



The Beginnings of St. John Fisher College

by Hugh J. Haffey, C.S.B.



Bishop James E. Kearney, assisted by Father Hugh J. Haffey, breaks ground for St. John Fisher College, June 20, 1949.

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Hugh J. Haffey, C.S.B.



St. John Fisher College
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Dedication

To Daniel Gerald Kennedy and Charles J. Lavery, C.S.B. who, as Trustee and President, respectively, of St. John Fisher College, suggested ten years ago that I write this account—these pages are offered as an expression of my admiration and lasting gratitude.

Gerry acted as my editor. Back and forth, Rochester, Houston went various drafts of the opus. In the summer of 1971, I counted seven sessions, two to three hours each, when he and I corrected, reduced the copy to its present form.

Father Lavery was one of the very best students I ever taught, in high school and in college. He is now in his fourteenth year as President of the College—more than half its life. For his largesse to me in many ways, I am deeply grateful.

Hugh J. Haffey, C.S.B.

Summer 1972

Preface

The Providence of God governs every aspect of our individual lives from beginning to end, and most often it is only late in life when we realize the significance of particular events that touched us.

The brief history of St. John Fisher College in the past thirty years since the purchase of the present site in 1947 by Father Hugh Haffey and the turning of the soil by Bishop James E. Kearney in 1949 is a magnificent story of the intertwining of events that lead to this moment in time.

The reflections of Father Haffey recorded in this booklet are a magnificent tribute to the faith and hope of Bishop Kearney, Father Haffey, the Basilian Fathers and the entire Community of Rochester. Today and in the future, each and everyone of us will be in debt to them.

When Father Haffey completed his memoirs of the beginnings of St. John Fisher College, he graciously dedicated them to the Editor and President of the College. Since that time, God has called to eternity Father Haffey and Bishop Kearney—two giants in the founding story of this College.

To each of them, we now rededicate with great gratitude this simple account of vision, courage and the love of God.

Daniel G. Kennedy
Trustee

Charles J. Lavery, C.S.B.
President

St. John Fisher College
Rochester, New York
August 15, 1977

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THE BEGINNINGS OF
ST. JOHN FISHER COLLEGE

Basilian Roots

So much of the genesis of St. John Fisher College has its roots in my own personal experience that a recounting now may be helpful in getting the proper perspective on the beginning of the college. I feel there is no particular value for anyone other than myself in this brief biography, yet there are dates and backgrounds which may fill out the final story. In no spirit of boasting are these recorded, but rather for the purpose of appraisal by others when the complete story of the foundation of St. John Fisher College is written by whomever that may be.

As good a place to start as any would be my graduation from St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto, in June, 1927. Leo Knowlton from Toronto, Gus O'Keefe from British Columbia and I were the only three graduates in honor philosophy of the Varsity Class of 1927, at St. Mike's. There were others, but we were the only honor philosophers.

Leo and Gus got good honor standing. I graduated with third class honors in a class of three. That following summer I arranged to pursue a law degree and did a bit of preliminary dealing with lawyers and Osgoode Hall, the Province of Ontario Law School. I did a lot of swimming also, and generally floated around the town of Welland, Ontario, where my parents, James J. Haffey and Mary Teresa McNeff Haffey, put up with me for that summer. Also enduring my presence were my sisters, Eileen Haffey, Mrs. Eileen McKee, St. Catharines, Ontario, who passed away in 1963; and Loretta Haffey, now Mrs. Joseph P. Rundle, Rye, New York. My older sister, Antoinette, had become a nun previously in the St. Joseph's order, and was stationed in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

In the course of that summer, Leo Knowlton, my good friend, whose family later became great friends of the Basilian Fathers through his doctor brothers, Charlie and Billy, arranged for me to work with him on the races at Longbranch, outside Toronto. We didn't have much to do but we dressed for the inactivity each day. I recall a black suit with a white stripe in it, a bow tie, a very nice hat, and receiving unusual-

ly good pay for doing very little—a sort of detective-usher—in the stands during the race meeting. During this time I stayed at St. Michael's College as a guest or a free boarder, there being a lot of vacant rooms in the summertime.

At the end of the race meeting I put my application to join the Basilian Fathers under the door of the Superior, Father McCorkell, and then ran down the hall and home. In a few days I received notice from Father Francis Foster, the Superior General of the Basilian Fathers at the time, that my application for the novitiate had been accepted. I had said I was ready to go in August, 1927; however, there were three others, Beano Brown, Kenny Harrison, and George Thompson, who were to enter later in September and I was asked to enter with them.

Father Sharpe was the Master of Novices and a wonderful one. Father Player was the spiritual director. He was a real gentleman of the old school, the old school in this case being the Basilian School at Plymouth, England. He was cordial, learned, scholarly, and more important for all of us, a truly spiritual person.

After finishing the novitiate and taking our vows on October 2, 1928 on the Feast of the Guardian Angels, I went to the Seminary of the Basilian Fathers at 21 St. Mary's Street, Toronto. We called it "The Scholasticate" in those days. Father Bondy was the Superior, newly arrived and sternly competent. To Ontario College of Education, a graduate division of the University of Toronto, I went each day with some nine others after theology class each morning, finishing at 8:45, and then walking briskly to O.C.E. on Bloor Street to be there for a nine o'clock class. The journey required haste. We did this the entire year. It included classes, observations, student teaching at Bloor Collegiate, Jarvis Collegiate and University of Toronto Schools—a kind of campus laboratory for the College of Education.

That year was a busy year because in that fall and winter the scholastics were allowed to play on the football and hockey teams of St. Michael's College. I played tackle (middle) on the Intermediate Intercollegiate team, losing only to

Loyola College of Montreal. Father Carr was the coach and, in my opinion, a better priest than coach. Practice concluded at 4:45 P.M. each day in the old sandlot backyard at St. Mike's. Then we hustled over to Theology class at five o'clock at 21 St. Mary's Street, where Bobby McBrady (in his late 80's then) taught us. Father Wilf Garvey, recently returned from Rome, became a champion of scholastics' rights—a good balance to the sometimes-strict-but-always-just Father Bondy. His early death was a severe loss to the community.

Father Foster, then Superior General, taught us Canon Law. Father Frank Carroll, later to become Bishop of Calgary, Alberta, was then Scripture Professor at St. Augustine Seminary in Toronto, and taught us Scripture. Father Carr, who succeeded as Superior General on the tragic death of Father Foster, had a class in Patristics on Sunday mornings. I learned very little from it except the story of old Father Tom Hayden's colt, called Quasimodo because it was born on the first Sunday after Easter.

These years included a stint as dorm master about every second week at the high school at St. Michael's College across Bay Street. We did get a wonderful breakfast at St. Michael's where one could order steaks for breakfast and have fresh fruit and cream on the cereal.

Skiping down through the years of the seminary, the years of the scholastic life, I was ordained on December 19, 1931 in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, by the then Bishop of Hebron (a defunct See), Bishop MacDonald. Folks called him "Sandy," a true Scot from Eastern Canada. He had been Bishop of Victoria, British Columbia. He was an authority on the Mass and a prominent figure in discussions about the jurisdiction of a bishop. Some say that he was relieved of his See because he maintained that a bishop got his faculties directly from God, i.e., he did not have to get them every five years from the Pope by virtue of an *ad limina* visit. Since he was the farthest removed from the Holy See of any bishop in the world, it was for him a financial problem to go to Rome on the quinquennial visit. In any case, he became a sort of auxiliary bishop to Archbishop Neil McNeil at Toronto who gave our class the tonsure and other minor orders.

Others in the class were Stanley Murphy, Frank Burns, Jimmy Embser, George Thompson, Tom McGouey, and Johnny MacIntyre.

In June of 1932 I received my appointment to the staff of St. Michael's College and moved over at the end of the school year, sometime in June, 1932. Father Bellisle was the superior and the President of the college at the time. Father McCorkell was the Registrar and Dean of Studies. My first assignment was to teach Chemistry in the high school and to be the dorm master for Elmsley Hall which had about 40 students, almost all of them from Rochester, New York, e.g., Hugh Marks, Russ Barone, Joe Connelly, Romey Hart, Neil Sullivan, Louis Edelman, Tony Saeli, et al.

I also assisted the high school football coach and in winter, of course, there was hockey coaching. In January of 1933, Father Bellisle asked me to take over the "Jews Flat" (origin of the name is lost in obscurity) where there was a mixture of art students, high school students, hockey players, football players, and just guests. There had been some disciplinary problems there and the President thought I was the one to run it. I had the job there for four years. It necessitated going back and forth and up and down five flights of stairs to teach chemistry in the basement of the old building on the corner of Bay and St. Joseph's Street.

Sometime, *circa* 1934, Father McCorkell moved me into teaching a course in Philosophy-Cosmology in the Arts part, in addition to my Chemistry teaching. Some students in that class were Victor Brezik (later my Superior in Texas), Charles Lavery (the second President of St. John Fisher College), Neil Sullivan (who later taught philosophy at Nazareth College), and Bernard Lavery, brother of Charles.

We met in the parlor at St. Basil's Church for class, space at that time being at a premium. Also, I taught the girls from Loretto and St. Joseph's Colleges — about 30 in the joint class — Religion in those years. We met in what was, as I recall, Number 5 Elmsley Place, the northeast corner of St. Joseph's Street and Elmsley Place.

I taught Chemistry, both junior and senior matriculation,

and started to do graduate work in Chemistry by working on a program with Dr. Kenrick, head of the department at the University of Toronto, and Professor Fennell. I mention this because out of this group came a contact with a person who was to have much to do in the thought and the background of the foundations for our college in Rochester.

This was Abbé Alexander Vachon. He was a prominent member of the Canadian Chemical Society, had taken his chemistry work at Harvard and MIT, and was then teaching at Laval University in Quebec City. He was a model priest and a respected man of science. It was the suggestion of Professors Kenrick and Fennell that I contact Abbé Vachon and see if I could work out some summer program with him to get my master's degree. Varsity labs were not open in summertime. When Abbé Vachon visited St. Michael's for dinner one night, Father McCorkell arranged for me to meet and talk with him. In the main corridor of the old St. Michael's building, he told me he would be only too pleased to have me join him in the summer work which he had organized for his own and other students like myself. Therefore, in 1935, as soon as classes at St. Michael's were over in June, I joined Abbé Vachon in Quebec City to go with him and his party via the boat "Laval" to open the "Station Biologique du St. Laurent" in Trois Pistoles on the Gulf of St. Lawrence about 150 miles east of Quebec City.

This was the finest thing to happen to me to date in an academic way as well as in an ecclesiastical way. Father Vachon and I struck up a warm friendship. When his family would visit the station, I was always included in the family affairs and to this day, years after his death, his sister, Anna Rinfret, corresponds with me.

The wonderful summers at Trois Pistoles continued until 1939. Vividly do I remember coming back from Quebec that September first. Many people on the train from Quebec to Montreal had just returned from Europe. They were anxious to be back because of the rumors of war. They had good reason to be alarmed; World War II began on September 3, 1939.

I had no summer vacation with my family that year, only

a few hours stay-over in Welland on the way to Rochester to rejoin the staff at Aquinas Institute. I recall hearing the news-cast of the declaration of war in the parlor of our home. The next day I took off for Rochester.

The association with Father Vachon, who in the last two summers at Quebec had moved up to become the Rector of the University and had been made a monsignor, provided me with an insight into financing a college, recruiting a staff, and the objectives of a Catholic college. Catholic higher education was a continuing absorbing interest for Abbé Vachon. Much of this rubbed off on me. I recall one wonderful visit I had with Father Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., an eminent scholar from Europe who was preaching the priests' retreat at Laval University. My friendship with Father Vachon won me the privilege of the company of such persons. It may seem a very remote preparation for the founding of a college for men, but it all adds up to the final pattern.

Monsignor Vachon was later appointed Archbishop of Ottawa, Canada. I was present at his consecration in Ottawa when Archbishop Forbes, his consecrator and predecessor, collapsed. I visited him each summer after his consecration, and during the summer of 1947 he visited me, at which time I was able to show him and his party the newly acquired site for St. John Fisher College. Father Alphonse Malone, C.S.B., and I met the Archbishop at my sister's home in Kenmore, New York, and motored to Rochester where, at my request, the Archbishop blessed the site of the future St. John Fisher College.

Manhattan Influences

Aquinas Institute was taken over in 1937 by the Basilian Fathers with a contract entered into by Archbishop Mooney, then the Ordinary of Rochester, later Cardinal Mooney of Detroit. Years later I discovered that Father Dan Dillon, a General Councillor of the Basilian Fathers, had stipulated in the contract that no religious congregation or order could establish a college for men within a radius of 50 miles from Rochester for a period of fifteen years. The fifteen-year period would expire in 1952.

Aquinas Institute was a boys' school, conducted by the diocesan priests, sisters, and lay people. About 35 Basilians moved over in the summer of 1937 to a house on 9 South Street, next to the present St. Mary's Church in downtown Rochester. Father John O'Loane was the first principal and superior. Father Dillon was the treasurer.

A small group of Basilians had taught at Aquinas Insitute some years earlier. They were always highly regarded. However, the management and ownership of the school were in the hands of diocesan officials.

I arrived in Rochester in the first week of September, 1937, the last to arrive, having come directly from Laval University's Biological Research Station on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I had no days at home for vacation. I remember my mother was quite sad about it, yet she never complained.

That fall of 1937 witnessed the tremendous reception given at the New York Central Station for Bishop James E. Kearney, Bishop Mooney's successor. The new bishop addressed us from a balcony. In the waiting room below, I stood with Dr. Fenton of St. Bernard's Seminary, later at Catholic University and the Second Vatican Council. It was my first of many wonderful occasions with Bishop Kearney.

In March, 1938, my mother died at our home in Welland, Ontario. Bonds with Canada and St. Michael's College began to loosen. New ties with Rochester were easy to make. My mother and I had had some great times in Rochester together,

when I was a scholastic and college student. In Corpus Christi parish my uncle Robert Haffey and his wife, my aunt Mamie, lived for many years. One of their sons, Joseph Haffey, became a priest in the Rochester diocese where he served as pastor of St. Ignatius Church, Hornell, New York. For many years Rochester had been a favorite visiting place for the Welland Haffeyes. My cousins Jim and John Haffey had been graduated from Aquinas. I knew much about Aquinas and Rochester long before the Basilians took over.

* * *

A new chapter, more closely associated with the founding of St. John Fisher College starts in the summer of 1940. New York City is the locale for most of this. Father O'Loane, our principal and superior, had asked me if I would put together for the Regents of the State of New York an approved program of Public Speaking for Aquinas Institute. Whoever had taught it before had a program and he was willing to sell it to the Basilians. Father O'Loane declined the purchase and thought we could do it ourselves. Therefore, there began in the summer of 1940 (the World's Fair was still on), a new phase which, for me, brought Rochester and New York City closer together. I enrolled in Public Speaking courses at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and continued to meet people and be in places that were to have direct bearing on the beginnings of St. John Fisher College.

It wasn't easy to get a place to stay for free board in New York while going to Columbia. A good friend, Dean Cullinane from St. Catharines, Ontario, had told me to go first to Father Paddy O'Leary, pastor of Our Lady of Mercy on Marion Avenue in the Bronx. This was a long way from Columbia, but he was good enough to put me up for a couple of days and then called his friend, Father Dempsey, pastor of St. Matthews down on the west side of Manhattan, about 65th Street. It was somewhat less than a well-to-do parish even then. Father Dempsey was a great friend of Robert Ripley, creator of "Believe It Or Not," with whom he regularly played handball at the New York Athletic Club. Father Dempsey was a most gracious person and phoned Mother Teresa of the Carmelite Sisters of St. Patrick, who conducted an old folks

home. He told her about my plight and, that very night I moved into the Chaplain's quarters at Mount Carmel Home for the Aged on West 54th Street.

My Quebec days fused into the New York days. Abbé Vachon's sister lived in Newton, Massachusetts, across from the church of which Bishop Spellman had been pastor when he was Auxiliary Bishop of Boston. The two churchmen had become great friends. To help me in New York, Monsignor Vachon wrote and asked me to drop in on Archbishop Spellman and just say hello. It would please him if I did. He would write the new Archbishop of New York and tell him who I was. At the time, it seemed the courteous thing to do. At the time, also, for me, it meant little. But looking back now, this simple visit was a piece of the mosaic being put together.

I visited Archbishop Spellman at his residence alongside St. Patrick's. Father Walter Kellenberger admitted me, and said His Grace would be down shortly. (Father Kellenberger later became Bishop of Rockville Center, Long Island.)

The Archbishop and I chatted a few minutes, then he said, "Would you like to have a walk with me, up and down Madison Avenue?" An obscure padre such as I had only one answer. We walked north and all I did was answer his questions about Rochester, New York. Crossing 51st Street we were almost knocked down by a short-turning driver. Archbishop Spellman tried to get the license number, but he was too late. (Years after when Father Vachon became an archbishop, I recalled this stroll in New York, and asked him, "Does every Archbishop spend his talking time just pumping the clergy for news?" When I added that Archbishop McGuigan had treated me similarly in Toronto, pump, pump—he said simply, "They do, I don't.") When we returned to Archbishop Spellman's residence, we parted. It had been for him, I am sure, just another constitutional walk. Neither of us felt that our paths would cross again. But they did, and St. John Fisher is in that meeting in great measure.

America was not yet in the war in the summer of 1940, but there was definite hostility toward Hitler in the air.

Father John Voight, the regular chaplain of the Carmelite old folks home, took his vacation annually in July. When he returned, we began a friendship which has lasted all through these years, and has been for me a most treasured one. Father Voight was the Assistant Superintendent of the Catholic schools of the Archdiocese of New York. His assistant was Father John Paul Haverty. Their boss was Monsignor William Kelly, whose children's religion books are still widely read. We all called each other by our first names. Bill Kelly was soon to step out of the office for a pastorate. The office of the Superintendent of Schools was in the basement part of the old red brick building on the northwest corner of Madison and 51st Street, directly across from the priests' residence of St. Patrick's Cathedral. This became a kind of office and a center of operations for me. Very often, over the succeeding years, Father Voight and I would walk back and forth from 51st and Madison to 539 West 54th. One such crossing of Broadway was unique some years later. The crowds in Times Square were there to celebrate the end of World War II. The day was August 15, 1945.

It was a new world for me! It was New York and a long, long way from the little hometown on the bank of the Welland Canal.

Later, Fathers Voight and Haverty moved up with the advent of Archbishop, later Cardinal, Spellman. John Voight became his Secretary of Education, having passed through the Superintendent of Schools' office to which John Paul Haverty succeeded. The old building which later became the Army and the Navy Building for the diocese has disappeared. I'm sorry I don't have a picture of that old building, which also housed the Old Cathedral College, because it was in that building that some momentous decisions with regard to St. John Fisher College were thought out and followed up. Of these, later.

The Christian Culture Series

There was another plan taking form in my mind, in the years 1938-39, and 1940. I was beginning to miss, in the Rochester area, the refreshingly Catholic and intellectual atmosphere that had pervaded St. Michael's College in Toronto for some ten years. Professor Etienne Gilson, from France, was there. His lectures I followed. They were in English.

Jacques Maritain had come to live with us there. He served Dr. Phelan's Mass each morning in the Pullman Chapel at St. Mike's, and his devout thanksgiving on the back kneeler was edifying. That daily close-up of Maritain not only demonstrated holiness and learning could co-exist, it proved they should. I would arrange my schedule so that I could breakfast with him and Dr. Gerald Phelan. It kept me on the periphery, at least, of what was going on in the world of the mind, especially the Catholic mind. Father Bellisle had old Father Bobby McBrady brush up our French for Maritain. It didn't work out but there was a bond fused, even in French, when Jacques talked.

Frankly, I missed it — the general climate of advanced Catholic thought, then at St. Michael's. I was yearning for an identification with it. Three years of Aquinas had some small spark of that intellectuality present, but by no means was it glowing in the Rochester set-up. It seemed that someone should stir things up. If we could not go to these greats, then arrange to have them come to us.

Many times would I gaze out across the back campus, from my third floor chemistry lab at Aquinas and see the girls from the fairly recently-founded Nazareth College for Women going to and from their old building at 402 Augustine Street. This was soon to become our residence, when Nazareth College moved to East Avenue. Occasionally, the thought would come to me, "This is fine for the Catholic girls, but what about our boys? Why should Aquinas grads be uncared for? Most can't afford to go out of town. Why don't we have in Rochester a college for men?"

During these years and into the summer of 1940, I became great friends of the Langies, Maloys, and Donovans. The wives were three sisters (the Kreag girls), respectively, Gerry, Clare, Rosalie. We assembled in their homes for social affairs and bravely attempted intellectual soirees. I would fill them in on the greatness of Maritain and Gilson; the new horizons Frank Sheed was pointing to; in general, the revival in Catholic thought. We would read from their works as well as from the *Companion to the Summa* by Father Farrell which was becoming popular at that time. It was their encouragement that moved me to make the effort more definite and expand it. With their help and promise of support, much of the leadership being given by Louis Langie, we toyed with the idea of starting in Rochester a Christian Culture Series. Father Stanley Murphy, my classmate, had one prospering at Windsor. I did not copy his format nor consult him on whom to select. His was a college-sponsored affair. Detroit was across the river. His audience potential was much greater than Monroe County, New York, could supply.

The financing of it, they would help me on; the direction of it, selection of speakers, and other things, they would leave to me. By the end of the year 1940, the idea had taken root. The greatest cooperation was promised by my superior, Father O'Loane, which he gave, and by Bishop Kearney to whom I had broached the idea, and also, I am happy to record, by my conferees at Aquinas.

An instance comes to mind of the generosity of these friends in my first year in New York. All of them had known New York for years. They were graduates of various Catholic colleges there and in Washington and Baltimore. They had briefed me as to what to expect in New York City and I prepared to go there in July, 1940. I was with them all at the Maloys the night I took the train to New York. They told me that I would go to sleep in Rochester and would wake up in a new world. They were so right! It was, in truth, a new world for me.

Finances were rather tight in these early years at Aquinas and Father O'Loane gave me a check for \$85.00 for the summer. I was to work out a way of supplementing it while in

New York, which, at that time, was completely unknown to me. After I paid my tuition at Columbia University, which amounted to \$70.00, I had \$15.00 left with which to do the whole six weeks summer course. The Tenth Avenue street car was operating in those days, and the ride up to Columbia was 5¢ and the return 5¢.

I discovered a little hole-in-the-wall restaurant near the Columbia campus where one could get a fairly good bit of lunch for 20¢. It looked like a long stretch over the summer, but "God feeds the ravens." At least once I received from each of the Langies, Donovans, Maloys, a check for some \$15 or \$20 with the instruction, "Buy yourself a good meal. See a good show." It was like manna from heaven. Both the Dodgers and Yankee ball parks provided clergy passes. When Father Voight returned at the end of July, we joined the clerical hang-out at Sacred Heart Rectory on West 51st Street. Father Scully was the pastor, later to become Bishop of Albany. Father Bryan McEntaggart was a frequent visitor. He later became Bishop of Ogdensburg, New York. It was a wonderful place to pass the evenings. All the New York priests, it seemed, were my height, six feet.

The project for which I went to New York, namely, to whip up a curriculum for a Public Speaking course to be submitted to the New York Regents, was begun. It required a second session at Columbia in the summer of 1941. Before I left for that summer session and the same hostelry arrangement at Mt. Carmel Home for the Aged, on West 54th, the Langies and others had assured me that they would back me completely in setting up a Christian Culture Series in Rochester. Much of the summer I devoted to the selection of speakers and coordination of dates. This introduced me to another business: the business of the lecture agent—Colston-Leigh, Lee Keedick, and others. Through it I came to know the office life of New York, the public relations people, the promotion experts—all very fascinating.

When I reached the point when I had ready a fall announcement, I wrote to Father O'Loane and Louie Langie, suggesting that I return for a weekend at Rochester and lay the whole program before our friends. Both agreed.

The first swarming was in the home of Louie Langie's sister, Mrs. David Lawless. Louie and Adele had worked out a printed invitation with no explanation as to what the announcement would be other than that Father Haffey would be there that evening. It was a wonderful meal the Lawless family provided and a lovely setting for the announcement. Everyone seemed enthusiastic. There had been no coaching but Mr. Jerry Hickey, Sr., led off the reactions as though he had been briefed. From this initial meeting stemmed the Aquinas Christian Culture Series, which would begin in the Fall of 1941 and would carry through under my direction until Spring, 1949. For nine seasons, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, later to become Bishop of Rochester, opened every series except the first.

At this point, after we had been in Rochester for some four years, there was not the slightest intimation of the foundation of a college for men. One exception to this would be the isolated instance in the late fall of 1937, when Bishop Kearney supped with us, crowded into the small dining room at the old residence at 9 South Street, shortly after he had arrived at Rochester to take over the See. I recall being seated at a side table when the door opened. Father O'Loane entered, and then Bishop Kearney, who smilingly remarked, "Why, we have enough men right here for a college of men!" That was the only reference to the idea that I had heard. None of us in Rochester at the time thought any more about it. The instance may show, however, that the college was already "*in petto*," in the long plan of the far-sighted Bishop.

The Aquinas Christian Culture Series was an important step in changing our status in Rochester as educators. Here we were on a high school level, but every other weekend we took on the trappings, at least, of a university. We gave our auditorium and provided the setting for leading writers and thinkers to bring their message under Catholic auspices to the people of Rochester.

Dr. Ricardo E. Alfaro, the former President of Panama, was our first speaker in October, 1941. He was the best we could get of the available international figures. Frank Gannett, Rochester publisher, introduced him. The series was

assured after that evening. In that first season a tremendous event occurred on December 7, 1941 — Pearl Harbor. Our speaker the following Sunday was Father Martin D'Arcy, S.J., from England. The entry of the United States into the war had changed everything for him. Overflowing with gratitude, he produced probably the most confused speech we ever had in any season. He had suffered the bombings of London, the perils of trans-Atlantic travel, and had come to America not knowing whether the United States would ever get into the war and support his native England. The shock could be felt in his every line. Louie Langie and I put him on the train, after the train was already moving. Father D'Arcy ran for it and made it, but lost his hat.

I prepared a brochure for each of these series of lectures. I happen to have kept one of the brochures announcing the 1943-44 series. On the first page are my remarks which reflect the preoccupations of those years; also the fact that I wrote differently in my youth.

The series of lectures here outlined is designed to help you. You'll be thinking about the 'Four Freedoms.' You'll wonder how they will fit the postwar world. You'll be doing more thinking. Everyone has to this time. You see the truths of the Four Freedoms. But everyone doesn't; that's why we're at war—truths and minds are made one for the other . . .

This lecture series may help us. It strives to build up from those basic truths. Absolutely non-profitting, the Basilian Fathers supply gratis its direction and its setting. It is a public service to the Rochester area. World renowned Jews, Protestants, Catholics are listed. They've had a better chance to know and reflect than most of us. They are men of good will. Why not see and hear them? . . ."

The brochure promised (for \$5.50) a definite seat at all lectures, your name on all programs. "You become identified with this great cultural movement." It was this last line which bore our message to the Rochester community. I believe it helped to build the college-mindedness which we would later need. The third series was begun by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, on Sunday, October 10, 1943. If our speakers were not then headliners, they often became such. Among them that season were Frank Sheed, Mortimer Adler, and lastly, Leonard Feeney, S.J.

The following list of "Patrons Who Make The Series Possible" represents the nucleus of the people who were to be enlisted in the cause of St. John Fisher four years hence:

Mr. Arthur A. Barry
Miss Harriett L. Barry
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Boylan
Dr. Kathleen L. Buck
Mr. and Mrs. Kendall B. Castle
Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Coleman
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Bishop Kearney was an ardent supporter of the series. Each year he gave me a fresh approach in his letter which I reproduced in our brochure. Here is the text of his letter for the 1943 brochure.

Dear Father Haffey:

The announcement that you plan to conduct the Christian Culture Lectures again this year is most welcome. Knowing the difficulties you had to overcome last year, I hardly dared to hope that we could have the pleasure of another of your series of outstanding lecturers.

I sincerely trust that your courage will meet with an appreciative response on the part of the public. If for no other reason than gratitude for the fine things you have given them in the past, they should encourage you in this new effort. I sincerely wish you great success in your contribution for the spiritual and cultural life of the community. May God bless you and your efforts.

Your devoted Bishop,
✠ James E. Kearney

Both the Bishop and the patrons were consistently loyal to me all through these succeeding seasons. There would be few if any drop-outs from the patron list for the annual series. After the war we added some, such as Gerry and Nancy Kennedy.

The series not only interested these people in things of the mind, but became a bi-weekly news item for all the Rochester papers. Mr. Frank Gannett, owner and publisher of the papers, had assured me that his papers would co-operate to the fullest. They did. The advances, photos, reports, and social notices kept the Catholic Community in the news. I tried to supply the press with the copy by personal delivery. Thru these visits to the newsrooms I came to know Bill Lewis, city editor of the *Democrat & Chronicle*, Joe Adams of the *Times-Union*, Ira Sapozink, the women on the Society desk, Elliot Cushing and Matt Jackson on the Sports. These folks showed a sincere interest in everything we were doing. It all paid off later.

The various social events which surrounded the series were always occasions for publicity for Aquinas, for the Basilian Fathers, and for the Catholics of Rochester. It was at these social gatherings that I came to know the wonderful non-Catholic and Jewish people of Rochester. We were doing what Jacques Barzun advocated much later when he stated that "a social basis is necessary for intellectual interests".

In addition to the patrons, a much larger section of the community became subscribers. The following 1945-46 list of subscribers serves to show the wide appeal of the Culture Series:

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IV *Aquinas Memorial Stadium*

When Canada entered the war in September, 1939, I wrote to Father Carr, our Superior General, and asked permission to apply for a Chaplaincy in the Canadian forces. He replied that others had already applied and that I should forget it.

When the United States entered the war, I wrote again and asked permission to apply for a Chaplaincy in the United States forces. I had strengthened this appeal somewhat by asking Bishop O'Hara, who was Chief Chaplain of the United States forces in New York, if he would accept me. He said, "Yes," but I would need my Superior General's permission. Father Carr wrote in reply that I was a science teacher, and, as such, sorely needed. He thanked me for volunteering, but I was not to be allowed to go. His directive settled my restless mind. There were many other things to do. Military service would not be one of them.

By 1945 almost 100 former students of Aquinas Institute had been killed in the war. The movement for a fitting memorial to these heroes started in our residence at 402 Augustine Street. I don't recall just who initiated it, but I do recall Father Dan Dillon and Father William Duggan, who were then Superior and Principal, respectively, involving me in the project. Perhaps the fact that I was Assistant Superior of the Community at that time was a contributing factor in giving me the job.

In the Christmas holidays of 1944 I worked to initiate and promote a city-wide campaign to build Aquinas Memorial Stadium for the boys from Aquinas who had made the supreme sacrifice. This was my first contact with the downtown crowd. I moved in and out of Columbus Civic Center almost daily, enlisting the help of Mr. Bill Nolan, who was then connected with the Catholic Charities Office located there. We were helped by a wonderful person, Jack Judge, whose brother-in-law was Father Bo McMillan, an outstanding Franciscan and chaplain, to put together the Aquinas

Memorial Stadium Campaign. Our goal was \$100,000. Bill Lang, later president of the Rochester Transit Company, the Rochester Red Wings and the Automobile Club, became our publicity man.

The campaign was quite successful. We raised \$127,000. Within a few months almost the entire amount was paid in. Ray Leinen, Vice President of Lincoln-Alliance Bank, was our financial contact man. He called me one day while our Special Gifts Committee was operating and asked that I come over to his office. I did and he showed me there the check for \$10,000 which Eastman Kodak had given to us with no strings attached, with the information also that the brief which I wrote to present to the Board of Directors of Kodak was included in the minutes of their meeting. They thought the appeal was very well put. I have no copy of it, and I don't recall just what I said. However, it provided a pattern I would later repeat many times. Important also, is the fact that we had enlisted the support of Thomas J. (Jean) Hargrave, president of Eastman Kodak Company, who played an important part in the beginnings of St. John Fisher College.

John D. Hayes, president of the Fanny Farmer Company, a Catholic, and Elmer Fairchild, a non-Catholic, were co-chairmen of the stadium drive.

From the Aquinas Memorial Stadium Campaign I learned the mechanics of a campaign, and more, the thoughts and the ideas which appeal to givers.

After the Aquinas Memorial Stadium Campaign was completed, we were advised by Ray Leinen to turn our cash holdings into United States Bonds, which we did. I depended upon him for financial advice, and the bonds stayed in vaults in the bank we used for the campaign, the Lincoln-Alliance on Main Street. Raymond N. Ball, a great Rochester figure at the time and a good friend of ours, was the President. Ray Leinen was the Executive Vice-President.

Here a word should be said about another activity at Aquinas that had a bearing on the St. John Fisher Campaign which was soon to follow. The school had had a great reputa-

tion for raising money for home and foreign missions. Father O'Loane appointed me the director of it in the fall of 1937. I struggled along with it, arranging paper-drives, some minor homeroom collections and other things. Then it suddenly blossomed forth when we founded a little paper called, *The Aquinader*. I coined the name from Aquinas Crusader, as we called the mission unit the Aquinas Mission Crusade. We became actively associated with the National Catholic Students Crusade, received their publications in each homeroom, conducted study clubs, and held Mission Mixers, which attracted the girls from Mercy High and Nazareth Academy to little inter-school dances in the later afternoon in Aquinas Auditorium.

About the same time I took over the crusade, Father John S. Randall had taken over the diocesan Society for the Propagation of the Faith. He was a born organizer and office man. Chiefly through his efforts the mission activity of the diocese took on a new vigor. We had no necessary connection with his office, as director of mission activities, other than the cooperation expected of all the schools sharing in mission activities. At the end of each year the mission funds collected by Aquinas were allocated by me to various foreign and home missions through Father Randall's office. Mary Leary and Margaret Larkin (later Mrs. Joseph McMahan, secretary to Father Lavery, president of St. John Fisher College) were his assistants about this time. Each year they would type out the letters to go to the beneficiaries of the missions according to my designation. I say "my" designation, because I had advised Father O'Loane early in this business that the designation ought to be made by the school authorities and that he ought to have a hand in it. He declined, saying, "No, you raised the money. You figure it out. I'll trust your judgment."

The amounts raised through homeroom activities, mission bouts which I promoted, with the help of Abe Raff, into a city-wide annual affair at Edgerton Park Auditorium, and other activities, netted us several thousands of dollars each year. I believe that about 1945, our mission total was around \$14,000 or \$15,000. It climbed even higher than that, up to the \$20,000 mark.

This work kept me in fairly close and frequent contact with Father "Pete" Randall, as he was called by all the clergy. Pete was to loom large in the St. John Fisher picture. He was also the head of the *Catholic Courier*, the diocesan newspaper.

Up to this time, toward the end of 1945, there had been no formulation of any plans for a college for men. Father McCorkell, the Superior General, on his visits to Aquinas would talk about it, but only in a very general way. The Basilian community certainly wished to have a college, but the old question always came up, "How would we finance it?"

Moving over into the spring and summer of 1946, the prospect of a college for men, established by the Basilians, took on a more definite hue. During several of his visits to Rochester, Father McCorkell and I looked over many vacant properties and possible sites for a college. Among those we considered were the areas around Strong Memorial Hospital, Pinnacle Hill, the Brighton area (indeed the very site of the present Bishop McQuaid High School), and the Pittsford area. I don't think we ever thought of any sites other than in that general area out East Avenue in an arc swinging from East Rochester around through Pittsford, through Brighton, over through to the University of Rochester area. I don't recall ever making any tour with him, or any of the other General Councillors, to the other quadrants of the Rochester circle. We did look over some old buildings, for example, the old Colgate-Rochester Divinity School at the corner of East Avenue and Alexander Street, the new Colgate-Rochester Divinity School on a hill at the south end of town, and others. Father McCorkell would say from time to time that perhaps we should start in an old building, perhaps a downtown spot, but have a suburban site to which we could later move. From the beginning I tried to discourage such a plan of operation. My thought was that we should have a fine site, of ready access, which would house a completely new set of buildings, and which would be a source of pride both to the Catholic and non-Catholic citizenry.

Football at Aquinas was beginning to take hold in a large community way. Father Bill Duggan had asked me to help

locate a big-time coach. Several phone calls to Coach Frank Leahy at Notre Dame and Coach McKeever at Cornell finally resulted in turning up Harry Wright who was to initiate big-time football at Aquinas. I reached him one day, tipped off by a phone call from McKeever that Wright was getting out of the Marine Corps. He was still at his demobilization station in San Diego, California. Father Bill Duggan got on the extension phone and we invited him up at our expense to see us. He came and the contract was settled.

A new era for Aquinas began with Harry Wright and the football team which then played in the Red Wing Baseball Park to accommodate the crowds of 10,000-15,000 and sometimes 20,000 people jammed into temporary bleachers. All the razzle-dazzle of football was a weekend attraction now provided by Aquinas. The schedule was restricted to outstanding out-of-town teams and proved to be an attraction of such magnitude as to compel us to do something about building the Aquinas Memorial Stadium. We had funds in the bank which had been collected for the purpose. The crowds were unable to get choice tickets for the Aquinas games at Red Wing Stadium. Baseball parks do not fit the football field layout. We had to start thinking about building a stadium. But where? Everyone and his brother had an idea, but inasmuch as I had directed the campaign, it was generally agreed that I should select the site.

Thus another chapter in this Rochester story revolves around this selection of the site for the Aquinas Memorial Stadium. Father McCorkell and I often talked over the idea of a college for men, but Aquinas was the top news in Rochester in the autumns of 1946, 1947, 1948, chiefly through football.

A new organization, I thought, was needed to back up the efforts of the Aquinas coach and athletes. Therefore, in the fall of 1946, I started a club called the Aquinas Men's Club which would include any men of the community who had the interests of Aquinas at heart. Solving difficulties in getting tickets for the games and aiding the football project financially would be its purpose. In general it was to be a county-wide club. It was modeled on the very prosperous St. Margaret

Mary's Men's Club, initiated by Father Charles J. ("Dick") Bruton. Father Duggan helped Father Bruton each Sunday at his parish and thus a new bond between their Men's Club and ours was forged. Art Bamann, Walter Rodenhouse and Jack Blackwood, all from St. Margaret Mary Parish, were among the founders of the Aquinas Men's Club. A prominent worker from St. Boniface Parish, George T. ("Mike") White, Monroe County Treasurer, was another I recall. Joseph J. Myler, John W. Jardine and Dr. Joseph L. Guzzetta, are names that come to mind.

It was an ordinary thing to have 800 men for a meeting in the Aquinas Auditorium for business, speeches, pep-talks and then proceed to the Gym and Band Room to quaff a few kegs of beer.

V *Choosing the Site*

It was at one of the meetings of the Aquinas Men's Club that I announced the definite plan of the Basilians to establish a college for men in Rochester. Much of my speech that night dealt with St. John Fisher, whose name the college would bear. His work as an educator, his saintly life, and his martyrdom seemed to be new material for the audience. One could tell from the attitude of the audience that both the college plan and its name were enthusiastically received. Jack Jardine, president of the Genesee Valley Trust Company, was there. He was a Protestant and declared that the account of St. John Fisher's life was one of the most stirring things he had heard. Jack would soon be an important cog in the financial gearing as the Fisher machine rolled along.

In the fall of 1946, I was still teaching full-time at Aquinas and going to football games at the Red Wing Stadium, often with Father McCorkell, or Father Dillon, or some other General Councillor from Toronto. Each time one of these councillors came to Rochester we did some scouting around, looking over sites for the proposed college for men. Gradually we came to the decision that if the Bishop was willing, we would have a campaign for the new college after we had purchased a site.

The present site of the college at Fairport Road and East Avenue, as it turned down to Pittsford, was always the spot, in my mind, that would be ideal for the college. A spur railroad or unused suburban railroad route was the northerly limit to the site. At least twice I went over that entire site with Father Vince Eckardt, the treasurer at Aquinas, to get his impression of the layout of trees, soil, and other considerations which a man reared on the farm would have in mind.

I remember one day, the grass being so high and so wet that we wore rubber boots. We were always in sweaters and other non-clerical garb in order to preserve our incognito. Another time Louis Langie and I parked up near Kate Glea-

son's property to the west, and having looked over that parcel thoroughly, walked down the old road bed of the railway, down past the present site, getting the lay of the adjoining land to the north, and thence over a high hill, where ran the main tracks of the New York Central Railroad. Both Louie and I agreed, "This is it!" — if we could get it.

In this fall and early winter of 1946, Father McCorkell commissioned me to go ahead and handle everything for the campaign which had been agreed to by Bishop Kearney. To secure the support of the General Council in the selection of the site, I recall employing Herb Schaeffer, a photographer on the *Times-Union*. (I believe he was also the aviation editor of the paper and about the only one around Rochester who took aerial photographs.) I arranged to have him fly over the site and photograph it for us. The General Council meeting with Father McCorkell in Toronto was supplied with these photos. Father Dan Dillon of the council was one to whom I showed the tract. I can't recall others, Possibly Father Vincent Kennedy was another. Father McCorkell on his next visit told me to go ahead with the acquisition of the Fairport Road property. It had been approved by the General Council.

At no time in these late months of 1946 and early winter of 1947 were any diocesan officials consulted with regard to the selection of the site. I was determined to keep it a strictly Basilian venture. If we were to build the college, we ought to be allowed to build it where we thought best. I have always regarded committee meetings and group discussions as fruitless when action is required. The only interests which should bear on the site selection should be our own. A committee trying to decide among half a dozen locations would take months, possibly years, before a site would be chosen. We simply bypassed all this. Even the staff and the officers at Aquinas were not consulted — for the same reason.

I had in mind locating the college out in the general area where it is now for several reasons. If we were to set up a good liberal arts college, without getting mixed up in big-time football then we should keep the site geographically distinct from the Aquinas area. At this time we did not know where the

Aquinas Stadium would be located, but in my own mind I had the far south end of Rochester, out toward the University of Rochester, or the area near Aquinas, as the most probable sites.

To eliminate any connection between Aquinas, the high school, and the new Basilian college, intervening miles would help in creating the image of complete separation. The proximity to Nazareth College, a flourishing college for women, was also a consideration. I foresaw the time when the two colleges, Fisher and Nazareth, might invest mutually in eminent professors. There was not the slightest thought of Fisher ever being a co-ed college, but the possible liaison and interchange of good college staffs was very prominent.

Selecting an Architect

The year of 1947 was to be the eventful year in the beginnings of St. John Fisher College. Sometime in late winter or early spring, Father McCorkell, Bishop Kearney and I agreed on a campaign for the college to be launched in the fall of that year.

There was certainly a lot to be done in the few months remaining. A definite site had to be procured which would appeal to the citizenry, both Catholic and non-Catholic. A definite plan for building would be needed. This meant the selection of an architect.

The story of how the architects were selected is a brief one because only a few people were involved in it. From the old office of the Superintendent of Education of the Diocese of New York, I phoned around to get started from scratch.

This is exactly how we got started: I talked to Jerry Sullivan, the Vice-President of the George A. Fuller Company. He had built the new plant at St. Michael's College in Toronto, had lived in Holy Rosary Parish, Toronto, and had an affection for the Basilians inasmuch as our Father Michael Oliver had instructed and baptized his wife during their stay in Toronto. I had come to know him well while the Institute of Medieval Studies, More, Fisher, and Teefy halls were being constructed on Queens Park in Toronto.

That day in New York, I asked Jerry how to go about selecting an architect. He told me that one doesn't shop for an architect like he would for an automobile. Jerry suggested that we do it this way: have lunch with Mr. Crandall, the president of the George Fuller Company, and talk it over. The three of us went to lunch at the Union Club in New York, a plush place with a wonderful menu. Crandall and the Fuller Company were then building the Cardinal Hayes High School for Archbishop Spellman. Although not a Catholic, Crandall was quite interested in Catholic affairs. He said simply, "Father, there are three architectural firms that could do this job for you — we've worked with all three of them and one of

them is just as good as the other. They are Eggers and Higgins; Foley, Voorhees and Walsh; and Maginnis and Walsh."

The first two firms were located in New York, the last one in Boston. That afternoon I walked over to the Eggers and Higgins office and talked to someone there. They were the architects for the new LeMoyne College in Syracuse to be conducted by the Jesuits. The Foley, Voorhees people whom I also visited, were more expert on hospitals and similar institutions. The Eggers and Higgins firm did not appeal to me because it might appear that they had the job of building a college at every main stop on the New York Central main line. Looking back, it was rather flimsy professional thinking with regard to architect selection, but we had to get started at once with a competent firm.

A strictly unexpected event took place next. The firm of Maginnis and Walsh were already engaged in New York City, repairing St. Patrick's Cathedral. Mr. Charles Maginnis, Jr. was in and out of the old Cathedral College building in the basement of which I had my New York office, working with a Mr. Kelly who was married to Helen Cramer from Guelph, Ontario. She had been a student at St. Joseph's College when I was an undergraduate at St. Michael's. Father John Voight, working at a neighboring desk, told me that Maginnis, Jr. was in the building this particular day, and if I wished, he would phone Kelly's office and ask him to come down and talk with me. Mr. Maginnis came in and from that instant we were great friends. Maginnis had had a skiing accident during the winter and was on crutches with his leg in a cast. I recall him as a tall, handsome, jovial man with a winning laugh and smile. He told me that day that his firm (his father's) would be very much interested in the contract to build St. John Fisher College. His quick resumé of the competence of the firm included the building of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington, the entire plant for the Jesuits at Boston College, all the buildings at Notre Dame except the Rockne Memorial, Emmanuel College in Boston, and other works. We decided then that after I returned to Rochester, he would come up and talk things over.

At this point we had not yet selected the site for the college. For me, the Fairport Road site was about the only one to consider. Charles Maginnis, Jr. came to Rochester with Eugene Kennedy of the Maginnis and Walsh firm. The three of us coursed around the city and looked over the other possible sites, and then, standing in the shadow of the present site, agreed that there was no doubt about it at all: this was the place to build the college. Young Maginnis left most of the talking to Gene Kennedy who said that the site, if we could get it, would be a wonderful challenge for any firm of architects. The hill and its slope were ideal. I say this took place almost in the shadow of the present site because we lunched and had cocktails in the basement room of a restaurant which was located in the triangle where Fairport Road and East Avenue divide. It proved to be a kind of field office for the architects, the surveyors, and myself. It has since become a professional office building, with some additions to the original structure.

At this point it should be noted that the property we had in mind was composed of two parcels. The 15-acre parcel lay at the intersection of the two roads and to the west of the hill; the hill portion adjoining was the major portion and comprised about 55 acres. Father McCorkell at one point had asked, "Don't you think the 55-acre parcel would be sufficient for the college?" My answer was that we should control the property at the intersection of the two highways. It would be needed to give a landscape sweep to the new college. More important, it would protect us from future buildings which did not blend into a college layout. Father McCorkell agreed that we should acquire both parcels which would give us a total of about 70 acres.

The selection of Maginnis and Walsh as architects was approved by Father McCorkell and the General Council, and there was an evident agreement to leave things in my hands.

The architects had been consulted on the selection of the site. In June of 1949, when we turned the first sod of St. John Fisher College, Charles Maginnis, Jr., one of the speakers at the ceremony, said, "This is the first job we have ever had in

which we were consulted before the site was purchased; therefore, we have an unusual responsibility to design and construct a set of buildings appropriate to this land."

Daniel E. Macken had succeeded Eugene Dwyer as the lawyer for Aquinas Institute. I visited at his home many times, usually discussing Christian Culture Lecture series, and gradually he became associated with our purchase of the college land as well as the purchase of the stadium site. I began a whole series of visits with Mr. Robert H. Parks, who owned the 55-acre parcel, and lived on the hill part of the property. The 15-acre parcel directly in front of his home and to the west, reaching down to and past the intersection of Fairport Road and East Avenue as it bent toward downtown, was owned by Mrs. O'Donnell Iselin of New York City, whose Rochester representative was the president of General Railway Signal Company. He had looked after the property for her for many years. Mr. Parks had been a superintendent at the same company for many years, was now retired, and knew the other owner very well. Visiting the president of Railway Signal in his office, I explained how we needed the purchase of the triangular parcel of 15 acres to complete the layout with the Parks property. He explained that the owner had been holding the land and paying taxes on it for many years, but he felt she might sell in view of the worthy use to which the land would be put. I then made a direct offer to him of \$2000 an acre.

At this point I had given no firm figure to Mr. Parks. He and I became great friends. I often visited his home on his property. He lived in the house on the hill close to Fairport Road; and the caretaker lived in a neat little cottage nearby. Mrs. Parks had been an invalid for many years, and her husband and daughter were most constant and tender in their care of her. After we finally secured the property, Mr. Parks called me one day to come out quickly, Mrs. Parks was dying. I hurried out and in the little room where she lay dying were Mr. Parks, their daughter, and a family friend. Not knowing exactly what to do at the death-bed of a non-Catholic, I instinctively knelt down and recited several Hail Marys. At the very first one, the friend responded with the second half of

the Hail Mary. She introduced herself afterwards as Mrs. Patricia Culhane (her husband was Judge Thomas Culhane).

If this was to be the site, it became important to know exactly what land was there. I called Bill Ginnity, a private surveyor, and requested him to make a complete survey of both parcels of property. His daughter, Bernice Ginnity, was a graduate of Nazareth College, active in its alumnae association which I had addressed at several Communion breakfasts, and for which I had given at least two retreats. Bill Ginnity and I were good friends. When we had the survey completed, Gene Kennedy and Charles Maginnis, Jr. and I met again in our "field office," the basement of the Round House Restaurant at the intersection of Fairport Road and East Avenue. This would be the working plot plan for the architects who were to return to Boston that afternoon. The atmosphere was congenial and after lunch I drove them the back way to the Rochester airport, just in time for them to catch the plane for Boston.

Father McCorkell had told me that for this job I had better get a car. This was easier said than accomplished. Cars were still on a rationed basis after the end of the war but Mr. Daniel Meagher, then the local Pontiac dealer, arranged for me to get a new Pontiac. I would have settled for less, but Dan Macken and others insisted that since this was to be a big undertaking, the automobile of the promoter ought to match the project. The green Pontiac, with white-wall tires, became an institution in that far eastern part of Rochester. Father Timmy Dolan at Aquinas dubbed it "The Green Hornet." Father McCorkell told me that it ought to be bought in my name, and although Father Duggan could use it judiciously for Aquinas business, I was not to let it become a community car. Otherwise, when I wanted it and needed it, it would not be available. How would the car be paid for? By arrangement with Father Duggan, I paid for it with funds borrowed from the Aquinas Mission Crusade, to be repaid as soon as we realized any money from the college campaign.

In the late spring and very early summer of 1947, the campaign for funds was becoming more of a reality. Bishop

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tion now was important. We must have a master plan for the entire site. We must have some detail of the first and principal building we would erect. It would have to be something that people would say, looking at it: "Wouldn't you like to see that building in Rochester?" Many times Charles Maginnis, Jr. would faintly protest the furious pace that I was setting for them. It was, he claimed, upsetting their whole office routine. Their draftsmen were working overtime to meet the deadline I had assigned.

Through these meetings with the younger Maginnis I came to know Archbishop Cushing; he was a great friend of the Maginnis family. Charles, Jr. thought we should meet. I saw no reason why I should take up the busy Archbishop's time, but young Charles, nevertheless, set up a luncheon and an afternoon meeting with His Excellency in his Rectory on the Seminary grounds. We talked about Archbishop McGuigan, from Toronto, who was a frequent visitor in Boston because of the many "bluenoses," as he called them, from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, who lived in the Boston area and frequently entertained Archbishop McGuigan. I remember asking Archbishop Cushing on this occasion if he didn't think there was a possibility of getting state and federal aid for our parish schools and Catholic colleges. He shook his head, negatively, and said, "Father, they'll never give us a nickel of it!" I thought that this was a rather gloomy dismissal. The various contacts I had around Rochester had generated some thoughts of the possibility of such aid. They were quite unorganized, but roughly they took this form: All the good will and understanding of our non-Catholic fellow citizens ought to be cultivated and brought to fruition for the cause of Catholic education. Then others would see the in-

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Kearney and I agreed that we should set one million dollars as the campaign goal. Such an amount had never before been attempted in any Catholic campaign in Rochester. The St. Mary's Hospital Campaign had not touched this figure. The Nazareth College Campaign was far below this amount. The St. Andrew's Seminary Campaign, however, which was for \$500,000, had been a decided success. I was at the meeting in the hall of Sacred Heart Church when Bishop Kearney announced the seminary campaign to the pastors of Rochester. They were overwhelmed. They had never attempted anything like it before. Father Pete Randall's skillful handling of the campaign convinced me that if the parishes could raise a half million dollars for a college for men, then I could raise a matching amount from business and industry. Neither of the latter had contributed or been asked to contribute to the St. Andrew's Seminary Campaign.

The architects had advised me that a brick building with stone trim, accommodating all the things I had suggested, would run around a million or slightly over a million dollars. Father Dillon smilingly said one day that it would be wonderful to build it in stone. I told him of the difference in price, and he said, "Well, it was just a passing thought." The Jesuits were building Lemoyne College in Syracuse in red brick. On my next trip to the Maginnis and Walsh office in Boston, Charles Maginnis, Jr. and Gene Kennedy showed me several buildings which they had done in a type of brick which had the feel of stone about it. This was a light colored brick which they had used extensively in buildings in the Boston area. I told them to go ahead and come up with something in brick with limestone trim. My only charge to them was to give us a building that has a look of modern American Collegiate Gothic—if there can be such a combination.

justice of the tax situation, if it were properly presented. The ingenuity and resourcefulness of this generation of Catholics was becoming more evident. From the Boston scene itself, I could see that since the 1850's, when the great Irish migration took place, the Boston scene was a thorny one for Catholicism. But in some 80 to 90 years so much of this had changed. Catholics had moved up the political ladder, had cracked the shell of old Massachusetts colonials, and were beginning to produce leaders in professional, governmental, and business life. Why could not some of this spirit be absorbed now by churchmen and be brought to flowering for the parochial schools?

Even if this could not be accomplished on the national scene, I was determined to do what I could to secure the support of the good people of Rochester, industry, commerce, business, and non-Catholics as well as Catholics, to establish the St. John Fisher College for men.

On the subject of architects, it might be well to explain why a local architect was not chosen. I had watched the work of two local Catholic architects considered at the time to be the chief ones available and excluded them for several reasons. If St. John Fisher College was to be more than simply a local institution, then we ought to go out of town for architects and select someone with a national reputation. Frank Quinlan had designed and built the Nazareth College buildings alongside the Motherhouse on East Avenue and had later been retained to design the Aquinas Memorial Stadium, which eliminated him from the St. John Fisher job. Mr. Joseph P. ("Stubby") Flynn had designed and built the new St. Mary's Hospital on West Main Street. The two local Catholic architects, then, had been recognized.

There was a kind of justice due Frank Quinlan from the Basilians. Early in the days of Aquinas Institute, Father O'Loane had Mr. Quinlan draw up a set of plans for a faculty residence to be erected just south of the school building. The plans were quite specific and involved considerable expense on the part of Mr. Quinlan. Father O'Loane had moved out of the city and nothing had ever been done to compensate Mr. Quinlan for his expense. The decent thing to do, it seemed,

would be to give Frank some role in our plans and that was one of reasons for selecting him as the architect for the Aquinas Memorial Stadium. The other was his recognized competence. Neither Frank Quinlan nor Stubby Flynn ever voiced any objection to my selection of the Boston architects, at least as far as I have ever heard. Indeed, Frank Quinlan had congratulated me upon the choice, feeling that we were doing the right thing by going out of town. I had always the notion that we would balance the non-local architect situation by employing a local builder. Maginnis and Walsh assured me that they would be willing to work with any competent builders.

One other item that favored the selection of Maginnis and Walsh was that the firm was large enough to contain within itself its own engineering department. This would mean that the specifications for many of the sub-contracts could be developed in their own office.

VII *Assembling a Campus*

We arranged the formation of a corporation entitled, "The Basilian Fathers of the State of New York." Dan Macken, our attorney, drew it up. We needed an official body to take title to the land when we purchased it and to serve as the beneficiary of any and all gifts. I was president of the newly-formed corporation. Other members were Basilians at Aquinas who were U.S. citizens or who had been naturalized as I had been. Fathers Oscar Regan, Ray Prince and Bill Duggan were originals I recall. We met a few times in Father Bill Duggan's office at our residence, 402 Augustine Street. Attorney Dan Macken was present at all of our meetings.

Late in July 1947 things were moving nicely. Maginnis and Walsh, the architects, had plans on their drafting boards. Periodically I drove through the beautiful Berkshires to confer in their Boston office on Newbury Street. It was a long, lonely drive from Rochester. Often I hoped to meet a hitchhiker, but only on one trip did I pick up a young serviceman en route to Worcester, on Highway 9.

The progress made between visits to Boston more than compensated for the ennui of the trips. There was an excitement discernible in the architects' offices which matched my own. Several of their staff remarked how it seemed all their other projects were put aside to hustle the Rochester job. Eugene Kennedy of the firm had been assigned the chief designing role. He was a young artistic person who had done some European study prior to employment with Maginnis and Walsh. It was he who sketched the main building with its attractive tower. He had shown it to the older Mr. Maginnis who approved it. The moment I saw it, I was thrilled. Sometime later in my Rochester office where we had displayed some large sketches of the buildings, I was visited by Father Raymond J. Schouten, S.J., then President of Canisius College in Buffalo. He spoke rapturously of the sketches. I thought then that we must have something quite fine when a distinguished Jesuit was impressed.

By early August of 1947 we were almost ready to consummate the purchase of the site. Mr. Parks, owner of the 55-acre tract, had retired as superintendent of the General Railway Signal Company. The general manager of this same company was also the local guardian and the agent of Mrs. Salmon's 15-acre tract, at the intersection of Fairport Road and East Avenue. Evidently there were lines of communication still existent between the old and the present. Mr. Parks, I'm sure, used his influence to have the Salmon representative agree to sell. Reciprocally, the Signal Company manager told Mr. Parks of the price offer I had made for the Salmon tract.

The Fairport Road-East Avenue intersection piece was, in my opinion, worth more per acre than the Parks' tract. Mr. Parks' attorney, Carlton F. Bown, who operated from a wheel chair in his office, was all business, though cordial. There was a space of five minutes when the whole deal hung in the balance. I was thinking of a total of \$100,000 for the entire acreage which would mean \$70,000 for the 55-acre Parks' farm and \$30,000 for the 15-acre Salmon tract. The thought that Parks might not sell, coupled with the fear of losing all that we had in the hopper at the time, was paralyzing. I could see Parks and Bown were not prepared to yield. My vision of a \$40,000 saving quickly dissolved. I thought: *perhaps land out that way will be worth much more per acre some day. Either chunk by itself would be inadequate.* And then, to top off all the rationalizing: *What's \$40,000 when you don't have even one dollar?* Which, at the time, was true. We didn't have one cent. Somehow we would get it. All the contracts to purchase were duly signed. I signed for the Basilians, the named purchaser.

We would pay \$30,000 cash for the 15-acre tract. For the 55-acre tract we would pay \$110,000: by cash \$10,000 and the remainder spread over a 10-year period. Mr. Parks had some tax considerations. We would allow Mr. Parks to live on the property as long as he and his wife should live. His dwelling there would not interfere with our building plans. He would hold title to a small triangle of land on the south side of Fairport Road. He needed this ownership to qualify him as a member of the district's sewer commission. He would return it to us when his term on the sewer commission expired.

There was to be a token exchange of \$1.00. I agreed. Years later, I heard that other surveys showed the non-existence of such a parcel. For Mr. Parks who was so proud to be a citizen of that area, it meant much. To me it meant nothing, except protection from the building of a hot dog stand on the parcel east and south (across the road) from the present main building. It was not the triangle at the intersection on the south and east side now occupied by an office building.

He would continue to collect the rent (\$5 a month) from the family which lived in the little dwelling just north and slightly west of the intersection at East Avenue on the 15-acre tract. Few Rochesterians will recall this old one-story farmhouse. Centered in the roof was a parapet structure about 3 or 4 feet high which could have been a lookout tower. When I heard stories about it being an old stage coach stop on the route to Syracuse, I pictured it also as a refuge. Perhaps marauding Iroquois had been up that-away. I had considerable difficulty in having the occupants moved. They claimed some sort of squatter's rights and so we let them stay for a few months. After several notices to leave, which they ignored, I told them we needed the land and to be off the property the next day — or else. They left. Next day I had a bulldozer raze the house and barn. That night there was not a trace of it. The old stage coach inn had made room for the new college.

VIII *Seed Money*

Where would we get the money to buy the site? We would need \$30,000 cash for the entire Salmon tract, \$10,000 cash as down payment on the Parks tract. Knowing our need of an office, a secretary, and some furniture, I tacked on another \$5,000 as an immediate need. This was in August 1947.

Where, then, could I turn for \$45,000? Through the Christian Culture Lectures, the Stadium Campaign, and the Aquinas Men's Club I had come to know one of Rochester's most genial bankers. He was John W. Jardine, president of the Genesee Valley Trust Company. I first met John and his wife Alma through Harry B. Crowley, Sr. and Margaret Crowley. The Crowleys had two sons at Aquinas. Jack Jardine and Harry Crowley could be depended upon for anything Catholic, civic or cultural in Rochester! Both had helped organize the Aquinas Stadium Drive. I counted them among my dearest friends.

It was to John Jardine's office at Exchange Street and Broad Street that I went for our needed dollars. He was graciousness personified as he listened to my wants and their urgency. We would need a short term loan of \$45,000. We had nothing to offer as collateral. We intended to have a campaign. The first monies we received in it would go to pay off the loan, likely by January of 1948. It was Jack's turn to talk. "We will give it to you, the moment you want it." There was no further discussion except pleasantries about the people we knew in the city.

No more than a half an hour was spent that day with John Jardine. I left him, greeted my good friend Joe Weber at his bank desk, then sauntered out on the street fortified in spirit by such a quick and generous response. Jack Jardine's treatment of us was a confirmation of my feeling that the Protestant leaders of the Rochester community would be with us. We were to meet the same kind of generous cooperation many times in the next few months.

At this point, lest I forget, I should record a sequel to the Jardine story. When we started to get the money in, I opened an account at the Security Trust Company and deposited our first few thousand dollars. Emmet Finucane was president of Security. He was an important counsel for me. Emmet had been in on every Rochester campaign to better the city: YMCA, Community Chest, and numerous hospital campaigns. I had designs on him to act as Chairman of our Special Gifts sections. He declined but promised every assistance. "Whom would you suggest then?" I asked. With no hesitation he gave me the name of Otto Shults. Otto accepted. More of him later.

The banks of Rochester gave to campaigns on a scale or formula based on assets and their business. Emmet Finucane agreed to handle the Rochester Clearing House donation. So it was that one cold winter day Emmet and I went from bank to bank to explain the cause. Cold as it was, he was bareheaded as we walked the financial district of the city. Only one, a minor bank, put up any kind of resistance. As we walked in, Emmet whispered, "Say nothing. Let me do the talking, this man can be tough." He was. On the street outside I remarked that that prospect was not likely to come through. Emmet replied that we need not worry. He would see to that. He did. Soon the checks came through for either \$25,000 or \$30,000 from the Rochester banks. Whichever figure, it was almost exactly what we had hoped for.

It was my closeness to Emmet Finucane that prompted me to make our first deposits in the Security Trust. We had deposited some \$300,000 when I heard via the grapevine that John Jardine was wondering why his bank was not used. We started then (Emmet being agreeable) to deposit some funds in the Genesee Valley Trust Company. I can't recall how much but I do know the amount was substantial. In the hurry and hustle of the campaign, I had overlooked the very bank which got us started. It pained me. Jack Jardine, great and gracious as always, accepted my apology.

We purchased both parcels of land in August 1947. The local Gannett newspapers and *Catholic Courier-Journal* car-

ried diagrams of the plot with detailed descriptions of the property.

Up to the end of August 1947 I had no downtown office. I practically lived in the green Pontiac, ranging all over the city from our Aquinas residence. At least two trips to Syracuse to talk to the Jesuits at newly founded LeMoyne College provided much information on their beginning. The Franciscans had founded Siena College near Albany, New York. They were most gracious hosts for at least two visits. One impression I gleaned from Siena College was the futility of spending, in the beginning at least, large sums of money on a gymnasium. It seemed that their new gym was pretty much a practice spot for the varsity five. Few of the general student body, at least when I was there, used the structure. I envisioned some athletic facility for St. John Fisher, but at this point it was quite remote. Certainly we needed the essentials first, classrooms, labs, offices, library.

I visited several other colleges. Of all of them, the one that engaged my fancy most was Cornell. "Far above Cayuga's waters" was for me more than the opening of their alma mater song. It evoked visions of our new college high above East Avenue and Fairport Road.

On a visit to LeMoyne in Syracuse, I learned that Father James P. Sweeney, S.J., a former provincial of the Jesuits who got that college started, was then stationed at Canisius College in Buffalo. He and another Jesuit, a librarian, Father Andrew L. Bouwhuis, S.J., did much of the spade work at Syracuse, including architects and campaign. Others then moved in to take over and those two spade men went to Buffalo where I had some rewarding talks with them. One admonition Father Sweeney gave me: "Be sure to have your superior general release you to work full time on the project. It is a tremendous undertaking." I told Father McCorkell, our superior general, about it. He laughed it off, but he did send over a young priest to relieve me of my chemistry teaching at Aquinas Institute.

Bishop Kearney always opened the school year in early September at Aquinas. In 1947, I drove him back to his office

at 50 Chestnut Street. We had previously agreed that getting Father John S. Randall to be campaign manager was a simple "must." I pulled up alongside the Columbus Civic Center to let the Bishop out when both of us saw Father Randall crossing the street behind the Sagamore Hotel. The Bishop signaled him to come to the car. "Pete" Randall, as we affectionately called him, had already established himself as an unusually competent helper of the Bishop. He listened to the Bishop's request. "Think about it and let us know soon" was the gist of the talk. In a day or so Pete said "Yes." I felt then that we were in business.

Organizing the Campaign

Father Randall arranged for a campaign office in the Columbus Civic Center on the same floor as his own office, almost directly across the corridor. A genius at organization, Pete had in a day or so lined up the steps we must take. The first concern was to secure the best secretary we could. He thought of Miss Zelda Lyons who had a fine position at the Hotel Seneca, and he and I walked over to see Zelda in the hotel office. She listened to our pleas for help. I included the promise that should she join us, we would assure her employment at the college, likely as its Registrar. Thus it came about that Zelda Lyons was the first Registrar of St. John Fisher College. I recall her statement that day: "I am flattered and honored. Would you give me some time to think about it and pray over it?"

All three of us evidently prayed over it and in a day or so she called to say she would accept the position. With Bishop Kearney and Father Randall, Zelda Lyons filled out the triumvirate that would help to launch the campaign.

We opened our office at Columbus Civic Center, 50 Chestnut Street, with Zelda Lyons at one desk, I at another, in the same room. I charged Zelda to select furniture, curtains, rugs in a manner fitting an executive office, with the added injunction to buy only high class accessories that could continue in use at the college. As late as 1966, I recognized around Father Lavery's offices several chairs and desks that were among our first purchases.

We soon outgrew the one-room office and added the one next door. This layout would comprise the hub of operation for St. John Fisher College for the next two years.

About three floors of the building were devoted to the Chancery, Education, and the Propagation of the Faith offices. We soon became a quasi-diocesan project. The facilities were ideal. When we needed extra secretarial help, Zelda recruited several of the Nazareth College graduates working

in the building to help after five o'clock. Among them were Mary Leary and Margaret Larkin from Father Randall's office, and Mary Agnes Doyle from Father Charlie Mahoney's office. All were of tremendous assistance. They were intelligent, efficient, dedicated girls. A type of family spirit developed. With Father Randall and Zelda fostering it, it could not be otherwise. It must be remembered that we were not employing professional fund raisers. Pete Randall was superior to any I had ever met.

William A. Lang was then Deputy Commissioner of Public Safety for the City of Rochester, having been in newspaper work prior to that. We employed him as Publicity Director. Always smiling, thoughtful and creative, he was also demanding on deadlines for news notices. We reimbursed him in some measure after the campaign, as we did all who helped secretarially.

The inner core of the structure and the mechanics of the campaign were set up early in September 1947. Timetabling it was a thorny item. We studied the schedules of the Community Chest and other fund appeals, considering the tax deadlines involved. It appeared that we simply could not arrange the appeal to the parishes that fall. The Special Gifts part should and could get under way in October or November. The general public and parochial campaign would be kicked off in February of 1948.

Some kind of confirmation by civic and diocesan leaders was essential. We were only four or five persons who were convinced of the righteousness of our cause. We had to extend this awareness. Therefore in mid-September we invited several leaders of business and industry, and chancery officials to a luncheon at the Hotel Seneca. Some 12 or 15 persons attended, including Bishop Kearney, Monsignor William Hart, Vicar General of the diocese, Emmet Finucane, Joe Myler, Otto Shults, Dan Macken, John Boylan, Louis Langie and Harold Coleman. Frank Wolfe was present to represent the garment industry. I recollect that Maurice Forman of the B. Forman Company store, Jack Jardine and David Shearer were also with us. Dave Shearer was the genial attorney for the Diocese of Rochester, a bachelor who lived at the Univer-

sity Club and whose client, Sarah M. Ward, later left St. John Fisher College a bequest of \$450,000. The Gannett Newspapers were represented by Joe Adams. Joe became a tower of strength for me. I still regard him as the Original Positive Thinker. For him, everything was "fine," "splendid," "great." His words were tonic to any tiring entrepreneur. Monsignor William Bergin, Chancellor of the diocese, was also present to help us in steering the discussion. Unfortunately, he did not live to see the spring campaign get underway.

At this opening luncheon, Bishop Kearney presented the case in his usual winning way. He made it clear that he wanted the campaign. The group bought the idea only after exploring the problems we might encounter. We agreed that \$1,000,000 would be the goal. A major problem was the timing of a general appeal. It was decided we would have to have it in the spring. The Special Gifts phase should start at once.

Back at the office Pete and I set up the division of labor. I would direct the Special Gifts section with a goal of \$500,000. He would direct the diocesan-wide parish appeal for the half million dollar balance. Already I had given myself the title of Executive Director of St. John Fisher College. Father McCorkell had agreed to this. Roughly it meant I was the Boss Man, Charge d'Affaires, Chief of Operations. Despite these high-sounding titles, I was in reality somewhere between a messenger boy and a president. There was too much to do here and now to bother about titles. Since I was the overall operator of campaign and college, I became also the treasurer of the campaign. Checks for gifts would be made out to Rev. Hugh J. Haffey, C.S.B., Treasurer. The campaign literature would carry this notice. Deposits and withdrawals at the banks would carry my signature.

Any question as to who owned the bank funds or the college site was thereby eliminated. Never once did the chancery office or the Bishop, or any citizen, lay or clerical, demand an accounting of our funds. I cite this now to document the fact of complete cooperation on the part of the diocese and the general public in the beginnings of the college.

Movement on all fronts began. We persuaded Otto Shults

to be Special Gifts Chairman. He was rated by the business elite as the most astute individual in the areas of taxes, money sources, and corporation worth pertaining to the Rochester scene. Otto's home was the site of several meetings of our Special Gifts Committee; I believe we had our first meeting there. His tall, impressive bearing was joined to a sharp mind and a winning personality. I recall one instance of a potentially large donor who could not quite follow the tax deduction intricacies. Otto solved his problem for him in five minutes.

At the same time Pete and I arranged with the Bishop to persuade Joe Myler to be General Chairman. Joseph J. Myler was general manager of the Neisner Stores chain. A staunch Catholic and civic leader, he had worked with me on several projects. His sons, Joseph Jr. and Eugene, had been students at Aquinas Institute. Young Joe was killed in World War II. When one is recruiting personnel, especially unpaid workers, it is customary to underplay the duties and responsibilities expected in the person sought. Joe's chief duty would be to preside at the general meetings, introduce guests, and perform other ritualistic roles. Madison Avenue would call it the "soft sell." It generally involves much more. So it was with Joe Myler, but his generous, gallant spirit never complained.

As General Chairman, Joe was more Pete's responsibility than mine. Yet when I needed someone to canvass the large stores for my Special Gifts Committee, Joe went with me to Sibley, Lindsay and Curr; to Forman's; to McCurdy's; and the others. He had a commanding presence at a meeting whether at his home, where we sometimes met, or at the Chamber of Commerce where we had over 2000 people at the kick-off and concluding dinners.

In the files of the local press there must be documentation of the various events of the campaign. There is little purpose in repeating them here. I am trying to recall those affairs, journeys, and persons that structured the matrix of the undertaking. Often some things went unreported because they had little news value. They did, however, contribute to the final product.

One such instance was a trip to Buffalo that Father Ran-

dall and I had made in the fall of '47. We had learned that Cardinal Spellman was to be present at a religious conference of some kind. Into his busy schedule we intruded and asked him to come to Rochester at a later date and preside at a large rally in the Eastman Theatre. It would mean a great deal to the church in our area, but especially it would be a great boost for our campaign. It was the first time I had seen him since Archbishop Vachon had arranged for me to visit him in New York. When I walked Madison Avenue with him (as I've reported earlier), I had no notion that we would be asking him to do us this favor. He agreed to come.

We built his appearance into something civic, eventful. First, Pete arranged a citizens' welcome for him at the old New York Central Station. Then Bishop Kearney, Pete and I went to Syracuse where we boarded the westbound Empire State Express carrying the Cardinal. All of us huddled in his drawing room where, in his shirtsleeves, he kept working away at the speech he was to give that night at the Eastman. A large crowd greeted us as we got off the train. The Cardinal pressed some bills in my hand and told me to buy two return tickets to New York. I said I would turn it over to Mr. Courneen, the manager of the Rochester station, who, I was sure, would arrange it. Determinedly he replied, "I want *you* to do it." Another item he insisted on was the quick re-typing of his manuscript for the evening. "Can you find some efficient, trustworthy person? Will she be able to follow all the corrections, arrows here, deletions there?" "Oh, of course," I replied. "I want you to take personal charge of it," he insisted. The Cardinal, for some reason, pounced on me to get with all these details.

Bishop Kearney arranged a superb evening meal in his 947 East Avenue residence. Again, in the table talk the Cardinal kidded and jested with me as a selected target. It bothered me not at all. We had brought him to the city for a specific purpose and the purpose was realized. Some 2500 to 3000 people flocked to the Eastman Theatre. Father Randall had done his best in arrangements as he always did. Across the stage in the front line were the Cardinal and Bishop Kearney. All were in formal dress, the papal knights of the diocese in

white tie and sash, monsignori in their colorful robes, and at one end I sat in a borrowed cloak. Father Randall sat at the other extreme with a cloak similar to mine. Behind all of us ranged the band of Aquinas Institute.

The program came off well. Just before its conclusion, Cardinal Spellman, with no notice given the chairman, strolled over to the rostrum. He declared that he usually carried two speeches just in case his first speech (which was most laudatory of everything in Rochester) was not a success. Then he reached into the fold of his robes and pulled out a check. It was for \$25,000 to the campaign. "It is," he said, "from the priests and people of New York." The applause was deafening. It came as a complete surprise and I soon forgot the badgering he had given me earlier.

The Seal and Motto

For my Special Gifts division we needed a brochure which would tell the story. An elaborate, costly one would not be necessary for the general appeal. For the big givers, corporations and others, however, an artistic, complete yet brief exposition was an essential.

Our publicity staff came through with some fine copy, but putting it in final form meant much time and added effort for me. We should put in color on the cover the seal of the college. But we had no seal. How does one get one? I contacted a financial engraving company in New York, designers of coats-of-arms for bishops and others. They would do it. It would take some time. Also, it would cost \$800. We had neither the time nor the money.

I decided to do it myself. I sent Zelda Lyons to the Rundel Library to select and bring back several books on heraldry. After reading two or three of them, I gained a sense of crests, shields and seals. There was an accepted general shape and design to them, combined with features relevant to the institution, the family, or the diocese involved.

The major portion of the seal must be the arms of St. John Fisher — no question about that. Where could we get, at once, this heraldic device? I remembered the construction of More House and Fisher House on St. Michael's College campus in Toronto. Before coming to Rochester, Father Gerry Anglin and I inspected the progress every evening. We had seen them install over each main portal of Fisher and More the arms of the two patrons cast in stone. They were artfully colored to bring out the detail.

On a hasty trip to Toronto, I arranged with Father Hugh Mallon to have a news photographer friend provide us with an 8 x 10 print of a photograph of the Fisher arms. Next day I returned to Rochester with it. It had been checked in 1935 for authenticity when Fisher House was constructed.

To make certain that we were using the proper Fisher arms, I wrote to Father Joseph Wey, C.S.B., who was doing

graduate work at Cambridge University in England. Cambridge was the scene of much of Fisher's life. Joe Wey, a Texas boy, was a novice with me when we joined the order. I sent him \$100.00 with a request to have a professional photographer make photos of the arms of St. John Fisher and any manuscripts and inscriptions that he might regard as relevant.

Father Wey soon supplied me with many photos of the arms and portraits of John Fisher hanging in University common rooms. Included were reproductions of documents in our patron's handwriting. They were signed "Jo Roff's", an abbreviation of Joannes Roffensis (John of Rochester). John Fisher was Bishop of Rochester, England. One can readily understand why such a busy man would use a short-cut signature. I was pleased to see, in recent years, that the college students chose to entitle their yearbook, "Jo Roff's."

Father Wey, who did us this yeoman service, later served for several years as Superior General of the Basilian Fathers.

I secluded myself in the office one night and in some six hours sketched, labelled and described the seal of the college. Next morning I took the design to a commercial artist to refine and embellish the original draft which was done on yellow foolscap with directional arrows and notes all over the page. The artist returned a good job as did the engravers and the printers who distributed the colors on the final product. We used the plate at once for the shiny white front cover of our Special Gifts booklet. I am sure there are samples in the college files. The booklet proved to be fine introduction to likely donors and we received many compliments on it.

When one is under pressure to meet printing deadlines, he just doesn't have time for consultations. I consulted no one in the design and composition of the seal. Searching for a motto, or inscriptive words, I settled on the text of Psalm 118, chiefly because it was also the motto of the Basilian Fathers and I thought I knew it from memory. "Doce me bonitatem et disciplinam et scientiam" (Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge) was the way I had it engraved. Later, Father McCorkell was mildly furious. He insisted the words, "Doce

me" should be at the end, not at the start. I squirmed out of it undisturbed. It was a "fait accompli." The position of two itty bitty Latin words was too trivial compared to our campaign involvement.

How time marches on! In a recent (Pius XII) revision of the Roman Psalter, that particular Psalm CXVIII, the longest psalm in the Bible, has been completely restructured. In the Confraternity edition now widely used, the English equivalent reads, "Teach me wisdom and knowledge for in your commands I trust." Something has happened to the goodness and discipline of our original inscription. These were the things we expected the college to stand for. I know that "goodness" and "discipline" continue to be educational aims at St. John Fisher. Whether or not the psalter changes or the new translations of the Bible attempt to change the motto of the College is unimportant. What is important is that the spirit of the psalmist prevails. He wrote those beautiful words for God's praise and glory. For the same reason the college was founded. There is no doubt that the same spirit does prevail at St. John Fisher College.

XI *The Father Duffy Connection*

In the fall of 1946 we had brought about the leasing of School 40 by Aquinas Institute from the school board of the City of Rochester. The entire freshman class was housed in the school, renamed Aquinas Annex. Father Fergus Sheehy was its first principal. There were over five hundred boys and they developed a wonderful school spirit.

It had an excellent combination gym-auditorium which became the setting for an important event in the campaign for the beginning of St. John Fisher College. We set up the clergy luncheon there in the fall of 1947. I brought Father McCorkell over from Toronto to give the Basilian Fathers' side of the commitment and our pledge to the clergy of the diocese. Bishop Kearney, of course, would speak for the diocese. Father Randall would explain the organization of the parish part of the campaign.

I remember our giving the kids a holiday that day, as we took over the school for the gathering. Leo Lewis, who had catered for so many events around Aquinas, did the catering for this occasion. Father (Doc) George Kettell, pastor of downtown St. Mary's, took an active part in this clergy affair. When we formerly lived in the old Mercy Convent, which St. Mary's owned, "Doc" was our landlord. His presence and enthusiasm were necessary ingredients for success in all city and church projects.

It was a wonderful turnout of priests from all over the diocese, but especially those from the Rochester area. We were to repeat this on a smaller scale in other cities, namely, Geneva, Auburn, Corning and Elmira.

The purpose of the meeting was to have the clergy understand thoroughly Bishop Kearney's wish for their cooperation in this fund raising campaign. Father Randall proved to be a superb chairman on this occasion. Certainly there could be no doubt in the mind of any pastor or his assistants about the Bishop's wish to have all the parishes cooperate in the campaign for St. John Fisher College. Looking back now, this

clergy luncheon was a most important event in the putting together of our campaign.

Another equally important event in the fall of 1947 ought to receive some mention. This was a meeting at the Sagamore Hotel. We invited many persons who would be the card workers for the Special Gifts part of the campaign. This was the part of the campaign over which I assumed responsibility, just as Father Randall had assumed responsibility for the parish donation part.

We invited many Catholic and non-Catholic leaders to this dinner meeting. At the end of it I asked Bishop Kearney to speak. The Bishop declared in very definite language that he wanted a Catholic college for men in the Diocese of Rochester. Therefore, he would ask all these leaders to join in providing the Basilian Fathers with at least the beginning funds of the college for men.

It was at this meeting that I first realized there was opposition in Catholic circles to the St. John Fisher College effort. A layman, whom I highly respected and still respect, stood up after the Bishop's remarks and declared that he and several others had studied this affair; they felt that the number one need of the diocese in the City of Rochester was not a Catholic college for men, but rather, the need of another Catholic high school in the southeast part of the city. They felt that this was a much more urgent need than a college for men.

It was a direct challenge to what the Bishop had just said. Always courteous and kind, he nevertheless was taken aback. As chairman, I sensed this, and asked the Bishop if I might respond. I had done considerable research on how many Catholic boys were in the various schools, Catholic and public, in the principal cities in the diocese. I never did know just how I would use this material, but much of it surged to the forefront of my mind at this very moment.

I took the tack that as of this day, Aquinas Institute had never turned down a boy for any reason, be it transportation or finances, or whatever. If he wanted to come to Aquinas, Aquinas would try to accommodate him.

"As recently as last year," I explained to the group, "the Basilian Fathers at Aquinas went to considerable effort to secure School 40 over in the area west of the main building on Dewey Avenue. This Freshman school now accommodates some five hundred boys."

The point of all this was that there had never been any clamor for a high school for boys, other than Aquinas. The Catholic citizenry seemed satisfied that Aquinas was meeting the needs for the Catholic high school boys of the area, with a total registration of some seventeen hundred boys.

This was precisely the point which the Bishop had explained at earlier meetings; namely, we have a fine Catholic high school for boys, we have fine Catholic high schools for girls, we have a fine Catholic college for girls, Nazareth College, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, but we have no Catholic college for men.

"Aquinas Institute will be graduating some four hundred boys each year," I went on. "These boys must, of necessity, go out of town if they are going to receive a Catholic college education. St. John Fisher College would be an institution of higher learning for these and other boys in the City of Rochester." The storm blew over.

It was at this same meeting in the Sagamore Hotel of this Special Gifts Committee that I told a story which proved to serve many purposes. It took the heat off the Bishop and myself and it helped to dispel any misgivings or doubts as to whether the Basilians could conduct colleges. As I recall, it went something like this:

The Basilians here in Rochester go all over the city and diocese each weekend, helping the diocesan clergy and ministering to the needs of the Catholic people, in addition to their teaching schedule at Aquinas. This has been a tradition of the Basilians in the United States and in Canada.

To inform you further on this, I am going to tell the story of a young boy who many years ago lived in Cobourg, Ontario. Just as today, wherever the Basilian Fathers work, so then an old Basilian priest named Father Ryan took the train from Toronto each weekend to do Sunday work in Cobourg. One day after his Sunday Mass, he asked the young lad who had served him what he was going to do with his life. He was a bright young fellow with a good

scholastic record and he answered promptly, 'Father, I'd like to go to college but my parents can't afford it.' Father Ryan told him: 'Son, come down to see me at St. Michael's College this summer.'

The young lad subsequently came to do his college studies at St. Michael's. He made an admirable record and after two years was added to the staff as a part-time teacher and study hall master while he finished his course.

He never became a Basilian, though he was always one at heart. After graduation, he edited the *Catholic Register*, the newspaper of the Archdiocese of Toronto. Then he decided to train for the priesthood at Troy, New York, for the Archdiocese of the City of New York. His great teaching prowess gained for him a position later as a professor at Dunwoodie Seminary, just outside New York City. At a time when secular universities were starting to interest themselves in the teaching of Catholic philosophy, he added to his already heavy schedule the post of visiting lecturer at Columbia University. (Bishop Kearney said that he was the greatest teacher he ever had.)

World War I broke out and he joined the Chaplains Corps of the United States Army. He went overseas with the famous Rainbow Division. The poet Joyce Kilmer was a soldier in its ranks. The priest from Canada had a magnificent war record in Europe, and on his return, was made pastor of Holy Cross Church, on Forty-Second Street near Broadway, in New York City. His life so fired the imagination of the American people that this son of St. Michael's College has been immortalized in a popular movie entitled, "The Fighting Sixty-Ninth." Pat O'Brien, the noted Hollywood actor, played the role of Captain Francis Duffy, the beloved Father Duffy.

It's a long story from Cobourg, Ontario, through St. Michael's College and the Basilians to the City of New York, but it's a story which ought never to die and it likely never will.

For today there is one section of the City of New York, indeed the very heart of New York, called Times Square, and at its northerly end there is a life size statue cast in bronze of Father Duffy. I try to see that statue every time I go to New York and never see it without thinking of Father Duffy as I knew him. Perhaps these are selfish memories, perhaps they are too intensely Basilian, but in any case, they are delightful.

Later, on the stage of the Eastman Theatre in Rochester, when Cardinal Spellman of New York, as a complete surprise, presented us with a check for \$25,000 to initiate our campaign, I saw in this generous contribution a recompense to the

Basilian Fathers from the priests and people of New York, a token of appreciation for the work of Father Duffy, the poor boy from Canada, trained at St. Michael's College, beloved by American Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

The president of the Rochester Telephone Corporation, John Boylan, came to me after I had told this story at the Special Gifts Committee meeting and said, "That story must be the keynote of the St. John Fisher College campaign." He had assisted at every drive for funds in the City of Rochester, for a new hospital, a new Y.M.C.A., Veteran's Memorial, black colleges and others.

The Father Duffy story turned out to be a great opening for any campaign address. I gave it at least twice more in the hustings and in stumping throughout the diocese. To this day I feel that this story, rather this priceless gem in the crown of U.S.-Canadian history, contributed in great measure to the success of the campaign.

In 1927, Father Duffy appeared at a reunion of St. Michael's College as the toastmaster for the occasion. I remember well the two or three days he spent as a returning alumnus at St. Michael's. He insisted on visiting the various flats of the college and mingling with the students of the school. One day a number of us gathered about him on the steps of old St. Basil's Church. We were spellbound not only by his stories of World War I and his career in New York, but especially by his story of the old days at St. Michael's. I remember how he told us of the great Basilian teachers of years ago. I remember his tributes to those great teachers of the past. It means more to me now that I know his own story of the poor Catholic boy which I did not know then. What he said that I remember is this, "The Basilians always knew how to *give*, they never learned how to *get*."

Somehow, Father Duffy's story and his tribute to the Basilians stuck through twenty years. I know very definitely that it helped the Basilians to get their million dollars in Rochester.

XII *The Special Gifts Phase*

To return to the Special Gifts dinner at the Sagamore in the fall of 1947: Rochester had worked out a formula for city-wide capital fund drives. Accepted procedure had the Special Gifts Committee operating several weeks before the general public phase of the campaign.

The Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., Community Chest, and other campaigns used the pledge card system. Campaign volunteer workers were generally assigned cards for a personal canvass of prospective givers.

The amounts expected from the major givers were usually suggested by the Chairman of the Special Gifts. We had the stalwart Otto Shults do this. When Emmet Finucane recommended Otto for the role, he declared that no one in Monroe County knew the financial potentials of firms and individuals as did Otto. Emmet was right.

Since I was responsible for total gifts of one-half million dollars from business and industry, Otto and I decided I should personally work the cards of the large givers. The experience gleaned in the Stadium Campaign three years earlier was in our favor.

There was no secret list to consult. All one had to do was to read the donation lists published in the press to the Community Chest and to other campaigns. Eastman Kodak Company always topped all other firms. Scaled to the Kodak gift would come (not in this order) the banks, the breweries, the garment industry, Bausch and Lomb, Gleason, and others. Tax structures were different in the late 1940's. The number of private or family foundations was almost zero compared with the 1960's and '70s. There was scarcely any "foundation" money around.

I sensed the need of a precise presentation to Thomas J. Hargrave (known to his friends as "Jean"), the President of Eastman Kodak Company. I personally would present to him the Kodak pledge card. To bolster my confidence and knowledge of the considerations that move a business or industry

to contribute to a new college campaign, I went to Syracuse to talk with the laymen who had been active for the Jesuits in the campaign for LeMoyne College.

I remember the conversation in the office of the president of the Easy Washer Company, a rather important industry in Syracuse and a generous donor to LeMoyne. The president had been the chairman of the Special Gifts Section of the campaign for LeMoyne. Our dialogue: "What was the one thing that you used to line up and construct your appeal to the businesses and industry of the Syracuse area?" He answered, "We sold Jesuit education, Jesuit education, nothing but Jesuit education."

A certain modesty prevented me from simply substituting Basilian education. I settled upon the following as the chief grounds for the appeal to Kodak: St. John Fisher College would produce intellectual, literate chemists, physicists, scientists, men of business and the professions for the entire Rochester area. Eastman Kodak Company would be a beneficiary of this. The sons of Kodak employees would have another first-class college to attend in their own city. "For the community, for the people of Rochester" would be our motif. I had a preliminary talk with Jean Hargrave and he told me that he would need a formal brief outlining the reasons why Kodak should contribute to the campaign and also the amount that would be expected. Somewhere in the archives of the campaign should be a copy of the brief which I presented to Jean Hargrave, who, in turn, presented it to his board.

The brief must have had some worth because after the campaign when I visited Cardinal Spellman in New York to thank him for his wonderful gift, he asked me if I could send him a copy of the brief we presented to the Kodak Company. I sent him one. I never did hear to what use, if any, he put this document.

The visit to Eastman Kodak is still bright in my memory. I took the elevator to one of the higher floors of the Kodak Tower and went to Mr. Hargrave's office. A kind, very professional receptionist was seated just within his office door.

Some twenty or thirty feet of rather plush carpet intervened between her desk at the door and the desk of Mr. Hargrave. It was with some trepidation that I walked that interval. We got right to the business at hand. I pulled the pledge card from my inside pocket, presented it to him to sign and fill in the amount of the Kodak gift to the campaign. He said he had been authorized by the board to contribute to the campaign.

He explained that on the basis of the number of counties involved in our campaign appeal, and studies by the Kodak officials as to a formula for giving, they had settled on a figure of \$50,000. I was immensely pleased to hear this. Then I thought that if it were just a little more that I would feel more comfortable in approaching other firms, because their gifts would be prorated to the Kodak gift.

In a moment of great boldness, and with a bit of a smile, I said, "Jean, it's going to be awfully hard for us to swing the campaign if Kodak will give us only \$50,000. Could you possibly make it \$60,000?" Jean said, "All right, we will." This two-line dialogue, his one statement and my own statement, was worth \$10,000. I gave my pen to Mr. Hargrave to sign the pledge card.

He pulled out a stamp from the drawer alongside, stamped the pledge card, and signed his name to it. In two days the check arrived at our St. John Fisher office for \$60,000.

The Special Gifts groups in these campaigns are encouraged and motivated by the success of individual workers. It happened that we had a meeting of the Special Gifts Committee in the Hotel Seneca the day after the Kodak check arrived.

With great pleasure, I announced the signed pledge card and showed the check from Eastman Kodak Company for \$60,000, no strings attached, except one. Under no conditions was the amount of the gifts to be published in the newspapers. I did extract from Jean Hargrave permission to show it and describe it at the Special Gifts Committee meeting. He agreed that this would be all right, and wished us great success.

The impetus which this one large gift gave to the campaign was considerable. All our workers could canvass their cards and tell the prospective donors that we had the Kodak

check for \$60,000 already in the bank. It worked like magic. In a few days, I had canvassed pledge cards personally which amounted to \$300,000.

The breweries with Louis Wehle in charge of their canvass were most generous, as were the banks with Emmet Finucane representing the clearing house. Fred Tobin of the Tobin Packing Company was another generous giver. We did not publish the amounts of the pledges to the campaign.

When doing a "first," there are few guidelines to follow. You settle on a major financial goal for your campaign. Ours would be \$1,047,236. The million was to be a minimum amount for a site and first building.

Why the added \$47,236? To show that a fine accounting had gone into the plans for the plant and to offset the estimated expenses of the campaign we would have to pay for the meals of some 2000 workers on about three occasions. This was the accepted formula in Rochester at the time. I figured about \$30,000 would be needed for this item. The actual cost of all meals was around \$27,000.

I vetoed the purchase of bumper stickers, posters, show cards, lapel buttons, and other similar promotions. The Gannett newspapers and the *Catholic Courier* carried, as news, everything we sent them. The spirit and effort of the campaigners were ours to initiate and develop at the few gatherings of workers and leaders.

There were few meetings. We had planned a "Blitz" campaign. The public segment of it would run for 10 days only, February 12 through February 21, 1948. Pledges would extend for one year only, although other campaigns had a three-year payment plan. The mechanics of collection and auditing would thereby be reduced for us.

Several things happened prior to, or concurrent with, our fund raising, which we did not foresee. Bishop Kearney declared in his eulogy at the funeral of Father Leonard Dolan, spiritual director of the Basilian Novitiate and the first Basilian to die in Rochester, "One of the last things he did was to pray for the success of the project so close to his community: the foundation of St. John Fisher College."

Later in a Special Campaign Issue distributed in all the parishes in early February, the Bishop wrote:

My dear people, 1948 marks my fortieth year in the service of God. We commit to your generosity the most important project we have undertaken as Bishop of this See, the beginning of St. John Fisher College for Men. So during this month of our Lady of Lourdes (Feast, February 11), we commit this work to her kind assistance, placing the hope of success in her hands as we ask her motherly intercession."

These Marian lines penned by Bishop Kearney for his people blended well with the new seal of the college. I had selected an heraldic device, MR (Maria Regina), to appear in the tripanel surmounting the shield to represent the faith of the Basilian Fathers of Rochester in Mary. I repeated the MR in another panel to denote Bishop Kearney's Marian device in his own arms.

When the panel was designed some months previously, I had no idea that these happy coincidences would transpire. That they did so is evidence of the fervent faith of all the leaders, workers, givers. I had coined the slogan, "Every Giver a Founder." So much ardent prayer, noble purpose, and generous sacrifice surrounded the campaign that a switch on the slogan could well read "Every Founder a Pray-er."

XIII *Collecting the Pledges*

"Why build St. John Fisher College?" This was the question which would confront our workers. We briefed them to have the answers ready in this framework:

NEED: Existing college facilities in the area were sufficient to care for only one boy out of every 210 finishing high school in the area.

LOCATION: We had already purchased a site within easy range of car and bus, with four suburban and state bus lines passing the intersection of East Avenue and Fairport Road.

NAME: Saint John Fisher, martyred Bishop of Rochester, England, and Chancellor of Cambridge University, who gave his life because of his defiance of the power of the state and in defense of the marriage bond. Patterned after the Cambridge of Fisher, St. John Fisher College would become a center of scholarship and culture.

ENROLLMENT: For the first few years enrollment would be limited to 600 students. Normal scholastic requirements would be the sole criterion for admission. Any qualified student regardless of race, creed, or color would be admitted.

The above outline covered most of the message we hoped to translate into funds. More detailed information was available from a Campaign Speakers Bureau. Under the chairmanship of Martin Q. Moll, a dozen young men were available for service anywhere in the diocese. Members included Gerald R. Barrett, Howard M. Woods, Austin Whalen, Richard C. Spitzer, John T. Nothnagle, Thomas J. Meagher, Theodore J. Houck, Ray J. Hasenauer, Joseph H. Gervais, John H. Coleman, Eugene R. Cusker.

Marty Moll and Jack Coleman were invaluable to our cause. They had been my student leaders in the Aquinas Mission Crusade. The St. John Fisher cause became for them a new crusade.

Possibly the best wrap up of the campaign would be to

resumé the front page centre, 3 columns wide cut and story in the *Democrat and Chronicle* of Tuesday, February 24, 1948:

**CATHOLIC COLLEGE DRIVE
TOPS GOAL WITH 118 P.C.**

Beneath the above headline was a photo of an outsized check being tendered Bishop Kearney by Joseph J. Myler, chairman of the drive. Inscribed on it in large numbers was:

\$1,235,057.52

Continuing in large type, a two-column lead read,

"48,575 PLEDGES ANNOUNCED IN ST. JOHN FISHER CAMPAIGN CLOSING DINNER ATTENDED BY RECORD 2,600"

"Final totals were revealed by Rt. Rev. Msgr. William M. Hart, Vicar-General. Showers of confetti, tooting of horns, blowing of whistles greeted the totals. Bishop James E. Kearney thanked the workers for making the largest Rochester Diocese capital fund a success. 'I received the success of the drive as a personal approbation of my 10 years of stewardship in the diocese.' "

The Special Gifts Committee headed by Otto Shults reported \$500,625 for 94 per cent of its quota. The total subscription from the 23 parish zones was \$734,432 or 143 per cent of a \$512,236 goal. Thirteen parishes attained more than 200 per cent of their quotas. Holy Cross parish in Rochester attained 400 per cent of its quota. We were surprised at the success of the drive in the counties other than Monroe. Examples were the parishes of Ovid, Red Creek, Honeoye Falls and other places remote from Rochester city.

Father McCorkell, our Superior General, came over from Toronto and thanked the workers at the closing dinner.

Chairman Joe Myler called on the "Rev. Hugh J. Haffey, Executive Director of the new College," as the last speaker. I have no written record of exactly what I said but I recall my last sentence, "I want to thank especially my Superior General, Father McCorkell, for entrusting to me this phase of the beginning of St. John Fisher College."

The follow-up of the campaign moved along smoothly.

Monsignor Randall worked out with Miss Zelda Lyons the pledge redemption schedule. As expected, some 90% of the special gifts pledges were paid and the amounts banked in a month or so. Within the year, i.e., through February 1949, some 92-95% of all pledges were redeemed.

I was interested in the analysis of the results. Who worked the campaign? Who gave? There proved to be a striking correlation between the workers and givers in the city with the subscribers to our Christian Culture Series. Almost every person I found in the list of workers, in the parish part especially, had been involved in our Culture Series.

The payment of pledges had a certain rhythm to it. Almost any news story about Aquinas or the Basilians, or St. John Fisher College, stepped up the incoming receipts. The Aquinas Memorial Stadium simply had to be built. We had promised the people we would do so. If we did not move towards the stadium construction, we could expect a slowdown in the payment of pledges toward St. John Fisher College. It was the building of the stadium that enabled us to keep in the public eye during the summer and winter of 1948 following the college campaign.

I had refused to say where we would build Aquinas Stadium because, frankly, we did not know. There was a rumor that we would put it on a plot just east of the State Hospital on Elmwood Avenue and the rumor was strong enough to rouse residents of that area to call neighborhood protest meetings. They didn't want a stadium in that area and, actually, we didn't either.

Mr. Tom Broderick came to our rescue. As Chairman of the Republican County Committee, he had considerable influence with many of the municipal boards and councils of the area. I asked him if we could buy the vacant land at Mt. Read Boulevard and Ridgeway Avenue contiguous to School 40 which we had leased as Aquinas Annex. The land was owned by the city. This was effected. At that corner, we would build the stadium.

The vacant land just south of the stadium site on the east side of Mt. Read Boulevard was owned by the Bell & Howell

people in Chicago. We needed assurance from them that they would not put a building close to our property line. I went to Chicago, arriving around 9 A.M., not quite sure as to how I would proceed.

I recalled from previous experience that officers in banks are always friendly people, and very knowledgeable; thus, I went into the first large bank I saw and told a vice president the object of my mission. He took over and arranged a taxi trip to Bell & Howell on the city's outskirts. In three hours I had the verbal assurance from the Bell & Howell Co. President that they would in no way hinder the stadium construction.

The reason I cite this experience is to show that in Chicago, as in Rochester, in the late 1940's, there was a growing sensitivity to the needs, aims, and purposes of schools and colleges on the part of business and industry. I suspect that the schools and colleges were to blame for the earlier absence of genuine understanding. Educators were only beginning to climb down from their ivory towers. Town and Gown would become progressively, in the 1950's and in the 1960's, one of the nation's great areas of involvement.

By way of balance, I narrate a happening which, for me, shows that not only business and industry but the leaders and men in the labor unions were the staunch friends and supporters of the educational enterprise. When we were about to begin the actual construction of Aquinas Memorial Stadium, the carpenters' union was planning a citywide strike. Any delay in the schedule would ruin the planned opening. I asked the union leaders if I could address them at their next meeting. I told them that I was the nephew of Bob Haffey, one of the founders of the labor union movement in Rochester, that (possibly) they might make an exception and not strike against the stadium. They agreed. The stadium was finished in time.

There was little to announce with regard to the college project in the remaining months of 1948, but we needed to keep our names in the daily press. To that end I set up a city-wide Sports Dinner sponsored by the Aquinas Men's Club on December 8 in the Chamber of Commerce, at which time we

would announce the winning bidder for the building of the stadium. It proved to be a great promotion. The football season was almost over. Some six or eight national celebrities agreed to appear and speak. Included were Jimmy Power, the noted sports columnist of New York *Daily News*; Lou Little, coach of Columbia College's football team; and Jerry Flynn, a former Aquinas lad who did public relations work with the Navy football team, and who proved to be the best speaker of the lot. For several weeks I could feed Elliott Cushing of the *Democrat and Chronicle* sports staff and Matt Jackson, *Times-Union* sports editor, news of the football figures agreeing to come.

It was the kind of a gathering made to order for newsmen. At the preprandials and at the dinner, the sportswriters collected enough anecdotes and color stories to last for weeks. Every mention of the event fanned the financial embers of the St. John Fisher College Campaign.

For some of the citizenry, the building of the stadium was a turning point in civic history. The *Rochester Sun*, a paper published by Curt Gerling, Orville Allen, and Bill Pfaff, all good friends of mine, editorialized, "The stadium may well be the memorial for the 98 lads who died in conflict, but it is no less a memorial to a handful of clergymen and businessmen who got things done."

XIV *The End of the Beginnings*

Near the end of February, 1949, the architects Maginnis and Walsh sent on to us their detailed drawings of the college plant. Now we could better revise our attempts to match up initial costs with available funds. I recall one rather substantial change in the blueprints. We would have to reduce the cubic footage of the main building by a third. This meant a slice five stories high, from the center of the building!

When the earth dried out in the spring, about April, 1949, we started the site preparation. From the East Avenue intersection, we bulldozed a road curving north by east up to the top of the hill. It provided a news story about the college and again the campaign income rose.

To the James Stewart Co. of New York City, the stadium contract had been let. The firm sent to Rochester one of their best superintendents. He was a Mr. Joseph Cunningham, World War I hero, builder of the Pulaski Skyway in New Jersey, astute engineer and all-round great personality. We became close friends. His firm intended to bid on the college project. By June, the Stewart Co.'s job was in full stride, pressing for a full opening of the stadium.

We were ready to turn the first sod at the St. John Fisher College site in mid-June. Joe Cunningham had a crew build a platform on the hillside of the college land for which, incidentally, he never sent the college a bill. "Breaking ground" for new buildings is a time honored ceremony, but it's difficult to make an exciting event of it. Its chief purpose is to declare, "At last we're on our way!"

We had good news coverage, and a large crowd assembled. One newspaper carried a previous notice that "The Rev. Hugh J. Haffey, C.S.B., executive director of the college, said today that diocesan officials, civic and educational leaders will attend the ground breaking. 'We cordially welcome everyone to join us for these ceremonies, particularly those who shared in the drive to finance the college.' "

Two weeks previously on June 5th, at the University of

Ottawa convocation exercises, I received the earned degree of Doctorate in Philosophy (Ph.D.). My doctoral thesis was "The Philosophy of the Liberal Arts." It had taken some 10 years of intermittent courses, reports, studies at Laval University, New York University, Columbia and Ottawa. They were all worth the effort.

One of the last things our secretary, Miss Zelda Lyons, did for me was to supervise the typing of my 300-page thesis.

The ground breaking proved to be my last public official act as the executive officer at St. John Fisher College. My Superior General was transferring me to Detroit for the next school year. Thence, to the University of St. Thomas in Houston. At Detroit, I tried to help our Catholic Central High School with a citywide campaign to build a faculty residence. It was only partially successful. I learned quickly that Detroit was not Rochester.

Basilians take a vow of obedience to go and do the things deemed best by the Superior General. To the individual subject the good Lord gives the grace to be docile to the superior's decision. It was a pleasant experience for me to understand that my superiors were likewise being inspired and directed by grace. The past triumphal years of St. John Fisher's growth and development are witness to this divine aid.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
rough-hew them how we will."

(Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2 l. 10)

As the first President of the college, the Basilian Community could not have chosen a finer, more competent person than Father John Murphy. Nor could it have improved on the assignment of Father John O'Meara as Dean of the new college. To recruit staff and students and to structure curricula would be their immediate concerns. No pair of administrators could match these two for efficiency, for *sagesse*. In the earlier years at Aquinas Institute, these men were my esteemed colleagues. It seemed such an obvious arrangement that they should continue to serve the Rochester people with their educator expertise, as directors of the new college.

The teaching faculty at Aquinas in 1939 was additionally fortified. We counted in our ranks one Father John Kelly, C.S.B., who in recent years has been the President of St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto. Father John was an assistant in my Aquinas Mission Crusade. I was pleased to learn in recent years of his election to the Board of Trustees of St. John Fisher College.

In 1940, a young Basilian scholastic was assigned to teach at Aquinas who in future years was destined to be the second President of St. John Fisher College. This was Charles J. Lavery, C.S.B. As a lay student at St. Michael's College, Charles was one of my very best students. When he later joined the Basilians, his graduate studies were interrupted to teach at Aquinas for one year. Like John Kelly, he became my great aide in the work of the Mission Crusade. Under his aegis, there developed a group study project which involved the girls from Nazareth Academy, Mercy High, Sacred Heart Academy and the Aquinas boys. So much of the interschool, intergroup activity that would appear to be the discovery of the 60's and 70's was operative in the 1940's in Rochester. Father Lavery was years ahead of his time.

By way of recapitulation, in that one year at Aquinas Institute, there were on the staff three future college presidents, Fathers Murphy, Kelly, Lavery; one college dean, Father O'Meara; and one college executive director, myself.

In another year, the second Dean of St. John Fisher College, Father Joseph Dorsey, was my colleague at Aquinas.

For some years, I have felt that much of the success experienced by the college has been due to the confidence that Rochesterians have had in Basilian education. The Superior General in staffing both Aquinas and St. John Fisher sent good men to teach.

Gilbert Highet in his *The Art of Teaching*, a college classic, tries to analyze the "force of tradition" in schools and colleges. Large public colleges are not as likely to have preserved it as have private colleges. Colleges which have been church related in their early history are more likely to have this force

in significant measure.

No one seems to know the future of higher education. To recommend blind adherence to tradition for tradition's sake could well be a stupid position. So also could be the attitude that the colleges must be completely overhauled if they are to survive.

As one who had a hand in getting a college started, I would single out the notion of "compassion" as the necessary distinguishing and continuing feature of the great college: compassion on the part of administrators and teachers towards the students; compassion on the part of the students for each other.

The beginnings of St. John Fisher College were rooted in the compassion of a great leader, Bishop James E. Kearney. For him and for us, the source and the model of compassion is Jesus Christ. In His Holy Name, St. John Fisher College was founded.

HOMILY GIVEN AT FUNERAL MASS OF REV. HUGH
HAFFEY, C.S.B. ST. THOMAS MORE CHURCH,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1975

by Rev. Charles J. Lavery, C.S.B.
President, St. John Fisher College

Behold a great Priest who in his days pleased God.

Those of you who remember the Latin liturgy will recognize my text as the opening words in the Mass for a Confessor Pontiff. As I sought for words that might summarize the colorful life and character of Father Haffey, these words kept coming back to me. Father Haffey was great in physique, in energy, in laughter, in enthusiasm and in ideas. You never doubted that he was present in a group. You could hear his laugh everywhere. But he was always a Priest and he loved his priesthood.

It was my privilege to be in Father Haffey's first Chemistry class in 1932 at St. Michael's College School in Toronto, and then in his first Philosophy class in Cosmology in 1934 when he was drafted to substitute for a faculty member who was taken ill.

Many years later when I had become a Basilian I could dare to say to "Haff" that, in retrospect, his zeal for enthusiastic presentations exceeded his grasp of the subject! My remarks were not disputed, but greeted with his well known burst of laughter.

In recent years he has visited St. John Fisher College annually. It was always a joy to hear him relate the early days of the founding of the College. It was also a great joy to hear of his joy and pride in the growth of the college "on the hill."

Mr. Daniel Kennedy, who will be a presenter of the gifts at the Offertory, and I urged Father Haffey to recall his memories of the beginnings of the College. Thank God, he completed these in 1972 and they have since been edited by Gerry Kennedy. It is our hope to publish these in tribute to him for the 25th anniversary of the beginning of the College. I shall quote from these memoirs in my remarks today.

Many of you here will recall one of our saintly Basilians, Father Tom Moylan, whom I was privileged to attend until his death in April 1942. He had suffered from sleeping sickness since World War I. He suffered heroically and patiently and to us in the seminary he was an unbelievable inspiration. In spite of his sufferings he never lost his sense of humor. At his funeral, Father Carr, Superior General, and predecessor of Father McCorkell, who is here today, used words that I have never forgotten. He said, "To understand the death of a priest you must understand the life of a priest." I would like to repeat those words today as we gather to pay tribute to Father Haffey.

A priest's work is the work of Christ and his life the life of Christ. More than any others in the world he must make up in his own sufferings, as St. Paul says, what is wanting in the sufferings of Christ. As we well know, Christ is not wanting in anything except us — our love and our work for Him.

A priest's whole life is dedicated to the spread of God's kingdom on earth, to the growth among men—in their souls of the very life of God. Christ died for men; He rose from the dead; He chose from among men Special Ones; consecrated them to go out into the world to continue His work, to take His place and to bring His love to as many as possible. Such is the life of a priest. This is the theme of this Mass and the season of Christmas—light, love, radiance. But, let us not forget that it is not easy to be a priest for he is always a human being, a man. It is thus a great challenge to remain completely at the service of Christ and of others.

It is for a priest that we are gathered here today. Were he the greatest man in the world, his priesthood would be the most precious possession in him. Were he the most obscure, which Hugh Haffey could never be, he would still be a priest of God.

A priest needs no praise or embarrassing gifts. What he needs is that those committed to his care should by loving their fellow men more and more, prove that he has not given his life in vain. To me, Father Haffey has not; because you and I are here to give testimony that his life has touched

each of us in a variety of ways. And there are hundreds of others in various parts of this country, whom God alone knows, have been influenced by his teaching and preaching throughout the year.

Father Haffey, as most of you know, was born in Welland, Ontario, a graduate of St. Michael's College in Toronto and was ordained there in 1931. He did graduate work at Laval University in Quebec, Columbia University, and received his doctorate at the University of Ottawa.

God's providence governs all things and very often it is only late in life that we realize the beautiful weaving that God does with our lives. In Father Haffey's life, as I review it, this city was virtually the center of his priestly and dedicated life.

As I mentioned earlier, Father Haffey completed his reflections of the beginnings of St. John Fisher College two years ago. His amazing memory of names and dates include many of you who are here today at this Mass. His entire life and the circumstances of the many events in Rochester reveal a providential design which led to the founding of St. John Fisher College in 1948 and to the realization of a dream of his, which clearly comes from his days at St. Michael's in Toronto, and to his association with the subsequently Archbishop Alexandre Vachon of Ottawa, who came to the newly purchased site for the college and blessed the grounds during a visit to Father Haffey.

As his memoirs indicate, he and his mother visited this city in his youthful days. As he himself said, "Ties with Rochester were easy to make." His cousins graduated from Aquinas, including Father Joe Haffey who is here today, and his aunt and uncle lived in Corpus Christi parish.

When Father Haffey came with the Basilians to Aquinas in 1937 he came not as a stranger. From 1937 to 1949 he gave his entire energy to teaching chemistry, running the Mission Crusade, establishing the Christian Culture Series and in 1945, leading the project for the Aquinas Stadium.

In all these years he also served as a Chaplain at the Holy Angels Home on Winton Road. No matter how engaged he

may have been in projects, each morning he took the bus from Aquinas to Holy Angels — no mean task on a wintry morning! St. Peter and Paul's each weekend; we who lived with him heard the sermon the week before and the week after!

Again in his memoirs one can see the hand of God weaving from St. Michael's and the great philosophers, Gilson and Maritain to the Christian Culture Series here in this city where those eminent men spoke to this community. Hugh respected greatness and excellence. He loved to be with great men and minds, and to quote them. He was ever restless to speak and to write of excellence.

Many of you here today were responsible for the success of that Culture Series. In my judgment it was this movement that led Father Haffey and the Basilian Community to consider the establishment in 1947 and 1948 of St. John Fisher College. Again, many of you led by Bishop Kearney and Monsignor Randall, assisted in the realization of a dream of Father Haffey — to have a college in this community bearing the name of St. John Fisher whose life he loved to relate so often.

Father Haffey went to Texas to the University of St. Thomas where he was active until recent weeks. It is so appropriate that today we should be burying him at his request in this city and from this parish of St. Thomas More. More and Fisher were canonized together and this parish was born in St. John Fisher College. The parish existed in our one building until 1958.

In 1971 Father Haffey took a sabbatical year from the University of St. Thomas and went to England to retrace the steps of St. John Fisher and to visit the colleges in which he had played such a role at Cambridge.

Father Haffey wrote of his visits to St. John's and Queen's Colleges. In the latter he was privileged to see the restricted and exclusive gallery in which hangs a portrait of St. John Fisher. Father Haffey's touch with history led him to ask the President of Queen's College, Cambridge what he would say to a young St. John Fisher College in Rochester, New York. I quote now from Father Haffey's report of the response:

He paused, then carefully choosing his words and giving me time to exercise my amateur stenography, he said, "The secret of excellence lies in the provision of an environment in which people can truly learn, and above all, in which minds of excellence are laid open to the young. By environment I mean not only books and buildings, but more important than all these—professors, scholars who can choose the right people to teach.

As he spoke, I felt that he was, at this moment, 'laying open his own mind of excellence' to this not-so-young auditor from the United States.

One of the striking facts of life, to me, is the brief obituary that is often given about a person who has been most prominent in life and done many things. If we live long enough and reach the scriptural 70 years, we would be surprised at death if we could read our life story compressed into a few lines. This, to me, is the most important fact of life.

What counts ultimately is not what we have done—the books we may have written, the buildings we have built, nor the speeches, lectures and other things we may have done down the road to eternity. What counts when God calls us to eternity is not so much what we have done in life, but what has happened to us — to our soul — in the course of life. What has happened to us through the circumstances that God weaved into our lives? Did the circumstances make us greater persons in the image of Christ?

In his memoirs Father Haffey mentions the fact that his last official act at St. John Fisher College was the digging of the sod for the College. Then he was transferred to Detroit and then to Houston. Humanly, this must have been difficult. But, in recent years as he visited the college of his dream, he must have felt otherwise. Again I quote from his memoirs of St. John Fisher College.

Basilians take a vow of obedience to go and do the things deemed best by the Superior General. To the individual subject the good Lord gives the grace to be docile to the superior's decision. It was a pleasant experience for me to understand that my superiors were likewise being inspired and directed by grace. The past triumphal years of St. John Fisher's growth and development are witness to this divine aid.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

These beautiful words typified to me the great priest I have been endeavoring to describe — a friend of yours and a close friend of mine. Above all, he was a great priest, and the concluding remarks of his memoirs I would like to quote.

I would single out the notion of compassion as the necessary distinguishing and continuing feature of the great college: compassion on the part of administration and teachers towards the students, and compassion on the part of students for each other. The beginning of St. John Fisher College became rooted in the compassion of Bishop Kearney. For him and for us the source and model of compassion is Jesus Christ.

These are the words of Father Hugh Haffey written in 1972. They are the words of a great teacher and, above all, a great priest.

May we today, in gratitude for his life and work in our midst, ask God, through the intercession of St. John Fisher and Thomas More, to grant to him the eternal joys of his priesthood.



