

# Courier Journal

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## Calendar of Saints

**SUNDAY, Dec. 7—St. Andrew, bishop and martyr.** He was one of the four great doctors of the Western Church. He lived in the fourth century and died in 326. He was a champion of religious liberty and manifested his courage on one occasion by excluding from church service Emperor Theodosius, the great, who was guilty of a cruel massacre. His writings are voluminous and a constant reference to matters religious.

**MONDAY, Dec. 8—The Feast of the Innocents.** On this day in 1854, Pope Pius IX solemnly declared Mary, the Mother of God and the woman destined to crush the head of the serpent, to have been by singular privilege at God preserved free from all stain of original sin.

**TUESDAY, Dec. 9—St. Basil, bishop and martyr.** Little is known of this African martyr, other than he served as Bishop of Caesarea and that St. Augustine, toward the end of the fourth century, preached a sermon in his honor.

**WEDNESDAY, Dec. 10—St. Basil, bishop and martyr.** Also known as St. Basilides, he succeeded St. Basil as Bishop of Caesarea. He was given the honor of a martyr because of the sufferings he underwent in the time of Diocletian. His pontificate was short but he witnessed the triumph of Constantine over Maximian and reorganized the government of the Church, which had been left desolate in years of persecution.

**THURSDAY, Dec. 11—St. Basil, bishop and martyr.** He was a native of Rome and attended Pope Liberius in exile. He succeeded Pope Liberius, but had to contend with an anti-pope, Ursinus, whose rebellion was crushed by Emperor Valentinian.

**FRIDAY, Dec. 12—Our Lady of Guadalupe.** This feast commemorates the apparition of the Blessed Mother to the humble Indian, Juan Diego, in 1531 on Tepeyac hill near Mexico City. The great Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe now stands on the spot of the apparition.

**SATURDAY, Dec. 13—St. Lucy, virgin-martyr.** She was a Sicilian maiden who consecrated her virginity to Christ after her mother had been restored to health. She became one of the most famous of the martyrs under Diocletian's persecution.

## Do You Remember?

Here are some items from the files of the Courier-Journal of twenty-five, ten and five years ago. How many do you recall?

**25 Years Ago—Dec. 8, 1922**  
Answering Dr. Orie J. Price, His Excellency Bishop Thomas F. Healey, in a statement to the press set forth the stand of Catholic schools and cited their effectiveness in efficiency, morality and patriotism.

**10 Years Ago—Dec. 2, 1937**  
"There will be an essential opposition to birth control as long as there is a single Catholic Christian," declared the Rev. Ignatius Cox, S.J., at a Kinima mass meeting assembled to answer Miss Katherine Heppner's earlier address advocating the evil.

**5 Years Ago—Dec. 3, 1942**  
Appointments of Rt. Rev. Mgr. John J. Boylan as Bishop of Rochester, Ill., and of Rev. Dr. George Johnson, director of education, N.C.W.C., as a domestic prelate with title of right reverend monsignor, were hailed by fellow alumni of St. Bernard's Seminary.

**FRIENDSHIP OF PRIESTS**  
The following tribute to the Catholic priesthood is so accurate that it could have been written only by a priest, and so beautiful that it could have come only from a poet. It was taken from an essay in "FISH ON FRIDAY" by Father Leonard Feeney, S.J. (Sheed and Ward, N. Y.)

"There happens to be in this world of strange social conventions one friendship that transcends all conventions and knows no rules. It is the brotherhood of Catholic priests.

"It needs no coaxing, no pretense, no ritual. It is subject to no formality. We meet and possess one another instantly. There is not the shadow of a barrier between us, neither age, nor antecedents, nor nationality, nor climate, nor color of skin. Ours is a blunt, rough-hewn affection. It almost forgets to be polite.

"I can dine at his table without invitation; sit in his study and read his books before I have even met him; borrow his money or his clothes with no toll; his home is my home; his friends, my friends; his ally, my ally. I can give him my confidence promptly and without reserve. I can neither seduce nor scandalize him. We can quarrel without offense, praise each other without flattery, or sit silently and say nothing and be mutually circumvented.

"How and why all this can happen is our own precious secret. It is the secret of men who climb a lonely, dangerous, mountain path, narrow, steep and steep in a lofty cloud that floats a white veil.

"Slaves to God, independent and unpossessed, establishing no generation, each a conclusion of his race and name, yet always companionable, one another with a strange sympathy, too tender to be called fellowship, too sturdy to be called love, but which God will find a name for when He searches our hearts in Eternity.

**OLD DANISH CUSTOM**  
There is a little church in Aalborg, Denmark, where the Protestant congregation have a strange custom of holding to the walls as they enter. To all appearances the wall is blank. But the custom has been passed on from father to son for generations back. Nobody knows the reason for this strange custom until a Copenhagen architect investigated the wall the other day and discovered a picture of Our Lady from the times when Denmark was Catholic. Unknowingly, he often thought they were paying homage to the Mother of God.

## Lady in Distress!



## Ad We See It By Don Patrick

Perhaps it is fortunate for us that American correspondents for the Soviet press are not too observing.

If they were they could not but help point out to a pair of recent incidents to bolster their oft-repeated charge that American democracy is decadent.

The central figure of these two rather nauseating occurrences is a mayor who has cast some strange spell over the electorate of Boston and a retired, well-decorated and well-heeled major general of the United States Army Air Force.

**EXHIBIT NO. 1** is James Michael Curley of Boston who walked from a Federal House of Correction into a rousing reception after serving the months of a six-to-eight-month sentence for mail fraud. He got out on a Presidential pardon.

While his honor was serving time his office as Mayor of Boston was not only kept open but his salary was continued.

It certainly must have been the potential destroyers of our system of government to see a dishonored public servant continue in office by virtue of the misbegotten tolerance of an electorate which hailed his return with a brass band.

But, perhaps, Boston is getting exactly what it deserves. Back in November, 1941, Curley was elected to his first political office as a member of the City Council. He was elected on a platform of a letter carrier's examination in a friend's name. He was re-elected Mayor of Boston in 1945 while under indictment on the mail fraud charge on which he was eventually convicted.

**DESPITE THE BELIEF** of some people, public officials of Curley's type are the exception rather than the rule. Unfortunately, however, the mud in the Curley puddle is bound to splatter others.

The vast majority of elected and appointed officials in all types of government service in the United States are giving an able account of themselves. They are meticulously honest. For instance, we know of one official who returned a cheap ash tray because he did not want people to get the impression that he was

## Mayor Curley, General Meyers

accepting favors from a firm with which he had to deal.

There is plenty of room for such competent and honest public officials. Our form of government needs them if it is to survive in today's troubled world.

There is no room for men of the Curley school. When such men offer themselves as candidates for public office they should be repudiated quickly and decisively at the polls.

**THE CASE OF General Meyers** is even more reprehensible.

Here was a ranking member of the armed forces of the United States playing a financial side game in the very midst of a war that was exacting a bloody toll from thousands of Meyers' alleged comrades in arms.

So startling was the evidence presented to the Senate War Investigating Committee that the United States Attorney General stepped into the picture to initiate grand jury proceedings and General Eisenhower stripped Meyers of his medals.

Whatever the outcome of the Meyers case, the central figure cannot soon forget the shocked stares of 23 wounded veterans who listened to his fantastic story.

**A SYSTEM** which allows men like Meyers to ease into key positions certainly needs an overhauling. Further investigations no doubt will disclose other officials like Meyers in the armed services.

But, just as you cannot judge public service by the Curleys, neither can you pass judgment on the armed services by the Meyers.

Perhaps it is one of the weaknesses of a democratic system that allows such men to get into office. It is, however, a weakness which we must acknowledge and to a degree, tolerate in deference to the system under which we live. Nevertheless we can and must reduce the number of Curleys and Meyers to an absolute minimum.

Such a reduction can be accomplished only by a most vigilant public. It must be a healthy, throbbing vigilance which during the war must have been lacking in the Army Air Force and in these days of so-called peace must certainly be lacking among the citizens of Boston.

## Just Between Us

### We All Adore Something

The longer we live the more we become convinced that logic can't do it all. Many people seem to be ruled by sentiment or a mistaken self-interest rather than by their mind and, unfortunately, the attitude seems to be found most commonly about matters of religion.

For instance, a man can be brought up in the most ridiculous religious belief, say, one which worships suspended buttons. We can show him that he is wrong in 99 different ways; and when we're all finished he's just as likely to shrug his shoulders and say, "Well, you go your way and I'll go mine. I like our hymns better than yours." Or, "My dad always worshipped suspended buttons, and what was good enough for him is good enough for me." Or he may tell us that the really wisest people are the "better" elements in the community—all of these prices to suspended buttons. He may say, "You want to know what I like best? Well, I like suspended buttons."

**Pope Given Monk's Medals**  
Paris, (NC) — Before returning to the Carmelite monastery in Avon, France, to become once again his Father Louis of the Trinity, Admiral Thierry d'Argonne, paid a visit to the Holy See and presented to His Holiness Pope Pius XII all the decorations bestowed upon him during his war-time career. In which he achieved supreme command of the French Fleet and later became high commissioner of French Indo-China.

When Admiral d'Argonne was mobilized as a reserve naval officer in 1939, he was serving as Provincial of the Carmelites in France. At the end of the war the French Government asked the Pontiff to authorize the Carmelite monk to enter his return to religious life so that he might serve as a spiritual counselor in Indo-China.

## By Father Ginder

do as one pleases. A person's conscience is kicked until it dies and there's nothing left to keep reminding him that we reap what we sow, and that there'll be a reckoning some day.

We speak of suspender buttons because there's not a man alive who doesn't worship something. We just used that for an example but we could have substituted anything under the sun.

**IF WE DON'T** worship God, we'll worship something else. The fact is, though, that we worship something. Maybe it's money or power, perhaps it's pleasure. But whatever it is, we adore something and too often we're not going to let any common sense, any hard logic, any clear thinking take it away from us.

That's why we must pray. Logic isn't enough. We must pray for light and strength. "God," we must say, "God, help me to see the truth as You see it. God, give me the strength to go wherever the truth may lead me."

We must pray that way, morning, noon and night. Then God will follow through; and if we meet Him halfway, we can't go wrong.

## Fr. Gillis Says:

The great St. Augustine—in whose writings may be found, fifteen hundred years in advance, almost every bit of wisdom we think we discover today—knew all about the "new" science of semantics.

In his "Confessions" he tells of meeting Faustus, the head of the religious sect of Manichees. That form of religion seems absurd now, but in the fifth century, and indeed for some centuries afterward, it was stiff opponent of Christianity.

Impossible as Manicheism appears now to us, it fooled even St. Augustine—for a while. (There's an stirring topic for discussion; how the best minds can be led astray temporarily.)

The point I would make is that Augustine, whose mind was not only sharp but honest, pretty soon realized that the plausible and eloquent head of the Manichees was a charlatan. About that time Augustine was learning, as he says, "to distinguish the reality of things from the trickery of words." So Faustus started, as we would say, with one strike or even two against him when he confronted the brilliant young fellow from North Africa.



**"WHEN HE CAME,"** says Augustine (Confessions, Book V, Chapter VII, "I found him a man of charming manner and pleasant address, who said just what the others used to say, but in a much more agreeable style. The butler was most elegant and the goblet was more costly, but my thirst remained. Already my ears had been satiated with such things, and now they did not seem any better because they were better said, nor true because dressed up in rhetoric, nor could I think the man's soul wise because he looked wise and his speech was pleasing. . . . Already I had learned that nothing ought to seem true because it is well expressed, nor false because the word-symbols are inelegant, yet again, that nothing is true because rudely delivered, nor false because the diction is brilliant, but that wisdom and folly are like meats that are wholesome or unwholesome, and that either kind of meat can be served up in silver or in dirt, that is to say, in courtly or in homely phrase."

So there is nothing new under the sun. What Stuart Chase has lately named "semantics" is only a new name for the old art of looking into words carefully, penetrating beneath syllables and sounds and getting at meanings.

**WELL, WHAT IS** it that led me off on this excursion into ancient history, this didactic discourse on words and meanings? The attack came on, I confess, as I was reading an article in a newspaper a few days ago on "Semantics Noted in Red Propaganda." The writer, who perhaps never heard of Faustus of Manicheism, brought out the fact that modern Communism uses the tricky technique that Faustus tried on Augustine along about the year 387 A. D. The Communies play tricks with words. They deceive the ignorant, the half-educated and even some of those who think themselves learned.

The word most frequently used by Communists to condemn all who disagree with them is "Fascist." With that epithet they conjure up Mussolini and Hitler out of their graves. To the unsuspecting, the word-manipulators manage to convey the idea that if you cannot stomach Stalin, you must be devoted to the memory of either one or both of the dead dictators. It's a trick, son.

**ANOTHER WORD** the Communies use brazenly is "democracy." If you challenge their right to it, they explain that there is an Eastern democracy and a Western democracy. Their own is the Eastern brand, that is to say, the bona fide democracy. Ours is the Western brand, which is only Fascism in disguise. Again it's a trick, son. So crude a trick that you would imagine it couldn't fool anyone but a simpleton. It fools millions. Are they all simpletons? What do you say?

Also by manipulation of words the Communies have persuaded some Americans that there is something wicked about "rugged individualism." "Rugged" is a good word. Abraham Lincoln was rugged. Daniel Boone was rugged. All the pioneers, explorers, discoverers, all the typical early Americans were rugged. So of the word "individual," a man with "individuality" used to be one who stood on his own feet, did his own thinking, was self-reliant. But the Communies put two good words together and make the resultant sound like a curse. "Rugged individualism!" It's a trick.

**TAKE ONE MORE** example "free enterprise." America was built upon free enterprise. But Communists use the phrase and make it seem wicked.

So you have to watch them. They are magicians. The hand is quicker than the eye. Yes, and the tongue is quicker than the brain. That is to say, the tongue of the charlatan is quicker than the brain of the dope. We ought not to let the tricksters get away with it. Let's remember St. Augustine's phrase, "distinguish the reality of things from the trickery of words."

**A MOTHER'S PRAYER**  
Nineteen years ago Mrs. Emile Havlik of Clyde, Mo., realizing that she was dying, called her family of thirteen children to her bedside and told how through the years she had scraped a sizable sum of money which she intended to use for the education of a Catholic priest. She instructed her children to see that this intention was fulfilled.

After her death the members of her family gave the money to the Benedictine Sisters in the Missouri town who in turn sent it to the Pontifical German and Hungarian College in Rome.

Thus was the prayer of another mother, thousands of miles away in Yugoslavia, answered. She had fasted three days a week for thirty years in order to obtain the grace of the priesthood for one of her children.

All this was told in a letter addressed to Miss Alice Havlik, daughter of the American benefactress from the Jesuit educator at the college. "The student selected to benefit from the generous gift," he wrote, "is a former army officer. His case is certainly an extraordinary one. . . . He promises to become an excellent priest who will do you great honor. His name is Alois Stepien."

When a man says he's boss in his family he'll lie about other things too—Marathon Republic.

If you can give, give: If you cannot give, reduce not your sympathy. Where God does not find the faculty, he crowns the will. Let go man say, "I have nothing." Charity is not carried in a purse.

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