[illegible] PLIGHT UNDER RULE OF TITO REVEALED

[illegible]

Library Signpost

Strengthening Our Prayer

By Rev. Benedict Ehmann

If the strings of a violin are not tuned up, it cannot bring forth tuneful, pleasant music. It is the same with us in our prayers. God has made us His instruments. One of the Fathers of the Church, St. Gregory Nazianzen, calls the Christian "an organ played upon by the Holy Spirit." Through Baptism the divine music of the Incarnate Word is transposed into our soul, and we become an auditorium in which the measureless, un[illegible] melodies of the Trinity are constantly sounding. But even better than that, we become the very instruments on which that music chooses to be played. "I pray, now not I, but Christ prayeth within me." Our prayer of praise and thanks, of contrition and petition, is music in the ears of God; and the voice He [illegible] hears is the voice of His Divine Son who has incorporated us into Himself and thus has given our praying the divine [illegible] of His praying.

FR. EHMANN

At the Jordan and on Mount Tabor, the Father once told the world, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." The Christian, conscious that he is "in Christ" when he prays, may reverently return these words to the Father, "This is Thy well beloved Son in whom Thou art well pleased; hear Ye Him."

* * *

You cannot grasp the full privilege of Christian prayer, apart from this fact that it is our prayer in Christ and Christ's prayer in us. Unless we understand our prayer as a sounding of the Word's divine music in our hearts and on our lips, we cannot be fully in tune with it, and our praying will lose much of its strength. In order to prevent this and to help us realize better [illegible] Mary Perkins has written a grand little book which she invitingly entitled Speaking of How to Pray [illegible] by Fr. Leonard Feeney. It is a wise little [illegible] about praying in the spirit of the [illegible] to bring these matters home to people [illegible] in shops and kitchens and offices, and who [illegible] business routine move to the rhythm of [illegible] in their souls.

* * *

[illegible] Mary Agnell of the deacon class at St. [illegible] prepared this [illegible] on Mary Perk[illegible].

[illegible] discouragement worse than facing a severe [illegible] your friends don't care. How utterly [illegible] have been when He found His disciples [illegible] He had asked them to pray — and they [illegible] to the prayer which Jesus [illegible] in front of them. Jesus prayed — [illegible] understand, they couldn't appreciate it, and they [illegible] in it. There are several reasons why they slept: [illegible] at night and they were tired. They didn't know that [illegible] was Good Friday. Hadn't they just been to the first [illegible] pray yet more? And these are the same [illegible] up through the centuries among [illegible] His disciples though [illegible] with their own [illegible] the mystical Body of Christ seems of little moment.

* * *

[illegible] the disciples could well be excused [illegible] finding Christ were not as [illegible] He had legions of angels to [illegible] But today, the atomic age of "no de[illegible]" the radio and television, who can fly [illegible] destroy it, are we still going to sit back [illegible] His prayer? We ourselves no [illegible] while Jesus prayed — [illegible] altar, with the lips of [illegible] through the rites of the Church. [illegible] His prayer when Judas kissed Him; He still [illegible] Church's liturgy. We are the disciples whom [illegible] and pray with Him, today in 1946. "Lord, [illegible] because they [illegible] God they first must worship [illegible] taught us how to pray, and [illegible] greatest prayer in the [illegible] of love, we will [illegible] "into lives of love and lives of [illegible]."

[illegible] to the spirit which is behind the [illegible] shows how He hovers over [illegible] in Spring, directing [illegible] to pray with Jesus, to grow strong with the strength of Christ that we may drink of His chalice, may dare to face the powers against which there is no human defense, [illegible] will be that which can overcome the world — our [illegible] in Christ. The Sacraments are each a source of [illegible] within us the life of Christ [illegible] at Baptism. And if we live and [illegible] learn to speak through Him — [illegible] prayer of His Church: the Office. "The Church knows how to pray far better than even the greatest saint; her prayer is inspired by the Holy Spirit Himself." To help us understand this prayer, we should also learn how to meditate, to think about the things of God with the same ease as we think about Sunday's dinner or the movie last night.

Cardinal Mooney's Portrait Offered

A fine four-color reproduction of this portrait of Cardinal Mooney, size 11½x9¼ inches, suitable for framing, will be sent to those sending 10 cents in coin or stamps to The COURIER JOURNAL office, 50 Chestnut St., Rochester 4, N. Y.

Know It?

(Answers on page 11)

If you answer all five, you're perfect; three or four, good; if only one or two, not so good.

1. Give the English equivalent of the following names of places in the U.S. named after a holy person or mystery:

San Blas
Santa Fe
San Jacinto
San Pedro
San Bruno
Madre de Cristo

2. In the dream of Pharaoh, interpreted by Joseph as signifying seven years of drought to follow after seven years of rich harvest, two sorts of things appeared to the king in groups of seven, the first goodly ones in each group being devoured by the seven bad ones that followed. What were those two things?

3. Give the names of the parents of St. John the Baptist.

4. Holy Mother Church commemorates a saint on the day of his or her death, or thereabouts, that being his or her entrance into eternal life. Only in three cases, connected directly with the coming of the Saviour, are the birthdays of the holy ones celebrated as feastdays. Which are these three?

5. In order to see Jesus, who was passing his house, Zacheus, a rich publican, who was short of stature, climbed

an olive tree
a fig tree
a sycamore tree

Proposed for President

Washington — (NC) — Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister, was proposed as a candidate for the Presidency of the next French Government at a meeting of the MRP in Paris, according to a French broadcast monitored by the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service here. Maurice Schumann, president of the MRP, made the proposal. Mr. Bidault also addressed the meeting.

The Literary Cavalcade

Modern Witch Hunters

By John O'Connor

Recently the literary editor of a prominent weekly gladly explained a publisher's stand in reply to a recent column by this writer.

I wish the editor or the publisher had called me first, for the best is yet to come. Besides, this is not a publisher's affair — yet! We'll waltz them around later!

* * *

I charged that left-wing clerks and left-wing bookshops in New York are doing their level best to keep books from the public when the left-wing mentality does not approve of that book. I specifically mentioned the silent treatment given Wartime Mission in Spain by Ambassador Hayes and the smears thrown at My Twenty-Five Years in China by J. B. Powell. I held that some book stores would not carry the former . . . and that some even discouraged sales. (I am happy to say that Dr. Hayes' publishers, Macmillan, have ordered another printing of his work.)

* * *

Now let us raise the stone a little further and see what crawls away from the light.

First, let me establish three points:

First, no clerk is interested in the ultimate profit of a department store. To lose a possible sale in the book department in these days of plentiful money and a great demand for books is to merely delay a small commission that will be made up within the next hour. You might be working for the store; you are also working for The Cause.

Secondly — to reiterate — there is a devotion to left-wing ideas on the part of a number of clerks and merchants. This devotion takes many forms: hatred of the Catholic Church; opposition to the orderly processes of legal government; propaganda for birth prevention; admiration for Marxism; defense of Russia — but no citizenship there-in, etc., etc.

Third: they take advantage of the naivete of many book buyers and recommend to them works which are suspect and biased in the more objective reviewers' columns. Many buyers, especially those of suburbia, accept the authority of the clerk . . . and eventually his or her ideas.

* * *

This is something that store owners and publishers might check on. Are sales to be stopped at retail outlets by biased clerks who constitute their own judge and jury? If a jewelry salesman or a perfume salesman "ranped" a produce it would be literally sabotage. In the book department it no doubt comes under "criticism."

* * *

Not long ago I sought a book on The Middle East. Near one of the world's largest and most advertised department stores I naturally headed for the non-fiction department. I asked for the book and was told promptly that it was no longer in stock. The attitude of the salesgirl seemed to be that it was suspect.

I decided to browse, for being a journeyman reviewer I like to see what is moving on the market. I was looking at a rather innocuous selection of war books when the salesgirl set a book in front of me. It is by one of the most notorious Soviet sympathizers in this country.

She asked me if I had read it.

I replied that I had not.

"It is a good book," she continued.

Being a reviewer, I held my silence. Only a few nights before, the foreign chief of one of America's news services, after six years in Europe, returned home. At dinner he told me he regretted not being a reviewer, for this book in question was one work he would like to review — and tell the truth about. This man is known for his ability and integrity.

* * *

I was pondering over the dogmatism of this intellectual brat as opposed to six straight years in war zones by an honored reporter when she tapped me on the arm.

"Are you reading The Great Retreat . . . "

I replied that I was writing a review of it.

"He's vicious. . . ."

For the moment I was stunned. This was not a radical shop nor a Communist store. It was one of America's great department stores. It was a retail establishment where you are not supposed to get opinions, however objective, in the book department unless you ask for them.

* * *

I had studied for three years under the author of The Great Retreat, Dr. Nicholas Timasheff of Fordham's Graduate School. His works are monuments of painstaking research. He is an able and amiable genius in sociology and some of its allied fields. He is a scholar of world reknown.

Yet here was a young clerk, burning with zeal to attack a great man's work.

I asked her if she had read the book.

She ignored the question.

* * *

I can understand why a Communist book store would not carry such a work, for it rips away its facade of democracy and efficiency. But I cannot see how a retail establishment permits its personnel to conduct themselves in such a manner.

This is a store that boasts "no one is in debt to it." On a moment's thought I can't think of anyone who would want to be.

Prelate Scores Discrimination

Savannah, Ga. — (RNS) — Attacking factions in Georgia which "are seeking to deprive the Negroes of their right to vote," Msgr. T. James McNamara, director of the Diocesan Union of Savannah, declared here that the church should be unalterably opposed "to pressure groups and pressure-minded individuals" who seek to withhold that right on grounds of color.

Msgr. McNamara, speaking at a novena service in the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, characterized the Negroes as "a people frustrated in exercise of a well-established right."

"I hold no brief for any person or group of American people," he said, "but I very definitely resent any effort to transplant into the American body politic ideas which are alien to our national traditions and professions."

He said voting is an obligation of conscience and condemned voters who fulfill it "only as a means to defeat others as they seek to exercise this right."

New Envoy to Vatican

Lisbon — (NC) — The Count of Tovan, new Portuguese Ambassador to the Vatican, has left for Rome by air to assume his post. He is a graduate of the University of Louvain and has been in the diplomatic service since 1911.

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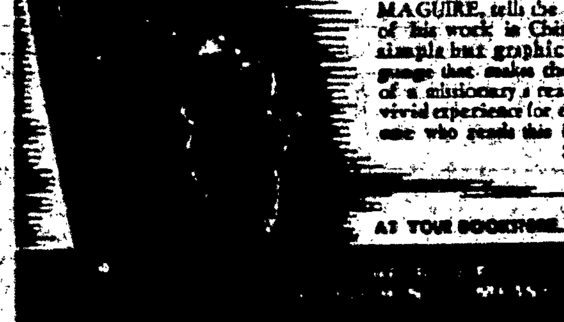

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I CHOSE FREEDOM by VICTOR KRAVCHENKO

(Continued from page 1)

For a long time I had known this [illegible] hour was inevitable [illegible] I had planned [illegible] I had looked forward to it as a release from the [illegible] of [illegible] in which I [illegible] so long [illegible] to be my [illegible] for leaving about which [illegible] I felt a [illegible] out family, without friends. Never again shall I see the faces or press the hands or hear the voices of relatives and friends who are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. It is as if they were dead and therefore something precious within me is dead. Forever and ever there will be this emptiness in my life, this dreadful void and aching loneliness.

Sentence of Death

So far as the land of my birth is concerned, I shall be an official outcast and pariah. Automatically the political regime into which I poured a lifetime of toil and faith will pronounce a sentence of death upon me. Always its secret agents will haunt my life.

They will trace my steps and keep vigil under my windows and, if ordered by their masters, will strike me down. And these Americans among whom I hope to make my new life — how can they ever understand what it means for a Russian Communist to break with the Soviet dictatorship? They are so blessedly innocent, these Americans.

In my home land, those who worked with me and befriended me, let alone those who loved me, will be forever tainted and suspect. To survive they will have to live down my memory. To save themselves, they must deny me and disown me, as in my time I pretended to deny and disown others who incurred the vengeance of the Soviet state.

Did I have a moral right to endanger these innocent hostages in Russia in order to indulge my own conscience and pay my own debt to truth as I saw it? That was the cruelest problem of all. What would my pious grandfather, Tychon Pantaleyevich, that upright servant of God and Tsar, have thought of my action if he were still alive? What will my father, that idealist Russian revolutionist, say if he has survived two years under the brutal German occupation?

There was bitter consolation [illegible] the thought that my brother Constantine, was dead — killed in defending our fatherland against the Nazi invaders as an officer on the Caucasian front. Would official vengeance be visited on a lonely and helpless old woman, just liberated from a German concentration camp, because she is my mother? Or on the woman who for three years was my wife though she knew nothing of my political doubts and my escape?

A Painful Tom-Tom

These thoughts were still pounding in my mind, a painful tom-tom that has grown fainter but has never ceased, when the train pulled into New York at three that Sunday morning. I registered under an Italian name at a dingy uptown hotel — the kind of hotel where you pay in advance for your room. It was a room made to order for suicide: narrow, musty, depressing. I locked the door. In the half-light of the one electric bulb I began to write out a statement, parts of which were to appear in the American press two days later.

Had anyone observed my furtive behavior in those tense days, my sleepless nights, my stealthy escape from Washington, my concealment in New York, he might suppose I had committed some fearful crime and was evading the police. But I had neither robbed nor killed. I had merely decided to give up my job as an economic emissary of my government!

No American, assuredly, could comprehend that for the subject of a totalitarian regime there is no "crime" more terrifying in its implications and its consequences. It was the supreme act of apostasy toward an earthly god. Not only did it make the culprit officially an outcast, living on borrowed time, he could not even exchange letters with his loved ones in his native land. The mark of Cain was on his forehead. For a Soviet citizen to meet him or to show him kindness would be political suicide, perhaps physical suicide.

Mine was not a step any Soviet Russian, especially a Communist of long standing and fairly advanced in the ranks of the bureaucracy, took frivolously, on sudden impulse. It was an act that had its beginnings somewhere far down in the substratum of his mind; that grew slowly and could not be smothered. The reasons for the kind of thing I had done are never on the surface. They must be sought for deep inside, at the core of a man's whole existence.

Life-Saving News

On Monday, April 3, 1944, I talked to several reporters. Late that night the news was displayed on the first page of the New York Times. The timing was important. It may, indeed, have saved my life. Had my Soviet guardians learned about my flight before it became public knowledge, the Washington Embassy would unquestionably have denounced me to the State Department, as a German agent perhaps, and demanded my instant apprehension for deportation to the U.S.S.R. But with the American people apprised of the facts and watching the drama, the Soviet Embassy was checkmated, at least for the moment.

"Soviet Official Here Resigns," the Times headline announced. The dispatch itself began:

Accusing the Soviet Government of a "double-faced" foreign policy with respect to its professed desire for collaboration with the United States and Great Britain and denouncing the Stalin regime for failure to grant political and civil liberties to the Russian people, Victor A. Kravchenko, an official of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington, announced his resignation yesterday and placed himself "under the protection of American public opinion."

Mr. Kravchenko, whose passport bears the title "Representative of the Soviet Government" . . . is a captain in the Red Army, and before coming to the United States last August he was director of a group of large industrial plants in Moscow, Pri. or to that he served as chief of the munitions section attached to the Soviet of People's Commissars of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, the largest of the affiliated Soviet republics. He has been a member of the Russian Communist Party since 1929 and has held many important economic posts under the Soviet regime.

* * *

Then followed parts of the long statement on which I had toiled all Sunday. It was written with my heart's blood, but little of its color showed through the cold printer's ink.

Explaining the Step

In the statement I tried to explain to the American people, to my comrades at home and my friends in the Washington Commission, why I had taken the dread step. But the more I wrote and crossed out and rewrote, the more hopeless the task seemed. There were no words, in any language, to sum up a whole life.

My decision to break with the Soviet regime — amounting to a personal declaration of war against that and all police states — was not accidental. It was implicit in all I had been and thought and experienced. In that sense it was not so much a decision, not so much an act of volition, as the logical and inescapable climax of a process.

To explain it I must reach back to the zeal for justice which pervaded my childhood on the banks of the Dnieper; to the passion for freedom that throbbed in a boy's heart as revolution and civil wars swept the Ukrainian cities and steppes; to the enthusiasms of a Communist Youth, then of a full-fledged Communist Party member; to the doubts and frustrations and the desperate attempts, year after year, to bolster a battered and crumbling faith with stout illusions.

To explain it I must rehearse my whole life and the life of Russia as it touched mine.

(Next week: A Russian Childhood — The dark days of the Revolution and its aftermath.)

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[illegible] NOVENA To [illegible] of the Snows

[illegible]

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