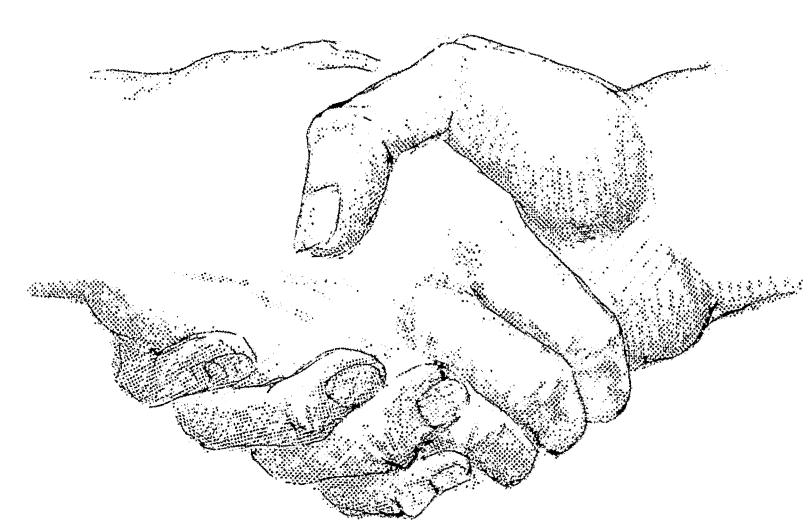
Religious Bulletin February 17, 1939.

## What's In A Handshake?



Any handshake that counts comes to grips in mutual regard and brotherly love.

When you shake hands, you make sure your own hands are clean. If they need a scrubbing, you scrub them. It goes without saying you expect the other fellow to do the same.

A good handshake is firm. That is a sign of trust. You do not expect a trick or a trigger up the other man's sleeve.

Apple-sauce.

"New York, February 13, 1939 (New York Times). The second annual convention of the New York State Young Communist League was brought to a close yesterday afternoon with a resolution expressing sympathy to young Catholics on the death of Pope Fius XI.

"In these grave times, the resolution said, in the face of the terrible threats of war and fascism from the camp of our common enemy, the fascist dictators, we extend our hand of brotherly cooperation to the Catholic Youth for the attainment of the common goal of peace, religious liberty, human freedom, and the brotherhood of man.'"

## More Of The Golden Gloves.

The Young Communist League is perfectly right. What it needs, as it frankly admits, is a C.Y.C. handshake. And the C.Y.C. is better prepared and probably more willing to stick out its mitt than the Y.C.L. thinks: not for a dirty, low-down, hypecritical handshake but for an old-fashioned fight. Pacifists will be outraged, Quakers shocked. "See," they will say, "the narrow and petty feeling of Roman Catholics. They simply won't work with anyone else."

That's apple-sauce too. Pecent Americans, Catholic or not, in forty-eight states know that the C.Y.O. is at least a respectable beginning toward the restoration of "peace, religious liberty, human freedom and the brotherhood of man" in our country. Decent Americans, Catholic or not, in forty-eight states know just as well that the Y.O.L. is a bunch of little "Red" Frowders. The Frowder technique of offering the left hand is out. To put it politely offering the left hand is impolite. And the C.Y.O. is not taking it. To the Y.C.L. says the C.Y.O. "My mitt. Not O.K. but K.O."

## Eight-Fifteen Monday.