



As We See It

By DAN PATRICK

In the rash of news about the Japanese surrender, the atomic bomb, unemployment, reconversion and the reconvening of Congress, you probably skipped an item which a little girl called to our attention.

This young lady seldom pays too much attention to the front page with the possible exception of the weather forecast. However, this story was pretty important in her way of life and she lost no time in telling us about it.

The account in question came out of Washington and carried a double portion of good news—Christmas tree lights are coming back and what's more they're going to be bigger and better than ever—fluorescent in fact.

That single news story, about two paragraphs long, immediately conjured up tinseled visions of Christmas, even in our young lady's mind. With her active imagination in high gear, it didn't take long to mentally deck out her Christmas tree with these new lamps. It was a warm September evening but you could almost hear the tinkle of bells and any moment you expected to find Santa Claus pop around the corner.

That young lady had every reason to hail the news about Christmas tree lights.

She had a rather vivid recollection of her Yuletide burdens last Christmas when what remained of her once ample collection flashed, glimmered and then went out with one or two exceptions.

Her pride and joy was a tiny Christmas crib which she managed to keep aglow by dint of some constant switching of lights. But even that was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul and it was with a sigh of relief that she saw the tree finally come down. Her dilapidated collection of lights was returned to their container and packed away in a far corner of the attic.

New this rather out-of-season story is told to prove that the war years through which we have passed reached out and touched the lives of everyone including the children.

It is happily true that the children of America were spared some of the harsh atonements which war demands of the human race. To them the war meant the bother of ration books when they went to market—the absence of metal toys—war stamps and salvage campaigns—and missing Christmas tree lights.

The war cut even deeper for a few of the children who saw their fathers, brothers and uncles march off to battle—some never to return.

Children in the rest of the world were not so fortunate.

In most countries of Europe the youngsters cringed in terror of constant air raids. They spent sleepless nights in cavernous shelters. Cold and hardship comprised their constant lot. Some even starved.

A great many children became D. Ps. (Displaced Persons). Even now Europe counts its homeless orphans in the thousands to say nothing of the childhood toll in the Orient.

It is amazing to realize that in Europe and Asia children up to six years of age have never known a life devoid of air raids, blackouts, bombings, ruins, marching men and street lights. Only a few months ago, for instance, the children of London looked on in silent awe as the lights went on again. It was hard for them to believe.

Beyond the visible privations which this war has visited upon children there is the far more important mental reaction.

It goes without saying that some of these young minds have been scarred by the trials to which war has subjected them. They must wonder what manner of world they have been ushered into when it forces them to fight for their very life and existence, robs them of their parents and forces them to snatch food from gutters to keep body and soul together.

In the hearts of some of these children must burn a fierce hate for those they believed responsible for all this. In the minds of these children lie possible seeds of another World War.

In these days of so-called peace when we are striving to preserve and strengthen that for which we have fought, it might be well to consider the plight of these children of war.

They must be reeducated and told that war is not the natural state of the world. Those scars must be lifted from their minds. They must be taught to have an abiding faith in God and man. In turn, man must prove to these children by his action that such faith is justified.

Unless these children are converted, they will spend their lives brooding and railing at the fate which struck them in childhood. They will fall easy prey to a future Hitler.

It is for us to show these blighted youngsters all over the world that man can live in peace and prosperity without resorting to periodic wars. They must be taught that the Democracy we hold high as an ideal really works—even to including their names on the Christmas tree.

CHANGE PREFERENCES
 Impressed by ST PHILIP's...
 ...including...
 ...writing...
 ...in the...
 ...of...

ST CATHERINE OF SIENA
 only took a short sleep
 every 48 hours!

ST JOHN WANNEY
 3 hours, ST PHILIP

ST PHILIP
 NERI 4 hours nightly

The BRIDLED DOG —
 a queer breed, and in
 COMBS CHURCH, ENGLAND.

BED-RIDDEN SAINTS
 There are a number of
 SAINTS & BERTS who won Sanctity
 although bedridden almost all their lives.
 notably ST LYDIA (35 YEARS),
 BLESSED MARIE BAGNESI (45 YEARS).

The Literary Cavalcade

Two Extremes

By John O'Connor

A reviewer seldom runs into such sharp contrasts and delightful reading as when he picks up in succession Twilight Bar, a play in four acts, by Arthur Koestler (MacMillan, \$2.00) and Ourself, Inc., by Leo Ward (Harper and Brothers, \$2.50).

Koestler's book is a penetrating and sophisticated fantasy. Father Leo Ward's is an inspiring, although at times, rambling account of the co-operatives in this country and abroad. Koestler's has his usual continental sophistication; Father Ward's has an earnestness and a sincerity that buries a sometimes uneven style. Both books are rewards in themselves; the one punctures the political hypocrisies of our day; the other gives us hope that by consumer free enterprise we may provide the answer to industrial capitalism and to communism alike—the whole providing for the common good.

Arthur Koestler is another one of the younger writers who was attracted by Communism in his early years. But after first hand experiences in the Utopia which is never visited by so many of its American admirers, Koestler went to France. As special correspondent for the London News Chronicle in Spain, he was captured and sentenced to death but was released by Franco through the intervention of the British government and the pressure of world-wide public opinion. Since escaping from Spain he has fought with the French and the British and has now returned to the Middle East where, in his checkered career he has farmed in Palestine, sold lemonade in the streets in Haifa, worked for an Arab architect, and edited a weekly in Cairo. Koestler, incidentally, is one of the pet hates of the "liberal" and "parlor-pinks" of New York.

This life that has been his has only served to polish his style and sharpen his perceptions. In Twilight Bar he has turned from the essay to the play. The fantasy deals not with real persons but rather with types of people.

The scene of the play is an island republic whose population is in the same bewildered state most of us are in or have been in. Two peculiarly attired visitors suddenly appear in Twilight Bar, a futuristic cocktail lounge where the politicians of all parties evidently gather. The visitors' story is brief: They are from Happy Earth, a remote planet part of a solar system named after other stars. Their inhabitants have discovered that the earth is overpopulated and that the earth is overpopulated and that the earth is overpopulated.

100 new planets for homes. Ours comes close to filling the bill. But rather than annihilate us with their Delta Rays, they will first give us a chance to increase our happiness quotient. But it must be done in 72 hours!

The results are cleverly handled by Koestler. The story government resigns; the Communist leader suspects a trick and won't take any responsibility in the crisis. Finally, a newspaper columnist accepts the role of ruler of the republic.

A two day spree follows, but somehow it seems false. A rumor spreads that the visitors, Alpha and Omega, are imposters. The old gang rush back to rule and the play ends with one hour to go to complete the 72. You are left to guess the conclusion. Koestler's points such as the fact that you can't legislate human nature, that true happiness comes from within, that the modern world only does what it should under threat of death and annihilation are well brought out. While it is not the best thing he has written, it must be admitted that he can write a play.

Where Koestler makes some types of humans look absurd, Father Ward makes the systems under which most of us live look ridiculous. In Ourself, Inc.—and a happy title it is—he tells of his visits amongst the families of the spreading consumer cooperatives in the United States and Nova Scotia—the latter world famous for its efforts in this field.

I'll put it briefly: if we don't form cooperatives and push them in as many fields as possible, we're the people Barnum had in mind when he said "there's one born every minute." And this is writing this from the angle that the cooperatives are good because they save the average man a good amount of money once they are under way. The co-ops do more than that and it will be a good thing to remember to the salary scale and the price scale go like their usual post-war scramble.

The good thing the marketing thing about the co-ops is the independence they bring and the sense of obligation and duty they instill into people. In an economic sense they are by far the most reasonable of all the means to attain the solidarity of the human family as stressed by the last five Popes. Oh, I know the reader may say that the co-ops are not the answer. But the co-ops are the answer. The co-ops are the answer. The co-ops are the answer.

Time for Peace Or Pause in Wars

For twenty-five years Americans of this generation insisted to themselves and to others that they wanted nothing of war. But as the verbal insistence grew louder and acrimony swelled to name-calling, they knew that war was coming. Events in Europe, events at home bobbed up like graveyard specters, and no amount of brave whistling drove out the hollow feeling of horror that the old pattern would be repeated and that America would be engulfed in the biggest slaughter in world history.

Pearl Harbor (whatever place it takes in that history) was the final push—and free men brushed aside their fear of propaganda and treachery, their convictions of the past, their theories for the future and lined up for the taking of an immediate objective. To fight to a decision became the lesser of evils; to save what one had in the hope of rebuilding something better became a high objective at this point in civilization.

No the monster grew, killing, starving, twisting, maiming. A man-made force of unparalleled proportions carabed over the earth and many of its victims prayed to an affronted God as they had not prayed before.

Then came reports of a Japanese surrender offer. Days of hysterical speculation preceded confirmation on the vigil of the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. People from pole to pole wept and laughed, prayed and celebrated. It marked the decisive ballet of mankind against man's proud creation—war—to satisfy his greed and assuage his hatred.

It is not enough not to desire war. We've tried that before and went ahead building up a magnificent one as wars go. It is necessary to want peace and to accept the restrictions of peace. These restrictions, imposed by Our Divine Lord Himself, have always been repugnant to some, but we'll accept them or else. And the alternative is a world of hurriedly dug graves, hurriedly built hospitals and heaps of rubble as the monuments on earth to the passing of man.

We had two thousand years to learn and teach the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ—that He was the Head and we were the members. Two millenniums of object lessons in which little skirmishes and localized destruction should have taught us that the price of ignoring justice and charity was more than a bad conscience.

Rebuilding cities is not rebuilding the world especially since we have neatly sorted and labelled the weapons for their complete destruction. We must go back this time to the song of the angels and the further implications of that song expressed in the sermon on the mount... or perish. And the hope of the world lies in the fact (or fancy) that many people have had their eyes opened through suffering and sincerely want to be "men of good will." The Holy Name Journal.

FREE SPEECH

Free speech, like free books, free press, free assembly, should be used wisely, not wastefully. It should not serve to promote discord, injustice, falsehood. It is our defense against political or business corruption, and the tyranny of majorities. It is also a legitimate means through which to oppose the intrigues of highly financed monopolies. It can be exercised to maintain liberties not bestowed upon people by party grants but as constitutional rights. No man, however, should be conceded free speech to work unlawful injury to his fellow man, to limit the exercise of peaceful, helpful religious beliefs, to undermine constitutional government. Sometimes it is projected in such wholesale output for ignoble and destructive objectives, its fine essence is changed into a soiled, ugly substitute. Those who clamor so insistently for all-out free speech should remember that freedom is governed by responsibility. Free speech should not degenerate into free assault. — Southern Cross Journal, March 28, 1945.

One of the difficulties in the... weekly... our... the... who... reference... the... No... libraries... but they are... Harry A. Truman, in 1947.