

rch-
of
Con-
rick
the
for
E.
Na-
adio
im-
r of
ese's



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!



Nazareth College of Rochester

CONTINUING EDUCATION
THE 1971 SUMMER SESSION

June 28 to
August 6

Courses — for credit — for teachers certification
— for self-improvement —

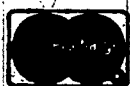
Drawing, Painting, Sculpture	English Literature	Instrumental Lessons
Printmaking	Short Story	Philosophical Thinking
Photography	Shakespeare	Contemporary Philosophy
Ceramics	American Literature	Christian Community
Plastics Workshop	Chaucer	Christian Ethics
Introduction to Economics	France and Germany	The Ecumenical Movement
Business Organization	West African History	Religious Education
History of Education	The Federal Union	Microbiology
Psychology of Childhood	The American Nation	Physical Science
Teaching Reading	Intermediate French	Instruction to Sociology
Adolescent Psychology	Elementary Spanish	Social Theory
The Elementary School	Concept of Mathematics	Urban Sociology
Teaching Elementary Science	Computer Programming	Minority Groups
Teaching Elementary Math	Theory II (Music)	Man and His Environment
Principles of Guidance	Conducting	Phonetics
Early Childhood Education	History of Music	Speech Correction
Individualized Instruction	Orchestration	Clinical Techniques
Children's Literature	Electronic Music	

Morning classes - Evening classes - for men and women - Child Care Center in the mornings.

REGISTER BY MAIL — TUITION \$50 PER CREDIT HOUR
CAMPUS RESIDENCE AVAILABLE

For complete information and registration forms call 586-2677 or write to:

Director of Summer Sessions
Nazareth College of Roch.
4245 East Avenue
Rochester, New York
14610



Please Send Summer Sessions Information to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zip _____

TEN YEARS OLD



Muladi was one year old when this picture was taken, and in his third week at a mission hospital-clinic.

He was dying of severe malnutrition and not expected to live.

Today he is a healthy 10 year old, and third in his class at the new mission school...

***Your dollars built that clinic ten years ago...

**Your dollars built that school a year ago...

*Your dollars, not only saved his life, but is his hope today and in the future!

PLEASE help millions of others who
LOOK TO YOU today for the chance to live,
to grow, and to know that others do care...

SEND A CONTRIBUTION FOR
THE MISSIONS TODAY
PLEASE...

Enclosed is my sacrifice of \$ _____
to help today's missionaries bringing
life and hope to the poorest of the poor.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SALVATION AND SERVICE ARE THE WORK OF

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

SEND YOUR GIFT TO

6/9/71

Reverend Monsignor Edward T. O'Meara
National Director
366 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10001

OR

Rev. Joseph F. Reinbert
Diocesan Director
50 Chestnut Street
Rochester, New York 14604

Wednesday, June 9, 1971

Page 7-A