



As We See It

By DAN PATRICK

LET US FORGET

From an editorial written by John S. Knight, publisher of the Detroit Free Press, in memory of his son, 21-year-old John S. Knight Jr., winner of the Bronze Star for gallantry in action beyond the call of duty, who was killed in battle in Germany March 19, 1945.

Johnny is gone. The lovable kid, who never had a vicious thought in his life, is sleeping in Germany because of the mad, senseless ambitions of a demerited paratrooper because in the last 20 years the "statesmen" of Europe have repeatedly sacrificed principle on the altar of power politics; because these of us in all lands who fought the last time failed to insure a lasting peace; because, as his friend and fellow paratrooper, 1st Lieut. Dennis Jones, of Landsberg, Pa., expressed it, "Johnny was killed just the same way he lived, doing just a little more than anyone asked him to do—giving more than he was required to give." . . . Johnny is gone. Try as we may, it is difficult not to become embittered. All of the kindly, sympathetic words we have spoken to others now taste like ashes in our own mouths. Perhaps it is always that way.

As we strive to fight back the fears, there are memories of his childhood, his blond curly hair, his sensitive mouth, his contagious chuckle, his affectionate hugs. Like every other normal American boy, he had the desire to excel in athletics, became a crack boxer and a cross country star. Never a good student, he tackled the roughest work in a lumber yard during Summer vacations with real zest and characteristic energy. Johnny was never intended to be a fighter; he loved people too much. I have seen him apologize to men he could have knocked flat with a single blow. He knew his physical strength and feared it. War to him was not a glamorous adventure but a job to be done so that he and millions of other American boys could live normal lives when it was finished. Yet he took all the tough jobs in his stride as paratrooper, liaison pilot and combat patrol leader. That was Johnny's way.

The great tragedy of the Johnnies, the Sams, the Petes, the Joes, and all the hundreds of thousands of other fine young men who have died for us is that few of them ever had a real chance at life. There were so few years, "so little time" for them to have achieved but the smallest part of their hopes and aspirations. It was intended, by Divine Providence that the young should have their day in which to rectify the errors of their elders; to press boldly forward without fear or inhibitions in a world which has somehow managed to survive—the sin and greediness of countless generations. This chance has been denied them—forever. . . They have given their lives so that our country might live, that you and I can continue living in security and freedom from fear.

We hear the war is "practically over," that "losses are light." But every second of every hour it continues, some fine young American boy is being slaughtered by a maniacal foe indoctrinated with cruelty and hate. Nearly three hundred thousand Johnnies are gone. We must make an appointment with those gallant boys and give them a solemn pledge that we shall never again shirk the task of achieving a peaceful world, free from the bestialities and carnage that have made a mockery of civilization through the ages. We must guarantee them further, that their returning comrades will be given the chance at life which was denied to them; that no one of them shall ever suffer through our selfishness and greed; that our high-sounding promises will never re-echo as a hollow mockery of words.

Above all, we must work unceasingly for a rebirth of spiritual values and the strengthening of our national character. Here at home, we have undergone no such test as that faced hourly by our youngsters on the fighting fronts. Sometimes I think it would have been better if we had. But the test will come when the parades are over and the bands stop playing. We have an obligation to those who have made the brave and gallant fight, a covenant with the dead. . . To the Johnnies who are gone and the millions of Johnnies to come, let it at least be proved by our acts that we sought redemption and endeavored to make atonement for the sins of a shallow, self-indulgent and greedy generation. Through tear-dimmed eyes, I offer a silent and humble prayer.—John S. Knight.

Feast Days

- Sunday, May 13—SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF ASCENSION
- Monday, May 14—ST. BONIFACE
- Tuesday, May 15—ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE
- Wednesday, May 16—ST. UBALDUS
- Thursday, May 17—ST. PASCAL BAYLON
- Friday, May 18—ST. VENANTIUS
- Saturday, May 19—ST. PETER CELESTINE

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

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MARY MARY BASH
BY MARY MARY BASH
ST. MARY'S BASILICA
CO. LIMERICK
IRELAND

The world famous image of the **CHILD JESUS OF PRAGUE**. CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. Is only *thirty* years old! Among its robes, many given by *Russians*, is one from the people of CHINA.

THE CAMPANILE OF OSPEDALETTO, ITALY. It is all that remains of a medieval fortress for Palestine.

EREUX CATHEDRAL, FRANCE. IF AN ARCHITECTURE MONUMENT — MADE UP OF fragments of nearly every possible style ever combined.

The Literary Cavalier

'34 Charlton

By John Conner

Putting it bluntly: '34 Charlton by Rene Kuhn is one of the finest first novels I have ever reviewed. ("34 Charlton" by Rene Kuhn, Appleton Century, \$2.75. Nor is it an opening statement merely there to catch your eye or the eye of he who reads while he runs. It was written because it is the truth.

Briefly, it is the well told tale of a girl who seeks to escape the petty dominance of her mother and her two aunts who are ruled in turn by the habits and sullen but thorough tyranny of their own mother. It is a mature work that belies the author's twenty-two years and in the person of Tom Mulloy, the grandfather and the heroine, Katherine Conant, Rene Kuhn has added two minor characters to American literature. There are a number of well handled scenes in the book, particularly the one in which the grandmother witnesses a marriage for Katherine's mother — a chilling and convincing piece of fraud as has ever angered you.

The ultimate solution of the problem of the young, honest person's fight against these depressing and stifling odds of false tradition and family dominance. . . I shall leave to you. But do not expect a light Seventeenth Summer type of work in this book. Rene Kuhn has maturity besides style.

I had known of the manuscript since last June when Rene Kuhn won the Avery Hopwood award at the University of Michigan. The name rang a bell in the dim recesses of my memory — and it was a sound reaction. Rene is her mother's daughter, for Irene Corbally Kuhn was (and is) one of the best newspaperwomen the free press of the United States has ever known.

Rene, modest and unaffected, was born in the Territory of Hawaii, where her father and mother had journeyed from the Orient that their child might be born on American soil. Legend has it that Rene ("Rene" — to distinguish her from her mother) was paid for by a news scoop which won a bonus for her mother shortly before the infant arrived. These are the legends which drape themselves around the majority of those of the Fourth Estate. They go to make what Bob Casey has called "such interesting people."

Bert Kuhn died in China and little Rene travelled to many of the places to which Irene was assigned. For a while Irene Kuhn worked with the immortal Floyd Gibbons, greatest of all the war correspondents. . . I mentioned this to the quiet young author.

"He was my first beau," Rene told me.

And far from the best. How long had it taken her to write '34 Charlton?

"About three months. After I received the Roy Wood award, the publisher's editor went over it. He suggested a few changes — changes which I had wanted to effect for the most part anyway. It must have taken me another two months to polish it."

And polished it was and is. Was it autobiographical? What first novels are. . .

"No — definitely not. It's just that I've been watching the way some American families are completely devoted to spoiling the men — actually ruining their intellectual and moral integrity. And the domination born of faded family glory is just as sickening — and dangerous."

A telling point by literary youngster, J. Donald Adams, in his excellent work "The Shape of Books to Come" mentions the alarming effect this trend of mother-domination has had on American literature. In his more popular and more explosive Generation of Vipers Philip Wylie has done the identical thing against the "moon-ism" which dominates some segments of American society. Finally, The Glass Menagerie, the year's outstanding play, centers around the perpetual, unmeaning domination of the family and its latent talent by blind and overzealous parents.

I asked Rene her plans. "I'd like to get down to Mexico again," she replied, "and to Brazil, if possible."

Language is often a barrier — "I've Spanish, Portuguese, and French down rather well. I think I'll survive. At the moment, I'm finishing a second book. . .

And magazine articles, no doubt. The offers usually come flooding in once you've a best seller on your hands.

"I do short stories, yes. But I'm not getting excited over any of this."

It was time for me to close the notebook. Other critics and writers concurred: a new literary star was in the firmament.

Samuel Corda By Rev. James M. Kelly, C.S.P.

The Strength Of the Republic

It is good to see that our President in a crisis turn to the Sacred Scriptures. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," says Holy Writ; and it seems that when our leaders are deeply touched they express themselves spontaneously in words that have been inspired by God.

When Abraham Lincoln was taken away suddenly and tragically at the very moment when he seemed most near victory to the Union which under God he had saved, James A. Garfield, then a Member of Congress, expressed his mind and that of the people by words taken from the Isaiah: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark water and thick clouds of the sky. Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne. Mercy and truth shall go before His face." Continuing, still under the spell of the divine eloquence he exclaimed: "God rebless and the Government at Washington still lives."

Similarly, when Franklin Delano Roosevelt died, his successor went again to the Bible for language adequate to his thought. "Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge Thy so great people?" and falling back upon words of his own but by the same spirit of piety he added: "I ask only to be a loyal and faithful servant of my Lord and my people."

So I say it is a great comfort to a people fundamentally religious that the men to whose hands they have committed the conduct of the Republic — instinctively and with no inhibitions arising from human respect, speak out before God and man the convictions and the feelings that rise in the soul when a crisis comes.

It is also a great satisfaction to realize that this great American Republic goes on peacefully and surely, regardless of who may happen to be the man at the head. Our first President, still perhaps the greatest of them all, and the one who most of all might have seemed indispensable, had relinquished office two years before he died, and so had accustomed the people to the idea that the affairs of the State would go well if not just as well when he was no longer on the scene.

Lincoln's death was more of a shock, and there were some who feared that the Union which he had preserved with such determination, patience and skill would fall apart. But even under Andrew Johnson it continued to function. Indeed the assassination of our chief magistrate seemed to have little if any effect upon the stability of the government.

In this, as in a hundred other ways, we come to understand the truth of Gladstone's familiar statement that our Federal Constitution is "the most remarkable work to have been produced by the human intellect in modern times in its application to political affairs." Perhaps the wisest and most salutary feature of that masterpiece of political wisdom is its wisely calculated division of authority. Under our system the burden of responsibility does not fall upon any one man or even on any one department of the Government. Unlike dictatorship and unlike monarchy (except that kind of monarchy in which the King is only a figurehead) the administration of a democratic republic such as ours is so devised that it need not crush any administrator. But if it does wear a man out, the government itself stands up well. It is like a pyramid with its weight at the base, not like a pyramid balanced precariously on its own peak.

Once more as in earlier times we have survived the shock of the death of a President in the midst of an emergency, and have gone on without perceptible disadvantage. "God rebless and the Government at Washington still lives."

Bear Witness of Me

The Apostles were not men without a plan. They were to be in the world to bear witness concerning Christ. The Holy Ghost was to come upon them and to remain in the Church as witness of Christ along with them. A twofold witness to Christ was to be in the world even to the end of time. That witness was to be divine and human.

Men who do not know when wonder at the history of the Catholic Church. From insignificant beginnings, without power of arms or riches, the Church has won the world to her teachings and sacraments and discipline. Poor men, weak men, persecuted men, have accomplished what rich men, powerful men, strong men, never could have done, never have done.

Men who know make no wonder of what the Church has done, and will do even to the end of time. They know Christ gave power to His Apostles to be witness to Him. They know Christ sent the Holy Spirit to dwell with the Apostles and to bear witness to Christ.

With the power of Christ, with the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, with the blessing of God the Father, the Church continues to give witness to Christ to the Redeemer of all, to the Teacher of the way to salvation, to the only Name given to man by which they must be saved.