

By MARY TINLEY DALY



By Father Paul J. Cuddy



STOCK MARKET REACTS IN CONTRARY MANNER

UNCERTAINTY ALWAYS CONFOUNDS INVESTORS

BY HENRY CATHCART
Central Press, Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON—The price levels on the nation's stock exchanges have dropped nearly 10 per cent in less than two months, nearly all of the decline being experienced in the last several weeks following the Kefauver crisis.

A few months ago, the stock market had a sharp twinge of decline on news that peace might break out in Vietnam.

Thus, we have a picture of the stock market reacting adversely on the prospects of war and the prospects of peace. To some Washington economic analysts the developments contain a note of contradiction.

The stock market decline on peace rumors stemmed from a belief that government expenditures would be sharply reduced, thus ameliorating the current inflationary trend, reducing government production demands from American industry, and maybe even removing the need for a tax increase.

But the decline on the threat of expanded conflict is not so easy to explain. Perhaps it is best summed up by the old financial axiom that the thing investors can stand least is uncertainty. Obviously, when a threat of a new war exists, the question naturally arises as to the severity of controls government might seek on wages, prices, and maybe even profit levels. Obviously, too, such a threat raises the possibility of even heavier tax levies than those now before Congress. Thus, there is the thought that while a wider war will increase government outlays, it could also curtail profits after taxes and multiply the management problems of industry and business.

One other factor: Wall Street can make any news appear to be "bad" or "good" depending solely on the investors' mood of the moment.

● **LATE-BLOOMING ASSET**—A few months ago, GOP presidential candidate Gov. George Romney of Michigan, saw his political stock drop sharply after he declared that he had been "brainwashed" during a visit to Vietnam a couple of years ago.

Now, however, he thinks the statement is proving to be an asset in his campaign. Here's how he tells it:

"I got frustrated. I had been talking about news manipulation, snow jobs, misrepresentation—all those soft words—and nobody paid any attention. Finally I used a word that went around the world.

"I'm glad I did. I was trying to wake up the American people. Events are finally proving me correct."

● **POLITICAL INDICATOR**—An Ohio Republican, in Washington the other day, confided that he is convinced that Ohio Gov. James Rhodes no longer entertains national political ambitions.

According to this analyst, the governor, a few months ago, was dashing all over the country in eye-catching plaid sports jackets, bright pants and striped ties.

Now, he's gone back to the funeral dark blue suits that have been his custom.

In other words, according to this politico, you can generally tell a potential candidate by the clothes he's wearing! Interesting theory.

So, we're "into" Lent, more than a week into it. Not the Lent of yesteryear are we in, those forty days of strict fast, fish on Wednesdays and Fridays, with full complement of three-squares-a-day rolling around only on Sundays.

'Twas no doubt good for the soul, that austere, Church-imposed routine, having to do largely with food and drink. And as a fringe benefit, one we seldom mentioned aloud, followed the slimming effect that made the new Easter outfit fit more becomingly, reminding us of Coleridge's couplet:

"And the devil did grin,
for his darling sin,
Is pride that apes humility."

Now, in a seemingly more relaxed mood, the Church no longer lays down an intricate set of "Lenten Regulations" spelling out for us an allowance of so many ounces of food for breakfast, the less than half-a-full-meal "collation" called by some luncheon, by others supper.

Up To Us

With the new rule of order, the penance we espouse is more or less up to us — really a more difficult assignment — as we come to grips with our own conscience.

In the olden days as a Lenten "voluntary" I'd give up candy, an item eschewed anyway because it's fattening, and then hypocritically laugh at Ginny's give-up of sauerkraut which she loathes.

Talking over Lent-as-is vs. Lent-as-was with a good friend, she came up with some positive suggestions:

"I'm going to walk to early Mass every day instead of driving to an afternoon one," Betty said. "And I'm going to give up smoking."

Now that is penance—My expression must have shown admiration for such will power.

"But," Betty confessed, "that's only half the story. Doctor's orders are to walk two miles a day and to stop smoking, so I guess you'd say I'm just using Lent as a crutch."

Timing might be a crutch for Betty — Ash Wednesday for Easter — to inaugurate doctor's orders. But Betty is also putting her cigarette and gasoline money into the poor box. Moreover, bashful little Betty is making a point to call one person a day, by phone or in person, someone who would welcome a friendly gesture.

This Is Penance?

Now comes the personal hang-up of that old racial penance. Call up someone every day? Might be a penance for those called, but for me, afflicted with telephonitis, 't would be pure pleasure.

Came memory from the past, from a well-disciplined Sister in school: "What is it you dislike doing most? That you should do for a real penance!"

The answer, mundane but true, ironing; followed closely by mending. How could someone who likes to wash, hate to iron; loves to sew, despise to mend; be crazy about cooking and loathe the dishwasher? Here she be!

So, what's for Lent at our house? Ironing and mending — the mechanical dishwasher having disposed of number three hate.

No more washing until every last piece of ironing is done: the blue-striped shirt the Head of the House has been seeking in vain (found at the bottom of the clothesbasket), even the put-offable ironing of the heavy linen napkins we used at a dinner party two weeks ago.

A couple of hours of push-push and that chore was out of the way, everything neatly folded and laid to rest in its accustomed drawer or closet.

Now for sewing! My fingers itched to finish up the little dress for Tara, the plaid skirt for Ginny, the spring hat for myself and a couple of other on-going projects laid out in the sewing room.

But, like the proverbial skeleton in the closet, that sewing room closet held a basket piled high with to-be-mendeds.

Ugh! "You don't have to do all your penance in one day," whispered Beelzebub "Just shut that closet door and nobody will be the wiser."

Came memory of Sister's advice . . . So, I'm still at the penitential task of button-sewing, hem-shortening, rip-mending, knee-patching, salvaging crib sheets out of worn big ones.

Sometimes penance can be heroic—sometimes merely dull.

Just before Christmas of 1945 I was transferred from an American military airdepot of Oberhoffenhofen, near Munich, Germany to a similar depot in Compeigne, France. Along with the supply depot in Compeigne was a German Prisoner of War Camp.

After getting settled in, I discovered that there was a German priest in the POW camp, and went to find him. He turned out to be a big balding German Franciscan named Father Georg Kohorst. He had been in the medical detachment of the Wehrmacht Infantry. Everyone was suspicious of "the enemy" in those months, so for a few meetings I eyed Father Kohorst with quiet detachment, honoring him as a priest, yet wondering how a Christian German could have supported Hitler and the Nazi regime.

I presume Father K. observed me with similar detachment, honoring me as a priest, yet wondering how a Christian American could be an ally of Stalin and the Communist regime.

After a few meetings I discovered that here was a big virile, holy priest, filled with the spirit of Saint Francis. I asked him what I could get for him, and was surprised that all he asked for was a purple stole used at the hearing of confessions.

A Protestant officer had given him a Greek New Testament which he was able to read, and did read with delight. He had a healthy influence on his fellow prisoners, who respected him for his "goodness," and admired him for his learning and for his athletic prowess. He was the best soccer player in the POW stockade.

After the World War II Father Kohorst returned to his monastery in Germany, and about 15 years ago was transferred to Vloderp in Holland, where he has been teaching since at Kolleg St. Ludwig. We have kept our friendship alive through occasional letters. A month ago I wrote to him, telling him that we in the United States had been reading strange things about the Church in Holland, and making allowances for the distortions of the press, wondering just what the truth is.

His reply was prompt and enlightening, at least enlightening from the view point of what the European is led to believe, thanks to our ultra liberal press and our avant garde speakers and authors.

He wrote: "I am afraid that much you hear and read about the Catholics in the Netherlands is wrong. It seems to me that some Americans get a quite distorted idea of the present situation here. Other things seem to be rather exaggerated.

"On the other hand we have a strange idea of your country because of Father Schillebeeks saying that only twelve of the 200 American Bishops are 'open and progressive'. He even predicted a schism in the American Church, with other dire prophecies of the calamities to come. There is much rumor about the Dutch Catechism. Three of the theologians, two from Rome, one on behalf of the Dutch bishops — met last week in Utrecht to discuss corrections which should be incorporated into it according to the findings of the cardinals' commission.

"According to a news agency the corrections run fairly parallel to the improvements that the Dutch bishops themselves wish to work into the Catechism. The New Catechism, it is true, leaves room for freedom of interpretation in certain aspects of defined truth. I don't know when a revised text will be issued and whether it will contain . . . ?

"But, dear Father, in any case, you and I will continue to say 'Credo'."

Another priest friend who is a religious in a far diocese wrote "Your article in the Courier about Father Schillebeeks report to the Dutch Press was well done. I can't understand how he got his conclusions from his two months visit in the States . . ."

Joseph A. Breig

Some Other Ways To Achieve Peace

The war in Vietnam is not going to be ended by sit-ins, marches, mobilizations, picketings, placard-wavings, draft card burnings, duck blood splashing, baiting of policemen and public officials, advertisements in the New York Times, ostentatious pray-ins, and the like.

there is only falsehood, cruelty and oppression.

Such are the facts, and the situation is only made worse by speeches and sermons which

ignore realities and merely try to give a bad conscience to those who are defending decency, freedom and human rights.

Peace can be obtained only through humble prayer and sacrificial devotion to duty; through a turning away from sin, self-seeking and breast-beating; through insistence, at whatever cost, upon justice and charity for all, and through reverence for God and obedience to his commandments.

"People must stop offending God," said the Virgin Mary when she appeared to the three children of Fatima, Portugal, during World War I to give them a peace message which they were to communicate to the world. And, she added, people must pray and make the sacrifices necessary to fulfill the duties of their state in life.

The men who are in military service are fulfilling their duties. And they are praying. The Catholics among them — and sometimes others also — keep asking for more and more cord rosaries which can be worn around the neck, and will not break or rust in the jungle heat and humidity of Vietnam.

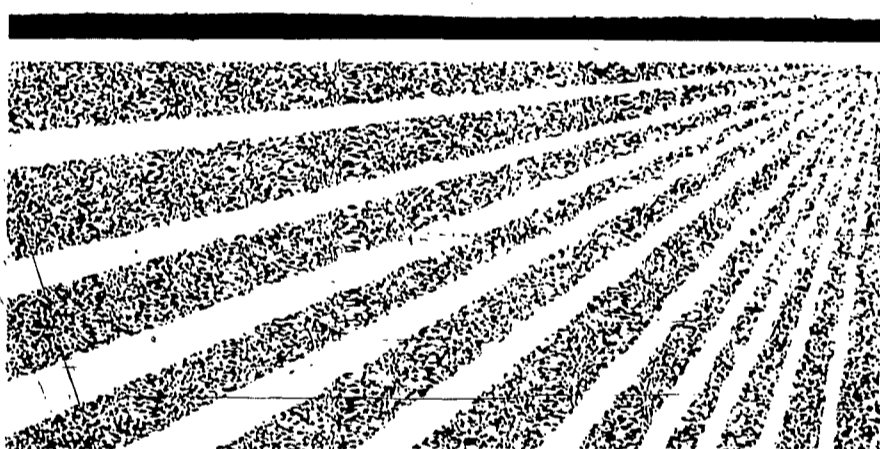
Their parents and friends are praying too—praying quiet and lonely prayers, and bearing in silence the burden of separation from their loved ones, and of anxiety over their safety. This is the sort of unselfishness which wins the heart of God, shortens our tribulations, and brings divine blessings upon the world.

We hear interminable chatter nowadays about making religion relevant to life; but with reference to the Vietnam conflict, the efforts for relevance have issued in an astounding flood of empty and flamboyant rhetoric which ignores plain realities and misses the point by a mile.

We are exhorted to stop "this criminal war," but the exhorters are pointing in the wrong direction. They seem oblivious to the fact that the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, obeying Mao Tse-tung's principles for "wars of national liberation," have been inflicting upon the people of South Vietnam, for years, atrocities rivaling those of the Nazis.

Terrorism, torture, murder, massacre — these are the chief ingredients of the communist program in Vietnam. "Criminal" the war certainly is — but the criminality is on the Vietcong side, and it would spread through Asia and the world if not resisted.

The aggressors will not halt (as we learned from Hitler and Stalin) until they are stopped by superior force; because in their philosophy there is no truth, no justice, no mercy —



Spectrum Of Opinion

Letters to the Editor

Lauds Retiring Editor

Editor:
I have just received word of the retirement of Mr. Thomas O'Connor, so long an editor on the Courier staff. I must admit that it was a painful experience — the end of an era, the closing of a book. For 15 years I shared a desk with Mr. O'Connor at the Courier Office. I was his student, his friend and, as he kindly put it, "his seventh son."

The Courier Journal and the Catholic Press is losing "a favorite son." Who, now, will know the pastor of St. Whatiss Parish during World War II? Who will know who replaced Father Whoisit in 1931? Is there anyone left to pass off scandal or libel with the charity of "he didn't know what he was doing?"

Will there ever be another such faithful son of the Church — who, in his September years accepted ideas of folk Masses, married clergy, and nuns with permanent waves — and received all innovations with a smile, a shake of the head and his favorite quote from Alice in Wonderland, "things get curiously and curiouslyer."

To quote the late Harold Nichols of the Democrat & Chronicle: he once said of Mr. O'Connor, and "Nick" never dropped compliments, "Tom O'Connor is a Catholic gentleman of the first water." Let me add to that "Father, advisor, friend and pixie!"

Bob Smett
(Former associate editor)
Pago Pago, American Samoa

More Modern English

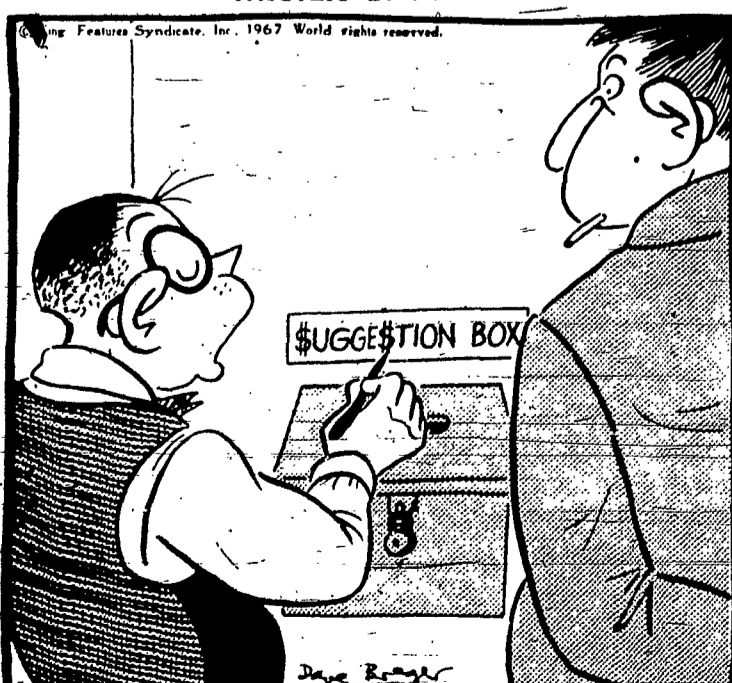
Editor:
This letter is in reference to Joseph Breig's fine article (Courier-Journal, Feb. 16) on revision of the "Our Father."
Besides the very scholarly changes reviewed by Mr. Breig, may I add one idea, though on a less erudite level? We have been praying the "Our Father" in English during the Mass for a number of years. I believe that we may have become con-

ditioned over the years to the "art," "thy," and other Victorian hang-ons.

These may seem triflings, but these forms stand in sharp contrast to the very contemporary English of the preceding canon and readings. It seems unfortunate that this inconsistency should mar the fine work done in bringing the Mass into English.

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Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

MISTER BREGER



"It's the only suggestion to the boss that WE need around here . . ."

The Water Heater for the Growing Family

Active growing families need lots of hot water. There's many, many, baths, many, many washings and much, much cleaning to be done. And, as the family grows, so grow the number of helpful appliances to make life easier. Soon an automatic dishwasher is added, then a newer and bigger washer—all to keep you, your family and your home as neat as a pin.

But many times, as you grow, your old water heater seems to shrink. You find you're running out of hot water right in the middle of a shower, or the water isn't hot enough for the second batch of clothes. If this is the case—now is the time to switch to the water heater that grows with your family—an A. O. Smith Permaglas gas water heater.

Because A. O. Smith is quality constructed throughout, it's able to keep up with your growing demands. The glass lining is built to take the numerous changes that occur when converting cold water to hot. And the thick blanket of insulation keeps the hot water in the tank—where you want it!

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10 Year Guarantee . . .
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