

Catholic Courier

VOLUME XV

MAY 17, 1943

NUMBER 107

Official Newspaper of The Rochester Diocese

With the Assentation 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 news to reach an informed judgment. Let us have a list of copies of The CATHOLIC COURIER in every Catholic home.

JAMES E. KEARNEY, Bishop of Rochester.

"I AM AN AMERICAN" OBSERVANCE

The new citizens in each community will be the center around which the observance of "I AM AN AMERICAN" WEEK is to be planned. Beginning with Sunday, May 16, the program will be carried over a full week. The high light of the program will be the great May Meeting at Eastman Theater on that evening.

There is a wealth of meaning in the sentence, "I am an American." There is hope for the future, joy in the present, pride in the past. The years of history have been marked by a succession of great events that have glorified the name of American; most resplendent are the things of the spirit, the constitutional declarations on the rights of man, his recognition as a child of God, and the gradual working out in ever increasing measure of his freedom to make use of those rights. There is a corresponding development in fact and factory, in great cities and in the open spaces, that makes one proud of his American heritage.

There is in this sentence, "I AM AN AMERICAN," joy in the present. What American can consider the magnificent effort America is making today to keep the Four Freedoms for all mankind, and not have joy in the prospect? The bravery of millions of soldiers and sailors and marines and airmen, the loyalty with which they have answered the call of duty, the splendid manner in which they have developed under training into the highest type of servicemen, makes us rejoice. The corresponding devotion of millions of workers on the home front, who are making our factories hum as they never hummed before, presenting to the world an example of mass production never excelled, adds to our joy in the present.

Hope for the future is tied up with the glad statement—"I am an American." This hope belongs first of all to the citizen of America, but its object is all-embracing. It centers in American hearts, but looks for better things for the hearts of all men. The American philosophy of men and government asserts right, with God in His heaven, and man enjoying unalienable rights in his world. It is no doctrine of ruin, of enslavement, of dictatorship, of totalitarianism, of oppression, of murder and rapine and persecution. It is a doctrine of right as God gives us to see the right. One nation, united and indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!

As we congratulate those who have attained to the privilege of citizenship, we rejoice that we can declare with them with all the high emotion America begets within us—"I am an American."

MOTHERS IN INDUSTRY

No one will consider the entrance of mothers into our industrial life as good in itself. Definite duties and onerous obligations to children and husband call for mother's presence at home. Emergency of a public nature alone can justify her leaving her home and children to go to work. No emergency can justify her in the partial abandonment of her children that goes with industrial employment in which the children are just left to shift for themselves. Response to an emergency call into our war plants to assist the country in an hour of pressing need, must always be accompanied with proper planning for the care and protection of the children while she is working.

Where relatives or friends can substitute for mother, such planning is made easy. Where relatives are not available, there is more difficulty. The obligation of providing right care always rests first of all on the mother. She may have to look to the industry in which she labors, to the government she is serving, to other social and religious agencies, when she finds herself unable to cope with her problems alone. She is not acting according to her obligation when she neglects all responsibility, turns the children out to grow up unsupervised, unwatched, uncared for. The physical dangers to her offspring are many, the moral dangers are far more numerous and far more serious. Many a life of crime can have its beginning in such criminal neglect. While we are busy preserving our free institutions from the rule that a pagan world would bring them to, while we strive valiantly for all that America stands for, while our leaders insistently direct our energies to a victory that shall mean unconditional surrender of the enemy, let us not forget our obligations on the home front. We look for an America that shall be a right place for our children; let us insist that our children shall be trained and nurtured as worthy citizens of a victorious America!

Church and school and industry, social agencies, public and private, must be ready to do their part where working mothers find it impossible to give right protection and care to their children in their homes. It is a problem that faces many communities right now. All should give their best thought to a proper answer to this problem.

TWO SAINTLY CAREERS

The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph has suffered a heavy loss in the passing of two of its leading members, Sister M. Hilary and Sister M. Valerian. Both had been leaders in their work of religion and of education, had been chosen as Superiors in their convents. One hundred years of more than ordinary service to the religious life and to the children of the diocese in the educational field were added in the lives of these two devoted ones.

The passing of a Sister is very much like the life of a Sister. It is a quiet affair, attracts little publicity, breaks into print only for a humble death notice in the press. She dies in peace and quiet, even

(Continued on Page 11)

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

Advertisement for 'Black & White Cardinals' featuring a picture of a man in a military uniform and a woman in a dress. Text includes 'A SHOW ON THE FRONTIER', 'BLACK & WHITE CARDINALS', 'GOODS FROM RELIGIOUS ORDER', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR CROSS IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR BLOOD IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR HEART IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR MIND IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR SPIRIT IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR SOUL IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR BLOOD IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR HEART IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR MIND IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR SPIRIT IS NOT RED', 'THE COLOR OF THEIR SOUL IS NOT RED'.

Diocesan Recordings

Serving the servicemen and women, staff-members of the National Catholic Community Service, a unit of the USO, have conducted their own War Bond campaign throughout the country. Result was more than \$100,000 in pledges and outright purchases. Treasury Department certificates are being awarded to each of the 175 NCCS-operated USO Clubs which participated in the drive to the extent of 10 per cent or more of their total payroll. Financial support of the USO means helping the War Bond sale as well as insuring the varied desired services for the youth training for war service.

An example for those of us at home—a young soldier at one of the camps persuaded his fellow-soldier to receive Holy Communion on Easter Day. That isn't the whole story, the soldier who responded to the persuasion had not been to Confession in more than ten years. He was fearful of the Confessional after being away so many years. His comrade-in-arms talked with him, convinced him it was the thing to do. He did it and received Holy Communion on the Feast of the Resurrection. This department did not see the letter the happy young soldier wrote home to his mother and his girl-friend, but the joy in it would be great compensation for his soldier-pal. How many of us at home would make the effort necessary that would result in such a joyous Easter for a strayed soul?

The number is growing. Laymen in Rochester are turning out more and more for the First Friday Luncheon Club sessions. The movement is highly lauded by the men who attend. Every community could have such a Club. It requires only the arranging for luncheon on First Friday, getting a priest-speaker to discuss a religious topic, and having the members receive Holy Communion that morning.

Feast Days

- Sunday, May 16—THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
Monday, May 17—ST. PASCAL BAYLON.
Tuesday, May 18—ST. VENANTICES.
Wednesday, May 19—ST. PETER CELESTINE.
Thursday, May 20—ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA.
Friday, May 21—ST. FELIX C.
Saturday, May 22—ST. IVES.

Along The Way—Rescue and Reward

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

Here's a thriller that I authenticated at Sacred Heart Academy, conducted by the gracious Ursulines in Louisville. The Academy is situated not far from Bowman field, with the result that the students have grown accustomed to the sound of the fighter planes and bombers that constantly maneuver over their roof. But this morning, Sister Guidonia's freshman class heard something strange in the sound of the machine that flew overhead. One of the girls rushed to the window to turn in panic to the class. "The plane is on fire," she cried. "It's falling!" Instantly Sister Guidonia was on her feet. "Hush, girls," she commanded. "And pray as you never prayed before." So on their knees they prayed with that sincerity that comes in time of peril to oneself or to others. They prayed for the unknown aviator. They prayed, like Catholics, for his soul and body. And even as they prayed, the plane crashed in a near-by field... a total wreck, bursting into flames... out of which walked Major DeLaine jarred and singed, but otherwise completely unharmed. When in the papers they read of his miraculous escape, the freshman class wrote him a little note telling him how as his plane fell to destruction, they had prayed for his safety.

Some days later came a letter from Bowman Field: "Sister Guidonia's Freshman Class: The most pleasant surprise I ever enjoyed was the ever so kind and thoughtful letter from you. I shall cherish it and the memory of all your class—always. 'I'd like to tell you how I feel about the prayers that were offered up for me by your class. The accident that I had was of such a nature and the circumstances were such that technique and skill played no part in my safety. I am firmly convinced that a part was played beyond my control. That part was played by you—the student body of Sacred Heart Academy. I am sure that your petitioning our good Lord was the thing that saved my life. I am more grateful than I can ever tell you. In token of my deep appreciation, I am sending you a small gift in the form of an airplane mounted on a stand. This little gift was made entirely by the men in my organization. The plate on which the engraving was done was taken from the cockpit of the airplane in which I had the accident. Hoping that you will accept this little gift in the spirit that I offer it, and hoping that I may someday come to know each and every one of you, I am, Yours for Victory, (Signed) 'J. E. DeLaine, Major, A.C.'"

So today in the freshman classroom stands the miniature plane. The base, a block of aluminum, is engraved to commemorate the class that prayed an American aviator to safety. Careful Distinction... He was a little son of the well to do, and the nun in charge of his pre-kindergarten class was distressed at the way he wasted food. She gently talked to him about the sinfulness of wasting food. "You musn't really," she said. "There are so many poor children around the world who haven't enough to eat." "But I always waste my bread. I don't like the crusts," he protested. "That's wrong. It's a sin to waste things that poor people need." He thought it over and then shook it off. "Well, if it is, I'll bet it's a little sin and not a great big devil sin." So she realized she had a lot to teach him.

Hopful Optimist... During one of the New York air raid drills, cards were passed out, giving theoretical problems that the wardens were supposed to solve. This was to be a test of their ability to meet an emergency. One warden got this card: "Bomb hit movie theater with five hundred people in it." Ten minutes later, he turned in his card, and on it he had written: "All five hundred were given first aid."

Rations... Rations of meat, rations of cheese, Rations of bacon and ham; Rations of margarine, rations of milk, Rations of sugar and jam; Rations of fruit, rations of lard, Rations of butter and tea; Rations of clothes, rations of boots. Come and go shopping with me! Unrationed sky, unrationed sea, Unrationed sunshine and breeze; Unrationed stars, unrationed clouds, Unrationed beauty of trees; Unrationed peace, unrationed power, Unrationed pardon and love; Unrationed faith, unrationed grace, Free from our Father above.