

Me: Stuff

HK: I didn't know we had any rights.

Me: So if you want to start off you can give your name.

HK: Are you a Roman Catholic?

Me: No, I'm Protestant.

HK: That's fine, whichever way you sin, I may or may not use terms.

Me: Don't worry about that, I can figure those out.

HK: You sure?

Me: Yep, I'll be good.

HK: I'm known currently as Father Hugh Keefer, Order St. Benedict's, St. Benedict's Abbey Atchison, KS. I was born some 82 years ago in Topeka, KS. Before I was two we were living in Wichita, before I entered grammar school we were in Ellsworth, KS and when I was in 4<sup>th</sup> grade we moved to Emporia, KS, where I live until I graduated from college. My family was, more or less, affiliated with the Protestant Church. My upbringing was scattered, I think, because I had an older brother, 16 months older, and my parents would take us to Sunday School on Sunday and pick us up. Parents attended church regularly on Mother's Day and Easter, but that's my memory. I was baptized by immersion in the church when I was 12 years old, which left an indelible memory on me. But otherwise, a pretty uncommitted, in fact ignorant of the church, I can't remember what we did in Sunday School. And so I declared myself independent when I was in high school. When we moved to Emporia, my older brother's teachers suggested that our parents put us into the elementary school on Teachers College Campus, which was the school for training teachers. There we did get a very good education, never over thirty in a classroom, special teachers for science and music. When a class became over thirty, one or more students would be either advanced or held back. Both of us were advanced. Also interesting, in Emporia at the time, the schools operated on A and B levels, those entering in the fall were entered in A level, and those entering in January would be B level. So we were advanced a half year. We had moved to the public Jr. High School when I was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade, this double system was cancelled, so I was advanced another half, so I was a full year ahead of my time and I was slow, I think, in maturity, both physically and emotionally.

Anyway, I graduated from High School when I was 18 in 1944. So I entered the Emporia State for one year until I was drafted the following September and entered the Army Air Corps, Shepherd Field, TX where I was employed in the personnel office at the basic training headquarters. I got that position because I could type 60 words a minute, for the army 35 was average. I had the opportunity to return to school, so I was discharged in December of the next year, came back to Emporia and stayed through

summer. I graduated in 1949 with two degrees, I have a Bachelors in Mathematics and the other is a Bachelors for teachings. Do you want all this stuff?

Me: Yeah, yeah, this is great.

HK: In the meantime, I planned to go immediately to Grad school at the University of Michigan, but in the fall I had a fraternity pledge son who wanted to bring his girl to homecoming, she was in high school. So I said mom would invite her, she did and the girl came, but her mom came. And I went to the football game with them, because I had a date that weekend with a cheerleader. In the process, the mom suggested I come down and teach in Columbus, KS, clear in the Southeast corner of the state, population at the time about 3700. I had the senior blues and thought that'd be good for a year, so I did. That spring one of my students told me his parents were working in Anchorage as civilians for the army and they suggested I might come up there and work for the summer. Which I did, the army, I suspect for recruiting laypeople, had a program for college students. So I worked in the Army and a wonderful experience, only two nights I ever had to use car lights going over mountains, any way, long story.

Then I went to Michigan for a year and I'll never be able to recall how or when that I met one of my army buddies who was a Jew from Boston. And so he introduced me to a group of friends he associated with. There were two sisters and a third girl, had an apartment just off campus, one of the sisters was in his program is how he got into it. So it turns out this is one of those intellectual clubs that I'd heard about, had never witnessed, probably never would again, which I haven't. It was composed of graduate students except one undergrad in English, and a couple who were not in school. And they were formed of about half cradle Catholics and half converts. So religion was a great topic for them. And so through them I got involved with Catholic education and was baptized initially by sprinklin/pouring whatever they did, at Easter time that year.

This was a culmination of a long history, really, of interest, mostly subconscious. When I was very young I had severe Bronchial colds several winters and the only thing that seemed to knock them was deep heat. In those days, deep heat was at the hospital, with a good German sister, with bare aluminum plates on back and chest weighted on top by sandbags so it wouldn't short circuit and connected by electricians hooks to a machine.

Me: Sheesh

HK: And so I lay there 15, 30 minutes, I don't know what it was, but it worked. Those days there weren't antibiotics or anything else. I was told at one time apparently I had pneumonia and I had to go to the hospital, the Catholic hospital was about a block from where we lived. I was hesitant about going to a Catholic hospital, afraid I'd wake up in the middle of the night and see ones of those nuns. But I went and my mother's cousin who was an RN stayed with me. And then when I was in high school there were three or four of us guys who would often party together with our dates, which in those days was primarily dancing on the weekends. And invariably there would be at least one Catholic among them and it was always a girl I think, which necessitated that we wait until after midnight to have a hamburger. That impressed me, too.

So anyway, I took off from there, I had realized the second semester that I was really not into graduate work. I had a number of acquaintance friends in graduate math, two in particular who had done their two years coursework, who were going to drop out because they thought the dissertation was not worth it. From what I've read about, anyway, that a doctorate never pays financially, at least academically. So I went to see the head of the department, of course never seen or heard about me, I think we had two hundred math grad students. That's when the university was small, 23,000, one campus. And I'd had a C in one course and so he said, you know, forget it.

I had planned to go back to Alaska that summer but a similar program opened in Maryland and I'd always wanted to go to the East Coast. So I got this position at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Aberdeen, Maryland. It's an army research center. I was there, went for the summer, but I stayed for another year, hoping to get back to Columbus to teach, which I did. There I was, like in the South I guess, not quite as bad, but the Catholics were not among the generally acceptable people. In fact, the principal's wife, I heard, was telling people he really was not Catholic. Anyways the Parish of about 60 families, I think, which included admission. There were 3 of us who had college degrees. So I taught there for three years, successfully. And in the summers, went back to Aberdeen because I needed to be with adults. By the time spring came I was battling with high school kids. The department I was in, we were studying shockwaves and explosions. A group I was with did nuclear tests in the summer.

So then the politics got messed up in the school board, the girls physical education teacher read in the paper she'd retired, so I moved onto Kansas City. They had just opened the Jr. High schools that year, they were not completely finished. I learned then, afterwards, that Johnson County apparently had grammar schools K-8 and then one high school. That year they opened four elementary schools, no, four Jr. High schools so that the elementary were K-6 and we were 7-9 and high school was 10-12. So I did one year in jr. high, one year in senior high and it was time to get out of teaching.

And so I started shopping, I ended up in Lynchburg, VA, because one of my best friends from college was there, he was a nuclear physicist. It was a nuclear division of a border company in Ohio. We had one of the earliest primitive computers there; a huge thing which could not handle what a little laptop would do now. So anyway, there I programmed their computer along with the others. I was living, for a year I was working on a program that was influential on the cooling waters of nuclear motors, whatever you call it, engine. As the pumps would turn on or turn off, so the temperature would fluctuate, I think it was up to a combination of the pumps. Interesting, we'd sit there and watch the printer saying "look at her go!"

So the time I'd been bugging, I guess, looking for another life. I'd read some Thomas Merton along the way and when I was down in Columbus I went with the pastor, drove his sister and her husband, newlyweds, the four of us drove to St. Louis for their honeymoon and I went to visit the Jesuit provincial there. I had the assistant provincial and he said that I would need the Latin. I thought well that's no problem because I'd played in languages. When I was in school I had Latin, German, French, Spanish and psychology. So I got a book out, well I'd look at it for a week or two and it'd gather dust and I'd go back and finally I decided I was out. So I learned that there was a Trappist cemetery- a Trappist *monastery* in Northern Virginia. Are you familiar with Trappists at all?

Me: Mm-hmm. (yes)

FHK: Okay. So I started visiting up there. The novice master tried to discourage me in every way not to enter. I knew he didn't know. So the last ploy was that I take pre-sem Latin at John Carroll University in the summer, it's in Cleveland. Which I did. I think I caught a party up there, too. We didn't study Caesar's Wars, we studied Aunt Matilda's Cow kicking over a bowl of beer, anyway, something we could get into. So I came back and entered. Big going away with my parents. I discovered, I didn't know at the time what it was, at the time I wouldn't have admitted what it was, and it was two years after I left before I discovered some reasons. Anyway along in the third month I guess it was, I started having extreme headaches and being very weak. We had mixtum in the morning, which was a break from the rule, had bread and coffee, most of the guys' coffee was primarily sugar and milk, but I had coffee. Then we had lunch or dinner at noon and two things were on the table and two things were passed, we could take whatever we wanted, but we had one chance, so I started taking more. Evening was light, but life was not improving. So I went to see the novice master, he said "oh but you're a perfect novice." And I said "Father, the only time I don't talk is when I'm unhappy." We had a sign language. Trappists were started in the 13<sup>th</sup> century as an effort to live the rule as its written, which says no talking, among other things it says. And there was no privacy; there was visual privacy, but no real privacy. We slept in dormitories, which we each had a little cubby-hole, which was sort of like in a john, is the best way I can explain it, you know especially private. We had a three by four bed with a straw mattress, straw pillow and a work uniform, our clothes. On Sunday we had some two or three hours off, free. There's no getting away from it, the fields just covered with light. So finally, anyway, the prior would not, the novice master would not give me his blessing, the abbot did. There was a neighbor lady who came to morning mass who had a mother sick in the hospital in D.C. So it was arranged I'd ride into D.C. with her in my nice summer suit. Turned out to be November the 11<sup>th</sup>, though I didn't know it at the time, we'd had a dusting of snow. And she dropped me off somewhere in D.C. and I didn't know where it was, but I took a cab to the airport, we were going by the Washington Memorial and there were all sorts of military milling around. I said to the cabby "what's goin on?" he said "tomorrow is Veteran's day" I said "oh." So, they didn't have a job for me. I met one of the ladies at church, she said "oh, you've come back." I said "no I'm just passing through" and she said "that's the reason we never paid attention to you yankees, you're here today and gone tomorrow." If I get to long you can always tell me.

Me: No you're fine, you're fine.

FHK: Culture in Lynchburg, which is in the middle of Virginia, was quite different, it was family oriented. The telephone book is population 50,000, it had three columns of names, but it might have two columns or three pages of some strange last name. Our computer operator was a native and he told me once he said "Louie, you know, when you yankees go off to college you get to be seniors you get a job and you go to work. For us we go to college, we graduate and we come home and walk mainstreet looking for a job." In our math department, the company had a nice girl who was a native who was engaged

at the time to a young man who was in Jackson, Mississippi. She said one day “you know Louie, I can’t marry him, he’ll come home some day and say ‘we’re gonna move to California. I can’t do that.’” So she broke him. But I was one of the rare Yankees who socialized mostly with natives and that was because my friends had gotten me a basement house, there was practically no apartments in Lynchburg, there was practically no middle class except our company came from up North. So basement apartments were created and I had a nice one. And so I was loading my dishes in the kitchen cabinet and the landlord’s son came down the steps and he said his buddy’s parents invited me over for a fourth of July party. I didn’t know if it was Southern hospitality or what it was. I didn’t know until 9:00 that the widow from across the street came, we were the same age. So I was with that group of natives.

I need to go back on my name, I’m sorry I did this once over at the convent, I can do it again I guess. I was baptized Lewis, my mother always insisted that was spelled L-E-W-I-S, like my father’s middle name. When I stepped foot on Emporia State campus I became Louis. When I stepped foot on the office in Aberdeen Crew ground I became Lou. And I was Lou until I came here and became Hugh. So anyway, if the names confuse you.

So anyway I thought that my religious vocation was finished. And I’m not sure that was a religious vocation. So anyway I came back home to find a job. In those days it took about 6 months. Scientists and mathematicians were needed cause this was late 50s, early 60s; Sputnik and a few things around, I guess. So I was flying around the country looking for jobs, I finally ended up in Bethesda which is adjacent to D.C., in a division of Johns Hopkins University, Operations Research, under contract of the Army. Operations Research, most people never head of. It has two descriptions: one being studying questions that have no answers, and the other more sophisticated one is studying questions that have multiple overlapped areas of study. The one I worked on for a year, we had a PhD in physics, a PhD in History, a clinical psychologist, an electrical engineer and two of us mathematicians in the study. The question was how many rounds of ammunition would be required to fight one day’s battle, any kind of war, any place in the world. The boss we had had a reputation for closing out studies, which he did one day when he got us all in one office and said “nobodies leaving till we get this.” So anyway, one day there was a knock on my apartment door, it was one of the fellows who been a Trappist where I had been. Maryville’s about 65 Northwest of D.C. He was not permitted to make final vows, when he left, the abbot gave him names of two priests who had been Trappists. He remembered only one name so I started visiting this guy. I lived a far more contemplative life there in a fairly expensive apartment, than I’ve ever lived here. This guy was really great, he could read me, we had similar backgrounds. He was in physics or engineer, I can’t remember now, but now was in math, Trappist. And one day, one Saturday evening, I was driving over, stopped at a traffic light, there was a light rain. I wonder if this really happened, it’s always been so clear to me. Maybe it wasn’t over, so we started talking and working, incidentally the reason I left Trappists was because of the lack of talking, not the lack of privacy. So after we did some milling around for some weeks, he suggested he was going to join a monastic group, he’d join to a community, have a vocation to a community, not to an order like Jesuits or Franciscans. So he insisted I start shopping. I started there in D.C. with an English congregation and they had a booklet I’d found in the vestibule of the church which called “5-9” which was supposed

to outline a day in a monk's life there. On the back of it they had a list of all monasteries in the Country, there weren't many compare to now. So I found St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania, which turns out to be our mother's house. I drove up there one Friday night. When we got there I couldn't find the monastery, I just see a student, they had both high school and college there, this college student was on the porch, so I went and got him so he directed me to the monastery, I have no recollection of how I found it. Anyway when I got there and got settled in, I learned that the vocation director was out on a parish for some priest broke a leg. So my host was alumni director. So from Saturday morning until Sunday noon I never got inside the cloister. We at with the high school kids, we had mass with the high school kids. Anyway we did have noon prayer with the monks and then I got a short tour and then I left, mad as hops. The farther I drove, the more relaxed I became and I thought in reflection I kind of enjoyed the life. So then I discovered this place. I grew up in Emporia, I told you that, yes. And my younger brother was 10 years younger, was getting married in Wichita on Holy Saturday. Incidentally I'm the only Catholic in the family. At my niece's wedding she insisted I be there, people looking at me, I was walking around outside trying to figure out what I was gonna say in my white collar. So I got called u, I introduce myself and I said "you can tell by looking, I'm the black sheep of my family." We got along fine after that. So anyway, I'd arranged, my older brother was in St. Joe and so I arranged to come here after the wedding. In fact, Easter afternoon they dropped me off here; I was here for a week. Both St. Vincent's and here I talked with the college presidents. Both had seemed welcoming in the math department. So anyway, I came in at about 3:00 on Easter afternoon and the community was singing solemn vespers at the time. And I was taken, so I came back in August and quit my job, I really wasn't qualified for that job anyway, I didn't have the imagination needed for it. And so I was telling people as I was leaving "So where you goin? Kansas? Kansas?! You ever been there?" I felt the same way. The first year I was on the Hill, you don't know about the Hill, did the Abbot speak about the Hill?

Me: Huh-uh (no)

FHK: That was the second floor of the ad-building at St. Benedict's college. That's where possible vocations for the monastery studied for the first two years before they entered. I was there for a year, both Latin and history, philosophy and then entered. In those days, the normal entrance because canon law for ordinations timing was at the end of Sophomore year. So at the age of 35 I entered a novitiate with 20 or so teeny-boppers. I'd come from Jersey and I had not left it. I came from Maryland I guess and then transferred into the monastery. Because I'd already finished college, I did my one year novitiate and then started theology, in those days we had our own theology here at the Abbey. Did four years and at that time the probability of a new priest living in the abbey was zilch, because in those days there was a monk in every floor of every dorm. There were at least a dozen monks living over at the high school, we had a lot of parishes around several states.

I went to see the Abbot my last year to go back to college to get refreshed and he invited me to sit down and talk. So it ended up I went to Notre Dame that fall for an M.B.A. I didn't know how I would be able to adjust to priestly life because I knew my...I

don't know what the word is, I could not live as priests did in those days when they were God's gift to the company, always took the first in line so it was your spot I guess... And so I learned, first year I was there it was a two year program, first year I was there I had only clericals to wear. We were a class of 30 at least when we graduated. One Protestant, one Jew and the rest of us Catholic. Any time one of those Catholic kids, they all had 16 years of college, (I was spared that), anytime they saw my collar or heard the word "Father" all sorts of things came out of their eyes: hurts and pains and rejection. We learned to live together, yes, and we had a good two years, we were the first M.B.A. class at Notre Dame, this is the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary, they're having a big splash up there. The summer between, the Dean of the Business School wanted us to try and find employment, to learn practical, and so I was taken into Purdue's business office, training program they had for new employees and no one knew why, including the man who took me in, the personnel man. So I was there that summer, they all knew who I was, the second year, oh, I'll backtrack. I came home that summer, first summer and I told the abbot I needed something else to wear, so he said "go buy some clothes" so I did, so the last day I was there, I put on clericals to go around and tell people goodbye. And there were four new employees, three men and one woman, and they gave me a Purdue sweatshirt as a going away present and to top it off, the girl had sewn a white collar around it, which wouldn't stretch. Another good experience.

So I came home, finally went to work in the college business office as controller, do you know what that means?

Me: Hmm-mm (no)

FHK: I didn't either. Controller, I understand, is the officer who runs the business office itself. The business manager and/or treasurer take care of contracts, finances and the general things; overall big things. So shortly after I came, I started to work. The Abbot came down on a Saturday morning asked me if I'd like to go to a little Parish on weekends and I said no, I really wouldn't, I'd like to help with the college chaplain. SO that's what I did for my 12 years there. I worked two years in St. Benedict's college, and then went merged and I was 10 years in Benedictine: 3.5 years in Business manage and the rest as controller. I worked with the college chaplain. Had a very good relationship with Students, I think. When the Abbot asked me to go to Business school, the thing that was in my mind is that I would be cut off from students, as it turned out it was just the reverse and there was no connection of student/teacher relationship to interfere with. I was off for a summer, tried to recover my sanity, and then I took a refresher or two, I can't remember how many courses at the college, in programming. And I went to work over at a high school; I was programming Cobalt for alumni records. Then I conducted a class on math. Notice I didn't say I *taught* it. Anyway, I came home and since that time I've been here in the Abbey business office. One year I went out to St. Martin's College Abbey in Lacey, WA. It's a contiguous with Olympia, the capital, which is at the foot of the Sound. I was controller out there in their business office; they had problems getting an audit, which I was able to fix. One summer for 3 months I worked in Sant' Anselmo in Rome, do you know Sant' Anselmo?

Me: Hmm-mm (no)

FHK: It's a house of studies for Benedictines in Rome. They do teach some classes, but it's primarily residence. Then I came home. When I quit the college I sliced it off completely, 'cause I knew I shouldn't be messing with the students. So anyway 6 years ago, I guess it was, the basketball coach, whom I'd known as a freshman here when he was playing ball. He'd been, I think the Vice President, I think of Finances, of Southwestern Bell and he came back to teach. He's got a doctorate in management. So he called me and asked me if I'd be chaplain for the team. I said "well, I'll have to think about that." So I told him, "We'll I'll try." At first the Pryor didn't want me to travel, thought I'd get too involved, probably wise anyway. So I'm just at practice, then and home games. First home game I said, "Coach, what am I supposed to do?" He said "well, you sit at the foot of the bench and I'll sit at the head, If things don't go right, we'll trade places." End of the season I told him I thought there were a few times we should have traded places. So I was amazed how much I got involved, or became involved with the student body as a whole. Because I was a public figure at the time and I've always had excellent relationships with the men. The coach himself would always pray with the team before I got there and so we had mass about once a month. In the past we had about half Catholics and half non-Catholics, I never asked them, they could be Muslims, I don't know. This includes the coaches: one's Catholic, the other's not. But we all gathered together. The first mass, I heard the guys coming in, and I knew this was going to be a problem. So I walked out, there was just, the way I read it, was this discomfort, the kids not knowing what the hell was going on, they'd heard stories. So anyway, I walked out and I told them "You know, I understand if you haven't been to mass before, I'm a convert myself. So at communion time, if you're not going to receive communion, if you'd like for me to ask a blessing, you just come up with the rest of them and cross your arms and I'll know." And every kid came up, amazed us all. They still do, although this year we have a fewer number of Catholics, at least a fewer number that take communion.

So this is where I am, I went for a number of years with them; I got public participation. I am a recovering addict: 19 years. I shipped off to a treatment center in Bethesda, Maryland. It was out of D.C. it was part of D.C. There was a time I wasn't going anywhere I was in so much pain. So since that time, I still have not done parish work, that sort of thing. I know that the previous Pryor who assigns those things; he periodically asked me about going. One time I just hit him in front, I said "I know if I say yes once it's going to be every week" and he grinned and said "yes!" So a few years ago, I don't remember in years, the Abbot called me and he was in the Pryor's office and he called me in and asked me if I'd be interested in going to the Convent on Saturday because the sisters considered that a community day. Well we'd have Chaplains over there for years, ever since it started, I guess. Their Father Benjamin had ear problems, I guess, and needed to get out and there's nobody to send. The first announcement, I understood, was that the sisters had had no regular masses. We'd tried to fulfill on special occasions. So anyway, I started doing that and I was very close to the Sisters in the college, we were very blessed with them; they all had doctorates. So then, I don't know if it was weeks or months later, but they called a number of us together asking if others would be interested in doing one day a week. So it settled that there were 6 of us for Monday through Saturday and there were four, more or less, who'd rotate Sundays. I'd always wondered how one priest could talk to the same sisters every day for 25 years,

and I guess they wondered as well; they appreciated it. So anyway, a fine, great affirmation over there. And this weekend is homecoming; we have our alumni basketball game on Friday night. Saturday there will be indoctrination of three men into the Hall of Fame and one of those had been in correspondence with me, asking me if I'd hear their marriage vow renewal. He said I'd married them, I dunno, which I don't remember, I'll never tell them that, they'd been married 37 years. So I put together a service, we'll have that Sunday, after the others. So anyway, I've very punctual, physically, doesn't mean I'm there, I try to be there. Very content here, very accepted by my family; my brother, his wife, their daughter and husband and two little boys have come for years for Thanksgiving dinner and at other times young couples come for basketball game. I was in Wichita for a retreat, it's a retreat we have every 6 months, and that Sunday I always stay and have dinner with family. That Sunday, my great nephew is going to be baptized in his church, so I got to participate in that. It's by immersion, too. Fortunately, there are some Catholic churches that are finally turning to immersion. There's one in D.C., there's a black church there that have a tub right inside the front door, and then they had the regular and children entered there. So I dunno, what you want, but you got more than you wanted.

Me: No, that's great! I guess I just have a few questions. In this community, while you're here, what's day to day life look like.

FHK: You mean, the schedule?

Me: Yeah.

FHK: OK. Weekdays we have Morning Prayer at 6:20, which is really a combination of two: It's a vigil which should be in the middle of the night and morning prayer which should be in the morning. Then it's about five 'til seven and then we go to breakfast. And then we go to business, wherever that may be. We have very short noon prayer, for 10 minutes at 12:05-12:15, then we go to lunch. Weekdays we have mass at 11:15; which, depending on how many are there among other things, dinner is at 6:55. Then we have...did we run out?

Me: No, you're good.

FHK: We have Vespers, evening prayer, at 6:45. These vary on weekends: on Saturday we have vigil service on Saturday night, we have Mass at 11, we have morning prayers at the same and we have mass at 11:15 and include noon prayer and vespers then at 5:30 and dinner. Then we have vigils for Sunday after dinner. This gives us a little extra sleep on Sunday morning. Sunday morning we have just morning prayer at 7:20, followed by breakfast. Community mass is at 10:00, lunch at 12:00, no, noon-day prayer. Vespers at 5:00 followed by dinner at 5:25 and a free evening.

Me: OK, you've been all over the place, but in your time here, can you think of any interesting characters that stand out?

FHK: Not a question of *any* but of *which ones*? Good old Father Felix, a zoologist as I recall; one of the first PhDs in our community. He'd retired by the time I came. We have reading at dinner and God love us, if somebody made a mistake in pronunciation we knew about it from Father Felix. I served his mass at time, so he said, first we call the alp, this white, in those days it was like the protestants, anyway it slipped down and we tie it and he said "Aha! Enable construction!" But he helped me a great deal; called me into his room one day to give me some tips on reading techniques.

One that most everybody remembers is Father Eugene, PhD in biology. I guess I find him most interesting because I'm reaching an age where he was where everything is 25 years ago. He had a good sense of humor.

Who else to talk about? Oh! Brother Vincent of happy memory. Worked all his life in the print shop. And he was the pied piper for college students, at least for the men of St. Benedict's college, cause he was not a priest, he was safe. And he did a lot of good, particularly I think, in breaking up drugs.

We had Brother Paul who ran the student groups to snack shop. He was probably more in with the students than any of the priests that were in there. He's one of those, he died unexpectedly...at beginning of school. I hadn't thought about trying to reflect on this topic.

There was Father Hilary Heim. He had a master's in math; he was academic dean when I came here. A few years later he resigned, went off to college for a doctorate in statistical studies, that's not the technical term. He told me later two things: he thought he should get out of the dean's office and secondly the college needed the studies and he could do it, but he came home and there was no money for him, there was no job for him. So he did a bunch of clearing on old pig farms and put out traffic tickets and sort of things. Finally I don't remember which Abbot did, latched onto him, made him a business manager out of nowhere and he was really fine, really great. Very sharp man, very considerate of people.

My first boss was Father Xavier. In those days college business office took care of the records for the abbey. He told me one day that he had a master's in Spanish from Mexico City or someplace. He was Chaplain for someplace in suburban Chicago when he got called home, without a job, it sounded. So out of sheer boredom he asked if he could run the posting machine at the time. Yes, well he grew up from that, he had three summers in accounting at Creighton and he took over. And when I was, the second year, when I was in business school our accounting teacher assigned us to a study of some company's financial record. He suggested I do the college. So I took him up to the college. And unless you're in accounting you'd have no reason to know that not-for-profit institutions have had, it's not as much now, have had a radical different form of accounting than commercials. So I took that up and showed it to this, he was head of the accounting department. He said, "You don't know how fortunate you have it to have such a fine report." He said very few people have that. So it was a good start.

I also remember that in the fall, I guess it was, that I started work in the college, would have been '69, our student unrest started out with a brave march of candle-lit procession from South campus to North campus and this culminated in a mass and I was asked to preach at that mass. The head of the student government came to see me, he said, "I've been told you could preach." So I left the office to preach and Father Xavier said to me, "Don't preach any private opinions" and I thought, "Well, that will sure make

me speechless!" I knew it'd be a test, there probably be people there who hadn't been to mass for years or probably never had, but there was a row of guys down there in front. I think we managed.

So when I was at Notre Dame, '68, '69 year, a lot of protests up there. Who was the president? Internationally known, except I can't recall his name. Anyway he was always footing around the world, he did work for the feds, too. So anyway, there'd be some kind of protest and whoever's in charge of running the college settled that with a punishment which would cause another unrest. So the real man flew in overnight, compromised and flew out and we had peace again. I saw a picture of him the other day; he was a famous man. I saw him once; I celebrated mass with him and some other members of their community.

There was a lady in Chicago; I guess she and her husband ran a travel agency and each gave 2 million dollars to a college. She gave her 2 million to Notre Dame; a million to build a graduate building for the business and the other to endow a chair of travel. And so that spring there was a great celebration, dedicating this building, because the week before the dedication that building was just surrounded by mud and that day there were three foot hedges all around and there was grass everywhere, there was a 30 foot tree in the courtyard, all from their own farm. Anyway...Hesburgh that's him, Father Hesburgh. He was celebrating mass at the dedication and each one of us students was hosting a college president, mine was president of SLU. Anyway, I got to celebrate that mass with him and then he picked up and left.

Me: What are some of your favorite memories from your time here, that you haven't stated already.

FHK: I don't know if I have any...I don't I can't think of anything.

Me: That's fine, I think you gave me exactly what I needed.