

Look—No Face!



WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Floor Show—Or Money Makes the Nightmare Go

By Mario Weidman

These are not times for tatty pulls — nor will quilling parties, spelling bees or corn husking ever enjoy any widespread popularity again, really. We have reached a high point in human development where we are able to make weapons to destroy the whole race, and where our thinkers are conceiving man as a superior, well-adjusted animal.



Our entertainment has therefore kept pace, and is more sleek and sophisticated, which, spelled backwards, means more decadent, dehumanized and just plain old dumb.

Lady. The old term "making merry" can never be used again — it fitted a Christian age when entertainment meant a joyous participation of all toward civility.

Now we have highly specialized, allegedly talented individuals whose only reward, if they fail to make their audiences get their mistletoe, is to have their opinions dropped.

HOWEVER the night club of the present evolved will probably be accepted some future time as the proper province of some benighted scholar's thesis for a doctorate of philosophy.

Every evening the rocks and pills of our land ring forth with the triple tempo of dance music, the chic and the dowdy, the plain and the pretty, all press out to dance. Somehow they are able to find the rhythm of the trumpet blare as they move about the polished, postage stamp of a floor.

Gaily the ladies flutter at their escorts — the music is superb, here, Oliver. How DID you discover this intriguing place? I don't know, Imogene. I just looked up and there it was, blinking at me like a neon-lit inferno.

It seems especially true of Americans that they judge the degree of amusement at a spectacle in direct proportion to how much they must pay to view it. Using this axiom

then, a night club floor show should send them into spinning hysterics — it is just bound to, look at the minimum, they'll point out. (Well, really Oliver, that's far the milk ice buckets, you know) In other words, they're prepared to laugh at anything.

THE EL PAGO PAGO features a rotund master of ceremonies who has in his eyes, at least under the lights, what is coyly described as a "wicked gleam". He addresses the clientele as "lovely people" and then, with the old gleam really in there glowing, describes the delights that are yet to be theirs.

He tells a few of the "on my way here tonight" jokes well sprinkled with discreet smut and double entendre. Finally the peroxide brigade emerges under the aegis of Dolly Droopwich. Their specialty is interpreting jungle dances. And it honestly isn't the fact that Dolly's troupe has never been further south than Jersey City that you object to; it's the vulgar, subtle, degrading and terribly unfunny display we accept these days as amusing, as entertainment and often even as art.

The strong cogdon of public opinion held together by the power of the Legion of Decency has performed, miraculously, in making the screens of the land safe. That oath we take applies equally to night club offerings. Let all us lovely people send Dolly back to Jersey.

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INTERNATIONAL SCENE

Will Aid to Tito Halt Persecution?

By J. J. Gilbert

The strained relations between Soviet Russia and Tito Yugoslavia are a matter of ever-increasing interest to many people in this country. Since it seems impossible to judge with any accuracy what is going to take place, prudences is called for.

American should not expect any great benefits in access to the West from developments that are now foreseeable.

IF THIS opportunity is discarded, the matter descends altogether to political levels, and the nations of the West — particularly the United States stand by as leaders who must be watched but not too hopeful.

Recent news dispatches from Yugoslavia state that Marshal Tito has made it clear that, despite his quarrel with the masters of the Kremlin, he has no preference for the West. He is neutral in a manner of speaking.

THEY turn the spotlight upon a vital point in the whole matter — namely the question of what Tito hopes to gain. Tito has not abandoned communism. In fact, he has proclaimed his loyalty to Marxism again and again since his rift with the Kremlin.

If civil war were to break out in Yugoslavia, they contend, it would not be between communism and democracy, but between two factions of communism, and those who have remained loyal to Trotsky might conceivably flock to the banner of Tito.

IN THIS event, there is no freedom of religion, or speech, or press in prospect. And, whether or not it is all as simple as that, Tito has said and done nothing to indicate that he is any less a communist than he was when he was a pal of Stalin. He is not likely to make any concession to the freedom of religion, or to any of the rights of man, unless he sees that he has to do so.

Editorials A New Armistice for the Holy Year Tito May Be Riding a Trojan Horse God's Gifts Must Be Used Temperately

By Mgr. William M. Hart

Armistice

Thirty-one years ago brought Armistice Day. Fighting came to a stop. The clash of arms ceased. The killing of men was now no more. War was at its end. Peace was at hand!

How the world rejoiced at the good news! The eleventh day of the eleventh month was at hand, and all the world was heartily, sick of conflict. The art of war was to give way to the pursuit of peace. Enemies were to be absorbed in the cultivation of friendship. Men were to be brothers. Never again should the scourge of war be visited upon mankind!

Just over twenty years later for the world and twenty-three years later for the United States, war was with us again. War in a more terrible form than ever before! War with new weapons visiting untold destruction on men and cities!

Armistice Day! It finds war theoretically at an end. It finds a cold war on in Europe, and a very hot war on in China. It finds nations arming frantically, the while the United Nations strives mightily to prevent a new catastrophe.

A new armistice for the Holy Year! Our Holy Father makes the coming Holy Year a year for peace. A year for renewal of prayers to Almighty God to ward off any renewal of hostilities. A year for men to find themselves so filled with the love of God and the love of their neighbor that thoughts of war may be kept far from their minds. May the prayer of every man and woman of faith win God's blessing on the world. May it bring about a new armistice that will be lasting!

Tito A Phony

It's a slang phrase, but utterly frank in its descriptive power. There is nothing real about Tito as a potential friend for any decent nation. Just the accident that he has fallen out with Stalin, is no reason why our country should accept him wholeheartedly as a friend. He has been a pagan oppressor of religion, a foe of justice, a destroyer of democracy. His alienation from Stalin can never be a reconciliation with people and principles he hates so thoroughly. Tito is a phony!

Cardinal Mooney spoke with vehemence his condemnation of the present attempts to appease Tito, to make him our trusted ally. He pointed out our mistake in welcoming Russia as our partner because she hated Germany. Russia has not proved herself a true partner, a helpful friend of the United States. Neither will her former friend, Tito. Shakespeare once stated there is no choice in rotten apples. Communism's may fall out with each other, they should never be permitted to join our forces while they bear the corrupting taint of paganism and oppression. Tito is a phony.

New Wine Is Born

The Italian saying is that on St. Martin's Day the juice of the grape is completely changed and has become the new wine. November 11 is with us again, the Feast of St. Martin, and we find the old saw again verified. "Nel San Martino, ogni must e vino".

No once more the goodness of God is manifested in a precious gift to man. Wine made glad the heart of man in days gone by, wine still has power to bring gladness to the human spirit. God would have man use this gift as all His gifts in a temperate, a rational manner. Used according to right reason, it can bless the man who uses it. The true child of God uses it with gladness, with reverence. Christ chose it as one of the elements in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Paul recommended its use for the good of Timothy's stomach. The Good Samaritan soothed the wounds of the victim of the robbers by pouring in oil and wine.

Wine Is God's Gift

True children of God gladly accept God's gifts. The majority accepts them for personal use; some for religious reasons or reasons that are not religious choose to abstain from such use. But they are reasonable in not denying to others what their own choice denies themselves.

God's gift! What a pall would fall over the world were wine to be taken from the good things God has given us! Nature is used by God in the growing and maturing of the grape on the vine. The juice of the grape contains according to God's creation the natural powers that enter into fermentation, that endow it with a potency which is the perfection of its being. No longer the imperfect, frustrated, incomplete entity known as grape juice, it now takes on the new dignity of fully-matured fruit of the grape.

God's gift! With reverent appreciation, with judicious admiration, with an accompanying vision of its origin on the sunny hill-sides and its use of the variation of warm days and days of fruit-fostering rains, the man of God drinks his portion of wine. He drinks it with gratitude to the kindly Creator who furnishes in it needed strength in days of weakness, opportune solace in sorrow, a worthy companion for days of gladness. "Nel San Martino, ogni must e vino".

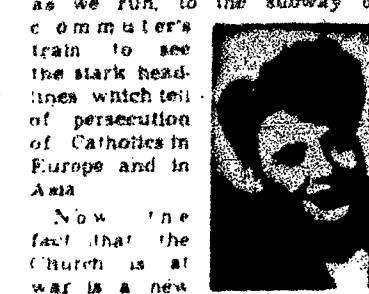
Laughed Him To Scorn

Some were enemies of Christ. Some were just poor souls who had not yet seen His wonders. All of them were ready to receive His sayings on ordinary things with some show of respect. But they were not ready to accept His words on things that were not ordinary. Here was one they knew not; a stranger, standing over a dead girl declaring she was only asleep! She was dead! They knew she had died, they saw her dead form before them. Then they hear Christ say — "Begone, the girl is asleep, not dead."

They laughed at Him. They ridiculed His words. They held Him and His words up to scorn. Jesus put them out of the funeral chamber. Jesus spoke to the dead girl. The dead girl arose!

THE TOP OF MY MIND Where Are Our Sacrifices?

By Gretta Palmer



The Church today is besieged, as it was in the days of old, as we run to the subway or commuter's train to see the stark headlines which tell of persecution of Catholics in Europe and in Asia.

Now the fact that the Church is at war is a new event in modern history. The war was none of her seeking, certainly and her methods of defense are not those generally associated with the soldier's trade. But war is derived from the Old English word for confusion, discord, strife, and by that definition the Church is most certainly a contestant in a world-wide war.

Never, since the last crusade, has there been so clear a case of non-Christian outsiders employing violence against the Church of Christ. AND WHAT happens to a citizen when he finds himself at war? Many things — many extremely disagreeable things when it is his nation which is involved. He is subject to draft into the frontlines where he may be killed or maimed. His money is taxed away from him. He is forced to give up such luxuries as gasoline for pleasure driving, meat for his table and nylon stockings for his lady.

He has to go through tiresome air-raid drills with blackened windows and if he travels he discovers that there are no hotel rooms available and that train seats have to be booked by standing many hours in line. He gets only one cup of coffee in a restaurant. He has to smother whatever indignation of anger he has against his government and neither are wearing fabrics, women's suits, electric iron, flashlight batteries, automobiles, butter, facial tissues, nor trips abroad.

Have we forgotten the deprivations of life in 1913 and 1914? Those were the minor sacrifices of the war — the tiny deprivations asked of everyone. But there were larger requirements made than that.

Volunteers in the hospital cared for the war's maimed and gave many hours a week of their leisure time. Members of the

armed forces sacrificed years of their lives, and surrendered the happiness of living with their growing families. Men sweated through jungles and froze on ice caps, at cold Kratons and advanced through shellfire, got taken prisoner, and died.

THAT'S WHAT happens to people when their country is at war. Mere citizenship can make such claims on us as that. But we as Catholics are a great deal more closely bound to other members of the Church than we are to those who share our nationality. The Communion of Saints is a far more intimate bond of union than the community of the flag.

And what, pray, are we doing about the fact that our Church is now besieged, is at war? How many automobile tires and facial tissues and steaks and women sweaters has the Church requisitioned from us?

How many American Catholics have given ten hours a week of volunteer effort or three... or one? Have we passed up so much as a candy bar or a drive in the country? Of course, we have not.

We have tended to regard the persecution in eastern Europe as a remote and local matter. But there is nothing local in Catholicism, the robe is seamless and the bell continues to toll for you and me wherever it is pealed.

THERE WAS a story told last year of a woman in Ohio who many years ago saved and scrounged her nickels and her dimes to educate a priest. After many years she had a sufficient sum collected she sent it to Rome to one of the seminaries there. The letter of thanks from the pope came by night, last year when one of her children came to visit in a desk and gave it to the world.

It said, "The name of the young seminarian you are helping will not mean anything to you, but you might like to hear it anyway. He is one Aloysius Stepinac."

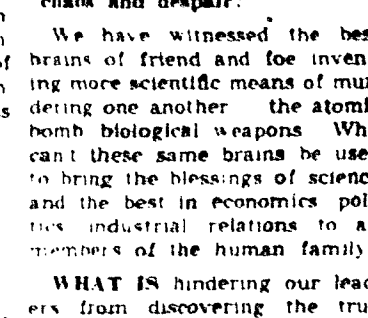
That sort of thing is almost commonplace. The Church is not out into the neat partitions that divide one country from another on maps and globes. The native priest in Malaya speaks the same Latin words as the Mass as the priest in Rome or Chicago.

TOWARD INDUSTRIAL PEACE

Still Time To Make Sure They Did Not Die in Vain

By Richard M. McKeon, S. J.

Director, Le Moyne College School of Industrial Relations.



November 11, 1949, is the first World War day that did not make us realize the necessity of restoring the values to human institutions. Ten years of a cruel deprecation did not bring us closer to sanity in reforming our economy.

Will the lessons of the late World War and the constant fear of communism force us to reconstruct society according to Christian principles or will the world after this cold, agonizing truce crumble in absolute chaos and despair?

We have witnessed the best brains of friend and foe inventing more scientific means of murdering one another, the atomic bomb, biological weapons. Why can't these same brains be used to bring the blessings of science and the best in economics, politics, industrial relations to all members of the human family?

WHAT IS hindering our leaders from discovering the true laws of nature and of nature's God? Surely we should be mentally disgusted with the false

all Catholics together are stronger realities than any temporal claims. For nations have only "sacraments" the flag, the uniform. The Church has more than sacraments, she has sacraments.

And when the Church is upon, then it is every Catholic's duty. There have been disputes in some of our circles late as to whether a modern war may be considered "just" according to the classic definitions of the schoolmen. Whatever the merits of that argument which applied to wars between nations, they collapse at once when stretched to cover the case we have today.

For a war in defense of the Church is not only a just war, it is a holy war. The only sure and completely holy war that there can be. Soldiers who bravely defending their homes may become saints, or they may not; but it is certain that only those who give their lives defending the Church her self are given the title, "martyr."

THE CHURCH does not ask anyone to walk upon her enemies with atom bombs or typhgerms or any of the other weapons that men are hatching. The laboratories for the war between nations, the Church has not as a matter of fact asked anything that could be seriously called sacrifice from a Catholic in this country. It has been gentle, it has been kind. We say a Rosary for the conversion of Russia. It has been asked that we wait perhaps three minutes longer at the end of Mass to say the Eucharistic prayers of the same intention. All that, almost.

Where are the blood and sweat and tears we might be offering to help the clergy of Czechoslovakia? Where, in deed, are the small civilian sacrifices of the luxuries that all Americans surrendered in the first month after Pearl Harbor?

To win a war men and women accept a heartily more than and hardships which were difficult to them in times of peace. Perhaps we had better cease our selfishness in the situation which a Catholic's conflicts as in the world today. Perhaps we had better ask ourselves, "What do we know there is a war on? For there is. And to date we have

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