BOB CONSIDINE

On the Line

Hard to believe, but GOP conventions once could be exciting. In the past, youngsters will be amazed to learn, fierce disunities developed. It was as if the antagonists were, you'll excuse the parallel, Democrats.

First GOP convention I covered was in 1940 at Philadelphia. An absolute upstart with a cowlick, one Wendell Willkie, who had surfaced nationally only a few months before with a provocative article in Fortune magazine, hardly the favorite periodical of the working man, won the nomination from such dependables as Tom Dewey and Bob Taft.

Nobody who was there will ever forget the chants from the galleries of the evil old convention hall: "We Want Willkie!" It was later charged that Willkie's handlers had "packed" those bleachers. Perhaps they did.

The 1952 GOP convention was storm-ridden, too. Gen. Eisenhower, with no political experience or interest in politics as such, was being moved into the nomination over the man most Republicans felt deserved the shot — Sen. Taft. Ike played a passive role in the machinations behind the scenes. He always figured, it seemed to me, that the Presidency was something like being awarded a sixth star on his uniform, that it was more or less due him because of his military seniority.

Whatever, there were backstage maneuverings by Tom Dewey and others that would have given Machiavelli pause. It revolved around the seating of a semi-maverick delegation. The pitch was, to over-simplify matters, that Taft (a saintly man) was trying to gyp Ike (the father image) out of his rightful adherents on the convention floor.

The Dewey side prevailed. At the climax of the Dewey manipulation, gray-maned Sen. Ev Dirksen took the lectern, pointed a long finger at Dewey who was seated with the New York delegation, and cried out evangelistically, "Twice you led us down the road to defeat — you shall not do it again!" An impassioned Republican from another delegation rushed down the aisle and seemed about to pounce on Dewey, who just sat there on his aisle perch, smoking his cigaret through an FDR holder, and magnificently unflappable.

The 1964 Republican convention at San Francisco was filled with angry charges and counter charges. Richard Nixon, who had won his party's nomination just four years before, and who had lost to John F. Kennedy by a whisker (sic), had trouble getting two tickets to the Cow Palace. The overpowering man that year was Sen. Barry Goldwater.

Emotions blazed. Gov. Nelson Rockefeller was all but booed out of the hall when he tried to make a reasoned speech. Ex-President Eisenhower, reading a prepared speech he probably had not seen before the time of delivery, knocked the press (which had always treated him so handsomely) and dam' near started a posse of Goldwaterites to move on the press box and tear all of us limb from limb. The gorilla growls of that abortive move surprised Ike. He looked up from his prepared remarks and saw a lot of Goldwater delegates waving their fists at the reporters and commentators. He was genuinely surprised that he had provoked such a reaction to his many friends and admirers in the media.

FR. PAUL J. CUDDY

On The Right Side

Afew weeks ago an energetic merchant shot toward me as I was browsing about his store, and, laying accusing eyes on my own, said: "I can take all the changes in the Church: the vernacular, the Communion rail yanked out, even the singing — I can take all of it excepting one thing, and that's the Sign of Peace." Then, as if I were responsible for the little ceremony, he continued: "That's the biggest fraud."

"Oh, come on, a lot of people think it's great, especially women. I know one who falls over the kneelers to give it. She loves it."

"You know, Father, last Sunday I turned to give the Sign to a bird back of me, and he owes me $150 which he'll never pay. I have a family to support."

In this article I am concerned not about the Peace Sign, which does seem to stir up strong feelings for and against. Rather, my interest is in that curious and common phenomenon known as the Catholic deadbeat. All religions everywhere at all times have taught that what we borrow we must return. Yet, too many Catholics who accept the dogma of the Trinity and the morals of the unity of marriage, are perfectly calloused about not paying their bills; their debts. There are different types of people who do not pay their bills.

1. The person who can and will not.

2. The person who cannot but would if he could.

3. The person who cannot and would not even if he could.

And through some quirk of conscience the deadbeat will meet his creditors without embarrassment, will golf or drink with him with ease, will sit comfortable next to him at Mass and shake his creditor's hand cordially, wishing the peace of Christ to the poor fellow, who wishes his debtor would put his hand in his pocket and shell out what he owes.

I have known many small businesses which were forced to close by deadbeats. This is true of small grocers, gas stations and the like. For example, a couple years ago a man who is a good mechanic and service man took over a gas and service station. Within a year he was out of business. He gave credit where credit was not due. He indiscriminately trusted men to be honest. And many men are not.

Of the seven capital sins avarice is one of the most potent to weaken a man's character. Even people who are good in marriage or in kindness or in helpfulness, are swept away before avarice. It seems inconsistent. It is inconsistent. But it is also a fact of life.

One day a young lawyer who has my will was visiting me. I pointed to a superior electric typewriter which I had bought and asked: "What happens to that typewriter if I die tonight?" He chortled: "It probably will become the property of the first person who gets into the room. That's the way it usually happens."

Is there a remedy for avarice? There is a remedy for every vice. But we must apply it. For those caught up by avarice, including the peace man who won't pay the $150 due the trusting merchant, the words of the old moralists should be followed: "Res clamat domino," which means: "Everything — cash, property, goods — calls for its rightful owner." and another: "What belongs to another never belongs to me."

Fifty years ago in my hometown of Auburn, anyone with a Polish or Ukrainian name was always given credit. These newcomers to America were so honest, that merchants quickly realized that they were "good pay." And this is the reputation each of us should have by the fact that we are practicing Catholics. A handshake has some significance when given between men who are sincerely at peace with one another. Otherwise, in the words of the young merchant, it's a fraud.

Bishop James A. McNulty ... 47-Year Career

Bishop McNulty's career spanned 47 years and nearly a quarter century in the episcopate, the last nine years as bishop of Buffalo.

He was born Jan. 16, 1900 in New York City to William Joseph and Mary Bellew McNulty. His family then moved to Montclair, N.J., where the bishop grew up.

Bishop McNulty and his brother, the late Msgr. John L. McNulty, former president of Seton Hall University, entered studies for the priesthood at the University of Louvain, Belgium, and were ordained July 12, 1925 for the Archdiocese of Newark.

Bishop McNulty's first post was as assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Jersey City, whose pastor, Msgr. John A. Duffy, later became the seventh bishop of Buffalo.

Bishop McNulty frequently cited Msgr. Duffy's inspiration and help.

Within the first two decades of his priesthood, Bishop McNulty was increasingly drawn into archdiocesan level duties.

The Vatican, under Pope Pius XII, recognized him with the title of Very Reverend Monsignor at the age of 41 and appointed him Auxiliary Bishop of Newark at the age of 47.

He was consecrated by Archbishop Thomas J. Walsh of Newark, who once had been chancellor of the Diocese of Buffalo.

Bishop McNulty was appointed Bishop of Paterson, N.J., in 1953. Among the notables present was the then Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, who later was to serve as bishop of Rochester. Bishop Sheen delivered the sermon.

In 1963 Bishop McNulty was appointed to head the Diocese of Buffalo.

He had a keen interest in many aspects of the Church's mission.

Bishop McNulty was a stout proponent of ecumenism. During the Second Vatican Council, he vigorously supported that body's denunciation of anti-Semitism; gave places of honor to leaders of other faiths at his Buffalo installation; proffered, and had accepted, the use of his cathedral for the installation of the Epispal Bishop of Western New York; and inaugurated ecumenical study programs in Buffalo.

He had always been a promoter of vocations to the religious life and in recent years was a champion of traditional values in the life-styles of his priests and orthodoxy in their teaching.

He was highly regarded as a communicator by his fellow bishops, establishing and promoting diocesan newspapers, appearing weekly on television, acting for three years as chairman of the Episcopal Commission for Motion Pictures, Radio and Television, and served as consultor for the Secretariat for Communications during Vatican II.

Throughout his priesthood he was also known as a skillful fund raiser, from his appointment in 1937 as secretary of the development campaign for Immaculate Conception Seminary through his years in Buffalo.

He came to that diocese when it was in a financially critical situation, and, as of May this year, reduced the 1963 $34 million debt to $14.5 million.

Surviving the bishop are his brothers and sister, Michael F. McNulty and Mary C. McNulty of Montclair, and William J. McNulty of Sparta, N.J.

Bishop Joseph L. Hogan and Auxiliary Bishop Dennis W. Hickey pose with Terence Cardinal Cooke and the late Bishop James McNulty of Buffalo at the celebration of the Diocese of Buffalo's 125th anniversary, and the 100th anniversary of the Magnificat, the diocesan weekly newspaper, on April 23, 1972.