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[illegible] "THE CATHOLIC [illegible]" [illegible] JAMES E. KEARNEY, Bishop of Rochester.

Mission Sunday—October 19

All America is Mission-minded this Sunday, in every hamlet and city, in every [illegible] diocese, in every chapel and stately church, in every Catholic home and every Catholic heart,—the work of the missions and the need of the missions are up for discussion. Time was when the whole world [illegible] in the observance of Mission Sunday. War has changed that. To America [illegible] the Missions now look for [illegible], for prayers, for financial support. In Europe and Asia the friends of the Missions [illegible] able to pray for the cause they [illegible] wholly unable to give those [illegible] which in happier times were [illegible] of the total resources for the [illegible] Gospel.

The [illegible] Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the official organization of the [illegible] for securing money for the Missions [illegible] this year must arrest the [illegible] of every thoughtful Catholic. [illegible] fail to rise to the emergency, [illegible] must close, many missionaries [illegible] up for very lack of food. [illegible] dues in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith stand at $1.00 for Ordinary, $6.00 for Family, and $40.00 for Perpetual Memberships. Such an increase in the number of members as to include the entire congregation of each parish, would [illegible] much in the way of meeting the need. [illegible] help will come if along with the $1.00 Membership Dues could be included an added dollar or two. Our Catholic people find this suggestion helpful as they decide what they can do to save our Missions in this crisis.

The love of God must be our motive in answering the Mission Appeal! Along with this will go the love of our neighbor! The beloved Apostle tells us: "He who has the goods of this world and sees his brother in need and closes his heart to him, how does the love of God abide in Him? My dear children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and in truth."

The love of God is in us: we see our brothers in need; Mission Sunday will find us not closing our heart to them, but offering to them the goods of this world which God has given us. In deed and in truth, shall we respond to the call of the Missions, of the Missionaries, of our brethren in need!

V For Victory—C. Y. A.

The splendid record of the workers in the Membership Drive of the Columbus Youth Association is an indication of the hard work they have done and of the loyal interest they have shown in the work of the C. Y. A. It is also a tribute to the heartfelt attachment of the men and women of Rochester to the C. Y. A. reflected in the sustained support they have given the Drive. Their generosity will enable many a boy and girl to enjoy the benefits of the Columbus Civic Centre, to grow into stronger and better citizens through use of the gymnasium and swimming pool, through supervised recreation, through membership in the C. Y. A., Boy Scout Troop and Girl Scout Troop.

Victory is the portion of this great army of workers under the wise direction of Mr. [illegible] Myler, General Chairman of the Drive. Catholics join with their brethren of other faiths in the community in thanking Mr. Myler and his earnest helpers for an accomplishment that means so much to our younger generation.

The [illegible] For Divorce

Our Holy Father at the opening of the [illegible] year for the Roman Tribunals condemned in strong terms the prevalence of divorce in certain countries. Well did he [illegible] it a "mania." For it is not in accord with reason. It is the product of [illegible] tendency that is affecting the [illegible] and the individual. There was a [illegible] of the continuity [illegible] upon by all as a [illegible] in the life of the [illegible] of the wife. Their [illegible] their homes [illegible] religious obligations [illegible] of them, is the [illegible] divorce. Modern [illegible] privileges [illegible] duties, obligations [illegible] into with [illegible] recognition of its indissolubility, no determination to persevere in it till death, can not measure up to pagan standards, let alone standards that are Christian.

Columnists would lose much to write about were divorces less common. Newspaper mortuary notices might lose some of their interest were no mention made of the number of marriages and divorces that marked or marred the life of the decedent. Marriage notices wouldn't have to be numbered both as to groom and bride: and we would lose the interesting comment added to a recent notice that of the groom's first four wives, he lost two by divorce, two by death—a kind of a fifty-fifty average. When can we look for a revival of decency and sanity that will be reflected in more marriages that are real, in more unions that last!

Unless You See Signs and Wonders

These words Jesus spoke to the ruler whose son lay near death, who sought His help to save the boy. "Unless you see signs and wonders, you believe not." The ruler did not question the truth of the statement, but urged his case the more. When Jesus said, "Thy son liveth," the ruler believed Him. He had seen no sign nor wonder, he had heard only the declaration of Jesus. But he believed, he accepted as true what Jesus said to him.

Signs and wonders are still appearing in the world, signs of the power of God over men, wonders of healing wrought through God's power. In Christ's time many were ready to believe when they saw these signs and wonders. In our time, we find so many that refuse to believe even in the face of the signs and wonders they behold. Paganism is not and can not be a satisfying creed. It answers no questions, gives no replies to the inquiries that must rise up in the human mind. It supplies no need of the human heart or mind. It is negative, not positive. Yet with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, we find men clinging to it even in the face of the signs and wonders of the natural world that sing so clearly the praises of God.

The example of a good life planned on God's law should go for much in this pagan world. Whatever of right, of justice, of beauty, of respect for humanity, we have here is a result of Christian Catholic culture. Its influence has carried over into our times, and many who enjoy all the happiness that comes from it are totally ignorant of its source. Perhaps the signs and wonders of inhumanity and injustice, of cruelty and persecution, that we see today in the lands that have fallen under the heel of the dictator, may serve to bring back to Christianity and belief in God those whose instincts make them abhor all the excesses of totalitarianism.

Selected

As I look at the stacks of mail still to be answered before I start this trek, I can't help but think painfully of the Paper Age in which we live. One company in our city sent seven duplicates of all its correspondence to the home office. During the first World War it was my job to teach Military Correspondence to the young future officers. All I really learned about it myself was that if all the necessary forms were filled out, there'd be no time to fire a shot.

So wistfully I recall Father Edmund Walsh's Passage in "The Last Stand."

"The bureaucracy invented by Peter the Great buried Russia deeper and deeper beneath the clouds of paper under which she has since been staggering. The consciousness of clear Russian destiny becomes fainter and fainter in the minds of her people. The bureaucracy itself was submerged in a mass of superfluous papers; once ten wagonfuls dealing with a single case of fraud in a contract were sent from Moscow to St. Petersburg, and wagons and papers all disappeared unaccountably on the road. The government itself was compelled to hold commissions for the diminution of unnecessary correspondence."

As the little girl once said as she walked through our offices, "What do you bother to answer the mail for anyhow? Just throw it in the wastebasket. People don't expect their letters to be answered."

Letters . . . reports . . . carbons . . . statements . . . manuscripts . . . programs . . .

A train to make, but only after ploughing through the most modern of snowdrifts, the drift of paper.

The interior beauty of a soul through habitual kindliness of thought is greater than our words can tell.—Father Faber.

Thank God when you are on bended knees for that one fact; that in the act of kneeling you are fulfilling the Will of God.—Abbot Chapman.

Feast Days

Sunday, Oct. 19.—ST. PETER OF ALCANTARA.
Monday, Oct. 20.—ST. JOHN CANTIUS.
Tuesday, Oct. 21.—ST. HILARION.
Wednesday, Oct. 22.—ST. MARY SALOME.
Thursday, Oct. 23.—ST. THEODORET.
Friday, Oct. 24.—ST. RAPHAEL, ARCHANGEL.
Saturday, Oct. 25.—SS. CHRYSANTHUS AND DARIUS.

Five Years Ago—

—in the files of the CATHOLIC COURIER

From Oct. 15, 1936, Edition

His Eminence, Eugene Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, upon his arrival in New York, aboard the "Conte di Savoia," in a statement expressed his happiness in finding himself "within the territory of a great people who know how to unite so beautifully and nobly a sense of discipline with the exercise of a just, legitimate and well order liberty."

* * *

That the Holy Father was pleased with the wide reception of his Encyclical on motion pictures in the United States was declared in a letter from Cardinal Pacelli, in this country on a visit, to the Most Rev. Archbishop Edward Mooney, Bishop of Rochester.

* * *

Communism—the godless doctrine battering away at the citadels of religion—was attacked on three fronts by Rochester priests in addresses of the week. Heard denouncing atheistic Communism were: the Rev. Dr. Maynard Connell at Blessed Sacrament Church Holy Name Society meeting; the Rev. Joseph A. Cirrincione, in Columbus Day address to Knights of Columbus, and the Rev. John F. Muckle, in addressing Holy Name Society of Sacred Heart Church.

* * *

Opening with Solemn Pontifical Mass on Sunday celebrated by Archbishop Mooney and continuing for four days until the special devotions in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, the 100th Anniversary of St. Joseph's Church was observed with special services and events. Redemptorist Fathers from many parts of the country were present. The jubilee sermon was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Charles F. Shay who said that what the Redemptorist Fathers had achieved in 100 years "falls little short of the miraculous."

Free Speech

By REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P., Editor, The Catholic World

Sooner or later the American people will awake to the fact that the noxious doctrines now being damned under the name Nazism or Communism have been taught and are still being taught in American universities, in colleges, high schools, in periodical magazines and on the street corners. To listen to the present hullabaloo about "subversive doctrines," you would imagine that we had never heard of subversive doctrines before, that they had swooped down upon us like a swarm of parachute troops out of the sky.

That supposition, of course, is wildly unrealistic. Those subversive doctrines have been here for at least a generation and probably for a half century. In earlier shape they have been with the race since the Commune of the 1840s, since the French Revolution, since the days of Marius and Sulla in Rome just before Julius Caesar, since the Revolution of Spartacus and his gladiators. There is nothing new under the sun. Least of all is revolution new or revolutionary doctrine.

Sursum Corda

Herman Rauschning calls Nazism "The Revolution of Nihilism," and so it is. But so also is Bolshevism. And so is the combination of the two. But the reign of terror in France under Danton and Robespierre was also an orgy of Nihilism. Even the doctrine and the "Philosophy" beneath and behind the reign of terror was a philosophy of nihilism and anarchy. We are seeing nothing new. Not even these remarks are new.

But what may be new to a good many Americans who don't keep up to date is the fact that philosophical and moral nihilism has been taught freely and openly in a half hundred "Centers of Learning" here in our own land. Under what pretext? Under what principle? Under the aegis if you please of the Bill of Rights prefixed to the Constitution of the United States! Educational nihilism and intellectual anarchy have been enjoying the protection of the principle of free speech.

Not to plunge into a philosophical or legalistic discussion of free speech, let us have a concrete exhibition of how this particular one of the "Rights of Man" works when wrongly understood. I take the example from the daily papers of recent date.

Walter Lippman wrote in his syndicated column: "There is no lasting vigor in freedom of speech unless mere loud speaking, mere public uttering, mere broadcasting and declaiming are brought down to truth and reality by cross-examination and debate. Issuing statements, delivering speeches, writing articles and then taking Gallup polls are not the whole of free speeches. The fulfilment of freedom of speech is debate with compels the speaker to prove his case, or change his position."

That seemed to me a pretty good statement of the case. It was an attempt to indicate - though of course not to demonstrate—that a difference must be recognized between free speech and unbridled speech. But Lippmann's moderate remarks upon the subject didn't please Benjamin de Casseres, a rival journalist whose column also has the advantage of wide circulation through a syndicate.

De Casseres objected: "Freedom of speech means . . . freedom to broadcast, freedom to talk, freedom to take Gallup or any other kind of polls, debates, writing articles, declaiming, shouting or uttering that which is on my mind in any way I please. What's the difference whether I speak 'loud' or whisper or 'utter' in a public place or talk to myself? It is the FREEDOM to do just these things in my own peculiar way that constitutes freedom of speech."

Apparently Mr. de Casseres would place no bounds to freedom of speech. He or any one else may either whisper or shout whatever happens to be on his mind at the moment. Apparently also he would hold the view that free speech may be exercised indoors or out, on the street corner or in a class room.

But strangely he had written, a week earlier, in the same column: "'Academic freedom' is one of those pedantic phrases that creep into our language via the professorial mind. It really means that in our schools, colleges and other State-supported institutions a teacher can indoctrinate his pupils with any idea—social, political or religious -- no matter how revolutionary, subversive or preposterous it may be."

Well, why not, if in accordance with the principle of free speech you may say in any way you please what is on your mind at the moment? But Mr de Casseres says "No." In fact he says that such "academic freedom is preposterous unless you admit that it is right to teach in our schools, for instance, polygamy, atheism, free love, gambling, hard drinking and the right to steal. There are many men and women teachers who secretly believe in these 'doctrines' as well as Communism, Socialism and Fascism and who seek the 'academic freedom' to teach them."

Disregarding the apparent inconsistency of Mr. de Casseres, let us admit that there are many men and women teachers who not so secretly hold and teach "those dotcrines." The only question is whether we shall continue to allow those teachers to do their disastrous work under the protection of the sacred principle of free speech.

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Page My Pastor

By Right Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven
Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of the South

Postals for Communion Attendance

"Since Dad became a Catholic, Fran, we're slowly developing into a model Christian family at my home."

"What's surprising about that, Cedie? It's just what I expected."

"I suppose it's because you tutored father and saw him through with flying colors?"

"Hmm — doesn't sound entirely sweet to me, Cedie. Still, I do take pride in your father's conversion. I'm happy and grateful that God allowed me to be of some help."

"Fine, Fran, since you have unburdened yourself so eloquently of that acceptance speech, I'll tell you about my check-and-double-check Christian family."

"Do, Cedie; I'm immensely interested."

"A few evenings ago, during supper, my father hesitantly and naively suggested that every night, right after dinner, before the table is fully cleared, we say the rosary in common."

"Wonderful, Cedie. I think that's touching."

"And Boy Scout Charles volunteered to lead off. And does he do a job of it! I'm sure the Blessed Mother can hear him distinctly in heaven, and so can the neighbors next door."

"Well, don't hold him down: good example is always edifying and contagious."

"Yes, Fran, even our Baptist cook in the kitchen devoutly tries to join in while she's doing the dishes. She said yesterday to mother: 'Ma'am Mac, you sure's all getting religion here of late in this house I likes it.'"

"God bless her good heart. I'm certain if she's affected that way, Our Lady must be listening and blessing you all for it."

"I've heard of families, Fran, who say the rosary together every night, and that it's become such a precious practice with them they even recite it in the automobile coming home at night."

"Yes, I know of a couple of them, Cedie. I asked one lady why they were so faithful in this pious practice. She said that 'in these nerve-racking days, when everybody in the family is rushing around following his or her own interests, the recital of the rosary in common is one time that they all feel close together, with one hope, and one ambition and the great assurance that the good Mother of God will protect them.'"

"Say, that's a beautiful thought, Fran. I'm glad you told me that; it makes me feel like snuggling up with confidence under Mary's protecting mantle. But I have something else to tell you: John has joined the Holy Name Society."

"That's great news, too, Cedie."

"The only thing is, Fran, I don't know how long he will stick."

"What makes you so doubtful?"

"Well, you see, John is a serious fellow, and quite active. I'm afraid there's not enough concrete work in the Holy Name Society to keep his interest alive."

"I don't know, Cedie, how it's worked in your parish; but my pastor, who came to the same conclusion you just stated, has it arranged that the recreational work for youth is in charge of the Holy Name men, and, besides that, he makes them help the St. Vincent de Paul Society on special occasions in its work for the poor. He organized a dramatic club which is a joint affair with the young ladies. Some of the men handle the Boy Scouts, and he also has study clubs for them. In that way, there's plenty of interest for any active worker."

"That's a slick arrangement. Maybe they have the same setup in my parish; at least I hope so, for I'm sure John won't last long, if all he has to do is to go to a dry, pious meeting once a month."

"Of course, the great objective of the Holy Name Society is to make the men exemplary in their conduct and to get them to go to Holy Communion at least once a month."

"Yes—that's all right, Fran but I'm afraid if that's all there is to a Holy Name Society, the real men whom they would want to keep interested won't be held. only the strictly pious will troop together every month, but the real he-men (in their own way of thinking) will consider that a little too passive for an active Catholic when there's so much to be done."

"I understand that, Cedie, that's my pastor's slant. In addition to the activities which he has lined up for his men, he has something else worked out which helps greatly in making the attendance at monthly Communion greater."

"Yes, Fran? Tell me more of this superpastor of yours. He begins to sound almost too good to be true!"

"He is a wonderful priest, Cedie - I don't care what you say. Anyhow, every month, the week previous to Communion Sunday, the district chairmen of the societies – the Blessed Virgin Sodality, St. Ann's, married ladies' society, and the Holy Name, have their individual Communion Sundays, each one sends out a postal to every member of his or her respective group, which reads, 'Remember, this Sunday is your Communion Sunday,' signed by the pastor. Those who come to Communion are instructed to drop their cards in the collection basket. On Monday, the secretary checks the names of those whose cards have come in."

"Don't some object to that method, Fran?"

"You'd be surprised, Cedie, only a few do, and these exceptions are found only among the men."

"Tell me, Fran, how does that system create a better attendance?"

"Well, first of all, this card is delivered by the postman so Mother is always sure to see it, and she will do the reminding on Saturday. Then, if the records at the priest house show, when they are checked every two months, that some member is neglecting Communion a little too often, the district chairman, or another friend, calls on the dilatory member to find out if he has been sick or something. If it is surmised that he needs a little spiritual talking to, the priest makes a friendly call."

"That's some system! It certainly ought to bring results."

Spiritual Thoughts

No virtues were more necessary to us than a modest simplicity.—St. Cyril.

Man rises no higher than his thoughts.

Let all Thy works, O Lord, praise Thee, and let Thy saints bless Thee.

My son, sow not evils in the furrows of injustice, and thou shalt not reap them sevenfold.

But the servant of the Lord must not wrangle: but be mild towards all men, apt to teach, patient.

Parents should do all in their power to conserve the holy traditions received through the precious heritage of Faith.—Cardinal O'Connell.

Strange But True

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

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Have confidence in the Lord with all thy heart and lean not upon thy own prudence.

We must prove our gratitude to Our Divine Benefactor by the perfection of our ordinary deeds.
Mother Mary Aikenhead

And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

We should honor God in His Saints and beseech Him to make us partakers of the graces He poured so abundantly upon them.

The Triumph of Spain

By REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

Our histories, of course, are always written by the English speaking people, who have an age-old and inherited dislike of the Spanish. So it is not surprising that in our histories, England is pretty frequently the hero, the United States is always the hero, and Spain is pretty consistently the villain.

Well, I wonder if any nation in the world had so triumphed as Spain has triumphed in our brave New World. England won and then lost our country. France won and then lost Canada. England gained Canada, but left it half French half English.

But Spain?

Well, you go from the Rio Grande to the lowest tip of the southern hemisphere and with the exception of Brazil, Spain has triumphed. It is Spanish that is the universal language. It is Spanish that is the temperament and facial characteristic. It is Spanish that is the faith. It is Spanish that is the complete independence and high individualism that marks those lands.

Along The Way

Spanish even more than English is a world language. And it is a world language in a unique sense. The English colonists brought English with them, and often as in Canada, kept it for themselves. The Spanish brought Spanish and however they managed it they made Spanish the language of the natives of the countries where they colonized. So the Indians speak Spanish. And the Negroes speak Spanish. And of course the descendents of the Spanish colonists speak Spanish.

We English-speaking people strut the world feeling that English is the world's great language. Maybe it is. But when you get any place south of the Rio Grande you begin to find out that another language has simply pushed your language and mine out of the consciousness of an entire world.

Spain has seen a singularly impressive triumph in its world-wide sweep of language.

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Why, asked my friend at the banquet, can't we have the speeches first and get them over with, and then have the food as the happy climax?

For the quite simple reason that then no one would come until time for the food. Under the present arrangement, people are bribed with food, like animals called to a trap and once caught they can't get out but must stay and listen to the speeches. But if they knew that the speeches were first, they'd patiently and shrewdly wait, and about time the last speaker had finished and the soup was about to be served, they'd come sneaking in.

No, we who speak at banquets have to catch our audience with the lure of food. Once fed they don't dare walk out on us and we have 'em in our grip.

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When you wake at Ogden and start the journey across to Salt Lake City you feel that you are passing through one of the loveliest approaches that leads to an American city . . . mountains, lovely fertile looking plains and an opening in the hills that is like the opening to a great land harbor . . . St. Mary's-of-the-Wasatch (and it's named for the Mountains, if you don't happen to know) is a college with a simply incredible location. I stood before it at night . . . the glittering flash of lights from the city that lay at its feet, and in the further distance the sky reflected in the silver platter of the great Salt Lake, all around it mountains from which airplane beacons flashed upon the snow and the college itself resting in the niche that seems cut out of sheer mountainside . . . The statue of Brigham Young is at the cross streets in the very center of town . . . and the ironical point out to you that his hand is stretched out toward the bank and his back is to the Church . . . 3,500 Catholics living surrounded by almost 400,000 Mormons . . . And by the way I lift respectful hat to the organization of the Mormons: they have a bishop who personally visits every family in the square block over which he presides; they put their churches close as possible to the public schools and take their children in for religious instruction; they carry out the old biblical principle of giving tithes to their church; one out of every family does active missionary work, making them one of the greatest missionary organizations in the world; they take wonderful care of their young people and their dances on every Friday night in their Ward Houses are the greatest preventive of mixed marriages, which they abhor as much as Catholics do.

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It's about twelve years since I heard the representative of the great electrical company tell about the death ray.

"I have seen," he said, "a deathray turned on a rat. The rat glowed with a violent purple light; he quivered in death; he suddenly exploded and lay in ashes. If that has been done to rats the day is not far away when the deathray turned over a regiment will wipe them out like ripe wheat in a prairie fire."

Maybe. But in the morning paper I find an article from the navy's research department. The Deathray can now kill bacteria at a distance of six inches and if turned on a man causes brain fatigue.

What a letdown.

Negro Christ

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

ROYAL ROAD. By Arthur Kuhl.
(Sheed & Ward. 1941)

". . . as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

Jesse Stewart is a Negro boy who lives with his mother Mary in Nazareth, Illinois. It was not long after his birth on December 25, 1907 that his father died. When the story opens Jesse is thirty-three years old and he and his mother are having to move to the big city where there are better chances for work.

But when they get there times are bad, and the two of them are forced to go on relief. One evening Jesse is out walking with some friends, when there is a sudden hue and cry from a woman whose purse has been snatched. Instinctively, the Negroes dodge away from the line of trouble and take to their heels. One of them falls and breaks his ankle, but the rest run for shelter.

Within an hour the police arrest Jesse in the beer garden where he thinks he is out of reach. They have been brought there by Dude, the injured Negro. Neither of the Negroes is guilty but Dude has been scared out of his wits. To save his own skin, he trumps up a story against Jesse and betrays his friend. Pete, the other friend, might have helped, but he is scared, too, and makes as if he doesn't know Jesse.

Library Signpost

So Jesse is sent to prison, and his picture appears in all the papers. Immediately, there is a flare-up. Two women think they recognize, from the picture, the Negro who had assaulted them, and who had murdered the sister of one of them. Jesse is put through a third degree, scourged, and hounded for a confession. He is tabbed in the public mind by the newspapers as a sex killer.

The case comes to trial. It turns into a political issue, for the local elections are imminent. A conviction must be secured to satisfy the public. Judge Pelt is up for office.

And so the farce of a trial is concluded, and the jury brings back a verdict of guilty. Jesse Stewart is sentenced to die in the electric chair.

The electrocution, scheduled for twelve o'clock, is delayed three hours by complications in the wiring. Jesse is tortured by the agony of waiting. Thirst and dereliction stab like a sword. At last the word comes, and the death march begins. Weakened by his terror, Jesse falls, and is kicked up again by the guard; two scrubwomen in the corridor stop their work to watch him with compassion. He is strapped to the chair, and at the stroke of three, the switch is turned on.

When Jesse's mother signs the card at the relief office to get money for his burial, the clerk sees that the father's name was Joseph, and that Jesse was born in Bethlehem, Pa.

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That is the story of Royal Road. It is capably handled, trenchantly written. It overcomes remarkably well the elaborate problem of its sacred parallel, and stands on its own feet as an able-bodied story. It perhaps will hit some people harder than many sermons on the Mystical Body of Christ in which there is neither black nor white, but one Body in Christ. It is an exciting experiment and ought to find a flock of readers.

Now the question is, Does the experiment fully come off? I think not. Perhaps the author might admit as much. I think it is far closer to being a good play than a good novel. It is so lean and pared to the bone of action that it begs for dramatization, whereas in a novel you expect a more dimensional development of the characters and a deeper probing of the springs of their action.

As they stand in Royal Road, Jesse and Mary and the other characters are only types, they do not move into life as persons. Actual persons on the stage can breathe their individual spirit into type parts. But a good novelist has the task of making his characters not only speak but live, in their own right, without leaving the pages of his book.

That is what makes the difference between, for instance, a morality play like Everyman and a novel like The Betrothed. In the one, you have types which depend upon players if they are to come into life. In the other, the characters communicate themselves to the reader from the pages of the book.

Mr. Kuhl's novel is a story of action used as a symbol. That in itself need not have kept his book from greatness. It misses the superlative only because he did not fully conceive his characters in flesh and blood.

Having registered that exception for the sake of the record, let's repeat that Royal Road is dynamic, interesting, thought-provoking. Reading-time: about two hours. It's yours for the asking at the Catholic Evidence Library, Columbus Civic Centre lobby.

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Pet Peeve: Mothers or guardians who bring children, even tiny tots, to an adult movie like The Little Foxes. It makes you wonder whether they themselves have brains enough to understand such an intelligent picture.

• • •

Picture Title: The verse about "the little foxes" may be found in that book of the Bible (Old Testament) which is called The Canticle of Canticles. It reads: "Catch us the little foxes that destroy the vines: for our vineyard hath flourished." (Chap. 2, v. 15)