LETTERS FROM NOTRE DAME
IN AN AGE OF FAITH
1953-1954

“If other ages felt less, they saw more, even though they saw with the blind, prophetical, unsentimental eye of acceptance, which is to say, of faith. In the absence of this faith now, we govern by tenderness. It is a tenderness, long since cut off from the person of Christ, that is wrapped in theory. When tenderness is detached from the source of tenderness, its logical outcome is terror.”—Flannery O’Connor, Mystery and Manners (1969).

PROLOGUE
2003-2004—Fifty Years Later

From the beginning, the history of civilization in America has been a dialogue between faith and culture, between the religious and the secular dimensions of life. It is an inevitable and necessary dialogue because faith and culture are realities endemic to the human condition. Neither can replace the other. Often—even usually—the dialogue occurs in an atmosphere of tension and even of conflict, as the two sides strive for control, but until recently it has presumed on both sides a respect for common sense and right reason.

Both faith and culture tell us what to do with our lives. They establish and enforce obligatory norms, personal and social. The demands of faith and culture have clashed throughout our history because faith claims to be a gift of God as authoritatively nourished by his shepherds, while the general culture is a gift of the men who have preceded us in this world, with all their characteristic strengths and weaknesses.

For many reasons, it is rare when men and God agree about the basic rules of life; when it is clear to all or to most what are “the things of God” and what are “the things of Caesar.” This tension is located first of all within each believer, because both faith and culture are part of us—whether in a positive or a negative way: if they are not accepted, they are rejected. From us this tension extends to families, communities, social institutions, and customs.

Students of American culture can distinguish different “ages” when faith shaped the culture, and when secular culture broke free of faith—identifiable periods (usually brief) when one or the other was predominant. Some of those periods were well enough identified to receive names, such as “The Great Awakening,” or “The Gay Nineties,” or “The Roaring Twenties.” Secularizing influences normally flourish in periods of prosperity and self-confidence, as in these early years of the twenty-first century when the United States exercises a preponderant influence in the world, politically, militarily, economically.
But older Americans can remember a very different national spirit in the forty years between 1929 and 1969, under the influence of the Great Depression, the Second World War, and the Cold War. As the cultural historian might expect, most Americans experienced that period as an “age of faith.” Organized religion prospered and exercised an influence on the popular culture. It came to be widely expected that family, church, school, and even popular entertainment and the mass media would, by and large, convey the same religiously based moral messages. Prominent churchmen shared the spotlight with entertainers and political leaders.

A combination of domestic and international developments in the late 1960s suddenly brought this period to an end in what scholars are coming to accept as a “Cultural Revolution” with sweeping implications for individuals and for all sectors of society. The chief catalysts of this abrupt cultural shift were racial (the Civil Rights Movement) and military-industrial (the Vietnam War). For American Catholics there was the additional impact of the Second Vatican Council and a simmering disaffection, mostly among clergy and members of religious orders, which it brought into the open.

Within a surprisingly short time, a new set of secular imperatives established itself in the most influential sectors of society (courts of justice, universities, editorial boards, chanceries) and rapidly filtered down through schools, churches, and community agencies to families and individuals. Religious leaders and institutions began to send messages dictated by a new orthodoxy in public opinion, and to marginalize and even repudiate their earlier traditions.

With all this in the background, the reader is invited to re-enter the “age of faith” that seemed so firm and secure just fifty years ago but now—in an age of skepticism—seems so remote. Readers of these “Letters from Notre Dame in an Age of Faith” can find source material for a comparative exercise yielding fresh insight into the age-old rivalry of faith and culture. The letters are presented with a touch of nostalgia as heirlooms and even monuments to a time when people had access every day to a living culture in direct contact with the enduring tradition of Christendom.

—Dr. John A. Gueguen, professor emeritus of political philosophy, Illinois State University

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Very late on September 12, 1953, a young man of 20 arrived for the first time in South Bend after a long drive with his parents from their small town in western Missouri—Lexington. Jack Gueguen had graduated three months earlier from Wentworth Military Academy in his hometown and was now eager to continue his education at Notre Dame. Annotated passages follow from the daily journal he wrote for his family.
1. “A confused kid trying to get straightened out”

Monday, Sept. 14, 1953. This is a great place! ... Just got back from Washington Hall...where I received my first dose of that hard to describe stuff they call the Notre Dame spirit. First Johnny Lujack [assistant coach] made a nice sort of speech (he ended by saying the team is so crippled they'll never win a game). Then we saw two movies: “The Spirit of Notre Dame” and “Knute Rockne, All American.” Both were wonderful, and when the show was over it felt like the whole audience was one instead of many different persons from all over the country. All the boys are very friendly.... It is now nearly midnight—I'll only get six hours of sleep, two more than last night.... Too much going on. It seems like half the enrollment is from Mass. and New York....

Tuesday, Sept. 15. Today it was too warm for a jacket—after a low of 38 last night. Got up at 6 a.m. to get to school for breakfast and entrance tests [English and General Aptitude] which lasted from 8 until the middle of the afternoon.... The rest of the afternoon was free—supposedly—but I had to check on a few things at the Academic Affairs office and at the Fisher Fund office where I received my $150 check [student loan] for the first semester. The priest in charge said they were running short of money, so I didn't get all I asked for.... He said I just barely passed the board of reviewers. His was the deciding vote. Talked to Mr. [Robert F.] O'Brien, and he seems to want me in the band. He assigned me a locker in the band room for my horn and wants me to try out on Saturday. I'll have to get a course or two changed though because they conflict with band. This may be impossible to do. I'll find out tomorrow. Also got a few things at the bookstore (what a madhouse!). I ate for $1.62 today [in the dining hall’s “pay cafeteria”]—$0.35, $0.50, and $0.77 for the three meals. Is that OK?

Tonight at 6:45 was the Mission for new students. That church [Sacred Heart] looks more beautiful every time I go in. The services were extremely impressive. Father [Theodore M.] Hesburgh [CSC], the President of the University, gave the sermon, which was even more thought provoking than the ones at the last Mission in Lexington [hometown]. He is a wonderful orator. [See photo in 1954 Dome, p. 7.] The whole congregation of 1600 freshmen (the place was packed) sang Benediction. You all would have been very impressed as I was with that many boys singing. It is really something to hear. All of us “new boys” are beginning to get the meaning of all of the tradition around here. After the Mission we had an assembly in Washington Hall. The four vice presidents spoke (introduced by Father [Edmund P.] Joyce [CSC]), as did the guest of honor, Archbishop [Cardinal John Francis] O'Hara [CSC] of Philadelphia, the first archbishop I've ever seen. Every time he moved, the whole audience stood up. He is very old and gray but has a powerful voice—and a young-sounding one. About ten department heads were introduced, and then we saw a movie mostly about the science labs and all the research work done around here in biology and chemistry.... Send me my important mail!
Wednesday, Sept. 16. Finally got class schedules fixed. Sorry to say, it looks as if I can't work [the] band in. I would miss out on five hours of practice a week.... Maybe I can get in one of the smaller bands or the ROTC band....

[There follows a list and description of 9 courses, times, and locations.] —21 semester hours; normal load is 18.... Now you can see how busy I'm going to be.

Went to Mass and Communion (still the Mission) at 6:45 [a.m.] in the University Church. It was packed again, and they said over 1100 received Communion. They had a whole bunch of priests distributing it, so it didn't take long at all. Bought a $6.00 N.D. jacket, a $3.00 N.D. sweater, and a pennant today. Guess I shouldn't have spent all that money. I'll be buying books pretty soon. We finished our entrance tests this morning [in history, natural science, and math] from 8 to 12:30.... Then we had two very amusing personality tests.... I ate for $1.26 today....

Feeling a little sick (hot and cold) and slightly homesick, naturally, I went over to church for the second night of the Mission. It didn't take long for Father Hesburgh's speech to make me feel better though, and when church was over, I came home feeling very happy. He is extremely excellent. He spoke of N.D.'s history and explained why it caused all the spirit around this place. Did you know that the first priest at Notre Dame (Father Badin) was also the first priest ordained in the U.S.? He is buried on the campus. We had beautiful organ music to accompany our singing tonight. Still can't get over the effect of it all. After church the Grotto was packed with kids putting in their evening devotions.... Then I came home—early, for once.... Tomorrow classes begin. I have to get up at 5:45 again to get ready for church....

Thursday, Sept. 17. .... I had some prunes for supper, and they must have done the trick. I could hardly make it home.... The Mission ends tomorrow with a Mass (6:45 again) and Pontifical Blessing. Tonight's service lasted a little longer. A full house as usual. They say this is the best class of new students in many years. They probably tell that to them all.... There is no compulsion to attend any of these Mission services, but over 90% of the freshmen have attended. The Grotto was full again tonight.

The clock sure goes around fast up here. Hardly time for everything, it seems. Today was the first day of classes. Doesn't seem too much different from [junior college]. Classes about the same size and teachers act the same. Our statics teacher is Chinese, but speaks perfect English. I learned a lot about it already in today's class. Looks like I'm in ROTC for sure. Was measured for uniform today, and got my textbook for MS 201. Talked to the PMS&T [professor of military science and tactics].... He excused me from one drill period because of my past training, but if I get in the ROTC band (pretty certain) I'll be doing that during drill periods.... Visited [a former high school classmate] and his roommate in their room in Dillon Hall tonight after church. Got lost in the corridors.
The priest I had in religion class today was really sharp…. Walked along St. Mary’s Lake today—very pretty; nice and warm…. I have a cheerful walk home every night [along Notre Dame Avenue]—two blocks of it pass a cemetery. [Transfer students lived off-campus the first semester.] Walked another six miles today…. That should be enough exercise. Visited the Library, where I got a checkout card, and the Rockne Memorial Gym. It is a wonderful building with complete facilities for all imaginable indoor sports, and has extremely interesting trophy cases including footballs used for games when N.D. won some great victories…. I’m still a long way from being settled. Have to write a $40 check tomorrow and start standing in line for books. That is the main thing you learn to do up here—stand in lines. No homesickness today….

Friday, Sept. 18: Second day of classes…. Spanish seems like it is going to be really enjoyable—a wonderful teacher [Walter Langford]. It meets in the newest and most modern building [O’Shaughnessy Hall, opened summer 1953]. This afternoon’s Architectural Design just about made me want to change to some other major. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to pass that or Freehand Drawing, which I had yesterday. I came home afterwards convinced I was going to talk to the Dean and change from Architecture to Math or History or something. It just seemed impossible to succeed in those Architecture courses…. They are also keeping me out of the band because of late afternoon drawing classes…. It didn’t seem worth it all. But after making a visit [to church], the trouble didn’t seem so serious, so I guess I’ll have to struggle through without changing courses.

After supper my spirits zoomed and I spent a very pleasant evening. Got two used books at the Book Exchange after waiting in line (lines! lines! lines!). I love to walk around the campus at night. It’s more inspiring than during the day’s hustle and bustle. We students are allowed to watch the football team practice every afternoon from 3:30 to 4:30, but I have classes at that time every day. It seemed like home here today, weather-wise. It was hot and sultry, up to the middle ‘90s. There were some sprinkles now and then, and lightning now. I still have a lot of books to stand in line for tomorrow, and downtown for some drawing supplies.

Saturday, Sept. 19. My spirits were in top shape all day, despite the rain. Had one class (statics) at 8:30—my only Saturday class. Slept very well last night and didn’t hear the storms, even with an open window. Think I’ll be able to sleep until 6:45 every morning now, then get to Mass at 7:30 in Dillon Hall chapel. It’s conveniently right next to the cafeteria. The Mission got everybody in the habit of daily Mass and Communion, and I intend to keep it up as it is the tradition here and everybody does it. I have half an hour after Mass to get breakfast and then class at 8:30. There are rarely long lines in the cafeteria anymore.

Band audition was this morning. They only heard me for two minutes, maybe because I mentioned having schedule conflicts every day but Thursday.
I was, however, asked to come to the band meeting on Monday night. It will be very disappointing if I don’t make it after practicing so hard all summer. But as you say, everything turns out for the better. The guy who plays first trombone [Gene Henry] seems interested in my case and wants me to try out for the dance band. That would take every Saturday night plus practice time, so I don’t think I’ll try it. Probably I’ll try out for the glee club next week, just for the fun of it. They get a lot of nice trips, and practice at noon hour when I could make it.

The more I think of it, without the emotion, I feel certain that I’m in the wrong major and will never make it in Architecture. I should have picked something else that I am interested in, like Journalism. But I cannot change now, for I would lose too many [pre-engineering transfer] credits, so I must stick it out this semester, at least. That will be hard, knowing that I’m in the wrong field. But I can’t afford to waste my past training. Every other phase of my life up here will be the best obtainable, and I intend to get the most out of it. Another worry is that my eyesight is slowly getting worse since summer. The hours of drawing will speed this up. I’ll try to rest my eyes more—hard to do while in school.

Now about the rain. It started as a sprinkle when I left this morning at 7:15, just wearing a jacket. It got heavier, and I was pretty wet when I got to campus. After class it was too heavy to stand in while waiting in line for books, so I started back home. Got a ride part of the way, but was drenched when I got in. Changed clothes, put on my raincoat, and set out again with my trombone. Got to the bookstore before the lines formed and was lucky to get all my books but two—about $12, including a complete Bible. The rain was really coming down…. I must have walked about seven miles today, no exaggeration, but the rain just about ruined my new shoes and there’s a sore on one heel.

Mrs. Wilcox [landlady] is getting friendlier and more talkative. She baked a cake this afternoon, and that was my supper, with milk. I’m lucky to have this place. About a hundred boys don’t have a place to stay yet. The University called Mrs. Wilcox pleading with her to take another boy. Took my Saturday bath tonight after missing the get-acquainted dance at St. Mary’s.

Sunday, Sept. 20. Had a spell of homesickness. I was ready to get a tuition refund and head for home. The state of confusion and uncertainty doesn’t help. If I was settled in a course of study and happy with it, there wouldn’t be time for homesickness…. I should have taken a general course and then I could get a good all-around education…. The money situation worries me, too. Don’t forget to send me the receipts from the bank every time you deposit my checks…. Did two assignments this afternoon; I’m going to enjoy those two classes the most (Spanish and Religion)…. Felt a little dizzy after that and laid down; just work up at 8 p.m.! Mrs. Wilcox has given me some stuff to take for a cold; I’m lucky she’s a hospital lady. Right after this I’ll get back in bed without having any supper (except an apple and glass of milk). Wanted to go to a big get-acquainted party at school tonight, but I need the sleep more.... The
South Bend Sunday paper has some of the comics the [Kansas City] Star has.... I can only get three radio stations here at night, all in South Bend. All the rest are drowned out by interference....

Heard Mass twice today—this place must be making me too pious! After 8 a.m. low Mass, I stayed from 9 to 10:30 for the first solemn High Mass I've ever seen. There were seven priests on the altar [in Sacred Heart church]—all in red—and about fifty more flanking both sides [Mass of the Holy Spirit for the opening of the school year]. The seminarians were behind the altar in the choir area and sang beautiful chants and hymns without musical accompaniment. It was extremely interesting.... For a fleeting moment after Communion, while I was pondering my mistaken choice of study, I got a sudden impression about a calling to the priesthood. But it left soon. I've been forcing this to the back of my mind for a long time. I just can't see myself doing that for my life work.... I hope you are saving these letters because I'll be very amused to look back at them a few years from now.... You could write oftener, it seems to me. Don’t call me because it’s not necessary, and I don’t think I'll have occasion to call you either.... 66 MORE DAYS UNTIL THANKSGIVING. I'll wait until then to bring those two Rosaries, and the postcards.

*Monday, Sept. 21.* Reached the crisis of my mental dilemma today. It cannot be Architecture, and that is certain. I have decided to change to my second choice—Journalism. I've prayed hard all week for assistance in solving this problem. Right after I decided, I felt happy and contented—more than at any time since I arrived. Spoke to Father Dean, religious counselor of the sophomore class, and he strengthened my decision to change—now, while it is still possible without getting further behind. I can probably catch up by taking a few hours extra each semester. Tomorrow I will have to talk to both deans, Arts and Letters and Engineering.

Attended a very unorganized band meeting tonight. The names of the 110 who made marching band will be posted in the morning. In journalism I shouldn’t have any conflicts. My classes went swell today—except for Architecture, which I suffered through. We got an assignment (due in 2 weeks) which would take me a month or two. I’d have to spend all my spare time in the drafting room. I have to get out of that course quick! ... The ROTC uniform hasn’t come yet. I’ll wear it three days a week and save a lot on other clothes.

All the classes here open with a short prayer. And everyone speaks to any priest or brother he sees on the campus. An outsider may think that all that goes on at N.D. is football. But actually, it is more of a minor topic than at [the military academy]. Religion is the dominant thing by far....

*Tuesday, Sept. 22.* Looks like I'm to stay in Architecture after all. The Dean of the Arts and Letters College [Fr. Charles E. Sheedy, CSC] will not allow me into his college to take Journalism, and he told me so very bluntly this morning. My own Dean [Schoenherr] was more sympathetic but couldn’t help me much. If I'm to stay in Architecture, I must change my viewpoint toward it—as Mr.
[Frank] Montana, the department head, told me. I can do no more about it. Now it’s up to God, and I’ll try to do His will.... Didn’t mind Freehand Drawing as much this afternoon. Mr. Ardido, the instructor, told me my work showed previous training in art. We were just sketching simple objects in charcoal. The two hours bothered my eyes, however. Don’t think I should waste any money getting my eyes tested.... Didn’t pay any attention in morning classes because I was so sure I would be changing. Shouldn’t have been so optimistic.

First marching tryout with the band after class at 5:30. The rapid cadence and high step will be hard to get used to—if I make the band, that is. They must cut 30 because they have only 107 uniforms. They’ll pick the band definitely on Friday.... It was chilly all day, but sunny....

Wednesday, Sept. 23. My fortunes have taken another turn—a good one, I think and hope. At 11:16 a.m. my prayers were answered. I was sitting in Spanish class very intent on the proceedings when a messenger brought in a note requesting me to report to Arts and Letters Dean, Father Sheedy. I was very much afraid because I thought he had dropped the matter. All morning I had been struggling through classes trying to consign myself to Architecture, but now my hopes lifted. I just about flew over to the Main Building, rushed up to the Dean’s office, and there he was, making out my program and seeming pretty agreeable! I didn’t say much while I was there because I was so dumbfounded. I still have a little red tape to go through, but I’m definitely an Arts and Letters Journalism major now and feeling much better. I have been in a very happy mood since Dean Schoenherr released me from the College of Engineering (he was also very agreeable) at about 3:30 this afternoon. I have really been a crazy, mixed-up, confused kid, just about worn out with trying to get straightened out. Maybe now I can relax a little and go to work. [Editorial note: The “confused kid” was unaware at the time of a telephone conversation his mother had had earlier that morning with Dean Sheedy.]

My new courses are: Fundamentals of Speech, Western European History, Introductory Sociology, and Shakespeare. I had the last two of them for the first time this afternoon, and they are more like what I should have had all along. I retain the Religion, ROTC, and Spanish courses.... I have no classes on Saturday now, only one on Tuesday, and two on Thursday. But Monday, Wednesday, and Friday are loaded. Five of the classes are in that new ultra modern building I mentioned before [O’Shaughnessy Hall].

Best of all, I now have full time for band every day of the week—that is, if I get in. That is proving to be harder than expected. I am sitting here with my feet in the bucket of hot salt water Mrs. Wilcox prescribed. We had intensive marching from 4:30 to 6 while the “wheels” watched us and picked out the best. I was the last trombonist. Two others didn’t make it. They said I march too stiff and military. I tried to do as I saw others doing, but it will take a while to break away from the stiffness. This is still not definite. Next they have to see how we march and play at the same time. That will be hard for me because I’m not used to the fast tempo. My feet were so raw and sore I about had to limp home. It felt like I had holes in both socks and no skin on the soles. It
wasn’t quite that bad! It was a proud feeling marching back with the select bunch. We were yelling chants like, “Go, Irish, beat Sooners!” We kept it up a long time. They really demand that you be snappy....

I can’t complain about the food [in the pay cafeteria]. It’s very good and costs about $1.50 per day—less than the $2.00 I expected. Nevertheless, I’m sure I won’t have any trouble getting down anything you send to eat.... The time is not passing fast here. It seems like ages since the first day. Maybe it will go by faster now that I’m getting settled.... They don’t call me by my first name here. Everybody goes by his last name just about every place. Only one teacher can pronounce it right.... Don’t think I want to move on campus [when a room opens]. The dorms are so noisy I’d never get anything done....

Thursday, Sept. 24. I’m really going to be up late tonight—long reading assignments in Sociology and Shakespeare. What set me behind was an unexpected occurrence—our first pep rally. It was another big thrill. At 7 p.m., the band met and formed up. I was in the middle of the second row. We marched all over the campus playing the Victory March and another N.D. march alternately. As we went, the crowd began to follow. Finally we ended up at the gym [Navy Drill Hall] and led thousands of yelling kids into that huge building. There were the usual organized yells led by the three cheerleaders. Then the band would play. When everybody got to cheering the roar was deafening. Then several speakers (including Johnny Lujack [assistant coach, backfield] and Father [Eugene] Burke [CSC, team chaplain]) gave pep talks. Then team captain, Don Penza, introduced the team. Several players also gave short speeches. [Johnny] Lattner was the most popular, naturally. When it was over we went out of the hot, steamy atmosphere into the chilly night air. My shirt was wringing wet.... Band practice wasn’t quite so grueling this afternoon. The 110 were divided into four groups: 62 in the “gold band”—the main band; then the “gold reserve” (29 who need improvement, including me); then the “blue band,” and finally the “blue reserve” (they are the one’s who really have to improve). The drum major [Jerry Gatto] has sole authority in picking the various bands. All four get uniforms and play as a unit at the games, but only the “gold band” performs on the field. The official list comes out in the morning. My feet are still a little sore, but I’ll get used to it—eventually. I’m achey all over tonight, but in good spirits....

Only two classes today, Religion and ROTC. A French Brother is my new Religion teacher. He is hard to understand but also very humorous. Major Bass led the ROTC class; the subject was leadership....

2. “Reading, reading, and more reading”

Friday, Sept. 25, 1953. I’m tired tonight—just a regular day, though. I DID MAKE THE MARCHING BAND. Since a 62-man band would be too small, they added the “Gold Reserve,” and now the band has 91 boys. I march in the center of the last row and play third trombone. I hate marching in the rear
because of the feeling that if the band is decreased the last row will go first, so I'm in a precarious position. It isn't unusual for trombones to be in the back, however, because that way the band can reverse direction and still have trombones in front.... Tomorrow morning at 10 I pick up my uniform.... The rehearsal today was the first one with instruments. It was very disorganized. The boys cut up too much to get anything done. All talk at once, and you can't hear directions—especially at the back.

Am I ever behind in class work! I have 78 pp. of history and no telling how much of everything else. I can see that this course of study is going to be just about all reading. Got all my new books but one today; they are out of the one for speech.... Picked up two history books (used) from a kid to save money.... If you haven't already sent that book I asked for, forget about it. I can get along fine without it. I must spend most of tomorrow morning in the library doing a bunch of outside reading assignments to catch up. In the afternoon I'll be listening to ND vs. Oklahoma and trying to read history, sociology, and Shakespeare at the same time. I have better teachers in my new program. I like the Spanish teacher [Walter Langford] best. He gave me 100% on my first paper.... No telling when I'll get caught up. I've already been assigned a term paper on top of it all.... My eyes don't bother me at all any more. All this reading may not be good for them, though....

This morning when I got to Dillon Hall chapel, where I go to Mass and Communion every morning, the members of the football team had just received Communion and were being given a short sermon by a priest. Then he blessed them individually at the Communion rail and sent them on their way. Oklahoma's going to have a lot more than just a crack football team to beat tomorrow!.... [The “Religious Bulletin” for Oct. 16, 1953 explained this custom: After Mass and Communion, “Captain Penza leads them in the Litany [of Loreto] and Act of Consecration. It is no secret that the team prays—to escape injury, for the courage to play hard and clean, and for as much victory as is good for Notre Dame. Finally, they are blessed individually with a relic of the True Cross and given the medal to wear during the game. Every game is dedicated to Our Blessed Mother under a particular title. Tomorrow (Oct. 17, first home game) it is ‘Our Lady of Fatima.’ By their courage, loyalty, and brilliance, they'll make you proud of them. They start the day for you with Mass and Communion. Will you do as much for them? They'll appreciate this little sacrifice on your part.]

I'm cutting down still further on my eating expense. I'm learning to get foods that are very filling and low cost.... You don't have to make your letters so “sermonish.” I get plenty of that up here. However, do keep writing.... When you tell people I'm in the band, you don't need to mention how precarious my situation is. Tell the little kids [youngest sisters, ages 10 and 12] to write sometime. I really enjoy the Daily [hometown paper] and concentrate on it so deeply I forget where I am.... I miss the [football] games at home very much.

Answers to your questions: Yes, I make my bed every morning. Yes, I keep my room neat, and dirty clothes in laundry bag. Yes, I enjoyed talking to all of you on the phone. My health is good, and I feel fine—although tired. Not enough time to sleep. The days are passing very slow—61 days ‘til I'll be home.
Tomorrow is freshman picnic with St. Mary’s. I’ll be reading. I haven’t seen a thing of St. Mary’s yet, and that’s OK by me. Send some food.

**Saturday, Sept. 26.** The game with Oklahoma was very good. While listening to it, I worked out a map problem for history, made out a study schedule, and polished shoes. It was too exciting to do anything else. At noon in the lobby of the dining hall they were getting kids to sign a telegram to the team at five cents a signature…. A lot of the new students went to the picnic with St. Mary’s girls this afternoon at the park, but I wanted to hear the game instead.

After church, it took nearly all morning to get my [band] uniform. There was a line, as usual. I attracted attention carrying it home [down Notre Dame Ave.]; got a ride part way. As I expected, it doesn’t fit too well, but all in all it will be fine. The hat fits best. The uniform consists of light blue slacks with gold stripes, one down each leg; navy blue coat with gold trim and citation cord; navy blue overcoat (heavy) with identical gold trim—three-leaf clovers on the lower sleeves (the buttons are arranged in the West Point dress uniform fashion); light blue/navy blue hat with gold braid; gold spats; navy blue tie; gold gloves. It is worn with black shoes and socks and white shirt. The pants zipper is off its track, and I’ll have to take it someplace to be fixed before our first show on Oct. 17…..

It was another warm and beautiful day. Sent off six or seven postcards today, some to the people you suggested…. My feet are OK now—getting used to it. I began taking the cold pills you gave me today. The trouble is that I have to bring a pill to school and take it just after Communion to keep from breaking the fast. No cold yet, just a little sniffle…. Getting the bank deposit receipt greatly relieved my mind. Now how about my final check from the Corps of Engineers [summer trainee]? I have $705 in the bank now…. I haven’t taken any pictures since I got here, so don’t be expecting to receive any prints for a while…. I don’t have to go to campus on days off, but it seems that I’m always there at mealtime. Whenever I’m not, Mrs. Wilcox [landlady] feeds me. There are several places I can go to eat close by, and also some grocery stores where I can get stuff….

Tonight we get an extra hour—to study or to sleep; I haven’t decided—when we go back to standard time.

**Sunday, Sept. 27.** A beautiful day again, but cool. The trees are turning and along N.D. Avenue they really are pretty…. Weekends seem worse for homesickness. But listening to Jack Benny and Amos ‘n Andy helped cheer me up. I got all caught up in history and did the Spanish lesson. Spent most of the afternoon at the library on compulsory outside readings. Wrote two short speeches for speech class. It’s too late to start memorizing them. I’ll do that on the way to school and during breakfast. There’s still a tremendous amount of reading to catch up in sociology. I’ll save that for Tuesday when I’m free all day. Planning to watch football practice before band tomorrow afternoon. There are some dances coming up soon, but none of that for me. I haven’t even
been able to get to the show [movie]. There was a free double feature at school tonight, but lessons must come first, sorry to say.

Tried to sleep a little later this morning when I had the chance, but couldn’t. Eight hours must be enough, but will get only seven tonight. Went to 8 a.m. Mass—nice sermon. The church [Sacred Heart] is packed for all six Masses on Sunday. My laundry gets picked up tomorrow…. Have somebody write every day.

Monday, Sept. 28. I’m listening to the Telephone Hour. It is the first Monday night of music programs I’ve heard since arriving. I get them on a Fort Wayne station. Radio reception isn’t very good up here.

Mondays are going to be the roughest. From the time I leave in the morning until I get home at 7 p.m., I have only about 45 minutes free time—not really free because there’s always something to be done. This was the most beautiful day yet—warm with a gentle breeze and sunny. One of these days we’ll get a cold blast from the north….

Band practice was inside today, as it will be every Monday. The music was hard, and I was lost part of the time. We have to memorize all halftime programs and on our own time. That’s a big order. Tomorrow and Wednesday are on fundamentals—signals, commands, and marching techniques…. Are you kidding about band practice in the stadium? That is a sacred place and is only used for the home games. They sprinkle it all the time and tend to it like it was gold. The band has its own practice field north of the campus….

First test in history today; of the three questions, I missed one entirely. No excuse, either. I didn’t know the Edict of Milan. In sociology I’ll be reading all day tomorrow trying to catch up some more, and there are a hundred pages of small type in Shakespeare—that’s just the introduction. I’m going to like ROTC. We’re studying three kinds of machine gun…. This will be my last year of ROTC because there is a rigorous physical exam before you can get into the advanced program….

I thought I’d be in the majority up here wearing jeans, but they are in the very small minority. The kids dress a lot nicer than I was expecting….

Tuesday, Sept. 29. …. In the upper 90s today, windy and dusty. Did some of the reading on the grass in the shade down by St. Mary’s Lake this morning. Really peaceful there….

Very tired after heavy band drill. We concentrated on 8 steps to 5 yards…. They said ten guys didn’t do well enough, but for once I wasn’t one of the “chosen few.”… They keep repeating that they’ll throw out anyone at any time if he doesn’t come up to standard. Band administration is completely reorganized this year; the goal is to be the best college band in the country. A national music magazine [National Catholic Bandmasters] is doing a feature on us next month. They’ll take pictures and do interviews during our game with Georgia Tech…. First issue of the band newspaper [the Fifing Irish] came out today. Maybe if I have a little extra time I will get on the staff—which would give them another reason to keep me in….
...Supper included turkey livers and rice; I just saw “turkey something” for 35 cents and didn’t pay much attention. What a shock when I tasted it. From now on I shall read the entire sign.... Guess who I ate with at noon: none other than Paul Guglielmi of the football team. He is very quiet. He was eating in the caf because the dining hall line was too long.

The people in this town take pride in their yards. Nearly all of them are well kept. As you walk by, someone is always out sprinkling the grass and flowers. As a result everything is nice and green.

Answers to your letter: The student body does not turn out in force to greet the team when they return from a game—unless they lost. Then (from what I hear) everybody, including the band, goes to the station and parades through the streets yelling and carrying on all the way back to the campus. You can’t beat that spirit.... [Coach Frank] Leahy is expecting much trouble from Purdue because they lost to Missouri....

I’m still having trouble getting down to study; it doesn’t seem to come as easy as it used to. Still hoping for the best. No disappointments today, for a change.

Wednesday, Sept. 30. Another beautiful day; a little cooler, but that’s OK because yesterday it was 102, a record. The lawn sprinklers were going full blast all day [on the quad].

I was in unusually good spirits in spite of the quiz session in sociology. The whole discussion was over my head; I never said a word. I had done all the reading, but it didn’t help.... We disassembled a heavy machine gun in ROTC.... Only two classes tomorrow, but the rest of the time will be spent reading, reading, and more reading; quite a bit of Old Testament for religion. There was a guy from London, some noted dignitary, who gave the first of three lectures at school tonight. He is speaking on eyesight; I should hear him (maybe Friday night). There are two dances coming up, but I’ll have to wait until Homecoming dance [at home] to show off my “skill.”... I am getting anxious for some entertainment, though. Maybe there will be a good show [movie] here on Sunday....

Survived another band drill today; I make a visit [to the Grotto] every afternoon before practice.... Today it was rugged: extremely hot and dusty (it has only rained twice in the last three weeks). We went through it all, playing and marching; the 3rd trombone music is new to me, so I was sight-reading while trying to pay attention to marching.... Third trombone is no easier than 1st or 2nd; it’s just a harmony part.... Mr. [Robert] O’Brien [band director] says we’re starting to look like a band. Everything must be exactly precise and down to the inch. He and the Drum Major [Jerry Gatto] have eyes like hawks—nobody escapes them. I was only hollered at once, and that was for holding my horn too high (usually trombonists hold them too low). They’re going to start teaching us a new step tomorrow. Twelve more practices until the first home game.... with Pittsburgh on the 17th. The paper here [South Bend Tribune] has about as good a sports section, or better than, the [Kansas City] Star. I’ll have to pass up the World Series this year and concentrate on business....
Thursday, Oct. 1. The beautiful weather continues. The natives say it is very unusual here. Coming back from band drill every evening just after sunset, there is the most beautiful view out through the trees across St. Joe Lake, especially with the fiery red sunsets we’ve been having. Another day of band drill without getting yelled at. I didn’t make many mechanical errors; it’s my posture and way of marching that isn’t what it should be. Today was a real workout. We learned the hike step (a fancy movement that completely wore me out in just a few minutes). It combines marching and running while playing. We’re supposed to have three marches memorized for tomorrow’s practice.... They still say we are improving on the whole.... If you think we’re not having intense band drill, you should see my hand. It was raw and bleeding where the horn rubs against it. That never happened before that I remember. My feet hurt from so much marching and walking.... I walk an average of six miles a day....

It’s 11 p.m. I’ve finished Spanish and history and have a lot of reading in Shakespeare to do before going to bed. Have to skip sociology. I can’t get rolling like I used to, and that bothers me.... I really enjoy religion class. The Brother who teaches it is very French and amusing....

Got my ROTC uniform, all except socks and shoes, and had a horrible time lugging it home along with an armload of books. I thought sure I’d get a ride before going very far, but naturally I didn’t. [Here the uniform is described in detail—typical army outfit.] We start wearing it on Monday, and then every Mon., Wed., and Thurs.

Got my laundry back ($1.17) and it was in a shocking state—stuffed in the bag just as I had sent it, hopelessly wrinkled and out of shape. Something will have to be done about that. Mrs. Wilcox [landlady] has offered to iron some things....

Your cake did not arrive in recognizable shape, but it tasted fine. Half of it was mashed down to about an inch and a half, and some of the icing was gone.... Do not worry about that draft board [Selective Service] reclassification. I will talk to the PMS&T [professor of military science and tactics] tomorrow afternoon, and I’m sure he’ll send some kind of statement about why I’m not in the advanced course; you have to be here a year before you can get into that.... I’m getting letters from you all every day, sometimes two. I look forward all day to coming home and reading the mail....

About Mass: I’ve been going on Sunday in Sacred Heart Church. Then I can hop over to the caf and have breakfast. Daily Mass is in Dillon Hall chapel, which is right next to the dining hall. Most of the off-campus boys go there, and it is always crowded. There are five Masses every morning, and Communion is given out every 15 minutes. It’s the same in most of the other residence halls. Also, you can go to Confession anytime of the day or night. Now that October is here, the month of the Rosary, there are group rosaries in the Lady Chapel of the Church and in all the halls. Also the Grotto will be more crowded, I expect. Went to Confession this evening because tomorrow’s First Friday. I’ll try to make all nine again.
By now it's too late to read Shakespeare, so I'll have to skip it, too. I never used to do things like that; I always got every lesson prepared, even if I had to stay up a little later....

Friday, Oct. 2. Answers to your letter: Concert band is not selected until after Christmas. They have tryouts, and it's twice as hard to get into because it's half as large as marching band (50 or 60, and only 5 trombones. Naturally, I will try out—nothing to lose. It's concert band that makes the Easter trip. About Brother Boniface [an old friend of an alumnus at home]: he is still prominent and popular here. He has charge of obtaining altar boys for all the Masses. What a job! Enjoyed talking to you all tonight, but the connection was bad....

This was really a busy day! Now that the weekend is here, it's time for resting, but I still have to keep going.... At breakfast they were out of milk before I got there. They are trying to improve the food situation since the enrollment is much larger this year: between 5,600 and 6,000. Last year it was a little under 5,000. Off-campus students are more numerous this year....

I am fairly well caught up in all my classes, but it takes a lot of reading to stay that way. Didn't get home from school until nearly 10 p.m. After band and supper we had our second pep rally and then I went to the organization meeting of the Scholastic, ND's weekly news-magazine. They worked us hard at band, as usual. I think I have this new [hike] step down pretty well, and doing as well at it, if not a little better, than the other new boys. I'm also learning the music pretty well.... They have added another row, making 98 total. This includes 10 trombones. I play better than some of the others, but there are a few who are real musicians. Having very little talent, I have to keep struggling.

Tonight's pep rally wasn't quite as awe-inspiring. There were two excellent speakers and plenty of deafening noise, yells, and band music. We marched all over the campus before it, like last week.... It was quite warm out; up to 90 or above again.

Today I discovered another outstanding thing at ND. It is the Fine Arts Department in a wing of that new building [O'Shaughnessy Hall] I told you about. You enter through a hall with window displays of student artwork. Its excellence held me speechless, but the real surprise came in a large room—or several large rooms—adjoining it. This is ND's Art Museum. Even the Nelson Gallery in Kansas City isn't as beautiful, although that one is larger. I "wasted" a whole free period, wandering around looking at the paintings and objects....

Then there is the Music Department upstairs—separate from the band room in Washington Hall. Saw a notice that Michael Rabin, the boy violinist, will be here for a program with the South Bend Symphony in about three weeks. In the band room, there are something like 80 lockers to hold our instruments—about as safe there as they would be anywhere. There is a big room for the larger instruments—nice set-up.

The Scholastic deal seems OK to me; I've applied for a place on the sports staff. Here I go again, getting into too many things—just getting caught up in
class-work and already looking for more. The meetings are Tues. and Wed. nights—time I need for study.

Dillon Hall Chapel was overflowing this morning [First Friday]. Also went to the [Sorrowful Mother] Novena service at the Church before the pep rally.... The devotions to Mary in the Lady Chapel were impressive. You remember that this is the part of [Sacred Heart] Church behind the main altar. It was full of kids saying the Rosary—all day.... It is beginning to dawn on me more and more that this place is about the best place in the world I could be. It gets into my blood more every day.

3. “You learn things all the time up here.”

Saturday, Oct. 3, 1953. Hot and humid today; thundershowers threatened, but there were just sprinkles. After 8:30 Mass and breakfast I went to get a haircut. The campus barbershop is a large place—seven barbers. But there was a line, as usual, and I had to wait quite a while (reading some Shakespeare). Haircuts cost $1.25. Spent the rest of the morning in the library doing outside reading for history and then out on the campus under a tree reading more Shakespeare. It takes 5 min. to read one page, the type is so small and the page so big.... After lunch, I picked up some things at the grocery store on the way home: milk, cornflakes, peanut butter, and bread....

Listened to the game this afternoon while getting my ROTC uniform ready and writing postcards. What do you think of our team now? [ND defeated Purdue 37-7.] Here everybody thinks we'll be national champion this year. Bill Stern announced the game; I could hardly recognize him, he sounded so old.... After supper I read sociology and religion all evening, with popcorn snack. There's no free time to speak of.

Got a ride to school this morning with a guy whose sister is a nun teaching at SFB [St. Francis Borgia] in Washington, Mo., where I was in grade school. Small world. The other day a guy at our table in the caf told us that his ancestors didn't come over on the Mayflower; they built it. Really “distinguished” people up here....

A letter came from Marge [girl-friend from home, also away at college]. She's having the same trouble I am getting down to study.

Sunday, Oct. 4. Indiana weather is much like Missouri weather, I'm finding out. A pretty big change this time. Today was chilly, cloudy, and gloomy. Walked to church in a light rain. St. Joseph's is six blocks down Hill St. [corner of LaSalle]. A [Holy Cross] missionary from India [Dacca, now in Bangladesh] gave the sermon (asking for money). The parish is celebrating its hundredth birthday this year. It is mostly French. They have six Masses on Sunday; the 9 o'clock was so crowded they had chairs down the aisles, and there was a crowd standing in the back. As you know, South Bend is heavily Catholic, and they must not have the facilities to take care of so many.
Back home after breakfast I read the paper (I'll send you a clipping about the band), and then started on lessons. Haven't stopped until now (10:30 p.m.) except for meals at the caf (dinner was the most expensive one so far—98 cents). Spent all afternoon in the library looking up material for my historical essay (research paper). Checked out six books; all together I have eleven sources. Typed out the bibliography tonight (it's due tomorrow). My topic is St. Thomas More and Humanism. It has to be a thousand words and is not due until Jan. 4. I'll probably end up doing it at home during Christmas vacation…. I hate having to spend Sundays doing lessons, but from the looks of the crowd in the library, I'm not the only one. Would like to get away from it one of these weekends, which looks impossible if they continue giving such heavy assignments…. There are 52 days to go before I come home.

[Now for the Sunday sermon:] I have come to the realization that you all and a lot of other people do not follow this advice: “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His glory, and all these other things shall be added unto you.” People here really go for that. Church comes first and then everything else, no matter how important it might be. The atmosphere is saturated with religion. It would do you all good to be here for a while. It would change you.

I've seen many different orders of nuns here. Some of them are in the graduate school. The nuns can eat in public; there are always some in the cafeteria. Just realized how much walking I'm doing, probably over 80 miles in 20 days—an average of 4 miles a day. Sometimes it has gone as high as 6.

Monday, Oct. 5. It was 39 when I left for school (7:05). That ROTC uniform felt good…. Classes were fine today. Our speech teacher [Leonard Sommer] is a young guy, and he really had us roaring. He's a violent anti-Republican and doesn't care who knows it…. The lessons are lightening up....

Today at band practice, playing halftime music in the band-room, it suddenly hit me that I am in THE NOTRE DAME BAND. I had to stop playing, look around, and listen, and still found it hard to believe.... The trombones sit pretty far out from the director and right in front of a row of ten snare drums. At times it is deafening; we can hear only trombones and drums. The saxes (15 of them) sit in front of us, and the 6 baritones on our right. Mr. O'Brien told us there is a chance the marching band will go to Tampa, Florida in February, but added that it's far from definite and we shouldn't get our hopes up [it didn't happen]....

While reading this evening, I got Monday night music from Boston [WBZ] and Pittsburgh [KDKA], but can't get Chicago.... Got a letter from Aunt V. today—just about all questions. She wanted to know how I occupy myself in my spare time. (Ha!).... Too bad about Uncle M. But he wasn't supposed to last this long, was he? I can't send them a card because I don't know the address, and I wouldn't know what kind of card to send anyway. I sent [several relatives] picture postcards of the dining hall (food hint)....

Found out that there are many kids going home for Thanksgiving. Class attendance will hit a new low on the day after [only Thanksgiving day was free].
The time is passing faster. The days still seem long on the whole, but the time whizzes by when I'm trying to study. I never get finished with all I had planned to do.... Had my chest X-rayed today at school. Didn't have to stand in line very long, surprisingly.... It's getting pretty late (11:15), and I have to get up at 6:30 as usual. I'm not getting enough sleep, but nothing can be done about it.

Tuesday, Oct. 6. It was cold at band practice today. They wanted to take us through the pre-game program, but the formation sheets showing where each guy stands didn't get printed in time.... We practiced until dark, and couldn't see signals any longer. They don't have lights up yet. We have a new practice field—a lot nicer and less bumpy—all marked off with yard lines and sideline markers. It is just east of the stadium, right in its shadow. If I ever actually march inside it I'll probably be so thrilled I'll forget the music and the routine.

... Finally finished that long Shakespeare assignment and can now say I'm all caught up. But tomorrow they'll have us loaded down again.... There is a short journalism course at night for the new men on the Scholastic staff. Tonight they showed us the style sheet, and all about writing articles. I felt right at home. Tomorrow night I may get my first assignment. Haven't met the sports editor [Bob Frohlicher] yet, but I'll probably be on his staff.

[Answers to questions from home]: I know I'm not getting enough sleep (6 or 7 hours). Yes, I drink the fruit juice first. (You worry about the craziest things! I'm 20, you know, even if I don't act like it at times.) The peppers are stuffed with some kind of meat. I am wearing my clothes wrinkled (next time I'll ask that they be ironed). I may be able to get tickets for you if you decide to come to a game. They are still selling tickets to the first game—in the dining hall every noon ($4.80). I hear the Georgia Tech game is sold out. Haven't been homesick for a long time now. Guess I'm finally getting in the groove. About airplane rates between here and K.C. [Kansas City]. Hold onto your hat; here they are: round trip, $67.28; one way, $35.36. Both American and TWA, same price. Also inquired about trains: $30.61 round trip to K.C. (Santa Fe). Would leave here at 6:15 Wed. evening and get to K.C. at 7:30 a.m. Thanksgiving morning. Bus all the way is out of the question. It's cheaper, but I couldn't get there until 4 p.m. Thanksgiving Day. It takes nearly 24 hours.

My history class has been moved from 11:30 to 12:30 to help spread out the noon hour rush in the dining hall. Next week is going to be a big week on campus [Festival of the Arts]. You can read about it in the enclosed clipping. I intend to take in as much as possible.

Wednesday, Oct. 7. It was 31 this morning.... Gave my first speech in public speaking; did only fair. In ROTC Sgt. Terry gave is a surprise test on the heavy machine gun. Didn't do too well, but I didn't fail it. Also did poorly in Spanish recitation. Did well in a history test on how to write our term papers. Got the earlier test back, though, and it was a different story—60%, an F. I had only been in the class a couple of times and didn't know what was going on yet.
There is a short quiz on Friday, and I'll have to do better. Also a test Friday in Spanish. Was wondering when all these tests would start; guess my question is answered. Did well in sociology quiz section this afternoon. As usual, just a lecture in Shakespeare. We’re to read the whole play, *Romeo and Juliet* for Monday. (Nice!)

Band was a lot of fun today—despite the cold (was wearing the ROTC uniform). We went through pre-game formations. We are forming the Golden Dome, and I’m at the very top of the statue of the BVM! Don’t have any special place in forming the words PITT or IRISH (near the bottom of the last T, and at the top corner of the R). It’s all a thrill. What will it be like in the stadium with 60,000 people watching, and hundreds of thousands more on TV? I’ll probably faint dead away, and they’ll have to carry me off the field. I know all the music for the first game, more or less. After the pre-game, we march back down the field with my row in front. Then the national anthem. Talked to the head guy of the ROTC band [John Giambruno], and I may have a chance to get rank in it. It’s an all-Army band. Sixty guys are out for it.

Grabbed a quick supper, and hurried to the other side of the campus for a meeting of the *Scholastic* sports staff [basement of Farley Hall]. I was assigned to write an article for the next issue on the fencing team. (Ha! With all I know about fencing, that should be something.) Maybe this job won’t take so much time after all. There are so many guys on the staff that each just has one article a week. I have to start out at the bottom, but hope to get an advancement after a while. The editors are paid by the school.

Then rushed back to the other side of the campus for the K.C. [Kansas City] Club meeting in the Law Bldg. There were 25 of us, including the 3 from Lexington [Mo.; the other two—Bill Canning, John Stompoly]. Dues are only $1.25 per semester. It’s the extras that cost, though. For instance, they are having a steak dinner ($2.50) Monday night. Guess I’ll go. Both [John] Massman and [Jim] DeCoursey are having people up for the Navy game. Maybe you could arrange a ride with them. Don’t know if that one is sold out or not.

Then rushed back to the journalism class. A real joker for an instructor. Learned a lot about things I’ve been doing wrong. Got home at 8:45. The leaves are coming down; ploughed through them coming home. Trees are beautiful, at the peak of color. Squirrels and other small animals [*the perennial chipmunks*] were so active around the Grotto today that it got to be distracting. Many of them are nearly tame.

Hope I’m not losing my knack of study; so slow getting into it. It’s like my mind is all rusty; have to work hard to get all the rust off and get it operating again. These courses are so different. They make you think and use your mind, while the courses like math and science I had [in junior college] were about mechanical processes. I’ll get into the swing of it eventually. This is sure a wonderful place. I’m sending you a copy of the first issue of the *Scholastic*. The Greenlease kidnapping and murder has been making the frontpage headlines here. [Bobby Greenlease, age 6, was kidnapped from
school and murdered on Sept. 28 in Kansas City by two persons who were arrested in St. Louis on Oct. 7, brought to trial, and executed. Only half of the ransom money ($300,000) was recovered. The crime was a nationwide sensation.

Thursday, Oct. 8. ... Same old stuff—reading and studying in the library and at the house, all day and evening. Sure would like to have a day’s vacation from it.... I don’t think Canning is trying to discourage me. It’s just his manner—a natural pessimist. I know what I have to do and intend to do it, no matter what everybody else thinks.... Two tests tomorrow, and I must do well in them.

At drill period I joined the ROTC band; still don’t have enough to do, I guess.... It’s going to be a good deal: I get out of all drill except band. There are only three trombones. It is pretty small—35 (as large as it can be). We wear white citation cords and get white spats, gloves, and headgear. The Army supplies all instruments, so now I have two trombones. The Army wind instruments are silver—even clarinets. All the instruments are new. We checked them out and started getting organized this afternoon instead of practicing with the marching band. The drill field is right next to the stadium [west side].

Received the vitamins today and started taking them.... Looking forward to the candy and cookies.... Have to quit now, it’s so late! Just can’t get enough sleep.

Friday, Oct. 9. I’m getting acquainted with quite a few of the band guys; they’re all the best kind of people. Already know six of the other trombonists quite well, especially one guy from Springfield, Ky. You should hear that drawl. Another one is from Virginia, and another from Colby, Kansas [Gerry Vitztum]; he went to St. Joe Military Academy in Hays. There is also a guy who went to MMA [Missouri Military Academy, Mexico Mo.] and comes from El Dorado, Ark. [Dick Meinert]. He knows other guys from there who were my classmates at WMA [Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington Mo.]. I’ve also gotten to know four of the baritone players real well. They march in back with us. One of them is from Kansas. Haven’t met any other Missourians in the band. Over half of them come from the Northeastern states....

We’re working on halftime for the Pitt game. We’ll have 3 formations—a horse, a football, a heart. They’ll be celebrating the enshrining of three ND players in the National Football Hall of Fame, and this is the halftime theme. We make the horse for Elmer Layden, one of the Four Horsemen; the football is for George Gipp; and the heart for [Knute] Rockne. It’s going to be quite impressive. Hope you get to see it on TV. I have the position of honor in the pre-game Dome formation. Well, it’s quite a different story in the horse (in the middle of the tail)....

We had quite an audience at today’s practice—cars lined up and many people watching.... Three guys were replaced with reserve players. Guess I’ll never be able to relax and say I’m in the marching band for sure until the day
of the game. Everybody's in the same situation, though. Competition is much
stiffer this year—higher standards and a smaller band. For instance, two years
ago there were 21 trombones, compared to this year's 10. So much for band.

Did very well in two tests today. I studied like mad for them. Saw the
fencing coach [Walter Langford]—also my favorite teacher (Spanish)—to get the
dope for my first Scholastic article. (Wrote the first draft tonight, and will finish
it tomorrow.) He was very helpful and gave me plenty of information. Also
taught me something about fencing (you learn things all the time up here!).
When we finished, he took me into his office (he's head of the Modern Language
Dept.) where graders were working on our papers. He told me mine was the
best he'd seen (probably only saw one or two). Hope all my teachers get to
know me as he does. That's one of the main things [two junior college officials]
told us at graduation last year: "Get to know your teachers even if you have to
shoot a rubber band at them to get their attention." I don't think I'll go that
far. The classes are getting more informal.

As usual I'll have loads of work over the weekend—over 175 pages in
several books plus a speech to write and memorize. The reading is slow
because you have to study it and take notes. The band is having a picnic
tomorrow, but I can't go.... There was a party with St. Mary's girls in the Drill
Hall tonight.... Got a letter from [one of his sisters, also away at college]
expressing my ideas exactly: "I just wish I could have an hour to myself—just
relaxing." There is always something that needs to be done and keeps you
from relaxing and thinking.... After supper I went to church for the Sorrowful
Mother novena. It is every Friday night.... Going to bed a little earlier—11
o'clock. My health is excellent. Everything is OK. IMPORTANT: Tomorrow
night we go back to central standard time—the same as yours.

Saturday, Oct. 10. ... Walked downtown this afternoon (15 min.).... Joined the
South Bend Symphony Association and the South Bend Civic Music Assn.
Cost $3 apiece for students—very reasonable, I think, for what you get: ten
concerts spread throughout the school year (60 cents each). The first program
is next Sunday afternoon—the Symphony with Michael Rabin as soloist [a
phenomenal young violinist, a prodigy at age 14, was 17 when he performed in
South Bend; he left hundreds of classical recordings when he died at age 36 in
1972]. The following Sunday is Robert Merrill, the singer [Merrill (1919-2004)
was an acclaimed operatic baritone and radio/TV soloist; his 31 seasons with
the Metropolitan Opera began in 1945]. Later on the Cleveland Symphony is
going to be here, and notable pianists from time to time....

Would have liked to go to the band picnic today, but then I wouldn't have
gotten anything done.... After supper I read until my eyes wouldn't stay open.
Now I'm hungry, but can't go to the kitchen for fear of waking [the landlady].
Already woke her up once, taking my bath. They go to bed at 9 when I'm
usually just getting started. Listened to symphonic music all evening from the
New York Times radio station in New York [WQXR]. Also got the 10 o'clock
news on the [Kansas City] Star [station, WDAF]....

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I don’t think you all should come up here just for a football game. It’s too long a trip. You’ve seen me march in bands before, and you can watch on TV—probably a week later on film…. Why don’t some of my sisters write a letter sometime? Now that the [local ice cream shop] is closed [for the season], they can’t give that as an excuse....

**Sunday, Oct. 11.** Another day spent almost entirely doing lessons. Think I’ve got it planned so I can attend almost all of the events coming up this week (Festival of the Arts). The K.C. [Kansas City] Club dinner was postponed, so now I can go see the sculpture demonstration and documentary art-form film.

Went to 9 o’clock High Mass out at school; again I was impressed by the splendor and solemnity. The seminary choir chanted the Mass, and there was beautiful organ music. The choir is entrancing; sounds better than many I’ve heard on the radio. There was a procession before Mass of about 50 seminarians plus altar boys with lighted candles. The whole thing lasted 50 minutes, with many going to Communion. Five or six priests gave out Communion on both sides of the altar and in the back. That happens every day in Dillon Hall chapel, too.... Religion is a big business, an assembly-line process here! There was a Holy Hour at a football stadium this afternoon. The Holy Name [a society of Catholic men] sponsored it. Would have liked to go, but too many lessons.

Spent morning and afternoon reading, went back for supper and church, and came home to write a speech and do more reading. Now it’s going on midnight. [The landlady] invited me for a ride in the country with them this afternoon, but I couldn’t. They think I’m crazy for studying all the time.

**Monday, Oct. 12.** Quite a day: gone from the house from 7 a.m. until 9 p.m., carrying a load of books around all the time. We got test papers back in military class. I only got 85, but that was the highest grade—a flicker of my former self is returning, maybe. I had been thinking I was in the bottom half of my classes instead of near the top, where I ought to be. The only way to do that when you’re kind of dull, like me, is to pound the books hard.

Band practice was pretty sloppy today—the first time we went through the entire half-time show. We will practice two hours tomorrow morning since there are no classes (Founder’s Day holiday). They are really going to work us.

A series of foreign language movies is starting. The words are printed in English as it goes along so you can follow the story even if you can’t understand each language [dubbing was new]. Festival of the Arts started today. I saw an art movie in Washington Hall tonight (“The Louisiana Story”—made back in the ‘30s) and then went over to the sculpture lecture and demonstration [by Fr. Anthony Lauck CSC]. What a mob! They were stacked up around the walls, overflowing into the hall; I was in a large crowd outside looking in the windows. Pretty chilly, but it was worth it. Learned a lot. There are so many opportunities for doing things here that you could never do [back home]. I’m trying to absorb it all. Made a quick trip through the art galleries
to see a modern art exhibition; have to go back and see it better.... I'm getting to appreciate this place and its boundless opportunities more every day....

The cookies got here....

4. “Never time to just relax and think”

*Thursday, Oct. 13, 1953.* This was supposed to be a holiday (Founder's Day)[Feast of St. Edward the Confessor, patron of Notre Dame’s Founder, Father Edward F. Sorin, CSC]. But it didn’t turn out like it. Up at 6:30 as usual; Mass and Communion at 7:30; outside reading in history at the library; then got a check cashed at the Cashier’s office in the Main Bldg. [lower level]; then band. We had a most strenuous workout from 10 until 12:15—on the football team’s practice field. Another guy was replaced, and I got so worried that when it was over I asked the drum major [Jerry Gatto] if he has noticed anything wrong with my methods. He said hadn’t noticed me at all, and therefore there must not be anything wrong with my performance. That set my mind at rest—a little bit. I believe I have been improving; no mistakes today. I know the music OK, and that’s more than I can say for some of the guys. We went through pre-game and halftime two or three times. They were very satisfied with the practice. Only three more practices before the big day!

The Solemn High Mass celebrating Founder’s Day in Sacred Heart conflicted with band practice. A lot of visitors on the campus for Festival of the Arts. The Art Galleries have been crowded. After a large meal I went to Washington Hall to see another special movie. It was selected for its comedy and pantomime: “The Strong Man,” with Harry Langdon. Really an ancient thing—a silent picture, but very funny and enjoyable (only the second silent movie I’ve seen). Afterwards there was another movie in the Engineering Auditorium, quite a different one: a tense melodrama, “The Informer,” with Victor McLoughlin. It won several Academy Awards, and is one of the best of its kind I’ve ever seen. They kept showing the two movies all day; big crowds, as usual. Took my first bus ride downtown after the second movie to get my band pants from the repair shop. They had to put in a whole new zipper--$1.50. I should make the band pay for it....

[The landlady] told me tonight that they had decided not to charge me for the two weeks of Christmas vacation. She said the other people here do charge right through the holidays, but she doesn’t think it’s right. Quite a lot of kids took a 4-day holiday. Many were out of classes yesterday.... It is really beautiful up here this time of year—Indian summer. Today was ideal—sunny, breezy, and not too warm. My face looks a little healthier from being in the sun all morning.

*Wednesday, Oct. 14.* ... The military dept. took little individual pictures of us this morning. The class is divided into two sections, four in each. We’re still on the machine gun. Classes today were routine.... After the *Scholastic* meeting tonight, I went to another one for prospective members of *The Dome*
(yearbook) staff. I decided not to join it until I see how much time it would take. It would be fun, though. [He had been editor of high school yearbook.] Then I went to the dramatics presentation (Festival of the Arts) in Washington Hall [a dramatic reading of Ibsen’s “Hedda Gabler”]. It was very good, especially the acting, and it gave me a chance to relax; it was some day! Also did a more thorough tour of the modern art display in the Galleries. A lecture on art conflicted with band (polishing up for Saturday—not looking as good as we should, in my humble opinion)....

[The landlady and her husband] are leaving in the morning, and I’ll be in charge until Sunday.... Another beautiful day, but so dusty at band practice that everybody was coughing and it was hard to see, even with the lights on. It hasn’t rained for a long time. The sprinklers are going all the time on campus. There was a complaint about our using the football team’s practice field yesterday. Coaches reported that some players got shin splints because the ground was so hard from our tramping on it. (Ha! I guess they don’t mash it down in football practice!) We have to use our old field, with poor lighting, for tomorrow night’s practice....

Thursday, Oct. 15. 1:30 a.m.—lots of lessons tonight.... ROTC band practiced for an hour this morning and an hour this afternoon. Don’t think it’s going to be a very good-sounding outfit, but maybe it’ll improve.... They are selling green derbies as novelties at school. Everybody’s getting one to wear at the game Saturday (all except band members, that is). There’s a bunch of wise guys in the band, as in every organization, and they are always causing trouble for the band officers. We practiced after supper for over an hour. It went very bad, considering that the game is only two days away. Tomorrow is final rehearsal. Formations are spreading out too far, we don’t keep together; everything seems to be going wrong. Sound echoes cause a lot of trouble. Not as dusty tonight; they must have sprinkled the field....

[There follows a page of pen drawings of the different formations—for television spotting—with the writer’s position indicated in each. The band that year consisted of 13 rows, 7 players in each. Immediately in front of the first row (trombones; the writer in the center) were 3 glockenspiel players, and in front of them 6 bagpipers, the “Irish Guard.” The drum major was out in front and the director, Robert O’Brien, off to one side.]

Attended a lecture on the novel this afternoon—good speaker, author of several books [Prof. Richard Sullivan].... Tonight, after band, the Fine Arts String Quartet, which plays over the ABC network, was the best entertainment I’ve had so far up here, but I was so tired it almost put me to sleep.... It’s now 2:10 a.m.; time to go to bed!

Friday, Oct. 16. I’m really fired up tonight; don’t know if I’ll be able to sleep. I was going to bed early to make up for only 4 hours last night, but it’s already 11:30. What an amazing transformation took place here today. The old place came to life, and “football fever” is about 100%. I’ll start at the beginning.
Highest grade in Spanish test—98%; my name was called out in our class of about 30. It comes easy for me. Maybe I should switch to foreign languages (ha). History quiz: a long essay question on the importance of monasteries in preserving western civilization and culture during the Dark Ages.... After the last class, I viewed a special Festival of the Arts exhibit in the Architecture Bldg.... and then went to the first part of the Glee Club concert until time for band. It was amazing how good the Glee Club sounded; would love to be in it. The band showed quite an improvement, but still not perfect, and we'll still need a minor miracle tomorrow. But today is the best we've done.

After supper the band formed again to march all over campus, parading everybody to the gym for the pep rally. Most guys were wearing those crazy green hats, so I had to get one too. It falls down over my ears [a photo taken in front of the band room exists in the family archive]. Parading with the band is a wonderful, indescribable feeling. Father Hesburgh and Coach Leahy spoke at the rally and two players, [Don] Penza [captain] and [Sam] Palumbo [guard]. It was the noisiest and hottest rally yet. Walked home with hair all wet, but had a jacket on over the wet shirt. It wasn't very cold—in the 70s and sunny today. The campus was whooping it up as I left. People were pouring in, and one of the parking areas was already full. I'll be witnessing a thrilling spectacle tomorrow. Bought a program for the game tonight. My uniform is all laid out; everything is shined up and ready to go. I'm extremely anxious for tomorrow to come; perfect weather predicted.

[The Oct. 16 issue of the “Religious Bulletin” had this to say about the game: “Tomorrow you play host to thousands of visitors, for whom Notre Dame and Notre Dame men are synonymous with all that is tops in politeness, courtesy, and good sportsmanship.... Be good sports at the game. Follow the cheerleaders; and let no one cheapen your section by any undignified antics.... See to it that you work as hard in the stands as the team does on the field.”]

Saturday, Oct. 17. Got the thrill of my life today—impossible to put into words. You would have had to experience it to appreciate how it felt. Had to struggle to keep from getting carried away. Marching in that huge place with that famous organization—the Notre Dame Band—and with thousands of people cheering—it all seemed like a dream. Maybe a good way to put it is to say that I had to work to keep my feet on the ground and my head out of the clouds. No clouds today, however; the weather was perfect—approaching 80, gentle breeze, and sun not too hot....

Wore the uniform to school this morning for Mass, and through a growing crowd of people to breakfast. [The landlady] took my picture before I left. After some of the ever-present outside reading in the library, I went to the band room to shine up my horn. At 11 I thought I'd get lunch early before the line formed. Ha! The line was 4 abreast for half a block. I didn't wait to find out if all those people ever got lunch. On the way back to the band room, I found a sandwich, malt, and candy bar, and that was lunch. By the time we formed at noon, the campus was swarming with people. Kids were selling
cokes, souvenirs, pennants, programs, etc. all over; there was a real carnival air about the place. Loud speakers were blaring N.D. march music.

We tuned up and the Assistant Director inspected us; then we marched over to Cartier Field (football team’s practice field) to run through the pre-game and halftime programs and brush up on a few things. There was a large crowd around the band room watching us get organized and tuned up. The dust was terrific on the march to the stadium. At 1:05 we moved into the tunnel, and at 1:15 came the big thrill—marching out onto the field with the packed house [58,000] all cheering. And there I was at the top of the Dome formation!

The pre-game went very well, and then we filed up to our seats in the stands—on the 25 not very far up. I had imagined that we would be so far away from the players as not to be able to recognize them. Even I could see everything perfectly. We didn’t play much during the game. I kept pinching myself to see if I was really watching a Notre Dame football game. When the team got off to a terrible start [N.D. trailed 7-14 at the half], the kids yelled all the louder. The St. Mary’s girls had their own cheering section. The cheerleaders kept us better organized than I thought it would be possible to do with 5,000 keyed-up guys to control.

Halftime also went pretty well; could have been better. Hope you get to see it on that Sunday night TV show. After the game [N.D. came to life in the second half to defeat Pitt 23-14], we marched out playing, and over to the university’s main entrance and up the central mall with the Golden Dome rising in front of us. We were playing all the school songs, and the crowds were cheering along the way. Never saw so many cars—must have been 10,000—in all my life.... By the way, I wasn’t the only band member to be so thrilled; for instance, the redheaded baritone player who marches next to me [Ray DeSutter] was just the same.... [Coach] Leahy was really nervous at the game—kept walking up and down the sidelines. I was very close to him and the team while we were waiting to go out on the field at the end of the game.

Got to the caf at 4:30; the line wasn’t too long and I had a big early supper.... I was too stirred up to get much studying done tonight, but did draw a map for history class.... Did you notice on my draft card that because of my extra deferment I’ll be eligible for the draft until I’m 35? That’s OK; I might be a general by then, who knows?...

[Responding to a letter from a little sister, age 13:] Thanks for the long letter, but I’m afraid I can’t follow your advice and go to all the dances and parties. I can’t do everything, so I do what I like best, and that does not include dancing. I believe I’ll survive without any “dames hooking” me. No danger of that. Can’t give you any hints about a Hallowe’en costume; just go as you are.

Sunday, Oct. 18. Everything calmed down today after yesterday’s wondrous happenings. Went to 9 o’clock Mass down the street at St. Joseph’s. You have to get there early because every Sunday is like Easter at home. Then a little newspaper reading and Spanish. More lessons after dinner here at the house
until 3; walked the two and a half miles to the Auditorium [in John Adams High School] for the [symphony] concert. Saw some more of South Bend on the way: a beautiful day for a walk (low 80s and no clouds).

Students sit in the balcony. Found one of my new friends there, a junior from Oklahoma who also lives off-campus [Bill Warren?], and we enjoyed the concert together. There were also quite a few St. Mary’s gals. It was excellent—better than I expected. There are 78 in the South Bend Symphony, 50 of them strings. Not quite as polished as the K.C. orchestra [Kansas City Philharmonic], but the percussion blends in better. The attack was not good in places, and they didn’t stay together a few times. Lounds and softs were perfect. All the notes were true, except for a few in the French horn section. Michael Rabin [violin soloist] was a striking sensation! Listening was only half of it; a real showman. The Tchaikovsky concerto lasted half an hour. It’s considered one of the most difficult. The audience called him back for two encores. Went backstage afterwards, got his autograph, and talked with him a little while. Seems to be a very ordinary 17-year-old (no put-on airs). His mother was there, too.

After a snack tonight at the house, I went next door to watch a film of the game; they didn’t show the band at all. Not as many lessons tonight as usual. Festival of the Arts is over, and I’m still caught up…. 10 o’clock news on the Star [WDAF, Kansas City] came in with hardly any interference; the best yet…. Time for bed.

**Monday, Oct. 19.** Made a ragged speech in class this morning and was graded “poor.” This is an average of eleven grades for the various categories. I was “good” in choice of subject and audience response, but at the other end, I was “very poor” in projection, control of hands, rhythm, pronunciation, and voice control. I am “too fidgety,” and say “uh” and “and uh.” So you can tell that I was nervous. It was a 3-minute extemporaneous speech about my radio interview when I won a sports contest sponsored by the Independence [Mo.] Daily News. The low grade on this first speech means I have a good chance for improvement (I hope). Most of the other grades were low, too…. Good grades in Spanish and in history (100% on a quiz; that will counter-act the 60% on the first one). Wednesday’s map test should be easy.

Band rehearsal was inside. They outlined our program for this coming Saturday’s game with Georgia Tech, and we went over the music. This is going to be some show! Halftime theme is “Dixieland Music.” We’ll form a saxophone and some notes that move around on the field. Then a banjo. There are five difficult pieces to memorize by Thursday: “Dixie,” “Ja-Da,” “Georgia on My Mind,” “Muskat Ramble,” and one other, plus “Ramblin’ Wreck.” Mr. O’Brien [familiarly, “Obie”] arranges the music and runs it off on stencils. It’s really a big job. He thinks up the formations and stencils them onto charts of the field so each guy knows where he belongs in a particular formation….

The smell of burning leaves is strong 24 hours a day the past few days. Warm enough this morning to go without a jacket (forget to wear the ROTC uniform, along with a few other guys); up in the 80s, and supposed to keep up.
Tuesday, Oct. 20. Middle 80s again today and clear, except for the fall haze.... Had a good time at band, learning new formations and playing this “real gone” music. The student body will be pleasantly surprised by this show. We are doing two tricky dance steps to “That’s a-Plenty.” After the saxophone, notes, and banjo, we form a colored man while playing “Georgia on My Mind.” He moves his arms, and taps his feet. Then we form “UN” because it’s UN day and play a march. At the end, the ND, as usual. This one has to be perfect because a photographer from The School Musician will be here to do a story on us. You can see a copy of this magazine [at the two local schools].... You were more excited than I was during the game? Probably you were. I was too awe-struck to be excited. Maybe I’ll be excited this week.... It’s midnight, and I’m too tired to write any more; two tests tomorrow.

Wednesday, Oct. 21. ... Every night I have to stay up a little later; it’s now a little after 12.... I’m beginning to see that [Bill] Canning was not far off when he was telling me what a hard time I would have here. Except for Spanish and ROTC, I’ll have to concentrate on just passing my courses. The sociology test we had today was worse than most final exams at [junior college]. I doubt if I passed, or if many of my classmates did either. I had studied, but it was too far over my head. The word is going around that the administration has ordered all the profs to crack down hard because they want to show everyone that Notre Dame has the highest rating academically as well as in football. Everybody is complaining about all the courses they are flunking....

Just about smothered in the ROTC uniform today; no clouds and near 90. Took the jacket off at band practice.... Band was OK today, but the program is very ragged. I still don’t know all the music [by heart].

What caused the late night was the K.C. [Kansas City] Club dinner meeting downtown at the K. of C. hall. It was very worthwhile, even if the steak wasn’t so good. About half the guys were drinking; I had my milk as usual (ha!). Canning didn’t go, but Johnny [Stompoly] was there. Met a number of new guys, including one from Boonville [Mo.]. Nice to be in a group where there weren’t any of those darn eastern accents!

I had to hurry downtown on the bus after Scholastic meeting. They gave me another assignment—on gymnastics. Saw the proofs of my fencing article, which will appear in this week’s magazine almost exactly as I wrote it. I found two errors the proofreaders forgot to correct on the galley sheet. (They didn’t appreciate it, but the mistakes got corrected; I can always find the errors.)

[Answers to a letter from home:] You’re correct that I was hoarse after the game. Sorry you didn’t get to see the band on TV. A photographer takes pictures at every game, and I’ll try to get some to send you all....

Thursday, October 22. Trying something new tonight: going to bed fairly “early” (11:30) and getting up earlier (5:15). Lots of history to read before tomorrow’s test, but my eyes will take it better in the morning. Only getting five to six
hours of sleep; something’s been keeping me going—the vitamins, I guess. It was very hard staying awake this morning, however, in 9:30 religion class. Later I got a haircut (a pretty sad-looking one). Never time to just relax and think a little. Again it was hot today, and I sat outside on the campus reading. Everything is very dry. Most of the leaves have fallen, and there have been some brush fires. A lot of little kids having a tour of the campus today.

Football fever is already rising for Saturday’s game. Decorations are going up in front of the halls; if any of the games are “homecoming,” this must be the one. Tomorrow night’s rally will be around a bonfire in one of the parking lots. I’ll wear my green derby to school. Spent an hour this afternoon practicing the music. It’s hard to do the dance steps while playing unless you know the piece very well; tricky rhythm, too. After that, we had military band for two hours. Got a welcome surprise, which you can have them put in the hometown newspaper: promotion to assistant squad leader (corporal) in N.D.’s ROTC regimental band. So now this “new boy” has two stripes. When the squad leader is absent (fifth year senior, third year of ROTC) I’m in charge. My position is left flank on the first row (3 trombones and 2 baritones). Marching band practice was after supper. The show is still ragged with just one day left. We were a little improved tonight. They wet the field (we call it “the asthma trap”) with fire hoses, so it wasn’t so dusty; earlier this week it was so bad that everybody was choking. The photos of last week’s halftime were posted today; they cost 75 cents each, so I only ordered two. I’ll bring them home for Thanksgiving. By the way, you have to write the Prefect of Discipline [Rev. Charles I. McCarragher CSC, affectionately known as “Black Mac”] requesting that I be allowed to come home because of missing two days of class.

After band I went over to the Rockne Memorial for a meeting of the gymnastic team to cover it for the Scholastic. The coach, Mr. [Ray] Runkle, is a nice sort of guy. Finally got home at 9:15.... Not enough guys signed up for the student trip to Philadelphia for the Penn game, so they cancelled it. No wonder; it cost about $70. Hope the band still gets to go. If it’s convenient, please send some black socks. I wear the two I have four days a week, and don’t have time to sew up holes!

5. “Getting enough sleep simply can’t be done!”

Friday, Oct. 23, 1953. The heat finally broke today. A cold front moved through this afternoon and sent the T-shirt clad student body scurrying for coats....

The low grade for that first speech [in public speaking class] put me at the bottom of the middle third. Have to give another one Monday. I’ll talk on the advantages and disadvantages of the occupation of soda jerk. I have enough background [from working in an ice cream parlor since age 11] to know what I’m talking about. I got 95 on the history paper we got back today. The Shakespeare prof [Rufus Rauch] (my oddest teacher) is tightening up a little....
Signed up to take the Selective Service College Qualification test. If I don't make ROTC next year, maybe this test will keep me in college. It is not considered too difficult....

The miracle we have been hoping for happened this afternoon at band; the halftime show was nearly perfect. Everybody was surprised. I know the music pretty well. We ran overtime, and had only half an hour before supper closed. When I got to the caf, the line was clear out the front door, so I had to settle for a quart of milk with 2 cupcakes, a sack of potato chips, and a candy bar. The [football] crowd arrived earlier this week. Then we had the pep rally around a huge [and very hot] bonfire. [Edward W.] “Moose” Krause [director of athletics] spoke. We bandsmen nearly got swamped by the mob (probably near 7,500). It was a pretty disorganized affair—too many people. Went around campus to see the decorations, some excellent ones—elaborate and professional. I wonder where those kids got the time for that. Also this evening, there was a group singing all around campus—“When Irish Eyes Are Smiling” plus the school songs. It really gives you that “feeling.” The traffic on N.D. Avenue was bumper to bumper tonight. There are still a few tickets floating around for $15 and up. No studying tonight; just got my uniform ready. You should have seen me washing out socks and gloves tonight; maybe I need a washboard to get them clean....

[Answers to a letter from home:] My weight is pretty stable now at 135. No, [the landlady] does not complain about my going to the kitchen at night, but I'm not pressing my luck. We do have special parades and reviews in ROTC. They do have a lot of dances here; there was a big one tonight in the new [LaFortune] student center (Sophomore Cotillion). [Theme was “Fashioned in Fantasy;” Buddy Morrow's orchestra; see p. 264 in the 1954 Dome.] Sorry, but that’s all. It’s getting late and I have to be fresh for tomorrow’s performance before millions of viewers and listeners. I’ll be thinking of you all when I look up at the radio booth. No matter how hard you try, you cannot imagine my feelings when playing with the band in the stadium before 60,000 people. You would have to experience it to know it.

Saturday, Oct. 24. Cloudy and dreary all day with light rain this morning. The decorations suffered a little. The theme on campus all day was “Wreck Tech.” The cheerleaders had us yelling it, too. Lots of Confederate flags [as modified in Georgia’s state flag] flying today, too, especially when we played their school song. How did you like the game? Just about yelled my head off; still can’t believe I’m actually watching a Notre Dame game. Our great victory [N.D.’s 27-14 win snapped Georgia Tech’s 31-game winning streak.] was a little dampened by Coach [Frank] Leahy’s illness, but apparently it’s not serious. We didn’t notice anything wrong during the game. A bulletin in the paper was the first we knew of it. “National champs” talk is going around. You should have heard the yell when it was announced that our arch rival, Mich. State, lost.

They said our band show was excellent, and I agree. Ran out of wind in places and had to quit playing every once in a while. I think it’s during the
show that they spot the mistakes that lead to one's removal from the band. Last Sat. several guys got replaced. The students really loved the show. We had to stand out on the field and play everything again after the game, and they still wanted more. The kids I've talked to say this year's band [Bandmaster O'Brien’s second year at N.D.] is a great improvement over past years. Were you able to hear the music? I was not quite as awe-struck today when we marched into the stadium.

We are going to the Penn game [in Philadelphia] for sure, but each one has to buy his own meals and furnish spending money. In the past, the school has given each one $10. Guess they are getting poor (?). It will be a 3-day trip. This morning after Mass I had to spend some time in the library reading history, but I was too excited to get much out of it. Spent considerable time standing in line for meals; only got two. Talked with some people from Dayton, O. who have a boy coming here next year. Also ate with some Indiana people. The uniform leads people to speak; others just stare. Tonight I had to write the Scholastic article and type it. Then tried to read some sociology, fighting to stay awake. Finally took a roll of film to the bookstore. They come back Wed. I have a nice collection of N.D. postcards; I’ll send one or two with each letter.

P.S. I need those black socks urgently. I received the very welcome candy and cookies.

Sunday, Oct. 25. Had loads to do today, and got a lot of it done. Still a big crowd of N.D. people in town; the caf was full at noon. The meal (turkey) was expensive ($1.28). They always put out their expensive food on football weekends. Thoroughly enjoyed Robert Merrill’s program tonight [famous baritone with the Metropolitan Opera]. Had a little trouble getting there [John Adams High School Auditorium] on the bus. You have to transfer downtown. Quite another crowd of N.D. guys there, including another Jack [Sigler], who is in my row in the band. It was a huge crowd (several thousand), and the program was excellent. For the third encore, he had the whole crowd join him in the “Whiffenpoof Song.” Only two or three songs on the program were familiar to me. He sang several of those novelty tunes that he does on the radio sometimes. Got his autograph afterwards after being shoved around by a bunch of excited St. Mary’s gals....

Had some of your cookies with milk for supper; these survived the mailing much better—all in one piece. Have to get up at 6 tomorrow to work on my speech before going to school. Never can tell when he’ll ask to hear it.... If you want me to keep taking those cold pills, you’d better send some more. Today it was cold, and the sky even looked like snow all day (but not cold enough for that yet). Wore my overcoat to the concert....

[Our correspondent chose the concert over an X-rated movie which drew this comment from the University chaplain in the Oct. 28 issue of the “Religious Bulletin”: “A scene far more edifying and inspiring than the long lines outside the Avon theatre late Sunday afternoon was the gathering of a large group of St. Mary’s girls at the local shrine of Our Lady of Fatima in the dusk of Sunday]
evening to recite the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. With little regard for the highway traffic, the weather, and their nylons, they knelt during their devotions. It was the last Sunday of October, and the feast of Christ the King.

The “Bulletin” goes on: “Surely their action...more than made up for the low-forehead set standing in line at the Avon. Always, it seems, there is something edifying about this neighborhood.... Several Notre Dame men who joined in the Rosary devotion spontaneously are to be commended.... In some far-off day when Infinite Justice sifts the values of the evening activities of the two groups, we think the St. Mary’s girls will rank high. Next time you meet them, tip your hat—they deserve it. We also commend the students who sought your signatures to have the theatre owner discontinue the offensive picture.... Station WNDU should be proud that it advertises this theatre....”

Monday, Oct. 26. Went to see a foreign language movie (Italian) in the engineering auditorium. It only cost 25 cents and was recommended to language students. The acting was excellent. The title was “Open City.” It told of Italian persecution and underground activities during World War II. I had intended to see the Drama Club’s [University Theatre] production tonight [Cole Porter’s “Kiss Me, Kate,” Gene Gorski, lead baritone], but a fellow speech student from Colorado [Dale Edwin White] persuaded me to go with him to the movie.... Our speech teacher [Leonard Sommer] failed to show up for class this morning, so I had a welcome study period. If a teacher doesn’t arrive ten minutes into class, we are free to leave. This is the first time it has happened in any of my classes.

We have such a large and complicated show for Saturday’s game with Navy that we had to start right in today on the field learning ten new formations. We haven’t seen the music yet. This week’s theme is “A Cruise around the World.” We form a boat (the anchor goes up and down), a palm tree, a rickshaw (I’m in the wheel, which rotates), a snake-charmer’s pot (the drum major blows a melody from his baton, and the snake starts to coil out the top), the Eiffel Tower, a teapot, a violin (I’m in the middle of the bow, which is drawn across the strings a couple of times), and the letters US and ND. Pre-game is the same as before, including the Dome, with NAVY replacing TECH....

It was another dreary, gray day; enjoyed walking home in a light rain.... Had dinner with a boy from Spain, a very interesting person! The corporal stripes came today....

Tuesday, Oct. 27. Finally the rains came!—all last night and all day—a cold rain, too. The Grotto was crowded after supper, as usual, in spite of the rain. Got soaked going back for band this afternoon. Most of practice I was barefoot, and sat on my socks to dry them out. That just made me wet someplace else! We went through all the music today; it won’t be too hard to memorize. The songs for the “world cruise” are: “Sailing, Sailing,” “Sweet Lalane” (South Seas), “China Boy,” “Arabian Theme,” “Can-can” (France), “Tea for Two”

We are making plans for our “Philly” trip, leaving next Friday (excused from afternoon classes), and arrive at 6:30 Saturday morning; won’t get much sleep that night. We’re free until 2 p.m. on Sunday, except for game time Saturday (12 to 4). We’ll stay at the Adelphia Hotel, 4 to a room. There are negotiations with the athletic dept. to pay for our meals. The players will be on the train with us.

People are going wild about the band this year. Mr. O’Brien gets letters all the time saying it’s the best band since they’ve been here. Spectators line up in cars to watch us practice, including some high school band directors from this area.

Quite an accomplishment today: sewing a button on one of my shirts. Then the corporal stripes, which took an hour and a half, sewing with thread about 4 feet long so I wouldn’t have to keep threading the needle; sometimes it got tangled up. But the stripes look pretty good…. Worked on lessons every spare minute all day…. Here are the photos, with details on the back. They were really expensive--$1.67 for one roll, 2 prints of each…. Haven’t gotten any letters lately…. I’ll be getting up at 5:15 to study for two tests tomorrow.

Wednesday, Oct. 28. Biggest news tonight: In the Navy show I’ll be marching at the left end of the front row; the guy whose spot it is has suffered a sprained ankle. Now I have to learn the pre-game and halftime all over. In today’s practice we had to run through the formations in a hurry before the rain drove us back to the band room to practice the music. I was running all around trying to find my new positions. The show was too long, so we’ve had to cut the rickshaw and the teapot. I’ve memorized five of the pieces, with three to go. Wore overcoat with the ROTC uniform and gloves; a cold wind with the rain.

The editor of that music magazine that will feature us in its January issue wrote to Mr. O’Brien to say that we have as good a college band as he’s seen, and that the school should be just as proud of us as of the football team. He’s going to frame the letter. The athletic dept. is going to pay for our meals in Philadelphia. They think it’s the first time that has ever happened. Today’s football practice was televised on a closed hookup just for Coach Leahy in his hospital room. We saw the TV cameras and all the equipment they used….  

Today’s developments: 95 on military test (extremely easy); still doing great in Spanish; not so good in sociology (gave the wrong answer in quiz section); Shakespeare man assigned a whole 5-act play for Monday; my next article for the Scholastic is on the cross country team (can’t get to it until Sunday, and it’s due that afternoon). The sports staff has over 20 guys, but only 6 or 8 of us are getting weekly assignments….

There’s a Kansas City Club Communion Breakfast this Sunday in the Morris Inn, which means it will probably cost. My bank balance is down to $700; don’t you owe it some money [from summer savings]? … Clock has struck midnight; trying to get enough sleep simply can’t be done!
Thursday, Oct. 29. Band practice was most hideous [the 1953 word for horrendous] this evening—very ragged. I know the music OK, but still have difficulty finding my new positions. The band president and Mr. O’Brien are very patient with me. This afternoon’s ROTC band practice was more enjoyable—fundamental close-order stuff and facing movements. In the second hour we practiced marches.... I really like this military stuff! Also today, I was one of three trombones picked for a 25-piece band that is to play tomorrow for some special dedication ceremony in Washington Hall. It will be sight reading [i.e., unfamiliar music]. Because of this I won’t be able to march at the pep rally. Reliable sources are saying that the band will leave a day early (Thursday at 1:30) for Philadelphia, giving us an extra day of free time. That will be swell [the 1953 equivalent of cool], but I’d hate to miss 5 classes....

Doughnuts and coffee were served at band practice tonight. Got home at 8:30—sleepy and chilled—but with 3 hours of lessons still to do; I finally struggled through that, and now it’s 11:30. Have to get up earlier, too, to review for a speech test.... Religion test was returned today; I got 85 (about average). It’s a good thing you aren’t coming up for a game; I wouldn’t have time to talk or anything.... There are lectures every night that I’d love to attend if there was time. Sunday there’s going to be a Family Rosary for N.D. and St. Mary’s at the Grotto.... [The University’s “Religious Bulletin” for Oct. 28]

Very cold today—heavy frost this morning; we needed gloves for band practice. The day was nice and sunny, however.... A week from now we’ll be whizzing across the Appalachians in the Keystone State. And 3 weeks later, I’ll be doing the Bunny Hop [back home] at homecoming dance (they don’t do the Bunny Hop here). [This social dance mixer was born in a San Francisco high school earlier in 1953 and became an instant hit, especially in small towns. Ray Anthony provided the song, “Do the Bunny Hop.”]

Friday, Oct. 30. Tonight I had the pleasure of playing with the University Orchestra for a special convocation in Washington Hall. The music was rough: an excerpt from a Wagner classic, an overture, and topped off by Brahms’ symphony in C. I was lost in places (all sight reading), but followed along as I could with the other two trombone parts. Very enjoyable. Some excellent musicians, especially in the strings—including a fair number of priests and brothers, and some adults.

The event was part of the dedication of the Nieuwendall Hall of Science and included conferral of an honorary Doctor of Science degree on a research physicist, who then talked about his work: spinning electrodes and atomic research. I could understand him now and then; heavy German accent, but with a touch of humor. This afternoon Archbishop [John Cardinal] O’Hara [CSC] blessed the new building, and in another ceremony elevated a monsignor to the rank of Papal Chamberlain. I wanted to see this, but it conflicted with classes. This is just one indication of the wonderful opportunities I have to see and do more things than I ever have or probably ever will.... [The University’s
“Religious Bulletin” for Oct. 28 gives particulars. The monsignor, Osmundo A. Calip, of Nueva Segovia, Philippines, was a teaching fellow in the Modern Language Dept. while pursuing a masters in Education. He had been awarded a Purple Heart while serving with the Philippine Liberation Forces during World War II.

Band still didn’t go well tonight. It will take another minor miracle for the show to go off well tomorrow. I’m still a little uncertain of my pre-game positions. My row leads the band onto the field; I’ve got to know just where to go because others follow my lead, and I could throw the whole thing into an uproar! Mr. O’Brien got mad tonight because most of the kids don’t know the music well enough…. Not as big a crowd as I left campus tonight as there was last Friday.

My gymnastics article came out in today’s Scholastic. Forgot to tell you that one of the football players, Dick Szymanski, a quiet chap, is in my ROTC class.

Guess I can look forward any day now to a sermon from you all on how to behave on the trip to Philly…. The socks have not come yet. Only a week’s supply of cold pills left.

Saturday, Oct. 31. The first time I was speechless. The second time I was excited and thrilled. Today, I just plain had fun, especially during the halftime show. It’s much more fun marching up front, but the back row is really “home,” and I won’t mind going back there. We received our miracle right on schedule, and the show went off very well. Had to quit playing a few times when the high stepping got me out of breath. Mr. O’Brien told us that today is the first time the student body ever stood up and cheered us. The audience especially liked our snake and the can-can. [The landlady] listened to the game on the radio and said today is the first time they broadcast the whole halftime show. Usually there’s a guest speaker, statistics, and ads. She especially liked “Rose of Tralee.” When summer comes I’ll probably wonder if I really did and saw all this, or whether it was just a dream.

From my new position, I was the last one off the field at halftime, and when I reached the sidelines the football team had come back, amidst the wild cheers of the crowd. The players really looked beat up. I recognized [Johnny] Lattner by his number. Some spectacular plays took place right in front of us. Just before halftime we were lined up behind the goal post ready to march on, when ND scored right there. It was a wonderful game [ND 38, Navy 7]. The second and third teams played the second half and still kept scoring.

When the post-game marching and playing was over and we had our congratulatory meeting in the band room, I went over to Coach [Alex] Wilson’s office to do my cross-country interview. He had forgotten about it, so I had to call him at home. While in the office, I met the basketball coach, Johnny Jordan; he was anxious to lock up and leave. I told him to go ahead, and when I finished I’d be sure the door was locked. He did, and there I sat just looking around at all the championship pictures and trophies. I never reached Wilson,
but got all the dope I needed for my article from the team captain—a swell guy [Joe Springer]....

The campus was crowded with visitors as usual. Had my expensive football weekend supper (they double the prices) and came home to write the article. This morning after Mass I read about half of Julius Caesar. Again it was beautiful weather for the game, in between hot and cold....

Lots of trick-or-treaters tonight; brings back memories. I guess the little kids [in his family] were out pillaging the town’s candy and cookie reserves.... The socks came, and the fudge, for which muchas gracias.

6. “This is really a great bunch of guys.”

Sunday, Nov. 1, 1953. All Saints Day. Went to the special K.C. [Kansas City] Club 9 a.m. Mass in Dillon Hall chapel. Quite a few of the guys had people up for the weekend. After Mass we had a Communion breakfast at the Morris Inn—first time I was inside. Way out of my class—hope I didn’t act too out of place. The doorman won’t even let you in without a suit and tie. We had a private dining room. The breakfast was very good. (It should have been—cost $1.50.) Also the service; you hardly had to think of something you wanted when it was already being served by one of the waiters. That stuff is nice once in a while, but too high-class for me.

Back home I read the South Bend and Chicago papers, had a light lunch, and re-wrote my speech for tomorrow. It’s not supposed to be memorized, but I have to do it or I stutter around. Went back to campus at 3 to join the large crowd at the Grotto for Rosary and Benediction. It was for N.D. and St. Mary’s students, but many visitors were also there. The crowd was all the way to the lake. After that I turned in my Scholastic article after a last-minute revision. Then went to the open house in the newly opened [La Fortune] Student Center. It’s much better than M.U.’s [Univ. of Missouri’s] new student union, but smaller. There is a ballroom upstairs. The main lounge area downstairs has side alcoves for private parties. They play music all the time. Spent the rest of the afternoon there reading Shakespeare. After supper I came home to a frightening stack of lessons, which I just finished—nine hours of study today. This is going to be a mad, mad week; hope I survive.

Monday, Nov. 2. Went to two Masses this morning in Dillon; they wanted us to stay for all three because it was All Souls Day. [In those days, all priests said the three Masses of Nov. 2, one after the other.] Made four visits during the day to gain the plenary indulgences for the Poor Souls.

Today’s speech was much improved. I was nervous as usual, but controlled it better. The topic was an occupation; mine was the ice cream business [he had worked in a hometown ice cream shop since age 11]. I put in a little humor, and the class liked it. I was graded “very good” in choice of subject, but projection, control of body, rhythm, pronunciation, and voice control brought me down to average. I always get so nervous I forget to
pronounce distinctly. Got 95 on the last ROTC test. We are beginning on the .50 cal. machine gun; fortunately there is no in-the-field training here.

Got a shock in sociology; my worst fears were realized—67% (failure) on the test. The class average was 83. I must be going at it wrong because I couldn’t have studied harder. I don’t know what method to use to get a better grade. I’ll be happy just to pass that course. The subject isn’t difficult at all—mostly just common knowledge—but he must be on a higher plane that I can’t reach. We got a terrible assignment in Shakespeare—to read that whole play [Julius Caesar] again and then write a miniature term paper on it to be handed in next Monday! Can’t imagine how I could ever get that done with the Philly trip coming up. I’m already taking four books to work on during the train ride.

There’s a nice little religion test tomorrow, but Wednesday will really be test day!—sociology quiz, Spanish test, and history quiz, with the history midterm that night. Hurry and send more vitamins before I go under all the strain.... No letters again today. We leave at 3:30 p.m. on Friday....

Band practice was outside today. I’m back where I belong in the back row—it’s so “homey” there. We’ll repeat our Dixieland program in Philadelphia—our best show so far.... It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm. Instead of worrying so much about my lessons I should just do my best and take things as they come. Even if I fail a few courses, I’m still getting my money’s worth up here. It’s really wonderful to be here! Went to the Grotto right after class, and all of a sudden, failing that test didn’t seem so bad. I should be enjoying myself more instead of making myself unhappy with all the worrying. This is such a great experience to enjoy while I can.

**Tuesday, Nov. 3.** Tomorrow’s tests had me worried all day, but now that I’ve studied as much as my mind will hold in this very drowsy state, I’m a little more at peace and ready for the worst. Didn’t stay up as late as I feared I’d have to; couldn’t keep at those books any longer! [In high school and junior college] I used to worry about keeping up my excellent average; now I worry about just passing. Being away from home may have something to do with my “great decline.” Coming here was really a big step.

Band wasn’t too interesting today. They picked out some outstanding marchers and some not so good, and had them march together to show us how bad it looks if we don’t all march well. My marching still isn’t the way they want it, but they are giving me extra help because of the way I play (loud), learn the music and shows (fast), and hold the horn out (straight).

On today’s short religion test, I missed one question (what language Christ spoke; I said Hebrew—the answer was Aramaic).

**Wednesday, Nov. 4.** As you know from your phone call tonight, I survived the big test day. Very good to talk to you all; I’ll bet it cost a lot. How do I sound on the phone—as tired as I am? It’s very late.

Spanish test wasn’t too bad; answered correctly in sociology quiz, but not history (and got 60% on the previous one returned today). But tonight was the
big test (from 7:30 to 8:30) and I didn’t do well. I won’t be surprised if I failed
the mid-term. I can’t figure out what’s missing in my study habits. Maybe I’m
just dumb. I listen to the guys here and their silver-tongued class recitations,
and it makes me feel like an Ozark hillbilly. My education back home didn’t
prepare me well enough for this.... I’m doing a lot of praying these days for
success in schoolwork and everything. If I fail courses this semester, I guess
God has his reasons.

Ah well! At least I’m still in the band. Today’s practice was inside.
Started packing tonight because there won’t be a spare minute before we leave.
That English paper will probably keep me up all night tomorrow. It got really
cold today, with snow flurries this evening....

Urgent! Next time you send something to eat (make it soon), include a
couple of washcloths. I only brought three....

Thursday, Nov. 5. It’s 1 a.m.—earlier than I thought I’d be able to finish
everything. Didn’t get home from school until 8; our last band rehearsal lasted
until 7:30. It was so cold that everybody was just thinking about getting inside
(down to 22 last night). Squeezed in early supper after ROTC in the drill hall
(teaching fundamentals to the new boys). With just the uniform (no overcoat) I
would have frozen walking home, but I got a ride almost all the way. I’ve been
lucky getting rides lately, especially early in the morning. There’s a nice old
woman who drives up N.D. Avenue, and she often picks me up. Her car is
always full by the time she gets to the campus.

Had to finish the Shakespeare paper in a hurry; threw it together this
afternoon and typed it tonight. It’s a study of Antony, a character in Julius
Caesar. Interesting to work on, but no time to enjoy doing it. Then there was
a Spanish lesson for tomorrow. After that, getting laundry ready for pick-up,
packing, and lining stuff up for the trip, including several books. Instead of
taking my camera, I’ll get postcard pictures. Very confusing trying to plan
everything—rush back here at noon, change clothes, and return with suitcase.
I was going to wear jeans and a plaid shirt on the train, but [the landlady] told
me that would not be proper, so I have to wear my suit and get it wrinkled....
We have to stay in class until 2:30 (very inconvenient). Buses leave campus at
3 for the railroad station [South Bend’s Union Station]. Train leaves at 3:20.
You should see all the preparations they’ve made to insure a smooth trip....

Went to the Guidance Dept. to get the results of the entrance tests; there
was a mix-up in my files, but the dept. head remembered my name and said
the tests showed I’ll do better in AB (Arts and Letters) than I would have in
Engineering. Nice encouragement. I’ll be able to see the results Tuesday....

I’m looking very healthy these days. Getting out of the tub a little while
ago, I noticed how much darker my face is because I’ve spent so much time in
the sun—mostly walking.... I must get to bed! Wish somebody would invent
some pills as a substitute for sleep.... Got a letter from English girlfriend [“pen-
pal”; they never met]; she thought I was dead because she hasn’t heard from
me. (Nobody has.) Farewell, South Bend; come in, Philadelphia!
Friday, Nov. 6. On the Pennsylvania Railroad, main line. This will probably be hard to read because we're whizzing along, and the train rocks back and forth. This is really great! All the guys are sitting around—playing cards, reading, studying, sleeping, singing, gabbing, and just enjoying the ride.... This is really a great bunch of guys—much better than on our [junior college] trips. The greatest contrast is no dirty jokes here....

We left on schedule, at 3:30. It's now 10 p.m. Time has really raced by. We'll be passing through the scenic Appalachian Mountains about 4 a.m., so I guess I'll miss seeing them. We had a very nice meal in the diner—my first experience like that. We ate by candlelight—nice atmosphere. Didn't get quite enough to eat, though. You should see this car: suitcases, coats on hangars, various and sundry articles all lying around. It's really hot in here. It's a special train—two day coaches for the band, one day coach and one sleeper for the team, another sleeper for the president, Father Hesburgh and other officials, two diners, and baggage.

The team has to go to bed pretty soon, and a bunch of us plan to spend the night in their day coach where it won't be so noisy and crowded. I was up in their coach just now watching a poker game. Sat behind [Johnny] Lattner, [Capt. Don] Penza, [Ralph] Guglielmi, and [Dick] Washington [the only African-American on the team that year]. The money was flying right and left—$5 and $10 bills, too. They were really getting a kick out of it. Lattner has a lot of gray hairs. I was impressed by his muscular appearance—especially his neck.

The conductors are going through renting pillows for 35 cents each, but I made a smart move beforehand, abducting a pillow from the ladies' restroom (no ladies on this train). 35 cents is outrageous, so I got mine free.... Tried to do some outside reading for sociology without much luck; too hard to concentrate.... They are going to turn the lights out pretty soon.... Don't think I'll ever be able to calm down from this trip! We arrive at 7 a.m. I feel fine and hope that continues.

Saturday, Nov. 7. My midnight dispatch from the Adelphia Hotel, “Chestnut at Thirteenth. Nearest Everything in Philadelphia”:

Let's start with the overnight trip. After my last installment, Ray DeSutter and I went into the team's day coach, pulled seats together, and started a long, bumpy nap. At midnight we arrived at Pittsburgh, and I've never seen a sight like our arrival in that huge industrial city. The track parallels the Ohio River, and we all had to look out the window to see mile upon mile of factories and steel mills on the opposite shore. The biggest sight was the huge Bethlehem Steel Plant just outside of Pittsburgh. I've never seen such awing [today its awesome] beauty as the great flames and smoke from that immense plant. We all just stared and couldn’t say anything. We crossed the Allegheny River right into downtown Pittsburgh; another great sight. We stopped just long enough to get out and stretch. A little past Pittsburgh, we ran into snow; I first saw it when I woke up about 2 a.m. We were going
though the Allegheny Mountains—another incredibly beautiful sight, and the whole countryside was covered with snow; it was coming down fast and furious. After taking in the beauty of the landscape for a while, we passed a village on the side of one of the ridges. It looked just like one of those artistic Christmas cards. Nobody got much sleep because we all wanted to watch the scenery.

Daylight found us still quite a way from our goal; the snow was getting deep and still coming down (it didn't stop until about an hour after our arrival). The six inches caused a traffic problem here because almost all of the downtown streets are narrow (all one way). They are like our alleys at home; it looks funny to see stoplights and street signs on them. Coming into Philly wasn't nearly as impressive as Pittsburgh, or even Harrisburg, the state capital (I saw the building from a distance). Downtown Philly has more tall buildings than K.C. [Kansas City]; it seems like a quaint, old city with many candy shops and antique stores.

We arrived at 9 a.m., and five of us took a cab to the hotel (about 18 blocks from the station). The atmosphere was just like Christmas. We didn't have time to spare because we got in two hours late. Couldn't get to Mass and barely had time for a meal at a nearby restaurant. We put on our uniforms and left in special buses for the Penn campus, arriving at noon. The snow kept us from going out to practice, so we just played through the music in the student center. There was quite a bit of antagonism between us and the Penn students (very unfriendly). Maybe it was because we were playing and singing the “Victory March” and shouting “Beat Quakers!” from the front steps. We got pelted with quite a few snowballs—even when we were marching at halftime. The Penn campus is very small and crowded compared to ours, but they have some really nice buildings....

We sloshed our way into the stadium [Franklin Field]. We couldn't put on our pre-game show because the field was soft. It had been cleared off, but 69,000 people had to sit in snow because the game was so good nobody wanted to leave. [Penn came back in the second half and almost upset the Irish.] My feet got cold even though I had on two pairs of socks. At halftime we marched without overcoats, but soon warmed up. The Penn band kept their coats on. Our show went very well—much better than the smaller Penn band—except for a crazy mistake I made (marking time when we were supposed to be standing still). We did the pre-game show afterwards and were surprised that the big crowd stayed to watch. The Penn band left the field in silence [N.D. edged the Quakers, 28-20], but we made a showy exit. Judging from the reviews in tonight’s paper, they liked us. Guess we showed them who's who. Never yelled so much; we band members made lots of noise. Our seats were right on the 50, on the sidelines just behind the team; we had to stand to see anything....

After the game and post-game celebration at the stadium, we packed into old-fashioned streetcars and hurried back to the hotel to get out of our wet socks. Pant legs were caked with mud, and our spats [worn over the shoes] were black. Had a fine supper ($2.25) in a high-class restaurant (just the main
course because I didn’t know how to handle cocktails and appetizers). Here at the hotel, I’m learning how to tip; that can get pretty expensive. There are four in our room (Ray plus two other guys who went to the Philadelphia N.D. Club party last night when we arrived); it has four beds and a private bath. Our two prodigals have just returned with a bunch of friends; no telling when we’ll get to bed now (already past midnight).

This is a wonderful experience. I’ll try to sightsee a bit before we leave tomorrow afternoon. While Ray was working on lessons tonight (as I should have been doing), I went to a concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra (you could really tell the difference between this one and K.C.’s [Kansas City Philharmonic]). They are highly polished and played difficult works. I got in for $1.50 with a group of tweedy Penn students; our seats were way, way up on the top tier of 6 or 7 balconies in the Academy of Music (supposed to have one of the best acoustics in the world). I was nearly straight above the stage, looking down on the musicians. The swaying of all the bows in unison was beyond words. Afterwards I got the autographs of the guest cellist and also the illustrious conductor, Eugene Ormandy. You should have seen all the fat ladies in their minks and jewels. I’m sure I was staring too much. The eastern accent is very noticeable.

Finally it’s bedtime (1:30).

_Sunday, Nov. 8._ I’m starting this as we roll westward across eastern Pennsylvania, and will finish it when we get home. This traveling has been delightful. It’s wonderful sitting here in the club car with guys singing and playing cards and studying. I’ll start with this morning.

Went to 9 o’clock Mass at St. John’s, a large and beautiful church next door to the hotel. My three roommates were still snoozing when I left. After Mass I had a breakfast-lunch combination in the hotel dining room. The food was good (and expensive) but it took an hour and a half of valuable time, the service was so bad. Then I set out through wet, slushy snow to see Philly. Six blocks down Chestnut St. is Independence Hall, and Congress Hall next to it; their simplicity was a little disappointing. You enter the front door—just a plain old white door, no signs, no nothing—and there right in front of you is the Liberty Bell (that was breathtaking). On the spot where Washington was inaugurated, you get the feeling of touching something hallowed.

On to the oldest bank in the country and Carpenter’s Hall (closed on Sunday). These places are located in an old section of the city with narrow streets, horse-drawn delivery trucks, quaint shops, musty warehouses and wholesale companies—all with an atmosphere quite different from anyplace I’ve been to. It was like being in some old European city you see in pictures. Then into Christ Church, the oldest one (16-something), and the Betsy Ross house—both hemmed in by big, dingy buildings. The house is tiny and was packed with tourists—only five small rooms, furnished in the original style.

Eventually I reached the suspension bridge across the Delaware River, and walked across to Camden, N.J. It’s two miles, but I enjoyed the windy walk because of the view of surrounding cities and the Philadelphia skyline. In
the middle of the bridge (the only one across the river) I looked down on tugboats and ocean freighters maneuvering to their piers. Only spent 10 minutes in New Jersey; took a streetcar back to City Hall and on to the cultural part of town. All along the beautiful [Benjamin Franklin] parkway are the post office, mint, cathedral, museum of natural history, Franklin Institute (science museum and planetarium), municipal courts, library, art museum, several smaller museums, and the aquarium. Here and there you come to circles and squares with fountains and statues. I went into some of those buildings, but only for a few minutes since I had to be back at the hotel at 3 p.m....

My feet were good and wet. The other three were still lying around just reading the Sunday papers. [Clippings from the Inquirer and the Bulletin on the game, the band, and the snowstorm are attached.] I picked up some small souvenirs, including a miniature Liberty Bell, a facsimile of the “Declaration of Independence,” and many postcards.... There’s a lot more to see in that beautiful city if I ever get back [which he did several times, including July 4, 1976]. Didn’t get to ride on a subway; I was about to, but was afraid I’d get lost underground. It was nice walking down such famous streets as Market and Broad, even if they are so narrow. The guys couldn’t believe all the things I saw in those few hours, which I showed them on my map. But a few bandsmen went all the way up to New York City after the game (two hours away)....

Leaving the Pennsylvania Rail Road Station at 4 p.m. was a stirring scene. The band put on a rally for the team and the school officials; the instruments were packed, so we sang the “Victory March” and yelled a lot as the team went down to the platform. The players looked a little emotional, and the crowd there in the station seemed to be moved by the whole scene. It really felt great! We kept singing until we were all on the train and pulling out. Even if I fail some courses, I’m still getting my money’s worth of wonderful experiences; I wouldn’t take anything for them....

This trip is just about over. Never had so much fun in my life as on the train-ride home with such wonderful guys. Managed to get some studying done, but not much....

*Monday, Nov. 9.* The worst thing about the trip was arriving back at school. When the train pulled in at 5:30 this morning, everybody wanted to stay on it and go someplace. The ride back was a lot of fun, but a little crowded for sleeping. After waiting a long time for a taxi, I finally got home at 6:30—just time to get ready for school and dash off to Mass. Nearly went to sleep in several classes; had to fight to stay awake. By now the trip seems like a delightful dream; too good to be true. In Phila. I was only 50 miles from the Atlantic Ocean at Atlantic City. Phila. is 700 miles from South Bend, and 1150 miles from K.C. I was a long way from home. Stopped at Pittsburgh again on the way back, and got out for a little while. I forgot to get you a splinter from Independence Hall; probably couldn’t have done that anyway because they had watchmen and guides all over. I’m sending some little souvenirs for the three
little kids; hope there won’t be a fight to see who gets the Betsy Ross flag and
the Liberty Bell pins…. It’s very late; my eyes burn and keep closing on me, but
I had a Spanish lesson to do and a bunch of sociology reading after getting
unpacked.…

Four exams coming up Wednesday, and three will decide whether I get
an F for the first quarter. If I don’t get above 70 in sociology, I’ll get a “pink
slip” in the mail telling me I’m flunking the course. You’ll get one too.… Should
have a speech prepared also, but I can’t do anything on that. If I do as badly in
these tests as I’ve been doing, I’ll schedule a little conference with each teacher
to see why I’m doing so poorly.… Thursday we pre-register with the Dean for
second semester courses.…

There are three events on campus tomorrow night I’d like to attend, but
can’t because of lessons: a piano concert, a discussion of current affairs in
France and Germany, and a classic German movie. Tonight there was a
history discussion I’d like to have attended.… Tomorrow we start rehearsals for
the Iowa show in two weeks—a state fair theme. We finally get a breather this
weekend.…

No snow here, and quite warm today…. Can’t keep my eyes open any
longer. (I’m all out of cold pills.)

7. “Getting better accustomed every day”

Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1953. Studied pretty hard tonight, but decided to quit at 11.
I’ve done about all I can to get ready for four tests tomorrow. Here’s today’s
good news: grades—96 in religion; consultation with the Guidance Dept. man.
He gave me the entrance test results, and they are very good. He said it was
fortunate I changed to Arts and Letters, and especially to Journalism, because
that will use my highest aptitudes. [The scores follow for the various parts of
the exam—aptitude: ranging from 98 in English to 55 in math and science;
achievement: from 96 in math to 85 in natural sciences; occupational interest:
from 90 in arts/humanities to 10 in natural/outdoor.] He also said my advanced
standing isn’t much of a factor because freshman and junior aptitudes don’t
vary much. This should be encouraging news so you can quit worrying, and let
me do that. I still have quite a way to go to catch on in some of my classes.

We didn’t do much today in band—just a little idea of the Iowa show.…
Glad to hear you heard our Penn show on the radio.…

Don’t delay your letter to [Father Charles] McCarragher; how I get there
[for Thanksgiving] doesn’t matter to him. And don’t say, “Can he come
home…?” but “We give our permission for him to come home.”… Tell me what
day you write to him; I can’t see him until he receives your letter.

Wednesday, Nov. 11. Armistice Day (no mail). More good news tonight: Three
of the four tests were pretty good (at least fair). A lot of writing on two of them,
all through the 50 minutes. I even ran out of ink [no ball-points yet]. But in
sociology it’s a different story; don’t see how I could possibly have passed it,
but I'll try to forget about it until the grades are released. There was one ray of light, however; he announced our in-class grades before we started the test, and mine is above average.... Another test in religion tomorrow. Got back some other test grades (92 in Spanish, and 100 in history).

Band was fun tonight, even if it was chilly. We worked mostly on a tricky marching routine. They have been getting many letters requesting that we do more marching and fewer formations. So we will—in this coming game, a little more, and for our last show (will be on TV nationally) an entirely marching exhibition. We have to learn some difficult marches for that.

More good news from tonight’s Scholastic meeting: I’ve been promoted to writing football articles [previously it was minor sports]—for next issue, a report on how our three remaining opponents do this Saturday. This is a longer article and usually goes on the front page of the sports section. I’ll send you a copy of the last magazine (has my cross-country article). There are over 20 of us on the sports staff.

Tomorrow we sign up for second semester courses; won’t be too much change from this semester. Haven’t seen [Bill] Canning or [John] Stompolny for quite a while [other hometown boys].... My mind is really tired tonight; not too much pressure on lessons, so I’m going to bed early (11 p.m.).

Thursday, Nov. 12. Speaking of Canning, he came over to my table tonight in the caf wanting to know how I’m doing.... Fr. [John W.] Cibor [CSC] gave us some questions I hadn’t expected on today’s Religion test. Afterwards, in the Dean’s office, there was a little mix-up, as usual. It seems that I’m supposed to be taking a little 1-hour course in Hygiene this semester. When I was initially in Engineering, guys in ROTC were excused from that, but it’s different in Arts and Letters. So that’s something more for next semester. They are also trying to get me into a gym class; I’ll ask if my two years [in junior college] will count. Band and ROTC give me plenty of exercise, to say nothing of walking 4 miles a day. But if that doesn’t work, maybe I’ll finally learn to swim next semester.

Here are next semester’s courses: Christian Morals, Logic, Introduction to Philosophy, Spanish II, European History II, ROTC, and Sociology II (hope I’ll have a different teacher for that).

ROTC drill was enjoyable today; it was cold, but the drilling kept us warm. The new guys are learning pretty fast, but those in the front rank act like they’re afraid to step out and keep lagging behind. As left guide, it’s my job to keep the band in a straight line, and to set the pace. Right after drill, we had marching band; this will really be a good show. We’ll “grow” a cornstalk right on the field: from a single line on the edge of the field, we move out along the 50; “leaves” begin to sprout and droop down, and finally the pipers [the Irish Guard carried bagpipes] will form the tassel. Next we form an Indian insignia, and an authentic Indian in full costume will dance in the middle of it. This is to honor the Iowa tribe. Then we form a big square while about a quarter of the bandsmen do a square dance inside it as we play “Turkey in the Straw.” Then we form a windmill (the blades revolve) and play “Tiptoe through
the Tulips.” This is for the Amana Colony of Iowa. The final piece will be (we hope) the hit of the show—a difficult close-order marching routine involving a lot of counting by each man in order to come out right. At the same time, we’ll be playing a difficult march by Karl King (a circus march); he’s a famous composer from Iowa. [King (1891-1971), famed circus bandmaster and composer of 200 marches (“Barnum and Bailey’s Favorite”), was born in Paintersville, Iowa, but grew up in Canton, Ohio.]

Not too many lessons tonight, but had a speech to write; it won’t be ready tomorrow, as I’ll need time to learn it well. Tomorrow is the end of the first nine weeks—the year is one-fourth over.

That was some sermon from Papa in today’s mail! Come, come; things aren’t that bad yet. I guess I’ve been stressing the bad part too much. I’m probably making you do a lot of unnecessary worrying. Don’t suggest quitting band! That’s what gives me the only real fun I’m having here, something I look forward to all day. I pity the kids who don’t have any extra activities. Don’t worry about me not being able to study because all the band music and formations are running through my mind. That only happens during the rehearsals. You have to train your mind to think like you want to when you want to. Mine is pretty well trained, I believe.

I do realize I was over-confident when I came up here, but I can tell I’m getting better accustomed to things every day. It has just taken me a little longer to get going than it did at home. No need to worry as long as I keep up daily prayer; everything will turn out “just lovely.” It might not seem like it at the time, but it will in the long run—just like deciding to change courses at the beginning of school. What do you mean, you have to “lie a little” when you tell [people] I’m doing fine? I am doing fine! Everybody fails tests once in a while up here; they expect you to. This isn’t like [junior college] or [high school]. Everything is working out beautifully. Naturally, there are discouragements at times, but I had quite a few of those [before], too; remember? Amen.

[Comment on the Penn game:] When [Johnny] Lattner made that 92-yard run we were playing the “Victory March,” could see him going through all the tacklers, and kept playing louder. At the end we were all yelling something tremendous. I knew he would go all the way when I saw him take the ball.

Thirteen more days. Every night when I hear the 10 o’clock news on the Star [WDAF, Kansas City], I can see you all sitting around the kitchen table listening to the same thing and maybe eating popcorn.... It’s midnight.

Friday, Nov. 13. Friday the 13th or not, some good things happened today. The biggest news is my advancement in band. During this afternoon’s practice, Jerry [Gatto], the drum major, pulled me out of ranks and I thought, “What did I do now?” Then he did the same with the right guide in our row, and told us to exchange places. Now I play 2nd trombone, and am responsible for the other six guys in row N; whatever goes wrong will be my fault. When we are drilled by rows to brush up on stuff, I drill our row. I have to make sure we keep pace and the proper distance from row M. I also have to keep a record of absences
and lates for our row. Before a game, I make sure we’re all in tune. But now I have to learn a new part and the pre-game routine a new way; I’m still in the statue in the Dome formation, but no longer at the top. All the right guides had to line up and demonstrate the new marching routine. My responsibilities become especially important when we reverse direction, and our row becomes first. I don’t know why I was chosen because my marching still isn’t that good. The guys in my row are a swell bunch; four are old boys. We come from six states, from New York [Dante Fuglini] to Kansas [Jerry Vitztum]. Today’s practice was lots of fun, even if it was pretty ragged; we had beautiful weather.

More good news: Mid-semester history exams were returned; I got 81. Now my average should be between 80 and 85. We didn’t have to give our speeches today, but will give them Monday for sure. I really get a kick out of that class. Mr. Kirby is a young blade just out of college and full of pep. He has a wonderful sense of humor, and had us roaring today. At times, he’s a real comedian. Spanish is getting tougher, but I can keep my 97 average if I work a little more. It comes very easy to me. We had a substitute teacher in sociology today; I like his method of teaching better than our regular teacher.

After supper, I went to Sorrowful Mother Novena…. The cookies (or should I say crumbs) arrived today; the box was in terrible condition. Most of the wrapping paper was ripped off, and two sides were gone. Looks like some of the contents were lost somewhere by the wayside. It’s a good thing you wrapped them individually. The crumbs are good with a glass of milk.... Hope to get something accomplished this weekend—the first one I’ve had to myself in about a month.... Saw [John] Stompoly today; seems to be in good spirits. When I told him my troubles in sociology he laughed, as if I was inventing the whole story. He’s getting popular in the freshman class as “the Romeo of the Ozarks.”... I’m getting to bed earlier than usual; need to catch up on sleep.

**Saturday, Nov. 14.** A really fine diversion tonight, listening to a concert by the Cleveland Orchestra. Among the four compositions was Tchaikovsky’s Fourth Symphony.... Afterwards I went on stage to the trombone section and thumbed through the music; I could handle some parts of it with practice.... It was warm enough to wear just a suit coat.... Got a nice haircut this morning (Italian barber) and worked on Spanish this afternoon while listening to the game. It wasn’t very exciting [ND beat North Carolina 34-14 in Chapel Hill]. Next week’s game should be good; Iowa has been improving.... It was nice to have a day where I could take things slow and easy—something rare up here....

**Sunday, Nov. 15.** What a beautiful day!—about 70 and sunny. Got 8 hours again last night and should get 7 tonight. Went to 9 o’clock Mass down the street at St. Joe’s [corner of Hill and LaSalle]; overflowing crowd, as usual. They are starting their centennial celebration. They’ll have a solemn high Mass of thanksgiving, a play by the school kids, a dance, several other special Masses, and a novena for a successful future. The parish was founded by Father [Edward] Sorin [CSC] about 10 years after he founded ND.
After Mass it took me 4 hours to write a 5-page article for the next *Scholastic*. After lunch (cookie crumbs and milk), I went out to school for a family Rosary with St. Mary’s girls in Sacred Heart. All afternoon was open house at the [LaFortune] Student Center; I went with a band buddy. While he mingled, I pulled up a big chair and read about primitive culture for sociology. The soft music provides a nice atmosphere for reading, and the chatter makes it seem like home. I don’t plan to get acquainted with a St. Mary’s girl because she would require money and attention, and I have neither to spare. So to play it safe I keep my distance. But the girls are not as snooty as I thought they’d be; they’re just like [his freshman sister] and her cronies. After turkey dinner I came home to read history, listen to the radio, and get a couple of letters written…. It’s late, so—“Ustedes escriben pronto!”

*Monday, Nov. 16.* This was the last day for teachers to report deficient students. If I’m deficient in anything (probably sociology) you will be notified this week or next. Today was pretty successful. My speech was between good and average—the best so far. We had to speak about a hidden thesis. Mine was on first impressions of the East. I was graded highest in choice of thought, audience response, and choice of subject. But I’m still “poor” in projection because of nervousness, and in lack of proper body motions; also in pronunciation and voice control. Military test was 90; we began studying mortars today. Three assignments were returned in Spanish: 100 and two 95s. Next week I’ll be able to give you a “report card” for the first half of the semester; officially, we don’t know our grades until the end. So far as I can determine, my overall average (all courses except for sociology) is around 86. Dean’s list starts at 88. In history we’re on Gothic art and architecture; in sociology, prehistoric cultures (both interesting subjects). Got two papers back in Shakespeare; the miniature term paper was high average—nearly everybody got the same grade—and the mid-semester was just average. This teacher [Rufus Rauch] seems to grade low; he’s a very intellectual guy and thinks we students are, too (ha!).

Band practice was one of the most enjoyable; our row has finally gotten that tricky new routine. The march we’ll play while doing it is “Barnum and Bailey’s Favorite.” The various formations went well this afternoon. If they show any of the halftime on TV, I’m on the right end of the last row, and thus closest to the camera as we march downfield. After practice, the drum major congratulated me for doing a good job; first time that’s happened. He is the type that rarely does things like that. One of the old boys wanted to know where I learned to march; he likes my snappy movements….

I’m getting to know quite a few guys at school, mainly in the caf; a group of us usually have breakfast together. One of them collects harpsichords. At night I usually eat with band guys.…

Low 70s and sunny today…. Listened to Truman’s speech tonight. *[Truman, after leaving office earlier in the year, was in a dispute with Sen. Joseph McCarthy about alleged Communist infiltration in his administration.]*
Tuesday, Nov. 17. Continued mild weather was ideal for band practice. With the landscape so wintry-looking, it seems funny, but I hope it keeps up. At the end of today’s practice, they decided to leave out that difficult marching routine, as we don’t have time to perfect it. So while we play the march, we form a crown because the composer is known as “the march king.” I’m having some trouble memorizing Iowa’s school song. It’s traditional to play both school songs when we spell out their names in the pre-game show; we also play the opponent’s song during the game whenever they score. Neighborly of us, huh?

More good news: After religion class, Fr. Cibor called five of us up for a minute to tell us that we form the top ten percent of the class, and that he expects us to keep it up.... Every day I feel more and more accustomed to things, which means I should do better in all my classes in the second half of the semester.... Had three hours of lessons to do tonight—mostly reading....

[Responses to a letter from Papa:] I don’t think I’m “trying too hard.” You have to keep your lessons up. Lattner is really making the print: first Time, then [Saturday Evening] Post, now Look. I don’t have much contact with the players in getting stuff for my articles. I do see some of the coaches, though. I haven’t done much in the way of statistics so far, but they go in big for statistics here. I spent only $4 or $5 of my own money in Philadelphia....

Wednesday, Nov. 18. Here is my estimated overall grade (much room for improvement, but not bad for the first attempt in a big university): 85. I’m aiming to make Dean’s List by the end of the semester. Individual course estimates are a little low; some of them may actually be higher. The big surprise is sociology. I got 79 on the test I thought I had failed, so my average is 77 (class average is about 80). I think I’m finally catching on, and should be able to pull the grade up in the second half of the semester. I did well in today’s quiz.

In classes today those of us who are going home for Thanksgiving inquired if the teachers plan to do much that Friday. They all said, “no—because so many will be absent.” Why do they even hold classes? A rumor is going around that if we win the national championship, we may get off a day early at Christmas. Optimistic, aren’t we? There are still 3 rough games left. Iowa is counting on beating us, and they might do it. WSBT news says it is going to be a sell-out, like all the others.... No Scholastic meeting tonight; I’ll have a two-week rest.... In band practice everybody seemed on edge. The drum major had much trouble trying to get the drums to follow his beat. Weather is still ideal.

I’m going to bed early (10:30) to be fresh for tomorrow’s Selective Service Qualification test (8:30 to 12). I’ll miss religion class on account of it....

Thursday, Nov. 19. That test was really something. There were 150 questions, and each required a lot of thought; even with 3 hours, I didn’t have time to finish. There were moderately difficult math and algebra problems, vocabulary
drills, and some deep reading selections with questions asked about them. They went to great lengths to make sure no unauthorized people got in to take it; we were even fingerprinted. The scores are sent to the local draft boards.

This afternoon we had a practice parade during ROTC drill. All four battalions took part, but it was a pretty sorry affair as so many of the guys don’t seem to know what’s going on—no real discipline. It gets dark so early (soon after 4:30) that the parade ended in moonlight. That caused a complication for the band because we don’t have the marches memorized; it sounded pretty bad with most of us faking it. The “parade ground” is a big parking lot immediately south of the Stadium. Overcoats were “reg” even though it was in the 60s (after Nov. 15 overcoats are worn at every formation).

Marching band was after supper. The halftime show is looking pretty good. After our usual company front coming down the field (2 rows of 48 each clear across the field), we play “Ioway” while the corn stalk “grows.” (I’m in the top ear on the left side.) After the Indian dance and the square dance comes the windmill with revolving blades (hard to do; I’m in the top blade). Finally, the march and the block ND (interlocking letters). The game starts earlier this Saturday because it gets dark so early. Iowa is going to be very tough.

It was beautiful down at the Grotto tonight—moonlight on the lake; quiet and peaceful. Mild and not even a breeze. Went on to the library to do some outside reading (history). Sat by [John] Stompoly; he’s having a miserable time writing his first term paper. I’ve saving mine for Christmas vacation; no chance to get to it until then. Got home at 9:30 with more history and Shakespeare to do. It’s very late; soon it will be very early.

_Friday, Nov. 20._ Just got back from a truly wonderful experience: “The Robe.” It’s not _it was_ the first movie in CinemaScope and StereoScopic sound, but is one of the greatest pictures ever made. Impossible to describe! You sit spellbound through the entire two and a half hours. The special screen is two and a half times as wide as an ordinary screen. Music sounds like it’s coming from all around. It cost $1.25 but was well worth it. It will take a long time to forget this picture. If you thought Nero was well portrayed in “Quo Vadis?” wait til you see the _perfect_ character of the emperor in this movie. _[British actor, Ernest Thesiger, played Emperor Tiberius.]_ All the acting is tremendous. There are spectacular, sweeping scenes in beautiful color. _[This was a 20th Century Fox spectacular that won 3 Oscars. A Roman tribune (Richard Burton) is tormented by the robe of Jesus he won, by dice, at the Crucifixion; he returns to Palestine to learn about Jesus and converts to Christianity.]_

Went downtown for the show with some fellow bandsmen after the pep rally. It was typical—lots of pep, enthusiasm, and _noise_. We didn’t get to march all over campus because it was raining, but we were out in it long enough to get wet. It wasn’t threatening when I left this morning, so didn’t bring my raincoat. No spirits were dampened by the rain. It’s clear again now with full moon shining brightly. Still warm, too. After supper I got in part of the Sorrowful Mother novena before going to the band room for the rally....
Classes went OK today. Ran out of lead and was borrowing pencils all afternoon. Band practice was good, but unnecessary because we already know the show well. *The Scholastic* came out; my article leads off the sports section. The brown ROTC shoes finally came today and fit fine. Went to see “Black Mac” [Father McCarragher] about coming home; he was very congenial and even humorous. He said that if I thought I could do it without getting behind, I could go. Heard from [hometown girlfriend] today. As usual, she said she’d let me know later if she would do me the honor of accompanying me to the [junior college homecoming] dance. (Ha!) There will be plenty of other girls who’ll be “thrilled” to go with an ND man—even if he can’t dance. She told me she’s been getting As and Bs [at the Univ. of Missouri] and hasn’t even been studying. That shows the difference between ND and a state university because she’s no more “brilliant” than I am. They make sure you *learn* something here....

*Saturday, Nov. 21.* I told you it was going to be a rough game, didn’t I? [This was the infamous 14-14 tie with Iowa as time ran out.] No football game has ever worn me out like this one did; was just exhausted when we got back to the band room. Tonight I’m hoarse and my throat is sore; probably getting a cold from all the sweating and cooling off, and walking around in the rain yesterday.

The game itself was enough to wear a person out, even without the marching and playing. Our show went fine, as usual. It turned out to be a beautiful day in spite of the weather man’s threats—a little chilly, but sunny and no clouds. You should have seen us yelling like mad during the two suspenseful times we made our TDs. We were praying and yelling at the same time there at the end when Iowa went ahead 14-7 with only two minutes left. At the end, we were down on the sidelines by the team bench, as usual. The guys just about went wild. I’m surprised we didn’t get a penalty for going out on the field, throwing hats on it, etc. We were very lucky to get a tie; at least we are still undefeated. But we may not outrank Maryland to be national champs. [Coach] Leahy had such a rough time; looked like a nervous wreck.

Went to Mass with the team this morning in Dillon Hall chapel. They were taking a lot of pictures of the team. After the game I came home to spend 3 hours on Spanish and read some for Military class.

Yesterday I got a letter saying I can move to campus. They gave me three choices: move now as soon as they get a vacancy; wait until Feb. 1, beginning of second semester; stay where I am. Don’t know which to do—probably wait till semester is over. No, there’s nothing special I’d like to eat—just food and *lots* of it.... I won’t borrow any suitcases; I’ll bring stuff in a box. [His ride] called tonight and said he might not leave until Wednesday evening—which would get us [*within 40 miles of home*] at 5 a.m. Thanksgiving morning.

8. “The fun we had this season is unimaginable.”

*Sunday, Nov. 22, 1953.* A gloomy, dark walk out to school for 9 o’clock Mass—a special High Mass with the congregation singing the *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo*, etc.
The music they handed out (Gregorian Chant) was written in ancient style, and hard to read. The seminary choir was beautiful, as usual.

The Sunday paper said nice things about the band show, but there was no picture. It was mostly about a debate over whether the feigned injuries in yesterday's game were legal, fair, or what. It did seem a little dishonest…. Lots of reading today—all afternoon and evening. Would like to have attended a concert of a capella music at school tonight. Another history quiz tomorrow. It covers details that are confused in my mind. I'll have to bring books home....

[An attached clipping from the South Bend Tribune explains the day's special music: “The golden anniversary of the papal decree proclaiming Gregorian Chant as the official music of the Catholic Church will be observed at the University of Notre Dame Sunday with a series of services featuring chant by the congregation and a concert by the Moreau Seminary Choir...under the direction of Rev. William McAuliffe, C.S.C.... The observance coincides with the feast of St. Cecelia, patroness of church music.... The active participation of the congregation in church services was one of the aims of Pope Pius X.”]

Monday, Nov. 23. Classes today, very successful; seems like the lessons are easing up. Both quiz papers in history received 100. In ROTC we had some practical training with 60 and 81mm mortars, paying special attention to operating the sights. I'm making some good friends in that class, but not yet Dick Szymanski, the burly football player. He's like a mountain next to me. The library was crowded tonight when I was there doing some outside reading. Then I went to a Spanish foreign language movie in the Engineering Auditorium; I could catch only a few words here and there. The acting was good, but they spoke too fast. (Don't expect me to say much in Spanish when I get home [for Thanksgiving].

Band was inside, practicing the music for our last show—the most important one because it will be televised nationally. I'll tell you all about it. I'd like to spend Friday evening with the whole family, telling all about everything and answering questions.... Don't worry; I'll have my St. Christopher medal on during the ride home.... The cookies arrived mashed up as usual, with most of the wrapping paper torn off....

Tuesday, Nov. 24. Had a good time in Religion class today; some swell guys. Then turned in my request to move on campus for second semester (about Feb. 1).... After lunch I rode the bus downtown in a light rain; bought a stocking cap at Penny's and a heavy ND jacket at a sporting goods store. I looked at an army surplus fur-lined jacket with parka, but it cost too much. About half the kids at school have them—ideal for snow and wintry blasts which we're sure to get not long from now. Back home, I worked on Spanish and Shakespeare (1st act of Twelfth Night). Then bundled up for outside band practice, but it was so cold and sloppy we had to stay inside. There's a lot of hard music to memorize next week (no more band until Monday). I'm not in a special 30-piece group selected to play for the football banquet; they'll practice tomorrow....
After supper I read in the library until time for the pep rally for the USC game. It was the greatest one yet. When [Captain] Don Penza got up to make his little speech, the crowd gave him a 17-min. ovation (I timed it as 24). We were about deaf when it was over. Just imagine continual cheering, yelling, and clapping all that time, interspersed with chants like “Go, go, go...” and “Go, Irish; beat Trojans!” and “We’re number 1!” We played the “Victory March” a couple of times in the midst of the roaring (everybody stands up for that). Penza was so moved, he could hardly talk—almost a whisper. Then [Tackle Frank] Varrichione talked about his “sickness” [which yielded a time-out and gave the team time to tie Iowa; the 1954 Dome explains in a caption, p. 220: “On this play Frank Varrichione (on ground, moaning) committed a dastardly misdeed. He managed to have an unethical injury.”] Father [James E.] Norton [CSC, Vice-President of Student Affairs] and Joe Boland, Irish network broadcaster, gave stirring speeches. We have to smash USC to get back our number one rating, and the team is ready to tear them to pieces after that rally. When it was over, we were as hoarse as if it had been a game. [The following Saturday, before 98,000 people in the Colosseum, the team accomplished its task—48-14; Lattner scored 4 of the touchdowns.]

More study afterwards at home (history, sociology); couldn’t squeeze in a Symphonette concert tonight in Washington Hall. Everything is packed for tomorrow’s evening departure; hope we leave on schedule, and that I’m able to sleep on the way. Also hope the teachers give no big assignments in tomorrow’s classes.... Cloudy, windy, and rainy most of the day; very cold tonight.

Getting back to the rally; the seniors said our continuous cheer was the longest since they’ve been here. It was a wonderful experience to witness a student body infusing its terrific spirit into its football team. Our backing really means a lot to them. Penza tried to apologize for just getting a tie on Saturday, but every time he tried, the crowd wouldn’t let him.

Wednesday, Nov. 25—Saturday, Nov. 28. [No entries; Thanksgiving trip home.]

Sunday, Nov. 29. Pretty rough driving tonight after we got into Indiana: drizzly and foggy. Much of the five inches of snow they had here has melted. I don’t feel too tired after the long trip, but I will when I get up at 6:30. I slept about as much coming back as I did going.... The short “vacation” was an enjoyable change in my routine; I’m glad to be back, though. My ND jacket continues to cause wonderment and speculation [as it did in the hometown]. At a filling station in Monroe City, Mo., a bunch of the town loafers saw it and I could hear them mumbling something about it. They finally concluded that I was from some Notre Dame high school around the area. I just smiled, and they went on with their conversation.

Monday, Nov. 30. There was an important lecture tonight that I didn’t get to attend; had to unpack and get straightened out, besides reading for religion
and speech and copying history notes. I missed almost nothing on Friday. Too many were gone for them to do much.... The snow was slushy today, but freezing again tonight on the way home. Band practiced in the [Navy] Drill Hall—all marked off like a football field. My lack of sleep was noticeable, dragging around the campus all day. Overslept and arrived late for Mass.

Tuesday, Dec. 1. This was a sunny day, but cold; a lot more snow and ice melted, but there’s still quite a bit left.... Spent $10 in the bookstore starting my Christmas shopping. They are selling out of [ND] stuff fast.... I felt pretty peppy today—despite no sleep (should get 6 hours tonight). A stiff band practice outside: field was a little snowy, and yard lines were gone. It was a pretty good practice, though. Have to spend an hour every day before practice memorizing the music.... Welcome news today: I get to play with the concert band at the Christmas concert. We start practice for that next week. The concert band that travels will be picked after Christmas; I probably won’t make it, but I’ll sure try. I took a glance at the concert band folders. We have some swell [today’s “cool”] music to play in the Christmas concert.... Three hours of study this afternoon, and five hours tonight; two tests tomorrow and a speech to give. Will get up at 6 to rehearse it, as I don’t know it very well....

[There is an accompanying outline of nine band formations for the coming game, with his positions indicated:] After the opening company front and fanfare, we form a 6-shooter and play “Pistol-packin’ Mama.” Next a stick-man cowboy (“Old Cowhand from the Rio Grande”); a stick-horse (“William Tell” overture). The horse’s back sags, and we continue with “Old Gray Mare.” Then a covered wagon with turning wheels (“Wagon Wheels”); a cactus (“Cool Water”); sunset over mountains in west Texas (“Rose of San Antone” as the sun merges with the horizon). Finally, the ND (“Victory March”).

Wednesday, Dec. 2. We received a staggering assignment in Shakespeare—read two plays and memorize two poems.... Band practice was rough. We had to take out one formation—the cowboy—because the show was too long. After band practice I could hardly move. Then a quick supper before the Scholastic meeting; we’re working on the big football issue. Then K.C. [Kansas City] Club meeting in the student center; didn’t do much but visit. [Other hometown boys] Canning and Stompoly were there. We made plans for coming home together [for Christmas] on the train, allowing a few hours stopover in Chicago and arriving at Henrietta at 6 a.m. More on all that later.

Then went to Washington Hall to see “Kiss Me, Kate,” put on by the University Theatre. It was really terrific—loved every minute of it. In my book it was as good as anything at [Kansas City’s] Starlight Theatre. The leading lady [Dalys Ann Yoder] gave an excellent performance—perfect voice for the part [Lois Lane]. All the characters were swell (I know three of the guys [Pat Cannon, Russ Hemphill, Dick Robison]). The ND Symphonette provided the music; the strings were especially good. [See 1954 Dome, p. 304.]
After reading for Religion, it’s now 12:30 a.m. Hope I don’t have to wait ’til I get sick to get some sleep. Had a stomach ache all day, and headache this evening. The weather might have something to do with it. Another dark and dreary day—chilly and drizzly.

Thursday, Dec. 3. Only five and a half hours of sleep last night, but felt better today—lots of pep at band practice tonight and afterwards at the basketball game.... Practice was good, and the show looks fine: we had a big crowd of spectators. The cowboy got back in, and he is “walking” pretty well; the cactus was cut because there’s no movement in it. About 60 of us played at the game (in the field house). We had excellent seats right by the court: tremendous fun. We played quite a few marches. Everybody wanted to play first trombone, so I provided harmony on third. The game was close the first quarter, but after that we got way ahead and won 84-63 [over Ball State]. A big colored guy [Joe Bertrand] was high scorer (24 points); he’s really a whiz. The place was packed. Came home, had cake and milk, and read two acts of Twelfth Night. There’s a speech and a test tomorrow. [By senior year, he was official scorer at the home games, while still playing trombone at the half, and afterwards going to the sports information office with Charlie Callahan to phone in the score and statistics. There was a feature article about this in the South Bend Tribune.]

Cloudy, very windy, but on the mild side today. Supposed to rain tonight and tomorrow.... Finished shopping in the bookstore this morning: all I have to get now is candy [for the landlady] and a gift for Mother. Won’t tell you how much I spent, but it wasn’t too awfully much.... ROTC (inside the Drill Hall) was fun today: manual of arms (how to handle a rifle in the various positions). I think I could have demonstrated it better than the officer in charge; it’s a big comedy here [compared to the military junior college]....

You all don’t realize the wonderful and terrific experiences I’m having up here. You’d have to be here yourselves.... It seems Maryland was picked no. 1; you couldn’t tell that here. Saturday night there is a “Champions Ball,” and tomorrow night’s pep rally is for “the National Champs.” There are big signs up in the halls: “Congratulations, National Champs!” We are convinced that we’re no. 1, but the rest of the country won’t be convinced ‘til Oklahoma beats Maryland. Floating around campus is Maryland’s “magic formula”: “Tatum made ‘em, Iowa swayed ‘em, and nobody played ‘em.” Pretty good, and so true!

[Answer to a letter from home:] So the family’s Christmas present will be a TV set. [His parents had held off, concerned about the possible harmful effects of this novelty on study and family life, but by 1953 further resistance was impossible.] Yes, get that information about the Ty Cobb Scholarship Fund. I’ve got to get one someplace. [No scholarship ever materialized; several no-interest loans would fill in.] Congratulations on your silverware sales [Mom’s side job].

Friday, Dec. 4. More memorable experiences today: the last marching band practice for a halftime show this season; the last pep rally. Weather wise, it
was our roughest practice: cold and very windy. We could hardly keep our balance; the bass players almost got blown away. Amazingly, we still smoothed out the show pretty well. Hope it warms up and calms down for tomorrow. Everybody is excited because millions of people all over the country will be watching us. The last rally was the longest—and loudest. This time the ovation for the team lasted 21 minutes. I've really enjoyed these rallies and marching around the campus—hope I'll be back up here next year, too. We had some famous speakers tonight: [Edward] Moose Krause [athletic director], Mel Allen (sportscaster), Matty Bell (SMU athletic director), and Don Miller (one of the four horsemen). The speakers all said the biggest clue to ND's football success is the enthusiastic, almost passionate support of the student body—like having another man on the field.

Ups and downs in classes today. Went down a little in speech; got mixed up in part of it. On Spanish test, had to rush too much, and didn't know vocabulary as well as I should. Two history papers were returned: 100 and 70. Some of the class brains did worse. In Shakespeare, I was called upon to answer an easy question; I didn't know the answer, but instead of admitting it, I gave some stupid answer that was way off.... Went to First Friday Adoration in the Lady Chapel [Sacred Heart Church].

Saturday, Dec. 5. What did you think of the band? They told us the whole halftime was shown without a break, and also part of the pre-game. I was probably too far away for you to recognize me. I kept glancing up at the NBC sign and camera; could “see” you all sitting around the TV trying to pick me out [they watched the game with neighbors]. The show went well except for a few spots that nobody probably noticed. They announced that the TV audience was the largest ever to watch a sports event. That’s the biggest audience I’ll ever have [a prediction that turned out to be false]. I felt sad when it was all over; the fun we had this season is unimaginable....

Some razzle-dazzle passing in the game. SMU got too many bad breaks. [Neil Worden and Johnny Lattner led the Irish to a 40-14 win.] The whole ND student section stood up and pointed at the sports writers in the press box, yelling “We’re number one!” After the game, the band went out on the field to do post-game entertainment. I was in the midst of the team while we were on the sidelines and right next to [Coach] Leahy when they lifted him up to carry him out. He looked so worn out. [It turned out to be his last game as head coach; the official announcement would come on Jan. 31. See 1954 Dome, p. 260.] The players were so excited they almost trampled us. Hope I'll still be here next season; you never can tell. When we got to the band room I was worn out, but it was over. I'll never be able to forget the experiences we've had!

Went to Mass with the team this morning at 9 in Dillon Hall chapel. Had a big breakfast, as I knew there would be no time for lunch, and spent some time reading history in the library. Had to pay $1.40 for supper (prices doubled, as usual). The weather was nearly perfect for December—in the 40s and partly cloudy during the game. Tonight the rain is back, but no wind. I
noticed last night’s extra sleep this evening while studying history, Spanish, and sociology; should get 8 hours tonight. Don McNeill [host of radio’s Breakfast Club, and father of classmate Tom McNeill] was master of ceremonies at the Champions Ball tonight in the Drill Hall. Count Bassie’s orchestra played [see pp. 266-67 in the 1954 Dome].

Sunday, Dec. 6. With marching band over, these days should be a little easier. Read for Sociology this afternoon while listening to symphony music. Then at 4, went to hear the South Bend Symphony with guest soloist, Nicole Henriot, the young (28) French pianist. [Mlle. Henriot (1925-2001) was a brilliant pianist, conductor, and professor in Paris and Liège; in 1958 she married a distinguished military officer, Jean-Jacques Schweitzer.] It was a real workout for the French Horns. Back home, continued reading—we have two plays to read in Shakespeare in addition to the one we are “dissecting” in class [Romeo and Juliet]. It was mild and rainy going and coming from church this morning, but turned blustery, cold, and dark in the afternoon with a little sleet. We haven’t seen much of the sun since Thanksgiving. All three meals at home today—noon with [the landlord and landlady] and the other two with the stuff I brought back (no money spent for food today).

There was a lot about yesterday’s festivities in the South Bend and Chicago papers. It seems that many sports writers realize their error in voting for Maryland; we’ll just ignore whatever the poll says because everybody knows we’re no. one. Leahy said this year’s team was the greatest—especially on offense—that he has ever seen. It is his sixth undefeated team.

Monday, Dec. 7. I get a chance to sleep more tonight because tomorrow is a holy day; I’ll go to 9 o’clock Mass down the street at St. Joe’s. It’s the start of the Marian Year [proclaimed by Pope Pius XII on the centenary of the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception by Bl. Pius IX in 1854], and of the Novena for our parents. Every year they have it so we can offer that as our parents’ best Christmas gift. I was shocked to see [in the hometown paper] that [the movie theatre] is showing that worse than horrible movie, “The Moon Is Blue,” on the feast of the Immaculate Conception! It is trash and you all should have pickets outside. They were going to do that here when one of the second rate movie houses showed it [probably the Avon]; N.D. got up a petition to have the manager remove the movie. [This was an early sex farce starring William Holden and David Niven (middle-aged playboys out to seduce a virgin); Warner Bros. adapted it from a Broadway play and United Artists released it—the first time the industry’s own censors were defied. Because of the storm of protest and all the free publicity, it made a mint.]

Six classes today, but not a hard day. Have a new ROTC instructor; we are now studying the 4.2-inch mortar. My average is 92 following the 97 on the last test. We had an unexpected hour-long test in history which included an essay about the political conditions in Italy during the 16th century. Enjoyed Shakespeare class; Twelfth Night is funny.
It felt strange not to have band practice. But I played for the basketball game tonight (beat Northwestern 75-66). It’s so enjoyable playing in an organization where everybody plays well. The team looked ragged in places, and the game was close the first three quarters. They got ahead 8 points in the first half. About 4,000 at the game.

Went to see the [Arts and Letters] dean, Father [Charles] Sheedy [CSC], about some things. I only got 40 hours of [junior college] credit; if I had stayed in architecture, it would have been 55 of the 68 hours I took there. I also wanted to clear up the difficulty about not taking hygiene to make sure I don’t have to take gym next semester. He was very cordial, and invited me back. After seeing the top grades on my transcript he said he was disappointed when I told him my average now is about 85. He said I should be doing better than that. He was glad to hear that ND is so much rougher than junior college. He wanted me to finish the whole year’s Spanish requirement by [taking an exam over the second semester] in February. I told him I didn’t think I could do that. No sense in rushing any more than I am.

It was sunny for a change today and not too cold, but windy. Still hoarse from yelling so much at the game.

Tuesday, Dec. 8. Marching season closed officially with a meeting tonight. Probably will see some of the guys only rarely now. I signed up for both concert and varsity (basketball) bands. Chances of making concert band are slim; it meets three times a week, and varsity band just once. Tryouts are just before we come home [for Christmas]. Whoever wants can play in the Christmas concert; practice starts Thursday. Band picture will be taken Sunday morning—last time we wear uniforms. Everyone claims this year’s was the best marching band ND has ever had. After the meeting we had cokes and doughnuts, and watched a movie of the University of Illinois band [bandmaster O’Brien’s grad school]. It’s much larger (175), but we outshine them in many respects. The movies taken of our band haven’t been delivered yet. Many of us signed up for the committee to plan next year’s marching programs; 12 will be selected.... [He did make concert as well as varsity band, and went on tour over Easter vacation through 10 southwestern states; instrument—bass trombone.]

Lots of reading today; two tests tomorrow. It was a beautiful day, but chilly.... I’ll have four or five hours in Chicago [on the way home]; write to our relatives and see if they would like to invite me over....

9. “These are just ‘flurries’?”

Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1953. Not a bad day—except for the weather (dark, drizzly, gloomy, and a lot colder). I was assigned a peachy article tonight at the Scholastic meeting [sports staff] for the last issue of 1953; the football special comes out Friday. Tomorrow we start band practice for the Christmas concert; I’ll be on 3rd trombone. Tonight in the tub I noticed more leg muscles than before—from all the marching this fall, I guess (no telling how many miles)....
ROTC test was a snap, but it was a different story in Sociology quiz section. I couldn't answer my question; the first one I've missed in a while. Today's stuff was too general and vague for me. My question was: “Distinguish between religion and magic.” I couldn't remember the definitions from the chapter. The other four classes were routine. There is another test tomorrow in Religion, but I'm going to bed early (11:30) and study for it in the morning.

Tonight was the football banquet in the east dining hall (holds 2000). A small part of the band [seniors] played for it (3 trombones). [The landlady] ironed my ROTC pants tonight; we have our first formal inspection tomorrow, and there has to be a sharp crease. Picked up my new ROTC cap today—officer type—which band members wear. I'm thinking of wearing the uniform home on the train. Best plan is leave here 3 p.m. Friday [on the South Shore]; leave Chicago 9 p.m. [on the Santa Fe]; arrive at Henrietta [Mo.] at 6 a.m. [3 miles from home]. [Other hometown boys, Bill] Canning and [John] Stompoly are also on that plan. In Chicago, I'll visit [relatives] or sightsee. I won't be able to bring my [portable] typewriter. I'll have to find one at high school to type my term paper. I'll have two suitcases—one with presents and books.... I'm enclosing the “Religious Bulletin” with regulations for the Marian Year.

_Thursday, Dec. 10._ There's a strong chance I'll play bass trombone in the concert band—if I can get the hang of it. The bass trombone has a valve and extra tubing which allows it to go an octave lower. It takes more breath, produces a fuller, richer tone, and is a little heavier. They asked if one of us wants to play it, and I volunteered. Mr. O'Brien [bandmaster] said that the first chair, Gene Henry, and I carried the trombone section on the field this fall because we get so much volume. So he thinks I could have enough wind to play the bass. I'll get acquainted with it tomorrow, and see how it goes. _[The experiment succeeded; he played it through three concert seasons.]_ Our first rehearsal [for Christmas concert] was today, and it was a _dream._ Loved every second. It was all sight reading, and I did well. There are about 85 of us. After Christmas we'll be cut to 60 (6 trombones) for the regular concert season. Jerry Gatto, the drum major, has selected me for the 12-man committee to work out the shows for next fall. I'll start on that at home over Christmas. Now I've _got_ to come back [still in doubt because of finances]. I picked up a scholarship form today and will fill it out over the holidays. Also played in two other bands today: basketball band for tonight's game (we beat Detroit U. 72-45 in a sluggish, sloppy game); lots of fun. Played in ROTC band this afternoon for two hours; I passed the inspection with flying colors. There was a review of the whole regiment in the drill hall, and the band sat on the stage.

Religion test this morning; I only did fair. Had to wait two hours for my haircut this morning [in Badin Hall], but used the time reading history. Read Shakespeare in the student center this afternoon; that is such a _luxurious_ building. After supper and before the game I watched the Groucho Marx program on TV in the student center. Want to hear the St. Mary's Glee Club
Christmas Concert tomorrow night. The Christmas spirit really hit me today, playing all the old songs in a concert medley (which Mr. O’Brien wrote for the band). Then when I went [to Sacred Heart] to make a visit, an organist was playing Christmas music. Out on the campus evergreens are lit up in front of all the halls. The only thing missing is snow, and we may get some of that soon. It was quite cold and blustery, and that northwest wind just about froze me coming to school this morning….

Can’t understand why the [hometown] libraries don’t have some of the books [needed for term paper]; they out to have something on St. Thomas More and on humanism. I’ll just have to bring more books with me. Eight more days. [This was the beginning of 50 years of research, writing and teaching on Thomas More and his works.]

Friday, Dec. 11. Not much doing today. Our speech teacher skipped class this morning, which gave me an extra hour to study Spanish. A good thing: I was called on several times. The afternoon classes were unusually slow moving; I almost fell asleep in Sociology…. Three specters are looming on next week’s horizon: tests in Sociology and History; a speech to give. We started discussing Hamlet in Shakespeare; I ought to know that one by heart by this time. We studied it intensively last year [in junior college].

Again, band was out of this world—divine, breathtaking, glorious, and bushels of fun. I think I was made for the bass trombone; I picked it up fine right off. Everything played at 6th position on the ordinary trombone is played on 1st position plus the valve. The more penetrating tone is noticeable, and without extra wind (guess I’ve always had a lot to spare). The concert band’s spring tour [during Easter week] goes through Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Iowa. If I make the band I’ll try to get somebody [at home] interested in sponsoring us so we could give a concert there on the way to Kansas City. [That was not to happen until his senior year spring tour. The 1954 band played in Decatur, Ill.; Kansas City; Hays and Liberal Kans.; Amarillo, Tex.; Colorado Springs; Cheyenne; McCook and Boys Town, Nebr.; Chillicothe, Mo., St. Louis; Kankakee, Ill.]

Went to Sorrowful Mother novena after supper and then to the student center to write a Scholastic article before the St. Mary’s Glee Club concert. It was in the student center’s grand ballroom; 45 girls—excellent. The program included part of Handel’s Messiah. There was a party afterwards, but I came home to type the article. Besides, I wasn’t dressed well enough for a party…. 

Saturday, Dec. 12. Went to Mass this morning down the street [St. Joseph’s, Hill St. at LaSalle], had breakfast in a little restaurant nearby, and came home to work on Speech, Spanish, and History…. Christmas trees are starting to go up along Notre Dame Ave. and Corby Blvd. The campus is decorated with lighted trees around the various buildings…. [The landlady] baked a lot of Christmas cookies today, and I helped to “sample” them….
Didn't go out to school until suppertime. Then went caroling. There were 10 busloads of ND and St. Mary's mixed; each went to a different residential area where we got out and walked about a mile, stopping every once in a while to sing. Lots of little kids came to the windows, some in nighties—very heartwarming. Ours was a swanky district; never saw such sumptuous homes. Some people came out and wanted to pay us. There were 40 to 50 in our group—a few more boys than girls. We sounded pretty good. Some of the girls seemed very nice. I was all bundled up but still got cold, especially my feet. It was in the lower 20s. Snow forecast failed to show up. Afterwards there was a party in our student center, but I didn't have a date so came home and addressed Christmas cards til late.

[An attached clipping from the South Bend Tribune fills in details: “Eight-hundred students from the University of Notre Dame and St. Mary's College will canvass South Bend this week-end singing Christmas carols and giving parties for orphans and the aged and infirm. Saturday night...each group will be led by a representative from the Notre Dame Glee Club.... It will be the first time such projects have been undertaken by members of either school.]

The football edition of the Scholastic came out today; a nice write-up and a few band pictures. Copies cost 50 cents, so I'll just bring mine when I come.

Sunday, Dec. 13. Wore the band uniform to Mass at Sacred Heart; after breakfast our official 1953-54 marching band picture was taken on the steps of the Library [see p. 302 of the 1954 Dome; he is third trombone from the left, 2nd row]. A few were absent. Nice weather for picture taking, but it got cloudy in the afternoon. We turn the uniforms in on Tuesday. They still haven't received pictures taken during our shows all season. After the picture, I practiced the bass trombone a while. Mr. O'Brien gave me all the dope about sponsoring one of our concerts on spring tour—usually by Knights of Columbus.

Finally finished the Shakespeare assignment this afternoon, and learned my speech fairly well—a short account of [a Civil War] battle [in his hometown. A junior college term paper had researched it; this was printed locally in 1952 as “The Story of the Battle of Lexington”]. I went back to school tonight with the intention of hearing the Glee Club's Christmas concert, but Washington Hall was full when I got there, and they wouldn't let any more in. It is repeated tomorrow night, though. Back home, I studied for History test, read for Religion, and worked some more on the speech.

Starting to get a sore throat; I've been lucky so far. Five more days. Tell me who has sent me Christmas cards, so I can send them one from here.

Monday, Dec. 14. [This entry starts with detailed travel plans for Friday's departure at 1:25 p.m. via the South Shore, with arrival 17 hours later on the Santa Fe from Chicago.] I'll have nearly five hours in Chicago. [John] Stompoly wants to go to a show, but I want to walk around and see things (unless the weather is bad).... I should be able to get some sleep on the train. We will put up the Christmas tree on Saturday.
I'm up past midnight preparing for a full day Wednesday, which includes tests in Sociology and Military, and a speech. When I get past Wednesday, I can sail into the vacation. Today Kirby assigned a load of stuff in Speech class to do over the holidays (this was met by much wailing and gnashing of teeth). After classes I spent nearly 3 hours practicing on the bass trombone for tomorrow night’s concert. I'm improving, but still need more practice. [The program follows, beginning with “The Hut of Baba-Yaga” and “Great Gate of Kiev” from Moussorgsky’s Pictures at an Exhibition. After two Sousa marches, Ravel's Bolero begins a series of classical selections, “Danny Boy,” and Bandmaster O’Brien’s “Christmas Music Medley.” The program closes with “White Christmas,” “Jingle Bells,” and the “Victory March.”] We'll wear dark suits.

After supper I read some Shakespeare and attended the Glee Club concert; it was beautiful, nearly perfect (marred by a female soloist).

Don't know if the papers have gotten the story on the kicking out of school of [football stars, Ralph] Guglielmi and [Joe] Heap. They were caught arriving at the Circle with their dates at 2 a.m. Doesn't seem like that calls for dismissal, but the discipline here is rough. It will be a terrible loss to the team next year if those two can’t come back. [Apparently they were quickly reinstated, because they did play the following fall.]

It was another dark, gloomy day; very cold tonight. We had a few snow flurries this evening after an afternoon of sleet....

Tuesday, Dec. 15. Our concert went off pretty well; not much of a crowd. Once I played on a rest, but it was very soft, so I doubt if anybody noticed it. It was a lot of fun. I just got home from the concert (10:30) facing two tests and a speech tomorrow. But I'm trying something new by going right to bed—to try out that old adage that a good night’s sleep helps more than last minute study. I did study for two and a half hours this afternoon, and ran over my notes tonight in the student center before the concert; that will have to do. The “atmosphere” there is conducive to study.

We are finally getting some snow and it’s down in the teens; the weatherman called it “flurries,” but at times it was coming down fast and furious; we already have a couple of inches, and it’s supposed to keep up through tomorrow. I hate to find out what it will be like here when they call it “heavy snow.” “Flurries” is heavy enough for me. [As we all learned, the periodic snow squalls off the lake, which can be dense at times, are termed ‘flurries’ in Michiana.] The campus is beautiful when it snows.

Our basketball team lost to Indiana last night by 11 points.... Seventy-two hours from now I should be on my way.

Wednesday, Dec. 16. The [lake effect] “flurries” have been continuous, and now we have 6 or 7 inches on the ground. As we think of snow, it was very heavy on and off. This morning I was entirely covered with it going from O'Shaughnessy to the ROTC building. With so many pairs of feet pushing it
down, the sidewalks on campus got icy. One professor broke a wrist when he fell on it yesterday. This snow is more cottony than what we get at home, and the campus looks like a scene from a picture book—especially around the Grotto and the lakes. Tonight it’s supposed to go down to zero. Tomorrow I have to go downtown to get my train ticket (almost $29), among other things. Have to cash a $40 check. What a dent in my account that will be!

I think that good night’s sleep accounts for how well classes and tests went today. Speech grade was the best so far; my projection is finally starting to improve, but I still get points off for not using gestures. The Sociology test was over the very stuff I had studied, but I couldn’t remember some of it.

There was another concert at school tonight—piano and violin—but I’ve already had quite a bit of music the past few days, so I skipped it and came home to start packing. That old beat-up suitcase I brought back at Thanksgiving is filled with presents and books. No room to bring clothes and other stuff.

Varsity band practiced today. Concert band tryouts aren’t until after the vacation; so far only six trombones have applied. If no more apply, we’ll just try out for chair number; the bass trombone is last chair.

*Thursday, Dec. 17.* Total accumulation from the flurries—9 inches, and is it ever cold! The radio just announced one below. Coming home from the basketball game tonight it must have been 2 or 3 above, and the wind was really cutting. Thought I’d never make it home, even with ROTC overcoat, boots, scarf, and earmuffs. The face suffered the most. Tonight it is clear, and the stars are brightly twinkling. I’m anxious to get home where it’s warmer. Kansas City weatherman said 40s by Saturday.

Went out to the university this morning for Religion; then picked up the library books, and cashed the check. [*The cheery Irish brogue in the Cashier’s window, Main Bldg. ground floor, was invariably Bro. Albinus Butler’s.*] After lunch I addressed Christmas Cards and went downtown; got a 3-lb. box of candy ($3) for [the landlady]. She gave me about 100 stamps from her collection as my present [*her uncle was Postmaster General Robert Hannegan under President Truman in the ’40s*].

Went back to campus to take ROTC test—the answers were so obvious. After supper I read the *Scholastic* in the student center until game time. We were much improved, and beat Loyola of Chicago, 81-65. Joe Bertrand—tremendously popular with everybody—scored 35 points, a new school record. Another of those famous ND ovations followed the announcement when he broke the record at 32. Lots of fun playing for the game.

Now listening to dance music from Chicago featuring Chuck Foster’s orchestra. Had a terrible time trying to close the suitcases; hope they don’t pop open in transit. The one with gifts and books weighs a ton.

Two classes tomorrow morning, then lunch, get home, and leave for the train [LaSalle and Michigan] at 1:35. Should be able to make it without rushing. My map of Chicago will be handy in getting around; [John] Stompoly
won’t want to do the same things I do. [There was little or no snow, but a typically bleak day when the South Shore arrived at Roosevelt Rd. in Chicago that Dec. 18; after stowing luggage a few blocks away at Dearborn Station (Santa Fe), he went to see the Field museum, aquarium, and planetarium in Grant Park.]

10. “On the bleak prairies of northern Indiana”

Sunday, Jan. 3, 1954. Arrived in the house at 11 p.m. Contrary to what it ought to be, I feel full of pep. No unpacking tonight—just the [ROTC] uniform and books. Everything looks the same; no snow at all, much to my surprise. I lost [travel companions, Bill] Canning and [John] Stompolo in Chicago; they wanted to stay a while, and I wanted to come straight to South Bend. A lot of others did, too. The [Santa Fe] Chicagoan [from Kansas City] got in at 8 p.m. right on time, and there was a South Shore (special) leaving at 9. These poor hands took a beating carrying that heavy luggage; it seemed like miles and miles—fast, too—in those stations [Dearborn and Roosevelt Rd. stations]. One suitcase came undone, but got it back together. It was bad enough in K.C. My hands are red and sore; I won’t want to pick up anything for a week. Back hurts, too, but I’ll survive. Everybody seemed happy to be heading back—except for those semester exams coming up in three weeks. It seemed mild in Chicago, but is cold here.

[The landlady] has provided me with a new desk chair; they still have the Christmas tree up. Two Christmas cards were waiting for me. On the way back, I got a lot of Spanish done—until an old lady who likes to talk got on and sat next to me. The rest were playing cards in the club car. The Mississippi River at Ft. Madison, Iowa looked to be almost frozen over. The trip was fine. The Chicagoan is the ritziest train I’ve ever been on—smoothest, too. Hard to realize we were going along at 90 m.p.h....

Monday, Jan. 4. Everyone was dragging around today, including me. Had to fight to stay awake in Sociology this afternoon; my eyes wouldn’t stay open, no matter how hard I tried. And I sit on the front row, just in front of Mr. [John] Hughes. Many occupants of the back rows were napping. That class and also Shakespeare was very boring; we didn’t do much in either. I think the profs are about as worn out as we are. (Well, maybe not quite as much.) It’s a good thing I did the Speech assignment over the holidays. He called for them this morning, and many hadn’t done it; no late papers accepted. In Military class, we got our last test papers back (I got 89). Today we started on 3.5 rocket launchers. We had seven of them to examine. Spanish was a review for the big test on Wed. My average has sagged from 96 to 93. I’m struggling to make Dean’s List. Our History man is sick, but someone came to take roll and collect our term papers. Some guys didn’t have theirs done....

I checked the semester exam schedule today. They are spread out pretty well beginning on Fri., the 22nd and ending Wed. afternoon, the 27th, and I don’t have to be back until Mon. morning, Feb. 1 for second semester. I can’t

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move to the campus until after that, so there won’t be anything to do here. Want me to come home? (ha) I could also go visit relatives in Chicago....

(Right now I’m listening to Pres. Eisenhower on WSBT. [His second State of the Union address was delivered on the first Monday in January when Congress re-convened: Ike had defeated Adlai Stevenson in Nov. 1952 to recover the presidency for the Republican Party after 20 years of Roosevelt and Truman. Our student had met him when he was campaigning in Kansas City—and Truman, as well, when he returned home to Independence the previous January. If we remember that Eisenhower’s address was delivered in an “age of faith” already “plagued”—in the President’s words, by a “fatal materialism”—his concluding observation is not surprising: “Happily our people...have always reserved their first allegiance to the kingdom of the spirit, which is the true source of that freedom we value above all material things.... So long as action and aspiration humbly and earnestly seek favor in the sight of the Almighty, there is no end to America’s forward road; there is no obstacle on it she will not surmount in her march toward a lasting peace in a free and prosperous world.”]

Now for the big news of the day—tryout for concert band. It was 3:35 p.m. according to my Banner wristwatch when I walked into the band room, got the bass trombone, and started warming up. My tone was bad from lack of practice. Then I went to Mr. [Robert] O’Brien’s office; the bass saxophone player was having his tryout (a medium-height lad, sophomore from Mississippi named Panzica). At 4:02 p.m. I went in for my tryout, and I made the concert band! Will play the bass trombone, just as planned. He said my reading, key signatures, and tempo are OK; I need to improve tone and a flat second position [on the slide]. They’ll improve once we get into practicing. We practice from 4:30 to 6 Mon., Wed., and Fri.; the first rehearsal is this Wednesday, when the band list is posted. I’ll stay in varsity band to get more credit toward a band letter; it just practices on Tuesdays. Military band practices two hours on Thursdays. That ought to be enough music to keep me busy.

The minute I got to campus this morning, it felt like I hadn’t been away at all; the rest of the guys all said the same thing. It wasn’t hard to fall back into the routine. It was cloudy and dreary, but a pretty mild day for northern Indiana. St. Mary’s Lake was a-swarm with ice skaters this afternoon; looked like they were really having a good time.... In Sacred Heart Church I saw the Nativity scene—the most elaborate one I’ve ever seen. It’s about 30 feet wide and 20 feet high. The backdrop is dark sky with angels, and in the background, the town of Bethlehem with hundreds of lighted windows. The stable, of course, is the central feature, with dozens of animals all around. The ground has a silky appearance. The whole effect is spectacular....

Didn’t turn in the scholarship application because I couldn’t find Father [Charles] Sheedy [CSC], the dean. He has to sign it first. It’s good to be back!

*Tuesday, Jan. 5.* It looks different outside now than it did yesterday; we have 4 or 5 inches of snow. Most of it fell this morning. This time the weatherman
called it “snow,” not “flurries.” It’s slick out tonight, but this afternoon it was slushy—not a very cold day....

Just got back from supper. A bad Spanish test to study for tonight, and some Shakespeare reading.... Religion class went OK today; I think it’s now my easiest subject. After that I got the scholarship application signed and delivered, and checked on the move to campus. There are 40 sophomores ahead of me. The secretary said that we have 3 days from the time we get our room assignments until we have to be all moved in, so it might be well after Feb. 1 for me. Then over to the library to read History; still pretty far behind in that. After lunch I studied for tomorrow’s Sociology quiz; spent two hours on it, and for all I remember of it, I don’t know if it was worth the trouble.

At varsity band practice we just went through a few marches and easy pieces.... My shoulders and upper arms are still sore from the trip back, but my hands have recovered.... Ate supper tonight with a guy from Vermont; could barely understand his accent. Now that we’re all back in school, we’ll have to settle down to a long, hard stretch.

**Wednesday, Jan. 6.**  This was a weary but successful day. Went to 9 o’clock High Mass in Sacred Heart Church—feast of the Epiphany. Got up at 6, and went out to school in the dark.... Speech class was very entertaining. He demonstrated some crazy TV ads to show us how they speak with the use of visual aids. I believe I did very well on the Spanish test. While I was having lunch, I reviewed Sociology notes; there was a tremendous amount of material to cover; with all that studying, I wasn’t asked a question, but was called on to help out with one. There is always a lengthy and sometimes nearly violent philosophical discussion and argument between the instructor and a philosophy major. That can take up most of the period, as it did today. [This isn’t surprising, as sociology was the first discipline to be impacted by the positivist philosophy of man.] We got four test papers back in History and I was shocked—two 100s and two 90s.... In Shakespeare, I haven’t been called on for quite a while; I guess he thinks my answers are too stupid. Before band practice there was time for a little History reading in the library.

It looked good to see my name on the concert band roster; fifth of the 7 trombones who tried out (six were accepted). The guy who plays third with me is a new man from Pennsylvania (didn’t march this fall). He plays baritone better, but they already have three excellent players in that section. Six states are represented in our 6-man trombone section: Virginia [Gene Henry], Michigan [Skip Richards], Kansas [Jerry Vitztum], New Jersey [Dante Fuglini], Missouri, and Pennsylvania. I’m the only Missourian (out of about 400 in the student body). [Then follows a suggested item for the hometown paper.] Today’s rehearsal was delightful; we sight-read difficult pieces. The concert tour leaves Holy Saturday; we’ll be close enough for you to hear us. We’ll miss three class days. I hate that, but the new experiences will be worth it.

Got a good assignment at Scholastic meeting this evening (track team). Played at the game with Louisville after that; we won 72-53. Haven’t lost a
home game yet. We were a little thin, so Mr. O’Brien played third trombone with me. Got home at 10:15 after putting in a 16-hour day, and not a minute to spare. Must have walked five miles today—back and forth and all around. On the way home I finally slipped and fell on the ice, but my arms and shoulders are much better. I’ve relaxed with the [hometown paper], and now to bed.

Thursday, Jan. 7. Another busy day. Religion tests were returned; I got 86, which brings my average down from 94 to 92. After class I went down to the coaches’ offices in Breen-Phillips Hall to get my track article dope from Coach [Alex] Wilson. In the next office, one of the assistant [football] coaches was giving [Johnny] Lattner and some of the other seniors some advice about the bids they are receiving from pro teams. [He signed on with the Pittsburgh Steelers, but lasted only the 1954 season.] While I was getting my article, Johnny Lujack came in. I’ll bet he would have been surprised if I had told him I’m the one he received a letter from my father about. By the way, the first indoor track meet is with M.U. [Univ. of Missouri] in early February…. After lunch I came home to start on the next Spanish assignment. The next two hours seemed to race by in a minute or two. I changed into ROTC uniform and went back for drill and to meet with the Band Commander [John Giambruno], who is getting to be a good friend. The test I got back was marked “outstanding” and received a 94.

Spent an hour reading in the library after supper [Christopher Dawson’s The Making of Europe]. An interesting topic: the effects on the world of the Protestant Revolt in the 16th century. After that, the committee for next year’s marching band had its first meeting. The guys are a swell bunch, and we should get a lot done. No more meetings or Scholastic articles ‘til after exams.

Friday, Jan. 8. This highly successful week ended with a 97 on the sociology test we got back today—quite a contrast to the 67 on the first test. He wrote “very good” at the end. My buddy in that class (who is also in my ROTC class) got 96; we are also close rivals, and this is the first time I passed him. We are also close rivals in ROTC. Top grades seem to come easier for him.

Band was lots of fun. I’m sailing along, keeping up nicely—except once when I played a nice mellow quarter note on an important rest. At the conclusion of the piece, I had to rise and take a bow! Some others played on rests now and then, but none so outstanding as mine.

There was an English Dept. movie on campus tonight, but I came home to write the track article. This afternoon while they were practicing I went to the field house to get some more information.

Went to see Fr. Mendez about my Fisher loan for second semester, and I can pick up $150 next Wed. Then comes the red tape that goes with enrolling for second semester. He is also the scholarship man; for sure I cannot get one for second semester, so I’ll need to get that $200 loan from [a family friend at home—interest free]. I got 80 on that Selective Service draft deferment test....
Cold, windy, and cloudy today—more snow expected tomorrow. I may not have any free time, but it’s all fun anyway. This week was really enjoyable.

Saturday, Jan. 9. Lots of fun today. Morning Mass at St. Joe’s [Hill and LaSalle, the C.S.C. parish]; lessons all morning at home; breakfast and lunch with stuff from the supermarket across the street from the church. It turned warm in the night and by morning most of the snow was gone. The cold returned by noon, but without snow. Out to campus this afternoon to watch the fencing match with Iowa—utterly fascinating! First time I ever saw fencing. It looks easy, especially the epee, and I’ll bet I could learn quick. It’s not dangerous at all, as I had thought it might be, and even seems tame.

After that, a movie in Washington Hall. Every Saturday they show a movie over and over all day—free—usually something old and pretty poor. But today’s was excellent, and I couldn’t pass it up. It was “Lili,” the art movie that made such a hit last summer. The acting, photography, music—everything is excellent. [A 1953 MGM musical comedy set in a traveling French carnival, and starring Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer; hit song, “Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo.”] After supper I read Economics in the enticing atmosphere of the student center. At 7:30 I got my horn and went to the field house for the game with New York Univ. Tonight we had ten trombones, and was it ever crowded! The field house holds 4,000, I think; the school really needs a new one. People were even standing outside during the second half, when we really caught on fire. Final score: ND, 99 to 64—a new scoring record. A perfect tip-in was missed with a couple of seconds left, so we didn’t get 100. More lessons tonight when I got back.

Heard from [a girl back home] today; her exams start the day after our military ball (next Friday), so she can’t come. Thank heavens! It would waste too much time, and I have exams coming.... I might spend a day of our 3-day break sightseeing in Chicago or maybe here at Studebaker....

Sunday, January 10. I didn’t go out to school until 5 p.m. Had supper with Pete Caruso, a KC [Kansas City] boy, and then read some History in the library. A lot of campus residents ate in the cafeteria tonight because they were serving chili in the dining hall. After that, went to Benediction in the Church, and then started home after the daily visit to the Grotto. It sure gets cold kneeling there on those metal benches. The Christmas crib is still up, and they are still singing Christmas hymns at the Masses.

Tonight I prepared a speech for tomorrow—a weather report like the ones on TV—and still have more History and the ROTC manual to read. Looked at the Sunday papers after Mass down the street this morning. Lessons all afternoon—Sociology selected readings and Act II of Hamlet.... So it wasn’t a very eventful day—church, study, meals, and more study. We had flurries this morning (actual flurries, so they didn’t amount to anything).... Such is life on a Sunday night up here on the bleak prairies of northern Indiana.
Monday, January 11, 1954. We’re having a little blizzard outside tonight (officially, it’s “flurries”). It snowed lightly all day, but got heavy this evening. When I finally made it home, we had 3 or 4 inches of new snow, and it was coming down fast and furious; the wind from the west is really howling. Supposed to go down to 10 tonight….

This was a fairly easy Monday. The semester is fast drawing to a close. Nothing special in my classes except for a quiz in History (knew the material fairly well). Band was great fun as usual. [He then gives the numbers in each section]—total of 58. Mr. O’Brien wants to add two more players (oboe and French horn) to bring us up to 60, but he can’t find them. You should hear the horn section; it’s enchanting. Never dreamed I’d get to play in such a terrific band! We are from 26 states, the largest numbers from Indiana, Illinois, Florida, Michigan, and New York. We played some heavy stuff today, and my sightreading wasn’t too good. I’ll start practicing when they tell us which ones we’re going to use. Now we’re just sampling.

Got a ticket to Shakespeare’s Othello, a stage production coming this Wednesday night (and assigned in today’s class). There’s another Shakespeare play tomorrow night, but I have to study. When I got home, there was a postcard informing members of the K.C. [Kansas City] Club that we were having our picture taken for the yearbook about 15 min. after I saw it. My picture will be on the band page, and that will be enough…. Got up at 6 to prepare my speech, but he didn’t get to me today. I’m losing too much sleep again, but I had to stay up late, there was so much to read for Religion class tomorrow….

Tuesday, Jan. 12. What wonderful weather we’re having! It’s now 6 degrees and will drop to zero or a little below, and we have 7 inches of snow. A strong west wind piled it into the biggest drifts I’ve ever seen; you have to walk in the street. The snow didn’t stop until 2 p.m., and then we had another shower about suppertime (it snows in spurts here, and in between the sky clears and the sun comes out). It was a pretty miserable day to be out, but I was wearing two shirts, a sweatshirt, two coats, plus cap, earmuffs, and gloves. The boots kept my feet warm, too. It’s the face that suffers. It’s worse than Kansas….

After Religion class, I got all the financial business straightened out with the university (loan fund check). Had to go through the usual red tape to register for second semester; picked up my class cards, and that leaves one minor thing to straighten out. I may not get a card for band because I’m already carrying too many hours. Next semester’s classes are spread out better (no more than four on a single day, but the two Saturday classes will be a little inconvenient). Classes start on Feb. 1.

After two hours reading for History in the library, I came home to a heavy load of study—Spanish, Speech, and ROTC [we pronounced it “rót-see”]. Also have to review 12 outside readings for Sociology quiz section. Maybe it’s this
heavy load, but my ambition to study seems to be going down. That’s bad because without ambition you don’t get anything done. That’s the trouble with 90% of the students—no ambition to study. They would rather enjoy themselves. Hope I’m not getting that way….

No mail today (???). How’s the sick hippopotamus at the Swope park zoo [in Kansas City] getting along? I’d also like to know how all the basketball teams in the area are doing. I didn’t go to varsity band practice this afternoon because I didn’t want to walk back out to school in that biting wind. But concert band members get credit for varsity band just for playing at the games (no home games this week). Now, back to lessons.

Wednesday, Jan. 13. Got home after a very strenuous, but equally successful day—18 hours, and walking about five miles on ice and snow. It was extremely cold this morning, and is still very windy but not as cold. Supposed to snow again tonight and tomorrow. Wore a lot of clothes and looked like a lumberjack; it took 15 min. to put everything on whenever I had to go out. Saw Othello tonight at school; it was super excellent—the best Shakespeare I’ve ever seen. The acting, costumes, stage effects, etc. were tremendous.

Going over the day’s activities: Did well in my speech this morning, and brought my average up a little. Still getting the same criticisms. Did even better on ROTC exam and Sociology quiz. After class, I asked him [Prof. Hughes] what my average was, and he said 90. I’m the only sophomore in there; the rest are juniors and seniors. In band, Mr. O’Brien was experimenting with some novelty pieces in the various sections, so we didn’t do much playing, except for an overture. He also announced that even though we’ve made the band, if he notices anybody incompetent or letting down, it won’t take long to get a replacement. Read Religion assignment in the library before the play.

Dropped my Eversharp pencil today and the little tip broke off; can’t get it to stay on. Picked up a 39-cent pencil to use until I can get it fixed (if it can be). The light in my room burned out; hope they notice it and get a new bulb.

I’ve gotten only one letter since coming back; have the little kids to write, or something. Are they reading that “Child’s Life of Christ” I brought? It’s a very good book for them, instead of those comics.

Thursday, Jan. 14. A week from tomorrow the fireworks begin. We all started a Novena today for success on the semester exams (they think of everything up here). I was busy every minute today, but didn’t have to hurry as much and could take my time. In Religion, our French priest [Fr. John Cibor CSC] has a hard time pronouncing some of the longer terms; this morning, every time he would come to one, he asked me to pronounce it…. All together, I spent five hours on History today, including two in the library after class.

I had quite a tussle with Dean [Charles] Sheedy’s secretary [Loretta Brennan] today. I tried to get a class card for band in order to get credit for it, and she said no, because I’m already carrying too many hours. So I went to Father Sheedy and asked him; he said OK. His secretary was furious when I
told her that, but very grudgingly she handed over the card. So now I’ve got everything straightened out for next semester, except for a room on campus.

This afternoon I worked on Spanish for two hours at home before putting on the uniform and going back out to school for military band. They took our picture inside practicing and outside in formation. Spent more time than expected in the caf this evening; after us four bandsmen finished supper, we got to talking—discussing advantages and disadvantages of a men’s school in comparison with a coed one. Then we went on to the difference between being a brother and a priest; we decided it would be better to be a brother because priests have too much work and responsibility. Many other things came up; I finally got home at 7:30. One of the guys was also in Architecture; he changed to Music; he plays first-chair clarinet. Two of the guys I marched with in the fall are going into the seminary at the end of the semester.

Tonight I worked on a map of Europe in 1648 to hand in tomorrow (it was assigned, not something extra). Took two of those super-anahist tablets tonight because a bad cold could be coming on—no wonder, with the weather we’ve been having (20 degrees warmer today than yesterday, with some snow in the morning; supposed to be even warmer tomorrow and rain).

Friday, Jan. 15. [Answering a letter from home:] None of my friends are going home between semesters (we’re off Jan. 28-31); I’m planning to spend a day in Chicago. If you ask our relatives and they want me to stay with them, that’s fine. Since I’ll have a map, they won’t need to take me around. As for the draft board [at home], my 80 on the exam is good enough to exempt me as long as I stay in school—if they don’t change the law again. As for a scholarship, they’re so short of money (it seems) that the prospects for next year are not good. I’ll have to get loans. Where do all these kids get the money to go to college?

The weather continues to be a mess. We haven’t seen the sun for a long time. It was another cloudy, dreary day, with a little freezing drizzle on top of the snow; hardly any of it has melted. It doesn’t really bother me; I still like snow. My suede shoes are good for walking on ice.

Today’s class report: Tied for highest in Spanish with 94 on the last test. In Shakespeare, I was finally called upon to answer a question (got it right). We have a quiz and another speech to give, which will be our final exam in Speech. Band was fun, as usual; I’m doing better at sight-reading. We’re still reading some pretty longhair stuff (Rossini’s “Barber of Seville”), but I like it. There’s talk of a trombone quartet. The bass trombone and I are getting along better all the time. Scholastic came out today; my article (somewhat revised in the re-write department) rated a 2-column head. There’s also an article on the band. The radio just announced that our basketball team murdered mighty Holy Cross there tonight [83-61].

Lots of work again this weekend, leaving hardly any time for recreation. Military Ball is going on now; don’t think they got much of a turnout (the charge was $5 per couple). Only two members of military band went. A girl from Stephens College in Columbia [Mo.] was one of the queens [see 1954
Dome, p. 272]. Went to devotions in honor of the Blessed Mother after supper; the novena for exams continues.

Saturday, Jan. 16. It was cloudy and raw all day, with snow arriving this evening. Freezing drizzle in the morning, and sleet in the afternoon. It’s quite perilous on streets and sidewalks tonight; supposed to go below zero. There have been many car wrecks. The wind is blowing a gale—worse than Kansas.

At school all morning, finishing History reading. At home this afternoon, I wrote my last speech about the big [Missouri-Kansas] flood of summer 1951. Tonight I started a long Sociology assignment on mental disorders—something I find extremely interesting…. [Several passages are quoted about senile psychosis, with suggested applications to an elderly relative.]

Sunday, Jan. 17. Lots lessons today as usual (about 8 hours), but the sleep situation is improving—between 7 and 8 hours the past few nights. My mind doesn’t seem worn out. Listened to the symphony on the radio while reading this afternoon. I ran across a neat neurosis that fits Mother to a tee, but I’d better not describe it. (I’m finding quite a few neuroses that fit me, too.) A very cold walk this morning to Mass at St. Joe’s; down to zero again tonight. But after a morning of flurries, we finally saw the sun this afternoon. Read the Sunday papers after Mass, went out to school for noon meal and daily Grotto visit. Fell on the ice and put a small hole in my second-best pants. Also bruised that leg; put some stuff on it when I got back. Second fall of the week. It hurts to kneel down. This time next week 3 final exams will be over. Still have sniffles and sore throat in spite of the cold pills, but don’t worry!

Monday, Jan. 18. This was a spectacular day: there was a terrible fire downtown. We started hearing fire trucks about 9:30 this morning. Two or three stores and the office building that housed them were destroyed—about a third of a block. The battalion fire chief was killed, and 7 other firemen were sent to hospitals. Tonight’s paper said it was the worst fire downtown in 25 years. Many nearby stores had a lot of water damage, including Penny’s. Strong wind and low temperatures made the fire hard to fight…. The Speech test wasn’t hard, but we had only half the time needed, so had to race through it. Got the 100 I was expecting on the last military test (my friendly rival got 85). Since there are no more class assignments the rest of the semester, I can rest until time to start studying for exams on Thursday.

After Shakespeare class, I got into a lengthy discussion about the plays with 8 other guys and the prof [Rufus Rauch]. He seems to think that I’m a backhillsman; undoubtedly my lowest grade will be in his class. The exam counts about 80% of the final grade.

We missed the eclipse of the moon tonight because it was cloudy.

Tuesday, Jan. 19. Now it’s water, water everywhere; damp and miserable. Rapid warming today (it’s 40 right now, at 10:30 p.m.); the snow melted fast,
except where it’s drifted—too fast to soak in. I left for the basketball game tonight without boots, but had to come back, change shoes, get the boots, and splash to school in a thick fog. It was even thicker (with drizzle) coming back—thicker than any I remember at home. It’s supposed to continue, with rain tomorrow. It would be nice to have a day without precipitation once in a while!

It was a good game; we beat Purdue 95-74. We could easily have passed 100, but he put the third team in to get experience. We are number 6 in the nation. The band was packed in—hardly any slide room [for the trombones]. This was the last music for me until Feb. 1 (no practice tomorrow).

Mostly review in classes today and tomorrow…. Checked on moving to campus again; now they say it will be the last of Feb.

Wednesday, Jan. 20. The academic improvement that began after Christmas continues. In Speech, Mr. Kirby told me my test paper was best in the class. He said he was surprised I did so well, since my speeches all semester have not been out of the ordinary. Now that the class is over, I wish it continued next semester; I’ve just gotten started. (By the way, he’s the only teacher who has mispronounced my name all semester—“Googan”; I gave up trying to correct him.) [Students were addressed by last name.] Our final speeches Saturday are limited to 4 minutes. Final class average in Spanish is 95—the same as my buddy who sits next to me in that class; I was hoping for 96, but 95 will do.

But it’s in History that I hit the jackpot. We got five tests back, and all were 100. That brings me up to a 92 average—quite an improvement over what I was getting before I knew what was going on. At the end of the day, I went to the teacher’s office to see if he had the term paper grades yet. He did, and mine was 100. He [Mr. [Charles] Poinsatte] said it was one of the best he’s received from a History 11 student, and he wants to keep it. He said it shows ability in writing and organization, and urged me to keep it up. He was happy to hear that I’m in Journalism, but maybe I should switch to history (?). When I told the guys at supper about the term paper grade, nobody would believe it. My final History grade should be around 90, which is much higher than I’ve been expecting. I’ll have Mr. Poinsatte for History again next semester.

I think I did well in the last Sociology quiz section, too. My average in there is a little over 90, but I’m not expecting more than 85 or 86 as the final grade, due to the poor grades at the beginning.

In Shakespeare, old Rufus [Rauch, the professor] really got carried away. We finished Hamlet, and the last scene is very moving. That class is the one I’m most worried about (it’s impossible for us to tell how we’re doing; everything depends on the final. After classes I spent a while in Church and at the Grotto giving thanks; hope God continues to see fit for me to do so well.

We had rain and drizzle all day; everything is about to float away; it was very warm (55) and all the remaining snow melted. But now there’s a strong wind, and it’s getting much colder. This is delightful weather for colds. Next week in Chicago I’d like to go see Don McNeill. Be sure and listen that day.
[Commenting on recent basketball losses at home:] I don’t think they need a new coach—just some good players. It’s the players that make a team, not the coach—most of the time, that is.

_Thursday, Jan. 21._ This will have to be quick because I’m deep into study. First exam is tomorrow at 1:30 (Spanish). Besides preparing for that today, I also did some reading in the military manual. The military band was supposed to have a special drill test, but the Military Dept. thought it unfair to the rest of the corps. So we have to take the regular drill test. Since we didn’t drill with the rest, we have to read a lot in the manual in a big hurry to prepare for it....

Today’s weather was much nicer; the sun came out after some morning flurries, but the north wind was cold. There has been some form of precipitation every day for the past two weeks. The semester is over, as far as classes go. I’ve made a study schedule of 6 to 7 hours for each exam, so there won’t be much rest for a week. It’s still a lot of fun here; I get a kick out of this business of school. Just wish it wasn’t so expensive!

_Friday, Jan. 22._ It will be OK if the rest of the exams go as well as the one today did. There was plenty of time. I actually enjoyed it. I was not alone in the library this morning preparing for it. All the language exams were today, and guys were running all over the place with little slips of paper (vocabulary). Two exams tomorrow; it won’t seem at all like Saturday. The campus seemed too quiet today. I went to Sorrowful Mother Novena this evening before coming home to read military. The Church was full....

_Saturday, Jan. 23._ After Mass I stayed on campus all day, taking and studying for exams. Both exams were a lot of fun, but I got tired of sitting. My speech got the best grade (90) of all my speeches this semester. We listened to everybody’s and mine came toward the end; the two hours went by fast—such varied topics. I’ve lost my nervousness about speaking to the class. I really enjoyed that course; too bad it’s over.

In the military test, I knew the material well. It was held in one of the big chemistry lecture rooms in the [Nieuwland] Science Hall. The 50 questions covered the twelve crew-served weapons plus general techniques of fire and fire adjustment principles. Then another 50 questions on general military knowledge and drill. The four hard exams are still coming up. I’m starting on History tonight. My notebook is completely filled with small, closely spaced writing. I want to read the whole thing twice before Tuesday. Will spend all day tomorrow on Shakespeare. St. Mary’s Lake was populous with skaters today.

Lots of mail waiting for me at home—two letters from you all, plus newspaper clippings, a letter responding to some questions, and two [hometown] papers.... Mother keeps wanting to rush the time until spring. Don’t rush the time! I’m having too much fun. I want it to go by slow so I can get all the enjoyment out of it. This is really a great place! And now to those History notes.
Sunday, Jan. 24. Cloudy with drizzle all day; sidewalks are slick tonight—not good weather for colds. My cough and sniffles are into the third day.

Listening to Amos and Andy while writing this; it’s the only entertainment I’ve had all day. [Since 1928 Freeman Gosden (1899-1982) and Charles Correll (1890-1972) had presented this popular situation comedy in the blackface minstrel tradition; by 1951 it had become the most popular of all radio programs, but declined rapidly after 1953 with the radio medium itself, and ended in 1955.] After Mass I glanced at the papers and got to work on Shakespeare. I was surprised about 1:30 when [the landlady] brought in some lunch on a tray. At 5 I went out to school for supper and visit; then came back for more Shakespeare. This is probably the last night I’ll ever spend studying that old bird.

12. “This experience is too good to be true.”

Monday, Jan. 25, 1954. My two worst tests are tomorrow, and there’s such a tremendous amount of material to cover. I can’t begin to review as much as I should. I was in the library from 10:30 until 5 trying to get some sociology into my head. Tonight I’m working on history. Must go to bed at 10:30 in order to get 8 hours of sleep—the best preparation, whether I can recall anything or not by then. There isn’t much I can do for the history test. Either I’ve got the general matter or I don’t. The grade will depend on what questions he asks.

This morning’s Shakespeare test was as expected—a dilly. Only 5 questions, but each took 20 min. of writing like mad. Only quit writing twice—to stretch my hands and wipe the sweat off. Filled 9 pages of 8-and-a-half by 10 sheets. My grade will depend on what mood he is in when he reads the paper. Shakespeare and I are now finished with each other. [Not at all! Shakespeare was often present in the great books seminars he taught in later years.]

The library was packed, and it was really hot. I got so tired of studying in there that I went out to take a stroll around the campus. It’s one of the few times I’ve just walked around slowly—not going anywhere, and enjoying the setting. The weather was a mess: dark, cloudy, drizzly, with fog tonight—not very cold, but too damp. Even in this weather, it’s beautiful here.

Tuesday, Jan. 26. I think it all turned out OK, but I’m pretty fatigued. Exams are starting to get me down, but I’ve got to start studying for the last one (religion) tomorrow. When it’s over at 3:30, I’m through! I’ve gotten tired of getting all excited over exams; it’s not worth getting so worked up over them.

The sociology questions were the very ones I was expecting; the problem was remembering all the facts and getting them down in sensible form. The history questions were tougher, and it took all that was in me to put enough down. They were long essays.
Got two of my final grades today. Military grade (89) was 3 points lower than expected. It’s the average of daily classes (93), tests (85), drill (80), and final exam (84). Spanish (95) was better than expected: daily classes (94) and final exam (96). All the military grades were low; they’re getting too many in ROTC and are trying to weed some out. Once they find out I can’t see, that will be all for me! Anyway, I doubt if I could have done better than I have, whether I make Dean’s List or not (will be close). I’ve pushed my ability to the limit, without endangering my health. It doesn’t come natural; I have to work for it.

Between semesters I have to type another copy of my history term paper for the professor. He advised me to enter the history essay contest next semester; the prize is $50, and he thinks I could win easy. But that would involve writing another term paper, and I know I won’t have time. I’ll ask him about a scholarship some time and see what he knows. Here’s what he wrote on my term paper: “You cover your topic completely and with intelligent research.” He went over every paper in the library, checking our footnotes with the sources. The history dept. here is tops.

The weather (if you’ll pardon the expression) grows worse and worse, if that’s possible—very dark and foggy, and the drizzle became a steady rain in the afternoon. Came home tonight soaking wet; had to change clothes and shoes fast to keep my cold from getting worse. Everything is as damp as can be. Had to wade through some monstrous puddles (without my boots). Rode the bus most of the way home to keep from drowning. I never dreamed the weather up here could be so much worse than in Missouri. The sun has only been out 3 times since Christmas vacation, and that was along with cold and wind. Everybody was going around today with long faces, the rain dripping off their noses [shades of Dante’s Inferno].

[Commenting on a letter from home reporting the grades of younger sisters]: I can’t understand why the kids in our family are so brilliant. There’s none of it in our heredity [first generation to attend college].

Band pictures came today. I’ll be glad when it starts up again.

Wednesday, Jan. 27. It’s all over! I survived nicely. I should know all the grades next week; probably in a few weeks they’ll send you a report of them. The exam today was extremely easy; some of the other guys thought it hard. I studied my notes and had it all in my head. Went downtown for dinner at a new ritzy place and a show afterwards to celebrate the successful completion of my first semester at the University of Notre Dame. Saw “Knights of the Round Table” in Cinemascope. Enjoyed it immensely. Sat close to the front to get the full effect—right there in the action. [An M.G.M. classic version of Thomas Malory’s 14th-century version of the Camelot legend starring Mel Ferrer, Robert Taylor, and Ava Gardner.] There was also a short—a symphony orchestra piece; felt like I was sitting right on stage with them. The new stereophonic sound made it sound real. It was so good I had to stay and see it twice.

The weather “improved” today—first some sleet, then snow, then froze, then thawed, then froze again; the wind came up, it got really cold, and no
telling what else. We've got to get some good weather one of these days. The Chicago forecast says fair to partly cloudy and not too cold the next two days. I expect to leave here right after lunch tomorrow. Will get to Chicago about 3 p.m., check my suitcase, call [a cousin], and sightsee. Later I'll go out to her house on the bus (always get mixed up on buses in cities). If I could walk and follow my map, everything would be fine, but Oak Park is a little too far.

I'll have to get up at 5 a.m. Friday in order to get to the Morrison Hotel by 7 for the Breakfast Club of Don McNeill]. I checked my map and found a church right across the street [St. Peter's] where I can go to Mass and Communion. I wonder if they serve breakfast at the program. I think it's the one Mother always listens to, and the audience is eating all the time.

I expect to spend all day Friday walking everyplace: to see [a high school friend] in Elmhurst (6 miles from Oak Park) and then up to Northwestern in Evanston to see two more]. I want to get back here Saturday afternoon or night. This will be a nice little excursion, and not too much money involved. I'm taking $25 just in case, hoping not to spend even half that much. My cold seems OK—just a few sniffles.

Thursday, Jan. 28. [A report of the evening visit with relatives in Oak Park, with a car ride to see a high school classmate at Elmhurst College.] In spite of the forecast for fair and warmer, it's snowing and very slick outside. We were sliding around in the streets, and the car did a complete spin as we arrived home.

Before leaving South Bend, my sociology grade came in the mail. Very surprising: the 95 on the final exam brought my course grade up to 88 (the average at mid-semester was 77). A nice improvement.

Friday, Jan. 29. I hope you all heard me on the radio this morning talking to the famous movie star, Jimmy Stewart, at Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. It lasted all of 15 seconds. [Stewart (1908-1997) won acting acclaim just by being his own natural self—soft-spoken, polite, low-key; Eagle Scout, Princeton graduate, decorated war hero (Air Force Colonel in World War II), and faithful family man (4 children).] I was very nervous, but didn't feel any different than usual when the program was over and I was able to tell Don about Mother's long practice of listening to his show ever since it started in 1933. He gave me his autograph for you. He said to tell you Hello, and asked me if I know his son, Tom (I don't). The program was very interesting; it was the first national broadcast I've ever witnessed. You told me to get there at 7 to get a seat. Well, I got there at 7 and was the first one in the place! When the program started at 8, it wasn't even half full. I sat in the first row, just 3 yards away from Don. In the marching part, we had to go all over the room and even crawl through a tunnel on the stage. I could go on and on, but there's too much else to tell.

It was still dark when I rode the Lake St. elevated downtown at 6:30; I didn't get back to the house until 10:30 p.m. after walking many miles and seeing many things. From the Morrison Hotel, I walked across [Madison] street
to attend one of the Masses in a large and modern church [St. Peter's]. All I had for breakfast was Wheaties, which I had brought with me. Then I walked down LaSalle St. to the Board of Trade (grain exchange); I heard a presentation on the process of exchange and watched buyers and sellers down in “the pit,” yelling and carrying on in a wild manner. From the 45th floor observation roof it was possible to see much of downtown in spite of poor visibility. That’s the highest point in Chicago. After lunch at the Forum cafeteria, I walked along the Chicago River and went into the Merchandise Mart. Nothing very interesting to see in that huge building (I kept getting lost).

Next stop was the Art Gallery (many interesting things there). Then I walked through Grant Park to the Planetarium, where I saw a very interesting show—literally “out of this world.” The Aquarium and Field Museum were closed; I'll try to see them tomorrow. Saw many other interesting things along the way, including Soldier Field. Went back up Michigan Avenue to have supper at the Forum again. There I met two old Irish ladies who became talkative when they discovered I’m from ND. Back at St. Peter’s, I attended the Sorrowful Mother Novena (same one we have on Friday nights at ND). After that, went to the show (“Eddie Cantor Story”); it was nice to sit down. [A Warner Bros. 1953 musical biodrama with Keefe Brasselle as Cantor and Cantor’s own voice in his most popular songs; Eddie Cantor (1892-1964) and his wife Ida were household names in the U.S. during his long stage, screen, radio, and television career (1922-1962).]

When I got back to the house, they were all surprised I had done so much and gotten around so well. We chatted and watched a little TV. Had a good time downtown in spite of the hazy, foggy, windy weather.

Saturday, Jan. 30. I'm back in South Bend, and it's past midnight. We still have a light coating of snow and ice, as in Chicago. Today, as they say, was “a beautiful day in Chicago,” but much colder than yesterday. The sun was out, and no clouds, but eleven degrees when I left the house at 10:30 to go downtown. Due to the late start, I didn't get to do as much today. Went back to the Board of Trade to use the “rain check” from yesterday and see the city with good visibility, and all the way to the Michigan shoreline 45 miles east. After 12:30 Mass at St. Peter’s and dinner, went back to the Aquarium and Field Museum of Natural History, where I spent all afternoon. When it closed at 4, I took a bus, transferred to a streetcar, and rode north. At 5, I got a bus back along Lake Shore Drive, past Lincoln Park and the “Gold Coast” of fancy hotels and apartments. Went back out to the house for supper and a little visit, and returned to town on the “el.” Left Randolph St. station on the 9 p.m. South Shore.

The little vacation was most enjoyable and interesting, as well as inexpensive. Their house reminded me of ours about 6 years ago or so when the kids were little and running all around the house. I forgot about lessons for a few days. Another grade was waiting for me: 87 in speech, a little higher than expected.
Sunday, Jan. 31. I'm "rarin' to go" for second semester. The four Monday classes are Christian Morals, Introduction to Philosophy, History of Western Europe II, and Elementary Spanish II. Tuesday classes are Military Tactics and Techniques, Logic, Social Processes, Institutions, and Disorganization, and Hygiene. That meets once a week; religion and military twice a week, and the rest three times. Band is Mon., Wed., Fri., 4:30 to 6. Total of 21 hours (5 above normal). The orange class cards are ready to turn in tomorrow. Hate to face the long lines for books again, and hope they don't cost too much (will try to get some used). Not selling any of mine from last semester.

Just returned from a concert by the Indianapolis Symphony [in John Adams H.S. auditorium; an attached clipping from the South Bend Tribune describes the event]. The program [Beethoven's Symphony no. 5; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade"] was excellent, but this orchestra is not as good as Cleveland or Philadelphia. Sat with a friend from South America; saw other guys I know. Had a hearty dinner downtown before the concert.

It's starting to warm up, and is still sunny. Most of the snow and ice melted today. Forecast is fair and warmer. Got up late and went to 10 o'clock Mass out at school, with breakfast at 11. Then came home and typed all afternoon (made 3 copies of my history paper)....

Just heard a news bulletin on the radio: [Coach Frank] Leahy is quitting because of his health. It was expected. Too bad he got so upset and excited at the games.

Monday, February 1. History grades were posted; my exam was 94, and the final grade of 98 is ten points more than I was expecting! Can't figure out how he could give me such a high grade. It was the highest by far among all the grades, and many flunked (including the guy who inspired me by his classroom participation). The 98 is all the more impressive when you consider that N.D. is reputed to have the second-best [undergraduate] history dept. in the country (Harvard being first). There are still two grades to come in.

The second semester started off well; the new teachers seem excellent. The one in Religion has two degrees from Oxford, and the one in Spanish [Paul Bosco] has his Ph.D. from Harvard. After classes I bought four used books at the Book Exchange. The line wasn't too bad. My History class is small—only 12. One is a friend from K.C. [Kansas City]. (The other kids called me "the brain" for getting that 98.) Lots of guys from last semester's classes are also in the new ones, but there are more new faces than old. My other 3 Monday classes have from 20 to 30 guys; no classes up here are larger than 30.

[Answering a letter from home:] Glad you heard me on the radio. I forgot to get [his cousin] a present. I didn't get to Northwestern because it was too far and would have taken too much time to get there. Yes, I took some pictures, but they probably won't be any good because it was so dark and hazy....

Tomorrow night we have a big event: The Olympic champion Swedish wrestling team will give a performance, and our band will provide the music. Four nights this week are taken up, but I can keep up OK. Lots of fun in band.
Tuesday, Feb. 2. A momentous occasion: At noon hour we started rounding up band members for a spontaneous pep rally for [Coach] Leahy and [his successor, Terry] Brennan. At 1:45 we marched around the campus like we do before pep rallies for the games, collecting everyone not in class. At the Morris Inn there was an athletic council meeting going on. We played the school songs and “He’s a Jolly Good Fellow” until the “wheels” came out amidst the shouts of about a quarter of the student body assembled in front. Leahy made a moving speech, and then Brennan. Even the cheerleaders were there, as well as photographers and newsreel men on the roof. Leahy said the rally was a fine example of the N.D. Spirit, which other colleges haven’t been able to attain. The new coach is only 25, but seems a lot older. He really has a big job. [Brennan, one of Coach Leahy’s favorite players in the late ‘40s (class of ’49) lasted five seasons (32-18, .640) as Irish coach before being fired; he was succeeded by Joe Kucharich in 1959.]

Three more new classes today: In Military, we’ll be spending most of the semester map reading, going into more detail than I’ve done before. For Logic I have an old priest, Father [Thomas J.] Brennan, who is a riot. He amused us the whole hour, going around the room collecting class cards, chatting and joking with each guy. I’m not impressed with my new sociology man [John Martin]; they say he’s a rough grader. We already have a long assignment.

Got the history books and materials this afternoon, and then read in the library with some friends. At Varsity Band practice we prepared for the event we played at tonight—an exhibition of the Swedish National Olympic wrestling team. It was lots of fun—just like a circus. We played appropriate music as they performed. Came home to do more reading. Now it’s past midnight.

The weather is warming up. It’s nice and sunny, but as the ground thaws it gets muddy. Don Wiley, one of the guys in concert band who marched in my row last fall, has left school to join the Army. He was a very good friend. More things go on up here in one day than anywhere else I’ve ever been. Today there was a little bit of everything.

Wednesday, Feb. 3. After Mass, Communion, and throat blessing, I read sociology all morning in the library. The three afternoon classes were a lot of fun. Philosophy is a little deep, but then it’s my first experience with any course like it. [This turned out to be the opening of a 50-year career, and still counting.]

The band is beginning to practice for a combined concert with the University Orchestra on Washington’s Birthday. After band, I ate in a hurry in order to make the Scholastic meeting. This time I was assigned a boxing article. A basketball game followed (we pounded Butler, 95-58). Terry Brennan made a speech between halves; he got a rousing reception. Never had so much fun in musical organizations until now. When I got home, there was more sociology and then military reading, and now it’s midnight. Lots of my off-campus friends are moving on; I haven’t gotten my notice yet.
Thursday, Feb. 4. All grades are in, and here's the good news: [the individual course grades are given]. That’s an average of 91.43 (compared to 85.71 at mid-semester). Average grade for the university is 82; Dean’s List is 88, so I guess I made it. Pray that I can keep it up. I need that scholarship, you know.

Next year’s marching band committee met after supper; then I came home to study. There’s talk that Mr. O’Brien may leave, and the man he was filling in for, Mr. [H. Lee] Hope will return. (He is very much disfavored by the band officers. They are afraid he’ll spoil all our plans for next year if he returns.) [Hope did return, but “O’B” was too hard an act to follow, and he relinquished the post back to O’Brien after one final year.]

Classes today were fine. In our first hygiene class there was a lecture and movie on cancer. It should be a very interesting course. It’s way out at the biology bldg. There are some new men this semester in military band; today we got organized. Bought my last book—logic. It’s by one of our professors [John Osterle]. Fr. [Charles] Sheedy [CSC], our Dean, is the author of our religion book. This afternoon I went to Rosary and Benediction; it is every Thursday. Surprised to find 3 in. of snow on the ground this morning; it hadn’t been forecast. It warmed up during the day and became slushy. It’s going on 1 a.m.

Friday, Feb. 5. It’s an extraordinary year to be at Notre Dame, so many historic things are happening. Tonight there was another one: the first pep rally ever held for a basketball team at N.D. The band marched around the campus to bring out the guys. Speakers were Father Brennan, my logic teacher, an N.D. “legend”—[Edward] “Moose” Krause, our new football coach, Terry Brennan, and most of the basketball players. Didn’t have as much trouble as expected marching around in the slush; it snowed most of the day, sometimes heavily, but not much accumulated (above freezing). The whole thing was loads of fun. Every one of the bandsmen is a great guy. The baritone player I roomed with in Philadelphia [Ray DeSutter] is planning to go to the seminary.

This experience is still too good to be true. But all these nightly activities and no letup in assignments only permit six hours of sleep every night—not enough. I checked on the move to campus again. I’ve moved from 40th to 23rd on the sophomore list, and there are 16 vacancies (which will move me up to 8th place). The girl said I might get a room by the middle of next week. Hope the move won’t interfere too much with lessons. They are going to want $400 when I move on; that won’t leave much in the account, maybe not even $30.

This afternoon at band practice I sight-read well on more new stuff. The program is almost complete, so we’ll start practicing soon on our own. More success in classes today: In Philosophy I was asked what practical knowledge is, and the prof told me my answer was very good. We had a surprise 10-min. quiz in Spanish, but I knew the lesson. It’s funny that the guy who sits next to me—Gallagher (we’re seated alphabetically)—was the first one I met at N.D. It was on that first confused day when we were standing in line in the rain. Went to the Novena tonight before the rally. Interviewed the boxing coach, Mr. [Andy] Napolitano, for my Scholastic article. He’s a real nice guy.
Commenting on a letter from home: You all seem to be getting carried away. Just settle back, calm down, and wait for more surprises. Don’t get so excited about me, and don’t be boring the neighbors. Just calm down and everything will be OK. Keep up the prayers, though—the more the better.

Saturday, Feb. 6. Maybe it won’t be so bad having Saturday classes; there shouldn’t be too much preparation on Fridays for two classes. After class, I got a haircut (asked for a “short” one, and that’s what I got—close to being a crew cut). Then studied in the library until 3, when I went over to the field house to watch part of the ND-Missouri indoor track meet; there was a big crowd. M.U. won. After that I came home to write the boxing article and do a map for History. It was cold and sunny most of the day, but tonight we’re getting light snow as I listen the basketball game up at DePaul.

Sunday, Feb. 7. “Hairless Joe” checking in. It felt drafty walking out to the 9 o’clock Mass this morning without a hat. It was sunny and not too windy—a nice winter day; still quite a bit of snow around. After breakfast I deposited my Scholastic article at the office in Farley Hall. [The landlord and landlady] wanted to take me up to Benton Harbor, Mich. this afternoon to see the Lake, but lessons wouldn’t permit. Put in 8 hours this afternoon and tonight (4 subjects; tests in two of them tomorrow). All the reading was very interesting. I’ve noticed an increase in my ability to concentrate, reading speed and comprehension. I’m getting a terrific education up here; so many subjects I’ve been ignorant of (logic, philosophy, moral theology). Guess I’m meant to be a liberal arts man after all. Wish I could attend the educational movies and lectures, etc., but they would take up all of my time. There’s so much crammed into four years; too bad we can’t go slower and get twice as much good out of it.

I’ve started putting books and stuff in boxes, in case the move is in the middle of the week. [The landlord] is going to carry everything out to school in his car. The rooms are very small in the halls, so I hope I’ll have room for it all. He can’t understand why I like to study so much. It might get boring if I didn’t have band, games, etc. Maybe next time you hear from me, I’ll be on campus.


Monday, Feb. 8, 1954. We were assigned a research paper interpreting Aristotle’s Metaphysics, and it’s due this Friday. We also have some enormous History assignments. The one for Wed. will take five hours if justice is to be done with it. On top of all that, I have to go someplace every night this week. It’s unusual for something to be going on every night. Tonight it was a special meeting of all band members (marching, varsity, concert) to discuss vital changes. A terrible storm is brewing over band directors. Mr. [H. Lee] Hope wants to come back to his position, but the University wants to keep [Robert] O’Brien, as do all the old guys in the band. They fear that if Mr. Hope returns,
the plans for next year will be ruined because he doesn't believe in letting
students run the band, as Mr. O'Brien does. Mr. Hope has been on a leave of
absence to go back to school and work on his doctorate, and his contract is
still in force. The University can't afford to keep both of them. We shall see....

It's a good thing Fr. [Tom] Brennan is not giving assignments in Logic
yet. My assigned topic for the history term paper is “Oxford University in the
18th Century.” It's due around Easter vacation. I got 94 in that pop quiz in
Spanish the other day (most of the grades were between 50 and 70). We had a
History quiz today (on absolute monarchy versus parliamentarianism during
the time of the Stuarts in England and Louis XIV in France). I like that stuff a
lot. At band today, everybody was laughing at my extra short hair.

Ed [Dale Edwin] White, one of my off-campus friends from [Grand
Junction,] Colorado, and I have been making plans to move on campus. We
are trying to get a room together so that we won't be put in with anybody who
isn't serious about study. He is a history major with an 84 average, and also a
transfer (from the Univ. of Denver). So far he has been my closest friend; we
met in Speech class and started having meals together in the caf. He plans to
enter religious life and teach, and he thinks I'll do the same. I don't know
about that. We're going to see the woman about our room assignments
tomorrow. May have to write a $400 check [total charge for one semester].

It was a nice sunny day, but only in the 40s. On the way home it was
clear and no wind (for a change).

Tuesday, Feb. 9. There's a room for me in Howard Hall (308); I can move
anytime. I went to see it today; it's extremely small, like all the rooms, so I'll
have to leave stuff here [with the landlady]. She said it was OK (no charge). I'd
like to move tomorrow, but there's no time. I have to be on by Friday night, so
that's probably when I'll move. [The landlord] will carry my stuff out there in
his car. Can't see any free minute until then. Another friend who just moved
on campus is right across the hall from 308. I went to my room twice today to
get a look at my roommate, but he was out both times. Hope he doesn't jump
out the window when he sees me (and vice versa). This evening I signed in with
Fr. [Charles] Harris [CSC], the rector. He gave me the key and the enclosed
postcard, which you are to fill out and return right away. Naturally the answer
to all four questions is "yes." Room and board charges begin tomorrow.

The three morning classes were routine. Walt Cabral (football player) is
in my Military class. Another lesser-known but equally huge player is in my
Sociology class. I saw Leon Hart in the caf at noon; he's visiting. I've never
seen such a huge person—3 times as broad as I am. After getting straightened
out at the Office of Student Accounts (they are going to bill me for $380), I
came home to start working on that paper for Philosophy—“The Nature of
Aristotle's Philosophical Knowledge.” I finished it just before midnight, and
what a relief! It took five hours. It better be what he wants. I still have an
hour of History reading to do, and three more hours in the morning. I'll get five
hours of sleep tonight if I'm lucky.
What ruined my study schedule today was a sectional rehearsal in the band room (trombones, baritones, and basses). It was lots of fun, and did me lots of good. The purpose of these sectionals is to go over the rough spots so we don’t waste time in the full rehearsals. They have put out a “giant postcard” in color of the marching band performing at half time last fall. I got five of them, but not to send in the mail; they would get bent…. It was another sunny day in the low 40s. Most of the snow is gone, but plenty of mud is left.

Wednesday, Feb. 10. This is definitely my last week at 832 N. Hill St. I’m moving to 308 Howard Hall Friday evening. Met my roommate this morning; he’s going to be OK. Seems like a quiet guy—a Commerce sophomore from Rock Springs, Wyo. His name is Paul Anselmi. [After a successful business career in Rock Springs, Paul died July 5, 1998.] He appears to be pretty rich and wears good clothes. I was afraid I’d get one of those guys with an Eastern accent. The room is only 12 by 7 feet. Ed White got in right across the hall.

This morning I got my meal ticket, and ate lunch and dinner in the west dining hall. Those meals would have cost $1.20 and $1.35 in the caf; tonight we had steak. There’s plenty, but you have to eat faster. The management is so efficient that not a second is wasted. Each hall serves about 2,500 at each meal. They are enormous and make me think of what a medieval castle must have been like—high pointed windows, rough-hewn ceiling, ornamental lights, a huge fireplace at one end, and various decorative designs. There are dozens of long wooden tables. Now I won’t have to be spending much money every day.

Ed and I attended the hall meeting in the Howard Chapel after dinner (made me miss Scholastic meeting). After that, the policy committee of the band met, and then the Kansas City Club. I was appointed to work at our booth at the Mardi Gras carnival next Tuesday in the Drill Hall. I just have to be there one of the three nights.

Classes today went OK. It took all morning to read 40 pages of history in the library. There was another pop quiz in Spanish. Band rehearsal started late because there was a talk by Jackie Robinson going on upstairs in the Washington Hall auditorium. The band room is below it, and our playing would have interfered. [Jack Roosevelt Robinson (1919-1972) was in his 9th (of 10 seasons) with the Brooklyn Dodgers. He had lettered in 4 sports at UCLA (1941) and went on to break the “color line" when he entered the major leagues in 1947; as the first Afro-American major league player in the 20th century, he was a symbol of hope to millions of young Americans.] Every Friday afternoon there are movies in the auditorium during band rehearsal, and the moviegoers don’t enjoy hearing us. I listened to part of the speech and was astounded at what a good speaker he is. Never knew baseball players could speak so well; he’s a very big man and black as can be. But his voice is soft, gentle, high-pitched, with no hint of an accent. When band finally got under way, it was more fun than usual. We are improving rapidly at sight-reading the new music. Dick Meinert, first chair French horn, is from El Dorado, Ark.; we are becoming good friends because of our common background (military schools).
Some Religion to read tonight, and then review for tomorrow’s Sociology quiz. The lights would be out if I were in my room at school right now.

It was a beautiful sunny day (40s). Snow’s all gone, but not the mud.

**Thursdays, Feb. 11.** You are right that I am leaving a better room (this is my last night in it), but it will be a little cheaper and lots more convenient. And being on campus is a big part of my education up here. Very good meals again today. Each guy gets two glasses of milk per meal, and we have *real butter.* I won’t be taking much out to my new room tomorrow—just the necessities. Then Saturday I’ll come back for the lamp, radio, and whatever I’ll have room for. I thought I’d be more excited when my chance came to move on campus. It will be a whole new experience. All of us caf-diners will be moved on by Saturday, but scattered all over, and won’t see each other much any more.

Thursday mornings this semester I have to race back and forth twice between O'Shaugnessy and the ROTC building. It’s half a mile, and you have a little less than 10 min. between classes.

Heavy snow showers all day, and coming home tonight. It was almost a blizzard when the ROTC band was out drilling. Even if my ears froze, it was fun. The first hour we practiced marches inside. I’ve moved from first to second trombone because a new guy this semester plays much better.

Tonight we had orchestra practice for the Washington’s Birthday concert. I did well, and it was great fun. Came home to a lot of reading (especially history) and now it’s past 1 a.m.

**Fridays, Feb. 12.** Tonight I write from Howard Hall; the room is a mess—not even a place to sit down, so I write standing up. Roommate Paul is out tonight to avoid the confusion. Don’t have much time until light’s out [11 p.m.]. It will take a lot of work to find a place for everything tomorrow, plus starting into mountains of homework for next week. Have to find an extension cord; the plug is on the other side of the room from my desk. The prefect on my floor seems to be a very nice priest, as is the Hall Rector. [The landlord] was very helpful with the move. It was kind of sad leaving them tonight; I think they will miss me. You should write to thank them for “watching over me.”

Today’s classes went OK. The Religion test wasn’t too hard. Time to go down to the chapel for night devotions.

[A note about the South Bend couple who provided his off-campus housing the first semester in their home at 832 N. Hill St.: Ralph W. Wilcox, a carpenter, was born in Rensselaer, Ind. in 1912 (age 41 in 1953). He married Gladys Hannegan in 1951. The couple especially enjoyed dancing. During World War II he served in the Navy Seabees. He was a member of the Ridgedale Presbyterian Church. He died of an apparent heart attack in the home in 1983 (age 71) and was buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, Plymouth, Ind.

Gladys M. Wilcox, head bookkeeper at Epworth Memorial Hospital and a licensed beautician, was born in Chicago in 1897, but lived in South Bend most of her life (age 56 in 1953). She retired in 1956. She was a member of the same church. When she could no longer maintain her home, she became a resident of

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Northwood Nursing Home, where she died in 1991 (age 94); she was buried in the family plot in Plymouth—South Bend Tribune obituaries.]

Saturday, Feb. 13. Don’t have to hurry so much tonight because we have lights until 12 on Saturdays. Spent most of the evening reading Religion. Earlier there was quite a bit of noise—normal, I guess, on Saturday nights. Only idiots like me study on Saturday night, but there’s a tremendous amount to do this weekend: a history of logic paper, a report on Plato’s Apology of Socrates, 40 pp. of sociology, 30 pp. of history, and study for 3 tests. These teachers are outdoing themselves. The Hall is pretty quiet now; probably everybody is over at the Mardi Gras Carnival in the Drill Hall—just a place to spend money. Never have seen so many gambling devices. I have to operate one of them for the Kansas City Club Monday night after the game. Tried to get out of it, but couldn’t; everybody has to help. Last night they had the dance [see 1954 Dome, pp. 273-75].

I think my roommate is getting to like me; at first he didn’t like the idea of crowding another guy in with him, but now that everything’s put away (I’ll never know how I did it) there will be enough room after all. A nice thing about living in the hall is that after studying a while, you can go around visiting guys and refreshing your memory so as to get back to the lessons. I’m meeting a lot of new guys here in this “neighborhood” [3rd floor south]. So far it’s a lot better than being off campus. We had some big meals today; hope I don’t get too fat. [His weight this semester went from 125 to 135 lbs.] All three meals, I was the last guy to finish at my table (each table seats about 40). My bill for the semester came: $364—a little less than expected.

Classes went fine today except for logic. Last week Father Brennan assigned a paper (jokingly, we thought), and today he asked for them. You can’t tell when he’s serious and when he’s joking. I was one of the many who had no paper to turn in; only a few did.

It was a nice day—up to 50. Walked back to the house to go through all my stuff, and brought back another large box, leaving the rest in storage. [The landlady] invited me over anytime I want to come. The room looks pretty good, now that the Confederate flag, maps, and pennants are up. They keep it hot in here at night; all I need is a quilt, even with the window open.

Very pretty at the Grotto tonight, full moon shining through evergreens. It’s only a short walk from Howard. Nice to have Mass downstairs….

Sunday, Feb. 14. Happy Valentines Day! This is the first time I didn’t get any valentines. You should have seen all the teasing when guys opened mushy ones from girls back home. We have mail deliveries even on Sunday (and twice every other day). The last member of our “off campus club” from first semester moved in across the hall today; there is another guy two doors down the hall. Of course we had to have “house warmings” for everybody.

This hall life is tremendous! I’ve never had such fun. I wondered if I’d get as much done being on campus, but today I did more than I’ve ever done in
one day, and the surroundings made it so much fun. I took frequent breaks to visit neighbors and get into talk sessions. When guys come into my room and see the Missouri map and pennants on the wall, they kid me by asking what state I’m from. Roommate Paul hasn’t complained about the Confederate flag yet.

I got two Philosophy papers written and typed, gobs of reading and taking notes here and in the library (the next building over) and now I’ll review for two tests (History and Spanish) while listening to nice music on WNDU, our student station. I have a large desk with big drawers and places for books. The chair is a little splintered, but it’s more comfortable than the one I had at the house. It was another beautiful day—up to 60. Took a 20-min. walk around campus tonight in the “Missouri weather.” Very good meals today.

Slept very well and got up early (7:30) much to the dismay of my roommate, who stayed in bed until 10. It’s nice being able to sleep later, hop out of bed, get fixed up for Mass in 20 min., and walk a few yards over to Sacred Heart. That beats getting up an hour early and walking a mile. Paul is a typical Commerce man—rarely studies. He played cards all afternoon and is just now starting his homework (8:40 p.m.). Would be nice to be so happy and carefree. Now he’s asking me to help him with his philosophy paper; like me, he has Prof. Tish [a grad assistant] for Intro. to Philosophy.

We have Benediction tonight at 10:40 down below in the chapel.

Monday, Feb. 15. It’s a dreary, rainy night in northern Indiana; looks like I’ll have to keep studying for tomorrow’s Logic test out in the hallway because the lights go out in 10 min. Just got back from Mardi Gras—all wet, because when I left for the game at 7 it didn’t look like rain and I just took a light jacket (it went up to 70 today with a lot of wind). Now we’re having a thunderstorm with lots of lightning and even hail; strange weather for February. It’s like a June night in Missouri. I didn’t have to work at Mardi Gras after all because the K.C. Club had enough volunteers. I’m not the gambling type anyway. So I just strolled around in the huge crowd visiting the booths; it’s an elaborate set-up, just like a carnival. It’s past 11, so they must be letting us have lights longer tonight because of it. I’d better finish reviewing before my roommate gets back; he’s working at the Wyoming booth [a great expert in gambling, from experience back home].

My friend, Ed White, moved in across the hall on Saturday; he got sick last night—violent nosebleed and vomiting. They had to take him to the Infirmary, and he’s been there all day. Hope it’s nothing serious. He seems to be the “easy-to-get-sick” type. [Dale Edwin White tried several options in his short life, including a position on the library staff at N.D. Always frail, he died in the garage of his home in Grand Junction on July 17, 1974.]

Tonight’s game was pretty good, the roughest I’ve seen here because N.D. and DePaul are such rivals. There was lots of booing and poor sportsmanship, but the referees did do an awful job. The game was televised (by NBC, I think); they’ll show it on Saturday, and maybe you’ll be able to see it. You won’t see
the band, though, because the cameras were right above us on scaffolding. But you should be able to hear us.

Did pretty well on today’s tests. Sat next to Tom McNeill at supper; he didn’t eat much. He’s in the Y line with me.

Tuesday, Feb. 16. It was a raw and blustery day, with rain all morning. Fr. Brennan failed to show up for Logic class, so I had only two classes. The map reading in Military is so easy I have to struggle to keep interested while he explains it to those who’ve never had it. Sociology was as boring as ever....

Tonight after studying history I went to a lecture put on by the Guidance Dept. on “How to study and take notes.” Most of what he said I’m already doing.... My crazy roommate never studies, but he’s very bright—whatever he does comes naturally without much work. He thinks I’m the crazy one for studying so much. Too bad I’m so backward that I can’t get anything without studying it hard. But I like it. He’s out working on the Mardi Gras tonight; this is the last night.

Very good mail service here. In this evening's delivery I got the letter you wrote yesterday. Paul hasn’t gotten any for several days, and he’s really mad.

This campus life is great! How am I going to stand being away from this place all summer? I’m trying to get the most out of each minute. I’m already gaining weight from all the extra food; it’s wonderful having all three meals, and all you can eat at each one. It’s a good balanced diet, too, all taken care of without any trouble on my part. I gained 12 lbs. last semester eating in the caf, balancing my own meals and doing all that walking. Growing kids need lots of food! When [his little sisters] don’t drink their milk, they should see us—5,000 guys all drinking 2 glasses of milk each meal. I haven’t seen a single exception so far. And they’d drink more if they could get it.

Lots of football players on my floor. Menil Mavraides lives around the corner. Also [Pat] Biseglia. (pause)

Just made my evening visit in the chapel. Again tonight we are getting lights later, but I’m going to bed anyway. I’ve done all my assignments, so why stay up? When the lights do go out, I don’t get to sleep right away. Paul likes to talk, and we do a lot of discussing before we fall asleep.

There’s talk of a marching band trip to Chicago in March for the St. Patrick’s Day parade.

Wednesday, Feb. 17. As I write, the Butler game is on the radio; at halftime, we’re ahead 46-35. [Joe] Bertrand is hot tonight; he has over half our points. Today’s classes were a breeze. Lots of dumb kids in Spanish; Mr. [Paul] Bosco just about gave up on some of them today. He’s a little guy, a real cat with clothes. He gets animated when he gets upset and starts yelling, “Carumba!” Spent all morning on a boring assignment for History; have to spend more time on it tomorrow. We’re on the Enlightenment.

This afternoon when I should have been practicing for band, I got into a long chat with a guy across the hall, Dick Bolger (from Illinois). He’s in engineering, and seems to be devout. Pat Biseglia, the big football player, just
came in to give me a message for Paul. We have a big weekend coming up; lots of guys are going home.

Last night it was unusually cool in the room; nice for sleeping. This was a beautiful winter day—sunny, near 45, no wind. The hall is quiet tonight. Paul is out again. As I said, he never studies—seems to be one of those guys who don’t really care about being in college, but their dads are making them go. His family must be loaded; he wears good clothes and talks about going to Europe this summer. He thinks I’m an Ozark hillbilly, but neither does he fit my idea of people from Wyoming—cowboys with dungarees and big hats.

Lots of fun in band today, working on a tough overture by Wagner (pronounced vog-ner)—“Rienzi.” Third trombones have a hard part. “Minnie” Mavraides just came in to get acquainted. He lives around the corner in 305. What a huge guy! He always goes around without a shirt to show off his physique. He wanted to know how I like it here; we had a nice chat. The football players are in charge of morning checks, night checks, mail, and other things around the hall. We’re running away from Butler....

Thursday, Feb. 18. Not much studying tonight. We had orchestra practice for Washington’s Birthday; lots of fun, as usual. All through “Panis Angelicus” the trombones have the solo melody; very pretty. We have to transpose the “Star Spangled Banner” from the key of B-flat to A-flat; hard for me to do. Excitement is mounting concerning the concert tour. Cheyenne, Wyo. has replaced Santa Fe, N.M. on the schedule. We’ll be traveling through 12 states.

Tried to study for tomorrow’s Religion test, but wasn’t in the mood. A card game was going on in my room, so I went across the hall to study with Dick; we got into another long conversation, and neither of us got anything done. Still have an hour in the morning for study; should be in the mood then.

In Hygiene we had a lecture on care of the teeth. They tried to scare all of us into going to the dentist. They succeeded in scaring me not to go. Logic class was a lot of fun. Military drill made me homesick [for the military academy]. The drum major [John Giambruno] can’t even blow the whistle right. We were outside trying to march for a whole hour, but they can’t even mark time. Military band isn’t turning out to be what I had hoped for. [Bystanders gave it a nickname: ‘the drunken plumbers.’] I’ll be glad when I get in the Army, especially if I can get into a regimental band.

Finally got a Valentine today from [an old high school girl friend now in college]; it was delayed because it had to be forwarded from the house. It had a picture of a cat on it. Also got a box of cookies and candy from [an aunt in Oklahoma]. It only takes your letters one day to get here. Today’s was mailed at 4:30 p.m. yesterday, and I got it in this afternoon’s mail. It was a nice day—in the 50s and sunny. Went without ROTC overcoat for the first time since last fall. There’s no ice on St. Mary’s Lake for the first time since December.

Friday, Feb. 19. The lights went out on me tonight, so I’m writing this in “the rear.” The Religion test this morning was pretty hard, even a little tricky. I did
fine on a little quiz in Spanish. We got the previous test back, and I got 98. History was interesting, but in Philosophy there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth when he announced the assignment: to read 100 pages of Plato and outline it! And it’s for next Wednesday. Some guys are taking a little vacation this weekend, but not me; I’ll be using every minute.

A tremendous display was set up today in O’Shaughnessy Art Galleries—a miniature of St. Peter’s in Rome (about 12 feet long by 6 feet wide and 4 feet high) which is exact down to the most minute detail. I was awe-struck when I saw it. I’ll try to take some pictures. A rumor is going around that it has been given to the University. [He’ll see the real St. Peter’s 22 years from now.]

After Novena, studied all evening—half in the library, half across the hall because of a card game in my room. Wrote a Logic paper and read Sociology.

Saturday, Feb. 20. Very quiet in the Hall tonight; many have gone home for the long [Washington’s Birthday] weekend. You should be getting my official grades in the mail any day; we get a copy, too. It went up to 60 today, but with a blustery wind that stirred up the dust and created a minor dust storm. We may get thunderstorms tonight, and then colder tomorrow.

Studied between 6 and 7 hours today. After finishing a Military assignment, I watched part of the Navy game on TV. [John] Fannon was really hot on the long shots. If we keep winning, we’ll go to a tournament. Whenever that happened in the past, the band went. Only one more home game.

After the game, went to the library to read about the rise of the Hohenzollerns in Prussia—very interesting (ha!). Was chased out when the library closed at 5. Tonight between visiting in other guys’ rooms, I did a long Spanish assignment and another for Sociology. Tomorrow it will be Plato all day; it’s unfair for one class to demand so much. Ed [White] finally got out of the Infirmary (they kept him a week because of chronic nosebleed). We had to hear all about his experiences. It’s a good thing we have lights until midnight.

In Logic class this morning, we had to write a paper entitled, “How Is One Logical?” I doubt if I hit the point he was after, but it probably won’t matter. They say Father Brennan throws away the papers and gives everybody 88. Sociology was a little bit interesting, for a change. We are on cooperation, competition, conflict, accommodation, and amalgamation.

Haven’t seen my roommate more than a few minutes all day. He’s probably off someplace playing cards. He never thinks about studying; can’t see how he’ll be able to stay here long. He’s wasting his time (and his dad’s money); I don’t see it.

We lost a home track meet today to Indiana.

Everybody around here thinks I’m a “southerner,” and consider Missouri a “southern state.” [Why the surprise, with a Confederate flag on the wall?]

14. “New Discovery: a Study Hall in Howard”

Sunday, Feb. 21, 1954. I’m hurrying this before the lights go out. After getting back from the concert, I spent half an hour talking and joking with the guys
across the hall. They’re always kidding me about being a “hillbilly” from Missouri, but it doesn’t bother me. The concert was by a Greek mezzo soprano, Elena Nikolaidi [1909-2002; after a brilliant career as soloist with the Vienna opera, she moved to the U.S. (1948) and continued her career with the Metropolitan opera. In 1960 she joined the music faculty of Florida State Univ. and became a noted voice teacher]. I’ve heard her on the Firestone and Telephone hours [classical programs on radio]. Her voice is fine, but I didn’t care for the program she sang. Before the concert, I went to Benediction. This morning I went to 9 a.m. Mass; my roommate [Paul Anselmi] slept until 11. He was out all day, and has just now come in. Big turkey dinner at noon was very good.

This was a very happy day all around, even with the overcast, and rain in the morning; now it’s foggy. The hall was quiet today. I managed to do about half of that tremendous philosophy assignment and also some research for the term paper in history. Tomorrow’s a holiday, but not for me.

Monday, Feb. 22. Got a lot done today. After late Mass and breakfast with the guys, I went to work on Plato. Read the rest of the assignment and made a draft outline. I’m nearly finished typing it. It will be five pages single-spaced. Then there was that 2-page paper for the same teacher—a bit too much to demand for one class. There’s talk of mutiny, but I’d like to know what the guys think they can do about it. Also spent another hour in the library (the Medieval Institute) looking up material for the term paper. That’s where they keep the precious old manuscripts; very interesting. Some of those books are 200 and 300 years old, and still in good shape. The bibliography is typed and ready to hand in on Wednesday. The topic, “Oxford in the Eighteenth Century,” is going to take a lot of work, but it has good possibilities. The paper has to be in before Easter vacation, and there are no more holidays until then.

I spent most of the afternoon typing in Ed [White] and Dick’s [Bolger] room so Paul could do some studying for a change. We fooled around a bit, but that made it more fun. Every time I open my mouth, Dick has something to say about my “southern accent.” It’s very enjoyable spending time with those two. We all play musical instruments, and more important, we are confirmed bachelors! Ed is a convert and very devout. We all go to Mass together every morning, and have all our meals together.

This week is going to be packed with activity. Hope I can take in some of it. Guys think I’m doing too much, but isn’t that what you’re supposed to do at a university? There is plenty of variation along with the studying. Like tonight: the annual Washington’s Birthday Exercises. The seniors awarded J. Edgar Hoover the Patriot of the Year Award, and his representative, an N.D. man named Harvey G. Foster, gave the acceptance speech. There were three other speeches—one of them very touching. Playing in the Orchestra was great fun; the sound was good, too. There was a large crowd. [See 1954 Dome, p. 33.]

The radio just announced that we beat Penn tonight—the 17th win in 19 games…. Please tell me what size jeans I wear. The laundry lost two of my best
ones, and I have to tell them what size so they can buy me new ones. I’m running short because one pair shrunked so bad that it’s way too small. It’s back to classes tomorrow after a very enjoyable holiday. The weather was very good—sunny and up to 50. Too bad I couldn’t go out to enjoy it.

Tuesday, Feb. 23. A letter came from the laundry wanting to know how much my missing jeans cost. I’ll tell them to pay me $4 apiece, and then buy some more. For the past half hour I’ve been conversing with “the boys” and in a minute or two the lights are going out; I’ll finish this out in the hall....

I’m back from my nightly visit to the chapel. Went to the Grotto twice tonight—one for Ed’s little sister who is sick. He is over his own ailment. My roommate actually worked on lessons today and tonight; I had to let him see my philosophy paper, however. I can never find a good excuse to tell anybody “no.” They served us liver today at lunch, and pork chops for supper.

Wednesday, Feb. 24. New discovery: There is a comfy and well-lit study hall in Howard where we can go to study after the lights go out, and I’m there now—studying for tests in logic and sociology. Ed is down here studying, too.

It got very busy after supper. At the Scholastic meeting I was assigned a basketball article; then the marching band committee met briefly. That gave time for the first of a series of five talks on vocations. Tonight it was on marriage. [Basketball] Coach [Johnny] Jordan and Father [Charles] Sheedy [CSC] spoke, and there was discussion. It was very worthwhile. I passed up a Kansas City Club dinner and a string trio concert tonight. Saw a short art movie after class and before band. There’s always something going on up here, and I hate to miss any of it.

Snowed furiously this morning, but didn’t stay on the ground long. I lost my dark-blue hat, but I still have the pointed colorful one. Please look through the family pictures and send a good one of [a cousin in Kansas City]. The guys in the trombone section want to see her. Now to chapel, and thence to bed.

Thursday, Feb. 25. I’m back in study hall, and it’s going on midnight. There was too much Spanish to do after the game. Quite a few guys are here with me. Had lots of fun playing at the game—our last one at home, and the most fun of all. We were eleven trombones, so it was quite crowded. Just as it ended (ND over Marquette 77-66), Don Penza walked passed me while we were playing “The Victory March” and stuck his hand into my horn with a silly grin on his face. I must have been a little too loud. They announced that Coach Jordan was named basketball coach of the year, and the guys went wild. Hope the band gets to go to the tournament in Fort Wayne. The Chicago radio stations are publicizing our appearance in the St. Patty’s Day Parade on the South Side. We lead the parade; practice for it is next week.

In Military today, I signed a [Selective Service] deferment paper in case I’m accepted into advanced ROTC. Marching was more fun today because the guys are getting better at it. We had a “dress parade” with the whole regiment.
It snowed most of the day and evening, and now Notre Dame is blanketed with several inches of snow—unusually beautiful.

**Friday, Feb. 26.** Tonight Ed, Dick, and I went to a meeting of the Third Order of St. Francis to see what it was about. [See 1954 Dome, p. 315; those pictured include John Chomeau, secretary, Dick Rupp, Bob McKenty, George Dakoske, and Mike Crowe. The director was Fr. Robert—“Hollywood Bob”—Lochner CSC.] They have monthly meetings, and visit students in the Infirmary. The main goal is to increase personal sanctification. Twelve new guys were admitted tonight. They also told us things about the life of St. Francis. Also went to the [Sorrowful Mother] Novena tonight. Forty Hours devotion starts this weekend. [It was customary for every parish to celebrate forty hours of Eucharistic exposition on the three days preceding Lent; the faithful were encouraged to make a holy hour before the Blessed Sacrament during those days. Each evening there were services, which included a sermon.]

In today’s classes we got some tremendous assignments for next week. To complicate things more, I was assigned to cover the first seven games of the inter-hall basketball tournament Sunday and Monday. There’s also a concert on Sunday. This is a tremendously busy place!

[Responding to a letter:] Haven’t seen my roommate much today. Don’t worry about him “getting me down.” I can handle him. For instance, his cigarette smoke was getting so thick in the room that I got a bottle of Air Wick at the Bookstore to restore the atmosphere to normal. All I have to do is offer those things up. The Lake is frozen over again, but lots of snow melted today under a bright sun.

**Saturday, Feb. 27.** It’s been half-raining, half-snowing all day, and very slushy. Went down to the Grotto a little while ago with Dick. We are very similar, but he’s in engineering and more athletic. Our talks are so enjoyable that I probably indulged too much today and didn’t get enough study done. We were playing catch in the hall tonight. Another distraction was listening to the Loyola game on the radio; it was very thrilling, and we won, 71-65. As a result I stayed up until midnight to finish all my Spanish after drawing a history map and reading for a couple of hours. But today was nothing compared to tomorrow: the Forty Hours, a concert, basketball games to cover, not to mention all the lessons to do.

Haven’t seen Paul all day; too bad I didn’t get Ed or Dick for a roommate. Even at midnight, the hall is still lively. What an effect it will have when the lights go out in a minute or two.

Wanted to see “The Stars Are Singing” today [in Washington Hall], but couldn’t take the time. [This was a 1953 musical comedy starring Rosemary Clooney, Anna Maria Alberghetti, and Lauritz Melchior.] Filled out my application to the [Corps of] Engineers today [for a summer job in Kansas City], but I didn’t know what to put down as “job applied for” or amount of money wanted. I put down $2950 again, [same as last summer].
**Sunday, Feb. 28.** Just about got all my lessons done today. Read (struggled through) 70 pp. of Plato.... The South Bend Symphony concert this afternoon in the Drill Hall was tremendous! Best pianist I’ve ever heard, and she’s 65—Myra Hess. There was a huge crowd. I sat with some “cultural” friends (music majors, mostly). *[Dame Myra Hess (1890-1965) was a British concert pianist and musical heroine, best known for her courageous concerts at the National Gallery in wartime London to boost the morale of her countrymen; after the war she traveled widely and performed in major American cities.]*

Forty Hours started this morning. I went to the services tonight; the main altar is beautiful. Also went to Benediction in our chapel a little while ago. Paul surprised me by saying he wants to go to Mass tomorrow....

**Monday, Mar. 1.** The Howard study hall is so crowded, I’m sitting on the floor to write this. Even Paul is down here confronting a big assignment. He has been studying more. My sleep has been narrowed down to 7 hours; can’t get everything done and still get 8. That’s still better than the 5 or 6 I was sometimes getting off campus.

Classes today were more enjoyable than ever. Returned tests: 98 in History; 99 in Spanish. Arts and Letters Dean’s List for first semester came out today, so it’s official that I made it. Band was great, as usual. After supper I went to Forty Hours devotions and then to the inter-hall basketball tournament. I have to write and turn in tomorrow my coverage for the *Scholastic*. After that, the band publicity pictures were taken. I’m in the one of the full band [*see p. 303, 1954 Dome*] and the one of the trombone quintet. They were taken on the stage of Washington Hall. It was lots of fun getting ready for them. In between things I got a little reading done for Religion.

The church was packed for the devotions; I had to stand. Imagine the main altar covered with white and gold, banked with lots of green and white flowers, and full of candles, and you’ll get an idea of how our Forty Hours is. It closes tomorrow night. We have a hall retreat this weekend.

It was cold, cloudy, and blustery today—typical of March. Enclosed are some new postcards; they just came out.

**Tuesday, Mar. 2.** These are really busy times around here. I’m down in study hall again with lots to tell, but it’s about to close. Classes went fine today; only got 92 on Military test. After band I went over to the “Rock”—Rockne Memorial—to get my sports article from Ernie Szecskely on the inter-hall basketball tournament. It took all afternoon to write.

After early supper, I went to the closing of Forty Hours in the church. It was the most soul-stirring thing I’ve seen so far up here. *[Sacred Heart]* was packed again. We all answered the responses to the Litany of the Saints. The procession was absolutely fabulous. First the seminary choir, then a hundred priests and brothers carrying candles, then servers in red cassocks, and finally the Blessed Sacrament under an ornate canopy carried by 4 servers and
surrounded by candles. We sang “Pange Lingua” throughout. During Benediction our singing was thunderous. This was the final fling before Lent. I had a hard time trying to decide what to give up that would really be giving up something, and finally decided not to listen to radio music—no orchestras, no bands, no nothing. Everything else I do is necessary, so that’s the only thing I can give up. Also, I’ll say the Rosary every day down at the Grotto; until now I’ve just been saying one decade a day. Even though I had lessons to do, I couldn’t stand to miss tonight’s movie in Washington Hall—“The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima.” It was also excellently done and soul-stirring. [This was a Hollywood production (Warner Brothers) released in 1952. It realistically depicted the apparitions of May-October, 1917, at Fatima, Portugal, declared worthy of belief by the Church in the 1930s. This film was destined to have a major impact on his vocational discernment and career choice.]

Paul is in a very bad mood because of failing two tests today. He had studied for them, too. We are getting more snow tonight.

Wednesday, Mar. 3. Ash Wednesday. Walked around with ashes on our foreheads. Went to second conference on states in life tonight—on religious life. The speakers weren’t as good as the first ones (on marriage). Many excellent talks go on these evenings, but no time to attend them.

At the Scholastic meeting I was assigned a baseball article. The season seems far away with the big snowstorm we’re in the midst of. This morning it was like a blizzard—heavy snow and strong wind with much drifting and blowing all through the day. It’s supposed to go down to 10 degrees tonight.

Classes didn’t go as well today: messed up an oral answer in Spanish, and left my history notebook in my room. Big sociology test tomorrow, one of three all semester. That has kept me up late again.

[Answering a letter:] Thanks for the check. I’m spending very little money. Don’t worry about my “fiddling around.” I can’t study all the time.

Thursday, Mar. 4. The snow finally stopped this afternoon. It was very cold this morning, but warmed up as the day progressed. I had seen the first robin the day before the storm.

Classes went OK. Hygiene was about mental disease. Drill was by squads. At the marching band committee meeting we made the plans for our parade in Chicago on the 14th. We’ll be on radio and TV, but probably just in Chicago. They can take only 40 of us to Fort Wayne next Tuesday for the basketball tournament. We’ve learned that Mr. [H. Lee] Hope is returning for sure. It looks like Mr. [Robert] O’Brien will have to go, but the band is getting up a petition to present to Father Hesburgh telling him how much we want to keep him. Mr. Hope has already said he isn’t interested in the N.D. Band anymore, so we’ll have an awful time trying to do anything under him. But it seems that the University can’t afford both of them. Band is taking up more and more time, but I’m able to keep up my lessons so far. Up late studying for Spanish and tomorrow’s religion test.
Friday, Mar. 5. Up late with long sociology reading. Studying with Ed and Dick is very enjoyable. We got another long assignment in philosophy today; that guy is really getting carried away. The quiz in religion was on the pitfalls of mixed marriage. History is extremely interesting: the French Revolution.

It was very cold and windy all day—like the middle of winter. I'll be one of six trombones to go to Ft. Wayne Tuesday. Hope lessons won't suffer too much. That makes two trips next week. We've been getting a lot done in band lately. The 90-min. concert rehearsals fly by. My name was listed with the sports staff in today's Scholastic for the first time—misspelled “Guegen.” I'm having trouble finding Coach Jake Cline to get my next article.

Pre-registration for next year begins in two weeks, for which I need $50. I have $61 in the bank, but that is supposed to cover the rest of the semester. We register in the order of grade averages, so I'll be pretty close to the top and will have a good pick of rooms. I need to start looking around the junior halls.

Today was my sixth First Friday in a row. [This refers to the popular custom of gaining an indulgence for seven First Fridays.] Now I'll say the Stations [of the Cross] and get to bed.

Saturday, Mar. 6. Among today's lessons, wrote a summary of 70 pages of Plato. Ugh! Took a break to listen to basketball game; we won. Paul went to Milwaukee for it [Marquette]. That made it quiet for study, and I didn't have to put up with smoke. He received a box of new clothes from home (sports coats, slacks, shirts—a lot of fancy things). Our hall retreat started tonight with a conference by Father [Larry] Broestl [CSC, Dillon Hall rector]. It's a fine thing, but takes up precious time. Almost went to see the movie [in Washington Hall]—“Lavender Hill Mob,” but couldn't afford the time. [This was a popular British movie (1951), a comic bank robbery, starring Alec Guinness and Audrey Hepburn.] Still cold and windy, but the sun was out. Lots of snow left.

Nobody else thought our food today was good, but I liked it: they're too hard to please. The guys are kidding me because I go around gathering up ice cream or something that some of them didn't want and bring it back to the room. I must be gaining weight because my pants are getting so tight I can't button them; I just zip them up most of the way. Goes to show what happens when you get 3 big meals a day. The only thing served so far that I haven't been able to eat is cooked onions. (Hardly anybody eats them.)

Sunday, Mar. 7. We had a delicious turkey dinner today. Got a lot done in 9 hours of reading—in the hall and in the library. I get more done studying alone. Also spent a lot of time in the chapel; the retreat was all morning—Mass, 2 conferences, and the closing Benediction. Very worthwhile. Paul got back from his little vacation tonight. He seems to have had a good time.

Much nicer today—sunny and warmer—but it was cold down at the Grotto tonight. No mail all weekend. I'm going to bed a little early for once—storing up in advance of the trip to Ft. Wayne (we don't get back until 2 a.m.).
15. “Parce, Domine; parce populo tuo”

Monday, Mar. 8, 1954. [Answering a letter from home:] Yes, the cookies are all gone. No, I don’t need a laxative. Stop worrying; my cough is nearly gone. I cannot keep up and get more than 7 hours of sleep, at best. As it is, I’m missing a lot of good lectures and other things. There are excellent speakers every week on many interesting subjects, but no time for them. Soon I’ll be going before the examining board for advanced ROTC; hope they don’t notice my thick glasses. These letters are stuffy? I’m just telling everything that goes on so I can use it in my memoirs some day.

We marched around the campus tonight before the pep rally in preparation for the tournament tomorrow—smaller crowd than usual. We head for Ft. Wayne at 3:30 in the afternoon and get back at 2 a.m. Glad it’s warmer; those uniforms are pretty thin. Most of the snow is gone. Tonight we were served a delicious steak dinner. I can’t understand why there is so much complaining about the food. We have adoration all day in the church every day of Lent.

Tuesday, Mar. 9. It’s 1:45 a.m.; just back from a wonderful trip and already half asleep. That bus [Indiana Motor Coach] was so comfortable. During the ride, Herb Riband, another member of the marching committee, and I discussed ideas. After supper we went to the Coliseum—a big place and a large crowd. We did lots of playing before, during, and after the game. Our seats were right on the main floor in back of the team. We were close enough that I poked one of the players with my slide. They had a little trouble at times but managed to beat Loyola of the South [New Orleans] 80-70. It was interesting to watch Coach Jordan, just 3 or 4 yards away. We stayed to watch Penn State beat Toledo, and played for that game, too. Have to get up at 6:50, as usual.

Classes this morning went fine; then studied history in the library until 3. We left about 3:45. Paul is in trouble. He was placed on strict probation for drinking while he was in Milwaukee last weekend. If he doesn’t watch out, he’ll leave me with a single. He’s asking for trouble, doing things like that—needs more self-discipline and willpower.

Wednesday, Mar. 10. Only five hours of sleep last night, and then we went out and marched for an hour and a half. So I’m very tired tonight. I was out of condition, and my legs are feeling it. Was lots of fun, though, and great to be marching outside again. We have to memorize two new songs for the parade and refresh other music we played during the football season.

Classes today were fine; Spanish is the most fun. I spent all morning in the library preparing the lesson. Went to church tonight. We have Lenten devotions every Wednesday. Father John [A.] O’Brien, who writes so many religious pamphlets, gave a good sermon. [He was research professor of theology in residence at N.D., formerly Newman chaplain, Univ.of Illinois.] Then
we had Benediction with some strange new tune instead of the Laudate. [Over the years it became a trademark of Lent at Notre Dame—Brother Boniface CSC leading it with his plaintive voice: “Parce, Domine; parce populo tuo. Ne in aeternum, irascaris nobis” (Spare, O Lord, spare thy people. Do not cast us off forever). And now etched in the memory forever.]

I’m trying to write this in Dick [Bolger] and Ed’s [White] room across the hall. My room is full of dense smoke. But these crazy guys make so much noise that I can’t keep a train of thought going. I’m probably keeping them from studying, too. But that’s OK; they’re real brains and don’t need to study as much as I do (being kind of dull). I’ll finish these lessons down in study hall; 3 tests tomorrow.

Thursday, Mar. 11. Still more tests tomorrow, and I should go to bed. But there is an important matter to mention: [A summer job offer, $35 per week, in the hometown newspaper office. According to the editor, that salary was “considerably more than we have been paying for summer jobs…. Things are getting a bit tight around here, and quite a few men are unemployed.” Other passages of his letter are worth quoting—testimony to a great small-town newspaperman, John Shea: “You would do a little of everything…. One of the first things would be to ride around town with the truck and bring our subscription list up to date. Every year we find quite a few people who have been getting the paper free…. We’d have you take care of want ads in the morning. If you can run a camera we’d send you out…. You’d get a good close look at small-town newspapering, but it wouldn’t all be exciting and glamorous…. Glad to learn you are getting along so well back there. Keep it up—you’ll never regret the extra effort.”]

You may think I’m crazy [passing up the possibility of a higher paying summer job in Kansas City], but I really want to take it. Here are my reasons: [He includes the experience, convenience of not having to spend 3 hours a day on the bus, thus saving $9 per week, the possibility of an extra job on Saturdays, the variety of tasks, not having to dress up every day, and the chance to develop “my journalistic ‘talents,’ if I have any.”] Now the bad side: only $450 for the summer, [compared with nearly twice that amount the previous year.] I’ll check again with our scholarship man (fortunately, he’s the prefect on our floor), tell him my average, etc. If I don’t get a scholarship, I can’t come back anyway, because it takes $1600. I don’t want to go any further into debt [$500 Fisher Loan Fund]. Please write soon and advise me. It’s a question of looking at both sides and deciding which is better in the long run.

Anyway, today was very busy—running all the time. After the morning quizzes, I read history in the library this afternoon, went to hygiene (on drug addiction), and then military—close order drill; lots of fun. It was a perfect day for drill (cool, but sunny). After supper we had marching band practice over on our practice field under the lights. We’ve got it down cold—all set for Chicago. We don’t have quite the full band; some guys can’t go for one reason or another. We leave here at 7 Sunday morning; Mass there at 11 ([Samuel]
Cardinal Stritch is saying it); parade from 1:30 to 3:30, five hours free time, and back here at midnight. I’ll probably study during those 5 hours. We get two free meals. After band I started studying for tomorrow’s tests, which includes the first philosophy exam (I don’t know what to expect).

I forgot to tell you what name I’m called around here—Bonzo Beninni (ha!), mostly just Bonzo. [The name was bestowed by Dick Bolger. His nickname in band was Giggy-bird.] It’s time to close study hall, so I have to leave. I missed the “states in life” lecture tonight (on priesthood) on account of band.

Friday, Mar. 12. What a game! I thought I’d have a breakdown right on the spot. We beat Indiana 65-64 [in Iowa City, NCAA regional tournament; see the account in 1954 Dome, p. 239]. I tried to study sociology during the game, checking for the score every 10 minutes, but the hall got so noisy in the last half, I had to quit and join in. Everybody’s radio had the game on. I listened to the last few tense and exciting minutes in Ed and Dick’s room. Shouts would go up all over the building whenever we got a couple of points ahead. There was dead silence the last few seconds, but when the buzzer sounded, the place went crazy—a tremendous yell, doors banging, whistling, a real uproar that lasted several minutes. You could hardly hear the WNDU announcer shouting and the guys at the game singing the Victory March. When it subsided, there was a parade to the chapel. After that, the school songs were played on the radio. What a great victory. If we beat Penn State tomorrow night, we’ll have two games left in Kansas City for the NCAA championship. It would be nice if the band could go along—little chance of that. Went to Third Order meeting and [Sorrowful Mother] Novena at church before the game.

Tests in Religion and Spanish were easy. Mid-semester in Philosophy is Monday; won’t be surprised if I flunk it. Lots of fun at band. Got my baseball interview today with Coach [Jake] Kline during practice in the field house. A boxing classic is going on there—Bengal Bouts [see 1954 Dome, pp. 257-259].

My date to pre-register is Mar. 26; I picked Ed for roommate. I could get a single, but that wouldn’t be as much fun. Almost got blown over in the tremendous wind today; cold, too. Tonight we are getting lightning and thunder. Wish it would get warm.

Don’t try to call; it’s just about impossible to receive a phone call in the hall. The only way is for me to call you, if we can work out an arrangement….

Saturday, Mar. 13. [The heading is a sketch of ND’s skyline, with a dark cloud hovering over it, marked “gloom.”] What a tremendous change can take place from one night to the next! Penn State did the impossible [knocking off the Irish, 71-63; see account in 1954 Dome, p. 239]. So our season has ended, 22-3, still a very good record (Penn State’s is 16-5), and after all, we did beat Indiana. Everybody is walking around with a blank expressing and looking for feeble excuses (there’s only one—God’s will; we prayed, but he had different plans). It just shows how unpredictable basketball is. Penn State had lost to
Navy by 4 (we had beaten them by 12 on their home court), and even to lowly Colgate. Their team must really have been inspired tonight. And to think that we had cheered for them when they played Toledo at Ft. Wayne on Tuesday!

The weather (terrible) goes right along with our sentiments tonight. It is cold, windy, and snowing. And we have to march tomorrow in the windy city without overcoats. It’s not supposed to get above freezing tomorrow, and flurries are expected. Hope our [trombone] slides don’t freeze. Another bad thing about this trip, besides getting up at 6:45: no breakfast; we won’t eat until after the 11 o’clock Mass. I doubt if we’ll have a big crowd, considering the weather.

A lot of studying today—five subjects. No choice; tomorrow I’ll be gone all day. Had to fill every minute. Also got the baseball article written and turned in, and had an individual conference about the possibility of joining the Third Order. Classes were fine. Our hall corridors are getting a fresh coat of paint, and the smell is all over. Everybody is still going around consoling each other. Gloom is settling over the Golden Dome. (But won’t stay there long!)

Sunday, Mar. 14. What a trying day! We left at 8, arriving at St. Sabina’s Church [on Chicago’s south side at 78th and Throop] for Mass at 11. We changed into our uniforms in the school hall. After Mass they served us a huge breakfast-dinner all in one [“brunch” had not yet been coined]. It was hard to fast so long. There was a long delay before the parade got going, and we nearly froze. It snowed lightly all day, but didn’t accumulate. The wind made it colder, and we were without overcoats. Cardinal Stritch missed it; he was sick.

The parade route was between two and three miles, mainly between 78th and 81st Streets (the neighborhood’s business district); a big crowd of “Irishmen” was watching the whole way (lots of green). Irish flags and pennants were everywhere. They liked us, even though we messed up in places. The parade was a long one with high school bands, other marching units, and floats. Instead of leading the parade, we were at the end. Afterwards they served supper and then we went downtown until 8. Walt Janes and I walked another mile or two, just looking around. I tried to sleep on the way home, but there was too much going on in the bus. Not much snow on the ground in Chicago, but here we received 2 inches. Heavy snow [“lake effect”] slowed us down in places coming back. Very, very tired, and my legs are really sore.

Monday, Mar. 15. Legs and ankles ached all day because of yesterday’s long “hike.” After a morning of flurries, it cleared up, and most of the snow is gone. Spring starts next Sunday. The philosophy test wasn’t as hard as expected, but I didn’t know the material as well as I should have. The main essay was on what philosophy meant to Socrates, on the basis of The Phaedo. There were two extra credit questions on things I knew nothing about. Also messed up on the history quiz by using a wrong term all the way through. I knew what it was about, however. We got a religion test back (96). In Spanish we reviewed for a
big test on Wednesday. We spent the whole band practice on one piece, but got it down very well—"First Suite in E-flat for Military Band" [by Gustav Holst].

Not many lessons tonight. I wrote a few St. Pat. Cards. Having much better luck with my laundry. There was a picture of us in today's Chicago Tribune. They said it was the biggest parade ever outside the Loop—80,000 watched it. Mayor [Martin] Kennelly [1947-55] and Governor [William] Stratton [1953-61] were on the reviewing stand with city officials. Haven't seen Paul today; he's just sleeping here, and that's about all. He goes out every night.

Tuesday, Mar. 16. Believe it or not, I'm going to bed early tonight—10:30. I felt sore and draggy all day; it's because of only 6 or 7 hours of sleep every night. Mid-semester exam in Spanish tomorrow, but I'll have 3 hours in the morning to study for it. My overall average this mid-semester is far better than it was last time. Got two test papers back today—97 in Military and 94 in Sociology.

Studied history this afternoon in the library and then went to varsity band. We play for the finals of the Bengal Bouts tomorrow night. Kid Gavalan is guest referee. [Born in Cuba, Gavalan (1926-2003) was welterweight champ during his career (1943-58) and a member of the International Boxing Hall of Fame.] The concert band plays Thurs. night for a Boy Scouts event. Concert tour fever is rising. Easter Sunday will be hectic. We play in Decatur, Ill. on Holy Saturday, and then ride all night (13 hours) to Kansas City; our chaplain, Father [Carl] Hager [CSC, rector of Lyons Hall] will say our Easter Mass along the way someplace. K.C. concert is at 3 p.m. On the way back, a week after Easter Monday, we'll be in Chillicothe, Mo., so you all will be able to see us twice. [The tour schedule follows.] There will also be pre-tour concerts in Chicago and Indianapolis.

Went to see Fr. Mendez [CSC] about a possible scholarship; he won't know if I can get one until the middle of June. Got a $5 check from the laundry for my lost pants. Got another short haircut today to match my name [Bonzo]. They're still painting, and leaving a strong smell in the hall.

There was all Irish music on WNDU tonight. Tomorrow we'll hear Irish tunes all day on the chimes of Sacred Heart church—really a big day here.

Wednesday, Mar. 17. Seeing green: that's all we've been doing around here today. The 100% Irish guys had a time. Watching them go to classes was just as good as watching a St. Patrick's Day parade. We heard Irish music all day on the church bells. Even the dining hall food was green; green ice cream for supper. I'm told they're even drinking green beer in town tonight. Fr. [Charles] Harris [CSC, Howard rector] wore a green-trimmed purple vestment at Mass.

The band played tonight at the championship finals of Bengal Bouts. It was lots of fun, as usual. When we met in the band room, Mr. O'Brien fitted us all out with big green ties, waist and armbands. I tied green ribbons to my slide. Wasn't much interested in the boxing—too brutal. The ring was fixed up in the middle of the field house just like you seem them on TV. About 500
people were there. Before the fights I went to Lenten services in the church: another excellent sermon by Father [John A.] O’Brien. Big crowd.

Did well in the Spanish mid-semester. Another heavy assignment in philosophy—2 papers. But we have two weeks. Mr. Tisch digressed from Plato today and gave us an interesting lecture on his idea of education and the university [perspective of a grad student T.A.]. He hates football passionately, and thinks ND isn’t well rounded. He’s a pretty smart guy—a tremendous thinker.

In band we picked roommates for the tour, which is only 4 weeks off. Mine is the baritone sax player, Mike [Francis S.] Connelly ['57]—a true Irishman from up around Chicago [Naperville; he called himself “the thane of Naperdale”] with fiery red hair.

When I got back at 10, I studied for tomorrow’s sociology quiz. Ed just came in and wants me to take off the green tie (he’s English and Swedish)....

**Thursday, Mar. 18.** Wore the [ROTC] uniform all day, as usual on Thursdays. Drill was lots of fun—close order for 2 hours on the drill field by the stadium. One of the military staff inspected us and commented that we are “far superior to the other [Army ROTC] companies.” That’s to be expected; the band always is. It was good weather to be outside—sunny and about 55. The birds are coming back to the Grotto; I saw a squirrel there tonight after *Scholastic* meeting (another article on fencing was assigned to me).

Hygiene class was about alcoholism. Spent the afternoon in the library reading about the Industrial Revolution (history). Went to the Rosary in church before supper. The Blessed Sacrament is exposed on the altar all day in Lent. [*From his collection of relics, Brother Boniface would display in the sanctuary each day of Lent a relic of the saint corresponding to that day’s stational church in Rome.*]

Tonight we played for the Boy Scout roundup in the Navy Drill Hall. About 2,000 were there for a banquet. We wore our uniforms and gave a short concert after the meal. After I finish 2 hours of Spanish, I’ll have to go down to study hall to read religion. It’s noisy in the hall tonight. Either we’re getting used to it, or the smell of paint is slowly going away. Paul pulled a nice trick tonight while I was out—without thinking, I’m sure. He washed his 22 pairs of argyle socks, and laid them on my [upper] bunk to dry. Now the bed is damp, especially the cover, which I can take off. Why so many socks? Why not on his bed? The weeks seem to be racing by; wish they would go slower....

**Friday, Mar. 19.** St. Joseph’s Day. We could eat meat today. After supper, Ed and I went to Sorrowful Mother novena, and then room hunting to find a good double for next year. First we tried Sorin Hall (oldest and most traditional) and then Dillon (one of the “hotels”). We made a list of spacious rooms with large windows. Hope they aren’t all taken when I sign up next Friday. Ed will provide the furniture (like book shelves and a Divan).
Got soaking wet this afternoon in a rain and hail storm coming back to the hall from O'Shaughnessy. Sleeping in a damp bed was nothing by comparison. Mr. [Walter] Langford [fencing coach] gave me what I needed for my article. He's really a wonderful man. Time to make the Stations [of the Cross] and go to bed.

16. “Spring is here?...It’s Spring????”

Saturday, Mar. 20, 1954. Spring is here? It was cloudy, cold, and very windy today with snow flurries. Puddles are frozen tonight, and the wind is howling. Morning classes were enjoyable. After lunch, went around looking at doubles in Dillon and Sorin; my list is now complete. There were lots of parents visiting those halls today—Junior Parent-Son day [see 1954 Dome, p. 279].

Worked on history, Spanish, sociology, and religion during the afternoon, but not as much as I wanted to. Ed [White] is sitting here trying to learn German vocabulary. I’m letting Ed and Dick [Bolger] use my radio here in their room because I’m afraid it might get stolen out of my room. (I’m keeping my typewriter here, too.) [Roommate] Paul [Anselmi] lost his key, so we can’t lock the room. Anyway, I gave up listening to it for Lent.

We had very good meals today. Wish I could get more sleep!

Sunday, Mar. 21. This was really a full day—almost too full. Eight o’clock Mass in Sacred Heart was packed. After breakfast I wrote the fencing article and typed it [for Scholastic]. A glass of milk spilled on my good blue suit at lunch, but I got it all out with a damp cloth right away. It will still need cleaning; Ed gave me $1 to pay for it since it was his fault. After lunch I read Book VI of Plato’s Republic—very interesting. At 3:30 Ed, Dick Schleiter and I went over to Cavanaugh Hall for a Third Order meeting that lasted until 6—very impressive. Now I have a scapular to wear under my shirt and some special prayers to say. There are about 80 members of the Third Order at ND, all wonderful guys. I was surprised to see many of my friends there, including some in the band. Father [Robert Lochner] gave a very nice sermon.

After supper went to see [Bill] Canning [from the hometown] to get the box you sent with his parents [for the Parents-Sons Weekend]. Quite a lot of the cookies are already gone, thanks to the help I have around here (except for Dick, who gave up eating between meals for Lent). Really needed the extra jeans.

Tonight we offered the hall Rosary in the chapel for two guys who were killed in a car wreck last night. It came close to me because one of them, Jim Byrnes, sat right in front of me in logic class. Father [Tom] Brennan really liked him. The wreck happened because of speeding. I hope the two guys were ready to go. They are sure getting a lot of prayers. After that, I had to get busy with a commentary on Plato’s Symposium, which I’ve just typed. Now there’s more religion to read. There are two short tests tomorrow that I didn’t have time to study for.
All this is still a lot of fun, even if there’s so much pressure. I hardly spend any time in my room anymore. It’s always full of [cigarette] smoke. When Dick heard that we are going down to the Ozarks this summer [to visit relatives], he was convinced that I’m a hillbilly—which is what he always calls me. Still haven’t heard anything about my job in Kansas City this summer. Sorry I missed the Minstrel [black-face comedy show] this weekend. Thank Grandpa for the money.

Monday, Mar. 22. Snow and sleet most of this dreary “spring” day. Interesting classes today—in religion we’re studying the virtue of justice. Tests returned in Spanish (95) and history (96). Today’s quizzes were fun. In band we started on a new piece, “The St. Louis Blues March” [famous piece by W. C. Handy]. We also practiced our snazzy opening number, which consists of ND school songs and the accompanying actions we do for every show. Trombones play a big part in it—even marching around the stage. The curtain doesn’t just go up and then we start into the program. We also got our quintet piece—“I’m Looking over a Four-leaf Clover” [Dixon-Wood, arr.]. We have 3 weeks to get it down perfectly—at the expense of lessons. It’s with band accompaniment. To make matters worse, we also have to memorize an encore.

We had a hall meeting tonight in the chapel. They strongly encourage everyone to attend by turning off all the room lights. I’m going to bed early (11:15) because mid-semester exam in history is tomorrow night at 9. I have several hours to study for it tomorrow.

Tuesday, Mar. 23. History mid-semester was a lot of fun. I made my share of mistakes, but enjoyed it just the same. I had spent 5 hours studying for it and knew the material well. Classes this morning were OK; our sociology man gave us a lot of notes. The map reading (aerial photos) in ROTC is a natural for me.

The weather is improving: still cold, but the sun was out. Paul is in a bad mood tonight. I hardly ever see him anymore. He’s only here late at night and early in the morning.

There’s a Requiem High Mass tomorrow in Sacred Heart for the two guys who died in the car wreck. Only juniors and seniors can attend because all of us can’t fit in the church. Went over to Dillon Hall chapel tonight for Third Order prayers.

Wednesday, Mar. 24. Down in study hall tonight reviewing for more mid-semesters. The one in logic won’t matter too much. Father Brennan gives crazy tests that you can’t answer and then throws them away anyhow [and gives everybody 88]. Got 84 on the philosophy mid-semester, which makes me happy. He wrote “good” on my paper, whatever that means—the first indication that at least I’m passing. We haven’t gotten back any of the numerous papers we’ve been writing on Plato. The lecture today was interesting: Socrates’ theory of pleasure and pain. Spanish was fun (98 on the returned quiz).
He kept us very busy in band. Only one more rehearsal before the Arlington Heights concert. Parts of it are ragged. More developments on tour: Jobs were assigned, and mine is being in charge of music stands and arranging the chairs on stage. The worst jobs are instruments and baggage. We were also assigned seats on the buses. Each roommate pair sits together. Mike [Connelly] and I were assigned the back seats of the last bus, with the trophies (gifts each city gives us as a token of remembrance) and the strobocon (electronic tuning machine).

Terrible weather today—a steady rain, but not as cold, and thunder tonight. Got plenty wet coming and going during the day. More painting (second coat) in the corridors, but we're used to the smell by now. Went to Lenten services tonight. Father [John A.] O'Brien gave another tremendous sermon on “Dust thou art”—that we always have to be prepared for death.

This week’s Scholastic assignment is on tennis....

Thursday, Mar. 25. The Annunciation. Third Order prayer in common after supper—plenary indulgence. It’s a wonderful organization. No logic class today so I studied for the tests in sociology and hygiene; they weren’t much fun. Military was: We now have a 60-piece band, combination of Army, Navy, and Air Force ROTC.

Very strong wind today—50 mph with stronger gusts. “White caps” on [St. Mary’s] lake. A big tree came down by the library, and another old one by the Administration Bldg. was almost split in two. Branches on the ground all over. It suddenly got warmer, but then turned much colder, and may snow tomorrow. All the water we’ve been getting is standing in the fields around campus. Some signs of green here and there, and I even saw a dandelion today. The trees are barely starting to bud. Ed and I made out our final list of room choices for next year. I sign up tomorrow.

[Responding to a letter from home:] Quit worrying about Paul’s “abuses.” He doesn’t bother me; why should he bother you? Also quit worrying about scholarships so much and just help me pray for one (or two)!

Friday, Mar. 26. It was clear, but quite chilly today. Thought I’d get finished early tonight, but no such luck; just as late as ever. I haven’t made the Stations yet, and it’s going to 12. Sorrowful Mother novena tonight, and another Third Order meeting—very interesting.

 Didn’t get the best rooms we wanted, and had to settle for fifth choice—366 Dillon. It’s twice as big as the one I’m in now, and with twin beds—no bunks. It’s kind of out of the way—at the end of the hall—so it should be pretty quiet. There’s a nice view across campus to the Golden Dome. No. 1 on our list was 266, just below it. Had to miss philosophy class in order to register. My bank balance now is down to $11.00. Everybody’s all excited about their new rooms. I sure hope I can come back!

Big Scholastic news: My [Bengal Bouts] article got the banner headline in the sports section; even got a by-line (my name above the article—misspelled,
Saturday, Mar. 27. This morning’s classes were more enjoyable than usual. After dinner we had 3 hours of band practice—a dress rehearsal for tomorrow’s concert, soloists and all, in the Navy Drill Hall. It sounded real well. I’ve noticed my improvement in tone and general ability. The job with music stands and chairs has started; we have an efficient committee that works fast. In the afternoon I worked on history and Spanish. Not much of a chance for more study this weekend, but luckily the mid-semesters are over, and next week is lighter. It will be 1 a.m. before I get to bed; it keeps getting later and later!

We have a special Mass in the morning at 8 in Farley Hall chapel, breakfast at 8:30, and the buses pull out at 9:15. As usual, I’ll get nothing done on the bus; there’s too much going on.

Sunday, Mar. 28. It’s 12:15 a.m.; we just got back from the best band trip so far. It was terrific! We left South Bend in pouring rain. After a chicken dinner in Chicago we passed through swanky suburbs and the Tam O’Shanter Golf Course on the way out to Arlington Heights. We played very well—except for the trumpet septet [“Bugler’s Holiday,” by Leroy Anderson]. Mr. O’Brien was pleased and happy nevertheless. We all discovered minor details that need correcting before the big tour. Only a few hundred people attended. The reason we were given is that last year the Univ. of Illinois band played there [at Notre Dame High School], and people didn’t like it. But our small audience liked our diversified program, and called for an encore.

After the concert we went back downtown for supper and free time until 8:30. I ate with Ray DeSutter, red-haired baritone player. He and Frank Fischer (the other baritone player), Mike [Connelly], and I sit on the back row of our bus. On the way back we discussed plans for the tour. There was lots of singing on the bus. Haven’t had so much fun for a long time; a good break from study. It was enjoyable driving almost the whole length of Lake Shore Dr.

Monday, Mar. 29. It’s spring???? It snowed all day; we have 5 inches now with more expected, and it’s 20 degrees. At times this morning it was snowing about the heaviest it did all winter. Couldn’t even see the building next door. The scene, however is very beautiful; there’s no wind, and every flake is right where it fell. The Grotto has a picture-book look about it.

Classes were fine today: 94 on history mid-semester, and 99 on Spanish quiz. But after next weekend, grades will drop; have to forget about lessons in order to write my history term paper and memorize the two trombone quintet pieces. We leave on another weekend trip Saturday morning, play afternoon and evening concerts in Dunkirk, Ind. (150 miles away), and stay that night with families. On Sunday we go on to Indianapolis for an afternoon concert and some sightseeing. Today in band we got a talk on tour procedures.
Tonight after prayer in Dillon chapel, I went to the library with a bunch of friends and read history (European political parties in the 1880s—a bit on the dull side). Still have a military assignment to do tonight. I hope my “constitution” can hold up with just 6 hours of sleep per night this week.

Something’s going on every night: marching band meeting; Kansas City Club; Church; an assembly for all juniors-to-be to sign up for majors and a speech on how to pick your major. I feel definite about journalism. With all these meetings, I should be majoring in band (ha). I’ve been thinking about borrowing another $1000 from the Fisher fund if they don’t give me a scholarship. This is just too good a thing to let go of, even if I can’t afford it. The band president, John Giambruno, has his eye on me as a possible successor in senior year. I’m doing too well up here all around to let a little deficiency like money stand in the way.

Time is passing just too fast! Only 19 days until tour, and then when we get back, just a month of school is left. I’m glad [a cousin in Kansas City] has agreed to be our “dating bureau” there. I’m to send her a list of the guys who want dates after the concert, and she will arrange them [with her friends at the College of St. Teresa]. That’s going to make me popular with my fellow bandsmen. Be sure to get a lot of tickets for all the relatives. It’s probably the only time they’ll see me performing on the stage of the Music Hall.

[Answering a letter from home:] Quit worrying about how I get along with Paul. It’s not so bad as all that. I’m long-suffering, you know. I just keep looking forward to next year…. Also stop comparing me [with a high school classmate who had dropped out of college]; girls just can’t take as much. I am in my glory! Well, there go the ‘ogjts. sp tjat wo”be a; for tomote/

Tuesday, Mar. 30. There is still a lot of indecision as to who our band director will be next year. The drum major and a lot of the guys are threatening to quit if Mr. O’Brien has to leave. Some of them have gone to see Father Hesburgh and other officials, but it seems that their minds are made up. The result could be disastrous, just when the band had such a good chance to build a tremendous reputation. We are planning a welcoming theme for [Terry] Brennan, our new coach, at the first half time (Texas game), but no telling what will happen now.

[Robert O’Brien did have to find another job for 1954-55, due to the return of H. Lee Hope; nobody “quit” over this, but it was a tense year. Hope then resigned, thus permitting the happy return of O’Brien in summer ’55. He remained ND’s bandmaster until his retirement in 1986. Thereafter, he continued to be active, especially at band reunions, and had a prodigious ability to recall the names of everyone, even of family members. He died in South Bend on July 1, 2003 at the age of 82. Along with Joe Casasanta, early bandmaster and composer of several school songs, “O’B” became an “institution” at Notre Dame.]

Classes were fine this morning. In logic, we sang Happy Anniversary to Father [Tom] Brennan. He was ordained 25 years ago today in Rome.
Sociology was a little boring; got 93 on the mid-semester. Did a lot of class reading in the afternoon.

It was a cold wintry day; only up to 35. But the sun came out and melted a little of the snow. Going down to 15 tonight. Saw a few robins down at the Grotto. Hall meeting tonight was very enjoyable. Father [Charles] Harris demonstrated the way to help him put on Mass vestments, and the origin of each one. Then he translated the prayers at the foot of the altar into modern slang. He can be a real comedian when he wants to.

**Wednesday, Mar. 31.** Went to Lenten services tonight and then to an assembly of sophomores about choosing a major. Father [Charles E.] Sheedy [CSC, Dean of Arts and Letters] gave a good talk about the advantages of liberal education over a vocational-technical one. The thirteen department heads were there, and each led a discussion group. I went to the journalism meeting, met Mr. [Thomas J.] Stritch, the head, and filled out an application to the department. [Mr. Stritch died Jan. 22, 2004 in his native Nashville, Tenn. at age 91. He entered N.D. in 1930, and remained until his retirement in 1978. He published books about his experiences, My Notre Dame, and about the Catholic history of Tennessee.] I asked his opinion about my summer job options; he said that if I really need the money, I should take the higher paying job in the city and leave the journalism experience for later. He also explained the advantages of N.D.’s theoretical approach to journalism over the practical approach everyplace else. He said we would do a wide range of reading in order to learn about everything that is going on in the world today, as well as the cultural background. Naturally, there is also an emphasis on writing. I’m going to fit in nicely.

Ed went to the orchestra’s spring (??) concert tonight. (Also had to miss the Kansas City club meeting.) It’s snowing again tonight after a cloudy, cold day. The birds are returning, but not doing much singing—just huddling over the heating pipes.

Mixed success in classes today. First, the bad news: We had a snap quiz in philosophy over Plato’s *Republic*. There were only two questions, and I couldn’t remember the answer to the second one. *[This embarrassing lapse is still etched deeply in memory after 40 years of studying and teaching that great book. The question was about the “allegory of the cave.”]* I read the assignment [book VI] a week ago, and had forgotten most of it. Don’t think that grade will count much; he just wanted to scare us into reading the assignments. Started another philosophy paper this morning after doing a Spanish assignment. The good news was in history and Spanish, as usual. My 94 on the history mid-semester was the best in the class. Just made a few simple errors, and had all the general ideas down well.

Band today was mostly working with the woodwinds. Next assignment for *Scholastic* is about tennis.

**Thursday, Apr. 1.** Nobody pulled an April Fool on me—that I am aware of. The sun came out and was warm enough to melt the snow.
Great news!! The band leaves Decatur at midnight, Holy Saturday, and we travel all night down highway 24 [no interstates yet] to Kansas City. We should pass through Lexington [the hometown] around 8 a.m. on Easter Sunday. I discussed with Mr. O’Brien and John Giambruno today the following proposition, and they are much in favor: Since the 8 o’clock Mass will be packed that day, our chaplain, Father [Carl] Hager [CSC] could say a Mass for the 58 of us in between that Mass and the 10 o’clock. If we get there in time, we can dress up for Mass over at school. Then maybe the ladies could serve us breakfast. We will pay $1 apiece. Mr. O’Brien suggested eggs, ham or bacon, or something like that—keeping it simple. We will have to leave Lexington at least by 10:30 to get to K.C. [40 miles away] in time to prepare for our concert. We won’t have time to unpack our instruments to earn our breakfast. Please check with Father [Charles] Dibbons [pastor of Immaculate Conception parish] and the ladies about this. The parish should be thrilled to have the famous N.D. band as guests on Easter Sunday. [It was.] I’ve been telling the guys all about our famous Missouri hospitality, so you can’t let us down! What a nice coincidence that we pass through Lexington. You’ll still have time to get up to the city for our 3 p.m. concert. [This plan did indeed come to pass.]

Successful classes and ROTC drill: manual of arms and combined bands; much fun. Got 88 on hygiene mid-semester (3rd or 4th highest among 80).

Friday, Apr. 2. I’m the last one in the place still awake tonight, except for the night watchman. The only light is in the bathroom, where I’m writing this. Whoever is caught here after 11, has to do pushups on the 4:40 a.m. detail. It’s 12:45 and I have to get up at 6:15. We leave for Dunkirk, Ind. at 8:30; Mass at 7 and load buses at 8. I borrowed a small bag to take along an extra shirt and stuff. I’ll also be bringing plenty of books. History reading and packing kept me up late. It turned cold and blustery again; snow flurries tonight.

Classes were fine. The religion prof missed class; I used the time to finish a paper for philosophy over in the library. We are falling behind schedule in history. Tonight after Novena we had a band meeting on tour procedure. A blow to me is that we cannot wear jeans, even on the bus. I’ll have to get something new as I don’t want to take my good pants. We’ll be staying at the plushy Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs—only the second college group they’ve ever accepted. Our good reputation did it. We’ll be mingling with millionaires. [That reputation was about to be shattered.]

After the meeting, I wrote my tennis article; Coach [Charles] Samson gave me the information this afternoon.

Saturday, Apr. 3. You’d never know it’s April; even down here in central Indiana the ground is snow covered. Terrible! But what a wonderful day this has been anyway. The people here [in Dunkirk] are swell [1954 equivalent of “so cool”]. We arrived at noon after a smooth and pleasant trip, went to the
private homes where we’re staying, and then had lunch at the K. of C. hall. Afternoon concert was pretty good, but how the band did shine at tonight’s concert! I’ve never heard us sound so well. Afterwards there was a party and dance. Now it’s nearly 1 a.m. Guess I’ll have to sleep in the summer.

Mike [Connelly] and I are in a swell home. I’ve never seen such friendly people. The family seems to be well off; they have a beautiful home. They took us back and forth all day, and fed us very well. Guess what? People asked me for my autograph twice.

Dunkirk is an industrial town—two glass factories. Mr. Bell, our host, works at one of them; he showed us through it after the afternoon concert. Something completely new for me, and extremely interesting—especially how the glass is shaped into all kinds of bottles. But it was noisy and extremely hot. For some strange reason, no lessons got done today. I seem to be a little weary after the day’s activity, and this bed feels nice and soft.

**Sunday, Apr. 4.** We got back at 11:30 tonight—much, much too soon. It was a tremendous weekend. We left Dunkirk after 7 a.m. Mass and breakfast. Those people were really wonderful. We got into Indianapolis at 11. Didn’t get to see much of it, except some luxurious homes. The suburbs are up high and look down on the city. Lunch was in the Butler University cafeteria, and then we walked around the campus. It’s nice, but nothing to compare with ours. I got a little reading done in their student center.

We arrived at Marian College at 2. It’s a new school for girls run by Franciscan Sisters, but is to go co-ed next year. They have only a few more than a hundred students, but have room for many more. The buildings are beautiful, and everyone was friendly. We gave our best concert by far—a pretty light program since the audience was mostly college kids (about a thousand). The music sounded too loud in that bare gym, but they were very responsive. At supper we were 3 guys and 3 girls to a table. Bill Jolly (oboe), Mike, and I sat with oriental girls who were interesting and very polite. Then there was a party, but we had to leave at 8. [Marian College, a Catholic (Franciscan) liberal arts institution that concentrates on teacher preparation has grown in enrollment to about 700 predominantly female students.]

Now for the bad part: Because of the party, guys were rather slow boarding the buses, but we were warned they would leave right on schedule. As a consequence, 17 guys got left behind. It taught us all a lesson; I doubt very much if anybody will be late from now on. As a result, we had more room on the way back, and went to sleep right away. Ray DeSutter and I shared the whole back row, and it was comfortable.

The weather was beautiful today, although there was snow on the ground when we left Dunkirk.

The Golden Dome wasn’t lighted when we got back. Since they can’t cover the statue of Mary for Passion-tide, they just leave it dark.

Now for more bad news: As soon as I got back to Howard, Father Harris called me into his office, he and an elderly business-looking gentleman quizzed me about Paul—what he likes, what he does, where he goes, and all. I had to
tell them the truth about his gambling. I didn’t know what it was all about, but Father Harris explained to the man that I had been gone over the weekend and didn’t know what had happened. I’ll find out tomorrow what he’s done.

I still have studying to do, but I’ll just pay a visit to the chapel and then go to bed. I need sleep too much....

17. “Thanks for being such a great influence on his life.”

Monday, Apr. 5, 1954. Found out what last night’s “inquisition” was all about at a hall meeting tonight. Saturday night somebody stole $100 from several rooms, and they are trying to catch the culprit. Paul [Anselmi, roommate] had to go down to see Father [Charles] Harris [CSC, Howard Hall rector] tonight and came back whistling, so I guess he wasn’t the guilty one. He was one of the few absent from the hall meeting; we all knew about it. We’ve been told to lock our doors when out of our rooms. Paul never locks our door because he lost his key, but I’m going to start locking it even if he gets locked out. I’ve only got $5 in my billfold, though. This is very shocking.

The affair of the “tardy twenty” [bandsmen who got left behind when the bus pulled out after the weekend concert] turned out OK. They got here on a Greyhound at 1:30 a.m., minus $4.15 apiece. Four of the six trombones were among them [all except the writer and Gene Henry]. If we make a profit at the end of tour, they’ll all get reimbursed. They were walking around with a fresh cold today; their overcoats were on the band buses. Sitting here in [Howard’s after-hours] study hall with one of them, Phil Tardio (second-chair cornet), who is sniffing away.

At band today, everybody received a green-glass ashtray as a present from one of Dunkirk’s glass factories. We bandsmen have agreed among ourselves to go up to the top of Pike’s Peak on tour and play the “Victory March” as loud as possible, facing the four winds. [This plan did not materialize.] I’ll be needing 4 pairs of black socks and a new white shirt for tour. You can have them ready for me when we get to Kansas City.

Had little trouble swinging back into the routine today, but nearly fell asleep in philosophy. Tonight I’m working on sociology and philosophy, and preparing for ROTC exam. Classes are still going great, which I can’t understand. My average must be something like 93.

The weather suddenly turned beautiful today—63 and sunny. Do we dare hope that “spring is finally here”? Such changeable weather!

Tuesday, Apr. 6. [After details about the coming band tour:] I was busy all day with lessons, but I enjoy it. I’m all caught up—not as hard to do as I had thought it would be. Continued beautiful weather; 70 today and sunny, but damp from overnight thunderstorms. Everybody was out on the [Badin] Bog today playing ball. We’ve been waiting for this for so long! The grass has gotten green all over campus, and leaves have started budding. Tulips are up a few inches. Haven’t been attacked by spring fever yet.
Dr. [John J.] Kane, head of the Sociology Dept., was our teacher today; it was great. Did OK on map-reading test.

Wednesday, Apr. 7. About money (thank Gramp for the $5): I’ve hardly spent anything since the move to campus. I’ll probably make a profit on the tour. They give each of us $55 for the twelve days, which is for meals and spending money. In tonight’s marching band committee meeting we revamped the reserve system for next fall. Father Hager, it appears, is going to be our director. All he can do is arrange the music, so band officers and guys on our committee will have a tremendous job next year. They want us to draw up the formations.

Registered for courses for fall. They are only letting me take 17 hours, which means I’d have to go five more semesters instead of four. ROTC causes a lot of trouble for my schedule, so maybe it will be better if they don’t let me continue. [“They” didn’t; he did graduate on time.] Today’s classes were fine.

We finally picked our trombone quintet piece: “Two Pairs of Slippers,” with band accompaniment. I like it a lot. It’s not very hard, but we just have a little over a week to memorize it. We’re already getting newspaper clippings and pictures from towns we are playing in. Why aren’t they promoting the Kansas City concert?!

What a bunch of characters down here in study hall tonight! (This sheet of paper is courtesy of Wayne Ackeroth.) I hate to report it, but my relations with Paul are getting more strained. I’m trying my best to get along, but he is uncooperative. When I try to air the room out, he closes the window, even on warm days. (He smokes like a fiend.) He tries to pick arguments, but I give in to avoid conflict. I accept it all in a spirit of penance, and trying not to be in the room when he’s there. Hard to understand why they let him stay at ND.

[When Paul died in 1998 after a successful business career and family life in his native Rock Springs, Wyo., this old Howard Hall roommate phoned Paul’s wife, Patty, to give condolences; surprisingly, she said: “Paul frequently talked about you; thanks for being such a great influence on his life.” She also sent clippings from the local newspaper and the announcement of the funeral Mass at Sts. Cyril and Methodius Church.]

Tonight was the last Lenten sermon; excellent, as usual. Dick [Bolger] is very happy because his family is coming to visit tomorrow, including his brother, who is leaving for the army. They just live 120 miles away in Illinois.

Thursday, Apr. 8. Very tiring drill today (in overcoats)—a review of the battalion. We played poorly; many guys can’t march and don’t play well. The military department calls us “drunken plumbers.” It fits. Only got 81 in the map-reading test the other day. Picked up more information about Advanced ROTC today. I should be able to pass the aptitude test and interview, but not my eyes. I asked Capt. [William W.] Bohn about that; he said if a boy is
superior in everything else, they let him go ahead with bad eyes, so long as they are correctible to 20/20. They pay about $40 a month, which would help a lot.

Did pretty well in sociology quiz and in logic. I was called to the board with 3 others who are Father Brennan’s favorites. He calls me “the old broken down architect and quasi musician” of the class.

It looks as if I’ll be studying now with little interruption until tour. But Dick Rupp, a band friend, has two term papers to write, so other people may be worse off than I am. For me it’s going to be 8 hours of band practice every day next week and writing the term paper every night. Fortunately, we’ll have all-night lights next week [Holy Week vacation]. Lots of church doings on Sunday and all next week (even if nearly all the students will be at home).

Friday, Apr. 9. We had an unannounced quiz in religion (on the Mass), but I didn’t do bad, considering. In history we’re just starting on socialism and communism. We have to read the *Communist Manifesto* by Karl Marx.

Another building is planned for this summer—a combination bookstore, clothing store, and bowling ally on the bog between the post office and Badin Hall (where the bookstore is now). It will cost $250,000 (all donated). I’ll start term paper research tomorrow afternoon.

Went to [Sorrowful Mother] novena tonight and Third Order meeting. Then went to see a movie, *Julius Caesar.* Paul was acting a little more decent today. Time to make the Stations [of the Cross] so I can get to bed by 11:30.

Saturday, Apr. 10. It’s a mild rainy night here; greener each day, and the magnolias are budding out. Birds are flocking back to the Grotto.

After the morning classes I spent the rest of the day on the history term paper; got a good start. Brought 8 books from the library and took most of the notes I’ll need. Now I have to put them together, shorten them, and write the paper. The topic is “Freshman Life at Oxford in the 18th Century.”

I’m typing this across the hall in Ed and Dick’s room; too much talking and even a few little skirmishes. That’s OK as long as my glasses don’t get broken. If they do, I’ll have to stay in all day or have somebody lead me around. Don’t worry; I enjoy the attention. If I hurry, I can get 8 hours of sleep tonight. Time for night prayers.

Sunday, Apr. 11. A very quiet day on campus. The seniors were on retreat; the speaker was a Jesuit, Fr. [Daniel A.] Lord, who writes so many good publications. [Fr. Lord was perhaps mid-20th century American Catholicism’s most recognized author of popular religious literature—The Queen’s Work, 1927-55. Born in 1888, his apostolate culminated in the Marian Year of 1954; he died in St. Louis in Jan. 1955.] Dick and I went to “the big Mass” this morning; it lasted two hours. Solemn High Mass followed the blessing of the palms and procession. I wonder if there is greater pomp and ceremony even in Rome. The Gregorian Chant is too beautiful for words.
Three more hours of history reading this afternoon in the library. Then I said the Rosary in the lower chapel of Sacred Heart and down at the Grotto. It was sunny and warm. A large number of robins have arrived. The guys were out on the bog playing ball today. The good weather should help all those with colds, including a lot of the band. After supper we had Benediction in our hall chapel. Then more reading tonight (religion and sociology). Paul was gone all day, as usual, so I had no interference. All my lessons are done that need to be done before vacation except to study for Spanish exam tomorrow morning. Since I can concentrate after that on the term paper, I don’t think I’ll have much trouble finishing it.

*Monday, Apr. 12.* Can’t get the term paper out of my mind; half of it is written. Will try to have the whole thing ready to type by tomorrow night. For most of the guys Easter vacation starts tomorrow; Ed and Dick are leaving at noon, and Paul is driving all the way to Wyoming. Three of us in the band will just about have Howard Hall to ourselves until we leave on Saturday.

Classes were OK today. Got 90 on religion test (the guy next to me flunked it). This afternoon’s Spanish test was harder than expected. Intense band practice begins Wednesday. *The rest is a detailed itinerary of the band tour with addresses in each location."

*Tuesday, Apr. 13.* The clock in the steeple of Sacred Heart Church just struck 11; that’s all for tonight (although we have all-night lights). I’ve typed about a third of the term paper after revising the draft. I’m probably taking too many pains with this stuff. It’s going to run way past the word limit, but they don’t take off for that. I always write too much, but this is such an interesting topic.

It didn’t take long for the guys to clear out of here this afternoon. The only ones in the hall tonight besides us bandsmen are a few baseball players and foreign students. The team is about to leave for spring training in Memphis. The glee club left today on their eastern tour. Fr. Harris is the only one I’ve seen since supper.

Final classes this morning had a kind of holiday air about them. In military we’re starting a section on communications; in sociology we are studying about educational institutions; from what we learned today, you’d never send a child of yours to a public school.

Band practice was a lot of fun. We’ve decided not to use “Two Pairs of Slippers” for the quintet; now we’re practicing “All the Things You Are.” *A dreamy ballad composed by Jerome Kern and introduced in the 1939 stage musical, “Very Warm for May.” It became an instant hit, especially in the renditions of Oscar Hammerstein’s words by Ginny Simms, Tony Martin, and Mario Lanza.* More developments about our Easter Mass [in the hometown]: It will be a High Mass with Gregorian Chant. A few of us plan to sing the Easter Propers, if we can learn them in time [under the direction of Dick Rupp]. The whole congregation sings [the common chants] at High Mass here. As for our plan to play the “Victory March” on top of Pike’s Peak, we are advised that the
rangers won't allow band instruments up there, due to the thin air. But we are determined to play it even if it takes 5 minutes to get our breath between notes!

Wednesday, Apr. 14. Had a very good time today. We practiced all morning and afternoon (my lip is shot). Finished typing the term paper tonight—about 3,000 words, 39 footnotes, 13 sources. I still have to proofread it.

No Mass this morning, but I was able to receive Communion in Dillon Hall chapel. The band is eating meals together in the dining hall; they are a great bunch of guys! This afternoon we had a hilarious ball game on the bog. The Brass won 15 to 11 over the Woodwinds. I kept score. Lots of fun, and it was a delightful day (73 and sunny). While the campus is deserted, the caretakers are sprucing it up.

Thursday, Apr. 15. Started out with Solemn High Mass of Holy Thursday this morning [the evening Mass of the Lord’s Supper was not restored until the liturgical reform following the Second Vatican Council]. It was very impressive, as usual, especially the procession. The priests, brothers, and seminarians were joined by the sisters from St. Mary’s; they nearly filled the church.

This morning we did our evening concert straight through, and after lunch the afternoon one. These are two entire programs, an hour and 45 min. each. The afternoon selections are lighter. My quintet part is memorized and sounds very nice. The [high school] boys’ quartet experience helped. Both sessions were taped, and we listened for mistakes when it was played back. The quintet sounded very nice, but I need to come out more with the bass.

After supper, we met again to work out final details; there are some minor changes including bus seating. Now Mike [Connelly] and I will have the uniforms with us in the back seat instead of Ray [DeSutter] and Frank [Fischer]. We’ll be able to stretch out and sleep. I love how close-knit the band is—we’re all like brothers. After that the Gregorian choir practiced the Mass. It’s hard for me to follow the notes [the ancient notation] and the Latin at the same time; just 6 of us will sing the Propers (Introit, Sequence, Offertory, and Communion) with everybody else joining in for the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, etc.

Then we all went over to the Engineering Auditorium to see slides of the cities we’ll be visiting—Amarillo, Colorado Springs, Denver, etc. The guy who took them said that it is cold on Pike’s Peak, even in July. There could even be snow. After the concert in Kansas City, the guys want to have a little party. I hope all the girls will be there [as promised by a cousin and a sister].

Came back to the hall to finish a long history assignment; that will keep me up past midnight. I’ll also try to go over to church for a half hour of Adoration; the Lady Chapel is splendidly adorned as the Repository. During rest periods all day I corrected my term paper, and handed it in late afternoon.

The thunderstorms we had off and on today are continuing tonight; it’s warm and humid. The mild scent of purple and white magnolias is all over campus. Everything is closed until after Easter. They’ve been feeding us like kings since the rest of the students went home. We’re all set to leave Saturday
morning, and rarin’ to go. It’s hard to realize what a tremendous experience this is. My wildest imagination could not have foreseen it this time last year.

**Friday, Apr. 16.** Good Friday. Seven hours until we leave; I hope to sleep 5 of them. What a busy day!—breakfast, morning practice, lunch, Holy Hour before the Blessed Sacrament, packing, Stations [of the Cross], choir practice, trombone quintet practice, supper, study (several subjects); I’ll be way behind when we get back anyway. Good Friday services were somber, and so impressive. The weather was in harmony—cold, blustery, cloudy.

Our three days of “living the life of Reilly” are over, and now begins a tremendous new experience!

**18. On tour with the Notre Dame Concert Band**

**Saturday, Apr. 17, 1954.** At approximately 7 a.m. on Holy Saturday, two Indiana Motor Coaches bearing side panels proclaiming “Notre Dame Concert Band” pulled away from the band room [in Washington Hall] carrying 55 musicians and 5 staff, under the direction of Robert O’Brien, into unknown adventures on a 12-day tour. Shouting could be heard to the extremities of Huddle Square. [*The Huddle was a popular snack bar in a small building just east of Washington Hall.*] In spite of many hours of preparatory instructions and orientation, the packing of coolers, last-minute purchases at the Stratigon, horn polishing, etc., approximately 2 min. and 16 sec. later, a cry of agony was heard from bus no. two. John Marchal [percussion] had forgotten his uniform.

Some time later, we finally left South Bend, headed west [on Indiana 2] for Illinois. For a few hours, quiet prevailed. At noon Lent officially ended; cries of jubilation broke the silence as seals were broken, packs torn open, and we began to celebrate the arrival of Easter. After a trip of 234 miles, we rolled into Decatur, a small industrial city in central Illinois, in the early afternoon.

As the concert in Kintner Auditorium [Millikin University] was not until evening, we betook ourselves to the “Y” for an afternoon frolic in the pool. Competition developed once again between the brass and the woodwinds; [*led by champion swimmer Mike Connelly*] the windwoods had the best of it. [Cornetist] Bill May tried valiantly to gain an initial advantage by starting in the center of the pool. [Millikin, a small university with 2400 students on a 75-acre campus, offers liberal arts, nursing, business, and fine arts. Decatur’s chief employer is the A.E. Staley Manufacturing Co. (animal feeds).]

Approximately 500 people attended the concert, after which there was a little party at the K. of C. in preparation for a long overnight ride to Kansas City, 356 miles away.

**Easter Sunday, Apr. 18.** *Quoting from the official log of the tour in ‘The Fifying Irish’*: It was said by old-timers in the band that the ride over highway 24 must surely have been the most miserable overnight in band history. After a brief stop in Moberly, Mo. in the wee hours, at 8:30 a.m. we reached the small
Missouri River town of Lexington, hometown of [trombonist] Jack Gueguen, who had arranged with the local pastor [of Immaculate Conception Church] for our chaplain, Father Hager, to celebrate a special Easter High Mass for us in between the parish Masses; a number of curious parishioners also attended.

Lexington, Lafayette County seat, is known primarily for its historical interest, including a Civil War Battlefield, and well-preserved old homes and public buildings; its 5,000 inhabitants are frequent hosts to visitors. It is the home of Wentworth Military Academy, at that time a boarding school for young men with about 400 high school and junior college students; it has since diversified its enrollment, and includes a night school.

As we disembarked, it immediately became apparent that our personal appearance differed markedly from the Easter finery of the parishioners. Dick Rupp led the Gregorian Choir from the organ loft. After Mass the pastor [Msgr. Charles Dibbins] commended them for the fine performance, but those among us with better-honed ears called them “Mass Maulers” once we resumed our trip. When Mass ended, there was an excellent breakfast awaiting us in the school hall [prepared by the ladies of the parish, supervised by mom].

The 40-miles to Kansas City passed largely without incident. We settled into our rooms in Hotel Senator, and by noon were setting up for the concert in the Music Hall of the Municipal Auditorium, where in mid-afternoon we serenaded 600 persons. Thereafter we were received at the palatial suburban home of the concert’s sponsor, N.D. alumnus Dr. Sam Nigro. A good number of young ladies from local Catholic colleges were there to give us our first taste of southwestern hospitality.

Back at the hotel, the bandsmen took part in the various pastimes that mark these tours, the principal one taking place in the room of “the Gipper” [Don Gels, cornet] on the second floor.

Monday, Apr. 19. Another entry from the log: Fairly early in the morning, we embarked for Hays, Kans., home of [trombonist] Jerry [and later George] Vitztum. We had completed the first half of our 292-mile trip when the alert and courteous Kansas Highway Patrol stopped us [in Salina] to check our insurance papers—a mere formality, they said. Although the delay was considerable, when we were all aboard once again our excellent drivers, Bernie and Bob, managed to get us to the concert only half an hour late. Advance planning included “box lunches” and donning our uniforms on the bus. The crowd of 700 at St. Joseph Military Academy didn’t seem to mind our tardiness.

There was a small reception after the concert in a mezzanine suite of the Lamer Hotel, our home for the night. End of the official log. [With roots back to 1917, St. Joseph College and Military School dropped its junior college program in 1952, and became St. Joseph Military Academy, a boys’ high school of 200; in 1970 it dropped its military emphasis and merged with Marian High School for girls to become Thomas More Prep—Marian High School. Named for a Civil War general, Hays grew up around a post-Civil War military outpost which gave way at the end of the 19th century to Fort Hays State College; at about the same time,
a large number of German Catholic immigrants arrived. Today Hays’s 20,000 citizens dwell in the agricultural and commercial center of northwest Kansas.]

Tuesday, Apr. 20. On the way out of Hays, we passed through fields of grazing sheep on the way to Liberal, Kansas, center of the old Dust Bowl, 191 miles away. Accumulating fatigue adversely affected our afternoon concert in the High School auditorium before 400, mostly students. The trumpet sextet may have rendered its final performance of this tour [but their spirit revived, and the section played very well the rest of the tour].

The whole band rallied after a timely pep talk by “O.B.” [bandmaster O’Brien], and our evening concert before 700 local citizens was one of the best. The mother of former bandsman Herb Dir, visited with us afterwards as we shared a superabundant hamburger feast. (Phil Tardio made sure none were left.) It should be mentioned that the Dust Bowl lived up to its reputation. It was hot and dry, and as we arrived at the Warren Hotel, the sky had grown heavy with tiny brown particles, which even filtered through the hotel vents. Later a shower passed over and it all turned to a light coating of mud. [Liberal, in the southwest corner of Kansas, is home to 20,000 citizens (half of them Hispanic); after a boom to bust cycle in its early pioneer days, the town revived in the mid-20th century because of the large nearby natural gas deposits, ranching, and wheat production.]

Wednesday, Apr. 21. We reached the border of Texas in late morning after a short ride (163 miles) from Liberal across the most desolate countryside of the trip (the Oklahoma panhandle). Somebody remarked that the friendly receptions have gradually increased since we left campus in reverse proportion to the friendliness of the landscape. Our present location made northern Indiana seem like the Garden of Eden by comparison. We are told that this is the furthest southwest the band has ever been.

We arrived in the old frontier town of Amarillo (now a city of 100,000) a couple of hours early (for a change). As we were about to discover, the spirit of the people more than made up for the bleak setting. There was time to mill around downtown (some picked up cowboy hats) and have lunch (I tried Mexican food I cannot name—very hot, requiring lots of water). [Amarillo, trade center of the Texas Panhandle on the semi-arid High Texas Plains, still preserves a strong western heritage from its early railroading and cattle-raising days; its 175,000 people are engaged in oil and gas production and diversified industry.]

At 2:30 our hosts arrived to take us to our various lodgings (private homes). This gave us a chance to see something of the city—various plants and many new ranch-type homes. Mike [Connelly] and I, Jack Guido, bass, and Norrie Bishton, tympani, are staying with the Knittle family, really wonderful people! They have a definite local accent and a luxurious home. Phil [Tardio], Dick Kopituk, “Beetle Bill” Bailey, and Eddie Pistey are staying at the swanky Amarillo Club along with several others. We visited with our hosts the rest of the afternoon—reading, napping, talking, watching TV. There was a
chance to take a bath before dinner—southern fried chicken and so much strawberry shortcake I couldn’t finish mine (unusual).

This evening’s concert in the Municipal Auditorium was our best so far, and before a large (1500) and enthusiastic crowd. They brought the best out of us. The trombone quintet had been advertised and pictured in the local paper, and did very well. Afterwards they put on a southwestern-style party at Dr. Johnson’s mansion out on the edge of town. There were many local belles and plenty to eat and drink. A bunch of us sang around the piano, led by Dick Meinert. We stayed until 1 a.m., a little hesitant to start off on our second overnight trip—378 miles to Colorado Springs. Ray DeSutter and Frank Fischer were enjoying their dates so much, they almost missed the bus.

**Thursday, Apr. 22.** We made a brief stop in Clayton, N.M. as it was just getting light, and I had one of the most awesome experiences of my life—mountains all around us. From the moment the buses were laboring across Raton Pass, sunlit peaks in the distance, we all were sure this was going to “the day”—our free day in Colorado Springs.

The buses pulled up in front of the famous Broadmoor Hotel at 10:30 a.m. They say it is one of the ten top hotels in the country. It has indoor and outdoor pools, an ice-skating rink, all kinds of athletic facilities (even polo), ballrooms, a theatre, and a Spanish style chapel. The parlors, lounges, and dining rooms are ultra plush.

Due to our president, John Giambruno’s persuasiveness, we got some of the best rooms (due also, in part, to the fact that the manager was out of town). Ray Nelson (bass clarinet) shares a triple (1802 Southmoor) with Mike and me. Some guys have a small kitchen in their suite. It was not long before Phil Tardio was leading Mike and the troops to the beautiful outdoor pool, where Phil gave a passable imitation of a seal. Quite a few bandsmen were interested in the “indoor scenery” and made dates for the evening, but I joined those who got into rented cars ($2.72 per man for the entire day) to venture into the matchless Colorado outdoors. A few of the hardy souls followed Bill May to the trails and saw the country on horseback.

Sam Scharber drove our car (besides me, Dante Fuligni, Jerry Vitztum, Bob Elliott, and Bill Bailey). First we went into Colorado Springs for a much-needed meal, and drove around this very modern, clean, and progressive looking resort city. Our first destination was the Garden of the Gods (red rock formations). We then passed through Manitou Springs and back to the Broadmoor. Pike’s peak wasn’t open yet, so we settled for Cheyenne Mountain (9,400 ft.) as our next destination. The Broadmoor owns it; it has a zoo, the Will Rogers Memorial, and a clubhouse at the top. The drive was beautiful. From the top you look out over the plains of eastern Colorado, as if from an airplane.

From there we drove 45 miles through the most indescribably beautiful national forest to Cripple Creek, an old gold mining town. The road followed an abandoned railroad bed and encircled Pike’s Peak; some of the elevations surpassed 10,000 ft. We had a trout supper in what is now pretty much a
ghost town, and returned to the hotel about 8:30. It was warm here, but cool and windy in the mountains. We took a lot of pictures, which we’ll get developed when we get back to school.

There was quite a bit of socializing tonight, but I’m too tired to take part. There was a dance and after that some followed Charlie McCabe and Ed Pistey to a local club to hear a combo. We leave for Cheyenne early in the morning. Today has been a big delightful dream. The tour is going great, but too fast.

Friday, Apr. 23. After early breakfast we began our most pleasant trip so far—174 miles north on highway 87 via Denver. This high elevation seems to be very good for our pep. We didn’t see much of Colorado’s capital, but did see the snow-capped Rockies all along the western horizon, and the Great Plains on our right. Crossing into Wyoming (which has a smaller population than Kansas City), we saw sheep ranches right and left. A police escort was waiting in Cheyenne (pop. 35,000), and attracted attention to us through downtown to the Storey Auditorium. The state capitol is about the size of a county courthouse at home. After lunch, we gave a concert for about 700 noisy school kids.

After the concert, we wandered around town observing the cowgirls and tough-looking cowboys (just like in the Westerns) and purchasing 10-gallon hats. Our social chairman, Bill May, struck a deal with the owner of a western store, and we emerged with red, black, orange, and white hats. Our hosts (the K. of C.) put on a chuck-wagon fish fry at the school, and this was followed by the evening concert for a thousand very appreciative local citizens (wearing our new sombreros on stage, of course). We played very well. The Governor presented Mr. O’Brien with a $20 Stetson, and an honorary citizenship certificate.

Afterwards buses from Warren Air Force Base were waiting to take us—-instruments, uniforms, and all—out to the base where a talent show was going on. After listening to some western-style jazz, we made a brief appearance and played two pieces before the large crowd of servicemen. They gave us a wild reception! The buses brought us back to the K. of C. hall where we had a party, most fun of any so far. What terrific hospitality! [In this outpost of the Old West we had the best time of any other place on the tour.] [Cheyenne, a legendary icon in Americana, works hard to preserve its historical reputation as capital of the “Wild West.” Now the commercial, political, and transportation center of the northern Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, it’s 70,000 people welcome tourists year-round with 8-foot cowboy boots at major intersections; the annual Frontier Days in July are the centerpiece of its fame as rodeo capital.]

After the cheering subsided, we left at 2 a.m. for a long overnight to McCook, Nebr. It’s hard to sleep or play cards on the bus for fear of missing something. Already the Broadmoor seems like a dream—as the whole trip will when it’s over.

Saturday, Apr. 24. We lost an hour during the night, moving from MST to CST, but I still got 6 hours of sleep on the bus. We were all so worn out, it was the
best-sleeping overnight of the three. We didn’t complete the 296-mile trip until 10:30 a.m. It was very dusty this morning, and still warm.

Again there was a concert in the afternoon for 300 school kids. The edge was a little off our musicianship, but we still gave two good concerts in the Municipal Auditorium. In between, the Eagles gave us a reception and dinner, during which Johnnie Mengel and his octet serenaded the locals. The evening audience (600) was especially responsive. [McCook, the smallest community we visited (8,000) is another old frontier settlement tied to the early railroads and named for a Civil War general; it serves as trade center of southwest Nebraska and is surrounded by farmland and buffalo ranches.]

We were treated to a snack afterwards, but the real fun started when we got to the Keystone Hotel. After getting settled in our rooms, somebody got a square dance going up in the 6th-floor hall. (Finding diversion is an old band attribute.) Never saw anything so funny as these guys and “gals” with their variety of clothing, including pajamas. Dick Meinert did the calling in his Arkansas twang. I didn’t stay long, because tomorrow’s rising time is 5:30 with Mass at 6:15 in the local parish church (one of the most beautiful in the state) so we can leave at 7 for Omaha (Boys Town). It’s another long ride (300 miles).

We are nearing the 3,000-mile mark on the tour and have played for 9000 people so far. Now for a little sleep.

Sunday, Apr. 25. After the early Mass and a substantial breakfast in the new church basement, we set out across the Nebraska plains on a very warm day, arriving at Boys Town in late afternoon. [A famous element of Catholic Americana, Boys Town was the dream of an Irish priest, Father Edward Flanagan (1886-1948). His home for underprivileged boys began in Omaha in 1917, and moved to its present location in 1921, where small residential homes grew to a capacity of 800. The famous statue, “He’s not heavy, Father, he’s my brother,” captures the Boys Town spirit, which continues to the present. In 2003 the name was changed to Boys and Girls Town, and services expanded to other locations around the country.]

Although they have a beautiful new auditorium we were disappointed by the small turnout (300 at most). After perspiring our way through the program, we made a short tour of Boys Town and continued on into Omaha to our destination, the famous Blackstone Hotel. We were invited to the monthly dance at Duquesne College (for women), where we offered the Creighton boys a little competition. While the affair was amicable enough, the hearts of the young ladies were cool to us “invaders” until we gave a rousing chorus of the “Victory March.” The later merriment at the hotel was for more hearty bandsmen than I, so I finally got to catch up on sleep.

Monday, Apr. 26. Plenty of leisure time this morning, as departure for our next concert 233 miles away, “across the wide Missourri” through Iowa and Missouri, was not until 10 a.m. We barely gave a thought to the resumption of classes back at N.D. this morning. We stopped for lunch in Fairfax, Mo.
We arrived in the late afternoon at Chillicothe, an old college town in northern Mo., and had plenty of time to get ready for our evening performance in the high school auditorium. [Agricultural and commercial center of 8,000 in north-central Missouri, Chillicothe’s name (it means “Our Big Town” in Shawnee) was long associated with a successful 2-year business college (1890-1952); our trombonist’s father had attended it in 1928-30 and starred on its football team, the Ducks.] There was a very appreciative crowd of 1,000 or so—one of the most receptive of the tour. The mayor “entertained” at the opening by giving us a flowery welcome. Interspersed through the evening various local service clubs put on brief “advertisements,” and one offered us a replica of a Livingston County bull to add to our collection of trophies. We were all highly amused, watching Mr. O’Brien accept this unusual object. We had been preceded by extensive publicity all over the downtown area.

Afterwards, there was an old-fashioned “down home” party in the Strand Hotel; our K. of C. host apologized for the sparse presence of young ladies by telling us that Chillicothe had “very few girls of our type.” Hmm. We tried to compensate by another improvised “square dance” later in the night.

Tuesday, Apr. 27. After another late riser (I overslept and almost missed the bus), we left Chillicothe and set out across the rolling hills toward St. Louis, 240 miles away. Frivolity on route (even water pistols to relieve the overheated air in the bus) lent the ride an unmistakable sense that the tour is rapidly drawing to a close. There was a brief stop in New London, Mo. About 4:30 we arrived at the beautiful Forest Park Hotel, a block off Kingshighway and next to the park. Ray DeSutter and Frank Fischer are sharing a luxurious 5-room suite with Mike and me. We even have a fully equipped kitchen. But we never stay at these places long enough to get any benefit from such things.

We changed into our uniforms and went down to the lobby for a snack supper. [His] Aunt came by about 6 for a nice visit, asking all about the family; she wasn’t able to go to the concert. She gave me a silver dollar as she was leaving. She was very happy to see me after so many years and to see the family pictures I had along. Then I walked 2 blocks to the apartment of [an old elementary school chum]. He just about fell over when I walked in. We had a very nice chat, and he did come to hear us play. He has a very good job downtown in the Missouri Pacific headquarters.

The buses took us out into the suburbs, to Maryville College for Women, where about 300 “classy” music appreciators had gathered for our concert in their small auditorium. The only reason we played there is because Mr. O’Brien used to teach at Maryville. We played very well, especially the quintet. There was a fancy ball for us afterwards, orchestra and all. We had nice dates (mine was very talkative), and much fun all around. The buses had left earlier, so we had to take taxis back to the hotel, arriving about 2 a.m. [Maryville, a small Catholic college in suburban St. Louis, later became a private coeducational university without religious affiliation; current enrollment, 3,000.]


**Wednesday, Apr. 28.** The buses left promptly after breakfast and traveled to a lunch stop in Farmersville, Illinois. After an unusually restless ride (more water guns), our 272-mile trip ended about 6 p.m. in Kankakee, home of trumpet soloists James Weltzien and Ken Bergeron. When we disembarked in front of Marty’s Steak House, passersby were amazed to see the landslide of cans, bottles, newspapers, and assorted trash that tumbled out with the musicians. [Kankakee, just south of the Chicago Metro area, and surrounding towns along the Kankakee River, have roots in the fabled days of Potawatomi Indian settlements, early French explorers and missionaries, homesteaders, and the Illinois Central Railroad. It has about 40,000 people in diversified occupations.]

The concert tonight in the high school auditorium was still finer than the previous ones, and much appreciated by the audience of 700. Since this was the last stop, the party afterwards at the K. of C. hall was especially enjoyable, and we made some nice friendships with students from St. Mary’s Hospital School of Nursing. My date was a farm girl, pretty shy. For some of us, the party continued late into the night at the Bergeron home.

We’re all staying in private homes; our hosts (the O’Laughlins) are, as usual, as friendly as can be, and they have a beautiful home. When we got back at 1:30 a.m., the lady of the house fixed us hamburgers.

**Thursday, Apr. 29.** Back home tonight. The tour has ended. In one way, I’m glad; in another way, I wish it would continue. It was a great success, and loads of fun. We returned at noon, in chilly sunshine, after a more peaceful 118-mile ride; almost everybody slept the whole way. We gave a total of 17 concerts and traveled 3,800 miles through eleven states. About 13,000 people heard us play. Spring is finally arriving in northern Indiana, about 2 weeks behind the places we visited.

This afternoon I could hardly keep awake, but did study a little history and Spanish. Then we gave our final concert this evening in the Drill Hall before a nice crowd of 2,000. We played very well because the concert was being recorded. The record album will cost $10, which is how much I have left of the tour allowance. Can’t stay awake another minute.

19. "On this day, O beautiful Mother."

**Friday, April 30, 1954.** It wasn’t so bad returning to classes today [following the Easter break concert band tour]. Had two tests, and I think I did pretty well in both. There were two others before we got back, which I’ll have to make up somehow. We had a substitute teacher in philosophy; he was very interesting—the only thing that saved me from falling asleep (still extremely tired).

Had a great new ND experience tonight—the beginning of May devotions to Mary. At 7:45 everybody went outside their halls, were given lighted candles, and formed a column two by two. At 7:55 we started a procession to
the Grotto from all points of the campus, praying the Rosary on the way. The Rosary leader was heard by microphone throughout the campus. So impressive to see 5,000 boys carrying lighted candles in the warm spring twilight, all praying together; the Grotto is greening up, and is very beautiful. After the [Sorrowful mysteries of the] Rosary, we sang, “On this day, O beautiful Mother...,” and that was followed by outdoor Benediction, concluding with “Holy God, we praise thy Name....” Tremendously impressive! Photographers were there. Very few ND men were absent, I think—just the kind like Paul [roommate], who went to a movie. We also started a Novena for Mother’s Day today.

Back in Howard, I read for sociology. Concert band season ends Monday when we have a final recording session; then marching band starts up. Today I helped install our new trophies in the band room case. On the tour, I picked up another nickname, which I hesitate to tell you, but anyway, here it is: “Giggibird.” Everybody else got one, too. Lots of work to do this weekend, but there are many other things on the schedule, so I won’t get everything done....

Saturday, May 1. Even after 7 hours of sleep last night, I’m still extremely tired. I fell asleep immediately, and it seemed like only a second until the alarm was ringing. A lot went on today. A lot of young ladies are on campus for a Pan-American convention. Most of the afternoon was taken up by a Presidential Military Review of all three ROTC units—about 2,000 of us on parade. Our combined band (55 men) played—and did well, for a change. About a dozen high-ranking officers, headed by a Rear Admiral and a Lt. General, joined Fr. Hesburgh in inspecting us. We had to stand at parade rest while the award ceremony went on (50 awards to outstanding cadets). I know several of them, including a few in the band. It was hot and sunny; my shirt was soaked when it was over. A large crowd was seated on bleachers. Army guys in the band wore white kneepads with bloused trousers and white gloves, plus music pouches over the regular uniform.

Came back to the hall, worked on history and Spanish, and got caught up in both. Had to “read” an entire book (115 pages) for history. Went to Solemn High Mass this morning. They played Marian hymns on the church bells this afternoon. It’s a tradition here to pray the Rosary every day in May at the Grotto, each on his own. There was a large crowd when I went this evening.

Last weekend we went on daylight savings time here, so now it’s an hour later than your time. (Yawn.)

Sunday, May 2. Got quite a bit accomplished today, after another 7 hours of sleep. Lots of reading, including 2 and a half books of Aristotle’s Ethics, which I actually enjoyed. Also a lot of World War I history (very interesting), and for sociology a section on poverty and dependence. For a little diversion, I went to see a dramatization of an old-time [medieval] “miracle play” in church tonight. Modern drama developed out of those. In the 14th and 15th centuries a little operetta-like presentation was held on every big feast day. (Today we are
celebrating the Annunciation [—*because the actual feast occurred in Holy Week that year*].) The organ music and singing were great. There were four soloists and a mixed choir in costumes. It was all performed in front of the altar railing. We studied about these plays last year in [junior college] English literature.

It was a warm, rainy day. Everything looks even greener after the rain, and all the flowering bushes around campus give it a sweet scent. Very pleasant to stroll around. Heard parts of our concert over a local station tonight; we sounded very well. The meals today weren’t as good as usual, but filling. (I think I’m still gaining weight.) Only 3 and a half weeks of classes left, and then a week of exams. When you come up to get me, you won’t be able to meet Paul, Ed [White], Dick [Bolger] or anybody. Only the senior class and the band will still be here. .

*Monday, May 3.* It was a short spring! Today was windy, cold, and snowy. It got rather heavy in the afternoon and this evening—huge, wet flakes. Incredibly changeable weather here! It looked funny to see snow on the green trees, grass, and flowers. Naturally it didn’t stay long. We heard that a lot of snow has fallen out West, where we were on tour. It’s supposed to go down to freezing tonight. The strong wind made it seem colder all day.

We’re having a time with Aristotle’s *Ethics* in philosophy class. It bothers me that some of it is over my head. Got 91 in Spanish test we took right after the tour, after missing two classes; it’s my lowest quiz grade in Spanish. In religion, we’re studying temperance and fortitude. Went over to the band room after classes to listen to recordings of the concert. They are good in places; we re-recorded the bad spots this afternoon and again after supper, including the trombone quintet (which we had to do twice). I applied for the job of uniform custodian next year; it pays $75 per semester, and requires little time.

After reading sociology and working on Spanish tonight, I wrote a thank you letter to the folks we stayed with in Kankakee. I’m glad to see Paul working on a marketing project with a buddy. The reading room in the Library is torn up while they install much-needed new lights.

The Blessed Sacrament is exposed in the Lady Chapel all this month, as it was during Lent. I go in for a little while every day, but keep saying the Rosary down at the Grotto.

*Tuesday, May 4.* Spent a lot of time studying in the library all day, mostly doing a long history assignment. They only have a few copies on reserve for all the sections of History 12. The waiting list had 40 names. While waiting, I got a philosophy paper written (on Aristotle’s ideas about friendship). Pretty interesting. Typed it tonight. Also copied some military notes a classmate loaned me, to cover the two classes I missed. This week we’re on radio and telephone communications. During class I was called before the Reviewing Board concerning my application for the advanced course next year. Three majors and a sergeant asked me questions and gave me a problem to solve—
something like what a 2\textsuperscript{nd} Lt. might face. I didn’t do too well. As for my eyesight, they said 20/400 is OK if corrected to 20/20, and provided it isn’t progressive. My eyes are getting worse, so I may not make it. They told me to have them checked this summer. It snowed again off and on all this cold and blustery day. Going down to 28 tonight…. It only took one day for your last letter to get here.

\textbf{Wednesday, May 5.} Third day with snow (this morning), and still cold. Only got 75 in make-up sociology test today; that lowers my average to 89. Tomorrow’s quiz section is on social disorganization. This evening 30 of us in the band played for a hospital banquet in the east dining hall. It was an excellent meal. The Glee Club also sang. We just played marches and light pieces. [Trombonist] Dante [Fuglini] came over to visit after the concert. We all got to know each other well on the tour. A lot of guys are down here in the [Howard] study hall tonight.

\textbf{Thursday, May 6.} Up very late reading history, and now writing this in the poor light of the bathroom. Interesting stuff about the Russian Revolution. Band elections look a long time this evening. I did get the Uniform Custodian job (appointed by the band director out of three applicants). My job is to organize all 110 uniforms according to size, distribute them in the fall, and keep track of them all. I’ll have a desk in the uniform room. In concert season, I have to see that the uniforms are in presentable condition from concert to concert. John Marchal did a very good job of it this year.

Today I also learned that I’ll either be (don’t laugh) drum major or exec officer of the regimental band next year (if I’m back in ROTC). [\textit{He wasn’t—bad eyesight.}] There will only be 3 juniors next year, one of whom is plumb out of it. I’ll get a responsible job on the sports staff of the \textit{Scholastic}, too.

Classes went fine. In hygiene we studied eyes and ears. From what the teacher said, progressive bad eyesight runs in some families. At drill today, I received a complaint that I am acting \textit{too military}. Most of the guys just fool around, as if it were only a sport. Alarm didn’t go off this morning, so I missed most of Mass. Still chilly tonight.

\textbf{Friday, May 7.} Very tired tonight, but there’s a lot more sociology to read. This was a successful day. [\textit{His father closed every letter with these words: “Remember, we are praying every night for your success.”}] We’re on chastity in religion class, and this afternoon all the sections were shown a very good movie on human reproduction. Got 98 on Wednesday’s Spanish quiz.

A new 4-year program [\textit{the General Program of Liberal Studies}] is beginning next year in the AB College [Arts and Letters]. It looks very promising, but only incoming freshmen are eligible. Wish they had started it before I came.

Went to Sorrowful Mother Novena tonight, and then a Third Order meeting where we discussed the effects of trying to set a good example in our
halls; of all the roommates we heard about, mine is the only one who doesn’t seem to respond. I wonder what will become of him. I fear that he’s losing the Faith. [He didn’t; his widow reported a kind of “delayed reaction.”] Paul is leaving for a weekend in Chicago. It’s still cold, but at least the sun came out a little.

**Saturday, May 8.** Greetings from “Alaska”—rain mixed with snow, windy, and cold all day (like early March). I really had thought the season of “cold toilet seats” would be over by now. I’ll hurry this because the lights go out in 10 min. (at 12:30). Classes were a breeze; spent most of the afternoon reading a long history assignment in the library. Tonight Dick Schleiter, Ed [White], and I went to see *Julius Caesar* at the show. I couldn’t really afford the time, but I needed relaxation, and it was a very good movie. It was only the second time I’ve been downtown this semester. I might as well be “campused.” Afterwards I had Spanish to do and a humorous article [on the tour] for the band newspaper, “The Fifing Irish.” Herb Riband [clarinet] has invited me to see the opera *Faust* in Chicago a week from Thursday. It would be my first opera. [His “first opera” will be in New York City on a forthcoming band tour—Die Fliedermaus.]

This is junior prom weekend, and dates can attend classes. Sat next to two of them in sociology this morning; quite a strange experience. Haven’t been in class with girls since high school.

With Paul gone to Chicago, our maid came in to clean when I was there this morning. She told me she hates to clean our room because of the way Paul throws cigarettes and trash on the floor. We still manage to put up with each other, being such opposites. I guess we can stand each other for one more month. I was there because I overslept for half an hour again this morning, and it made me late for Mass. I know I’m not getting enough sleep when even the alarm clock can’t wake me up.

**Sunday, May 9.** Happy Mother’s Day! I’m in study hall with Ed and several other “studious souls.” Before bed I have to put down some ideas for this week’s marching band committee. Got a load of work done—sociology (labor problems) after 8 o’clock Mass and the funny paper, until noon; Mass was packed with juniors and their dates. They were still giving out Communion after Mass. After dinner [*the mid-day Sunday meal*] I read 63 pages of excellent outside reading for religion: “Modern Youth and Chastity,” by a religious priest at St. Mary’s [College] in Xavier, Kans. I want you all to read it this summer.

[This brief work, a classic, was by Gerald Kelly, S.J. Published in 1941 by the Queen’s Work in St. Louis, it was often reprinted in the decade following World War II. It captured the ideals, tone, and norms of sexual ethics in American Catholic life prior to the cultural revolution of the late ’60s, when traditional teaching on the subject was banished from most Catholic schools.]

While reading, I listened to good music in the peace and quiet of my room. Tonight I got an entire paper done for philosophy on the problem of time...
according to St. Augustine [book XI of *The Confessions*]. Very interesting. What a tremendous education I am getting up here! [Something he would pass on to 3 decades of state university students during his teaching career.] I hate to see so many guys (like Paul) turning up their noses at such an opportunity.

[Responding to a letter from home:] The trip up here to bring me home isn’t so long. It will seem shorter to you the second time. Hope the car tune-up won’t be expensive. I should find out something about my scholarship chances in a week. Keep praying. There are only two records in the concert album—33 and a third LPs. Each of the 4 sides plays half an hour. That comes to just 8 cents a minute. These clippings will give you some of the news.

*The South Bend Tribune* for May 9 reports an upcoming parade in downtown South Bend—the city’s observance of the fifth Armed Forces Day; among participating units are ND’s marching band and ROTC regimental band. Mayor John Scott will introduce the speaker from Washington, Maj. Gen. Frank Allen. Another clipping announces a Marian Novena at the Fatima Shrine on the ND campus in which 22 parishes, 15 organizations, and 9 choral groups, including the ND Glee Club, will be participating, May 9-16. Very Rev. Theodore Mehling, CSC, provincial, will officiate at the opening, and Rev. Robert Waide CSC, Holy Cross Mission Band, will preach the sermons. Each hall at ND is to participate, Howard on Thurs., the 13th. With thousands expected each night, a special traffic signal will be installed at the US 31 entrance to St. Mary’s.

Still chilly, but the sun was out this afternoon. It’s got to warm up soon!

**Monday, May 10.** The cold continues; cloudy and dreary all morning. Tonight’s reading, after the hall meeting: sociology, logic, and military. The meeting was mainly about the dedication of a new statue of Mary for our hall chapel next Sunday, with an open house when 40 girls arrive from Rosary College [now Dominican University] in Chicago [River Forest]. The bids are $3, but I won’t have time to escort a girl around all day. It would be fun, though.

Last religion test was returned today; I got 90. Handed in my final paper in philosophy; lots more reading in there, though. My big batch of laundry finally came back; since tour, I’ve had little to wear. Concert band practiced today (all sight reading) for closing exercises and lawn concerts. We play for the Pontifical High Mass in the stadium on graduation day. You’ll be able to attend if you drive up on Friday, June 4. I’ll give you a complete tour of the campus on Saturday. That night is a lawn concert. Sunday will be taken up with the closing exercises, with more touring of Notre Dame and St. Mary’s in between the Mass and Graduation. We can load the car Sunday night and leave early Monday to arrive back that night. Will spending 3 nights here cost too much?

Paul was in a friendlier mood tonight; we listened to Monday night music while I studied and he read. He likes the Band of America, too.

**Tuesday, May 11.** Still cold. Classes were fine. Got my last haircut ‘til I get home; pretty short, as usual. Spent 4 hours reading history today and
tonight—about Germany between the world wars, Nazism, and Hitler. Also got a Spanish assignment done and some religion read while waiting for the haircut. Sat right next to Father Hesburgh. He insisted on waiting his turn like everybody else. A tremendous personality. Got my final Scholastic assignment tonight (fencing). There’s a free banquet tomorrow night for the staff, but I can’t go because of a vital marching band committee meeting. I’ve been working on some of the fall shows in my spare time (?). The library is all disorganized; it takes big equipment to install the new lighting system. Time is whizzing by.

Wednesday, May 12. Up late studying for sociology and military quizzes. The band meeting was profitable; we completed the Texas game and most of Purdue. Sorry to have missed the banquet, but food is less important. We had a government inspection military parade this afternoon; the band did better than usual, but that’s not saying much. At least we sounded better. Sunny most of the day and a bit warmer. Finally finished outside reading for religion in the library this morning. Saw Mr. [Walter] Langford to get the material for my fencing article; we also discussed my language program for next year.

[Response to a letter from Dad about choices of summer job possibilities]: Guess I’ll have to go to the City and waste 3 hours a day on the bus, cooped up in a hot office. But I appreciate your getting it for me. Naturally I realize I have to make the most money possible—under reasonable circumstances. Like you said, I should get away from desks and anything resembling studying and schoolwork to rest my mind and my eyes, but I think the job at home [lower pay] would do that better. I’ll be thinking it over ’til I hear further.

Thursday, May 13. Had a wonderful new experience tonight when Howard Hall went to the Pilgrimage Novena at the Fatima Shrine—a very striking scene. Three or four thousand people were assembled from several parishes as well as N.D. and St. Mary’s. We went over in procession, and received the indulgences that apply to pilgrimages. A Hungarian choir sang [from Our Lady of Hungary parish]. The schoolgirls were wearing white veils. As we recited the Rosary, everyone processed around the shrine. This was followed by a fine sermon and Benediction, with everyone singing. It lasted an hour, and was well worth it. The day was warm and sunny (finally), but it got cold over there tonight.

As we get near the end of the semester, they are really overloading us with assignments, trying to complete everything. Had to spend nearly 5 hours reading history today (the various European countries between the world wars), and then worked on Spanish. Lots of people down here in study hall tonight. I’ll have to catch up with philosophy reading this weekend. Next week the dramatics group is putting on a play, “Where’s Charley?” I’ll be playing bass trombone in a little skit. Should be a lot of fun.

Friday, May 14. There was a snap quiz in Religion this morning, but I suspected it, was prepared, and should have gotten 100. Then went over to
Washington Hall during free hour to watch the General Electric House of Magic show—part of the Engineering Open House weekend. It was a big disappointment. We had better magic shows in high school assemblies. Then there was another quiz in Spanish. After getting my band uniform back from the cleaners, I visited exhibits in the architecture building. These were very interesting. I’ll always be interested in that subject. I’ll go see more displays tomorrow.

It seems that as we get close to vacation, everybody is tired of school (except me). I will welcome the vacation, though. (Vacation??) Attendance has fallen off in the Sorrowful Mother Novena. It stays light until 8:30 now; many guys don’t want to spend time in church. After the Novena, I took a military aptitude test in the law auditorium with the other MS 202s. Whoever falls below a certain score is out of the program. It was extremely simple (vocabulary, algebra), but way too many to complete within the allotted time, so I had to leave a lot of blanks. After that, there was still some sociology to do—very interesting (the population problem). It’s a funny thing how all my courses are integrating with each other and falling right into place. That’s the best sign of an excellent education.

Tomorrow will be a huge day—Armed Forces parade, the open house, the Old-Timers [football] game in the stadium. The weather is beautiful, but still chilly. Tulips and lilacs are in full bloom; spirea just starting. There is a fragrance over the whole campus.

**Saturday, May 15.** This day was too full to get any lessons done. The day of reckoning is coming, and there’s so much to do before then, plus so much extra stuff during these last couple of weeks. Won’t be able to find out about scholarship for 8 or 10 more days; Fr. Mendez said that he’s behind in his work. I’ll follow whatever you decide about my summer job—to do what’s best, all things considered; I just don’t want my eyes to get worse. [They did.]

Morning classes were smooth; left sociology a little early to have time for lunch. Military band left for the parade on buses at noon. It was a big parade, with N.D. in the lead. First the university band, then the Army ROTC, the Navy unit, our regimental band, and last, the Air Force (the largest ROTC unit here). Many high school bands and military units followed us, but we didn’t stay to watch it all [or the concluding ceremony at the Courthouse]. We didn’t march far—up Michigan St. [from South St.] and over to Main [on LaSalle]. It just took half an hour, but the whole parade lasted a long time. Our band did the best we’ve ever done. A huge crowd lined the streets, which surprised me. Just like parades in downtown Kansas City, except not as far to march. It was in the upper 70s and sunny.

When we got back to campus, the game between the Old Timers (Lattner, Lujack, Worden, etc.) and next year’s team had started. Surprisingly, the varsity won—35 to 25, or something like that. The band played; at the half there was the traditional 100-yard chariot race. Each of the seven Engineering departments entered a brightly colored chariot: driver and two guys pulling, all dressed in Roman costumes. Lots of fun to watch. The civil engineers won.
The stadium was about half full (30,000 or so). Many visitors around campus today. After supper I went to see more engineering displays—civil and metallurgy. Very interesting, and worth while. Had to miss the air show by the aeronautical engineering boys this morning. Tonight I wrote my final Scholastic article [of the year: he'll advance to co-editor of features by senior year]. It's midnight, and only a little Spanish done. Lots going on tomorrow, too.

Sunday, May 16. Another big day for Howard. High Mass was celebrated in our chapel this morning. Fr. [Charles] Harris [CSC] gave an excellent sermon on mothers, especially our Mother Mary. After that I read St. Augustine before our main meal, a delicious turkey dinner; then history before the Dedication ceremony of the new statue of the Sorrowful Mother in our chapel. I think it's ugly—too modern. Father Hesburgh officiated and gave an excellent sermon. Forty girls from Rosary College in Chicago [suburban River Forest], our hall guests today, attended. I think they enjoyed their visit. After a campus tour, they and their Howard dates attended a supper and party in the Student Center. This was the first of a series to be continued next year in all the halls, inviting girls from surrounding colleges. It's an excellent idea, because St. Mary's is too small to meet our needs. [Rosary College went coed in 1970, and in 1997 affiliated with several other schools to become Dominican University.]

Before supper we had elections for next year in Third Order. The top job went to Jim Cantrill, a good friend, from Lexington, Ky. Father [Robert] Lochner [CSC], the sponsor, gave a good sermon. Spent most of the evening reading history in the library, and more St. Augustine. Then at 10:30, there was a party for the men of Howard in our rec room—pop, potato chips, and doughnuts. Liberace was on TV. We should do that more often! [Wladziu Valentin Liberace (1919-1987) was an Italian-Polish entertainment sensation for 30 years following his television debut in 1952; a showman as well as talented musician, he played popular piano music by candelabra light in glittering costumes.]

Today’s weather was tremendous—up to 80 and sunny. The lawns and areas around the lakes were crowded with guys just relaxing or doing some outdoor studying. The swimming pool [in the Rockne Memorial] was busy, too. Marching band “spring training” starts tomorrow, including tryouts for next year. It will be tiring since we’re not in condition after our winter layover. Tomorrow is also the start of the last week of classes. Already??!

20. “We’ll have a good time going over it together.”

Monday, May 17, 1954. Got 100 for the first time on religion test returned today. Philosophy was way over my head the whole period. Don’t see how I can possibly get all of those assignments read this week. History and Spanish were routine. Marching band was very much fun—just like old times out on the practice field. It felt good to get the joints loosened up, but it also wore me out. Today 18 guys were picked to form the core of next year’s band (including
me). My marching has much improved since last fall. There was a required
speech at the same time in the drill hall for all ROTC units, but none of us
bandsmen went. Conflicts like that are piling up. Tonight I wanted to attend
the closing of the Novena at the Fatima Shrine, but couldn’t because of
“Where’s Charley?” practice. We received the music for our little skit—seven of
us marching up the aisle while playing, and then performing on stage with the
chorus. We also got measured for special uniforms. This will be a great
experience, being in a college production. More time lost, though. Although I
was very tired tonight, I had to do some sociology and philosophy reading.

[This popular musical comedy, originally starring Ray Bolger, opened on
Broadway in October, 1948 and ran for 792 performances. George Abbott and
Frank Loesser adapted Charley’s Aunt by Brandon Thomas for stage. The
band’s name was the New Ashmolean Marching Society and Student
Conservatory Band. The ND Theatre’s performance came too late in the year to
be included in the 1954 Dome.]

They’re serving a new kind of butter in the dining room—just like our
country butter at home. It was cooler today, but warm enough to study out
under the trees. Spirea is in full bloom, but it will take a while longer for
peonies and roses. I’ll call as soon as I get news of a scholarship, but
remember that 10:30 there is 11:30 here. Quick mail deliveries lately—only 20
hours from postmark until arrival in Howard.

Tuesday, May 18. Today we marched and played; the guys who smoke a lot
are especially noticing how short-winded they’ve become. I marched A-1 (front
row, right guide)—most important spot in the band. My main competitor is
Dante Fuglini, a good friend—so it’s friendly competition. I’ll be just as happy
as left guide [which is what happened] or center man. Today’s main event was
tryouts for parade marshal. Of the 8 of us who tried out, Paul Kreinke got it.
He’ll be a senior, and is one of two non-Catholics in the band. Mike [Connelly]
was disappointed not to get it, but he’ll only be a sophomore. He and I studied
history together in the library all evening, and talked about our famous
ancestors. He told me about the Connelly clan; his great-uncle was a
Democratic Representative in Congress (mentioned in our history book).

Classes today were OK. Real work starts the end of next week. Of the
200 MS 2s who took the advanced course entrance test, I tied for 5th with a
score of 147 (highest was 153). Only a few failed. More history this
afternoon—these assignments are taking too much time. Our history dept. is
3rd in the nation (after Harvard and Columbia). Also got quite a bit of
Augustine read tonight; caused me to miss a presentation of folk dancers in
Washington Hall.

Tomorrow the 80 returning bandsmen will be selected; so far, 40 are in.
Also tomorrow is “Where’s Charley?” dress rehearsal. I don’t have our piece
memorized yet, but I will. It will cause me to miss Kansas City Club elections
banquet (saves money, anyway). Tomorrow will be a tremendously busy day. I
only have 19 more days to enjoy this place, and trying to get the most out of
each one without injuring my health (left eye keeps bothering me, but don’t worry about it). Six more days of classes.

**Wednesday, May 19.** Good news in philosophy. Final oral exam won’t be until next week, allowing more time to finish the reading (80 or 90 pages) and start reviewing. Spent the morning with Aristotle (on happiness). Got 94 on a Spanish paper. History term paper also came back: the comment was, “again, an excellent paper—100.” I’m still batting 1,000 on history term papers.

For the operetta dress rehearsal, they squeezed us into [South Bend] Riley High School band uniforms—real gone looking. My cap size must have been 5. It just sits up there. The coat is so tight that all the buttons won’t close. The practice went well. There are about 50 or 60 in the play, half of them local girls and women. Excellent sets, 19th-century Oxford costumes, and stage crews (lighting). I could miss the final selection process in band tonight, since I’m already in. All that remains is to try out the freshmen in the fall—first time this system has been used.

After play practice I went to a logic review session; arrived late, and Fr. Brennan made a spectacle of me to everyone’s amusement. There are two more nights of that. When I got back, there was a sociology quiz to study for. The weather is invigorating—clear and cool (60s). The small animals around campus are pretty tame—squirrels, rabbits, swans, ducks, geese, and even the robins. You can almost walk up to them and they just sit there and stare.

**Thursday, May 20.** The advanced ROTC program has found me acceptable on the basis of grades, aptitude test, drill, attitude, interest, and all that stuff. One thing more to go and that’s tomorrow—the physical exam. Wish I could get some kind of exemption for my eyes. Only about half of the MS 2 class has survived this far. After dinner I turned in the uniform; would have liked to keep the gloves—warmest I’ve ever had. Marching band “spring training” is also over; 52 guys made next year’s band, with another 25 on the doubtful list (depending on how good the freshmen will be). We’ll have 98 total plus 16 uniformed reserves. Final sociology quiz section was today; my grade for the semester is 93. After that came the final exam in hygiene. It was very easy. All that is needed is to pass it (no grade given).

A sumptuous banquet tonight for the University Orchestra in Mishawaka; all who participated anytime during the season were invited, along with many university officials. They served the most chicken I’ve ever had at one meal—all white meat! Everybody got two bottles of beer and a cigar, plus strawberry shortcake for dessert. I traded my beer for two more strawberry shortcakes. I must have gained 5 more lbs., but didn’t feel stuffed because it was drawn out over an hour and a half.

Had to hurry back for the opening of “Where’s Charley?” at 8:15 [in Washington Hall]. Had to borrow a pair of khaki pants to go with our crazy Riley band jacket and cap from fellow Howard man, John Engler, Mason City, Iowa. After the play I got in on the last half of logic review and gave the cigar to Fr. Brennan; he made me sit on the front row next to our new football star,
[Paul] Hornung. When I got back, there was a lot of history reading to do (Second World War), so I’m getting to bed very late again (but don’t feel worn out). I didn’t miss the Kansas City club election banquet after all, as they didn’t have it. Too much else going on. [Bill] Canning says he’s running for president.

**Friday, May 21.** Studied for history test between classes this morning; I think I did well on it. We’re starting final reviews in philosophy and Spanish. After classes I saw the Leonardo da Vinci display in the Gallery—models of the various machines he designed, and his ideas for inventions. It was extremely interesting; some of his ideas seem strikingly modern. After that came the physical exam—not as thorough as expected. Everything was fine until it came to the eyes. The examiners thought I was kidding when I had to get within 3 feet of the big E in order to make it out. The right eye is 20/2800 and the left is 20/1600. It was a crude measurement, but they got the general idea. I found it highly amusing. Except for that, I seem to be “a healthy specimen.” But as expected, I was rejected; I’ll try every way to get a waiver. Will talk to [Lt.] Col. [G. M.] Cookson. But if that doesn’t work, I’m out of ROTC. *It didn’t work, and he was out. The same obstacle would keep him out of the military draft in 1958, following the M.A., and out of the Foreign Service thereafter. Fifty years later, those eyes are 20/30 after cataract surgery and lens replacement.*

I went from the ROTC building to an enjoyable band practice for our lawn concerts. After supper there was Novena and Third Order meeting before changing for “Charley.” We had almost a full house tonight. The performance lasted too late to go to logic review, so I came back to the hall, read sociology, and wrote acceptance letter for the summer job [student trainee, Army Corps of Engineers office, Davidson bldg., downtown Kansas City]. Last issue of *Scholastic* came out today with my fencing article; got a medal for being on the staff.

**Saturday, May 22.** Midnight (still time to get 7 hours of sleep). Got in late because I stayed to see the whole operetta tonight; it closes tomorrow. It’s been fun associating with those talented dramatics people.

This was one of those rare days up here when the weather was perfect!—near 80, sunny, nice breeze. Could hardly wait for classes to end so I could take books down by the lake, where I spent the afternoon. Worked on history for 3 hours and philosophy one and a half. I think just about everybody was outside today—some swimming in St. Joe’s Lake, some boating, some golfing, some playing ball, some studying (mostly along the lake). It’s against the rules, but we all had our shirts off. The sun wasn’t strong enough to burn, but I got a little color. It’s only the second day we’ve had when it was warm enough to sit outside. Don’t see how [roommate] Paul could stay inside today, but he and a crony sat in the room playing cards all afternoon and part of tonight.

After supper and Grotto (lit a candle for all our family’s [mainly financial] trials and tribulations), I spent another hour at the lake finishing St.
Augustine—finally—and strolling around enjoying the scenery and wildlife. There was a big fight among the ducks. What a place this is for nature lovers! Would have liked to walk more, but had too many lessons to do. Regular days of class are drawing to a close (only 9 more classes). After the play, I made out a schedule for exam reviews. They will take every minute between Tuesday night and a week from Thursday. Hope to do a lot of it outside.

Talked to Fr. Mendez again about a scholarship; he is still processing freshman applications, so now it seems I won’t know before school is out—in fact, not until all the applicants are notified (June 30). I’ll have to arrange for a loan after getting home if I don’t get a scholarship [which is what happened].

We’re coming into the sentimental time of the year. I’ll hate to leave.

Sunday, May 23. Tomorrow begins the three Rogation Days before Ascension Thursday; the priests, brothers, seminarians, and whoever wants to join them participate in this old custom of petition for the Church. We meet at Sacred Heart at 6 a.m. and make a pilgrimage around the lakes chanting the Litany of the Saints in the early morning dew. High Mass follows. My job is to wake up the Third Order guys in Howard at 5:30. Today I was out in the sun reading history and philosophy (final assignments of the year) for four and a half hours. It didn’t take long after 8 o’clock Mass to change out of my good clothes.

We did very well tonight at “Where’s Charley?”; it will be performed again in June for visitors and guests. Had Spanish to do when I got back. Still too many activities going on! Hope this great weather keeps up; it’s almost unbelievable for northern Indiana.

Monday, May 24. The last 13 days will pass way too fast. More developments on ROTC status. I went to see Major [Hilton R.] Tichenor, and it seems that the Military Dept. has been discussing my “case.” They want me to be allowed to continue into the advanced program and will do all they can—even request a waiver from Fifth Army Headquarters [in Chicago]. When I get home I must rest my eyes for a week and then have an eye exam, with the doctor’s statement sent to the Military Dept. If they are 20/800 or worse, I’ll just have to “gracefully bow out of the picture,” as he put it. They seem like a bunch of good guys, Capt. [William W.] Bohn especially. The last military test tonight was very easy (on communications).

Today’s classes were easy, but there was a big shock in philosophy. The first half of our final will be this Wednesday. It will take at least 6 hours to review for it, and I hadn’t figured that into the week’s schedule. It will be a mad race because the history final on Thursday will require many hours to review. This afternoon’s band practice (the last one until June 4) was a lot of fun.

This morning’s Rogation ceremony was impressive, but getting up so early made me tired all day. On our walk we went by the Calvary Shrine [west of St. Mary’s Lake]; first I’d heard of it. Almost all the Third Order men turned out—a very good bunch of guys. Tonight after the military test, I went with Ed [White] to the Glee Club spring concert; had to make time for that wonderful
experience. You'll hear them at Graduation. Had to miss the second half in order to get over to the last half of tonight's logic session. There was no time for lessons after that, even if there is a load of work on tap. I'll be going to sleep amidst the odor of salami and other strong-smelling remains of a party Paul had in our room earlier in the evening. The maintenance crew had the sprinklers going today on the main quadrangle trying to green things up a bit.

Don't know if the money is going to hold out or not until you all get here; only have $5 left. Anything lying around the house to spare?

**Tuesday, May 25.** Philosophy has dragged me over the coals today, and I am worn out! But I'm just about ready for the exam. The first review question, “Why is philosophy dialectical for Plato?” gave me a lot of trouble. The second one was better: “Why is dialogue his philosophical method?” I'm glad he gave us the questions so we could prepare better. But now he can expect perfect answers! Still too many extra things going on. Rogation procession again this morning early, a steak dinner downtown tonight for “Where’s Charley” cast, and then logic session for an hour and a half. A lot of beautiful young ladies at the dinner—the chorus girls. They were pleasant to talk with, for a change. Had to miss the final hall meeting because of the dinner, but it was just end-of-the-year details. Too cool today to sit out on the ground—even in the sun.

[Responding to a letter from home:] Glad you got to meet Harry S. [Truman, who visited the hometown from nearby Independence with his wife.] Really a big deal to entertain the Trumans! We have midnight lights all this week. It's just now midnight; 5:30 will come very early! But I have to finish this successful year in a successful way. No time to let up now.

**Wednesday, May 26.** Got so tired of reviewing history notes just now that I had to quit. (Should be able to get 7 hours of sleep.) There wasn't nearly enough time (just this afternoon and evening) to go through 207 pages of regular narrow-line paper, and each page is crammed. Still have tomorrow morning, but it is hopeless to digest all these notes without having a week to do it. Had to write furiously this morning to finish philosophy exam in one hour.

It was chilly and cloudy for this morning's final procession; stayed cloudy and in the 60s all day. It was the last day of classes, and now many people are busily reviewing all over the place. Had to go to Kansas City Club election tonight; it got stalled by election method wrangling, so I just stayed for president and vice-president elections. That's all the time I could afford. Happy to report that [hometown boy, Bill] Canning was elected president. I wonder if it's the first time somebody not from the City got it. He'll make a good one. One of the boys he beat is John Massman. Got some grades back today: “good” on the philosophy paper; 100 on military test; 100, 94, and 95 on some old history quizzes. It's possible I'll be able to keep my 91 average this semester. No doubt it's the extreme top of my capabilities.

I'm piling in the food because I don't expect to get much this summer, with the job commute. I can't see fixing my own breakfast so early in the
morning, plus I'll have to bring a lunch, and come home late to a cold supper. I'll probably be back down to 130 by fall.

21. It's been a great fellowship.

Thursday, May 27. Ascension Thursday. It’s only 8:30 and all I have to do before bed is start on my final, final, final philosophy exam. [So he thought; dozens of them lie in the future.] In a way, exam week is easy if you don’t have an exam every day (none for me tomorrow). I’m taking it easy, with plenty of time to prepare for remaining exams and still get plenty of sleep. These school days are the best time of our life! Ed [White] and Dick [Schleiter] went to a show tonight—no exams until Monday. I had been trying to get a better desk chair all semester, and they finally brought one—in the last week! The old one was uncomfortable, and the back was missing. The new one is perfect.

This was a strange day—didn’t seem like a school day, and didn’t seem like a Sunday. Slept ’til 7:30 and went to 8 o’clock Mass in our chapel. After breakfast I spent the morning doing a hasty last-minute history review—all the tests and maps. The exam was from 1:30 ’til 3:30; it took all that time plus a little more. It wasn’t as hard as I had figured, and I think it went well—except for missing a map question (didn’t know where Lombardy is). Then fooled around until supper. This evening we had Pontifical Blessing (Third Order). Then talked to Herb Riband (band committee) about plans for shows we’re going to design this summer. And finally, a trip to the Grotto.

Weather bulletin on the radio just now—tornado warning. It was cloudy and not very warm all day, but this evening it got still and sticky. We are on the east age of the danger area.

Friday, May 28. What a relaxing day! And another 8 hours of sleep tonight. A lot of people are going around with long faces and short fingernails, but exam week doesn’t bother me—’til just before each exam, anyway. These are such unusual days—not much going on except prolonged study sessions all over the place. We started a novena to the Holy Ghost in preparation for Pentecost Sunday. He is also helping with exams—another reason not to worry about them. Finished philosophy review this morning (St. Augustine and the Problem of Evil) and this afternoon/evening (Aristotle and Happiness). So I’ll be ready for the test next week. Began military review tonight for tomorrow’s exam.

Picked up my copy of ND’s annual, The Dome, and right away I noticed some changes or improvements I would have made. [He was editor of the high school annual.] It’s a little one-sided toward social (dances) and sports (football got 25 pages). We’ll have a good time going over it together. It has beautiful views of the campus. Thundershowers and more tornado alerts tonight. It rained much of last night; there were tornados near Aurora and Kankakee, Ill.

Saturday, May 29. Report from the Howard Hall Study Lounge. All is proceeding well. Kansas City Club meeting this evening, and then sociology
Bill [Canning] laid out a foundation for next year’s club, which includes a swell [i.e. “cool”] new program of pre-orientation and help in selecting a major for incoming K.C. freshmen. We’ll start with a picnic the middle of June. We also discussed a lot of other stuff for next year. Looks like it will be a completely revived K.C. Club in ’55. Spent the morning and early afternoon reviewing for military exam—the drill part with Frank [Tighe] in Jack Gallagher’s room. It helped a lot. The test wasn’t very hard, but I probably fell for some of the trick questions in the drill part. About a thousand of us took it at the same time in the Engineering Auditorium—MS 102s and 202s sitting in alternate seats. Still a little too cool to sit outside—60s and windy. I’m not noticing any effects of getting more sleep. Paul [roommate] is getting more pleasant and considerate. You will meet him because he is staying ’til the 7th.

Sunday, May 30. Memorial Day. Special High Mass at 9 for seniors; ROTC uniforms were worn. Ed [White], Dick [Bolger], Dick [Schleiter] and I went to the 8. Studying en masse continues everywhere. Spent the morning reviewing for sociology test. After a delicious turkey dinner (the line was a mile long), I reviewed religion all afternoon down by the lake in warm sunshine. The worst will be over in two more days. Took some pictures of the guys. Many visitors on campus. Tonight they took up a collection in the hall to buy a gift for Fr. Harris [rector]—$1 apiece. I’m anxious for you all to meet him. He’s a lot like Dad—built the same, sparkling personality, wonderful sense of humor, and deeply religious. Also, very Irish. Naturally, he is immensely popular.

[Charles W. Harris, CSC, age 37 in 1954, left ND in 1965 to begin a 4-year period at the Univ. of Portland; in 1967 he was appointed Dean of the Arts and Sciences College and began reorganizing it. In 1968 he chaired a committee that compiled and published a leadership manual for a high school youth ministry that is still used in parishes of the Philippines. He died Jan. 4, 1988 at age 71.]

Monday, May 31. After the Spanish test (6:30 to 8:30 p.m.)—it was nice and juicy, not too hard—I went over to the Log Chapel to make a visit and then down to the Grotto for the last May Rosary. I was reflecting on this year’s experience; the only word for it is tremendous! I can’t express my thoughts about it, but you’ve gotten hints in these letters. Spent all morning and afternoon reviewing Spanish, especially vocabulary. The afternoon part was down by the lake—ants and all. Yesterday a white duck and a gray one had a fight a few feet from my study seat. Wildlife is so interesting. I didn’t take off my shirt because there were too many ladies around—picnics, etc. It got more and more sultry, and finally we had a thunderstorm just at supper hour. It cleared up, but now tonight we’re getting another one. I’m in study lounge reviewing religion; it’s very late, but tomorrow’s the roughest day. The lounge is crowded. Exams have been successful so far, and now they are half over. [John] Giambruno [band president] came over with band information. We’re getting “Obie” [bandmaster Robert O’Brien] a swell going away present. Mr. Hope will definitely take his place [but just for one last year].
**Tuesday, June 1.** Studied furiously for sociology all morning, and then wrote furiously for 2 hours at the exam (9 pages). In spite of being worn out by that, the religion final followed in the Law Auditorium (several classes together). That was a lot harder than I expected, and don’t think I did well at all. In that type of objective test, everything is rigged against the student. Ed said he enjoyed it. The four hours of intense thought and writing completely wore me out and bothered my eyes. This business of taking exams can be hard work.

Before supper I checked my military grade; it was only 83 (surely a mistake). Didn’t feel much like studying logic tonight, but got a little done. I can finish in the morning as the test isn’t until afternoon. The philosophy final (oral and written) is on Thursday; the written is ready, but not the oral.

[The schedule for a weekend tour of the campus for his folks comes next.]

Glad you’re able to come Friday; try to leave at 5 a.m. so you won’t have to speed. It’s going to take at least 15 hours [Lexington, Mo. to South Bend, before interstates]. Go straight to Washington Hall when you get here [for the play]. I’ll be around the band room or up in the dressing rooms before it starts. Father Harris says Dad can stay here in the hall. Don’t bring too much with you; I’ll need the space for my stuff. Guys are starting to leave; trunks all over.

**Wednesday, June 2.** The last night in study hall with the men of Howard: John Engler, Ed White, Frank Tighe, Tom Crehan, Lloyd Aubrey (from St. Louis; basketball team), Joe Stocking, Phil Tardio (band), Wayne Acheroth, Joe Bill, Paul [Anselmi], and many others. It’s been a great fellowship! Finished review of philosophy as well as I ever shall.

Three grades were released today: history 97, military 91 (after my little “investigation”), and band 98. The ones coming later will be lower. The logic test really was a test, to my surprise. I used all 90 minutes on the seven questions (five of them pretty well, I think). Of course Father Brennan was up to his usual tricks, with his jokes and distractions all through the test. He won’t even count it [everyone got 88]. It was a strange class, but a nice diversion—and I did learn some logic. That guy has a tremendous memory.

Earlier I went to play practice, to arrange for free tickets [for the folks]. Many guys are leaving—Dick Bolger at 4, and Wayne at suppertime. Dick is not returning next year. He and Ed [White] didn’t get along. Dick will do OK, but I can’t understand why he was always saying how much he hates it here.

**Thursday, June 3.** A tremendous time at the band banquet tonight—6:30 until 10:30; a great chicken feast and many distinguished guests including Father Hesburgh, Father [James “Smiley”] Norton [CSC., vice president of student affairs], Joe Boland, WSBT (toastmaster), [Edward] “Moose” Krause, Joe Casasanta, [retired bandmaster and] composer of “Hike, Notre Dame,” “On Down the Line,” “When Irish Backs Go Marching By,” and “Notre Dame, Our Mother.” Some of them gave very good speeches, and also Mr. O’Brien. Enjoyed Casasanta the most [short and round, always smiling, a cigar always
Letter sweaters and awards were given out. Sat between Herb Riband and Dick Rupp (with whom Ken Donadio, Bill Bailey, and I arrived at the Mayfair via taxi), and across from [Ray] DeSutter and [Bill] Janes. What a great bunch of guys! After the banquet came “banquet no. 2”—beer, [a skit:] tour tap (a riot), installation of new officers (by candle light), and inspection of band final paper [“The Fifing Irish”]. Sat between Mike [Connelly] and Frank [Fischer]. Another great time, but worn out by it. We finally made our way back to campus via taxi and through the monsoon.

Philosophy oral quiz [on the front porch of Mr.] Tish’s house [on N.D. Ave., corner of Corby] was not bad; did OK. The written exam this morning was as expected, plus 3 surprise extras that nobody knew. So IT’S ALL OVER! The hall is in a state of near desertion tonight. Paul is still here, and Ed, plus us loyal bandmen. Got almost all packing done after the exam. The room is bare, but still crowded. [309 Howard] is too small ever to be un-crowded.

[Friday passed in expectation of the arrival of parents and one sister that evening for the play; Saturday was campus tour; Sunday commencement ceremonies in the stadium (scorching sun) and departure with the family and belongings in a crowded maroon DeSoto.]

**EPILOGUE**

“Faith of our Fathers! Mary’s prayers
Shall win all nations unto thee,
And through the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our Fathers, living still!
How truly blest would be our fate,
By kindly deeds and virtuous life
If we, like them, should die for thee.

Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene’er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our Fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee ‘till death.”