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Bishop of Rochester

SCHOOL BELLS RING AGAIN

While Catholic parents are bound in conscience to provide a sound Catholic training for their children, it would seem, in the light of current, happening events, they would find the duty most desirable.

The type of youth developed under the system of godlessness and control by the State has been brought home by the war to parents in nations where religious freedom is the right and privilege. Immorality is not only condoned, it is encouraged in enemy countries. Discipline is by the gun. The youth of totalitarian states is being trained to have all the characteristics and deplorable qualities of the gunman, gangster and racketeer of the prohibition era.

Whereas sound religious training is lacking even the youth in our own country is adding up a prime record unequalled in history.

It is a question of religious influence being inculcated into the boys and girls of today at every given opportunity or of their suffering the materialistic influence which will result in men and women to whom right and wrong are but matters of expediency.

The opportunities offered in our Catholic Schools are clearly defined in the message of the Rev. John M. Duffy, superintendent of Catholic Schools, this diocese, beginning on Page 1, this issue. True discipline, so essential in an age in which all peoples are called upon to do their share in defense of this nation, comes from a proper moral and religious training. Will our parents be blinded to the true value of Christian education? Not at a time like this.

MOST IMPORTANT VICTORY

Triumph of our armed forces on the various fronts is certainly to be acclaimed in this present all out effort to conquer the forces of evil. Behind every victory is another story which is brought out forcibly in a recent letter from U. S. Navy Chaplain John Woloch from the Rochester diocese who witnessed the Battle of Midway engagement.

The significant point in that struggle to overcome the Japanese invaders, Father Woloch declares, "the bravery and spiritual preparedness of our boys."

Victory in that engagement as in all others was shared in by those mothers of strong Christian fortitude who help their sons bear up under fire by their prayers and motherly affection.

A chaplain's views on this particular engagement are well worth pondering. Chaplain Woloch writes of the defenders of Midway:

"Their all important and final message, providentially it appears, was the same. The boys had received the Sunday before, and the last request, if and when they should not return from their impending dangerous mission was: 'Just write my mother, and tell her that I received Holy Communion. I'm sure she'll be glad to know that.' And this has been the simple message that I have been impacting to bereaved, inquiring mothers.

"The loss of their beloved sons was a terrific shock and blow to them, unquestionably, but their replies are exemplifications of a strong faith and complete resignation to the will of God—true, brave Christian Mothers, of heroic, American sons, who laid down their lives that others may live.

"Not one of them, mind you, has complained, or expressed words of despair! These brave Christian mothers are the veritable heroes of the battle of Midway. More power to them, and may God bless them!

"This is my message, these are my observations from the Midway battle. This is the theme I would like to see our papers publicize for the benefit of our people, many of whom, I'm afraid, are still complacent in the false sense of security, failing to realize and appreciate the glaring fact that we are definitely at war, that we are actually, daily, fighting ruthless enemies, and that many young men, in the prime of youth, sons of American mothers, have been and still are, laying down their lives, bravely, unselfishly, that they may live, perhaps continue to live in their smug complacency! God forbid, a rude awakening for them!"

What greater inspiration to achieve ultimate victory can be given than the example of the heroic sons and mothers of whom the zealous Navy chaplain speaks. A hollow victory will result if the conquering of the godless forces arrayed against the United Nations does not result in the victory of Christian practices and Christian principles among men of the world.

Our courageous chaplains and their boys are doing their part in a manner that assures the victory desired.

WORKS BOTH WAYS

There is something to be said on the landlord's behalf in the current discussion about the renting of houses to families with children. The parents, too, have a responsibility.

If a family with children moves into a home or apartment that is owned by another, malicious destruction of that property should not be permitted. The resulting damage from accidental capers and pranks of their children is the parents' responsibility and every effort should be made to keep this damage to a minimum.

When the children are permitted, for instance, to kick in screen doors, or jump around so that ceilings crack, then the landlords are given a strong reason for denying their property to families with children.

It is possible for landlords when considering the application to lease their property to parents with families to make inquiries as to the children and whether the latter have been properly disciplined. To deny all families with children a place to live because of the destructive habits of individual families would be the same as the insurance companies refusing to insure anyone because individuals might turn out to be bad risks.

THE KEYSTONE



Along The Way

QUERIES and REPLIES

Is It Wrong To Dance?

It all depends on the motive behind the dance and the moral dispositions it engenders. A decent dance conducted under proper supervision, a dance that leaves the heart as innocent and unsullied as it found it, and provides opportunity for pleasant association is certainly not a wrong form of amusement.

Few however will gainsay the fact that many of the dances in vogue today are so sensuous and suggestive that sin often is not far away. For this reason it may not be out of place to here set down a few principles governing these matters:

1. Some forms of dancing are gravely sinful in themselves, e. g. those that require close or prolonged pressure of bodies, those that are executed with suggestive movements, those that lead to immodest touches such as in themselves seriously sinful and never permissible.

2. Other types of dancing are not sinful in themselves but may become sinful in one of four ways: (a) if a person dances for a sinful purpose, e. g. for the sake of some sinful satisfaction even though the dance in itself included no actions that were sinful; (b) if a person knew from experience that a certain kind of dancing always or nearly always led him into mortal sin whether during the dance or afterward. In such a case as this the person is bound to refrain from dancing because for him it amounts to a proximate occasion of mortal sin; (c) dancing may be sinful if it is of such a nature as to be a source of real scandal to others; and lastly, (d) dancing may be sinful on the score of disobedience.

Parents and guardians have a right and a duty to know where and with whom those under their charge indulge in this popular pastime. For good reason they may forbid those under their charge to take part in the amusements. (From the pen of Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Defenders of the Faith, Conception, Missouri.)

Feast Days

- Sunday, August 31. — ST. ROSE OF LIMA.
- Monday, August 31. — ST. RAYMUND NONNATUS.
- Tuesday, September 1. — ST. GILES.
- Wednesday, September 2. — ST. STEPHEN, KING.

The Higher Courage

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

The first time I saw Sister Agnesetta was shortly after my ordination. I was visiting a Loretto convent, and the nuns suggested my calling on their "bedridden little saint." I did, and found her so in the captivity of arthritis that she was fairly twisted out of human form. But her face was one sweet, delighted smile. And when I gave her my new priestly blessing, she closed her eyes and I felt it was I who should be kneeling and asking for her hands raised above me.

Well, my ordination was in the summer of 1923, so you see how long ago that is. And Sister Agnesetta just died. In all the intervening years she had suffered with continued and growing agony. Twenty years, almost; two sorrowful mysteries—only they weren't sorrowful to the people who came in contact with this nun whose lot was to suffer for the rest of mankind. When a nun was feeling blue, she called on the invalid and came away happy. What the little patient had said, some sigh of her joy in suffering was enough. When anyone had the feeling of futility about his work, he asked that little cripple to offer it up to God; and any sort of work united with the constant martyrdom of her passion was sure to be accepted by God.

Some people work. Some people pray. Some people suffer. Of the three vocations suffering is far and away the most difficult. But how can we measure the glory that comes to God and the grace that is drawn down upon sinners by the saint who spends not from Holy Thursday to Good Friday afternoon, but a lifetime on the Cross of Calvary?

Conversation Died
Across the streetcar aisle from me was a young man not in uniform. So many young men have the best of reasons for not being in uniform, that few people notice them. But this young man seemed to feel he owed the world an explanation.

More concretely, he was supplying an explanation to the two young ladies in the seat back of him. He had twisted around in the seat he occupied alone, and was talking to them loudly.

"Oh, I suppose I'll be in uniform one of these days. Just a matter of time and I'll be reclassified. Believe me, those fellows in uniforms are the lucky ones. I wish I had one on. In fact, I'd like to be in

action. Do you know whom I envy? I envy the soldiers in Australia. Gosh, it must be fine to be there, seeing action. I wish I was in Australia. Honest I do."

Down the aisle of the car drifted a sergeant. He wasn't one of the big Edmund Lowe type; but a small, studious looking fellow who looked as if he'd won his stripes memorizing the manuals. The only seat was next to the loud explainer, who was just saying:

"Yes, sir, it must be great to be in India or Alaska, a soldier in full . . ."

The sergeant sat beside him. There was a long and very, very noticeable pause.

Then said the young man to the girls back of him in a very quiet voice, "How's your mother?"

Calm Bride-Not-To-Be

Every woman in the world is not mad-crazy to get married, at least not when war romance is now sweeping the earth.

For instance, I recently heard the story of the calmest bride-elect in the world. She was out of school but still returning to her favorite convent for music lessons. One morning as she sat at the piano with her nun teacher beside her, she suddenly looked at her watch.

"Well," she commented, "ten o'clock. I wonder what they're doing."

"Who's doing?" asked the nun, naturally puzzled.

"The bridal party," said the young woman calmly. "I'm supposed to be married this morning at ten o'clock. But I changed my mind. Oh, it was going to be a simple kind of marriage. So they'll all go home when I don't put in an appearance." She focused on the music. "Let's see Sister, where were we?"

And she calmly went on with her music lesson.

It's a true story. Now don't ask me how the groom felt. That's all I know about it.

Who Ever Dies?

The calm conviction we all have that we shall never die is one of the most amusing beliefs. Recently I was told about an old nun who in the fall will reach her century mark. You'd think that at one hundred, one would expect to die fairly soon. Not she. Her superior, a woman in her forties, was sitting beside the old nun's bed. Said the centenarian in a quavery voice:

"When I die and arrive in Heaven, will you come right over and welcome me?"

The superior blinked. The old lady took it for granted that her forty-year old superior would die before her.