

LOYOLA

Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam



ACADEMY

A Jesuit College Preparatory School

SCRIBE II CLASS OF '58

... a curated collection of hearsay, news and sometimes opinions in our own private space.



From SCRIBE II . . .

Trusted names in fake news report that Autumn *SCRIBE II* has arrived once again. If they are to be believed, unnamed sources say Summer has passed all too soon. Songwriters have long been smitten with the month of September, having written several hundred songs about it. I'm sure other months feel slighted by all the attention that's been paid to the ninth month in the Julian and Gregorian calendars. Poor February! Perhaps only one composer wrote about the second month because its name just isn't lyrical. It doesn't flow. Do you pronounce the first and second "r"? Can you imagine Sinatra singing, "Moonlight in February"? Sammy Cahn would have gone insane trying to work with that lyric.

The Roman name September, as Amos & Andy would say, comes from the "ooold" Latin -- septem, meaning "seven". Originally, it was the seventh of ten months on the first Roman calendar. The first month, more old Latin, was Martius, "March". The Roman calendar was reformed around 153 BC by adding January and February to the beginning, so September became the ninth of twelve months, but hung on to its name seven. Up until that point, it had 29-days, but reformers added one to make it the third month with 30-days. Apparently, Rome's Senate and Assembly had an easier time passing legislation than our current Congress in DC. If today's Republicans and Democrats were faced with the same decision, our method of determining seasons would be all screwed up. Harvest in

July. Planting in January. All this Latin is making my brain hurt, just like the old days listening to Mr. Mackowski, S.J.

Charlemagne had a touch of creativity on his calendar when naming his equivalent of September. He called it "Harvest". Now that made good sense! With him, it was all about the food.

Just finished my income tax filing in time to beat my October 15th extension. A tax is a fine for doing well. A fine is a tax for doing wrong.

I had better move on. It will be Winter before I finish Scribing.

Travel Plans . . .

Just to keep you all in the loop, here are my travel plans for Fall. In my lifetime, I've have been in many places, but I've never been in cahoots. Apparently you cannot go there alone. You have to be in cahoots with someone. So if anyone is interested, perhaps you would join me so we could travel as a group and save money by doing so. Wives are welcome.

I've also never been in cognito. I've heard no one knows you are there. I would like to go to conclusions, but you have to jump to get there, and I'm not too good at physical activity anymore.

I have, however, been in sane. They don't have an airport; you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there in the past, thanks to my children, friends and work. I have also been in doubt. That is a sad place to go, and I try not to visit there too often. I've been in flexible, but only when it was very important to stand firm.

One of my favorite places to be is in suspense! It really gets the adrenalin flowing and pumps up the old heart! At my age I need all the stimulus I can get! I may have been in continent, but I don't remember. It's an age thing. They tell me it is very wet and damp there. Sometimes I'm in capable, and I go there more often as I get older.

Will call my travel agent seeking group rates for us. Will let you know.

Everyone is entitled to be stupid, but some of us abuse the privilege.

Name Dropping . . .

Ray & Lorna Mitchell, San Francisco residents **Ray Hehman & his bride, Sande & Mike Bolan '59**, and **Bonny & Bill San Hamel** joined **Diane & Chips Feeley** for the **Hank Feeley Show** on Saturday, June 3rd, at **Leslie Hindman Auctioneers** in Chicago.

(**Bill Weinsheimer** couldn't attend due to **Roberta's** back surgery around the same time. Hopefully, she had a quick recovery.) As always, Chips' display of his colorful work was wonderful to see. And plentiful -- he is prolific. The reason being, as he says, "That's what I do." He is great! I wanted to buy '**Hat Trick**', a painting he did in 2014 or 2015, but I was slow to pull the trigger. As I recall, my wife had her hand over the mechanism. Someone else bought it . . . Ray Mitchell told us a funny story. His wife volunteers at the **Habitat for Humanity** resale store in Vero Beach, FL, their winter spot. Chips and Diane are snow birds there also. Lorna works in their art department setting prices on the donated items. She called Ray at home to say that she had a painting by "Feeley", but it didn't look like anything they had seen of his before. She was wondering if it could possibly have been done by Chips. Ray proposed she just buy it since they could always re-donate it if it weren't his. She didn't feel comfortable with pricing it herself since she thought it might be a valuable piece if it was actually a Feeley. Ray suggested she take a picture of it and they could ask Chips about it. He sent the photo to Chips and he verified it as an original early work that he had forgotten about. The next time Lorna was at the Habitat store, she saw the painting was still there and had been valued by some other volunteer at a bargain price. Ray won't reveal the price to spare Chips any pain, but they now have an original early work hanging in the living room of their Vero Beach home. It's a beautifully executed



"Hat Trick" by Hank Feeley

"Feeley", but it didn't look like anything they had seen of his before. She was wondering if it could possibly have been done by Chips. Ray proposed she just buy it since they could always re-donate it if it weren't his. She didn't feel comfortable with pricing it herself since she thought it might be a valuable piece if it was actually a Feeley. Ray suggested she take a picture of it and they could ask Chips about it. He sent the photo to Chips and he verified it as an original early work that he had forgotten about. The next time Lorna was at the Habitat store, she saw the painting was still there and had been valued by some other volunteer at a bargain price. Ray won't reveal the price to spare Chips any pain, but they now have an original early work hanging in the living room of their Vero Beach home. It's a beautifully executed

Florida scene of palms and water. . . In response to that story, Chips told us about an artist whom he casually studied, maybe it was **Robert Barnes**, I'm not sure, whose paintings have sold for as much as \$50,000. He saw one of his own at a garage sale, or some such place, for a \$100. When Chips asked his artist friend if he bought it, his immediate response was "Of course!" . . . On June 14th, the Mitchells and Chips went to the **Pritzker Military Museum & Library** where they toured my "**FACES OF WAR**" Exhibit. I conducted the walk around. We enjoyed lunch afterwards at **Pizano's** downtown location . . . Last note on the Mitchells -- they downsized and moved into a unit at **Sandburg Village** . . . A rare sighting was reported in Cleveland this summer at John Carroll University. **Dick Martin** was seen in attendance at the Class of '62's 55th reunion. President of **Kollins Communications** in Ramsey, NJ, he is more creative than ever. His company provides all-in-one solutions for retail marketing — video messaging with custom interactive media players displaying HD and UHD video that also offer capture of viewer metadata.



Dick Martin

Associated and complementing disciplines include video, video production, event management, 3D graphics, interactive retail display development, and e-media. He lives and works in New Jersey (201-786-0400) and also has a home in London. rjmartin@kollins.com . . . Also attending the JCU event was **John**



John & Angela Crilly

Crilly and his lovely bride **Angela**. **Jerry Stanoch** was chauffeured to the event from Akron by his grandson John. Several LA '58 classmates were missing. **Larry Frederick** did not make it



due to post surgery rehab.

Jerry Stanoch & John

. . . **Gerry Cashion** writes that he, **Marc Savard, Dan Glynn, Sam McGlone** and **Chips** got together for lunch in lovely Venice, FL. Chips drove over from Vero Beach (3+ hours) and Danny drove up from Naples (90 minutes). He says they're real Troopers!! They had a great time as you might imagine. Lots of good stories. Gerry sends his regards to all . . . Son of #37, **Bill Paschen Jr.**, loves reading our SCRIBE II Newsletter. Thanks for the complement Bill . . . **John Demaret** says he enjoys the news from SCRIBE II. He was in Chicago this summer and had lunch with **Frank Naphin, Pat Barry and John Kneafsey**. He wants to have lunch with any of us heading to Venice, FL. Does that mean he's buying? . . . SCRIBE II's rendition of the "Great Chicago Flood" brought these responses: **John Lesch** remembers going to the Sox game that day and coming back downtown and wondering where all the people had gone. It was not until later that he learned of the problem . . . **Tom Manion** remembers this "event" quite well. He writes, "Funny story about Richard M. Daley incinerating the 'viewers' of the young lady in the bikini. I like this kind of history since it's like I used to teach my students. I always felt that those "inside" stories held their attention quite well. My favorite was telling them about George Washington's three sets of false teeth. I would then show them the picture of George Washington that Gilbert Stuart painted. I'd then tell them that George wasn't smiling because his teeth always hurt him. I always hoped they would at least remember some of the history I taught them. Anyway, thanks for the historical background about Chicago's great flood. Very interesting indeed . . . From **Anton Iberle** -- Thanks Bill, I found this to be an awesome story from the inside of the situation . . . It is imperative that **Jim Dempsey** become SCRIBE III someday. His latest message speaks for itself: "**Hamel** (Editor's note: Jim always bisects my name because **Mike O'Shaughnessy** (R.I.P.) addressed me that way for four years.) Great rendition, that, let loose at length, and so entertainingly, about a significant if not generally well-known incident in Chicago's recent past. But c'mon, man, where's the typical Chicago ending ??? Y'know, like some of the detritus unearthed in the 12 tunnels didn't exactly come up like

elements of the 12 Days of Christmas: the bones of snitches who told the **Trib** that the **Park District** summer over-hires, every man jack of 'em, could be found stacking Zs behind the **Diversey Avenue Boathouse**; the diary of that sole Republican alderman who alleged that **Michael Bilandic** liked 14-year old Arab boys and that **Jane Byrne** was actually a nice person; **Harold Washington's** collection of **Victoria Secrets** black lace crotch-less panties, and most specially, the answer to **Mike Royko's** frequently quoted plaint of your average work-a-day Machinist---'Ubi est mea?' (Where's mine?)---well, why of course right here, gold ingots dropped down the chute by those guys from the **Academy** and **Georges** we all knew who did time for their finger-smithing upstairs at the **Merc**. This multiple-voting, liberal Chickagoski boy awaits, agog, at your even better Chapter Deux. 'Speak, for thy servant heareth,' (as **O'Malley** liked to say.)" (Editor's note: The world renown **Paulist Choir**, conducted by **Rev. Eugene F. O'Malley, O.S.P.** in the 50's, sang and rehearsed at **Old St. Mary's Church**, 9th & Wabash, Chicago. Jim and his identical twin **Jack (R.I.P.)** were boy sopranos in this famous choir along with **Mike Moran, John McBride '56, Quintin San Hamel '56, and Bill San Hamel**. In the interest of transparency, I must admit **Rev. Donald J. McGuire, S.J.** also was a **Paulist Chorister** years before us. Please don't draw any conclusions from his participation . . . **John Rappel** says thanks for a great Chicago story . . . **John Kottra** states, "Wonderful tale of hell-bent-for-leather engineers and politicians who saved the city. Your writing style is captivating. Your might think of sending this to American History Magazine after some condensing." . . . **Bill #37** writes -- Great stuff. Wonderful description of a classic disaster. I knew all of the Kenny's as their Dad and mine were long time friends. We did a lot of successful joint ventures with them. They are classy people. Thanks for the e-mail . . . **Jim Black** says, "Great story and well written. I like many others followed the story on a daily basis. A lot better reading this than the number of shootings." . . . **William D. San Hamel II '99**, Chairman of the School Counseling Department at LA, was working a mandatory parent orientation the other evening at the school when he spotted a gray haired gentleman on his cell phone standing in front of our '58

"rogues gallery" hanging in the hallway. He was overheard speaking to either **Marc Savard** or **Bill Savage** while searching for their photo. Not being able to find it, he was teasing the person on the other end of the phone for being an imposter and/or never having attended the Academy. Would the accused please contact me so we can clear this up? . . . **Ryne San Hamel '03** and his lady **Sara Jennetten** visited **Joe Glunz** at the **Glunz Family Winery** in Pasa Robles, CA this past August. Ryne suggests we all get out there and sample those great wines. And then buy a case or two! Joe emailed today they were spared from the fires. He says Napa and Sonoma, as we saw on the news here, were devastated. Many of his friends were involved in one way or another. Joe reports it has been a good year and "crush"



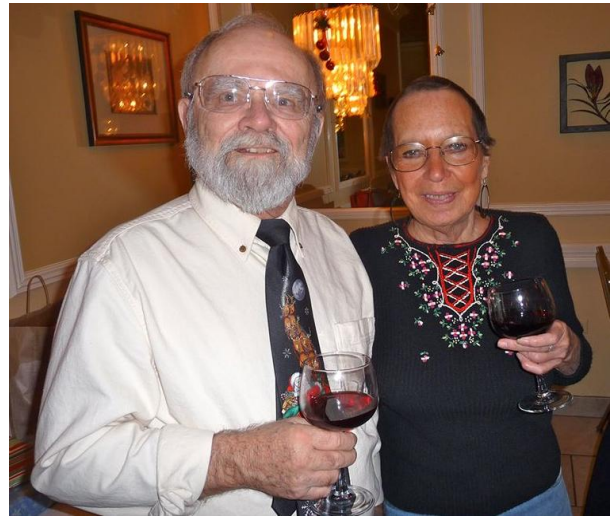
Ryne '03, Sara and Joe at the winery is almost over. For we novices, crush is an optional procedure whereby the grape is crushed slightly, freeing the juice contained in the pulp, just before barrelling for fermentation. I had a summer job doing that one year where we stomped on the grapes with our bare



Joe & Helen's anniversary While the rest of us view a constant barrage of emails, useless bits of information, advertising, and fake news (I didn't create that phrase) for hours and hours each day, Andy

feet. I got fired for sitting down on the job . . . And congratulations to **Helen and Joe** as they renewed their wedding vows in celebration of their anniversary . . . **Donald Trump** says he has the highest IQ of anyone. Well I've got someone smarter. **Andy Cavallari**! He refuses to use a computer. I mail him our newsletter.

and **Judy** are happy as larks doing something else. I don't know what that is. They need to call and tell us their secret passtime . . . Been in touch with **Bill Merrill** after a long hiatus. He is living in Oak Park. It appears we had an outdated email address, which has now been corrected, so he has not been receiving the SCRIBE II news. He told me his wife **Gloria** passed away in February 2016. May she rest in peace. If anyone wishes to renew their friendship with Bill, he is at billmerrill52@gmail.com and 708-227-3341.



Bill & Gloria (R.I.P.)

Last Chance To See "FACES OF WAR". . .

After more than two years of record breaking attendance at the **Pritzker Military Museum & Library**, 104 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, and hundreds of thousands of hits on their website pritzkermilitary.org, the **DASPO** exhibit of Vietnam combat photography will be closing mid-November 2017. "FACES OF WAR" is a raw, unfiltered look at the Vietnam War through a collection of images and motion pictures shot by the Department of the Army Special Photographic Office (DASPO) special ops photographers who served on its front lines. A strong rumor persists that the display will be touring US Army bases this coming Spring as part of the **Fifty-Year Commemoration of the Vietnam War**. If you would like to meet me there I'd be happy to be your tour guide.



Photo by SFC Alfred Batungbacal

On Marriage . . .

. . . A boy comes home from school and tells his father he has a part in the play. He asks, "What part is it?" The boy says, "I play the part of the husband." The father scowls and says, "Go back and tell the teacher you want a speaking part."

. . . Two guys are talking in the bar while sipping whiskey. The first says, "My wife treats me like I'm God." The second says, "So she worships, honors and obeys you?" "No!" he shouts. "She ignores me until she wants something."

. . . Why don't women put pictures of missing husbands on beer cans!



. . . Bert, at 85 years old, always wanted a pair of soft spike golf shoes like Freddie Couples, so, seeing some on sale after his round, he bought them. He was so delighted with his purchase, he decided to wear them home to show the missus. Walking proudly into the house, he sauntered into the kitchen and said to his wife, "Notice anything different about me?" Margaret at age 83 looked him over and replied, "Nope." Frustrated as all get out, Bert stormed off into the bathroom, undressed and walked back into the kitchen completely naked except for the new golf shoes. Again he asked Margaret, a little louder this time, "Notice anything different NOW?" Margaret looked up and said in her best deadpan response, "Bert, what's different? It's hanging down today, it was hanging down yesterday, and it'll be hanging down again tomorrow." Furious, Bert yells out, "AND DO YOU KNOW WHY IT'S HANGING DOWN, MARGARET?" "Nope. Not a clue", she replied. "IT'S HANGING DOWN, BECAUSE IT'S LOOKING AT MY NEW

GOLF SHOES! Without missing a beat old Margaret replies, "You shoulda bought a new hat."

. . . My wife and I went to the Royal Agricultural Show and one of the first exhibits we stopped at was the breeder bulls. We went up to the first pen and there was a sign attached that said, "THIS BULL MATED 50 TIMES LAST YEAR". My wife playfully nudged me in the ribs. She smiled and said, "He mated 50 times last year, that's almost once a week." We walked to the second pen which had a sign attached that said, "THIS BULL MATED 150 TIMES LAST YEAR". My wife gave me a healthy jab and said, "WOW, that's almost 3 times a week! You could learn a lot from him." We walked to the third pen and it had a sign attached that said "THIS BULL MATED 365 TIMES LAST YEAR". My wife was so excited that her elbow nearly broke my ribs, and said "That's once a day. You could REALLY learn something from this one." I looked at her and said, "Go over and ask him if it was with the same cow!"

Senior Stuff . . .

. . . I'm at the age where some people really annoy me. Today I was in a store that sells sunglasses, and *only* sunglasses. A young lady walks over to me and asks, "What brings you in today?" I looked at her, and said, "I'm interested in buying a refrigerator."

. . . When people see my cat's litter box in the house, they always say, "Oh, have you got a cat?" Just once I want to say, "No, it's for company!"

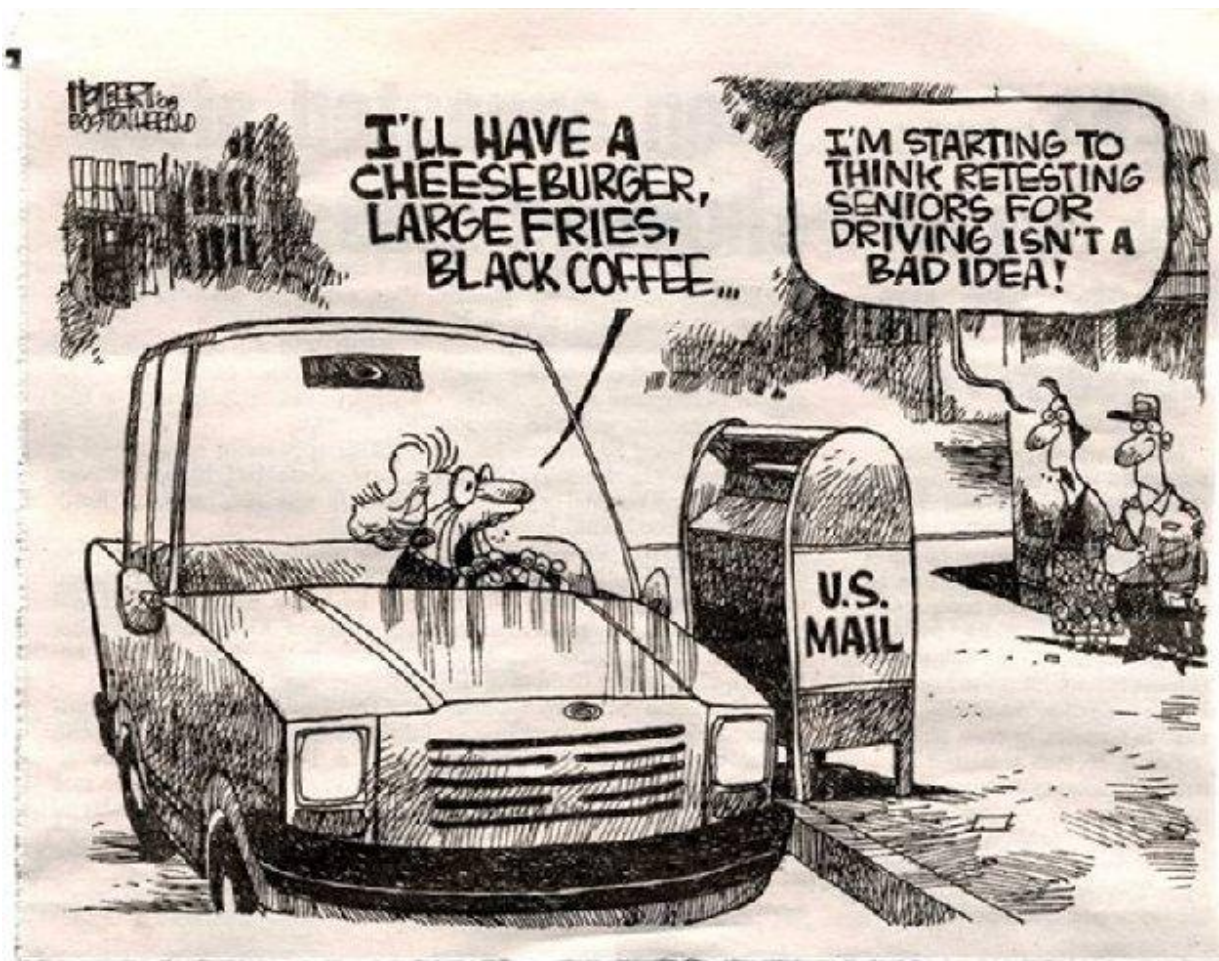
. . . When I made the leap from 39 to the next milestone, I noticed the Roman numerals for 40 are XL.

. . . People seem to read the Bible a whole lot more as they get older. Then it dawned on me they're cramming for finals.

. . . As for my case, I'm just hoping God grades on the curve.

. . . Have you ever been guilty of looking at others your own age and thinking surely I can't look that old! Well, you'll love this one. I was sitting in the waiting room for my first appointment with a new dentist. I noticed her DDS diploma, which bore her full name. Suddenly, I remembered an intelligent, curvaceous, fashionable, well-groomed, gorgeous, platinum blonde gal with the same name had been in my

freshman class at John Carroll University 55+ years ago. We hadn't gone co-ed yet, but somehow she became one of the prototypes. Could she be the same gal that I had a secret crush on way back then? Upon seeing her, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired woman with the deeply lined face was way too old to have been my classmate. After she examined my teeth, I asked her if she had attended John Carroll. "Yes. Yes, I did. I'm a Blue Streak," she gleamed with pride. When did you graduate I asked. "In 1962", she answered. "Why do you ask?" You were in my class, I exclaimed. She looked at me closely. Then, that ugly, old, balding, sagging, wrinkled, fat ass, gray-haired, decrepit, bitch of a broad asked me, "What did you teach?"



New Eye Exam for We Senior Guys . . .



DRINKING IN GALWAY . . .

"As good as this bar is," said the Scotsman, "I still prefer the pubs back home. In Glasgow, there's a wee place called McTavish's. The landlord goes out of his way for the locals. When you buy four

drinks, he'll buy the fifth."

"Well, Angus," said the Englishman, "At my local in London, the Red Lion, the barman will buy you your third drink after you buy the first two."

"Ahhh, dat's nothin'," said Paddy Thomas, the Irishman. "Back home in me favorite pub in Galway, the moment you set foot in the place, they'll they'll buy you a drink, then another, all the drinks you like, actually. Then, when you've had enough drinks, they'll take you upstairs and see dat you get laid, all on the house!"

The Englishman and Scotsman were suspicious of the claims. "Did this actually happen to you?"

"Not meself, personally, no," admitted the Irishman, "but it did happen to me sister quite a few times."

'58 IS FIRST CLASS

