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the religious faculty dedicated to God's service and the service of God's children, with the religious atmosphere needed by children made to know, love and serve God.

"Now for the few who live near Catholic schools, have every opportunity to use them, and yet pass them by. Why? You find a reason, if you can! The COURIER can find no reason. All we know is that the law of nature, the law of God, the positive law of God's Church, directs that Catholic children should be in Catholic schools. Permission of the Bishop is required in order that parents may lawfully send their children to secular schools; which permission is given only when things are arranged for proper religious training in the home or elsewhere.

"Vacation days lead up to the new school term. They are days for determining the future of our boys and girls. Conscientious parents will see to it that their boys and girls are registered in a Catholic school.

THE BETTER WAY



1 PAGE MY PASTOR

Right Rev. Hugh Peter M.H. Wynhoven
 Pastor in Chief, Catholic Action of the South

'Smut in the Face'

Merced came in unexpectedly. Frances was reading a detective story.

"Did you hear of the latest excitement in our neighborhood?"

"No, what?"

"The attention has been attracted to a blood-thirsty Indian, named 'Smut in the Face', who is stalking around, killing young people when the chance is offered him."

"What, if I didn't read anything about it in the newspapers, Cedie. Did he actually kill any youngsters?"

"Yes indeed, Fran, I'm sorry to say, dozens and dozens have been sent by him to the unhappy hunting grounds."

"Now, come on, Cedie, don't talk nonsense. If people were regularly murdered by the dozens in the last few years the dailies would have taken something like this to the streets. I don't believe anything about it."

"Not necessarily, my dear, because the secular press maintains that this savage Indian has a constitutional right to pursue his criminal ambition, and the police maintain that they can't interfere with regular business."

"Cedie, all this talk seems as clear as slimy mud in a filthy sewer ditch."

"That's it! The whole affair looks that way. The newspapers and the district attorney included."

"Come on, Merced, give me some names of boys and girls who were killed in your imaginary plot, maybe I shall be able to psychanalyse you."

"That's the trouble with this infernal crime, Fran, one can't point out positively anyone who was actually killed, but I have a smacking notion about a couple of youngsters whom I know intimately. They're dead, judging by their recent behavior, reaction and attitude."

"Darling, you provoke me with your riddles. Suppose I leave you to yourself to further develop your fantastic concoctions while I continue to read my interesting novel. I believe we both will be happier."

"There you go again, Fran, obvious as matter of fact, obvious and practical you sometimes remind me of a little naive girlification in the face."

"Thank you for your flattering appreciation, dearest."

"Now, Fran, don't get sore. You know I don't mean it otherwise I wouldn't have said it, but for your own good, I want to tell you that you are extremely too serious and always so correct. But I guess today it is my own fault, interrupting you in the reading of a hot, rambling story."

"That may be it, Cedie, for it overtaxes my brain, being made to solve two problems at one time."

"All right then, Fran, dear, here's the plain story. My pastor called a meeting of the fathers and mothers of the parish for the purpose of organizing committees to call on book stands, drugstores, lending libraries or wherever books and magazines are sold in the parish, with the object of asking the proprietors to quit selling filthy, immoral stuff."

"Where does your Indian story come in, Cedie?"

"Mother came home all excited, ready to start out with her little tomahawk. The pastor had pointed the treacherous danger to youth through smutty literature, and he had pictured it so vividly and graphically that he had our phantoms reaching with the dead blood of boys and girls instead of stale cholera. Dead souls, Fran, not bodies."

"We started this work in our parish a year ago, Cedie."

"Oh, come on, you would have said, Fran, you're so much more up-to-date and wide-awake than any parish in the city."

"Never mind that sarcasm, Cedie, but we did, nevertheless, and we found out it is no use interesting the daily papers; they seldom do and cowardly come back at you with abominable lies. The constitutional right of the freedom of the press may not be violated."

Captain Keeps His Head

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

Several times last winter, lecturing here and there on subjects related to this, I called attention to the fact that in the midst of universal hysteria, the Pope maintains his intellectual and emotional equilibrium. And I ventured to illustrate the fact by referring to two different ship captains I have known. One of them was seen in a fog on the rock-bound coast of Maine, got badly rattled and ran up and down the deck in sight and within hearing of the passengers, shouting and gesticulating wildly. In more senses than one he didn't know "where he was at."

The other captain was one whom I was able to watch at close range in two hurricanes, one off the coast of Brazil and the other in the Caribbean. His orders came quick and sharp, but there was no shouting and no sign of alarm in his voice or his demeanor. He brought us through safely, and, as it seemed, easily. He gave the impression that a hurricane was all in the day's work for him.

On the lecture platform more than once I have told the story of those two captains and have likened the conduct of the second one to that of the Holy Father in the present storm.

And now in the radio address of Pope Pius XII on the 15th of St. Peter and Paul we have seen how the master of his craft who sails the bark of Peter comports himself in an emergency. Not indifferent, of course, not unaware of the seriousness of the situation, but none the less calm, well poised, not crying aloud; he does not wave his hand in gestures of doubt or despair; he doesn't even declare that this is the worst storm that has ever threatened the Church, nor does he predict the end of the world or of civilization.

Quite the contrary. To the surprise and, I suspect, to the scandal of the hysteria-mongers, the Pope has produced a brief masterpiece of philosophy and theology on the subject of Divine Providence. Some newspaper correspondents and commentators could hardly contain their disappointment. They had predicted a speech on the subject of the Nazi-Soviet clash, and I dare say they expected that the Holy Father would now at last take sides, and attempt to tell the world just where lies the fault and to whom, first of all, are to attribute blame for the present disturbance.

But the Pope avoided the use of flames. You will not so much as find the word Stalin or Hitler Ger-

The Will Of My Father.

The will of God is the ruling force of the world. It is enforced in the inanimate things and in the lower forms of life by that series of activities and interrelations which men speak of as natural law. It is enforced in the lives of men by the voluntary and free cooperation that man gives to God's will. Through the very force of their nature, the lower things of creation co-operate with the Law of God, give as it were expression to the Will of God.

Through right use of his free will, man co-operates with the Will of God. Through misuse of that free-will, he can refuse to co-operate, to go along with God, in living his life on earth.

The lesser things of creation shall fall away, man shall remain. Death shall take him from earth, but the final resurrection shall constitute him again as a complete man in the world beyond. According as he has or has not fulfilled the Will of God, his status in that world shall be determined. There are those who think to fool men, and think to fool God also. They speak piously, they profess religious principles, but they do not do the Will of God. God's Will is placed before us in the Gospel of the coming Sunday for our acceptance. If we wish to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, we must make it our work to do the Will of God.

Aluminum For Defense

The Nation's appeal to all its citizens to round-up all available aluminum for defense measures will find Catholic people doing their share to accumulate this needed metal in sufficient quantities from every household, business place and institution.

In various parts of the country the Catholic response is being given wholeheartedly as in every emergency in which this nation finds itself. Bishops, priests, religious and people are lending their support to the campaign.

Our Catholic boy scouts in Rochester will work shoulder to shoulder with their fellow Scouts in making the preliminary inventory of available aluminum in homes and stores outside the downtown area on July 21, 22 and 23. Household and storekeepers will then be ready for the call, on July 24, 25 and 26, for the actual scrap material.

This is a patriotic and essential endeavor which does not call for much effort or sacrifice on the part of our people. Time should be taken out to dig out from those hidden recesses discarded aluminum pans and kettles to have them ready for collection.

In these days the successful army has a well-equipped air-corps. The flyers of the United States should not have inferior fighting equipment because any one of us is too busy or indolent to co-operate with the Government in its first call in the present emergency.

Five Years Ago--

From July 14, 1934, Edition

An article in Cahier, Paris motion picture and radio weekly published under Catholic auspices, warned against the insidious propaganda of the Soviet China. The article stated: "The national industry of the Soviet seems to be propaganda. They have expended much effort, and undoubtedly money, to impose their films on us, and in the end they have succeeded."

Parishians joined in a dual celebration marking the Silver Jubilee of St. Louis Church, Pittsford, and of their pastor, the Rev. Dr. Louis W. Edelman.

"Most outstanding priest in the United States of America insofar as aiding the Home Missions was concerned," wrote the Most Rev. William D. O'Brien, D.D., president of the Catholic Church Society of America and Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago characterizing the late Rev. Francis A. Kuntz in a letter sent to his brother, Charles A. Kuntz, 178 Warner St.

Specifically denouncing any intention of entering the realm of politics and saying "The Church of Cincinnati expresses its preference for political parties, groups of individuals," the Most Rev. John T. Mc Nicholas, O.F.M., Archbishop of Cincinnati addressed a letter to his priests, religious and laity, in which he asked prayers that God would guide the voters of the United States in the November elections.

With 31 vacation schools in operation and more than 1,900 in attendance, a diocesan-wide program in religious training was underway in the rural districts. It was reported by the Rev. John M. Ball of Lima, Director, Rural Life Conference Bureau.

Feast Days

- Monday, July 20 - ST. MARGARET.
- Tuesday, July 21 - ST. PRAEDEXES.
- Tuesday, July 22 - ST. MARY MAGDALEN.
- Wednesday, July 23 - ST. APOLLINARIS.
- Thursday, July 24 - ST. CHRISTINA.
- Friday, July 25 - ST. JAMES.
- Saturday, July 26 - ST. ANNE.

Selected

Lincoln discovered the meaning of patriotism and democracy. He discovered that patriotism is not bands waving or flags flying from windows. It is a living, very holy and very terrible and gives no happiness, but it does give pride. - L. W. Brockington.

Christian every occasion of self-denial as a gift which God bestows on you, that you may be able to meet greater glory in another life, and remember that what can be done today cannot be performed tomorrow, for that part never returns. - St. Athanasius.

Ignace Jan Paderewski

A glorious though tragic figure passed from this world when Ignace Jan Paderewski died. A leader in the artistic field, he charmed audiences over many a year with his mastery of the piano. His concerts carried him into the principal countries of the world, so that he became a world-famous man among men, a man of deep faith, a man of unflinching loyalty to his Church and to his country.

A man of the people, he rose to the highest of his liberated country could offer him. The first Premier of Poland, he refused to see the hopes of his people fulfilled in the throwing off of the yoke of the conqueror. He lived to see the good years for his country, lived to see Poland prosper and develop. Ongoing fate reserved for his closing years the vision of Poland again under the conqueror's heel. From two sides the powerful enemy descended upon a brave little nation, overwhelmed it with mechanized warfare. Its history since that has been one of sorrow and suffering. Its leaders deposed, its people trampled on, its religious freedom abolished, Poland's lot is a hard one. Even to the end, Paderewski labored for his beloved country, spent himself in the effort to bring relief to its citizens. Admired by all he has numbered his last summons an exile from home. With all the honors of the Church his funeral Mass was offered up in St. Patrick's Cathedral by Archbishop Spellman while the United States Government honored him with burial in the National Cemetery at Arlington. May he rest in peace!

Common Bishops' Letter

It was a touching letter that went forth from the Common Bishops recently exhorting their people to stand up for their faith against the attacks of the Nazi government. It was a brave letter! It uttered truths that will be most unpalatable to Hitler and his lackeys.

It may be too busy at present to give the letter the attention he would give it in the past. Where he not preoccupied with the duties of his office, he would most assuredly show his hatred of the Catholic Church to go to further lengths than it has done.

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Sad Little Nursery Rhyme

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

In the particular section of the country I was visiting I found side by side the Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Presbyterian and Christian Reformed and the Dutch Reformed Presbyterian not to mention a dozen other Protestant sects.

As I listened to the explanation of their historic origin, sort of nursery rhyme chant began to beat in my head. It was the story of the actual grandfathers of the Presbyterian Church that was founded to reform the Catholic Church.

This is the Dutch Reformed Presbyterian Church that was founded to reform the Presbyterian Church that was founded to reform the Catholic Church.

And it could, I guess, have gone on indefinitely without much regard for the promise of the founder of the Catholic Church that He would be with His Church until the ending of the world.

Along The Way

Large in the consciousness of most lucky mortals is the memory of a grandfather and a grandmother. Often they were thoroughly delightful persons, and often one thought of "fairly good parents" was but one of the actual grandfathers who added to the deepest joys of youth.

Parents are inclined to think that children are spoiled by grandparents. Grandmother has a way of slipping punished Willy an appealing coin that makes the punishment almost a joy. Grandfather, on the other hand, is usually a very young woman, in spite of the fact that her children regard her as old and tottering. She has very little experience. Perhaps little Johnny or Clara is her first and we do a lot of fumbling when she is first concerned. In fact, an author's first novel is usually a pretty poor product, because that for which later on he feels embarrassed shame. As for Dad, the children are born at a time in his life when he is struggling furiously with the necessities of existence and much as he loves his children, they are a bit of a burden to him, that holds his nose that much closer to the grindstone.

God's Track In Arctic

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

Before the search party returns a messenger brings to the Catholic missionary of the Indian village which has furnished their guide, bearing Sir Edward to come as quickly as possible to help relieve the starvation and lethargy which lay like a blight of despair on the impoverished Indians. They had lost their morale and nothing seemed able to help them gain it back.

The hard work of this new task and the exposure to the diseased Indians would be a positive threat to Sir Edward's restored health. Should he say no and go back to his home and his host of friends or yes, and stake all for the sake of a few stupid Indians?

His answer is the thrilling climax of the story. The outcome is strangely but beautifully told—in two letters, one a report from a Northwest Mounted Policeman to headquarters, the other from Father Duplessis, the missionary of the Indian Village. It is with the latter that the story comes to its satisfying close, assuring the reader that Sir Edward had found his soul in his adventurous search.

This is as fine an adventure as you would want to read during the heat of the dog-days. It abounds in action, color, and atmosphere. At the same time, it is more deeply satisfying because of its spiritual overtones, for the greater adventure of all is the search a man makes to find himself.

I saw the author of this book five years ago—from a great distance. I was passing through Victoria, Canada, on a day when they were holding some occasion of state. All the government buildings of that beautiful city were in full panoply, and a grand military parade, brave with Scottish pipes and drums, heightened the gala mood. I quizzed a bystander, and was told that the Lieutenant Governor of Canada was on an official visit.

I was thrilled, because I remembered that that was John E. Buchanan, Lord Tweedmouth, famous author and statesman, and now I did, though it was from afar, as he descended the half a hundred steps of the State building together with his wife and the government officers.

It was a high moment for me and I thought of it often as I read Mountain Meadow. For we are being told that Sir Edward Lettich is the autobiographical ego of John Buchanan; which means, in a way, that we have here the spiritual testament, grand, and noble, and close to the spirit of the Catholic Church, of one of the leading men of our times, who wanted the world to know his way to peace out of the chaos and certain death it is now facing.

(Mountain Meadow is one of the books of the Catholic Evidence Library.)

Which School For Your Child?

Some parents have no choice in sending their children to school. They live in communities where religious education has been abolished in whole or in part. Or they live in small communities where there are not enough Catholics to support a school. They are themselves the victims of circumstances over which they have no control. They send their sons and daughters to the public schools because they have no other choice.

Many indeed is the plight of these children. Many of them would give anything to receive Catholic education for their little souls. They realize the limited and defective education offered them, and they strive to make up for it as best they can through training in the public schools and in the home. But this is not available in the public schools, and in the larger cities they are often the victims of the absence of religious training, the absence of religious training, the absence of religious training.

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