

Testimonial To Democracy

Editors of the nation's Catholic newspapers and magazines held their annual meeting this week in Omaha.

Dramatizing the important role of the Catholic press in the life of the Church was the fact that Pope John XXIII sent his blessing to the convention and his personal delegate, Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, gave the principal address of the three-day session at last evening's civic banquet.

On the eve of the convention, Pope John told newsmen in Rome he was working on his first encyclical which will deal with the press. The encyclical's theme, he said, will be "above all, the truth."

The NCWC feature article on Rome's Associated Press correspondent, Frank Brutto, printed to the right side of this page, illustrates the concern the major news services have for selecting the right men to get news stories promptly and completely.

The consistently reverent and accurate reporting reputable daily papers give to religious events is a tribute to the sense of responsibility of the secular editors.

Some people wonder, therefore, "Why do we need Catholic papers too?"

The standard answers to that question include 1. greater detail is given in Catholic papers in reporting specifically Catholic events; 2. a Catholic interpretation of world events affecting the Church; 3. items of a strictly local interest which daily newspapers cannot find room to print — such as parish programs or activities of diocesan societies.

Another answer was given this past Sunday by Father Raymond Bosler, editor of the Indiana Catholic and Record, speaking at Notre Dame University. He said, "The experience of nations under the curse of nazism, fascism and communism has demonstrated beyond all doubt how impossible it is for men to enjoy the basic human liberties without freedom of speech and the press."

The first 50 years of our twentieth century have witnessed the suppression of press freedom as a prelude to suppression of human liberty in all nations where dictators sought to impose their tyrannical rule.

The dictators, of course, insist newspapers still be published, such as Pravda in Moscow, but these are mere weapons of propaganda.

Press freedom is proved only when newspapers of differing opinions can exist side by side as friendly rivals. The growth of the American Catholic press from the short-lived (six months) Courier of Boston published in 1789 to the current 612 publications with a total circulation of 25,000,000 is graphic proof that there is freedom of the press in the United States.

Subscribers to the Courier Journal can be proud they are part of this vast testimonial to democracy.

Tomorrow's Bread Today

Continued study of the now famous Dead Sea scrolls gives scholars added evidence that our Lord spoke to audiences well prepared to hear his message.

Old Testament prophecies and the preaching of St. John the Baptist aroused wide-spread interest in the expected Messias.

Devout Jewish communities, such as that at Qumran on the Dead Sea, even prayed in phrases later adopted by the Saviour Himself.

A University of Michigan professor this week said the scrolls of this community contain a prayer remarkably similar to the familiar Lord's Prayer. The petition we say, "Give us this day our daily bread" is said in the scroll version, "Give us this day our bread for tomorrow."

The professor says the Lord's Prayer in the New Testament Greek version of St. Matthew's and St. Luke's gospels could actually be translated the same way.

He said the "bread for tomorrow" was the hoped-for spiritual food the promised Messias was expected to give. It also meant a "bread" which would nourish souls not only for the world of "today" but for the world of "tomorrow."

This, as a matter of fact, is what our Lord said when He promised the Eucharist. He stated it would nourish souls "unto life everlasting."

The discovery of the ancient Hebrew manuscripts shows how people once longed for the Eucharist now daily available to us. As Easter Duty time nears its close we might ask ourselves if we appreciate the treasure we have as much as others once yearned for it.

Old scrolls, it appears, have indeed a message for the twentieth century.

We Can't Get Older Forever

As debate roars on about how to put a lid on the population boom, a priest-expert came up with the comforting statement this week that our weary old earth can accommodate 47 billion people. That's 44 billion more than are here now.

He said most of this century's increase in population is due not to more babies but to more older people.

More people are living longer these days, due to better diets and better medicines. However, the priest pointed out, this expanding life cycle can't keep getting longer forever. There is bound to be a tapering off limit and then births and deaths will begin to balance each other leaving plenty of room for newcomers.

The spokesman was Father Anthony Zimmerman, a Divine Word missionary now at the order's headquarters at Techny, Illinois.

His observation can soothe those troubled hearts which fear our grandchildren will be crawling over each other like ants looking for scraps of food.

Joseph Breig Ice Cubes

The fellow next door, name of Sam, said: "Now you'll probably go and write an article about it."

"Probably I will," I agreed. "It" was Sam's strange strength way of getting ice out of an ice tray.

He took the lever in his right arm, and gave a terrific pull, and smashed the ice into bits.

What we got in our drinks was practically crushed ice. Well, shattered ice, anyhow.

"That's the trouble with men," I told Sam. "They forget that half their ancestors were women."

What I meant was, there is no reason that a man shouldn't use a bit of feminine guile when it serves a purpose.

BEING MASCULINE is all right, but there's no sense in overdoing it. A man can be a man without using a sledge hammer to drive carpet tacks.

When next we went to the kitchen, I took the ice tray out of Sam's hands. "This time," I said firmly, "I'm having ice cubes in my glass."

Then I showed him how to go about it.

I knew it wouldn't do any good—not as far as changing Sam's method was concerned. I have learned from long experience that men won't take the time and trouble to approach an ice tray with the required cunning.

Well, at least I would get ice cubes instead of broken-ice—even if I couldn't make a different man out of Sam.

I PLACED the ice tray under the spigot, and ran warm water on it to cover all the ice cubes.

"Watch this," I said.

Then I began my lecture-demonstration.

"What you do is," I said, "you run the warm water just long enough—not too long. With a bit of experience, you will learn the trick. You lift the lever, but if you encounter resistance from the ice, you wait a bit longer. Never force things. Getting ice out of an ice tray in cube form is like courting—you wait the girl to know you're serious, but your approach is gradual, gentle and persuasive."

I gave the lever a tentative tug, and added a bit more warm water from the spigot.

"If you rush the girl too much, she'll shy away," I explained. "That's the way it is with ice cubes. Easy does it. You've got to know how to wait. Let the cubes have time to feel at home with you."

THE ODDEST PART of it is, I went on, a woman can't handle ice trays with the right touch, for her femininity and gentleness. You'll see why in a moment," I said.

I tried the lever again, and it yielded to just a touch of firmness. I lifted it, and the ice cubes separated neatly. "There you are," I told Sam. "Ice cubes — not splintered ice."

"Yeah," said Sam, "but they're floating in water."

"That's what a woman can't do this thing," I said. "Watch now."

I lifted the aluminum separator away from the cubes, and laid it down, held the cubes in the tray by covering them with my fingers, tilted the tray so that the water drained out, and handed Sam a tray filled with perfect ice cubes.

HE ADMITTED that it was a neat trick, "But why can't a woman do it?" he wanted to know.

"Her hands aren't large enough," I replied. "She spills the cubes into the sink, or maybe the tray slips out of her hands and scatters them on the floor."

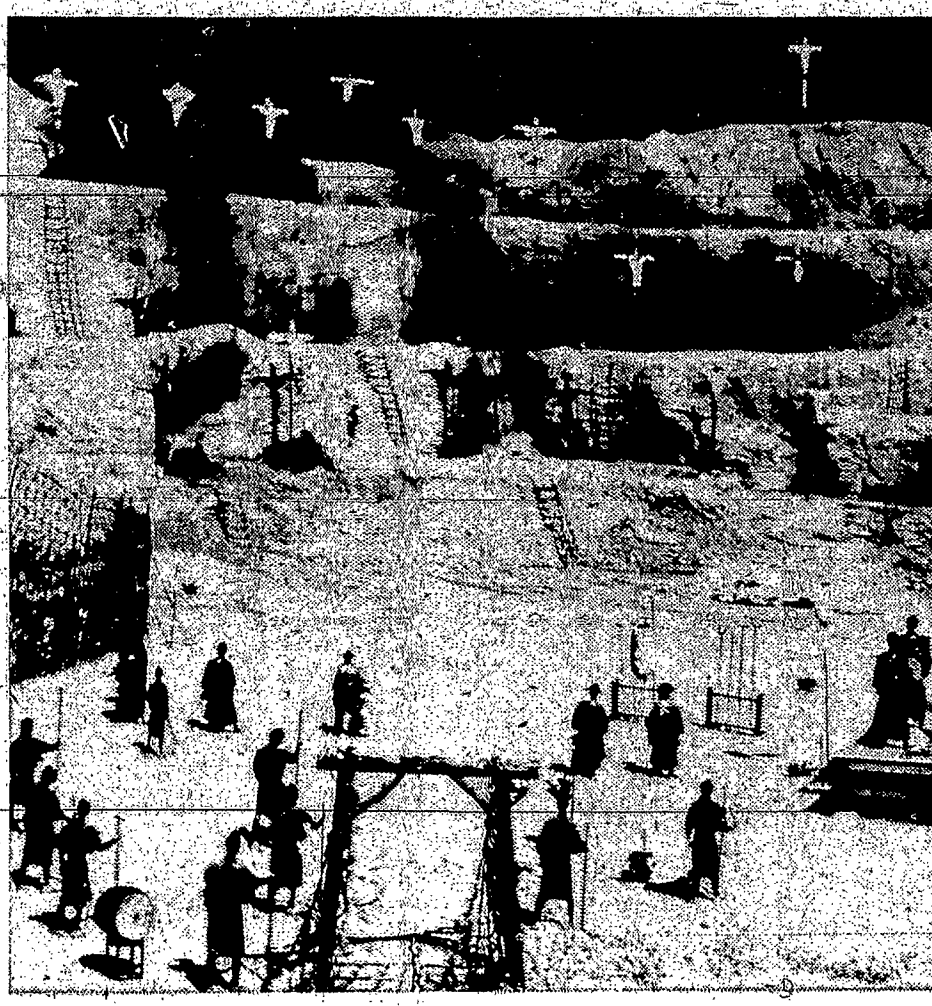
SAM'S WIFE spoke up at this point. "If you'd use the Breig method," she said, "you wouldn't bend all the ice tray levers out of shape."

"I don't do anything of the kind," said Sam.

"I can show you half a dozen bent tray-levers in the basement, if it comes to that," said his wife. Sam shut up.

I concluded my lecture. "Yes," I said, "the Breig system does avoid bending the levers. But what is much more important, it gets you ice cubes. But I've never found a man I could convince."

"You won't find one around here, that's sure," said Sam's wife.



New York.—(RNS)—A scene from the Japanese film "Christ in Bronze" depicts the mercurial martyrdom of Christians in 17th century Japan.

Japanese Heroine

Convert In A Castle

Osaka — (NC) — A play, based on the life of a 16th century Japanese noblewoman who embraced Catholicism, is one of the highlights of the 1959 Osaka Cultural Festival.

The play, entitled "Gracia Hosokawa, Fujii," was written by Sumio Tanaka of Tokyo, a Catholic play writer.

GRACIA HOSOKAWA is one of the most famous heroines of Japanese history. She is the ideal of Japanese girls, yet few know that she was a Catholic.

As one priest put it: "After seeing this play they will see the connection between the virtue and the Catholicism of this excellent Japanese lady."

The story of Gracia Hosokawa is recognized as an important chapter in the early history of the Catholic Church in Japan.

Born scarcely 10 years after St. Francis Xavier landed for the last time from Japan, she was the daughter of a ruling prince under the warlord Nobunaga. She was proficent in Zen Buddhism and discussed it with the learned men of the sect.

At the age of 15 she married a son of the Hosokawa clan. At this time she was known for her hot-tempered disposition, her overbearing and harsh manner toward her servants as well as for her talent and her devotion to her husband.

Through her husband she first heard of Christianity. He told her of his talks with one of the first great Christian lords of Japan, Takayama Ukon, who later died an exile in Manila and is venerated as a martyr.

Thoroughly interested in the tenets of Christianity but jealously guarded by her husband and forbidden to leave the castle, Lady Hosokawa had little chance to contact the Jesuit Fathers who had a small church near her home in Osaka.

On only one occasion did she succeed. Disguised as one of her own ladies in waiting she was able to slip into the church for an afternoon's instruction. From that time on she resolved to be a Catholic.

Unable to return to the church, Lady Hosokawa sent two of her servants to obtain information for her. The two servants were baptized after a few visits.

One took the name of Maria and began spreading Catholic teachings in the castle. She was given permission to baptize her mistress.

About this time persecution of Christians flared up and priests were ordered expelled. Lady Hosokawa wrote to the Jesuit Fathers of her gratitude in having been made a child of God and expressing her desire for martyrdom.

up in the castle and support was given to the Jesuit Fathers even after they had been called to Kyushu.

The crucifixion of the 26 martyrs of Nagasaki on February 5, 1597, intensified the faith of the Christians of Osaka. Two of Lady Hosokawa's children had been baptized. Then in 1600, her husband became enrolled in a feudal war.

When she was about to be taken as a hostage, he ordered her to commit suicide. As a Catholic she could not do this. However, she did not attempt to escape and accepted death at the hands of one of her servants.

Her husband finally won the war and released all the hostages. He became friendly to the Church and for many years attended anniversary Masses for his wife offered by the Jesuit Fathers.

I have it figured pretty close and I'm sure of one thing I'm still not old enough to be Sal Mingo's father. But I'm plenty old just the same.

I'm so old that I can remember a five-cent hot dog, an eight-cent bus ride and a ten-cent haircut. And that is old.

In my memories of the "olden days" I can still recall how Sunday used to be a special day. All the bars were closed tight (still are, as a matter of fact, back in Philadelphia) and there were no movies. You were left alone to do with your Sunday hours whatever you wanted to do. So Sunday was entirely different from the other six days. It was God's day and everybody seemed to realize it.

Mass was a big production for the whole family. So was the breakfast that followed. Benediction in the afternoon was fairly common. Then at night we listened to Fred Allen on the radio because as we oldsters know, there was no such beast as television.

But things are all 'shook up' now. Sunday doesn't belong to God anymore. It belongs to the people. The week-end has become the social center of life, the time for the big gorge and the running revelry. Things have become so bad that within the past year, one very misleading and confused Protestant minister was quoted in leading magazines as saying that the Lord's Day should be shifted to Wednesday, so that church obligations wouldn't interfere with the people's week ends. Brother, this is where I get off.

We certainly could use our Sundays better than we have been using them in the past. A greater devotion at Holy Mass. The recitation of the Rosary, especially in company with the rest of the clan. A day removed from the rat race of making a buck.

Then when Sunday evening comes along, and you have been plousy with it all day long, you can sit back in a big soft chair with a beer (or whatever else you like to drink) and watch Maverick without any regrets for having cheated God out of His just due.

SERMONETTE

It's Sunday!
By THE REV. RICHARD MADDEN, O.C.D.

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Reporter In Rome

Rome — (NC) — Soon to begin his 20th year of reporting from the Eternal City, no single journalist writing in English has reached such a broad readership in reporting on the Vatican as Associated Press' Frank Brutto.

Since he came to Rome in November, 1940, the soft-spoken newsmen has written thousands of stories and typed out many millions of words about the pope's and Vatican affairs.

It is conceivable that a great segment of the American population — men and women of 25 years and under — have constructed their notions of the papacy and the Holy See from his news copy.

Yet the low key personality of Frank Brutto is virtually unknown. The consistent excellence and high integrity of the work of one of the most important reporters of the Vatican is virtually unsung.

Frank Brutto, unhesitatingly points to the sickness and death of Pope Pius XII and the coronation of His Holiness Pope John XXIII as his biggest story.

What he produced in those emotion-packed months in late 1958 won the praise of many of the best and oldest correspondents in Rome. Doubtless, the chief reason he could write this story with such feeling and accuracy derived from his long years of reporting and admiring the great figure of Pius XII.

The picture is still vivid in his mind, he says, of November, 1940, when Italy was at war and he was newly arrived on his shores. It was a harsh winter when women stood in line in the back streets of Rome to get a few charcoal sticks to cook their meals.

It was a time when the tide of war was turning against Italy in north Africa and the nation and its people were beginning to realize that there would be no easy victory and some serious doubting that there would be a victory at all.

He entered active journalism as editor of Montana University's newspaper "Kalmi" and at the same time got his first paying news job with a local Missoula newspaper. Those were the depression years and he hopped from one newspaper to another: the "Daily Northwest" in Missoula, the "Evanston Review" and the "News Index" of Evanston, Ill., and the Hearst "Herald Examiner" in Chicago.

He laughs now when he recalls that he started on the Evanston papers at a \$35-a-week salary and worked his way down to \$14 a week. But he says it was not so funny then.

In 1937 Brutto joined the Associated Press. A short time later, with a troubled world growing more belligerent, he had to leave behind his wife and three-month-old first child to take an assignment in Rome. AP assigned him to Rome on the assumption that he could speak Italian, he remembers, but he never bothered to tell them that.

Italy declared war on France the day the U.S.S. Washington suddenly dumped its passengers, Brutto included, ashore at Lisbon. He found his way from Portugal to Rome and stayed there until almost every other journalist had fled before the advance of the battle lines. He was on his way home via Switzerland when he was asked to stay on in Rome to help work the AP file out of Rome.

He pressed his luck too long and was caught there for the duration of the war. The five years there covering three fronts — Italy, Germany and France — he counts among the most valuable experiences of his career. It was while there, through a "fluke" phone call to Rome, that he reported to the allied nations of Mussolini's downfall.

What transpired between his first big story, Pius XII's 1940 plea for peace, and his highest recent story, Pius XII's stance on the Cuban crisis, he calls "calculated succession."

In this kaleidoscope there figure the colorful scenes of St. Peter's basilica, the happy lights, the somber shadows of passing events. In it figure the great mixers of the American hierarchy and the great mixers of the Church in the past 19 years.

Frank Brutto insists that he has the keenest eye and nose for the Vatican because he is a Catholic. But he does believe that his Catholic education has given him an insight into writing on Vatican developments.

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