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FR. PAUL J. CUDDY

## On The Right Side

In 1946, WW II service men were being discharged by the hundreds of thousands. The GI Bill providing meager financial assistance for GIs to go on to college had passed. Gov. Dewey had established three temporary colleges to start off those whom the established colleges, such as Cornell, St. Bonaventure, Iona, Ithaca College, CUNY, Niagara, could not absorb. I had just been discharged from the service, so Bishop Kearney sent me to the Catholic chaplain at one, Sampson College. In 1940 Sampson was farm lands; in 1942 a naval training base; in 1945 a Navy hospital; in 1946 it became Sampson College. Today it is a State Park, on Seneca Lake.

The men were all ex-service men: mature and broke. Most of them today are in their 40s, and I recall them with affection and admiration. The college ran for three years. I have never worked with a more ardent group, devoted to the Church and their country. In the late 40s communism was fashionable among many liberals. The energy of the collegiate Pinkos kept the Newman Club men in top fettle.

Because of the work load I engaged a secretary, 22-year-old Louise, wife of student Bob O'Connor. Louise had a master's degree in business. Yet I gave her a miserable \$25 a week. The Church (myself) was not an exploiting employer. Rather, the Church was sharing the poverty of the students.

Besides Secretary Louise I arranged with the Aquinas Basilian Fathers in Rochester to send a priest each weekend to help with Sunday Mass. Sampson hit the jackpot because the superior, Father Bill Duggan, a native of Wellsville, sent Father Anthony Lococco. The students loved Father L. who was young and alert and they used to gather around him for rousing discussions. I blush to remember the \$15 I sent the Basilians; the miserable stipend for the aid of a wonderfully generous priest who had to make a round trip of 130 miles by bus, and who celebrated Mass once or twice on Sundays, and preached three times on alternate Sundays. Poor as we were, we should have done better. I often wonder if Aquinas Alumni realize the great priests who have served them and this diocese for so many years, with precious little thanks.

Father Lococco was handsome in the finest Mediterranean tradition. His face was oval and his eyes set wide apart. His jet black hair was close cropped and curly. His dark healthy skin set off his cherry lips and pearly teeth. When he smiled I suspect that many a female suffered a mild bit of tachycardia which is a medical term for a rapid heart.

Father Lococco and I used to alternate preaching at the Sunday Masses, and I was delighted that he preached so well; with substance and with unction.

One Monday after a Sunday

### CDA CONVENTION

At a recent meeting of the New York state officers of the Catholic Daughters of America (CDA) Miss Margaret McKearney, national director and state regent of the CDA, announced plans and appointments for the State convention in 1972, to be held next May at Stevensville Country Club. Courts from the Rockville Center diocese will host. Miss Elizabeth Peircy of Valley Stream, state secretary of CDA, and Miss Marion McCormack of Mineola, state chairman of Women for Decency, will be cochairmen.

Courier-Journal

when Father L. preached I got to the chapel office to find the secretary on Cloud Nine. After the pleasantries of first greetings common to civilized offices, Louise looked up dreamily and said: "Wasn't that a wonderful sermon Father Lococco gave yesterday!" The Capital Sins formed a phalanx of defensiveness within my wounded nature. I didn't recall anything unusual about the sermon, and retorted: "What was so wonderful about it?" With devastating candor she replied: "Oh, it was so logical!"

Now, Louise had been listening to my own expositions for a year and she evidently found a satisfying contrast in the new priest. Sulkily I solaced myself with the thought: "Oh, well. A prophet is without honor in his own country. And if I had black curly hair, white pearly teeth and if I came as a stranger she's probably think I am not utterly devoid of logic."

CONCLUSION: Who but God knows what graces flow from homilies and sermons; and who but God knows how!



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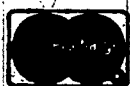
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Wednesday, June 9, 1971

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