

Americans In Foreign Prisons

Geneva's summit conference has produced, as Soviet Russia intended a surge of sympathy for the Red regime that rules half the world. Periodic release of communist-held political prisoners tends to win favor for Red China. Behind the smoke screen of all this publicity, injustices are still perpetuated, and President Eisenhower in a recent address cautioned American lawyers not to be too optimistic. The President cited Germany's divided condition and the continuing domination of satellite countries, results of the Soviet determination to retain its hold on these subjugated peoples.

Red Russia has shown itself anxious to be cooperative chiefly in cases where it stood a good chance to gain in the bargain. Sharing atomic knowledge, mutual agreements to disarm, greater interchange of students and production experts are ways calculated to benefit the Communists.

Soviet rule in east Germany has been a record of oppression for ten years. Over two million Germans have escaped from the Soviet zone to hazard their future in the western free sector after giving up possessions, homes, and even their families.

Many of these Germans who fled Red rule have sought admission to America but necessary legal requirements restrict the numbers admitted. Many Catholic agencies have sponsored refugee families and they all recount a story of glad relief in finding a home in a free land.

Freedom has been obliterated in Poland, Rumania, China, and a score of once sovereign nations by the enforced terror regimes imposed by the Communists.

If the polite manners of the Soviet envoys delude us into a false complacence, those who suffer injustice will brand us as partners of their oppressors.

Anonymous Comments

Every once in a while, the Courier Journal receives letters or phone calls from people who will not reveal their names. Oftentimes, their questions or comments deserve an answer but it is, of course, impossible to reply to a person you don't know.

Within the last two weeks, unidentified inquiries have asked the Courier's attitude about school uniforms, county fair midway shows, ads in some area papers. We can't hope to make any fair editorial commentary unless we are able to investigate details of these various questions, but our "leads" are cut-off when we are left with an anonymous signature such as "a subscriber" or "a friend" or some other nameless conclusion.

If you have a question, a problem, an opinion—have also the courage to tell who you are and we can discuss it openly and intelligently. The Courier will not print names if you want yours kept secret, but we can't talk over these subjects with you unless we know who you are.

Money Or Morals?

A theatre owner in Elk Rapids, Michigan, is selling out. Edward Loomis has been in the business since 1929 but he considers current theatre ads as dishonest. Advertising is designed to attract church people to sex pictures, and sex audiences to church pictures," he stated. "This is wrong," Loomis said, "advertising should be honest."

Within the last few months, some of the better movies have been hawked from newspapers and theatre marquees with seriously objectionable ads, as mentioned recently in these columns. At the same time, pictures rejected by the Legion of Decency are misrepresented as simply factual or artistic movies.

It is just one more bit of evidence that too many business men are more interested in money than morals. Such callousness reached its crudest low when an undertaker in flood ravaged Pennsylvania refused to release his plastic bags for emergency removal of victims "until I'm sure I'll get paid for them."

Committees and conferences on juvenile delinquency are doomed to a blind alley effort until adults set a better pattern of honesty and moral integrity.

SUNDAY SERMON

Christ says to each of us in Sunday's Gospel. The Gospel story tells how Jesus met the sad funeral procession at Naim, as a young man was being taken to his burial. The widowed mother was heartbroken for now she had no one to provide for her. Christ, seeing her need, restored her son to life with the simple command, "Arise!"

SCRIPTURE ADDS that Christ then "gave him to his mother." We can never know the thrill of that reunion as son and mother were reunited at the grave side. In a very true sense, each Christian was once raised from the dead when brought to the font for baptism.

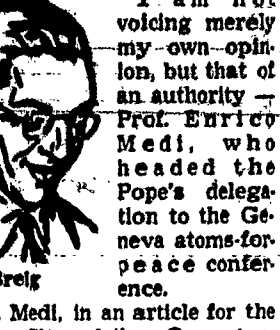
A soul in original sin is spiritually dead. It is utterly incapable of attaining its true goal, eternal life. As the waters of baptism touch the infant, Christ again speaks to the dead, "I say to thee, arise!" and the soul that was dead becomes alive with grace, and the child is given to his mother, the Church.

We who have been Christians from infancy, too often fail to appreciate the life of grace we carry in fragile vessels. We permit it to be so easily endangered, even lost, with quite casual indifference.

JOSEPH BREIG

The Golden Age A-Comin'

The time is approaching when nobody will really be poor, in the sense of ill-fed, ill-housed or ill-clothed.



I am not voicing merely my own opinion, but that of an authority—Prof. Enrico Meda, who headed the Pope's delegation to the Geneva atoms-for-peace conference.

Prof. Meda, in an article for the Vatican City daily, Osservatore Romano, said that the basis is now being laid for a new world economy in which the old distinctions between rich and poor will lose their meaning.

What Prof. Meda predicts was fairly obvious even to the casual observer for a long time. NUCLEAR FISSION came upon us in wartime, and at first meant frightful weapons and a world trembling for fear of extinction. It meant a human race enduring slow terror for its sins.

But nuclear fission also means dirt-cheap power in practically unlimited amounts. And cheap power makes possible a golden age for mankind, materially speaking. It opens the way to an Aladdin-lamp kind of world.

The wonders we have known will soon seem as nothing, as mere introductions to the real age of marvels. We are to have at our beck and call not the fabled genies, but natural forces so titanic as to make genies seem by comparison harmless.

WITH ATOMIC POWER we shall be able easily—almost off-handedly—to level mountains and fill valleys, to grow food abundantly, to multiply production beyond our wildest dreams, and to transport ourselves, and the things we desire and manufacture, swiftly and inexpensively to every corner of the earth.

The world now can begin to become what it has always been in truth; the house of humanity, the village of mankind.

It will be a collection of folk awaiting devastation. I do not consider our race a collection of fools. We have a lot of foolish moments, but we do tend toward a large and sane wisdom.

AND THE WISDOM OF GOD swatches over us tirelessly. Our Father in Heaven, to teach us what we must learn, allows us sometimes to fumble and stumble. But His hand reaches out before the moment of utter catastrophe. If you don't believe that, read history. History is a record of inexcusable interventions which turned man away from abyss after abyss. We might almost describe the history as the account of one brilliant rescue after another.

How can anyone exult in mere human terms, for instance, the fact that nobody has dropped the bomb during the extraordinarily well-run marriage period since the close of World War II?

THE ADVENT OF nuclear energy and the approach of the end make us realize with stupor the force of the wisdom, the presence, of Plus XI.

Before the war began, and all through it, he spoke of peace. Amid the turmoil he called to us to achieve spiritual victories over hatred, over distrust between nations, over the lust for power, and the like.

Tirelessly he has counseled patience and love. He has turned our minds to the ideal of a family of nations, living in harmonious cooperation. At last we are beginning to see the vision.

AND WHERE NOW are those prophets of doom who said that we must prevent future generations from being born because there would be nothing with which to feed them? Are not the birth-preventers covered with confusion in the presence of the riches which God is pouring forth upon us? Do not they stand exposed as myopic reactionaries?

And what price the small minds which refused to believe that the earth could be anything other than a nation-eat-nation tiger-pit? No, we are being forced to understand at long last that we are all children of the same parents and creators of the same God, and that it is our duty to measure up to our dignity and nobility.

With the help of God—which is ever ours for the honest asking—we can do it! If only we will.

Vicar General Bridgeport, Conn. (NC) — Msgr. William F. Kearney of this city has been appointed Vicar General of the Diocese of Bridgeport. Bishop Lawrence J. Shehan has announced. He succeeds Msgr. John J. Kennedy, who died August 9.

Catholic Schools... Why We Have Them

FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND pupils streamed back to schools in the diocese of Rochester this week.

Priests, nuns, lay teachers will conduct classes for the record high enrollment. Catholics of the diocese have spent over \$10,000,000 in the past year for construction of new schools or additions to existing schools.

Catholic schools integrate religious principles with traditional school subjects.

First American schools included religion but public schools today necessarily exclude it because of divided condition of Christian churches in this country.

Catholics believe religion is integral to a complete education and build their own schools to assure that their children will receive adequate instruction in that subject.



By REV. HENRY ATWELL

Forty-five thousand young people have taken another significant step up the educational ladder in Rochester diocesan schools this week.

There are many kinds of schools in America, each strengthening the American way of democratic life. Over 100 Catholic schools of the Rochester diocese are currently engaged in playing their role in educating "for God and country."

People who study the distinctive system of Catholic education as in any other subject often ask: "Why do Catholics have to have their own separate schools? Aren't the public schools good enough?"

AMERICAN schools, whether they are private, church run, or public, are all working together for a common purpose. They are all partners in education.

Catholics believe that religion is an integral to a complete education as in any other subject. Catholics consider this religious element so important that they have built their own schools in order to give it to their children. Catholics also wish that there were some way in which boys and girls in the public schools could be taught the basic truths of religion along with their school subjects.

American's educational tradition was rooted in religion. The first school of Massachusetts, historic pioneer of public education, required that all children be taught the Christian religion.

The 1787 Northwest Ordinance provided for the establishment of public schools.

Sunday, September 11—Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost (green). Gloria. 2nd prayer of Sts. Protus and Hyacinth. 3rd "A cunctis—Defend us." Creed. Trinity Preface.

Monday, September 12—Mary's Holy Name (white). Gloria. Creed. Preface of B.V.M.

Tuesday, September 13—Mass as Sunday except 2nd prayer "A cunctis—Defend us." 3rd at choice, no Creed. Common Preface.

Wednesday, September 14—Exaltation of the Holy Cross (red). Gloria. Creed. Preface of the Holy Cross.

BOOK SHELF

THE THIRD DOOR: the Autobiography of an American Negro Woman, by Ellen Terry. McKay, 66, 304 pp., \$5.50. Available at Trant's.

I feel colored. I will never again be unaware of what it is like to be colored. I hope my thanks go to a gifted journalist and a most charming person, Ellen Terry, for having made me see into America's No. 1 problem in a way no other book on the subject has quite been able to do. And the main reason for the power of these many pages is a quality Miss Terry analyzes in herself—a simple trust in her neighbor.

Because she talks so trustingly, with full womanly sweetness and with all the delicate reservation and quiet pride of a true lady, the reader feels that often claimed but rarely experienced thing, identity. Usually the expression is cliché, the first product of "the first university, Bologna" (I forget whose last that is, but it is recent).

IF YOU HAVE wondered just how it is down South, this Alabama childhood and young womanhood gives you the complex answer, the justice and injustice, the kindness and the glacial unkindness, the tyranny of human respect, the pride and lack of pride bred in the Negro, the pride and lack of pride bred in the white.

Miss Terry makes indelibly plain the lines drawn by the Negro himself between the religious and cultured Negroes and the careless (not careless) masses who do not "light and fight and go on dying" but instead "laugh and laugh and go on multiplying."

She does not draw the conclusion herself, but the reader will find that this stern and rigorous seclusion of the educated minister and schoolteacher and professional Negro has made possible the "increasing literacy" and "proper ambition of the many, under most adverse conditions."

THESE FEW WHO despite extreme poverty and corroding discrimination went quietly about the educating of their dark-skinned fellow humans belong to some day soon there will be no door in America marked colored and no door marked white. In their deep love of home, their real patriotism, their real love of neighbor, their perfect... there have been so many lives... and weakly hurrying off the stage and dignity.

Zealous Catholicity, as practiced by Bishop Sheil, by the Baroness de Hueck and her friends, in the North, is part of it, too, a large part. All the great movements of our time, really, color this prominent motif in the American pattern: World War I, the Depression, the Roosevelt, the PWA, World War II, the USO and its Catholic counterpart, the return of the soldiers white and black together, Negro life in Harlem and in Chicago, race riots, recent moves against segregation in housing and education.

ELLEN TERRY, beautiful, apparently loyal, loyal to her kind to the point of "extreme" self-sacrifice, loyal to her state and country, mother of a dark baby, has a great story to tell of her joys and sorrows on the journey through the first half of the twentieth century. Let's join her in hoping that some day soon there will be no door in America marked colored and no door marked white. In their deep love of home, their real patriotism, their real love of neighbor, their perfect... there have been so many lives... and weakly hurrying off the stage and dignity.

DOINGS AT THE DAILY

Only six more days of free after all, raincoats don't have to dom! Mary Sansoucy and Ginny would be the blue school sweater... five or six they're wearing pushed up their sleeves anyway and for slightly cool days it wouldn't matter that buttons and holes don't meet.

Anticipating changes in another costume, "Suppose Eileen is still wearing a pony tail?" April and untorn all summer, "Wonder if Sister" put George were a size too small—so were behind me again!" and with a items added to the "To-Get" list. "Oh, boy!" Ginny giggled. "This is an attention Ginny coming to have as many new ultraplained about and gloried in all things as Eileen going away to college!"

The time had come, we decided to get Ginny ready. Bigger problems and larger expenses would come with getting the teen-agers ready, moving from fourth to fifth grade is just nothing. One day would do it easily—almost nothing new needed.

Envisioning Ginny's closet in perfect order, in imagination we saw the two school uniforms (the new and the slightly-short one) pressed and waiting, the six blouses crisply starched and on their hangers, church and party dresses in order, the raincoat, gabardine jacket.

On the shelf would be her school beanie, summer hat, pocketbook and gloves. On the floor of the closet, her black patent-leather shoes, saddle oxfords, canvas shoes for play rubbers, boots.

In the drawers would be stacks of neatly piled underwear, the blue school sweater, the play clothes for after-school wear. WITH ALL the brouce that comes of attacking a well-prepared program, we brought down from the attic the box marked GINNY'S SCHOOL THINGS, MAY 1955.

First, the two blue pumper uniforms. Hmm, the "second" looked a little short but the one bought last spring would be perfect amongst the cook books. Several times we found a couple in the tryp-on. The hem in the newest uniform, let out to the utmost, hit her well above the knees; the waistline was way above her own; the armholes pinched. And the blouses wouldn't ever button!

Onto the "To Get" list we dist-completely wrote CATECHISM. One day's job and no expense. You try getting a ten-year-old ready to go back to school!

The raincoat would do—for school!

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