

AS WE SEE IT

By DAN PATRICK

Proving that the customer always writes—and that they can be wrong too—in the following re- sponding epistle which we quote in part:

Your weekly column never fails to interest me. indeed it often irritates me, as perhaps it is intend- ed to, treating as it so often does of controversial topics. This week's article, attacking Eleanor Roose- velt's article, impels me to submit to you my opin- ion on the subject of American education regarding our past relations with Great Britain.

Let me state here that this is not intended as a defense of Mrs. Roosevelt—she seems to need no champions. But to decide her statements merely because she made them is hardly profound or logical.

Regarding the Revolution against Great Britain— of course we (or rather the Englishmen who lived here at that time) did rebel against and defeat the British troops who were sent here. But why must our school history books tell the story of that re- bellion as though it were an entirely glorious patri- otic effort on our part, and a tyrannical, contempti- ble demonstration of British greed on the other?

You certainly are aware that only a very small group of the colonists entertained and fostered the authority. It proved eventually to be a successful movement was largely one of defiance of constituted authority in the beginning, and that the revolution, with complete separation from Britain as the result, but our school historians pretend that it started as a patriotic movement by high-minded, and earnest men, whose only thought was to give to the world the idea of men's liberty and equality.

As far as the War of 1812 is concerned, our in- sane president, James Madison, chose to attack England when she was engaged in a struggle for survival against the tyrant Bonaparte, with whom we (or rather the liberated Englishmen who lived here then) had made an infamous bargain for the piece of freedom, chose to ally ourselves, using the Louisiana territory, and with whom we, the cham- pioned that England was impressing our ocean.

Regarding the Civil War, whether England would have joined the South in its struggle against (in the opinion of the rebels) the same kind of tyranny America had fought four years and seven years previously, that is conjecture, and not history.

How would Mrs. Roosevelt have history written so as to steam up American children to love and worship Great Britain, you ask? Perhaps she would choose the words "love and worship," as you have, but I should think she might suggest that our school histories mention the fact that the American patri- ots were not a separate people, but were notably Englishmen themselves, who had a desire to take part in the making of laws which governed them.

When I went to school, I was given the impres- sion that the Americans were a separate nation who fought England to prevent her from taxing our patriots. (And if you gather from this that I was not learning what the books and teachers were try- ing to teach me, I must, in all modesty, confess that I received 100% in both parochial and high school final examinations in American History.)

I have since concluded that most of the "patriots" were rabble who never paid any taxes, who looked upon the Revolution as a field day for robbing and humiliating the "Tories" who had either wealth or position, and who were propaganda into fighting by a group of selfish and shrewd opportunists, such as Sam Adams, with the promise of reward in look- ing and political favor.

Perhaps I should hasten to point out that I am not a Tory—in fact, I did not live here during the Revolution, nor did my ancestors. The results of the Revolution have been glorious, but its origin was not wholly so, nor were the British wholly con- temptible.

You make a point of our failure to get our money back from Britain following World War I. You must recall how our government sent a fellow named Dawes, and another named Young to Europe to help prepare a plan for adjusting the indebtedness due to France and England from Germany. The re- sult of this plan seems to have been that nobody got his money back.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a card, you observe. One that is able to stay in the game, is my equally acute re- joinder.

Cordially and respectfully,
RUFUS MAHER

If our correspondent read the column of that week more carefully he would have observed... (1) That we never wrote the column... (2) That the column quoted neither was it a reprint from the New York Daily News... (3) That we carefully pointed out at the very outset... (4) That James Madison was "insane"... (5) That the Louisiana purchase was "an infamous bargain"... (6) That General Adams was a "Tory" and "shrewd opportunist"... (7) That the British was not on the verge of parting with the South in the Civil War.

Feast Days

- Monday, March 26 - PALM SUNDAY
Monday, March 26 - 4E LUNDEN
Monday, March 26 - 4E LUNDEN
Monday, March 26 - 4E LUNDEN
Monday, March 26 - 4E LUNDEN

STRANGE BUT TRUE Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY



THE TITLE OF CHRIST'S CROSS IS IN SANTA CROCE BASILICA, ROME. ERONDED 3 YEARS AGO - 1937



A strange medieval HOLY WEEK ceremony takes place on the roof of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem... THE LANCE which pierced CHRIST'S SIDE

The Literary Cavalcade

Immortal Mortal

By John O'Connor

The other evening time seemed to reverse itself. It was another spring and a summer world for a few hours. It recalled happy seasons of discovery, of intellectual stimulation, of new horizons, and of old truth sparkling and hard.

Till overwhelmed he darts not fall, he stood this bulwark of us all. He kept his word as none but he could keep it, and as did we do, and round him as he kept his word.

His drinking songs are here. Here also is his withering reply to the ill-advised "Don who dare attack my Chesterton." You'll also find "Miranda" and "The South Country," the thirty-eight Bolles sonnets and the epigrams.

Of the poem "Old Wine" there is little to be said. It is so constructed, so polished, with such a wealth of historical tradition and reined emotion, that he could be remembered for this alone.

"Then to what hope of answer shall I turn? Gonzalez-Commander when I dare not even? What could you then be trawling friends and foe? A moment, and I drink it with you now!

But when the hour of mine ad- vantage's near Just and benign, let my youth appear Bearing a chalice, open golden, wide, With benediction given on its side, and so teach my dying lips to battle that deep, and glad, my smiling face that gift of sleep, and sacramental, take me the life- giving strong brother in God and last companion, Wine."

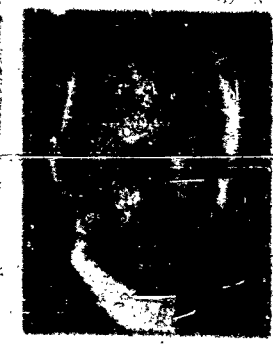
Admitted by Blood

The entrance of Turkey and Syria into the war... The entrance of Turkey and Syria into the war... The entrance of Turkey and Syria into the war...

Library Support By Rev. Benedict Elmann

CENTENARY OF FATHER TABB

This week Thursday marks the centenary of the birth of John Baptist Tabb, post-prime of the South. It is a good occasion to draw attention to his poems, and to help increase the little reserve of readers who draw from them a generous pleasure and inspiration.



There near Richmond, Virginia, of one of the oldest and wealthiest families, he grew up amid the tensions that led to the Civil War. He served the Confederate side as a liberator's aide as a liberator's aide as a liberator's aide...

a Catholic in 1874, and a priest in 1880. All his life he was a professor of St. Thomas Aquinas and Hamilton, a preparatory school for philosophy and theology. Gifted with great charm and humor, he endeared himself to countless young men who were later to become priests throughout the country. His last years were darkened with illness, but his spirit was equable to the end. He died at the age of sixty-four.

Long was as natural to him as to a bird. His many poems seem to be effortless. They sing like spontaneous improvisations. In that they differ from those of Emily Dickinson, his contemporary and the only other American poet to whom he can be compared. Here are, for the most part, intricately contrived, his engravings. But his are simple and fresh as flowers. The difference, however, should not be overstressed, since both poets give a strikingly similar impression of intense song within the narrow limits they imposed upon themselves.

The following poem, called "The Prometheus" could easily be mistaken for a Dickinson. Not all the range of her-horn liberty. Both ever for one reason were confined: No pain the heart—of all compassion free— Shall drive to the North, the harbor (I hope). But, apart from affinity, it is worth while to copy these poems for their own gracious self-giving. Not asking much from the reader, they yet leave him with a precious gift of meditative inspiration. Oftentimes the imagery, and sometimes the exclamation, are those of a bygone day. But if we pass our thoughts to the need and pain of con- templation, there is much in Father Tabb to re- mind us.

His famous little Christmas verse is only one of many that he wrote on the holy feasts of the year; he calls it "Ode of St. Lucia."

A simple line of heavenly birth, But for from hence today, Comes down to find the North, That she has cast away. O comrades, let us eat and all, John is to get the best of all! This is equally well matched by the one called "Prometheus": When I have went up to (I pray) The crown upon his head, Each tree into the follow-free In awful silence said: "Behold the Gardner in the (Of Eden and Gebe-mann!" The little quatrain in "The Annunciation" is a canon of pure gold: Announced in the highest brights to be, The Angel bowed in awe, As if, amazed before Humanity, A danger heaven he saw. Many of his songs are about Nature and the lowly realization of daily living. His sympathies were quick and tender, and lay close to the wall of his singing. Once when a mother had just buried her babe, Father Tabb consoled her with this poem called "Quidam": Another little O Lamb of God, which, Within the quiet field, Among the Father's sheep, I lay to sleep! A heart that never has a night did rest Beyond its mother's breast, Lord, keep it close to Thee. Last waking it should bend and give for me! The same wholesome tenderness with the light of heaven upon it marks the quatrain called "Holy Ground": Famine where the fallen speaker lies, And lightly tread; For these the play of a Father's eyes, Blessures the dead. I might well have this little stanza of Father Tabb with the rest of these lovely poems. But I wonder—there is need to make an impression complete. He was a liberator and often a very good one. It will be good to give the last word of sympathy for one who was his in full of his life. A sentimental present by the Author John Baptist Tabb, the "Quidam" poem.

A manhood to me Of it indeed to mine? And that my hand is To live on in the Dune In his collection, This quatrain seems quite— "It is not I & I"

(Adapted from "The Annunciation" in a canon of pure gold: Announced in the highest brights to be, The Angel bowed in awe, As if, amazed before Humanity, A danger heaven he saw. Many of his songs are about Nature and the lowly realization of daily living. His sympathies were quick and tender, and lay close to the wall of his singing. Once when a mother had just buried her babe, Father Tabb consoled her with this poem called "Quidam": Another little O Lamb of God, which, Within the quiet field, Among the Father's sheep, I lay to sleep! A heart that never has a night did rest Beyond its mother's breast, Lord, keep it close to Thee. Last waking it should bend and give for me! The same wholesome tenderness with the light of heaven upon it marks the quatrain called "Holy Ground": Famine where the fallen speaker lies, And lightly tread; For these the play of a Father's eyes, Blessures the dead. I might well have this little stanza of Father Tabb with the rest of these lovely poems. But I wonder—there is need to make an impression complete. He was a liberator and often a very good one. It will be good to give the last word of sympathy for one who was his in full of his life. A sentimental present by the Author John Baptist Tabb, the "Quidam" poem.)