

Danger in 'Green Years'

By Rev. Benedict Elmann

The very last page of Czeslawa The Green Years... of the kind of remark which can set like a time-bomb for the ordinary reader... There are several such things, both in this book and in The Keys of the Kingdom...

But how are we to tell... Out of the dim past, Mr. Cronin catches a loaded statement like this, and gives it to us without any tag or label of identification...

I enjoyed reading The Green Years... Mr. Cronin has a good way with words and sentences... He knows his way around the vocabulary...

But there remains that one... diabolical factor (at least in his last two stories) which are... not only what I can only call... frequent attacks of... impatience, or rather, a... lack of patience...

It is the way remark about... the witty French Catholic... which I regard as... and an example of... well written... only have been a... witty or otherwise, who... did say such a thing...

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I Chose Freedom By Victor Kravchenko

Victor Kravchenko, the man who escaped from Soviet confinement... after the story of 'I CHOSE FREEDOM'... This is the eighth installment.

CHAPTER XIV
A Change in Luck
At the plant I parried solicitous inquiries about my swollen eyes and bruises with a tale of accident, but I saw in their eyes that people were not convinced...

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This installment of 'I Chose Freedom' describes a trip to Moscow by Victor Kravchenko during the third of the blood-purge trials, supplemented by factory meetings like that shown here in which workers are voting, via a show of hands, the death penalty for seventeen Soviet celebrities accused of participation in a Trotskyite plot.

American Voices--III

By John O'Connor

I am the gossip columnist. I am the master of the smear. I operate on Broadway, in Washington, in Hollywood... I am the rumor monger, the proditor, the intellectual sewer...

I have a long memory. If that does not suffice, I buy the services of some one who has a long memory. I have a gutter vocabulary when I reply to an attack... I am losing patience with Europe... I am losing patience with the United States... I am losing patience with England...

With only two or three hours of sleep, I was in my shops that morning, making decisions on millions of rubles worth of production. The cruel irony of it! The Urals... My stay on the shores of the Azov Sea was to be extremely brief. Without explanation, I was summoned by Glavrubostol to Moscow...

That letter, I smiled. 'I'm a sinner, Comrade Merkulov. I've been purged and exonerated, but I'm benighted from head to toe with foul charges.' 'We know all about it, but we trust you. We are appointing you head of our largest pipe-making sub-plant, the largest not only in the U.S.S.R. but in all Europe...'

I met the newly appointed director of the whole combine, Jacob Osadchik, and was often cited in the press area in official speeches as a horrible example of mismanagement and sabotage. I was inheriting one of the worst headaches in the entire metallurgical field... The atmosphere in Moscow just then, moreover, was nicely calculated to deepen my pessimism...

I cast a false light on a large group because I do not like a few in that group; I defend a large group because a minority in that group like me, and I like to be liked... I attack rich business men for their gains, I attack elected representatives who work far harder for far less... I present with amusement or light ridicule the antics of perverts and immoral people...

I predict things to come— whenever some government official answers my calls from phone booth and tells me what he or one of his colleagues is going to say... I keep heaps of materials—all to be used against any future enemies even though they are my friends...

RELIGIOUS PICTURES
12 x 18 MOTTOES
CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER
QUEEN OF OUR HOME
PRAYER TO THE MIRACULOUS INFANT JESUS OF PRAGUE
THE CATHOLIC SUPPLY STORE

Information Desk
The Church's Teaching on Christian Burial
Q. Why does the Church refuse burial in consecrated ground to the non-Catholic party of a mixed marriage?
A. The Church has her own cemeteries for her children... She does not want outsiders buried there—any more than you would want outsiders buried in your own family plot...

Information Desk
Q. In attending Mass, at a Church other than my own, I noticed that the bell was rung more often than in my own parish. What is the explanation of this?
A. It may have been an enthusiastic altar-boy, or more probably the difference of local custom... Church rubrics prescribe that the bell should be rung at the elevation of the Host and of the Chalice...

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