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Rochester's Crisis

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Simple To Travel

By Rev. Richard Ginder

How simple it is to travel to any town across the land! Simply make sure that you are on the right train and that you stay on it. Obey the simple rules of the road. That's all. You're sure to get there.

How simple it is to travel to our Heavenly Father's land. Just make sure that you are on the right road and that you stay on it. Obey the simple rules. That's all. You're sure to get there.

Engineers and train crews must know the intricacies of railroading. Passengers can leave them for their own benefit. But as trains are for everybody, he who knows that little will get there just as surely and as comfortably if he stays on the train and adheres to its rules.

Theologians and teachers must know the fine points of the God-bestowed road to Heaven. Laymen are encouraged to study these also. But as God's train must be for every man, he who knows less than all will get there just as surely and comfortably if he stays on the train and obeys its rules.

With simplicity of reasoning the diehards in experiment [illegible] and true church, which becomes it is God's "train," must be perfect in its design and in its operation.

On Sunday this the Catholic believes that God made His employee, the Pope, infallible in his running of the locomotive — that He divinely empowered the priests, His trainmen, to direct, serve, and feed the passengers — and that therefore, for the reason of Catholics, simple faith and simple obedience form the full path direct from here to the heavenly destination.

Just as a machine with many delicate parts may be difficult to operate, so the complexities of the will of an infinite God evolve into utmost simplicity of operation for the man of faith who hears to the words of the Lord Jesus: "He who does the will of my Father in heaven shall enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 7:21).

Calendar of Feast Days

Sunday, May 26 — St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome, was one of the most illustrious saints of the sixteenth century. He died in 1595.

Monday, May 27 — St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi was born in Florence in 1566 of an illustrious family. She persuaded her parents to allow her to embrace the religious life and at the age of 16 was professed in the Carmelite monastery of Santa Maria degli Angeli. She was twice chosen mistress of novices and then made Superiorress.

Tuesday, May 28 — St. Germanus, Bishop and Abbot, was known as the glory of the Church in France during the sixth century. Chosen to fill the See of Paris, he was noted for his charity and his eloquence. Clotaire, converted King Childebert, also founded many religious institutions and gave large alms for charity. He died in 576.

Wednesday, May 29 — St. Cyril suffered while still a boy at Caesarea in Cappadocia, during the persecution of the third century. He was beaten and reviled by his heathen mother, but bore all with joy. When led to the fire for his execution he gazed wonderingly at his mother. His death, he said, would hasten his return home.

Thursday, May 30 — St. Felix I, Pope and Martyr, succeeded St. Dionysius in the government of the Church in 269. During his reign, Paul of Samosata, Bishop of Antioch, was condemned for heresy concerning the Divine Nature of Christ and the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation. When the persecution of Aurelian broke out, St. Felix was among those who obtained the crown of martyrdom in 274.

Friday, May 31 — St. Petronilla, virgin, is said to have been a daughter of St. Peter, who was married before he was called to become one of the Apostles. She lived in Rome and was buried at a spot on the road to Ardea, where an ancient crypt and church have been [illegible].

Saturday, June 1 — St. Justin, Martyr, born in the first years of the second century, sought the true nature of wisdom among the many diverse schools of philosophy. The Apologies and the dialogue of the Christian martyr and Justin from the Scriptures of ancient reason to the light of faith. At Rome he sealed his testimony with his blood.

Chest Makes Its Mark Again

[illegible]

Father Gillis Says:

Catching Up With Us Catholics

Perhaps the most familiar epithet attached to the Catholic Church is "mediaeval." It means of course that we are behind the times.

Father Gillis

We flourished in the 13th century. In the 19th the world, or at least the more progressive part of the world, passed us by and it has been getting further ahead of us ever since. Our ideas on education in particular are antiquated. We know nothing of modern thought, modern science, modern pedagogy. We are simply out of the running. I have heard of an educational institution in which the exponents of "progress" referred to a Catholic school as "that mediaeval establishment across the street." They may have thought it a condescension not to call us prehistoric or antediluvian.

* * *

But what do you know? It seems that on at least one feature of Catholic education—the most important feature — the combination of religious with secular instruction, the advocates of advance are changing their tune. It seems that instead of being behind we have been ahead of the times. The wiser and more honest type of educators are coming to realize that it was a grave mistake to dissociate religion from education.

* * *

Consider this passage from an address by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick before the Protestant Council of the City of New York:

"There is, I think, no possibility of overrating the danger involved in what is happening in this country now — millions of our youth growing up in our public schools and state universities almost totally illiterate with reference to the best spiritual heritage of our Western World. Separation of church and state is basic in this nation, but — interpreted to mean no religious teaching in our schools — it has resulted a consequence that would make the nation's founders turn over in their graves.

* * *

"It isn't simply that positive religious teaching is shut out. What often happens is that irreligious teaching is permitted. To know what materialistic science teaches — that is education. To learn all about Freud, not simply as a genius in psychiatry but as an atheist who taught all religion an illusion — that is education. But to acquaint our youth with the great prophets of the old Testament, or with the personality and principles of Christ—that is religion, and must often be bootlegged in if it gets in at all. We cannot go on that way."

* * *

If I didn't know that Dr. Fosdick does his own thinking and needs not purloin thoughts or words from any man, I would swear that he had lifted that passage out of some Catholic paper or that he had sent some agent to Mass to jot down the words of the priest. All of us who write or speak have been composing upon that theme and repeating that refrain for lo these many years. Often it seemed that we were speaking in the wilderness, a vast wilderness where the voice went off to the far horizons and where there was not so much as an echo, not to say a human being to catch and repeat our words. But now it appears that someone was listening, or if not listening, thinking along the same lines.

* * *

I think I may say in the name of the Catholic clergy of America and of our Catholic philosophers of education, "Welcome Dr. Fosdick." But as the Irishman old who went to the races and bet on a horse named Shamrock, which came in at the end of the procession, "What kept ye?" Where have you been all these years? And where are all the others who should have learned this lesson long ago? But better late than never.

* * *

Since I have introduced Dr. Fosdick's words into this little piece, I think, I shall go on to give him a little more space. In the same speech, reported in The Reader's Digest for May, he speaks of another matter on which we Catholics have been so far in advance that we never thought to be behind. Speaking of Church Unity he says:

"Every time a group of individuals gets a new slant in doctrine it splits off and forms another church. In the United States this process has been mainly responsible for shattering Protestants into more than 250 sects whose differences are not relevant to any important problem in the world. Our whole policy must be reversed. We have gone on splitting long enough."

* * *

That sort of thing makes us feel less lonesome. We have been saying it for no less than 400 years. But in this case as in the other we were left to imagine that no one was paying attention. But now it turns out that some truly progressive thinkers have begun to realize that the Catholics were right. If we keep saying things for a generation or two, or for a century of two or three we may finally get a hearing. The world may catch up with us yet—if we give it time.

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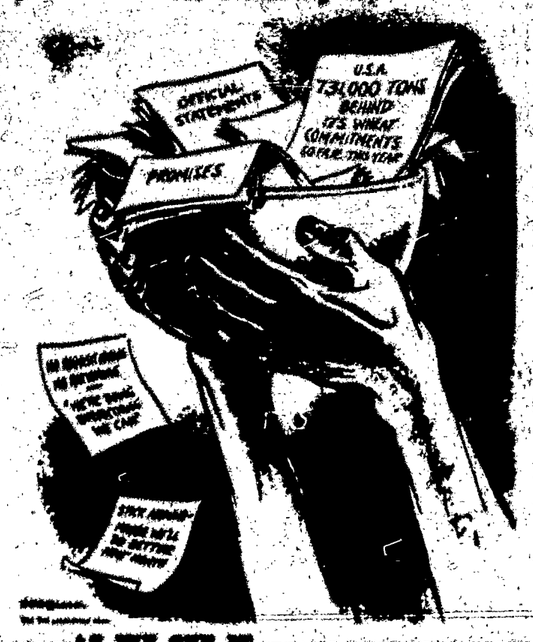
The Overflowing Cup



AS WE SEE IT

I Am An American

By DAN PATRICK

Labor in the United States has few more ardent champions than the Catholic clergy.

It is, therefore, a matter of deep regret when misguided laboring men, decked out as pickets, march through a place of public assembly at the very moment a priest intones a prayer.

Yet, that is exactly what happened in Rochester the other night during the "I Am an American" Day celebration at the Eastman Theater.

A dispute exists between labor and the city administration at the present time and some labor leaders picked the Eastman rally to air their differences. It was neither the time nor the place for such a display.

Rather than derive any benefits and obtain support, labor as a whole suffered a definite alienation of public sympathy as the result of the unwarranted demonstration.

It is understood that certain labor leaders picked this rally to give evidence of their resentment toward some members of the City Council who happened to be in the program.

The demonstration backfired in more ways than one.

This "I Am an American" Day celebration dates back to 1939 and is observed throughout the nation on the third Sunday of each May to formally welcome into the ranks of American citizenship those who have reached twenty-one years of age and those who obtained citizenship through naturalization.

The day was established by act of Congress and each year a proclamation to that effect is issued by the President of the United States. It is therefore in the nature of a national holiday and can, in no sense, be construed as a project launched on a purely local level.

Like many localities, Rochester has made "I Am an American" Day celebrations of a religious and patriotic nature.

Representatives of the various creeds are on the platform and both the public and parochial schools of the city contribute to the civic program. Over a period of years this ceremony has won the full support of all religious, patriotic, labor, civic and veterans organizations.

Therefore, it can hardly be argued that it is an occasion for either party in a dispute to grind their individual axes.

On Sunday evening after a Protestant clergyman had delivered the invocation, a gentleman arose to read the proclamation of the President of the United States.

As he was reading someone in the audience shouted: "Why don't they let an American read it?" For the information of the shouter — and we haven't the vaguest idea as to his identity — the gentleman whom he publicly castigated is very much an American. Two of his sons served in the armed forces to defend the very freedom of speech which the shouter so grossly abused. In addition we might add that the gentleman is a fine practical Catholic.

Then came the march of the pickets most of which was done while Father Pegnam was reading a prayer.

The pickets carried placards saying they were veterans. For their information Father Pegnam is a veteran with a record of ten battle engagements. Above all, Father Pegnam is a priest and a picket parade while a priest is praying smacks of Communistic tactics.

Now we don't think that the individuals who engineered Sunday's corny spectacle are Communists. But whether they realized it or not they followed a procedure which is a favorite of the Communists and their fellow travelers.

We strongly resent their affront — intentional or not — to a Catholic priest.

We strong resent the demonstration which preceded the appearance of Our Lady of Mercy High Glee Club. We wonder what these young ladies must think of such tactics.

Above all we wonder what the newly naturalized citizens in the audience thought of the demonstration. Certainly it was a most unfortunate way to welcome them into the fold of Americanism.

To Father Pegnam, the young ladies of the Mercy High Glee Club and the new citizens, we can say with assurance that this demonstration does not have the approval of the average labor union member.

He is fully cognizant of the part which the Church and her priests have played in advancing his cause. He knows that the tactics employed on Sunday evening are utterly alien to the principles he advocates.

He sincerely hopes there will be no repetition of such a demonstration in the future. We share that hope. The laboring movement is too important and too vital to be imperiled by such thoughtless procedures.

However keen is the eye, it can not see without light; so also, however keen is the human intellect, without cleanliness of heart it can not perceive spiritual things. For cleanliness of heart is the light of the soul.—Rev. Michael J. Miller, C.S.M.

There are no first-class Catholic authors under 35, but if we had a Catholic reading public, by the grace of God the Catholic writers would come. —Frank Sheed.

WASHINGTON

The Southern Frontier

By TOM ROGERS

Washington — At the moment we are quietly experiencing a revolution that will change the entire economy of this nation.

It is a twenty year affair, but once it is complete the entire economic, sociological and political structures of this nation will be radically changed. So far, it has not been cited in the daily press. But it is coming with a speed and a power that is making long-term economists and sociologists is nothing short of frightening!

It centers around the price of cotton.

Millions of people are dependent on the cotton crop for their small income. Associated in the popular mind are the pictures of the cotton growers working in their fields, bent over the plants that are beginning to show their marvelous fleece ready to pluck.

During the Western Fair in New York — seven long years ago — people marvelled at the famous and feared Rust cotton picker. They might have also made a mental picture of some of our western farms and irrigation projects. And here is the story:

The Rust cotton picker was not rushed into production partly because of the terrible employment situation it would create in the southern central states. But that did not prevent it being used in states where cotton had yet to be grown because of the lack of moisture—until the irrigation projects came along.

California, New Mexico, Arizona and Texas have far more sunshine and better growing conditions than Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas. Once the irrigation was completed, the cotton picker was introduced. This threw not one in those sparsely settled areas out of work and it also drove the price of cotton down to where it can compete with synthetics in production costs.

This will open the southwest to an entirely new business. It will hit literally millions in the south central states.

The tragic question will be a blight to the major cities — especially to the north. And it is not necessary!

For instance, the southern climate where cotton has been grown for so long, is ideally adapted for the intelligent handling of dairy cattle. Not for that area is the long winter of Wisconsin or Minnesota. The dairy cows would easily average three more months of sunshine per year down south of the Mason-Dixon line.

The effect on the cities of this country, especially the northern "poor cities" would be a highly desirable one.

The timber that could again be planted where cotton once grew would prove much better—some say five — than the timber, of say, Maine or Oregon. In one for paperpulp or newsprint would give us practically inexhaustible of cut-while forever.

But will the people wait? There are indications that they will not. There is not yet the movement back to the South that started before this war. The South is not becoming a series of ghost towns, but it is losing negro and white alike to the blandishments and ease of the big city — and Chicago, New York, Detroit and Pittsburgh are amongst the list of sirens.

If those millions continue to leave the South rather than help develop it, the civic problems of the North will be immense — and insoluble.

Thus, there may well be a complete change; the major cities of the North becoming beds of racism of the narrowest sort. An increasing desertion of the Southern states for the major cities. The neglect of burning opportunities in the South. The assent of the cheap cotton that will be planted, weeded, picked and baled by machinery.

What this may mean to the nation is not yet clear. But the Rust cotton picker and the irrigation projects and faithful son of the southwest has opened up a new American frontier.

It is the social and economic implications of an unsettling sortt that bode ill for the country. Congested cities, increased relief requests in case of a change in the wage and price structure . . . all these will increase our problems algebraically.

Potomac patter: Britain's next sore spot may prove to be a restless South Africa. . . Thomas E. Dewey will again run for governor of New York —and is confident of the nomination for the presidency in 1948. Stassen, many feel, is playing out his hand too early in the game. . . . Airmail will soon be five cents instead of eight. Chalk up another gain for the airlines!

Secret to Happiness

An old Bishop of the Church in Italy, who had horse many drinks without complaining and who always kept a cheerful smile in the face of all adversity was once asked the secret of his being always happy.

The good Bishop replied, "It consists of a single thing, and that is, making the right use of my eyes."

In astonishment, the questioner pressed for an explanation.

"In whatever state I am," answered the Bishop, "I first of all look up to Heaven and remember that my great business is to get there. Then, I look down upon the earth and call to mind how small a share I shall soon find in it. Finally, I look around on the world and observe the multitudes that are in all respects less happy than myself. Thus I learn where all my cares must end and how little reason I ever had to murmur or to be otherwise than thankful."—Francis Rocca.

Musings of a Shut-In

By MARION C. McMULLIN

"What should be our attitude towards pain?" asked Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen in a recent broadcast. He went on to explain, "There are two ways of looking at it: one is to see it without purpose; the other is to see it with purpose."

The way we will react to it depends entirely on our philosophy of life." As the poet has put it: "Two men looked through their prison bars; one saw mud, the other stars."

There is a little book that I have just read. It should prove a great inspiration for shut-ins. It is called "Why Squander Illness?" You may purchase it for 15 cents from the Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn. It will be comforting to non-Catholics it well.

Quotes

Sin has many tools but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything.—Theodore Roosevelt.

'Hitlers in Sheets'

THOMAS L. STOKES

Again the Ku Klux Klan is burning crosses on Stone Mountain near Atlanta, Ga.

How out of character! What a desecration!

Stone Mountain is a bare head of granite, thrust by God and nature above the surrounding countryside, like an afterthought of creation to provide variety. It is a place to stand on a fine day and meditate upon the God of all of us in whose eyes we are his creatures equal in his sight — white, black, yellow, red, Jews, Gentiles, Catholic, Protestant.

It was a place where we used to go as children, with our mothers and fathers, with the neighbors, for a picnic. It was the natural wonder of our homeland, the genius of the place, a temple of mystery, majesty and awe, where thoughts were elevated.

It hurts to see pictures in the papers of that night scene on the top of the mountain, sheeted figures in the eerie, flickering light of torches and burning crosses, like something from the blood feasts of the Druids.

Perhaps, in every land in every time, there are some who would hide their own inadequacies, their own littleness of souls, behind brown shirts or under sheets, and do collectively, as a mob, the things they would not have the courage or the heart to do as individuals.

Those peole are, in some ways, to be pitied.

But not so those who use them as dupes, who exploit them for personal aggrandizement or financial profit. They can only be regarded with scorn by decent folks, and our country is full of decent folks.

Upon these exploiters must rest the condemnations by all that is best in our national life and our democracy.

There was another meeting on Stone Mountain, back in 1915, when the Klan was revived — after the long lapse from reconstruction days. Little attention was paid to it at first. It was incorporated as a fraternal insurance society. A strange man by the name of William Joseph Simmons was its first founder, its first Wizard. It went along for a time without attracting much notice or many members.

Then a skillful promoter got hold of it. He organized it nationally with all those queer titles, and on financial basis so that the officials all up and down the line, the kleagles and cyclops and kludd and so on, got a cut from the contributions of the suckers. It had a financial motive. What was known as the sheet factory at Buckhead, an Atlanta suburb, ran day and night turning out paraphernalia. There was a rake-off on this, up and down the line.

In the reaction from World War I, it began to spread. It entered politics. It took over state after state, extending into the North and West. The political scandals of the Klan are now a dark chapter in our history. Politicians bent the knee. In 1924 it got into national politics and was thrown —a spitting, venomous snake —into the national Democratic convention to fight the nomination of Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York who happened to be a Catholic.

It has been reported cropping up here and there, far away from the South, in this postwar period.

Those who lived through that other terrible era shudder. We cannot go through that again, or anything like it, and hold up our heads to ourselves or the world. After all we have been through, we don't want any Hitlers in sheets throwing their weight around here.