

The Cathedralite

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Lourdes 1858-1958

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EDITORIAL

Encouraged by the financial report on the first edition and disregarding all other reports, we, the students of Fourth Year, have ventured a second time into the realm of publication. The results of our venture are herein seen.

The format of our paper, as can be readily seen, has not been changed, nor has the purpose of the paper been changed. And just what is that purpose? Well, although there are many motives behind it, in the main, the reason for this paper's existence is the desire, not only of those of Fourth Year but of all the students of the High School department, to express in a concrete way the pride which we, as students of Cathedral College, have in our school and what it stands for.

While we realize, of course, that all schools should commend the loyalty and respect of its students, we are also mindful that this is true of Cathedral in a very special way, in that Cathedral is not just another school but a minor seminary whose sole purpose is the preparation of candidates for the priesthood of Jesus Christ, the greatest honor attainable in this world.

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LOURDES

Kevin A. Quinn

France, in whose great cities are preserved for us the great relics of medieval Christianity, has perennially attracted large numbers of visitors from all parts of the world. Her magnificent cathedrals, from whose facades religious allegories in delicately carved stone served to instruct the medieval Christians, around whose towers the social life of the people once revolved, and within whose walls men may still worship their Creator, have been inspiring marvels to pilgrims and tourists. Now, age-darkened and dimly lighted within, they seem but embers of the faith which blazed so gloriously in the hearts of the Christians of the Middle Ages.

This past year, a small village nestling at the feet of the Pyrenees Mountains, which harbors not a great Gothic cathedral but an ordinary basilica built over the rocky grotto of Massabielle, where Our Lady appeared to Bernadette one hundred years ago, has magnetized a prodigious number of tourists and pilgrims. Here, the flame of faith, once lighting the great French cathedrals, is now found blazing with a new vigor.

This past summer I was indeed fortunate in being able to join the millions traveling to Lourdes to pay homage to the Mother of God on the occasion of the centenary year of her apparitions to Bernadette. I am certain that each one of the vast multitude of pilgrims who have this year visited the great Marian shrine of Lourdes would agree that the shrine is a source not only of miraculous cures but of refulgent spiritual illumination and inspiration as well, which derive from the unquestioning faith and devotion of pilgrims who transmit their spirit like an electric current so that all who come there become aglow with it. This spirit is to me the most singular and salient feature of Lourdes.

After weeks of touring the great cities of Europe, radiant with elegance, we arrived at Lourdes in the middle of July for our one day's visit. We entered the domain of Massabielle shortly after sunrise and proceeded to the Basilica in order to hear Mass. The Basilica, though architecturally unimpressive, ignited so much spiritual activity that it will always remain in my mind as the most impressive church I ever saw. Mass, the nucleus of Lourdes spiritual activity, was heard that morning by a myriad of Christians actively participating in what to them was Calvary being truly relived. After Mass, our group made the Stations of the Cross, together with hundreds of other pilgrims, many of whom, in answer to Mary's plea for penance, trod barefooted up the winding path

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James C. Maloney

Although the paeans and acclamations which the Church has received of late have joyously re-echoed along the corridors of the western world, they have resounded off the Iron Curtain with a deadening thud. The Church on the eastern half of the barbed-wire fence that divides the continent of Europe--across which 80,000 flee yearly in Germany alone--is facing subjugation by its most awesome and potent enemy, atheistic Communism, which is continuously striving to dominate the "total man"--both body and soul. But the most urgent and pressing threat to the Church has not come from enslaved Eastern Europe, not from behind the thick Iron Curtain, but from the Communist Far East, and, more specifically, from Red China, from beyond the slanted Bamboo Curtain--where Bishop Ford shed his blood to help bring forth the bud of Catholicism, only to see it crushed by Russo-Chinese war lords. During the latter months of 1958, the Church reached a stark climax in her strained relations with the present hostile government.

Since the establishment of a Communist government in China in 1949, hundreds of Catholic missionary priests, nuns, and brothers have either been driven from the country, tortured and mutilated by peaceful peasants turned brutish beasts or mercilessly slaughtered by ingenious "scientific" methods devised by the minds they endeavored to instruct and inspire. This is just another fiendish attempt to break the back of Christianity under the onerous burden of tyranny. And even today the attack on conscience is going on all over China. Nor are the techniques and tortures of brainwashing and its like the only aspect of the Communists' unremitting war upon the Church in China. Each week we learn of new details in the increasingly successful drive to capture the Church in what some say may become "one of the major schisms in Catholic history."

The Communist objective--the complete conversion and suppression of the Catholic Church--is being achieved in China today by means of the ordination of "patriotic priests" and the consecration of "progressive bishops" through liturgically correct rites under valid bishops intimidated by or in league with their Red masters. Such consecrations are valid because by definition a bishop has the power to create other bishops, a power transmitted in unbroken line from the Apostle themselves. If the present rate continues, the number of prelates who become mere tools of the regime will, in a few years, grow to fearful proportions. The consequence to the uneducated masses will be well-nigh disastrous. Spiritual demagogues wantonly leading their people astray will certainly effect irretrievable damage on the morality of China's laity. The Pope's views

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ONLY IN CATHEDRAL

Robert M. Ryan

The story is told that a few years ago a chemistry teacher, who shall here remain anonymous, deciding one day to tidy things up a bit in the lab, discovered some old, corroded sodium lying around in a tin. "What ho!" he must have said to himself, "Why should this old sodium be left around looking silly when this perfectly good tin could be put to good use in the war-effort?" (There didn't happen to be a war going on at the time, but who can tell, in this uncertain world, when tin cans and tooth paste tubes will again be called up for active duty?) And so, he set to work washing out said tin, no doubt whistling a jaunty air, when (picture his chagrin) he found that the old and corroded sodium referred to above was, perhaps, not so old and not so corroded after all. (For the benefit of those still in their innocence - sodium has a particularly unpleasant trait in its character of reacting violently with water $[\text{Na} + \text{H}_2\text{O} = \text{NaOH} + \text{something or other}]$). Anyway, to put the thing in a figurative nutshell, sizzle, sputter, KA-BOOM! Then the fun began.

First, there occurred an explosion which must have shattered seismographs in Hong King. This was followed by thick clouds of smoke which went billowing out the windows, in utter defiance of the City's laws against air-pollution. The benighted chemistry teacher sat holding his breath, confident that, at any moment, the Riot Squad would appear on the scene. He waited. Silence there, and nothing more. Then warily, he made his way down the stairs, at every step expecting the omnipresent Dean of Discipline to swoop down upon him screaming, "Are there any casualties?"

In any other school that is what probably would have taken place. But not in Alma Mater! No word was said about it either by any member of the Faculty or by any of the neighbors! Which only goes to show that almost anything can happen here without causing the slightest bit of surprise among the local inhabitants. The whole school might be aflame, with all of us trapped, shrieking, on the top floor, before it would attract even fleeting interest on the part of passers-by. And then the only likely comment would be something in the way of "Oh well, that's Cathedral College for you. Those boys are always up to something!"

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Father Byrne bounded into Second Year for one of his lessons in practical Latin, full of "joie de vivre" and looking, as always, rather like The Soul's Awakening. By way of testing their "school

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SPORTS

Walt Healy

PREP

With the basketball season drawing to a close, I would like to take a "time-out" so that we scan the past games and evaluate the team's performance. Even though the team has a winning record of 8 wins and 7 losses against all competition, it is its league tally with which we are especially pleased: 5 wins and 2 losses. In fact, Cathedral's squad is second only to St. Agnes for the league lead.

HIGHLIGHTS

In the Marist Tournament on December 29, Cathedral lost a tough battle to Dubois by a score of 61 - 56. A special word of commendation is due to Danny Mahoney, who netted 16 points and was chosen to represent Cathedral on the M.I.T. All-Star Team. Congratulations, Dan!

Not much time elapsed before the Cathedral men avenged their previous loss. At the 69th Regiment Armory, they romped over a hapless Dubois team 59 - 53. It was a thrilling game, and our boys led all the way. Marty Flanagan deserves particular notice because in addition to scoring 23 points, he spearheaded the team's victory.

On January 30 St. Agnes overpowered the Cathedral five, beating them 78 - 50 in a one-sided game. This win enabled St. Agnes to gain first place in our league and toppled us into second position ahead of the third place team, Dubois.

Overall in the scoring department, honors are shared by Richie Kunzig and Marty Flanagan, who have rolled up 224 and 210 points respectively. Those who have also done well are: Dan Mahoney, Jim Manning, Kev Quinn, John Holland, Bob Tobin and Art McCann.

Following are the outcomes of all the games, plus the scores:

Rice	Lost	80 - 47
Sacred Heart	Lost	68 - 54
Regis	Lost	51 - 45
Immaculata	Won	73 - 34
Yeshiva	Lost	74 - 73

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CHARLES DICKENS

Francis T. Oveis

Dickens is habit-forming. Once he has been introduced into your blood stream, you have become addicted in feeling and in outlook to Dickensianism. It is all too happily the fate of some--that once they have become engrossed in a Dickens' work, all considerations--school, sleep, pleasure, and even food become trivial incidentals under the complete hypnotic spell Charles Dickens can weave. No novelist in the English tongue has been able to create such a spirit of comradeship between his reader and his characters. A complete understanding for men, a rampant imagination, and especially a humorous soul are the tools with which he has created a whole unforgettable world of characters in description polished to a blinding lustre.



What humor is funnier and more realistic than his good natured prying and digging into the souls of his creatures, the mirrors of reality? We smile pityingly at the petty, joke like vices which enthrall all humanity; we chuckle broadly at idiosyncrasies so much like our own; we laugh at their normalcy precisely because they are normal. Recall the inimitable Mr. Pickwick, Esq., that blundering, large-hearted, roly-poly old gentleman, with his hilarious companions; they will never be forgotten. And the cruel, satanic Fagin, head of motley troop of youthful thieves; the perpetually insolvent, glib Micawber; the proud, imperious Betsy Trotwood, that delightful martinet; the fawning, obsequious Uriah Heep, epitome of hypocrisy; the brutal, treacherous schoolmaster, Wackford Squeers, Esq.; that thespian of thespians, Mr. Vincent Crummles, and his "pot-luck" company of actors! These and legions like them will be laughed at and cried over until the universal and inevitable day.

Dickens was not only able to give eternal life to his countless characters but was able also to immortalize an age through his gargantuan creations. The myriad everyday sights, tastes, and smells which seem so commonplace to us he captured and conveyed as wondrous fancies. For new generations he gives flavor and spice to a whole nation and era. The whole panorama of English life--its social taboos and niceties, its squalor and richness, its joy and sorrow is seen in

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Dementia

"BEDLAM"

(A short drama on life in Cathedral College written by
Francis Clarke and William Mason)

ACT I

(Father Potter speaking to his class)

Fr. Potter. Ahem, ahem, we, my partner and I, - wish - ahem, ahem - that you would sit under the desks - whoops, there goes my chalk again - because the city will be bombed in five minutes.

ACT II

Scene I

(Father Lynch addressing his English class)

Fr. Lynch. You have great felicity of expression, son, but you're weak on paragraphing. You're going to do some work on it, aren't you son? Good! (The phone rings and Fr. answers it, murmuring) They've probably taken away another ten minutes! Oh well, there's glory enough for all of us. (He answers phone and then with the characteristic merry twinkle gone from his eyes, he exclaims) Boys, sad news has to me been imparted! Father Deno has disappeared.

Scene II

(Father Deno hanging up a phone and laughing to himself)

Fr. Deno. Ha, ha, I could fool him with five beer bottle tops.

ACT III

(Father Rea returning exam papers to his class)

Fr. Rea. That's just wonderful, Perry! Really a fine job! Excellent! Stupendous! Colossal! Magnificent! You got sixty-eight! Keep it up! . . . Perry! . . . Perry? . . . Wake up sir, you namby-pamby jape!

ACT IV

Scene I

(A suppliant student pleads with Father Lynch
in the "Glee Club" room)

Student. Please, Father, don't make me sing a solo; I have to eat in the cafeteria, you know.

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EDITORIAL
(Continued from Page 1)

For rendering us such a service, we owe it an eternal debt of gratitude. This paper expressed in a small way our gratitude to and our pride in Cathedral College.

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LOURDES
(Continued from Page 2)

on Calvary Hill, along which heroic-sized figures of the Stations have been constructed. Some groups knelt about the Cité Religieuse beneath the gloomy French sky, praying the Rosary in their native Italian or German. Others, nestling under the foliage of friendly trees to avoid the incipient drizzle, chanted the verses of the Lourdes Hymn. Still others, meanwhile, bathed their maimed and disease-ridden limbs in the miraculous baths.

In the afternoon all the pilgrims, those who could walk and those who could not, gathered before the grotto for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessing of the Sick. Hundreds of diseased and lame faithful gathered that afternoon before the grotto. It was through the translucent faces of these afflicted men and women that the faith and devotion so characteristic of Lourdes shone most resplendently. These people have traveled perhaps thousands of miles in hope of cure but, paradoxically enough this hope, grand as it was, was outshone by faith and devotion, now distinctly discernible upon their faces.

The waning day finally succumbed to darkness, and the stage was set for the day's final tribute to Mary. Beneath the serene nocturnal sky, thousands of pilgrims, each carrying a small lighted candle, began the torchlight procession. This majestic procession, I am sure, left an indelible imprint in the memories of all. Thousands of small, almost ethereal flames, like visible images of the souls of the pilgrims blazing with love of God, coruscated in the dark night and, as they lighted up the dismal earth, jubilant voices drowned the air with joyous "Ave's" that wafted heaven like sweet incense.

After the torchlight procession our visit was concluded, and we left the peaceful atmosphere of Lourdes spiritually refreshed and regenerated as a result of our contact with its devotional fervor. The genius of Lourdes has been aptly described by Michel de Saint-Pierre: "The lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see again--and God's truth prevails. But still I know, Bernadette, that we have seen nothing and that your greatest wonders at Lourdes have taken place in the hearts of men."

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THE CHURCH IN CHAINS
(Continued from Page 3)

on these apostates are lucid: "(In China) there have not been lacking those who, more fearful of the early commands of men than of the most sacred judgments of God, have given way to the injunctions of their persecutors and gone so far as to receive sacrilegious episcopal consecration, from which no jurisdiction can arise, since it was carried out without the apostolic mandate. By unlawful means, they have usurped for themselves control over the Christian sheepfold and brought fear, disorder and scandal among the sheep." But Rome cannot act with sufficient effectiveness since it is unfamiliar with immediate conditions and cannot clearly distinguish between priests forced to collaborate under extreme duress and those who merely succumb to ambition.

In Europe, too, we find active physical persecution of the Church and what it stands for, though not so comprehensive or so fanatical as that in Asia. This fact is evinced by the comparatively "large" amount of freedom enjoyed by Poland, where the faith is so strong that not even oppression has been able to stamp it out. In Russia itself, Catholics are now tolerated, and the flock in Moscow has recently been granted an American Assumptionist priest to minister to their needs. Yet these mitigations should not blind us to the fact that in Hungary during the past decade, persecution has still raged. Here, one man rose to the fore as a symbol, to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, of passive as well as active resistance to the Russian hordes that came as "liberators" to his country. This man is a symbol before the world of the Catholic Church in chains; he is a type of the holy and dedicated man who has given all for the love of Christ--his name is Joseph Cardinal Mindzenty.

Cardinal Mindzenty now resides in the United States Embassy where he sought asylum when he was freed from Communist imprisonment by the Freedom Fighters in 1956. After eight years of Red prisons, the Cardinal entered the world of the free, having been subjected to the ghastliest psychological tortures--tortures devised by warped, twisted brains and designed to destroy the last vestiges of human reason. The most amazing and significant feature of Mindzenty's suffering is that it was voluntary. The Cardinal had many opportunities to escape the fate he saw eventually facing him if he remained in Budapest, yet he chose the martyrdom of complete debasement. He chose to show the world the inevitable state of a champion of freedom behind the Iron Curtain. He chose to demonstrate how even the strongest man becomes putty under the skilled barbarity of Bolshevik tyrants. This he decided was the greatest service he could render. Today he remains a virtual prisoner of the Red Army that surrounds the American Embassy night and day.

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THE CHURCH IN CHAINS
(Continued from Page 9)

Since all Catholics are members of the Mystical Body of Christ, the persecution of the Church in one part of the world affects us all everywhere. Moreover, the sufferings of the Church Militant cry out to us to pray for our fellow-Christians and fellow-Catholics every day of our lives. In so doing, the words of St. Anselm, made some nine hundred years ago, should come to mind: God desires nothing on earth so much as the freedom of His Church. In summation we can safely say that the story of Catholic countries held in bondage by Communist despotism is a modern story of martyrs too numerous to mention, who can look up to meeting their God with the clear conviction of having fought the good fight, of having kept the faith.

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ONLY IN CATHEDRAL
(Continued from Page 4)

feeling" he asked that some one, anyone, tell him the motto of Cathedral College.

As he stood, brightly sanguine, expecting the very walls to cry, "In Spem Ecclesiae!" there followed a remarkable reticence on the part of walls and students a like. Then, at last, one of the brighter boys raised his hand, stood up, and confidently gave his answer.

I'm not sure as to what ensued at that time, but I do know that, later, Fr. Byrne came down to lunch a broken man and contributed little or nothing to the across-the-table "espièglerie". He just kept glaring at Father Cohalan, mumbling "All for the boys! All for the boys, forsooth!"

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And now, a closing word on the literary interests of our illustrious Dean of Discipline. During a special class in Fourth Year, Father Griffin announced, "I was reading a book on Ants the other day, and it's interesting . . ."

With that I leave you to your thoughts.

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SPORTS
(Continued from Page 5)

St. Simon Stock	Won	57 - 48
St. Agnes	Lost	50 - 43
Salesian	Won	55 - 53
De La Salle	Won	52 - 45
Brooklyn Cathedral	Won	54 - 48
Tolentine	Won	50 - 43
Dubois	Won	59 - 53
Fordham	Lost	60 - 49
St. Simon Stock	Won	61 - 49
St. Agnes	Lost	78 - 50

RALLY' ROUND

A word of praise should go to all those who came to the School's games. It is a proud fact that, in spite of the small number who attend our school, so many came to the games. Thank you!

There are still three very important contests which the team must win to retain second place in the league: Dubois, Tolentine and De La Salle. The team would appreciate it greatly if you would come to these games and help it win.

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PARENTS' NIGHT 1958

Kevin Murphy (1A)

On that joyous occasion the capitalistic bourgeoisie oppressors of the classroom and of the home ganged up on the poor oppressed proletariat of innocent, toddling, lovable, little freshmen. Names will not be mentioned for reasons of security and self-preservation.

After the somewhat bewildered parents received the somewhat bewildering reports from the somewhat bewildered teachers, they meekly left the school with their somewhat bewildered sons. The next day the headlines read, "Tannery Business Booming in N. Y." And, needless to say, there were quite a few empty stockings on Christmas morning.

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April 1 - This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other 364. (M. Twain)

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CHARLES DICKENS
(Continued from Page 6)

the huge kaleidoscope of Dickens' writings. To all those who have enjoyed the riotous conviviality of his ale houses, or experienced the jollity of his humble cots and festivity of his country estates at Christmastide, or pitied the poor in his dark, fetid slums and prisons--to these Dickens' world is far closer to reality than the hum-drum journalistic reports of our modern, utilitarian world.

Social reform, during a time of the greatest social injustice, was the main motif of Dickens' works. Yet, he never sacrificed artistic value for moral sermonizing. Charles Dickens possessed that deep insight into and warm feeling for human nature which is the gift of a true writer. It was his sympathy for mankind, particularly the poor, and his exuberance of literary richness which moved G. K. Chesterton to singularize him as "the last of the great men".

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DEMENTIA
(Continued from Page 7)

Scene II
(Another part of the room. Two students converse)

Mike Harkin. Whatever you say about it, I like my hat.

John Meyer. But daddio, it just ain't cool!

(From offstage are heard the melodious strains of the nation's latest hit, The Greatest of Them All is Borstleman. An unknown voice is heard.)

Voice. Shut up! I'm so embarrassed.

ACT V
(In the library J. Chris Maloney chats with Father Cohalan.)

J. Chris. Look at it from a democratic point of view, Father; if they don't like tuna fish hot dogs, why should they eat the awful things.

Fr. Cohalan. I hope they are made to eat them ten times a week. Speaking about hot dogs, that reminds me of an interesting story about Tallyrand. Well, you see, it seems that. . . (Action is interrupted when Father Potter's bomb drops. The last sound heard is that of Father Denren's voice as he dolefully moans)

Fr. Dennen. Vergil! Dante! Harvey Keck!

FINIS

P. S. To whom it may concern. Please note that the preceding has observed all of the Aristotelian unities.

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PHENOMENAL PHOTOGENIC PHANTASMAGORIA

Fr. Griffin says:



"We had a triple-header, and I expected a big crowd."

The enigma of Fr. Wilde



We don't trust the Greeks, even bearing gifts.

THE BEAT



Walt Healy, Kev Quinn, Bill Mason
(Resemblance to anything living or dead is purely coincidental.)

THE UNBEAT (Resemblance to Moiseyev dancers is coincidental.)



R. Kunzig, M. Flanagan,
D. Conway, J. McCaffrey

Fr. Considine says:



"Don't be a sucker for a bad pitch!"

From one who knows:



Fr. Byrne isn't as tough as he looks."

Santa Claus



Joe Scavetta says:
"Alcohol and gasoline don't mix."

THE OFFBEAT



Bob Ryan, Frank Oveis, Chris Maloney
(Resemblance to heads of international smuggling ring is purely intentional.)