

Now that VE Day is approaching. Washing was a wondering whether we can take it

DY DAN PATRICK ------

They fear our jubilation over the first conquest of Germany will tend to make us forget that there's something of a mess to clean up in the Pacific. Frankly we think they're wrong and the sooner they ston treating us like shill dren the sooner will we have an American pubhe sufficiently informed to copy with the exacting problems of peace.

Right now we're supposed to be wrating a bairshirt woven with threads of the midnight curlew, brownout and horse racing ban. Before he left office, Jimmy Byrnes told us that come 112 Day we can shed the shirt. Some Washington officials are all for making such psychological personnes a curation affair until Japan is licked.

Arthur Krock, who sprinkles frequent dushes at vinegar on the Washington scene from his New York Times citadel, tells a typical story:

The bell on the United Press ticker in the antercom of a high official rang shrilly the other day - signal that important information was about to come over the wire,

"Gosh," exclaimed an irreverent underling. "I hope this isn't some more good news to upset the boss." And there you have a paradox which is the inevitable result of a public information policy which Washington started almost the moment the bombs were falling ever Pearl Har-BOT. OV

The capital southeavers employ a double technic Which they leel is surefire. When the news is bad, cheer 'em up; when the news is good, let em down.

If you don't believe it just go back to the newspaper headlines. After Pearl Harbor they told us that our fleet, "including neveral halileships" was at sea in search of the enemy. They neglected to mention that our battleships were in a pretty sad state about that time and huckly we weren't forced into a major see enema

Then only last Christmas when Von Rundstedt was at the apex of his success in the Belgian Bulge they told us that we were simply luring him into a trap. It was all part of a general plan.

That's the cheer 'em up technic,

Now we turn the page for the "let 'em down' version. They say that the impending collapse of Germany should not be an occasion for rejoicing but we should redouble our efforts. After all, they say, there's a war on in the Pacific.

And for Russia's denunciation of its neutrality pact with Japan. Why do you realize, they may, that Russia as a result of this act, might withdraw troops from the eastern front to bolster up the Manchurian border and thus delay our victory over Germany in the west?

All this hocus pocus with the war and diplomatic news plus home front restrictive measures are predicated on the supposition that the American people must be needled into action as the barometer of good and bad news rises and falls. They must think we're like the kids who need a dose of costor oil now and then to tone up neir systems.

Fact of the matter is that the America people, by far and wide, can take it. They proved it time and again on the battlefronts as well as the home front.

Forget there's a war on in the Pacific! How can the thousands of families do that with their loved once fighting against fanatical Jams? And how about the thousands of other families whose aching bearts are etched with the gold stars of those who have paid the supreme price?

During the past lew months the war news has been consistently good and yet we haven't heard of any warplants closing because the pecple have concluded that it's all over but the

As a matter of fact the most depressing news in weeks cause with the disclosure of the secret voting agreement made at Yalta by the United States, Great Britain and Russia. The President told the Congress and the American people on his return from that conference that they would be pleased with such a voting agreement. He

was wrong. We wonder, for instance, how the Talia disclosure rocked the morale of Addat troops who er Achillag under the Allied Jamesers.

I'm the American people can take it. And you can my that needs and again and again. They will independ more frankings from their government. It's too late at night and we're too mer to hear bedtime stories.

This matter is not of small moment. It is tremendously important. If the people have a lob to do they are entitled to know the details of that job no matter how politically distante ful

net and british.

WM I MURRAY The majorificant profession transporces courses BELGIUM aus familie in CHE FRANC.

CHREMAS DEVILS MEDIEVAL PEW-DIOS decorative raid mark CONTINUE STATE Blue TO DAY MICHIE AKINDANCY

TO SELECTE BY THE SENSE OF THE PARTY OF THE

The Literary Cavalcade

G. K.'s Super Sleuth!

By John O'Conner-

I often wonder if the reading on all bookstalls for boys and to John O'Connor?

Meaning, of course, Monsigner Dawn." John O'Connor in England. The man who converted G. K. Chesterton, if anyone did. The man who is the inspiration for the famous and probably the bestdetective stories in universal literature. All of this being by way of introduction to the good news that All-All the Falter Brunen stories even written by the immortal essayist and port are now in one volume. t The Father Brown Onnibus." Dodd, Mend. 974 pages, \$300).

Thefective story fame collectors ut Chesterion's works, those seeking literature, those seeking entertainment, will find this collection as fine a literary banket as they'll meet this year. You'll have a holiday every time you return to it - and pick up a wealth of common sense and

humor besides. To those who do not know how the stories started:

Chesterton in his earlier days had made a lasting mark as a critic. Before one of his lectures, he stopped with some triends in Keighley on the high moors of West Riding. Among born. the group who were there to

years ago. It was the beginning course these was the addition But let the late author relate it, ling around houseshe

priest in convergation that I were about to be committed. proposed to support in print a One charming Catholic law ougstions of vice and crime. On little loader." this perticular point he thought. Not that Mondaner O'Com I was in error, or rather in ig- has ever loaded. Beste notance: as indeed I was. And parish disting he is a writer to metally as a necessary duty and his corn right and one of the to prevent me from falling hato beat translators of the Proa bisere's next, he told me certain impaters such as Claudel. The of many facts show! certain perverted chunky little figure armed with practices. . I have conferred an umbrelle and shapele that in my own youth I had brown bundles - Char irragined for myself any amount and the editor. Ray Bond (milof inquity and it was a curious led the fact that Mar. O'Con-Experience to find that this outer out of certification of the certifica THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T

public of England and America babase to pick up, of course he realize Just how much they owe would have been a great creative artist and a herald of The

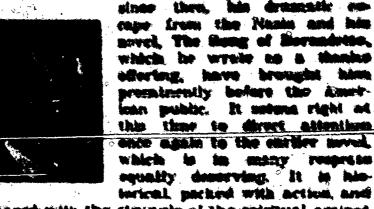
> When the two returned to house, it was foll of guests. Chesterion was impressed with the manner in which Pather O' Connor kept abreast of any topic of conversation. Fr. O'Connor was called to another part of the house for a few momenta, and during a dull in the conversation, the huge critic heard two Cambridge undergraduates falking in admiration of the lit the priest? Suddenly one of them buint out that monastic life had its compensations, but you don't know anything about the resi evil of the world."

Christerion nearly exploded with a loud laugh. The speakers, he related later, "knew as much about real evil as two babes in the same perambulator." There fashed across his mind the deep knowledge of human nature exhibited by father O'Connor. Then he had his theme: why not a secondly in which the priest know more about crime than the criminals?

And thus Father Brown was

* . . . I permitted myself the meet him was a priest, "a small grave liberty of taking my man with a smooth face and a friend and knocking him about; demoirs but selfish expression." beating his hat and his use-During the course of the visit ovella shapeless, mulidying his Chesterton and the priest went clothes, punching his intelligent for a walk over the moors. Thus countenance into a condition of started the first of a series of pudding-faced fatutity, and seaconversations which did not erally diagulaing Pather O'Cercounce until G. K.'s death a few nor as Father Rown." Of of a triendship that will never departure from reality in herbe forgotten in English letters, ling Pather Brown mountly home. . . I mentioned to the murders were committed or certain proposal . . . in con once remarked to G. K. C.: "I nection with some rather sordid am very fond of that officious

When this moved first appeared about prove years aga its aithor was comparatively



ingaged with the struggle of the spiritual against the impact of will and violence ... the kind of thereis which no author in our time handles with such power and control as France World being to his task. This arroad trading and terims has been kindly undertaken by Miss Maria limi. Nazareth College '66.)

This is not one of the intent best selbern light ever, there is no reason for deadpointment; the book is more than this — It is a "has-been" hout seller, which still ivialus its attraction and popularity. And that is more than many of our present best sellers can ever hope to achieva.

I have to susumarise the plot of Frank Weefel's book. There are plots that are so lifelike, so full and vest, that you spell and wealness there by taking out a single episode. Everything is vital, necessary. If I tried to sell the story in two-hundred words, it might sound like an oriental rock and ball story, or like a resume of the latest war-horror story. I shall try, therefore, to give an idea of the stroophere of the book — the seven posceful villages surrounded 🕾 by the multicolored shine of Armenian spring. and what became of them.

And the Moose, a providentlat lander, Cabriel the Western waters. But the call of Mant to strong - it engulfs Gebriel In grahfa Julietto, il carraide ili

Godernt, Cabriel arrives in the seven ville when the whole Armentan people reflers has ily from the hands of the Turkish source And the people of the neven villages bury their bills and close their bewess and assess to the mountain. Like the Jews in their fight from Reypt, they wander on -- not for farty years, but for forty midless, heavy days. They fight the Turks under incredible handicups, and just as incredibly, manage to win apperal rounds. But sickness deeth and despair take a heavy tell, and they murmur arabast Gabriel, as, long ago, in the torrid mands of Arabia, another downward people murmured against Massa. When you read the book you actually live through these trightful forty days, you maffer and good and light, and treeside for naivelies. It is a street although permetty network way in which the seves the seven villager. But to misk to partit lei; it was Jeiter, not Mouse who look-left g to the premined high. And have # 16 %

The book tobas in the freez a herotees and ouverties, not only it ill Mophan and Juliotia, but of the majority of the people concerned. That is what makes it so life like. There is bittorness in fatables a love, and there is lengther in the sense rively of the two school-teathers, in the "day electer of the spetisopry that many \$2 act if his cones and in the same head. There is a 41 the seem faces of the security The book is allow out, effections ing admirables, that also with it make you longe, and payed you. lest of a Clare ments to said Big proper fact des strange to him. We to Turklah Armil