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" My Years at Holy Cross College, 1956-1960: The Holy Cross Seminary"

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In the spring of 1959, those of us who would be leaving Moreau Seminary to study theology received a form. On the form we were to indicate our top three choices for where we wished to study theology. In that decade we had houses of theology in Washington, D.C., Rome, Santiago, Chile and LeMans France. I indicated Washington as my first choice, Rome as my second; I do not remember my third choice. Father Paul Rankin, superior of Moreau, called me in and said, "Barry, Holy Cross sends its brightest men to Rome. Why have you put down Washington as your first choice? I want you to go to Rome."

I replied, "Father, I was asked my preferences. I am intense in my dislike of being around intense people, and I hear Rome is filled with intense men. I hear Washington is a happy house. That is where I want to go."

Ralph Dunn made our train arrangements from Chicago to Washington, D.C. We were to go on whatever line by the new vista-dome railroad coaches. I had ridden such cars on the Northern Pacific and eagerly looked forward to the trip. We arrived at the Chicago station and found railroad cars from the 1920s as our coaches. When the stewardess came through the coach, we asked her where the vista-domes might be found in the train. She said, "Would you believe it? The railroad announced the very first vista-dome train ride with great ballyhoo and a lot of advertising. Off went the train filled with railroad executives. And do you know what? The coach designers of the vista-dome cars forgot about the low height of railroad tunnels. Every one of the vista-domes was squashed"

We took a taxi from the Union Station in Washington to Hoy Cross College where we would study theology for four years. The taxi would up a twisting driveway and stopped in front of a French chateau-styled building. I said to the driver, "This can't be our house. It's too nice. It must be that red brick building next door." The driver pointed to a sign that stated, "Holy Cross College" in front of the three-story building with a full basement.

We rang the doorbell at the double gray doors at the front of Holy Cross College. George Laprade of one of the Canadian provinces greeted us. In a few minutes he said, "Two points. First of all you had better go to the chapel, and secondly, make sure you turn in your money to the superior right after supper. Other s in the past have been remiss in one or another of these two matters and we about it all year during conferences."

He took us down a short hallway and somewhat dramatically opened the red doors to the chapel, a room flooded with light from the great colonial-style windows with their pink and blue frosted glass, rimmed with white frosted glass. The floor was of black and white marble tiles. The chapel was dominated by a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which was made of wood and painted. "Rays" of gold, i.e., laminated wood, were about the statue, which was above and behind the black onyx altar. Over the altar was a tester of wood painted gold, with shields of various symbols in white set against either a red or blue background. During my years there the tester was almost always called "the merry go-round." The pews were painted white. Racks to hold books were affixed to each pew back. There were three side chapels. The Lady Chapel was painted a light blue, and had a metal baroque grillwork at its front, and a statue of Our Lady in marble about one foot high.. The other two chapels were much less lovely and somewhat shallow in depth. These two each had a large painting over the altar. At either side of the main altar was a great silver stand for a very thick candle. The cedilla was made of wood, painted white. There

was a thick Persian rug over the black steps leading to the altar. There was a small choir area at the back of the chapel, with a small organ. Curiously enough, the stone stairs to this balcony choir were considerably worn down, its grooves readily visible. The entrance to the stairs had its special door, also white, which was on a swivel. I have never forgotten the joy I felt in entering this chapel so filled with light from the sun. Even on dark, cloudy days it was filled with light.

After making our visit to the Blessed Sacrament we trooped down to the basement to consult the room list. My first year in Washington, there were more than 100 seminarians, more seminarians than private rooms, and so, contrary to Holy Cross tradition, we had to double up during our freshman year. My room was on the second floor, next to the southern stairway; the room had two windows which overlooked the Catholic University of American campus and the immense Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, not yet a basilica. The room was simply furnished and almost identical with the furnishings in my room in the old Moreau Seminary: wooden desks, wooden chairs, one for each desk, two beds, one chest of drawers, two slender metal lockers for clothes, and a sink. Everything was war surplus furniture, as it had been at Moreau Seminary.

After dinner we dutifully went to the superior's office to report that we were there and turn in our money. The superior was Father Bernard McAvoy, C.S.C., perhaps 5'7" tall, very white haired, slender, who wore rimless glasses. He did not stand in welcome but remained sitting, nor did he introduce himself. He was wearing black slacks and a pink sports shirt and smoking a cigarette.

He simply looked at the man nearest the windows and said, "What's your name" in his famous nasal voice. "What's your name" would be a line often heard during my four years in Washington. I remember standing in line outside his office my third year and watching Dick Papen go in to seek a permission. Dick was dean of his deacon class. He no sooner got in than I heard the nasal, "What's your name?" Only years later would I learn that Bernie McAvoy, who was intensely shy, was very poor at remembering names. This was his roundabout way of admitting his lapse in this courtesy; it was never meant as a put down. When he came to me and I gave my name, Bernie continued looking over the tops of his rimless glasses, arms still folded in front of his chest, and he said, "I've heard about you!" in a particularly ominous voice. And when we offered to give him our money, he indicated later would be better.

Bernie McAvoy was a beloved superior. After serving as superior of Moreau Seminary at Notre Dame for six years, he was transferred to be superior/president of Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., a position also held for six years. Mention has already been made of his almost paralyzing shyness. Here is yet another example. Seminarians received calls, always unexpectedly, for monitions twice a year. What one dreaded was not Bernie's monition(s). It was the awful, sometimes almost unbroken period of silence(s) from Bernie after the seminarian had sat down in Bernie's office. During one of my first three summons nothing was said by either of us for at least a half hour. I never knew if Bernie had any idea of how much fear he could cause in us, but that he did do. At my fourth summons, after a long silence, I was asked if I had anything to say. I replied, Yes, Father, I do. Do you have any idea of how house moral was affected by your canceling the announced house trip?"

Bernie glowered and said in what seemed to be a snarl, "The deacons were planning a little, unannounced trip all of their own during the house trip. This is a community we belong to, so they had to be taught a lesson." "But, Father, why did the whole house have to suffer?"

Bernie looked up from his cigarette (he always chain smoked during monitions). "Are you interested in arranging house trips?" he asked. After a short pause I said, "Oh, yes!" "Well,

room, which was in the basement. Barely had they sat down when the hallway ceiling on the first floor collapsed on to the floor. The collapse was discovered by Dennis Freemahl who quietly informed Bernie McAvoy about the disaster during the banquet. "Get it cleaned up quickly and quietly!" When the guests came up and went through the hallway none seemed to notice that the ceiling was gone

Perhaps two and a half hours were spent cumulatively in chapel each weekday. Rising was at 6:00 a.m., followed by meditation in the chapel which was made in silence. Daily Mass was almost always a high Mass, with the seminarians forming the schola standing towards the back of the chapel. At the ringing of the hand bell we went in procession and in silence to the dining room. Most of our meals were eaten in silence, as one listened to the reader who stood at a somewhat impressive lectern located just next to the bottom of the steps into the dining room. The superior rang the bell for "Deo gratias" ("Thanks be to God") which we said audibly when the bell rang; this meant we could converse with one another. And if there was a community guest we almost always had a "Deo gratias."

Seminarians served as waiters at all meals; the "waiters" then ate at a specified table after the rest of the community had quietly processed from the dining room to the chapel, which happened after every meal, at least on week days. One served as A waiter six weeks at each of the three daily meals, during the first two years in Washington. One seminarian worked in the kitchen, who was assigned to run the dish machine which sterilized the dishes and silverware.

Much of our daily life was regulated by assignments. (Today this might smack of regimentation, but I did not hear complaining about it during our years of formation.) We were assigned which room we would live in for a school year and the following summer while at Holy Cross College. Normally, only in the first year was there double occupancy in a room. We were assigned to which place in which pew in the chapel we would occupy, and if departures occurred that space remained empty until the superior made the next big reassignment. We were assigned to which table we would eat and with whom we would eat. There were usually two deacons assigned to every table; deacons did not wait on table.

Our daily living schedule was called "regular discipline," and the schedule was inviolate and in that era there were not allowances made for exceptions other than reasons of health. One simply was always where one should be at a given time doing whatever should then be done.

(Thus one always knew where everyone was in the house at a given moment.) Nor did one ever excuse oneself from class attendance, unless suddenly feeling very poorly. Nor did one ever skip being present the full required time at recreation, nor go wandering off by oneself for a walk. Doing everything in community was considered paramount in our formation. We got along with one another surprisingly well, whether or not one greatly liked one's companions at the table or in recreation.

Family visitations were quite different in the community then than now. At no house in the community did a family member ever eat with the community, but was always fed separately, usually in a different room. At Holy Cross College there were two large parlors, each rather grand in decor, which had been decorated by the efforts of Father Joseph Rehage and a woman friend of his who was an interior decorator. As one entered the building through the main entrance there was a pink parlor on one's left and a green parlor on one's right. My family members who tended to arrive singly never arrived on a visiting Sunday. Bill Hund's mother and a friend of hers were visiting with Bill in the pink parlor one time, and I was there with them. Bernie McAvoy had been advised they would arrive at such and such a time. He entered and was introduced. He simply stood there, paralyzed at meeting strangers, hummed a tune very

quietly, stared at the floor but did not look at them, and twirled his cord in the air quite noticeably, and left the room without speaking to them. If family should come to Washington, almost always permission had to be obtained the night before or the day of the visit; visits of several days needed daily permissions given specifically for the day itself. "Block" permission was very rare.

Family members were normally fed in the parlor, with the food brought in on trays by a seminarian. Often there was better dishware for them.

There was a large hobo camp about a half-mile from the seminary. Almost daily there would be at least one hobo, sometimes two or three, who would ring the doorbell at the side entrance next to the chapel. The seminarian who acted as "housekeeper" (again, always assigned) would answer the door and take the request for food to the Sisters of the Presentation. The sisters would butter two pieces of bread, often a day or two old, and insert between the two pieces of bread a fried egg, often quite scaly on the bottom. Whenever there was any crime in the neighborhood the police would almost automatically roust the hobo camp as one of their first moves. We heard the sisters thought that St. Joseph might have come, or would come to the college in the form of a beggar. Sometimes a jelly sandwich would be served.

A feature of formation that has almost disappeared from Holy Cross living is that in our houses of formation, beginning with the novitiate, continuing through Moreau Seminary, these houses were entirely serviced by the seminarians and the brothers, those in Holy Cross College being Brothers Ludgar Schaub and Robert Ewald. Everything was done by community members unless it required highly specialized knowledge. Joe Koma spent his years at Moreau Seminary (the old Moreau) entirely re-wiring it, and did the same at Holy Cross College.

Mention has been made of our assignments. Our obediences were also assigned, the obedience being the daily "house chore." I always wanted to be a sacristan from the time I arrived in the novitiate until I was ordained; I was never a sacristan. I have never had any manual dexterity: I could never draw a straight line even if I had a ruler. So I was among the few in Washington who was given the same obedience for all four years.

I was assigned to the bindery, and it was a glorious obedience. Each semester my name would be there on the list for the bindery, which was located next to the music room in the basement. It was the only obedience in which one could do all the work on one day, so long as one got in the four hours which an obedience was presumed to take in a week. And the crews were usually assigned on a four-year basis. When I arrived as a freshman, Jake Smith was in charge. The oldest man in house age was always in charge. My fourth year I was in charge, and Maurie Amen, and Bill Condon just more or less ignored my incompetence and worked hard. My first year, Jake was so proud that the bindery was turning out 150 bindings a year. At the end of my fourth year, and I had nothing to do with this tremendous change in volume, the number reached more than 600. Charlie Kohlerman was a great worker, as had been Dick Clancey during his four years. (Dick was in formation with first the Franciscans and then Holy Cross, a total of some fourteen years, and then left Holy Cross before ordination, never having been ordained a deacon.) I suppose Dick was something of a puritan. One year we acquired a tape recorder and we would play tapes we had had copied from records. Two of the most popular tapes were "My Fair Lady" and "The Music Man." At some point in his fourth year in the bindery, Dick, who had heard "The Music Man" many times suddenly put two and two together. He began laughing almost hysterically as Robert Preston was singing "Marian the Librarian." It was the line, "I hope and pray for the day she gets just one more A" that Dick's

laughing began, recognizing that the "A" referred to adultery. Suddenly he realized he was laughing and ran out of the room from which he removed himself for the next half hour or so.

We found it good to work in crews in the bindery and we normally worked a long Saturday afternoon, or half of Wednesday afternoon and half of Saturday afternoon. And we always had many visitors coming in and swapping gossip.

The area around the Catholic University of America was often called "little Rome," since there were more than 40 houses of religious men and women in the vicinity. Of these houses, Holy Cross College was one of the oldest to be founded and exteriorly was one of the most attractive. But unlike many other houses, Holy Cross religious did not take theology courses at Catholic University. We had our own staff, entirely composed of Holy Cross priests: Father Charles Corcoran (dogmatic theology), Rather Charles Schleck (dogmatic theology), Fr. Joseph Rehage (canon law), Fr. Howard Kuhns, (church history), Fr. Joseph McCartney (scripture), Fr. Thomas Barrosse (scripture), Fr. Victor Dean (moral theology), Fr. Robert Moher (moral theology, and the only priest faculty member of the eastern province), and Fr. John Miller (liturgy and music). (While at Holy Cross College I began to observe a phenomenon which I have noticed almost continually over the years in university life: each year many seminarians, as a group, would "turn" against one of the professors, and the cause seemed to, have very little to do with reality. The wave of resentment would begin around September or October, and at the University of Portland, this long continued, either toward faculty and/or a university administrator.)

Father Corcoran was a rather heavyset man with absolutely wretched health while I was in Washington. At times he needed a cane to walk, often wore a neck brace, and was in my years there, quite often poorly prepared for the lecture. But he had a splendid way of teaching by asking questions and making the seminarian squirm as he tried to answer. Bill Melody was a wonderful mimic. He was also one of the house drivers, since we had only one or two cars. He created the story of driving a portly Father Corcoran (whom we usually simply called "Corky" when he was not present) to the movie theatre on a very dark and stormy night. In his fable he had Father Corcoran wearing the mantle of ceremony, a floor length cape worn by the Holy Cross brothers when they made their weekly holy hours in the sanctuary. "Corky" was also wearing his neck brace that night, and sun glasses, since he was diabetic. Melody was ordered to stop the car two blocks from the theatre. Corcoran got out of the car with difficulty, heavily leaning on his cane. As he strolled towards the theatre his long cape flapped wildly in the wind. A little girl came by, saw him, screamed and ran away.

In spite of his poor health, "Corky" could be dynamic in his teaching. Bill Melody had a theory that the more books brought into the classroom by "Corky" the less prepared he was to lecture. He made a daily holy hour sitting in the choir loft, wearing the mantle of ceremony when he felt cold. He had had a massive number of seminarians for spiritual direction. During my years in Washington the number greatly diminished, and "Corky" thought perhaps seminarians no longer liked him.

My family visited me in the later 1950s and gave me a copy of the popular murder mystery, Anatomy of a Murder. I went into the office of the assistant superior, Fr. McCartney (known simply as Joe Mac") to report the gift and ask permission to retain it. Joe Mac instantly asked if could be next to read it; he was an omnivorous reader; he also ordered the books for the library. A few minutes later I went up the stairs towards my room, and saw "Corky" standing on the landing, right in the middle of the stairs. Since we did not speak in the corridors I simply nodded and started to try and pass him. He boomed out, "How is your anatomy?" I was

flabbergasted by the question, having no idea of what he meant. He laughed and asked, "Can I be the next to read Anatomy Of a Murder?" I said, "Sure, right after Father McCartney." His face fell when he learned he would have to wait. During those years we seminarians could get books from the Library of Congress, and Dan Walsh, who got many books each month from that source was Fr. Corcoran's chief agent, as he was ours.

"Corky" was near death from some serious ailment, but rallied. (The man had fantastic recovery ability, as time after time he emerged triumphantly from what many thought would be his death bed.) After this particular illness he quickly left to go by ship to Australia where he gave a retreat, and then continued his tour around the world. When he returned he sat in his usual place at the head table and Fr. McAvoy rang the bell for a "Deo gratias." "Corky" was in full form telling about his tour, when suddenly, perhaps five or ten minutes later, the weak, tubercular voice of Joe Mac managed to cut in, "You mean you have been gone? We didn't know that." It was the only time I ever saw "Corky" completely discombobulated. He sat quietly through the rest of the meal.

Even though Holy Cross College was in Washington, D.C., where Father John Zahm, provincial, who established the college, hoped we would avail ourselves of the cultural and political riches of the city, in fact Holy Cross never had done so, or at least had not done so for many years. We needed permission to go downtown, and we also needed bus fares, since we never had any money in our pockets, financial gifts being immediately turned in either to the superior or the assistant superior. Jim Brady received a very unusual permission, which was to transfer from Holy Cross College in Washington after his first year's theology to go to our house in Rome. He had never been downtown during his year. My brother, who was in army, had visited me twice and each time we had gone downtown. I went into Joe Mac's office and asked for bus fares for Brady and me. I received two fares, and only two fares. I mustered up courage and went back and asked for two more fares. "Mr. Hagan," he responded in his choking voice, "when I was a seminarian we got only one bus fare, and we had the choice of which way we walked. Now you get round trip fares. No, I will not give you a dime to go up the stairs of the Washington Monument."

Archbishop Boyle had a rule severely followed by all of the seminaries: seminarians who went downtown had to wear black suits and black hats, white shirts (unless they were deacons) and black ties, and he forbade our publicly smoking on the streets. When Brady and I got by the Tidal Basin between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington monument we were beginning to sweat in the Washington humidity. I saw a number of coins in the Tidal Basin. Brady got a long branch which had broken off in a recent storm, and I tried and tried to move coins toward us, so we could go up the elevator of the Washington Monument. But I was unable to budge a single coin to any area near us. How I wanted to pull off my socks and shoes and wade in the water and pick up the needed amount. So Brady and I then caught the bus and came back to the house.

No matter how cultural the event was downtown, we never obtained permission, either as a house or as individuals, to avail ourselves of these opportunities. I never understood that policy.

The one exception in "fraternizing" between religious houses was in football. Holy Cross often played football against the Augustinians, who had a large house across Harewood Road, and also with the Graymoor Friars of the Atonement, who lived above the Augustinians on the corner. Once we were invited to the Paulists, who were celebrating what I think was their centennial of their founding. And once we had an invitation from the Marists, who lived next door to us. We were invited to attend their production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." I was

afraid that no one else had been invited, and in fact no one else was. I gathered a group of perhaps 15 or 20 seminarians who attended from our house. Much to my surprise it was quite a professional production, not only in acting but in costumes as well. And the Marists served refreshments during the intermissions.

Only in 1959-1960 did we have outside speakers at Holy Cross College. Two of these were the famous Jesuit theologian, Fr. Gustav Weigel and the more famous church historian, Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, who taught a very popular course at Catholic University. He and our superior's brother, Fr. Thomas McAvoy, had long carried on some academic feud with one another. He sat next Fr. Bernie McAvoy and remarked, "I was visiting Notre Dame and decided to go and tour Moreau Seminary. I rang the doorbell, but no one came. I started to walk around the building and saw a sliding door that was open, so I went in and began walking around, and I was very impressed. A seminarian came and asked what I was doing, and I told him I was touring the building. Did I have an invitation from the superior? No, I DID NOT, SO HE VERY PROPERLY AND VERY COURTEOUSLY ASKED ME TO LEAVE." Bernie's face became scarlet under his mane of white hair.

I should mention that to the best of my knowledge no seminary in Washington encouraged fraternizing with those from another house. In Holy Cross College, Wednesday afternoons were free periods, with some marked exceptions, for many of the seminarians, and Saturday was house cleaning day. On Saturdays basic cleaning was not sufficient as it had been on other weekdays. Everything ha to be in A No. One order. The buffer was very busy on Saturdays, taking care of the copious waxing of the linoleum floors. Tom Fotusky, a seminarian from the eastern province, had an unusual allergy, and it was said he could not tolerate even the faint odor of was so he had permission to vanish on such days. And the sacistans were extra busy on Saturdays.

On Sundays we attended two Masses, the first Mass before breakfast was a low Mass. At 10:00 a.m. every Sunday we had a solemn high Mass, with the superior as celebrant, assisted by a deacon and a subdeacon. The great guide for rubrical perfection (upon which there was considerable emphasis) was written in Latin by a man simply known to us as Wapplehorst. In the library annex on the first floor was kept a rough English translation and one memorized the rubrics to perfection.

Seminarians wore the Holy Cross biretta at solemn high Masses, and at every Mass we always wore a white surplice which had no lace. These were stored on a moveable surplice rack which stood near the chapel entrance. From it and to it every seminarian went daily. It was moved into a space at the bottom of the stairs to the choir loft. And the biretta was also worn by Holy Cross seminarians who had taken the fourth vow and were living at the Bengalese seminary, about two blocks away on Harewood Road.

They were simply following the Holy Cross tradition at Notre Dame and Portland where the biretta was regarded as a hat and worn on the campuses outside of the chapel or church.

"Fraternizing" was controlled even between Holy Cross College and the Bengalese. We could by custom visit in the seminarians' rec. room at the Bengalese during the afternoon breaks, and many of us did so, if only to have one or two pieces of the famous pies cooked by Brother Herbert, who prepared all of their meals. And once or twice a year we were invited to hear a speaker at the Bengalese.

There was not much more interchange between Holy Cross College and the Bengalese than between our house and the other religious houses. Soirees were held once a semester for us at the Bengalese.

A graduate of the University of Portland, a friend, once asked me, "How often did you guys discuss sex while in the seminary?" I literally could recall no such discussions, either serious, or comical. His response was, "You men were not for real!"

An indication of the taboo aspects of sex in the 1950's is indicated by our "De sexto" class taught by Fr. Robert Moher ("Bobo"). His lectures on sexual sin consisted of perhaps six (?) class periods. I was in bed for a week from a back injury during a part of the "de sexto" talks, which were given only to the deacons; we were forbidden to show the mimeographed notes to any students not in the class. These were mimeographed on yellow paper, and I believe that Joe O'Donnell, who ran the mimeo machine all four years we were in Washington, was told never to run off extra copies. I was recovering from the back injury when "Bobo" brought in his famous anatomy chart, so I never actually saw the chart. Rolland Stair told a wonderful story.

"Bobo" came in and hung up the chart with downcast eyes, and never dared to look at the depiction of the human body. He taught with his back to the chart. With his back still turned to the chart he would point behind himself with his long wooden pointer to the chart. He said, "Here are the reins," as his pointer went one foot beyond the chart.

Our classes were taught in the English language. Fr. George Bernard once told me that the use of Latin in teaching had ceased in 1947 in the autumn. Previously seminarians wrote their examinations in Latin and asked questions in Latin. He had heard that the seminarians had been encouraged to try to use some Latin daily during social periods, such as the smoke-break in the morning. The only text books I can remember using were those written by the Jesuit, Nolden, for moral theology, and we used all three volumes for "Bobo's" courses.

Father Victor Dean taught moral theology principles to the freshmen my first year; it was his first year of teaching the course. He was trying to develop a dynamic in moral theology which coincidentally turned out to be that used by the Redemptorist, Fr. Bernard Haring in his Law of Love, volumes. Dean tried to get us to develop our thinking along several basic moral principles, from which everything else would develop.

We were in the first class to have to turn in personally developed charts of these moral principles. I remember I did mine on paper binders, some six of them. The largest I remember seeing during his teaching was that of Maurice Amen's. Dean was my spiritual director. In my third year in October I was in his room for direction and he began developing the moral virtues in his direction. It was a marvelous presentation and I remember wishing I had had a way to record it.

The next week both he and Bernie McAvoy, the superior, were absent from supper. Faculty and seminarians jointly and independently concluded they were dining out together to talk over some problem. The next morning Dean was not present for meditation, nor did he show up for the Mass which he was due to offer in the sisters' convent. Bernie sent Dennis Freemahl to Dean's room after breakfast to make sure Dean was not ill. Freemahl found Dean's body sprawled, half on the bed and half on the floor. His face had turned black from the gathering of the blood in his head. It seems he was dressing to go see his doctor when he had the fatal heart attack. John Miller, who taught liturgy and music, lived across the hall from Dean that year. Miller was unable to sleep for two nights, so upset was he that Dean had been dying without anyone knowing it, especially Miller who lived just across the hall. I went into the chapel in the college where Dean's body lay in the coffin in the aisle. "Bobo" came up and. stood on the other side of the coffin. As we left the chapel together he said, "You know, Barry, Dean was a strange man. I never heard him laugh." I instantly thought of the various times both Dean and I would be roaring with laughter in Dean's room, and the several times "Bobo" had

knocked at Dean's door and asked us to quiet down. I became increasingly aware as the academic year progressed and the house began to explode with anger and criticisms by the seminarians of how much Dean had been a safety valve for the seminarians; more than half of the house used to go and talk regularly to him. He kept their remarks quite private.

I do not remember any mimeographed notes from Fr. Moher's moral theology classes other than the "De Sexto" notes. Excepting our courses in homiletics where we got a very few pages per semester, most of our professors were busy writing notes or new notes to be mimeographed for distribution in the classrooms. We spent a fair number of nights, during evening recreation, as seminarians marched around the billiard table and the ping-pong table collating mimeographed notes. Father Charles Schleck's notes for his courses in dogma had a distinctive feature. The keys in his typewriter had become somewhat badly clogged from mimeograph film, so often one could not be sure if one were reading the letter "e" or "a" or "," for example, and this was true of all his courses. Father John Miller's notes were basically integrated in his book The Fundamentals of the Sacred Liturgy. Because of my working in the bindery over the four years, I was able to have each set of notes bound in either vellum or buckram. Some years ago I sent all of these notes, bound, to the Provincial Archives Center at Notre Dame. In my memory, these notes stacked one set on top of another, were more than two feet high.

Discipline was rarely a problem in Holy Cross College. The only two examples I can recall were not really the fault of the seminarians involved, but rather that of Fr. John Miller, who had an innate gift in easily alienating groups, sometimes whole classes. One incident occurred in his second year liturgy class and involved Stan Monaghan, a particularly popular seminarian. Sparks had flown between Monaghan and Miller more than once. I have forgotten what caused Monaghan suddenly to just walk out of Miller's classroom, but Monaghan was back the next class as though nothing had happened. The other incident involved Brian Kellway, whose father had been Australian ambassador to Brazil. Brian was near his mid-thirties during his two years in Washington. For whatever reason, Father Miller chased a long-legged Kellway round the yard but could not catch him. Father delighted in calling him, in class, "Lord Byron."

There was no questioning of the competency of our instructors. Allowing for the annual shift of antagonism by the seminarians as a group towards a given priest, this antagonism was never evident in the classroom in our participation. The only prank I recall occurred in Father Charles Schleck's class in dogma, about 1958-1959. He had a mannerism of responding to certain questions with various sentences in Latin, which quickly earned the tag of his "U.A.Q's," (universal answering quotiant". Bill Melody dreamed up a prank which quickly won wide support. Melody asked Father prior to the class if he might bring his (Melody's) Irish harp into the class room and occasionally play a little bit on it during the lecture. Schleck said yes.

Melody got to the classroom early and wrote on the board a number of the "U.A.Q."s in Latin, using a different colored crayon of chalk for each of the quotes. His harp had the corresponding number of colored strings. Perhaps three or four times during the lecture when Schleck said one of his "U.A.Q.'s" Melody would pluck the appropriate string. Schleck never caught on to what it was all about.

The only nickname we had for any particular religious exercise was the evening exercise, called "the all-American," because of its length. I believe it was twice a year when the juniors gave their first sermons in public, i.e., in our chapel. One's appearance was determined by one's "house age," the oldest in house age being the first, the youngest the last. We also had the rosary in common in the chapel during October. The sermon replaced spiritual reading. Following the

reading we had night prayer. Depending upon the length of the sermon, night prayer as a complete entity could take 45 minutes or so.

Joe O'Donnell persisted. "Barry, you have the reputation of being a smart ass; people expect smart assed comments from you, so if you start with Scripture that will quiet them down." I was sure O'Donnell was well intentioned but incorrect.

The day I was to give my sermon, Father Regis O'Neill, our homiletics professor, stopped me in the hallway and said, "Barry, I want to hear you give your entire sermon before me, now."

"Father," I protested, "You have never asked that of any of us. Why are you asking me?" "Barry, I will see you in the class in five minutes." He sat and solemnly listened to the entire sermon.

That night the five or so who were older in house age came in a column and stood before me in the recreation room in the basement. Each solemnly bowed, and said unsmilingly, "IGM" and smirked. They departed.

The bell rang, ending recreation. In my time of increasing tension I dropped my cigarette in the high-backed leather chair in which I was sitting. (The previous week there had been a fire in the rec. room from a similar action by someone else.) I quickly retrieved the cigarette, but wanted to be sure there were no offending hot ashes anywhere in the leather seat. I ran and got a small hand brush and dustpan. When I finished brushing the area I noticed everyone else was gone from the room. I fled up the stairs and made my way as quietly as possible down the corridor on the first floor to the chapel.

Everyone was seated in the pews. And Bernie McAvoy was doing something unprecedented. He was leaning far out of his pew, the very back one, balefully looking at me. I strode down the chapel middle aisle, entered the sanctuary, genuflected, went up the three steps, bowed to the Real Presence in the tabernacle, and turned to face the congregation. As I had been going down the chapel aisle I thought, "Start with Scripture." As I was turning to face the congregation, I thought, "There is no need to give the setting for this quotation. Everyone knows it." So I simply said, "Behold your mother." I was greeted immediately with much laughter and saw many seminarians digging each other in the ribs, and some pointing to me as though to say, "Well, Barry, you've been a smart assed again." I was recently reminded that many of the seminarians thought I had said, "Behold your lover!"

One would expect that giving a sermon in the chapel on Sunday, as a deacon, would be keenly remembered by the preacher. Strangely enough, I have no memory of my topic or even how often I preached as a deacon, nor of anyone else's sermons that year. If one were the official deacon at the Mass, one wore the deacon's stole, the dalmatic over the alb, and sat on the white sedila with the presider, who was always the president/ superior, Fr. Bernard McAvoy.

The chapel in Holy Cross College had no pulpit. Nor did it have any confessional. Whatever priest heard confessions before the daily Mass always heard them in Brother Marcellus' office, who was the accountant for the house. A Portable prie-dieu was hauled in and out each day. Every time I went to Fr. Robert ("Bobo") Moher as confessor, I would find a palpable holiness in that room. (And I had the same experience when I went to visit Fr. Regis O'Neill in his room at Holy Cross House at Notre Dame, Indiana!)

There was yet another possible personal ordeal awaiting one in one's junior or deacon year, that of giving the clerical conference. These were demanded by canon law of higher seminarians, as well as of priests after ordination. We had just returned from a house trip, I believe this was the trip to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania's Civil War battlefield. I was one of the

first to be off the bus and I went to the rec. room , where I saw Father Thomas Barrosse, who taught us Scripture, pinning up something official on the bulletin board. My heart sank as I approached the board, fearing my name would be on the list. And so it was. I was assigned the topic of "The Indiana Province and Higher Education." I went the next day to Father Barrosse and said, "Father, as you know, house morale has been somewhat low the past few months. Couldn't you have waited a day or two before posting that notice?" Suddenly he stared at the floor and said, "I hadn't thought of that. You are correct; it could have waited."

And whom had the superior assigned as my director? Himself! I just cringed at the thought. I must have gone to his office in late August to discuss the paper with him. Bernie was in one of his formidable moods. He actually snarled, "Your paper is not to be a second longer than thirteen minutes!"

I somewhat rallied my spirits and asked, "What thirteen minutes? The papers of this past year have all been somewhat longer." Bernie suddenly became the warm and humble man he really was. He smiled and said, "Mr. Hagan, I am the superior, and I have been after the faculty since each of them has permitted longer papers than they should have permitted." He gave me yet a bigger smile. "That is why yours will not be longer than thirteen minutes! I am setting the example."

We had no primary sources except the house chronicles, which I was permitted to read. During that autumn or early winter I also had the obedience of cleaning Bernie's rooms daily. Unexpectedly he asked one day, "Mr. Hagan, where is that paper!" "I am still doing research." I added a little defiantly, "I have over one hundred pages of notes so far" "Over one hundred? I don't believe it." "I will prove it," I said, and immediately I went to my room and brought down the notes and left them in his office. Later he demanded the paper within the next twenty-four hours. I left it on a chair in his office. Daily, as I cleaned the office, I glanced towards the chair. The paper did not seem to have been moved. I think it sat there for two weeks or so. One day I was summoned to his office. He handed me the paper and said, "It's all right. But not a second longer than thirteen minutes. I mean it!"

I vocally read through the paper a number of times, and found it kept adding up to fifteen minutes, so I made some deletions.

The night arrived for my delivering the paper, which was read in the basement in our large recreation room. The faculty were all sitting in their accustomed front row chairs. Bernie was slightly to my right, about four feet away. I began my delivery, and almost immediately there was laughter! I had tried to make certain that nothing would provoke even a smile. Then, more laughter! The laughter continued through the paper. I glanced at Bernie. He was doubled over at times with laughter. As I finished I glanced at my wristwatch. Because of the laughter the delivery time had soared to fifteen minutes. And Bernie just beamed at me.

I have alluded to the isolation of the various religious houses from one another, as well as from cultural affairs in the city of Washington, D.C. We once sought permission to hear a performance of Johan Sebastian Bach's "Mass in Bb Minor," but we were turned down. However, since my brother was then stationed somewhat near Washington while he was serving in the army I did get to the National Gallery of Art on one occasion, and twice he took me to a famous steak house for dinner.

Once a year at Woodstock, Maryland at the Jesuit Scholasticate, there was a special one-day symposium for seminarians, and for three years I sought to be among those few from our house permitted to attend; I never learned what the criteria were and I never attended any of the sessions.

I have no memory of ever knowing what the other houses did concerning what we called "catechetical projects," i.e., working with the disadvantaged in various forms. The two largest of these projects for our house were "the hill" (National Training School for Boys, a federal reform school for boys of high school age) and St. Elizabeth's Asylum," a federal agency for the mentally ill.

I applied to be admitted to either program during each of my four years. Again, I have no memory of the criteria or of who made the decisions as to who should participate in the various programs, but I was never a part of either "the hill" or St. Elizabeth's groups, which were fairly sizeable, from our house. I think these numbered more than 12 seminarians for each of the two programs. Bernie McAvoy always stressed these two should never consume more than 9 or so hours a week, but in reality these two often took considerably more time. Stan Monaghan, who was part of the St. Elizabeth's group, once drew considerable interest from us when he disclosed he had talked with the famous poet, Ezra Pound, for more than an hour as they chatted on a park bench. I was only at St. Elizabeth's once when I went to play the organ at Sunday Mass. It was an old fashioned organ, with almost every note having to be "pumped" by the foot pedals, something to which I was not accustomed. I remember how heavily medicated some of the worshippers were that Sunday morning, and how the chapel reeked from disinfectants which ineffectually tried to mask the strong urine odor. When we entered the sacristy after Mass with the celebrant, he turned to Ralph Dunn and asked Ralph where the key was to the door leading directly outside the sacristy. It couldn't be found. He said we would all have to be body searched after the guards were summoned. Then he found that he himself had placed the veiled chalice over the key. Great relief was expressed by all of us.

I was on one of the smallest catechetical projects, that of taking parish census for St. Gabriel's Parish, which included Catholic University of America and Holy Cross College. My first three years on the project were spent with John Ford; when I ran the project my fourth year I had an assistant, but I do not remember who it was. John and I would leave the college about 1:30 pm. on Sunday afternoons, returning sometime between 4: 30 and 5: 00 p.m. We went to every door of every apartment and the front door of every house.

This was in the initial era of integration in housing of blacks among whites in Washington. In less than my four years in Washington more than forty per cent of the housing available in St. Gabriel's parish boundaries had changed from white to black housing. During spring and autumn afternoons one could almost identify the color of the residents of a given domicile by the cooking odors. White households strongly favored chicken on Sundays, blacks the eating of ham. We were almost always greeted by the residents quite courteously, whether black or white. Once inside the domicile I noted that usually the blacks had cleaner apartments than did the whites, even though many more of the black women worked outside of the home than did white women. I was quite baffled in a black Catholic household as to how I was to spell the name of "Tijuana," the name of a little girl living there. Once a little boy demanded I kiss his pet baby rabbit before we left. I did.

I did not usually leave the house filled with zeal to take the parish census. But always at the end of the afternoon I was quite happy I had made the effort to take the census.