

School Days: High School

By Papa Jack Hoeschler

After graduating from Blessed Sacrament Grade School in 1956, I, as a Catholic, went almost automatically to Aquinas High School on 11th and Cass, near La Crosse's commercial center. Aquinas had about 1100 students in the four high school grades and drew from about a dozen parish schools. We had the best football team in the city. The other two high schools were Central at 15th and Cass, and Logan on the North side. Central was probably the best school academically, then Aquinas, and Logan, a distant third.

My Junior year at Aquinas one of the priests produced a rather dull and predictable Sunday morning student-led TV talk show called "This We Believe." Being a good scout and altar boy, I was one of the "stars" of this show that no one seemed to watch, except for our relatives. Even my parents were only sporadic (and probably reluctant!) viewers, at best. We gave scripted answers to questions about faith and church doctrine and were not allowed to ad lib. The show was corny and unconvincing but gave me some valuable public speaking and 'on air' experience.



TV PANELISTS—Among Aquinas juniors and seniors taking part in a series of TV panel discussions entitled "This We Believe," are (seated from left around table) Sally Hutzler, John McDonald, Kaye Kotsour, John Murray, Jack Hoeschler, Dorothy Bagneski, Marion Downey, Betty Virnig, Dave Lueck, Judy Banask and Joen Engle; and (standing from left) Terry Voss, Norman Flynn, Joe Murrie and Bob Hinytke.

'THIS WE BELIEVE'

**Aquinas Group To Have
Television Panel Series**

I played football and was the Center on the Junior Varsity team. I had to wait until my Senior year to become a Varsity starter. A tough kid from Le Crescent, a year older than I, was the starting Center and finally graduated so that I could earn a Varsity letter my Senior year.

Since I was hardly a football star, and had also played in the marching band, one of the nuns asked me in my junior year to take time out from the band half-time show to drive a float. She was shocked and disappointed when I told her that I was, in fact, on the football team and couldn't play in the band or drive the float. Such is a problem with being a middle-lineman who is not seen that often!



To add insult to injury, when I was a Senior and finally a starter, Coach Michuta took my Aquinas Freshman brother, Jimmy, off the Freshman football team (which had its own schedule) and made him a Varsity team defensive safety. As a result, “Jungle Jim” lettered four years while I only lettered once. (Jimmy also went on to become a two-time All-State halfback.)

General recognition that Jimmy had exceptional sporting ability showed up throughout his life. For instance, we both learned to play tennis at the same time. But when we were playing tennis at the Wilkie house in Minneapolis, after just a few months of playing, the Wilkies gave him a new racquet since

they thought he was a “comer”. They were right.

Back in school I was always a stand-out student, starting with my freshman year. Some of my classmates thus regarded me as “teacher’s pet”. In one class, for instance, I sat in the front row next to a smart aleck kid who was constantly baiting me and swearing at me when the teacher was not looking or was out of the room. One of those times he stood up and threatened me. I simply stuck out my left arm and told him to sit down as the heel of my hand struck him in the solar plexus. That seemed to do the trick, since he promptly sat down and shut up.

A few seconds later, as the teacher walked back into the room, he fell out of his desk, unconscious. Apparently, I had knocked the wind out of him. The teacher immediately said: “John, John, go get Father Hansen (the principal) right away.” As I stood up to do so, I could hear grumbling in the back of the room, kids saying that I had been the source of the problem.

I found Father Robert Hansen and told him exactly what had happened as we walked back to the classroom. By that time the kid had pretty much recovered and, even though Hansen and my teacher knew I had hit him, no punishment came of it. Such are the benefits of being teacher’s pet!

As a Senior in April 1960, I had the lead role in the play that opened our new auditorium, "In the Shadow of a Cross." The play, about a Roman soldier (me) who becomes a follower of Jesus when he sees the Crucifixion, was truly a potboiler that our drama teacher thought appropriate for a Catholic school.

Joining me in the cast was my second cousin and classmate, John Murray, whose story I'll tell later. After that triumph (!), I never again appeared on the dramatic stage.



ROMAN SCENE—Pat Pralle as a Roman Centurion brings the Nazarene (Cletus Weibel) to Caiphas (Dave Leuck). In the background are the Roman Paulus (Larry Quillin) and Joel (Jack Hoeschler) and Stephan (John Murray).

Plamadore Is Speaker At Rotary Meet

AQUINAS STUDENTS TO GIVE RELIGIOUS DRAMA

Jack Hoeschler, John Murray, Mary of Magdalene, Rosemary Larry Quillin and Cletus Weibel/German; John, the Disciple, will play leading roles in "Shadow of a Cross," a religious drama. Kevin; Ann (one of a Cross); a religious drama; Kevin; Ann; Ray Flynn; Cuthie, (to be presented in the Aquinas Sully Newburg; Sarah; Marga High School theater, April 3, 4 and Snyder; Rheta, Sandra Lewis; Raymond Plamadore, manager.

We had the usual dances at Aquinas and for several the boy was expected to purchase a corsage for his dance date. One Homecoming dance, in my Senior year, I asked Pat Pincsak to be my date. As a joke, I arranged for the florist to prepare two corsages for me. The joke corsage had a big, wilted chrysanthemum tied with blue and gold ribbons (school colors). Frankly, it looked like it had been left on a grave a couple of weeks before!

I had the florist deliver that dead corsage in a nice box to Pat's home the afternoon of the evening dance. I also had the florist prepare a lovely corsage in a duplicate box which I took with me; I hid this box on the back floor of my car.

Since Pat and I were in the Homecoming Royalty Court, we attended several pre-dance parties at the homes of classmates. All the girls, of course, wore their formal dresses and showed off their corsages. Clearly, the other girls thought it was outrageous that I had given Pat that dead flower!

The last stop before the dance was for the Court members to visit the convent of our Franciscan nun teachers to show them our dressed-up selves. I had insisted that Pat put her corsage back in the box before we headed for the convent and politely took it from her as I helped her into the car. That way I could switch corsage boxes!



At the convent, Pat decided to make a pre-emptive fuss about the corsage I had given her. With a flourish she opened the box for all to see the dismal mum. The nuns were totally bewildered when all they saw in Pat's box was a perfectly nice corsage! The rest of the party saw my joke and eventually Pat forgave me.

I was on the Aquinas Debate Team and we would share rides with the Central debaters when we went to out of town tournaments. As a result, I got to know and become good friends with the Central debaters. Many have remained lifelong friends with whom I seem to have more in common and enjoy more than my Aquinas mates. In fact, I try to attend Central's reunions rather than my own Aquinas gatherings.

I also played trombone in the Aquinas orchestra and band. In those days my trombone teacher came to my house for lessons. Unfortunately, I did not practice as much as I should, and therefore never got very good. (Don't make that same mistake!)

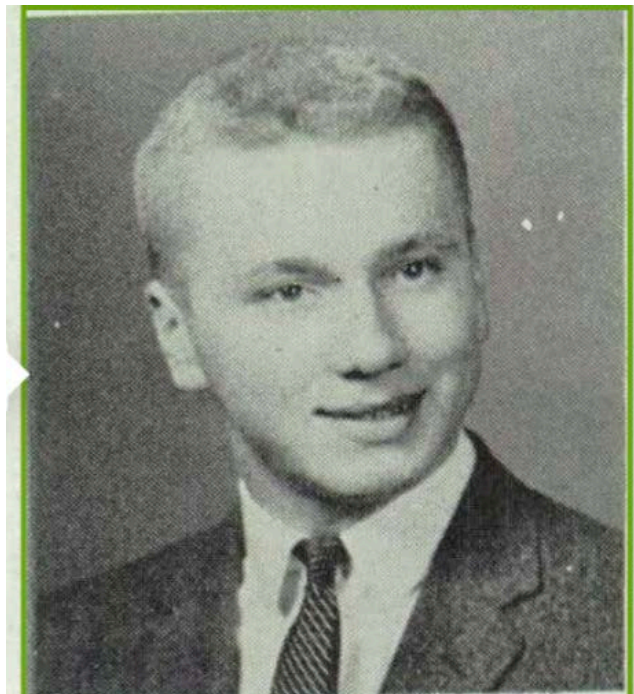
My most influential teacher was Sister Paula Marie Ripple. She was my Sophomore Biology teacher, college advisor, and what today we call a "life coach." Early on she cautioned me not to be so self-sufficient and independent (which I had become due to my 'free-range' upbringing). She counseled me, correctly, that I could use and would need the help of the other friends and associates. She was correct, and I slowly internalized that lesson over time, especially with reminders from Nonna.

The Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, the order of nuns who taught me at Blessed Sacrament Grade School as well as Aquinas, were a vibrant group of women, thoughtful and liberal for the time and their calling. The order had been

founded by a shirt-tail cousin of ours (by marriage), Mother Antonia Herb, in the mid 19th century. Mother Antonia's family, good German craftsmen, built most of the buildings at the motherhouse in La Crosse, including the remarkable Maria Angelorum Chapel which is on the National Register of Historic Places.

Eventually Sister Paula Marie became the Mother Superior of the Order, for she was intelligent and a great leader. She caused a bit of a local scandal when, in 1984, she left the convent and married a local doctor. But we remained good friends until she died in 1999. (My father used to half-joke that Paula would leave the convent for me, if I said the word!)

Aquinas was a pretty good, but not a great school. When I got to Georgetown I realized that many of my classmates had had much better preparation for college in private prep schools, especially in the Classics. As a result, I really had to work my college freshman year to get good grades. Nonna's public high school was much better.



HOESCHLER, JOHN . . . Jack . . . works at father's drug store . . . plans to major in philosophy at Georgetown University.

School Days: Georgetown College

By Papa Jack Hoeschler

I first visited Georgetown University during a Senior-year high school trip to Washington, DC. Sister Paula Marie Ripple, my high school biology teacher and advisor, promoted Georgetown because it would introduce me to the Jesuits who founded the school in 1789 and still ran it. The University included several impressive schools: the College (undergraduate and devoted to the study of the liberal arts), Schools of Foreign Service, Linguistics Business Administration, Nursing, Medicine, Dentistry, Law and Continuing Studies. I believe I only applied to Georgetown College and, fortunately, was accepted.



My parents played little part in my college application process and never saw the school until November of my Freshman year. Indeed, I went to Georgetown alone on the train from La Crosse. There was no such thing as helicopter parents in those days!

First Impressions



I arrived in DC on a Saturday afternoon before the Sunday formal “Freshmen Welcome” day. I was assigned to an old dorm euphemistically called “New North”, new after the Civil War, I guess. (Actually, this 1925-era building was adjacent to “Old North” built in 1791!) We lodged two to a formerly single 9’ x 17’ room, with bathrooms and showers at the end of a long hall. The first classmate I met in the bathroom that Saturday night was a swarthy Italian-American fellow from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Coming from a part of Wisconsin dominated by blonds of German and Norwegian descent, I had never seen a white guy so darkly complected. It was a shock.

The next day was technically the first day for us freshmen. I remember a vast throng of Irish- and Italian-American guys from New York and Boston being dropped off by their parents in their big black limos. Another eye-opening experience!

Everyone was friendly enough, but there were certain “codes” for which I was not prepared. For instance, when I asked a fellow where he had gone to high school, he merely replied “The Priory” as if I were supposed to know where it was; it’s a Benedictine boarding school in Rhode Island, by the way.

Life at Georgetown

The vast majority of students at Georgetown were interesting, intelligent and hard working. Many had had superior K-12 educations, compared to mine, so I had to work hard and try to catch up. In those days we were required to wear a coat and tie for weekday classes and meals, which I think, reinforced a certain politeness, decorum, and respect for each other.

I decided to major in History and minor in Classics (Latin and Greek), and so found myself with a group of very well-educated fellows who were much better at Latin than I, even though I had taken four years of Latin at Aquinas. Moreover, most had had at least two years of Greek, whereas I took Greek for the first time at Georgetown. I was also not prepared by Aquinas to read a book a week for each class—again, my prep-school peers handled those requirements with ease. But I worked very hard and got good enough grades to be invited to join the prestigious Honors Program which started Sophomore year.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON 7, D. C.
THE HONORS AND SPECIAL PROGRAMS OFFICE
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
June 16, 1961

Mr. John G. Hoeschler
RR #2
La Crosse, Wisconsin

Dear John:

It is my pleasure to inform you that you have been definitely accepted in the Honors Program. It is my sincere hope that you accept and meet the academic challenges which this program offers. The administrators and faculty of the Honors Program will do all in their power to help you realize your academic potential and guide you successfully toward realizing your vocational goals.

May I wish you a pleasant and profitable summer.

If you feel you need consult me on any matter this summer, please feel free to do so.

Sincerely,


Frank A. Evans, Ph. D.
Director

Honors students had separate, smaller classes for the most part and the competition with other Honors students was very stimulating. The only drawback was that we received less guidance, the feeling evidently being that we either knew the ropes or could figure things out by ourselves. Wrong!

I enjoyed most of my classes, especially Latin, taught by R. Joseph Schork (who later came to the University of Minnesota). One class highlight was inspired by Horace's Ode that famously ends "dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" (it is a sweet and fitting thing to die for one's country). Professor Schork, only 9 years older than I, used this quote as a launching point to discuss World War I British poetry, especially Wilfred Owen's marvelous poem, "Dulce et Decorum Est."

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling

And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori.

Another great teacher of mine was Carroll Quigley who taught World History. He was a “big picture” thinker who could weave facts into a larger narrative. For instance, since the Soviet Union was the successor of the Byzantine Empire (which had never totally collapsed), it preferred a strong, central, controlling government. The West, however, which followed upon the ashes of the fallen Roman Empire, could better re-form itself around the principles of self-government, since it went for long periods with no unifying central government.



One of my great disappointments was never being able to get into any of Jan Karski's classes (priority went to Foreign Service School students). He was a Polish hero and leader in its WWII underground, and one of the first voices describing Nazi atrocities, particularly its stream-roller killing of the Jews. Unfortunately, he wasn't believed until much later in the war. There is a lovely bronze statue of him sitting on a bench at both Georgetown, its duplicate sits in front of the Polish consulate in NYC near the Union League Club

and Morgan Library. National and international figures taught, and guest lectured at Georgetown, as they do today—one of the great advantages of being in Washington, DC, a place such people naturally come to on business, then could pick up an extra gig at our school. Some of the famous speakers at its grand old auditorium (with



spotty acoustics), Gaston Hall, included French philosopher, Gabriel Marcel, and avant-garde composer, John Cage highlights for me. Georgetown challenged me, and, like most of us, I did my best playing against tough competition.

Life at Georgetown was not all work and no play. Freshmen on my floor were capable of significant pranks. One “knee slapper” was to fill up someone’s shipping trunk with water, then throw it off the 7th floor balcony to see it explode on impact. One time some bullies on my floor grabbed a smallish student, stuffed him into a trunk, and told him they were going to throw him off the same balcony. Needless to say, the kid was scared to death.

Religions was a required each of my four years and during my first year I served Mass for individual Jesuits in the Jesuit residence. However, I was generally disappointed in the quality of Jesuits from the Maryland Province. These Jesuits were rather self-satisfied with an “old boy” Southern attitude, except for some remarkable standouts. One “star” who became a friend and ally of me and Crew, was Joseph Sellinger, Dean of the College; he eventually became the change-agent leader of Loyola University in Baltimore. Georgetown’s colors, selected after the Civil War, were Blue and Gray. We were a school that straddled North and South in many, many ways.

Unfortunately, many of the Jesuits I met were unhappy and alcoholics. The big scandal of my first year was that an entire truckload of liquor had been stolen after

it had been left overnight at the Jesuit residence—much to the distress of the priests. How much of our tuition money went to pay for all that booze?!

The Southern “airs” of the Jesuits were likewise seen in the District of Columbia as a whole. Washington felt like a very Southern city because it was controlled by the House District Committee which, in turn, was dominated by Congressmen from the South. Most of the Southern state Representatives and Senators were elected term after term, almost unbelievably so. With their seniority (time in office) these Southern politicians could dominate the important Committees and Sub-Committees of the House and Senate, where most of the Legislative work gets done. In many ways, the Black-majority District was treated like a glorified plantation.

The Delights and Advantages of Going to School in DC

The Georgetown neighborhood was interesting in its own right because so many diplomats, government officials, writers and editors, and plain old “big wheels” lived there. By the way, the 1960’s Georgetown neighborhood was a lot more mixed and run down than it is today—in fact, many students could afford to rent apartments and houses in Georgetown back then. Today you need to be very lucky (or rich or both!) to find a good place to live in Georgetown.



Interesting sights and people were part of everyday walks through Georgetown. One noteworthy occurrence happened to my freshman roommate, Drew Valentine. He was sauntering up “N” Street from Wisconsin Avenue and stopped to play jacks with Caroline Kennedy, the toddler daughter of Senator Jack Kennedy, elected our President later that year. Those were truly the days before today’s tight security!

Another example of loose security in the 1960’s was my ending up in the back row of the White House reviewing stands during Kennedy’s 1961 Inaugural Parade. I simply side-slipped through various

secured areas as I crossed the streets by the White House. Admittedly, the Kennedys had retired by then, but there were still other VIP's in the stands.

Similarly, I almost got into the House of Representatives in 1962 to hear Astronaut (later Senator) John Glenn report to the House and Senate on his first space flight; Glenn was the first American to orbit the earth. I cleverly (I thought!) walked up some seldom-used circular stairs in the Capitol. But I couldn't make the last move into a line of diplomats going into the chamber since my galoshes and overcoat tagged me as an interloper!



Because DC was the big city to me, I took advantage of all the free museums, free concerts and political events. My enjoyment contrasted with the disdain of many of my classmates from New York City who felt they had come to the boondocks (indeed, DC was much more provincial then than it is today). They might as well have gone to school in Alaska for all they saw. A real shame.



Captions for the images: (left) The Coolidge Auditorium; (right, top to bottom) Elizabeth Coolidge with Martha Graham, Performers on the Coolidge stage; Janos Starker, cellist, rehearsing on the Coolidge stage.

Among my favorite events were the string quartet and chamber music concerts at the Library of Congress. The tickets were free, except for a 25-cent service charge, but you had to collect them the previous Monday morning at 8am at a downtown music store.

I soon learned that there were always empty seats because several ticket holders would fail to show up for the concert for one reason or another; apparently, they didn't think much of skipping out because the cost was nil. In my case, because crew practice lasted until 7:30am, I didn't bother to race downtown to get tickets because I would have been too late. So, I simply sneaked into the concerts.



Since I was accustomed to working at the Library of Congress, with its gorgeous Jefferson reading room, I became knowledgeable about navigating the Library's labyrinthine stacks and using unmarked doors to get one place or another. In order to get into a concert without a ticket, I knew how to thread my way through the stacks and enter Coolidge

Auditorium via an unguarded door adjacent to the seating closest to the stage. I would enter just as the lights went down, spot the empty seats and take one with a terrific view.

For National Symphony concerts at Constitution Hall I had a different procedure. I would collect unused tickets in all colors from GU students who had a season subscription (\$2 per concert, as I recall). On the night of the show I was attending (ticketless!), I would note the color of tickets being presented, select the appropriate color and use it to pass through the gates. Ushers never looked closely at the date on the small tickets. If I had a date and only had one ticket of the right color, I would tear it in half and tell the ticket taker that we had already been inside. I never had an entry challenged.

I learned that technique from my father who, when short a season ticket to the University of Wisconsin football games, would simply run up to and then jump over the ticket turn-style brandishing his trumpet, shouting "I'm in the band and I'm late." Despite his age and lack of band uniform, he was never stopped.

Sports at Georgetown

I also played sports all 4 years at Georgetown, where I made some of my best friends. Freshman year I was a 'star' on the football team, which says more about the team than any personal improvement after high school. Georgetown had discontinued intercollegiate football some years before but financed fully equipped club teams for each class. As a unit, we mostly played other schools in the area.

Seniors Dominate All-Star Team



With the 1962 intramural football season at an end, the coaches have chosen an all-star eleven which is gifted with both power and speed in the backfield and hard-nosed aggressiveness in the line.

The choice at quarterback was Schuyler MacGuire of the second-place sophomores. MacGuire played brilliantly all season, and was as



Tom Graham



Tony Cigarran



Schuyler MacGuire



John Drury

the "longest man to move" on defense. Mike Farrell won his honors by consistently clearing the way for senior backs Duke Condron and Graham. A rugged 200-pounder, his crisp blocks and mobility on sweeps earned him the respect of the coaches and his spot on the first team.

Two big reasons the seniors repeated as league champs were their guards, all-stars Pat Doyle and Bob Forlizzo. Forlizzo, a repeater

The most interesting game for me was against Gallaudet, a famous DC college for the deaf. The college onlookers silently chanted and cheered to the beat of a big bass drum we

could all feel. Cheers were in sign language, so you could literally 'see' the cheers of the Gallaudet crowd as they signed excitedly. We hearing players had to raise our hands when the whistle blew so that the Gallaudet players would know that a play was dead.

My most important athletic and life-changing sport at Georgetown was Crew, which I fell into by accident...

SEE CREW SECTION UNDER "OTHER" TAB

Meeting the Love of My Life

Besides Crew, my other life-altering experience at Georgetown was meeting and then falling in love with Linda Marie Lovas, your Nonna. Linda started college at Trinity in Northeast Washington, DC in 1962. She and I met at the Trinity Senior-Freshman Tea Dance on a Saturday afternoon at the historic (and then quite shabby) Willard Hotel. I, a Junior, went to the dance hoping to meet a Senior, but they were few and far between. Linda likes to tell that her roommate, Ann Turner, with whom I was dancing, dumped me off on Linda. It may have been partially true, but I thought I got the better deal since Linda Lovas looked pretty good to me.

We had a handful of dates that Fall, including a couple of Juilliard String Quartet concerts at the Library of Congress where, of course, I didn't have tickets. That clearly made Linda nervous. But though our dates were pleasant, with and without tickets, sparks didn't fly for either of us; by Spring I was rowing again and busy (and had to get to bed early), so we stopped dating.

My Senior year I called Linda in December 1963 and invited her to Georgetown's Christmas Dance, one of our big social events. We fell in love with each other that night, but nothing was declared for some time (I was always reserved, too much so, at times.) That Thanksgiving, several weeks before our magical dance, Linda had applied to and been accepted at Barnard College, Columbia University as a transfer student. She was into Russian Studies and applied at the recommendation of her teacher, Jeanne Kirkpatrick. (Jeanne had also transferred to Barnard some years before and went on to become quite famous as Ambassador to the United Nations.)

I shortly thereafter was accepted at Columbia Law School but decided to go to New York University when I was offered a full scholarship as a Root Tilden Scholar (20 from around the nation were so recognized). Linda and I had a wonderful, carefree time dating in DC, and I was relieved and happy to have someone really important join me at my Georgetown graduation.

Fortunately, Linda and I were well bonded by graduation time because meeting my parents was somewhat of a shock to her. She had expected, based on my then-ardent Catholicism, to meet a rosary-praying family. Quite the opposite: my father swore, told off colored jokes, and my blonde bombshell of a mother first met Linda wearing a bikini (Linda was in a more modest swimsuit).

But Linda clearly was fond of me, and besides, she was a good sport. She joined my family for all the graduation events and parties, trying not to show shock (it helped that she generally lacked understanding!) of my father's ribald remarks. We had such a good time, that we did not feel hugely let down by Sargent Shriver, President Kennedy's brother-in-law, and head of the Peace Corps. He was the key speaker at my graduation ceremony held outside on the Georgetown front lawn. Shriver never got beyond his opening because it started to rain, so the ceremony was summarily cancelled.

Shriver promised to mail us his remarks. I'm still waiting to receive my copy of his speech!

School Days: Law School

By Papa Jack Hoeschler

After spending the summer of 1964 working at NASA and preparing for our unsuccessful tryout for the 1964 Olympic Rowing Team, I arrived at New York University (NYU) Law School about a week before regular classes started. As one of 20 Root Tilden Scholars in my class of 400, we “Roots” were given a special and helpful orientation.

The Root-Tilden Scholarship program at NYU Law was, and still is, the best law school scholarship in the country. I have never regretted turning down my early admission to Columbia Law School for the Root opportunity, even though, at that time Columbia was ranked 3rd in the country and NYU was 16-18th. (NYU is now virtually tied with Columbia.)



Besides the quality and amount of the scholarship (tuition, room and board, spending money, personal programs and an outside advisor) NYU’s location in Greenwich Village could not be beat. The Village, with NYU’s buildings located around Washington Square, (we Roots lived in ↩ Hayden Hall, bordering the West end of the Square) was a vital, interesting location—much more so than Morningside Heights, some 112 blocks north, where Columbia was located. New York City at that time, by the way, had become the world’s cultural capital after WWII.

Greenwich Village was the heart of the 1960’s jazz scene in NYC, as well as the focus of the hippy, beatnik culture on the rise. A gay culture also pervaded the area, a real eye-opener for me. For instance, I learned that those “manly” McGregor lumberjack shirt ads were really gay pinups!

Beneath the beatnik surface in the Village lay the old Tammany Hall Democratic party precinct machine of Boss Tweed coupled with Italian mob life. Linda and I

would occasionally eat in one of the many delightful, modestly priced Italian restaurants in the Village, only to read in the newspaper a few weeks later than a mob boss had been shot at a table near ours!

An annual civic highlight each year was the mid-September San Gennaro Festival, a street party in the Little Italy section just south of the Village. Saint Januarius (Gennaro), a 3rd century martyr, is the patron saint of Naples. According to legend, Gennaro's blood liquifies in its glass reliquary three times a year, including on his September 19 feast day with miracles to follow. I had stumbled on the festival the year before and thought it a wild ethnic experience!



On the first night we Roots gathered in September 1964, I met a nice guy from Minnesota, David Ranheim, who had never been to NYC. I persuaded him and his roommate, Norm Gillespie from Staten Island, (both were non-Catholics) to join me for a visit to festival of San Gennaro on Mulberry Street. By the time we arrived the festival was mobbed with food and drink vendors, plus thousands of jolly Italian Americans. The centerpiece of this merry chaos was a wonderfully tasteless religious shrine to the saint: a plywood retablo (flat painting) in front of which was Gennaro's reliquary bust lit by neon fluorescent or Christmas lights, with big denomination bills clipped to the supporting frame—offerings for one personal cause or another. Next to this makeshift shrine was the Church of the Most Precious Blood where Gennaro's blood would liquefy, and miracles happen!

I caused David and Norm great discomfort, even fear, when in front of the shrine and pressed by the milling crowd I shouted: "I don't care what you two Masons think, San Gennaro was a REAL saint!" In the Godfather Part III movie, you can see the festival (and a murder, to boot) to get a feel for the whole celebration.

Today the Church of the Most Precious Blood is still there, as well as a couple of Italian restaurants, but most of the Italians have moved to the suburbs. Other Asian immigrants (and their restaurants) now dominate the area. Although the Festival still occurs, it just isn't the same.

The Root-Tilden program was established in 1951 and named after two prominent public servant NYU Law graduates, Elihu Root and Samuel Tilden. The program's objective has always been to educate high quality, geographically diverse students who are committed to public service in their home areas. (The program's unstated goal was to transform NYU, a private university serving a mostly local base, into a national powerhouse.)

Thousands apply for this generous scholarship to a first-rate school, and if your application is selected for further consideration, you have an in-person interview with a committee chaired by the Chief Circuit Judge; in my case, I went to Chicago for that grilling since La Crosse is in the 7th District, which is headquartered in the Windy City. Each year 20 Root Tilden fellows from around the country enter the freshman class (law school is 3 years). In 1969 women were admitted to the program, and today the selection pool is national, not 2 per Federal District.

By getting together a week before the rest of our 400+ classmates arrived, we learned the expectations for Roots and we had a chance to get to know and bond with each other; in a school this big, these special benefits were golden. We Roots also had special seminars, a personal advisor (mine was Bill Shea, of Shea Stadium fame, although I didn't use him as well as I should), with the main requirement that we each research a topic and give a lecture during the first semester to our fellow Roots.

I first thought I'd do a "Gay Guide to Greenwich Village," but after some initial research at gay and lesbian bars I realized that this required a seminar, not a short talk! I thereupon shifted my focus to the underground cinema scene centered at



Jonas Mekas and Andy Warhol, NYC, 1965 Photography Stephen Shore

the Film-Maker's Cooperative (est. 1962) and Cinematheque (1964), founded primarily by Jonas Mekas, a Lithuanian refugee, filmmaker, and film critic. The movies screened by Cinematheque (in various Manhattan locations) were made by the likes of Andy Warhol and Stan Brakhage, and featured

actors like Edie Sedgwick and Ultra Violet; all were avant garde tastemakers at the time.

Mekas and colleagues often screened the work of independent filmmakers in an old, beat-up theater, The City Hall Cinema, 170 Nassau Street—near City Hall and the Brooklyn Bridge entrance. Here, in March 1965, I saw Andy Warhol’s famous “Empire”, an 8-hour black and white silent film of the Empire State Building captured by a stationary camera. Nothing happened but change of light on the building, and at its premiere the audience rioted and threw unattached seats around the theater before storming out. I was hooked! So, of course, I brought Linda to see more of these puzzling, amateurish, yet fascinating films. We were never part of the “in crowd” that laughed heartily during the films’ inside jokes or at seeing certain friends perform. But we still went when we could because these films were so different from anything we saw in theaters or museums. Go figure?!

Mekas’ Film-Makers Cooperative continues today as the Anthology Film Archives and he died in 2019 at age 97. By the way, my Root-Tilden talk was a big success because it informed my fellow Roots about things unknown, even to New Yorkers. Because of the size of our class (400 undergraduates and 100 grad students), the undergraduates were divided into three sections; most of my acquaintances were part of my section. We could also take graduate level courses, but when I signed up for a mortgage class that was filled with attorneys already working for big New York insurance companies, I soon realized I was way over my head. I fled to regular undergraduate course work.

My parents visited me during my second year in November, 1965. My roommate (and Georgetown classmate), Don Colleton, convinced my father that he should come to our securities class; he then goaded Dad to pester the teacher. My father joined our class with enthusiasm, but I was thoroughly mortified: his questions indicated that he thought he was in a tax, not a securities class!



My father was never afraid to speak up. On that same trip to NYC, I announced to my parents during our breakfast at a Greenwich Village restaurant, that Linda and I were engaged and planned to marry the next summer, probably in August 1966. My father said nothing to me, but immediately engaged the people sitting around us to join him in talking me out of it! So, I enlisted a group of other spectators to support me. All this provided great entertainment to the breakfasters, and, by the way, I won the vote!

Later that day my parents professed an interest in touring Columbia Law School (where I had also been accepted), and we eventually met Linda at the Law Library (where she often studied). My father, Jake, took a surprised Linda aside, sat at a study table, and grilled her about her fitness to be my wife, that being her health and sports achievements. Her health “passed” (no braces; no glasses), but Linda, a decent athlete, was nonplussed when he asked about her sports trophies (zero!). He then asked her to grade her sports ability on a series of sports; when he asked about her engagement in more obscure sports (fencing, for instance),

Linda grew frustrated. She responded that she had gotten “All A’s at Barnard,” whereupon my father slammed his fist on the table and blurted: “And what we don’t need in this family is an educated fool!” It took years for my parents to fully admit Linda to the family.

In early December, Linda and I took the train to Tarrytown where I formally asked her father for her hand. We settled on a date mid-August 1966. Linda and her mother started planning the wedding (mostly Linda since my mother-in-law, Hildur, was a nervous party planner), securing the church and reception venue.

Within a month or two, my brother, Jim, reminded me that we had a major sailing regatta on our planned wedding weekend. So, of course, I told Linda I’d like to delay the wedding by two weeks. This caused Hildur to ask Linda if I was serious about getting married! (Hildur just didn’t appreciate the importance of sailing!)

Mid-March 1966 my parents again visited New York for our March 19 engagement dinner hosted by Linda’s parents at their home. What a weekend!

Linda was then studying Oriental Civilization (as it was then called) with some of Columbia’s star professors. Knowing that my parents (at least my mother) enjoyed

and supported opera, Linda was sure we four would enjoy a rare performance of Japan's National Bunraku Theater at City Center in Manhattan. One of her Oriental Civ professors said this was a not-to-be-missed show of half-size puppets manipulated by three handlers, accompanied by a narrator and small instrumental ensemble.

We had great seats in the first row of the balcony. All audience members were given earphones to listen to a commentary and simultaneous translation of the libretto. These were the days before sub- or super-titles.

The stage was layed out with two long ramps from the audience seats to the stage. While the primary dramatic action took place center stage, the narrator and

Theater: Bunraku Puppets Appear at City Center

3 Classic Plays Given by Japanese Troupe

BUNRAKU PUPPET THEATER, classical Japanese plays: "The General's Daughter," by Fumi Wakatake; "Fishing for Wives," adapted from a Noh comedy, and "The Green-grocer's Daughter," by Senzoku Soga. Wadachi Matsuda and Mr. Wakatake. Presented by Paul Siller, in association with the New York City Center of Music and Drama Inc. General manager, Masahiko Imai; stage manager, Eisuke Kamada; set designer, Kazuo Sugimoto; lighting and set supervision by Ronald Bates; simultaneous translation by Miss Keji Obayashi. At the City Center, 131 West 55th Street.

SINGERS-RECITERS
Tsubamekayo, Toyohiko, Tsudayu Takemoto, Harukodayu Iizumoto, Midayu Takemoto and Goro Takemoto
SAMISEN PLAYERS
Matsunosuke Nozawa, Yashichi Takezawa, Kikudaro Koyama, Dairoku Takezawa and Katsuhiko Nozawa
DRUMMER
Tatsuhachiro Aochiwa
PUPPET MANIPULATORS
Menjuro Kiritake, Etsu Yoshida, Kamekiku Kiritake, Tamao Yoshida, Kanuro Kiritake, Seiziro Toyomatsu, Mimeske Yoshida, Bunroku Yoshida, Tamashiro Yoshida, Bunsho Yoshida, Momo Kiritake, Momo Kiritake, Tamako Yoshida and Icho Kiritake

By CLIVE BARNES
JAPAN'S classic puppet theater, Bunraku, which last night opened its first New York season at the City Center, is a theater of fantasy,



A puppeteer of Bunraku Puppet Theater Company at work

Dolls Quickly Convince Viewer They're Real

The performance of the old general was a wonderful piece of acting—not just puppetry, for in this context puppetry has no more meaning. The puppets are only the surprising means to a perfectly conventional end.

The final play, "The Green-grocer's Daughter" (these titles have unfortunate echoes of the more recondite English limericks) also turned fortuously on a rapier-point of honor, and once again the characters escaped being spitted on it. Here the Green-grocer's daughter saves the life of the Samurai she loves by rescuing his master's ceremonial sword, which if permanently lost would have led to the Samurai's enforced ritual suicide.

Pathetic and exciting—at one moment the heroine's headlong flight through the streets of Kobe reminded me irresistibly of Ulanova's Juliet running passion-struck through Shakespeare's Verona — this may prove amazing

musicians kneeled or sat stage right. With great drama and inflection, the narrator boomed out the story to a clatter of cymbals, gongs and wood blocks; at times the narrator startled us with his stentorian delivery.

After a short intermission, my father seemed to have failed to make it back to

his seat. The second act began with a loud, emotional recitation by the narrator and the headphone commenter continued his translation and explanation. But now, for some bewildering reason, there was a distant narrator, equally emotional who seemed to be speaking in counterpoint to the main narrator. With our headphones, it was difficult to figure out what was happening.

After a few minutes, I figured it out: my father, Jake, was sitting in the last row of the balcony, mimicking the narrator and having a great time of it. Linda was mortified when I told her what was going on, but fortunately because of the muffling by our headphones, the rest of audience remained puzzled but clueless.

The next evening my parents, Linda and I trekked up to Tarrytown to meet Linda's parents—the first time our parents had met. Linda's mother had prepared a lovely

roast beef dinner, but since my father, Jake, could see that a quiet, serious evening was in store, he brashly made a counterproposal. Jake, who knew Linda's father was a newspaper executive, suggested we instead go to the Yonkers Racetrack to watch the trotters and eat dinner there. Linda's parents were too polite to insist we enjoy the planned meal, so off we went to the races! Linda's father was able to get us great seats in the Clubhouse and we all enjoyed the evening (I think!).

The next night was the engagement dinner at the Lovas household. What started out as a staid evening, turned livelier and more raucous as my father pinned one New York business executive after another against the wall and told stories and jokes. As Jake always said, the party's what you make it. Jake and my brother got talking and laughing so hard that Linda's mother thought they had hearing issues and had to shout to be heard!

One of the guests was a Rockefeller attorney and good friend of the Lovas family, Clifford Hickok. When Jake learned for whom Cliff worked, he took a real interest. When he next found out that Cliff had an organ at his home, Jake reported that he was a fellow organist. My parents ended up at Cliff's house after the Lovas' party where Jake played his best recital piece, "Long Ago and Far Away." Cliff didn't know what to say; only Jake could get away with such a stunt!

My second year of law school, and Linda's last year at Barnard went so well that my grades fell and I lost my scholarship funding, a huge disappointment and embarrassment. The moral, I believe (and Linda kept up her high grades, as usual), is don't ever let your love life interfere with school. (By the way, my 3rd year grades during our first year of marriage were very high.)



Bradford Bachrach

Miss Linda Marie Lovas

Linda Marie Lovas A Prospective Bride

Special to The New York Times

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., March 20—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Edward Lovas have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Linda Marie Lovas, to John Gregory Hoeschler, son of Mr. and Mrs. James William Hoeschler of La Crosse, Wis., and Dresbach Beach, Minn.

An August wedding is planned. Miss Lovas, a senior at Bar-

My third year of law school, our first year of marriage, was spent in a lovely apartment on the fifth floor of an NYU apartment building, Hayden Hall, overlooking Washington Square West. Linda and I played recorders, as did several



of the students on our hall. Several times a month we would have a recorder quartet get together. On one of those 'concert' evenings, my brother Jake was visiting us from Colorado. He was sleeping on a fold-away bed in our living room, but at midnight we woke him up to hold the music for the bass player! I think he was

amused and thought us slightly nuts.

While I finished my third year of law school, Linda was getting a master's degree in Political Science from the New School for Social Research, a few blocks north of Washington Square. She had been admitted to similar programs at Columbia and Yale (and in hindsight should have gone to either) but elected the New School because she could graduate in one year.

The New School was a famous landing ground for Spanish and European Jewish professors, driven from their countries by the fascists in the 1930's and 1940's. However, by 1966 it was somewhat post-peak and the bulk of students were not of the caliber of Columbia and Yale; moreover, they came from all over the world with vastly different backgrounds and uneven education platforms. As a result, they didn't share first principles and couldn't agree on much of anything. It was challenging to have a sophisticated discussion of issues because some students were communists, some capitalists, others were nihilists. It was a wacky experience for me to audit any of her classes (a few of the outstanding émigré professors such as Saul Padover were still lecturing there), having gotten used to the close reasoning taught in law school.

During that year, Linda took a more than full load at the New School and worked as a graduate student researcher and editor for Minerva Morales (New School and

Columbia) and her famous sociologist spouse, Amitai Etzioni (Columbia). Etzioni's fame as a writer, lecturer and public commentator, and his wife's kindnesses to us (Linda edited her book on the 1965 US intervention in the Dominican Republic) made for a rewarding year for Linda (despite her disappointment in the New School).

During the fall of our last year in school Linda and I signed up to join the Peace Corps. The Corps had a very interesting program in the US Trust Islands of Micronesia in the Pacific. The Interior Department had jurisdiction over Micronesia and was looking for lawyers for the Peace Corps to help establish a new property law system in the islands that had been controlled by a revolving list of imperial powers including the British, the Japanese and the Americans.

The program was going well until, in the spring of 1967, Congress learned that there was one Peace Corps volunteer for every 70 natives in Micronesia, and similar numbers in some other areas. The budget was cut and the Peace Corps told the Interior Department to get its own lawyers. I was out of a great experience.

Linda and I still wanted to do something special and out of the ordinary before my settling down to practice at a law office.* So we kept looking around. The Peace Corps made an offer for us to teach birth control in India, which we declined. I learned of a VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America, the domestic Peace Corps) demonstration legal project in Chicago. It looked like the ticket and we signed up.

**We went to college emboldened by President John Fitzgerald Kennedy's call to engage in civic action and public service, to "to ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." Under Kennedy, Sargent Shriver (Kennedy's brother-in-law), founded the Peace Corps in 1961. After Kennedy's assassination in November 1963, his VP Lyndon Johnson became President (Nov1963-Jan1969); his administration founded VISTA in 1965 as part of the War on Poverty.*

Although the Vietnam War was heating up, requiring a draft of young men (up to age 26) as soldiers, Jack had no need of a deferment at that time. Young men from the La Crosse area, usually high school graduates, were still volunteering "to serve their country." The US public was just slowly learning of the breadth, depth and terrible dilemmas posed by this war. LLH

Honeymoon Hijinks

By Papa Jack Hoeschler

Linda and I were married August 27, 1966 in Pocantico Hills, New York in a sweet wooden country church. We had a glorious wedding reception at Sleepy Hollow Country Club, the old Vanderbilt mansion overlooking the Hudson River palisades. We had ten days before both of us were due back at NYU Law School and the New School for Social Research. With the help of Linda's Tarrytown neighbor, Dottie Bronson, a Maine native, I had roughed out a driving trip up the Maine coast.

Upon leaving the wedding reception in a limo, photographer's flashbulbs popping, the limo driver took us a short distance down a Club back road to my earlier-parked trusty white Valiant with blue plastic seats. We transferred into the Valiant and proceeded to drive toward Maine. We drove through Connecticut, then Massachusetts. About dusk I saw a Ovid's Motel's sign just off the highway, probably near Worcester. As a long-time Latin student, I thought that a motel named after the great Roman poet was a good omen. It was not. Ovid's was a run-down motor hotel...and Linda was greatly disappointed.

Fortunately, the next day at breakfast we bought a New York Times, and Linda rejoiced that she was the first bride in the wedding announcement section. I didn't care about this social 'victory', but at least it softened Linda's disappointment of our having spent our first night together at a dump.

Mid-afternoon the next day, Sunday the 28th, we arrived in Kennebunkport, Maine. We stopped at the Visitors Center to get suggestions on where to stay. As it happened, there was a flyer on the bulletin board advertising classical music concerts (20 minutes each hour) at a coffee house, the Golden Egg, located, appropriately, on Goose Fair Farm. To our surprise, one of the featured pianists was Ann Phillips, a Juilliard Conservatory friend of Linda (at that time Juilliard was located just north of Barnard College). Off we headed to the Golden Egg to ask Ann for hotel/motel suggestions.

To our disappointment, Ann had returned to NYC, but her sister, Jane, was in her place. Jane introduced us to Nat Smart, the impresario and operator/owner of the

Golden Egg. It turned out that Nat was a competitive figure skater and an actor, having a role in Broadway's 1961-62 show, "Take Her, She's Mine."

I explained that this was our honeymoon trip before classes resumed, then asked Nat where a good place might be to stay. Nat rushed up the stairs, then back down after a few minutes, asking us how long we wanted to stay. Not knowing what we were getting into, I replied "Just a night or two." Nat rushed back up the stairs, then back down after another hiatus. "I found you a perfectly dreadful place to stay, but they'll leave you alone." We had visions of an old boarding house.



Nat said he'd ride with us to our new abode which turned out, to our amazement and joy, to be the very grand Colony Hotel, a classic beachfront hotel. Staff greeted us by name at the entry, opened our car doors, then carried our luggage to a grand ocean view suite of rooms. (By the way, when exiting our car, Nat remarked to me that "It's not as bad as you think.") A bouquet of flowers (from Nat) and a chilled bottle of champagne (from the hotel) soon arrived in our room.

I could tell this was going to cost a pretty penny, but luckily, I had my father's Amex card for such emergencies. After a marvelous dinner of lobster et al., and trying look relaxed, I stopped at the front desk to inquire about our room rate, only to be told that Mr. Smart had taken care of everything for the entire two-day stay!

Much relieve and very grateful, we drove up the coast to the Golden Egg to hear a concert and thank Nat. He simply explained that he just wanted to help the two happiest people he had met in a long while.

Over the years we attempted to maintain contact with Nat, his wife (he married the next year and Linda used some of her Tiffany credit to buy the couple an egg-shaped crystal paperweight with a golden yolk; the marriage was short lived), and his mother. But over time we lost touch. About 15 years after our wedding, Linda was working at Dayton Hudson when one of her predecessors, Tom Jagloski, stopped by. Since Tom lived in Kennebunkport, she mentioned Nat Smart, only to learn that Nat was in jail for killing his male lover.

About 10 years later we were driving up the Maine coast and stopped in at Goose Fair Farm. Mrs. Smart, a wry, gracious, and weather-beaten looking woman, didn't remember us of course, but told us that Nat was mowing some of their fields where he was building homes. We found Nat, introduced ourselves, saying we wanted to thank him for his great gift to us 25 years before. He had no memory of us, was very pleasant, and in our all summarizing what we had done since 1966, his life story had a 7-year lacuna. Thus went our first honeymoon highlight.

After Kennebunkport we drove further up the coast for a night in Boothbay Harbor, then on to Bar Harbor on Mount Desert Island. Since it was the end of the high season, Bar Harbor was crowded so we drove on to Northeast Harbor. Here we found a lovely room at the Harbourside Inn, a wonderful old boarding house overlooking the water.



After some earlier warnings, Linda came down with flu or strep (her sister had been sick the week before the wedding). I teased her that it was psychosomatic (she didn't find that funny) and put her to bed in our delightful room. Feeling unneeded, I left to reconnoiter the town. Since it was Labor Day weekend coming up, there was a regatta at the boat club, so I endeavored to find a crewing job.

Here Jack ends this story, handwritten in June 2022, sitting at his lower bedroom desk. We had planned to finish this and other essays during the summer of 2022, but Jack was hospitalized, came home and soon went into hospice. He died June 22, 2022 of advanced prostate cancer.

Jack did get a crewing job, with an amazing character, Don Marvin. Don was a man of accomplishment but was the first to tell you. Much of his clothing was emblazoned with "Veritas" to remind you of his Harvard education; a couple of years later he made the front page of the Wall Street Journal as the first person in the history of Harvard to self-nominate for the Overseers Board.

Our honeymoon was a great start to a life together (just shy of 56 years of marriage) full of travel and adventure, when we often benefitted from the kindness of strangers. We were lucky. We were appreciative. LLH