

Bud, Phil and ‘Timber ...!’

YOUR HERITAGE

By Father Bernard J. Coughlin, S.J.
Gonzaga University Chancellor

On the football field one fall day, young Eddie Hamacher ran up to Father Paul Corkery, S.J., and yelled: “Father, I’ve got a friend who thinks he wants to come to Gonzaga University. Have you got any work for him?” In those days Fr. Corkery was all over campus and downtown Spokane. “Sure, send him in.” This looked like the beginning of young Phil Dolan’s career.

When Phil met Fr. Corkery he was ready for the first question: “How much do you have?”

“Well, I’ve saved \$300, and ...” Corkery cut him off with, “We’ll take \$200 and we’ll have a job for you. See that building across the street? You’ll take care of it.” So in



Fr. Bernard J. Coughlin, S.J.

1938 Phil Dolan

became both a Gonzaga University student and the assistant director of maintenance, reporting to Brother Joe Kaufhold. “Brother Joe was a character,” Phil reminisced. “Can you imagine one guy and a dog took care of the whole University campus?”

Get Phil talking about those years and you’ll soon hear the most vivid memories of his college days. “I was assigned a room on the fourth floor above the Law Library. I had just got to sleep. It was two days after Pearl Harbor, just after midnight, the fire hit – caused by someone who emptied an ashtray in the waste basket. It was like the Fourth of July; bells rang, smoke, sirens, fire trucks, a riverbed of water flowing down the stairways. Priests and Sisters scrambling down the stairs, half-dressed, carrying what they could. Fr. Linden carried his old typewriter, which was his jewel. I had my stag coat, law briefs and a pair of skates. That’s all I saved.”

Out of the chaos came good things for Gonzaga. The school had grown and needed change. Now it was jolted

into change, encouraged and assisted by proceeds from the insurance company; the high school was relocated; the Law School moved into the recently abandoned Webster School; the Controller’s Office moved to the first floor; and the best deal of all, in Phil’s view, the Monaghan home was acquired for the music department and “I lived on the top floor.”

Phil Dolan graduated from the University in 1941 with an accounting degree and continued in the School of Law, supporting himself selling saw mills in North Idaho for Corley Sawmills of Chattanooga, Tenn. Through these contacts he developed friends among the miners and loggers. His education, meanwhile, was interrupted by military service in Europe. When World War II was over, he returned to Gonzaga and graduated from the School of Law in 1947. He then went to work for Liberty National Insurance handling workers’ compensation cases. Some years later, in the early 1970s, he met up with a young attorney named Ken Jacobsen (*74), and to this day the firm of “Dolan & Jacobsen” is well known and respected in Coeur d’Alene and throughout North Idaho.

One day in the mid-to-late ‘60s a well-known prospector in the region walked into Phil’s office. Bud Driessel was a colorful figure, considered well to do, and a graduate of the Gonzaga class of 1912. Bud knew of Dolan because he handled workers’ compensation for all the foresters and miners in Alaska, Montana and North Idaho. Bud was a bachelor and owned a lot of property. He had been approached by a representative from a local Northwest university who told him: “The university will give you a certain percent of the value of this property if you turn it over to our university; and you’ll save on taxes.” Bud asked Phil’s advice on the deal and Phil said: “Well, we can do a lot better than that at Gonzaga!”



Bud Driessel, Class of 1912

A short time later Bud ran into Harry Magnuson in Wallace, Idaho. Harry had recently been appointed the first Chairman of the Board of Trustees at Gonzaga. Bud had a way of getting right to the point: “I hear Gonzaga might go broke. That true, Harry?” Harry said: “No, Bud. That’s not true. But Gonzaga does need all the help it can get.”

Bud wrote his will in 1973 stating: “I bequeath unto Gonzaga University all of my property and possessions, both real and personal, whatsoever this may include.” Later he declared his interest in the use of these properties: “It is my earnest desire to assist young men and women who are industrious, worthy and in need of some assistance to obtain a college education, particularly at Gonzaga University and therefore I suggest that these properties be used for these purposes.” Then he directed how this gift was to be named: “I direct that the name of this endowment and gift to Gonzaga University be known as the Driessel Family Endowment.”

Then one day in early March of 1977, it all came sadly to an abrupt end. Bud owned an Oldsmobile and drove down to Imperial County, California, looking for the Lost Dutchman Mine, a quest in those days of many a prospector. He never

returned. Some time later state patrolmen found his Oldsmobile abandoned on an old desert road; and weeks later, some distance removed, they found Bud’s bones.

After careful investigation that involved even the FBI, the final decision was that the death was accidental, caused by Bud losing direction in the desert, and that he died of natural causes.

You’ll find Bud’s name in our publication Names That Live. Ask and we’ll send you a copy. On page 21 you may read “Driessel Family Scholarship.” This endowed scholarship fund was established in 1978, with an initial gift from Bud’s estate of \$8,430. In later years other gifts from Bud’s estate have been added. Through wise investments and a favorable market, the fund has increased over the years. By 2005 the fund had grown to \$842,399, and had awarded 402 scholarships to Gonzaga University students.

Among the numerous personal and real properties that Bud bequeathed to Gonzaga was a large acreage in North Idaho, to which he owned the timber rights alone, the property itself and sub-surface rights belonging to another party. So for some years Gonzaga University, with the expert advice and assistance of Phil Dolan, has been negotiating with the other owner and with Idaho State land authorities over settlement of property rights, and negotiating with timber companies interested in logging the properties.

So in the summer and fall of 2005 when the timber market was bullish, at Phil’s recommendation an Idaho forester, Stieg Gabrielsen of Hayden Lake, Idaho, was retained. Under Gabrielsen’s direction the acreage was selectively logged resulting in \$398,584 in timber sales for the Bud Driessel Endowed Scholarship Fund. As of today, this endowment stands at more than \$1.2 million.

Phil and Bud, yes indeed, Gonzaga University has gone through tough times. Thank God, your Alma Mater has survived through it all and today is doing well. In my view that is due, under God’s Providence, in large part, to the thoughtfulness and generosity of alumni such as you.

God bless you. ■

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<http://www.gonzaga.edu/Campus-Resources/Offices-and-Services-A-Z/MarketingandCommunications/GU-Life/PDFs/GQSpring20061.pdf>

Graduation: Thinking about our goodbyes

FOR THE SPIRIT

By Father Rick Ganz, S.J.
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The interjection “goodbye” is actually a contraction of the phrase “God be with ye.”

Through time, the noun “God” became the adjective “good,”



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goodness I experience, became present to us both in our friendship. Our understanding of “good,” and therefore of God, has become permanently changed because

we are friends.

Saying goodbye to friends appears to be, then, more about acknowledging that God became more and more

Often we feel pain when we say “goodbye.” We assume that saying goodbye is about accepting the loss of a friend, and that this loss generates the pain we feel. This is not so.

I have learned that saying goodbye includes both a willingness to let oneself feel pain and a commitment to understand what the pain means. It takes courage to stay in the pain long enough to grasp what it means.

Goodbyes supply one of the truest, purest experiences we can have of life, in both its divine and human modes. When we say goodbyes

the depth of the connection (not its loss), the stake my friend has in my heart. The pain we feel is actually the love we have for our friend, so intense and pure, that we feel our very self being broken open in order to contain its force.

This is what Jesus was driving at in John 16:6-7 when he said, “But I tell you the truth, it is to your advantage that I am going away.” He knew that goodbyes intensify connection, and that His departure meant that His disciples would have Him more deeply than