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Holidays and Anniversaries of the World

A Comprehensive Catalogue Containing Detailed Information on Every Month and Day of the Year, with Coverage of 23,000 Holidays, Anniversaries, Fasts and Feasts, Holy Days, Days of the Saints, the Blesseds, and Other Days of Heortological Significance, Birthdays of the Famous, Important Dates in History, and Special Events and Their Sponsors

SECOND EDITION

Jennifer Mossman, Editor



Gale Research Inc.

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May 17

Holidays

World Telecommunications Day
Sponsored by United Nations.

Nauru — **Constitution Day**
Commemorates the adoption of the country's constitution and achievement of independence from Australia, 1968.

Norway — **Constitution Day** or **Independence Day**
Commemorates the adoption of Norway's constitution, 1814.

Birthdates

1749 **Edward Jenner,** English physician; developed vaccination for **smallpox.** [d. January 24, 1823]

1836 **Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer,** British astronomer; pioneered **solar spectroscopy.** [d. August 16, 1920]

1845 **Jacinto Verdaguer,** Catalan poet. [d. June 10, 1902]

1855 **Timothy Michael Healy,** Irish political leader; first Governor-General of the **Irish Free State.** [d. March 26, 1931]

1864 **Harry Chandler,** U.S. newspaper publisher. [d. September 23, 1944]

1866 **Erik Alfred-Leslie Satie,** French composer. [d. July 1, 1925]

1868 **Horace Elgin Dodge,** U.S. manufacturer; responsible for the initial success of the Dodge Company, automobile manufacturer. [d. December 10, 1920]

1875 **Joel Elias Spingarn,** U.S. educator, literary critic, civil rights leader; co-founder of **National Association for the Advancement of Colored People;** President, 1930–39; **Spingarn Medal,** established and endowed by Spingarn, is awarded annually to a black in recognition of service to his race. [d. July 26, 1939]

1886 **Alphonso XIII, King of Spain**; ruled during Spanish-American War when Spain lost Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. Spanish Revolution forced his resignation, 1931. [d. February 28, 1941]

1897 **Odd Hassel,** Norwegian chemist; Nobel Prize in chemistry for helping establish conformational analysis (with D. Barton), 1969.

1900 **Ruholla Khomeini (Ruhollah Hendi),** Iranian ayatollah, Moslem religious and revolutionary leader; the chief political figure in Iran since 1979.

1904 **Jean Gabin (Alexis Moncourge),** French actor. [d. November 15, 1976]

1905 **John Patrick (Goggan),** U.S. playwright.

1911 **Maureen O'Sullivan,** U.S. actress.

1912 **Archibald Cox,** U.S. lawyer, professor; special prosecutor in **Watergate** investigation 1973.

1914 **Stewart Johonnot Oliver Alsop,** U.S. journalist, editor. [d. May 26, 1974]

1917 **John *(Papa)* Creach,** U.S. musician.

1918 **Birgit Nilsson,** Swedish operatic soprano.

1936 **Dennis Hopper,** U.S. actor, director; known for his starring role in *Easy Rider,* 1969.

1944 **Jesse (James Ridout) Winchester,** U.S. singer, songwriter.

1955 **Debra Winger,** U.S. actress; known for her starring roles in *An Officer and a Gentleman,* 1982, and *Terms of Endearment,* 1983.

1956 ***(Sugar)* Ray Leonard,** U.S. boxer.

Historical Events

1198 **Frederick II, Holy Roman Emperor,** is crowned King of Sicily.

1540 **Humayun,** Sultan of Delhi, is defeated at Kanauj and is driven out of India by Sher Shah.

1579 Southern Netherlands recognizes **Philip II of Spain** in the **Peace of Arras (Dutch War of Liberation).**

Religious Calendar

The Saints

St. Madron. Springs in the ruins of St. Madron's Church in Cornwall are noted for their curing powers, supposedly effective in helping skin diseases. Also called **Maden, Madern.** [d. c. 6th century]

St. Bruno, Bishop of Würzburg. Built cathedral of St. Kilian. [d. 1045]

St. Paschal Baylon, Friar Minor; patron of eucharistic congresses and organizations. Also called **Paschal Babylon.** [d. 1592]

The Beatified

Blessed Ratho of Andechs; a Bavarian monastery-builder, his name is invoked by invalids, especially those suffering from hernia and stone. [d. 953]

Blessed Andrew Abellon, Dominican prior. [d. 1450]

1792 The **New York Stock Exchange (NYSE)** is established at Merchants Coffee House, New York City.

1814 **Norway** declares independence from Sweden.

1875 First **Kentucky Derby** is held at Churchill Downs, Kentucky. *Aristides* is the winner of the $2850 purse.

1885 Apaches under **Geronimo** rise in revolt in Arizona and New Mexico.

1902 **Alfonso XIII** reaches his majority and is recognized as constitutional monarch in Spain, ending the long regency of his mother.

1904 ***Shéhérazade*** by Maurice Ravel premieres in Paris.

1925 **St. Thérèse of Lisieux** is canonized.

1930 The British administration restricts Jewish immigration to **Palestine.**

1944 British forces take **Cassino, Italy** from the Germans (**World War II**).

1954 U.S. Supreme Court issues ***Brown v. Board of Education*** decision, ruling that segregated schools are unconstitutional.

1962 **Hong Kong** begins construction of a barbed-wire wall across its border with the **People's Republic of China** to curb the flow of illegal Chinese immigrants.

1966 The first **heart bypass pump,** created by Dr. **Michael DeBakey,** is implanted in Houston, Texas.

1971 West German president, **Gustav Heinemann,** visits Romania. He is the first West German official to visit an Eastern European Communist nation.

1973 The U.S. Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities begins hearings **(Watergate Incident).**

1983 **Israel** and **Lebanon** sign an agreement providing for the withdrawal of Israeli troops and a normalization of relations. The Israelis are permitted to retain a security zone in southern Lebanon.

1984 The U.S. Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. and the Federal Reserve Board agree to a financial rescue package for **Continental Illinois Corp.,** the nation's ninth largest bank holding company. A week-long run on the bank, triggered by depositor uneasiness over questionable loans, had forced Continental to take heavy losses.

1987 An Iraqi warplane bombs the missile frigate, ***U.S.S. Stark,*** killing 37 U.S. sailors in the **Persian Gulf.**

1989 The Polish government legalizes the **Roman Catholic Church** and restores its property confiscated after World War II.

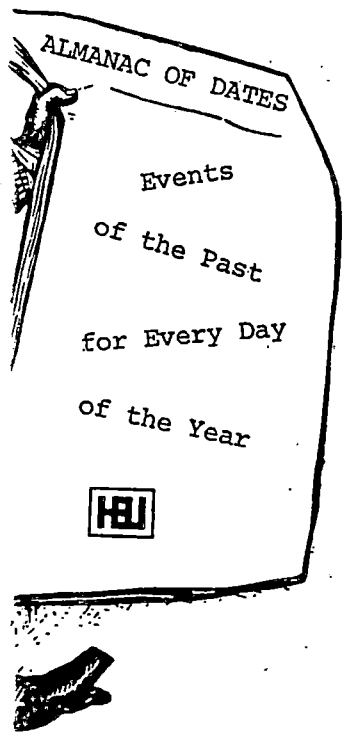
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THE ALMANAC OF DATES

EVENTS OF THE PAST FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR

LINDA MILLGATE

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich New York and London



Constitution of Syria adopted
Carlsbad Caverns National Park established (New Mexico)

1940 Totem pole on Washington State Office Campus dedicated
Rotterdam, Holland devastated by German bombs

1942 Congress authorized the Women's Army Corps

1945 German submarine, U-858, surrendered 44 miles off New Jersey

1948 State of Israel proclaimed and recognized by the U.S.

1955 Warsaw Treaty Organization formed

1959 Ground-breaking ceremony for the Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts (New York City)

1963 Kuwait joined the United Nations

1965 John F. Kennedy Memorial dedicated at Runnymede, England

1970 Midnight sun returned to North Cape, Norway
Start of 2-day Independence Day celebrations in Paraguay

May 15th

Roman festival honoring Mercury
Straw Hat Day
Feast of St. Dympna, patron of the insane
Feast of St. John-Baptist de la Salle
Japanese Hollyhock Festival

1043 AD St. Hallvard died, (Feast Day; patron of Oslo, Norway)

1092 King Philip I of France kidnapped Bertrada de Montfort

1464 Final victory of York over Lancaster in the War of the Roses at Hexham, England

1602 Cape Cod discovered by Bartholomew Gosnold of England

1773 Prince Metternich, Austrian statesman, born

1796 Napoleon and his army entered Milan, Italy

1800 Start of Napoleon and the French Consular Guard's 5-day crossing of the St. Bernard Pass to Italy

1812 New York City's city hall dedicated

1848 First hospital in New Jersey opened, a mental institution in Trenton

1850 U.S. Botanical Garden re-established by Congress

1854 United States Magazine founded

1856 Frank Baum, creator of the Wizard of Oz, born

1858 Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, opened in London

Dr. Livingstone's party reached the mouth of the Zambesi River
1859 Pierre Curie, scientist, born
1860 Garibaldi defeated the Neopolitans at Calatafimi, Sicily
1862 U.S. Department of Agriculture established
1864 Gen. Sherman and the Union victorious at Resaca, Georgia
1874 Harvard and McGill Universities played football for their only game, but the rules were the basis for the modern game
1883 Geronimo's Mexican camp captured by the U.S. Army
1894 Katherine Anne Porter, author, born
1904 Clifton Fadiman, author-editor, born
Japanese battleships Hatsuse and Yashima hit mines
1905 Las Vegas, Nevada, founded
1909 James Mason, actor, born
1916 Entertainment Tax effected in England
1918 Military planes began the first regular airmail service between New York City and Washington, D.C.
1920 Tomb of the Unknown Soldier dedicated at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D.C.
1923 Richard Avedon, photographer, born
1940 First nylon stockings sold
1944 Clyde Shoun pitched a no-hitter and Cincinnati beat Boston, 1-0
1947 $400 million expenditure approved by Congress to fight Communism in Greece and Turkey
1952 Virgil Trucks pitched a no-hitter and Detroit beat Washington, 1-0
1957 Britain's first hydrogen bomb tested
1958 Sputnik 3 launched by the Russians
1960 Sputnik 4, Russian satellite, launched
Don Cardwell's no-hitter let Chicago beat St. Louis 4-0
1963 Gordon Cooper orbited the World in a Mercury capsule, Faith 7
1964 First stage of the Aswan High Dam completed in Egypt
1965 Avalanche struck Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany
1967 Edward Hopper, artist, died
1968 Northern Japan struck by an earthquake
1969 Abe Fortas became the first U.S. Supreme Court Justice to retire under outside pressure
1971 Hollyhock Festival at Kyoto, Japan
Donald F. Duncan, Yo-Yo inventor, died

May 16th

Feast of St. John of Nepomucene (patron of bridges; invoked against disaster)
Feast of St. Andrew Bobola
Feast of St. Fructuosus of Braga
Feast of St. Honorius of Amiens
218 AD Marcus Aurelius Antoninus proclaimed Emperor of Rome
578 St. Brendan the Voyager died (Feast Day)
1160 St. Ubaldo died (Feast Day)
1265 St. Simon Stock died (Feast Day)
1364 French victory over England at Cocherel, France
1568 Mary, Queen of Scots, took refuge in England
1605 Camillo Borghese elected Pope (Paul V)
1620 William Adams, first Englishman in Japan, died
1681 First female dancers appeared on the stage
1691 Jacob Leisler became first American colonist hanged for treason
1727 Catherine I, Empress of Russia, died in Paris
1763 Indians burned the fort at Sandusky, Ohio
1770 Marie Antoinette of Austria married King Louis XVI of France
1771 Regulators defeated in North Carolina
1799 Honore de Balzac, French novelist, born
1801 William Henry Seward, U.S. statesman and purchaser of Alaska, born
1804 Elizabeth P. Peabody, founder of the first U.S. kindergarten, born
1825 Bolivia declared its independence from Spain
1831 David E. Hughes, inventor of the type-printing telegraph, born
1861 Kentucky House of Representatives voted to remain neutral in the Civil War
1864 Platt Rogers Spencer, handwriting expert, died
1866 Congress authorized the 5¢ piece, called the half-dime
1868 Impeachment proceedings against President Andrew Johnson failed
1875 Earthquake shook Venezuela and Colombia
1886 Emily Dickinson, poet, died
1905 Henry Fonda, actor, born
1919 Liberace, pianist, born
3 U.S. Navy seaplanes left Trepassy, Newfoundland to fly across the Atlantic
1920 Joan of Arc canonized as a saint
1928 Royal Tweed Road Bridge in Scotland opened
1929 First motion-picture "Oscars" awarded
1935 Czechoslovakia and Russia concluded a mutual defense pact
1953 William N. Oatis, Associated Press correspondent, released on spy charges in Czechoslovakia

1961 British team climbed Mt. Nuptse on the Nepal-Tibet border
1969 A Russian space vehicle landed on Venus

May 17th

352 AD Liberius became Pope
885 Stephen VI elected Pope
1164 St. Heloise died
1198 Frederick II, aged 4, crowned King of Sicily
1215 English barons marched on King John in London
1242 Henry III, King of England, landed in France to assert his claim to the French throne
1592 St. Paschal Baylon died (Feast Day; patron of eucharistic congresses and organizations)
1606 The Czar-pretender to the Russian throne died, after ruling a year, in a revolt against his and his predecessors' policies
1642 Montreal founded in Quebec, Canada
1648 Battle of Zusmarshausen (30 Years' War)
1741 John Penn, signer of the Declaration of Independence, born
1768 Caroline, wife of King George IV of England, born
1784 George Washington purchased an ice cream machine and recorded that fact
1792 New York Stock Exchange founded
1814 Christian VII elected King of Norway
Norway's constitution promulgated (Norway Independence Day)
1829 John Jay, statesman-jurist, died
1838 Tallyrand, French statesman, died
1840 Nicolo Paganini, Italian violinist, died
1848 Ferdinand I escaped Vienna for Innsbruck, Austria
1849 15 blocks of St. Louis, Missouri burned along with several steamboats at their wharves
1855 Geronimo, Apache Indian leader, escaped the reservation
1858 U.S. Army defeated by 1,200 Washington state Indians
1875 First Kentucky Derby horserace run
1876 Whole 7th Cavalry left Fort Abraham to battle the Sioux
1877 First telephone exchange, with 6 subscribers, began operation (Boston)
1884 Congress granted Alaska a civil government
1886 King Alphonso XIII of Spain born
1894 Europeans first witnessed an eruption of Mt. Nyiragongo volcano in the Congo
1905 John Patrick Goggan, playwright, born
1910 Hotel Adams, Phoenix, Arizona burned to the ground
1912 El Salvador adopted its national flag
1913 First "Be Kind to Animals Week" began
1914 Stewart Alsop, columnist, born
1916 Daylight Savings Time bill passed in England
1917 Leon Trotsky, revolutionist, returned to Russia
1919 First of 3 U.S. Navy seaplanes, flying the Atlantic, arrived at the Azores Islands
1920 Regular air service begun between Amsterdam and London
1933 Spain disestablished the Roman Catholic Church by Parliamentary edict
1937 Spanish loyalists set up a new government
1945 Start of the Battle of Bessang Pass, Philippines
1948 USSR recognized Israel
1951 French LST Adour exploded at Nhatrong, Indonesia
1954 U.S. Supreme Court ruled against school segregation
1955 Illinois became "The Land of Lincoln"
1958 F. Hugh Herbert, playwright-novelist, died
1963 Don Nottebart pitched a no-hitter and Houston beat Philadelphia, 4-1
1968 ESRO 2B launched, the first so to be a success for the European Space Research Organization
1970 Thor Heyerdahl and Ra II sailed from Morocco to cross the Atlantic on a reed raft
World Championship Pirogue Races at Lafitte, Louisiana
1971 Mohammed's Birthday celebration in Malaysia and Singapore
1972 1100th Anniversary of the Kingdom of Norway (national holiday)

May 18th

Feast of St. Eric, patron of Sweden
603 BC Solar eclipse
562 AD Pope St. John I died in prison, put there by the Holy Roman Emperor (Feast Day)
872 Louis II crowned Holy Roman Emperor
1152 King Henry II of England married Eleanor of Aquitaine

1291 Acre, last Christian hold in the Holy Land, fell to the Sultan of Egypt
1410 King Rupert of Germany died
1514 King Francis I of France married Claude
1587 St. Felix of Cantalice died (Feast Day)
1588 The Armada sailed from Spain for England
1643 English royal warrant issued, authorizing King Charles I medals
1675 Jacques Marquette, missionary-explorer, died
1727 Peter II proclaimed Emperor of Russia
1756 Britain declared war on France (French and Indian War)
1804 France proclaimed an empire with Napoleon as emperor
1852 School attendance in U.S. made compulsory
1866 Nova Coronae, temporary star, discovered to be covered with blazing hydrogen
1868 Nicholas II, last Czar of Russia, born
1872 Bertrand Russell, British philosopher, born
1882 First light shown from new Eddystone Lighthouse (England)
1888 Samuel Shellabarger, author, born
1897 Frank Capra, filmmaker, born
1904 Western Union cut off service to pool rooms
Jacob K. Javits, U.S. Senator, born
1913 Perry Como, singer, born
1914 Pierre Balmain, fashion designer, born
1917 Selective conscription (draft) adopted in U.S.
1919 Margot Fonteyn, ballerina, born
1921 Edward Everett Tanner III, author as Virginia Rowans and Patrick Dennis, born
1933 Tennessee Valley Authority created
1940 Antwerp, Belgium, surrendered to the Germans
1951 Jacob S. Coxey, leader of the 1894 march of the unemployed on Washington, died
United Nations General Assembly voted for arms embargo against Red China
1956 Swiss team climbed Lhotse I, 27,923 feet, on the Tibet-Nepal border
1969 Peace Day
1970 Mohammed's Birthday celebrations in Ceylon

May 19th

715 AD Gregory II elected Pope
988 St. Dunstan died (Feast Day)
1214 London granted a charter authorizing the election of city officials
1217 Battle of Lincoln Fair, England
1218 Otto IV, Holy Roman Emperor, died
1296 Peter Moronne, Pope St. Celestine V, died (Feast Day)
1303 St. Ives or Ivo of Brittany died (Feast Day; patron of lawyers, jurists, notaries, bailiffs, and orphans)
1342 Pierre Roger crowned Pope Clement VI
1364 Charles V, "the Wise," crowned King of France
1535 Jacques Cartier began his second voyage to Canada
1536 Anne Boleyn, second wife of King Henry VIII of England, beheaded
1579 Peace of Arras gave Spain control of the Low Countries
1607 University of Gressen, Germany, chartered
1643 Spanish Army lost to the French at Rocrou, France
United Colonies of New England formed
1653 Rhode Island decreed that there be no slaves in that colony for 10 years
1769 Giovanni Vincenzo Antonio Ganganelli elected Pope Clement XIV
1777 Button Gwinnett, signer of the Declaration of Independence, died
1780 New England's "Dark Day"
1795 Josiah Bartlett, signer of the Declaration of Independence, died
John Hopkins, philanthropist, born
1802 French Legion of Honor founded
1846 Robert Bailey Thomas, founder of The Farmers' Almanac, died
1848 U.S. war with Mexico ended
1857 Patent granted for first electical fire alarm system
1879 Lady Astor, first woman to sit in England's House of Commons, born
1896 Dimple-producing machine patented
1897 Rhode Island state flag adopted
1898 Spanish Admiral Cervera reached Santiago, Cuba
1918 Last German air raid on Britain for World War I
1946 Booth Tarkington, author, died
1950 Munitions barges exploded at South Amboy, New Jersey
1970 Billy Goat Auction at Deidesheim, Germany
Wesak Day or Buddha's Birthday celebration in Ceylon, Korea, and Malaysia
Echternach, Luxembourg Dancing Procession
1971 Ogden Nash, poet, died
1972 Start of Rooster Days Rodeo Weekend at Broken Arrow, Okla.

OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

May 4, 1992

NOTE TO HENSON MOORE
DAVID DEMAREST

FROM: BILL KRISTOL WK

For whatever it's worth, here's some material that could be a basis for a "family" speech at Notre Dame. (This was drafted before LA, but could be appropriately modified).

Read 5/4 mtg w/ David

2:30

DRAFT

NOTRE DAME COMMENCEMENT

1. INTRODUCTION: THE HISTORIC MOMENT

In public life we usually have to deal with things on a piecemeal basis, one issue at a time. A President rarely gets the chance to sketch the big picture.

You students know what I mean. You've been taking courses for years; history here, physics there, English there. And now, with life staring you in the face, you've got to start putting it together. As you face a complex, multi-faceted world, you will have to figure out how this truth relates to that truth, how this event is traceable to that idea, which principles really do govern our lives. If you are lucky, your years here will have prepared you to think in a way that will take you from information through knowledge to wisdom.

This has been a wonderful time to have the leisure to observe, study and reflect. In your college years you have witnessed events once thought impossible. You have seen the most dramatic changes our world offers. You have seen history march in new directions.

This Easter, the long silent bells rang out from the Kremlin churches. As Czech President Vaclav Havel put it, "wonders are happening so fast that we don't have time to be astonished."

2. WE/OUR VALUES WON THE COLD WAR

Let's be clear about why these wonders have happened: Because the people of the United States, together with others, through a half century of hot war and cold war, defended the values of Western Civilization. Generation after generation, we paid the price in blood and in treasure to defend liberty, to extend the freedoms we value, and to preserve our Judeo-Christian heritage. We did all that. And we won.

The American people - and many others - deserve the credit. Centuries from now, people around the world will see how, in our time, our nation lead the struggle to keep hope alive against the forces of barbarism. In this epochal task we were aided by many allies among the world's democracies, and by those who share our love of freedom, such as the brave Afghan people, who have only this spring finally vanquished the last remnants of Communist rule in their country.

So you are going out into the world in a season of celebration.

Yes, there is some turmoil - and the future is, as always, unclear. But the world you enter is a hopeful one.

3. TRIUMPH IN THE WORLD; INTROSPECTION AT HOME

But our hope is cautious and tinged with anxiety. It is one of the great ironies of life that, after winning great victories, nations, like people, rarely experience the pure elation that we might think we have earned. At such moments men and nations tend to become introspective, to look inward with a critical eye toward our values, to note once again what we have let slide while we were preoccupied with the battle for survival outside.

This is a good and natural thing. From such examination can come a deeper insight into the real problems that we face here at home. And, in this process we as a nation can grapple more profoundly with our imperfections. And we can focus our energy on those aspects of life in our neighborhoods and communities that do not satisfy us. I won't detail the whole catalogue of social ills: the number of children in poverty, the epidemic of violent crime, child abuse, drug abuse, pornography and other evils that scar the face of this land.

You know them as well as I do, and some people seem to think that all this is just a part of modern life. Nonsense. It doesn't have to be this way. And I want to say, today, that we all need to dedicate our heartfelt efforts to making sure that things aren't this way.

But how do we make a difference? What do we have to do to repair the rents in the social fabric?

4. FAMILY DISINTEGRATION IS THE ROOT OF OUR SOCIAL ILLS

Here's the core of it: Virtually every social pathology of our times, from drug abuse to poor school performance, from teen pregnancy to teen suicide, from child abuse to homelessness, flows from the disintegration of the family.

Without really intending to do so, somewhere over the last 30 years this country launched an unprecedented social experiment. We ignored the fact that our traditional laws and mores, centered around the traditional family, were based on thousands of years of accumulated experience and wisdom. As we pursued benign-sounding goals such as "social justice" and "sexual liberation," we neglected the ties that bind us into marriages, families, and communities.

There were many reasons for this sea change in social behavior. They had to do with a unique cultural moment, an infatuation with the nostrums of social science, a bit too much

faith in the ability of technology to provide human happiness, the impetuosity of youth at the height of the baby boom, and perhaps the hubris of a nation that thought that our extraordinary affluence would allow us to buy our way out of the eternal verities of human nature. In any case, my purpose is not to assign blame, but to ask us to reconsider some of what we did, and some of what we allowed, willy-nilly, to happen.

- We made divorce easy, almost natural -- then we were surprised to find half of all American marriages ending abruptly. In our attempt to deal with the real problems that exist in many marriages we forgot just how important stability and the presence of two parents are to children. The toll that a generation of divorce and desertion has taken on a generation of children is devastating.

- We made abortion available on demand. Then we were astonished at the tremendous jump in unintended and out-of-wedlock pregnancies, at the fact that a million and a half girls and women find themselves resorting to abortion each year. And now we wonder that our children are tempted to regard life itself, let alone relations between men and women, with a distressing degree of expedience and cynicism.

- We undermined the pillars which our Judeo-Christian tradition built to support trust and stability and love between men and women. Then we were puzzled to see relations between the sexes disintegrate all too often to their current state of hostility, as the realm of family love became just another ideological battleground.

5. BOTTOM LINE: WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE SUFFERING

It would be bad enough if the cost of these social mistakes was a certain amount of personal unhappiness. But the result of our social experiment is more serious - and much less abstract - than that: The result is poverty and suffering that disproportionately affect women and children.

The bottom line is that our nation's children are paying a terrible price for the difficulties of our families. A vast number of our children are being raised in homes without fathers, deprived of the necessary love and stability and support that allows sound minds to grow in sound bodies. Many are being raised in homes without any parents.

We know of the toll - physical and moral - that this takes on youth in our inner cities, often deprived of resources, opportunities and security. The toll includes intergenerational welfare, babies having babies, and a culture of drugs and violence.

And the toll on women is high as well. At the same moment that some women have moved, in unprecedented numbers, into positions of

responsibility and power, others face hardship and desperation. Mothers, working heroically, but all alone to earn a living, keep a house, maintain discipline, cook, instill values, monitor friends and homework and do all of the thousand things that even two parents are challenged by - are understandably overwhelmed.

And even for those whose economic conditions are not quite so harsh, the spiritual impoverishment and the disheartening instability are every bit as severe. The ramifications of this cultural trend, where families are embattled, and parents do not always put family life first, are deep and lasting. If we do not address this problem our nation's future is surely at risk.

6. WITHOUT SOLID FAMILIES, POLICY CANNOT SUCCEED - OR COMPENSATE

You know, those of us in government work hard to develop good public policies. But our efforts are inevitably limited in their effect.

For example, I'm proud of my proposals for radical reform in education. But I know that our schools can't succeed in their mission unless we have parental involvement and support.

I'm proud of our fight against crime, including my criminal justice reform package - stalled too long in Congress. But we won't have safe streets and peaceful neighborhoods unless strong families spend time each day instilling discipline and strong values in their children.

I'm proud of my Administration's efforts to foster American competitiveness in the world market. But we'll never be as competitive as we should be when a large proportion of our potential workforce has not learned, at home, the work ethic and aspirations needed to succeed in the workplace.

I'm proud of my Administration's efforts to expand housing opportunity and to foster economic growth in inner cities. But all of that won't transform blighted communities unless there are strong families and disciplined individuals to grasp the opportunities and support each other in their daily struggles.

7. THE SOLUTION LIES IN OUR HISTORY, AND IN COMMON SENSE

As complicated as all the causes of family breakdown may be, history, common sense, and our moral and religious heritage provide us the solution.

For decades past, and today, immigrants to this country moved ahead in America, building a better life for their children. They did it, not individual by individual, but family by family. Parents

worked long hours, and made real sacrifices to make sure that their children got an education, and had better opportunities. Their determination made us into the most prosperous nation on earth - a nation where 80 percent of the citizens define themselves as "middle class." That ethic continuesto work for those who have it.

8. REBUILDING FAMILIES IS CHALLENGE OF 1990s

This is the great challenge of the 1990s. We have vanquished communism. Our economy is on the way to recovery. We must now rededicate ourselves to reconstituting our family and community life.

As you go forth into the world now you will be called upon to make all sorts of decisions - about your careers, further education, the kind of life you want to lead. But the most important decisions you will make are not whether to become a doctor, lawyer or -- God forbid - politician. They're not about where you'll live, or even how you will vote. The most important decisions you will make are the personal ones: about your marriage, about how you will raise your children, about loyalty and faithfulness and integrity. These are the values that are your parents' most precious gifts to you, and they will be your most precious gifts to your children. And we, your neighbors and fellow citizens, depend on you to raise your families well, in order for our entire society to flourish.

For two centuries now these values have held us together as a people. They have seen us through wars and a depression. And now, because of some missteps and wrong turns over the past thiry years, those values are frayed and worn -in some quarters scorned.

A lot needs to be done. The first step is to face the problem honestly - something we cannot do unless we are willing to use words long banished from our public discourse. We have to be willing to talk about right and wrong, about morality, about personal responsibility, about sacrifice.

Despite the obstacles, I am sanguine. As I have travelled across this country, and spoken to men and women from across the whole glorious spectrum that is the American people, I have seen that there is a deep desire to heal the wounds that have undermined our families. There is a deep hunger for the solace and support that only family can provide. There is an increasing commitment to make the personal sacrifices, and do the hard, daily work of living together and working through our problems - because there is no other path to happiness on this earth.

And so, it is time to rebuild and restore, from the ground up, family by family. Home by home. Community by community. Until our nation's spirit soars high enough to match all of our many material and political and economic accomplishments.

THE FEDERAL PAGE

Call for a Panel on L.A. Unrest Echoes

By Bill McAllister
Washington Post Staff Writer

If the government's reaction to the Los Angeles rioting follows a predictable route, there will be a new commission to study it.

The U.S. Conference of Mayors called on President Bush and Congress Friday to name such a commission, saying the deteriorating conditions of cities demand an investigation not only of "the visible riots, but to stem the 'quiet riots' of poverty and injustice in America's cities as well."

Commissions have been created after major riots hit American cities since the East St. Louis riots of 1917. Named by presidents, governors and mayors, the panels have become a fixture of government response to civil disorders. They have produced a wealth of data about the causes of riots and made scores of suggestions on how the causes can be eliminated.

But despite the data and symbolic value, the studies have failed to prevent the recurrence of riots or resolve their underlying causes.

Commissions typically carry out "sound analysis" and produce thorough recommendations, but their impact on the political process and effectiveness is the subject of debate. Commission members often fail to see that their findings are implemented, said Warren Christopher, the former deputy secretary of state who chaired the Los Angeles commission on the L.A. Police Department and the Rodney G. King beating.

"The monitoring and follow-through is crucial," said Christopher, who previously served as vice chairman of the 1965 McCone Commission, appointed by then-Gov. Edmund G. "Pat" Brown Sr. to study the Watts riots. Commission members spend so much time drafting their conclusions that they "look to the community to salute their fine analysis" and forget the need to follow up their recommendations, Christopher said.

That was the same conclusion reached by a California researcher who has studied the history of riot commissions and concluded in a 1970 book that such panels "have persistently failed to eliminate the miseries, persecution and exploitation of black Americans."

Two decades later, Anthony Platt, now a professor of social work at California State University at Sacramento, said his assessments remain valid, although the Los Angeles riots have deepened his pessimism about the country's ability to avoid future riots. "It's a very bleak scenario," he said in an interview from his home in Berkeley.

Platt was a member of the controversial criminology program at the University of California at Berkeley, later disbanded by the university because of concern about the political leanings of some of its faculty. He participated in a report for the federal commission headed by the late Milton S. Eisenhower that President Lyndon B. Johnson named after the 1968 riots. Platt's views about the difficulty riot commissions have faced are shared by others who have participated in the process.

Federal Judge A. Leon Higginbotham Jr., after serving on the Kerner Commission in 1968, proposed a moratorium "on any additional temporary study commissions to probe the causes of racism, or poverty, or crime or the urban crisis." What Higginbotham, now a federal appeals court judge, said would be the rational response "is not the appointment of more commissions to study the same problems, but rather prompt implementation of their many valuable recommendations."

Platt said in an interview that because most commissions include politicians and representatives of interests affected by the riots, they become "largely a . . . device to get things back to the status quo."

Of all the commissions he reviewed, Platt gave his highest marks to the 1935 report commissioned by Mayor Fiorello La Guardia into a riot in Harlem and the 1968 federal report produced by a panel headed by former Illinois governor Otto Kerner. Although the 1935 report was not published until Platt discovered it during his research, he said it provides an early recognition of the institutional causes of racism in America and the resulting roots of the anger of black Americans.

The Kerner Commission won Platt's praise because he said it did much to make Americans aware of the extent of racism. "For all its problems and conservatism, it did create in the public mind the awareness that racism is a serious problem for America."

Christopher, too, praised the work of past government commissions. Last week, he said he spoke with a Los Angeles woman who pointed to a hospital and community center in her south-central neighborhood as proof that the 1965 McCone Commission had produced some concrete benefits.

"There is such a tendency to deprecate the work of a commission," Christopher said. "On the other hand, I've often said, I lamented and kicked myself for not following through on some of the employment and education recommendations" of the McCone report.

Christopher said he did not know whether he would recommend creation of another commission, as has been suggested, to study the Los Angeles riots. The commission he recently headed was restricted to studying police brutality in the city. Its findings helped pressure L.A. Police Chief Daryl F. Gates into announcing his retirement.

A riot commission facing a deadline for quick action can face "a lot of frustration," Christopher said. "Nothing can be accomplished in a few months."

EXCERPTS FROM RIOT COMMISSION REPORTS

From The Mayor's Commission on Conditions in Harlem, The Negro in Harlem: A Report on the Social and Economic Conditions Responsible for the Outbreak of March 19, 1935:



Police arrest suspected looters in 1935 Harlem riots.

On March 19, 1935, several thousands of Harlem's citizens, after five years of the depression, which had made them feel more keenly than ever the injustices of discrimination in employment, the aggressions of the police, and racial segregation, engaged in a riot against these intolerable conditions. This spontaneous outbreak, the immediate cause of which was a mere rumor concerning the mistreatment of a Negro boy, was symptomatic of pent-up feelings of resentment and insecurity.

Today, extra police stand guard on the corners and mounted patrolmen ride through the streets of Harlem. To the citizen of Harlem they symbolize the answer of the city authorities to their protests of March 19. To Harlem this show of force simply signified that property will be protected at any cost; but it offers no assurance that the legitimate demands of the citizen of the community for work and decent living conditions will be heeded. Hence, this show of force only tends to make the conditions which were responsible for the occurrence last March 19 more irritating. And so long as these conditions persist, no one knows when they will lead to a recurrence, with the possibly graver consequences, of the happenings of that night...

...While it is true that the present economic crisis has been responsible for the appalling amount of unemployment and dependency in Harlem ... the main social factor which is responsible for this condition is racial discrimination in employment. It is the factor more than any other factor that arouses so much resentment in the Negro worker. If the economic system through competition, he reasons, inevitably condemns many workers to a starvation level, then he demands the right to compete on equal terms with other workers for a decent standard of living. This, he is not permitted to do...

...In view of the Negro's impoverished condition, it is not surprising to find him living in the often dilapidated and dangerous living quarters which whites have abandoned.... We must turn again to the economic factor for an explanation of the ravages of tuberculosis and infant mortality in the Harlem community.... The health agencies, as in the case of housing, were designed for a community with a different pattern of life and a different set of problems.There has been no systematic and comprehensive effort to modify these agencies to serve the needs of the present community...

As with the health agencies, so with the educational institutions which the Negro inherited when he took over a community which the whites had abandoned. The disgraceful physical condition of the schools of Harlem as well as the lack of recreational facilities and the vicious environments that surround the schools, all indicate the presence of a poverty stricken and therefore helpless groups of people....One can almost trace the limits of the Negro community through the character of the school buildings. That these conditions are due primarily to the fact that the Negro community is powerless to force the indifferent city authorities to afford adequate educational and recreational facilities was forcibly demonstrated by the fact that a recently proposed building program involving the expenditure of $120,747,000 included only $400,000 for an annex in Harlem, although most of the schools in this area were built before 1900...

The rioting in Los Angeles in the late hot summer of 1965 took six days to run its full grievous course....When the spasm passed, 43 persons were dead, and the wounded and hurt numbered 1,032 more. Property damage was about $40,000,000...

In the summer of 1964, Negro communities in seven eastern cities were struck by riots. Although in each situation there were unique contributing circumstances not existing elsewhere, the fundamental causes were largely the same:

—Not enough jobs to go around, and within this scarcity not enough by a wide margin of a character which the untrained Negro could fill.

—Not enough schooling designed to meet the special needs of the disadvantaged Negro child, whose environment from infancy onward placed him under a serious handicap.

—A resentment, even hatred, of the police, as the symbol of authority...

What can be done to prevent a recurrence of the nightmare of August? It stands to reason that what we and other cities have been doing, costly as it all has been, is not enough...

Our recommendations will concern many areas where improvement can be made but three we consider to be of highest priority and greatest importance.

1. Because idleness brings a harvest of distressing problems, employment for those in the Negro community who are unemployed and able to work is a first priority...

2. In education, we recommend a new and costly approach to educating the Negro child who has been deprived of the early training that customarily starts at infancy and who because of early deficiencies advances through school on a basis of age rather than scholastic attainment...

3. We recommend that law enforcement agencies place great emphasis on their responsibilities for crime prevention as an essential element of the law enforcement task, and that they institute improved means of handling citizen complaints and community relationships...

...There is no immediate remedy for the problems of the Negro and other disadvantaged in our community. The problems are deep and the remedies are costly and will take time. However, through the implementation of the programs we propose, with the dedication we discuss, and with the leadership we call for from all, our Commission states without dissent, that the tragic violence that occurred during the six days of August will not be repeated.

The summer of 1967 again brought racial disorders t American cities, and with them a shock, fear, and bewilderment to the Nation...

On July 28, 1967, the President of the United State established this Commission and directed us to answer three basic questions:

What happened?

Why did it happen?

What can be done to prevent it from happening agair

...This is our basic conclusion: Our Nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate a unequal.

Reaction to last summer's disorders has quickened th movement and deepened the division. Discrimination a segregation have long permeated much of American life they now threaten the future of every American.

This deepening racial division is not inevitable. The movement apart can be reversed. Choice is still possibl Our principal task is to define that choice and to press f a national resolution.

...It is time now to turn with all the purpose at our command to the major unfinished business of the natio It is time to adopt strategies for action that will produce quick and visible progress. It is time to make good the promises of American democracy to all citizens—urban and rural, white and black, Spanish-surname, American Indian, and every minority group.

Our recommendations embrace three basic principles:

To mount programs on a scale equal to the dimension of the problems;

To aim these programs for high impact in the immediate future in order to close the gap between promise and performance;

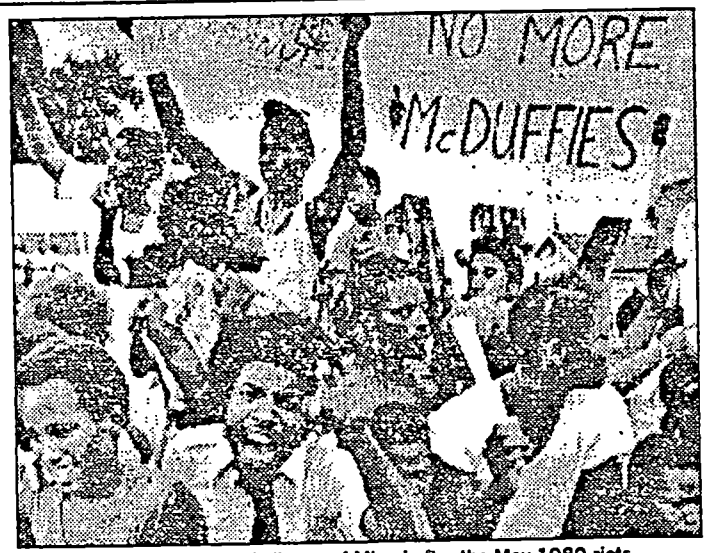
To undertake new initiatives and experiments that can change the system of failure and frustration that now dominates the ghetto and weakens our society.

These programs will require unprecedented levels of funding and performance, but they neither probe deeper nor demand more than the problems which called them forth. There can be no higher priority for national action and no higher claim on the Nation's conscience.

SOURCE: Commission reports

SIGNIFICANT RIOT COMMISSIONS 1917-82

Year/ Place	Name	Appointed by/ Chairman	Report Title
1917 East St. Louis	Special Committee Authorized by Congress	House of Representatives/ Ben Johnson	Report
1919 Chicago	Chicago Commission on Race Relations	Gov. Frank Lowden/ Edgar A. Bancroft	The Negro in Chicago: A Study of Race Relations and a Race Riot
1935 New York	The Mayor's Commission on Conditions in Harlem	Mayor Fiorello La Guardia/ Charles Roberts	The Negro in Harlem: A Report on Social and Economic Conditions Responsible for the Outbreak of March 19, 1935
1943 Detroit	Governor's Committee to Investigate Riot	Gov. Harry Kelly/ Herbert J. Rushton	Final Report
1965 Los Angeles	Governor's Commission on the Los Angeles Riots	Gov. Edmund Brown Sr./ John A. McCone	Violence in the City–An End or a Beginning?
1968 Washington	National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders	President Lyndon B. Johnson/ Otto Kerner	The Kerner Report
1968 New Jersey	Governor's Select Commission on Civil Disorders	Gov. Richard J. Hughes/ Robert D. Lilley	Report for Action
1968 Chicago	Chicago Riot Study Committee	Mayor Richard J. Daley/ Richard B. Austin	Final Report
1969 Washington	National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence	President Lyndon B. Johnson/ Milton S. Eisenhower	To Establish Justice, To Insure Domestic Tranquility
1970 Washington	National Commission on Campus Unrest	President Richard M. Nixon/ William W. Scranton	The Scranton Report
1982 Miami	U.S. Civil Rights Commission	Ronald Reagan/ Clarence Pendleton	Confronting Racial Isolation in Miami



Protestors in the "Liberty City" area of Miami after the May 1980 riots.

Source: "The Politics of Riot Commissions, 1917-1970," Anthony Platt; news reports.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary

For Immediate Release March 12, 1992

EXECUTIVE ORDER

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NATIONAL COMMISSION ON AMERICA'S URBAN FAMILIES

By the authority vested in me as President by the Constitution and the laws of the United States of America, and in order to establish, in accordance with the provisions of the Federal Advisory Committee Act, as amended (5 U.S.C. App. 2), a commission on America's urban families, it is hereby ordered as follows:

Section 1. Establishment. (a) There is established the National Commission on America's Urban Families ("Commission"). The Commission shall be composed of up to eight members appointed by the President.

(b) The President shall appoint a Chairman and Co-chairman from among the members of the Commission. The Chairman shall appoint an Executive Director.

Sec. 2. Functions. (a) The Commission shall:

- o examine the current condition of urban families;
- o consider how existing government policies and programs support or weaken the urban family structure;
- o evaluate the potential for integrating the delivery of government services in ways to strengthen urban families;
- o identify State, local, and Federal programs that have been successful in preserving and strengthening urban families;
- o analyze ways to improve private/nonprofit efforts to preserve and strengthen urban families; and
- o provide appropriate recommendations for government policies and programs and for actions by other institutions to strengthen families living in urban areas.

(b) The Commission shall make its report to the President on or before December 31, 1992.

Sec. 3. Administration. (a) The heads of executive agencies shall, to the extent permitted by law, provide the Commission such information as it may require for the purpose of carrying out its functions.

more

(OVER)

(b) Members of the Commission shall serve without any compensation for their work on the Commission. However, they shall be entitled to travel expenses, including per diem in lieu of subsistence, as authorized for persons serving intermittently in the Government service (5 U.S.C. 5701-5707 and 5 U.S.C. App. 2, 7(d)). The Executive Director shall be compensated at a rate of pay not to exceed the maximum allowable under section 7(d)(1)(A) of the Federal Advisory Committee Act, as amended.

(c) The Department of Health and Human Services shall provide the Commission with administrative services, facilities, staff, and other support services necessary for the performance of its functions. Funds for the operation of the Commission shall be provided by the Department of Health and Human Services.

(d) Notwithstanding any other Executive order, the functions of the President under the Federal Advisory Committee Act, as amended, which are applicable to the Commission, except that of reporting to the Congress, shall be performed by the Secretary of Health and Human Services in accordance with guidelines issued by the Administrator of General Services.

(e) The Commission shall terminate 30 days after submitting its report.

GEORGE BUSH

THE WHITE HOUSE,
March 12, 1992.

# # #

Bob in L.A.

Renaissance

[redacted]546-7511

(310)

401-9215

or

245-6335 (Lucy Eddinger)

CD	CANDIDATES	MONEY ($)	1988 VOTE (%)
CA 01	BOSCO (D)	236,313	63
	Riggs (R)	129,999	
CA 17	PASHAYAN (R)	189,515	72
	Dooley (D)	171,896	
CA 23	BEILENSON (D)	117,382	64
	Salomon (R)	185,053	
CA 36	BROWN (D)	353,777	54
	Hammock (R)	189,105	
CA 37	McCANDLESS (R)	156,108	64
	Waite (D)	253,043	
FL 04	JAMES (R)	310,055	50
	Hughes (D)	216,425	
GA 04	JONES B (D)	325,877	60
	Linder (R)	337,268	
IL 04	SANGMEISTER (D)	267,864	50
	Hoffman (R)	262,203	

T. Roosevelt Cyclopedia

benefit he should from American citizenship. And, on the other hand, it is impossible for him, under any circumstances, to retain the benefits incident to being a member of the nation of which he has left. It would be hard to imagine another alternative where the advantage was so wholly on one side. The case stands thus: by becoming completely Americanized the immigrant gains every right conferred upon citizenship in the country to which he has come; but, if he fails to become Americanized, he nevertheless loses all share and part in the nation which he has left, and gains nothing in return. He cannot possibly remain an Englishman, a German, or a Scandinavian; all he can do is to refuse to become an American, and thereby make himself a kind of mongrel waif, of no importance anywhere. *America,* April 14, 1888, p. 2.

————. It is our duty from the standpoint of self-defense to secure the complete Americanization of our people; to make of the many peoples of this country a united nation, one in speech and feeling, and all, so far as possible, sharers in the best that each has brought to our shores.

The foreign-born population of this country must be an Americanized population. . . . It must possess American citizenship and American ideals—and therefore we native-born citizens must ourselves practise a high and fine idealism, and shun as we would the plague the sordid materialism which treats pecuniary profit and gross bodily comfort as the only evidences of success. (Before Knights of Columbus, New York City, October 12, 1915.) *Mem. Ed.* XX, 468; *Nat. Ed.* XVIII, 401.

————. What we should have done, what we must do, is see to it that the immigrant is taken in hand and given a square deal. We must see to it that a real effort is made to Americanize him—he should have the opportunity to become Americanized. He should be given an opportunity, should be compelled to learn the English language, and if at the end of a stated period he has failed to do so, he should be sent back to the place from which he came. He must not be left to the agitator and the demagogue to exploit.

It is foolish to imagine that the immigrant will automatically and of his own will be converted into an American by his mere presence among us, so long as he comes here in masses, and settles down among his own kind, as ignorant of our ways, our customs, and our institutions as he is. (Fall 1917; reported by Leary.) *Talk with T. R. From the diaries of John J. Leary, Jr.* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1920), p. 148.

AMERICANIZATION — ESSENTIALS FOR. I ask you to make a special effort to deal with Americanization, the fusing into one nation, a nation necessarily different from all other nations, of all who come to our shores. Pay heed to the three principal essentials: (1) The need of a common language, English, with a minimum amount of illiteracy; (2) the need of a common civil standard, similar ideals, beliefs, and customs symbolized by the oath of allegiance to America; and (3) the need of a high standard of living, of reasonable equality of opportunity, and of social and industrial justice. (Before Knights of Columbus, New York City, October 12, 1915.) *Mem. Ed.* XX, 470; *Nat. Ed.* XVIII, 403.

AMERICANIZATION AND LANGUAGE. America is a Nation and not a mosaic of nationalities. The various nationalities that come here are not to remain separate, but to blend into the one American nationality—the nationality of Washington and Lincoln, of Muhlenberg and Sheridan. Therefore, we must have but one language, the English language. Every immigrant who comes here should be required within five years to learn English or to leave the country, for hereafter every immigrant should be treated as a future fellow citizen and not merely as a labor unit. English should be the only language taught or used in the primary schools. We should provide by law so that after a reasonable interval every newspaper in this country should be published in English. (April 27, 1918.) *Roosevelt in the Kansas City Star,* 143.

AMERICANIZATION. *See also* IMMIGRANTS; LANGUAGE; PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

AMERICANS, HYPHENATED. We welcome the German or the Irishman who becomes an American. We have no use for the German or Irishman who remains such. We do not wish German-Americans and Irish-Americans who figure as such in our social and political life; we want only Americans, and, provided they are such, we do not care whether they are of native or of Irish or of German ancestry. We have no room in any healthy American community for a German-American vote or an Irish-American vote, and it is contemptible demagogy to put planks into any party platform with the purpose of catching such a vote. We have no room for any people who do not act and vote simply as Americans and nothing

else. (*Forum,* April 1894.) *Mem. Ed.* XV. 24; *Nat. Ed.* XIII, 21.

————————. The one being abhorrent to the powers above the earth and under them is the hyphenated American—the "German-American," the "Irish-American," or the "native-American." Be Americans, pure and simple! If you don't act on the theory that every man who in good faith assumes the duties and responsibilities of an American citizen in a spirit of true Americanism is an American, and is to be treated as such, . . . you are yourselves unfit to take part in managing our government and you are bound to make a failure if you try to better the condition of our cities. (Before Liberal Club, Buffalo, N. Y., September 10, 1895.) *Mem. Ed.* XVI, 276; *Nat. Ed.* XIV, 196.

————————. I am among those Americans whose ancestors include men and women from many different European countries. The proportion of Americans of this type will steadily increase. I do not believe in hyphenated Americans. I do not believe in German-Americans or Irish-Americans; and I believe just as little in English-Americans. I do not approve of American citizens of German descent forming organizations to force the United States into practical alliance with Germany because their ancestors came from Germany. Just as little do I believe in American citizens of English descent forming leagues to force the United States into an alliance with England because their ancestors came from England. (*Metropolitan,* October 1915.) *Mem. Ed.* XX, 328; *Nat. Ed.* XVIII, 281.

————————. There is no room in this country for hyphenated Americanism. When I refer to hyphenated Americans, I do not refer to naturalized Americans. Some of the very best Americans I have ever known were naturalized Americans, Americans born abroad. But a hyphenated American is not an American at all. This is just as true of the man who puts "native" before the hyphen as of the man who puts German or Irish or English or French before the hyphen. Americanism is a matter of the spirit and of the soul. Our allegiance must be purely to the United States. We must unsparingly condemn any man who holds any other allegiance. But if he is heartily and singly loyal to this Republic, then no matter where he was born, he is just as good an American as any one else.

The one absolutely certain way of bringing this nation to ruin, of preventing all possibility of its continuing to be a nation at all, would be to permit it to become a tangle of squabbling nationalities, an intricate knot of German-Americans, Irish-Americans, English-Americans, French-Americans, Scandinavian-Americans, or Italian-Americans, each preserving its separate nationality, each at heart feeling more sympathy with Europeans of that nationality than with the other citizens of the American Republic. The men who do not become Americans and nothing else are hyphenated Americans; and there ought to be no room for them in this country. The man who calls himself an American citizen and who yet shows by his actions that he is primarily the citizen of a foreign land, plays a thoroughly mischievous part in the life of our body politic. He has no place here; and the sooner he returns to the land to which he feels his real heart-allegiance, the better it will be for every good American. (Before Knights of Columbus, New York City, October 12, 1915.) *Mem. Ed.* XX, 456; *Nat. Ed.* XVIII, 392.

————————. Among the very many lessons taught by the last year has been the lesson that the effort to combine fealty to the flag of an immigrant's natal land with fealty to the flag of his adopted land, in practice means not merely disregard of, but hostility to, the flag of the United States. When two flags are hoisted on the same pole, one is always hoisted undermost. The hyphenated American always hoists the American flag undermost. (*Metropolitan,* October 1915.) *Mem. Ed.* XX, 324; *Nat. Ed.* XVIII, 278.

AMERICANS, HYPHENATED. *See also* ALLEGIANCE; GERMAN-AMERICANS; IRISH-AMERICANS; LOYALTY; NATIONALISM; PATRIOTISM.

AMERICANS IN POLITICS. We have a right to demand that every man, native born or foreign born, shall in American public life act merely as an American. (Speech at Boston, November 1893.) *Mem. Ed.* XV, 34; *Nat. Ed.* XIII, 275.

————————. It is exceedingly unlikely that I shall ever again be a candidate for office, but, if I am, no man will be wise who votes for me under the idea that I am anything but a straight-cut American. I care nothing for a man's creed, or his birthplace, or descent! but I regard him as an unworthy citizen unless he is an American and nothing else. (To Rev. Gustavus E. Hiller, February 4, 1916.) *Mem. Ed.* XXIV, 472; Bishop II, 401.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary
(South Bend, Indiana)

For Immediate Release May 17, 1992

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT
AT COMMENCEMENT CEREMONIES

University of Notre Dame
South Bend, Indiana

3:03 P.M. CDT

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you, Father Malloy. It is really wonderful to be back here at Notre Dame. Whenever I visit the campus or meet a group of Notre Dame alumni, I feel this sense of family -- and at Notre Dame that truly means more than just words; I think it's at the very core of what this institution is all about. And with this honorary degree that I am so very proud to have, I am proud to become a Domer. Thank you for the honor. Thank you for the privilege. (Applause.)

I want to salute all of the honorary degree recipients. A pleasure to be among such distinguished educators and public servants. I want to single out again Father Malloy, whose graciousness means a lot to me. A special greeting to the man we all respect so much, Chile's President Aylwin, who has done so much for democracy not just in Chile, but in our whole hemisphere. We're grateful to you, sir. (Applause.)

And another old friend I'm proud to share this dais with. He doesn't vote with me much; I don't vote with him much, but we're good friends and have been for a long time, and I respect him -- Pat Moynihan -- Pat, glad to be with you. (Applause.)

And may I pay my respects to the outstanding faculty of Notre Dame. They put up with a lot and have done a great job, I'll tell you. (Applause.)

And to our distinguished Provost, don't worry, sir, there's a provost opening in a junior college just outside of Nome, Alaska. And I'm sure you'll qualify. (Laughter.) But thank you for your warm introduction to me, thank you.

Now to the graduates. For you graduates, these have been four long years. But I first want to say -- I want to congratulate -- I don't know where they are, but the Class of 1992. and I want to pay a special tribute to the family -- to the parents, the family members and the friends. At today's ceremony are a group of second generation Domers -- 25 percent of the graduating seniors have a parent who attended Notre Dame. (Applause.) For you graduates, these have been four long, tough years. And now comes the hardest part -- sitting through the commencement speech. (Laughter.)

But Billy Graham put it very well when he told, after a speaker had gone on a long time -- a man sitting over here where Pat is, picked up the gavel, heaved it at the guy that was speaking, missed him, clipped a lady in the front row, who said, "Hit me again. I can still hear him." (Laughter.)

Let me first say I'm not here in the mode of politics, I'm here to tell you the values that I strongly believe in. (Applause.) Those values can be summarized by the three major legacies that I certainly want to leave behind for my grandchildren -- hopefully, for yours -- jobs, both for today's workers who are actively seeking work and for graduates entering the work force;

strong families, to sustain us as individuals, to nurture and encourage our children, and to preserve our nation's character and culture; and peace -- peace around the world, on our streets, and in our schools, as well.

Yesterday, I spoke down at Southern Methodist where I focused on the economy and ability to generate jobs. Next week it will be the Naval Academy, when I focus on our hope for a more peaceful world.

Freedom has swept around the world. You heard Chile's President paying homage to that -- from the snows of Siberia to the sands of the Gulf. Because we and our allies stood strong and principled, our children and our grandchildren now sleep in a world less threatened by nuclear war. That is dramatic change, and it's something good that we can take great pride in. (Applause.)

Now we must concentrate on change here in America as well -- in ways no less dramatic or important. We're taking a fresh look at government and how we solve national problems. In Lincoln's words, "We must think anew, act anew."

Preparing young men and women for lives of leadership, service and meaning: each is part of this fantastic Notre Dame tradition -- a tradition that has generated a host of inspiring stories. I was particularly moved when I heard about Frank O'Malley's role in saving the bricks of your administration building. Most of you know the story -- the masonry was deteriorating and some thought the time had come to replace it. Instead, Professor O'Malley reminded all who would listen, "These bricks contain the blood of everyone who helped to build Notre Dame." (Applause.)

Today, that 150-year heritage is fully yours, too. But your preparation began long before you walked in the shadow of the dome. Your parents instilled in you character and a moral bearing. They sacrificed so that you could experience the Notre Dame education -- an education that's rooted in timeless faith and in a tradition of excellence; and in the process inculcating into each of you the worth of serving others.

I hope each of you has also made a commitment to helping others and attacking some of the major problems facing American society -- become a mentor, a community organizer, a Point of Light.

At the heart of the problems facing our country stands an institution under siege. That institution is the American family. Whatever form our most pressing problems may take -- ultimately, all are related to the disintegration of the family. (Applause.)

Let us look objectively at a few brief and sad facts. In comparison with other countries, the Census Bureau found that the United States has the highest divorce rate, the highest number of children involved in divorce, the highest teenage pregnancy rates, the highest abortion rates, the highest percentage of children living in a single-parent household, and the highest percentage of violent deaths among our precious young. These are not the kind of records that we want to have as a great country. (Applause.)

In Philadelphia the other day, in the inner city in what they call the Hill Area, I talked to a barber there, Mr. Buice, who is one of the leaders of the community there. And I said, "Do these kids come from broken families?" He said, "Sir, it's a question of babies having babies." Tears coming into his eyes. We've got to do something about this. And unless we successfully reverse the breakdown of the American family, our nation is going to remain at risk.

Senator Moynihan, way back -- way back, early in 1965, you gave us fair warning. You predicted with astonishing accuracy

the terrible trends that would result from the breakdown of the family -- and today, with respect, sir, you continue to sound the alarm. The Senator and I agree, if America is to solve her social problems, we must, first of all, restore our families. (Applause.)

In addressing the problems associated with family breakdown, nothing is more critical than equipping each succeeding generation with a sound moral compass. As Notre Dame has expanded it has never lost sight of its profound spiritual mission. Indeed, this institution takes seriously its role in building the character of our young people and the strength of our families -- for those are the leading indicators of our future as a culture.

When we instill faith in our youth, faith in themselves, faith in God -- we give them a solid foundation on which to build their future.

As Pope John XXIII said, "The family is the first essential cell of human society." The family is the primary and most critical institution in America's communities.

In January -- I'll never forget this meeting -- I met with some mayors from America's League of Cities, including Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles. They came together -- small-town Republican Mayor from North Carolina, middle-size city mayors, large city mayors -- and they told me of their concerns for their cities, their municipalities. But most of all, the mayors came together on one key point, and they were unanimous: Their major concern about the problems in the cities, in their view -- the people on the front line -- was the decline in the American family. One result of that meeting is this commission on America's urban families. And I hope it comes up with some good, positive, constructive answers.

It is clear that we all know that putting America's families back on track is essential to putting our country back on track. You may ask how we can proceed when we don't all agree on the causes of the problem or the remedies. I believe that one place to begin is by supporting Pope John Paul II's most recent encyclical calling for a new social climate of moral accountability in which to raise our children. (Applause.)

And leadership in that task can and should be led by the nation's churches -- kids need to learn faith to help them understand the larger family. And we are one nation under God. And we must remember that. And we must teach that. (Applause.)

Starting today, as you go from this fine institution to face the challenges of your adult life, the decisions you make will have one of two effects: either you will add to the problems of family breakdown or you will help rebuild the American family.

And you see, I am absolutely convinced that today's crisis will have to be addressed by millions of Americans at the personal, individual level for governmental programs to be effective. And the federal government, of course, must do everything it can do, but the point is government alone is simply not enough. (Applause.)

In my view, government can, and we must, provide parental choice of the best schools for our children, whether public, private or religious. (Applause.) The G.I. Bill says here's some money, go to the college of your choice. Choice should apply to all levels of education. (Applause.) Parents must read to their children and instill a love of learning. And government can, and we must, fight crime. But fathers and mothers must teach discipline and instill those values in their children. (Applause.) Government can and we must, foster American competitiveness. But parents must teach their children the dignity of work and instill a work ethic in the kids.

And to paraphrase that fantastic philosopher, Barbara Bush -- (laughter and applause) -- "What you teach at your house is more important than what happens at the White House." And she is absolutely correct on that. (Applause.)

All of us realize that merely knowing what's right is not enough. We must then do what's right. And today, I'm asking you to carefully consider the personal decisions that you'll make about marriage and about how you will raise your children. Ultimately, your decisions about right and wrong, about loyalty and integrity -- and, yes, even self-sacrifice -- will determine the quality of all the other decisions that you'll make.

And as you think about these decisions, remember: It is in families that children learn the keys to personal economic success and self-discipline and personal responsibility. And it is in families that children learn that moral restraint gives us true freedom. It is from their families that they learn honesty and self-respect and compassion and self-confidence.

And you would do well to consider the simple, but profound, words of Notre Dame's own Father Hesburgh when he said: "The most important thing a father can do for his children is to love their mother." (Applause.) Think how this vitally important commitment from fathers to mothers would radically transform for the better both the lives of thousands of our nation's hurting children and their struggling mothers as well.

In many respects, I feel here at Notre Dame that I'm preaching to the choir, because here at Notre Dame, you have benefited from the legions of great men and women of conviction and faith. And here, there is a tradition of passion for addressing the staggering needs of the day. And Notre Dame's Alumni Association is the prototype for other universities in sponsoring service projects and working toward the restoration of faith and the family in America.

In fact, at this very moment, the Notre Dame alumni group out there in Los Angeles is in the midst of a massive food and distribution project to assist residents affected by the violence in South Central L.A. (Applause.) And when that food is distributed and the riot-torn areas are rebuilt, I hope that the alumni group and thousands of others who are helping will stay involved in this and other urban areas. Government alone cannot do what needs to be done by itself. People who care must help. (Applause.)

And since becoming President I have had an opportunity to see a groundswell of Americans who are working -- and working hard -- to restore our nation's faith and heal the wounds that have undermined our nation's families.

These Americans are devoted to rebuilding, restoring America -- from the ground up, family by family, home by home, community by community. And I was impressed to learn that more than two-thirds of Notre Dame's students participate in community service -- two-thirds -- (applause) -- ranging from working with the handicapped children at Logan Center to assisting former prisoners at Dismas House. And fully 10 percent of your graduates plan to go into social service careers. And to paraphrase Pope John Paul II: "The ultimate test of your greatness is the way you treat every human being, but especially the weakest and the most defenseless ones. (Applause.)

Let me challenge all of you to find a place to serve in some capacity -- definitely as models, but also as mentors -- remember each of us has a contribution that only we can make. And let me remind you as you assume the mantles of tomorrow's leadership that children tend to shape their dreams in the images that they have seen. Show how a good education prepares one for a full, productive life. Show what it means to be a person of strong principle and

integrity. Demonstrate how concerned individuals, by working in partnership, can transform our communities and nation.

And lastly, in a society that can sometimes be cold and impersonal, bring warmth and welcome. In a fragmented society, be a force for healing. In a society cut off from moral and spiritual roots, cultivate grace and truth. And in the face of the uncertainties of the future, affirm your purpose and realize your promise. Together, we can lift our nation's spirit. And together we can give our material, political and economic accomplishments a larger, more noble purpose -- to build God's kingdom here on Earth.

There is no surer way to build our nation's future than with the mortar and the bricks of moral values and strong families. If you will add your blood to the bricks, the future will echo, then as now, "Never bet against Notre Dame or against the United States of America."

Thank you all, and good luck to this class of 1992, and to the entire Notre Dame family. (Applause.) And may God bless our great country. Thank you very much. (Applause.)

END 3:24 P.M. CDT

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

May 7, 1992

MEMORANDUM FOR BOB SIMON/JANICE KRAUSE

FROM: HANNS KUTTNER

SUBJECT: Background materials on family

Facts about families for possible use in the Notre Dame commencement:

Demographics. Stephanie Fossan has provided Bob with some information we pulled together plus some material prepared by the Census Bureau for the National Commission on Urban Families.

Attitudes. Attached is (one copy, Wade Horn's personal copy which I promised to return) of a survey conducted for the National Commission on Children. Its a good source of facts that send the message that most families work and that generally kids in intact families are happier. (This would also be a way to refer to something associated with the National Commission on Children without mentioning the main report.)

Results. Emotional and behavioral problems are two to three times higher among children in single-parent homes. This is one of the facts in the attached clips on a study done by Nick Zill who runs a mini-think tank called Child Trends. We're getting a copy of his study.

Communities. Not every inner city neighborhood is a Los Angeles riot zone waiting to happen. Dick Nathan has done work to identify places that are "zones of emergency" in and around large cities. Beyond physical appearances, the strength of family is a defining difference between, for example, Buckeye-Woodland and the JFK public housing project across a ravine in Cleveland, areas that are making it and areas that are not.

Welfare receipt. The Post reports that Senator Moynihan will be on the platform with the President and will be receiving an award. Moynihan had HHS do an analysis showing that something approaching 40 percent of all children and 70 percent of black children are on AFDC at some point before they turn age 18. We're getting the exact numbers, which might be useful for a context like this.

Ask if we can do anything to help.

WALL STREET JOURNAL WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1991



Where the Minority Middle Class Lives

By Richard P. Nathan

Much attention has focused of late on growing distress in inner-city "underclass" neighborhoods, where positive role models are hard to find. But much less attention has been paid to the people who have moved up and out, in large part as a result of the civil-rights movement.

Where have they gone? Many middle- and working-class blacks and Hispanics are settling in areas that could be called "zones of emergence" in the city and in inner-ring suburbs.

Seventy years ago, two social-work experts, Albert Kennedy and Robert A. Woods, wrote about working-class and middle-class neighborhoods beyond the core of Boston, which they defined as "zones of emergence in the great Irish belt of the city." Today there are signs of change for blacks and Hispanics similar to those Kennedy and Woods described among the Irish so many years ago.

These new minority-group neighborhoods are some good news on the urban scene, although we do not yet have a good handle on the degree to which this is happening. Not until the end of 1992 will detailed 1990 Census data be available to allow us to study these areas closely. In the meantime, my assistant, Paul Page, and I have done a telephone canvass of urban experts in big cities and visited a number of those cities to learn about the character and characteristics of these changing neighborhoods.

Security and Fear

My interest in this subject originated in Cleveland. There, the Buckeye-Woodland neighborhood contrasts sharply with the troubled John F. Kennedy public housing project, just across a ravine in the distressed core area of the city. Predominantly Hungarian as recently as 15 years ago, Buckeye-Woodland has been transformed into a community of some 20,000 middle- and working-class blacks.

Much of the Hungarian population owned and lived in the double- and triple-deckers found throughout older cities of the Northeast and Midwest. These same buildings are now owned and occupied by blacks living in one unit and renting out the others. There's security, but there is also fear. The people of Buckeye-Woodland feel threatened—and are threatened—by the problems nearby. Their biggest concern is to protect their territory. They have their own crime patrols. They fear backsliding by the young.

It is the residents of another such area whom Louis Winnick studied in a recent book, "New People in Old Neighborhoods." Mr. Winnick's research was on the Sunset Park neighborhood in Brooklyn, which is now Puerto Rican. Although Sunset Park has gone through tough times it is now much better off. Mr. Winnick says: "By the mid-eighties Sunset Park was nestled securely in the curl of a rebounding wave. That fact was evidenced in any number of indicators: population growth, rising real income, retail activity, soaring real estate prices and rents, bountiful inflows of private mortgage capital. In 1987, a substantial majority (70 percent) of Sunset Park's residents rated it as a fair to excellent community."

New York City has a number of such new neighborhoods in Queens, Brooklyn and the Bronx. Bronx Park East, for example, is a middle-income area that previously was Italian, mainly elderly. Recently there has been an influx of blacks and Hispanics from the South Bronx. The new entrants in many cases are two-earner families who buy and fix up condos, invest in the economy of the area, and promote "traditional" values. They have joined in community clean-ups, tree- and flower-plantings, and "crime-buster" efforts. The community group for this neighborhood, which is strong, claims it has been able to keep out crime and crack, though both threaten and surround the neighborhood.

There has been an influx of blacks and Hispanics from the South Bronx. The new entrants in many cases are two-earner families who buy and fix up condos and promote "traditional" values.

Similar developments are found in other cities. Minneapolis Central is a community of once-grand homes that now has mainly working-class residents, more than 60% of whom are black. When the first working-class blacks moved into Central in the 1950s, their neighbors were elderly white couples whose children had left. As whites retired or moved away, younger black families took their place. As in Buckeye-Woodland, neighborhood activists worry about the ability of the community to stave off drugs and prostitution from surrounding neighborhoods.

In Kansas City, Mo., blacks are moving southward and eastward into areas that had been white. The Hickman Mills school district is experiencing an influx of blacks who want to take advantage of its schools. The largest shift in population is occurring along a corridor extending southeastward out of the city. In other neighborhoods, such as Eastwood Hills, Marlboro and Marlboro Heights, into which blacks are moving, housing is better and not much more expensive than in core areas. The movement into these neighborhoods has created its own dynamic: Increasingly blacks are attracted to neighborhoods where other blacks already have settled, serving as magnets to draw people away from the inner city.

Aurora, Colo., which lies just beyond Denver's city limits, is also attracting blacks with rising incomes. Low-cost housing is available for those seeking to buy or rent their first homes; the schools are good; and government jobs are available in Aurora and Denver.

Mattapan is the second-largest minority neighborhood in Boston. Originally an Irish and then a Jewish area, the neighborhood became increasingly black beginning in the 1960s and now is 84% black. The northern half (Franklin Field) has a relatively lower-income black population. In the 1960s, blacks displaced by urban renewal in Roxbury were attracted to Franklin Field by FHA-insured mortgages funded under the Boston Banks Urban Group Program. Since then, the area has experienced a resurgence in economic activity.

Other new black and Hispanic zones of emergence are in Indianapolis; Dallas; Orrington and Orange, N.J. (north of Newark); Henrietta, N.Y. (southwest of Rochester); University City, Mo. (north west of St. Louis); the northwest area of Columbus, Ohio; New Orleans East; the Upper Hill and Penn Hill neighborhoods in Pittsburgh; and the Northridge area of Milwaukee.

Urban Blight

Not only are these new neighborhoods emerging, but the physiognomy of blighted inner-city areas has changed. The stereotype many of us carry in our heads about urban blight is one of slums and crowded tenements. This is not so typical anymore. Some blighted inner-city neighborhoods are crowded, especially high-rise public housing projects for families. But in more cases than not, the worst neighborhoods are large tracts of vacant land—empty reminders of a cityscape that once was.

The urban landscape was reshaped in the 1980s much more than many people realize. During the 1970s, inner-city conditions worsened substantially for minorities. The percentage of poor blacks in extremely poor neighborhoods (with poverty rates of more than 40%) increased to 40% from 25% in that decade. But this trend now shows signs of abating. Surely it makes sense to look hard at successes instead of always focusing on failures.

Mr. Nathan is director of the Nelson A. Rockefeller Institute of Government of the State University of New York at Albany.

Family disruption takes its toll

Survey: 1 child in 5 suffers emotional, behavioral damage

By Ronald Kotulak

The first in-depth survey of America's troubled youth reveals that 1 in 5 children under age 18 has a learning, emotional, behavior or developmental problem that researchers say can be traced to the continuing dissolution of the two-parent family.

The federally sponsored survey of more than 17,000 children nationwide showed that by the time youngsters enter their teenage years, 1 in 4 suffers from one or more of these problems, and for male teenagers it is nearly 1 in 3.

"The alarmingly high prevalence of emotional and behavioral problems among today's children, and the observed relationship between family disruption and youthful problem behavior, reinforce public concerns about the increasing number of U.S. children who are being raised in something other than harmonious two-parent families," said Nicholas Zill, a psychologist and executive director of Child Trends Inc., a Washington-based organization that studies social changes affecting children.

Zill, who headed the study for the National Center for Health Statistics, said emotional and behavioral problems have become the "new morbidity of childhood," affecting 10 million children, and are more prevalent than asthma, dermatitis, heart murmurs, bronchitis, bone disorders and other chronic childhood maladies.

Two factors in contemporary society are contributing to the increase in childhood psychological disorders, which are profoundly affecting family functioning and children's life chances, he said.

The most important involves family dynamics: the increasing number of children who experience their parents' divorce, are born outside of marriage, or are raised in conflict-filled families or low-income, low-education, single-parent households, Zill said.

Emotional and behavioral problems were two to three times higher among children in single-parent homes or in families with one stepparent, while learning difficulties were nearly twice as high among children whose mothers had not completed high school as compared to those whose mothers had more than 12 years of education.

"It is clear that learning problems tend to be tied in more with lack of intellectual stimulation of the children," Zill said.

Learning disabilities were nearly twice as common among males as females, and males had 36 percent more emotional and behavior problems than females, he said.

The second factor contributing to learning and behavior problems is the mental damage children suffer at birth or later on.

Though survival of extremely low-birth-weight babies is becoming more routine, they have a higher risk of brain damage during the first weeks of life. Children also are affected by environmental pollutants, and more babies are being born to mothers addicted to drugs, especially crack cocaine, he said.

Despite the large number of youngsters with psychological problems, many are not diagnosed and those who are do not receive adequate help, he said.

The survey found that only one-quarter of the children with emotional or behavioral problems received any kind of special educational help in schools.

Furthermore, mental health agencies, government as well as private, tend to ignore these childhood disorders, he said.

"At least 1 out of 4 of these problems could be avoided if we had more kids growing up in harmonious families or receiving some kind of treatment," he said.

The study involved interviews with one parent, often the mother, of each of the 17,000 children. Researchers found 6.5 percent of the parents said their children had a learning disability, 13.4 percent had an emotional or behavioral problem, and 4 percent had a delay in growth or development.

Besides the low educational level of the mother, low family income also appeared to play a role in learning disabilities. Families with incomes of less than $10,000 a year had an 8.4 percent rate of learning problems among children compared with a rate of 5.8 percent among children in families earning more than $40,000 a year.

Overall, white children had a higher rate of all problems than either black or Hispanic children, but the lower rate in these two groups is most likely due to underreporting, Zill said.

Wash. Post: 12-9-90

Problems Found in 1 of 5 Children

Study Traces Disorders to Breakdown of Family, Damage at Birth

Chicago Tribune

An in-depth survey of American children reveals that one in five children under age 18 has a learning, emotional, behavior or developmental problem that researchers say can be traced to the continuing dissolution of the two-parent family.

The federally sponsored survey of more than 17,000 children nationwide showed that by the time youngsters enter their teenage years, one in four suffers from one or more of these problems, and for male teenagers it is nearly one in three.

Emotional and behavioral problems have become the "new morbidity of childhood," affecting 10 million children, said Nicholas Zill, a psychologist and executive director of Child Trends Inc., a Washington-based organization that studies social changes affecting children. Zill headed the study for the National Center for Health Statistics.

Two factors in contemporary society are contributing to the increase in childhood psychological disorders, he said.

The most important involves family dynamics: that increasing number of children who experience their parents' divorce, are born outside of marriage, or are raised in conflict-filled families or low-income, low-education, single-parent households, Zill said.

Emotional and behavioral problems were two to three times higher among children in single-parent homes or in families with one stepparent; while learning difficulties were nearly twice as high among children whose mothers had not completed high school as compared to those whose mothers had more than 12 years of education.

The second factor is the mental damage children suffer at birth or later on.

Although survival of extremely low-birthweight babies is becoming more routine, they have a higher risk of brain damage during the first weeks of life. Children also are affected by environmental pollutants, and more babies are being born to mothers addicted to drugs, especially crack cocaine, he said.

Despite the large number of youngsters with psychological problems, many are not diagnosed and those who are do not receive adequate help, he said. The survey, which involved interviews with one parent of each of the 17,000 children, found that only a fourth of the children with emotional or behavioral problems received any kind of special educational help in schools.

The problems are particularly acute in the black and Hispanic communities where many children with emotional and behavioral disorders go untreated, only to be dealt with eventually by the criminal justice system, Zill said.

Balt. Sun: 12-9-90

Disorders affect 1 in 5 U.S. children; problem linked to breakdown of family unit

Chicago Tribune

An in-depth survey of America's troubled youth reveals that 1 in 5 children under age 18 has a learning, emotional, behavior or developmental problem that researchers say can be traced to the continuing dissolution of the two-parent family.

The federally sponsored survey of more than 17,000 children nationwide showed that by the time youngsters enter their teenage years, 1 in 4 suffer from one or more of these problems, and for male teen-agers it is nearly 1 in 3.

"The alarmingly high prevalence of emotional and behavioral problems among today's children, and the observed relationship between family disruption and youthful problem behavior, reinforce public concerns about the increasing number of U.S. children who are being raised in something other than harmonious two-parent families," said Nicholas Zill, a psychologist and executive director of Child Trends Inc., a Washington-based organization.

Mr. Zill said emotional and behavioral problems affect 10 million children and are more prevalent than asthma, dermatitis, heart murmurs, bronchitis, bone disorders and other chronic childhood maladies.

[illegible] factors are contributing to the increase in childhood psychological disorders, which are primarily affecting family functioning and children's chances in life, he said.

□ The most important involves family dynamics: that increasing number of children who experience their parents' divorce, are born outside marriage, or are raised in conflict-filled families or low-income, low-education, single-parent households, Mr. Zill said.

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The survey found that only one-quarter of the children with emotional or behavioral problems received special help in schools.

"At least 1 out of 4 of these problems could be avoided if we had more kids growing up in harmonious families or receiving some kind of treatment," he said.

Overall, white children had a higher rate of problems than either black or Hispanic children, but the lower rate in these two groups is probably due to underreporting, Mr. Zill said. Blacks and Hispanics made up about 20 percent of children in the survey.



INQUIRY BELIEF COMMUNITY

1842 - 1992

A view of campus, including Main Building I and the first Sacred Heart Church, circa 1856.



1880s

1880s
The Grounds Department, under Brother Philip Kunze, begins work on the arboretum in the University's main quadrangle.

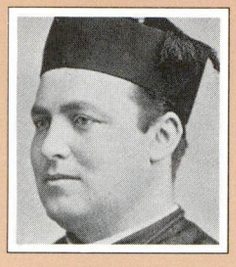
1881
Washington Hall is constructed.

Rev. Thomas Walsh, C.S.C., becomes the University's sixth president.

1882
St. Edward's Hall is opened as the University's grade school (today it serves as a men's dormitory).

1883
Science Hall (now LaFortune Student Center) is constructed.

The first annual Laetare Medal is awarded.



Rev. Thomas Walsh, C.S.C

1885
Notre Dame becomes the first American university to install electric lighting.

1886
The Golden Dome is gilded for the first time.

Holy Cross Hall is constructed as a seminary. It will be converted to a men's dormitory in 1967 and razed in 1990.



The Laetare Medal

1890s

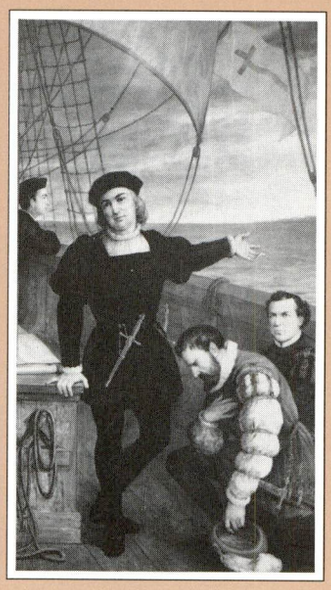
1887
Notre Dame plays its first football game against another university (Michigan).

1888-9
Sorin Hall–Catholic education's first residence hall with private rooms–is constructed. Father Sorin himself blesses the cornerstone.

1888
James Burns, future Notre Dame president, is graduated from the University's Manual Labor School as a painter.

1890
Luigi Gregori executes the 12 murals depicting the life of Christopher Columbus on the walls of the main hall of the Main Building.

1892
"Return of Columbus and Reception at Court," one of Gregori's Columbus murals, is used by the United States Post Office as the design for a stamp to commemorate the 400th anniversary of Columbus's first voyage.



Discovery of Land, one of the twelve murals done by Luigi Gregori.

1893
Father Sorin dies at the age of 79.

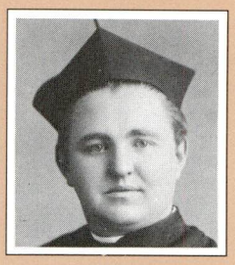
Notre Dame mathematician and aeronautical researcher, Dr. Albert Zahm, presents a paper titled "Stability of Aeroplanes and Flying Machines."

The Sacred Heart statue in front of the Main Building is dedicated.

The University sponsors its own exhibit at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

University President Walsh dies; Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., becomes the University's seventh president.

Corby Hall is built as a residence for teaching priests.

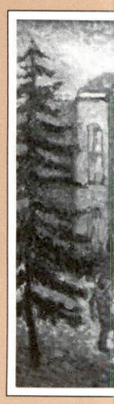


Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C

1896
Colonel John
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Father John
Notre Dame
writes that e
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of Lourdes is



Painting depic
experimentati

1920s

1920
Notre Dame tuition is $170; room and board is $404.

Theology courses are included in the University's formal curriculum.

University President Burns appoints a lay Board of Trustees to supervise fund-raising.

1921
Rev. John O'Hara, C.S.C., future University president, founds The Religious Bulletin.

1922
Rev. Bernard Lange, C.S.C., a dedicated body-builder, is acclaimed the fourth-strongest man in the world.

Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., becomes the

1923
Architect Frank Lloyd Wright visits Notre Dame; he apparently conceives a plan for the future development of the campus, but no copy of the plan survives.

Notre Dame students and local immigrant workers clash with the Ku Klux Klan in South Bend, resulting in the Klan being "run out of town."

1924
The University creates a Faculty Board of Athletics to oversee the academic progress of student athletes.

University President Walsh refuses to allow fraternities at Notre Dame (even Phi Beta Kappa).

1925
Notre Dame and the Four

1927
President Walsh approves the nickname "Fighting Irish" for the University's athletic teams.

1928
Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., becomes the University's eleventh president.

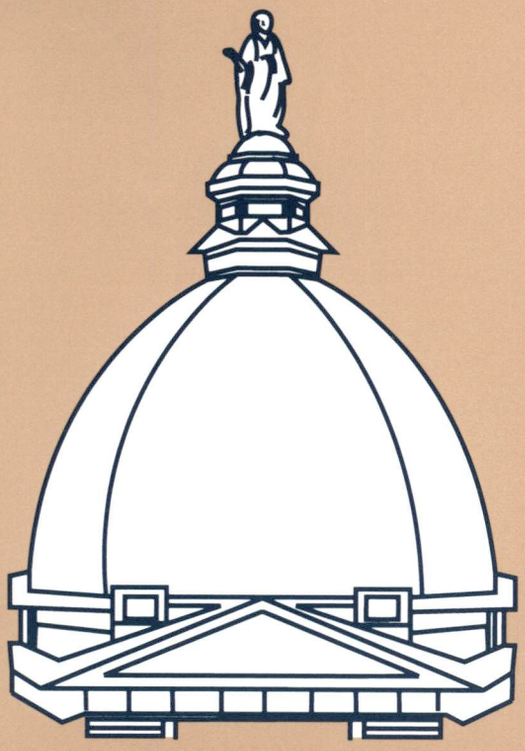
1929
The Notre Dame grade school is closed.

1930s

1931
Father Julius
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Notre Dame f
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killed in a pla

1932
Lay faculty m
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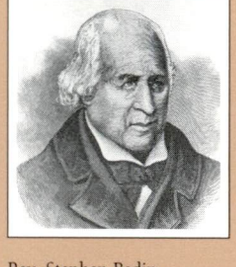


THE SESQUI

H I

1600s

1686
Father Claude Allouez founds the mission of Saint Mary of the Lakes on the shore of Saint Mary's Lake.



Rev. Stephen Badin

1830s

1832
Father Stephen Badin establishes his mission on the shore of Saint Mary's Lake, in the vicinity of the site of the present Log Chapel.

1838
The local Potawatomi Indians are forced from their land by the U.S. military. Father Petit accompanies the Indians on their forced journey to a reservation, but dies in Missouri at the age of 27. His remains now are interred in the Log Chapel.

1840s

1842
Holy Cross priest Father Edward Sorin and several brothers of the community, eventually known as the Holy Cross Brothers, arrive at the site of Badin's mission to found the University of Notre Dame du Lac.

(November 30) Father Sorin says his first Mass in the original Log Chapel.

Alexis Coquillard and Clement Reckers become the University's first students.

Father Sorin begins a tradition of giving packages of food to local Potawatomi Indians at Christmas.

1843
Sorin creates the Manual Labor School for boys 12 to 21.

The first Holy Cross sisters arrive at Notre Dame.

The University's first building, now called Old College, is constructed.

1844
The University of Notre Dame is officially chartered by the State of Indiana.

1846
The Notre Dame Band is founded.

1847
Father Sorin begins selling bricks made on campus from the marl of Saint Mary's Lake. The price is $3 a thousand.

1848
Construction begins on the University's first Sacred Heart Church, which is completed in 1852.

The University's program is divided for the first time between the classical course and the commercial course.

1849
The first real "Commencement" is held with two graduates.

1850s

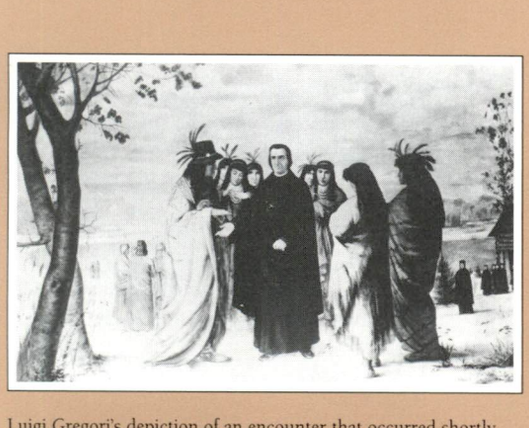
1850
Father Sorin a group of H brothers and California to the Gold Rus

1851
Notre Dame first Post Off ther Sorin is postmaster.

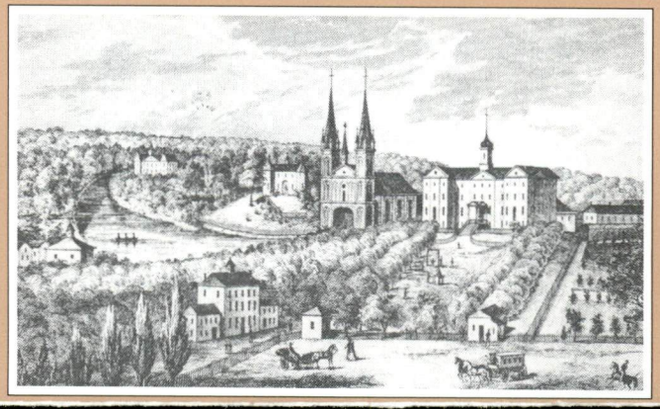
1856
The bell cari installed in t Sacred Heart Today it is p present Basil Sacred Heart oldest carillo America.



Rev. Edward



Luigi Gregori's depiction of an encounter that occurred shortly after the arrival of Father Sorin, circa 1883.



The University of Notre Dame, founded in 1842 by a priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross, is an independent, national Catholic research university located at Notre Dame, Indiana, adjacent to the city of South Bend and approximately 90 miles southeast of Chicago.

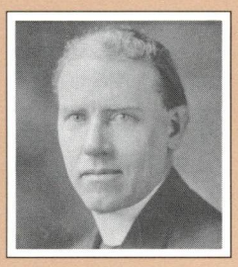
Admission to the University is highly competitive, with more than five applicants for each freshman class position. Eighty percent of incoming freshmen were in the top 10 percent of their high school graduating classes, and almost 40 percent ranked among the top five students in their classes.

Qualified minority students are actively sought by the University. Women, first admitted to undergraduate studies at Notre Dame in the fall of 1972, now account for more than a third of undergraduate and overall enrollment.

The University is organized into four undergraduate colleges—Arts and Letters, Science, Engineering, and Business Administration; two schools—the Law School and the Graduate School; five major research institutes; several centers and special programs; and the University Library system. Fall 1990 enrollment was 10,037 students.

One indicator of the quality of Notre Dame's undergraduate programs is the success of its students in postbaccalaureate studies. The medical school acceptance rate of the University's preprofessional studies graduates is 85 percent, twice the national average, and Notre Dame ranks 18th among private universities (first among Catholic universities) in the number of doctorates earned by its undergraduate alumni—a record compiled over almost 70 years.

University's tenth president.

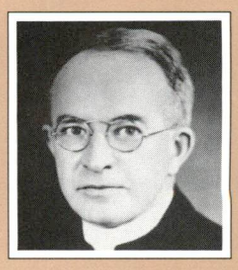


Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C

Sorin Hall is equipped with indoor plumbing.

The World War I Memorial Entrance—incorporating the motto "God, Country, Notre Dame"—is added to Sacred Heart Church.

Horsemen beat Stanford and Ernie Nevers in the only Rose Bowl appearance by the Irish.



Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C

The Graduate
officially estal

God Country Notre Dame

Motto inscribed above the World War I memorial entrance to Sacred Heart Basilica



The Four Horsemen



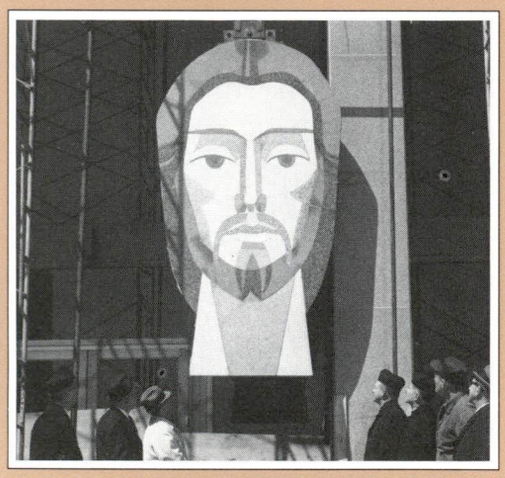
1960s

1961-3
The Memorial Library (now the Theodore M. Hesburgh Library) is constructed.

1963
Notre Dame's Radiation Research Building is completed. Funded by the U.S. Department of Energy, the Rad Lab annually attracts the world's largest university concentration of radiation chemists.

1964
The famous The Word of Life *mosaic is installed on the south facade of the Memorial Library. It is composed of 5,714 individual pieces.*

1965
Sister Suzanne Kelly, O.S.B., and Josephine Massyngbaerde Ford become the University's first tenured women faculty members.

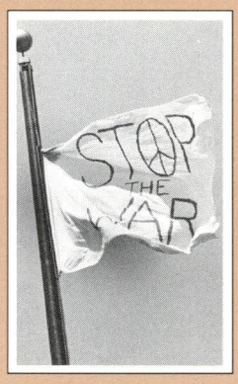


The Hesburgh Library's *The Word of Life* mosaic goes together piece by piece.

1970s

1967
Governance of Notre Dame is transferred from the Congregation of Holy Cross to a Board of Trustees composed predominantly of lay women and men.

1969
Father Hesburgh issues his "15-minute" rule for student demonstrators—if they refuse to cease and desist after that time, they will face arrest or expulsion.



A symbolic protest of campus antiwar dissent.

1970
The Burke Memorial Golf Course abandons a 40-year tradition by allowing women to play on the course.

1972
The first women undergraduates are enrolled at Notre Dame.

President Richard Nixon removes Father Hesburgh from the chairmanship of the Civil Rights Commission after Hesburgh criticizes Nixon's civil rights record.

1974
Francis J. "Frank" O'Malley, Notre Dame professor and campus institution, dies.

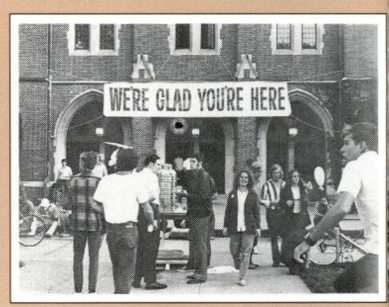
Notre Dame has its first woman valedictorian.

1980s

1980
The Snite Museum of Art is completed.

1982
Father Hesburgh enters the Guinness Book of World Records as the person with the most honorary college degrees.

1986
The Clarke Memorial Fountain is dedicated in memory of members of the Notre Dame community who died in World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War.

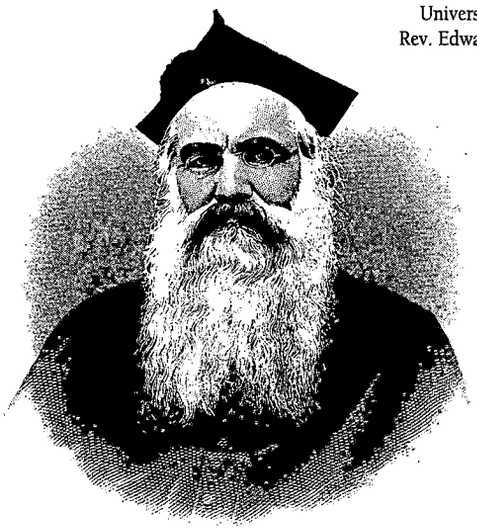


Beginning with the freshman class of 1972, the University began the first phase of coeducation.

1987
Rev. Edward
C.S.C., become
University's
president.

1988
President Ro
is guest of ho
dedication ce
the Knute Ro
stamp.

<u>Sources:</u> Notre Dame One Hundred Years *by Rev. Arthur J. Hope, C.S.C.*, The University of Notre Dame: A Portra



University founder,
Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C.

The University of Notre Dame: A Brief History

The University of Notre Dame was founded in late November 1842 by a priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Rev. Edward Sorin. His original land grant of several hundred acres was the site of an early mission to native Americans, but included only three small buildings in need of repair. The land had been purchased by Rev. Stephen Badin, the first Catholic priest ordained in the United States, and left in trust to the Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana, for anyone who would found a school on the site. Father Sorin and his companion Brothers of St. Joseph (later the Holy Cross Brothers) called the fledgling school, in their mother tongue, *L'Universite de Notre Dame du Lac.* The University was officially chartered by special act of the legislature of the State of Indiana on January 15, 1844. It is worthy of ecumenical note that a Methodist state senator, John B. De Frees, was responsible for this action and for the writing of the University's charter as a degree-granting institution.

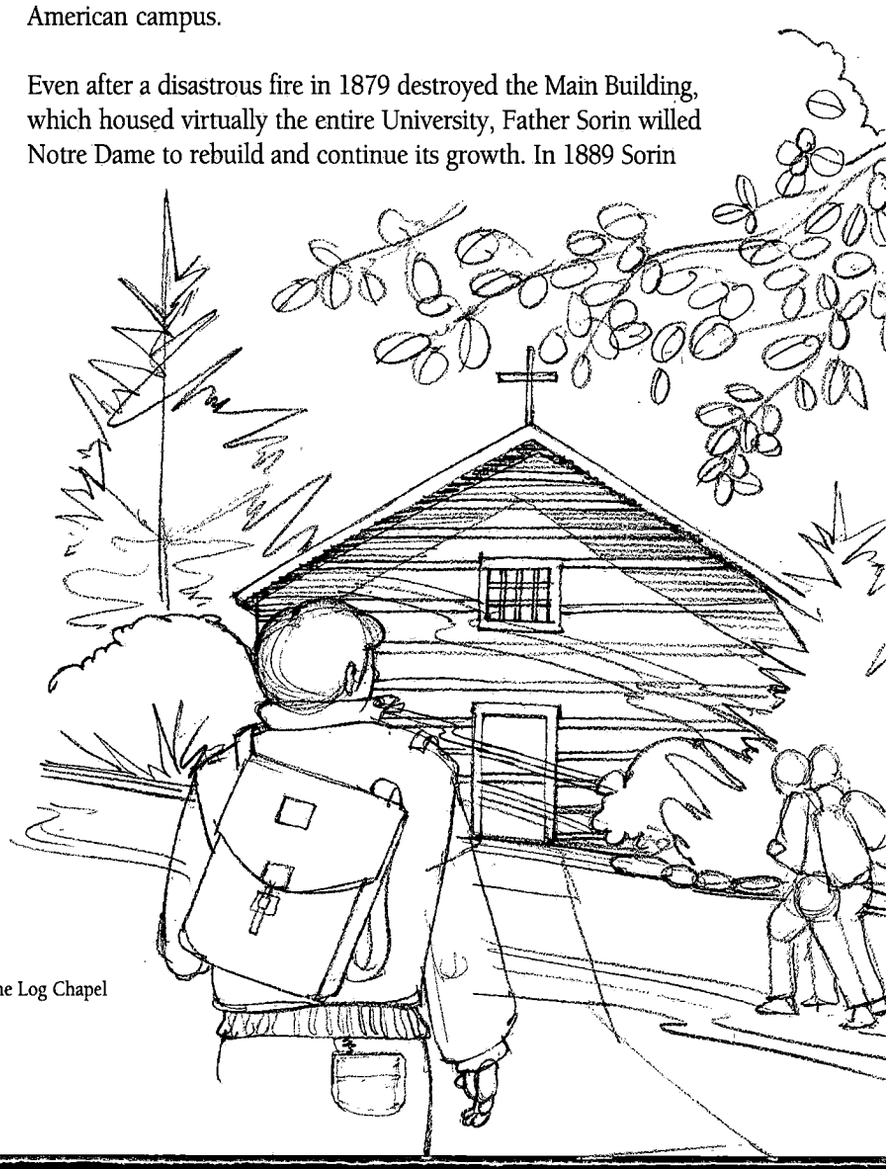
In fact, the early Notre Dame was a university in name only. It encompassed religious novitiates, preparatory and grade schools and a manual labor school, but its classical collegiate curriculum never attracted more than a dozen students a year in the early decades. Based on the *ratio studiorum* used by the Jesuits at St. Louis University, this curriculum included four years of humanities, poetry, rhetoric and philosophy, plus offerings in French, German, Spanish and Italian and various forms of music and drawing.

Despite these humble academic beginnings, however, Notre Dame from its founding enjoyed two significant advantages. First, its establishing coincided with the great opening of the Midwest by railroads and canals and with the great antebellum immigration, largely of Catholics, from Europe; "for most of the 1840s," historian Thomas Schlereth has written, "Notre Dame was the only Catholic college of consequence with access to such cities as Toledo, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and particularly the rapidly growing city of Chicago."

The University's second, and even greater, advantage was the character of its founder, Father Sorin, whose overarching vision of a great American Catholic university in the tradition of the great medieval universities has inspired Notre Dame's growth over its entire history.

Courses in physics and geology were added to the curriculum in 1863, and two years later the College of Science was established. In 1869 the University established the nation's first Catholic Law School, and in 1873 the first Catholic College of Engineering. Its architecture program also was the first in the U.S. under Catholic auspices, and its circulating library was the first on any American campus.

Even after a disastrous fire in 1879 destroyed the Main Building, which housed virtually the entire University, Father Sorin willed Notre Dame to rebuild and continue its growth. In 1889 Sorin



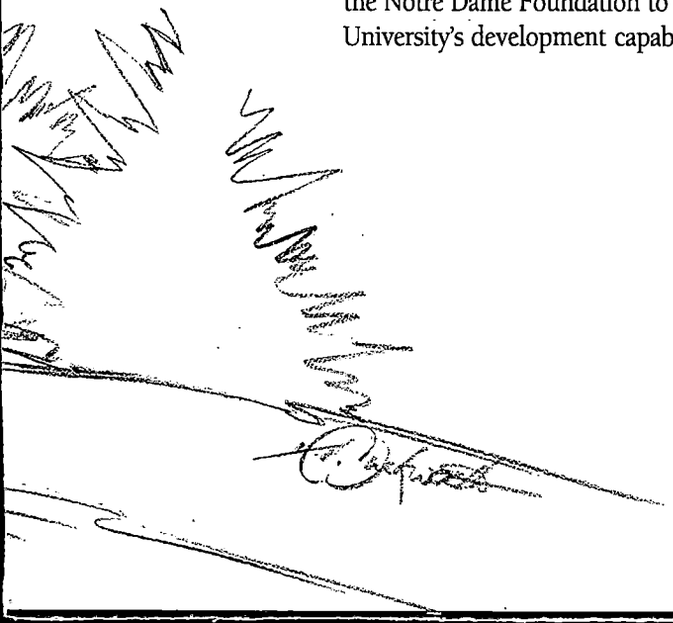
The Log Chapel

Hall became Catholic higher education's first student residence with private rooms. From that day to this, residentiality and the traditions that flow from it have remained central to student life at Notre Dame, with more than 80 percent of current undergraduates continuing to live on campus.

Sorin's death in 1893 brought to an end the founding era, but not the tradition of visionary leadership. Father John A. Zahm, C.S.C., a brilliant scholar who later accompanied former President Theodore Roosevelt on a South American expedition, became the builder of the science departments at Notre Dame and inspired the University's first flowerings in research. Zahm's brother, Albert, was among the earliest and most influential pioneers of the aerodynamics of flying machines, and Professor Jerome Green achieved the nation's first wireless transmission at Notre Dame. Later, Father Julius A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., a beneficiary of the advanced education encouraged by Father Zahm, earned lasting fame as the discoverer of the formula for synthetic rubber.

Father James A. Burns, C.S.C., Notre Dame's great theorist of education, revolutionized the University in the 1920s. In eliminating the preparatory school and dramatically upgrading the Law School, in establishing the University's first meager endowment and a board of lay advisors to oversee it, Burns made it clear that Notre Dame was committed to nothing less than preeminence in American Catholic higher education. Beginning in the 1930s the University was strengthened by an influx of distinguished European scholars fleeing the Nazis, and, drawing on their expertise, Father (later Cardinal) John A. O'Hara, C.S.C., significantly expanded the Graduate School to include programs in biology, physics, philosophy and mathematics.

Notre Dame's dramatic post-World War II flowering began under Father John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., who raised entrance requirements, increased faculty hiring and established the Notre Dame Foundation to expand the University's development capabilities.



The explosive growth of the University—both in size and in stature—gained national prominence during the 35-year tenure of Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., who himself became an internationally known figure for his work in education, the Church, human rights and world affairs. The Hesburgh era saw Notre Dame's enrollment, faculty and degrees awarded all double; its library volumes increase five-fold; its endowment rise from less than $10 million to more than $400 million; its physical facilities grow from 48 to 88 buildings; its faculty compensation increase ten-fold and its research funding, more than twenty-fold. Two defining moments in Notre Dame's history occurred at Hesburgh's direction: the transference of governance in 1967 from the Congregation of Holy Cross to a predominantly lay Board of Trustees and the admission of women to undergraduate studies in 1972.

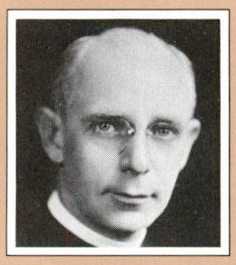


Under the leadership of Father Edward A. Malloy, C.S.C., since 1987, the University has continued to grow in stature. Endowed faculty positions now number more than 100, the student body has become one of the 20 most selective in the nation (39 percent of 1990 entering freshmen ranked among the top five students in their high school graduating classes), and the endowment, at more than $600 million, is the 16th largest in American higher education. The University's recently completed Strategic Moment fund-raising campaign was the most successful in the history of Catholic higher education, raising more than $463 million and underwriting a new round of campus expansion, including research laboratories, a massive classroom facility, a graduate student housing complex as well as new residence halls for undergraduate women, a college of business complex and a performing arts center. The campaign and subsequent development efforts also are responsible for a significant increase in graduate and undergraduate financial aid, which remains the University's top fund-raising priority.

Also during the Malloy years, Notre Dame's minority student population has more than doubled, the presence of women at all levels in the University—students, faculty, staff and officers—has expanded significantly, and a major effort in international outreach is under way.

Bringing to a close the celebration of the 150th anniversary of its founding, Notre Dame continues to transform the vision of its founder into reality.

School is
olished.



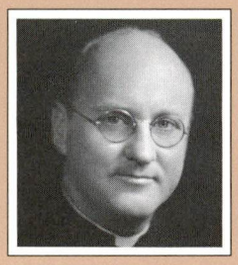
Rev. John O'Hara, C.S.C

officer's training at Notre Dame.

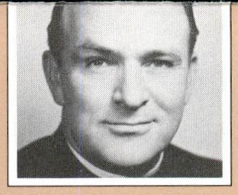
1942
The University of Notre Dame celebrates its Centennial; tuition is $330; room and board costs are $459.

1943
Martin J. Gillen bequeaths his 6,000-acre estate in far northern Wisconsin to be used as a boy's summer camp and a retreat for Holy Cross religious. The property ultimately will be the site of Notre Dame's Environmental Research Center.

A young Holy Cross priest named Hesburgh is made chaplain of "Vetville."



Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C

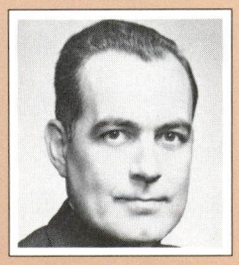


Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C

Civil Rights Commission.

Moreau Seminary is completed on the shore of Saint Joseph's Lake.

The convent of the Holy Cross Sisters closes, ending an era of service by the sisters to the Notre Dame campus. They are destined for a new role in the University wih the coming of coeducation in 1972.



Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, C.S.C





Ivan Mestrovic's *Descent from the Cross*

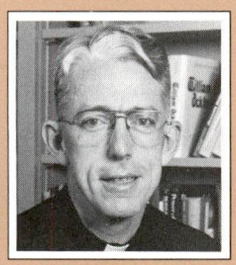
1990s

Malloy,
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1990
Sacred Heart Church is reopened after extensive renovations.

Sister Thea Bowman becomes the first African-American to be awarded the Laetare Medal.



Rev. Edward Malloy, C.S.C

1991
The Hesburgh Center for International Studies is dedicated. Mrs. Joan Kroc, widow of the McDonald's restaurant chain founder, underwrote its construction.

The postal service issues a postcard picturing the Main Building and commemorating the University's Sesquicentennial.

Father Malloy is elected to a second five-year term as president by the Board of Trustees.



Postcard commemorating Notre Dame's Sesquicentennial.



it of Its History and Campus *by Thomas J. Schlereth and the files of the Office of Public Relations and Information.*

The Graduate School, established in 1918, encompasses 36 master's and 23 doctoral degree programs in and among 33 University departments and institutes. While its graduate student body is small by comparison to many national research universities, Notre Dame nonetheless ranks among the nation's top 50 universities in the number of doctorates awarded annually.

The source of the University's academic strength is its faculty, which since 1982 has seen the addition of some 100 new members and the establishment of some 60 new endowed professorships. Notre Dame ranks fifth nationally among private universities in the number of National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) fellowships won by its faculty since 1985. The University has had 24 NEH faculty fellows during this time, a mark surpassed only by Columbia, Harvard and Princeton Universities with 31 each and the University of Chicago with 25.

At Notre Dame, education always has been linked to values, among them living in community and volunteering in community service. Residence hall life, shared by more than four of five undergraduates, is both the hallmark of the Notre Dame experience and the wellspring of the University's rich tradition. A younger tradition, the University's Center for Social Concerns, serves as a catalyst for student voluntarism. Two-thirds of Notre Dame students engage in some form of voluntary community service at some time during their years at the University, and about one in ten graduates devotes the year following commencement in service to the less fortunate.

With 1,250 acres containing two lakes and 98 buildings with an insured replacement value of more than a half billion dollars, Notre Dame is equally renowned for the quality of its physical plant and the beauty of its campus. The Basilica of the Sacred Heart, the 14-story Hesburgh Library with its 132-feet-high mural depicting Christ the Teacher, and the University's 110-year-old Main Building with its famed Golden Dome are among the most widely known university landmarks in the world.

NOTRE DAME

ICENTENNIAL

STORY

1860s

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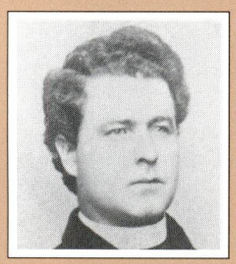
orin, C.S.C

1861-5
During the Civil War, the Notre Dame community sends seven priests to serve as chaplains and more than 80 Holy Cross sisters to serve as nurses for the Union Army.

1861-9
The University issues its own "money"–"University Bank" scrip in denominations of $1, $5, $10, $25 and $50.

1861
The University creates the Department of Commerce.

1863
The first physics and geology courses are taught at Notre Dame.



Rev. Patrick Dillon, C.S.C



1865
Construction begins on a second Main Building for the University. The plans include a dome topped by a statue of the Virgin Mary.

Father Sorin starts Ave Maria Press.

Rev. Patrick Dillon, C.S.C., succeeds Father Edward Sorin and becomes the University's second president.

The Notre Dame faculty consists of 34 professors.

The University creates the Department of Science and awards its first science degree.

1866
Rev. William Corby, C.S.C., becomes the University's third president.

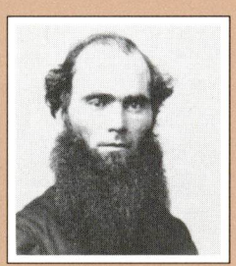
The University's observatory is established with a gift of a telescope from Napoleon III, Emperor of the French.

1868
The Notre Dame Alumni Association is formed.

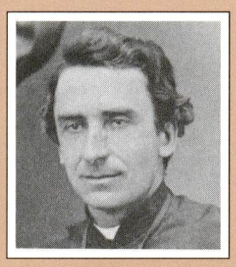
1869
The Notre Dame Law

1870s

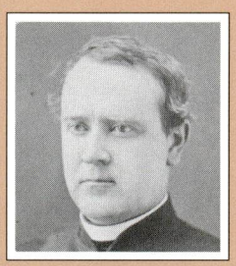
1867
The first issue of the Scholastic *is published.*



Rev. William Corby, C.S.C



Rev. Auguste Lemonnier, C.S.C



1870
Construction begins on the University's second Sacred Heart Church (now the Basilica of the Sacred Heart). It is consecrated in August 1888.

1871
Students for the first time are permitted to go home for the Christmas holidays.

1872
Rev. Auguste Lemonnier, C.S.C., becomes the University's fourth president.

1873
Lemonnier conceives and establishes a circulating library believed to be the first in American Catholic higher education.

Notre Dame establishes the first Engineering School at a Catholic university.

The stained glass windows are installed in Sacred Heart Church.



1874
Father Lemonnier dies; Rev. Patrick Colovin, C.S.C., becomes the University's fifth president.

Luigi Gregori, court painter to Pope Pius IX, arrives at Notre Dame to become the University's artist-in-residence (until 1891).

1875
The first Eucharist is celebrated in Sacred Heart Church.

1877
Rev. William Corby, C.S.C., served a second term as the University's president.

1879
(April) A fire destroys the University's Main Building, along with several other buildings. Shortly after the fire, work begins on the present Main Building. It is ready in time for fall classes.

Tuition, room, board and bedding, etc. is $125 per semester.



"University Bank" Scrip

School, first Catholic law school in the United States, opens.

Rev. Patrick Colovin, C.S.C



1900s

1910s

R. Fellows, ney of New ablishes the ip at Notre

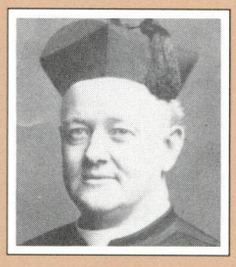
ahm, a professor, olutionary tholicism e.

Our Lady dedicated.

1898
A sample menu from the University kitchen includes such items as oxtail soup, veal, dumplings, rutabaga, split peas and grape pie.

John Shillington, a former Notre Dame student, is killed in the explosion of the battleship Maine *in Havana harbor. A memorial to Shillington stands outside Gate 8 of the Joyce Athletic and Convocation Center.*

1899
The first wireless message transmitted in the U.S. is achieved by Jerome Green, a Notre Dame professor and researcher.



Rev. John W. Cavanaugh, C.S.C

1904
Notre Dame alumnus, Frank Hering, calls for a national holiday in honor of mothers. The idea later evolves into Mother's Day.

William Butler Yeats visits Notre Dame.

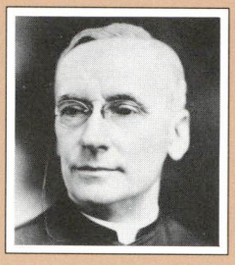
1905
Rev. John W. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., becomes the University's eighth president.

1906
The statue of Father Sorin is unveiled on the main quadrangle.

"The Notre Dame Victory March" is composed by two brothers, Michael and John Shea, both students.

1908
The student population passes 1,000 for the first time.

1909
Notre Dame scientist Rev. Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C., founds the magazine The American Midland Naturalist.



Rev. James Burns, C.S.C

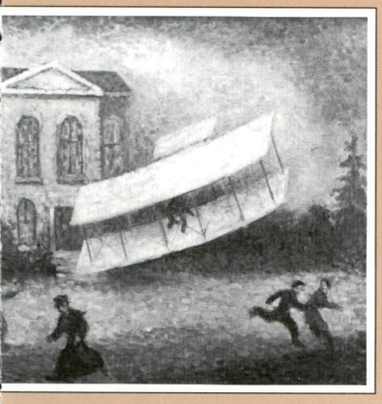
1911
A statue of Father William Corby administering absolution during the battle of Gettysburg is erected in front of Corby Hall; it replicates a statue on the battlefield in Pennsylvania.

1916
A mob of Notre Dame students burns a South Bend street car to protest the beating of two students by men allegedly employed for the purpose by the street car company.

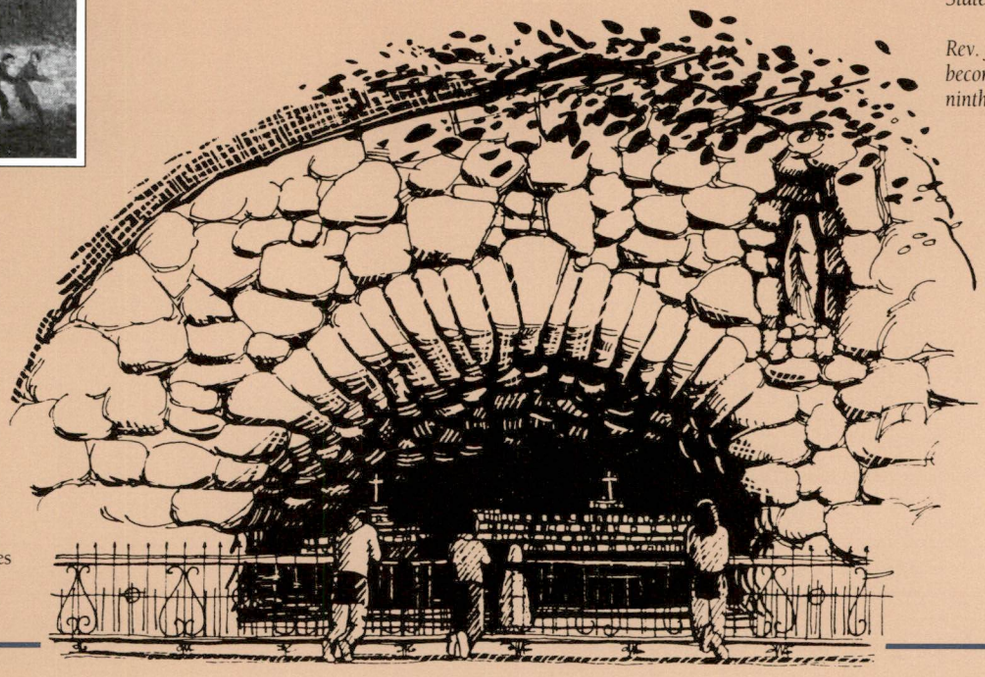
1917
The Manual Labor School is phased out.

1919
Eamon de Valera, first president of the Irish Free State, visits Notre Dame.

Rev. James Burns, C.S.C., becomes the University's ninth president.



ting Dr. Albert Zahm's first n with a man-carrying glider.



Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes

1940s

1950s

Nieuwland, priest and fessor, de- nula for er.

ootball Rockne, is ne crash.

embers out- us faculty

1934
Rev. John O'Hara, C.S.C., becomes the University's twelfth president.

1935
Franklin Roosevelt becomes the first U.S. president to visit Notre Dame while in office.

1939
Professor Waldemar Gurian begins publishing The Review of Politics.

1940
Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., becomes the University's thirteenth president.

The movie "Knute Rockne, All-American" is filmed on the campus and later is premiered in downtown South Bend.

1942-6
In this four-year period, 11,925 men complete

1946
Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., becomes the fourteenth president of the University.

The University purchases 39 prisoner-of-war barracks from the U.S. government to house the families of married veterans attending Notre Dame. This new campus housing is christened "Vetville."

1947
Notre Dame's Medieval Institute is founded.

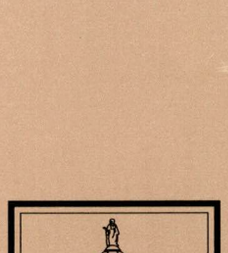
The Notre Dame Foundation is formed to serve as a fund-raising apparatus for the University. As a result, the University's first permanent endowment is established.



1952
Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, C.S.C., becomes the University's fifteenth president.

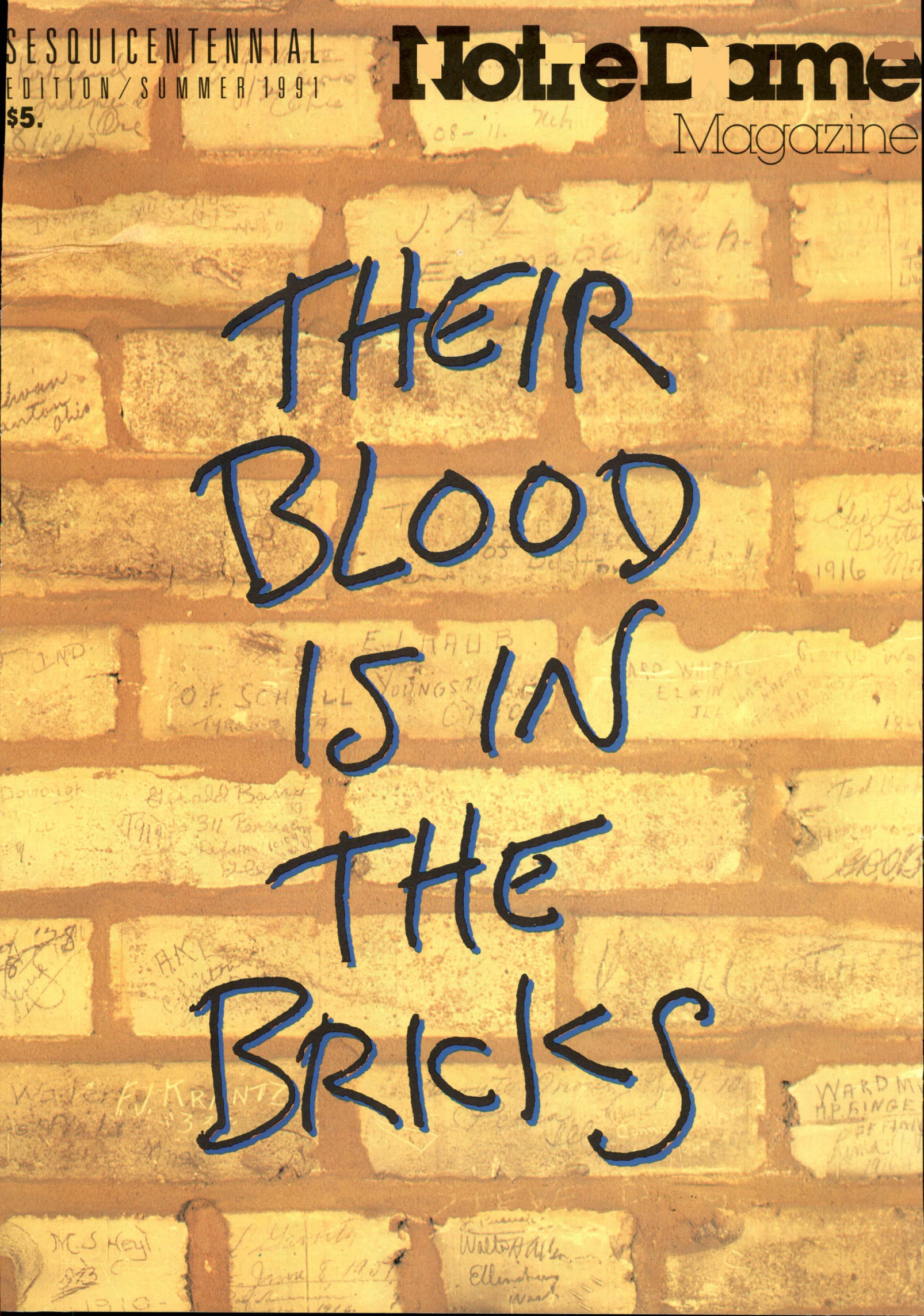
1955
Ivan Mestrovic's masterpiece, Descent from the Cross, *is installed in Sacred Heart Church.*

1958
Father Hesburgh becomes a member of the U.S.


150
1842-1992
SESQUICENTENNIAL

SESQUICENTENNIAL
EDITION/SUMMER 1991
$5.

Notre Dame Magazine



150 YEARS

Most readers won't need to be told that the words on the cover of this issue—"Their blood is in the bricks"—are those of Frank O'Malley, one of Notre Dame's legends. He apparently used a variant of the phrase for the first time when President John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., remarked to him one day that the deteriorating Main Building ought to be replaced. Perhaps thinking of the pioneers who built the campus with bricks formed from the marl of the lakes, O'Malley countered, "But there's blood on those bricks." Much repeated since then by many people, the words have come to apply to all the students and teachers, religious and laypeople who have been part of the place.

It seemed to us a fitting phrase for the cover of an issue that deals with 150 years of Notre Dame history. This is our major contribution to the sesquicentennial year that will open in September. So rich and varied are Notre Dame's history and lore that it has proved impossible to publish more than a small fraction of all that might be printed about the last 150 years, even in an oversized issue. We'll try to pick up some additional threads of history in coming issues.

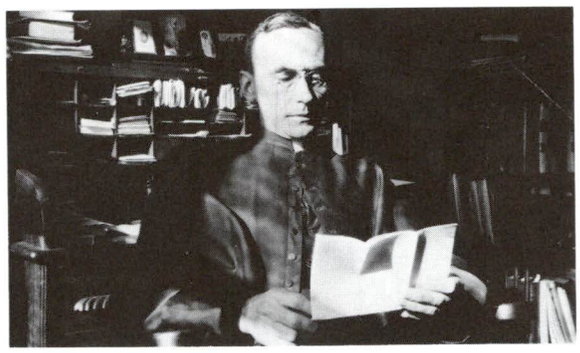
Given that conversation between Frank O'Malley and Father Cavanaugh, by the way, a certain irony of timing interrupted the assembly of this issue in April when the magazine staff had to be evicted temporarily from our offices on the fourth floor of the Main Building because the ancient ceiling-plaster over our heads was pulling away from the lath and falling in substantial chunks.

At its best, of course, history is stories. We offer here a few from all the stories people tell about Notre Dame. Some are relatively fresh; the more familiar ones we've tried to tell freshly. We hope some of your favorites are among them.

—Walton R. Collins '51

NotreDameMagazine

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A SAMPLER OF NOTRE DAME CORRESPONDENCE

Dispensation, Please

September 1, 1875
Rev. Dear Father Colovin,
I write to you for advice as I would ask from my spiritual director concerning my child. I wanted for years to send Matthew to Notre Dame for I think where our Holy Mother is honored so much must be really and truly a Catholic institution. About a year ago I was advised by a man *not* to send my son to Notre Dame. Now I want my boy to be a sincere practical Catholic *first*—not a *liberal Catholic*—I don't want him to yield one iota in doctrine or practice.

Mrs. W.F. Brown

Spoon Feed

September 6, 1875
Rev. P.F. Colovin,
My son Harry left this evening for Notre Dame to become a pupil of your college. I desire that he should take a commercial course, including German. He is, I regret to say, somewhat backward for a boy of his age and I trust the superior advantages of your school will benefit him greatly.

Thos. Jasper
P.S. I find Harry has forgotten his spoon, fork and cup which I will express to him tomorrow.

Three Jeers

November 12, 1889
Dear *Scholastic* Editor,
As an old boy, I have a right to grumble occasionally—although I think most of us, old boys, who grumbled at college look back at the dear place with the most affection. I know that I would give a great deal to be back at school again; to see John McGrath—he's a reverend now—writing his poems, or to hear George Clarke's rotund tones. But I want to grumble. The other day I heard the new college cheer. It's choppy; it's yawppy; it is like the "whiz boom" business of the average college cheers. For a rousing, individual, expressive cheer give me our own "Rah, rah, rah! Nostra Domina!" It was good enough for us, why isn't it good enough for the young ones? When my boy goes to Notre Dame I'd like to have him give the same yell his father gave, and I hope my grandson may follow his example.

Old Boy

Brain Surgery

August 26, 1893
Dear Brother Paul,
I enclose another letter received from Lonergan this morning. He seems to hold the college responsible for his boy's mental unsoundness. He forgets to consider that if the boy has a "Ferris Wheel" in his head, he received it from his parents. The college could not give him a new set of brains. I remember that boy well, and also his brothers. The only sound one in the family was the one that was accidentally drowned here a few years ago. Will you allow Lonergan to bulldoze you in that way?

J.S. Hummer

Loafers

January 14, 1922
Dear *Scholastic* Editor,
There are two types of individuals entering the gymnasium these wintry, unpleasant days; the one type goes there to use the gymnasium, the other merely to look on. There is a place for each. Those using either the apparatus room or the track should be dressed suitably in either tennis shoes for the former or tennis shoes or spikes for the latter. Those acting in the role of spectators will kindly remain in the gallery.

The gallery and the track hall are large enough and comfortable enough for all interested. Both places, the track and the apparatus room floor, are for exercise, not for loafing; besides loafers get in the way of those wishing to get the most out of college. You are requested to conform with these remarks for the benefit of others and yourself, incidentally.

B.H.B. Lange, C.S.C.
K.K. Rockne, Director

Morning Sickness

February 24, 1933
Dear *Scholastic* Editor,
A few of the fellows in our hall were having a discussion the other day, and we decided that to abolish 8 o'clock classes would be a great benefit to all the students, and would necessitate no great changes in the University routine.

To make up for the 8 o'clock classes, it would be quite simple to have general classes at 4:15 in the afternoon. No one would mind this.

The advantages of such a plan are innumerable. That well-known lethargy which features the 8 o'clock class would be gone; students would get plenty of sleep; professors are less inclined to irritableness at 9 than they are at 8; the cold, dreary trudge to the dining hall in the dead of night would be a thing of the past. Out of a group of students going cheery-eyed about their business when the sun is high in the heavens, a new Notre Dame would emerge.

L.G.B.

Penny-wise

October 3, 1947
Dear *Scholastic* Editor,
There are a few gripes about this campus
That make us want to raise a rampus.
But the thing that gripes us most intense
Is buying coffee for 7 cents.

Al Ogden Nash McNulty

Female Problem

November 14, 1947
Dear *Scholastic* Editor,
Since grade school days Notre Dame has been a sort of symbol to me. It has such high standards, as do all colleges, yet it seems Notre Dame lives up to her standards to a higher degree than do most other universities. The name Notre Dame alone means a great deal.

This summer I had the opportunity to see Notre Dame and it was an experience I shall never forget. The beautiful church, the great dome, and the grotto are scenes that will long be remembered.

In closing I would like to say my only real disappointment is that I was born a girl and cannot attend Notre Dame myself.

Dolores Nime
Akron, Ohio

When Father Edward Sorin arrived on the frozen banks of Saint Mary's Lake on a snowy autumn day in 1842, he had high hopes of establishing a mission, a brothers' novitiate and a college. The odds of failure were overwhelming.

Why, then, did Notre Dame succeed? What allowed it to flourish even though 80 percent of all the American colleges founded before the Civil War were to fail?

Here, in no particular order, are eight events that may be considered turning points in Notre Dame's history. They are not offered as the most significant turning points or the most famous. But they all proved important in making the University what it has become. Lacking any one of them, Notre Dame might be a far different place.

Or it might not exist at all.

TURNING POINTS

BY MARGARET FOSMOE '85

PLAGUES

The University acquires the Rush property, rather forcefully.

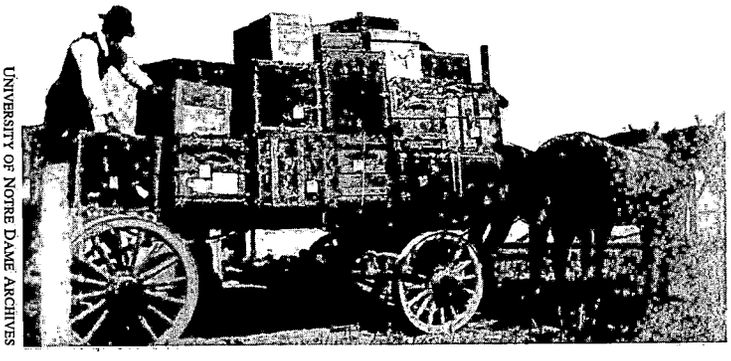
As a frontier school, Notre Dame was at the mercy of many natural hazards. Waves of cholera, malaria and typhoid fever that struck in the mid-19th century, for example, were devastating.

In 1846 and 1847, quite a few boarders went home with the fever. In 1848, summer vacation began a month early on account of the sickness. By 1854, more than 20 clerics and students had died, and many more were ill. Some parents refused to send their sons back to the campus. A few superstitious people said a curse was upon the school. Some outsiders speculated that the sickness had something to do with the Catholic religion.

In 1855, "18 members of the desolate family of Notre Dame du Lac had disappeared—almost one in five," wrote Sorin in his Chronicles. "Two only had not been attacked, and the survivors looked more like skeletons or walking corpses than living men."

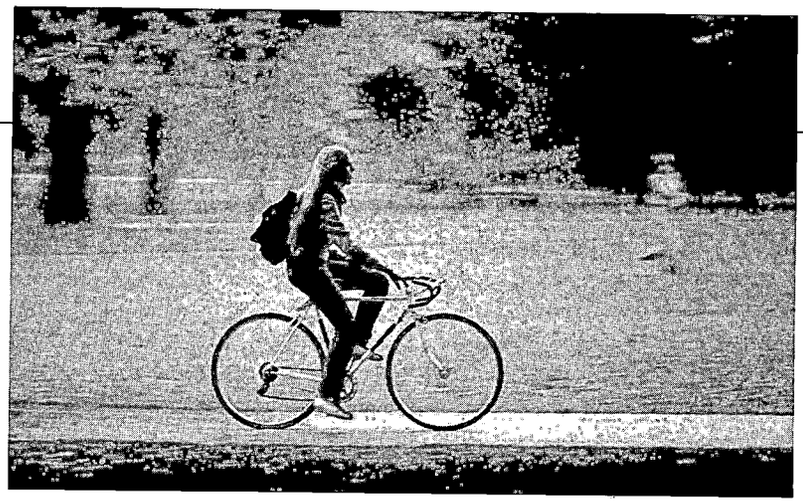
Seventy pupils were enrolled that year, and "an exact knowledge of the sanitary condition of the community would have sufficed to empty the college in 24 hours," the founder wrote; he noted that half of the deaths were not general knowledge because the sacraments were administered and burials were held at night.

continued on page 4



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

Margaret Fosmoe is an editorial page editor for The South Bend Tribune.



COEDS

On November 30, 1971, the University and Saint Mary's College suspend indefinitely plans to merge the two institutions and Notre Dame announces it will accept women undergraduates beginning in the 1972-73 academic year.

Women students had studied at Notre Dame since 1918, the year female religious were admitted to the summer advanced-studies program. Women were able to enroll in the graduate school from its beginning in 1932, and occasionally a laywoman had been allowed to study for her bachelor's degree. Essentially, though, the University named for the Mother of God remained a male bastion for 130 years. Following the social upheavals of the 1960s, that changed.

Unsuccessful attempts had been made in the early '60s to convince several Midwestern Catholic women's colleges, including Barat College in Lake Forest, Illinois, and Rosary College in River Forest, Illinois, to relocate to Notre Dame. Then University officials turned to their neighbors across the road at Saint Mary's College. In 1965 a Co-Exchange program was started: Notre Dame students could attend classes for credit at Saint Mary's and vice-versa. By 1970, a merger seemed likely.

Sister Alma Peter, C.S.C., acting president of Saint Mary's and that school's liaison for the merger plan, was made a vice president in the Notre Dame administrative table in anticipation of the merger. The merged institution was to have a single faculty and an extended campus, a common board of trustees, a single budget and common purchases. Women graduates would receive Notre Dame degrees with a notation that the degree had been granted through Saint Mary's College. There was even discussion of moving the Notre Dame Law School to the Saint Mary's campus. On May 14, 1971, trustees of Notre Dame and Saint Mary's ratified the recommendations of their executive committees for unification.

But the merger was not to be. In the end, the crucial issue became one of identity: In the joining of the institutions, it was obvious that the smaller of the two, Saint Mary's, had the most to lose.

There were other stumbling blocks as well. The Sisters of Holy Cross had already closed two of their colleges, Dunbarton in Washington, D.C., and Cardinal Cushing in Boston. Saint Mary's was the order's remaining college. On the other side of the highway, Notre Dame officials were pondering some serious financial negatives in the merger, which would have meant assuming Saint Mary's debt, the sisters' retirement costs and other obligations.

In November 1971, the two institutions called off the wedding. At the same time, Notre Dame officials announced a plan to admit a limited number of women undergraduates for the next academic year. The following fall, the first 325 female undergraduates—the majority of them transfer students—began classes at Notre Dame.

With co-education, Notre Dame was able to double its pool of applicants and thus raise admission standards even higher than they already were. The move upgraded the academic environment and improved the overall quality of student life. The ratio of women to men students gradually was decreased. By 1990, there were 11 women's residence halls on campus and women made up about 40 percent of the undergraduate student body.

"It was more a symbolic thing," Hesburgh later said. "It raised the quality of the students and of student life. The roughness that comes with an all-male campus is gone."

PLAGUES *continued*

Sorin was convinced that the marshy grounds around the two lakes provided a breeding ground for disease. Saint Mary's Lake drained, by means of a creek, into the Saint Joseph River to the west. As early as 1847 the University had attempted to buy the farm property along the stream from its owner, a man named Rush, who had built a dam on the creek. Rush was asking $9,000, a sum the University could not afford.

To everyone's surprise, in 1855 Rush of his own accord brought the price down to $8,000. But after the initial paperwork was drawn up, he suddenly left town; the assumption was that his offer was withdrawn.

Sorin promptly dispatched several workmen to destroy Rush's dam while the priest was celebrating the Holy Thursday Eucharist in memory of those who had died in the epidemic. Rush returned, apparently taken by surprise at Sorin's boldness, and closed the deal for the price that had been arranged. "There are occasions when, by adopting vigorous measures, the enemy is surprised and frightened," Sorin wrote, "and thus we elude his snares."

COPS VS. STUDENTS

The Law School celebrates its 100th anniversary in February 1969, the same weekend that a University-sanctioned pornography and censorship conference dissolves into violent confrontation between students and police.

That tug between traditional values and a rapidly changing society crystallized in the curious events of one weekend in February 1969. Actions resulting from that weekend soon would draw the eyes of the nation to Notre Dame.

Notre Dame's Law School was celebrating its 100th anniversary on Friday and Saturday, February 7 and 8. The principal speaker was U.S. Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan. Elsewhere on campus, students were participating in what was supposed to be a six-day, University-approved "Pornography and Censorship Conference." The event was to include discussion and visual demonstrations of pornography in the fields of photography, art, film and theater. The major guest speaker was poet Allen Ginsberg.

The art and film portions of the pornography conference were canceled Thursday night by Father Hesburgh after part of a film called *Flaming Creatures*, which had been banned from the conference, was shown to an overflow crowd



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

in the library auditorium. *Flaming Creatures* had been judged obscene by state courts in Michigan and New York; the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review the New York decision, thereby upholding it. Some believed showing the film was intended to embarrass Brennan during his visit.

As the law school events were getting underway Friday, the pornography conference came to an abrupt halt when county police raided Room 127 in Nieuwland Hall where 200 students had gathered to view another film banned by University officials. Police seized that film, which a Saint Mary's student attempted to hide under her dress. Two police officers and several students suffered minor injuries in the altercation that followed. The raid marked the first violent confrontation on campus between students and police in Notre Dame history.

The law school celebration concluded without interruption, many of its participants seemingly unaware of the tumultuous events occurring elsewhere on campus. In his keynote address, Justice Brennan urged that lawyers and the legal system take immediate action to assure freedom and equality for all.

A week later, Hesburgh issued his famous "Fifteen-Minute Rule." It was popularly viewed as the first time a university president took a firm stand against student rebellion. "Anyone or any group that substitutes force for rational persuasion, be it violent or non-violent, will be given 15 minutes of meditation to cease and desist," he wrote in a letter to students and faculty. "They will be told that they are, by their actions, going counter to the overwhelming conviction of this community as to what is proper here." The penalty was suspension.

The pronouncement captured national headlines. Letters poured in to the campus from around the country congratulating Hesburgh for drawing a clear line. He was invited everywhere to discuss the status of student-administrative relationships on campuses. He later said he regretted being portrayed as a "superhawk," with emphasis on the tough part of his letter but little about the portions that spoke of the legitimacy of protest.

President Richard Nixon tried to turn the Hesburgh edict into support for his own hard-line view of campus unrest, which included a yearning to send in federal troops. Hesburgh fired back a letter to Vice President Spiro Agnew, urging the White House not to overreact but to allow colleges and universities to impose order on themselves.

LOFTY GOALS

A vote by the Congregation of Holy Cross in 1958 allows Father Theodore M. Hesburgh to continue indefinitely as Notre Dame's president.

For years, the president of Notre Dame had also served as the superior of the Holy Cross religious who lived and worked there. Canon law limited the term of the president/superior to six years. Father Hesburgh, appointed in 1952, already had set lofty goals for the University by 1958, and the policy change gave him a chance to lead Notre Dame through its greatest period of academic, financial and physical growth. With the exception of Father Edward Sorin, no man has made a greater or more lasting impression on Notre Dame.

He is credited with transforming Notre Dame from a Midwestern Catholic men's institution known primarily for its football team into a co-educational university with an international academic reputation. "I would rather see Notre Dame die than be educationally inferior," he once said. "We will be the best or, please God, will cease to exist here."

During the Hesburgh years the annual operating budget grew from $9.7 million to $176.6 million, the endowment grew from $9 million to $350 million, and research funding grew from $750,000 to $15 million. The number of buildings on

continued on page 6

FIRE!

Father Edward Sorin's historic "If-it-were-ALL-gone" speech of April 27, 1879.

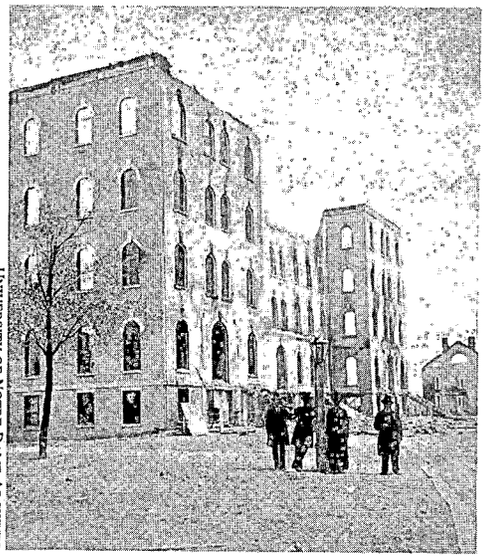
Many famous speeches have been given at Notre Dame, but they pall in comparison to the one made by Father Sorin in Sacred Heart Church after the Great Fire of 1879.

Sorin was in Montreal preparing to embark on his 35th trans-Atlantic voyage when he was called back to Notre Dame. He arrived to find the University—his work of 37 years—in charred ruins. Fire was the most common cause of colleges failing in the 19th century. In its early history, Notre Dame had experienced seven smaller blazes. The most serious occurred in 1849, destroying a two-story building that housed the orphans and apprentices, as well as the tailor shop, bakery, kitchens and stables.

None of those conflagrations could hold a candle to the Great Fire of 1879. On the morning of April 23, flames broke out on the roof of the Main Building. The entire six-story structure, which served as dormitory, school and refectory, was destroyed in three hours. Also ruined were four other buildings—the infirmary, music hall, minims' play hall and a home for elderly men.

At the age of 65, Sorin could have been forgiven if he had decided the fate of Notre Dame lay in the hands of younger men. Instead, he uttered the rallying cry for the University's rebirth. Professor Timothy Howard described the impact of his presence on the clergy and students:

"He walked around the ruins and those who followed were confounded by his attitude. Instead of bending, he stiffened. He signalled all of them to go into the church with him. I was then present when Father Sorin, after looking over the destruction of his life's work, stood at the altar steps and spoke to the community what I have always felt to be the most sublime words I have ever listened to. There was absolute faith, confidence, resolution in his very look and pose. 'If it were ALL gone, I should not give up!' were his words in closing. The effect was electric. It was the crowning moment of his life. A sad company had gone into the church that day. They were all simple Christian heroes as they came out. There was never more a shadow of a doubt as to the future of Notre Dame."



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

With help from friends in South Bend and around the nation, a new Main Building was erected in a marathon effort before the students' return in September. The building's dome and wings were added later.

LOFTY GOALS *continued*

campus doubled. The library collection grew from 250,000 volumes to 1.6 million, plus another million on microfilm. Faculty salaries rose from rock bottom into the top fifth of American universities.



Hesburgh himself became an international figure with an impressive record of public service. He held 14 presidential appointments over the years, and they involved him in virtually all the major social issues of the time, including civil rights (he was a member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission for 15 years), peaceful uses of atomic energy, campus unrest, amnesty for Vietnam War draft dodgers, Third World development and immigration reform.

At one point in his career, Hesburgh was rated by his peers as the most influential educator in the nation—and the third most influential religious leader. *The Nation* magazine called him "the most influential cleric in America, and the only possible rival to Dr. Billy Graham as preacher to the nation."

Two critical changes took place during the Hesburgh years. Under his guidance, the Congregation of Holy Cross in 1967 relinquished control of the University to a predominantly lay board of trustees; thus, this reformer of American Catholic education demonstrated how to create an independent, academically free Catholic university. In 1972, the University admitted women undergraduates.

President for 35 years, Hesburgh's retirement in 1987 ended the longest tenure among active chief executive officers of American institutions of higher learning.



GO FOR GOLD

In 1886, Sorin displays a bit of showmanship that will prove priceless.

After the Great Fire of 1879, Father Sorin announced that he wanted the new Main Building—like the former one—to be crowned with a dome bearing a figure of the Virgin Mary. The catch? He wanted the new dome gilded.

"If all men fail me, there is one treasure that is always full, that of our most holy lady," he said. "When this school should grow a bit more, I shall raise her aloft so that without asking, all men shall know why we have succeeded here. To that lovely lady, raised high on a dome, a golden dome, men may look and find the answer."

The University's officers and the Holy Cross Community Council balked at the extravagance. They proposed painting the dome instead of gilding it. The founder scoffed.

This incident illustrates one of Sorin's favorite practices—assuring success by drawing the attention of the public to his little school. Certainly, he had a bit of Barnum in him. Whenever finances were tight and creditors were anxious, Sorin managed to pull a trick out of his hat. He once purchased a splendid museum collection of stuffed wildlife from a doctor in Detroit; it drew a large crowd of nearby residents to the college on commencement day. In 1856, a carillon of 23 bells—reputed to be the largest carillon in America—arrived at Notre Dame. Sorin later would write, ". . . to preserve its existence in this country, a college needs to keep the attention of the public focused upon its work in order to secure pupils."

Sorin didn't give up on a golden dome. As superior-general of the Holy Cross Community, he had great power. In 1886 he named himself chairman of the council that earlier had refused to appropriate funds for the gold; then he boycotted the council's weekly meetings, which could not legally be convened without a chairman. The business of the University soon came to a halt. Eventually, President Thomas Walsh, C.S.C., gathered the council and collected enough votes to sanction the gilding. Sorin's wish for gold was granted.

The dome, which was to become the world's best known university symbol, was modeled after the one atop Saint Peter's Basilica in Rome. It supported a 19-foot, 4,000-pound cast-iron statue of the Blessed Mother. The first application of ultra-fine gold leaf cost $860. The gilding process has been repeated eight times, most recently in 1988 at a cost of $70,000 for the gold leaf and a total of $300,000 for the entire project.

As Sorin must have foreseen, the dome as a public relations tool has proved to be worth its weight—in gold.

ND AT WAR

Early 1942, the U.S. Navy establishes a Midshipmen's School on campus to train men for service in World War II.

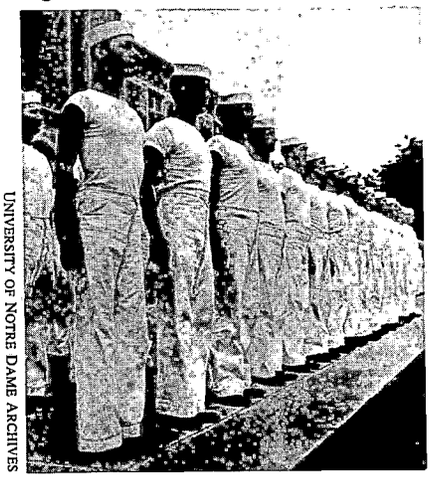
Notre Dame resembled a military fortress in the early 1940s, when 10 residence halls and most other campus facilities were occupied by U.S. Naval programs. The number of civilian undergraduates on campus dwindled to 250.

Notre Dame had contributed to earlier war efforts: During World War I, a Student's Army Training Corps was established to provide students with military training while they attended college. During the Civil War, Notre Dame sent seven priests as war chaplains and provided schooling for the children of General William T. Sherman.

The World War II involvement began in September 1941, when the Navy established a unit of the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps at Notre Dame. Students who passed required testing could remain in school and complete their degrees in the usual four years. Also launched was a Civilian Pilots' Training Corps and adult classes for defense workers.

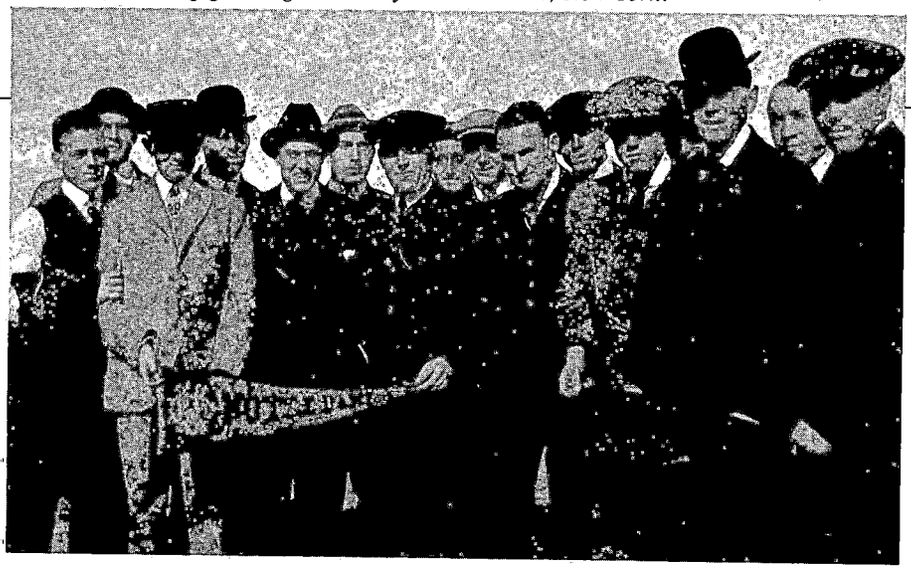
The Naval V-7 Program, also known as the Midshipmen's School, started early the next year. Most of the "students" had already graduated from other colleges. There were two groups: The first were trained

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UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

The 1913 football team, with team captain Knute Rockne, second from right, on its way to a big game against Army at West Point, New York.



COURTESY OF FRANCIS J. FEENEY JR.

CHEER, CHEER

The November 1, 1913, football victory over West Point.

Although a lot of academics prefer not to admit it, it was Notre Dame's football team that first earned the University national fame. The team's first game against Army in 1913 was significant for two reasons—it marked the first outstanding use of the forward pass and the unveiling of Notre Dame on the national scene.

Turned down for admission to the Midwest's "Big Nine" conference, Notre Dame was forced to travel to the East and Far West for football games. In terms of both athletics and academics, the University remained relatively obscure outside of Catholic circles.

The forward pass had been used elsewhere, but the Eastern teams either hadn't noticed or chose to ignore it. Knute Rockne, a Notre Dame senior and team captain in 1913, had perfected the play on the beach at Cedar Point on Lake Erie during summer vacation. In the first three games before meeting Army, Notre Dame piled up a cumulative score of 69-7. All that was credited to the pass, a play that would revolutionize the sport and usher in the "Golden Age" of collegiate football in the 1920s.

But Notre Dame's 35-13 win over Army was nonetheless an upset. ND completed 14 of 17 passes as left end Rockne and quarterback Gus Dorais kept up a steady stream of aerials. Rockne scored two of the team's four touchdowns. The victory earned Notre Dame tremendous publicity in Eastern newspapers.

"Although we were not the first to use the forward pass, it can be truthfully said that we were one of the first to learn how it should be used," Rockne wrote later in his autobiography. "The press and the football public hailed this new game, and Notre Dame received credit as the originators of a style of play that we had simply systemized."

The 1913 season was significant for other reasons as well. For one, it was the first year that Notre Dame did not lose money on its athletic program; indeed, the team enjoyed such popularity that it suddenly was being sought after as an opponent. Football also helped provide the financial means for the University to expand its physical plant and academic programs. From $235 in 1919, the annual football season profits climbed to $529,420 in 1929.

The 1913 season also was important for Rockne personally; he was asked to stay on after graduating *magna cum laude* in pharmacy. He taught chemistry and served as assistant football coach under Jess Harper until 1918, when he moved up to head coach and athletic director.

For many Americans, Knute Rockne personified Notre Dame. His immigrant background, driving personality and immense coaching talent made him a national celebrity—and arguably Notre Dame's most durable legend.

ND AT WAR *continued*

over four months as deck officers; others trained for two months in preparation for special assignments. In 1943, Naval trainees known as V-12s flocked to the campus; these were men who had already served and were back in the States to take special training.

Nearly all the campus residence halls became Navy barracks, and the few civilian undergraduates were relegated to Sorin and Saint Edward's halls. The dining hall became a military mess hall. Straight military lines of ROTC students and Midshipmen in drill formation often covered the length of the South Quadrangle. "All the way from the Biology Building to the Rockne Memorial, the campus resounded with shrill commands, marching feet, and military music," wrote Rev. Arthur Hope, C.S.C.

The exact number of military men trained at Notre Dame was never released by the Pentagon. But Father Thomas McAvoy, the former University archivist, estimated that 11,925 men completed officer training on campus between 1942 and 1946.

The war years permanently changed Notre Dame. It would never again be quite the isolated male cloister that it was before. Family-style meals in the dining hall were replaced with speedy, informal cafeteria lines. Laywomen appeared on campus for the first time, taking part-time jobs that previously had been handled by undergraduates.

More changes came after the war when Notre Dame was crowded with applicants eager to take up Uncle Sam's offer of a free college education in exchange for their war service. Many of these GI-Bill students arrived with wives and babies, and a special housing complex was built for them on the northeast edge of the campus, near where Hesburgh Library now stands. The government provided 39 former prisoner-of-war barracks as living quarters, while Notre Dame cleared the land and installed water and sewage lines.

"Vetville" had its own government, elected its own mayor and even had its own newspaper. By the mid-1960s, some babies born at Vetville were returning to the University as freshmen.

THINK OF THEM as the good, the off-beat and the forgotten. Not everyone can be a Sorin, Rockne or Hesburgh; not everyone would want to be. But those whose names shine brightest in Notre Dame's history are not the whole story of the University. Others, such as the student thug who hit a professor but whom Sorin wouldn't expel until his tuition bill was paid, or the Holy Cross brothers and sisters who were known by such informal job titles as Sister Pie or the Brother in the Shoe Store, are no less part of the rich history of the place.

Here, briefly sketched, are a few of the not-so-well-known. History may view the marks they left as faint, but without those marks the Notre Dame story would be a lot less colorful.

UNSUNG HEROES

BY CAROL SCHAAL '91

NOTRE DAME'S FIRST GRADUATE COULDN'T STAND A HUMMING ROOMMATE.

REV. NEAL H. GILLESPIE, C.S.C. (1832-1874)

NEAL GILLESPIE almost wasn't the first student to receive a degree from Notre Dame. The summer before he was due to graduate, he went straight to the top—Father Sorin himself—and hinted in a letter that he wouldn't return unless he was given a room by himself. He complained that his previous roommate would sometimes hum, a habit that put poor Gillespie "out of patience."

Return he did, and in 1849 he and Richard Shortis received the first bachelor's degrees awarded by Notre Dame. Gillespie entered the novitiate in 1851 but again made his return to Notre Dame contingent upon accommodations. "The only thing that gives me uneasiness is that I am not certain of getting a room," he wrote Sorin in 1850.

As was often true of Holy Cross priests in the mid-1800s, Father Gillespie filled many roles at Notre Dame. He was at one time or another a math teacher, the director of studies, the University's vice president and the editor of *Ave Maria* and of *The Scholastic*; when a group of graduates formed an alumni association in 1868, he became its first president. In his spare time he led a debating society, historical society, thespian society, philomathean society and the Sodality of Holy Angels for younger students. And he turned out a history of Notre Dame for its Silver Jubilee.



HISTORICAL PHOTOS / UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

Gillespie was so modest he often wouldn't print his name in the publications he edited. Once when he was ill and students put a "get well" personal in *The Scholastic*, he was distressed at the publicity. He took criticism humbly: When Father Sorin was away on one of his many overseas trips, he wrote Gillespie a letter chiding him for "smoking, light-reading and late hours." Gentle as ever, Gillespie wrote back to say he'd viewed Father Sorin's note as a "good kind pastoral letter," and proudly announced that he'd cut back on his "light-reading."

Sometimes it's not just what you know but who you know that can bring about change, and Father Gillespie was well-connected. His sister, Eliza, stopped by Notre Dame on her way to a novitiate in Chicago and so impressed Father Sorin that he convinced her to join the Holy Cross sisters instead. Eliza eventually became Mother Angela and is credited with putting Saint Mary's College firmly on its feet.

Both Gillespies lived with their vows of poverty, but their indigence so upset their mother that she convinced her second husband to donate some money to the University. In 1855, William T. Phelan deeded to Father Sorin the rights to his considerable holdings in Ohio—a gift that gave both Notre Dame and Saint Mary's much-needed financial stability.

Gillespie was an American through and through, and even trips to Rome and France didn't captivate him as did the Indiana home of his alma mater. When in France, he wrote Sorin that he liked it as a place to visit: ". . . but to live here? No! No! Give me the United States—give me Dear Old Notre Dame du Lac."

Carol Schaal is an associate editor of this magazine.

FOR A HOOSIER, THE NAME OF THE GAME IS BASKETBALL.

FRITZ HOEFER '72

HIS CLASSMATES made fun of "Hoosier Hysteria," the excitement that grips Indiana during the state's annual high school basketball tournament. But for Frederick Hoefer, who grew up in Wabash, Indiana, basketball was an abiding passion. "That's one reason I started Bookstore Basketball," he says, "because I was a Hoosier."

He freely admits to a second reason: He and his club team wanted another chance to play in a basketball tournament. Playing on the inter-hall Morrissey team didn't satisfy Hoefer's desire to play the game; he also was a member of the "Cape Cod, Toledo, Kankakee Club"—a tongue-in-cheek geographical campus club started by some decent basketball players so they could enter club sports. "We put together a bunch of ringers," he confesses.

In 1971 Hoefer was involved in An Tostal planning and pushed the idea of the Bookstore Basketball games. He



credits Vince Meconi '75, who was the first BB commissioner, with making the tournament take off. Ironically, Hoefer never got to play in a Bookstore game while a student. During an interhall basketball tournament a football player fell on him, and Hoefer spent Bookstore time on crutches. He did finally play in a celebrity Bookstore game 10 years later. "I think I got *a* basket," he laughs.

Although the first tournament was eclipsed by a kissing marathon held on the south quad, things have changed. Now more than 700 teams enter the outdoor rain-or-shine event, and contestants vie as much for "most amusing team name" as they do for victory in the 21-basket contests. "Five Guys Who Aren't Afraid to Wear Tutus While Playing Basketball" or "Five PW Girls Who Like to Play with Boys" are among the more printable of the clever names.

The continuing popularity of Bookstore Basketball still amazes Hoefer, who is now a vice president with Beiersdorf, Inc., in Norwalk, Connecticut. But his own playing days are over: A knee injury suffered while skiing a few years ago resulted in doctor's orders to give up basketball.

"Now I swim and ride a bike—boring stuff," he says.

AS A LARK, THE SHEA BROTHERS WROTE A SONG. IT BECAME VERY POPULAR.

JOHN F. SHEA '06 (1882-1965)
REV. MICHAEL SHEA '04, '05 (1884-1940)



John *Michael*

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

EVEN AFTER it became wildly popular, Michael still insisted the song he and brother John had played around with in 1908 wasn't much to cheer about musically. In fact, the Shea brothers called it an "amateurish" effort. Everyone else calls it the Notre Dame *Victory March*.

But Michael, who wrote the music, had pretty high standards: After he became a priest in 1912 he studied music in Rome and played the organ in Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York. For 24 years he directed choral work and taught ecclesiastical chants at Saint Joseph's Seminary in New York.

Lyric-writer John was the sometimes goofy one: He once suggested starting a "United Anti-Bonnet Association" so men could spend money on cigars rather than on bonnets for their wives. The writer of silly poems was a hard-driving individual, however: He won kudos for his prowess as a shortstop, was president of his senior class, and was instrumental in starting Notre Dame's yearbook, *The Dome*. He also had a good sense of his future. A yearbook prediction, probably written by John himself, said he'd be a senator from Massachusetts—and he was, sort of. Though he never made it to Congress, he was elected to Massachusetts' state legislature in the early 1920s.

The Sheas' loyalty to Notre Dame continued through both their lives, but the true sense of their love for the place became most apparent when Michael died. A year or so before his death, he had asked to be buried in the community cemetery with the C.S.C. priests. Although Father Michael was not a member of the congregation, the Holy Cross provincial granted his wish. When he died, his body was brought by train from New York for the burial—and his casket was draped with a Notre Dame monogram blanket.

WAITING TO DIE, THE THEOLOGY PROFESSOR FOUND, IS PRETTY BORING.

JOSEPHINE MASSYNGBAERDE FORD

AS THE FIRST WOMAN to read a paper at a meeting of the Catholic Biblical Association, she had the temerity to wear a sleeveless dress. One newspaper criticized her otherwise modest garb, asking: How can a woman theologian show her bare arms?

British-born Josephine Massyngbaerde Ford, a theology professor at Notre Dame since 1965, is one of the school's trail-blazing women. The territory she mapped was not easy to conquer, and the "firsts" she holds tell the tale: first laywoman professor at Notre Dame, first woman to receive tenure—and the first woman to file a sex discrimination suit against the University.

Ford filed the lawsuit in 1978, arguing that men with lesser qualifications than herself were being promoted. That indeed was the case, she says today, but adds that the treatment was not malicious: "They were so used to a double standard," she says of the decision-makers at the time.

Her suit became part of a class-action suit which was settled out of court in 1981. Ford reached a separate settlement, was promoted to the rank of professor and received some past compensation. She prefers not to discuss it, however. "I don't think it helps to bring up something negative that has been corrected," she says.

These days the frail-looking woman—who refuses to divulge her age because, as she once typed on a form asking date of birth, "English ladies do not disclose"—lives in a house with no central heating and makes all her own bread. She also owns two horses, rides daily and is training her Arabian in dressage. "I want people to think of me as strong," she says.

Strength is no small issue with her, and for good reason. The child who grew up in Sherwood Forest eventually decided to become a nun, entered an order dedicated to nursing and became a registered nurse and midwife. When she contracted tuberculosis, doctors recommended that she leave the order since she couldn't keep up with its demands. Her next choice was teaching, and she went back to school and eventually earned a doctorate. From 1963 to '65, she taught in the department of religious studies at Makerere University College in Uganda—until "they ran out of money to pay my salary," she says.

ED BALLOTTS



Notre Dame hired her out of Africa without even requiring an interview, and she and Suzanne Kelly, O.S.B., officially became the first female members of Notre Dame's faculty. But Ford's health problems were far from over. In the early 1970s doctors told her to prepare for dying because complications of tuberculosis and a connective-tissue disease were draining her vitality. "I was never afraid," she says; "I was bored." She is still very much alive: She walks and rides her horses and teaches and participates in church activities and writes scholarly books and travels and is studying Spanish and mows the lawn and. . . .

About the only thing Ford has given up is walking her dog Kester, a Malamute that weighs more than she does, around the lakes on campus. Allowing oneself to be dragged behind an oversized dog in public view is not something an English lady does.

GRUFF BROTHER HUGH KEPT DRIFTERS' HANDS BUSY AND STOMACHS FULL.

BROTHER HUGH CLARK (1861-1928)

WHEN NOTRE DAME helped launch a Center for the Homeless in South Bend a couple years ago, few realized the University was following in the steps of Brother Hugh Clark, C.S.C., who beat them to the punch by a century.

Not that he was handing out a free lunch in those days, however; the "hobos" and "tramps" he took in had to do campus maintenance work in return for food and shelter. Though reports vary, the drifters apparently first were sheltered in an old horse stable. Later they were fed and lodged in the upstairs of the communal privy.

Along with being a patron of the down-and-out, the rather blunt Brother Hugh was for years one of the prefects of Brownson Hall. His given task was to impose discipline, but Brother Hugh also attended to the Brownsonites' recreational diversions. The students were particularly captivated by his "box ball bowling-alley," a 40-foot long Hugh-built contraption that featured a tilted floor so the ball would roll back to the player.

"Prefects don't resign, they die," Brother Hugh told a newspaper reporter in 1915 when rheumatism forced him to give up most of his Notre Dame duties. Brother Hugh proceeded to ignore his own aphorism, and for the next dozen years he lent his skills to the University's Saint Joseph's Farm, an enterprise still run by the Holy Cross brothers.



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

KNOWING WHEN TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT WAS NEVER THIS PRINTER'S STRONG POINT.

JOHN D. DEFREES (1810-1882)

THANKS TO A LITTLE HELP from a Protestant friend, just about the only worry Father Sorin didn't have while he struggled to start a college was government red tape. Although some of the locals were a bit unhappy about all those Catholics nearby, John D. Defrees, a senator in the Indiana legislature in the 1840s, volunteered to obtain for Sorin the state charter that officially made Notre Dame a university. Awarded in 1844, it carried one major stipulation: Students should be given the same education "as is customary in other universities in the United States."

The man who performed this crucial service to the fledgling school lived a colorful life. Defrees was never a man to mind his own business. In 1832, for example, he made fun in his South Bend newspaper of a battalion of Indiana soldiers who'd headed west to fight Indians—and never got anywhere near the conflict. Defrees apparently didn't anticipate that the soldiers would see the articles. He was wrong. When the insulted soldiers marched back through South Bend, a few of them grabbed Defrees, beat him up and threatened to throw his printing press into the river. It took some gun-toting friends to save him, but Defrees never backed down. He insisted he was within his editorial rights to lambast the dallying group he'd christened the "holiday battalion."

Apparently Defrees learned nothing about diplomatic silence from that incident. Appointed a U.S. government printer by President Lincoln in 1861, he managed a few years later to enrage Andrew Johnson, who fired him. Friends in congress got the job back for him within a month by making it a senate office, but Defrees was fired again when he opposed Ulysses Grant.

The man would not be kept down. When Rutherford Hayes became president in 1877—eight years after Defrees had been fired for the second time—the Indiana Whig-turned-Republican again was named government printer, a post he held until shortly before he died.

THE LITTLE PRINCES FEARED THEIR IRISH PRINCIPAL . . . AND LOVED HER.

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS (1845-1916)



SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS ARCHIVES

NO CAMPUS BUILDINGS are named after Sister M. Aloysius; no statue or plaque takes note of her 43 years at Notre Dame. Like the many dozens of nuns who cared for orphans in the Manual Labor School or taught in the grade school or labored as cooks, launderers, tailors, nurses and general housekeepers for the men of Notre Dame, Sister Aloysius has entered the shadowland of almost-forgotten female pioneers.

And a pioneer she was. An Irish lass named Honora Mulcaire who took final vows in 1875, Sister Aloysius rose high in the administrative structure of Father's Sorin's multi-layered educational endeavors. For more than 40 years, she was in charge of the minims—the name given to the elementary school students at Notre Dame. That school existed from 1862 to 1929, and its "little princes" were favorites of Father Sorin.

By far her most famous student was Ben B. Lindsay, who later founded the juvenile court movement. When Sister Aloysius died, Judge Lindsay sent condolences to Notre Dame and passed along a compliment to warm a teacher's heart: Sister Aloysius, he wrote, "seemed to have discovered whatever small talents I had, and really opened the way for their development into any service that I may have helped to render in this world."

What Sister Aloysius did day in and day out, what she thought about what she did, how much authority she had and how she accepted her role is a story told in no history books. The few letters and anecdotes that do survive indicate both that she was quite willing to speak her mind—though well-loved, she was some-



times referred to as a tyrant—and that she had a light-hearted bent. In a note to Father Sorin, who was traveling at the time, the sister gave him a playful warning about the effect his absence would have on the "little princes" under her charge: "If you stay away any longer than the six weeks, the minims will become heretics—no confession and no invitation written on the blackboard to remind them."

When Sister Aloysius died of pneumonia in a harsh January 1916 winter, an obituary in the *The Scholastic* read, "Just as Father Sorin and Father Walsh and Father Granger and Father Corby stand large and apart, so too, Sister Aloysius will hold her own chosen place in the gallery of Notre Dame's great ones forever and ever." The sentiment is as touching as it is ironic.

ONE GREGARIOUS BACHELOR DON HAD A SECRET.

CHARLIE PHILLIPS (1880-1933)

MOST NOTRE DAME HISTORIES unquestioningly list Charlie Phillips among the bachelor dons—the affectionate sobriquet given those unmarried professors who lived in campus residence halls and were teachers, mentors, boon companions and confidantes to students. Charlie Phillips was a typical bachelor don, but with one definite difference—he was married. The story, however, is more sad than scandalous.

Students adored Phillips and lovingly dedicated the 1928 *Dome* to him. He taught world literature, Dante and playwriting from 1924 until he died of pneumonia in December of 1933. He had the gift of being able to tear apart a student's composition while assuring him the writing showed infinite promise. Phillips was so entertaining that students didn't complain about his classes being all lecture; deafness made it difficult for him to engage in classroom discussion.

Phillips was a speaker in demand in South Bend. He once gave a talk to the Knights of Columbus that he titled "The Comet's Tail," then told the crowd he'd never seen a comet and was unaware of the habits of its tail. With the audience well in hand, he then spoke about literature and its meaning to students.

In 1926 Phillips moved into the northeast tower of Sorin Hall. It was during a conversation in his bachelor don quarters that he told Richard Sullivan, a student who eventually became a Notre Dame professor, sketchy information about his marriage. His wife, Phillips bitterly revealed, had "lost her mind" shortly after their marriage and had been in a sanitarium ever since.

Generally, the secret was well kept. When he filled out a University questionnaire, Phillips ignored the part that asked about marriage; some Notre Dame historians have written that he was a widower. None of his obituaries listed a wife, nor did an entry in *Who's Who*. The truth emerged only when Phillips' will, written in 1918, was filed for probate. In it he left $1,000 to his wife, Catherine Loughan Phillips—and inheritance records show the money was indeed paid to her. At the time of Phillips' death, she was a patient in an unnamed Washington, D.C., hospital.

Despite the tragedy of his marriage, Phillips led a colorful life. He worked for several newspapers, then did relief work in Europe during World War I. After the Armistice he went to Poland where he was twice decorated for "welfare service under fire." He developed a deep affection for that country and its people; an avid theater-goer, he especially cherished a meeting with the Polish actress Helen Modjeska.

Before coming to Notre Dame, he'd lived in Wisconsin, Canada, Minnesota, Washington, D.C., California, Montana, England, France and Poland; somehow he managed to be in Russia when the czar fell; and somehow he always met fascinating people. He listed among his acquaintances Teddy Roosevelt, William Butler Yeats, G.K. Chesterton, three popes and Isadora Duncan.

Phillips died during a visit to relatives in Minnesota over a Christmas break. After the holiday when students raced up to his room in Sorin to bid him hello, they were met by Father John Cavanaugh who gave them the news that sent most away in tears of shocked disbelief.

Charlie often signed his letters "Jake," as in "everything's Jake with me." Not everything was Jake for Charlie Phillips, but his life was truly one of triumph over adversity.

CAMPUS VIEW

DEEP SHADOWS ON BRIGHT SUNSHINE

BY EDWARD FISCHER '37

Coming out of the Morris Inn, the three of us were greeted by the sign, "Welcome Fifty Year Club." I had just met the other two men; each was an alumnus a few years older than I am, but it was evident at a glance that all three of us could remember the years before such things as Astroturf, rock music and the expression, "Have a nice day."

As we strolled past Alumni Hall heading for the inner campus, one of my companions drew attention to the carving of Knute Rockne on the east wall. The other one pointed to the two carvings of Clashmore Mike, the Irish terrier that once was the sports mascot. Both old grads recalled that when they were students in the late 1920s, it was common to see the coach and the mascot ranging around the campus.

That moment of memories was spoiled by the sudden blare of rock music from a hall window. All three of us spoke with pride about not having owned radios or phonographs in our college days. Maybe the Great Depression spared us such things.

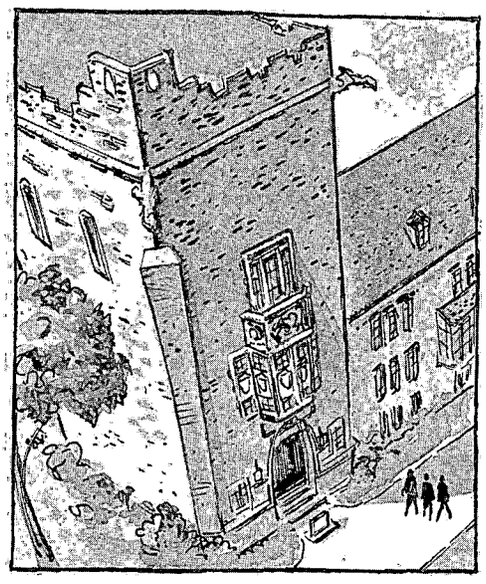
We kept walking up the main quad and at the steps of the Main Building turned around to enjoy the loveliness of the scene we had just traversed; with a wave of his arm one old grad commented on the contrasting deep shadows and bright sunshine. Then all three of us sat down on the front steps and began to recall things that had happened in this place.

One of my companions nodded toward Sorin Hall and spoke of Professor Paul Fenlon, who had lived there. I recalled that Paul had moved into Sorin during his student days in 1916 and had kept a room there until he died in 1980. Sixty-four years in Sorin!

Each of us had memories of Fenlon. One of mine went back 55 years to the time I took his class in short story writing. We read a famous story, "The Lady or the Tiger?" in which a princess must make a decision: Her lover faces two cages; in one is a lady and in the other a tiger. Which cage door should she open for him? As she is about to decide, the story comes to a screeching halt.

When Fenlon told us to write a short story, Bill Fallon, unable to think of an ending for his, let the rambling tale come to a screeching halt. When Fenlon commented unfavorably on this device, Fallon explained that he had just written another version of "The Lady or the Tiger?" Professor Fenlon took a deep breath and said with some feeling: "The name of William Fallon may some day be on the lips of every person in the land. It may flash in lights from coast to coast. But it will not be because he has written a story like 'The Lady or the Tiger!'"

One of my companions recalled something about Paul Fenlon that I had forgotten: He had a race horse named after him—Professor Paul. The only time Fenlon paid any attention to the sports section was when he checked to see how his namesake was doing. Professor Paul ran often but never well.



I remarked that another race horse had Father George Holderith as a namesake. As golf coach, Holderith became friends with Bill Veeneman, a Kentuckian on the golf team, who named one of his horses Black George. The horse ran last in the 1950 Kentucky Derby.

Somehow or other Professor James Withey's name came into the conversation. Since I once labored in the same academic department as Jim, I offered some Withey anecdotes. After an article I wrote about him ran in *Notre Dame* Magazine a few years ago, I received notes galore from his former students.

Russell Jandoli, class of '40, a professor in the department of mass communications at Saint Bonaventure University, wrote me that his teaching techniques had been influenced by Withey's. "I have become known for my use of the red pen, sometimes writing more corrections than there are words in the original draft, but it's all Withey. In his course, my grades ranged from A to D, from 'a splendid job of thinking' to 'this dances merrily but gets nowhere.' I recall Professor Withey bringing a rug from his room and asking us to describe it. I also remember the day he ran out of blackboard space and kept on writing on the adjacent wall."

Rudolph Unger '52, a writer for the *Chicago Tribune*, described the Withey he remembered: "He was an eccentric. He had bad vision, wore thick glasses, and always wore a bow tie and a tweed jacket. He was really a medical miracle because he had one lung and part of his liver missing. He suffered from severe migraine headaches. It was quite disconcerting to come to his room in Walsh

Edward Fischer won the John Cardinal O'Hara Award, presented by the Alumni Association, mainly for his book Notre Dame Remembered.

Hall for a critique and have him pull out a hypodermic needle and jab it into his leg."

John A. Gueguen, Jr., '56, '58, a professor in the department of political science at Illinois State University, sent me bits and pieces of Withey's advice: "Write for the reader, not for yourself." "Underplay." "Use simple, plain, active verbs."

Since both of the two men I was sitting with on the Main Building steps had lived in Sorin long ago, they kept recalling things that had happened in that hall. I asked if they had read George Shuster's novel, *Brother Flo*, in which he described Sorin Hall, but neither had.

In the book, Shuster called the main quad at Notre Dame "indescribably lovely," and wrote: "The brick buildings which fringed the quadrangle were old enough to have come by every whit of dignity to which they were entitled, and most of them, being copied from French models, had in addition an old-world grace suggestive less of cloistered repose than of rural ease and good cheer. One of the residence halls looked for all the world like a chateau in the hinterland of the Loire country."

Both alumni knew that Brother Flo was 15 years in the community cemetery before George Shuster wrote the novel about him. Had the brother still been alive, he would have displayed a copy of the book in a prominent place in his room, adding it to a display of clippings that mentioned his name. He loved publicity. He said, "Getting my name in the papers makes me feel that I am helping the Lord advertise the fact that he sort of cares for Brothers, after all."

Brother Flo had been born James Flynn in 1850 in County Mayo. Twenty-six years later he joined the Brothers of Holy Cross and became known mainly as a guide in the Notre Dame art gallery. Near the start of his novel, Shuster, in describing Flo's technique for impressing visitors, had the Brother say, "This picture here is one of the principal treasures of our museum. You see before you a genuine Van Dyck, valued at nothing less than a million dollars. The picture was found in a pile of discarded rubbish in an old barn in Canada. When the cracked canvas was scraped, this genuine Van Dyck was found underneath."

Had the group of visitors not gasped when he said, "a million dollars," he would have upped the figure to two million on the next tour.

The two old grads decided that George Shuster had left Notre Dame by the time they arrived; he studied here from 1911 until 1915 and taught here from 1920 until 1924. When he wrote the novel about the amusing Brother Flo, he was managing editor of *Commonweal*. Later he became president of Hunter College, U.S. Land Commissioner of Bavaria after World War II and an American delegate to UNESCO.

Not long after receiving the Laetare Medal in 1960, he returned to Notre Dame to serve as assistant to Father Hesburgh. He died in 1977 and rests in Cedar Grove cemetery at the edge of the campus. My companions wanted to know exactly where the grave is located. Not far from the northwest corner of the cemetery chapel, I said. They will look for it, they said, when they go as usual to visit Joe Boland's grave.

Probably no student was ever more popular than was Joe Boland. As a sophomore he played right tackle for 57 minutes in the Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day of 1925. That day he did his share to contain Ernie Nevers, the great Stanford fullback, while the Four Horsemen raced to a 27-10 victory.

Boland coached a small Santa Clara College team so well that it, too, defeated mighty Stanford. He then coached at the College of Saint Thomas, at Notre Dame and at Purdue, but he left coaching to go into radio broadcasting in 1942. Because of his background he could look down on the field and see more than other announcers saw in those days. At the end of a down he could describe what each player had done.

When a youngster asked him how best to prepare for a career in sports announcing, Joe said get a good education, preferably in the liberal arts, and learn to use the language well.

The two alumni said Boland's grave is easy to find because the stone is shaped like a bench. They said Joe had bought that plot because it was near the Notre Dame golf course—he thought his friends might say a prayer as they passed.

Somehow or other Sister Madeleva came into the conversation. One of my companions said he got to know and admire her during the years when his daughter attended Saint Mary's. I said that I had quite a few conversations with Sister when I taught part-time at the college across the road in the mid-1950s. She was still president, I think, when we sat in the darkened college auditorium one afternoon watching a flutter of ballet dancers skittering about.

Ruth Page, the choreographer, was down front making decisions for a production of the Chicago Opera Ballet. During a break, she and Sister Madeleva got into a conversation and I listened. "How many dance steps are in a choreographer's vocabulary?" asked Sister Madeleva. "About 50," said Miss Page. "One of the problems is to continue creating new steps."

"What is the most difficult problem in creating a dance?"

"Giving it simplicity. To say what you have to say with an economy of movement."

Sister Madeleva, herself a poet, said, "I should have guessed your answer. The problem of simplicity is a key problem in all of art. Only the masterful achieve it."

By then we had ambled back to the Morris Inn. I pointed to the elevator and remarked on how slowly it moves. Ever since the Inn opened in 1952, famous people have stood there waiting for its door to open. The first man to step onto the moon, Neil Armstrong, had ridden within the elevator's slow confines when he came to Notre Dame for an honorary degree in 1971. Famous politicians had stood waiting for it: Dwight Eisenhower, Nelson Rockefeller, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, John Kennedy, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan and George Bush.

Writers galore have also ridden in that little space: Tennessee Williams, Flannery O'Connor, Edwin O'Connor and Arthur Miller. And many performers as well: Bob Hope, Helen Hayes, Perry Como and Irene Dunne.

When the two old grads finally disappeared behind the elevator doors, I picked up my reunion packet and walked outside again. At the front door I noticed once more the friendly sign: "Welcome Fifty-Year Club." □

The wild and scenic region around Notre Dame was "already a holy place" when Sorin chose it as the spot for his school.

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT

BY KERRY TEMPLE '74



DRAWINGS BY RICHARD SPARKS

WE PUT IN AT MOTTVILLE. There is a flat tongue of sand there just off the highway, a place that's fine for sliding a canoe into the Saint Joseph River. So we did. One early summer morning we loaded it up and eased out into the steady, brown current, paddling upstream a little, under the overhanging limbs, alongside the half-submerged carcasses of trees, where a fish—glimmering translucent near the bottom of a sunlit pool—hovered for a moment before darting out of sight. We were off.

As we let the current float us lazily downstream through the green woods of southern Michigan, we weren't sure what lay ahead. It would take several days to reach Lake Michigan, but we didn't know how many. There would be dams, but we didn't know the number. We would camp by the river at night, but we didn't know where exactly.

You might call it a pilgrimage. Or paying homage to the people of a place who have gone before. It started with a somewhat obscure, typed manuscript found on a shelf in Notre Dame's library, bound and titled simply: "Canoe Trips, by Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, C.S.C." Hagerty was a tough and crusty old priest who canoed the Saint Joe more than 100 times in his 92 years. He paddled with Julius Nieuwland and George Gipp and Father John W. Cavanaugh. Occasionally he would make the return trip alone, steadily stroking upstream and dragging an extra canoe or two with him because that was how he'd get them home sometimes.

But this trip was about more than retracing Hagerty's route, though I doubt that either my companion or I knew precisely what we were after as we drifted down the narrow, twisting Saint Joe where it heads south into Indiana before looping west and then north again, past the banks behind Saint Mary's College and on into Michigan. But we knew it had to do with exploring a past, and that before the trip was over the river would mean more to us than it ever had before.

"The river fascinated me," Hagerty once wrote, in a rare lapse into self-reflection. "At that time," he added, recalling his first trips just prior to World War I, "the Saint Joseph River was neglected, lonely and wild. The earlier in the spring, the wilder the river."

It is still pretty much like that as it slices through Michigan's green country. The trees press close to the water. Their thirsty roots are like tangled ropes protruding from the muddy banks, and robins, cardinals, grackles and a multitude of birds flit among the branches and bushes. Painted turtles line up like shiny river-stones to sun themselves on driftwood logs. It was so quiet that I could hear the water gurgle as my paddle blade pulled rippling through the current, little glass eddies whirling in its wake.

Kerry Temple is managing editor of this magazine.

In our time on the river we saw an occasional hawk sailing overhead, gangs of crows cawing raucously, a deer one dewy morning poised like a statue pretending we could not see it, and perhaps two dozen majestic blue heron. These last would wade along the banks on stilt-legs, their elongated beaks poking for minnows, their take-offs labored and ungainly until airborne when they attained a kind of prehistoric grace. Sometimes we would stop paddling and drift at river-speed, the canoe gently rotating as the stream-bed meandered this way and that. Fish would belly-flop in the summer sun; squirrels chattered and leapt high in the trees.

Two hundred years ago, a decade or two before Edward Frederick Sorin was born in La Roche, France, this was Indian country. The Saint Joe had been known as "the river of the Miamis" because so many of them lived along its banks. Black bear prowled the forests and buffalo roamed the grasslands. The region was filled with elk, deer, panthers, wolves and assorted smaller mammals—otters, weasels, minks, raccoons, badgers and lynx. Hundreds of bird species were at home here, including several types of hawk and eagle. A botanist, writing in 1880, estimated that almost half of the 2,400 species of flowering plants found in the United States grew here.

"In the spring," wrote Hagerty, "when flowers and flowering trees are in bloom, and in autumn when leaves change color, a trip on the Saint Joe can be an experience of radiant beauty and an invitation to contemplate God in his works."

The first white to see this verdant wilderness may have been the Jesuit explorer Jacques Marquette, who in 1675 probably stood on the banks of the Saint Joe a couple of miles from where Notre Dame is located today. If not Marquette, then La-Salle in 1679 was the first. He traveled upstream from Lake Michigan and reached the south bend of the river before fording across grassy marshlands to the Kankakee River on his



way to the Mississippi. Rivers were essential to those early French explorers who came, claimed the land in the name of God and France, christened the river "Saint Joseph," then moved on.

Others followed, of course. A few at first: trappers whose demeanor and habits, it was said, were so scurrilous as to make them indistinguishable from the savages in whose midst they lived. Then came the missionaries, who sought to make Christians of them all. One of these was a French Jesuit, Claude Allouez: In 1686 he established a couple of missionary stations near the river, including one on a little hill overlooking a pair of small lakes. He called it *Ste.-Marie-des-Lacs*. One hundred and fifty years later it would be renamed *l'Universite de Notre Dame du Lac*.

* * *

"A canoe is a poor man's way of travel," wrote Hagerty, who joined the Notre Dame faculty in 1911. "Aside from the initial expense, it needs only a coat of paint or varnish every year to keep it fit for 20 years. We were allotted $50 for our vacation. If two priests took a canoe trip, each having $50, they could stay out quite awhile, having nothing to spend money on except food which they prepared themselves."

Hagerty would canoe dozens of rivers and several of the Great Lakes, despite the objections of his superiors who "did not like the idea of priests lying out in a tent on river banks, away from Mass and religious exercises for several weeks." Later he explained, "There is a fascination about primitive life, especially nomadic life—life in a tent with a change of location every day. Time is often compared to a river. We moved with the river by day, and at night we lived by its side watching it ceaselessly flow along."

* * *

In 1820, a few years before the Erie Canal made the Great Lakes more accessible to the burgeoning eastern population, a white man came and stayed. Pierre Navarre, an employee of the American Fur Company, built a cabin on the river across from what is now downtown South Bend. He married a Potawatomi woman and they raised a half dozen or so children, hunted, trapped and traded with the Potawatomi, who were numerous in this land.

Alexis Coquillard, also employed by the American Fur Company, opened a trading post in 1824 on the other side of the river from Navarre's cabin and called the site South Bend. Coquillard, who swapped goods for the Indians' furs, maple sugar and baskets, was followed by Lathrop Taylor, Lewis Sam Comb and Job Brookfield. By 1831 South Bend, Indiana, had 128 citizens.

"The American Fur Company," wrote an early resident, "had a trading post at South Bend for the sale of Indian goods and the collection of furs, which drew around it quite a little settlement of white people, directly or indirectly engaged in trading with or living off the Indians."

The Potawatomi were an exceptionally friendly and receptive people, eager to trade and responsive to the call for their conversion to Christianity. In fact, Chief Pokagon journeyed to Detroit in 1830 in search of a priest who would come to Allouez' long-abandoned mission station.

"I implore you," he told Father Gabriel Richard, "to send us a priest to instruct us in the Word of God. If you have no care for us old men, at least have pity on our poor children who are growing up in ignorance and vice. We still preserve the manner of praying as taught our ancestors by the black-robes. On Fridays we fast until evening, men and children, according to the traditions handed down to us by our fathers, for we ourselves have never seen a black-robe."

Completing his petition, the Potawatomi leader was said to have knelt down and recited the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Our Father and the Hail Mary in his native tongue.

A year later Father Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, arrived at the old cabin near the lakes. He was 60 years old and the first of several itinerant priests to minister to the Indians in this part of the Northwest Territories. It was Badin who bought from the U.S. government and two private individuals the land that comprised 524 acres given to the Bishop of Vincennes. He, in turn, gave the land to Sorin in 1842.

"The spot was already a holy place," wrote University historian Rev. Arthur Hope, C.S.C. "For over 150 years this northern region had been an outpost of the Catholic religion. In its forests many an Indian tribe had squatted silently, listening to the words of the Black-Robe. The woods had echoed to the *Ave Maria* sung in more than one tribal tongue. Here, at *Ste. Marie-des-Lacs*, scores of red-skins had been baptized. Here, in the rude cabin shelter, Mass had been offered."

But the cabin was abandoned in September 1838 when some 800 Potawatomi were removed forcibly from the land their ancestors had occupied for thousands of years. Although most of the Potawatomi were Catholic and had refused to join with other tribes in their fight against white encroachment, the two-month exodus was brutal. Father Benjamin-Marie Petit, the last missionary to man the post, accompanied them. He learned, wrote Hope, "that the military had been treating the Indians in a most cruel manner, that many had fallen ill, some had died, and all were wretched and desolate because of the miserable conditions under which they were forced to march." Petit, too, died of an illness sustained during the migration to "Indian country" west of the Mississippi.

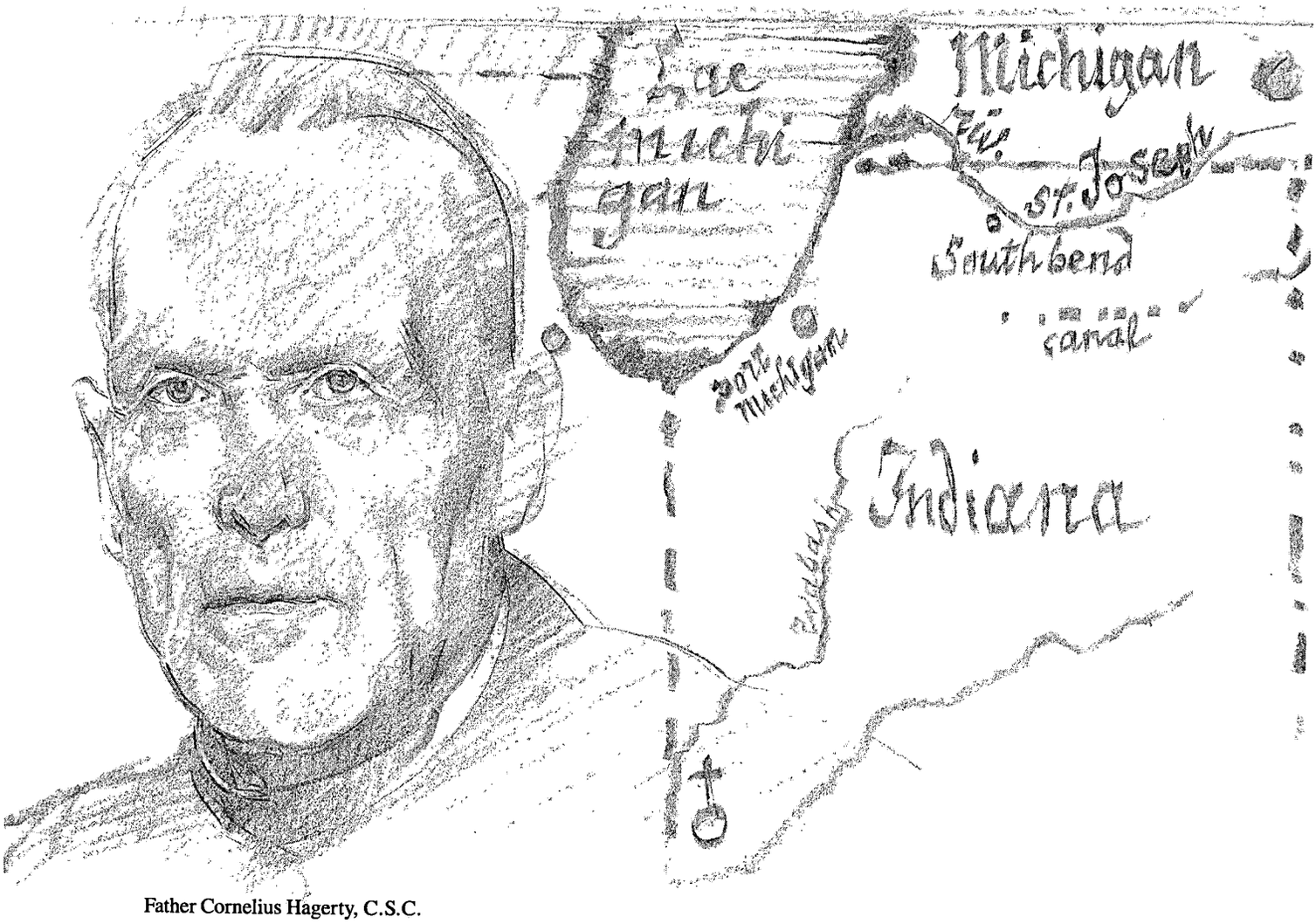
* * *

Sometime during the first afternoon of our canoe trip the river began to change. It widened and became less intimate. Houses stood on the banks with neat lawns and little piers where motorboats were docked. Somewhere downriver the water was impounded, blocking the flow, hemming it in until there was no current to carry our canoe. Paddling became work and the sun burned hot on our shoulders and knees.

In time the river was as broad as a lake and the houses were palatial, with impressive decks and plate-glass windows and landscaped yards. We were upstream from the Elkhart dam, cruising by a place of comfort and ease. Motorboats and water-skiers whizzed past, rocking us in their wakes; teenagers on jet-skis pirouetted. We plugged along, stroking monotonously against a strong and steady wind, our progress virtually unmeasurable in the vastness of the bloated river.

"We who live in an age when traveling is done by auto, airplane, bus and train," Hagerty once philosophized, "scarcely realize the work involved as well as the intimate fellowship, camaraderie and good humor of our ancestors who traveled in small boats, rafts, oxcarts, wagons, on horseback, and the like."

This stretch would be only the first of seven such reservoirs—with seven dams and seven portages. Each time the river refound itself on the other side. I remember one "lake" especially. It was late and we were tired and stiff from our



Father Cornelius Hagerty, C.S.C.

days on the river. The gray clouds were low, dark and foreboding. Droplets of rain plopped onto us and our gear as thunder sounded in the distance.

I didn't like the idea of being in the middle of a choppy lake in a thunderstorm, but paddling for hours against the wind seemed to be getting us nowhere. I was hungry and discouraged and I wanted the river back. We were near Berrien Springs (less than a day from Lake Michigan) and we talked of abandoning the trip—maybe coming back some weekend to finish it up.

"You can do just so much with paddles," Hagerty advised. "If the wind becomes violent, you are helpless. Very much as the farmer feels his dependence on God who gives or withholds rain, the sailor, including the canoeist on a big lake, realizes he depends on God who orders all things in measure."

The dark clouds rumbled fiercely across the sky, but no real rain fell. We made it to the Berrien Springs dam and the portage was easy. Below the dam, the unbridled river was a mad torrent that soon regained its peaceful nature. There was a small island with cottonwoods and a few fishermen casting for salmon . . . and a little farther downstream, a place for the night.

* * *

Edward Sorin came to the New World as a missionary with the *Congregatio a Sancta Cruce*. In 1841 he and six Holy Cross brothers, none of whom spoke English, sailed aboard the *Iowa* from Le Havre. After 39 days at sea, the ship sailed into New York harbor and Sorin's first act was to kneel and kiss the ground. The band then steamed up the Hudson River and traveled the Erie Canal to Buffalo, detouring to see Niagara Falls. On Lake Erie they took a steamboat to Toledo from where they traveled by land for two weeks, finally arriving in Vincennes on the Indiana frontier in October 1841.

Soon restless with his duties, the 28-year-old priest persuaded the bishop to give him Badin's property in order to start a college. Sorin and his band arrived at Coquillard's place on November 26, 1842. Some 1,000 pioneers lived in South Bend by then, including Coquillard's son, who led the priest and brothers the last two miles to the mission station.

"Everything was frozen," wrote the priest, "yet it all appeared so beautiful. The lake particularly, with its mantle of snow, resplendently white, was to us a symbol of the stainless purity of Our Lady. Like little children, in spite of the cold, we ran from one end to the other perfectly enchanted by the beauty of our new home."

Sorin, apparently not yet aware of the second lake on his new property, called his school, *l'Universite de Notre Dame du Lac*, Our Lady of the Lake. The facilities were meager: Badin's cabin, a shed and a small lean-to which served as the home of a halfbreed interpreter, Charron, and his family. "We found the place too small to accommodate us for the night," wrote Sorin. "And as the weather was becoming colder, we hurried back to the village, where we stayed that night."

* * *

Evening is my favorite time on the river. A kind of restful peace descends upon the landscape as the sun slides low in the sky. Shadows lengthen; the air has a soft and rosy texture. It is as if everything settles down: The river slows, the wind subsides, the canoe nestles into the current. The world grows contemplative.

In the evenings of our journey we would be less intent on getting around the next bend. We would ease our pace and watch the banks more carefully, scanning the shore for a place to camp. I became more aware of things then—the flight of birds, the treading of dragonflies, the lacy elegance of wind in the leaves. "I was interested in trees," Hagerty confessed. "They stand still and let you look at them and are there at all seasons."

I also observed the river, becoming aware of its speed, its subtleties and nature—currents within currents, the main channel gliding from one side to the other, how it nosed against bluffs and slowed in the flats. A good canoeist will read the river for these signals, will set his canoe in rhythm to the river's flow. A really good canoeist may even do this by feel, instinctively, unselfconsciously, as if the river were something to be joined with in play. Communion.

One evening we did not find a place until dusk. It was a small shelf of grassy earth along the river's edge. We were surrounded by trees and darkness, and the cool night air lit like the starry sky with lightning bugs. Of such a night Hagerty wrote, "An artist would have loved it. In camp at night one felt its farness from the world and nearness to the skies. We were close to nature and to God who created it all."

I stayed up later that night, watching the blackened landscape. It was nearly impossible to make out the river. It flowed past silently, as it had all day and would all night, as it has for countless thousands of years.

A raccoon entered our camp. I heard it long before I saw it, approaching me hesitantly a few feet away. I sat as still as I could, practically holding my breath. It came and sniffed my toe and licked it, then ran quickly out of sight. And I pulled out my sleeping bag and fell back to watch the stars.

But all was not idyllic. I heard the humming first, the steady whine of an advancing airborne armada. Again I thought of Hagerty: "The ground in that area was low and there were many mosquitoes. We had not paid much attention to them until now, but our tent had no protection against them. I recalled that the Persians believed there were two gods: Ormuzd and Ahriman, one good and the other evil. Among the achievements of the evil god was the creation of mosquitoes."

* * *

Much is made these days of Sorin calling his school a university from the beginning. It is doubtful he envisioned it thus, for he took in students of all ages and fashioned his institution on the old French boarding school model. There were no entrance requirements; no one was turned away who could offer cash, labor or something in trade to make good on the $100 tuition. Intellectual and scholarly pursuits received far less attention than basic skill courses, religious training, and the kind of regimentation and discipline that kept frontier boys out of mischief.

Two hundred boys, including the young Alexis Coquillard, enrolled in the school's inaugural year. The day went something like this: Up at 5:30 a.m., dress and head to study hall where prayers were supervised by a Holy Cross brother until Mass at 6:30, then breakfast. Students were drilled in grammar from 8 till 10, when they had 15 minutes for recreation. After that they had "recitation" until noon. They then had lunch and could play until 2, when they had math; 4 to 4:30 was another recreation period, the last of the day. Students then had history, geography and bookkeeping till 6, followed by a "spiritual conference," followed by the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus. Supper was served at 6:30; the boys studied till bedtime at 9. This regimen was followed six days a week.

Then and for decades thereafter, Notre Dame was a frontier school, with wood-burning stoves, outhouses and mandatory weekly baths in the lake. Staffed almost entirely by Holy Cross religious—priests, brothers and sisters—the school soon

had bakers, carpenters, a locksmith and shoemaker. Benches and desks were homemade; buildings were constructed with bricks made from the marl of Saint Mary's Lake. Fish and ice were harvested from the lakes, and a farm provided meat and milk, corn, wheat, eggs and vegetables for a growing student population of grade-schoolers, high-schoolers and collegians.

The plain, rectangular building known today as Old College was built in 1844, the same year the school received its charter from the State of Indiana. Sorin also opened at Notre Dame a manual labor school, the first Catholic trade school in the United States. There were other early milestones: *The Scholastic* began publication in '67; an alumni association was organized in '68; a law school established in '69—the same year that the transcontinental railroad was completed.

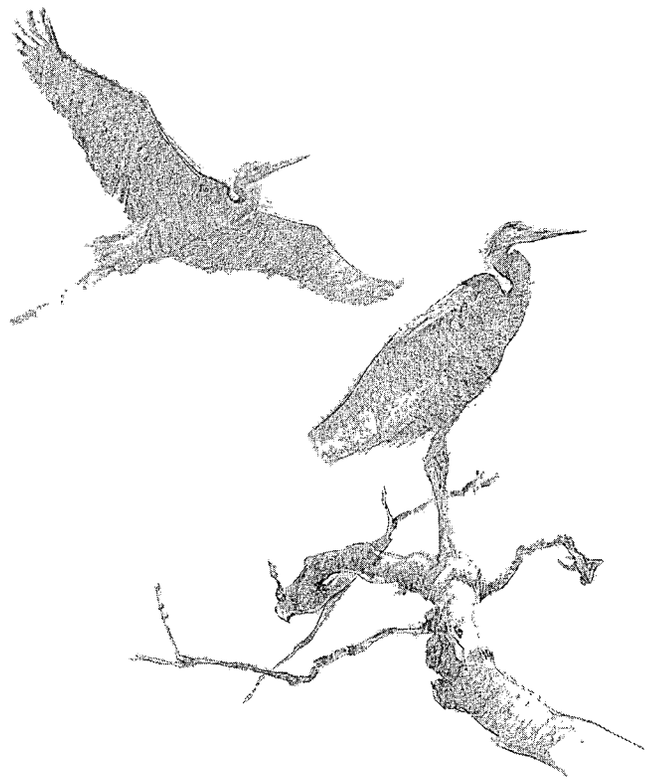
In 1873, three years before Custer died at Little Big Horn, Notre Dame became the first Catholic university in America to establish an engineering program. In 1889, shortly after Notre Dame became the first American college to have electric lights, Maurice Francis Egan assumed the University's first "chair of literature." And when Sorin Hall was opened a few months later, Notre Dame boasted the first Catholic dormitory in America with private rooms. "The rules of order and cleanliness," Egan observed in 1890, "are not more stringent or more scrupulously enforced at West Point than in Sorin Hall."

Despite Notre Dame's frontier character and Sorin's reputation as a maverick, the place thrived on rules and regulations. Students were not allowed off campus, and decades after its founding lay faculty were bound by severe restrictions. "A lay professor must live on the college grounds," one observer noted. He "must conform to all the religious exercises; must not go to town without permission; must put out his candle by 9 o'clock; must, under no consideration, imbibe." And as late as 1909, the University president personally read the University regulations in each study hall.

What progress Notre Dame achieved in its first 75 years came fitfully and against several odds—some natural, some self-inflicted. Cholera and malaria epidemics in the late-1840s and early-'50s took such a toll on pupils and teachers that the school almost closed its doors. The Civil War cost the school both students and faculty. And a series of fires, most notably a blaze in 1879 (the eighth campus conflagration and one of 30 prior to 1920), repeatedly destroyed key buildings—many of them uninsured because the school had trouble paying the premiums.

Poverty was a constant and sometimes insurmountable barrier between Notre Dame and its aspirations. The Holy Cross brothers ran a brick business for 35 years to help make ends meet, and the school's few lay teachers were paid miserably. Yet its buildings were erected on a grand scale, most notably Washington Hall, Sacred Heart Church and the Main Building with its peaks and turrets and golden dome. The whole college once fit into it—classrooms, dormitories, the library, faculty residences, kitchen, dining rooms, chapels and even a museum.

From the beginning the school seemed to do things in style—in the face of adversity. Despite tight budgets, commencement, Founder's Day, the Fourth of July, any holiday was a cause for happy celebration. And even as the school teetered on the edge of insolvency, it bravely built a science hall and an institute of technology. Still, in 1900 the place remained a fairly undistinguished Midwestern college. In all its programs there were only 700 students, few enough to have mail call on the steps of Sorin Hall.



One of the school's most formidable early challenges was its struggle for identity. Should it be content to provide a rudimentary education and strict religious training to Catholic boys from 6 to 21? Or did its shapers envision an institution of higher learning? Despite Sorin's brave oratory after the fire of '79 in which he vowed to rebuild the school bigger and better, the patriarch may not have been the visionary that tradition presumes him to be. The school made few real academic advances before his death in 1893.

"Perhaps the greatest single obstacle to Notre Dame's intellectual expansion was Father Sorin himself," wrote Hope in 1943. "If it did not sound so frivolous it might be said that, as a University, Notre Dame has succeeded, not because of Father Sorin, but in spite of him."

The development of 19th-century Notre Dame was also affected by its thoroughly Catholic character. "Another difficulty that prevented intellectual expansion," wrote Hope, "was the fact that Notre Dame, as a Catholic school, had not yet accustomed herself to seeking professors outside her own Catholic ranks." And, he added, "there were few outstanding Catholic scholars in America."

By the close of the 19th century, when faculty members were making advances in science and technology and Holy Cross priests were doing doctoral work in greater numbers, the internal debate over Notre Dame's character still raged. The turn-of-the-century president, Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., resisted scholarly ambitions in favor of a religiously sound but cloistered community. "What we need here," he said, "is a compact, tidy little boarding school."

But his contemporary, Rev. John Zahm, C.S.C., envisioned Notre Dame as "the intellectual center of the American West,"

and he encouraged priests and lay faculty to pursue scholarly interests. It was Zahm who wrote a book reconciling Darwin's theories with Catholic doctrine; it was banned by the church's Congregation of the Index. Such were the early battles of a Catholic school trying to emerge as an academy of learning.

* * *

It is our fourth and final morning on the river. We have camped below the last dam. Our 150-mile journey will end this afternoon when we paddle into the cold waters of Lake Michigan. But I'm in no hurry to finish; I have come to feel at home on the river, and on this cool, green morning the landscape is full and close.

The trees are thick and the river is crooked, though there is one passage where the land falls open, spreading in all directions with grasses and cattails and wild marshes. Heron leapfrog with our passing, and redwinged blackbirds sky-dive and soar. The wind is brisk and gusty, the sky incredibly blue. It is a place and a time to savor.

"The river from Berrien down to Lake Michigan," observed Hagerty, "is wild and beautiful. It is the old natural river with a fast current, twisting and turning, with no more dams to make artificial lakes which modify the bed of the stream."

For all Hagerty's affection for the river, he cherished his companions equally. He talks fondly about the priests, brothers and students who went along—fellow-travelers like Hunk Anderson and Johnnie Murphy, Bernard Ill and Wesley James Donahue, Julius Nieuwland ("who liked to botanize") and Frank Maher, who "was companionable and humble, enjoying a campfire and cookout as much as floating down the river."

Sometimes the river journey put them in touch with unexpected pleasures, things they hadn't known. "The trip offered a good chance for pleasant conversation," wrote the priest. "These boys were all good friends and fine companions. A canoe trip was new to them and they were delighted with the primitive life it introduced."

One time George Gipp's canoe capsized and the All-America football player had to "swim for his life," recalled Hagerty. Gipp, explained the priest, "came from canoe country in the northern peninsula of Michigan where Chippewa Indians used to run the rapids of the Saint Mary's River before the larger locks were installed. The rule there was: Stay with your boat; do not try to swim. But Gipp elected to swim. The water was cold and it was for him a great thrill. He liked adventure. . . .

"No one got drowned. We made a big fire a few miles below Niles at River Bluff, a wooded elevation above the mouth of a creek, and dried wet clothes."

My companion and I did not see River Bluff, nor Bear's Den where Hagerty recalled a cave and waterfall. Time has changed the river. It is no longer a stream of "clear, sparkling water hastening on toward the lake," as an 1880 writer described it.

The river is not as important now, and its waters are polluted. The cities built upon its shores have turned their backs on it. When you canoe through the towns, you realize most of the buildings face the other way.

* * *

In June 1917 Notre Dame celebrated its Diamond Jubilee. The festivities included a parade, a special Mass and the graduation ceremony. Dignitaries and church officials spoke, a library was dedicated, and the cornerstone was laid for a new chemistry hall. The frontier school was coming of age.

Its various divisions, from minims to collegians, had more than 1,000 students. There were about two dozen buildings and the faculty was developing a sort of scholar's honor roll that included Albert Zahm, Orestes Brownson, Jerome Green and Holy Cross scientists Julius Nieuwland, Alexander Kirsch and Francis Wenninger. Badin Bog was the favored playing field, and Brother Leopold's confectionery and soft drink shop was the favorite hangout. By 1917 Notre Dame had its "Victory March," and the football team was gaining notoriety. It was the best of times, wrote Hagerty, because the school's Catholic character was solid, its teachers were good, and friendships were strong among the students and between the students and priests.

By its 75th birthday Notre Dame had not just survived, it was thriving. And as it emerged from the days of World War I, it was on the verge of doing great things.

* * *

By midafternoon on the fourth day we entered the harbor at Saint Joseph, Michigan. The river was wide and slow, and marinas lined each shore. Large, sleek boats in slips had names painted on their sterns—"Salty Dog" and "Footloose" and "Sundancer." I thought about Father Hagerty as we paddled our canoe through the channel, a nautical dwarf among the bladerunner boats.

He was born in South Bend in 1885 and entered the Holy Cross Seminary 14 years later. He got his bachelor's degree from Notre Dame in 1906 and a doctorate from Catholic University in 1911. His Ph.D. thesis was "The Problem of Evil." He taught philosophy and theology at Notre Dame for 35 years, was chaplain at the brothers' Dujarie House and also served on the faculty at Portland University and Saint Ed's in Austin, Texas.

Hagerty was a tall, lean man with fierce eyes. He retired in 1960 and died 17 years later at the age of 92. By then he had become something of a curmudgeon, a throwback to another time. On the form for his file in the public information office he was asked, "What is your chief avocation?" His answer: "Canoe trips."

In his book he explained: "The Saint Joseph River played a large part in my life and development. To be alone on the river for a day was a good rest and a spiritual retreat. I came home relaxed and comfortably tired. Companions on canoe trips were wholesome and inspiring. From some I learned much about flowers, birds, trees. Others I was able to teach. . . . I made good friends on canoe trips. Contacts with nature in all her moods was good for me."

As our canoe approached Lake Michigan, we passed under a couple of bridges, narrowly missed an oncoming dredging barge, and maneuvered among the pleasure craft whose wakes made us bob and roll. We were no longer in canoe country but heading out into the deepwater lake where the waves were high and strong. "It is quite exciting," wrote Hagerty, "to paddle out of the mouth of the river into Lake Michigan around the breakwater, where it is often rough, and head for the shore a quarter of a mile away."

So it was.

We were cut loose upon the vast and surging lake like a feather in the wind. The blue sky was limitless, extending far beyond the watery horizon. The great lake was turquoise and azure and Coke-bottle green—pure, translucent, radiantly jeweled with sunbeams. The canoe swayed and jousted with the waters as we turned for shore. White gulls soared overhead and children played on the broad beach.

My adrenaline was flowing; it was a moment to remember. But I would never forget the river that had brought us here. □

THE TIME BETWEEN THE WARS

BY JOHN J. POWERS '52

A droll axiom has it that any institution's golden age is the one that included you.

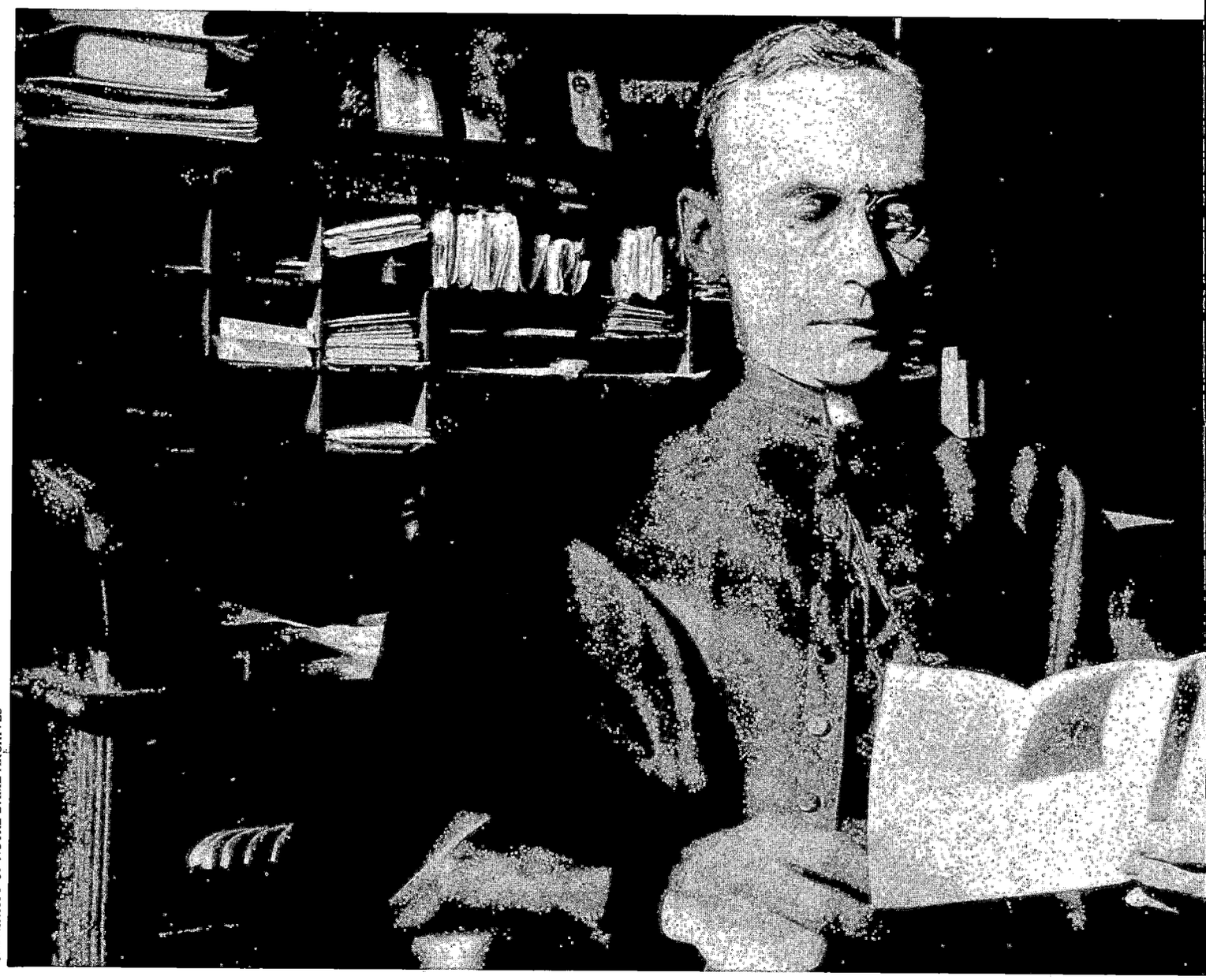
That's natural and necessary. Without it there would be no golden anything, no greatness, no sense of identification that outlasts the years and their diversions.

Notre Dame is famous for it. The place inculcates that sense in its daughters and sons and nourishes it: Yours *was* the golden age.

It may be inevitable as sentiment, but it is not always true.

Notre Dame's century and a half did include such an age: the time between the two World Wars, roughly the 1920s and '30s. It was the time when Notre Dame went national in a dozen ways beyond the football legend that grew to overshadow its other virtues and achievements.

Jack Powers retired in 1990 as executive editor of The South Bend Tribune.



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

The period was one of stunning growth—physically, academically, intellectually. But The Time Between the Wars brought more than growth. It also brought a profound change of direction.

None of it was the work of a single mind, nor was there any master plan. All that went before the time was necessary prologue; all that followed was made possible by that remarkable period. When World War I ended, Notre Dame was a provincial sectarian college of modest reputation and goals. By the time America was shocked into World War II, the campus under the Golden Dome was a national institution.

If there was no single moving force, there were plenty of heroes. Knute Kenneth Rockne springs first to the minds of too many. He was part of it, the stuff of legends—but legend springs from myth, and there was nothing mythical about the men who led Notre Dame's coming of age. They were brilliant; they had courage; they were ready. Rockne was one of their valuable assets, but never the guide or the soul. Perhaps it was Father Burns.



The '20s and '30s were a period of stunning growth and change for a provincial sectarian college of modest reputation. It was Notre Dame's Golden Era.

James Aloysius Burns, C.S.C., may be Notre Dame's most underrated hero, the least celebrated of her great captains.

James Aloysius Burns, C.S.C., may be Notre Dame's most underrated hero, the least celebrated of her great captains. No residence hall bears his name; no famous biography records his triumphs. He is in the books, of course; he is listed as the 10th president, which is akin to noting that A. Lincoln was the 16th president of the United States.

You can argue endlessly whether Burns was merely there at the right time or caused the time to happen. It doesn't matter. He was the pilot of the great change.

He organized the colleges into departments with deans and chairs, bringing order to chaos. He established the credit-hour system, designed by Father Matthew Schumacher, that's still essentially in use. He went looking for good lay professors and paid them decently. He strengthened the studies already offered, and he added more.

Burns relied on more than the loyalty of the lay faculty to help with the revolution. He had a cadre of young Holy Cross priests who were genuine scholars, and that too was his doing. From 1900 until his election as president in 1919, he had been superior of the Holy Cross School of Theology in Washington, where he urged, prodded and coaxed the brighter seminarians into intellectual development beyond the requirements of preparation for the priesthood.

Some of these younger men were on the Notre Dame faculty when Burns returned to the campus at the end of World War I; others flocked back. They gave strong political and intellectual support to his determination to make the place more than a finishing school for good Catholic boys, to make it a genuine university dedicated to intellectual development.

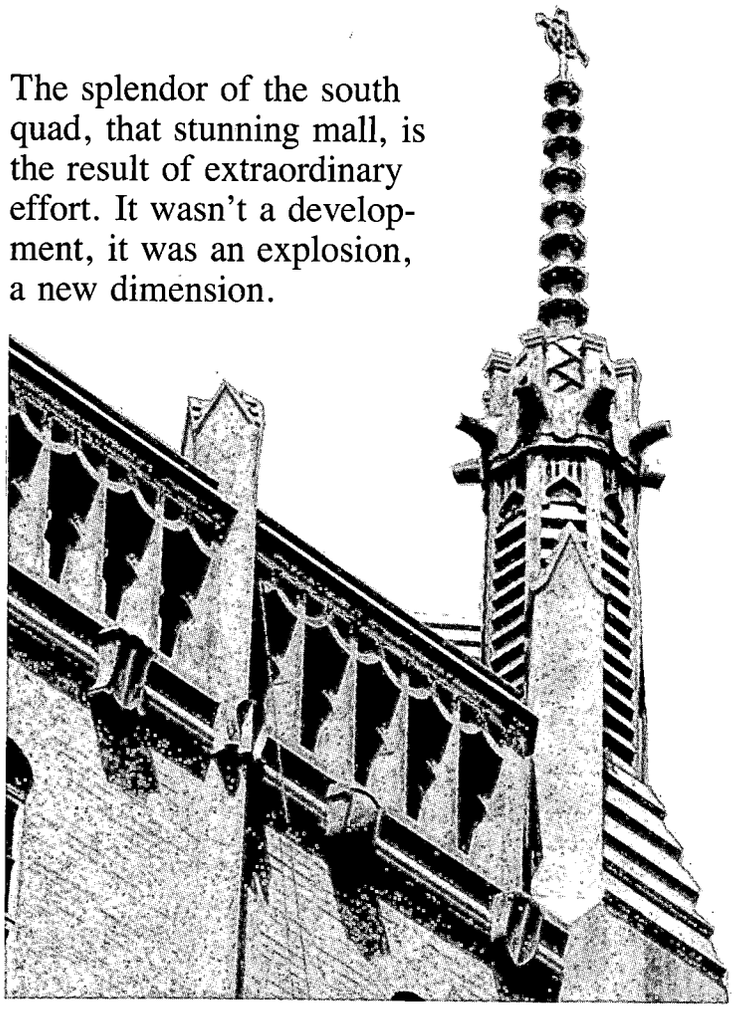
He phased out the manual labor school and the prep school, moves that made sense but also made enemies. That may explain his brief presidency. He served from 1919 to 1922, then was rejected for a second term—so he could concentrate on fund-raising, according to Father Arthur Hope in *Notre Dame: One Hundred Years*. Perhaps.

Hope's history is crammed with dates and facts and sugary platitudes. He so avoided discussion of the infighting that involves any human organization that his chronicle is incomplete. Even so, he was right about the fund-raising.

A more candid appraisal of those momentous years will be available this autumn when the Notre Dame Press publishes the memoirs of Professor-emeritus Thomas J. Stritch '34, '35. The journalism master for a quarter-century and an early student of American culture, Stritch is witty and utterly frank in the book about his 61 years at Notre Dame. He considers Burns the greatest of the University's presidents after Sorin and Hesburgh. He agrees with Hope about Burns' "other" contribution.

Burns was aware before he ever took the presidency of the need for organized funding and the 20th-century use of those funds. The result is a Burns legacy: He fought for the establishment of an investment board that included laymen, then convinced his religious colleagues to turn over to the new board, heavy with experienced businessmen, the control and administration of University funds. That was as much the be-

The splendor of the south quad, that stunning mall, is the result of extraordinary effort. It wasn't a development, it was an explosion, a new dimension.



ginning of the new Notre Dame as were Burns' academic reforms.

The board met first in January 1921, and Burns set out immediately to raise some money for the members to administer. The Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations liked his message and offered $250,000 and $75,000 respectively—if he could raise an additional $750,000. He did. That million-plus was Notre Dame's first endowment, even as the two foundation grants were the first major outside money.

The Burns career manifests a trait associated with great men, the knack for finding, even in mid-life, talents one didn't know one had. Ascetic and reserved by nature, he became the first of the University's great salesmen. The new money didn't last long because the needs were daunting. Almost everything about Notre Dame was inadequate when The Great War ended. Applications exceeded available places. "Not enough places" has been a chronic problem at Notre Dame; it is not new, later myth to the contrary.

To Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., successor to Burns and president for most of the '20s, fell the job of building to meet these needs. He built. The splendor of the south quad, the stunning mall that stretches east from the Rockne Memorial, is the result of that extraordinary effort. It wasn't a development, it was an explosion. It was not a new aspect of the old campus, it was a new dimension.

Walsh wanted most of his students on campus. When he took office, only a few hundred were residents; more than 1,100 found what lodging they could in South Bend. Walsh and his advisers did the expedient thing: They erected two temporary dormitories on the east end near the gymnasium. Then they got to work on the real buildings.

The administrators commissioned two gifted members of the architecture faculty, Professors Francis Kervick and Vincent Fagan, to design a cluster of three large, permanent residence halls south and southwest of the old library. Excavation for Howard Hall started in the summer of 1924, and by November of the next year Morrissey and Lyons were under construction as well. They formed an esthetic entity with the Morrissey tower as the focal point.

By then there was no stopping. A showplace dining hall went up on the southwest corner of the campus. It opened in 1927, two main wings each 220 feet by 62 feet with terrazzo floors and oaken wainscotting on the walls (yes, that's real oak).

That's when the central heating system developed. Father Thomas Steiner, dean of the college of engineering and later provincial superior of the order, designed an arrangement of easy-access underground conduits to carry steam to each building. It worked, allowing the headlong growth to continue without pause.

When ground was broken for Alumni and Dillon Halls and Cushing Hall of Engineering in 1931, the new law building had been open for a semester. The commerce building was dedicated in 1932. It rolled on that way as a tide does; except for the World War II years, it never really stopped.

Bricks and mortar do not make a golden age, certainly not in terms of a university. The greatness of those years is keyed to the fact that the Burns spirit of university was carried on by his successors. The buildings are impressive; the mall is majestic. But they were the physical manifestations, not ends in themselves.

The academic reforms continued, too. The Walsh administration pared the numbers of credit hours needed for a degree but reorganized those hours and set up the system of a major-study sequence. It was a task, because there'd been no real system at all before.

In his book, Stritch describes it as a "muddle." Hard as it is to believe, the college of arts and letters in 1924 still offered seven different degrees. Within two years, that was reduced to the one proper degree: bachelor of arts.

Not all of it was easy. Out went the ancient requirement of studying classical Latin or Greek, which the new leaders considered a sterile and unrewarding use of time on the college level. This was heresy to the 1920s version of the Old Boys. But the reforms stuck; the movement was a tide, not an aberration.

Nor was it a work of a few. Those early disciples of Burns were now deans and department heads, and they were believers. What they believed was that changes in courses and curricula were essential to the realization of their ideal of a university. Naturally, the faculty they built shared the dream.

Walsh doubled the size of that faculty to 180 by 1928, and salaries of lay professors improved steadily. Walsh and his fellow clerics understood that while man does not live by bread alone, it comes in handy when feeding a family. Faculty morale improved along with faculty quality.

Gifted teachers signed on in music and the other arts, in letters and engineering, in the business disciplines. It was an exciting time. There was a surging interest by faculty and students in serious scholarship and in experimenting, too. The wide interest may have been new, but not the questing for knowledge.

Notre Dame had, in fact, a tradition of that, especially in the physical sciences. Father John A. Zahm is the most celebrated

example. He joined the order about 1870 and apparently mastered one science after another with dazzling speed. He developed a national reputation and lectured and taught with an eclat that made him a guru to his students.

Father Julius Nieuwland followed him as a priest-scientist of international fame—a science scholar who was honored in his later years by half a dozen world organizations for his experiments and discoveries. As a teacher, though, Nieuwland had his weaknesses.

He was impatient with mediocrity and gave most of his time to the very bright—a serious flaw in any instructor of undergraduate students. The same trait made him a notable teacher of graduates; he excelled in it, especially in chemistry, and his efforts, starting at the end of World War I, developed the first really important graduate studies at Notre Dame.

Those efforts began in science and engineering and grew slowly through the '20s. Organization did not come until the return of Father Philip Moore in 1933 to be secretary of the Committee on Graduate Study. Moore was a medieval scholar and a planner, and he spent the next two decades developing a graduate school. Through all the years, however, Notre Dame's fame as an American institution rested solidly on the strength of her undergraduate education.

That status grew in the 1920s to be immense and national. It was a time when America was forced to look at its Catholic citizens as more than hod carriers, when Notre Dame undergraduates burned with ambition and energy. In the Roaring '20s they rejected second-class status. The new dynamism prompted them to reach for excellence in several ways. The most spectacular had nothing to do with scholarship. It was football, of course.

Football and Knute Rockne. The man and the moment. They were one of life's perfect matings. Pious sentimentalists saw the hand of God; skeptics called it coincidence. It was an immeasurable benefit to Notre Dame.

The end of World War I triggered an eruption of interest in sports across the land. People wanted an end to "grim"; the new message was, "Ain't we got fun?" Baseball players, prize fighters and race horses were more celebrated than the American presidents (especially those presidents).

Times were rich, prosperity seemed endless, and dollars by the millions poured into sports. And there was Rockne and the little school somewhere in Indiana. It pains scholars to think about it; it shortchanges the memory of the men who built the place as a center of higher learning. Nevertheless it is true that Rockne and The Game thrust Notre Dame into the national consciousness.

He was no public relations creation. He was good and he knew it, and he inspired that same confidence in the young men who played for him. His own story delighted writers and fans: a penniless Norwegian immigrant who worked his way through Notre Dame on odd jobs and football and was bright enough to be offered a chemistry instructorship at graduation.

Rockne played the game well, but he also thought about it. He reasoned that there was too much emphasis on size. He substituted speed and perfect execution, and the rest, as they say, is . . . well-known.

He began as head coach in 1918 with an indifferent season. Then he rolled, helped in the next two seasons by a so-so scholar named George Gipp who electrified crowds and stunned opponents. After that it was mostly Rockne. His teams won 105 games, lost 12 and tied five times. A notable sports scribe of the time hung the appellation "Four Horsemen" on the 1924 backfield and legend was born. Rockne's 1928 "Win one for the Gipper" speech helped it grow. Even his death did. He went down in a plane crash in March 1931 at the crest of his fame, generating front-page headlines and radio bulletins. He was national and so was Notre Dame.

Scholars can sulk about the football connection. Notre Dame's detractors, many of them stuffed with malice and misinformation, can jeer. Football is a cultural fact on the South Bend campus. In the surge of those golden years it was a sociological phenomenon. To millions of Catholics of German, Irish, Italian and Slavic ancestry, Notre Dame was a proud symbol of arrival. An Irish-Catholic boy growing up in Brooklyn in the Depression 1930s looked west, not east, for his Mecca.

So The Game has been more than a game to the people who adopted a slur, Fighting Irish, for their nickname. The intellectuals and planners who built a genuine university used it as an effective tool to continue the building. Cavanaugh, Zahm and Breen-Philips Halls went up in the '30s. So did the football stadium.

Clamor for it started in the '20s, but Father Walsh told the zealots, "not before more necessary buildings are completed." History at times does repeat itself, to the amusement, or perhaps distraction, of the current leadership.

The growth was more than physical. The two decades featured a parade of notable visitors and lecturers. Franklin Roosevelt and Al Smith came, of course. So did William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and Nobel laureate, and G.K. Chesterton, Yves Simon, Jacques Maritain, Karl Menger and F.A. Hermens.

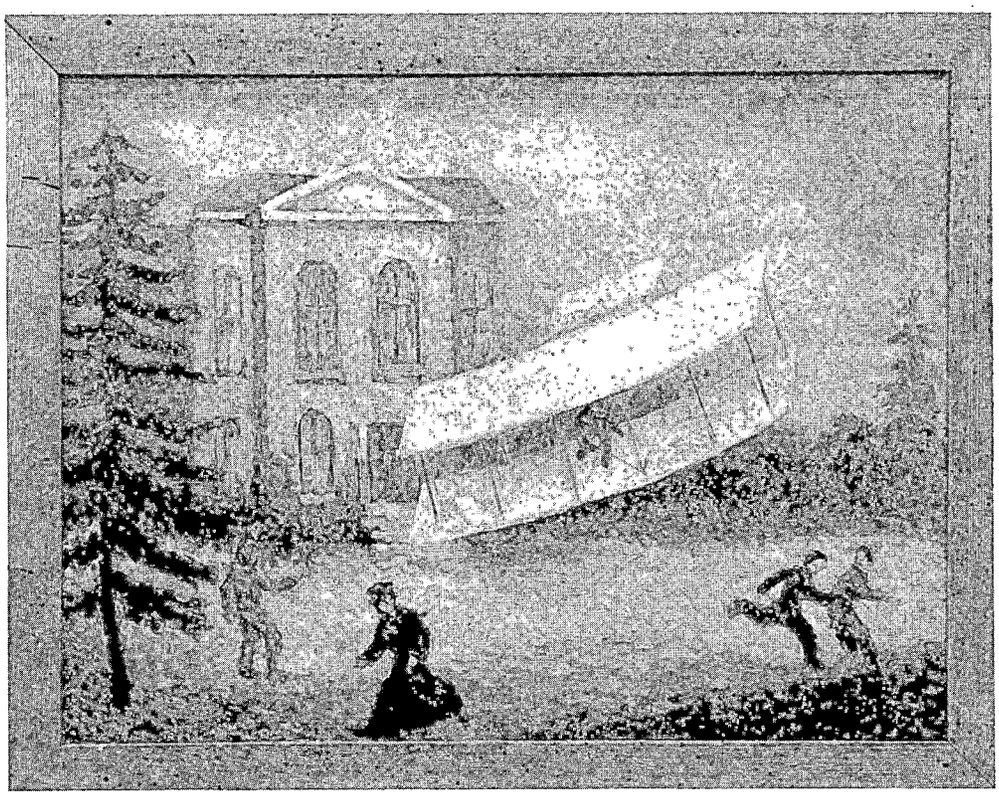
Notre Dame attracted foreign scholars and many stayed. Political philosopher Waldemar Gurian was a familiar campus figure long after World War II. He was, in 1939, the first editor of Notre Dame's impressive *Review of Politics*, a continuing contribution to American political philosophy.

Much, perhaps too much, has been written about the 1924 brawl between students and the Ku Klux Klan when domers administered thrashings to the human refuse arriving with their bed sheets for a South Bend parade. Although it became part of the lore of the place, it was incidental, symbolic of a bigotry that was dying, imperceptibly at first but surely.

American Catholics and Notre Dame already were moving into the mainstream. When the '30s ended and a nightmare fell upon the world, they were already a strong part of the whole. After the war there was no doubt.

No age stands alone, separated from the years before and after. Father Burns came to Notre Dame a decade before the death of Sorin the Founder. He became the Sorin product who pointed Notre Dame toward its modern role.

The University's Time Between the Wars turned out leaders in every field of human endeavor, and among them was Theodore Martin Hesburgh, C.S.C., the giant of the postwar era. He too is a link, a product of the '30s, a part of the golden age of awakening that made possible today's Notre Dame. □



BRIGHT IDEAS

From the physics of flight to synthetic rubber to extraterrestrial particles, Notre Dame has done pioneering research in science and engineering for more than a century.

BY JOHN MONCZUNSKI

Under cover of darkness one May day in 1888, a young man allowed himself to be secured to a cable and hoisted slowly up to a steel beam that jutted like a gallows from the roof of the building now called LaFortune Student Center. Dangling precariously, the figure grasped a frame of rods and cloth, cut loose from his tether and plunged to the ground . . . and lived to tell about it.

With that experiment, Professor Albert Zahm launched not only his man-carrying glider but Notre Dame's reputation as a research institution as well—though no one knew it yet. The young professor of mechanical engineering shunned publicity.

Zahm launched his craft frequently—from the roof of that building, from the campus grandstands and from the dunes at Lake Michigan—to test tail configurations and designs. These tests helped shape ideas about flight control that he presented in a paper at the First International Aeronautics Conference in Chicago in 1893. Antedating the Wright brothers' Kitty Hawk flight by 10 years, the paper described how to rotate parts of an aircraft's wings to balance a plane laterally, and how a double tail prevented pitching and yawing. Zahm never patented these ideas, but his groundbreaking paper later figured in a legal dispute between two other parties over flight control technology.

John Monczunski is an associate editor of this magazine.

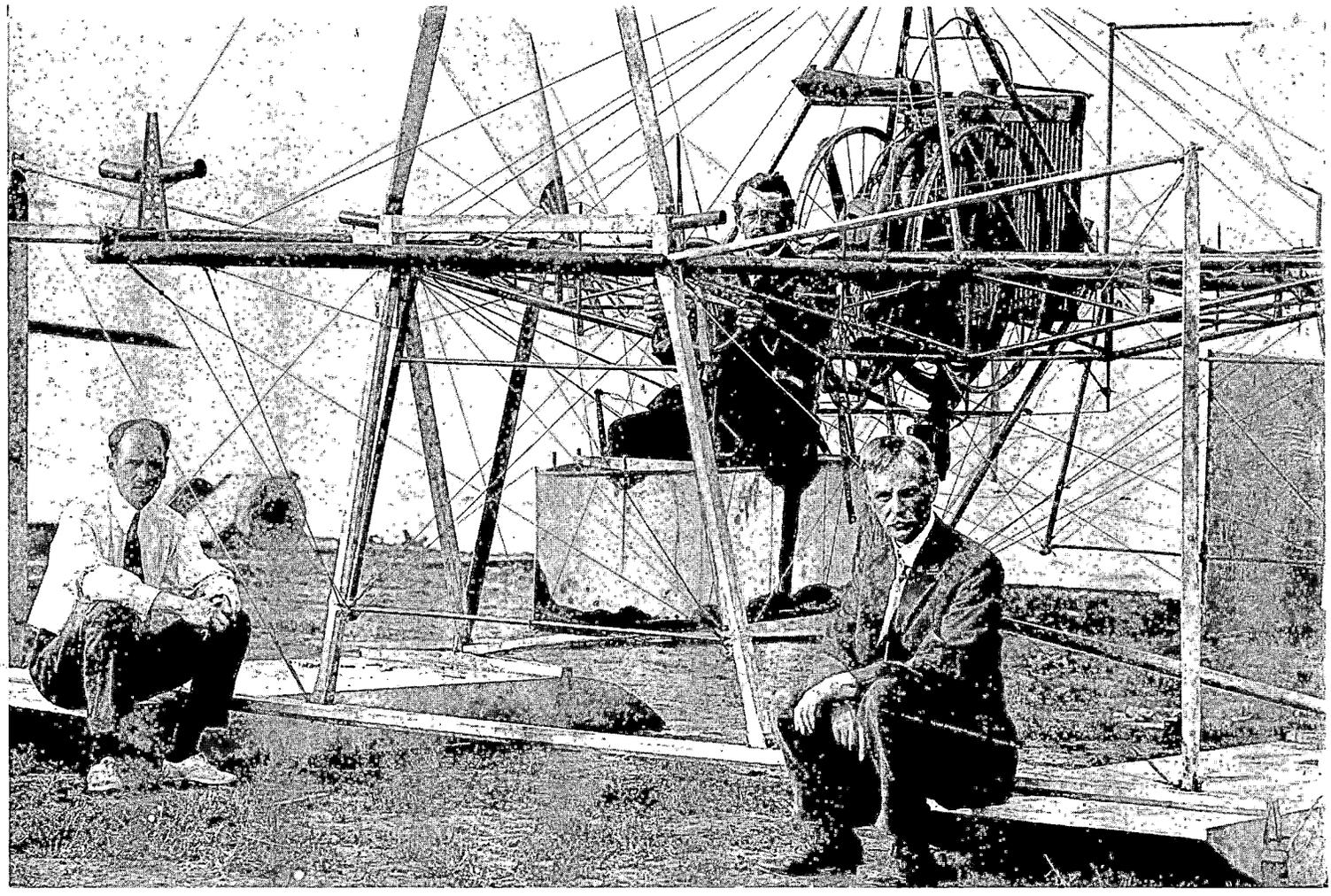
While serious science went on at Notre Dame in the school's early years—notably the work of Rev. John Zahm, C.S.C. (Albert's brother), on the physics of sound and that of Rev. Alexander Kirsch, C.S.C., in biology—it was Albert Zahm's aeronautical research that first attracted international attention to the campus.

A few years after the Chicago aeronautics conference, several telegrapher's dots leaped across a room in Science Hall and thereby put a young professor of physics and electrical engineering into the record books. Four years after joining Notre Dame's faculty in 1895, Jerome Green assembled a transmitter and receiver and became the first person to send a wireless radio message in the United States.

After his initial success, Green conducted a series of tests over increasingly greater distances. On April 20, 1899, reporters witnessed a transmission between Notre Dame and Saint Mary's. The *Chicago Tribune* invited Green to repeat the feat in Chicago a few days later, and although Green failed to receive a message sent from a railroad station several blocks from the Tribune office, he later was able to contact a tugboat zigzagging two miles out in the choppy waters of Lake Michigan, thereby achieving the first shore-to-ship radio transmission in the United States. "It seems from these trials," Green wrote in the July 1899 *American Electrician*, "that it is much easier to operate over water than over land."

Green's notoriety took him by surprise. In a letter to a friend he remarked, "I am now notorious on account of mere accident, but it's a great advertisement for Notre Dame. . . ."

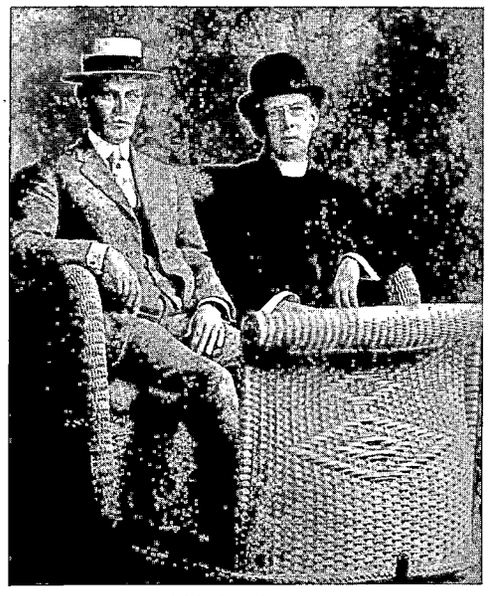
That fanfare was only a spark compared to the publicity firestorm that erupted a few years later when a Notre Dame priest/professor dropped an incidental remark in a paper he was presenting to the American Chemical Society's 1925 Organic Chemistry Symposium in Rochester, New York. Rev. Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C., described some puzzling acetylene reactions he'd encoun-



PHOTOGRAPHS / UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

Albert Zahm (seated on right) conducted landmark experiments in flight control in the late 1800s.

tered. His secretary, Vincent Sweeney, later recalled one of them: "We went out into the open campus before old Science Hall. Father Nieuwland had a substance he was going to test. The only trouble, he said, was that he didn't know whether it would burn; but if it did burn the best place to be would be away from there. So he lit it and I established what must have been a new Notre Dame record for the 100-yard dash. Nieuwland was just behind me; the only reason I beat him was because he was wearing a cassock. The substance didn't explode. We walked slowly back. Nieuwland inspected it and said: 'Vincent, this is synthetic rubber.'"



Albert Zahm and his brother, Rev. John Zahm, C.S.C., were trailblazers in science and engineering at Notre Dame.

Well, not quite—it was divinylacetylene. But chemists in the audience from the E.I. DuPont de Nemours chemical company, who themselves had been attempting to produce synthetic rubber from acetylene, recognized the significance of Nieuwland's remarks. The firm put him on retainer as a consultant while a team of DuPont chemists took his basic discovery and developed it into Neoprene, which they marketed as a substitute for natural rubber.

A few years after DuPont announced Neoprene in 1931, a basement lab in Notre Dame's Wenninger-Kirsch Biology Building [now Haggar Hall] became another source of scientific distinction for the University. Bernard Waldman, a young physics instructor who would be dean of science from 1967 to 1979, recalled his first visit to that hall in 1938: "The basement was bustling with what I considered a very odd activity: the construction of white painted steel cylinders and a maze of interconnecting pipes and wires. It surely could not be biology, it must be mechanical engineering were my first thoughts. And that was my introduction to the Laboratories of Bacteriology, now called Lobund Laboratory."

The maze was a network of germfree isolators housing laboratory animals in totally sterile conditions. Under Professor James Reyniers, Lobund pioneered germfree-isolation technology and developed colonies of germfree animals for use as model systems to study heart disease, cancer and other medical puzzles.

The Lobund technology has had important applications in health care. Germfree isolation techniques developed by Reyniers, Philip Trexler and other Lobund scientists are now standard procedure in hospitals for protecting burn patients and others with diminished immunity from infection. In one widely publicized case, a team of Lobund scientists led by Brother Raphael Wilson, C.S.C., supervised the construction of a room-sized isolator used by "David," the famous "boy in the bubble" who from birth until his death at age 12 in 1982 suffered from a genetic immune de-

ficiency that made life in the outside world impossible for him.

Lobund entered a new phase in 1961 when virologist Morris Pollard became its director. With the bugs worked out of germfree technology in every sense by Reyniers and his associates, Pollard was free to exploit it. Under his direction the lab developed model systems for studying leukemia, intestinal cancer and prostate cancer, and investigated cancer promoters and inhibitors. In the early '70s Pollard demonstrated that bone marrow transplants are effective in treating leukemia—a technique now in clinical use.

Lobund research on prostate cancer has demonstrated that in germfree lab animals, a low-calorie diet and early treatment with hormones and vitamin A analogues can inhibit the development of such cancer and curb its spread. The results suggest promising leads for dealing with the human form of the cancer. Other Lobund investigations have dealt with the aging process and the role of bacteria in the formation of dental cavities.

About the time Reyniers began his work, another lab on campus was making intriguing discoveries about the nature of matter. The lab, a room with a 40-foot ceiling in Cushing Hall of Engineering, housed a device built by Professors Edward A. Coomes and George B. Collins that might easily have been mistaken for an alien invader's death-ray weapon: A metal globe 12 feet in diameter rested on a 15-foot tripod, and a paper belt three feet wide and 70 feet long stuck out of the globe like a long tongue. A fourth leg, a 24-foot-long glass tube encased in a metal coil, poked out the front of the metallic ball and into an adjacent room.

When Coomes and Collins threw a switch, their machine shot 19-foot sparks and bathed the room in a purple glow. The contraption was the physics department's 1.2 million electron-volt electrostatic particle accelerator, at that time one of only three in the world. With it Notre Dame physicists were among the first to probe the core of the atom.

In fact, the Notre Dame group was the first to use an electrostatic generator to accelerate electrons, the first to disintegrate a nucleus with electrons and the

A $2 Million Dollar Discovery

BY CHRISTOPHER B. FAGAN '59

On January 10, 1937, Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame, convened memorial exercises to honor the memory of Rev. Julius A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., who had passed away seven months earlier at the age of 58—a death that brought an end to the most significant chemical research conducted in Notre Dame's laboratories. Companies represented at the exercises read like a Who's Who of American industry: E.I. Dupont de Nemours, Eli Lilly, Proctor & Gamble, Johns-Manville, Standard Oil, Union Carbide, Bendix Products.

Thirty years earlier, soon after earning his doctorate in science, Nieuwland had noticed that a reaction occurred when acetylene was passed into a solution of copper and alkali metal chlorides. The product was a gas whose odor was extremely noticeable. Some years later he radically altered the composition of that catalytic mixture and, to his surprise, found that an oil was formed along with the malodorous gas. The oil was identified as divinylacetylene; the gas proved to be monovinylacetylene.

Later still, Nieuwland and a co-researcher, Richard R. Vogt, prepared polymerization products of the oil and the gas. The result was a compound that chemists would refer to as polymerized-2-chloro-1,3-butadiene. The press would call it synthetic rubber. And DuPont, when it established plants to produce the compound, would brand it Neoprene.

Early in 1928, Nieuwland entered into a written agreement with DuPont stipulating that he would continue his research, and that any and all inventions he made would be assigned to DuPont. In return he would receive $1,000 per year, either in cash or technical publications for the chemistry library. (He elected to take the books.) The agreement also provided for the payment of "additional compensation" in the event that DuPont should enter into the production of chemical compounds utilizing Nieuwland's discoveries.

This agreement was between the chemical firm and the Holy Cross priest personally, but it was ratified by the University and the Congregation of Holy Cross. All payments under the agreement were to be made to Notre Dame and the order.

In 1931, Nieuwland secured two patents covering his technology with respect to the synthesis of synthetic rubber (Patents 1,811,959 and 1,812,541); under the 1928 agreement, they were the property of DuPont. They were also the basis of Notre Dame's royalties from DuPont and the federal government until the patents expired in 1948.

Just five months after the issuance of the two patents, DuPont announced the first commercial production of Neoprene. Negotiations then opened between DuPont and Notre Dame with respect to the "additional compensation" provided for in the 1928 agreement. These talks produced an agreement that royalty payments would be based on the amounts of divinylacetylene and monovinylacetylene DuPont used in the Neoprene manufacturing process. The royalty was variable and depended on the world price of natural crude rubber.

In the early years, royalties escalated gradually from $1,066 in 1933 to approximately $14,000 in 1938. By any standard these were relatively modest sums, due in part to the low demand for synthetic rubber in the years before Japanese expansionism began to threaten the world's natural rubber sources. But as Germany and Japan extended their areas of influence, Washington sought to increase

Chris Fagan received his B.S. degree in mechanical engineering in 1959 and a law degree from Georgetown in 1965. He practices patent law in Cleveland. This excerpt is from a longer, more technical paper titled "Nieuwland and Synthetic Rubber."

first to experimentally confirm Cerenkov radiation, a kind of "shock wave" produced by a particle passing through a medium such as air faster than light passing through that same medium.

At the end of the '30s Collins and Bernard Waldman constructed a more powerful electrostatic generator with nearly double the voltage of the first. That machine was enclosed in a 40-foot-long sealed tank, and the control room was separated from it by a wall of earth. Concrete five feet thick protected researchers from radiation. The accelerator produced very intense X-rays and was used by the Manhattan (atom bomb) Project during World War II to study the effects of radiation on matter.

In 1955 Waldman and Professor Walter Miller constructed a 4-million electron-volt accelerator, and in 1968 the University purchased a 7.5 million electron-volt "king-size tandem Van de Graaf accelerator." About 15 years ago the third accelerator was modified and linked to the fourth as an ion source.

As physicists probed more deeply into the building blocks of matter, they needed increasingly more powerful tools. When the first cyclotrons were built after World War II, the field of high-energy physics spun off from nuclear physics. Notre Dame didn't enter that field until 1963 when three physicists were recruited from the Max Planck Institute in Germany; two of them, William Shephard and V. Paul Kenney, are still on the faculty as members of a group that has grown to seven faculty members, four research staff and 18 graduate students. Since its inception, the Notre Dame high-energy physics group has had more than 200 research papers published, at least four of which put Notre Dame on the high-energy map:

- In 1970 at a conference in Moscow, Kenney presented a revolutionary analysis technique which could, among other things, define the effective volume of the tiny "fireball" that's produced when elementary particles collide. The technique, developed primarily by Professors William Shephard and Nripendra Biswas, was adopted widely.
- Professor Randall Ruchti developed and refined a revolutionary particle track-

The funny smelling oil discovered by Rev. Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C., led to a gigantic industry and helped the United States in World War II.



both the demand for synthetic rubber and its domestic production.

By mid-1941 it was apparent that drastic measures were needed to reduce America's dependence on natural rubber. So the government abolished the free rubber market at home and jacked up the price of natural rubber; it also imposed restrictions on the use of natural rubber to stimulate the demand for synthetic. All this had immediate impact on Notre Dame's income. In 1941, royalties jumped to nearly $114,000.

With America's entry into World War II, Notre Dame was asked by the federal government to forego some of its royalties as its "contribution" to the war effort. By late 1942, a supplemental agreement was in place that reduced the royalty formula significantly.

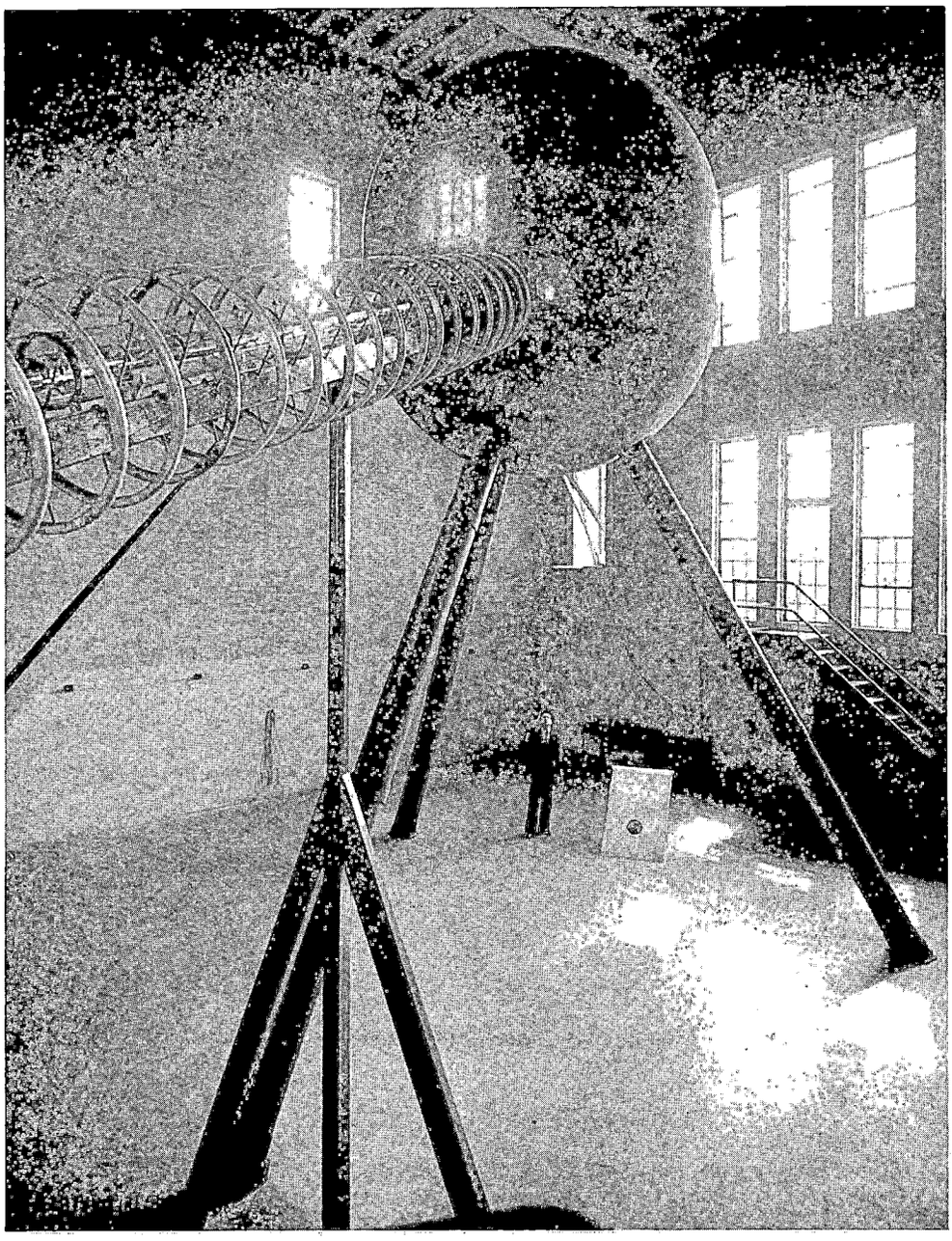
Even so, income during the war was nothing to sneeze at: In 1942 payments amounted to more than $185,000, and by 1944 they had climbed to nearly $325,000. These were relatively large sums for the University at a time when enrollments were depressed by wartime conscription and the campus was chiefly in the business of training naval midshipmen.

After World War II, the U.S. Department of Justice notified DuPont that it considered the firm's attempt to reacquire a Neoprene-producing plant in Kentucky from the government a violation of anti-trust laws. DuPont was outraged. Unfortunately for Notre Dame, the dispute was not resolved by the time Nieuwland's patents expired. The last royalty check arrived shortly after June 1948, and Notre Dame's chapter in the development of synthetic rubber—and the war effort—came to a close.

The total Notre Dame earned from Nieuwland's discoveries came to approximately $2 million. While not much by today's standards, when measured in terms of the dollar's value then, the sum was significant. Indeed, in 1944 royalties paid 75 percent of the University's faculty salaries.

Without question, Father Nieuwland's research on compounds of acetylene, conducted in his laboratory in the old chemistry building, is the most significant ever undertaken on the University campus. Others on the faculty would make contributions in many areas of science, but none to rival Nieuwland's. □

The University's first atom smasher shot 19-foot sparks and was the first in the world to disintegrate a nucleus by bombarding it with electrons.



ing system that is being installed at Fermilab near Chicago, the most powerful particle accelerator now operating in the United States, and also at the new super collider under construction in Texas.

- Analyzing the results of some Fermilab experiments, Professor Neal Cason discovered a new elementary particle state of the "quark-antiquark" system. Subsequent Notre Dame experiments have refined science's understanding of this complex system.
- A gigantic eight-story vat of water in a salt mine 2,000 feet below Lake Erie was the site of a major breakthrough by Professor John LoSecco and his colleagues. LoSecco had the brainstorm that the salt-mine experiment, designed to detect proton decay, could be modified to hunt as well for neutrinos from exploding stars. Although theory predicted that a supernova would produce neutrinos, none had ever been observed until LoSecco's detector and another in Japan recorded their tracks in 1987.

The Notre Dame physicist and his associates thus demonstrated that astronomical events can be studied with the techniques of high-energy physics, and verified that subnuclear theory accurately describes the death as well as the birth of stars.

Another world-class program that spun off from nuclear physics at Notre Dame is the Radiation Laboratory. Professor Milton Burton, who had been chief of the Manhattan Project's radiation-effects section, joined the Notre Dame faculty in 1945 and immediately established the Radiation Chemistry Project. Its aim was to study the complex chemical reactions induced by radiation, phenomena that take place in billionths of a second.

In 1960 the program was renamed the Radiation Lab. Three years later it moved into a research building that houses a 2 million electron-volt Van de Graaf generator and several radioactive cobalt 60 sources in a heavily shielded subterranean chamber. Notre Dame was the first American university to provide formal training in the new discipline, and it continues to be the principal source of trained postgraduates in radiation chemistry and photochemistry, which deals with the chemical action of light.

Meanwhile, another Notre Dame lab began to yield significant findings about aerodynamics. Even before World War II, Professor F.N.M. Brown carried on Albert Zahm's legacy and made important contributions to aeronautical engineering. While still a student, Zahm had constructed one of the first wind tunnels; about 60 years later Brown built a state-of-the-art smoke tunnel. He also invented a photographic space-time recorder known as the "Brown navigator" for use in wind tunnel studies, and devised three-dimensional photographic techniques to study air flow.

After the war, Professor Vincent Goddard continued the tradition in wind tunnel technology and developed supersonic streamline visualization techniques for studying complicated aerodynamic problems.

Another kind of airborne entity—the pesky and occasionally lethal mosquito—has been the object of intense scrutiny by Notre Dame biologists for more than 30 years. Under the leadership of Professor George Craig, Notre Dame's Vector Biology Laboratory is in the forefront of those investigating mosquito genetics and genetic control.

Initially Craig concentrated on the genetics of *Aedes aegypti*, the Yellow Fever mosquito; in the process he and his colleagues made the mosquito into a tool for uncovering basic genetic phenomena. Craig then attempted to apply that knowledge in Kenya, Africa; for seven years he tested genetic population-control techniques, releasing into the field strains of the mosquito which had been laboratory bred not to transmit disease.

The experiment was not successful, but the basic approach had merit. "Some of the things we tried are being attempted again by others with genetic engineering," Craig observes. "Their success rates are higher."

In 1975 the mosquito biologist shifted his attention from Yellow Fever in the tropics to LaCrosse encephalitis in the Midwest. That year a severe epidemic of the sometimes fatal disease swept the United States, spread by a mosquito that breeds in tree holes and old tires filled with rainwater. Over the next 10 years the Notre Dame lab became a major center for studying the spread of LaCrosse encephalitis.

A pest known as the Asian Tiger mosquito, a major disease carrier in Southeast Asia, quickly captured the Vector Lab's interest after it was first detected in the United States in 1985. Since the Asian Tiger's natural habitat is tropical, it was thought at first to be a threat only in the Gulf Coast states. Then, to the surprise and dismay of health officials, it was found to be thriving in Chicago, Indianapolis and other northern areas.

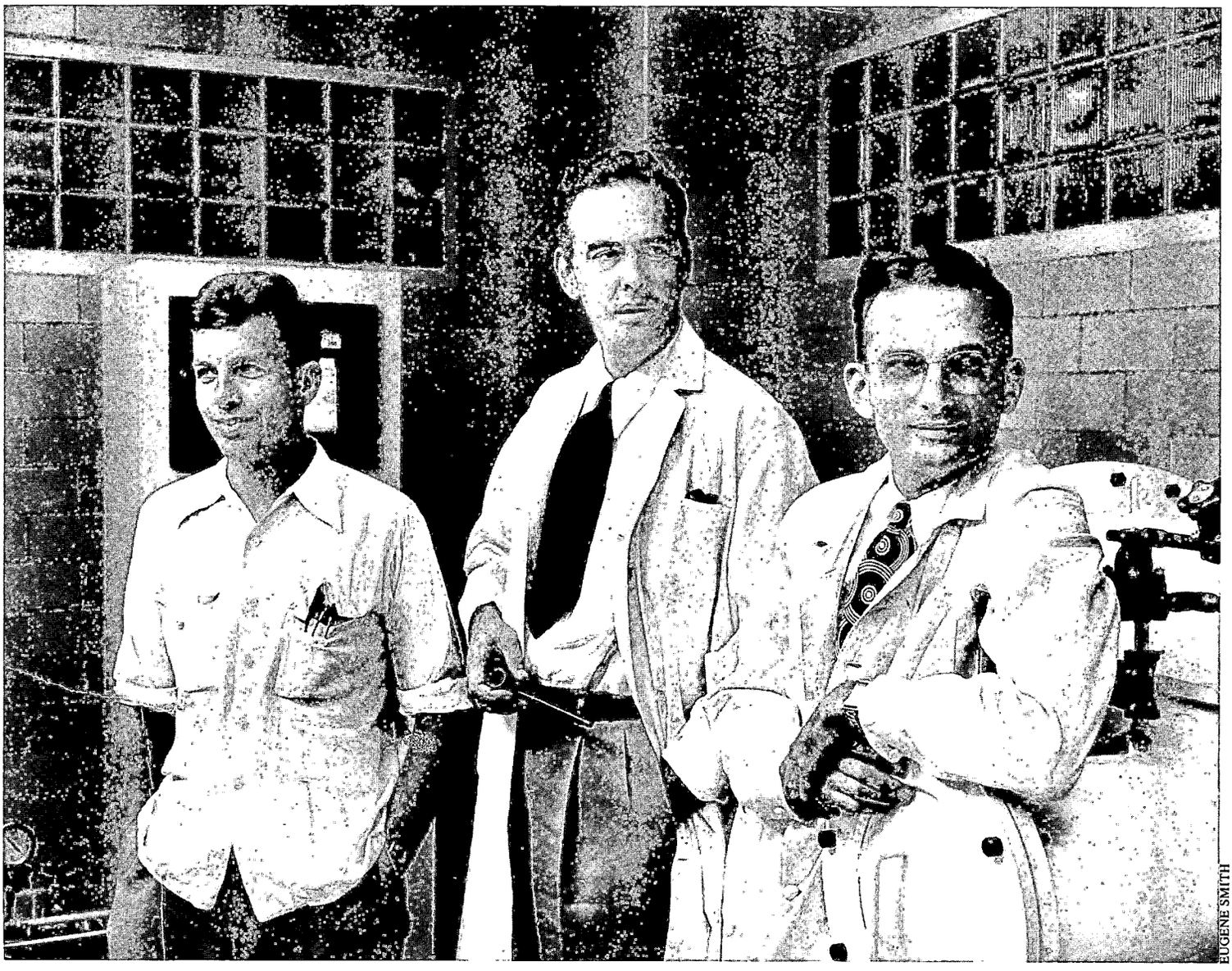
Craig solved the riddle of how the tropical mosquito could survive harsh winters: The invader wasn't really tropical. The strain that reached the United States came by way of Japan, where it already had adapted to cold weather. Thus the mosquito is doing precisely the opposite of what experts anticipated: establish itself in northern areas and slowly move south. It took four years to reach Florida.

"Right now," says Craig, "it is primed to readapt and spread as a tropical mosquito. We predict that once this happens there will be a lot more disease in the Caribbean, since it is a much more efficient disease spreader than native mosquitoes."

Also working to safeguard public health is chemistry Professor Marvin Miller. For the past 15 years or so he has been tinkering with molecules in an effort to improve antibiotics. In the late '70s he achieved a breakthrough that ushered in a new generation of improved antibiotics, and more recently he developed a chemical Trojan horse to smuggle antibiotics through cell walls, a finding that has the potential to give new life to old antibiotics whose useful life in medicine had seemed to be over.

A different set of chemistry problems—of special interest to the petroleum and petrochemical industries—has been the life's work of Professor James J. Carberry. For most of his 30 years at Notre Dame his main concerns have been "raising yields and speeding things up," the twin tasks of catalysts in a chemical reaction. In 1964 the chemical engineer came up with the idea for a new catalytic reactor that has been widely adopted by scientists. In 1989 he was elected to the prestigious National Acad-

James Reyniers (center) and his assistants, Philip Trexler and Robert Ervin, pioneered germfree isolation technology at Notre Dame's Lobund Laboratory.



EUGENE SMITH

Jack Duman goes to the ends of the earth—the Arctic and Antarctic—to study antifreeze proteins in fish and insects. His work may lead to improving the freeze hardiness of crops.



emy of Engineering for his work in catalysis.

Most Notre Dame research is conducted in labs on campus, but not that of biologist Jack Duman; he's gone to the ends of the earth to learn how some fish and insects withstand the freezing temperatures of winter. The work can be tedious: During one summer expedition to Canada's Ellesmere Island, north of the Arctic Circle, Duman monitored a single caterpillar's movements and behavior for 36 straight hours.

The scientific understanding of freeze tolerance has benefited from his discovery that insects (notably spiders, mites and centipedes) and certain plants produce special proteins which serve as an antifreeze to see them through even arctic winters. These proteins interfere with the growth of ice crystals by bonding on to the ice crystal at its natural growth points.

Last fall Duman's research turned in an exciting direction when, working with a botanist, he found the antifreeze proteins in 16 species of temperate-zone plants—a discovery that has the potential to improve the freeze-hardiness of crops.

Certain research themes seem to keep surfacing in the University's history. Sixty years or so after Jerome Green sent his wireless messages across short distances on campus, a successor in electrical engineering, Professor James L. Massey, was working with messages that would travel millions of miles. Massey developed coding theory that ensures the accuracy of data received from deep-space probes and satellites. His superior code has been utilized by NASA.

Another example: In 1882 Albert Zahm described a "plane parachute," essentially a large kite with a platform beneath it. Zahm was enthusiastic about the concept: "What could be more amusing and interesting than to see a number of our students sailing to and fro above the college grounds?" he wrote. Eighty-five years later, in front of NBC News cameras, Professor John Nicolaides took off in the "Irish Flyer," a go-kart tethered to a large square kite that resembled a parachute. The unconventional aircraft—the world's first non-rigid-wing plane—achieved an altitude of 1,300 feet in tests.

The key to the craft was its unique wing, the now familiar parafoil—an advance in parachute technology that Nicolaides began developing in 1964 at the behest of its inventor, a Florida kite manufacturer. After conducting wind tunnel tests, Nicolaides realized that the strange kite, which looked like a "bunch of windsocks sewn together in a sardine can," was a missing link in aerodynamics that bridged the gap between the glider and a conventional parachute.

Not all aerospace research deals with flight. For years Professor K.T. Yang has been creating roaring fires without striking a match. Fire is one of the most complicated phenomena in all nature, but over 18 years Yang and his colleagues have developed a computerized mathematical model that goes a long way toward unraveling fire's mysteries. The model, begun in 1972 and refined many times since, describes the behavior of smoke and fire in a variety of room and corridor combinations, including airplane cabins. The sophisticated computer program takes into account temperatures, turbulence, hot gases and heat transfer to predict how long it will take for various kinds of fires to spread.

Moving from fire to ice, Professor William Berry and his associates have applied heat-transfer technology and other techniques to problems encountered by mass transit vehicles in snowy and icy weather. Their massive study, begun in 1980, has produced a number of devices and strategies to keep mass transit systems operating reliably in winter weather: wheel well linings that shed ice and snow and prevent steering problems, self-regulating tape heaters that keep ice from forming on rails and switches, a high velocity water jet deicing system, and a system that blasts ice from rails with radio waves.

In civil engineering, meanwhile, Professors Robert Irvine and Lloyd Ketchum have adapted and enhanced an old technology to solve some modern pollution problems. They have become authorities on the "sequencing batch reactor" method of wastewater treatment, in which an entire purification process takes place in a single tank. Adapting that technology to the challenge of dealing with toxic organic chemicals, Irvine, Ketchum and Notre Dame microbiologist Charles Kulpa have cleaned up such dangerous wastes as the coal tar residue in the Love Canal area near Niagara Falls, New York.

Approaching toxicity from another direction, Dean of Engineering Anthony Michel has broken new ground in the theory of "neural networks"—computer networks that simulate human thinking. Out of that research he developed a type of neural network that helps physicians determine safe and effective prescription combinations for patients who need high doses of several medications which could, in the wrong combinations, be toxic.

* * *

This survey of science and engineering discovery at Notre Dame has not been all-inclusive but merely a few "snapshots" of some of the noteworthy work done here. It is part of a long record demonstrating that the current slogan, "Notre Dame: A National Catholic Research University," describes a reality not so very new. □

LEGEND, LORE AND *DU LAC*

In which a statue goes traveling, shadows roam the campus tunnels and a cat takes over the student-body presidency.

BY WALTON R. COLLINS '51

That spring night in 1953, between 50 and 100 Notre Dame seniors milled about at the circle, craning expectantly down Notre Dame Avenue. They were waiting for Father Edward Frederick Sorin to come home.

Notre Dame's founder—or, to be more precise, a 3-foot-tall statue of him—had disappeared from a pedestal in Sorin Hall the previous December. Soon telegrams and postcards were arriving regularly from the traveling priest: from Washington, where he had a great time at President Dwight Eisenhower's inaugural ball; from Tokyo, where he "stopped off to pay my respects to the Emperor"; from England, where he "represented the lads at the coronation of Elizabeth II"; from Rome, where he enjoyed an audience with His Holiness.

Now he was returning, and the seniors, alerted by handbills, were out to welcome him. Suddenly from 100 yards behind the crowd there came a scream: "Hey, Sorin!" And there he was, standing on the tattered remnants of a blanket on the ground, looking serene and happy to be back.

In the excitement, a couple of running figures were scarcely noticed. It wasn't modesty that prompted the pair to flee but the threat of apprehension by the forces of an unamused prefect of discipline, Rev. Charles McCarragher, C.S.C. "Black Mac," as he was known among students, had been quoted in the *South Bend Tribune* as declaring that the kidnapping of the statue was unquestionably the "product of a diseased mind or minds." He gave every sign of wanting very badly to catch the perpetrators. He didn't.

And so one more bit of lore made its way into Notre Dame mythology.

"By their legends ye shall know them" is not a bad principle for sizing up an institution. And Notre Dame's legends for a century and a half have prized individualism, initiative and a kind of gamesmanship played at the expense of established authority.

It started with Sorin himself: his vandalizing of a dam on nearby property because he believed the water it impounded was breeding illness on campus; his dispatching of several Brothers to cash in on the California Gold Rush; his unauthorized founding of a nuns' novitiate; his decision to gild the dome despite opposition from just about everyone else on campus.

It is epitomized in Knute Rockne, the risk-taking football player and coach; in George Gipp, the devil-may-care athlete whose disdain for rules was exceeded only by his gridiron talent; in Notre Dame's football glory, summed up in the *Victory March* words, "What though the odds be great or small/Old Notre Dame will win over all." But it infected ordinary students too, sometimes in rebellious fashion.

In 1952-53, the campus was settling back down to something like prewar normalcy. Gone, for the most part, were the GI-Bill veterans of World War II whose presence had prompted an unacknowledged but real relaxation of many of the old rules. Students once again were expected to live the letter of each law without question.

Or so the theory went. In fact, with veterans or without, Notre Dame was dealing with a new breed of student. Though they were a long way from the affluence that characterizes many contemporary students, they had nonetheless begun to lose the habit of unquestioning obedience of the prewar student body. Here's how Edward Vasta '53, now a professor of English at Notre Dame, recalls that era: "Notre Dame life was a disciplined life, founded on self-restraint, filial subordination and parental correction. (But) we were a postwar student body, a new breed, used to freedom, self-importance and independence."



MARK PACELLA

Take the milk riot. In the fall of 1952, dining hall officials decided students were leaving too much milk in the eight-ounce glasses that had long been the standard size. When six-ounce glasses were substituted, the students demonstrated what they thought of the change by holding up the undersized glasses, toast-fashion, and dropping them to the floor.

Vasta describes a scene in the west wing of the dining hall: "The prefect of discipline was stalking the tables, treading slices of bread, pats of butter, pieces of meat and whatever else the students were flinging across the room behind his back; he was campusing students right and left. Next day, the prefect was treading milk and broken glass. Explosions erupted all over as students, holding full glasses of milk at eye level, shouted 'Fire one!' and let the glasses fall. 'Fire two!' 'Fire three!' preceded explosions that came from wherever in the hall the prefect could not be."

Then the eight-ounce glasses returned, and it was over. It was not the brand of demonstration that would erupt on the campus in the latter '60s, but it differed from the high-spirited pranks of earlier times. It was prelude to a new dimension of legend.

In the strict-rule days at Notre Dame, which extended well into the '60s, the mere possession of beer or other alcoholic beverages on campus was grounds for instant expulsion—or was perceived to be. So students smuggled beer onto campus, put bottles or cans out on the windowsill in the winter to keep them cold (never on the ground floor, of course), and sipped a brew in their rooms now and then. It was more than just wanting a beer; it was the challenge that was appealing. If the rules said no, students broke the rules.

Walt Collins is editor of this magazine.

Take the tunnels. For years the network of underground tunnels carrying steam pipes and central heating to buildings on campus had exerted a kind of shivery fascination on student imaginations. Lore in the '40s, perhaps influenced by the period's latent anti-Catholicism (and reinforced by good old Irish anti-clericalism), had it that the tunnels were the scene of priest-nun love trysts or clerical drinking orgies. Later generations of students brooded about the "serial killers" who supposedly lurked in the tunnels, biding their time and looking for victims. This legend remains alive among today's students.

Occasionally, students did more than talk about the tunnels. Late one night early in the 1980s, a little group huddled stealthily over a metal grate near Sorin and Walsh Halls. One lifted the grate, and six shadows disappeared down a rectangular shaft, the last one pulling the lid back into place above him. The three young men and three young women found themselves in a dark passage, just big enough to stand upright in and enervatingly hot, thanks to the steam pipe running through it. Their flashlight picked out a placard on the tunnel wall, signed by Dean of Students Jim Roemer; it warned the intruders to evacuate this forbidden place . . . or else.

Naturally, they didn't. For the next half hour or so they trudged cautiously ahead, periodically encountering intersecting tunnels that went off at right angles. The students possessed a good sense of direction and occasionally came to a grate peephole overhead that allowed them to make an educated guess at their location. There were cobwebs and a few other spooky things along the route, but no visible spiders or rats or any of the other terrors that might have haunted their dreams as they planned this excursion.

Finally they emerged from the tunnel through a closet in Haggar Hall, exultant. They had walked the fabled Notre Dame tunnels and emerged unscathed—and, better yet, undetected.

Although tunneling under the campus was never a wildly popular sport on campus, it had its devotees. One was Margaret Fosmoe '85, now an editorial writer for the *South Bend Tribune*. She explored the tunnel grid buried beneath the campus on several occasions as an undergraduate. Her scariest encounter took place one night as she and some friends emerged from a tunnel exit on the first floor of the Hurley Building and almost bumped into a watchman. The students turned and fled back into the tunnel, out another exit in the Hurley basement, then out a door and into the night. "We didn't stop running for quite a while," Fosmoe recalls.

The urge the tunnelers responded to—tasting forbidden fruit—is the same one that has sent countless students over the decades on the precarious and strenuous journey up into the dome between its inner and outer shells, where the graffiti (with names and years) suggest peaks and valleys in the popularity of dome-climbing. To reach the platform under Mary's statue requires stealth and conditioning: climb a lengthy staircase from the fifth floor (closed off since the end of the '50s but accessible to the determined) to the upper balcony, then climb a long ladder, then partially circumnavigate the dome and climb still another ladder that's canted at a 45 degree angle from vertical, then hoist yourself up into the pedestal and balance on loose wooden planks. It is virtually impossible to do these days, thanks to multiple locks and high tech security sensors.

Many of Notre Dame's mythic figures have had something about them of "the brilliant loner" who, knowing the costs of such behavior, breaks the rules and gets away with it. Perhaps the epitome of this sort of legend was Rev. Bernard H.B. Lange, C.S.C., the University's idiosyncratic "strong-man priest." His fame began to grow in the '30s when he encountered an unfortunate who was stealing wine from the campus chapels. Lange hauled the man to the fourth floor rotunda balcony in the Main Building, picked him up by the ankles and thrust him out over the balustrade, head down so he could see the rotunda floor two long stories below. The wino had to swear off before he was released.

When he was still an undergraduate, Lange climbed to the top of the dome on the outside of the Main Building, wrapped an arm around Our Lady and waved to classmates below. Later, as a priest and teacher, he developed a fetish for physical fitness, was proclaimed the "Fourth Strongest Man in the World," presided over a weight-training gym on campus, and—as an exercise in self-discipline—went swimming in Saint Joseph's Lake the year around, even in mid-winter when the ice was so thick he had to use an axe to chop through it.

Another loner of sorts was R. Calhoun Kersten, the self-styled Prime Mover who ran for student body president in 1972 with a cat named Uncandidate as his running mate. In a spasm of reaction



against the seriousness of the protest years just behind them, Domers watched with amused fascination as Kersten unveiled his program: oligarchy, consistent drug quality and the distribution of scholarships by lottery. His campaign was proclaimed by pulling a sword from a stone and speaking from a burning bush.

After he was elected, Kersten had himself crowned king on the steps of the Main Building. This high point in his reign was followed by an inaugural ball and a "King for a Day" contest. Kersten then retired, leaving the presidency of the student body to Uncandidate the Cat. Kersten's minions loved the show.

Considering the role the supernatural plays in Catholicism, it is curious that Notre Dame's legends are so short on ghost stories, despite the fact that it is in the nature of ghosts to be loners. There is, of course, the well known spirit of George Gipp that supposedly haunts Washington Hall, where he lived as a student. Once, after a night on the town and finding himself locked out of the hall, Gipp is said to have slept on the front steps, according to the legend; some say he roams the hall now in search of his key.

A couple of other Washington Hall ghosts populate campus lore, including that of a steeplejack who fell to his death from the fly loft in 1886. A more recent Washington Hall manifestation was reported after World War II by *The Scholastic*, which described it as "a trumpet-toting ectoplasmic gentlemen with a flair for riding transparent horses." In life, this ghost was said to have been a music student who swallowed his trumpet and died on the Washington Hall stage.

The supernatural briefly got credit back in the 1880s for shoeprints that appeared high on the walls of the Science Hall museum. But the mystery was cleared up when Albert Zahm admitted doing aerodynamic research in a model glider suspended from the museum ceiling by a cable; to brake he would put out his foot as he approached a wall.

"Loners" are no longer as prized by American society or Domers as they once were, and University legends in the last quarter-century move a bit away from the individual and toward the group. Consider the mass "streak" of the mid-'70s.

The presence of undergraduate women on campus was a challenge some male students couldn't resist, once the streaking craze hit the country. On a warm spring evening, as Michael Garvey '74 tells the tale, "about 100 otherwise fairly stable Notre Dame undergraduate men found themselves afflicted with an inarticulate but overpowering desire to run naked through the corridors of Farley Hall," a women's dorm whose rector was Sister Jean Lenz, O.S.F.

"Sister Jean was in her room when it became apparent that Farley was under siege," says Garvey, now an assistant director of public relations and information at the University. "She rushed to the Farley porch, surveyed the situation with regal disdain, and addressed the undressed crowd in tones identical to those she had used years earlier for unruly parochial second graders: 'You are NOT coming in here like THAT!'" And they didn't.

Adds Garvey in a footnote: "Security officials, eager to put a stop to this sort of behavior, came by to ask Sister Jean if she could identify anyone in the crowd. They all looked alike, she responded—unaware that she was adding to legend."

Although streaking was never excessively fashionable at Notre Dame, in some ways running in public places without any clothing fit in nicely with the spirit of Notre Dame gestures: It struck the perpetrators, no doubt, as not only a gesture against authority but one that flirted with one of the most sacred preserves of ecclesiastical authority, the sexual sphere.

A kinder, gentler sort of legend began to emerge at Notre Dame as students became less apt to view higher education chiefly as a stepping stone away from poverty and prejudice. By the 1970s and '80s, a more affluent student body was developing social awareness, and students signed up to tutor disadvantaged South Bend grade schoolers, befriend the retarded children at Logan Center, and even take a whole year out of their postgraduate lives for voluntary service to society's less fortunate members through such programs as the Holy Cross Associates or the Peace Corps or the Jesuit Volunteers.

The apotheosis of this tradition was Al Sondej '74. Profoundly moved as a student by world hunger, he planted himself outside the dining halls almost daily for two years, in fair weather and foul, begging for contributions in a cut-off milk carton. He collected more than $25,000. After graduation he remained active in Third-World causes until his death three years ago, at 37, of injuries he suffered as a volunteer firefighter in Maryland.

Contemporary student lore tends to focus around grades and socializing. Virtually every incoming freshman these days quickly hears about a "rule" not found in *du Lac*: If your roommate dies, goes the story, you're automatically guaranteed a 4.0 grade-point average for that semester. Naturally, "the administration" won't confirm this rule, the newcomer is told—"the administration" being the "them" that students love to hate.

Also firmly ensconced in today's student lore are the SYR dance and "the Dogbook." A word of explanation for readers whose time on campus predated those words: "The Dogbook" is the student name for a freshman photo register that's published each fall by the University. Intended as a means for freshmen to look up names to go with new faces, its primary use has evolved into a way for freshmen—and some upperclassmen as well—to find dates to SYRs. That acronym stands for "Screw Your Roommate," hall dances that traditionally involve setting up one's roommate with a blind date.

Traci Taghon '91 explains how the SYR dating process works: "Most upperclassmen choose SYR dates from among friends or acquaintances. Freshmen, however, are encouraged to call up a date out of the dogbook, based on appearance alone, and hope the pretty face has a personality to match. Naturally this leads to 'SYR date from hell' stories, which merit about one *Observer* column a year."

Other contemporary lore focuses on the growing numbers of international students on campus, particularly at the graduate level. A story that made the rounds in the late '80s went this way: The rector of a hall where a contingent of Chinese graduate students lived was on his way to his room one evening when he smelled exquisite odors coming from a student room. Curious, he knocked on the door and was invited in to help consume the best Peking Duck he ever tasted. After congratulating his hosts, he asked: "Where did you get the duck?" Smiling and bowing slightly, one of the students pointed toward the lakes, and with his hands made a neck-wringing motion.

For many Domers over the years, however, it's the travels of Father Sorin's statue that remain the most riveting of Notre Dame legends. It has all the elements of good lore: secrecy, danger, initiative, creativity and the rampant flouting of authority. It marks a kind of pivotal point in the legends of the place: Wandering the world is not a concept likely to have even occurred to a legend-maker in the time before World War II, that watershed in the Catholic immigrant culture. But the basic impetus of the prank—to thumb a nose at authority and, with luck, to drive authority figures frantic with frustration—is at the core of Notre Dame's mythology.

Incidentally, the two figures who fled into the darkness that night in 1953 when the statue returned to the circle were August Edward Manier '53, now a professor of philosophy at Notre Dame, and Stan Elman '53, who is retired from the Lockheed Corporation and serving as Senior Library Fellow at the Polish National Library in Warsaw. Manier has come out of the closet as one of the ringleaders of that caper along with Camillus Witzleben '53, now on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and William D. Santoro '53, now a psychiatrist in Santa Barbara, California, whose student nickname was Zulu Warrior.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, there's no doubt at all that the prank captured student imaginations. Sorin went wandering several more times over the next three decades, despite the efforts of Sorin Hall rectors to make the statue difficult to remove from the premises. Once the footloose founder returned to campus in a rowboat, which was spotted drifting offshore on Saint Mary's Lake while the band played the *Victory March* on the shore. After another trip, Sorin made his appearance dangling from a helicopter that circled the campus. And less than a decade ago there were reports that a bust of Knute Rockne had been seen sunning itself on a beach in Florida.

After all its adventures, the Sorin statue returned for good to the hall that bears his name and is now immovably back on its base, secured by steel rods soldered to the floor—a legend stolidly awaiting a new chapter in Notre Dame mythology that is certain, sooner or later, to come. □

A CIVILIZING FORCE

BY RALPH MCINERNY

Maybe 20 years ago, Father Leo R. Ward gave me a little book that was printed privately in 1900, copies of which had mysteriously turned up at Saint Mary's. Written by one Charles Veneziani as a sort of reverse encyclical—subtitled a layman's "Circular Letter to the Archbishops, Bishops and Prominent Clergy of the United States"—it was a wholesale attack on Notre Dame by a disgruntled former professor. Its title: *A Plea for the Higher Education of Catholic Young Men of America with an Exposure of the Frauds of the University of Notre Dame, Ind.*

Veneziani taught at the University from 1896 to 1899 at an annual salary of $600 plus a housing allowance. On the edges of his 91-page indictment one gets precious glimpses of a long-ago Notre Dame through admittedly angry eyes. Among his grievances were that he was not given a stall for his horse near the Main Building, that his salary was cut when a course he was to give to "waiter-students" was canceled, that the lay faculty were rowdy and intemperate and in any case regarded as only an expedient until vocations to the C.S.C. increased, and that he was lied to by the president when they chatted on the veranda of the main building. Father John Zahm figures prominently in Veneziani's plaint, but the C.S.C.s, priests and brothers, are described as woefully undertrained for the task of teaching.

A recurrent motif of the accusation is that Notre Dame, in a Spanish-language catalogue, offered several "honorary doctorates" to graduates who later distinguished themselves, an offer not echoed in the English-language catalogue. Veneziani was disdainful of his lay colleagues—they sound like Bernard DeVoto's father who spent years at Notre Dame as "a perpetual student and part-time professor." Significantly, Veneziani complains of the school's emphasis on baseball and football in attracting students.

Perhaps the best way to think of Notre Dame is on the model of America's Catholic immigrants. With rare exceptions, they entered at the bottom of the social and cultural scale, and their history is one of a slow ascent to respectability and affluence, during which they were measured—and measured themselves—by standards not so much secular at first as non-and anti-Catholic. In the course of the past 150 years the ambience has gradually changed from non-Catholic, more or less WASP, to secular.

To ponder Notre Dame and the American culture is thus to ask about the shifting relationship between an altering effort and a context itself in constant change.

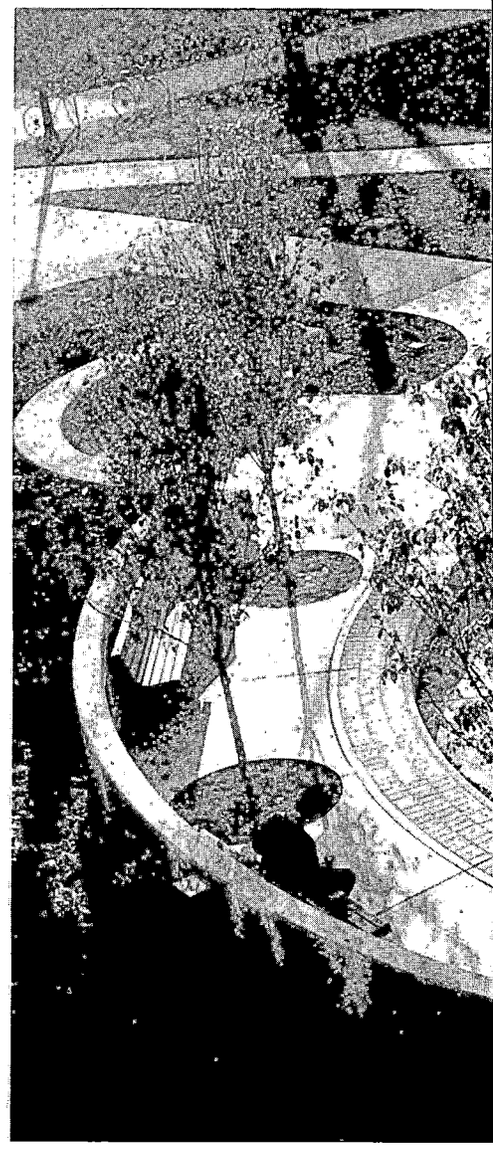
* * *

When Archbishop Ireland preached a sermon called "The Catholic Church and Liberal Education" on the occasion of Notre Dame's golden jubilee (not celebrated, incidentally, until June 1895), he praised Father Sorin because "he had faith in America and in the West; he had faith in the Catholic Church in America." If country and church were to prosper and become great, schools such as Notre Dame had to exist and flourish. Ireland went on to recount the church's historical role as the conduit of culture to the world, the monastic schools, the medieval universities. . . .

John Ireland's parents brought him to America when he was a child; he lived in a Saint Paul, Minnesota, that no one would have accused of culture, and was sent to minor and major seminaries in France. He returned as a young priest to become chaplain to a Minnesota regiment in the Civil War. Magnificently put before us in Marvin O'Connell's biography, John Ireland is an apt symbol of the immigrant church which, despite its modest social standing, saw itself as engaged in a missionary effort to bring Western culture as well as Christ to this raw land.

The scene we discern through Veneziani's wrathful eye is the same one Ireland gazed upon when he preached that golden-jubilee sermon. Archbishop Ireland was American and

Notre Dame, like the immigrant church that spawned it, saw itself engaged in a missionary effort to bring Western culture and Christ to a raw land.



Ralph McInerny is Michael P. Grace Professor of philosophy at the University as well as a novelist and mystery writer.

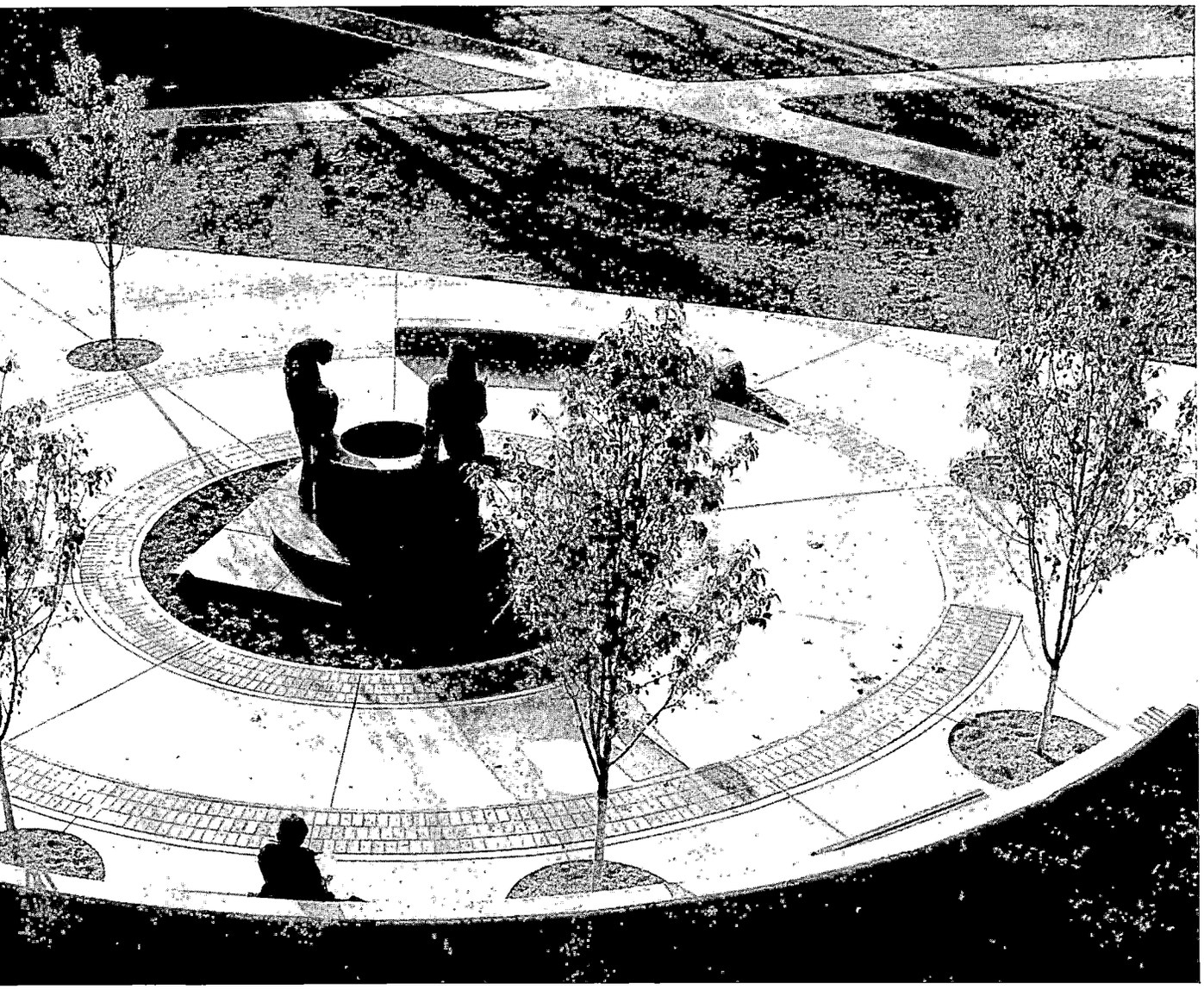
Catholic to the soles of his feet, unabashedly a citizen of this country and a prelate of his church, a kind of George M. Cohan of the hierarchy. Crude as its beginnings doubtless were, Notre Dame saw itself as a civilizing force in this New World. An anthology we used in school, Francis Beauchesne Thornton's *Return to Tradition*, conveyed the thought that the American Catholic was, through his faith, connected with the mainstream of Western culture. One had the heady realization that the Puritans and other Protestants who founded what became our prestige universities were actually on the cultural margin of things.

Norman Podhoretz, in *Making It*, suggests that New York Jews felt somewhat the same way. However modest their origins, they regarded themselves as bearing the message of continental culture to America. American Jews took those Protestant universities as their field of labor; American Catholics set about building their own system of higher education.

A pleasantly paradoxical situation, no doubt, but I wonder if it doesn't capture the essence of this place. When I joined Notre Dame's philosophy department in 1955, the dominant element was a Thomism mediated through such figures as Jacques Maritain, Etienne Gilson and Charles De Koninck. My new colleagues had taken their degrees at Toronto, Louvain, Laval, the Catholic University or one of the Roman universities, with the notable exception of A. Robert Caponigri. This was still the heyday of the preconciliar church, and there was an exuberant confidence that, guided by Leo XIII's *Aeterni Patris*, a new synthesis was abuilding that would create a distinctively modern Catholic culture. On the basis of a shared Thomism, the department would reach out toward phenomenology, analytic philosophy, philosophy of science, American philosophy—not to join all those conflicting contemporary movements, but to fuse the best of the old and new. No wonder Jacques Maritain—who lectured annually at Notre Dame—served as a common symbol of our efforts.

This was the Catholic Church that converts such as Thomas Merton entered. I never thought I'd live long enough to see *The Seven Storey Mountain* become an historical document, but it can now serve as a corrective to distorted views of the preconciliar church that have become received opinion. Gilson and Maritain, along with Dorothy Day, defined that Catholic milieu, supported by Chesterton, Belloc, Mauriac, Bernanos and Claudel as well as Waugh and Greene. The social teachings of the church, interpreted by her philosophers and writers, provided a basis for criticism of—not simply assimilation into—the wider culture.

Frank O'Malley taught a famous course in Catholic philosophy as conveyed in our literature. The founding of the General Program in Liberal Education (it was intended eventually to absorb the College of Arts and Letters) brought Otto Bird to Notre Dame and exuded a confidence that the Catholic tradition of liberal arts was the best way into the renewal of higher



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education. The Great Books effort had in its turn been influenced by the Catholic tradition of liberal education. There was *Commonweal*, there was *America*, there was Sheed & Ward. Bliss was it in that day to be alive, but very heaven to be young.

* * *

My first contact with Notre Dame was via Maisie Ward's life of Gilbert Keith Chesterton, which I read as a boy in 1943 when it first appeared. Chesterton had been at Notre Dame in the fall of 1930, lecturing evenings in Washington Hall to audiences of 600 on Victorian literature and Victorian political figures, 36 lectures in all. The new stadium was dedicated while he was here, and he wrote a commemorative poem about Notre Dame football, called "The Arena":

"I have seen, where a strange country/ Opened its secret plains about me,/ One great golden dome stand lonely with its golden image, one/ Seen afar, in strange fulfillment,/ Through the sunlit Indian summer/ That Apocalyptic portent that has clothed her with the Sun.

"And I saw them shock the whirlwind/ Of the world of dust and dazzle:/ And thrice they stamped, a thunderclap; and thrice the sand-wheel swirled;/ And thrice they cried like thunder/ On Our Lady of the Victories/ The Mother of the Master of the Masterers of the World."

Reading Chesterton stirred in the mind of a youngster who came from an Irish family of modest means and nine children a sense of the possible interweaving of faith and learning. And it was fateful that that combination should have been linked with Notre Dame.

And football. There are purists who lament the identification in the public mind of Notre Dame and football. They are wrong. American higher education and athletics grew together: "Varsity," after all, is a version—critics would say a corruption—of "university." When Edgar Rice Burroughs, the eventual creator of Tarzan, wanted to test his Michigan Military Academy team against the best, he arranged football matches with Harvard and Notre Dame. On November 20, 1895, he received this telegram from Notre Dame: "Will guarantee $100 or one-half gate. Reply. (Signed) P. B. McManus." That was a few months after Archbishop Ireland's sermon.

Knute Rockne's novel, *The Four Winners: The Head, the Hands, the Foot, and the Ball*, published in 1925 (and dedicated to Arnold McInerny), falls into a popular genre of sports novels, and its author was already a legend. The success of Notre Dame football is a symbol of the presence of Catholicism in the United States, its leavening of the general culture, its aspiration to excellence in this life and the next. The fortunes of the team serve a mesmerizing function for young boys and girls around the country who grow up dreaming of the golden dome and praying that one day they will be students at Notre Dame.

* * *

In 1946, Evelyn Waugh wrote for *Life* magazine an essay titled "The American Epoch in the Catholic Church." I doubt that anyone ever called Waugh soft-hearted, so his generally favorable assessments of Catholic institutions of higher education in this country can be taken as fair: "Their object is to transform a proletariat into a bourgeoisie; to produce a faithful laity, qualified to takes its part in the general life of the nation; and in this way they are manifestly successful. Their students are not, in the main, drawn from scholarly homes. Many of them handle the English language uneasily. The teaching faculties are still dependent on European recruits for many of the refinements of learning. But, when all this is said, the Englishman, who can boast no single institution of higher Catholic education and is obliged to frequent universities that are Anglican in formation and agnostic in temper, can only applaud what American Catholics have done in the last hundred years."

And like Chesterton before him, Waugh was struck by the combination of piety and athletic prowess: "The holy places of Notre Dame are crowded before a football match."

American Catholics claimed as their own Chesterton and Belloc, just as they claimed Mauriac, Bernanos and Claudel. However arch his attitude towards this country, American Catholics felt they shared a secret with Evelyn Waugh. The California he lampooned in *The Loved One* was what you might expect when the Catholic sensibility is absent. And Graham Greene was ours, even the later, anti-American Greene. What he criticized in our country were its flaws, those that revealed themselves to the eyes of faith. "Whenever people talk of the brotherhood of man, I think of Cain and Abel," Greene muttered, and it was a welcome antidote to chuckleheaded hopes for the United Nations as the new communion of saints. So too in 1948, uncharacteristically on the program of a conference which asked whether Christian culture is threatened, Greene reminded his listeners that being threatened by the world is part of the definition of Christian culture.

When I noticed that so many of the heroes of American Catholics were foreigners, usually French or English or Irish, I told myself that in a sense culture is international, and that it is far from peculiar to Catholics to be interested in the art of lands other than their own. But of course that wasn't it at all. It was the Catholic thing that counted, a shared sense of what it all means, the intellectual and imaginative variations on the personal import of a common creed. American writers like Edwin O'Connor '39, Walker Percy and Flannery O'Connor were part of that Catholic culture, as were T.S. Eliot and J.F. Powers. Modernity was equivocal for Catholics because it seemed a deliberate attempt to sever itself from that essential source of Western culture, the Christian faith.

In one of his essays on Henry James, Greene searches out passages in which the Master touched however obliquely on the church—it was as if, full of the zeal of the convert, he could not believe that a writer he loved failed to notice what had become so obvious to him. C.S. Lewis accounted it a bonus of his conversion that he now shared the faith out of which the authors he taught as professor of medieval and renaissance literature had written. What must it be like to read Dante when his Catholicism is as esoteric as Homer's mythology?

The contemporary authors O'Malley and others taught were those who wrote out of that same Catholic faith Dante possessed. For that matter, could a non-Catholic really understand the horror of Joyce's apostasy? "I will forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." How Promethean. How Satanic.

Thus it was that, while consciously separating itself from the outlook of modernity, the Catholic university was part of a great tradition, one that was alive and well in our own day. What many regarded as the mainstream was, from the point of view of the culture that drew its strength from Christian faith, an aberration—marginal, doomed. This was the conviction in philosophy as well as in literature and the arts. The revival of Thomism was meant to redeem the modern mind from the errors into which it had wandered. Leo XIII saw the alternative to Christian culture, the long sad story that began with Descartes's placement of the human subject at the center of things, not simply as a threat to the faith but as a disaster for mankind.



The giants of the Thomistic revival were quite clear in presenting Thomistic realism as a corrective alternative to what had been happening in philosophy. One of Maritain's first books was *Antimodern*. Was it a retreat into a safer past? At the time of *Aeterni Patris*, the pope had become the prisoner of the Vatican, modernity seemed triumphant, and the encyclical might have been heard simply as the plaint of the defeated. The American philosopher Josiah Royce was not alone among non-Catholic philosophers in welcoming *Aeterni Patris*, but there were few outside the fold who regarded modern philosophy as largely a mistake. Modernists within the church were soon to urge Catholic theologians and philosophers to learn the lessons of modernity and to adopt those very aspects of it against which Leo had warned. Their message was, in part, that the church should join the winning side.

How prophetic Leo's letter looks now, more than a century after its appearance. Surely this is one of the lessons of Alasdair MacIntyre's magnificent Gifford lectures, *Three Rival Versions of Moral Enquiry*. The crisis of modernity is all around us, in the universities, in the arts, in the culture at large. Nowadays, philosophers celebrate their own nihilism, critics deconstruct our literature, sexual perversity is no longer the avocation of the affluent but a movement that demands that society accept its Humpty Dumpty logic. How providential for our country and indeed for the world that our grandparents supported the founding of a vast network of Catholic colleges and universities by religious orders and bishops. These institutions have never been more necessary than now.

* * *

To believe that Christianity is true is of course to believe that it is the only means of true human fulfillment. It is not one culture among many—it should be at the heart of any culture. That the faith should permeate the imaginative and intellectual work of Christians is self-evident. It provides the only ambience within which the pursuit of truth and beauty can flourish. It is because the defense of the faith entails the defense of reason that Catholic universities may end up being the only institutions where academic freedom, properly understood, is to be found. In institutions where academic freedom is an incoherent amalgam of anything-goes and political-correctness, truth is the first casualty.

Now, a century and a half after its founding, Notre Dame can play an absolutely crucial role in American higher education, not of course by becoming less Catholic but by renewing its sense of the essential relevance of the faith to those activities unique to universities—the life of the mind and imagination. It goes without saying that simply to graft worship and a sense of service onto a deracinated intellect and imagination would not produce a Catholic university. But then we are not inventing a Catholic university; Notre Dame and its tradition are for the moment entrusted to us. Our task is to keep it on course.

At this juncture in our history, it may be a good idea to recall earlier models for what we are doing; for example, Jacques Maritain and Flannery O'Connor. Maritain and his wife Raissa wrote a book called *Prayer and Intelligence* which reminds us of the way the pursuit of truth fits into our wider Christian vocation. Their Thomistic Study Circles attracted philosophers and theologians, artists and poets to what amounted to a combination of conference and religious retreat. Maritain includes the constitution for these Circles in his *Carnet de Notes*. The intellectual life pursued independently of the moral and religious will inevitably go berserk. That is the message. The proof of it is all around us in academia today.

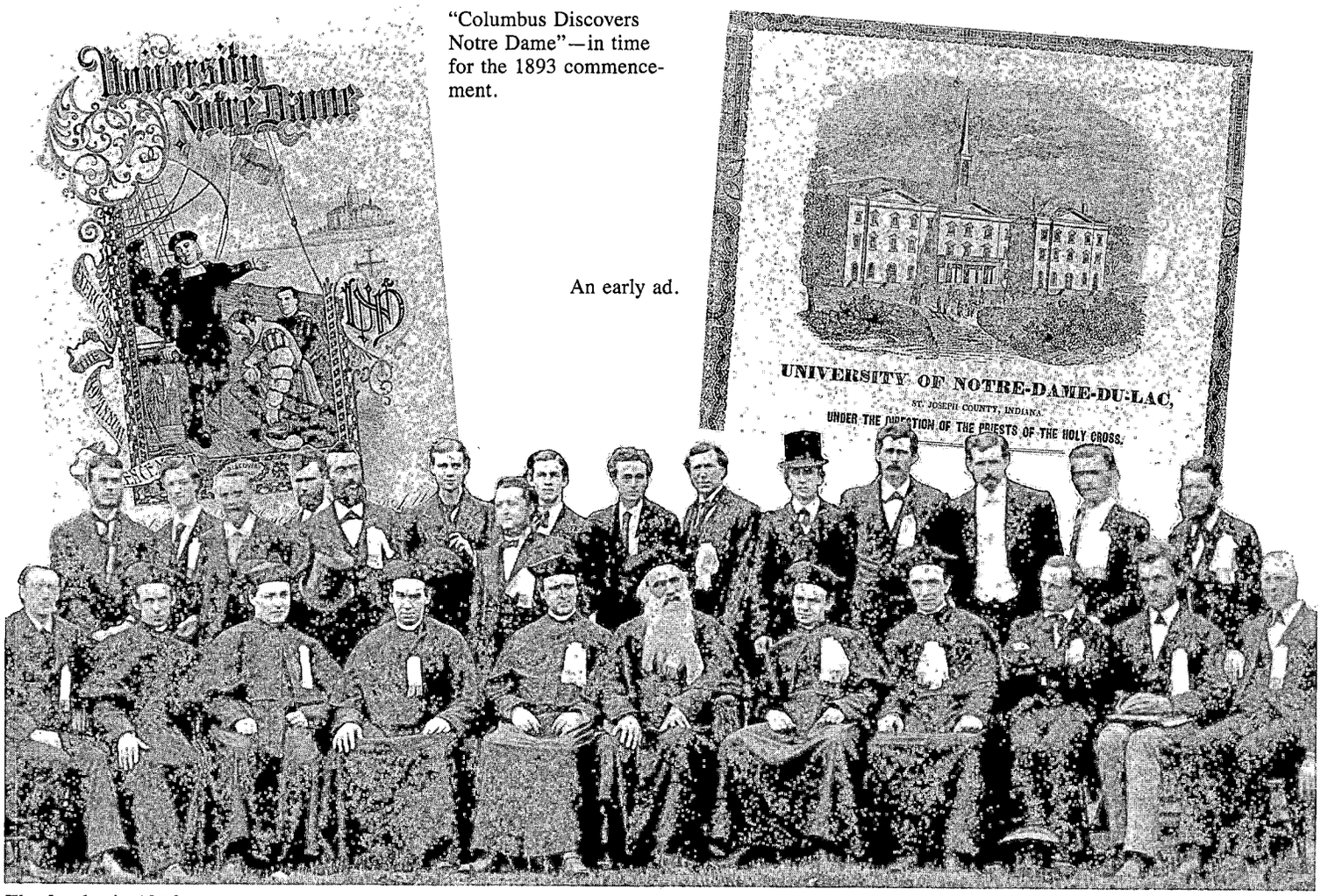
In 1957 Flannery O'Connor spoke at Notre Dame on "The Fiction Writer and His Country." She saw her writing as a vocation, and her reflections on how her faith inevitably influenced her imagination give a vivid sense of what a peculiarly Catholic sensibility is like. "In the greatest fiction, the writer's moral sense coincides with his dramatic sense, and I see no way for it to do this unless his moral judgment is part of the very act of seeing, and he is free to use it. I have heard it said that belief in Christian dogma is a hindrance to the writer, but I myself have found nothing further from the truth. Actually, it frees the storyteller to observe. It is not a set of rules which fixes what he sees in the world. It affects his writing primarily by guaranteeing his respect for mystery."

Flannery O'Connor was an admirer of Maritain and recommended his *Art and Scholasticism* to other writers. One could make an impressive list of working artists who found inspiration in that work of Maritain. In Loveland, Ohio, there is a Maritain Gallery which features the work of William Schickel '44, of Martha Dorff and of C.M. Kakassy, the daughter of Yves Simon.

Edith Stein, recently declared Blessed by Pope John Paul II, was a convert from Judaism and an accomplished phenomenologist who turned eagerly to the study of Thomas Aquinas. She wrote:

"Of course religion is not just something for a quiet corner and a few hours of leisure; it must be the root and ground of all life, and this not only for a few chosen ones, but for every Christian (of whom, indeed, there is always only a small number). It was through St. Thomas that I first came to realize that it is possible to regard scholarly work as a service of God. Immediately before, and a long time after my conversion, I thought living a religious life meant to abandon earthly things and to live only in the thought of the heavenly realities. Gradually I have learned to understand that in this world something else is demanded of us, and that even in the contemplative life the connexion with this world must not be cut off. Only then did I make up my mind to take up scholarly work again. I even think that the more deeply a soul is drawn to God, the more it must also go out of itself in this sense, that is to say into the world, in order to carry the Divine life into it."

Could there be a better credo for a national Catholic research university? □



"Columbus Discovers Notre Dame"—in time for the 1893 commencement.

An early ad.

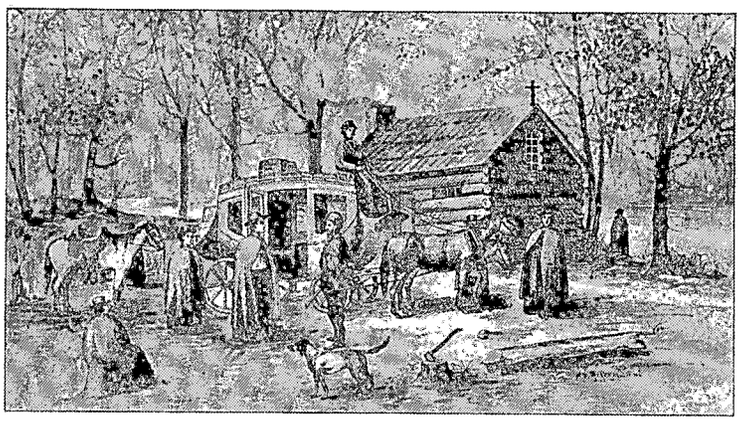
The faculty in 1876.

A NOTRE DAME SCRAPBOOK

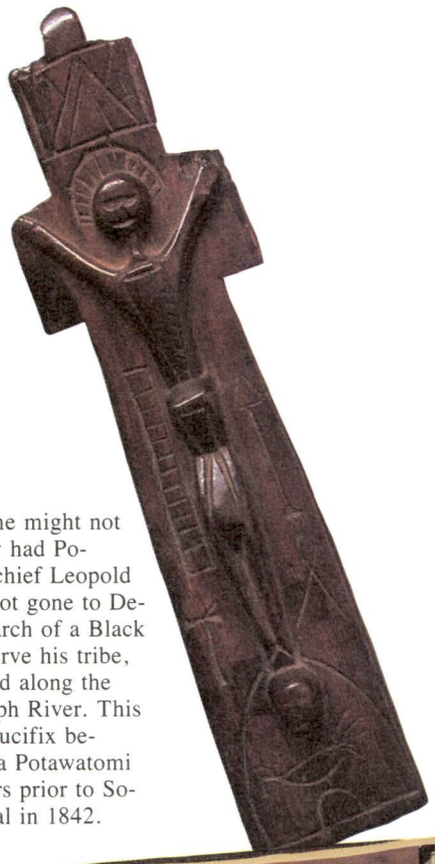
Indiana was part of the "Northwest Territories" when Notre Dame was founded in 1842. The Oregon Trail was just being blazed, no telegraph message had been sent, and the vast expanse of America west of the Mississippi was still Indian country. But during the school's first 75 years the United States zealously fulfilled the promise of Manifest Destiny: 22 states joined the Union during this period. It was also the Victorian Age, the time of Darwinism and the Industrial Revolution, and the era of P.T. Barnum, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok and Jesse James.

In 1868, when Notre Dame celebrated its Silver Jubilee with an enrollment of 500, the transcontinental railroad was not yet finished. But the Civil War was over, slavery had been abolished and Notre Dame had received a 7-foot telescope from Napoleon III. It was the only Catholic school in America offering a science curriculum. In the next few years it would open the nation's first Catholic law school and first Catholic school of engineering. In 1878, a year before the Great Main Building Fire, a telephone line was strung between South Bend and the campus.

Despite this newfangled connection to the outside, Notre Dame was a cloistered and self-sufficient place, with its own post office, farms, bakery and brickyard. It provided a rigid Catholic education for boys of all ages, and included a novitiate and a manual labor school. In



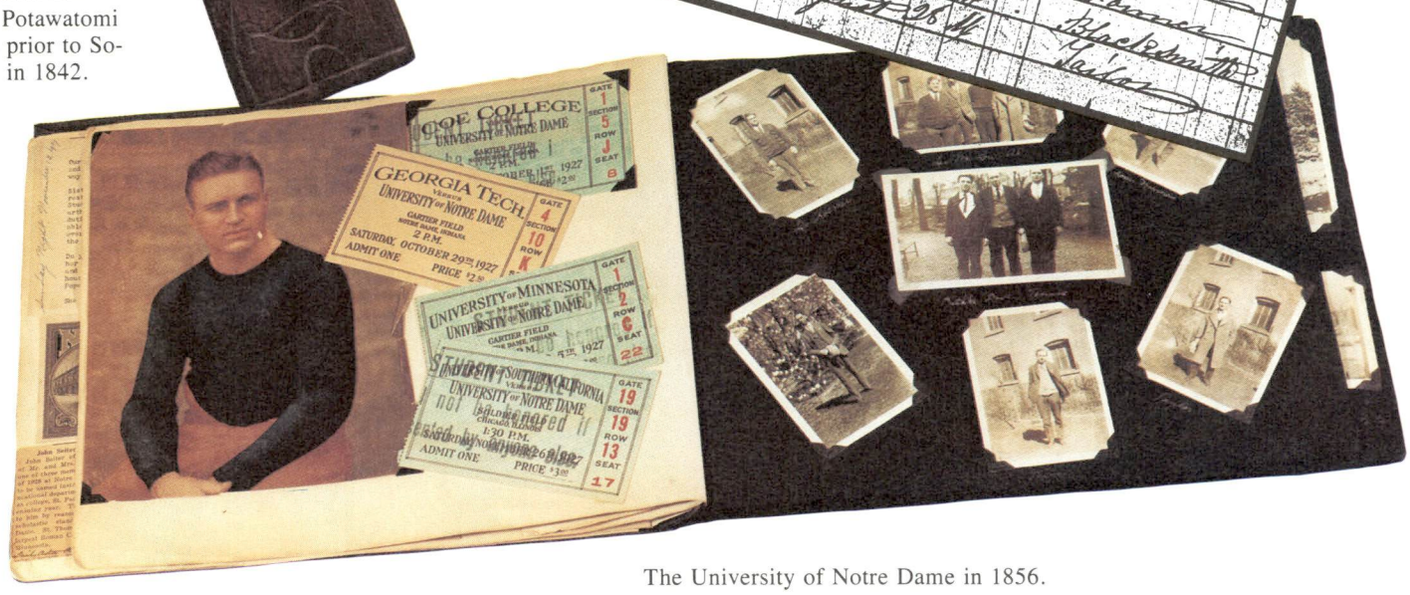
Some say Notre Dame was founded by seven Holy Cross brothers—Patrick, William, Basil, Peter, Francis, Marie and Gatian—accompanied by their 28-year-old chaplain.



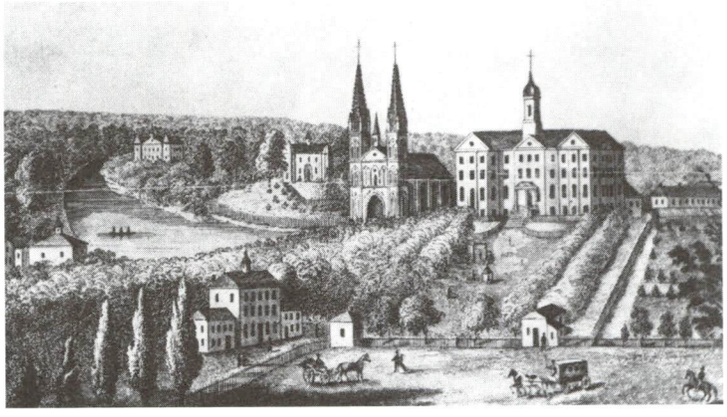
Notre Dame might not exist today had Potawatomi chief Leopold Pokagon not gone to Detroit in search of a Black Robe to serve his tribe, which lived along the Saint Joseph River. This wooden crucifix belonged to a Potawatomi in the years prior to Sorin's arrival in 1842.



For decades Notre Dame's farms were a major component of the corporate enterprise and prompted University officers to establish an agricultural school in 1917.



The University of Notre Dame in 1856.

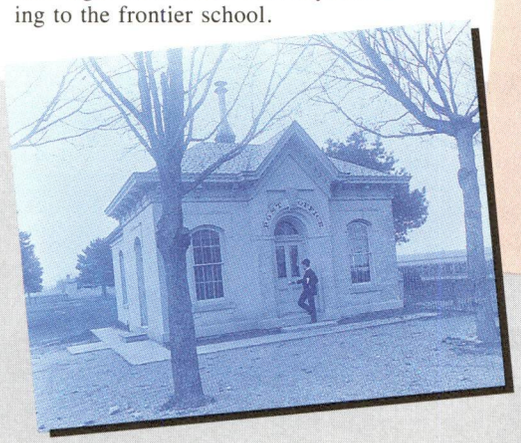


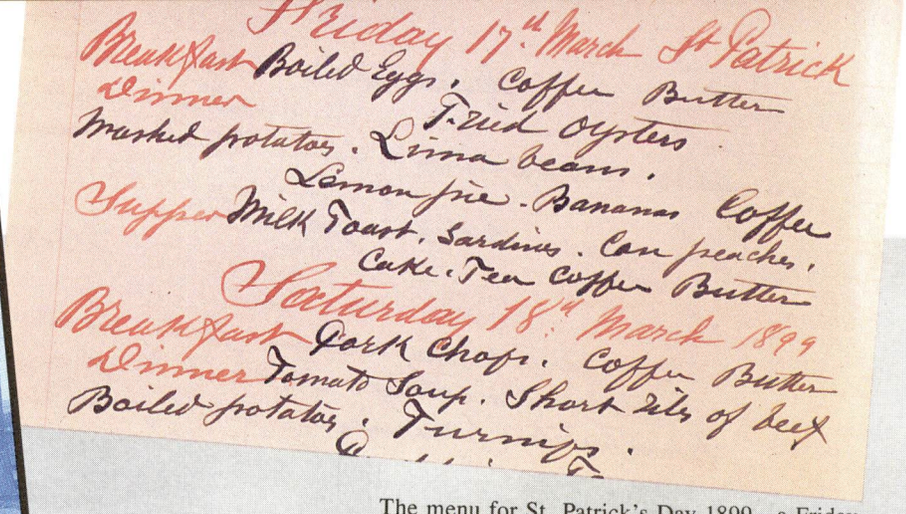
1887 a group of students came from the University of Michigan and beat Notre Dame 8-0 in football. "This occasion," reported *The Scholastic*, "has started an enthusiastic football boom, and it is hoped that coming years will witness a series of these contests." Two years later Sorin Hall was completed—the nation's first Catholic dormitory with private rooms.

As Notre Dame approached the turn of the century, its academic aspirations were awakening. Maurice Francis Egan became the school's first endowed chairholder, one of America's first wireless messages had been sent from Notre Dame to Saint Mary's College, and Albert Zahm's research in aeronautics helped make the impossible dream—flight—a reality. But the intellectual advances, some said, would distract Notre Dame from its true mission: the education and religious training of its students.

By 1917, when Notre Dame celebrated its 75th birthday, the school had gained national attention by beating Army in football, the *Victory March* had been written by the Shea brothers, the world was at war, and "motion pictures" were all the rage. And by 1920, the year George Gipp died, the college curriculum had been reorganized, the preparatory and manual labor schools had been phased out, and a summer school (with women religious among its students) was established—to mark the beginnings of graduate study at Notre Dame. The school, which was on the threshold of becoming nationally visible, had 1,200 students, 67 faculty members and 28 buildings. Tuition was $170 a year.

Father Sorin badly wanted a post office at his new school because it would put Notre Dame on the map—and might mean better roadways leading to the frontier school.





The menu for St. Patrick's Day 1899—a Friday.

The campus in the mid-1880s.

THE ANNUAL CATALOG 1864-65

"In Winter, on Saturday, at 4 o'clock P.M., the students must wash their feet. In Summer, this regulation is rendered unnecessary by the rule which requires the students to bathe in common twice a week in St. Joseph's Lake.

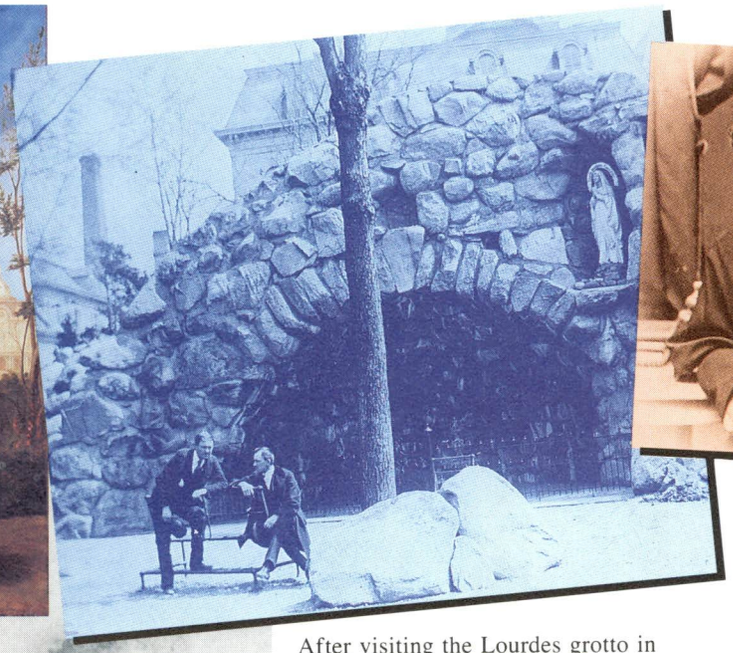
"Every month, all students must write to their parents or guardians, and have their letters corrected by the Secretary of the Faculty previous to their being mailed. All letters sent or received may be opened by the President or Vice-President.

"No one shall keep in his possession any money, except what he receives weekly from the Treasurer on Wednesday at 10 o'clock A.M.

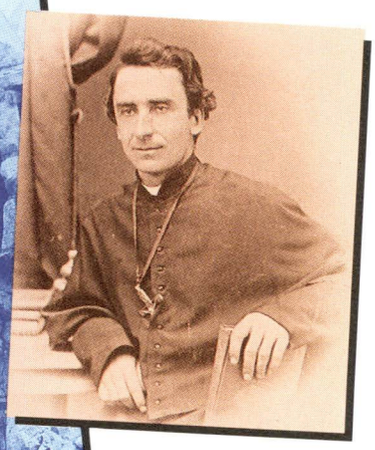
"The time of recreation excepted, silence must be inviolably observed in all places."

Photographs from University of Notre Dame Archives except as noted.

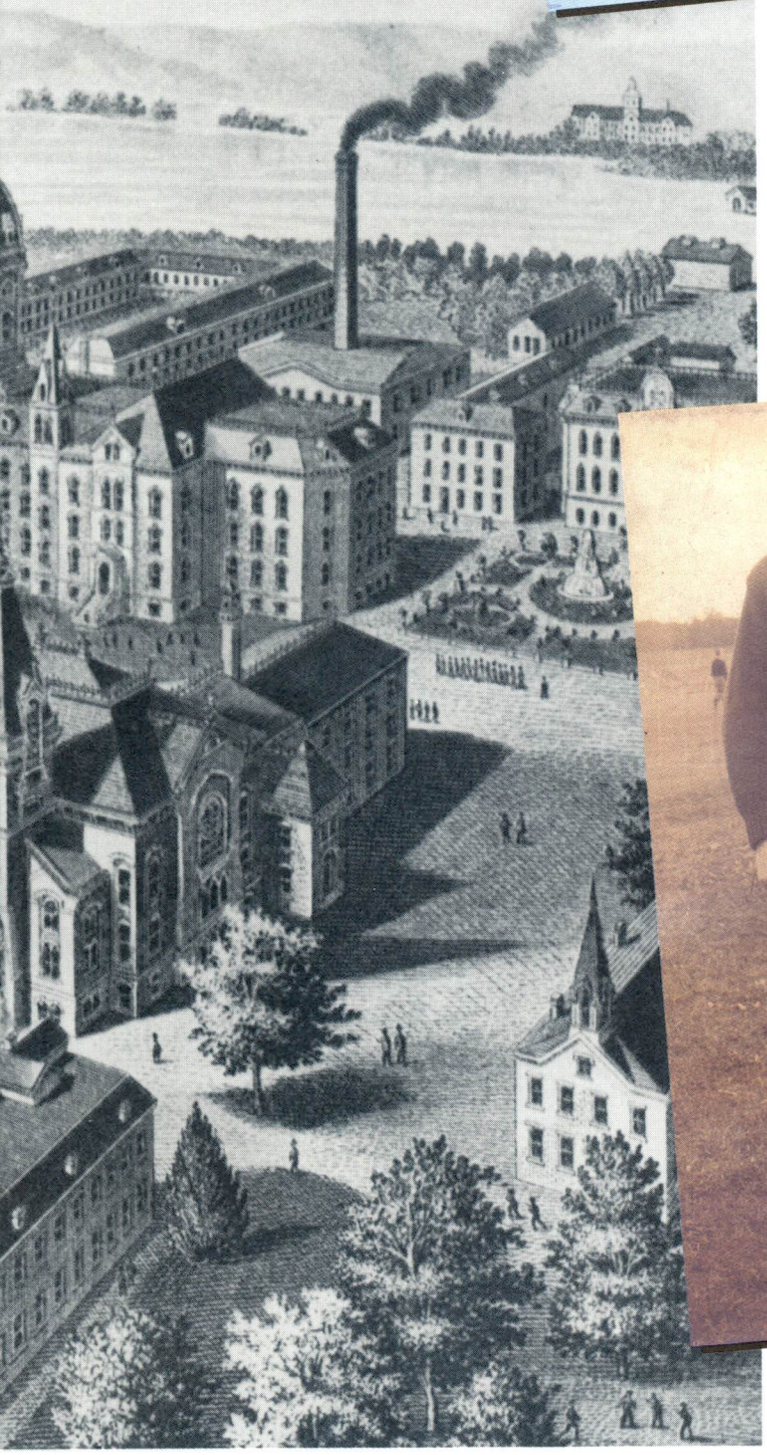


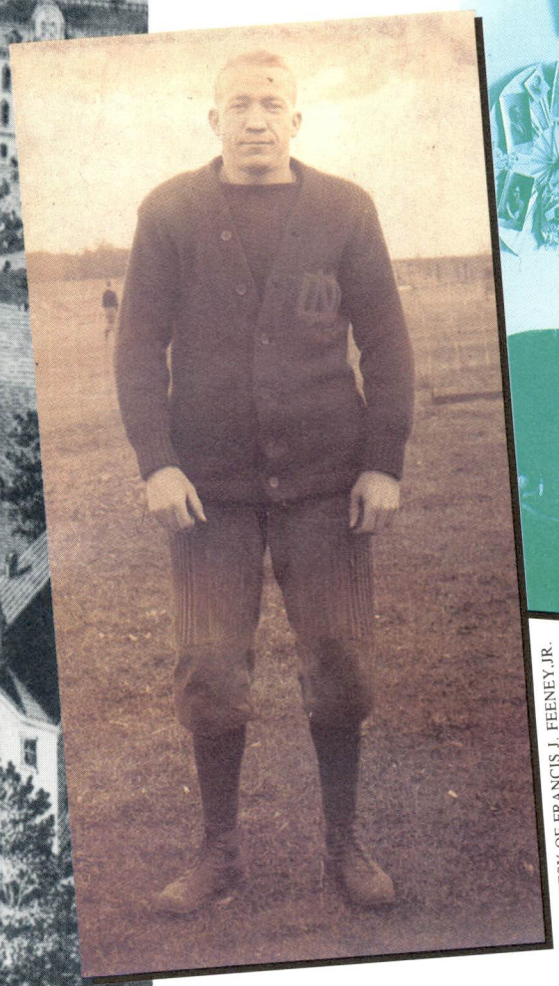


After visiting the Lourdes grotto in 1873, Sorin decided Notre Dame should have one of its own. Construction was begun in 1876 but, because of meager resources, the Grotto was not completed for 18 years. It has since been a favorite retreat for generations of students.



Sorin's nephew, Rev. August Lemonnier, C.S.C., was Notre Dame's president in the early-1870s and a proponent of academic advancement. One of his major contributions was the creation of a circulating library available to the student body.





COURTESY OF FRANCIS J. FEENEY, JR.

Knute Rockne, photographed by teammate and center Al Feeney, shortly before the 1913 Army-Notre Dame game.



Sorin Hall, offering private rooms to the college's top students, was completed in 1889 and called "the resort of the student . . . replete with all the modern conveniences" by the January 12, 1889 *Scholastic*. The rooms, stated the article, "are large enough to encourage study and at the same time small enough to discourage visiting."

"Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore, they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

—Grantland Rice, 1924.



1920s

The Roaring '20s. Al Capone and the Mob. Babe Ruth and Murderers' Row. Knute Rockne and the Four Horsemen. It was the Gatsby era. America came under the influence of Prohibition, flappers and speakeasies. Women got the right to vote, Charles Lindbergh flew nonstop from New York to Paris, and John T. Scopes was found guilty of teaching evolution at a Dayton, Tennessee, high school. The age belonged to Charlie Chaplin, Woodrow Wilson and Cal Coolidge, to T.S. Eliot's *Wasteland* and America's Lost Generation. For Notre Dame, it was a golden era.

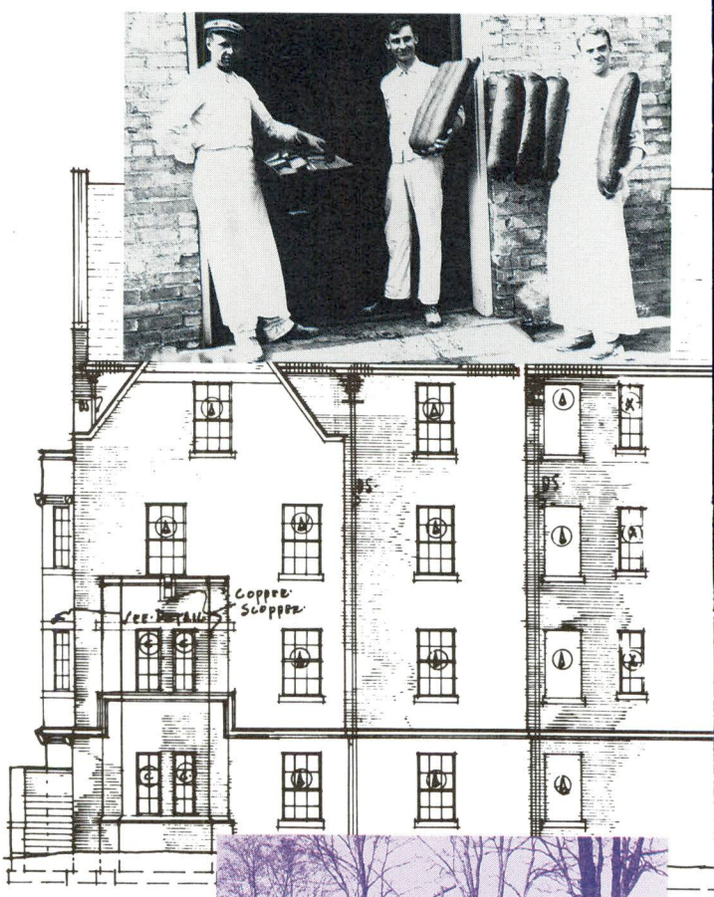
While Knute Rockne's Fighting Irish electrified the campus and became part of the nation's folklore, major changes were transforming other aspects of the school. The college, discarding its elementary, prep and manual labor programs, launched its first nationwide campaign for endowment funds. Under the direction of Presidents James Burns and Matthew Walsh, the size of the faculty doubled, the student body nearly tripled, and a major building program produced some of the school's finest architecture—Morrissey, Lyons, Howard and the South Dining Hall.

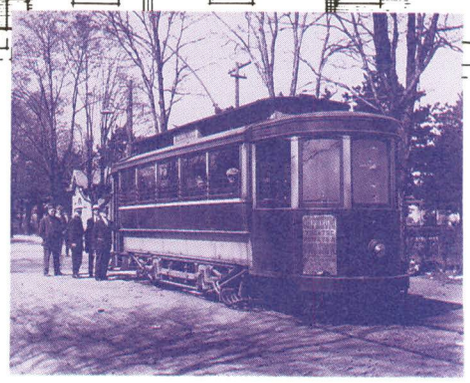
Julius Nieuwland's smelly and explosive research with a gummy, yellow liquid fascinated the curious, Brother Leopold's lemonade and confections cured "the hungries," and Prefect of Religion John O'Hara launched the *Religious Bulletin* ("Notre Dame football," he wrote in its pages, "has done more than any one thing to spread devotion to frequent Communion among the school boys of America.") and became the first dean of the College of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which he envisioned as the nation's premier school promoting trade between North and South America.

Life was swell at Notre Dame and throughout America in those days—at least until the stock market crash of 1929.

I sing the buns of Notre Dame
I warb their beamish beauty,
I chaunt their charms with heart aflame,
For chaunting is my duty,
I strum for all her shining sons,
Departed and aborning,
Those beamish, beatific buns,
We got on Sunday morning.

—J.P. McEvoy, the *Dome*, 1924.

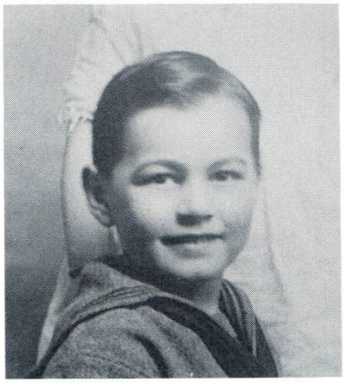




Students often took trolleys to South Bend in the early 1900s, but drivers complained that they were boisterous and tried dodging the fares. When some students were roughed up by a pair of company thugs, Domer vigilantes set fire to the conveyance the next day.

FACES IN THE CROWD

Young Ted Hesburgh ponders a vocation to the priesthood.



Students convene on the steps of Sorin in the late-1920s.

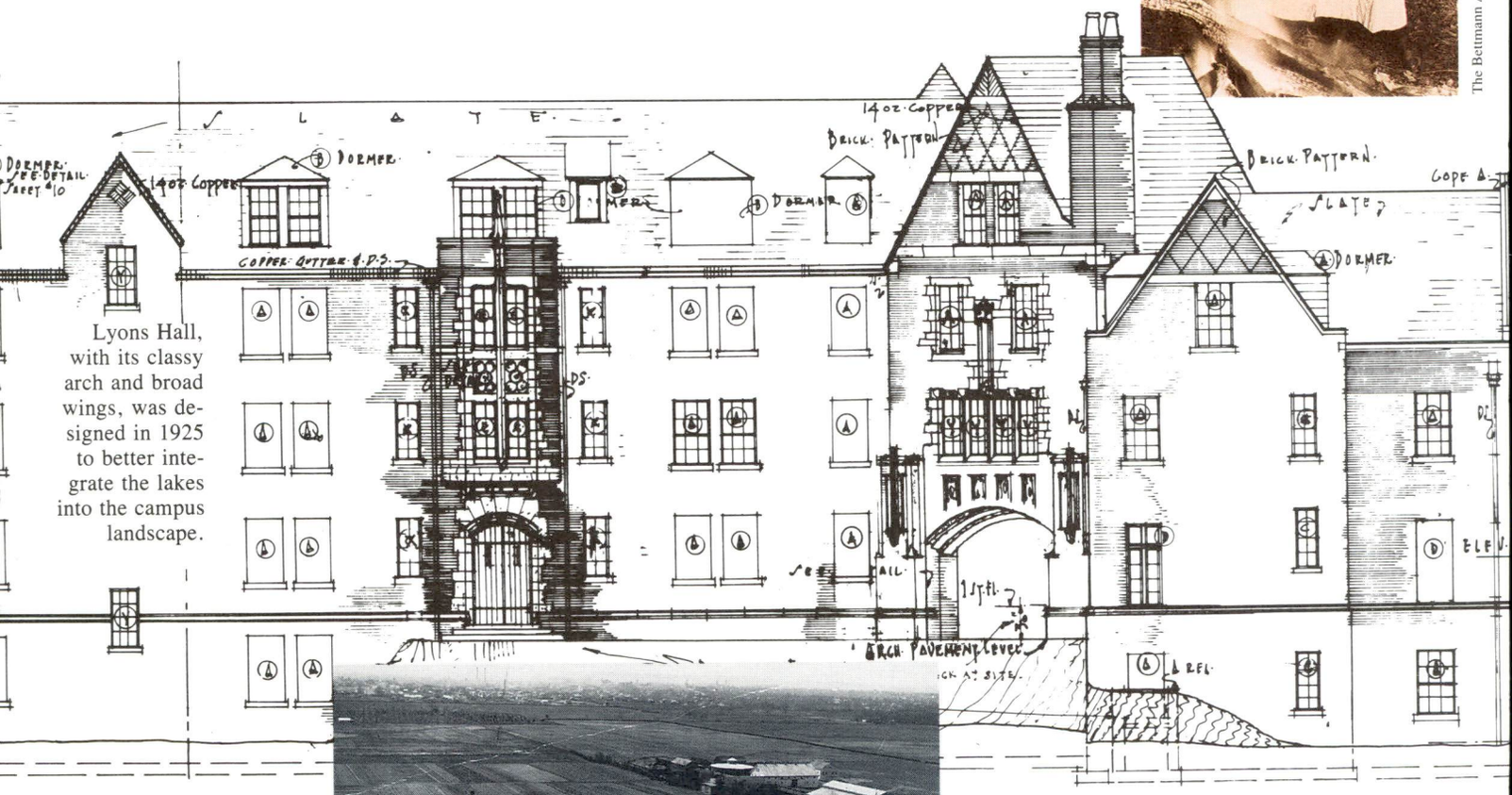


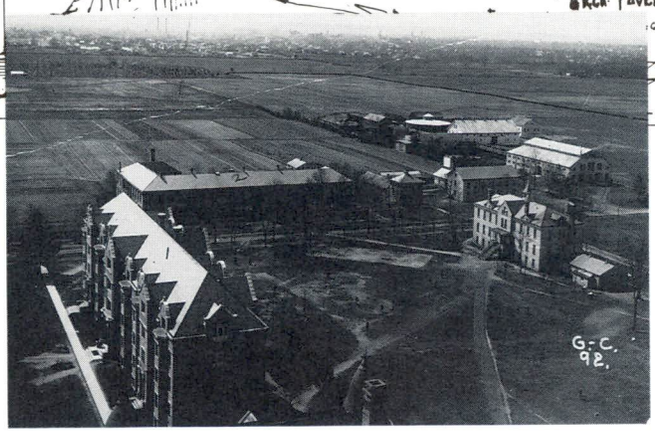
When the anti-Catholic Ku Klux Klan marched into South Bend in 1924, students ignored orders from headquarters. They, too, marched into town and showed off their Fightin' Irish spirit. A good time was had by all.



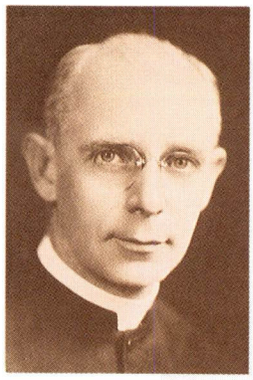
The Bettmann Archive

Lyons Hall, with its classy arch and broad wings, was designed in 1925 to better integrate the lakes into the campus landscape.





Badin Bog was the favorite playing field of early 20th-century Notre Dame, the site of golf and tennis matches, baseball and football games, and hockey in winter when the marsh froze. It was also the site of the famous Herricks-Rockne marble championship of 1915. University officials repeatedly tried converting the bog into a grassy lawn only to have their attempts continually thwarted by students (who one year planted beans and corn there).



Father O'Hara, Notre Dame's president from 1934-40, started his "Religious Bulletin," a single mimeographed sheet of spiritual persuasion, in 1921. By 1938 it had a circulation of 18,000 with copies sent to every state and 15 countries.

University of Notre Dame
RELIGIOUS BULLETIN
Supplement
January 12, 1934

▼

AN ANGEL GOES BACK TO GOD



Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C.
1849 — 1934
At Notre Dame since 1870

It must have been the Archangel Gabriel who greeted Father Hudson on the steps of heaven this morning, for Gabriel is the Blessed Virgin's special friend. When Mary, out of the fullness of her humble joy at Gabriel's message, declared, "Behold, from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed," Father Hudson was in the divine plan that inspired her prophecy.

For fifty-five years, as Editor of the "Ave Maria"—"Hail Mary"—Father Hudson was the chief advocate of Mary's praises wherever the English language is spoken. His little magazine went everywhere, and it was quoted more widely than perhaps any other Catholic magazine in the English language. More distinguished pilgrims have come here to pay the tribute of their presence to Father Hudson than have ever come simply to see Notre Dame.

The angelic quality predominated in the nature of this little white-haired priest. His fame drew the students of the old days like a magnet whenever it was announced that he would preach. His usual topic was Mary; his usual plea was for imitation of her purity. There was the stillness of the grave in the church when his little voice sounded the praises of the Queen of Heaven. No student who heard Father Hudson ever forgot him.

He was the most priestly priest that Notre Dame has ever known. His saintliness had a bright, radiating quality; to look at him inspired one to love virtue. His beads were his storehouse of grace. His tiny fingers wore them out. With his childlike simplicity, he never tired of saying, "Hail Mary, full of grace."

So it must have been the Archangel Gabriel who led him up to Mary's throne this morning, and Our Lady must have said: "Here is my little angel back again. You taught my boys to love me, to look up to my Golden Dome. I have saved a special place near me for your eternal rest." And Father Hudson must have replied: "All this for me? Surely, there must be some mistake. Why, you're even nicer than I thought."

1930s

The college degree is 'on the spot,'" declared a Depression-era *Scholastic* editorial. "Perhaps at no time in the history of American education has its value been more questioned or its practical worth more doubted. Phi Beta Kappas are sitting home playing games with their children; university valedictorians are working for $10 a week; law school honor students are delighted with a clerkship. Thousands of men, who were told that a college education should be had at any cost, would like to have their money back and their advisers by the neck."

Economic news dominated the early-1930s and most of it was bad; the end of the decade was haunted by Adolf Hitler. Knute Rockne and Will Rogers died in plane crashes; Huey Long was assassinated. The Empire State Building was opened; the banks were closed. Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose New Deal social and economic measures were passed in 1933, visited Notre Dame in 1935. And in 1938 thousands of people on the Eastern seaboard thought the Earth had been invaded by Mars when Orson Welles broadcast "War of the Worlds" on radio. The decade also produced some memorable works of art: *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Gone with the Wind*, *Porgy and Bess* and *The Wizard of Oz*. On September 5, 1939, the United States declared neutrality in the European war; the Holocaust was impending.

Life was less grim within the friendly confines of Notre Dame. An infusion of European scholars, fleeing the stormy political climate back home, vitalized the University's intellectual life, as did campus visitors G.K. Chesterton, William Butler Yeats, Guglielmo Marconi and Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli (known later as Pius XII). The 1930s were also notable to Domers because John O'Hara was University president, James Reyniers started germfree research, the basketball team won a national championship, and Frank E. Hering's 25-year campaign to make Mother's Day a national holiday was finally successful.



When FDR came to Notre Dame in 1935 to receive an honorary degree, it was the first of several presidential visits to campus.



The Hurley Building, built in 1931 for the College of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, dramatized world trade with murals, a huge, revolving mechanical globe which could be raised and lowered hydraulically, and a clipper ship over the main portal. This last feature helped the college become known as "The Yacht Club."

The lounge in Morrissey Hall had the air of a private men's club in the sophisticated '30s.

G.K. Chesterton was one of many renowned figures attracted to Notre Dame in the 1930s.

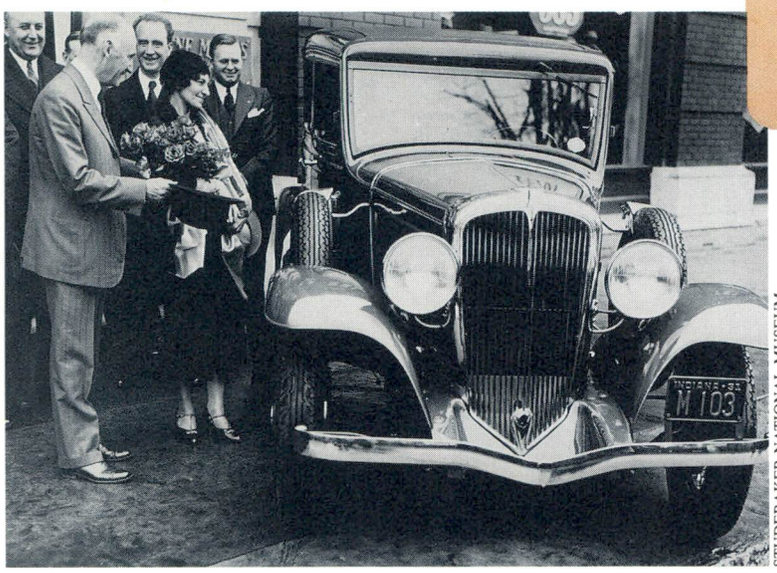
Faculty Admission Card

To Lectures on the History and the Literature of the Victorian Period
By
Gilbert Keith Chesterton
in Washington Hall

On History at 8:00 p. m., on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and at 4:30 on Fridays.
On Literature at 8:00 p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

DEPARTMENTS OF HISTORY AND ENGLISH,
The University of Notre Dame, 1930-31.

In 1933 Knute Rockne's widow, Bonnie, was given a four-door sedan named after the football coach and built in South Bend at Rockne Motors, a subsidiary of Studebaker.



STUDEBAKER NATIONAL MUSEUM

EXTRA TOLEDO BLADE EXTRA

TWO CENTS

Only Evening Newspaper in Toledo Receiving Associated Press News

TOLEDO, OHIO, TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1931

THIRTY PAGES

Vol. 82—No. 77

KNUTE ROCKNE KILLED AS AIR LINER CRASHES

"Where are the Catholic Salks, Oppenheimers and Einsteins?"

—John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., president, 1946-52.

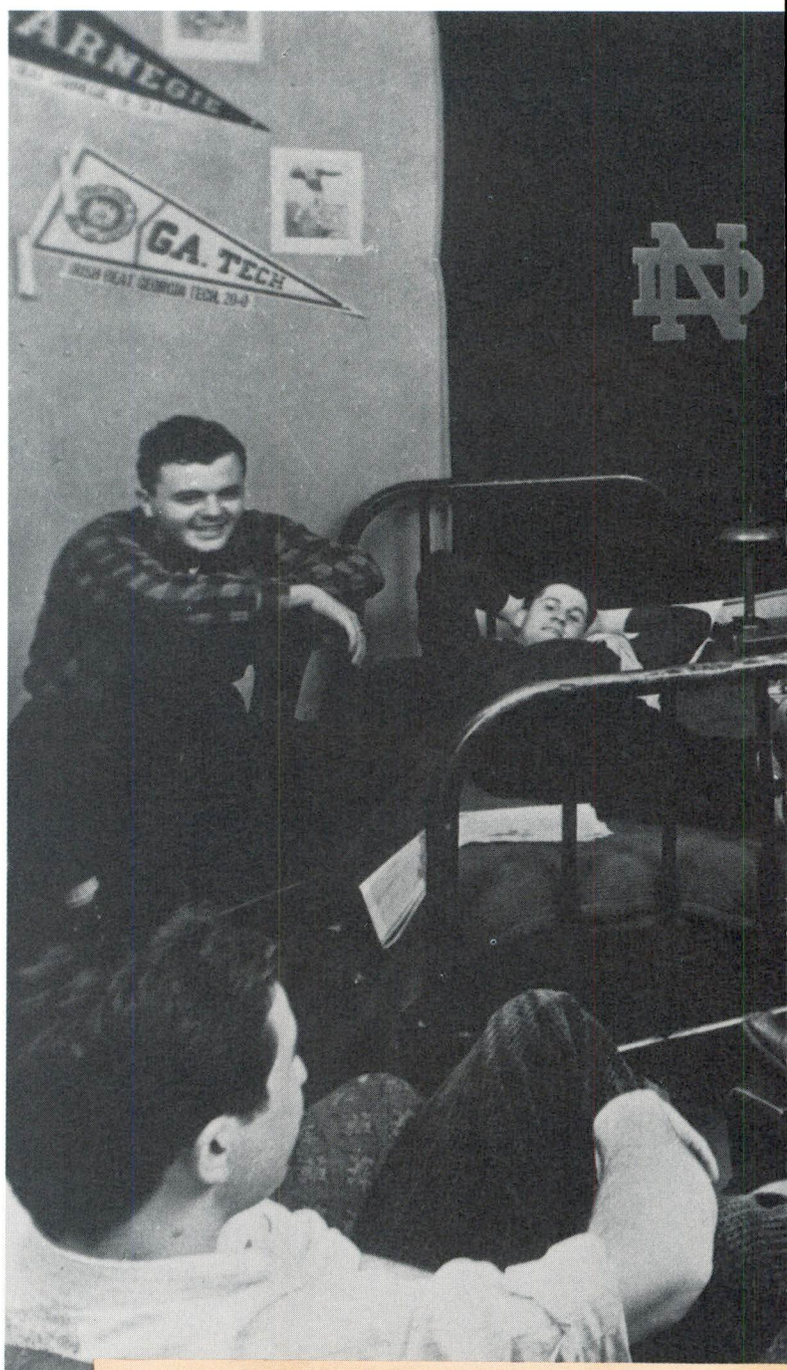
1940s

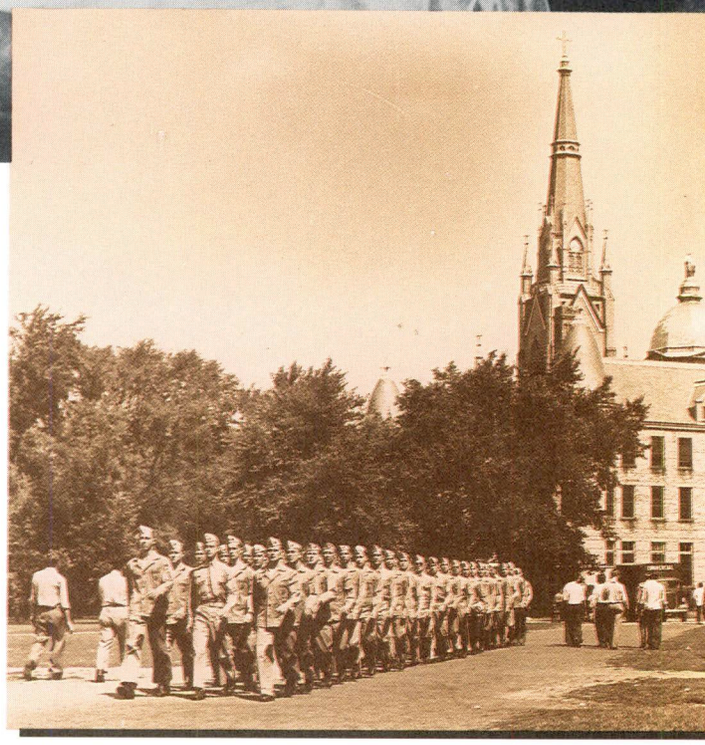
In our national consciousness the 1940s broke open with the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and half the decade was filled with images of Nazi stormtroopers, the Normandy invasion and the sands of Iwo Jima. Notre Dame did its part for the war effort when its campus was commandeered by the military to train thousands of sailors. In 1943 Bernard Waldman, who had been instrumental in building an atom-smasher at Notre Dame, left the University to join a group of scientists at Los Alamos, New Mexico, where the atom bomb was being developed. Waldman was aboard an escort plane on August 6, 1945, when Hiroshima was obliterated.

Waldman and thousands of students returned to Notre Dame after the war as the campus swelled to accommodate not only its all-male student body, but also the wives and children of the war veterans. This was the era of Vetville, Frank Leahy and President John J. Cavanaugh's academic ambitions—he wanted Notre Dame to be the nation's premier Catholic institution of higher learning. The graduate school was formally established in the 1940s, as was the Notre Dame Foundation, which set about finding the resources for Cavanaugh's plans.

But life beneath the dome was still pretty much regimented in the years after Notre Dame turned 100. Students had to make a certain number of appearances at chapel each week, a letter from home was required for them to leave campus on weekends, dormitory lights were turned off by a master switch at 11 p.m., and students could own or drive a car only with special and rare permission.

But the decade had its surprises: Notre Dame's Greg Rice won the Sullivan Award as the nation's top amateur athlete. In major league baseball Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier when he joined the Brooklyn Dodgers April 11, 1947, and the decade's top five grossing films were all Disney flicks —*Bambi, Cinderella, Pinocchio, Fantasia* and *Song of the South.*





Postwar Notre Dame obviously attracted a more mature student body.





The 1940 Warner Brothers' film, *Knute Rockne, All-American*, premiered in South Bend, made the "Win One for the Gipper" speech part of our national folklore, and helped a future president develop a handy alter ego.



Clashmore Mike.



Between 1942 and 1946, 11,925 men completed officers' training at Notre Dame.



Vetville was also known as the Fertile Valley.

"Coaching," said Frank Leahy,
"eats out a man's insides."

1950s

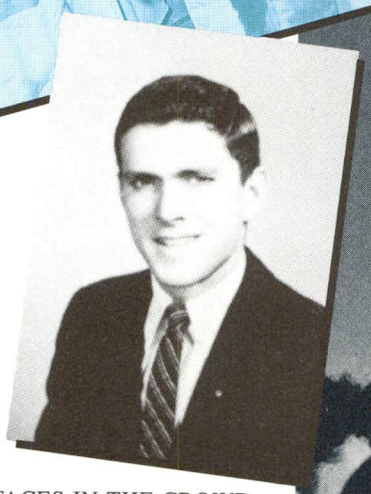
When and why did the '50s become a cliche? Was it the "I Like Ike" buttons, the zany domestic comedy of "I Love Lucy," or the naive and frolicsome merriment of drive-ins, sock hops, Hoola-Hoops and poodle skirts? Or was it the television culture of "Dragnet," "Gunsmoke" and "Father Knows Best"?

Despite the stereotype, the 1950s were not all fun'n'games, innocence and security. Before leaving the White House in 1952, "Give 'em Hell, Harry" Truman had authorized production of the hydrogen bomb and sent troops into Korea and advisors into South Vietnam. McCarthyism and the Red Scare shadowed the halls of power, and fear of The Bomb hovered in the suburbs (prompting a rash of bomb-shelter construction). The Cold War was heating up, Sputnik spurred the race for space, and Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* became a guide for the Beat Generation dropping out. But a movement deeper and more lasting was also brewing; it was enflamed by a Supreme Court ruling that said "separate but equal" wasn't right and was fueled by Rosa Parks, who refused to move to the back of a bus in Montgomery, Alabama.

The first stirrings of the Civil Rights Movement would find a staunch advocate at Notre Dame. Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., a 35-year-old former Vetville chaplain, had become University president in 1952 and the place was never to be the same. "Ted the Head" began immediately to lead, inspire, goad and push Notre Dame into the front rank of the nation's universities. Deans were replaced, new faculty were hired, admission standards were toughened, and money was raised. New buildings also went up, some of which drew groans from the students for their severe and boxy architecture—Nieuwland, Pangborn, Fisher, Stanford, Keenan and O'Shaughnessy (which, according to the student rumor mill, was designed initially as an elementary school).

Football in the 1950s was bad enough to prompt reports that Hesburgh was de-emphasizing the sport, while national championships went to Notre Dame's cross-country and tennis teams. The Hammes Bookstore, another oft-maligned Notre Dame legend, opened its doors in 1955, and in October of that year WNDU-TV was on the air with a live telecast of Eddie Fisher's popular "Coke Time" television show.





FACES IN THE CROWD
Phil Donahue, Class of '57.

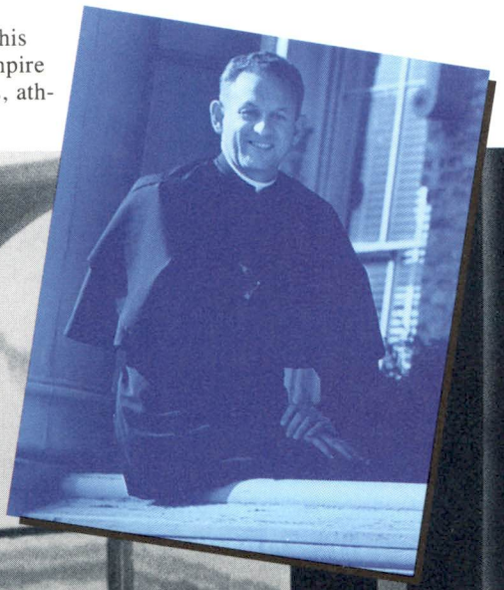


STEVE MORIARTY

The Bengal Bouts, matching Notre Dame's grittiest pugilists, have raised money for the Holy Cross missions for decades.



In 1952 Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., began his 35-year reign over Notre Dame's burgeoning empire by managing the University's financial resources, athletic affairs and physical plant.



Frank O'Malley.



Hesburgh made the cover of *Time* on February 9, 1962.



Hesburgh, shown here at a rally with Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., became a charter member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission in 1964.

1960s

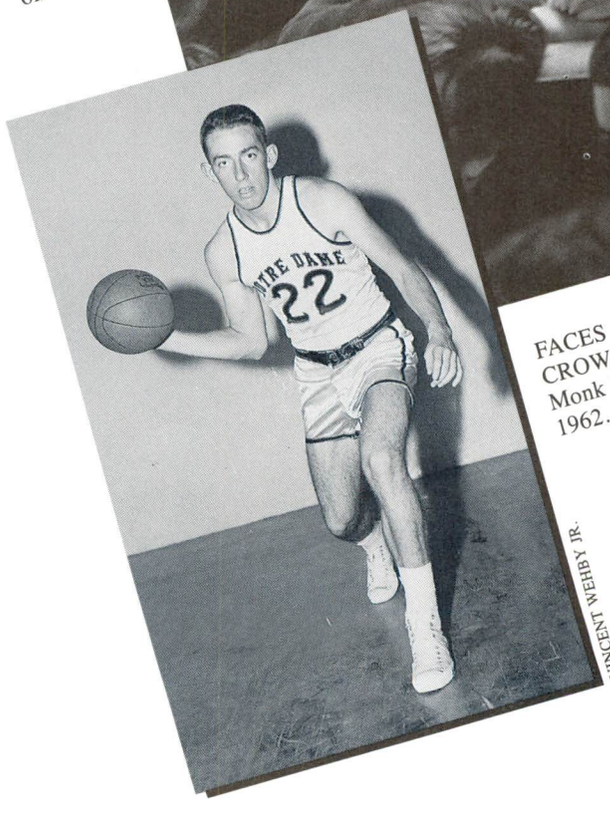
Revolution. The Era of Ara. The Bay of Pigs and the Cuban missile crisis. *Profiles in Courage*. The Beatles. John Glenn in space. The U-2 spy plane is shot down over Russia, Betty Friedan writes *The Feminine Mystique* and the National Organization of Women is formed. The Civil Rights Act of 1964. "I have a dream." Selma, Watts, Newark, Little Rock and Detroit. George Wallace, Dick Gregory and *Black Like Me*. Jimi Hendrix. Psychedelic. *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. *Trout Fishing in America*. Stay Hall. The porno conference. Austin Carr and the convo. Touchdown Jesus and the new library—Ted's Mahal. SUMMA. The Rad Lab.

University governance is transferred from the Congregation of Holy Cross to a lay board of trustees. Sit-ins, hippies, LSD. John Kennedy is shot, Bobby Kennedy is shot, Martin Luther King is shot, James Meredith is shot. Helter Skelter. Peace, love, sex—the Age of Aquarius.

Notre Dame hires women faculty. The 1968 Sophomore Literary Festival features William Buckley, Peter De Vries, Ralph Ellison, Joseph Heller, Granville Hicks, Norman Mailer, Wright Morris and Kurt Vonnegut. *The Graduate*. The Doors. "Bonanza," "Laugh-In" and "The Andy Griffith Show." Hanoi, Saigon, the DMZ. The Mekong Delta. Communes, *Hair*, Dow Chemical and the CIA. Counterculture, grass, back to the land. Man on the moon. "Ara stop the rain." *The Observer*. Bob Dylan, Willis Nutting. Huarte to Snow. The 10-10 tie. The Black Panthers and the Weathermen. The SDS and Mayor Daley. The National Democratic Convention. "The whole world is watching." Chicago. Woodstock. Draft cards burning and music playing and . . . Strike!



In February 1969 students tried to shake off the winter doldrums by attending a national porno conference on campus.



FACES IN THE CROWD
Monk Malloy, 1962.

VINCENT WEHBY JR.

Touchdown Jesus is put together piece by piece.

BRUCE HARLAN

Hanratty to Seymour, Notre Dame's dynamic duo, 1966.



TIME covers c 1961, 1966, Time Warner Inc. Reprinted by permission.

"Anyone or any group that substitutes force for rational persuasion, be it violent or nonviolent, will be given 15 minutes of meditation to cease and desist."

—Father Ted.

TED STRANSKY

Ara Parseghian took the Irish back to the summit of college football.

In April 1968, two months before he was assassinated, Bobby Kennedy spoke to 5,000 persons in Stepan Center.

The "convo" as perceived by space-age architects.



War protests brought classes to an early close in the spring of '70.

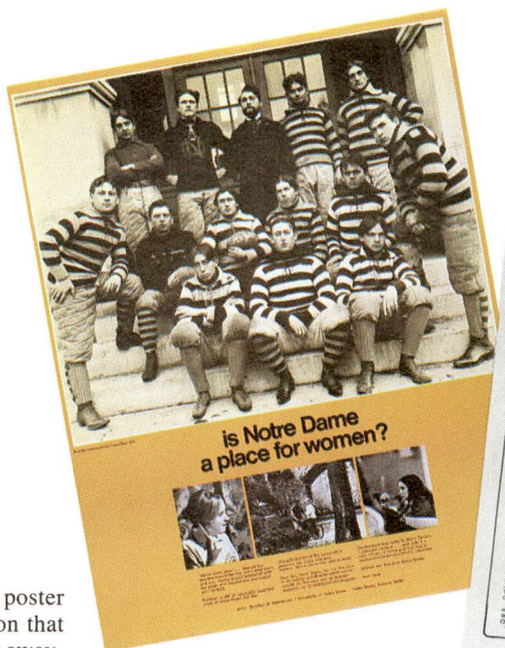
1970s

The storms of the '60s did not subside with the arrival of a new decade. It was in the spring of 1970 that the invasion of Cambodia and the killings at Kent State provoked passionate protests and the cancellation of classes. In the next few years the Pentagon papers would be published, George Wallace would be shot, and abortion would be legalized. A break-in at the Watergate Hotel and a coverup at the White House would make all the president's men household names. The Vietnam War eventually became a bad memory, and Patty Hearst became a reluctant member of the Symbionese Liberation Army. The eventful decade also featured Jimmy Carter, the nation's bicentennial celebration, an Olympic boycott, gas shortages, the first Earth Day, a near-catastrophe at Three Mile Island, and a prime-time lineup of television giants—"Roots," "All in the Family," "M*A*S*H*" and "Charlie's Angels."

At Notre Dame the decade's top story was one of the biggest ever: coeducation. In 1972 women undergraduates signed up to join—and change—the Notre Dame experience, and to lend their "woman's point of view" to previously all-male discussions. The ensuing "battle of the sexes" then took center stage as men, women and institution struggled to adjust (at times more successfully than at others). Badin, Walsh, Farley, B-P and Lyons Halls went to the women, the Bobby Riggs-Billie Jean King tennis match ignited a demonstration, and dining hall etiquette was never the same.

The 1970s were heady, happy days at Notre Dame as the University was making dramatic advances academically and athletically. It was the decade of "God Made Notre Dame No. 1," of streakers, of the Committee on University Priorities, the Campaign for Notre Dame, and Red Smith's Pulitzer Prize. Research and the graduate school were emphasized, and Rick Wolhuter '71 won the 1974 Sullivan Award as America's top amateur athlete. Hesburgh, impatient with Nixon, resigned from the Civil Rights Commission, Digger Phelps orchestrated some "Notre Dame moments" on the hardwood, and Father James Burtchaell's abortion conference drew national attention.

But the decade was also marked with portents of things to come: The United States mined Nicaraguan ports, chipped in $1.5 billion to bail out Chrysler, and had 90 of its citizens taken hostage by disciples of the Ayatollah at the American embassy in Iran.



A 1970s recruiting poster asks the question that won't go away.


THE OBSERVER

serving the notre dame - st. mary's community

Merger hopes killed; speculation rampant

Transfering?

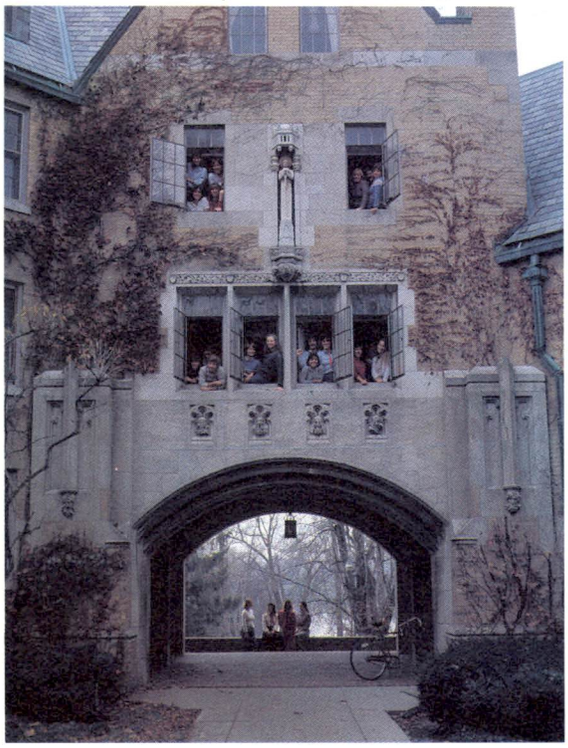
Edmund Stephan

Fr. Hesburgh

Sister Alma

ANNULLED
The coupling of Notre Dame and Saint Mary's breaks off and Notre Dame goes coed without the women's college across the road.

Women moved into Lyons in the fall of '74.





Rev. Robert Griffin, C.S.C.—shown here saying his "Urchin's Mass"—and his friend Darby O'Gill have been central players on the campus stage for decades.



The first *Notre Dame Magazine*, which appeared in February 1972, devoted its cover package to the question, "Who Lives and Who Decides?"



LEO HANSON

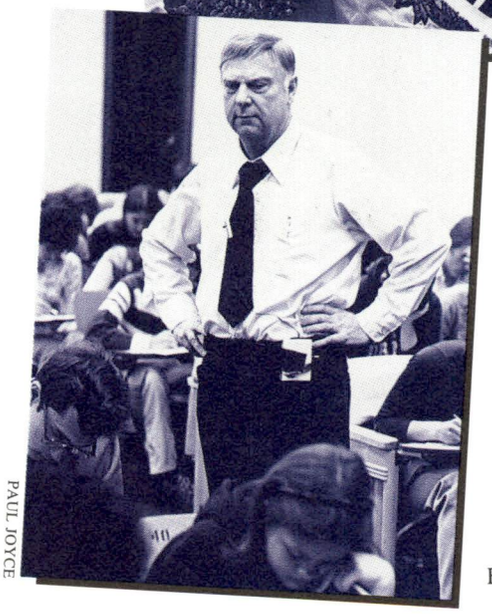
An Tostal, Notre Dame's merry spring festival, has through the years featured a kissing marathon, greased pig chases, egg throws, keg tosses, chariot races, mud volleyball and Bookstore Basketball.



"To me, the people who are really giving up something are those you never hear about. The ones who drop money into the collection each day without any kind of recognition. They are the ones I really look up to."—Al Sondej (1951-1988).



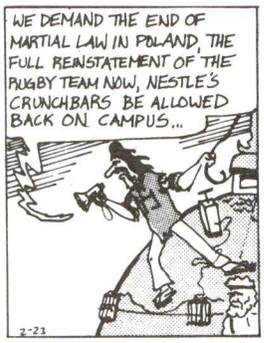
The King

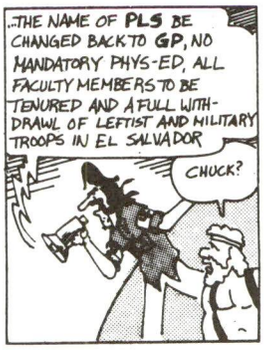


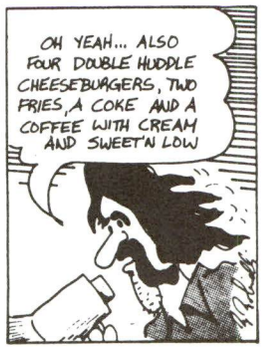
PAUL JOYCE

Emil T.







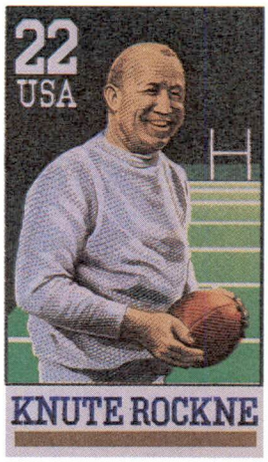


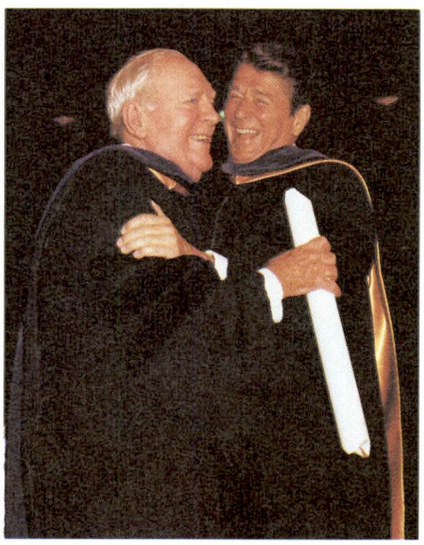
Students in the early 1980s were treated to the escapades of the Molarity gang, the creation of Michael Molinelli which appeared daily in *The Observer*.



The Main Building was ransacked in 1984 by marauding, paper-throwing students who were demonstrating against paternalistic administrators threatening to deprive them of their brew.

A Knute Rockne commemorative stamp was issued March 4, 1988, on the 100th anniversary of his birth.





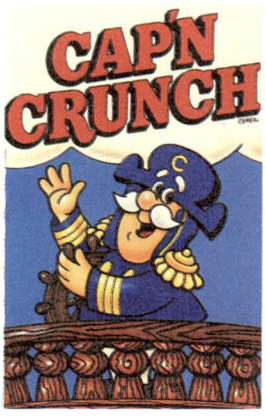
BRUCE HARLAN

"Knute Rockne" and "George Gipp" were reunited at the 1981 commencement.

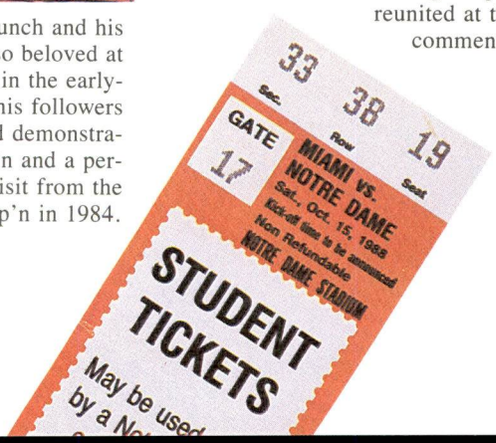
1980s

The Reagan era.

In the 1980s the United States went broad-shouldered again. Despite Japanese expansionism and Mideastern aggression, it was a muscle-flexing, proud-to-be-an-American time. The United States asserted itself in Central America, Grenada and Beirut, kidnapped Panama's Manuel Noriega, launched a strike against Libya, and downed an Iranian commercial airliner, killing 290. Big Business also stole its share of the headlines, with savings & loan scandals, sharks, raiders, leveraged buyouts, junk bonds, Trumps and Milkens and Icahns and Boeskys—and weepy Christian evangelists doing sinful things. There was AIDS and Live-Aid, the *Challenger* explosion and condom ads. There were drug gangs and federal cutbacks, homelessness, Ollie North and the Iran-Contra hearings. *Star-Wars* started the decade as movie fun for the whole family and ended it as the



Cap'n Crunch and his cereal were so beloved at Notre Dame in the early-1980s that his followers provoked demonstrations, a sit-in and a personal visit from the Cap'n in 1984.





On September 12, 1981, in Gerry Faust's debut as Notre Dame's football coach, the Fighting Irish thumped LSU 27-9 and jumped atop the AP poll. "Whether we deserve it or not, I don't know," said the coach, "but I'm sort of enjoying it right now."

In 1984, when the University tried to put the lid on campus drinking by canning public consumption, some students popped their tops while others presented less filling cases.



On June 25, 1980, St. Edward's Hall, once home of the minims, burst into flames. The fire caused no deaths or injuries but substantial damage.



GARY MILLS

name for space-age weapons technology. The *Exxon Valdez* sprung a leak—one of the more celebrated environmental disasters threatening the planet.

It was the Reagan era at Notre Dame, too. Students grew more conservative, more career oriented, and sort of '50-ish goofy—long live Cap'n Crunch, musical chairs and the Molarity gang. Apartheid protests attracted vocal but small bands of demonstrators. Beer protests drew thousands and once erupted into a stampede through the fragile Main Building. Tighter restrictions on campus drinking and several alcohol-abuse incidents galvanized the student community; social life became the decade's major sore point and one of the University's chief concerns. Frese, Ford and dozens of other women sued the University as women, blacks and gays pushed for "diversity," while the status quo was a comfortable "homogeneity." LaFortune underwent a major renovation and a slew of new buildings went up as the *Strategic Moment* campaign proceeded to raise $465 million.

Ted and Ned stepped aside after 35 years, and a different mantle was passed from Faust to Holtz . . . still another when ex-Beatle Paul McCartney bought the rights to the *Victory March*.



Monk Malloy in 1988.

FOUNDING FATHER

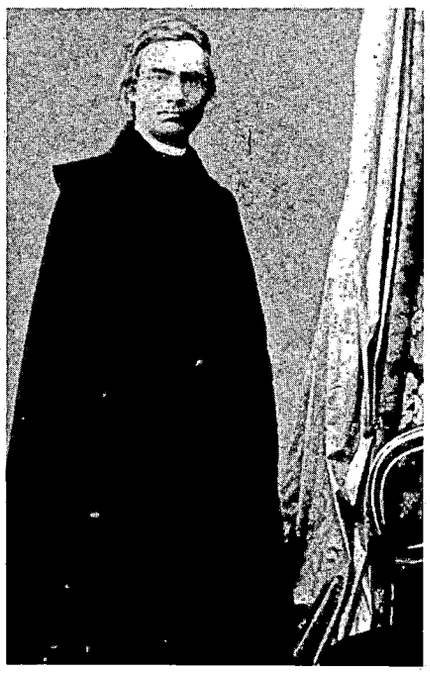
"A LITTLE BIT HAREBRAINED AND CRAZY," REV. EDWARD SORIN, C.S.C., WAS THE PERFECT MAN FOR THE JOB.

BY ELIZABETH PERALTA '79

His style was swift and sure, his manner imperial. He knew how to play the system and how to get around it. He courted the press and the pols with style, and he enjoyed a good cigar. He was a terrific fund raiser and a lousy accountant—a renegade, a charmer, a terror. He thought big and he never looked back. When the school was broke he would say "about a thousand Ave Marias . . . ever full of confidence in the merciful riches of Providence," and he'd begin construction on a new building.

He was, says one student of Notre Dame's founding father, "a little bit harebrained and crazy." In the words of another, "Had he not been a priest he might have made a fancy living dealing cards on a Mississippi riverboat."

He was the perfect man for the job.



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

One snowy day in November nearly 150 years ago Edward Frederick Sorin set up shop in a clearing north of South Bend and began to build what is now one of the best known Catholic universities in the world.

From the start the odds were bad. Farmers paid their sons' tuition in pigs or grain, rarely in cash. Epidemics, fires and financial crises were routine. Protestants were suspicious of the "Papists in the woods." After passing through Notre Dame, Thomas Lowe Nichols wrote in *40 Years of American Life, 1821-'61*: "Civilization was struggling with nature, and I watched with interest the rough encounter."

Sorin was up to the encounter. He "was the ideal American immigrant—young, educated, ambitious, flexible, self-confident and endowed with a white-hot optimism molded around a hard core of practicality," wrote John T. Wack in a doctoral dissertation on file in the Notre Dame Archives. "His religious faith was characterized by an almost childlike devotion to the Virgin Mary coupled with a fervent desire to become a man of action for the church."

A man of action indeed. Born in 1814, ordained at age 24, quickly bored with parish work, Sorin in 1840 joined a religious community in Le Mans, France, which would become the Congregation of Holy Cross. Soon after, Bishop Celestine de la Hailandiere paid the community a visit to recruit missionaries for his far-flung diocese of Vincennes in Indiana. The dual promise of adventure and an opportunity to serve was irresistible to Sorin: Off he went in 1842 with six Brothers, none of whom spoke English, to the American frontier.

Bishop de la Hailandiere settled the eager little band of missionaries in southern Indiana, but trouble soon began. From the start Sorin abandoned his Old World ways and embraced the American way of doing business. "Land is nothing here, time everything," he wrote in his *Chronicles*. Observed Wack, "Success in young America was to the quick and daring, particularly those who combined a steadfast optimism with a shrewd wit. Sorin was one of these."

The 28-year-old priest decided—without consulting Abbe Basil Moreau, his superior in France, or de la Hailandiere, his bishop—that the thing he must do was build a college. And so he started, with funds borrowed from a local bank.

The bishop was not pleased. Saint Gabriel's College was only 30 miles away, and a second college struck him as redundant. Sensing Sorin's ambition, de la Hailandiere offered him a plot of land in northern Indiana that had been purchased earlier by Father Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in America. That was fine with Sorin, and he was soon on his way to the place he would christen Notre Dame du Lac. Every chapter of his story is marked with the same happy, reckless spirit that marked that first crossing with Bishop de la Hailandiere.

Set-up and survival were Sorin's most pressing goals when he began his work at Notre Dame. "Sorin was not a

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reflective scholar . . . but a man whose mind moved inevitably toward action, toward useful motion," wrote Wack. It was an era for taking matters into one's own hands, and at that Sorin excelled.

After dealing with outbreaks of cholera and malaria that almost ended Notre Dame at birth, Sorin's imagination was sparked by tales of men striking it rich in the California Gold Rush of 1849. "How he could use some of that gold!" wrote Rev. Arthur J. Hope, C.S.C., later in *Notre Dame: One Hundred Years*. Communication with the Mother House in Le Mans could take months, so Sorin, never one to be bothered by procedure, presumed permission and sent a band of Brothers out west. After all, he reasoned, he would share the riches with the order in France.

The expedition was fruitless, but what landed Sorin in hot water was the fact that one of the Brothers died on the trip. Moreau was disturbed. The relationship between Sorin and Moreau was at best rocky; Sorin felt France did not understand the entrepreneurial spirit necessary for success in the New World. Too many restrictions would bind him to mediocrity, so he short-circuited them. "Figuratively," wrote Hope in the first edition of his book, "it might be said that Moreau passed his time on his knees; Sorin, on his feet."

Says Rev. Dan Jenky, C.S.C., pastor of Sacred Heart Church and an avid student of Sorin's history, "Moreau could snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. Sorin was his opposite."

The gold rush was not their last clash. In 1852 Moreau directed Sorin to leave Notre Dame and head up a mission in Bengal. Moreau claimed he wanted "the best man for the job" —more likely, he wanted to neutralize the Indiana renegade. Sorin sought a loophole: He wrote to his bishop in Vincennes asking for a dispensation from his vow of obedience to Le Mans.

When the bishop consented, Moreau was aghast. Threatening to take the matter to Rome, Moreau first sent a "General Visitor" to inspect the state of affairs at Notre Dame. The visitor was surprised by the good order he found, and further surprised when Sorin unexpectedly gave him a letter of complete submission. Subdued, Moreau backed off and Sorin stayed.

"Sorin was a shrewd old duck," says Jenky. "He had a gyroscope inside him to land him where he should. He made mistakes, but he always seemed to get around them."

Skirting the system was indeed Sorin's talent. Rev. James Connelly, C.S.C., provincial archivist for the Holy Cross order, likes to tell the story of a Texas widow who gave Sorin 200 acres outside Austin on the condition that he build a school for boys. When no action was forthcoming, her heirs threatened to take back the land. Typically short of cash, Sorin wrote to the local pastor and told him to hire a man to go to the site and begin to cut stones—slowly. The condition satisfied, Sorin got Saint Edward's University started on his own schedule.

When the Bishop of Vincennes learned that Sorin wished to bring nuns to Notre Dame, he denied permission because a community of religious women already existed in Terre Haute. This did not suit Sorin at all—he had plans for putting the sisters right to work on the University's domestic detail.

"Happily," wrote Hope, "the state line of Michigan was only four miles from Notre Dame." Sorin got the permission he needed from the Bishop of Detroit and settled the women in the little Michigan village of Bertrand. From there they shuttled back and forth for many years, sometimes on foot.

Later Sorin set up a novitiate at Notre Dame to recruit more women to serve Notre Dame's laundry, bakery, infirmary and other needs. He never bothered to get approval from Rome, where church officials declared the nuns' vows invalid and ordered them to go to Saint Mary's College and remake the vows. Wrote Father Hope in a 1958 booklet commemorating the end of a century of service from the Notre Dame nuns: "Saint Mary's did its best to assimilate these nuns . . . but there was a powerful restraint that never broke down. When they had 'served their time' at Saint Mary's, they marched back to Notre Dame. They had a sort of fierce loyalty to Father Sorin who, in spite of all his originality and arbitrariness, was able to command their devotion and their service."



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

Says Jenky: "Sorin was clearly able to establish intense personal loyalties. When he said 'charge,' they went."

Those whose loyalty was in question, however, could expect to find themselves dispatched quickly by Sorin. Mother Augusta, a provincial superior at Saint Mary's, was shipped off to Utah when she stood up to Sorin one too many times. And he ripped the collar off a rebellious Brother named Leonard and sent him to Algeria to teach.

From nuns to new buildings, if Notre Dame needed it, Sorin got it. He established a printing press "to keep such papers out of the hands of the Protestants," as he wrote in his *Chronicles*. In 1845, the school barely alive, Sorin swapped some property in Detroit for "a splendid museum collection of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles and antiquities from the various parts of the world." Such whimsy had a purpose: "To preserve its existence in this country, a college needs to keep the attention of the public fixed upon its work," Sorin wrote.

Capturing the public's attention and gaining its acceptance were obstacles as great as fires and epidemics for a Frenchman setting up a Catholic school in Indiana. And so he became an American, true-blue through and through. "From the moment he landed on our shores," the archbishop of Saint Paul once wrote of Sorin, "he ceased to be a foreigner. At once he was an American, heart and soul."

A U.S. citizen by 1850, Sorin celebrated his new homeland with enough style and volume to allay all xenophobic fears. He named Washington Hall after his hero, and the school celebrated the first president's birthday each year for more than a century. In 1845 Sorin declared the 4th of July a school holiday and invited the curious public to campus to inspect progress, enjoy the newly formed band—a luxury at a school nearly broke—and hear the Declaration of Independence read aloud. Wrote Wack: "The 4th of July celebration publicly assured people of Notre Dame's loyalty and patriotism, and also gave the Protestants of the area a chance to look around and to calm their suspicions."

Sorin was tireless in securing for Notre Dame whatever he felt it needed. A post office would be a great addition, not so much for the convenience as for its public relations value. Sorin wrote: "The regular passage of the mail coach under the college windows makes the college better known and causes the public highways leading to it to be carefully maintained." The Postmaster-General disagreed, feeling South Bend's facility was close enough. Skillfully seeking the help of Senator Henry Clay, Sorin got his post office; in the process he had himself named postmaster and inspector of public ways.

Matters concerning separation of church and state did not trouble Sorin. "A strong superior over people who had a vow of obedience," notes Rev. Tom Blantz, C.S.C., professor of history at Notre Dame, "he let it be known to politicians that he could tip an election." After he had done it once, the results made him regret that he did not sooner begin, Sorin wrote.

Not only did he get what he needed, he also frequently got what he wanted, no matter the extravagance. In 1849 he was putting the finishing touches on a new church when, with the little money he had left, he decided to throw a party for the visiting bishop who was to consecrate the building. When an insurance agent called on Sorin about insuring the church, he was dismissed with no sale: The coffers were empty, except of course for the party money.

A week later the church—which also housed the campus bakery, tailor shop, kitchen and other vital functions—burned to the ground, an almost crippling disaster.

Yet Sorin's indulgences often paid off. After the fire of 1879, he managed to obtain a gold-leaf dome for the new administration building, in tribute to Our Lady, over the objections of the University's officers and the Holy Cross Order.

He was never one to do things in a small way. The grandiose and the unexpected lent Notre Dame an air of permanent success, of wealth and affluence, that gave the school solid footing at a time when other young colleges were failing. "This will be a favorite practice of Father Sorin," wrote Wack. "When the treasury has nearly been depleted and the creditors are growing a bit anxious, he casually will provide magnificence—a marvelous museum, a Golden Dome—to dazzle the sharpest eye and to lull the most suspicious ear."

No doubt about it, the man had style. "Father Sorin always had an eye to the press," wrote Hope, ". . . and Notre Dame was always given generous attention." His New Year's gift to the local press in 1881 was "a huge pyramidical cake" flanked by bottles of Bordeaux, California wines and Chartreuse and accompanied by a windy, six-paragraph note on the Parisian etiquette for "disposing of the accompanying articles." Said Hope, "They probably thought Father Sorin a bit balmy." But it worked.

Styles change, of course, and Sorin kept pace with the times. Says Jenky, "He would change the way he looked all the time," by alternately growing and shaving off his magnificent beard. A Frenchman, he enjoyed his wines but heartily embraced the abstinence movement that swept America in the mid-19th century.

Despite his Americanization, his model of discipline made few concessions to the nature of frontier youth. "The Founder of Notre Dame, with his French background, never lived in a school where there were many liberties," wrote Hope. "Nor could he understand with sympathy an educational system that left the student much freedom of action." Notre Dame was a regimented place from the start. Sorin bound his students—even the minims, his cherished "little princes" in the grade school—to round-the-clock rules. As for any forays into South Bend on the part of the older boys, the priest was resolutely opposed: "There should be but one voice against going to town and its sad prolific result."

Yet Notre Dame was far from a cheerless place. The students revered him and he cared deeply about them,



STEVE MORIARTY

playing host to grand celebrations and dinner parties, buying the boys a new-fangled "velocipede" in Paris, and once nearly starting a riot when he arrived at the grade school with a basket of fresh peaches to dispense. He was an excellent singer, wrote one local historian, and now and then would "play a bar or two on the clarionet"(sic). *The Scholastic* noted that Sorin "found time to occasionally play a game of marbles with the students . . . he was a capitol shot at 'knuckle down.'"

Despite such camaraderie, no doubt ever existed about who was boss. Sorin ruled the roost *de jure* through the end of his presidency in 1865, and *de facto* as superior general from 1868 until his death in 1893. "When he was seen about the campus, his mighty frame moving with measured countenance, his gigantic head and flashing black eyes on the alert for some irregularity, both students and faculty straightened up," wrote Hope.

If a student did cross the line, however, Sorin never used corporal punishment, and only in extreme cases did he "give a student his trunk": Expulsion was bad for a young man's spirit and reputation, he felt, and "ruined his chances for recovery." The student should be persuaded that he would be better off elsewhere. Wrote Hope: "If a Catholic priest, when setting up a school, shows no interest in the moral development of his subjects, he belies his own faith."

Says Jenky: "Sorin was unusual for his times. He embraced what was new, cutting edge, American, yet he was radically rooted in tradition and orthodox Roman Catholicism." Viewed in modern terms, Jenky feels Sorin would applaud coeducation at Notre Dame as a rightful concession to the times, while heartily resisting the "secularization" of the University.

Although the landscape has changed considerably from that November day nearly a century and a half ago, Sorin's fingerprints are still everywhere. His face can be seen in two windows of Sacred Heart Church as well as in the Columbus murals in the Main Building. What's more, says Jenky, "There are a series of things we do here—some unconscious—that can be traced to his influence: the football team saying prayers before a game, Notre Dame's style of discipline, *in loco parentis*, that little voice of Notre Dame Our Mother saying 'Go to class,' even our lack of fraternities."

Jenky attributes his own interest in Sorin to "understanding the foundational myth by which we understand ourselves. We (the C.S.C. order) have other schools," he says, "but they are not like Notre Dame."

Sorin was tireless to the end. He made 52 ocean crossings during his lifetime—to placate the Mother House, to drum up funds or vocations, and to commune with Rome, where he was highly regarded by Popes Pius IX and Leo XIII. There is the story of one trip he made near age 70: When he arrived back at the South Bend train station in the middle of the night with no one to greet him, he walked to campus and said Mass at dawn.

Sorin died on Halloween 1893, some say with the deeds to Saint Mary's College property still in his possession, his final show of authority. He is buried under a large cross in the Holy Cross Cemetery behind Fatima Retreat House.

Was he a great president? Notre Dame survived under Sorin's watch but did not soar academically. And while he was a global-class fundraiser, his acknowledged "financial imprudence" at times threatened the very life of the school.

"This institution," wrote Wack, "a carillon of bells ringing over an empty money box, on paper an intellectual citadel but in truth more than a little academically knock-kneed—was a font of contradictions. But we must remember what it was: a properly chartered, substantially constructed, modestly successful seat of learning—inadequately endowed in faculty, students and funds, but at least minimally endowed in all of these, not bankrupt, not intellectually destitute, not unattended, not without hope. It was alive, it was growing."

Says Father Connelly, who is preparing Sorin's *Chronicles* for publication: "I think he was great in the context of his time. He saw what could be done and he did it. He laid the foundation." To summarize Sorin's legacy, Connelly cites a line from a recent speech given by Board of Trustees Vice President Andrew McKenna '51: "Visions are what people who follow visionaries come to make of them."

What is undeniable by any standard is that Edward Frederick Sorin, the original Notre Dame man, did all that a good father can hope to do: He got his child squarely on its feet and set it free. □

OLD FRIENDS AND MEMORIES

BY ELAINE CRIPE '85

They never could stay away. As soon as Notre Dame had graduated its first students, these alumni made a practice of returning each year for commencement. Those annual gatherings prompted the University to establish an alumni association when the school celebrated its 25th anniversary in 1868. Headed by Rev. Neal Gillespie, C.S.C., Notre Dame's first alumnus, the association was set up to "preserve and strengthen the common tie that binds us to each other and to alma mater, by means of yearly reunions and by literary correspondence." It has been doing this, and more, ever since.

Those first spring meetings concluded with "sumptuous banquets" which provided the stage for the officially designated alumni orator and historian (positions as coveted as the association's presidency), as well as any ceremonious alum, to recite poetry or to toast and commemorate "absent and departed friends." These reunions grew so popular that the University eventually held them a few weekends after commencement and limited the number of returnees by welcoming back alumni from every fifth graduating class only. Today reunion is still a major enterprise as some 3,500 graduates return annually for a weekend full of workshops, seminars, and social and recreational activities. Still, the biggest draw is the campus, the old friends, the memories.

The association tried another sort of gathering when it held its first Universal Notre Dame Night on April 24, 1924. Intended to update alumni on the state of the University, the initial UND night linked alumni clubs in eight cities to a live radio broadcast by Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., Notre Dame's president. Thirty other clubs, without radio hookup, held other observances that night, helping to kick off what has become the major annual event of the association's various geographic clubs.

The first such club was formed in Chicago in 1897, followed by a New York club in 1905. By 1938, as the number of local alumni clubs approached 100, some eight dozen radio stations helped make UND night a major national event shared by thousands of alumni simultaneously. Today, with geographic clubs in more than 200 U.S. cities and 15 foreign countries, UND nights feature speakers from campus. Club activities also have evolved, and today clubs not only host social events but also sponsor continuing education, provide scholarships and support social justice efforts.

The alumni association came of age shortly after that first UND night when James Armstrong began his 42-year tenure as its head. It was during the '20s that the association received University funding and was given an office and permanent director, when continuing education programs were launched, when a placement service was started, and when the *Alumnus* magazine was first published. That publication and *Insight*, founded in 1948, provided alumni with news from campus and classmates until *Notre Dame* Magazine appeared about 20 years ago.

"Things really started to change in 1966 when Tom Carney ('37) was president of the Alumni Association," says James W. Frick '51, former vice president for University relations. "The board began to examine itself, to look into areas that the coming generations would have interest in—continuing education, for example. Club activities began to be more than social functions."

Frederick "Fritz" Shadley '48 was commissioned by the alumni board to review Notre Dame's alumni activities and those of peer institutions, says Frick, "to learn what it was doing right, to learn its strengths and weaknesses. From that very important document of self-study much of the association's structure derives today."

The Shadley Report has yielded more far-reaching programs of continuing education, better communication among the various constituencies, more diversified club involvement, and greater interaction among students, club members, the alumni board and senate, and the University board of trustees and officers. Largely because of the leadership provided by Armstrong, James Cooney '59 and their successors, Notre Dame's alumni association has become a model for similar organizations throughout the country. But over the past 10 years the association has made even greater strides in responding to and planning local club activities and services; in providing continuing education programs such as Hesburgh Lectures, workshops on medical or legal ethics, and teleconferences on marriage and parenting; and initiating community service programs through the local clubs.

Working with the association staff on campus, the cornerstone of the association, says Chuck Lennon '61, '62, the association's director and an assistant vice president of the University, is the "family"—the people at the local club level. "What the volunteers of the local clubs do—in matters of community service, continuing education, service to the University and social, academic and spiritual endeavors—is an indication that what we're doing has an impact on what's going on in the country. And Notre Dame cannot continue to grow without a vigorous, interested and informed alumni body which will number 100,000 in a few years."

That's a long way from the early days when a few dozen alumni came back to campus for commencement and a few toasts to the "old students" and the memory of their time at Notre Dame.

Elaine Cripe is the alumni editor of this magazine.

ALUMNI NOTES

Andrews II
This fall, the Notre Dame Alumni Association will be host to an Andrews Conference on community-service opportunities for college and university alumni organizations. The November 3-5 event, co-sponsored by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education, is a follow-up to a similar conference last fall which brought to the Notre Dame campus alumni executives from 26 colleges and universities to discuss how alumni clubs and volunteers can become usefully involved in service activities.

Conference-goers will explore reasons why alumni should address social concerns, methods of organizing service activities, and ways of sustaining ongoing programs.

Notre Dame alumni are being asked to make alumni personnel at colleges and universities in their home regions aware of the Andrews Conference. More information can be obtained by writing The Andrews Conference, 201 Main Building, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556, or calling 219/239-6181.

Three Winners
Three major Alumni Association awards will be presented this fall.

Thomas B. Day '52, president of San Diego State University since 1978, will receive the Cavanaugh Award during the fall meeting of the Alumni Association board in September. A widely-published physicist, he is active on the advisory board of the Mexican and American Foundation, is a member of the executive committee of the board of directors of the Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, and is a former member of the President's Committee on the National Medal of Science. The Cavanaugh Award is conferred annually on a graduate whose work has served the fields of government, public service or politics.

The Foster Award for distinguished athletes will go to Robert J. McBride '47 at the Indiana game September 7. A monogram winner and recipient of the Kanaley Prize in 1947, he was an assistant Notre Dame football coach under Frank Leahy from 1949 through 1953. During that time he headed up Notre Dame's recruiting efforts and, with Professor William Burke, established the athletic advisory and tutoring program that's still in place.

The late Major Mark A. Connelly, M.D. '78, a casualty of the Persian Gulf War, was named the 1991 Corby Award recipient. The award recognizes distinguished service by a graduate in the armed forces and will be presented to Major Connelly's wife, P.J. '78, at halftime ceremonies of the Navy game on November 2. Major Connelly was killed February 28 as he was about to help surrendering Iraqi soldiers. Before his recall to service, he had been a family-practice instructor and physician at Lancaster General Hospital in Pennsylvnia.

The O'Malley Conference
A posthumous tribute to Frank O'Malley, considered one of Notre Dame's greatest teachers, will take place October 4-6 in the Center for Continuing Education on campus. Among the conference presenters will be Notre Dame professors Thomas Stritch '34, '35, Thomas Bergin '45, Jack Gilligan '43, Ernest Sandeen and Tom Werge. Almost 20 other conference leaders, all former students of O'Malley will participate; they include journalists John Elson '53 of *Time*, Kenneth Woodward '57 of *Newsweek* and poet Samuel Hazo '48.

Also scheduled for that weekend are a special Roualt lecture at the Snite Museum of Art; an exhibit of books that O'Malley taught in the Rare Book Room of the Hesburgh Library; a Mass at the gravesite, and a Poet's Corner. To reserve a place at the conference, call 219/239-6186 or write The O'Malley Conference, Alumni Continuing Education, 427 Main Building, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

UND Week
Next April 24, Notre Dame Clubs across the country will celebrate the University's sesquicentennial with another "first": a Universal Notre Dame Night that will cap a week of community service projects. The alumni directors have designated the week of April 18-25 "Universal Notre Dame Humanitarian Week," when clubs will participate in social-concerns projects of their choosing. Most clubs have already named chairpersons for that week and are in the process of selecting service sites and working out logistics. The Notre Dame Alumni Community Service Program (NDACSP) is helping local leaders organize activities, recruit volunteers and see projects through to completion.

The April 24 Universal Notre Dame Night proper will be a repeat of the evening 68 years ago when UND Night was born. On that date in 1924 the president of the University, Rev. John Walsh, C.S.C., spoke to alumni for the first time through a radio hook-up from South Bend. The speech was heard in about 40 cities, although only eight alumni clubs were well organized at that time.

Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C.S.C., will address alumni next April 24 through an audio-only teleconferencing system that will be similar to the 1924 broadcast but with vastly improved reception. Following his remarks, the clubs will show a video created for the sesquicentennial.

Community service is nothing new for many Notre Dame clubs, which have practiced it in a variety of ways, chief among them the sponsorship of Summer Service Project students in their communities. Other Notre Dame club projects include working in shelters for the homeless and abused, tutoring and literacy programs, and housing and environmental action projects.

For information and ideas for projects, call Peter Pranica '86, director of community service, at 219/239-6186, or write NDACSP, 201 Main Bldg., Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

THE CLASSES

50-Year Club

Jerome Arnold, who died in April, was the first of the 24ers for whom a Mass was said under the new '24 Mass fund program. If you have not contributed, send to me at address below. Others who have died: J. Dan Culhane '23, Sr. Mary Wohleber '24, Lee Mattes '24, Mary Anderson, widow of Edward '22, Marie Lee, widow of Thomas '23, Margaret McElroy, widow of Leo '10 and mother of *Jim* '43 and *Andy* '44 and grandmother of *John Keogh* '71 and *Steve McElroy* '72. *Richard Deininger* '24, Decatur, Ind., sent in the news of the Arnold death.

Henry Driggs '24 of South Bend remembers seeing Gipp play and he also attended the funeral in 1920. *John Sullivan* '24 sparked the Mass fund drive for his class. He earned his JD at the State U of Iowa and practiced law in Chicago until two years ago. A widower, he has a daughter and a son, *John Jr.* '62 and a granddaughter, Susan Sullivan '93. *Fernando DeRomana* '24 of Arequipa, Peru, furnished copies of personal correspondence he had with his close friend, Cardinal John O'Hara. An older brother, John '11, was Fr. O'Hara's roommate. *James Swift* '24 writes from Dallas that, "I am blind, hard of hearing and afflicted with a variety of malignancies which seriously restrict my activities." Mail addressed to Eugene Carroll '24 of Chicago has been returned by the post office. Can anyone help? *Francis Connelly* '22 writes: "I note that *Cy Kellett* '22 is still alive. I bounce between Los Gatos, Calif., and San Jose. I'm 92 and just had driver's license renewed for two years. Those close to me at ND, like Tom Keefe, Jim Martin '23 and Ed Pfeiffer, are deceased. *Jay Gibson*, a '40s grad and a trackman, reminded me of the refectory days and the buns. He had been a 'hasher.' My nephew, *Francis Connelly* '57, was president of the Indianapolis Club and has two daughters, *Maureen* '87 and *Mary Beth* '88."

Joe Donaldson '23 had a model T Ford which was not permitted but which Joe thought well hidden "until one day Fr. John Cavanaugh (the first) asked for a ride to town for him and Luigi Gregori, the fresco artist who did the paintings in the church and Main Building. We got on the Niles Road when the Ford ran out of gas. Shortly, a gasoline truck came up. I explained that Fr. Cavanaugh was in the car. The man put gas in the tank and said it was a gift to Father and that he was so pleased to meet him. One night the two were in the audience when I fought Red Ryan, whose nose started to bleed. Gregori yelled, 'Atta boy, Joe, now wipe it off!'" Joe took chances by climbing to the top of Sacred Heart steeple to take photos. Then he climbed to the inside of the Dome, where he knocked loose one of four little doves that were held on hinges. The next day, workmen hoisted up the dove by a cable from the lower floor.

Ed Raub '23 remembers the opening of the Blackstone Theater on Main Street, featuring movies and vaudeville. On opening night the Varsity Quartet appeared: Thurman Fabian Mudd '23, tenor; George Fischer '22, lead; Pat Manion '22, baritone; and Ed, bass. Fischer became a CSC priest and Manion, dean of the Law School. Also appearing was Walter O'Keefe '22, later a star on the Orpheum Circuit, who popularized "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." Raub also tells about a game when Hunk Anderson '22 was knocked out. He lay prostrate for some time. A player tried to help, saw Dr. Powers in the stands, and yelled, "Here comes Dr. Powers, the team physician." With that, Hunk was on his feet and running in the opposite direction, with Powers in hot pursuit. Walter Halas, one of the original Chicago Bears (and brother of George) was an assistant coach who also taught freshman math. Our oldest alumnus, Albert Gushurst, died in February. —*J.I. Probst*, C231, 2400 S. Ocean Dr., Fort Pierce, Fla. 34949; 407-464-2675.

25 Happy Thoughts

As the Sesquicentennial year of the founding of Notre Dame approaches, I know we can reminisce happily of many events. There were the Rockne years, which were highlighted by the '24 national championship and the Four Horsemen. They were the years of Fr. O'Hara, later Cardinal; of Professor Shuster, who was to become president of Hunter College in New York City; of Fr. Calrey, rector of Sorin Hall; and of Fr. Broughal, a great English teacher. We can reminisce happily of our classmates and the student body in general, most of whom justified our respect by their attainments in the business world that was to follow. We produced many chief executive officers and judges. Let me know your particular memories, of classmates and professors and events, and they will be included in upcoming columns. It grieves me that we have two names to add to our deceased list: Eddie Lyons, who died January 10, and Raymond Sobatzki, whose death occurred April 8 in Blue Bell, Pa. Keep these and all our departed in your prayers. Especially let us know if you are not in good health and in need of prayers and cards. —*John Bartley*, 201 East 21st St., New York, N.Y. 10010; 212-673-0087.

26 Flashbacks

Keep our deceased in your prayers: James Vallely, who started with us but earned a degree in mining engineering in '27; Sr. Theresa McFadden CSID; Virginia, widow of William Reid; Barbara, widow of Bertrand Coughlin; and Dan Culhane '23, '26. Spiritual happenings in our years: the spark was ignited by such priests as Fr. John O'Hara and Fr. Hizer, says *Paul Headdy* about his road to Catholicism. He was baptized at our reunion in '87. The baptism of Knute Rockne on the morning before the Northwestern game in '25. We were down by 10 to 0 at halftime when Rock strode into the dressing room. Turning to Tom Lieb, he said, "You take over. I'm going to sit with the president of Northwestern in his box and enjoy NW beating us." With that he walked out. We won, 13-10.

The KKK parade and confrontation, covered several times in our columns. *Walter Trohan* wrote about the black man who stood with reverence on the court house steps when Fr. Walsh entreated the students to return to campus. *Mark Mooney* tells about his days in Brownson study hall, where he sat across from Paul Harrington and *Gene Oberst* '24. "Gene always wore leather boots and he had a six-inch knife, which he kept stropping and then placing into the side of the boot." Harrington broke the college indoor record for the pole vault at over 13 feet. Paul once told Mark that he read the Bible for 15 minutes each day and another 15 minutes of Shakespeare. Paul was brilliant and such a good ND man. When Red Grange had one more year at Illinois, Zuppke told Rock he wanted to play one game the next year. Rock's answer: "We'll play two games, not one." Zuppke broke off negotiations.

Memories: Paul Whiteman coming to the Blackstone Theater and introducing "Rhapsody in Blue." The Juggler with jokes such as: Joe and Bill at the Palais Royale dance. Joe: "Who's the ugly girl dancing with George?" Bill: "That's my sister." Joe: "Boy, she sure can dance." Father O'Hara's Religious Bulletin with such as: "I am opposed to women smoking. Do you want your wife dropping cigarette ashes in your baby's face while she is nursing him?" More O'Hara invitations: "Start going to daily Communion" and "I'll hear your confession anytime, night or day. You can't tell me anything I haven't heard before."

William Dorgan writes "Lost my wife over a year ago. I live in a mobile home park in a San Diego suburb. My best friends at ND were Charlie Dougherty, Ed Lynch, Gerry Smith, *Howard Weimerskirk*, Lou Franke and *Bob Dolezal*. Fond memories of the football games on the gridgraph in the Fieldhouse. The players were smaller in those days and the basketball players were shorter." *Louie Thompson* was generous with recollections: "Does anyone remember 'The Reveille'? A small paper, it was distributed during the winter of '23-'24 and contained complaints about everything. One in particular was about the ankle-deep mud on the walkways. The paper created such an uproar that the administration called for a general assembly in Washington Hall. Who were the authors?" As a sophomore, Louie belonged to the Indianapolis Club; other members included Mike Reddington, *Stan Boyle*, Harold Watson, Paul Harrington, Joe Harmon,

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Mark Mooney, Tino Pogiani, Eugene Fogarty, Norbert Clancy and Claud Pitsenberger.

How about Washington Hall skits with Charles Butterworth and Ralph Dumke? One song they wrote: "What's This, What's That, and These and Them and Those?" The next day in a math class some of us sang those words, totally confusing Professor Horan. Our chaplain, *Fr. Herb Yost CSC*, head of Holy Cross Association, has accepted our invitation for dinner on June 27, the first night of our 65th reunion. Martha and *Walter Houghton*, Mary and I represented '26 at the Florida Fling. Only the Class of '22, represented by Marie Anderson, widow of Hunk, outranked us as far as "age" was concerned.—*I.I. Probst*, C231, 2400 S. Ocean Dr., Fort Pierce, Fla. 34949; 407-464-2675.

27 Celebration

When we were seniors, we already heard talk about the centennial to be held in 1942, but WWII caused those plans to be canceled. In 1942 we were young, well started in our careers and establishing our families. All of us were affected by the War, some very directly. In the '40s and '50s, our generation was coming to the top, getting to be leaders in the professions, in business, and in community and national affairs. Those days are past. We are not as active as we once were. Many of us are gone. We are inclined more to reminisce than we are to look toward the future. We all cherish the memories of our student days, of our deans and professors, of our roommates and classmates. Each of us treasures particular incidents and anecdotes of a period 65 years ago. All of the events in our days at the University, however, did play an important part. They all contributed to the history of ND and we can feel proud of the part we played.

Four classmates have recently died. Joe Della Maria, Eugene Knoblock, Jim Vallely, and Tobe Gish, who was a real Kentuckian. A member of the pioneer Gish family who came to Muhlenberg County before 1800, he was born in Central City and died there. Tobe served two terms as the county attorney and, in addition to practicing law, with two brothers he operated a realty company and owned much land and stores and houses in and around Central City. We knew him as a congenial and able Kentuckian, a baseball and basketball player, and a participant in class affairs. He is survived by his wife, Mary. Another law classmate, Eugene Knoblock, was a lifetime resident of South Bend. He practiced patent and copyright law and achieved much prominence and success for the University by establishing in court that it has the exclusive right to its name, logos and designs to be used on rings and other articles in the commercial world. Many of us will remember the times when Gene arranged minireunions at the South Bend Country Club in the evenings following home games. His wife predeceased him.

Joe Della Maria was an engineer in Chicago with the Nash Brothers Construction Co. He was an active athlete in his student days, captain of the varsity track team, and a member of the Monogram Club. Joe was not only my classmate but his son, Joseph Jr., was a law classmate of my son, Phillip. The whole family has maintained a close affiliation with ND. Jim Vallely was a retired mining engineer from Chattanooga, Tenn. He was originally from DuBois, Pa., and is survived by his wife, Gladys. A mass for each has been said by Fr. Harry Ryan.—*Clarence Ruddy*, 111 W. Downer Pl., Aurora, Ill. 60506; 708-897-9054.

28 As It Was Back Then

Class officers were asked to recall what it was like when we were at ND. The responses: President *Howard Phalin:* The bitter winter of my first year I lived in Freshman Hall, an old army barracks. I cannot recall any more uncomfortable place in my lifetime. We lived four to a room, making it almost impossible to study. Many mornings the temperature was in the 20s. Deep snow lasted weeks with a long walk to classes. Our rector was Fr. Jimmy Stack. His discipline was that of a czar. Lights were off at 10 p.m.—not 10:01. The morning bell would wake the dead and Mass attendance was obligatory. It was the most miserable, homesick year of my life. Three wonderful roommates, Bob Knox, Red Conners and Mickey Flanagan (all deceased) suffered with me. Some great professors were Fr. Walter Lavin, Fr. James Gallagan, Regidius Kaczmarek and Brother "Zip" Cyprian. I'll always remember Fr. Hugh O'Donnell as prefect of discipline.

Louis Buckley, secretary 60 years until too ill, is represented by quotes from his first Class Notes in the September 1928 Alumnus: "Howard Phalin, VP and grand knight last year, is sales manager, Buffalo territory, for Midland Press. *John Frederick*, class president last year, coaches at Detroit U. *Joe Griffin*, treasurer, takes law at DePaul U., Chicago. *Jim Allen* attends ND Law School. *John Herbert* attends First National Bank School in NYC. Louis Buckley, class secretary, is in the Peoria, Ill., branch office of Goodyear Tire & Rubber."

Bernard Garber, executive VP: "In the spring of 1925, after supper in the refectory, a few of us from Freshman Hall would walk to the Grotto, where we knelt to offer a Hail Mary, awed by the Grotto's beauty and silence. Fr. John O'Hara's Religious Bulletin was read eagerly. Posted in every hall and on trees, it was common to see it surrounded by students while one read aloud. It scotched rumors, offered practical advice, added some humor and encouraged daily Communion. *Richard Parrish* and I, would-be authors, often walked to Smith's Cafeteria in town for dinner. At times we shared a table with Professors Charles Phillips and Paul Fenlon, reveling in literary faculty talks with our roast pork-and-apples."

Glenn Hatch, south VP, says, "South Bend was my home town along with *Johnny Nyikos* and *Ike (John) Voedisch*. We all were on the campus a great deal. My fondest memory is standing with my pal *Jim Hartley* to receive our diplomas from Bishop Edward Finnegan." New VP west, *Rev. James McShane SJ*, says, "*Walter Toussaint* had a room at about ground level. Father Jim Gallagher thought we used that window for late-night excursions. He growled at Toussaint that he should put a stop-and-go light on it." *Jim White*, Midwest VP: "One winter I was working at storing ice from the lake with Brother Alphonse of Brownson Hall as timekeeper. Brother asked *Walter Wilcox* when we started. Wilcox said 8 o'clock. *Ray Dahman* said he started with Wilcox. I said I started with Ray. All had started at 1 o'clock." *Gene Farrell*, VP east: "I remember thumbing rides into town to save the seven-cent fare on overcrowded streetcars." Your acting secretary recalls that *Joe Hilger*, now class treasurer, and I always tried to be sparring partners in gym class so we could take it easy. *Earl Dardes* and I roomed at a funeral home free for answering phone calls at night and riding the ambulance. We always stopped at Fr. O'Hara's Sorin Hall ring-the-bell chapel for Communion. Keep in your prayers our Western VP, Christie Flanagan, who died March 22. In Port Arthur, Texas, Mary survives, as well as two sons and two daughters, 13 grandchildren and great-grandchildren.—*George Scheuer*, 1726 Sunnymede Ave., South Bend 46615.



29 Fall '25—Spring '29

After a long train ride from Boston, accompanied by a number of sophomores and juniors with whom I went to prep school, I finally arrived and hurried on to ND. I was amazed when I saw all the yellow brick buildings, having become accustomed to the red brick, ivy-covered buildings of Harvard. However, my amazement soon wore off, due to the hustle and bustle of registering, learning my way around, getting a room downtown, getting acquainted, learning the ropes, etc. I was fortunate in knowing so many upper classmen, who helped greatly with my settling down at ND. Instead of trying to remember some old memories of campus, I'm giving you a list of names of those we had in administration and teaching, of rectors and coaches. You'll find them all in your '29 Dome, plus photographs of all. Just turning the pages will be like reading your diary. The memories will return.

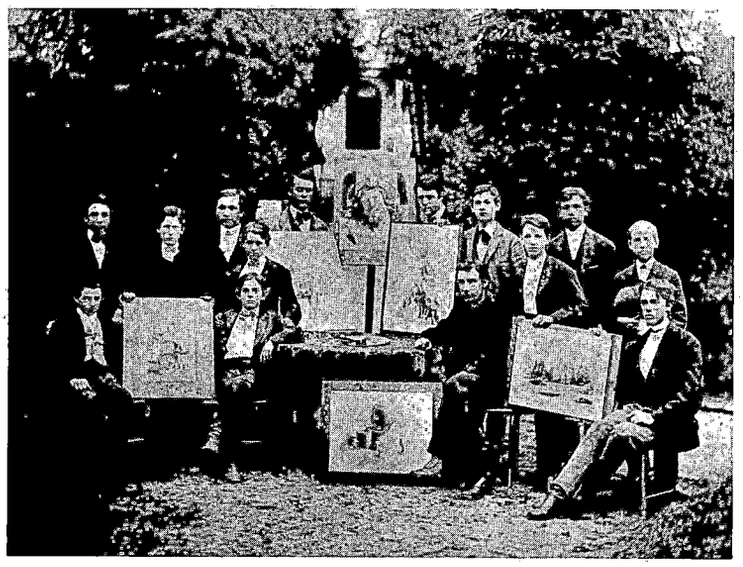
President Charles O'Donnell and VP Mike Mulcaire; "Pepper" O'Donnell; "The Pope," Fr. John O'Hara; Fr. "Tuck" Albertson; Joe Casasanta; Paul Fenlon; Fr. Pat Hagerty; "Goof" Hines; coaches Rockne and Keogan; Frs. "Tuffy" Ryan; Matt Walsh, Dom O'Malley, James Stack; J.A. Heiser and, last but not least, Brother Zip. Your old Dome is really loaded with memories. Now for the sad news. Aldo Frillici, Cleveland, died in November 1989. Michael "Larry" Mason of Mason City, Iowa, died last November 5; he went from being a trial lawyer to the Supreme Court bench of Iowa. Cyril Jones, Reading, Pa., died October 20. James Roy, Boston, died August 28. He also advanced from trial lawyer to the Massachusetts Superior Court. Christie Flanagan '28 of Texas died March 22. As usual, Michigan State will be the class game. Hope we can all sit together and with the '28 group. *Moose Krause* '34 went through successful hip surgery on April 15.—*Jim Curry*, Box 553, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

30 A Great Part of the 150th

That's what we are. Let's start with the early development of the ND Foundation by our Fr. John Cavanaugh and the contribution of a million dollars to the Foundation by our classmate *John Healy* in 1966. Since our freshman year in our hobnailed shoes, we have witnessed the academic and physical structure of a Catholic university that no one in this world can match. In sports, your classmates were part of the two national champion football teams of '29 and '30 under Coach Knute Rockne. No university ever won two consecutive national football championships before then. Your classmate, Coach Frank Leahy, won championships in '43, '47 and '49 and went undefeated in '48. There's not enough space to name all the people involved in all ND sports programs who won honors as Heisman Trophy winners, All-Americans and those who won trophies for record-breaking accomplishments. Other national championships were won under Coaches Parseghian in '66 and '73, Devine in '77 and Holtz in '88. Frank Leahy was the grandpa of Pat Leahy, a 6'6" pitcher who retired 19 batters in a row while beating LSU in a 6-3 vic-

tory. Pat shunned a Toronto Blue Jay draft pick to remain at ND. If Pat leaves after his junior year to play pro baseball, another Leahy, Ryan, will carry on the Leahy legacy. Also 6'6", Ryan plays offensive tackle on the football team.

Tom Medland wrote of the death of *Chuck Smallwood's* wife, Louise. They spent many happy reunions with us. Our deepest sympathy, Chuck; we hope you join us at the 61st. Tom and Koz ask you all to be there. John Schwartz, son of our Marchie, wrote of his death in California of a heart attack. Marchie was All-American halfback on the '30 team. He became head coach at Stanford and was named in '74 to the College Football Hall of Fame. The Florida Fling in West Palm Beach was a great success. 210 alumni and wives attended. 25 classes from 1922 to 1968 were represented. Check your May ALUMNI Newsletter for all the details. Besides Louise Smallwood and Marchmont Schwartz, other deaths include those of John Paul Forsee, Bayard Kurth and Coletta Hanley. Your prayers and masses for the above by our *Fr. Bill.*—*C.J. Kozak*, 401 S. Main St. #21, PO Box 721, Bellville, Ohio 44813; 419-886-3591.



31 Bright College Days

When this appears, our 60th reunion will be another memory; a full report awaits the fall issue. A flood of recollections has come in—so many that we included them in a special reunion booklet. Send for a copy. Highlights: *John Dorschel* hit the campus in knickers and a windbreaker labeled "Notre Dame" as a freshman in '27 and was promptly thrown into the lake by some of the football players. *Deon Sutton* also had a trial by water on his first day, in Howard Hall. He heard a cry for help, rushed next door, and found Jerry Crowley holding his hand over a broken water pipe to the sink. *Frank Butorac* sent a great collection of stories on Knute Rockne. We made a booklet of these, too. *Joe Blaney* sent regrets but is "looking forward to our 70th." He warmly recalled old friends *Phil Angsten* and *Frank Holland*, and the pipe tunnel running between Sorin and Badin Halls which provided an after-hours entrance.

Ray Connors remembers the cross country meet with Illinois at Urbana in his sophomore year. He ran three or more miles with a fibula bone in a leg out of joint, only to find that he had not officially finished because two teammates had dropped out. *Spike Sullivan* tells of Alumni Association secretary Jim Armstrong announcing at the all-class reunion banquet in 1961 that gifts of books would be welcome for the Library. Eddie Ryan rose to say that he had a book the library would be pleased to have, because that was where he got it and it was 30 years overdue. *Ray Collins* sent a fine collection of snapshots of classmates of 60 and more years ago. He remembers when Fr. "Tuffy" Ryan confiscated a toaster and hot plate that he and Gil Seaman were using after hours. *Ed Coomes*, who spent four years as an undergraduate, two as a grad student and many more on the faculty, had a memorable year in 1930. Electrical engineering classes were moved to Badin Hall, and so was Ed. He remembers *Frank Carideo*, Marty Brill, Joe Savoldi and Marchie Schwartz running plays on the top floor. *Fr. Bourke Motsett's* fondest memories are of the dedication of Fr. John O'Hara and watching Fr. "Pop" Farley tossing out the mail from the front porch of Sorin Hall. *Fr. Charles Carey CSC* remembers the baseball games between the seminarians of Moreau and interhall teams. *Fr. Bernard Ransing* wrote that he and Jerry Crowley used to congratulate themselves on being members of "the outstanding, the distinguished and unequalled" Class of '31.

Dick Baker remembers the night when Fr. Vincent Mooney "caught four of us smoking in my room and kicked us out of Freshman Hall into the bitter cold night. We went to the gym and slept on one of the mats." *Matt Garrigan* claims a place in the Hotcakes Hall of Fame. He was the first student to eat pancakes in the cafeteria when the dining halls opened in September 1927. *Walt Philipp* was honored by his hometown, Seaside Park, N.J., for musical achievements. The U.S. Navy Band has included Walt's "All Hail to Thee, Our Great Democracy," in its concerts. *Bob Gore* sends regards to all. The St. Louis Review (archdiocese paper) recounted the careers of *Paul Fehlig* and his brothers Lou, Vince and Gene. *Al Grisanti* called *Freddie Rahaim* in Jacksonville, Fla. Fred sees *Joe Foley* of Foley, Fla., every so often.

We must add sad news. Marchmont Schwartz, the great back on the '29-'30 national championship football teams, died in April at a Walnut Creek, Calif., hospital. He coached at Stanford in the '40s. Rosemarie, three sons and two daughters survive. *Ben Oakes* attended the vigil service. Lawrence Kral died in Cleveland. Larry was a fine golfer. Survivors are Gloria and two sons. *Fred Armstrong's* wife Evelyn died in Sutter Creek, Calif. Our prayers were offered for all living and deceased members of the class at the reunion.—*Austin Boyle*, 8750 Harrison St. #206, Munster, Ind. 46321; 219-836-1596.

32 Came Thru

You'll enjoy this from *J. Raymond Fox*: "The biggest thrill of my four years was getting bawled out by Knute Rockne, in October 1930 in one of the handball courts. I was playing singles against Joe Savoldi. Suddenly there was a hard banging on the door, which we ignored. The guys in the gallery yelled, 'Hey, Fox, you better open up. It's Rockne.' We did. The great man turned to Joe: 'Savoldi, get out of here. I'll talk to you later.' Then to me, and the Big Thrill: 'Who are you?' 'My name is Fox, Mr. Coach Rockne, sir, and I'm a junior.' Rockne said, 'I took you for a freshman. You're dumb enough. Don't you know that handball is a strenuous sport? I don't allow my football players to play handball during football season. Now get this, Fox, if I ever catch you playing handball with any of my football players, I'll kick you from here to Mishawaka. Do you know where Mishawaka is?' 'Yes, sir, Mr. Rockne,' says I. 'It's about 10 miles down the pike.' Rockne: 'Smart boy, Fox. Now you can call me Rock.'"

This brings to mind a recollection of my own. While crossing the quad on my way to Glee Club practice, I ran into Rockne. We talked briefly and I went on my way to Washington Hall. The following afternoon a group of us headed downtown to take in a movie. A classmate heading toward school yelled, "Hey, too bad about Rockne." As he went by we called out, "What about him?" He said, "Killed in a plane crash in Kansas." We walked on in a daze, unable to believe what we heard, but flags were already at half mast and the store windows were draped. We immediately returned to campus where the worst was confirmed. Classes were canceled and an early Easter vacation had been ordered. Students were quietly leaving school for home. It was the saddest day of our four years.

How many remember our Commencement speaker? He was Owen Young, chairman of General Electric. Still in the throes of the Great Depression, we wondered what his message might be. Surprisingly, he told us how fortunate we were to graduate at this particular time in history. We would be learning quickly the hardships of life. Those of us lucky enough to find a job received little compensation or, as in my case, the company funds were so low the employees were rarely paid on time. Our president, *Cliff Prodehl*, sent a great article about *Al Russo MD* who, at 81, took part in the Alumni baseball game in '89. The crowd gave him a big hand when he was introduced. He said, "The fact that I was perpendicular and got up there led to the ovation." Al pitched the game and after a conference with the catcher, Mayor *Joe Kernan*, the game wound up in a tie. Russo was a varsity player for two years. One of his choice comments: "Nobody's had more fun practicing medicine than I have." Cliff suggests, and you'll agree, that our class is outstanding for gifts to the University: the DeBartolo buildings, the Fred Snite Art Museum, and the altar at the Grotto in memory of Joel Ostrander. Now that you know we are really interested in news about ND, let me know about some of your experiences from '28 through '32.—*Frank Oberkoetter*, 113 Buckland Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14618; 716-244-1755.

33 Those Were the Days

The University was a mere 88-year-old adolescent when we arrived in 1929. Only what has become known as the South Dining Hall suggested the development of a south quad. A truncated fire relic of an engineering building stood on the present mall across Dorr Road from Badin Hall. That fall construction began on the stadium 'way off to the southeast of the campus. In '29 our four home games were played in Soldier Field in Chicago, and that year and the next, in the stadium, ND became national champs, Knute Rockne's last two years of coaching.

What about us green, wide-eyed freshmen? Some lived on the then Gold Coast in Howard Hall, others lived in the quadruple rooms in the barracks called Freshman Hall, but most settled into Brownson and Carroll, wings of the Main Building with desks on the main floor, curtained-off beds on the two floors above, wash basins on the ground floor, and clothes in lockers in the old Natatorium behind the Main Building. Brother Aloysius in Brownson and Brother Maurilius in Carroll did their best to enforce the strict study hours and the early retiring times. *Charlie Conley* has resurrected his invoice for the spring semester of 1930. Tuition was $100 and board, $187.50. Charges for a bed in Brownson were $60 for both semesters. Since the $15 laundry fee was optional, Charlie elected to send his soiled laundry home—with the lagniappe of goodies tucked between the clean underwear and shirts on the return trip. That's enough for a start. From here on, you can do your own reminiscing.

It's a long jump to the 1991 Florida Fling. *Joe Davey* and *Jack Hoyt* submitted detailed reports. Again this year our class with 12 members topped the number attending. *Marshall McAveney* and *Dan Casey* handled reservations. Dan was also toastmaster at the dinner and luncheon. Joe sent a picture which included *George Armbruster, Fred Laughna, Jerry Ashley*, McAveney and Casey and their spouses, *Frank DeClerck* and Joe's wife, Skeets. Also present were Jeanne and *Charlie Quinn*, Kitty and *Bill Ackermann*, Angela and *John McNamara* and, with Jack Hoyt, his wife, Helen. Nan *Gough's* illness prevented her and *Ed's* attendance. *Bishop Frank Harrison* not only said the Mass but also won the golf tournament.

On June 15 *Les Raddatz* celebrated his 80th birthday with a party thrown by his seven offspring. He says he feels better but still tires easily. On the same day I completed 50 years of priesthood. A celebration for all ten living golden jubilarians, including *John Wilson* '32 and *Pat Peyton* '37 of Family Rosary fame (the family that prays together stays together), took place at ND May 24. Plan on the September 21 minireunion on the MSU weekend. *Karl Vogelheim* has motel accommodations, and *Phil Faherty's* Ann in Mishawaka coordinated our block of tickets. *Ed Gausselin* wrote, "Reunion is out. Developed a rotor cuff on right shoulder. May 8 will be D-Day plus 2-3 months of therapy. Looks like my days with the Cubs are over." The Gausselins were married May 1, 1935, in the Log Cabin by Fr. James Stack CSC. Ed also said *Charlie Conelly* arranged a block of tickets for the SMU game and hoped to

see us. In the last issue I included Roland Dames among the deceased. It was Roland's widow, Marguerite, who died, as has Sr. Rosemary Mason. Please remember them and all our deceased in your prayers.—*Lloyd Teske CSC*, U of Portland, 5000 N. Willamette Blvd., Portland, Ore. 97203.

34 Commemorative Report

Thirty-three answered the call for "150th" copy. The info was copied for a class newsletter, and some will find its way into future columns. *Tom Brobson*: Northwestern weekend '32; Badin away behind in bonfire-wood competition; Fr. Muckenthaler and unlocked doors at 22 below; next day, robbed halls attempted wood recovery; Badin's firehouse defense burst on second floor; final judging? Badin disqualified! *Leonard Cacciatore*: Radio genius Marconi honored by ND; Len's Italian Club helped. He has Marconi's autograph of October '33 and Marconi's daughter's from October '74 at Columbia's 100th birthday salute. *John Carr*: ND stadium dedication '30; at northeast stadium rim, flagged the fireworks crew outside, and halftime aerial bombs right on time. *Pat Carroll*: As a dining hall waiter, en route to locker room, always saw *Ed Mansfield* pulling glass racks from a steaming machine. Later, his doctor-brother-in-law had the same job. *John Clauder*: Prohibition era distiller of gin in Morrissey sub. Later, at reunions, all gin gone, but bartender skills survived.

John Conley: Paul Fenlon and his privileged Sorin bull sessions; specials: *Joe Degnan, Ed Stephan, Jim Kearns, Les Raddatz*; special profs: Madden, Phillips, Rausch, Fenlon, Cooney, Reyniers, Thornton, Stanton, Sigmar, O'Hara. *Jim Curran*: Fond recall of Dr. Cooney's classes with *Ed Krause, Joe Kurth, Paul Manoski,* Ed Mansfield, *Carl Zimmer*. Even today, "Victory March" brings goose pimples. *Charles DiMatteo*: Corby Hall provided weather-proof route to Sacred Heart for daily Mass, later Benediction; great memories rekindled at reunions. *Art Doerfler*: Consternation when I discovered that "155 Brownson" meant a desk, a curtained cot, a locker; waiting for SBTrib's "Bearskin" column needling footballers. *Don Dugan*: Bank closing in'32; my final 50 cents to movie cashier for *Tom Dugan, Bill Powell*, two more, and me—then broke; get-well totals from many classes after my laryngectomy, typifying what the campus engenders. *Dave Feferman*: Joe Casasanta's summer glee club travels with *George Menard*, Bob Cahill, *John Henry*; Major Bowes Theater, Washington, Chicago World's Fair, Warner Brothers movie shorts.

James Fitzpatrick: Sorin sub's window with dummy screws provided a busy route for night-time skivers; in St. Ed's, it was in Melinkovich's room, but George still shocked Northwestern with his 97-yard kickoff runback. *Maurice Garland*: Frosh year, alone and deserted in a big crowd; exams; awesome campus silence—only bells—when Rockne crashed; ND lesson: "Body ages, spirit never changeth." *Howard Gillespie*: Judging a CIC 60-yard dash, chasing Olympian Ralph Metcalf to confirm his finishing position; betting on *Jack Robinson's* family Derby horse, 19th among 20. *John Hanley*: Fr. O'Hara's bulletins influenced my life; still read saved copies; other influences: Rockne, Coach Nicholson, Elmer Layden, Joe Boland. *Joe Hanratty*: First face to face confession in "The Pope's" Sorin corner office; kneeling on the floor for "God's blessing" with his hands on my head. *Charles Heckelmann*: Fr. O'Hara's support for a homesick 16-year-old freshman; for Norbert Hoff, devout non-CSC prof, I was secretary, server, golf student. *James Hogan*: Never realizing Fr. Matthew Walsh's ND importance as a past president; no reference in his history classes; old SB Union Station and tea homecomings.

Charles Huisking: In '34, four Huisking brothers on campus: Charlie, *Bill, Ed, Frank*; in 70s, four Huisking sons: Charlie, Bill, Ed, Frank; unmatched in 150 years? *Jack Lacey*: Grotto memories, carillon taps; from student and later staff days: Bruce Graham, first class death, Joe Degnan, Bob Cahill, Bill Ayres, Vince Reichman, Eli Shaheen; Frs. Brennan, O'Hara, John Cavanaugh, "Black Mike" Mulcaire, men with understanding and compassion. *Dr. Bob Locher*: 137 pre-med zoology students hearing Fr. Dean Francis Wenninger warn, "I will flunk most of you"; then a scolding for a nervous 16-year-old, "Missing two can cost you med school"; *George Martinet*: Freshman thrill: Navy stadium dedication; fearless battle of Fr. Charles O'Donnell to stay alive until our graduation; he survived by seven hours. *Robert McDonough*: "Life has been good to me, thank God." Bob's arthritis restricts writing, but he recorded bright memories of Coach Hugh Devore and Don Dugan. *Msgr. Edward Seward* had a stroke in December. He'd love mail and prayers. Write him at St. John Church, 1034 Brown, Akron, Ohio 44301. Don McIntosh: Attorney, brilliant student and conversationalist; best man for fellow Navy officer and All-American "Whizzer" White (try Chief Justice White); Don died December 18. Keep him in your prayers.—*Edward Mansfield*, 523 W. Hillsdale, San Mateo, Calif. 94403; 415-345-6511.

35 Happy Sesqui!

35ers flooded me with bits of memories, nostalgia, campus incidents, etc., from our four years, over 55 years ago. Here goes. Freshman Impressions: *Doc Jim McCraley* recalls the red leather-covered doors, studded with gold, at the entry to the Dining Hall cafeteria, with its cathedral ceiling and wall murals . . .the auspicious "Gold Coast" area between Howard, Morrissey and Lyons Halls . . .those "curtain rooms" of the Carroll and Brownson dorms, whose unified voting bloc swept Dale Pillars in as our first class president . . .then, freshie malaise (homesickness) of athlete *Tom Daigle*, who longed for "Noo Owleens" and his southern belle, Millie! PS: Tom didn't come back after semester break . . .and the thrill Jim got when *Mike Santulli* introduced him to the great Jumpin' Joe Savoldi.

The "Tin Lizzie" Saga: *Jim MacDevitt* and his bridge-playing partner, *Gene Bernhard* '32, accumulated winning scores of numerous games so that by May '32 they wound up accepting, in lieu of cash, a model-T Ford owned by some soon-departing seniors. The next Sunday, with *Ed Cosgrove* '34, *Gerry Ashley* '33 and *Joe Schmidt*, they drove to visit the girls at Nazareth College in Kalamazoo. During a musical/dramatic presentation, they heard an announcement that an auto was on fire—the Tin Lizzie! Repairs delayed them until after the good St. Joseph nuns furnished supper, fruit, sandwiches, coffee and $1.50 "for gasoline." *Bill Malloy*, Jim's roomie, bought the car for $25 to drive it to Bellemore, N.Y. But not quite; Lizzie's engine exploded only a few miles from his home.



Travel Woes: High jumper *Tom Williamsen* of Coach Nicholson's track team remembers a '33 bus trip to Ohio State. The bus couldn't make a tar-covered hill, so the entire squad, including footballers *Don Elser* '36 and *John Michuta* pushed it to the top. Campus Mischief: Shortly before the repeal of the 18th Amendment (liquor prohibition), two nameless enterprising 35ers, seeking to improve their cash flow, decided to make and sell gin to classmates. The student engineer knew the formula and the English major had a friend in Walsh Hall with a bathtub for the mixing procedure. At the last moment the "friend" chickened out, forcing the two entrepreneurs to "borrow" a large metal bucket (previous contents unknown) from maintenance. On a Friday, they quickly sold eight bottles, one to a prominent member of the golf team. On Saturday, the bootleggers learned that the golf team customer had been taken to St. Joe's Hospital for emergency surgery. A frantic search recovered all but two bottles, at prices significantly higher than asking price, and a marketing decision: no more bootlegging! For identity of above protagonists, call 404-261-0139.

The Unbelieving Hall Rector: *Jim McAveney* woke at 5 a.m. one day and decided to mail some letters he'd written. He unlocked the front door of Alumni Hall, walked to the nearby post office and upon return was greeted by Fr. Tom McAvoy's "Jim, you been out all night?" After protracted explanation, Fr. Tom reluctantly bought Jim's story. Three years later, they met at Columbia U: "C'mon, Jim, where had you really been?" Still later, at our 25th reunion, Fr. Tom asked again. This time Jim allowed as if he'd actually been carousing all night in Mishawaka. He figures if Fr. Tom were still alive for our 55th, he'd still have been asking! I have so much more that couldn't be squeezed into our word limit that I've decided to have a "nostalgia" section in future columns as long as the supply lasts, so keep sending campus memories and anecdotes, names of people involved, etc. Hope you all enjoy them as much as I did. And to all contributors, please excuse reediting, to get as much as possible in this issue.—*Louis Hruby*, 14943 Camarosa Dr., Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272; 213-454-6358.

36 Hi Again, 36ers!

By now, the reunion is history and our 55th anniversary but another fond memory. We should have a grand time, judging from the calls and letters I've had from so many, including *Art Baum, Al Rohol, Jim Siddall, Norv Casper* and *Joe Quinn* '37, who said how happy he is no longer being their class secretary. I can relate to that! The Florida Fling was again an unqualified success. The golf event was an 18-hole scramble played on The Breakers Ocean Course in Palm Beach. Our team—*George Cannon, Joe Schmidt* '35, *Dan O'Melia* '39 and I—managed to bogey the last two holes to finish third. I misplaced the attendee list, so forgive me if I forgot anyone, but others there include Mary Ellen Cannon, Helen and *Bert Baur, Jim Foohey*, Charlotte and *Bill Bayer* and Margaret and *Leo Hofschneider*. At our table were Mary Fran Mulholland and Betty Keefe and old friend *Ralph Cardinal* '37 stopped by. All was well done, including the roast beef, which was very well done again.

John Moran reminded me of those early morning trips to the train station in South Bend to meet and cheer our returning football team and woe to the sluggard who slept in and who often was penalized with a dip in the cold November lake. *George Wolf* remembers being at the Ohio State game, still considered to be the most sensational game of the century, when we won 18-13 with many last-period heroics. A native Ohioan, George had many friends among the State crowd who had left early, thinking to start their victory celebration; and didn't he relish telling tham all about it later on at their much-subdued houses. George has some other fond memories of Walsh Hall and Fr. Marr, as I do. We'll talk of that in June. But one more note on the '35 season. Do you remember that the week after the almost miraculous Ohio State game we lost a home game to Northwestern 14-7? This had to be the letdown of the century after the victory of the century.

In my sophomore year I had the much-beloved Fr. "Red" Brennan for Logic at 10 a.m. and an American history class at 11. Sitting toward the rear and on the outside aisle on a cold February day, I was cramming for the next hour's history exam during the good father's logic lecture. Keeping the same well-modulated voice and much to my surprise, he walked to my desk, cranked open the window, picked up the history book and threw it out into a three-foot snowbank and said nothing but "OUT!" What a wonderful man he was, with a bit of an Irish temper, but a

heart as big as a rain barrell. After pleading with him for two weeks, he let me resume classes and still gave me a 95 grade. He was also a very good handball player and had many other talents. I remember him most fondly, along with another, Brother Maurilius, rector of Carroll Hall, the bed sheet palace. What a saintly man he was and what an experience Carroll Hall was to this tender freshman. Deaths this time include those of Thomas Treacy, Anthony Brick, William Ellis and Robert Bintz. Your prayers for these and all our faithful departed are appreciated. —*Jim Sherry*, 139 Orange Blossom Ct. SW, Winter Haven, Fla. 33880; 813-293-3525.

37 Touching Base

A note from *Joe Sanculius* says he enjoys retirement in Tucson. He and Pearl joined other alumni there to travel to the USC game, where they were overwhelmed by the hospitality of the LA Notre Damers. Joe keeps in touch with classmates, including old roommate *Joe Schilling*, and nurtures happy memories of our campus days. He can't forget his struggles to get through Fr. Stack's history class, with some help from *Tony O'Boyle*. The death of Ed Hoyt brought back a lot of memories to *Tom Hughes*. They started out sharing adjoining berths on the 20th Century Limited to South Bend and found themselves in many classes together,because their names started with H. After graduation, they turned out to be neighbors in several New York locations, and even worked, for different companies, in the same office building. Tom ultimately broke loose from Megalopolis and landed in Port Richey, Fla. His letter listed classmates who came out of his two high schools, New Rochelle and Iona Prep, including *Frank Carroll; Jim, Bill and Tom Shields; Bill Fallon* and *Vince Hartnett*.

A newsy letter from *Vince Murphy* says things are under control in Evanston. After ten years as our class secretary, he had to back off because of health problems, but he still manages to do interesting things. For instance, from May to September, he is a "commentator" on a Chicago Transit Authority *culture* bus, pointing out the city's finer points to visitors. Vince says *Al Huter* and his wife retired to Bull Shoals, Ark., joining a growing trend among Midwestern retirees. Vince also sent along a clipping describing a ballroom in a new Skokie hotel named after *Al Smith*, who as a beloved mayor of Skokie held office for 22 years. Speaking of mayors, we haven't heard from *Don Hanning*, one of our Bengal boxers, who for a while acted as honorary mayor of Bethany Beach, Del. Don retired there after an adventurous career with the FBI. Before that he was in South America, and before that in the Philippines, where he wound up as a guest of the Japanese in the infamous Santo Tomas prison camp. Bethany Beach must be peaceful by comparison.

We flew to Minot, N.D., to start a train trip to the Pacific Coast. Minot is the birthplace of our deceased classmate John Demots, who later settled in Evanston, Ill. While there, we looked for North Dakotan *Bob Trousdale*, our clarinet player in the ND Band, but without success. While riding through Montana's Big Sky country, we wondered if *Gordon Murphy* ever comes back to the site of his roots, or does he spend all his time in San Francisco? Recent deaths: Ed Goldsmith last September in Shrewsbury, Mass., and Lou Fehlig, February 13 in Chesterfield, Mo. We commend them and all our departed to your prayers. We need more news, especially of those who have not been in touch. Drop us a note today! —*Cy Stroker*, 6639-2 Knight Arnold, Memphis, Tenn. 38115.

38 Farewell to Fr. Joe

After visiting his family, Fr. Adrian "Joe" Race died of a heart attack on March 2 in a Milwaukee retirement home where he was recuperating from his fifth hip operation. This loss will mark our class to its end. An aggressive football player as a boy in Pittsburgh and at ND and with the Cardinals, Joe was both our unofficial chaplain and a consoling friend to the widows and families of our departed classmates, for whom he said masses these many years. After appearing as a bit player in Hollywood movies (including "Knute Rockne, All-American") he was ordained in Milwaukee and served as a pastor for 44 years, the last 25 at the city's oldest parish, St. Stephen's, from which he was buried. A sister and two brothers survive him in Milwaukee. We can all be sure that Joe is now leading the charge in heaven to get all of us up there.

Word of Fr. Joe's death came from teammate *Bob Saggau* '41, one of Layden's best halfbacks, and *Jim Karr* '40, who worked with Joe on ND projects in the area. Our seven-strong (the largest yet) contingent at the Florida Fling remembered Joe at the Masses there, say Ilda and *Johnny Poore*. The Fling was part of their three-week trip from Dallas; they also visited June and *John Kelley* at their new house in Coconut Creek. From Chicago came Vinnie and *Dick Carrigan*, who sported a cracked knee from an ice fall. Gertrude (Heins SMC) and *John Clifford* made it from Minnesota. Also there were local Floridians *Phil Bayer* of Stuart (I lunched with him on the way back from the Orange Bowl) and *Scott Reardon*, transported from South Dakota. A special mass was said for Joe by the Naples '38 colony, according to Mary and *Joe Callahan*, who attended with Odessa and *John Murphy*, Fran and *Walt "Babe" Marshall*, Ruth and *Joe Dimatteo*, Ann and *Don Hickey*, Helen and *Chuck Sweeney*, Betty and *Cas Vance*, and Hank and *Fred Carideo* '36 and the daughter of "Moon Mullins," Maggie Pileggi.

Vice-secretary of '38, *Bob DuBois*, says John Pontarelli died March 23 in Chicago, where he had been a pharmacist. He leaves Irene, a son, two daughters and five grandchildren. Other deaths include those of Charles Brosius, a fellow Commerce student and Wrangler, December 10, Lovettsville, Va., per his son Charles Jr.; Tommy Bond, our baseball manager, last January 22 in Walnut Creek, Calif.; and Vincent Lipsio, St. Petersburg, Fla., October 1988. Jeannie, wife of *John Cottingham*, wrote from Cincinnati that William Dorsey died in Peekskill, N.Y. March 5. He was a close friend of John and *Louie Dunn* at ND but left before graduating to run the family furniture and funeral home business. Monica, wife of *Charles Morrow*, died November 3 in Louisville. They had *Phillip* '68 and *Denis* '63, three other children, and 10 grandchildren. To end on a happier note: Mary and *Joe Thornburg*, our wandering druggist, toured Ireland, where he ran in the Dublin Marathon. Had a card from our wandering journalists, Betty Lou and *Nick Lamberto* from Wa-ha-ka (Oaxaca), Mexico. Hope they wander to our reunion in June. I won't be there as I expect to be on a people-to-people trip to Poland then, if I recover from prostate surgery in March. *Tommy Sheils*, who had pacemaker surgery when he got home to Pasadena from the Miami game, plans to make it.—*Burnie "Swede" Bauer*.

39 Over One Third

We've shared over a third of ND's 150 years! And how can today's students share memories like Brownson and Carrol with Brothers Goof and Bunny presiding over the study halls, Disser spitting chewing tobacco next to Joe Semczyszyn's feet! Pillow fights in the dorms with sheets on pipes separating the beds! Cramming for exams on the top balcony under the Dome because all other lights were out. Fattening up with the endless supply of milk, even though the Shelloggs always split the first tray of steaks. Our little Portuguese waiter from Fall River (who is now the monsignor on the sidelines at every football game!). Hysteria among the pool tables in the rec hall as we listened to the historic '35 Ohio State victory on the radio. Ollie Helland racing in his shorts around the Main Building at ten below zero. Father Lange's seven-minute morning masses; St. Ed's with O'Donnell and Sadowski rolling bowling balls down the stairs; Sweeney Tuck calling signals as he sleepwalked and Layden's picture on his threshold. Ted Husing describing John McMahon's big play in the Army game. Rice's diary that said "15 minutes in Meskill's room—wasted." Sorin when Fr. Gassensmith asked, "Who left the beer cans in the rubbish barrel in the Sub?" and everyone answered in unison, "Joe Chung." Throwing Ortale in the lake when we found he'd been making bets on a game that was a delayed broadcast. The Senior Ball when some of us sold a lifetime contract! And the faculty: Bott scratching, Frank O'Malley unbuttoning and rebuttoning the double-breasted jacket, Dean Mac's marketing report that was graded by weight, distracting Roemer from philosophy to get him to spend the whole class bemoaning the Prince and Wally, and "der gut fater" Sigmar and "sporting houses." We could fill the Magazine with more!

Tom Reardon received the Seton Service Award at a big dinner at the Ritz in Kansas City. He depends on a wheel chair and oxygen, but he sounds great on the phone. A very happy note from *Tom Gillespie* that he and Mary Theis Everroad, whom he used to date at SMC, will marry in July. The combined families boast six children, fourteen grandchildren and three greats. The European honeymoon will, of course, include the Gillespie homestead in Donegal. *Joe Harrington* checks in quarterly en route to visit family in Seattle and Iowa. He still supervises seven Central American countries for Rotary and bemoans the U.S. lack of followup of the invasion of Panama with support. *Paul Tully* sent his usual inspirational message and told of dinner with *Lou Somers*. Marcie and *Walt Johnson* enjoy life in Nova Scotia and still travel the world; latest stops, India and Yugoslavia, and visiting their 18 grandchildren. Victim of more strokes, *George Haithcock* still hangs in there. *Jack McGovern* sent his annual ND recruiting report and said Betty and *George Fenn* visited him. Jack sees Fran and *Pappy Mulderig* and Betty and *Julie Tonsmeire* regularly. *Wally Gerend* and *Hank Rohl* started golf in March in Dayton. *Fr. Dave Fosselman's* "retirement" was short; he now runs the marriage tribunal for the Lafayette, Ind., diocese. On a Florida vacation, he golfed with *John Ennis*. *Frank Mastropietro* is fine, but Mary's failing. *Dick O'Melia* relates few '39ers at the Florida Fling; attending were the O'Melias, Lucille and *Julie Bercik*, Mary and *Bernie Hiss*, Clare and *Tom Kalman*, Janet and *Jack McDonald*, Virginia and *Tom Roche* and Margaret and Lou Somers. *Bucky Ryan* called; he still works out daily. He'd heard from *Vince Dollard*, who wants to burn down the stadium.

Especially sad: Vince DeCoursey died April 10. *Frank Fitch* and *Tom Reardon* (honorary) were pall bearers. Tributes included an editorial in the *Kansas City Star*. Don O'Melia died in his sleep from a heart attack in February. Tributes were many, especially from Wisconsin outdoorsmen. Dorothy and Mary wrote of the loss of their husbands, Bill Ricke and Jim Tansey. Pappy Mulderig, who still gets back to Marblehead in the summer, called to report Whitey Hanlon's death in February, as Jack McGovern did about Bob Campbell in January. Please also pray for *Larry Fitzsimmons*, who lost his wife, Constance. As I sent this, I heard Greg Rice died; no details yet. Keep in touch.—*Dave Meskill*, 1236 Greenwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091; 708-256-0466.

40 Recollections

As bewildered freshmen completely in awe of Our Lady's campus and overwhelmed by new challenges, we quickly found the Grotto and made friendships to last a lifetime. We had a great sense of freedom from high school days in spite of only one midnight pass a month as well as morning mass check. Of course, most had trouble with the prefect of discipline and his cohorts from time to time. Many remember surviving being "campused." Rides into town on the rickety old street cars, which left from the front of the main quad, were always interesting, especially when we had celebrations aboard them after a football victory. "Lake parties" awaited those freshmen reluctant to greet the returning team. Another time, the student body was up at 6 a.m. to march with the band to greet the team after a loss to Army.

We were the first class to occupy Cavanaugh Hall and one of the last to enjoy the cardboard palace, Freshman Hall. Other freshmen were privileged to live in St. Ed's, Carrol and Brownson Halls with a few of the overflow finding the Old Infirmary as home. We formed allegiances and alliances in these surroundings with the St. Ed's Athletic Club surviving through all the years. By our senior year we found Alumni, Walsh and Sorin Halls to be the grandest of them all, with our "escape" or "return" windows efficiently operated. All four years we had brilliant "bull sessions," which we knew settled all the world problems. Certain rooms were recognized as headquarters for continuous bridge games with players alternating so not too many classes were skipped. How proud we were to be able to wear our "40" numeral sweaters for athletic accomplishments as freshmen and later to become members of the Monogram Club.

We all recall Fathers Brennan, Bergan, Misch, Ward, Trahey, Murray, Butler, Burke, Farley, "Tuffy" Ryan, Frank Cavanaugh, Gartland, Hoff, Stack, John Cavanaugh, O'Brien, Miltner, and Kelly, to mention a few. What about professors O'Malley, Chizek, Botts, Fitzgerald, Baldinger, Coyne, Casasanta, Sessler, Campbell, Fitzgerald, Fenlon, Plunkett, Waldemar Gurian, McMahon, Klingman, Withey, Madden, Cooney, Wenninger and McCarthy.

We also had memorable experiences with coaches and trainers. Who can forget Tommy Owens, "Scrapiron" Young, Tommy Mills, Coaches Nickelson, Layden, Keogan, Kline, Joe Boland, Fr. Holderith and D'Elasandro? We recall a visit from Cardinal Pacelli, who became pope; we all knew our President O'Hara, who became bishop; we were pleased with Pat O'Brien and Ron Reagan, who did Rockne and "The Gipper" right proud. We were the senior class who served as "extra stars" in the "Knute Rockne, All American" movie. For many happy hours in Washington Hall, we listened to great lectures by people like Bishop Sheen, and we crowded in for Saturday night movies. That was also the place where favorite athletes performed the "Monogram Follies" and classmates displayed thespian abilities. We watched the building of the Rockne Memorial and our Senior Ball was the first social event held there. We saw Freshman Hall torn down and the move of the athletic offices into the new Breen-Phillips Hall. Other places and events where we found social outlets included tea dances at SMC, food at Rosie's and Roma Cafe as well as at the Huddle, with fond memories of the Palais Royale, the Oliver and LaSalle Hotels and Kitty Davis's in Chicago.

Nothing could be more impressive than Sacred Heart Church with Gregorian chant music resounding. Spring was so unusual, with daily rosary singing at the Grotto during May, and with baseball, track, golf and tennis. How great it was to be BMOC during our senior year and get past those final exams for graduation. How very old the 50-Year alumni seemed to us, and how young we 50-Year alumni feel today. Of course, the greatest memories of all are the great friendships we made. Class memorials in the Golden Treasury of Holy Cross Prayer were sent to the families of Hymie Crane, Roy Pinelli and Isabelle Coleman (Bill's wife). Be sure to add these deceased to your prayers.—*Robert Sanford*, 1733 W. North Shore Dr., South Bend 46617; 219-232-7168.

41 Where Did 50 Years Go?

And so fast! Seems such a short time since I took the Grand Central to South Bend and got to the Union Station with a steamer trunk to start the four-year journey under the Dome. There were the street car out to the Circle and the introduction to campus life, the standing in lines for everything, locating my trunk out behind the Main Building, getting it over to 428 Cavanaugh Hall and the start of wonderful relationships. Then over to Carroll Hall for sophomore year and a new way of life: lockers and showers on the first floor, study hall on the second, and sleeping areas on the third and fourth. I can still hear the pool balls rolling across the wooden floors of the dorms and knocking against the walls after midnight. Then over to St. Ed's, and finally, the Gold Coast—Alumni Hall. After three years of hiking from the farthest corner over to the Dining Hall for every meal, we had just a short walk and were closest to the Circle for late returning. I can still remember the streetcar ride back from meeting the team returning from the Army game (and never will understand the destruction done to the trolleys by some of us). I recall lake dunkings, rallies at the Fieldhouse, basketball with George Keogan and his national champs in our freshman year, Elmer Layden strolling to the Dining Hall, and Jake Kline's antics at Cartier Field. There was Brother Bookstore-Conan at Badin, starting his 50-year tenure at running that magnificent empire. Who can ever forget Hollywood coming to the campus for the Knute Rockne film. Many of us had parts as extras, strolling the campus, sitting in Sacred Heart Church for the funeral scenes. Who can ever forget the candlelight dinner without wine at the Dining Hall and the job done in transforming the Rock into an Arabian Harem for the Prom. Then there was Dick Jurgens providing the music, and little did I know it was the beginning of the Marty and Bill Daly saga! Then came the draft and the musings of what was in store for all of us. I was really lucky: #1 in the call from my home town.

Remember Fr. Brennan throwing erasers in logic classes, Fr. Tuffy Ryan's walks around the lake, Frank O'Malley's assignments? I'll never forget my first two: 300 words on "the taste of milk in your mouth" and the next 300 words on "the smell of an open ink bottle." I knew immediately I'd never be a writer. How about the bookstore in Badin! Made $65,000 profit in 1940. The weekly laundry bag: amazing that it worked as well as it did. Then there were nickel beers during senior year at some of the local hot spots as well as the hotels: the Oliver, Hoffman and LaSalle.

Back to the present. Only one death, that of Gerald Fisher of Ft. Lauderdale. Remember him in your prayers. Frances and *Tom Currigan* were the only '41ers who signed in on the Orange Bowl sheet. *Vern Witkowski*, a.k.a. Whit Vernon, now in NYC, was Judge Prendergast on "All My Children" for one week in March. He surely looked the part. In the segment I saw, he was outstanding. *Father Ned Joyce CSC* wrote that his brother, our *Jack*, who contracted polio in '48, had been hospitalized with pneumonia and was in a nursing home in Brunswick, Ga. His morale is good but he won't make the reunion. He did, however, send his check for the reunion gift. Hope you sent yours, as we want to make a good showing as to percentage. *Emery Beres* suffered a slip and fall; depending on reconstructive surgery schedules, he'll be at reunion on crutches or with a cane. See you there!—*Bill Daly*, 7501 Sunfield Lane, Sacramento, Calif. 95828; 916-688-3212.

42 Remembrance

Because our 50th will bring nostalgic memories to mind, we'll report all the news you've forwarded. March brought a St. Pat's greeting from Virginia and *Dr. Tom Kirby* of Longboat Key, Fla., after celebrating their 50th on a Caribbean cruise. *Steve Graliker* forwarded *John Griffin's* letter telling of his retirement from supervising in the Chicago Park District. John also was announcer for the CYO Golden Gloves and ice skating and track and field for special children. Speaking of Golden Gloves, *Dr. Leo Turgeon* of LA says on March 19 *Bill Dillhoefer, Bill McGrath* (talk about fighter!) and *Bill Morrow* drove to Oceanside, Calif., to see Jean and *Jack Morris*. The visit was great, although Jack's health is not. The three Bills and Leo made an April trip to Camarillo to see Grace and *Duke Goeller*, who also is not in good health. Leo mentioned his granddaughter, Erica Olson '93, whom he'll visit when he returns for the USC game.

Dick Widup forwarded a complimentary letter from the Alumni Office praising our organization for our 50th. Dick says he journeyed with his lady friend, Scotty Hamilton, to San Antonio for a visit with *Tom Powers*, who was there for the funeral of his sister. She had been a nun since the '30s and taught at Our Lady of the Lake Convent/College for many years. March also brought letters from *Charley Conger* and *John Malone* about an article on *Larry Hickey* as the outstanding board president of the Kennedy Child Study Center in Manhattan. He's involved in hands-on work with special children. April brought a letter you've received; Jim O'Neal sent us our reunion organization from top to bottom. I had a chuckle of a photo taken 49 years and 80 pounds ago. Great work, Jim. Send in your questionnaires. April also brought notice on the class status of *Walt Ivancevic* of Kennebunk, Maine, from '43 to '42. Nice to have Walt back home where he belongs for our 50th.



The Notre Dame Scholastic Extra

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus-Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

MARCH 31, 1931.

COACH K. K. ROCKNE KILLED

Famed Notre Dame Mentor Dies In Crash Near Emporia, Kansas

Knute K. Rockne, fourteen years coach at Notre Dame, was killed this noon in an airplane crash near Emporia, Kansas. Mr. Rockne was enroute to Los Angeles, where he was scheduled to deliver an address.

There were four other persons in the plane besides Mr. Rockne. All were killed.

Confirmation of the accident was received from the Associated Press, following radio reports that the accident had occurred. Official confirmation was received shortly before one o'clock.

Telegrams and phone calls besieged the Rockne household as the news reached South Bend. Mrs. Rockne, who is on a vacation with the two sons in Florida, could not be reached.

The plane, a Transcontinental and Western air passenger and air mail plane, crashed in flames in a pasture several miles southwest of Bazaar, Kansas.

The air liner landed on a farm owned by Seward Baker, who reported the accident immediately to authorities. Local officials were not able to identify the victims immediately.

The crash was seen by Edward Baker, a farm youth, who was feeding cattle nearby. His statement is that something in the craft exploded. A short time later it nosed into the earth. Ambulances were sent from Cottonwood Falls.

"Hunk" Anderson and Jack Chevigny, assistant coaches, will head a delegation to go to Kansas City. The party is to leave immediately.

Campus Stirred by News of Knute Rockne's Tragic Death

As the news reached the Notre Dame campus that Knute Rockne had been tragically killed in an airplane crash, excited, bare-headed students gathered in small groups discussing in low tones the first reports of the accident.

Excitement ran rampant. Telephones in all of the halls were used to get in touch with local newspapers. The publications office was besieged with a hundred requests for official confirmation. Hall chapels were crowded with students, while in some parts of the campus organized prayer was conducted.

The air hung heavy with expectancy. The student body was hoping against hope that the rumor would prove false,

(Continued on Page 4)

BULLETIN

(By Associated Press.)

Emporia, Kansas. — Knute Rockne boarded an airplane enroute to California at 9:15 o'clock this morning. At about 11:00 A.M. the ship, identified by its department of commerce license number, crashed and burned as it fought a fog and storm enroute to Wichita, Kan.

The body of Rockne and the other victims had not been definitely identified at the scene, but it was certain that the noted coach was a passenger on the merchant liner. All those aboard her were killed.

Steve Graliker says Bob Raaf died January 31 while recovering from brain surgery. Bob was always at our functions. I quote Steve's memorial to his flying friend: "Before his stint as CO VF-725, his billet aboard an aircraft carrier was Landing Signal Office, where he paddled 300,000-plus landings during WWII. In primary flight training, he was affectionately 'Momma' to the Flying Irish, recipients of his ongoing concern." So Bob joins our other friends "up there," Matty Miller, Paul Pursell '41, Hercy Bereolis, Gordy O'Reilly, George Saxson, Joe Gillespie '41, Quentin Marshall, Walt McCourt, Bill Grady and Ed Hackett. "Momma" will look for Circa '42, picking us up early, waving us to a "Roger" and "cutting us to a third wire." God rest all of you. Other deaths are those of Paul Knowles, Otsego, Mich., February 3 and Larry Berko, Princeton, N.J., December 11. God bless.—*Francis Quinn*, 7410 King George Dr., Indianapolis 46260.

43 Snow Birds

John "Digger" Solon was a "snow bird" in the Valley of the Sun again this year. We attended Phoenix UND Night where the guest speaker was our *Fr. Robert Pelton*, who has retired as director of ND's Institute for Pastoral and Social Ministry. *Rabbi Albert Plotkin* '42 was among the guests. Digger, *Gerry Shea, Ruth Anne Kaiser* '85 and I attended the monthly club luncheon where newspaper columnist *John Kolbe* '62MA was guest speaker. Dorothy and Gerry live in Sun Lakes, Ariz.; he retired six years ago. He had been a Denver attorney and insurance broker. When he heard *Jack Finnigan* moved to Indiana since retiring, Gerry said, "The Finn needs mental therapy." *Rebel Lanahan* forwarded two letters from his USMC lieutenant son, stationed in Saudi Arabia. One focused on the Gulf prior to hostilities; the second on his observations after. I'll forward copies on request. *Don Degnan* still operates his ad agency in NYC and commutes to his winter home in West Palm Beach on weekends. He's offered to host a get-together at his home next Florida Fling weekend. *Bill O'Brien*, Shelburne, Vt., wrote that Faith and *Sam McQuaid* visited them at St. Simon's Island.

Bob Madden of Hudson, Ohio, died December 6. He served as a Navy aircraft engineering officer in the Aleutians in WWII, did post-graduate work at Stanford, and became an aeronautical research scientist for NASA. In '55 he joined Goodyear Aerospace, and since '77 had been VP of Environmental Structures, Inc. Bob is survived by Helen Marie, six sons, one daughter, three brothers, a sister, and three grandchildren. John "Rip" Russell,

Raytown, Mo., died January 3. He was a WWII Army veteran and earned a Georgetown law degree in '49. A native of Lewiston, Maine, he practiced law in the Raytown area since '51. Jean, four sons, a daughter, a sister and six grandchildren survive. Masses were offered at Holy Cross Seminary for Bob and John.

Bill Waeldner will attend the MSU game and looks forward to our 50th. Son *Robert* '86 is now in law school. Bill and Adele keep in touch with Pat and *Art Hiegel*. Pat and *John Scherer* were winter visitors in the Valley. Our gratitude for the mass fund contribution. Since our '88 reunion, 36 names have been added to our deceased list. It's now less than two years to our 50th. Don't be afraid to offer ideas and suggestions. A word from the voice of experience: have an annual colon and prostate checkup.—*Frank Kaiser*, 233 E. Calle de Arcos, Tempe, Ariz. 85284; 602-839-6642.

44 Sesquicentennial Salute

A composite of cherished memories: *Paul Carr* offers "I lived in the mystical shadow of Frank O'Malley. Drinking scotch with him, *Gerry Hogue*, Kelly Cook (KIA-WWII) and a few other English majors in the Hollanden Hotel was thought to be the height of euphoria." What hotel, Paul? Of special memories, "Mine was the first time I held in my hands the '1944 plus 40 Dome,'" opines *Jim Cunningham*. The work was "a miracle of persistence by *Wally Rogers, John Lynch* and several dedicated others. More than any of our collective actions, this book represented a sense of community restored by comrades who persevered to reunite after having been scattered across the globe by WWII. It was community rebuilt by shared love for an institution, and a touch of hubris." And a touch of class, too!

From *Dave Curtin*: "September 1940. It was our first pep rally in the old Fieldhouse. The thunderous roar of 2,000 voices; the pounding of drums; a Four Horseman, Coach Elmer Layden, standing not 20 feet away; and that holiest of all hymns, the Victory March! 'Twas too much for a freshman to bear. I was gasping for air. No bush-league high school outing—this was Notre Dame!" (We'd rather you told us about storming SMC's LeMans Hall!) *Dan Downey* reflects, "*Jim Burke*, Dave Curtin and I took Freshman English from Professor Stritch. He never spoke until the bell rang, the class was seated, and total quiet reigned. One day he stood by the window longer than usual. Finally he turned, saying, 'I am going to dismiss you early, as I feel like the inside of a cantaloupe!' For years to follow, our expressed symptom of sickness to each other was 'I feel like the inside of a cantaloupe!'"

Our freshman president provided *Bill McNamara* his most cherished recollection: "He found his way everywhere. I watched him serve Mass, take notes in Braille on a *New Yorker* magazine, spring off the high board at the Rockne pool and also speed-type. He greeted us by name in September after not hearing our voices all summer. I cherish my memory of *John Morrison*." Who better to hear from next but John, whose computer produces both Braille and print. In brief, John best recalls his helpers, those he could count on for emotional, physical and social support, such as Gene Zupko (KIA-WWII), *Hank Adam, Warren Roque, George Bariscillo, Ed Drinkard*, the *McNamaras*, the *Murphys*, plus two of our missing, Art Ley and Mark Hengel. An inspired *Chuck Patterson* pens, "Entering a classic God-centered place to find new, lasting friendships; meeting my wife-to-be, Barbara, at a SMC event inspired by classmate (now Bishop) *Mark McGrath*; brilliant lectures from O'Malley (Their blood is in the bricks!), Rauch, the Leo Wards and others; and golden football afternoons, part of the ever-changing seasons."

From deep in Texas, freshman treasurer Tom Schexnayder was all *mea culpas* for never having rendered fiscal reports before checking out during WWII. His fondest memories are blurred because of the Grim Reaper's claiming the likes of Myles Kelly, Dick Leon, Kermit Rousseve, Bill Scheuch et al. Future columns will feature more quotes from those who missed our deadline. Meanwhile, we salute *Bro. Gerald Comeau*, who celebrated his 50th in the CSC last February. We regret, however, to report the deaths of Richard Hackman, a manufacturer, and William Mulligan, who died vacationing in Florida. Both were of the Cleveland area. Also deceased is John O'Neill MD, K of C medical director. Word of Bill's death came via *Creighton Miller*. —*John F.P. "Black John" Murphy*, 3 Surrey Ct., Palm Coast, Fla. 32137; 904-445-4512.

45 Greetings

Hank Slamin reports in from Two Grace Ct., Brooklyn, N.Y., and says he intended to make the reunion but couldn't. After working 30 years in the advertising field, he now works for New York State at the World Trade Center. He remarried after the death of his wife in '69. Yours truly, *Frank Linehan, Mike Garry* and *Dick Sadowski* intend to make the second "Gala Reunion" at ND. We hope all our classmates return to this "cluster reunion." Frank and I had a nice round of golf at the North Port Country Club in March, when he was down visiting sunny Florida. President *Hank Frailey* says that the ROTC classes of '44 and '45 have scheduled a minireunion November 1-2 (Navy game) to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the beginning of ROTC at ND. Of our class, 85 joined the ROTC after their arrival on campus in September '42. Contact *Bill Klem* at 19125 Summers Dr., South Bend 46637, for details, tickets and reservations. Bill says Bill Moore died in May. Donations can be made to the Development Office, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556 in his honor. Label donations for "Student Aid."—*Jim Clynes*, 121 E. Seneca St., PO Box 580, Ithaca, N.Y. 14851; 607-273-6444.

47 "Our Hearts Forever . . .

love thee. . ." What brought us to ND? A bulletin posted in the Catholic high schools we attended? A cousin, uncle, father who attended before us? Certainly not many of our fathers said, "You have the choice of any college in the country, so long as it is located in Indiana and its name is Notre Dame!" For whatever reasons, we came, stayed for a time, and then left. But our years at ND are years we shall never forget.

Today's dorms, two-to-a-room, require some 16 outlets per room to support the diverse electronic equipment taken for granted. I know we had an outlet next to the light over the sink. I just can't remember if we had another. Didn't matter much: any electric shaver in use on the entire floor rendered our radios inoperable; moreover, the only station connecting us to the outside world was WSBT. To make a phone call from our dorm was an adventure in itself, requiring extra sustenance for the long wait outside the few available booths. If we had to leave home, our mothers were happy to send us off to ND, knowing we'd dine on platters of steak, mounds of potatoes and vegetables, pitchers of milk. Pleasing to parents, too, were the rules and regulations in the thin, green booklet. Students weren't allowed to drive automobiles but were allowed to pilot "aeroplanes." Room check preceded lights



out at 10 p.m. Four chapel checks a week earned one a "midnight."

More memories: Three T-shirts for a buck at the Huddle. Fifteen-cent frosteds at the cafeteria. "Brother Rip-A-Page-Out." Washington Hall movies following a Saturday night, family-style dinner, complete with faculty on a dais. Occasional Friday nights at Rosie's Little Italy Cafe. Ten cents each (for four or more) for a cab ride back, usually just in the nick. "The Rabbit." Pulling wet wash out of laundry tubs for forty cents an hour. (Didn't everyone have a profession?) Evening walks to the Grotto, especially crowded at exam time. Track meets, basketball games, pep rallies in the old fieldhouse. Football games. "Nails." Missions at Sacred Heart Church. General confession at the end of the week. "Slim." Classes at odd hours, Saturday, too. Studying, worrying. Bull sessions around the contents of packages from home. "The Tree." "Log." "Squeaky." "Black John." Walking over to SMC on a Sunday afternoon and being told by the good Sisters never to come back. Musing upon the requirements for employment as a female domestic at the University.

There are no anecdotes in this column. Anecdotes are best when told and retold at reunion gatherings when, somehow, they always seem fresh. But in sorting through my ideas for this space, memories flooded my mind. Names, faces. . . so many who inspired, gave help and friendship, and in some cases who are no longer with us except in memory, such as George Despot, whose wife Pearla survives in Shreveport, La. Condolences also to his brother *Greg* '49. But alive and well is *Elmer Milleman*, "even though [he] is working in an ailing automobile industry" in Birmingham, Mich. Continue to bombard me with your news. —*Jim Sheridan*, 11 Garden Turn, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030; 516-627-1255.

49 Had a Note. . .

from my buddy *Bob Willenbrink* some time ago which somehow fell through the cracks. He has seven children; three sons graduated from ND: '77, '81 and '85. Bob has a distributing company for hunting and fishing supplies. I don't know why he couldn't have a golf equipment distributorship. Please remember in your prayers Robert Fitzpatrick and Chase Black, who have passed away. *Bob Powell* retired from 32 years with Allstate Insurance, does a lot of volunteer work, and travels the globe with his wife. We'll see him at our 45th. *Jerry Spahn* and his wife, Westchester, Ill., winter in Florida and are involved in many volunteer works. Good for you. See you in '94. I have good news and better news. The good news is that after our 40th *Joe O'Brien* advised past president *John Moorhead* that we had a treasury balance from the last reunion of $2,196. The better news is that this amount has grown to $2,700 and is still growing. This will be used for our 45th, so come one, come all. Keep in touch, you guys.—*Robert Rotchford*, South 2521 Magnolia, Spokane, Wash. 99203; 509-358-3914.

50 Denver Shines

Two great letters from the Denver area provide us with some excellent information. *Jim Jansen* of Golden and *Bill Bradley* of Denver were most helpful. Jim attended last June's 40th and had a great time visiting with *Gene Phillips, Vic Smith* and *Bob Bradner*. He also says many ND geology grads work in the Denver area and he visits occasionally with *George Thomas, Terry Britt* and others who travel there from other areas of the West. Bill says he and Virginia (SMC '50) have four sons and three daughters. He's worked for the Denver City Council for 25 years, serving as legislative analyst, staff director and director of telecommunications. Bill made an extended tour of Japan, representing the City and County of Denver in reviewing cable TV developments. *Jack Nusskern* penned a beautiful letter to Coach Joe McArdle, now in a South Bend nursing home. Jack copied me the letter, reviewing some of his experiences under Coach Joe. He recounted one incident in which he had his bell rung in a tackling drill and missed 45 minutes of the practice, even though he was supposedly participating. Jack coached high school football for 22 years in western Pennsylvania. Now in Colorado, where he is a civil rights compliance officer for the Colorado Highway Department, Jack and his wife had four children, one lost in a tragic accident in 1973.

I had a pleasant reunion during the Sorin Society weekend on campus with Mary Ellen and *Tom McEvily* and Kathy and *Bill Cuddy* '52. The

McEvilys live in Larchmont, N.Y., and Tom says he plans to retire from his NYC insurance agency next year. Bill, an old and dear friend from my hometown, Port Chester, N.Y., is already retired, to a degree. He and Kathy divide their time between Nantucket and Naples, Fla. *Bob Joyce* wrote from Convent Station, N.J., to report the death of Z. Alfred Adam, better known to us as "Touchdown Al" Zmijewski. Al (may God rest him) died after a long battle with cancer. As a student he had that great lineman's thrill of carrying the ball in for a touchdown during one of our games. Thus the sobriquet. He is survived by his wife, Marylou, and a daughter and son. Bob also said he attended two games last fall and met with *Ed Foley, George Keenan* and *Art Statuto*. Three others have passed away. Please pray for Dick Gorman of Arlington Heights, Ill.; Leo Schmitt, Flemington, N.J.; and Fr. Bob Kane, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. On a much happier note, I'm pleased to say our son, Jason, was accepted at ND. To Jim, Bill, Jack and Bob: thanks so much for writing. I'd appreciate the same kind of help from the rest of you. Peace.—*Roland Kelly*, 1325 E. Wayne St. South, South Bend 46615.

51 Thanks

Thanks to each of you who has contributed to our column for the past ten years. By now, a new slate of officers is leading our class. If you ever sent information and it wasn't printed, believe me, it was an honest oversight. Donald Grieve, assistant zone manager at Chevrolet Motor Division in Illinois for 15 years, is a director of the ND Monogram Club. VP for Staley-Continental, Edward Kovac travels internationally, belongs to the Decatur ND Club and enjoys tennis. Larry Gallagher, retired and fishing, sees all home games and tailgates in the Aero-Field lot. Serves both fresh and smoked salmon and invites us all to be his guests.

In Chile since '81, Fr. Joe Whelan CSC is pastor of San Rogue Parish and very involved in human rights. He enjoys music. Patrick Coughlin has practiced law for 40 years, golfs, and gives his opponents "all putts inside the leather." John Lane still teaches after 32 years. He attends Joliet ND Club meetings, enjoys photography, assists Dominic Boetto '43, promoting annual retreats for men at St. Francis Retreat House in Oak Brook, Ill., and wants to hear from Bob Wallace. Jim Schmitt is LA Public Defender, belongs to the Orange County ND Club and is active in church and CCD. He coaches and referees community youth sports and sees Joe Stasch. Charles Desch MD has been an orthopedic surgeon for 30 years. In Waukesha, Wis., he sees Bob Clemency and Tom Snyder. In his spare time he's a volunteer teacher in med school and received the Clinical Prof Award at Wisconsin Medical College. Carl Eifert of Alexandria, Va., has been information officer for the U.S. Catholic Conference and National Conference of Bishops since '86. He's with the Washington DC Club. After 27 years with State Farm, John Tully retired; he was operations superintendent in Santa Ana, Calif. He's active in United Way and Boy Scouts. Also retiring after 27 years is Rudolph Rog, who was in the printing business. He's with the ND Club of Chicago and volunteers with a church senior citizen group.

For ten years Robert Edmondson has been president/CEO of Kasco Corp., manufacturers of tools for the meat cutting industry. He's active with golf, his parish council and the local Boys Club. James Hillebrand for 21 years has been a consulting geologist and writer in Murcia, Spain. A commercial banker for 22 years, John Gerlits gets together monthly with Joe Rigan, Jim Jennings, Jim LaCesa, Charlie O'Donnell, Dick Garrity, Tom Kilgin and Ralph Sjoberg. Since '74 Rev. James Mannis CSC has been chaplain at St. Raphael Hospital in New Haven, Conn. He planned to be on campus for reunion. Joseph Delzney has consulted for sales and marketing for nine years. Bill Carey, who's active in real estate investments in Chicago, was joined in business by his wife, Helen (Kuhm SMC '51) and sons Bill Jr. '77, Joe '79 and daughter. A geology professor at Tennessee since '58, Otto Kopp is a volunteer with United Way of Knoxville. Walt McCovern, VP with Fred James of Oregon (insurance bankers) was honored as a top national producer for the company. He also serves on the Governor's Salmon Advisory Board. Frank Boller has recovered from heart surgery and hoped to be on campus in June.

Joe Moschella retired in '86 from the NYC Board of Education after 33 years. Richard Herrle of Franklin, Mich., retired in '85, and Walter Kosydar retired from Owens-Illinois in September '84 and has practiced law since then. Gene Riley retired in '80 and again in '84, came out of mothballs in '85 and now does Air Force contract surveillance. Still in Pittsburgh is Paul Hudak, associate broker with Merrill Lynch Realty. A CPA for 35 years, Herman Kruggel is a managing partner for Kruggel Lawton & Co. and hopes to retire this year. Tom Brennan has two ND sons: Stephen '86 and Tim '87. In Reading, Pa., Tony Dadamio says son John '88 majored in mechanical engineering. A very special classmate is Rev. Eugene Homrich CSS, parish priest and leper chaplain at Corpus Christi Church in Bangladesh since '55. Please remember him and his work in your prayers as well as our deceased: Thomas Kraus, Louis Pusatere, John Stundon, Robert Boyne, Valentine Muscato, Rev. James Forgac, Daniel Walkowiak, Joseph Kienstra and Rev. Michael Bransfield.—*Bob Elliott*, PO Box 432, East Tawas, Mich. 48730.

52 Golden Parachutes

The title refers to where many of us find we are in career development. Our set is becoming aware of the "early out" being offered by corporations. It is an interesting phenomenon, and our age group is most susceptible. For many, it has proven a time to shift life's gears and either start a new enterprise, get involved in volunteer work, or simply do some things we never had time for. Enough philosophy!

Tom Digan, Needham, Mass., writes that after 35 years he left IBM in '87 and enjoys life at ease. He and Jean put their oldest five of eight through ND and they have seven grandchildren. From St. Michael's College in Winooski, Vt., we hear *John Engels* published his seventh book of poetry, entitled *Walking to Cootehill*. John has taught at St. Michael's since '62. His recognition as a poet led to many awards, and he was a Pulitzer Prize finalist in '84. He and Gail have five children. *Henry Mayer*, Louisville, has been a researcher and writer for years. He has frequently addressed issues re: employment in the U.S., and I've read him in *Time* and *Fortune*. Henry has a wide range, from sports to the coal industry in his home state. *Bob Bouhall* received the 1991 award from Cleveland's St. Ignatius H.S. as an outstanding attorney and one whose service to the school has been exemplary. Bob's efforts in Catholic volunteer work are legendary. He and Nancy have five children and five grandchildren.

Had a characteristically upsy note from *Bob Wray*, now the long-term headmaster at Stoneleigh-Burnham School. From his vantage in Greenfield (rural) Mass., Bob stays in the loop. He mentioned *Frank Ronnenberg* has retired from *Readers Digest* and will, among other things, serve as volunteer chairman for the arts in Westchester County, N.Y. *Garvey Jones* writes he's accepted early retirement from Equitable Insurance and will continue to live in Bethel Park, Pa. *Dick Sheridan* admits from St. Simon's Island, Ga., that he's not been very active but promises to be at the next reunion. With skill and tenacity, our president, *Tony Critelli*, and treasurer, *George Heidkamp*, are spearheading our Alumni Assistance Fund. This is being coordinated with our reunion. By letter, His Honor described the request for a $100 donation. And, as your pastor would say, "We also need your prayers." We also want our class to extend volunteer work within the ND alumni clubs. More on this as the matter develops.

Had a long talk with *Tom Hanrahan*, who's fine in his hometown, Glendive, Mont. He was anxious to hear of *Pat O'Donnell* and wished to be remembered to *John Castellani*, whom I was to see on a Milwaukee business trip. As depicted in the title above, I've started a new venture as a sports security consultant, specializing in money and crowd control at stadiums, arenas and race tracks. My former employer is now my principal client.—*Edward (Ted) Foley*, 1 Vanderbilt Ct., Paramus, N.J. 07652.

53 Recent Communications

During the Blue-Gold game weekend, Kathy and *John Stoepler* were in town from Toledo. He has retired as dean of the Toledo Law School. I thought it indelicate to press him as to what he's going to do, but it sounds like some arbitration work, some travel, and teaching next semester. He sees *Dick Wagner's* daughter from time to time at TU. *Jack Coyne*, a combination student who no longer practices law but operates parking lots, called. His son, a junior, is in the ND-Oxford program. Jack sounds good. Through sheer happenstance, I talked to the son of Bill Kelly, who was with us for three semesters. He was in phys-ed, from Terre Haute, and now serves on the engineering board. His son, *Kevin* '77, works for Crowe, Chizek & Co., the South Bend accounting firm, and said his parents retire to the Carolinas in the winter and Culver, Ind., in the summer.

Joe Buckheit of Denver called to say Kerwin Fulton died in April. A lawyer, Kerwin had practiced in Denver since graduation from Columbia Law School. His wife and five children survive. *Fr. Ernest Bartell* has offered a mass for their intentions. *John Gelson*, Lancaster, Pa., who brokers watches and clocks from the third floor of his home, suffered the loss of a Guatemalan daughter, aged 11. Joyce and John had adopted the girl, who was in the States for medical treatment. John still gets to New Jersey and New York and is still involved with his former employer, Hamilton Watch Co. John and *Dr. Dan Collins* both sent copies of an interesting *Smithsonian* article on class secretaries. Dan is a Milwaukee pathologist. Speaking of physicians, *Baring Farmer* of San Luis Obispo, Calif., threatens to write and give the details on his certification as a hand surgeon. He hasn't yet. Got another postcard from *"Zulu" Santoro* from Hawaii. Tough life. My comment about *Jim Brodeur* produced a note. He retired a year ago after 34 years with GE in white goods sales. He's thinking of relocating near Charleston, S.C., because there's a U-boat station down there. Betty is fine. Hope they can make it to the 40th reunion.

From Weybridge, England, *John Tuberty* writes that after 30 years of working overseas for the Lockheed Corp., he'll take early retirement. He and his wife make a home in Surrey, England. John was drafted following graduation and spent 12 months in Korea. He then joined Lockheed and worked on the F-104 Starfighter. He's been to Holland, Norway (where he met his wife), Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Canada and currently Trinidad. They have a daughter, born in Switzerland, and a son, born in Italy. Address for visiting supplied on request. *Frank "Pat" Lee* writes from near Patterson, N.J., that he's the reigning champion of the New Jersey State Seniors Golf Association and maintains over 250 participants. He is retired, though it's hard to tell. He says he has more time to play golf but less money to buy balls. Hence, "I try to hit them where I can find them." Pat attended the Navy and Tennessee games, both with very poor seats, reflective of the size of his contribution to the University. Don't forget *Jack Clark* is having a reunion in the faculty dining room, south mess hall, after the MSU game September 21, and quite a bunch should be present for the USC game. —*Jerry Mulvihill*, 6th Floor, 1st Source Center, South Bend 46601; 219-233-1171.

54 Psst! Wanna Good Time?

Fill up your coffee mug, or perhaps something stronger over ice, take out your old Domes and peruse for an hour or two. Nothing like a little nostalgia to brighten up a day and make the heart grow fonder. In case I've never said it, I really love you guys. Are your old Domes as musty as mine? Almost had an allergy attack preparing for this special issue. Times were simpler back in the early '50s. The only student protest I can remember was when we were sophomores, over milk and the sneaky way they tried to reduce our daily allotment. We showed em, huh? Talk about flying, broken glass! That same year I learned what Dawn Patrol and who Fr. Freyberger was, and all because I was out of my room after 10 p.m. (or was it because I used a candle after lights out at 11?). Wow, what a devil I must have been.

We started a year before, on September 14, 1950, in the massive drill hall where we quickly learned devious ways to change class schedules for an extra hour's sleep, or to switch from a particularly difficult professor. Most of us were too sophisticated in those days to buy our room radiators from upperclassmen—a tradition that ended about that time, like the mandatory watching of "Knute Rockne, All-American." Ground was broken for the Morris Inn (so that *Walt Wagner* would have a place to stay on football weekends). Purdue beat us at home, breaking the string. Hitchhiking downtown for a movie at the Colfax was safe. In fact, I even remember hitching from ND to Washington DC a few times. Try that now, huh? Sure!

The next year *Bob Poden* was president. Ed Sullivan was MC for the football banquet. "Dragnet" was popular, and it was a natural to chant *Sam Palumbo* to the Dum-de-dumdum Drag-

net theme song. Check out *Gordon Bergquist's* poetry in the '52 Dome. Got a dreaded pink slip that year (physics), but came thru in the finals. Many remember our junior year as the beginning of the marvelous Hesburgh years. It was. It was also the beginning of the "Black Mack" era. The Stratigon (*Jack Pittas's* favorite place for french fries) was never a place to relax completely, what with the constant threat of a Mike Hammer raid. *Jim Richards* was president. Interhall basketball was won by Walsh Hall's *Marty Vieth, Don Zech, Bob Rigali* and *Jim Terry*. Dwight Eisenhower visited during his presidential campaign. Buddy Morrow played for our prom at the Rock. Then came our senior year. Joers' and Sweeny's were now legal. *Bill Guilfoile* was president. Frank Leahy coached his last and greatest team, led by versatile *Bobby Joseph*. As I recall, *John Lattner* had a pretty decent season. The basketball team was super, led by *Dick Rosenthal* (now the villainous AD). In fact, great athletes and great intellects abounded: far too many to name here. So many served the campus organizations, publications, events, etc., that really made our ND experience a treasure. Thanks to you from all of us. Will wrap up with a word association exercise: The Dunes, Baow Rog, the Rock, Moose, Rosie's, ROTC, Drewry's, Mardi-Gras, Saint Mary's, the Huddle, the Grotto, Irish, Notre Dame our Mother, Love.—*Milton Beaudine*, 14 Bowsprit, Salem, S.C. 29676; 803-944-1326.

54L Where Are You?

After writing to each classmate, I'm disappointed to hear from only three. I know we're all too busy, underpaid and overworked, but drop a line and, in fact, do a little business promotion. *Paul Pressler*, Tucson, hasn't retired yet but is taking it easier and spending winters out there by a golf course, commuting every couple of months back to the office in Elkhart, where he says



Sam Rodino is still practicing. Tough life, Paul, but at least I get to ski every weekend (plus hours of racquetball) to keep in shape at my age.

I regret to report the death of Don Butler some years ago. We're trying to find addresses for *Ross, Lynch, Canouse* and *Tormey*, if any of you know where they are. I find that my ESP was good in writing in the last issue that probably *Sam Adelo* was off to the Persian Gulf. He wrote he was leaving for "a conference of the Armies of the Americas, where I will be working for the 'generals' and ' colonels'" as an interpreter. Sam sent an article about himself which you'll all enjoy. If you write me, I'll send you a copy. It says he is 67 and six years into retirement, then describes his activities. Do you realize eight of us were over 40 going through law school? The article reviews Sam's Lebanese background and work as a Spanish interpreter for the State Department, going all over the world, before working for oil companies and retiring with his wife, Lauretta. The end says, "In an age when a person is defined by what his business card says, Sam's could simply read: ' A. Samuel Adelo, Renaissance Retiree.'"

Big *Don Bebenek* says things are going well for him and *Carl Eck* in Pittsburgh. He comments that Lauretta's only complaint is of marrying Sam for better or worse, but not for lunch. He thinks it poetic that country *Jim Bleyer* lives on RFD. Don says *Sebby Betasso* still does his thing in Pittsburgh and *Jack Bradshaw* works very hard; I believe he was in the Indiana legislature. He said Tom Murray of Pittsburgh, considered by many to be of '54, died last September. Our condolences to his family and the family of Don Butler. I appreciate these letters and hope to get more. I am a rarity, a native at my age of this city, to which I returned after being trained for a MASH unit as a private in the Korean War. We do primarily defense work in labor and employment law, public utilities, insurance defense, complex cases. I handled the first of the few toxic shock cases to go to trial, and we won with *Tom Calder* '57JD. My four children's grandfather went only through third grade, could not speak English, and was a cowboy, and there are now 10 degrees in the family! I'm active in ND affairs, locally and nationally, and have been on the Law School Board 30 years. Let's hear from you.—*Carl Eiberger*, 14330 Farview Lane, Golden, Colo. 80401; res 303-278-0707; bus 534-3500.

55 The Four Greatest Years

We were privileged to be part of Fr. John Cavanaugh's last year, as well as the beginning of Fr. Hesburgh's career as president. Can you name our freshman officers? *Larry "Moon" Mullins, Bill Byrne, Paul Reynolds* and *John Blessington*. *Ralph Guglielmi* led the freshmen-dominated Irish to the 19-12 upset of USC. Co-chairmen *Jim Barry* and *Joe O'Donnell* managed to land the great Benny Strong for the Frosh Frolic at the Rockne Memorial, and Fr. Charles McCarragher was busy checking car IDs all night. The campaign visits of Dwight Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson highlighted sophomore year. *Don "Mr. Music" Gels* took over the ND bandstand for a three-year run.

The opening of the O'Shaughnessy Building brought us into the New Age. ND's second Four Horsemen—Ralph Guglielmi, *Joe Heap, Johnny Lattner* and *Neil Worden*—led the Irish past the Oklahoma Sooners in a classic rematch. The Irish rolled on to snap Georgia Tech's streak at 31. Count Basie provided the music for the first Champions' Ball, honoring the undefeated team after *Frank Varrichione* stopped the clock against Iowa with his now-famous faint. *Dan Shannon* and *Paul Matz* were elected co-captains of the '54 team. Hall-of-Famer Jackie Robinson visited campus to talk on "Brotherhood in Sports." Frank Leahy stunned us, and the nation, with his resignation. *Terry Brennan* took over for our final year. And that great senior class named J. Edgar Hoover Patriot of the Year. Johnny Jordan, whose cagers put together an 18-game winning streak, was named Coach of the Year. *Dick Beeman* was named WNDU station manager; *Bud LaLonde*, Dome editor; *John O'Meara*, chairman of the Blue Circle; Frank Maier, Juggler editor; *Gerry Schoenherr* and *Frank Florian*, co-editors of the Technical Review; *Larry Brehl*, Scholastic editor; *Bill May*, ND band president; and *Tom May*, Glee Club president. Chairman *Don Yeckel* signed up Ralph Flannagan for the Junior Prom at the renovated Student Center, certainly an improvement over Benny Strong.

Jim O'Shea, who's feeling better after a long hospital stay, and *John O'Brien* got the senior year off to a fast start with their humor in "The Week" column up front in the Scholastic, while Yeckel became the ND sage on the "Back Page." Senate president *Joe Daley* began to hone his legal skills as he presided over long and loud Senate meetings. *Chuck Doherty*, president of the debate team, led his group to a successful season. *Jim Hesburgh* was chairman of the senior trip to Iowa, and everyone savored the triumph after reading the 1,001 stories about the 1953 tie. Chairman *Tom Hayes* began work on a great Mardi Gras. Hall presidents included *Mike O'Toole*, Fisher; *Ed David*, Alumni; and *Jim Curtin*, Walsh. Senior senators were *Ted Laughlin*, Fisher; *Maury Reidy*, Alumni; and *Dick Norton*, Walsh. *Dick Szymanski* was rushed to the hospital with a ruptured spleen after the Penn game, but he was back in record time. Terry Brennan's charges blasted USC and SMU in the two final games of a 9-1 season. Co-captains *Jim Waters* and *Tom Dorwin* led the fencing Irish to the NCAA. We elected Bishop Fulton Sheen Patriot of the Year. *Al Schoenig* and *Jim Pitcavage* captained the track team. Chairman *Jim Griffin* inked Ralph Marterie for the Senior Ball. *Jack "Junior" Stephens* ended his ND career with 1,314 points, an all-time school record. Maury Reidy and *Wally Clarke* paced the tennis team. The 1955 Dome awards went to *Dick Burke*, Joe Daley, John O'Meara and *Forst Brown*. *Jim Sherer* was elected Senator of the Year. *Ron Mottl* pitched well for the baseball team. Co-captains *Bob Filipiak* and *John Foley* had a good year on the links. And finally, who were the speakers at graduation? Attorney General Herbert Brownell and Bishop John Wright of Pittsburgh.

As you know, Frank Maier completed his book, *Sweet Reprieve*, before his death. His remarkable story of his liver transplant and new outlook on life and death is now available in bookstores. Masses have been celebrated for Frank and for Don Hinshaw, the oldest of our architecture group, who taught at Arizona State until his retirement. He was 71 and is survived by his wife, Joan. We also have remembered Ed Scoby, who died of cancer in April, and Helen Burgee Nagle, mother of *John Burgee*.—*Paul Fullmer*, 1333 Sleepy Hollow Rd., Glenview, Ill. 60025; 708-724-8405.

56 Nostalgia

Let's share some memories beginning with. . . Zahm Hall freshman year arrival on campus. An elderly priest commented to my father as he dropped me off beside Farley: "I've seen 'em come and I've seen 'em go—sometimes sooner than they planned." And then we met Fr. Fryberger! The Sneakin' Deacon. One shoe on. . . . Watching *Steve Rogers* from 332 Zahm as he paced around the dorm, feeling it as he walked; indeed, he knew an ND that his sighted classmates never knew. The campus blood drive that saw everyone in the hall give blood, except poor Tom, who returned that evening to a topsy turvy room. I think it was *Ray Lemek* who was really impressed with the bloodletting. Dawn/Lawn patrol for a week (or two) preceding Mass check-in. *Paul Reynolds* helping *Frank "Mouse" Cicciarelli* celebrate his 18th birthday, dressed in drag. Whatever happened to the Kansas Kid, "Frenchie" *Ward Mercier?* And my old roommate, *Denny Donovan*, who came to ND because he couldn't get in Princeton, but finally did, and did very well? And *Tom Noon?* Father Broestl greeting us from across the quad.

Germaine or Julie or Ruth or Mrs. Neal rattling our bunks so they could make up the room. What sainted ladies they were! *Li'l Moon Mullins* and *Dom Amechi* and *Tom Hawkins* in some rap sessions in St. Ed's. That great Oklahoma/Homecoming display *Tom McNeill* and the men of Farley created. Tryouts for WNDU student radio—as *Jim Gannon* broke up. *Bob Simkins, Dave Brucker* and *Chris Reitze* were already stars; *Kevin Joyce* remained one. Those assignments *Paul Lareniere* and I got on the Scholastic staff: "Pedestrian traffic laws in South Bend." Paul became an accountant as a result. That 27-21 win over Oklahoma as *Dan Shannon* knocked himself out, tearing Larry Grigg loose from the football to set up the winning score late in the game.

Part of my job was to clear the Main Library before closing each evening; a young priest by the name of Hesburgh was a nightly late reader of Cummings. Howard Hall, sophomore year: much closer to the Dining Hall; great plan. In awe of TDs scored by *Dick Washington, Dick Keller* and *Don Schaefer*—and *Patsy Bisceglia*. Ray Lemek had two interceptions, for 67 yards returned; Schaefer had one for 37! Working in the Alumni and Foundation Office with Fr. John Cavanaugh and Jim Armstrong created a lifelong hobby for me. And it was great to see *John Fannon* starting at forward, alonside *Rosenthal, Sullivan*, Bertrand and *Stevens*. That 65-64 win over the Hoosiers was as spectacular a game as I've seen; the season went 22-3. Will we ever forget Frank Leahy retiring? Remember Mardi Gras festivities? Fantasy time, dreaming of winning the new '54 Chrysler sedan. Hitchhiking home to Sterling, Ill., with *George Wilson, Pat Jones, Bill Gorham, Jim Fitzsimmons, Gene Gor-*

don; Stotzer, Wahl, Berrettini and *Dixon* waited for us.

And then there were those evenings of studying by candlelight (after 11 p.m.) with *Dick Yeager* and *Tom Bott*, as *Fr. Pelton* monitored the sounds upstairs. And the overhead wall "coolers" in the Badin shower room. That trip to Sears downtown with Ray Lemek to get data for Personnel Management—and a date with Mary Ann. As *Hank Dixon* commented recently, would anyone have believed then that we'd be working so hard 35 years later? Maybe not, Hank, but the reality of today finds: *Phil Kramer* received the Illinois Governor's Senior Leadership Award for health and fitness. He did the Chicago Marathon last year and has participated in many triathlons and runs throughout the Midwest. *Fr. John Smyth* '57, executive director of Maryville, sent a photo of the new Maryville Administration Building funded by '56 and '57; *Bob Salvino* was primary in the fund raising. In April he was also elected trustee in the village of Frankfort, Ill. *Jack Kegaly* was excited about his daughter, Mary, sharing Holy Cross Hall and tennis at SMC with Mary *Cosgrove, Ed's* daughter from Buffalo. *Sid Wilkin* thanks all of us for support in his unsuccessful bid for the national Alumni Board. Please remember to join us in the Joyce ACC after the October 12 Pitt game. No admission charge; bring the family. Before then, write me with your current happenings.— *John Manion*, 1025 Harper Dr., Algonquin, Ill. 60102; res 708-658-5131; bus 669-4205; fax 669-5804.

57 I Remember. . .

In anticipation of the commemorative events next June (our 35th and ND's sesquicentennial) this and subsequent columns will be dedicated to vignettes of our years at ND. Please send any recollections you have of this formidable period of our lives.

"The people are the highlight of a remarkably vivid tape in my head. They were, and are, an exceptional group," says *K.J. Phelan*. "Rooming with *Jim Cusack* sophomore year provided an introduction to the most creative wit I have yet encountered. The persistence of such relationships fostered at ND is astonishing. My ongoing gratitude to the author of this column (and his lovely keeper, Mary) for tending the flame. Last, but far from the bottom, is the recollection of my first day in class, Logic 101, taught by Fr. Tom 'Red' Brennan, who signed in with either hand, introduced himself to each one of us mentioning someone from the hometown, threw a strike with an eraser to a waste basket in the rear and dismissed the group. Two days later he walked into the same room, called each by his first name and told 'em where they were seated the prior day. I loved it. He was a generous grader and gave me a 100. I needed it."

Bert Hornback remembers "Joe Evans teaching metaphysics: 'Tree, I'd like to *be* you, tree,' he usually said, teaching out the window in his wonderfully wise and shy way. But the term I had the course, we were in the Main Building, back in some crazy third-floor corner, and he couldnt *see* a tree. So with a sigh he turned toward the brown-painted metal post in the middle of the room: 'Post, I'd like to be you, post.' I remember Ernie and Eileen Sandeen, whose home was open to students, always. And I remember Ernie teaching me how to read literature, and how to think about its values. How to make them my own, too. He was much better at that than the religion department—and he wasn't even a Catholic back then! He was a poet, too, and I had never met a poet before.



I remember Fr. Peter O'Reilly, teaching us Aquinas. And telling us that there was no such thing as a just war. I remember one day his telling me (I was in my Navy ROTC uniform) that I was planning to become a professional murderer. I didn't agree, then; but with his persistent help I started to understand. Wherever he is now, I hope he can forgive all the yellow-ribboning Yanks for murdering 350,000 or more Arabs in this most recent war.

I remember ND for helping me to discover what *being* means—there's Joe Evans—and who I am. I remember ND for teaching me how to be social, which didn't have anything to do with parties!, through the example and care of people like Ernie and Eileen Sandeen. And I remember ND for teaching me how to define my principles, as Peter O'Reilly did that day he challenged my thoughtless militarism. And I thank ND for my friends there, the boys and young men with whom I tried out all these new understandings in my own new life, as I endeavored to make them my own. Jack and Skip and Haver and Tom and John and Don and Harry and Paul and Pat. And more. The whole bunch of us, really. Thanks."

And thanks to Bert. For me, I remember long winter walks from Cavanaugh to the dining hall our freshmen year and crossing Badin Bog en route; the train ride to Baltimore our sophomore year that somehow became the "Brown Circle" student trip; Grace and Doyle putting my brace in the snow outside our window in sub Sorin; the grotto, where senior year I proposed to Mary, now my bride of 34 years; the love affair with the University, her people and the Lady for whom this special place is dedicated. Peace.—*John Slevin*, 200 NE Adams St. Suite 309, Peoria, Ill. 61602; 309-676-8986.

58 Memories. . .

My most vivid memories of freshman orientation are of *Fr. Hesburgh* welcoming us in Sacred Heart Church (the third class to enroll under his leadership) and being shown the official indoctrination film, "Knute Rockne, All-American." Few will fail to recall the rush of adrenaline when we first heard the ND band marching through the campus on a Friday evening for a rally in the old Fieldhouse or the color and excitement of those glorious sunny afternoons in the stadium. Athletic events were but a part of the rich experience those years provided. Today's students would regard with horror the details of the disciplined dorm life we led (10 p.m. curfews, lights out, morning Mass checks, dawn patrol for backsliders and the prohibition of motor vehicles). Those "horrors" merely prompt us to chuckle as we recall those days and the classmates, faculty and priests who populate our memories.

Most of my contacts were with the Commerce and Arts and Letters faculties. Among the names lodged in my memory are Abell, Bartholomew, Cronin, Fisher, Fitzgerald, Forrestal, Frederick, Fenlon, Madden, McAvoy, McAuliffe, Murray, Napolitano, Nealy, O'Malloy, Putz, Rauch, Sullivan, Bergin, Brady, Dincolo, Slowey, Eells, Kent, Finnan and Murphy. Noteworthy also are the names of chaplains, hall rectors and administrators such as Frs. O'Neill, Boarman, Haley, Fryberger, Hager, Bernard, McCarragher, Cady, Murphy, Broestl, Murray, Brown and Walsh. These names should put your memories to work! Autumn of our senior year was marked with success on the gridiron, especially the ending of Oklahoma's 47-game winning streak. The basketball team had a 24-5 record and advanced to the NCAA quarter finals. Most successful of all was the cross-country team which won the national championship. That year we welcomed Tom Dooley and Bobby Kennedy, the recipient of the Washington Day Award.

Our final spring was climaxed by a rainy graduation. We've all experienced great blessings and severe buffeting since those days of our youth. Isn't it remarkable how great an impact those few short years have had upon our lives? A number of us have ended our journey. We remember them fondly and pray for them and their families. Among those at rest is Thomas Wurzer, who died last December in Fairport, N.Y. He was president of SWBR Architects in Rochester and is survived by his wife, Eileen.

Michael Fogarty of Atlantic Beach, Fla., is marketing director for Swisher Co., the world's largest cigar maker. He's also VP of the North Florida ND Club. Last fall *Don Roney*, Salt Lake City, returned to campus for the first time in many years. He's president of Rollins Bendrick Hunter of Utah. Now retired from law practice, *Michael Herb* of Lynwood, Wash., is a full-time faculty member at the School of Business, U of Washington in Seattle. Mike has six children; two daughters are ND grads. *Bill Dotterweich* settled in Fort Wayne after selling his Chicago business two years ago. This is his 18th relocation in 31 years; he resolves to move no more. Bill is in touch with *Bill Newell* and *Gerry Hipskind* in Fort Wayne and *Bill Aitken* in Washington. *Ed Cuddihy*, Tujunga, Calif., is supervisor of failure analysis at Jet Propulsion Lab, where he's been since graduation, except for time spent earning his PhD at USC. Married 35 years, Ed and Mary have three children and four grandchildren. *Richard Fabbro* is chairman of the Capital Punishment Commission of the Respect Life office of the Diocese of Venice, Fla., and president of the Florida Coalition Against the Death Penalty. He also has an architectural firm bearing his name in Fort Myers. We'd love to hear from you.—*Arthur Roule*, 3725 W. Waverly Rd., LaPorte, Ind. 46350.

58L Speaks Up

I've accepted appointment as class secretary, contacted classmates and circulated updates of all those who responded. Most are still practicing law and a surprisingly large percentage are litigators and/or sole practitioners. I believe *Ray Drexler* and I are the only ones with large firms. Several of our children are ND grads or students. Denise and *Chuck Roemer* of South Bend have four, including *Greta* '89JD, who practices with his firm. Joy and *John Marchal* have three, Miriam and *George Patterson* have two, Sally and *Jack Callahan*, Sue and *Gene Griffin* and Ingrid and *Tom McNeill* have one each. Most prolific of our colleagues: Mary Adrienne and *Walter Wolf* have nine children, one a Marine captain who served in the Persian Gulf War. Several have grandchildren. Only *Ed Gray* admits to being "semi-retired." I suppose some others feel that way, or would like to. One successful entrepreneur: Nell and *John Murray* have gone into the pizza business, after John's U.S. government tax career.

Several are still involved in governmental or *pro bono* activities, including *Jerry Curran, Tom Darragh, Jack Economou, Bill McLain, Bill Ragan* and *John Rigby*. Three of us are Fellows of the American College of Trial Lawyers: *Burt Greenberg, Ray Tam* and I. It was good to hear from *Jack Callahan, Bill Engel*, Gene Griffin, *Bill Loy, Tom Oglevie, Bill Quirk* and *Charley Winans*. Updates came from *Ed Denn, Jack Snell* and *Gene Waye*. I hope to hear from *Ed Bartoli, Bill Rindone, Pat Toomey* and *Frank Vargas*. Tom McKinley and Don Very are deceased. Our 35th reunion is just two years away. Several have offered to help organize a get-together. If you have ideas or would like to help, please contact me. We have so many memories to share: Our uncompromising Dean O'Meara; labor law and handball with "The Chief," Assistant Dean Broderick; Ed Barrett's agency class and trial practice puzzles; helpful trial sessions and seminars with Judges Kiley and Swygert; procedure lore from Bernie Ward; historical bon bons from Anton-Herman Chroust; Wagner's torts and Richter's contracts; and the lively younger profs Broden, Kellenberg, Murphy and eccentric "Dusty" Rhodes. I look forward to hearing from you.—*Tom McNeill*, 190 South LaSalle St., Chicago 60603-3441; 312-782-0600; fax 312-701-7711.

59 Thank You!

"Quality education—lasting values!" We can describe ND with those simple

but powerful words. As we begin our Sesquicentennial Year, we thank all those in the ND family who have contributed to the shaping of our lives and pray for those who continue to touch the lives of so many young women and men. Much has changed, but some things will fortunately never change. Our 1959 Dome described it: "A vast panorama of people and buildings, lakes and lawns, machines and equipment engaged in a cosmopolitan cavalcade of events, classes, carnivals, contests and cavortings, aimed at the common end of an all-encompassing education. Like. . . yet unlike other schools, ND imparts to each of these events an atmosphere that is distinctively its own."

The 1991 edition of the Dome puts it this way: "The lives of ND students has been changed because of their time spent at this university. The lessons learned and the values that were nurtured will be carried on with the graduates as they leave this place and go on to their next stage of life. Although no college can prepare the students for all the challenges that lie ahead, it is hoped that the goals each student has for the future will be more attainable because of their training and education here. The ND spirit will live on in each graduate wherever they are."

If you search for the reasons why we (ND and ourselves) are what we are, each can come up with his own list. One reason that runs through our 36 years of connection with ND is leadership, the leadership of Jesus, Mary and our many presidents, especially *Fr. Ted*. Looking back, we were fortunate to have these and other leaders to thank: *John Hayward*, our president, and *Mark Shields*, VP; *Karl Mangold, John Boyce*, Hall Presidents Council; *Joe Harrison*, Student Court; *Bob Daily*, Student Center; *Tom Plofchan*, Glee Club; *Bill Graham*, Student Government; *Tim Galvin*, Knights of Columbus; *Herb Riband*, Third Order of St. Francis; *Mike Phenner*, National Federation of Catholic College Students; *Jim Merz*, Young Christian Students; *Warren Albright, John Casey, John Edwards*, WSND; *Roger O'Neil*, Tech Review; *Joe Ryan*, Juggler; *Bob Sedlack, Lou Stettler*, Scholastic; *John Thurin, Bob Janoski, John Maloney, Joe Galvin*, Dome; *Al Ecuyer, Chuck Puntillo*, football; *Tom Hawkins, Gene Duffy*, basketball; *Mike Haverty*, cross country; *Steve Dornback*, track; *Jim Jock*, fencing; *Bucky O'Connor*, wrestling; *Dick Nagle*, swimming; *Dick Selcer, Gene Duffy*, baseball; *Max Brown, Ron Schoenberg*, tennis; *Jerry Webster*, golf; and *Ray Grubbe*, bowling.

Since '59, most of us have assumed leadership in various ways. In conjunction with the sesquicentennial and inspired by the urging of many classmates and by a recent commencement address at Lynchburg College entitled "Leaders Give Back" by John Raynolds (head of Outward Bound), I suggest we develop something unique which we can give back to the ND family from which we have received so much. We are open to all suggestions and I ask all of you to drop me a line or give me a call. Going forward, we plan to change the style and content of our column. To do so, we need your input. Please respond to the mailing you've received from president *John Cashion*. Please pray for all classmates who have passed away and their families, especially Jim DeBernardi, who died January 11 in Houston. Jim, who was with Vista Chemical, is survived by his wife, Katherine. Peace.—*Jim Keegan*, 2401 W. 17th St., Wilmington, Del. 19806; res 302-429-0545; bus 996-8576.

60 Last of the Quiet Ones

J. Reed "Whiz" O'Malley was quoted as saying, "We were the last of the quiet ones. They said 'Jump' and we said 'How high?'" And then came the wild '60s! Who can tell us about the ski weekend where *Jim Waters* fell off the ski tow at Houghton Lake and, with cigar in mouth, made a perfect cookie-cutter outline in the snow? *Declan O'Donnell* slept in an igloo the same weekend in the middle of Houghton Lake while the rest of the group cozied it up in Limberlost Lodge. What would attract Dec to an igloo? *Richard Senecal*, better known as LeRoy, has asked how to get one's name in this column. You have to do something memorable, Dick—like the time junior year when you left *Clay Smith* to entertain two stewardesses while you went off to the little room to read the *Sports Illustrated* for 20 minutes. We had dinner with Diane and Pres *Bill Killilea* and Georgina West and *Joe Thummess* in April, and Bill was remembering the '59 Pitt game when *Ollie Flor* and *Al Sabal* carried him off the field. Now recall, Bill was football manager and wrenched his knee slipping in the mud *before* the game ever started.

Or how 'bout this one: The time *Ed Bullard* got stuck in the restroom window of Chester's Howard Park Tavern during a raid by Fr. McAuliffe. Did he get out frontwards or backwards? And senior year, when eight people were late returning from dates at SMC and "borrowed" the '54 gray Chev SMC police car, drove it back to ND and left it in the Circle with the red dome light flashing. I know who was driving it and it wasn't *Drew Barton*, although he was in the car. For those lucky enough to live on the fourth floors of Lyons and Morrissey, all-night lights could be had by getting up in the attic and wiring into the hallway and restroom circuits. This was done on live circuits, by the way. All went well until the circuits became overloaded and the maintenance men had to come up and take out four bushelbaskets of wire. Who could believe it? The artistic ability of our own *Rev. Richard "Reb" Nowery*, who formed those gorgeous sand sculptures of the female anatomy on the beaches of Warren Dunes State Park.

Who could ever forget the postgame celebrations at the *Gamble* whoopee cellar? *Izo, Stickles, Fuydal, Bobrick, Kerper, Riffel, Weber, Bill White* certainly won't! Not too many appreciated *Bill McCoy's* culinary prowess at Sol Gilman's in Union Pier during the last five weeks of senior year. *Bob Schultz* attained a BSEE while playing in the football program. A very impressive accomplishment. *Peter Bruce Cosacchi* was always impressive too, leading the band onto the field in his drum major's uniform and that tall hat tilted back to where one wondered how it stayed on his head. Exciting! An unnamed junior returned one night after check-in, too tipsy to "pass muster" with Fr. Bristol. He pleaded. Father said, "OK, No-Name, you get up to your room on the third floor without touching either handrail, and you're off the hook." No-Name says, "Thrank shou, Fasher," and proceeded up the stairs on his hands and knees. Must have been an engineer. And how about the contest winners for "Most Magnificent" coat and tie when we were required to wear them at dinner? Who had Fr. Phil Scharf for English? Remember him throwing erasers at those who would dare to doze off in his class? I can, because he hit me in the head while aiming at the guy next to me! And did Coach Kuharich take honors for "Most Popular Coach of the 50s"?

Impressive memory of freshman year: meeting *Fr. Ted Hesburgh* and seeing those eyes penetrate into one's being. Daily Mass in the dorm chapel. Serving Mass in the church basement for a week, and the subsequent free breakfast in the Main cafeteria. New construction of the North Dining Hall. Oh, what fun it was! And still is, for that matter. Memories are made of this.—*Joseph Jansen*, 7808 Rough Cedar Lane, Indianapolis 46250; res 317-841-0980; bus 786-1415.

61 A Time of Remembrance

We all remember the grotto, lights out, morning check, evening curfew, and having to have written permission to leave the campus on weekends. Not much of that remains (however, I've noted that Abbie pays attention to my return to the house in the evening and lights out, not to mention the fact that she won't let me out on a weekend, even with written permission). *The Wall Street Journal* called ours the "monastic days of ND." I've always thought of us as the transition class between the "monastic days" and "academic excellence." We had the great experience: seminars that let us explore great thinkers, lectures by many of the nation's best, and ourselves, striving to excel. To be learned and capable was popular. We didn't set the greatest of all gridiron records, but we were successful overall in sports. We lived through the deprivation imposed by the "student manual" and served our heritage in the armed forces.

Among our stellar performers is *Don Rice*, secretary of the Air Force, who received the Alumni Association's Sorin Award at the reunion banquet. *Ted Dawson* wrote; in December he had dinner with *Dan Roche, Jerry Rowe* and *Jim Middendorf* at the annual Christmas luncheon at St. Xavier in Cincinnati. VP of automotive marketing at Arvin Industries, Ted gets to campus often. His son, Trey, is a Zahm Hall sophomore. All of us who lived there extend our deepest sympathy to Trey. At the Orange Bowl, *Chuck Lennon* and *Tim Monahan* were joined by *Mike Esposito, Armand Boisselle, Bruce Campbell, Bob Ferns, Armand Zilioli* and *Dan Carey*. *Jack Sifferman* and *Denny O'Shaughnessy* were proud parents in accompanying their daughters, Maureen S. and Megan O'S., to the 25th Mary Duque Ball in Beverly Hills. The report is that it was a very "swell affair" and, judging from the picture I saw, you wouldn't believe what they look like in tux and tails.

I was astounded to open a letter from Lansing, Mich., and find that *Jim Lefere* has finally broken his 30-year silence. He's in his 28th year in the foundry business and wonders how many we have in the business. He may be one of a kind. With a daughter at SMC and two sons, he and Mary Lou still live in Jackson, Mich. Last fall, he and *Bill Wetzel, Dave Wochner, Dave Hipp, Jim Kane* and their wives all attended the Stanford game He also saw *Ray Kelly* and marveled over Ray's being president of the Alumni Association. By the way, Ray, congratulations on a job well done! *Pat Hickey*, who has a good set of field agents in the info business, sent a copy of a director's profile about *me*. I've been elected vice chairman of the board of directors of the Guadalupe-Blanco River Authority, a public corporation in which the governor has seen fit to let me win a one-vote election from time to time.

Tim Sullivan sent quite an article about *Jim Dixon*, who started with us, left to serve in the Army, and then returned to ND. Mayor of Dixon, Ill., Jim has set up a very successful sister city relationship with Dickson, Siberia, and a student exchange program. Tim says that, for a Democrat, Jim has really moved the town forward in understanding and welcoming imagined adversaries who seem as human as, even, lawyers. Tim also reads the *Smithsonian* Magazine and sent a humorous article about a classnotes writer. In a slow news period, the writer created a classmate and as time went on he would fill in with letters from his imaginary grad, reporting on progress as a blue nose with detestable bad taste until, finally, embarrassment caused his "demise." I assure you I've hardly ever, well, at least rarely, created news for this column. But if you haven't written for a while, beware, because I may suddenly remember your nickname and put it in this column.—*Joseph "Pat" Kelly*, 2103 N. Wheeler St., Victoria, Texas 77901; bus 512-573-4344; fax 512-573-1040.

62 They Keep Going Back

Rich Jalovec spends a lot of time in South Bend, keeping up with his daughter Jennifer, an SMC junior. In April's Sorin Society weekend, he ran into *Bob Henry* and *DickGreen*, president of Blistex. After the Blue/Gold game, he spent the evening with Barb and *Jack Hayford*, up from Indianapolis where Jack is CFO of Marsh Foods. They saw *Rudy Koloszar*, who has retired as head of the ND Quarterback Club. *John Hood*, who's in the grocery business in Algona, Iowa, has an ND sophomore daughter, Krista. Her Breen-Phillips room is the same one her dad shared as a freshman. *Mike Dunigan* will make the trip more now that his son, Edward, will be a freshman. Mike says *Frank Moorman* retired from the Air Force and lives in Jacksonville, Fla., and *Dave Bertrand* is about to be retired by the Army at Carlysle Barracks, Pa. *Jim Flynn* practices law in Evansville, Ind. In Irvine, Calif., president *Bucky O'Connor* helped celebrate the 25th anniversary of Linda and *John Tidgewell*. Bucky and *Mike Woods* were both ushers. Mike is in real estate in the Ventura County area. *Carl Ebey*, CSC Provincial, spends a good part of the year traveling to the far-flung Indiana Province. He says *Frank Dunham* moved from Indianapolis to Grosse Pointe, Mich., with Coopers, Lybrand. *Dr. Albert Hamilton*, formerly dean of the School of Arts and Sciences at Manhattan College, has been appointed VP/academic affairs at Salem State College in Salem, Mass. *John Goldrick*, a 20-year member of ND's administrative staff, has become Peace Corps country director for the West African nation of Ghana. John and Jacqueline have three children, two of them students on campus; the third will be with them in Ghana. Our very best to you, John!—*John Gillard*, 600 Forest, Wilmette, Ill. 60091; 708-251-7958.

63 Looking Back

Bill Kibler is '91-'92 resident director of the Sweet Briar College Junior Year in France. He is Centennial Professor of Medieval Studies at U of Texas/Austin, where he's been since '69. *Joe Goldcamp*, a partner at Coopers & Lybrand, CPAs, had a hole-in-one while playing in Hawaii at the home course for the Hawaiian Open. Only a few of us made it to the Orange Bowl to

see Rocket race to almost-glory. Notables included *Pat Cavanaugh* and *Dave Paliganoff*. From the sign-in list at the ACC, it's obvious more classmates are getting back to more games. Make certain to check in at the '63 table at the ACC when on campus for a game. *Ken Telesca*, Fairfax, Va., with two daughters at SMC, made it up for Penn State; it reminded Ken of "our years." Ken and *Jim Moran* keep in touch. *Bill Westhauss* wrote a cryptic note about a wonderful fishing excursion he made to northern Manitoba.

The 30th is coming up. The class directory distributed at the 25th was well received, so much so that the walk-in registrants claimed all the extra copies. What say ye for '93? A picture book along the lines of a year book—with then and now pictures? Another directory? What else? Ideas? Volunteers? Looking back on that fall almost 30 years ago when we arrived in Indiana, I wonder how many of us foresaw what the future would hold. We were grouped together in Keenan, Stanford, Farley, Breen-Phillips and St. Ed's and signed in at least three mornings each week before 7:30 a.m. The Religious Bulletin flew under the door three afternoons a week—and the snow plows roared through every morning before sun-up, or so it seemed, all too often. We moved as a class through the dorm system and that probably accounts for us staying together as a class. We came with a new football coach—but he left shortly before we did. The Scholastic staff resigned and someone opined that our class was 10 years too late or 10 years too soon. We were not part of unquestioning '50s, and we were not part of that which was to come; though we knew not what it would be, we knew in '63 that it would be a much, much different time. We finished up in Alumni, Dillon, Sorin and Walsh—and at the circle, meeting Nicola's pizza delivery van. There were no cars and no women—and now there are both. In the case of women, who would argue that ND is not better for their presence? Recall the conversations in the Main Quad after dinner during the spring of '63 as the sun set behind the Rock. We believed we got a good education—and much, much more—and time has proved us right. Remember the chants: "We want a library." We got one and more, and we are all, on balance, very well pleased that we had the opportunity to be a part of that special place called Notre Dame. Keep in your prayers David Cooper, who died in May. His wife, Martha, survives in Charlottesville, Va. —*Regis Campfield*, 7534 Oakbluff, Dallas 75240; 214-239-1141; fax 214-692-4330.

64 All You Ever Wanted. . .
to know about the 1990 Florida Business Corporation Act. That's the promise from the folks at Prentice Hall, publishers of a one-volume guide to put "the law in practical context for the realities of today's corporate practice." More than 35 easy-to-use forms, $95 a copy, phone or fax orders accepted. The author? Our own *Tom O'Brien*, partner in a West Palm Beach law firm. I recommend it for bedtime reading. Besides, Tom has two in college and needs the dough. Moving up in the banking biz are *Jeff Neubert* and *John Scully*. Elected senior VP and a member of the policy committee of Banc One, Jeff took his AGF marketing expertise, along with 17 years of Citicorp experience, to Columbus, where he focuses in career development and succession planning. John was appointed senior VP at LaSalle National Corp. and director of the human resources department of something called ABN AMRO North America. Comp and benefits, training and development: the whole human resource ball of wax for this large bank holding company headquartered in Chicago. Congratulations to both. Similar congrats are in order for *Larry Murphy*, director of the Solar Energy Research Institute in Golden, Colo. Larry was named a fellow of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, an honor conferred upon a member with at least ten years' active engineering practice who has made significant contributions to the field.

Our class had the largest number of parents at the Junior Parent Weekend at ND. *Paul Shuff*, St. Louis, attended, and the good doctor was called upon to remove a shard of glass from the mouth of a dinner guest. Some meal. *Bruce Tuthill* attended the Masters with *George Novak*, who runs institutional sales for an American Express division in Atlanta. In continuous pursuit of the 20-hour work week, Bruce also played golf at ND with *Ed Kelly*, head of the English department at Niles HS. Rumor says Ed, who has a son and daughter at ND, is one of the top high school soccer coaches. Had a note from *Dave Ellis* in Mississippi. Surprisingly, he had no misspellings. His youngest has been accepted at ND. This will be four daughters who have undertaken the effort to clear the Ellis family name in South Bend. Dave's comment: "It's a wonderful and thrilling experience to finance all of this college education." VF Corporation keeps me very busy. Am running a collection of businesses for this large apparel firm. They include Vanity Fair and Vassarette lingerie; Jantzen swim, sweater and sporstwear; Girbaud jeans; and 25 factory outlet stores. Too much travel, but basically lots of fun. Keep the *Carey* family in your prayers. *Mike's* dad passed away last spring. We remember many good times in Paterson years ago. —*Paul Charron*, 403 Wyomissing Blvd., Wyomissing, Pa. 19610; fax 215-375-9371.

64L Memorial Scholarship
With great sadness, I report the death of Joseph Mylotte. His wife, Dottie, and their three children survive. Joe died of an apparent heart attack after leaving the courthouse on February 15. He was a partner in his own firm in Media, Pa., which is establishing an ND memorial scholarship fund in Joe's name. I'll provide details later. Our sympathies to Dottie and family.

Remember *Hurley Smith?* He's secretary and corporate counsel for Ford Motor Credit Company in Dearborn, Mich. He's the father of six children, ages 23 to 2! *John Lahey* married this year and became the instant father of five children. He retired from the naval reserve last year as captain, has been on the bench since '74, and presently sits on the Los Angeles Superior Court. *Jim Mercurio*, still with Arent, Fox, Kintner, Plotkin and Kahn in Washington, says he saw *Jack Jiganti* earlier this year there. Had a nice note from *Mike Ryan*, who expects to retire from the NLRB in September after 30 years of federal service. He'll work part-time as an arbitrator, wintering in Kauai. He wants to see all his classmates as we travel through either Peoria or Kauai. Keep in touch. —*Charlie Sweeney*.

65 Great Years. . .
under the Dome. . . Who can forget the Corvette won by *Col. Doug Lovejoy* at Mardi Gras our freshman year. After many laps to SMC, Doug sold the vet one week later for $3,300, invested in stocks, and many years later he and Jean used the money as down payment on their first house. Now two of their five children are ND women. Doug is chief of the China-Japan branch at the Defense Intelligence Agency. A photo of the car, with a group of his friends perched on the dream machine, includes *Lou Jepeway*, a defense lawyer in Miami; *Paul Meagher*, who owns a tavern in Washington DC; *Tom Brejcha*, an attorney who defends right-to-life issues and lives in Evanston, Ill., with Deborah and their two boys; plus *John Pastore*, a criminal lawyer in



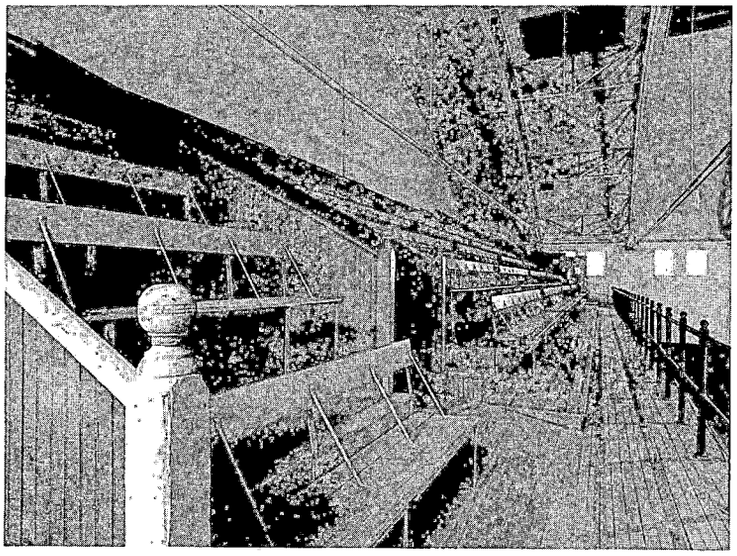
Ballston Spa, N.Y. His daughter will be an ND junior. The last man in the photo is *Tony Alessandrini*, a Catholic high school teacher and budding novelist. He and Angie live in Brooklyn. Subsequent Mardi Gras festivals were directed by *Dick McCarthy*, who married Pat Devine SMC and works for an envelope company in West Medford, Mass. Two of their children are at ND.

During our freshman year many of us enjoyed the matchbook antics of Fr. "88" Brennan. *Nick Sordi* was among those who scrmabled for those flying matchbooks. Nick found time to cut hair that year, including that of *Spike Stein*, who desired a razor cut and was left with such an unusual result that he wore a hair piece for several months. Rather than pursue tonsorial talents, Nick became an attorney and practices general law with his brother and father in Centerport, N.Y. Nick and Eileen have two daughters. Also an attorney, Spike lives in Damariscotta, Maine, with his two daughters. During our junior and senior years, Spike organized the green painting of Fr. Corby's statue on St. Patrick's Day. Badin Hallites who proudly wore badges that said "Badin Is" now can lament that their hall is a women's dorm. During its conversion to accommodate women, *Bill McGuire* asked to purchase one of the urinals as a remembrance of something. Astonished University officials did not honor the request. Bill and Nancy (Hoyne SMC) live in Columbus, Ohio; one of their daughters is an ND graduate.

The best class notes for all science pre-med majors to review were those of *Phil Haley* and *Jim Tedford*. Phil is an orthopedic surgeon in Coon Rapids, Minn. He and Sue (Haley SMC) have three children. Two are Domers and one is at SMC. Jim is a San Luis Obispo, Calif., physician. An innovative concept created by *Rick Devlin* and *Jim Dwyer* heralded our senior year: the Key Club. A few dollars from each member helped fund this great club, which sponsored all those incredible postgame dances in South Bend. Remember Baby Huey and his band! Jim is an investment underwriter in NYC and Rick is VP of WOR radio, also in the Big Apple. *Larry Beshel*, senior class president, conceived of and developed the Class Scholarship Fund, now worth over $500,000. *John Gearen*, student body president, is a Chicago attorney. Unbelievable as it may be, John forgot to sign out of Lyons Hall for a weekend to attend a national meeting of all student body presidents. On his return, the rector disciplined him by imposing a two-week curfew. The Honor Code was implemented our senior year and *Lance Drane* chaired the committee that developed the code.

Remember Frank O'Malley, Joe Evans, *Emil T. Hofman*, Fr. Collins, mandatory coat and tie for dinner, 10 p.m. room check, the grotto and long walks to SMC. So many memories, so many friendships, so little time. —*James Harnisch MD*, 6759 West Mercer Way, Mercer Island, Wash. 98040; 206-621-9396.

66 Memories Relived
Friendships renewed. If you were there, it was grand. If you missed it, make sure you plan on the 30th! *Minch Lewis* wrote from Syracuse, where he and Judy run a company which develops computer programs for public housing authorities. They have two ND daughters; Kristin just graduated in May. Since earning his MPA degree from SU, Minch has spent the past 25 years focused on housing for low-income families and he served six years as a local elected official. This spring he talked with *George Senko* in Agoura Hills, Calif. *Ray Neihagen* wrote of his work with First Chicago, selling money and other banking services to finance and leasing companies throughout the country. Ray rides the same train with *Clark Pleis* and spoke with *Alan Loboy* while in Portland, Ore. Al is AD at LaSalle HS in Milwaukee, Ore., and has five kids. On the same trip he caught up with *Bob Furick* who's at Stanford getting an MS in computer science. Seems Bob "retired" and is satisfying his insatiable desire to learn. Ray also spoke with Carol, *Jack Gerkin's* wife while in



LA. Jack was in Phoenix doing PR for the Grand Prix. Son Tim is at ND.

Heard from *Paul Barry*. He and Maryellen and their three boys have been in Jakarta, Indonesia, for six years. Paul spends a lot of time in the Borneo jungles, testing gas wells and helping run a large project that ships liquified natural gas to Japan. Before this post, Paul and family spent five years in Saudi Arabia and other postings in oil and gas overseas. He related the sad news that Ken Krivickas died undergoing surgery during last year's holidays. Ken left five youngsters, the oldest of whom is 12. To send condolences to Ken's wife, Barbara, you can write her at 35 Chickasaw Trail, Lockport, Ill. 60441. I learned in April that Dr. Mark Langenfeld passed away in Waukesha, Wis. No details were available. Continuing the necrology, Bob Wingenfeld died in February in Rochester, N.Y. Bob had taught immigrants with the Rochester City School District. He had previously taught English in Iran.

We have another college president! *Bill Medland* was appointed president of Viterbo College in LaCrosse, Wis. Bill had been EVP at St. Mary's College in Winona, Minn. He has written extensively, and he and Donna have one child. *Tom Pfliegel* has joined Ellis, Naeyaert, Genheimer, Assoc. in Troy, Mich., as director of architecture. Tom has 22 years in the field and taught at Clemson. *Larry Hurt* was promoted at Lockheed in Marietta, Ga. He and Tracy live in nearby Woodstock. *Mike Rush* bumped into long-lost *Paddy Ryan*, late of Buffalo, who's now in the banking business in Livingston, N.J., and living in Old Bridge. That's the scoop. Keep in touch and stay well.—*Tom Sullivan*, 14611 Philpot Rd., Phoenix, Md. 21131.

66L Good Morning America!

We're back on the air. I complained to *John Haugh* about the lack of a column, and he promptly designated me as new class secretary. I have a relatively slow country practice (30 hours a week in the office), so I have plenty of time to pass on information. *Bob Schmiege* made *Forbes* Magazine's list of America's highest paid executives. He's chairman and CEO of the Chicago and Northwestern Transportation Company. *Al McKenna* is general managing partner of the largest law firm in Columbus, Ohio: Porter, Wright, Morris & Arthur. *Mike Sullivan* is a circuit judge in Woodstock, Ill. (McHenry County), as is *Ron Vettel* for the Ashtabula County Police Court in Jefferson, Ohio. Please drop a line or two to me, and if you're too busy, have your wife send me some news. Hope to hear from you. God bless everyone.—*Thomas McNally*, Star Route East, Necedah, Wis. 54646; 608-565-2306.

67 Shamrocks Reunion

"Fast Ed" LaVigne, Houston, hopes to schedule a Shamrocks band reunion with fellow band members *Pete Munson, Dan Tutko, Bob Kearns* and *Tom O'Halloran. Michael Thiel* is in the travel business in Littleton, Mass. He quit the energy and consulting business in '80 and several years with Arthur D. Little and the Saudi National Oil Company in Riyadh. He now publishes *Hideaways Guide* magazine and plans fantasy vacations on yachts, castles, intimate resorts and villas. He keeps up with *Bill Giles*, who left the Madison Avenue advertising grind and now produces plays. Bill's most recent success is "Other People's Money," which played in London and is now being made into a movie. Last October *Andy Reardon* was appointed to the US Railroad Retirement Board by President Bush and was confirmed by the Senate. He lives in Lake Forest, Ill., and earned a law degree from the U of Cincinnati in '74 after four years in the Navy. *John D'Aniello* is now North Central Division director with the Army Corps of Engineers, a promotion equivalent to brigadier general. Our class has some tradition with the Corps of Engineers, as *Geoff Haas's* father was a longtime manager with that organization. *Kevin McNevins*, Dallas, says things are progressing with *Bob Wilks's* treatments. At Cleveland U Hospital, Bob has completed his second round of treatments on a rare cancer. *Joe O'Neill* was diagnosed with skin cancer, and subsequent treatment seems to have been successful. *Bobby Sullivan's* wife Jeannie lost her father in early '91; please include him in your prayers. During the Persian Gulf War, the *Detroit Free Press* carried an article on Mike Rich (deceased '69) and his Vietnam experience. *George Goeddeke*, who's with Alexander and Alexander, sent us the newspaper article. Did anyone see *Tony O'Brien* on CNN's "Larry King Live" during the Gulf War? He was there in living color, being interviewed as a photographer of the war. A final note: please observe there's life in old Italians. As most of you are participating in your children's college graduations, I look forward to my first child's first birthday (Nicholas, May 4). Send information. Where is the Detroit caucus of *Jim Cleary, Jerry Young, Denny Tracey, John Desmond, Bill Gehrke* and the Dixie rebels *Jim Strauss, Foster Goodwin, Bill Kearney* and *Dan Canale*? Write. —*Bert Bondi*, 44 Inverness Dr. E, Building B, Englewood, Colo. 80112.

68 Kentucky Colonels and. . .

Memories of the Cavalry. Though there was a Kentucky Colonel in the crowd last Saturday and others who had attended the Derby in their lifetimes, my wife pointed out that very few had enjoyed the race from a box. That was our good fortune years ago when *John Fowler* invited *Dick Blumberg, Tom Condon* and me to be guests of his family. Across the track in the crush of the infield, *Tom McKenna* hosted *John Walsh, Joe Brennan* and other revelers: same race, different worlds. If our horses had been as speedy as the state trooper who caught John in southern Indiana one year, we would have been big winners. The Fowlers' Louisville hospitality was a good memory. When John opted for a dance over the Derby senior year, we knew the romance had become serious. He practices law now in Louisville.

Mike Hampsey used the Warren, Pa., Vo-Tech School fax machine to transmit some old photographs from winter '67. One of the photos showed a grinning *Chuck Wardell* seated at our dining room table. Hamps celebrated springtime one year by hitchhiking to Minneapolis for a call on blues guitarist Dave Snaker Ray. The artist's mother answered the door and crushed Hamps with the news that Snaker had become, for the moment, Private E-1 Dave Ray, undergoing basic training in the Army. In those days, *Pete Herrly* was immersed in a collegiate scholar project, a history of the cavalry. We never came to the modern era ('68) before the sessions ran out. At our 20th reunion, Colonel John Stevens, who favors our entire mob of volunteers and avoiders with an even affection, displayed a *US News & World Report* article about Pete and other modern soldiers.

Dennis Gallagher, the popular *Observer* columnist, was polishing the style that would adorn State Department documents in later years, especially the important materials which would become known as the Triunfador papers. Dennis travels to hotspots of diplomacy, most recently a Mediterranean conference for resolution of some issues clouding the eligibility of certain foreign-born designated hitters. *Thomas Loarie*, from Deerfield, Ill., gave the Young Republicans his attention in those days. His interests have broadened since. Last Valentine's Day, he was engaged to Patricia Smith of Ft. Lauderdale, thanks to his charm and Federal Express delivery of a ring and proposal. Tom was busy across the country in Santa Clara, Calif., where Koravision, the medical startup he heads, was about to celebrate two successful surgeries involving the company's intrastromal cornea rings.

Suzanne Smithers SMC '69 is now in Palm Beach, where she edits *The Palm Beach Chronicle*. The rich, powerful and beautiful of our class ought to have their handlers get in touch. John Waters '38, the father of Waters twins Gini Enright and Joan Dunfey, both SMC '68, died in Florida in April. Think of him the next time you hear the Victory March. The Glen Ellyn, Ill., parish priest, who was not John's type, thought the music could offend, so wouldn't let Gini include the ND standard in the funeral ceremony. Years ago, John was present soon after *Jay* and *Fred Schwartz* lit a fire in the Waters' fireplace without opening the flue. An exasperated Mrs. Waters exclaimed to her daughters through the smoke, "Don't you ever bring anything home from ND but lemons?" At the time, she was not acquainted with *Pat Collins*. Send your news.—*Tom Figel*, 1303 Rosalie St., Evanston, Ill. 60201; 708-475-3729; fax 312-335-9281.

68L August 1965

It's hot. Only mad dogs, the ND football team, and inhabitants of ND Law School are seen moving about. Recall those first few days, sitting sweating in the library, and along about mid-afternoon the Band strikes up the Victory March right outside the open windows. Enough of Professor Noonan's endless Xerox copies of papers passed off as a textbook; of leafing frantically through strange books searching for the elusive answer to Professor *Shaffer's* legal research problem; and trying to resuscitate *Ernie Abate* after he became utterly frustrated at not being able to locate that one needed key number, and threw a fit and several stacks of the *NW2nd Reporter* all over the library floor. That respite of listening to the Marching Band was short-lived, and soon the reality of 8:00-to-midnight days settled in.

Cartels were formed, and none too soon, either, especially for those on scholarship who learned, to their amazement, that only a certain percentage would keep their scholarships after the first semester. That was only the dean's way of properly preparing those lucky few for the surprises yet to be found in the practice of law. After the first semester, our already small class became even smaller but, for the most part, the remainder persevered. During the second year, we savored the '66 national football championship, and the Chief's wild predictions of the score for each game. Everyone was busier with law review, moot court and other extras that we didn't have the first year.

Just as hectic as second year, the third went fast as we geared up for practice court and interviews. Life was not without a few recreational diversions, though. Who can forget *Dave McCarthy's* fateful toboggan run down Tower Hill one Saturday afternoon, which resulted in a fractured vertebra not diagnosed until later that evening when the ensuing party was over! We had plenty of opportunity to participate in class, too, as some yearned so much for the semester to end that they were rarely seen. When you think about it, those three years went by very quickly and, in spite of our protestations, comprehensives did prepare us well for the bar exam. They were wonderful years, frenzied, stressful, successful. We withstood the heat, stayed in the kitchen and made a lasting vow never to violate the rule against perpetuities or Shelly and her heirs.

And now for the present. Tom Shaffer informs that our own *Paul Gore* has authored the biography of his grandfather, Paul Hayes Gore, a Florida newspaper publisher, businessman, governor of Puerto Rico and, per Tom, "ancestor of generations of ND alumni." *Al Dudash* has opened his own office in Beaver, Pa., and *Jack Sandner* has surfaced again as chairman of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. Members should know better than to sell Jack short. *Lanny Bonenberger* still wants photos of our law school years and subsequent reunions. Send photos to him at McDermott Bonenberger & Stimmel, 53 Washington Ave., Wheeling, W.Va.

26003. And I'd like to hear from you all. Please write.—*Timothy Woods*, PO Box 4577, South Bend 46634-4577.

69 Musings

Jim Viventi was appointed chief deputy of the Michigan Department of Labor in Lansing. *John Molinelli* was elected corporate controller of Ametek, a Fortune 500 industrial manufacturer. *Dave Hennessey's* father passed away February 3; our condolences to Dave and his family. *Steve Kernan* reports his son, Ara, was born in February, and I have to report that my daughter, Maureen, was born in March. Several classmates attended the Orange Bowl. One of the more notable was *George Cavanaugh*, who apparently stayed at the Hyatt. The operative question remains as to whether or not George flew to Miami from Colorado and, if so, whose ticket he used, if any. With the business end of our column out of the way, it's time to share special thoughts of our four years at ND.

Thinking about our time spent there, I can't help but believe that ND forever changed the character by dispersal of the freshman class throughout the entire campus. I'm sure the stay-hall concept has many salutary benefits, but I can't help but feel that freshman classes have been robbed of valuable memories by removing them from the freshman quad. On the athletic side, who can forget *Nick Eddy's* touchdown run return in the 1966 Purdue game, when we were behind in games a total of nine seconds that year. Also, our basketball program with *Bob Whitmore, Bob Arnsen* and company gave us great pleasure in going to the NIT tournament in New York over St. Patrick's Day weekend, helping to revive ND basketball.

Academically, the library had just been completed and provided great sleeping space for countless students. And there was the student publication, "Uranus." I never could understand if it referred to the solar system or a body part, but it seemed to catch the administration's attention. Speaking of administration: when we were on campus, social pressures relating to the civil rights movement and the war in Vietnam were brewing and building and Fr. Hesburgh's student advisory of a 15-minute cooling-off period was enunciated. I've since completed Fr. Hesburgh's autobiography, which was fascinating. I believe we owe him a great debt of gratitude for keeping ND in a position to continue the learning process when so many difficulties erupted at other campuses. Lastly, the dunes are still there, and I remember the great suntan we all had for graduation and our parents' amazement at how well tanned and relaxed we all looked. Keep those cards and letters coming.—*Thomas Ryan*, 2055 Orchard Lake Rd., Sylvan Lake, Mich. 48320.

69MBA Remember the Good Times

And more to come! I doubt that any other class can boast of communicating with over half its members as we do. Thanks a million to *Ken Samara* for his great letter of memories. We can't help remembering the following: "Harry Hood"; "B. Man Yoon"; *John Nestor's* "pocket surprise" during team presentations in Dean Malone's class; parties at Pennsylvania Ave.; *Pete Smith* painting his house in preparation for his coming marriage and his gourmet spaghetti dinner eaten in a very unusual place. Or as Ken reflected: winter break snowmobile trips to McCarthy's; spring house at the dunes; Dr. Cho's six-hour exams; party cleanup at the Pennsylvania Ave. house—every weekend!; cooking dinner for the troops at Penn Ave; panty raids at SMC; the peace and solace of the library, the lakes and Dr. Malone's class!

Thanks to those who wrote favoring a reunion. So far we've heard from the *Biegs, Cavatos, Flemings, Georges, Halas, Holderer, Hores, Jerutises, Knittels, McCarthys, Samara, Sannas* and *Walzes*. If you haven't written, do so soon. In all cases, we hope the lottery works out for us. If anyone has extra tickets to share, please call us. We'll get the word out. I've been able to get ten rooms at the Holiday Inn and we'll have dinner again at the Summit Club, but to retain a spot you must contact us. This is for the October 12 weekend with Pittsburgh.

Ken Samara wrote a super letter. He met up with Joe Cavato and son, Archie Sullivan and his kids, and Ken's family at the Orange Bowl and tailgate parties before and after. He hoped to see some of us at the Sorin Society weekend in April. He's on the go with business, in NY, Atlanta, Indianapolis, LA, Phoenix and Honolulu most often, but has virtually no real relaxation time. Rita and John Knittel have constant carpooling with baseball, swimming and school. John is president of their homeowners' association, with one headache after another (there should be a support group for volunteers like John) but he'll see us in the fall. We have a constant animal problem: a squirrel in our fireplace; a windstorm that took down our 30-foot cedar tree; and now bats in our basement! Let us hear from you. Be sure to sign in at the JACC when you get to a game, and leave a note. The sheets are forwarded to us and it's also a great way to meet.—*Tom Sanna*, 2569 Orbit Dr., Lake Orion, Mich. 48360; 313-391-0909.



70 25-Year Perspective

We entered ND in the midst of a national championship football season. As someone who had never seen an ND football game before '66, I was overwhelmed by the delirium as we won game after game. From the perspective of 25 years, the remarkable feat of having *Terry Hanratty* and *Jim Seymour* on the cover of TIME magazine is even more amazing. My clearest memory is that of the freshman equivalent of the band and its "famous Hike-Step routine." *Joe Siegfried, Larry Kickham, Bill Sheehan, Steve Kish, Tony Alholm, Sam Prisco* and *Larry Moser* all grabbed household and gardening tools and marched around the house and back yard of Joe's rental room on the east side of the river after each touchdown during away games. By the end of the season, they were a synchronized match for the Irish Guard.

After the football season (and during it for some), we settled into the routine of studies. I never forgot the admonition issued on our very first day of orientation: "There's no substitute for daily preparation." I still quote that lesson to my children. They can't believe that we attended classes in the 125-year-old Main Building, where I debated philosophy with clanging radiators and took a daily five-minute quiz in calculus. Some classmates have asked to write about their favorite teachers, including the famous *Emil T. Hofman* '53, '63, who managed to corral 400 freshmen in his chemistry class twice daily and eventually became the dean of freshman year studies. Now retired from teaching, he remains active in campus affairs. Frank O'Malley was renowned for his literary graces and will be feted in a festival of letters on campus in October. Robert Leader taught a delightful course in art history which was, in those days, a good introduction to the virtues of coeducation. None of my other classes engendered so much active pre- and postlecture conviviality. Bernie "What-What" Finneran was renowned as a world class accountant, I'm told; I didn't have the opportunity to enjoy his pearls. *John Dunne CSC* and his philosophy of religion course was truly a delight. His notes are still worth reading.

During our reign, we witnessed the introduction of An Tostal. We also took part in the mock political convention in '68. During those volatile years of the Vietnam conflict, the tensions were high. We nominated the candidate we felt most likely to effect a peaceful settlement, Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon. Alas, neither political party listened to us. Two years later, many campuses experienced strikes. *Father Hesburgh* helped us maintain a balance between our grave concern, the need for rational dialogue, and the requirement for maintenance of education. We knew him as "the absentee president" in our early years, but we grew to respect and admire him ever more as the years passed.

You all have equal or better memories of our days at ND. My own education went from the sublime to the ridiculous as the '57 Chevrolet that Steve Kish and I bought secretly during the last month of school blew up as he tried to evade a campus policeman. In those balmy days of innocence, I blithely asked my insurance agent for a settlement to compensate for the loss of our $125 car. He informed us sadly that our car had "no cash value." In the back seat of the car were our sheepskins, which some might have felt were similarly worthless, but now are regarded as among our greatest treasures.

As class secretary, I'm grateful for your correspondence for the past 25 years. As an unelected officer (at least until the reunion, when the position was certified), I've been steadily flattered by your stream of letters. Please keep up your helpful comments.Here's to another 150 years for ND; we'll see you all at our 25th in 1995.—*Don Graham*, 1901 S. Glenwood St., Springfield, Ill. 62704-4009; 217-522-5120; fax 217-528-0223.

71 Looking Ahead and Back

Mike McKool keeps his cool despite the politics and controversy in Dallas, where he provides legal advice for the city council in an appeals case involving a redistricting program. With a law degree from the U of Texas, he's a partner in the firm of Johnson & Gibbs. If you read the March 18 issue of TIME and vaguely recognized the unnamed lawyer on page 71, your memory is not as bad as you thought. That was *John Whitaker*, who helped handle a landmark case before the Supreme Court. His firm, out of Birmingham, Ala., helped earn the plaintiff a million dollar award. Also in Birmingham and in law is *Sam Rumore*, a head honcho at Miglionigo & Rumore. 1990 was quite a year: Not only did he run for the state legislature, but his Army reserve unit was activated. Three lawyers from an adjoining detachment ended up spending six months in Saudi Arabia, but Sam stayed on these shores. He's a regular contributor on courtroom history to the *Alabama Lawyer* magazine. *Jim Roberts* has joined the national law firm of Manatt, Phelps & Philips in Washington DC as a government contract law specialist. He concentrates on bids and proposals, contract litigation and defense, negotiation and administration of contract performance. Jim had been chief of government contract law for the IRS and an attorney-advisor with the U.S. General Accounting Service.

Publisher for McKnight Medical Communications near Chicago, *Chris Bale* made a whirlwind trip east to visit a number of accounts. He's done everything from solicit and edit articles to sales and subscription tasks as he's worked his way to the upper echelons. In swapping tall tales during his visit, he remembered the dreaded parietal hours at ND and the ingenuity many displayed in getting around those strictures. Does anyone remember opening windows on the first floor of Alumni Hall, for cross-ventilation purposes, of course. A less sanguine memory comes via Chicago accounting maven *John Snyder*. One of his most vivid recollections involves finals week during freshman year when the North Dining Hall was the scene of a "call out the cops" food riot. Something about creamed corn and tri-colored beef, having to study while standing in line waiting to gain entrance to a john stall, and cream-puffs. Dining hall memories include some of the first rules we learned. Mandatory ties and jackets for dinner. I believe that tradition was altered when the student body prez, whose name escapes me, showed up one night in a tie, a jacket, a jockstrap and nothing else. A real fashion statement!

Mike Leary has wended his way back from a three-year tour as European correspondent for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, for which he's been a standout journalist for almost 20 years. He covered the Eastern European revolutions, starting in Poland and ending up dodging bullets in Romania on Christmas, after which he watched the reunification of Germany first-hand. Mike says two "missing" classmates, *Jim Kelly* and *Pete Gormley*, live in London. Jim is an investment banker with Goldman Sachs Int'l and spends weekends at his country home in Belgium where he's become expert at pirating broadcasts of ND games off the Armed Services Network, and Pete is a lawyer with Morgan Stanley, making sure its transactions comply with complex international securities laws. *Jim Hinga* travels a lot as he supervises national litigation for a large Denver law firm. He concentrates on "quality control" among those cases and has included England on his itinerary. He keeps up with *Jackie Meehan*, who lives in Philly; *Tom Sinnott*, with the FBI in NYC; and *Dave Pemberton*, who's into motivational sales and commutes between San Diego and Denver.—*Brian Zevnik*, 197 W. Spring Valley Ave., Maywood, N.J. 07607; 201-587-7060.

72 Beach's Corollary

Kathy (Fleege SMC '72) and *Mike Harrington* sent a nice note. He's acting chairman of the Department of Family Medicine at the U of Alabama's Medical Center in Birmingham. Active in ND affairs, he's the new president of the national Alumni Board. Kathy and Mike supplied updates on several classmates. *Dr. Jim Fraites* is a dean at Morgine Valley Community College in Palos Heights, just outside Chicago. *Kevin Kerrigan*, a missionary surgeon, left Ecuador for a new assignment in Kenya. When last heard from, *Rich Campagna* was crab fishing in Alaska, and *Peter DelPresto* was investment banking in Pittsburgh. The Harringtons would like to hear from *Rick Siegel* and *Larry Friederichs*. I ran into *Mike Majcher* at our local ice cream stand. He's manager/marketing and corporate development for Beckwith Machinery, one of the nation's largest Caterpillar Tractor dealers. The widow of Leo McElroy '10 has passed away; she was also the mother of *Jim* '43 and *Andy* '44 and the grandmother of *John Keogh* '71 and our *Steve McElroy*.

This column is a special one for me. It marks both my last regular contribution in this space and the Sesquicentennial celebration of our alma mater. As part of that celebratioin, all class secretaries were invited to reflect upon their ND years. Which somehow brings me to Beach's Corollary. Beach's Law states that no two identical parts are alike. The corollary is that no two recollections of the same event are identical. So rather than give you my recollections of "presidential recalls," closing the Fieldhouse, opening the ACC, An Tostals, and innumerable others, I would rather simply say "thank you." Thank you for providing me with four years of growth, friendship and love through both good times and bad. And thanks for the memories. *Edward Buccellato* has consented to be new secretary. Please send him your news, comments and questions at 481 Union Valley Rd., Mahopac, N.Y. 10541 or call him at work 914-621-1762.—*Joe Cottrell MD*

72L Reminiscences

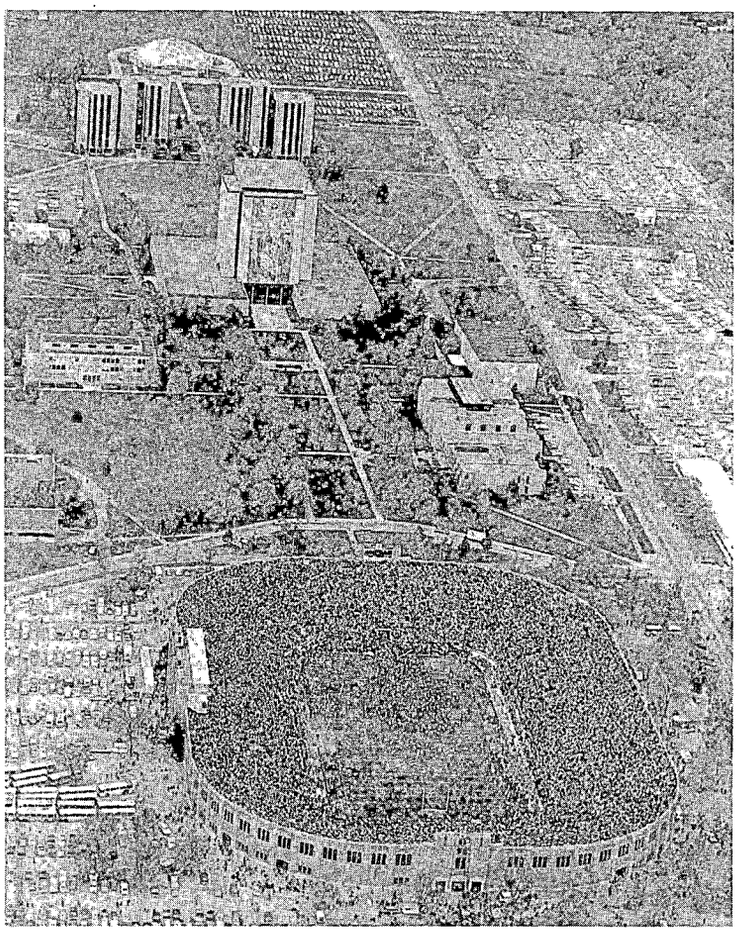
Recollecting our ND years, *Michael Holland* writes about "teaming up with unfamiliar faces and finding housing in the new ND apartments; listening to the undergrads start their motorcycles parked in the hallways; *Jim Sullivan* shifting from the morning to the afternoon section so he could watch the Mets/Orioles World Series games and then discovering that if he went to the afternoon sessions he could avoid Professor Booker calling on him in torts class; *John Mercer* studying his property book at Frankie's; *Rich Swartz* coming home at 3 o'clock and picking up the phone to talk to anyone in Pago Pago; the protracted legal discussions on the rule in Shelley's case over a few beers at the Linebacker on Friday and Saturday nights with esteemed legal scholars *George Mackey, Pat Herald, Joe Murray, Jack Cowie, Bob Norton, Tony Alhom* and *Fred Weber*, who would excuse himself to call home and get a kitchen pass to let him stay out a little later; *Ed Wagner* asking Professor Rice to explain the difference between fee tail male and fee tail female in Property one; *Paul Armstrong* earning his baleful stare from Professor Booker when Paul explained his experiences in the circus world; *Dick Russell* driving up to Michigan, where the bars were open an hour later, to bring back a replenishment of supplies at *Steve Stegich's* daughter's christening; *Gene Silva* and his tales of the sea; Weber, *Jay Harris, Mike Mullane* and *Norton's* tales of 'Nam; the beer bashes on Friday afternoon in the old student lounge; Professor Rice's reading of the Wakarusa *Gazette, Leon Geyer's* home town paper, detailing the livestock sales; Professor Murphy standing outside the building after the contracts exam and asking everyone if they caught the issue on promissory estoppel; Professor Thornton's thundering "regular, consistent and systematic contracts" and the chills up and down your spine when the ND band broke into the Victory March as it made the turn around the law school in front of the Chief's office."

Fred Martone remembers "the brilliance of autumn on the ND campus. Ed Murphy told us to take a last look at the tundra at the first winter's snow in November. I remember the comfort of Charlie Rice telling us 'not to worry about it' after a complex explanation of medieval conveyancing. I remember Steve Stegich telling the class that he had shot elephants in Vietnam and Frank Booker's angry response. I remember the effect Selective Service had on our class and the Peace Mass in front of the library at which students presented their torn draft cards at the Offertory. I remember Frank Beytagh's encouragement, John Crowe's good smile, Tim Hartner's kindred spirit, Mike Mullane's bookbag and navy pea coat on a snowy street in front of the Capri, and Dennis Hauptley cutting a stoic figure on the steps in front of the quad. The campus was a special place. We were a special people. 1969-1972 was a special time."

Thanks to both Mike Holland and Fred Martone for sharing their memories. If you'd like to add to these, write me.—*Bob Gaughran*, Gaughran & Steib PA, PO Box 4150, Middletown, N.J. 07748; 908-671-0800.

73 A King is Elected

February 21, 1972 was significant. On that date R. Calhoun Kersten, a former alternate homeroom representative from Fort Dodge, Iowa, announced his candidacy for the office of Student Body President. When I think of all the major events that occurred during our years at ND, without question the most light-hearted major occurrence was the campaign of the Prime Mover and his running mate, UnCandidate the Cat. He was the joke candidate, the person whose appeal was anti-poobah. Kersten announced his candidacy with a 12-point program that included such positions as the establishment of an oligarchy consisting of himself and his close friends, the hiring of Clifford Irving to establish liaison with the real Fr. Hesburgh, a fact-finding trip to Saint Mary's, a repeal of all parietals and distribution of scholarships by lottery. He said he was running because he never had any close friends in childhood. The candidacy of Kersten picked up incredible steam. He paraded through campus with his red flowing cape and his Burger King crown, sitting on a chair hoisted by football linemen. He held impromptu rallies in the South Dining Hall, claimed that two lepers were cured while listening to him, and vowed that every person who voted for him twice would receive a plenary indulgence.



His election was cemented at a rally held at his home of Walsh Hall the night before the election. About 2,000 students and faculty listened to Kersten, clad in a regal costume and standing between two orange flares, state that the poobahs "have fought us with slander, rumors, and a great deal of truth." In one of the most stirring moments ever, the bells of Sacred Heart Church began to sound as he completed his address. The *Observer* reported that crowd reaction to the bells was definitely in favor of divine intervention. The election wasn't even close. Kersten received 65% of the vote and carried all of the halls except for Cavanaugh. In his post-election announcement, he promised that Cavanaugh Hall would be the next woman's hall on campus. What a startling upset for a person with a 3.9 GPA in pre-med whose only other venture into student politics was a third-place bid to become Walsh Hall section leader earlier in the year. The campaign cost $7.27.

Kersten's election received national news coverage on all major TV networks and the front page of many national newspapers carried his picture. He made good on a campaign promise, declaring that the campus was under martial law; claimed he wanted to get rid of any checks and balances on his awesome power; and announced plans for a coronation and an inaugural ball. The *Observer* printed a picture of Kersten walking across St. Joseph's Lake at midnight on St. Patrick's Day. So what happened during his reign? Not much, really. Student government ran smoothly under his campaign manager, Dennis (H-Man) Etienne. Kersten was too busy with his pre-med studies. He found a sensitive nerve in the student body: not apathy, but frustration. The students saw mediocrity and no leadership. I attempted to contact Bob Kersten but was unsuccessful. I understand he's an eye doctor in Cincinnati.—*Michael Hansen*, 116 N. Chicago St. Suite 600, Joliet, Ill. 60431; 815-723-8500; fax 815-727-4846.

74 "Those Were the Days. . .

My friend, we thought they'd never end. . ." Thanks to all who contributed to those special moments we all enjoyed, a time when stress meant deciding which test to cram for first before finals. And to compound that stress, you knew that if you decided to study at the library you had to get there before the 9:00 break downstairs by the vending machines for social hour. Instead of running for the commuter train, we walked through the autumn colors to

get to class on time. Coffee in the morning wasn't something to get the heart started; it was a different tug at the heart, with a chance meeting of someone you liked who would frequent the Huddle. Cigarettes sold for 35 cents, and we blasted music from our dorms with favorites like Jethro Tull, Seals and Crofts and the Moody Blues. Our bodies didn't need aerobic workouts. We never counted cholesterol and fat, only the change in our pockets so we could buy that last chocolate Long John at the midnight food sales, and those late-night calories never showed. We wore skinny ribbed sweaters and hip-hugging bell bottoms. We all wore our hair long and straight, even the guys, until their parents came to visit. Dining hall meals occasionally took on a new experience, with unfavored foods on the walls. "Wedgies with Eddie" at the Rock is something I understand only the guys can remember. Weekends included intramural sports, football games and thousands calling on the coach to change the weather with chants of "Ara stop the rain." Keggers abounded and dorms had a special nightlife. Off-campus entertainment included pooltop dancing at Corby's. And if Corby's was too crowded, you jogged to Nicky's. Today's Senior Bar will never match the camaraderie established at the original. Women at ND gave the campus a whole new look. Most of the guys welcomed the change, but some alumni couldn't conceive of the idea. My roommate, Carol (Longo) Kaupp and I opened our door to visiting alumni who would want to see their/our room. But we survived.

I was reminded about one pre-Christmas holiday. The air was crisp, the snow was fresh, and the sounds of carols echoed throughout the South Quad. The girls of Badin Hall rushed to the window to see what romantic beings would venture out on such a cold night to bring such Christmas cheer. I don't recall if it was because the guys sang so boldly or because they were so bold as they stood arm in arm—clad only in T-shirts. Needless to say, we encouraged an encore.

Quiet moments, a walk at night under the dome, Fr. Griffin's guitar mass at Keenan, all the lawn sprinklers, the massive trees: all conjure feelings of those carefree days. It's no wonder we venture back as often as we can. Please continue to write.—*Dede Simon*, 1050 Evergreen Dr., Carol Stream, Ill. 60188.

74L Weber Recognized

Jim McCrystal Jr. '73JD, alerts us to the fact that in the January 1991 issue of *Ohio Law, Pat Weber* was recognized as one of the top 10 lateral hires in the state. Pat and three other former members of the Cincinnati firm of Strauss and Troy formed their own firm, Barrett and Weber, which emphasizes land use, zoning and real estate development. They also have a general civil practice and a high degree of concentration in trials and appeals. *Claudette Musarra Eggert* and her husband, Lawrence, had Nicole Eva DuCouet Elaine on February 22. *Mike O'Connell* saw *Bill Baughman* at the Stanford game. Bill practices in Cleveland. Last fall he was chairman of the Sixth Circuit Conference. Mike also talked to *Jim Cavanaugh*, VP and general counsel of the Irvine Company in Newport Beach, Calif. Jim shattered all previous association records by being there for five years. He has two sons, 9 and 7. Get inspired. Send some news.—*Joe O'Reilly*, Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Kentucky, 9901 Linn Station Rd., Louisville, Ky. 40223; 502-423-2526.

75 Conflict and Changes

Graduation day came a few days after the anticlimactic end of the Vietnam war, the omnipresent cloud that overshadowed our collegiate life. While we sweated out Emil T. quizzes and Tom Clements' first downs, our less fortunate contemporaries dodged bullets in rice paddies. Some classmates prayed and demonstrated for peace; others gave Nixon four more years. We wore jeans and baggies, suede coats and Army surplus. Our hair grew as long as our parents would allow, and the pictures from that era now prove that less truly is more. Music was a mainstay of dorm life. Almost every room had a stereo. Almost every weekend had a concert. For under $10 you and a date could see Elton John, Chicago, Elvis or Chuck Berry. As the final all-male freshman class, we were the last students to endure a bizarre and macho ritual: the nude swim test at the Rockne Memorial Pool. You don't know embarrassment until you've been asked, as I was, to demonstrate the backstroke *au naturel* for 400 strangers.

The initial awkwardness of coeducation gave way to friendly familiarity and occasional flashes of mature behavior. Male-female classroom competition was new for those who had been institutionally segregated by gender for a dozen years. A Catholic brand of feminism grew on campus. Male pedestrians were heckled by Walsh women the night Billie Jean King beat Bobby Riggs in the Astrodome. Panty raids died out by senior year. Campus parties flourished until Moose Mulcahy became dean of students. Many of us were renewed by the varied liturgies in Sacred Heart or the dorm chapels: *Fr. Griffin's* musicals in Stanford-Keenan, *Fr. Burtchaell's* thoughtful visions in Dillon and Fr. Amen's midnight meditations in the Flanner pit. Didn't we all appreciate Fr. Toohey's *New Yorker* cartoons in the library concourse.

Our freshman year fizzled as we witnessed football failures and basketball demolition (IU 94, ND 29). But junior year we savored a USC win and a squeaker Sugar Bowl national championship, followed by the historic 71-70 win over UCLA, which ended their 88-game winning streak. Not all of us competed in front of a national TV audience. Most were happy flinging frisbees on the south quad, shooting hoops by Stepan Center or playing ping-pong in the basement. There was also no small amount of studying: organic chemistry, anthropology, business law, theology—you name it, we crammed for it. Coffee, Cliff Notes and a stop by the Grotto usually came through during finals. Those who remained sober on St. Patrick's Day of senior year may remember President Gerald Ford's campus speech challenging us to help feed the world's needy. During commencement we honored Congresswoman Barbara Jordan and named the retiring Ara Parseghian our Class Fellow. Following our four years in the cocoon of ND, we emerged to become Yuppies, parents, and CPAs, doctors, administrators, homemakers and priests, almost all with pride at having shared this unique time at this special place.

And here's the latest from our classmates: *Denis Hurley* of Valparaiso is now VP/administration and planning for United Charities, a major social service agency in Chicago. Spotted at the Orange Bowl were *Ralph St. Clair, Bob Nestor, Chris Kohlmiller, Mike Legay* and *John Ennis*. Finally, remember *Dick Hichwa* of Iowa City, whose father passed away in Connecticut. I need to hear from YOU.—*Norman Bower*, 1738 Piccadilly Pl., Davenport, Iowa 52807; 319-359-7610.

76 Grand Canyon Wedding

Ann Pytynia, senior land planner with the Hillsborough County, Fla., Development Review Department, married Robert Hillier in December at the south rim of the Grand Canyon. Bridal attire included a charcoal gray and coral capilene jacket and headband and Vasque Skywalker hiking boots! Ann and Robert traveled through Arizona and central Florida and canoed the Everglades before returning to Tampa. Joan and *Damian Leader* were wed last year in Washington DC where he's assigned to the French desk with the Foreign Service. Those evenings spent in Angers at "Le Bourse" finally paid off. Angevins attending included a fairly clean-shaven *Jim Ferry*, general manager of Time Electronics in Ohio, with daughter Emily, who is Damian's godchild; Pisttsburgh attorney *Dave "Dollar" McAllister* and Mary Quinlan SMC '76, who's with the GAO monitoring the allied forces "burden sharing" program related to Desert Storm. Melita Mulligan-Ferry was unable to join Jim as she balanced law school at Ohio State with care of their two youngest. Rumor says Dave should update his nickname to "Silver Fox."

Dianne and *Mike Chanatry* invite us to hold the 20-year Innsbruck reunion at their home in Rochester, England. If interested, write them at DCMAOR-Rochester, FMA Box 100, APO NY NY 09049-5369. Mike says *Bill Roberts* was married in '90 in Oregon and *Ed Sargent* '77 was married in '89. In Fairview, Pa., *Bob Mazzacavallo* and his wife have three children. *Orion Yeandels*, one of our "lost" classmates, was working with the U.S. Agency for International Development in Cairo, Egypt, when Mike last heard. The group planned another Reno ski reunion for last February at *Rick Blower's*. He can write with details! Lynda and *Pat Sarb* moved to Lisle, Ill., from Kansas City with their five children. A senior consultant with Landrum & Brown, a Chicago aviation planning firm, Pat and Lynda hope to get back to campus more often now. Hope they made it to reunion. *Pete Brosnan* ran into *Rick Obiala*, director of marketing for the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at a Chicago Bulls game. *Dale Pelletier* was promoted to regional VP of Keystone Distributors, an investment management and mutual fund company. *Michael Campbell* is a partner in the law firm of Miller, Canfield, Paddock and Stone in Grand Rapids, Mich. His principal practice is in corporate and banking law. *Peter Ninneman*, an attorney and CPA, joined Brown-Forman as manager of international tax research and planning in Louisville. He had been manager of international taxes for the Harris Corp. in Melbourne, Fla.

Please pray for our classmate, Jack Powers, who died last fall. His wife, Mary, survives in Wakefield, Mass. By the time you read this, I will be married to Dave Carlson, a Hoosier from IU. He's anxiously awaiting the first game of the season. Please note my new address for those post-reunion updates. —*Mimi (Philbin) Carlson*, 4528 Franklin, Western Springs, Ill. 60558; res 708-246-4835; bus 312-828-7968.

77 Weren't We Cool

Since we arrived at ND in '73, 18 years have passed. We were fresh-faced, cocky, ready to make our mark. As the first freshman class to show up with women, we swarmed into Stepan Center for that first mixer like we owned the place. And why not? Didn't the football team win both the USC game and the national championship for us? Didn't the basketball team beat UCLA? Of course we were Emil's favorite freshman class; why wouldn't we be?

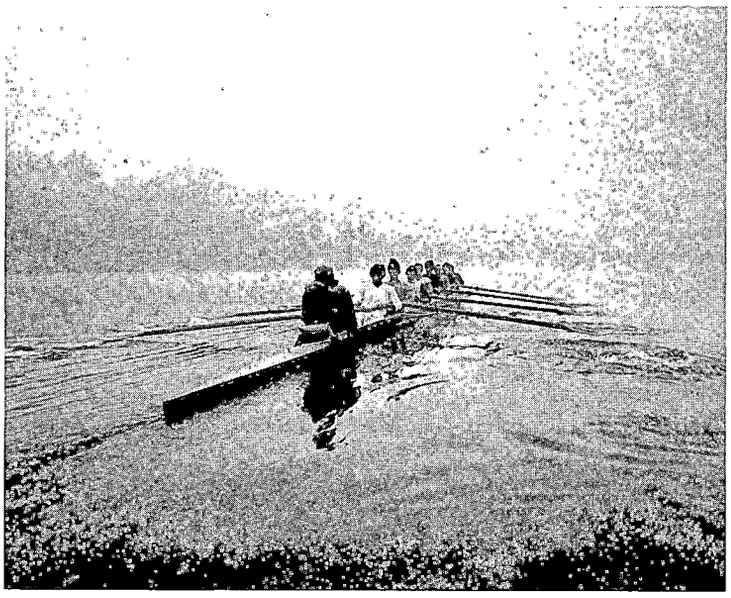
We toughened over the four years. Everything didn't go as planned all the time. Hearts were broken, classes were tanked, friends moved on. But through it all, we shared some pretty wild times. St. Patrick's Day sophomore year (our only one not during Spring Break) welcomed President Ford to a beautiful if somewhat intoxicated South Bend day. Junior Parents Weekend showed how well we could clean up when we had to. And senior year: the welcoming picnic at SMC, traveling to USC 750 strong (they've just finished rebuilding that Holiday Inn), Garry Trudeau's Senior Week visit (anyone still have their class T-shirt?), and graduation weekend. It sure doesn't seem like 14 years ago, but that's a testimony to the strength of those four years on campus. Plan to attend our 15th reunion next June, to celebrate together and toast the old alma mater on its 150th birthday.

The news: The animal kingdom in Phoenix is both helped and hurt by two classmates. *Tom Kirby*, married to June and daddy to two boys, is a veterinarian at Turf Paradise racetrack, while *Tom Slavinsky* is president of Phoenix Pest Control. Kirby says his old housemate *Mike Villani* was made chairman of the pediatrics department at Union Memorial Hospital in Baltimore. *Keefe Montgomery*, now a Louisville attorney, called, looking for *Carol Simmons* (I said I thought I saw her in Chicago), *Julie Dunn*, and anyone living near Ft. Lauderdale. Three classmates have received honors. *Lt. Commander Robert Driscoll MD* won a Distinguished Graduate Award from the National Catholic Education Association. Bob and Cinde have two sons. He's at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital in Illinois. *David Mezzanote*, technical manager at DuPont in Wilmington, Del., received his company's Marketing Excellence Award for "extraordinary accomplishment." And *Rev. Austin Collins CSC*, now on the ND faculty, had his first on-campus, one-man show in the Snite Museum last winter. A sculptor, Fr. Collins works primarily with steel. *Michael Bowler* earned his PhD in the social science program at Syracuse before heading to Bangladesh to conduct his dissertation research. We've confirmed he made it through the terrible disasters there in May. Last summer he married Ruth Charles; his best man was *Jack Moran*, now teaching at the Cornell U in Washington DC program. Michael says *Kermit Duncan* is a Minneapolis architect and *Ken Grebliunas* does teeth outside Chicago. *Maureen (O'Brien) Lee*, Oak Park, is a free-lance writer for the Trib and other newspapers and magazines and is a cable TV producer. Maureen and Henry suffered a tragedy when a hit-and-run driver killed their three-year-old son Michael. Please remember them in your prayers. Maureen says *Dan Roos* wrote the upcoming movie "Love Field," starring Michelle Pfeiffer, and *Cindy (Paas) Coleman* is in Belleville, Mich., where she and Randy and their two daughters run a Christmas tree farm. Finally, the Alumni Senate on campus in April saw

a get-together of classmates who are active in their local ND clubs, including president *Kevin Kelly*, South Bend; *John Gelson*, Jersey Shore; *Bob Blanck*, Miami; *Michael Braun*, Cincinnati; *Dan Buck*, Lehigh Valley, Pa.; *Margaret (O'Rourke) Roberts*, Phoenix; and *Rick Valdiserri*, Indianapolis. Have a great summer and write soon. —*Tim Cawley*, 681 Walden Rd., Winnetka, Ill. 60093; 708-501-5226.

77L Buchbinder Published

The class has undergone a metamorphosis since the day the group, sporting



long hair and wide bell-bottomed jeans, was photographed on the steps of the Dome. *Dave Buchbinder*, notorious during law school for his affinity for war games, now has to his credit *A Practical Guide to Bankruptcy*, a textbook for paralegals published by Little, Brown and Co. *Mike Arruda* left his beloved Alaska for the warm California breezes. He and Susan live in the San Francisco area. Now practicing international oil and gas law with Baker & McKenzie, Mike does extensive traveling, including regular trips to Australia. Ann and *Mike Braun* visited campus for the Alumni Senate meeting. He's president-elect of the ND Club of Cincinnati. Double-Domer *Dick Nussbaum*, who went from a star of the ND baseball team to staid attorney for the City of South Bend, was featured in a local benefit, along with Judge *Jeanne Jourdan* '75JD, as one of "The Supremes," dancing in judicial garb to "Stop in the Name of Love."

John Glennon, who has two children under three, is an investment banker with Lehman Brothers in Chicago, where he works on projects such as the new White Sox Stadium. *Patty* and *Mike Cotter*, who now have two children, still practice personal injury and product liability law in Great Falls, Montana. Their home on the Missouri River is on land they share with deer, porcupine, skunks, etc. *John Borman* spent 12 days on a human rights factfinding mission to Israel and the occupied territories. The mission was sponsored by the Minnesota Lawyers International Human Rights Committee. The delegation hoped to encourage participation by the committee in the peace process. —*Janey Becker*, St. Joseph County Prosecutor's Office, 10th Floor, County-City Building, South Bend 46601; res 219-287-9251; bus 284-9544.

78 Hero

Please join me in extending our condolences to the family of Major Mark Connelly, an Army doctor killed when his vehicle hit a land mine February 28, after the end of hostilities in Iraq. Mark is survived by his wife, *P.J.*, a daughter and a son. A fund has been set up for the children's education. Contributions can be sent to Connelly Family Scholarship Fund, c/o Fulton Bank, PO Box 4887, Lancaster, Pa. 17604. We also offer condolences to the family of Dr. James Blount of Jamaica Plain, Mass. Jim was a podiatrist in the Dorchester-Charlestown-Roxbury area. Three classmates lost parents in 1990. The father of *Harold Reinke Jr.* died in South Bend in March, *Dr. Stacy Ann Rudnicki* lost her father in Monroeville, Pa., and *Mary Scheller* of Chicago lost her father, a professor of the John Marshall Law School, in April.

Congratulations to Diedre and *Chris McCabe*. Not only did he win a seat in the Maryland State Senate last fall but she gave birth to their first child, Caroline Leigh, February 22. Laura and *Pat Flynn*, South Bend, had their fourth child and first boy, Patrick Joseph III, February 7. Cary and *Byrne Sleeper* had a second boy (fourth child), Ciaran Patton, February 4. *Ann* and *Bill Bransley* had their first, Alyssa Ann, November 13. Ann says Heidi and *Dave Eveleigh* had their first, Elizabeth Marie. *Joe* '77 and *Sharon Gallagher Kelly* had second son, Brian, in January. I'm several issues late reporting the 1990 births of son Clay to Datu and *Robin Ramel* last July 27 and Molly to Maureen and *William Sammon* on February 8. Bill is operations superintendent of the Inland Steel casting mill in East Chicago, Ind. Congratulations to all, and to several who have been promoted. *Tim Pakenham* is a partner in the Atlanta, Ga., law firm of Alston & Bird. *Fritz Shadley* was elected partner of the Benesch, Friedlander, Coplan & Aronoff law firm in Cleveland. Fritz is also vice-chairman of the DRI Admiralty Notebook Committee. Named tax partner of the Syracuse office of Coopers & Lybrand, *John Reynolds* also serves on the board of directors of the Central New York Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. The American Association of Suicidology honored *John McIntosh* PhD with their Schneidman Award, given annually to an individual under 40 who has made significant research contributions in the field. John's research covers suicide among older adults and suicide survivors.

Mary Scheller opened her own advertising/production company in Chicago. She says *Bill "Bossman" Prindible* is an auditor for Paramount/Epic Pictures in California and really misses the Indiana winters. Mary also says Jill and *Don Mulvahill* enjoy life in London as part of Goldman Sachs. *Sue* and *Don Murphy* moved from the DC area to Denver, where he's head of the geriatric clinic at St. Luke's Presbyterian Hospital. Micki and *Mark Tovey* moved back to the Chicago area from Omaha. He's now field director, Operations Support for the U.S. Postal Service. Please write me at my new address. —*Frank Dwyer*, 24W366 Burlington, Naperville, Ill. 60563.

78MBA Our Piece of History

In ND's history, our stay was merely a blink of an eye. Yet each of us is influenced daily by what we learned there. We are a farflung group. The mail brings many examples. In Hong Kong, *Bill Burke* is managing director for AVMARK Asia Ltd., an aviation management and consulting firm, specializing in aircraft appraisal and valuation. Bill and Ling get back to South Bend to visit family and ND at Christmastime. In California, *Bob Hittle* has moved his annual Valentine's Day party to a time closer to Christmas. He's a graphics project manager with Weyerhauser's containerboard packaging division. Carol and *Randy Bailin* live in Scottsdale, Ariz. His business keeps him busy and Carol is a high school teacher. They're on the go with three children, but Randy finds time for the gym and golf course. They plan a trip to the Indiana game this fall.

Joe Bustin, West Des Moines, Iowa, left banking to form a consulting firm, which just completed its second successful year. Joe keeps in touch with *Mary Ann Odenbach MacPherson* and sees *Casey Cannon's* younger brother, Pete. Another to enter the consulting realm is *Mark Huffman*, who formed The Huffman Company, utilizing his experience in transportation, food service and gift catalog industries. Soccer is the sport in their household. Denise and *Chuck Georgis* have two daughters. He's in the capital markets division of Chicago-based Heller Financial. *Dave Leferink* moved to Evansville, Ind. With the Comptroller of the Currency, his work has taken him to Pittsburgh and Washington and included assignments with the Resolution Trust Corp. Dave celebrated his second hole-in-one in as many years. In Michigan, Bill and *Margaret Schuler Kemp* are due congratulations on second son, Michael, who arrived last April. Margaret is with GM and manages to get away on weekends to Diamond Lake near Cassopolis.

New York is the next stop. *Selim Ilter*, a tenured associate professor at St. John Fisher College in Rochester, is assistant chair of management programs. Almost every summer and at times Christmas, Selim returns to Istanbul to visit his parents. *Jane (Adams)* and *Larry Arseniadis* live in Endwell. Site distribution manager for IBM in Endicott, he's been back to ND several times and spoken to MBA students. Jane enjoys their three children and volunteer work which emphasizes education issues. Another busy with children and volunteering is *Cindy Farhart Kahn*. *Tony*, a partner with White and Case in NYC, specializes in corporate law. Stephen, son #3, arrived in December. Karen and Maryland lawyer *Bob Scarlett* have a son, Brian. *Mark Bard* moved to Winslow, Maine, after 11 years in California. Plans are in the making for a reunion in 1993; 15 years is a good time to reflect on our own histories. —*Mamie Anthoine Ney*, 16 Woodhaven Dr., Kennebunk, Maine 04043; 207-985-3546.

79 Extraordinarily Ordinary

This issue recognizes the people and events that shaped ND's history. Those people include us and our experiences. ND boasts about its good and caring graduates. Our class merits that boasting. The notes I've received over the years do not extol promotions and earning capacity but describe marriages, births, accomplishments, countless minireunions where friends enjoyed each other and the loss of loved friends through death. When professional accomplishments are reported, the tone is not haughty but modest. We appreciate the opportunity to serve society through our work, allowing us to benefit as well. The news in this column is no different from the news in all the others: news that celebrates life, friendship and good citizenship.

In Chicago on February 22 Judy and *Jerry Castellini* welcomed #3, Julie Lynn. Mary and *Tim Sullivan* became parents for the first time early this year when Sean was born in St. Louis. In California, Alexander Raymond joined Susan and *Alex Shusko* April 4. Brendan Thomas arrived April 1 to *Anne (Muller)* and Tom *O'Connor* in Northbrook, Ill. *Kevin Richardson*, former president of the College Republicans, showed up at the Democratic Leadership Council convention in Cleveland in May. Perhaps what's said about the DLC is true. Kevin and Lynn and daughter Mary Ellen live in DC, where he's VP/government relations with the Electronic Industries Association.

Jeff Huml sent sad news of the death of Robert Sullivan, a Navy lieutenant in Japan when he died in April in an accident. Bob was the godfather of Jeff's firstborn. Jeff is a doctor with Suburban Lung Associates outside Chicago. *Bill Sullivan* practices law in Quincy, Mass., where he and Mary Lou have two sons. *Jim Fritsch* is an architect with Fritsch Architectural Developers in Batesville, Ind. *Andy Gotuaco* returned to the family busines in Manila in '89. In the Chicago area with his wife and two daughters, *Steve Konstant* is a technical instructor for IBM. *Ken Biros* has his own family practice in Canton, Ohio. *Sue Olin* and *Ed Anderle* moved from San Francisco to Minneapolis in March. Ed is VP/business development with SCIMED Life Systems. In Malaysia, *Curt Maier* is business manager for Air Products and Chemicals' joint venture company, Sitt Tatt Industrial Gases. His wife, Lynn Burgener, joined him after earning her MA in tax from Villanova in July. Judy and *Curt Phillips* live in Carmel, Ind. He's group controller for Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Indiana.

Congratulations are in order. *Joe Carey*, Chicago, donated to ND a collection of tapes from the Collegiate Jazz Festivals of '59 through '66. Joe assembled the collection. Engineer and dam safety facilitator for the Utah Department of Natural Resources, *Matt Lindon* organized and moderated a dam safety workshop in April. In Cleveland, *Pat Jordan* is now a partner with Baker & Hostetler, and *Wayne Belock* is a partner with Arter & Hadden. In March, *Dr. Steve Haverkos* of Cincinnati was inducted as a fellow of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons. With Cardiovascular Consultants of Naperville, Ill., *Dr. Mark Duerinck* was elected to Fellowship in the

American College of Cardiology. I look forward to hearing from you. —*Barbara Langhenry*, 3003 Church Ave., Cleveland 44113; res 216-566-7681; bus 664-4507.

79L Thinner Ranks

One of our mightiest bachelors has fallen. *John Vincent* and Julie Hymel will tie the knot in August. The ranks of the unmarried are getting very thin. Two classmates give us special cause for pride. *Jim Schultz* has returned home after honorable service in Desert Storm. *Chuck Wilson* was named a U.S. Magistrate. We've had several births. Diana and *Ray Marvar* have a son, John Goebel. Connie and *Bob Michelotti* and *Rose* and *Doug Kenyon* were blessed with daughters. *Ellen Carpenter* says *Charlie Otto* settled in Boston and works for American Litigation Services. He travels extensively, providing backup to firms engaged in complex litigation. Congratulations to *Dave Beaudoin*, now a partner at Messarli & Kramer in Minneapolis.

Our three years together under the Dome constituted 2% of ND's history. One could never catalog the memories of those years. The kaleidoscope includes talent shows, acts of charity, frantic job searches, seemingly impossible exams, and countless wonderful friends. I dare say that few of our colleagues who went to other law schools have the warm feeling toward their years of legal education that we share as a group. Our graduation marked another important anniversary in ND history: the centennial of the Great Fire of 1879, which nearly destroyed the school. Father Sorin took the fire as a sign that God wanted him to rebuild ND on a bigger scale than before. What some would have considered a reason for despair Fr. Sorin saw as an opportunity for renewal. Since renewal is intertwined with our class, let's take this celebration as an opportunity to renew and strengthen our ties with each other. Let's renew contacts which have grown rusty, so that we can ensure that our friendships, spawned in '76-'79, will endure for the rest of our lives. —*Frank Sabatino*, 1600 Market St. Suite 3600, Philadelphia 19103.

80 15(0)th Anniversary News

A number of us played a major role in the success of Desert Storm. *Mike Decker*, Oceanside, Calif., returned from six months in Saudi Arabia. His first son learned to walk and talk while he was gone. Debbie had their second, Jim, just as the war started. *Jim Reynolds'* dad called to say he's a USMC captain, a reserve officer who also served in Saudi Arabia and was attached to the Tiger Brigade. In civilian life, Jim is single, works for United Technology's Pratt and Whitney division and lives in West Palm Beach. A note from Kuwait City came from *Jerry Lyons*, also a USMC captain who serves as advisor with the Saudi Marines. He describes it as "sort of the 'Lawrence of Arabia' thing." With the Saudis in Khafji before the ground campaign, he accompanied them up the Gulf Coast to Kuwait City. He was overseas last year and missed reunion, so he says hello to friends from Stanford Hall and the old Senior Bar crowd. Jerry and his wife have two children in New Jersey.

We've also mastered technology. *George Rooney* sent a fax from Alaska, announcing his engagement to an Irish woman. He travels widely: he had returned from "a successful climb in the Himalayas at 23,500 feet" and was off to Baja to kayak with the whales. *Lee Smolen* spent nine of the last 11 years overseas. He and Joanna were in the States for the birth of their second, Natasha. After Venezuela, Spain, Korea (where he met and married his wife), Holland, Angola, and Johannesburg, South Africa, they're off to Mexico. Lee asked for news from other EEs. *Mary (Ryan) Amato* wants to locate all Band classmates. They'd like to stay in touch through a newsletter. For all "Bandites" who did not receive a newsletter last fall, please send her a postcard with your name and address. She'd like to hear from *Frances (Ortega) Lukeman*, who's vanished.

Additions: Nina (Anesi SMC '80) and *Ron Stefani* had Marisa Ann in January, to join their two boys. *Rosemary Mills* and Jeff Russell had their first, Caroline Mills Russel, in April. Tina and *Paul D'Alessandro* had a son, Christian George. *Jim Sabilus* wrote to *Rich Branning* about Fearless Hearts for Homeless Children Foundation, a non-profit organization. Jim is on the board, and if you're interested in helping, contact him. We're also announcing a "15(0)th Anniversary" initiative focusing on four activities. 1. We'd like to raise contributions to fund a class gift to ND as an anniversary gift. *Curt Wesseln* will chair this activity. He'll be in touch soon. 2. We'll hold a minireunion at the Pitt game on October 12. Details to follow. 3. I'm asking that you send in news of 15 classmates over the next 15 months. My goal is to write about 150 new classmates. 4. Prepare for our 15-year reunion. Thanks to all classmates who made our time at ND special. We send a prayer for those who are no longer with us and thanks to all for our memories, both past and those to come. —*Mary Ellen Woods*, 5000 East End 14B, Chicago 60615; res 312-955-5359; bus 219-399-7686; fax 219-399-7715.

80L Congratulations. . .

to *Jane Farrell*, appointed to the Board of Bar Examiners of South Dakota. She juggles job, two babies and her work for the state. *Ethna Bennert Cooper* is now a partner in her Cincinnati firm. And great news from the halls of justice of Cook County. *Mary Kay Rochford* '79JD was appointed associate judge and took office February 1, the same day I began my new position in Cook County. Congratulations to all. *Fred Kopko* opened his home in Hyde Park for a fundraiser for SMC and many of his law school friends planned to attend. Please remember the Harry Bainbridge Scholarship Fund when making contributions to ND. Many of the London crew are scattered around the U.S. *Darlene Palma* lives in Boston while husband *TJ* is still in the Gulf. *Jim Gresser* does international litigation for the Department of Justice and spends lots of time in Japan. *Katie Kearney* is headed for the Circuit Bench in Florida, according to very reliable sources, and my neighbor, *Dick Waris*, is becoming more and more active in politics (we won't say which party, Dick!) Please send me your news. —*Hon. Sheila O'Brien*, 708 Coronet Rd., Glenview, Ill. 60025-4457.

81 Expanding Families

Congratulations to Marybeth and *Phil Kelly* of Tinley Park, Ill., whose first child, Erin Margaret, was born January 28. Not far behind was Linda's and my first, Kimberly Ann, born February 20. We hoped to make the reunion; if not, I'm sure I'll have lots of pictures. *Susan* and *John Saxer* are a few family members ahead of us. They had their fourth daughter, Julie Ann, on March 10. On the wedding front, *Sharon McHugh* married Michael "Murray" Beaulieu last July in Derry, N.H., where they live. *Karen Rosenberger* also married last July, to Ken Weiland of Sandusky, Ohio. She's an electronics engineer and he's an engineering technician, both at the NASA Lewis Research Center in Cleveland. The maid of honor, *Laura Larimore*, is a pediatrics oncology researcher at St. Jude's Children's Research Center in Memphis. Attending were *Christine (Hayes)* and *Steve Burgoon*, whose second, Danielle, was born in May 1990.

I report them as I hear them department: after watching the Buffalo-Cleveland football game in November, *Bruce Bernhold* eloped with Audra Goettemoeller, married in a short ceremony, and flew to Hawaii for a honeymoon. His Alumni Hall classmates had better check the story's validity, because he claims to be officially out of Alumni's marriage pool. In a more traditional wedding, *Bob Spann* married Janet Louie in March in Oakton, Va. They work for IBM in the Federal Systems Division and live in Manassas. A mutual friend says *Brian Stein* works for Applied Materials and lives in Mountain View, Calif. I hope the skiing in Utah was great, Brian. *Peter Livingston* is a shareholder in the law firm Howard and Howard and is based in Kalamazoo. Previously assistant director of the office of graduate and continuing education at St. Ambrose U in Davenport, Iowa, *Jim Loftus* is now director of their Professional Development Center. *Lou Moran* was promoted to senior manager in the tax department at the Detroit office of Deloitte & Touche. Lou and Nancy have a daughter and live in St. Clair Shores, Mich. *Paul Riehle* was named partner in San Francisco-based Sedgwick, Detert, Moran & Arnold, an international civil litigation and trial law firm. He focuses on business, directors and officers, construction and general liability litigation. *Cynthia (Anthony) Stoutenburgh* and her brother *John* '86 have expanded their travel business, Anthony Travel, into a second office, located in LaFortune Student Center. Anthony Travel is now the "official travel service" of ND. Stop by their office and say hello when you're on campus. —*Dave Campbell*, One Fawn Lane, Yardville, N.J. 08620.

82 Heartfelt Thanks. . .

to *Bob Phelan*, who spent seven months in Saudi Arabia, including 24 days in Iraq. He arrived home in time for the birth of his first child, Sean, on May 3. Also in Saudi Arabia was USAF Capt. *Ron Reed*. He served as senior attorney at a large air base. Kathleen and Ron and their three are now in Wurtsmith AFB, Mich. Congratulations and thanks to Bob, Ron and all our classmates who served in the Persian Gulf. Megan and *Jim White* and son live in Havertown, Pa. Since '86 Jim has traveled to Australia, New Zealand, China and the Far East. He assures me he's now settled. After an assignment in Korea, *Joseph Rafferty* will return to Ft. Devens, Mass., where he'll be a family practice physician in the Medical Corps. *Mark Fatum* is an attorney in Grand Rapids, Mich., is married, and has a daughter, Katherine. That's all for now. Please write. —*Dave Lewis*, 36 Sedgefield Dr., Morris Plains, N.J. 07950.

82L Test Your Knowledge

August 1979 to May 16, 1982: the good old days. They say the mind is the (second?) thing to go. See how many of these you remember. First Year: A terrifying ex-Marine named Charlie Rice; by the way, Mr. *Gates*, "What's a demur?"; was the military industrial complex really ready to lynch Professor John Scanlan for that "all so easy" Blue Book exam, which resulted in the most hastily called Town Meeting in Law School history? Monrad T. Chicken; *Pam Radike*, remember: "If you can't go to college, go to State"; *Julie Puthoff* and her "Screw Purdue" T-shirt; *Schneckloth* v. *Bustamonte*; who wore a brown paper bag over her head to criminal law class; what did Mr. Bill think of Practice Exams? Oh no! Will Dean Link *ever* finish grading the ethics exams? Fitz & Judy at the Boar's Head for St. Patrick's Day—an unforgettable evening; *Ginny Boyle, Ed McNally* and *Greg Moore* roller skating on the quad.

Second Year: London (actually, everywhere in Europe except London); did *Richard Grosenick* really spend Halloween in Transylvania? The Mobile Dome, not to be confused with Jersey's infamous mini-Dome; Michigan 27, ND 26, God 3 (aka Harry Oliver's kick heard around the world) and what a night for the Fitz & Judy reprise at the Back Row Bar after the game; the night in Chicago to see "Fiddler" with a "brief" stop with a friend of *Perry Vieth* to watch the Alabama game; the Sugar Bowl/New Year's Eve at Al Hirt's; did *Brian Waliser* really write the famed "You Son of a Gun" letter to Fr. Spike? *Mark Tallmadge*, did you smell something in New Orleans? The Super Bowl party at *Tim Nickels's* (Tim, did you get any phone calls during the game?) Was there a "rough crowd" at the Talent Show? *Tim Abeska* certainly made us think so. Was the Talent Show fun? Just ask *Ron Ehinger* and *Greg Kruzel*, and credit *Helene Gorman* with saving a life!

Third Year: The Back Row Bar's 50s party brought out some "really cool" wardrobes; why did Tim Nickels wear a diaper while performing for the "Sexist Octet" at the Talent Show; who were those "Law Women" behind the Foster Grants; by the way, *Dick Goehler*, what did you do after the curtain went down? Did Brian Waliser really "forget" to drop Antitrust? Just ask *Paul Mattaini* (or Carol Nelson Doulas Pierce Fenner Smith); the Super Bowl party at the "hidden location"; the phone didn't ring, but there sure was a lot of bean dip on the walls when we left; the *Mark Merchlewitz* Memorial Stair Rail; the "100 Days" party; the "50 Days" party, and how many consecutive days did *Ralph Linden* party? Issue 5: M.I.A.; did *Bruce Baty* really go to the SMC campus without his pants the night of his bachelor party? Only *Mark Spitler* knows for sure; the annual End of the Year party at *Kathy Brickley's*, where *Denny Lewandowski* played a "bloody" game of volleyball and Dick Goehler was "trapped" in the pool; who can forget that "sedate" Third Year dinner and the famous dance couple of "Tim and Bruce"? Many thanks to *Cele (Glacy) Baty* and Greg Moore for putting together our class yearbook; Tex Dutile, our Professor of the Year; little did we know his memorable commencement speech would serve as the basis for Barbara Bush's nationally acclaimed Wellesley address. Our pennants from undergrad, which decorated the BRB, now hang as our class's legacy in the Law School. And last, but certainly not least, Fr. Mike McCafferty (Spike, the "Izod Priest"), from your Irish jigs at the Talent Shows to your warm, caring Masses in the Lounge: you were a big part in



making the ND Law School such a wonderful place—we miss you.

Mark your calendars now: Our 10 year reunion will be June 4-7, 1992. Don't miss it.—*Frank Julian*, 7 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati 45202; 513-579-7337.

83 A Poem

I sat and thought and wondered of how I could achieve a column which is special; which way should I proceed? My mission is so simple; from school it was decided: the summer issue classnotes this year to be highlighted. For 150 years ago ND came to be, a milestone quite remarkable and deserving of some glee. For us our time at school was brief, so short, only four years, a time so full of laughter, jokes, some heartaches and yes (you guessed it) tears. My experiences were unique to me, of this I have no doubt, but from football games to Emil T., we all had cause to shout. The first day I arrived at school was no problem: what a ball! I arrived one week late and got lost five times before getting to the hall. Those first few weeks were so confusing, a roller coaster up and down. The tests were overwhelming, the cold beer just right in town. But time marched on and in those days I learned a thing or two, about math and science and freshmen comp and that our colors were gold and blue. From SYRs and roommate picks, bookstore basketball and ol' Art Trads, all nighters, Za Land, and parietals, too; how did we get to be grads? We gained a lot in knowledge and faith from our years under theDome; but we've all moved on and nowadays we call a new place our home. Time is shooting by, is it possible, can it be? That it's been eight years already: not much compared to one-fifty. But many things have happened, and people would love to know; if you got that job you wanted; do you live more in sun or snow? The point I now will get to, after reminiscing of the past, is that memories won't always fade away; there are ways to make them last. Think to call a friend or two, when time isn't so tight, and find out what's been going on, and then to me please write! —*Patty Kennedy*, 2002 Medical Park Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20902.

84 A New Generation

Dolly Duffy filled me in on what the old BP crew is doing. You'll be surprised to hear she's into leather! She and husband *Dan Fangman* '84MBA bought a manufacturing company in Atchison, Kansas. Dolly's in charge of marketing and sales. If she can overcome her shyness, she'll do very well. *Jamie (Kimmel) Eifert* earned a Northwestern MBA last year, married Dan, and became product manager for Drackett in Cincinnati. *Meg Lochary* married Dr. John Meade in December, but the two live apart while Meg finishes her residency in pediatric dentistry in Columbus, Ohio. *Mary Beth (Barnhorst) Connell* was also attracted to medicine; she married fellow doctor Marc and lives outside Washington DC. *Mary Jane Forbes* is in med school at the U of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. *Dawn (Robinson) Hennsessey* married *Bill* '83. They're happy and doing well outside Springfield, Mo. *Tonya (Kershner) Forbes* had twin girls, Amelia and Emily, to add to her son and daughter in the Apex, N.C., home. Double congratulations.

Also doubling their fun (or is it trouble?) are Jackie (Bott) and *Henry Massman*, who had twin boys. A construction contractor, Henry knows economics of scale in production. Opting for a slower pace, Katherine and *Steve Colburn* had Patrick last December. Although they live in Chicago, Steve works on a project in Toronto for Andersen Consulting. Barb Neroni (SMC '84) and *Tom Murphy* keep busy with daughter Kelly. Tom is a manager with Ernst & Young in Chicago. Congratulations to *Liz (Ellory)* and *Dr. Eldred MacDonnell* as they finish their residencies at Emory U. He has a fellowship in Charleston, S.C.; they'll move in July. Eldred's old roommate, *Mark Harmon*, enjoys South Bend (that's possible?) and learning the food distribution business at Stanz Cheese. Julie and ex-ND assistant admissions officer *Mike James* left South Bend after 11 years and are in Bloomington; he'll pursue an Indiana U PhD in higher education administration. They'll be greeted by *Mike Hennessey*, who's between years in the IU MBA program.

Steve Cecchettini took time from his insurance brokerage business in New Jersey to attend the Alumni Senate on campus in April. *John Kuhn* cleans up hazardous waste sites as a project manager for the EPA Superfund Campaign. His friend, *Tom Dixon*, is at ND Law School and his wife *Cecilia Lucero* teaches at SMC. John and his other friend, *Mo Milota*, are rehabbing a house in downtown Chicago. Congratulations to *Julianne Montgomery*, now an officer in corporate planning and development with Comerica in Detroit. Kudos to *Faisil Ihmdad*, part owner of Poquet Computer Company. Poquet is favorably compared with IBM's new computer. Congrats also to *Greg "Otis" Abad*, who earned a U of Miami MD in May and is in internal residency at Bethesda Naval Hospital. That's great news, Greg, but did you have to write on U of Miami stationery? With deep regret I report the death of John Warrington, who died in a car accident in December and will be missed. John's family and friends are in our prayers. —*Patrick Barry*, bus 312-376-9500; fax 312-376-9571.

84L Who Could Forget?

Let's take a look back. Who could forget arriving in South Bend; finding a place to live and ending up with a roommate off a bulletin board; orientation and muddling through the first day's reading assignments; Pennoyer vs. Neff; thunder; briefing cases; standing to recite in Professor Rice's torts class; writing without the passive tense; Blakey's "Who's involved?"; having a classmate who got a perfect score on the LSAT; the Socratic method; old Senior Bar; Back Row bombers and contract bingo; the preppy priest; completing the legal research project by waiting for the books to fall open to the right page; buying Nutshells, Gilberts and Emanuels; acquiring course outlines; attempts at study groups; finding a place to study and, by the way, what were you studying at SMC? Combating exam paranoia at Memorial and avoiding the law school library; Gerry Faust; Carbolic smoke bomb; eating lunch in the South Dining Hall first year; Moot Court anxiety; parking in the post office spaces or in the circle when late; standing at football games; checking the message board; how did the dean hoist his foot onto the desk top in ethics class? Best and brightest; signing up for interviews second year; bringing the suit to school and becoming a quick change artist; beginning each tax class with a Texas Aggie joke; God Squad; wondering why law review members needed elevator keys; law school couples—you know who you are/were. Law school softball tournaments; Law Review cite checking; Thanksgiving in London; teaching at the American U in London; Wednesday lunch club; adventures in evidence; Stack Man; aerobics with Bambi; TGIFs; winning Bookstore Basketball; Ed's meatball subs with cheese and nuke it; Lounge Review; Talent shows: Nandia's belly dance, Slatts' Mick Jagger and Tex's "Madira"; road trips to Chicago; Jack McCormick on Wheel of Fortune; the smell of the grease paint, the roar of the crowd. New Senior Bar; Jabba's kiss; trial tactics; deciding to be a business lawyer after three weeks of trial advocacy; quarter beer night at Senior Bar, sneaking out of O'Hara-Grace in the wee hours and thinking no one saw you; spending time at the Dunes; locals at the Ramada; from Jeremiah Sweeney's first year to Nancy's Windy City third year. Third Year-itis; looking forward to graduation and dreading the bar; getting measured for cap and gown; wearing the purple hood; graduation! This column will return to normal next issue, when the information you've sent will appear. Send me news or give me a call.—*Cathy Ann Chromulak*, 2000 Frick Bldg., Pittsburgh 15219; 412-553-7084.

85 Then and Now

Freshman orientation: that's when we first encountered mixers, RAs, dining hall lines, the "Dog Book," and parietals. Rites of passage: Emil, Freshman Date Night, phys ed, football games, "passing up" girls in the stands, SYRs, dorm happy hours, engineering auditorium movies, checkmarked classes, formals, 24-hour lounges (passion pits), all-nighters, riding Transpo, and An Tostal. We began our ND years as Gerry Faust began his stint as head coach. Pasquerilla West and East, two new women's dorms, were dedicated. More than 100 women '85ers moved into PE; PW could boast only 12 freshman women among its residents. The "preppy look" was popular. Remember kelly-green monogrammed sweaters, docksides, corduroys, Izod shirts?

Sophomore officers were *Mark Nagy*, president; *Connie O'Brien*, VP; *Gary Strickland*, treasurer; and *Jennifer Brown*, secretary. We chose majors and organized the Sophomore Literary Festival. We attended the first ND home game at night; ABC put up temporary Musco lights for the opener against Michigan. The new Senior Bar opened while the old Fieldhouse was demolished. We elected *Vincent Hockett* junior class president, with *Laura Sizelove* VP, *Kay Wigton* secretary, and *John Olson* treasurer. Cap'n Crunch visited early in our junior year, and we had the chance to travel to the Liberty Bowl in Memphis where the Irish faced Boston College. Student elections took on a new look when *John Decker* organized "the Mob," who campaigned in gangster garb against student apathy. With the slogan, "Make It Our Business," they ran a good race, losing by a small margin. New Academic Council edicts included a strict finals policy that eliminated exemptions for seniors. That spring the *Observer* declared, "The Party is Over," as ND issued its alcohol policy. Students protested, drawing national media attention.

Senior leaders were *Rob Bertino*, student body president; *Cathy David*, VP; and *Al Novas*, treasurer. *Dean Christy* was class president, with *Ward Fitzgerald* VP, *Patty Cisle* secretary and *Richard Irwin* treasurer. *Chris Tayback* was chairman of the Hall Presidents' Council. A bus convoy transported students to the Hoosier Dome for its dedication and a football game against Purdue. The senior trip took us to New Orleans and to Baton Rouge for the LSU game. The "Flashdance" look, featuring ripped sweatshirts, was in. Guys wearing earrings became common and many women double- and triple-pierced their ears. We kept busy with job interviews, the "Millions Against MS" campaign, and attending lectures by the likes of New York's Gov. Mario Cuomo. At last we reached senior week and graduation weekend. Napoleon Duarte '48, then president of El Salvador, was our commencement speaker. *James Roche* was valedictorian, and *Fr. Hesburgh* led our parents in a blessing over us—and we were alums!

And our saga continues. Special thanks to *Susan (Fischer) Murray*, Naperville, Ill., for the research help. Because of this special sesquicentennial issue, the news you've sent will appear in the next issue. Keep sending info on jobs, weddings, babies, moves and more.—*Kathleen Doyle Yaninek*, PO Box 72701, Fort Bragg, N.C. 28307; 919-630-1242.

85L Let's Scare the Feds

I'm supposed to do something commemorating 150 years of Domerdom. Let's see. 150 years ago, none of us were born, with the possible exception of *John MacDonald*. In fact, 150 years ago our parents weren't born yet, and our grandparents, well, they were

barely gleams in our great-grandparents' eyes. So much for history. But we're all alive and kicking. Some of us more than others. *John Roda* wrote a letter around Christmastime (the fact I'm getting to it now is a testament to bachelor housekeeping). John has gone in-house, working in Harrisburg, Pa., for AMP Inc., the world's largest maker of electrical connectors. He's in charge of their international legal needs. His wife still works in Philadelphia, so they live in Morgantown, midway between the two. *Mike Allen* says he's done his bit to even out the previously-reported geographical imbalance by moving, with Beth and daughter Beatrice, to Greensboro, N.C., where he does commercial litigation with Carruthers and Roth. He says *Tom Schroeder* '84JD and his wife live nearby and helped with the move. Mike had an article on trademark law published in the *Wake Forest Law Review* in May. If you miss it, it'll be reprinted in the *Trademark Reporter*.

More tidbits, courtesy of *Walter Brown* and by way of *Kelly Kiernan*. With the U.S. Attorney's office in LA, Walter says *Barb Scheper* has now joined the office, joining *Dave Scheper*, Walter, and *John "Goose" Gibbons*. Hey, I've got an idea. Let's *all* send applications to the U.S. Attorney in LA. They'd freak. They really would. Walt also says *Steve Renshaw* lives around the corner from him in Redondo Beach; *Joe Shannon* made partner at Jaffe, Snider in Detroit; and *Olga Pribyl* does public interest law in Chicago. I ran into *Jenny Pitts Manier* at ND last November. She's now the chief assistant city attorney in South Bend. *Ann* '80 and *Dennis Bartlett* announce the birth of their first, Kevin James, on February 1. *Pete Hebert* joined Levinson & Lieberman in Beverly Hills, where he does title insurance litigation. *Wendy Carlson* is a partner at Whitfield, Musgrave & Eddy in Des Moines. Kelly Kiernan was named treasurer and a member of the board of directors of the National Law Firm Marketing Association. Hey, I was serious about that U.S. Attorney thing. Wouldn't it be wild if they actually hired all of us? We've got to do this. —*Thomas Nessinger*, 3345 Canfield Ave. #219, Los Angeles 90034; 213-837-1319.

86L Five Years

It's hard to believe it's been five years since the rainy day in May when we received our degrees. This column is devoted to checking in on some classmates who have been mentioned few times, if at all, during these years. Special thanks to *Beth Schneider*, who provided the questionnaire responses she received in connnection with her preparations for the reunion. Thanks also to those who assisted her in making the reunion possible.

Brian Bates is president of the ND Club of Denver. He and Sherry are new parents of Erin Louise. Mary and *Roberto Orellana* have added three to the family, now in Fillmore, Calif., since Rafael was born during our third year: Gabriel Anthony; Helena Emilia; and Mikhael Xavier, nine months, who Roberto says has already had successful heart surgery. Let's keep him in our prayers for continued health. *Lincoln Stone* does business litigation for Grebow & Barish in LA and lives in Redondo Beach. Wife Amy is an emergency medical doctor, which may help out with Amanda Christine and Madeline Leigh. In the East: In Baltimore May 11 *Ellen Kelly* wed Peter Cordrey, an NYSE trader. Ellen's been with Cahill, Gordon & Reindel about two years. *Deborah Zonies* practices corporate law with Testa, Hurwitz & Thibeault in Boston. In Portland is *Dave Barry*; he moved in '88 and married Kelly on March 23. *Gerard Powers* is a foreign policy advisor to the U.S. Catholic Conference in Washington. His specialties are Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union and Northern Ireland. He and his wife, Therese Sullivan, have two boys, Timothy and Brian. Also in Washington is *Bob Milbaugh*, probably smarter than the rest of us: He doesn't practice law! A first officer flying Boeing 767s for TWA out of New York's JFK airport, he keeps busy with polo, fox hunting, and vintage Porsche racing when he's not flying. Must be nice! In Richmond; *Dave Corrigan* is a litigator with Duane & Shannon. He and Jean are the parents of Conor and Patrick.

In the Midwest, *Lawrence Thomas* took the plunge and went solo with a civil litigation firm. *Jerome Frazel* is a partner in his own firm, practicing in the probate and trusts area. He married *Nancy Wilder* '89JD, who is an assistant State's Attorney. *Tim Reynolds* is an assistant Attorney General in the Illinois AG's office, practicing criminal law. He and his wife, art consultant Liza Hoogland, are the parents of Samantha. *Catherine Tobin Cipolla* is the sole corporate lawyer in the legal department of Underwriters Laboratories in Northbrook, Ill. Two years ago she married Carl, a trader on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. Last November, he died after a battle with cancer. I know you join me in extending our sympathy to Catherine. Please keep her in your prayers.

It's been a pleasure to write this column these past five years. I look forward to the next five. Many have said how much they enjoy reading about classmates, so why not call today with news about yourself or others with whom you keep in touch? Let's hear from you! —*Glenn Schmitt*, 12375 Lyndway Dr., Cleveland 44114; res 216-524-5841; bus 566-5500.

86MBA Five Years Already?

Time has passed quickly and many have gone through a great deal of change over the past five years. I hope that many of those changes have been good ones for you. We'll have a reunion of sorts the weekend of September 21 at ND. I'll make my best effort to reach every person. Paul Stewart has moved to Toledo, Ohio, where he's product manager for Champion Spark Plug's small engine division. I visited him in his new house and we played a quick round of golf. He had a good visit with Keith Hamilton in South Bend. Martha and Murphy Armstrong say that The Lazy Chef kitchen store is doing well. Murphy still works for Edens & Avant, Inc., in Columbia, S.C. Tom Belanger spent most of the ski season sidelined with a shoulder injury. I spoke to Deb and Steve Hockett; they're fine and the children keep them busy. Scott Malpass continues to hold down the fort for us at ND. He'll help with the reunion details. Atchi Nagai hopes to make it out to see everyone in September. He wouldn't miss an opportunity to get together with his American friends. Barb Siatczynski reports that business goes well for her at the bank. Carmen Cinco Rodriquez works as an AVP at Westpac Bank Corp. in Columbus, Ohio. Hope to see you on September 21. —*Louis Shelzi*, 48 Border Rd., Reading, Mass. 01867; 617-944-4234.

87 Turn Around, Bright Eyes

As we were driving up ND Avenue with *Scott Cassidy* in August 1983, "Total Eclipse of the Heart" was blaring over the WNDU airwaves. If this monstrosity was to be representative of the musical soundtrack of our time at ND, we were in for four long years. Fortunately, by the time orientation began, speakers were propped in windows, tunes permeated the campus, and our lives would never be the same. How can one forget meeting *Vicki Proud* at the Lewis/St. Ed's watermelonfest while "Everyday I Write the Book" echoed through the quad? Did *John Bowler* and *Nancy Joyce* really dance to "Uptown Girl" at the bash at the ACC? *Mike Kanute, Tim Gianotti* and *John Trusela* cranked the "Synchronicity" album throughout the section, while *Tom Curtin, Matt Rickert* and *Deron Curliss* grabbed "shower pops" in preparation for the big SYR. By the way, how many of us are adult enough to admit we owned the "Thriller" album? It could be worse; the Alumni *Johns (Libert, Eustermann* and *Nickodemus)* actually played Lionel Richie. The "Footloose" soundtrack could be heard on the Badin porch, while on the other quad the Marching Band practiced "Puttin' on the Ritz." Meanwhile, in the Walsh basement, "It's Raining Men" had *Karen Jones* dancing in a frenzy. Over in Dillon, they were "Burning Down the House." *Trish (Brown) Wojnar, Linda (Ward) Spingler* and *Heather House* showed their New Jersey driver's licenses to the doorman at Mr. D's so they could dance to Ashford and Simpson's "Solid." *Julie Grantham*, "Mad About You"? Of course, not all music was current. *Mike Murdock* was among the best of them who would jam to "Paradise by the Dashboard Light" when the lights came up as Bridget's closed. *Don Klein, John Casko* et al., were big fans of "Take a Walk on the Wild Side" at their Taylor Street parties, while the Wayne Street crew cranked "Born to Be Wild" at their infamous biker party. *Dan Coyle* and *Ed Bielski* showed us at the '70s party that they can sing "I Think I Love You" just as well as the Partridge Family ever did. *Patty Silk* demonstrated her twisting abilities when she hopped on stage with Dr. Bop and the Headliners.

As *Bob Armour* showed his ID to *Kevin Daly* at Senior Bar, "Invisible Touch" could be heard coming from the other room. Certainly *Tom Tierney* wasn't DJing that night; he'd be spinning "Oh L'Amour" or "Bizarre Love Triangle." Later, on the dance floor, *Therese (Kraemer) Doyle* would shake it to "And She Was." When *Mark Foley* fell into Lake Michigan while trying to board the Anita Dee partyliner that never left the dock (sorry, Mares), "Wild, Wild Life" could be heard on Rush Street. When we left South Bend, we knew that "We Built This City on Rock and Roll." Billy Joel provided the theme to our Senior Formal and what better way to end this musical stroll down memory lane? "This is the time to remember, 'cause it will not last forever. These are the days to hold onto, 'cause we won't although we'll want to." —*Fred Nelson*, 350 W. Belden #416, Chicago 60614; 312-868-6751.



Mike Bish and their Shenani-friends sang their rendition of "For the Longest Time" to the delight of students and parents everywhere. *Michele Sebo* did "The Bird" with the DJ on a table at the Americana. The "Purple Rain" soundtrack was huge, as was "I Feel for You (Chaka Kahn, Chaka Kahn)."

The next thing we knew, the hot tune was Eddie Murphy's "My Girl Wants to Party All the Time." *Dick Prosen, Steve Beuerlein, Tim Laboe, Jim Callaghan, Chris Kvochak* and *Jim Folstrom* were convinced that Robert Palmer sang "*Kruchek*" (as in *Pat*) at the beginning of "Addicted to Love." When *Norb Knapke's* alarm clock radio woke him up with "You Give Love a Bad Name," the song was destined to become an anthem. What would *Jenny (Hatfield) Richelsen's* NVA aerobics class be without "Welcome to the Boomtown," "Higher Love," and

87MBA Life as a Grad Student

I suppose that as grad students we viewed our time under the Dome a bit differently than undergrads did. Some were already married, some had children, and a few had worked full-time jobs prior to admission. Trying to balance the elements of full-time grad school work with other "real world" responsibilities left some of us exasperated, yet much better off for the experience. Still, our lives paralleled those of undergrads in one important way: the camaraderie and caring that developed between classmates. We came from all parts of the world, and from all walks of life, yet for two years we became a part of each other's existence. We'll never forget the excursions to Chicago, Casino Night, or having Fridays off. And we'll always remember the Spring Roast, when Dean Reilly, Professor Bergstrand and Larry Ballinger so gra-

ciously stood up to the pelting of our good-natured jokes. Most of all, we'll remember the simple things: finals, the MBA lounge, living off campus, and our class photo in front of the Dome.

To current news: *Susan Burke* is assistant controller of Investors Bank and Trust in Boston. She worked on the sale of her former company, Bank of New England, to her current employer. She also participated in the Pan Mass Challenge, a two-day, 200-mile bike ride across Massachusetts and raised over $2,500 for the Dana Farber Cancer Institute in Boston. I spoke with *Tom Mattimore* in April. In Chicago with Shearson Lehman, he sells Lehman's Fixed Income products. He and Robin have two boys. *Mark Brostowski* was quoted in a late April edition of the *Wall Street Journal*. A gaming analyst for Salomon Brothers, Mark spoke to the newspaper about Donald Trump's Taj Mahal. Congratulations to *Steve Bollman*, promoted to senior analyst, supply and logistics for Conoco in Houston. Plans for the USC game: On Saturday, come to the Joyce ACC to check on planned weekend activities. On Sunday, meet in front of the South Dining Hall at 10:00 a.m. for breakfast. Hope to see you there!—*Jake Frego*, W159 N10584 Fieldstone Pass, Germantown, Wis. 53022; res 414-251-7214; bus 933-4114.

88 Thanks for the Memories

Seven years since we were freshmen! There we were in August '84, going through freshmen orientation with about 6500 other high-school class leaders. No longer were we big fish in a small pond but just one of a student body full of achievers. Most of us were living away from home for the first time, rubbing elbows with the future leaders of corporate America and such prominent individuals as Fr. Theodore Hesburgh. But forget about that business. Let's order a pizza, thumb through the "Dog Book" and tie up a date for the Christmas SYR. Who could forget about the Thursday night study cramming, attempting to convince yourself that Emil T. Hofman wouldn't get the best of you this Friday. How about the big hype over the kickoff of the Hoosier Dome (our supposed home opener away from home) where we all arrived in Indianapolis via bus. Too bad those Boilermakers had to go and spoil our first football game as ND students. Somebody forgot to tell them football losses are not well taken in South Bend. Can't forget about that exciting one-point b-ball win over UCLA and the welcome home rally we gave the players at Main Circle at 1 a.m. in below-zero temperature. We must have been out of our minds, but we love a winner! I'm not sure any of us had a clear understanding of what An Tostal was all about; all we knew was that we wanted more of it, along with advancing another round in next year's Bookstore b-ball tournament.

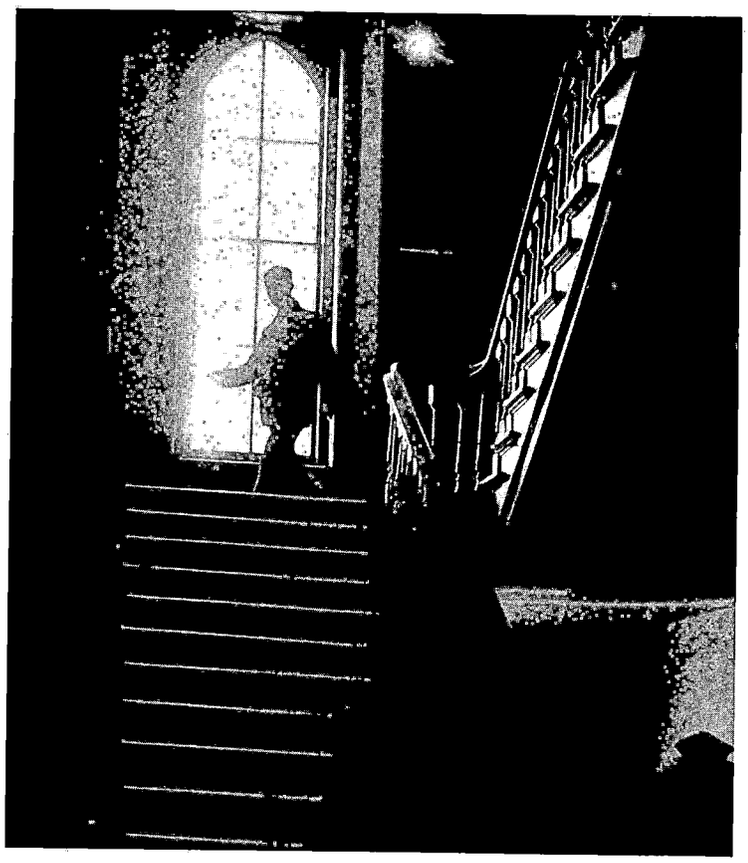
As sophomores, we were relieved to be no longer the young ones in the student body. The only problem was that by then we had committed to our major and were expected to pull good grades. Sure, good grades would make us happy, but it would never please us as much as finding a ride to Mr. D's that Thursday night. That year was our first St. Patrick's Day on campus, and we made it a memorable one! Who cares it was midweek and you had a management exam the next day; you were Irish and going to party in green 'til you dropped. On came junior year with high hopes of Lou Holtz's returning our football program to the glory days of Rockne and Leahy. Not quite yet, though! We were blessed with being a part of the inauguration of Monk Malloy as the new president. Let's not forget about the Irish b-ball upset of top-ranked North Carolina. The highlight of the year would definitely have to be Junior Parents Weekend. It was such a wonderful time spent with family and friends. Thanks again, *Laurie Bink,* for all your hard work making sure the weekend was special.

There we were, starting our last year under the Dome. Right after our fun-filled Senior Disorientation week (with events like the hot-tub party), we were in the stressed-out lifestyle of interviewing for a life after ND. We had good times at the Weddingless Reception, Christmas formal, and Cotton Bowl (it never even phased me that we might possibly lose). To top off a terrific first semester, *Tim Brown* received the Heisman Trophy. Senior year was road tripping time: Mardi Gras, Kentucky Derby, up to Ann Arbor to seek revenge on Michigan, etc. Who could forget the dime and quarter beer nights at the local water holes? Friday lunches at Senior Bar with close friends was the best, even if we never did quite manage to make it to our afternoon classes.- Bridget's, Commons, Macri's, etc., we sure do miss ya. Senior formal was unforgettable, spent styling at the Chicago Hyatt. Did we ever find out who mastered the scheme of copying the drink tickets? Senior week (the seven straight days when you never slept) was the time of our lives: Monogram Club dance, Rush Street/Cubs game trip, and Dr. Bop, to name a few. We couldn't have asked for a better week leading up to commencement and receiving our UND diplomas. Notre Dame, thanks for the memories.—*Amy Treder*, 449 Saddle Lane, Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich. 48236; res 313-884-2893; bus 548-3050.

89 A Little Reminiscing

Many things shaped our four years, from the first orientation Mass to a national championship, Hesburgh/Malloy transition, new dorms, women in Howard Hall, Senior Week. We wonder what the administration was thinking when they scheduled us to be in school over two St. Patrick's Day weekends, what life would have been like without the circus lunches, how everyone ever managed to get back to ND after those trips to Chicago, and what to do now with that aging set of Commons glasses. Many can remember Lee's Ribs, the beginning of South Bend's pretrial diversion, and that, yes, lightning does strike twice.

We use much of what we learned there to change the "real" world. Sometimes this is evident, as with our many classmates who served in the Persian Gulf, like *Steve Tomaso*. He and *Moira Delker* will be married July 13. Welcome home to all returning servicemen, including *Chris Walls, Peter Witty* and *Andrew Vogt*. We're proud of you. To those who enjoy World League football: *Mike Wade* is helping shape the league as assistant director of information and is now in New York. Another New Yorker, *Barb Sachar*, who worked at a health care agency after graduation, started the nursing program at NYU this year. Another soon-to-be-grad-student, *Elek Schneider*, works in Chicago for Marshall Field as an assistant account exec. Also in Chicago at GIA Publications is *Denise Boychuk*, now engaged to *Patrick Gorman* '90, and *Patty Dutile*, working for Morning Star.



Loving every minute at MBA school in Miami, Ohio, *Joe Parent* keeps in touch with *John Brennan* who, after jumping from city to city for Capitol City/ABC Publishing, is now in San Fran. *Steve Koester*, who earned an EE master's from ND in May, headed out to UCSB for his PhD. Others on their way to PhDs include *Joe Maloney* in Latin American history at U of Illinois and *Karlene Cimprich*, who works in organic chemistry alongside the 1990 recipient of the Nobel Prize in chemistry. *Brenda Morrissey* is in year #2 of a PhD program in political science ; she and *Kevin Markovitz* '90 plan an October 5 wedding. Brenda says *Lisa Vidergar*, who worked in Boston for Badger Engineering, will head to Stanford in August for a master's in civil engineering, and *Dan Funk* will earn a PhD in biology and lives in New York with his wife *Gretchen (Reis)*. Engagements: *Dan Janick* and *Karin Falcigno; Mickey Seymour* and *Christina Fallon* '90; *Frank Pinn* and *Liz Majewski*. Weddings: *Randy Battistoni* and Anne Marie Soisson, July 6; they live in Ft. Lauderdale. *Alejandra (Gonzalez)* and *Art Brady* '88 were wed June 1, 1990 and live in Tampa. Congratulations. Hope to see you at our minireunion, September 21, MSU game. Let's meet Friday night at Senior Bar. Keep writing.—*Angela Ammon*, 11808 Cedarcreek Dr., Cincinnati 45240; 513-851-7283.

89L MMM

That's Masserati Matrimonial Madness. By the time you read this, we'll be in the midst of the Great Intermingling of the ND family. This summer will produce no less than four marriages, involving seven Masseratis from our class and one from '90L. *Sue Magee* and *Arthur McColgan* plan a September wedding in Boston; *Mary Vallace* and *Jim Krumsiek* scheduled August nuptials, also in Boston; *Jenny O'Leary* and *Jim Smith* will wed in July at ND; and *Monica Harder* '91JD will have given respectability to our class by marrying *Ed Gibbons* in Joplin, Mo., over Memorial Day weekend. In October, two other Masseratis plan their trip down the aisle. *Dan McMahon* managed to look outside the law school and across the road to SMC for his bride, Colleen Cary. They'll hitch in Madison, Wis. *Jay Schlosser* likes law books so much he'll marry a West Publishing employee, Lisa Janikowski, in Winona, Minn. *Ashok Lalwani* is back in Chicago from India with a bride of his own. (A postcard would have sufficed.) *Gary Glass* wed Patricia Connaughton in Hamilton, Ohio, on April 27. ND well-wishers included *Paul Porter*, who hurried back from his own honeymoon in London to be a groomsman; *Patty Yelle*, who's traveling the U.S. on vacation; *Joe Clary*, working for a criminal firm in Chicago, and me and Sean. A great time!

Congrats to Kelly and *Kevin Cummings* on Connor Michael, born April 3. Danny says if he's like his father, Connor has already started shaving (not to mention dribbling). In February Jill and *Peter Coppinger* had Catherine, who's proud of her father's new job at the Massachusetts Attorney General's office. *Therese (McKeegan)* and *Jim McElwee* bought a house in Phoenix and a dog named Guinness. *Martha (Michael)* and *Ray Gates* bought a house in Orlando, but no dog. *Lee Illig's* new house is in Buffalo. *Kelly Daly* has a new job with a DC firm, but I'm sure she'll miss working on the campaigns of Marion Berry and Jesse Jackson. *Bob Schultz* so enjoyed teaching Street Law to South Bend high school students that he now teaches a business law class to community college students near Effingham, Ill. Watch out, Professor Murphy!

As for nostalgia, it's only been two years. Nonetheless, Jay, Mike, Jenny, Kelly and Mary still wear their "100 Days Countdown" T-shirts with pride (although Jim Smith is still upset about the liberal attendance policies). We re-

member drinking Corona at Senior Bar, that delicious snack bar chili, pizza at Bruno's, the annual talent show, the incredible perfect attendance record in constitutional law, *Matt Haney's* boys' night out, and the Halloween party where *Paul Pasin* came as the mattress (or was it the moon?). As time goes on, we continue our friendships and create new memories each time we gather. Former Londoners, most of whom live in Chicago, still get together with *Larry Dinardo* '74JD and reminisce about David Lloyd Evans's warm beer and darts. And thanks to Eddy, there's a regular "Glory Days" get-together at every home game at the orange van. Ed always has plenty of food and drink, so don't be a stranger. Hope to see you at the minireunion at the Michigan game. Stay in touch.—*Cindy Constantino Gleason*, 212 Mayflower Dr., Rochester, N.Y. 14618; 716-473-2399.

89MBA That Time Again. . .

the sesquicentennial. Seems like just yesterday. The class secretaries were asked if we'd like to give our favorite memories, but we've been doing that all along! We got some real live letters: *Mikki Kelly* is selling Miatas for Mazda in Providence. Apparently she'll get an appreciation letter from Bill Marriott for all her business. *Craig Husting* says things as a cash management consultant for Ernst & Young are wonderful but take too much time away from Susan and their new baby. He says he saw *Finn* watching Nickelodeon in Richmond, Va. *Tom Mazur* is reported to be in the presidential grooming program at Mazur Construction here in Chicago. *Scott Dowling* is so upset about the temporary shutdown of the Wiener Circle that on St. Patrick's Day he actually "lost control." *Alycia Stein* loves LA and says "California hasn't changed me." She's taking some art classes, so watch out, Warhol. *Ellyn Mastako* and *Aimee Markelz* both properly welcomed the new Comiskey Park. Don't we all wish we were so lucky? *Mike Trier* has his summer road trip calendar planned; first stop, St. Louis. What's next, Twin Peaks, Key West or Kennebunkport?

Many of you are still among the missing. *Al Arevalo* and *Mark Winnubst* (triple Domer), where are you? We had to sort through tons of fan mail and we deliberated long and hard, but finally agreed. Craig Husting is the winner of the Golden Pen award this issue. He won by quoting from the last issue in his letter. Craig, your prize is in the mail. In the sharing spirit, *Paul Murray* '88MBA gets the award for the most helpful member of another class. He told one of our roving reporters that his sister, *Mary Beth*, works for a Pittsburgh insurance company and enjoys her new car. Thanks, Paul. *Jim Hart* '88MBA has your prize. Keep the letters coming.—*Maggie McJoynt*, 3730 N. Magnolia, Chicago 60613; 312-472-2660.

90 Remember When. . .

Back in Chicago job hunting, I ran into *Cathy Dillon*, with the Suburban Area Agency for the Aging. She reported on the Knott crowd: *Molly Griffin* works for Executive Risk in Chicago; *Lori Greco* teaches in Seattle; *Erika "Missy" Schenkel* pursues a teaching certificate in Rochester, N.Y.; *Laura Jasiek* is in grad school at U of Miami (how could she!); *Aileen Bigelow* is at ND Law; and *Joanna Guiltinan* teaches ecology in New Jersey. I also saw *Bob Brutvan*, John Buck Co., and *Ann Hubrich*, Campbell-Mithun-Esty Co., both of Chicago. Bob says *Dan Hoag*, First Financial Services, Chelmsford, Mass., is on break to be a tennis pro; *Dave Tyndall*, Arthur Andersen, was transferred to Hartford, Conn., and *Mike Baruch* is at the Arizona Department of Child Welfare in Wilcox.

Marty Falkenberg, a sales rep with the Chicago White Sox, and *Mike Caponigro*, Arthur Andersen, had lots of info. They live in Chicago with *Brian Gallagher*, Arthur Andersen; *Joe Fredrick* is in Rockford, Ill., playing b-ball with the CBA Lightning; *Dave Glenister* is stationed with the Navy in San Diego; *Marc Parker* is eating away at Sara Lee Foods in Chicago; *Bob Sumberac*, with Coopers & Lybrand in NYC, enjoys the night life with ex-roommate *Billy Jennings; Paul Greenawalt*, pursuing a PhD at ND, still works on balancing his time at Bridget's; and finally, *Marty Demmings* is with Ford in Michigan. *Ray Kennedy*, Loyola Med in Chicago, writes that *Eric Garvin* is with GE in Detroit and *Dan Janyja*, at U of Cincinnati Med, is engaged to Mary McTilc SMC '89. With the Dallas Morning News, *Laura Stanton* says *Marga Bruns* is studying at Hebrew U in Jerusalem; *Melissa Simmermeyer* is at Georgetown grad school; *Regis Coccia* works for a Jasper, Ind., newspaper; *Rich Iannelli* is at SMU Law; *Sean Geary* teaches English in Japan; and *Gary Gerlacher* is at Baylor Med in Houston.

Our years at ND were packed full of changes, last-time chances and surprises. For starters, we were Dr. Hofman's last chemistry class. We were there for Fr. Hesburgh's last year and Monk's first. Siegfried, Knott, the Eck Pavilion, Loftus, the new Band and ROTC buildings went up while St. Michael's Laundry, Holy Cross Hall and Green Field went down. DeBartolo donated his gift (how do we get on his list?); SYR hallway drinking was outlawed; urinals were for sale in Howard; *Tim Brown* won the Heisman; Lou's era began; we won a national championship; LaFortune was renovated; the Peace Memorial or "Stonehenge" provided the campus bubble bath; matching funds were revoked for the snowball fight; Lee's Ribs was shut down; Club 23 came into existence; and Larry, Bill and Bob graced our Senior Bar cups.

The Heilert family wrote, expressing their thanks for all the support when Jeff passed away last August. Any and all information about jobs, family, school, travels, weddings, etc. are welcome and appreciated. I'll be in Chicago next year but until I have an address, keep sending the mail to Michigan. —*Caroline Klein*, 737 Cambridge Blvd., East Grand Rapids, Mich. 49506; 616-243-8244.

90MBA Bigger and Better

It's over a year since we graduated and nearly all is well. Some are finally getting settled, while others have already changed positions. Congrats to *Saralee Smith* and *PJ Sheehan*, who were married in May. *Jim Zwald* is happily working back in Atlanta, Ga. *Pia Soweto* and *Karl Shutz* were wed in June. They honeymooned in Indonesia, where Pia feasted on boatloads of shrimp. *Dave Wilson* is employed by Long Grove, Ill.-based CFI Industries as a marketing planner. *Mark Esposito* is a financial analyst for Hewlett Packard. He'll probably find a way to sell HP calculators to all the new UC/Berkeley coeds. In Montreal, Quebec, *Pierre Chapdelaine* is a financial counselor for Nesbitt Thomson Deacon Ltee. He took the CFA Level II exam in June; all you CFAs should call him. If you've been wondering where *Arnab Sanyal* works, it's in old South Bend; he's a financial analyst for IDF. *Debbie Derby* is moving to accommodate her husband's new position with Kellogg's.

If you read *Ad Week*, you may have seen a photo of *Judy Hilbrich*. This woman is engaged and happy. When in California, call her. *Patti McGann* works for Budget Rent-a-Car at their Chicago HQ. *Tom Hillebrecht* is at Security Pacific Merchant Bank in LA and fresh from a summer surfing trip in Costa Rica. At Andersen Consulting, *Mike Harmon* actually likes the limited programming he does. *Masayuki Katayama* is with his father's firm in Kentucky, travels a lot, and says his MBA classes have already helped him. Sounds like propaganda, but it's true. *Nancy Folzenlogen* and *John Gray* were married March 9. We wish them the best. Jamie and *Jeff Anglin* are proud parents. Jeff is with Lifescan & Malpitas, a California medical firm.

The now-engaged *Tricia Hamilton* and *Joe Pupel* made a momentous journey last summer. They traveled to Knute Rockne's airplane crash site, collected some earth from the area, and sprinkled the precious sand in the end zone at the ND stadium before the Miami game. Let's all take a moment to praise them for their devotion to team and school. Of course they claim full responsibility for our victory over the convicts. Tricia is with General Mills in Minneapolis. *Josh Blackmore* moved to Cleveland, where he practices the wily arts of chemistry for Dow. If you didn't receive a mailing from me last winter, I don't have your correct address. Please forward it to me ASAP, and also let ND know where you are. Don't forget to get football tickets for the October 12 Pittsburgh game: our minireunion. I'll mail a full agenda of the weekend's events soon. If you'd like to help with the festivities, call me.—*P.J. Ewing*, 655 W. Irving Park #5205, Chicago 60613; res 312-248-5669; bus 220-5582.

91 Feeling Nostalgic?

How is it that after only one short month we can long to be back under the Dome. A lot of that is owed to the four years we spent at ND. Who will ever forget Monk Malloy's inauguration, the national championship and Heisman Trophy winner, St. Michael's fire, Digger's last four years. Now we find ourselves spread all over the world. In Chicago, *Chris Zorich* returns home to play for the Bears. *Kathryn Gliwa, John Snyder, Michael Coffey, Robert Tonetti, Nina Pangilinan* and *Ann Hart* will all work for Andersen Consulting. *Patty Demink, Frank Montabon* and *Wendy Burek* are with Arthur Andersen. *Michael Locascio* and *Judith Spengeman* are with Price Waterhouse. With Ernst & Young are *Doug Ingram* and *Bill Stegmeier. Cynthia Nottoli, Tom Turmell, Dave Schmidt* and *Ron Kunkel* are with LaSalle National Bank. *Gina Mahony*, Leo Burnett; *Jim Fitzgerald*, Baxter Healthcare; *Thomas Lynch*, Sargent & Lundy; *Renee Kaptur*, Continental Bank, also in the Windy City. Volunteering in Chicago are *Kristin Funk*, Apostolic Volunteers, and *Rob Pasin*, Amate House.

In NYC are *Scott Harris, John Yang* and *Ashley McCourtney* with Chase Manhattan Bank, along with *Chris Frigon*, Morgan Stanley; *Scott Gilbert*, Dean Witter Reynolds; *Laura Kirchofer*, Deloitte & Touche; *Julie Yoon*, Price Waterhouse. In Connecticut are *Mary Sandro, Nancy Prechtel, Max Roberts, Marisue Cook* with The Travelers; *Steve Godino* and *Matt Weismantle* with IBM; *Chris Lagasse*, Price Waterhouse; *Kathryn Wuschner*, CIGNA Corp.; and *Melinda Baker* with General Electric Capital. In sunny California are *Christina Mueller*, Exxon; *Jeanette Schwab*, Ernst & Young; and *Dave Shaw*, Andersen Consulting. Other Andersen employees are *Mike Shinnick*, Phoenix; *Mark Kovarik*, St. Louis; and *Trey Reymond*, New Orleans. In Indianapolis are *Cheryl Freund* and *Binh Le* with Eli Lilly; *Charlotte Kaufmann*, May Co.; *Dino Colucci*, Naval Avionics Center; *Todd Hill*, Andersen Consulting; and *Michael Burke* with Prudential.

Many will return to ND for law school: *Francis Timons, Chris Coury, Erin Stewart, Kristin Kolesar, Garrett Pool* and *Robert Flanagan*. I hope they have couch space for classmates on home games! Other law schoolers are *Stacy Kelly* and *Mary Bernard*, Michigan; *Shawn Hoyt* and *Franco Dooley*,

Thanks

The editors of *Notre Dame* Magazine are indebted to many people who helped make this sesquicentennial issue possible. Special thanks go to Rev. James T. Connelly, C.S.C., archivist of the Indiana Province of the Holy Cross Order, who patiently answered writers' questions and allowed us to see a draft of his history of the order in America; to Professor-emeritus Thomas J. Stritch, who provided us with an early manuscript of his forthcoming book, *My Notre Dame*, to be published by Notre Dame Press; to John Meaney '40, whose book about Frank O'Malley will also be published by Notre Dame Press.

Our thanks as well to Peter Lysy, Charles Lamb and Kevin Cawley in the University Archives; Jethrow Kyles, curator of the Joyce Sports Research Collection; Brother Wilbert Leveling, C.S.C., at the Brothers' Archives; Sister Campion, C.S.C., at the Sisters' Archives; and Professor A. Edward Manier, for his recollections of the travels of Father Sorin's statue.

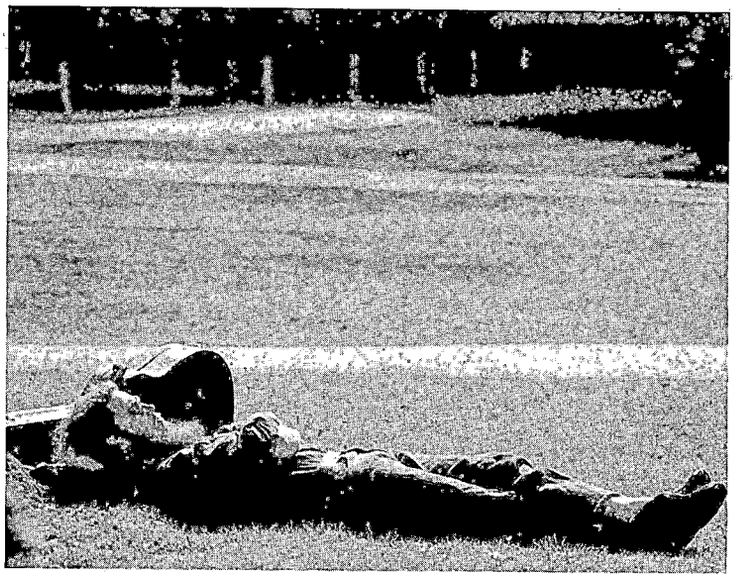
Northwestern; *Christine Walsh*, DePaul; *Jason Thomas*, Indiana; *Chris Anderson*, Tulane; *Jim McCarthy*, Dayton; *Sue Fitzgerald*, William & Mary; *John Bannan*, Rutgers; and *Barb Izzo*, Harvard. Headed to medical school are *Allison Eulitt, David McKenna* and *Catherine Bradshaw* at Indiana U; *Kristen Kenesey, Craig Egan* and *Allison Hill* at Loyola of Chicago; *Kathy Provanzana* and *Ann Hickey* at Ohio State. Going it alone are *Mary Ann Castro*, Wayne State; *Anita Varkey*, Wisconsin; *John Steinlage*, Minnesota; *Michael Harnish*, Illinois; *Bill Borgos*, Johns Hopkins; *Veronica Stasa*, Boston; *Erin Rice*, SUNY Health Science; *Holly Slattery*, Vermont; *Paul Saiz*, Baylor; and *Ted Passe*, Duke.

Going for their MBAs are *Zaida Pericas*, Wisconsin; *Michelle Wieneke*, Michigan State; *Frank Tyler*, Texas; and *Jeanne Eckelkamp*, St. Louis. Studying chemical engineering are *Eric Brown*, Northwestern; *John Kerney*, Purdue; *Kim Kolbert*, Michigan; and *Kathryn Pirrotta*, Princeton. *Beth Kaiser* will be volunteer teaching in NYC, as will *Christy Anderson* in Johannesburg, South Africa. Also overseas will be *Susan Elias* and *David Raedy*, in Chile with Holy Cross Associates; *Bill Mordan*, Bolivia; *Margaret Davin*, Germany; and *Katherine Mapother*, destination unknown.

Special thanks to *Colleen Hogan, Dennis Lynch, Meg McKenna, Kelli Phelan* and their committees for all the hard work put into making Senior Formal and Senior Month a success. Our first minireunion is the MSU game. Be sure to stop by the Alumni Hospitality in the JACC to see who's on campus and where to meet. If you'd like to see your name or a friend's name in this column, write and let me know what you're doing. Any info on jobs, family, travels and engagements (yikes!) are welcome. See you at the tailgaters. —*Molly Grunenwald*, 5073 James Hill Rd., Kettering, Ohio 45429; 513-435-1794.

91MBA New Beginnings

By the time you receive this special sesquicentennial issue of this magazine, many of us will be living in new cities and starting new jobs. Of course, many will just be living in new cities. Some will even be married! During our one or two years at ND, we've all made great friends and shared great times. Through this column, we'll be able to continue to keep in touch and get the latest news about our classmates. If you get back to campus for a game, check the class sign-in sheets at the Alumni Hospitality Center in the JACC to see who's there and where to meet after the game. Let's try to have a minireunion every fall. You can also leave me a note on the postcards they have there. Do that, and call or write and let me know where you are and what you're doing. I promise to share the news. So that you can continue to receive *Notre Dame* magazine, be sure to update your address with the University whenever you move. Keep in touch. —*Kristin Potts*, 1928 N. Fremont #1R, Chicago 60614; 312-868-9731.



GRADUATE SCHOOLS

Architecture

Sesquicentennial reflections: When the Department of Architecture was created in 1898, ND had already celebrated its Golden Jubilee six years earlier.The golden statue of Our Lady, a gift of the "girls of Saint Mary's," had topped the dome 16 years before. The grotto was only two years old, but already a "steady procession of students came to kneel before Our Lady's grace." About 700 students were enrolled at ND, 10% of them in law and most of the rest in the "commercial course." On the average, 30 bachelor degrees were awarded annually, and a sprinkling of master's degrees.

Little can be found of those early years of architecture except for a few passing comments. The very first Laetare Medal, given in 1884, went to an architect. Patrick Keely earned the medal as the architect "who more than any other changed the style of ecclesiastical structures and modified architectural taste in the country." A brief history, in a 1965 brochure for the dedication of the Old Library as the "new" Architecture Building, states that the first formal instruction was offered by Chicago architect Henry Schlacks, who came to campus every week to supervise the work of a "group of students interested in architecture." Between his visits, the head of the mechanical drawing department directed the work. Classes were held on the top floor of the Main Building until 1930, when the College of Law moved into its new building and the old Hoynes Building (also known as Chemistry Hall) was given over to the expanding architecture department. In 1947, a two-story addition was constructed to the rear of that building and many of us remember the further expansion into the top floor of the Student Center in the mid-'50s. That final expansion separated the freshman and fifth year students from the others until the acquisition of the Old Library and its 47,000 square feet once again united the 200-plus students under one roof. The ND architecture program is the oldest Catholic architecture program in the U.S. and one of only 90 professional degree programs accredited nationwide. In 1984 it was designated a School of Architecture.

The first full-time program head was Francis Kervick, who served from about 1910 until 1949. He designed the Memorial East entrance transept porch to Sacred Heart Church (1923) and with faculty member Vincent Fagan he also designed Howard Hall (1924); Morrissey and Lyons Halls (1925); and the Cushing Hall of Engineering (1930-31), among others. Franceso (Frank) Montana FAIA took the helm from 1950 until '72 and with his partner and faculty member, the late Robert Schultz, designed such campus buildings as the Bookstore, Bus Shelter, the LaFortune Student Center, etc. Ambrose Richardson was department head from '72 until '78; Robert Amico, '78-'79; and now Thomas Gordon Smith, who took over in '89. Associate professor John Stamper was appointed director of the Rome Studies Program last fall. Founded in '69, it is an integral part of the curriculum and provides the only full-year, 100% student attendance program in Rome offered by an American university.

The School of Architecture appears to be heading full circle since the new chairman took over. He's made changes in the curriculum in order to expose students to the classical orders. As a result, while remaining open to all architectural traditions, ND is gaining a reputation as *the* place for classical architecture, the "cutting edge" of the profession, according to Smith.—*Orlando Maione AIA* '57, 1300 Oak Creek Dr. #214, Palo Alto, Calif. 94304; bus 415-973-9128; res 321-0667; fax 415-972-2227.

History

A request for memories brought many responses, all expressing fondness for our department and gratitude for our faculty. Professor Samuel Shapiro detailed his teaching experiences at Brandeis, the Universities of Tucuman and Buenos Aires, Argentina, and the University of Havana (in 1960!). He came to ND in '62 as a one-year sabbatical replacement for Professor Pike and stayed. He recalls the efforts of Fr. Hesburgh and Professor DeSantis to keep him at ND, despite opposition from the federal government. You can find the details of this incident in Fr. Hesburgh's book, *God, Country, Notre Dame* (page 102).

John Quinn '87MA asked that we acknowledge DeSantis's generous gifts to the graduate students. He has endowed both a fellowship and a lecture series for their benefit.*Bob Shaffern* '91PhD also wanted us to express thanks for Professor DeSantis's interest in the graduate program. His propensity to show up at dissertation defenses is especially appreciated. At a recent defense, when the outside chair failed to appear, he stepped in and allowed the nervous candidate to defend on schedule. For *Kevin Smant* '90PhD, *Bruce Smith* '90PhD and *Maureen Mulligan* '89MA, the whole department deserves thanks for making possible their trip to the recent OAH conference.

Joseph White '80PhD has been chosen to write the history of Sacred Heart Parish at ND. It will be published in '92 to coincide with the Sesquicentennial. This will be his third published book. He was also a Cushwa Fellow at ND for several years and still found time to pursue freelance writing. Joe wrote of his gratitude for his mentor, Jay Dolan, and wanted to welcome *Tom Kelleher* '87MA to the ranks of those who've had "the distinction" of having Professor Dolan as a dissertation director. Joe would like to know what happened to Jeff Burns.

So much gratitude is in this issue because, in spite of all the pain, frustration and grief that grad school entails, you look back and know that you challenged yourself, accomplished something important, and made yourself proud. More than that, you did it in the company of friends and under the guidance of professors you respect and admire. And then you go on. Let us know what you went on to.—*Mary Linehan*, 628 1/2 West Surf #3B, Chicago 60657; 312-528-0918.

Mathematics

An overview of activities that highlight some math department graduates and faculty of the past 30+ years is a good way to reminisce about our ND roots and experiences. (Let me say my memory and contacts are limited; no slight is intended by any omission you may note. Write to tell me if you do, and send news of grads of more recent years, and I'll get it into the next column.) Former math department chairmen/faculty who have enriched the ND administration over the past 25 years include *Ferdinand Brown CSC* '47PhD, former associate provost; Timothy O'Meara, current provost; and *Thomas Stewart* '59PhD, who moved from chairing the department to being assistant to the president (before ND had a provost), holding that position until his death. He brought to the offices under the Dome Annette Ortenstein, our departmental secretary of the '50s and '60s, and now secretary to President Edward "Monk" Malloy.

Graduates who have swelled administrative ranks at other institutions include *Shirley (Wilde) Dowdy* '64PhD, associate dean at West Virginia U; *Sr. M. Lucille McKillop RSM* '59MS, president of Salve Regina College; *Michael Gemignani* '65PhD, provost at U of Houston/Clear Lake; *Rudolph Najar* '69PhD, former dean at U of Wisconsin/Whitewater; *John Oppelt* '65PhD, former provost at Bellarmine College; and *Constance (Carroll) Widmer* '62MS, associate dean at Northern Kentucky U. At most AMS/MAA Joint Meetings, as well as many sectional ones, ND alums/faculty are invited speakers, panelists and coordinators for sessions. Regularly numbered are such as *Thomas Banchoff* '60 (Brown U and one of former department chair Arnold Ross's original precocious youth group at ND); *Edward Connors* '69PhD, Joint Policy Board for Mathematics; *Lester Lange* '60PhD, San Jose State; *Joseph Gallian* '71PhD, U of Minnesota/Duluth; Tim O'Meara; and triple-Domer *V. Frederick Rickey* '63, '66MS, '68PhD, Bowling Green State. Arnold Ross often uses joint meetings as a fo-

rum for spreading programs like the one he pioneered at ND through the '50s and '60s.

Book-publishing Domers abound. Some are Tom Banchoff, Shirley Dowdy, Mike Gemignani, *Larry Gerstein* '67PhD, U of California/Santa Barbara; *Alex Hahn* '70PhD, ND; triple-Domer *John Hirschfelder* '65, '66MS, '68PhD (another of the precocious youth originals), now with Alliant Techsystems, Inc.; Tim O'Meara; *Wilhelm Stoll*, ND; *Paul Thie* '65PhD, Boston College, and Yours Truly. Ed Connors has also published many articles on the need for mathematicians. Editing the Pi Mu Epsilon *Journal* is *Richard Poss* '70PhD, St. Norbert's College.

Perhaps the sesquicentennial might stimulate you to contribute to our search for the oldest living math PhD and to an updated list of addresses for all living graduate math alumni, as well as information about those who are deceased. Please send your name, year of graduation(s), current position, address(es) (and age, optional) to me. If you have information about any of your colleagues, that would likewise be appreciated. A tradition has been revived: a post-dinner/lecture gathering of ND alums and current or former faculty at AMS/MAA national meetings, generally late on Thursday evening of the session. If you are in Orono, Maine, for the August 8-10 meeting, we'll meet around 10 p.m. on August 8. Specifics will be posted in the registration area, and bring all the news you can muster about anyone you know from your ND days, especially news from grads of the late '70s until now.—*Helen Christensen RSM* '62MS, Mathematical Sciences Department, Loyola College in Maryland, 4501 N. Charles St., Baltimore 21210-2699.

Physics

Two extraordinary physics majors finished undergraduate requirements in three years and stayed on during their fourth year as grad students. Their scholarship was affecting, and involvement in the graduate curriculum dictates that news about them is appurtenant. *Thomas Day* '52 received a PhD from Cornell in '57, then joined the U of Maryland, becoming a full professor, vice chancellor for Academic Planning and Policy, and acting vice chancellor for Academic Affairs. In '78 he was appointed president of San Diego State. Tom published widely as a theoretical and experimental high energy physicist and was elected to fellowship in the APS. Honors include "Outstanding Young Scientist" from the Maryland Academy of Sciences, the Science Centennial Award from ND, and admission in *Who's Who in America*. He was a delegate to international conferences, a visiting physicist at National Laboratories, and a consultant to an impressive list of clients. He served as a member of a host of boards, councils, and committees involved with education, science, business and civic affairs, among them the American Association of State Colleges and Universities, the President's Committee on the National Medal of Science, the National Science Board (vice chair), the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, and the Mayor's Crime Control Commission.

Charles Misner '52 earned a Princeton PhD in '57 and stayed until joining the U of Maryland in '63. His CV includes over 100 invited papers, special lectures, technical reports, published articles, books and contributions to edited books, describing a variety of studies in general relativity, geometrodynamics, gravitational fields, the universe, and cosmology. Elected a fellow of APS, the Royal Astronomical Society and AAAS, Charles is a member of seven other societies, serving as a referee, as a committee member, or on the editorial board. Awards and honors include an Alfred Sloan Research Fellowship, the Maryland Academy of Science's "Outstanding Young Scientist" award, the Science Centennial Award from ND, the Washington Academy of Science's Award for Scientific Achievement, and a Guggenheim Fellowship. He was a visiting fellow at All Souls College, Oxford, and is listed in *World Who's Who*. Charles visited the Pontifical Academy of Cracow and attended a study week at the Vatican Observatory, Castel Gandolfo. In collaboration with AAPT he is now involved with the Maryland Project in Physics and Educational Technology (MUPPET).

David Keiffer '56PhD will spend the next academic year on sabbatical leave from Loyola, New Orleans, doing research at ND in the physics department. Thanks to *Walter Schier* '64PhD at the U of Lowell, Mass., for responding to my note. Among our goldies was William Polye '40MS (1915-1990) a Phi Beta Kappa from St. Lawrence U in '37. From ND he went to work for Bendix Aviation, Teterboro. He retired in '77 as chief scientist. In '69 he received a NASA Apollo Achievement Award for contributions to man's flight to the moon. He was a member of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics. His wife, Martha, lives in Green Pond, Newfoundland, New Jersey. I'm in need of a copy of the '90-91 APS directory.—*E.M. Banas* '55, SW 325 Clarkson Ct. #4, Pullman, Wash. 99163; 509-334-1422.

Band Alumni

We've a history nearly as long as ND itself. Alumni from the '30s recall the days of Joseph Casasanta, home games played at Soldier Field and a train trip to NYC to play in Yankee Stadium. Grads from the '40s remember playing under the baton of H. Lee Hope. The largest group of alumni marched under Robert (O'B) O'Brien. They remember bus trips, practices in Washington Hall, Concert Band tours, marching throughout the campus to lead fans to the pep rallies; Jim and Fr. George; pre-game concerts on the steps of the Main Building; the first women in the band; bowl trips and parades; and many friends. Today, under Luther Snavely, the traditions continue.

Plans are finalized for the band reunion on September 21 at the MSU game. Call 219-239-7136 for information. Remember to keep practicing the Victory March. On April 19 officers *Bob Casey* '64, '87; *George Adams* '66 and *Greg Spretnjak* '84, '86 represented band alumni at the annual spring band banquet. They presented plaques to two outstanding seniors, *Amy Parrish* '91 and *Gerald Larkin* '91 and gave Band Alumni membership cards to the class. Nearly 30 Chicago chapter members marched in the St. Patrick's Day parade on March 16. To become involved with this group, contact *Tom Riley* '84 at 708-394-8659. Send news for the Chicago newsletter to *Julie Arndorfer* '85. The Washington chapter marched in the St. Patrick's Day parade on March 9 in Alexandria, Va. A post-parade reception followed. They performed May 11 at the DC Club's UND Night. Contact *Dick Galiher* '64 in Rockville, Md., for chapter activities. *Bob Horenn* '46 composed a jazz concerto for trumpet and is searching for a soloist in the LA area to perform this work. Call him at 619-346-6006. *Greg Abad* '84, '85 graduated in May with a U of Miami MD. His residency is in internal medicine at Bethesda Naval Hospital. And I'm engaged to Corky Camden of Charlottesville, Va.—*Beth Picknally* '83, 2401 Peyton Dr. #204, Charlottesville, Va. 22901-1561.

DEATHS

Thomas F. Larkin '22, May 12. Survived by his wife, Elizabeth, PO Box 1757, Corsicana, Texas 75151.

Jerome C. Arnold '24, March 27. Survived by his son, Thomas '56, 329 Clark Dr., San Mateo, Calif. 94402.

Raymond J. Sobatzki '25, April 8. Survived by his wife, Gertrude, Normandy Farms Estates, Box 1108, A-215, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422.

Tobe M. Gish '27JD, Feb. 10. Survived by his wife, Mary, 813 Broad St., Central City, Ky. 42330.

Nicholas J. Kauffman '27, May 12. Survived by his wife, 47 Lewis St., Little Falls, N.Y. 13365.

James L. Vallely '27, Feb. 22. Survived by his wife, Gladys, 4008 Wiley Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn. 37412.

Christie J. Flanagan '28, March 22. Survived by his wife, Mary, 4305 Forest Dr., Port Arthur, Texas 77640.

William H. Konop '28, April 8, Survived by his wife, Mabel, 813 Alamando Dr., Largo, Fla. 33540.

Karl E. Matersteck '29, April 24. Survived by his son, Karl Jr. '56, 8 Van Nostrand Rise, Bridgewater, N.J. 08807.

James W. Sullivan '30, April 22. Survived by his wife, Helen, 3439 Benjamin #322, Royal Oak, Mich. 48073; sons, William '62 and John '65.

Lawrence P. Kral '31, March 31. Survived by his wife, Gloria, 1 Bratenahl Pl. #304, Cleveland 44108, and son, Robert '60.

Marchmont H. Schwartz '32, '33JD, April 18. Survived by his wife, Rosemarie, 712 Ynez Circle, Danville, Calif. 94526.

John S. Wittliff '32, Feb. 21. Survived by his wife, Margaret, 1107 Washington Ave., Port Huron, Mich. 48060; sons, Thomas '70 and Philip '71.

Marion J. Blake '33, April 29. Survived by his son, Kevin '80, PO Box 78472, Tucson, Ariz. 85703.

Robert W. Hughes '34, March 17. Survived by his wife, Gertrude, 3600 Colchester Rd., Lansing, Mich. 48906.

William L. Newberry '34, '36. Survived by his son, Norman '65, 4201 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Calif. 91505.

Edward J. Flanagan, Jr. '37, Feb. 5. Survived by his wife, Virginia, 52 Forest Knoll Dr., Fenton, Mo. 63026.

John R. Waters, Jr. '38, April 27. Survived by his wife, Virginia, 448 Raintree Ct. #2-C, Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60137.

Robert F. Doyle '38, March 24. Survived by his wife, Judy, 3143 E. Sonata Dr., Las Vegas, 89121.

Arthur J. Selna '38, '40JD, March 10. Survived by his wife, Alexandra, 3124 Curts Ave., Los Angeles 90034.

Donald H.Smith '38, April 14. Survived by his wife, Lois, 3100 A1A S. Ponce Landing, St. Augustine, Fla. 32084, and son, Rev. Stuart Smith CSC '71, '82.

Vincent W. DeCoursey '39, April 11. Survived by his wife, Helen, 3215 W. 83rd St., Shawnee Mission, Kan. 66206; sons, Vincent Jr. '64, Thomas '65, Robert '67, David '70, Stephen '74, and John '77.

John F. O'Hara '39, March 5. Survived by his wife, Rita, 124 S. Mohawk, Dearborn, Mich. 48124.

William H. Ricke '39, March 15. Survived by his wife, Dorothy, Rt. 6, Box 528, Cattail Creek Rd., Burnsville, N.C. 28714.

John A. Siegel '39, April 27. Survived by his wife, Mary, Rt. 7, Graff St., Meadville, Pa. 16335, and son, John '69.

Patrick. M McFarland '40, February 18. Survived by his wife, Rita, 1102 Cleveland Ave., Lockport, Ill. 60441.

Leroy E. Peterson '40, '42, April 21. Survived by his wife, Lois, 217 E. College St. #12, Oberlin, Ohio 44074.

James L. Buchanan, MD '42, April 12. Survived by his wife, Sally, 4606 Lawnview Dr., Pittsburgh 15227, and son, James '71.

William W. Moore '45, May 7. Survived by his wife, Lucy, 34 Hillcrest Rd., Martinsville, N.J. 08836, and son, George '73.

George J. Despot '47, Feb 14. Survived by his wife, Pearla, 507 College Lane, Shreveport, La. 71106, and brother, Gregory '49.

John D. O'Neill '47JD, Jan. 15. Survived by his wife, Kathleen, 1550 E. River Rd. #109, Tucson, Ariz. 85718.

Donald W. Corcoran '49, March 9. Survived by his wife, Joanne, 844 Sulphur Spring Rd., Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

Robert E. Fitzpatrick '49JD, April 20. Survived by his wife, Donna, 6417 E. 53rd St., Tulsa, Okla. 74135.

Wallace J. McCoy '49, March 24. Survived by his wife, Jean, 555 Ketch Dr., Naples, Fla. 33940-4110.

Z. Alfred Adam '50, April 6. Survived by his wife, Marylou, 118 Brookfield E., Moraga, Calif. 94556.

James J. Groves '50, March 1. Survived by his wife, Patricia, 607 Overbrook Rd., Bloomfield Hills, Mich. 48013.

Allan F. Landolt '50, April 15. Survived by his wife, Joan, 333 E. Union St., Virginia, Ill. 62691, and son, Allan '79.

John E. Baumgarten '54, April 3. Survived by his wife, Barbara, 500 Sycamore Lane #102, Aurora, Ohio 44202.

Donald A. Hinshaw '55, March 31. Survived by his wife, Joan, 6302 N. Granite Reef Rd., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251.

James A. DeBernardi '59, Jan. 11. Survived by his wife, Katherine, 52 Legend Lane, Houston 77024.

Edward V. Scoby '55, April 10. Survived by his wife, Patricia, 1331 S. Delpha, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Donald J. O'Grady '63, March. Survived by his wife, Dr. Claudia Hoffmann, 410 Whitthorne Dr., Wyoming, Ohio 45215.

Mark G. Langenfeld, MD '66, April 18. Survived by his wife, Jane, 1645 Legion Dr., Elm Grove, Wis. 53122.

Robert A. Wigenfeld '66, Feb. 27. Survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wingenfeld, 18955 Orchard Hills Dr., Walton Hills, Ohio 44146.

William J. Kubiak '77JD, April 21. Survived by his wife, Barbara, 24 Orchard Pl., Bradford, Pa. 16701.

Major Mark A. Connelly, MD '78, Feb. 28. Survived by his wife, Patricia, 2930 Brookfield Rd., Lancaster, Pa. 17601.

THE LAST MINIM

BY MICHAEL J. DOLAN '29, '42

I have fought a losing battle through the years trying to convince alumni who matriculated after 1929 that Notre Dame once had a grade school. Begun by Father Edward Sorin, who affectionately named its students "minims," it lasted until the graduating of the class of 1929—my class. It was a victim of the University's success in attracting high school graduates from around the country.

It was January 1923 when I arrived at Notre Dame, following in the wake of my paternal uncle, Father Pat Dolan, C.S.C., as he plowed through the snow and up the iron steps of Saint Edward's Hall. My father had died three years before, leaving my mother with more children than she could take care of.

Sister Malachy, the nun in charge of the minims, whisked us into a huge parlor whose walls were painted with pictures of Indians extending greetings to black-robed men. I was fascinated. I had seen paintings hanging on walls but never walls painted like a picture. Sister eased the pain of parting by giving me a cup of hot cocoa.



I was introduced to our "housemother," a short, stout, jolly lady named Mrs. Hozinski. My feelings of strangeness quickly departed as she ran me through the settling-in process, chatting away as she unpacked my meager belongings and selected the number I was to use in marking all my clothes: 28.

Next I was turned over to one of the Lay Brothers, who walked me through the building, introduced me to several students in my age group, and assigned me my sleeping quarters on the top floor. All the beds were in the open, with a small night stand by each one. One of the Brothers, or a student prefect, slept in a curtained-off area and was charged with maintaining order after lights out.

Though Sister Malachy was the nominal head of the minims, the Lay Brothers of the Holy Cross Order were the "power." They were in control of us for every minute other than those we spent in the classrooms. Brother Cajetan was in charge of the minims when I first arrived, but he was already an old man. He was assigned a young assistant, Brother Clement, whom we immediately called Brother Bozo . . . though not to his face. He had the unenviable task of keeping a school full of potential hellions housebroken.

Brother Cajetan lived in a little "cell" that had been added to the old building. I saw him frequently in 1927, as my mother had sent me a hand-operated movie projector and he allowed me to use one section of his quarters to project the film on the wall. He had a gruff exterior manner which I like to think shielded him from becoming too attached to his charges. One holiday he spotted three of us minims and asked why we hadn't gone into South Bend to see a movie. When he learned we didn't have any money, he dug into his cassock pocket and handed us enough for the movie and the streetcar fare. "I'll grubstake you" he said, assigning Brother Clement to chaperone us.

Sister Malachy left the minims shortly after I arrived and was replaced by Sister Miriam of Jesus, C.S.C. She was a short, rotund bundle of energy, and she needed all of it in her frequent clashes with the bigger students. Her favorite punishment when she was driven to complete distraction was to order the ring-

Mike Dolan is retired from the United States Army and lives in Seattle. He returned to Notre Dame to earn a master's degree in 1942.

leaders to the "parlor" normally reserved for entertaining visiting parents. She would line them up in a row and start swinging her ruler. It was amazing how deft we became at pulling back our outstretched palms just as Sister was in the midst of her downward swing. When she made contact on one or two palms, that would end the punishment session.

The minims were tractable for the most part, but now and again the long Indiana winters caused a kind of "cabin fever" to erupt during our final play period. Anything might start it off, and it was up to Brother Clement to bring us to order. His normal method, which worked well, was to have us stand facing the wall. We would get the giggles after a while, but that would only prolong the standing. Finally we would calm down and be hustled off to bed.

Life in the minims followed the usual pattern of any boys' boarding school: up early and down to our "wash room" with its long rows of zinc-lined sinks and a cabinet below each set of faucets for storing our wash-basin, soap and toothbrush. After a quick wash we were marched up to the second-floor chapel. We attended Mass every day as a matter of course, whether we were Catholic or not.

After Mass we were marched to the Refectory. Our waiters were usually football players working their way through college, and we had all the "greats" at one time or another: Joe Savoldi, Frank Carideo, Tom Conley and many others. Our meals usually included "Notre Dame buns" baked by the Brothers. Excellent when fresh, they took on the density of cement after several days. The university students were well-known for their "bun fights"; the Refectory would suddenly erupt in flying missiles. We minims, however, stuck to the time-honored custom of digging out the soft insides of the fresh buns and rolling dough-balls. It only took one direct hit to touch off retaliation. By the time the Brothers sitting at the head table caught on, the entire dining room was chaos.

Since it was always impossible to determine who had fired the first shot, the last "thrower" got the punishment. Interestingly, there was never any corporal punishment given us for wrong-doing, except for Sister Miriam's attempts with the ruler. Brother Clement could freeze ice at 50 feet with one of his looks, and he didn't need any other weapon to keep us in line.

The Refectory ceiling was lined with tin sheeting into which a design had been pressed. We soon learned the technique of "snapping" butter pats to see if they would stick to the ceiling. The favorite method, one that forever evaded the watchful eye of Brother Clement, was to fold a cloth napkin into a narrow strip, place the butter pat in the center and, grasping the napkin ends, give a sharp snap and an upward thrust. The results were usually disappointing, but Jimmy Rohr, one of the bigger minims, could hit the ceiling every time. His efforts went undetected until it was time to give the ceiling a paint job. No one ever seemed to figure out how the butter got up there.

We saw all the home football games, generally sitting in the end zone of Cartier Field. We saw the Four Horsemen play, and we all had scrapbooks filled with pictures from the sports sections of the Chicago papers. We could never figure out how students could be selling the South Bend paper, with the winning score already in the headlines, as the crowd was leaving the stadium.

For away games, we would go to the old fieldhouse where there was a contraption called a "Grid Graph" set up in the balcony overlooking the indoor track. It was a huge replica of a football field, and student operators—either listening on a radio or else getting telegraph reports on the game— would move the football on the board and describe the action.

Saturday mornings were Natatorium time. The pool was housed in a one-story building directly behind the Main Building, flanked by the infirmary and the kitchens. We had an hour for swimming, with the little people in the shallow end and those of us who knew how to swim cavorting in the deep end. I suppose this was one way of insuring that we got our Saturday baths.

We minims were a mixed bag: We came from one-parent homes or families in which both parents worked. We had sons of ambassadors, of headline circus performers, of news personalities and of night club stars, though most of us were from less exotic backgrounds. No matter what the circumstance, we were quickly absorbed into the school. I remember when Dennis McEvoy arrived. We later found out that his dad was the writer, J.P. McEvoy. It took us a while to get used to his New York accent and red curly hair, but after a few weeks he was just one of the kids. We had a few day students, whom we called "day dodgers" or "day dogs."

We dreaded the day report cards were issued. Father Hugh O'Donnell, the prefect of discipline for the University, would be there to look at the cards as we were called before him. Father Hugh, called

"Pepper" by the college students, was a big man with a booming voice whose mere presence scared us. He had one unvarying ploy to open the proceedings: He'd call on the smallest boy in school and ask him the height of the Golden Dome, measured from ground level to the top of the statue of our Blessed Mother. Many of us had at one time been the smallest boy, and we passed along the information to each new candidate. Father always appeared astounded when he was given the correct answer. After this softening gambit, each student would be called to receive his report card along with some well-chosen words regarding the need to improve.

Whenever Brother Clement determined that our hair was getting out of hand, he would corral 10 or 12 of us and send us to the barbershop in Washington Hall—a place of exotic smells emanating from the bottles of hair tonics. Wooden chairs lined one mirrored wall, and we passed our waiting time by glancing through ancient copies of *Colliers*, the *Literary Digest* and, if absolutely strapped, the current issue of *The Scholastic*.

The head barber was named Bill. I was fascinated by his bald head and wondered why he hadn't used all the tonics in the shop on himself. He had a gruff manner with children, as though knowing that since he would not get a tip, there was no reason to waste charm on us. Bill had the fastest clippers in Indiana; hand-operated, they often pulled, and when we wriggled in protest we got a sharp lecture on keeping still.

The smaller minims had to wait until the barber placed a board across the armrests in order to bring us up to cutting height. It was a proud day when we were at last able to sit without the board. After our shearing, the barber doused us with a tonic that I can only describe as "loud." Then back we went to Saint Ed's like new-shorn sheep, turned loose until the next shearing.

We had a library of sorts, actually more of a recreation room; there were bookcases filled with bound volumes of all the classics, and Brother Clement would open the cases for any book we wanted to read. In the center of the library was a Victrola with a stack of records we could play without regard to readers around us. A desk in one corner housed a



home-built radio that we all crowded around when a big prize-fight was broadcast.

Our reading material outside the classroom consisted of the Rover Boys, Tom Swift, Tarzan of the Apes and some short-lived series involving Ted Scott, who always seemed to be flying his plane into storms. We were also into Percy Keese Fitzhugh's stories about Pee Wee Harris and his Boy Scout pals.

We all strove to become altar boys, and we could rip off the Latin responses without knowing a word of what we were saying. The greatest coup was to be selected to serve Mass for a visiting priest; that meant we could miss the first class and also get a second breakfast.

Both Bill and Knute Rockne, Junior, were minims at various times. I recall the day their father received his first Holy Communion. Father Vince Mooney, a great friend of the coach, had instructed Knute in private and had also baptized him the day before. As we minims lined up for Communion, Knute got in line behind his son. Junior knew his dad was not a Catholic and whispered that he should get out of the line. Knute knelt at the altar rail and received Communion, and after Mass Father Mooney told us of Knute's conversion to Catholicism.

Most of our athletics were confined to intramural play, but now and again one of our "coaches" would arrange for a basketball or football game with one of the South Bend parochial schools. Of course, we thought we were pretty good, and we did fairly well. The basketball courts of some of the schools where we played were in the church basement. This meant that we had to play around the supporting posts, and the home team usually gave us a lesson in "posting up." I remember one game we lost to Saint Joseph's grade school: It wasn't pillars but the presence of girls in the audience that did us in.

Marbles was always a "hot" game, especially when a neophyte showed up with a new bag. There were always kids happy to get him into a game, with the winner getting to keep all the marbles he knocked out of a ring drawn in the dirt.

We older kids all tried our hand at cigarette smoking at one time or another. The cigarettes we managed to get were Murads or Cubebs. A couple of puffs were usually enough to convince us that anything that smelled so bad and made you feel dizzy couldn't be all that good for you.

Now and again one or more of the minims would get sick and be sent to the infirmary. I usually landed there at least once a year; I'd climb the stairs to the third floor where the Sister Pharmacist was in charge. Sister would feel my forehead, take my temperature and send me down to a room on the second floor. It was always heartening to find three or four other minims already there, in various stages of illness. Sister would arrive after I got into pajamas and out would come the universal remedy—castor oil, or some similar purgative. Not surprisingly, the remedy worked . . . and worked.

Doctor Powers would stop in to see if the "cure" had taken effect or if more Draconian measures were called for. He wore old-fashioned glasses and always appeared, like the March Hare, to be late for an appointment. I got to know him intimately the time I fell while roller skating: We were having a competition to see who could skate fastest down the play hall and jump to the gym floor. I lost my balance and ended up skidding on my bottom on the wooden floor of the gym. Doctor Powers spent a good half hour picking out the biggest splinters with a tweezer.

About 4 o'clock every afternoon except weekends, Brother Leopold opened the Saint Ed's candy store. The store was ancient and so was Brother. We'd line up when we saw him shuffling down the hall and wait impatiently as he fumbled to raise the lid that protected the store counter. Inside were boxes of candy of every sort to tempt the pennies out of a child's pocket. If I could afford a Clark bar and a bottle of pop I could just about hold out until supper time.

During seventh grade Sister Miriam selected me to be the mailboy. My job was to walk down to the old post office at the end of Notre Dame Avenue where the streetcar stopped; the Brother running the post office would fill the empty leather bag I carried and send me on the way back to Saint Ed's. I never broke any records; there was so much for a young boy to see. One year they were digging the steam tunnel across the campus to accommodate the dining hall. I never believed in a straight line being the shortest distance, and I often managed to return by way of Walsh and Sorin Halls or the Grotto.

When we needed to go to the dentist, we would ride the streetcar into South Bend. The conductor-driver, with an insouciance born of long experience, would open the driving handle to full speed and sit nonchalantly reading or spinning the coin-box mechanism as we hurtled down the track. This was bad enough heading into town, but truly terrifying as the streetcar raced back out Notre Dame Avenue toward track's end. Just as I was sure we were doomed to jump the track and crash, Mr. Cool would suddenly awake, reverse the handle and bring the car to a halt

a few feet short of the track end.

Another of our favorite activities was attending movies at Washington Hall. We always had the theater to ourselves for Saturday afternoon matinees, and we could plan on seeing the Pathe News, a cartoon, a segment of a serial cliff-hanger and then the main feature. This was all pre-sound, of course, and you could bank on us aiding the screen hero with timely advice shouted out at a crucial moment.

The winter of 1928-29 was your normal snow-filled, gray-skied Indiana weather with bone-chilling winds. But when the sweet smells of spring finally filled the air, who could remember winter? Graduation was ahead and we eighth graders were caught up in preparing for a play. We rehearsed in Washington Hall and spent most of our time running from the stage to the top row of seats in the balcony.

We had heard the old legend that there was a ghost in Washington Hall. I think, now, that there was: He was the shade of all the minims who had explored and enjoyed the building, even as we were doing.

Suddenly it was graduation day. The ceremony didn't take long, and I don't remember much about it. I do recall that no mention was made that we were to be the last graduating class, so we had no way of knowing that an era was ending. But even if we had known, we were so full of ourselves that we probably wouldn't have paid any attention. It always seems to be that way with the ending of eras. □

THE NUNS OF SUMMER

BY GERALDINE MARTIN '65, '67

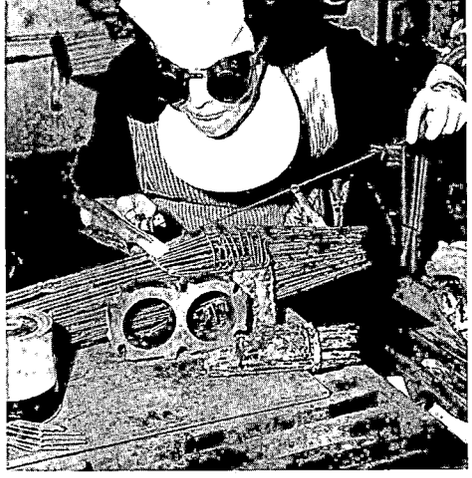
During the summers of the 1950s and '60s the Notre Dame campus became a kind of conventual conglomerate. Many teaching communities of sisters across the country, wishing to raise the educational level of their nuns, sent them to Notre Dame for advanced degrees. So at the opening of the summer session each June, taxi after taxi wound its way along the wide avenue lined with oak trees that led straight to the Golden Dome.

"Go right in, Sisters," the cheery gatehouse guard would tip his uniformed hat. "What hall are ye's stayin' in?" And the taxis rolled in, finding their way around on the campus roads to Keenan or Morrissey or Saint Edward's or whatever hall; and they disgorged all those strangely dressed creatures with their big black bags.

At first, even we nuns watched in wonder. We had never dreamed there were so many different religious communities or so many creative designers of religious dress. If you sat back and looked at it objectively—and we did sometimes—it must have seemed like a minor invasion from Mars. My own religious community, like all others, prided itself that *our* habit was quite simple while most of the others were ridiculously complicated. One group, for example, we privately referred to as "the American girls" because their habits were red, white and blue—that is, a white robe with a red scapular embossed with a large blue logo. Another group was laden with three layers of nearly everything, with double veils and triple layers of woolen folds and sleeves. Others wore cumbersome stiff veils that blocked their vision everywhere except straight ahead, while still others wore coffin boxes on their heads or mop caps. We clucked and commiserated over them all, poor things. What we didn't know was that they were all looking at us with the same sense of pity. Oh yes; don't ever believe that nuns, because they were religious, were not fashion-minded like other women.

The Notre Dame summer scene was quite a sight, with the varied fashions gliding across its green expanse, dodging the hissing sprinklers that sprayed water day and night, even in the rain, to keep Notre Dame's grass fresh. Nuns streamed from all directions toward the cafeteria for lunch or dinner, and after the evening meal we all gathered for benediction down at the Grotto, that lovely lakeside spot flanked by hundreds of shadowy, flickering candles. Once I deliberately stayed up

DON'T EVER BELIEVE THAT NUNS, BECAUSE THEY WERE RELIGIOUS, WERE NOT FASHION-MINDED LIKE OTHER WOMEN.



on the crown of the hill to watch. Nuns in long robes of white, red, blue, gray, brown and black knelt on the ground, singing. In the background I could see across Saint Mary's Lake to the Brothers' hall on the far shore. The priest, in his white robes, raised high the gold monstrance and made the sign of the cross over the crowd. Then we dispersed, most back to our rooms or to the library to study. Some of us indulged in a quiet conversation and walk around the lake with a good friend.

Everyone loved to go to Notre Dame summer school, partly because it was OUT—out in the world where real events happened and were discussed. We preferred schools run by men, because often the schools run by other nuns had their own enclosure rules that we all had to observe. The housing accommodations at Notre Dame were, of course, elemental and strictly male. Most of the nuns, used to polished convent floors, spent their first day scouring out drawers, washing desks and scrubbing floors, even cleaning the bathrooms at the end of the hall. For myself, I decided early on to be less discriminating; I just averted my eyes from the stained mattresses, I wore slippers everywhere, and I lined the drawers with newspaper.

It was such a relief to be free on campus and among friends. Usually, all your pals from the novitiate would be in the same summer sessions. It was a matter of some importance who was assigned as your roommate, but even a sour, disapproving roommate couldn't dampen the feeling of freedom. I was usually assigned to room with my own sister, who was there to study theology while I studied English, so that was a relief: We didn't need to hold back; we just fought royally, like sisters.

Though there was always lots of summer rain at Notre Dame, whenever we remember it, it is all sunshine and greenery; and the tall, glittering mosaic Christ on the facade of the library, reflecting into the pool in front; and the Golden Dome lit up at night with the statue of Mary, hands outstretched over the campus; and the quiet lakes with their gliding ducks; and the magnolia-lined walk up to the Main Building; and the thick trees; and the log-cabin chapel; and big, dark Sacred Heart Church; and the massive sculpture of Moses with his stark pointing finger. Rumor had it that the airlines paid to have the dome releafed every few years so that they could fly low and point it out. And students claimed that Moses' finger signified to the world that "we are number one."

There was no doubt that summers at Notre Dame were a real study-vacation, and every one of us hated to graduate. It was terrible, later on, to stand in the deserted, dark hall of the motherhouse, wave goodbye to all of your summer-school-bound friends, and then turn back to your mop.

At first most of the sisters, whose education till then had been somewhat inbred in their own colleges, tended to hold together, suspicious by training of all those other communities that would gladly snatch away any young women interested in their order. However, pressures of class (in my case, up to 15 papers to write in six weeks), study groups that became social fun as well, or chance encounters in the cafeteria or the Huddle all gradually came to mean that the faces behind those folds of material became the faces of real people, with the same interests, problems and sense of humor as yourself. And so friendships grew up between Franciscans and Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Dominicans and Notre Dames—and sisters and priests and brothers as well. A walk around the lake might result in an engaging conversation with Ed Fischer on his bicycle, or a young brother from class, or an old brother feeding the ducks.

Apparently, though I never met any personally, there was a small group of students concerned about all this freedom. They were, I think, the only cause of ambivalence felt by the summer faculty over having sisters in class. I recall when Professor Seymour Gross learned, to his astonishment, that a few sisters in his class were lining up for confession every morning before Mass because of the reading he assigned in the modern novel course. When he countered with a story about a young girl in his class at a previous university who threw up in his office because she couldn't read *Madame Bovary*—and then suggested something was wrong with the girl, not the book—I thought he settled that rather effectively.

And all of us recall the summer when a letter was sent to the bishop by a group protesting Donald Costello's series of art films that we were enjoying. When the bishop, properly scandalized, wrote back to inquire about this movie that boldly advertised its "body by Fischer," the campus rocked with a quiet laughter that must have silenced the protesters, for we heard no more about it. In fact, the fine teachers were one of the real attractions of the place for us. I

recall a Dominican nun from Louisiana exclaiming: "Every summer I fall in love. Another exciting class, another exciting teacher, more exciting ideas."

For many of us Notre Dame was the place where the church changed, becoming the church of Vatican II. Many nuns today will admit, whether they are still in their convents or have left, that the excitement of Vatican II on the Notre Dame campus was one of the highlights of their lives, bringing about a wonderful transformation in thought and being. Every summer new modifications in dress showed up on campus, symptomatic of other, internal changes; like other women, we loved comparing notes. Changes in dress also furthered the cause of inter-community friendships. After all, how well can you get to know cumbersome veils and three layers of wool?

In the '60s more priests began to arrive on campus to study the new theology. Prestigious theologians and scripture scholars from Europe and this country began to gravitate to Notre Dame to teach. Names like Fathers Josef Goldbrunner and Roland Murphy, O. Carm., and Father Boniface Luykx drew priests and sisters by the hundreds into theology, liturgy and scripture classes that sometimes had to be moved into an auditorium. A couple of young Carmelites with guitars began holding weekly campus hootenannies, which brought hundreds of us together at lakeside to sing "We Shall Overcome," "Kumbaya" and "This Land is Your Land" by campfire light, and to talk with great expectations of the future church just emerging from behind tapestries of dark cathedrals. Notre Dame oversaw, as it were, that transformation.

Obviously, when sisters no longer wore layers upon layers of clothing they turned into real women, with some of the attendant attractions and problems—things not previously encountered like "passes" from men and boys, demystification of the kind of body that walked around in all those clothes, problems with hair and figures. Some of the complications were funny. One night during the regular school year, for example, when Saul Alinsky gave a lecture-discussion about his Woodlawn Organization, Sister Dolores, in lay dress, rose to ask him a question about the women's movement. His blunt answer was that the women's movement should organize like the nuns and get themselves some better-looking representatives—some "well-stacked" young women like herself. Before she could stop herself, Dolores blurted, "I AM a nun." Whereupon the entire assembly of priests and male students turned around to get a good look at this well-stacked nun.

Lay dress also allowed us to do other things, like the Yoga classes started on campus by a priest and a nun. Once again, Lewis Hall rang with laughter when Sister Madonna returned from a visit home to tell us all that she had got her widowed mother, her brother and herself into one very contorted position before she looked up its purpose and found out that it was supposed to aid infertile women to conceive!

Campus life during the regular school year was different for the sisters who didn't leave at the end of summer session. We went from being the majority to a distinct minority. Every morning as the ROTC students went running on the road past Lewis Hall, we could hear their chants interspersed with calls of, "Sisters, get up." Those were the years of Vietnam and Kent State and Father Hesburgh's 15-minute rule. It always amazed those of us who were teaching undergraduates to learn that, through all of the rallies and protests, the students almost to a man "hated" the administration and loved Hesburgh.

Some of us have left the convent and now work "out in the world," as the conventual saying used to go. Others, still sisters, are invisible because, indistinguishable, they work for the poor, the jailed, the old and the underprivileged. All of us have left behind the 13th-century lifestyle with its rich medieval color, its strict penances, and the haunting rise and fall of Gregorian chant. Now it's the deafening blare of hard rock in the back of the bus on Stony Island Avenue or in Spanish Harlem. We have gone from the natural custom of smiling at everyone from behind safe, voluminous veils to wariness on the streets: a quick glance over our shoulders, a firm clutch on our handbags and no smiles for strangers. But those of us who went to Notre Dame, when we meet, look back and say, "Weren't those wonderful days? Do you remember. . . ?"

Perhaps we over-sentimentalize. Even Notre Dame had its warts and moles. Colonies of rats scuttled across our paths around the lakes, always about their business of eating the ducklings there. And although we are not the wealthy alumni-contributors who help Notre Dame to prosper, we are still solid and true contributors to a better life on this planet. And Notre Dame—its teachers, its administrators, its philosophy, its very presence of place—can be proud of what it helped to bring to life in us. □

Geraldine Martin earned master's and doctoral degrees at Notre Dame. She is now chair of the Humanities Division of Calumet College of Saint Joseph in Whiting, Indiana.

BLACK AND IRISH

BY N. DON WYCLIFF '69

Over the years I have been asked many times how I, a black man, came to choose Notre Dame, home of the Fighting Irish, as my college. My reply is always the same: I didn't choose Notre Dame; Notre Dame chose me. And while the whole thing can be explained quite logically, I still consider it something of a miracle.

Part of the miracle was in the heroism and courage of the people who made a moral revolution in this nation from which I and many others benefited. Some of their names are famous: Thurgood Marshall, Martin Luther King, Jr., Roy Wilkins, Rosa Parks, Viola Liuzzo, Lyndon Johnson. Most are known only to themselves and a few others.

Part of the miracle was in the much more commonplace heroism of people like my parents, migrants from the Deep South who took seriously their Catholic faith and their duty to raise their nine children in it, even when it meant going where no black person had gone before and risking rejection—or worse.

And part of the miracle was in the lives and heroism of people like Declan Carroll, the priest who welcomed our family into a previously all-white parish; Joseph Beechem, the priest-principal of my high school in Terre Haute, Indiana, who encouraged me to seek scholarships; Patrick Fisher, the Notre Dame graduate and Indianapolis lawyer who engineered my admission to the University, and Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., whose leadership made recruitment of black students a priority at Notre Dame.

I had not expected to attend college. Although I had good high school grades and college-board scores, I had no money of my own and my parents, with seven children at home besides me, certainly had none to spare. I applied for scholarships, but what I really expected was that I'd end up in the service. I had been talking with the Marine Corps recruiter in Terre Haute—Sgt. Harvey Gunnels—and was mightily attracted to the idea of signing up.

Then the miracle happened. The Archdiocese of Indianapolis was giving a scholarship to a black student, and Father Beechem nominated me. I was told my credentials made me the top candidate—but for some technical reason I was ineligible.

A few nights later the phone rang at our house. My mother answered it and talked for a long time with someone. When she hung up, she told me that it was Patrick Fisher, a member of the archdiocesan scholarship committee. He wondered whether I had considered attending Notre Dame; he thought, on the basis of my record, that I could be admitted to the University and might qualify for a scholarship.

I don't recall all the details after that. It was already March and the application deadline was much earlier. But by April I had been admitted with a full scholarship, the gift of an unknown benefactor to whom I shall be forever indebted.

Henry David Thoreau, writing in Walden of "the laboring man," observes at one point that "[w]e should feed and clothe him gratuitously sometimes, and recruit him with our cordials, before we judge of him." That, in educational terms, is what Notre Dame did for me. I was privileged to sup at the intellectual tables of men like Walter Nicgorski, Edward Goerner, Eric Voegelin, Otto Bird, Charles Sheedy and, maybe most memorably, Frank O'Malley.

I was allowed to engage in an enormous amount of what I now recognize as sophomoric foolishness—the sort that was terribly common in the late '60s but is necessary to the getting of wisdom—without, I hope, anyone holding it permanently against me.

I was able to make a few lifelong friendships—John Goldrick, until recently an administrator in student affairs; Michael Lehan, now in banking in Boston; John Kromkowski, now teaching politics at Catholic University in Washington—and many lifelong acquaintances.

And I was enabled to start a family tradition; my three brothers followed me at Notre Dame and two have graduated. We're now into the second generation: one of my nieces, my godchild, Lisa Robinson, is a Notre Dame senior living in Lewis Hall.

Last year, I had the honor of appearing on a panel with several distinguished persons, among them Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York. I was astonished when I realized I was sharing the platform with the man who had been the speaker at my commencement in 1969.

It's just one of many astonishments that my association with Notre Dame has brought me. None has been more astonishing to me than being there in the first place. □

Don Wycliff is editorial page editor at the Chicago Tribune.

MY NOTRE DAME

BY BRIAN DOYLE '78

I spent my final moment as a Notre Dame student, 13 years ago, shaking my roommate's hand. We were trying to be manly about it, a quick firm clasp of hands, a grin, a mumbled joke. Real emotion, however, rarely fits the cup we serve it in, and we found ourselves shaking hands for some minutes. Our families stood by patiently. Gowned graduates floated past like crows. Still we shook hands, attached and wordless. Finally a bell chimed, a younger brother barked impatiently, and the moment cracked. Off we went, east and south.

Since that moment Notre Dame, once a place, has become a memory that expands and contracts for me. In the autumnal riot of a New England forest I occasionally see the crisp October campus so beloved of football fans and nostalgic alumni. Phrases and stories rise wraith-like from my reading to recreate wizardly professors and erudite priests. And seemingly innocuous sounds and images—the long-distance laugh of an old roommate, the hollow sound of a basketball in an ancient gymnasium, the stance of a boy carelessly balancing a pile of books on his hip or a girl cradling them modestly against her chest—summon then to now.

But there's no apt or easy metaphor for those years. Notre Dame isn't an old shirt I can slip into, or a familiar story worn at the edges, or a series of photographs. For that reason it's hard for me to explain to people why I do treasure my memories of it.

I always start with stories of people, of the boys and girls I knew, all of them yearning to be men and women even while dimly aware of their jeweled youth. In the rooms around me were boys who would be artists, architects, engineers, scientists, doctors, lawyers, businessmen. Most would become fathers. Three would become alcoholics. One would spend a decade addicted to heroin. One—acerbic, drawling, lonely, brilliant, unpopular, afflicted with a terrible case of acne—would be dead before he was 30.

Neither boys nor men, we grew up slowly over the course of four years. Our scattering upon graduation was monumental, a true indication of how far-flung are the lands from which Notre Dame draws its students. Today my best friend is a man who was, like me, once one of those exuberant youths. A part of Notre Dame to me is his large, honest face and the grinning heart below it, and the rich friendship that has added immeasurably to my life.

Notre Dame also had something to do with the flitting figure of Christ who permeated the general discourse of the University. At 17 I didn't particularly want to be Catholic; the rules and regulations of the faith are often inhibiting, its hierarchy often foolish, its past often evil. But at Notre Dame I was startled to find a curious faith, one that could be comfortably mated with the intellectual life I craved. There you could believe in the gaunt carpenter *and* think for yourself. It was a thin edge on which to lead a life and to hope for another (and it was an edge that I would have seen my parents walking along, had I bothered to look), but in that sprawling little town under the Dome many people staked their lives on the mythic power of an ancient death, and their enormous bet mesmerized me. It mesmerizes me still; the thin man hovers at the edge of my life yet, stubbornly refusing to disappear, eternally proffering me his story.

I'm a writer—a professional storyteller, a shepherd of words (or a "paid liar," as Twain had it). Yet I find it hard to put Notre Dame into words. I learned to be curious there. I gained some confidence, lost some innocence. I fell in love with one girl and lied about love to another. I felt the pain and excitement of opening a narrow mind and a shy heart. I remember the swirl of basketball games at dusk, the sharp smell of new textbooks, the scent of sawn wood in the moldy hallways of a new semester. I remember being twitchily young, unsure of myself, agile, curious, happy. I remember growing up, a little, in a place and a time that encouraged exactly that. The chance to grow up, I have come to think, is the greatest gift that colleges give their students.

Somewhere in the puzzling labyrinth of my favorite William Faulkner quote is the essence of what I feel about Notre Dame, about the men and women I met there, about the young me who entered and the different me who left: "Memory believes before knowing remembers."

I believe Notre Dame changed my life and made it richer. How it did so is mysterious even to me. But because I believe it, it is a story with power, like the story of the sad man. □

Brian Doyle recently assumed the editorship of the University of Portland's magazine.

Sesquicentennial Calendar Highlights

September 1991

13-14

Dedication of the Joan B. Kroc Institute for International Peace Studies and the Hesburgh Center for International Studies

15

Formal opening of the sesquicentennial with an academic procession and Mass in the Joyce Athletic and Convocation Center

15-19

International Symposium on Aerodynamics

19-20

College of Business Administration 70th anniversary convocation and symposium

27

Law School symposium: "The Role of a Religious Law School in a Secular Society"

October 1991

4-6

The O'Malley Conference – A posthumous tribute to Frank O'Malley

15

U.S. Postal Service "first day issue" at Notre Dame of postcard with illustration of Main Building

16-19

English Department symposium: "Jonathan Swift and Irish Studies" in conjunction with Midwest meeting of American Conference of Irish Studies

31

Mass of Thanksgiving and convocation under auspices of University Computing, Snite Museum of Art and University Archives

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November 1991

1-2

Sesquicentennial Homecoming Weekend

December 1991

8-11

Institute for Pastoral and Social Ministry symposium: "Toward a Small Christian Community Model of Church in the World Church"

March 1992

23-24

College of Engineering symposium: "Frontiers of Engineering Research"

26-28

History of Christianity Conference sponsored by the Cushwa Center, the American Society of Church History and the American Catholic Historical Association

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April 1992

1

Community Service/Social Action Celebration sponsored by the Center for Social Concerns

2-4

"The Old World Meets the New: A Symposium on the European-American Encounter"

18-25

Alumni Association Humanitarian Week

24

Sesquicentennial Universal Notre Dame Night: closed-circuit radio program from Washington Hall to alumni clubs in U.S. and abroad

30

Dedication of Fischer Graduate Housing Complex

June 1992

18-22

National Conference of Catholic Bishops meets on campus

September 1992

13-15

Conference on the Educational Apostolate of the Congregation of Holy Cross

19-20

Department of Art, Art History and Design symposium: "Art and Science: Modern Perspectives"

October 1992

9

DeBartolo Classroom Building dedication

12-13

Concluding sesquicentennial symposium and academic convocation

November 1992

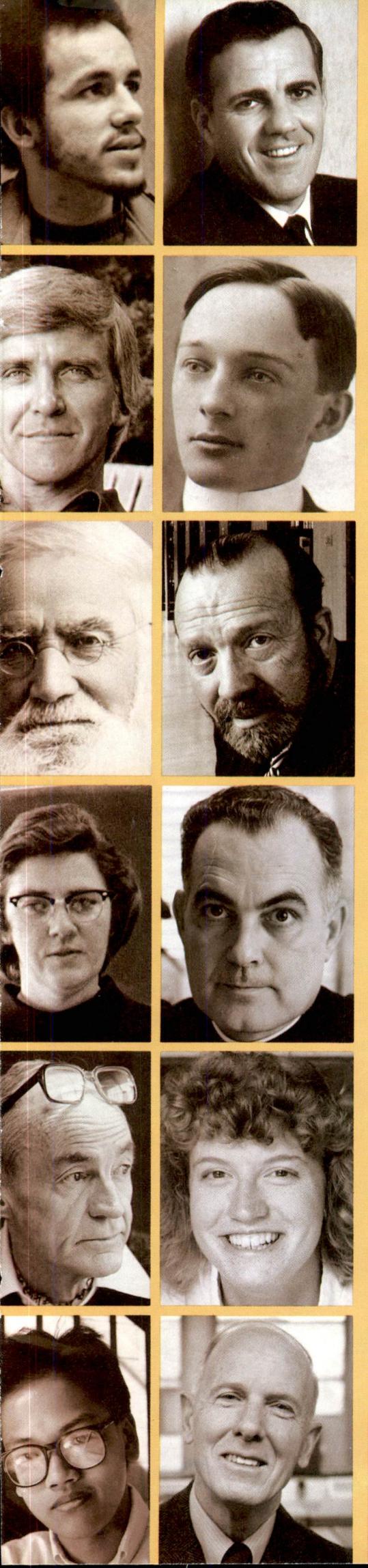
26

Thanksgiving Day: 150th anniversary of Notre Dame's founding

BACK COVER

Left side top to bottom: Dave Krashna, student body president 1970-71; Rev. William Toohey, C.S.C., director of campus ministry from 1970 until his death in 1980; Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C., University founder; Sister Suzanne Kelly, O.S.B., one of the first two women appointed to full-time faculty; Rev. Charles Sheedy, C.S.C., dean of arts and letters for 16 years; and Narciso Jaramillo, graduated from Notre Dame magna cum laude in 1988 at age 16.

Right side top to bottom: Ara Parseghian, former football coach; Michael Shea, cocreator of *The Victory March*; Richard Sullivan, English professor from 1936 until his death in 1983; Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, C.S.C., University president for 35 years; Traci Taghon, Class of '91; and Ed Fischer, writer and longtime faculty member.



A FAMILY ALBUM