

Catholic Courier

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With the Approbation of the MOST REVEREND JAMES EDWARD KEARNEY, D.D. Bishop of Rochester

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 a brief slogan: "The CATHOLIC COURIER in every Catholic home."

JAMES E. KEARNEY, Bishop of Rochester.

MY COUNTRY FIRST!

There can be no doubt now on the importance of this slogan in the life of every true American. Every human interest must give way to the protection and preservation of the United States in her hour of peril. Personal ambition, selfish striving, interests that are usually primary, must take a back seat; while patriotic action, all-out war service, national interests, must be to the front. My country first!

Labor and capital must be united to make industry serve the nation to its utmost efficiency. The worker who uses the emergency to force unjust concessions, is not helping; the employer who feels now is the time to steal away all that labor has gained, is not helping. The man who chooses to strike when a strike is bound to hurt his country, is not helping. The employer who chooses to deny labor just wages and conditions, is not helping. When such strikers are called up for induction into the army, the employers should be included in the call. Right-minded workers, right-minded employers, will be anxious to preserve labor-peace by the generous recognition they manifest to the just claims of one another. Behind all this will be the motto common to each—"My country first!"

Greed can not help. A constant effort on the part of the haves to lay an impossible burden on the have-nots, is not helpful. Secretary Morgenthau is to be commended for his reply to those who insist on the poor paying a greater tax, who demand the abolition of all exemptions. The single man with his exemption of \$750.00, the married man with his exemption of \$1500.00, are already paying the government \$17.3% and 16.7% respectively in taxes. The burden on the well-to-do, on men of large income is heavy; the burden on the poor is heavier. There will be no unreasonable protests by poor or rich against paying out war-costs, where the slogan is—"My country first!"

Side-issues can not help. America allows everyone his own ideas on liquor-control. Many still long for the return of the "noble experiment" of Prohibition, no longer an experiment and never entirely noble in its origins, its ways and means, its effects. Love of truth and love of country will lead sincere days to avoid any use of the present emergency except for the main issue, victory. "My country first!"

Hoarding of supplies, whispering of rumors, unjust raising of prices, spreading of propaganda, seeking of personal or partisan or political advantage, are off the program of everyone who says: "my country first!"

WHO LET THEM IN?

The Quiz was on. The distinguished old gentleman had been affronted in the very midst of his talk, affronted by one who had not read the three-volume set on Irish history, and therefore knew nothing of the subject. The affront took the form of a categorical denial of whole paragraphs on ancient heroes and their exploits which the old scholar had just spoken to an attentive group at Clary's store. It was followed up by a challenge by the affronted, a challenge to propose any question on Irish History which he could not answer.

So, the quiz was on! Out popped the fatal question, a hard one, one to trip the boaster, to put him in his place: "Who drove the Dames out of Ireland?" The instant response of the boaster broke up the meeting; it did not answer the question, but stopped the proceedings at once. With a flash of his eye, and a wave of his finger, the boaster responded: "Who let them in?"

All this apropos of Mr. Rugg's books. They were in our public school libraries; they have been taken out. Interested citizens have asked the School authorities to declare publicly why they were taken out. It occurs to us that a fair question might be why they were let in. If those who felt the books were not conducive to respect for our country and its government, and who asked for their removal, are to be considered a "Pressure Group": what shall we call the persons who asked to have them accepted for the perusal of our children, despite their objectionable contents? There was some publicity connected with expensive activities of the "Pressure Group": the earlier group worked silently, but effectively. First response of the school authorities to the "Pressure Group," was that no harm was being done by the books because there was little or no use of them: even poison is ineffective unless used. Then the books were removed.

Now, if the School authorities are to respond to the question—"Who drove these Rugg books out?"; we beg the right to ask that they respond to another question, equally apropos—"Who let them in?"

ST. PATRICK

1500 years is a long time. It is three fourths of the Christian Era, it is one fourth of the age of recorded history of the world. The millions who lived then have been forgotten: only a name or two remain. More and more shadowy become the personality and the life record of even the one or two; they fade with the passing of the years.

Not so with St. Patrick! Fifteen hundred and ten years ago he began his career. From youth to old age he labored in the Emerald Isle. Blessings from Heaven went with him to the Irish. The Faith of Christ fell from his lips upon responsive ears, the love of Mary went from his apostolic heart into the hearts of his converts. He went into a pagan nation, he departed in death from a nation all Christian.

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QUERIES and REPLIES

Luck Charms — Anything Wrong With Them?

Amulets and charms of all kinds are as old as humanity. The idea underlying their use is always the same. Luck or good fortune is supposed to be linked to them. The oldest amulet is probably the scarab of the Egyptians. It is found in great numbers along the Nile as the rabbit's foot is today along the Mississippi.

The farther men are away from Christianity and the less they believe in the Sacraments and sacramentals of the Church, the more fascination do trinkets of this nature seem to possess.

One has only to enter a jeweler's shop to realize what a hold superstitions of this nature have on the minds of unbelieving millions today. Strange as it may seem, it is precisely in the upper and cultivated classes that superstitious practices find a fertile field. The wearing of a luck charm is nothing less than a form of superstition. St. John Chrysostom denounced the use of amulets as a species of idolatry, while the Council of Laodicea made the penalty for wearing such charms excommunication from the Church (can. 30). (From the pen of Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Defenders of the Faith, Conception, Missouri.)

Another reason for matrimony's failure "Why should I try to be entertaining and charming? We're married now." Plainfield (N. J.) "Courier-News."

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY



THE MOST COSTLY ALTAR EVER CONSTRUCTED STOOD IN SANCTA SOPHIA'S CHURCH, CONSTANTINOPLE, BEFORE THE TURKISH SEIZURE. IT WAS MADE FROM EVERY KNOWN PRECIOUS SUBSTANCE ON LAND OR SEA.

A statue of OUR LADY is used as a monstrance in certain CISTERCIAN churches in France.

Instead of the SINGLE MISSAL used at MASS in the WESTERN CHURCH, the Greeks employ 18 SEPARATE BOOKS and other Orientals many more.

MISSOURI HAS A TOWN NAMED FOR ST. PATRICK. THOUSANDS OF LETTERS ARE SENT THERE POSTMARKED ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Along The Way

Father Michael Kenny

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

Any Catholic who has kept even slightly abreast of the times recognizes at once the name of the famous Jesuit, Father Michael Kenny. For years he was on the staff of "America." Then he was deep in the heart of the fight against the communistic-atheism of Mexico and contributed some of the most convincing books and pamphlets written on the subject. His history of southern Catholic culture is famous. He is most important on the preliminaries for the beatification of the martyrs who died in Florida long before the United States were thought of. Right now he is on the faculty of Spring Hill College, and at work not on one but on two books.

Father Kenny, with his still black hair and his bushy eyebrows, is a living proof of the value of exercise. Each afternoon, no matter what the state of the weather, he goes to the brink of the quarter-mile wide lake on the Spring Hill Campus, does setting up exercises, plunges into the water (even when the temperature of the air is in the low thirties), swims across the lake and back again, does more exercises, and then dogtrotts back to his desk and his work.

You see, the amazing fact is that Father Kenny is a young man, who has spent only fifty-five years as a Jesuit and who has seen his seventy-eighth birthday.

Irish Blood

But Father Kenny came from Tipperary, and that may explain a lot. Said he to me, "Were your parents by any chance Irish?"

Said I, in due humility as to one who could claim an unalloyed Irish ancestry, "My Mother's Mother came from Ireland."

"I'm glad," he retorted, "that you didn't say you are part Irish. There is no such thing as a part-Irishman. Irish blood is like a very strong chemical. Take a glass of water; into it, pour a few drops of a very strong chemical; the whole glass is permeated with the chemical; you hardly notice the water at all. . . . that is, if the water is good. So it is with the Irish blood. Take the blood of any other nation, no matter how much the quantity; pour into it a few drops of Irish blood; and that Irish blood dominates and permeates the other blood completely. . . . that is, if the blood is good."

So that makes a lot of us who thought of ourselves as partly Irish the genuine article. Which is very consoling and reassuring.

Travelling Today

The war has brought a lot of

people back to the trains and the streetcars we travellers had not seen for a long time. It is my fate with fair frequency (never having had the use of an auto), to ride a particularly plebeian car line along the road flanked by brick kilns and steel foundries. For the first time I saw on it the other day a woman in a full length mink coat coming from the fashionable suburbs. She would have been handsome except that her face was washed free of all expression, held in a sort of aloof uninterestedness that seems to be the mark of the fashionable.

And the railroads? I can recall a day when I seem to be supporting the railroads almost single-handed. On occasion I have travelled in a Pullman for an entire day without another passenger to be interrupted or disturbed by no portable typewriter. But not these days. All the loweres and all the uppers are gone and not to soldiers necessarily. Even when just civilians are travelling, the cars are jam-packed — Pullmans and coaches alike, with the ticket agents shaking regretful heads when you ask for the privilege of riding their roads.

The salesmen have put away their autos and returned to the trains. "Old friends I've not seen in years," the veteran ticket seller told me, "are turning up again." Saving tires, of course. Youngsters who never had been on a railroad train, now wander through looking in amazement at the equipment.

Across from me the other evening I heard two men interchanging comments between an upper and a lower berth. The Pullman was airconditioned, of course, but one of them was trying to raise the sealed Pullman window. Finally his companion in the upper said, "Here's a jack." And believe it or not, he got the window open. And this in mid-winter. I wondered how soon before he froze stiff—or discovered the ventilating system in his berth. "Hicks," I thought dismaying them — only to find in the morning that the man in the lower was a first lieutenant. Probably, though, he'd never been on a train before.

Just Signs

I happen to notice them from the Cottage Grove Avenue street car in Chicago: On a colored restaurant, "Chicken Shack—Kill 'em and eat 'em. (One-way NOT to get me into a restaurant.)"

In large letters on the window of a store: "The Greatest Spiritual Adviser in the World." (What picks the rest of us seen by comparison.)

Diocesan Recordings

Deeds of valor by the Irish and those of Irish descent will be more in the mind this year as the Feast Day of the great Saint and Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, is observed at various points in the Diocese. The religious observance of the day will be appropriately opened at St. Patrick's Church, Rochester, where His Excellency, Bishop Kearney, will pontificate. Organizations composed entirely of members of Irish descent, or those with sufficient members of Irish blood to mark the day, will gather in appointed places to give honor to the man who by his courage set the example for the "Fighting Irish" everywhere. The best part of that appellation, the "Fighting Irish," which has become associated with athletic teams is that it also connotes fair fighting and fighting for the right. As St. Patrick is honored, this year, may his influence be spread throughout the United Nations' forces so that victory will be achieved by the daring and determination to overcome evil threatening the world which will be characteristic of our fighting forces.

Women in the War Effort. Our Catholic women's organizations are not by any means behind other women in the country in lending their full efforts to the war program. The National Council of Catholic Women with which most of the Catholic women's organizations are affiliated and with 65 diocesan councils has prepared a broad program for participation of the nation's Catholic women in volunteer war work. The program is contained in two memoranda, "The Role of the N. C. W. in Volunteer Wartime Activities" and "A List of Suggested Volunteer Wartime Activities for Catholic Women's Groups." The Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, nationwide fraternal insurance group purchased last week the staggering sum of \$1,250,000 in United States Bonds to help the war work. The Catholic Daughters of America not only call upon their 200,000 Catholic women to renew and strengthen their defense contribution through material means and "human service," but also urge "spiritual upliftment of hearts and souls during this most terrific crisis." These are highlights in what the Catholic women's organizations are doing. Catholic women are joining in the Red Cross work, donating blood, entering upon the other programs of defense and many are giving their sons for the defense of this country.