

TOWARD INDUSTRIAL PEACE

Impressions of Our Neighbor to the North

By Richard M. McKesson, S. J.

Director, Le Moyne College School of Industrial Relations

In the late spring of this year we were invited to conduct a two-week seminar in industrial relations at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

"This settlement maintained a record of cooperation and mutual understanding which has prevailed in the steel industry for the past sixty-five years, since the founding of the first international union."

"Now American realize that immense capital in Canadian industry is held by our investors. With the discovery of new natural resources the need for greater capital is all too evident."

Editorials

Decent Respect—Or An Iron Curtain The Barden Bill Is Not Americanism We Are Purchased with a Great Price

By Mrs. William M. Hart

A Decent Respect

This is what the Continental Congress in 1776 had in mind in signing the Declaration of Independence, to show a decent respect to the opinions of mankind as they declared their separation from the King of England.

Therefore, they gave a long list of the abuses heaped on them by King George; they pointed out the futility of expecting a change in his attitude, a giving up of tyranny in the interest of proper government of a free people.

"An Iron Curtain." That is the substitute the Soviet nation and its satellites would give for the American "decent respect" for the opinions of other nations.

What glory can an unjust and tyrannous power take in its denial to men of life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness? An iron curtain is needed, a program of ignorance is indicated; freedom of religion, freedom from want, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, are shamefully absent from the philosophy of criminal dictators.

More Decent Respect We need today in free America a little more decent respect for the opinions of mankind that marked the founding fathers. A system that promotes the idea of a privileged group that needs and gets the practical attention of the government to its wants and condemns forever a numerous underprivileged group to governmental inattention to their like needs, while taxing the latter for benefits denied to them — this is not Americanism!

His Blood For Us

Christ gave up for us His last drop of blood. With that precious blood He washed out our debt of sin and guilt. By His blood we are saved, made heirs of heaven, children of God. We are, indeed, purchased at a great price!

Then Offer Thy Gift

Christ looks for perfection in all who would follow Him, all who would make unto Him the sacrificial gift that represents true love for Him, true service of Him. There can be no limited service of Christ, no service that avoids some sins while it permits others. There can be no thought or word or act that violates the love of our neighbor, in a heart acceptable to Christ. Such things must be destroyed in us before we can begin to call on God for a blessing.

"Then offer thy gift!" Then! Never before that moment. That moment in which we give ourselves entirely to the love of God and the love of our neighbor.

Christ saw about Him many that made great pretence of being near to God. He saw the Pharisees parade their virtues before men. To men they appeared holy, paragons of good behaviour, worthy of imitation; to God they were revealed as men headed for damnation, deprived of grace by their hypocritical behaviour.

Then offer thy gift! When our justice, our conscientious service of God, abounds more than that of the Pharisees, then shall we be welcomed as we offer to God our gift. When deep in our heart is the solid desire to keep all of God's law, to serve in lesser things as well as in the greater, to live the life of grace; then may we look for God's blessings as we offer our gift.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD?

Give Russia Enough Rope And She'll Hang Herself

By Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.

The opinion was presented in this space a week ago that we need not fight Russia; that she is her own worst enemy; that if we exercise a little patience...



Fr. Gillis

Let us add now that if none the less we do fight Russia and defeat her, our victory and her defeat may be to the advantage of Communism.

IT HAS always been said (to give one example) that any race, say Mongols or the Manchus that conquers China is swat-

lowed up by China. In recent days someone has said that Russia, conquering China, will have 400 million more mouths to feed. Capitalism couldn't, or at least didn't feed those hundreds of millions of mouths.

Capitalism, inefficient as it may be, is a thousand times more efficient than Communism. What Capitalism couldn't or didn't do, Communism will not be able to do.

So with nation after nation that fails to—or should one say falls for?—Communism. They will learn and when they learn, it will go hard with those who bamboozled them. In this case the bamboozler is Russia.

Russia—or what afterwards became Russia—was cut off from Rome a thousand years ago and so has no memory of what happened to Rome when it reached out too far.

They don't read and so they don't know history. But they

must have heard in their childhood the fable of the frogs that got tired of King Log and demanded a new king. Jupiter with savage humor sent them King Log who ate them up. The peoples who got tired of King Capitalism and who wanted another ruler were not to be deterred from Communism by the warning "You'll be sorry!"

BUT AFTER all they are not more foolish than the head men of Communism who must have heard, but prefer not to remember, the other fable of the frog who wanted to be as big as an ox, blew himself up like a balloon and burst!

So once again why should we do the unnecessary job of fighting a gang of tyrants who, if we leave them alone for a while, will blow themselves up and burst? If somebody answers this argument by saying that we can do the job on Russia more quickly, than she can do it on herself, you may remind him that we have been doing a job on Black Fascism and Red Fascism — it is the same for now some 35 years and that it isn't done yet because we have gone about it the wrong way.

Those who cry for a third world war still want to try the way that failed. Why not try another way—give Russia rope enough and let her hang herself?

WOMEN'S VIEWPOINT

Shove Over, Picasso Here Comes Junior

By Marie Weidman

Any July now someone's little Arabella or Gregory will spring from one of the children's free summer art classes as a potential Picasso.



Marie Weidman

Many arrive for the first class accompanied by parents who eye everyone else's progeny as deadly rivals of their own. My Phillip does divine clay modelling — Really, my Sandra Ann draws free hand better than any child here, don't you, Sandra Ann, dear? Sandra A. looks apprehensive, "Free what, Mom?" Her parent proceeds to pinch Sandra A. to no effect.

The few fathers who come with arty offspring look bored as they rock on their heels while waiting to register. One of them wails a large, modern contraption of clay on a nearby shelf. "Joe if I thought you'd ever be responsible for anything like that I'd leave with you right now!" Joe looks brightly at the object "I like it Dad!"

WITH THIS talented background it is most fitting that Miss Pinkish Pig Tails' obvious ability should be brought into blossom. Then, on the fringe of activities, there are those who have come because the magic

word "free" has evoked for them some kind of Elysium composed of unlimited amounts of bubble gum as well as paint, vermilion, of course.

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ter, with a cultured howl retreats behind his blue tree.

An harassed teacher finally gets each artist behind a worktable. She quells any further remarks in the vernacular about the museum's water, stators, brushes and paper. Each child becomes quiet and absorbed, intent on copying the object in front of him. They are all obviously delighted and awed with vespeling personalities somehow the wonderful, bright medium of paint through which their own delirium

MISS PINKISH Pig Tail embellishes a yellowbird with violet wings; her fingers ache with the effort — Aunt Sophie will bless you, dear! At the rear bench, Dartmouth The Third, with talent gaily waving does a blue clown. The Third beholds his creation with the true joy of an artist.

The buffoon is racy, carefree and wears a violently blue jacket. The teacher commends the work, but gently urges The Third to come out of his Blue Period. He ponders her advice. Yes, thank you, Mrs. Thimble-down I shall! Next week, my Pink Period! Miss Thimble-down sags.

HE THREW STONES AT NUNS

Australian Boy Becomes Famed Convert-Priest

Reprinted from the 'Father Matthew Record'

"Black devils, black devils," he shouted as he leapt from behind a hedge and threw stones at two nuns, Leslie Rumble was a Perth boy ten years old when he did that. Today he is 36-year-old Fr. Rumble, S.T.D.

He has been a Catholic 35 years and a priest 23 years. He has heard of how he first became interested in the Catholic Church.

He left school at 14, and worked for six years in business in Perth. Amongst his fellow workers was a Catholic man outstanding for his decency and general high principles.

Young Leslie Rumble began to think within himself. This chap is undoubtedly the best of the lot of us. If he's a sample of what the Catholic Church produces, then what I've been told about the Church must be all wrong.

SO HE began to read everything he could lay his hands on about the Catholic religion — everything from twopenny pamphlets to Newman's Apologia pro vita sua. He came to see that the Catholic Church of reality was a far different thing from the "Romanism" that had been so often painted for him by

prejudice and ignorance. His father and mother were utterly opposed to his entering the Church. "If you have any respect for your parents," they said, "you won't do this thing."

But his course was clear, and he replied, "You wouldn't be my parents but that God made you so, and I must do the will of God rather than the will of my parents." So he became a Catholic, and decided to enter the Order of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart and become a priest. More opposition.

The conversion of his mother was a particular source of joy to him. He gave her Communion at his first Mass. His father also was converted before his death. Such is the power of prayer.

Dr. Rumble finds that the greatest enemies of religious truth are ignorance and prejudice, and that far too often people go to the wrong quarters for their information about the Catholic Church. If you want to know what Red Indians do, why, you ask a Red Indian, not a Chinaman.

He has been conducting the Question Box from Sydney, for 20 years. It means, too, that every Sunday evening for about ten months of the year for 20 years, Dr. Rumble has spoken 6,000 words over the air.

One of his books, "Radio Replies," was published about 16 years ago, and contains 1,588 questions. In Australia, England and America, 2,100,000 copies have been sold.

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THE TOP OF MY MIND

Truth, Nowadays, Must Pay Her Way

By Gretta Palmer

It is significant of modern modes of thought to find Alger Hiss' lawyer putting a psychiatrist in the courtroom to study my mind.

It was also used, if you remember, in an attempt to discredit Miss Bentley, recent convert to Catholicism, a woman we first heard of in print, that Miss Bentley's evidence against the Communists might be discredited on the grounds that she was "neurotic."

When their equal on your opponent's reality, he, nowadays, an almost standard employ in political trials, and if King Solomon were faced to deal with his famous problem of the mother and the baby, you might expect to see the woman who thought of declaring that the child's mind was un-

It is a profound and sad significance in this newfangled way of arriving at the "truth." It might be traced all the way

back to Descartes with his attempt to contain the universe within the mind of man. For if our ultimate certainties are based on "I think," then it is obvious that the condition of the mind which thinks is the most important thing.

The God of Truth is not a popular God in our day. Truth as such is little loved. Modern man sees little as a servant, not a master. Vast fortunes are placed at the disposal of those who may find a cure for cancer, a cure for war, a cure for anything that bothers.

But ignorance does not bother us. Few dollars are available to the scholar intent on learning truths which can have no utilitarian results. The Rockefeller Foundation Report for 1948, just issued, lists studies in agriculture, public health, medicine, a score of practical things; no single grant is mentioned for such fields as mathematics or philosophy. Truth, nowadays, must pay her way.

BECAUSE THERE is no little love of truth abroad, the Catholic hatred of falsehood seems quite to the outside world. That the Ancient Church should have split in two over the question of Filioque in a Creed denouncing them hairsplitting and fabulous.

Our Christian martyrs died because they would not act out the little lie of dropping incense before the Emperor's unbecomingly pretending modern man would

say, "It can't hurt anybody," and betray the God of Truth with a small shrug.

Ours is a Church which has paid a high price for her truth telling; and she has known, from the very start of things, that truth does not always prevail on earth. The truth may be so fantastic that it is immediately swept aside; even St. Joseph, that "just man," was puzzled until an angel came to him in a dream to reassure him.

Whole well-thought-of groups of men are paid to shade the truth through propaganda and publicity. Our very laws are drawn on the assumption that slander does not matter unless the victim suffers "material" loss.

NOT MANY serve the God of Truth today. But some few men behind the Iron Curtain are doing splendidly for this very cause. They know — all Catholics know — that it is not essential to us that we be believed. All that is necessary is that, when asked, we reject the lie.

It does not really matter how many courtrooms psychiatrists the opposition brings to make us look absurd. We have served a cause for which better men than we have died in flames. We will have made, before the skeptical and confused age, a little act of faith in human reason and its ultimate validity. We will have said, "Truth exists, and truth would still be worth stating if they kill me for it."

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DEAR REPRESENTATIVE

An 'Open Letter' from Two Jims to Rep. Barden

By An Elmira Reader

REPRESENTATIVE CLARENCE BARDEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

You don't know me, Representative Barden, but you have received a good many letters from people you don't know, and I take it you read them.

You are a good man, Representative Barden. I have read a lot of things about you, and I am sure you are a good man. I am sure you are a good man.

Why am I writing? Well, Representative Barden, I'm writing to apologize. You see, when I called and went into training, and later when I embarked for parts unknown — landing eventually here at Ivo Jima, where that "promising young career" of mine came to a sudden end — I neglected to underline with red pencil the fact that I was a graduate of a non-public school. In fact I can't go to the life of the non-public school that anyone anywhere along the line ever bothered to ask me that specific question. Without realizing the possibility of my calling the attention of my constituents to the fact of my non-public education, I wrote you a long letter — at government expense, that is — from the day I left home until the day that the bullet caught me in the neck. And about one year ago Representative Barden, for all the good I did and for all the trouble I caused, accepted all at government expense into you, and I keep saying to myself, "and representative of what?"

my hands on. Maybe it was because of him that I was always a "softy for strays." Do you happen to know Francis of Assisi, Representative Barden? If you don't, he's worth looking up. There are a lot of other names around the here, Representative Barden, names like Smith, Carlson, Cohen, Lukitski and Carson, to mention a few. As a matter of fact, we never paid much attention to last names. It was the chap himself, not his name, that mattered. By the way, Jim Brown, who lies next to me here, hailed from your State, North Carolina. He was a great guy, Jim.

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You'll be relieved to know that my family decided to let the tree lie where it fell. And I'm glad, too. Now that I know how you feel about things, I wouldn't have enjoyed the free trip home.

A long time ago (at least it seems a long time), Sister Monica taught us the customary formula used in ending letters. I haven't forgotten those words of conclusion — Sister was too good a teacher for that. So, in deference to Sister Monica (God love her!) who wouldn't want it any other way —

Respectfully yours, ELMIRA READER

P.S. I have a long time to think things over now, Representative Barden, a long time to think things over. I keep saying to myself, "Representative of whom?"