

NOVEMBER 1959

# St. Joseph

magazine

35¢

## RHODE ISLAND'S case for fair housing

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FR. GODFREY DIEKMANN, O.S.B.  
in an exclusive interview  
on the  
LITURGY

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## St. Joseph and Death by Fr. Francis L. Filas, S.J.

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THE SNOW TRAIL  
powerful story  
of an escape  
from the Communists

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SPORTS  
Army  
vs.  
Navy

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Another  
CHILDREN'S BOOK SECTION  
for  
holiday reading

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Rhode Island's Dr. Samuel C. McKinney ►





**The Cover:** When Father Edward Flannery (Editor of Rhode Island's *Providence Visitor*) completed his SJM assignment (see page 4) he sent along the story of Dr. Samuel C. McKinney as it had appeared in his paper, and a picture. It seemed to us that Dr. McKinney epitomized, in both family and professional life, the kind of neighbor every God-loving Catholic would like to have. His story is on Page 7.

**Publisher:**  
Rt. Rev. Damian Jentges, O.S.B.

**Editor:**  
Rev. Albert Bauman, O.S.B.

**Associate Editor:**  
Patricia Dayton

**Contributing Editors:**  
April Oursler, Armstrong  
women's views  
Sally Bradley  
foods  
Daphne Hoffman  
religious art  
Doran Hurley  
Books  
Charles Oxtan  
entertainment  
Edward Wakin  
international affairs

**General Manager:**  
Rev. James Koessler, O.S.B.

**Field Representative:**  
Rev. Gabriel Morris, O.S.B.

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## Contents

NOVEMBER 1959 Vol. 60 No. 11

- 4 **Rhode Island Rejects Fair Housing** . . . Rev. Edward Flannery  
*A Northern state, 60 per cent Catholic, shows that racial discrimination is not limited to the Deep South, or to Protestants!*
- 12 **Liturgy for the Laity** . . . Rev. Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B.  
*The editor of Worship magazine is asked frank questions about participation in the Liturgy, and gives clear-cut, illuminating answers.*
- 25 **The FBI Story** . . . Charles Oxtan  
*This new motion picture starring James Stewart is a refreshingly patriotic study of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.*
- 26 **Peace with the U.S.S.R.** . . . Sister Mary Theresita, S.S.J.  
*Our Lady of Fatima offered a two-point peace plan that has yet to be widely accepted, despite the recurring threat of war.*
- 28 **St. Joseph, Patron of a Happy Death** Rev. Francis L. Filas, S.J.  
*There is nothing wrong with fearing death if it is the right kind of fear.*
- 32 **Army vs. Navy** . . . Jim Haughton  
*Seldom does another football game match the thrills and frayed nerves of this annual contest between service academies.*
- 35 **God's Business Is Not Getting Done** . . . Floyd Anderson  
*The shortage of priests, Sisters and Brothers is not due to insufficient vocations but to hesitant parents.*

### SPECIAL BOOK SECTION

- 17 **Bookchat** . . . Doran Hurley
- 18 **Reviews** . . . SJM Reviewers
- 20-24 **New Books for Tots Through Teens** . . . Helen A. McCarthy

### SJM FICTION FEATURE

- 8 **The Snow Trail** . . . George Anariti  
*Michael Arpad was supremely confident he could outwit the enemy once again, his last assignment in Hungary.*

### THE DEPARTMENTS

- |                        |                               |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 Readers Say          | 38 Question Box               |
| 3 Scanning the News    | 39 Vox Poppa                  |
| 30 Search for Sanctity | 40 Editorials                 |
| 37 The King's Kitchen  | Life of Sister Fortunata—XXII |
|                        | Inside Back Cover             |



# Praxedes Fernandez

**H**OW REALLY magnificent are the commonplace miracles—the baptism of an ordinary infant, the First Communion of an unexceptional child, the marriage of just another young couple in an ordinary parish church. Such everyday miracles took place in the life of Praxedes Fernandez, a

pretty, dark-eyed Spanish girl in a remote village in the Spanish Province of Asturias. She became a Señora in a quiet little ceremony, her husband a railroad worker, Gabriel Fernandez.

Praxedes was sedate, lovable and determined. Although many of the townsfolk were notoriously irreligious, Praxedes was wholehearted in practicing her faith, just as she was in everything else. She grieved

that her husband did not share her piety.

In six years of marriage, she had four sons, the last born just three days before her husband was killed beneath the grinding wheels of a train. This first stunning tragedy she met with characteristic heroism and determination. She returned to the village of Suero to her parents' home. There she offered them her lifelong labors as a domestic in return for room and board for herself and children.

More than this, she dedicated her widowhood forever to the service of God—a life of prayer, penance, sacrifice and good works for her sons' salvation and for the souls of the many Communists and atheists agitating among the miners of the village.

Every minute of her life she lived what she taught her sons: "Keep your thoughts always on God." On her knees scrubbing floors or at any other task, she kept a holy picture or crucifix propped up where she could gaze upon it. She walked two miles each morning to attend Mass and receive Communion in a nearby village church, for there was no church in Suero.

She devoted two hours daily to mental prayer and the rosary. She fasted three days a week, giving all of her meals to the poor. On the other days she took only one meal, giving the other two to those in need. She devoted herself to the sick and dying, cleaning their homes, cooking their meals, washing their sores, and always preparing them for a holy death by giving them instruction in the ways of God's love. Many who had fallen

away under pressure of Communist propaganda, returned because Señora Fernandez was concerned for their spiritual as well as their temporal needs.

In 1931 tragedy struck her once more. A railroad accident, almost identical to the one which claimed her husband, killed her 11-year-old son, Arturo. Spain was already feeling the early impact of Communism, but two years before the Civil War, Praxedes saw that it would come and predicted that the Communists would lose. She also told her son, Enrique, who was studying to be a Dominican priest, that she would not live to hear his first Mass. Her reputation for sanctity grew; even the Communists respected her. She became known as "the saint of Suero."

Praxedes endured the heartbreak and horrors of the war, the national tragedy of Spain. In its shadow she lost another son, Celestino, who gave up a legal career to fight with Franco and died in action. She watched while the village church which she had attended daily for 14 years was gutted by Communist armies. Finally she joined the stream of Catholic refugees who were forced to flee to the city of Oviedo.

Here, in October 1936, while Communist artillery pounded the city, Praxedes fell ill of appendicitis. No doctors were there, for they were either attending the wounded or had gone over to the Communists. So she composed herself for death. It was a lonely, painful, frightening death, amid the chaos of war. No priest attended her to give her comfort; she did not even receive a Christian funeral or burial, for her body was thrown on a truck loaded with dead soldiers. She was dumped together with them into a common grave, and neither the grave nor her body has been found.

But her reputation for sanctity spread throughout Spain. In 1957, in the same Oviedo where she died 22 years before, the informative process of the beatification of Praxedes Fernandez was formally opened. The two necessary miracles have already been verified and approved.

Two of her sons still live, one a miner in Spain, the other, Enrique Fernandez, O.P., is a Dominican missionary working in California among Spanish-speaking migrant workers. Both may live to see their mother raised to the altars as a saint.

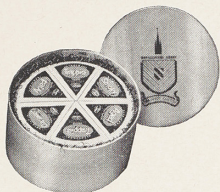
Praxedes lived to be only 50 years old, but she lived in our time. She endured some of the same terrible wars we remember, and most of the same personal tragedies that can befall wives and mothers everywhere. But commonplace as her life may have seemed, she carried within her the seeds of sainthood. For she was a woman who "kept her thoughts always on God." That was her way to holiness.

—DIANA CARY





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## READERS SAY:

### For Sorrowful Mothers

Following your article regarding "A Mothers' Retreat" I ordered and received copies for friends. Since I had lost my first child three days after birth, and since my last child, now four months old, is Mongoloid, I wondered if the retreat might contain anything for mothers who have sorrow connected with childbirth. Since it did not, and since those in great sorrow or affliction retreat naturally from the world, I felt compelled to compile material for "A Retreat for the Sorrowful," a private Retreat to be made at home. The retreat consists principally of meditations and prayers directed toward those suffering grief, affliction or trials of any kind. I would feel presumptuous, although I am a lay catechist, were it not that the material is entirely from approved spiritual reading. Chapters are intact. I have written only the program and the instruction for the retreat.

Do you think it would be possible to put this retreat out in a form similar to "A Mother's Retreat?" I feel it would not only give comfort to these people as the reading has for me, but it will also put their grief to great use for their spiritual benefit. If possible, what would be necessary for approval and publication?

RITA NEUWALD

Mountain View, California

►We think this could be very good and suggest that Mrs. Newwald send a typewritten copy of her booklet to a publisher of pamphlets.—Ed.

### For "Over the Din"

Dear Father: I like the attitude April Oursler Armstrong takes towards the magazine published by ex-priests. I suppose that fallen priests are often forgotten in prayer. "Our Sunday Visitor" had a recent article on the same topic. I was under the impression that the title of the magazine had been changed to "Christian Heritage" or something similar. Anyway, it is good to know what it is all about.

God bless with success your efforts with this increasingly interesting magazine.

SISTER M. LOURDES, S.S.M.O.

Spokane, Washington

►Sad to say, there is more than one anti-Catholic magazine in the United

States published by so-called ex-priests.—Ed.

### "Moral Beatniks"

Dear Father: I read with much interest your article, "These Moral Beatniks!" which appeared in the September issue of St. Joseph Magazine. The article is very timely and one which I wish would appear in more of our Catholic magazines. It should be read by parents and by teachers in our Catholic High Schools and Colleges.

Unless parents and teachers develop more of an awareness of the problem you have discussed in your article and assume more responsibility for moral education of youth, this situation will soon be out of hand.

My reason for thinking as I do is that I presently serve as Director of a 61-bed hospital-residence for unmarried mothers. We are continuously filled to capacity and have a waiting list, which is usually about 90. Girls apply from many different states and some from other countries. Most of our girls are from the typical American family, and many from our Catholic high schools and colleges.

If you have reprints of the above article, I could use any amount you could make available to me for distribution.

SISTER JOHN GABRIEL

Executive Director

St. Elizabeth's Hospital

San Francisco, California

. . . I found the article ("These Moral Beatniks") engaging from the point of view of its frankness despite the fact that the accounts recorded there may be relatively few and far between.

The Sex problem is perhaps more acute today than ever before; but on the other hand, the seeming reaction is more than gratifying. The American public, at least in part, must realize to some degree the mire into which its youth are slipping. The evil of "going steady" (and I do not mean to generalize here as each case must be taken into account. Certainly there are some harmless "steady-goers") is not the only factor that aggravates the situation. The true Beatniks, filth on magazine racks, etc., etc., are all spokes in a satanic wheel.

FRATER CHRYSOSTOM SHEEHAN, O.S.B.  
Conception, Mo.

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ST. JOSEPH MAGAZINE





BY ED WAKIN

## IN ORBIT: SCANNING THE NEWS

### *Explosive Africa*

Ghanaian, Nigerian, Senegalese, Pygmy, Masai, Wachimbiri, Bushman, Zulu, Bantu, the strange Litany of Negro Africa and its 160 million people sends Americans to their encyclopedias or evokes memories of Tarzan movies. Yet African races and tribes speaking 700 languages and dialects have a common language of intent which echoes the American Revolution.

As expressed by Kenya's Tom Mboya, who recently toured the United States, "Civilized or not civilized, ignorant or not ignorant, rich or poor, we African states deserve a government of our own choice. Let us make our own mistakes, but at least comforted by the fact that they are our own mistakes."

This theme underlies newspaper headlines about revolt in Nyasaland, political crisis in Kenya, demonstrations in South Africa, Soviet overtures towards the Sudan, Guinea, Ethiopia, a new deal for Belgian Congo. By the end of next year, the midway point will have been reached, for by then more than half of Negro Africa will consist of independent states.

Africa's thrust into the 20th century is breathtaking and sudden, and its rush to self-rule is paralleled by upheavals in tribal structures and primeval superstitions. More than any spot in the world, it is literally the Dark Continent after the cooking fires are damped for the night, and in his drive for rural electrification Ghana's prime minister, Kwame Nkrumah, points out, "One electric light drives away the ghosts."

In territories where illiteracy runs as high as 90 per cent, Africans learn to operate complicated machinery and then learn reading and writing. Africans wearing leftover wartime khaki and sporting sunglasses perform ancient tribal dances. Workers on holiday wear Florida sport shirts and wrist watches, symbols of the overnight grafting of the 20th century onto a primitive setting.

With an explosive political, economic and social timetable set in motion, change and progress is inevitable. The giant African question is whether there is time enough for compromise and peaceful evolution or whether violence will dominate relations between minority white Africa and majority black Africa.

### AMERICAN-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE?

"I couldn't stand seeing my child starving. All the time he ate nothing but watery rice gruel, the only food available for the children. Look at him, he's 13 months old and he can't even crawl."

During each one of the few seconds it took to read these words of a woman who escaped a Chinese commune, another baby literally was born in Communist China. Each year the total is 30 million, swelling a population of 650 million.

Safe in the Portuguese colony of Macao, the 22-year-old mother recalled life in one of the communes established about a year ago to mobilize Red China's tremendous manpower:

"I had to work in the kitchen all the time, so I could not see my child often enough during the daytime. . . . We have to start work at three o'clock in the morning and work up to midnight sometimes. . . . Meat is very rare; we only eat meat two or three times a year."

Of Communist meetings: "I don't understand what they talk about at the meetings. I don't like the Communists. They make us work all day long without rest. We are just too tired to be interested in anything."

Mobilization of China's tired millions could have such far-reaching consequences that some experts foresee the possibility of an American-Russian alliance against the Asian giant. If that sounds far-fetched, it only reflects the significance to the Free World of an anniversary just celebrated in the mainland China. Ten years ago these 650 million people were lost to Communist control.

### *Peace, a prelate and politics*

The last time I saw Cyprus its balmy Mediterranean atmosphere was under the constant threat of bombs and bloodshed, and British soldiers patrolled the streets with automatic rifles. During four troubled years, the cry of Enosis (union with Greece) set terror loose among the half million inhabitants of the tiny island 40 miles south of Turkey.

The protagonists in the struggle, which involved Greece, Turkey, Great Britain and indirectly the U.S., were a youthful, bearded archbishop who preached Enosis and an aging Greek general who directed a terrorist campaign. But now Lt. Gen. George Grivas is back in Greece and the archbishop is about to become president of an independent and peaceful Cyprus.

Under last February's agreement in London, Archbishop Makarios, ranking Greek Orthodox prelate in Cyprus, changed his political sermon from Enosis to independence, and the British gave up their crown colony while retaining two military bases. During the coming winter, a transition period will end and the island, 80 per cent Greek Orthodox and 20 per cent Turkish Moslem, will become a republic.

According to reports from the capital, Nicosia, the new government is going to stress agricultural development and encourage tourism, but without gambling casinos. The archbishop, who will occupy the leading political and religious position, has ruled against selection of a "Miss Cyprus" to parade in beauty contests abroad. "That," he said, "is not the sort of publicity we want for Cyprus."



# Rhode Island, 60% Catholic, rejects fair housing . . .

LAST JANUARY, *The Providence Visitor*, diocesan weekly of Providence, Rhode Island, ran an editorial entitled "There's Something Right In Rhode Island." It exulted in the fact that a Fair Housing Bill, under consideration in the Rhode Island Assembly, had been well received. The editorial commented:

It is proof again that beneath all our "groupism" and "localism" in Rhode Island there lies a deep stratum of fair play and brotherly love, which comes to the fore whenever important issues of human welfare are at stake.

In April of this year, in a fifth and last editorial on the Bill, entitled "Post Mortem On A Stillborn Bill," the *Visitor* had this to say:

It was apparent several weeks ago that the Fair Housing Bill was doomed. From that point on there was nothing worthy left to do but to see to it that Rhode Island be not allowed to commit her sin in cold blood, but with appropriate guilt. That guilt, though not all that it should be, is now here and doubtless will remain with us until expiation of some kind is made.

What had happened in Rhode Island between January and April to change the commentary of the *Visitor* from exultation to a lament? The answer to this question is of interest to more than Rhode Islanders. It is of interest to all Americans—to American Catholics particularly. Rhode Island was a test case of race relations in Northern states which may influence the course

other Northern communities in the country will take in the matter of desegregation. Numerically speaking, Rhode Island is the most Catholic state in the union, comprising some 500,000 Catholics among its 800,000 citizens. Was it to be expected that it would be the first state to reject a Fair Housing Law after mature consideration? Was it to be expected after the national spotlight had focused nation-wide attention on Little Rock, Virginia, and other Southern communities? In the light of Pope Pius XII's condemnations of racism and the strong statement of the American bishops last fall, one might expect that a Northern community with a comfortable majority of Catholics would receive such a bill favorably.

The fact is that Rhode Island repudiated the bill in a heated and excited atmosphere. Why? It is probably too early to assess all the elements in the case; nevertheless, we may with profit try to see what it suggests to the Christian conscience.

## Rise and Fall of the Bill

The occasion on which the Fair Housing Bill was proposed in Rhode Island was the razing of the Lippitt Hill district of Providence, a Negro slum area that was being cleared away in favor of a new freeway. Some 500 Negro families faced dispossession, most of whom had not (and have not) found it possible to relocate: this despite the best efforts of the Housing Authority in Providence, the Catholic Interracial Council, and other agencies.

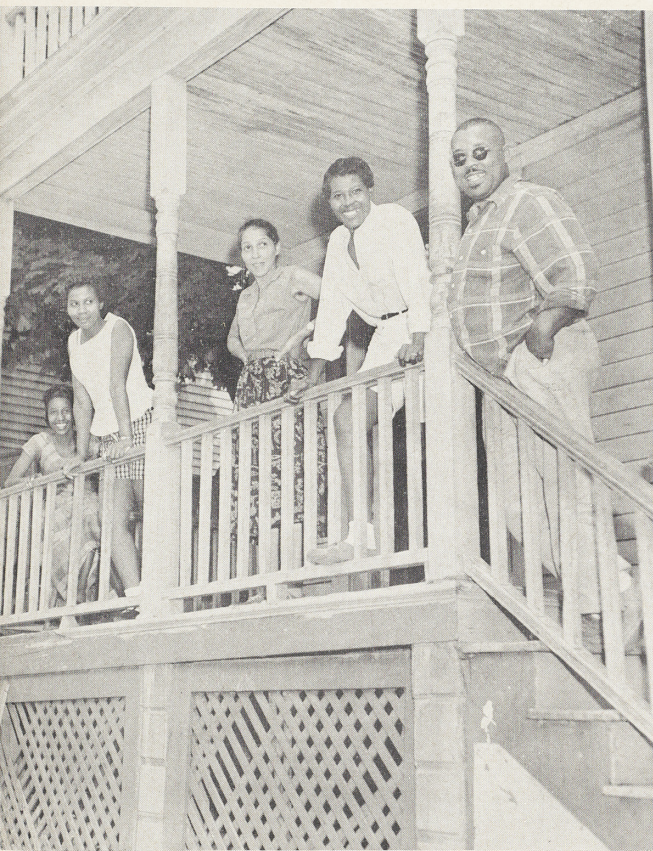


The bill proposed to the Assembly was, it is true, unique. Its coverage was universal, including all private and public housing. The text of the bill reads thus:

No owner, lessee, sublessee, assignee, managing agent, or other person having the right to sell, rent or lease a housing accommodation shall make or cause to be made any written or oral inquiry concerning the race or color, religion or country of ancestral origin of any prospective purchaser, occupant or tenant of such housing accommodation; or shall refuse to sell, rent, lease or otherwise deny to or withhold from any individual such housing accommodation because of race or color, religion or country of ancestral origin of such individual. . . .

The bill goes on to include in its scope all aspects of housing transactions, whether of a financial, constructional, or business nature.





MARCELLO PHOTO

The bill got off to a flying start. A group of prominent citizens formed an organization called "Citizens United for a Fair Housing Law," which purported to sponsor and gain support for the bill. The organization soon contained some 200 of Rhode Island's most eminent citizens: educators, jurists, clergymen, bankers, businessmen, and even real estate dealers. It was headed by Irving J. Fain, a well-known Rhode Island businessman. A minority of the organization was Catholic, but five priests and several prominent Catholics were listed. The bill was proposed to the Rhode Island Assembly under bipartisan sponsorship, and its principles were incorporated into the platforms of both parties.

The *Providence Visitor* was the first publication to lend support to the proposed bill. On December 15, 1958, a month before it was presented to the

Assembly, the *Visitor* heralded the bill as an opportunity for Rhode Island to take the lead in integration in the United States. The Catholic Interracial Council also supported the bill from the outset. In January, the *Providence Journal*, leading secular newspaper in Rhode Island, came to the bill's aid editorially, later to be joined by the *Pawtucket Times* and the *Warwick Beacon*. Thus far not a single voice had been raised in opposition. No one seemed willing openly to oppose a measure so highly motivated and so richly endorsed.

It was the lull before the storm. The belated opposition was sudden and furious. The detonator took the form of a large paid advertisement in the *Providence Journal* and *Evening Bulletin*, inserted by a certain Theodore Dresser, elderly Providence attorney, long known in Rhode Island for his crusading against the State Fair Employment

## Must decent, hardworking families live in slum conditions? ... WHY?

Practices Act (which was passed in 1949) and earlier against the income tax. In crusading tones he called upon the citizenry of Rhode Island to rise up and crush this "vicious" bill which would deprive them of their fundamental American liberties. Dresser's ad was a call to arms. Two groups joined him: the Realtors' Association of Pawtucket and the Associated Industries of Providence—both few in number but energetic and outspoken. Many people suddenly became alarmed at the prospect of a Fair Housing bill.

At this point Dresser and his followers asked the public for signed statements opposed to the bill. This was done by newspaper ads and by mail. The final tally, according to Dresser, was some 6000 signatures. "Citizens United," meanwhile, continued their efforts, addressing themselves mostly to the legislators and community leaders.

Three open hearings were held before the Rhode Island House Judiciary committee. Many spokesmen appeared for both sides, but there was no decision by the committee.

A fresh furor was set off in March by the charge of Communism leveled against the bill by Dresser in one of his paid advertisements. Though the charge was easily disposed of, it served to overheat the already torrid atmosphere. Later Dresser wrote a letter to the *Journal-Bulletin* retracting his charge.

The next episode in the rapidly moving struggle was the appearance in the *Journal-Bulletin* of a story relating that several of the proponents of the bill had been threatened both by phone and



by anonymous letters. Principal among the victims was Irving Fain, president of "Citizens United," and James Williams, president of the Urban League. Phone calls and letters with threats of economic reprisals, insults, and anti-Semitic and anti-Negro references were reported.

All these developments did not fail to have their effect upon the legislators. The bill which had seemed a sure thing was by now a political liability of the first magnitude. Senators, representatives, and party leaders wavered. Some who had explicitly favored the bill at the start withdrew their support. A few stood firm. The rest remained silent.

The *Visitor* and the *Journal-Bulletin* called upon the Assembly to bring the bill out of committee for a vote. The *Visitor* challenging the legislature to manifest the leadership expected of them. The judiciary committee at this point began to amend the bill, and in the process, all admit, completely emasculated it. Its coverage was narrowed to some 20 per cent of Rhode Island housing, and all punitive powers were removed. Proponents of the bill considered it dead, as amended; opponents continued adamantly to disallow any sort of bill. The Judiciary Committee seized upon this universal dissatisfaction to let the bill die in committee. This was April.

The battle was lost for Fair Housing legislation, but the war is probably not over. Both sides have published their intentions to continue the struggle to enact or defeat, respectively, a future Fair Housing bill. Dresser and the realtors have organized a permanent group called "Committee for Individual Liberty," and "Citizens United" have formed a study group to explore the why and wherefore of the bill's defeat in order to plan future action. Monsignor Arthur T. Geoghegan, assistant superintendent of Catholic schools of the diocese, heads this group.

Such are the main facts of the fortunes of the bill. How do they appear to the Catholic eye?

### The Catholic Attitude

Can we say that there is a Catholic position on fair housing? Not all would agree that there is, and it is perhaps wiser to concede that there is no hard and fast position on this subject binding on all Catholics. The issue is complex, involving not only moral questions but legal, economic and social ones, which preclude a simple answer. That does not mean that a position more consonant with Catholic social thought does not exist which favors fair housing legislation whenever it is necessary. It is a well-articulated position, more-

over, which respects all the realities and complexities of the question. Let us see some phases of it.

That racial discrimination in housing is immoral is certain. It is a conclusion deduced from the fact that racial discrimination in general is immoral, as has been made plain by Pope Pius XII in many pronouncements. That the immorality applies to discrimination in housing is clear. Housing presents no exception. If anything, discrimination in housing is of a more serious nature than that in other areas of community life, because it bears on one of man's most basic necessities.

The question has been resolutely faced by the American bishops in their 1958 statement on "Discrimination and the Christian Conscience." On several occasions when referring to discrimination they refer to housing as well as to other forms of bias. The following quotation from that statement seems pertinent:

No region of our land is immune from strife and division resulting from this problem. In one area, the key issue may concern the schools. In another it may be conflicts over housing. Job discrimination may be the focal point in still other sectors. But all these issues have one main point in common. They reflect the determination of our Negro people, and we hope the overwhelming majority of our white citizens, to see that our colored citizens obtain their full rights as given to them by God, the Creator of all, and guaranteed by the democratic traditions of our nation.

But this is not all. Fair Housing legislation involves more than morality. It partakes essentially of the political or civic functions of the State. Now, is it within the province of the State to legislate on a moral basis? Is not rather the duty of the State to protect property rights? Moreover, are we not here dealing with a problem to be solved finally by persuasion, education, and voluntary action? Again, Catholic social thought provides the answer to the questions. The Catholic concept of the State and its function does not coincide with that of the property-rights philosophers, who claim that individual rights are primary and must be protected by the State at all costs. The function of government, for the Catholic, is the common good of all. This common good includes the basic human rights of all, groups as well as individuals, in it. When, therefore, a group in the community is beset by a serious problem which interferes with its true welfare and development and cannot solve it by itself, the State is obliged to intervene and assist, even if this intervention means some curtailment of the individual rights of others. This is a principle found in the encyclicals of the Popes,

and has always been recognized as a fundamental principle of American tradition. It is known as the subsidiary function of the State. It should be invoked, certainly, when a group of citizens are denied decent housing and are forced perpetually to live in ghettos because of prejudice.

The constitutionality of the Fair Housing law poses no great problem. The principle of "eminent domain" has always been recognized in our courts. The States can and must at times restrict and even suspend the right of private property when the common good demands it. If this suspension of the right can be effected simply to pierce a road or erect a bridge, it can be done to assure decent housing for large groups of people.

Those parts of the Constitution concerned with due process, property rights and the like, are to be interpreted in the light of Natural Law principles as found in the Declaration of Independence. There we are reminded that all men are "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is important to note that in his first draft of the Declaration of Independence Jefferson, following the English philosopher, John Locke, wrote the words "Life, Liberties and Estates." In his final draft he changed "estates" to "pursuit of happiness." This significant substitution by Jefferson should be sufficient proof that our democracy was not conceived, as some have said, as a property-rights democracy. To assert, as did the opponents of the Rhode Island Fair Housing Bill, that the espousal of human rights over property-rights is Communistic, displays an unfamiliarity with the underlying principles of our American Constitution. It is an error that should not tempt a Catholic. Rather should he incline to agree with Jacques Maritain, that American democracy is not a form of Capitalism but of "economic humanism."

In the context of the foregoing it is easy to see how Fair Housing legislation harmonizes with Catholic social philosophy.

### What the Rhode Island Experience Reveals

Why did the Rhode Island Fair Housing Bill, which was in harmony with Catholic social thought, suffer such a resounding defeat in a state with a majority of Catholics?

It must be pointed out, in the first place, that Rhode Island is a Northern State. This was the state's first real contact with the problem of integration. Until last January, it was possible from a Northern vantage point to look with detachment at the convulsive happen-



ings in the Deep South. The prospect of the Fair Housing bill brought the problem close to home. Integration now meant living and consorting with Negro families. Apparently, Rhode Island was not prepared for this. Her whole thinking on integration had been on a speculative level far removed from the real problem. She had never thought the problem through concretely, and in consequence was less prepared to resolve her integration problem than were some of the Southern states themselves. The Rhode Island experience serves notice on Northerners generally to temper their criticism of Southern states with a considerable self-examination and self-criticism.

But why, more specifically, was the bill defeated? The opponents of the bill assert that it was defeated for the best of reasons. Rhode Islanders heard them all frequently from the pen and tongue of Dresser and his aides:

—It denies one of the fundamental American liberties, namely, to be able to live in privacy in one's own home.

—It is an attack on private property.

—It is of Communist inspiration.

—The bill is an unfair one because it places the entire burden of integration on land owners.

—It is unenforceable.

—It will lead to a depreciation of property values.

—It will worsen racial tensions.

And so forth.

There is, doubtless, a germ of truth in many of these criticisms, but those which are not entirely false are at best partial truth. That the bill is not a denial of freedom or of Communist inspiration, we have already noted. It does not place the entire burden upon property owners, because integration is a community problem. Tenants as well as landowners can affect injury. It is not true that property values go down. Experience has shown that this happens only when realtors resort to profiteering or other devices such as arousing panic to promote quick sales. The bill is not unenforceable; unless, of course, there is massive resistance against it.

The solution to all such objections is found in the Bishops' statement already quoted:

If our attitude is governed by the great Christian law of love of neighbor and respect for his rights, then we can work out harmoniously the techniques for making legal, educational, economic, and social adjustments. But if our hearts are poisoned by hatred, or even indifference toward the welfare and rights of our fellow men, then our nation faces a grave internal crisis.

Rhode Island did not work out these techniques harmoniously, and here we

reach the heart of the question. The plain fact is that there was prejudice in Rhode Island—more than one had counted on.\* Some, it is true, argued the issues from a philosophic and theoretical point of view, as did Dresser. Others, like the realtors, were mostly concerned with economic and property values. But, by and large, it was the backing these persons received from the general public which made their points of view acceptable. This public showed signs of popular bias. One need only refer to the vicious anonymous letters and phone calls to prove it. Prejudice was discovered on a much larger scale. Anyone who talked with the man on the street or who spoke to people in the privacy of their homes knew how bitter and widespread opposition to the bill was.

This prejudice was not always the fruit of ignorance. It was found among professional and educated people, even among those well known for their interest in religious work. As a rule they were what might be described as suburbanites, successful people grown accustomed to middle-class living, which they wished in no way disturbed. Against their desire for security and social standing they would allow nothing of a moral or religious nature to interfere. Catholics were discovered in this group as often, if not more often, than others.

What is the explanation? The Diocese of Providence has a full-blown Catholic school system and for years has had a Social Action Institute which taught the principles of the encyclicals and of Catholic social thought in most of the communities of Rhode Island. Is it true, as some observers have commented, that our Catholic school system has failed? Are our schools helping our graduates to preserve the Faith, but failing to form in them a Catholic mentality? How else explain the large numbers of educated Catholics in the camp of a Dresser, who represented a thoroughly non-Catholic concept of property, liberty and government? How otherwise could Catholics write letters to the diocesan newspaper, speaking contemptuously of the injection by that paper of "morality" and "charity" into an issue which, they insisted, was purely economic and legal? These are serious questions, to which an answer must be found.

The Fair Housing bill's defeat was, finally, a study in leadership. There can be no doubt that the defeat can be accredited to one man—Theodore Dresser. Another anomaly is that in a Catholic state a Protestant gentleman, preaching a non-Christian point of view, could



## A Case in Point

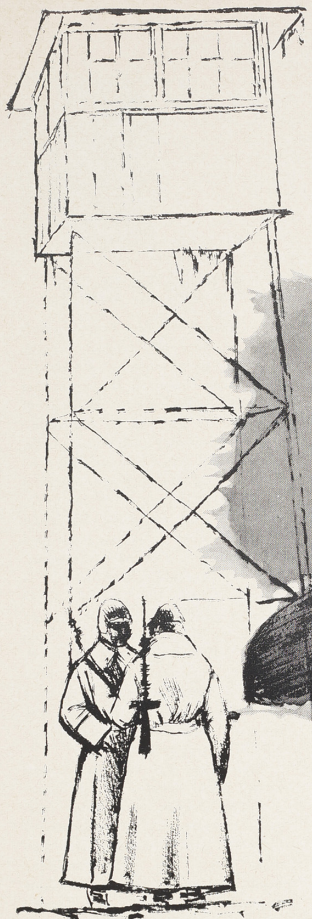
*Dr. Samuel C. McKinney, graduate of Harvard Medical School, is senior psychiatrist at Rhode Island State Hospital. He maintains an office in Providence for general practice as well as in his home town of Coventry. Three hospitals, St. Josephs, Rhode Island and Miriam have offered staff membership to Dr. McKinney. With his wife, two sons and daughter, he is an active member of Saints John and Paul Church, Coventry. Stephen, the 18-year-old McKinney, is president of the parish CYO council and has been president of his high school class for three years. Fifteen-year-old Samuel, Jr., is president of the same school's freshman class and, with his brother, is active in CYO, boy scouting and 4-H. Donna Marie, age 7, is a first-grader.*

*Five years ago the McKinneys moved from Providence to Coventry. The doctor, who holds citations for outstanding government research and training direction from both the late President Roosevelt and former President Truman, found that his family did not meet the standards of some of the people of Providence. For negroes, regardless of background or education, the slum area was the only solution to housing. In Coventry there has been no problem. The McKinneys have been accepted as the worthy individuals they are.*

sway thousands of the populace and almost all the legislators! It is to be noted, further, that the leadership expected from the politicians was lacking. When trouble brewed they made for cover. It is heartening to report, on the other hand, that it was the religious or spiritual forces of the community which rushed into the breach. It was churchmen and Church-related institutions which carried on the battle to have the bill enacted. The disheartening fact is that their leadership was not accepted. ◀◀

\* See A CASE IN POINT, the experience of Dr. Samuel McKinney and his family.





GEORGE ANARITI

# The Snow Trail

AS HE LEFT the hut Michael Arpad glanced at the stars. Tonight's forecast promised a heavy snowfall, but scarcely a half inch had fallen and the sky was clear again. Just enough to make telltale footprints, Michael thought. Then his face brightened as he remembered that tonight he need not worry about footprints.

Tonight, instead of smuggling refugees across the border into Austria, he was dining with Father Csalany. They would discuss the revolt in Budapest, the activities of their friends in the anti-

communist movement, and Michael's transfer to Vienna.

Shouldering his knapsack, Michael set off across the snow-whitened fields. He thought of his wife and son in Vienna. He had not seen them for months. How much little Gabor must have grown.

Tunde had not wanted to leave Hungary. "I am your wife," she had said. "My place is by your side." Only for Gabor's safety had she gone to her relatives in Vienna.

For months Michael had known the

consuming loneliness that comes to a man who is unwillingly separated from his loved ones. Now that was all over. Soon, soon, this time tomorrow he would be with them.

His pace quickened at the thought and he moved through the frosty air with the easy agility of a wild creature. How brightly the stars shone, with such a pure light. Ah, life was an exhilarating challenge to those who were strong and clever.

His strength, no one doubted. As for his cleverness—had not his adroit du-





## —a story of escape—

licity won the confidence of the local Communist officials? This very day Commissar Zemke had entrusted him with an errand in Vienna at the precise moment the Underground was transferring him there. Obliging, Zemke had provided the necessary papers for a legitimate border crossing. The irony of the situation was so gratifying that Michael laughed aloud.

Once he stopped and looked back at the clear-cut trail he was leaving. It meant nothing. He was not suspect. Tonight he would sleep the sleep of the just in Father Csalany's house. At daybreak he would cross the border.

He felt inside his shirt for the rosary Tunde had given him. "I shall pray every day for your safety," she had said. She expected me to pray, too, Michael thought ruefully, but the life I have been living does not lead to prayer. Cruelty, oppression, injustice—too much I have seen. One becomes cynical. To fight Communism a man needs wits more than religion.

Nevertheless, just touching the famil-

iar beads gave Michael a warm feeling of security. Resuming his pace, he continued without pause until he reached the shadows of St. Catherine's walls. Before Michael could knock the door opened.

"I was just going for Matousek," Father Csalany said. "I have word from the farm that two women await escort across the border."

"Matousek is with Captain Koupeny tonight," Michael said. "News of great importance is expected and Matousek has been ordered to stand by."

"So? Then they must wait over another day at the farm."

"Two women alone?" Michael asked. "Yes. One is young, the other aged and ill."

"Waiting is risky," Michael said.

"True," Father Csalany agreed. "The farm was searched unexpectedly last week."

Michael was silent for a moment, then he looked at his watch.

"I could reach the farm in an hour. If the old one is ill she cannot travel

fast. There would hardly be time to get to Austria and back—unless—I could return by the short cut. That would mean slipping past the border guards, but it wouldn't be the first time I—"

"If you are going to Vienna," Father Csalany interrupted, "why cross back over the border?"

"The plot thickens," Michael said. "Tomorrow morning at six I have an appointment with a Communist agent on this side of the border. He also has a mission for me in Vienna."

Father Csalany shook his head. "I cannot keep up with your intrigues. I only know that what you propose sounds very dangerous."

"Only one man's life will be in danger," Michael said, "but if refugees are found at Leopold's farm our secret escape route may be discovered and many lives threatened."

"Each of us knows what is required of him," Father Csalany said, "and blessed is he who shirks not his duty. But our dinner. Come, we shall eat at once."



"There's no time for dinner," Michael said. "I have bread and cheese in my knapsack. I must be off."

"If that is your decision then good luck and God be with you."

"My luck will not fail. I always get through. Truly, I live a charmed life."

"Michael, you will not be angry if I speak frankly?"

"Of course not, Father."

"Well, then—sometimes you seem to forget something very important."

"What is that?"

"The fact that nothing of consequence is achieved in this world except by the grace of God. Remember that, Michael."

"Yes, Father."

They shook hands warmly and parted.

**ANXIOUSLY** Michael remembered his footprints in the snow. Had he known about the refugees he would have taken the highway through the village, merging his tracks with myriad others, but it was done now. He must get to the farm as quickly as possible.

At Leopold's farm everything was dark and silent as a tomb, the buildings mere blobs of shadow in the palely luminous world of snow and stars. As Michael approached the barn a shadow detached itself from the blackness of the interior and moved toward him.

"You?" Leopold said. "I expected Matousek."

"Are they ready?" Michael asked. "We must leave at once."

Someone grasped Michael's arm. A familiar voice said, "Michael, is it really you?"

"Tunde! What are you doing here? Where is Gabor?"

"He's safe in Vienna with Uncle Peter. I had to come, Michael. Mother was ill and no one to care for her. I didn't tell you. I knew you would worry."

"Michael," a thin voice spoke from the shadows.

"Mother Zokar!" Michael embraced them both at once. "Are you well enough to travel?"

"I am not strong," the old woman said, "but it is no longer safe in our village. Yet I could not get the permit to leave. We rode all day in a truck to this place. Tunde arranged everything. Thank God we have found you. Now you will get us safely to my brother Peter in Vienna."

"Yes," Michael said, "I will take care of you." Then to Tunde: "It's a long walk over rough ground. Can she stand it?"

Tunde said, "The farmer has promised her a donkey to ride. We have only

to turn him loose and he will find his way back alone."

Leopold brought the donkey and helped the frail little woman to mount.

"God bless you," she said. "You will be repaid for your kindness in the next world if not in this one."

"Angel," Michael said, pressing Tunde's hand, "my heart has a thousand things to tell you, but there is no time to talk."

Nevertheless, during their long hike beside the quick-footed donkey, he outlined his plans to her. They were heading away from the border. That was one of the tricks that made this escape route so successful. Another trick was the cave and the secret passageway that ended in a dense thicket two hundred meters inside the Austrian border.

**IT WAS LONG** after midnight when they reached the cave. Michael peered warily at the clump of bushes that shielded the entrance. Something moved in the shadows there. Lifting his hand in warning, he froze in his tracks, every nerve alert.

Twice came the eerie hoot of an owl, the secret signal of the Underground. Michael returned the call with a grateful sense of relief. Out of the shadows a figure advanced to meet him. It was Matousek.

He spoke rapidly. "You are in danger, Michael. A trap has been set for you at the border. The Political Police will be waiting there at six in the morning. Captain Koupeny himself got that information at great risk and sent me at once to warn you."

"If it comes from Captain Koupeny," Michael said, "it is certainly correct."

"It's true enough," Matousek said, "but beyond the cave is safety."

"I wish it were that simple," Michael said. "I have left a clear trail behind me in the snow tonight. When I fail to arrive at the border they will go to my hut and find that trail. It will lead them first to Father Csalany, then to the refugee station in Leopold's barn, and finally to this cave. Our most successful escape route will be lost."

"A serious matter," Matousek agreed, "and I can do nothing. My errand takes me in the opposite direction. We have evidence that the Russian withdrawal was a trick. Heavy reinforcements are coming from Moscow. This information must reach headquarters quickly."

"My duty is clear," Michael said with decision. "I must get these two across the border and return to cover my trail before daylight."

"Let them wait here in the cave," Matousek suggested, "while you cover your trail now."

"Ah," Michael said, "I have made such a circle that the shortest way back now lies ahead."

Matousek shrugged. "The weather forecast predicted a heavy snowfall tonight. It may come yet and cover your tracks for you."

"Look at the stars and tell me if you think it will snow again tonight."

"Probably not. The stars are too bright."

"So. I must return and cover my trail."

"Good luck, Michael."

"Thanks. I shall need it."

Michael sent the donkey home with a slap across the rump, and they entered the cave. Frequent rests for Mother Zokar delayed them. Each stop made Michael's time schedule more improbable.

When they emerged from the narrow exit in Austria the old woman collapsed on the ground.

"Is it really Austria?" she asked.

"Yes, Mother," Tunde said.

"I can go no farther. Leave me here."

Michael lifted the frail body and carried her until they reached the Red Cross station.

"Do you have to go back?" Tunde asked as Michael held her close.

"I must," Michael answered. "But we shall breakfast together. I promise. Nothing can keep us apart now."

**LYING FLAT** on the ground, Michael wriggled forward a few inches at a time, keeping his eyes fastened upon the lighted window of the guard post some thirty meters distant. Somewhere between that window and him was a Communist border guard equipped with sharp ears and a bayoneted rifle.

A twig snapped beneath Michael's weight and he lay motionless, breathless, listening for a long moment. Reassured by the deep silence, he moved forward again until he could no longer see the light. Then he stood erect and ran lightly toward the forest.

Enveloped by its protecting gloom, he moved swiftly and surely with long, easy strides. His arms and legs worked in effortless rhythm, his chest expanded and contracted, driving the clean, cold air in and out of his lungs. His whole body glowed with a sense of well-being. This was Michael Arpad, a hard, self-sufficient, disciplined Michael who could walk forty kilometers in a night and who knew every foot of this forest.

He was concentrating on one thing, the eradication of his trail in the snow. He would let out his neighbor's cattle and drive them around the hut to trample the snow. Then he would warn Father Csalany and Leopold. He needed

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT



an hour's start ahead of the police. That meant he must reach the hut by five o'clock. With luck he could just make it.

It was Michael Arpad against time now. He quickened his pace, by-passing ravines and thickets, but holding to his general direction with the accuracy of a compass.

At four-thirty he reached the swollen tributary to the Győr River. It was deeper than usual. Stripping, he rolled his clothing into a tight bundle and stepped into the icy water. It was waist-deep and there was a strong current. The water crept up along his ribs, deepened to his arm-pits, to his chin. Then he swam with one arm, holding his clothes above water until he touched bottom and scrambled out on the bank.

He shook the water from his lean body and felt in his clothes for a handkerchief. One end of the roll was wet. Shivering with cold, he squeezed out as much water as possible, rubbed himself vigorously with the handkerchief, and began to dress. His socks were soaked and he discarded them.

Swinging once more into his mile-consuming stride, he felt warmth return to his body, all except his feet which seemed to grow colder with each step. He was nearing the highway now. Across it was the hut and the beginning of the trail he must cover.

At 4:58 he topped the rise above the highway, confident that he had won the race. Below him a long string of headlights moved southward. The heavy rumble of motors and wheels filled the night. He hid in a thicket beside the road, waiting for the convoy to pass.

They were Russians, Russian trucks, Russian soldiers, Russian guns and tanks. Matousek's information had been correct. Michael crouched in the brush counting the vehicles as they whizzed by at full speed. Precious minutes passed and the transports rolled on in an unbroken line. The great amount and variety of equipment indicated the movement of an entire division.

His mouth set in a grim line as he began to comprehend the terrible fury which the Russians were about to unleash. Now, more than ever, the escape route would be needed. He *must* get through.

He fingered the rosary inside his shirt but his thoughts were too agitated for prayer. He looked at his watch. Ten minutes past five and the trucks came on endlessly. It would be suicide to attempt to cross between them, but he could remain here no longer.

Then he remembered a culvert under the road some distance to the north. He could cross there. It was out of his way and the time was already too short, but he had no choice. Keeping to the brush to avoid the lights of the convoy,

he trotted along parallel to the highway.

Before he reached the culvert he knew that he had failed. Clever, strong, invincible Michael had failed. Father Csalany was right: *Nothing of consequence is achieved in this world except by the grace of God.* All those other times when he had come through it wasn't Michael, alone, who had succeeded but Michael by the grace of God. Tonight, apparently, the grace of God was lacking.

He touched his rosary. "Our Father," he breathed, but he couldn't go on. It seemed cowardly to pray now, in this extremity, after all the months he hadn't prayed. He wondered if Tunde was praying for him.

Doggedly he pushed on, trying to formulate a plan. There would be no time to warn Father Csalany and Leopold nor, perhaps even, to eradicate his tracks near the hut, but if he were there when the police arrived they would take him away at once without bothering to investigate tracks. At least the escape route would be saved.

The night seemed much darker than before. Michael could see no stars. The headlights blinded him. But here was the culvert. He darted into it while trucks rumbled overhead.

It was so dark inside that he could see nothing. Suddenly he found himself floundering in ankle-deep mud. He lost a shoe. It was full of soft mud when he found it. He struggled on to the end of the culvert and sank exhausted to the ground. Every muscle in his body ached, but his mind was clear and calm.

"I'll not have breakfast with Tunde," he thought, "today or ever again." His resignation surprised him.

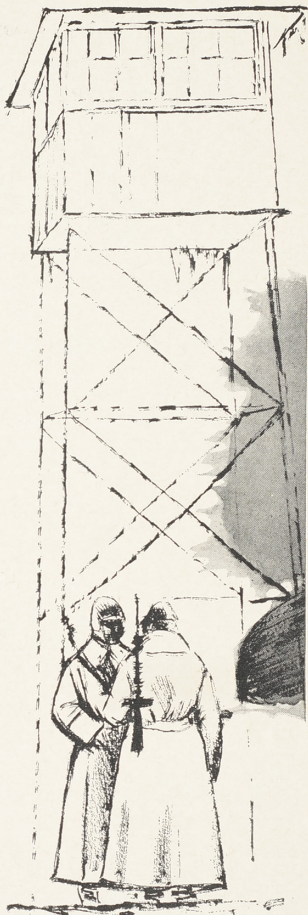
Methodically he cleaned out his shoe, wishing for a pair of dry socks. His feet were quite numb now. Dreamily he remembered the fragrance of Tunde's hair, the warm feel of her in his arms.

Then a snowflake fell on his hand. He lifted his face. The stars were gone, the wind had changed, a curtain of snow was descending. Faster and faster the snow came down. With the wind in that direction it was certain to snow for hours. His tracks would be covered.

But he was not yet safe. Snow would not stop the Political Police. By now they were starting the search. He must try to reach the cave.

His frost-numbed feet made walking an effort. Snow fell so thickly that he could no longer see the way, but instinct kept him headed in the right direction. Drifts were already forming and the wind stung his forehead with pain. Was he really going in the right direction? He should be near the cave soon. Where was it?

He tried to pray, but the words stuck in his throat. He needed all his powers of concentration to force himself onward.



Perhaps, he thought, it is possible for a man to pray with his muscles.

Suddenly a shadow loomed ahead. Was it the cliff? Yes, there was the moss-covered boulder he knew so well. And here, at last, was the cave.

He parted the bushes and stumbled inside. It was warm and dry there. He slumped to the ground, breathing heavily. After a moment he sat up, removed his shoes and held his feet in his hands to warm them. He would rest a bit, then he would be able to push on.

In the pale, cold dawn Michael watched his last footprint at the mouth of the cave slowly disappear beneath the wind-driven snow. He felt for his rosary. This time the words came easily: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." ◀◀



SJM ASKED AN AVERAGE LAYMAN AND LAYWOMAN TO PARTICIPATE  
IN A NO-HOLDS-BARRED, TAPE-RECORDED INTERVIEW WITH

# Fr. Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B.

NOTED LITURGIST, EDITOR OF "WORSHIP"

AND A PRINCIPAL PROTAGANIST

IN

## Liturgy for the Laity

**Q:** *I'm ashamed to admit, Father, that I'm actually vague about what the term "Liturgy" means. Could you possibly give us a simple definition?*

Can it be stated much more simply than Pius XII stated it in *Mediator Dei*? If people have some conception of the Mystical Body of the Church as the continuation of Christ on earth—and I think many people have at least a glimmer of that at present—we can say the liturgy is simply the Church in her activity of carrying on the work of Christ, which is the worship of God: the worship of God done officially in the name of Christ by His body on earth. It's as simple as that, actually. We've made it rather complicated by alternate definitions and sub-definitions.

*That certainly uncomplicates the matter in my mind, but now how about an equally simple one on the purpose of the Liturgical Movement. What is it supposed to do?*

Let me refer again to *Mediator Dei*. In that encyclical, Pius XII makes it very clear that the Liturgy is a continuation of the priestly activity of Christ. Christ is first and foremost and always a high priest. And He continues His work now through the Church. That priestly work has two facets: glory to God in heaven and peace to men of good will. In

other words, it's the salvation of souls but for the sake of the glorification of God. The glorification of God is always the greatest and ultimate purpose of all Christ's activities and therefore the Church's also. Men are to be sanctified in order that now as members of Christ and with Christ, they can give greater glory to the Father. The sacraments are always with us; they are essential to the Church. The purpose of the Liturgical Movement, I think, is to become aware of what we have and to make better use of it. I personally have through these many years as editor of *Worship* magazine regarded the Liturgical Movement as nothing else than an effort to exploit the full capacity of the sacraments—to understand the sacraments in their function in the life of the Church—not merely as channels of grace for individuals but as the life arteries of the Church, the effective signs by which the Church grows and expands and is nourished for her task of glorifying God. As the Body of Christ functions to full capacity, God is more properly glorified.

### The Mass: A Gift and An Obligation

*Then couldn't we say that the Liturgical Movement translates the actual theology of the sacraments into terms that we can see and feel and begin to understand?*



Yes, I would say the theology of the sacraments translated into practical terms—that's the Liturgical Movement. It presupposes an effort to understand the sacraments not as isolated things but in their fuller function in the Mystical Body. For instance, the Mass, the font of all sanctity. Instead of going to Mass to get graces—which is legitimate in itself—if our people would come to understand that the Mass is the sacrament and sacrifice of charity, that the Eucharist establishes the bond between the members of Christ and between them and Christ Himself and God, then nobody could go to the Eucharist without at the same time feeling a sense of obligation, without realizing that the Eucharist is not merely a channel of grace for themselves. The Eucharist is something dynamic, a gift that becomes an obligation. God gives a gift, and it becomes a personal obligation to those receiving it to carry it out in terms of fraternal charity to their neighbors. St. Thomas says, "The purpose of the Eucharist is the union of the Mystical Body." Christ himself unites us. That's the grace and we must correspond to it in our daily actions, especially in our fraternal charity. The Liturgical Movement is a rethinking of the purpose of the sacraments and then trying to live up to it.

*I remember reading somewhere that back in 1926 the late Dom Virgil Michel began, so to speak, the Movement. If that is so, why is it that progress has been so slow? Do you think, possibly, that the big obstacle has been lack of understanding of both its meaning and purpose?*

We've been handicapped, of course, by inadequate conceptions of the Liturgy, particularly as presented for centuries in textbooks where "Liturgy" was identified with "rubrics." It's hard to overcome such a handicap. We ought simply to forget all that and get back to the simplicity of regarding the Liturgy as "the public work" of worship and sanctification: the Mass and the sacraments and the whole sacramental system. We should then have a more likely possibility of understanding the sacraments better, of realizing what their real function is, not only for the individual but in terms of the entire body of Christ, and then try to correspond to that purpose.



## We Join in the Actions of Christ

*It looks like one big difficulty is that too many Catholics don't even appreciate the Mass and the sacraments. Could that be true?*

If Catholics would not be obliged to go to Sunday Mass, then many simply wouldn't go to Sunday Mass. That's a state of affairs which I think we must regretfully admit. That's why the Liturgical Movement is an effort to make

them understand the Mass, so that they want to go, so that they realize it's a privilege to go, so that they realize that this is their most important function, their most important duty as Christians, their greatest privilege as redeemed men. This whole thing is so reasonable that once the purposes of the Liturgical Movement are understood as an effort to translate the theology of the sacraments into terms of the spiritual life for the individual and for the community, I don't think there can possibly be indifference to it. You can't be indifferent to Christ the High Priest. These are His activities, in which we're privileged to join.

*You just said we should try to "translate the theology of the sacraments into terms of spiritual life." How? I mean, could you give us a concrete example?*

For instance, we talk about *receiving* the sacraments. We have come to think of them as things that give us grace, something that Christ instituted, a means for grace. But if we consider the sacraments as the activities of Christ the High Priest continued in time, then the sacraments are not things. Baptism is not a thing. You pour water and pronounce words. Is that a thing? It's an action. Therefore, if we regard the sacraments not as things but as actions—actions of Christ—then the sacraments become personalized. Instead of impersonalizing them as a guaranteed means of salvation, suddenly they are completely in terms of Christ—Christ yesterday, today and forever. That's the Liturgy. One of the greatest objectives of the Movement is to personalize the sacraments, to make us understand them in terms of the actions of Christ.

## St. Paul "Got Through" to His Audience

*But look, Father, St. Paul's audiences, for instance, were not composed of college graduates, yet he used pretty lofty terms and "got through" to them. So why should it be so tough to reach us average Catholics today with this very reasonable method for helping our spiritual lives?*

I think there are two answers to that. First, I don't think we give enough credit to the receptivity and the potentiality of our people. We take for granted that they must be treated as 12-year-olds. That's the principle that has been accepted in television, etc. But we don't have to talk down to them. Christ didn't talk down to them. He used simple language, but He was always lifting them up at the same time to bigger ideas. The second answer is that the level of education of our congregations today is at least two or three times as high as those to whom St. Paul spoke. And he constantly used these ideas. Therefore I think on one hand we underestimate our audience. On the other hand, there was a certain advantage in St. Paul's time. The popular philosophy at that time was the stoic philosophy. The stoic philosophy had the concept that the entire human race was one body and all were members of it and had certain obligations to each other. St. Paul had that to build upon. And that's why St. Paul, the apostle of the *gentiles*, is the one who used the figure of speech of head and body, which we now call the



Mystical Body. He was talking to an audience to which this concept was known. St. John speaks rather of bridegroom and spouse. St. Paul used the other expression in order to be understood. He told them, yes, there is something in what you believe, but we are a true body, the Body of Christ. This general concept can no longer be depended upon at the present time, because we are heirs of centuries of a sort of isolationist philosophy, so that we have a more unfavorable background to overcome.

## Don't Try to Force People

*You know, I think a lot of Catholics feel that this lay participation in the Mass is being shoved onto them. You can't blame them too much for their negative reactions, in this case.*

I think that is true, if the priests present it in a negative way. If they do so, they do not correspond to the insistent directives of the Holy See in urging greater lay participation. One thing we must emphasize is that lay participation cannot be mechanically introduced and then expect results. It must be accompanied by constant instruction. Unless there is a constant declaration of why such-and-such is done, I don't think we can expect any worthwhile results, except perhaps in the long run, and that's a very painful and unnecessary process to go through.



*But just suppose that these negative reactions have already put out such deep roots that they never can be weeded out?*

I don't think so. Although we have a tradition of non-participation, it's been providential that the people, through novena services and other such practices, have learned to open their mouths and sing in divine services. I think that's one of the reasons for the popularity of novena services. The people feel they are part of the thing. An ultimate instinct of man is to safeguard his dignity and personality. He doesn't want to be only a number or cipher. The novena service has made him feel that he contributes something. And now, if we can transfer this back to the more important service of the Mass, we shall have accomplished something of major significance. I think the most important thing that the September [1958] Instruction from Rome has given us is the clarification of the principle of "distribution of roles" in the Liturgy. Through historical development, the Mass had become a purely priestly function, a purely clerical thing, at which people were present. Now again, the principle is stated and emphasized that there are certain parts which belong to the priest and certain parts which belong to the congregation and choir. The Instruction speaks repeatedly of the Ordinary parts of the Mass which "by rights" belong

to the congregation—they don't belong to the priest. It's an accident that he is saying them. Now, if this principle of distribution of roles—and it's a very basic principle which we find in the very first description of the Eucharistic service, in the letter of Clement of Rome to Corinth—if this can once again be established, accepted and understood, then I think participation takes care of itself.

## Priests Are Being Educated

*So . . . once you admit this tradition of non-participation, how long do you think it will take to make laymen feel at home with their part in the Liturgy?*

It isn't something which we can expect to take place in one generation. This involves reorientation of our thinking along the whole front of Catholic life, of Catholic viewpoint, of Catholic insight. Perhaps this whole thing will never be thoroughly achieved unless in the seminaries our future priests will get their presentation of the Mass and sacraments in such a fashion that these ideas are organically embodied. To some extent this is already happening at the present time. Once the theology is made more clear, then everything else will follow as a logical conclusion. It will involve the realization on the part of the priest that he is a *minister* of the mysteries of God, that his greatest privilege and opportunity and obligation as minister to the people of God and minister of the mysteries is to bring his people to fulfill their part in these mysteries—to have them really accept their privilege and act upon it. Every Catholic takes for granted that the Mass is the greatest and holiest center of Catholic life. That principle must be translated into action. It should not be difficult from that principle to make him understand that to participate in holy Mass fully is his greatest privilege.

*"Future priests," you said. Could we take that to mean that the present ones have been dropping the ball?*

I have been giving a number of priest retreats in recent years. And every time I have come away with greater admiration for the priests who work in our parishes. The general level of our priests at the present time, I would say, is very high; we can be very proud of our priests. I would be the last one to blame them, or to expect them to become "liturgists" overnight, in the sense of implementing some of the recent liturgical directives. They have done their work magnificently, according to the way they were trained. This notion of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, the better understanding of it and of the sacraments, is a relatively recent phenomenon. And for a priest who is sure he received a good theological training to be told that he missed important angles, that he didn't get the full picture, is a difficult thing to accept. That's why I say that this is a long process, a long-range program. Something that has taken a minimum of a thousand years to develop to its present stage cannot be undone in one generation. It is easy enough for a devotional practice to sweep the country, with the help of radio talks,



literature, etc.; but, to reorientate one's thinking concerning the Mass and the sacraments and our notion of the role of a parish in the Mystical Body—our relations to it—that is a different matter.

## Bishops Exercise Leadership

*Yes, I can see that all right, and I can also see how wonderful it would be if all of us would get wholeheartedly, or maybe wholespirit-edly, into the Movement. But how can it be done? I mean, can you give some concrete recommendations?*

In a number of dioceses there have been deanery meetings of the priests in which the September Instruction was discussed: the why especially, and then the how of participation. If there is no such united program among the priests of an area, individual priests may have a difficult time. Then the people who are not interested or who might be opposed will simply say that this is merely Father So-and-So's idea, for the neighboring parishes aren't doing it. I think some concerted effort is necessary and that should not be difficult at the present time. The September Instruction was for the universal Church and takes for granted that participation should become a normal part of parish life. We are all hopefully looking forward to leadership and guidance in these matters from the national Episcopal Committee on the Liturgy which was established by the American Hierarchy last year.

## Laity Must Not Become Bitter

*That seems feasible enough, but let's get specific about what the interested layman can do to help—beyond participation, that is.*

I don't think a week passes that I don't get several letters from laymen asking exactly that question. They say they realize this is something important, something big, this concern with the life of the Church and the basic function of the Church—which is to save souls and glorify God more perfectly. But they say their pastor doesn't seem to be interested in the Liturgy, that he doesn't care for the Dialogue Mass, etc. Now what should they do?

There is a serious danger of such laity becoming sour and even of anti-clericalism arising. It's not easy to answer letters like that, and that's why I think it providential that in our time we have the Catholic family life movement. Because, if in a given parish the Catholic laity finds itself frustrated in its efforts on the parish level, there is always their own particular apostolate, namely the family apostolate, in which many of these ideas can be carried out. There are many Catholic families throughout the United States at the present time who are magnificent models of Catholic family life, who are interested above all in trying to realize the ideal stated by St. Paul—that marriage means the union of husband and wife representing the union of Christ and the Church. The union of Christ and the Church is a worship community, and therefore the family is first of all a worship

unit, and they carry that through in practice—to make their whole family life a worship of God, to reflect in the family circle some of the things that happen in the parish church. These things can be done. Instead of saying that we have to wait until the pastor dies or somebody else comes in, we can tell them that the liturgical ideal can be realized in their own families to a very large extent. Some priests, moreover, feel that lay participation isn't practical now because there are too few priests to instruct the laity and actually get participation started. If they could know that there are a certain number of informed laity, of capable laity, in their parish who are willing to collaborate and to help, perhaps things would go a little faster.

## Shouting Doesn't Help

*I don't suppose it's any news to you, Father, that there's an eager beaver in practically every parish who tries to push things like this so fast that he—or she—seems to do more harm than good.*

Wine has to go through a stage of fermentation, and a certain amount of fermentation is found in every worthwhile movement. That means there is a certain amount of excessive zeal, or let us say, unwise zeal. I think that has to be expected. I'm not approving it, but that's one of the by-products of any important movement. The "new" ideas hit some people like a ton of bricks. Or rather like a vivid flash of insight. And they become enthusiastic, become impatient with anyone else who doesn't see it. It's impossible to have true zeal without having true prudence and without having charity, the queen of all virtues. If zeal manifests itself by lack of charity, by criticizing unduly or unjustly, this zeal is not according to God. That's one of the handicaps, of course—some people are shouting when they have no business to shout.



*I certainly don't want to criticize unduly or unjustly, but how about the pious little practices at Mass, for instance, that are pretty often contrary to the kind of lay participation we'd all like—but which go back to roost on the heads of the Sisters who have been teaching them to the children?*

We can broaden that question. What about the motherhouses that produce the Sisters? There again, I'd be the last person to blame the Sisters. We are living in good times, and many good things are happening. One of them is that it is finally getting through that the teachers of religion must be given a solid theological training which includes also asceticism and the principles of the spiritual life. It has been



a miracle of divine grace that the Sisters who have charge of our education have done as splendidly as they have, without the theological training to which they have a right because they teach religion. Therefore until such time as this theology program is fully in operation, we can expect certain less satisfactory things such as you refer to, and we just have to be patient.

## How to Help Protestants

*Not to change the subject, but don't you think that if Catholics grew to a greater understanding and participation of and in the Liturgy, they'd be able to project something pretty valuable to non-Catholics?*

I have found that one of the greatest obstacles in the Catholic Church to Protestants is the idea of the sacraments. Many Protestants—in fact, historically, ever since the 16th century—look upon the Church merely as an institution, a highly organized system, all too worldly, all too earthly, and they want to go back to Christ and bypass the Church. Many Lutherans, for instance, have a great personal devotion to Christ. And the sacraments, the Church, to them look like a mechanical something-or-other that interpose between themselves and Christ. They are scandalized by the sacraments, which they consider a mechanism of salvation which detracts from the unique activity of Christ. I think that to a certain degree we have been unwittingly responsible for that impression that they receive. We speak of sacraments in those terms. They produce grace. Sure they do. But we've isolated that idea, that one sentence, instead of putting it in its context—sacraments confer grace because they are the acts of Christ. If instead of looking upon the sacraments as sure-fire means of getting grace, we would regard them primarily as Christ's activities, the most important actions of Christ, then sacraments could no longer be ignored or prove a scandal. Instead of being something which separates us from Christ, they are precisely the acts by which Christ unites us to Himself. That's why the Liturgical Movement has much to contribute to the ecumenical spirit. There are certain deep currents associated with the Liturgical Movement in its wider aspects of relations to the Mystical Body which are bringing Protestants closer to us.

## New Music: From Negro Spirituals?

*Well, that's certainly something to work for! And something else, I've always wanted to know about this: do you think that just probably there might be room in the revised Liturgy here in the United States for such wonderful music as, say, the best of the Negro Spirituals?*

In the last big international conference on liturgical music, held in Paris several years ago, a very clear distinction was made between mission countries and, let us say, European civilization. It was stated that native cultures must be re-

spected, must be adapted, must be introduced and used in worship. As far as European civilization is concerned, there is a tradition of musical expression which we can't just throw out the window. It is true that there are constant developments. Those are not simply bypassed. The September Instruction, although it insists on Gregorian Chant as being the highest ideal of music for community praying, nevertheless also approves of modern religious music. I would say that Negro spirituals, or music which corresponds to them, could certainly be used in "devotional services," which are not the official worship of the Church. Perhaps in the course of time there will be a gradual merging. There are many efforts at present to find a musical idiom which more closely corresponds to our understanding, to our culture, to our present background. Such, for instance, is the purpose of the Gelineau Psalms: an effort to get the sung psalms back into congregational worship. They were the product of years of effort of some French priests, Father Gelineau particularly, to find a musical idiom which is not too dissimilar from Gregorian chant and yet is not foreign to our own upbringing in singing. They have been quite successful. So successful, that wherever they have been introduced in this country, they have become very popular. The people are asked to sing the refrains while a trained group sings the verse of the respective psalm. And if you listen closely to some of the Gelineau Psalms, unmistakably there are some motifs of Negro spirituals. The Gelineau Psalms have been adapted now into English. So the problem is recognized and being worked at. ◀◀

*For explanation of the series of pictures, taken at All Saints' church in Portland, Oregon, see the January issue of SJM!*

## "I HOPE YOU SLEEP TONIGHT"

*By Paul Stauder, S.J.*

What strange power have these simple words  
that they should cause my heart to surge,  
and every well  
of sympathy and pity to outswell  
its limits? Tenderly  
and from a selfless heart they came  
and left in me a helpless love  
I cannot name.

She spoke them from a smiling face,  
but underneath the smile a shadow lay  
that told me of her sorrow-laden years  
when every night and day  
was one long vigil with a grief that lay  
beyond the comfort of her tears.

Until some kindly angel  
gently closed her eyes,  
and then the brief oblivion of sleep  
was such a prize  
that now her fond desire is to share  
with me the peace and comfort she found there.



## BOOKS—*Doran Hurley's Bookchat*

## BOOKS—*in review*

## BOOKS—*Semiannual Young People's Section*

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*By Helen McCarthy*

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AS I WRITE, it is to share in a deep sense of thanksgiving with a whole book world of New York, secular and Catholic publishing alike. For the welcome news has just come that Dr. Tom Dooley has had the cancer on his chest wall successfully removed in a three-hour operation, and is convalescing normally. So many of you will have read his two books, *Deliver Us From Evil* and *The Edge of Tomorrow*, and you will know how this deeply devout, dedicated Catholic young man worked so selflessly as a Navy doctor in the 1954 evacuation of anti-Communist refugees from North Vietnam. You will recall how he returned to set up hospitals in northern Laos in Christian charity, using his book royalties and the proceeds from his lectures for his missionary efforts. It was a shock deeply felt in the book world, where he had earned unusual respect and admiration, to learn that a blow from a fall on a jungle trail while on a doctor's "call" had brought about a fast-spreading cancer, often quickly fatal.

It is a cause for cheers among the thousands of readers of his books, and especially for those of us who have met and so tremendously liked this singularly dedicated Catholic man, that presently he is out of danger. More than that, as a truly devoted participator in the Lay

Apostolate he has announced his firm intention to go back to Laos when he is completely well again "to continue the fight against Communism with the tools of health." Laos, as you know, has been under attack from Communist China in the area Tom Dooley has been serving. His hospitals and work were mentioned in early news reports of the fighting.

ANOTHER doctor, Dr. A. J. Cronin, is one of the few Catholic authors who continuously reach best-seller status. You will remember *The Keys of the Kingdom* and *Hatters' Castle*. Now it seems that he is somewhat of a best-selling author also in the Soviet Union, where 3,000,000 copies of his books have been sold. But good Dr. Cronin is both indignant and plaintive that while he receives from Russian readers an enormous and effusive pack of fan mail and requests for autographs and photographs, the Soviet Union refuses to pay him any royalties. In a statement he recently issued he said that when the first refusal came he offered to settle for a fur coat for his wife. This was treated with contemptuous silence. Then he suggested payment in the form of a trip to the Soviet Union that he might look at the pictures in the Hermitage (The Leningrad art museum). No answer. "Finally, at the beginning of this year, in

despair, I offered to conclude the whole affair for a small consignment of Beluga caviar. So far this has not arrived."

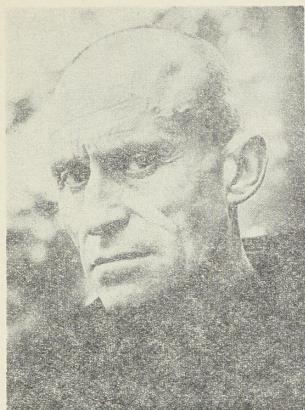
WE THINK of Dom Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B., as an artist in words that enhance his spiritual messages to us. But like Eric Gill he is expert also with the hammer and the chisel. In *Approach to Christian Sculpture*, which Sheed & Ward has just put on the market, Dom Hubert states the principles that a Catholic sculptor should have in mind in his carving; and also the principles that clergy and the laity should bear in mind not only in buying statues but also in displaying them properly. The book contains twelve photographs of Dom Hubert's own carvings. He insists that they are definitely not designed as models in any way, but are there merely to illustrate what he is saying and occasionally to show where he made mistakes.

DR. FRANK SHEED, upon whom Louvain University conferred a degree of honor as our great Catholic lay theo-

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*Bookchat*





Dom Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B.

logian, has been serializing in many diocesan newspapers prior to book publication his *Life of Our Lord*. If you have not seen installments of it, it is written with the greatest possible simplicity, with kindly warmth and eagerness that the New Testament story be presented for the complete understanding of the many rather than the few. For all that his theological approach is deep and sound, Dr. Sheed is in no wise averse to using reverent humor and homely modern analogies to promote greater understanding. He wrote me from Lourdes—where he was on pilgrimage—"Great theologians are working on the frontiers of revelation; may they prosper; but the great work is to show some of the riches of truth already defined to the mass of us lay people. Theologians who will never be famous did that for me: I'm trying to do it in my turn." He added that that might sound "ostentatious." It would not if you knew this truly modest scholar to whom God gave the great gift of personal humility.

IT IS rather unusual to have the life of one of our American prelates published shortly after his death; although, indeed, William Cardinal O'Connell published his autobiography in his lifetime. But customarily, time is allowed to pass for true appraisal of the man and his works. A recent life of Archbishop Edwin O'Hara of Kansas City was hardly more than a discursive account of the good works and national Catholic movements with which he was associated. Advance notice of *The Cardinal Stritch Story* that Bruce promises in time for Christmas indicates that it may give a more fully rounded portrait of the gentle, spiritual man who was archbishop of Chicago. One reason is that the author

is Marie C. Buehrle, whose most recent book was the life of that deeply saintly priest, *Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val* (SJM, April 1958). Incidentally, the life of Cardinal Spellman by Father Robert J. Gannon, S.J., promised by Doubleday a year ago, has quietly dropped out of sight. It is not mentioned at all in the Doubleday fall catalogue, although it had been much publicized earlier. Discreet inquiries have brought very discreet answers of "censorship trouble."

It is a matter of personal interest, but I am happy that Bruce is bringing out *The Life of Benedict XV* by Father W. H. Peters. I was brought up in a home where Pope Leo XIII still smiled down from the walls in his ascetic, alabaster majesty. The time of St. Pius X was too much in my infancy for me to know about him. It was good Pope Benedict who first really came into my consciousness in the Catholic world of authority

beyond my parish priests and the Sisters. Yet, of all recent popes he has seemed the most forgotten, despite that what little you read of him shows he was a man of especial gentle sanctity. He so deserves to be better known.

OUR PRESENT Holy Father, Pope John XXIII, has conferred upon Catholic writer Louis de Wohl the rank of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. De Wohl, whose new book will be on St. Benedict (*Citadel of God*), professes to be especially happy in the conferring of this knighthood rather than that of another ecclesiastical order. It is his contention that as St. Gregory was a descendant of the Anician family, he was therefore probably kin to Benedict of Nursia. St. Gregory, of course, in his second book of *Dialogues*, a collection of miracles ascribed to St. Benedict, may be considered his first biographer. ◀◀

## Books in Review

### ANSON'S "ABBOT EXTRAORDINARY," DRAWS EXPERT COMMENT FROM BENEDICTINE ABBOT

ABBOT EXTRAORDINARY, Memoir of Aelred Carlyle, O.S.B. By Peter F. Anson. New York: Sheed & Ward. 310 pp. \$4.00.

"Meeting Aelred Carlyle was an unforgettable experience" (Maisie Ward, in the Foreword). Your reviewer echoes this for he met Aelred Carlyle in one of the final stages of the varied career set forth in this book. This was in British Columbia, where Aelred Carlyle had "really settled down" (page 261) towards the end of a series of most remarkable adventures and changes in his spiritual life. Your reviewer spoke to him much as follows: "Abbot Aelred, you have suffered much in entering the Catholic Church, and in persevering after so many vicissitudes." He paused reflectively, looked at me with that magnetic, captivating glance emphasized so often in the book, and answered slowly: "I have suffered much, but it is worth it."

The many changes, always with the one ideal of higher spiritual attainments, are set forth in this book. The Memoir is a most intimate account written by an intimate friend. While it does not claim to be an authoritative biography, it fulfills the wishes of Aelred Carlyle, who, in revising what the author had written years earlier about the "Benedictines of Caldey," insisted that he, Carlyle, did not "want to be handled

with gloves on, or treated as a psychological case" (page 10). "Aelred Carlyle was a baffling personality with countless facets to his character. Some people worshipped him, others found him repellant. I do not expect that these memoirs will satisfy either group."

The author then proceeds to unfold a life that is kaleidoscopic in its changes. At thirteen Carlyle made the great decision to revive Benedictine monasticism in the Church of England. He tried this with different groups, at various places, in many ways, turning twice from the decision to enter the Catholic Church but always following what he considered Benedictine life.

He settled finally on the Isle of Caldey off the southern coast of England with a group of kindred souls. His were grandiose plans, high expectations, rigorous mortifications, great debts, many appeals for financial help, ritualistic practices using the Latin Breviary and the Monastic Missal. He was soon "The only Abbot in the Anglican Communion." Caldey Abbey became "The outward expression of his terrific driving force and dynamic personality."

An ultimatum of Anglican Bishop Gore to abandon these Catholic usages and to use the Book of Common Prayer led Abbot Carlyle to enter the Catholic Church. Twenty-two of the thirty-three members of his Community followed



him. "Few converts have ever been received with so little preparation and such enormous publicity," Anson says.

Next came intensive training in the

Catholic monastic and priestly life. The novitiate was made in Belgium, broken by sickness and absence, with canonical defects supplied by special dispensations,

including permission to make solemn vows immediately at the end of the novitiate. Within eight months came the priesthood and blessing as Abbot.

Although Abbot Aelred lived to be eighty-one years, he spent only six years as Catholic abbot of Caldey. After a visitation, he resigned, and Dom Wilfrid Upson was appointed to carry on unchanged the work of the Caldey foundation.

A new period of many changes now began for Aelred Carlyle. Excommunication was granted, and active missionary work among the Indians in British Columbia engaged all his attention. After a brief attempt at the Carthusian life in Spain, he was again back in Canada, engaged in parish work. Rome granted him the unprecedented permission for an abbot to be incardinated into the Archdiocese of Vancouver as a secular priest, yet with permission to return to end his life with his monastic foundation, now located at Prinknash in England.

After many trips to England, Spain, Alaska, United States, and the West Indies he settled for fifteen years of intense activity at Vancouver, B.C. Editor of the *B. C. Catholic* weekly, chaplain of several institutions, including the Oakalla prison, he led a life quite at variance with his love of contemplation and silence. He is again attracted to the monastic life by a visit to Mt. Angel Abbey. "This great Benedictine monastery played an important part in his life during the next thirteen years" (p. 267).

At the age of seventy-seven, illness forced him to retire and to return to England. Before he left, the city of Vancouver, in the presence of a great gathering of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, presented him the freedom of the city, and recalled that he had benefited over 10,000 who at various times had been in prison. Carlyle wrote: "I am going back to the community (at Prinknash) not as a prodigal son, but as a prodigal father." Amid the fraternal care of his brethren, he spent the last days happily, preparing for his last and final voyage. He died October 14, 1955, and was buried with abbatial honors in the sub-crypt of the abbey church, now in the course of construction.

Those who read this extraordinary and interesting life, will agree with the words that Abbot Aelred Carlyle made his own: "Paint your picture with strong colours, keep it ever before you, and strive to live up to it; if you do this conscientiously, you will not find yourself very much out in the end."

ABBOT COLUMBAN THUIS, O.S.B.

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## WRITER, PHOTOGRAPHER BLEND TALENTS

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**THE CURÉ D'ARS**—A Pictorial Biography. By Right Reverend Rene Fourrey, Bishop of Belley. Photographs by Rene Perrin. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 215 pp. \$10.

Three people have collaborated in producing this pictorial biography of the famous parish priest of Ars. The text is by Mgr. Rene Fourrey, Bishop of Belley, the diocese in which Ars is situated, Rene Perrin took the photographs and the captions to the photographs are by Jean Servel, O.M.I. More correctly described as an album and containing some heretofore unpublished material, this volume, commemorating the centenary of the Curé of Ars, is a superb production in every way. It would be interesting to know the reaction of the Curé of Ars to such a masterpiece of printing. During his lifetime cheap prints of his portrait were on sale in and around Ars, causing the embarrassed Curé to remark: "That 'carnaval' of mine, again! Unhappy man that I am, they hang me, they sell me. Poor Curé of Ars!"

He was ordained priest by Monsignor Simon, Bishop of Grenoble on August 13, 1815, at the age of 29. He had to travel to Grenoble by himself, on foot, carrying a few provisions and the alb for ordination in a small parcel. France was at this time occupied by Austrian troops and young Vianney had to cross the military road-blocks on his way. The ceremony was without pomp, only the ministers witnessed it. There was no one there to support him, neither Father Bailey nor any of his own family. At the end of the ceremony the old bishop remarked: "It is not too much trouble to ordain a good priest."

This is the story of that "good priest" now St. Jean-Marie Vianney, patron saint of all parish priests of the world. The style throughout is authoritative yet simple, capturing the asceticism of the Curé without missing his natural good humor. The soul of the saint is seen in the body of the man as the author with the gentle phrases and simple language takes us on the track of the Curé of Ars.

This simplicity of style is carried through the picture section. You know that the old clock has stood there a long time, and that the Curé lived on the edge of starvation. Although there is a lot of information in the picture captions, they somehow seem superfluous, the photographer says all that needs be

said with his camera. The composition is delightful and little touches, like the big old iron keys dangling in the door lock, or the little child running down a narrow street, show that the photographer—like the writer—is one with his subject. This is the secret that makes this biography a first class production. The preface is by His Eminence Cardinal Gerlier and the translation from French is by Ruth Mary Bethell.

EAMON MURPHY

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## PARISH LITURGY

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**OUR PARISH PRAYS AND SINGS.**

Collegeville: The Liturgical Press, 160 pp. \$3.0.

Since the September 1958 Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on Music and Liturgy there have been issued several manuals for congregational use embodying many of the features outlined in the Decree.

*Our Parish Prays and Sings* is the best attempt thus far to aid the average parish to carry out the active participation of the Liturgy required by Rome.

This small manual contains the Ordinary of the Mass in both English and Latin printed in such a manner that the recitation of the Ordinary of the Mass by the congregation can be carried on in either language.

For the Sung Mass there are several simple Gregorian Ordinaries which the average parish will find easy to manage. Coupled with this are a number of excellent hymns in English and Latin which can be used at either High or Low Mass.

This booklet will certainly be of help to any parish priest who wishes to have something simple and of good quality for his people when they embark on the road to active participation.

REV. DAVID NICHOLSON, O.S.B.

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*Ed. Note: As we go to press, the book, Singing in God's Ear, has just been published by Desclee, of Belgium. Written by Father David Nicholson, O.S.B., who wrote the review above, Singing in God's Ear presents a completely new approach to the teaching of Gregorian Chant. It is designed for those who want to teach Chant and need practical help. For further information write Editor, St. Joseph Magazine, St. Benedict, Oregon.*

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## Reviews





**T**HIS YEAR'S slogan for Children's National Book Week, November 1-7, is "Go Exploring in Books." It is aimed to encourage young readers to "explore new realms, to read in areas they haven't tried before." All over the country, in schools and libraries and bookshops, there are displays of reading material, book fairs, and autograph parties for boys and girls.

The attractive Book Week Poster for 1959 was prepared by Feodor Rojankovsky. It is based on a sketch of the artist's daughter, Tania, as he discovered her on New Year's morning some years ago, adorned with remnants of the previous night's party favors, reading her books while she waited for her parents to get up.

The number of children's books published in the first six months of 1959 exceeded the number published in the first six months of 1958 by 129 titles. Because the bulk of books appears in the fall—and this season is the biggest yet—book promotion is becoming more and more difficult and confusing! It is easy to understand the need for more and more space so that the fine books of bygone years can still be displayed and not pushed off the shelves by the multitudes of newly published volumes.

There are various trends in today's world of children's books. For instance, merchandising is an important field. Sales people are actively seeking to acquire more children as customers, either by suggestion to parents, or by inviting school authorities to let teachers bring their pupils to the stores. Clerks are actually reading juvenile books to familiarize themselves with the material

and to be able to present it interestingly to small fry. In some stores staff members are encouraged to offer to baby-sit while parents shop in other departments and, of course, the chief form of entertainment is "reading books!"

Parents may wish to scrutinize more closely and, perhaps, question the wisdom of stores allowing children to charge their own books (even with parental consent). This is being done in a number of larger shops. However, a pleasant trend is the ever-increasing, cozy little book corners for youngsters, equipped with comfortable reading chairs and low tables to encourage them to "stay put" and read quietly. Like doctors and dentists bookstore owners are supplying lollipops to little ones as they leave and even having them sign guest books. More and more stores are sending talented and enthusiastic personnel as speakers to women's organizations and parent-teacher groups to discuss the subject of children's reading. They exhibit and describe the contents of new, colorful books and, as a result of this motivation, sales climb.

Today there are books written on every possible subject. Science, nature and history are as much in the foreground as they have been for several seasons. Once again, the number of series books is increasingly devoted to American history or biographies of famous historical figures. Watch for the classics this season in new packages and a growing number of dictionaries and encyclopedias for children of all ages.

Catholics may point with pride to the list of juvenile Catholic titles. The big news, according to *Publishers' Weekly* is in the books written especially for young Catholics. Not only do we have the recently started series published by Kenedy, Sheed & Ward and Benziger, but also new Catholic series originating with Doubleday and the Golden Press.

Publishers are paying special attention to the reading habits and needs of teen-agers. Because of the tremendous lack of material in that challenging field, they are recommending carefully-selected adult books for our young people. But such reading **MUST** be pruned in this day of distasteful boudoir scenes and vulgar discussion of sex. While our boys and girls must be taught to grapple with evil, they should also be exposed to book characters who withstand temptation and have the courage to say "No." Realism has its place, but Truth is real, unselfish Love is real, and Devotion to Duty is real. We want our youngsters to "reach for the stars."

Finally, in the ever-growing world of fact and "know-how" books, we mustn't lose touch with magic stories of the heart. As Elizabeth George Speare said in her speech before the American Library Association in Washington,

D.C., on June 23 when she was awarded the Newbery Medal for her fine historical novel, *The Witch of Blackbird Pond*:

The enduring values of life—courage, devotion, compassion, forgiveness—none of these can be absorbed entirely by the mind but must instead be received into the heart. These values are the raw material of fiction. When a story stirs us deeply, for a moment, at least, we realize these qualities in ourselves; we possess them in our hearts. In a very real way they become part of our experience and we can never altogether lose them. In our anxiety to prepare our children for a Space Age, we must make very sure they do not miss those imaginary adventures which can so greatly illumine and enrich their lives.

## Picture Books

**NOT A TEENY WEENY WINK**, written and illustrated by Richard Bennett (*Doubleday, Ages up to 8, \$2.50*). This is an amusing story about Billy and Johnny, who shared a bedroom that was so hot they couldn't sleep—"not a teeny weeny wink." So they decided to make a tent at the edge of the wood and slept out of doors for the night. All kinds of little animals made all kinds of strange sounds until finally a big animal made the strangest sound of all. And then—but I won't tell you the ending. If you have ever spent a night out of doors, you will be delighted with the humorous text and pictures.

**LOLLY'S PONY RIDE**, written and charmingly illustrated by Charlotte Steiner, is just as sweet as her "Kiki" books (*Doubleday, Ages 2-6, \$2.75*). This is about a little girl named Lolly who wanted a pony to ride. There are so many little girls who do, but Lolly did something about it! She created a pony all her own and what an adventure they had together. They jumped a fence and finally came to a circus tent. They jumped through a hoop, made a pyramid for the monkeys, and did a song and dance. They had all kinds of thrilling adventures with the other animals and when the show was over Lolly gave the children a ride on her pony. Your little ones will love this!

**BROWN COW FARM**, written and illustrated by Dahlov Ipcar, (*Doubleday, Ages up to 6, \$2.50*) is a unique counting book with rhythmical text and vivid illustrations centered about the cycle of life on a farm. It begins with wintertime on Brown Cow Farm and the animals asleep inside the big, brown barn. There is one brown horse, in a big box stall, two brown hound dogs that sleep in the hay, three brown cats that live in the barn, and so on. But when spring comes, the animals can run out of doors. This is the season when animal babies are born. And so the numbers to count increase. The colors of this picture book are striking—browns, chartreuse and white. Certain to be a favorite.

**THE LITTLE ONE**, by Dare Wright, with photographs by the author (*Doubleday, Ages 2-6, \$2.50*). Dare Wright is a free-lance photographer whose first two

*Tiny Tots*



books, *The Lonely Doll and Holiday for Edith and the Bears* endeared her to readers all over the country. In this darling big book the photographs of the little doll Persis, which Miss Wright found in a box of childhood letters and toys, are sweet as they can be—and woven about them is the story of Persis, Nice Bear, Cross Bear and Turtle. Little girls will adore it! A turtle came to a deserted house. He crawled up the steps and pushed open the door. There was nothing inside but some old books and a small, small doll, all covered with dust, who couldn't get out by herself. So turtle led her out of the dim old house and told her to run along and see the world. Her adventures are delightful.

**SIMPLE SIMON**, illustrated by Tony Palazzo (*Doubleday, pre-school*). An inviting version of the familiar nursery rhyme for tiny tots with adorable pictures of a monkey Simon who went to catch a wild duck, went a-fishing for to catch a whale, and went to ride a spotted cow who had a little calf. The pictures are splashy and colorful.

**WHICH WITCH?** by Robert Lasso, pictures by John Teppich (*David McKay Co., Ages 3-6, \$2.75*). This is a comical little story for tiny tots about two witches; one was rich, the other—had an itch! The pictures are hilarious! When the rich witch decides to change ice cream into pitch and says some magic words, she makes a mistake—and all the pitch roofs in town change into ice cream. Boys and girls scoop up the ice cream right in the streets and even paddle in puddles of butter pecan! Robert Lasso is adding books for children to his other activities. His first was *Orange Oliver*, a delightful tale of a kitten who wore glasses.

## Reading Begins

**THERE ONCE WAS A KING**, written and illustrated by Gwain Sexton (*Charles Scribner's Ages 4-8, \$2.50*). This is a gay little book about a naughty king who had a bad temper! He had a throne, a golden crown, and a wishing stone. He wished for all sorts of amazing things, but one day his wishing stone was missing. A pigeon had picked it up and taken it home. When the king discovered that his wishes no longer came true, he flew into a rage! You will enjoy reading what happened and meeting his court. A little mouse plays an important part in this nice story. The rhythm of the verse is especially appealing when read aloud.

**HOUSES FROM THE SEA**, by Alice E. Goudey, illustrated by Adrienne Adams (*Charles Scribner's, Ages 5-8, \$2.95*). The dust jacket on this beautifully illustrated book is especially intriguing. All the pictures are in color. There are two pages showing the shells the author mentions in the story. The text tells about two children and the day they picked up shells along the beach. Just enough information is presented in simple, understandable language to explain that each shell was once the home for a little creature that lived inside. The common names of the shells are given. Alice Goudey has written many books for

children, especially animal and nature stories. She has a gift for making factual nature material interesting.

**JEANNE-MARIE AT THE FAIR**, by Françoise (*Charles Scribner's, Ages 4-7, \$2.95*). There is a delicious foreign flavor to this charming picture book about a little French girl named Jeanne-Marie. Off she goes with her father on the scooter to the fair, leaving her pet sheep, Patapon, tied to a tree. Jeanne-Marie goes on all the merry-go-rounds, buys a gingerbread pig with her name on it, and has some orangeade with her friend, Jean Pierre who buys her a big, red balloon. Patapon tires of being tied to a tree, frees himself, and runs to the fair, bleating for his beloved little mistress. When he meets a big, gray elephant, he is so scared that he bleats louder than ever. Jeanne-Marie hears his cry and rushes to help her pet. There are now five picture books about little Jeanne-Marie.

**PUGWASH ALOFT**, written and illustrated by John Ryan (*Criterion Books, Ages 4-8, \$2.75*). This is a pirate story for little ones with bright and colorful pictures. Captain Pugwash anchored his ship, **THE BLACK PIG**, in a smooth part of the sea, close by a large treasure island. He gathered his pirates together for singing practice, but it didn't go well! So Tom, the little cabin boy, played on his concertina and the pirates cleared their throats and began to sing once more. Captain Pugwash didn't know that Cut-Throat Jake, the most terrible pirate afloat, had been hiding his ship on the other side of the island and was rowing right up to **THE BLACK PIG** with a crew of desperadoes. What happens next makes an exciting and amusing story for young fry. Gayly colored pictures add to the fun.

**FIERCE JOHN**, by Edward Fenton, illustrated by William Pene Du Bois (*Doubleday, Ages 4-8, \$2.00*). Simple, direct text and lively drawings will appeal to all youngsters, for this is the story of John and the day he decided that he was a lion. John was provoked when his family refused to believe him when he said he was a lion. But when his father came home, he was really scared when John roared and looked fierce. And his father convinced everybody there was a **REAL** lion in the house—that had eaten John! Everybody looked so sad that John told them **HE WAS JOHN**, but nobody believed him. What happened then makes this an amusing little storybook.

**PUPPETS AND PEBBLES**, by William Jay Smith, illustrated by Juliet Kepes (*Little, Brown, and Co., Ages 5 and up, \$2.75*). This is a delightful nonsense book done in vivid colors certain to appeal to little ones. It begins like this:

"Puppets and Pebbles,"  
Said the King to the Queen;  
"The words go together,  
But what do they mean,"

"They make no more sense,"  
Said the Queen with a grin,  
"Than a hairbrush of feathers  
Or toothbrush of tin."

The King burst out laughing,

The Prince came to see;  
Then they all read the letters—  
A B C D.

William Jay Smith and Juliet Kepes have combined their talents with the resulting wonderful alphabet book!

**EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR**, by Phyllis Rowand (*Little, Brown and Co., Ages 4 and up, \$2.75*). This is a special book about Christmas and centers about a dear little girl who knows Christmas is coming, but is too small to write Santa a letter. So she paints him a picture that will say for her what she is too little to write. Each member of her family looks at the picture to see what she wants. Grandma decides she wants a party dress, brother says she wants a book, mother feels she is anxious to have a kitten of her very own. On the other hand, Gramp says she wants a doll house, big sister says a pair of woolly mittens, and father a picture for her room. And so it goes. When Christmas Day arrives, the little girl sees all her gifts on the tree and whispers, "Just what I wanted!" and everybody is happy. The illustrations are especially intriguing and the dust jacket in shades of pink and green is very attractive.

**SAINT FRANCIS AND THE ANIMALS**, story and pictures by Leo Politi (*Charles Scribner's, Ages 5-9, \$2.95*) is simply beautiful. The dust jacket of vivid blue, lavender and deep brown attracts the eye immediately. Long ago in Italy there lived a rich young man named Francis Bernadone who gave up his wealth to live simply and help others. His tremendous love for God caused him to love God's creatures, the birds and animals. When he left home, other men who wished to live in the same way, joined him. They were called "brothers." In later years the Church said that Francis should be called "St. Francis" because of his pure and holy life. In this book are little stories that tell how St. Francis helped the birds, the little hare, the doves, the pheasant, the fish, the lamb and the wolf. Almost breathtaking are the colorful illustrations. Leo Politi grew up in Italy and had six years of art training there. He has used the Italian narrative and early Italian pictures as source material. This has a gentle, tender quality about it that is certain to make little boys and girls happy.

**PETER PIPER'S ALPHABET**, illustrated by Marcia Brown (*Charles Scribner's Ages 6-10, \$2.95*). This is a new little picture book of the famous old rhymes published in England in 1813. They are tongue-twisting nonsense rhymes which include not only the familiar ones like "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," but also the less well-known ones like "Francis Fribble figured on a Frenchman's Filly." Illustrations are all in color.

**YOU WILL GO TO THE MOON**, by Mae and Ira Freeman, illustrated by Robert Patterson (*Random House, Begin-*

# Taller Tots



ning Readers, \$1.95). In this scientific age, youngsters know that trips will be taken to the moon. In this Beginner Book, the authors have described in simple language how it will be done. Using only 186 different words, Dr. and Mrs. Freeman explain what happens on the various stages of this amazing trip. They were so anxious to have this book accurate that the manuscript was submitted to the Office of the Director of Research and Development of the U.S. Air Force. I found the colorful illustrations and easy-to-understand explanation thrilling to read, from the take-off in a tall rocket having three parts, to the arrival on the moon. Very fine.

A PONY FOR THE WINTER, by Helen Kay, illustrated by Ingrid Fetz (*Ariel Books, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Ages 5-9, \$2.75*). Youngsters who love horses will adore this book about Deborah, aged eight, and the Shetland pony which belonged to the man who gives pony rides to children at the amusement park. When he wished to go south for his vacation, Deborah's family takes the pony for the winter. Deborah learns that ponies are a lot of work: they need fresh straw for their stalls, hay for the nights, water to drink. But spring comes and so does the man from the amusement park. Deborah has grown to love Mollie dearly and now has to part with her, but she has earned the right to have Mollie back again for the next winter.

TROVATO by Bettina (*Ariel Books, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Ages 6-10, \$3.50*). "Trovalo" means "found" in Italian. Miss Pattison, an English lady, decides to go to Italy when she doesn't feel well one morning. She settles in a nice hotel at Cadora and takes a walk to the beach where she sees some children teasing a magpie. Giving them coins, she takes the bird back to her room and keeps him for a pet. An earthquake throws the town in a panic, but when the danger is over and Miss Pattison walks along the street, she finds a frightened little boy sitting all alone. Befriending him, she later learns that he was to have been placed with a famous professor to learn singing, for he is an orphan and an uncle had brought him to this town. But the uncle is dead and Miss Pattison agrees to take "Trovalo" home with her. Children of Cadora bring him clothes; he returns to England with his foster mother, takes singing lessons, is sponsored by Sir Archibald Subtleton, director of the London Broadcasting Company, and becomes a famous singer. Loads of unusual pictures illustrate this unusual story.

## Reading Flourishes!

BADGER'S WOOD, by Elleston Trevor, illustrated by Leslie Atkinson (*Criterion Books, Ages 8-12*). This is a light-hearted fantasy which will delight imaginative children for its characters are the wise, humble and amusing little animals who live in Deep Wood. There are Old Stripe, the Badger, Potter-the-Otter, Wood Owl, Mr. and Mrs. Nibble, and many others. There is real trouble when Potter the Otter's little blue boat is wrecked, and a real fight with Black Otter and his pirates. But "all's well that ends well" and even the most criti-

cal young reader will be pleased when Black Otter repairs the damage he has done and makes friends with the Wood animals. Elleston Trevor is an Englishman who claims that Deep Wood became "his instinctive dream world when he was a young man in the middle of the war. With so much evil in the air, the escape to the Wood was natural and even necessary as an antidote to life in the R.A.F." There is a captivating English flavor to the story.

SIRGA, QUEEN OF THE AFRICAN BUSH, by René Guillot, illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe (*Criterion Books, Ages 11-14, \$3.50*). This is the story of a beautiful friendship between a boy, Ule, son of an African chief, and a young lioness, Sirga, who will in time become Queen of the Jungle. In the village where Ule was born, the lions are regarded with respect by the natives. So it was that Sirga, the cub, shared her childhood with the little boy. They were playmates together until the lions suddenly left and enemy warriors captured Ule and took him off as a slave. In time, Ule escapes his captors and finds freedom in the deep jungle where he becomes herdsman of the antelopes. Here he again finds Sirga and they reunite with almost human affection. From then on, the lioness returns again and again to Ule's camp and the author has succeeded in describing for us the dignity and magnificence of the beasts and Ule's remarkable understanding of and power over animals. The book is written with extraordinary insight by the French author who has earned a splendid reputation in France and is becoming well-known in America. Sirga is the sixth of his novels to be published by Criterion.

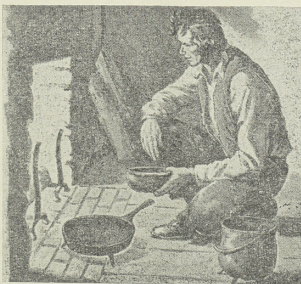
TREASURES OF RATTLESNAKE HILL, by Elizabeth Baker, illustrated by Robert MacLean (*Houghton-Mifflin Co., Ages 8-11, \$2.75*). This is a delightful story about nine-year-old Ann Deming from New York City who accompanied her family to the farm of an ancestor located in the Berkshire Hills. Her father is anxious to find the deed to the old house, a deed signed by the Indians to settle a boundary dispute with a cantankerous neighbor, Mr. Spring. Ann has a great deal to learn about life in the country and has several exciting experiences: she mistakes a black cat for a skunk in her bedroom; she gets stranded on a small island in the flooded river when a dam bursts; she is taken prisoner by some boys playing Indians; and an old stubborn

horse runs away with her and a girl friend. However, the mystery of the hidden deed is cleared and there is plenty of family fun, all of which adds up to a wonderful story for girls. The author lives with her husband and three children in Concord, Massachusetts.

THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC CABLE, by Adele Gutnam Nathan, illustrated by Denver Gillen (*Random House, Landmark Books, Ages 9-15, \$1.95*). This is another superlative series which is contributing so much information to young Americans. In 1854, Cyrus W. Field heard about the attempts to run a cable under the Gulf of St. Lawrence to connect Nova Scotia with Newfoundland. Then it was that he began to think a transatlantic cable might be accomplished. This is the story of the tremendous work and planning and many brilliant men—scientists, businessmen, statesmen and inventors—who played a part in accomplishing this wonderful feat. Young readers will get an accurate picture of the problems, the difficulties, the mistakes that went into this project. In the spring of 1866, 1800 miles of new cable was strung from Ireland to Newfoundland. In the final chapter, the author calls our attention to the many changes that have taken place in today's world, including the laying of an Atlantic telephone cable which connects the American continent directly with the continent of Europe by way of France. History lives again in this excellent story.

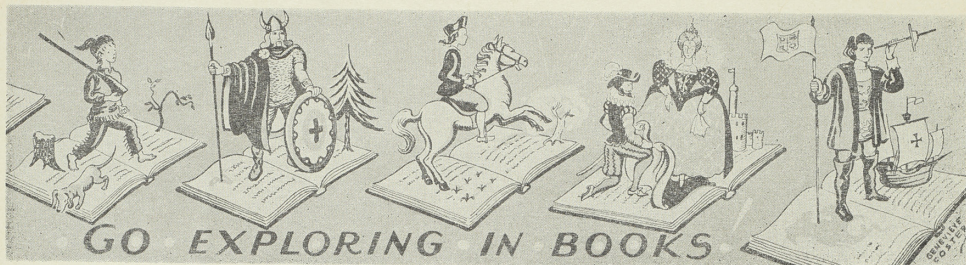
THE QUEST OF GALILEO, by Patricia Lauber, illustrated by Lee J. Ames (*Doubleday, Ages 8-12*). This is a stunning, colorful, informative book about the man who discovered new truths about movement through air and water. Motion was a vast field of study, but Galileo's active mind was not confined to that alone, but also searched other subjects: he invented a military compass, he studied the lever, the lathe, the pulley and the screw, he measured the strength of various materials, such as wood and bone, and he developed a balance scale to measure the weight of air. Galileo wrote a great book on his work in motion and mechanics, but his greatest invention was the spyglass (telescope) with which he studied the sky and learned that many moons revolved around Jupiter. He shares with other men the honor of having discovered sunspots, which he described in his "Letters on Sunspots." Later he proved that the earth moves around the sun. Vivid drawings illustrate and supplement the text.

HOW THE MANX CAT LOST ITS TAIL and Other Manx Folk Stories, collected and retold by Blanche Cowley Young, illustrated by Nora S. Unwin (*Davids McKay Co., Ages 8-12, \$2.75*). This is the first time these folk stories from the Isle of Man, the smallest island nation in the world, have appeared outside their homeland. Many of these were told the author by her Manx grandfather, who came to America when he was a young man. Others she found in various books on folklore in the Manx Museum during three summers spent visiting relatives on the island. They're fanciful tales ranging from "How the Giant Finn made the Isle of Man" to the imaginative story of the Manx



"Thoreau of Walden Pond"





Cat who lost its tail when getting aboard Noe's Ark. She has used these in her variety show in Indianapolis over radio and has given permission for them to be used on radio programs from several schools in other cities. Excellent black-and-white drawings add flavor and artistry and meaning to all.

**STORIES OF THE NORSEMEN**, by Johanna Johnston, illustrated by W. T. Mars (*Doubleday, Ages 8-14*). A beautiful book with washable covers tells the stories of three Norsemen who came to America more than 500 years before Columbus. It was the year 982 when Erik the Red landed on new shores he called Greenland. Later, his son Leif was to discover the lands we now know as Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Another group under the leadership of Thorwald rounded the elbow of Cape Cod and sailed North along its eastern shore. Thorwald died in America and was buried here. Yet another Norseman was born in this land—Snorri, son of Gutrid and Thorfinn Karlsefni, an Icelandic. Frightened by hordes of Indians, they left the new land and set sail for Greenland and home. While the land was rich, the price was too much. They never returned, but tales of their voyages to a new country traveled east until Europeans heard of the land and finally found it.

**THOREAU OF WALDEN POND**, illustrated by Harve Stein and written by Sterling North (*Houghton-Mifflin Co., North Star Books, Ages 11 and up, \$1.95*). This is a most captivating series with excellent illustrations on fine quality paper. Sterling North has been an admirer of Thoreau since North was in his teens. He is general editor of North Star Books and a great nature lover. Quiet and readable, this biography of Henry Thoreau will appeal especially to boys who like to get out into the open, who enjoy fishing and life in the woods. Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, on July 12, 1817. As a boy he liked to swim, skate, and take long hikes. After graduation from Harvard University, he followed a number of careers: teaching, tutoring, gardening, surveying, making pencils, and writing, but he was happiest when he was living in the open at Walden Pond, where he built a cabin at a total cost of \$28.12½.

**GIRL WITH A MUSKET**, by Florence Parker Simister, illustrated by Lloyd Coe (*Hastings House, Jr., and Sr. High School, \$2.75*) is an exciting story about a girl who posed as a soldier and fought in the Revolutionary War. She refused to marry a

young man because she longed to fight for her country. This novel is based on the life of a real person, Deborah Sampson, who actually served in the Revolutionary War as a soldier in the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, commanded by Col. William Shepherd of Westfield. Anne meets a soldier, Joel, with whom she believes herself in love until she suffers a great disappointment. Wounded by the British, she is nursed back to health by Dr. Cooper's wife and learns that her happiness lies back home at Browne's Mill. I am certain girls will thoroughly enjoy this gripping historical story.

**THE RICHEST BOY IN THE WORLD**, by Francis Kalney, illustrated by W. T. Mars (*Harcourt, Brace, and Co., Ages 8-12, \$2.75*) is an unusual story by the author of the wonderful *Chucaro*. Most of it takes place in a boarding school for sons of railway employees in Hungary. Tony, whose home in the Carpathians, is placed here by his father. The most important and dramatic of many disquieting episodes concerns the pompous headmaster, who confiscates all marbles. When the boys leave school for vacation, the headmaster gives Tony, who is waiting alone for his father to come and get him, the hundreds of marbles. The boy is overwhelmed by his great wealth, for they have been the "currency" used for all school trades. As he travels along with his father, he learns the lesson all of us should learn, that material wealth is not the most important treasure in this world. A perceptive, fascinating book.

**BUD PLAYS JUNIOR HIGH BASKETBALL**, by C. Paul Jackson (*Hastings House, Ages 10-14, \$2.95*) fills a void in sports stories for this age group. It centers about Delbert Baker, known as Bud, and his experiences at Roosevelt Junior High School. It seems the school varsity team has lost last year's champion guard and everyone wonders who will get this particular position. Besides the sports episodes in the story, there are realistic situations in the classroom which will hold the interest of boy readers. This is a gripping story which closes with the championship game. An appendix gives a brief history of basketball, and the fundamentals of both individual and team play.

**DEBORAH REMEMBERS**, by Lillie Vanderveer Albrecht, illustrated by Rita Newton (*Hastings House, Ages 7-12, \$2.75*) is a delightful story of a real doll now in a museum, but whose story begins in Deer-

field, Massachusetts, 250 years ago. The author is Assistant Children's Librarian in Westfield Athenaeum in Westfield, Massachusetts, and has spent a long time preparing this unusual tale. In a clever manner Mrs. Albrecht manages to give young readers a fascinating approach to history through the personal media of little girls who lived during the Intercolonial Wars, the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and so on to World War I. The illustrations in black and white are superb, amusing, and authentic.

**AROUND THE WORLD WITH NELLIE BLY**, by Emily Hahn, illustrated by Bea Holmes (*Houghton-Mifflin Co., North Star Books, Ages 11 and up, \$1.95*). This is the exciting story of gallant Elizabeth Cochrane, a Pennsylvania girl who took the pen name of Nellie Bly and became the most famous girl reporter in the United States back in the 1880's, when girls were expected to remain at home. Elizabeth was way ahead of her time in that she was determined to explore all kinds of institutions and then expose the dreadful conditions behind the scenes, in articles published by the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* and later by the *New York World*. She went into factories to find out for herself how bad things were, and she wrote about what she observed; she investigated overcrowded slum tenements which were dangerous fire traps; she inspected a penitentiary and lived in an insane asylum as a patient. All these stories were published and created an uproar, but the public realized how much they contributed to correcting the unfair practices thus exposed. Nellie Bly is best known for her trip around the world in 72 days. She wanted to beat Phineas Fogg—and she did. Girls will be fascinated by this vigorous story.

**CHARLES DICKENS, HIS LIFE**, by Catherine Owens Pearce, illustrated by Douglas Gorsline (*Henry Holt & Co., Ages 9-12, \$2.75*) is a splendid, much-needed biography for boys and girls of the famous English novelist. Simply written, it covers the high spots of Dickens' life, from his insecure boyhood to his affluent days as a successful writer. The author tells how he was inspired to write some of his best-known books, and gives us fascinating background material.

*Under-Teens*



## More Avid Interest

HERE IS ALASKA, by Evelyn Stefansson, illustrated with photographs by the author, Fred Machetanz, and others (*Charles Scribner's & Sons, Teen-agers and Adults, \$3.50*). The author of this timely book is librarian of the Stefansson Collection at Dartmouth College and teaches in the Arctic Seminar. Her husband is Arctic Consultant to Dartmouth College, which now has a northern studies program. This volume is a by-product of research done in New York City from 1932 to 1945 for Pan-American World Airways and from 1936 to 1951 for the Army, Navy and Air Force. In Alaska, the author took a Northern Consolidated Airways flying job to visit intimately and widely the Territory, as it was then, and to take her own pictures. She both studied and lectured at the University of Alaska.

Not only factual, but fascinating is this account of our 49th state. Mrs. Stefansson covers life in Alaska, the capitals old and new, interesting islands, the people, their customs, their health, their languages, their living conditions. Many teen-agers will be delighted to own this book and thus have at their fingertips much valuable information about Alaska. The maps are especially fine.

CELIA GARTH, by Gwen Bristow (*Crowell, Adult, \$4.50*). Here is another book written for adults, but so appealing, so wholesome and clean, so true to the history of the period that it is excellent for teen-agers. They will adore Celia, the romantic heroine of the story. This is a novel of Charleston, South Carolina, during the Revolutionary War, and it contains all the elements to satisfy the most adventurous reader. The orphan girl, Celia, wanted things to happen to her. She longed to have someone of her very own to love. She was a sewing apprentice in Mrs. Thorley's fashionable dressmaking shop. Her first marriage to Capt. James de Courcy Rand of Bellwood is happy but short-lived. James is killed. Encouraged by the courageous Luke Ansell, Celia joins a group of spies working for Francis Marion and returns to the dressmaking shop where she will overhear many important pieces of information. She and Luke fall in love and marry, and the rest of the book is filled with all sorts of breathtaking experiences. This is a magnificent novel already on best-seller lists.

JOHN TREEGATE'S MUSKET, by Leonard Wibberley (*Ariel Books, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Ages 12-16, \$2.95*). This is one of the finest historical books I have read this season for this age group. It concerns a boy named John Tregate, the year is 1769, some of the locale is pre-Revolutionary Boston, and it contains all the elements that will keep eyes glued to the page! The author is known for his authentic biographies and well-researched historical novels; this is the first of a group of three about the Tregate family which, when complete, will give a sound, well-rounded picture of American life and history during the Revolutionary period.

John's father has to go to England on business with the king, so he leaves 11-year-old John apprenticed to a barrel

maker. The other apprentices treat John cruelly—all except one who becomes his friend. One evening when John is escorting a man home in the dark around the dangerous wharf section of Boston, they are beset by a gang of ruffians, the man is murdered, and John is certain he will die at their hands. To his surprise, he learns the murderer is one of the apprentices who hates him and has, in fact, used his knife in the killing. Not daring to return to his master, John escapes on a boat which turns out to be a free-trader taking illegal goods to the island of Martinique. From that point on, John has all kinds of experiences as galley boy, but when the boat is destroyed by a hurricane, he is swept ashore in South Carolina and taken care of by a wild Scotsman. At this point he is unable to remem-

succeeded more eloquently than Elizabeth Goudge, who claims she wanted to write it so much that she had to!

THE RUN, by John Hay (*Doubleday, Adults, \$3.95*). I'm very enthusiastic about this beautifully written book done by a Cape Cod naturalist who directs a new children's nature museum in Brewster, Massachusetts. *The Run* is a description of his observations as he watches the "run" of the alewives (herring) from the ocean to their inland breeding grounds. If you have loved the Cape as we have and enjoyed watching the many creatures of the sea that abound there, you will be fascinated by this wonderful accomplishment. Illustrations by David Gorse are superlative!

A BOY FOR YOU, A HORSE FOR ME, by Florence Musgrave, illustrated by Mary Stevens (*Hastings House, Age 12 and up, \$3.00*) is a warm, delightful story of a city girl, Jinny Ludden, who is crazy over horses. She longs to own a horse of her very own, although she has never ridden one in her life when the story starts. Her father buys a house in the suburbs and things begin to happen. Jinny decides to earn enough money to buy a horse; she baby-sits and walks a dog, even cares for a family of cats. In the end when her money has accumulated, Jinny does a surprising thing—but I won't say what it is, for it would spoil the plot. This wonderful book for girls contains humor, loyal friendships, love for animals, and lessons in unselfishness.

WAKE UP, ROBERTA, by Nancy Hartwell (*Henry Holt & Co., Teen-Age, \$3.00*) is just the sort of current story girls will delight in, for it centers about 16-year-old Bobby, daughter of a retired Army sergeant, and her problems with girl friends, boys, and family. They have just moved to Terry Hill, a town which Bobby and her brothers enjoy, but they live in constant fear that their father, who is teaching at the local military academy, will resign from his job and go elsewhere. Bobby, who is a tomboy, learns for the first time about high-school social life and dating. Visiting other girls' homes, she realizes what is lacking in her home and with the help of Mrs. Colliston, an antique dealer and mother of Brian, who likes Bobby, she sets about correcting the situation. In the doing, she faces up to the true values of life and friendship. Dating is nicely handled, as is the friendship between the older woman and the motherless girl.

TENDERFOOT TRAPPER, by Arthur Cathrall (*Criterion Books, Teen-Age, \$3.25*) is an exciting adventure story for boys. It is thrilling from start to finish in its account of a young English student who spends a summer vacation in the Canadian north woods under the guidance of an old trapper. Caught in a terrifying forest fire, the two are marooned for months in the deep woods. How they survive wild animals, starvation, accidents and penetrating cold makes an outstanding book.



Illustration from "The Run."

ber his name! How he eventually finds himself back in Boston and reunited with his father is an exciting and well-written adventure story, certain to be immensely popular with boys and girls alike.

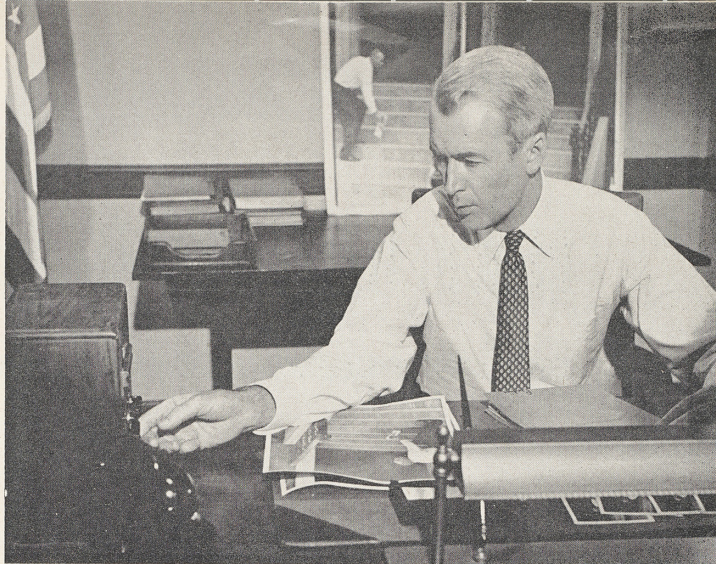
MY GOD AND MY ALL, by Elizabeth Goudge (*Coward-McCann, Adult, \$4.95*). The beautiful life of St. Francis is faithfully and delicately written by a gifted storyteller. Although an adult book, it will interest many Catholic teen-agers. It is divided into four parts: Part One gives the background of Francisco Bernadone, the young nobleman who put away the rich trappings of a knight and chose a humble life dedicated to God; Part Two describes the men (lawyers, businessmen, farmers) who joined Francis in forming the Friars Minor. Here also is an account of Lady Clare and the formation of the Poor Clares; in Part Three we read of the saintliness of Francis, of his treatment of God's creatures, human and animal; and in Part Four his final, waning years are described, his mysticism and communion with God. Many writers have done the life of St. Francis, inspired by his simplicity, poverty, faith, and courtesy, but no one has

Teens



CHARLES OXTON

# THE FBI STORY



*James Stewart as Agent Hardesty*

## **A first-class movie, full of unabashed patriotism and admiration for the G-men**

**I**N A WORLD where patriotism is too often associated with narrow-minded nationalism, it is refreshing to see a motion picture hit the nation's movie screens with a message that should make every sound-thinking, God-fearing citizen stand up and cheer.

The picture is *The FBI Story*. Produced by Warner Brothers and starring James Stewart, it is a factual, tremendously hard-hitting dramatization of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the men who, over the years, have dedicated their lives and honor to preserve our country's freedom from the criminals, crackpots, racketeers and subversives who threaten it.

In the unhappy days since 1933 when the United States recognized the Soviet Union and opened our doors to the agents of atheistic communist imperialism, it has been a common tactic among left-wingers to attack the FBI as stooges and self-seeking tools of an American gestapo.

*The FBI Story* is a stirring refutation of these attackers. If Nikita Khrushchev on his recent tour-de-force across the United States had made it his business to see this motion picture, it might have persuaded him that liberty and justice, under God, are still very much alive in this so-called decadent democracy. At the very least, had he seen it, it would have served as a counter balance to the

impression made by the swarms of fawning businessmen who fought to shake the hand of his henchman, Mikoyan, who preceded him in the hope of drumming up trade with the Kremlin.

Not all of *The FBI Story*, of course, deals with the struggles against the minions of Communism. It begins in 1924 in a field office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Knoxville, Tennessee, where Chip Hardesty (Stewart), Sam Crandall (Murray Hamilton) and Harry Dakins (Parley Baer) receive orders to report to a new director in Washington, D.C. Just before leaving, Hardesty marries a pretty librarian (Vera Miles) with the understanding that he will resign from the Bureau.

The decision doesn't last long. At the old FBI Building in Washington, the voice of J. Edgar Hoover, the new director, is heard stating that he will operate the Bureau solely on the basis of efficiency. Politics will have no place in the organization. Hardesty, visibly moved, tells his wife he has changed his mind: he will not resign.

In a series of explosive episodes, the picture traces the career of Hardesty (and the FBI) as they struggle to halt the violence of the Ku Klux Klan, the activities of the mastermind behind a series of murders on a government reservation in Oklahoma, the life-and-death struggle with such hoodlums as "Pretty

Boy" Floyd, John Dillinger and "Baby Face" Nelson.

When the Japanese bomb Pearl Harbor, Hardesty and the FBI begin the hard, round-the-clock task of protecting the U.S. from agents of the Axis. In August 1945, Hardesty and his wife are celebrating their wedding anniversary when a wire arrives from the navy department with the tragic news that their son, Mike, has been killed in action with the Marines at Iwo Jima.

The last part of the picture, viewed in the light of the present shadow of Communism over our heartland, is perhaps the most important of all. The twisted coils of Red intrigue and espionage take Hardesty and the FBI through an asphalt jungle of spine-tingling suspense, made more dramatic, if that is possible, by the fact that we know what we are seeing is no figment of an author's fertile imagination. It is stark, naked truth.

The closing scenes in the film are moving in the extreme. As Hardesty finishes lecturing to a group of new recruits on what the FBI stands for and what is expected of them and starts to drive home, we see the grandeur of the Capitol, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, symbols of the greatness of the United States.

Anyone who loves his country cannot fail to be moved by the message of this fine motion picture. ◀◀



## What Price

# PEACE WITH THE U.S.S.R.?

THERE'S NO HOPE for saving anybody here," the school nurse cautiously informed the four of us Sisters during the noon hour. "The steel mills will surely be a target, and there'll be no escape for anyone within a radius of a mile or a mile and a half. That's why we aren't even putting up first-aid stations in this neighborhood."

We weren't shocked. We had long since realized this could happen, for we were so near the mills that the vibration and rhythm of the running machinery reminded us even in the unconscious hours of sleep of the proximity of a military objective.

Of course we were to have air raid drills with the children, she went on, and be sure—this she whispered with a bit of fear in her tone and facial expression—never to repeat to them what she had just told us. That would cause panic in the neighborhood, which must be prevented at all costs!

So we had our air raid drills every Tuesday at 10:30. When the sirens announced the imaginary approach of the enemy, the children hurried to their shelter, the basement of the school, and hid their faces against the cement floor for the required period. Before long this became more routine than a fire drill, for they always knew just when it would take place, which was not the case with fire drills; besides, they sometimes read newspaper accounts of school buildings burning, but never of an enemy air raid on an American city.

Thus they grew up and became high school students—all the children in the schools of our nation—responding week after week to the sudden but expected call of the sirens. Nothing has happened to date. The routine procedure, with other factors, has resulted in a reaction of apathy.

In October 1957 when the Soviet sputnik pierced space, there was a brief awakening of fear because of the new danger. Then the old apathy settled again like a great fog banked by two

ideas: "Nothing will happen" and "We can't do anything about it anyway, so why worry?"

A survey of 135 urban Catholic high school upper classmen conducted in mid-January disclosed that 84 (a little over 62 per cent) of them belong to the category that think "Nothing will happen here."

"It seems impossible and far away," are their own words. They have often watched and heard explosions on TV and in the movies, momentarily sharing mentally the terrors but experiencing no pain, and always emerging whole and unhurt at the end of the showing into streets with buildings equally undamaged and resembling in no way the smoking heap of rubble they had so recently seen realistically presented on the screen.

Forty-five (slightly over 33 per cent) belong to the second type, that feel that nothing can be done about it as far as they're concerned. Those in charge of material weapons will see that we win in the long run. The United States has never yet lost a war!

The remaining six are aware of the danger and are interested in working for peace.

All of these students stated that their attitudes are representative of those of their families. Almost half of those questioned made the statement that in their homes the present world developments are discussed simply as news items in which they are not personally concerned.

It seems incredible that so many Catholics are either unaware of or unconcerned about the fact that for the past forty years the Catholic Church has had a very definite defense program which shatters both of these reasons for apathy. Our Lady of Fatima presented it in July of 1917, almost four months before the Communists gained control of the government of Russia. The campaign was planned before the

enemy had even set up headquarters. Was this mere coincidence?

To those who are apathetic because they have no hope, she said: "If you do as I ask, Russia will be converted and there will be peace." So something CAN be done!

To those who gamble on the hope that nothing will happen, she unreservedly announced: "Otherwise, an impious propaganda will spread its errors through the world, raising wars and persecution against the Church. Many will be martyred; the Holy Father will have much to suffer; several nations will be wiped out." So something very definite WILL HAPPEN!

The Luminous Lady offered a two-point program on which ultimate peace would hinge: say the rosary every day and do penance, (which she explained to mean conscientious fulfillment of one's duties) performed in the spirit of reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. That is all!

How easy it is to slip the beads between your fingers inside your coat pocket as you wait for the train on the platform, as you stand in line at the butcher shop or the bakery, as you ride the bus, as you wedge your way down Main Street, as you time the boiling of the eggs. But better, if possible, to make it easy for the rest of the family and create a true spirit of unity by praying the rosary together, each member leading a part—a joint defense against Communism.

The second request is a matter of obligation, for we are all bound to perform the duties of our state, but here the emphasis is on the spirit of penance with which we are to accept the difficult and unpleasant parts of our daily tasks.

OUR LADY did not present this Civil Defense Program to the Central Committee of the League of Nations, as might seem proper. She spoke it softly to three little peasant children of



Fatima, Portugal, one of whom (Lucy, the oldest, now fifty) is still living as a Carmelite Nun about sixty miles from the spot of the apparitions. The message began to spread throughout the world during the second World War, especially after the consecration of Russia to the Immaculate Heart by the Holy Father in 1942.

What is the explanation, then, for the indifference of Catholics to this heavenly plan, especially since all other

there is no peace!" To support this we have the word of the late Secretary of State Dulles, who testified officially that in two years or less Soviet Russia would have a number of operational ICBM's. And ICBM's have only one use.

In the second part we have predictions of what would happen if we did not do as we were requested: "Otherwise an impious propaganda will spread its errors through the world. . . ." We find substantial evidence that this is

plans are so obviously failing? Perhaps it lies in the fact that it is so simple that it requires simple faith—like that of little children.

Caryll Houselander once said that the door of heaven is built low so that only children can enter easily; those who have grown up must get down on their knees. The same is necessary for saving the world. Redemption began with a Child—through Mary.

We do know that the program has not received the wholehearted response one could expect under the circumstances. To cite a specific example: twelve years ago, when it began to be seriously recognized that Communists had infiltrated into important positions in the United States and constituted a menace to our country and its freedoms, the requests of Our Lady of Fatima as a solution were presented emphatically to 200 urban Catholic high school students. In view of the danger to our security, it was reasonable to expect that the daily rosary would soon become a habit with most of the students and that they would begin to take their work more seriously. After two months, a check-up was made anonymously. Out of the 200, only 19 were saying the rosary every day! Apathy is much older than the sputnik!

Last autumn 135 students of the same type were checked for the daily rosary. Out of the total, 14 were found to recite the rosary daily. This is an increase of less than one per cent in twelve years.

But maybe Catholics who were not surveyed are seriously following the Fatima program. One way in which to verify this is to see which part of Our Lady's predictions are being fulfilled, the first or the second. In the first part we were promised, "If you do as I ask Russia will be converted. . . ." There is no indication to our knowledge of a trend in this direction. ". . . and there will be peace." A quotation from Patrick Henry comes to mind here, "Gentlemen may cry, 'Peace! Peace!'—but

happening, for we need the fingers of both hands to enumerate the countries Communism has enslaved since 1917. ". . . raising up wars and persecution against the Church. Many will be martyred; the Holy Father will have much to suffer. . . ." Bishop Sheen has made the statement that more martyrs have had their blood spilled by Communism during recent decades than the sum total of the martyrs of all the other persecutions throughout the history of the Church.

The trend is clear. ". . . several nations shall be wiped out" has already been fulfilled. Most of the Iron Curtain countries were independent, sovereign states between the Wars. Now those that are left boast no better than puppet regimes. Whether the United States is in direct peril depends chiefly on Russia. Khrushchev denies that his threat to bury us implies a shooting war. Whether that be true or not, the Communist philosophy demands world conquest, of one kind or another.

There is no doubt that the predictions of Our Lady of Fatima will come to pass to the last letter. Two of the secrets she told the three children in 1917 were later revealed. There is a third secret sealed in an envelope in the custody of the bishop of Fatima. It will be opened some time next year, 1960. Suspense is building up, probably without cause. There is a good chance that it will already have been fulfilled before it is revealed. That was true of the second secret, about the terrors of World War II. The public did not know about this secret until it was revealed by Cardinal Schuster of Milan during Lent 1942.

At this stage secrets are not important. The situation is serious but not hopeless. The strategy is outlined. All we must do is follow the blueprint. We need not worry that our number may be too small and our efforts, therefore, in vain. Christ has called us the salt of the earth. Think how little salt it takes to season a big steak! ◀◀





# St. Joseph, Patron

**S**T. JOSEPH is the patron of a happy death. The reason is easily evident. No man or woman ever had such a privilege as that of dying in the company of Jesus and Mary. No deathbed scene could ever have been attended by witnesses who were more consoling. It must be logical, then, to ask him to intercede for us that we, too, might imitate his death by breathing our last in the friendship of Jesus and Mary.

Such an attitude should engender deep confidence in the heart of anyone who has sincerely tried to serve God. None the less, many faithful followers of Christ have an engrossing fear of death that takes away their love of life and can be so grave as to lead to a complete desertion of religious duties because of actual terror, and the resultant depression, even semidespair. No one can accurately gauge the number of people who have such grievous fears. Available evidence suggests that they are many, far more than would be believed at first sight. Numerous cases exist where such a dread has been lifelong and yet was successfully concealed from close relatives and intimate friends.

All of us have our fears. We should use this fact as encouragement. There are only too many people who imagine that they are the only ones to react to fears which they are horrified to acknowledge publicly. They believe that they alone have the dread and sometimes even the panic that all is not well with them.

One such typical fear is this fear of death.

We should note, however, that in the case of death a certain amount of the right kind of fear is good for us. Both the Old and the New Testament carry passages of this sort. We are reminded in them to live well so as to die well. This is a positive fear, one that is constructive instead of discouraging. Reasonable and rational, it is based on the love of God, strengthening in us the love that is yet weak. If we did not have this wholesome respect for God's final call, summoning us at the time He has decreed, we would tend to grow careless in His service. In other words the finality of death helps us to observe God's commandments.

There is, however, the other kind of fear of death, and this is actually not a religious fear. It is more correctly de-

scribed as a fear based on emotional insecurity. This is the kind of fear that seems to make religious motives the source of terror.

**EMOTIONAL FEAR** of death interprets death as a complete loss of all life. Frantically and fanatically, it holds tight to some apparent permanence in earthly living such as health, money, friends, family, and social prestige. Ultimately, because it is so emotional and so exaggerated, it is a lack of belief in God's justice no less than in His mercy. Throughout, it is negative, pessimistic and discouraging.

This phrase, "lack of belief in God's justice," must be qualified, for "belief" as such is something intellectual. Our faith is based on reason. Yet this kind of fear of death is emotional and *therefore* is not essentially in our intellect. Should we not rather say that because it is so emotional, it masquerades *as if* it were a lack of faith?

It pretends to disbelieve God's mercy under the guise of protecting the rights of God's justice. Here again it masquerades as if it were defending God's justice. It emphasizes the punishments God has in store for us, completely sidestepping the fact that God, our loving and just Father, will be at least as rigorous in rewarding us for the good we have done as in punishing us for the evil we know He will see in us. In all such reactions, accordingly, this fear fails to give God even the reasonable minimum tribute of believing that He will keep His promises to deal with us fairly.

Throughout, it does not spur us on to greater generosity in loving God. Instead, it adds to a burden of anxiety and worry that can distract us from the one great commandment we have, to love God with our whole heart and our neighbor as ourself.

It seems a mistaken policy to counsel ourselves that such an irrational fear can be cured and removed at once, if at all. However, it is highly probable that with persevering prayer and the use of reasonable means it can be brought under control. A sort of check list can remind us of the principles we should

follow, no matter what opposite emotional worry might rise to combat them. We suggest these ideas:

a) Do not blame the religious service of God as the source of a paralyzing fear of death.

b) Do not slacken religious service because of this fear of death.

c) Recall the promises of scripture mentioned again and again. Christ's words, "Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house there are many abodes. If it were otherwise, I would have told you; for I am going in order to prepare a place for you" (Jn. 14: 1-2).

d) The Psalm: "Yet even now, my soul, leave thyself in God's hands: all my trust is in Him" (Ps. 61:6).

e) St. Peter: "Cast all your anxiety upon [God], because He cares for you" (1 Pet. 5:7).

f) St. Paul: "As it is written: 'Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, Nor has it entered into the human heart, What God has prepared for those who love Him' " (1 Cor. 2:9).

g) Death is a mystery as far as our senses are concerned. For them it is perpetual sleep because they have no power to understand it. Therefore, it appears emotionally as a sort of annihilation but with our intellects we can go further than this. We can know that death has its purpose as God intended it, even though its full meaning is beyond us. Perhaps, then, it is better for us not to think about death, rather than to struggle in working out a positive satisfactory understanding of it. In other words, the possibility of comprehending the meaning of death while we are in this life is something like trying to understand the infinity of God or the mysteries of predestination.

h) Jesus died. Therefore, we, too, can accept death in imitation of Jesus and in union with Him. Death was not in God's first plan for the human race. In God's original plan death had been removed by a preternatural privilege, but sin changed that, and death became a penalty. Christ's death and resurrection have taken the sting out of this somber truth. In the words of the preface of the Mass for the Dead, "In Christ, the hope of blessed resurrection shone forth, so that the promise of future immortality might console those

\*From the book *St. Joseph and Daily Living*. © Francis L. Filas 1959, through permission of The Macmillan Company.



# of a Happy Death

whom the certainty of death saddens. For your faithful, Lord, life is changed, not taken away; and when the earthly home of this place of sojourn has been dissolved, eternal residence in heaven is ready and prepared."

i) Death comes to us all. Therefore, it is the natural, the normal, the universal human experience. The entire human race faces the problem of death with us; we are not alone.

j) If our fear of death is ultimately more a fear of God's judgment, we must remember that God asks of us a perfection of which we are capable. He does not demand the impossible task of equaling the awesome infinity of His goodness. If we go to God on His own reasonable terms, we should take Him at His word. This is part of the virtue of hope, to believe that God will keep His promises to reward us. Some of our fears about His judgment and the supposedly impossible perfection He will require of us imply that He is less generous and loving than even an average good man or woman would be!

k) God orders us to strive on this earth as if life went on forever. He alone is to determine the end. We are *commanded* by His moral law to use all ordinary good natural means needed to preserve life. God wants us to want to live.

l) When the "love of living" has disappeared, we should not be surprised if a strong emotional fear of death takes its place.

m) The discouraging fear of death is essentially egocentric. It forgets the lot of all the rest of mankind, that all will die. Thus, it betrays its selfishness as it narrowly worries only about itself and again shows that it is essentially emotional and not an intellectual reaction.

n) We should not expect to "feel" full of faith and serenity concerning death. Our faith is being tried in this way, to make us live on the word of God. The answers of faith concerning death and God's care of us after death are certain. However, as far as these answers are concerned, our imagination and our emotional makeup not only give us no help; their blankness concerning a future in the next life which they cannot grasp positively holds us back. Even our intellect (understanding death in the natural order) gives us a

very limited assurance of what is coming. Only faith in God's revealed word is complete in knowledge and complete in assurance; yet—to repeat—*faith is not something in the feelings. It is an assent of the mind; it is not felt in the emotions.*

o) Medical experts have stated what seems to be a rather common rule of thumb: "People fear death until they are actually dying, and then they accept that fact with a calmness which they never showed during life." The reason for this change in attitude is that the certain "now" replaces the uncertain future "when?" Once we know that death is close at hand and, as it were, "on schedule," it will be much easier for us to stop fearing it.

p) Ultimately, this paralyzing and frightening fear of death on the part of one whose life has been essentially good is a refusal to accept God's promise of reward. Looked at in this light, it reflects no great love of God or loyal belief in His word. Instead, it is a selfish stubbornness holding back from the trust of a child in the all-perfect and all-loving eternal Father of us all.

q) St. Joseph died in the presence of Jesus and Mary. The realization of the love of these three for each one of us is the basis of the indulgenced prayer that is so powerful in removing the unreasoning fear of death:

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul;

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist me in my last agony;

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you."

When considered in these many ways according to right reason enlightened by the teachings of Jesus, death actually becomes our consolation. It puts all humans on the same level, proving that God in His infinite justice cannot be mocked by evildoers, and that the just will receive their rest and their reward.

Death is also our protection. If we thought that this life on earth would never end, we would selfishly let our love grow cold and would fail to live as we ought. The knowledge that earthly joys are temporary does not ruin them. It should make us accept them all the more securely because they are the passing reminders that eternal floods of goodness await us in God's plans.

This attitude is perfectly logical. We enjoy a thing all the more securely that we possess it or believe that we possess it. If we were to use the good things in this world with an eye only to their constant permanence with us, our pleasures would be vitiated by this very knowledge that they are passing, just as we in our own lives are passing. On the other hand, if we look on them according to proper perspective, realizing from the outset that they are only temporary, we would gain all the more security. In using them we do not seek from them what they cannot give. We evaluate them at their proper grade and rank. That means we are in contact with a truth, a fact; and our sense of security increases proportionately.

SUCH ARE some of the thoughts that we can develop from the death of St. Joseph, particularly if we have been worried by the emotional and unreasoning fear of death. What of its aspect as a fear, and what of our related fears as well? When we look on it as a fear, we should remember that fear in itself is good. It is a normal response and preparation for imminent danger. It becomes abnormal only when we receive an excessive response to a stimulus, or when stimulus exists, or when no stimulus can be discovered.

Our worries, then, whether they be about death or anything else, can be classified as part of our fears. They are a distortion of ability to plan for the future. Chronic worries in extreme form become anxiety. A fear of death shows that it is "anxious" if it is vague, general apprehension even leading us to go out of our way to foster it. Then indeed we have the final proof that it is not from God as such. Our emotional nature has led us astray, and we will control and curb it best not by direct frontal attack but by oblique tactics of evasion.

We cannot remove an abnormal fear of death from our makeup by an act of the will, "I will *not*!" The indirect approach should be the method instead to follow. The less direct attention which we give to such fear, the weaker it will get in our consciousness, and so much the more free will we be to devote our lives to the peaceful pursuit of living out the laws of God. ◀◀



# SEARCH FOR SANCTITY

produced and directed

by

ABBOT DAMIAN

of

MOUNT ANGEL ABBEY



*Abbot Damian has just returned from the world-wide meeting of Benedictine Abbots in Rome. The final two episodes of the 1959 Search for Sanctity series will be presented in the December issue.*

RUTH

*When you asked me to consider a specific problem of my spiritual life so that this month's sequence of SEARCH FOR SANCTITY could be prepared while you were away, I had very little trouble. We've talked about it before, and I suppose I know the answer, but the same problem still occurs. Much of the time, Father Abbot, I cannot believe that anything I do is pleasing to God. I know, I know just what you are going to say—that I'm not necessarily supposed to be aware of pleasing Him and further, that I should not be concerned about it. You've told me to go to daily Mass and Communion—if possible—read a part of the Office each day and get to Confession once a week. So—I do all this like a contented automaton, remembering that I am not to be concerned with my spiritual progress, if any. Oh, it's not that I expect to go out and kill dragons—it's just that I wish I could be better. The same dreary venial sins each week. And next week I'm right back at those same tired little sins. I don't mean that they're really "little" sins. You've convinced me that every sin, no matter how small, is a serious offense against God—so I'm not belittling my faults. Perhaps I, subconsciously, put my spiritual life on the same mental plane as my musical life. I know that only practice makes perfect performance on the piano, for*

*instance. Yet for all my zeal, or what I think is zeal, in my spiritual life—I'm so far from goodness that it's pathetic. I'm not wailing about this, Father Abbot. You asked me to consider one problem of mine, and I have.*

AS YOU have indicated, the answers to a number of your questions have already been given. If I may, I will repeat these. We have no way of knowing with much degree of certainty how far we have advanced in the spiritual life. Even the presence or absence of feeling is not an indication. For one reason or another God has seen it best to keep this knowledge from us. It needs also to be noted that we cannot measure the spiritual by any rule or measure we use to check material progress. You have indicated as much. You also assure me that you keep to the fundamentals such as daily Mass and Communion, daily prayer and weekly Confession. They have become daily or frequent happenings in your life and you have accepted them into a daily routine. There is something both spiritual and material about these. The external signs are so insignificant that now they impress you little; the spiritual is beyond your sense of perception. Thus, finding only routine, in the external, the enthusiasm for the spiritual lags. By way of comparison, we frequently take food without giving

thought that it has provided us new physical strength or increased our weight. We do it by routine, day after day, conscious that if we are to sustain our health and strength, we must take food. We may have the same reaction concerning the spiritual food. We are not changed more by the one than by the other.

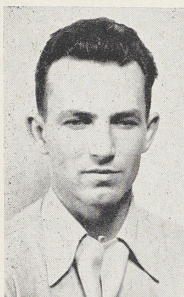
A proof of what has just been said is found in your concern about the repetition of venial sins. These do keep repeating themselves in our lives. Often they vary little, and for this reason can be very bothersome and discouraging. In this regard, we must always remember that these offenses will recur in the lives of each one, as long as we are in this world. Not until we shall see God, face to face, will we be so drawn to Him by our intellect and will as to exclude every other attraction. We need to be assured that unless there is an attachment to these sins they do little harm. May I suggest that you single out one or the other of these venial sins, give it more attention in the daily examination of your conscience, and also in your Confessions. Tell the Confessor that you wish to lessen or to eliminate the occasion of this or that individual sin. Then, try to learn why and under what circumstances you have failed in this since your last Confession. Eliminate these circumstances as much as possible.





**RUTH:**

"You've convinced me that every sin, no matter how small, is a serious offense against God—so I'm not belittling my faults."



**DON:**

"I've been wondering if I ought to get into one of those apostolate groups where the individuals . . . dedicate every moment of their lives to God."

When you face them take a positive approach by practicing the opposite virtue, avoiding the offense and doing the good, for love of God. Select a short period each day when you will give this specific attention, and you will have found a new approach to develop your spiritual life. It is something to work on until my return from the Abbots' meeting in Rome.

**DON**

*This business of making decisions—you know you've told me that I needed to learn the art—still has me halfway up a tree. Before Mom was married and moved to Florida I almost had the knack of making decisions about her, when they involved her, I mean. Anyway, I had stopped consulting you before I took a breath, and I had found that my own two feet—as long as they were taking me to Mass and Communion, were big enough to stand on. That's why I can't understand why I seem to be treading water with things as they are now. I get an idea, for instance, that I'd like to change jobs. I make inquiries and find that there's a good opening with another firm, and I do nothing about it. A real estate agent in our neighborhood has been over to the house three times with an offer from some folks who haven't even seen the inside of it, and I tell him I don't know if I want to sell. Those are just*

*two of the instances that show how I've been vegetating. I keep telling myself that these decisions have nothing to do with my spiritual life, and that I have to take them by the horns and get them settled. Then I turn right around and answer myself with the suspicion that my static state, both materially and spiritually, does have spiritual importance. Take my job, there's no longer any challenge to it and no one in the office, man or woman, with whom I am particularly friendly. So I go home to the big house I bought for Mom just a year ago next month, and wonder what I'm doing rattling around in those seven rooms. Oh sure, I still have the direction of the parish Youth Club—but I'm doing it with one hand. I've been wondering if I ought to get into one of those apostolate groups where the individuals go and live among the less fortunate and dedicate every moment of their lives to God. They do a lot of good, and they make a lot of sense, but when I think of giving up job and home—and even my contacts here at the parish—I chicken out. I guess I'd better admit that my decision-motor is out of gas!*

YOU HAVE MADE some progress gaining self-confidence in making decisions, but you still have a long way to go. On the other hand, most people, people with a great deal of confidence

in their decisions, would proceed cautiously before definitely deciding in questions of importance. Thus you need to advance in this self-confidence, but do not expect to find all decisions settled in split seconds or without any caution. That would be as harmful, and perhaps more dangerous, than being too cautious.

Whether you should sell the home or not is not necessarily the most important decision to make. However, it does seem that the house is too large for one person, and thus if you get a good buyer it might be prudent to sell. It should be made known that the house is near a Catholic Church and therefore could be of special interest to those who want to take advantage of such a circumstance. Perhaps you could place an ad in the diocesan paper. But while you are interested in obtaining a buyer for your home, you should not neglect to keep your eyes open for a possible smaller house for yourself, or to make contact with those who could provide an apartment. You must have realized that possessing your own house gives you a certain freedom of action which is worth more than mere dollars or cents, and you may not want to give up this feeling once having tasted it. I would not suggest changing your work unless there is a real chance for advancement or apostolic work. You can still use a greater degree of stability. It is true, one does not want to become stale in his occupation. Nevertheless, it is not a healthy sign to change too often. I am certain that if you seek the opportunity for doing good among your fellow workers, you will find it. Take an interest in your work, prove to your employers that you are capable of more responsibility, and they may well consider you for advancement. This will also create new challenges. In any case you must, if you give it a thought, know of people employed or even those on the board of controls who could use your friendship, and be helped through your apostolic zeal. One never knows how many people are in need of help until one takes an interest in them and looks for opportunities to assist them. I am also certain that Father does not want to drop the youth club of the parish. Think of the good you were able to do with the parents of Dick and Amy. Those successes must always give new impetus. You will not grow materially wealthy in this kind of work, but you will grow spiritually. I would suggest some prayer and thought before seeking specific information about the apostolic groups you have indicated. While I would not discourage it, this may not be just what you want, and there may be more good you can do in your present state of life.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)



# ARMY VS NAVY



ARMY (IN WHITE) ADDS POINT AFTER TOUCHDOWN

**In this granddaddy football classic, two young coaches continue a series loaded with color and sport thrills**

By JIM HAUGHTON

**I**F DALE HALL and Wayne Hardin are munching vitamin pills and tranquilizers by Saturday, November 28, nobody will blame them. This time last fall both were comparatively unknown in the sports world and content as assistant football coaches at West Point and Annapolis, respectively.

Suddenly, Hall and Hardin found themselves sitting in two of the hottest seats in college football coaching ranks. Their seats will get even hotter as kickoff time approaches for the annual Army-Navy game in spacious Philadelphia Stadium.

Neither coach ever dreamed last season that they would be occupying such important roles in the 60th game of the service academy rivalry. Hall, a former West Point football star, was Army's chief scout and defensive backfield

coach. When Earl Blaik resigned after directing Army's golden era of football through 18 seasons, he recommended Hall as his successor. Hardin spent four years as an offensive coach for Eddie Erdelatz at Navy, following a two-year tour as head coach at Porterville (California) Junior College. Erdelatz resigned suddenly last spring in a policy dispute after the longest coaching tenure in Navy history—nine years—and Hardin was the surprise choice to replace him.

But if both coaches think they've had troubles this season with rugged inter-sectional schedules, their worries begin and end the last Saturday in November. They are the men who this year pull the strings in a sports spectacular that has moved out of the realm of ordinary sports rivalries into an aura of excite-

ment and pageantry that defies explanation from veteran Broadway producers and old-time sports promoters alike.

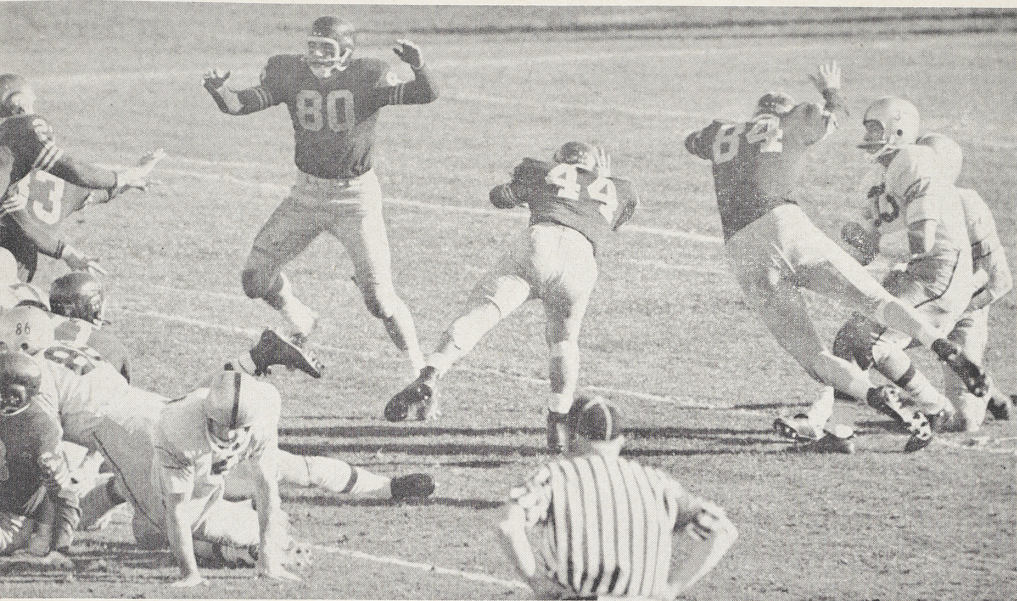
Put simply, the Army-Navy football game is the most colorful and publicized grid contest in the country, regardless of the records of the two teams. Both could be winless during the season and still draw a full house.

No other football game can attract 102,000 fans—98,000 of whom will part with six bucks each for a ticket—that may include the President and his lady, cabinet members and their wives, Supreme Court justices, political leaders and the top brass of the armed forces, plus visiting big shots.

Joining them at distant points around the world will be sailors and soldiers, admirals and generals who will bend an ear to the short-wave broadcasts of the game via the Armed Forces Network, trying to imagine they are among the cheering crowd in Philadelphia.

Millions of Americans will also delay or skip their normal Saturday chores





IN 1958'S GAME WITH NAVY, ARMY WON 22-6 TO LEAD SERIES 30-24 WITH FIVE GAMES TIED.

to seat themselves in front of a TV set for three hours to watch this annual display of fall madness. Chances are that it may take place in snow, sleet, rain or hail, but you can be sure the stadium will be packed.

**YET THE SIGHT** of 22 rugged young American men battling on a green turf 100 yards long and 53½ yards wide is a far cry from that cold, bitter day of November 29, 1890, at West Point, New York. That afternoon an eager band of Navy Middies, outweighed 11 pounds per man, gave a lesson in the comparatively new sport of football to a group of inexperienced cadets. Annapolis, wearing red and white stocking caps, scored a 24-0 win before about 400 fans.

The next morning's edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune* headlined the event: "Sailor Laddies Beat Soldier Boys."

What the headline didn't report was that this was really Army's first taste of football. The Middies were old hands, having played the sport first in 1883. This series opener also saw Navy's famous goat make his initial appearance. One story has it that the goat was captured for the occasion at the home of

an Army noncom in West Point; another legend says the goat was hauled aboard the Navy train when it stopped for water en route to the Military Academy.

The tradition of the Army-Navy series had its beginning when a group of midshipmen sent a challenge to West Point Cadet Dennis Mahan Michie. He and cadets Leonard Price and Butler Ames were the only West Pointers with real experience in the sport. Young Michie, whose father, Colonel Michie, was a West Point instructor, had first played football at Lawrenceville School in New Jersey.

After some resistance from academy officials, including his father, Michie and his friends received approval to accept Navy's challenge. The Middies spent \$275 to make the West Point trip; they received half of it back in expenses. Each of the students at Annapolis had contributed 52 cents to help send the squad to West Point.

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Jim Haughton is public relations-employee communications director of *TV Guide* magazine. A former sports publicist for Villanova, he makes his fifth appearance in *SJM*. He is a resident of Havertown, near Philadelphia.

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Navy had lost a 24-0 game to a tough Lehigh team only two days before the Army contest, but the thumping they gave the West Pointers caused chagrin on the banks of the Hudson. Army officials decided to sponsor a football team the following season. Army and Navy met in the sport in 1891, 1892 and 1893 before the series was suspended for five years because of a strange turn of events.

Feeling was apparently good between the service teams, but a couple of old grads, a brigadier general and a rear admiral, got into such a heated argument about the series at the Army-Navy Club, New York, following the 1893 game, that it almost led to a duel. The discussion came to the attention of the U.S. Cabinet, and it was pointed out that such frank discussions were leading to bad feelings between the academies.

In 1894, President Cleveland, at the suggestion of Secretary of War Daniel S. Lamont and Secretary of Navy Hilary A. Hebert, brought a halt to the series. The three ruled that neither team could leave its home grounds for a game. The two cabinet officers said: "The practice in peace of those operations which most resemble war (i.e., football) must be condemned, notwithstanding the fact



that they are manifestly beneficial as military training."

President Benjamin Harrison finally lifted the ban imposed during the Cleveland administration. Through the efforts of Dr. J. W. White, a teacher at the University of Pennsylvania, officials of both services were persuaded to resume the series in 1899. Penn offered the facilities of its Franklin Field in Philadelphia and 28,000 fans saw Army win, 17-5, as the series resumed.

Except for a halt in 1909—when Army and Navy each lost a player by death through football injuries and the game that season was canceled—the rivalry continued until 1916. There were no games played in 1917 or 1918 because of World War I. But in the mid-twenties a new problem appeared on the scene.

**ANNAPOLIS** OFFICIALS felt the West Pointers had a decided advantage because Army could use players who had been All-Americans and stars at other colleges before entering the Military Academy. Through the years Army was able to call on the talents of such performers as Light Horse Harry Wilson, a star for four years at Penn State and then four more at West Point; Chris Cagle, who won All-America honors at Louisiana State and then went on to even greater laurels as a cadet, and Tony Hewitt, who played several seasons at Pitt and then starred at Army. He won All-America honors at both schools.

Both schools were adamant in their stand and the series was halted in 1928. Finally, after intercession from Congress and meetings of top service brass, the rivalry was resumed at Yankee Stadium in 1930. Army scored a 6-0 win.

West Point had acceded to Navy's wishes. Army adopted the same eligibility rules now used by the majority of colleges. A cadet is permitted only three seasons of varsity play, either at West Point or another institution.

Yet the series has not been without its critics through the years. President Theodore Roosevelt, a rugged man in his own right, was somewhat upset by the rough play he saw in the 1905 game, a 6-6 tie, staged at Princeton, New Jersey. Eleven players were knocked out during the contest. "By George, it is a great game but it should be amended to avoid such injuries," Rough Rider Teddy observed. Perhaps he got off on the wrong foot that afternoon when he ripped his trousers while entering the field.

Even as late as 1945 there was talk of abolishing the game because it was claimed the rivalry generated ill will among the cadets and middies when they became admirals and generals. Sen-

ator Edwin Johnson of Colorado, in hearings conducted in Washington, said: "Some advocates of unification propose doing away with the annual game between West Point and Annapolis. I hope this plan does not go through."

Johnson's views were backed by another supporter. "You have one more vote, sir." The speaker was General Dwight D. Eisenhower, a one-time Army halfback whose football career was halted by a knee injury and prevented him from ever playing in an Army-Navy game. Mr. Eisenhower won his letter in football in 1912 at West Point.

Even one of football's strongest advocates, General Douglas MacArthur, was reported by the Associated Press in 1945 to feel the series generated conflicts between members of the armed forces. Yet he is the author of the statement inscribed over the entrance to the West Point gymnasium: "Upon the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds that on other fields will bear the fruits of victory."

**SELECTING** a suitable site for the Army-Navy game is a favorite sport with Congressmen and Senators alike. In

**The most expensive way to make money is to spend your whole lifetime doing nothing else.**

—O. A. BATTISTA

1945 Senator William Langer of North Dakota introduced a resolution in the Senate urging that the game be moved out of Philadelphia, its locale for 38 contests. He suggested the game first be played in a city in Alabama, and then moved through an alphabetical list of states until all 48 had played host to the academics.

"The game is one that really belongs to the people. Why should it always be held in Philadelphia?" Langer asked. What he didn't say was that as a Republican he was somewhat dismayed about the new Democratic city administration in Philadelphia and the estimated \$1,500,000 in business the game brings to hotels, restaurants and stores there.

Philadelphia is a favorite site for both schools because of its convenient location midway between Annapolis and West Point. Twenty games have been played at Municipal Stadium (now called Philadelphia Stadium) and 18 at Franklin Field. Eleven contests have been held in New York, three each at West Point and Annapolis, two in Baltimore, with one each in Chicago and Princeton.

Other cities have sought to secure the

contest, but Philadelphia officials roll out the red carpet, charge a token fee of \$10,500 for stadium rental and go all-out to welcome the cadets, middies, their families and friends.

Last year's game produced gross receipts of approximately \$985,000 with \$600,000 from tickets (98,593 were sold), \$200,000 for radio-TV rights, \$40,000 for concessions, programs brought \$35,000 and parking another \$20,000. After expenses, the Army and Navy Athletic Associations split the receipts and the money helps support athletic budgets of \$800,000 each at the academics. Receipts help to provide for 18 different athletic teams at both schools, thus relieving the taxpayers of a burden.

**SECRECY DOMINATES** game strategy of the rival coaches. It also reaches into the colorful pre-game and half-time stunts staged by the student bodies. Before the 1948 game the Army squad was swept by an epidemic of food poisoning which hit 42 of 45 cadet players. Coach Earl Blaik never tipped the news to the public or press and a favored but weakened Army team had to settle for a 21-21 tie. The press naturally was up in arms about the secrecy.

Both the Cadets and Middies resort to secrecy to protect their student displays. In 1949 the sailors made big plans for sign displays to be flashed to the Army side. They were unaware that an Army officer on special duty at Annapolis had tipped off his alma mater on Navy aims. Minutes before play began, Navy posters kidded Army about dropping Notre Dame from its schedule.

"When do you drop Navy?" the Annapolis sign asked. "Today," replied the Cadets to the surprised tars.

"Why not schedule Vassar?" a Navy poster inquired moments later. "We already got Navy," said the poster reply from the Army side.

Hardin and Hall, however, will be oblivious to all the humor and gaiety in the stands as they acquire coaching maturity in what will probably be the longest Saturday afternoon in their young lives. Wayne will be applying the lessons learned from William & Mary through Southern Methodist, Notre Dame and Maryland. Hall's strategy will have been acquired in matches with teams like the Air Force Academy, Penn State, Villanova and Oklahoma.

As the noise rises over the sprawling brick stadium at the southern end of Philadelphia, they will realize that nothing that has happened on previous Saturdays this season will matter much to the shavetails and generals, ensigns and admirals except—victory. For one side it may wind up as an afternoon of disappointment. ◀◀



# God's Business Is Not Getting Done

By Floyd Anderson

**N**OWADAYS everyone seems concerned about the great shortage of religious vocations in our country. Vocations concern all of us. We know, as thinking Catholics, that more and more priests are needed to help us grow spiritually, to bring us the wonderful graces of the Sacraments—to put us into the state of grace and to keep us there. The priest helps us as we enter the world by administering Baptism; and aids us as we leave it, by administering Extreme Unction—and is ready always to help us at any time in between.

As thinking Catholics, we know too the great need of Sisters and Brothers to teach our children, to prepare them for their First Holy Communion, to assume some of our responsibility to educate our children so they may live as true children of God.

And when we are sick, when we are in need of an operation or any sort of hospital care, we seek admission to a Catholic hospital. We know that the Sisters or Brothers there will care for us as though we were another Christ; that they will supervise the care of each patient with an eye to his eternal salvation. We feel a confidence, a trust, in these men and women of God.

Yet, what do some of us do when one of our children expresses a desire to become a priest, a Brother or a Sister?

Do we encourage them, help them in every way? Or do we put obstacles in their way? Do we say, "You're young; wait till you see a bit of the world before you put it all behind you"? Do we realize that a vocation is a tender thing, to be nourished as we would a growing plant in our garden? Or do we ruthlessly trample on it, as though it were a weed?

Do we—some of us—feel that a religious vocation is fine for someone else's children, but not for ours?

I can't answer those questions for you; but I do know how I feel. I feel that a religious vocation in a child is to be treasured, to be helped in every way.

There are several reasons for this; one of course is that if God has given one of our children—or several of our children—a religious vocation, we would not dream of trying to frustrate God's desire.

But there is another side to it, on a

purely human level. One's happiness consists in doing the Will of God. Perhaps you might quibble a bit about that; but—again as a thinking Catholic—if you look at it from every possible angle, I think you will come to full agreement with it. You want your children to be happy, of course. If God wants your boy to be a priest or a Brother, your daughter to be a Sister—will they be happy as lawyers or doctors or fashion designers or whatever they may turn out to be?

Perhaps some of you may think I'm making a case where there isn't one. Perhaps some of you may think that parents aren't interfering with their children's vocations; and that this is just a lot of typewriter pounding to make a point.

It all gets back to the Will of God.

God, being God, knows the need for religious vocations in the world today. All of us know, too, merely from observation the openhanded generosity of God. Take as common a thing as dandelions. You see them growing in the summer; they go to seed—if they're not dug out of plus-perfect lawns or made into dandelion wine—and the seeds are blown by the wind every which way.

One dandelion—and probably hundreds of seeds, provided by God to make sure there will be dandelions growing in your front lawn next year, and the year after—and for all the years to come, generation after generation.

That's God's openhearted generosity—His provision that the dandelion family will not die out.

Can you possibly imagine that He would not provide, in at least as generous a manner, for religious vocations? Can you possibly think that He would not plant the seed of religious vocations in enough boys and girls to provide more than enough priests, Brothers and Sisters for the needs of His Church, for the salvation of His people?

I can't; and I don't think you can either.

So we can't blame God; I think we'll all agree that God sends the religious vocations.

But apparently those religious vocations aren't being accepted.

How about the youngsters to whom those religious vocations are given? Is the shortage their doing—their complete responsibility?

Youth is generous; youth is the time for almost reckless giving, the time of searching for ideals to reach toward, or hills to climb, of peaks to scale.

Left to itself, I think that youth would respond generously, wholeheartedly, to the call of God.

But is youth left to itself to decide?

I remember a story told me about one of the best priests I know—a holy, devoted priest, zealous and hard-working for the greater glory of God. When he decided he wanted to be a priest, he was so afraid of his parents' reaction that he wrote a note telling of his desire, and put it on their dresser in the middle of the night. He was afraid to talk to them about it.

I remember too the story of the girl who wanted to become a Sister. Her mother objected, not openly, but with careful maneuvers. She told a friend she was worried that she might not see her daughter often if she became a Sister; she might be sent to convents far away from her home. So, with a brilliant inspiration, she told her daughter she should first see a bit of the world, and





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The final result was that she spoiled her daughter's vocation as a religious. Soon her daughter was married, and to a fine Catholic man. Unfortunately for the mother's peace of mind, however, the man's job took them thousands of miles away—so she sees her daughter hardly ever now.

Parents who do things like these are motivated by the best of intentions. They sincerely believe they are helping their children; and that is the only basis for their actions.

Sometimes they feel their children are too young to know their own minds; and they feel it would be a disgrace for one to enter the convent or the seminary, and then not continue through to profession or ordination.

They are, of course, completely wrong. There are hundreds and thousands who, for one reason or another, are unable to complete such courses. And there is, also, such a thing as a "partial vocation." One may have a vocation only for a few years study as a candidate for the priesthood, the Brotherhood or the Sisterhood.

What has he lost? Perhaps a year or two, if one wants to call lost the time devoted to preparing to serve God in the religious life. Rather, it should be called a tremendous gain, and one that may stand him in good stead in the years to come.

The Church, in its wisdom and centuries-long experience, has set up safeguards to insure that those who are finally professed or ordained have a true religious vocation. It would seem to me that parents could safely leave to the Church the judgment as to whether a son or a daughter has a religious vocation; and not try to anticipate a negative judgment.

WE HAVE OFTEN been told that what we give to God, we receive back a hundredfold. Nowhere is this more true than when we give a son or daughter to God.

Usually, in a family, the story is one of children growing up, and, when they marry, leaving to start their own families. They have new responsibilities, new loves; and while they never lose their love for their parents, their own families must now stand first in every way.

But a son or daughter in religion is still one of the family; his thoughts and his prayers are frequently of his parents; he is not lost to the family, but rather draws closer to his parents, to his brothers and sisters.

Everyone realizes there is a tremendous shortage of vocations; but we don't all realize this is our business too. God has planted the seed of the religious vocation; we have a duty, a responsibility to help it grow.

But can you do that? One of the easiest ways is to put your children into friendly contact with priests and Brothers and Sisters whenever you can.

And it never hurts to suggest the possibility of becoming a priest, or a Brother, or a Sister to the youngsters. As you read of the work of religious throughout the world, tell your youngsters about them. Let them know something of the life of these people who devote their lives to God and their fellow-men.

Perhaps an example will illustrate this best. I know—as you do—a man who is a doctor; and naturally he is hoping that his son will follow in his footsteps.

When he goes on sick calls, he often takes the boy along with him. Sometimes, when he has to go to the hospital on a Sunday morning to see his patients, he takes the boy along. He wants to give him some of the flavor, the excitement of a doctor's life. And he wants, too, to let him know some of the responsibilities, the hard work, the difficulties of a doctor's life, so that when he finally does decide on his life work, he will have enough knowledge to make a wise decision.

Another friend is a lawyer. His son often visits court with his father, where he is introduced to the judge and the clerk of the court. He too is absorbing some of the fascination of the legal profession, for his father too hopes that his son may want to become a lawyer.

These are wise men. They are not trying to force a decision upon the youngsters; but they are giving them all the information they can, so that when they do make their decision, they will know what they are doing, and why.

Would it be too difficult to let our children know something of the life of our parish priest, the Brothers or Sisters in our schools, the Sisters or Brothers in our city hospital? Then they too would know something of the glory of a religious vocation, as well as of the rigors of it; so that if God does plant in them the seed of a religious vocation, they will be able to make the right decision.

And, above all, don't forget prayer, fervent, constant prayers that your children may make the right decision as to their vocations; for in that way lies their temporal and eternal happiness.

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# With Saint Elizabeth in the King's Kitchen

—SALLY BRADLEY

**E**ARTH'S trees are leafless, her fields bare, her season of blossoming long past. Yet here are the fruits of the harvest—apples, dates, cranberries, squash, turnips, pumpkins—to give abundant evidence of the usefulness of the land, despite its appearance to the contrary.

The fifth of November marks the feast day of one whose life is beautifully portrayed by the season of brown husks and withered vines, the mother of St. John the Baptist. It was when she was past the bloom of youth, when her life no longer bore visible signs of usefulness, that Elizabeth was chosen to play a vital part in God's plan for the redemption of all mankind.

God makes everything beautiful in its time; He makes everything useful in His time! This same thought must have occurred to Zachary during those long silent months preceding the birth of his son, possibly as he bent over his garden patch, hoeing his turnips, watching the progress of the plants from sprouting time to harvest. It may also occur to us as we bring the fruits of the harvest into our kitchens and find new, unsuspected ways to put them to use.

It is fairly safe speculation that Zachary did hoe turnips. It was only twice a year, a week at a time, that he went down to Jerusalem to serve his turn in the temple, and turnips would surely have been grown in his garden plot up in the hill country of Judah. Our commonest varieties are the same turnips which originated in the eastern Mediterranean and spread from there over most of Asia before recorded history. They are one of the most ancient of all vegetables, and also, unfortunately, one of the most neglected.

Perhaps Elizabeth knew some of the tricks I have only recently learned for avoiding the "strong" flavor of turnips. The secret is, first of all, a fresh, tender turnip, which may be sliced thin without peeling and cooked quickly, without hard boiling at high temperature. Drop them in a small amount of hot milk, cover and steam about 10 minutes, season with salt and butter, and mash. Or cut them in thin strips and French-fry in bacon fat. When adding to soups and stews be sure to allow them only enough cooking time to become tender.

Elizabeth's herb garden played an important part in her cooking, and dill may have been her favorite, for it has so many uses. Try it (fresh-chopped or seeds) in potato salad, mashed potatoes, or cooked with cabbage or sauerkraut. Let it stand overnight in cottage or cream cheese. And don't miss using it in cookies!

Elizabeth need not have given a thought to the kind of flour she would use in baking. Hers was all stone ground, whole-grained, and it was therefore of little importance that

she had never heard of proteins and B vitamins. Bread is not the only way to use whole-wheat flour. Whole-wheat cookies can be made even more highly nutritive by the addition of toasted wheat germ and non-fat dry milk. They are crisp and crunchy, with a delicious nutty flavor.

Cranberries are good for more than sauce, and pumpkin is not synonymous with pie. We can reverse their usual roles, with cranberry pudding as a dessert and pumpkin as a vegetable accompaniment to pork, turkey or ham. Pumpkin patties are midway between fritters and pancakes, and may also be served with syrup and crisp bacon as a main dish at lunch or supper.

There is nothing about the sight of a raw turnip or pumpkin, or the taste of uncooked wheat or cranberries, which gives a hint of the ways we can use them for our family's enjoyment and health. There may be nothing about the appearance of our lives to suggest their significance. It does not matter whether they are young or old, dull or eventful, lonely or hurried, happy or miserable. We have only to give them to God, and He will use them in inconceivably marvelous ways, to His glory and our good.

## WHOLE-WHEAT DILL COOKIES

½ c. butter or margarine	½ c. white flour
¾ c. sugar	½ t. salt
2 eggs	2 t. baking powder
2 t. lemon rind	½ c. wheat germ
1½ t. dill seeds	½ c. non-fat dry milk
½ c. whole-wheat flour	

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and flavoring, and beat well. Sift flour before measuring, add with remaining dry ingredients, and stir only until mixed. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for about 8 minutes.

## PUMPKIN PATTIES

1 egg	1 c. cooked pumpkin
¼ c. non-fat dry milk	1 T. molasses
½ t. salt	½ c. flour
2 T. sugar	½ t. baking powder

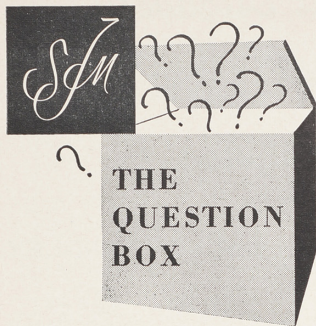
Beat egg until light, add remaining ingredients, beating only until well mixed. Drop by spoonfuls on hot griddle brushed with bacon fat, reduce heat, cover, and bake very slowly until browned (4-5 minutes); turn, and bake 4-5 minutes until done. Or fry in deep, hot bacon fat, and drain on heavy brown paper.

## CRANBERRY PUDDING

¼ c. soft shortening	½ t. salt
¾ c. sugar	2½ t. baking powder
1 egg	1½ c. chopped cranberries
2 c. flour	1 c. milk

Combine shortening, sugar, and egg and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together, add with cranberries and milk, and beat until blended. Bake in greased one-quart baking dish at 350 degrees for 45-50 minutes. Serve warm with custard sauce.





by Rt. Rev.  
Damian Jentges,  
O.S.B., S.T.D.

**Q. Why is ground sprinkled on the coffin at a funeral when it is about to be lowered into the grave? What prayers are you to say?**

Ans. The meaning of this ceremony is to remind all of us that we are to return to the dust of the earth from which we came. As this is being done the priest says the following well known words: "Remember, man, that thou art dust and unto dust shalt thou return." Mourners need say no special prayer. They should enter into the spirit of the words spoken by the priest.

**Q. What should one do at Benediction when Father turns around and, with the monstrance, makes the sign of the cross?**

Ans. Nothing special is prescribed. We may bow our heads slightly and, if we wish, also sign ourselves with the Sign of the Cross. We may look up at the Sacred Host in the monstrance, or as mentioned we may slightly bow our heads.

**Q. Is there a saint Nora or Muriel?**

Ans. Nora is the diminutive of Helen, Honora, Eleanor or Leonora. Muriel is the Gaelic form of Mary.

**Q. Please explain what a vigil light means. Some have it burn for a week. What prayers should one say? Does it help our prayers?**

Ans. I suppose we may say that a vigil light represents the donor in prayer, and as such it is a form of prayer. It is a good intention united with a good deed or offering, and is expressive of the donor's motive and intent. Some will continue such a light for a novena of days, though no definite time is prescribed. With it we may say any prayer we choose. If the light is

burning in honor of a saint, then it is recommended that a prayer to that saint be said, possibly each day. Such vigil lights need not add anything to our prayers, and yet because of an external act they may well increase and support the sincerity of our petition, or thanksgiving, for that matter. In this sense they do help our prayers. However, we may never associate any trick formula to such actions.

**Q. Why is it that so many religious people act so odd? I know many who do not act as if they were sensible. I believe acting so turns many away from religion. Please explain.**

Ans. I am wondering whether these people act so oddly because they are religious or whether they just act oddly, period. I am certain that this is not the fault of being religious. Some people who are acting under stress and strain may easily take on the religious aspect, directing all their actions to the phase of the spiritual, making it truly abnormal. It is so easy, in such cases, to put the blame on the religious phase. This, of course, is erroneous. Such people do not act sensibly, not because they are religious but because they are abnormal. These incidences can hardly be sufficient reason to turn away from all religion. Many are greatly misjudged because of this misunderstanding. I should also add that at times the worldly-minded judge religious people to be odd when, as a matter of fact, there is nothing odd about them at all. The Pharisee in the temple no doubt thought the Publican to be odd, when actually he was not odd at all. Instead the Pharisee was guilty of the fault he attributed to the Publican.

**Q. We are told to love our neighbor as ourselves. I have often wondered just what is proper in love of self?**

Ans. Our love of self should be holy, just and true. By this I mean that we should love ourselves for God's sake. We should love ourselves within the limits of what is right and proper. Our love should also be a true love, i.e., we should love ourselves not with a view to any self-interest or worldly pleasure, but with a view to a real virtuous good. A love that does not have these qualities may well be termed an inordinate love of self. Perhaps it can be said that our love of self should have the qualities which are found in Christ's love of us. This love which we should have for self must be given also to our neighbor.

**Q. I want to have your advice on my problem. About a year ago I met a very nice boy. He is not a Catholic. We kept company for some months, going to movies, dances and parties. I always found him very respectful. When on one occasion he asked me to marry him, I**

**did not give a definite answer for I knew that my parents would be opposed to marrying a non-Catholic. We discussed the matter of religion and I asked if he would be willing to become a Catholic. He said that it would be fine with him, and had no objections, saying that he would do everything that would make me happy. Now what can I, should I, do?**

Ans. If your friend is as willing as you indicate, then there should not be any difficulty. Make certain, however, that he is truly sincere in his willingness to do all you want him to do. In the matter of becoming a Catholic he must, however, not only be willing but truly convinced in his own mind that religion is important, and that the Catholic religion is the one true religion revealed by Christ, and therefore to be accepted. To make this possible for him, you should teach him how to pray and then to pray with him and also for him. Then introduce him to a priest of the parish. Let him take the required course of instruction. It might be well to go along with him. A review of your religion will also be helpful to you. At least go with him a number of times in the beginning of the course. Later on, join him from time to time. Give him plenty of time to study and think and pray. Stress the point that he is not to become a Catholic just to please you—but because of the truth of the faith. If he becomes a Catholic after having completed the course then you have solved this problem, and there would seem to be no obstacles to your marriage. If, on the other hand, he is not convinced, and he chooses to remain outside of the Catholic faith, then you might well reconsider. This could then become a very serious question. In a mixed marriage, so called, you would have to be prepared to face many possible difficulties. Nevertheless, with proper dispensation a marriage would be possible. In such a case, he should clearly understand the conditions under which such a marriage may be contracted.

**Q. Can one offer up Holy Communion for another person?**

Ans. Yes. We can offer the satisfactory merits gained by receiving this Sacrament for another person if we so wish. Or, we may keep it for ourselves. May I again repeat, as I have often said on this page, that every good work has a merit which belongs to the person who performs the good deed. There is also a satisfactory merit, and this we may offer for other persons.

Questions may be sent directly to Rt. Rev. Damian Jentges, O.S.B., Box 76, St. Benedict, Oregon. For a private reply enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.





VOX POPPA / Tom Bottaro

## Of death and rot and fraternities

**L**IKE ALL such news stories, this one datelined Los Angeles was reported in a calm, matter-of-fact manner—yet the facts sent small shivers up and down my back and forced me to recall memories which I did not want to remember.

The report was that a prospective member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity on the campus of the University of Southern California had choked to death on a quarter-pound piece of liver. The boy was being initiated into the fraternity, and one of the "brothers" had ordered him to swallow a chunk of liver coated with cooking oil. He was not to chew it.

For him it was impossible. An ambulance was called, but its medics could do nothing; the boy was dead. Later they reported that they might have been able to help him, but they could not learn from anyone exactly what had happened. No one was willing to say.

The university quickly banned the fraternity and ordered it closed within 48 hours. The national chapter of Kappa Sigma booted its USC house out of the organization. And that was that.

Or was it?

Nearly every secular college and university in the country has its "social" fraternities. Thousands of young men belong to them, rooming and boarding in large houses, usually grouped very near the campus proper. Many fraternities have houses on every major college campus across the country. Here's how they work:

A boy enrolls at a university, and there he fills out a card listing among other things his club memberships, religion, interests, hobbies, sports preference, and whether he would like to join a campus social fraternity. These cards are then scouted by officers of the various houses, each seeking those "most likely to be compatible" with present members. Qualifications are drawn along lines of social standing, bank account, importance on campus (sports stars are highly desirable), race, and sometimes religion. A boy whose card is chosen is then "rushed." That is, he is invited to attend fraternity dinners and parties, "to

see if he shapes up." After a minimum of three "looks," the members meet in secret and vote on which boys to accept. These are then invited to become members. The proper term is "to pledge" that fraternity.

If the boy accepts (brighter prospects will usually have their choice of two or three houses) he then enters a semester's apprenticeship into the workings of the fraternity. This takes the form of waiting on tables at each meal, keeping members' rooms and the rest of the house clean, running errands, etc. During this time he is constantly subject to correction by members (who are called "actives"), and always subject to being blackballed out of the fraternity. He is a "pledge."

At the beginning of his second semester, he and the other pledges are initiated. The initiation procedure varies greatly. The type which killed the USC pledge is known as "hell week," a full five days and nights of continuous hazing. It culminates in "hell night." During this time, pledges eat great amounts of onions and garlic, get practically no sleep, are whacked with paddles of ingenious design, must wear gunny sacks for underclothing, and are not allowed to speak except when directed to do so. On "hell night" the entire membership turns out to harass the pledges. The whole messy affair ends up with a beer bust and hand-shaking and back-beating. Everyone is suddenly buddy-buddy. The pledge is then, but for some formal ceremonies very much like those of Freemasonry, an accepted "active."

Fraternity life is highly social. There are parties nearly every week end, at which large quantities of hard liquor are consumed. With sorority houses full of husband hunters just across the street, or just down the block, there is no lack of dates. Money is spent, gay times are had, and somehow, in between times, the fraternity members attend classes.

**CATHOLIC COLLEGES** and universities do not tolerate social fraternities, for they realize the great potential for evil,

the close proximity to sin which social fraternities provide. That is another of many reasons why I, as a Catholic parent, will strongly urge my children to enter a Catholic university. Or, if a secular school were necessary, to avoid fraternity row like the plague.

Now, I am not being goody-goody. I appreciate a fun-packed evening as much as anyone, as long as it is wholesome fun. But there is no good reason for the existence of social fraternities on college campuses except to encourage boys to live under an almost complete lack of restraint.

I said at the beginning that the USC incident brought back unpleasant memories. I vividly recall the drunken brawls, the panty raids, the filthy jokes and foul language during my years at USC. I did not participate in them. Only through the grace of God I did not participate in them, even though I was myself a member of a social fraternity (not Kappa Sigma). I remember young men glorifying the beer bottle and the female form. I remember the wanton destruction of university property and of good names. I remember the file cabinet with past examinations "to make studying easier." I remember how the older, brighter actives took examinations for the duller ones. I remember the annual fraternity prom, when a lodge at Lake Arrowhead, a hotel at Oceanside, were rented as locales. I remember the chaperons being escorted to a dark corner, handed a drink, and "entertained" so that they wouldn't wander about and see things that weren't for their eyes.

I remember sin, and it's not a pretty picture.

No doubt fraternities all over the nation hoped that the USC incident would quickly sink out of sight and mind. Perhaps, because of the Khrushchev visit, it did. Even though a life was lost, people are loathe to recall tragedy. And there is always an onus connected with criticism of university fun. Nevertheless, that boy's death was an indication of the rot that exists on the fraternity rows of our nation's secular institutions of higher learning. ◀◀



ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL forces for good in our democracy is the system of courts. Judges, juries and attorneys are traditionally among the staunchest supporters of the moral order. While the law of the land has been their principal frame of reference, all participants realized that behind—and even above—the law of the land was the law of God. Sometimes men of differing beliefs gave various interpretations to the law of God, but for the most part the natural law was clearly evident, written on the conscience of each individual. In recent years, however, the public conscience has been repeatedly jolted by opinions of the courts. One area in which this happens is the thorny problem of controlling morally questionable literature. A recent example happened in the court of U.S. District Judge Frederick vanPelt Bryan in New York, July 21.

The Postmaster General of the United States had declared a certain book obscene under the law and banned it from the mails. The book was a novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, by D. H. Lawrence. Publishers of the book of course rejoiced at the ban (the advertising would be good for sales) but at the same time appealed the judgment of the postmaster general. The court opinion reversed the ban and ordered that the novel be allowed in the mails. Judge Bryan found the book not obscene, and said: . . . "it is not the effect upon the irresponsible, the immature or the sensually minded which is controlling" but the effect on "the average man of normal sensual impulses." No doubt he was sincere in his opinion and we respect it.

Not that we would agree with the judge if we read the book and judged for ourselves. The decency or indecency of the book is not the point at issue here. The judge admitted that the purpose of the book was an argument in favor of adultery. Mr. Lawrence condones adultery and even suggests that adultery is accepted behavior in certain circumstances which the book makes abundantly clear. The judge sees nothing wrong with this. He says this is a free country. We have free speech and freedom of the press. Anyone is allowed to speak up for an idea that he favors. Adultery is just such an idea. The judge knows that adultery has not been acceptable in the past in the United States. But here is a man, the judge reasons, who wants to argue that adultery is sometimes right. Who am I to tell him that his free speech does not extend so far? I believe it is "essential to the maintenance of a free society that the severest restrictions be placed upon restraints which may tend to prevent the dissemination of ideas."

When a United States district judge is so confused about a basic law of morality and the basic law of the land, is it any wonder that a crime wave is sweeping the country? Sin is sin, and it cannot be condoned by any court in any land. Sin is above the law; sin is determined by the law of God.

In contrast to the above let us look in briefly on another courtroom. This one is across the country from New York. Circuit Judge Virgil H. Langtry is presiding in Portland, Oregon, September 15. Before him are 21 mothers, having, in addition to legitimate children, 77 illegitimate children. Judge Langtry's manner of handling the cases may be illustrated by a typical one.

The judge noted first the fact that this mother took very good physical care of her children. Then, a newspaper says, "(the judge) explained to her, in no uncertain words, that it is the court's concern that these children, who receive state support, not only have enough to eat but have a good moral upbringing. He also said that from the record she could be expected to continue on her pattern of sexual immorality, and he warned her that if it continued, he would take the children away from her."

Of the other women, those who were repentant the judge dismissed with a warning. One who refused to listen had her children taken away from her. All the other children were made wards of the court but left in the care of their mothers—for the present.

While the judge made it clear that it was not his function to judge the women's morals, he did intend to protect the children as much as was in his power. "The most important thing is what happens to the kids," he said. Sex delinquency on the part of parents, he added, is confusing to children. Lack of fathers handicaps them further. The children of families with immoralities are more often the children who later turn up in trouble themselves.

Which of these two judges is doing the better job of protecting the best things in our way of life? We yield to no one in our love for our country. But unless the United States of America is built on a solid foundation of respect for the law of God as indelibly written in the hearts of each individual, it will soon crumble.

## New Catholic Encyclopedia

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY of America has announced that it will bring out a new Catholic Encyclopedia. This is news to be received with wild rejoicing by English-speaking people all over the world. Anyone, Catholic or Protestant, who has had occasion to use the old set will recognize the unmatched importance of an up-to-date, authoritative, complete source of information about the Church. Although fifty years old, the original Encyclopedia is still by far the best general reference book in English for Catholic information.

The University, center of Catholic scholarship in America, is doubtless the institution best qualified to direct the monumental task. With this guarantee of competence, and the authorization of the archbishops and bishops of the whole United States, the 15 volumes can hardly fail to be a landmark in Catholic history.

Plan now to obtain a set when it begins to appear—in about five years. No price has been announced, but it will be steep—probably in the neighborhood of \$300. The publisher, McGraw-Hill expects to invest \$4,000,000 in the enterprise. Any library worthy of the name must have a set. That includes home libraries if they run to more than a few dozen oddly assorted volumes. Start saving your dimes now. You will acquire a precious family treasure that can be passed on with pride in your last will and testament.



# Humility Exalted

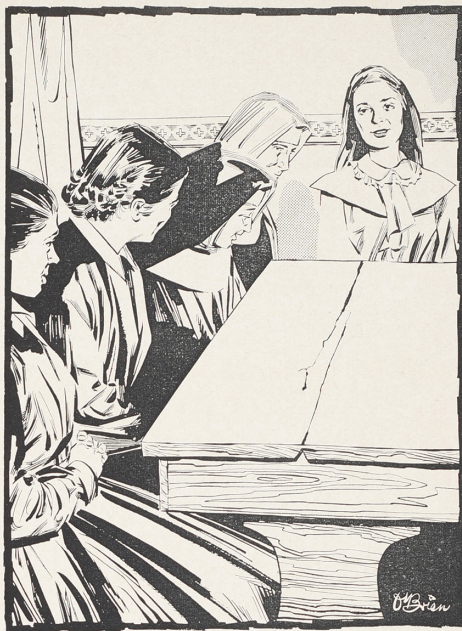
by  
JAN de CAMP

THAT DAY, the eve of the feast of St. Benedict in the year 1851, was to remain in the memory of Anna Felice as a blur of swiftly changing plans, sudden decision, a rush of hurrying habits and swift smiles that made level every obstacle and opened the door of her future home, the Benedictine convent of Veroli.

Long before, she had gone through the formalities, the requirements of acceptance, at the Benedictine convent of Santa Maria a Ripa in Portecorvo, which lies at the foot of Monte Cassino. Her dowry was already there. And tomorrow she was to enter there to spend her life in the "school of divine service."

And suddenly her life had changed in one hour. Here in the old Veroli convent, Providence had impelled her to be, through the intuitive questions of Donna Cecilia. This nun immediately notified the Abbess, and the Reverend Mother herself came to the guest room in order to interview the new postulant. Several of the sisters who were members of the convent chapter were also called, in order that they might judge her fitness to be received. The bishop, the Most Reverend Mariano Venturi, examined details and gave his consent to her acceptance. In fact, the entire community gave its unanimous consent to the admission of the newcomer.

So the doors of the convent of her native Veroli opened to Anna Felice. Why she had originally chosen the convent of Portecorvo no one knows. Perhaps she wished to serve God in even greater seclusion by living farther from her family and former home.



It is interesting to note that, had she entered at Portecorvo, she would not have had a permanent home. In 1866 that convent, with many others in Italy, was confiscated by the government. The Sisters were allowed to remain, but were forbidden to accept new candidates. Thus the community was stifled, and it was impossible for it to continue. In 1904 only three choir nuns and one lay sister remained. The convent was closed and the surviving Sisters found homes in their old age with relatives or friends. At the time the Portecorvo convent closed, Anna Felice still had nearly twenty years of convent life before her in Veroli.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)



**Sister M. Fortunata Viti, O.S.B.** *The Servant of God, Sister Mary Fortunata was born at Veroli, Italy, February 10, 1827. Professed as lay nun in Santa Maria convent there September 8, 1853; died November 20, 1922. Beatification proceedings begun by Bishop of Veroli July 11, 1934. Cause introduced in Rome February 5, 1941. Favors published here with permission of Most Reverend Local Ordinary are not evidence of miracles but of clients' belief in answer to prayer. Copies of life story available from St. Joseph Magazine, St. Benedict, Oregon. 218 pages, \$1.00.*

## FAVORS REPORTED

I have a non-Catholic friend who took a leaflet of Sister Fortunata to the hospital with her a year ago and feels sure that is why she is alive. She has had cancer for over five years. At that time she was supposed to have only three months to live; last year again she had only two months to live. But she is still living, and alone. She has great faith in the help of Sister M. Fortunata.

Mrs. L.W.  
Springfield, Ohio

One day an oil company offered us a large sum of money to let them build a broad road across our field. Our landlord did not agree to it, so we did not get the money. I prayed to Sister Fortunata so that the owner of the land would change his mind,

and that night he did. So many prayers have been answered when I prayed to her.

A.R.  
Lolita, Texas

I made a promise that I would write and tell you the many favors I believe Sister Mary Fortunata has granted me with the help of our Lord.

- 1) She helped me through high school;
- 2) She found me my first and second jobs, with the salary I wanted;
- 3) She let my Mother come out of two serious operations;
- 4) She is still helping my brother at college to receive good grades;
- 5) She let me meet a pre-med student whom I hope will grow to love me. All my life I have secretly wanted to marry a doctor.

Pennsylvania

## OTHER FAVORS REPORTED

Bethlehem: Mrs. M.C.Z. Bologna; J.A.DeS. Carleton; Mrs. M.C. Chicago; Mrs. J.R. Cleveland; F.S. Compton; Mrs. H.R. Crowley; Mrs. B.B.P. Detroit; Mrs. I.K. Edwards; Mrs. J.B.H. Eugene; N.N. Jackson Heights; Miss E.D. Jamaica; M.G. Jennings; Mrs. E.T. Lacassine; Mrs. E.C. Long Island City; Mrs. M.R. Los Angeles; C.L.M.; M.G. Miss. M.T. McAllen; V.A.M. Mohanoy City; Mrs. D.G. Martinez; R.P. Milwaukee; Mrs. A.D.; Mrs. H.P. Milwaukee; Mrs. F.A.; L.Z.E. Minden City; Mrs. B.S. Minersville; Mrs. C.S. New York; A.P.O. R.H.S. San Bernardino; Mrs. J.R. San Francisco; Mrs. L.H.; F.M. Shippensburg; Mrs. J.G. Welsh; B.R.; R.R.; Mrs. M.G. Winona; Mrs. J.N.



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