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"...makes any sacrifice, even to the pointing of my ring, factorial cross and rosary, in order to support a Catholic newspaper."—Pope Pius X.

Editorials

HAPPINESS OF CHRISTMAS

About six miles from Jerusalem, up on the mountain top, stands Bethlehem, the city of David. Here are gathered on this first Christmas night the sons of King David's line. Passing through the jostling streets and beyond the crowded inn, you come to where a cave in the rough mountain rock had been made to serve as a table with rudely added shelter.

Enter, and pause to contemplate that scene. It is so sad, so dreary, so lonely, so forlorn! Up here on the height the winter wind shrieks wildly, or, where it struggles in through the chinks of the rafters or wall, dimly walls. Little piles of snow are scattered about under every crevice and left. A dim lantern lights up the desolate gloom. An ox and an ass are stabled there. Near the manger stands the tall figure of a man, beside the manger a girl-like mother kneels with her face bending over her newborn babe who she had just swathed in linen bands and placed upon the manger straw.

Does it not look like the very picture of sadness, of want, of abandonment? But when you reverently gaze upon the mother's face you behold a strange bright beam of mysterious joy reflected from the face of her Child. It is a joy so great, so deep, so full, so overflowing, so far beyond all human word, so far above all human thought that ever since that Christmas night the Church renews the memory of it as a very-mystery of joy.

The joy of that night gave its brightness to the hope of all earlier ages, and its warmth to the gratitude of the ages which look back in faith upon this love gift of God to man. It is the central point of time. It is the central point of space. Towards it the earth is lifted up. It is the cradle of the Christ. It is the home of the Christian. It is a mystery of joy.

To some this joy comes back in simple human ways. Christmas to the child is, of all the year, the time of merry festival, of glad gifts, of kinder condescension towards its little whims and of more loving sharing in its little sports. It is a time when the child's affection is gently drawn forth, fondly caressed, and then loving put back into its child heart embalmed with a memory which will always awaken again with the tenderness of a tear and with the sacredness of a prayer as often as Christmas comes back.

The aged most often look upon Christmas with the simple gaze of a child's eyes, for a softened although saddened experience will have taught them the truthfulness which can recognize its blessing and joy, even though it recalls many a face that has faded and many a voice that has spoken its last good-bye.

To some this joy is quite unknown. To the unbeliever, Christmas is a mere outward show, an empty custom, a meaningless pageant. But to the unbeliever there is no reality in life beyond the reality of the brute, and no worth in life beyond the mere glittering of the brute's desire.

To the cynic, Christmas is hateful because the cynic has made his own character hateful, poisoning all his gentle appreciations, stifling all his generous impulses, denying all truth to kindness and fostering only what is unhealthy because scornful, and rejoicing in what is false because bitter.

To the true Christian, Christmas is a time which underneath the laughter of its merriment or the sigh of its memory, has a peace as secure as the message of Angels, a hope as divine as the God who is human, and a love as human as the Child who is God.

The touchstone of true happiness is in its independence of changing time or crumbling clay. It is more than a passing phase of feeling, more than a passing flush of pleasure. It is a balanced state of calm mind, and a tranquil state of ordered character, deep-rooted in the firmest substance of a soul which holds with actual grasp or certain hope whatever is needed for the attainment of its noble aim and for the attainment of its becoming love.

While the happiness which is complete in every way and in full substance and in full joy, although shadowed by passing pain, may

dwell within the soul which is at peace with God.

This is the happiness of Christmas. Our God became our Brother and our Brother was born a Babe, that we should know how near we are to Him in Divine and human love, that thus with Him we tread our pilgrim path until at last, through the winter night, we come to the happy Christmas gathering in the Home of our beloved Brother, our glorious King, our God who for our sake became a Babe.

LINDEMAN ON FAMILY WELFARE

The Family Welfare Society of Rochester held its 23rd annual meeting here last week. Edward C. Lindeman, professor at the New York School of Social Work, was the guest speaker.

C. Robert Abbey, reviewing the lecture in the December 14th issue of the Times-Union referred to Mr. Lindeman as a "radical in social philosophy" and "as one of the outstanding social scientists in the country."

Mr. Lindeman is a radical, if by that we mean one who dares publicly to advise the breaking of God's law and the throwing aside of the ethical principles which have guided Christian morality for the past twenty centuries. But we vehemently deny that he is an authority on social science. But we vehemently deny that he is an authority on social science. Mr. Abbey most certainly failed to discern the unscientific conclusions propounded by lecturer Lindeman. Social scientists, Catholic and non-Catholic, do not hold the antiquated notions on heredity and sterilization that Lindeman offered his audience, in behalf of "family welfare."

In the December issue of the Scientific Monthly, Professor Herskovits, of Northwestern University, an anthropologist, brings out very clearly that the most that we can say of our knowledge of heredity is that it is uncertain.

There was a time when a cultured group might attend a lecture without being exposed to the sex mania which is prevalent in our day. Lindeman asserted that we talked too much about it, and the proceeded to glorify it. The primary function of family life, he said, is the control of the sex impulse. He emphasized the need for easy divorce laws, and for the dissemination of birth control information.

No, Mr. Lindeman is not a scientist in social philosophy. Sociologists recognize that all science rests upon law. The scientist in medicine, is continually doing research work to discover laws by which the individual and society may be improved. Medicine has made progress because it has discovered that nature responds to work to discover laws by which the individual and society may be improved. Medicine has made progress because it has discovered that nature responds to certain laws. So will it be with Social Science. Its progress will depend upon the theories of a former football player, but upon research that will have as its objective the discovery of "law." The Social Scientist or the Sociologist who advocates disobedience to law, has turned his face backward.

CHAINED BIBLES

If you go into the Rochester Public Libraries you will find pencils chained to the desks, and valuable books enclosed in locked cases.

In telephone booths throughout the country, the telephone directories are chained to the walls.

Corporations and business concerns spend millions of dollars annually to prevent people from stealing.

And yet the Catholic Church today is still sharply criticized for practicing the same precaution in regard to the Bible during the Middle Ages. Bibles and other valuable books were chained in libraries and churches to preserve them from theft and to insure their accessibility to students at all times.

The first mention of chained Bibles occurs in the catalogue of St. Peter's Monastery of Wiessenburg, Alsace, in 1040, which mentions four Psalters chained in the monastery church. Most medieval libraries stored their books in locked chests, and presses, for we do not come across any other mention of chained libraries until the fifteenth century. All the books of St. Mark's Library in Florence (1441) and of the Malatesta Library in Cesena (1452) were chained.

The Reformers adopted this custom of chained Bibles in their churches and the practice lasted for over three hundred years. The Oxford Colleges of Eton, Brasenose and Merton did not remove the chains until the eighteenth century, while some libraries removed them only in the nineteenth.

The Father, considering all things in His wisdom, power, and goodness, had made Himself the artist, creating and building our souls in His own image and likeness."

To simplify one's wants, to disengage oneself from a multitude of things, and to be content with little, are sure means of acquiring perfect tranquility.

Envy, like the thunderbolt, usually scorches the summits and all those that are elevated above others.—Lucretius.

Raise your heart a little to the most sweet and holy cross and you will find it assuages every pain.

No sadder proof can be given by a man his own littleness than disbelief in great men.—Carlyle.

Diocesan Recordings

REAL CHRISTMAS

Men and women may well read the Christmas message of Miss Anne Sarachon Hooley, national president of the National Council of Catholic Women which appears on page two of this issue under the Rochester Diocesan Council, National Council of Catholic Women heading. The true observance of the day is in the commemoration of Christ's birth. From the significance of that event comes the spirit of peace on earth and good will to men. In that spirit do we wish for all of you a holy, blessed Christmas day.

FACTS AVAILABLE

For those who are inclined to be little the persecution of the Church in Mexico or for those who believe that it is none of our concern, there is now available a pamphlet setting forth the facts which explain the protest of the Catholic Church and its Bishops and faithful in Mexico against the persecution of religion by the present Mexican government. The pamphlet is by William F. Montavon, Director of the Legal Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. It is published by and copyrighted by the N.C.W.C. In a forward, the pamphlet states: "The Catholic Church in Mexico is not opposed to universal education nor to the agrarian, industrial and general economic betterment of all the citizens of Mexico. The Catholic Church asks liberty of religious worship, liberty to teach those Christian truths upon which the eternal salvation of the individual depends and upon which civilization and national stability rests." An impressive array of facts are packed into a small number of pages, in chronological order, and are allowed to speak for themselves. Get a copy of the pamphlet from the National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C. read it and pass it along to where it will do the most good.

THE FIRST LEGION

There is talk in Rochester of reviving the stage. It is hoped by those keenly interested in the theater that it will be possible to bring to Rochester "The First Legion" written by Emmett Lavery, and produced by Bert Lytell and Phil Green and now successfully running at the Forty-sixth Street Theater in New York. A play with Bert Lytell will have special interest in Rochester for he is well known for his work here. The play in which he says will "fool the wise crackers of Broadway and the calamity howlers" to quote the Brooklyn Tablet is an unusual drama and recommended to those who would see the better things on the stage. Elizabeth Jordan, well known Catholic writer and dramatic critic of "America" characterizes "The First Legion" as "the most beautiful and deeply moving play I have seen this season." Miss Jordan has this to say of the play:

"The drama has to do with the mighty and militant order of the Society of Jesus, popularly known as 'The Jesuits' whose history and achievements are among the brightest jewels in the great ecclesiastical crown of the Church. I know nothing of what the members of the order think of this play. I do not know whether its theology is sound throughout, though I have a strong suspicion that if it were not, I would feel it. What I do know beyond question is that it is one of the finest plays I have seen in a long, long time; that it gave me an afternoon at the theater I shall never forget; that I had from it one of the greatest thrills a play has ever given me; and that I watched the closing scene through eyes blurred by tears."

With the Legion of Decency concentrating upon the better things in motion pictures, it might be well to pause and consider what is good on the stage and give it every boost possible.

TRAINING BOYS

At the annual dinner for Scout masters held last week at the Bausch & Lomb plant, a football coach, Lloyd Paul Jordan, of Amherst College, principal speaker talked on intercollegiate sports, at least that was the title he gave. His talk, however, was far more significant than the matter of athletic competition. In one of the most clever speeches we have heard, the Amherst coach spoke to an audience principally of men responsible for the training of boys and on teaching growing youth, self-control, how to act under defeat, the value of prayer, and the importance of giving the best that is in them to the undertaking at hand. Even the football coach finds, he said, that home training is neglected in many instances. The address interspersed with stories in which tribute was paid to the late Knute Rockne, left a deep impression upon his hearers, at least this one, who has the responsibility with their mother, of raising five boys.

NEW USE OF BIBLE

A local traffic officer in giving instructions to groups regarding traffic rules tells us he quotes from the Bible. A passage might be better to quote than what some say on getting a ticket.

"My God, I believe, I love, I thank, I adore You."

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Catholic Facts But Little Known

By M. J. MURRAY

A REMARKABLE CRIB

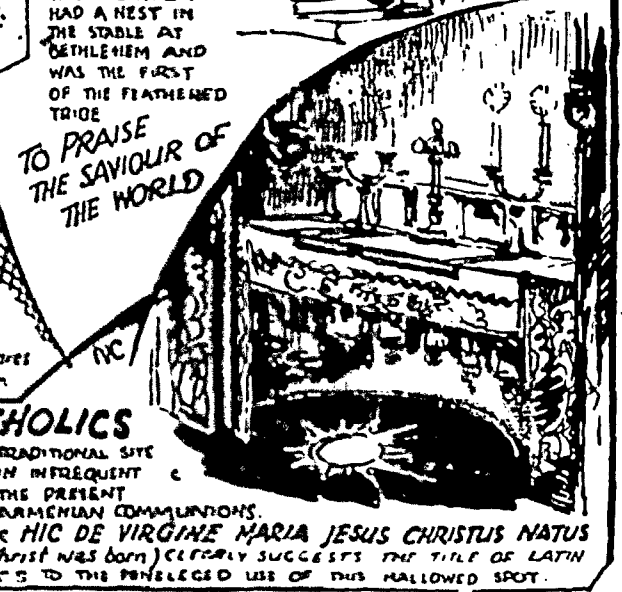
AMONGST THE MANY REMARKABLE CRIBS IN BAVARIA IS THIS ONE IN MUNICH IN WHICH GROUPS OF FIGURES CAN BE MADE TO MOVE ON ROTARY BANDS.

In this way the coming of the Shepherds and Wise Men can be dramatized at appropriate times.



SAINT NICHOLAS of MYRA - THE ORIGINAL SANTA CLAUS - is portrayed in many parts of France on his feast-day (DECEMBER 6) by a boy dressed as a Bishop who engages with other children in practical circumstances like the distribution of gifts to the poor.

An ancient custom in Ireland on Saint Stephen's Day is to HUNT THE WREN and occasionally to carry the captured in triumph from house to house. The tradition behind this custom is that the wren had a nest in the stable at Bethlehem and was the first of the feathered tribe to praise the Saviour of the world.



MAY ONLY USE THE CHAPEL OVER THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF OUR LORD'S BIRTH IN BETHLEHEM ON INFREQUENT OCCASIONS AND BY THE PERMISSION OF THE PRESENT OWNERS, THE ORTHODOX GREEK AND ARMENIAN COMMUNITIES. NEVER BUILT, HIS REFORMATION ON THE FLOOR NIC DE VIRGINIS MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST (Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born) CATHOLIC TO THE PRIVILEGED USE OF THIS ALLOWED SPOT.

THE LIBRARY SIGN POST

The staff of the Catholic Library, and its members, are happy to call out our Father's blessing to all the world because of His most dear children.

Christmas is full of such a profound and universal joy that we find these bland worldlings who stare blankly at the stark challenge of Christ are roused for a little out of their selfishness into at least a feeble homesickness for the innocence and happiness which are the birthright of this holy feast. Many of those for whom the Christ of Christmas means no more than the algebraic unknown X of Xmas are the festive spirit which came into the world as such a new thing on the first Christmas Eve.

The world before Christ knew no such thing as the Christian joy which was heralded to the shepherds by the angelic choir. It was a sad world, and all its laughter had turned sour. It was a dead world with the mark of doom on all its marble temples and palaces, and with the iron of despair rusting in its heart. Even the Jews to whom God had entrusted the sacred hope of the future, had slumped in those later years into an impatient weariness hardly distinguishable from indifference. Then was the fulness of God's time when man's, need was greatest, and the "fulness of great joy" was proclaimed to the world.

It was the good news, the "good-spell," the Gospel of an unshakable joy. Emmanuel, God is among us. The joy of it urges Mary "with haste" across the country to confide it to her cousin Elizabeth. The gladness of it makes the shepherds run over to Bethlehem to see it. There is something in all this responsive and eager speed like the rushing of wings over a waste land. And indeed there was a moving of wings over that wasted world—the wings of the Holy Spirit brooding over the water of this second Chaos, and His elected abode was the immaculate body of Mary where he had conceived and fashioned the body of the incarnate Son of God.

For God had become a little child to make us all the children of His Father. We were prodigals who had left the Father's house in wanton pride and had come at last to the degradation of the swineherd. Then the Divine Son of the Father took it upon himself to become one of us, our elder Brother, Who would give us His divine life as Son and so restore us as sons and daughters once more in

And how beautiful is the accomplished this work of restoration and redemption! The Almighty Lord whose throne is above the cherubim becomes the Babe of an unknown simple maiden and has the need for nursing and care in a human wife. He is cradled in the arms of a woman, and although His hands sting us stars in their nightly paths, they now feel stretch toward the face of the infant and ass whose breath keeps the little body warm. God to enter a craftsman good, who works in beauty. He is a Maker whose thoughts are sublime poems and whose will is an everlasting romance.

It is the joy and the beauty of this good news which have caught the loyal love of the Christian world. They released an intense energy of enthusiasm which has swept through the centuries beneath the surface of life like an underground river. It is manifest in the joyful piety of the liturgy as in the hundreds of folk customs and carols which were the popular poetic response to the divine poetry of Bethlehem. Here is a happy joy, at once tender and rugged, a gift of song and ceremony.

But today there are millions who will not know this inner joy which is in the blazing heart of the Christmas feast. They might have known it, were it not that they are the inheritors of a tradition which broke from the unity of Christian truth. Hundreds of thousands of them have bankrupt souls empty of faith; but they cling at Christmas time to some shreds and wisps of the unforgettable memory.

These belong to the Infant

CATHOLIC EVIDENCE LIBRARY
PLACE—Lobby of Columbus Civic Centre Building, 50 Chestnut Street, Rochester, N. Y.
HOURS—Afternoon—3:30 to 5:30; Evening—7 to 9:30. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.
DAILY RENTAL—One cent for each book.

As far as in us lies, we must make them His. If we are to do so it will be far less by preaching than by living to the full the joy of that Christian charity which was killed in the stable at Bethlehem. Not morose, not cautious, not calculating, but candid and charitable, and cheerful, only so will we convince the world of the beauty and peace of the Gospel. If it means being taken in or wrung dry, at least let us not disgrace to be fools for the sake of Him who made Himself small for our sake. We will not win all souls, neither did the Infant Jesus wish all His wisdom. But we shall bring some to know with joy at the Crib.

(Note: Do we need to remind you that the Library will be closed on Monday and Tuesday during both holiday weeks.)

THIRTY YEARS WITHOUT ACCIDENT

St. Ignatius, Mont.—(JMS)—Covering nearly twelve thousand miles of mountainous roads in quest of Indian souls, Father Louis Tasliman, S. J. of St. Ignatius Mission has never met with an accident in his thirty-two years of serving the Red-men. Such immunity from harm may be due to his custom of telling the Rosary with one hand while guiding the car with the other. This agile priest of sixty-seven is now on the eve of his golden jubilee in Religion, having spent seventeen years among the Flatheads, and fifteen with the Crows besides serving four years as President of Gonzaga University.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom tingers.—Tennyson.

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