

Catholic Courier

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Official Newspaper of The Rochester Diocese
With the Approval 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.

THE BISHOPS' WAR-RELIEF COLLECTION

Sunday July 26, is set for the Collection for the Bishops' War Relief Fund. This Fund is gathered together and administered by all the Bishops of the United States. It is a fund on which they draw to meet appeals for relief that come from all parts of the world at war. The thought behind the Fund is the same as the thought behind the Community Chest: better one annual appeal to meet all needs than a new appeal for each newly presented need.

This is an emergency need, and it remains as an emergency as long as the war continues. The collection is likewise an emergency collection. The response to the appeal should be worthy of the emergency that prompts it.

This War Emergency and Relief Collection calls for the support of every Catholic. Our brethren call out to us for the help that we alone can give. The charity of Christ dwelling in our hearts impels us to hear their call and to answer it by our practical generosity, by our ready response with a money contribution to the cause.

The Administrative Board of Bishops in Washington administer the Fund. They answer calls for relief that could have no adequate answer elsewhere. They remember the forgotten man and woman, the refugee, the exile, the Americans who are held captive in the Far East, the sufferers in and about Honolulu, the religious driven out of their convents, the priests exiled from their churches and compelled to wander as men without a country on the face of the earth.

Perhaps a strong motive to make our gift to this emergency cause significant is the fact that we have suffered little of the woes of war, while our brethren abroad have been victims almost from the start. Our charity should be a prayer ascending to heaven for protection of our homes from desolation, our dear ones from harm. Let us do all we can for the homeless, the exiled, the refugee, the dispossessed clergy and Sisters, our brethren who need our help, by the contribution we make this Sunday to the WAR EMERGENCY AND RELIEF COLLECTION!

A GOLDEN JUBILEE

The Golden Jubilee of Rev. Owen McGuire, D.D., is a significant occurrence to Bishop and clergy and laity. It has a special meaning for the COURIER because the Jubilarian has been a regular staff contributor to our paper for several years.

Only a few among the clergy can go back as far as Dr. McGuire in years of ordination. A larger number recall with appreciation his all-too-short career as a Professor on the original faculty of St. Bernard's Seminary. Gifts of mind far above the ordinary attracted Bishop McQuaid's attention to the young priest of fifty years ago, and led him to assign him as a Professor to the new St. Bernard's. His studies abroad secured for him the acclaim of his teachers. Native ability added to intensive training gave Bishop McQuaid a Professor whom he rated as most gifted on St. Bernard's Faculty. A long teaching career with infinite possibilities now opened before Doctor McGuire.

But persistent illness soon forced him to withdraw from active teaching, bringing his professional career to an untimely end. Long years of sickness found Dr. McGuire an exile from home and country and friends. In the far-away Canary Islands, he patiently carried his cross. The same fine courage that bore him up in these painful years, finally led him even as he neared his seventieth year, to seek again his home shores. Years could not daunt the youthful spirit that had accumulated so great a store of learned lore in years of residence abroad, from placing the results before his followers, both of the Church and of other faiths. In lectures and in national publications as well as in the COURIER, Dr. McGuire has been a constant teacher of his public.

On the coming Sunday, July 26, the learned Doctor and revered Jubilarian, will observe his 50th year of Priesthood in a religious retreat secluded from the busy haunts of men. May St. Anne be with him as his thoughts review the fifty years of sacrifice to which the great High Priest dedicated his sacerdotal career! May God's blessing be with him in the years of usefulness that still lie ahead. Ad Multos Annos.

GOOD ST. ANNE! PRAY FOR US!

One of the last of the Saints of the Old Law, one who viewed from a high vantage point the dawning graces of the New Law, St. Anne has been a dear Patron to thousands of Catholics in every community down through the years. With holy Joachim, she held a most conspicuous place in God's plans for the coming of the Redeemer. She was close to Mary, closer than the ordinary mother is to her daughter. She alone among all the mothers of earth had the privilege of hearing a daughter in whom the fulness of grace excluded every vestige of sin even from her conception. Perhaps St. Anne did not know fully what God had in store for Mary; perhaps she did not know the extent of her sanctity. But surely she did know that there was in the little babe whom she called Mary a sweetness that was not of this earth, a sanctity that savoured of heaven.

Anne with Joachim mourned that a child had not blessed their marriage. Anne with Joachim prayed that such a blessing might be

(Continued on Page 19)

Along The Way

Speaking of Waiters

By REV. DANIEL A. LOND, S.I.

In the manuscript I was reading over I came across a sentence which started, "Even if your work in life is only that of a waiter..."

It brought me up short, with the sudden realization that one of my "smoking" admirations is for waiters and the nice, kind, motherly waitresses who take you in hand and envelop you with maternal interest while they serve you especially garished food.

I'm thinking of one who long years ago, when I was a very young priest served me in a railroad station.

"Good morning, Father," she began, with a slight touch of brogue "and I'm right in calling you Father, ain't I?" I assured her that she was. "So many ministers," she continued, "seem to wear your Roman collar these days. Now what will you have for breakfast, and eat a good breakfast, Father, for you've a hard day ahead of you. I'm sure of that." It was not a prophecy of ill that she meant, but a commiseration of what she evidently regarded as my very *de* boring life.

So I ordered an unwontedly large breakfast under her gentle prodding, but when I mentioned both a waffle and toast, she smiled deprecatingly and shook her head.

"Not toast and waffle, Father, they're too much alike. Either toast or a waffle. One's enough."

Then when I tipped her, she paid no attention, but with a very Catholic smile she said, "I'll be happy if you remember me in your Mass."

But what career more humane and hospitable than that of serving food? I'm thinking back to some of the great waiters of history, the patriarch who served angels visiting him disguised, and the lovely long tradition of the Old Testament when any traveler who arrived at a house was served by the master and mistress as an honored guest.

Among the Greeks, if my scant knowledge of antiquity plays me fair, the younger children of the family waited upon the guests, and considered it a privilege, and didn't the Benedictines make service of the hungry guest part of their noble tradition?

As a matter of fact, there aren't many people in the world who are more charming and gracious than waiters. You practically never meet any but smiling Negroes waiting on the tables in railroad diners. If you'll give a waiter half a chance, you'll find out what a human fellow he is. I'm thinking of Mooney, bless his Irish soul, in Rosoff's in the Times Square district, and the good German waiter who cared for me recently at Kolb's in New Orleans, and al-

most any Italian waiter anywhere who serves you spaghetti as if it were ambrosia and looks as if with slight provocation, he would burst into a Verdi aria.

Waiters stand a good chance of being my favorite people, and unless a waitress is outstandingly and hence vividly beautiful, she is likely to have the readiest smile in the world and a patience and human understanding that makes most other women crosspatches.

I've never been able to get enthusiastic about cafeterias... maybe because I'm baffled by the array of food that tempts me far beyond the limits of good common sense and prudence... maybe because I usually take my food from the first counter only to find what I really should have liked far down the steam table... maybe because I think waiters are such thoroughly delightful people.

Wasn't it, with all respect, the dear Lord who said of Himself: "Which is the greater, he that sits at table or he that serveth? But behold I am among you as one that serveth." Which would make a lovely slogan for a wonderfully human profession.

High Pressure

The priest in the small resort town gave his annual sermon on the coal collection. And as he did, he looked hopefully at the summer visitors who were the support of his poor little mission when the winter cut his congregation to strugglingly poor farmers.

As he drew his sermon to a close a figure came up the aisle.

"Father," he said, speaking right out in church "you don't know how to get money out of these people. Let me talk to 'em." And talk to them he did with such eloquence and vehemence that they turned in the rather staggering and certainly unprecedented sum of \$1,200.

The priest sought out his unknown salesman "May I ask your name?" he said.

"Certainly," replied the stranger "Mayor Hague of Jersey City."

Sense of Proportion

The newsboy in the big central terminal was shouting his papers. Their headlines screamed the war the English pushed around in North Africa, the Red being pounded at key points.

But with that fine American sense of proportion, the newsboy was crying, "Extra Extra! Complete box scores of the ball games."

Let's have no censorship to conceal official acts. It's always easier to behave if you know the neighbors are watching. New Britain "Herald."

Diocesan Recordings

Reading the ga-rattening orders for Rochester and through the open window comes the plaintive notes of one of those musical automobile horns sounding out "How dry I am."

A welcome visitor to this office, last week was our old friend Jim Hall of Toledo, who had a story of what is being done in his parish for the boys in the service. Jim, who lived in Rochester at the time of the last war, is a member of the Veterans' Club of his parish. The veterans got together and decided to do something for the young men of the parish now entering the armed forces. The idea was conceived to buy U. S. War Bonds for the boys and to put them away until the servicemen return so that they will have something to which to look forward.

Smokers and other parties are conducted by the veterans in the parish hall to raise the Bond fund. Each month the veterans go to Holy Communion in a body and invite the parents of the servicemen to go with them.

The American Legion commander elected last Saturday by Monroe County units of the veterans organization, Arthur E. Curran, gives this department another opportunity to mention again the class that entered Notre Dame University in 1912. That was in the days when most of us were working at the school and as the University then was small, there was a stronger bond of friendship developed among classmates. The president of that entering class is now the Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame University. Of that group in Rochester are among others Federal Judge Harold P. Burke, Architect Joseph P. Flynn who designed St. Mary's new hospital, and the writer now succeeding Flynn as Grand Knight of Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus. In the class also was Raymond J. Kelly who last year retired as national Commander of the American Legion and Judge Larry Lajoie, both of Detroit. Curran's election as head of the Monroe County American Legion is hailed because he is a Catholic layman with a sound Catholic background and one who will do credit in the responsible position he has taken with the veterans.

Echoes of the Women's Service Institute bring out the fact that our Catholic women are doing things in this diocese. Particularly mentioned for outstanding service were the women's groups in Elmira, stories from the Institute report. Responding to the appeal of national and diocesan leaders the Auburn women have rallied to the call for volunteer service. Geneva, Corning, and other cities and towns in the diocese, as well as Rochester, report various Catholic women's organizations alert to wartime needs and emergencies. The Institute held in Rochester diocese was the first of its kind. National leaders were outpoken in their praise of Miss Cecilia M. Yawman, diocesan president of the N. C. C. W. and of her deanery presidents and chairmen. The work being done in this diocese by our Catholic women is being watched closely by the national leaders and the ideas gathered here should be helpful in extending the work throughout the country.

QUERIES and REPLIES

The "WHY?" Series

Why Not Be Broadminded in Religion As Well As In Everything Else?

In matters of mere opinion we may and should be broadminded. In matters of fact we must be right-minded if we would be correct. Two and two make four. You cannot admit that two and two make five just to be broadminded. Everything that Christ taught is fact, not opinion. When it comes to the teachings of Christ, therefore, not broadmindedness but right-mindedness is the thing desired.

Mussolini's stooges shout, "Hunger won't lesson our will to fight." But sometimes it points guns the other way. Miami Herald.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

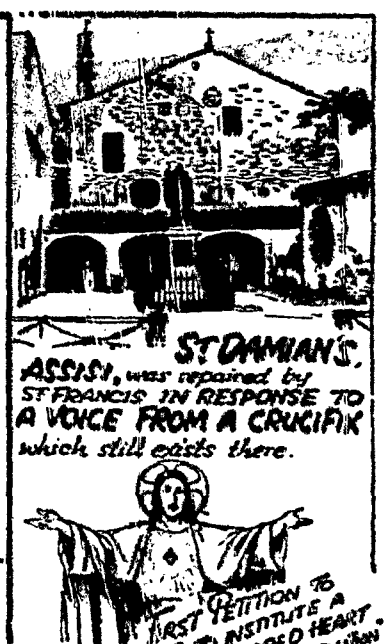
Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

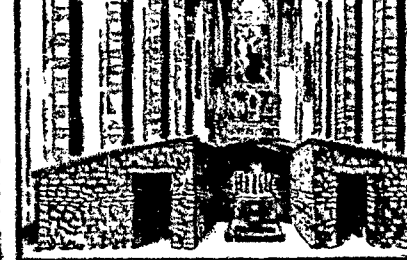
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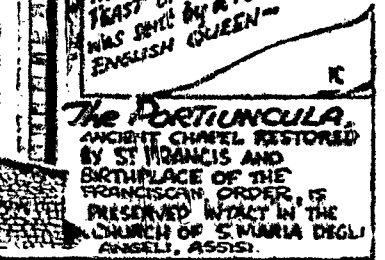
Worthy to be the Gates of Paradise — MICHELANGELO'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BAPTISTERY DOORS, FLORENCE, Ghiberti, was 30 years making them.



ST. DAMIAN'S, ASSISI, was repaired by ST. FRANCIS IN RESPONSE TO A VOICE FROM A CRUCIFIX which still exists there.



THE PORTIUNCULA, ANCIENT CHAPEL RESTORED BY ST. FRANCIS AND BIRTHPLACE OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER, IS PRESERVED INTACT IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI, ASSISI.



FIRST PETITION TO THE POPE TO INSTITUTE A FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART WAS MADE BY AN ENGLISH QUEEN.