

**Our Bally Bread Working Together Shows How Life**

By MONSIGNOR HART

**The Hunter's Moon**

In song and story our forefathers celebrated the month of September as the dawning of the Hunter's Moon. Spring has come and gone, the fields have been sown and they are all getting ready for the early harvest or the completion of the harvest. It is just the time for the farmer to seize the opportunity between seasons to become a hunter.

One hears the frequent gun in the woods and in the forests; one finds at the farmer's table a welcome addition to the bill of fare. There is still beef and pork and chickens and turkeys, but added to them now will be found venison, rabbit meat and some of the wild birds. Corn has added its wholesome piquance to the usual list of items.

September introduces us to the closing portions of our year. Everything has been preparation up to the present and now we come to fruition. Foods of every kind, domestic and wild are furnished to us by the Lord of creation, and the farmer can look all about him and see the Lord answering that part of the Pater Noster in which we call upon God to give us this day our daily bread.

We have wheat and corn, potatoes and turnips, as merely a few of the items of domestic food that the Lord gives us. We have meats of all kinds and now added to them the flesh of wild fowl and the anticipation of the near approach of our festive turkey dinner at Thanksgiving. All of this makes us happy in the fact that the Hunter's Moon is now with us.

**Labor Day**

September brings to us once more the day that has been set apart to honor all who toil. The practice of honoring honest labor goes back so far that only a few remember the time when most of the attention given to labor was far from complimentary.

Deep respect for labor, proper appreciation of all it has done for man and his world, and legislation that is aimed more and more at improving the lot of the laboring man, bettering his conditions and increasing his share in the product of his labor, have brought labor to a very high place in the estimation of America and all its citizens.

The prosperity of our country is to a great degree dependent on our laboring men. They produce the best results when they learn to cooperate in a friendly and just manner with the men who represent capital. Few countries in the world can show the very happy results that we find here in America through the cooperation that exists between Capital and Labor.

There may be a few who look back with greedy eye to the days when they could take unto themselves practically all that labor could produce. Thoughtful men in the ranks of Labor stand in the ranks of Capital are ready to work together to see that the rules of justice and fair play are followed in all our dealings with men who work and men who furnish the capital for their work.

Let Labor Day be unto every American a token of assurance that our great Country gladly recognizes the merits of its laboring men and will continue to make our just dealings with labor men with Capital a foundation for the prosperity that is ahead of us.

**Scholars At Work**

A group of our budding scholars for three months worn a Western air of dressiness. Schools without scholars present a lonesome picture. But next week will find the scholars back at work in their schools and will find our schools taking on their normal appearance. They are alive and industry; they are made vocal by learned teachers and learning pupils.

What has been for the vacation period a silent part of our landscape now becomes a center of most of the noise in our community. Do you live next to a school? Are you conscious of what the first week of September brings to you in your home in the way of happy voices of children and the animated discussions of our youth?

Silence is not the accepted thing in nature, in art, in religion. It is the exception. Even in the far places of the universe, we are reminded of the music of the spheres. There may be something in art that calls for silence but in most of our life we look for and expect the melody and harmony of human life. The glory of the human voice is oratory, the glorification of man's desire to communicate with his fellow-men through the medium of our lips in public places and in the privacy of our churches. One of man's great powers is that of communicating with his fellow-man.

The halls of education in becoming vocal again after the silence of a vacation period remind us that we are getting back to normalcy; that the highest power of man which is his intellect, is shared with all about him by the use of speech and the development of all the instruments by which he communicates with his fellows everywhere. Silence may be golden but we would all as miserable as old King Midas were we to have too much of his gold for our happiness, and for the best use of our faculties as intelligent men, we need speech and all the various forms of oratory, of singing, in which we express ourselves.

Remember that brings to joy as it parts into vocalization the mental processes of our teachers and of our pupils in all their various grades. The main approach with joy to the daily opportunity of increasing his knowledge. The teacher finds that his heart is full of gratitude to God for the renewed opportunity of conveying the wealth of knowledge in a direct, religious, artistic and practical to learning students.

The teacher has in a good description, in philosophical language, of the moment of his human mind when the child is born, and of the rest of the life of that new-born child is called upon to bring up that child to that it is a record of all the knowledge the child acquires in the course of his life.

Teachers are at work; their recordings are being made; their lessons are being recorded; their messages are being passed on to the next generation.

The minutes you open the door of your home, which is the foundation of America and of civilization, yours the forgotten children. Open your eyes about you and you will see everywhere but you carry the whole future of the nation on your back—and for thanks you get a consolation of something like \$150 a year for each of the youngsters who will make or break America to posterity.

I propose that the Home Ways and Means Committee give this matter a good long look.

You can deduct Cadillac, Pullman and any other luxury you fancy, so long as they're in the "line of business."

You can be merely a salaried employe sent out to show a "visiting fireman" a good time and you can live the oriental potentate as long as your contribution can stand it.

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THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE was asked the other day to do something for self-employed persons—doctors, lawyers, farmers and the like.

Spokesmen for such groups asked that they be allowed income tax deductions for payments they make to pension plans or retirement plans.

The self-employed, said George Roberts, speaking for the American Bar Association, are being discriminated against.

Something ought to be done, he asserted, "to help these people to help themselves."

ALL RIGHT. But shouldn't something be done to help parents not only to help themselves, but to help America?

A parent is allowed an income tax deduction of \$600 a year for each dependent child.

On most incomes, at present tax rates, that amounts to a real saving of something like \$150 to \$200.

Is there anybody who will deny that it costs many times that much nowadays to rear a boy or girl from infancy to young manhood or young womanhood—that is to say, to American citizenship?

A DEDUCTION OF \$600 for each child is piddling. It's almost an insult to American fathers and mothers.

As I recall, the deduction was \$500 way back years ago, when a dollar was a dollar.

Somewhere along the line, some big-hearted Congress upped the ante to \$600.

Maybe the \$100 increase made some slight sense at the time it was passed. Dollars were still dollars then—although even then a saving of \$150 wouldn't rear a child for a year, or even come close to it.

TODAY, THE \$600 deduction is fantastically low. The deduction for each child ought to be raised to at least \$1,200, merely to put parents in the same position they were in when the \$600 figure was first adopted.

And even that wasn't a position to throw your hat in the air about.

A deduction of \$1,200 would mean for most parents, a tax saving of, say, \$300 or possibly \$400.

Anybody interested in trying to rear a family in a city for that amount? It can be done nowadays, not even if the youngsters are to have the proper food, clothing, medical and dental care, and so on.

STILL, it would help. And I think it's high time Congress got around to doing something about helping parents.

Without parents, there wouldn't be any America.

We spend fabulous sums on promoting public health, combating juvenile delinquency, and that sort of thing.

It would be a lot cheaper in the long run to get down to the source and help fathers and mothers provide proper environment for their families.

IF YOU'RE in business or industry or most any kind of enterprise, you can deduct from your income tax \$5 steaks, rounds of expensive drinks, night club and theater parties, and even stiller things when you're entertaining "prospective customers."

You can deduct Cadillac, Pullman and any other luxury you fancy, so long as they're in the "line of business."

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**JOSEPH BREIG**

Income Tax And Parents

I haven't a thing in the world against doctors, lawyers, farmers, dentists, artists and other self-employed persons.

But I haven't a thing against parents either.

Why does our government seem to have some against parents, parents?

What I am talking about is this:

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10 Thursday—De Sales High School, Geneva—Mass—8:30 a.m. Merry High School, Alumnae Silver Jubilee Banquet—7:00 p.m.

11 Friday—Aquinas Institute, Mass—9:00 a.m.

12 Saturday—St. Francis of Assisi, Family Rosary for Peace—7:00 p.m.

13 Sunday—St. Bernard's Seminary, Ordinations of Subdeacons—8:30 a.m.

Holy Ghost, Coldwater—Blessing of New School—8:00 p.m. St. Andrew's Blessing of School—8:00 p.m.

14 Monday—St. Joseph's Commercial School, Mass—9:00 a.m.

15 Tuesday—Cenacle Convent, Lake Ronkonkoma, N. Y.—Religious Profession.

17 Thursday—St. Joseph's, Annual Red Mass for the Opening of the Courts of Justice—9:00 a.m.

18 Friday—Academy of the Sacred Heart, Mass—9:00 a.m. Aquinas Institute, Address Diocesan Teachers Convention—9:00 p.m.

19 Saturday—St. Bernard's Seminary, Ordinations of Deacons—8:30 a.m.

20 Sunday—St. Theresa's, Tarrytown, N. Y.—Golden Jubilee Sermon—11:00 a.m. St. Catherine's Academy, New York—Sermon at Dedication of New High School—4:30 p.m.

21 Tuesday—St. John Fisher College, Mass—9:00 a.m.

22 Wednesday—Nazareth College, Mass—9:00 a.m.

24 Thursday—Our Lady of Mercy Convent, Solemn Pontifical Mass, Patronal Feast—10:00 a.m.

25 Friday—St. Agnes High School, Mass—9:00 a.m.

26 Saturday—Nazareth Motherhouse, Mass for Nazareth College Alumnae—8:30 a.m. St. James, Waverly—Opening of Campaign for Parish School—8:00 p.m.

27 Sunday—St. Michael's, Newark—Confirmation and Laying of Cornerstone of new Parish School—4:00 p.m.

28 Monday—Holy Family, Ceremony of Reception for People's Eucharistic League—7:45 p.m.

**Bishop Kearney's Appointments**

SEPTEMBER

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**You Can Win Converts**

God Answers A Prayer

By Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.

Mrs. Dianne Sherrill of Portland, Oregon, believes that the best way to show her gratitude to God for the grace of Faith is to share the precious treasure of her holy Faith with others.

She has hung up some kind of record by winning many souls for Christ within the first 15 months of her own conversion.

It all began when she went to work in the tiny, grimy lumber office of Fred Harold. "From him," says Dianne, "I first learned of the beauty, help, strength and joy of the Catholic religion. Our Lady and of the willingness of the early Christians to die rather than deny their Faith. Though I later attended the catechism classes of two different priests, I learned nothing which Fred had not already explained to me at the office.

"Two months after my baptism Fred died of cancer from which he had suffered for more than a year. Yet he never once complained. He was in love with God and ready to go whenever He called. So Christ-like was Fred that whenever I think of Our Lord I think of Fred as His beloved disciple.

"TEACH DAY when I receive Communion I breathe this prayer for the man that led me to Christ: 'Grant, O God, that sometime I may have a convert to pray for me when I have departed from this life, as I now pray for Fred. Grant that the seed of Thy truth which he planted in my soul may increase and multiply and return to Thee a hundredfold!'

"That's a beautiful prayer," remarked, "Has God hearkened to it as yet?"

"Most generously," replied Dianne. "As soon as I discovered that Will Cannon, an acquaintance of mine, was a fallen-away Catholic, I brought him to a mission which Father Martin Donnelly was conducting at Holy Rosary Church. This got him back on the path and he is now a frequent communicant. That happened only four days after my own baptism on December 22, 1951.

"My son and I shared an apartment with Louise Deifel and her ten-year-old boy, Johnny. I persuaded her to send Johnny to St. Mary's School for boys at Huber, Oregon. When she met the Sisters there her prejudices softened and she was glad to have her son in such good hands. On Holy Saturday, 1952, Johnny was baptized at Holy Rosary Church and I was his godmother. Johnny hopes to be a priest some day.

"AT THE OFFICE I met Marguerite Work who was married to a fallen-away Catholic. By the Grace of God I persuaded Marguerite to send her son Jimmy to the Sister's school which my own son, Gregory, was attending. There my son was in class with Darlene Patrick and soon I became acquainted with the Patrick family.

"Like Howard Work, the father of this family, Oliver Patrick had lapsed from the Faith and his wife was a non-Catholic. With the permission of Father Donnelly I offered to instruct the two couples right in my own home. They were delighted to discover that they could receive instruction so informally.

"Did you take them through the whole course?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Dianne, "from A to Z. After Father Donnelly were to do it, my husband said I checked to see whether they were thoroughly instructed, he baptized Marguerite Work and he baptized Patrick along with her husband back into the fold. This was on December 22, 1952—the first anniversary of my own baptism. On Pentecost Sunday of this year Mrs. Patrick, Mr. and Mrs. Work and I were confirmed.

"MRS. WORK was so enthusiastic over her new-found Faith that she brought about the conversion of her brother, James Melinger, his wife Barbara and their daughter Sandra. I had enjoyed instructing the Patricks and Works so much that I asked several priests to send me others to instruct.

"Dianne," I said, "I've heard many stories of the zeal of converts in sharing their faith, but your achievement in leading fourteen souls to Christ with such Pauline zeal in a little more than a year is among the most inspiring and record-breaking of all. Would to God that we all follow it up with such zeal and faith and love!"

**Bishop Casey's Appointments**

SEPTEMBER

10 Thursday—Mercy High School, Alumnae Silver Jubilee Banquet—7:00 p.m.

11 Friday—St. Bernard's Seminary, Conferring of Clerical Tonsure—6:30 a.m.

12 Saturday—St. Bernard's Seminary, Ordinations of Porters and Lectors—5:30 a.m.

14 Monday—St. Bernard's Seminary, Ordinations of Exorcists and Acolytes—6:30 a.m.

15 Tuesday—Nazareth Academy, Mass—9:00 a.m.

17 Thursday—St. Andrew's Seminary, Mass—9:00 a.m.

19 Sunday—Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Annual Ceremony of the Blessing of the Graves—11:30 p.m.

21 Monday—Holy Family High School, Auburn—Mass—9:30 a.m.

22 Tuesday—Our Lady of Mercy High School, Mass—9:00 a.m.

23 Wednesday—Elmira Catholic High School, Mass—10:00 a.m.

27 Sunday—St. Theodore's, Gales—Confirmation—7:30 p.m.

28 Wednesday—Hotel Syneca, Benediction at Kiwanis Luncheon—11:00 noon

**Ireland And The Irish**

By SISTER MARGARET TERESA

This week, Sister Margaret Teresa concludes the series of accounts of her trip to Europe during the summer.

Dark Rosaleen, dear Ireland — you smiled on us! From the moment of our landing in the morning calm of Dun-Laoghaire and speeding along the trim highway to Mass and

We lost our hearts too to the land. It was all green, all fair — the songs have not made too much of it. A song cannot pause on the multitude of swans making a little river into fairyland. You cannot make a song, perhaps, about peat — light as cork, clear as water. You could easily make a song about where it is found — on the tops of mountains, in places mighty sweet to work in, for which "bog" is a most deceptive and unsuitable word.

These songs tell of cottages, but not often of churches and castles. These are part of the truth and beauty.

This is a land that has not been allowed a middle class, that has been choked and squeezed economically for many a century, drained of freedom and fullness of living and educational privilege.

In every church we saw still hanging bulletins of information for prospective Catholic emigrants, plain testimony that economic life is still distorted by the effects of centuries of killing restrictions.

In Dublin's Saint Patrick's Anglican since the sixteenth century, the memorial to Dean Swift brought back to mind his bold and bitter and unheeded defense of Ireland's poor the "Modest Proposal."

This is a country that has survived when its needs must perish. It has proved its vitality. It does not need defense now, it needs only a miracle of courage and patience in its present generation.

A distinct national and literary heritage can be won back if the people can be made bilingual. If they will accept the extra burden of learning Gaelic. A national economy can be firmly based if men can forget the trammels that destroyed the initiative of their fathers, and push ahead into new industries.

We felt the struggle going on, saw a new Ireland rising, new modern cottages replacing the old.

We tasted the unchanging glory of the love of the Faith in churches at Kilkenny, for instance, built by an Australian Catholic for his home town at 4:30 of a Sunday afternoon, singing their hearts out at Benediction. "O Mother, I could weep for Mirth."

We will never forget the unchanging beauty of the land: the Wicklow, the Galtee, the Mourne Mountains, guard the road, it seems, through Irish valleys to the sea of dreams.

The sea itself comes in friendly wise deep into that land — the free ocean and the westernmost Isle have a secret sympathy.

**For A Stronger Catholic Press: Tell Merchants About Ads, Bp. Gorman Urges Readers**

Dallas, Tex. (NC)—"I saw your advertisement in the Catholic press."

Those words from housewife to merchant can mean worldwide success for the Catholic press, according to Coadjutor Bishop Thomas K. Gorman of Dallas.

"I am convinced that unless our Catholic people start themselves to use the stewardship of their buying power for the benefit of the Catholic press, we will be overwhelmed throughout the world by a public opinion adverse to the Church," Bishop Gorman said.

The Bishop's statement was contained in a letter marking Catholic Press Month in South Africa. Writing of the September event at the request of the Cape Town Southern Cross, Bishop Gorman noted "a very healthy condition of Catholicism in Capetown."

The advertisers evidently want the business of Catholics and are confident that your readers will patronize them," he wrote.

"I ALWAYS study the advertisements in a Catholic paper," Bishop Gorman continued. "The way I see it is this:

Patronage of advertisers in the Catholic press is an intelligent and serious stewardship of the income of a loyal Catholic family. The ordinary family cannot give much money to the Church, but if the total income of the family is put behind the Catholic press, everything earned will work for the Church.

"If the wife, who usually does most of the buying in South Africa as she does in the United States, tells the merchant she saw his advertisement in the paper, he will increase it, if enough women tell him why they buy from him—because he advertises in a Catholic paper."

"If a thousand Catholic families average an income equivalent to \$2,500 per year, they would be able to put \$2,500 buying power back of their Catholic paper. If the merchants whom they patronize were to allot two per cent to advertising in the Catholic press, that would mean an advertising revenue of \$50,000 generated by one parish."

REVIEWING the condition of U. S. Catholic newspapers, Bishop Gorman said they "are virtually starved for want of revenue."

**Sunday Sermon**

By Rev. Hart

**FEAR AMONG THE MOURNERS**

We have all attended funerals. There is a sadness about them which we know only too well. They take the body of a deceased friend from his home, from his church and into the consecrated ground that is to be his last resting place.

In the hearts of the mourners there is a deep sorrow; there is a sense of bereavement and a consciousness that one we love is about to enter into his last resting place. There is sorrow, but comfort goes with that sorrow. The prayers of the Church have given us a renewed assurance that death is not the end.

We have the words of Our Lord Himself assuring "that he who has loved Me shall also love My Father who has sent Me, and that all men shall have the opportunity to say that God has visited His people."

The Light "He that believeth in Me, even though he be dead, shall live, and everyone who lives and believeth in Me shall not die forever."

Our sorrow is overcome by our faith in the power of Christ. We go to the cemetery and gladly place the body of the deceased in the consecrated ground.

"Young man, I say to thee, arise," and he that was dead sat up and Christ gave him to his mother.

Now come fear upon all. They trembled at the evident power shown by Christ in calling back the dead to life, and along with their fear came faith in the power of Christ, and they called Him their great Promise saying that God had visited His people.

Every Catholic knows that the same power shall be exercised on the last day over every grave and that all men shall have the opportunity to say that God has visited His people.

**Courier Journal**

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE ROCHESTER DIOCESE

Friday, September 4, 1958 Vol. 64 - No. 49

MRS. JAMES R. KEARNEY, B.S., President.

Editor of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and the Catholic Press Association. Contributor to National Catholic Welfare Conference. News Service, Religion News Service.

Published every Friday by the Rochester Catholic Press Association.

MAIN OFFICE 215 So. — Bldg. 6111 Y. Rochester 4, N. Y.

AUBURN OFFICE — 45 Grant Ave. Auburn 2, N. Y.

ELMIRA OFFICE — 312 Reilly Bldg. Ph. 2-3613 or 2-1113

Subscriptions and second class matter in the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y., as provided under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Single copy 10c; 1 year subscription in U. S. \$4.00; Canada \$6.00; Foreign Countries, \$8.00.