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this volume is dedicated

in commemoration of

THE HOLY YEAR OF 1950



POPE PIUS XII

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Prayer for the Holy Year

Almighty and Eternal God, with all our heart we thank Thee for the great gift of the Holy Year.

Father in heaven, who seest all things, who searchest the hearts of men and reignest over them, make all men docile to the voice of Thy Son in this time of grace and salvation.

May the Holy Year be for all of us a time for the purification of heart and the sanctification of our lives; a year of interior reflection and reparation; a year of the great return and of the great pardon.

Grant to those who suffer persecution for the sake of the faith Thy spirit of fortitude which will bind them forever to Christ and to His Church.

Protect, O Lord, the Vicar of Thy Son on earth, the Bishops, priests, religious, and the lay faithful. Draw them all together—priests and people, the young, the adult, and the aged—into a unity of thought and affection which the fury of Thine enemies will break in vain.

By Thy grace, enkindle in the hearts of all men a love for those unfortunate ones whom abject poverty has forced into a life beneath the dignity of a human being.

Instill in the souls of those who call Thee Father a hunger and thirst for justice and for fraternal charity, in work as well as in word.

"Give, O Lord, peace in our days," peace to the individual soul, peace to families, peace to our country, peace among nations. May the rainbow of peace and reconciliation enclose within the arc of its soft-blending light the Holy Land sanctified by the life, suffering, and death of Thy Divine Son.

O God of every consolation! Deep is our misery, grave are our faults, innumerable our needs; but greater still, O God, is our trust in Thee. Ever conscious of our unworthiness, we, as loving sons, place our destiny in Thy hands, joining our weak prayers to the intercession and the merits of the ever glorious Virgin Mary and all the Saints.

Give to the sick a spirit of resignation and bless them with good health; make our young men staunch in their faith, our young women pure; give our fathers the necessary blessings of prosperity and make the life of the family holy; make our mothers capable and conscientious in educating their children; extend Thy loving care and protection to the orphans; may the refugee and the prisoner of war return to his homeland. Shower Thy graces on all of us as a preparation and a pledge of eternal happiness in heaven. Amen.

PIUS PP. XII.

EDITORIALS

Opportunity Knocks in 1950

The year 1950 means for the whole world the beginning of a newer and perhaps brighter half-century. For the Catholic World this year will be a time of preeminent joy and sanctification, for Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, has proclaimed it a Holy Year of Jubilee. With the opening of the closed door of St. Peter's Basilica, Pope Pius opened for all mankind a "golden door of opportunity." The fruits of this opportunity may last a life-time but the door is open for a year only. Thus it is most propitious that Catholics the world over should take advantage of the Jubilee purpose, as our Holy Father stated it: "to summon all the faithful to expiate their faults and to amend their lives and to lead them to acquire virtue and holiness." When, in this century, could a Jubilee be more needed than now when uncertainty and unrest fill the hearts of men and when our Church is faced with actual persecution on all sides? No one has to look far to realize the need for a Holy Year nor to realize the necessity of fortifying himself and his church with the extra spiritual aids offered.

Few of us will be so fortunate as to be able to make the Jubilee Pilgrimage to Rome this year but

that need not hinder us from gaining the Holy Year special indulgences. Our Holy Father, in his charge as Shepherd of the Fold made certain that every one of his Sheep would have the opportunity to enrich his soul in this holy celebration. He warns those pilgrims who will travel to the Eternal City that the trip should not be made in a traveler's spirit "but with the spirit of piety which animated the faithful of past centuries, who overcoming obstacles of all kinds . . . came to Rome to wash away their sins with tears of sorrow and to implore of God peace and forgiveness." His Holiness asks particularly that this Jubilee of 1950 be an instrument of Christian regeneration.

Whether we make the pilgrimage in actuality or in spirit, each one can and should so enliven himself spiritually in this jubilant year that he may in turn strengthen and increase in Christian practice, his church, his family, his nation, and ultimately, his world. Pope Pius XII, as the Vicar of Christ, is providing us with the means! As objectives he hopes that we may sanctify our souls through prayer and penance and through unshakable loyalty to, and defence of, Christ and the Church. He urges us to

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS IN 1950

pray that those in error, the pagans and the godless, may obtain the true faith. Lastly he pleads that we strive for the betterment of social order in the world. Therefore, it behooves us all to petition God to reshape a misshapen world to His design.

If our Beloved Pontiff can have such worthy motives in his heart for this Jubilee can we not too open our hearts and minds through

prayer and penance and thus be instrumental in the realization of these motives? It is little that we must do but great is the harvest of benefits we can gather. It is the worker who reaps the most; so let us all become "Workers for Christ" in this our Holy Year of 1950 that we may make bright the name and fame of Jesus Christ wherever we walk!

—*Loretta Spaulding*



THE BARK OF PETER

"Can It possibly pass through the storm?" I asked.

And my doubt made me weak, made me sick, made me weary . . .

For the shadows were long, and crept quickly.

"Can It possibly pass through the storm?" I asked.

"It must," screamed my heart, while reason danced wildly,

"Or our nature is madness."

"If It cannot pass through the storm," I asked,

"Why then, is longing not to be satisfied?"

And I had no answer, save agony.

"But It did, and It will," said a soft gentle Voice,

And my mind was eased, and my heart rested.

—*Rita Wokna*

The Things of Caesar *and the Things of God*

"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

The Church does not undertake to decree what form of political government her children should establish, and while she is capable of adapting herself to every form of legitimate government, it seems that she thrives and flourishes in a special manner in a democracy and finds it peculiarly suited to her genius and character.

Today when there is such a diversity of religious beliefs, a union of Church and State would spell nothing but friction and would be unpalatable to all parties. Separation of Church and State with freedom to both within their separate domains and friendly cooperation to promote joint interest, has proved to be the most satisfactory plan.

The Church does not look with favor or complacency upon the growth of any form of government which opposes her principles, for in her philosophy, so sacred is the personality of the individual citizen that he has rights which cannot be abridged even by the State. The individual does not exist for the State, nor for the politico-social order, but these exist for him.

Despite the unfriendly attitude of the materialistic or atheistic state to the Church, the Church has a definite obligation to the

State and to the World. The Holy Father himself stated that Catholics must take an active interest in politics, when "by politics is meant the common good in opposition to the individual goods." On the other hand, to promote and conduct the wellbeing of its citizens is not only a right but a positive duty of the State. It is also a right and a duty of the State to protect and preserve the basic principles of religion, since religion is the foundation of the civil edifice. When in a State religion is neglected and atheism is prevalent, at that very moment the true brotherhood of man, mutual loyalty, veracity and reverence for authority cease to exist. Such are the conditions in the Communist State.

Communism has repeatedly manifested to the world in a more or less graphic and dramatic manner its hatred of God, religion, and the Church. Events such as have taken place recently in countries of north-eastern Europe stand as proofs that the Communist State and the Church cannot stand side by side. The Church is willing to perform her duty toward the State but can it be said that the Communist State is willing to do its duty toward the Church and the individual? Is it not obvious that the Communist State demands all for Caesar when it does not permit its people to render to God the things that are God's?

—*Maria Porras*

Romeward Bound

by PATRICIA FEIGNER

The Atlantic Ocean was hardly the place to discover one had made a bad decision. Gazing into mountains of the translucent azure surrounding the vessel, and enduring the eddies of salt spray taking such fiendish delight in taunting his patience, Allen Winters slumped against the guard rail of the "Queen Mistress" and meditatively cursed himself for chasing the proverbial goose halfway across a universe.

For ten years he waded outside the Church in waters deep enough to drown a less stalwart man, yet when he realized that his pool of perplexity was whirling in the wrong direction he determined to begin anew and christen his return to Catholicism with a visit to Rome. But doubts and suspicions invaded his mind, hurling resolve to the winds. The sojourn from religion had dampened his spirit and clouded his mind.

Night hastened to shade the waters. He flipped a well-smoked cigarette overboard, glanced warily at the cloud-stacked heavens above him, then turned and clambered down the ladder, and hurried into the dining room below deck. The steward guided Allen to his usual table, far at the back of the smoke-filled room, shoved the menu into his hand, then dashed to the beck

of another guest. Dining at this hour could hardly be called a pleasurable experience. No one seemed to care to speak with him. He fumbled for the lighter in his vest pocket, then withdrew a cigarette, lighted it, and inhaled deeply. The waiter certainly was slow!

"Hello." Allen Winters jerked his gaze to a thin, pale gentleman eyeing him with interest from the next table. "Haven't I met you before?" he asked pleasantly.

"Not to my knowledge," replied Winters, as equally amiable, "but there is no time like the present for an introduction. My name is Winters, Allen Winters."

"How do you do. My name is Saul Anders. Did you embark from the States?"

"Yes, New York. And you?"

"I left Gotham for the Indians too. What is your destination?" Allen Winters cringed. This man was obviously Jewish. Wouldn't an explanation lead to a slightly embarrassing discussion—inferring that this fellow intended to establish a topic of conversation?

"Why, relatives," he blurted, "relatives in Italy bring me across the ocean." Saul Anders mistook Allen's eagerness for a want of companionship and picked up his cocktail and moved his person and chair to Allen's table.

When their stomachs were filled and their ego was satisfied, Saul Anders and Allen Winters adjourned their chance meeting until the next morning when breakfast in the dining room would initiate the activity for that day. Allen had chosen his words carefully, and Mr. Anders had complied gracefully. Winters hailed goodnight as he left Saul at his cabin.

Saul Anders watched Allen saunter away. As he fished for the key from his pocket he felt something slip from his hand and clatter to the deck. He stooped and picked up his rosary, kissed it, then walked into his state-room.

When Allen Winters awoke the next morning, the "Queen Mistress" had been docked at Liverpool less than ten minutes. He threw on his clothes and tumbled onto the deck to view the early morning splendor of the sun climbing over the city. Saul Anders had risen much earlier. He was gazing into space as Allen stopped alongside him and fixed his foot on the rail. "Beauty of a morning," he sighed.

"Umm," acknowledged Anders, "They're loading now. Seems to be quite a group. I wonder if they're Romeward bound?"

"Romeward?" questioned Allen.

"Why yes. I don't believe many are on this boat for any other reason. In fact you're the only person I've talked with who isn't crowning the Holy Year with a visit to Rome." Saul Anders shook his head, then continued, "The children of God have tramped over many barriers of life to follow. Some have wearied and fallen, and failed, but somewhere, sometime they are stag-

gered by the realization of that which dropped out of their lives when they faltered and fell. Time has tested many. They're salted and seasoned, but the rest will come back, like tired children who've run away from home." Emphatically he finished speaking and cast his eyes heavenward.

Winters shifted uneasily. It wasn't enough to push himself from God even in the act of pilgrimage to Him, much less deny it too. Why had he been such a coward!

Strong winds whipped the liner along its course from Liverpool, each knot bringing Allen Winters and Saul Anders closer to their destination. Two days remained until the liner would dock at Leon in France. Allen searched his heart and mind continuously for some way that he might unburden himself to Saul. They had eaten breakfast together once since they left Liverpool—dinner, twice. Conversation had proved a drudgery to both, and eventually dragged into an uncomfortable silence. Saul's indifference could not be mistaken. Yet Leon and land were but a day away.

The evening before the "Queen Mistress" docked at Leon, the sky shone a million stars, their constant pattern broken only now and then by the racing wisps of night clouds. A copper moon hung low over the sea, reflecting a weird, fragmented ball on the water. Allen Winters restlessly hurried his packing, anxious to escape into the lovely night which hovered outside his cabin door.

Saul Anders was also aware of

ROMEWARD BOUND

the tranquil, evening beauty. He closed the lid of the last suitcase and snapped the lock. There wasn't too much left to do. That which he left undone could be attended to in the morning. He had more important things to do right now. He switched off the light in his cabin, then gently closed the door behind him. Never had he seen a lovelier evening. So many stars! Skygazers were propped against the guard rails, all intent upon the masterpiece of nature surrounding them. Among the groups Saul spotted a lone figure fixed upon the inky depths of the sea, splashing and churning at the ship's waterline. He walked toward Winters slowly, "Good evening, may I join you?"

"Of course," Winters answered invitingly.

Saul coughed, then watching Allen closely, spoke, "I was wondering if you might be headed in my general direction tomorrow, after we dock. I dread traveling alone. My idea was that you might care to join me part of the way."

"No, I'll manage alone," murmured Allen.

"Why I'm quite sure you are capable of that, Winters. I'm sorry to have crashed your solitude. Good evening!"

"Oh, don't leave Anders. I'm sorry—just thinking. One of those confounded moods everyone experiences now and then. Forgive me for being so abrupt. Do stay." Allen proffered cordially, and Anders accepted.

"I fear my intrusion effects a

damper on the spirit, Allen. You can't blame a man for thinking. Oftentimes it's of some benefit to him."

"Yes, of course," agreed Allen. "Nature seems to have expected sightseers tonight, eh? Look at those stars! There must be a million. She's certainly putting on the show."

"Not half the show we're putting on for her," muttered Anders.

"I don't understand," questioned Allen Winters wrinkling his forehead.

Anders continued, "The captain called me over this morning. It seems you left your passport at the breakfast table. He asked me to give it to you."

"Strangely enough," said Allen, "I haven't missed it."

Saul handed Allen his passport and a pocket-missal, then turned and walked away. Stupefied, Allen shot his gaze from the figure of his friend to his just recovered belongings.

Then Saul Anders knew!

"Saul!" Allen's voice carried high and clear above the heads of the people milling about the deck. Saul Anders slackened his pace, permitting Allen to fall in step with him.

"Changed your mind?" asked Saul.

"Yes," smiled Allen Winters, "I think my course has been altered a bit. If you don't mind my company and a long explanation, then expect a companion tomorrow to Rome. My relatives can wait!"

The Eternal City

by ETHEL JAMES

In the earliest days of the Church, Rome, formerly the mistress of the pagan world, was chosen by Christ through Peter as the center of Christianity. Peter's successors have continued to guide the faithful from Rome except for the short period that the popes were in captivity at Avignon. Consequently, to the Vatican City at Rome, the minds and hearts of Christendom turn with love and respect during this Holy Year.

The following lines are a translation of one stanza of a Latin hymn written in the tenth century in honor of Saints Peter and Paul's day at Rome. Although its author is unknown, all Christians can even today echo his sentiments as he sings:

O Roma nobilis, orbis et domina,
Cunctarum urbium excellentissima,
Roseo martyrum sanguine rubea,
Albis et virginum liliis candida;
Salutem dicimus tibi per omnia,
Te benedicimus; salve per saecula!

O Rome, thou mistress of the world,
Most passing fair of cities bright,
Ruddy, enriched with martyrs' blood,
Bedecked with virgins' lilies white;
Thee do we laud in joyous praise;
Thee do we bless through endless days!

Esperanto

by LORETTA SPAULDING

What is Esperanto? Is it a new fad, a candy bar, or perhaps another new soap discovery? Wrong—all around! Esperanto is the international language. It is, as its name suggests, the long-awaited and hoped for language by which men from every corner of the earth can converse in the simplest and yet the most flexible of all languages.

Esperanto could well be the key to world harmony for by its use men can negotiate directly with one another without a middle man and could in the expression of one language come nearer to the expression of one ideal. It has a vocabulary of but a few hundred words rooted in the other better known western languages and a perfectly phonetical spelling and pronunciation. The grammar may be mastered in two hours since there are only sixteen rules without exceptions. One of the best features of Esperanto is that it does not displace any national language but rather it serves as a neutral, second language for everyone and avoids the mistake made by other one-language movements which hurt national prides by giving precedence to one language over another.

Esperanto is not unknown. Millions of people throughout the world already have learned it in anticipation of the world brotherhood movement. Hundreds of news-

papers and books are printed in Esperanto and business men are beginning to see the possibilities of world trade through its use. Most of all, travelers are becoming conscious of its benefits, for in every country of the world they are finding it easier to make friends through Esperanto. As we know a country better through its own language thus we can know the world better through the international language.

Since our Holy Father Pope Pius XII has always proclaimed his dream that all men may be as "one flock and one shepherd" it seems most proper to consider Esperanto, whose very purpose is directed toward this end, in the Holy Year spirit. Our spiritual leader has always taught that there is a unity of all men through their human nature and through Christ and the Church. How much greater could the realization of this be if men could also have a unity of tongues? This year, when millions of pilgrims from all over the universe are and will be flocking to Rome and other holy places, how wonderful it would be if they could have a unity of language to equal the unity of their holy intent in making the pilgrimage. Then the barriers would be broken down and men could pray not only as one heart but also in one voice.

Pope Pius has already broken

barriers by learning to address his followers in at least eight languages. For the less able man there is now Esperanto and we have no doubt that our Holy Father will be among the first to take it up, if he hasn't already! There will be one international group meeting in Rome this summer which will have no need of interpreters but will try to show that "the curse of Babel" can be overcome. It is the 22nd

International Catholic Esperanto Congress. Perhaps at this Holy Year of 1950 it is too soon to expect all the pilgrims to have mastered the international language that they might be "one in Rome" but perhaps twenty-five years from now, at our Holy Year Jubilee of 1975, every man, woman and child will be able to converse as "citizens of the world" proclaiming in one tongue—one ideal!



DE LAUDE PII XII

Latin original and translation

by ETHEL JAMES

Pie, praepotens caelorum claviger,
 Examine in praesente promissio pacis
 Noster in hoc mundo princeps benignus,
 Vicarius Christi, Viae nostrae Vitaeque;
 Praestet abundanter tibi gracias supernas
 Qui est sempiternus fons omnis virtutis.

Pius, thou bearer of Heaven's keys,
 Vision of peace in present strife,
 Of Christendom the earthly head,
 Brave Vicar of Christ, our Way and Life;
 May He from whom all strength doth flow
 Supernal grace on thee bestow.

A Plea for Refugees

by MARTA KILCZER

1944 . . . That was the time when the Eastern countries of Europe were burning with wild flames—literally burning because of the modern technique and weapons of war, and burning in a figurative sense because of the red fire of Russian Communism.

That was the time when thousands and more than thousands of pilgrims of the twentieth century were wandering on their way from the East to the West. Wealthy men and peasants were leaving homes and fatherland with the same aim—to save their lives. There were different people from different countries fleeing for the same reason. Among them were children continuing their childhood dreams and old men well knowing the tragedy which was happening on the continent.

Refugees . . . Thousands of people standing at the crossroads. Behind them—nothing—but the re-

membrance of a better life and memories of a country they loved. Before them—nothing—but the great uncertainty.

1950 . . . Six years have passed since that time—six years in a strange country, full of hardships, need, worry and hope—hope for a return to the native land, hope to meet the family members again, hope for a home of one's own.

This is the Jubilee Year for the Catholic Church, a time of special prayer for the Catholic world. Every one's attention is focused on the Holy Father, the head of the Church. He calls upon us to pray for the return of the refugee and the prisoner. Listen to his words! Through him Christ is speaking to you and me. Through him Christ sends the message to the world to pray for the thousands who look to him with hope—hope for the return to their beloved country and home.

It's Everybody's Job

by HELEN ECKRICH

This is the age of science; it's the reign of science. Ours is a world worried about the atom bomb, and the H-bomb, a world troubled by the cold war. Great men of our time have tried to find a way to world peace and the solution they have proposed has been international co-operation—but their international cooperation has come to nothing more than to fight, defeat, and, if possible, terminate the forces of opposition. But one great man has offered to all men a solution. It is the oldest and simplest of them all. Our problem is not an international one solved by war; it is a personal one solved by the individual. That great man standing quietly in the midst of a frenzied world led by frenzied rulers is the Holy Father, and the solution he suggests is our consciousness of the necessity of personal sanctity.

The call to holiness is addressed to all of us. Sanctity isn't something locked up in a convent or buried with the early Christians. The religious have no priority on it, neither did the anchorites. It's something real, present, vital, living. It's just as essential to a mother and to her children as it is to a missionary. It can and must be found in every state and condition of life. We would be denying our-

selves a very vital part of our lives if we believed otherwise. Rich and poor, strong and weak, leaders and followers, teachers and taught, rulers and beggars: all have been included in God's call to holiness. It's important to all of them. It's not beyond nor above any of them; it's not beyond nor above any of us. How can we imagine that what is so essential to all men would or could be reserved but for a few?

We realize then that holiness isn't a Sunday Special; it's an every-day job and it's a difficult one. But let us remember that difficult does not mean impossible. We know that God asks nothing of us beyond our capabilities. He asks nothing of us without providing sufficient means. And if we look around us we can find them and take advantage of them, for they are at our disposal.

Our lives in all their trifling and particular details can be truly pleasing to God, and it is in these details that we are to find sanctity. Again it isn't beyond us; it's all about us. God has surrounded us with persons, those who please us and those who do not, and with duties, those which bring us joy and those which do not—all these are our means to holiness. We should not allow, however, the do-

(Please Turn to Page 44)

Prayer for Peace

Grant peace, O Lord, in our days—
Peace to souls who hunger and thirst for the springs of spiritual
refreshment;

Who grope blindly in a world that knows you not;
Who grope unconsciously for You—
For you, of all things the Beginning and the End.

Grant peace, O Lord, and light—
Life to souls who are dead to your grace, unacquainted with its
wondrous joys;

To storm-harried souls who toss on the sea of life,
A sea where, as they lie waiting, waves of secularism
Drive and sweep and mislead them into a lethal peace.

Grant peace, O Lord, and light—
Light that souls may realize for what it is they search,
And may embrace the means of reaching You, the Cross,
Carrying it as You will them to along their ways—
Along their ways to You and the Father and the Holy Spirit.

Hear the unworthy prayers of those who, already knowing and
loving You, enjoy that peace;
Forgive those who refuse to love You, for truly they know not
what they do;
And by Your infinite merits and Your kindness without end,
Grant peace, O Lord, in our days—
Peace to every individual soul.

—Joyce Ann Edwards



In Any Language

by BARBARA REDER

"More Americans! Will they never stop coming?"

I didn't bother to answer mother's question. With my face pressed tightly against the window pane, I was intently watching the people—men, women and children—pouring from the buses that were lined up across the street. I would not have needed that word "Americans!" to tell me who they were. I could have told that from their clothes, their faces, their very walks. I knew who they were and why they were there, across the way, in St. Peter's Square—they had come for the Holy Year, for the special blessings and to see the Holy Father. But it was neither of these things that interested me. I was busy searching the faces of these newcomers, for I had learned since the beginning of the year to know just by looking into their faces what kind of people they were.

My eyes passed quickly over the faces of the priests who still frightened me a little; they passed over the faces of the numerous pious and respectful people and rested finally on a small group of women standing off a little from the rest. They were gazing about with gauging looks, chattering wildly, affected no more by the religious atmosphere around them than were the blank-faced buses standing be-

side them. These were the kind of people I was looking for; these were the kind of people who always drew my attention.

As soon as I saw them I turned and slipped quietly out the door, smoothing my hair and straightening my shabby clothes as I headed across the street toward them. They were so busy looking around that they didn't see me at first. So I stood and waited until one of the women glanced down and, noticing me, cooed, "Oh, look! Isn't he precious? A little Italian boy!"

Another answered her, "Just too cute for words! I wonder if he can understand us?"

That was my cue and I didn't hesitate. I stepped forward with a little bow and, using the same words that I had used over and over again, I said as best I could in their tongue which was strange to me, "Good morning, ladies. Welcome to Rome. My name is Antonio. I am eleven years old and I live in the house across the Square. I will recite for you a poem if you like."

They liked, so I repeated a poem I had painfully learned months before. I got the same response from them that I always got—wonder, admiration, amusement, and MONEY. It was the money that I wanted and for it I had waited, for it I had practiced to master the

IN ANY LANGUAGE

difficult "Yankee" words. Now that I had it, I said a few polite things and, bowing again, left them quickly. When I was safely out of their sight (although they forgot about me as soon as I left them) I carefully counted the money they had given me for my performance. Then I searched my ragged pockets and withdrew more money that I had stored there—money I had gotten before for like performances. It was just enough, for what I wanted. Happily I ran down the street and I didn't stop until I was inside the little shop. While catching my breath, I pointed to the shelf on which my treasure lay and panted, "That. I—want—that!" As the clerk wrapped my purchase I carefully counted out the money I still clutched in a grimy hand. "One—two—three

... There, just enough."

When I left the shop I held tightly in my arms my treasure and as I walked slowly home, I whispered softly so that only the wind and God could hear: "Dear Lord, I hope I did nothing wrong in taking money from those ladies who came to Rome not for You but for themselves—to enjoy themselves. I did need the money and I knew of no other way to get such a great amount. I am too little to work as the older boys do. So don't be angry with me, Lord. I meant nothing wrong and I did so much want—I will say a rosary for each of the ladies so that they will get the blessings of the Holy Year—"

Then, reassured I added, "O Lord, I just had to have this statue of Your Blessed Mother."

He Who Sings Well, Prays Twice

by AUDREY KRAUS

This is the Holy Year! From far and near, from all over the world, Catholics will journey to the Eternal City fulfilling the requisites of a pilgrim to gain the particular indulgences. They will thrill to sights of unforgettable beauty; they will profit spiritually, joining with others in the praise of their Maker. These pilgrims will be aided in their prayers by elaborate programs of

the finest Church music and will be greatly impressed by such music as the ancient chant.

Sacred Music wields a special power and is of deep spiritual value. It unites us in a more meaningful expression of prayer and assists us in directing our thoughts to God. Have we not prayed at times with more devotion because of the beauty of the singing of a High

Mass? The Holy Father wishing to re-emphasize this spiritual value of sacred music has designated May 25-30 for an International Congress of Sacred Music to be held in Rome. This meeting is most significant as no such congress of international scope has been held for almost a half-century and the progress or failure of these years will be discussed together with suggestions for reform and the restoration of ecclesiastical music.

Pius XII in his recent encyclical letter *Mediator Dei* discusses the liturgy of the Church in all its aspects. Of music he stresses, in particular, Gregorian Chant and congregational singing. How few of us realize that Chant is among the most beautiful of liturgical compositions. Rather, how few have an appreciation of it. The Pope points out that "Gregorian Chant, which the Roman Church considers her own as handed down from antiquity and kept under her close tutelage, is proposed to the faithful as belonging to them also." Indeed, Gregorian Chant is definitely prescribed for certain parts of the liturgy. How could one participate better in the Mass than by

singing alternately parts of the Mass with the priest? Pius XII urges us to take part in congregational singing; in fact, he states that it is "very necessary that the faithful . . . take part in the sacred ceremonies, alternating their voices with those of the priest and the choir, according to the prescribed norms." But how many congregations in our country are ever given opportunities to sing Gregorian or plain chant? Whatever the reasons for the lack of interest in congregational singing may be, the facts are deplorable. Can we hope that during this Holy Year, with the cooperation and persistent efforts of American Catholic organists and lay people, our Church music standards will be raised? American organists will attend the Congress; Americans will journey to Rome as pilgrims. Both will witness the beauty of sacred music, and both, no doubt, will carry home with them a deeper appreciation of it.

Here is a challenge! Are we going to take it up? Remember this old saying which our Holy Father quotes in his *Mediator Dei*: "He who sings well, prays twice."



Social Mission of the Church

The Family Movement in France

by JEAN MORTLOCK

Paris, long a leader in the world of fashion, is becoming a leader in the field of Catholic Action. Ever since the Revolution of 1789, France has been troubled with social unrest. Various remedies for the problem have been suggested, until today the true solution is recognized by many laymen to be the modern social doctrine of the Church.

Catholic Action, including Catholic social teaching, assumes many forms, such as the well known student movement, the peasant movement, and the family movement. Not much has been written concerning the family movement. It was founded by young married couples who had been members of the student movement, and who missed the incentive that the student movement offered to spread their Catholic principles. Gradually these groups became larger and later consolidated under the *Mouvement Populaire des Familles*, better known as the M.P.F. Some of the strongest groups in the family movement consist of workers' families, who feel the greatest need for the guiding influence of the Church since it is to them that the socialists and communists appeal.

The M.P.F. has the high spiritual

motive of sanctification of family life, but also includes such concrete programs as the improvement of housing conditions. One of the first steps of this project was to conduct an extensive housing survey. To increase the purchasing power of the lower class the M.P.F. encourages the maintenance of co-op stores and the bartering of supplies among families. These projects do not always win immediate approval even among Catholics. There are some who think that such help tends to be socialistic in character. These obstacles, however, are being overcome, and with their disappearance comes increased interest in the social mission of the Church.

The outstanding mark of the family movement is its tendency to bind the family closer together instead of separating the members as so many organizational activities do. The integrating force of the M.P.F. results from a realization that every member of the family can contribute his share to the success of the M.P.F. Even bachelors and spinsters have been incorporated. The apostolate has thus far proved an inspiration to both Catholics and non-Catholics.

The family movement could easily and profitably be emulated
(Please Turn to Page 44)

Oberammergau

by MARY WASSEL

It is a strange word, but even stranger is its beautiful story. To anyone traveling through Bavaria, the first approach to the Kofel Mountains has the emotional impact of the immigrant's first glimpse of New York's colossal skyline. Traveling gradually upward through rolling verdant hills, the wanderer soon finds himself gazing on the little irregularly scattered town of Oberammergau with its red roofs amid green crowns of trees. As he wanders through the town, he sees that the outside walls of many of the houses are decorated with fresco paintings, reproductions of famous biblical masterpieces. The villagers carve wooden crucifixes, rosaries and images of the saints which are shipped all over the world. They are more famous, however, for a practice dating back to the year 1634.

This practice was influenced by a form of song, the "trope," sung by people many years ago as the Introit of the Mass on Easter Sunday. This simplest form of liturgical Easter celebration was elaborated in many ways by the addition of Biblical sentences, hymns, and sequences. Nevertheless, this most important event in the life of the God-Man did not suffice. The peo-

ple wished to see His whole life, particularly the story of His Passion. Thus a series of dramas originated which were called Passion Plays.

In 1633, when the Thirty Years War came, so did the pestilence, all around the little town at the foot of Kofel. The guards built huge fires to protect it, but missed a lone man, who, after years of absence from his family, yearned to be home again. Sick, he staggered over the mountains at night and, unseen, joined his family. Next morning, Kaspar Schissler—bringer of death—lay dead. The all-powerful Reaper began his work, but his arrival incited in the village a spiritual awakening. The villagers assembled in the little parish church making a solemn vow to enact the Passion of Christ every ten years as an expression of gratitude if the scourge ceased. It did, and the first performance was given in 1634 and repeated every ten years until 1674, after which the dates were changed so as to fall on decimal years. This has been faithfully kept with the exception of 1870 when the Franco-Prussian War interfered; 1920, due to the aftermath of World War I and 1940 because of World War II.

OBERAMMERGAU

The playhouse, a stage 140 feet wide, is the direct source of sustenance for 1,200 of the villagers and indirectly feeds the whole town. No one may participate unless he is a native of the village and is of unimpeachable moral character. He must be dramatically qualified to enact the character for which he is chosen. Over 700 people participate in the play. No wigs or facial make-up are permitted. Costumes are of the biblical period. Participants train their hair and beards and study to assume the general appearance of the character they portray. The play begins at 8:15 A.M. and continues until 5:25 P.M. with two hours recess for lunch. The beginning of the performance, announced by the boom of cannon discharged on a distant hill, plunges the audience into deep silence. Orchestra, choir, prologue and tableaux heighten this mood, then the curtains part against a background of green and partly wooded hills, the arching sky and the ceaseless train of clouds. Christ triumphantly enters Jerusalem and in a series of eighteen progressive acts the events of His last few days on earth are portrayed. In the last scene we see Jesus Christ rise from the tomb. Above that glorious closing scene stands the bleeding evening sun, and, as it casts a ruddy

glow over the stage, Oberammergau would like to see a few beams fall also into the hearts of many so that they might take back with them into the drabness of life a bit of inspiration and the memory of a lofty inner mission carried out by the simple people of Oberammergau for 300 years.

The prospects for the 1950 Holy Year were none too bright. Some villagers died in the War, old age has weakened many and some seem to have lost that deep faith once so visible in them. Perhaps the Passion village is living its famous drama in its daily life. That village once so peaceful, so Catholic in the full sense of that word, is being drawn closer to its Lord along the road He traveled, the road of cross-bearing.

Nevertheless, the drama will be enacted. The spectacle presented by the crowding thousands who are making their way to Oberammergau this Holy Year leaves no doubt that the play is going to be a far greater success than ever before. Christ's own words were that when He should be lifted up on the Cross, He would draw all men to Him, and this is eminently exemplified in the widespread appeal the Passion Play has for people of our time.

Joyce

by MARIAN RYAN

I remember, it was Wednesday the seventh of September, a long twenty years ago. My three older brothers, Jimmy, Johnny, and Joey plus Mary and Alice escorted me to school. It was so wonderful thinking about first grade and the new friends I would meet, but I was a little scared too. Even if there were five of us at the same school, they were all older. The red brick building looked a little frightening to me and I clung to Joey's hand. He smiled down at me and said, "Don't be scared; remember what Mom said."

Mom always told us that as long as you were full of God's grace there wasn't anything to be afraid of. I didn't exactly understand what she meant by God's grace but she was always right; so part of the jumps in my tummy stopped. They took me into the room marked "I" and introduced me to Sister Cecilia. She seemed very nice and I liked the way she smiled. I sat down in my seat and looked around. The girl across the aisle was staring at me. "What's your name?"

"Judy. What's yours?"

"Joyce."

"Do you like dolls?"

"No."

"Me neither, but I like to play tag."

"Me too."

That was the beginning. We became very good friends. Every day we played together and she used to come over to our house very often. At first she thought it was odd that we said the Rosary every night. I suppose they didn't say it in her home. Mom and Daddy liked Joyce. Mom thought she was sweet. I didn't think that quite fit her, but Daddy liked her long black hair. Just before Christmas Joyce came to school one day especially happy because her mother had promised that she could bring me over to dinner the following Tuesday.

I ran home right after school to tell Mom. She seemed quite pleased and told me I could wear my new blue dress. Daddy didn't say very much except that he hoped I'd have a good time, but I heard him talking to Mom later and he said that Joyce's mother was a social climber and it surely was a shame. I didn't know what he meant.

The big day finally arrived. Everything in the house looked new. The pillows were all puffed up and it looked like nobody ever sat in them. Joyce's mother was one of

JOYCE

the most beautiful women I'd ever seen. She had black hair like Joyce, only short, and she was tall and slender. She asked me all sorts of questions like what did my daddy do, where did I live, did we belong to a club. I thought she sounded a little silly and Mom always said that it was rude to ask a lot of questions, but then grownups are different.

Joyce's father came in and I liked him. He said he knew of my daddy and had heard a lot of nice things about him. I smiled. Then a lady came in and said that dinner was ready.

At dinner Joyce's mother talked about some club meeting she'd been to and what she would wear to somebody's tea. She said that she didn't have anything to wear. But the dress she had on was lovely. She certainly was funny. Then she asked me how many brothers and sisters I had.

I said, "Five older and two younger."

She sort of gasped, "Eight!"

"Uh huh, four boys and four girls."

"How does your mother ever stand it?" she asked.

"Oh, she loves us."

"Does she have any help?"

"Oh, yes, we help and Mrs. Hardy comes in and helps with the laundry."

"See what I mean George," she said. I guess he didn't see because he looked kind of sad. After dinner Joyce and I played in her room. We had lots of fun; then Joyce's

daddy drove us home. We sang all the way home in the car and Joyce's daddy said he hoped I'd come back real soon.

That spring Joyce and I made a real tree house and what fun! She stayed at our house more than she did at home. She always said that her mother didn't care because she usually wasn't home anyway.

That summer there were a lot of pictures in the papers about Joyce's mother but Joyce hardly ever looked at them. Then one day she came over to our house and she was crying. It seems that her mother had decided that St. Michael's parochial school wasn't good enough for Joyce and that she should go away to a private school. I was shocked and heart-broken. We had a party for Joyce before she left but it was rather sad.

School wasn't quite the same at first but then I heard from Joyce. At her new school they didn't have Sisters and they wore uniforms. Our friendship slowly drifted apart throughout the years but today I happened to pick up a paper and as I was paging through it I noticed a familiar face.

Memories rushed into my head and I started to smile. My three children came running into the room so I didn't have time to read the article. Later, after I had tucked them in bed, Paul and I were sitting in the living room reading. I found the evening paper and read the head line under the picture. WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE.

The Church and the Working Class

by ALICE RABEN

Toward the end of the last decade of the nineteenth century, the industrial revolution had infiltrated almost every part of the globe bringing misery and despondency to the working class. As the wealthy capitalist was steadily acquiring more and more wealth, the lowly working man was proportionately declining into a position of distress. In this state of affairs, Pope Leo XIII saw not only a material disorder, but a moral disorder as well, and in 1891 he produced his indispensable pronouncement on the condition of the working class, the *Rerum Novarum*, which brought light to the darkened, hopeless lives of the many who were unfavorably affected by the new social and economic system of industrialism. This established a precedent which most likely would be followed by all ecclesiastical leaders until the property which God had created for all men for the common good would be used for this end.

So when Pope Pius XI in 1931, found conditions among the working class still unfit for children of God, he again represented the attitude of the Catholic Church against the social injustice of industrial capitalism and issued his famous *Quadragesimo Anno*. But

as the industrialist turned a deaf ear to his pleas and as the living conditions of the workingman were not improved, our present Holy Father was compelled to speak in behalf of the laboring class again in his "Radio Address on the Fiftieth Anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*." As we are all brothers under the Fatherhood of God, it behooves us to pray for these brothers that their wretched condition may be alleviated and especially in this Holy Year of 1950, when with Pope Pius XII at the head, the universal Church prays to God "that He might arouse in the hearts of all Christians a hunger and thirst for social justice . . ."

Social justice, the virtue which recognizes the natural rights of all men is at the basis of our American system, for is not the principle that "All men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights . . ." our American belief and ideal? But is America truly a land of equality and a land of the fulfillment of the rights of man?

You will be able to find many who, from their experience, can only answer this in the negative—many who feel that they are not receiving the true benefits of a society that is founded on the prin-

THE CHURCH AND THE WORKING CLASS

ciple that "all men are created equal." These are men who are suffering from the selfishness of employers who are misusing the right of private property by snatching up the wealth and fruits of the land, while the lowly are left to starvation and the most abject living conditions.

It has been stated that the "mortal sin of our society is the economic misery of our brothers," caused by the crime of the rich man and the employer who so unjustly defraud the laborer of his just wage. Our present system in which a small minority owns the greater part of the property and wealth and to whom others must come for work is not in itself unjustifiable, if this small minority of owners accord to their laborers a salary which allows them to live properly and befittingly as human beings. The rich man has a right to possess private property, but the use of this property entails many duties and obligations. The rich man is only "steward of his wealth" for to God alone belongs the supreme property right. And when, through greed and avarice, he fails to administer his wealth justly, he can not but be regarded as an unjust steward in the eyes of God.

A survey would undoubtedly reveal that the greatest percentage of people agree that the workingman is entitled to justice and that he has a right to use proper means to achieve justice. The majority would also agree that the workingman is entitled to a salary that allows not

only for the necessities of life, but a salary that allows for the development of his cultural and spiritual life as well. These same people, however, give little of their support to the workingman's cause, or may actually oppose him, when it means that they walk during a bus strike, or live in an unheated house during a coal strike. With these inconveniences testing their support for the dejected working class, they begin to apply different interpretations to the principle of equal rights for the workingman.

There are many of the lowly class who are hungry for food and material necessities, it is true, but this material hunger is exceeded by an urgent hunger for justice, friendship and charity, for without these, hope is driven out and only a state of desperation and despondency is left to haunt the hearts of the lowly classes. There will be no solution to their economic and moral wretchedness as long as the rich employer and industrialist cripple them with their injustice.

This mass social degradation is an inveterate evil of our modern industrialism. Remedies have been proposed and attempted—remedies like those of Marx and Lenin—but these remedies have failed. Our Holy Fathers have taken the lead in appealing to the non-workingman and in offering a true solution. This solution is found in their encyclicals and pronouncements on capital and labor, but it is valueless until men in numbers large enough

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A Universal Problem

by MARIE MARTINO

Regardless of time or civilization the traffic of any congested area becomes a serious problem. Roman public officials anticipating such a problem during the Holy Year of 1950, in view of the predicted large numbers of pilgrims who would visit the Holy City, had the Via della Conciliazione leading to St. Peter's widened and repaved. But this year is not the first time in the history of the Church's Jubilee Years that Rome faced a traffic problem.

In the first Holy Year of 1300, pilgrims streamed into Rome from all corners of the world. To remedy the inconvenience occasioned by the crowds passing over the bridge of St. Angelo, Pope Boniface VIII, the reigning Pontiff, caused the bridge to be divided lengthwise by a partition, ordering that all those who were going to St. Peter's should keep to one side, and those returning to the other; that is, those going to St. Peter's faced Castello Sant' Angelo, and those returning faced Monte Giordano. In the following lines taken from Dante's *Divine Comedy*, we have a reference to the regulations made for maintaining such order:

Come i Roman, per l' essercito molto,
L' anno del Giubileo, su per lo ponte
Hanno a passar la gente modo colto,

Che da l' un lato tutti hanno la fronte
Verso 'l castello, e vanno a santo Pietro,
Da l' altra sponda vanno verso il monte.

Even as the Romans, for the mighty host,
In the year of Jubilee, upon the bridge
Have devised a way to pass the people o'er

So that on one side they all have their faces
Toward the Castle, as they go to St. Peter's,
On the other side they go toward the Mountain.

(*Inferno*, XVIII, 28-33)

Notes from a Pilgrim's Diary (1950)

by BETTY KENNEDY

April 14

It was late afternoon and the setting sun lazily painted gold stripes on every spire, dome and wall as the plane circled in from the sea over Rome. I gasped with astonishment when I saw how small the city was. How could all that beauty, history, and magnificence, which I had read about, fit into such a small space?

From the air I could see the famed silver cupola of St. Peter's church with the circular Square spread out before it. Two huge steel-laced towers pointed out the Vatican radio station built by Marconi. I could distinguish a few of the seven hills with their churches and imperial ruins.

My heart was impatient to begin the tour of Rome at once, but my body was weary, so I willingly followed our guide to the hotel. . . .

April 17

As I wanted first to explore the subterranean city of the catacombs, we followed the Via Appia out of the city past the ruins of tombstones of Emperors and soldiers who were so ironically buried above those they had slaughtered,

past Italian schoolchildren with big bow ties who skipped along in play. Lighted candles were given us as we descended into the catacombs. We followed past hundreds of niches where the first martyrs lay. The air was filled with a spiritual silence and shadowy sanctity like that found in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

This was indeed a city, not of the dead, but of the living, ever working in the hearts of many, many Christians.

We ascended into the bright Italian sunlight and followed the road back into the city. We were anxious to gain the indulgence granted by the Holy Father to all Holy Year pilgrims and so hastened to St. Mary Major's where we recited the required prayers. This indeed is a church of extraordinary beauty. The queen of all Marian churches, it is the shrine of the manger in which the Christ Child lay so long ago.

April 20

. . . What a surprise when I found I could walk upon the roof of St. Peter's! The roof resembles a large balcony and from it we

could see the entire Square surrounded by 162 statues of saints, and centered by the Heliopolis Obelisk which is 84 feet high. Immediately above the entrance of the great church are the nineteen-foot statues of Christ and the apostles. . . .

April 21

On either side of St. Peter's is an entrance into the Holy City. We passed through the Bronze Door, which is the entrance for pedestrians, and made our way to the greatest art collection in all the world.

In the Sistine Chapel we marveled at the work of Michelangelo; in Raphael's Loggia, at the artist's magnificent conceptions of Biblical scenes. We saw an Etruscan warrior's chariot, gods of Greek mythology in sculpture and statues of Canova. My favorite was the room of Renaissance Madonnas where the talented inspired artists had left their impressions of Mary and her Child.

As we walked along the Roman streets, we noticed more artists in the making. Foreigners and Italians alike had settled with their easels in the most picturesque places. One barefoot boy of not more than twelve was doing a water color of a street scene while sitting at the base of the Piazza Colonna. . . .

April 24

The Via Della Conciliazione was

rebuilt especially for the Holy Year pilgrims. We walked along the finely paved road buying postcards and souvenirs. They were not hard to find for street vendors and shopkeepers alike catered to the welcome pilgrims.

A little cafe with tables outside caught our eyes and here, where our sightseeing would be uninterrupted, we lunched. A typical Italian dish was set before us, ham cooked and served in a savory hot tomato sauce. A salad steeped in garlic completed a spicy meal. . . .

April 26

Today again we went through the Bronze Door, past the colorful Swiss Guards in their red, yellow, and blue uniforms, and into the San Damascus courtyard. Here the Pope receives large audiences.

Strange to feel so insignificant and yet so important! This was my thought as I joined other pilgrims from far and near in paying homage to our Holy Father.

I felt insignificant because I stood in the shadow of the Vicar of Christ and successor of St. Peter, Pius XII, a great and holy man—yet important, for I was with him, a member of the Mystical Body.

As I pondered this, and the importance and greatness of our faith so centered here in Rome, there were tears of sorrow in my soul, tears of love in my heart, and tears of sincerity in my eyes.

AN MARIA GORETTI

German original and translation

by KATHERINE MORAN and SUZANN REITH

Jungfrau und Maertyrin des zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts

Starb am 5ten Juli, 1902 in Verteidigung ihrer Unschuld im 11ten Jahre ihres Lebens

Heiligesprochen am 25ten Juni, 1950

So schwach als Kind, doch stark wie Held,
Italiens Jungfrau tapfer stellt
Als blutbefleckte Lilie rein,
Ihr Leben für die Tugend ein.
Bitt auch für unsre Mädchen Schaar,
Dass sie stets rein das Herz bewahr;
Maria, Kind und Märtyrin,
So rein in Tat und Wort und Sinn;
Erfleh für sie an Gottes Tron,
Der Reinheit Glanz als Tugend Lohn.

TO MARY GORETTI

Virgin Martyr of the twentieth century

Died July 5, 1902 in defending her virginity at the age of eleven

Canonized June 25, 1950

So frail the child, and young in years,
But Italy's maid no combat fears,
As in defense of virtue's prize,
She death and dire pain defies.
Do thou sweet virgin, martyr fair,
For youthful maidens breathe a prayer;
Lest worldly glamor them allure,
Do thou for them God's grace secure.

Co-pilgrim with a Champion of the Papacy

by JEANNE GRIFFIN

Siena is a quiet, charming Italian city. Or at least it was last night when I dreamed that I walked its streets with St. Catherine. In my dream she stood before the Church of San Domenico, on the hill of Camporeggi, and waited patiently my slow ascent. There was a little smile playing about her lips, but her eyes were not smiling; in her dark Sienese eyes there was only pain, and acceptance. When I reached her side she nodded in greeting, and with the whispered "Come," began to walk rapidly down a street which would take us to the gate of the city, and southeast to Rome. Just before we reached the gate, Catherine turned, and stood, wrapt in contemplation. For a moment I could not understand, but then, suddenly, as so often happens in dreams, I knew. She was taking a last look at San Domenico, perhaps remembering how Christ looked, and how He had blessed her when, at the age of six, she had beheld Him, together with St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John the Evangelist, on the roof of the Church. She sighed audibly, then, squaring her thin shoulders, turned to me, and with the words, "Rome waits, my child," led me from the city.

Dawn was beginning to break as we left Siena, and it must have been very lovely, but I remember nothing of the road we took, nor how the fields looked, if there were houses, or if we met anyone on the way. I remember only Catherine, how she looked, and what she said, and how terribly sad she seemed.

"God sends us to help the Pope; let us pray that we may arrive in time, my child." As she spoke Catherine looked straight ahead, and did not lessen her pace in the slightest. She wore the habit of the Mantellate, and beside her black and white austerity, my twentieth century dress might have seemed out of place. But there was no incongruity in my dream. Fourteenth century or twentieth, I did not know. I only knew that here was St. Catherine, and we were going to Rome. I did not speak, and the saint continued, "I could not rest in heaven, when the Pope needed me, and so my Lord has sent me once more to walk the earth that I may help His Peter." Again I said nothing, it seemed I could not speak. And Catherine went on, "There is a totalitarianism which threatens the Church today, even as it did when I lived; you call it communism, the name does not

Co-Pilgrim With a Champion of the Papacy

matter. Christ's enemies have always hidden behind a name, a theory, but they have always been his enemies." Her pace slackened a little, and she turned to look at me. "Do you know that our Lady weeps because of your complacency? There is no place for complacency in the life of a Catholic."

We walked and walked; still I could say nothing. My tongue seemed no longer mine; my powers of speech had flown. Catherine seemed to be in deep thought. Once more she spoke.

"Pray for the Pope. Prayer is the key that opens the door to God's grace. Pray to her through whom all graces come. Personal sanctification and prayer, that is the only

way . . . the only way," she repeated sadly; and then, very slowly, "Do not be satisfied with little things, for God expects big ones."

San Domenico and Siena were far behind us. We had come a long way, and in the distance the outlines of the Holy City could be seen.

"Pray God we are in time," said St. Catherine, and then the dream shattered into fragments, and was gone. I awoke to a sunny, spring-washed morning; peace drifted into my room with the birdsong, but in my soul there was no peace. Because, you see, we had not yet reached Rome. Pray God there is still time.



Roma, la Sede de Santo Padre

By MARTHA DOUSDEBES

Spanish original and translation

Oh Roma! ciudad eterna de las siete colinas,
Testigo fiel de hazañas y pesares,
Ciudad escogida por San Pedro Apóstol
Para siempre la Sede del Vicario de Cristo.

Tú eres, Oh Ciudad Santa! un tabernáculo,
Que encierra en su seno al segundo Pastor.
Tú eres, Metrópolis, del Santo Padre el báculo;
Dejad que compartamos en algo tu fulgor.

Dejad que unamos nuestras pobres preces,
A las de Aquel que en el mundo a Cristo representa,
Y que unidos todos a coros muchas veces,
Pidamos por el mundo y su lucha sangrienta.

Rome, the Seat of the Holy Father

O Rome! immortal city on the seven hills,
A witness of victory and defeat,
Chosen by Saint Peter the city to be
The Seat of Christ's Vicar on earth.

You are, O Holy City! a tabernacle,
Enshrining in its bosom the Shepherd of the Flock.
You are, O Metropolis! the Holy Father's support;
Let us share with you always your beacons of light.

Would that our humble prayers be joined
To those of the Vicar of Christ,
And that all be united oft times in choirs
To pray for the world and its bloody strife.

Wanted: More Christophers

by RITA WOKNA

Cynicism spoke the other day . . .

His protege, Skepticism, echoed him heartily.

Actually, there is nothing unusual about hearing from these twentieth century oracles, for they are not to be restrained. In fact, the vogue seems to be complete subjection to the strange gods. One is considered childish or naive, if not light-headed, if he believes that there are still spiritual values, that man is not a glorified ape (—why look at science's discovery only recently furthering that sublime theory), that a return to higher standards of morality might effect a solution to the chaotic world's difficulties sooner than would violence.

However, the unswerving devotion which these pessimistic cults accord their spokesmen—the pseudo-philosophers, poets, writers—might serve to emphasize the acute necessity of an effective means of combating this gradual envelopment of all thought in a cloud of defeatism.

Today, perhaps more than ever before, there is a crying demand for true intellectuals, Christian intellectuals. And the majority of these leaders must come from Catholic campuses, for only *there* are ideas, theories, philosophies measured against immutable criteria.

There exists not only an opportunity, but a very real obligation. It is incumbent upon every young Catholic graduate, or prospective graduate, that he think of his talents in terms of their usefulness to the apostolate of Christ, rather than in terms of their personal profit alone.

The need of spiritual regeneration is evident; that it can be brought about might not be quite so evident. To accomplish even the smallest part of this may seem impossible.

But the burden is upon our shoulders. To attempt to disregard it would be imbecilic; to attempt to defer action is simply to become tepid.

The radical change must come in our attitude.

Why not be on the offensive—for a change—instead of on the defensive? Catholics, having at their disposal all that is needed to pull their fellow beings from the morass of materialism and pessimism, need only seize their opportunity. The stimulus alone seems to be lacking. Yet surely there could be no sharper stimulus than the activity on the American scene today.

Just think, and really think, about it.

We conciliate, always conciliate,

and rather pride ourselves upon it.

The boy in a state school rushed by a frat with a small Catholic quota, makes it despite the difficult qualifications. The select few! The businessman too tactful to discuss religion with his atheistic associates is accepted as unusually unbiased. Diplomacy! The politician, carefully evading a definite statement on the Church's position in relation to the state, is re-elected. The eloquence of silence!

Why should this be?

We have the answers; yet, we avoid the questions!

The average Catholic has literally to be cornered to supply the information an interested non-Catholic desires. The world is eager and we are timid—inexplicable.

A writer describes hauntingly

every pleasure and beauty of life, yet communicates only an emptiness. And man wonders at this meaningless, purposeless existence, for it is not life.

A poet vituperatively decries the world's imperfection and in his disillusionment inveighs against its Creator. Yet this world was not made to be loved.

We know all this. How well we know all this. Then why do we secretively treasure our knowledge—the key to detachment and happiness? Ought we not stand and shout—and be heard, rather than hesitantly whisper or timorously remain silent?

Does it really matter that we possess that which others are blindly groping for? that they stumble and sink into a pit of despair while we hug our comfort?

Why Worry About Palestine?

by JEAN MORTLOCK

The history of the city of Jerusalem, while colorful is also torn with strife. It is the history of a city from which it is impossible to divorce the influence of religion from the political and economic issues. The Palestine problem can never be solved without the consideration of religion and the Holy Places.

The recent strife over Palestine while not directly concerned with the Holy Places cannot be com-

pletely separated from them. The Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, stressed the importance of the religious aspect when he expressed concern over the state of Palestine in his Encyclical, *In Multiplicibus Curis*, of October 24, 1948. The Holy Father reaffirmed his position in his second Encyclical issued Good Friday, 1949, concerning the disposition of the land in Jerusalem proper.

When the Encyclical of Octo-

WHY WORRY ABOUT PALESTINE?

ber, 1948, was issued, the Jews and Arabs had been at war approximately ten months. Before the strife the Jews had accepted the plan of the United Nations to partition Palestine and to internationalize Jerusalem, but the Arabs formed a bloc. After the conflict ended with the Jews in possession of New Jerusalem, the Israelites insisted that the General Assembly of the United Nations had not acted soon enough to prevent war, nor did it have the power to order the Israelites to move the government offices recently established in New Jerusalem back to Tel Aviv; therefore, they, the Israeli government would never agree to the internationalization of New Jerusalem.

Of course, both Jews and Arabs assert that they will not hinder religious visitors to the Holy Land, but this is not enough. With the Jews encamped in New Jerusalem, and the Arabs in Old Jerusalem, it is hard to imagine how real harmony can be promoted.

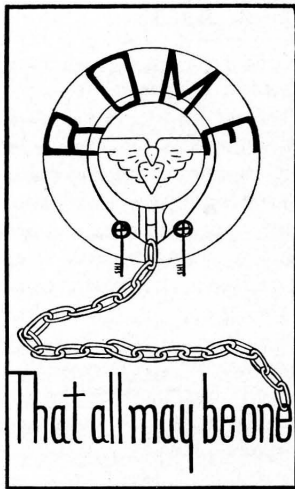
In his Encyclical Letter of October 24, 1948, the Holy Father stated that it is fitting that "Jerusalem and its neighborhood, where the hallowed memorials of the Divine Redeemer's life and death are preserved, should be placed under an international regime, juridically established and guaranteed." "Such

a regime," he thinks, "seems in the present circumstances most adequate and most suited to the protection of these sanctuaries." This apparently is the only plausible solution for this weighty problem.

The Israeli faction recommended as a solution that Old Jerusalem be internationalized, that is, the part controlled by the Arabs. It is true that many of the famous shrines are in the older part of the city, but the new city contains the Upper Room and the Mount of Olives. Another factor to be considered is that Jerusalem is not only holy to the Christians, but also to both the Moslems and Jews. To the Jews it is the seat of the promised land, and to the Moslems, the third holiest city, containing the Mosque of Omar. To the conflicting parties the issue is not always such a clear one; therefore, all Christians throughout the world are urged to pray with the Holy Father:

"May God look kindly upon the whole world and upon that land hallowed with the Blood of the Word made Flesh, that the charity of Jesus Christ which alone has power to give calm and peace may drive out all hatred and conflict."

(Encyclical letter on the Holy Places in Palestine—Good Friday, 1949)



Into the Church Through Art

by BILLIE JEAN EILERS

There was a definite sign of enjoyment in Ann's expression, but it was mingled with confusion as she viewed with increasing interest a group of posters to be submitted to the Chair Unity Octave Contest. They were on display in the art department of Marian College. She knew how to appreciate art; she had received the proper emotional response: there was good design in each line, and the coloring was equally effective, but somehow her appreciation was not complete. She realized this deficiency as she asked her companion:

"Carol, just exactly what do these signs, or symbols mean? They all seem to be striving to denote unity. But what does this unity denote? Is there a basis or foundation or specific purpose?"

"Fortunately, Ann, I believe I shall be able to help you. Being a Catholic often demands the answering of similar questions, and

having been confronted with them on many occasions I took it upon myself to probe the hidden source of symbolism. But first, let me explain what the Chair Unity Octave itself is. Its primary purpose is to bring all people into the one true Church. Its Latin slogan, *Ut Omnes Unum Sint*, meaning *That All May Be One*, indicates this goal. Each year from the feast of St. Peter's Chair, January 18, to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25, we observe this Chair of Unity Octave by participating in the prayers designated to foster unity of all peoples under the one true Shepherd—Christ. Pope Benedict XV, in 1916, extended its observance to the Universal Church enriching it with indulgences. It also has the commendation of our present Pope, Pius XII."

"And now for these symbols, if you please," Ann interrupted with an eagerness to learn of the un-

INTO THE CHURCH THROUGH ART

known pressing upon her mind.

"To begin with, these signs, as you have rightfully stated, are symbols, which represent the mysteries in the Church. And, in spite of what people usually think, religious symbolism was not all developed after the birth of Christ."

"Then how was this form of symbolic art developed, and what is its use?" Ann further inquired.

"Of course, signs regarding God the Father date back to the Old Testament. It was the person of the Father who revealed Himself to the Jews, but not until His Divine Son lived on earth was the Blessed Trinity clearly and openly revealed." Carol feared the inevitable, coming question; even she was not capable of comprehending this mystery.

"Are any of those three persons implied here?" questioned the inquirer as she continued to search for a possible understanding of such an awful statement.

Slightly relieved, Carol pointed out that the white dove is a symbol of the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Trinity, and that the IHS is a monogram of Jesus Christ, the second person in the Trinity. She then continued:

"The former dates back to the sixth century, when it generally became recognized as an adequate symbol of the Holy Ghost. This person of the Trinity is also characterized by seven lighted lamps which in turn signify the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost bestowed upon the Apostles. The IHS has

been derived from the Greek word for 'Jesus.'"

These facts did not completely satisfy Ann's inquisitive mind; each new thing mentioned seemed to entail a search for more knowledge. She pushed these thoughts momentarily aside as she interposed: "Perhaps the circle in this poster could suggest the oneness of these three persons?"

"Quite true, with regard to their divine nature, but they still remain three distinct persons. A circle may also represent eternity or infinite duration of God. This mention of circles brings to my mind the halo, or what was formerly known as the nimbus. This symbol attributes its origin to nature. About certain substances and in certain lights there often appears the phenomenon of a circle of light apparently emanating from the substance itself. Long before the Christian era, the nimbus was used to imply a form of dignity. Roman emperors and empresses were frequently pictured with a rayed crown. In fact, in early Christian times, saints and angels were seldom distinguished by this halo, which today is the most commonly used indication of divinity and of sainthood."

"But back to the significance of the poster," interrupted Ann again, "which interests as well as puzzles me."

"Let's see; what's next?" thought Carol, the informer, but then her eyes focused upon the keys and she began, "The keys—"

"Represent the keys of heaven given to St. Peter by Christ?" Ann

put in quickly but with uncertainty clearly evident in her voice.

"Fine, fine, but very few realize that keys are also a sign of penance and forgiveness of sin, for in St. Matthew's Gospel we read: 'And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.'"

Confession and forgiveness of sin—these two subjects had always confused Carol's non-Catholic friend, but now her curiosity was more deeply aroused. "Perhaps, or even positively, there was a way by which these mysteries could be drawn to a logical conclusion." This thought prevailed in Ann's mind as her "teacher" companion changed her discussion to the city of Rome:

"It is the residence of the Vicar of Christ on earth—the Pope—and

as such is not strictly speaking a symbol. The chain too, is not specifically a symbol, but again would be associated with unity. As a whole it could stand for the Church and we, the members, form its links.

More questions followed; subsequent answers somewhat illuminated Ann's clouded mind, but it was not until the next year during the Chair of Unity Octave that true satisfaction resided within her heart and soul when she walked up to the Communion rail to receive that God whose mention once conveyed only states of agitation and perplexity. Now the word "God" was a symbol of the merciful, just, and omnipotent Being who was to remain always the ultimate goal of her earthly activity.

"Yes," Ann frequently remarks with a distinct note of thankfulness in her voice, "I came into the Church through art."

A Painter, Sculptor, and Architect

By FRANCOISE MERCKEL

Pilgrims who tour Rome this year will be impressed by the magnificent works of art produced by Michelangelo, one of the greatest painters and sculptors of all times. The most grandiose exhibition of his artistic talent is in the Sistine Chapel. As an architect he is noted chiefly for designing and building the great dome of the Basilica of St. Peter's.

The praises of this great genius of the Renaissance who produced his masterpieces under the patronage of the Church are sung in the following sonnet by José-María de Heredia:

Michel-Ange

Certe, il était hanté d'un tragique tourment,
Alors qu'à la Sixtine et loin de Rome en fêtes,
Solitaire, il peignait Sibylles et Prophètes
Et, sur le sombre mur, le dernier Jugement.

Il écoutait en lui pleurer obstinément,
Titan que son désir enchaîne aux plus hauts faites,
La Patrie et l'Amour, la Gloire et leurs défaites;
Il songeait que tout meurt et que le rêve ment.

Aussi ces lourds Géants, las de leur force exsangue,
Ces Esclaves qu'étreint une infrangible gangue,
Comme il les a tordus d'une étrange façon;

Et dans les marbres froids où bout son âme altière,
Comme il a fait courir avec un grand frisson
La colère d'un Dieu vaincu par la Matière!

Michelangelo

Indeed, he was haunted by a tragic torment,
When in the Sistine Chapel and far from festive Rome,
As a solitary, he painted Sibyls and Prophets
And, on the somber wall, the Last Judgment.

Within himself he heard obstinate weeping,
Titan losing his battle with the Olympian gods,
Fatherland and Love, Glory and their defeats;
He was thinking that all passes and dreams are deceiving.

Also those heavy Giants, weary with their bloodless force,
Those Slaves who grasp an infrangible gangue,
How strangely he has fashioned them all;

And through the cold marble where his lofty soul wells up,
How there he has caused to run with a great shudder
The anger of a god conquered by matter!

Undying Hope

by MARTA KILCZER

The kingdom of Hungary has existed for 1000 years on the meeting point of East and West in Central Europe. For 1000 years the "Magyars" have been fighting for the freedom of this small country against the enemies from East and West. But never in the history of Hungary has there been such a need to pray for freedom, for resurrection as there is today when the red terror has lordship over the country.

The people of Hungary have not lost their hope and among their prayers during the Holy Year of 1950 they recite the following creed as their ancestors did with faith in their hearts:

Hiszek egy Istenben,
Hiszek egy hazában,
Hiszek egy isteni örök igazságban,
Hiszek Magyarország feltámadásában.
Ámen.

I believe in one God,
I believe in one fatherland,
I believe in the eternal justice of God,
I believe in the resurrection of Hungary.
Amen.

(Hungarian Credo by Papp-Váry Elemérné)



IT'S EVERYBODY'S JOB *(Continued from Page 17)*

ing of the many and various duties of our state in life become our chief concern. *We must not allow them* to become important in themselves. Sanctity is not in the *what* and *when* of our actions, but in the *how* and *why*. Holiness consists in doing all for the love of God, in enduring all for the love of God, and in knowing that all which comes to us is the will of God.

Living sanctity isn't pictured with its hands folded, its eyes downcast, and a gleaming halo over its head. It has its sleeves rolled up, its hands covered with the dirt of real work, and a big, broad smile on its face because, although as we have said its job is a hard one, its rewards are happiness and the joy of living.

SOCIAL MISSION *(Continued from Page 22)*

in the United States. With our high percentage of divorce and general lack of respect for marriage, the ideals represented by an organization similar to the M.P.F. would be beneficial. There is already some work being done in the United States on family life in the way of Cana conferences, pre-marriage instruction, and recently, retreats for

the entire family, but no movement on such a large scale as the organization in France. Until such times as a unified effort is made, it is the duty of every Catholic to see that in his home a model Christian family life is led. Only by such example can we hope to reinstate the true concept of Christian marriage in our land.

THE CHURCH *(Continued from Page 28)*

are found willing to cooperate in bringing about a better social and economic life.

The Church alone by answering the call to carry on the social apostolate, can bring about the realization of the type of social order we need, for this new social order must be filled with the justice, wisdom, charity and understanding which

characterized the Divine Model and Founder of the Church. From Him, through His Church, we get the true and proper concept of this social justice which claims that God has indeed made the earth for all men that they may live a full life as responsible human beings and that they may eventually enjoy the realization of their eternal goal.

Which Way Education?

by JEANNE GRIFFIN

Universal education has reached a high point in America. Given a strong shot in the arm by returning vets, the colleges have begun a mass-production job that may be far-reaching in its consequences. The days of sliding through school are on the way out, together with the *rah-rah* characters of campus fame. Those who have fought a war and looked death in the face have done with wishful thinking—there's a goal ahead for which they're striving, and all efforts are directed towards that goal. The energy and seriousness with which these returning students are attacking their college studies is bound to have repercussions in the student world, repercussions for the good. But look a little closer. Concentrate on that word "goal." What does it all mean? Where are they and we going?

Thoughtful people are beginning to wonder about the future. With the awe-inspiring scientific advancements of the past few years, the H bomb and its possible effects, and the political hash that world politics has become, who knows the value of that ephemeral term, "the future"? Thus it seems clear that the goal is not to be a material one. Today goes on being today, and who can say that tomorrow will

come. There is one alternative, a spiritual goal. And this is just the goal that secular colleges, for the most part, have ignored. Pragmatists are waging a very successful battle, and their arena is the classroom. Learn all that you can, and then use that knowledge to further your own ends. Ignore God; don't you know that science scoffs at His existence? Be a man; stand up for your rights.

Yes, stand up for your rights. But who gave you those rights? The same God that your professors have rejected. And has the great god Science yet explained the miracle of birth? How can there not be a Creator!

In two thousand years the mission of the Church has not changed. Christ said to His Apostles, "*Go, therefore, and make disciples of all nations; . . . teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you.*" All nations, all things. That is a comprehensive statement. Oh, the answer is so simple, so ready! It is our own blindness that prevents us from seeing. "*You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free*"—free from the terrors of a world quivering in a web of its own weaving. Universal education is a tremendous power for good, just so long as it is education di-

WHICH WAY EDUCATION?

rected to an ultimate end for good. We must educate for God, or we shall educate for the devil. Or don't we enlightened moderns believe in devils anymore?

Catholic America has accepted the challenge. Secularism has no place in a God-centered life, and a life that is not centered in God is not a real life. One of the most wonderful things about Catholicism is its essential order and harmony. First things are put first, and everything else falls into place. That is why the atom bomb, the hydrogen bomb, have no terrors for one who looks first to the Creator, and then at His creations. Everything He created was made for a purpose, an essentially good purpose, or God could not have created it. Hence it is not with Him that we are to find fault, but with the greatest of His creations. It is man who has perverted to his own materialistic ends the good things of God.

"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That's a large order, but one very possible of attainment. Our Catholic schools and colleges are implanting the truth from which flows much of the good in the world. More and more, people are becoming aware that Catholicism is more than a static religion. It is an active, living organism, one that

not only sets a goal for its followers, but directs them to that goal, as Alice Meynell has expressed it so beautifully:

*"Thou art the Way,
Hadst Thou been nothing
but the goal
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my
soul."*

Heaven is a real place, and our eventual destination, but the world is real, too, and it must be made a better place, a good, truthful place in which to live. This is the Catholic way of life, the Catholic aim, simply because it is God's will: *"My food is to do the will of him who sent me."*

Accept the challenge, youth of America. Be aware; make yourself prayerfully aware of your own responsibility. Take Christ with you into the home, the office, the factory, the schoolroom; don't reserve Him only for Mass on Sunday. You'll miss a lot of living that way. Oh, take the truth. It's waiting for you. No one can educate you. You must educate yourself. All that the Church can do is present the facts. It's up to you to heed them. Listen, and act! Out of the chaos and pain of this world of ours at the half-way mark of the twentieth century, may come the order and beauty of a world at last set right, a world at peace with itself and its Maker.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Story of the Trapp Family Singers

by MARIA AUGUSTA TRAPP

A delightful story full of love, sorrow, joy, and sanctity, a wholesome entertaining story is *The Story of the Trapp Family Singers*. It would be difficult indeed to read this book without increasing one's desire for peace, harmony, and happiness.

The story is told by the mother of the family, Maria Von Trapp. She who had been forced to leave the convent because of ill-health was first employed as governess for the five children of the Baron Von Trapp, a widower. Later, in spite of her desire to give herself entirely to God, Maria saw that it was God's will that she marry the baron. This marriage led to one of the happiest of family lives. Maria dedicated herself wholly to her family. In teaching them to sing she showed them a new way to praise God. This singing also brought about a closer union within the family. When the war came she retained her calm sensibility and good judgment bringing the family courageously through in spite of their loss of wealth and position. Through her faith in God and love for Him she proved that material gain is not half so important as

spiritual wealth. It was during the war that they met Father Wasner and began to sing professionally.

Then, when the Trapp family came to this country as immigrants, the real interest for the American reader begins. With humor and wisdom the baroness describes the vastness of the country and the wonder of it all. Her gratitude makes the American realize how fortunate he is to be an American. Her attitude with that of the family is one of sheer joy at becoming American citizens. For all the unfortunate things that happened she blamed herself and valued it as experience. Their talent together with her initiative and ambition brought about their fame as singers.

It is quite natural for a mother to overlook the faults of her husband and children, but it is incredible that there could be ten people with so few imperfections. If the reader overlooks this one fault he realizes that Maria Von Trapp has accomplished her purpose by presenting her cherished family to the world.

—Ann McCarthy

Like Lesser Gods

by MARIA TOMASI

Maria Tomasi has set her moving story of sturdy workers against a background of rock dust, carving sheds in the granite quarries of Vermont. Like lesser gods the granite workers fashion memorials in stone.

Woven into a pattern of happiness, tragedy, and final achievement this story seems to have been picked from real life, and set between the covers of a book.

Through the eyes of Mr. Tiff, the penniless, frail, but intelligent school teacher, the story of the granite workers is told. Mr. Tiff, a real, active person is always at hand at the crucial moment to offer advice or suggest a remedy. He possesses almost more power than his patron St. Michael. This quality seems to detract from the picture of Mr. Tiff making him seem less a living person and more an imaginary character.

Mr. Tiff, setting out from Vermont, loses his money. After a lapse of six months he returns to his friends. Remaining, he watches the children grow into adulthood, hears their problems, is counselor, teacher, and judge to all in the village. Warm and sympathetic with all human problems Mr. Tiff becomes entwined in the inner lives

of all the villagers. Asa Conway, the stingy storekeeper, the beautiful widow Lucia, Denny Douglas, wealthy son of the quarry owner, as well as the Dalli family with whom Mr. Tiff lives are helped directly or indirectly by the latter.

A reflection of contrasts in the characters is skillfully outlined to offer a contrast in mood and personality. Maria Dalli perhaps of all the characters seems to have some of the qualities of the granite of the region. Lacking emotion, Maria remains cold and unresponsive through the illness and death of her beloved husband.

The common everyday life is presented with a fresh outlook and does not slump into monotony. Sensationalism is not employed to make the story interesting. Simple but unforgettable people in ordinary circumstances are its drawing point. Life is not easy, but the people of Graniteville can laugh as well as cry.

Well acquainted with her locale Miss Tomasi carefully depicts the Vermont granite district and the granite industry. She is intimately acquainted with her characters who live because they are flesh and blood and lovable.

—*Suzann Reith*

Father Flanagan of Boys Town

by FULTON and WILL OURSLER

The name of Father Flanagan and his philosophy of love which proves "There are no bad boys" is revered and honored the world over. His name has become synonymous with Boys Town, an incorporated village located just eleven miles from Omaha, Nebraska. The story of his life together with the founding of Boys Town thirty-two years ago on borrowed money and with five young destitute lads is now in print. For the first time we are able to journey to Omaha, to Boys Town, and there to see the philosophy of Father Flanagan in action. As we read through the pages of *Father Flanagan of Boys Town* by Fulton and Will Oursler, we become acquainted with the personality of the man who gave his all that homeless boys might know love and kindness, the lack of which, as he proved, was the cause of juvenile delinquency.

Born in Roscommon, Ireland, in 1886, Edward Joseph Flanagan enjoyed a home life, the likes of which he was to reproduce in Boys Town. Early in his life he felt the calling of God and determined to become a priest. A long series of seemingly impossible hardships lay between this decision and his actual ordination, for the health of little Ed-

ward was not good. As is often the case, however, his will along with faith in God, paved the way and on July 26, 1912, his vocation was realized. The remainder of the life of Edward J. Flanagan was devoted to the cause of destitute starvelings. In the pages of the book you see the old house in downtown Omaha gradually grow into the nine hundred acre farm that today cares for one thousand boys. You become acquainted with these boys who make up the town. You grow to love them all as did Father Flanagan as you see them prove his theory that there are no bad boys. And when Carlo, the first dog of Boys Town dies you feel, along with the young lads, a sorrow that only human beings who are treated as such can feel.

As the boys file into chapel on May 15, 1948 to ask God's blessing, you too will find yourself saying a prayer that more people with a heart like that of Father Flanagan will be born to carry on his work.

Yes, in the pages of this book you will find a story of human beings, not only those who represent the kindlier side of life as do Father Flanagan and his boys but also those who must be taught the value

FATHER FLANAGAN OF BOYS TOWN

of love and faith in God. It is a biography in the real sense of the word as it tells the true story of a person's life.

Fulton and Will Oursler obtained much of the information contained in this book from intimate conversations with Father Flanagan himself and with those persons who were closest to him. What they

have written is much more than a mere biography. It is a story of human life in which are intermingled sorrow, love, despair, hope, and above all faith in God. It is the story of the life of the man who for a half century was the most beloved man in the United States.

—*Mary Catherine Cangany*

The Perfect Invader

by ROBERT BURNS

Many novels have sprung from the events connected with World War II, as is true of almost every war. Some of these are true incidents of lesser importance which will escape history books; others have authentic background; and still others are completely fictitious. When books are written by persons who had nothing to do with the war we hesitate to accept these books as being true to fact. When, however, a book is written by a person who has taken an active part in the war itself, even though that book be only partly true we are more inclined to accept the fictitious part as true.

Robert Burns, a Catholic and a veteran of World War II, is now only twenty-five. From his experience in the Austrian theater he has produced a novel on the American occupation of Austria. The back-

ground of his story is true; the story itself is fiction.

Burns first previews the life of the people of Grafenburg and Enns in Austria before the Americans came. There the countryfolk, with their tiny government, which was centered in the burgermeister, a wealthy farmer, were facing a grave problem. That problem was whether they should surrender to the Russians who were advancing from the east, or to the Americans who were coming from the west. As they did not wish to see the Russians in Grafenburg and Enns, it was decided at a council meeting to send a delegate to the Americans inviting them to occupy the two towns. Bannon, the young Technical Sergeant from Chicago was placed in charge of the battalion which occupied Grafenburg and Enns. Since the majority of the

people followed the orders of the Americans willingly, Bannon soon found that his duties were comparatively few. Much of his time was spent at a nearby farmhouse where two elderly women and a pretty young girl lived.

The characters in *The Perfect Invader* are individuals. Bannon, Jake, and the other G.I.'s live. Their actions are those of a specific personality, not of a type. Bannon at times acts in a way which is not what you would expect and approve of in an Army official. However, when he repents you forgive him readily since Burns makes him so very familiar to you.

In the course of the story, Bannon meets a Russian lieutenant whom Burns uses as a means of showing different Russian tactics. The Russian army is not stressed in this book, but the lieutenant's actions and the observations on the part of the American lookout man give a definite picture of the Russian system.

The Perfect Invader is written in a flowing style and does not betray the fact that it is Burns' first book. Authors have worked for years to gain such an easy and rhythmic style as Burns has produced in this his first novel.

—Sharonlu Sheridan



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