

1841

Willard Marakle

The COURIER mourns today the passing of a man who fifty-two years ago was one of a group of three who founded the Catholic Journal, the paper which is now known as the CATHOLIC COURIER. Willard Marakle has had a busy career as a reporter of note for the daily papers, and as an official of the New York State Labor Department. Two years ago when the COURIER was celebrating its Golden Jubilee, he graciously consented to write an article on the beginnings of the paper, which was incorporated in the Jubilee Edition. Mr. Marakle served his Church and his community well. His happy manner and his pleasing personality will be missed by the many who have enjoyed his friendship.

The COURIER expresses its debt of gratitude to Mr. Marakle, and extends its sympathy to the bereaved members of his family. May he rest in peace.

Your Justice

The Gospel of the coming Sunday gives us a picture of Christ's estimate of the man known as Scribes and Pharisees. They were the professionally religious men, the professionals of the Law. The Scribes knew the Law, the Pharisees took pride in their meticulous observance of all its outward precepts. Both of them looked merely to those things that appeared outwardly. They forgot morality and all that it required of them, and felt that their external observance of legal precepts was sufficient to make them pleasing to God.

Then Jesus said to His Disciples: "Unless your justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Jesus wanted His followers to know that reality and not mere appearances would make men pleasing to Him. Presence to virtue with the violation of all that virtue requires, could never make a man worthy of Jesus, worthy of a place in the Kingdom of God.

Jesus was very serious in His condemnation of the justice of the Scribes and Pharisees. He did not look on it as a small fault, a venial failing; he considered it so wicked that it would of its own power deprive a man of any place in the Kingdom of God. It was something that would keep man from sanctification in life and from justification in death.

So Jesus looks to us to be sincere in our service of Him. He looks to us to have within our souls that state of grace that He calls justice. He wants us to realize that to profess to love Him and not to serve Him is vain; that to claim to be members of His Church and never to pray for her welfare, is not true justice; that to profess love for the mission and never to perform love for self; that to take all the Church can give, and do as little as possible in support of the Church, is not Christianity.

It should be our ambition to make our justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, that we may be found worthy of a place among God's blessed in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Selected

"There can be differences in our national life without serious differences in our spiritual life. We cannot and must not hate any person because of his race or color. We must love all men as our brothers." — Cardinal O'Connell.

"The greatest that any train of thought stands in the way of God, is its inability to follow the lead of its own knowledge in that it leads to God." — Cardinal O'Connell.

"The charming young teacher was bent on having discipline in her class. So when the youth handed in his assignment, she looked at it in open distaste. The paper was dirty, it was fringed around the edges. It looked as if it had been used to wrap a package before the lad had used it for his theme."

"Young man, said his most professional voice: 'don't you ever give me a solid sheet of paper like that again. Take it away. Bring it back on a good, clean sheet of paper. The idea of a paper like that!'"

"The youngster turned away. But under his breath he said: 'I'll get in the last word.'"

"What do you expect," he muttered, "bitch bark?"

Quote--End Quote

"The liturgical movement has two main outlets: Godward in its lovely and obedient manner in its Catholic Action. It is not impossible, it is inevitable." — Rev. William Busch.

"We must concede that the natural rights of the Negro are not in number and sacredness to the rights of white persons." — Rev. Francis J. Gilligan, S.T.D.

"The preservation of the morals of our youth is the first concern of Church and country, and eternal vigilance in this respect is just a mild way to express the obligation of parents." — Judge Allegretti.

Five Years Ago--

—in the files of the CATHOLIC COURIER

From July 2, 1936

Col. Frank H. Blie, K.H.A., of Rochester, was elected Supreme President of the Knights of St. John of North America, and Mrs. Teresa Ganter, also of Rochester, was named Supreme President of the Auxiliary at the Biennial meeting held in Columbus, Ohio.

Newly ordained to the Holy Priesthood, the Rev. Albert L. Simonetti and the Rev. Francis Costantini, returned from Rome to celebrate their First Masses in their respective parish churches. They had completed a special course at the Collegio Pontificio Romano in Rome.

Forty-five vacation schools were opened at various points in the diocese under the direction of the Rev. John M. Doherty, diocesan director of Christian Doctrine, and the Rev. Charles J. McNamee.

Presiding at the panel discussion of the State National Laymen's Retreat Conference held at Calverton, in the absence of the Rev. Mark Joseph M. Corrigan, rector of Catholic University of America, was the Rev. Mr. Charles F. Brady, moderator of Rochester Laymen's Retreat.

The Rev. Mr. Clement Augustus Cant, rector, Calverton, Md., presiding at the National Laymen's Retreat, was the first to inform the Holy Father of the removal of the Holy Father's presence against the Catholicism in Germany.

THE SHINING STAR



PAGE MY PASTOR

by
Right Rev. Hugh Peter M.H. Wynhoven
Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of the South

The First Direct Assault

"The pastor paid us a visit last night, Fran. After he was there for a little while, he asked if he could see my father alone on some personal business. Naturally, we all cleared out."

"Did you find out afterward what it was about, Cedie?"

"Yes, after the pastor left, Dad looked kind of befuddled, which of course heightened our curiosity. Mother, the old diplomat, said, 'John, the priest didn't tell you anything that upset you, did he?'"

"Yes, he did, Mother, but I think I like it. 'You must have been a human question mark by that time, Cedie.'"

"Are you telling me? At first, father teased us and pretended that he didn't want to say what the pastor's business had been. Then at last he broke down and, smiling, let us in on the secret."

"What was it, Cedie?—hurry, tell me!"

"The pastor had asked him to make the parish mission which will start a week from Sunday."

"And did he promise, Cedie?"

"He told us, Fran, that he had given the pastor a conditional promise—but he didn't tell us the condition."

"And you haven't found it out yet?"

"Don't you worry. I know he'd tell Mother last night, so I couldn't get up early enough to get the tip-off from her."

"And what was it? Come on, Mother!—don't drag things out so much!"

"Well, you have to hand it to my pastor, he did a slick job—m-m-m-m."

"Cedie, you send Ted me before I get blue in the face trying to restrain my curiosity."

"Calm down, lambs! here it is: Father will make the mission on condition that Bob and John, my backsliding Catholic brothers, will go with him."

"I see the plot, Cedie. Isn't that great! That is clever. The pastor is figuring on doing three birds with one stone: he'll get Bob and John back to the Church, and our thoughts on the great business of life, our 'soul's salvation'."

"I confess, Fran, there's no getting around that logic. But tell me, according to your pastor, do results of a parish mission warrant all the bother, trouble and expense?"

"His answer to that, Cedie, is very simple: he says, 'If one soul is brought back to God through a mission, I am happy and satisfied, because one soul is immortal.' By the way, his experience is that every year dozens of them return to God after absence of four to forty years."

"Well, Fran, no wonder he's completely sold on the proposition of frequent missions."

"Once again, Fran, our vacation privileges."

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I like very much the thought which Father Gavan Duffy gets out of last Sunday's Gospel scene about Our Lord teaching from the boat. He regards these few feet of water as the distance it is necessary to keep between priest and people. It isn't much of a distance, but enough for self-protection in a position where so many demands are made. Besides, we must have a minimum of privacy if we are to cultivate the inner life.

I think our people rather expect their priests to keep that little distance—a little time away to pray.

I Wonder Where He Has Gone?

By REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

I hadn't thought of him for years. Yet the colored workman across the aisle of the car made my mind rush back to that porter I had known briefly and was not likely ever to forget.

The Queen's Work at that time was established in a rather modest office building. And all I had noticed of the colored man who swept out the place was that he looked almost as run-down as the building.

Then one evening when I was working late, he dropped in to collect the newspaper in my basket. And, thoughtfully and with no desire for an answer, I said, "How are you tonight?" continuing the while with my work. Abruptly I stopped. For he had answered me in the softest, most mellow, most beautifully cadenced voice I'd ever heard in my life. I knew I looked up from my work in astonishment at that small, slight, delicate-looking Negro in his old clothes. I knew that soon we were talking. And no radio announcer in the land had more perfect intonation, more exquisite mastery of words, more delicacy in the use of grammar.

We talked across the world. He'd been just everywhere. "You see," he said, "I was sent to a wealthy southern young gentleman. He took me with him wherever he went." That's why I talk the way I do. I heard only correct speech for years. And one picks up the language one hears.

So we talked of time, place, and person — London, Paris, Egypt, South America.

"I suppose you wonder how I lost my job," he said, smiling a little wistfully. "Well, my employer was a man who drank. But he couldn't stand my drinking. Like a real man, though, and I got the habit. I still have it. I'll love this job one of these days," he prophesied this with objective disinterest. "I love them all. Anyway, he got angry one day when I was drunk, and he fired me. It's been down the alley ever since."

"But the wanderlust was in my blood. So I kept on travelling. Do you remember when the Olympics were held in Copenhagen? I was bound to see them. So I stowed away on a passenger ship; hid in a life-boat, and ate apples and bread. At night I'd creep out and get a drink of water, and the apples had

to last me all the way across. The crew caught me just off the coast of Denmark. But it was too late then. I saw those Olympics."

Within a week, he had been fired. We had a new porter. Once afterwards I saw him. I was walking past a gang working in the streets and that unmistakable voice hailed me. He was sick looking, frailer than ever, and the shovel he rested on seemed bigger than himself. I protested at his doing that kind of work.

"It's all I can get," he answered. "And a man must—," he twitted the verb—"drink."

The colored man across the aisle, refined of feature, wistful of expression, made me flash back to that other man.

Where is he now? I could only breathe a little prayer that that wanderer and globe-trotter, that man who had known and quickly taken to himself the refinement of life had, despite one sad vice, reached the City that is the only Port worth seeking.

The collegian had a modern and efficient way of ending his night prayers. He gave a quick glance to Heaven and said in all sincerity, "Dear God, please keep in touch with me."

We were talking about the folly of anyone getting into fields he knew nothing of, of speakers who suddenly displayed their ignorance of what they were pretending to discuss.

So we talked of time, place, and person with K. C. a Catholic elite.

"A dear old missionary gave us a retreat when I was a girl at Loreto Academy. He did very well indeed. We listened with real interest."

"Finally he got on the subject of social life and its perils."

"Beware," he warned us, "of these smooth young men who come to take you to parties. Don't trust them. The villains, indeed, with the full dress suits, their white shining shirts, their black and white ties, their swallow tail coats, and their bright, freshly polished brown shoes!"

The retreat practically went on the rocks with those shoes."

Told You So

By REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P., Editor, The Catholic World

Only the other day a friend asked me "Why don't the Catholics say 'I told you so' now that Communists are being discovered, unmasked, indicted and discharged from the New York Public School system?"

I confessed I didn't know why we don't as a class and as a Church claim some credit for having given warning long ago. But I could tell you one personal reason—I don't indulge in the "I told you so" habit of any kind.

By the time people get around to see that the Catholic stand in this or that question is right, and that the constant preaching of Catholics over a period of years turns out to have been prophetic, the very people who should be impressed by the verification of our prophecies will say, "Oh, well, we knew it all the time." Those people have short memories. They resemble persons to whom you tell an anecdote or a joke and who a year later will repeat it to you.

Thinking that you never heard it before. Being a gentleman—or a lady—you don't say "Yes, that was a good story when I told it to you long ago, and it is still good." I say you don't. If you do, you had better not.

You sarcasm, though justified, might be the end of a beautiful friendship. That may also be the reason we don't say to our friends—especially friends on the Board of Education—"I told you so," or "I knew you'd come to it," or "Why didn't you take action ten years ago?"

These remarks are held to be invidious. Suppose the fulfillment of the Catholic prophecy doesn't involve the relatively small matter of Communism in the public schools, but the vastly tragic fate of the Negro in the South, the State says it is a religion. Nobody seems to know that we predicted it 400 years ago. Do I hear some one say "You mean 4 years ago?" No, I mean 400 years ago.

Whereupon, unless the interlocutor turns his back upon us as he could upon a crackpot, he says, with a mixture of amazement and curiosity, "How do you make that out?"

So we begin to explain. The antecedent of Hitler was Luther. The logical outcome of Luther's primary doctrine is Nazism. Luther not only rejected the Pope, but declared that every man was his own pope. If every man is his own pope, that is to say, his own last court of appeal in matters of faith and morals, then each man's notion of conscience and right and justice and truth is for that man final and absolute.

He need appeal to no authority beyond the teaching of the spirit in his own soul.

If another man says, "I find no such testimony in my soul; in fact, in my soul the spirit prompts me to another conclusion," the advocate of private judgment must say, if he is consistent, "You believe your spirit and I will believe mine." If some third person thrusts himself into the discussion at that point and says "Cannot you two gentlemen present your dispute to a court above and beyond your own minds?"

Library Items, Et Cetera

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

We ask the Catholic Evidence Library patrons please to notice that during July and August and the first week of September, the Library will be closed during the summer. The summer schedule, therefore, will be: 4 to 6, and 7 to 9, from Monday through Friday. The Saturday 1 to 3 period will be suspended during the summer.

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I think our people rather expect their priests to keep that little distance—a little time away to pray.

a little time away to read and study, a little time away to preserve one's soul. The kind of distance the people resort, rightfully, to the distance of prior aloofness or of cold reserve or of selfish isolation. They instinctively sense that a pastor's duty is for and with his flock, and they have a quite unerring sixth sense which tells them when they are dealing with a man of pastoral heart.

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Convention was very inspiring, and its promoters deserve our prayers of gratitude.

By-lines on the Convention: The cordial good nature in every direction, despite the withering heat; it was a refreshing blend of Christian charity and American neighborliness. . . . The ingenuity of the student at the Pastoral Missionary booth who held a large crowd with card tricks after his pamphlet supply had run out: "All things to all men," like Francis Xavier rolling dice with the sailors, or Don Bosco turning somersaults with the children; something for the Commie comrades to look into, who say that all religion is magic. . . . The pathetic words of the Negro high school graduate at the Convention Hall Forum on the Negro Problem: "I love the Catholic Church because I know she is the True Church of Jesus Christ. But sometimes I'm mighty scared of white Catholics. . . . The calibre and personality of the contestants at the oratorical final in the Eastman Theatre—something for our Catholic schools to be proud of. My vote went, and I still stick by it against the judges, to Miss Mary Burns, of Regina High School, Norwood, Ohio, who was the final speaker. With the other speakers she showed poise, character, and mastery of her message; but more than any of them she radiated the state of grace in every syllable of her voice and in every gesture of her body: I have seldom heard any speech where words and person were so integrated; she seemed very close to Him Who is the Word in Person. . . . The festive, almost carnival air of the Exhibit Hall, where you could feel that God's grace is the real 'cause of our joy'; the Church in Action is joyous, and we parochial people may thank the good visiting missionary priests and sisters for showing us how joyous. . . . The alert obedience of the choir children at the Red Wing Stadium Field Mass who, by a sort of miracle, kept singing beautifully right up to the end in the face of tremendous odds. Praise to the Sisters whose training and discipline saved an almost impossible situation, not only from collapse, but even from any minor damage!