

Sons Of Loyola

All Are Americans

Dedicated Women

By MONSIGNOR HART

The Jesuits Are Coming

The new Rochester High School for boys will be staffed by the Jesuit Fathers. Bishop Kearney made this announcement today. The Bishop's Jubilee High School Fund which has been in preparation for several weeks will take on added strength with this announcement.

Rochester has been fortunate in its religious teachers. The Basilian Fathers at Aquinas have made a mark for themselves as educators. They have made a wonderful beginning at St. John Fisher College.

Now the Jesuit Fathers with a reputation as educators that goes back through the years will come to Rochester to give to our young men the lasting benefits of a high school education under the Jesuit plan.

History is in the making with this announcement. Through the Jubilee Drive we hope to give into the hands of the Jesuit Fathers a high school building worthy of such a faculty and worthy of the type of student body which we hope to assemble. It is now for clergy and laity a propitious time to make our Bishop's Jubilee High School Fund Drive and outstanding success.

May the blessing of St. Ignatius Loyola be upon our city and our Diocese as his noble sons undertake this important part in our educational program.

Labor Day

America rejoices to honor all her citizens who are engaged in industry and commerce as producers of the things that make America outstanding among the nations of the world. Equality of all men was the watchword of those who founded our Republic.

There can be no such thing in America as a real division between the owners of industry and the workers. All are Americans. All are interested in the welfare of our Country; all realize that only through a ready recognition of the essential part our industrialists take in setting into motion the means of production can our country prosper.

Likewise all true Americans realize that proper recognition, not as a privilege but as a right, must be given to all our workers. Their right to organize and secure for themselves and for their employees the advantages of collective bargaining is assured by the law of our nation.

Labor Day should find every American giving thanks to God for the ambition and skill and training of our workers in every line of endeavor.

The Social Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI set forth a program of social philosophy that guarantees justice to all. Thinking men everywhere are ready to follow the fundamental teachings of the two great Encyclicals of these Supreme Pontiffs.

Final Vows

On Wednesday of this week in the Chapel of Nazareth Motherhouse twenty-two young Sisters of St. Joseph made their final vows and received the crosses which they are to wear as evidence that they are professed Sisters. They and their Sisters in other congregations throughout the world are the hope of the Church in rising generations. In their vows they have given themselves to the service of God and of their neighbor.

They are ready now to go forth into our schools and high schools and colleges, into our orphanages, hospitals and homes for the aged. Their principal work of course is that of teaching and every parent values most highly the services of which these good Sisters stand ready to give.

The call to the religious life goes out in our days as in days of yore. A genuine answer to this call is a fulfillment of the will of God and a carrying out of God's plan to provide training for all His little ones. Happiness that cannot easily fade away is the portion of a Sister who has dedicated her whole life to the love of God in the service of her neighbor.

All should pray that vocations may be increased and that the willingness of our young people to heed the call of God shall be more and more manifest.

Thirty young women are entering the Nazareth Novitiate next month. May their good example and their prayers prompt others to follow in their footsteps to be a means of salvation to many thousands of God's children in the years to come. God bless our Sisters!

The Opening Of School

The graduate has been standing for many years with reluctance as he goes forth into the world from the haven of school and protection and guidance and training represented by his school. Perhaps the many thousands who are standing on the threshold ready to enter on the beginning or the continuation of a education program, may have equally reluctant feet. Vacation has gone; playtime must be reduced; the work of serious study in the things of God and in the things of God's creation, must now be attended to.

Yet even among the very young we find a serious attitude that schooling is a necessary step in preparation for life. A certain happiness shines in the eye of the ordinary pupil as he takes his duly assigned seat in the kindergarten or in the rooms assigned to the grammar grades, to the high school grades, to the college years.

Competent teachers eager for the fray take their positions with confidence that God's blessing will be with them as they train the minds and hearts of these little ones. Catholic parents have done their share. Their Priests and Bishops have built up a school system with their cooperation.

God and the things of God must have the important and all prevailing part in the training of Catholic children. God bless our schools; God bless our teachers; God bless our army of people now returning to school!

JOSEPH BREIG

An Essay In Color

"We will make," said the Lord God, "colored people. But one thing we will never make: white people."

"We will make people dark," said the Lord God. "Dark like the dusk we will make them. But we will not make them white."

"We will make them brown like autumn leaves, brown like the good earth. Brown certainly—but not white."

"Coppery we will create them," said the Lord God. "Copper is a good color, a strong color, and rich."

"But not white people," said the Lord God. "Only colored people will we make."

"Some we will touch with that delicate tint that is but distantly approximated by the word 'yellow.' Others we will make ivory. And there will be those who will have that shade of skin that goes with golden hair and blue eyes."

"BUT NEVER," said the Lord God, "never a white man or a white woman or a white child will we make; for we want our creatures to be beautiful."

"We will make our children in a trillion color combinations so that each will be as individual as a snowflake under a microscope."

"But while people?" No," said the Lord God, "we will not make white people, for colors are meant to be contrasting or complementary. They are meant to differentiate, or to harmonize."

"Colors are not to be thrown together in one blinding mixture so that they cancel one another out and thus destroy themselves. We will have no inaccurate shades of color walking through the world."

"We will have people of the color called 'Negro,'" said the Lord God. "We will have people of the color called 'Indian' or 'Japanese,' or 'Malay.' We will have color combinations which will be called 'Swedish,' or 'Egyptian,' or 'Arab,' or 'Spanish,' or 'Italian,' or a hundred others. But not white people."

"BROWN" people," said the Lord God. "We will certainly create, because brown is splendid. Brown is the color of nature's final defiance of death. It is the promise that life does not die forever, but is renewed. Brown is the burst of an energy that will not surrender, that cannot be held in the grave, that will always return. Brown people, yes; but no white people."

"Coppery people!" asked the Lord God. "Yes," said the Lord God, "and people of many other colors; for color is good. We will color them predominantly copper, or predominantly black, or predominantly olive, or predominantly white."

"Poets," said the Lord God, "will grope for words with which to describe the color combinations we will create. They will grope, and never quite find. Poets and novelists will lie awake at night, seeking terminology for the hue of a woman's cheek. They will attempt themselves trying to express the goldenness of a child, the brownness of another, the ivory-ness of another. And they will never entirely succeed, for the tongue cannot utter what we will create for the eye to see."

"COLOR!" asked the Lord God. "Yes. All the human race will be a strange elusive symphony of color. Never will two men or two women or two children be colored exactly alike. But colored they will be, for we will have no white people."

"A white man?" asked the Lord God. "Would he be a monstrosity. He would be something to freeze the heart with fear. A man the color of a ghost? A woman the color of death? A child the color of a grave?"

"No," said the Lord God. "We will set no such spectral things to walking about the earth. Colored people we will make, but no white people." Thus spoke the Lord God; and so it was done.

Smart Boy

Clergyman (benevolent): "And what is your name, my little boy?"
Smart Boy: "Well, if that isn't the limit! Why, you baptized me!"

Chinese Premier Called To Moscow For Conferences!



GRETTA PALMER

The Question Preceding Progress

Besides the veterans of World Wars I and II and the current conflict in Korea (which might be called World War Two-and-a-Half) we have amongst us veterans of the bloodless but destructive War Against Tradition, Morality and All Religion. The men and women who have survived its battles carry scars. Some of them are spiritual amputees who have lost their capacity to trust or to love anyone or anything in life. And they are commoner than you may think.

The unhappy state of mind of the "jazz" veterans of the "jazz" era is still, however, winning new followers today. If it were not for a publisher who would have republished Scott Fitzgerald, the early books of Evelyn Waugh and Aldous Huxley would not continue to sell in cheap reprint editions. Broadway would not revive play after play that opened when Percy Hammond, Alexander Woolcott, Heywood Brown and Robert Benchley wrote their first-night reviews before going on to Tony's or the Dixie Club or "42." People "no longer speak of 'flaming youth'—perhaps because the sad cynicism of the young American is no longer news. But it persists and it is a very gruesome state of mind."

BEVERLY Nichols in his new volume, "All I Could Never Be," performs an immensely valuable service by showing us exactly how this type of cynicism regards religion, and by exactly what stages he can be induced to change. He reveals the somewhat neglected truth that minds like his may desire to believe, but not at the price which, man of them, and that price, as they see it, is integrity and devotion to the "truth" however painful truth may be. Consider what Mr. Nichols wrote in 1927—"what very many successors of Mr. Nichols would probably write today... if they were asked to state their view-point on religion: 'Faith is no more a virtue than an ear for don't... I believe that when I die I am snuffed out like a candle and that no god will ever again set me alight. I see no use in trying to cheat myself. I long to believe in an 'after-life' call that a tragedy. You may say: 'If you and the rest of your generation feel that the world is futile, you have no part in it. You will not fight its battles nor sing its songs.'"

That argument is quite wrong. The fact that I do not believe in a cause does not prevent me from dying for it. Though the world is futile, you have no part in it. You will not fight its battles nor sing its songs."

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We should never open our eyes on a new day or close our eyes on a day that is spent, without thanking God for all that His goodness has given into our keeping. God has blessed us. Thanks be to God!

That attitude, expressed with considerably less gusto, was the theme of Maxwell Anderson's Broadway play on Joan of Arc. It might be called the "old by an idiot" conception of life. How (believing that the universe is mad and purposeless) such writers still manage to defend the values of courage and kindness is a mystery. Yet they do.

AND BECAUSE they often do cling to some form of goodness, deprived of all rational underpinnings from their ultimate beliefs, a little chink remains in the atheist armor. In Beverly Nichols' case there was the "queer" feeling of wanting to thank somebody who was not there."

That is about the way that it has to happen today, when the universities grind out snarling young atheists in every graduating class, and when sixty million Americans have no church affiliations whatsoever. The religion whose topmost principles are labeled "Love" and which tells us that God Himself is Love begins to touch a sceptic through what ever love is already in his heart.

If he loves Mozart, then his need to thank Somebody for Mozart's melodies will stir and disturb him. If he loves the intricate pattern of a rose in his garden, its order and its beauty will set him on the quest of trying to explain how such orderliness and beauty came to be. Whatever god an atheist comes to love is a deity which exacts from him to religious belief. After all, we need drop only a single letter—a "nought"—out of "god" to find that it is "God."

Perhaps one great gift that we do not consider often enough is the gift of life with continued good health and integrity in all our bodily and mental makeup. Should we not consider that God is doing more for His world and for His children in the many many millions He keeps in constant health, than in the much lesser number whom He delivers from sickness and bodily defects?

Those who have been healed owe a debt of gratitude to God. Those who God has kept in such good health that they have not needed special healing, perhaps owe a greater debt of gratitude.

Where are the nine? Christ healed ten lepers. One returned to thank Him. The others, fully satisfied that God had been good to them, felt that it was not necessary to return to Christ and express their gratitude. Where are the nine?

The thoughtful Christian will always be grateful to God. Our bodies and our minds are the product of the infinite wisdom of God and of His desires to bless mankind.

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from design? I learnt it from flowers. . . . The sense of sight was persuading me of the possibility of a divine pattern."

At this stage of his groping Mr. Nichols read the Gospel of St. Mark and said to himself, "If only it were true." And then, suddenly, he realized that "I had never made any serious effort to find out whether it was true or whether it was not. . . . To the historical basis of a story that had held a large part of the civilized world for two thousand years, a story which was for all men a matter of life or death, I had given less attention than to the study of a company report."

And then, of course, Beverly Nichols was on his way.

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BUT SOME love of life there has to be, some admission that there are things outside the ego and its fierce demands which are worth valuing for their own sake. Love must be the companion of the man in search of God on every forward step of his way; he has no love in his heart, he is headed towards despair.

"Export or die," said Missolini to the Italians, "Love or die in despair!" might be a useful warning to the young. Love leads to thanksgiving; and even the most mixed-up modern will feel a little foolish if he tries to express his fervent thanks to the Evolutionary processes or the Mendelian theory.

And so, when some of the weary sophisticates of 22 years or so approach us for our help, we may be asking the wrong question if we ask, "What is the trouble?" or "Why are you unhappy?"

Perhaps the primary question—the one whose answer would be a real solution—is quite different. Perhaps we ought to say to them, quite simply, "What is it that you love?" If that love can be baptized, the man who holds it in his heart will soon want to be baptized too.

wooing Marshal Tito Embarrassing Role For U. S. State Department

By J. J. GILBERT

Washington—(NC)—In breaking the news to Americans that we are going to keep on giving huge sums in aid to Marshal Tito, our State Department has explained once more why we are so friendly with the dictator of Yugoslavia.

It is not a new explanation, but a new statement of the old excuses, it is just as embarrassing as those that have gone before.

WE ARE trying so desperately to get along with Tito, it is explained, because we are being "thoroughly realistic." Tito leaves a lot to be desired, it is admitted, but he is being realistic with us, and we have to be the same with him. "When we each know clearly where we stand," the State Department says, "there is no reason for concern about Yugoslav-American relations. They are progressing well."

In what way are they progressing well? To whose benefit? To the benefit of the people of Yugoslavia? As the American people would have them progress?

Back when this huge program of aid to Tito was inaugurated, it was put largely on the basis that there was human suffering in Yugoslavia. This was blamed on droughts and crop failures. There was more than a suspicion that Tito brought it on with his insistence on communizing the farms. But no matter, the Americans wanted to help people in distress. They thought, though, that Tito also ought to help relieve the distress. We could lift some of the physical suffering; Tito could lift some of the spiritual and mental oppression.

HAS THAT happened? Our State Department says: "In matters which concern Yugoslavia as free individuals, the immediate position of the population with regard to civil and religious liberty has been somewhat improved."

In the last year, this is how religious liberty has improved in Yugoslavia:

Archbishop Stepanac of Zagreb was released "conditionally" from a cell, but confined very effectively to a house and its grounds. At least one Catholic priest was murdered. It was admitted that no religious body could conduct primary or secondary schools in Yugoslavia. A Catholic Bishop was beaten and set on fire with gasoline when he arrived in a

four out of ten cases he has an annual income of more than \$4,000.

IN THE 1890's the chances that the worker would be unemployed were one out of eight; today the rate is one out of ten. Before 1900 only one out of every fourteen workers belonged to a trade union; today the proportion is one out of four, and in the large manufacturing plants, the center of the open shop movement then, almost all the workers are trade union members.

In terms of purchasing power the average production worker is almost forty per cent better off than he was in 1930. Economically at least, he is literally one hundred per cent better off than he was in 1882, while the cost of living has increased threefold.

IN THE LIGHT of these facts, American capitalism is far from being what Karl Marx predicted it would be. It is true that the system still works injustices. But to think of American capitalism in terms of wholesale poverty and disease, exploitation, and class warfare is to think in terms of the past century.

Modern managers of property are much more genuinely concerned with the well-being of workers and the welfare of the nation. Much more of the fruits of our productivity are being passed on to the workers. American labor leaders know that. For this reason they long ago had the wisdom to reject socialism as a method of social betterment and to seek instead economic gains within the framework of our established American economic system.

There is only one drawback to this favorable economic picture. It is this: a great deal of our national prosperity has come at the expense of the American family.

Having found ways of increasing our family income, it is now imperative, if we wish to survive as a nation, that we re-establish family life in America according to the old pattern. This is not a problem of economics, however. It is a problem of religion. It is in religious benefits and practice that Americans are woefully weak.

Abp. O'Hara Recites Daily Radio Rosary

Philadelphia—(NC)—Archbishop John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., of Philadelphia began the daily recitation of the Rosary over radio station WMMJ at 7:15 a. m. on Aug. 29, the Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

It was announced that the Archbishop will recite the Rosary every weekday morning over the radio at 7:15 a. m. The Philadelphia Catholic Lay Forum extended an invitation to everyone in the archdiocese to join with him in these daily prayers for the return of souls to Christ.

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