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Bishop of Rochester

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The CATHOLIC COURIER has my most enthusiastic approval. A diocesan newspaper has become an essential part of the program of Catholic action in every diocese. The CATHOLIC COURIER should be found in every Catholic home in this diocese. I find it hard to understand how any Catholic can be so indifferent as to what is transpiring in his church throughout the world as to rely upon unreliable sources of information or even to seek no information whatever. Let us have as our brief slogan: "The CATHOLIC COURIER in every Catholic home."

✠ JAMES E. KEARNEY, Bishop of Rochester.

Church Finance Edition

The Courier today presents its first Church Finance Edition. The purpose of the edition is to serve the clergy and laity in setting forth the need of the parish for support and the duty of the people to give that support. The topic is not [illegible] nineteen hundred years ago announced a collection [illegible] Macedonians. The traditional generous [illegible] American Catholics have given to all church [illegible] permanently recorded in the splendid buildings [illegible] of parish and institution. The close of the [illegible] time to check on our contributions to church [illegible] look to His faithful to succour the works of [illegible] He has ever helpful!

Fifty Years For Holy Rosary

[illegible] congratulating Monsignor Charles [illegible] Golden Jubilee Book which he has prepared [illegible] anniversary of Holy Rosary Parish. For [illegible] days to come this book shall be an inspira- [illegible] treasured mine of facts and figures [illegible] the founding and development of Holy [illegible]

[illegible] could foresaw the growth of the Glenwood [illegible] provided for that growth by instituting a new [illegible] the fifteenth in Rochester) fittingly, it was dedicated [illegible] the Holy Mysteries of the Holy Rosary.

Five Pastors have directed its course; three are dead, leaving a precious memory of things accomplished, Father Van Nes, Father Day, Monsignor Hughes. The fourth was made Bishop of Syracuse by Pope Pius XI. The present Pastor, Monsignor Shay, came to Holy Rosary with a heart [illegible] God's love for souls, and with the experience of [illegible] the manager of parochial affairs.

He was Pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral during its difficult days, maintained it under financial conditions most distressing, serving under two Bishops, and finally giving [illegible] valuable assistance and direction in the sale of St. [illegible] and the preparation of the edifice that was to [illegible] the people during the transition.

Monsignor Shay has won the hearts of his people, has [illegible] the spiritual and material welfare of his parish, and deserves the best that God's Church can give him. Raised by the Holy Father to the office of Domestic Prelate, called to serve his Bishop as a Diocesan Consultor, listed as a member of the Board of Trustees of many diocesan institutions, Monsignor Shay's chief work has been among his parishioners at Holy Rosary Church.

The Golden Jubilee of the church naturally centers around the beloved Pastor, who represents to his people the living energy of the parish. The Courier offers its congratulations to Holy Rosary on the completion of the first half-century of its history, felicitates it on its growth from a small mission to one of the largest parishes in the diocese, prays that all good things may be its future portion!

To Monsignor Shay, our tribute of appreciation for a record of service on which we now enter as a new item the Golden Jubilee of Holy Rosary Parish!

Seekers Of A Just Peace

Two items of Christmas news are most heartening to us: the outlining by Pope Pius XII of the five essential conditions for a just and honorable peace; the appointment by President Roosevelt of Myron C. Taylor as his personal representative to the Vatican, with the rank of Ambassador.

Two years ago on his visit to America the then Cardinal Pacelli expressed the opinion that all religious forces of the world would have to unite in war on Communism. Our President has made ready for quick action on items of news [illegible] on policy between himself and the Holy Father by the appointment of the new Ambassador. He has sought the support of the Protestant and the Jewish groups in America by sending them a letter to prepare the way for future [illegible] with their leaders on matters pertaining to [illegible] wonder that the great minds of lovers of [illegible] united in their praise of the wisdom that [illegible] move of President Roosevelt.

[illegible] proposed his program for a just and honorable [illegible] Christmas meeting with his Cardinals. The [illegible] five items: a guarantee of independence [illegible] general disarmament, the creation or reshap- [illegible] national bodies to guarantee faithful observance [illegible] undertakings, the fulfillment of the true [illegible] and racial minorities, the substitution of [illegible] keeping with Christian ideals for the [illegible] and nations.

[illegible] far from the minds of many [illegible] they are essential to a peace of justice [illegible] atrocities against non-combatants, [illegible] the Holy Father said that such acts call [illegible] that one nation's will to live [illegible] death sentence for another. [illegible] the world at war that [illegible] tempered with joy at [illegible] an Ambassador [illegible] second all his peace ef- [illegible] to the innocent vic- [illegible] separated by the great expanse of ocean, but united in spirit for the good of mankind, bring joy to the heart of the Christmas reader. They mark our President and our Pope as seekers of a just and honorable peace!

Honest Liars

'ALONG THE WAY'

By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

My good friend, Father Vic White, tells the story of a mid-western friend who was visiting in California. He was shown the glories of the Golden Gate, and the famous Skyline Drive along the seacoast. Then he and his party stopped to look at the redwoods. He stood in amazement before a tree perhaps twenty feet in diameter, and taking off his hat, the visitor said reverently:

"Well, only God could make a tree—like that."

But at that moment a famous forest expert came along. He saw the amazement in the visitor's face, and took up the discussion.

"Oh, that's not a particularly remarkable tree," he explained. "There are trees, redwoods, almost twice that size. That one is almost young, perhaps 2,000 years. Some of them are 3,000, perhaps 4,000 years old."

The visitor thought it over for a moment and then said angrily:

"The trouble with you Californians is just this: your doggone lies are all true."

Climatic Heresy

Here's where I stick my chin way, way out, and utter a heresy for which I shall probably be burned against a California prune tree: But—You can have your California climate!

From the day I reach California until the day I leave, I am absolutely frozen to death. I get a cold the minute I arrive, a hacking cough, with sore throat and sniffles, and it hangs on until I get back to one of the admittedly terrible climates—St. Louis, for instance, or Chicago.

The first time I came to California, it was in mid-September. I left the really beautiful autumnal weather of Missouri wearing a summer suit and carrying no coat. What in the world would a man want with a coat in sunny California? Well, I hit Los Angeles, admired the sunshine under proper tutelage, and then began to notice strange things. As I stood for a few minutes in the shade, my teeth began to chatter. And when the sun went down, a chill wrapped me round like a cold blanket, and by nightfall I was colder than I had ever been in my life before. So merciful friends lent me an overcoat—no, not a topcoat—a winter overcoat; and I wore it all day and all night until I got on the train heading for home.

And San Francisco is just as bad. The natives make a happy pretense that there is no cold weather. So they slap up houses that offer slightest resistance to the elements; and then when the snow comes, (and don't yell: I've been in large flaky snowstorms in the City of the Golden Gate) you bundle up in a buffalo robe (if you can find one) and slowly congeal.

The whole situation is part of the conspiracy that California is the land of perfect weather. So right now I sit in a room that is freezing cold and yet has no slightest provision for heat—no radiator or hearth, no individual or central heating. Everyone I meet around the place is wearing a sweater or a coat, looking colder than a meat butcher in a refrigerator car, but through blue lips all say, "A typical Los Angeles day; isn't it marvelous?"

It's marvelous that people go on kidding themselves. San Francisco lives in a constant blanket of penetrating fog. Its summers are an ordeal. No straw hat can possibly stand up under the dampness. Los Angeles has a season of rains—I've been in them—that make the hills melt away, and cause the storekeepers to pack sand bags—always kept in readiness—against their doors. Then it has seasonal droughts until the trees are all powdered with fine grey dust, and nothing is green except the artificial watered lawns, and the hills are brown and drab, and the only trees that flourish are those that grow naturally in a desert. In the sun you roast. And your friends say kindly: "Be careful about sitting in the shade; you'll get a terrible cold if you do." So you walk through the shade of a city block and come out the other end ready to be picked up in a pair of ice tongs.

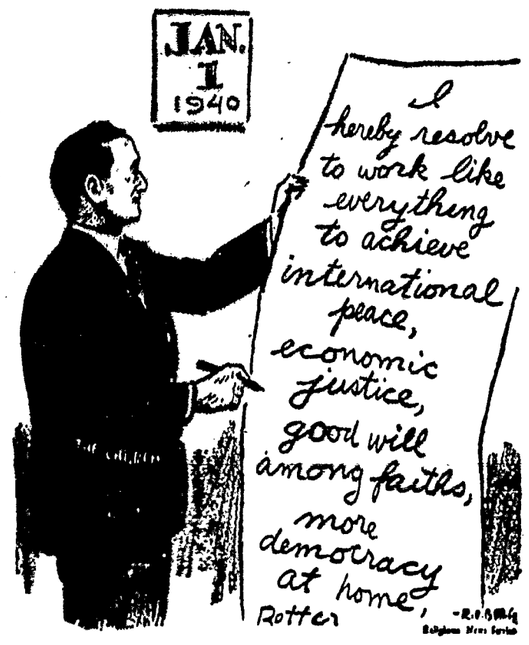
I'll admit it's a wonderful climate if a man is a golfer. It's a fine place for tennis. If you could live in the bright sun of Los Angeles, it might be fine . . . when the sun was shining. But most of us have to sit at our desks and live in rooms and offices and do a few other things besides swing a racket or a bat or a club. And for that type, the summers in Los Angeles are hot, in San Francisco freezing cold, and the winters in both places freeze you to the marrow if you are anywhere except in the direct sun.

Oh, for a part of the world that admits that things get cold and installs a lovely warm furnace with a radiator round which you can rally. And confesses that things get hot, and puts in air conditioning to keep you comfortable. Oh, for a part of the world that has an admittedly rotten climate about which human ingenuity does something. I'm taking my sore throat and sniffles and frozen bones right back there. I've not strength of mind enough to look out at the sun and say, "What a lovely day" while inside the room I must occupy you could hang up fresh meat and keep it intact for months.

These Marquees

The marquee over the motion picture theater in Spokane bore this remarkable sign: "U-Boat, 29 —War and Death - Big Laugh Hit."

HOW'S THAT



Diocesan Recordings

Life begins in 1940—when resolutions made Jan. 1 are faithfully kept.

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A Happy and Prosperous and Blessed New Year to each of you.

• • •

It will be a good resolution for our Catholic men to make to plan attendance at the Holy Name Union sponsored peace services on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 14, as announced elsewhere in this issue. In praying for peace in other lands men of this diocese will be bringing peace into their own communities. Of course, Holy Communion in the morning is the way to begin that day.

• • •

Contributing the customary time of the CATHOLIC COURIER on Station WHAM last Saturday to the Rochester Diocesan Council, Boy Scouts of America, resulted in a half-hour broadcast which compensated fully for the omission of the customary newscast. Written by Dick Driscoll, a member of Sacred Heart Pro-Cathedral parish and active in the Blackfriars' Guild, the program presented by the Scout officials and scouts themselves carried a stirring message of "peace on earth to men of good will." An actual happening furnished the basis for the broadcast. Walter Hastings, a scout official in charge of the Scouts program which follows the CATHOLIC COURIER newscast each Saturday presented the program to listeners. There was a flashback to the World War. Thrillingly told was the experiences of a French poilu winning a Croix de Guerre. Then over to the German lines and a German soldier is heard being presented the Iron Cross for bravery. Next came the German soldier's return to his home land. An edifying and convincing appeal of his good frau to get him to go to Church on Christmas Eve had a spiritual background which was moving and tear impelling. Miss Jeanne Malone of Blackfriar success was the "frau." Ten years later, the World Scout Jamboree in Europe. Troops of all nations attend. Rochester's troops with Robert Link, inventor of the Boondagle, present. The German troops are off by themselves. The idea originates with our Rochester scouts and scout leaders to visit the German boys. Gathering other troops of other nations, the meeting is arranged. A boondagle for the German scout leader is decided an excellent gesture of peace and good fellowship. It is given to the French Scout leader to present. When the two meet it is discovered that the winner of the Croix de Guerre and the bearer of the Iron Cross are greeting each other under circumstances which Scouting alone can accomplish. The program demonstrated that Scouting brings nations together in understanding which leaders of nations today would find a way out to save faces and lives. The Christmas message of His Excellency, Bishop Kearney concluded the program. (And the conductor of this department was relieved of several hours' work in preparing the customary newscast.)

• • •

There is more than simply a card party notice in the story on the women's page announcing a benefit event for the Central Bureau of the Catholic Central Verein in St. Louis. That Bureau is a powerhouse of Catholic Action known internationally. In supporting the party the laity are giving real assistance to a movement which stimulates lay activity here and elsewhere in the country.

Feast Days

Sunday, Dec. 31.—ST. SILVESTER, POPE.

Monday, Jan. 1.—THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD, OR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.—ST. FULGENTIUS, BISHOP.

Wednesday, Jan. 3.—ST. GENEVIEVE, VIRGIN.

Thursday, Jan. 4.—ST. TITUS, BISHOP.

Friday, Jan. 5.—ST. SIMON STYLITES.

Saturday, Jan. 6.—THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD.

Five Years Ago--

—in the files of the CATHOLIC COURIER

From Dec. 27, 1934, Issue

Marking another milestone in progress towards a better CATHOLIC COURIER, it was announced that the paper would appear in a new format, eight column standard size, and with a new type-face throughout.

• • •

Before 300 eager fans the Holy Name Athletic Association basketball tournament was opened in SS. Peter and Paul's gymnasium at Elmira.

The Rev. Albert Lawrence Schlitzer, son of the late Joseph H. and Mary Schlitzer, long active in St. Joseph's parish affairs, was ordained in Rome. Father Schlitzer, a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, has a brother, the Rev. Raymond G. Schlitzer, in the Redemptorist order.

• • •

Catholic Women's Club members were planning to entertain 700 children at Church of the Annunciation on Norton Street.

Mr. Marakle Takes A Bow

The retirement from active life of Mr. Willard Marakle, Assistant Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York, closes a career of varied service and pronounced usefulness. In private life and in public office, Willard Marakle has made a name for himself in the hearts of his fellows.

His early life as a newspaper man concerns the Courier intimately, for he is the only survivor of the trio that founded our paper a half-century ago. His reminiscences of that experience have been preserved for us in the article published over his name in the Jubilee Edition of the CATHOLIC COURIER. The youthful appearance and the continued vigor of Mr. Marakle would deceive the observer judging his age. He has never given up, never accepted the verdict of the years, until enforced by the uncomprising provision of law. Even then, he managed to stay on in active service for an extra two years.

It is pleasing to view a life such as Mr. Marakle has lived, based on religious principles that supported a stately edifice of charity and service and love for the brethren, buttressed by an intense desire to serve his community and his state with the best that was in him!

We salute Willard Marakle as he turns from active life to the rest he has so well earned! May his days be many, his cares be few, as he continues to bless us with his valued advice and the example of a career so worthy of a good Catholic citizen of our commonwealth!

Christmas Folder

'LIBRARY SIGNPOST'

Way back in the Fifth Century, Pope St. Leo, who is called the Great, preached some Christmas sermons which are models of gracious and inspired eloquence. Portions of them have an honored place today in the Divine Office of the Nativity. The regal rhetoric of their Latin must suffer by translation into the clipped phrases of the people's English; but the power and beauty of their doctrine ought not to be a private monopoly of the clergy.

Still feeling very full of Christmas (the Church uses all of Advent to build us up to it, and then adds a whole octave to the Feast to help us digest its treasures of grace and truth), I am turning today's column over to St. Leo's mighty eloquence, hoping that his sonorous music may not suffer too badly as it sounds through the small pipes of my translation.

Our Saviour, dearly beloved, is born today; let us rejoice. It is not right to give place to sadness, on the birthday of life; for on this day the fear of mortality has been dispelled, and we have been given gladness with the promise of eternity.

No one is shut out from a share in this gladness. For all, there is one equal motive for joy: because our Lord, Destroyer of sin and death, finding no one exempt from guilt, came to free us all. The holy man should exult, because he comes near to his reward; the sinner should rejoice, because he is invited to pardon; the pagan should take heart, because he is called to life.

For the Son of God, in the fullness of time which the high and unsearchable counsel of God had determined, assumed a human nature to reconcile man to his Maker, so that the devil, the Sower of Death, might be conquered by that which he had once conquered. In this conflict which He undertook for us, the Lord fought with admirable equity, entering into the struggle with Satan, not in His own proper majesty, but in the lowness of our mortal nature: presenting against him the same nature and mortal form as that which he had overcome in our first parents. For the Lord is like unto us in all things, save sin. Here alone does this Divine birth differ from the lot of every other as we read: "No one is pure of stain, not even the infant, whose life is one day old upon the earth." Nothing, therefore, of the law of sin or of the concupiscence of the flesh has passed over into this peerless Nativity.

A royal Virgin of the family of David is chosen by God to be the Bearer of the Holy Child; but before she conceived Him in her womb, she has already conceived Him in her soul. At first unwitting of the Divine Counsel, she is fearful at the stupendous message of the Angel: but she learns from him that what is to be done in her is by the power of the Holy Ghost. Nor does she deem it a loss to her chastity to be the Mother of God.

Let us give thanks, therefore, dearly beloved, to God the Father, through His Son, in the Holy Ghost: Who because of His great charity with which He hath loved us, has had compassion on us, and when we were dead in sins, has made us to live again in Christ, that we might be in Him a new creature. Let us cast off, then, the old ego with its deeds; and having been granted a share in the birth of Christ, let us renounce the works of the flesh. O Christian, pay heed to your dignity: you have been made a consort of the Divine nature: do not fall back by base conduct into your former estate. Remember of Whose head and of Whose body you are a member. Recollect that you have been snatched from the power of darkness, and taken up into the light and kingdom of God. (First Sermon on the Nativity.)

• • •

This being a season of beginnings, it might be interesting to know the origin of the Christmas Crib which is now so much a part of our festival. People quite generally realize that St. Francis of Assisi originated the Crib. Here is the record of it in St. Bonaventure's Life of St. Francis:

Now three years before his death it befell that he was minded, at the town of Greccio, to celebrate the memory of the Birth of the Child Jesus, with all the added solemnity that he might, for the kindling of devotion. That this might not seem an innovation, he sought and obtained licence from the Supreme Pontiff, and then made ready a manger, and bade hay, together with an ox and an ass, be brought to the place. The Brethren were called together, the folk assembled, the wood echoed with their voices, and that august night was made radiant and solemn with many bright lights, and with tuneful and sonorous praises. The man of God, filled with tender love, stood before the manger, bathed in tears, and overflowing with joy. Solemn Masses were celebrated over the manger, Francis, the Levite of Christ, chanting the Holy Gospel. Then he preached unto the folk standing round the Birth of the King in poverty, calling Him, when he wished to name Him, the Child of Bethlehem, by reason of his tender love for Him. A certain knight, valorous and true, Messer John of Greccio, who for the love of Christ had left the secular army, and was bound by closest friendship unto the man of God, declared that he beheld a little Child right fair to see sleeping in that manger, Who seemed to awakened from sleep when the blessed Father Francis embraced Him in both arms. This vision of the knight is rendered worthy of belief, not alone through the holiness of him who beheld it, but is also confirmed by the truth that it set forth, and withal proven by the miracles that followed it. For the ensample of Francis, if mediated upon by the world, must needs stir up sluggish hearts unto the faith of Christ, and the hay that was kept back from the manger by the folk proved a marvellous remedy for sick beasts, and a prophylactic against divers other plagues, God magnifying by all means His servant, and making manifest by clear and miraculous portents the efficacy of his holy prayers.

REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

Sursum Corda

New York or Moscow

By REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P., Editor, The Catholic World

I think I said in this place a week or two ago that I would not again inflict upon my readers even the mention of the name of Earl Browder.

Perhaps today I will be put in the class of those topers who take the pledge but plead for "just one more drink." But even if I mention the name Browder, I am not—honestly I am not—concerned with Browder. Any mythical A. B. or X. Y. would serve my purpose just as well. We could use the initials C. C. for "Confessed Communist."

Now it happens that C. C. was invited by a group of students in the College of the City of New York to address them. A hubbub naturally ensued because "City College" is after all a city college, and some of the people who pay taxes to support that college think they should have something to say as to whether Communism should be preached on its campus.

When the agitation was dying down (by the way, there you have the reason why good patriotic Americans almost always get "licked", they get tired of agitating long before the advocates of revolution get tired), a student wrote to the New York Sun (December 8th) explaining that he and other non-Communists at City College think the Communists should be allowed to bring their man and have him speak.

Thinks Tactics Bad

Why? Because this student thinks it would give his non-Communist companions a chance to show, if the newspapers would give them space, that not all the students are reds. True it is, he admits, the College newspaper invited Mr. C. C. to come, and the invitation was approved by the Student Council. So, says Daniel M. Maloney writing to the New York Sun, the public may get the false idea that the majority of the student body is Communist. He admits that the reds "have in their organization a large bloc" of students, but he insists that the bloc is not a majority. And to bring out this fact, this crisis, he thinks, should be allowed to come to a head.

Furthermore, he considers it bad tactics to let the Communist students assume the role of martyrs. If their invited guest is not permitted to appear, they will "raise the cry that their civil liberties are in danger", and that they are victims of "faculty domination."

To my mind the important feature in Mr Maloney's statement is his fear that the Communists may "convince the students that they have the right on their side" and are being "oppressed." If there be any ground for that fear, it certainly throws a light upon the mentality of the non-Communist students. After all that has happened and is now happening in Soviet Russia, especially what has taken place in Poland and Finland, can it be possible that college students still imagine that Communists can in good faith demand free speech and civil liberties, and complain that they are made martyrs? If so, the intelligence of those youngsters must have reached a hitherto undiscovered "low." I should prefer to believe that no group even of adolescents could be so innocent or so ignorant.

Their True Aim

The alternative is that they have their tongue in their cheek when they speak of "freedom" and "liberty." They are not stupid but dishonest. Manifestly dishonest. If so, why pay attention to their outcries, "oppression," "faculty domination," "martyrdom"? Some one should expound for them the elementary principle that a complainant must come to court with clean hands. If they cannot get that rudimentary idea into their heads, what are they doing in college, and how did they get that far? And by the same token, what right have they to be educated at public expense?

The fact is, of course, that "red" students, like their Communist elders, have no interest in freedom or liberty or democracy or America. What they really are aiming at is to create a condition in which all American institutions, principles, values would be ruined. They want Communism, but to get Communism they must first have chaos. So their immediate aim is chaos.

Whether their number be great or small, whether they are a majority or a minority, they should be "given the gate." Sooner or later that will happen to them. Unless of course the citizens of New York think Moscow a happier and better place, unless the greater part of those citizens of this metropolis would welcome here what happened in Petrograd, and Warsaw and Odessa and Helsinki. Perhaps they do. If they don't, why don't they say they don't?

It seems to me that Daniel Maloney's letter to the New York Sun clarified the situation considerably even if not in the way he intended.

(Copyright, 1939, N C W C.)

WHY?

What Does the Catholic Church Teach Regarding the Angels?

The Angels were the first citizens of Heaven. Unlike the Saints, the Angels never lived in this world or possessed material bodies. They were created pure spirits, intellectual beings, distinct from God and by nature of higher dignity than man. Their number is told in the millions.

Christ Himself spoke of legions of them. According to their dignity and nearness to God, the Angels are divided into nine choirs: namely, Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones, the Dominations, Virtues and Powers, the Principalities, Archangels and Angels. Each of these choirs comprise probably many millions.

Upon creation, none of the Angels were admitted at once to the presence of God, but all were put to a test to prove their worthiness of Heaven. The nature of this test has not been revealed to us. It is the common opinion of theologians, however, that God made known to the Angels that the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity would one day become man, and in the flesh redeem a creature of lesser dignity than they, and thus make it possible for man to attain Heaven.

Many of the Angels, with Lucifer at their head, rebelled against God, refused to believe and obey, and were banished eternally from Heaven. "God spared not the Angels that sinned, but delivered them into torments" (2 Petr. 2, 4). Thus, we have the origin of Hell. Out of envy lest man should acquire the place that they had forfeited in Heaven, these evil spirits seek to draw man away from God and bring about his spiritual ruin. Their power though, is limited to suggestion and temptation; they may never coerce the will of man.

Most of the Angels, however, were true to God in the test that He gave them and were admitted then into Heaven. Those good Angels make up the heavenly court and will spend eternity in the joy and glorification of God.

God employs some of them as His messengers in the guidance and government of the world. To each man at birth is assigned a special Angel, called his Guardian Angel, whose duty it is to protect his charge throughout life, shield him from the snares of the spirits of evil, suggest good thoughts to him, offer his prayers and good works to the Almighty, protect him especially in the hour of death, and after death conduct his soul to the throne of the Most High for judgment.

This sums up in brief the teaching of the Church concerning the Angels.

Defenders of the Faith,
Conception, Mo.

Talking Over Their Views

Everyday Saints

They have not been canonized by the Church nor are they venerated on her altars. They would be the last to consider themselves uncommonly saintly for, humility is a part of their holiness. They walk quietly before their God while the rest of us go shouting down the ways of life. They seek merit only in the eyes of the Lord, while the rest of us want our reputations to be praised by the mouths of the multitude. They are the hidden saints, whose virtue, we suspect, is a greater preservative of the world's life than all the machinations of all the statesmen put together.—Hartford Transcript.

Snickers

Cop: "What's the idea of all the speed?"

Motorist: "My brakes won't work and I want to get home before I have an accident."

Gladys: "I shudder when I think of my thirtieth birthday."

Pamela: "Why, dear, what happened?"