

Mack The Knife, Musical Incident In Moscow

It was the first night during my recent trip to Moscow. I was staying at the Hotel Nationale, operated by INFOURIST, the official Soviet Travel Agency. The hotel is used solely for foreign tourists and businessmen.

I went down to the dining room and was surprised to hear the small band playing one of the current "top ten" tunes among the dealers in the United States. There was more to follow, including some fine renditions of traditional American Jazz. The surprise was very definite and for a good reason.

Several hours before, I had had a conversation with an American impresario from New York who had tried to get an American jazz combination as part of the exchange in the recently signed cultural agreement made between the Soviet Union and this country. The impresario said that the Soviet officials would not hear of bringing jazz to Moscow as any other Russian city. It seemed that direct contact with youth contaminated by such decadent American music.

people having a monthly spurge. Sitting opposite me at the table were an East German Army Lieutenant and his girlfriend. I discovered he could speak English and tried to engage him in conversation. He was most reluctant, even to the extent of cutting me short with the observation that he did not know anything about the band and that I should ask the INFOURIST Service Department if I wanted such information. However, a couple of other young fellows at a nearby table had heard bits of the conversation and they invited me to their table. Both of them spoke excellent English. They offered to introduce me to a member of the band at the next break. They said he spoke some English.

The youth from the band was very friendly and was not afraid to answer questions. He turned out to be a student at Moscow University who was supplementing his income by playing six evenings a week. I asked him how he was so up-to-date with American "top ten" tunes and where he got the recordings.

"Oh," he said, "we tape-record them from short wave broadcasts. We've been doing it for several years. We play the tapes over and over again. We have perfected our play-back of the arrangements and they're very good. Sometimes American visitors here give us records but most of our tapes are obtained from listening to overseas radio."

I asked him how they got around the heavy jamming of foreign radio broadcasts and he said they sometimes had to wait days before they could get decent tapes. He added:

"Of course, it's easier now. There is very little jamming and we hear the Voice of America and some American Forces Network stations quite clearly. One of the difficulties is that some of the more popular American records are based more on the performer than the music. The lyrics often sound silly and even crude. We are patient, however. We eventually hear an arrangement we like and then we practice it till we can introduce it here."

I then asked him how he squared all this with the official Soviet attitude towards jazz. I got a surprisingly courageous answer:

"The authorities are afraid that young people will take to jazz and the popular tunes just like they do in other countries. Their fears are well-founded. Many more young Russians are coming in this restaurant because we play American dance music. They like it. We like to play it. We even get couples doing 'rock and roll' in some of the times. No one has stopped us yet, although I shouldn't be surprised if one day they tell us to step down for good. However, until that time arrives, we'll go on playing and the customers will go on enjoying it."

The youth said no one seemed to care what the official attitude was. The band didn't pretend that it was all good music but there was a big demand for it. He said that he didn't see any harm in it, or any danger to Russian youth from it. There came another surprising remark, given without hesitation:

"There is much more danger from drunkenness which threatens many of our young people. Our leaders, from Mr. Khrushchev down, have pointed to the danger of excessive drinking. They are rightly taking steps to eliminate it among young people. We must all be aware of it as a danger and we are behind our leaders on this point. However, you don't see any drunks here. All these young people are satisfied to come here for a good meal and enjoyable music. Russian music is enjoyable, but so is the music produced in America. Our playing here helps bridge the gap between our countries. We want Americans to like them. This way we can work together in the spirit of Camp David. I'm sure you appreciate Mr. Khrushchev's point of view."

The band then went back to playing the best setting "Mack the Knife." The youth said — the music was pleasant. I wonder what the customers would have said had they heard the lyrics. Maybe, they would have changed their tune. — GERRARD E. SHERRY.

Sacred Heart Year

From Antiquity

By REV. LOUIS J. HOHMAN

Present day devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus dates mostly from the revelations of Christ to St. Margaret Mary in the seventeenth century.

But if we think in terms of its basis — the love of God for man — it has always been. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee taking pity on thee." (Jer. 31:3, 39)

"And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth and breathed into his face the breath of life and man became a living soul. And the Lord God had planted a paradise of pleasure from the beginning, wherein he placed man whom he had formed." (Gen. 2: 7-8). From the time He made man, God loved him. He was very good and showed gifts upon him in profusion.

THE PARADISE of pleasure included immunity from sickness and death, freedom from ignorance and slavery to passion, the garden of pleasure itself. These were the lesser gifts of the loving God. Above all the rest was Divine Adoption.

God actually gave to man a share in His own Divine Nature. If a spiritual soul makes man like God, then sanctifying grace makes him an intimate of God.

Then came the test of man's love. What does love mean if it is not tried? The story is known to all. Man failed the test. He loved himself more than he loved his Maker. There had to be punishment.

But would there be abandonment of man by God? "I will place enmity between thee and the woman," said God to the Evil One. "She shall crush thy head." (Gen. 3:15). As though God were saying to Satan, "You shall not ruin the happiness of man whom I love. I shall see to it myself that he is saved from you."

Thus the long wait and preparation for the Savior. God chose for Himself a special people. They would guard and cherish God's law and His promise. In return, their would be the labor of giving the Savior to the world and harvesting the first fruits of Redemption.

To Abraham went the promise, "In thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." (Gen. 12: 3). God spoke to him and to his people as a father to his children. Far to seek they showed ingratitude. The son of Jacob reduced himself to jealousy, hatred, and attempted murder of their own brother, Joseph. Several hundred years of exile in the land of Egypt followed for the Chosen People.

They begged for deliverance and God heard them. From the bullrushes of the Nile, God brought forth Moses and commissioned him to lead his people out of slavery. God's arm was with them as they walked through the Red Sea. In the desert of Sinai a pillar of fire guided them by night, a cloud by day. Manna from heaven was their food, while sterile rocks brought forth water.

Then God called Moses to the heights of Sinai and a covenant was made. "Hear, then, O Israel and be careful to observe (the law of) God, that you may grow and prosper the more, in keeping with the promise of the Lord, the God of your fathers, to give you a land flowing with milk and honey. Hear O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is one." (Deut. 10: 1-4)

Every time Israel repented, their loving Father led them down to them in mercy. To the very end God kept His promise. In the fullness of time the Savior came. They had not believed God's love in His acts of mercy. Now they would see it in person. For God Himself took flesh of a virgin, Virgin Mary. God has visited His people.

How often has it been said that the God of the Old Testament was a God of justice, where the God of the New Testament was the God of love. It is the same God and the same love. Yesterday, today, and forever the gifts and the love of God are without repentance.

Face Of Hate

The world has seen the face of hate many times in its history.

This week the world with all its vaunted progress was haunted by that grim visage as synagogues and churches were smeared with swastikas and other hate emblems in this country and abroad.

While astronauts train themselves to live in outer space we are confronted with the fact that we haven't yet learned how to live here on our own earth.

The bitter battles against integration in our southern states and rampant discrimination against Negroes in northern states, charges of a divided loyally and barbed questions hurled against candidates who are Catholics, and outbursts against Jews and their places of worship — all these bear the common mark of hate and prejudice, unreasoned and impetuous bitterness against people of another race, religion or nationality.

If anything is obvious it is that bigotry cannot be a divided thing. It thrives on ignorance, it breeds on emotions, it erupts in violence and invariably it backfires.

Catholics who conspire with neighbors to keep Negroes out of a neighborhood soon find these same neighbors blocking educational and ethical programs of Catholics and next the neighbors are themselves divided and wrangling over issues clouded with the infectious disease of hate.

In a democracy, people are expected, even encouraged, to have differing opinions. Facts alone are not sufficient to determine the truth in a debated subject. Human wisdom and sometimes divine revelation are needed before a final decision can be made.

Revelations, of course, are rare but the greater pity is that human wisdom is often equally as rare — even spurned in preference for impetuous action.

The Catholic Church's attitude on birth control, movie and magazine control, parochial schools, and fair distribution of tax-paid aid to schools, and a score of other points which stir Catholics contrary to other citizens — all these have frequently been met with precisely that spur-of-the-moment opposition which characterizes emotion rather than calm intelligence.

Last week's expanded TV documentary of the Columbia Broadcasting System on the alleged "population explosion" was, in our opinion, a sincere effort to air a problem in a fair and reasoned way. This is certainly a far better way than by resorting to political pressure or mutual recrimination.

This one episode of fair and open discussion is countered, however, by unrecorded, countless snipe-action shots at the Church and its position on current questions.

Rank religious bigotry is, as most will agree, a thing of the past in this country.

Old prejudices linger on, however, and cloak the face of hate with the halo of a self-righteous crusade to save families from more babies, to save Catholic children from the tyranny of brainwashing by nuns, to save the public to be free to be corrupted by lusty films and publications, and ultimately to save the nation from God Himself by a "wall of separation" to keep out any hint of a restriction to do as you please.

We are now reaping the whirlwind of our folly of rearing millions in habits of rights without responsibilities, freedom without self-control.

It is little wonder that many minds are unbalanced and that we are all, in one way or another, victims of a chain reaction of turmoil, suspicion and hate.



lural talents. One day, the owner of a Wright-designed house telephoned to complain that the roof was leaking.

"In fact," the owner said bitterly, "water is dripping on my head right now as I sit here at the telephone."

"That must be uncomfortable," Wright answered coldly. "Why don't you make your chair a bit to one side?"

• Hunch: An idea you're afraid is wrong.

• A little girl listened in wonder to a Sunday sermon about the soul. When the paragon arrived home from Mass, her mother tried to explain the sermon to her in simple terms.

The child had trouble understanding until her mother compared the soul leaving the body at death to the light leaving an electric light bulb when it is switched off.

That night after putting her daughter to bed, the mother forgot to put out the light.

She was startled to hear her daughter call after her automatically. "Mother, my mother's soul is still shining in my eyes."

• A six-year-old came home from school and announced that he had just had his first drawing lesson.

"Wonderful. What did you draw?" his proud mother asked.

"I drew a boat," he answered, and handed his mother a piece of paper entirely covered with blue crayon.

"That's very good," his mother said reassuringly, "but what is the boat?"

"Oh, the boat," he grinned.

• Frank Lloyd Wright could be roused to fury at the slightest criticism of his archite-



Widespread poverty haunts Latin America where lands are rich with untapped natural resources.

Teenagers Help Latin Americans

By FATHER JOHN J. BRADLEY, M.M.
Santiago, Chile — (NC) Seventy teenagers are tirelessly trudging through the remote areas of this mountainous country in an effort to bring Catholic teaching and a better standard of living to its uneducated and impoverished farm workers.

The 35 girls and 35 boys, members of the Young Catholic Farmers' movement, eat whatever is offered them and sleep wherever they can find shelter from the rigorous climate of southern and central Chile.

The farm workers they are trying to help live in what amounts to a state of serfdom.

The average farm worker in the South American nation was born on the large estate where his ancestors were born and where his family has lived for generations. There he grows up in subhuman conditions, and there he will die. For him the state or city is a whole life. His chances for education and achievement depend almost entirely on his employer.

This system has made the worker so docile that he has become a liability rather than an asset to agriculture. The worker owns no land, and the ancient system will eventually be their undoing. Therefore they have started looking for some means to arouse the workers to a point where they will have some pride in their work.

Seeing a long sought opportunity in this situation, Magr. Rafael Larrain of Santiago, the founder of the Young Catholic Worker movement in Chile, decided five years ago to start the Young Catholic Farmer movement.

Magr. Larrain is a member of a prominent Chilean Catholic family. Three of his sons, says the bishop, his brother and six other cousins are priests. Since the family fortune is built on agriculture, Magr. Larrain was very much aware of the difficulties he would face.

However, he had overcome every conceivable difficulty to start the Young Catholic Worker movement and he was prepared to return to the battle to bring these same benefits to the country people. Although an idealist and visionary, Magr. Larrain is also practical.

Following the principle of Catholic Action that each class or group will be brought to Christ by people of their own environment, he started looking for a location where young country people could be trained to help neighbors.

A Catholic family gave him a tract of land with some buildings and a chapel in Santa Ana, a short distance from the capital city of Santiago. Through the pastors of

to show interest and try to help their neighbors are invited to return for an advanced course of special studies which lasts another 10 weeks.

After the second course they may be invited to take the final course of two months and become official representatives of the movement. This presumes that they have completed four years of primary schooling. They receive travel expenses and are assigned a territory to work in.

The representatives spend three weeks of every month traveling through their territory. The fourth week they return to the training center to relate their experiences and get further instructions and advice. Every three months they return home to spend a week with their families.

Many people in Chile are familiar with the social ills of the Church. All are familiar with the nation's social problems. The difficulty has been to find a method which would apply the doctrine directly to the problems.

The Young Catholic Farmers are doing that. At the invitation of a landowner they go to an estate and assemble the people. When they explain that they have come to help them, raise their standard of living, the people are suspicious and disinterested. No one ever offered to help them before. Besides, their reason, the situation is hopeless.

But the young lay apostles go from back to back pointing out improvements which can be made. They return with new ideas and encouragement. Gradually the idea penetrates that there is someone who really wants to help them. The results, while necessarily very modest so far, are encouraging.

SERMONETTE

By the Rev. Richard Madden, O.C.D.

Whenever anybody said, "Crime doesn't pay," to Nick Romano, he just laughed. To him it was one big fat joke. His nocturnal escapades of dope-running and book-jacking (robbing drunks who staggered alone out of Chicago night clubs and bars) was paying off. And handsomely.

He wore expensive jackets, with a fast, pleated, quality slacks with a sag drag; and top grade fruit bats. Crime indeed wrapped good clothes around Nick's corporeal envelope.

"Crime doesn't pay!" Phooey, thought Nick. He set up his own philosophy of life. "Live fast, die young, and have a good looking corpse." He was only 27 when he discovered, after murdering a cop, that crime doesn't pay after all. As for his "live fast" routine, he died. He lived very fast. And he died very young. But there wasn't anything good-looking about his corpse after his finished working him over in the hot seat at the State pen.

Society today and back into antiquity always accepted the fact that good must be rewarded and evil punished. There is nothing more basic and universal than this. Unfortunately good is not always rewarded. Every hero does not get a medal. But good will bring its own reward in the glow of deep satisfaction.

Evil on the other hand, is always punished. A criminal may elude the police, but only for a time. And he knows it. His constant punishment is remorse, along with the abiding fear of being caught and punished. In other words, a criminal punishes himself first of all. Then when the State gets him, the State punishes him. Then when God gets him, God punishes him. You just can't beat the rap. You can't win.

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