

AS WE SEE IT

By DAN PATRICK

An elderly woman walked up to the smoking counter of a drug store the other day and asked for a package of cigarette tobacco. The shortage apparently had reduced her to rolling her own. When the clerk replied that he had no such tobacco, she stalked out of the place indignantly remarking in a stage whisper:

"This horrible war!"

Apparently the war had finally reached her door step after more than three long years. She couldn't get cigarettes!

That same day we received a letter from a sergeant stationed in Paris. He didn't talk about cigarettes. They had passed into the realm of the impossible many weeks ago. But he did talk of the weather within the bounds of censorship and revealed that heat was at a premium in Paris. As far about living in cold quarters. But he certainly felt sorry for the poor kids of Paris.

We wonder what our tobacco-less lady would say if she had to live for weeks on end in an unheated apartment.

All of which brings up the question of the attitude of some people to the war. Now of course we don't mean those who are making a commercial and substantial contribution to the national effort.

Certainly the parents, wives and children of those in service have made a real contribution which is tantamount to a sacrifice. Even more so have sacrifices been offered on war's altar by the relatives of the men whose names are found on growing numbers. Their contribution is beyond human measure.

Nor can we include those who have done their bit on the home front by responding to every call to service and cheerfully meeting the many inconveniences which war has thrust upon us. And we say inconveniences advisedly for nothing we have been called upon to do thus far can be placed in the harshly bracketed.

We specifically refer to a minority group comprising the men and women who have glided through these bloody years on the wings of inflation and pay envelopes and unprecedented prosperity. This may be harsh conclusion but, judging from their attitude during the war give us, the answer they'll like it.

They haven't any relatives in the service. To them the casualty lists and stock market reports are in the same category. They scream to the high heavens about the vicissitudes of rationing, tobacco shortage, snow, water or what have you.

The women in this group gape at the bad news in the daily press. They're only going to get two pairs of shoes a year. What, they mean to this world coming to — only two pairs of shoes a year. Not to mention the point system in rationing. It's a terrible nuisance as far as they're concerned.

As we mentioned before, a good percentage of these people are working at inflationary wages.

None of them couldn't hold down an \$11-a-week job in normal times but now they're rolling in comparative wealth on a payroll of \$66 and \$88 a week. The withholding tax each payday proves an awful strain on the purse strings but they blame it all to this "horrible war."

These are the *home people* who are back of every restrictive measure proposed in Washington as long as it doesn't hit them. But when it does — then the government is hitting below the belt.

Take the recent proposal to draft nurses. We know a woman who's all for it. She doesn't like nurses because her daughter started in to study and couldn't make the grade.

Therefore, with her daughter out of the picture, a nurse draft is just the thing. She hasn't the least idea of the many complications that enter into the picture. She doesn't concede that such legislation, affecting only one class of women, is regarded by some as unfair and discriminatory. If she and those of her ilk had their way, the nurse draft would go through without too much trouble.

Fortunately, there are clearer heads meeting this problem and the consensus in well-informed quarters at this writing seems to be that such a draft will not be necessary.

And as it goes, all the way down the line. These people are not making any real contribution to the war effort. They don't know what war sacrifices mean. The war has passed by their doorway but instead of thanking the Lord and phasing in they are expecting their good fortune and shedding crocodile tears in the bargain.

"With their backs turned to God and home and poor old mom married again of no note, no respect, no objectives and all, no ready, either alleged 'friendship,' we are inclined to reply in the classic words of General McAuliffe as he answered the surrender ultimatum of the enemy:

"Nuts."

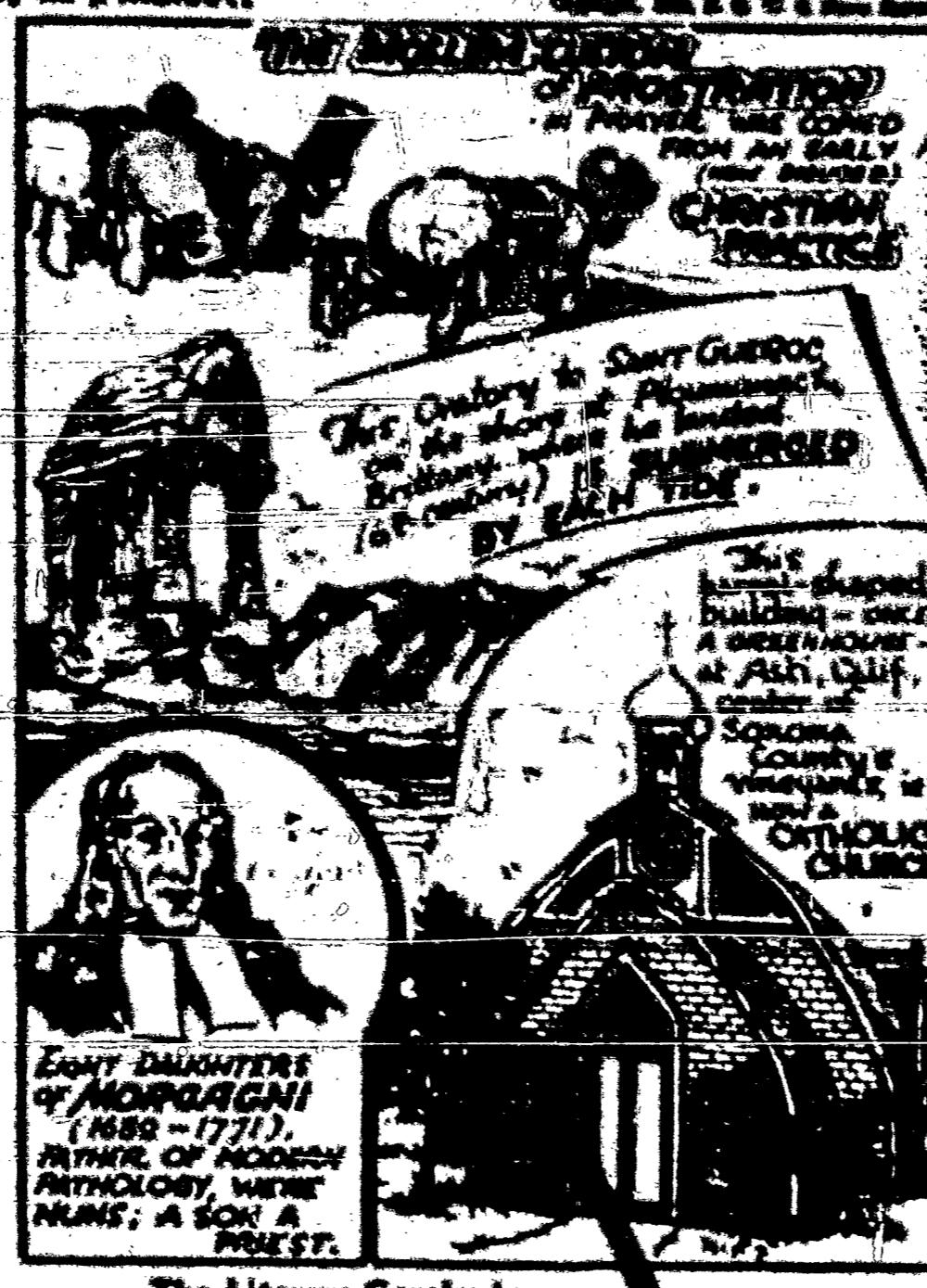
Feast Days

Christmas Day, Dec. 25. CHRISTMAS.
Epiphany Day, Jan. 6. THE FEAST OF THE DEDICATION OF THE HOLY TEMPLE.
Theophany Day, Jan. 6. THE FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE LORD.
Presentation Day, Jan. 6. THE FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION OF JESUS CHRIST.
A GOOD character, good health, and long life are the mainstays to the members of all the families throughout the entire world.

God and Country, the traditional motto of the Catholic Church, still carries more weight in the hearts of the people than ever before in history. When

STRANGE BUT TRUE Little-Known Facts for Curiosities

By M. J. MURRAY



The Literary Cavalcade

Dusting the Desk

By John O'Connor

The readers of this corner will appreciate the fact that a reviewer limited to a column or a "stick" a week occasionally finds himself in a spot where he must telescope the review and hope to do justice to both the author and any possible reader.

Roman authors have established a tradition of writing a book a year and giving it to the public gratis. In the winter months this saves the publisher the cost of advertising and gives the author the pleasure of having his book in print. I am not sure that I could do this myself, but the publisher would be pleased to receive payment for my efforts.

In the Winter issue of *Review of Books*, when "the ruler" of books and magazines is gone, many who will recall **WHAT OTHER ANSWER?** by Dorothy Freament Grant, that sparkling convert from modern muckraking, will be happy to know that she has turned in another good work. In *"War in My Parish"* (Bruce 325) she has collected and compiled the reports and tales of our heroic chaplains from all over the world. The actions of many of our chaplains under their great chief, Major General William Arnold, has brought many men to the Faith and back to the Faith. (More to come in this corner about the General.)

Frankly, I've been having the worst sort of luck trying to interview Don Luigi Sturzo for the past few weeks. The skilled head of the Italian Popular Party is just within reach and then he turns like a bunch of beans and dashes away. Anyway, Father Sturzo has written a truly Christian work of basic ideas in apologetics in *"The Inner Law of Society,"* (McGraw 35.50). It is a fine work and while it might lack the complete objectivity of Nicholas Tschiffli of *Persecuted Graduate School*, it is valuable and sure to be followed for years by both scholars and the more advanced laymen.

Now has ever man widely known brother local ate, Master John J. Flynn, has edited *The Great Years of Peace* (Horizon, 15.75). This voluminous and over-worked account of brother who never says "no" whose books are unreadable, while the brief basic principles for ordering peace: the pillar of good will, the pillar of morality, of property, of personality, of the family, of freedom, and of world unity. While it lacks the sound coverage of Macmillan's *An American Peace*, it is an admirable introduction to the author and his ideas.

What follows are to my taste the best. Among these Christopher Dawson and H. B. Swinton Lewis, Prof. Olin and Member of Parliament H. J. Wilkes is one of the best of a shrinking race of literary clerics in England. His previous work, along with the histories of Dawson and de la Riomé, are probably the best on the shelf, but the new work, *Christianity and Culture*, is an added pleasure.

John O'Connor, a former member of the staff of the *Washington Star*, has written a fine study of the *Massachusetts* (Harcourt, 40.00) which reveals the rôle of the Puritan *Massachusetts* in the development of American civil liberties. He also has an excellent study of the *Baptists* (Harcourt, 35.00).

Literary Snapshot By Rev. Bernard Murray

MISSIONARY FROM HOBART

No. 116 of "Turning

By Katherine Burton Thompson Green STONE
(Reviewed by William Tamm,
St. Bernard's Seminary '57)

Happy the biographer who bristles shoulders with a subject tailor-made for interest! The fortunate writer, in this particular instance, is the humoristic pen given an over the story of James Kent Stone, probably better known as Father Pidote of the Cross. The life of James Kent Stone, as fascinating and complete, is one of those rare and superb fictions that lead themselves almost magically to printer's ink.

In the course of the years from 1860 when he was born at Benicia, California, Kent Stone was in turn graduated from Harvard University, served as a Union soldier in the Civil War, was ordained Episcopal minister, married Cornelia May who bore him three daughters, was president successively of Keppel and Hobart Colleges, finally was converted to Catholicism and went on to become a priest and Franciscan.

Maybe such a variegated glossary of activities for a single eighty-year span might lead one to question the stability and depth of its creator. In truth the facts are not as turbulent as appearance may lead to warrant. The metamorphosis of Kent Stone was a gradual process as most conversions are. Stability was an integral part of the Stone character, and fervor was but a mere pittance. If one virtue in his life shone above all others, it was an uncompromising honesty of conscience. Facing every issue squarely and pursuing truth with dauntless courage, his keen intellect probed tirelessly until it discovered the fountain of all truth, the Catholic Church. Since Kent Stone the convert became Father Pidote the Franciscan, after a brief sojourn with Isaac Borgia's Paulines. For over forty years, his unfaltering disciple followed the Cross many times through both the Americas and even to Rome where he served his Order as confessor, Missioner, retreats, sermon. All knew his golden touch, and as numerous were the requests that his bodily strength could not possibly match them. Like a tired, old warrior who crept, military bearing was lost by time, Father Pidote quietly sheathed the sword of truth at sometime year and stepped peacefully from this life, the crown he deserved laid firmly in his hands.

Katherine Burton has given us a quiet, moving, interesting, and instructive sketch of a man truly remarkable.

Her style is unadorned and simple. Full of ordinary scenes and offers little information to the reader. In printing "No. 116 of Turning," this reviewer was struck by the rich literary potentialities of James Kent Stone, and could not help but conjecture at the result should a gifted biographical novelist of Worfel's *become interested.*

At this high time, I think, to pay tribute to Katherine Burton for her wonderful service to us in keeping alive the memory of the great figure with whom God has blessed the Catholic Church in the United States. This seems to be her appointed task, and she is answering up to it well. Though not a great writer, according to existing literary standards, she yet has more than an ordinary knack in compiling the material of a difficult subject and in turning them into a sound, readable volume. She succeeds in her task and deserves the thanks of all who like to keep the memory of the great figure with whom God has blessed the Catholic Church in the United States.

And what an interesting personality the author comes to life across her pages. Her description of the Shrine's daughter, who became a convert to the Church and later a Dominican nun serving leprosy-scarred cancer patients (Brooks Batt & Johnson); Mother Seton, related to the old Batterson and Roosevelt, and discussed now for possible canonization (Ms. Dept. Department); Father John O'Connor, a doughty convert who founded the Franciscan Friars of the Immaculate in the United States; the young priest of the Boston Archdiocese (Fr. Edward G. Conroy); the strength of their character and their constant need of a better education (Fr. Peter L. O'Brien); the famous James Kenney, etc., etc. These are the names of the saints, the heroes, the greats of the past, but there are many more. There are the hidden figures of the church, the secretaries, the modest, the anonymous, the good who have done good, the kind who have been kind, the self-sacrificing, the heroic, the saintly. These are the names of the saints, the heroes, the greats of the past, but there are many more.

Christopher Dawson, the author of *The Massachussets*, is a man of whom we could not be proud. As a convert to Catholicism, his record is impressive, his influence, his knowledge, his ability to teach the truths of the Church to the world, his ability to inspire and instruct others to do the same, his ability to write and speak in a clear, lucid, direct manner, his ability to keep the spirit of the Catholic Church alive and well in the world, his ability to bring the world closer to the spirit of the Catholic Church. He has done all of these things, and more, and we are grateful for his service to the Church, to the world, and to God.