



50th Anniversary 2015
Class of 1965



50th Anniversary 2015
Class of 1965
at the
Pontifical College Josephinum
1953-1965

An Autobiography of Us All

What Wordsworth wrote about the French Revolution
can be said about Vatican II:

“Bliss was it that dawn to be alive,
but to be young was very heaven!”

“You will leave life even more beautiful than you entered it.

Heaven will take you back and look at you and say:

‘Only one thing can make a soul complete and that thing is love.’”

—*The Reader*, Friedrich Schiller

“Non, je ne regrette rien.”

—Edith Piaf

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Collected and Edited by Jack Fritscher
Produced and Designed by Mark Hemry



The Most Reverend Egidio Vagnozzi, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States and Ordinary of the Josephinum, will ordain fifteen young men to the priesthood in the Josephinum's St. Turlus Chapel on May 29.



The Right Reverend Monsignor Ralph A. Thompson, present Rector of the Pontifical College Josephinum, is himself an alumnus of the seminary he now heads.

CLASS OF 1965

It will be Monsignor Thompson who, in the early stages of the ordination ceremony, must answer the question, "Do you know them to be worthy?" with the assertion: "As far as human frailty allows to know, I know and I testify that they are worthy of the charge of this office."

Father Edward Paul Bunchek was born on February 1, 1939, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine B. Bunchek. Father Bunchek attended St. Joachim Grade School in Pittsburgh, for his first eight years of school; and he entered the Josephinum as a freshman in high school in 1953. Father Bunchek will offer his First Solemn Mass in his home parish of St. Joachim on June 6, and will serve the Church in the Diocese of Pittsburgh.



Father Roy L. Cox II was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, on August 5, 1940. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy L. Cox, he completed his elementary schooling at St. Vincent's in Shreveport, Louisiana. After he received his minor seminary training in Maryhill Seminary in Pineville, Louisiana, he came to the Josephinum in 1959. Father Cox will offer his First Solemn High Mass on Pentecost Sunday, June 6, at St. Peter's Church in Covington, Louisiana. He will work in the Diocese of Savannah, Georgia.



Father Philip Angelo Cardenzana is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cardenzana of Albia, Iowa. Born on June 10, 1939, and reared in Albia, Father Cardenzana went to grade school at Washington Elementary School and Lincoln Junior High School. He began studying for the priesthood in 1953, when he came to the Josephinum. Father Cardenzana will celebrate his First Solemn Mass on June 6 at St. Mary's Church in Albia. He will carry out his priestly work in the Diocese of Davenport, Iowa.





Father Leon Duesman, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Duesman, was born on March 3, 1939. Growing up in Pilot Point, Texas, Father Duesman attended St. Thomas Parochial School for eight years. He came to the Josephinum as a seminarian in 1953. Now, on June 6, 1965, Father Duesman will be saying his First Solemn High Mass at St. Thomas Church in Pilot Point. He will labor in Christ's vineyard in the Diocese of Dallas-Fort Worth.

Father Frederick J. Duschl was born in the Northern Ohio city of Toledo on June 10, 1938. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Duschl of Toledo, Father Duschl attended both St. Agnes and St. Clement Grade Schools before he came to Central Ohio to enter the Josephinum in September, 1953. Father Duschl will offer his First Solemn Mass on May 31, in St. Clement Church in Toledo. Father Duschl will serve the People of God in his native Diocese of Toledo.



Father David E. Fellhauer, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fellhauer, was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on August 19, 1939. Upon going to St. Agnes Grade School for eight years in Kansas City, Kansas, he came to the Josephinum in 1953. On Pentecost Sunday, Father Fellhauer will celebrate his First Solemn High Mass in Richardson, Texas, at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle. Father Fellhauer will work as a priest in the Diocese of Dallas-Fort Worth.



Father Kenneth Edward Kehres was born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Kehres on June 1, 1939. Raised on a farm near North Auburn, Ohio, Father Kehres attended grade school at Mother of Sorrows in North Auburn, and came to the Josephinum in 1953. Father Kehres will offer two Solemn Masses of Thanksgiving—on May 30 and on June 6—at his home parish, Mother of Sorrows Church, in North Auburn. Father Kehres will labor as a priest of God in his native Diocese of Toledo, Ohio.



Father George B. Hoenig is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Hoenig of Fort Madison, Iowa. Born on October 29, 1939, Father Hoenig acquired his first eight years of education at Sacred Heart School in Fort Madison; he came to the Josephinum in the autumn of 1953. Father Hoenig will sing his First Solemn Mass as a priest on June 6, at Sacred Heart Church in Fort Madison, after which he will exercise his priestly office in the Diocese of Davenport, Iowa.



Father Gerald E. Kelly was born on August 14, 1939, and reared in Newry, Pennsylvania. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Pius E. Kelly, he attended St. Patrick's Parochial School for his elementary education and turned to the Josephinum to begin high school in September, 1953. On the feast of the Holy Spirit's descent upon earth Father Kelly will sing his First Solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's Church in Newry. Father Kelly will serve the Diocese of Altoona-Johnstown, Pennsylvania.



Father J. Gerhard Marschall, the son of Mrs. Franz Marschall and the late Dr. Franz Marschall, was born at Cranford, New Jersey, May 8, 1939. With the family Father Marschall moved to Easton, Pennsylvania, where he studied for twelve years at St. Joseph's Parochial School and Easton Catholic High School. Father Marschall entered the Josephinum's college department in 1957. After offering his First Solemn Mass on June 6 at St. Joseph's Church in Easton, he will serve in the Diocese of Allentown, Pennsylvania.



Father Samuel John Messina, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Messina, was born on August 5, 1938, at Grenada, Mississippi. There Father Messina went to Lizzie Horn Elementary School and graduated from John Rundle High School. He undertook preparation for the priesthood at St. Joseph Seminary in St. Benedict, Louisiana, and came to the Josephinum in 1959. Father Messina will celebrate his Solemn High Mass on June 6 at St. Peter's Church in Grenada, and will serve in the Diocese of Natchez-Jackson, Mississippi.



Father Robert A. Pearson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arne Pearson of Spokane, Washington, was born on April 28, 1939. After Father Pearson attended, in Spokane, Sacred Heart School for eight years and Gonzaga Preparatory School for four years, he came to the Josephinum as a college freshman in 1957. On Pentecost Sunday, Father Pearson will celebrate his Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving at Sacred Heart Church in Spokane; he will serve in the Diocese of Spokane.



Father James B. Picchiarini, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Picchiarini, was born at Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania, August 20, 1939. After the family moved to Monessen, Pennsylvania, he attended St. Leonard Grade School and was then accepted at the Josephinum in 1953 to study for the priesthood. At St. Leonard's, in Monessen, on June 6, Father Picchiarini will say his First Solemn High Mass. He will remain in the Diocese of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, to work in our Lord's vineyard.



Father Roger Jerome Radloff was born in Cleveland, Ohio, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester William Radloff, October 3, 1940. Before Father Radloff arrived at the Josephinum as a junior in college in 1957, he attended St. Jerome's Grade School and St. Ignatius High School in Cleveland and Borromeo Seminary in Wickliffe, Ohio. At 5:00 p.m. on May 30, Father Radloff will celebrate his First Mass of Thanksgiving at the Church of St. William in Euclid, Ohio; he will labor in the Diocese of Miami.



Father Raymond J. Spatti is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Luigi Spatti of Indiana, Pennsylvania. Born on February 7, 1939, in Gratacasolo, Prov. Brescia, Italy, he came to the United States with his family in October, 1945. Upon completion of his elementary education in St. Bernard School in Indiana, he entered the Josephinum in September, 1953. After his First Solemn Mass on June 6, in St. Bernard Church, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Father Spatti will serve the Church in his home Diocese of Greensburg.

THE CLASS OF 1961 – COLLEGE

On the occasion of the May 31 graduation exercises of the Josephinum College Department, the Right Reverend Monsignor Leo F. Miller, Professor of Theology at the Josephinum, who recently celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination as a priest, gave the commencement address. His theme was the ideals of education a priest should strive for throughout his life.

After the Commencement Address, 24 graduates of the senior class were awarded the Bachelor of Arts degree, with a major in Scholastic Philosophy and a minor in Latin.

Monsignor Leonard J. Fick, Dean of the College, presented the candidates for the degrees, which were awarded by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Clarence G. Issenmann, Bishop of Columbus and Vice-Ordinary of the Josephinum, who presided at the Commencement Exercises.

Bishop Issenmann addressed the students on the importance of their intellectual preparation for their ministry in the priesthood.

Monsignor Paul A. Gieringer, P.A., Rector of the Josephinum and President of the College, concluded the ceremony with an address to the graduates and the whole assembly.



Top row, left to right: Raymond Krzewinski, John Fritscher, Roy Cox, Roger Radloff, J. Gerhard Marschall

Third row: Edward Buncek, Joseph Maggio, Othmar Morman, James Picchiarini, Wayne Ruchgy, Leon Duesmann

Second row: Kenneth Kehres, George Hoenig, Rodney Gallies, David Fellhauer, Philip Cardenzana, Carl Poirot, Fred Duschl

First row: Raymond Spatti, Charles Mueller, David Siemsen, Reginald Coco, Samuel Messina, Gerald Kelly, Robert Pearson

In front: Monsignor Paul A. Gieringer, P.A., Rector; Monsignor Leo F. Miller, D.D., Commencement Speaker





Alma Mater

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the other parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are in Latin and are written below the notes.

Al - mam Ma - trem sa - lu - ta - mus, Jo - se - phi - num te a - ma - mus, Ter au - gu - sta moe - ni - a

Te vir - tu - tes tam lau - tri - cem quam sci - en - ti ae nu - tri - cem. Dul - cis a - mi - ci - ti - ae.

Melody by Msgr. Miller; words by Msgr. Pinter

Robert Albers, PhD
July 10, 1939

I grew up on a wheat and cattle farm in South Central Kansas. I attended St. Rose Grade School in Mt. Vernon, KS. After graduating from St. Rose School, I entered the Pontifical College Josephinum in Worthington, Ohio for high school.

Besides remembering many of my classmates at the Joss, some of my fond memories have to do with the priests who taught us. Father Anthony Becker was my very first teacher in Latin I. I also remember Father Leonard Fick in English and Msgr. DeRuntz. Father Plumpe taught us Greek, Father Durst taught math. And who could ever forget Father Kempker, the sternest, but kindest Disciplinarian ever.

After leaving the Joss in 1956, I attended St. Gregory's High School in Shawnee, OK, for one year, graduating in May 1957. Since St. Gregory's was associated with a Benedictine Abbey, and it did not have a four-year college, I matriculated at St. Benedict's College in Atchison, Kansas. There I majored in mathematics with a minor in secondary education. I graduated from St. Benedict's College in 1961, but before I did, I met a young lady by the name of Betty Sittenauer. She will become a major part of my later biography. St. Benedict's College was all male. Today it is coed and is known as Benedictine College.

After graduating St. Benedict's, I taught a combined 7th and 8th grade classroom at St. Joseph Grade School in Ost, KS. It was a public school, but the principal was a nun and there were two nuns (Sisters of the Adorers of the Precious Blood) teaching in the school. I had 24 students in 2 grades. All but one was Catholic. We attended Mass every morning, and the first class I taught each day was religion based on the Baltimore Catechism—not bad for a public school supported by public tax money.

In August, 1963, I married the young Fraulein (I learned that from Father Zwinger) I had met just three weeks before leaving

Atchison. At that point, I moved to Atchison and became a high school math teacher in a small rural school in DeKalb, MO. I held that position for 2 years. Our first son, Joseph was born in September, 1964.

At the end of the 64-65 school year, one of my former school board members from Ost called to encourage me to come back to St. Joseph School, so I did because it resulted in a substantial raise. I took my bride and new son four hours out of Atchison. I promised Betty that I would get my Master's Degree at Wichita State University in two years and then we could move back. Twelve years later, we finally made it back. It didn't take 12 years to get the degree, but better opportunities kept popping up. My master's degree was in K-12 educational administration, so I became an elementary principal and then a high school principal.

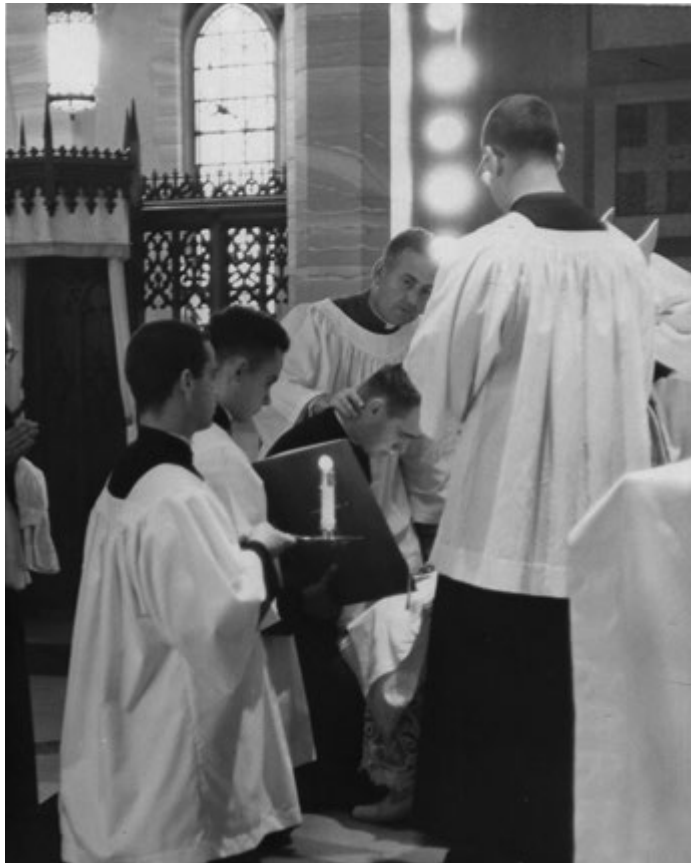
In 1976, with three children, son Joe, daughter Jean, and son Jim, we moved to Bendena, KS, about 20 miles from Atchison. I served as an elementary principal and continued graduate courses at Kansas State University to become qualified to become a superintendent of schools. I became a superintendent in 1979. While at Bendena, our fourth and fifth children, son Gregory and daughter Mary Beth, were born.

In 1991, I became superintendent of schools at Silver Lake, KS, and stayed there for nine years. While at Silver Lake, I earned a doctorate from Kansas State University in educational administration. I retired in July, 2009. At that time, Betty and I moved back to Atchison where we now reside.

Our oldest son Joe is an air-traffic controller working in the tower at Kansas City International Airport and helping to train new controllers. We have 4 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren from Joe and his wife Charlotte. Oldest daughter Jean lives in Shelbyville, Kentucky. She and her husband Ron both work at Churchill Downs in Louisville, and they have given us 4 grandchildren. Our three youngest children all graduated from Benedictine College. Second son James is a Benedictine monk and priest at St. Benedict's Abbey in Atchison. He studied at San Anselmo School of Theology in Rome. We visited twice while he studied there, and had the opportunity to have an audience with Saint John Paul II.

In 2013, Father James, OSB was elected abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey, and is now Abbot James, OSB. Our third son Greg is married and lives with his wife Jennifer in Shawnee, KS, a suburb of Kansas City. They have one adopted son. Greg works as the administrator of a medical clinic in Overland Park, KS. Our youngest, Mary Beth, is now Sister Mary Elizabeth, SOLT. After graduating from Benedictine College, she spent two years teaching in Benque Viejo, Belize. The school at which she taught was run by priests and nuns of the Society of Our Lady of the Most Holy Trinity. After two years working with SOLT, she joined the order. Sr. Mary Elizabeth has professed solemn vows and presently is stationed in Corpus Christi, TX. She is vocations director for the order and also serves as secretary to the General Sister Servant (Mother Superior in other orders).

After 48 years in education, 10 as a teacher, 11 as a principal, and 27 as a superintendent, Betty and I are enjoying retirement to the fullest.



Our Sunday Bulletin



REVEREND LAWRENCE E. BRANDT Ph.D

The Reverend Lawrence E. Brandt, Ph.D. of this parish was ordained to the Holy Priesthood on December 19, 1969 in St. Peter's Basilica in Rome by His Excellency, the Most Reverend James A. Hickey, J.C.D., Rector of the North American College.

Lawrence E. Brandt, PhD, JCD
March 27, 1939

The Most Reverend Lawrence E. Brandt was born in Charleston, West Virginia on March 27, 1939. His family soon moved to Lake City, Pennsylvania, on the shores of Lake Erie. He pursued high school and college studies at the Pontifical College Josephinum in Worthington, Ohio. Before coming to Greensburg in 2004, he was the Chancellor of the Diocese of Erie. He had earned a doctorate in philosophy in 1966 at the University of Innsbruck, Austria. He completed his theological studies at the Pontifical North American College and Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome. While there, he was ordained a priest in Saint Peter's Basilica on December 19, 1969. He was then invited to study at the Pontifical Ecclesiastical Academy (the Vatican's school for training its diplomats) before being appointed to the Vatican's diplomatic service where he represented the Holy See in four papal nunciatures: Madagascar, the Federal Republic of Germany, Ecuador, and Algeria, thus giving him valuable experience in various cultural areas.

In the United States, while serving as vice-chancellor, he also served as chaplain of Gannondale, a Residential Center for Girls in the Diocese of Erie, and was pastor of Saint Hedwig Parish in Erie. Monsignor Brandt earned his doctorate in canon law (JCD.) from the Pontifical Lateran University in 1983. He had studied also at the Sorbonne in Paris and the University of Florence. He was named a Prelate of Honor in 1991. His study and experience abroad imparted a fluency in German, French, Italian and Spanish.

Named fourth bishop of Greensburg on January 2, 2004, he was ordained and installed in Blessed Sacrament Cathedral on March 4, 2004.

In 2005 Bishop Brandt began a strategic planning process for the Diocese which later called for the closing of 16 parishes, the partnering of 14 other parishes, and the closing of two schools. The Strategic Plan also called for the age of confirmation to be moved

from 2nd grade to 8th grade.

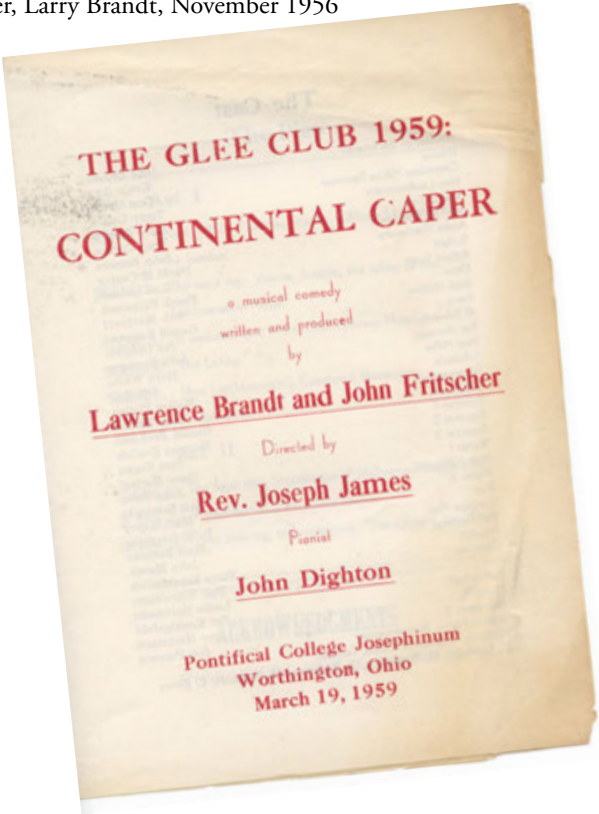
After this major restructuring effort and in the depths of the Great Recession in 2008, Bishop Brandt embarked upon a Diocesan Capital Campaign: "Today's Challenge -Tomorrow's Hope." The restoration of Blessed Sacrament Cathedral was included in the case statement for the campaign. The goal was \$45 million, and \$55 million was raised.

Due to a decreasing demographic, but also due to the diminishing number of priests, Bishop Brandt established the Permanent Diaconate Program, stepping up the recruiting of vocations to the priesthood in 2005. Priests from various dioceses in the Philippines were invited to come to the Diocese of Greensburg to offer assistance with priestly ministry. During the nationwide economic downturn, he instituted the Diocesan Poverty Relief Fund in 2010. Because many families were encountering difficulty paying for Catholic school tuition, he began also the Bishop's Transfer Grant Program. He issued two Pastoral Letters: "Integrity and the Political Arena," promulgated on August 10, 2004, revised and reprinted on October 11, 2012; and "The Transmission of the Faith in the Present Culture," promulgated on May 31, 2009. He established the Diocesan Heritage Center in 2014, intended to be a repository for collecting, preserving, and exhibiting the cultural, artistic, religious, intellectual and archival patrimony of the Diocese of Greensburg. This Diocesan Heritage Center is currently housed in The Bishop William G. Connare Center.

One of the crowning achievements of Bishop Brandt's episcopal tenure was the restoration of Blessed Sacrament Cathedral completed in October of 2011. Bishop Brandt submitted his letter of resignation to the Holy Father in March of 2014 as required by law upon completion of his 75th year of age. Excerpt edited from *A Holy Dwelling Place* by Joseph Rishal, PhD, and Helen Rishal, MA.



Jack Fritscher, Larry Brandt, November 1956





Continental Caper

Above: Bob Pearson as the Burgermeister; Father Joseph "Jimmy" James, Director; Trio with Mark White (right) who went on to star on Broadway and write a best-selling book; Chorus: "Wir Trinken Einen Halben."



The Josephinum Review
April 1, 1959

Josephinum Glee Club
presents Spring musical
Continental Caper

On March 19, the Josephinum Glee Club presented, as the first play in the new Josephinum Auditorium, the premiere of *Continental Caper*, a new musical comedy written and produced by Lawrence Brandt and John Fritscher, and directed by the Reverend Joseph James. The musical score, with lyrics adapted and written by John Fritscher, was performed by pianist John Dighton, with Don Graff, drums, and Dave Oxley, bass. The play was sung by a cast of 39 actors.

The curtain rises in Moscow where Commissar Miklos Petronov (Dan Mosca) is being commissioned by the Minister of the Interior (John Bresch) to “terminate the membership” of three Russian secret agents (John Romero, Dave Roesch, Tony Curran) stationed in celebrated Vienna. The time is June 1958.

The next day the Commissar arrives in Vienna at the “one and only” Liechtenstein Hotel, hotly in pursuit of the three spies. Also residing in the hotel run by the inimitable Herr Liechtenstein (Terry Gatlin) are three American singers (Joe Dominic, John Springer, Mark White) who are stranded in the international city. They would like to solve their “problems” by getting a job in an American motion picture being filmed on location in Vienna. The star, Robert Scott (Ken Ludden), and his press agent (Bob Margrett) are also living in the same hotel.

The Russian spies pose as producers for Scott’s movie and tell the three singers that Petronov is the casting director. Scott, they say, wants them to audition as three Russian spies—the part he has in mind for them.

Assuming those characters, the singers audition. Petronov, thinking he has made his contact, plans to carry out his termination orders. But the singers escape. When they explain how they've been duped into danger, Scott determines to help them.

The showdown fireworks begin at Herr Liechtenstein's "Once a Year Day" celebration when Scott's plan backfires and the singers are once more in the clutches of the sinister Commissar. As he prepares to make good his escape with the kidnaped singers, the gendarmes enter and arrest everyone who looks suspicious. The spies quickly confess to the tune of "Hang Down Your Head, Tom Dooley" because they say they will "only be safe in an American jail because the Party is in every country."

The Burgermeister of Vienna (Bob Pearson) diplomatically pieces together the scraps of evidence and everyone from spies to singers to movie stars end up winners.

And the constantly befuddled Herr Liechtenstein? What with the publicity, his "Once a Year Day" is better than ever.

The two-act musical comedy featured thirteen songs chosen by Lawrence Brandt and John Fritscher. It was author Fritscher's task to adapt the songs to fit the plot as well as tailor the words to appropriate Josephinum lyrics.

The songs were: "There Is Nothing Like a Dame [Like a Steak]" from *South Pacific*; the Everly Brothers' "Problems"; Will Glahe's "Liechtensteiner Polka"; "Whatever Lola [Kruschev] Wants, Lola [Kruschev] Gets" from *Damn Yankees*; Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael's "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening"; Harry Woods' "Side by Side"; Guy Lombardo's "Enjoy Yourself (It's Later Than You Think)"; Cole Porter's "Stereophonic Sound" from *Silk Stockings*; the Kingston Trio's "Tom Dooley"; the traditional Jewish "Hava Nagila" sung as "Dance, Everyone, Dance"; Cole Porter's "Wunderbar" from *Kiss Me, Kate*; "(This Is Our) Once a Year Day" from *The Pajama Game*; and "Wir Trinken Einen Halben," an unpublished German folk song, arranged by a German friend of Father James.

The cast of Josephinum students included in order of appearance: John Bresch, Kevin Axe, Dan Mosca, Terry Gatlin, Dave Roesch, Tony Curran, John Romero, David McCauley, Ken Ludden,

Frank Fulkerson, Bob Margrett, Gerald Knueven, Joe Dominic, John Springer, Mark White, Bill Rall, Walter Phelan, Guy Tumulo, Gerald Beckman, Norman Zimlich, Tom Rogan, Gene Mariani, John Boltz, Bob Szarnicki, Mart Meyer, P. Mcloughlin, Matt Robbins, John Macek, Steve Lautermilch, Dan Warniment, Leslie Hartmann, Jim Koenigsfeld, Larry Hartmann, Bob Pearson, K. Lubbers, D. Wampach, J. Brezovec, M. Schmidt, and L. Jones.



Top: Bob Pearson, Leon Duesman, Fred Duschl, Jerry Kelly, Gerhard Marshall, Larry Brandt, Ed Bunchek. Photos: Leon Duesman.



Philip A. Cardenzana
June 10, 1939 - July 24, 2005

The Reverend Philip A. Cardenzana, the son of John and Mary Ann (Toigo) Cardenzana, was born on June 10, 1939, in Albia, Iowa. Father attended Washington Public Grade School and Lincoln Junior High in Albia. When he was fourteen, he caught a train for Worthington, Ohio, and enrolled in the Pontifical College Josephinum as a highschool freshman where he earned his BA (1961), followed by four years' training in theology leading to his ordination on May 29, 1965.

Father was immediately assigned as an assistant to St. Paul's, Burlington, until 1969. From Burlington, Father moved to St. Patrick's, Ottumwa, as an associate pastor. He served there until 1971 when he became the administrator of St. Joseph's, Montrose, while serving as the Religious Education Coordinator for Aquinas High School in Madison. In 1980, he was appointed the pastor of St. Mary's, Albia, where he dedicated a new church in 1981. While serving as pastor of St. Mary's, he was also the administrator of St. Patrick's, Georgetown, from 1981 to 1983. In 1985, he became the pastor of St. Mary's, Dodgeville, and St. Mary's, Wapello. He served there until 1988 when he was appointed pastor of St. Anthony's, Knoxville. While remaining pastor of St. Anthony's, he was also appointed pastor of St. Mary's, Pella, and Sacred Heart, Melcher. He was the Shepherd of all three parishes until 1996 when he moved to Colfax and served as the parochial vicar for Immaculate Conception, Colfax, and Sacred Heart, Newton. He became the pastor of Immaculate Conception 1999 and served there until his retirement on December 1, 2004.

Father served the diocese by being a member of the Presbyteral Council in 1985. He also was a member of the Holy Childhood Association Committee from 1987 to 1996. Upon retirement, Father resided at the rectory at Immaculate Conception, Colfax.



T. S. Eliot, *Murder in the Cathedral*: "The greatest treason is to do the right thing for the wrong reason."

POPE DEAD, VIVA IL PAPA!

October 9, 1958, Thursday

The Pope is dead. Can one mourn someone he has never seen? Eugenio Pacelli was always a picture of warmth and friendliness. He seemed so human amidst his dignity and magnificence. He has been the only Pope who has ruled in my life. He was consecrated March 3, 1939, and I was born in June. When someone says, "Pope," I think immediately of him. "Pope," seems more like his name than the name of his office. He was a personal and personable pope. The day will come—and shortly—when he will be canonized—of that I'm sure.

He seemed to have been universally loved, but a discordant event took place last night in Ohio. The statue of Pope Pius XII was tarred and feathered. If people have no respect for the person while he is living, they should still proffer the honors due any of the dead. Maybe Father Undreiner is right about anti-Catholicism on the rise.

October 9, 1959

A year ago today I wrote: "The Pope is dead." Today I received a postcard from Rome from Larry [Brandt studying at Innsbruck]. On it was a beautiful portrait of Pope John XXIII. So much can happen in a year—and also so little. You can imagine what receiving his postcards and wonderful letters from London, Paris, Rome, and Venice is doing to me cooped up here. I know the confinement of a seminary is necessary and I'll never complain about it, but it seems that being here continually during our impressionable years we are missing the truly broadening experience of the physical world around us. By the time we are able to see it, there will be no thrill or excitement left. I'm afraid that is the plague of adults—stuffiness and closed minds. Don't let me be that way.



Reginald Coco

Seminary Days Plus 60! Like so many of you, I was approached by my pastor in the spring of 1953 when he asked me if I had ever thought about becoming a priest. My answer was, of course, "Yes," having been prompted several times to think about it by several assistant pastors and the nuns who taught me in grade school. So without much further being said, he stated that he was going to submit an application for admission to the diocesan seminary, Maryhill, for me to attend in the fall. Three weeks later, I was notified that I had been accepted. I grew up in a very small town in the South (pop. 815), and my family was very Catholic. So this was viewed as quite an honor and could hardly be turned down. In the fall I entered Maryhill Seminary of the Diocese of Alexandria, Louisiana. Maryhill, a small minor seminary which rarely had an enrollment of more than 100 students, closed in 1969. My class had about 20 students to start.

In September of 1959, Roy Cox, Rodney Galles, J. V. Maggio, and I joined the class of 1965 at the Josephinum. At Maryhill, we had been the top dogs. I was Senior of the School, responsible among other things with being the liason between the Rector/Faculty and the Student Body. Roy headed up the choir and schola and was the chief organist. J. V. was the Head Sacristan and Rodney and Bill (the 5th member of our class who went to St. John's in Boston) were in charge of repairs and maintenance. Imagine the shock of us Big Fish arriving at the Josephinum and having to adjust, not only to being the newcomers, but also to the fact that we were suddenly little fish in a BIG pond!!! Adjust we did, in no small part due to the welcoming spirit exhibited by our new classmates. Soon enough we fit right in and felt as one with the class.

It was only after I read some of my classmates' own autobiographies, especially Carl & Jerry's), that I understood why we bonded. Boys will be boys. Seminarians are seminarians. It doesn't matter what size the seminary. Extra-curricular activities abounded at Maryhill, including work-detail beer runs, midnight raids to the

kitchen for cookies and milk, late-night poker games in the Band Room with blankets over the windows. “Ssh! Have another swig of vodka. They can’t smell it on your breath.”

Some of my early impressions of the Joss: Magnificent buildings and grounds. St. Turibius Chapel, the new College building with our first private rooms with potty pals, the indoor swimming pool and bowling alley...and tunnels.

Some Later Impressions: Snow-tunnels (Yea!) - more snow.

Fond Memories: Any activity involving sports; Columbus Day in October with its parade, potato chips, and apple cider; fixing “Regi” burgers on the tennis courts behind the College building; tobogganing down the slopes of the Olentangy; ice skating on the frozen pond by the powerhouse; a “White Easter” one year; one afternoon in the chemistry lab listening out the window to the radio broadcast of Bill Mazeroski and the Pittsburgh Pirates beating the Yankees in the final game of the World Series.

Lasting memories: Participating in the Josephinum Choir under Msgr. Rees; working with Father DeRuntz in the bowling alley (I still have my “Josephinum Lanes” shirt); the train trips to and from the Joss with other sems; and, last but not least, the lasting bonds of friendship established with fellow classmates.

I have previously related the circumstances of my leaving the Joss, but to keep them together, here they are: I had begun having some doubts about my vocation in my first year of Theology and my decision when reached was definitely an “*alia jacta est*” moment but with some twists. In the fall of 1962, after some months of consultations with our Spiritual Director (a Jesuit, Father McWilliam, I think) I decided to leave and told the Rector (can’t remember his name either) and Msgr. Rees. This would have been before the end of November. I was asked by both not to leave until the Christmas break so as not to disrupt the life of the Theology community. I was also asked not to discuss my leaving with anyone until after we left for Christmas break. I agreed and didn’t break that silence, although, I guess I’ll always regret not saying goodbye and somehow felt like a saying of a favorite law professor of mine: “Well, Mister Coco, are you going to answer the question, or will you fold your tent and steal silently into the night like the Arabs?” In 1962, I

guess, that's how it was.

I entered Louisiana State University in January of 1963, thinking that I might work towards an MBA degree, but found that since I had not taken any undergraduate courses in business administration, I had to start at the bottom with basic accounting courses, business administration and economics. After a couple of semesters, I decided that I'd rather get into law, influenced to a large extent by the fact that I had gotten a part-time job with our state's Attorney General Office working in personnel and payroll. I had to work my way through school after leaving the seminary, since I felt, like Carl, that I could not ask my mother, a school teacher who was helping my younger brother through college, to help me also.

I worked my way through law school and graduated in June of 1969, passed the bar exam later that summer and was hired as an Assistant Attorney General in September of that year. I served under two Attorneys General representing the State of Louisiana in court, rendering opinions, and serving as counsel for several boards and commissions, including the State Board of Education, the State Board of Voter Registration, the State Archives and Records Commission, the Stream Control Commission and various smaller agencies, though no less important to the board and commission members. I also gave legal assistance to the Louisiana Registrar of Voters Association and the Louisiana Clerks of Court Association.

In 1973, I left the AG's office and went to work for our Constitutional Convention serving as Senior Research Attorney for the Legislative Powers and Functions Committee and drafted all of the Articles in our new constitution dealing with the Legislature, and, after that committee's work was done, I was assigned to work with some of our distinguished jurists on the Committee on Style and Drafting, reviewing every Article in the new constitution to insure that words and phrases used in one Article agreed with usage in all the Articles.

After the Convention concluded its work in early 1974, I went to work as Counsel for the House of Representatives Ways and Means Committee, which reviews all proposed legislation dealing with revenue and taxes. In 1976, I was assigned to also serve as

Counsel to the Governor's Advisory Commission on Ad Valorem Taxation which was charged with implementing the provisions of the new constitution as it related to property taxes.

In 1980, I was appointed by the governor as the Chairman of the Louisiana Tax Commission, composed of three members, whose responsibility it was to see that the local county assessors, some 70 in number, were applying the new property tax provisions fairly and equitably throughout the state. To that end, we had a staff of residential and commercial appraisers whom we assigned to conduct studies throughout the state. We held hearings for taxpayers dissatisfied with the assessed value of their property, and had a section who conducted appraisals of all public service properties in the state: airlines, pipelines, railroads, etc.). The appointment was political, meaning I served at the pleasure of the Republican governor, and when a new Democratic governor was elected in 1984, I was replaced.

So in 1985, I became Chief Counsel for the Louisiana Secretary of State, but left to take a position as Assistant Director and Chief Legislative Liaison of the Louisiana Sheriffs' Association in 1986. My whole career, up to that point, had been in state service. I saw it as an opportunity to work on the other side, and if you're going to change horses in mid-stream, why not choose the best. The Sheriffs in Louisiana are among the most powerful public servants in the state, more powerful than the state party systems. If you are going to run for any state or national office in Louisiana, you better have the Sheriffs on your side.

Aside from being an administrator assisting the Director, I was responsible for handling all of the proposed legislation for the association, including drafting legislation, testifying before the various legislative committees on the content of the associations bills or testifying against bills which the association opposed. In the meantime, that left the Director and the Deputy Sheriffs assigned to our office for the session to do the buttonholing aka lobbying.

My brutal honesty was not always appreciated, but it was widely respected. I stayed with the Sheriffs Association until 1992 when politics again reared its ugly head when the former Democratic governor (see 1984) was re-elected and I was replaced.

I stayed in private practice until 1996 and then with the advice and assistance of the newly elected Speaker of the House, returned to work for the House of Representatives as a Senior Attorney assigned to the Governmental Affairs Division of the House Legislative Services where I assisted several committees with their hearings. My primary duty, however was drafting legislation and because of my extensive background and experience, I quickly developed a reputation for coming up with solutions to the tough problems that no one else could handle. The result was that my supervisor always sent me the “hair-balls.”

To paraphrase the famous American Will Rogers, “I never met a bill I couldn’t draft!” Following a bout with congestive heart failure in 2004, I was urged by my cardiologist to get away from that “pressure cooker at the State Capitol” and after some discussions with my wife and family retired in February, 2006. I have not looked back, have no regrets and have never been bored.

Not long after leaving the seminary I had decided to become involved in politics because I felt that in spite of its negative connotations, the political arena needed good honest people—in a sense it’s the flip side of the same coin as the priesthood: one is a servant of the people on a spiritual plane (Christ’s admonition to his apostles), and the other is a servant of the people on a temporal plane (a public servant); and because I no longer had a vocation to the priesthood, I decided to devote myself to being a “Politician” or “Public Servant.” As I look back on my career, I hope that I contributed in some small measure to the betterment of the citizens of Louisiana.

Parallel with my growing career, I met my wife Harriet on a blind date and we married in August 1967, making our home in Baton Rouge with our four children: two boys, Jay, 44 and Ernie, 43; and two girls, Laura, 42 and Claire, 40. All but Claire are married and have blessed us with eight grandchildren, ages 22 down to 4 and two great-grandchildren, ages 3 and 1. They keep us busy. In her own career, Harriet was a Medical Technologist and retired in 2007. Since then we have enjoyed traveling to France for 40 days for our 40th Wedding Anniversary in 2007; to Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick in 2009; to the Canadian Rockies and Hawaii in 2011, with a planned trip to Russia in May after we

return from the Mini-reunion and the Southwest.



Bishop Dave Fellhauer

REGGIE COCO AND COCA-COLA

December 19, 1959, Saturday

The exams are over. Tonight's Christmas skit was very successful. It's now 10:21 PM, and here I sit again in my room, the night before we travel home our separate ways. Coming out of chapel tonight Reggie Coco, new this last September in our class, gave each of us a holy-card bookmark. On the back, he wrote: "Merry Christmas, 1959, Reggie." He really impressed me as being very thoughtful. Everyone was surprised—and pleased. A very nice gesture. Then tonight in the bathroom, my potty-pal Jim Picchiarini knocked on my door. "Want to split a Coke?"

"All right," I said.

"Here," he handed me the bottle through the door opened only a crack. "Get your church-key and pour half in your glass." It was cold from sitting on the window sill.

After I split it, I tapped on his door, and, being very disobedient, we threw open both doors at the same time to our shared potty. "Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas." And our glasses clinked.



L-R: ?, ?, Dave Fellhauer, Jerry Kelly, Carl Poirot, six others, and John Fritscher

Brother Matthew (Frank) Cunningham, FSR

Born: Council Bluffs, Iowa, August 28, 1939

Parents: George and Lillie (From) Cunningham

Siblings: Isabelle, Mary (Sr. M. Georgita, RSM), George, Anne, Kathleen, and Margery

Education: Holy Family School, C.B., Kindergarten and 1st grade;
St. Francis School, C.B., Grade 2 through 12; graduated 1957

1957: September to November, 1958, attended Maryknoll College Seminary

1959: January to August, 1959 attended Creighton University in Omaha and worked at Omaha National Bank

1959: September, began teaching in at Holy Family School in Council Bluffs (7th Grade boys)

1960: September, returned to seminary for the Diocese of Des Moines at Conception Seminary, Missouri

1961: January, returned to Council Bluffs and to Creighton University and to Omaha National Bank

1961: September, returned to teaching at St. Patrick's School in Council Bluffs (6th Grade)

1963: June, entered the Brothers of the Holy Rosary

1963: September 3, entered Novitiate with Bishop Robert Dwyer's approval of Council vote 1964: September 4, First Profession

1964: September, assigned to St. Christopher School, North Las Vegas, 6th Grade teacher

1966: Assigned Principal of St. Christopher School also teaching eighth grade

1968: January, returned to Reno. Appointed Community Superior by Bishop Joseph Green

1968-69 and 1969-70: While remaining Superior, also taught 6th Grade part-time at Holy Cross School, Sparks

1970-72: Bishop Manogue Catholic High School, part-time Religion teacher

1972: August, appointed Principal at Our Lady of the Snows School, Reno

1977: July, appointed Community Novice Master

1978: September, while remaining Novice Master was appointed by Bishop Norman McFarland as Director of the Frontier of the Faith which shared the property with the Brothers' residence on Boynton Lane

1982: July 1, appointed Principal of Bishop Manogue Catholic High School by Bishop Norman McFarland

1988: June, resigned as Principal but remained on the Manogue staff as a teacher and academic counselor

1990: July 1, appointed Superintendent of Schools for the Diocese of Reno-Las Vegas by Bishop Daniel Walsh

1993-1996: served as Interim President of Bishop Manogue High School August, 1993, to October, 1996)

1995: June, the Diocese of Reno-Las Vegas was divided. I was appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Reno effective July 1, 1995 by Bishop Phillip Straling and also retained the position of Superintendent of Schools until July 1, 2000. I remained Superintendent of Schools for both the Diocese of Reno and the Diocese of Las Vegas for the School Year 1995-96.

2014: June 30, retired as Chancellor of the Diocese of Reno

Leon Duesman**March 3, 1939**

I was born March 3, 1939 in Pilot Point, TX, to Albert and Vera (Tschoepe) Duesman. I am the oldest of seven brothers and one sister. I was raised on a farm. Our big crop was peanuts. The government peanut program has changed; so we don't raise them now. But the farm goes on, now run by two of my brothers. I went to St. Thomas Parochial School, taught by nuns. There were only about 14 in my class. So it was rather intimidating going to the Joss and being part of a class of about 80 Sextaners.

The Joss was a rich experience for me, interacting with guys from all over the country. I won't get into the pros and cons of the 12 years, but I was ordained May 29, 1965. Fifteen of us ventured forth into a Church experiencing much change.

We were Vatican II priests.

July 1, 1965 I was assigned to St. John Nepomocene Church in Ennis, TX, as assistant pastor. It was more of a rural parish with a lot of folks of Czech background. The parish had a school and even a small high school. The pastor wanted me to be able to drive a bus; so by August, I had a license to do that. I drove church buses for decades. I gave up the license only about a year ago.

After two years, I became assistant pastor of St. Paul Parish in Richardson, TX, a very suburban place. Most folks worked for Texas Instruments or Collins Radio. Dave Fellhauer's parents were in the parish. In Ennis, most folks were native Texans. In Richardson, we were in the minority.

Once again, after about two years, I was sent back to Ennis. The pastor took a leave of absence shortly after I got there. Dave Fellhauer was the other assistant. For about six months, we ran the parish. Then Dave was transferred.

In the school year of 1972/73, I was sent to study Canon Law at St. Paul University in Ottawa, Canada. This was a fun experience: Winter came and stayed! I came back to Dallas and worked in the

Marriage Tribunal for several years, living in residence in St. Mark Parish in Plano.

In April of 1976, I became the founding pastor of St. Elizabeth Seton Parish in Plano. At first, we met in a public school. It was a very suburban area, a lot of young families. After the first-phase construction, the parish grew rapidly. Church construction came shortly after the first phase. It was a fun experience. In retirement, I now help out every Sunday at Seton. At Seton, I started leading youth ski trips. We would stay at the Glorieta Baptist Conference Center and ski the Santa Fe Ski Basin. I did this for years. When the bus went through Santa Rosa, I would think of Sis Sisneros.

About 1984, I was sent to Mary Immaculate Parish in Farmers Branch, a Dallas suburb. There was a big parochial school. The parish was rather diverse. After a while, we had Masses in English, Spanish, and Vietnamese.

About 1992, I was assigned to St. Michael Parish in Garland, another suburb, a little more blue collar. While there, I was named *monsignor* which is not such a big deal. A little girl once said to me: "If you are a Mon-SENIOR, were you ever a Mon-JUNIOR!" The kid was onto something.

About 1998, I was sent to St. Francis Mission in Frisco, a suburb not too far from Pilot Point. After purchasing some property, we built a big first-phase facility. It was a great time. A fellow gave us some stock that we eventually sold for over \$4,000,000. This made for great possibilities.

Just as we were getting ready to do concept design for the permanent church, I was sent to St Ann's in Coppell. The pastor had died and the bishop wanted to send an older guy there. St. Ann's is huge: Sunday attendance is about 8000. Of those, 2000 attend Mass in Spanish.

When I turned 72, retirement was quite attractive. I live in my hometown of Pilot Point, but help out all over the place. I usually celebrate two Masses back at my old parish of Seton in Plano. One gives up administration, but not ministry.

In short, I have met some wonderful folks in my various assignments. The challenge is always the same: to belong to, to love, and to serve the Body of Christ that takes on its visibility in the

parishioners. Trying to see Christ in some of the folks is not easy. His image is well hidden.

Jack, I look forward to the reunion. One incident involving you comes to mind: the plate incident pushed by Dan Delaney. You were the only one at the table who didn't sign. I actually signed, but as we left the table, I rubbed my signature off. Thus I did not clean windows. Dave Fellhauer wrote a poem about it.

MUTINY! REFECTORY SCANDAL! EIGHT ON A PLATE!

In 1955, when we were fifteen going on sixteen, because our table of eight was starving, seven of us wrote a note in pencil on the back of a plate, and signed it. Fred Duschl recalls it read, "To whom it may concern: "We would like to have some better food. We get better food at home." The kitchen nuns, who were always invisible, were hugely insulted. They told the treasurer who told the disciplinarian who stood up in the refectory pulpit and shouted that six of the eight would be washing windows all their free time for the rest of the year, and they'd all never sit together at any table again. Suddenly, 500 major and minor seminarians couldn't stop gossiping about the scandal of the year! Fellhauer and five others looked with chagrin at Duesman who had rubbed his name off at the last minute with his finger, and at Fritscher who had refused to sign the plate warning they'd all get shipped. Fellhauer wrote this poem that, more than food, addressed the problems of teenagers voicing opinions in the conformist 1950s.

"Don't Use a Plate"

If you're a bright and sprightly lad,
But really, though, you're not so bad;
And you are wont to write a note
On which to place an anecdote,
The purpose of which to propagate
More food for hearty a table of eight;
Agreed! And then you look around,
But paper is nowhere to be found,
Yet still you must that hint create,
Take it from me---don't use a plate!
---David Fellhauer, Quinta 1955







Our class picture, senior year, high school, Spring 1957

STARVING SEMINARIANS & MAIL-ORDER HEATING COILS

November 29, 1959, Sunday

This is so rare! It's wonderful. I soft-boiled an egg with my heating coil, and just stood there in the bathroom and laughed it tasted so good and it was so funny. Heating coils are our latest fad, just like our hidden transistor radios when they were invented two years ago. Yesterday Jim Picchiarini went on a hike and I had him buy me a dozen eggs. Last night I made a cocoa-nog which was awful. This morning I soft-boiled an egg and ate it piping-hot. Delicious. By this evening, I had eaten four soft-boiled eggs.

November 30, 1959, Monday

This morning, this cold, cold morning, I came back to my room still hungry from the refectory. I looked out the frosty windows at the wind-blown fields of snow and rushed into the bathroom and fixed a soft-boiled egg and a cup of steaming cocoa. Our world lacks such comforts. Perhaps it shows a lack of detachment, but I needed something hot which is lacking severely in our winter diet.

Last week, our hunger caused a riot. Fred Duschl and Kugi got caught by Alfie when the two potty pals were both talking and making coffee in the bathroom. Kugi's cooking pot was taken, but he didn't mind as he has another one.

Saturday an order for 17 heating coils came in on our underground railroad. Henry Vogel had ordered them through Ernie Kish in Theology. They only cost a dollar, but rumor had it Henry was charging up to \$1.10. Somehow Alfie got hold of Henry's list of buyers, and during the 5 o'clock study hall yesterday, he went around collecting every heating coil he could find. Here are some sketches of what happened.

RAID #1:

Alfie: Duschl, do you have a coil water heater?

Duschl: Yes, Father. (Reaches in drawer for it.) It's not here, Ray Krzewinski must have it. (Goes through bathroom and knocks on Kugi's door) Ray, do you have my coil?

Kugi: Shut up, Alfie's right out in the *hallway*.

Duschl : No, he's not, he's in my *room*!

RAID #2

Alfie: Carl, may I have your coil?

Poirot: Yes, Father (reaches in inside pocket of suit jacket in closet).

Alfie: That sure is a good hiding place.

Poirot: It sure was.

RAID #3:

Alfie: (knock on door)

Ginder: (Sitting In bathroom) Just a minute. (He sticks head out of bathroom door and looks at Alfie. Presently he comes out.)

Alfie: May I have your coil?

Ginder: (Gets coil and in so doing reveals an orange which he "stole" from the refectory)

Alfie: Is that a piece of fruit?

Ginder: (In an informing tone) Yes, it's an Oh-Rahhhnnnge.

Alfie: Oh.

There is another large order of heating coils due in today. Kugi has two coming in this group. I can imagine what will happen to these. Luckily a month ago mine was purchased with the first order which Alfie knows nothing about. I got it at the suggestion of Ed Bunchek who got them through Roger Burkhardt. Picchiarini (next door), Duesman (across the hall), and Bun (Duesie's potty pal), and I all got ours then, and they weren't confiscated yesterday. This morning I was hiding my eggs out to cool on the window sill and cracked my head on the window latch. (Ah, the wages of sin!). I had better luck than Kenny Kehres and Porky Mueller. Neither had a chance to use his coil.

Fred Duschl, MA**June 10, 1938**

On June 10, 1938, I was born a Gemini, literally, because I was the second of identical twins. Early on, I felt an attraction to being a priest. I had several people who encouraged me to think seriously of studying in a seminary. My pastor at St. Clement Parish, Toledo, was a graduate of the Josephinum. So guess where I decided to go!

I arrived at the Pontifical College Josephinum, in September, 1953. There were something like 82 other Sextaners who arrived there with me. I rather liked seminary, doing all the things that guys do in an all-male environment.

One incident that I remember in Quinta, some of us decided to complain about the food. Six young men on a table of eight wrote an infamous tale of complaint about the food on a blue plate. It ended up in the hands of Msgr. Gilbert Schmenk who soon roared out from the refectory pulpit to all the minor seminarians who were sitting below him, about the inconsiderate ingrates who cared not for Josephinum food. I had signed my name as “Will” or something such, since I was a chicken at heart. We were put on probation for six months for that little prank!

Someone remembered the incident later, because in Quarta I was named the person in charge of cleanup in the refectories!

Looking back, I would say that I had three favorite professors: Msgr. Leonard Fick would be my first choice. He taught me a love for good literature. He also taught me how to punctuate sentences. I remember doing a term paper for him in Secunda or Prima, on Statehood for Alaska. That was in 1959. And I corrected a lot of classmates’ footnotes!

Second, I would choose Msgr. Maurice Hofer who taught me to love the Old Testament. Remember in 1963 the Holy See came out with “*Veterum Sapientiae*,” and demanded that the primary classes would be taught in Latin. Hofer was the only prof who followed the order, much to our dismay.

My third choice would be Paul Sicilia. I never had him in class, but he took a group of us down to Mexico around 1961 to study Spanish at the Universidad Nacional de Mexico. Then he drove us around the old sites of Mexico for a week or two: Chichen Itza, Vera Cruz where I got sick on lobster, and other sites of interest.

Archbishop Amletto Cicognani ordained about 14 or 15 of us men in St. Turibius Chapel on May 29, 1965. I went to the Diocese of Toledo.

As a young associate priest I served in three parishes for eight-and-a-half years. I worked in a country parish, in a suburban parish, and at the downtown cathedral parish. Andrew Greeley called us new priests “The New Rebels.” I started doubting my vocation as a priest, so in 1974 I took a leave of absence for 18 months. Those were great maturing months. I studied rehabilitation counseling and family therapy at the University of Cincinnati during that time, and received a masters degree. I lived in Covington, KY, and even learned how to cook!

I returned to priesthood in 1976. I became a first-time pastor in that same year in a downtown Toledo blue-collar parish. I was in three other parishes as pastor for a total of 29 years. People taught me how to minister to them and I enjoyed those years with all of the pains and joys of pastoring. Over those years, I have taken families on camping trips to Indiana and into lower Michigan—trips which I have immensely enjoyed and learned much about family life. In 2012, we discontinued that venture.

In 1977, I joined a group of other “Vatican II” minded pastors who wanted to learn about collaboration, developing teams of people, discovering their individual gifts, and using them in a parish setting. Some of the groups were Christ Renews His Parish and the Cursillo movement. At one of my two last parishes, our local bishop decided in 2004 that St. Joseph parish in Blakeslee, Ohio, should be closed. He was downsizing many other parishes in the diocese. A group of parishioners and I put together a presentation to the bishop’s staff, that helped them decide to allow the parish to remain open while 24 other parishes were closed in 2005.

At the end of that time, I had served for 40 years in the Diocese of Toledo. I wanted to retire, which I did. For the past 10 years I

have continued working in various ministries, such as Retrouvaille, offering Spanish-speaking Masses in my area, offering weekend help for pastors in northwest Ohio, and developing a spirituality group. These keep my mind busy and occupied in these retirement years.

In 2005, I had a home built in the midst of two acres of woods, where I enjoy living, except when mosquitoes are out. Leon Duesman has visited me there. He accuses me of becoming a hermit. I have two dogs whom I enjoy. And I do some gardening also. Thanks be to God, I still enjoy good health.

Over the past four months (from May through July, 2015), I have celebrated my 50 years' ordination anniversary six times with different groups of people. I look forward to our gathering at the Joss in September, 2015. That celebration will make 7 times that I have celebrated, the perfect number!



Kenny Kehres, Winner, Ping-Pong Tournament



Private room, Theology Department, 1963

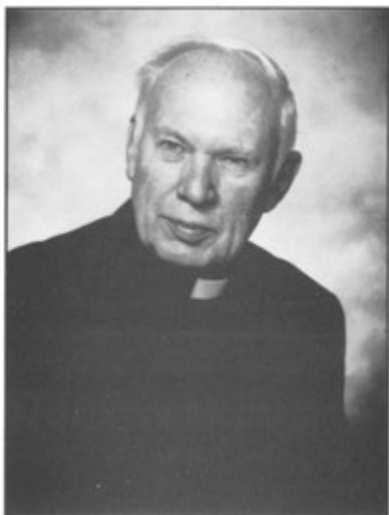
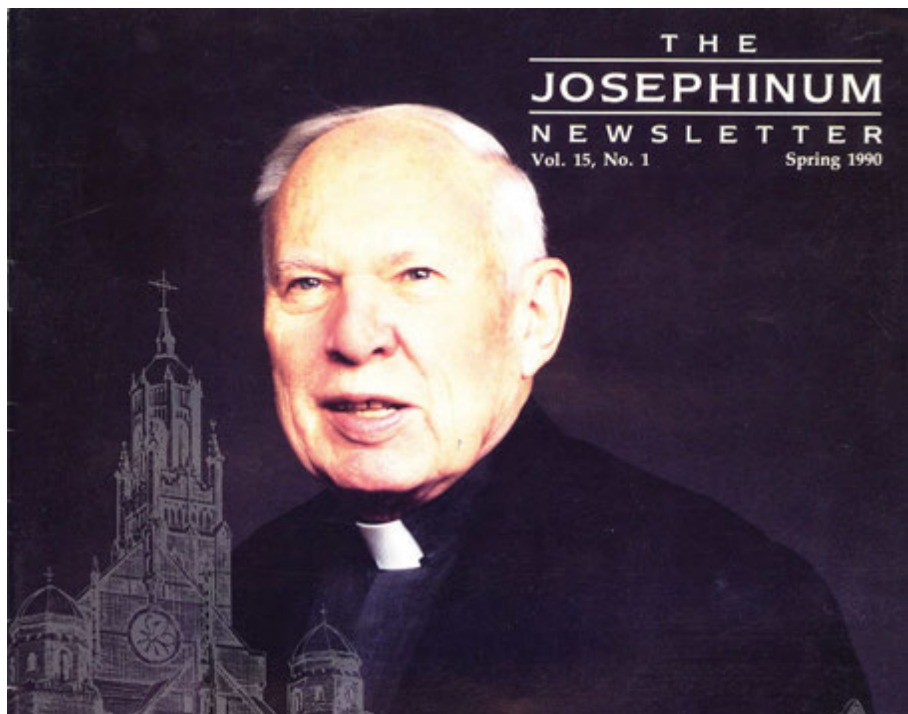
NIGHTLY REFECTORY RAIDS

May 21, 1958

Today Abe told us at the table how he got started on his night-time tours. It seems that at the beginning of the quarter he slept near Henry Vogel. One night Henry suggested that they go to the refectory and get a box of cookies. Abe agreed and Henry sneaked over to George Hoenig's bed, got the key to the refectory out of George's pocket, and the two of them got their cookies. Later on that year, Abe's bed got moved over to Wing's. They used to talk until late. That developed into roaming at nights around 2 and 3 o'clock. One night they met John Kelly down in the gym and he told them how he got his cigarettes from the profs' rec room. They decided to go over some night. After several night-time trips over there, they discovered the beer. One morning around 3 o'clock, Wing, Abe, Steffan, and several others went over to the rec room, took a case of beer and ran to the woods. When they came up at 4:00, it was starting to get light, but no one saw them. That year in Quarta, Mike Palardy was a replacement. One night Wing asked him to come along. Abe didn't like the idea of his tagging along at first, but now they're bosom buddies.

May 22, 1958

X bought a carton of cigarettes today. He usually gets them in the profs' rec room and chinks them up to whichever prof he doesn't happen to care for at the time. He also gets his beer over there. Mike Palardy is afraid to go over so X charges him a dollar a bottle. It's hot and he has to drink it in the shower at night. Everyone's empties are kept in the 'trunk room' in a real big banana box. They just emptied it the other day as it was full.



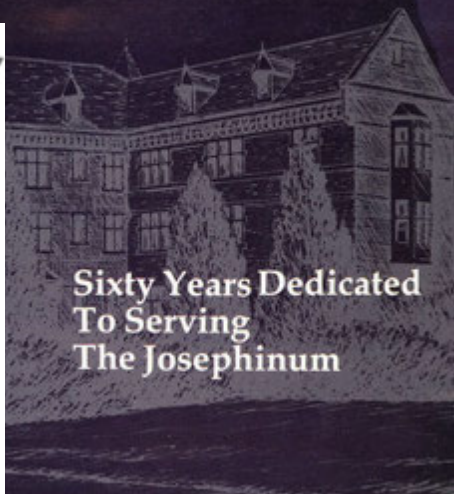
**Reverend Monsignor
Leonard John Fick, Ph.D.**

September 6, 1915 - February 4, 1990

Ordained May 25, 1941

Papal Chamberlain September, 1958

Domestic Prelate April, 1967



Jack Fritscher, PhD
June 20, 1939

In our auld lang syne, our collective memory of our authentic lives at the Josephinum is very like Akira Kurosawa's classic 1950 film *Rashomon*: one story told from multiple points of view, and each one valid. For instance, I have always been called "Jack," except by you classmates, because when I entered the seminary, I switched to my baptismal name "John" for eleven years thinking it more priestly. I am a Gemini born during the high noon on Midsummer's Eve, the bone-bright hour of the year's longest day. When all we all bright young boys arrived at the Josephinum on September 10, 1953, I was the one wearing a white sport coat and carrying a journal, a 35mm still camera, and a Super-8 movie camera to document our journey to the priesthood. So this is "Jack" presenting "John's" remembrance of things past, told in both first and third-person voices to share a personal life lived inside our group dynamic that was psychologically way more than study, sports, and *ora et labora*. We chose the class motto we needed: *Per aspera ad astra*.

* * * *

After eleven years at the Josephinum, where he wrote a daily journal, author Jack Fritscher, with more than 10,000 published pages in print, covers many genres in his 20 books of fiction and nonfiction as well as hundreds of feature essays, short stories, poems, and film scripts. In addition to his ongoing bookstore author tours, he is a frequent speaker on the college lecture circuit and has appeared on many radio and television programs including *Oprah*, CNN, "Camille Paglia" for the BBC, and Sheila Nevins' forthcoming HBO documentary, *Mapplethorpe* (2016).

First published in *The Josephinum Review* in 1956 where he was an editor and contributor for seven years, and much published in

the Catholic press in the 1950s and 1960s, he received his PhD in American Literature in 1967 from Loyola University of Chicago writing his Josephinum-inflected dissertation, *Love and Death in the Philosophy and Theology of Tennessee Williams*, published in the scholarly journal *Modern Drama*. In Manhattan, on September 11, 2001, *Playbill* published his essay, “We All Live on Half of Something,” intended for that night’s premiere at the New York Art Theater of Tennessee Williams’ play with its suddenly ironic title, *Something Cloudy, Something Clear*.

He taught college for more than fifteen years at Loyola University of Chicago, and at Western Michigan University where, while teaching American literature and journalism, he created, introduced, and taught film studies as a literary genre in the Department of English, as well as at Kalamazoo College, and the University of California, Berkeley, teaching both creative and technical writing. He completed his post-doctoral tutorial studies in Shakespeare at Christ Church College, University of Oxford. Commercially, for many years, he was manager of Marketing and Public Relations at Kaiser Engineers, Oakland, where his writing for US government engineering contracts won several Bay Area corporate writing awards.

Four years after exiting the Joss, he was, in 1968, as a tenured associate professor, a founding member of the American Popular Culture Association insuring that an LGBT plank be included in the PCA platform, while contributing critical essays on film and theater to the *Journal of Popular Culture* and to his FM-radio show. Typical of the revolutionary Sixties that changed the Church, won a major battle for civil rights, ended a war, deposed a president, the Popular Culture Association and the American Studies Association in their way introduced diversity into university curricula.

In 1972, the Popular Culture Press at Bowling Green University published his third book—his Josephinum-inspired theological investigation of popular American religion from the Puritans to the present, *Popular Witchcraft: Straight from the Witch’s Mouth*, still in print from the University of Wisconsin Press because his revealing 1971 interview of High Priest Anton LaVey has gone viral, and become an essential part of the theological canon of LaVey’s Church.

As a dedicated seminarian vacationing in San Francisco's Beatnik North Beach in 1961, he found the City to be a story telling itself, and he listened, as he had listened when he arrived in 1953 at the Josephinum which also told its own story which he assayed in his *Journal*. As a fifty-year participant in the City's evolving arts community—even as he maintained his fulltime corporate writing career, he was founding San Francisco editor-in-chief of the international *Drummer* magazine (1975-1999), as well as a monthly columnist for the *Bay Area Reporter*, an op-ed writer for ABC-TV, and a technical writer for the San Francisco Municipal Railway System. In 1978 at *Drummer*, he used Tony Becker's Latin and George Plumpe's Greek to coin the word, *homomascularity*, which has entered into usage to describe the culture of masculine-identified gay men like his readers and himself. Because of volunteer work with the San Francisco Police Department, the Sheriff's Department invited him to take the written and physical fitness tests for the post of deputy sheriff; he placed eleventh in the City, but turned the position down three times although the job was tempting to a San Francisco writer interested in human stories. He has received two literary Lifetime Achievement Awards. In January 2015, he was honored as an LGBT pioneer artist, in a cover article in *San Francisco* magazine.

His award-winning signature novel, *Some Dance to Remember: A Memoir-Novel of San Francisco 1970-1982* (1990) is the sequel to the affectionate seminary novel he wrote in summer 1965 while his classmates were being ordained. *What They Did to the Kid* is no fearful cliché of molestation as portrayed in the new movie about Bernie Law, *Spotlight*, (2015). *Kid* is rather a serio-comic and quite fictitious romp through daily life in Misericordia seminary during the High Catholicism of the 1950s and early 1960s when, coincidentally, the Josephinum recruited approximately 7,500 boys and ordained less than ten percent. What happened to the other 6,700? CNN reviewed a new edition of *Kid*, as "one of the hundred books you should be reading now."

Along with two more novels, *Leather Blues* and *The Geography of Women*, he has written four art history books: *Mapplethorpe: Assault with a Deadly Camera* (1994), *Gay San Francisco* (2008), *California Dreamin': West Coast Directors and the Golden Age of Gay Film*

(2015), and *Gay Pioneers* (2016). His well-reviewed six volumes of short stories, first published in more than thirty magazines and forty anthologies, include *Corporal in Charge*, *Sweet Embraceable You*, *Stand by Your Man*, *Rainbow County*, *Titanic and Other Stories*, and *Stonewall Stories of Gay Liberation*. His books have been translated into German, Greek, Spanish, and Italian, with the Italian version of *Mapplethorpe* forthcoming in 2016.

As a documentary photographer, he has shot more than a thousand photographs published in dozens of Catholic and gay magazines, and on the covers of literary classics such as James Purdy's *Narrow Rooms*. The British art critic Edward Lucie-Smith collected fifty-five of his photos for the coffee-table book, *Jack Fritscher's American Men*, published by Gay Men's Press, London (1994). He has directed more than a 150 feature videos including two documentaries on New Orleans painter-photographer George Dureau that are in the permanent collection of the Maison Europeenne de La Photographie, Paris.

As an altar boy from 1949-1963 and as a newspaper boy delivering the *Peoria Journal Star* from a canvas bag over his shoulder from 1950 to 1953, he was attracted to the Catholic press. He foresaw his specific priestly vocation as editor of some diocesan weekly newspaper, or as a priest writing books and giving motivational talks to the laity, like his television hero Bishop Fulton J. Sheen who was from his hometown of Peoria, and a cousin of one of his classmates at St. Philomena's Grade School where he was recruited by the revered Josephinum alumnus, Father Joseph Gerber.

He was first inspired by the vocation of his Irish-American maternal uncle and namesake, the Reverend John B. Day, the heroic Army Chaplain pictured worldwide by the Associated Press on newspaper front pages and in *Time* magazine (April 2, 1945), standing in battle dress and stole, burying American soldiers in a thawing, muddy field in France after the Battle of the Bulge. On January 7, 1958, at the Josephinum, Father Day, served by his nephew, said Mass, and, at the request of Jesuit Spiritual Director Father Huelsman, addressed the minor seminarians later in the chapel. He admired his uncle's priestly talent for turning everyday experience into relatable Sunday homilies.

He explained how he tried that rhetorical alchemy himself in his feature article on the death of Ernest Hemingway published in the *Josephinum Review*, July, 12, 1961:

“My literary ‘earnestness’ inspired my article on the theology of the suicidal Hemingway insofar as I envisioned myself as a Jesuit intellectually negotiating a respectable way through the medieval corridors of religion. So, like a ‘Jesuitical Jesuit’ I simply turned to the circumstantial evidence of Hemingway’s conversion to Catholicism, and to the internal evidence of Hemingway’s text, to point out that *The Old Man and the Sea* was a parable Christ himself might have taught, and then, true to the beatnik individualism I had sopped up in the 1950s during summers in New York and San Francisco, I took a left-turn inside that article and rallied a subversive cry to fellow Catholics and to fellow seminarians—as I also had in my editor’s columns in our college-class newspaper *Pulse*—to dare look into ourselves, and be whoever our natures told us to be. A human does not need to be a man born gay to know that a man can’t run from his nature, but he can take control of his life. About Hemingway, I wrote: ‘Each person is his own finest consequence.’ I loved writing that sentence. I still love it. I felt very grown up writing that sentence. I thought this is what priests and writers do: think, analyze, and coin little mantras to help struggling parishioners make it through the week. The amazing thing is that there was this kind of progressive humanism inside the Catholic press—until there wasn’t.”

As a Josephinum highschool senior, he started his writing career as a small business earning royalties of \$90.50 in 1957. Adjusted for inflation, that’s \$769.94, a fair amount even at \$90.50 back when the average 17-year-old worker earned 25-cents an hour. Despite a petulant disciplinarian who demanded to censor his manuscripts for “worldliness” before he could mail them to Catholic editors, he won first place in a 1957 Quaker Oats contest, “Why I Eat a Good Breakfast,” followed that year with two short stories published in the *Josephinum Review*, “Timothy and the Shamrocks” and “Juicy Fruit Was Down That Day”; and one short story published in the Dominican magazine, *The Torch*, “The Odyssey of Bobby Joad.” He was scolded that no editor would ever publish his “worldly” feature

article. “Magnificent Failure,” about the recently deceased James Dean. Funny that it sold the very next week to the *Catholic Preview of Entertainment* seeking articles about popular culture for young Catholics.

That senior year, before the editing of the class graduation year-book, he began his many years of working freelance for Father Fick’s Newman Press, Westminster MD, editing several books, including the 500-page manuscript of Herder’s *Commentary on the Psalms*, and continuing, on free afternoons, to do deep re-write edits on the typed manuscripts of progressive theologians, editing three volumes, a total of 1500 typed pages, of *The Law of Christ*, a moral theology text written by Father Bernard Haring, one of the new-breed of theologians liberated by Vatican II. Because Haring wrote in the convoluted German style—much like the preceding sentence—he had to re-write Haring’s long periodic sentences into shorter and punchier English sentences, by comparing the translation to Haring’s original German for accuracy and sense. Reflecting the mindset of the liberationist climate of Vatican II, he felt free enough in his editing and translating to loosen up, even more, some of the teetering prescriptive German texts of moral theology to make life easier for real-life American Catholics like the ones sitting in his priest-uncle’s pews. He said he considered this four years’ employment as an opportunity of apprenticeship even though Newman Press was a sweatshop that paid only \$50 total for months of work for each 500-page volume.

He noted that his strenuous writing and editing jobs nevertheless allowed him to spend as much free time as he liked with classmates playing ball games, planting trees, moving a million red bricks by hand, trimming orchards, and running the Bingo games on Mission Day. In 1957-1958, he and Larry Brandt spent long afternoons writing a full-length musical-comedy titled *Continental Caper* for the 1959 Glee Club Show.

In a seminary with no radio, television, or daily print media, he favored working on the paint crew who covered the floors with newspapers he read with secret delight while rolling on hundreds of gallons of boring Army-Surplus sea-foam green paint.

As a true believer deep inside the changing Church, he wrote

the feature article, "Objectives of the Second Vatican Council," *Josephinum Review*, October 10, 1962. Furthering the moral theology of social justice, he co-authored, with Alice Ogle, the article about Cesar Chavez and migrant workers, "The Bitter Harvest," *Josephinum Review*, May 24, 1961.

In a memoir essay, he wrote: "In 1964, fresh out of the Josephinum and beginning graduate work at Loyola University, I was supported by my mentor, the Very Reverend Monsignor Leonard J. Fick, who continued to stand by me as he had since we first met in 1953. In a letter dated September 6, 1964, Fick, who always typed, sent me a handwritten note:

"Dear John, Here in the uplands of Missouri [where he visited his family in the summer], without benefit of typewriter, I shall only by way of an interim reply to your recent communication say that I have forwarded my appraisal to Loyola, and that I am sure the fellowship will be yours. I know nobody more qualified. Best wishes, Leonard J. Fick."

He added, "Recalling Father Fick makes me well up with a deep and abiding human love. He was my 'Mr. Chips.' This celibate and pure intellectual who had no children fathered me as writer from 1953 at age fourteen when he took me under his chaste wing and nurtured me as a student and assistant editor for eleven years. Only twice did he scold me. The first time was in an English class when I turned in a short fiction story instead of a non-fiction essay and he said in front of all the boys, "This is an excellent story; but because it does not fulfill the requirements of the assignment, it earns only a 92." The second time was when I split an infinitive, something no one did in the 1950s! I was mortified, and, even today, with grammar so changed and styles so relaxed, I find it a hard thing to *really* do."

During the 1956-1957 school term, his younger brother, Bob, followed him to the Josephinum for one year as a freshman before joining the Marines for a lifelong military career. The two brothers left their young parents home in an empty nest, which led the following July 1957 to the birth of their sister who was a favorite of family friend, Father Joe Marzen, who, like many Joss students, was a frequent house guest in Peoria.

Immediately after his sister's birth, he took leave of his happy family domesticity by making a young writer's journey with his brother to New York's Greenwich Village bookstores and coffee houses. At eighteen, he was well aware of the poetry scene in the Village and in San Francisco, and in awe of writers Ferlinghetti, Corso, Spicer, and Ginsberg. He wrote his own New York-San Francisco beatnik-bongo poem of a seminarian lamenting the teenage mores of his peers: "Cry! The Young Hunters." It was one of his two poems published in the teen-poetry anthology, *America Sings 1958*, edited by Dennis Hartman for the National Poetry Association. Little did he know that he would later become friends with the saintly poet-priest Malcolm Boyd, who was then featured in *Life* magazine as the "coffee-house priest" who took his ministry outreach to the stages of hip beatnik nightclubs, and who became the gay author of the American best-seller, *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*

Fully appreciative of his classical education in languages and philosophy which he proudly acknowledged he could have received nowhere in America except the Josephinum, he has written how and why he took leave of the seminary he loved, in his feature article, "The Church Mid-Century and the Negro," written 1963, and published in *The Torch*, February 1965. He left for purely progressive, intellectual, esthetic, and humanist reasons that had absolutely nothing to do with gay identity. This was a companion piece to the 1963 feature article he co-authored with his lifelong straight friend, the Reverend Frank E. Fortkamp, writing about their civil rights experiences working together in Chicago: "Bringing Christ to Woodlawn: The Story of Last Summer's Most Ambitious, Large-Scale, Parish Census Project in the United States," *Josephinum Review*, October 23, 1963.

When he exited the Josephinum for the last time on December 15, 1963, his *ave-atque-vale* Christmas story was being published in the December 25 issue of *The Josephinum Review*. He wrote: "For myself, on December 15, 1963, dismayed by the Church-changing death of the progressive Pope John XXIII and the assassination of the shining John F. Kennedy, I was chauffeured off in the Ohio pre-dawn snow by my Marine Corps brother and his wife and their newborn. In my Samsonite suitcase, I was holding a negotiated and

signed agreement that I was taking a temporary leave of absence because I wanted time to analyze the unpredictable mood-swing changes Vatican II was introducing into our traditional lives at the eleventh hour just as we were to take a perpetual vow of celibacy—while the new lunatic rector, the physically threatening Ralph A. Thompson, like an unhinged Ruprecht, raged through our once peaceful halls of prayer and intellect, taunting us serious young men abusively, destroying vocational identities, confiscating our literature books, dominating our liberal teachers and spiritual directors like Father Fick and the Jesuit James McWilliam, and ordering Frank Fortkamp the last night before his Ordination to drop out immediately: an order more immediately countermanded before dawn by Frank's bishop.

"I was wary of this kind of conservative aggression because the bully Thompson despised that during the summers of 1962 and 1963, a group of us, sponsored by our ultra-liberal sociology professor, Father Mathews, had our wide-shut eyes opened, working door-to-door in the changing neighborhood of the newly black Holy Cross Parish on Chicago's South Side. During my eleven years at the Josephinum, I recall only one black seminarian, a high-school boy who in the mid-1950s left almost as soon as he arrived. Marching with the Woodlawn Organization (TWO), we were carried out bodily from our civil rights sit-in at the corrupt Mayor Daley's office by the same cops who would later turn on us peaceful crowds during the police riot at the 1968 Democratic Convention when we chanted, 'The whole world is watching.'

"Tutored at the rectory supper table by one of my heroes, the legendary community organizer Saul Alinsky, we reinvented our Catholicism at Holy Cross mixed with social justice in an evolving way that broke the trance of Aquinas' question so useless to parishioners: 'How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?'

"It was our spring awakening, our *Frühlings Erwachen*, famously dramatized by German playwright Frank Wedekind. In the 1950s, French worker priests seemed a new ideal. I did not want to live in a rectory, the only "mansion" in the parish, waited on by "servants," so I signed up for the needy Diocese of Honolulu. Upon Ordination in 1965, I would have arrived in Hawaii where Barack Obama

had been born only four years before. As happened, in 1962, I had committed to social work on the same South Side where Obama, also tutored by Saul Alinsky, came to do the same community organizing twenty-three years later.

“So, re-entering the real world, I headed to Loyola’s Graduate Department of English in Chicago where I began course work six weeks after the Joss, and began teaching undergraduate classes—thanks to Father Fick’s recommendation—shortly after I said, ‘Goodbye, Columbus.’ What was odd at Loyola was so many faculty and students presumed to ask what it was like to live with priests. I was floored by their stereotype! I had arrived at the Josephinum as a pure prepubescent boy, and I exited eleven years later with that purity unsullied, and untouched by human hands, including mine.

“One straight former classmate told me over lunch, many moons ago, that he worried our years-long friendship inside the Joss might have been gay, or might make him seem gayish to our other classmates. If it was gay, it was all on him. What he was thinking was not in me. I was embarrassed for him projecting his own insecure heterosexuality, and sorry he suffered poisoning from his own internalized homophobia. But I couldn’t blame him.

“There were two Josephinums existing parallel: one straight, one closeted. One, the observed. The other, the observer. A gay man in a straight group is like a black man in a white group, or a woman in a male group. The straights and the whites need know nothing about the gay or the black who must know everything about the dominant straight and the dominant white to survive. All diversities of sex, race, and gender can each lead to enlightenments that open up the dominant norm.

“Before we left for Christmas vacation in 1953, the disciplinarian George Kempker announced to our Conrardy Auditorium of six minor-seminary classes, ‘If a queer comes up to you in a bus station, kick him in the crotch and run.’ He scandalized me. Even though I did not know I was gay until I came out in 1965, I was enough of a humanist to know he was a jerk. An empty cassock. And not much of a priest. Teaching violence, he segregated a whole class of gay Catholics off from pastoral care. In the *Ad Rem*, Volume 8, 1954, as Kempker, who promoted pop-culture clichés of Marlboro

masculinity, was leaving the Joss to return to Omaha, the editorial bragged without irony that Kempker was the disciplinarian who introduced the first “smoking privileges” for students, and added: “Another quality which impressed everyone was his manliness. He had no use for sissies—and that meant no one dared be a sissy. He’d say, ‘Some of you kids in Sexta can’t throw a baseball as well as a third-grade girl.’”

“From childhood, my ‘nature,’ my ‘self,’ was characterized by no more than the innocent bonds of schoolboy friendship, as platonically classic as our tutoring in Latin and Greek principles, and as exemplary as priest-buddies Father Vanyo and Father Kuehner. I had fraternal feelings it never occurred to me to sexualize: not with others, not even alone. I was a purity machine. I remained chaste until I went to pump iron at the Lawson YMCA in Chicago in 1965 where I was embraced by lusty young Protestants eager to be ecumenical.

“No wonder the vow of chastity had appealed to me. Chastity was the perfect checkmate to every kind of sexual questioning. Socially, chastity was an unassailable free pass explaining my identity to both women and men. Torn by the apartheid of institutional misogyny that allows women only six of the seven Sacraments, and institutional homophobia that allows gay men only five, I was taught the sexist theology that priests must set themselves aside from women because “women are occasions of sin.” In existential truth, “women are occasions of irony” reflecting back to straight and gay men, even celibate men, their own male vanities and foolishness. I was not, however, so innocent about social justice which I learned from my working-class parents, and from my priest-uncle, and from working summer jobs from age sixteen to twenty-two at dairies, restaurants, and department stores as well as one long, hot summer driving tractors, which I also did on occasion with the farm crew where Ot Morman handed me my first beer on May 5, 1960.

“I understood worker priests setting themselves aside from the riches of the Church in the way that men with the vow of celibacy set themselves aside from sex. The Pontifical College Josephinum itself was a drop-dead gorgeous Flemish Renaissance Gothic Revival castle. It was subject directly to the Vatican, “run” by the Pope, and

paid for literally by the endless nickel donations mailed in from thousands of blue-collar Catholics to support the pinchpenny treasurer Gilbert Schmenk's endlessly hungry *arme studenten*. Ergo, we seminarians, sitting on 500 prime acres of Josephinum real estate, were each dragooned every February to handwrite hundreds of letters nickle-and-diming everyone we had ever known for donations. When we graduated college in 1961, average mass vestments cost around \$500; an average chalice, a \$1000; and a new car, \$2800. My father earned a bit under the average annual income of \$5,000.

"All that institutional bounty was one thing, but daily student life among five hundred rowdy seminarians eating mystery meat we called 'pupgullion' was the same as any all-boys boarding school: strictly *Lord of the Flies*.

"By the end of my fourth year when I was graduating high school in 1957, only a few frenemies ever dared to mention homosexuality or queerness about which, actually, I knew nothing. I was so sexually naive, about any kind of sex, that year when my parents had a baby, I had to ask the spiritual director: 'I'm seventeen. It's ridiculous I don't know. How did they do it?' Even so, I experienced the slurs and fists of what I later learned was those students' own latent homophobia. I kept detailed track of those haters in my *Journal*. I forgive them their trespasses, but I don't forget.

"At 5-10 and 116 skinny pounds, I was easy prey for boys trying to stamp out in other boys what they feared most in themselves. For years, I was repeatedly bullied, physically attacked, and brutalized by some of my schoolmates who went way beyond boarding school hazing.

"In 1954, the longest finger on my left hand was broken as purposeful entertainment for a crowd of baying young seminarians, and it was traumatic because it permanently deformed what my Irish grandmother, Mary Day, herself the mother of my priest-uncle, lamented should have been 'the beautiful hands of a priest.' In Spring 1957, I was knocked to the ground and my two front teeth were purposely kicked out with a boot leading to a lifetime of dental maintenance and expense on an otherwise still healthy mouth. Crimes were committed. Cops should have been called, but we were given to understand a priest should never be turned over to

civil jurisdiction; he should only be reported to his bishop for discipline. I suppose I aided the cover-up. I had a vocation. I couldn't leave. I never squealed on anyone because you could only survive to be ordained a priest by being a real boy, a manly boy, an athletic boy who was studious, and who could take it—like the long list of boy martyrs such as Saint Tarcissius, patron of altar boys. With a great deal of empathy for abused boys, I wrote my article, 'The Boy Martyrs of Uganda,' published in *Aim Higher Magazine: Ideals for Boys and Girls*. One of our dear departed classmates, worn down by gang-bangers giving him 'pink belly' everyday after breakfast, attempted in his escalating anxiety to start a safe group he called 'Friends of the Friendless Friends.' Like all the haloed boy saints, any boy with a halo of homosexuality, like our beloved classmate, was shunned or shipped out immediately.

"Comically, in all this homophobia, my gaydar alarm was set off by a mandarin cadre of older, so-called straight, seminarians preening a pious superiority, dreaming of dragging their silk vestments across sanctuary floors. Certainly, there were many genuinely good priests and genuinely holy seminarians, but around them swanned other ambitious priests and social-climbing boys using the priesthood as a ladder to climb up a social class or two. Not a few of them were outrageous straight queens of the 'heterosexual dandy' kind that the television series *Frazier* later outed as a sexual identity. Once, on May 18, 1961, some of this group, in preparation for a priests' banquet dinner skit I was producing, handed one of the most muscular young seminarians a pair of Speedos, and then spray-painted him head to foot, entirely gold. He was the Platonic Ideal of a Greek Statue. I walked in on the scene and nearly fainted because, in an epiphany to everyone in that room, that boy looked like nothing but sex. They so shocked themselves they immediately hosed him down."

On May 15, 1965, just days before his class ordination, his father was suddenly stricken with a terminal illness that lasted for twelve years through twenty surgeries and many months at a time in intensive care. It was God's grace he had not been ordained and gone to Honolulu because, with a sister age seven and a mother tending to her child and her suffering husband, he immediately had

to become the emotional and financial support of one child and two adults while continuing his doctoral studies and beginning his teaching career at Loyola University. His care continued through his mother's life until 2004. His USMC brother, the father of four, and a Vietnam veteran, died from Agent Orange poisoning compounded by bad care from Veteran's Administration Hospitals. His priest-uncle died suddenly, age 54, as founding pastor of St. Cabrini Parish, Springfield, IL, in 1967.

In May 1966, the Catholic magazine *Today* published his feature article promoting critical thinking among discerning movie-going Catholics, "John Schlesinger's *Darling*: How to Watch a So-Called 'Dirty' Movie." In 1969, he noticed that Kevin Axe, one of his Josephinum schoolmates, had become the new editor of *Today*. He pitched Axe the idea of his writing solo an entire issue aimed at highschool kids also needing to learn critical thinking, needing to know how to interpret images and archetypes in news and entertainment in a media-saturated age. Axe paid much more equitably than Newman Press for the book-length *Television Today*, Volume 26, No. 2, February 1971.

In 1970, he became the monthly media and culture columnist for *Dateline Colorado*, the Colorado Springs diocesan paper, edited by the gay Catholic priest, James Kane, with features such as "The Trial of the Chicago 7: Art, Politics, and You in the Midst of the Second American Revolution." In New York City in the late 1960s, Father Kane performed a private Catholic wedding ceremony for him and his first spouse David Sparrow who after a ten-year marriage died unexpectedly.

In 1979, after a glamorous three-year bi-coastal romance with the controversial Catholic photographer Robert Mapplethorpe who was denounced in 1989 on the floor of the US Senate by tobacco Senator Jesse Helms, he met the blond 29-year-old marine biologist, Mark Hemry, who was beginning his thirty-three year career as the Information Security Office (ISO) for the US Environmental Protection Agency, EPA, Region 9.

Caught up in a history of politics and murder on May 22, they met quite vividly in revolutionary San Francisco, under the marquee of the iconic Castro Theatre, at the peace demonstration the evening

after raging crowds at the White Night Riot set fire to a dozen police cars outside City Hall. That riot had been incited by that afternoon's verdict by a jury that gave a slap on the wrist to ex-cop Dan White, the assassin who shot City Supervisor Harvey Milk (because he was gay) and Mayor George Moscone (because he was gay-friendly) to death inside City Hall the previous November, 1978. The homophobic White soon after committed suicide. The gay martyr Milk became the central character in the Hollywood film, *Milk*, starring Sean Penn who, playing Milk, won the Best Actor Academy Award in 2008. Milk also became a famous US Postal Stamp in 2014.

Having worked for peace, black rights, and women's rights since the 1960s, the Fritscher-Hemry's, who live in the Wine Country just north of the Golden Gate Bridge, became civil rights activists for marriage equality in 1989, creating a statistical paper trail of domestic partnerships and a Vermont civil union that finally blessed their now 36-year union with their marriage in 2008.

Following the American tradition of wedding gifts, the hilariously ironic Frank Fortkamp sent them a toaster.



The high school refectory, with its more than 250 hearty appetites, is filled with students, food, talk, and laughter—unless of course, there's reading out loud, as there is on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays: and then the talk and laughter are missing.



“Hear no...See no...Speak no...” Dave Fellhauer, John Bresch, Ot Morman
directed by John Fritscher, 1962

WESTERVILLE DAM

May 5, 1960

A whole group of us first and second-year philosophy students drove over to Westerville to Hoover Dam Recreational Park. There is a tremendous lake, small pavilions, and beautiful new grounds. We got there by eleven and started cooking hamburgers. Then the cases and cases and cases of beer arrived. Things started popping. It was Spring! I have never had such a good time. From somewhere a tandem bicycle appeared, and, after a dozen others went cycling off together, so did Ot and I for a two-mile spin. Our two classes sort of split off to ourselves, and those from our class, Ot, Kenny Kehres, Vogel, Hoenig, Poirot, Fellhauer, and I were lounging around a picnic table, getting sunburned! I had two beers. The most I ever drank. Dave had twelve!



Ot Mormon with camera, Marty Walsh, John Fritscher with movie camera, Peoria 1960

Rodney E Galles

My life is really a story of those around me, those who have nurtured and molded me as a youth and sustained me as a man. Obviously first and foremost are my two parents, Eugene Galles and Evelyn Galles. My teachers and my relatives would follow, without particular ordering of their positions. Finally, but most importantly, my wife, Margaret, who put up with my immaturity while trying to influence me to acknowledge my shortcomings and by encouraging me to grow with her infinite reserve of patience and good-will. She saw me as a work still in progress, and had the courage to take on the job interrupted by the divorce of my parents when I was sixteen years of age. I dedicate these memories to her and to my daughter, Lucinda, who importuned me to write a fuller version as a Christmas present for her.

I became intrigued and drawn to the ministry of the church in my junior highschool days. I was studying for reception of the sacrament of Confirmation along with my mother who had converted to the church before her wedding, but had never received Confirmation. It was a special experience for me to go through the meaning of the Creed along with my mother. It got me thinking about the church and its meaning to me and my family. I was a student at St. John's Catholic Junior and Senior high School in Shreveport, Louisiana, and was greatly intrigued by the Jesuit fathers there. I was especially drawn to Father Joe Kidwell, S.J., who was teaching the ninth grade. He was a very pious man who enjoyed life and shared joy with those around him. Inspired by him and his example, I felt called to enter the seminary.

The following year, in tenth grade, I entered Maryhill Seminary, in Pineville, Louisiana, for the Diocese of Alexandria. I was fifteen years old and separated from my family for the first time in my life. Maryhill was the apple of Bishop Charles P. Greco's eye. He was a not uncommon visitor and occasionally joined us for sports, parties, and similar events. I was quite impressed with how he could relate

with “his young men.”

At the end of our first year, I was greeted with the devastating news that my father and mother were getting a divorce. It came as a bolt from the blue. I spent the next couple of years blaming myself for the catastrophe. The guys in my class became my new family. We were a small class of about a half a dozen when we completed our second year of college and separated to various major seminaries to continue our studies. I left there feeling as if I had lost my family again.

I was selected for attendance at PCJ along with Reginald Coco. We both learned about middle-sized fish in small ponds entering a large pond when we arrived at the Josephinum.

The rigidity and formality was a cold shock to me.

Maryhill was very informal with little structure outside of our classroom hours.

The Joss was a whole new ball game. Looking back upon the Joss, I realize that I never connected with the spiritual direction that was present there. It was a connection that I needed but never realized.

My memories are more of the guys in my classes and school than of the momentous concepts we were being taught. I remember bridge games and ping pong games, but not many of the classes. At Christmas of my first year of theology, I departed the Joss for the last time.

I still remember the stigma that silently was attached as I was told not to inform others I was leaving until the last day of the Semester. I left in December of 1962.

Following the Joss, I went back to live at my Dad's in South Dakota. I got a job as a Cement Finisher at the Brule Dam Construction site North of Chamberlain, South Dakota, and from there I joined the construction site at the new Platte-Winner Bridge over the Missouri River as part of Interstate 90.

With the war in Viet Nam heating up, I decided to join the Navy and apply for a position as a linguist. At the age of 23, I discovered that colleges needed accreditation.

My dreams of a naval career were shattered as I found that since neither the Joss nor Maryhill were accredited colleges. My college

degree was but a sheet of paper.

The basic training camp for the Navy was a breeze for a seminarian. The Navy has no idea of discipline compared to the seminary. My basic battery scores along with my discovery that I had defective color vision guided me into a 48-week course in Russian language at the Defense Language School, Monterey, California. I arrived there with two goals in mind: to find a good catholic girl for a wife and to become an intelligence expert for the Navy. Thanks to a former seminarian, Don Malloy, I heard about a Catholic Single Adult club, the MontPenSI group that had just formed. I attended one of their parties, and met the girl I fell in love with at that first party. Six months later, we were married at Sacred Heart Church, in Salinas, California, and in December, 2014, we celebrated our 50th anniversary.

I served twenty years in the United States Security Group, rising to Senior Chief Petty Officer before I retired.

They were years of fulfillment and growth for me as we raised a family of four children, a boy and then three girls. During this career, the Lord blessed me in many ways for giving him a try in the seminary.

When I first arrived in Monterey, I was five months early for the next Russian course, so I worked with the Catholic Navy Chaplain, assisting him with Marriage bond investigations with typing and collating, etc. Fortuitously, I could remember the Rector at Maryhill discussing the processes for determining validity of marriages and the investigations it entailed. Because of my age and my College education (which the Navy discounted), I had entered as a full seaman and by January of 1965, I had earned promotion to Petty Officer, third Class or CTI3.

In May of 1965 I transferred to Pensacola, Florida, for training in radio-telephone procedures. While there, our son, Charles was born in 1965. The following month, I was on my way to Karamursel, Republic of Turkey, having first driven back to California to leave Margaret and Charles with her parents.

When I arrived in Turkey, I found out that Charles had been admitted to hospital and undergone a pyloric stenosis to remove an alimentary obstruction. God and my wife's incessant prayers

brought them both through the ordeal. After 15 months in Turkey, I returned to the States for further radio telephone training at Fort George, Meade, Maryland. I went to California and moved our family to Maryland as well. Duty in Adak, Alaska, and San Angelo, Texas were followed by tours in Morocco and Scotland.

While in Scotland, our fourth child, Lucinda was born, a dual citizen and a Scottish lassie. We took a short leave in England and observed Easter one year at Durham, England, under the shadow of the former Roman Catholic Cathedral, in a small parish church. The pastor recognized us immediately as strangers and made a point of introducing us to the parish at the mass and inviting us over for tea at the church hall after the service. What a warm and welcoming Christian community we experienced.

I served as the liaison for the Catholic community of Edzell, Scotland, during our four-year tour, assisting in catechetical and sacristy duties. We truly understood the gulf between Catholic and Anglican and other Protestant denominations by the time we left Scotland. Two months before we were due to depart, our son was stricken with Guillaume Barre Syndrome and Bell's Palsy. We were devastated. The nearest care facility to handle such a combination was in Dundee, Scotland, about 45 miles away. Again God took care of us and we grew in faith.

We returned to the States and were stationed at Fort Meade again. This time, I was there to ride submarines on special assignments. My first sub trip, we crossed the Arctic Circle and I was initiated into the realm of the Blue Nose, a naval tradition of frivolity and fun. At the end of that day I was called into the Chief Petty Officers' quarters and began my initiation into the fraternity of Chief Petty Officers another day-long affair. We served on station for almost two months, with the only real differentiation of days being the Sunday Communion service for Catholics. I was impressed by the services and impressed into duty to prepare reflections on the readings for four of the Sundays. I found it very comforting to maintain that link with the Savior by knowing we had the Sacrament aboard. When I returned, Margaret and I participated in a Marriage Encounter weekend that changed our lives completely. It broadened our communications skills and abilities vis-à-vis each

other and deepened our faith life.

I made four more trips to sea in submarines in the following three years, and on two of those trips, the Lord reminded me of his care and providence. On a trip in the spring of 1968, as we were returning, the Captain called me into his cabin and informed me that mother and my sister's family had been in a terrible auto accident. They were hit head on by a concrete tuck on a two lane highway in Missouri. My sister and her family were alright, but my mother had been injured so severely that they had to take her to a hospital further up the road. She nearly died, and reported as a near death experience that she recalls sitting on a ledge with her father and her uncle, who had both died previously, before her father told her to go back, because her work was not yet finished. She also spoke of the efforts she saw the doctors making to save her and saw her husband in anguish. Needless to say, she was quite moved by the experience.

I was extremely irate with the Captain and with the officer in command of our detachment because they decided they should not inform me of the accident when they learned of it, three weeks previously. I told them that Catholics believe in the power of prayer and that they had deprived me of knowledge of the situation.

The boat made a special stop in Scotland to allow me to catch a plane to the States. When I got back, Margaret met me at the airport and made sure I knew that she had informed the Navy the minute she heard of the accident, and that she told them that I should be informed immediately so that I could include them in my prayers.

I caught a plane the next day to Missouri and my Mom and her husband met me at the airport. I almost walked right past them because I did not recognize my own mother. They had been forced to rebuild her left eye socket and her jaw and she was still swollen from the operations.

My last trip on subs, in the winter of 1969, was on the same sub I had ridden for the first trip. I came down with appendicitis in the middle of the trip, and because we had no doctor aboard they had to treat me with anti-biotic medications. I was flat on my back for about two weeks.

When we returned to the states, we were alerted to transfer to San Angelo, Texas, for instructor duty. While we were en route, I

was stricken with an appendicitis attack again. Our car broke down when we stopped to locate the nearest hospital and we had to wait for two or three hours in a dealership while they changed the starter. Then Margaret drove me to the hospital about thirty miles away while I was bent over in pain and the kids were in the back seat in terror. My appendix burst while I was on the operating table, and I spent a week recuperating before we continued our trip to Texas.

While stationed in Texas, I learned I was promoted to senior chief, but that they wanted me to commit to another three years of service. I retired from the navy in 1983 and began attending Angelo State University to obtain my bachelor's degree in history with a minor in English.

While attending ASU, I became involved in the Search program and a couple of years later I attended a Cursillo weekend. The weekend ended on Palm Sunday, and the impact really came home on Good Friday that week. When the priest lifted the Cross for adoration, I burst into tears and cried for several minutes before I could regain my composure.

After Mass on Easter Sunday, Father Droll introduced me to the retreat master for San Angelo who asked me to assist with a new youth program for the diocese called Teens Encounter Christ. I spent spare time the next three years presenting 15 TEC weekends at the center. It was one of the most rewarding times my wife and I spent together. Margaret and I were elected National Directors of the TEC program and served about a year and a half, until we had to move away for jobs.

After Graduation from ASU and a subsequent year as a high school teacher, we moved back to Maryland on the offer of a new job at the National Security Agency.

Alas, it was not to be.

We had done our jobs too well and the Soviet Union collapsed.

Suddenly, Russian linguists were a dime a dozen and new instructors were not needed.

We both found other employment and worked until our retirement in 2002. Again we found the arms of the Church reaching out to us and spent sixteen years as catechists and facilitators with the RCIA program.

This is a long-winded way of saying thanks to God for his grace and love shown to us because we were not afraid to say *yes* to Him, and to thank Margaret for saying *yes* to me.



L-R: Carl Poirot (side view), Marty Walsh (fork in hand), Jerry Kelly



THE FLYING BUN. Because we always stood like statues for photos, Fritscher asked Bunny Bunchek to jump, 1962

DON GINDER REMEMBERS SAINT NICHOLAS AND RUPRECHT

Happy St. Nicholas Day, December 6, 1953. Does everyone remember our first St Nicholas Day? We had been frightened by the screaming of a sophomore boy who went to pieces in our study hall several nights before, and so we had some sort of warning something might happen again. It did! Can you forget Ruprecht running, screaming, into our evening study hall, followed by St Nicholas in his robes and mitre? Ruprecht had his Book with the names of various miscreants and with many student secrets, such as, "Who was the girl who sent a perfumed letter?" And then there was the poor sucker forced to kneel, holding sleigh bells, and facing a lash from Ruprecht's whip if there was so much as a tinkle. Great fun followed by refreshments.



Dam Builders in the Woods 1957

Top: Larry Brandt, Dave Siemsen, Tom Abraham

Bottom: "Chas" Mueller, Bill Hulings, Don Ginder, John Fritscher, Ed Buncek

George Hoenig, MA
October 29, 1939 - July 19, 2000

The Reverend George B. Hoenig was remembered in the Mass of Resurrection in Bettendorf, Iowa, and at St. Anthony's Catholic Church, Davenport. Father died from non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, Wednesday, July 19, 2000, at Genesis Medical Center-West Campus, Davenport. According to his wishes, Father's body was donated to the College of Medicine, University of Iowa, Iowa City. Interment was in the Priest's Circle at Mount Calvary Cemetery, Davenport, with Halligan-McCabe-De Vries Funeral Home, Davenport, in charge of arrangements.

Father Hoenig was born Oct. 29, 1939, in Fort Madison, Iowa, to Stephen J. and Theophila (Schmidt) Hoenig. He attended elementary school at Sacred Heart School, Fort Madison, and high school at the Pontifical College Josephinum, Worthington, Ohio, where he graduated with a B.A. in 1961, then studied theology. He earned an M.A. in Educational Administration from the University of Iowa in 1974. Father was ordained May 29, 1965, at Pontifical College Josephinum by Bishop Egidio Vagnozzi. He served as parochial vicar at Holy Family, Davenport, from 1965 to 1972. After teaching at Assumption from 1972 to 1979, he studied at the University of Iowa for a year. From 1980 to 1982, Father Hoenig was principal at Regina High School, Iowa City. Following this, he was pastor of St. Patrick, Melrose, (1982-1984), St. Irenaeus, Clinton, (1984-1990), and St. Boniface, Clinton, (1985-1990). After serving as administrator for St. Peter, Cosgrove, and St. Michael, Holbrook, from 1990-1991, he was assigned to St. Mathias, Muscatine, (1991-1998), as pastor and to serve as administrator of St. Mary, Muscatine, in 1997. Father Hoenig served on the Presbyteral Council, Holy Childhood Association Committee and School Committee for the Diocese, and was a member of the Knights of Columbus.

Survivors include brothers and sisters-in-law, Dr. Howard E. and Mary Jane Hoenig, Belleville, Ill., Gilbert H. and Reva Hoenig,

Fort Madison, Iowa, and Daniel C. and Margaret H. Hoenig, Fort Worth, Texas; a niece and nephews; and great nieces and nephews. His parents preceded him in death.



Top: Joe Weber, Rod Hartle, Roger Radloff, Roy Cox
Bottom: Steve Testa, Tom Reed

AUNTIE MAME & THE FORBIDDEN MATINEE

May 12, 1959

Press Day. A free day. No classes. The day dawned gray and rainy. We had little hope for a happy hike to Westerville, or even a good time there. It was too wet. I caught hold of a rumor about a truck being hijacked by the farm crew. I asked George Karg if it were true. He said, "Yes," and said to invite anyone else who had planned on going to Westerville to come.

We all ran down to the Quonset hut. I remember running with Larry through the rain. There, inside, George was fooling with a big canvas. The large dump truck was waiting. Forty of us climbed into the truck bed. A big canvas was spread over us. The air became hot, murky, black, with only the points of cigarettes glowing. Smoke was replacing the oxygen. Everyone was dressed in good clothes. Claustrophobia set in. The canvas was pulled on tight and roped down. We were to keep absolutely quiet until the horn sounded.

The truck started up. Squatted on our haunches, we lurched in the darkness as the unsuspecting-looking truck speeded out the front entrance. Once on the highway, the horn sounded and the shouting and singing started. On to Westerville! When we got there, and stopped, the canvas was thrown off for the first time right in the center of a parking lot. People stopped and stared, but not for long because college kids everywhere were seeing how many people could jam at one time into telephone booths. It must have looked like girls jumping out of a cake at a stag banquet.

Then with Jim Van Oss in the lead we made arrangements over the pay phone with the proprietor of the Westerville movie theater to open the door at 12:30, even though he was usually open only in the evening. *Auntie Mame* was playing. He agreed and even made popcorn. On our suggestion he discreetly left the marquee lights off. You'd never guess it, but you might figure the irony, the previews

of coming attractions that he showed were for *The Ten Commandments*. Inside that movie theater, bedlam reigned. The movie was hysterically funny. I've heard crowds of us Joss boys laughing, but never more uproariously than in that movie theater. We were so happy this glorious disobedient afternoon riding the dump truck back to school that we tossed back the canvas and rode open in the soaking rain, and not one priest said a word about our hijinks.



Dave Fellhauer, Carl Poirot, Jim Picchiarini, Dave Siemsen, Ot Morman, Dean Irlbeck

Dean (Happy) Irlbeck, CPA

After four years of study, I left the Josephinum after high school graduation in June, 1957, and continued working on the farm back in Happy, Texas. In March, 1958, I joined the Army for three years and spent most of the time at Camp Hanford, Washington. After that, I did several odd jobs, and in 1962 finally enrolled in college at West Texas State University. I worked full time and went to school at night. In 1967 I went to work for Brown Graham & Co., a CPA firm in Tulia, Texas, and continued until June 1982 when I joined Lott Vernon & Co. in Copperas Cove, Texas.

I have three children from my first marriage, and two step children from my second, and 12 grandchildren, and 7 great grandchildren. I still work as a CPA, and hope to continue for an additional four or five years. I received my CPA certificate in February, 1972.



Top: Charles Mueller, Ray Spatti, Loren Schofield, Bill Hulings, Don Ginder, John Musial

Middle: Jim Picchiarini, Mike Palardy

Bottom: John Fritscher, Joe Steffan, Ray Krzewinski, Fred Duschl, Ed Bunchek

MOVING TO THE NEW COLLEGE BUILDING; THE BOWLING ALLEY; THE MISSION STORE

June 10, 1958

We've had the first graduation in the new auditorium and tonight there is the program for the Apostolic Delegate. We've been bowling several times already in the new alley. Last Saturday I was walking by Elmo's mother's garden and Big D came out of the kitchen door. It was after supper.

"Are you free now?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I'm going over to the bowling alleys now."

"Good," I said.

He repeated it.

I said, "What should I make of that?"

I knew what he meant, but I didn't want to be forward.

"Go get your shoes," he said.

So I told several and we went bowling.

When Jerry Kelly, the manager of our Mission Store, collected the candy money, we were \$20 short. We each paid 40 cents to make it up. He put the money in his locker this morning, by supper \$10 more were gone, as were Larry's bowling shoes. Somebody made a haul before they left. Kugi said his transistor radio was missing. We all thought it was the same one striking there too. Anyway he went to Father to report the theft. Unlike the money and the shoes, Father had the radio. I guess in the last week's confusion of moving he had searched Kugi's desk and found the radio.

Yesterday, in the rain, we all moved over to the new college building. Tonight we had a few last minute things to stack for storage in room #8 in the basement. The door is locked and Alfie has the key. He said he'd open it at 5 and he also let us go swimming at 5. We thought the storage door would be open till at least 6, but if

you weren't there at exactly 5, he locked the door again. Everyone was so mad. George and Abe asked him for the key after supper. and he said, "Well, I don't know just where to get one, but I'll try."



Ray Wing, Joe Steffan, Kenny Kehres, Jerry Kelly, unknown, Ray Spatti

Gerald (Jerry) Kelly, JCD

In 1952, a recently ordained priest was assigned to my parish while I was in 7th grade. I was asked to escort him around our small town as he made First Friday Communion calls. Other than pointing out where people lived, we said nothing until all the calls were made. He asked if I ever thought about becoming a priest. As students in a parochial school, taught by Sisters of Mercy, we were fairly well indoctrinated with religious vocational material. So, yes, I guess I did think about being a priest. Then he mentioned the Josephinum, a seminary 300 miles away from my comfortable little hometown of Newry, PA. One year later, I was on my way to the Joss, with the parting words from that same priest: "Give it at least a year's go."

The following are a few of my favorite memories of my years at the Joss.

It did not take long before we freshmen were greeted by upper classmen (sophomores) as "dumb Sextaners." Now I understood what *dumb* meant, but what did *Sextaner* mean. Father Tony Becker soon clued us in. We also learned which sidewalks and stairways were off bounds for freshmen.

How many of the class of 1953 received the "kiss of death" from Pappy Schalk in our sophomore year? If one was not adequately prepared for his religion class, Pappy would say: "Perhaps you don't plan to be with us after Christmas."

In our junior year Father Joe Plumpe would march back and forth in front of the class bewildered by how ignorant we were in Latin. (I think that we blamed that on our sophomore Latin teacher, Father Kuehner.) He would exclaim: "The ignorance in this room is so thick that you could cut it up and haul it away." Regardless of his frustration with our class, we really enjoyed him.

My memory of Msgr. Fick is still very vivid. A little trivia I discovered is that in 1947, only six years before we arrived as freshmen that Fick had founded The Josephinum Review, which he edited for years. Several years ago, I wrote: "Our English teacher was Leonard

Fick. Many a time he berated me when he returned a book report or an essay that I wrote. I suspect that at the time I wrote convoluted sentences and he could not make out what I was trying to say. Although he was tough on me, I had a lot of respect for him as a teacher and a writer." It is nice to have memories like that!

In my junior year I was in charge of the "store" where we sold candy bars and cigarettes. Unbeknownst to me, I was in possession of a master key, but a few of the more astute classmates knew. So, of course, they borrowed the key for what I thought was a legitimate reason. A copy was made and the kitchen raids began and did not end until our final retreat before ordination.

It wasn't until my senior year that I was invited to a party after a raid on the kitchen. The invitation came with a quart of ice cream placed on my stomach while I was sleeping. The party took place in the locker room. I was amazed at the cache of cookies. (Leon should be the one to write about the final raid on the kitchen since George is no longer with us.)

One other very vivid memory of my junior year was Saturday night, October 22, 1955. As we were preparing to go to bed, Father "Jape" Marzen told me that he wanted to see me in his room. A person was usually in trouble when he would be called to Jape's room. I was clean; he had nothing on me. Wrong! He told me that my five-year-old sister was killed in an accident that day. What a blow. The next day I took a long and lonely train ride back home to Newry.

Jerry Siravo was in charge of the scrub crew. Jerry never had any trouble getting volunteers to help, especially when the work was near the faculty lounge. The beer was placed in the large scrub buckets, covered with the mops, and hauled to some rendezvous spot.

I was always amazed at the Joss' "due process." One evening in our senior year Father Marzen came into the study hall. He announced to both the Quarta and Tertia class: "Hulings, go pack your bags. You are leaving tonight." There was no further explanation about the wrong-doing of Bill. We only found out later the specifics of Bill's "crime."

On another occasion in the dining hall with the entire minor sem present, Father Marzen told Ray Wing to go pack his bags and that he was leaving that afternoon. I am not aware of exactly why

Ray was dismissed, but, as usual, we never second-guessed the administration in its decision.

Then there would be the occasions when we would ask if anyone had seen so-and-so, only to find out that the person was gone, shipped without a word to any of us.

One final note about our highschool years was our “graduation.” I do not remember who planned this event, but it was an enjoyable graduation. Years later, upon receiving the picture of the high school graduation from Dave Siemsen, I would guess that the “dignitaries”—Dave Siemsen, Ray Krzewinski, and Ralph Jungermann—were the ones who pulled this off. And I am happy to say that I was able to name everyone, including the couple who were trying to hide.)

In our sophomore year of college, we moved into the new college building. It was there that we began sharing a half-bath with a “potty pal.” I fondly remember my three “potty pals,” Ray Krzewinski, Gerhard Marschall, and Wayne Ruchgy.

The more memorable events of those years were the Pittsburgh Pirates winning the World Series and John Roncalli being elected as Pope John XXIII. “Aggiornamento” had begun and we could look forward to an exciting four years in theology. (But as Leon has commented, there appears to be backward movement these days.) That does not mean that the faculty have receded from my memory. “Dusty” (Msgr. Durst), “Undie” (Msgr. Undreiner), Msgr. Hofer, John Kleinz (JK). Kleinz would assign many philosophy books to read and he would expect a book report on each book. We learned never to second-guess JK’s nearly photographic memory and speed reading. Jack Bauer found this out when, in the middle of a report, he wrote: “JK, if you read this far, I owe you a beer.” The next day JK came into the classroom and said to Jack: “Jack, you owe me a beer.”

The theology years were exciting because the Church was alive.

We were fortunate to have had only a very short experience of “Jerks” (Msgr. Leo F. Miller) dogmatic theology classes (Remember, Tanqueray?). “Jerks” was hospitalized in our first year theology and died shortly thereafter. My favorite memory of his class was the treatise on evolution. He began in Latin, “Hodie tractamus de evolutione.” And then he switched to English: “If you

want to believe that you came from a monkey, go ahead. I don't." End of treatise.

My favorite prof in theology was Father Ralph Kuehner, or, perhaps, my favorite subject was scripture. As dry as Father Kuehner was, I enjoyed his classes even if my grades did not reflect it.

If anyone wanted to get away with anything at the Joss, he would keep his mouth shut.

The following is something that I told no one during my last four years at the Joss.

With the advent of Vatican II, the Church in the US was turned on its head. This was probably not the case in Europe since there were many intellectuals who were exploring new ways of thinking in the areas of theology, scripture, and liturgy. Some of this new thought began at the beginning of the 20th century but the real thrust came after World War II.

I realized early on that I needed more time to do all the reading that needed to be done. I had the barest of necessities in my closet. In the place of clothes, I put in a small type-writing table and chair. Over the hangar bar I draped a small lamp. Every night, after "lights out," I would go into the closet to read and/or write for an hour or two. My sleeping habits today are probably a result of that routine which I carried out for four years.

Sometime in the course of our theology program, we had a "visitation" from representatives appointed by the Apostolic Delegate to the US. There was an attempt to put a lid on the progressive movement to come into the modern age. Several of us were called in for questioning.

Msgr. Geringer, the rector, was replaced by Msgr. Ralph A. Thompson.

Thompson's job was to squelch, or at least to tamper down, this new interest in theological and scriptural studies, but the spirit of Vatican II was too wide-spread to reverse it.

One of the little things that we were forced to do was to change the name of the journal we published about four times a year. As long as I was at the Joss, this publication was called *Docete Omnes*, (*Teach All*). The Apostolic Delegate thought that title too presumptuous and that the title should be the more self-effacing *Discite*

Omnes (Learn All).

From that time on, at least until 1965, we called that publication simply the *DO*. That was our way of saying: “Stick it in your ear.”

Daily Mass homilies began during our subdeacon year, I think. These were the three-to-five-minute reflections on the scripture texts that the officiating priest or deacon would give. During our deacon year, I gained some confidence in public speaking in giving these homilies. It was a good preparation for the major homily that we deacons would give at a Sunday solemn high Mass. I have no idea what my homily was about on the Sunday that I preached, but I do know that preaching was an important part of my ministry for the next seven years.

On May 29, 1965, fifteen of us were ordained, and I was able to say to Father Kline that I stayed the course, not for just one year.

Shortly after ordination, two other newly ordained priests and I met with the bishop to receive our assignments. I was sent to the cathedral parish in Altoona, PA, for the summer and then in the fall, I was to report to Catholic University of America in Washington, DC, to pursue a degree in Canon Law.

That was not what I wanted. I did not enjoy Canon Law in the seminary and I was sure that I would not enjoy pursuing a higher degree in the subject. My time at the cathedral parish was not too exciting (an under-statement). The four priests at the cathedral were not setting the world on fire with their zeal. I did serve as a chaplain at a Catholic hospital for two weeks while the regular chaplain was on vacation. I remember the first night in residence. When I heard the ambulance siren blaring, my thought was, “I hope that he is not a Catholic.”

My summer was salvaged when I was assigned to a parish in August to fill in for a priest who would be going to Rome with the bishop as a “peritus.” When I arrived, the housekeeper told me that the pastor would not be going to Rome since a family member of his became gravely ill. I remained there for the duration of the summer. The pastor enjoyed a great reputation among the younger priests. He was learned and was a devoted parish priest. He also was an excellent preacher. On Sunday mornings I would attend his Masses

just to hear him preach. Every evening he and I would talk, the pastor drinking a glass of milk with a couple cookies, and I with a beer.

In September, I packed my car and moved on to DC. Shortly before I left, George Broussard (1962) called me and asked if I wanted to be an assistant chaplain at CU. I then joined George and Tom Hubin (1963) at CU as assistant chaplains, a position I kept for the next two years. The three years in Canon Law were uneventful. The first two years I spent a lot of time hanging out with undergraduate students in the cafeteria at the Shrine/Basilica of the Immaculate Conception.

In my third year, I went from working on my dissertation to helping a young couple remodel their newly purchased home in DC. I was not an ideal student, but I did manage to receive a JCD by the end of my third year (1968).

After my time at CU, I was assigned to St. Leo's parish in Altoona. I was also to work in the chancery office in the mornings. When September came around that year, I realized that I would not be packing up to return to school somewhere. I was stuck here! It was a good assignment, though, but it did not last long. In the spring of 1969, I received in the mail a letter of re-assignment.

Reportedly it was brought about by my Mother's Day homily. It was a good homily, but the one line, "Every man needs a woman" did not sit well with the bishop.

I was not happy about the transfer after just a short stay. I went like a good soldier.

What was strange was that I worked every day no more than fifteen feet from the bishop and he never said a word to me about the re-assignment or the reason for it.

So, reassigned, I walked into a hornets' nest at the parish of St. Agnes. The parish was in an uproar and the cause of it was the housekeeper, who was the spinster older sister of the pastor. The pastor and I worked together and things settled down in the parish.

Besides being a parish priest, I was involved in a couple other efforts in during my brief time in the priesthood. Representing our diocesan younger priests' council, I attended the National Federation of Priests Councils (NFPC) in San Diego and Baltimore. It was at Baltimore that the NFPC voted for optional celibacy. Fat chance

that *that* would go anywhere.

In my second year at St. Agnes I began teaching Canon Law at the diocesan seminary two days a week. Also, while at St. Agnes parish I served as chaplain to the Catholic students at Lock Haven State University. The president of the university was there for 21 years and he was adamant against religious functions being carried out on the campus. The closest thing there was to a religious event on campus was the invocation and benediction at graduation. I understood his position. There were many mainline and fundamentalist religious organizations and denominations in the area, and the way to avoid conflicts was to deny every religious group access to the campus.

Nevertheless, I was active in the local ministerial association which was very ecumenical in its membership. I developed a good relationship with all the members and I think that I enjoyed their trust. I figured that if the ministerial association united behind an ecumenical ministry, we could persuade the president to ease up on his ban. I was intent on moving in this direction, but I knew that I needed at least a year to develop this. So I went to the bishop and asked that he allow me to remain at St. Agnes for at least another year. I did not tell him of my plan, but I emphasized that the parish deserved some permanency of the priests.

He gave me an indication that I would be staying at St. Agnes.

No more than two months later in spring 1971, I was re-assigned to St. Leo's.

Once again the bishop did not make an effort to communicate with me about the suddenness of the move. He sent a formal letter as always.

I was probably angry when I returned to St. Leo's in May of 1971.

Little did I realize that in just one year I would be making another move—out of the priesthood.

This time around I did not work in the chancery office.

There was a young woman. Of course, there was a woman. Cherchez la femme. A young woman who caught my eye, Margie Champeno.

I came to know her and her family during my first assignment at St. Leo's. Her brother committed suicide. I was called to the scene

to anoint Sonny. I would call upon the family afterwards to see how they were coping. Two years later this woman's smile captivated me. During the summer, she worked out of town during the week, and at the Saturday evening Mass, knowing that she would be back in town, I would be searching for her in the congregation. After two dinners with her family, I knew where this was going.

In October of 1971, I attended a Canon Law convention in Atlanta. As it happened, Leon Duesman was there, and the two of us looked up Ray Krzewinski who was a principal of a high school in Atlanta. So I went with a very personal interest. I wanted to see if this meeting of church lawyers saw any likelihood that the celibacy rule would change in the near future. The answer was clear: it was not going to change. The night that I returned to Altoona, I told Marge, and we then began to plan for the future. Because I was teaching at the diocesan seminary, we made May 1, 1972, our target date for my resignation from the priesthood.

This began eight months of a very strange "courtship." I do not know how we kept our relationship under wraps for that length of time, but we did. When "D-Day," May 1, 1972, did arrive, the hard part had to be faced: telling various people of our decision. Being very faithful Catholics, my parents probably thought that I was now a lost soul, especially when we eventually married before a justice of the peace.

When I told the bishop, he had me complete a multi-page questionnaire and submit my resignation in writing. This was a Friday. I told him that I did not want to leave the pastor in a bind for the weekend. So I would bring him the resignation letter on Monday. "No need for that," he said. "Post-date your letter for Monday." I did that. The next day, Saturday, I received his letter accepting my resignation. Was he happy to see me go? One year later I received the rescript from Rome accepting my resignation.

During the months of May and June, Margie and I enjoyed being together publicly as opposed to the closeted way we conducted our relationship during the previous ten months. I began a job at Marist College in Poughkeepsie, NY, on July 1, 1972. I was hired as a residence director of a 120 student residence hall. Since this was not considered a full-time job, I also taught a freshman course and

worked as an assistant director of financial aid. Margie and I both knew that if I began the school year as a single person, the apartment would become a common area for the students. She thought that the students should get to know us as a couple from the start. And so we married on August 18, 1972, in Poughkeepsie before Judge Filipowicz.

We lived in the residence hall for three years where two of our children were born. We soon moved to our home in 1975 where two more of our children were born. With three girls and one boy, our small Cape Cod-style house was not large enough. So we raised the roof and put on a full second story in 1983.

At Marist, I was taking on more administrative responsibilities. So, after two years, I stopped teaching. I don't think that I had a new thought in my head after I stopped teaching.

After eight years at Marist, I moved on to Bard College, another small liberal arts college just up-river from Marist. The new president of Marist and I did not see eye-to-eye. It was a good move on my part, and the president is still there 33 years later. I returned to being a full-time student financial aid director at Bard, and, with a couple twists and turns, remained in that position for the next 25 years. I retired from Bard in 2005. For the next three years I worked part-time at a few other educational institutions.

Our four children are married and out of the household, and my wife is still working. My responsibilities now are volunteering, being a grandfather, and cleaning the house once a week (the least that I could do since my wife is still working). My grand-fathering has been greatly reduced because none of our five grandchildren are local; four are in the Portland, OR, area, and one is in New York City.



In Mufti. Hundreds of seminarians join the Mission Day Parade led by our class the year we hosted the annual October 12th Columbus Day event.

**A PRELUDE SALUTE
TO THOSE IN OUR CLASS
WHO WERE TO BE ORDAINED**

**“Story for School’s End:
The Long Last Days before the Priesthood,”
The Josephinum Review, May 22, 1963**

Father Fick published my 60-line poem about seminarians living through their last hours before Ordination, especially because my pitch included a two-page spread of photographs I cast, costumed, and directed with the excellent assistance of John Boltz who clicked the lens and developed the film. The photos featured the genial Ed Schmidt who was about to be ordained. Perhaps, these photos, shot on location throughout the Joss, and filled with incense and cassocks, may evoke a sense of our common nostalgia for what was great when it was good. This was another of my *ave-atque-vale* essays as I slowly said goodbye to the Josephinum that I exited seven months later, wishing all who remained the best of lives in the priesthood.

The Long Last Days before the Priesthood

Story for School's End

by John Fritscher and John Boltz

In the winter before this spring
it seemed this summer would never come.
Day has piled on day.
And in this last year
of tranquil intensity
I began the finishing
to end the beginning
and have thought only
on hands and joy and people
and Him.



Wax and incense and fire
and the common things
of bread and water and wine
are the tools of my trade.

And I wonder whether
after the day of joy
so long in coming
whether the peoples of the world
will know the difference
once He is in me.

Will the growl and bark and bite
of the world be any less
against Him
because
He sends me?



On an empty altar I practice
Calvary like a theater play.
But in days the emptiness
will be filled.



Wednesday, May 22, 1963

THE JOSEPHINUM REVIEW

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And I will wonder
that I do not die,
giving glory,
immersed
in the torrents of Him.



To think my body will yet move
like a man.
To think I will eat and breathe
and grow old
in the human humiliation;



That soon I will move from the land
where even the Children
of my practiced sacraments
are toys.



And the boy
who was my parents'
son,
laughing and play-
ing in their house,
tumbling with
scraped knees on
their stairs,
will be anointed
away
with the Oil of
Gladness



and will go
into the world,
chosen
and
sent,
forever
a Priest.





Find our class in the cast of *Valley Forge*

JFK WINS PRESIDENCY

November 8, 1960, Tuesday

Because we all just turned 21, we voted for the first time today. It is now 5:38 PM. In less than an hour the polls will be closed. Within a few hours we'll know. We get to stay up tonight to watch the returns. Come on, Jack!

November 9, 1960, Wednesday

We stayed up four and a half hours last night watching the returns. By 2 o'clock it was still neck and neck and undecided. Illinois with 27 electoral votes was held in the balance. If given to Kennedy, it would have made him only one short of the required number. At 2 we went to bed, confident that Kennedy had it made. Every time he'd "score" a state, we shouted a rousing cheer.

But when we got up for Mass this morning, it still hung in the balance. Nixon with his wife Pat had gone on TV at 3:30 AM and hinted at concession, but rather waited to see the further returns. Pat said through her obvious tears: "I guess I'll have to go back to being just a school teacher."

At 7:30 AM, four key states still held the thing in the balance. Kennedy was at home in Hyannisport "smoking a big black cigar." We're waiting for the Kennedys to break out the champagne. He as yet had made no victory statement, but at 3:30 the FBI began guarding this home.

Everyone in the country waited for Nixon to concede or Kennedy to claim victory. The hours dragged on. I slept from 10:00 AM to noon.

At lunch Father DeRuntz had some names read off in the refectory. Mine was one. We were informed in the classroom at 1:00 who was in the cast of *Brother Orchid*. Ot is. Call me Brother Hollywood.

We read the play through together.

In the middle of the second act, I was free for a time, and asked

to be excused for a moment. Several minutes later I returned and whispered: "Nixon has conceded."

Forty-five minutes later Jim Schefe entered and said: "Kennedy has just claimed victory."

Wildness. We went wild. Shouting in the TV room. Running through the halls.

Tonight on TV, Jack stood on the podium with the beautiful and expectant Jackie and thanked us "For this satisfying moment. My wife and I go now to prepare for a new administration and new baby."

He had won by an overwhelming majority of electoral votes having finally taken Michigan, Illinois, and California—Nixon's own home state. As to popular vote, it was the closest election since 1884. A margin of only 500,000 votes out of an all-time record number of voters.

A Catholic can become President.

A Catholic is President of the United States.

Samuel J. Messina**August 5, 1938**

I was born in Grenada, Mississippi, on August 5, 1938. My parents were both Sicilian. My mother, Mary Tuminello, was born in Yazoo County, Mississippi. My dad was born in Sicily, but lived in Grenada as a child. Both families ended up moving back to their homeland to the same neighborhood in Cefalu, Sicily! My parents were married in the local Cathedral in Cefalu in 1930. A year later, my parents with my infant brother, Joseph, migrated to Mississippi. I had a good social life and even several girlfriends. However I felt a call to the priesthood. I was blessed with a saintly mother who attended daily Mass. I made a covenant with her that if I joined her at daily Mass, we would pray about my vocation. Although my brother Joseph encouraged me to pursue other careers, I opted, upon from graduating high school, to enter a Benedictine seminary in Fall 1956. It was my first experience in a Catholic school. I was very happy to become acquainted with the Benedictine monks and their monastic way of life. I considered entering the Benedictine Order. However, after graduation from junior college at Saint Benedict, Louisiana, I transferred to the Josephinum College.

This move was, to say the least, a major change for me. There was need for adjustments in several areas of my life. One such adjustment was the weather, and another was the distinct difference in the Benedictine community and the Josephinum family life. In addition to these changes came living with the teasing of characters such as classmates George Hoenig and Leon Duesman. Perhaps the biggest adjustment was academically, with our using Latin textbooks and having unique professors like the monsignors Leo “Jerky” Miller and George Undreiner. However, by the grace of God, I persevered and was ordained on May 29, 1965.

In the past 50 years, I have had assignments in various ministries. My first assignment was at Sacred Heart Parish in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. At Sacred Heart High School, I taught all four levels of

Religion and a class in Latin. As far as the expectations of the Pastor, this newly ordained priest was both a full-time teacher and full-time Associate Pastor.

Around 1975, Hattiesburg became part of the new Diocese of Biloxi where I have worked on a hospital pastoral care team and have had several assignments from the northern parts of the diocese to the Mississippi Delta. I also was chaplain at a girls' high school and pastor in that local parish. Later in the same assignment, I also became chaplain to retired School Sisters of Notre Dame after the girls' high school closed in 1975. At the school's closing, they had celebrated 101 years in existence!

The 9-11 attack on New York's Twin Towers found me immersed in a language school in Mexico. I came to my present assignment in 2003 and since then have been pastoring the two small churches in Sardis and Batesville, Mississippi. Later, in 2009, I took another course in Spanish with emphasis on Church vocabulary. Since then I have been ministering to the growing number of Hispanics who are arriving in the parish. All in all, the past 50 years have been good ones. I look forward to the class reunion this coming September. I anticipate seeing familiar faces with whom I studied at the Josephinum as well as high school students who arrived before me and left to pursue other careers before I came on the scene in 1959.

JFK, THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS, AND US

October 23, 1962, Tuesday, AM

Last night in the refectory we had a radio playing. With good reason. President Kennedy was addressing the nation. All day long rumors as to a crisis were rampant on the news. At exactly 6:09 PM Columbus Time EST, Kennedy got to the point: we were beginning a blockade of Cuba because of offensive USSR missile sites being built there now. Finally we've drawn a line. Today Washington is reported to be at war intensity. Russia is delivering threats and only time will tell if it will run the blockade. Within 24 to 48 hours, the Russian ships known to be in the Atlantic can reach Cuba. JFK has given orders to sink an arms-running ship refusing inspection and refusing to return. No one wants war. But sometimes they just start.

Tuesday PM. Without going into detail, things are worse. We are not hysterical. Excited, yes. All of us. Made so by the alarming opinions expressed on the radio, and made more so by the professors who evidently are reading more details in the newspapers. All we boys are of draft age. We wouldn't be the first seminarians pulled out for military service.

October 24, Wednesday, 10 AM

One hour from now the first Soviet ship will try to run the blockade around Cuba.

October 30 Tuesday, PM

Exams ended today. Again I can write here. The Cuban Crisis broke Sunday when Krushchev backed down and promised Kennedy to take the missile bases out of Cuba. A terrific victory for JFK. U Thant, acting Secretary General of the UN, is in Cuba at this moment preparing United Nations inspection of the dismantling.

I did not say before that I was frightened. That is not the word.

Concerned and *excited* is better. New letters are arriving in the mail. My grandmother wrote she was scared. So was my Mom. And now I'm finding out more and more how the outside world felt as news dribbles in to us from people who were up on the events minute by minute, not that I wasn't constantly glued to my radio. How frightened the world was. Today Father McWilliam told us that several times in the last week we were "only a few hours from total nuclear war." Wayne Ruchgy, going to Catholic University in Washington, DC, wrote to Jerry Kelly that they had civil defense exercises and were fully expecting the city to be bombed. You can recount horrors of another age, but we can have neuroses of our own. I don't blame our fine, wonderful President for getting us into anything. We took a stand, a solid one against the Russians. In small groups we discussed what we ourselves might do, and I thought more than once: if there is a war perhaps I must do the patriotic thing. I always hoped the greater good would ultimately prevail. Yet, had war shown signs of lasting...

Our blockade is lifted for 48 hours while U Thant is in Cuba. Even so, all precautions are still being taken. When on Friday, Khrushchev can deny Russia has bases in Cuba, when on Saturday he admits it saying he will swap his Cuban bases for our Turkey missile sites, when on Sunday he suddenly, unexpectedly capitulates in a way he's never capitulated before, there are little grounds for trust. Anything could be a ruse. Anything could be a prelude to another Pearl Harbor.

J. Michael Palardy, PhD
Died September 14, 2007

J. Michael Palardy, Ph.D., age 67, of Northport, died Sept. 14, 2007, at Heritage Nursing Home. Services will be 10:30 a.m. Friday at Tuscaloosa Memorial Chapel Funeral Home with Father John Fallon officiating. Burial will follow in Tuscaloosa Memorial Park with Tuscaloosa Memorial Chapel Funeral Home directing.

His parents, Arthur and Audrey Palardy of Springfield, Ohio, preceded him in death.

Survivors include his wife, Mary Ellen Palardy of Northport; daughter, Terri Palardy Carden (Jerry) of Northport; sons, Michael Francis Murphy Palardy and Tommy William Palardy (Leslie), both of Northport; brother, Thomas J. Palardy (Maureen) of Frostburg, Md.; nieces and nephews, Julie, Barbara, and Joseph; and grandchildren, Riley and Travis (Terri) Carden, and Jackson William Palardy (Tommy).

Dr. Michael Palardy earned his doctorate of philosophy in Elementary Education at Ohio State University in 1968. Before arriving at the University of Alabama as an Associate Professor, Dr. Palardy served as an Instructor at Wittenburg University (1967-68) and as Assistant Professor at the University of Georgia (1968-73).

Dr. Palardy joined the Elementary Education faculty at the University of Alabama in 1973, where he remained until his retirement in 1999. He earned the rank of full professor in 1977. Over the years, he taught most courses offered in the undergraduate and graduate Elementary Education program. He concentrated, however, on Reading Education, Curriculum/Program Design and Implementation, and Issues and Trends in Education. In addition to teaching, he served as program chair from 1976 to 1980, and, for a brief tenure, as interim Area Head of Curriculum and Instruction. He chaired 14 doctoral dissertation committees, served on 70 others, and chaired 18 education specialist committees. His undergraduate and master's level academic advisees included approximately

65 students per year. Dr. Palardy also competently and faithfully served the College of Education and the university at large through his work on various college-wide and university-wide committees.

Dr. Palardy's professional contributions were noteworthy in educational settings outside the university. He conducted more than 100 workshops in local, state, and regional school systems. He served as a committee member and committee chair for the Southern Association for Accreditation of Schools throughout Alabama. He presented at National Professional Conferences annually from 1986 through 1997.

Dr. Palardy edited and/or authored eight professional textbooks from 1971 through 1997, published mainly by McGraw-Hill. Each year during Dr. Palardy's tenure at the university, he contributed numerous manuscripts to professional journals.



Why is a toboggan like a vocation?

Robert A. Pearson, MDiv, MEd
April 28, 1939

Born: April 28, 1939 in Spokane, Washington - raised in a family of four by parents of Swedish and Italian ancestry. Graduated from Sacred Heart Grade School and Gonzaga Preparatory School, Spokane, WA (1957)

College and Seminary Education: Pontifical College Josephinum, Columbus, Ohio

Degrees: B.A. and M. Div- Josephinum M.Ed. -Gonzaga U.

Ordained Priest for the Diocese of Spokane May 29, 1965

Named Prelate of Honor December 10, 1996

Assignments:

Assistant Pastor, St. Charles Parish, Spokane 1965-66

Diocesan Supervisor, Marycliff High School, Spokane 1966-68

Teacher & Counselor, DeSales High School, Walla Walla 1968-72

Chaplain, Veteran's Hospital, Walla Walla 1970-72

Chaplain, Washington State Prison, Walla Walla 1970-71

Diocesan Director of Religious Education, Spokane 1972-77

Rector, Bishop White Seminary, Spokane 1974-76

Pastor, St. Anthony's Parish, Spokane 1976-77

Vicar for Education, Diocese of Spokane 1977-78

Pastor, St. Mary's Parish, Spokane 1978-85

Director of Continuing Education for Priests, Spokane 1978-88,
2004-06

Vicar for Priests, Diocese of Spokane 1985-90, 2004-09

Pastor, St. Augustine Parish, Spokane 1988-2004

Retired 2004

Other Positions:

Seminary Spiritual Director

Member of Priests' Personnel Committee

Member and President of the Diocesan Presbyteral Council

Diocesan Consultor

President of National Organization of Continuing Education of Roman Catholic Clergy (NOCERCC) 1983-85

Member, Board of Trustees of Gonzaga Preparatory School, Spokane 1980-87

Adjunct assistant professor in Religious Studies, Gonzaga University, Spokane

Member, U.S. Bishops' Committee on Priestly Spirituality and Education 1983-86

Member, U.S. Bishops' Committee to review Guidelines on Continuing Education 1982-84

Director, The Pastoral Project for the National Organization for Continuing Education of Roman Catholic Clergy 1987-88

Member, Spokane Diocesan Finance Council 1989-90

Member, Spokane Diocesan Building Commission 1990-2004



Happy Days. L-R: Ed Schmidt, Father Rees, Roman Kehres, Peter Richards, Ray Krzewinski, John McGrath, and Dave Kasperek

HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY & BUDDY HOLLY PLANE CRASH

February 3, 1959, Tuesday

Tonight I couldn't make up my mind to watch NBC News, or go to the educational movie with Dave Siensen who said let's skip Huntley-Brinkley. When we came back, the rec room was gloomy. Ronnie Thatcher told us the news. Three big rock 'n' roll stars were killed in a plane crash. Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, and the Big Bopper. He wasn't sure of the details. They were all real young. Ritchie Valens was only 17. His first big record, "Donna," came out over Christmas vacation. It shot to the top fast and stayed there. I saw him sing it on Dick Clark's TV rock 'n' roll show not even a month ago. Buddy Holly's greatest popularity was about a year ago and the Big Bopper just came out this fall. He was more of a novelty artist with his "Chantilly Lace." It hasn't even been two weeks since Cecil B. DeMille died. I saw his last movie, *The Buccaneers*, over Christmas with my brother.



Bob Pearson, Butch Burleigh, Phil Cardenzana, Charlie Mueller

Jim Picchiarini

May 29, 1965: Ordained at Pontifical College Josephinum

1965-1966: Assistant pastor of St John the Baptist, Scottsdale, PA, Greensburg diocese

1966-1970: Secretary to Bishop William G. Connare, and assistant Chancellor for diocese

1970-1971: Graduate School, College of St Thomas, St Paul, MN

1970-1977: Associate Chaplain, St Joseph Hospital, St Paul; weekend helper, Guardian Angels, Lake Elmo, MN

1977-1978: Leave of absence

1977-1984: Counselor, Lutheran Social Services, Friendship House Treatment Center for emotional character disorder in teen girls, Minneapolis

1984-2004: US Postal Service, St Paul

2005: Retired, US Postal Service

To add a little meat to the bones of my timeline. When Bishop Connare tabbed me to be his secretary and to serve in his Chancery, I couldn't help but chuckle and find it ironic that two of my biggest responsibilities were to be Master of Ceremonies for the bishop's functions and to handle paperwork at the Chancery, processing marriage papers, including preparing them for mixed-marriage dispensations. I was never the most gifted MC when it was my turn during seminary days. In fact, I think my confreres always looked forward to how I was going to mess up. I think my MC days ranked right up there in hilarity with Monsignor OO-OO "singing" the triple "Alleluja's" of Easter.

As for how to handle the paperwork at the Chancery, what papers had to be stamped with VISA's or "Nihil Obstat," and what had to be sent to individual priests or what had to go through another Chancery, well, I remember flunking that test for Father Vanyo. I did get better over the four years that Bishop Connare was very patient with me.

However, the gift of celibacy was becoming increasingly difficult.

So was the dissonance over the priesthood after Vatican II.

When Pope John XXIII opened the window of the Church to let in some fresh air, what hit me was a tornado.

There were gray areas in my life and I'd always liked things in black and white. I didn't handle gray too well.

A significant event happened in 1970 when Dr A. J. Del Vecchio gave a counseling seminar for the diocese. As a result, I requested leave from Greensburg, and followed Dr. Del Vecchio to St Paul where he was head of the psychology department at the College of St Thomas. I began personal counseling sessions with him and enrolled at St Thomas grad school to study counseling.

I spent one year back in school: the first semester in graduate school, and the second semester in undergraduate school—to get some needed credits that the Josephinum had not covered.

I became disillusioned with academics and academia and dropped out of school.

I had been in residence at St Joseph Hospital, and was doing chaplaincy work while a full-time student, until I became a full-time chaplain. I enjoyed working with the sick and dying while bringing comfort to their families.

Through the years, I continued counseling with a priest/psychologist of the archdiocese to sort my struggles with celibacy and my place in the priesthood. Finally, in 1977, I took a year's leave of absence, continued being counseled, and in the course of the year submitted a letter to Bishop Connare requesting laicization from Rome.

To my surprise, the dispensation from active priesthood came within six months. No doubt, Bishop Connare put in a good word for me. He was always kind, and I know he loved me.

In the Fall of 1978, I married my wife, Jan. My first son, Tim, was born in 1979. My younger son, Marco, was born in 1981. Unfortunately, my marriage ended in divorce in 1991. I've been alone since then. My two sons are happily married to two wonderful girls. Tim is a bankruptcy lawyer. Marco works for the County Sheriff's as a 911 operator. Tim has a two-and-a-half-year-old boy, Lucas.

Marco has a six-year-old son, Noah.

I had been living alone in St Paul since 1991, and just last year moved to out-state Minnesota to a senior retirement building, just five miles from son Marco and his family. I enjoy it here and I like living quietly in retirement.

“Regrets, I have a few”—as the song goes, but all in all, “too few to mention.” I enjoyed the friendship at the Joss as well as the academic challenges.

I tried to serve the Lord as best I could for twelve years in the seminary and twelve years in the priesthood. I feel I made the right decision to leave.

I’m grateful for what the Holy Spirit was able to do through me, his all too-human vessel. I grateful for my married life, for just short of thirteen years. I have my sons.

I look forward to anyone of you who may want to contact me to reminisce: for instance, regarding Jerry Kelly’s bio regarding “refectory raiders”: I was kicked out as a “raider” by George Hoenig after one trip because of my squeaky slippers

I also recall how the scrub crew smuggled beer, and how we charged “favorite” profs of ours for that beer by the tally marks we wrote next to their names on the chart next to the refrigerator.

I hope and pray that all of you are doing well. I’m doing as well as can be expected for folks our age: arthritis, heart attack years ago, one stent, two knee replacements, prostate surgery, and other assorted surgeries. Because of this and my weight and vertigo, I can’t attend the reunion where I would so much like to see you all, once again.



Capturing us at play, and using the technology of the day, Fritscher shot this track meet series as an art project with the action sometimes purposely blurred to make it more universal within our particular history, 1959.

FOOTBALL ON THE GOLF COURSE: THE CAR THAT WAS AN AMBULANCE

October 14, 1959

Today was eventful. Enclosed is my first philosophy test. It was one of the highest. Kelly had a 93. Marschall had 90 and so did Ruchgy, I believe. So they tied me. X, who studies harder than anyone, got 88. I'm not competing just comparing. They say your first test classifies forever you with Father Klausing. I hope so, but I don't really believe it. Sounds like a rationalization by those who don't study. In this afternoon's football game, I got cleated in the left heel by John Romero. I now walk with a limp, and have poison ivy from the cutting branches in the orchard. Ot hurt his knee again today in football. We were playing on the golf driving range across High Street. He couldn't walk, and it's quite a distance; so George Hoenig suggested we get a car. I went for Alfie's. I knocked on his door and Father Mueller, who is visiting, answered. I explained the emergency and we drove over. Robbins in Secunda had sprained an ankle so he rode back too. It looked like an ambulance. I helped Ot to his room. He couldn't put any weight at all on his leg. So I went to the infirmary and brought some crutches back to his room. Meanwhile, Alfie had brought in some liniment and was squirting it on Ot's knee. After he had it all rubbed in, Alfie, pretending to read from the can, said, "Avoid contact with the skin." We're hard on him, but he does get a good one off once in a while.



Carl Poirot

More than sixty years ago, I entered the Josephinum as a high school freshman, along with many of you. The next eleven years were spiritually, emotionally, and intellectually challenging for me, but not without significant rewards. We were given high ideals and noble goals. We learned discipline and self-denial. We were imbued with rigorous moral standards and the importance of service to others. We got a good classical education, reflective of established dogma and philosophy adopted by the Church. We benefitted from all these experiences, but the one gift that I treasured more than any other was the close friendships and daily personal interactions that we had with one another. So, when Leon Duesman sent out his letter a couple years ago, about all of us joining together to celebrate the 50th anniversary of our class' ordination in 2015, I viewed that as an opportunity to renew those neglected friendships.

As it happened, some of us were so excited about a reunion that we decided to get together almost two years before the 50th anniversary. Thirteen Joss men met in Las Vegas to renew our friendships and get "caught up." Some of us brought our wives and kids, who were fun to meet and who probably wondered what all the fuss was about. But we had a great time and only wished that more of our classmates could have attended. Sadly, one of the Las Vegas 13, our dear friend David Siemsen, has since passed on, but we were blessed to enjoy his company and his wife and kids at the reunion.

We spent several days recounting some of the more hilarious and bizarre experiences at the Joss, from our memories of unique faculty members to our desperate efforts at normalcy. It was one of the most satisfying and meaningful events of my entire life. It brought joy and nostalgia to an unforgettable period of my life and the opportunity to renew close friendships of many decades ago. I hope all of our class will meet again for the 50th anniversary.

For those of you who did not get to Las Vegas, here is a summary of my last sixty years. After I declined ordination to the

subdeaconate in 1964, I went to work for the Amarillo Catholic Charities. But soon I had the urge to strike out on my own and left Amarillo for sunny Southern California. Once I got to L.A., I realized my employment prospects were limited. Not a huge demand for philosophy or theology majors. L.A. County was recruiting for “Juvenile Counselors,” but you had to take written and oral exams, which took three or four months. I had a few interesting interim jobs to survive until I finally got hired to work with kids who were in custody for everything from joy-riding to murder. My employer was the Probation Department, which ran a juvenile hall and about ten residential camps situated throughout L.A. County. While I was learning my job, the final survivors of our Joss class of 1965 were about to be ordained.

The juvenile facility to which I was assigned had a fast-pitch staff softball team that played other teams from around the county. In August of 1965, we were playing a game in Watts when the riot broke out. Most of the players on both teams were African-American, and they were concerned about the few white players getting out safely. They escorted me to the right freeway and I made it home safely. That happened 27 years before the Rodney King riot.

Not totally satisfied in juvenile probation, I started looking for more of a social work environment and eventually found it in the San Joaquin Valley. Think: John Steinbeck’s *The Grapes of Wrath*. I worked with farmworker families who were mainly Latino, both from the U. S. and Mexico, and included many braceros who followed the crop harvest all the way to the mid-west states like Ohio and Michigan.

Cesar Chavez was just beginning to organize the farmworkers, many of whom hid their support of his union out of fear of being fired by the growers.

After about 18 months, I was drawn to the more liberating atmosphere of the San Francisco Bay Area, in a city across the bay called Richmond, where a huge concentration of poor, mostly black people lived after being lured from the south by Standard Oil during the Second World War, and who were left unemployed once the war ended.

In that environment, and throughout the late 1960s and early

1970s, I was enthralled by the social changes that brought the flower children and hippies to the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood, the anti-Vietnam War peace movement, women's liberation (including bra burners), the civil rights and gay rights movements, the farm-worker's grape and lettuce boycotts, the apex of rock and roll, accompanied by lots of pot and other anti-establishment manifestations. That's where I first saw Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, Jimmie Hendrix, and many other great performers and bands. It was a life-altering place in time.

During this period, I attended graduate school and earned a Master of Social Work degree in community organization and planning. Eventually, I became a management consultant for public social and health departments throughout the western states.

In 1975, I was hired by the brand new Jerry Brown administration to develop programs to assist California welfare recipients to seek and find employment. After a few months, Governor Brown appointed me a deputy director of the Employment Development Department.

Brown was (and is) a very bright and honest guy, as politicians go. He and I chatted once about our common experiences as seminarians. He wanted to (and did) establish the California Conservation Corps, to employ youth dedicated to helping improve the environment throughout California. He asked me if I thought the idea would work, suggesting that the idealism of young people was similar to that of young seminarians. The CCC still operates, and Jerry Brown has re-invented himself as Governor.

I worked closely with former civil rights and poverty lawyers, who were also Brown appointees. They were relentless on me about getting a law degree, and finally arranged for me to meet the Dean at the University of the Pacific McGeorge School of Law in Sacramento.

I was admitted to the evening law school program. Working full-time in an executive position and going to law school at night reminded me of the rigorous academic challenges at the Joss.

A few years later, Brown appointed me to a different position as deputy director of a new agency, the Office of Administrative Law. Those eight years were very exciting, as well as demanding.

After Brown's second term ended, I accepted a position as executive director of the California Chapter of the National Association of Social Workers, a professional membership of more than 10,000 social workers, based in Sacramento. We advocated for programs and public policy to help the poor and to advance the profession of social work.

After a couple years, I began looking for a position in the legal field that would be compatible with my values and past experience and interests, but get me into the practice of law. I read about a new non-profit legal aid program in San Diego that was seeking an executive director. I applied and was hired. In that position, I had the opportunity to build from the ground up a program called the San Diego Volunteer Lawyer Program. SDVLP grew quickly, involving 12 staff attorneys and 14 support staff, along with more than 2000 volunteer attorneys and scores of participating law firms. This job was a perfect fit for me for the next 25 years.

We provided free legal services to the poor and needy throughout San Diego County.

We assisted victims of domestic violence by placing legal clinics in each of the four court houses, every day the court was open.

We established one of the first AIDS legal clinics in California, to serve persons infected with HIV and AIDS.

We brought successful class-action lawsuits on behalf of St. Vincent de Paul and other homeless providers against City government, which was breaking state law by neglecting homeless residents and blocking the development of needed shelters and transitional housing.

We had projects to assist needy families, undocumented immigrants, abused and neglected children, the indigent elderly, the disabled, and many others in need of legal assistance.

This job gave me the privilege and satisfaction of providing public interest legal aid to thousands of indigent and vulnerable clients.

Over the years the program was honored and recognized by many national, state and local Bar Associations and philanthropic organizations. This widespread recognition was deeply appreciated, but the inner satisfaction and sense of accomplishment, based on the high ideals inculcated by the Josephinum, were the more

significant rewards.

I retired in 2005 after several health issues. Today I feel pretty healthy, although I guess all of us are dealing with the normal conditions of aging.

My wife, Linda, has been a terrific life partner and takes good care of me. She also retired after 30 years of public service, and, two years ago, we moved from San Diego to Indio, CA, not far from Palm Springs in the Coachella Valley.

I have a son from a former marriage who is the dean of students and an English lit teacher at a non-sectarian private high school in Santa Cruz, CA. He is still a bachelor, so no grandchildren yet. He loves to surf, stays very fit and is a good person who brings joy into our lives.

My thanks to Leon for including us long-lost “fratres priores” and to Jack Fritscher for his willingness to compile our stories. I hope we will all meet again at the 50th anniversary. Best wishes to all.



Mission Day Parade Float, Carol Poirot in Wonderland, Guy Tumulo, Tonto, and Davey Crockett



FATHER PLUMPE

December 6, 1958, Saturday

A year ago today we had our last Greek class with Father Plumpe. It was a Friday. And it was strange. A few days before I had said to someone, "He doesn't look good. Something's going to happen to him." We'd never seen a priest die. Saturday it was rumored around that he was in the hospital for an operation. Sunday night he died. We found out he was dead by a note that was left in the sacristy. We always went through there for night prayers, etc. It was a memo for the sacristan. With Father Plumpe went all that was old and good of the Josephinum. Now the ancient guard that is left is just old—not good or especially interested in the human side of the students.

We worked harder for JCP than any other prof and we loved him for it. They always said we'd say that. I never flunked a quarter test until I flunked one of his Greek tests.

One class he gave us a German word meaning "to strut." About three months later he asked it again and offered 50 cents to anyone who knew the word. I won it. Of course, he demonstrated the STRUT, and put on quite a show. He asked me how I knew the word, and I said, "Well, you told us before." He thought that was funny.

Then there was the time we asked him to go on a hike with us—more for a joke than anything else. To our most astonished surprise he accepted. So we agreed to meet him in front of the faculty building and we'd all walk over to Westerville together. We met him and you should have seen him! Beret, leather jacket, cane, and cigarette. A camera too—with which he took several group pictures on the way back, like he wanted to remember us. As I think back, it was heart warming to see that old man so happy to be accepted by a bunch of young guys. And we were extremely honored. No faculty member had ever walked with us on a hike before.



John Fritscher and Roger Radloff, 1961

A chess fanatic, Roger was a player whose hobby was creating chess problems for chess magazines. He said, “The object of chess is not just to win, but to interestingly surround the king. The goal of the priesthood is not just to get people through life to death, but through death to the beyond. And the goal of Jungian psychology is not happiness, but wholeness, which includes the concept of something beyond death, a sense of purpose.”

Roger Radloff, PhD
October 3, 1939 - April 11, 1991

“Roger Radloff was an extremely interesting and brilliant guy, that much was clear even in my brief interactions with him,” wrote Peter P. Fuchs. “He owned a little ‘guard house’ structure down near Matheson Hammock, and it was there that he had his counseling practice. I only went there once, but it was a really charming space to have a practice in. We used to see him regularly at the Whiffenpoof Restaurant occupying the same spot with a lady friend of his. I heard that he was a great preacher and that would seem to indicate that Jungian ideas translated well into discussion of religious ideas.

“Actually my strongest memory of Radloff,” Fuchs added, “is something someone else told me. He said Radloff had described to him the occasion of visiting the Josephinum seminary where he had been a student much earlier. This was after he had had been to Zurich to become a Jungian analyst. Radloff said he walked into the Josephinum and fainted flat on the floor. I found that a very evocative description.”

*

“Rev. Roger Radloff was a priest and psychologist with the Archdiocese of Miami. He was 51 years old. Rev. Radloff died of cancer on Thursday, April 14, 1991. A Roman Catholic priest, Rev. Radloff was the analyst for priests, brothers and nuns in the Catholic Archdiocese of Miami. He was one of two Jungian Catholic priests in the United States, trained at the C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich, Switzerland.

“He also was co-author of the book *Jung Goes to the Movies*, with Scott Feaster, an English instructor at Broward Community College. ‘He was known by many people not as a priest,’ said Feaster, his friend and colleague. ‘His primary family was the St. Louis Catholic Church, but he was always communicating with people of all walks and persuasions. He got his energy from the Catholic church, but he didn’t keep it to himself.’ Rev. Radloff is survived by

a sister and brother-in-law, Sherill Marie and Tom Berkner; nieces Becky, Bonnie and Beth; his aunt Lottie Radloff; and his cousin LaVerne Lindner.

“He was ordained in 1965 at the Pontifical College Josephinum, Worthington, Ohio, and studied psychology at Ohio State University and Western Reserve University. He was director of the Family Counseling Center, Catholic Welfare Bureau of the Archdiocese of Miami, and was named to a three-year term on the board of directors of the Dade County Mental Health Association in 1969. He was the first priest to be elected to the board of the Dade County Mental Health Association. Father Radloff, who was the first counselor appointed to the Family Counseling Center, was made director of the facility in 1967. He was a member of the Interfaith Agency for Social Justice. —Excerpt from Deborah P. Work, Staff Writer, *Sun Sentinel*

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The Rev. James F. Fetscher, St. Louis Catholic Church, Miami, reported in his column *Midnight Musings*, “I’ve spoken at funerals sometimes about the seeming contradiction between saying we truly believe the one who has died sees the Lord, but then we turn around and say how good it is to pray for the dead. If the dead see Jesus, why pray?

“Perhaps the best answer I ever heard was from Father Roger Radloff many years ago, not too long before he died. He said for us, it is a matter of time. We live in time and think in time. We say that our prayers for the dead, in a sense, help them to finish all the unfinished relationships they left behind them. Remember sin? ...an abuse of a relationship! There is, if you will, a gap between me and God that is as long as all the unfinished relationships I left behind me, laid end to end. Well, Roger said that for God, everything is *instant now*! There is no time. So, He hears every prayer that will ever be offered for me and in his instant *NOW*, I am present to him.”

*

On June 16, 1989, Paul Heidleberg, staff writer for the *Sun Sentinel*, wrote the news feature “Jung Goes To The Movies: An Instructor and a Priest Study Personal Growth”: “When Broward Community College English instructor Scott Feaster was suffering from

'writer's block' while working on his doctoral dissertation thesis in 1981, he underwent therapy with Jungian psychologist Dr. Roger Jerome Radloff to correct the problem. Radloff, a Roman Catholic priest, is the analyst for priests, brothers, and nuns in the Catholic Archdiocese of Miami. He is one of two Jungian Catholic priests in the United States. Feaster credits Radloff with breaking his writer's block, which enabled him to complete his thesis and receive his doctorate in Comparative Arts from Ohio University. But their relationship didn't end there. Feaster and Radloff have co-authored two manuscripts. The first, the 225-page *Jung Goes To The Movies*, is being considered for publication by the Paulist Press in New York City. Feaster and Radloff are reviewing the final draft of the second book, tentatively titled *Jung Goes To The Movies Revisited*. 'There's never been a book that connects Jung with the movies that has been co-authored by a Jungian analyst,' said Feaster, of Fort Lauderdale.

"We've tried to show how personal growth and transformation occur through symbols, but more importantly, how the viewer can apply this personal growth practically speaking. Our argument is not that the director consciously intended these things, but that the director has intuited a symbolic meaning, and to have an effect on the viewer, the viewer doesn't have to consciously know these are symbols. Carl Gustav Jung was a Swiss psychiatrist and pioneer psychoanalyst who collaborated with Sigmund Freud earlier in this century. Jung, who died in 1961, was the originator of the concept of introvert and extrovert personalities.

"It's always invigorating to read something from the pen of Scott Feaster,' said Eric Reno of Plantation, Provost of the BCC Campus in Davie. 'He makes Jung approachable to those who have always had difficulty with him. He manages to couch just about everything he teaches in Jungian terms or point of view. This is something students have probably never faced before and it makes them realize that they're in college.'

"Appropriately—because of Jung's interest in dreams and the unconscious, Feaster's idea of collaborating with Radloff to write a book came to him in a dream. First, Feaster, who converted to Catholicism four years ago, completed a 150-page first draft by himself in 1986, analyzing 24 films. The two began working together on

Jung Goes To The Movies in 1987. In the book, Feaster and Radloff analyze in depth four films: *LadyHawke*, *The Year of Living Dangerously*, *The Color Purple* and *A Room with a View...* "Our book is for anyone working with young people, or young people themselves. For the average young person, or even the middle-aged person who is not consciously religious, these movies are a religious experience. And I define religion as 'the process of becoming whole, not perfect.'"

*

At the Josephinum, sporting his trademark Sherlock Holmes pipe, the flâneur Radloff was famous in the louche "lounge lizard" music room for his love of classical symphonies and his deeply ironic sense of humor. He was the longtime friend, and a potty pal, of Jack Fritscher. The two collaborated closely on the college newspaper, *Pulse*. In the mid-1980s, Radloff advised author Fritscher about the creative use of Jungian themes in Fritscher's manuscript for *Some Dance to Remember: A Memoir-Novel of San Francisco 1970-1982*, which was published in 1990, the year before Radloff's death in Anita Bryant's hateful Dade County at the height of the....



Roger Radloff with pipe. PCJ, 1961

Gerald J. Schleper

I was born into a very strict Roman Catholic family and was the middle child of 5 siblings. I attended St. Francis Xavier grade school for 8 years and was educated by Dominican nuns and a parish priest, an Irishman who lived into his second 100 years. His word was the “Gospel” to my parents, so when I decided to attend the Josephinum College in the fall of 1953 I was a very popular young man. My first birthday in November, I received over 50 cards from home and school. In November, 1956, I decided the priesthood was not my calling. So I came back home and graduated with my class of 1957. In the Fall of that year, I enrolled at SIU in Carbondale, IL to pursue a degree in Accounting. That also was not my calling. So I signed up for the US Army Reserves. In the Fall of 1959, I started my studies to become a Pharmacist and enrolled at the St. Louis College of Pharmacy, and graduated in May 1963. That same month, I married my high school sweetheart and we have shared 52 years together. I worked in Hospital Pharmacy and retail Pharmacy before returning to my hometown to work for a long time friend as a Registered Pharmacist. in his drug store. Then I again became restless and wanted my own business. So my wife and I purchased an old “filling station” and opened up the first drive-up drug store in Jerseyville, a new concept in 1975. We continued here until June, 1998, when I decided to retire and enjoy life, after suffering a stroke. My wife and I wanted to travel, spend time with children and enjoy some leisure time, especially golf. Our family consists of one son, Steven Michael, and a daughter, Laura Ann. We also are the proud grand parents of 5 grand children and one great grand son. Our health at this time is good, for old people, and we are anxious to attend our 50th re-union in September in Worthington Ohio. My hope is that we have as great a visit with more classmates, than we had in Vegas, in September 2013, which was a high light in my life.



Dave Siemsen, John Fritscher, Josephinum, 1955

David Siemsen
Died July 24, 2014

On July 24, 2014, David Peter Siemsen, beloved husband of Lois Siemsen (nee Sabo); devoted father of John Siemsen and wife Carrie, and Aaron Siemsen and wife Erin; dear son of the late Fred Peter and Mary Louise Siemsen (nee Baker); loving grandfather of Jake and Elizabeth Siemsen; brother of Margaret Patanella and her late husband Henry, Marti Row and the late Fred Peter Siemsen and his surviving wife Mary; brother-in-law of Helen and Jeffrey Heil, Mary Siemsen. Also survived by many nieces and nephews. Relatives and friends may gather at Schimunek Funeral Home, Inc., 9705 Belair Rd., Nottingham MD 21236, on Sunday 4-7. A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated at St. Joseph Church (Fullerton), on Monday at 9:30 a.m. Interment and graveside service will be held on Tuesday 11:00 a.m. at Riverview Cemetery, Northumberland PA.

**DAVE SIEMSEN: BEYOND APPLE CIDER,
A “NIGHT CAP” TO REMEMBER**

I have an almost forgotten highschool memory. I think this would have been our second or third year. It involved two maybe three guys. They woke me up in the dorm and said they had a great drink for me (or maybe some other saying.) It could have been the usual trick of them peeing in a big glass cider bottle from Mission Day, but, anyway, I drank it. Turns out it was whisky. Anyone care to confess? Funny how something like that gets forgotten and then pops up when least expected. On a more somber note, I remember Father Vincent Mathews who taught us sociology. He was one of my favorites.



Ray Spatti

A Retroactive Perspective. May 8, 1945, is a date which I have never forgotten. My sister and I were playing on a hillside overlooking a small town about 70 north of Milano, Italy. We were distant enough so as not to be vulnerable should the U.S. Air Force spot the Nazi truck parked right in front of our home in the valley two kilometers below. That day word got out that WWII had ended in Europe and people were dancing in the streets. Shortly thereafter, my mother, an American citizen who got stuck in Europe at the start of the war in 1939, visited the American Consulate in Milan. Five months later we were on a boat heading for America and Indiana, Pennsylvania.

In the Spring of 1953, my pastor visited us 8th graders and asked again who was interested in becoming a priest. Dan Delaney and I put our hands up. The pastor simply said, "The two of you are going to the Josephinum." And that was that. He had never talked with me personally nor to my parents. I obeyed.

On September 9, 1953, my mother and I began the 2-day bus trip from Indiana, PA, to Worthington, dragging along my trunk. We stayed overnight in a sleazy hotel near the Columbus bus station and the next day bus dropped us off in front of the Josephinum. Together we carried the trunk up the long driveway. She paid Father Durst the required \$50 tuition, saw the chapel, cafeteria, and kitchen, and then it was time to leave. The next time she would return was on May 29, 1965, at our ordination. I never had visitors over those 12 years, as my family did not have a car. After ordination, I obtained the first car in the history of my family.

High school were the hardest academic years of my life, as I was rather insecure, lacked social skills, and I did not know how to have fun.... Sad even for an immigrant in those days. So my only channel for identity was to throw myself into studies, even though I suffered from short memory deficit. No matter how hard I tried, I could just not remember those conjugations and declensions.

Anybody out there remember the gender rules? High school was the most difficult period of my entire academic life. Everything got easier after high school.

Memories: not being able to beat lefties Fellhauer & Kehres in ping pong, those high school winter evenings

Deacon Prefect Joe Weber and his wonderful, welcoming smile and temperament

Enjoying the fried chicken brought by Jerry Kelly's mom on visiting days.

Marist Father Frank Maloney in college, who opened my eyes to real learning and Maria Montessori

Undreiner's way of "teaching" church history –a sad man who deprived us of all his knowledge.

The high school super pee-wee league for football and softball. I was a super-pee-wee quarterback!!!

Playing a game of basketball in 30 minutes after supper in the new gym then rushing to rosary

Making birettas for the classes behind us....I was the pontifical biretta master those last two years !

Rector R.A.T. and his anal approach in lecturing us about the spiritual life those last years in theology

Making Marty Walsh angry when I repeatedly flied out in softball games because of an upward swing

Father Fick and the "Harvard comma;" Father Plumpe's Quarta Latin class; the terror of Father Klausing's class

Falling asleep every morning at meditation, as I unknowingly suffered from sleep apnia all those years

Smiling as Jim Picchiarini made it to chapel just in time, though wearing pajamas under his cassock

The wonderful year of Secunda in the old college building; Larm Zwinger's Deutsche songfests

Studying Thomas Aquinas Sunday mornings in theology music room with Ed Robinson & Bernie Law

That lay biology teacher in college who tried to teach us about that newfangled idea called "ecology"

Getting so many 84s at those public, humiliating reading of grades by Fr Fick in Conrardy Auditorium

Jim Callahan, the nastiest and meanest quintaner of the year; avoiding the lashes of Ruprecht.

Father Kuehner threatening to have me shipped for giving him the evil eye during his N.T. class

Father Maurice Hofer trying to teach us Spanish with his always generous smiles and humility.

Bishop John J. Wright flying in Thoralf T.Thielen's airplane from Pittsburgh to college graduation

Hating canon law class with a passion, despite Leo Vanyo's genuine attempts to humor us.

Having graduated from college, I decided never again to study for grades and I began reading everything I could in contemporary theology, from those wonderfully cheap theology paperbacks we purchased from Ireland. I never again took any class seriously and just did enough to get by. That turned out to be a wonderful decision as my perspective was shaped more by contemporary theologians than by our textbooks.

My initial experience of priesthood was the most wonderful surprise of my life. I loved being in a large parish with a terrific pastor, as I could do anything I wanted. Often I would give up most of my free day to spend

time in the grade school, visiting classes, and thoroughly enjoying being a priest. After the first year, I was assigned also to teach German (yeh, Deutsch) in the local minor seminary so I had to dig out Betz-Price. Then a wonderful year teaching religion in the catholic high school. My first disappointment came as I was assigned away from parish work into Catholic Charities, but I grew to love that, too. Off to the University of Pittsburgh to pick up an MSW degree and spending Sundays helping out in parishes. All wonderful experiences. Along the way I picked up a Ph.D. in social welfare administration from the University of Pittsburgh --- the easiest course of studies I ever had, except for one class on probability theory.

In the following years I served on the Priests Personnel Board, as a Diocesan Consultor, as president of the Priests' Council, diocesan

director of campus ministry and diocesan director of pro-life activities. There was the most wonderful experience of being pastor of the University Parish-Newman Center at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, a beautiful new church where 1,500 students attended Masses each weekend. Hundreds of students got involved in ministries in an unbelievable outpouring of faith, and I loved every minute of it, working incredible hours because I loved it so much. Over the years my associates were Joss alumni Ernie Kish, Jim Byers, and briefly Joe Diletusso.

But after 7 years at IUP my psyche gave out. It was as if everything had drained out of me, and a great void overtook me. I no longer wanted to be a priest. Some of it was fatigue, but the rest of it was my psychological history catching up with me: a personal conviction of having been called by God to the priesthood always alluded me, no matter how much I enjoyed the pastoral experiences and being loved by parishioners. It was more as if I had fallen by default into a most wonderful life, and then all the pleasure quickly ended and darkness set in.

The bishop granted me a year of absence where I got counseling, but nothing returned. I spent the next 3 years trying to revive my spirit as priest, but it simply would not come back. Fortunately, I was allowed to teach at the local Catholic university, but it became increasingly clear that my heart would not return to the priesthood. So in 1982, after 17 years of priesthood, I submitted my resignation to Rome, only to have JP II deny my request for laicization and insist that I remain a priest. I could not. My bishop requested only that I disappear from the diocesan region so as not to cause scandal. I obliged ever since, going back only for family burials.

Subsequently, I married wonderful, loving Joan in a civil ceremony. In time we adopted three boys, one in Missouri and two in Guatemala. Surprising to us, each of them later turned out to have special needs. So our lives shifted. I taught at Missouri State University outside Kansas City, later served as CEO of Catholic Social Services in Flint, Michigan, then as CEO of a mental health center in Pennsylvania where I struggled with managed care & HMOs until I took early retirement and moved to Chandler (suburb of Phoenix), Arizona.

In Arizona I launched a new career, becoming a consultant on financial issues for seniors, specializing in Long Term Care planning and guaranteed investing which allows people to participate in stock market gains but never suffer from market declines. Since then I have gotten notes of appreciation from many people.

In 1999, 17 years after I resigned from the priesthood, I was notified that the Vatican was willing to grant me a dispensation from the clerical state because our “marriage appeared to be stable.” I laughed at that. But then, having previously been denied a job because I had been a priest, I decided that it might be a good idea for political reasons to accept the “demotion.” Although “laicization” meant nothing to me, I sent the chancellor who processed the paperwork a thank-you gift consisting of one long pepperoni sausage, a 3-pound round mozzarella cheese ball and I turned in my old biretta—but he never thanked me! And now my biretta is gone.

Over the last 5 years yet another new career has evolved for me in theological studies: one that includes Patristics, can you imagine! I have been delving deeply into many scholarly studies tracing the theological evolution of Christianity over the first 5 centuries. It is absolutely fascinating to learn the historical details of what really happened in those early years: how the early clerics re-defined Jesus to create the Christ myth and the myths of salvation history, redemption and priesthood. The history is so radically different from anything we ever learned in seminary, *pace* George Undreiner, and I am totally astounded the more I discover.

Most independent theologians now claim that the Councils of Nicaea and Chalcedon got wrapped up in Greek philosophical language and misappropriated the Gospel of John. Poor Arius could never convince them otherwise, and before he could be reconciled they found him dead on the latrine floor. Today many independent theologians have abandoned traditional Christology and the myth of “salvation history.” The Vatican is so threatened by these expanding developments in scholarly circles that it requires theologians to take an oath to will teach only what the Vatican approves rather than what they know. During the last two papacies, Torquemada resurfaced with velvet by firm hammer. Hope has returned with Buon Papa Francesco. *Veni, Sancte Spiritu!*

These developments have so moved me, that I have started to work on writing a book, tentatively entitled *Redeeming Christianity*. I trace the struggles of early Christianity to define itself, how the church evolved into its present configuration, and trying to get past all the later dogmas to identify the elements of ancient Christianity that are so absolutely indispensable for the future of humanity. The challenge excites me.

As a contributor to my parish's Just Faith experience, I have analyzed all the papal social encyclicals and other related episcopal documents on social justice. Wouldn't Father John Kleinz be happy! I have lectured on the "Catholic Theology of Social Justice" and other topics which will eventually become the chapters in my book. Social justice theology offers the keys to preserving Christianity and saving humanity, but rarely is it preached in any systematic way. How sad: the world is in desperate need of it, the popes have superbly developed it, but bishops and most clergy won't teach it, preferring generally to preach on charity rather than on justice.

In August 2012, Joan and I moved northward about 95 miles from the Phoenix area, escaping from the scorching desert and the dreadful dust tsunamis in the Valley of the Sun. We have come to North-Central Arizona for clean air, resplendent sunshine, four seasons, and green forests. It is a nice place to ponder the mysteries of life and to spend the rest of our earthly existence.

I thank God for having protected me during our Prussian seminary life, for having granted me such a joyful priesthood, and for having led me beyond it. The colors of my life have varied from darkness to brightness. I feel that God has protected me through some hard times, but also brought me into more delights than one is entitled to have, considering what I experienced in travels through India, Latin America, and the near East.

What incredible fortune our generation has had. In just one lifetime we have lived through 3 major epochs of human history: the old world preceding 1960, then 50 years of incredible social changes across the world, and now we stand on the doorstep of even more rapidly developing scientific discoveries in every branch of human knowledge: the geo-political, medical, scientific, technological, theological, ecological and cosmological revolutions --- all

happening simultaneously. Imagine! No other single generation in human history has experienced as much in just one lifetime as we have. And, as one considers all the human travails around the world, isn't it true that many of us are among the 1% in terms of life's modern benefits? *Laus Deo.*

By the way, I still occasionally refer to my 1948 edition of the Betz-Price German text, the 1939 edition of Cassell's German-English Dictionary, the Latin dictionary and Webster's Collegiate Dictionaryall of which Father Durst sold us for a few dollars on September 11, 1953. Has anybody kept their "Thesaurus" with all those clever saying that Father Tony Becker gave us, such as "a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still"? I can't find mine, but suspect it would be fun to read a surviving copy. *Arrivederci presto!*



Top: unknown, Dave Fellhauer, Bob Pearson

Bottom: Leon Duesman, Ed Buncek

Photo: Leon Duesman

Stephen Weber

I'm not sure you remember me. I was only there among you for one year, Sexta, but I was notably the shortest one in the class. That seems to be how every one else remembers me. I eventually reached 5' 7" though. In our Sexta class, there were two Webers. I, Steve, was the shortest boy in class. Paul Weber was the tallest boy in our class, over six feet. We were not at all related, except by our extreme height differential. We were pictured in the yearbook with the caption, "The long and the short of it." I was also pictured in the yearbook with the very tall Marty Walsh, in basketball uniforms, with the caption, "There ought to be a law."

Arriving at the Joss was quite a change and ordeal for a young boy from a very small farm town (1000 population), riding the train from Minnesota to Ohio, and a cab ride to the Joss.

Jerry Kelly and Leon Duesman remember they were the first freshmen to show up on the first day of school, but they were not the first ones to show up for the year. Unfortunately, Elmer Litke, the other boy from my home town, and I, had arrived a day early, a day too soon, according to the "Greeter" who scolded us.

We two boys spent the night quite alone at the Joss.

The next day more than eighty of you arrived from big cities, small towns, and farms.

I have to admit that I was one of the boys who wet the bed, and I guarantee it was not intentional or enjoyable. I do not recall being harassed by boys in our class, but I did get harassed by Quintaners. The Quintaners and I never got along too good, probably because my mother taught me, even though I was small, that I didn't need to take crap from anybody.

After graduation from Father Pierz Memorial High School in 1957, I worked in a State Hospital office for over 4 years. I attended the University of Minnesota (1961 to 1965), and became a high-school business teacher. After teaching 31 years, I retired in 1996.

Even though I left after Sexta, I did actually make it a point

of honor to return to the Joss for the ordination of our class in 1965, coincidentally the same year I graduated from the University of Minnesota.

Even now, I have fond memories of my short time at the Joss. I can still visualize myself walking down through the woods to the Olentangy, avoiding the poison ivy that two of our unlucky classmates wrestled in one day for fun. It was always a peaceful walk when we felt a bit stressed, more peaceful than the food fights in the dining hall. I remember the pond, Lake George, at the start of the woods by the laundry, where we dredged muck and laid rock along the bank. I remember rushing to congregate around the pear tree by the library during morning break from study hall.

In summary, I must give credit to my mother and father for how they raised our family, and helped me discern my vocation. I even wrote a song about them, simply called “Mom & Dad.” They were strict in discipline, but we always knew that they loved us. They raised eight children, born between the rough years bracketing the First World War and the Depression from 1918 and 1939. I am the youngest of the eight. Six of us still live, ranging in age from 74 to 95. Two died in their eighties. All eight stayed active in the Catholic Church. None spent time in prison. None had a divorce. Seven of the eight have celebrated fifty years of marriage. If I live another six years, I will have been married fifty years to two wives, the first one dying from cancer.

My first wife, Sandy Weber, was a nurse from 1962 to 1970. She died of cancer in 1978 at the age of 39, and I raised our two adopted sons alone for nine years.

My second wife, Francie, and I have been married over 25 years. I am now stepfather to four more daughters and a son, grandfather to nine, and great-grandfather to seven.

After retirement from teaching, I worked temporary, part-time jobs for 12 years and played senior softball during the summer. Francie and I have been spending about three winter months in Arizona for the last 11 years. There I play softball, and sing and play guitar at jam sessions around the area. Back in the Twin Cities, I sing and play guitar at five senior places once a month or more. At the Red Cross, I donate platelets for leukemia patients, (Apheresis).

I have a life-time goal to reach 50 gallons and I am at 45 now.

If I am still doing as well as I feel, I plan to attend our class reunion.



THE TEMPEST

By William Shakespeare

Directed By Rev. Clarence M. DeRuntz

Assistant Director John Fritscher



Dramatis Personae

Alonso, King of Naples
 Sebastian, his brother
 Prospero, the right Duke of Milan
 Antonio, his brother
 Mario, son to Prospero
 Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples
 Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor
 Adrian, A Lord
 Francisco, A Lord
 Caliban, a savage and deformed slave
 Trinculo, a jester
 Stephano, a drunken butler
 Master of the ship
 Boatswain
 Mariners

Robert Leib
Othmar Morman
Frank Fortkamp
George Hoenig
Joseph Salinas
Jerome Weber
Richard Kramer
Thomas Centowski
Walter Phelan
Martin Walsh
Roy Cox
James Picchiarini
Gerald Kelly
Kenneth Kehres

J. Gerhard Marshall, Thomas Seibt
Frederick Duschl, John Macek
David Fellhauer

Ariel, an airy spirit
 Various creatures of the island
 attending on Prospero

James Van Oss, Vincent Thoma
 John Bresch, John McMahon
 John Dighton

Credits

Staging
 Lighting and Sound
 Costume and Design

T. Seibt, J. Macek, F. Duschl
R. Dodd, P. Roerig, J. Taylor, C. Booms
C. Burleigh, R. Hartle, R. Leib

Our classmates do Shakespeare!

PULSE
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF US ALL

OUR COLLEGE CLASS OF 1961
CHARACTERIZED IN OUR CLASS MAGAZINE

In 1960, when we were seniors, our college class of 1961 decided we should have a college paper because the newly merged four-year college department, separate from the high school and major seminary departments, was seeking its identity in a school formerly divided into minor and major seminary departments. We felt we wanted something livelier and more social than the fusty *Ad Rem* and *Docete Omnes*. When the class chose me as editor, I was grateful, and suggested we make our paper a quarterly and title it *Pulse*. What a consternation we caused by outing our new-found voices in the emerging freedom of the early 1960s!

After our class meeting, I went to tell our college disciplinarian, Alfie Camp, what the class wanted. I entered his office and told him the good news of our little literary effort and mentioned I had been named editor. I will never forget my shock! I thought Alfie's head would explode. He jumped up apoplectic from his chair, raised his arm in the air, and pounded his fist down on his desk as hard as he could, screaming: "I am the editor of your magazine! You will publish nothing without my approval."

I calmed him down by agreeing, as we always had to, that he, of course, was in charge. Funny thing is, seven years later when I was an associate professor in the Department of English at Western Michigan University, guess who ran the Newman Center on campus? Alfie and I went out to supper which I enjoyed because he acted very sheepish, knowing I knew his history before he came to Kalamazoo where he seemed a *tabula rasa* in search of his own new post-Joss identity. I figured the best thing was to leave him to his new post, and soon enough he moved on out of the Newman

Center.

Pulse is a little time-capsule treasure trove of people and incidents that might otherwise be forgotten. In some ways, it is a little autobiography of us all.



***PULSE* #1**

The first issue of *Pulse*, the Halloween Issue, October 31, 1960, Volume 1, No. 1., 14 pages, featured a cover drawing by Phil Cardenzana. The masthead read: Editor, John J. Fritscher; Associate Editor, Roy L. Cox; Art Director, Philip Cardenzana; with Staff: Roger Radloff, Consultant; Othmar Morman, Lithographer, who always went beyond the call to print and collate *Pulse* on the PCJ's prehistoric litho machine; Gerald Kelly and Joseph Maggio, Assistant Editors; with Edward Bunchek, Law Suits [parody]; Richard Kramer, Copy Manager; and John Bresch, Kevin Axe, and Mark White, Reporters.

The tone of *Pulse* was half *Mad* magazine satire and half college-life reportage on the lives we were living in our brand new quarters. My first editorial began: "Trick or treat, the *Pulse* you now feel is yours. Here is your first issue of College *Mad*, a bouillon potpourri of college life. It is frankly an experiment, an expedition into the

recesses of the student scene: the serious, the absurd, the off-beat, and the up-beat....The title *Pulse* is an exclamatory reaction to the general acrotism of the college students." We were trying to pick up Father Mathews's efforts to wake us all up and get us involved in social justice ministry. We were buoyed by hopes of JFK's election in the days soon after this issue was published. The editorial ended inviting participation by all. "We stand on the edge of a New Frontier. Give us your voice, your hand."

The contents of *Pulse* #1: Editorial; "Meliza," a short story by David Fellhauer; "Madrigal," a poem in homage of Edgar Allen Poe by Roger Radloff; "Roll Up Your Sleeves, Please," a satirical essay about us students being driven into Worthington to donate blood, by Kevin Axe; a note of thanks by Wayne Ruchgy who was our typist; an op-ed essay, "Participation," by Robert Pearson counseling seminarians resistant to the Dialogue Mass; my review of our upcoming monthly movie, *Five Fingers*, plus a "take" on the home-made Christmas cards some sems made, with my last page, the humorous gossip column, "The Wag," for which anyone in college could suggest anything about our fellow students, quoting their doing or saying funny things, or, worse, roasting them with satire, as in: "Bob Lynch built a Nixon Shrine in his room, but our democratic disciplinarian said, 'Nix on Nixon!' and "Msgr. Hofer said to Second Philosophy: 'Right now you boys look very old to the sextaners. Me? I don't look old. I look buried!'" Others of our classmates with jovial mention in "The Wag" were Dave Siensen, "Emo" Picchiarini, Sam Pezzillo, and Charlie Mueller.

The best reporting in *Pulse* #1 was by Ray Spatti in his feature article, "The College Votes," which tallied up his poll of October 11 that revealed how many of us 109 collegians were Republican or Democrat, how many followed our parents' political affiliations, and how we all felt about voting, or not voting, for a Catholic president. Ray's poll, with its variety of questions, gives us today a very accurate and dramatic picture of the way we were politically as seminarians about to become young priests. Would the editor of *Pulse* spoil your curiosity by saying anymore about Ray's findings than: "Dig in your PCJ archive box and check out the *Pulse* issues you saved."



PULSE #2

Pulse, the Christmas issue, December 5, 1960, Volume 1, No. 2, 14 pages, featured a cover drawing by art director Phil Cardenzana, with the staff listed in *Pulse* #1 repeated with the addition of Charles Mueller, Drama Critic.

The contents of *Pulse* #2: Fritscher editorial encouraging students to take up social action; "Rice Paddy Daddy," a comic feature about the pretzel-like rigors of yoga by Roger Radloff; a wonderful essay about Slovak Christmas titled, "Christmas: Old World Style," by Edward Bunchek; a short essay about discord within the membership of the Mission Unit and how donations were made; a suggestion box requesting that philosophy students might leave their rooms in the evening to read philosophy in the lounge room while soft music played; "Our Bones Are Scattered by the Side of Hell," a short story for Christmas about a heroic, but doomed, WWII American soldier stopping to help a lone woman give birth as the Nazis close in, by Jack Fritscher; a poem, "Passacaglia," by Steven Lautermilch; a satirical essay about the French Revolution, "The Taking of the Bastille: What They Didn't Tell Us," by Dick Kramer; a review of the upcoming monthly film, *Washington Story* by

Charlie Mueller; and, the feature, "The Wag," named in personal homage to the name of the high school magazine which my mother had edited in the 1930s. Our classmates mentioned in "The Wag" were Rodney Galles, Reggie Coco, and George Hoenig.



PULSE #3

Pulse, the Spring Capers issue, April 1, 1961, Volume 1, No. 3, 14 pages, featured a drawing of a priest dancing like "Zorba the Greek" by Phil Cardenzana, with the staff as listed in *Pulse* #1 repeated with the addition of Edward Bunchek, Subscriptions.

The contents of *Pulse* #3: Fritscher editorial, "Life in a Split-Level Tomb," calling for a balance of the active life and the contemplative life among students; "The Crass Menagerie," a short story, a parable, by David Fellhauer; "I Die Laughing: Grave Humor," a comic feature about humorous epitaphs on gravestones by Bob Lynch; "Once Upon a Sunday," an op-ed essay about a Joss study club debating the use of modern media to reach non-Catholics during the population explosion, by Steven Lautermilch; "Film on the Water," an essay about the making of JFK's biographical movie *P.T. 109*, by Roger Radloff; "Tom Dooley: Second Thoughts," a poem about the heroic fallen doctor, by Jack Fritscher; *The Quiet Man*:

Coming Easter Sunday,” a review minus byline of our monthly movie; “Twitchings of an Organization Man,” an essay examining the utility of parish organizations as a help to the pastor, by John Dahmus; “A Cox and Bull Story: Medicine Man in Teensville,” an essay about the new discipline of medicine and counseling focusing on teens, by Roy Cox; “Like Joss,” a poem about seminary life, by Jim Wall. “The Wag” happily mentioned Fred Duschl, Frank Kehres, Sam Messina, Dave Siemsen, and, one you may not remember, our college mascot dog, Susie the Beagle, known for howling during our chant classes.



PULSE #4

PULSE: THE GRADUATION YEARBOOK ISSUE FOR THE COLLEGE CLASS OF 1961, May 31, 1961, Volume 1, No. 4, 36 pages, featured a drawing of a fiddler by Phil Cardenzana, with staff listed as John Fritscher, editor; Roy Cox, assistant editor; Richard Kramer, copy editor; also listed on the masthead were the following contributors: David Fellhauer, Steven Lautermilch, John Bresch, Kevin Axe, Robert Lynch, Richard Kramer, Sam Pezzillo, Joe Mam-mola, Gerald Kelly, Carl Poirot, Fred Duschl, Jerry Weber.

The contents of *Pulse #4*: Fritscher editorial reminisced almost

sentimentally about many incidents we experienced together, and Alfie Camp accepted my invitation to write his own reminiscence of all us collegians, "Looking Forward, Looking Backward"; the crowning piece of writing in this issue was by Gerald Kelly discussing Martin Buber's *I and Thou* in his lengthy essay, "The Spirit of Existentialism"; "The Green Field," a deft short story about pool and pool hustlers by S. J. Pezzillo; "The CSMC Confessions," a nostalgic essay about our lives in and out of Mission Meetings by Fred Duschl who named names; "The River," a poignant coming-of-age short story by Joe Mammola; and a short comic essay by athletic director Carl Poirot summarizing why we were all so "sporting."

Also in *Pulse* 4, wanting to be inclusive, we gave the freshmen, sophomores, and juniors an opportunity to write about their own class experience: "Freshmen: What's New at the Zoo," an essay about the hazards of being a freshman by Steven Lautermilch; "Things Could Be Verse," a satirical poem about lowly sophomores penned by Kevin Axe and Robert Lynch; and "The Junior Renaissance," an essay analyzing the challenges of the junior year, including receiving and absorbing new students incoming from around the country, by John Bresch and Dick Kramer.

Pulse #4 was the issue that was the most autobiographical of us all. For instance, the humor piece, "Heirs with an Air," listed what each of us graduating seniors was bequeathing to specific members of the college junior class. E.G.: "Leon Duesman: I would like to will a Colt .45, brass knuckles, and a dozen concussion grenades to Steve Phelan to facilitate the collection of book bills." "Jim Picchiarini: To Emilio Abeyta I leave my baseball scatter arm in the first-floor garbage chute."

In addition, because I wanted to make *Pulse* #4 a yearbook like the one you chose me to edit when we were seniors graduating high-school in 1957, I wrote a valedictory titled "A Short History of the Class of 1961," which was an introduction to a hundred-word summary for each of the twenty-five members of our class, all of whom participated to some degree to write the satirical, yet biographical, thumbnails after the fashion of the TV show, *This Is Your Life*, with some gentle ribbing.

Here are a few samples.

“Carl Poirot. One of college’s best athletes...Athletic Director. Next year’s top printer, a dyed-in-the-wool Texan from the desolate Panhandle....drinks, smokes, and plays the horses, and yet he is no Puritan....not quite degenerate, however, he is possessed of some excellent moral qualities. He combines a practical turn of mind and a penchant for psychology with the result (or in spite of which) he is often eminently sensible...Rather quick to spot something phony...a ‘leader.’”

“Othmar Morman. Choir 4, Lithograph 4, Farm Crew 3 and 4, MC 3 and 4. Well-noted as a calm hard worker, Ot has managed to remain his affable self despite the wearying life of a farm-crew enthusiast. His skill on the basketball court kept the class’s head above water (and mediocrity) in the sports world. Always willing to help, he is often left with many responsible tasks that even Gerhard [Marshall] couldn’t do. A definite stereo enthusiast, he’s Putnam County’s famous (and only) contribution to the Class of ‘61.”

“David Siensen. Besides Joseph Priestly, Northumberland, PA’s other claim to fame is David Peter....unofficially known as the class ‘fireball’ because of his untiring enthusiasm for anything he undertakes: whether it be acting (*Not for Keeps*, ’57), working on his garden in the woods, or singing second tenor in the choir. D. P. has also become an avid classical music fan especially enjoying his growing collection of Vivaldi...often caught painting.”

“Raymond Spatti. Approaches St. Thomas’s stature....digs philosophy...usually laughing in class, except when he’s tangled in one of his ad infinitum scrolls...‘good friend’ of Bishop Connare of Greensburg. [Larry Brandt later became Bishop of Greensburg.]...Clyde Ankle’s favorite fan...incessant traveler into town...plays a wild game of tennis, often seen with an atomizer... ‘Beat ’em Bucs’ fan...head of the local Mafia, *eh cumpari?*...hates Joss spaghetti...will try anything once...gave his seminar on Marcel in one breath....”

And in a squib written by others: “John Fritscher. This young knave about campus has been involved in muchly...co-author of Glee Club Show 1959: *Continental Caper* – (The other partner [Larry Brandt] won a trip to Europe)...money wringer at ‘Ho Toy Lo’ [the laundry business I started to wash, iron, and starch surplices

that could stand on their own at 35-cents each, hiring undergraduate labor to whom I sold the business after two years]...Choir 3, 4...one of an excessively long line of ex-store managers... *Josephinum Review* staff editor...stage crew 4...likes stereo soundtracks, Rouault, horrible puns, and has a secret ambition to write and live in Greenwich Village...often seen hatching new insanities for public consumption...has a Puritan conscience, but the will of a Nietzsche; would dive off the Tower into a wet hankie for a laugh."

The last two pages of *Pulse* were a directory of all the names of all the college students, seniors to freshmen, with everyone's home address and phone number so we could all keep in touch over vacations.

