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Prisets of the Dioces, Maurice F. Sammons, Managing Editor

l communications for publication must be signed th the name and address of the writer, and must is, the Courier office by Tuesday preceding the of publication.

Friday, March 20, 1961

10,000 CHURCHLESS VILLAGES

There are ten thousand villages in America without a church of any kind; rirty thousand villages without a resident pastor of any church, and 18,400,000 chilen under twelve years of age who are er. These figures are supplied by the Home Missions Council of North America, birproced of representatives of a number of Protestant churches, and claiming to

represent 28,000,000 church members.
These facts constitute a definite and the christian thurches of America," says the Council. a nation may exist without religion, but cannot live without religion. Until its religious need is supplied, a nation is not secure and cannot be free.

If these figures are correct, the most

pitiful part of the story they tell is that of he 18,400,000 children who are receiving no religious instruction whatever. It is quite likely, however, that many of these children do receive religious instruction of some kind in their homes, though not in churches. There are not many mothers, we believe, who will let their children grow up without some knowledge of God, piti-fully incomplete though it may be. These figures show that America is a great mission field. When we help the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, we help the missions—we help bring the knowledge of God to these ten thousand villages and here millions of little children, our fellow Americans with immortal souls hungering for spiritual life and beauty.

HONESTY IN BANKS

The State Bank of Birighamton, now insolvent, and with serious loss to deposifors, had for its president a man whom the Grand Jury of the county called a "notorious bootlegger." Thirty-eight indictments have been returned by the Grand Jury against officials of the bank, more than twenty of them being against one man, the assistant cashier. The Grand Jury severely criticized the State Banking Department for granting a charter to a bank headed by bootlegger. The Jury says:

The facts and circumstances attending the State Bank of Binghamton's failure confirm and emphasize the fact that the best guarantee the patrons of a bank can have is the character, ability, experience and integrity of its officials, directors and employer. Lack of these essentials spell sure disaster and ruin to the degree that ther are permitted to exist and continue in power. The same holds true in politics

The Crand Jury might well have added one word to its list of esentials—religion. The relative of the second of in and of surperiority to all religion: Six stanths later his accounts were found to be short many thousands of dollars. He had been playing the stock market, and worse. His former pastor, a fine old priest, went to the president of the bank and said:

In the inture, whenever you have a Cattoria unploye who leaves his church; or stops going to church, put an examiner than his hostinationice. There are usually all two leaves the Catholic leaves his leaves with a beauty the other, important with the leaves his leaves with leaves his leaves with leaves his leaves his leaves his leaves his leaves his leaves with leaves his church; and leaves his leaves his church; or leaves his leaves his church; or leaves his leaves

NO POLITICS

Friendship

When we have journeyed the pathway through And dark comes down on our way, Take meinto the night with you,

For death is the door of day. Starlight's gleams! And the moonlit skies! Roadway for you and me!

And heaven's gate before is Hes,

Crossing the silver sea.

Earth's path ways leagues apart are trod; Yet, when I kneel to pray, My heart goes with you, over the road, Every step of the way!

Death is the spirit's freedom given; Come then, at death, for me! Our pathway's one, at last to heaven, And dawning on the sea!

Reyond the moonlight's pupile hue There shall our morning be; Take me into the light with you, Into-the golden sea! --Sister Rose of St. Mary, in "The Common weal.

the Chancery office of the Archdiocese of New York and extended an invitation to the Catholic Church to join the Federation in its action. Cardinal Hayes, head of the Archdiocese, was in Florida, recuperating from a recent illness. He, therefore, was not present to make a statement. But the following statement was given out by the Chancery office, with the fullest confidence, of course, that it would meet with the wishes of the Cardinal:

"The husiness of the Catholic Church is saying souls and not meddling ire politics. If there is any corruption, the government of the State has provided machinery to cor-

This terse statement might well be emblazoned over the pulpit of every Church in America. It need not be placed above the pulpits of Catholic churches, because that statement covers without variation or equivocation the attitude of every Catholic Church in America; of every Catholic Church in the world, for that

"The business of the Catholic Church is saving souls and not meddling in politics!" What a splendic declaration of policy to the American people—the policy of Jesus Christ—"Render, therefore, to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

It would be well for America if all churches followed that policy and gave their zeal, their energy and their efforts to the great task of trying to keep some little spark of faith in God alive in the souls of the millions who have fallen away from all

religion in America. Not long ago a delegation of ministers called upon a priest, the pastor of a church in a thriving little village in Central New York. They invited him to join them in a movement to supervise the public dance halls in the county. "I am emphatically opposed to all public dance halls," said the priest. "But the sheriff of our county is paid an excellent salary to look after such nd i nave no more hrate to inter fere with his work than he has with mine.

This attitude does not mean that the Church, its priests and its people are not interested in good government, and in clean and honest government. The Church is interested, and its priests and people are vitally interested. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. John L. Bedford of Brooklyn covered this point fully when asked to make a statement about the proposed investigation of New York City affairs. He said:

"I hope an investigation will be made of the city administration, and that they will find the scoundrels and send them to jail." Msgr. Bedford then explained that he was speaking for himself and not for the Catholic Church, because the Church, as an organization, would have nothing to do with any movement involving politics or interference with an established government. "But this," he said, "does not prevent Catholic clergy and laymen from expressing their individual opinions," he

FOCH GIVES THANKS IN CHURCH

In the daily papers of Wednesday this week, General John Pershing tells, in his story of the World War, of conditions after the newly-organized American Army had won its first great victory, that of St. Mihiel. Previous to the St. Mihiel drive, the morale of the Allied leaders, outside of the American, was at a desperately low ebb. French, English and Italian officials were scrambling in a frantic effort to have the American troops brigaded with their troops, eliminating the American army as a separate and distinct army. Even Marshall Foch, supreme Allied commander, made a desperate last-minute attempt to accomplish this, and to prevent the contemplated American attack on St. Mihiel. General Pershing blocked this by a severe ultimaturn to Foch. After the battle, things changed completely. Pershing and his generals were overwhelmed by congratulations, thanks and prayers of thanksgiving from the other Allies. And Pershing tells about Foch:

"Marshal Poch and I went to St. Mihlel a few daily liter, accompanied by General Weygard and my aide, Colonel Boyd, and as we washed around we found the people generally going about their business as though scotting had happened. The destruction of building was not so great as might assection and already. "Marshal Foch and I went to St. Miliel

The Same Irish Blood

There are Ulster men among you, too. Whether you come from Ulster or Munster, from Munster or Connaught, whatever be your creed in religion or politics, you are of the same Irish blood as our fellows, even if in the past we fought on different sides at the Battle of the Boyne or the more recent wars. Ireland is our common mother land; and the healing process which in recent years has begun so happily must go on undisturbed until this land of our will be united and one in its children throughout the world. - William T. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State.

ROBERT EMMETT, WOLFE TONE, LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, HENRY GRATTAN, JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, THOMAS DAVIS AND HUN-DREDS OF OTHER STAUNCH CHAMPIONS OF IRISH LIBERTY AND FREEDOM WERE PROTESTANTS

No wonder the French soldiers lovingly called their commander "The Grey Man What a marvelous contrast he was to Clemenceau, Viviani and other Frenchmen who had sought to wipe the name of God off the coins of France, and to drive it from the schools of France. Foch went often to church. Foch placed himself and his armies under Divine guidance, and prayed for help, for wisdom, for justice. Foch, overburdened by worries, facing terrible conditions, surrounded on all sides by black despair, fearful lest the Americans, in their first great trial might fail, and thus shatter completely all hopes of the Allies and bring crushing defeat quickly—Foch, in the language of Pershing, visited "the church whenever he had an opportunity." He found, in his quiet moments with God, what he could not find with man-hope, help, strength, comfort, and a sweet peace of soul. What a great lesson for all who are in trouble, for all who face grave responsibilities, for all who need support surpassing that of the world!

AN APOSTLE OF THE FAR NORTH

Two short weeks ago the Rt. Rev. Msgr Emile Grouard, O.M.I., for more than seventy years a missionary worker among the Indians and Eskimos of the far North, passed to his eternal reward at the great age of ninety-one years. Born in Brulon. France, in 1840, he was educated there, came to Canada when twenty years of age, studied at the Grand Seminary in Quebec, and was ordained two years later. On the day following the celebration of his first Mass he left Montreal for the Red River and Athabasca, traveling by train, ox-cartand canoe until he reached Fort Chipewyan on August second, 1860. From that day until the day of his death, with the exception of a few short trips to other places, he spent his entire life in the missions of Athabasca, on the Mackenzie, on the Red River, and among the Eskimos, the Slave and the Cree Indians, learning their language, working for their conversion, doing kind things for them in a thousand ways-their friend, father and painter, blacksmith, gardener, fisherman, hunter, butcher, preacher and lawyer all in one. But above all things else, he was a zealous and devoted worker for the spiritual and moral uplift of these peoplestheir abiding hope for better days and for a happier and more blessed world.

Twenty-nine years after his ordination. he was consecrated Bishop at St. Boniface by Monsignor Tache, who had ordained him to the priesthood, and was made Vicar-Apostolic of the Athabasca-Mackenzie regions. Once each year he made the rounds of his Diocese - a thousand-mile journey by dog-sled, canoe and steamboat, and then—joy of joys by airplane. He built windmills, foundries, churches, schools chapels and boats, and launched steamboats on lakes and riversall for one purpose, the furtherance of his mission efforts, that he might carry the word of God to a devoted people. Other hands took some of the burdens off his shoulders, as they became bowed by the weight of years and of labors, and his twilight of life was happy and peaceful among the hills and the forests, the lakes and the rivers, the valleys and the mountains, and the people he loved and sought to bring to God. With folded hands he sleeps among these, his sacrifices well remembered and well loved, his name written in the hearts and souls of these primitive peoples in letters of gold illuminated by the fires of Faith. heroic figure, a true Apostle, he will not be forgotten in long years by his children of the far and frozen

CURRENT COMMENT

THE DRY REGIME

Perhaps you heard Father, Charles Coughlin Sunday night over the radio. He spoke of the slaughter, the destruction of the American child and youth during this regime of the "noble experiment" supposedly carried out for the protection of the American home.

In his perfect radio voice he traced a graphic picture of the ten year old prohibition regime as to its relation to the American family. He branded it as the "Frankenstein of prohibition," a law which Congress made, which remains uncon-President and the greatest secretary of the reasury since the days of Hamilton, a law which is aided by the departments of agrimiture and justice by their subsidies and at f decisions, the law itself bowing to the school in thality of home production.

Father Coughlin showed that prohibition, despite the 50 million dollars spent for its enforcement, despite the loss of 483 millions in revenue, has brought about an increase in liquor consumption, an increase in criminality, an increase of one particular disease, and is directly responsible for the racketeer business.

He cited figures and facts for this terrible indictment. He pointed out that under this hypocritical law three times as much 12 per cent alcohol is produced and consumed (70 million gallons) annually in this prohibition country than before we had the dry law. He pointed out that the old saloon was abolished to protect the children, youth, but that instead we have the saloon in the home, supplied by 18, 944,960 stills, wineries, breweries. He pointed out that the legalizing of cider making and grape juice making which becomes alcoholic within 90 days, has encouraged the bootlegger, who sees no reason to get out of racketeering since the government "is also in it."

He showed why the bootlegger and racketeer is in the business, that he is able to squeeze out of a \$3,000 tank car of alcohol \$400,000, that the business pays so well that there are two million dollars left for bribery alone in Chicago in one week.

The speaker showed that prohibition is responsible for the worst wave of criminality in history; a jail population in 1910 of 68,000, in 1930 with 96,000, that the inmates of these jails are mostly between the ages of 16 and 25, the bloom of America's youth, that there were 79,000 arrests for drunkenness in the model city of Washington, D. C., in the past five years,

Finally he pointed to the increase of veneral disease since prohibition, a total of 1,250,000 cases making martyrs of wives and imbeciles of the offspring, besides resulting in 16,000 deaths for that one disease.

Father Coughlin, after having shown by citations from public and government records and statistics that he was talking facts, proclaimed the dry law unenforceable and hypocritical and that it should be either corrected or repealed, "because as it

stands today it is no good He called attention to the fact that this address will be printed in 100,000 copies and is obtainable by using the following address: Father Charles Coughlin, Woodward ave., on 12 Mile Road, Detroit, Mich. Catholic Daily Tribune, Dubuque, la.

THE INCREASE IN CRIME

"Faced with a steady increase in the number of crimes, and the cold brutality of crimes, we believe there has been a basic misconception of the means for improvement. We have seen the Federal Government, the State Governments in all parts of the country, and the local governments of the great metropolitan cities institute investigations that have revealed that the members of society's very organizations for the prevention of crime, the police, the judiciary, and executive officers of the government, big and little, were aiding and countenancing crime, and taking a lion's share of the spoils. Corruption in one case even spread to the Cabinet and appointees of the President of the United States. The current disclosures in New York City of police and judiciary corruption are revolting in the extreme. They have had their parallels all over the country, in Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Indiana, while in the South the number of lynchings the past year showed a marked increase over the year before.

"Editorial writers on the subject seem to combine in a chorus with two refrains; first, a demand that the executive heads of government, the Mayors, the Governors, the President, do something to stop crime, and, second, that public consciousness awake. As regards the latter, we can only say that this demand makes us tired. There is probably not one man, woman or child who is not aware of the ascendence of Iurid criminality in our midst, and this awareness, in many cases, a sort of amused sporting interest, extends back over a decade...

"Needless to say, this sort of thing has been seen to transcend political differences. The contrast, or lack of it, between New York democracy and Chicago republicanism is a handy instance of what we mean. The party in power, of course, is the target for the party out of power. The familiar political solgan, 'throw the rascals out' is no assurance that if the exhortation were followed fewer rascals would climb into power. These are not vain aspersions on the fair name of our citizenry; they are notorious facts.

"It is not public consciousness that is at fault, it is public conscience. It is a truhim of democratic government that it cannot rise intellectually or morally above the

think points 214

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

A number of Congressmen have come out in favor of sterilization for mental defectives. We suggest these Congressmen be included among the defectives, for they have qualified completely.

Jack Dempsey's father is still in the ring—the matrimonial one. He was married the other day for the third time -aged seventy-three, while his new bride is thirty-seven.

It is silly for reformers to shout that the New York City government is completely corrupted. Two men and a boy were arrested on St. Patrick's Day for selling shamrocks in the subway without a permit. Which shows that the city is on its toes.

Compensative are the mutations of Time. They used to be hanging men and women for the wearing of the green in Ireland. On St. Patrick's Day this year, in the chief churches of every city and village in the Free State, sermons were preached in Irish, and the Rosary was recited in Irish. In two Protestant churches in Dublin-St. Patrick's Cathedral (stolen from the Catholics long ago) and St. Andrew's, the sermons were in Irish, illustrating the fine spirit of unity and nationality in the country. Faugh a ballagh!

Beauty is only skin deep. "Miss St. " Louis," one of America's peerless beauties at an Atlantic City contest several yearsago, shot and killed her husband in Nice, France, the other evening. Jealousy led to the tragedy. Many a man has learned to his sorrow that common sense and love of home are far preferable to beauty in marriage. Beauty contests bring notoriety to the participants, but seldom happiness, and the romances they start usually end in tragedies. The wife who feels she has to carry a gun for protection has a tragic existence, and the husband who dies by that gun is an eloquent sermon against the public exploitation of a girl's beauty.

Abraham Lincoln knew how to say things clearly and to the point. Early in 1865 some Union soldiers raided the property of the Sisters of Charity near Bardstown, Ky., and carried away considerable food. Senator L. W. Powell of Kentucky complained to President Lincoln, and the latter immediately sent the Sisters a card with the following emphatic order in his own handwriting:

Let no depredation be committed upon the property or possession of the "Sisters of Charity" at Nazareth Academy, near Bardstown, Ky. Jan. 17, 1865.
"A. Lincoln."

This order is still in the possession of the Sisters of Charity, and they are very proud of it.

A great congregation of friends and acquaintances attended the solemn and beautiful services in St. Patrick's Cathedrai on Thursday morning this week, when four priests of Rochester were elevated to the dignity of Monsignors, and five Catholic laymen received into the historic order of the Knights of St. Gregory. It was an occasion that will long be remembered by all who were present. The beautiful and impressive service, the stirring and inspiring sermons, the appealing music, the solemn conferring of the honors, the American flags, palms and flowers, the Pontifical Mass, the reverent piety of the people—all these gave joy to the hearts not only of the men honored, but to the hearts of the people in attendance. There is something about a Catholic service that lifts it above and beyond the commonplace world; something sublime, appealing, moving, unforgettable.

Policemen, usually hard-boiled on the surface, have mighty kind hearts inside. "Bang!" went a policeman's automatic in Elizabeth, N. J., the other day. A snarling collie dog, howled, spun around, fell upon the pavement and bit at his flank. The patrolman advanced cautiously with his gun. The next shot was going to be perfect. But just as he was about to pull the trigger a small boy ran out in front of him, threw himself on top of the dog, and raised his voice, making a duet of the howling. "Please, Mister policeman, please, please," he pleaded. "If you shoot Boots, you'll have to shoot me first." A dialogue ensued. Boots had bitten a boy. Maybe the boy needed a bite. The crowd joined the boy in pleading. The policeman put away his gun, and helped the boy take the dog to an animal hospital. "He'll be home in a few days," said the doctor. "Thank you, Mister policeman," said the boy, smiling through his tears. "Woof!" said the dog, and everybody was happy.

general average of its citizens. If crime and corruption exist in government, they exist among the citizenry. There is no magic in the passage of laws that alters

"This does not mean to say we should be fatalists. We do believe something can be done. The effective agent, however, is not the State, not in the multiplication of laws and officers. It is in religion, in a faith in an ultimate and divine justice which will, through fear on the lowest plane and love on the highest, tempt men to be virtuous in theory and practice, in the face of real immediate temptation to be otherwise."—The Commonweal," New York City, N. Y.