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JAMES E. KEARNEY, Bishop of Rochester

A Successful Campaign

All the parishes of the diocese may well rejoice at the success of the Campaign for Nazareth College. To raise close to a quarter of a million dollars within a few days is no easy task. It is a real tribute to the energy and the devotion of the many workers that the task has been completed, with a relatively small amount remaining to reach the full goal of \$250,000.

To Father Randall should go the lion's share of credit, because he was the moving spirit of the campaign, firing others with the enthusiasm of his own dynamic personality. Nazareth College may well rejoice not only because of the amount of money raised in the campaign, but also because so many thousands of people have shown their hearty interest in the work by the gifts they have made. From homes that are far from rich some of the money has come in small amounts, but each gift has been a clear expression of love for Nazareth College and for Catholic Education in general.

The Citizens' Committee is to be commended for the part they have had in the campaign. Made up of men of every faith, this committee has prepared lists of prospective visitors in their office and homes, placed before them the cause of a New Nazareth College as worthy of the generous support of the community at large.

Blasphemy spoke eloquently at the closing dinner of the great good that had been accomplished by the army of workers. His word of gratitude to all who have helped in the campaign, to the officers, the Zone Priests, the Alumnae, the Parents' Guild, the Citizens' Committee, and to all who have contributed, brings great happiness to faithful children who have answered the call of their Spiritual Father in doing this splendid work for God's Church. God bless Nazareth College!

Disorderly

The excitement of election time and joy at victory of one's favorite candidate, naturally prompts one to put on an act, to sing and rejoice to march and shout banners and signs, noise and pandemonium, martial music, are all called on to tell the glorious story to the world. It is an American custom, and a good one. It can be considered as a spontaneous tribute to the right of suffrage that belongs to every free American, as joyous celebration that the people have once more spoken their choice for the Presidency.

But such celebrations should be kept thoroughly American. Practices that savor of Communism, of countries where religion is reviled as an other human rights, should have no part in a patriotic demonstration here. All who took part in the disgraceful travesty of last Wednesday that marred the dignity of Rochester, and insulted people of every religious faith, should feel thoroughly ashamed of themselves. The decent ones among our clothing workers will feel ashamed of what was done; the others in whom decency is subjugated to Communist leanings, will feel no shame. To burlesque the funeral service on a public street, to caricature the officiating priest in a coarse and brutal manner, to permit a buffoon of low and disgusting type to make fun of a religious rite dear to all decent folk, is most un-American. Such an abomination against public decency and order should have had police attention.

The clothing workers who took part in the outrageous spectacle of last Wednesday owe an apology to their organization, to the firm for which they work, and to the community at large. Common honesty would demand that they inform the people where the responsibility lies. Silence on their part is acquiescence in their own unjust accusation. They should be willing to speak out, that they may be placed where it honestly

Golden Jubilee

At the beginning of the year 1889, the Catholic Courier was published for the first time. It was planned to try to enroll every Catholic in the diocese, and give them the strength

and unity to thousands whose pride in their Catholic faith is deepened by memories of persecutions in the past and by the bitter consciousness of current persecution of their brethren abroad.

Before its altar has been celebrated the joyful rite of Poland, and before that same altar prayers of sorrow have gone up to God over its fall and destruction. Memories of happy home life here in America center around the stately church. Here have the young people come to be married, here have the children been baptized, here have the bodies of departed loved ones been brought for the last parochial service.

Here has the word of God been preached, the doctrine of Jesus Christ taught. Here at Holy Mass the Sunday has been marked as God's Day. Beside the altar in the parish rectory where zealous priests have been ready to receive parishioners for counsel and advice, for comfort and help in sorrow, the parish school has trained thousands of pupils to be good Catholics and useful citizens of the United States. The parish hall has been the center for social functions, for healthful exercises, for dramatics, and for patriotic meetings.

Father Balcerak with his assistants lead a devoted people in thanking God for the blessings of these fifty years, and in asking His continued blessing on the years ahead. The COURIER congratulates Father Balcerak on the good he has accomplished as Pastor of St. Stanislaus, and extends felicitations to his congregation on the Golden Jubilee of their parish.

Until The Whole Was Leavened

The work of the Church can never be complete until all the world is won to Christ. For more than nineteen hundred years the influence of the Church has been felt in the world. It started at Jerusalem where only a small body of men and women were the nucleus of the great religious body that was to teach all nations. Well could it be likened to the mustard seed that grows from the tiniest of beginnings into a tree so great that even the birds of the air can come and dwell in its branches. From another standpoint, it could rightly be likened to leaven which a woman placed in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened.

The leaven of Christian teaching, Christian discipline, Christian living, has been at work over many years, showing its influence not only in the Church itself, but also in the world at large. It is reflected in the lives of the people, in the attitude of men toward one another, in the universal respect for womanhood, in the struggle for social justice, in the constant hope for a blessed peace that will end the wars that vex the world.

Men of other faiths and men of no faith unconsciously follow the standards introduced by the Church of Christ into the world. America is a Christian nation, notwithstanding the large number of citizens not connected with any religious organization. America is Christian because the influence of the Church of Christ is manifest in the principles of justice and equality on which her constitution rests. The leaven has been at work, the whole is gradually being leavened.

Individual Catholics have a responsibility here that should be lived up to. To be a true Catholic, one must not only have the faith, but must live the life of faith. By prayer and example, by moral living, by applying Christ's teachings to problems of business and society, the Catholic must keep that leaven at work. So in our generation as in generations past, the Church shall continue to fulfill the purpose taught by Christ in the parable of Sunday's Gospel: "The Kingdom of heaven is likened to leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened."

Selected

Struggle now a single man sticking out from a picture has sometimes been back a chain of men in one of the motion picture columns, at which I happened to glance for the first time!

There is the entire motion picture industry for permitting Fred Niblo, one of the greatest directors of all time to take out a bare existence as a movie actor.

The real old timers will remember Niblo's Gardens in New York, which with Tony Pastor's, was the center of old-time variety. Fred was the son of the famous father who owned the Gardens, and my first recollection of him was as the funniest midget I ever heard. He used to headline any bill he appeared on, and was called out on the stage pretty much like a casual stranger who might have dropped in, whereupon for twenty minutes he trotted "em to the states." Myself and any number of my contemporaries followed him around whenever he came to town, and his stuff was always new, always amazingly funny—always clean.

The next I heard of him, he was knocking off the big silent pictures, which he climaxed with the picture "The Old Maid."

There is disappeared... to turn up in a few lines of Hollywood gossip. He subject for a treatise on fame—if anyone cares to write it.

Five Years Ago--

In the files of the CATHOLIC COURIER

From November 11, 1935, Edition

Determined to protect Rochester's youth from the flood of immoral books and quality magazines, discreetly displayed at collection shops, newsstands and drug stores, the Inter-faith Good-Will Committee comprised of Jewish, Catholic and Protestant leaders, inaugurated an intensive drive against such publications.

Milton Schaefer, scout leader of St. Boniface Troop, Boy Scouts of America, and Frank E. Guegan, guest of honor, were given the surprise awards of Silver Beaver medals at the 25th anniversary dinner of Scouters held at Bajah and Lomb dining room.

Transfer of 4,700 bodies from the old St. Patrick's Cemetery, Pinckney Hill, to new graves at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery was brought to completion, it was announced by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Charles F. Shay, pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Stressing the need for Niders in Catholic Action, the Rev. George Vogt of St. Andrew's Seminary opened the Rochester unit of the Campion Training School for Catholic group leaders at Columbus Civic Center.

A Junior crusade for decent reading was inaugurated on a nation-wide scale by the Catholic Boy National publication for youth, published at Paul, Minn. It was planned to try to enroll every Catholic boy and girl between the ages of 10 and 15 in the crusade.

CHALLENGE



WILD WISDOM

By the Right Rev. Msgr. Pastor M.H. Winkovics

Dog Eats Dog

You may remember the old children's fable about two dogs going after each other, tooth and tongue. They fought and fought, tearing each other apart, finally they had eaten each other up to the extent that only two tails were left.

Diocesan Recordings

Scientists can prove that the recent earthquake in Europe had no cause in the recent election in America, but they cannot prove that a Divine plan may be upsetting the so-called all-American political machine in Europe, Germany, Italy, and their plans.

Our Catholic lay society leaders and outstanding workers were noted as producers in the campaign for Nazareth College. They have shown their high regard for the unselfish labor of our teaching sisters in the campaign, it is a good bet, that not one of the Catholic lay groups of men or women in the diocese did not contribute workers for this campaign.

It is rare in the thoughts of Catholics for any state to elect a Bishop as late as the year 1940. The election of Columbus as Bishop of the diocese will have opportunity to show them they appreciate this fact on Sunday, Nov. 24, when the annual Communion Mass and Breakfast are held. This will be the first time in the local church's history that their Bishop is also their State Chaplain. Members of the order in other parts of the diocese are being invited to attend the double event.

He is "one of the most zealous and intelligent laymen in our diocese," says the Brooklyn Tablet's managing editor in his column. The one of whom he writes gave an address recently before a Jewish-Christian committee on the question period he handled the case of Father Coughlin. He pointed out to his Jewish audience that Father Coughlin had merely applied to the Jews is probably desirable to have a Jewish-Soviet dictatorship and anti-Christian movements just as the Nazis are attacked and thereby remove the impression that had been created in the minds of many by the failure of Jewish leaders to denounce Communism and the active part which some Jews had taken in Communist activities. At the conclusion of his address, the speaker received a spontaneous applause. After the talk many in the audience stated that they had obtained many viewpoints which they had never had before. They were willing to concede that the speaker's sides to the question as to whether Father Coughlin is anti-Semitic. The speaker thus commended upon is John F. X. Erno, chairman Catholic Affairs Committee of the New York State Council, Knights of Columbus.

Feast Days

Sunday, Nov. 11.—ST. GREGORY THAUMATURGUS. Monday, Nov. 12.—ST. ODO OF CLUNY. Tuesday, Nov. 13.—ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY. Wednesday, Nov. 14.—ST. FELIX OF VALENTIG. Thursday, Nov. 15.—THE PRESENTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Friday, Nov. 16.—ST. CECILIA. Saturday, Nov. 17.—ST. CLEMENT OF ROME.

Today God invites you to do good; do it therefore today. To-morrow you may not have time, or God may no longer call you to do it.—St. Alphonsus.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

THE WAY OF THE FUTURE—By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. About that which lies ahead of us, I suppose the general feeling is that one must guess it is good to-morrow. But I have always sensed a liability in that attitude. After all, some men know a lot more than others, they are closer to the facts, they have deeper minds, more steadily exercised with principles. It is an injustice to equate their opinions with those of the rank and file whose attention is usually on the needs and the pleasures of the moment. A guess is a guess, of course, whether in the mind of Socrates or in the mind of John Doe, but I'd risk my bet on the guess of Socrates.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh has just published a little book which sets forth her guess about the world to-morrow. It is hardly to be said that she is a mere theorist on the subject, for, while she was writing the book, she was also preparing for the birth of a child—no guess, but a living pledge of hope for tomorrow's world.

It takes Mrs. Lindbergh only 11 pages, but she packs a complete and keener analysis of today's trends than you can find in weeks of journal reading or radio listening. She will not be listened to generally, you may be sure, because she says what she means, and she says it in a way that Mr. Bullitt, our ambassador to France if he still feels as he did in his national radio speech of last June, would say that Mrs. Lindbergh is one of those Americans who are playing into the hands of the dictators.

But you can't argue facts down by yelling, and I believe Mrs. Lindbergh's analysis and recommendation will really stand the hard test of the future. How is she qualified to speak on this subject? I really don't know, except to say that she has proven herself to be a gifted writer, possessed of the sense of a keenly trained diplomat, through her diplomat father and her own travels with the centers of influence in modern events. But even if you know nothing about her qualifications, you would be forced, as you read her, to say that there surely is a woman with sane judgment and a sure sense of affairs who is writing a book that most commentators to that elusive head of the nail.

Her thesis will be a dose of medicine for many people, hard to take if they are of the stripe who maintain that America, right or wrong, is always right. She says "I do not believe we need to be defeated in a war which would destroy our leading our shores, as much as against the type of decay, weakness, and blindness into which all the 'democracies' have fallen since the last war... With a heart in our own eyes, shall we take a mole out of our neighbor's eye? We do not deal with our own troubles, they are sure to deal with us." (p. 32)

Mrs. Lindbergh maintains (and I think Christian philosophers agree with her) that the history of the world periodically undergoes a great mutation that human life is driven forward by forces greater than itself, too vast for definition, too intangible for charts, that it conquers the best people, and an army meet among them and use them for his own ends, even as he does the great material forces, like water and fire and electricity.

What Is Politics?

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

This article I written a week before election and cannot appear until after election. No one therefore, can allege that it has a political purpose. Regular readers of this column must have noticed that I refrain consistently from injecting politics into my columns. Whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Wallace get the nomination, I do not care, and I have to say will be equally applicable to either candidate.

While the campaign was in progress, the question arose again and again as to whether editors of Catholic papers, especially if they are priests, should concern themselves with political questions. The answer depends upon the question, but in general, I should say, would be that an editor should not indulge in partisan politics, but that it is quite in line with his vocation to deal with political principles.

To illustrate: When His Holiness Pope Pius XI died and his demise was about to be held to elect his successor, certain newspapers in Europe expressed the hope they would like to have made it a demand—that the next occupant of the Chair of Peter should be a "non-political" Pope. The inference was and indeed not only the inference but the accusation was that Pius XI has been a "political" Pope.

Well, he had and he hadn't. He frequently wrote of "politics" in the sense in which that word would have been understood by Aristotle or St. Thomas, or by any and all of the Scholastic theologians. Politics is a science, it is a branch of philosophy. Its principles and practices are determined by ethics and moral theology.

If the very word "politics" has come to have a mean and sinister connotation, that is not the fault of politics but of politicians. Politics is the art of government, dating its origin from St. Robert Bellarmine in the sixteenth century or from the Declaration of Independence in the eighteenth century. If over a period of many years he expounds and defends in all cases equally declares those principles, it is unfair to call him a partisan.

Now as for priests, Luke laymen, they go to college and to the university. If they take post-graduate studies, they sit in the same classroom with laymen, listen to the same lectures, imbibe the same doctrine. Perhaps the lectures are delivered by a priest. Those lectures may be on sociology, or economics, or political philosophy. What the student learns, he is not commanded to look up in his mind forever after. His knowledge is for use. As a matter of fact, he is advised and urged by the Pope to make use of that knowledge.

A priest is not limited to a mere recitation of the catechism, or to the Sunday reading of the Gospel. He is supposed to communicate St. Thomas, Suarez, Bellarmine and the Encyclicals to "his people."

Upon examination of what he has said or written over a period of years, it is manifest that he picks up principles and drops them while checking fast to the candidates of one party or the other, he rightly comes under suspicion. But if he has in all cases "hewed to the line" and "let the chips fall where they may," no one has a right to call him a "political" priest, any more than they had a right to call Pius XI a "political" Pope.

Finally, if it appears that with all good intentions a priest-editor or a priest-actor is really talking or writing as a partisan and not as a philosopher, it is for his Bishop to speak and for the priest to obey. (Copyright, 1940, N.C.W.C.)

Over In Montreal

By REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

"What's your leading Canadian magazine?" I asked. "Saturday Evening Post, Colliers—or just name your American leading magazines," said my guide. And I look at the newstands shows that he is quite right.

But you find the Penguin books on the newstands, and as far as I can make out they are granddaddy of the inexpensive paper-bound fiction in English. In England you pick them up for about twelve cents in Canada they are twenty-one cents. But that is still cheaper than our reprint fiction that has been growing more popular of late.

Hot dogs are immensely popular. And while in the States we have learned that down to seniors or Corny in Montreal, hot dog is a recognized item of food both in English and French. The streets are charmingly named for Saints. A Catholic gets quite a thrill out of riding down a main street which is really the Avenue of Our Lady of Grace; and there is something delightful in the fact that the moment's shopping district is on St. Catherine Street.

The Montreal people mention their interned mayor, Houde (pronounced like Hood) with something of amusement, something of alarm. They regard him as a Communist or a pro-Nazi or a general nuisance, as far as I could make out. But some of them think that from the apparent seclusion of his internment camp he is still running the leftists of Canada and getting them ready for revolution. I don't know, I merely repeat rumor.

As I run always in in my days, I found the Canadians annoyed because a minority member had let out of the bag an important aviation cat that young Englishmen in large numbers were being sent to Canada. For training as war aviators. Since the cat is out, they frankly express their belief that Canada will train the aviators and the States will furnish the planes, and the combination will break the back of Hitler. They speak optimistically of the days when the sky will be so filled with the superior American planes piloted by the superior English and Canadian pilots that Hitler's hour will be passed.

Nothing gives me more joy than to have someone write in to ask permission to publish one of my booklets in Braille. I love to think that what I have written is brought to the sensitive fingers and through them to the numb and hearts of those Catholics who must see God's world with an inner vision.

Now comes the good news that The Catholic Digest is issuing a Braille edition. That must be very expensive and it surely is an apostolic project. The Catholic Digest has consistently had a far-sighted policy. We like this new development tremendously.

Quote--End Quote

"Happiness does not consist in the foolish estimation of pride, or the greed of power, or the lust of unsatisfied passion. Happiness consists in seeking the good and loving it, in beholding the beautiful and enjoying it."—Rev. Michael J. Miller, O.S.M.