

# Catholic Courier

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With the Approval of the  
MOST REVEREND JAMES EDWARD KEARNEY, O.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.

## OUR CATHOLIC PRESS

The Catholic family, the Catholic parish, the Catholic diocese, should speak not just of the Catholic Press, but of OUR Catholic Press. Our Catholic faith calls for a means of expression, for a medium of growth and development.

There is a receiving and a contributing side to interest in the Catholic Press. The Church is the greatest teaching body in the world, founded by Christ to teach all men; in the world at large, in the diocese, in the parish, in the home, it must teach Christ and Him crucified. It uses the supernatural power of Christ, the fire of the Holy Spirit, the omnipotence of the Father, as its teaching; it uses the natural riches at hand, the scholastic arts of language, rhetoric, oratory, the spoken and the written and the printed and the radio message.

Pope and Bishop and Priest have spoken of the essential place the printing press holds in the spread of Catholic teaching, Catholic culture, Catholic news. We of the diocese, of the parish, of the family, naturally use the Catholic Press to give and to receive; to give it is no abstract entity with some uncertain universal habitat; it is OUR Catholic Press, definitely located among us, supported by us, guided by our leaders, read by us.

Our Catholic Press has its beginning at home, leads and directs us to share in the Catholic Press of other dioceses and of the nation and the world. The COURIER is OUR Catholic Press.

Bishop Kearney calls on every priest, every layman, in the diocese to mark this Sunday and the next one as COURIER SUNDAYS. His Catholic Press Letter of February 21 announces the 1947 parish drive for carrying the COURIER into every Catholic home. Priests and people will rally loyally to the work of making more effective the advantages of OUR Catholic Press by extending its use to all our homes. The COURIER is OUR Catholic newspaper, is the paper of our Bishop, of OUR Pastor. It is the Voice of the Church for our home, our parish, our diocese. We urge all to follow the exhortation of our zealous Bishop, to be and remain subscribers and readers of the COURIER. See that your name is on the application envelope given to you February 21 and February 28 to make easy your subscribing for the COURIER!

## GOODWILL AND BROTHERHOOD

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Let us love one another, for charity is of God" (1 John 4:7). In a world torn with hatred, in a world marred by totalitarian governments that not only teach hatred, but set a murderous example of turning one group against another, unbelievers against men of faith, outlawing all thoughts of love of God and love of our brethren; it is well for Americans to rejoice that their government from the beginning has fostered and fosters today this divine law of brotherhood. "To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, to promote the general welfare" in a word, to make practicable the constant exercise of our love for one another, — the Constitution of our country was brought into being.

Religion and patriotism unite to urge us to live in good will and brotherhood. We may differ in political affiliations, in racial origin, in religious faith, we must not differ on brotherly love. Love of America would forbid exclusion from our love of any fellow-American; love of God would forbid exclusion of any man from our duty of love. "Who is my neighbor?" Christ's parable of the Samaritan who ministered to the man of Jericho who lay in the road half-dead, gives an eternal and unending answer to that question. We fulfill the law of love, of brotherhood, when we show justice and charity to all men; we fail in this law of love, of brotherhood, whenever we deny justice and charity even to the least of the brethren. Love is positive, productive of blessings; hate, prejudice, cancer, bias, are negative, produce nothing that is good.

BROTHERHOOD WEEK will be observed throughout the United States from tomorrow through February 28. It follows close on Lincoln's Birthday, includes Washington's Birthday. It is authorized in a Proclamation of President Roosevelt. Three great Presidents recall to us the essentials of the American charter of liberty as summed up in Brotherhood. Answering the call of our President, uniting with our fellow-Americans everywhere, our community observes Brotherhood Week in radio programs, newspaper articles, and in a Dinner at the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday noon at which an Interfaith Goodwill Program will present a Protestant Minister, a Jewish Rabbi, a Catholic Priest, giving a combined message of true American Brotherhood as fostered in each by a common love of country, fundamental freedom of conscience, unflinching faith in God. The Interfaith Goodwill Committee has been for over ten years our community's expression of the spirit of American Brotherhood, which binds together in mutual love, respect, appreciation, worthy men and women who are divided in religious belief, who are one in Americanism and love for their fellowman.

## GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

Thus did Christ address the man in the parable who had labored well and faithfully with the talents he had received. So today may we reverently honor the memory of John Conroy who for sixty years has been a Lay Trustee of St. Leo's Church of Hilton, N. Y. His life was spent far from the busier haunts of men, was a life of

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## OUR BONDS FREE THEIR BONDS



Along The Way

## Dogs Go To Church

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

You know that you are in a warm climate, for that summer has come when back of you in church you hear someone trying to coax a dog to leave. I was thinking of that this morning during Mass here in the Santa Clara University Mission Church.

For some reason, dogs are attracted to the cool interior of a church. Perhaps that is because they are sure to find some human companionship there. Perhaps they just like to go to church. Or maybe they are looking for another St. Francis who would not disdain to preach to animals.

I can think of a dozen times when dogs in church have created a minor sensation. . . the dog which attended the Nuptial Mass and lay crouched on the communion steps all through the service. . . the dog (oh, there are hundreds of these) which throws the children's Mass into a complete convulsion of suppressed and not so suppressed laughter.

But the dog which lingers unforgettablely in my memory is the one in Jamaica which came into the cathedral as I was preaching. Dogs, by the way, in the Jamaica cathedral were, I had noted frequently and usually well-behaved and tolerated visitors. This chap wandered up the middle aisle and strolled across to the pulpit from which I was mildly thundering.

### Where Tribute Is Due

During the year that preceded the war, the soldiers one met on the trains were like a crowd of school kids on a lark. They whooped and sang. They ran through the cars and argued about their rights to ride in Pullmans on day coach tickets. They had a more than fair percentage who flourished a bottle with aggressive inexperience. They yoo-hooed at any girl that passed.

All this is over. The soldiers and sailors that travel those days are the most dignified, quiet crowd of young men you'd find anywhere. The percentage who drink anything stronger than cokes is so small that they are negligible. The MPs wander through the trains with nothing really to do. You'll find a coach jammed with soldiers, reading, playing games, sitting and talking, dozing . . . and hardly a loudmouth among them.

I think we can all be mighty proud of our young men, at least judged by their high type man-

ners on the trains. And the war and the army discipline has given them a seriousness and self-mastery that is magnificent.

### Unfinished Writings

Genghis Khan was, according to the modern military authorities, the conqueror who gave Hitler a lot of ideas. I read up on him because of that current interest, only to discover that what really gives him his claim to fame with me is the fact that he was grandfather of Kublai Khan whom Coleridge immortalized in his famous unfinished poem.

When I was much younger, that unfinished poem puzzled me. How did it happen that a man could write a magnificent introduction like that, be interrupted, and then find himself quite unable to complete it? It seemed ridiculous. Why didn't he just sit down, grit his teeth, pick up his pen and resume at the point from which he had departed?

But with years, I've realized that that can happen. I have somewhere or other, gathering moss, a book written up to about the hundredth page, and half a dozen pamphlets, none of which I have ever been able to complete. When I pick them up and read them through, the original plan seems to be gone. And I lay them aside wondering what had luck prevented me from finishing them when the subject was of interest to me and the outline clear.

So I understand Coleridge better. But don't get me wrong, in the unfinished book and pamphlets the world has not lost another Kublai Khan.

### Critical Judgment

She happens to be teacher of the very young youngsters in a quite swank school where the children of the rich congregate. Happily, she is engaged, and came to class the other day with her new engagement ring.

One of the little girls noticed it promptly, and they all crowded around to gaze upon this most important sign of romance achieved.

Then said one of the very youngest, with polite cynicism in her treble voice: "But teacher, shouldn't the glass be a little bit bigger?"

## Feast Days

- Sunday, Feb. 11.—SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
- Monday, Feb. 12.—ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ANTIOCH.
- Tuesday, Feb. 13.—ST. PETER DAMIAN.
- Wednesday, Feb. 14.—ST. MATTHEW, APOSTLE.
- Thursday, Feb. 15.—ST. THOMAS, APOSTLE.
- Friday, Feb. 16.—ST. ALEXANDER.
- Saturday, Feb. 17.—ST. GABRIEL.

## QUERIES and REPLIES

### Why Are Catholics Forbidden To Read The Bible?

Catholics are not forbidden to read the Bible. They are urged to do so. Speaking of his own clerical training, the great Cardinal Gibbons answered this objection thus:

"In our course of Humanities, we listened every day to the reading of the Bible. When we were advanced to the highest studies of Philosophy and Theology, the study of the Sacred Scriptures formed an important part of our education.

"We read besides every day a chapter of the New Testament, not standing or sitting, but on our knees, and then reverently kissed the inspired page.

"We listened at our meals each day to selections from the Bible and we always carried about with us a copy of the New Testament. So familiar indeed were the students with the sacred volume that many of them could tell from what portion of the Scriptures you were reading. The only dread we were taught to have of the Scriptures was that of reading them without fear or reverence.

"After his ordination every priest is obliged in conscience to devote upwards of an hour each day to the perusal of the Word of God. I am not aware that exegesis of other denominations are bound by the same duty. What is good for the clergy is good also for the laity.

"Be assured that if you ever become a Catholic, you will never be forbidden to read the Bible" (Faith of Our Fathers, p. 90). From the pen of Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Defenders of the Faith, Conception, Missouri.

## Death is the Echo of Life

Weep not o'er the grave,  
Whence such glory is shined  
Is not his spirit with God!  
Why not be resigned?

No one who knew him but mourns,  
Yes, mourns over his loss,  
Not my will but Thine, Dear Lord,  
Oh beautiful Sorrow — Our Cross.

Without a doubt he died a Saint,  
Words whispered everywhere,  
A wonderful personality,  
A man of faith and prayer.

When "Will" came round on business  
We opened wide the door,  
Supplied our schools with literature,  
From his famous Catholic store.

To write a book about his life,  
Is what I'd like to do,  
But Mr. Fredmore's life was an open book  
For we knew him through and through.

And should you want a favor,  
We have a friend at Court,  
His smile in Heaven shall never  
To help and give support.

—S.M.T., Spencerport.

## A Soldier's Prayer-Book

When I could understand Thy ways no more,  
And Thy Hand I couldn't reach,  
I retreated to a desolate shore,  
There endless water lapped the beach.

I asked Thee why the world's so hurt and sore,  
I can fathom no good reason,  
It's not a rumor, a real war,  
To Heaven surely treason.

The Church bells all around still toll,  
Not to bring Thy friends to Thee,  
But only to cite that welcome roll,  
Of dead on land and sea.

And then I turned around to look,  
The water gave it up to me,  
A soldier's little prayer-book,  
Made and used for Thee.

Only then I really understood,  
How things could be so bad,  
But Thou changest evil into good,  
That soldier never was sad.

Could not this war be by Thee sent,  
To instill a holy fear?  
And even though Thy Robe is rent,  
A soldier's saved with just a tear.

—Daniel L. Davis