



50 Year Club Newsletter

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Class of 61 Welcome Back for Your 50th

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Welcome back for this very special time. The planning committee composed of John Egan McAteer, Bettyann Vensel Stewart, Pat Ryan Casey and Dick Hanlon has worked hard to encourage all of you to be here and plan a memorable weekend. Festivities begin at 5 PM today with a short meeting of the 50 Year Club followed by each member of the class of 1961 receiving their **50 Year Club diploma**. This will be followed by the Presidents Reception and dinner.

After dinner the class will conduct a program that we hope will bring tears of laughter to your eyes. The stage will be transformed into classrooms that portray the life and times of the class of 61 and some of their professors. John Egan has been secretive about which professors' classrooms will be portrayed but possibilities include Professor



Bruno Hartung (Economics) and Father Kennedy (History), the famous "checking your watch caper." **One of the most memorable classroom experiences will be with Professor Paul Orr (He will be there to play the role.)** The time will be Freshman year



and Dr. Orr will be passing out blue books with some of his infamous grades C -++-. He will finally make us aware of the true meaning of his grading system. (At least that is what he says he will do.) I am betting that he gives us an explanation that may be just as understandable as C-++- This should prove to be the highlight of the evening.



First (Annual) 50 Year Club Lecture Saturday 10 to 11:30 am. Erickson Alumni Center

This interactive discussion will begin with Craig Ruby and Dr. Mark Drnach from Department of Physical therapy presenting "What's new about educational programs at WJU." Father Jim Fleming will follow with "Jesuit values at WJU- are they still here?" Bring all your questions and comments. Open to all alumni and friends of the University.

50 Year Club

The 50 Year Club was created last year by the class of 60. There will be a brief meeting for all members of the club (**Classes of 59, 60, 61**)

to approve the by-laws and elect the first club leaders. The club is an adjunct organization of the Alumni Council. **See the 50 Year Club page (p 14) for a more extensive description of the club, it's proposed activities, by-laws and nominees for initial leadership.** All members of the class of 1961 will become members of the club today (June 24.) WJU President Rick Beyer, who will become an honorary club member, and Alumni Council president Dick Riley will distribute the diplomas.



This is a picture from 2010 reunion. Phyllis Faber Kelley and Al Reed class of 60 provide an overview of the 50 Year Club.

Message from President Beyer to the Class of 61

Welcome home members of the Class of 61 and happy 50th anniversary! My wife, Cindy, and I are so happy that you have returned to campus for your 50th reunion. We anticipate an enjoyable weekend filled with opportunities to reminisce about your memories from our college's early years. We hope that you will find some time this weekend to share some of your memories with us – we look forward to hearing about what Wheeling Jesuit was like in those early years and celebrating your accomplishments.

Alumni Weekend 2011 is a chance for you to reconnect with your classmates and meet with those of us who now work at your beloved institution. While the physical appearance of the campus and the educational programs have grown since you were students, the care shown to our students has not changed. Our commitment to help each student develop critical thinking skills with a strong desire to serve society remain the same. In particular, this weekend, I look forward to presenting you with a diploma in conjunction with your induction into the 50 Year Club.

This is an exciting time for you and Wheeling Jesuit University. We hope you enjoy your 50th reunion and your time back home at Wheeling Jesuit.

Best wishes and happy anniversary!

Richard A. Beyer President, Wheeling Jesuit University



1961 Class leaders left to right: Mike Santer, Alice Ann Cronney, Eleanor Powers, Jim Kern, Dan Haller (standing), Leo Flanagan, Jane Staub Friday, John Egan McAteer, Denny Keogh



*Freshman Initiation
1957*



Doug Aigner, Jim Gillespie, Jack Spittal, and Joe Ganim



Jane Staub Friday and Pat Ryan Casey



April 13, 14, 15

1961

GAMBOL

THE CHORUS

First Row (l. to r.): Janet Imburgia,'63—Hugh Loder,'61, Anna Marie Williams,'61—Tony Kemper,'63, Barbara Yaeger,'61—Dave Mol-umby,'63, Aimee Noonan,'63—Frank Plavan,'62, Deedee Powers,'61—Bob Smith,'61.

Second Row (l. to r.): Roann Burris,'63—Dick Fitzgerald,'63, Jane Straub,'61—Denny Weitzel,'62, Virg Fragale,'61—Mike Santer,'61, Jeannie Santer,'63—Jeff Stokes,'61, Colleen Ryan,'61—Dave Sherry,'61

Third Row (l. to r.): Diane DiPiero,'63—Pete May,'61, Andrea DiPiero,'62—Tom Santer,'62, Jan Progner,'62—Kevin Kerrane,'62, Peg McLaughlin,'62—Mark Geary,'62, Ruth Schrei,'63—Doug Aigner,'61

ENTER JIM FRIDAY,'61 AND MARY OWEN SULLIVAN,'61, Master and Mistress of Ceremonies.

A COCKEYED OPTIMIST

Brenda McDougall

HARMONY

Paul Connelly,'63 and Bernie Eichenlaub

CEREAL

Deann Aigner,'64, Don Benson,'61, Paul Diss,'61 Malone,'62, Maureen McNamee,'64, Bruce Seaman,'61, Janet Setle

SUNDAY

HUNGARIAN DANCE
saro,'63, Rosemary Vincentin,'62, Tom Basil,'62, Bill Griesbauer,'62, Jim Wells,'62

ST. LOUIS BLUES

Caroline G

HOW TO HANDLE A WOMAN

Paul D

THE TROLLEY SONG

THE DANCERS, 1961

Maureen McCarthy,'64, Margie Sebold,'62, Margie Skelly,'62 Sullivan,'62, Tom Benek,'64, Bernie Boyle,'64, John DiBa Dunn,'64, Dave Silk,'64, Jim Smith,'64

RIGOLETTO

The Tropisms (Doug Aigner,'61, Sam Dan Haller,'61, Leon Hegner,'61, Frank Matyja,'61, John Jack Noullet,'64, Jack Spittal,'61, Jim Wells,'61)

THE OTHER GENERATION

Frankie Pa

INSIDE CAESAR (written by Jerry Goebel,'59)
Eble,'61, Joe Ganim,'61, Roy Heusel,'61, Mary Kelley,'64, Sam Selario,'61, Dan

KEEP-A-HOPPIN'

The Chorus

STARS AND STRIPES

Ellen Erdelsky,'63, and Harry Bennett,'64, Mason Botts,'64, Ed Brisley,'63, Bernie Brunner,'64, Jim Fenwick,'63, Dave Ginder,'64, Dave Haddad,'64, Mack Hill,'64, Bill Jones,'63, Elbert Kuhns,'64, Bill Leonard,'64, Jim Madl,'63, Jeff McGeary,'64, Ray Moxley,'64, Tim O'Hanlon,'64, Jim Passon,'64, Joe Polka,'64, Chuck Roedersheimer,'64, Dan Roos,'63, Bill Scales,'63

CAN'T HELP LOVIN' THAT MAN

Pat Cipoletti,'61

MAN PIABA

Joe George,'63, Mason Botts,'64

LONG AND SHORT

Paul Drewitz,'63 and Bill Callagher,'61

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT

The Chorus

SANDPAPER BALLET

Bernie Eichenlaub,'63, Judy Houlihan,'63,

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD

Eddie Henderson,'64

THE ETERNALS

Russ Ackermann,'64, Mason Botts,'64, Bernie Brunner,'64, Eddie Henderson,'64

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

Pat Cipoletti,'61 and Paul Drewitz,'63

HEY LOOK ME OVER

The Chorus

BLUE TANGO

The Dancers, 1961

HORN SOLO

Russ Ackermann,'64

JUST YOU WAIT, HENRY HIGGINS

Beth Paulus,'63

BYE-BYE BLACKBIRD

The Chorus

RUMBA

Juliette Ghaphery,'62 and Tom Basil,'62

BLITZKRIEG

Jim Kern,'61 (The Announcer), Leon Hegner,'61 (The Sounds), Bruce Seaman,'61 (The Actions)

CAROLINA

The Chorus

WHEELING COLLEGE ALMA MATER

Tutti

MANAGERS

Sam Carcione,'61 (Chief), Martin Lively,'62 (Asst.)



Tributes from the Class of 61

Father Lewis by Dan Haller

Late in my senior high school year, I became interested in Wheeling College. Since

both my uncle and my dad had attended Georgetown, I wanted to go to a Jesuit college. I was especially attracted to Wheeling because it offered an engineering major and had a co-op engineering program with the University of Detroit. In addition, my cousin, Fr. Joe Haller, would be teaching accounting at Wheeling. It sounded ideal and was only 50 miles from my home in Pittsburgh.



Fr. Lewis

So, one fine Saturday, my mother, aunt and I set out for Wheeling. The campus, to say the least, was underwhelming, but we soon found ourselves just inside the main entrance of Swint Hall. There didn't appear to be anyone around when in the front door came a man dressed in old trousers, a heavy buffalo plaid shirt and muddy boots. With a quick warm smile and an apology for not exactly looking like a Jesuit, he introduced himself as Fr. Cliff Lewis. He explained that he had been searching the



grounds for Indian arrowheads and other artifacts.

My mother and aunt were immensely charmed by the man. So was I, and thus began a friendship that

years later culminated in a phone call inquiring if I was interested in antiques. Indeed I was, as I had once told him. Well, he explained, he was planning to leave Wheeling for the missions and he had this nice antique bedside table his great grandfather and great uncle had made around the time of the Civil War. Would I want it? Indeed I would. It sits in our bedroom today. With it came pictures of the ancestors who had made it.

I thought of that table and my first encounter with the wonderful man who gave it to me as Sam Selario and I sat in St Michael's Church for the funeral mass of Fr. Lewis in March of 1983. The beautiful eulogy delivered by Fr. Joe Hacala described a dedicated priest whose ready smile and gentle manner captivated virtually everyone he encountered.

Father Gannon by Sam Selario

Here are some memories of Wheeling College and Fr. Ed Gannon. The last time I saw

Fr. Ed Gannon was on June 27, 1985. Tom Carrigan asked me if I could meet Father Gannon at the Pittsburgh International Airport and drive him to Wheeling College for a class reunion. Naturally, I welcomed the opportunity. By coincidence, on the same day I took my two older daughters to the airport to leave on a trip to Europe. It was because of Father Gannon that I was able to go to Europe in 1958, the summer after my freshman year at Wheeling. He was pleased that I was now sending my daughters to Europe.



Fr. Gannon

When I arrived on campus in the fall of 1957 from Clarksburg, West Virginia I had not traveled extensively -- not even in West Virginia. Fr. Gannon decided that I would go to Europe the following summer with him and other Wheeling College students. He made what would normally be a sightseeing trip a rich cultural experience. His knowledge of places, history and art was remarkable. Although an intellectual he could relate to others from different backgrounds as equals. My father left school after the eleventh grade, yet he and Father Gannon developed a close friendship. They had lively discussions and often disagreed but their relationship was one of mutual respect. I continued my correspondence with Fr. Gannon until shortly before his death in 1986. I hope to see all my classmates at the reunion to relive our great times in Wheeling.



Europe trip-Summer 1960 Front row-L to R B. Byrne, C. Cannon, C. Voight, B. Vensel, V. Fragale, J. Baldwin Middle row-J. DiFazio, T. Naugles, H. Loder, D. Terrese, ??, G. Perico, Fr. Gannon Back row-D. Bickler, N. Koehler, P. Noon, J. Mitchell, D. Weitzel, P. Jordan

Tributes from the Class of 61

Father Kennedy by Leo Flanagan

Unlike most Jesuits, Father Kennedy was quiet, soft spoken, at times appearing almost diffident, at other times reserved, abrupt even stern. He was not an “open book” to students, like Fathers Gannon, Laut and Hanzely. In himself he was a deep subject, deeply committed to a higher standard of student scholarship (not style or spirituality) than some faculty, yet most willing to help anyone who seriously wished to learn. Despite milk bottle thick glasses and a heavy cloud of cigar smoke hanging in his office, he could distinguish the performing student from the coasting “gentleman’s C” guy in a matter of seconds.



Fr. Kennedy

In one of his reformation history classes he decided not to assign a textbook, to the irritation of administrators who would see no bookstore profit, and to the consternation of students who had always relied on such thin information “crutches”. Rather Fr. Kennedy contended that there were more than enough books with various views on the subject in the library, more than the most dedicated student could read in years. And Fr. Kennedy would drop everything to advise a motivated student about choices for a reading list, or a direction in research. He was looking for his students to read, to read voraciously, to discover there were sometimes few facts, many opinions, some distortions, assorted contradictions, and more than a few mysteries. The search for truth was arduous and sometimes ended only in doubt. The student who read widely, for example, about the Anglican Archbishop Cranmer, who analyzed, synthesized, who perhaps discovered redeeming characteristics in Cranmer not ordinarily found in Roman Catholic accounts, and never found in standardized textbooks, would earn an A+, not for unorthodox conclusions but for dogged, disciplined, sustained research.

Reformation history course ended as it had begun, in a dispute with the administration. Father Kennedy informed the class that, based on class participation and several assigned papers, he knew what the students had learned, what grades they had earned, and that there would be no final examination. Result?

Students who knew in their hearts that they had earned a low or failing grade went howling to the administration believing that if they could cram for an exam, they might have one last chance to raise a dismal grade. They never realized that the dismal grade was inevitable because they had never done a full semester’s real work. The administration quickly ordered Fr. Kennedy to give a “final”. He in turn informed the class that he had been so

ordered, that he had taken a vow of obedience, that he would comply, and that the examination would likely require students to write an essay on the significance of Henry VIII, or Martin Luther, or John Calvin on modern religious life. Two weeks later on examination day, Fr. Kennedy distributed blue books and wrote on the blackboard: “Discuss the significance of Henry VIII, or Martin Luther, or John Calvin on modern religious life”. Then he left the room until the end of exam time, because there was no way to cheat. Those floundering in ignorance and exhaustion after a sleepless night’s cram could not copy from those with knowledge carefully gathered over a semester. As was frequently the case, the last laugh was his, for beneath the reserve was a very wry sense of humor.

Invariably Joseph Kennedy looked for evidence of sustained student research, of personal independent critical inquiry, of a sincere devotion to the intellectual life—in other words, to the Jesuit ideal. The student without respect for that ideal could expect a poor grade, or worse, as one history major discovered late in his junior year. In the middle of a course on Twentieth Century History, in an examination blue book, the student repeatedly spelled the name of the Russian leader Lenin as Lennon, knowing only of Lawrence Welk’s singing Lennon sisters. That mistake had been made in previous papers, remained uncorrected, and Fr. Kennedy raised the offending student’s blue book to the heavens and cast it down, declaring that not only had the student failed the examination, but that he should consider himself expelled from his major in the history department.

The decision stood. Some other students thought it hilarious, some thought it harsh, but those who understood Fr. Kennedy’s concern for learning knew that he would forever be embarrassed if he graduated a history major from his department who would not learn to spell the name Lenin.

A few of Fr. Kennedy’s better students



Joseph Kennedy was a finer teacher than serious students could ever have expected, he was the bewilderment of those who thought college education was a rote memory regurgitation of class notes, and he was the thorough dismay of those who thought he could be fooled with a fraction of the minimum work and a few “snow jobs”.

Tributes from the Class of 61

Father McGroarty by Leo Flanagan

Psychologists today tell us that some young men do not reach maturity until their mid-twenties, if then. More than 50 years earlier, Father William McGroarty must have reached the same conclusion in his dealings with some of the practical jokers in the Wheeling College Class of 1961! As Dean of Students he was ever on his toes, shouldering heavy round-the-clock responsibility for encouraging constructive student conduct, and for containing considerable occurrences of misconduct. Frequently he found himself literally running to avert a physical, mental or moral mishap associated with an ill-judged student prank. Such is the fate of every dean of students.



Fr. McGroarty

From the earliest freshman days of wiring bed springs to electric outlets (thereby only blowing out the lights in Whelan Hall) to the last days of heaving some 100 pounds of cold water on a distinguished sleeping senior (thereby only requiring a 3 day dry out of his room), challenges with a capital C lay before the Dean. A typical example of what students found humorous occurred in early 1958 as six residents from Swint Hall approached Whelan with bags of snowballs and the malicious intent of surprising the Whelan gang off-guard and unarmed in their rooms. But the Whelan crew had been tipped of by a "double agent" girl friend, and had assembled a snowball seven feet in diameter on the third story balcony railing of Whelan. As the Swint Six approached the front door directly below, the stupendous snowball was dropped. All six were instantly flattened on the sidewalk at equal angles from one another, appearing from above like the six points of the Jewish Star of David. God assisted Father Mac that day, because the Swint men struggled to their feet in a minute, dazed, but with no broken bones.

Incidents of this kind continued year after year, with no indication of an improvement in male judgment. One dormitory custodian who neglected to clean lounges (to the annoyance of students) because his time was spent reading "girlie" magazines in the cellar, found himself awash in a new kind of trash as four gallons of liquefied garbage was fired four stories down a trash chute at him. Then there was the righteous student who gave his classmates a deserved but unwelcome lecture one night about maturity and as they charged, barricaded himself in his room. As his door was being set afire from top to bottom, the Dean intervened. Rapid Jesuit intervention avoided disaster for many students, although on occasion the Jesuits found themselves the unintended victims of collegiate fun. Father Muldowney exited his room one

(McGroarty continued) night to investigate noises in the hall and stepped into a fight with pink chiffon pies stolen from the cafeteria. He also stepped into a student with pie about to fly, and his black cassock was almost half decorated in pink. Never had the like been seen, or would ever be seen again.

Father McGroarty's response to misconduct was of two kinds. When circumstantial evidence pointed to likely evil doers, but there were no witnesses, Father would post a stern memo in the dormitory and Swint bulletin boards, informing one and all that he expected that delinquency never to be repeated. But when a specific charge was brought against a malefactor, with witnesses, and undeniable evidence, the Dean with the jaw "set" of a man seconds from losing all patience, confronted the student or students with swift justice, and a sentence involving reparation, and "campusing." When students trashed John and Della McFadden's "watering hole", and the McFadden's named names, delinquents with hangovers were hauled out of bed the next morning by Father Mac and escorted to the tavern to make repairs. They then served their four week "campusing".

In the 1959 Christmas season an example of the no-witnesses mystery type delinquency occurred when one morning a fifteen foot blue spruce Christmas tree, in tree stand, was discovered in the middle of a heretofore starkly bare McHugh Hall lobby. Campus rumors said it was a "midnight purchase" from a local park, transported through the sun-roof of a red VW beetle, the entire thing having been seen barreling down Washington Avenue, a giant Christmas tree in a round red stand moving at 50 miles per hour.



Each of the four who had staged this caper was certain that Fr. Mac had ferreted out their identities, but with no credible witnesses, and some conflicting accounts, only a written "to whom it may concern" warning from the Dean appeared on bulletin boards.

Of course none of these, threats to the peace and security of campus life, was ever repeated. The originality and singularity of each prank was part of what the pranksters savored. But given the danger to health and happiness of some pranks, we were grateful, in retrospect, to refrain from repetition of some offenses, and to be grateful that more serious harm was averted because the Dean stood ever vigilant to protect our lives and limbs, to save us from one another. We certainly would agree with what editor John DiFazio wrote in the Manifest two years later, "Father Mac was one of those men "who win the affection of many, and the respect of all".

Tributes from the Class 61

Denny Keogh by Jim Friday

After 50 years most of my heroes of notoriety have been tarnished by time and the truth. Could it be time to look closer at our own circle of friends and acquaintances for those that might qualify as "Hero"? A 1961 classmate of ours, Denny Keogh certainly qualifies as a hero to me and on reflection I hope may join your list of "hero worthy" special people. .



Denny Keogh

Denny began and ended his Wheeling College career as a political science major. He also was a very effective mentor to scores of us in varying unrelated subjects like Ethics, Theology and History. He lived off campus with his brother and grandparents on National Road (on the way to Tom's Tavern) and held study sessions on his front porch for those in need. There were plenty of us in need. Dennis' father was with the State Department and spent most of his career in Iran and South America. Because Denny spent his early years with his parents overseas, his aspirations were to follow in their footsteps.

Denny was a straight-up guy; friendly to all, bright, serious, and honest to a fault. He was to become a class officer and Student Council President. During our sophomore year we were approached by the USMC recruiters to join their officer candidate PLC program after graduation. It involved two six week summer boot camp programs between our sophomore and junior years. It was in these sessions that we (Pete May, Denny and I) separately came face to face with reality. It was earth shattering, trauma and pain, yet rewarding to each of us going forward.

After graduation, with our shiny new bars, Pete and I went to the west coast and Denny stayed east training recruits. We communicated rarely yet anxiously followed any news that could be sought out about each other. We were all part of the U.S. forces that turned back the Russian ships in the Cuban missile crisis standoff. As coincidence would have it, we had discussed leaving school to assist Fidel Castro in his quest to unseat Batista in 1958. Dr. van Eekeren, insisted that Fidel was a communist even in those early years.

Times and careers were molded. Families were started and cultivated. Denny, who had joined the state department, was on assignment in Africa and we lost touch for a few years. When he returned to Washington Jane and I committed to get together with Denny, his wife Sue and children, Miles, Molly and Kate. We met on Super Bowl Sunday 1984 at their home in Falls Church, VA. On April 15, 1984 Dennis was on a special mission by the State Department to head a U.S. mission monitoring the disengagement of armed forces along the Namibian-Angolan border

(Keogh continued) in Africa. It was to be a short term mission of less than 30 days. He was killed by an explosion at a fueling station. All sides to the issue claimed innocence as to reason and responsibility for the occurrence. Most believe that it was done by those not interested in the success of their peace making mission.

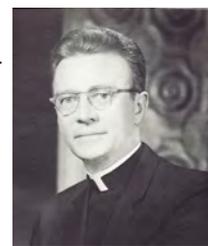
Denny, along with his military aide Lt. Col. Kenneth Crabtree who also was killed in the same attack, was returned to the U.S. via Andrews Air Force Base on April 18th. Jane and I along with John Egan McAteer attended the very sobering military experience with comments directed by Lawrence Eagleburger, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs. Later that same day Dennis was buried with military honors including a horse drawn caisson and an 18 gun salute at Arlington National Cemetery. George Shultz, Secretary of State and Chester Crocker, then Assistant Secretary of Africa attended and contributed to the ceremony. It was solemn and moving.

"Denny Keogh's life was one of service and love", according to Chester Crocker in Denny's eulogy. "He was a profoundly religious man who knew that we ennoble ourselves by a life of work to resolve the conflicts that are so much a part of world politics. Dennis was a patriot, the best we breed in this country."

Denny was all of that and "a friend." He was dedicated to his family and country. He was a man of courage and principle. He is rightfully a hero to all who knew him. His life still shines brightly.

Father Troy Modified from his message 1961 class yearbook

"Everyone speaks of the advantages of a college education. If college has succeeded with you, your point of view has been radically changed. Your horizons have been broadened and you realize how much you do not know. You have glimpsed intimations of the possibilities that lie within you and this awareness will reproach you unless you deafen your ears to it."



Fr. Troy

"The disadvantages of education come down to this: your eyes have been opened and you no longer can plead blindness. This is a burden to him who prefers shadow to substance and isolation to involvement. You, I would hope, will draw stimulus from the more formidable challenge and use what you have learned to live lives on a more profound level than those who have not had your advantages."

Stories from the Class of 61

St. Patrick's Day Caper by Dan Haller

I have been asked to relate something about the infamous St.

Patrick's Day hijinks for which some of our classmates were responsible during our junior and senior years. I was initially hesitant, not knowing the statute of limitations for the offenses involved and whether Fr. McGroarty would be returning for our reunion with power to mete out punishment.

As the winter of 1959-60 dragged on, some of the fellows began to look for an appropriate way to celebrate St. Patrick's Day which was fast approaching. How to make a splash? The better and more devious minds among us bent to the task. One of the group suggested that the sudden mysterious appearance of strategically placed orange flags at dawn of the 17th might stir some life into an otherwise moribund campus.

At the time, there was a large construction crane parked along the side of Sara Tracy Hall. In addition, there was a three story green tile architectural flourish running up near the center of the building which Tom Carrigan once derisively referred to as "Truman Gothic." (Never mind that it was built in the Eisenhower administration.) Both the crane and the green tile section were selected as ideal places to hang orange flags.

As I recall, it may have been X Rank who climbed out on the boom of the crane to hang the first orange flag. Other culprits found a ladder and gained access to the roof of Sara Tracey and hung the second flag over the green tile section. A few other flags were placed at several less prominent spots on campus.

As the campus awoke, the desired effect was manifest. Some were amused; others not so amused. But there was certainly a buzz and plenty of conversation about the sudden appearance of the orange. One of those not amused was Mike Coughlin '60. His Irish up at the sight of the crane flag a bit later in the day, he climbed up and removed it after fortifying himself with his favorite beverage.

With the approach of St. Patrick's Day in our senior year, plans were laid for a reprise. However, it was not to be undertaken without some legitimate concern that others might be on the alert this time and ready to thwart a repeat performance. And so it proved to be. As several of the culprits set out across campus late on the night of the 16th, members of the Class of '62 were ostensibly having a group study session in the McHugh lounge.



Dan Haller

Having hoisted an orange flag up the pole in front of Mt de Chantal, the fellows headed for Sara Tracy.



Meanwhile deep into his studies, a member of the Class of '62 just happened to look out and across campus. Lo, what did he see but some prowlers, probably peeping toms skulking about the women's dorm. Allegedly quite concerned at the threat to the women's privacy, these stalwarts phoned Fr. McGroarty to express their grave concern and give the alert. (Never mind that one of their number kept a powerful telescope in his campus side room allegedly for skyward observation of the heavenly bodies about which he and some classmates recently had become quite interested.)

It wasn't long before Fr. McGroarty was driving out of Whelan and toward Sara Tracy. And it was not too much later that he was joined by a police cruiser that came racing up the campus drive. Not taken completely by surprise, a lookout having been posted in Swint Hall, our fellows beat a hasty retreat over the hill to Wheeling Creek which they followed around at lightning speed to the rear of McHugh where they dashed up the stairs and jumped into their beds. It was just in time to beat Fr McGroarty's room check. If memory serves correctly, only a few of the more serious members of the class were up and pouring over their studies.

Of course, the usual wee hours debates were going on in Sam Selario's room with a few of the regulars that would have included Leon Hegner and Bruce Seaman, among others. Sam, who was not given to any sort of physical activity then or now, would have immediately been excluded from any list of possible suspects. Had Father checked more closely, he might have discovered one or two of the culprits fully dressed under their covers.

So far as I can recall over the mists of time, Father never called anyone onto the carpet over this incident. But perhaps in his wisdom, he chose not to make an issue of it, recognizing the caper for what it was - another in a long list of relatively harmless college pranks. For those were, as yet, innocent times and some years before the "troubles" erupted in Ireland to make tragic headlines once again.



Fr. Muldowney

The St Patrick's Day hijinks on the Wheeling College campus in those years were not in any respect a political statement. They were simply a youthful way of blowing off steam and tweaking the college Irish establishment.



Fr. McGreevy

(McGroarty, McGreevy, Muldowney, Gannon, O'Brien (Robert), Kennedy, Curran and others among our beloved Jesuits) of which – truth to tell –we ourselves were very much a part. (also see page 10)

Stories from members of the Class of 61

Shiela Gallagher Mozer

Let's think back 54+ years. With high school days at St. John Central in Bellaire, Ohio ending, it was time to pick a college. Since my dear friend, Marlene Sauritch, was attending Wheeling College (WC) and a visit there seemed quite inviting, that decision was made. WC was a short distance from home and money could be saved, so being a commuter [day hop] was also decided. Since I was interested in writing, WC had a major called "Writing and Speaking" [which in today's catalogues would, no doubt, be listed as "Communications"], so that too was an easy decision. And WC accepted me, --- even welcomed me.



Shiela G. Mozer

Since many high school classmates (Anna Marie Williams, Pat Roy, Sandy Poloski, Judy Zeek, the Jims (Runkel and Lamont), Dave Sherry, Bill Lyden, Wayne Piccin, and Lou Hart had also selected WC, there was comfort in many familiar faces on campus. Freshman year began by meeting other Frosh from nearby: (Mary Carol, Virg, Bettyann and Betty Jo, the Barbaras, [Yeager and Lauer], Sylvia, Joan, Rosalie, Margaret, and those great guys from the area, Paul, Roy, Gribben, Sam, and, of course, Denny – although maybe he was really from out of the area, Iran) plus the gals from far away: (like the Pats [Ryan and Cipoletti], Coleen, Dee Dee, Tonianne, Jane, Dottie, and the many Marys).

What an impressive array of Jesuits and Professors were there to mold this incoming freshman class! Did the Baltimore Province send in their best and brightest to launch this radical new concept, --- a co-ed Jesuit college, or were we just lucky? How can you begin to salute or thank Fathers Troy, Lewis, Gannon, Kennedy, Muldowney, Laut, Kerns, Grau, Kernan and their peers? That first year included: orientations, the wearing of dinks, attending charm school for the women [Was it assumed the guys didn't need such coaching?], shopping in the book store [What's a blue book?], playing bridge in the cafeteria, stuffing students into the phone booth in the Swint Lobby, hiding slacks under trench coats since women weren't permitted to wear trousers on campus, kicking high in the Gambol Chorus to "Carolina in the Morning," --- oh, yes, and attending classes. Dr. DiPietro managed to teach a group of Liberal Arts "Mathophobes" an understanding, and even an appreciation, of the required Math 101 and 102.

Then there was Fr. Hanzley's Biology class. [Since he was so shy, we waited with great expectation to see how he would cover the last chapter on Human Reproduction. At the final class, he said with a blush, "It is an important chapter and you really should read it on our own."

Suddenly it was sophomore year and my Writing and

(Mozer continued) Speaking major disappeared. It had been replaced by a new major, Dramatic Writing Arts (DWA), since WC managed to snag a Broadway playwright, Dr. Natalie White, to take over the department. Oh, well, writing is writing is writing, --- right? Many new branches of learning sprouted that year as Fr. Gannon introduced Art History [with much panache as he entered the classroom with his cape swirling].

Ah, then there were the Civics and Government classes. Dr. Wilhelmus van Eekeren, a Freedom Fighter in the Dutch underground in WWII, opened new horizons with his Political Science class and club. He launched the club with a tour of Washington, D. C. that year. Students in that club later went on to host a speech and reception for Hubert Humphrey. But our hearts belonged to JFK! We learned grass roots campaigning as we volunteered for the Kennedy campaign against Humphrey. That victory in the West Virginia Primary opened the door for JFK's victory in November of 1960. Once again Dr. van Eekeren arranged for the WC Political Science Club to travel to D.C. --- this time to attend the Presidential Inauguration. Radios were announcing that because of a snowstorm, all roads to D.C. were closed. We were young and determined to go, so we went! Yes, it was snowing but that didn't stop us. Yes, we were freezing in the unheated summer cottages at Haines Point. But yes, we were there, as a group, standing in the snow to hear John F. Kennedy say those famous words, "My fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country." I think those words advocating public and social service made a life changing impact on many in our group: Denny Keogh, John Egan McAteer, Virg Fragale, Bettyann Vensel, Bob Gribben, Paul Diss, Dan Haller [by proxy], and even me, in a much smaller way. Dr. van Eekeren's leadership was an inspiration. He attracted many of our classmates to Poli Sci as a major and a lifetime pursuit. There were so many other memories, like the Purdah, a "women's only" lounge in Donahue; Miss Barry's Karman Ghia; WC's first Christmas parade float; cheerleading for the Cardinals; writing and directing plays; and all my wonderful classmates.

As senior year neared completion, a major worry loomed ahead. It wasn't finding a job, selecting a graduate school, or even entering the Marines. It was taking the required Philosophy Oral Exam before an Inquisition panel of four. It meant thinking on your feet, responding to any question they might ask. It just doesn't get any scarier than that. Whew! Somehow, it all worked out and graduation could take place. Life could go on. We would become Wheeling College Alumni, --- never once thinking that 50 years later we might return to campus to rejoice in the time we had together and remember those who are no longer with us, except in spirit and inspiration.

Stories from members of the Class of 61

Jane Staub Friday

PICTURE THIS!!

A high school girl flying from Washington D.C. to visit Wheeling College, Mary Cicoria meeting her, visiting with Father Troy and deciding that this would be her choice because Fr. Sellinger at Georgetown University said that "they were sending the cream of the crop to Wheeling to get their accreditation quickly!"



Jane Staub Friday

Josephine Savaro keeping Della Strada in line: curfew at 10 pm on school nights and 11 pm on weekends.

Anne Barry riding herd as Dean of Women

Father McGroarty in amazement at the adjustments (doors and shower curtains) necessary for women's bathrooms in Sara Tracy.

Della Strada, Avila and Avilita – pajama parties and giggles

Avila – what great roommates! - Dee Dee, the night owl, and Dottie eating the entire apple except for the stem

Nicky on the loose – our excuse to ask a young man to walk us down the hill at night

Whelan – so this is how the Jesuits live! – a sink in the room and a chapel right down stairs – and yes we all knew the Latin responses for Mass

Sara Tracey – finally a real dorm, and even a lounge to receive guests and a laundry room on each floor

With no gym or fields – playing softball on the front lawn of Swint and tug of war challenges on the lower mud pits.

Cafeteria – two choices PERIOD – no salad bar and no sandwich bar

Coats and ties for the men until 5 pm and skirts for the women

Exiting Father Gannon's Epistemology class exclaiming "MY GOD, I THOUGHT!!!"

The Last Blast picnics at Oglebay

The Gambols – and John Egan with his bass – his "best girl"

"Sea of Dreams" senior prom with Bobby Vinton – and we had to pay extra to guarantee HIS presence

Graduation and the commissioning of our three marines – Pete, Denny and Jim

Joe Ganim

There are so many memories of Wheeling College it is difficult to single out one incident above the others. I can honestly say that my years at WC were among the happiest of my life. It didn't take long to discover that both the students and faculty would be my new family. As with many close families, the members sometimes pull pranks on one another. Two of the best were when we set the clocks ahead on Don Benson and the newspaper filled Bob Smith dorm room.



Joe Ganim

However, the most ill-conceived prank of all was when we lifted Fr. Troy's VW during the night and placed it in front of the opening doors of Swint Hall. When dawn's early light broke, we waited for reaction to our brazen deed. Unfortunately, not everyone thought it was funny including Fr. Troy.

When the "culprits" were discovered, we were marched into Fr. Troy's office and given a very unusual punishment. We were de-campused which meant that other than going to class, our meals in the cafeteria, and bedtime, we had to be off-campus. Needless to say it was Father Troy who had the last laugh.

Pat Ryan Casey helping Doug Aigner with his hair and ear rings



Stories from members of the Class of 61

Bill Neal

Wheeling College, as it was known to us then, was pivotal in our transition from adolescence to adulthood. For the first time we were exposed to Jesuit intellectualism and philosophy which expanded exponentially the boundaries of our experience. Its newness as a small WV college, the desire by the Jesuit community to uphold the highest standards of academic pursuit, and the exuberance and talent of the student body made it a unique place.



Bill Neal

I left during my third year for another Jesuit institution, Xavier University, for purely personal reasons. Though not technically an alumnus of WJU, it is my alma mater. My classmates have been so generous and compliant in this view, for which I am most grateful. The University and some of my classmates have called to be sure I was aware of the 50th reunion of our class of '61 this summer. There are few events that would top that invitation, but bicycling in Italy with two grandsons is one of them.

As a new student right out of Catholic high school in Huntington, I became immersed in the whole experience of college life. The challenge of the classroom was in some ways paramount, but perhaps not enough for me at the time. Heaven forbid that I miss a water battle in the dorm, or a snowball fight between dorms, or a late night discussion with Fr. Gannon about the existence of God. In retrospect, I did not get down to serious study until around midnight after all the business students went to bed. By then I was too tired!

After taking the rest of the year off from college to work in a hospital lab I entered Xavier with a new outlook. I would seriously study in the library from 6-9 pm each evening and then go out and goof off, as I realized that to enjoy that part of my nature was just me. But if I wanted to go to medical school I knew I had to concentrate on study before frivolity, and that performance was the measure of success or failure. I learned it from Fr. O'Malley, English professor freshman year. He gave me a 'C' on a composition that I worked many hours to prepare. When I pointed out how hard I had worked, he replied simply "God rewards effort, we don't."

I have never forgotten that lesson or the numerous others, the specifics of which fade from memory. In the course of my education I have been a student or post-graduate trainee at five academic institutions. Wheeling College was transformative above all others. I extend to my classmates the happiest of 50th anniversary celebrations, and I thank you for keeping me in your fold.

Doug Aigner

Like so many others in those early days, my parents brought me to what was then Wheeling College. As we entered, we were stopped by a priest in front of Whelan Hall. He welcomed me by name and spoke to each of my parents by name. None of us had ever met him but that first impression was simply remarkable and lasting. Fr. Gannon became a lifelong personal friend and one of a handful of people in my life who had a major influence on my future.



Doug Aigner

There are many stories about him and the others who founded WJU but that first introduction left a lasting impression on both me and my parents. I later became paired with Mike Santer, a pairing I learned was orchestrated by Fr. Gannon. Mike was my room mate for the remainder of those four years and was later the best man in my wedding. Mike also became a lifelong friend and was another of those who helped shape my future.

The third person was Bob Smith whom I knew from our high school years. Our friendship grew throughout our years at WJU. Bob and I married sisters and he is still today my dearest friend. How many people enjoy three lifelong friendships, all of them having grown out of those four years at Wheeling Jesuit University

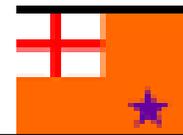
Additional information about St. Patrick's Day Capers by Jack Spittal

Here are a couple ideas/events you may want to add to Dan's article. (see page 7) The group which went to the Mount tied an orange flag to the rope on the flag pole and one shimmied up the pole and tied the rope high enough to keep anyone from reaching it. At dawn the next morning, however, the nuns had their maintenance man out there with a tall ladder taking down our flag and hoisting the flag of Ireland.

Some of us worked in the cafeteria and had access to the cooler where the milk cans were stored. We put food coloring in the milk and turned the total supply orange. We always had a sit down dinner on St. Patrick's Day and when the milk was being served everyone got quite a surprise.



However, with the cafeteria manager's name being Orin McCafferty, it didn't take long for the orange milk to become chocolate milk. We had that for all meals after that until all the cans were empty.



Stories from members of the Class of 61

John Yasinsky

As the first in my family to attend college, I had no way of planning or knowing what to expect. Upon arrival I registered to major in electrical engineering. However, I was told that this would require me transferring, after 2 years, to Detroit University, and since I was playing basketball I would want to stay on campus 4 years. It was suggested that I should study physics, and I was told "physics is the same thing". This is how I became a physics major, with no understanding of what this involved, or where it would lead me.



John Yasinsky

What I did not appreciate at the time was the strength and quality of the unique blend of education I would receive. In addition to the strong liberal arts curriculum supplemented by the philosophy and theology requirements, I was to receive a state-of-the-art and truly unique education in advanced math and theoretical physics that enabled me, in later years, to excel against graduate school classmates from much larger and more prestigious undergraduate programs, as I earned my masters in physics and Ph.D. in nuclear science. This was made possible by 22 to 24 credit hours per semester, and a young, independent minded, non-traditional physics professor, Bill Fette.

Lasting memories...Physics lectures outside under the sun, or in the backroom at McFadden's Tavern...Test questions like, "explain why a cat tossed off a roof always lands feet first", or "via molecular physics explain why the sky is blue", or "explain the conditions under which classical mechanics breaks down and quantum mechanics is required to explain our universe". And perhaps my most vivid memory (I almost didn't graduate!)...Fr. McGroarty greeting Ed Sharp and me at 7 am graduation day, as Bill Fette drove his car through the mud of newly planted grass to the front door of our dorm, after a dinner-to-dawn experience that included a 4 am visit to the gambling club (complete with gun toting guards) in the back room of Big Bill Lias' bar and restaurant. What an education!!! I could have never appreciated where it would lead...Thank you WC/WJU.

Jack Spittal

During my sophomore year I became ill and remained home between Thanksgiving and Christmas. I missed several classes, tests, term papers, etc., and the semester final exams would happen shortly. I had a big decision to make, drop out, and reapply for next year, or take the exams and maybe flunk out (meant my days at WC would be over.) The first alternative would've been just as bad because I no longer would've been in the Class of '61. I decided to make up the missed work and take the finals

(Spittal Continued) Some of my Whalen Hall classmates (Dan Haller, Jim Kerns, Jeff Stokes, John Egan McAteer, and others) helped me prepare for the finals. They had me study only what they thought would be on the exams. They were right. I passed and was able to stay with my class.



Jack Spittal

Unfortunately, in March of my Sophomore year I developed Ulcerative Colitis, and the year ended. Determined to remain with my class, I took classes at West Virginia State College during the summer and was admitted back into my Junior year with my class. I continued to take extra courses until the second semester of my senior year. I caught up and graduated with my Class of '61.

All of this and my other experiences at WC prepared me to go out into the world, make important decisions, and have a wonderful 35 year civilian career with the US Army.

One of my best memories at WC was "The Don Benson Capers" Don had his life pretty well organized. He did things like eat, sleep, study, etc., at the same time each day. Those of us who lived with him on the 3rd floor of McHugh were very aware of his set ways and, having devious minds, decided to have some fun to liven up our section of the dorm. Don went to bed at a certain time each night and set his alarm to get up the same time each morning. He would wake up and go to the restroom, brush his teeth, shower, get dressed, go to the cafeteria, eat breakfast and onto his first class.

After Don went to bed we changed all the clocks. Those of us who got up at 6 am prepared to act as if we were getting up at our usual time. When Don's alarm went off it was really 1 am. When Don got up those who normally were up at that time were busy going through their normal routines. Don went to the restroom, and then back to his room to get dressed. He went down stairs, out the door and headed up to the cafeteria walking along in the dark with some of his dorm mates.

When Don arrived at the cafeteria, he was asked if he knew what time it was. The picture with Don Benson looking at his watch along with Mike Santer, Bill Neal, and Dan Haller depicts a well planned and executed operation by the men of McHugh!



Wheeling Jesuit University

WJU 50 Year Club Clothing Selection By CAROLINA PRINTWORKS



4.5 oz premium combed cotton T shirt styled separately for men and women. Available colors are Cardinal Red, Honey Gold, and Pink. Embroidery will be gold on red, red on gold, and tonal pink on pink. \$12.25 each.

All shirts are priced for sizes S-XL. For sizes above XL add \$1.50 for each size up.



Class year can be added to the logo for \$5.00. On shirts it will appear below the logo.

All orders will be charged Shipping & Handling fee.



Premium golf shirt, 100% performance polyester with moisture wicking. Styled for men and women and available in gold, charcoal gray and white. Red is not available in this shirt. These shirts are made of the same fabric found in Nike and other premium brand golf shirts. \$29.50. All shirts are priced for sizes S-XL. For sizes above XL add \$1.50 for each size up.



Khaki low profile soft style golf hat with embroidered 50 Year Club logo in Cardinal Red. \$14.50

Also optional class year can be added on the back of the hat for additional \$5.00

ALL ORDERS MUST BE PLACED BY JUNE 14TH
FOR SHIPMENT TO YOU BEFORE ALUMNI WEEKEND
TO ORDER CALL CAROLINA PRINTWORKS
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10% of all proceeds will be donated to WJU 50 Year Club

50 Year Club

The club is an adjunct organization of the Alumni Council. It's functions include honoring the 50 year graduates, conducting an annual lecture during the 50 year reunion, creating the senior ambassador group, assisting 50 year classes with planning their reunion and encouraging development of a class gift from each graduating class.

Proposed By-laws

Active Membership: (1) All graduates of Wheeling Jesuit University upon the 50th anniversary of the graduation of his or her class. (2) All former members of the class who have attended at least one semester. Charter Membership: indicating the original or founding members shall be open to all members of Classes of 1959 and 1960 who are qualified for Active membership. Honorary Membership: shall be extended to the President of Wheeling Jesuit University and to any other friend of the university. Posthumous Membership: shall be open to those who were otherwise eligible for active membership but are deceased prior to the 50th anniversary of the class.

Annual meeting will be conducted at the time of the 50 year reunion.

Elected leadership of the 50 year club There will be four officers and two members at large of the club elected by majority vote of the 50 year club at their annual meeting. Officers and members at large will have a term of two years. The officers of the club are President, 1st and 2nd Vice Presidents, and Secretary.

By-Law changes

Recommended by the executive committee and approved by the members at the annual meeting

An Executive committee consisting of all four officers, members at large, the immediate past president, the alumni director and a representative of the alumni council will serve as the governing body of the organization. The president of the organization will serve as chair of the committee. The executive committee shall meet periodically by conference call or in person if needed. These meetings will be called by the Chair. The committee will meet in person at least one time a year at the time of the 50th reunion.

Committees

Committees and task forces can be appointed by the President and or Executive committee as needed.

Nominees for officers and members at large

President Edward Shahady, 1st Vice President Al Reed

2nd Vice President Dan Haller, Secretary Carolyn Cannon

Members at Large Don Mercer, Leo Flanagan

Senior Ambassadors

Senior Ambassadors are part of the WJU 50 Year Club. Inaugural nominees will be graduates from the classes of 1959 through 1968 who have distinguished themselves through one or more of the following: volunteer community service, humanitarian efforts, academic accomplishments and a successful career. Being a WJU Senior Ambassador is both an honor and a responsibility. Ambassadors are asked to commit their time, dedication and expertise to the school that helped lay the foundation for their successful career. This commitment will include one or more of the following: Recruit potential students to WJU, Aid current students with career advice, Cultivate interest in WJU and its projects, Encourage fellow alumni and others to support WJU fund raising activities. The first Senior Ambassadors group met today (June 24, 2011) for lunch to discuss their future activities. The 50 Year Club executive committee and members of the University faculty and administration will serve as the coordinating body for the Senior Ambassadors.