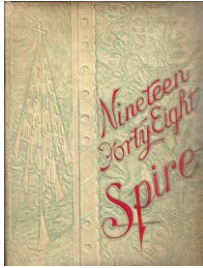


### CLASS REUNIONS CELEBRATE AT THE ANNUAL PICNIC

70<sup>TH</sup> 1948



1948

Raymond Stefans

"I will be coming up from Texas and am anticipating visiting with good friends to share my story and listen to others. Also it's a chance to visit the Shrine Church where we were married."

60<sup>TH</sup> 1958



1958

Nobbie Zielinski

"The picnic is a welcome opportunity to celebrate with our classmates and with other graduating classes as well."

55<sup>TH</sup> 1963

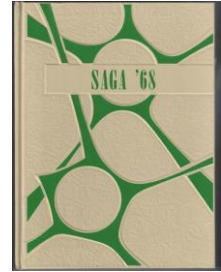


1963

Bernadette Larca Smietana

"We did not have a 50<sup>th</sup> reunion 5 years ago—BUT—are planning on a Big Saturday reunion this year and to celebrate with others the next day at the PICNIC."

50<sup>TH</sup> 1968



1968

Karen Matus Neuman

"The Picnic is a reunion opportunity that is working out well for our class."

#### Contact your classmates below for details:

1948 – 70<sup>TH</sup>

Rita Krysinski Golubski  
216-341-0881

1958 – 60<sup>TH</sup>

Nobbie Zielinski  
330-840-9872

1963 – 55<sup>TH</sup>

Bernie Larca Smietana  
440-826-0009

1968 – 50<sup>TH</sup>

Karen Matus Neuman  
216-524-5621

### The July 29, 2018 Annual Alumni & Friends Picnic at Klima's Garden will again provide the opportunity to visit with classmates and friends.

Principal Deb Martin Report ...  
Page 4

Further Adventures of  
Bill Dix ... Page 5

My Friend Christine  
By Bernadette Larca Smietana...  
Page 2

Bob Krane Memories  
By Norm Pieschalski Page 6-7

IN MEMORIAM  
Dedicated Teacher... Yolanda Kane  
Page 3

Klima Garden Pavilion  
4646 East 71st Street  
Cuyahoga Heights

There will be **NO** Mass at the picnic.  
We are suggesting you consider attending the 11:30 Mass at the Shrine Church of St. Stanislaus

#### **--THEN COME TO THE PICNIC!--**

**\*\*Everyone is welcome to join us\*\***

The \$10 Admission entitles you to One Raffle Ticket and the Picnic Lunch.

1:00 pm FOOD

Hamburger, hot dog, potato salad, baked beans, dessert and coffee/tea.

## *My Friend, Christine...recollections by Bernadette Larca Smietana '63*

It was **September 1959**, and I was racing down Fleet Avenue toward St Stanislaus High School; well, really half walking and half running. It was my first day of school as a freshman and I was late. I could feel my heart pounding through my chest as I thought about that embarrassing moment when I would walk into my classroom, when all eyes would turn toward me and when sister would reprimand me for my tardiness. I opened the door to the school and was met with a wall of silence. Class had started. I crept up the stairs and was nearing room 317 when I heard someone approaching.

*"Wait for me,"* she said. I couldn't believe my luck; someone else was late for class. *"I'm Chris Biesan,"* she said. I introduced myself and in we walked. I don't remember what Chris said to Sr. Carmella, but it was something humorous and she followed it with a giggle. The class laughed and Sister told us to take our seats; no reprimand; nothing. I couldn't believe my luck.

I went to her house on Hillman Avenue that day as I would many times. Sometimes, we would stay in her room and talk. On other days we would walk to Kresge's or Woolworth's or go to Morgana Park and swing on the swings or sit on the picnic table. I remember the first time I saw Chris' room; it was the entire second floor. Her bedroom was in the front facing the street. In the back, there was a large table, a sewing machine, patterns and fabric. Chris was a talented seamstress.



Bernie

It was in late fall when we started to sell the "World's Finest Chocolate" candy bars. Each student was given one box of candy bars to start with (I don't remember how many bars were in a box, but they were 50¢ each).



You had to return the money from your sales before you could get another box. I'm not sure about this, but the first prize for the most sales was \$25; second prize was \$15 and third prize was \$10. Chris and I started on Fleet Avenue and then Broadway Avenue, but soon learned that we would have to change our strategy when we continued to hear, "I already bought one." I'm sure it was Chris' idea to move on, and 'move on' meant taking the rapid to West 25<sup>th</sup>, West 65<sup>th</sup>, Triskett and West Park, etc. At first, we stopped at each house and place of business, but after our first tavern, our game plan changed. There were a lot of bars along our route and in each bar there were anywhere from two to ten patrons. Now, to watch Chris sell candy bars was something to behold. I would back off after one or two "no's," but not Chris. "No" wasn't in her vocabulary. She would cajole, beg, coax and plead with the patrons until, tired of listening to her; they would buy a candy bar. We, I mean Chris, would end up selling a candy bar to almost every patron, plus the bar owner. I would stand in awe as I watched her. I was never able to duplicate her persistence and tenacity. We soon realized that we would never win a prize if we were sharing the returns. Sr. Carmella allowed us to credit our sales to one person (it only made sense that Chris be the one). I don't remember how many boxes of candy we sold, but it was a lot. We didn't take first place, but did take second, and, of course, we shared the money.

Spring came and we made our way to a Dairy Isle or Dairy Queen on Harvard Avenue. We both bought strawberry shakes and then walked across the street to a playground to enjoy our shakes. There was a younger boy there, who started to bother us and kick cinders at us. Now, to be honest, it's possible that we may have said a few curse words and kicked some cinders at him, but my memory is fuzzy regarding this. After a few minutes of banter, he picked up a rock and heaved it, hitting me in the eye. With this, Chris grabbed him by the collar and dumped her entire shake over his head. I was laughing and crying at the same time; laughing as I watched the boy running away with strawberry shake dripping from his hair, and crying because my eye hurt. We left the park and went to Maryann Jurecki's house on Gertrude. She gave us some eye drops and Chris put them in my eye.

I hung around with Chris that whole summer, going to her house, walking down Broadway and stealing apples from the grocer with the outdoor fruit stand (we only did that once; maybe twice).

Sometime in our junior year, Chris and I quit hanging around. Why? I don't know. I rarely saw or talked to Chris during the remainder of our high school years. I cannot explain that.

Chris & Greg  
Wendzicki30<sup>th</sup> Class  
Reunion  
In 1991

After Chris graduated, she married her high school sweetheart, Greg Wendzicki, and moved out of state. I may have seen her once or twice after that. Did I ever tell her that I cherished our shared adventures and that our friendship had ended far too soon? I did not. Chris died in 2011.

Whenever I'm with my sisters, and we drive down Broadway Avenue, I peer out the window and I can still see Kresge's, Woolworth's, and the grocer with the outdoor fruit stand. And, when we pass Hillman Avenue, *I remember my friend, Christine.*

*Mrs. Yolanda Kane*

*1930-2018*



*St. Stanislaus*

*Elementary School Teacher*

*1966-1996*



Shannon Frye  
8<sup>th</sup> Grade Graduation  
1984

*STUDENT MEMORIES*

**Denise Schultz Class of 1982.**

Mrs. Kane lifted her students up to her expectations. She believed anything was possible and in plain spoken words she told you where you were going and how you would get there. Favorite expressions were "Magpies on a back fence?" "Parrot on a back fence."

**Yvette Prorock:**

I remember her being left handed because I am too. She wrote a special way by turning her hand in. she did not take any crap.

**Sherry Clark:**

She was a lefty but could only use her right hand when writing on the boards.

**Bernadette Schultz-Meadows class of 1989**

In Mrs. Kane's classes, I learn to read aloud and how to take notes. Pure torture that paid off!

**TJ Rice:**

Multiplication tables were her favorite too.

*Dear Mrs. Kane:*

*Thank you for all you have done for Slavic Village and St. Stanislaus Church and School.*

*Your dedication to upholding the spirit of a Catholic based education is unmatched.*

*Through your hard work, hundreds of neighborhood children and young adults, have learned to appreciate American History, speak and write using correct English and most importantly, understand the teachings of The New Testament.*

*The May Crowning Ceremony will always be one of their fondest memories of you, especially memorizing all three verses of "Immaculate Mary". Also, most of your former students probably remember every word of the Preamble to the Constitution, which you had them write when things were not going well.*

*It was my honor to learn from you and teach beside you on the third floor of St. Stan's.*

*God Bless! And may you rest in peace.*

*Love, Mr. Pudelski and hundreds of "Featherbrains of the century" and "Pavrots on the back fence"*



*Yolanda & Dan Kane Sr.*

**Joe Surma:**

It was always the tables of 12.

**Jola Spring:**

You goose! Nothing but a gaggle of geese.

**Shannon Frye:**

Let's not forget "CHILD, what are you DOING?!" and "Slower than molasses in January."

## 2018 Rainy Day Fund Results

Thank you for your help in our Rainy Day Fund Drive for this year. The following 47 donors allowed us to increase our fund by \$3174. Below is a listing of the Honor Roll Donors.

### ***Pacesetter (\$500 +)***

Irene Przysiezna Jarocinski, HS '67  
 Florence Karash Nowocin, HS '60

### ***Star Performers (\$100-499)***

Paul Blados & Margie Gasparik,  
 ES '69, CCC '73  
 Ray Blasiak  
 Larry & Joyce Guzy, HS '61, '62  
 Ron Halinski  
 Marie Bykiewicz Jenkins  
 Len Krysinski, ES '46, HS '50  
 Clare Larca, HS '65  
 Allan Mosinski, HS '68  
 Gene Pawlowski, ES '55  
 Norm & Iris Pieschalski, HS '60  
 Bob & Ingrid Sledz, HS '61  
 Ed & Maryann (Sasak)  
 Sklodowski, HS '51

### ***Benefactor (\$50-99)***

Elli 'Liz' Pajak Musial – HS '61  
 Barbara Rybacki Belich – HS '60  
 Kevin Brody  
 Mary Garapic  
 Shelly Koran Hartong  
 Terry Jarzen – HS '64  
 Sharon Sielaty -- ES '66, HS '70  
 Michelle Peck

### ***Patron (\$10-49)***

Ignatius Anselmo  
 Tony Asher – HS '61  
 Fabian Boris – HS '56  
 Mary Ellen Boyer  
 Marilyn Brenkus

Allan Burke – HS '65  
 Donna Larca Burovac – HS '60  
 Tim Florencki  
 Jim & Susan Halamek  
 Bob Hasinski  
 Loretta Horvath  
 Pat Gorny Juhasz – HS '66  
 Alice Bednarski Klafczynski - HS '49  
 Rosemarie Kolenich  
 Ralph Konkowski – ES '44  
 John Kucinski  
 Tom & Alice Kulwicki – HS '61, '63  
 Norbert Lesecz – HS '61  
 Ed Oleksiak  
 Jim & Carol Orzech – HS '59  
 Bernadette Larca Smietana – HS '63  
 Barbara Rutkowski Stine – HS '58  
 Janet Karash Swift  
 Linda Zuber

### Recent expenses:

\$300 for Parish Altar Wine and Bread for the Month of November 2018  
 \$350 Elementary School Kindergarten Religion Work Books  
 \$650 Elementary School white copier paper issue  
 \$1000 Publish July 2018 *Spire* Newsletter

## Notes from the Principal: Mrs. Deborah Martin

January's 'Catholic Schools Week' provided an Open House for families and parishioners alike. Prior to the formal opening the teachers were honored with a special meal and raffle given by the Alumni Association along with the Parish. Judging from the photographs a good time was had by all!

We thank them for all the hard work they do in this most important ministry here in the heart of Slavic Village. Again and again, they take such good care of our students. They have committed to purchasing the Religion books we need for Kindergarten next year. The little ones write in theirs, so they have to be replaced every year. The Alumni is allowing us to purchase more paper for the school by giving us a generous donation. This is an external validation year for Ohio Accreditation. Four principals from the Catholic Diocese and one from another Diocese come to the school and make sure that it has Catholic Identity and verify Academic Performance.

100% of our Eighth Graders applied to Catholic high schools. AND 100% of them were accepted into their first-choice high school! Congratulations and Blessing to all of them.

Please keep the students and staff in your prayers throughout the years.



## More memories of the “Old Neighborhood”

### Bill Dix – '60 recalls “PASSING YARDS”

While watching the movie ‘A Christmas Story’ (for the tenth time), and seeing little Ralphie finally have enough and pummel the bully SKUDFARKUS, another memory of the old neighborhood materialized. That scene occurred in what we used to call a “**passing yard**”. They were usually vacant lots connecting one street to another.

The phrase probably was derived from the term trespassing, which is exactly what my friends and I did almost daily.

Johnnie Vasko, Bob Morgan and I decided that we wanted to go home from the elementary school—East 65th to East 59th—by using the passing yards. All three of us loved to read **Tarzan** comic books, so naturally we liked to swing on vines! We would cut 20 foot lengths of our mother’s clothes lines, weave three together at a time, tying large knots every 3 feet to have something to grip. Most garages on these streets abutted to each other. So we attached the ropes to nearby trees and then we could swing from one garage roof to another roof, fence to roof or roof to the ground. Going home was a great adventure for a few weeks, until...

One of the yards we ran through, I believe it was on E. 61st, had beautiful manicured shrubs. For some reason I ran and jumped over one bush just nicking the top branches with my foot. I was very proud of myself until I heard heavy footsteps behind me. Suddenly, I got kicked so hard in the buttocks that it literally



knocked the wind out of me and I bit my tongue. Scared to death, I scrambled over the back fence and ran all the way home, using the sidewalks.

That was the end of ‘**Tarzan’s Great Adventures**’. Sometime later, I learned that the gentleman, who kicked me, had played professional soccer in Europe! **I HATE SOCCER!!**



1949

\*NOTE THE GARAGE AND LARGE TREES...  
IRRESISTABLE, BUT  
 NOT IN MY SUNDAY  
 CLOTES!

## Annual Alumni & Friends Picnic



Four Eagles Award  
 was presented to  
 Bishop Roger W. Gries, O.S.B.  
 on May 11, 2018



## You never know where a Spire story may come from...

Editors Note: In mid April of this year I received a phone call from Brigid Krane. It seems Brigid, and her dad Jim, were doing research on their family tree. They were referred to me, as Alumni Chair, as a possible source for help regarding Jim's brother Bob Krane. Bob never graduated from St. Stanislaus H. S. in 1959 with his classmates. I had never met him but had heard of him. My only recollection was as a sophomore student attending an emotional Memorial Mass (September 17, 1958) for him with all the student body present. I mentioned Brigid's call to several alumni and ... **Norm Pieschalski... and he wrote the following story ...**

### Cleveland Plain Dealer September 15, 1957

**Pvt. Robert M. Krane**  
Pvt. Robert M. Krane, U.S. Army, will be buried in Calvary Cemetery after services at 9 a.m. Wednesday in St. Stanislaus' Catholic Church. Friends may call at the Slezak funeral home, 3652 E. 65th Street.

Pvt. Krane was drowned Aug. 24 at Le Porge. He was swimming in the ocean when he engulfed in a tidal wave, the undertow of which carried him out to sea.

The body was not recovered until Wednesday. Then the Army authorities notified his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Krane, 3311 Wallings Road, Brecksville, of the cause of his death.

Pvt. Krane entered the Army in August, 1957, before his graduation from St. Stanislaus' High School. He went to France early this year with the 83rd Battalion of Engineers.

In high school he was a star athlete, playing on his school's football, basketball, baseball and track teams as a sophomore and a junior. He had planned to complete his education in the Army school.

Surviving him, besides his parents, are two sisters, Mrs. Mary Ann Smelter and Mrs. Dorothy Piebe, and a brother, James.

Bob Krane was a legend in his own time. His athletic achievements resound in St. Stan's history. And there is a great sadness that comes over me as I recall those best ever efforts. Bob passed away in 1958, drowning in France where he was stationed with the US Army. Those of us who knew him remember not only his sports skills but also his upbeat attitude.

Bob's younger brother, Jim, recalls that as a child Bob would sneak out of his home to go play sports daily somewhere. One day Jim came home to find Bob sitting on the inside back steps forbidden from going out and looking extremely angry. Jim said their father tried numerous ways so that Bob would not escape and stay home to do his homework. Apparently Bob's love of sports almost always won out over homework!

Cliff Kneblewicz, a St. Stan's elementary school classmate, recalled that they had a particular nun, name unknown, who didn't want anyone to EVER disturb her class. Bob and Cliff and a third classmate violated her rule. Even though the school was nicknamed "Saints" she definitely did NOT see the three of them as "Saints". As a result they were separated and spent the rest of the school year against the back wall-Bob was in the right back corner, Cliff was in the back middle of the wall and the third classmate was in the back left corner. Sounds to me that Bob could have been mentally preparing for his athletic exploits.

The St. Stan's *Spire* from October, 1956 details many of Bob's football achievements. He had been an end on the 1955 team but was switched to fullback to take advantage of his size and strength 6 feet four and 195 pounds. Not only did he run for many touchdowns but he also caught long passes because he was fast and tall. His prowess helped him attain the title of "Press Star" and the paper noted that he was a star at end but more valuable and important at fullback.

In basketball Bob was consistently the leading scorer for the Panthers. But a football injury limited his play and even though he scored 16 points in a tournament game against Bedford High in two quarters the Panthers lost. Despite that loss Bob had collected 260 points during the regular season and a

seasoned news paper reporter opined that if Bob would have been healthy the Panthers might have gone much farther in the tournament. As a young spectator of that season I can heartily agree.

In baseball Bob was an outstanding pitcher and hitter. The best on the Panthers squads he played on. The numbers indicate he was the leading hitter and the winningest pitcher in 1956 and 1957. In fact he was good enough to be scouted by the Philadelphia Phillies. Ray Semproch, a St. Stan's alumnus, was pitching for the Phillies and on his visit to Saints' High he met with Bob and gave him some tips about pitching.

**According to Norbert Zielinski**, class of '58, and a good friend of Bob's, this introduction to Ray led Bob to consider a new future. Bob was 18 in 1957 and OHS rules prohibited 18 year old students from participating in

high school sports. Bob's decision was to join the Army and play baseball under the military's direction and guidance. After basic training Bob was sent to France in July, 1957 where he was stationed at Camp Bude. Four weeks later in a tragic accident Bob drowned while on leave. He had lived as an athlete and died as one.

In the *Spire* of October 3, 1958 the headline was **HEAVEN CLAIMS ANOTHER STUDENT.**

The story says "it's as if heaven wanted a few 'Sainters' around too. It has claimed on the average of one a year up to that date." Sainters always felt that Bob "still belonged" as he visited them when on furlough the previous year. Students sent him letters and the school paper. Their last recognition was given him when they attended his funeral Mass in St. Stanislaus Church, in body, on September 17.

My personal recollections about Bob begin with seeing him at **Kruszynski's Deli** near the corner of East 65 and Fleet Avenue. Bob's dad owned the business and I would frequent the store for snacks as well as food supplies for our home. Bob was usually quiet and busy but he was friendly and helpful when I asked for aid. We were not friends, so to speak, as he was older and in his own social group. I did admire his athletic skills and I still do.

Another recollection I have is about "Gladiating". As a freshman football player in 1956 I was short and fat. A perfect candidate for upper classmen hazing. Those upperclassmen would select a couple of Frosh players to "Gladiate"—fight in the nude in the shower for their amusement. I and my Frosh brothers were scared and reluctant. But we had to do it or quit playing. In one incident I remember I was almost going to quit but Bob came into the locker room and said forcefully "stop this crap". He gazed intently at the upperclassmen and we waited for whatever would happen. The upperclassmen looked around and told us to stop "Gladiating". The hazing ended there—Thanks to Bob.

Later in my freshman year Len Janiak, our beloved head coach, was looking for volunteers to paint the Nun's Convent. I had no desire to be a part of that effort. I did not like painting. Bob came up to me and asked if I would volunteer and I said "No". He looked at me with a stern gaze and said something to the effect that I would enjoy working with his volunteer group.

I respectfully declined saying that I had no talent for painting. Bob insisted that I would enjoy the experience as well as learn-to be a good painter. He would help me to develop skills that would make a good if not great painter. To this day ***I treasure that experience not only for the skills I acquired but the wonderful opportunity to get to know Bob and appreciate the great guy he was. It was a blessing.***



**Kruszynski's Deli**



**Michael Kruszynski in the Deli 1949**



**Dave Pawlowski, Tom Sajewski and Bob Krane listen with interest to Phillies' hurler, Ray Semproch  
Spire February 15, 1957**

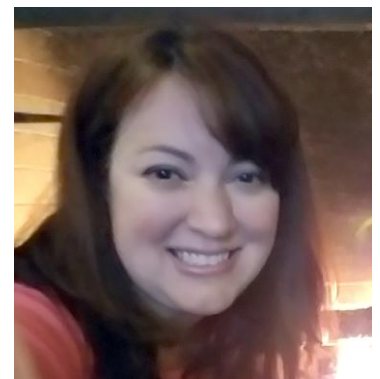


**Bob's Brother Jim and Parents**

**On the left: Bob's siblings. Below: Bob's Niece Brigid Krane**



**Mary Ann Smelter, Jim Krane and Dorothy Priebe**



# UPCOMING EVENTS

## POLISH FESTIVAL



**October 5, 6 & 7, 2018**



**Fr. Paschal, Fr. Jozef, Fr. Eric  
and Bishop Nelson Perez**



## NOVEMBER MEMORIAL MASS

During the month of November the Alumni is providing the Bread and Wine for all of the Masses.

The First Wednesday of the Month the Elementary School attends the 8:30 morning Mass.

On Wednesday, November 7, 2018 join us by sitting along the wall aisles as, students and teachers; occupy the center of the church. Remain afterwards for Alumni refreshments.



## IN MEMORIAM

The St. Stanislaus Alumni & Friends extends its condolences to the Families and Friends of the recently departed and pray the Lord will welcome them into everlasting life.

Rita Tezie  
Jan Kudlaty Storc '57  
Paul Rogers '59  
Richard Lenczewski '62  
Joe Okelson  
(Son of Ron '59)  
Yolanda Kane  
(ES Teacher 1966-1996)

Rita Skowronski Griffith '52  
Dennis Kwiatkowski '61  
Betty Dabrowski ES  
Robert Bielinski  
Husband of Joan (Potoczak)  
Theresa Galick  
Casimira 'Kay' Olszonowicz  
Thomas  
Terry Gorzelanczyk '58

Daniel Flower  
Lucille Gay  
Henry Kay  
Irene Wozniak  
Brian Mazurkiewicz  
(Son of Wanda)  
Jim Orzech '59

Therese Filipowkz  
Holdyk  
Louis Juskiewicz  
Diane Curtis Walker '60  
John Kryska '65  
Carol Jakala Novatnek

To inform the Alumni about the death of a member of the Alumni & Friends family please contact either:

Rita Golubski or  
216-341-0881

Donna Heid  
dheid1961@gmail.com

### Contact information:

The Shrine Church of St. Stanislaus  
3649 East 65 Street  
Cleveland, OH 44105

Rectory and Parish Office:  
216-341-9091  
www.ststanislaus.org

Previous *Spire* issues located  
on website

### Alumni Association Chair:

**Bob Sledz:**  
440-333-7827  
sledzbob@yahoo.com