

Personal History. Although the first three books we review here treat the personal experiences of individual men, they are less significant as biographies than as commentaries on the state of Europe in this bewildering year of 1949. Two international organizations—the Communist Party of Moscow and the Church of Rome—are at this moment engaged in a momentous struggle for the souls of the people of such lands as Hungary and Czechoslovakia. The story of the primate of Hungary, reported in “Cardinal Mindszenty Speaks” and Bela Fabian’s “Cardinal Mindszenty” will illuminate that battle. But there is a more frivolous side to present-day Europe, as one of the New York Herald Tribune’s men, young William Attwood, found in visits to Parisian cafés, brothels, and hair-growing institutes. He calls his saucy memoranda on his experiences “The Man Who Could Grow Hair” (see page 20).

A Stand & a Fight for a Faith

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY SPEAKS. Published by order of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 234 pp. \$2.50.

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY. By Bela Fabian. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 207 pp. \$2.75.

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

HERE is a “White Book,” prepared for publication by the imprisoned Cardinal himself, which contains speeches, statements, and interviews dealing with the events which led up to the most sensational trial in Hungarian history. Bela Fabian’s short biography is a useful supplement, though it is above all an angry indictment of the Communist regime. At least it should make it impossible for anyone to believe that the Cardinal at any time collaborated with the Nazis, for Fabian is a Jew who escaped their clutches. He was fortunate a second time, and managed to get out of Hungary after the “liberation.” His book is an account of what he heard and saw rather than a carefully written account of Cardinal Mindszenty’s career. But it is certainly very readable, stirring, and significant.

What is perhaps more notable about this whole tragic episode is its conformity with a pattern long since grown familiar. It duplicates almost step by step the life story of Cardinal Faulhaber, of Munich, except that the Nazis never staged a trial and imposed a sentence. This, as we now know, was deferred until after victory had been obtained and Himmler could carry out his plans. Otherwise what happened in Budapest is almost an exact duplicate of what occurred in Munich. “Lawless elements” got out of hand, as the party manipulators (whether Hitlerites or Stalinists does

not matter) expressed it, there were massacres, assassinations, and imprisonments, and eventually no one dared any longer move or protest. But the Cardinal as spokesman for the Church could not take refuge in silence. Familiar accusations of “political activity” followed immediately. The prelate was a “Nazi” in Budapest, even as he had been a “Red” in Munich. “International ties” were denounced. The momentum of the attack increased steadily. Corpus Christi processions were broken up, church services were disrupted, the teaching of religion was forbidden. Soon the prelate was more and more completely isolated by reason of the jailing of the loyal and the defection of the weak.

It seems odd in retrospect that anybody should have thought that Budapest was in a different moral realm from Munich. Wartime myths die hard, and ostriches sometimes come out of the sand slowly. That the Catholic Church in Hungary kept its skirts remarkably clean of collusion with

the Nazis has been attested to by a whole series of Hungarian Jews, who certainly had nothing to gain from speaking out except the satisfaction of having courageously expressed their gratitude. Mr. Fabian is only one of them. The reasons why the record is so good are probably two. In the first place, many of the Hungarian clergy were Austrian legitimists, who wanted to reunite with Austria under an heir to the Crown of St. Stephen. For most of them Horthy was an upstart and an impediment to progress. And the second reason may well have been the resolute way in which the Vatican quashed the appeasement policy of Cardinal Innitzer, of Vienna, after Hitler’s coup in 1938. At any rate, the conduct of Mindszenty is as above reproach in this respect as was that of his predecessor, Cardinal Seredi.

No doubt one could differ with them about many things. Mindszenty has been a patriotic Hungarian and the son of peasants who loved their country and their soil. Perhaps he should have had more to say about the United Nations. He doubted the value and questioned the legitimacy of the land reforms ordered after 1945, and he was very frankly afraid that the loss of properties would impoverish the Church. Possibly he should have closed the schools and the convents. But after all, it was a little like being the president of Vassar and confronting the question of whether to give away the campus. On the great issues, however, Mindszenty was on solid ground. He could not wait for the Commission on Human Rights to come up with a declaration, and so he came out with his own in simple, straightforward Hungarian. A devoted churchman and an ascetic priest who had lived among his people and come to understand them well, he meant what he said and everybody knew it.

His greatest fault in the eyes of the Communists, as in those of some critics outside his country, was that



—International News Photo.

Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty after the trial—and before.

he didn't simply tell people all men had been created equal and that murder was a crime, but that he urged his people to vote for candidates who believed in the ordinary processes of justice and would not stamp out the teaching of religion. Talking like that was hardly separation of church and state according to the more exacting members of the Supreme Court. Nevertheless one supposes that, however stern the critics may be when they turn their eyes on Budapest they are not likely to upbraid Cardinal Faulhaber, in retrospect, for having done the same thing in Munich. And so in the end perhaps the parallel will dawn even in the land of the intellectual midnight sun.

At any rate, here is a stiff dose of plain talk by a man who had to stand up and fight for his faith. The covers of Mr. Fabian's book offer two portraits of Mindszenty—one taken before the trial and the other afterward. If you look at them carefully, it is hardly necessary to read the text. You will wonder why we live in a time like ours. And that is a salutary question.

George N. Shuster is president of Hunter College. He is author of "The Germans," "Strong Man Rules," and "Germany, a Short History."

Hq. Daydream Capital

THE MAN WHO COULD GROW HAIR; or Inside Andorra. By William Attwood. New York: Alfred A Knopf. 240 pp. \$2.75.

By LEE ROGOW

THERE must be thousands of people in this country who spend a good portion of their time figuring out how to get to Paris. As Mecca is to the Moslems, as his native gravel bed to the spawning salmon, as the kitchen floor to the buttered side of the bread, that is Paris to the daydreams of the civilized. Not even the fantasy of Telling Off the Boss uses up more kilowatt hours than this one. And seeing Paris does not put an end to the scheming, for the moment the traveler has glimpsed the happy land he joins that other great multitude, the people who are figuring out how to get back to Paris.

William Attwood is a fellow who made it, via the *Daily Princetonian*, the *Montreal Star*, the United States Army (greatest travel agents in the world), and the Paris office of the *New York Herald Tribune*. He was there about three years, joining the foreign staff of the *Trib* upon discharge from the Army and working



—From the book.

at it steadily until he came back to Long Island to put this book together. The ten pieces printed here are a retelling of some of his favorite stories for the paper and for *The New Yorker* magazine, together with some chat on the manner of his coming upon them.

These chapters are the record of what was for the author a completely enchanting experience, and his feeling about these years has spilled over into his writing and made this a charming, light-hearted book. It can be gulped down in two bites, like a canape, and like a good canape it leaves a very pleasant after-taste.

There is the story of a bus ride through the provinces with Premier Schuman, a bus ride which consisted mostly of small-town debates about the respective merits of local macaroons; there are interviews with the outraged proprietors of the leading Paris pleasure domes on the occasion of a Government attempt to put the shutters on; there is the account of a plane junket through the primitive air fields of North Africa, one of the most effective arguments for the ox-cart I've ever seen; there is the record of a trip to the tiny independent State of Andorra, a self-sufficient nation of spies and smugglers; there are several of those crazy old coots who are always turning up in the adventures of newspapermen, including one who believed he could grow hair, and another whose life was in making the balloon ascension.

Maybe I'm a pushover for any book that begins with a fellow sitting at a sidewalk cafe on the Champs Elysée in April, but almost all of it seemed beguiling, intelligent, and well done.

If you believe that it is wonderful to be young and to have a good digestion and to work in a newspaper office in the daydream capital of the world, this book will make an amiable addition to your summer reading. If you don't believe these things, I tell you very frankly I wish to have no truck with your type of person.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THESE POETS HAD TWO WORDS FOR IT!

Following are twenty-five pairs of adjectives culled out of twenty-five familiar poems. Can you match each quotation with the authors listed in the column at the right? Allowing four points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

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|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. bloody but unbowed | () Samuel T. Coleridge |
| 2. calm and free | () Eugene Field |
| 3. cold and dead | () Edward Fitzgerald |
| 4. great and small | () Stephen Foster |
| 5. lean and flashy | () Oliver Goldsmith |
| 6. locked and barred | () Oscar Hammerstein II |
| 7. lone and level | () William E. Henley |
| 8. long and silent | () Thomas Hood |
| 9. old and gray | () A. E. Housman |
| 10. one and twenty | () John Keats |
| 11. pale and wan | () Vachel Lindsay |
| 12. pink and silver | () Henry W. Longfellow |
| 13. rare and radiant | () Amy Lowell |
| 14. rash and undutiful | () Edwin Markham |
| 15. sad and dreary | () John Milton |
| 16. simple and heartfelt | () Alfred Noyes |
| 17. stolid and stunned | () Edgar Allan Poe |
| 18. sturdy and staunch | () William Shakespeare |
| 19. sweet and low | () R. L. Stevenson |
| 20. sweet and twenty | () Sir John Suckling |
| 21. torch-eyed and horrible | () Alfred Tennyson |
| 22. two and seventy | () Walt Whitman |
| 23. unadorned and plain | () Oscar Wilde |
| 24. wide and starry | () William Wordsworth |
| 25. wild and free | () William Butler Yeats |