AS WE SEE IT

By DAN PATRICK

Proving that the customers always write—and that they can be wrong too — is the following enterprising epistle which we quote in part:

Dear Mr. Patrick:

Your weekly column never fails to interest me, indeed it often irritates me, as perhaps it is intended to, treating as it so often does of controversial topics. This week's article, attacking Eleanor Roosevelt's article, impels me to submit to you my opinion 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 deride 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 rebellion as though it were an entirely glorious, patriotic effort on our part, and a tyrannical, contemptible 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 ideas of independence in the beginning, and that the revolution, with complete separation from Britain as the result, but our school histories 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 man's liberty and equality.

As far as the War of 1812 is concerned, our insane 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 plums of freedom, chose to ally ourselves, using the Louisiana territory, and with whom we, the champions that England was impressing our seamen.

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 score 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 patriots were not a separate people, but were actually Englishmen themselves, who had the desire to take part in the making of laws which governed them.

When I went to school, I was given the impression 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 trying 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 propagandized into fighting by a group of selfish and shrewd opportunists, such as Sam Adams, with the promise of reward in looting and political favors.

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 contemptible.

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 indemnities due to France and England from Germany. The result 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 [illegible] rejoinder.

Cordially and respectfully,

RUFUS MAHER

[illegible]

Feast Days

[illegible]

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

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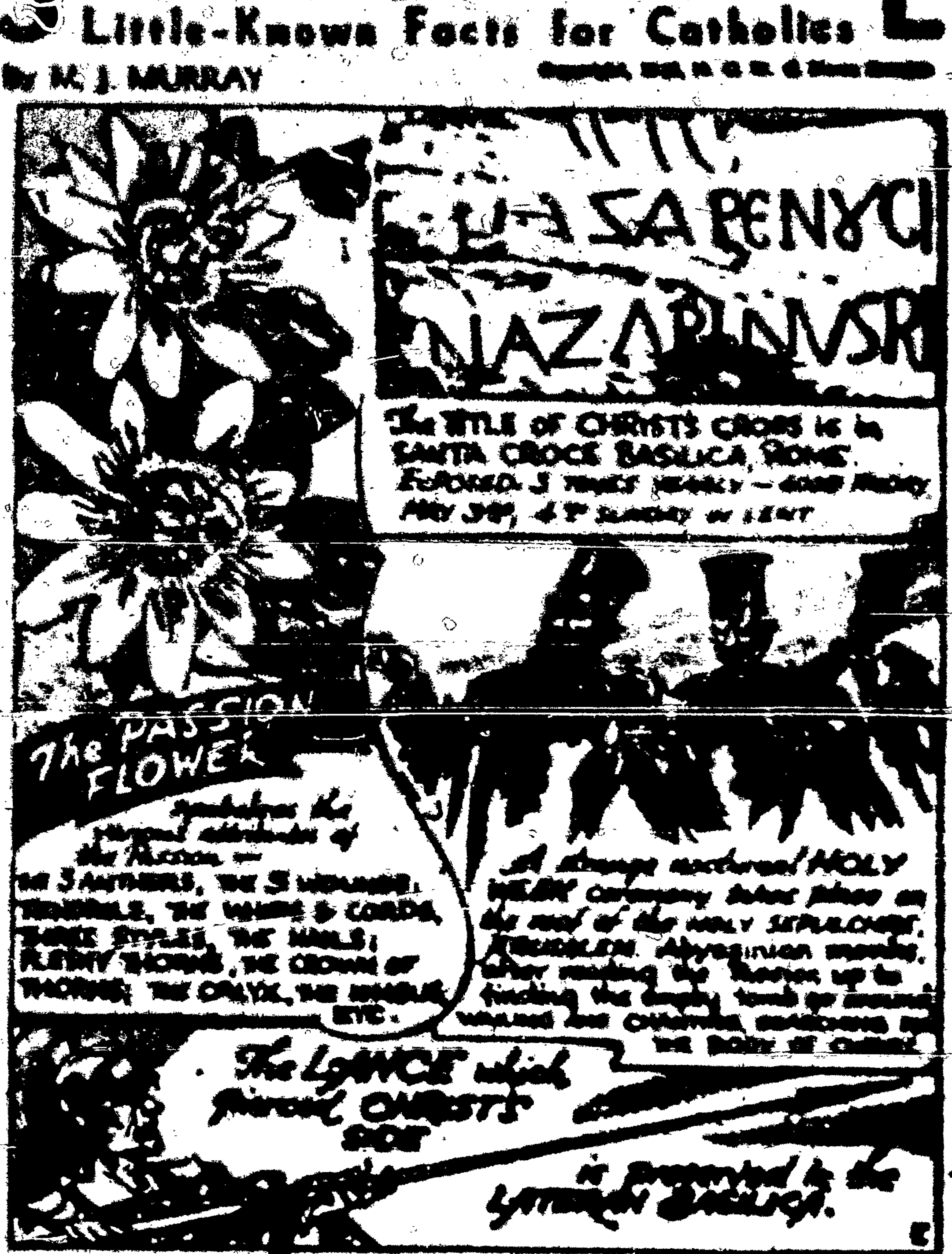


NAZARENUS REX
The TITLE OF CHRIST'S CROSS is in SANTA CROCE BASILICA, ROME. EXPOSED 3 TIMES YEARLY — GOOD FRIDAY, MAY 3RD, 4TH SUNDAY OF LENT
The PASSION FLOWER symbolizes the [illegible] of the Passion — the 3 NAILS, the 5 WOUNDS, TENDRILS, the WHIPS & CORDS, [illegible] STYLES, the NAILS; [illegible] the CROWN OF THORNS; the CHALICE, [illegible] ETC.
A strange nocturnal HOLY WEEK ceremony takes place on the roof of the HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM. Abyssinian monks, after [illegible] finding the empty tomb [illegible] the Body of Christ.
The LANCE which pierced CHRIST'S SIDE is preserved in the LATERAN BASILICA.

The Literary Cavalcade

Immortal Mortal

By John O'Connor

The other evening time seemed to reverse itself. It was another spring and a [illegible] world for a few hours. It recalled happy [illegible] of discovery, of [illegible] stimulation, of new [illegible], and of old truth [illegible] and hard as diamonds [illegible] sparkling and hard. And [illegible] on the horizon of [illegible] of those happier days were the [illegible] works of the versatile and vigorous Hilaire Belloc.

It is a genuine pleasure to note that Sheed and Ward have finally collected practically all of the poems of the greatest writer of our day. ("Sonnets and Verse" $2.50) Belloc is the most welcome friend you can possibly meet. He is the last living giant of the Catholic Revival.

Many of the old familiar Belloc poems are here—exclusive of the nursery rhymes, of course. Included for the first time is the "Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine" one of the immortal efforts of our day. Indeed, I can think of no one, including Chesterton, who might be able to write such a work. I first saw the latter when it was printed in London in 1932 and it has been a source of constant worry to me that anthologists and compilers of verse would omit it from their collections. But the publishers solved this and have included it where it belongs—with the rest of his work.

It has always seemed to me that our defensive attitude in this country has lead to an unbalanced evaluation of Belloc. Belloc is creative, positive. Too many have viewed him solely as a controversialist, an historian, or a firm friend of Chesterton. Yet more discerning critics, outside the Church in many cases, aware of the technique and subtle nuances of good poetry, strongly argue that Belloc may be best remembered for his verse.

Hugh Walpole, [illegible] [illegible] when he [illegible] book of verse appeared in England:

"[illegible] . . . the [illegible] [illegible] of the greatest living English poet. Yeats is an Irishman. Who otherwise is Belloc's rival? Masefield? De la Mare? Eliot?

[illegible]

"Till every [illegible] be done not [illegible];
He [illegible] this bulwark of us all.
He kept his word as none but he
Could keep it, and as did but we.
And round him as he kept his
word
Today's dimmed and faithless herd,
A moment loud, a moment strong,
But foul forever, rolled along."

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 Belloc sonnets and the epigrams . . . "alone enough to give a man such immortality as men are permitted."

I don't like to be a carping critic, but there are three or four Bellocian efforts in his own favorite work "The Four Men" which are missing. Of these more at a later date.

Of the poem "On Wine" there is little can be said. It is so constructed, so polished, with such a wealth of historical tradition and refined emotion, that he could be remembered for this alone. The closing part is especially appropriate for Lent:

"Then in what hope of answer
shall I fail,
Comrade-Commander whom I dare
not [illegible]
What will you then in trembling
friends and few?
A moment, and I drink it with
you now!
But in my Father's kingdom." So
my Friend
Let not your cup desert me in the
end.
But when the hour of [illegible]
[illegible]
Just and benignant, let my youth
[illegible]
[illegible] a chalice, open, golden,
wide,
With benediction graven on its
side,
[illegible]

[illegible] Brother, by God and his [illegible], Wine."

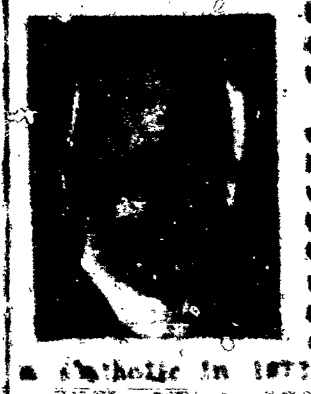
Admired by Blood

[illegible]

Library Signpost By Rev. Benedict Ehmann

CENTENARY OF FATHER TABB

This week Thursday marks the centenary of the birth of John Banister Tabb, poet-priest of the South. It is a good occasion to draw attention to his poems, and to help increase the little coterie of readers who draw from them a gracious pleasure and inspiration.



Born near Richmond, Virginia, of one of the oldest and wealthiest Southern families, he grew up amid the tensions that led to the Civil War. He served the Confederate side as a blockade runner. He was at last captured and served nine grilling months as a prisoner of war. He became a Catholic in 1872, and a priest in 1884. All his priestly life to the time of his death in 1909 was spent as a professor of St. Charles Seminary, near Baltimore, 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 this country. His last years were darkened with blindness, but his spirit was equable to the end. He died at the age of sixty-four.

Song was as natural to him as to a bird. His many poems seem to be effortless. They sing like spontaneous improvisations. In this they differ from those of Emily Dickinson, his contemporary and the only other American poet to whom he can be compared. Hers are, for the most part, intricately contrived, like 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 Promontory" would readily be mistaken for a Dickinson:

Not all the range of sea-born liberty
[illegible] ever for old [illegible] were sufficient
[illegible] the heart—of all companion [illegible]
Self-driven to the Rock, its lonely Christ.

But, apart from affinities, it is worth while to savor these poems for their own gracious [illegible]. Not asking much from the reader, they yet leave him with a precious gift of [illegible] inspiration. Oftentimes the imagery, and sometimes the sentiment, are those of a bygone day. But if we compose our thoughts to the mood and pace of contemplation, there is much in Father Tabb to reward us.

His famous little Christmas verse is only one of many that he wrote on the holy feasts of the year; he calls it "Out of Bounds":

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home today,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball!

This is equally well matched by the one called "Recognition":

When Christ went up to Calvary
His crown upon His head,
Each tree unto its fellow-tree
In awful silence said:
"Behold the Gardener is He
Of Eden and Gethsemane!"

The [illegible] quatrain on "The Annunciation" is a cameo of pure gold:

Accustomed to the highest heights to be,
The Angel bowed in awe,
As if, unveiled before Divinity,
A deeper heaven he saw.

Many of his songs are about Nature and the lowly realities of daily living. His sympathies were quick and tender, and lay close to the well of his singing. Once when a mother had just buried her babe, Father Tabb consoled her with this poem called "Christened":

Another lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,
Among Thy Father's sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother's breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest waking it should bleat and pine for me!

The same wholesome tenderness with the light of heaven upon it marks the quatrain called "Holy Ground":

Pause where the fallen sparrow lies,
And lightly tread;
For there the pity of a Father's eyes
Enshrines the dead.

I might well leave this little memoir of Father Tabb with the echo of these lovely words. [illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible]