

Freedom Dies If We Don't Care

If ever there was "a show of weakness, a demonstration of guilt" — as the U. N. Indonesian delegate described it — it happened Tuesday when Hungary's delegate Imre Horvath stalked out of the General Assembly.

His action proves his inability to answer the world's charges that the Kadar regime he serves is guilty of the crudest cruelty against the people of Hungary.

And on the same day that this Kremlin puppet admitted his nation's guilt, tiny Lithuania launched its first efforts for freedom — even as Polish students and workers at the nearby city of Stettin exploded in anti-Russian riots.

The past week also witnessed a paralyzing strike in Hungary despite Soviet warnings of dire retaliation. In reply, freedom fighters there continued to harass the Red troops.

And from Australia came word that Olympic athletes from Romania joined Hungarians there who chose to live in freedom rather than return to their communist dominated homes.

Experts stated their opinion that all this adds up to one conclusion — the Kremlin is in danger, revolt seethes in the satellites, and the days of the Reds are numbered.

Despite the swift tide of world events, Americans seem unimpressed.

The Pope, the American bishops, and our own Bishop Kearney have appealed for a crusade of prayer that God may grant peace and freedom to the victims of communist oppression — but the flash fires of devotion die too quickly.

Confirming this widespread tragic indifference are the pews which still stay occupied while only a handful go to Communion at Sunday Mass; the sparse attendance at weekday Masses; and an evident indolence in the habit of prayer in homes.

Can it be true that our own people actually don't think prayers can affect the shape of history?

Or are we so surrounded by material concerns and luxuries that we are blind to the needs of our fellowmen and deaf to the pleas for prayers spoken to us by our spiritual leaders?

Advent is half over. The way we complete these next two weeks in prayer and penance for peace may well decide God's will as to whether we in America deserve the promised peace of Christmas or the threatening ravages of continued Soviet advances.

Cheery Or Bleary?

We have heard no late reports from the Pentagon postmen to decide whether General Taylor's recent order has been obeyed. You remember that he was the army officer who told workers at Washington's massive military headquarters not to send Christmas cards to each other.

We have no intention of entering the controversy by suggesting that you send more or less Christmas cards. But no matter how many you decide to send, it seems as if they certainly should be the right kind — with at least a little hint that Christmas is somehow still Christ's birthday.

And that brings up another seasonal subject — the so-called "office parties" which fill the employees with considerable Christmas spirits. The resultant mixture of liquor and liplock often climaxes at home with heartsache and a cloud over the Christmas feast.

Fortunately, the antics of times past seem to be on the way out. Many offices have arranged to invite the families of employees to the Christmas party and that in itself assures better behavior. We have also heard that some employees have simply decided to close the office or shop earlier — the party time was no profit to the company anyway — and let the staff go home to be with their families.

This year's Christmas eve comes on a Monday — often a day when work pressure hasn't built up — and this will suggest to some that a festive day be planned, sending everyone home with a merry glow.

Christian (including Catholic) personalities should state their preferences about these parties right now. People who know the difference between right and wrong have a moral responsibility to aid their weaker brethren from being victims of the inability to say no. To go along with the gang simply degrades a holy day into a mockery.

Down deep in a Christian's heart, everyone knows that moderation in celebration will mean a far happier Christmas — and one that will deserve the blessing of the Christ Child.

Tax Exempt

The United States Supreme Court last week upheld the tax exempt status of Catholic schools.

The decision rejected a California case which sought to impose taxes on all church conducted schools.

A California group called the "Taxpayers Alliance" charged that tax free parochial schools meant the same as "tax support for institutions conducted primarily to advance sectarian doctrines."

Until 1961, California was the only state which taxed parochial schools. In that year the state legislature exempted such schools from taxation. The law was challenged and submitted to a referendum in 1962. The voters upheld the legislature's decision, but the state then went to the courts claiming the tax exemption violated the American principle of separation of church and state.

The case was delayed through California courts and finally was taken to Washington.

An adverse decision from the nation's Supreme Court could have crippled Catholic education throughout the country for it would open the door for the various states to impose taxes on all independent school systems.

The Supreme Court dismissed the case by stating no federal question was involved.

Fair minded people of all faiths welcomed the top court's recognition that American citizens have a right to send their children to the school they choose without being penalized for it.

We can expect that the malcontents and bigots will find other ways to snipe at the parochial schools. But the case of the California struggle, the overwhelming popular vote in favor of the tax exempt status, and now the final approval of our country's supreme tribunal is clear evidence that Americans as a whole — regardless of racial or religious affiliation — are a people who want to be fair, who want justice done, and at least they have ended the glaring injustice of taxation threatening the independent schools of America.

Courier Journal
Published by the Catholic Community of the Diocese of Erie, Pa.
1000 Locust St., Erie, Pa. 16501
Phone 461-1111
Subscription price: \$2.00 per year in advance.
Single copies: 10¢.
Second class postage paid at Erie, Pa.
Postmaster: Please send address changes to:
The Catholic Courier Journal, 1000 Locust St., Erie, Pa. 16501.

JOSEPH BREIG

'You Have Mistaken The Time'

In the early decades of the United States of America, persons who lacked vision — or worse, lacked good will — scoffed at the union. The federal government was so weak as to be despised.

The governor of Pennsylvania, when it was suggested to him that he call upon the President, who was visiting Philadelphia, replied scornfully that it was up to the President to call upon him.

The prophets of disaster said that this land of sovereign states would never be one nation indivisible, and with many of them, the wish was father to the thought.

Today, the United Nations — the desperately needed United Nations — suffers under similar disabilities, and endures similar contempt or detestation.

But for centuries both the logic of history and the disposition of Divine Providence have been moving mankind inexorably toward unity, and away from disunity.

Some men have seen this clearly. "We are engaged," said Lincoln at Gettysburg, "in a great civil war, testing whether this nation, or any nation so conceived, so dedicated, can long endure."

WERE LINCOLN living today, he might well tell us that now we are engaged in a great crisis of history, testing whether the United Nations, similarly conceived and dedicated, can endure.

It must endure. Unless it endures, humanity will split itself and all that is built, whether material or spiritual.

There are those who think that the United Nations is face to face with final failure. It is not. The UN more likely is on the verge of a rebirth in new triumph.

WISELY DID the bishops of the United States, in their annual message to their people, emphasize that the UN is not so big that the mistakes and failures of a commentary on our human condition.

"With true insight and foresight," they say, "the UN offers the only present promise we have for sustained peace in our time; peace with any approximation of justice."

"It is division which tempts the aggressor," said the bishops; "it is unity which gives him pause." And almost at the same time, Pius XII was calling upon all decent peoples and governments to reform their ranks and to organize in a solid pact for the liberation of the enslaved populations behind the Iron Curtain.

This is not the time for retreat; this is the time for advance. But first, we must advance. You have mistaken the time of the day, gentlemen; it is not evening, but morning.

UNLESS I AM cruelly mistaken, we are in a new morning of the United Nations; of international cooperation for peace; of the rule of law rather than the rule of the jungle among the nations.

Events have been moving with bewildering speed. But as I write, the first United Nations police force, armed with all the moral authority of mankind, is patrolling the Middle East not by might but by right. A colossal step forward has been taken in world affairs.

There remain the terrible problems of Soviet mightfulness in Hungary. Is the United Nations powerless there? Will Hungary be abandoned to the brutal aggression of an outlaw government which has cut aside every elementary decency?

I THINK NOT. The massive logic of history, the colossal weight of public opinion, and the irresistible power of God's providence are bringing to bear upon the Kremlin a crushing force.

The Soviets cannot simply go on smothering at mankind and at everything right and good. The Soviets are not really mad dogs, although they behave like mad dogs. They are human beings who can feel the terrible pressure of mankind. If they are not human, then at least the Russian people are human.

What the Hungarian patriots accomplished — and it was one of the towering achievements of all time — was to unite the enormous strength of decent humanity against basic goodness despoiled. That power, perhaps will be applied slowly; but it will prevail.

Our prayers have not gone unheard; precisely at the moment when it seems so, they are beginning to produce their effect. It is not evening; it is morning.

Hungarians Hail Cardinal As Symbol Of Faith, Freedom

"I want to be the shepherd of my people," said Cardinal Mindszenty in a Saturday night radio broadcast only hours before Soviet tanks lumbered back into Budapest on November 4th.

Refugees from that blood drenched city now in Rochester describe the Cardinal's stirring broadcast and how they wept when they heard his blessing and his plea for their prayers that "our country may live in peace."

In the broadcast, the Cardinal stated that Hungary's Premier, Imre Nagy had invited him to accept a key position in the Hungarian government.

"I want no role in politics," they quoted him, "I want to be what the Pope has assigned me to be — Primate of the Catholics of this country. I want to be the shepherd of my people."

It had been eight years since the Hungarians had heard their Cardinal speak to them.

EIGHT YEARS in a Communist prison — four years of them in solitary confinement — years of sickness, loneliness, and brutal beatings failed to destroy the spiritual stamina of this prince of the Catholic Church. A week after the first freedom shots rang out in Budapest, Hungarian patriots brought the imprisoned prelate back to his shattered and fire-gutted "palace" in the capital.

On All Saints Day, the Cardinal was heard in a two minute broadcast which was interrupted before he finished. Then again on Saturday evening, at 8 p.m., the Cardinal broadcast his peace plea and blessing to the Hungarian people. Even at that moment, Russian troops were ringing the city ready to crush Hungary's five days fight for freedom.

Next morning, Premier Nagy again asked the Cardinal to aid in solving the chaotic political condition of the country. The Cardinal attended a dramatic session of Nagy's cabinet. Word was brought in that the Russians were approaching. Nagy told the Cardinal, "You must flee . . . to the American legation."

Already Russian troops were milling about the building. Three Hungarians shielded the Cardinal from their gaze, and the Cardinal — cackled rolled up beneath his overcoat — raced to the safety of the American legation building.

There is the city where he should be bishop, the Cardinal is now in exile, sheltered under the American flag.

THE REFUGEES who have come to Rochester recognize in Cardinal Mindszenty the living symbol of their faith and their national honor.

As a young priest he was imprisoned in 1919 for resisting the short lived Bela Kun Communist reign of terror — and then later the Nazis clamped him in jail for opposing the Hitler treatment of Hungarians. He was released in 1945 just before the Russians took over Budapest. Churchill and Roosevelt at Yalta had agreed to free Stalin a free hand in Hungary, so Soviet troops occupied the supposedly sovereign and war ravaged nation.

THE CARDINAL was an outspoken foe of the Communists. "As long as they left me free," the Cardinal stated after his recent release, "I was determined to speak out against them."

His only treason was that he wanted his nation and his church to be free.

With the Cardinal silenced, the Church was without a voice — and the people settled down to a life of slavery. Stalin's servant Matyas Rakosi imposed an era of brutality and torture which built up a seething hatred against communism.

The explosion came on October 23 touched off by the successful revolt of Poland against Moscow.

And when the Hungarians toppled the hated symbols of communism — Red stars and Stalin statues — they remembered the living symbol of their faith and freedom, imprisoned Cardinal Mindszenty. They dispatched an escort to liberate their spiritual shepherd.

The Cardinal — so many times shunned from one prison to another — guided to his liberators, "What guarantee can you give me that we will reach Budapest safely?"

"Nothing but our lives," they told him in all seriousness.

They revered him as the nearest thing to a saint and a national hero. They would give their lives rather than let the Communists take him ever again.

And within the next five days, these young soldiers kept their boast — they gave their lives in the futile struggle against an irresistible Soviet invasion.

The story of Hungary's struggle does not end in defeat, however. It is only a chapter of human history and though men may die, the priceless thing for which they fought cannot die. It is the dream and the conviction that faith and freedom can live even in a land that is enslaved. Inevitably, inexorably, the force of faith and freedom will triumph over tyranny.



MASS IN EXILE — Cardinal Mindszenty celebrates Mass at the American Legation in Budapest. The Cardinal uses a water goblet for a chalice, ordinary bread for a host. He has no vestments. After five days of freedom following eight years in prison, he was given refuge at the U.S. embassy as Soviet troops poured back into the Hungarian capital.



BRAINWASH attempts in 1949 failed to break the mind of Cardinal Mindszenty but left him a hollow-eyed physical wreck. Photo above shows him at Red trial which branded him a "traitor" and sentenced him to prison.

that the Church would not compromise. I spoke out against them and against their Godlessness, particularly after they took over the Catholic schools in the summer of 1948."

The mop-up program against opposition to the Communist regime culminated on the day after Christmas, 1948, when the last bastion of resistance was breached. The security police, sixteen of them, armed with automatic rifles, escorted the Cardinal to prison and to his wretched trail where he was condemned for his "treason."

Making Marriage Click

Wife Is Her Husband's Conscience

By MSGR. IRVING A. DEBLANO

It is often said that if man does not have a conscience he marries one! Today's column will stress that woman is spiritually the aggressor just as man is physically the aggressor. This stress is by way of emphasis and is not to be construed as indicating a monopoly of the spiritual or the physical by either sex.

This spiritual sense in woman has been relatively untapped and lying in wait. It has been developed abundantly for religious devotion, but that is not what I mean by the spiritual sense. I am referring to woman's great readiness to submit fully to the complete will of God, which consists not only in faith, hope, and charity, but also in justice; not only in "love of God" but also in love of neighbor.

She enjoys her own will but prefers God's.

But in the frantic struggle for self development a woman's many women should do their role as the great spiritual collaborator and helpmate. As woman becomes more

masculine and less spiritual, she begins to do the least she could spiritually to the most she could. She talked steadily of two children, or maybe four. Women with that sense of the spiritual did not stop arbitrarily at two or four or eight children — not any more than a judge would stop when he had been half as honest as he could be, or a professor who had taught his class half as well as he could.

A true woman will submit completely to God's will and have as many children as she can physically, economically and psychologically. She would not "plan" her children in the same sense that the Planned Parenthooders propose. One is quick to add that we cannot judge the Catholicism of a woman by the size of her family. It may take more heroism for some to have one child than for others to have ten.

THE FAMILY is woman's special interest — whether she is married or single. But she will never completely understand this vocation unless she develops her

sense of the spiritual. Marriage is a natural vehicle for dying to one's self. It is submission to the will of another. It is a means of sanctification. This discipline of life together with husband can serve the same purpose as the rules of a Religious Order in stamping out egoism and pride.

She helps them to see that happiness is a prayer of thanksgiving, that embarrassment is a prayer; wearing big sister's dresses and using secondhand books are prayers. She teaches them that charity is a prayer; that holding back unkind words, playing with a child no one wants to play with, and doing one's duty are prayers; that studying their lessons, tidying their room, obeying are prayers; that service and work are prayers, the more irksome the more praiseworthy.

She is as much a Christian when she pays her hired help as when she approaches the Communion table, as much a Catholic at home as at her club meeting. She never just recites her religion. She is a witness of it. She leads her husband not by command but by induction. And it is maybe when she is quietest that she is best heard. For what she truly is speaks so loud no one ever hears what she says she is.

FATHER SHEERIN

The Right To Be Alone

The other night I televised the Mike Wallace Nightbeat Program. Wallace interviewed Robert Harrison, publisher of the magazine Confidential. He gave the publisher a few very uncomfortable moments and I had the impression that Harrison was squirming.

The inquisitive Wallace asked the publisher where he got the material for his "expose" articles and what he thought of people who would dish out scandalous gossip, at a price, about their own friends. He also asked him how he felt about the pain and mental anguish suffered by the victims of the "expose."

Wallace ended up with a scorching quotation from Justice Brandeis, a bold gossip procured through violation of domestic privacy.

MAGAZINES such as Confidential are outrageous intruders into a man's private affairs. Here I am not referring to the dirt dug up by the writers for the magazine, but to the very process of snooping and spying on a man's privacy. Time (July 11, 1955) said that Confidential is based on the proposition that millions like to wallow in scurrilosity. It is a sad commentary that Confidential is now approaching the 4,400,000 mark in circulation and is the nation's leader in newsstand sales.

My concern here however is not with the scandalous contents of the magazine or its circulation but with the abuse of a man's privacy.

There seems to be an ever-increasing tendency in America to intrude into private affairs. It's a tendency we find in many departments of American life, not just in the muckrakers for the expose magazines. We shudder to think of living in Russia where the individual has as much privacy as a goldfish in a glass bowl. But even here privacy is becoming an archaic word. Like Greta Garbo, we want to be alone but our generation resents it. They want private life to be as public as Macy's window.

The invasion of privacy is on. Some time ago, a New York legal expert said that the compulsory vaccination law has set a precedent for invading privacy. A nurse or doctor, in the name of public welfare, can stick a needle into your skin. The expert claimed that almost any interference with one's person can now be legitimized.

I am thinking, however, of the right to be alone rather than the right to immunity of one's person. This former right is being violated freely. Some of these violations we take for granted as inevitable in modern life. Sit down for a cool, quiet moment at home and b-r-r-r your peace is shattered by the shrill ring of the telephone. That's bad enough but a new telephone is about to appear on the market. John Jones can ring you up and not only annoy you with the ring but according to advance reports, he will be able to hear what you are doing. It will be a clammy feeling to realize that there's a private eye in your own home, which they used to say is a man's castle.

ASHLEY MONTAGU, in a recent article on the annihilation of privacy, listed a few of the intruders into a man's private life: private eyes, public eyes, F.B.I.s, wiretapping, the scandal-mongering yellow press and even credit ratings.

Even the civil law is partner to this campaign against privacy. William J. Butler some years ago wrote an article for The Catholic

World entitled "The Right of Free Listening." He showed that the Supreme Court of the U.S. does not recognize such a right. He told of a case in Lockport, N.Y., where the municipality had passed an ordinance forbidding loudspeakers in the public park. The people of Lockport wanted peace and quiet in the park on Sunday afternoons.

One Sunday afternoon, the Jehovah's Witnesses set up a sound truck at the edge of the park, attached wires and a microphone and blared out their message. The police banned them. When the case got to the Supreme Court, the Court ruled against the police. They said that free speech is a civil right and in the words of Justice Douglas: "Loudspeakers are today indispensable instruments of effective public speech."

IT SEEMS to me that a certain degree of privacy is essential to mental and spiritual health. Radar devices were installed in Cardinal Wyszyński's monastery prison. The Reds could thus follow his every move. If prolonged, such persistent spying would ultimately break down the finest mind.

As for spiritual life, prayer and meditation are almost inconceivable without moments of privacy. Worship should to shoulder at Mass is excellent, but without private prayer your spiritual life is stunted. Think of Our Lord praying alone in the quiet chamber, in the desert far from men, in the secluded garden, on the mountains of Galilee and Judea. When His apostles were asleep, He would often spend the whole night in prayer to His Father.

So it was with St. John the Baptist in the desert, with St. Paul in Arabia, with Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius, the Cure of Ars. Deep inner spirituality is impossible without silent communion with God and this is the core of the present-day Retreat Movement.

It's about time to call a halt to the piracy of privacy. This is a right Russia. We still revere the human person as having certain sacredness about him. He should be free of intrusion of busy-bodies, kibitzers and muckrakers. He should be able to refresh his mental energies in the secret springs of his privacy. When he wants to pray, he ought to be free to go into his own room, close the door and pray to the Father in secret.

Daily Mass Calendar

Sunday, December 16 — Third Sunday of Advent (rose), Creed, Trinity Preface.

Monday, December 17 — Mass as Sunday, except no Creed, Common Preface: VR.

Tuesday, December 18 — Mass as Monday.

Wednesday, December 19 — Ember Wednesday.

Thursday December 20 — Mass as Monday.

Friday, December 21 — St. Thomas, apostle (red), Gloria, 2nd prayer of Ember Friday, Creed, Preface of Apostles.

Saturday, December 22 — St. Francis Xavier, virgin (white), Gloria, 2nd prayer of Ember Saturday, Common Preface.

VR—Votive or Requiem permitted.

Strange But True . . .

200 FEET ABOVE POLLENZA PLAIN, MAJORCA, A MONASTERY TO CLIMB LOY HAS STOOD FOR 500 YEARS. DISCOVERED MONKS WERE THERE ABOUT 1545.

One of the most remarkable buildings in the world. It is a church built into the side of a cliff. It is a church built into the side of a cliff.

UNDER THE COURT-YARD OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, A MONASTERY WAS BUILT IN THE 16TH CENTURY. IT WAS USED AS A PRISON FOR THE POPE'S ENEMIES.

Nine months after the death, and burial, of Queen Elizabeth I, in 1592, her body was still in the tomb. In 1611 surgeons declared the preservation of the body.