

Pastor Dies In Year of Jubilee

(Continued from Page 1)

"Everyone loved him so much. He had done so much for souls in this diocese."

The Bishop reviewed the life of the veteran pastor who began his priesthood on the eve of World War I and "put aside his parish work to go to the battlefields of Europe when the first flower of American manhood was giving its life to make the world safe for democracy."

On his return from military service, after nine years as principal at DeSales High School, Geneva, Monsignor Mason established a parish dedicated in Our Lady's honor, to whom he had so much devotion.

"What joy there was in his heart," said the Bishop, as he started to build a little church, a new tabernacle for his God. "That little church, dies with him this year and a newer and larger edifice is to replace it."

During Monsignor Mason's pastorate at St. Ambrose, a new church, new convent and new school have been built and two parishes organized to care for a booming population in the area once served by St. Ambrose Church.

Bishop Kearney said his words of praise were, however, but "faint echoes of what God Himself has already said as Monsignor Mason fulfills the jubilee commandment to return home to the great High Priest in heaven His noble soul rest in peace."

MONSIGNOR MASON, ordained in 1914 in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, was the last surviving World War I chaplain in the Rochester Diocese.

He served first as curate at Sacred Heart Church, now the Cathedral, and enlisted in the U.S. Army chaplains corps from 1917 to 1919.

He was then named principal of DeSales High School in Geneva and in 1928 made pastor of the new Our Lady of Lourdes parish, Brighton. He became pastor of St. Ambrose Church in 1937 and elevated to the rank of domestic prelate by Pope John XXIII in 1959.

He retired from active pastoral duties last August and has lived at St. Ann's Home for the past several months.

He is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Stanley Highfield, Mrs. Elizabeth Magary of Mid-dlesex and Mrs. Clark Frautz of Geneva.

Auxiliary Bishop Lawrence E. Casey attended the funeral Mass.

Assisting Bishop Kearney at the Mass were Rt. Rev. Msgr. James C. McAniff, assistant pastor; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Arthur Raligan and Rt. Rev. Msgr. George Schmitt, deacons of honor; Rev. John Reddington, deacon; and Rev. Raymond Ringwood, subdeacon.

Rev. James Moynihan and Rev. Donald Mulcahy were masters of ceremonies.

Other officers of the Mass were Rev. Fathers Frank Davis, John Murphy, John Hempel, Louis Holman, Henry Atwell, Hugh Brady and Leo Mann.

ATTENDING THE MASS were the Rt. Rev. Monsignors John E. Haney, Wilfred P. Crouch, Leslie Whalen, William Naughton, Robert Kelebot, Francis Heefen, John McCafferty, George Eckl, John Randall, Albert Simonetti, Dennis Ilcey, John Duffly, Gerald Lambert, Richard Burns and Very Rev. Msgr. George Coeuzi and more than sixty priests.

Priests of the Diocese chanted Vespers of the Dead Monday evening. Burial was in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. Arrangements were by John M. Hedger Funeral Home.

Teen Square Dance Club To Mark Birthday

Ninth birthday of Rochester Teen Square Dance Club will be fittingly marked at a "Teen-O-Rama" Saturday, March 14 in Cutler Union University, at Goodman St.

Program to be conducted from 7 to 11 p.m. lists opportunity to learn new dances, dinner at 8 p.m., pageant 7 p.m. included in fee. Evening square dance, guest callers and instructors. Featured will be Frank Gillis, a Buffalo engineer who is official caller for Rochester Teen Square Dance Club.

Costs for entire day quoted are \$3.50 including dinner; fifty cents for spectators; \$1 for workshop alone; \$1.50 for dinner; \$1 for evening dance includes pageant.

The pageant "Americana" will be tribute to visitors at New York World's Fair.

Information is available from directors and sponsors Dr. and Mrs. Waldo Westwater, HO 7-5918, Mr. and Mrs. John Faragher, HO 7-0388.

Face of Africa Reflects Faith, Hope

(Continued from Page 1)

South. That was all I knew. Mother and I made small conversation on the way and she taught me some greeting words in Elik, the language spoken in my area. About every twenty-five miles, she ordered the driver to stop the car and buy me something to eat.

"You must preserve your health in this heat," she kept saying firmly. Well, I couldn't refuse her hospitality although I just couldn't have eaten all the bananas, oranges and biscuits she kept giving me.

She told me about my school, but coming again and again into the conversation was the utter happiness she felt at having finally received a Peace Corps Volunteer. I couldn't help but think of all the P.C.V.'s who came before me who must have done so very much to insure the warm and enthusiastic reception we received. I shall never forget it.

As we drove South, I couldn't help notice that the roads were becoming narrower and the

The U.S. Peace Corps is three years old this month. Its success has gone beyond the hopes of its founder the late President John F. Kennedy. But its goals are still on a distant horizon. He said the Corps was but "one step in a major international effort to increase the welfare of all men and increase understanding among all nations."

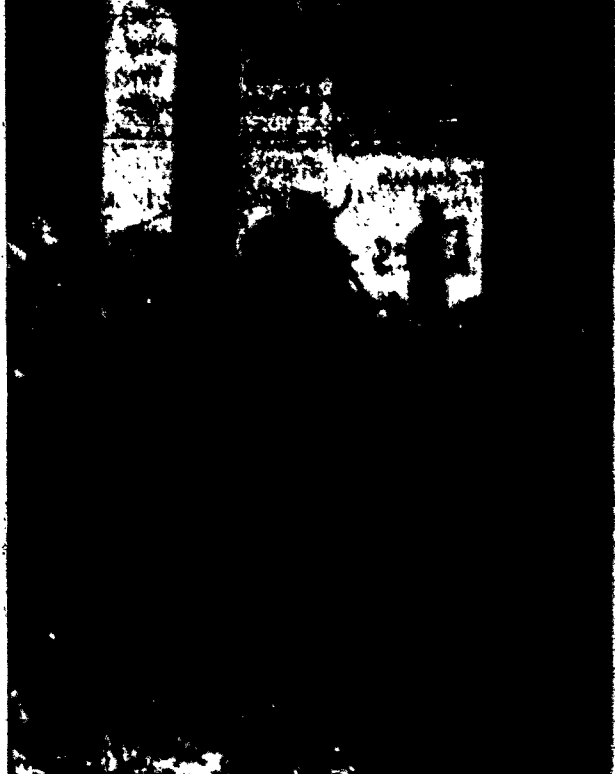
trees seemed to be moving closer to the road. As we ended our four-hour motor trip, the far road became a dirt road about as wide as a one-way lane, and the palm trees in some places almost blotted out the sky. People lined the road in some places and everywhere children waved and shouted "welcome" and "hello" in Elik.

I'll admit now that I wouldn't allow myself to think about on that trip. I was scared. This was the bush and my assignment for the next two years. Stopped in all this forest, you can't imagine how relieved I was to see our compound in the distance peering out from the tall graceful palm trees all around us. There it was spread out on a lovely, cleared, beautifully shambled area: one-story stucco buildings with slanting (the roofs as neatly placed as the toy buildings in a monopoly set. There were two carpenter shops, where the men were busy making desks for the new students. The car pulled up to a rather long one-story building where several people including three sisters were waiting to welcome me. And 'welcome' was the word. I didn't know it then, but the word 'welcome' to them means 'hello' and I find that everyday since then I am welcomed at least ten times.

Looking back, all I can really remember of those first few days at St. Therese's is the sense of relief I felt at finally being here in such a peaceful place. I recalled something that for the next two years. Stopped in all this forest, you can't imagine how relieved I was to see our compound in the distance peering out from the tall graceful palm trees all around us. There it was spread out on a lovely, cleared, beautifully shambled area: one-story stucco buildings with slanting (the roofs as neatly placed as the toy buildings in a monopoly set. There were two carpenter shops, where the men were busy making desks for the new students. The car pulled up to a rather

A New Language

School didn't begin for three weeks and in that time, I got settled, explored the surrounding areas, got preliminary instructions about teaching, made out tentative lesson plans, wrote



Downtown Calvary
Detroit — (RNS) — A symbolic scene — the cross standing firm amid rubble of destruction — was created unintentionally as a wrecking ball swung from a crane and crashed into the Recreation Building at Detroit, Mich., a structure being torn down for new construction.

but I hardly knew where to take them. I kept telling her that everything was just for good for me and that I wasn't expecting anything at all. She just laughed all the time saying, "You young Americans are ready for any sacrifice." Even now she sends me pineapples, eggs and oranges. And when I thank her but try to tell her that she really doesn't have to, she says simply, "It's the least I can do. You teach here and I don't pay you a thing. I can at least give you oranges and little things like that. It's the African way." When I tell her that I'm a volunteer in the Peace Corps with enough money provided by my government to live on, she says that the sacrifice is great enough and that the conversation on that subject ends.

Frankly I don't feel any sacrifice yet.

Yes, I miss my family and friends, but the mail is coming steadily and everyone is writing beautiful letters. Sometimes when I am reading "Time International," I long to be able to see the new movies and plays that are premiering in New York City. But at the same time I am missing all those things I know and feel the utter necessity of my being here.

St. Therese's Secondary School is two years old. It has the first two forms of the secondary school system, which would be equal to our seventh and eighth grades. There are about one hundred and twenty students here and each in her own way, shows an enthusiasm for learning which I have never seen before. They are so eager to know about the world around them.

All their inquiries about the United States are centered around the Kennedy family and what it became of John John and Caroline now that they have no father. This curiosity, I showed the magazines and newspapers covering the assassination and many of them weaned sadly when they saw the picture of the children. Here was something they could really know, a universal feeling that has no special country or continent.

For breakfast, I showed Grace how to prepare hot cereal, cold cereal and bacon and eggs. All these dishes were new to Grace, who one day surprised me by serving all three dishes at one meal. I ate every bit of everything feeling very flattered that the child wanted to please me. I'm a personal friend and relative, so much that she prepared everything I liked.

The First Days

In those first few days, Mother Mary Joseph was sending over so much food and extras

I CAN HELP YOU
Correct Most Any Hearing Loss

Have you ever had trouble hearing? Are you tired of shouting to be heard? Are you missing out on so much of what is going on around you? If you are, you need MAICO.

MAICO HEARING SERVICE
84 EAST AVENUE
ROCHESTER 4, NEW YORK
LO 2-4111

HOWDY FOLKS!
this wonderful
"TALKING" EASTER BUNNY
can be yours!

Think of the fun on Earth's moon with this lovable Bugs Bunny to greet you... he says 11 different things.

BOYS! GIRLS! MOMS! DADS!
Hurry in and register — a lucky boy and a lucky girl will be awarded with a talking rabbit of their very own.

FREE LOLEPOPS FOR THE KIDS!
SEE OUR COMPLETE LINE OF New-Spring Shoe Fashions for the Family

our first step is always Personalized Fitting for YOUNG FEET

DeLuxe Shoe Shop
Your FAMILY Shoe Store
477 MONROE AVE.
BR 1-8301
Open Daily 9:30 to 6 p.m. - Friday evening 7:30 p.m.
Lenses for Anti-Static and Prescription Shoes

it leaves you breathless!

Smirnoff-filtered through a "mountain" of charcoal
What makes Smirnoff so crystal clear, uniquely smooth, so remarkably free of taste or odor? Every drop is filtered through 7 tons of activated charcoal. That's why it's drier in a Martini, smoother on-the-rocks. Blends so perfectly in a Screwdriver or a Bloody Mary. In fact, Smirnoff mixes with anything that pours. And it leaves you breathless.

Always ask for **Smirnoff VODKA**

10 & 100% POT. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. ESTE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (INV. OF NEUBLEIN, HARTFORD, CONN.)

A rare treat, only once this year!

Schiaparelli

STOCKING SALE
Seamless and full fashioned

Now is your only opportunity during 1964 to save on world-famous Paris Fashion nylon — by Schiaparelli! They're fantastically sheer, yet amazingly long-wearing, come in the loveliest new shades. Sizes small 8 1/2 to 10 1/2; average 8 1/2 to 11; tall 9 1/2 to 11 1/2. Hosiery, Street Floor, Downtown, also at Culver-Ridge.

STYLE	Reg.	SALE	3 pairs
Equitarily sheer, with seams	2.00	1.65	4.95
Long-wearing sheer, seamless			
heel and toe	1.65	1.35	4.05
Walking sheer with seams	1.65	1.35	4.05
Sheer seamless demi-toe	1.65	1.35	4.05
Sheer seamless heel and toe	1.50	1.25	3.75
Sheer seamless micro mesh, heel and toe	1.50	1.25	3.75

Come, write or call HA 6-2000

B. FORMAN CO.
IN DOWNTOWN • ON THE PLAZA