Mission Scenerama

Opening event at Rochester's new War Memorial is the Catholic Missions exhibit October 16 to 23. It is the fifth such exhibit ever to be presented in America. The Scenerama, the exhibit's official name, is expected to attract 150,900 visitors. Climax of the week-long program will be an afternoon and evening lecture by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, outstanding TV personality and national director of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith.

It is a striking fact that Holy Mass will be the first event to take place in the vast War Memorial building. Solemn Pontifical Mass will be celebrated by Bishop James E. Kearney at a specially erected altar in the Memorial's main auditorium.

The Scenerama will bring representatives of the more than one hundred American missionary groups to exhibit pictures, models, and scenes of their apostolic work throughout the world. Visitors to the exhibit will see mission outposts in Africa, India, Alaska. They will meet firsthand missionaries, some of whom have only recently escaped Red persecution in Communist China.

Presenting a program of such proportions has necessitated organization of local parish committees and enthusiasm is reported as running high.

The Rochester diocese, as well as the civic War Memorial itself, will be treated to a rare privilege playing host to heroic missionaries and famous Bishop Sheen. It would be a good idea to reserve time now for October 16 to 23 to be sure you can attend the Scenerama.

Castles In The Sky

Nearly forty-two billion dollars will be spent for new building construction this year, in America, and plans for next year indicate an increase over this all-time record high. Industrial expansion accounts for a major portion but new home building in suburban areas is still taking place at a tremendous rate.

Despite the many new home units, there are still thousands of Americans in substandard dwellings.

Particularly hard hit are "lower middle" income groups who can't build up sufficient savings for the needed down payment. Younger married couples starting their families while wage income is still restricted find their wanted home just a dream in the future, a castle in the sky.

Liberal mortgage provisions in the new federal Housing Act aid college residence construction. But the graduates are then left with prospects of having to rear their families in dwellings more congested than school dormitories.

Low income people have been directly assisted through construction of area housing projects, but the "lower middle" families have to struggle on their own without government aid precisely at a time when they most need it.

It has been suggested that funds be made available for young couples to borrow at a low interest rate and payable over an extended period of time so they can start their homes when they start their married life. This would not be "relief" or "charity" from the government but simply an investment in the homes which will make for a more stable family life for our country.

Courts Blessed By Mass

Fall sessions of the civil courts received their eleventh annual blessing at the Red Mass celebrated by Bishop Kearney on Wednesday, Sept. 14. Traditions from the middle ages survive in this practice. Anciently, courts adjourned for the summer and resumed their schedules with Mass on the feast of St. Michael. The autumn court term was known in consequence as the Michaelmas period. Present day custom is to offer Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit, a Mass celebrated in red vestments recalling the descent of the Spirit on Pentecost in tongues of fire.

Attending the Mass were not only local Catholic lawyers and court officials but many guests of other church affiliations. God's guidance is needed in every walk of life, and especially in legal cases which involve the rights and duties of people.

By humbly asking God's blessing on their forthcoming schedule, the courts keep alive their traditions rooted in the age old American belief that "this nation under God" will continue to be a government of and for the people.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

Pictures of The Sacred Heart

Recent issues of Catholic magazines have carried articles on pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

A symposium on devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of Prayer, held in Cincinnati last June under the auspices of Xavier University, discussed modern attempts to satisfy the desire of the Catholic world for a "good" picture of the Sacred Heart,, one worthy to be enshrined in the home at this time when so many families are dedicating themselves to the Heart of Our Savior.

Each year, the Messenger of The Sacred Heart engages a prominent artist to paint a Sacred Heart for its June Cover, hoping each year that human talent and divine inspiration will create a masterpiece the Catholic people of America will love. The reaction to these pictures, and to hosts of others, is diversified. Some are dissatisfied with all of them. Others have a favorite which they like very much; in the rest they are not interested.

Why is it so hard to get a good picture of the Sacred Heart?

In general I would answer: for the same reason that novelists and playwrights find it impossible to recreate Our Lord in their books and on the stage.

WHO CAN PUT words into the mouth of Jesus and make them ring true? John Milton, one of the greatest poets in the English language, tried to do it. He failed miserably.

The best Passion Plays wisely keep the figure of the Redeemer off stage. Lew Wallace, in his classic "Ben Hur," which he calls "A Tale of the Christ," brings the Boy Christ and Ben Hur together for just a moment, so that all you get of Jesus is a shadowy glimpse. The focus is all on the stricken features of his lesser hero.

Why must this be?

Because dramatic art and literature are confronted here by a Presence that shrivels them into insignificance. If a LaFarge or a Sargent or a Benzinger can reproduce not only the exact features of a model but also his character and personality, we say that he is a genius. It is very hard to do.

HOW THEN can we expect even the best of them to catch the personality of One whose Person is divine?

Scripture says that Our Lord was the "most beautiful of the sons of men."

RECENT WORK done on the Shroud of Turin, has given us a kind of death-mask of Our Saviour; and even in death He was beautiful to look upon. But His eyes are closed and the light does not shine in them as when He looked into the face of Peter and told him that he was blessed; or as when He spoke to Martha in the dust of the road to Bethany, and told her that her brother would live again; or on those other thousand-and-one occasions when his eyes were open and His heart was in them.

Any picture of the Sacred Heart must portray Him in all the majesty of his divinity, but pleading through eyes, mouth and gesture, for men's love, so that together with the human helpers which he needs. He can bring back to his Father the souls for which He died. When you look at a Sacred Heart picture, you look for all that. Some of you will never find it. Others will.

JOSEPH BREIG

Apology To God's Images

The U.S. government rightly apologized to the Indian ambassador after he was escorted from a restaurant at the International Airport in Houston, Tex., because he had been mistaken for a Negro.

Breig

Nobody, however, seems to have thought of apologizing to the Negroes. And yet they, in any rational view, are at least as much entitled to apologies as was the ambassador.

Neither as an envoy nor as an Indian was the ambassador the real target of the discourtesy, although by accident he was its victim. The affront was offered not to him but to Negroes.

Good manners and logic, therefore, would suggest an apology to them.

I SUPPOSE that there is a sort of traditional procedure for apologizing to ambassadors. But I cannot help wondering how you go about the business of apologizing to an intelligent man for having judged him to be of one race rather than another.

The situation strikes me as awkward.

The ambassador, we assume, is a reasonable man. It would never do to say to him, "We are sorry you were taken for a Negro." The only sensible answer he could make would be, "What's wrong with being mistaken for a Negro?"

Again, we could hardly tell him that we regret that somebody erred in estimating the pigmentation of his skin. To do that would be like apologizing because we imagined his eyes were gray, whereas they were blue.

It would be like cabling to the Indian government:

"Regret your ambassador inadvertently affronted. Restaurant supervisor thought his hair auburn instead of brown. Profusely apologize unfortunate misunderstanding."

If we were to approach the matter in that way, Premier Nehru might well assemble India's psychiatrists in plenary session to determine whether the U.S. government had suddenly gone mad. And in the end he might respond:

"Bewildered by your apology. Unable comprehend anti-auburn prejudice in great State of Texas. Appreciate explanation."

I don't think he would ever receive the explanation. The State Department would be stumped. And yet, to any rational person, prejudice based on hair color is not one whit more preposterous than prejudice based on skin color.

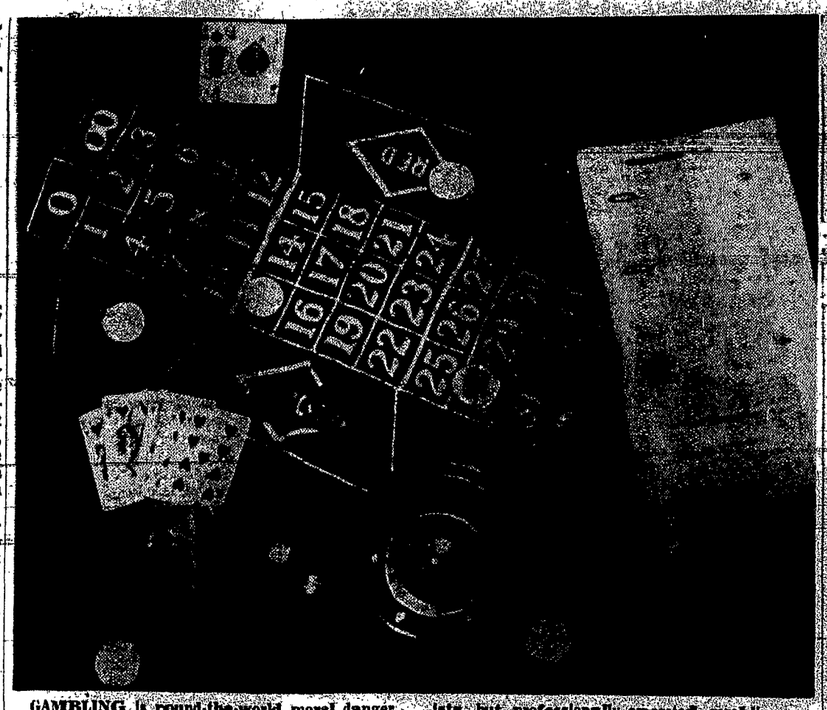
This whole matter, however, is much more serious than that. Racial injustice is not merely imbecilic; it is sinful. And the incident of the Indian ambassador is an illustration of something profoundly wrong with almost all of us.

It is a fact that there is hardly anybody who is not to some degree snobbish. We are more impressed — confess it — with a man's position, accomplishments or possessions than with the fact that he is a man — a fellow member of our human family, a being made in the image of God.

IT OUGHT to be the other way around. Each of us might well be required by law to spend five minutes a day meditating on the titanic meaning of those words, "made in the image and likeness of God."

Each of us, high or low, black or white or brown, is a being who will live forever; who will endure through endless ages after the last nation has vanished and the last ambassador been laid to rest.

That is the fact; and yet we apologize to the ambassador not because we have insulted and degraded millions of God's images, but because we have affronted his official position; not because we have offended our Creator and Judge, but because we might alienate a possible ally in the cold war.



GAMBLING is round-the-world moral danger, according to Catholic theologians and sociology authorities. Small wagers among friends are legitimate recreation, explain Catholic moralists, but professionally operated gambling establishments frequently result in a litany of vices. Cards, races, roulette, dice are some of the devices most often used for betting. (Thomas Casey photo).

Gambling Cited As Moral Danger; Conditions For Wagering Explained

By REV. HENRY ATWELL

Frequent topic for discussion these days is the question of gambling.

"What does the Church say about it?" people ask.

Is gambling a sin? Is it wrong in the eyes of God?

NO ONE can deny that gambling very often brings tragic effects and neither Scripture nor the Church recommends it as an ideal pastime.

Police files have countless records of the frauds, fights, broken homes, wicked habits, thefts, even murders which result from "bad luck" at a bet-betting table.

Catholic moral theologians also cite the greed and avarice which characterize gambling establishments as reason enough to condemn such places.

It is also a well known fact that some of the people who regularly patronize these professionally run gambling houses are definitely not the best type Christian or citizen. Personal association with such elements can be an unnecessary near occasion of sin and cannot be justified.

IF A FATHER squanders money that should be devoted to support of his wife and children, then that man is guilty of serious mortal sin.

It is also true that wives and mothers are guilty of sin when they waste time and gamble away their husband's money at clubs and afternoon parties while home and young ones are neglected.

Even those who have no obligations at home and have adequate income to warrant a habit of betting, these also are restricted in their wagering rights to moderation and good example. Excessive gambling, even if it can be afforded, is bad example to others and frequently involves others who cannot afford such high stakes.

COMMON SENSE and Catholic teaching recognizes, however, that there is a world of difference between out-and-out gambling which is sinful and the little "nickel games" of a neighborhood card party with friends.

An office pool on the pennant race, a few dollars donated to a worthy cause with perhaps the chance you may win a prize, a friendly parish or charity bingo game, or an occasional wager with a friend on the results of an election—these are not the same as gambling.

The Church's stand on making bets can perhaps be summarized this way:

Making a bet is permitted ONLY IF

- **There is a fair chance of winning for both sides and**
- **The amount that a man bets is reasonably small enough so that it is not needed for support of family or payment of debts, and**
- **There is no danger of developing a habit or involving others who cannot afford such a bet.**

Making a bet is WRONG, if

- **Greed for money is the main reason for betting, or if**
- **The amount used is more than the man can afford to lose, or if**
- **The time being spent at a game ought to be spent at home or at work, or if**
- **Personal or family problems will probably result from it.**

GOD AND HIS CHURCH recognize that the human heart has need of recreation. Friendly little wagers are innocent ways of having fun.

Habitual gambling, however, where stakes are high and lives can be ruined, is certainly sinful.

God has made His world to be a happy home for us. There are countless other, and better ways in which true Christians can enjoy their recreation time.

Daily Mass Calendar

Sunday, September 18 — **Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost** (green), Gloria, 2nd prayer of St. Joseph Cupertino. Creed, Trinity Preface.

Monday, September 19 — **St. Januarius**, martyr (red), Gloria. Common Preface.

Tuesday, September 20 — **Sts. Eustace and Companions**, martyrs (red), Gloria. 2nd prayer and last gospel of vigil of St. Matthew.

Wednesday, September 21 — **St. Matthew**, apostle (red), Gloria, 2nd prayer of Ember Wednesday. Creed, Preface of Apostles, last gospel of Ember Day.

Thursday, September 22 — **St. Thomas** of Villanova, confessor (white). Gloria, 2nd prayer of St. Maurice.

Friday, September 23 — **St. Linus**, pope and martyr (red), Gloria, 2nd prayer of Ember Friday, 3rd of St. Thecla, Preface of Apostles, last gospel of Ember Day.

Saturday, September 24 — **Our Lady of Mercy** (white,) Gloria, 2nd prayer of Ember Saturday, Creed, Preface of B. V. M., last gospel of Ember Day.

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DOINGS AT THE DALY'S

Whose Zoo?

By Mary Tinley Daly

The children back in school, things at our house supposedly would be quiet. There is the morning rush of course — Mass, breakfast, lunch packing — but that's a hubbub has gone on so long we don't even notice it.

What we do notice, though, is the school of animal husbandry that has been growing gradually at our house all summer.

"Now, don't forget Myrtle," Markie warned as she was leaving this morning. "Give her a bit of meat mid-morning."

(Myrtle is the turtle Markie found downtown and, to save the poor thing from traffic troubles, brought home in her pocketbook.)

"And you'll find Birdie's food on a paper by her cage," Mary gave final instructions. "A nice fat slug." Mary was out of the house before I could protest. Pick up a slug . . .?

(Birdie is a baby bird, swooshed out of the nest during one of the recent storms and since then chirping away noisily on our side porch.)

SETTING THE upstairs to rights, I realized that this house has become a miniature zoo. There were the guppies who, according to Ginny, must have distilled water or water that has been out in the air for 24 hours. There were the gold fish, which have been the pride and joy all summer, and, of all things, the cameleon she got at the circus—with its family, since acquired. (Three of the junior cameleons were on the screen at Ginny's window.)

The aforementioned, plus Boo, the little white and brown speckled cocker spaniel, comprise the animal population at our house. Boo, we admit, does belong. The others — well, they're like Topsy, they "just growed." One by one they were acquired and, like habits, they're hard to lose.

First, feed the goldfish. There was a small glass dish with some darkish food in it beside the goldfish bowl. Stir it around and give it to the fish . . .

As for Myrtle, she could jolly well get out of her gourmet ways of eating midmorning — but the top of that improvised cage was altogether too low. Better take it off and let Myrtle get some air.

Then Birdie . . . toss in the slug and my duties as zoo keeper were over!

WHEN THE returning scholars reached home, they were full of news as to who the new teachers were, and with a list of books from here to there to be bought, begged or borrowed.

It was almost dinner time when attention turned to the animal kingdom. "Mommie!" came a scream from Ginny. "Where's the guppies? Look, their bowl's empty!"

"That?" I pointed to the small glass dish. "That had guppies in it. I thought it was fish food!"

Well, the goldfish had their share of protein this day . . .

Birdie, too, it seems, had lived his life span. Either the fat slug was just too much for him, he couldn't stand captivity, or he missed the TLC (tender loving care) of previous days.

As for Myrtle, she had more ambition than we'd given her credit for — because Myrtle doesn't live here any more . . .

I was not the most popular member of the family that evening. Boo was my friend, though. She nuzzled up to me and seemed to sense hat now she is queen bee again — goldfish and cameleons offering little competition.

WE'VE ALWAYS found that animals, especially dogs, are mighty fine for children to own. There is a responsibility for their care that buids up an overall sense of responsibility. When Boo needs to go to the vet, for shots or whatever, there is a pooling of baby-sitting money to take care of it. Though there may be bickering over whose turn it is to do dishes, whoever is in the kitchen when it's feeding time does the feeding and the washing of her dishes. Her bathing and de-fleeing is undertaken on a turnabout basis with never a word of dissension.

Animals — family-owned animals like Boo — can be a mighty unifying family project. But when the number expands as it did this summer — well, that's another matter.

Maybe it might be just as well to raise that screen in Ginny's room and let the cameleons return to the big oak tree outside the window . . .?

BOOK SHELF

Ambassador In Chains

By Sister Margaret Teresa
Nazareth College

AMBASSADOR IN CHAINS: the story of Patrick Joseph Byrne, by Raymond A. Lane, M.M. Kenedy, '55. 249 pp. $3.50. Available at Trant's and other Catholic bookstores.

This biography of Bishop Byrne of Maryknoll is really four stories, the first of them at least quite well known to this diocese, the last two of them, his work with MacArthur in Japan and his terrible death march in Red Korea, imperatives for our reading.

His boyhood in the McNeill home in Auburn and his entrance into Maryknoll in 1915; immediately following ordination, his successive appointment to almost all the positions of responsibility in that fast-growing society outgrowth of the zeal of Fathers James Walsh and Thomas Price, and his attainment of his heart's goal, the foreign mission field—all this was the better known to the mission-minded in this area through his teaming up with Father Patrick Cleary of Ithaca in the 1920's, through their infrequent home visits and the sparkling columns of THE FIELD AFAR.

Korea, the land of the Rose of Sharon ("unceasing flower," introduced into heraldry when Father Byrne became in later days a bishop) was then a ripe and rewarding field, and cold and comfortless Pyong Yang, infamous Red capital of today, was then the scene of many laughable difficulties and heavenly field-days happily noted by the columnist and diarist Father Byrne, the "apostle of the light word."

HE DESCRIBES Korea: "A land where time is rather a freakish figment of foreign fancy than a real talent to scourge the conscience; where in very truth there is no beginning nor end, but only such a constant 'becoming' as would mightily tickle the ribs of Hegel himself, were the old nut still riddling the univere."

In "the Byrning Log" he describes a colleague's police-dog: "This hound's tail is complete in one volume, unabridged. One wonders how a dog like that can carry around his tail and still keep his forepaws down . . ."—and quotes the same Irish colleague on Manchurian cold: "Man alive, did ye ever see steam icicles? Well, you'll see them there. And if we didn't use boiling water for baptisms, where would we be?"

"THE PAGAN world is vast," he wrote, "living and dying in B.C., unclaimed subjects of Christ the King." Yet this frail half-invalid could be gay on zero-weather sled-journeys, a "padre taking inventory of his teeth and trying to think of the start of an act of contrition—Yo heave ho! With a strong push and a long push together! Up she goes, and up again, boosted up o'er crag and fen, ever up, save now and then skidding back on men and hoss, to down them five yards for a loss . . ."

In 1935 began the second story, "Cherry Blossoms and War Clouds," his years among the Japanese, who blame their own war-lords and not the Americans for the atom-bombing, who had lived half a century under the "Kempei," a gestapo tyranny, and were introduced to their present freedom by America. The position to which Father Byrne rose among them was dramatically revealed when he was called upon after the surrender to avert a revolution by a nationwide broadcast. "Newspapers in the United States referred to Father Byrne during the early occupation as Japan's Number-Two American," says Father Lane. "He was resourceful and courageous. He was looked up to by everybody," says MacArthur. When MacArthur began to be attacked at home, after his policy in Japan had won such co-operation from the Japanese that they were policing themselves, Father Byrne wrote to the New York Herald Tribune a comprehensive letter in his defense, the publication of which was the fairest hearing MacArthur has so far received from his own.

THE RETURN TO Korea, "my last chance for heaven," as this man of zeal termed it came in 1947. As Apostolic Delegate, he was made a bishop, and was to live through the Red Occupation, the War, and to die of cold and accumulated ills on a Red death-march. A letter written a year before he died gives his easy, undaunted concept of a missioner, an extrovert: "A good term for that extrovert quality would be a sense of proportion, manifesting itself in a sense of humor . . . the ability to see proper values, not to make mountains out of molehills, not to confuse mundane values with eternal and particularly not to take oneself too seriously. A missioner should take his work seriously but not his ego. If he takes frustration, disappointment, deception seriously, he will become tense, strained, nervous, irritable, and consequently, in time, uncharitable, unjust, hard to approach, soured, and a subject for repatriation."

THE DEATH MARCH, November 17-23, 1950, in which 700 G.I.'s, many of them wounded, all of them weak; some with bare feet, shared, brought Bishop Byrne to God three days after. It has been more than once described by survivors, by Philip Deane the newsman, by Father Booth, the Bishop's secretary, who voluntarily accompanied him, by Father Coyos (See the July WORLDMISSION magazine of Bishop Sheen.) To select among its horrors and hardships, to pick and chose martyrs, is poor business. It is history we all should know. Bishop Byrne's last message as he was laid to die on the deep-freeze mud floor of an open shack (called for the Red record a People's Hospital) was this:

"Next to the grace of the priesthood, I look on it as the greatest privilege of my life to have been able to suffer with you for Christ." There were no medicines, Miss Helen Rosser, a Methodist missionary and trained nurse from Georgia, who did what she could for her still living fellow-marchers, somehow made a thick bean soup when they reached journey's end, and this Father Booth was able to bring his bishop for the last four nights of his life. I think it will be heard of in heaven.

SUNDAY SERMON

Christians Are Different

Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost

There is one fact that must stand out in every Christian's mind. A Christian is "different." A Christian can't just do what "everybody else does."

The world has its own ways and customs, and most of the time, they are not in accord with Christian principles. A true Christian has to withstand this constant pressure of the world's own habits and practice a quite rigorous life instead.

THE EPISTLE in this Sunday's Mass is a portion of a letter St. Paul wrote while he was in prison. He had been put there precisely because he refused to compromise with either the Jewish or Roman world of his day.

THE GOSPEL tells how Christ Himself broke the traditional and taken-for-granted observance of the sabbath. Christ's miracle of curing a man who had dropsy brought down the criticism of the pharisees against Him. The pharisees were the well respected, prominent, outstanding leaders in Jewish life. Christ's act of mercy contradicated their man-made customs, and Christ expects His Christians to resist in their turn the pressures of present day false customs.

Excessive drinking, attending class B movies, shady business deals, gold-bricking on the job, company keeping at too early an age, immodest dress and behavior, secular education, social life that neglects the family—and the list can go on, are all ways that the world flaunts its power against the Christian way of life.

ST. PAUL writes in his Epistle that we must strengthen the "inner man", our conscience, and develop a strong spiritual courage of we hope to do battle against the world. He reminds us that Christ actually dwells in the Christian soul by grace. With a realization of that fact, how can a Christian conform to the many unChristian standards that stamp our modern life as pagan?

It is not easy to be a Christian. It never was easy. It cost Christ His life. It meant prison and the sword for St. Paul. A comfortable compromising Christian is simply a shell of a Christian—just a name, but nothing real inside.

Sunday's lessons at Mass may disturb our self complacency, but they will also stir us up to be true to the name we bear.

St. Peter Basilica Excavations Studied

Vatican City — New research and studies will be made in the excavations under St. Peter's Basilica, His Holiness Pope Pius XII has announced.

The Pope predicted that "new and precious knowledge" will result from these studies. The Sovereign Pontiff told some 2,000 historians from many countries that the great majority of critics approved the methods employed in the excavations under the great basilica, acknowledging their results as well, namely, "the discovery of St. Peter's tomb under the cupola directly under the present papal altar."

The Holy Father added that "even the severest sceptics were impressed by what the excavations brought to light."