

Catholic Courier

VOLUME XIV MAY 7, 1942 NUMBER 19

Official Newspaper of the Rochester Diocese
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.

SILVER JUBILEE OF PIUS XII

Wednesday of the coming week will mark the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the consecration as a Bishop of our Supreme Ruling Pontiff. With solemn ceremonial the Bishop of the Diocese will officiate at the Pro-Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, offering up for and with his people the Pontifical Mass asking God's blessing on the Jubilarian and thanking God for the blessings his Twenty-Five years as a member of the Hierarchy have brought to the Church.

Eugenio Pacelli entered into the episcopate when the 1st World War was at its height. He entered into the Chair of Peter just as the 2nd World War was about to begin. May we hope that the name, Pacelli, with its reference to Peace, may betoken an early end of the present war with the forces of right and decency guaranteeing under God a peace that will be real and lasting. Twenty-five years of service to the Church have been spent in the midst of a world steeped in bloodshed. May the years ahead bring to Our Holy Father the experience of a world blessed with peace!

Throughout the diocese, priests and people will make the Holy Sacrifice the center of their participation in the Jubilee of the Holy Father. Prayers will go up to Christ on the altar to bless His Vicar on Earth, to answer his prayers for peace, to make his Pontificate in the years ahead most fruitful in spiritual and material blessings on all mankind.

What a happy retrospect this Jubilee affords of a life in all things dedicated to the fulfillment of the will of God in the service of all men! Eager striving to answer the vocation God gave him led the young Eugenio Pacelli to the altar: solid piety with learning and native gifts of mind and heart gave power to the priestly spirit that ruled his every act. The fullness of the Priesthood offered him larger fields for his endeavors: as a Bishop he served His Church at home and abroad with a zeal matched only by his recognized ability. Years of service to Pope Pius XI as Secretary of State gave him a unique preparation to be his successor as Pope Pius XII.

Mindful of God's goodness in giving us for these trying times a Pontiff of the stature of Pius XII, mindful of the great burden Our Holy Father is bearing so patiently and so efficiently, mindful of the place his influence and his personality must have in bringing peace to the world, we offer up our Jubilee Prayers that God's choicest blessings may rest on him for the years that are to come.

THE COMMUNITY-WAR CHEST

The Campaign of the Community War Chest for the year 1942 will call for the loyal and earnest support of every loyal citizen. It was in Rochester that the first War Chest raised funds for pressing needs of a charitable nature more than a score of years ago: it was Rochester that showed other cities how to maintain all its benefits in the Community Chest that followed. Each year has found the orderly, efficient, preparation of the budgets of all our institutions of charity and mercy and character-building: the assignment to each of the amount needed to meet its deficit, incurred in serving the sick, the needy, the orphan, the aged, the youth, of our city: the collection of the amount set as a goal.

1942 finds the Chest adding to its local interests the appeals that have to do with the war. The Red Cross and kindred organizations to help our soldiers and sailors, to help those suffering from the war, have made their needs known to the Chest: those needs will be met by the amounts specified, the raising of these amounts being assumed by the Chest as part of its 1942 Campaign. Every giver this year will be mindful of the necessity of adding to his ordinary gift an adequate increase to care for these special wartime obligations. The Community War Chest will bring blessings to many thousands in need at home and away from home through the money it will raise in the current Campaign: it will bring to thousands of givers the blessed assurance of efficient collecting and handling of their gifts at a minimum of expense with a maximum of assistance to those in need. All will rally to the appeal of this year, 1942, to put the Campaign way over the top.

FEAST OF THE ASCENSION

The approaching Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord into Heaven stirs our minds and our hearts to a consideration of all that this Feast means to us. It marks the completion of Our Lord's career here on earth: it is the consummation of that earthly life that began with the Annunciation, that appeared to men on Christmas Day, that entered into public ministry on the occasion of the Marriage Feast of Cana, that was lived with the Apostles and the people of the Holy Land for three years, that went down to death on Good Friday, that arose in glory on Easter, that remained another forty days until its final departure on Ascension Thursday.

The completion of the earthly life of Our Lord is the great theme of Ascension Thursday. But there are other mysteries connected with this great feast, all connected with the salvation of individuals and of the children of the Church at large. It meant joy to the souls in Limbo who on this day entered with the Risen Saviour into Heaven: all the just of the Old Law from the earliest members of the race down to St. Joseph, St. Anna, St. Joachim, the Good Thief: Jesus, Christ and His followers, the first fruits of the dead. It meant joy to all Christians, for Christ on Ascension Day went to prepare a place for each

(Continued on Page 10)



"GIVE FOR BOTH"—Expressing the 1942 Appeal for the Community and War Chest Fund.

Along The Way

Doubt Regarding Mothers

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

I thought of my Mother and her fastidious taste in girls as I looked at the picture in the paper. My Mother had a lot of ideals for young women. She loved them, but only when they approached the ideals.

In the picture an Irish tenor is singing to a brace of chorines. Let's put it this way, they are casually clad. Says the caption, "He is singing to them, 'My Mother Would Have Loved You.' My Mother wouldn't."

Discipline a la Mode

The little youngster with the indulgent parents was climbing around on the seat of the car. Finally he reached up to play with the thermostat upon which depended the comfort of the entire car and with which the porter had been dealing in studied carefulness.

The mother looked up remonstratingly. "Don't touch that, my dear," she said, and I nodded approval at this regard for the comfort of the passengers. "You might stretch too far and fall and hurt yourself."

One Way To Conserve Transportation

I'm not one to give advice to organizations that I think are already doing a good job, as the railroads certainly are. But it has been occurring to me that since transportation has become a problem and the trains are jammed in all directions one expedient might give them a little more elbow room. I suggest their keeping drunks off the trains, whether coach or Pullmans.

On my Omaha-bound train, were three of them two extremely well dressed business men one a young fellow with matched luggage, but in a drunken state that made it difficult to tell what he looked like. The two business men got on in a state of high hilarity, they yelled and laughed and staggered through the aisle, barging into everyone, endangering their own life and limb and those of their sober fellow passengers.

The two of them sat opposite me in the dining car. They were too drunk to order and they kept yelling at the half frightened waiter demanding to know where their hats were, their brief cases, their coats, all of which had been stacked carefully on the chair beside them. Finally the waiter managed to get an order from them and served them their dinner. I heard a crash, looked over, and one of the drunks had dropped his sodden head into the soup that had been placed before him, emerging with noodles and tomato on his nose. He fell asleep all through his attempt at a meal while his friend in a loud voice demanded that he sit up and pushed him unsteadily across the table.

It was later that I saw a brake-

man almost carrying the younger man back to his berth, too helplessly, blind drunk to navigate under his own power.

Everyone on the train was made uncomfortable by these three inexcusable inebriates. The road ran a fine risk of having them plunged to a serious accident. Their loud talk kept sleepy travelers awake. Their rotten manners spoiled the dinner of everyone in the dining car. And all this at a time when national transportation is being taxed to capacity anyhow.

I understand that railroads can keep drunks off its rolling stock if it's a fine idea if they do.

No Samaritan

My young friend, Bob Shippen, was travelling back from a game when on the bus before him he noticed a youngster of about ten seated beside an elderly gentleman who just happened to have the place. No relation, that is. The boy had a cold, and the old gentleman was nervous and a bit on the pompous side.

Quietly he leaned over to the boy.

"My young man," he asked, "have you a handkerchief?"

"I certainly have," the youngster replied, "but I ain't lending it to nobody."

Truth Or Troth?

The headline in the paper under the picture of the young lady rather startled me. "Troth told at Cocktail Party," ran the caption. For a moment I thought it had said "Truth told at Cocktail Party," which after all was probably what also happened.

Charity

Why do you gather?
Why do you give?
Why do you worry?
Why do you slave?
All is futile,
All is vain
There is no profit,
There is no gain
Unless it's done for CHARITY
IN JESUS' NAME.

—Mrs. Chas. Henzel
in The Brooklyn Tablet

Feast Days

- Sunday, May 10—ST. ANTHONY'S.
- Monday, May 11—ST. FRANCIS GIORGI.
- Tuesday, May 12—ST. NEREUS AND COMPANIONS.
- Wednesday, May 13—ST. ROBERT BELLARMINI.
- Thursday, May 14—ASCENSION THURSDAY.
- Friday, May 15—ST. JOHN LA SALLE.
- Saturday, May 16—ST. JOHN NEPOMUCEN.

QUERIES and REPLIES

We Don't Need Religion. Reason can tell us all the truths of the spiritual and moral order that we need to know.

If what you say is true why were all the peoples of the ancient world, with a possible exception of the Jewish nation, afflicted with every form of superstition and given to all manner of idolatry—and this not merely among the ignorant and unlearned but among all classes of society from the Ruler to the rudest slave.

Cultured Roman and crafty Greek and all mankind were wholly engulfed in immorality and religious absurdity before the Coming of Christ. Man had fallen so low as to become a god unto himself, living only for every gratification within his reach, guided only by passion and lust, and justifying it all as the dictate of reason and the example of the gods and goddesses he himself had set up.

In matters of religion, free thinking leads to free living and not to God. Freedom of thought is no guarantee of conduct guided by truth. Such is the plain verdict of history as any man may verify for himself. Human nature undergoes no radical change through the centuries. What was true in the days of old is just as true today.—(From the pen of Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Defenders of the Faith, Conception, Missouri.)

'Private' Notes

(Editor's Note — "Diocesan Recordings" space is being given this week to the soldier who wrote the letter below.)

Hello Doc.

It was Sunday morning again and yet not just another Sunday morning. It was quiet when I awoke. There were no bugles blowing, no whistles screaming, run, hurry, run. It was queer, this quiet and then I remembered, it was Sunday. I haven't been a good Christian lately, there have been too many mornings of lying abed and saying, "Well, I'll go next Sunday," but this morning, something in the stillness about me, something in the humble grey of the dawn struck an appealing note and I wanted to go to church. I wanted to feel clean and good. I wanted to pray, simply, to ask for help and to say, "Thanks, for keeping me well."

It was no great cathedral, our church, not even a quaint or pretty chapel. No grand chorus swelled the glories of "Te Deum" in the morning air. No, nothing like that. Here was the open field with its carpet of dusty sand and trampled broken weeds and at one end, our altar, a small, rough table of raw and knotty pine. A clean, white sheet served as altar cloth and on there rested the simple elements of everlasting life, the bread and wine which were to be the body and blood of Jesus Christ. There were no solid, respectable pews with their small, white place cards and neatly typed names, not even crude benches, but I was glad to take my place with the group that knelt humbly in the sand. They were good men who knelt in the dim morning light. Men, who might bellow and curse all week long were silent now. Men who were bosses, whose word was law and whose very breath was unimpeachable. They were little men too, with little dreams and little voices but here under the bond of one common roof and one faith they were just men. People who came to pray and ask for help even as I. Regardless of what I might feel during the sometimes fearful monotony of an army week, I was glad to be with them here.

Our priest was a small man with a carrot top, who might have been amusing except that he was too wise a servant to be taken lightly. He spoke a simple language that all might understand and his logic and understanding coupled with a deep seated reverence for God, gave us the determination to try another time to live that old cliché of a better and fuller life.

I'm glad I went to Church, Doc. Nothing in this time and life has given me the goodness of well being and renewed faith as this morning's Mass in the field.

—Pvt. Bill Deagler.

Holy in the midst of occupation, they perished in idleness.—St. Augustine.