

REQUIESCAT
IN PACE!

THE REMARK

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"Religion, Morality, Knowledge"

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ALL ST. CLEMENT PARISH MOURNS FOR FR. KRAMER

Well-Loved Pastor Called To
His Heavenly Home On Palm
Sunday, March 24

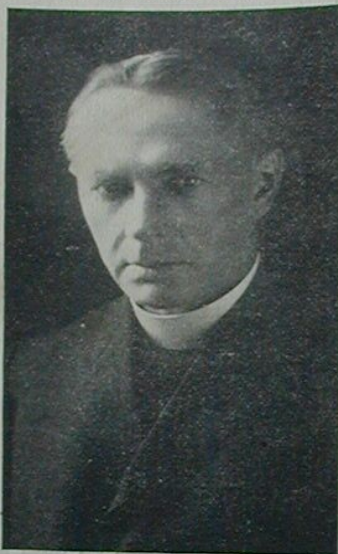
Our own dear Pastor, Father Kramer, was called home to his God, Sunday morning, March 24, at 11:15, at the very moment when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being offered to commemorate his Master's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure.

Just the preceding Sunday, Passion Sunday, Father Kramer, despite urgent requests to the contrary because of his enfeebled condition, made a last sacrifice to force himself to the altar of love and there offered up for the last time the Supreme Sacrifice of Calvary. To those who were not aware of his weakened condition, there seemed to be no change in his manner, but to others who knew of the hemorrhages of the past week there was the awful feeling that their good Pastor would not be long with them. To the majority of the parish, the tolling of the bell while the Passion was being read announced with a tremendous shock the departure of their well-beloved Pastor and Father.

Father Kramer's life-long desire was not denied him. When the Bridegroom came he wished to be found among his flock, still laboring for their souls' sanctification. And, while for the three weeks preceding he had been unable to say his daily Mass, he was always found at the altar on Sunday morning, though he well knew the toll of after-pain that his sacrifice would demand. Saturday evening, his last on earth, he called for the book in which he had always written the Sunday announcements. Seated at the table, for Father up to the last was not down in bed, he attempted to write but found that he could not because of the swollen condition of his fingers. He simply said, "I guess it is all over with me now." In the words of his Divine Master, he could say, "It is consummated." On Sunday morning he was removed to a bedroom upstairs, for fear lest his spirit of devotion and sacrifice might again force him to the altar of God. It was then that the doctor said that this Sunday would mark his last day on earth, and within a few hours his soul had winged its flight home.

Divine Providence had designed a number of soul-satisfying favors for our dear Pastor. In September, Father's own sister, Sister M. Alinde, of the Order of Christian Charity, whom he had not seen in 26 years, spent several happy days of reunion with him. He was very grateful for this privilege. Then Saturday, the day before his death, a dear Jesuit friend, Father Talmage, spent an hour or so with him. In his visit with him he mentioned that it was his wish that Father Kienberger administer the Sacrament of the Holy

"We have loved him in life;
Let us not forget him in death."



Rev. John F. Kramer

Born Feb. 26, 1860
Ordained March 20, 1887
Died March 24, 1929

will be felt by none more keenly than by the students of St. Clement's. Although Father had not been able to step inside the school once since last September, he had always the interests of the school at heart and he looked forward eagerly to the return of spring in the hope that it might bring renewed strength and vigor to his worn body. The students deeply feel the loss of a common father. The shrouding mantle of death has thrown its pall over all his little flock. To the older members of the parish, a void has been made in their lives that only eternity will fill.

Our Reverend Pastor was born in Westphalia, Germany, February 26, 1860, and came to Detroit at an early age. He attended St. Joseph's school, Jay and Orleans streets, and Detroit College, now the University of Detroit. His theological studies were made at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and he was ordained Priest 43 years ago, in St. Joseph's Church, by Bishop Borgessa.

Immediately after his ordination Father Kramer was appointed pastor of the parish at Dowagiac, with Silver Creek as a mission. Four years later he came to Center Line and his parishioners well know how he came, in all his youthful Priestly vigor, spending himself for the good of their souls. Well might he have gone to a larger parish, wherein he might have achieved honor and fame, for Center Line numbered then but 29 families, but he chose Center Line; we were the children of the

morning in St. Clement's church. The children attended his Requiem at eight o'clock and the ten o'clock Solemn Requiem High Mass was reserved for the grown-up members of the parish. The Right Rev. Joseph C. Plagens, D.D., auxiliary Bishop of Detroit, pontificated the Mass of Requiem. He was assisted by the Rev. Fr. James Cahalan, as archpriest; the Rev. Maurice W. Chawke, as deacon; the Rev. William Murphy as master of ceremonies. More than 50 Priests were present and assisted in chanting the Office of the Dead before Mass.

The Rev. Fr. Vincent Kienberger, O.P., delivered the sermon. Father Kienberger recalled how Father Kramer, in the long period of his pastorate, had developed the characteristics of the true Priest and spiritual guide in all his activities. He concluded his sermon with these words:

"Farewell, pioneer and great Pastor! We will meet again and you will not be clothed in the purple of penance, the vesture which bespeaks the pity that you ask us to have for you now that the hand of the Lord hath touched you; but by our prayers for you in sacristy of Heaven, purgatory, you will be enabled to lay aside the chasuble of penance and don the golden cope of immortality and of the everlasting Priesthood of Melchisedech."

Father Kramer is survived by five brothers: Joseph F., Edward, Anthony, Francis, and Albert, and six sisters, Sister M. Alinde, of the Order

Graduates Present Annual Play

The Seniors of '29 will present their class play, "Rose of the Southland," Sunday, April 7.

"Rose of the Southland," by Marion Short, is a charming three-act comedy, full of wit and humor. Woven into its absorbing and unusual plot is all the romance of Old Dixie, which is still the Dixie of today. It is refreshingly modern, yet retains its fragrance of yesterdays under a Southern sun.

The cast is as follows:

Rose Dorinda: (Maria Schnoblen) A lovely Southern girl who, motherless, has taken on, at an early age, responsibilities beyond her years. Of aristocratic lineage, she is brave, sweet, romantic and true.

Major Dorinda: (William Kutchey). A southern gentleman, proud of his family and devoted to the South.

Burton Dorinda: (Herman Kutchey). A lovable young chap, though a bit wild.

Mammy Evelina: (Nadine Campbell). A Southern "Mammy" considering herself one of the Dorinda family, though very superstitious.

Grant Lee: (John Busch). A progressive and magnetic young cotton grower and "big brother" to Rose by self-appointment.

Ruth Beveridge: (Bernice Hafeli). A well-to-do unattached woman, approaching middle age. Sophisticated

and charming.

Alfred Dickson: (Stanley Wisniewski). A lawyer, slightly older than the young set with which he mingles. He is fine looking, suave, efficient, but self-interest is his dominant trait.

Hallie Burke: (Caroline Busch). A pretty little chatter-box, enamored of Bud Dorinda. She is extremely up-to-date in appearance and dress.

Elizabeth Poynter: (Dorothy Sosninski). An attractive but indolent young daughter of the South.

Stephanie De Barrie: (Helen Sieradski). A southern girl of French descent. She is of the slender and fragile type, large-eyed and intensely romantic.

A WORD OF THANKS TO KIND BENEFACTORS

Sisters Express Appreciation For
Kindnesses That Add to
Comfort

The Sisters of St. Clement's School take this opportunity to thank their kind benefactors.

To St. Mary's Society they are indebted for a number of woollen blankets given them in the fall, and (Continued From Page 2, Col. 1)

Line and was present in the death chamber just as Father Kramer drew his last breath. She remained for the solemn funeral services. The Sisters feel that they have lost a kind and loving father, for truly Father Kramer was a true father to all.

EDUCATING SISTER JESSIE

After Jessie had been at the boarding school a few weeks she began signing her letters home, "Jessica". Brother Tom thought he would give her a little dig about it, so he wrote: "Dear Jessica, Dadica and Monica

have gone to visit Aunt Lizzica. Uncle Samica is talking of buying a new maschinica, but he doesn't know whether to get a Fordica or a Chevica. The old cowica has a calfica. I was going to call it Nellica, but I changed it to Jimica because it was a bullica. Your affectionate brother,
Tomica."

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WHY WE LIKE THEM

The Staff Book Club, moved by a spirit of magnanimity, have decided to share the joy and pleasure they have derived from their reading with all those interested enough to read their comments. The re-action to books reported on are essentially original, so, if they do not coincide with your own, just remember that every one is entitled to his own private views.

Thornton Wilder in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* has shown himself again the literary artist that he is. His sense of humor never fails. He writes with his power that compels one to read without interruption until the last page. William Lyon Phelps has this to say of Wilder:

"The appearance of Thornton Wilder in the world of literature marks the advent of a man who combines the strongest convictions with the finest tolerance; whose sense of humor never fails, because it encounters no closed doors; whose power of delicate irony is surpassed only by his sympathy. His success shows that America is ready to listen to a great artist, as she listened to Nathaniel Hawthorne. It will be a good thing if we can turn away from the roar of vulgarity, the exploitation of crass boasting, the sordid tragedies built on invincible dullness, the glorification of negro animalism, and listen to the small voice of Truth and Beauty."

Peador O'Donnell in *The Way It Was With Them* has brought to life a whole family in whose veins runs real blood. His characters are so true to life that we can not read of Mrs. who has secretly laid its eggs away from the house without wishing we had been there with her. The simple Mary Dugan is another woman added to the world of fiction whose self-sacrifice and daily heroism make her one of the heroic figures of time and then when this poor worn-out mother lies on her bed of death our hearts actually ache with those of her "childer" close about her to the last.

Truly Peador O'Donnell has treated laughter and tears, the prose and poetry of life, in a way that is unique.

Willia Cather, the pioneer artist, has sketched another literary masterpiece in *My Antonia*. Those of you that have read *When Death Comes for the Archbishop*, will find this book equally beautiful and artistic. *My Antonia* has for its central figure a Bohemian girl and here, as in other of Willia Cather's books, we not only picture the life of the West and Middle West, but we actually live it.

In "The Lost Road," Richard Harding Davis' last book, one is struck by the author's keenness and ability to describe vividly. Not a single sound or odor, however trivial, is left out. The group of stories included in this satisfying book, portray the fresh youthfulness and clean thinking of the American. It seems that Mr. Davis' character can be easily read through his stories—charming and delightful always. His vast scope of personal experience was so

ETA PHI

A group of girls from St. Clement's School have organized a club called "Eta Phi"—the Happy Pals—adopting as their motto "Pals Forever." They yhave chosen old rose and silver as their colors and the pink carnation as their flower.

The girls meet every two weeks at the homes. Games, songs and dances with each other for the evening pastime followed, of course, by a light lunch.

Before joining the club the members must agree to keep certain rules. Each offense is punished by a fine.

The members of this club are Dorothy Hagen, President; Angelina Moran, Vice-President; Caroline Busch, Secretary; Violet Burlinger, Treasurer; Catherine Herman, Chairman. The other members are Alice Hagen, Velma Boehmer, Elvian Hagen, and Evelyn Nayear.

Drawing for Nature

The class had been told to bring things to school for drawing lessons, and just as the lesson was about to begin, a freshman named Ray was found standing tearfully at his teacher's desk.

"I've swallowed my object," he explained.

"What was it?" asked the teacher anxiously.

"A banana," replied the would-be artist.

"And now, little children," said the religious instructor, "if you are good children, some day you may wear a golden crown."

"Paw's got one on his tooth now," chirped the smallest and newest boy.

Freshman Year — "Comedy of Errors."

Senior Year — "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year — "As You Like It."
Senior Year — "All's Well That Ends Well."

In New York City they faw down and go boom.

In Chicago they go boom and faw down.

extreme, and his wide acquaintance-ship, with historical movements was so amazing, that it is indeed surprising how he can tell his stories in such a charming and simple way that the personal element does not choke out the beauty of the theme.

"Death of Red Peril" is written by Walter D. Edmonds, a present day writer. It is a very interesting melodrama in which Red Peril, according to his master, is the fastest caterpillar in seven counties. Red Peril has many battles, but proves his heroism in the match with the famed Horned Demon of Rome. At the very beginning of the race, Red Peril is mortally wounded by his opponent, but heroically and in a dying state, wins the Victory.

"A mighty bound, his last! When he came down again, he was stone dead, but he lay with his chin over the line."

This melodrama has all the power and thrill of a Marathon.

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