

Prayers:(Deceased): Uncle University of Notre Dame Louis Rieg(Cv);Ill:Friend of
of Jack Meaney(LY); friend of Religious Bulletin Don Hell'ng'hsr(Dil);Floyd
Dick Meriman(Z);grdmthr of October 18, 1949. Blair(St.Joe Hosp);friend of
Lee(D)&Tom(Cv)Kirby;frnd of... NoGutzky's Conversion Jack Vainisi(W); Thnks- (1);
spcl intns:(3)

I'm comin' from visitin' my dream gleam over at the Rock last night an' I see the
guy in the flickerin' shadows o' the candles. Brother, you' could've knocked me over
with a hunk of last week's French toast...It was him all right...good old NoGutzky...
the last time I seen 'im was the night in July when he came rollin' out o' the Circus
Bar at the Astor lookin' like that guy in Lost Week End...But there he was, make no
mistake about it...lookin' up at the Lady in the niche, an' the beads in his hands.
So rather than bust right in on him all of a sudden, I kneels there an' peals off a
decade myself.

Ya know, Stooge, he says to me finally as he gets off one of 'em back-bustin' kneel-
ers. Ya know, Stooge, ya might think I'm nuts, but from here on out it's right down
the alley for me...no more boozin', no more two-timin', no more wolfin'.

Jeepers, says I, what a conversion! What's the scoop, Mac? What you doin' here?

Well, I ain't posin' for holy pictures, ya dope, says he. What does anyone do down
here? Ya know Stooge, here we are, me an' you, goin' on three years at this jernt,
an' just tonight you an' me get the real low-down on this here Grotto.

Well, sir, I just about blew my top. With me doin' the Grotto almost three years,
rain or shine, an' the lunkhead says "just tonight you an' me get the lowdown."

Okay, okay, says he, I never knew ya ever went down here; ya never told me. How's come
I finally hit the grotto? Well, it's a long story, Stooge, he says. Ya know I did a
heck a lot o' wild-oatin' this summer, an' I had a pretty hard row to hoe when I
finally kicked myself into the Box the other night...ya know how it is Stooge, after
four, five months. everything in the book...anyway, I unloaded the whole mess...the
padre's sittin' there listen' to my tale...an' I'm kneelin' there sweatin' like a
Gary foundryman...I wait for him to give me the works...then he says to me: "Go down
to the Grotto an' kneel there for fifteen minutes an' look at the Lady up there."
...So help me, Stooge, that's all he says...No stations ten times; no three Rosaries
nothin' else but just "Go down to the Grotto."

Yeh, says I. That was tough to take, what with you for the past several semesters
ogling those nice dolls from the offices walkin' down that way during their lunches.

Ya got me all wrong, Stooge, he says. This is the McCoy. I go down there just like
the padre says to do, an' so help me, I thought I was over in Lourdes, just like in
the Song of Bernadette in Washington Hall last week. An' no kiddin', Stooge, it
really hit me. Ya know, right then an' there I realizes what a dope I been...over two
years here an' this here Grotto right in my own back yard. Why don't they tell us
about these things instead o' dishin' out that junk like Hydrophobia, Algophobia,
Izzy Weinstein an' Ping-Pong!

How about that, says I. You know, Mac, I want to tell you a secret...Last Spring me
an Rita went down there an' I slipped the ring on her finger...an I'll tell you
something else...this here Grotto's the place to go when things are rough...I've had
some pretty tough ones...departmentals, pop's big financial deal last winter, mom's
operation, the kid brother's ruptured appendix...boy did I unload down here last year
...but the biggest thing of all, Mac, I started down here in my Freshman year just
to ask the Lady in Blue to find me the right gal...That's where Rita comes in.

An' I got a secret too Stooge, he says. I found a Girl here too. My number one Girl.