Seventy years ago today Monsignor John A. Ryan was born. Long have his brilliant talents, his voice and his pen championed the cause of Christ's poor, especially the laboring man. No man, priest or layman, has stood up more bravely, against great odds, for the "unpopular" thing called Social Justice. That's like the proverb: "The truth hurts." There are many big businessmen who would like to put clamps on the Monsignor's lips and strap his good hands behind him. They are not the big businessmen who have "made good" by hard work and honesty, but the "respectable" merchants whose millions have been squeezed from their underpaid help slaving in sweatshops.

God grant long years to this fighter for progressive legislation— the kind that will outlaw industrial tyrants and straighten the backs and lives of American workmen.

Peace Is For Men Of Good Will.

If your eye ever strays from the sport page and the funnies, if sometimes you are guilty of the modern sin of deep thinking, if ever you listen to music more cultured than "swing," the idea may sink in that not all is right with the world in '39.

Italy is not making love to France. Germany is more than a little concerned about Danzig. China has no mind to be as a puppet dangling from the hand of Nippon. Palestine isn't cocksure about Britain's promise of security. Conditions even in this country are not exactly secure. Not that we're at actual war with another nation, but there's queer talk of amending our "neutrality" stand, and there's plenty of quarrelling among union leaders and manufacturing captains.

War is one of those things that only too often doesn't stand out in your mind as something to be really concerned about until its wet blood gives you the shivers. Don't think that, because you walk now as you please upon city streets, you will never be walking knee-deep in mud or crawling from trench to trench or falling from spinning airplanes. You can't seem to get excited about the desirability of promoting peace. But Pope Pius and all thinkers have another mind.

The greatest sorrow many of you have to put up with is getting up in the morning or being told to keep out of "liquor joints." Many of you are calculating right now one "serious" problem— either, how to spend your unearned money this summer, or, if you're not that "lucky," how to make enough coin to take care of your recreation.

You won't learn a thing about peace, much less promote it, till you're sold on it. Are you too selfish to fight for peace? too lazy to think the thing out?

Surely you admit that something radical must be done about it. And you know that the knot of war can best be untied by one agency before all others: the Catholic Church. This is no boast. To whom did Christ, God-made-man, say: "Peace be to you... My peace I leave with you... Not as the world gives do I give"— to whom if not to the tiny group of apostles who have grown and grown till this day they are the one, holy, catholic and apostolic Church? Non-Catholic Christians and Jews look to the Holy See as the world's best bet for peace in this twentieth century turmoil. Will not you, who have been born in the Catholic Church, do something active, practical, personal about realizing peace? Don't confuse "coward" with "conscientious objector" or "valor" with "fighting in an unjust war." Think and pray.

With the danger of war more or less imminent, with our civilization on the brink of another catastrophe, God knows, perhaps your thoughts and prayers will mean a longer, happier life for yourself, your neighbors, your classmates.

PRAYERS: (deceased) SQUALUS victims; Mother Mary Zavier (Tipton, Ind.). Ill (operation) Mr. William F. Murphy, friend of Jimmy McGarraghy (Chi); Matt McShane '39; father of Bill, Jim and Tom Sheils; (operation) Rev. Edw. F. Jennings; aunt of Ed Schrieber (Lyons); Three spec. ints. ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: $1.00, Catholic Worker Fund; $2.25, Van Wallace Fund. Three spec. ints. ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: $1.00, Catholic Worker Fund; $2.25, Van Wallace Fund.