



**People of God**

Louis Francis Budenz is most widely known for a decade of his life which he climactically repudiated nearly 20 years ago. He joined the Communist Party in 1935, became managing editor of "The Daily Worker" in 1940, and held that position until his return to the Church in 1945. His best-selling book, "Men Without Faces" (Harper, 1950) furnished startling information on the methods and subterfuge of the Communist Party in the United States. He is now living in retirement at Newport, Rhode Island.

# Fish or Cut Bait In Council Era

Undoubtedly many books will be written about the recent Vatican Council but the three basic books are already written.

What Happened at Rome? by Gary MacEoin, published by the Holt, Rinehart and Winston Company.

The Fourth Session, by Xavier Rynne, Farrar, Straus and Giroux publishers, and

The Documents of Vatican II, edited by Jesuit Father Walter M. Abbott, published by the Catholic Guild Press and the Protestant Association Press.

Gary MacEoin, who is also the author of the column published weekly on this editorial page, was in Rochester with Mrs. MacEoin this week for an hour's visit on his way from Ottawa to his home in New Jersey.

He expects to be back in Rome next year when the Synod of Bishops meets for the first time. This will be somewhat of a Parliament of the world's Catholic bishops, a continuing Council. Pope Paul announced its establishment in his talk opening the final session of the Vatican Council last September. A special assembly hall is now being constructed at the Vatican where the Synod will meet.

MacEoin's book on the Council is a superb one volume, highly readable summary of the four year Vatican Council. John O'gley of the New York Times, in an introduction to the book, describes MacEoin as "the Catholic journalist par excellence" and he concludes "Gary MacEoin has written the book I wish I could have written."

MacEoin's evaluation of the Council is expressed in his describing the many-faceted goal set for it by Pope John and then commenting: "The goal may not have been reached, but the progress toward it was phenomenal."

Xavier Rynne remains the major secret of the Council. Nobody has yet been able to pin-point his/her identity but Rynne will be for the foreseeable future the chief chronicler of the Council. Rynne has authored a volume following each of the Council's sessions and is already at work on a fifth volume, how the world's bishops are putting the Council's decisions into effect in their dioceses.

Rynne has made a turn-about from his Third Session book where Pope Paul was the villain but in the Fourth Session volume, Pope Paul is unquestionably the hero. Cardinal Ottaviani, however, for Rynne, rides a black horse through all four volumes.

Rynne's summary of the Council, somewhat similar to MacEoin's, is this: "Whatever the Church was in 1962 when the Council started, it is now something else also; it is the same Church, and not the same; and as a final paradox, though the Council has ended, its work is only beginning."

The third book mentioned above is the 95 cent paper-back edition of the Council's 16 official documents with explanatory comments by Protestant, Orthodox and Catholic authors.

Many Catholics, lay and clergy, have developed a Council incigestion — they'd like it just to disappear into ancient history books. It won't, however. It happened in our time and its effects are going to dig deeper into our religious lives day by day and, like our Lord once said about His teachings, people will have to choose one way or another, to fish or to cut bait. These three books can provide us with the information we need to make such a decision.

—Father Henry A. Atwell

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MOST REV. JAMES E. KEARNEY, D.D., President

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# Priest Reports on Visit Behind Iron Curtain

**Father William Amann of Our Lady of Mercy parish, Greece, took a springtime tour into Iron Curtain countries, including close to a week in Moscow. This is the first in a series of articles reporting his trip.**



Warsaw's tallest building, the Palace of Culture and Science, is built in post-war Soviet style. City was almost entirely destroyed during World War II.

Russia—Moscow—always fascinated me. Still I don't know exactly why I went. I think there were very many reasons; I suppose a psychiatrist could find many more; not simply out of curiosity or a spirit of adventure (a priest deep behind the iron curtain, indeed, in the center of atheistic Communism); not simply because it's there, as my brother said, and a challenge.

There were for me two important reasons, I think: to experience first hand the oppression, the burden, and to experience first hand the good that I knew must be there, too — it can't be all so black (or red) as we hear and say it is. And this I did. I wish you to share my experiences and observe both these feelings as I progress in somewhat of a chronicle.

Understand, that I don't write as an expert, only conclusions based on my personal observations — observation colored I suppose by pre-suspicious, prejudgments, American and Christian propaganda (as the Soviets would (rightly?) put it), and by my priesthood. But I can write no other way.

Many months of preparation went into the planning, necessarily so. I read guide books, brochures, publications — travel bureau (DePrez, and foreign embassies in Washington, — and all rather secretly. I didn't even want my brothers and sisters to know what I was projecting, because they'd be worried, and I thought, unnecessarily so. I confided in one priest friend just in case something went amiss, and didn't return when scheduled, he could start some process or other.

I would travel as Mr. Amann — teacher (a priest is that) — This was one of the most frequent questions asked by authorities and citizens alike "What is your profession?" — And in case they asked what — I taught Latin — (at least I used to, to altar boys) — the subject was a good choice, because I found even the Soviets seemed to know little about Rome and the Western classics.

After several days of enjoying free Western Europe, the adventure began. I had been visiting my nephew, John, in Vienna. He's there studying Anthropology for Fordham. Before I plunged deeply into the heartland of Communist territory, Russia, I planned to dip my toes in first with a motor trip through the curtain into Czechoslovakia and Hungary — a dip which proved in some ways more formidable than the plunge itself. — Cardinal Mindszenty a real prisoner in Hungary. (The taste of crushed revolt of 1956 still bitter).

The rented car was to be delivered at 6:00 on that cool Viennese morning. Time was important, because I had to return to Vienna to catch a 4:10 plane to Warsaw for the plunge. How long would border crossings take? A real delay would foul the whole plan. A girl brought the car a half hour late. I had learned to make sure that all the papers necessary were there to take the car through Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and bring it back again.

Fine print in English is difficult enough; in a less familiar language sometimes it is hopeless and yet could spell trouble or disaster. Most important was the Green Karte, insurance proof card. Imagine my dismay when she said, "No green card." Were my plans to go awry already — before started? She explained that in those countries you have to by the card at the border. I had to believe her.

Other doubts already crept in I noticed the car agency had my route marked Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Austria; whereas I thought I told the embassy the opposite route, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria for the visa; it made a big difference — especially in Hungary where the visa was one way, a transit visa. Was it the way I had planned or the other? I tried to examine my Hungarian visa, and it seemed to say what I didn't want it to say, that I had to leave Hungary by way of Czechoslovakia. After breakfast in Vienna, John and I checked the nearest travel bureau. They were unable to reach it, suggested the Auto Touring Club which opened at 8:00 a.m.

Even the Hungarian speaking clerk there couldn't read the writing, but seemed to think all was in order (Alles in Ordnung). I bade goodbye to John about 8:30 planning to meet him at the airport at 3:00 p.m. after my dip through Czechoslovakia and Hungary. East of Vienna I stopped at the airport to check my bag (that would amplify border crossings, to be bagless).

Forty miles along the Danube brought me to the Curtain. Allied control is always easy, matter of fact, — but then the Communist side all that it's said to be — fence, watchtowers, automatic rifles, and mined zones; enter the Passport Control Building and wait. "What, no green insurance card?" "Oh, no, — they told me I must buy one here!" And so I did.

Here they told me I cannot come back this same way into Austria. I checked and re-checked with each official my map and itinerary to be sure it was possible. I had learned to keep doing that.

Now I was on the other side. The road was lined by a metal fence a good ways, almost to Bratislava, a Czech city two-thirds the size of Rochester. — But so drab and dull, — and Communist. I was surprised at the crowds walking the streets, a large group of people, mostly teenagers it seemed were jamming down the street and into a dismal looking theater. I couldn't read the name of the feature — but, it looked, like propaganda — it was about 10:45 a.m.

I caught many glances at me and the new western Volks-wagen; a westerner is easily recognized. I bought postcards at a kiosk stand, found the post office, changed some money, then looked for a place to eat. I asked a policeman, his direction seemed too complicated, and the "Buffet" too far away so I headed in the opposite direction, and found another Buffet. I entered and watched the others. Then I picked out some salami sandwich, a "different" salad, and an unlabeled bottle of what the others were drinking, (it proved to be beer), and ate standing at a counter with the others. I left Bratislava quickly; I was a couple of

hours behind already; the depression was growing.

I found the bridge back across the Danube and the road to Hungary. One is struck by the absence of cars on the roads — anywhere.

At the border the car drives through a compulsory bath. A recent agreement puts the Czech and Hungarian control together, but still barrier, guards, etc. Each takes his turn at you. The Hungarian shook me a few moments when he said I couldn't take the car into Hungary (and I had been told already I couldn't go back the way I came through Czechoslovakia).

He showed me the car papers marked so, and apparently they were — that fine foreign print again. A hasty conference with a couple of others and he wrote out a new card permitting the passage of the car — good man — and Lenin looking down from the wall.

Now the Czech man tells me I cannot take any Czech money out of the country. I had stowed some little in my shoes and was walking on it; wanted some deniers and kroners to take home.

The rest I could fill out a form for and eventually or ultimately its value would be sent to me, or I could purchase something there. I asked for suggestions. He was most helpful; had me drive him to the border buffet, and pointed out here a bottle of Slovovite — a mineral water for which Czechoslovakia is famous. I had hoped to get some anyway. With the change, five kroners, he suggested cigarettes, and he and the girl clerks seemed astonished when I told them to keep it for their help.

In Hungary the road was patrolled by armed guards, very young soldiers who flagged me down a couple of times, but no delay. I had deliberately ordered my radio with me here even the music seemed especially heavy and dull, and of course the inevitable jam of some western station. The town of Meston-magyarovar was the turning point in Hungary. From there I would head west toward Austria again. In the post-office they would not accept travelers

checks or even the American dollar — not many places refuse that — but another customer, who spoke some German, saved me by giving me 20 florins for 20 Austrian schillings. (Later some florins and fillers went into my shoes.)

Then a pleasant drive through the flat valley, still patrolled — to the Austrian border — the curtain — a paper and passport check, a thorough car examination — and through again to the free west. What a feeling of relief!

At the Austrian check point the guard asked me if I would drive a woman and her eight-year-old boy to Bruck, a town some 20 miles up the road. She lived at the curtain and was off to visit her parents. It proved interesting to talk with her.

Here at the Vienna airport in good time, 2:15 p.m. "The wheel had come full circle." I had clipped into the Iron Curtain countries, and was now ready for the plunge, into Poland and Russia.

Nephew John came at 3:30 and saw me off aboard Austrian airline at 4:10. On the plane they served the Paris English edition of the New York Times, a bag of chocolates and apple cider. We flew over Czechoslovakia and Poland and landed in Warsaw about 5:30 p.m.

There were two Sisters in the plane, and I was very surprised to find at the airport, fence a whole content of Sisters, maybe 25 waving handkerchiefs, and chattering, welcoming these two "back from freedom." I looked to see if any men were with the Sisters and there were — even a soldier waving excitedly with them. It was good to see.

The passport and line through customs was not too long. Inquiry found me the Orbis agent. (Orbis is the government tourist agency of Poland, that arranges all your travel and accommodations; it is compulsory.) This man spoke good English. He pointed out (after I asked him) sights along the way to our hotel, the Bristol, in the heart of Warsaw next to the Prime Minister's Palace. He pointed out that the housing situation is now getting better averaging a room a person.

They are proud that this city, 85 per cent destroyed in World War II with 700,000 deaths, is now rebuilt, and in the old style, and now includes 1,200,000 inhabitants.

The hotel was big and old, but adequate — a cotlike bed. The plumbing didn't work; I got the maidgirl; she got the workman; together they fixed it. Late dinner in the hotel was pleasant — like orchestra, rolled beef, some straw-tasting vegetable, — a powerful Polish schnapps — then a pleasant walk in the cold night air; many were walking tonight — especially along the Krakowskie Przedmeste — Main St.

I had checked my valuables (camera, film, money) at the desk having learned that hotel rooms in these countries are not so private. Then my first night's sleep behind the Iron Curtain.

I slept well — up at 6:30 — breakfast of scrambled eggs, orange juice, rolls and coffee.

The guide that Orbis sent around for me at 7:30 spoke only Polish. The agent was most courteously apologetic. We had to wait for a replacement — a woman who spoke halting English — who used a guide book reference herself. (Later she told me this was her first time). The man drove.

We saw everything I had hoped to see. The guide was pleasant and helpful; the Old Town Market Square, St. Julius Cathedral, the church where Cardinal Wysinski gives his eloquent sermons, his home, the Barbican fortress, the new Town, the new section Nowy Swiat, Holy Cross Church in which is enshrined the Heart of Chopin, the elegant street Al. Ujazdowski al. Wiejska, Lazienki Park, with its Chopin Monument, Belvedere where the chief of State resides, the Monument to the Heroes of the Ghetto, — one building remains of the Ghetto ruins (Hitler had ordered all Warsaw burnt to the ground). Acres of new apartment houses cover the Ghetto lands now, and the Jews have returned, too.

The tallest building in Poland is the Palace of Culture and Science — the gift of the Soviet people, and it dominates the city as the Soviets dominate the country. From the 30th floor

you get a grand view of the city, and the broad sweep of the Vistula River. There are so many rooms in this building, the guide said, that if a baby were born in one of them, and visited a different room each day, the child would be nine years old when he came out.

I couldn't help noticing as the guide and driver talked, whenever they mentioned the Soviets or the Communists, they seemed to chuckle, as if they certainly didn't subscribe. In the course of the tour, we entered about three churches, and I was surprised to find Mass going on, and quite a few in attendance.

Remembering that Poland was about 90 per cent Catholic, I decided to go out on a limb. "Are you a Catholic?" I whispered to the guide in one of the churches. "Yes," she murmured. I said "am, too," and we knelt and prayed together. In churches after that we genuflected and crossed ourselves too. I was surprised to see nuns and priests in cassock even. Religion is not so openly persecuted, but it is persecuted. (Even now clergy have been denied entry, for example, to celebrate the 1000th anniversary of the faith.)

The guides were overjoyed to receive a new Kennedy half-dollar for a present; this was true all over Europe, east and west. As this Polish girl put it "I have great regard for that man."

I chose to take that train — a long, slow 24 hour ride to Moscow because I wanted to see more of Poland and Russia than just the big cities, wanted to talk to the people, I wanted to cross the land frontier, to live and sleep aboard the Russian train as it burrowed deeper toward the heart of Communism, Moscow.

It was a Polish train to the border, pulled by a shiny steam engine then more plush Russian cars joined it, and a diesel engine. Our Polish conductor remained with it all the way, and he was a gem, most congenial — spoke some German. Despite the denial of class distinction by Communism, there exists class on trains, hotels, etc., and the difference — sometimes is huge.

I was riding first class, which meant to share a compartment and upper and lower half of berth with another. When I boarded, the friendly conductor said the car was not full so if I liked I could have a compartment to myself. I still didn't know who or what my compartments would be — the compartments were small — no privacy — so I chose another, but planned to mingle with the passengers; it worked out fine.

As the Chopin Express crossed the plains of eastern Poland, I walked back to the second class compartments. Some were very crowded. I looked for the treatment of disdain I had read to expect. I found none — everyone seemed too tired anyway. At the end of a middle car, window service was available. I bought some bread, sausage, and beer, and ate it with others standing swaying and balancing with the rails.

First indications we were approaching the Polish-Russian border was the currency slip we had to fill out. As in other Iron Curtain countries it is illegal to import or export their money — their rubles, their Polish zloties in my shoes and now declared my financial condition. The train stopped at Teresopol for the Polish border check. Outside Polish soldiers were spaced out along the train.

A short pull brought us to no man's land — the track was above water. I asked the conductor what river it was. "Das Grenz. It's the border." Apparently this no man's land had been flooded to form swamps. This Polish-Russian frontier was as impenetrable as any I observed — barbed wire, armed guards, concrete bunkers, watchtowers. The Russians cannot forget the Polish invasions of the past.

(Next Week — Russia)

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By JOAN MAN

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Thereafter, such illustrated texts and board displays for children, group discussion, visual aids for his youth, and discussion adults were used exte

Monsignor Schnack out that pre-schooler cease six years of r home under the Pator program of the C three months — from of a child to his hood — the parents re- phlets from CCD per religion in the home.

At the adolescent s chetical instructors CCD programs of Live Is Christ, and tory "Christ," both ers J. Frederick, F.S. Albert, F.S.C.

In addition for the starting this Septen school juniors and st. St. Charles Borromeo John's in Greece will small seminar group lay couple for religio tion at night in a ho

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# U.S. Newsmen Challenge South Africa to Debate

By GARY MACEOIN

Most commentators of Senator Robert F. Kennedy's recent tour of Africa concentrated on its significance for the Senator's political ambitions. I am happy to see that Victor Riesel is concerned with another issue it has brought once more into sharp focus: the denial of South Africa of freedom of information and other basic human rights.

Victor Riesel can speak with authority in this area. It will be recalled that he was permanently and totally blinded some years ago, when a hoodlum threw ice in his face because of his exposure of labor racketeering.

The experience only increased his crusading zeal. About three years ago, he backed me in a successful move which I initiated to force the Overseas Press Club to withdraw an invitation to Cheddi Jagan as guest of honor at a Club luncheon. Jagan was then head of the communist-dominated regime in British Guiana. Riesel and I were willing to have him

come to the Club to be cross-questioned about his denial of press and trades union freedom, but we felt it improper to "honor" one who was publicly flaunting the principles on which the Club is based. A majority at a show-down meeting of the Club membership supported us.

Riesel is now president of the Overseas Press Club. Outraged by South Africa's ban on foreign correspondents during Senator Kennedy's visit, he has committed the Club to a continuing campaign of exposure of the situation in that country. The first step in an invitation to Nobel Prize winner Albert Luthull, confined for many years in a reservation near Darban, novelist Alan Paton, and South African student leader Ian Robertson, to attend (all expenses paid) a meeting of protest at the Club headquarters in New York. South Africa's Minister of Information is also invited, at his own expense. Riesel believes in free speech.

I think it rather unlikely that the South African regime will grant the travel

permits to the guests, but if they don't, their fear of truth will once more be emphasized. Even if they do not, the Club has other members, as well as me, who have evaded the official surveillance of the totalitarian regime to visit "black spots" and collect first-person evidence of the continuing denial of human rights. We can still have a fast-paced "Freedom of the Press South African Night."

I don't believe the point has yet arisen, formally, but if travel permits are denied, I should oppose the granting to South Africa's Information Minister a right of reply. He must first let the victims speak.

The Press Club campaign must inevitably force a hard new look at the support by the United States government and business community of a minority regime whose racist policies deny basic human rights to the vast majority of the republic's citizens. Direct U.S. private investment in industry based on slave labor

totals half a billion dollars and is rising annually at a rate of \$50 million.

Surely this is the first time we should plug in our balance of payments. Portfolio investment adds another \$250 million contribution by this country to injustice in South Africa, and it is likewise increasing. Each year, you and I and our fellow citizens buy \$250 million worth of South African products and sell that country \$400 million worth. We are not so hard up that we could not survive without this blood-stained trade.

I do not suggest anything so simple as a straightforward breaking of diplomatic relations or an immediate total economic boycott. But we have political and economic weapons which we are not using because South Africa's propaganda and the cupidity of a business community which rates moral issues low in its scale of values have produced an atmosphere of apathy of the majority. If Bob Kennedy and Vic Riesel change that situation, I at least shall thank them.