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"I would make any sacrifice, even to the pausing of my ring, pectoral cross and soutane, in order to support a Catholic newspaper."—Pope Pius X.

"With prudent counsel from men of good judgment and of experience in business affairs, and with the approval of the Diocesan Board of Censors, we have constituted The Catholic Courier & Journal as the official Catholic newspaper for the Diocese of Rochester. We ask God's blessing on the undertaking, that it may serve to bring to our people timely information on religious topics, instruction in the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, messages of an official nature from the authorities of the Diocese, and we would urge all to be numbered among its subscribers." MOST REV. JOHN FRANCIS O'HERN, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, March 16, 1929.

Editorials

"ENJOY LIFE" With the watch-word of the campaign to be "Enjoy Life," the officers and directors of our Columbus Civic Centre have laid plans for a big membership campaign to start November 11. "Enjoy Life" is the summation of a good philosophy. "A sound mind in a sound body" makes the material groundwork for a vigorous spiritual development. To enrich the treasures of bodily health and strength; to re-create mind and spirit, to restore vitality and increase vigor are worthy ends.

About us the forces of depression have battered minds and hearts and wills for three long years. To yield to their onslaught is to succumb, to be ill-prepared to invite disaster, to bury the mind and body in trials, disappointments and despondency is to let down the bulwark which stands before the spiritual forces of our lives and to admit the spirit of despair which beclouds and betogs the faculties and weakens the moral fibre of our people.

The young men and women, the men and women of mature years, the rollicking youngsters to whom depressions are but chimerical dreams are equally benefited by the facilities of our Columbus Civic Centre. There, in a building governed under Diocesan auspices, they are given opportunities to "Enjoy Life" to its fullest, to re-create themselves amid modern, well-equipped gymnasium, swimming-pools, bowling-alley, billiard room, card room, library, auditorium and ball-room.

"The Columbus Civic Centre is a necessity. It fulfills a definite need. It offers you opportunities that are seldom equalled under Catholic auspices. It is yours to visit, to use, to enjoy. Your family should have every person possible enrolled in its membership and utilizing its facilities. The membership drive deserves your enthusiastic support. Your Bishop and pastors have endorsed it warmly. They invite you to "Enjoy Life."

"There is always one bright thought in our minds, when all the rest are dark. There is one thought out of which a moderately cheerful man can always make some satisfactory sunshine, if not a sufficiency of it. It is the thought of the bright, populous heaven. There is joy there at least, if it is joy no where else. At this hour it is all going on, so near that we cannot be hopeless. If unhappy with so much happiness so near. Yet the nearness makes us wistful. How are we to get this happiness for ourselves?"

"The Church in the festival of All Saints honors all the saints; first to thank God for the graces of His elect; secondly, to excite us to the imitation of their virtues by considering their example and contemplating their reward; thirdly, to implore mercy through their intercession; fourthly, to repair any failure in having honored them on their festivals, and to glorify Him in the saints to whom no festivity has been assigned. Therefore our fervor on this day ought to be such that it may be a reparation of our sloth in all the other feasts of the year.

There are multitudes in heaven today who are there because of kind actions. These surely we can imitate. Kindness puts others in the place of self. It puts us to no expense, rather it enriches us. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Look what an amount of bitterness we have about us! What is to become of it? It plainly cannot be taken into heaven. Where must it be left? We cannot put it off by the mere act of dying. It will certainly be a long and painful process in the heats of purgatory. But when we reach heaven in what state shall we be? One very important feature of it will be the absence of all bitterness and criticism, and the way in which our expanded minds will be possessed by tender and overflowing kindness. By cultivating kind thoughts we are rehearsing for heaven. But more than this, we are effectually earning heaven.

Discouragement is a leprosy which dries up alike both body and soul. It chains the arms of holy desire and prevents our doing what we would. It renders the soul inactive.

God has made us free to love our souls, but we must not let us be not know how to profit by this freedom.

Current Comment

THE CALUMNIATOR One of the nastiest things in a political campaign is the injection of the religious issue. There are several stock ways by which to get an old story into the public ear. It is about like this. Several weeks before a campaign closes there is carried through the subterranean tunnels of information, the story that so and so is an A. P. A., a Ku Kluxer and a what-not. Or Mr. Such and Such is an ex-Catholic, bringing his children up Protestants and has secretly joined the Masons. Where the story comes from is difficult, if not impossible, to determine. Political opponents deny the authorship. They know nothing about it. But someone is responsible and that someone should be ferreted out, convicted and sentenced to hard labor.

The majority of our American people is essentially fair. They reject these stories as manufactured tissues of falsehood propagated by politicians to blind the public mind to facts. Their opinions are not warped by prejudice or moulded by passion. Whenever such untruths do take root and blossom, there one finds the absence of sound education and the full blooming presence of abyssal ignorance. The spirit of fairness is found on the baseball field, the football stadium or the hockey rink. In sport we are known to be more than fair. The shouts of the multitude against, what it considers, a dishonest decision, are too well known to the average citizen. Why is it that we can not demonstrate such fairness in politics? In the selection of citizens for offices of public trust the greatest honesty should prevail. Diliberate injury to personal character may keep out of office men fitted by temperament and experience.

We sincerely hope that the voter in the coming election will not be swayed by outrageous attempts to change their ballot because of the un-American display of religious animosity.—Catholic Union and Times (Buffalo).

There is an interesting detail in the early life of the Duke of Wellington, victor of Waterloo and conqueror of Napoleon, that deserves a moment or two of reflection. As a young subaltern stationed in Ireland he was very fond of the violin and played his beloved instrument incessantly when free of military duties.

Then suddenly he learned that the War Office did not look kindly on musically inclined soldiers. That was enough; the violin went into the discard and the ambitious junior officer fled no more.

Several things are crystal clear in this little episode. First, violin playing in itself is certainly a wrong; secondly, it required a real sacrifice on the part of him who was destined to become the conqueror of the conqueror of the world; thirdly, he willingly made this sacrifice for the sake of some future good.

His reasoning was quite in accord with Catholic theology on the point. There are many who pretend to a lack of understanding of the Church's viewpoint on the matter of sacrifice. Fasting and abstinence leave them cold. There is nothing wrong in eating meat or taking a full meal, they argue. Why argue? We grant the point. Neither is there anything wrong in playing the violin.

The future Duke made his sacrifice for an earthly career; the Catholic makes his for a heavenly one. Certainly if the former is praiseworthy so much more so is the latter.

We are reminded forcibly of St. Paul's doctrine on the point as he wrote to the Corinthians (Chapter IX, verse 25): "And everyone that striveth for the mastery, refraineth himself from all things; they indeed that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one." — Catholic Universe-Bulletin (Cleveland).

STEWARDS FOR GOD

There is nothing to be gained in letting ourselves get pale-stricken over the financial depression that has been upon the country for the past year or more. Grated that many persons have been affected by it, and very much affected, there still remain very many others who have not been hurt to any extent. How true is it that things are not what they seem in many cases.

The missions of the Church depend absolutely on the charity of the members of the Church especially in our country. Certainly we must not let the missions fall because of lack of support on our part. Those of us who have nothing or who have been hard pressed by the depression certainly cannot give any dues to the Society. Of them we ask their prayers for the success of the work. Let every Catholic who is able to be a member of the Society enroll at once and keep up his membership. Then before God and His Church we may feel that we are honestly doing all that we are able for the continuance of the great work of the missionary heroes of Christ who have left all for Him and for His work.

After all we are but the stewards of whatever wealth we have. Everything belongs to God and He shall demand a strict accounting from us as to what we have done with the possessions entrusted to our care in this life. The missions plead for our support. Let us not fail them in their requests for assistance to carry on despite all depression, past or future.—Rev. John J. Vaughan, S. P. F. Director for Scranton.

Blessed Conrad, the saintly lay brother of Altoetting, for forty-one years held the responsible and trying position of porter, which called for the practice of heroic patience and charity, yet with unflinching cheerfulness and with that true fraternal charity which can have its root only in the love of God, he served all who came to the gate of the monastery. Once, when asked how it was that he always seemed to know just the right thing to say and do, he answered: "The Cross is my book; one glance at the Crucifix teaches me at any time how to conduct my office."

"Catholic Action consists not merely of the pursuit of personal Christian perfection, which is however before all others its first and greatest end, but it also consists of a true apostolate in which Catholics of every social class participate, coming thus to be united in thought and action around those centers of sound doctrine and multiple social activity, legitimately constituted and, as a result, aided and sustained by the authority of the bishops."—Pope Pius XI.

The gold in human nature remains gold whatever it alloys from base contacts; and it is worth the mining, though there be but a grain of it to the tons of dross.—David Graham Phillips.

Diocesan Recordings

This is written following our attendance at the activities luncheon, an event on the program of the Rochester Diocesan Council convention of the National Council of Catholic Women in Columbus Civic Center. The convention is in session Wednesday and Thursday of this week and is covering a wide range of activities in which various Catholic women's organizations affiliated with the N. C. C. W. are engaged. At the luncheon various national committee chairmen gave intelligent and informative reports on such subjects as Girls' Welfare, Immigration, the National by the N. C. C. W. Industrial Problems, Study Clubs, Organization, and Parent-Teacher work. With the diocesan organization but two years old, it is evident that much intelligent effort has been given to the program undertaken. The women are to be congratulated.

Ever willing to work in the ranks, but having the capabilities of the best kind of leader, Harry P. Somerville, former manager of the Hotel Sagamore and newly appointed manager of the New Willard Hotel, Washington, is going to be sorely missed in Catholic circles when he leaves Rochester. Coming to Rochester three and a half years ago, he lost no time in entering into the affairs of various Catholic organizations. His genial manner, intelligent application of effort, and all around good fellowship soon rated him high in such organizations as the Knights of Columbus, Alhambra and Nocturnal Adoration Society. Harry Somerville is an exemplary Catholic layman as shown by his attention to his duties despite demands made by his calling. He has outlined by his action an excellent course for other laymen to follow. The city of Washington is gaining much in the acquisition of Harry; his charming wife, also a quiet but effective worker in Catholic circles; and their lovely daughter, a student at Mercyhurst College, Erie, Pa., and a graduate of Sacred Heart Academy, Rochester. In co-operating with the Catholic Press, Mr. Somerville was unusually helpful and sympathetic. This newspaper wishes for him continued success in his important work and happiness for him and his family.

It was most edifying to all who attended the Mission Sunday Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral to see the center aisle nearly filled with delegations from our Catholic college and high schools. Upon their own initiative these young people interested in the spreading of Christ's kingdom on earth organized delegations and attended the Mission Mass to give public evidence of their devotion and support of the Missions.

An interesting item in the Maroon and White, Aquinas Institute publication for October announces that the younger men of St. Peter and Paul's Parish have organized the first Junior-Holy Name Society of the diocese. Officers were elected and talks given by an Aquinas graduate and two members of the student body. This organization will be watched with interest. We suggest that they send in an account of their doings to the Catholic Courier and Journal.

In His wounded side you will discover the love in His Heart, for all that Christ did for us He did out of the love of His Heart.

Dramatic Moments in Catholic Life and History

The Army of Penitents That Marched Across Europe

By CLETUS J. KOUTBEK



He preached in the open because the churches could not accommodate the multitudes

Disease and starvation were taking their ghastly toll in the city of Barcelona, Spain. In the year 1373 a dreadful famine held the place in its relentless grasp and was transforming a busy, thriving town into one of desolation and death.

Food! Food! That was the anguished cry of the people each day as they waited patiently for its arrival. Yet they waited in vain and the tragedy of their plight increased. Famine was not an unusual catastrophe in that distant day of unsettled political conditions, constant warfare with its consequent devastation and difficulty of communication between neighboring states and even adjacent cities. Spain at that time was in the midst of its centuries old crusade against the Moors which was not finally to be concluded for another hundred years. Christendom was distraught by the great Western Schism which had divided it into two or more factions, each giving its obedience to rival claimants to the papal throne. In the midst of these calamitous times, famine and the plague made recurrent visits to add their crushing weight to an already overwhelming burden.

For days now the people of Barcelona had lined the water front, but the ships that were to bring them succor, the bread that meant life for themselves and their children, never came. Their only recourse was to prayer and faithfully they went to the churches to implore help from the God they knew had not forsaken them. On one of these mornings a young Dominican hurried along the street to the church where he was to preach. His heart filled with compassion as he passed along and noticed the awful signs of the suffering which had been wrought. Death stalked through

the streets, for the people, weakened by the lack of food, were rapidly succumbing to disease. Children, hollow-eyed and wan, sat patiently on doorsteps, waiting. They had long since ceased to cry because their piteous wails availed them nothing in the destitute city.

As he hurried by these pathetic sights, these pictures of terrible resignation to a fate which the people believed inevitable, a sudden determination came into the mind of the young Dominican, a determination which seemed Heaven sent.

He arrived at the church, already filled with people. The services began and at last came the time for his sermon. The Dominican mounted the pulpit and gave his prepared discourse, urging a continuance of patience and a trust in the providence of God who would not forget them. "Even now," he said, and his words electrified his audience, "ships bearing the wheat which will relieve this terrible famine, are approaching port. In a few hours your long wait will be concluded. You will have food and your trust in God will be rewarded."

A ringer murmur of thankfulness swept through the church at this prediction. Tears came into the eyes of the people mothers clutched their little children closer as they knelt upon the stone pavement and gave voice to their relief.

The Dominican descended from the pulpit and made his way to the chapel. There he knelt for many hours in prayer.

A few hours later the ships, their sails billowing in the wind, sailed into the harbor of Barcelona. They were filled with wheat.

In such a manner was the prophecy of the Dominican fulfilled. He was a Spaniard, Vincent Ferrer, the

famous missionary, whose zeal and eloquence were so great that years later, in the midst of his great work of evangelizing western Europe, a huge army, sometimes numbering as many as 10,000 penitents, followed him from town to town in order to be under his spiritual direction.

After filling various posts with energy and distinction, including that of confessor and Apostolic penitentiary.

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