

Marian Year And Lourdes

The Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes on February 11 automatically suggests the vastly important role that the miraculous Shrine at Lourdes will occupy in the Marian Year Pilgrimages. While pilgrims by untold thousands will find their way to innumerable holy places sacred to the Mother of God in our own country and in every land, it seems only natural to assume that Lourdes will be included in almost every pilgrimage that takes people beyond the bounds of their own lands.

The Holy Year of 1850 drew immense throngs to Rome for the indulgences attached to this pilgrimage and for a sight of the Holy Father. But the Holy Year also afforded almost every pilgrim that longed for personal visit to Our Lady of Lourdes Shrine in France. They came not out of idle curiosity nor with the guarantee of a cure of some physical or mental ill, but with centuries-old devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

What will Marian Year mean in terms of pilgrimages to Lourdes? Even now it is easy to prophesy the decision of all who will leave their homelands bent on visiting the Shrines of Our Lady. When we read how 42,000 men and women traveled on foot to the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico, and this in Marian Year—we can understand that other men and women will come by the thousands to Lourdes in Marian Year.

They will come by train, by plane, by boat, by car, on foot. They will come with their sick, with their afflicted in body and mind; they will come with their faith and their love to the World Shrine of their Mother Mary in the Year of Mary. There they will pray for themselves and their own intentions; but above all, they will pray to the Lady Who said in this hallowed spot: "I am the Immaculate Conception." (See Page 2)

Lincoln Day

Carl Sandburg, who wrote the life of Abraham Lincoln, has given a graphic summary of Lincoln's death in these striking sentences:

"In the time of the April 1865, in the year 1865, a man in the City of Washington, D. C., treated a guard to watch a dog, and the guard was careless, left the door, and the man was shot, injured a night, passed away, was laid in a box, and carried north, and west 1,400 miles; bells sobbed; cities wore crepe; people stood with hats off as the railroad train came past at midnight, dawn or noon. The facts and myths of his life are to be an American possession, shared widely over the world. This was because he was not only a genius in the science of neighborly relationships and an artist in the personal handling of life from day to day, but a brave idealist and a trimly manager to all forms of life that he met.

In the thrilling pages of the history books of the United States we find only two Presidents, Washington and Lincoln, whose memories are so interwoven with the life of our country that their birthdays are celebrated as a national holiday. There is a reason for everything and it is immediately apparent in the case of these two men who forged the future of America in the War of Independence and the War of Liberation.

Other Presidents of the American democracy have contributed to the growth, development and leadership of this country, but only one man has ever borne the title, "Father of His Country," and one man the title, "The Great Emancipator." Washington saw the birth of a Nation; Lincoln saw the Rebirth of a Nation. Our Nation might never have lived without the military genius of Washington; our Nation might never have survived a bloody civil war without the political genius of Lincoln. It is no wonder then that a writer speaks of Abraham Lincoln as the "grandest figure in the crowded annals of the drama of the nineteenth century."

Lincoln's Day is much more than the Birthday of a President; it is a very real, colored the Birthday of American Freedom for all peoples—white, colored, poor and rich alike. On this Day the principles of the Magna Carta of America—the Declaration of Independence of 1776—are restated as the basic reason for the continued existence of the greatest democracy the world has ever known, and as the guarantee of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for the nations of the earth which embrace our way of life. George Washington was the Exponent of Liberty; Abraham Lincoln, the Exponent of Equality for all men under God.

On this Lincoln's Birthday the people of America do well to honor and revere the memory of a great statesman; they will honor him still more if they pledge themselves to root up and destroy utterly the spurious Liberty and Equality of Communism which has wormed its way into high public places, into the system of our public education, into our labor unions.

Let us have Freedom—not the false kind guaranteed by Socialism, Secularism, Communism—but the God-given kind won by Washington, perpetuated by Lincoln, and firmly believed in by the rank and file of all the citizens of these United States of America.

His Parish Is The World

The human race stands with bated breath, waiting news of the Holy Father who has been critically ill. Frail figure of a man, Pope Pius XII carries the burden of the almost fourteen years with incredible vigor of mind and body; it seems only yesterday that the "Pope of the People" rigidly observed a superhuman schedule probably unmatched in the life story of the greatest names in history.

No wonder the world watches and prays, because the fate of the universe may well turn on His death or recovery. By His wisdom, by His spiritual guidance, by His fearlessness—Pope Pius XII has safely steered the Bark of Peter through the most violent storms in the existence of the Church when men's minds as well as men's bodies were the victims of unparalleled world-wide persecution. By His Person, by His unyielding resistance to international power politics, by His defense of the weak against the strong—Our Holy Father has earned the confidence of the Free Nations and the unwilling respect of the Communist Powers.

It is the key to the overwhelming problem of World Peace. With Him in our midst, we may well believe that a sharply divided universe will heed His voice as the Vicar of Christ, and the Spiritual Father of that Christendom which presents an impenetrable front to the forces of Communism. With the privation of His earthly presence, it has been predicted that the Communists may make a desperate bid for total world supremacy even at the insupportable risk of another and infinitely graver universal conflagration.

Our Holy Father has for His Parish the whole world. When we pray for Him to be spared, we are asking Almighty God to preserve the life of His Shepherd whose sheep we all are—Catholics, Protestant Jew, Hindu and Free, Communist, and every man are made to the form and likeness of God. The world's sheep fold needs its Shepherd, Pope Pius XII.

JOSEPH BREIG

D-Day For The Movies

I think that much good can eventually be brought out of the decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court in the cases of the three movies, "Miracle," "La Ronde," and "The Courtship of Miles Enderton."

In the first case, the court ruled that the Ohio censor could not bar the film as "tending to promote crime," because that phrase is too general to meet the requirements for good law.

The court similarly overthrew New York State's ban on "La Ronde," holding that the term "immoral" is not sufficiently definite.

But the court did not outlaw censorship as such. Citizens who wish to protect moral standards and the general welfare are not hamstrung.

ON THE CONTRARY, they have been alerted. They can now demand that their legislatures and city councils draw up censorship laws which will be emphatically specific.

The results may very well be all to the good. Movie producers have sometimes got away with murder under "indefinite" censorship. New laws can be made more effective than the old.

In the "Miracle" case, decided last year, the court held that the movies are entitled to the same constitutional freedoms as are speech and press.

But the court also remarked that this does not mean that anything and everything may be shown at any time and in any place.

I THINK THE COURT in that decision, forgot the history behind the First and Fourteenth Amendments—a history of tyrannical suppression of the right of the people to be informed, and to be heard on public issues.

Freedom of the press has brought down on us a flood of the gravest kind of evils—evils that certainly could not have been foreseen by the Founding Fathers.

Thomas Jefferson and the others might very well start another Revolution if they could come back from the grave and see what freedom of the press has done to their country.

NEVERTHELESS, freedom of the press is a very great good—a good so great as doubtless to justify the enduring of considerable evil caused by its abuse.

But the movies are not the press. I grow ill when I hear newspapermen arguing for freedom of the press to freedom of the movies. Have they no respect for their own craft?

THE PRESS—the decent press which the Founding Fathers meant to free—exists to inform the people; to guide; to educate; to inspire; to enlighten; to defend.

Are those the purposes of the movies? Are the movies essential to the functioning of America and the protection of the people's rights? Don't make me laugh.

Nevertheless, great good may come out of the Supreme Court's decisions. If the movie people are to be given freedom, sooner or later they will be forced to accept responsibility.

If they will not accept it, they will be taken by the scruff of the neck, and their faces will be ground into their responsibilities.

THE DISTRIBUTORS who appealed to the Supreme Court, and won these curious decisions, will find in the long run that what they threw was a boomerang.

Radio certainly is entitled to freedom of speech—which cannot rationally mean anything except freedom to speak truth, decently, temporarily and responsibly.

Bus radio is regulated right up to here. It is regulated by the Federal Communication Commission, and it is stringently self-regulated.

A man before a radio microphone cannot even utter a harmless expletive without bringing down the house on himself like a ton of brick.

The movies, I predict, either will learn how to use freedom properly, or they will get it in the neck, from one quarter or another, or from many quarters.

And getting it in the neck, brother, is what the movies have been asking for.

The Manner Is Ordinary

By SISTER MARGARET TERESA

THE MANNER IS ORDINARY, by John LaFarge, S. J. Harcourt Brace, 1954, 48 pp., \$4.75. Available at Catholic bookstores and others.

This is everybody's favorite kind of American history—personal history by "the Pilgrim" of America, intimate pictures of dozens of people you've been hearing about all your life. The author knew them all: Henry Adams, Henry James, A. S. W. Carr, Santovana, Leo XIII, Maritain, Claude, Stepinac, Ivan Meitrovic, Henry Wallace, Plus X, Plus XII.

But that is only one allurement of this book. The autobiography of Father John LaFarge is more than a mere pleasant memory. It records a life that is a Divine plan, an organic work of art.

Paris Hemlock, the happy childhood of a lad with the mark of God's benediction on his gentle face, a childhood as the son of a distinguished American Catholic family, artistic, energetic, trained in the fine arts, and abroad and at home, a University professor and professor, artist, architect, writer, leader of good causes. None could tell it so well perhaps as a tenth child, with such a child's special entrance into three generations.

A Newport child, of a family proud by many decades the fabulous heyday of Vanderbilts and Golets, and kind-hearted, talking, walking the Cliff Walk along the enchanted sea with his delightful mother, "the only woman with whom Henry James was ever deeply in love," cherishing her originalities and arbitrary devotions of his artist father, destined to meet often, in the days of his childhood, that father in the city, at home and abroad, in stained-glass window or tiny sketchbook.

PARIS AESTHETIC, the long and busy "heat of the day," in which illness and recuperation—and trips to Europe—appear as Divine birthday presents left-hand of God, sweetmeats more than welcome.

The scope of Paris Aesthetics has become very broad. It is a serious and important essay on our times; a "must." A valuable corollary of his analysis is the account of the most striking work of American magazines with disarming clarity this Editor-in-Chief describes, for instance, the work of Father Harold Gardner in assessing novels, the consultation with the best theologians of the Church before pronouncements are made, or the consultations of the editorial board of a Monday morning (New York Times) when a new issue is projected.

Perhaps the most winning sidelight on his ordination is that line in a letter of Henry Adams: "Perhaps John will stick me in his Mass." We learn from succeeding pages that Henry Adams once made Monsignor Sigourney Fay, Cardinal Gibbons' secretary, say his office on Our Lady's feast before he would travel with him. "She wants her office said in time," he remarked, and then added in a grave manner, "She is my only hope."

PARIS AESTHETIC, those divisions are Father LaFarge's, of course, tells of the Catholic Mary and peninsula which absorbed Father LaFarge's first priestly years (Abell was one of the old Catholic names), where he spent himself to serve both Negro and white by setting up schools and improving rural life, wakening and uniting them as best he might against the day that was even then at hand, when the peninsula would lie open to modern secularist influences.

I HAVE NOT scratched the surface. I have passed over ten marked places that would perhaps have made the book's value better understood. The humor, for instance, is the fine bouquet of an observation sun-steeped and rich to begin with, and Father LaFarge tells his funny stories well; they make you laugh out and keep you smiling long after. His serious thought let me not forget, took in Rochester at one point, pp. 218-219.

Only in relatively recent times did we wake up to the historical treasures of the Church in this country. The great historian Dr. Peter Guilday, Mr. Thomas Meahan of the United States Catholic Historical Society, Dr. Kewelein of Rochester, Dr. John Tracy Ellis of the Catholic University of America, John Gilmary Shea, and others finally aroused a real Catholic historical sense which now is taken for granted.

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You Can Win Converts

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

"Every flow and then I'm started to discover the far-reaching influence of a pamphlet or book. Some one is converted and when I inquire as to what got the person interested, he said in the Catholic Faith and it was something they had read."

Father O'Brien, you have to go farther than my own family to find a good illustration of the influence of a single book. It was an old book, worn and tattered, but it helped not only to keep the faith alive when priests were scarce, but also to win a convert and to lead three others to the religious life. One of the fruits of this book is the full details.

The speaker was the Most Rev. Vincent S. Waters, Bishop of Raleigh, whose diocese embraces the whole state of North Carolina. We were seated in the Bishop's study, where he was busy with his plans for an all-out diocesan-wide crusade.

In that campaign the effort was made to get some piece of Catholic literature into the homes of all the churchless people of the state.

Intrigued by what the Bishop had narrated, I got in touch with his eighty-two year old father, Michael B. Waters of Roanoke, Virginia. He is still active in spreading the faith and making good use of pamphlets for this purpose.

"MR. WATERS, what is the name of that old book which is so highly treasured by your family?" I asked.

"It is Goffine's 'Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays, Holydays and Feasts throughout the Ecclesiastical Year.' It also contains instructions on Christian faith and morals, explanations of different ceremonies and practices of the Church and the lives of many saints with appropriate religious pictures. Here is its story.

"My father came from Ireland to America in 1850 and when the Civil War started, he enlisted in the Confederate Army. After the war he met my mother, a well-disposed non-Catholic, and they were married and settled in the mountainous part of Craig County in Virginia.

"In those days there were only a few priests in the whole state. One of them was Father J. W. Lynch who had his headquarters in Lexington. He traveled on horseback, searching out the few Catholic families scattered over the many counties comprising his mission parish.

"MY FATHER wrote to him asking him to come to baptize his three children. Father Lynch came, baptized us and celebrated Mass on the table in our parlor. Thereafter he would come a couple of times a year, and stay a few days with us, visiting us on a round trip of 200 miles on horseback over mountain trails.

"One day my father met a Catholic man at Roanoke who said, 'Here is an old book which I have read on Sundays for a number of years when there was no Mass to be heard in these parts. Take it home with you, it may help to make up for the lack of priest, church and school, and keep the faith alive in your family.'

"The book was a wreck, nearly all the pages were loose, and they were badly worn. Mother, who was a genius in patching things up, used needle and thread and paste, and put the book together again.

"Each evening father would read aloud from the old book and we all would sit and listen, instructed and entertained, by the hour. The stories of the saints and their holy lives are still vivid and clear in my memory. We all came to love that old book as our most prized possession.

"It led to the conversion of my mother. When my brother Thomas was old enough to read, he would take that book out under a tree and read it by the hour. He knew much of it by heart. It led to his entering the seminary and becoming a priest. He was the pastor at Norfolk where he died in 1937—Monsignor Thomas E. Waters.

"IT WAS HE who fostered the vocation of my son, the Bishop of Raleigh, and of my daughter, Sister Mary Michael, a member of the Catholic Medical Missions, whose motherhood is at Fox Chase, Philadelphia. Thus did that battered, worn-out old book serve as the channel of God's grace, bringing one into the fold and, directly or indirectly three others in the religious life."

"It's no wonder," I said, "that you prize it so highly. It's typical of the service that many a Catholic book has rendered for God and souls."

CHURCH MUSIC

14. Rochester Annals (2)

Father Piedrauro, Father Mooney

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

(This series of articles commemorates the golden jubilee of the "Motu Proprio" letter on Church music issued by blessed Pope Pius X on Nov. 22, 1903. Author of these articles is the Rev. Benedict Ehmann, nationally known authority on Church Music and pastor of St. Mary of the Lake Church, Watkins Glen, N. Y.)

The diocese of Rochester was directed by its first Bishop along lines of total and unswerving obedience to the will of the Holy Father. What the Pope directed to be done was attentively considered and put into action among the clergy of Rochester. The "Motu Proprio" of Pius X on the church music met with the same loyalty, and the Bishop was fortunate to have such able auxiliaries as Father Peter Piedrauro and Father Mooney.

—In the earlier days, back in the late '20s, when radio-broadcasting was where television now is, Father Mooney inaugurated over Station WHAM the Rochester Catholic Hour, and over the years he was instrumental in presenting the Church's true music over that valuable channel. He has also done fruitful work as a sort of unofficial public relations man between the Eastman School of Music and the Catholic Church.

He has counseled professors of that school in matters of the Church's music, and has encouraged the many efforts made there to present the subject fairly and authoritatively. He has fostered young musicians, coaching them and directing their interest toward the needs of the Church. Simply and quietly, with a gracious and most genial humility, Father Mooney has been a true ambassador of church music in Rochester, and the achievements of the last three decades would have been considerably less impressive and influential without him.

AMONG THE LAYMEN still alive and active in church music, there is, one Rochesterian who has already won a secure place in the sacred hall of fame. Professor Philip M. Bonifacio, organist and choirmaster of St. Boniface Church, is known throughout the world for his excellent compositions both for choir and for organ. His major studies in music were done in Europe, chiefly with the famous Max Regier, and he came into contact with many of the Caecilian composers. His work of musical descendants from them, and because of that his musicianship is thorough and sound and churchly.

His compositions are numerous and are the fruit, not only of his musical ability, but also of his practical experience as choirmaster and organist. He has never composed for the press or for the concert; he has been completely dedicated to the exigencies of the Church—and that, not on the level of the cathedral or basilica, but of the humble parish church.

And on that level of the ordinary parish church, Professor Bonifacio has been an outstanding example of Catholic musicianship. The organ he plays in it with Church themes he produces the most remarkable improvisations on the Organ during the course of the divine service, and as prelude and postlude to it. At his best, his performance at the console, particularly when he is improvising his worth coming composed for the press or for the concert; he has been completely dedicated to the exigencies of the Church—and that, not on the level of the cathedral or basilica, but of the humble parish church.

Another priest who has labored tirelessly in the cause of church music in the diocese is Father Leo O. Mooney. Due recognition of his valuable contribution came a few years ago when he was appointed by Bishop Kearney as Diocesan Coordinator of Church Music for the National Catholic Music Educators Conference. All his earlier labors for church music were spontaneous and "from the abundance of his heart."

In his official post as diocesan director of the Propagation of the Faith, his manifold duties did not prevent him from giving immense help over many years to his good friend, Monsignor John M. Duffy, who was then Superintendent of Catholic Schools, in the latter's program of indoctrinating our parochial school children in the music of the Church. The work of our Catholic schools in this matter will be presented in our next article; but it should be recorded here that

in these men surely the great tradition survives. For each generation God provides His witnesses and His laborers in every portion of His vineyard and for every phase of His holy work. This is our hope for the future, and the basis of our encouragement in the face of ignorance, misunderstanding and opposition.

(To Be Continued)

Sunday Sermon

By Monsignor Hart

Labors in The Vineyard
Septuagesima Sunday brings us the Gospel story of Christ's famous Parable of "The Laborers in the Vineyard."

The Kingdom of Heaven, according to Our Lord, is like the householder who early in the morning hired laborers to work in his vineyard. He agreed to pay them a just day's wage, one silver denarius. Four more times the householder went to the market place, even late as five o'clock in the evening and again hired workers. These laborers were also promised a just, but unspecified pay. The rich owner agreed to pay an exact wage only to the first group of workers. To the others he promised to pay what was fair.

WHEN IT CAME time to pay the laborers, the Lord of the Vineyard ordered that all the last even as the first, should be paid the same, a single denarius. This brought complaint from the first group of workers who had borne the "burden of the day and the heats."

But the owner defended his action as His justice.

He had treated the first group of workers with justice; he had paid them a just wage according to their own agreement. The latecomers, however, he had treated with generosity. He had paid them more than they deserved. This the owner insisted was his right.

This story is "like the Kingdom of Heaven." In it Our Lord shows us that God, guided by the owner, sometimes gives to sinners as a grace of gift of Divine mercy what He gives to the just as a just reward for their merits. Here is a warning to those who believe themselves just and deserving of God's reward: Let them take care lest their pride and presumption make them unworthy of God's reward and they see sinners through God's mercy preceding them into the Kingdom. God can give His gifts as He wishes, both His mercy and His justice. Perhaps the more we realize the "burden of the day and the heats" cannot complain if a sinner is saved in His final hour and leads us all into Paradise. God's mercy is equally as powerful as His justice.

The Catholic Courier Journal

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE ROCHESTER DIOCESE

Vol. 65 - No. 20 February 12, 1954

MOST REVEREND JAMES EDWARD KEARNEY, D.D., President

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and the Catholic Press Association. Subscriber to National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, Religious News Service.

Published every Friday by the Rochester Catholic Press Association.

MAIN OFFICE 35 Elm St.—Bldg. 511—Rochester 4, N. Y.

ELMIRA OFFICE 41 Grant Ave., Auburn 2, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter in the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y. As required under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Single copy 10c; 1 year subscription in U. S., \$4.00. Canada 11.75; Foreign Countries, 17.75.