



First Communion Style --- 70 Years Ago in Rochester

This dignified group of young men, replete with high button shoes, vests, white bow ties and spottless gloves were in high style for their First Holy Communion at St. Michael's Church on June 25, 1897. The three priests in the picture are Fathers John P. Shellhorn, Matthew Hargather and Ferdinand Shied. Mr. Joseph J. Heberger,

who sent in the nostalgic picture to the Courier-Journal is in the front row, second from right. Mr. Heberger, who lives at 150 Wheelton Dr. in Greece can still remember most of the names of his classmates in the picture.

M. L. Donovan Requiem Offered by Priest-Son

Funeral Mass for Mortimer F. Donovan, father of a Rochester priest and brother of a priest in Buffalo was offered by his son, Father Joseph D. Donovan in Good Shepherd Church, Henrietta, Saturday, July 9.

Mr. Donovan of 64 Hill Terrace, Henrietta, died July 6, 1967. He was a member of the Holy Name Society of Good Shepherd Church.

In attendance at the Mass were the Right Reverend Monsignors Dennis W. Hickey, V.G., Joseph L. Hogan, John F. Duffy, Richard M. Quinn, Charles V. Boyle, Gerald C. Lambert and William J. Naughton.

Mr. Donovan is survived by his wife Jane (Keeney) Donovan, three sons, Father Joseph D., pastor of St. Mark's Church, Greece; Dr. Bernard F. Donovan, Rochester and Dr. Mortimer F. Donovan of South Bend, Ind.; one brother Father Denis J. Donovan, Buffalo; three sisters, Mrs. James (Mary) Hurley, Mrs. Timothy (Margaret) Arundel and Mrs. Michael (Helen) McMahon of Rochester, six grand children, several nieces and nephews.

Father Denis Donovan gave the blessing in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery assisted by Father Joseph D. Donovan and two nephews of the deceased, Father Charles J. McCarthy and Father Gerald J. McMahon. Arrangements by Broderick Funeral Home, West Main St.

30 McQuaid Students In Europe

Under the sponsorship of the foreign language department of McQuaid Jesuit High School, 14 McQuaid students flew from Kennedy International Airport to Europe on July 6 with approximately 150 other American youths.

The students are now in the village of Kitzbuehel in the Austrian Alps, spending four hours a day in classes studying the German language and Austrian history, socio-economics and folklore. After a stay of three weeks in this mountain village, the travelers will cross borders into Germany and continue studies in Cologne. Highlights of this part of the trip will be track meets against two German schools and expeditions to Dueseldorf and Bonn, capital of the Federal Republic. The final week of the six-week tour will be spent in Berlin. They will also visit families in East Berlin, and will return to Rochester on Aug. 16.

Sixteen other McQuaid students of French are attending summer school in France. They departed Friday and are now spending their mornings in class at Antibes. During this time they will also make a three-day trip to Rome. After their stay on the Mediterranean they will traverse France to the Paris suburb of Versailles. They will return to Rochester on Aug. 17.

New Chaplain For CIC Group

Bishop Shea has appointed Father Paul P. Brennan chaplain of the Catholic Interracial Council of Rochester.

Father Brennan, assistant pastor at Immaculate Conception parish, succeeds Father Robert Kreckel in this position. Father Kreckel is pastor of Immaculate Conception parish in Rochester.

At Our House®

Situation Wanted

By Mary Tinley Daly

In the language of the Twittering Twenties, when legs were "limbs" and were covered with "hosiery," a young person "had completed his education" after high school or college and thereupon announced willingness to "accept a position" in the business world, or at the corner drug store. Or, in the case of a girl, "stay home and help Mama."

Not so with the grown-up "War Babies" of today, among whom is our Ginny.

They have no more "completed" their education with acquisition of a high school diploma or a baccalaureate degree than has our granddaughter, Lu Anne, just graduated from the eighth grade.

In the fast-paced world of the '60s, and with sights set on achievement into the 21st Century, these young people realize that education is a continuing process, a lifetime of learning to forestall stagnation, and boredom. So, it's on to graduate school—fulltime if circumstances permit, but usually on a part-time basis and self-financed.

Oh, they're "willing to accept a position" as the oldsters so coyly put it, but they would smile at the naivete of the prospect implied as much as at the quaint wording of the phrase. No, they're frankly and openly "looking for a job."

Finding Right Spot

Not just any job, either. I hesitate to use the overworked term "image," almost as threadbare as its companionpiece "challenge," but the fact is these young people have a realistic image of themselves. They know their strengths and weaknesses, their achievements and their potential. With this knowledge as a measuring rod, they seek employment that is meaningful, a challenge to the best they have in them.

This is perhaps why the Peace Corps, VISTA and like programs have such an appeal to youth.

Our own presently unemployed is job-seeking in various areas, keeping her own

New Films

Movies recently reviewed by the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures are listed below:

- Class A, Section I
Arizona Bushwacker
Further Perils of Laurel and Hardy
Sullivan's Empire
They Came From Beyond Space
- Class A, Section II
Man Who Finally Died, The
War Wagon, The
Way West, The
- Class A, Section III
Honey Pot, The
Made in Italy
- Class A, Section IV
Luv

Class B
(Morally objectionable in part for all)
Born Losers

Objection: This film attempts to deal seriously with a critical problem in American society but due to some contrived and implausible treatment does not succeed. As a consequence, its realism tends to degenerate into purposeless brutality and sensationalism.

Objection: Low moral tone; suggestive costuming and situations.

counsel, while so doing, but obviously weighing factors one against another.

Whereas formerly at our house only newspaper sections having to do with world and local news, women's features, sports, financial—and of course the funnies—were of interest, now the most carefully scanned columns are "Help-Wanted—Women" or "Men and Women."

Some of the glamour-jobs described in glowing terms turn out to be utterly routine, dead-end as to advancement, require an undue amount of time spent in transportation, or pay an inadequate salary.

Basic Asset — Can Type

"Thanks for making me learn to type, Mom," Ginny told us. "Without that skill, I'm afraid my other qualifications would be pretty nebulous."

(Learning to type the summer following eighth grad has always been a must at our house, like it or not at the time.)

It's an experience, this job-seeking. At one agency, Ginny was told that the employer stipulated the applicant positively must possess a "B.A. degree"—and she had put down on her application that she has an A.B.!

At another, she was given a slip indicating 9:30 a.m. appointment had been set up for her by the agency with a Mr. Jackson (not his real name) who was hiring for an airline.

The car broke down on her way to keep the appointment so Ginny phoned Mr. Jackson for a postponement.

"We don't make definite appointments," Mr. Jackson's secretary answered. "Applicants are interviewed one morning each week from 9 o'clock until noon; first come, first served. And we are not listed with an employment agency!"

Cost of fixing the car was more than balanced by the fee which otherwise would probably have to be paid.

Again: "We'll get you a job but you have to put up \$25, just to show your good faith."

Sometimes, at the end of long weary day of job hunting, we wonder if Ginny wouldn't settle for the Twittering Twenties, announce a "willingness to accept a position"—or even "stay home to help Mama!"

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They Can't Go

So, Mass Comes To Them

Paterson—In a gray cement-block basement room of the eight-story Riverside Housing Project for Senior Citizens a folding table had been propped up with bricks and cellophane and covered with a white cloth and adorned with candles.

It happens every Monday afternoon when a priest from our Lady of Lourdes Church on drab River St. comes to say Mass and an average of 60 elderly men and women who are living out their days in some of the 96 apartments come to participate.

Mrs. Adolf Mitchell who will be 85 in December and who can barely see and hear and who has been confined to a wheelchair since she'd been able to get out to Mass before the Mass was brought to her home a year ago.

HANGING ON the walls of the room, which has "Tenant Storage" on the door, were watercolors of vases of flowers and Venice canals signed by residents of the project who paint in the room across the hall in the primitive style that Grandma Moses made famous. And in front of the folding table altar there was a big bouquet of white gladiolus, which accentuated the fact that this was, as Thomas C. Furrey, 67, described it, "A big day."

It was the day Bishop Casey came to celebrate the Monday afternoon Mass in the cellar of Riverside Housing Project for Senior Citizens and it was the Feast of St. Januarius, the martyr, so the tall, silver-haired Bishop wore flaming red vestments and preached a homily about suffering—all kinds of suffering from loneliness to physical pain.

He told them about a leper

Philippine Weekly Manila—(NC)—The Essen, Germany, diocesan weekly newspaper, Ruhrwart, has donated \$7,500 to the Philippines Catholic weekly, The Sentinel, published here.

Bishop Casey of Paterson, former Auxiliary Bishop of the Rochester Diocese, recently celebrated Mass at a home for elderly people. The Newark Advocate feature editor Anne Buckley reported the Mass and the Bishop's sermon—which we reprint here.

woman whose eyes were gaping holes and whose hands were eaten away, and ladies in striped shirt-waist dresses with work-lines on their elbows shook their heads from side to side sympathetically as they listened.

AND HE TOLD them this leper woman told a priest to tell the Pope that she was happy because through her sufferings she had come to know Jesus Christ and that she was offering her pain for the Church, and the old men and women nodded their heads up and down when he suggested they could do the same when they are "lonely" or down or blue or have pain."

The Bishop asked them to make the stations at home looking at a crucifix and the 14 pictures. "I do it every day," he confided. "It makes you learn how to carry your cross." And he said they were preaching a better sermon than he could, and that if they ever got to feeling they were of no use to anybody, they should remember they are the powerhouse of prayer behind the good work being done in their parish.

THEN THE Mass went on, and they read the responses from their books and sang the hymns on cue from a Newburgh Dominican Sister from the parish. And when "O Sacrament Most Holy" began, just about everybody walked up and stood before their Bishop to receive Communion from him.

After Mass Mrs. John Nash, 65, said it had been the "most marvelous thing — to meet our Bishop right here in our own home." And Mrs. Thomas C. Furrey, 63, confided, "The thing the Bishop said about letting faith answer the door

when fear knocks — I'm going to do that from now on."

The Bishop stood at the back door to the Tenant Storage room and greeted each one personally as they left. They kissed his episcopal ring and some asked for his blessing and thanked him for coming, and one old man gave the back of the Bishop's hand a resounding smack.

"Keep me in your prayers," the Bishop would say to one. "Say the stations for me sometime," to another. And when Mrs. William Ackerley, a little lady in black who seems to be made of wax, told him she was 88 and her husband was 95, the Bishop smiled gently: "Please pray for me — I'm not going to last as long as you, but you can pray I'll last a little longer."

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