

Fioretti

Marian College

Indianapolis, Indiana

Doesn't encourage experimentation in new ideas
& techniques

Size, variety, quality not proper

Articles style not such that lead reader to
want to read

Not proper balance between light and heavy,
serious & humorous

Narratives not sufficiently developed

Morals don't arise naturally from stories

Stories aren't unified, coherently developed

Layout not attractive, & unified - unhelpful
not consistent

Paths not interestingly written & attractively
displayed

Insufficient art work to brighten appearance
of magazine

Evidence that writers do have Cath
insight into subject

THE FIORETTI

AN ANTHOLOGY
OF
MARIAN COLLEGE
PROSE AND VERSE

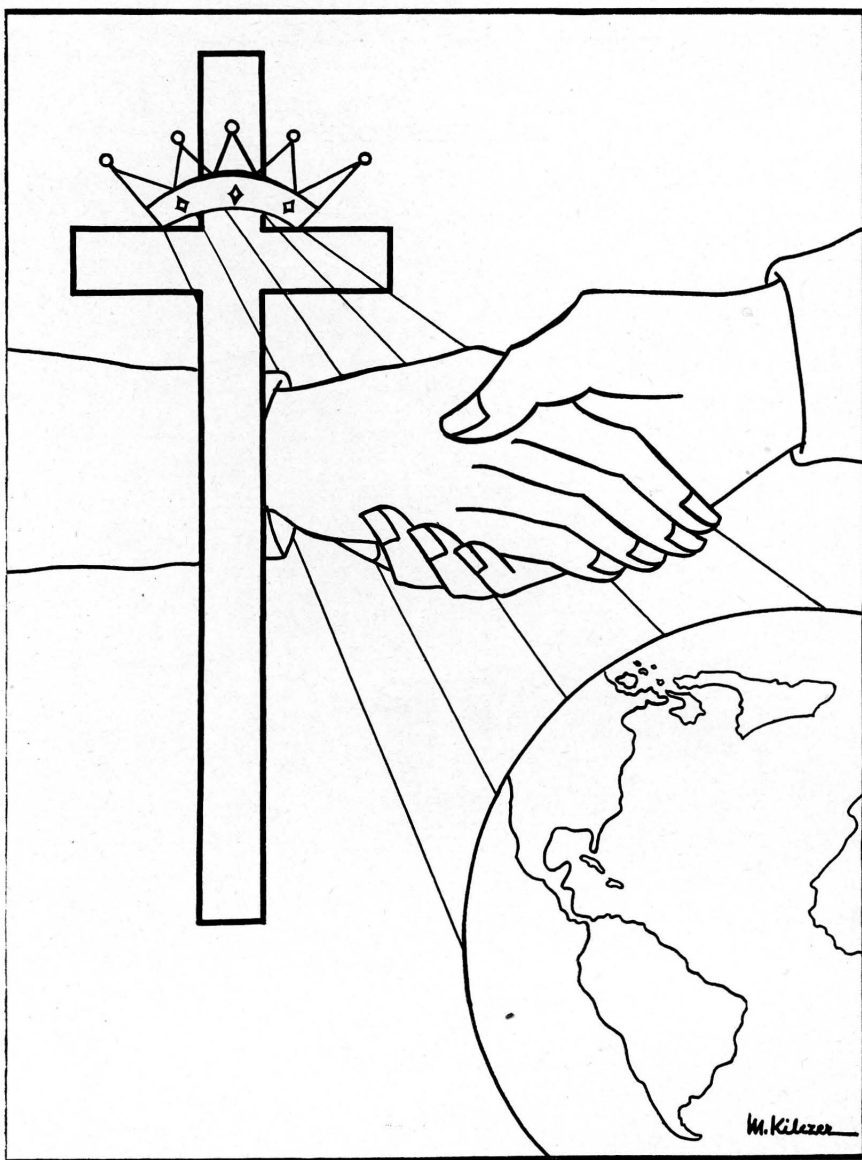


VOLUME NINE



Marian College
Indianapolis, Indiana

1951-1952



WORLD BROTHERHOOD THROUGH CHRIST

TO CHRIST

KING OF THE WORLD

this volume

is

lovingly dedicated

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*In doing all we can to bring about the
re-establishment of Christ's kingdom,
we will be working most effectively
toward a lasting peace.*

—Pius XI

EDITORIALS

A Unifying Force

In the present conflict between the East and the West, which in many respects has already become a third world war, the only hope for peace seems to be the discovery of a "third force" which would unite into one party the good of the two antagonistic worlds. There is, however, much confusion as to what this "third force" must be.

Gilbert K. Chesterton once said that the difficulty of the Puritan was that he was too logical; he denied the existence of the Divine Mercy because he could find no room for the mercy of God in his logic. So, too, the modern communists are slaves to their own logic; they deny the existence of liberty and faith and the supernatural because these do not fit into their logic. Against such logic there are many arguments, but there is only one satisfying answer and that is faith. The "third force" in the modern division of the world must be religion. Only by a return to religion can the world escape the relentless logic that leads to a terrible threatening conflict.

There are influences abroad even in our own country whose main purpose is to eliminate from our society those Christian truths which have formed, strengthened, and developed the very fabric of our cul-

tural heritage. Religion is being either pushed into the background, or eliminated wherever possible, under the misleading guise of neutralism.

Unfortunately, supersonic planes and atomic power seem more powerful than prayer, but prayer based on faith has defied, and will continue to defy, material power. Faith in the spiritual and supernatural lives unquenchably in the hearts and minds of millions of men in all parts of the world.

We must at all times extend the aid of prayers, against which there are no national or racial boundaries, to those who are separated from external communications with the Church. To all free men there is a definite call to recognize at all times and in all places and in all persons the obligations of social justice and Christian charity and to be living members of the Mystical Body of Christ. To all free men there is a definite warning to avoid the false security offered by a policy of religious neutralism.

Religion alone crosses the boundaries which divide the world into two opposing camps. No man is excluded from its invitation — atheist, pagan, Jew, heretic and Christian on either side of the Iron Curtain—all are recognized in

Christ as having that human and spiritual dignity that contradicts governmental suppression or selfish persecution. For the individuals in Russia, the impoverished Chinese, the imprisoned and enslaved captive, as well as for the more fortu-

nate American citizen, there is only one real solution of the Cold War, a real "third force" capable of resolving the terrible division in the modern world, and that force is RELIGION.

—Mary Wassel

Brotherhood—the Son of Education

The problem which requires serious consideration today is that of prejudice. Who of us has not frequently met this hydra-headed monster, which rears its ugly head, now in the form of race hatred, again as religious bigotry or antagonism because of nationality or economic status?

The term prejudice literally means a pre-judgment, an evaluation made before all the pertinent facts have been collected. A prejudice involves a refusal to look at *all* the facts and is, therefore, irrational.

Did you realize that you were acting irrationally when you judged a person by his nationality, the slant of his eyes, the color of his skin, and the way he talks? A person is what he is regardless of such incidentals. One should judge a man for himself and not by the yardstick of creed, race, or color. The essence of democratic human relations is respect for the individual worth and dignity.

Can you love someone without knowing him? No! How then can you hate a person without knowing

him? Don't deceive yourself; it can't be done.

In these days when we are constantly speaking in terms of international relations, we are encountering international as well as personal prejudices. World peace and world order cannot be maintained if these prejudices are not uprooted.

What is the remedy for all these destructive attitudes? If one analyzes the saying, "Prejudice is the child of Ignorance," the answer seems to be *education*. Man is not born with prejudices; it is human nature to love and to want to be loved. Prejudices, the enemies of peaceful harmony, then must be the result of something lacking in one's education. That something is a lack of knowledge and understanding of other countries and their people or the lack of the building up of right attitudes, attitudes which are measured against Christian social principles.

Educate yourself! Know your neighbor! Know your national and international brothers! Live on Brotherhood Lane!

—Rita McCann

Perfect Vision

The vision of the soul must wider be
Than keenest vision of the strongest eye.
It needs must stretch beyond the farthest sea
And reach to heaven past the darkest sky.

The human eye sees colors in the skin
Of white and negro, Indian, Chinese,
And its perceptions fool the soul within,
Making so many peoples out of these.

The soul with wisdom filled will cast away
Such narrow judgments ere they well have come,
And piercing deep beyond the eye's short range,
Will find a soul alike in every one.

—Joyce Ann Edwards

The Fourth Estate

by BETTY KENNEDY

The much talked of "modern age," in which the limelight is shared by the scientist, militarist, and statesman, has brought men, reluctantly or willingly, closer together. Today the French peasant is no longer a stranger to the American farmer, nor are conferences in England unknown to the Puerto Rican public.

The power of the press has been at once a cause and an effect of this close relationship. Through the press and its powerful contemporary media, the radio and television, the eyes and ears of the world have been extended; but the world itself has become smaller. A Pennsylvania coal miner can, in thirty minutes, gain a summary of happenings covering twenty-four hours and spanning thousands of miles.

And because of this closer relationship of man, the influence of the press is more widespread. Its responsibility has become greater. It is no longer enough to say the function of the press is to inform, to present the truth. The modern press must interpret, and interpret correctly, for its readers.

Further, the modern press must instill Christian principle.

With the world traveling at such a rapid pace, the danger of misunderstanding and misinterpreting the news is inevitable. The Pennsylvania coal miner must depend on the well-trained journalists to guide him in correct thinking. Consuming facts and figures is not enough. A conclusion must be reached.

The United Nations, the mother of international brotherhood, recognizes the importance of the press. In 1948, she organized a sub-commission on freedom of information and the press. Since then, she has patiently borne the controversy over just how free the press should be.

The U.N. recognizes that the literate one-tenth of the world population, upon whose actions rest the destinies of nations, is largely influenced by what it reads.

It is for this reason that the press must impart principle.

The Catholic press, ever guided by Christian social principle, can lead the world press. With man's eternal goal in mind, it expounds theories based on sound doctrine and good philosophy.

The modern world press can take as its prayer—" 'Cleanse my heart and my lips, O Almighty God' . . . and my pen."

The Eucharist and World Peace

by DORIS STOCKY

Barcelona, Spain, has had the privilege of being host to the 35th International Eucharistic Congress from May 26 to June 1 of this year. In this city, which was one time the capital of the Red regime in Spain, public honor and adoration were given to our Eucharistic King.

The second last gathering of this kind was held at Budapest, Hungary, in 1938, when the world atmosphere was much the same as today. Then too the great fear of the world was war. It was Hitler threatening world peace. Today it is Stalin.

Had it not been for World War II several Eucharistic Congresses would have been held since 1938. Other world congresses, however, have been held since that time. Their principal topic for discussion was war and the attainment of peace, but seldom was there mentioned the name of God. Unlike these congresses, the congress held in Barcelona, had for its theme,

"The Eucharist and Peace." Problems of family peace, social and international peace, and Church unity were topics discussed at the general meetings and study sessions. Since Christ is the King of the World and the Prince of Peace He should not be excluded when means for peace are being discussed. The Roman Catholic Church maintains that we must think in terms of international understanding in order to dispel the evils of greed, hate and fear. She knows that it is only in Christ and through Christ that the people of the world can find peace, security, and love.

The thousands of people who attended the Eucharistic Congress at Barcelona came from all corners of the earth. They represented all races and nationalities, thus proving the universality of the Roman Catholic Church. In the presence of the King of Kings in the Blessed Sacrament all were united in praising Him and offering their petitions to Him for world peace.



An Auxiliary Language

by RITA SHERIDAN

This is the age of internationalism! Every day science finds a new way of surpassing national boundaries and national ambitions; however, with so many new problems arising, there must be some way to create a better international understanding. There is no common language by which to convey thoughts, thoughts that bring about an understanding that is essential in preventing wars.

Other means of communication, such as radio and telephone, have received world wide recognition; why then should not a common language be likewise recognized? Language is the most important means of communication and should be considered as such in our search for international understanding. People with no common language remain mostly strangers to one another. Never before in world history has it been so important that people with common ideals and aspirations should be able to communicate with one another through a common language.

If we were to have an international language, which one should it be—English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian? In learning a foreign language, an understanding of the mentality of the nation that speaks it should be obtained as well as an appreciation of its people's viewpoints, ideals, and

aspirations. In order that there might be a complete understanding among all peoples of the globe, a universal language would be desirable.

For many years, people have been advocating a universal language. Such advocacy has gained new importance throughout the world since radio makes it possible to communicate so quickly with far away places. The term international language is generally used to denote a second, or auxiliary language for international use. Formerly the universal language was the language of the conqueror. The modern world, however, tends to favor the adoption of some new linguistic medium, because it has been found that such a medium is easy to use and because it is inoffensive to national pride.

Many international languages have been tried, but most of them have failed in their attempt to satisfy all nations; however, Esperanto has had considerable success. This international language was first suggested in 1887 by Dr. Zamenhof, a Russian physician. Small progress was made in the first ten years but it finally took root in Russia and spread to Norway and Sweden. France was greatly interested and became a center from which it spread to other European nations. Courses in Esperanto are

now being offered in many schools all over the world and every day more books, textbooks as well as others, are being translated into Esperanto. Millions of people throughout the world already have learned Esperanto in anticipation of the world brotherhood movement.

The chief purpose of the international auxiliary language is not to take the place of the historical and national tongues, but to preserve their very character. A language begins to disintegrate when it is imposed upon men of an alien tradition.

Nations today are not willing to give up their mother tongue for an

auxiliary language which has been created or invented just for a means of international intercourse. Their national pride is too great to accept a language which has never entailed the lives and traditions of their ancestors.

An international language used as a means of common expression among delegates representing various countries in congresses would be a great aid to international understanding. But a "created" language, to be used as a means of popular intercourse among all the nations and peoples of the globe, could be no more than a secondary or auxiliary language to those who speak a mother tongue.

A World of Neighbors

Nations of the world,
With your flags unfurled,
Stretch forth a friendly hand
To every neighboring land.

—Irma Klett

The Olympic Games

by RITA McCANN

In this so-called Atomic Age, when the free nations of the world are being brought together by the threat to their very existence, the hope for a successful and lasting peace must be founded on a better international understanding. The principal function of the UN is to create a great moral force which will bring about more friendly relations among nations. It is because of this great international effort that the Olympic Games, which occur this year, have a greater significance than ever before. These games are undoubtedly one of the world's greatest practicing forms of internationalism.

The Olympic Games date back to remote antiquity, prior to the commencement of the historical era in Greece. Our conception of the Olympic Games differs somewhat from that of the ancient Greeks. The "Great Olympic Game" was a general name given one of the four great national festivals of Greece. The Greeks attribute the origin of this game to a divine source.

The game was celebrated on the plain of Olympia, a valley lying in the middle of ancient Elis in the western part of Peloponnesus. The festival was a quadrennial one; the period elapsing between the two celebrations was called an Olympiad.

Only Greeks of pure descent were allowed to participate, but when the Romans conquered Greece, they also took part in the contests. Women were excluded.

For the first thirteen Olympiads there was only one contest, a foot race. In the course of time, the number of contests increased to twenty-four. The prize awarded to the victor was merely a garland of wild olive, but the honor of gaining such a prize was so highly esteemed that a victor in the Olympic Games was regarded as bringing honor not only to himself but also to his family and even to the city and state to which he belonged.

These ancient games died out during the fourth century A.D. and were not revived until 1896 when the first of a new series, the Modern Olympic Games, was played at Athens.

Baron de Coubertin was the apostle of the Modern Olympic Games. While enrolled in a Jesuit school in Paris during the Franco-Prussian War, he had seen his beloved France crushed. This developed a hate of war in Baron de Coubertin. What could be done to promote the ideal of friendly competition among all races of the globe? His answer was, "to revive athletics." He would revive the

ancient Olympic Games on a world-wide basis.

The first Modern Olympic Games were inaugurated April 6, 1896. Many features of the ancient procedures were kept intact except for a few modern modifications. Teams from England, France, Germany, Denmark, Hungary, Switzerland, and the United States participated. Some teams were officially sent, others came unofficially.

The unofficial team from the United States was composed of nine men selected by the Boston Athletic Association and two other men who went to Athens on their own initiative. Crowned with the olive wreath of victory as bands played the Star Spangled Banner and the American flag was raised, James B. Connolly, as winner of the first event, became the first of modern Olympic champions. The United States succeeded in capturing nine of the fourteen events.

Here at Athens, two thousand six hundred seventy-two years after the first games were held at ancient Olympia, men gathered to take part in various events and at their conclusion either be honored or give honor. Although the contestants differed in appearance, in tongue, in social, political, religious, and economic life—all spoke the same language, a language of understanding. Looking at each other

they saw individuals who, although different in some ways, were human and basically the same as they.

Soon after the first series of games, preparations were made for the second series to be held in Paris in 1900. Thus began our Modern Olympic Games. In time they came to be governed by the International Olympic Committee which drew up documents providing for membership, administration, and congresses.

Subsequently, champions vied for the Olympic trophies in the following countries: St. Louis, 1904; Athens, 1906; London, 1908; Stockholm, 1912; Antwerp, 1920; Paris, 1924; Amsterdam, 1928; Los Angeles, 1932; Berlin, 1936; London, 1948; Helsinki, Finland, 1952.

The spirit of the Olympics can well be summed up in this anonymous poem:

*"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor, as you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless
eyes.*

*To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you
birth,*

*And dearer yet the Brotherhood,
That binds the brave of all the
Earth."*

Will the Modern Olympic Games carry forward into the future the torch of world fraternity, the philosophy of the poem?



Prejudice Uprooted

by JOYCE ANN EDWARDS

I had just dropped in for a friendly visit with my Uncle George, an old, good-natured man, good as the years are long except for one environmental imperfection that those long years had not managed to erase. He had grown up in the days of the Ku-Klux-Klan and, consequently, felt that the only good Negro was the one still in the African jungles.

The basketball season being at its peak, our conversation naturally tended toward this sport and the tourney in progress.

"I hope Centerville wins tonight," Uncle George said as a means of torment.

"They won't, you know," I assured him. "Our team is tops this year."

"No, I'm all for Centerville. Not a Nigger on their squad. Your fellows ought to be shot for playing with those four Niggers, and the school for allowing it."

"They say God doesn't see colors, Uncle George. They all affect His eyes in the same way. At least He doesn't see them sensually as we do, only intellectually. Do you suppose men's souls are colored when they come before Him, that is, other than by the common blackness of sin? And do you suppose He has to

have separate heavens for the several races in order to avoid riots?"

"Well, I hadn't considered," he mumbled weakening, "you have to admit, though, that those Negroes and Chinese are a crafty, lazy lot. And the Indians, well, they may work, but they surely are sneaky."

"How many Indians or Chinese did you ever know, or how many Negroes did you ever really take the trouble to know, for that matter? Your ideas of them are based on passing looks or on hearsay, aren't they? Would you believe it if the Russians started telling us our democracy was no good because it allowed racial freedom, even though you are prejudiced?"

"Could you say," I continued, "that no white man was ever crafty or lazy? And again, consider the white man who lies in the sun to get tanned. How do you suppose we'd look after a few hundred years of working in the tropics?"

"Did you ever see a Negro refuse to fight for his country—his country that enslaved him and has now left him poor, often without educational opportunities and a square chance to show his worth?"

"We let them go to school, don't we?" Uncle George said quickly. "We give them jobs, let

them live among us, even let them go to our churches—so I've noticed lately. Going pretty far, I'd say."

"Yes, we let them go to school, at least here in the Northern states we do. And we give them the slums to live in and a little manual labor—scraps from our wonderful opportunities that we'd give to a dog if he had the mouth and the intelligence to ask for them. But is that charity, is that treating them as human beings like ourselves?"

"During the Holy Year there were holy cards showing streams of lambs pouring into the Vatican. They were all white. Well, maybe they were meant to represent pure souls. But if I had been that artist, stressing the unity of *all* men under the Pope, I would have taken the brush and made some red, some yellow, and some black to stress even more effectively the idea of international brotherhood under Christ."

"Well, maybe, maybe. And I suppose in that same spirit of brotherhood you'd live next door to a Negro and let your children and his grow up together?"

"Yes, I suppose I would. You

know, those color lines in city ordinances are really against the natural and moral laws in the first place. My brother plays with Negroes at school every day and he is much better off than if he were playing with some of the white boys in the neighborhood. I knew a Negro in high school who was tops in sports, in scholastic standing, and in popularity—and out of a class of 350, too. You used to boo him when we listened to the games together, but he helped the team and played fair, didn't he?"

"You've got me. I'll have to admit that those fellows on the team do play fair and well. And I'm rather overcome by your point about the different races in heaven. I had never thought of living with them through all eternity. Of course, if I had, I suppose it wouldn't have been enough to make me want to stay out of heaven. I'll try living with them now so that it won't be such a frightening novelty later. I'll start by looking for their good points instead of their bad ones. Come back tonight and we'll cheer for the team—the whole team."



Globe Trotting Cardinal

by SUZANN REITH

Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York is a man of action and vitality whose daily routine would completely exhaust two average men. Streamlining protocol to fit the twentieth century, he is a "modern" prince of the Church in the real sense of the word. His engaging personality and man-to-man contact with all types of individuals draw all classes of people to him.

Accepting the appointment as Bishop of Catholics in the Armed Forces the Cardinal took on a tremendous task in addition to his regular duties as Archbishop of New York. Here as in other situations Cardinal Spellman was completely at home. He personally visited the theaters of war to encourage the men in the field, to reassure the parents and loved ones at home, and to get an eye-witness glimpse of the way things were running. Recently he again resumed this job of visiting the armed forces in the field of battle. Cardinal Spellman's visit to Korea during the Christmas season of 1951 brought a feeling of peace to thousands of soldiers far removed from the Christmas spirit at home. By these men as well as by the soldiers of World War II

he will always be remembered as a real man and a good soldier.

Few persons realize the exhausting and extensive work of Francis Cardinal Spellman. In addition to his duties as Archbishop and his trips to the European and Asiatic battlefields which covered over 100,000 miles he found time to write a number of books including a novel which was serialized in a popular magazine.

In 1946, Francis J. Spellman journeyed to Rome to receive the red hat of a cardinal. A close bond exists between Pius XII and Cardinal Spellman dating back to the day when neither was burdened with the many duties of an important office. As a mark of affection the Pope bestowed his own cardinal's hat on the youngest American cardinal.

G. K. Chesterton once said, "A great man in any age must be a common man and also an uncommon man." Certainly these words can aptly be applied to Francis Cardinal Spellman. To the men of all nations Cardinal Spellman is a shining example of the greatness of the Catholic spirit in America, yet to millions of people all over the world he will always remain the kindly parish priest.

A United Hemisphere

by RACHEL WEST

Any study of the history of the New World is bound to bring to light one amazing fact—the American nations, North and South, have had peace longer and more often than the peoples of any other part of the world. Whereas wars have become more frequent and peace seemingly less popular in Europe and Asia, the Americas have shown a tendency to draw closer together in gestures of faith, good-will, and cooperation. But few Americans ever stop to think of this record; few know how it has been brought about. Possibly the story of peace is less popular than the story of war.

Peace among the American nations did not come about overnight, and there are still problems; but these problems are outstandingly smaller ones than those facing the republics of America some one hundred years ago.

The ideals of Inter-Americanism had their origin early in the nineteenth century. This was the time of the great independence movement in the Latin American countries by which these countries freed themselves from the rule of Spain. Surprisingly enough, the first man to propose an Inter-American union was the Great Liberator of South America, Simon Bolívar. His dream

was one of a great American federation closely resembling the union of the newly formed United States. At the same time, in the United States, was Henry Clay, who suggested a similar alliance for the Western Hemisphere. A Congress, called by Bolívar, met in 1826 at Panama. The United States was not represented at this conference, which had little value, and as the years went by, the Latin American nations' fear of "U. S. imperialism" grew to such an extent that all attempts at union were discouraged.

The first really successful attempt, however, and the one which is generally recognized as the first step toward Inter-American idealism in action, was a Congress, the First International Conference of American States, called by the Congress of the United States and held in Washington, D. C., October 2, 1889. Among its achievements was the creation of the "International Union of American Republics" and the "Commercial Bureau of the American Republics," later to be known simply as "the Pan-American Union."

Since that time, nine conferences of the Pan American Republics have been held, and each one has made significant contributions toward strengthening peace and

bringing about better cooperation in the Western Hemisphere.

The most important and final step came only recently, in 1948, when the Ninth Pan American Conference, meeting in Bogotá, Columbia, created the charter of the Organization of American States, which went into effect December 13, 1951. The aims of the 21 member republics of the New World, as stated in the charter, are the basic principles of all Pan-Americanism: "to achieve an order of peace and justice, to promote their solidarity, to strengthen their collaboration, and to defend their sovereignty, their territorial integrity, and their independence." The organization is a regional agency of the United Nations. All of the countries which are members of the OAS are also members of the UN. Nevertheless, it is an independent agency, and is in complete authority in this hemisphere.

But what effect has this organization had on cooperation among the American nations? What has been the attitude of the United States toward cooperation in recent years? How do the Latin American nations feel about cooperation?

In some matters, close cooperation has been extremely effective. It was through the Pan-American organization, and because of it, that every one of the American republics entered World War II on the side of the United States. Latin American nations furnished raw materials for American war industry and foodstuffs for the

United States forces in Panama and the Caribbean. Latin American warships and planes patrolled the South Atlantic and Pacific, and Latin American forces guarded our coastline.

Treaties ratified by OAS have proven themselves effective in settling very recent international disputes in Latin America. The Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, signed at Rio de Janeiro in 1947, was invoked when a border dispute between Costa Rica and Nicaragua arose in 1948. A commission was appointed to investigate, and the matter was settled peaceably early in 1949. A serious charge of aggression between the Dominican Republic and Haiti arose in 1950, and again the treaty was put to good use. A similar dispute between Cuba and the Dominican Republic was settled in December, 1951, by OAS cooperation.

But Pan Americanism has not always been so successful, nor is the attitude of Latin American nations always one of cooperation. The chief difficulties of all the nations arise from a lack of understanding of the others' culture, politics, and economic outlook. The Latin American nations have never completely recovered from the idea of "U. S. imperialism," which arose during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth. The action of the United States in certain affairs in the Caribbean, in Panama, and in Mexico, at that

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Is Science to Blame?

by MARY LU METHOD

Prior to World War II, science was a great cooperative venture carried on by all men of good will from all nations. To aid in the search and accumulation of scientific knowledge, the scientist readily shared his latest findings and developments.

This picture was changed when secrecy was imposed upon atomic energy. Secrecy surrounds the scientific developments in each country, making them isolated units. As a result the new developments made in atomic energy are mere links of a chain which cannot be connected. The dropping of the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima spread fear and propaganda throughout the world. Everyone was aware the United States had developed the atom for wartime use, but no nation knew the progress other nations had made in the development of atomic energy. Suspicion replaced cooperation in international understanding.

Is science to blame? No. Science, considered in its very nature, is not responsible for the moral crisis of

our time, nor for the destructive or dehumanizing use we are making of the means it puts in our hands. What is responsible for the crisis is greed and desire for power. Thus the human person is threatened today with slavery, not through the fault of science, but through that of the enlarged power granted by science. Neither is the problem of Communism the creation of science nor can Communism be wiped out by scientific methods.

It is not the gigantic strides made by science in the development of the A-bomb and its big brother the H-bomb that should concern us but rather the breaking down of the artificial barriers erected by men. The condition of the world today is not due to unbridled science but rather is due to man's unwillingness to recognize the dignity and importance of human life in the divine scheme of things. As Bishop Fulton J. Sheen puts it: "There is no such thing as the problem of the atomic bomb; there is, rather, the problem of man who makes and uses it."

Faith and Patience in

World Government

by MARY EVELYN MALONEY

There are many things to be said about world government; people have been talking about it, pro and con, for years. That is about all we can do right now—talk. But as Jesus told His disciples, "Have faith in God."

If and when nations make unselfish changes, then we shall have a good start; but we can be fairly certain that it will not come about in our time. Tradition points out to us the limit any generation can reach. So far as we have progressed, the United Nations seems to be our only conclusion.

A world government will not necessarily guarantee peace any more than our Federal Union guaranteed peace within its own borders. All we can say is that it is a necessary step on the long road to peace.

The universality of peace can be achieved only by world government, but the obstacles in the way of setting it up are great; however, they can be overcome. What must be done to obtain world peace is, perhaps, more difficult than anything men have ever done politically; but it can be done. History shows us that certain inevitable

steps which are necessarily difficult and slow must be taken in social and political achievements. We must be educated to world government. There must be a political order, a coming to social maturity, and a continued process of readaptation.

One must have faith that from the chaos of today a real international order will arise.

After the Revolutionary War the colonists were faced with a similar problem. To them also, the question of unity became foremost. Political paralysis was inevitable with a congress that had little real power, and even that power could be nullified by any one of the states with a veto which inhibited all action on important matters. Order was finally brought about by the ratification of the Constitution.

The makers of the Constitution knew the limitations under which they were working, but they had a profound trust in their cause. In such a crisis as that of today, the nations must act likewise.

The main reason nations do not unite is because of their state and national jealousies which arise from

the fear of war. While this fear remains, there is no hope for the abatement of sovereignty and the establishment of a true federal union. About the most that can be expected in such circumstances is a halfhearted and ineffectual arrangement comparable to the Articles of Confederation or the League of Nations. Right now, peace plans are being drawn up and passed from nation to nation, blindly hoping that some agreement may be reached; but sometimes the makers of these plans forget that the principle of peace is love, and the source of love is God. Our major purpose seems to be defense against the threat to our welfare and security instead of promoting a positive purpose.

The individual nation and an association of nations must be looked upon as parts of one com-

plete whole. This complete whole can be perfected until the world is at last one.

World government can be realized but we must have patience. We are not really sure what it will be like, because it has never existed; but the colonists were not certain about their federal union either. They knew that if they just waited for it to happen nothing would be accomplished.

The job in hand is to set about accomplishing that purpose, undaunted by fear and confident that the goal lies within reach.

"And Jesus answered them . . . Have faith in God. I promise you, if anyone says to this mountain, Remove and be cast into the sea, and has no hesitation in his heart, but is sure that what he says is to come about, his wish will be granted him" (Mark xi: 21-24).



Mankind's Universal Book

by MARY WASSEL

Anyone who has the good fortune to visit our national capitol at Washington D. C. should not leave without first stopping at the National Gallery of Art. In this famous gallery there is a striking painting by the Dutch artist Nicolas Maes. It depicts an old lady, her face wrinkled with the sorrow-lines of a long life, sitting at a table with her head resting on one upright hand. A book lies open on the table before her and she has fallen asleep while reading it. This book is obviously the Bible and it is quite clear that she has read it often. This picture not only contains human charm, but it carries an important lesson. It shows how we should all feel—that the Bible is more than just another book, that the Bible is our friend. In it we can find God's answer to our problems, for every problem that can torture the mind of a God-fearing man there can be found a solution somewhere in the teachings of Christ. We must never forget that the words of Christ are *universal*. He spoke not only for the men and women of His own time but for *all* the men and women of every age in *all* parts of the world.

In the vast range of literature no book is found that can compare with Holy Scripture in sublimity

of thought, in beauty and strength of expression, in interest of narrative, or in the perfect delineation of the workings of the human mind and heart. As Father Jean-Baptiste Lacordaire has said, "Even Homer has not equalled the account of the lives of the patriarchs in Genesis; Pindar never reached the sublimity of the prophets; as historians, Thucydides and Tacitus cannot be compared to Moses. The laws of Exodus and Leviticus are far superior to those of Lycurgus and Numa. Even before the Gospel, Socrates and Plato had been surpassed by Solomon, who left us in the Canticle of Canticles the most astounding song of divinely inspired love uttered by human lips and in Ecclesiastes the eternally pathetic hymn of fallen humanity. At last the Gospel, completing its teachings, stamps and seals it all with a beauty hitherto unknown. Like Christianity itself, that beauty ever inimitable finds nothing comparable to it here below."

As a picture of God's dealings with man, and man's response to God's mercies and gifts, the Bible is a work divine in its perfection. It is a picture in which the hand of God paints with a human brush on the canvas of this world a panorama living in its startling realities. It

shows forth in uncompromising colors God's understanding and merciful love and, in contrast, man's unworthiness and helplessness.

As a chronicle of the human race, the Bible is a narrative of absorbing interest, gripping mind and heart, as it unfolds before us the pages of the world's history, from the dawn of creation to the prophetic picture of a day when time shall be no more and earth shall pass away. It is indeed a universal work.

The Bible is not one single book, but a collection of books written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and acknowledged by the Church as the Word of God. Of the seventy-two books of the Bible, the Book of Job is one of the world's greatest masterpieces. It is considered the world's classic. The magnificence, grandeur, and unstinted riches of this Book make it greater than any produced by Grecian bard or Christian writer. It abounds in matchless poetry and immortal thought. Daniel Webster, the American orator and statesman, described the Book of Job as "the most wonderful poem of any age or language—the more wonderful as it depends on the mere power of its dialogue."

Biblical verse has lived and retained its charm and popular appeal as has no other poetry down the ages. It has a quality of personal

earnestness which lifts it out of the realm of play acting. It has a greater power over our feelings than such excellent literature as *Hamlet* or *Faust*, because despite our absorption in the distress and suffering which Shakespeare and Goethe depict, we retain a mental superiority and detachment from the experience. We experience the torture of the heroes in a more vicarious way than we do when reading the Bible, for the Hebrews were in earnest; what they had to say was real. Their poetry has the direct purpose of unburdening feeling; there is no "make-believe" here. These are men writing under mental tortures or glowing with spiritual delights. Human life itself has kept this poetry alive, because it is poetry written for all men.

"Drink of the cup of the Old and New Testament," says St. Ambrose, "in both you will find Christ." An eminent Biblical scholar has aptly said, "The New Testament is the golden candlestick on which the Apostles have placed the light of the Gospel of Christ. From this candlestick it radiates through the centuries, giving Light and Life to men." The world would not be so close to the brink of disaster today if more time were spent in reading the Bible, mankind's universal book, so that it could indeed give "Light and Life" to our generation.

If You Could Do It,

So Can I

by DOLORES FEIGNER

"Go on! We don't wantcha to play with us," one of the boys on the playground yelled. "Yeah," the others cried, "get out of here you old wop! You old dago!"

And nine-year-old Tommie ran. He forgot the on-coming arithmetic class and the spelling bee and anything he had learned that day and just ran. Where? He didn't care. As long as Tommie Casa could remember he had always dashed down dreary Dubarry Street, away from the square cream-colored house with the brown roof and the one splintered porch plank that sprang up if you stepped just so on the other end.

A husky, swollen feeling began to rise in Tommie's throat and he made his small legs carry him faster away from the school grounds in an effort to keep back the gathering tears.

His mother's words throbbed in his ears, "Someday, Tommie, you won't be able to run away and then what will you do? What would have happened to you and small Carlotta if I hadn't faced my problem? It would have been much easier to leave you both and make a living for myself. But I loved you very much and I could never

have closed my eyes without seeing the great wrong of not facing life in the way the Lord would want me to."

Tommie turned at the two flagstone pillars, passed the sign reading "Lincoln Park" and came to a stumbling halt before an autumn-littered bench. He sat down quickly and gulped the light scented air which had once been laden with the sweet smells of magnolia blossoms and lilac trees. Lilacs! How his mother loved them. One time he had crept into Mr. Shran's back yard snatching a whole bush bare and offering them on the peace term that his mother wouldn't punish him for playing store owner and selling her jewelry to the neighborhood kids.

That was before—well—before his father had left. Oh, Tommie understood why Mr. Casa had walked away from home and had never returned. There were those quarrels which had grown steadily worse. Mr. and Mrs. Casa, who had sailed to this country from Italy just before World War II, had met here and married. With the birth of Tommie and then Carlotta, Mr. Casa found it harder each month to meet the milk bills, house rent, bus

fare to work, and the pressing fuel bills. Harder each month to be cheerful. Easier each month to grovel before a bottle of "sympathy." Finally, Mrs. Casa became the weary supporter of the small family.

Each time Tommie's parents quarreled, he became frightened and ran from the house to escape the bitter yells and hateful words which rang through the house. Then came the night that Mr. Casa had beaten his wife and Tommie had plunged terrorized through the back door into the darkness. When he returned, his father was gone forever from the cream-colored house on dreary Dubarry Street.

"Hello there, Tommie," came a smiling voice. Not knowing anyone was near, the boy jumped from his slumped position, at the same time whirling towards the tall, angular man, dressed in a black suit and a stiff white collar.

"Who are you?" Tommie said defensively.

"I'm Father Paul from Trinity parish."

"Howdja know my name?" he asked suspiciously.

"Names are hard to keep secret," answered Father, still smiling warmly.

Both priest and boy stood looking at each other for several minutes without speaking. Realizing the priest had no intention of leaving, Tommie let himself sink again to the bench.

"Mind if I sit down, Tommie?" Father ventured.

"Guess not," was the abrupt reply.

"Have you ever been in this park before?"

"No—I mean yeah—one time last year my mother brought me here to show me that statue over there," and Tommie pointed to the mass of bronze which jutted above encircling evergreen trees.

"Abraham Lincoln?" Father Paul asked.

"Yeah, that's him," responded Tommie. "My mother told me he was the greatest man that ever lived and that he didn't care whether you were a nigger, or wop, or anything. Do you think he would have played with me, Father Paul, and not run away or called me names?"

"Certainly," Father assured him, "you would have been swell pals. But Tommie," Father hesitated, "I know a man who is a hundred times greater than any Abraham Lincoln and he can help you with any trouble or problem you might have. His friends called Him names and did much worse things to Him than your friends have done to you. And he didn't run away, Tommie. He showed them He could take it. If you like, I'll take you to meet Him now."

"Can't," said Tommie suddenly, standing up with an important air. "Gotta get home. So long, Mister."

"Wait a minute," cried Father. "If you ever decide to go to see my Friend you'll find Him inside the building with the colored windows, two blocks straight ahead. It might be dark inside, but don't be afraid to speak to Him. Remember He had troubles too, but He didn't run away. He took things with a smile.

All He wants to hear you say is, 'If You could do it, so can I.' "

"Okay," said Tommie, starting for the park exit.

"One more thing, Tommie," Father called after him, "when my Friend does help you, promise me you'll come and let me tell you more about Him. I live next door to His house."

"Yeah! Sure!" he promised. "What did you say His name is?"

"The Lord, Tommie, just the Lord!" Father smiled.

Evening had turned almost to pitch and Tommie ran along the sidewalk. Hurrying home was not usual for him but for some reason he hurried just the same. Several times, thoughts of Father Paul and the park came back and he decided he rather liked the man. Yes, he'd even have to see his Friend some time.

Cutting across a gasoline station lot he suddenly made a dead halt and then began walking faster towards the house which blazed light from every window. He didn't bother stepping on that annoying porch plank but stepped over it and into the house. Seeing no one downstairs, he rushed up the staircase and flung open the bedroom door. Mrs. Casa's choked sobs ceased for an instant as she and old Dr. Flichter turned to see who had come in. Motioning Tommie to come close to her chair, she clutched him about the waist and buried her shaking head against his red plaid shirt. Then he gasped as he caught sight of Carlotta on the bed and her two twisted legs, torn and bruised.

"I believe she'll be all right," the doctor said. But Tommie only felt sick and shocked. He heard his mother mumbling something about an automobile as he rushed from the room and down the stairs. He knew he was leaving when his mother needed him most. But hadn't he always run when he was most needed?

Too hot, sticky, and sick to run, Tommie turned slowly in the opposite direction from the one he had taken that afternoon. He didn't know where to go, or what to do. He felt like talking to someone—someone who would understand why he ran away again. "Of course, the Lord!" Tommie thought, and he retraced his steps to the same flagstone pillars, only this time turning to his right and walking two blocks farther. Seeing the building with the dark windows, he knocked but no one answered. Slowly he pulled the grey door open and found himself inside a large dark room with many long benches. Creeping into a back seat, he sat silently with his hands clasped together and his eyes piercing the black air, but no one could be seen.

How terrible Tommie felt for having run away again, especially when his mother needed him so badly. The doctor had said that Carlotta would get well, so no use asking the Lord for help there, but he just couldn't run away again.

"The Lord," Tommie suddenly recalled. "Why, my mother used to speak of Him. She said that He was in Heaven and couldn't be seen but that He was kind and would help

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International Understanding

Through Music

by IRMA KLETT

Besides the language of words which is used to communicate ideas locally or internationally, there is the language of music which can do the same by using a different medium. It is a language that appeals universally at all levels of intelligence. It has a triple appeal: physical, emotional, and intellectual. Whether man responds with the feet, the heart, or the head, or with a combination of heart and head depends upon his knowledge of music and his preparation for its enjoyment.

There are traces of its appeal even in the primitive stages of man. Here the rhythmic appeal led the way in the tribal music used in councils of war and celebrations of victory. A sense of rhythm is instinctive in the human race. Experience and history show the physical attraction of the beat of the drum and the compulsion of martial music.

Folk music is one of the most important types of music on the melodic level. The music of a nation is generally based on folk music or the folk tunes that are handed down from generation to

generation along with its folklore. By looking closely at the simplicity, sincerity, vitality, and emotion expressed in the folk music of various peoples the characteristics of the peoples themselves can be discerned. Folk songs generally exhibit strong racial characteristics, those of northern peoples mainly in melancholy minor strains, those of the southern, on the other hand, being vivacious and lively. Folk music includes also the music of dances at festivals as well as ballads of love, of brave deeds, or merely gossip. Sometimes folk music represents the traditions and traits of only a certain part of a country's national life; for example, the simple, immortal melodies of Stephen Foster.

Familiarity with the music of the world establishes the fact that human beings have in common emotional experiences and aspirations. The lullabies of all people, be they French, Italian, or Russian, are recognizable by their mood of melody, which is always soothing and gentle.

Another type of music that demonstrates the universality of music is Gregorian Chant. It has

no boundaries of country or nationality. In its essence, it is truly international. In every nation where the Catholic Church is, there can be found the beautiful melodies of Gregorian Chant. Wherever it is sung, everyone feels at home, however far from his native country.

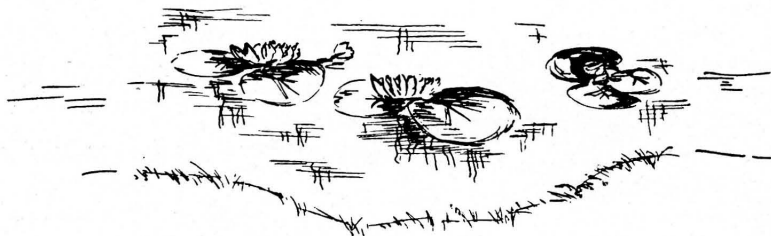
Through the study of the history of music one can broaden his horizons. By studying or merely listening to music one will soon realize that the great masters of music speak the same language. Music is a medium through which the human race speaks to posterity; therefore, it is very necessary for everyone to be prepared to listen to music intelligently. Since there is so much music on the radio and television today, it is important that listeners be discriminating listeners.

Participation in music refines and disciplines the individual, and as a result he is prepared to live in greater harmony with others. For this reason, one should, if possible, join a school or civic orchestra. It

is known that not every one has the same talents nor can all play the same instrument, but, according to one's natural ability, training, and discipline, one can make his individual contribution to the orchestra.

An orchestra can be compared with life or a small world. Each person has a task to perform in a specified way and at a specified time. If all work together harmony ensues. If one musician or citizen breaks a law, the harmony is broken. From the need of coordinating and working with others in order to have harmony in the orchestra we learn that the contribution and participation of various peoples are important to universal culture.

With the aid of radio and television today which bring the folk music of the different nations as well as the Gregorian Chant and the world's great symphonies into our homes, music is making an important contribution to international understanding, for through music we can grow in the understanding and love of *all* men.



Human Rights

by ANN McCARTHY

In the world today we see the most valued possessions that we have as human beings violated—our human rights. We see individuals and even whole nations deprived of these rights by another individual or group of individuals. We as Christians and as rational creatures of God object vehemently to these violations.

Because of our firm belief in the fact that man has been endowed by the Creator with certain rights and that these are necessary for man as a human being for his eternal salvation, we exert every effort to defend them. Individuals are even willing to give up their dearest possessions in order that groups of individuals might enjoy their God-given rights. This is aptly shown by wars recently entered into for this very purpose.

We Americans are fortunate enough to have been born and to live in a nation which acknowledges these rights.

As it is asserted in our Declaration of Independence, men "are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." The pursuit of Happiness is without doubt the most essential of these rights, but in

order to seek after happiness we must have the other two, namely, Life and Liberty. We are guaranteed by our Constitution certain rights: religious freedom, freedom of speech, freedom from search, and certain judicial and electoral rights.

It is evident that peoples are becoming more and more aware of the importance of the exercise of their human rights as is seen in the Declaration of Human Rights set down recently by the United Nations. This declaration states the basic human rights and also those rights which spring from the basic rights, including such things as the right to private property, the right to marriage, the right of parents to educate their children, the right to nationality, and the right of everyone to take part in the government of his country.

These rights were given us by almighty God, the true and only source of all rights. We have been created by Him, made according to His image and likeness, and are endowed with a free will which by its very nature seeks happiness and essentially seeks that ultimate goal, eternal happiness. If we are to attain this end, then we necessarily have a right to the means. Human
(Continued on Page 42)

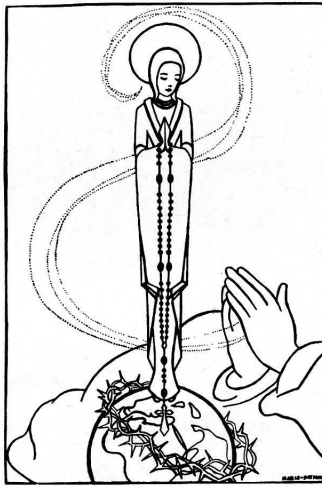
To Our Lady of Fatima

Lady of Fatima,
Mary pure, mild,
List to the pleadings
Made by your child.
Peace was your promise
Through penance and prayer.
All must help somehow—
Each do his share.

Lady of Fatima,
You've set the pace,
Breathed hope, encouraged
The human race.
In a world's family united,
Peace will prevail.
With prayer and your guidance
How can we fail?

—*Pauline Siefert*

World Peace by a Divine Guarantee



by JUANA PHELPS

"Lord, help us, we perish!" Once again our All-merciful Father has taken pity on His miserable human family. The Almighty has chosen as His emissary the Queen of Angels, Mary our Mother, to reveal to us the long groped-for secret, the secret to world peace.

The secret, searched for by honest hearts without success, was unveiled thirty-five years ago at Fatima. It is a definite, clear plan outlined by God and delivered to us by our beloved Mediatrix. Reparation, the rosary, many prayers, sacrifices — these are our divine guarantee for world peace.

In God We Trust

by HELEN HOFFMANN

All was quiet now. The small Korean battlefield was deserted. Pfc. Joe Hanahan, from Detroit, Michigan, lay wounded in the midst of a litter of flesh and blood. There had been a flourish of gunfire, the explosion of a grenade, then silence—silence followed by stealthy footsteps, a hurried glance which took them all for dead, and a quick departure. Joe, lying under the body of Leopold, hardly dared to breathe. Even now, though the steps had retreated, he was afraid to move.

Lying there, he recalled how it had started. He had gone out on a scouting assignment with a couple of his buddies the night before. A Red sniper had gotten them before he got the sniper. Then, left by himself in the darkness, he had gotten lost. At first he had tried to find his way back, but he merely succeeded in losing himself more completely in the unfamiliar territory.

Finally dawn came, bringing with it the strangest day in his life. One by one they had all been drawn together. It had been as if the giant hand of Providence had reached out and clasped them tightly in its fist.

First had come Leopold, a towering blond bulk from Belgium. One look had been enough to tell he wasn't a Commie. Joe hadn't

been able to understand his language, nor he Joe's; but by means of the international sign language Joe had been able to discover his plight. His whole company had been wiped out, only Leopold remained, wounded and bitter.

Next had come Douglas, frightened and ashamed. The cocky little Englander had fled the scene of battle and was now, like Joe, lost.

Two more had joined their forces that day, on their journey down the road to nowhere, the Australian Sidney, and Pierre, the French-Canadian. Their conversation had had but one theme—why were they here?

Douglas had started the tongues wagging. The United States had started this fight—why not let her finish it? Sidney and Pierre had joined him. It wasn't their country they were fighting for, not even their territory. Their fellow-countrymen were giving their lives for something they didn't even understand.

This bickering back and forth was getting them nowhere. This so-called National Emergency had lasted long enough; neither side could win without an out and out war. Why go on fighting? Why this useless loss of lives? This fighting could go on interminably.

Joe who came from the States had the answer for these questions. They were fighting a war to prevent the further spread of Communism, to prevent the tragedy of a third world war by not giving Stalin the free reign that had been allowed his predecessors. They were fighting, not for the gain of land or wealth, but for the principles of democracy.

Leopold alone had remained silent. He had seemed to realize what they were talking about, perhaps by their gestures. He had moved closer to Joe, as if to show that he was with him. His own country had been overrun by the Axis powers during the first World War. She had cried out for help, but had been refused. Now it was the same thing all over again; only America had realized her mistake and was giving all the aid she dared. These were the things he would have said if he had been able.

Douglas then had brought up religion, or rather, the lack of it. He had wanted to know why men were born if they only grew up to die in a hopeless war.

Joe had been able to answer that one too. He had told Douglas that each had been put on this earth to prove his worthiness for the happiness he was to share in heaven. This life was only a test; death wasn't the end of living, but a change for better or worse as the case might be.

Pierre had remained silent for a while, then had given his approval. He, like Joe, was a Roman Catholic, though he hadn't been practicing

his religion for many years. He had almost forgotten the meaning of life, but had been thankful that Joe had reminded him. He had said something to the effect that death, or change as Joe had called it, might come at any minute. Still, he might live to be ninety. He had even gone on to point out the example Christ had given. No one had understood Him; the shedding of one drop of His blood would have been sufficient to redeem mankind; yet, He chose to shed it all. There had been a reason for it, as he had been taught in his Catechism class long ago. Christ had wanted to prove His great love for man. Perhaps, there was a reason for this war too . . . Douglas had remained unconvinced. He hadn't believed in God or a life after death. He had hated Catholics and all they stood for.

Sidney had been indifferent. He had led a good life, had believed in some kind of a god or a first cause. He hadn't known what this god was or what would come after death. All he could do was to wait and see.

At this point in the conversation the Commies had come upon them. They had scurried for cover behind a small foothill, each with hope in his heart. Sidney had cried out that if there be a God Who watched over man, let Him help now. Even Douglas had yelled at the guys to pray to their God; he wished that he could. There was no running away for him this time.

They had fought bravely, but the battle was short. They had had only their rifles against machine guns

and grenades. When the first grenade landed, Joe had reached it in time to throw it back, but the second one got them. Leopold had seen it too late. He had turned and flung himself on Joe, his huge bulk making a shield from the blast. Then had come the silence, the dread silence of death.

Joe pulled himself out of the heap of dismembered bodies about him and looked toward the setting sun. He didn't know if he would live through the night. Perhaps help would come; perhaps, more Com-mies. He raised his eyes to heaven and in his heart whispered the words, "In God We Trust."

A Garden of Nations

When God in all His glory
Designed the many nations,
He patterned them as a garden
Of flowers with variations.

To the eyes they seem quite different,
Like blossoms of spring in the sod,
But all exist for one purpose—
The honor and glory of God.

—*Barbara Morrissey*

Brotherhood of Man

Under the Fatherhood of God

by PAULINE LARAWAY

There exists in our world of today a threat to international peace which is seldom recognized. The threat is racial intolerance, a lack of respect for the rights of our fellowman.

The reasons for this intolerance are many, but the principal reason is that men of today fail to see that people of other races are truly their brothers. They lack the knowledge that God is the Father of all. The only sure bedrock of human brotherhood is the knowledge that God is the Father of all mankind and the Creator of all beings. Through His divine providence all races have been placed on this earth to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him, and to be happy with Him in heaven. Brotherhood, therefore, is a divine command.

Here in America, the problem of antagonisms between races has become a national concern. Our country is based on the ideal of equality of men before God and under the law; however, America permits many inequalities and injustices.

Conscientious people have been striving for years to eliminate these inequalities, to establish liberty and justice for all, and to implant the

spirit of democracy in the heart of every American. They have endeavoured to inculcate the spirit of brotherhood in every citizen. But the brotherhood of man has no meaning if the fatherhood of God is not given its proper recognition. The rights and freedom about which people talk are but empty words if they are not filled with the realization that men came forth from the hands of the Creator, made in His image and possessed of equal rights because they have the same divine parentage.

This parentage is unlimited in scope. It does not extend merely from the New England fishing towns to California's gold coast. It embraces all mankind, for God is truly the Father of all—the Eskimo in the polar regions, the American in a factory town, and the Pigmy in central Africa. God's parentage, therefore, is an international one recognizing no boundaries. Under this fatherhood of God, all the nations of the world are united as brothers. They may not speak the same language, wear the same clothes or have the same physical characteristics, but as children of

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Unesco

by BARBARA REDER

It may seem strange to some to speak of UNESCO in connection with international understanding, since most people look upon it merely as an organization to carry out the educational, cultural, and scientific programs of the UN. As its name implies, UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization—is devoted to these fields, but it is not limited to them. UNESCO is an international organization composed of all the peoples of the member nations and it has as its primary aim the promotion of world peace. Now, many are inclined to be sceptical about this. They say, "That's a very worth-while aim, but, after all, UNESCO is only one organization. How can it expect to accomplish something like world peace when people have been attempting it for thousands of years with little or no success?" So they shrug their shoulders hopelessly and go their ways. But the fact remains that UNESCO is attempting to accomplish just that—world peace.

Aware of the unsuccessful attempts by noteworthy agencies, UNESCO has come to realize that if such a thing as world peace is to be established, the people themselves must accomplish it, not the governing bodies of the various nations.

Perhaps the question now arises as to what all this has to do with international understanding. In order to achieve its ultimate object, namely, world peace, UNESCO is seeking to establish understanding between peoples of all nations through an exchange of educational, cultural, and scientific materials. In this is included the free flow of communication, the sharing of knowledge across national boundaries, the placing of educational methods for use by less educated nations, and the aiding of war-torn countries.

From the practical aspect, this plan has been carried out in the exchange of teachers, students, and workers of different nations, thereby giving these "exchanged" persons a chance to learn something of the customs, language, and culture of the countries to which they are sent and to carry this information back to their own countries. In this way, the peoples of various nations begin to understand more clearly the other peoples of the world. Of course, this is only one phase of UNESCO's activity. There are exchange centers in which are compiled the literature and new developments of advanced countries to help the more backward neighbors; there are technicians sent to countries needing aid in special projects

or functions; there are schools set up to train teachers who will return to their native lands to help stamp out illiteracy and to aid the cause of world peace; and there are numerous other activities carried on by UNESCO or by private groups acting under UNESCO auspices.

It is easy to see that the problem is not a simple one, nor can it be accomplished unless the people of the world co-operate by living up to the principles set forth by UNESCO, by seeking to eliminate prejudice wherever it is found, and by giving UNESCO all the support it needs. Certainly, it will be no simple job to eliminate long-standing prejudices held by the people of one nationality for those of another, nor will it be a simple process to set the backward countries of the world on their feet so

that they may take an effective part in world-planning. But given a chance it may succeed, and it is up to the individual to give it this chance.

The people of the world must learn to live together. The evils of ignorance must be countered by knowledge; suspicion must be offset by trust; and jealousy, by mutual respect. The aim of UNESCO is to bring men and ideas together, but its success will depend largely on individuals who believe in UNESCO, and take an active part in this campaign to resolve the misunderstandings, the fears, and suspicions now so prevalent among the peoples of the world. If world peace is to be maintained, international understanding must first be achieved.

Carcinogenic Politics

by JOYCE ANN EDWARDS

Looking at their own federation of forty-eight states which reaches across a continent, Americans wonder why the European nations have continuously failed in their attempts to achieve such unity and peace. During the past decade alone there have been three unsuccessful attempts, the Western Union, the European Council, and the United Nations.

Carcinogenic politics, or political cancer, might be one diagnosis of the disease which afflicts all these alliances. In the UN a few cells, leading nations, such as England, France, and Russia have grown disproportionately powerful. Just like cancer cells in the human body, these nations devour their smaller neighbors and are in constant struggle.

Both the United States and the Swiss Confederation can offer a remedy for this fatal disease. Switzerland is composed of four predominant national groups: Germans, French, Italians, and Romansh. Instead of forming their political units according to these national divisions, the Swiss, like the United States, wisely created twenty-five cantons of equal importance. No Swiss canton nor any state in our country would desire or feel powerful enough to start a war or break from the nation. Likewise, a "United States of Europe" might be able to live as peacefully.

Knowing the disease and the remedy, however, does not necessarily mean that the UN would be willing to apply our federal system to itself. No executive force was ever formed in the organization and no standing army, because the larger nations were afraid and too proud to hand over their power to any other leader. European nations also have a natural tendency to oppose the proposed division into their original feudal state divisions under a "United States of Europe." Unification, they contend, was what brought about the advancement of European civilization.

Europe might be won over to the plan of division by the promise of proportional representation in the UN. France and Italy, for example, would then receive not one vote, but one for a specified number of inhabitants. Each delegate might be elected, not by the nation as a whole, but by the citizens of his district and be responsible only to them. In time, France and Italy, like ancient Greece, would exist merely as cultural units, while the political existence would be in the peace-loving small states.

The individual state, like the individual person, has been lost in Europe among the shapeless masses, in an ethereal world union that is not tangible enough to be grasped. Even Hitler was sensible enough to reorganize the German states into smaller units in order to control them better.

We must teach Europe to watch the mason work with single bricks and the musician play separate notes in building skyscrapers and symphonies. We must show them our own United States which has not known a moment's disunity since 1789 except during the one cancerous growth of the South which resulted in a Civil War.



Teach Ye All Nations

by MARJORIE HERCULES

Going therefore, teach ye all nations. These were the words of Christ to His Apostles over nineteen hundred years ago. Following His command, they went forth to preach His Gospel to all peoples.

From that day to the present, Holy Mother Church, not content to let any soul pass on without having known the peace and tranquility which the knowledge and love of God bring, has been sending her missionaries to the farthest ends of the globe.

By the zeal with which they carry on their work and the love they manifest in caring for their flock, be it white, black, red, or yellow, the missionaries have often been the link of understanding between the nations of the world. When countries were expanding their colonial empires, the missionaries were often called upon to make peace between the conquered and the conqueror, and to intercede with the mother country in behalf of her colonists across the seas.

Through the centuries, the missionaries have been instrumental in promoting international understanding. They are the "good-will ambassadors" of the nations by their personal unselfishness which often counterbalances the greed and

personal interests of foreign investors and exploiters.

The chief objective of the missionary program of the Catholic Church is to establish the visible Church of Christ in all parts of the world, so that men of good will can learn her message and learn of their redemption by Jesus Christ. The Catholic Church is not precisely international in its point of view, but rather supranational — rising above nationalities—and taking in her global concept all men as brothers in Christ.

The missionaries' task has become a difficult one in recent years because of the conflict between Christianity and atheistic communism. The missionaries, however, will not cease in their efforts to bring the people of the world into a common brotherhood. For this important work they need the spiritual support of our prayers and sacrifices so that the Lord of the vineyard may bless their efforts with an abundant harvest of souls. With every soul gained for Christ they make a substantial contribution to better international understanding, for international friendship will grow only as larger numbers of the world's people accept the fundamental teachings of Christianity—that God is our Creator and su-

preme Law-Giver, and that the only brotherhood of man which can be depended upon to accomplish any-

thing for world peace is that which recognizes our common brotherhood with Jesus Christ.

Human Rights (Continued from Page 31)

rights, therefore, are derived from our human dignity and from our immortal destiny.

It is easily seen, therefore, that man deprived of the exercise of his human rights loses his dignity as a human being. He cannot express an

opinion; he cannot be educated as he desires; he cannot own private property; he cannot worship as he likes; he cannot pursue earthly happiness, nor can he easily attain the eternal happiness prepared for him—the salvation of his immortal soul.

If You Could Do It (Continued from Page 28)

others always, and Mister Father Paul said that the Lord is one hundred times greater than Abraham Lincoln, and even had had troubles worse than mine."

"You know what the Lord wants to hear you say," he seemed to hear Father Paul say.

Tommie's voice tried weakly, "If You could do it, so can I," but that was too light for anyone to hear, so Tommie once again called louder through the black air, "If You could do it, so can I." He began to feel strength, confidence, and courage flowing into his body. He called out at the top of his voice, "If You could do it, so can I." Half expecting to hear someone yell

back, "You wop, you dago," the only "wop or "dago" he heard was the empty klinkety-klank-klank-plink of the radiators.

He didn't know whether he could ever grow up to be as great as Abraham Lincoln or the Lord, but he did know that words couldn't hurt him. The next time someone called him a name or he became afraid he would smile like Father Paul had that afternoon.

Tommie, remembering his promise to Father Paul, told himself he must certainly find out more tomorrow about the Lord who soothes troubles so fast. After the grey door had swung gently shut behind him, Tommie Casa bravely headed for home.

A United Hemisphere (Continued from Page 20)

time awakened justifiable distrust on the part of the countries to the South. Despite the many repeated friendly gestures of the United States toward establishing friendship and cooperation as the basis of our Inter-American relations, the feeling remains that the United States, a Protestant nation, is only out for its own good and no good of theirs.

In the United States itself, misunderstanding is as great, if not greater. Lack of proper education about the Latin American countries and their backgrounds has given many Americans the wrong attitude toward these nations. Citizens of the United States are too easily inclined to consider their nearest neighbors in a patronizing, condescending manner. Differences in language and customs have often been the cause of serious misunderstandings.

To bridge the gap between this lack of understanding and the work of the OAS which has been so successful, there must be education in the cultural values and language of the different nations. A plan for educational work of this type has already been drawn up by the OAS. As a world power, the United States should take the lead in supporting this plan and other projects, such as economic assistance programs of the Point Four type in order to further the spirit of good will among all the nations. If the OAS will receive the full support of every one of the American nations and if such support is continued, all Americans will have reason to rejoice in the knowledge that if danger should threaten any one of them, all the others will stand ready to repel that danger, whether it be social, political, or economic.

Brotherhood of Man (Continued from Page 37)

God they are all members of the same family.

The solution of the problem of racial intolerance, both on a national and international level, is to awaken the spirit of brotherhood in the peoples of the world, to foster

a respect for the dignity of man, and to promote justice in world affairs. All must work together for this end—for it is only with the unity of all peoples under the direction of God that peace, freedom, and justice in the world will be attained.

A New Columbus

by BARBARA REDER

Busses whizzing! Horns honking! People pushing! Everywhere hurry, hustle, rush! Heinrich took refuge in the nearest doorway and stood for a long time viewing the panorama before him. New York — dazzling, glorious, colossal! New York — hard, cold, disinterested! Heinrich was lost in the giant metropolis at rush hour.

He had long awaited this moment, this dream that he had never believed could come true. His friends and relatives back in Germany had envied him this opportunity to come to America and he had promised to give them a full account of all that he would see and experience in this land of opportunity. Now, he was bewildered and disgusted. True, New York was everything he had heard it would be, but he had expected the people to be different, to be friendly and helpful. Instead they were withdrawn and snobbish.

Suddenly, a voice at his elbow startled him, "Well now, lad, what's the trouble? You seem to be worried about something."

Frightened, Heinrich turned toward the voice to discover a jolly red face under equally red hair, and a blue uniform which

told him immediately that this was a man of authority. Searching diligently through his smattering of classroom English for words to express his situation, Heinrich finally singled out the word, "Lost."

The policeman smiled. Now all he had to do was to find where the lad lived and everything would be fine; however, when Heinrich answered, "G e r m a n y," Officer O'Riley was stumped. Scratching his carrot-colored locks, he suddenly came up with an inspiration. Just two doors down the street was the office of a lawyer who himself had come from Germany years ago and still spoke German fluently. He immediately hustled a dubious Heinrich into the building and soon the odd pair burst in upon the lawyer.

Otto Schmidt, realizing Heinrich's predicament, took charge at once and soon had him completely at ease. On hearing someone who not only understood his language but could speak it also, the boy felt such a relief that he wanted to cry. His story came tumbling out quickly and before long Mr. Schmidt was able to inform a rather confused policeman of the whole situation.

Heinrich had arrived that very morning on a ship with other German youths who had come to America to work on farms and attend school. They were to stay on the farms assigned to them for a year and then return to their homeland. The trip had been arranged by a youth organization and was, in a way, a hands across the sea idea. The group was to stay in New York for the night and leave the following afternoon by train for states in the Middle West where the farms were located. Everyone had been assigned a room in a hotel near the consulate and told to stay close to one another and near the hotel. But Heinrich, in the excitement of his first day in America and at the sights around him and in his eagerness to see and remember everything, had wandered off.

"The matter's really simple," finished Mr. Schmidt, "all we have to do is to take the boy back to the consulate or to the hotel in which he's staying."

But even as he said it, he was eyeing the boy, remembering his own first days in the New World, days filled with fright, insecurity, and dislike. On sudden impulse he began to question Heinrich as to what he thought of this new country. No sooner had he started his questioning, than Heinrich poured out all his thoughts, thoughts that had accumulated during his wanderings through the teeming crowds of noonday Manhattan.

When Heinrich had finished, Mr. Schmidt turned to the policeman with a sad smile, "He doesn't like us, nor does he think much of our

land of opportunity. Of course, he hasn't really seen much of it, but it's enough to make him decide that he wants to go back home already. I wonder . . ."

While he talked, he was rapidly forming a plan. An hour later, a rather bewildered German youth found himself seated in a car beside Mr. Schmidt on his way to Long Island. The matter had been easy to arrange and after a few hurried phone calls—one to his wife and one to the consulate—Mr. Schmidt had whisked Heinrich away and was now taking him to a pleasant home in the suburbs, to a home-cooked meal and to an air of friendliness that the boy needed.

Otto Schmidt, his wife and his son, Johnny, made Heinrich's first night in America one of wholesome living and friendly interest. He could never repay them for their kindness, nor would he ever forget this evening spent in a typical American home. These people had shown him what America was like beneath the surface. At their insistence, he gladly consented to stop and see them on his way back to Germany.

Twelve months later, a tanned figure could be seen hurrying through the streets of New York. Jostling and pushing, he edged his way through the mass jamming into the subway station. Heinrich was lost again, but this time he was lost in thought rather than in the unfamiliar grey stone of New York.

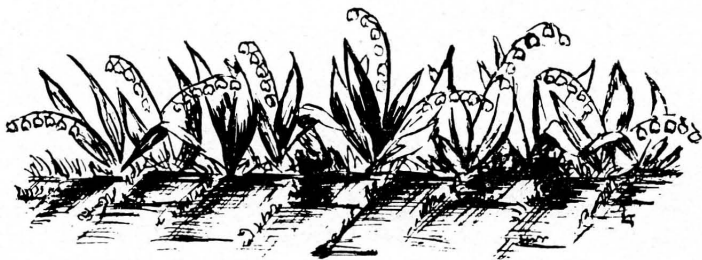
Images of all that had transpired in the last twelve months passed through his mind. He had much to

tell the Schmidts, much more to tell those at home. He had always known the soil, but the fertility of that which he had worked with on the small Iowa farm to which he had been assigned had been beyond all expectations. The farm machinery and the agricultural system in this country far surpassed his greatest imaginings. But, more than this was the democracy he had discovered. This system of government was TOPS!

Before coming to America, Heinrich had had doubts as to whether this system would work in Germany. He, as most youths of his age, had believed that his people would have to be regimented and dictated to, rather than be allowed to use their own judgment. Yet, America had proved how the system worked and lasted. It would

work in Germany, too. Of course, it would take time; the people had to learn; but with patience and hard work it would succeed as it had succeeded in the United States. Heinrich felt almost akin to Columbus in the America he had found in the short year he had spent with her people. He had found friends, a new language, and a new way of living, and he had loved every minute of it.

The subway train jerked to a stop and Heinrich heard the conductor call out his station. With other scurrying figures he jumped off the train and mounted the steps to the street. Happy and content he jogged along to the home of the Schmidts where he knew friendship and wholesome people awaited with eager interest his account of his discovery of America.



BOOK REVIEWS

Eugenio Pacelli: Pope of Peace

by OSCAR HALECKI

Eugenio Pacelli: Pope of Peace is the combined life story of Eugenio Pacelli and a political history of the Vatican from 1914 to the present.

As Pope Pius XII, Eugenio Pacelli rules over a tiny state composed of one hundred acres; he also rules over more than twenty-eight million souls for whom he makes decisions in religious matters. No Pope in history has ever held so vital a position as Eugenio Pacelli. An advocate of Peace, he has crusaded courageously against war and the radical tendencies of Nazism, Fascism, and Communism. Today he stands as the greatest spiritual rampart against the Communistic forces.

Eugenio Pacelli espoused the cause of international peace during his earlier years. While he was yet a student, Pacelli was greatly influenced by St. Augustine as the champion of true peace in his *City of God*. He must have known even then the comprehensive definition of peace given by St. Augustine who spoke of "the peace of all things — tranquillity of order." Pius XII's strong idea of peace becomes perhaps more clear in the

light of a less familiar quotation from St. Augustine: "It is more glorious to kill war through words than to kill men through iron, and to obtain peace through peace rather than through war."

The best remembered peace attempts of Pius XII were the efforts he made in 1939 to bring Germany and Austria to agreeable terms. When news of the Nazi-Soviet pact, which destroyed the last of peace, was made public, the Pope well interpreted what was threatening as is best evidenced by his radio appeal to the world. Although his pleas and efforts failed, this address was one of the most moving appeals ever made by a Pope. In the name of God Himself, Pius XII appealed to reason, using what was to become the famous phrase: "Nothing is lost with peace; all may be lost with war."

Oscar Halecki, the author, is a devout Catholic and an historian of renown. He is, therefore, quite capable of presenting an accurate account of the Pope in both a spiritual and temporal light.

—Mary Schuck

House on the Sands

by JOHN L. BONN

He thought he had built his house on sands—. There was nothing distinguished in the sound of his name—Francis MacNutt—but this name became a familiar sound on the lips of great personages throughout the world. This man who became the confidant of an emperor and three popes was born in Richmond, Indiana. Brought up by his grandparents, who were shut away in their own little world, he was not offered what his unsure mind craved. At an early age Francis found the first Real Thing in his life — Catholicism. Oddly enough he did not embrace it until he reached young manhood.

Francis was restless, always restless. He was sent away to study at Harvard and there met Oscar Wilde. Through him Francis was introduced into London society on his first voyage to Europe. From then on he became, in turn, diplomat, ambassador, and papal chamberlain.

While yet in his twenties Francis met the man who influenced his life greatly in the years that were to come. This was Father Kenelm Vaughan, an English priest and mystic, who was a loveable and ingenious man. Attracted by Vaughan's magnetic personality, Francis believed he had a vocation and went to study for the priesthood in Rome. There he was the classmate of many of the cardinals, bishops, and

priests that later would be well known. The most famous of these was Della Chiesa, later Pope Benedict XV.

Realizing, finally, that he did not have a vocation, Francis became a diplomatic representative of the United States Government. Traveling through all the capitols of Europe, Asia, and this continent, he was greatly influenced by all the complex societies of the world. One of these societies was that of Mexico. There he met with one of the strangest and most romantic experiences of his life. Everyone who saw him believed that he was the son of Maximilian because of his amazing resemblance to the Hapsburg family.

Not long after leaving the seminary, Francis decided to marry. Besides his religion, he needed the realness of a woman in his life. Without his realizing it, Margaret Ogden MacNutt greatly influenced her husband in many of the decisions he had to make. His Catholic Faith and Margaret were the only real things in his life.

In his later years he was very influential in Roman and Hapsburgian society. He became very intimate with Emperor Franz Josef of Austria at the time of the collapse of the Austrian Empire and did much to aid the royal family. Francis was also very close to Pope Leo XIII and later to Pope Bene-

dict XV. His career was climaxed by negotiating the concordat which established the independent Vatican State.

John Bonn ably re-creates the complex societies of the world—especially the Roman and Austrian societies which greatly influenced MacNutt. He admirably captures every phase of the life and career of Francis MacNutt so that the book is both absorbing and charming. Each new experience is marked by a color and flavor that render the reader capable of feeling the excitement of this unique human being. Bonn has competently

touched and enriched his narrative with the lasting deep faith of this man of the world.

Francis MacNutt had failed in many things but he had also accomplished much. "It was a good life, after all, made up of failures, of mistakes and failures of the kind that Kenelm Vaughan loved — a life never patterned by himself, but patterned for him by One Who saw it more clearly than he could—Who had built his life upon rock, taken the house that he had built upon sand and set it firm upon a rock. It was good . . ."

—Marie Martino

The Uprooted

by OSCAR HANDLIN

The Uprooted is the story of the crucial experiences of the 35 million people who emigrated to the United States in the past century and a half. "Uprooted" accurately describes their condition, because they were literally just that. Severing all ties with the Old World, they were not to rebuild their cultures and customs, but to be molded and changed to fit the patterns of the New World. Professor Handlin depicts the difficult stages of their Americanization with a deep insight.

The nineteenth century immigrant expected to find America a land of opportunities. On the contrary, he found himself a foreigner, often despised and discriminated

against. His experiences were alienation, suffering, and disillusionment. He had to wrestle desperately for a living in a more industrialized, more competitive economy. But out of his terrific struggle there emerged qualities of independence and enterprise which have played a significant part in vitalizing the fiber of the American nation.

In this epic story of the great migrations that made the American people, Oscar Handlin has by his understanding of the immigrants' reactions in their exposed state succeeded in his hope to "throw light on the problems of all those whom the modern world somehow uproots."

—Mary Evelyn Malone,

Three Christopher Books

by JAMES KELLER

Father James Keller, founder and head of the Christopher movement, has written and published within the last five years three books which sum up the Christopher movement and point out the manner in which all conscientious American citizens can play an active part in shaping America and the world as a whole.

You Can Change the World, the first in the series, is written to explain and generally acquaint the public with the purpose and work of the Christophers. Father Keller states the theme of the book when he says, "It is not intended as a book for experts. Neither is it a literary work. Rather it is an 'A-B-C' for the average person who, becoming more and more disturbed by the rapid trend toward paganism, feels helpless and frustrated only because he is not aware of the vital role he can play, personally and individually, in reversing that trend."

Father Keller concisely and adequately shows the importance of every field of activity from labor management to participation in school activities. From the most to the least important everyone has a job. The ideas presented are not merely theoretical, but practical,

plodding means to attain the goal of world understanding and co-operation on all levels.

Careers That Change the World, the second book, goes one step further with an even more definite purpose. Helpful methods which enable individuals more easily to secure positions in the vital fields which shape the destiny of our country and the world are also outlined. Education, government, communications, labor relations, social service, and library work—the most important fields according to Father Keller—are discussed at length. The picture Father Keller paints is a true one. Careers are not discussed in glowing terms, but the disadvantages and hardships are also brought to light.

The book concludes by saying it is not possible for everyone to enter a profession, but it is possible for every person to influence those around him to enter into a career which will benefit not only them but mankind and further the brotherhood of men.

Father Keller aims the third in the series at all Americans entitling it *Government Is Your Business*. The greatness of America, its power and strength lies in the fact that every American has an equal right

to express his opinion on the manner in which the government should be run.

The author emphasizes again and again the many special blessings God has bestowed upon Americans. Americans should respect and cherish these blessings as something for which a great price was paid. The unlimited opportunities in America are not a national heritage in the strictest sense of the word. Clear thinking Americans realize the important part each citizen plays and make government their business.

Each citizen should consider it a personal duty to protect the heritage of his government. Government affects all of us. Father Keller urges every citizen to take an active interest in his government, be it federal, state, county or village, for the good of his own country and the world.

The Civil Service, its problems

and methods for getting more conscientious workers, are also discussed. Father Keller effectively brings home the fact that government is only as good as the people who run it.

These three books should be read by every clear-thinking, intelligent American. Father Keller has a free, easy style of writing. The books are friendly and informal. *Careers That Change the World* and *Government Is Your Business* cannot be appreciated to the utmost unless the reader has first read *You Can Change the World*. These three books help the student in his search of the right profession and give the older person a better perspective of his job. The reader, whatever his age, will close the last volume with a deeper understanding of the Christopher movement and an appreciation of the part each individual can play in changing the world.

—Suzann Reith



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