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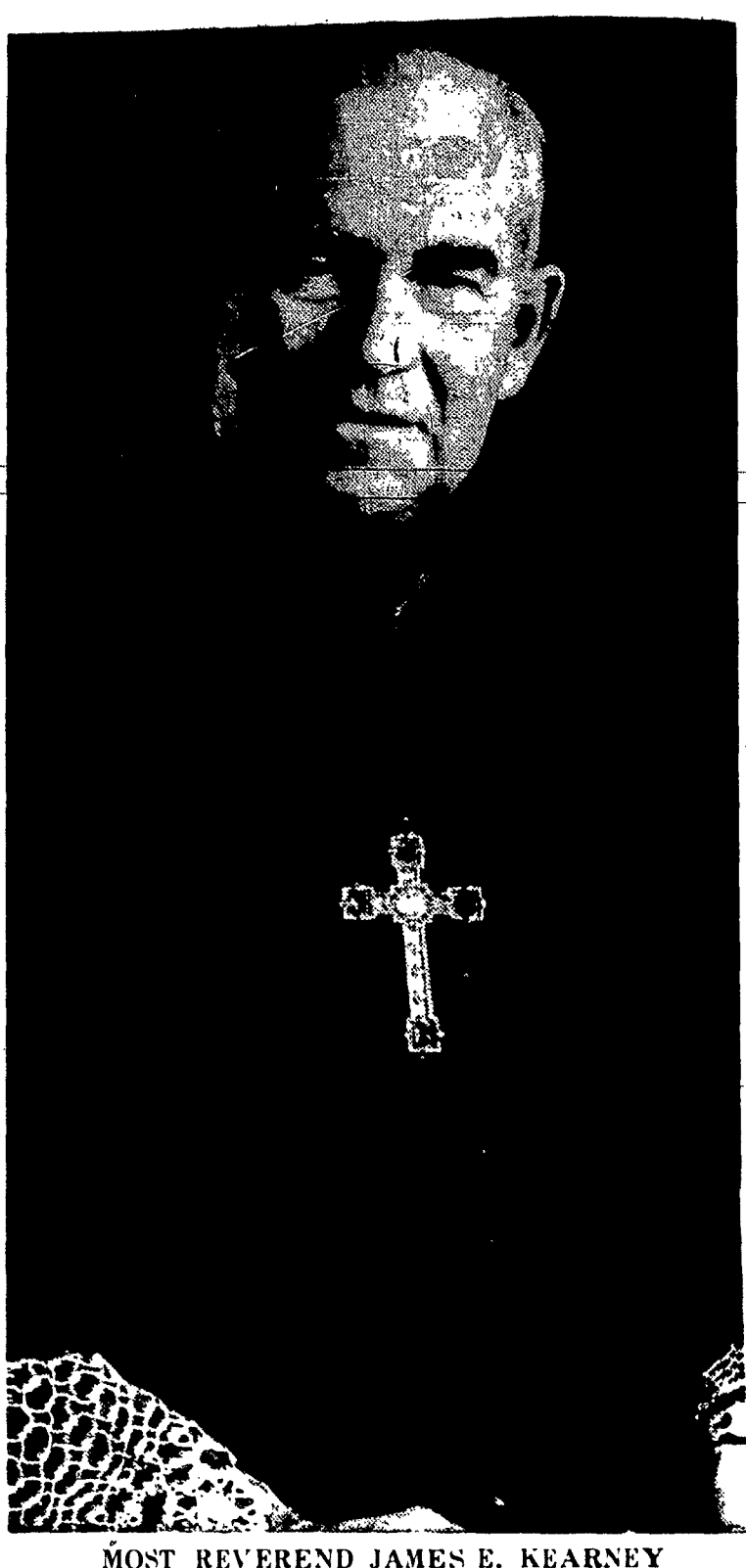
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MOST REVEREND JAMES E. KEARNEY

"What Christ Wants"

He said, "I would have you either hot or cold, but because you are lukewarm I will begin to vomit you from my mouth." Knowledge, consistency, and enthusiasm, or as your own Rector said, "Knowing what God wants you to know, being what God wants you to be." A rather harsh figure from the soft lips of the gentle Christ, but Christ could be very strong in his language, in his preaching, and his thoughts, when he wanted to and when he reached the matter of discipline and the matter of enthusiasm for His Gospel. He said, "I would rather have you indifferent entirely, rather than claim to be a Christian and not have the courage to make that Christianity known. If there ever was a group from whom the world expects that enthusiasm, it is from men and women like yourselves. The world is anxious for your Gospel. One reaction I get to the tremendous crowds that go to listen to the lecturer who is talking in New York at the present time and creating so much attention, is the very salutary thought that people are thinking about religion and that a great many of the people are listening to this speaker because they find such stagnancy in their own theological thought. They are so impoverished. A religious program without the real presence of Christ, without Christ's sacraments, without the sources of divine grace furnished by Jesus Christ Himself, and bereft of devotions to His Blessed Mother, cannot satisfy the soul. And a religious program without all those things which Christ put into the fabric of His Church, an undying authority, a reliable infallibility and all those things so necessary to give strength of conviction — cannot satisfy the soul. The generation that has lost all those things by turning its back upon Christ's Church is very naturally wandering about and hopping here and there, saying to themselves, "Well, may be this is the answer," the fragile diversion of those who have not the source of divine grace that you have. You are in a position to carry to these souls the gift of God's grace. And whether you go into the classroom, whether you go into the legal profession; whether you become a doctor; whether you are a business man, or whether you just exercise the wonderful prerogative of a member of an American society, you will always have the opportunity of some of those who are seeking Him, so hopefully it would seem, in the generation in which we live. We want Christophers and we have Christophers because you have learned by your devotion to the Holy Eucharist the great apostleship of carrying Jesus Christ into your very body all through the day. When in the course of the years, you carry Him into the law courts, or you carry Him into the courts of business, you are Christophers in the very real sense, and the world that needs Him so much, may find in you the willing apostles, that can save the world for Him, and for his Gospel. Knowledge, consistency, and enthusiasm, or as your own Rector said, "Knowing what God wants you to know, being what God wants you to be."

To LeMoyné Graduates: 'The Truth Will Make You Free!'

By BISHOP JAMES E. KEARNEY, D.D.

This is the text of the address delivered by His Excellency Bishop James E. Kearney at Le Moyné College Commencement (Pentecost Sunday, June 4, 1957) in Syracuse. The Bishop of Rochester, who received an honorary doctorate degree from the Jesuit college, outlined the role of Christian apostleship for Le Moyné graduates.

MAY IT PLEASE Your Excellency Bishop Foery, Right Reverend, Very Reverend, and Reverend Fathers, Very Reverend Rector; members of the Faculty, distinguished gentlemen of the Board of Regents, devoted mothers and fathers of members of the class of 1957, my dear friends, and ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class of 1957:

First of all I should like to pause a minute and say a word of thanks on behalf of myself and the other gentlemen who with such great facility received our degrees this afternoon.

We want to express our deep appreciation to Le Moyné for the very fine things that have been said about us, and to say that we do appreciate it. And it is a great honor that we have been chosen, so early in the career of a school that promises to be a great institution in the days to come. It will have been my privilege to have been chosen in these early days of the faculty.

I am sure, that as the years go on and Le Moyné advances to the heights which are indicated by its outstanding progress to the present time, that we will appreciate even more our honors. We are deeply grateful for the wonderful and fine things that were said about us.

I should also like to take a moment to apologize to the Class of 1957 for the comparative ease with which I have acquired this diploma. I have had very little difficulty with the examinations, comprehensive or limited.

As a matter of fact, I feel somewhat like the gentleman standing on the corner in the Gospel who was called in to work in the vineyard at the last minute and it was found that he acquired just as much in emolument for his work as those who had been working all through the day.

And I am sure that you who have borne the burden and the heat of four years are tempted also to say, "How is it that this superior degree can go to one who comes in at the eleventh hour?" Well, I wouldn't make an issue of it for this reason, that you might get the answer that was given to the gentlemen in the Gospel, "Take what is thine, and go thy way."

MY DEAR FRIENDS, this glorious Feast of Pentecost is a wonderful day upon which to graduate from Le Moyné College. A wonderful day because you cannot help but feel the very deep, and very significant similarity between this scene and the scene that took place in the Cenacle in Jerusalem twenty centuries ago.

The Apostles of our Divine Lord had been waiting there in a period of preparation for a great apostolate. During that period of preparation they received the influence of the power of the Blessed Mother of God to make that apostolate successful. And finally by a miraculous visitation, they became equipped for the wonderful work which they did as the apostles of our Lord.

And, after twenty centuries, you find yourselves this afternoon in exactly the same position. Because no one can graduate from Le Moyné College without having a deep responsibility of apostleship. And your story has been the same.

You came here four years ago and the first prayer that was issued on your behalf was the prayer, "Come Holy Ghost, Creator Blessed, and in our hearts take up thy rest." And then the distinguished members of this faculty began to do, over a period of four years, what the spirit of God accomplished with one great visitation to the Apostles, and that is to equip you with what was necessary to make you worthy successors of those Apostles.

Your story was a good deal like theirs. It required patience. There were uncertainties. There was deep concern; and there was always the dominating figure of God intervening for you, and winning for you the apostleship which is yours this afternoon.

Now, in doing that in giving you the knowledge, as I say,

Freedom Of Purity And Justice Douglas

Almost as interesting as the Supreme Court's approval of the constitutionality of federal and state laws barring obscene publications is Justice William O'Douglas' dissent in the rulings handed down last week by the nine Justices.

Justice Douglas fears that, by the standards established by a majority vote of his Supreme Court colleagues, "punishment is inflicted for thoughts provoked, not for overt acts of anti-social conduct."

As we understand Justice Douglas he is saying that he doubts that what we read, even if it be pornographic or obscene, has any effect at all on our actions.

This naive view contradicts, of course, all the wisdom and experience of the ages, pagan as well as Christian.

We assume that, as a Supreme Court Justice, Mr. Douglas is expert in matters of constitutional law, but we wonder at his apparent ignorance of elementary psychology. Perhaps we have no right to expect a Supreme Court Justice to reflect some knowledge of Christian spirituality.

Only if Mr. Douglas is more familiar with the pages of the New Yorker than he is with the pages of the New Testament, can he be unaware of Christ's insistence that lust of the mind or heart is as evil as overt acts of lust.

Has Mr. Douglas forgotten Christ's warning: "I say to you that anyone who so much as looks with lust at a woman already committed adultery with her in his heart."

Apparently Mr. Douglas does not agree either with St. Paul's counsel that certain evil things should not even be named among Christians. St. Paul was a very good student of human psychology. He understood human weakness and the causal link between thought and action.

St. Augustine, a man of worldly experience if there ever was one, lived to deplore his early studies in literature — a pagan literature, rhetorically expert of course, but freighted with ignobility, lust and sensuality.

Unwittingly Justice Douglas has touched upon the key problem in the whole controversy about modern literature and entertainment. The real battle is not, as Justice Douglas and other liberals seem to think, a fight to protect constitutional rights.

The real "Battle of Books" in our day is a battle in defense of the "FREEDOM OF PURITY." The attack on pornographic literature is not an attack on the freedom of the press. It is a blow for spiritual liberty, for the freedom of the soul.

The key to this whole argument is spirituality. Man's source of freedom is his soul, his intellect and will, his mind and heart. In his soul man shares the infinite power of God. What threatens the soul of man threatens the freedom of man. When lust and sensuality take over in the soul, capture the mind and heart, man is no longer free. He is, as St. Paul puts it so eloquently, "a slave of uncleanness."

Of course, Justice Douglas and his fellow liberals probably regard the fight for purity as something academic and ancient. Why do that so many Americans resist vigorously attacks on their property, their wives or their children, but are spineless spectators when their virtue is attacked?

We can only pity the modern slaves and champions of unchastity who snicker at popular novels and "belly-laugh" at so-called "party jokes."

These people, it has been pointed out, "have not come into this condition of themselves; they have been led into it. This generation is a generation that has been betrayed, betrayed by its intellectual leaders, its teachers and its writers, those whose solemn responsibility it is to lead men, not into the depths of slavery, but to the heights of human freedom."

In the face of the modern challenge to spiritual freedom (in books, magazines, radio, television, movies, theater), Catholics can have no excuse for joining the mass movement away from purity.

Against the specious pleadings for unchastity made even in high places, Catholics and those fighting for freedom of soul must not forget Christ's promise — "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God!"

JOSEPH BREG

A Head Can Be Lost In A Hat

We might take a long step toward universal peace simply by abolishing hats. Belligerence seems to begin with them, or at least be irreflexibly aroused by them.

The moment one is snatched from a small boy's head, he goes automatically into battle, no matter how painlessly he has been civilized by his parents, his teachers and the policeman on the corner. Then the tradition that he must be ready to "fight at the drop of" takes hold of him as he grows older.

Hats are notoriously necessary for almost every form of conflict. Burglars and holdup men pull them down over their eyes before venturing out of their lairs on their nefarious missions.

The policeman who curbs over-exuberant citizens with his "Here now, what's all this?" wears a cap specially designed to give perpetual notice that he will stand for no nonsense.

WHEN A LAWYER waits upon another lawyer with the news that he is filing suit, he wears a homburg. Gangsters have worked out a style which identifies them at a glance, and aside from their storied Sherlock Holmes, a detective without a snap-brim is unthinkable. Not even a bill collector will make his ominous rounds unaccompanied by his bowler.

On drillfield and battlefield, in camp or on guard, a soldier must be appropriately covered.

Not even a general of the armies would feel clothed, without something on his brow, to be touched smartly in saluting. And nobody would dream of getting up any kind of military parade consisting of people wearing nothing above their necks but their heads.

FOR EVERYTHING even remotely connected with war, a helmet, a tam, a shako, a plumed bicorne, an overseas cap, or something of the sort is indispensable.

When a man goes bareheaded, you can be almost certain that his errand is one of sympathy, conciliation and friendship. Only in church—the place which is synonymous with love and peace—are hats invariably doffed.

On the domestic scene, hats are profoundly disturbing. Those designed for women stir wives to ecstasies, and husbands to helpless and infuriating laughter. Conversely, the average wife lives much of her life in a state of despair over the hopelessness of persuading her husband to buy a new fedora after the old one has become repulsively disreputable.

YES, I DO SUSPECT that if hats were unobtainable, the human race might become more tractable. There would be fewer occasions, it seems to me, for strife.

Not long ago somebody humorously handed my wife a cowboy-type straw hat. She wore it for a while in order to go along with the gag, and I must say I thought it becoming. Then she took it home when the party was over, and presented it to her 11-year-old Jim.

Jim received it with enthusiasm. From early childhood, he has been a man of many headpieces, and of much reverence for them. When playing cowboys and Indians, he invariably removed his hat and laid it carefully aside before falling dead, lest he crush it. Often, as he watches television, he changes headgear in harmony with the program in order to be in complete rapport with the hero.

HE WAS WATCHING a cowboy movie and wearing the new cowboy hat when his brother came into the house. Peace promptly went out. Joe conceived a sudden passion for the hat, and attempted to misappropriate it.

This touched off a scuffle, to which I called a stern halt because I do not like people fracturing their skulls on the furniture in our house.

Joe then offered a fabulous sum for the hat, and Jim said no. I realized that something must be done lest our home become the scene of constant warfare. At the first opportunity, I bought an Ivy League cap for Jim, and negotiated him into giving the cowboy hat to Joe in exchange.

Hats, I realize, are not going to be abolished, but I am the flexible kind of chap who, when blocked in one direction, goes around the other way.

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The Bell Tower The pullman porter was baffled. "Who on earth," he muttered to himself, "would possibly want to steal a pullman ladder?" As he began a second frantic search of the car, the curtain of upper 7 parted, and a little old lady peeped out. "Porter," she called in a loud whisper, "you may see my ladder if you like. I won't be needing it any more, would you?"

LAST WEEK'S PAID CIRCULATION 55,723