

Big Enough To Crucify Us

A vision of a cross in the sky "big enough to crucify us all" — that is the way Jesuit Father Johan Brebeuf described what he saw over the towering forests north of Lake Huron in 1645.

His vision became a terrifying reality within the year. Inquisitors lashed him to a pole, tore off his skin and mocked him with a baptism of boiling water, cut off his tongue, gouged out his eyes and then burned away what life was left in him.

And the cross big enough for all included his companions — priests and laymen — who endured tortments which defy description.

Again in our time another cross looms over us and it too is "big enough to crucify us all." It is not just the hazard of atomic fall-out nor the threat of continued Communist expansion. The cross which casts its shadow across our world is not up in the sky but in our own human hearts —

• What about the deep rooted bigotry which divides men simply by the color of their skin — like the restaurant operator north of Washington who rejects 90 per cent of the human race with the contemptuous comment, "They stink!"

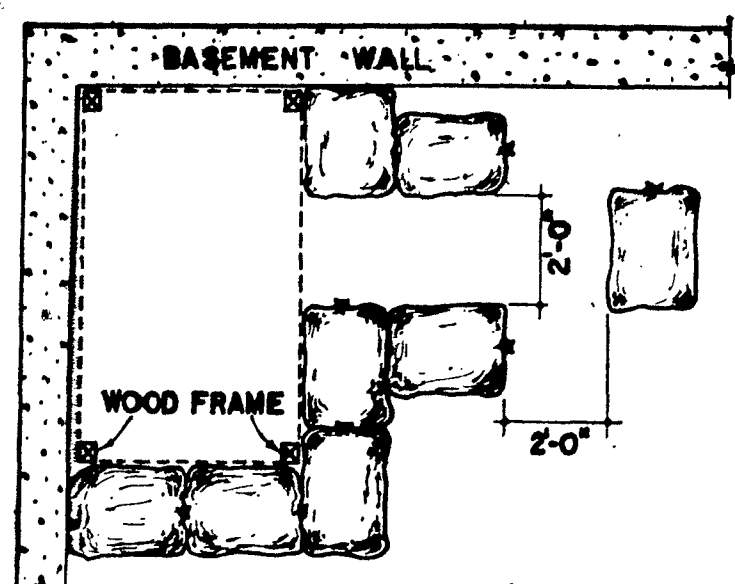
• Or the eloquent patriots (and their so intelligent audiences) who sow suspicion and discontent by their fault finding with any progressive national leader — like the John Birchers who accuse the President with virtual treason.

• The self-righteous adults who deplore the crimes of youngsters — the same young people who were educated in schools which ruled out all mention of God and His laws as totally as any Soviet school — but do nothing to change the situation.

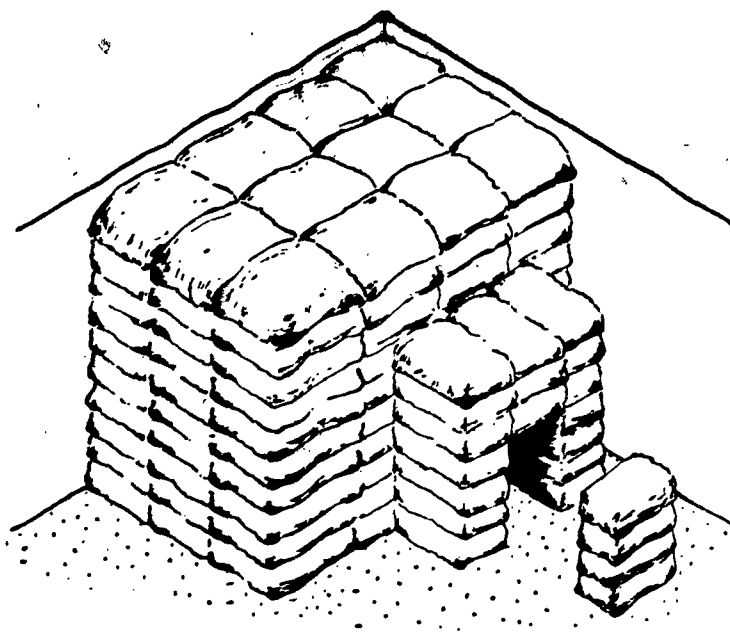
• The critics who find fault with their pastor, their community leaders, their lawmakers and courts but never stir themselves to help these people they pillory.

This is the cross that threatens us — our lethargy, our stubborn bigotries, our overbearing self-complacency.

And then we have the gall to ask God to save us from our enemies, as if we deserved to have divine intervention to preserve us in our status quo. We forget that our prayers are meant to change us, not God — that we will achieve peace when we fashion it from the building blocks God has already put within our grasp, the basic virtues of justice, honesty, common sense and the truth which He has promised "shall make you free."



PLAN VIEW



COMPLETED SHELTER

Poor Man's Fallout Shelter

"I don't have \$30,000 or a rifle," said a father of four and figured he couldn't hope to protect his family against possible nuclear fallout.

Actually, adequate protection can be provided with materials costing about \$25.

Nuclear engineer Richard Stephenson of the University of Connecticut has designed a "Poor Man's Fallout Shelter" to be built with a simple wood frame and sand bags.

Even a heavy table in the basement can provide a reduction in fallout by a factor of 200 to 1000. Dr. Stephenson points out that "something can be done" even without elaborate construction projects or costly protective equipment.

The hazard of atomic fall-

out is a fact we will have to live with in quite the same way as we have learned to live with other hazards — the automobile, gas stoves, punch presses and sewing machines — all of which would take a frightening toll of life and limb if we didn't use these inventions of this century with common sense safety precautions.

The first step to survival

is to know what this fallout is, what chances there are to survive it and what hopes there are for those who do survive. The Connecticut professor advises a visit to your county Civil Defense office to obtain information on this subject as a preliminary to any decision about what or when or where you'll build for your family's safety in this nuclear age.

Moral Vacuum in Public Schools

Chicago — (NC) — Public schools are failing to prepare American youth for the trials ahead because of their vacillating attitude toward moral values, a priest-educator warned here.

Father Neil G. McCluskey, S.J., dean of education at Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash., charged that "some educational leaders deliberately... have allowed a thin philosophy of secularism or scientism to replace the solid moral values of Judeo-Christian tradition as the basis for character philosophy in public education."

The Jesuit educator preached in Holy Name cathedral at a Mass sponsored by the Aquin Guild, whose membership includes over 4,000 Chicago archdiocesan Catholics in the field of public education. He stated that the picture of American youth reflected today "in the press and journals is a sobering one."

"It's true," he asked, "that poor discipline, lack of character training and the chilly secular climate in our schools has bred a generation of delinquents who are on the merry way to rock, roll and ruin?"

He said that a times the picture of American youth is "carelessly painted," and "it is always easy rhetoric to damn the shortcomings of youth."

"I am not suggesting," he continued, "that today's young Americans are better or worse than we, their parents. What I am saying is that they are facing problems and pressures we knew not, and that right now we, their elders and educators, do not seem conspicuously successful in preparing them with a sense of purpose in these perilous times."

Father McCluskey stated that "American society gazes fondly into the mirror of its common schools but the image reflected there is not the true one."

"For the public school, as presently constituted, is one public institution that does not reflect American society

as it is," he declared. "The state faces the problem of religious pluralism in the armed forces by cooperating with the different religious groups in caring for the spiritual needs of the uniformed personnel. Yet the same basic problem of religious pluralism is now officially treated in the schools as something nonexistent, irrelevant, or alien."

"We have made it practically impossible," Father McCluskey continued, "for the schools to teach what many millions of parents believe in conscience should be taught their children. We have yielded at every step to the

importuning of minority groups, not simply pushing to remove all religious influence from the schools, but working to make it impossible for church groups even to work with the schools."

He stated that "the co-existence within the same society of groups holding fundamental differences regarding the nature and destiny of man has made for an impasse in the approach to the moral side of education."

He added that the compromise or "nonsectarian" approach advocated by Horace Mann, father of the public school, "contained the princi-

ple of its own dissolution," and the "little common ground" that once existed among various religious groups "was eroded away."

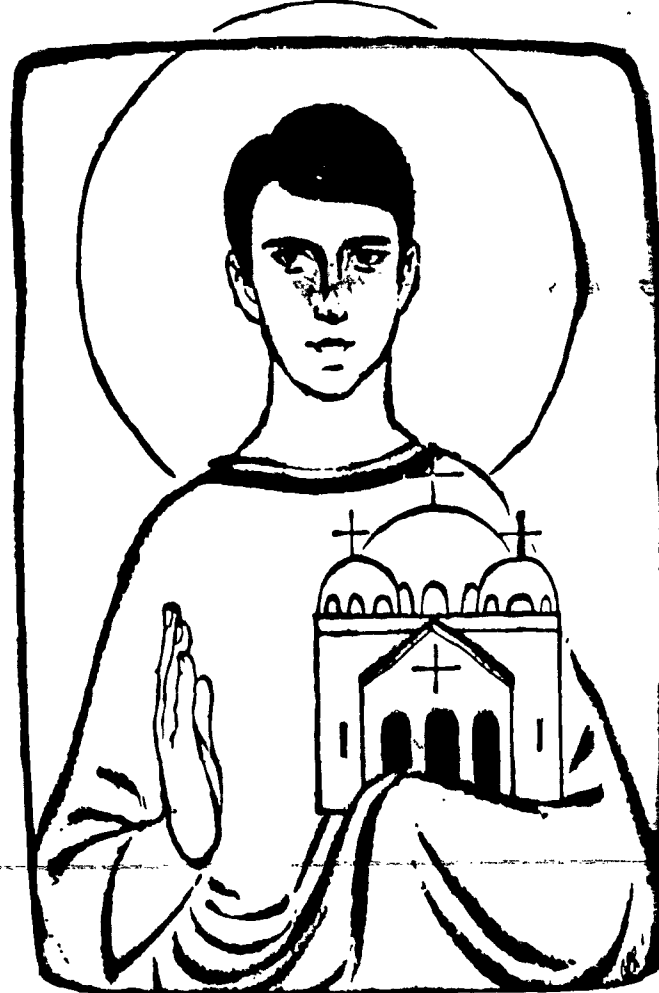
Father McCluskey suggested that the time has come for an agonizing reappraisal. He said: "The question we must start facing now is: How can the school, certainly as formative an influence on youthful character as the family or church, help to forge the kind of steel in the spines of our young that will support them in the trials ahead?"

"In retrospect," he continued, "it is only fair to admit that Protestants and Catholics must share the blame with the secularists for what took place in the public schools. While sectarian bitterness and denominational jealousies neutralized the efforts of religiously-minded people to keep a strong moral and spiritual fiber in the schools, others were able to glorify the vague ideal of the uncommitted mind and the uncommitted conscience."

"The American public school is now unable or unwilling," said Father McCluskey, "to take a stand on or perhaps even to consider the central questions which come to grips with the meaning of man: his origin, his purpose, his destiny. We have rendered mute our teachers and have forbidden them not merely to answer but often even to ask the great questions about God, conscience, duty, rights and future life."

The Jesuit educator said he was not making an exhortation "to scrap tolerance and amity and respect for sincere dissent," but warning "that the old pattern of compromise is a failure" and the future of this country "depends upon commitment to the right ideals."

"It is a warning that the time may be running out," he concluded. "It is a prayer that men of good will everywhere in the land will mobilize their resources to prepare better our youth for tomorrow, so that our nation and our world will wax strong and peaceful under God."



Saints of Unity

ST. MACARIAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE... was a priest appointed Procurator of the great church by the Patriarch Gennadius, in which office he built a number of churches in the city and restored that of Anastasius. He was famed for his miracles. His feastday is January 10.

SERMONETTE

FEELING OR FACT?

By Rev. James D. Moriarty

Are you one who allows your life to be ruled by feeling or by facts?

People who judge by feeling more than by fact, and there are a great number today remind us of what General George McClellan, wrote to his wife when he was appointed Major-General of the Union Army during the Civil War.

"I do not feel any different from what I did yesterday. Indeed, I have not yet tried on my new uniform. I am sure that I am in command of the army; however, for the order of the President to that effect now lies before me."

If we allow feeling to rule our life we are going to soon be in a dream world. We must face the facts.

Go back to the day when you pronounced your marriage vows. It took less time to speak the words of your vows than it took to dress for the ceremony. Yet the very "I do" or "I will" tied you to your partner for life. You felt no different in an you did the minute before the words were spoken.

Perhaps you were amazed all during the day by the shortness of the solemn step you had taken. The fact was, however, that you were married. You had promised to live with this person for the remainder of your life.

Go back to your high school graduation and you will remember that you felt no different once you had received your diploma than you did the minute before. Nevertheless records were now available that in spite of your lack of feeling the facts showed that you had successfully completed a high school course.

A mother who walks the floor all night with her sick baby doesn't have the same warm feeling as when she cuddles her healthy child and coos over a little bundle of loveliness in her arms. The fact is she actually shows more love by her sacrifice than by her affection.

That is why we cannot trust our feelings in the face of self evident facts. The weather, a headache, and emotional upset can alter the conditions of our feelings. But the facts remain the same whether the clouds gather or the sun shines.

Don't let the feelings of the moment cheat us out of living by the facts of the centuries.

Daily Mass Calendar

Sunday, October 15 — Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost (green). Gloria, Creed, Preface of the Trinity.
Monday, October 16 — St. Hedwig (white). Gloria, 1941 — Rev. Patrick McArdle.
Tuesday, October 17 — St. Margaret Mary (white). Gloria, 1950 — Rev. Wallace Van Dusen.
Wednesday, October 18 — St. Luke, evangelist (red). Gloria, Creed, Preface of Apostles.
Thursday, October 19 — St. Peter Alecantara (white). Gloria, 1949 — Rev. George Kettel.
Friday, October 20 — St. John Cantius (white). Gloria.
Saturday, October 21 — Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary (white). Gloria, 2nd prayer of St. Hilariion, 3rd of St. Ursula and companions.

Courier Journal

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Reapings at Random

Balanced View Needed in U.S. Catholic Press

By GERARD E. SHERRY

Editor, Central California Register (Note to readers: Some Catholic publications make a practice of debating editorial positions taken by other Catholic publications. The Courier Journal does not do this. Where competent spokesmen voice differing viewpoints, this paper seeks to publish both sides equally. Mr. Sherry, in the following article, deals with publications which how firmly to their one line of thought.)

Let's face it. On the question of comment on temporal issues the Catholic Press is hopelessly divided in relation to the application of Catholic principles to life. In some respects we are reminded of the apt remark: "See how these Christians love one another." It applies so well to many of us editors in the Catholic Press. There is no peace and harmony.

Rather there is dissension and acrimony. There is so much talk about peace in the world, yet on our own doorstep of the Catholic Press, there is little peace.

Since the lack of peace flows from a failure to agree on basic principles; I would like to throw out a simple request for two things: first, let us delimit and state fairly these problems, social, political, and economic, on which different stands are taken by different parts of the Catholic Press; then let each of the differing parts of the Catholic Press show with their conferees the articulated principles which have led them to take their particular position with which they have

become associated.

No debate is possible unless there is a clear statement of the question which is before the house. Definition of terms, limitation of areas of discourse, and clarifications of rules and consequences are minimal demands for any good discussion.

Many times an issue will arise which is relatively innocuous in itself, but the emotional explosion which it occasions leads a careful observer to the conclusion that something more fundamental is really involved. If the discussion of the particular issue can be led back to the fundamental problem, then we can go beyond the topical issue and get down to the fundamental point which divides.

In order to really get to fundamentals we will have to examine those principles which in fact have led us to our present position. This effort should be illuminatory first of all for each of us who have a position with vigor. Many times even men of the press have a chasm which separates the voiced and written principles from the real sources of their thought.

Many times we claim a religious and moral principle, but in fact we are motivated by political and emotional factors. There is nothing wrong with political and emotional motives, but we should be clear in our own minds that we are being political and not particularly religious. Above all, we will spare our readers from carrying at moral obligations things which are in reality merely political. In this next year we can include, in

vestigate and debate the issues which at present cause a scrimonious name calling within the Catholic Press, think how each of us will be enlightened? Certainly, all of us will become better equipped and our readers will be given a fascinating year of intelligent discussion.

The prolonged liberal-conservative debate in the Catholic Press, while it may set too faithful to Roberts' Rules of Order, has produced a fair number of hotly debated issues. The UN, the approach to Communism, the emphasis to be placed on integration, the inclusion of the vernacular in the liturgy, the question of "supply and demand" within the Natural Law, the meaning of racketeering within the labor movement, the right-to-work laws.

Each of these issues will find a variety of interpretations. Some of the interpreters may want to read their opponents out of the Church, but as yet there have been no real ex-communications. While the total span of the Catholic Press mirrors this diversity, individual papers help to perpetuate the attitude of the past generation.

In the intellectual life, the Church has her various schools of theology, philosophy and law. In economics and sociology she has various groups. In spirituality she has diverse disciplines. In any vital field we find the same thing, a multitude of tendencies, emphases and expressions. And this is only as it should be. For after sixteen hundred years we still live by St. Augustine's famous remark: "In essential things, unity; in other

things, liberty; in all things, charity."

But one aspect of this dissension has surely gone too far. This is in relation to the so-called liberal and so-called conservative editors. It would be too much to expect of the Catholic Press that it present publicly a balanced view. But is it too much to ask that political labels be eliminated from Catholic expression? It has reached the point where the Catholic Conservative editor compares his Liberal counterpart with the secular. Liberal whose basic philosophy is alien to Christianity. In like manner, the Liberal editor thinks nothing of equating his conservative fellow with the extremes of fascism and the John Birch Society.

What is needed in the Catholic Press today is a realization by all editors that excesses of condemnation can only bring about an ultimate discrediting of the Catholic Press as a whole, which, in turn, will hinder its function and respect in the community.

This is not to suggest that there should not be liberal or conservative tendencies within our newspapers. But there should be further clarification. We should avoid committing the Church to what she is not committed. "Who speaks for the Church," is a question often asked. Yet the Catholic editor, knows the answer without recourse to books. The only people who speak for the Church are its authentic teachers in the magisterium. All others who speak give opinions, many of which may be quite acceptable.

Patricia Smith MD in Vietnam

By FR. PATRICK O'CONNOR

Society of St. Columban

Kontum — (NC) — A day with Dr. Patricia Smith is a day and a half.

It can bring cases of any disease from sniffles to snakebite, from laryngitis to leprosy. It can take you over jungle trails and into jungle villages that can be truthfully described as out of this world. You can't be sure where the day will end, or where.

Dr. Pat Smith is a young lady who has her M.D. from the University of Washington and her patients among the mountain folk of central Vietnam. With two other American girls, Joan Blonien, R.N., and Jean Platz, R.N., both from Milwaukee, she operates the Catholic dispensary here in Kontum town.

At least, the one-story dispensary building is here. Nearly every afternoon the dispensary travels to villages outside the town in a half-ton truck or (very recently) an ambulance driven by Dr. Pat herself.

She and the two nurses belong to the Grail organization of Grailville, Loveland, Ohio, which sends lay workers to the missions. Their work here is under the auspices of Catholic Relief Services — National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Before nine o'clock every morning there is a group of wistful adults and their ailing, smiling children at the door of the dispensary. They keep coming for three or four hours, and the doctor and nurses keep working, to serve all comers.

Nearly all the patients belong to mountain tribes — the Wahnar, Sedang, Jiral and the rest. Most of them are non-Christians. Some have come long distances from the dense depths of the jungle. Some arrive with blazing fever. Others have walked for miles carrying a sick child or a man crippled with a terribly infected leg.

The dispensary is alive with sound and movement. Babies are crying. Dr. Pat is questioning patients and giving them directions in Bahmar, interspersed with assurance of "Okay, okay."

The nurses are taking temperatures, giving injections, dressing wounds and counting out capsules.

Some of the patients are too ill to make the long journey home. For these, part of the dispensary serves as an emergency hospital.

On one canvas cot lies a young man with pneumonia. Near him lies a man with a burned leg that has gone septic. An old woman, exhausted after a bout of dysentery, rests sunken-eyed but content. On another cot lies a 16-year-old tubercular girl whose father has carried her 13 million miles to this little haven of hope. A young mother who had to be rushed to Qui-Nhon, to have her snake-bitten arm amputated, is recuperating in a corner.

Immediately after dinner, Dr. Pat and one of the nurses check their medical kits, board their truck or ambulance and head for the villages.

I went with them on one of these missions of mercy before their new ambulance arrived. Their destination was only 12 miles away, but the rains had made the trails almost impassible in places.

That didn't daunt Dr. Pat. She swung that four-wheel-drive truck in and out of deep ruts, through treacherous lakes of mud and up and down slopes until we halted in the sunlit center of a large village.

It is an all Catholic village of thatched bamboo houses built on stilts. It has a little chapel but no resident priest.

There were plenty of patients to see, a few of them seriously ill. The doctor and nurse went from house to house, climbing the notched logs that serve as ladders to each.

"We'll have to take two back to Kontum," Dr. Smith decided. "If they don't get intravenous fluid, they'll die."

An elderly woman and a man, wrapped in blankets, were placed carefully in the truck. With them came two women relatives and a man.

It was near sundown when we started back. Just before dusk we got stuck in a mud-hole. Slogging barefoot in the deep yellow mud, we plied our shovel and thrust branches under the wheels. The engine roared and the wheels revolved but we remained where we were.

It was pitch dark and an hour and a half later when 15 Catholic mountaineers with flaming torches came to our aid. They pushed us on to dry ground.

When we rolled into dark Kontum with our passengers it was 9:30 p.m.

There Joan Blonien, who had been ill and had stayed on which, had serious news. A child with a fishbone stuck in his throat was choking to death.

Without a laryngoscope, there was only one thing to do. By the light of a kerosene lamp and a flashlight, Dr. Pat promptly performed a tracheotomy. She and the nurses started the intravenous treatment for the two bewildered incoming patients.

The doctor got to bed at two a.m. Jean Platz remained all night with the child to make sure that the tube stayed inserted in his windpipe.

Next morning Dr. Pat and Joan opened up the dispensary as usual. Jean, exhausted, went to sleep in their bungalow. The child with the tube in his throat slept peacefully in the dispensary in the arms of his young mother, whom I had seen sobbing heart-brokenly near midnight.

(Later on the "Hope" hospital ship in Saigon, where there was no shortage of equipment — the obstruction was removed from the child's throat.)

After a few days, the two patients we had brought in from the village were out of danger.

"We've been in nearly every village in a radius of 30 miles," Dr. Smith said. "Sometimes we have to leave the truck and walk a few miles, or they carry the patients down to the nearest road."