Pius XI, Cardinal Gasparri, and the Father General of the Society, the relief mission was decided upon. The mission had been recommended by Colonel Haskell and it needed only the approbation of Herbert Hoover, Director General of European Relief, and of President Warren Harding, to become affiliated with the A.R.A. It was to secure these approvals that Fr. Walsh was on his way to America when he sent the message from the Berengaria to the Headmaster of Xavier High School, who had been previously but unknowingly appointed as his Assistant by Jesuit Superiors for this Russian venture.

The day after he landed in New York, Fr. Walsh was off to Washington with letters from the Pope to Harding and to Hoover. His trip to the Capital was wholly successful and the Papal Relief Mission to Russia finally established. Fr. Walsh and his Assistant were made members of the American Relief Administration and the next time they met was on the morning of the day of sailing. The ship was sailing at noon and they boarded the *Coronia* about half a minute before the gangplank was hauled in. An almost-late arrival was in no ways disturbing to the Director of the Papal Relief Mission. Split-second timing was typical of his method of operating. This particular mission was outstanding among the major episodes of his busy life.

The trip across the Atlantic was the first Jesuit contribution to the family itinerary and the time given to reading was mostly devoted to European

travel guides and particularly to Baedeker's *Russia*, printed before the First World War. This book set one to wondering what was left of the art and architecture, the housing and living conditions of old-time Muscovy. Fr. Walsh had kept a record of his former trip through Russia, made only a few months before. But, as he said, our chief interest would not be in places nor in the things that were, but in the people and in what they were enduring at present. The murder of the royalty, the decimation of the aristocracy and the so-called liberation of the laborer were all past history. The condition of the millions of peasants facing starvation was more closely related to the mission of mercy we were about to undertake.

For a Jesuit visiting Paris for the first time and for a single day, the one place to be seen was the crypt of the chapel on the Hill of Montmartre, on rue Antoinette, below the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. There is a brass plate on the wall of the chapel, reading "Cradle of the Society of Jesus." It was here that Saint Ignatius and his first companions enacted the first scene in the history of the Society on August 15, 1534.

The best part of the trip from Paris to Rome by way of the Simplon Tunnel was its termination. With no lights in the cars, the train stopped for a full hour at midnight, under the mountain, in stygian darkness and with not a breath of air stirring. It was difficult breathing, and becoming more difficult, until the train got under way and picked up enough speed to create its own ventilation. Looking at the country along the Tuscan coast while passing through a series of small tunnels was like viewing the scenery with a curtain going up and down. Between business preparations and sightseeing, a short week in Rome created a longing for a more extended and a more leisurely stay in the Holy City. Part of the business there was the collection of extra visas, and of the six countries by which they were granted the only one that would frank a visa for an American going into Russia as a member of a Papal Relief Mission was Germany. Exceptions stick in the memory.

There are many places and many things to be seen in Rome but there is only one person. To see

One of four million Russian orphans, circa 1922.

the Pope for the first time and to talk with him for twenty minutes in a private audience was beyond all expectations.

On the wall opposite to the desk on which these lines are being written there is a large portrait of Pius XI in his papal robes of white and seated in a chair, exactly as he appeared when we entered his private study. Soft-spoken and of placid countenance, his intimate manner immediately developed an atmosphere of familiarity. He made you feel that you were talking with an old friend after a long absence. The idea of subject and superior never entered your head when listening to the Vicar of Christ thanking you in person for answering a call to cooperate in a mission that he said was close to his heart and of deep interest to the Church. When looking at his picture on the wall, Rome, Saint Peter's and the Vatican are all brought back to memory as clearly as

if they were outlined in the background of his portrait. Leaving his presence was accompanied with the hope of seeing him again.

July 1922 was an unusual time to be making a trip from Rome to Riga in Latvia. The peace treaty after the First World War went into effect in 1920, but the Allied Armies were still in occupation in Germany. In the two and a half years after the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, new republics had been established and new national boundaries determined, but there were still millions of people getting back to the seats of their racial origin. The surprising part of all this was that such cities as Munich, Coblenz, Hanover, Hamburg, and Berlin were as busy and as peaceful as if their present circumstances were the normal way of living.

Our itinerary called for visits to certain prelates in Austria and in Germany and for business calls to the headquarters of the occupying armies. Fr. Walsh had studied at Innsbruck some years before. He was allergic to the sultry sirocco that hit in about an hour before our arrival at noon and put him to bed for the rest of the day, after we had bypassed Oberammergau and the Passion Play in a hurry to get to Innsbruck. Four months before that time, on his first trip to Moscow, Fr. Walsh had sent a trunk from Paris to Coblenz, which fortunately was lost in transit and not heard from since. We say fortunately because that trunk brought us to Coblenz and to the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation. On arrival at the Coblenz Hoff, Fr. Walsh found a letter from a former acquaintance, the Commanding General of the American Forces, inviting us to dinner on the following day. The trunk was found in Army storage but the General's letter of invitation was the fortunate item of this particular stop.

Berlin meant a longer halt. Thus far we had traveled in clerical garb. Here it was decided to change into some of the John David apparel purchased in New York. Fr. Walsh had had some experience in an Army uniform and for variety he decided on a bow tie. His less experienced companion had to make several attempts before hitting on a slipknot that brought the hanging ends of his tie together in a four-in-hand. Then came the first adventure as John Doe, layman, operating as a unit of John Q. Public. Before leaving Cherbourg, en route to Paris and Rome, our trunks were checked for storage at Hamburg, thus saving the trouble of taking them to Rome and then all the way back to Berlin. The Director would be busy collecting passport visas for Poland, Lithuania and Latvia. In the meantime his Assistant went up to Hamburg to bring back the trunks, and just before leaving, Fr. Walsh handed him a letter saying, "Put that in your pocket. It may come in handy." He had a mind for anticipating not only probable but possible difficulties.

With our inadequate knowledge of spoken German, it seemed a good idea to hire a Cook's Tour agent as interpreter and as general aide in getting the trunks. His first move was to hire a drive-yourself beach wagon and no time was lost in arriving at the Cunard storage plant, about three miles outside the city. The superintendent of the storehouse was a big, brusque individual wearing a somewhat shabby German military uniform. After receiving the claim checks for the baggage, he produced a long printed questionnaire demanding information on every detail of the claimant. We were in a hurry to catch an evening train for Berlin and this looked like a long and useless session. Our first pose was an air of quiet displeasure because of the long questionnaire. The next idea was to ask the Cook's agent if he thought the superintendent could speak or read English, to which he answered, "Speak, no. Read, maybe." Whereupon a letter was produced and handed to the superintendent. The letter's envelope was marked "U.S. Army Headquarters, Coblenz, Germany," and was decorated with two small red, white and blue ribbons held in place by a wax seal. If there was one thing the Germans in general and the military in particular were anxious to avoid at that time it was business of any kind with headquarters of an occupying army. The superintendent immediately called in two men and, after a short whispered consultation, without even taking the letter out of the envelope, ordered them to bring out the trunks and to place them in the beach wagon. Then he returned the envelope and we were in due time to meet the evening train. The letter in question was the American General's invitation to dinner, received by Fr. Walsh a few days before. Events unex-

Feeding kitchen for Russian children run by the Papal Relief Mission, circa 1923.

pected were beginning to accumulate.

A week or more in Berlin at this time would have been interesting and instructive, but there were thousands of hungry children waiting for us hundreds of miles away and delay on arrival might prove fatal to many of them. Service on the through train, Berlin to Riga, was quite satisfactory and added to that was the good fortune of having with us a courier of the American Relief Administration, Mr. Shandy, who took care of the baggage at the numerous customs stops in Poland, Lithuania, and Latvia. For ten days past Fr. Walsh had been trying to contact Colonel Haskell, Director of the American Relief Administration in Russia, to which the Papal Relief Mission was affiliated. Mr. Shandy was of the opinion that the Colonel was then aboard an outgoing train, Riga to Berlin, scheduled to stop at a junction south of Kovno at 2:00 A.M. on the following morning, where our train would await its arrival. At midnight Fr. Walsh packed his bags and decided to take them with him aboard the outcoming train, and if he found the Colonel, to return with him to Berlin for consultation. If he did not return before our departure, we were to go on to Riga and await his telegram.

It all turned out as he had planned it. He met the Colonel and returned with him to Berlin, but something went awry in the planning that caused him considerable trouble and delay in getting out of Berlin, and his Assistant an overlong stay in Riga. After finding a room in a Riga hotel for a lone traveler, Mr. Shandy left for the American Consulate. On the following morning when this lone traveler went into the dining room of the hotel, he was surprised to see a couple, evidently Americans, somewhat confused in poring over a menu card printed in Russian.

"Good morning," he said, "May I be of assistance?"

"Why yes, certainly, if you can read this menu."

"An order for breakfast, I presume. Let's see, no

orange juice, no bacon. How about an egg omelet with coffee and toast?"

"Fine. Just right. Won't you sit with us?"

The order was given for three omelets of two eggs each. When the Russians order an omelet they always specify the number of eggs they want in it. Introductions were in order. Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, American tourists, and an American relief worker going into Russia. During the course of the breakfast conversation, Mr. Tourist seemed a bit perturbed when he asked, "Do you know a man named Walsh, Edmund A. Walsh?"

"Why, yes. He was on the train with us coming in."

"So he was, but he got off somewhere and made the stupid mistake of taking our passport instead of his own and we got his, which I have in my pocket. Here, take a look at it."

The mistake was evident and its correction not too difficult, though it would mean some delay for the tourists who accepted an explanation good-naturedly and decided to make the best of it. On the interstate trains, as they knew, the conductor collected all passports and returned them when the passengers reached their destinations. Very likely the only way the conductor on our train could recognize an American passport was by the envelope in which it was contained, marked with red, white, and blue stripes. "Mr." Walsh left the train at Kovno Junction, at night and in a hurry, and when he asked the conductor for his passport Americanski, the conductor handed him the first American sample he came across in his collection. The explanation was plausible, but what then?

"Present this passport to Mr. Shandy at the American Consulate here in Riga. Shandy is an A.R.A. courier. He was with Mr. Walsh on the train and he will probably know where to send his passport. You can take it for granted that as soon as Mr. Walsh recognized his mistake he put your passport in the mail for Shandy at the Consulate."

Three days later the tourists received their passport. They had reached the end of their journey and were returning to New York. With Fr. Walsh, however, it was decidedly different. In those days in Europe, American passports were worth more than money and sending them by mail was taking a dangerous risk. To close this incident, we shall anticipate by saying that Fr. Walsh was delayed for a week in Berlin, and when his passport finally came through, by courier, he went into Moscow by direct train from Warsaw.

The few days spent in Riga were enough for inspecting the dormant condition of a medieval town that had been Russian, German, and Polish in the various phases of its history. Formerly it was a flourishing international seaport and probably was in the heyday of its prosperity during the time of the Hanseatic League, back in the 12th century. On the 18th of July a telegram was received from Fr. Walsh, reading, "Proceed to Moscow with baggage. Will meet you there as soon as possible. Passport trouble." In those days in Riga people spoke of going into Russia as if the entrant were about to explore a mysterious cave where caution at every step was necessary if he would avoid calamity. No doubt caution was needed, more in talking than in walking, but the work to be done gradually absorbed all feeling of uneasiness. The train left Riga on the evening of July 19 and arrived in Moscow in the afternoon of the 22nd. The wagon-lit to which we were assigned was called first class but like so many other first class things in Russia it had fallen into a state of near ruin and needed a complete overhauling.

As most of the first four months in Russia was to be spent in traveling to distant Centers of the country to open feeding kitchens for children, it will afford a better idea of travel conditions in that country to mention some of the paraphernalia contained in the three trunks and six bags with which we arrived in Moscow. At Army Headquarters in Coblenz we were told what to purchase in Germany for convenience in travel and for lodging at the so-called hotels, inns, and caravansaries in the open country in Russia. For night there was a sleeping bag, a pillow, and a single blanket. Outside of the large cities, a relief worker never slept in beds or on lounges, even if these were available. He slept in his sleeping bag on the floor, after sweeping off a space and spreading around a generous dusting of yellow insect powder. For train travel he carried an assortment of pewter tableware and cutlery, a

small frying pan and a boiling pot, and for cooking, a small can of sterno, a solid wax permeated with alcohol which made a miniature but very efficient cook stove. Food for longer trips could be purchased at American commissaries in different cities, which carried a large variety of American cereals, canned good of all kinds, various bakery items and the very important powdered coffee and American cigarettes. Time went by rapidly on the slow-moving trains when there were three meals a day to be cooked and consumed. The dishwashing and "neating up" after meals was generally done by the conductor, who was quite satisfied with payment of a few rubles, a cup of coffee and two or three American cigarettes. Seldom if ever were the cars lighted, even on the main roads, and if you wanted to read after sundown, you did so by candlelight, with the candle stuck on the window sill. Once you left the main road you were practically camping out in unheated cars, sleeping on hard board seats and dressed as for outdoors, in overcoat, shoes and fur hat, plus the single blanket, and with the sleeping bag as a mattress. On such trains conditions in the other cars, crowded with refugees moving about the country in search of food and lodging, must be left to one's imagination.

The first rail venture, "going in," as they called it, was somewhat typical of future travel but the novelty of it all was sufficient to offset the inconveniences. Before reaching the Russian border, a few words are in order about the car deluxe that was entrained behind our own. A blue car with rectangular plate glass windows, it was built in three compartments, bedroom, dining room, and sitting room, each upholstered in a different color. Numerous servants were in attendance and it was learned to our surprise that the car was occupied by a single Soviet official, returning from a Genoa conference to Moscow. This special and palatial car was in vast contrast to the regular Russian rolling stock and represented a fair measure of the gulf that separated the ruling ironclad minority from the neglected and hungry millions of the so-called classless society.

The Russian border was distinctly marked by a broad ditch, forming the boundary line between this country and Latvia. The mutual feeling that existed between the Letts and the Soviets was easily inferred from the numerous ramparts, barbed wire entanglements and wooden crosses that marked the scenes of their last separation. The train was stopped at the border by a horde of Reds that looked like a detachment from a circus. Their uniforms were of every color, but always dirty. Their military outfit consisted of a gun and a cone-shaped hat with a large red star in front. This stop was for preliminary inspection, made by a Russian customs officer who merely passed through the cars, accompanied by a desperately bewhiskered guard, to count the number of passengers. In the midst of his calculations someone at the end of the train fired a shot and the customs officers and their guards disappeared.

When they reached the scene of the firing, they met a Lettish official who told them to pull up the train and get the last two cars off Lettish territory before they went through for inspection. This they did and the counting had to begin all over again. The baggage inspection took place at the town of Sebej, where the crazy quilt regimentals were everywhere in evidence. Our coupe companion was a Mr. Townsend, a member of the A.R.A., who explained in Russian that we were relief workers and that our baggage was exempt from inspection, and after a short argument he gained his point. The manner in which the baggage of the other passengers was put through customs was a spectacle of disorderly accomplishment. It was the disarrangement and the sack of the most intimate recesses of trunks, bags, boxes and bundles. Then everything was pitched back into the containers and soldiers accumulated on the tops of trunks until there was weight enough to close them.

The A.R.A. had been operating in Russia for nearly a year before the arrival of the Papal Relief Mission. The houses they had taken over in Moscow were designated by colors, and members of affiliated organizations had the privilege of living in them until they opened dwellings of their own. Our first assignment was to a well-furnished and sizeable room in the basement of the Brown House, below the level of the sidewalk, with a large window, high in the wall and looking out into a public square. Considering what happened on the first night of occupancy, the position of the room was probably for-

tunate. At about 2:00 A.M. the house was awakened by several rifle shots fired close to our window. Next morning at breakfast it was calmly explained that the City Police Force was made up of Red soldiers, and to prevent themselves and their fellow police from falling asleep on duty they were accustomed to take target practice at telephone poles across the plaza; to which was added, "Don't be surprised at anything that happens in Russia."

On the following night and in the same room, the second big surprise took place. After a busy day, finding a trustworthy interpreter and arranging office space in the main building of the American Relief Administration, at midnight and retiring time, the silence was broken by a slight knocking on the door. It was answered with one of our new Russian words, "Vkodeet," meaning "Come in." The door opened and in stepped a very thin man of medium height, shabbily dressed and nervously rolling a cloth hat in his hands. He closed the door quietly, smiled graciously, and with a slight bow said in French, "Good evening. You are Fr. Walsh. Isn't that so?"

"Not exactly, but his American Assistant and a priest, like yourself. Is that right?"

"Quite right," he replied. "I am a Polish priest. We heard about the arrival of the Papal Mission and I have come here for two reasons, one of which" – and here we interrupted him, saying, "was to get something to eat."

"Well," he answered with a broad smile, "let us call that a third reason which I was hoping you would mention before I had to."

"Sit down at the desk, Fr.; better eat first, then we can talk with more comfort."

In five minutes he was deep into a bowl of American canned chicken soup, into which he was breaking a whole slice of Russian black bread. Following that with a cup of coffee and an American cigarette, he said, "Now I must say a special grace of thanksgiving. That's the first real meal I have had in two months." The conversation that followed was enlightening.

"How did you find out about the Papal Mission and who directed you to come here?"

"We have a good system of communications, Fr. Two of our men are conductors on the Warsaw-to-Moscow trains which await the arrival of the Berlin express. One of them said that Fr. Walsh was in Berlin. I thought he had arrived here by this time. That's why I addressed you as Fr. Walsh. At Rostov-on-the-Don, on my way up from Caucasia, they said that the other mission workers were coming by way of Constantinople and Odessa."

"You do get the news, don't you?"

"We have to, Fr., to keep alive and to keep going. I came into Moscow yesterday, after eight days in a freight car, with Red soldiers. There was another priest in the car and we were wearing our cassocks. One day some of the Red soldiers decided that there was not room enough in the car for so many, so they opened the freight door, picked up the other priest and pitched him out bodily. Fortunately, the train was running slowly. I saw him land on a sand bank and roll down about twenty feet. I tucked up my cassock and made it look like a coat, pulled my hat down over one eye, lighted up a Russian cigarette and handed around a few more to the soldiers. But this is not what I came here to talk about. Since you are Fr. Walsh's Assistant and an American priest, I take it that you are also a Jesuit."

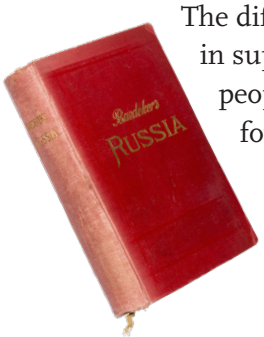
"Quite true, Your Reverence, go right on with your story."

"Well, in that case, you will both want to know that the relics of Blessed Andrew Bobola, the Polish Jesuit Martyr, are in a medical museum here in the city. They were brought here from Vitebsk during the spoliation of the churches. They say the Holy Fr. has already asked the Bolshevik Government to return these relics; the whole body except the right arm which was taken to Rome some forty years ago. Maybe you will be able to find them. My second reason for coming was to ask you for some large hosts for saying Mass. I can always get the necessary wine but I have neither material nor apparatus for making hosts and it would be placing my people in danger to ask them to make hosts for me. You see," he continued, "I have the largest parish in the world, all of Russia, so I have to move rapidly, stopping wherever I can find our people, especially in the open country, and saying Mass for them in private."

"That's dangerous work, Fr., and no doubt you

know what they will do if they catch up with you." To which he replied, "Yes, I imagine so, but then I don't know of any better way of dying." He left as quietly as he had entered but happier and with a supply of hosts, plus as much American food as he could carry in his large pockets, the value of which was trivial in comparison with the value of the information he supplied.

There was work to be done before Fr. Walsh's arrival and the news imparted by our nocturnal visitor added more. On the desk of the office, previously assigned to the Papal Mission in the main building of the A.R.A., there were about fifty letters awaiting the coming of the Mission. These letters were nearly all petitions from Polish centers asking for food packages which were sent out through the A.R.A. Organizations affiliated to the American Relief Administration could purchase food packages at any of the A.R.A. stations spread throughout the country and the purchase included delivery. The price of the package was ten dollars and it contained forty-nine pounds of flower, fifteen pounds of sugar, ten pounds of lard, twenty pounds of rice, twenty tins of evaporated milk, and one pound of tea. The letters bearing foreign stamps were from people in other countries wishing to supply food for relatives or friends in Russia. The difficulty with these requests was not in supplying the food but in finding the people, and many of them were never found.



Russia (1914), by Karl Baedeker.

In view of what we had heard about the relics of Blessed Andrew Bobola, our interest was awakened by an announcement recently made in *PRAVDA*, the Government daily paper, of an anti-religious exposition taking place in the City Medical Museum at 16 Petrovska. The principal objects on display were four coffins, evidently removed from the crypts of Orthodox churches during the last spoliation of the churches in Moscow. The coffins were draped with placards reading, "This is all that is left of the bishops who spent their lives deluding the people. The days of religion are over." The coffins had glass covers and were sealed. Judging from the account of the martyrdom of Blessed Andrew, as given in the Roman Breviary, the relics were not here. The curator of the Museum said he knew nothing about these bodies and that he had never heard of Blessed Andrew Bobola. Later on, a Polish priest from Vitebsk said that the relics had not been on exhibition at 16 Petrovska. This was the first effort made in the recovery of the relics of Blessed Andrew. Another was to be made about a year later, with more success.

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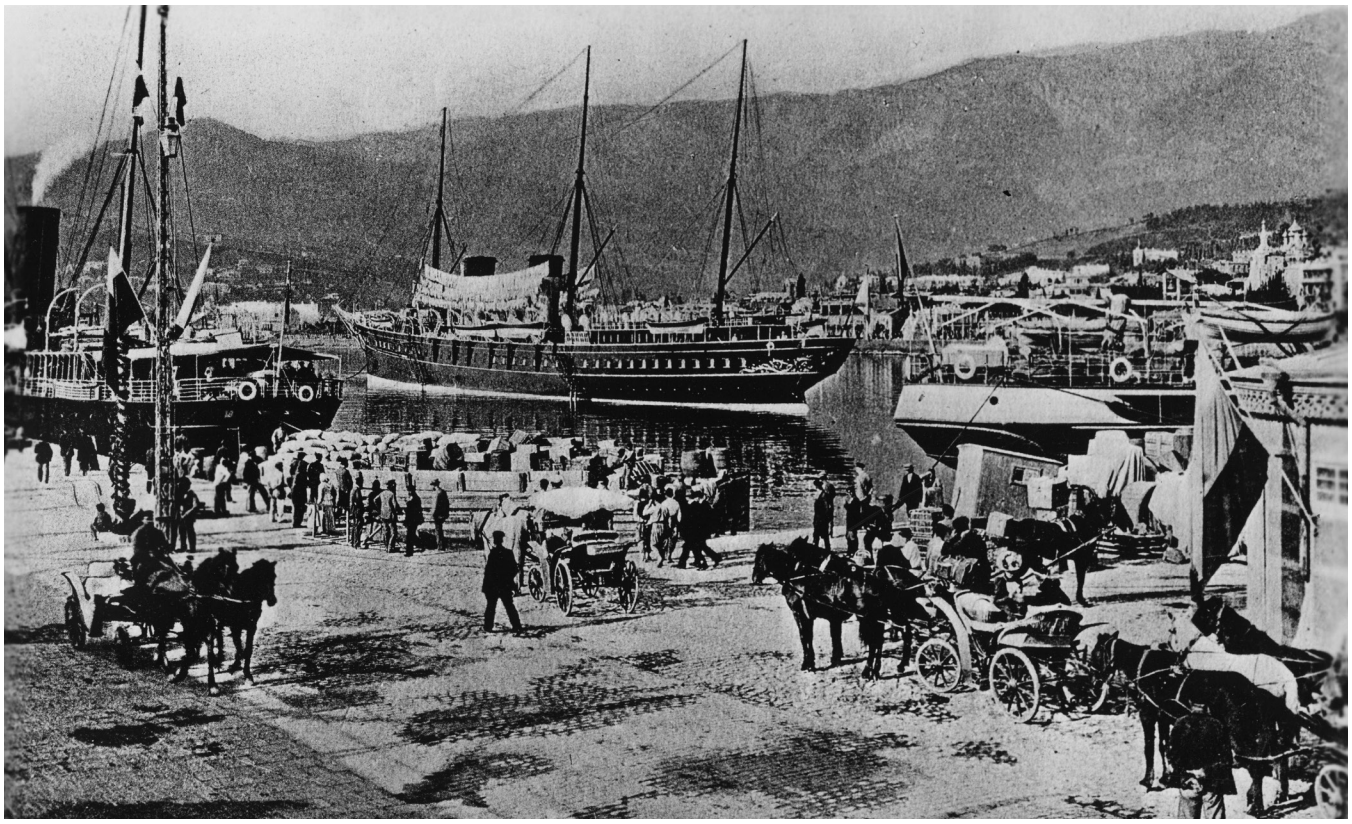
CHAPTER II

Famine and the Fair

THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE IS NOT INTENDED TO BE A HISTORY OF THE PAPAL RELIEF MISSION IN RUSSIA. Its purport is to relate the experience of the Assistant Director of that Mission, whose first undertaking was to open feeding kitchens for hungry children in distant cities of Russia. With Moscow as headquarters, this called for travel to such faraway centers as Leningrad, Nijni-Novgorod, Kiev, the Crimea, Caucasia, Rostov-on-the-Don, and finally to Orenburg out beyond the Volga, in the southern Ural district. Considering the living and the traveling conditions in Russia at that time, this may sound like a different assignment, but let us first note what it meant to the Papal Mission to be affiliated with the American Relief Administration (A.R.A.).

The Russian winter of 1922–1923 was not nearly as rigorous as the one that preceded it, during which the pioneer workers of the A.R.A. stemmed the progress of the Russian famine without stopping it. At the time of the arrival of the Papal Mission in Russia, the A.R.A. was feeding 9,000,000 people in 28,000 kitchens located in 18,000 towns and villages. Their working staff consisted of 20,000 Russians directed by 200 Americans. The Papal Mission took over districts in which the A.R.A. had worked during the previous winter and still maintained some of its activities and personnel. It was one thing to arrive in a district to begin relief work in mid-winter, seven or eight hundred miles from Moscow, when the A.R.A. had already arranged for your arrival and housing and for the transportation of food supplies to the warehouses they had already taken over. It must have been quite a different undertaking for their pioneer workers to set up these feeding centers in nearly every district in Russia in Europe. There were still hazards to be overcome and dangers to be encountered in the form of blizzards, subzero temperatures and thousands of miles to be traveled on defective railroads and neglected ships, but there were always Americans present with good advice as to how it should be done. Tetravaccine was more than a caution; it was a necessity against typhus and other diseases consequent upon famine conditions, but these had been greatly reduced by the very efficient medical relief operated throughout the entire country by the A.R.A. at a cost of seven and a half million dollars.



American Relief Administration ships in a Russian harbor.

Fr. Walsh arrived in Moscow on the 26th of July by way of Warsaw, where he stopped for consultation with some of the Polish clergy relative to the Catholic priests then in prison in Russia. He was in Moscow as Director of the Papal Mission but at the same time he was the only one in Russia who had direct and certain contact with the Vatican, a fact which was eventually to cause him more worry and trouble than the chief assignment for which he was there. His first step in organization was to arrange with local authorities for a house to serve as a residence and as a central office from which to direct the entire Mission. The difficulties encountered here had a common origin with those attending the opening of every other station, namely, the local government authorities. The delay and the inconvenience caused by their indecision and their fear of acting without the consent of higher superiors was disturbing but not too surprising. They were men who realized their responsibility but were not sure of their authority, and progress was slow where local decisions had to be sanctioned by district superiors and these in turn by federal consent. For the most part you were dealing with men of ability but with little education, who were hurtled into prominence by the force of the Bolshevik Revolution and were blindly following the dictates of an ironclad political minority in Moscow whose decisions constituted the law of the land.

Once a residence was established in Moscow, Fr. Walsh's next interest was to set out to meet the other Mission workers who were on their way to Russia. Four days after his arrival he received a telegram from the Vatican stating that they had sailed from Bari in Italy for Constantinople on July 26. There were eight priests, all in civilian dress, and one coadjutor lay brother in the party; two Italians, three Spaniards, two Germans, and two Czechoslovakians. Their ship was destined for Novorossisk and on August 2, Fr. Walsh set out for that port to receive them.

He was only halfway to his destination when a second telegram was received in Moscow announcing that the itinerary of the incoming agents had

been changed and that they would land at Sevastopol in the Crimea. This message was forwarded to Novorossisk and it meant that Fr. Walsh had to add a three-day voyage across the Black Sea to his nine-hundred-mile trip on the railroad. His purpose in meeting them was to assign them, according to nationality, to various centers of operation in the Crimea, at Krasnodar in the Kuban district, at Rostov-on-the-Don and in Moscow. In the meantime, business was piling up in Moscow, sending out food packages, purchasing whole train-loads of food supplies from the A.R.A. for the various Mission centers and in the evening balancing financial accounts in American dollars, British pounds, French francs and Russian rubles, with values changing every twenty-four hours.

On the 18th of August, while the Director was still in the Crimea, his representative in Moscow was invited to attend a state banquet, tendered to the A.R.A. on the occasion of the opening of the first Soviet grand national fair in Nijni-Novgorod. The invitation was very welcome for more reasons than one and the occasion was decidedly unique. Food packages had been forwarded to the clergy in the Nijni-Novgorod district and this would afford an opportunity to report on Church conditions in that area.

The Government placed a special car at the service of a visiting committee of ten, a once deluxe diplomatic car, with plenty of fixtures but no lights, good radiators but no heat and spacious bunks but no bedding. In all it was another piece of salvage from a fine railroad system that had been wrecked during the various changes of dynasty. The visiting committee had anticipated all this and brought along all that was necessary for the trip. After fourteen hours of riding on a journey that formerly took about eight hours, when the engines were burning coal instead of wood, our schlafwagen par excellence arrived at its destination intact. After a hurried look at the fairgrounds, the committee was invited to the common event of all fairs, the king's sport of horse racing, where open betting was allowed. One American won the magnificent sum of eight million rubles—which at that time amounted to about thirteen dollars.

The evening of the first day was spent at a splendid banquet tendered to the delegates of the A.R.A. by the commissioner of the fair on behalf of the Soviet Government. It seemed like a contradiction for the government of a starving nation to be giving a banquet for a foreign organization that had come to Russia to feed its hungry people, but the purpose behind this idea was evident without being advertised. A word about the banquet and then about the reason for holding it. There was no doubt about it being a first-class state affair with an excellent and a thoroughly Russian menu. Volstead was in vogue in America but not here, with frequent popping of champagne bottles punctuating the general Russian chatter. Speeches were in order for everyone, translated from Russian into English and vice versa by members of the A.R.A., and there were representatives present from Afghanistan, Daghistan, Turkestan and various other "stans" of which we all had some vague geographical ideas. The burden of the orations was chiefly complimentary for the work done by the A.R.A. and praise of the Soviet effort in reestablishing the famous Nijni-Novgorod fair.

In view of Russia's past history and of the conditions existing there in 1922, some knowledge of the history of the Nijni-Novgorod fair is needed to appreciate the endeavor to revive it, whatever purpose may have prompted the effort. The fair had been famous for long years throughout the whole of Europe and of Asia. It was formerly a gigantic display of the innumerable products of Greater Russia, at which nearly every district of the entire continent was represented. It lasted through the whole month of August and in time grew to the dimensions of a respectable city. Its location had the advantage of two great shipping arteries, the Volga and the Oka Rivers and the town was one of the great railheads of the country. It is a well known fact that in years gone by the Chinese and the Persians, Tartars, Georgians, Bokharans and other distant peoples began to prepare their goods for the Nijni fair a whole year in advance. Caravans from the coast of China and others from the Baltic and the Black Sea shores started months ahead of the time with supplies of everything grown and manufactured in their various regions, to be exhibited and sold at the great fair of

the upper Volga. It has been reported that in a single year Russian emperors spent a million dollars at the Nijni fair.

The fair of 1922 was all very different. There were natural products and manufactured goods of every description on display, but there was not much buying and selling; and this was the purpose for which the fair was originally instituted. Formerly, cities and districts and the national government purchased in the millions, but at this time not only the people but the units of government and especially the national controllers of capital were no longer purchasing classes. Before the First World War, during fair time, the exposition took over the ground floor of more than a hundred buildings and during the rest of the year these two- and three-story buildings, were occupied as residences. What happened in the troublesome period when the double eagle was being dislodged from its eyrie in the Kremlin was difficult to discover. There was no serious fighting in Nijni-Novgorod during the revolution, and yet a whole mile of the fair town and much of the city as well were all in ruins. The people were reluctant to talk about this but the A.R.A. had all the facts. With the coming of the famine thousands of people had fled from here to the larger cities in search of food. For the past two winters fuel was so scarce that those who remained there were freezing in their homes, without even the necessary firewood to cook what food they still retained. It was a people's government and the houses, like the land they stood on, belonged to the Government. They needed wood and there was plenty of it in the magnificent fair buildings, hence the general ruin. One member of the A.R.A. said it was difficult to believe this story, in view of the fact that this city was surrounded on all sides by miles of the best timber wood in the world but the peasants had an answer for that. When asked why they did not go into the forest and cut their fuel, one of them explained that horses were needed to haul the timber into town and they had eaten all the horses before they began to tear down the buildings.

Despite the circumstances created by political, economic and industrial conditions, the fair was well attended. Native costumes of all the visiting nationalities were everywhere in evidence and the numerous exhibitions presented a good idea

Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., signs a contract to expand the Papal Relief Mission in Moscow, with, from left, Gallagher; a representative of the Russian government; and Joseph Farrell, S.J., president of Brooklyn College. Translation of the sign at right: "The Pope to the Russian People."

of what the old-time fair must have been. Here as elsewhere in Russia the heavy penalties against it could not prevent the black market and clandestine trading. Blue-white diamonds could be bought for twenty American dollars a carat. The sellers were probably some of the impoverished aristocracy who had hidden their family jewels against government spoliation. There were also Siberian trappers at the fair selling their furs in anticipation of government confiscation, and silver sables were being sold by the single pelt for twenty-five American dollars.

The commissioner and his assistants bent every effort to make a good impression on the visiting delegation of Americans and they evidently had a purpose in doing so. The first Russian five-year economic plan was then in operation and the question of Russian recognition by the United States was being debated in Washington. These Americans, about to return to their country, should know what the Soviet Government could do if given an opportunity and the commissioner was out to show them. The second and last day at the fair was to be given over to a more detailed inspection of the strictly Russian contributions, but one of the delegates had an errand to do, which had as much bearing on his visit to Nijni as had the fair itself.

The one Catholic church was in the middle of the town, across the Volga Bridge and about four miles from where the living quarters of the delegation was sidetracked. There were no street cars in the town, carriage service was too slow, and so an A.R.A. Ford got us over the bridge, up the hill to the City Kremlin and to the church, and back in time for departure for Moscow. The pastor of the church was Polish and, like all the Polish clergy in Russia, a ready talker in French. His church was small and poor and his congregation few. The parish residence was neatly but poorly furnished and its larder was practically empty. He was almost wholly dependent upon the food packages that were being sent to him and which he shared with his parishioners. The big drive against the Catholic Church had not yet begun, but he was sure that it was imminent, and the information he supplied was of considerable help when the persecution of the Catholic clergy was at its height.

Of first interest on returning from the fair was a telegram from the Vatican asking for information on the progress of the feeding program and ending with the question, "What about Petrograd?" This was forwarded to Fr. Walsh by an A.R.A. courier who was leaving that night for Simferopol in the Crimea. The Soviet telegraph and telephone systems were not to be trusted, and the same courier brought back an answer reading, "Deliver the X letter addressed to Petrograd, bring back a report from there and get ready to leave for the Crimea on my return, in about a week."

Petrograd was a striking contrast to Moscow in buildings, in shop display and in the dreams of the people, all of which would have made an interesting study if this had been a tourist visit. The one person to be interviewed there was out of town for two days and this delay afforded an opportunity for cursory inspection of the city and for short visits to some of its more attractive and celebrated centers. A few hours had to suffice in the famous Hermitage of Catherine the Great, at that time perhaps the greatest general museum in the world. Fortunately, this great treasure house was spared from the violence of the Bolshevik Revolution. When the lid blew off Russia, everything that was favored by those who were trying to hold it on was marked for destruction, until the Kremlin authorities put an end to the threatened ruin of what could be sold at high prices. It was reported, however, that one day a mob broke into the basement of the Hermitage with the result that priceless china was hurled about at random and in a short time a world-famous collection of ceramics was reduced to gravel; a Russian bear in a china shop.

Apart from its famous book collections, including a complete and well preserved first edition of Plautus and seven hundred and fifty editions of Horace, the great Petrograd Library had one item that could not be bypassed, namely, the oldest Greek text of the New Testament, next to that of the Vatican; the Codex Sinaiticus. So much time had been spent on this text at Woodstock College, only a few years previous, that being so close to it made it mandatory that we should see the original. A few years later this treasure was purchased by the British Government for nearly a million dollars. The spoliation of the

Russian Orthodox churches in Petrograd had been quite well completed by August 1922. An Orthodox bishop remarked at the time that the Bolshevik Government had realized at least a hundred million dollars on church valuables.

The Peter-Paul Fortress on an island at the juncture of the Great and Little Nevas, containing as it did within its walls a cathedral, a prison, and a mint, was significant of the Bolshevik experiment. The cathedral was empty, save for sleeping royalty in the tombs of the emperors. The prison was also empty, with all its doors and windows wide open. This place had a reputation for the political celebrities formerly entertained there by the tzars and for the drastic termination of their occupancy. The mint was working night and day. Strangers were not allowed to enter it and there was a story abroad of a new currency of silver and gold to appear in the near future. The island and its fortress were typical of the beginnings of the new regime.

A visit to the zoological gardens on this island was of interest only in as much as it offered evidence of the reason for our being in Russia. The zoo in these gardens, like the prison just mentioned, was empty and the gates of the animal cages, like the doors of the prison cells, were all wide open. All the animals had been slaughtered and eaten during the height of the famine in the previous winter. There was a story being told at the time that some of the local Bolshevik leaders had held a dinner at which the main dish was roast eagle, served in honor of their victory when they shooed the double eagle off the Kremlin with a red flag.

There were five Catholic churches in Petrograd but only one was open for services, the Church of Saint Catherine, and it was the pastor of this church whose return was being awaited for consultation relative to the X letter. Next to Archbishop Cieplak, Monsignor Budkiewicz was the outstanding priest among the clergy of the Archdiocese of Petrograd. He probably was also the best-informed man in Russia on the controversy going on between the Bolshevik Government and the Catholic Church, and it was for this reason that his advice was being sought. The letter in question, designated as X, was written by Pope Pius XI and addressed to Archbishop Cieplak who was then in prison in Petrograd. When Monsignor Budkiewicz heard about the letter, he said it would be better not to ask for permission to visit the prison. Foreigners, he explained, were closely watched and it would not help the future work of the Papal Relief Mission in Russia for the Government to know that the Vatican agents were in close touch with the clergy under arrest. When the Monsignor returned from the prison, after delivering the letter to the Archbishop, we spent an interesting hour in conference, in the course of which he reviewed a long and detailed account of the Church in Petrograd that he had written in French. This record was afterwards given to Fr. Walsh, who sent it to Rome by the first available American courier leaving for London. The chief intent of this first visit to Petrograd was accomplished in a few hours, but it proved to be the prelude to the tragedy that was to follow in Moscow in Holy Week, 1923, in which Monsignor Budkiewicz was both the hero and the victim.

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CHAPTER III

Distant Famine Centers

FR. WALSH RETURNED FROM THE CRIMEA ON THE 22ND OF SEPTEMBER. It was finally decided, after much discussion and a series of cablegrams between Simferopol, Moscow, and Rome, that the Vatican plan of feeding in distant famine centers would be followed, instead of concentrating in the Crimea as Moscow had suggested. With that settled, the next step was for someone with authority from the central office and a member of the A.R.A. to accompany the different groups of Mission agents to their working areas and to arrange with local officials for housing, for the storing of food supplies and for the opening of the feeding kitchens.

On the day after Fr. Walsh's arrival his American Assistant set out for Simferopol. This was his first trip alone in Russia and the beginning of six weeks on the road, living out of two bags and adding to his incognito by growing a mustache, which got him into trouble on a later journey. The Moscow-to-Crimea express was made up of first-, second-, and third-class cars in that order of cleanliness and sanitation. It was called a deluxe through train, one that was all through with the deluxe part of it. A Moscow government official had provided a first-class sleeping-car ticket, at full price, which turned out to be a second-class ticket for a small coupé room with no lights, no linens, and no blankets.

All things considered, this was not too bad, but when it came time to retire three more passengers came into what was considered to be a private room. They were conscripts for the Red Army who were traveling free and who were placed or packed into any compartment regardless of passengers who had paid for it. Their presence was sufficient reason to protest to the conductor or *provodnik*, and demanding the place that was called for by a first-class or diplomatic ticket. He spoke about as much French as the traveler did Russian and they continued mutilating the German language until a place was found in a regular sleeping car. Apart from the better furnishings, it was a relief to be separated from the conscripts. Not knowing how silently they slept or where they were getting off, one of them might inadvertently take the wrong bag when he was leaving, and in one of the bags on the floor there were four billion rubles in Russian paper money for distribution to the various feeding centers. The change of rooms on the train cost twenty million rubles, which

the conductor said to charge to the government and he put his signature to the bill. It was all worth the price and though all hope of ever collecting it was immediately abandoned, the exact amount was refunded to the Mission office in Moscow about three months later.

The Moscow express, with its wood burning engine, came into Simferopol only seven hours late according to the coal burning schedule. The town was formerly a thriving railroad center and the hub of the Crimea, from which respectable lines radiated in a circle of commerce with the prosperous cities of Theodosia, Yalta, Eupatoria, and Sevastopol. At that time it was in the last stages of neglect, with grass growing in the middle of the side streets. In fact, in 1922 the Crimea in general furnished a woeful picture of what can happen to a beautiful and wealthy country after five years of war, revolution, and famine, and to one geographically situated such that for centuries it had served wealthy Russia as a summer resort in the winter and a winter resort in the summer. Here as in Nijni-Novgorod whole villages has been destroyed for firewood after they were abandoned in the flight from the famine.

From Simferopol to Eupatoria where the Mission workers were living, on the west coast of the peninsula, in a three-hour ride over dirt roads in an A.R.A. Ford, the scenery presented a section of the country that was practically dead so far as industry and farming were concerned. Eupatoria, next to Yalta, was formerly the best-known resort in the Crimea, where the sea bathing season extended from May to October. This town was dotted with mansions and spacious summer homes which fell to the lot of the poorest of the poor, when the wealthy class in general made a hurried exodus to Constantinople, and thence to the European capitals to which they had previously transferred their bank accounts.

The Mission workers had taken over a house that they called The Catholic Mission Center. It might well have been called Hotel Polyglot. At our first dinner session there were eight priests and one religious lay brother, all incognito, of five different nationalities and speaking thirteen languages, with no language in common. When something of general interest was announced it was said in French, for which only three of the company needed interpreters. The Crimea is the land of languages, a

Russians await kitchen supplies in Orenburg, where Gallagher spent most of his service.

statement that will only take a minute of diversion to explain. About a month after the time in question, one of the Czechoslovakian Mission workers related that when he arrived in Crimea, he visited a Tartar village where he could talk with the grandparents fluently and with the parents with some hesitation, but he could not hold conversation with the children. This really puzzled him until he had spent some time in the Tartar marketplace, after which he was talking freely with the children. He explained this by saying that the grandparents still retained much of the language of their German forebears, brought into the Crimea in great numbers by Catherine the Great. Intermarriage with the Russians developed generations of bilinguals, speaking a mixture of German and Russian, and a similar introduction of the Tartar element produced a conglomerate of the three languages that the children were then using. It took him less than a month to win the favor of the Tartar children.

A superficial survey of Eupatoria was sufficient to reveal that there were at least 4,000 children in the city who had to be fed if they were to survive the coming winter, hence the immediate interest was to open kitchens for these children. The two German Fathers had already been assigned to take over this district and were working with the local officials to prepare two buildings that Fr. Walsh had selected before his departure for Moscow. One difficulty in the preparation was the lack of large boiling pots. Fr. Walsh's solution of this problem was unique. He went along the beaches and found several marine mines from which the detonators had been removed after the mines had been washed ashore. As he afterwards remarked, "Sabers have been converted into ploughs and ploughs into sabers, mines were made to destroy life, why not convert them into soup pots for saving the lives of little children?"

The first kitchen was opened with solemnity. Garlands of flowers were hung about the placards on the walls, announcing a welcome to the children of Russia in the name of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. The city officials were all present and photographs were taken and afterwards sent to Rome. By the 25th of September, the Director of the Papal Relief Mission could write to Rome, forwarding an account of the work being done in the Crimea where 4,000 children were being fed every day. This was only the beginning. Six months later there was a total of 186,000 people, young and old, on the feeding lists of the Vatican Mission. With operations underway in the Crimea, the next step was to provide transportation for two of the Mission agents from Eupatoria, by way of Simferopol, to Moscow where they were to take over a station already opened by Fr. Walsh. There was a two-day layover at Simferopol due to the fact that the places in the train assigned to the Mission agents were taken over by the wife of the President of the Central Council in Moscow, returning with some friends from vacation in the Crimea—just another example of the classless society of Communism.

The undertaking that followed was really an experience to be remembered; namely, the transportation of a second group of Mission workers from Eupatoria to Ekaterinodar in the Kuban district later renamed Krasnodar but at that time known by its original title. There were two ways of making this journey, by rail or boat. By train meant a series of chess moves with a possible check at every move, from Eupatoria over to Simferopol, up to Kharkov in the Ukraine, across to Rostov-on-the-Don and down to Ekaterinodar. Time was passing rapidly and there were hungry children waiting to be fed, so it was decided to hazard a voyage on the Euxine. The merchant steamer of about 8,000 tons made a convenient stop at our point of embarkation. This craft was large enough to warrant safety on an inland sea but the Black Sea can be rough at times.

On this particular trip it was an evident blessing that it was decidedly calm because the boat was crowded from stem to stern and sailing without lifeboats or life preservers of any kind. Tickets had to be bought for first-class travel and here again there was no consideration for class. The few staterooms had all been taken at the starting port and all who went aboard at the various stopping places had to camp out on the decks or sleep for several nights in the corridors, or preferably in the dining room. A picture of this dining room would have been typical of nomadic Russia of the day. Along the walls there were upholstered lounges and in the middle of

the room a long wooden table fixed to the floor and flanked with fixed chairs intended to serve as seats for diners. As voyagers came aboard at various ports, they immediately took possession of the lounges and also of the chairs as permanent lodging space. At mealtime they were forced to vacate the chairs but they returned to them as soon as the meal was over. At night they slept wherever they could find space, on the floor, on the table, and on heaps of baggage promiscuously piled about the dining room.

Such were the living conditions aboard a Black Sea freighter with a multitude of Russians, Turks, and predominating Tartars herded like sheep, just as complacent and just as indolent. Most of them probably had no definite idea as to where they were going, except to find some place where they and their numerous children could get more food and better lodging than where they had come from. For the time being they seemed to be satisfied to find a place where they could eat, sleep, smoke, and gamble. This was really the flight of a Tartar Tribe by sea.

It took three days to circle the Crimea peninsula with stops at Sevastopol of war fame, Theodosia, Yalta and Kerch, but with little or no time for sightseeing. All of these ports had ideal harbor facilities but there were no signs of international commerce for which they were formerly famous. The ship lay overnight in the moonlit harbor of Yalta, affording a beautiful view of snow-white castles and of grandeur that had passed. Theodosia was a receiving port for the American Relief Administration and its numerous grain elevators and warehouses, which formerly provisioned central and southern Europe, were filled with flour, corn, rice, sugar, and canned milk from America, to protect the world's greatest granary against the ravages of famine. It was from these American stores that the Vatican Mission drew its food supplies to relieve the Crimea and the Kuban district.

After Theodosia the next stop was made at Kerch at the extreme east of the Crimea. The harbor waters of Kerch were known to be shallow, and before entering them the ship took on a pilot who sailed a zig-zag course at minimum speed before coming to a landing pier. When leaving the port the following morning he retraced the same course and when asked why he had been so cautious, he explained that the harbor had been mined during the late war and that they had not as yet accounted for all the mines. This news was better learned after leaving than before entering. One more night on the properly called tramp steamer was quite sufficient for a first Mission voyage. After a fourteen-hour run from Kerch, the good ship *Novorossisk* arrived at the city after which it was named. Here, during a two-day stop, our party was put up at what was supposed to be a hotel but proved to be a Communist Club, where we were treated with respect and served with their best in true proletarian style. The ubiquitous borsch, or beet soup, was savory but the meat was adamant against onslaught and told against the pewter forks, which bent up in the middle on first attack, and had to be straightened out for a second assault.

It was a ten-hour train ride from Novorossisk, over the hills and through mountain passes, to Ekaterinodar. This city was comparatively clean and, apart from Moscow and Petrograd, one of the few places visited to date that had street cars in operation and electric lights in the streets. However, it took only a superficial view of the town to reveal the aftermath of the famine, the most pitiable town we encountered in our whole Russian experience. The first visit made was to a place that was formerly a refugee barracks but was then occupied by 700 children. The building was originally a tobacco factory from which the machinery and factory fixtures had been stripped. These children, half clothed in rags and without shoes or stockings, were living in three large halls, furnished with only fifty cot beds, without linen or pillows and with only half enough blankets for the number of beds. At night the beds were for the youngest, ranging from six to eight years old and the rest of them, the oldest being twelve, slept on the floor huddled together like sheep. In the daytime they all followed the October sun around the floor in an effort to keep warm. This was one of several such institutions in the city, sheltering about 2,000 of the four million orphans dependent upon the Bolshevik government. As a Russian doctor remarked on the occasion of that visit, "Seeing this, and with a million children already dead of starva-

tion, no one knows the meaning of the word famine until he has seen one." This was it, and there was more of it to come.

At this time, October of 1922, it was a decided surprise to discover that the one Catholic church in this city was open and serving a congregation of about 2,000, Mostly composed of Germans, Poles, and Armenians. Formerly there was a school and a parish residence here but the school had been closed and the residence, like all other private property, had been taken over by the Government and portioned out in lodgings. The pastor of this church was living in a room in the middle of the first floor. This was his bedroom, kitchen, and office for which he was paying the Government a few million rubles a month. In other words, he was paying rent for the privilege of camping in his own home, while the rest of the house was occupied by four families, none of which belonged to the parish. He had to pass through one family to get out by the back door and through another to get in by the front. For more than five years before the time in question he had lived the life of a persecuted hermit. This was only one of several instances of priests who were dazed for a time at the unexpected arrival of a direct message from Rome. It seemed to confuse their vision as if they had stepped out of darkness into the noonday sun.

Within two weeks of the arrival of the Papal Mission in Ekaterinodar, the children were removed from the factory, the A.R.A. was supplying medicine, the doctors were busy and the 700 orphans were eating once a day in the Vatican relief kitchens. Fr. Walsh had been kept informed of what was going on in the south and as a result of the reports he had already sent in his first order to Rome for clothing for 2,000 children and for cloth to make clothing for as many adults. The shoes to go with the clothing could be bought from the A.R.A. The clothing program for all stations of the Mission was directed by Fr. Joseph Farrell, S.J., the President of Brooklyn College, who had come in to take over the financial direction of the Mission, and whom we were to meet on our return to Moscow.

With the Papal Relief Mission operating in central cities, the next move was to take over the whole districts in which these centers were located. The American Relief Administration had carried the entire Kuban country and the Crimea through the height of the famine, which was still rampant, and was now ready to hand them over to the Papal Mission. The official transfer of storage plants and warehouses filled with American food supplies had to be made on the part of the Vatican Mission by someone who was a member of both organizations. Fr. Walsh was in Moscow and so his American Assistant signed for the transfer in Ekaterinodar and then set out on a return trip to the Crimea to do the same at Simferopol and Eupatoria.

The voyage back from Novorossisk, and in the same craft of that name, was a second venture on the Black Sea, made again without life preservers or lifeboats. This time the passenger list was small but the sea was rough and more than half of those aboard were seasick during the three-day voyage. Except for a few cans of coffee, our American food supplies were exhausted and we had to place faith in the ship's menu. A general caution had been issued to all Americans in Russia to be careful of Russian food when they had to eat it, but this occasion seemed to be an exception when the main dish offered for dinner each day was beefsteak, a word known in every European country but generally pronounced bifteck. A few days later, while talking to a Russian doctor about the voyage, mention was made of the bifteck served on the ship and he explained with a laugh that there had been no beef in that part of Russia for years. What they were selling for beefsteak, as he said, was well-pounded horse meat and probably the product of discarded mounts of the Kuban cavalry. Here again as when leaving the mined harbor of Kerch, it was better that the news came after rather than during the event. However, the doctor's revelation was probably an omen of future relations with the Russian cavalry.

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CHAPTER IV

Church and State

AFTER THE A.R.A. HAD TAKEN OVER THE SOUTH CRIMEA, the next step was to transfer the northern or Djankoy section of the peninsula that had been hard hit by the famine in the previous winter and was still in sore need of assistance. This district was inhabited by Tartars and by the descendants of the German colonists whom Catherine the Great had brought into Russia. Our Czechoslovakian Mission agent spoke both Russian and German and with him we went north to make the transfer. This section of the country, formerly a farming and fruit-growing area of small villages, offered an interesting study in racial differences. Here was a place where poverty reigned supreme and yet, with all that these people had gone through, what surprised one on entering a German home was the order and the cleanliness of every room and the care taken of every item of household utility. On the other hand, the ancestors of the Crimean Tartars were a nomadic and tent-dwelling people and evidently had never handed down a reputation for interior decorating or for the use of mops and brooms.

There was some difficulty in finding suitable lodging in the town of Djankoy but with that done through the local officials, our Czechoslovakian agent remained there to take over the district. The only incident of note on the return trip to Simferopol with a government agent was the breakdown of his overworked Ford, a model of ancient vintage presented to him by A.R.A. Fortunately, we were returning by way of Eupatoria and had just reached the town when the front axle broke. Fortunately also, we found a German blacksmith, a rugged man who forged the axle pieces together on his village smithy. The price for his work was one American dollar, the most durable dollar we ever spent despite the fact that after four hours of slow driving over rough and muddy roads the axle fell apart again right in front of the residence in Simferopol.

On arrival at our destination there was a telegram waiting, asking for our return to Moscow. This meant the end of a two-month's safari, a large part of which was spent in slow moving trains and boats, living out of three bags and subsisting mostly on American canned goods cooked in what were formerly staterooms on the trains and in cabins on the boats. The four-day return trip to Moscow afforded ample time to arrange the transfer documents and

Gallagher, behind sacks of food, second from left in felt hat, in an Orenburg warehouse.

to write out a comment on the progress of the Mission work in the Crimea, to be forwarded to Rome.

In November of 1922 Fr. Walsh was in a difficult position. He was in Russia in a dual capacity; as Director of the Papal Mission and as a Vatican agent representing the interests of the Catholic Church. The Bolshevik Government made short work of the Orthodox State Church with a typical compromise; namely, the institution of the Red Church under the jurisdiction of an atheistic government, an evident contradiction in terms. With the Catholic Church it was different. The Pope was feeding thousands of starving children. The Government was then asking for an extension of Papal relief work to Orenburg in the southern Ural district, and at the same time planning on recognition by the Vatican as a stable government. Under these circumstances the destruction of the Catholic Church in Russia could be postponed until the relief work was completed and the question of recognition definitely settled and that, as well shall see, is exactly what happened. The question of Church interests created as much work and more worry for Fr. Walsh than did the prime purpose for which he went into Russia, and it kept him resident in Moscow for almost the entire period of time he spent in the country.

With the Papal Mission already operating in Ekaterinodar and in Rostov-on-the-Don, the American Relief Administration was preparing to withdraw from these centers and to hand over the entire Kuban and Rostov districts to the Mission, as it had done in the Crimea. Then, as later on in January when Orenburg was to be taken over, Fr. Walsh was too busily engaged to be absent from Moscow for any length of time and again this assignment was given to his American Assistant. Three days in Moscow, after coming in from the Black Sea area, were sufficient to turn in reports on the Crimea transfers and to get ready for another trip by rail, this time 777 miles to Rostov-on-the-Don by way of Kharkov. A room was purchased on another of the deluxe cars and the train was listed as "limited"—which it was in many respects and especially with reference to accommodations. Past experience had taught us how to live on Russian trains and, traveling in the company of an A.R.A. courier, this journey was

not all that monotonous. A one-day stopover in Kharkov was all too brief. Here was a city, formerly an industrial and intellectual center, which now offered a typical example of every city in Russia with a population of a hundred thousand or more. The A.R.A. brought Kharkov through the famine but it could do nothing relative to government regulations controlling private ownership, trading, housing and employment. This city, like so many others, was still staggering to regain its equilibrium under government control.

At Rostov-on-the-Don the two Mission agents were ready to take over the district as soon as the transfer from A.R.A. jurisdiction could be made. As a member of the A.R.A., the privilege of living at their house afforded the pleasure of spending a few days in the company of fellow Americans, as well as saving time in consulting with the Director of the A.R.A. for the taking over of the district. A second visit to Ekaterinodar found the Mission flourishing with open kitchens for children and food package distribution for adults. In other words, it was ready for a complete survey and for a record of the work being done to be forwarded to Rome for publication, and a pamphlet with pictures was designed for this purpose. Cameras and photographic material were scarce in Russia but this scarcity was anticipated when packing for the journey in Moscow. There were strict government regulations in effect relative to taking pictures in any part of the country, and here it was learned how really strict they were.

A general permission for all Papal agents had already been obtained to take pictures of feeding kitchens, warehouses and the dwellings of relief workers, provided the identity of the photographers was established. Before opening a station, each Papal relief worker supplied the local authorities with a copy of his passport picture. They had been informed before entering Russia to bring along a supply of them. This regulation had been duly complied with on our first visit to Ekaterinodar, and while taking pictures in a warehouse, it was somewhat of a surprise to be accosted by a police officer and asked to accompany him to headquarters where, as it turned out, there was a double difficulty to be solved.

The sergeant at the desk opened the investigation.

"What pictures have you been taking?"

"Pictures of the kitchens and of the storage plants of the Papal Relief Mission."

"How many?"

"Just those on the film in the camera."

Whereupon he asked for the camera and told one of his men to open it and examine the film, and the film was examined by holding it up to the light at the window. After a minute or so, the report was, "It shows nothing, Sir."

Then the sergeant, somewhat confused, asked for an explanation.

"The film, Sir, should have been opened in a darkroom and developed there. The pictures were destroyed by exposure to the light."

That was the end of the first problem. The next demand was for a passport picture.

"You should have one in your files, Sir. It was handed in on my first visit to Ekaterinodar."

The passport picture was sought and found but the sergeant was not satisfied with it.

"Is this your picture?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And why are you traveling in disguise?" "Oh!" A sudden light dawned and the mystery was solved. "You mean the mustache, Sir." It was a rather full adornment with needle-point waxed ends. Then he repeated his question. "Why the disguise?"

"No particular reason, Sir, just a matter of American style."

Whereupon he proceeded to pass a judgment which was fair enough: "Either shave off the mustache or have another picture taken by a Russian photographer and give us a copy of that one before you leave here."

As a souvenir for future reference, another picture was taken by a local photographer who said he would also have to give a copy of it to the G.P.U., the Federal Secret Service, to be forwarded to their headquarters in Moscow. This incident proved to be quite amusing to the Papal agents at the various stations, and within the following year the Russian police had a collection of pictures of the same individual, arrested in different districts and wearing different styles of facial decorations, ranging from a Charlie

Chaplin nosegay to the famous Galway sideburns. On return visits to Moscow Fr. Walsh would often ask, "What's new in whiskers, and why the continual changing?" To which the answer was "Variety. They know that American priests are generally clean shaven and keeping them busy with the whiskers may serve to keep their minds off the original incognito."

At that time in Ekaterinodar the Russian, Greek, and Roman Catholic churches were all closed as were all the schools. There were six Orthodox bishops and a great number of their priests in the town and, despite the objections of the local authorities, most of them were receiving food packages from the Papal Mission. Here, too, as in Rostov, the cossacks were numerous but there was no government cavalry station. For the most part, these people were northern Caucasians wearing cossack attire. The men were of high stature and robust and the women, in appearance, living up to the worldwide reputation of their race.

This sojourn in Ekaterinodar was made memorable by two dinner parties that were decidedly different in attendance. The first was a Thanksgiving Day celebration arranged by the departing members of the A.R.A. in their residence for the Papal Relief workers and their Russian office help. Only the day before, the courier had come in with a turkey from the cold storage plant of the A.R.A. in Moscow, and this was probably the first time that most of the guests present had ever enjoyed the American delicacy, with all the fixings. The second social meeting was a symposium and dinner arranged by the Papal agents for the six Orthodox Bishops residing in the city. During this period it was not uncommon in any of the larger cities of Russia to find an unusual number of the Orthodox clergy. Their sees had been disbanded and like many of their parishioners, they had become refugees, driven by the famine to wherever they could find food and shelter.

This dinner was unique in several ways. The generous menu was made up for the most part from an ample selection of American canned goods. The conversation was carried on by interpreting in French and Russian and the graces said before and after the meal were recited in unison by the bishops. It was both admirable and pitiful to observe the gracious courtesy and the delicate table manners of these poorly clad and poverty-stricken prelates. Very probably none of them had been seated at a stranger's dining table in months or even in years and yet they were most meticulous in the observance of dining etiquette. Forced to live in humiliating circumstances because of their calling, they were still gentlemen to the fingertips. In the conversation that followed the dinner they were quite open in talking about the persecution of religion, the spoliation of the churches, eviction from their houses, and the influence exerted to persuade them to join the so-called Red or Living Church.

Due to the fact that all three parties concerned, namely, the A.R.A., the Papal Mission and the local government authorities, had to wait for answers to inquiries sent to Moscow regarding food supplies in storage, freight car shortage and dwelling facilities, the transfer of the A.R.A. operation to the Papal Mission in Ekaterinodar took longer than had been expected. This act of liquidation, as it was called, was completed and signed on December 16th, meaning that the work in store for the Mission agents was practically doubled, but they were well prepared for it and waiting only for assignments of shoes and clothing for some 8,000 children as protection against the worst of the winter, yet to come.

On the return trip to Moscow, there was one more stop to be made at Rostov-on-the-Don where the transfer of A.R.A. operations was to be completed, and the overnight train ride from Ekaterinodar to Rostov was memorable. The only accommodation available was in a third-class car on a third-class train, meaning a place in a compartment for four. The two upper bunks were plain wooden shelves that were folded down during the day. The two lower were also thick wooden boards that served as seats on a day run. The compartments opened on a corridor and had no doors. It was December and there was no heating system on the train. It was night and there was no lighting. The car was crowded, the men were all smoking, the windows were all sealed and there was no system of ventilation. You did not have to get ready to retire. You were all ready, wearing overcoat, fur hat, and overshoes. Being the

only one in the compartment with any luggage, one small bag, it was deemed advisable to open the bag and spread the contents on the floor to assure the other three occupants that it contained nothing valuable, then it could be used safely as a pillow.

One of the first things to attract attention on arrival in Rostov on December 21st was new evidence of the Government's endeavor to eradicate religion. The bishops at Ekaterinodar had spoken of tight restrictions being placed upon religious services either in or out of churches. The Living or Red Church had not as yet been established in Rostov and so religious services of any kind had been banned. The Mission agents had been assigned a new residence, with no extra room for a visitor, and the A.R.A. House was occupied to capacity. The only alternative for a brief stay was to apply to a Soviet hotel. The room provided was on the second floor and of ample size, with a window opening on a view of a small park. In the foyer there was a large collection of Soviet magazines and newspapers, with something extra added. On the wall opposite to the main entrance there was a large poster announcing that anyone performing or attending a religious service in this city would be fined in Russian rubles amounting to one American dollar.

One of the several pieces of baggage in storage at the Mission House was an extra American Army Mass kit and this was all that was needed for the celebration of three Masses, beginning at 4:30 on Christmas morning of 1922 in room 42 of what was formerly known as Hotel International of Rostov-on-the-Don. That was five years after the Bolshevik Revolution and at seven o'clock on the same cold Christmas morning, looking out at the public park across the street, it was somewhat surprising to see a German officer, wearing an old German Army uniform and drilling a company of seventy or eighty Soviet Army recruits, or more probably draftees. The only thing military they were wearing was the cone shaped hat with a red star on the front. Not half of their number were wearing overcoats and most of them had their feet wrapped in straw and rags. Evidently shoes were at a premium in the army as they were in civilian life.

At that time this unusual exhibition engendered a feeling of sympathy. Reviewing it in retrospect, it was an incident of dire foreboding. Here were peasants, evidently believing that the Bolshevik Revolution had put an end to the drudgery of the Volga boatman, and five years after they had been liberated from the tyranny of tzardom they were up early on a cold winter morning, poorly clad, and being put through a rigorous military drill by a German officer. Those men had probably been saved from famine by the A.R.A. during the previous winter. Their children were being fed at the time in Papal relief kitchens and it is no wide stretch of the imagination to say that many of them, and of their children as well, were destined for drill by German officers only to be later victims of German gunfire. The kaleidoscope of history shows many an odd design.

The Christmas dinner at the A.R.A. residence was another farewell party, as all six agents of that organization were scheduled to leave for Moscow when the Papal Relief Mission took over the district within a week. All Mission kitchens in the Rostov and in the Kuban districts, and in the Crimea, were now fully manned with Papal agents, and with Russian help, and all amply supplied for child feeding and package distribution for the rest of the winter. Shipments of shoes and of clothing would be on the rails to all stations shortly after our arrival in Moscow.

The two days and two nights spent on the Rostov-on-the-Don journey with three members of the A.R.A. were the nearest approach to American travel yet experienced in Russia. These men had been traveling all over Russia for the past year. They knew what to carry and they spoke enough Russian to keep the conductors busy and contented. The Moscow courier had arrived in Rostov just before our departure, bringing personal mail and a supply of recent editions of American newspapers and magazines, but the real deluxe part of this trip was music with your meals. One of the A.R.A. men was returning a borrowed phonograph and some records to the Moscow office and we were all "Just Wild about Harry" and "The Music Went Round and Round," even at "Three O'Clock in the Morning," tunes that are still remembered. Such relaxing changes as this served to keep the mind off the more tragic phases

of life in a famine stricken land, when people were begging for bread at a country station where the train stopped to refill the engine tender with wood for an overnight run.

Moscow was a different city every time one entered it after an absence of a month or even a week. In December of 1922 the first five-year economic plan was in operation and it was interesting to study its effects on the people. They were a disillusioned multitude living under conditions that had to change for the better under any plan. They were living on hope and they were a long-suffering people. Government stores had been opened during the first half of the plan but most of their stock for sale was in the show windows. No purchase could be made without a government card and the prices of all commodities were exorbitant. It was a policy of the government to keep open all centers of entertainment and at low prices in order to bolster the morale of the people. The Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow was open all year round, playing either ballet or grand opera every night and always to crowded houses. Even in the smaller cities and towns moving pictures were a great attraction. Most of these pictures were old American productions and the national film hero was none other than Sharl Shap, alias: Charlie Chaplin.

Chaplin was a popular favorite with the Russians because he had a world-wide reputation as a comedian and they claimed him as one of their own. Among the members of the American Relief Administration there was a District Supervisor of the Province of Simbirsk, Mr. Eddie Fox, who was generally known as a concert pianist, playing ragtime selections with the same ease and grace with which he rendered Chopin or Rachmaninoff. Eddie had worked in many distant parts of Russia including Simbirsk, the Crimea, and Rostov-on-the-Don and his rendition of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" had become so popular with the Russian people that wherever he appeared, in hotels, restaurants or at social gatherings, if there was a piano there, the gathering always called for "Alexander." The Russians knew, as did the Americans, that this was Irving Berlin's first great musical of its kind. Not knowing the words, they became enthusiastic about the music, and some of them took great pride in informing you that the American national anthem, namely, "Alexander," was written by a Russian. The modern world was late in learning that the Russians always set great store on being the first to do anything of note.

On arrival in Moscow from Rostov it was evident that the Papal Mission was in for trouble arising from sources other than relief work. Only a few days before this, Fr. Joseph Farrell, S.J., an accountant and an expert business manager, had arrived in Moscow to relieve Fr. Walsh of some of his work. He took over the finances, made arrangements for the transportation and distribution of shoes and clothing to all Papal Mission centers, and took charge of the student feeding kitchens in Moscow. This left Fr. Walsh more or less free to carry on a battle of correspondence with the Government relative to the arrest of the Catholic clergy and the seizure of church property in Petrograd. This long-drawn-out postal and telegram conflict involving Rome, the Kremlin, and the central Mission office has been recorded at length in the Mission annals. It came to an end only with the conclusion of Papal relief work and with the destruction, at least for years to come, of the Catholic Church in Russia. In addition to all this, and closely connected with its development, a new phase of Papal relief work was introduced.

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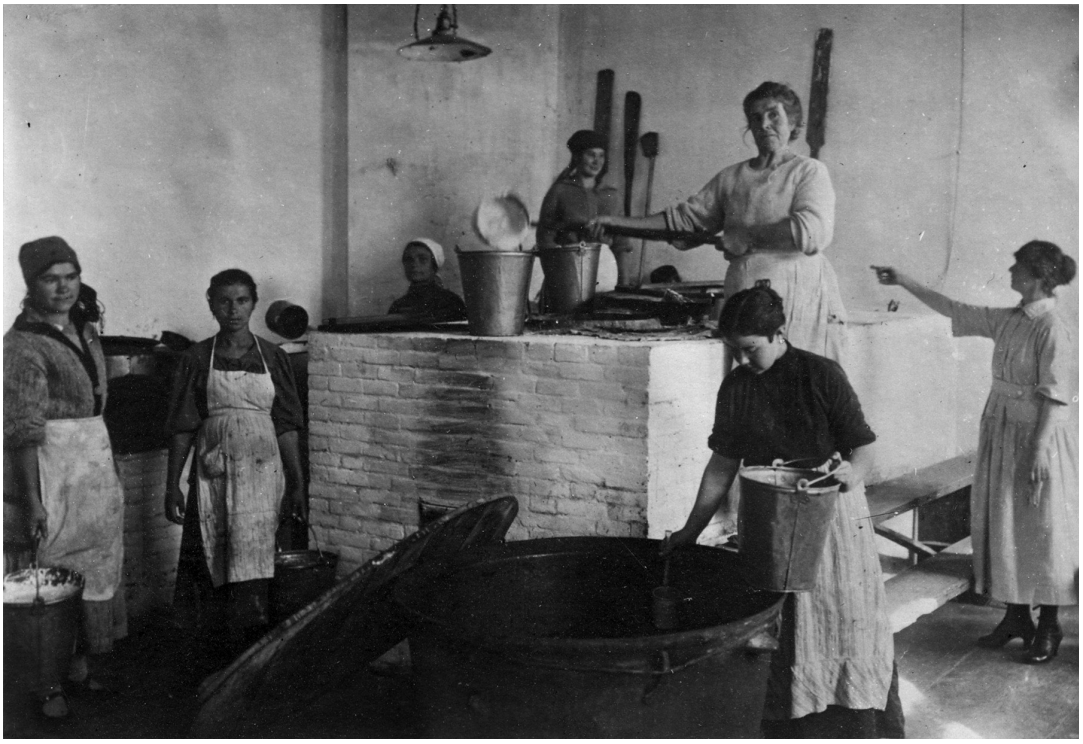
CHAPTER V

The Rescue of Orenburg

OUT BEYOND THE VOLGA, IN THE SOUTHERN URAL DISTRICT, JUST SHORT OF A THOUSAND MILES FROM MOSCOW, spread out on a plateau that ends abruptly 300 feet above the Ural River is the city of Orenburg, sometimes called Ohkalov, a town with an interesting past. The Ural River is supposed to be the boundary line between Asiatic and European Russia and in the middle of the eighteenth century, Orenburg was developed as a frontier fortress against tribal invasions from the east. In 1922 this city was the central base of the Orenburg Cossacks. This place was formerly noted as a national market for rugs, for Bokhara silks and for the famous Orenburg shawls made from the down of goat skins and so delicate in fabric that the largest of them, six feet square, could be passed through an ordinary finger ring. It took three women a whole year to knit one of the larger size, which sold for a hundred dollars.

In the Fall of 1921 Orenburg lost half of its population of one hundred thousand in flight from famine, and in the death of several thousand from its violence. The vast herds of sheep and goats that formerly roamed the neighboring steppes disappeared for army rations. City business and marketing ceased to operate. The churches, over thirty in number, were closed and the mosques practically deserted. The A.R.A. had worked here and possibly saved the population from extermination during the severe winter famine of 1921, but here in the following spring, for the first and only time in its history, the A.R.A. was forced to discontinue its work because of the continued interference of local government officials. Now it was January of 1923 and like a returning tornado the famine hit back and the central government was calling upon the A.R.A. and also on the Papal Relief Mission to come to the rescue of Orenburg.

Colonel William Haskell, Director of the A.R.A., and Fr. Walsh, Head of the Papal Mission, decided in conference that the A.R.A. should return to Orenburg immediately and that the Papal Mission would follow within a week or two. For several reasons this arrangement was much to the advantage of the Papal Mission. The A.R.A. had the experienced personnel and the facilities to begin work without delay. Under the circumstances they had a free hand and could prepare the setting for



Feeding kitchen, likely Orenburg. The kettles are repurposed Russian naval mines pulled from the Black Sea.

a lone Mission operator, relative to warehouses, residence and office quarters. Another advantage in the extension of Papal relief work was that it might serve to slow down, if not to terminate, the Government campaign against the Catholic Church, which was increasing in violence every day. What Fr. Walsh had hoped for, namely, the mitigation of religious persecution, was temporarily accomplished, but what the Orthodox Bishop of Krasnodar had foretold was eventually realized.

When the Papal Mission agreed to extend its work to Orenburg there was only one member of its personnel left to take over the assignment. This distant station was designated as the Eastern Division of the Vatican Relief Mission and the title of the agent appointed in charge of it was changed from Assistant Director of Papal Relief to Director of the Eastern Division. The Orenburg venture was an undertaking that called for special preparation on the part of both organizations. When the A.R.A. first went out there, more than a year before, the crowded train on which its agents were traveling was snowbound for four days before reaching Samara and ten of the passengers died of starvation. The special preparations for this trip consisted of an extra car, a caboose, or *tiplushka* as it was called, filled with enough American food supplies to support the entire passenger list of seven cars for a week, if emergency occurred. The A.R.A. agents left Moscow for Orenburg on January 17th and reached their destination with no untoward incident. The Papal relief agent departed on January 26th. Apart from the caution forbidding anyone to open a window or door during the passage over the Volga on the Romanov bridge, which was kept under strict military guard, the trip was uneventful until the train was within a hundred miles of Orenburg.

At about two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day out, it snowed so heavily that the train was brought to a standstill within an hour. The first thought on stopping was of emergency rations, which were not to be given out until really needed. The head conductor was sent through the train to check up on what food the people were carrying and he reported that most of them had enough for another day of travel. The snowstorm ceased at about 8:00 P.M. and the train stood stationary overnight. At nine o'clock the next morning the welcome sight of a column of smoke in the southeast indicated that a plough train had been sent out from Orenburg

to open the tracks for the Moscow express which finally reached its destination only one day late.

In a temperature of thirty-eight degrees below zero, the three A.R.A. agents were at the station as a welcoming party. Being a member of their organization, the Papal Mission agent rented a room at their residence until such time as the local government authorities supplied a house for the director of a separate relief mission. This took two weeks and in that time a large warehouse was taken over and filled with American food supplies brought from the A.R.A. storage plants. An office was opened in the warehouse with furniture, stationery, typewriting machines and accessories brought along from Moscow. Two buildings were opened for feeding kitchens, Russian help was hired and the Mission relief work was in progress before the Director had a house to live in. The delay, however, supplied a most enjoyable period of two weeks in the company of the A.R.A. workers.

The general design of a relief center in Orenburg was different in detail from those operated in other parts of the country. The city population was made up of four large and separate units, and the numerous Bashkir and Kirghiz settlements within a radius of twenty miles of the city were in great part dependent upon their city relatives. By mutual agreement the A.R.A. was to concentrate on city relief and the Papal Mission, in addition to two large kitchens in the city for children, was to take over the numerous outside centers. Out-of-city feeding involved a problem of transportation and an added one of finding suitable places for feeding children in country villages, but these and other obstacles to progress were readily surmounted. Fr. Walsh came to the immediate rescue by sending out an experienced Russian who had worked with the Mission in the Crimea and in the Kuban district; he was appointed supervisor of the district centers. At each of the outlying stations drivers were hired with one horse, low-slung sleighs for transporting food supplies from the city storage plants to their own villages, some of which were twenty miles away. In most of these settlements the school buildings, closed for the time, were reopened as kitchens and where the children could not leave their homes for want of clothes, hot soup and bread was brought to them and they were given an allowance of cocoa and condensed milk until such time as clothing could be sent out from the city office, which was less than three weeks.

Mention has already been made of the Mission clothing program and of the efficient manner in which it was handled by Fr. Joseph Farrell, S.J. This clothing was distributed as complete outfits including suits, underwear, shoes, and stockings, most of it brought in from Italy. His first assignment of clothing to Orenburg was for 3,000 children, nearly all of which was distributed to the out-of-city centers. By mid-March all of the 9,000 children being fed in these centers were fully clothed, as well as the more needy half of the city dependents, and by mid-April the total number had increased to 22,900. ☆

CHAPTER VI

Danger, Diplomacy, and the Cossack Captain

IN A COUNTRY PASSING THROUGH A NATION-WIDE FAMINE and with every phase of life being remodeled under a strict dictatorship, the daily routine of a relief worker in Russia might well have become nerve-wracking without some sort of diversion or distraction. Passing a cemetery in which hundreds of the dead were stacked up like firewood, covered with snow and awaiting burial when winter had passed, created an uncanny idea of what the word famine really means. Cities and their people are always interesting and Orenburg was no exception. Here the presence of three Americans conducting the A.R.A. operations, plus the presence of several Russians, alike in character but different in demeanor, served as a source of necessary diversion. Most of the houses in this town were freckled with bullet holes. The city had been taken and retaken several times by remnants of the White Army, still loyal to Tzardom, and by Bolshevik revolutionary forces. Some of the royal sympathizers were still at large and only recently made a night raid into the city to avenge their defeat. Shortly after our arrival in Orenburg, the Director of the A.R.A. asked if Papal Mission agents carried automatics.

"Never. Positively forbidden."

"Better have one in this town," he advised. "When I go out at night," he continued, "I always carry a Colt revolver in the right-hand pocket of my overcoat. All you know about the fellow coming the other way is that he has one."

"But the revolution is supposed to be over."

"It is, but the White Army bandits won't admit it." That was the end of that subject until the next morning.

About halfway on the road to the A.R.A. office, which was a mile distant from their residence, the road was blocked by a crowd of people being held back by a cordon of soldiers from the house of a local government official. Later on in the day it was learned that he and his family of five had been murdered the previous night. There were varying stories about the happening, the most common of which was that White Army bandits had come in on another anti-Bolshevik raid. The city was living up to its bandit reputation. It was here that the bandit Pugachev had his hideout in 1773, before he was captured by the Russian army and sent to Moscow in an iron cage in which he was put on exhibition

Gallagher (left) and Walsh, in Ekaterinodar (now Krasnodar), October 1922.

before his execution. There was still a collection of Pugachev souvenirs in the local museum.

One of the interesting and memorable acquaintances made in Orenburg was that of the Head Representative of the Central Government. A Russian by birth, during the business day he was a Tartar to deal with but a congenial socialite in afterhours, an individual who contributed his ample share to the enigma of Russian mentality. In conference with the Directors of the A.R.A. and of the Papal Mission, never once did he consent to a suggestion made by any of them, but later on he would write in granting every concession they asked. At one time he ordered the Mission to move from the feeding list the hundred or more Orthodox priests who were receiving relief, claiming that as priests they were anti-Communist. When told that the relief was being donated to the thousands of children, and to the priests as well, came from a priest—namely, the Pope, he said that was another way of looking at it, and then he forgot about the priests. Here was an official who seemed to assert his authority just to show that he had it. On one occasion, however, he did act with more than show and this time he caused the Mission considerable embarrassment.

One of the smaller kitchens in the city was located in a school that had been closed for more than a year. There were 300 children being fed there, all of whom had been clothed by the Mission. The janitor in charge, on a small government salary, was a former teacher and a Polish Roman Catholic. In addition to taking care of the building he was giving the children instruction in spelling and reading until, without warning, he was arrested and the kitchen declared closed. This was something that demanded an immediate conference and the gist of the argument that took place was as follows:

"As Director of a relief mission you should know that the opening of a school is illegal and especially of a Roman Catholic school."

"It was a Russian public school, not a Roman Catholic school."

"But the teacher was a Catholic and there was a sign over the entrance reading Rimski Papa, meaning Roman Pontiff."

"That sign is posted on all Mission kitchens and there was a kitchen in the schoolhouse."

"But school was going on there. The teacher was Catholic and the Government is set against Catholic teachers."

"If the teacher was a Turk, would that make it a Turkish school when nothing Turkish was being taught there? And, moreover, you arrested the wrong man. You should have arrested the Director of the Mission, who appointed the teacher. That would have closed both the school and the kitchen and left you responsible to the Central Government for three hundred hungry children." At this he was somewhat nonplussed and after a moment of reflection he answered: "Well, I have already reported to Moscow that the school was closed and the teacher arrested. I said nothing about the kitchen. Now I

must follow up the report with a statement that the teacher has been judged and sentenced."

The fact that he made no mention of the kitchen in his report indicated that he realized he had violated a Central Government contract by closing the kitchen without previous notice, and so it was time for a settlement by way of a compromise, suggested while he was gathering his thoughts.

"Since all Russian help are paid by the government, why not hold the court here and now, make the judgment and pass the sentence? Return your prisoner to his position as janitor only of the kitchen building, serving on no government pay, and forget about closing the kitchen without notice." This suggestion was followed by a short silence and then by a further comment which he readily admitted.

"You know, it looks to me as if you were prejudicial against the janitor because he does not report to you, as other Russian employees do, on everything he sees or hears in the Mission office and residence. In other words, he does not approve of your system of espionage." His retort to this was typical and practically unanswerable.

"Please do not talk to us about espionage," he said. "That procedure is necessary during the formation of a government after a revolution and besides, in that particular science we are children when compared to the Americans. Two years ago I had a brother in New York. He mailed a letter to me in Moscow on Monday. He was arrested on Wednesday and deported to Russia within a week." That was the end of the court and the conference. The kitchen was reopened on the following day and the janitor had no objection to no government pay. He was paid every week by the Mission.

Not long after the kitchen episode another facet of the character of the Central Government Representative came into evidence. His daylight appearance as a troublemaker was in strong contrast to his evening showing as a pacifist. The local Director of the A.R.A. once called him a sunset chameleon. On this occasion he invited the Directors of the two relief organizations to his house for dinner. With all of his whims as an executive, he was a decidedly genial host. Both the dinner and the gathering were unusual. In addition to the relief Directors, his guests were the Governor of the District, the local Chief of the Federal Secret Service, at that time called the Cheka, and the Captain of Orenburg, or the 11th Division of Cossack Cavalry. The conversation was carried on in Russian and in French, with the Cossack Captain acting as interpreter. The several talks in the course of the dinner centered about the existing relations between the local government and the relief organizations, with high praise and commendation for everyone concerned. The closing of the school and the kitchen difficulty were never even referred to.

The dinner was as odd as the list of diners. Instead of the usual borsch, the first entry was a tasty chicken soup, and with its appearance the Director of the A.R.A. shot a significant wink across the table to his American companion. This happened again with the serving of the main dish and the vegetables but he didn't need to wink when the coffee was served with American cigarettes. The Russians had good appetites and did justice to food they had not seen or heard of in a long time, if ever. In the after-dinner session, the Cossack Captain assured the Americans that the host of the evening and his fellow Russians were quite delighted with what he called "our prewar social gathering." The A.R.A. was in the country to feed hungry Russians and all Russians were hungry. Hence the American menu at the Representative's dinner. Socially, for the host, it was a big success resulting in a wide expansion of his prestige in Moscow and Orenburg.

The outstanding figure at that dinner was the Cossack Captain, the most extraordinary character encountered in our whole Russian experience. Evidently a Caucasian, his name, if it was his name, indicated a Russian ancestry. He was an intellectual, evidently a former aristocrat and an ex-tzarist cavalry officer, who went over to the Bolshevik regime for reasons of his own as did others of his class, like Tchitcherin, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs at the time. A few days after the dinner meeting, he said, "You Americans are good diplomats. This is a country, as you know, in which everyone is suspicious of everyone else. In the Representative's house, at dinner and afterwards, the Russians were talking to each other in their own language but you two Americans never passed a word between you in

English. That may or may not have been planned, but under the circumstances it was wise procedure. Two of them can converse fairly well in English."

This man was a keen observer. Before going to the dinner that evening, the two Americans decided to do exactly what he had noticed. Later on, when we became more intimately acquainted, he explained his position in this way. The big gap in Marxism is total neglect of the individual, hence the individual must look out for himself. Then again the thinking individual is not living for himself alone, and in my case the decision to be made was whether it was better to go along with the injustice, helping to correct it and helping others to endure it, or to rot to death in a dungeon, or perhaps more immediately to walk into an automatic in the dark.

Soldiers were paid by the government, but the pay they were getting would never suffice to support a family, hence our connection with the armed forces. In Orenburg their children were being fed by the relief organizations, 2,000 of them in the Papal Mission kitchens and many more in the A.R.A. centers. Evidently the military authorities were well satisfied with what was being done for them and what they did in return was a gesture of friendship and a great help for relief work; something thought up and accomplished by the Cossack Captain. He petitioned the Governor of the District for an exceptional privilege. His petition was readily granted and as readily ratified by the Chief of the Cheka and by the Central Government Representative, with the result that the Director of the A.R.A. and of the Papal Relief Mission were made Honorary Captains in the 11th Division of Cossack Cavalry. This honor sounded somewhat formidable, at least to one of its recipients. The Director of the A.R.A., Mr. Hartridge of Jacksonville and of Yale, was an experienced horseman. His American companion was anything but that. The title rated a cavalry mount and an equerry and from that time on the Russian Captain took over.

A short time after the military honors were conferred, the Captain and Hartridge appeared on horseback at the Mission residence, with the Russian leading an extra horse, a tall, handsome animal, well caparisoned with bridle and saddle. This was an invitation to a first ride over the steppes, an equestrian venture never to be forgotten. When

A camel train, near Sartov, carrying American Relief Administration supplies along the frozen Volga River.

leaving the house our Russian friend advised us never to gallop a horse on a stone-paved road. About three blocks from the house we turned into the main street of Orenburg at an even canter and slowed down to a walk. There was a mile or more of road before us, paved with what we Americans knew as cobblestones. The Russian was in the middle with Hartridge on his left, when suddenly, and with no warning at all, he let out a wild Cossack whoop and the three horses leaped into a full gallop. The impact was sudden and the impetus great. There was some dour plot afoot and no checking it. The only thing to do was to see it through and ride it out to a dubious end. All three were going at full speed with the Russian in close, on our left, when he called out, "Let go of the saddle, lean forward, take the reins in both hands and pull him up tight." He himself was driving with one hand, leaving his right arm fully free. It was a rugged mile before he pulled up his own horse and all three slowed down into a trot, then into a walk and finally came to a standstill. "Dismount!" It was an order and a welcome one.

"Take a look at your horse," he said. The bit was hanging loose under the horse's chin. Then he continued, "I took it out when you were mounting in the yard. You have ridden this horse for a full mile and at top gallop, with no bit in his mouth. I'll put the bit back where it belongs. From now on he is your horse and when you are up he will know that his master is in the saddle. Here, give him this," and he produced half an apple, saying, "When we go on long rides, and there will be a lot of them, bring along some apples. You know," he continued, "when there is no time for riding instructions the best thing to do is to do it all in one lesson, but let the horse take the lesson. When I suddenly pulled him out of his top speed he was more frightened than you were, and just as glad to have it over with." The whole thing took place so unexpectedly that it needed a minute or two to recover breath and composure. The Russian was smiling and waiting for the reaction.

"That's all very nice, Captain, but suppose someone had fallen off and broken his neck?"

"Quite impossible, Sir. I was in full command and my right arm was free at all times. If you had started to slip, I would have held you on, but I would not have slowed down the pace because the horse had to have his full lesson."

In the meantime, Hartridge was standing by wearing the smile of a Cheshire cat, and when accused of being accessory to the crime, he merely pointed to the Captain. There was one thing, however, that he was never quite able to explain. On arrival at his house and before we dismounted, Pat Smith, his assistant, greeted us with the question, "How did you like the riding lesson?"

In the long run, and after the long run which it involved, the riding lesson served to solve the problem of proper inspection of the outlying feeding stations. When the people began to shovel snow off the rooftops you knew winter was coming to an end. With the first melting of the snow even the Ford machine belonging to the A.R.A. could not negotiate the steppes but a good horse could, and having one indebted the Mission to the Cossack Captain. The city kitchens were run on a regular schedule with weekly inspections. The outlying posts were not so easily cared for. The chief difficulty there was one of reliable accounting which had been given over to the local patriarchs. Every item of food had to be answered for, as well as the number of food containers, such as condensed milk cans and the gunny sacks used for cocoa, sugar, and corn grits. What left the city storage plants could be easily checked. Whether or not it reached its proper destination or was pilfered and sold in the city market, as had happened, was not so readily determined. Checking the city market might have caused trouble with the city authorities. Only small quantities of American food had appeared there, at intervals, all of which was brought in from the outside centers.

Sunday was inspection day and having said Mass and taken breakfast, the Director of the Papal Mission was in the saddle by 7:00 A.M., in company with Hartridge and the Russian Captain, for an all-day ride to one or several of the district stations. What the Captain said about our cavalry mount proved to be true to the letter. He was steady, reliable, and fast, and apart from our initial experience with him, his full gallop had the rhythm of a rocking chair. After learning a few bridle touches and heel

taps from the riding master, this handsome beast or, as the Russian called him, this docile charger, was easily handled, and riding soon became both recreation and exercise. It was on these Sunday rides that the real character of the Russian Captain revealed itself. Hartridge, who enjoyed his company, thought he was an aristocratic adventurer but he was hardly that, because he joined the Royal Cavalry soon after he was graduated from the University of Moscow, ten years before the Bolshevik Revolution.

On one occasion when the conversation led up to secret service and spying, the Captain said, "The real great spies of history are the Jesuits," and turning to Hartridge he continued, "and what do you think?"

"I wouldn't know too much about that," Hartridge answered. "The dictionary mentions them as being crafty. Ask the Doctor there. He has a degree from a Jesuit college."

"Oh! So you know them, Doctor."

"Yes, somewhat. They are educators and missionaries for the most part. It probably was the enemies of their system of education who first labeled them as crafty."

This may have seemed like an evasive answer. At least the Russian was not satisfied with it and the conversation continued.

"And why do they go about incognito and hold secret meetings in mountain caves?"

"If they travel incognito, they very probably are engaged in work which they could not undertake as clerics. As to their meeting in mountain caves, that sounds as though you had read a book entitled *Twenty Years After*, a sequel to *The Three Musketeers*, but not nearly as well known, by Alexander Dumas, Père."

"That is just where I saw it," he answered, when he was interrupted.

"Dumas was a novelist with a fine style and a good imagination but he was also a very severe critic. He had an axe to grind, two of them in fact, one against Government and one against the Church, which is also true about the Bolsheviks."

Mention of the Bolsheviks brought a momentary pause before the Russian broke in.

"What you say sets me to thinking," he continued. "It brings back a thought over which I have often pondered; namely, the position and the condition of our Russian clergy, especially the poor bishops."

"Do you know some of the bishops?" he was asked.

"Yes. I know many of them, including the five in Orenburg who are on your Papal Mission list for food distribution. Sometime later on I would like to talk to you about them. They are deep thinking men but utterly helpless. The trouble in Russia today is that you can think, but you can't think out loud if you want to continue thinking."

Due to the presence of a uniformed officer, the inspection of the outlying stations was expedited with little or no difficulty. The elders took him for a government official and it was a study in human nature to observe him in contact with the peasantry and especially with the children. Instead of the expression of fear that generally appeared at the sight of a military uniform, they were smiling and laughing at his efforts to talk to them in their own dialect rather than in Russian, with which they were all familiar. He made requests instead of giving orders and in the marketplaces, where they would run to hide from a soldier, they gathered around him to hear him talk about the relief missions and how grateful they should be for their coming. He knew people as well as he knew horses. He had an attraction for instinct as well as for intellect. His own cavalry mount seemed to realize that he was living for the sole purpose of serving his master, as witness the following incident.

One evening, returning over the steppes after a day of riding, he gave us a demonstration of what he meant when he said his horse was battle trained.

"If you two Americans will stand your horses here," he said, "I'll ride toward home for a hundred yards or so, then turn and pass you at a moderate gallop, and see what happens."

As he was passing by, he crouched in the saddle, leaned to his left, fell off the horse and remained motionless, face down on the grass. The horse went on for a few seconds and feeling that he was riderless, turned abruptly, looked around and trotted back to the man on the ground. Then he settled down beside him and remained there quietly. After a min-

ute or two of waiting, with some pretended effort, as though he had been wounded, the Captain pulled himself up into the saddle and fell across it on his stomach. Whereupon the horse got up very carefully and started on a slow and even walk toward home. When Hartridge asked him what would happen if he were killed in battle or was unable to climb back into the saddle, he said, "The horse would remain beside me as a protection until the battle was over."

On that same day we were late in returning. It was growing dark and we still had about two miles to cover before coming into town. Between us and the city limits there was a series of wadis, a dozen or more of dry ditches formerly used for irrigation, three feet wide and a foot and a half deep. They were hazards in which an ordinary horse might easily have stumbled but not a Cossack charger. Darkness settled before we reached the wadis and our friend issued to following instructions:

"Ride in line at an easy gallop and thirty feet apart. I'll take the lead. My horse will see the ditches even if I don't and when he jumps, your horses will do the same from his take-off." This was another feature of Cossack training. The timing was perfect and the jumps were taken in even stride.

Street lights in Orenburg were few and very weak, and on entering the city at the end of the main street our Russian guide said, "This has been a long day, now let's have some fun. From here to the circle at the center of the town is about a mile. The place is dead quiet and the soldier-police are probably sound asleep. Let's race to the circle and wake them up."

With that he let out the Cossack cry and the horses were off at full speed. The clatter of galloping hoofs on the pavement was enough to awaken more than the sleeping sentries. Doors and windows flew open but nobody appeared at them, and all three riders were brought to a halt at the dimly lighted circle by four soldiers with levelled rifles.

"Tovarisch!" the Captain called.

"Captain," the soldiers answered, and shouldered their guns.

Then the Cossack explained, "Just crazy Americans."

The military police clicked their heels and saluted and a few minutes later the so-called crazy Americans and their extraordinary companion dismounted at the A.R.A. residence for a late dinner and a review of the day, marked with more than one hearty laugh.

To hear that there were five Orthodox bishops in Orenburg was not news but to hear it from an army officer was somewhat unusual. The man seemed to be interested in everything and everybody. His knowledge of their presence aroused curiosity and it was decided to find out what he had in mind about them.

"Something you can do for me and for them" was his answer to the first inquiry. "You know," he continued, "they are really holy men, long suffering, edifying, poor and hungry. Why not give them a dinner at the Mission House, at your convenience? The local government might become suspicious of intrigue on the part of the Mission but I would be present as an interpreter and, so far as authorities are concerned, as a government agent."

"And don't you think we would be placing the Mission in jeopardy?"

That question was put without forethought and was immediately followed with an apology.

"Have I ever harmed the Mission thus far?" he asked with a smile.

"On the contrary, Captain, no one has been a greater help to us."

"And it is not over yet," he added. "The bishops have their own system of gathering information and they will not hesitate to talk in my presence."

This was the second dinner given to the Orthodox Clergy by the Papal Relief Mission and, so far as the guests and the menu were concerned, it was quite similar to the first. It was held during the season of Lent when these holy men were observing a strict fast, even during the time of famine, and it took considerable persuasion on the part of the Cossack Captain to get them to accept our invitation. The long and solemn grace before meals, intoned by the eldest of the bishops, was chanted in a mellow monotone and at its closing the Captain announced that the bishops would like to hear from the Director of the Papal Relief Mission. The announcement was wholly unexpected and the

situation was embarrassing. Insofar as they knew, and the Captain as well, they were being addressed by a layman. The problem was what to say and not to say too much. A few words of welcome and an expression of sympathy for their present plight seemed to be sufficient. Somewhat dubious, however, as to whether or not they would do justice to the menu during the season of Lent, it did not seem out of place to remind them that, apart from their power of dispensation, the laws of fasting, which they were accustomed to observe during the holy season, had no place in a land of famine.

When the dinner was over, it was evident that the closing words of the opening address, wishing them good appetite, might well have been omitted. When they were offered cigarettes, in the course of the meal, one of them remarked, "The food, Sir, was a much needed blessing, to add to it would be partaking of a luxury." The information they dispensed in the recreation that followed the dinner was really surprising. They even knew what Fr. Walsh was doing in Moscow to keep the churches open in Petrograd and they were also certain that his efforts would be unavailing, as they were. Their prediction as to what would happen when famine conditions ended in Orenburg was verified exactly as they had pictured it; namely, the destruction of the Catholic Church in Russia. Their forecast was realized in the trial of the Catholic clergy in Moscow during Easter Week of 1923.

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Sign from a feeding kitchen in Kostov, reading: "The Pope's Catholic Mission of aid to the Russian People. Rescue mission of the Holy See to the Russian people."

CHAPTER VII

Two Honest Men

DIOGENES MIGHT WELL HAVE LEFT HIS LANTERN AT HOME if he went out to find an honest man in Orenburg. Such men just seemed to appear there from nowhere and fortunately so for the Papal Relief Mission. The annual flood of the Ural River was due in a few weeks and thousands of peasants would be coming into the city of Orenburg for food. The storage plants were getting low and a trainload of ten cars of American food belonging to the Papal Mission was long overdue. Evidently it had been wrongly routed or sidetracked after leaving Moscow. Public carriers at that time in Russia were anything but reliable. Despite the fact that he was poorly clad and wearing broken shoes, a few words with the middle-aged stranger who walked into the office looking for work were sufficient to convince one that he was more than he appeared to be at first sight. Half hiding an old cloth hat under his arm, he made his request through an interpreter.

"Ask what languages he speaks." The question was prompted by curiosity but the answer to it awakened an immediate interest.

"He says he speaks five, Russian, Polish, German, French and Italian, and also Chinese, Japanese, and Turkish."

The conclusion from this was that he must be a well-traveled citizen. His French was a treat to the ear.

"Do you know anything about railroading?"

"I should. I spent twenty-seven years with nearly every branch of the Royal Railways."

Here was the man who was really needed. After signing papers as an employee of the Mission, he listened carefully to a series of instructions, amounting to the following: Leave for Moscow tomorrow. Go to the office of the American Relief Administration (A.R.A.) and get the data on Urelcon number thirty-three. That means an A.R.A. sale to the Papal Relief Mission in Orenburg. Here are the bills of lading for the train involved which is somewhere between here and Moscow. Trace it down and see how soon you can get it into Orenburg. Here are one hundred American dollars. You probably know how to use them on the Russian railroads. Buy yourself some clothes and a hat in Moscow. Live moderately and report here when you return. To say the least, the man was somewhat surprised and after a moment's pause he said, "That's a lot of money, Sir.

Feeding kitchen in Kirghiz. Sign: "Catholic Mission of Assistance. The Pope to the Russian People."

You don't know me and why should you be entrusting me with such a sum?"

"Because there is a very urgent and a difficult job to be done and you are evidently the man to do it. Knowing a man on first acquaintance is not so unusual."

Ten days later he was back in the office. This was a big surprise but it was still a bigger one when he handed in forty-nine dollars and an itemized account of what he had spent.

"But you didn't buy the clothes."

"No, Sir, just the shoes. The old ones were falling off. The clothes can wait. They were too costly and I had only a little time in Moscow. The train, Sir, is at the storage plant, ready for unloading."

Here was a man wholly devoted to duty and self-sacrificing, despite his many needs. If he had handed back ten dollars or nothing at all, no questions would have been asked. The trainload of food was worth thousands of dollars; the man who recovered it was certainly worthy of his hire. From that day on until the Mission closed, the main office had no further worries about the accounts and the invoices of the two large storehouses. The new superintendent was as efficient in handling hundreds of tons of American food supplies as he was capable of finding them when they went astray.

In 1923 Orenburg was a prison city, a place to which the intellectuals of Petrograd and Moscow were banished when suspected of being anti-Communist. Some of them were retained there and others were transported to prison camps when the winter was over and the Trans-Siberian railroad opened from Orenburg to Vladivostok. Some of these political prisoners were easily recognized as such in their conversation, if not by appearance. One afternoon a small thin man with refined features, a prominent brow, soft blue eyes, and delicately shaped hands came into the Papal Relief Office and asked in softly spoken French if there was a position open for an office clerk.

"No, Sir, office clerks are on the government payroll and the office has all the clerks the government will permit." His answer to this was, "If you know who I am, please do not Sir me in the presence of others," and the conversation continued.

"However, there is a position open as a private secretary and if you would like to take it, you would not be a government employee."

"I would like to take any position that would bring me enough to buy some food. What would one have to do as a private secretary?"

"Practically nothing, just translate Russian documents into French and occasional pieces from the Moscow papers when they come in. You were sent here by the Cossack Captain, is that correct?"

"Quite correct, Sir. He was a friend of our family in Petrograd."

"No doubt. That man is everyone's friend. And by the way, you mentioned food. If you care to come in to dinner in about an hour, you will be very welcome."

The man was nervous. He was unconsciously licking his lips before answering.

"Yes, Sir, I would like to eat but I cannot take dinner with you."

"Then perhaps you can take it before me. The dining room is upstairs. Your dinner will be ready in half an hour. One of the boys will tell the cook that you are coming in. Evidently you are in need of clothes also. Take these rubles instead of American money; somebody might become suspicious. Come back for work in two or three days, at your convenience."

He bowed out gracefully saying, "Thank you, Sir. I assure you that this will not be forgotten."

Two days later, the private secretary appeared for work, much better dressed and looking far more contented. From that time one, he was a frequent dinner guest and on one occasion when asked why he refused the first invitation, he related the history of his coming to Orenburg.

"That day," he said, "was only my second day in Orenburg, as a political prisoner, an intelligentsia suspect. Attached to a special train leaving Petrograd for Orenburg there was a freight car with a human cargo of twelve political prisoners to be let down at different prison towns. It took six weeks to make the journey instead of the ordinary four or five days. We were sidetracked here and there for several days at a time. You can imagine the conditions existing in that car. Twice we stopped at places where relief organizations were working and we were given a supply of American food. I was one of two Orthodox priests in the cargo of convicts, both professors in the Orthodox seminary in Petrograd. Here, as prisoners at large we have to report to the Police every third day. There were several reasons for refusing your first invitation to dinner, the first of which was my personal appearance. The second and stronger reason was the fact that I had not had a real meal in months and I was afraid that I would not be able to restrain myself from taking handfuls of good food the minute I saw it, instead of being patient and using a knife and fork. In fact, when I went to table that day, the minute the cook turned his back I took up the bowl of soup in both hands and finished it before I put it down. You can exercise patience when hungry, and probably restraint when famished, but no one is accountable for control when he is actually starving."

When given his first week's pay, this Christian gentleman refused to take it all, and remarked, "Now please do not pay me too much, just enough for incidentals. I bought the clothes and the Captain is taking care of my lodging. They may search me or my room at any time and if they found extra money, there is no telling what might happen."

The dinner table was the most convenient place for conversation, which eventually ran through a gamut of war, revolution and famine, politics, education and religion. One day at dinner, in the midst of a conversation on the spoliation of the churches, he broke in with a wholly unexpected remark.

"You said that you attended a Catholic college in America. It seems to me that your education went somewhat beyond the college. What we have been discussing of late relative to the churches, the jurisdiction of the Pope, and the doctrinal differences between the Roman Catholic and the Orthodox Churches is matter that is treated in a seminary rather than a college. I should know because I taught in a seminary. If you will allow me a minute or two I shall explain what I have in mind."

"Certainly. Take all the time you need. We have plenty of it."

His explanation was a revelation, which he unfolded without a sign of exterior emotion.

"Before I was ordained a priest," he began quietly, "I decided that I would never get married. That decision was made, not because I was looking forward to becoming a bishop but because I felt, even at that early date, that the time must come when I would have to make a major change. The only complaint they ever had against me as a professor in the seminary was that I was too Roman. When I was marked for banishment as a political convict, I determined to act upon an idea which I could never

succeed in getting rid of for any length of time, but then the consequences of doing so loomed bigger than ever. If I made the decision and became a Roman Catholic priest, I would not only be separated from my people, I would in all probability spend the rest of my days in the living death of a Bolshevik prison, where I could do nothing for either church or people. After taking that ride from Petrograd to Orenburg all fear of the prison disappeared. Here at the Papal Mission I have been happy but not satisfied. We must talk this over some time before you leave. In the meantime I have a favor to ask of you."

"Do ask it, and it will be granted if at all possible."

"Thank you, but do not be too surprised at my request. May I come in some morning and attend your Mass?"

The question caused not only surprise but hesitation for a reply.

"Are you sure that Mass is being celebrated here?"

"Quite convinced, Sir, and I have been for some time past."

"Then you are very welcome. Come along but you will have to be here early. Mass begins at five a.m. and in that connection let me say that the Americans here are not aware of my identity as a priest, and neither is the Cossack Captain, at least insofar as can be discerned." His answer to this was one to be remembered.

"About the Captain, I do not know. If he does know it, you may be sure he will never reveal it to anyone. A secret with him is a lock on friendship."

He knelt through the entire Mass in an attitude of prayerful devotion, as he did on several later occasions. The Russian Captain was quite satisfied that his friend was getting along very nicely as a private secretary but he noticed, as did others, that his health was failing rapidly. To conclude the story of this virtual martyr, two weeks before the Papal Mission closed, he asked to have a letter enclosed in the mailbag to be picked up by the Moscow courier the following day. The letter was addressed to the Director of the Vatican Relief Mission in Moscow, who knew where and how to forward its enclosure. The content of the enclosure, written in Latin to Pope Pius XI, was the entire submission of this holy priest to the Head of the Roman Catholic Church. On inquiry in Rome, some months later, it was learned that the Holy Father received this message a few weeks before the author of it died in Orenburg of a galloping consumption.

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CHAPTER VIII

Mission Accomplished

FR. WALSH ONCE REMARKED THAT THE MOST INTERESTING STUDY FOR A VISITOR IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY is not the landscape or the scenery, nor is it the art and architecture of the people, but the people themselves. True as this may be, the people are affected by what surrounds them. Their habits of living, temperament, and disposition are influenced by climate and temperature and by the seemingly extravagant moods of nature manifested almost everywhere; and Orenburg was no exception to all of this. It had the reputation of being the coldest place in Russia in the winter and the warmest in the summer. At times it was a seasonless locality, as it was in 1923, when there was practically no springtime. The winter went out in late March and the summer came in with early April. The mountain snow melted so rapidly that the Ural River came up twenty-one feet in three days and with alarming results. The city is built on a hill that ends abruptly high above the river bank. On the other side of the river, where the steppes end only a few feet above the river level, there were two sizeable villages. The rapid rise of the water made an island of the city, and the villages on the opposite bank of the river were inundated up to the eaves of two-story houses.

Fortunately, the storage plants of the A.R.A. and of the Papal Mission were well stocked but it took considerable search and preparation on the part of both organizations to improvise feeding centers for 4,000 villagers who were to stay for at least ten days. The lodging problem was solved by the pleasant weather and most of them were bivouacked in the spacious park in the middle of the town. The pumping station for the city water was situated on the river bank and it was the first public utility to go out of commission. The refugees made up for drinking water with the thousands of cans of condensed milk distributed from the feeding kitchens. With an honorary Captain at the head of both of the relief organizations, the Cossacks came to their rescue by hauling large hogsheads of water up the hill to their residence and then, under the direction of a Russian doctor, sprinkling a heavy coating of alum on the surface of the water. It took about four hours for this to sink down to the bottom of the container, carrying with it most of the river silt and other impurities. Then the top half of the barrel of water could be used for cooking or even for drinking water, if it was

A.R.A relief train in Tsaritsyn, along the frozen Volga River.

boiled for seven minutes and filtered. Evidently the doctor had previous experience with this unusual prescription which proved to be quite satisfactory.

Ten days later, when the waters receded, the villagers were back in their houses, facing the herculean task of cleaning them out and making them livable. When one of the ancients of the place, who had seen a dozen of these floods, was asked why the people return to their villages, he answered, "Because their ancestors lived there and because they have no other place to go. It was not too hard on them this year because the relief missions were here. They are a durable people." The flood was a unique experience and it produced a still more unusual phenomenon. Within two weeks of the time when the river reached its normal level, looking over it and past the villages, what seemed to be a square mile of the steppes was as white as snow in the glittering sun. With an off-steppes wind blowing, the atmosphere of the whole city was permeated with a light and a delicate odor and, for rubles amounting to a few cents, the children in the streets were selling big bouquets of full-grown lilies of the valley, and every house was filed with them. Here was a land bereft of bread but steeped in a luxurious fragrance for which the wealthy of other countries were paying exorbitant prices. The city was gay and the people were happy because, as they said, the lilies were a sure sign of a good harvest for the coming year. The Directors of the relief organizations were also happy, not at the thought of leaving this wonderful people but with the realization of the fact that famine conditions had passed and they could begin closing the kitchens and distributing the food and the clothing left in their warehouses.

Considering the size of the city and the ratio of its non-Russian population, it was surprising to find so many formerly affluent Russians living in Orenburg. During the winter of 1921, all of Russia in Europe, and part of it in Asia, was as active as an anthill, with millions of people migrating in all directions in search of that vital commodity, food. There were people in Orenburg from Moscow, Petrograd, the Crimea, the Ukraine, and the Caucasus, and they were living there because when their flight brought them to that point they found the American Relief Administration in full operation of famine relief. No doubt there were extraordinary and edifying people in all the cities already visited but time limits and the active business of opening feeding centers prevented a stranger from meeting them. Eli Tolstoy, a scion of the family of the famous novelist, was an employee in the office of the Papal Relief Mission. It was a pleasure to ride with him on

visits to distant relief stations. The Russian Cossack Captain said he was the most expert horseman he had ever known, high praise from a Cossack, of only one of this young man's abilities. Robust and of fine appearance, he was a linguist as well as a fine bookkeeper, and like the famous Leo of the same name, as he once remarked, he was also interested in social reform, but not in the particular kind of it in which he had been unwittingly ensnared.

Some Russians, at one time distinguished and wealthy, were listed as regular recipients of food packages from the Papal Relief Mission in Orenburg. Professor R., as we shall call him, known throughout Europe as one of the most celebrated cellists of his time, and his wife, a concert pianist and his accompanist, were on the same list. Before the First World War, this couple had visited most of the European capitals on concert and recital tours and, after playing in Berlin, the Emperor of Germany presented the professor with a valuable cello, which he cherished as his prize possession. During the 1917 revolution the government decided that he was not sufficiently sympathetic to Bolshevik ideas, so they took away his cello and gave it to the first cellist in the orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow. This brought about a protest from the acting Ambassador of Germany, who claimed that the instrument was really the property of the German government, and it was restored to its so-called keeper. Even the hardships and the throes of poverty and want cannot divert the devotion of a genius from his particular calling. As an illustration of this, the Professor, who was a pianist and a composer, as well as a cello virtuoso, told of his own personal experience when they were dependent upon bread cards for their daily allowance of food.

At six o'clock on a winter morning he was at the piano working on the composition of a new sonata, when Madam R. came in and reminded him that if he lost his place in line at the government store they might be without bread for the day. His answer was that he was looking for something that he could not find; something that he knew was in those keys and which he needed to complete a melody. Then he played a few measures and asked her to hold the final chord until he returned, when he would continue from there. He stood in line for more than two hours, on a cold morning and not heavily clad, before he got into the store to present his card for whatever provisions were being distributed that day. Supplies were running low, and he returned to the house with one loaf of black bread and half a sack of partly frozen potatoes. His first question on entering was, "Did you hold that chord for me?" The answer was, "Yes, and I had time to work on it. Listen to this." Then she sat down at the piano and played a few lines of his composition, which she knew by heart, and continued to the end of the melody.

"You have it. You have it," he repeated, raising his voice. "You have found what I was looking for, and now we can eat. I met Doctor Ivan and he gave me some tea and two eggs. This is really a big day."

The professor finished his sonata and sent it to the Academy of Music in Moscow, where it was published as the first great work of its kind since the founding of the Bolshevik regime. He was not looking for royalties. They were not paying them in those days. On several occasions the professor gave a private recital for the Directors of the two relief missions, with Madam R. at the piano. This was entertainment that, only a few years before, the capital cities of Europe were paying to enjoy.

With reference to his autobiography, Sir William Butler mentions the blessed gift of memory, and so it is when circumstances surrounding a pleasant episode of former years serve to recall a happy venture of the distant past. One sunny afternoon, riding in over the Kirghiz steppes with Hartridge and the Russian Captain, the Cossack reined in his horse and pointed to a flock of a dozen or more large birds, a few hundred yards away, feeding on the grubs and on the young grass pushed up by the recent rains.

"A rare sight," he said. "If we ride toward them, either walking or galloping, they will run a certain distance and then take short flight, always keeping out of range of a shotgun. Even if we had our guns with us we could never bag one of them. We need one more man to do that. They won't stay around very long, so if we come out tomorrow with Smith, you will see how the Cossacks do it. They are fine eating and we can get ourselves a good dinner." That

was a hunting party to look forward to and it proved to be all that was anticipated.

On the following afternoon, with four in the party, all carrying double-barreled shotguns, the birds were sighted almost a mile from where they had been feeding the day before. The Russian, a master of logistics, called a halt and issued his plan of attack. About a mile or so to the west there was a mound, about a hundred feet long and thirty feet high. Such mounds are common on the steppes. The birds were between us and the mound and, as the Cossack said, perfectly placed because their flight into the sun is shorter than away from it. Smith had a shotgun with a third barrel for rifle shooting and he was the first one to get orders. He rode off in a big circle to the far side of the mound, tied his horse at the foot of it, crept up to the top and lay flat, waiting for the birds to come within range. If they landed close or flew over the mound he could use the shotgun. If they landed in front of him, but beyond the range of a small shot, he was to take a pot shot at them from the rifle barrel, because their next flight might be around the mound instead of over it.

The next maneuver was to drive the birds up to the mound and orders were given to deploy, one to the right, one to the left, and the third to ride straight at the mound. The two that were flanking were to ride in at a slow gallop, first one and then the other, to keep them in line, and the rear guard, the Russian, was to zigzag, if the birds flew from one side to the other. The idea was to keep them moving toward the mound and directly into the sun, and no one was to fire until he heard Smith's shot. The birds made at least ten flights before Smith fired. That scattered the flock and the others rode in fast to take them on the wing. Smith got one with his rifle shot and the Russian Captain, riding at full speed, dropped one with a long shot from his shotgun. It was an unusual and an exciting foray and the results were both lucky and laughable.

The Captain took his bird to the barracks and Smith's bird, the larger one weighing about twenty pounds, furnished the main dish of a turkey dinner at the A.R.A. residence. As the Captain said, it really was a fine eating but there was a common doubt in everyone's mind as to just what kind of bird it was. In size and shape it resembled an American turkey but with no variety of color, all of its feathers being a dull russet brown. It had about the same size head as the American bird but with no tuft, and a shorter neck with no wattles, and the meat on its body, even that on the wings and legs, was all white. The Russians called it a turkey, using the word *eenduke* and the Kirghiz and the Bashkirs had several names for it, all of them unpronounceable. It probably was an Asiatic turkey of the bastard species but, apart from its name and its flavor, it was the manner in which it was hunted down on the steppes that revived a pleasant memory of ten years previous.

Our private secretary, an Orthodox priest and an excellent classical scholar, was present at the turkey dinner and quite interested in the account of the pursuit of the birds. A few days later he came in with a book that he had borrowed from a bishop's library and that evening we had a pleasant session over the Greek text of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. The text was familiar, being the same that was used in the second year Greek classes at Fordham Preparatory School in 1913. The chief purpose of our meeting was to discuss a passage in the fifth chapter of the first book of the *Anabasis*, of which the following is a summary:

> Then he marched through Arabia keeping the Euphrates on the right, five stages through a desert country, thirty-five parasangs. The ground of this region was as level as the sea. There were no trees. The place simply abounded in wild animals, such as wild asses, ostriches, bustards, and gazelles. The animals were sometimes chased by the horsemen. The wild asses were too fast for the horses but some were captured by relays of riders. Their flesh was like venison but more tender. No one succeeded in taking an ostrich because they outdistanced the riders in no time. The bustards, however, could be caught if they were flushed quickly because they make only short flights and tire quickly and they too make good easting.

The secretary's comment on this passage

served to enhance the pleasure of the recollection it awakened.

"So there you are," he began. "Were you three Americans chasing the same species of bird on the Kirghiz steppes as Xenophon's horsemen were hunting in Mesopotamia? At that time Xenophon's 10,000 Greeks, as part of the Persian army of Cyrus the Younger, were on the march to take Susa, the Capital of Persia, and thus to dethrone Artaxerxes, the King of Persia and the elder brother of Cyrus. At present, however, we are not interested in the military expedition nor in the fatal battle of Cunaxa, but rather in the particular kind of bird that was run down near the banks of the Euphrates in the year 401 B.C. Evidently it is native to the warmer climate of Mesopotamia and Egypt and probably appeared then, as it does now, in the north, and periodically, when the warm weather sets in. In fact the natives here know that the summer has begun when this bird appears in the steppes. With their short flights, how long does it take these birds to migrate a distance of 1,500 miles, and have they been doing this for a period of 2,600 years or more? These are questions that should interest the ornithologists and questions that probably will never be answered. When you were teaching Greek to your American students you never dreamed that in company with two other Americans you would one day enjoy the very ancient sport you were reading about in the *Anabasis*. And I might say also that we can both agree with Xenophon who said that the meat of these birds is really delicious."

At mid-May the termination of relief work in the District of Orenburg was not far off and the remaining few weeks reviewed in retrospect present a blended series of sad and happy recollections. Russian relief workers have often been asked if the Russian people ever expressed their gratitude for the help they received during the famine of 1921 to 1923. This is a question which only those who were connected with the relief organizations in that country can answer, and the answer to it is yes, and decidedly so. The people in general had no means of expressing their thanks to the United States Government which sponsored the relief, except through their own government channels to which they had no access and, so far as is known, their government never responded for them. One had to be in daily contact with the people, and to hear the expression of their regrets that they could do nothing to show their gratitude for the help they were receiving. In every one of the 200 feeding kitchens, large and small, of the Orenburg Division of the Papal Relief Organization, regardless of their ethnic origin, the people were so obliging and so hospitable that there was no room for doubt about their being grateful, and when it came time to leave them the parting was the separation of admiring friends. Shortly before leaving Orenburg, the Director of the A.R.A., Mr. Hartridge said:

> They are a different people now. When we first came here, if you asked a man how he felt, he might answer, 'Worse than yesterday but better than tomorrow,' but that has all been changed. That was in January when they were hungry, downhearted and crying. Now it is May and it makes one happy to see them smiling and to hear them laughing.

On June 2 orders were received by telegram to cease operations, close the station in Orenburg, and return to Moscow by the nineteenth. The A.R.A. received similar instructions, stating that since famine conditions no longer existed their work was to end by June 15. Liquidation, as they called it, or closing up a relief station was, in some respects, more of a task than opening it. Operations were developed to full capacity within two months after the opening and by the time of closing the Papal Mission in Orenburg was taking care of 48,000 people. To undo all this in two weeks meant a hectic fortnight. Detailed records of all operations had to be filed in triplicate, one copy for the Vatican, one for the Central Government and one for the local authorities. Warehouse inventories showed 188 tons of food to be distributed to distant centers and 40,000 dollars worth of textile material for making clothes. One half of the textiles were for outlying units and the second half to be given to the local government for the city population, with a promise on one side and hope on the other that they would

be properly allocated. All Russian employees, numbering more than 700, received a bonus of both food and clothing, including an office staff of twenty, all city and district kitchen attendants, warehouse workers, and transport drivers. The day before departure, the residence and the storage plants were officially turned back to the local government and documents signed accordingly.

The two weeks of liquidation, however, were not entirely taken up with work. It was during this brief period that the people were really bent upon expressing their gratitude.

One afternoon was given over to a garden festival, held in a large recreation field, as a farewell party for the four American relief agents, three of the A.R.A. and the Director of the Vatican Relief Mission. The whole affair was arranged by the city officials and the program offered Kirghiz folk songs and dancing and a short play presented by the pupils of the local School of Russian Ballet. The feature event of the afternoon was a camel race, arranged by the Russian Cossack Captain, and it was a thrilling spectacle. There were three entries, all representing the A.R.A. but sporting no particular stable colors. It was a one-mile race, three times around a course staked out on the perimeter of the field. The riders were Kirghiz boys about fifteen years old, wearing short pants and flimsy shirts. The pants were cut-downs from cast-off overalls brought in from the A.R.A. warehouse and the over-fitting shirts were donated by the Papal Mission. The camels were of the one hump, dromedary species. It was all bareback riding, no saddles of any kind, and the bridles were fashioned from rope, tied in a noose around the camel's jaws, with the ends thrown back for reins.

Toward the middle of the third lap, with all three running close and going at full gallop, the camels evidently decided that they had had enough of it. The leader bolted out the gate and down the main street. Number two, attempting to follow him, was brought to a halt by being caught in the gate, which was half closed against his exit, and number three walked in leisurely and won the race. The crowd of more than a thousand was in hysterics, laughing and cheering the winner and waving their hats and shawls. The prizes donated to all the riders by the A.R.A. consisted of a full outfit of clothing with shoes and stockings, a cap, and an overcoat against the coming winter. With excitement over and on calm reflection, it appeared that the most amazing part of this annual race was not the bizarre antics of the camels but the fact that none of the boy riders was hurt or even unseated. As Hartridge afterwards remarked, there probably was not a high-ranking jockey in America who could duplicate their feat, with their equipment and riding that breed of dromedary thoroughbreds.

Shortly before leaving for Moscow, in a conversation with the Russian Cossack Captain, he revealed his position as that of a man who was left floundering in doubt as a result of the Bolshevik revolution, and having made a decision decided to hold to it. When asked about future correspondence he decided against it. Yes, he could receive letters from abroad but with the assurance that they had been opened before delivery. Escape from Russia would have been easy, by way of Persia, but what could he do for his people from the outside? Once he was marked as a special fugitive, as he would be, no corner of the earth would be safe for him. This man knew what it meant to be separated from friends and from wealth, but for him there was something in life more precious than its consolations. As he expressed it, there was nothing in life like a revolution to accustom one to unpleasant changes. His philosophy of life seemed to be, forget your own misfortune by helping others to forget theirs. An Orthodox bishop said of this extraordinary man that he was endowed early with the realization that God never created anything solely for its own sake, and especially a thinking being, and he has lived his life accordingly.

On the day of departure for Moscow the train due in from Aktyubinsk was two hours late in arriving and another hour late in departing. Trains were usually off schedule but this time the delay was welcome because it afforded some extra time to visit with the gathering that had come to the station to stage a final farewell to the Americans. As the train was pulling out of the depot, in the crowd of several hundred people on the station platform, the men

were waving their hands or their hats and many of the women were standing with their hands held in front of them in an attitude of prayer. A scene like this was sufficient in itself to answer the question, Were the Russian people grateful?

In later years, during visits to the Old Soldiers' Home in Washington occasions were recalled for reliving various incidents of life in Russia. The conversation on one of these visits brought back a surprising meeting in Orenburg and an unexpected recognition despite the mustache added to the incognito. Major Denis McSweeney, retired after thirty-four years with the Supply Department of the U.S. Army, came into Russia with Colonel Haskell as an accountant and a supply manager. He was a graduate of the Christian Brothers' School in Dublin, an expert bookkeeper and mathematician and the oldest member of the A.R.A. Last seen in the Crimea in September 1922, he was a welcome visitor when he walked into the Papal Relief Mission in Orenburg on March 16, 1923.

"You are just in time, Denis. When you finish checking up on the A.R.A. supplies and finances why don't you go over my Mission books and warehouse and save me a whole weekend on a quarterly report?"

"Certainly. Fr. Walsh asked me to do just that before I left him in Moscow."

"Denis, you probably are the only real Irishman within a thousand miles of this place. Tomorrow will be Saint Patrick's Day and how shall we celebrate it?"

He paused for a moment, looked around to see that we were alone and said, "You say the Mass and I'll serve it."

"Now wait a minute, Denis."

"No need to wait, Father. Neither Hartridge nor Smith is aware of your calling but I knew every member of the Papal Mission in the Crimea for just what he was, priest or lay brother."

He was on hand the next morning at 5:30 and served the Mass with the ease and accuracy of a head altar boy. Denis dated back almost to the Civil War. He was known for his stories of army life, some credible, some otherwise, and this reputation was enhanced at the Old Soldiers' Home where he spent the last few years of his life, and died at the age of ninety-four.

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CHAPTER IX

Reasons to Remain

JUDGING FROM OUTWARD APPEARANCES THE CITY OF MOSCOW HAD CHANGED FOR THE BETTER SINCE LAST SEEN, half a year before. The shopping districts were more active and Government stores had more stock on hand than what appeared in the windows. Street cars were running with some regularity and they were always overcrowded, despite the fact that carfares had gone up and the ruble had gone down. The housing problem for the increased population had become a major economic question. Living space was allotted by the government and all attic and cellar space had been converted into living quarters. The street markets were crowded. The people were more active and looked happier, and evidently most of the men were working at something or other. The five-year economic plan was in operation and, since the government had taken over more than it could handle, much of the city industry had been given back to its previous owners. This was a temporary measure which was rescinded as soon as the industry was well established. Russian economy had been stalled for the past five years and it was the presence and the efforts of the relief organizations, during the past three years, that gave it the necessary push to get started and to keep moving on its own fuel and machinery. Feeding eleven million people a day lifted a burden that enabled the Government to plan and to operate.

With the announcement that the A.R.A. would cease work and withdraw from Russia toward the end of June, the affiliated organizations, including the Vatican Relief Mission, had to decide whether they would also terminate operations or continue feeding on new contracts with the government. Fr. Walsh decided that there were at least three good reasons why the Vatican Mission should remain in Russia. The first was that he would work for the release of Archbishop Cieplak and his twenty priests who were in prison. Secondly, there was a faint but fading hope that he could establish a pattern of existence for the Catholic Church in Russia; and finally, that he might be able to recover the relics of Blessed Andrew Bobola, which the government had in hiding, and for which Pope Pius XI had made two requests. The first two reasons were doomed to failure. The third was more successful.

There were still a few hunger spots marked on

Dressmaker shop, likely Orenburg.

the map that the government asked the Vatican Mission to take over but the conditions demanded in signing a new contract were so prohibitive that the only relief work carried on after the end of June was the feeding of students in Moscow. The new contract was to give the government full control of relief allotments. The Mission was to give up its present residence and take over smaller quarters on which a government tax would be levied and for which the Mission workers were to pay rental. Special courier service for mail was to be discontinued and all mail, outgoing and incoming, was to be handled by regular federal service. Domestic help was to be government-appointed and customs duty was to be paid on all food supplies from foreign countries. Hitherto all food supplies were purchased from and distributed by the A.R.A. With such regulations in force the Mission would be paying double for supplies and for service it was offering gratis, and with no freedom of operation.

The result of all this was a series of meetings between the Director of the Mission and government officials which resulted in nothing save the decision of the Director to cease operations and to withdraw from the country. This, however, was a decision that he could not act upon alone. It was one of several matters that needed the immediate approval of the Vatican and which could not be entrusted to the mails, with the courier service discontinued. Hence it was that he prepared to leave for Rome as soon as his American Assistant returned from Orenburg. In company with Colonel William Haskell, Director General of the A.R.A., he left for Rome on June 20th, traveling by boat from Odessa to Constantinople to Athens, and he was back in Moscow on July 12th, returning by way of Berlin and Warsaw.

In the absence of the Director of the Mission, no new relief work was undertaken. The Moscow students were fed every day. The Church and State question was at a standstill and the returned Mission agents were lodged in a hotel and paying rent for their lodging. Detailed records of all Vatican Relief Stations were compiled and copies sent to the Russian Central Government and to Rome. Since the Orenburg station was the only Vatican relief center east of the Volga River and quite different from all the others, it may be of interest, before taking leave of it, to present a summary of the part it played in Vatican relief in Russia. This was the last station of the Mission to open and the first to

close. The Vatican Relief Mission was working in Russia from July 1922 to November 1923. Feeding operations began in Orenburg in the last week of February 1923 and terminated at the end of June of that year. Within that period, 1,015 people were fed daily in Orenburg City kitchens. With the district kitchens in full operation the number of people fed daily was: in Aktyubinsk, in 104 kitchens, 13,297; in Ak-Bulak, in 93 kitchens, 11,400; in Djereen, in 107 kitchens, 14,902; a district total of 39,599. The number of people who received monthly rations from the distribution center in Orenburg was 1881. Those supplied with clothing in the City of Orenburg numbered 715; in Aktyubinsk, 3,051. The number who received clothing packages, i.e., cloth for making clothes plus thread, needles and buttons was 142. The total of persons assisted in one way or another by the station beyond the Volga was 48,000.

The big advantage in operating this station was the fact that the American Relief Administration was working there at the same time. The A.R.A. Director, Llengle Hartridge of Yale, and his assistant, Pat Smith, of Michigan football fame, were two of the most experienced relief workers in the Hoover organization, and their generous help in the organization and in the conduct of the Orenburg station were invaluable. All in all, reviewed in retrospect and relative to the nobility and the endurance of human nature, this unusual assignment proved to be a school of enlightenment, the vivid recollections of which have not dimmed with the passing of the years.

The last of the A.R.A., including Colonel Haskell, left Russia on July 20. With their departure the Vatican Mission was somewhat isolated in Moscow and the next three months were spent in endless and useless disputes with Government officials over the solution of problems upon which the existence of the Mission was dependent. It was a foregone conclusion that nothing could be done about saving the Catholic Church in Russia. Church affairs had been at a standstill since the trial of the Catholic clergy in the previous Easter Week. It was not until he had made a third request that Fr. Walsh got permission to visit Archbishop Cieplak in prison, and it was much later when he learned that Leonide Feodorof, the Catholic Exarch, after being condemned to hard labor, had been banished to the Island of Solovkii. Feodorof was a highly educated priest, unpretentious and uncompromising, who had great influence with the people. The Bolshevik Government openly avowed its fear of him when the presiding judge at his trial declared that this man was being condemned not for anything he had done but for what he was capable of doing. He served ten years in the labor camp and died two years after his release.

The third reason for delaying the departure of the Vatican Mission from Russia was the recovery of the relics of Blessed Andrew Bobola. Two previous requests for the surrender of the body of Blessed Andrew made by Pope Pius XI to the State Department of Russia had gone unanswered. When Fr. Walsh returned from Rome in July he made a third petition on behalf of the Vatican and this time the relics were given over to the Mission for transportation to Rome.

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CHAPTER X

Diplomatic Courier

IN A FINAL CONFERENCE WITH MR. TCHITCHERIN, THE RUSSIAN SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, it was arranged that since Fr. Walsh had pressing business to be attended to in Moscow, the Government dossier of his American Assistant would warrant his being entrusted with the transportation of the remains of Blessed Andrew Bobola from Moscow to Rome, by way of Odessa and Constantinople. Fr. Walsh agreed to the restriction placed upon the itinerary by the Secretary at this conference; namely, the avoidance of Polish territory. This journey was considered to be a diplomatic mission and for its accomplishment the one in charge of it was appointed a diplomatic courier of the State Department of the Soviet Government and supplied with a diplomatic passport, signed in red ink by Mr. Tchitcherin.

About a week before the day of departure word was received from Rome to arrange for safe passage through the port of Constantinople and for the transfer of the relics from the Russian steamer to a Lloyd Tristino liner, sailing from there to Brindisi in Italy. Rome was a step ahead of Moscow relative to clearing the Turkish port, as will be seen. There was a Turkish Ambassador in Moscow at the time, and he proved to be most cooperative in the solution of this problem. Meeting a Turkish Ambassador was looked forward to with curiosity and, after five minutes waiting in the foyer of his residence, which was adorned with a profusion of Turkish, Persian and Bokhara rugs, it was a pleasant surprise to meet a dapper gentleman neatly groomed in formal morning dress and speaking French like a native Parisian. His up-to-date office was furnished in mahogany neatly arranged with a collection of smaller silk rugs of rich-looking texture. It was evident that he had a hobby. After identification his first question was,

"And how can I be of service to you, Sir?"

"By suggesting, if you will, how one may clear the port of Constantinople with an assignment of diplomatic baggage being forwarded by the State Department to the Vatican."

"You are supplied with passports?"

"Yes, Sir," and he was presented with a special Vatican passport.

"How interesting," he remarked as he was reading the document, printed in Italian.

"This," he said, "is the first Vatican passport I

have ever seen and I consider it an honor to favor it. Shall I sign it?"

"If you please, Sir. That would undoubtedly help."

"I may help," he added, "but we may need more. Let me write a letter to go with it."

It took him only a minute or two to write the letter in Turkish and to hand it back with the passport, remarking, "That should get you by in any circumstances, but do not use it unless you have to."

It was a pleasure to find him so helpful and especially so when he made no inquiry whatsoever as to the nature of the diplomatic baggage. With the official business over he was in no hurry to terminate the visit and he continued the conversation.

"And how long have you been here?"

"In Russia somewhat over a year. In Moscow at intervals and during the last three months."

"Pity we did not meet sooner. We probably have much in common to talk about, not as political but as social isolationists. You know," he continued with a smile, "within a week after we were installed in this house my servants discovered a dictaphone in this office and one in my bedroom. What do you think of that?"

"Not too disturbing, Sir. We have been dealing with these people for so long that whatever they do or say does not surprise us. They have assumed responsibility for my baggage until it is taken off the Russian ship at Constantinople, but there is no telling what may happen before we get there."

On the way to the front door and in parting, he said, "In case you have to use it, I hope that letter will be of some assistance in liberating you from their jurisdiction." And it was.

The next important step was to get possession of the so-called diplomatic baggage and to get under way for the Holy City. After signing an agreement that no undue publicity would be given to the transportation of the relics and that they would be placed in a church in Rome, the day of departure was set as the 3rd of October, which proved to be a very busy day. In the Petrovska Museum, Fr. Walsh and his American assistant, with their interpreter, met with the Secretary of the Narkomindal, or People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, two agents of the G.P.U. and the Moscow Director of Customs. This was the same museum in which the relics were being sought a year and three months before. Just off the main exhibition hall, in a small storeroom filled with plaster casts and old furniture, they pointed out the casket containing the body of Blessed Andrew. The remains were identified by the marks of martyrdom as enumerated in the second nocturn of the office of his feast day. All the vestments had been removed, probably during the raid on the church in Polotsk in June 1922. Everything in the storeroom, except the casket, was covered with a coating of dust, from which it was concluded that the casket had been brought there only recently. Where it had been since June of the previous year was never discovered. After removing the round glass top from the coffin, it was filled with new white cotton, without disturbing the body, and closed under pressure with

Gallagher, dressed as a diplomatic courier, on route from Moscow to Rome, 1923.

a flat wooden cover. It was then placed in a strong wooden box made for the occasion and the small space between the sides of the casket and the box was stuffed with cotton to prevent disturbance of the body in case of shock. Finally, the box was sealed with four padlocks, each bearing the seals of Pius XI and of the Moscow customs. On the following day the expedition was under way, after a farewell look at Moscow from Sparrow Hill.

The Odessa Express, or the post train, as it was called, carried no baggage car, so it was arranged to carry a special caboose, a Russian *tiplushka*, for diplomatic baggage, something that was bound to attract attention. When the box containing the casket and one small trunk, filled with records of the Vatican Relief Mission, were placed in the special car, the doors of the car were locked and sealed. About half an hour before the train was due to leave, while our interpreter was acting as special guard of the car, he was arrested by an agent of the G.P.U. for refusing to reveal what the special car was carrying. Fortunately the arresting party was encountered as they were leaving the station and it took only the presentation of the diplomatic passport to release the interpreter. When the G.P.U. officer saw the passport he clicked his heels, saluted and offered his apologies. This particular passport, as will be noted, served as an open sesame wherever trouble was encountered within Russian jurisdiction.

The interpreter on this trip was a Russian Jew who had been educated in London. He was about thirty years old, a keen observer and a smart operator, as well as a genial traveling companion, who knew every corner of Russia from Archangel to the Caucasus. Joe was also a good actor, and his secret in dealing with the Russians was that he always knew how to make them laugh. The wood-burning engine taking us south was not out for speed records and we came into the Ukraine at Bryansk at 1:00 p.m. on the 4th of October, where we were due for a surprise.

It should be noted here that from the time of leaving Moscow to that of sailing from Odessa the Russian authorities were most cooperative even to foreseeing and to solving difficulties not anticipated, as happened at Bryansk. When the train came to a halt, what first attracted attention was a company of sixteen soldiers under a lieutenant, armed with rifles and standing at parade rest on the station platform. From here to Konotop, an overnight run, was known as bandit country. In fact the Odessa post train had been held up just south of here the week before and every passenger robbed. Nothing had been said about an escort until the lieutenant explained that his soldiers were to ride the train during the coming night by way of protection, and the train left Bryansk with two soldiers riding on the steps between cars. Whether this protection was offered because of the special car or the recent robbery was not mentioned, but the station master said that the small car attached would be an added attraction for bandits. It was a cold night and on the interpreter's suggestion the lieutenant agreed to let one soldier ride inside and the other on the steps, changing posts every hour.

While eating dinner, in answer to the question as to whether there were many bandits in Russia, Joe, the interpreter, pulled up his sleeve and revealed a purple scar running from his wrist to his elbow. "That's a souvenir of a bandit bullet," he said and then continued with his story.

"About a year ago, I was coming up from the Caucasus to Moscow after doing the black markets in half a dozen big cities. I had 200 dollars in gold and 200 more in diamonds, for which I was expected to get at least 500 or 600 in Moscow or in Petrograd. I was well-acquainted with bandit rules and with their procedure, but I made one mistake. They halt a train where it can be fully covered from both sides. When the train stops they fire a few shots in the air, meaning that everyone in the train is to remain perfectly still wherever he happens to be. As the shots were being fired I stepped across the compartment to get my briefcase, which contained the diamonds. The next thing I knew I was on the floor with an injured arm. One minute later their loot men were beside me. They found the diamonds and not only took the gold but also took me with it for violating bandit rules. They bound up the arm and left me in a small hospital where the local police took over and when they discovered that I had been running the black markets, I was sen-

tenced to two months of hard labor. By the time that was over, the arm had healed up and I was turned loose, dead broke and lucky to be alive. However," he concluded, "I think we can sleep without worry tonight. If there are bandits in this area, you may be sure that they have received word by now that the train is armed and they will never take a chance with Soviet soldiers." Before retiring he went through the train with hot coffee for the soldiers and when he returned he said, "I made it strong to keep them awake."

He was right about the bandits and on the following morning he and the conductor served the soldiers with coffee, Russian black bread with marmalade and American cigarettes, a breakfast deluxe. The military guard was dropped at Konotop but the lieutenant's duty was not over until the train was in motion for Odessa. The stay there was short and just before leaving, Joe presented the lieutenant with a package of American cigarettes for each of the soldiers, something for which they would willingly have paid a week's salary. They were standing at attention on the platform when the train departed.

At that time it was unusual for a train to arrive at a station ahead of scheduled time, but coming into Kiev at 6:00 A.M., an hour early, proved to be very fortunate. Even the stationmaster looked surprised when he appeared half-clad on the platform. He lived in the station office and was evidently awakened by the approach of the train. His surprise, however, was short-lived; ours was to come and it presented what looked like a serious delay in the journey. Contrary to expectations, the train had reached its destination. It was called the Odessa post train because it was due here in time for transfer to the Kiev-Odessa express, which was made up here and scheduled to leave for Odessa at eight o'clock. The stationmaster knew in advance that there was a special car on the incoming train, but he said he had received no orders to have it attached to the outgoing express and even the presentation of the diplomatic passport could not induce him to act without orders. The next through train to Odessa was listed to leave here three days later. Here was a difficulty that looked like an impasse and needed a man like our fast-thinking interpreter for its solution. While the stationmaster and his crew were busy with the just-arrived train, Joe put in a telephone call from the waiting room and discovered that the residence of the chief of the G.P.U. was only a few blocks away from the railroad depot. An order from this man would be equivalent to an order from Moscow. He would not be in his office at that early hour, so it was decided to visit his home.

It took a second knocking at the door to have it opened by a six-foot-tall and over-robust individual clad in a long flannel nightgown.

"Well now, just who are you and what's the trouble so early in the morning? Come in, please. It's too cold for me to be standing out here." The soft tone of his voice contrast to his stalwart appearance. After an introduction and a short explanation of the visit, he handed back the passport, saluted, and said, "I'll be with you in about five minutes."

He was almost as good as his word and in a very short time he appeared dressed in a quasi-military uniform with an automatic at his side. On the return trip to the station he kept up a running conversation with Joe in which the words Orenburg and Vatican Relief Mission were heard, in all of which he seemed to be deeply interested. There was no further difficulty with the stationmaster. The special car was attached to the Odessa Express and there was time left for breakfast in the station dining room, in the course of which this particular agent of the famed and of the feared Cheka proved to be one of the most interesting and obliging Russian officials thus far encountered. He even saw to it that we were comfortably placed in a spacious compartment on the outgoing train and, on Joe's advice, no gesture was made to offer him anything for his assistance. Once under way, Joe remarked, "That's a fine passport you are carrying."

The delay escaped in Kiev was to be increased in Odessa by the development of an unfortunate situation which even the ingenious Joe could not handle. The freighter-transport *Tchitcherin* was due in Odessa from Constantinople the day after our arrival on October 6 and scheduled to leave on a return trip three days later. This boat was named after the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, whose name, in red ink, was on the passport that had solved our difficulties

thus far, but it was his boat that occasioned the delay. It came in on time but before its cargo could be unloaded the federal police took over both the boat and the customs in search of narcotics. They were fast workers and after two days of searching passengers, ripping up furniture, and tearing out paneling, the cargo was landed, to be examined on the pier. The result of their work was not published nor was anyone particularly interested in knowing it. What concerned the people waiting to take passage was how long it would take to make repairs, to take on another cargo and to set out on the return trip to Constantinople. Due to leave on the 10th, the sailing was put off until the 12th, and then again postponed until the 15th. This forced layover afforded ample time to notify the Vatican and also the Apostolic Delegate in Constantinople of a late arrival. Staying at the hotel and awaiting passage on the *Tchitcherin* was an Italian doctor, returning from the Caucasus, and an interesting Russian couple traveling under the assumed name of Pietrov. It was a pleasure to tour the city in their company and we shall hear more of them soon.

The Collector of the Port had already checked all documents of those sailing on the *Tchitcherin* and on the morning of the 15th of October he called at the hotel in his American Ford to take the four staying there down to the pier for embarkation. On arrival at the wharf, the Controller's car was admitted to the ship's docking pier without customs inspection. After a short farewell, he left for his city office and as soon as he disappeared a customs officer came out and demanded all bags. The Italian doctor and the Pietrov couple took their bags into the inspection room and when the officer saw the diplomatic passport he said,

"The large box and the trunk were marked diplomatic, nothing else."

"But these bags were put through customs in Moscow."

"Even so, Sir, they must be inspected here."

There was no further room for argument. Because of the fact that the two suitcases had been in service after leaving Moscow, and perhaps also because the question of exemption had been raised, their contents got a very careful going over. The one great misgiving here was that they might try to recover the diplomatic passport when we were leaving Russia. Joe had left for Moscow the day before and his last advice was to hold on to the passport and to remind them that the diplomatic baggage was marked "Steamer *Tchitcherin* to Constantinople," which meant that the Russian Government was responsible for it until it was taken off the ship at that port. Fortunately, no demand was made for the passport. This document was issued to prevent difficulties and there was one more to be prevented. The box containing the casket was sunk into a large cargo of grain to secure it from rough weather and from the rolling of the ship. It was not too surprising at that time to discover that the Soviet Government was exporting grain when the map of Russia still indicated a number of hunger spots. It was a much-mooted question then, as to whether or not they were exporting grain during the great famine, and Russian relief workers have often been asked about it since. As to 1921 and 1922, having no evidence, we can give no answer. As of mid-October of 1923, when the famine was practically over, we were being exported with it.

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CHAPTER XI

The Odessa Express

***THE TCHITCHERIN* SAILED OUT OF ODESSA WITH NINETY PASSENGERS ABOARD,** at 5:00 p.m. on October 15th. The weather was clear and the sea calm. Dinner was served at six o'clock, the only daily meal served aboard ship. The stateroom was large enough and well-appointed. After dinner, in the lounge room there were a dozen tables occupied by Russians playing Polish-bank and it was an interesting study to observe their carefree attitude when leaving their homeland for voluntary exile. Later on in the evening, sitting out on the top deck under a full moon with Pietrov and the Italian doctor, the captain of the ship sat in for conversation and he proved to be a very welcome companion. He was a good story teller, speaking a faltering Italian, fluent French, and passable English. He had just finished telling about a Russian ship that was held up by Romanian pirates in the Black Sea about a month before. The crew and the captain were held prisoners and the passengers were taken ashore and released. Pietrov told him that it sounded like a good sea story and asked him for another one, when suddenly the boom of a cannon out of the darkness, about a half mile off to starboard, put an end to the conversation.

When asked what that meant, the captain answered, "There's no telling. Let's wait and see." After ten minutes or so, spent mostly in silence and in expectation, a second shot at closer range sent a missile whistling over the bow of the *Tchitcherin*. The captain left in a hurry, went up to the pilot house and swept the surrounding sea with a powerful searchlight. About 200 yards away he picked up a Soviet submarine chaser, from which a voice came back through a megaphone ordering him to take off the light and hold up his ship.

As the ship settled into the water, the passengers below became excited and noisy. Our one distracting thought was about the box containing the casket down in the hold of the ship. It was a Soviet warship, but what were they after? It was too dark to notice his emotion when Pietrov whispered, "Do you carry a gun?"

"No, never."

"Well, I do and so does my wife. She was released from jail only a month ago, arrested for trying to leave Russia on a false passport. This time we are both sailing on false passports and we have decided not to go back to Russia, so step aside if there is

Charity stamp issued in November 1922. Proceeds went to famine relief efforts. Caption: "For the hungry."

any firing.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the sub-chaser had pulled up to the side of the *Tchitcherin*, ordered the captain to throw over a rope ladder, and four men climbed to the deck of the steamer. Two of them, with drawn revolvers, were posted at the exits of the stairwells and the people were ordered to remain below. The other two, led by the captain of the ship, went below in the dim light of the main hatch. For the next twenty minutes, which seemed much longer, an absolute silence prevailed as Pietrov stood aside, his right hand in his coat pocket. The tension was somewhat released when the moon came out from behind a black cloud and revealed the captain, with two Soviet officers behind him and a man between them clad only in pants, shirt, and shoes, and with his hands behind him in handcuffs. With automatics still drawn, the raiding party took their man over the side onto their marauding craft and disappeared into the night as mysteriously as they had come out of it.

Once the ship had resumed her course and the commotion below decks had ceased, the captain, the doctor, and Pietrov, after seeing that his wife was safe, eventually made their way back to the sheltered corner on the upper deck where the conversation had been going on before the voyage was interrupted.

"What was it all about?" the doctor asked. "And what is a Soviet warship doing running without lights at midnight in neutral waters?"

"No place is neutral for them," the captain explained. "That sub-chaser is kept under full steam in Odessa harbor for emergencies, and this was an emergency. About an hour after we left Odessa they received word from Moscow to overtake and to overhaul us and to take off a certain passenger. I suppose you all had your worries," he continued, "and like our diplomatic courier here I was decidedly worried about the big box down in the hold."

"Any objection to asking who the unfortunate passenger was?" Pietrov inquired.

"None at all. At least I can tell you what I think. He was one of their own secret service men, a former officer in the Imperial Army who got out through Odessa during the revolution. After a stay abroad, he returned to Russia, signed up as a Communist and worked his way into the secret service. Now he was getting out for good and with plenty of information. As you know, there is one of them assigned to every outgoing steamer and the Collector of the Port, an old friend of mine, said he suspected that this fellow was being assigned to my ship. I knew there was a secret service agent aboard but this man didn't even appear for dinner. The officer from the chaser merely said he was a Russian citizen setting out under a nom de plume. He would have been more correct if he had said a nom de guerre because this man's war with the Bolsheviks is definitely over."

"You mean," the doctor asked, "that they may execute him or sentence him to life in a prison camp?"

Pietrov answered this question by saying, "He will be lucky if he is living the day after tomorrow."

By this time Aurora was shooting golden arrows over the western horizon in pursuit of night. It had been a short night that was long in events and the party unanimously decided to sleep for a few hours, not realizing that they were going to have plenty of time for slumber before reaching their destination. All things considered, the "Chi-Chi," as Pietrov called the ship, had made a good run of it, approaching the entrance to the Bosporus only three hours late. From here on it was not the ship; it was rather the elements and Turkish regulations that were to cause a further and an annoying delay. As Shakespeare once said, "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions," and at that time they were gathering in ambush behind a heavy downpour of rain and a curtain of fog that caused another hour's waiting before passing into the Bosporus. A few hours meant nothing compared to what was coming, and the big surprise came when it was announced that instead of putting into Constantinople our ship was ordered into quarantine at Tuzla Bay, twenty miles south of the city on the Asiatic side. The ship was to pass its destination and return to it four days later. The 17th to the 20th of October were days of forced leisure. The reason for the quarantine was a report of cholera in the Crimea, something unheard of up to then. Everyone aboard ship, except the captain and the crew, had to take an injection of a so-called anti-cholera serum, which the Turkish doctor administered with some effort and a decidedly dull needle.

This layover created a real problem. The ship went into quarantine on the 17th. Passage was already booked on the Lloyd-Tristino liner, due in Constantinople on the 22nd and scheduled to leave on a return trip to Italy as soon as it could discharge a part of its cargo. There was nothing to be done but await developments and plan for emergencies. Fortunately the basket of American food supplies was still holding out, for which the doctor, the Pietrovs and at times the captain, were also heartily grateful. On the second day of detention the doctor asked Pietrov if the passengers would have to pay extra for the days spent in quarantine.

"Don't worry about that," he answered in true Russian style, "Nee-chee-vaw forget about it, until they hold us up for it." Nothing more was ever heard about it, but we were still learning lessons from the Russians. His offhand way of dismissing possible difficulties was a good lesson in how to avoid minor worries in a major crisis.

It was welcome news to hear that the ship was to drop anchor at noon on October 20 in the inner harbor of the big city. Passengers went ashore in small boats. The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Philippi, who was waiting on the dock, extended a cordial welcome and an invitation to be his houseguest until time of departure. His first instructions were to remain in civilian clothes and not to shave off the mustache. At dinner that evening he explained that because of Moslem religious regulations, relative to disturbing the bones of the dead, the box containing the casket should not be brought ashore but left aboard the Russian ship until it could be transferred to the Lloyd-Tristino liner, the *Canoro*, which would probably be several days late.

Due to the fact that the Russian ship had come in from quarantine, it was taken over by the Turkish harbor police as soon as it anchored. Police guards were placed aboard and were to remain there while

the ship was in Turkish waters. Difficulties were increasing instead of diminishing. Would the harbor police prevent the transfer for the same religious reasons? What could be done with the casket if the Russians unloaded their cargo of wheat and prepared to sail for Odessa before the *Canoro* arrived? The Archbishop had an answer for the second question and the answer to the first was probably in our inside pocket. It was not very probable that the *Tchitcherin* would be ready to leave before the *Canoro* came in. However, if that did happen the transfer could be made to an Italian warship lying just outside the harbor and from there to the Lloyd-Tristino liner, somewhere in the Sea of Marmora, when she was coming out on her return trip to Italy. The captain of the warship had informed the Archbishop that he had received orders to cooperate in this way if necessary. The only difficulty with this solution was that the Director of the Papal Mission in Moscow had agreed with the Russian authorities that there would be no public demonstration attending the transport of the relics, and involving the Italian Navy could hardly avoid publicity. If the *Canoro* arrived on time, this solution of the problem would not be necessary; if not, it could be used as a means of last resort. Despite the fact that the harbor police were in charge, the captain of the Russian ship came ashore every day to make known his orders for unloading and for sailing.

The *Canoro* docked on the evening of the 25th and was scheduled to leave on the evening of the 27th. This meant quick action and a busy day on the 26th, with Moslem religious regulations as the last hurdle to be topped. The Archbishop had already arranged for a stateroom and for special care of the diplomatic baggage from Constantinople to Brindisi. At 9:00 A.M. on the morning of the 26th the captain of the Russian craft was not surprised to see a sturdy launch towing a small barge pull up beside his ship. He had been notified of its coming and he had the box containing the casket taken up from the hold and placed on the main deck, where the last and most dubious problem to be solved since leaving Moscow had to be faced. The sergeant of the harbor police and another armed guard were standing beside the box waiting for its claimant.

"Is there a dead body in that box?" he asked.

"This, Sir, is diplomatic material, en route to Rome," and he was presented with two diplomatic passports, one Russian and the other Vatican. After looking them over for a minute or two he handed them back with the remark, "These look genuine, but they do not answer my question. You probably know that according to Moslem law we are forbidden to disturb the bones of the dead."

There seemed to be no further room for argument with two men armed with automatics and he was answered with a question.

"Where is the office of the Collector of the Port?"

"At Stambuł, just south of here."

"Thank you, Sir."

With the barge detached, the launch could make Stambuł in twenty minutes, and did. The office of the Collector was straight across from the landing pier and, with the owner of the launch as interpreter, the first inquiry was for the Collector.

"Sorry, Sir, he is not here. This being a day of religious observance he is spending it at his country home."

"And who is taking his place here?"

"I am, Sir, Captain and Director of the harbor police." It seemed as if the crucial moment had arrived.

"This letter, Captain, is addressed to the Collector of the Port. It is intended to solve an emergency and here it is with two diplomatic passports."

"Well," he said with some surprise, "this letter is from our Ambassador in Moscow."

"Quite right, Captain, from my friend the Ambassador in Moscow," naming him.

"Of course, I cannot open it, but I shall give it to him as soon as he returns. Is there any way in which I can be of assistance?"

"Yes, Sir, if you will. As you know, the Russian freighter *Tchitcherin* has been taken over by the harbor police. Our diplomatic baggage is aboard that ship, to be transferred to the *Canoro* of the Lloyd line, which sails tomorrow. If you can arrange for this transfer, you may be sure you will be doing the will of the Ambassador. That, Sir, is the content of the letter."

With that he wrote a short note and sounded

a desk bell for his Assistant, to whom he gave the note and an order to go out to the *Tchitcherin* with this gentleman and deliver the note to the sergeant. Then he added, "That note, Sir, should solve your difficulty. The transfer of your baggage will be made by the harbor police who will report to me by noontime that their orders have been fulfilled."

"Thank you, Captain, and please tell the Collector of the Port that the Ambassador sends him his kind regards."

"I shall do that," he said, extending his hand and concluding, "It was a pleasure to serve you, Sir. Goodbye and a happy voyage."

This was the greatest relief of tension in many a day. When the police sergeant on the ship read the note he clicked his heels and offered a military salute which was returned with a smile of satisfaction. When the box containing the casket was taken off the Russian ship, documents were signed releasing Russian authorities from all further responsibility for the remains of Blessed Andrew Bobola. These papers were given to the ship's captain, who was acting as representative of his government, but this was not the last to be seen of him. That afternoon he appeared at a farewell dinner party in a city hotel at which the Italian doctor and the Pietrovs were present. After resailing the Black Sea voyage, Pietrov narrated a few details of his own personal story.

Before the Bolshevik revolution, he had been the owner of a national chain of bakeries. He was arrested and tried as belonging to the aristocracy. Fortunately, the superintendent of one of his large bakeries was on the trial jury and he was released as harmless. There was no room left for doubt as to his belonging to the aristocracy and to the very highest class of it, when he produced his baptismal certificate, signed by his godfather, the Tzar of Russia. With reference to the ship-to-ship transfer of the relics of Blessed Andrew Bobola at Constantinople, there was only one regret, namely the sacrifice of the letter of the Turkish Ambassador. That would have been an official souvenir of the return of the relics. ☆

CHAPTER XII

The Canoro and the Casket

RUSSIA AND THE BLACK SEA WERE BEYOND THE HORIZON AND CONSTANTINOPLE WAS RECEDING TOWARD IT when the passengers aboard the *Canoro* were happily surprised by a spectacle that, seen for the first time, is bound to leave a lasting impression of the Queen City of the world. Much had been said about it and now it was not difficult to believe that nowhere else on earth can one witness a duplicate of a sunset over the Golden Horn. From the Bosporus to the Dardanelles the *Canoro* sailed a straight course the full length of the Sea of Marmora, with the Golden Horn disappearing as darkness was setting in. Relaxed and alone, after a week of tension, the after-dinner to early bedtime period seemed better-suited to reminiscence and to contemplation than to reading or to making new acquaintances. There was not much time for sightseeing during those busy days in Constantinople, but it was an inspiring thought to realize that you were treading on 2,000 years of history and, short as the visit was, it was no small advantage to have so competent a guide as the Apostolic Delegate, who really knew the history of his See. The first places visited were in keeping with his unusual theory that the history of the older cities in the world is best summed up in their churches and their prisons. As he remarked, the same emperors and sultans who built the great churches and mosques also built the historic walls around Constantinople and the prison dungeons within them.

From the time of its foundation the capital of Byzantium has been a center for the fusion of races and the clash of creeds, as is illustrated to some extent in the story of the famous bronze horses. One day, coming out of Sancta Sophia, the church with whole volumes of history, the Apostolic Delegate was detained by a Turkish guide who seemed to be entering a complaint. That evening the Delegate explained that the guide was typical of the Turks in general, who will never get over the loss of their horses, meaning the four bronze horses now stationed over the entrance to St. Mark's in Venice. These horses, as the Delegate concluded, had passed through the crucial epochs of the history of Constantinople, not spreading desolation on the earth, as did the horses of the Apocalypse, but merely looking down upon the centuries of devastation of the earth caused by the rational animal in his effort to

dominate it. With this and other pictures of the great city in mind, while sailing away from it on the first night out, relaxed and on the threshold of slumber, Constantinople faded out as a city to think about, to wonder at and perhaps to dream of, and the good ship *Canoro* was rocking like a cradle.

At early rising time on the following morning, October 28, the ship was at a standstill at the entrance of the Dardanelles and had been there for some hours, the delay being caused by a law forbidding ships to pass through the Dardanelles at night. This law was not passed in favor of sightseeing. It was an addendum to the terms of the armistice forced upon Turkey at the close of the First World War and was still in effect. This was the last of the unscheduled stops but even they, especially the longer ones, had their advantage in affording time to fill in a diary from random notes taken in action. It would be safe to say that the Dardanelles and the Bosporus, protecting straits of the City of Constantinople, have been goals of conquest in every effort to take the city from time immemorial. Before the coming of Constantine and after him, during the building of the Byzantine Empire, armies from every civilized country in Europe and in western Asia had waged war on the Dardanelles. It was not until 1915 that invaders came from over distant seas, from Australia and from New Zealand, to force an opening through this entrance to the Sea of Marmora en route to the capture of Constantinople. This whole campaign of the British and French armies and navies, assisted by British colonial troops, is summed up in one word, Gallipoli, meaning the peninsula, and is recorded in history as the Magnificent Failure. What made the run down the Dardanelles doubly interesting, in addition to its centuries of history, was the presence aboard of two British engineers who had been working for over two years on Gallipoli with the Imperial War Graves Commission. They knew the detailed history of the 1915 invasion and they were enthusiastic about its commemoration, which consisted in designing cemeteries and separate monuments for the British, Australians, and New Zealanders who fell victims of the campaign. In an afternoon lecture on the main deck, one of the

Pope Pius XI (1857–1939)

Saint Andrew Bobola, S.J. (1591–1657)

engineers explained that most of their work had been done on the Aegean side of the peninsula where the British and the Anzacs went in, but they had both worked on the famous monument at Cape Helles, the last thing to be seen when leaving the Dardanelles, a monument in memory of 19,000 soldiers and sailors who have no known graves. This, he said, may sound like a fantastic number of missing considering that the number of British alone killed in the invasion is recorded at about 33,000. However, he added, there are various things to be taken into consideration. First, the British did not return to Gallipoli to take care of their dead until 1918, three years after the invasion. During the whole time of fighting the dead were buried at night, and many of them probably never were buried. In fact, when the Cemetery Commission began to work in 1918, they were shocked to find large areas of the battle grounds littered with human bones. In the meantime, the Turks, who had 50,000 of their own to bury, did not identify graves after burial and probably buried many of the enemy with the same indifference.

Another fact relating to the number of the missing, as he recounted it, was the British Navy's attempt to run the gauntlet of the Dardanelles, seeded with mines and covered from the hills on both sides by Turkish gunfire, under German direction. In this futile effort they lost a half-dozen warships, three of which were of capital standing, and their crews were numbered among the missing. Looking over the Cape of Helles and sailing over the spots where these ships went down, while listening to the engineer describe it all, made his talk the most interesting history lecture that one could wish to attend. The typewritten copy of this talk, presented on the following day by a stenographer passenger, made a very desirable diary entry.

Clearing the Cape and leaving the Hellespont, which Byron swam and where Leander drowned, the *Canoro* sailed an even course through the Poet's Isles of Greece and made her first official stop at Athens, where the passengers were allowed a full day ashore. Here was another instance of getting only a cursory look at one of the world's oldest and greatest cities. With one of the British engineers it was agreed that the best thing to do was to hire a guide and to see what could be seen in the time allowed. The Acropolis is to Athens what the Kremlin is to Moscow, the upper city and a reminder of past grandeur. When last seen, the Kremlin was locked up but still intact. When first seen, the Acropolis was silent and abandoned and there was time only to stand on the ruins of the Parthenon, to look down on the home of the classics and to contemplate the glory that was Greece. On a journey from Constantinople to Rome, Athens was the halfway stop in the path of the Renaissance.

In Athens and in Moscow, as in many of the ancient capitals, there is an old and a new city with crumbing walls dividing them, indicating the advance of civilization and the violence attending it. At the foot of the Acropolis is the pulpit of Demosthenes from which he is supposed to have delivered the famous oration on the crown. This is an artificial structure, which, like the oration, has stood the test of time. Not far above it there is a huge stone, a natural formation protruding from the hill, called the pulpit of Saint Paul, from which he addressed the Athenians on their unknown God. The presence of the two pulpits set one to thinking about the difference between the doctrines preached from them; the one a masterpiece of political doctrine, the other an exhortation on a doctrine as natural to the existence of Paul's listeners as was his pulpit to the hill of the Acropolis. That was a short day in Athens, concluded with the purchase of a set of picture postcards, to review what had been seen and to substitute for what had been missed. Having ridden from Marathon to Athens, over the route of the original Marathon Run, there was an added interest later on in watching the Marathon race which takes place every year in Boston.

Leaving Athens, everyone was looking forward to the passage through the Corinth Canal. From a few miles distance from its entrance there appears to be a hole through a mountain which seems to grow in circumference as it is being approached. Most of the passengers, sixty or more, went up to the top deck to get a better view of the high walls of solid rock rising perpendicular to the ship and very close to it on either side. Strange to say, however, nearly

all the time they were in the Canal these passengers were looking down instead of up. On the main deck, below, forward and in the open, there was a party of a dozen Mohammedans who had spread their prayer rugs on the deck and were kneeling on them, facing Mecca, bending to the floor and praying aloud to Allah. Interest in the towering walls had given way to the unusual sight of strong men praying together in public.

Not long after leaving the Canal you pass Lepanto, at the other end of the Gulf of Corinth, where Don John of Austria changed the course of history by his great naval victory over the Turks. This was the battle that caught the poetic fancy of G. K. Chesterton, who in his poem "Lepanto" tells in his own subtle way what it meant to Christendom when Don John stripped the Sultan of his sovereignty of the seas. After leaving Athens the *Canoro* made her first stop at the Island of Corfu, the most-captured island in the world, belonging in the course of its turbulent history to at least seven different nations. This was a short stay of three hours, most of which was taken up with a visit to the palace of the former German emperors, This palace, with its extensive and beautiful gardens, was a summer resort of the last of the Prussian dynasty, just as the Livania Palace in Yalta was both a winter and a summer refuge for the unfortunate family of the last of the Russian tzars.

From Odessa in Russia to Brindisi in Italy, the body of Blessed Andrew Bobola had passed over four seas on its longest odyssey and was nearing the goal of its new assignment, but not its final destination. The customs officials had been informed from Rome of our coming. By noon they had the box containing the casket placed in their warehouse and later taken to the railroad station and placed on the Brindisi-to-Rome express, due to leave at 6:00 P.M. Most of the few hours in Brindisi were spent walking about another old town with an ancient fort and still more ancient walls, solid records of centuries of local history.

The overnight run to Rome was one of solid sleep. Monsignor, now Cardinal, Pizzardo, was at the station in Rome, and November 1, being a holyday of obligation, he had arranged to have the casket kept at the customs depot until the following morning. Before arrival at the Collegium Germanicum, with baggage to follow, the plan was to get to the room of some American Jesuit who was studying here and to borrow a cassock and cincture for an audience with the Very Reverend Father General Ledochowski, who was there at the time, but the plan went all awry. When the Lay Brother opened the door, the Father General was standing beside him.

"Well, my dear Father, so you finally got here." And he extended an amplexus of hearty welcome.

"Yes, Your Paternity, but you must pardon my attire. It was intended to change into clerical garb before meeting you."

"Do not mind the clothes, Father. Your mission called for them." And the first thought that came to mind was: What would he have said if he had seen the mustache? The Apostolic Delegate had kept him informed of everything that happened from the time the Russian ship went into quarantine until the sailing of the *Canoro*, and he had received telegrams from Athens and from Brindisi. With this information he had timed the arrival to the hour, or better still, even to the minute. There was a General Congregation of the Society going on in Rome and after a conference with Father General, meeting old acquaintances from the Maryland–New York Province who were attending the Congregation put one at ease by creating a home atmosphere that had been missing for a year and a half.

On the following day, under direction of Monsignor Pizzardo, the relics were brought to the Vatican and placed in the Matilda Chapel of the Relics, under the supervision of the Pope's Sacristan. Here in this chapel was the arm of Blessed Andrew Bobola, brought to Rome providentially some years before by Archbishop Ropp. We say providentially, because it had been rumored and mentioned in several American papers that the Soviet authorities had probably handed over to the Vatican a bogus cadaver, which they said was the body of Blessed Andrew Bobola. Not long after the relics were placed in the Vatican, the Pope invited three prominent Italian surgeons to examine the relics and to fit the arm to the body received.

After careful inspection the articulation between the arm and the body was so perfect that they all agreed that this was undoubtedly the body that belonged to what was known to be the genuine arm.

The evening of November 2 saw the happy conclusion of the entire Russian episode in a private audience with Pope Pius XI which lasted for nearly an hour.

"Sit down, my dear Father. Never mind the ceremonies. I have been busy all day holding audiences and now I want to hear the firsthand story of our mission to Russia. I had almost called you Father Antony, you look so much like a former assistant of mine." He listened with attention to an account of the voyage from Odessa, of the holdup of the ship, the quarantine, and the stay with the Apostolic Delegate, and he was particularly interested in the letter received from the Turkish Ambassador in Moscow and why it had to be surrendered. Then came a series of questions to be answered about the Easter trial of the Catholic clergy, about the Orthodox clergy, the Russian people and especially the children, and particularly about Fr. Walsh and the other agents of the Mission still in Russia. He had been notified regularly about what was going on in Russia but there were many details missing and lacunae still to be filled in.

Toward the end of the audience he asked if anyone had ever inquired as to why he was so interested in recovering the relics of Blessed Andrew, and without waiting for an answer he said, "Well, I'll tell you. As you know, during the war I was Apostolic Delegate in Warsaw and when the Polish Army went into Russia, I went with it with one thing in mind: namely, to recover the remains of Blessed Andrew Bobola. The Polish General was aiming at Vitebsk, near Polotsk, where the body was at that time, and he agreed that if he took it, he would have the relics removed from the church so that I could bring them back to Rome for safekeeping. We came within sight of the town, but it was never taken and I have been waiting from that day to this for the body of the holy martyr."

The answer to this was, "Your Holiness, it is now in the Chapel of the Relics." Then, realizing that it was his dinner time, and not wishing to take advantage of the courtesy of his invitation, the visitor went down on his knees, received the Apostolic Blessing, and departed with the Pope's words ringing in his ears, "Merci, Mon Pere, and may the Lord watch over you." That was an hour that had been hoped for and looked forward to, and, once realized, not to be forgotten.

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Kirghiz Proclamation of 1923

KIRGHIZ SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLIC

Central Committee of Famine Consequences in Kirghiz to Mr. Gallagher

The Kirghiz Central Committee upon the liquidation of the consequence of famine, noting with pride all the work carried on through its own organs cannot but mark out Your personal energy in the said effort.

You, as we also, tirelessly labored all this time to help the populace suffering from famine.

By our common efforts, thousands of children were saved from ruin; thanks to our joint work, thousands of children received the opportunity to attend school.

Noting all this, the Central Committee in the fight against the consequences of famine bears for You sincere gratitude, for Your honest, energetic, and brotherly responsiveness.

President of Central Committee on famine-effect

ZHUREVSKY

Vice-president of Central Committee on famine-effect

SERGEEV

Member of Presidium of Central Committee on famine-effect

PLENIPOTENTIARY

Presiding Representative of U.S.S.R. for K.S.S.R. in the aforementioned areas

RUDMINSKY

English translation of Kirghiz Proclamation, 1923

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