

# ST. JOSEPH'S - ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Spring / Summer 2000 Newsletter

## RECORD NUMBERS AT ALUMNI DAY 2000

Over 250 Alumni, wives and friends turned out for the annual Alumni Day held at St. Patrick's Seminary. The chapel was filled to capacity for our celebrant, Rev. Art Harrison, R'50, who quipped " 'Pop' Rock told me that I was just wasting my parent's money in studying for priesthood". Fr. Fran Cilia, C'75, gave an excellent, well-crafted homily on community, and Sr. Sharon McMillan once again provided wonderful music and song for our liturgy.

Our profound gratitude goes to Fr. Jerry Coleman, President/Rector of St. Patrick's for hosting this event and to Brett Lowart, Development Director, for all of his work behind the scenes.

Vince Briare, R'48 and his fellow Serra Club members supplied their excellent bartending services, and the men from St. Pius played background music for the hosted social. (Hopefully next year we will move the 'social' to a new location and avoid the present cramped quarters.) Sumptuous catering was provided by Miraglia Catering of San Leandro and led this year by Jim Miraglia nephew of Mike Miraglia, R'65.

All beverages were donated by Mike and Melissa McNamara, R'61, Owners of Golden Anchor Liquors in the Embarcadero in San Francisco. We can only say "Thank You, Thank You, Thank You".

Our co-Chairs for the day were, James M. Purcell, R'60 and Denis L. Ducey, R. 65. Needless to say, it's a very difficult group to control; however, Jim and Denis were more than up to the task at hand. Jim relied on leadership skills that were cultivated at St. Agnes Grammar School, fine tuned at Saint Ignatius High, and honed to perfection at North American College in Rome; Denis, raised in the pristine beauty of Turlock, took a more subtle approach, commonly referred to in the annals of law as 'Blackmail', and produced the original CONDUCT grades of all who attended St. Joe's from 1960-1964-one will never know how this item came into his possession. Demonstrating the prudence of the CFO that he is, Denis did not mention any names—sim-

ply read the grade and reason for grade as described in the conduct book—until he came to Charlie Golden, R'65 and announced to the assembly that Charlie had received a 'C' in conduct for having a radio in the hobby room.

The Rhet Classes of 1950, 1960, 1965, and the College and High School Classes of 1975 were honored. There was a tremendous turn out, especially from the Rhet Classes of 1950, 1960 and 1965.

The annual raffle produced the following winners: 1. Gerry Dunn, R'64-the Maui Vacation plus \$1,000.00; 2. Joe Hester, R'53- Oakland A's Luxury Box plus \$200.00; and 3. George Maloney, R'65-49er tickets.

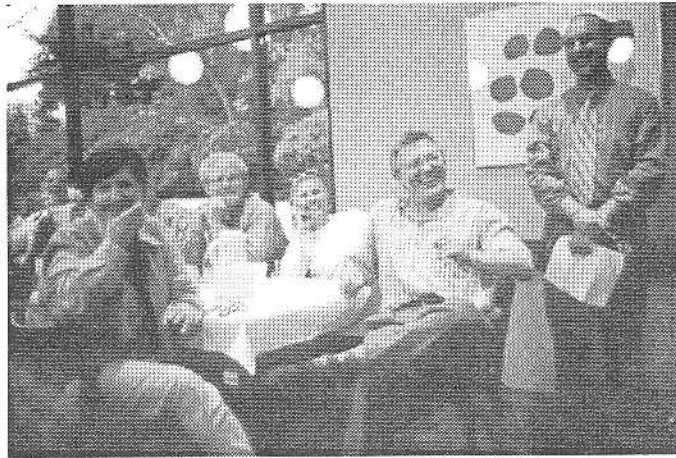
President Patrick F. Cloherty, R'64, presented our Association's Co-Founder Awards to Don Carroll, R'58 and Walt Harrington, R'51. Simply stated, without their participation and input throughout the years, there would be no Alumni Association. Don urged all clergy alumni to attend future alumni days—WE WILL SUPPORT YOU!

Jim Tonna, R'57, truly speaking from the heart, presented our First Alumni of the Year Award honoring Bishop Michael Kenny (R'57, Deceased). After providing examples of Michael's deep pastoral commitment, Jim gave the award to Michael's sisters, Mary Kenny Green and Kathy Kenny Stevens.

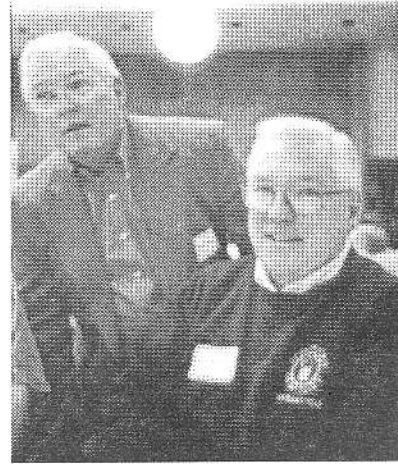
Alumni Day came to a close on a momentous event. Fr. John H. Olivier, S.S., will be retiring to the Sulpician Villa in Maryland in mid-October of 2000. Ed Gaffney, R'61, and his brother, Juan Pedro Gaffney, gathered about a dozen alums and provided those assembled with some beautiful examples of Gregorian Chant. The Dining Room resounded with 'punctums and quilismas' bringing many to tears. Classical CD's, donated by several alums, were presented. Jack entertained us with the Andy Forster 'centipede' story, sang one last 'Oremus', and asked us to remember him always. We are truly moving on to another era.

**NEXT YEAR'S ALUMNI DAY IS SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 2001  
AT ST. PATRICK'S SEMINARY**

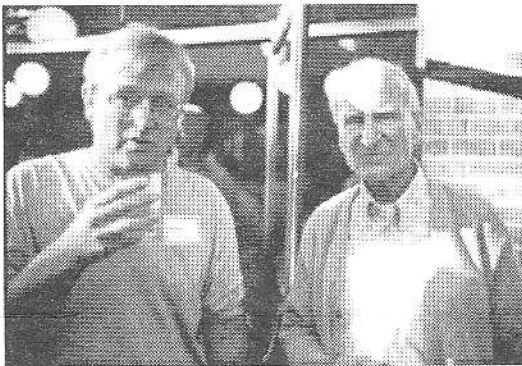
# APRIL 29, 2000 – ALUMNI DAY



*Cathy Dunn, Co-Chair Denis Ducey, R'65 and his wife, Marnel, Charlie Golden, R'65 and Co-Chair, Jim Purcell, R'60*



*'The Brothers Kennedy'  
Bill and Jerry Kennedy, R'60*



*Bob Olson, R'65 and Msgr. Warren Holleran, R'47*



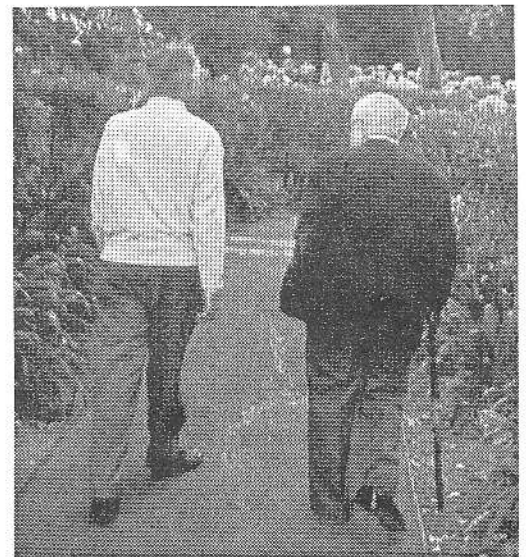
*Andy Kelleher, R'64 and members of the 50th Anniversary Class:  
Bob Lehmann, Hon. Leo McCarthy, Rev. Bill Leininger, Norm Brown, and  
Rev. Bill O'Donnell*



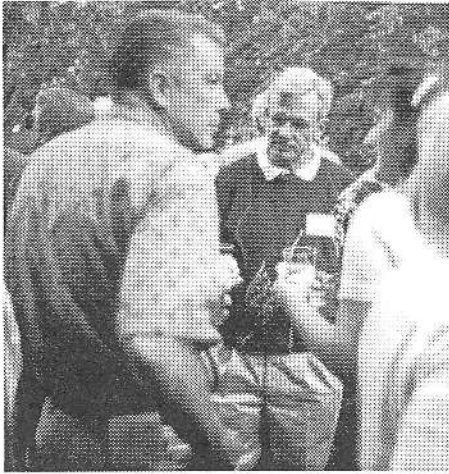
*Rich Laveroni, R'60  
introducing the  
40th Anniversary Class*



*Our musicians entertained at the host social*

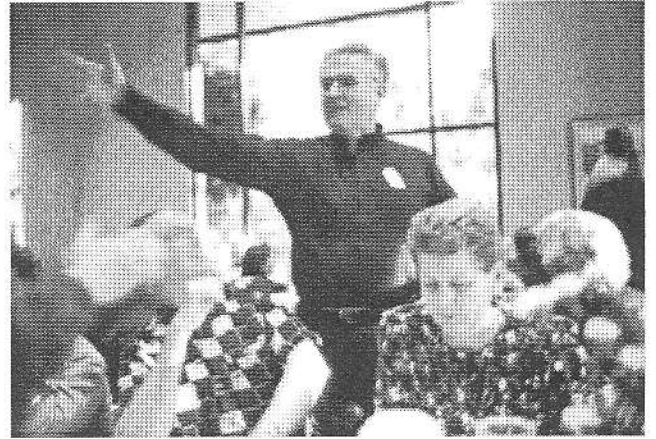


*Dr. Larry Percell, C'69 and Rev. Bob Giguere, S.S.*



*Brian Cahill, R'60 and Mike Meyer, R'65*

*Rev. Rich Mangini, R'60 saluting the multitude*

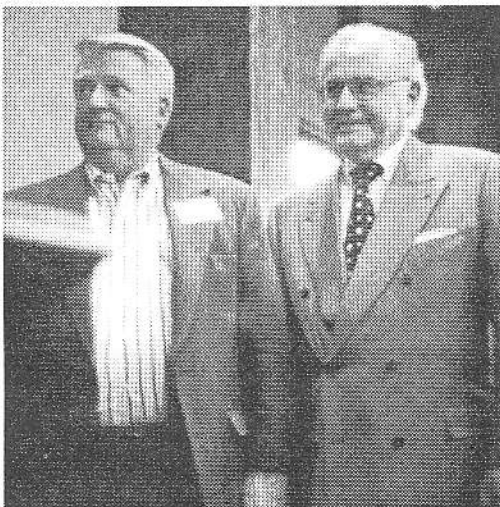


*Tom Wertz, R'60, in deep contemplation*



*Members of the Class of 1959: Rev. Mike Strange, S.S., Kevin Rozanno, Phil Murphy and Dennis McQuaid*

*Jim "The Other" Murphy, R'65 introducing the infamous Class of 1965 celebrating 35 years*



*Alumni Association Co-Founders, Don Carroll, R'58 and Walt Harrington, R'51*



*Benediction before the Alumni dinner*

# CELEBRATING THE RHET CLASS OF 1950 OR THE LAMENTS OF A SIXTH LATINER

by Walter J. Falconer, MBA, MA (Lt. Col. USA Ret)

I attended St. Joseph's College for 1 year, the fall of 1944 until June of 1945. I remember well the top floor rooms of the 6th Latiners, small, spartan, one tiny closet and sink, but with a nice view of the swimming pool, flag pole and campus. I remember one evening when Bill Figini's pants were still flying from the top of the flag pole. Joe Brusati of San Francisco's 'Butcher Town' had the room next to mine and Bill Briare from Star of the Sea parish was in the room across from mine. I lost track of Brusati, but Bill Briare jumped back into public view years later as Mayor of Las Vegas for several terms, never losing that charm, friendliness and interest in others that were so apparent in his time at St. Joseph's.

We changed linen every Thursday, the same day as cars full of profs headed for the golf course, but not before they stopped by Fr. Campbell's ("Beansie's") office for their ration of cigarettes. Some of our seminarists used to lean out of their windows at night talking until Fr. Wood or somebody would yell at them to go to sleep.

I remember an Army chaplain on leave from the war in Sicily and North Africa with harrowing tales of combat and the suffering of the soldiers and civilians involved and stories of the Senegalese troops. That could have been the first time I ever considered a career in the military. I also remember sitting at the far end of the table in the Refectory and missing a lot of desserts, except for the endless apricots (and not a lot of steak either when it was served). We seemed to have apricots morning, noon and night in pies, stewed, raw, you name it. We have three apricot trees now and wish we had as many apricots as we did then. I remember the sainted French cloister of nuns who cooked for us (remember the wonderful sauces?) and did our laundry. I remember visiting day. I think it was the second Sunday of the month. Just like at Soledad, we had a chance to hear of the news on the 'outside'. We were not allowed to walk in front of the College except on visitor's day. We knew Pop Rock when it wasn't music! In the words of Patti Austin, "And when you're movin', ROCK steady!" I wonder if Pop ever got two helpings of mystery on Sundays?

I remember being the only student (besides Warren Holleran, but he was an upper classman, you know, like John Cummings) from a Salesian Parish in San Francisco and never receiving a visit from my pastor or any other priest. All the guys from Star of the Sea, Holy

Redeemer, St. Cecilia's etc. always had some priest from their parish visiting them, but not me. I remember playing basketball down in the old barn where we had to walk along a plank walkway to get there. I remember being a Bear. Joe O'Connell was our mentor and we really needed one as I can remember. Had breakfast years later at Star of the Sea priest house with Joe after mass on a couple of occasions. I remember playing soccer for the first time on the muddy fields of our beautiful old campus (like the 'Playing fields of Eton'?) because football was no longer a house sport after a student had died of an injury the previous year. I remember the required participation in athletics and in later years realizing what a good idea that was. That little bit of soccer experience encouraged me to participate later on USF's NCAA co-Championship Team of 1950.

I remember losing a lot of soda bets to Dan O'Leary on the old cement courts. I remember Tim Thorsen (deceased Lt. SFPD) and Jack Smythe (deceased King of San Francisco Ocean Beach) successfully re-routing with pick and shovel the creek down on the campus. They must have been punished for something. I remember practicing the cornet way up on the top floor music room. This usually brought Fr. Riddlemoser storming in to tell me that I was playing too loud. Does anyone remember "The Floater"? We figured him to be the oldest living (we think) organist ever. I did love the music and the Gregorian Chant we sang in the chapel. I remember a couple of trips to the upstairs dispensary to fight an occasional cold for a couple of days. What a great place to escape the world for awhile and the food wasn't bad either! Remember the old scolding nurse who was probably twenty years younger than I am now! She could reprimand as well as comfort.

When we got our haircut, we could listen to the Notre Dame games. I will always remember listening to Army, with Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard blasting Notre Dame 59-0. Like the end of World War II, most of us remember where we were that record day of doom for the Fighting Irish. And we were certain Angelo Bertelli would be Pope some day!

I remember all the sheep invading our inner cloister (Watch your step!) and their bleating on a sunny spring day when I wished classes would end early. Remember the afternoon we got off the day FDR died? I remember the crucifixes we used to win by memorizing those endless Latin hymns for the "Beaver", Fr. Andrew Forester. *Te Deum Laudamus, Magnificat Dominus*

*Anima Mea, Matins, Lauds, and Compline*, how soon you forget! Remember what a great religion prof Fr. Castellot was or serving mass for Fr. Danny Fives?

I remember the stories that were read to us in the Refectory as we ate in silence, in particular the story of Tommy Harmon bailing out of his fighter plane over the Pacific twice and surviving! What do you mean, "Who is Tommy Harmon?" I remember also listening to a seemingly unending story of the history of all the tribes of Southeast Asia, different Buddhist Sects and Annamites, etc., thinking of how far away that was. I never expected later to spend several years of my Army life in that area from Bangkok to Phnom Penh to Viantiane to Danang to Hue to Ke Sahn and to a surprise forced helicopter landing in the middle of an unfriendly A Shau Valley (shades of Tommy Harmon!) And, how could I ever forget that oh, so dull, history of Southeast Asia read to us in 1945! At St. Joseph's, I enjoyed reading about the Roman Legions in "Away with Eagles!" I thought of that book and St. Joseph's many times as I strolled remote Fire Base hilltops in Viet Nam, away with my own eagles, the Screaming Eagles of the 101st Airborne Division! With all the countries we lived in and visited over the years, I probably should have started high school at Maryknoll!

I remember in our History class our classmate O'Conner came in before the Prof did, dressed in his cassock and acting out the part of the prof perfectly. As we roared with laughter, in comes the Prof, and out went poor O'Conner. Bill Leininger and Maurice Shea were the brains of our class. They won all the 'premiums' that year. How irritated the rest of us were. I do, however, remember one day in Fr. Larry Taylor's English class when he asked the class what a Mandarin was. Bill was quick to answer, as always, "It's a musical instrument, Father". Don't know if Larry whacked him or not. I saw Maurice several times in later years at Star of the Sea in San Francisco.

I remember Thanksgiving Day morning when we were all looking forward to going home for the day. We had to be back to the college by about seven in the evening. I rode home to San Francisco with Warren Holleran and a couple of other students. Our fathers split the driving chores. The war was still going on and gas rationing was serious stuff. On our way back to St. Joe's in the early evening, we had a flat tire in Woodside. Of course we arrived back to school late. I figured we'd be facing dire consequences. But Fr. Rock greeted us warmly, happy to see us return safely. I always figured it was the saintly presence of Warren that saved our skins!

Even after 55 years, I remember many, maybe most, of our classmates. Johnny Foran, Bert Schaffer, Dan O'Leary, Leo McCarthy, Jim Keally, Cornelius

O'Reilly, Roger Bernhardt, Jim Prosser, Tom McCarthy were always good friends. I remember many stories about them. I won't take up your time with running into Bernhardt after he had just finished playing a football game for the University of California or visiting "speaker" Leo in his Sacramento office or seeing Art Harrison at his 25th or 30th ordination anniversary in Milpitas. Other names occur to me: Harry Passanisi, Joe Jacklevich, Harry Lema and his buddy, Scott, Johnny Horstmann, Eugene Bonomi, Art Vollert, Joe Byrne, Lou Felder, Lou Oddone, Pisani, Moynihan, Gomez, Passalacqua, and the others I apologize for not remembering. Quite a year for 6th Latiners that fall of 1944! The cliques that developed during the year and the slights, and the ridiculing and the salt in the desserts you won on sporting bets were a disappointment, but none-the-less pretty good training for what was ahead in life for all of us. There was too much that was good to get too shaken up by the little downsides. I loved my year at St. Joseph's. I entered as a 14 year old and departed a year later a bit wiser, a better student and a little bit more aware that life has a few reversals with the successes. I learned you never accomplish anything in life without the help of others or their prayers, whether you're a career Army Officer, Assessor's Systems Analyst or Tax Accountant. Today my wife Peg (48th year) and I live in Walnut Creek. Our kids live in Greenville, SC, Houston, TX and Lafayette, CA.

We used to read Thomas Akempis' "Imitation of Christ" every day. I guess, without realizing it, this has kind of been my beacon in life to this point. If Christ is not our guiding light, pray tell me what is? I do remember a lot more events and stories of that wonderful year, but I'm afraid I'll have to wait another 55 years to recall them.

*Sub Tuum Praesidium.....*

*Your friend and classmate, Walt.*

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## Your contact...

*If you need to contact our Alumni Coordinator with any Alumni concern (opinions, suggestions, alumni updates, changes of address), you may write Jim Murphy at St. Patrick's Seminary or you may contact him directly as follows:*

*James P. Murphy*

*1710 Robin Whipple Way  
Belmont, CA 94002-1851*

*Phone: (650) 591-3492*

*E-mail: MURPUR@aol.com*

*Fax: (650) 654-3503*

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## IN MEMORIAM

**Sutcliffe, Patricia A.**, at home in San Jose on Nov. 19, 1999. Pat was the beloved wife for 33 years of John H. (Jack) Sutcliffe, R'62. Pat was a Registered Nurse and worked for more than 20 years in Obstetrics at Los Gatos Community Hospital. Two sons, a sister and three brothers also survive Pat.

**Perry, John**, father of Rev. John E. (Paul) Perry, R'61, on February 11, 2000 in San Rafael. John was a native of Massachusetts, age 90.

**McFadden, Anna "Ann"**, mother of Jim McFadden, R'64, on March 10, 2000 in Roseville, Ca. Ann was a longtime member of OLA parish in Burlingame.

**McLaughlin, John P. "Jack"**, R'57, on April 18, 2000 in Sacramento. John was the brother of Michael McLaughlin, R'61 and Pat McLaughlin, R'66. Jack leaves his wife Rose Marie and five children. (See article by Mike McLaughlin)

**McKim, Alton R.**, R'43, on May 6, 2000 at age 75, due to complication of Guillain Barre Syndrome. Preceded in death by his wife, Marilyn, and survived by his two daughters, Shawn and Rhonda. Al served in the US Marines during WW II and was employed by IBM for 30 years. (See article by Don Carroll).

**Collins, Robert Michael**, brother of Alumni Board Member Daniel E. Collins, R'54, at home on May 14, 2000. Bobby leaves his wife, Margaret, and children, Christopher, Victoria and Brennan. Bobby was a partner with Holt & Collins Brokerage Firm for over 30 years.

**Lowery, Rev. William**, R'48, on May 15, 2000. Fr. Bill was the Pastor Emeritus at St. Bart's in San Mateo. He served as associate pastor at St. Vincent de Paul, St. Emydius, St. Phillips and St. Thomas the Apostle. He received a Masters in Religious Education and a Masters in Media Studies. He was pastor at St. Albert's and St. Bart's. In his final days, he was in Oakland at the Sisters of Mercy Care Center. At his funeral Mass, Msgr. Warren Holleran, R'47, delivered a magnificent eulogy and homily.

**Del Tredici, Helen Ann Wagele**, at home in San Anselmo on May 19, 2000. Helen was the mother of Robert Del Tredici, R'59. She was a school teacher, tutor of Math and English, housewife, gardener and a successful writer of jingles.

**McAllister, Ullainee Kennedy** (added **Mappus** when she remarried at age 73), on June 5, 2000 at in San Rafael; mother of Greg McAllister, R'61. Ullainee died at Nazareth House at age 96. Her name, 'Ullainee' came from a book of Catholic poetry written by a Fr. Abram Ryan in 1887. Pat Browne said the mass, Arnie Kunst performed the music, and several other St. Pat's alumni sang the *Salve Regina*.

### Al McKim, R'43

The death of Alton (Al) R. McKim on May 6, 2000 needs to be noted. The Alumni Association is very much in his debt.

Al (R'43) went to St. Joe's around 1937 and was very proud of having done so. He came to the very first Alumni Days and soon agreed to join your Alumni Board. Al was a dedicated Board member. When your Alumni Association moved to St. Patrick's after the closing of the College, there were some difficult problems with our computerized record system. Al was a veteran of IBM and gave great amounts of his time to help Ginnie Sullivan get things back on an even keel.

Al's greatest interest, however, was in our Scholarship Fund, now known as the C.W. Sweeney Memorial Scholarship Fund. Al was very concerned that seminarians have their fundamental needs met so that they had clothes, books, etc. Al drafted the first guidelines for the operation of the Scholarship Fund, and he and Bob Gorman were the initial members of the Scholarship Committee that processed the requests for help.

Remember the Scholarship Fund if you have a few extra denarii. Al would be very pleased. May this special Alum rest in peace. May his family find peace in the memory of this good man's life.  
(Don Carroll, R'58)

### John P. McLaughlin, R'57

Retired San Francisco Teamster Official, John P. McLaughlin, age 62, died suddenly of a heart attack Tuesday in Sacramento. "Jack", as family and colleagues knew him, had retired in 1992 as President of Teamsters Professional and Clerical Local Union No. 856, after a 32-year career during the formative years of the largest Teamster local union in No. California. His brother, Michael, now is Principal Officer of Local 856. During his tenure, Jack was often the lead negotiator for landmark contracts for the Teamsters representing clerical workers in major industries such as Car Rental, Freight, United Parcel and San Francisco Hotels. He also represented the Local's first public sector employees at the SF Zoo and at Laguna Honda Hospital. Public employees now represent over one-third of the estimated 7,000 member local.

## 'Nostalgia Lane'

(As long as we are going down 'nostalgia lane', the following is a reprint of a portion of an article that appeared in the 1961 St. Joseph's College Alumni Bulletin. It was written by Jim Marchiano and Barry Bissell, R'63.

Note the 'New Yorker Magazine' vocabulary—it would make Gene Strain, S.S. proud.)

### DRAMA

The first Drama Critic's Award for the season 1960-61 went to the Little Theater of Fourth High. The play: "Saint Off Limits" by Miss Natalie White. Under the capable direction of R.D. Henderson and the timely witticisms and criticisms of play moderator Fr. Braun, the entire program was well received by the student body. "Saint Off Limits" was a natural for St. Joseph's, being a take-off on the Jesuits and football. Memorable performances were turned in by Rudy Hanson as simple Brother Thomas; Larry Carolan as the naive St. Francis of Assisi; Gerald Maring as the German scatterbrained Professor Einsteider; Richard Gorringer as Fr. Brooke, and Rusty Gilberg as stolid Gorboduc Jones, star tackle.

This year's mission musical, masterfully directed by Ed Gaffney, furnished an evening of both laughs and talented celebrities. Entitled "Dixieland Monkeyshines" the musical was more of a Negro variety show. Mike McLaughlin and his not-too-smart partner John Cunningham kept the spellbound audience in stitches for most of the evening. They were assisted by their "silent" comrade James Mounsey who volunteered his services—acting as a dummy. John Zajda's rendition of "Ole Man River" left the gym vibrating for weeks. Finally, Uncle Hooley returned to the limelight from a ten year retirement. Father Conner's hilarious puns and mystifying feats of prestidigitation filled out an evening of laughs and monkeyshines.

### SPORTS

The High School sports system finds a nip-and-tuck- battle between the Indians and the Bears with the Indians on top going into hardball season. The Trojans are solidly in third place, and the Ramblers (unlike the glorious days of yore) wallow in fourth place. The Indians darted off quickly in softball season and found themselves in first place under Chief Dudley Connelly's leadership. Papa Bear John Collins squeezed his team into second place ahead of Aeneas Welsh's rugged Trojans. Luckless Gary Tepley grieved with the Ramblers in the Celler. The Bears roared back to take soccer. The elbow-bruising basketball season found a fired-up Trojan aggregation with their red flag on the pole. Although short on new records, track was full of excitement as the Indians roared to another first place.

The second annual highschool-college track meet provided many thrills for the exuberant spectators. The high school led by Mark Bullock, Jim Nice, and Jim Slater was outclassed by the abstemious giants of the college side. With Jim Mehlfeld, Steve Kelly, and Mike McLaughlin paving the way, the collegians edged the determined high school spikers. The softball house-game was won by the college men as was the basketball game.

A plethora of sports entertainment was provided by the faculty this year. While Fr. Lowell and Fr. Dillon sharpened their golf scores on the two pitch 'n putt range (better known as the college baseball diamond), Arnold Palmer was sending a hasty telegram asking for their participation in the Master's Tournament. The Prof-Rhet softball game found the slick-fielding faculty teaching their younger opponents the art of manly hitting. Fr. Calegari and Fr. Leveille with his timely coaching led the way. The College Captains-Faculty basketball game again found the professors superior. Fr. Poggi taking time out from his Spanish course, donned his old Celtic uniform and supplied the impetus and points for the faculty victory. Fr. O'Kane was also a big factor in the priests' victory.

### John P. McLaughlin, R'57 Cont'd

One of Jack's talents was his unique ability to employ the clever phrase. Jack penned most of the union's communications during organizing campaigns, the local's contributions to news articles, and correspondence for the Local's Officers. A persuasive advocate for workers, Jack was Co-Chair of the United Parcel Service Western States Grievance Committee and a key member of the UPS National Negotiating Committee. Jack was also known for his keen and often subtle, sense of humor which he used to not only lighten a social occasion, but to defuse otherwise tense confrontations.

Born in San Francisco, Jack was hired at Local 856 by Principal Officer Rudy Tham, in 1961, only 12 years after Tham had founded the Local and just a few months following Jack's graduation from USF. Jack had transferred to USF after 7 years as a seminary student at St. Joseph's College and St. Patrick's Seminary where he developed his strong social ethic and commitment to the service of others. (Mike McLaughlin, R'61)

## Y2K Answers



*Front Row: Francis 'Pop' Rock, S.S. (1896-1975); Eugene 'Soupie' Soupan, S.S. (1872-1956); Lyman Fenn, S.S.; Alexander Peltier, S.S.(1867-1940).*

*2nd Row: Victor 'Dean' Bast, S.S.; Thomas 'Jeeves' Haggerty, S.S. (1902-1987); Fr. T. Cummins, Treasurer; Maurice 'Mick' Reardon; Fr. J. Galvin.*

*3rd Row: Fr. T. O'Kane; Joseph 'Jake' Rivard, S.S. (1898-1972); William 'Bucky' O'Connor, S.S. (1887-1968); Joseph Riddlemoser, S.S. (1899-1978); Fr. Joe Twamley.*

*Top Row: Royal 'The Floater' Webster, S.S.; Mike Sheehy, S.S.; Edward 'Lefty' Allen; and Guy Hayden*

The photo was taken around 1936/37. Thanks to all who responded to the quiz. Three named all 18 profs correctly: Bob Foster, R'38, Jim Prindeville, R'39 and Rev. John Zoph, R'28. A special thanks to John A. Ward, S.S. for assistance.

### St. Joseph's - St. Patrick's College Alumni Association

320 Middlefield Road, Menlo Park, CA 94025

