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ROCKY in WHITING A Memoir

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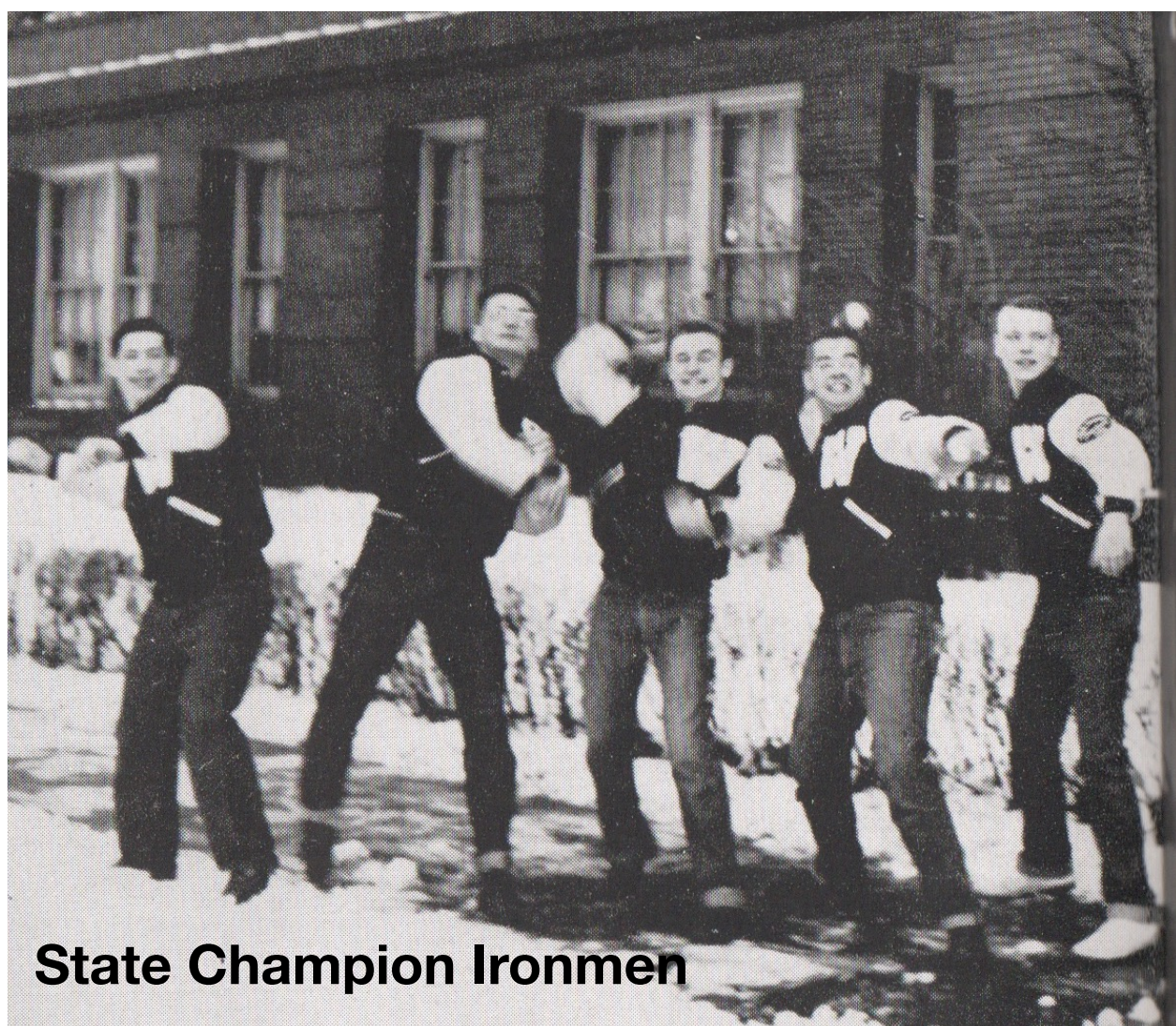
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ROCKY in WHITING

A Memoir

by

CARL T. (ROCKY) HERAKOVICH



State Champion Ironmen

ROCKY in WHITING

A Memoir

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CARL T. (ROCKY) HERAKOVICH

This book is available as an eBook at Apple Books at no charge, and in print, at cost, via request to the author.

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In appreciation to:

My Parents:

Julia Marie (Buckley) Herakovich

John Bernard Herakovich

My Grandparents:

Peter Herakovich

Hedwig (aka Hattie) (Malecki) Herakovich

Daniel J. Buckley

Catherine (Slattery) Buckley

My Whiting Coaches:

Ray Gallivan

Henry Kosalko

Steve Fowdy

Pete Kovachic

My Whiting High School Teammates and Friends



photo by Christian Romero (EA Photography)
November 7, 2019

Favorite Quotations:

"Nothing happens unless first a dream"
Carl Sandburg

*"Oh, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
or what's a heaven for?"*
Robert Browning

*"Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be
much arguing, much writing, many opinions: for opinion in good
men is but knowledge in the making."*
John Milton

*"Perhaps the most incomprehensible thing
about the world is that it is comprehensible"*
Albert Einstein

"I like the dreams of the future better than the history of the past"
Thomas Jefferson

Preface

I often wish that I knew more about my grandparents, Peter and Hattie Herakovich, and Daniel and Catherine Buckley. I write this history of my time in Whiting, Indiana so that it will be available for my children, grandchildren and their heirs, the Whiting community and the public at-large. In my youth, I was often referred to by my nickname, Rocky, as were many in the large Herakovich family. I will use that name often when referring to myself in the following. The title Rocky in Whiting can easily refer to everyone in the Herakovich family from my grandfather Peter on down.

Many materials are included in the appendix in the belief that the best way to ensure their survival is for them to be available in electronic form. I am a visual person, thus there also are many photos in this memoir.

This portion of my memoir was written after completion of *Rose Poly and Me*, the portion of my memoir that covers my association with Rose Polytechnic Institute (now Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology). That book is now available on Apple Books at no charge; a limited number of printed copies are available from the author at cost.

I indicate that my memoir is a “Work in Progress” because not only do I remember things that I should have included, but also because relatives and friends help me by providing additional information that I want to include. While the print versions can’t be modified, I will continue to update the electronic version as appropriate.

Portions of my memoir that I hope to write in the future include sections on my immediate family and friends, graduate school at The University of Kansas and Illinois Institute of Technology, professorships at Virginia Tech and the University of Virginia, activities with the Applied Mechanics Division of ASME, the U. S. National Committee on Theoretical and Applied Mechanics, the International Union on Theoretical and Applied Mechanics, sabbaticals in France, and work as an Atlantic Coast Conference football official.

Acknowledgements

Much of the Herakovich family history reported here was assembled by aunts Dorothy (Herakovich) Roberts, Loretta (Herakovich) Hruskoci and Betty (Elizabeth Kridlo) Herakovich, cousins Peter Hruskoci and Liz (Herakovich) Pickering, and my brother Jack. Buckley history was largely the work of my mother and cousin John Sandrick.

I want to thank my editor-in-chief, my wife Marlene, for all that she has done as my companion, the mother of our four children, and my supporter for more than sixty years of marriage.

I put a lot of effort into this memoir. Marlene pointed out what Samuel Johnson (1709-1781) said about writing:

*“What is written without effort ...
....will be read without pleasure”.*

I hope the reader finds pleasure when reading this.

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Whiting

I grew up in Whiting, Indiana, a Chicago suburb on the southern shore of Lake Michigan. Whiting is approximately sixteen miles from the Chicago Loop and two miles from Chicago's South Side. It was founded in 1889. I attended (catholic) Sacred Heart Elementary School and (public) Whiting High School. My most significant accomplishment at Whiting High was quarterback and halfback on offense, and defensive halfback, on the 1954 Indiana "Mythical" State Championship football team. I was one of fourteen players called "Ironmen" because we were the only players with significant playing time. I also lettered in basketball and baseball and was named "Whiting High Athlete of the Year for 1954-55". My high school grades were average, or maybe a little better than average.

Whiting was a small town of about 10,000 people. I could walk most everywhere. I walked to Sacred Heart Church and Grade School, Whiting High School, Whiting Park on the lakefront, and 119th Street which was the town's main (essentially only) commercial street. Bike riding was a common method of getting around town.

The post card view of 119th Street is very representative of what I remember, with the exception of the tracks for street cars. They were gone or paved over in my time. The tall grey building at the far end of the street was only one or two buildings over from my Herakovich Grandparent's home on Indianapolis Blvd. Diagonally across Indianapolis Blvd. from the grey building was the White Castle, a hamburger place. It was frequented many, many times during my youth. Many years later, my wife Marlene and I were sitting in a White Castle in Indianapolis and saw a picture of the Whiting White Castle indicating that it was one of the oldest of the chain.

The sign for RED HOTS, below the DRUGS sign on the left, is for what we called Hot Dog Louies. A very small place where you went for a late night snack of hot dogs and chili. There were two five and dime stores, Woolworths and Newberry's, and two movie theaters on 119th street. One was the Hoosier (large, vertical sign down on the right) and the other was the Capitol; a child's ticket for the movies cost 14 cents. We often





went to the movies on Friday nights. That is where I fell in love with Paris - seeing movies with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier. Watching Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance had a big influence on my liking to dance. And the music by the Gershwin brothers in these films undoubtedly played a role in my still liking their music today. There were two pool halls, Nick's on 119th Street and a second one (I don't remember the name) on New York Avenue, just around the corner from the Central Drug Store.

The People of Whiting

The people who lived in Whiting during my youth were primarily of mixed, European stock. There were many Irish, German, Italian, Polish, Croatian, Hungarian, and Greek immigrants and their offspring, like my parents, who were born in the United States. I don't recall many French, Russian or Spanish immigrants. Everyone was white. This was true even though the surrounding cities of Chicago, Hammond, East Chicago and Gary had substantial black populations. I don't recall any hispanics. I have no explanation for the fact that the town didn't have non-white citizens. To the best of my knowledge, there were no official pronouncements or regulations limiting who lived in the town; it's just the way it developed.

The population included a very heavy representation of Roman Catholics, a substantial number of Protestants, and some of the Jewish faith. I don't recall any ill feelings towards people of different faiths. It was just accepted that everyone had the right to choose their religion as they desired. I had many friends who were not catholic and must have had some Jewish friends, but I don't even know who they were; it was not an issue.

Whiting Community Center

We played our elementary school basketball games at the Whiting Community Center, a very nice facility built by the Standard Oil Company in 1923. In addition to the basketball court, with elevated track around the court, it had an auditorium, indoor swimming pool, handball courts, women's and men's locker rooms, a bowling alley, a room with pool and billiard tables, and other rooms for meetings and classes such as dance. In the large entrance lobby area there were tables and chairs. Some of the tables had the pattern for chess and checkers built into the table tops. I believe that balls for pool and billiards, and men for chess and checkers were available at no charge. The Center was just south of 119th Street, almost straight down Central Avenue and no more than a ten minute walk from my home. I learned to swim, and play basketball and handball there. I believe that the first time I danced with a girl was at a party in the Community Center in 7th or 8th grade.

We were very fortunate to have such a facility in our town. It clearly was the result of having a large, successful company like Standard Oil there. Many of the townspeople worked at Standard Oil. My father worked there for forty-three years, my grandfather Herakovich (and I think my grandfather Buckley) and many of my uncles, on both sides of the family, worked there. My mother worked there for a time. I worked there the summer between my freshman and sophomore years of college.

Whiting Park

We had a very nice park on the lake front. It had tennis courts, which were flooded in the winter providing a large, outdoor, ice skating rink with a log cabin hot-house for warming up and drying wet clothing after, or between, skating periods. The hot-house had a large stove in the center of the room with metal wire fencing around it to protect against being burned as well as a place to hang wet clothes. The hot-house was a great gathering place during the skating season. A high ridge that ran along the center of the park served as a nice hill for sledding when there was snow on the ground - which there was often during the winter.

There was a beautiful, fenced-in baseball field with permanent stands at one end of the park. Home run balls over the right field fence hit the road beyond the fence and went into Lake Michigan. The park had swings, teeter-totters, other play equipment, a concession stand, and bathhouse. A gun club on a promontory at the East side of the park, extended out into Lake Michigan. The park also had an open area pavilion that was used for dances and other gatherings.

Fourth of July celebrations were big events in Whiting. A large parade, with bands, firetrucks, military units, boy scouts, girl scouts and other marching groups like the Elks Club, and the Moose Lodge. Many of those participating in the parade came from nearby cities and towns. All would march down 119th Street on the Fourth. There also would be a big fair with rides, games and other booths in the park. The fireworks display on the night of the Fourth was something that nobody wanted to miss.

A beautiful sand beach ran along the shoreline from east to west. On the far west end of the beach, there was the remnant of a large pier extending out into the lake. During my time, the only things left of this pier were wood post pilings. The pier was probably

less than a mile or so down the beach, to the west from the concession stand and bathhouse.

The west end area of the beach was often used by young boys who, each year, built a new diving board anchored to the pilings. The wood for the diving board was usually stolen during the night from the local lumber yard, floated out near the end of the pier and made into a diving board using several 8-10s and nails. The diving board had to be replaced each summer because winter storms tore away the existing board. The young boys swimming and diving here typically swam in the nude. I was one of them for several years.

During my youth, there were days that the water along the beach was full of oil. The oil came from the boats that traversed the lake transporting ore and oil to local industries. The boats would simply discharge excess oil products into the lake. Sometimes the oil was on the lake surface and at other times it had sunk to the bottom so that when you walked in the water, the bottom of your feet became caked with oil clods. Occasionally, the oil was in the form of rather large clods floating on the surface. Fortunately, the practice of discharging oil product into the lake has been stopped; I understand that the water is now clean.

Pool Halls

There were two pool halls in Whiting. One (Nicks) was on 119th Street and the other was on New York Avenue. I played a lot of pool during my high school years. Nicks was located between my home and the high school. It was a convenient place to stop during the lunch hour, meet friends, maybe play a game of pool, and then walk to the high school which was only a block or so away.

I typically went to the pool hall on New York Avenue at night. It was a larger pool hall with pool, snooker and billiards tables. It was a little further from my home. This is where I learned to play snooker (my favorite game) and billiards. There was also a screened-off area in the back of the pool hall where older men played poker for money.

Aside:

Snooker is played on a billiards-size table with one white ball (the cue ball), 15 reds, one yellow, one green, one brown, one pink, and one black ball. The pockets and balls are smaller than typical pool balls. Red balls have a value of one. The other colored balls have values ranging from one to seven. For the break, all balls are arranged in a very specific pattern on the table. The break shot must contact a red ball first. After the break, players hit a red ball into a pocket, then a numbered ball, the numbered ball is put back on the table in its original spot, and this is continued until all red balls are off the table; then the numbered balls are hit into pockets in numerical order. A player loses his turn when he doesn't hit a ball in a pocket or scratchers. The player with the most points when all the balls are off the table wins the game.

There was a penny a minute charge for using the tables. A game usually didn't take more than twenty minutes, or twenty cents. Many games were played two on two with the players on each team required to take turns hitting a shot. The losing team had to pay the table charges and the winning team could stay on the table for the next game if

they so wished. My good friend Ron Rosin and I became quite good at snooker. There were times when we kept winning and stayed on the table for hours without it costing us anything.

The Gridiron Cafe

The Gridiron was a small cafe on 119th Street where high school kids gathered at night. There was a low bar with stools along one side of the room and booths along the other side. Cokes and french fries were probably the main items purchased in the evening hours. There was also a music box that required money to be played - and it played all night long. The Gridiron was about halfway between the two pool halls and no more than a block from the high school. It was run by a very friendly, young couple who were there every night. They got to know all the kids by name.

Paper Route

When I was in grade school, I had a paper route delivering papers on Central Avenue. I had to convince my uncle John Chrustowski who owned the store that ran the paper distribution that I was old enough (and big enough) to have a paper route. Papers were delivered to our front steps early in the morning. I would bring them into the enclosed front porch where I would fold them so they could be throw to each house as I rode by on my bike. My mother would often help me fold the papers. We were given a canvas bag to carry the papers. The bag fit nicely on the handlebars of the bike. Since we didn't have plastic bags back then, on rainy days I had to make a special effort to get the paper in a location at each house that was out of the rain. I do recall that, at least one time, I delivered papers when there was 26" of snow on the ground. Of course, I walked on days like that. On normal days, it probably didn't take me more than 20-30 minutes to deliver the papers. I did that for several years.

Aside:

As I write this, I am sitting at the desk that my uncle John Chrustowski gave me in 1964 when I started studies for my PhD at Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. I don't recall the specifics as to how it came about, but I must have been in his store when he said something about getting a new desk. I must have asked if I could have his old desk and he said yes. I don't know how long he had the desk, but I have now used it for fifty-six years ... and counting. I used it in Lansing, IL, Blacksburg, VA, Charlottesville, VA and now Raleigh, NC. The desk may be as much as seven-five years old. It is a nice, big oak desk.

Immediate Family

My family consisted of my mother Julia Marie (Buckley), my father John Bernard, and my older brother John Paul (Jack). Both of my parents were first generation Americans who came from large immigrant families, Irish on my mother's side and Croatian/German on my father's side.



John Bernard Herakovich



Julia Marie (Buckley) Herakovich

My father was born on August 21, 1903, and my mother on January 26, 1909; both parents were born in Whiting. As dad was not Irish like my mother, mom had to sneak down the alley to meet him in the early days of their dating. Their wedding was at Sacred Heart Church on September 16, 1933. Dad would have been thirty and mom twenty-four. They were married for fifty-four years. Dad died on Dec. 22, 1987 at age 84. Mom died a year later on Nov. 16, 1988, at age 79.

My father did not graduate from high school; he started a job at Standard Oil of Indiana in Whiting at age fifteen. He worked there for forty-three years retiring as an electrical foreman at age fifty-eight. He made additional money by doing small electrical jobs for people at night and on Saturdays. Occasionally, I helped him as a gofer with his electrical work. One Saturday afternoon job that I went on was in a back room of McKale's Tavern on 119th Street. Dad fixed the telephones used for bookie joint; I recall race calls coming over the room loud speakers and several men listening to the races.

My mother worked in the office at Standard Oil for a couple of years after graduating from high school and before my brother was born. After my brother and I were in high school, she developed a small business filing income taxes for individuals, working out of our home.

The 1941 picture of our family was taken in front of the Buckley Grandparents home, directly across the street from our home on Central Avenue. One of my mother's sisters (Nony I think) can be seen above us in the screened-in porch.

Aside:

My brother Jack was two years older than me. After graduating from Whiting High, he went to St. Joseph's College in Rensselaer, IN where he earned a degree in Geology. After spending several years studying for the priesthood, he took a job with UNESCO, initially working out of Paris, where he learned fluent French. He then had assignments in Delhi, India, Nairobi, Kenya and Jakarta, Indonesia, before completing his career back in Paris. He now lives outside Denver, CO with his wife Angela.

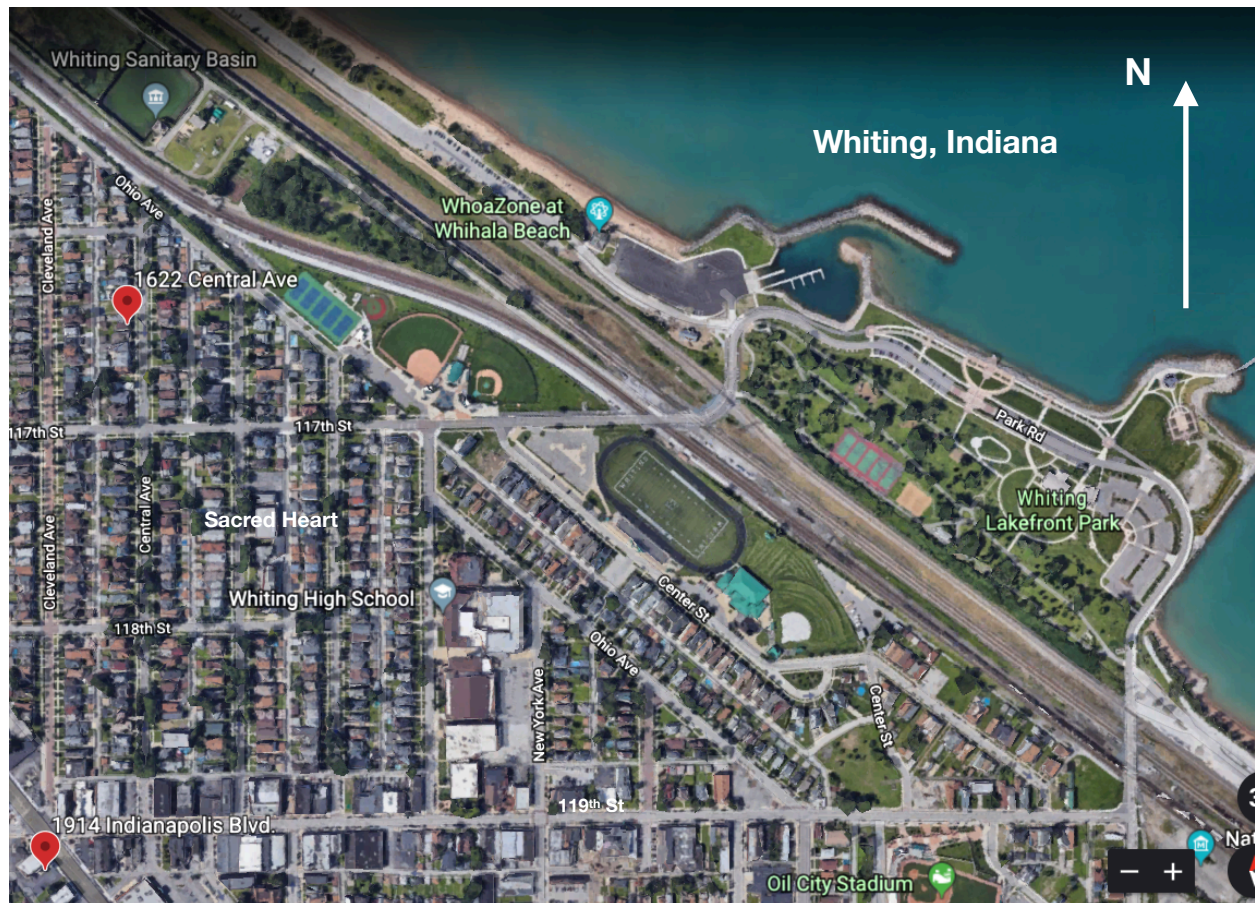
One of my favorite stories of his fluent French was his experience on a ship from Paris back to the states. When he sat down at the breakfast table, everyone else was speaking French so he did as well. It was only much later in the meal that those at the table were very surprised to learn that he was an American.



I had a total of forty aunts and uncles, and as many first cousins. The great majority of these relatives lived nearby. There were numerous family get-togethers to celebrate births, weddings, graduations, first communions, holidays, and funerals. I have nothing but good memories of my extended family and my life in Whiting.

Our Home

Our home at 1622 Central Avenue was 116 blocks from downtown Chicago (see the earlier photo) and no more than a five minute walk north up Central Avenue, across two sets of railroad tracks and a large field to the sandy beach at Lake Michigan. The



Chicago skyline was clearly visible across the lake from the beach. In my youth, I spent many summer days at that beach. Our home was a two-story frame with a basement, and a coal bin for many years. There were two and one-half bedrooms and one bathroom on the second floor. I remember that we had a boarder, Mr. Cline, when I was very young. I don't believe that he ate with us. He used the half bedroom. We all shared the bathroom. Jack and I shared a bedroom until Mr. Cline moved out. The lot was only about 6-8 feet wider than the house, on both sides. We had a small back yard with a two car garage at the back of the lot and an alley outside the garage. My mother had flowers beds running along both sides of the yard. There was a sand box and play area to the side of the garage.

A 2019 screen shot from Google Earth shows my home at 1622 Central Avenue, the beach, the railroad tracks, Sacred Heart Church and School, Whiting High School and football field. Some changes are evident to me from the time I lived in Whiting. The Whiting sports complex, with tennis courts and baseball fields, was not there in the 1950s. The baseball field was in the park to the East (right) of what is now called Whihala Beach and across the tracks from the football field. The major streets in the

photo running west to east are 117th Street and 119th Street. Indianapolis Blvd (Rt. 40), the main highway from Chicago to Indianapolis, cuts across the photo diagonally in the lower left corner where the Herakovich Grandparents lived on Indianapolis Blvd. Clearly, almost everything of interest is in walking distance.

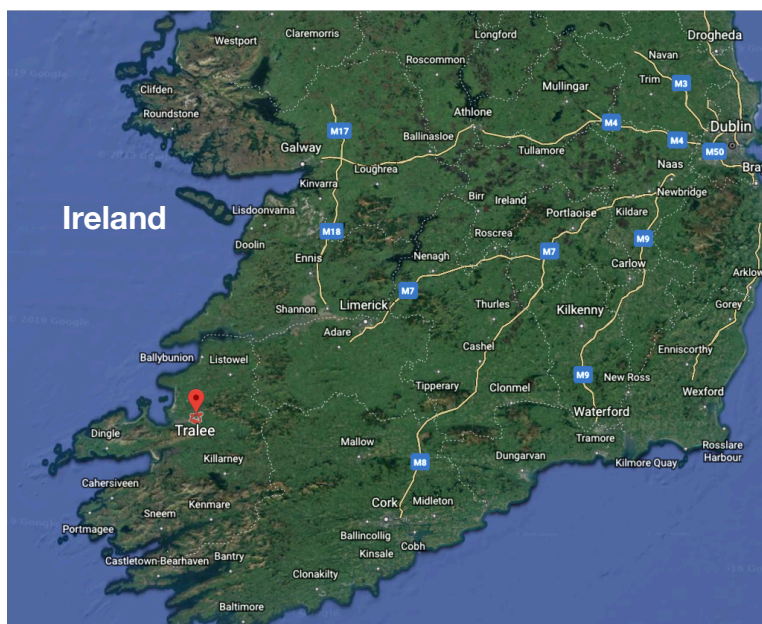
Grandparents

Grandma and Grandpa Buckley lived directly across the street at 1625 Central Avenue. Grandma and Grandpa Herakovich lived at 1914 Indianapolis Boulevard, about a ten minute walk south on Central Ave to 119th Street and then one block west over to Indianapolis Blvd.

All of my grandparents arrived in the United States by steamship voyages that took seven to ten days. Both of my dad's parents arrived in the United States in 1889. I don't have dates for the arrival of the Buckleys, but it would have been between 1897 and 1905. I don't know anything about what prompted them to make their voyages, how they funded them, or their experiences during the voyages. I knew Grandpa Herakovich when I was in my teens and twenties and should have talked to him about their trips. Unfortunately, I never did.

Buckley Family

Grandma (Catherine) and Grandpa (Daniel J) Buckley were from the area near Tralee, County Kerry, in Southwestern Ireland. Grandpa was born on September 15, 1877. Grandma was born on September 24, 1879. According to Joan Hanafin, my mother's cousin from Tralee, they went together as youngsters in Ireland and came to the United States on the same boat, eventually arriving in Chicago. Joan told us that they came to the United States on their own, with no parents or siblings, when both were around the age of twenty.



Prior to their marriage, Grandma lived in Chicago and Grandpa lived in Whiting. They were married in Chicago on October 18, 1905, and lived in Whiting thereafter. Grandma would have been twenty-six and grandpa twenty-eight when they married. They were married for forty-four years. I have a variety of original documents concerning birth, marriage, citizenship, baptism, mortgage and social security for the Buckley grandparents. Copies of these documents are included in the Appendix.



Grandma was the daughter of Thomas and Mary (Sullivan) Slattery. Grandpa's father Jeremy was a farmer in Ireland; his mother was Mary (Lynch) Buckley.

Aside:

In August, 2002, Marlene and I and our daughter Kristine met Joan Hanafin, my mother's cousin, in Tralee, Ireland. Joan gave us details of the Buckley and Slattery families. My grandmother Catherine and Joan's mother Bridget were twin sisters. They had another sister Mary Ann. A copy of the notes I made during a conversation with Joan is provided in an Appendix.

We happened to be in Tralee during the Rose of Tralee International Festival and were able to experience some of the celebration. The Festival is basically a five day beauty pageant of young women, called Roses, who are from Ireland or of Irish heritage. Many countries around the world are represented. Each young lady is assigned an escort for the week of dances and parties. Roses and escorts are selected from the group of applicants. All of the Roses were introduced at the mass we attended on the Sunday we were in Tralee.

The Whiting Buckley family consisted of eight children who lived beyond the age of three [Marian (1906), Catherine (1907), Julia (1909), Thomas (1913), Theresa (1916), Margaret (1917), Noreen (1919), and James (1924)]. Three additional children died very young [John, (1910), Daniel (1911-14) and Margarette (1915-16)]. Thus, Grandma Buckley gave birth to eleven children in a period of eighteen years (1906-24). They lived in the house across the street from my family, a two story home with four bedrooms (I think) and one bathroom on the second floor. They also had a basement, as was typical.

Aunt Marge and uncle Ed Sandrick lived next door to my family; Aunt Mary (Marian) and Uncle John McNamara lived one block over on Cleveland Ave; aunt Kitty (Catherine) and uncle John Chrustowski lived on 119th Street above their newspaper, greeting card and novelty store; uncle Tom (my godfather) lived across the street in his parents home most of my young life; uncle Jim (and Aunt Mary Jane Kowalczyk) lived on Ohio Street, about four blocks away near Whiting High School. It was a very close knit family. Aunt Tess (Theresa) and uncle Vince Mullaney lived in Munster, IN, (nine miles away) and aunt Nony (Noreen) and uncle Ed Kasper lived in South Bend, IN (74 miles away).

A relative, John Buckley (from Boston I believe), was adopted by the Whiting Buckley family. He went by the name Jack. I don't know if the adoption was official or just thought of that way; he definitely was considered one of the family. He was always at parties and get-togethers. I believe he is in the Santa suit in the 1948 Buckley Christmas photo. Jack lived from 1911-1990 so he would have been in his forties and fifties when I knew him as uncle Jack. He married Rosemary Bonamino who was called Bonny. They lived on Chicago's south side.

Uncles Tom and Jim Buckley, Vince Mullaney, and Ed Kasper all served in the military during the 2nd World War. Immediately after the war, Tom was living across the street with his parents. He was on crutches as a result of injuries he received when the tank he was in was hit. He told me that after the tank was hit, he laid in a trench next to a dead German for three days before being rescued. Most probably, Tom suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) when he returned from the war. Of course, at the time, PTSD had not been identified. I remember that Tom raved to me about Mickey Mantle when Mantle was still in the minors.

My memories of Grandma and Grandpa Buckley are very limited. I do recall that, in retirement, Grandpa Buckley would walk to a bar a few blocks away each morning to have a shot of whiskey. And, there was one time when I was walking into Whiting park with some friends and I said hello to him. He was working on flowers in a garden at the park entrance. I do remember that he had a problem with a big toe and cut away some of his shoe so it wouldn't hurt so much.

The thing that sticks out in my mind about Grandma Buckley (who lived five years longer than Grandpa) is that she was ill for many months before she died. There were times when I could hear her moaning in pain from across the street. It had to have been in the summer of 1955. I was in my freshman year in college when she died that November.

Aside:

I hitch-hiked round trip Terre Haute to Whiting for the funeral of Grandma Buckley. For my return to Terre Haute, it was a cold, dark night. I was picked up by a man who talked about the price of gold during the entire trip - about three hours. He said buy gold because it was going to go up in price. It was \$35 an ounce at the time. He was correct, it did go up, today it is about \$1,650 per ounce.

The Buckley family had a Christmas party on Christmas Day, every year, continuously, for more than 100 years starting in 1910. The picture from 1948 was the last time the original family was together for Christmas as Grandpa Buckley died in September, 1949. Below is the accompanying newspaper article with the family picture.

Aside:

My brother Jack and I can be seen, in sailor suits, in the picture hanging on the wall in the 1948 Christmas photo

My cousin John Sandrick, (who lived next door to me on Central Avenue), put together a listing of the Buckley family tree as of 2020. The list, showing 185 members, is included in the Appendix.



Buckley Family

Dec. 25, 1948 – Last Christmas at Home, 1625 Central Avenue, Whiting, Indiana

Front Row: Rosemary & Eileen Sandrick, Santa (Jack Buckley), Jack Herakovich, John McNamara, Jr.

2nd Row: Catherine Buckley, Jay Chrustowski, Cathy Mullaney (in lap), Daniel Buckley, Tessie McNamara, Carl Herakovich (next to Santa), John Herakovich

3rd Row: Noreen, Dan, & Mike Kasper (held by Ed Kasper), John Chrustowski (head), Tess Mullaney holding Colleen Mullaney, Julia Herakovich, Marge Sandrick holding Ed Sandrick

4th Row: Jim & Mary Jane Buckley, Mary & John McNamara, Sr., Midge McNamara, (unnamed family friend), Kitty Chrustowski, Vince Mullaney, Ed Sandrick, Tom Buckley

'Home for the Holidays' n

DEBORAH LAVERTY-ARGES

(Of the Sun Journal Staff)

For most people Christmas is synonymous with family get-togethers and indeed, going home.

In keeping with this tradition, the Buckley family, which will hold its annual Christmas party today, has "been going home" for 66 years.

The annual tradition began in 1910 with Catherine and Dan Buckley of Whiting, Irish immigrants who settled in the area and produced six daughters and two sons.

The senior Buckleys are now deceased but the tradition has been kept alive through the years by their children and grandchildren, who now total more than 90.

And though the family is large and spread out, most living in northwest Indiana or neighboring states but some living as far away as Virginia, all try and make the trek home each year to Whiting and few miss the festivities.

Jay Chrustowski, 30, of Munster, one of the grandchildren, and the son of Catherine and John of Whiting, says he can still remember the early get-togethers when they were held in the house of his grandparents or aunts.

"Eventually though the family got

too large and now we have it in the Whiting Elks Club," he said.

"We always have someone dress up like Santa Claus, generally someone who doesn't have small kids for fear they will recognize them, and he distributes gifts," Chrustowski said.

Mrs. Julie Herakovich, 68, and third oldest of the Buckley family, will be hostess to this year's festivities, along with husband John, and will help cook the traditional menu of turkey and other fixings.

She reminisces about other Christmases, "We always had a live Christmas tree in the middle of the parlor with lit candles."

"And we always hung our stockings, and though our gifts were few, sometimes just an apple, nuts or candy, we always appreciated what we got," she said.

She said that the Christmas ritual also included going to midnight mass then the dinner the next day which consisted of a turkey or roast goose and all the trimmings.

"We also sang carols and we still do," she added.

Mrs. Herakovich, who is considered the family historian, says that during the last year there have been three weddings, and one birth, Jay Chrustowski's son, Keith, who was

born in May.

"We have people from all ethnic backgrounds in our family and we get along beautifully with all of them," she said, adding, "We have just as much fun as the Kennedy family but we don't have as much money."

"Most of the 25 grandchildren have a college education and we have every occupation, teachers, school administrators, nurses, but no priests and no nuns," she said.

Incidentally Mrs. Herakovich's son Jack, who lives in Nairobi, Africa, wins the title of family member who lives the farthest away. She said he won't be attending this year's party.

Jim Buckley, assistant superintendent at Highland High School, and youngest member of the original eight Buckley children, says that he has two special memories of past Christmases.

"I remember in 1944 when I was in the service I couldn't get a train home so I had to sleep in the train station in New York City," he said.

He added that they put tags on the soldiers for a wake up call and that he got into Whiting just in time for the day's festivities.

"I also recall an incident in which my brother, now deceased, was wounded during the war and came in to dinner, just in time, on crutches."

"No one knew he was coming," Buckley said.

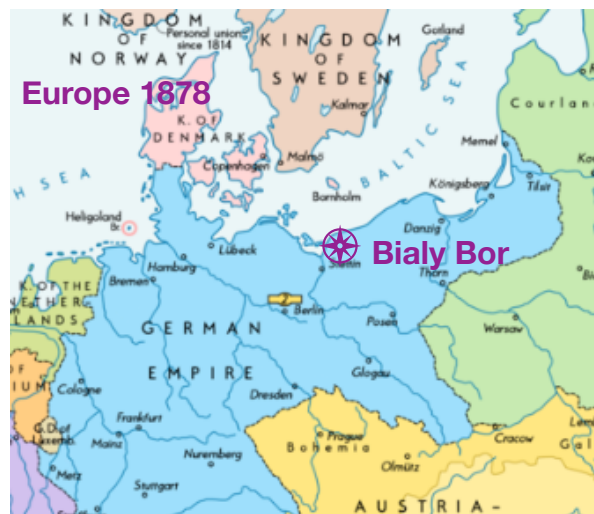
Buckley added, "Each year the day is a very nostalgic affair to see all my sisters and to see how the family has progressed."



The Buckley family, group shot. Since the

Herakovich Family

My knowledge on the Herakovich family is quite different from what I know about the Buckley family. I do not have documents for the Herakovich family. However, I do have several reports detailing Grandma Herakovich's parents and siblings in the United States, and Grandpa Herakovich's family back in Europe. These Herakovich reports (see the appendix) were assembled and written by aunts Dorothy (Roberts), Betty Herakovich, and Loretta (Hruskoci), cousins Peter Hruskoci and Liz (Herakovich) Pickering, and my brother Jack.



Google maps show the areas of Europe where Grandma and Grandpa Herakovich were born. Grandma Herakovich was born Hedwig (aka Hattie) Malecki in the town of Baldenberg on December 16, 1878. Her father was John Malecki and her mother was

Antoinette (Urbanowicz). While it was always represented to me that Grandma Herakovich was German, there are two European cities named Baldenberg shown in Google maps today, one in Germany and the other in Poland. The town in Poland now is called Bialy Bor and that is the town cited as Hattie's birth home in the previous Herakovich writings. And, I would argue that the name Malecki seems to me to be Polish, not German. Her mother's maiden name, Urbanowicz, would, to me, also indicate a Polish heritage.

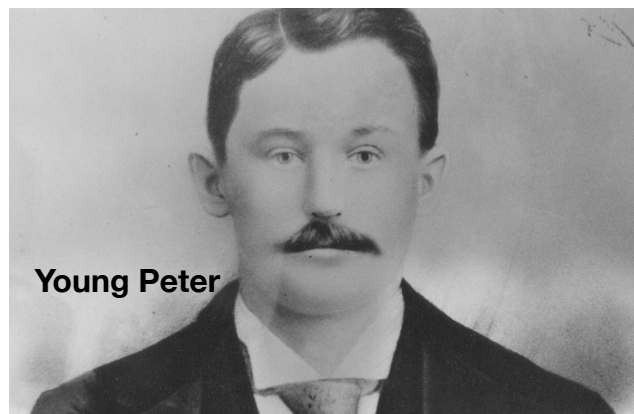
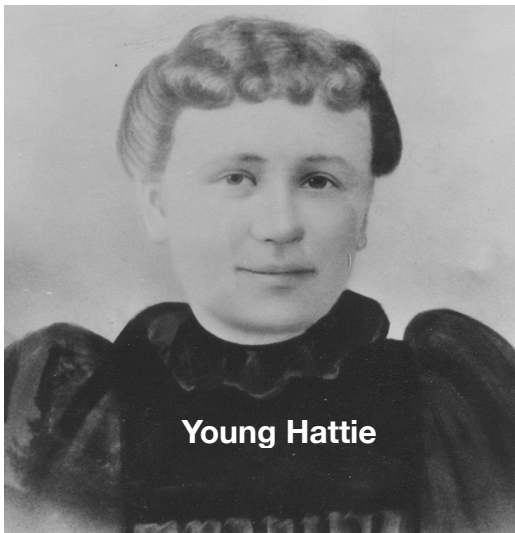
Aside:

I have a letter from my father dated December 28, 1980 in which, referring to his mother, my dad makes the statement "She always said, she and the family came from Baldenberg, Germany".

The following line in his letter says: "Uncle Fred Japchinski told me the family came from Flatto, Germany". When I search for Flatto Germany on Google Maps, the only town that shows up is Flatow, Germany, a town 30 miles northwest of Berlin. Is it possible that my father didn't spell the name of the town as Fred intended, certainly. However, I'm ready to accept Grandma's statement that she came from Baldenberg. I assume that it was in what now is Poland. Baldenberg Germany is 268 miles southwest of Berlin.

As shown in the appendix, Fred Japchinski was a son of Grandma's sister Martha. Thus he would have been my father's cousin and an uncle to me. Fred and my father are in a 1933 picture that is in the appendix.

At the time of Hattie's birth, what is now Bialy Bor, Poland would have been part of the German Empire. That could explain why she was considered German. Her German ancestry also could be associated with the classification she was given upon entry to the United States. There are many stories about how European names were changed at border entry stations due to language difficulties. For example, it is now evident that in Croatia and Slovenia, Herakovich was spelled without the final h, i.e., Herakovic.



Grandma Herakovich arrived in the United States on April 4, 1889, at the age of 10. There seems to be no information as to how or why her parents made the voyage to the United States. There is some speculation that she was the only child to accompany

her parents on the trip to the United States. However, I believe it is unlikely that there were as many as ten years between the first two children of a family that eventually had twelve children (see appendix). Grandma died on June 5, 1964, at age 85.

Aside:

On the day Grandma Herakovich died, I was living in Terre Haute, IN with Marlene and our two sons, Brad and Doug. I received a phone call from my father early that morning telling me that his mother had died. He was anticipating that we would come back to Whiting for the funeral. Unfortunately, our car was packed and we were about to leave in minutes on a trip to Stillwater, OK. We would spend eight weeks there while I attended a National Science Foundation sponsored summer graduate course in mechanics. I had to tell my dad that I was very sorry, but we could not come back for the funeral. I think he understood.

Grandpa Herakovich was born on May 12, 1873, in Cerovica, Croatia, a small village about 25 miles west of Zagreb. He was the second oldest of six children. His father's name was Franko and his mother was Martha (Vidovic). In my youth, I understood that Grandpa was from Zagreb, Yugoslavia; however, Yugoslavia was a country only established after the First World War. The Kingdom of Croatia was in existence from 925 until 1918 when it was incorporated into Yugoslavia at the end of the war. Croatia regained its independence again in 1991. Grandpa's family moved to Kostanjevic na Krki, a larger town in Slovenija, just across the border from Croatia, when he was very young. Grandpa always said that he was from Zagreb. I think that was his way of giving people an easier way to understand where he came from, not unlike me at times, when I am far away from Whiting, saying that I am from Chicago.

Aside:

The Herakovich family referred to Grandpa Herakovich as being from Yugoslavia, not Croatia. In contrast, my wife Marlene (Vukowich) from nearby East Chicago, IN learned a few Croatian words from her grandfather, John Vukowich, who lived with her family until he died when she was seven. Her grandfather always said he was from Croatia, not Yugoslavia. On Sunday mornings, he would walk the long distance from their home in East Chicago to the Croatian Catholic Church in the Indiana Harbor section of the city for Sunday mass. And then walk back home after mass; he would be gone a good portion of the day.

When I introduced Marlene to my grandfather Herakovich before we were married, he asked her if John Vukowich was her grandfather. She said yes and he went on to say that he and John both were baptized by the same priest in Zagreb. This story seems to indicate that he had some interaction with her grandfather after they both were in the United States. Maybe he also attended the Croatian Catholic Church in Indiana Harbor on occasion. Or, maybe they both worked at Standard Oil. Or, maybe they were together at a local gathering of Croatian immigrants. Since they had both been living near to each other in the United States for forty or fifty years, it seems likely that their paths would have crossed. Unfortunately we didn't learn any more details from my grandfather at the time. I don't expect that I will ever know more.

Grandpa Herakovich arrived in the United States on April 16, 1889, one month shy of his sixteenth birthday, and only twelve days after Hattie. I don't have any information as to whether or not he was with other family members. After living in Youngstown, Ohio, for a time, he moved to Whiting, and started working at the Standard Oil refinery on August 17, 1891, at age eighteen. He eventually became a pipe fitter and was credited with making major contributions to the development of the famous Burton-Humphrey's

still that was on display in a Smithsonian petroleum exhibit during the 1970s. He worked at Standard Oil for forty-seven years, retiring in 1938 at age 65.

He paid into the social security system for only one year after it was enacted; he then retired and was one of the first people to collect social security payments, which he did for twenty-seven years. Grandpa died on March 31, 1967, six weeks shy of his ninety-fourth birthday.

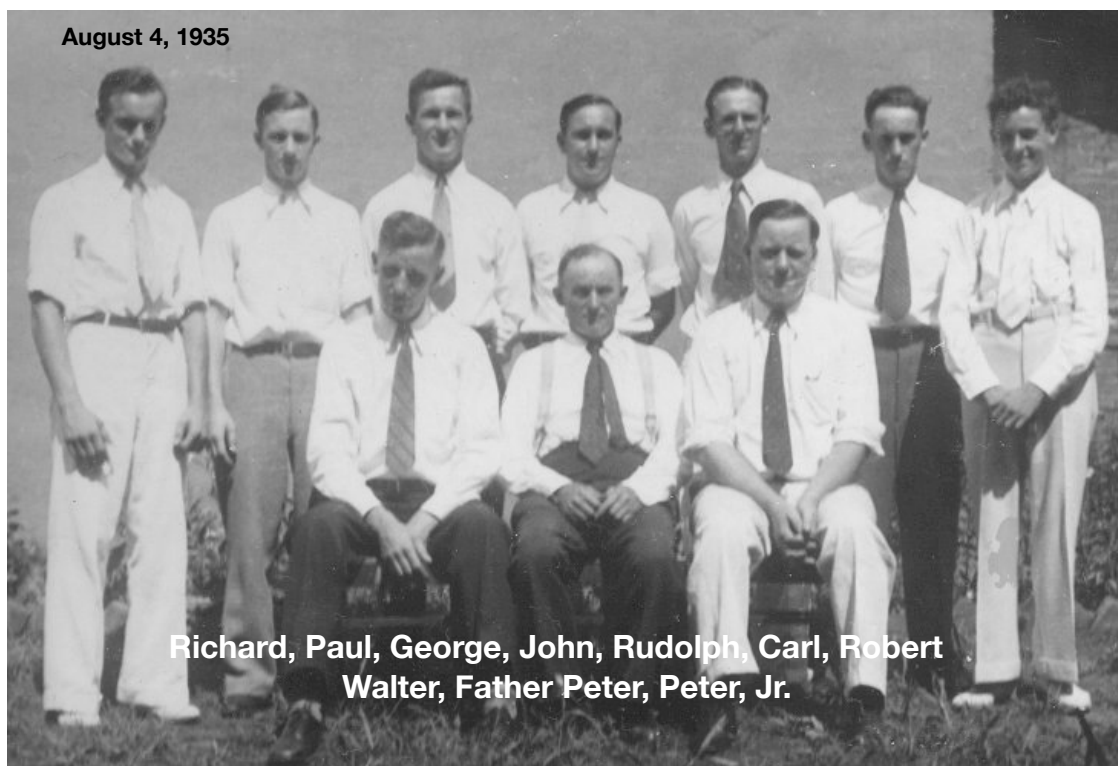
Grandma and Grandpa Herakovich were married at St. John's Church in Whiting on May 8, 1898. Grandma would have been 19 - 1/2, and Grandpa would have been four days shy of his 25th birthday when they married. There is some belief that their marriage was one of the first, if not *THE* first, at St. John's Church. They were married for 66 Years.

The Herakovich family consisted of thirteen children: Adelaide Ann Marie Antoinette (Ada) (1898), Peter Francis (1900), Walter Paul (1902), John Bernard (1903), Rudolph James (1905), George Aloysius (1907), Carl Xavier (1909), Paul Leonard (1911), Dorothy Cecelia Frances (1913), Clare Harriet (1915), Richard (1918), Robert Vincent (1919), Loretta Jean (1921). I find it surprising that I have not discovered a middle name for Richard. Grandma Herakovich gave birth to thirteen children during the twenty-three years 1898-1921.

Aside:

I could not find any record of Paul's middle name until his son Ron read an early version of this book in 2020. Ron told me that his dad's middle name was Leonard.

Ada, Walter and Carl never married; Carl died of tuberculosis in 1939 at age thirty. Ada, Walter, Dorothy (married Roy Roberts), Clare (married John Burr), Richard (married Dorothy Bartels), Robert (married Elizabeth [Betty] Kridlo), and Loretta (married John Hruskoci) lived nearby in the Whiting/Robertsdale area. Peter (married Edna La Bounty and then Pauline [Becich] Husbanette) Rudolph (Rutz, married Mary Desatnick) and George (married Eleanor Botteron) lived within twenty-five miles of Whiting. Paul (also known as Butch, married Vera Brown) stayed in California after serving as a Navy Seabee in the Pacific during the Second World War. Robert also served in the military during the war. My father was never in the military; he would have been thirty-nine in 1942 when the United States entered the war.



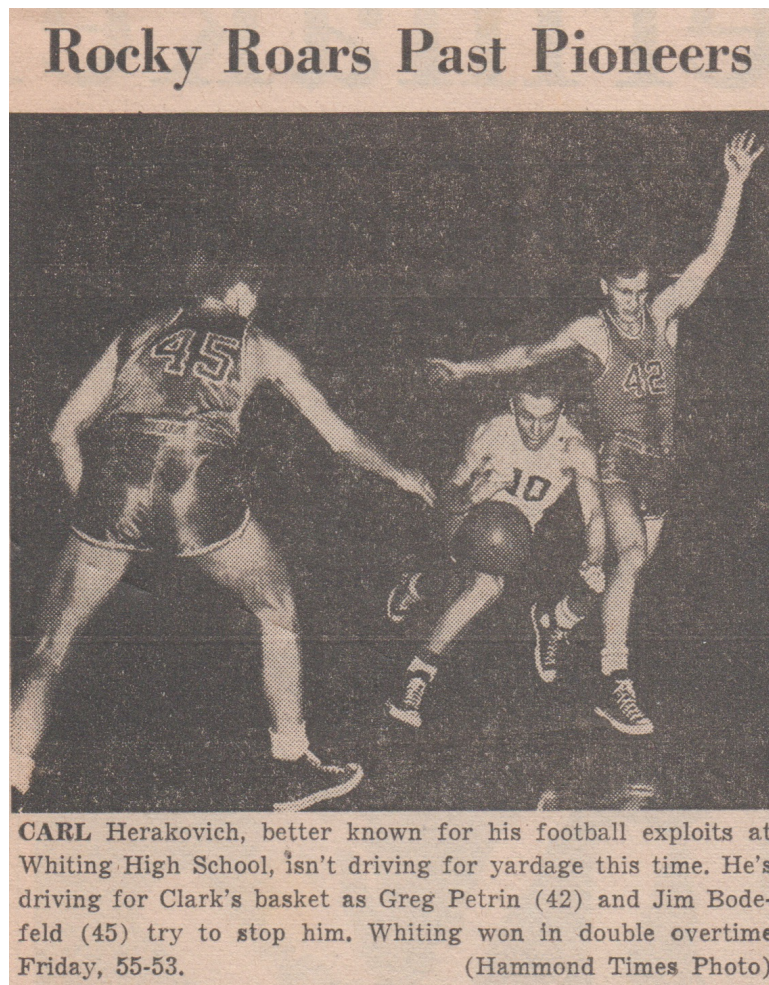
Rocky Nickname

Rocky was a nickname for the entire Herakovich family. It is my belief that it was the result of the way Herakovich was pronounced by the family (Her-rock-ovich). Grandpa Herakovich was Pete Rocky (or old man Rocky). My dad was Rocky, my mother was Rocky to her golfing buddies, and I was always Rocky to my friends and in athletic

circles. Uncles Peter, Paul and Richard changed their last name to Rocky, and uncle George changed his last name to Rockey. I'm happy that my father did not change his name.

Newspaper articles that listed my name, whether it was about high school football, basketball or baseball, almost always referred to me as Carl (Rocky) Herakovich. The reference to Rocky continued during my college football playing days when it got quite a bit of press over a larger geographical area.

When I completed my PhD, I decided to stop introducing myself as Rocky. I decided that I didn't want to be known as Dr. Rocky or Prof. Rock or some other takeoff on the name. Of course, older friends continued to call me Rocky. The picture below shows an example of how common it was for me to be called Rocky in athletic circles.

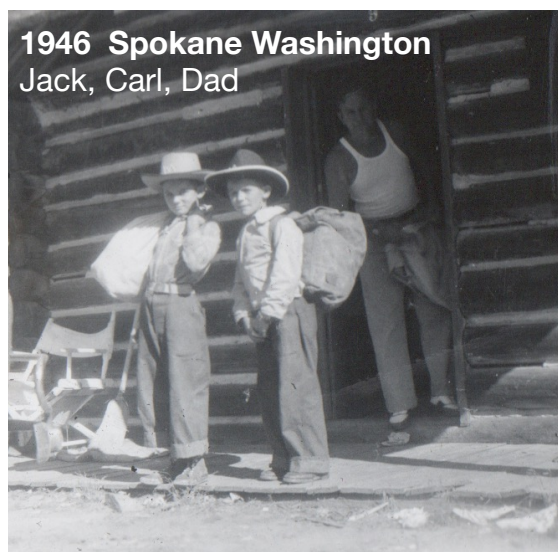
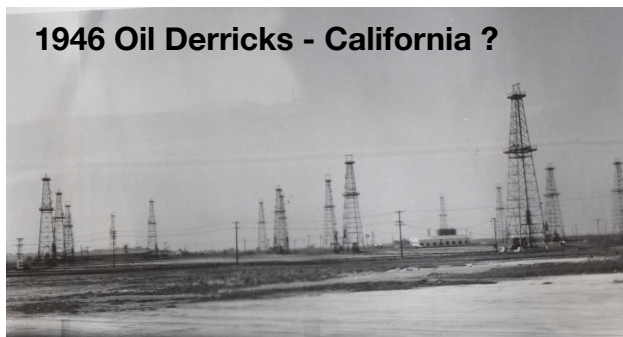


Family Vacations

As best I remember, my family managed to take a vacation every year. The Standard Oil Company had a very generous vacation program for their employees. The number of weeks of vacation was determined by the number of years the person had worked for the company. I remember that the number of weeks of vacation that my dad had increased from two to three and then to four weeks.

Western Car Trips

There were two family car trips to the West. I don't remember much from the first one as I was very young; there are photos of that trip that I do recall. They show my brother Jack in a hospital with his head bandaged. We had been riding in the mountains of Yellowstone National Park in a four-door, 1940 Chrysler. The road was very curvy and my brother managed to hit the door handle as we went around a curve. He fell out of the car (no seatbelts or doors that locked automatically in a 1940 car). Fortunately, we were not going too fast and while he was injured, it was not fatal. Unfortunately, I have not been able to find those photos.



The second Western trip was in 1946. We drove down through Illinois, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona to California where we visited with my dad's brother Paul (Butch) in Santa Monica. We then drove up through California,

Oregon, and Washington, and then back Easterly through Idaho, Montana, the Dakotas, Iowa and Illinois back to Whiting. It was a trip of more than 6,000 miles that lasted three-weeks.

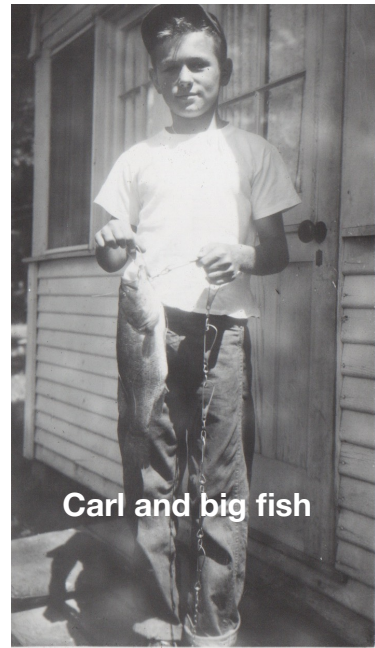
I remember snippets of events during this trip. I remember riding along a flat road, with mountains in front of us, a violent rainstorm that we were heading into, beautiful sunsets in the West, the bats coming out of the cave at Carlsbad Cavern, oil wells, both the low level arm type and the tall derricks. I believe that was the trip where we went across the border into Mexico; I bought a small dagger with a brightly colored handle that I still have. In Santa Monica we visited Uncle Butch and his wife Vera, rode horses on a divided street in an area that was under development, and swam in the Pacific Ocean. The property where Butch lived had fruit hanging from branches in his yard. We were in Spokane Washington for my birthday on August 6; I got a large cowboy hat as a birthday present.

Fishing Trips

My dad loved to fish. As a result, except for the two trips west, all of our vacations were to a lake where we could rent a cabin and spend most of our time fishing and swimming. The cabins were always rustic, with a row boat assigned to each cabin. I don't think we ever had indoor toilets. These vacations were always in August and as often as not, I was on vacation for my birthday.

When I was very young, vacations were to lakes near Three Rivers, Michigan, about 120 miles from Whiting. I don't recall specifics from these trips. The fishing wasn't great in Michigan so, in later years, we took vacations in Wisconsin, with the hope of catching more and bigger fish. When Wisconsin fishing didn't satisfy us, we took vacations farther north in Minnesota and once in Canada.

A place I remember was the Maple View Resort on Pioneer Lake in Conover, WI, 358 miles from Whiting. That was probably a seven hour trip in those days of two-lane highways with 60 mph speed limits. It could be very difficult to pass a slow driver ahead of you because of traffic coming in the opposite direction. A favorite pastime during those trips was to read the series of red and white, poetic, rhyming Burma Shave signs along the side of the highway. Each sign had part of a commercial message and the last sign was always Burma Shave.



We went to Pioneer Lake for at least two consecutive years. It was a very friendly, family resort. There was a lodge where we could get meals and drinks. The owners had children our age that we played with. They showed us around the surrounding woods and streams and led us to locations where we might see deer. There was a wooden pier out into the lake and a floating raft a short distance out from the pier that we swam to. We had great fun diving off the raft. The owners children also took us to the ice house. Ice was cut from the frozen lake during the

winter and stored in a small building under piles of saw dust. Blocks of this ice were then distributed to the ice boxes in each of the cabins on a regular bases, possibly daily. We did have gas burners for cooking, and we fried the fish that we caught each day. I learned how to clean fish and filet them during those stays.

Pioneer Lake was larger than the lakes we went to in Michigan so we brought along a used, outboard motor that we could attach to the boat. The motor was stored on the floor in the back seat of the car during the trip. My brother Jack was out fishing alone one day (he may have been about twelve years old at the time) and somehow managed to lose the motor in the water; it fell off the boat. You couldn't blame him. The motor had not been securely attached to the boat. My dad got a grappling hook and a chain and we dragged the hook along the lake bottom, and actually brought the motor back up out of the water. After some drying out and a little repair, my dad got it to work again.

When it was time to leave the resort and head back to Whiting my brother and I were very unhappy and cried for quite a time in the car heading home.

Other places we went to were Rhinelander, WI 355 miles from Whiting, and Gull Lake in Nisswa, just outside Brainerd, MN, 567 miles from Whiting. This was an even bigger lake with larger waves. One day, the four of us went to the far side of the lake where it was said that there was good walleye pike fishing in a deep hole. Our motor was not a particularly big one and it took some time to get to the place where we would fish. After several hours of fishing, the wind increased and we decided to head back to our cabin. The waves were now so big that my mom, brother and I all sat in the bottom of the boat in an effort to make the boat more stable. We did manage to get back, but it was a tense trip. And, we didn't catch many fish that day.

Another trip was to Lake Bemidji in Bemidji, MN. This was one of the bigger lakes we went to. Our cabin was at one end of the lake. I don't believe we caught a lot of fish.

For the Canadian trip, I believe we crossed into Canada at International Falls on the U. S. side and Fort Frances on the Canadian side. I don't recall the name of the lake, but I do recall that it was quite some distance out of the city. Our ride to church on Sunday morning back into town was quite long.

We were at a lake on my birthday on August 6, 1945, the day the United States dropped the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan. I remember that we went out to the car radio and listened to the news after word of the bombing spread.

Gunflint Trail - 1958

The final fishing trip I made with my father was in August 1958. This was the first time I had gone on a fishing trip with my dad in several years. In the summer of 1958 I had gone to Fort Leonard Wood, MO for my ROTC summer camp and returned to Whiting in late July. My brother was no longer living at home and my mom really didn't want to go on another fishing trip. As my dad really wanted to go, I agreed to go with him even though I would be at a lake in Minnesota for my 21st birthday.

Dad chose the Tuscarro Lodge on Round Lake, 48 miles up the graveled Gunflint Trail from Grand Marais, MN. Grand Marais is on the shore of Lake Superior, 110 miles north of Duluth. This is the same Gunflint Trail that John Ciesar and I had visited in 1955.

While the place was called a lodge, it was quite small and rustic. We had a small cabin that, as I recall, was up on stilts. The fishing wasn't particularly good, and on the way back down the Gunflint Trail we hit a pot hole that ripped the plug off the bottom of the car's oil pan. The oil drained out and we couldn't move forward until we could get some oil and repair the oil pan. Fortunately, this all happened near what I will call a farmhouse and shed. Dad found several cans of oil in the shed and he tried to contact someone in the house to barter for the oil. No-one was home so he left some money and a note and took the oil.

I then had the idea to take a large, cork bobber from the fishing tackle box and squeeze it into the opening where the plug had been ripped out of the oil pan. The cork plug held and we were able to drive all the way back to Whiting before having the car fixed. It was a memorable trip!

Schools

Sacred Heart

I attended Sacred Heart Catholic School, first through eighth grades. The school was adjacent to Sacred Heart Church which was a rather large, traditional, red brick structure. School started each morning with mass in the church. The mass was said every day by the pastor, Monsignor Morman. He started at exactly 8:05 and was finished by 8:30.

We then walked to the adjacent school that had six classrooms. Grades one and two were combined in one room. I'm not sure which other classes were combined. The school building was a three story, red brick structure. A large meeting area and kitchen were on the lower level, classrooms on the main floor, and a large auditorium on the top floor. The auditorium had baskets for basketball, and a stage for performances.

We were taught by nuns from the Sisters of Providence. There were no discipline problems in the school; the education was considered very good. Supposedly, the kids from the catholic schools were better prepared than the kids from the public schools when entering high school.

I took piano lessons all eight years that I was at Sacred Heart. The lessons were for thirty minutes, usually during the lunch hour. For most of the years, my piano teacher was Sister Alma; she was young, small and very likable. I could only play by reading music; I could not play "by ear". However, by eight grade I was playing a concerto. My time at a piano dropped off considerably after I entered high school.

The church and school were on Laporte Avenue, one block over and a block up from my home on Central Ave. The school is closed now for lack of students; and, I understand that services in the church are offered only occasionally.

Whiting High

The Whiting public schools were located in several buildings along Oliver Street, three blocks east from my house. I doubt that it took more than 10 minutes to walk to school. Grades kindergarten through high school were offered. I attended kindergarten and the four years of high school in the Whiting public school system. There were approximately 400 students in the high school with 90 in my 1955 graduating class. The highest level mathematics course I had at Whiting was trigonometry.

The high school had excellent athletic playing areas including the 3,500 seat Whiting Memorial Gymnasium that was built in 1950. This was an exceptional facility for its time. The permanent seats with arms and backs were above the floor. Bleacher seats were pulled out from the wall along two sides for basketball games on the main court. When the bleacher seats were folded back into the wall, two side-by-side basketball floors were revealed, with baskets that swung down from the ceiling. Double-header basketball games were played on Saturday nights with George Rogers Clark from the adjacent Robertsdale area of Hammond serving as a second home team much of the time. This facility was used for other events including commencement.

There was an indoor swimming pool, a good football field with permanent stands on both sides, and a cinder track around the field. A practice football field was adjacent to the main field. The football fields were a short walk from the school, through a walkway between two homes and across a set of railroad tracks. We played baseball in the excellent baseball field in the park. That was at the far end of the park and further from the school. I'm not positive, but we must have walked/run to and from the baseball field.

I particularly like the picture of the hallway between classes that is copied from the 1955 Reflector (school yearbook). It shows the four friends and football players, two juniors, Baran and Kamradt, and two seniors, Rosin and Rocky, chatting. Books are on the radiator, with me leaning against it with folded arms. Rosin and I are wearing Levi's with folded cuffs. The dress of all other students is clean and neat. No one has a long hair or a backpack. Girls are in skirts. I looked through the entire yearbook and could not find a single photo with a girl in slacks. All the high school classes were in one three-story building. I think we had 10 minutes between classes which was sufficient time to have a brief chat before going to the next class. This photo is very representative of how things looked in Whiting High School in the 1950s. I recognize many of the students in the picture.

During my senior year of high school, Wayne Baran, who had recently moved into Whiting from the adjacent Robertsdale area of Hammond, lived on Cleveland Avenue one block over from me. He had a car given to him by his father. It was a convertible, maybe a Plymouth. Wayne drove it to school every day and he would come around the block and pickup me, Bob Bercik and Jim Kamradt on his way to school. All four of us played on the football team that would win the 1954 Indiana State Football



Championship. Bercik lived across the street from me and Kamradt lived four or five houses down the block from Bercik.

Aside:

Bercik's dad was the mayor of Whiting (1956-57), and when he died suddenly of a heart attack, Bob's mother, Mary, became mayor (1957-63). Years later, their son Bob, my classmate and fellow ironman on the championship football team, was mayor for fifteen years (1988-2003).

Kamradt's garage was in their back yard, as all garages were because an alley ran behind all the homes. They had a basketball basket hung from the side of his garage. I spent many hours with Jim and other neighborhood boys playing basketball on the dirt "floor" of the yard. The height of the basket was well below the standard 10 feet. The games were often long and quite rough. His father played in the games on occasion. I was late for many a family dinner because I was playing basketball in Kamradt's backyard.

Kamradt's father had a small business in the summer selling things like ice cream bars and popsicles from freezers mounted on the front of large bicycles. He had two of them and on several occasions Jim and I rode the bikes selling the cold items. I remember riding the bikes to a cemetery that was quite some distance from our homes one holiday. It must have been Memorial Day when people visited the graves. We rode the bikes in the roads along with the cars; it was a little harrowing. The closest cemetery that I can find on Google Maps today is 7.9 miles from Central Avenue. That seems too far, but I can't find a closer cemetery and I don't remember the name.

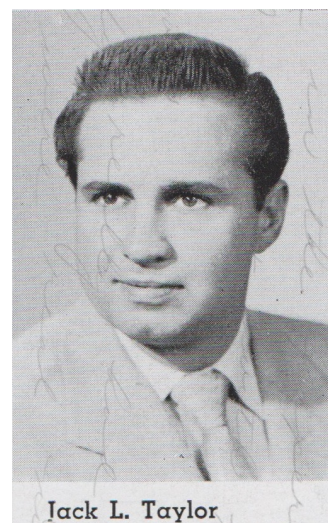
Dorothy Vidovich

One of the high school memories that sticks in my mind was my relationship with Dorothy Vidovich who was a secretary. For the study hall I had at about 10:00 am, I would sit in the front row of the large classroom that had numerous doors with a lot of glass across the front of the room. From my seat, I looked directly across a hallway to Dorothy, sitting at her desk in the superintendent's office. Dorothy was Croatian and liked to refer to me as the Irish-Crow, recognizing my mixed Irish and Croatian heritage. Dorothy clearly liked me and I liked her (how could I not). I did not realize the correlation between Dorothy's last name and the maiden name (Vidovic) of my grandfather's mother, my great grandmother, until I was writing this memoir.

Dorothy would often beckon me to come over to her office and ask me to walk up to the corner drug store, about a half block away, and get her a cup of coffee. There were no coffee pots around offices in those days. She also let it be known that she wouldn't mind if I took the time to have a cup myself. So that's what I would do. I'd go up to the drug store, sit at the counter (they had them in those days) and have a cup of coffee (and possible a snack to eat) and then get Dorothy's coffee and bring it back to her at her desk. She also had me run other errands at times. One time she gave a parcel with \$20,000 worth of checks to take to the bank. That was a lot of money in 1955.

Jack Taylor

Mr. Taylor was my Spanish teacher for two years. He made the class very interesting. For the final fifteen minutes of class on Fridays, he brought out his guitar and we sang Spanish songs. I still remember portions of the songs to this day. I find myself referring back to that class at times as there are so many Spanish speaking people that I encounter today. Taylor also would tell us stories about his summers when he acted as a tour guide on cruise ship going to Spanish speaking countries.



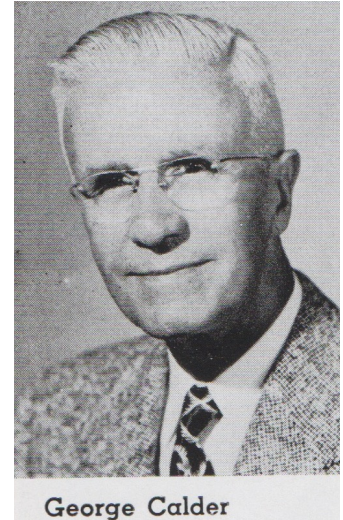
Jack L. Taylor

The incident that I remember most about his class is the time that I had the hiccups. I sat near the front of the class and kept hiccuping quite loudly as he lectured. It was very disruptive and the class often laughed. All of a sudden, Taylor sorta rushed over to me, looked down at me and in a loud and gruff voice said, "what are you trying to do Herakovich, are you trying to disrupt my class?". I sat there in shock, as I was very surprised that this nice teacher would react in such a way. Then

he looked at me, smiled a little, and said “do you still have the hiccups?”. I took a moment to decide and then said, “no”. The class had a good laugh.

George Calder

Mr. Calder was a tall, somewhat reserved Scotsman who taught English. He was considered to be a tough teacher who ran a very formal classroom; very unlike the relaxed classroom of Jack Taylor. I only had Calder as my English teacher for one semester. I must admit that I was somewhat hesitant about how things would go in his class.

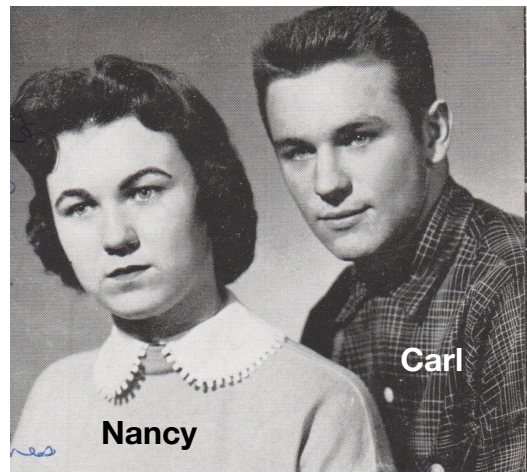


George Calder

As it turned out, I really liked his class. There were two major projects that we were assigned. One was a word list with definitions that we were to develop throughout the term. The second was a term paper for which we could choose the topic. Both projects were to be submitted at the end of the semester. There is no question that I didn't do a very good job of working on the projects throughout the semester. As a result, I had to put in a crash effort near the end of the term. I wrote my term paper on Ireland; an indication of the strong influence that my Irish heritage had had on me. When I got Calder's assessment of my work, he wrote something like, “word list not very good, term paper very nice”. I was relieved.

The Teen Scene

The 1950s were very good years to be a teenager in Whiting, Indiana. It was a very close knit town with an abundance of facilities. The high school was an easy going place, with no serious problems. Essentially all students were reasonably serious about their studies, and we got along very well. Classroom decorum was excellent; teachers were friendly and well-liked. Being a small school, we tended to know each other. One hundred and twenty-eight students signed my senior yearbook. I now count at least thirty from my senior class who often socialized at parties, dances and get-togethers at the Gridiron cafe. The yearbook showed pictures of eighteen students identified as *Ideal Seniors*. The caption on one picture said, “Their shinning blue eyes have brought fame to Nancy Carroll and Carl Herakovich for the nicest eyes”. Nancy also was Irish.



Nancy

Carl

We had many dances at the high school. They were called sock hops because we danced on the basketball floor with our shoes off. The girls taught me how to dance different steps. I particularly remember learning to tango to the song “Blue Tango” by Leroy Anderson and his band. Other songs that I remember include: Johnnie Ray ”

Cry", Nat King Cole "Unforgettable", Jo Stafford "You Belong to Me", Kay Starr "Wheel of Fortune", Frankie Laine "High Noon" and "I Believe", Eddie Fisher "Oh! My Pa-Pa". On Sunday nights there was a dance at the large Panel Room that was in the St. John School building. Teenagers from Whiting, Hammond and East Chicago came to the these dances; there must have been more than a hundred dancers, maybe even two hundred. It was a great mixing place. We kept our shoes on for these dances. The last dance of the night at the Panel Room was always "Goodnight Sweetheart" (maybe by Dean Martin); the dance floor would be packed.

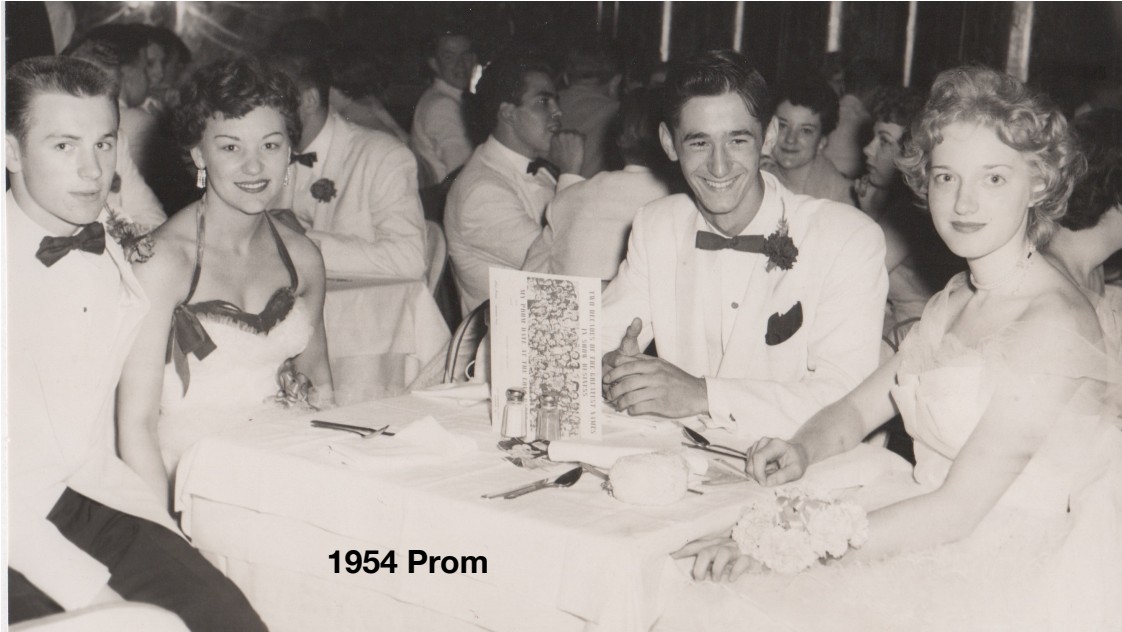
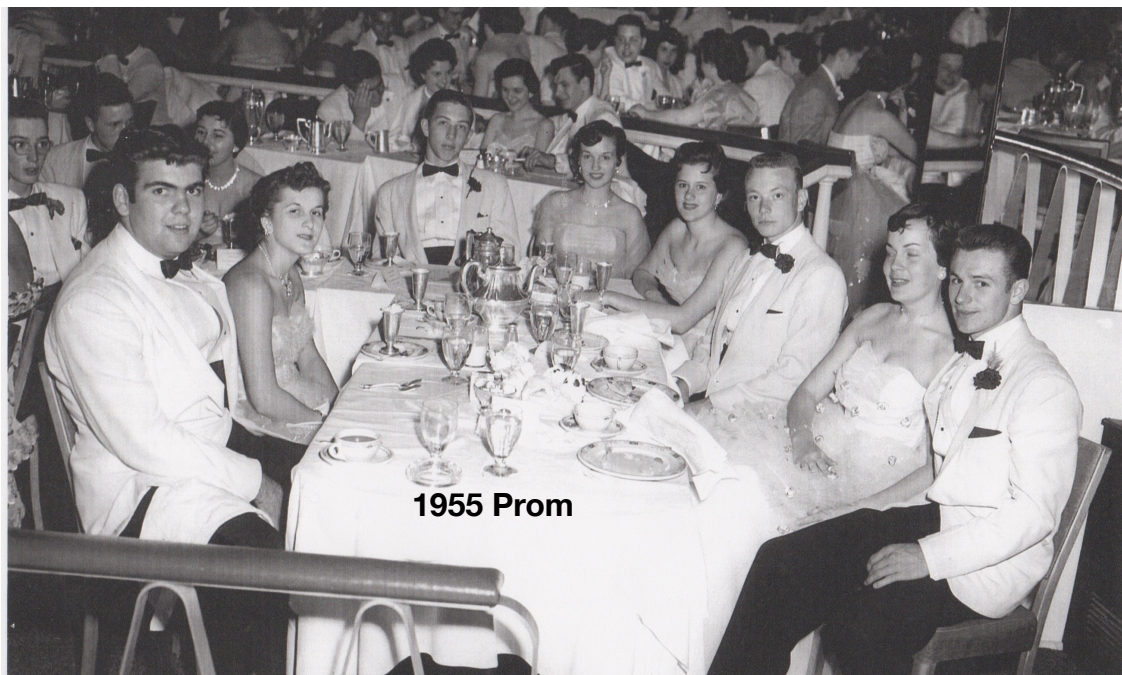
The high school prom also was a very big event at the end of the school year. Girls would be in gowns and guys in tuxes. Townspeople would actually gather at the school to watch the couples enter. After the dance, it was common to go to a Chicago nightclub like the Chez Paree for a snack and more dancing. Following this, it was common to do an all-nighter going to the beach at the Indiana Dunes State Park on the shore of Lake Michigan.

The Prom pictures are from the Chez Paree. For my junior year (1954), my date was Margery Van Meter. We are at the table with Mel Mrzlock and his date, Olga Phillips. Mel and I played basketball together and both of our dates were seniors and cheerleaders. For my senior year, my date was Sara Burnett, a cheerleader from neighboring George Rogers Clark High. The 1955 picture shows several of my good friends and their dates, Ron Rosin (Carolyn Collins), John Ciesar (Betty Kristek) and Dave Sharp (Judy Jancosek). Greg Doman (Mary Ann Torzewski) is half-hidden behind Sharp's head. In 1968, Rosin, Ciesar, Doman and I, along with another Whiting grad, Rich Rusnack, formed Polyventure Incorporated and were in business together for a time at Fish Creek in Door County, Wisconsin.

Aside:

After the initial publication of this ebook, my cousin Peter Hruskoci told me that Mel Mrzlock was his fifth grade teacher and eighth grade basketball coach at St. John.

I should also mention that Mel and Ron Rosin were roommates at Indiana University for a time.

**1954 Prom****1955 Prom**

Athletics

Sacred Heart Basketball

During my elementary school years, the only organized sport I played with a coach was basketball for the Sacred Heart School team. There was a league of eight teams representing the three public and three catholic schools in Whiting. Two of the public schools each had two teams. Our Sacred Heart team managed to win the championship in fifth, sixth and eight grades. Our coach all four years was Don Broderick.

I was so disappointed after losing the championship in seventh grade that I made a vow to go to early mass during lent the following year if we could win in 8th grade. I did go to mass, and we did win the championship again. Records that I kept of the games are in the Appendix. They show games scores, the points scored by each player for 6th grade, and tournament brackets.

The series of team pictures shows the progression of me and my teammates from 5th to 8th grade. I don't know why I don't have a picture of the 7th grade team — maybe because we did not win the tournament that year. It is interesting to me that two of my teammates on the 8th grade Sacred Heart basketball team, Jerry Progar (#21) and Ed Fritz (#20) were ironmen with me four years later on the 1954 State Championship Whiting High football team.





6th Grade Team

Pictured above by Times-Grafic is the 6th Grade basketball team of St. John's school which won the championship of the Whiting grade schools of George Rogers Clark, St. John's, Immaculate Conception, Whiting public, and South Side. This same team won the fifth grade championship last year. The players (seated, left to right) are: Ronald Hussey, John Pearson, Carl Herakovich, Tom Doran, Ed Taillon. Second row: Bob Rakoczy, Pat Lynn, Jerry Progar, James Hughes, Norman Emerson, Richard Fehrman, Coach Donald Broderick. You'll see a number of these boys, in a few years, wearing the uniforms of Oilers or Pioneers.

TROPHY WINNERS 1948
5th Grade All Star

Mayor Andrew Kovacik presented individual trophies to the boys pictured above. Left to right in the first row: C. Herakovich, B. Russell, F. Jancosek. Second row: E. Stone, Joe McDonald, athletic director at Whiting Community Center.



8th Grade Team

PLENTY OF THRILLS were in store for basketball fans who witnessed the game between Sacred Heart and George Rogers Clark 8th grade teams which was played at Community Center during the grade tournament sponsored by Community Service and supervised by Director Mike Scott. The game was won by Sacred Heart by a 25-20 score. In the above photo

by Times-Grafic, are: 1st row: Carl Herakovich, Tom Doran, Bud Pearson, Mike Coughlin, Ronald Hussey. Second row Jim Hughes who won the Sportmanship Award; Jerry Progar, Don Broderick, coach; Dick Fehrman, Jim Bodefield, Ed Fritz, Bob Rakoczy, Norbie Fehrman, Mgr.

High School Football

Prior to high school, the only football that I played in Whiting was “backyard football”. I didn’t play organized football until my freshman year of high school. Before high school, we played tackle in small groups on any open grass area that we could find. Usually in someones yard. Sometimes we had a ball and at other times the “ball” might be a hat. We played tackle without any equipment. We also played “tag” football on the streets with a lot of passing, often at night under street lights. Of course, there were never any officials — or parents watching.

Whiting had five coaches who worked with the football program at various times. Ray Gallivan was the head coach, Henry Kosalko, Steve Fowdy, Pete Kovachic and Joe Piatek were assistant coaches.

Coach Ray Gallivan

Ray Gallivan was born in Clinton, IN, went to high school in Urbana, IL, and played football at the University of Illinois where he was the backup to halfback Red Grange. Grange went on to be the famous NFL star for the Chicago Bears. Gallivan graduated from Illinois in 1927 and became the head coach at Whiting, one year later in 1928. He coached at Whiting from 1928 to 1955 (with four years out [1942-46] for service in the U. S. Coast Guard). Gallivan was in his twenty-third (and final) year as head football coach at Whiting during my senior year. He was considered one of the better football coaches in the Calumet Region. His overall record was 118-66-21. Following his coaching career, Gallivan became principal and then superintendent of Whiting Public Schools. He was inducted into the Indiana Football Hall of Fame in 1973. (see the Appendix for the story on Gallivan’s induction into the IFHoF; I was mentioned in the story).



Aside:

I didn’t realize until writing this memoir that both my high school and college football coaches retired from coaching after my final year playing for them. Ray Gallivan retired after we won the mythical state championship in 1954, and Phil Brown retired from Rose Polytechnic Institute after we were undefeated in 1958 and had won fifteen games in a row over two years. I was very fortunate having played for two very good, experienced coaches. I also didn’t realize that Gallivan was in the IFHoF when I was inducted into the Hall in 1985.

Aside:

This aside is being added on August 3, 2020, well after the print version had been printed. The statement above that I didn’t realize that Gallivan was in the IFHoF is incorrect. I recently found a letter from me to Coach Gallivan dated November 24, 1973. I wrote to congratulate him on being inducted into the Indiana Football Hall of Fame and apologizing for not being able to attend the testimonial dinner. From my letter I realized several things about Gallivan that I had forgotten; they are now included in my text. A copy of my letter is now in the Appendix.

Assistant Coaches

Henry Kosalko was the line coach and athletic trainer. He had coached at St. Joseph's College in Rensselaer IN from 1936-42 where (I believe) he was a Brother studying for the priesthood. He and Gallivan were always on the field with the varsity team.



Henry Kosalko

Kovachic, Fowdy and Piatek were there only some of the time. Kovachic was the head basketball coach so his time with the football team was limited, Fowdy worked with the freshman team, and Piatek coached tennis, in addition to other responsibilities that he had.

Freshman - Junior Football Seasons

The football seasons started with two-a-day practices in mid August. That meant having one practice early in the morning and a second in the late afternoon or early evening, both scheduled to avoid the hottest part of the day. It can be very hot in August in Northern Indiana, even though we were very close to Lake Michigan. The practice field was very dusty making conditions miserable at times when the dust was combined with sweat.

I recall going out for the football team as a freshman in high school at the start of the school year. The team had already been going through pre-season practice for a couple of weeks before I arrived. After getting a suit and locker from a student manager, I went out to the practice field; it was a very short walk from the school, through a walkway between homes and across several railroad tracks to the field. I weighed about 95 pounds when I walked on to the field that first time. My uniform and, most of all my helmet, fit very poorly. As I walked on to the field, many of the players laughed at me. That is something you don't forget.

We had a freshman team (small in size and numbers) that played a few games against freshman teams from other local high schools in the Hammond and East Chicago area: Hammond Clark, Hammond High, Hammond Morton, East Chicago Roosevelt, and East Chicago Washington. I played quarterback on offense and halfback or safety on defense. I don't recall that we won any games.

I was still quite small during my sophomore year and Coach Fowdy had me play quarterback for the freshman team. He received permission from the other schools for me, a sophomore, to play with the freshman, largely based upon the fact that I was so small, and that we had so few freshman players. Again, I don't recall that we won any games.



Steve Fowdy

For both my freshman and sophomores years, Coach Fowdy had me act as the Captain, so I interacted with the

officials, deciding whether or not to accept penalties when it was our choice. I believe that these decisions were left up to me as captain. I played offense and defense both years, and, as the quarterback, I was calling the plays. Again, I don't recall that the coach told us which play to run.

These two years proved to be very beneficial to me because of the wealth of football knowledge and playing time I gained.

There can be no question that Coach Fowdy was a big supporter of my ability as a football player. He was overseeing a drill on the practice field one day, probably during my sophomore or junior year. It was a two on one drill with a defensive player trying to get through two offensive blockers on the line of scrimmage. I was the defensive player. Big Ed Fritz and big Nick Plesha were the offensive players trying to block me. We ran the play a number of times; Fritz and Plesha could never block me. My quickness and change of tactics (going high or low) beat them to the punch every time. Fowdy was amazed that they could not block me.

My junior year was another year for gaining experience. I played on the scout team running the plays of our next opponent. I was either quarterback or halfback depending upon the type of offense the opponent was expected to run. Prior to each play, a coach would hold up a sheet of paper with a sketch of the play that we were to run. No practice, just see the sketch and go run the play. If the opponent used a T-formation quarterback, I was the quarterback. If the opponent ran from a single wing, I was the deep halfback.

I learned a major lesson one day while playing defense for the scout team. My classmate Ed Fritz was a good, big back (close to 200 lbs) who played on the first string for the varsity. As I recall, it was late in the season, with darkness closing in on the field. I remember that practice that night was on the main field. I was playing defensive safety. Fritz came through the middle of the line on a quick opener and I move forward to tackle him. I put my head down and hit him head on. We both went down, but I got the short end of the hit. I saw stars and was down, and didn't get up right away. Upon reflection, I must have had a concussion. However, I did continue to play.

That play taught me to never again tackle a runner head on. I learned to always attack from a side angle with my head and body in front of the runner, hitting him with a shoulder to the stomach area, wrapping my arms around his legs and letting them drop to the vicinity of his knees and then closing my arms to keep him from moving his legs. My body would be in front of the runner and, most often, the runner went down, often falling on top of me. I used that same technique as a college defensive back. My college coach, Phil Brown, said that I was the best defensive player he had coached in his thirty year career. There is no question that tackling in such a manner really does hurt sometimes.

Another event that I remember from my junior year on the practice field was a play when I was on offense. Coach, Ray Gallivan had gotten frustrated with the first string

varsity quarterback and told me to take over as quarterback. On the very first play, I kept the ball, went around end, or off tackle to the left, and ran fifty or more yards to the end zone. When I came back to the huddle, I was a little out of breath and Gallivan said something like, “Aren't you in shape Herakovich?”. I replied something like “what the hell do you expect when I never get to play”. Gallivan hauled off and slugged me. My helmet went flying. I never spoke back to him again. And that was the end of it.

Senior Year

Whiting High 1954 Football Schedule		
Sept 10	Gary Hobart @ Whiting	Won: 13 - 0
Sept. 17	Open date	
Sept. 24	@ Gary Lew Wallace	Lost: 0 - 6
Oct. 1	@ East Chicago Washington	Won: 26 - 6
Oct. 8	@ Hammond Morton	Won: 13 - 0
Oct. 14	Hammond High @ Whiting	Won: 25 - 13
Oct. 22	Open date	
Oct. 29	@ East Chicago Roosevelt	Won: 12 - 7
Nov. 5	Gary Horace Mann @ Whiting	Won: 19 - 0
Nov. 12	@ Hammond Clark	Won: 13 - 6
Nov. 19 - Play Off Game	South Bend Riley	Won: 12 - 6

I don't think we Whiting players had high expectations for our upcoming senior season. The results from the previous year hadn't been great (3-5-1), and we would be having a starting lineup with many players who had not seen very much playing time. Most importantly, we would have a quarterback with essentially no varsity experience. The two candidates for quarterback were my very good friend, Ron Rosin, and me.

Aside:

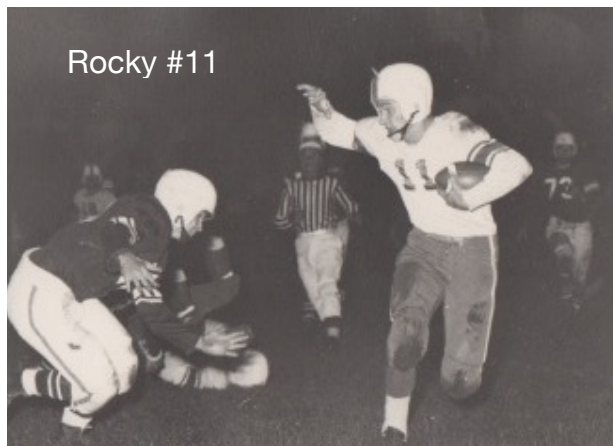
During the summer prior to my senior year, I was actually contemplating not playing football as a senior. I told this to my uncle Jim Buckley who was an assistant football coach at Bishop Noll High, the local catholic high school. Jim encouraged me to continue playing football. Among other things he said, “they need you”. After his comments, I decided to play. I knew that I really liked playing sports.

Prior to the first game, Coach Gallivan was quoted in the newspaper saying he was “thoroughly disgusted by the don't-care attitude of his players”. He said, “The boys seem to lack determination. If they work, we'll have a team comparable to some of the better ones here at Whiting. They'll just have to make up their minds to play football, if we are to be all right”.

I believe the defining moment of the season occurred one of those early days in August during the two-a-day practices. Wayne Baran's family had moved from the Robertsedale area of Hammond into Whiting, one block over from where I lived. As a result, he was

now a Whiting High student. Wayne was a fairly big football player (for those days) who had played football, in the backfield, for our cross-town rival George Rogers Clark High the previous year.

For the first few days of practice, Baran was practicing as a running back. However, we lacked size and quality in the line. Coach Gallivan was frustrated about the way things were going during practice one day. He stopped play and said, "We're going to call a spade a spade, Baran, from now on you are a guard". No ifs ands or buts, it didn't matter what Baran wanted, he was now a guard. Baran accepted the decision. The episode seemed to send a message to the entire team; we played a lot better from that day forward.



Once the games started, we spent more practice time on the main field. It was quite often the case that Gallivan was working with the backs and ends out in the middle of the field, and Kosalko was working with the interior linemen, in a corner of the field some distance away. There was the usual give and take between these two groups of players. The linemen were considered grunts who worked hard in the dirt and mud; the backs were the pretty boys who never got dirty.

I recall two instances that demonstrated what practice could be like, as well as the toughness of the players and coaches. We ran from both T-formation and single wing, with balanced or unbalanced line. The first play in question occurred when we were practicing single-wing plays. Gallivan was unhappy with the way the defensive ends were fending off the blocks from the quarterback and fullback who were coming over to block the end. So, he decided to show the ends how to make the play. He went over and took a position where the defensive end would be after coming across the line. He then told the two backs, Ron Rosin and Louie Lee, to block him at full speed. At the snap, Rosin and Lee move to the right, shoulder to shoulder, hit Gallivan in the gut, picked him up and slammed him down to the ground. Everything got quiet. Gallivan got up, but I don't recall what, if anything, he said. He seemed satisfied that the blockers were doing a good job. Practice went on.

The second play involved Gallivan's perceived unhappiness with the way the back were running against the first team defense. The back were not making any progress against the defense and he thought it was because of poor performance by the backs. So he decided to show the backs how to hit the hole and lined up as a back. The defense asked him if they should tackle him and, in typical Gallivan fashion, he said yes. He ran two plays as the back, lost four yards on each play, and had to get smelling salts from Coach Kosalko after the second play. That was the last time he complained about the way the backs were hitting the hole.



Mythical State Champions

My senior year of high school football was something one never forgets. Even though we were a small school with only 27 football players, we ended up being recognized as the Indiana Mythical State Championship Football Team by a vote of Indiana football coaches in the United Press Coaches Poll. We had only fourteen players who had significant playing time. We all played both offense and defense. At the end of the year we were dubbed the "Ironmen". I played quarterback and halfback on offense, safety on defense, and was the deep man returning punts and kickoffs.

Aside:

Coach Gallivan often referred to Ron Rosin and me as "the gold-dust twins". It was a reference to the fact that we were together quite often, we both played quarterback, and that we seemed to feel that as the only two quarterbacks on the team, we shouldn't run the risk of getting injured. Indeed, there was one hot August day when the entire team lined up in two lines facing each other. Gallivan put Ron and me at the end of the lines acting as center and quarterback. When the quarterback gave the signal "hut", the center centered the ball, and the two lines smashed into one another - time after time. I guess Gallivan also didn't want us to get hurt.

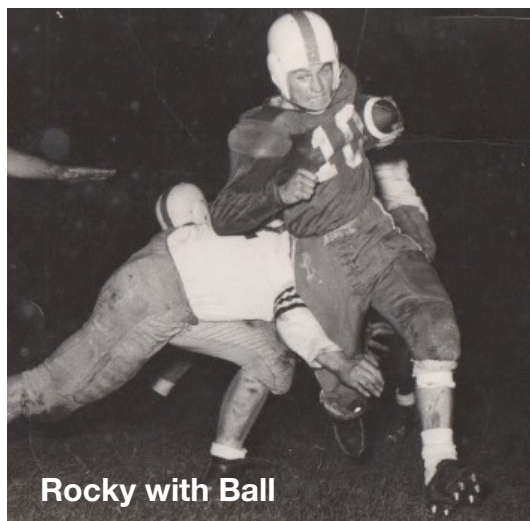
Regular Season

Our 1954 schedule of regular season football games called for eight games with two open dates interspersed between them. Only three of the eight games were to be played at Whiting. The regular season schedule was followed by one playoff game. Our record during the regular season was 7 - 1. We won the playoff game for a final record of 8 - 1 .

We won the opening game of the season 13 - 0 over Gary Hobart. We held Hobart to a total of 68 yards, 60 rushing and 8 passing. Ed Fritz threw a pass to Bob Gumulauski for 66 yards and our first score. Dave Sharp recovered a fumble in the Hobart end zone for our second score. According to the local newspaper, "Quarterback Carl Herakovich

did an excellent job filling in for Ron Rosin, who was slated to start for the Oilers but was injured in a practice session". Louie Lee and I both intercepted passes in the game.

After an open date, we played Gary Lew Wallace on their field. Ron Rosin's wrist had healed and he was the starting quarterback. I played some quarterback and some left halfback on offense, and played safety on defense. We fumbled the ball three times and had four passes intercepted. One of those interceptions went for a 55 yard touchdown for Lew Wallace. We lost 6-0.



Our second win of the season was a 25 - 6 win over East Chicago Washington. We scored one touchdown in each quarter. Ed Fritz scored two touchdowns on runs of 75 and 42 yards, Louie Lee ran 39 yards for another score, and Ron Rosin passed 20 yards to Jim Kamradt for the final TD. Washington did not score until the fourth quarter. I believe that I was considered the starting quarterback by this time of the season. However, I continued to play left halfback when Rosin was at quarterback.

We put in a new play for the Washington game in which I would line up at left halfback and, at the snap, I would just take off wide left. Quarterback Rosin would toss me a quick pitch and I would run wide around left end. The first time we ran the play I ran for an untouched 40 yard touchdown. Unfortunately, the play was called back for a holding call on our left end Jim Kamradt. When we got back to the huddle Kamradt apologized, but also said that he didn't hold. I doubt that his block had any influence on the play because I was quickly far outside the defensive end. I don't know what happened to their defensive backs.

We beat Hammond Morton 13 - 0 for our third win; the game was played on the Hammond High field. Nick Plesha and Louie Lee scored the touchdowns. I started at quarterback, but did run some at left halfback and played defense.

Our next game, homecoming, was against Hammond High which was a much bigger school than Whiting. We won the game by a score of 25-13. Ed Fritz was the star for Whiting. He carried the ball 21 times and gained 192 yards for an average of 9.2 yards per carry. We were behind 6-7 at halftime because I let a Hammond receiver get behind me on a pass for a touchdown right before halftime. That play taught me a lesson; I never let another receiver get behind me in high school or in college.

We outscored Hammond, 19-6, in the second half to win the game. For the game, Fritz had two touchdowns (24 and 3 yds), Plesha one (1 yd) and I had one (13 yds). Ron Rosin intercepted one pass and recovered one fumble during the game.

The next game was a big game against the number one ranked team in the state, East Chicago Roosevelt. They were traditionally a very good football team under their outstanding coach Pete Rucinski. We beat them by a score of 12-7. Ed Fritz scored

both of our touchdowns. One TD was a 50 yard burst up the middle and the second was an 8 yard run.

Newspapers reported that both scores were in the first quarter, but it is my memory that the TD up the middle was the first play in the second half. During half-time, our linemen reported that there was an opening over center. So the first play of the second half, we ran right up the middle and Fritz went all the way for the score. I may have the game wrong, but I do recall these events from one of our games.

Following the victory over #1 Roosevelt, we beat Gary Horace Mann 19-0. I believe this was the game in which I intercepted a long pass deep in our end zone and returned the ball to Hobart's 40 yard line. I was very disappointed that I didn't go all the way for a 105 yard touchdown interception because I let their last man catch me along the sideline even though I had an open field to the end zone. He did have the angle on me and I had already run more than fifty yards, but I recall that I made the mistake of looking back at him rather than just running for the end zone.

Prior to the Horace Mann game, we lost one of our starting ends, Bob Gumulauski, to a hernia that was unrelated to football. Gumulauski was one of our bigger players at 6'-4" and 178 lbs; he was one of the players who typically played the full 48 minutes of each game. His replacement was Jerry Progar at 6'-2" and 167 lbs.

The final game of the regular season was the traditional end-of-season game against our cross-town rival George Rogers Clark. Although Clark was officially in Hammond, the schools were within walking distance of one another. Clark was in what was called the Robertsdale district of Hammond; it was adjacent to Whiting and separated from the greater Hammond area by several miles of open fields, a large lake (called Wolf Lake), and several small industries.

People from Whiting and Robertsdale went to many of the same churches, shopped in the same stores, and often were good friends. Robertsdale area residents often considered themselves from Whiting; their mail had a Whiting address. Children from Whiting and Robertsdale intermingled at the Community Center, the Lake Michigan beach, the Sunday night dances at St. John Church Panel Room, and on the American Legion summer baseball team. I dated a girl from Clark during my senior year.

Clark was known to have a very good quarterback who liked to throw long passes. As I was playing halfback on defense, I considered it a responsibility to make sure that no long passes were completed, especially for touchdowns. I recall being tested throughout the game. We won a hard fought game by a score of 13-6. Ed Fritz scored one touchdown and Louie Lee scored the other for Whiting. I didn't give up any long pass completions.

Championship Playoff Game

A playoff football game between the Eastern and Western Division champions of the Northern Indiana Football Conference had been played every year since 1930. At the conclusion of the 1954 regular season, Whiting, East Chicago Roosevelt and East Chicago Washington were tied with identical Western Division records of 5 - 1 . And,



1st Row: Jerry Progar, Don Hough, Wayne Baran, Dave Sharp, Bob Bercik, Walt Campbell, Jim Kamradt
 2nd Row: Robert Headley, Ed Christiansen, Wayne Barnes, Ray Zubeck, Burnell Sell, Roger Wargo, Jr., Joe Kapitan
 3rd Row: Ron Rosin, John Murad, Jerry Ward, Loyd Bechtold, Leroy Saterlee, Don Turich, Danny Santay
 4th Row: Phil Grenchik, Darrell Hunt, Carl "Rocky" Herakovich, Lewis Lee, Ed Fritz, Nick Plesha
 Not shown: Bob Gumulauski; Players seated in the 1st Row are the starting linemen.

even though Whiting had beaten both East Chicago schools, the team from the West to play against the Eastern Division champions, South Bend Riley, was determined by a draw of slips of paper out of a hat. Whiting got the nod when Whiting Principal George Burman pulled the slip with the word "Play".

Aside:

Nine years later, George Burman's son, George, graduated from Northwestern University, was drafted in the 15th round by the Chicago Bears, and then played in the NFL for nine years.

The game was Coach Gallivan's fourth appearance in the title game as the Whiting coach. He was 1 - 2 in previous playoff games, all against South Bend Central. In 1933 he lost 14-13 and again in 1934 he lost 20-0. However, he beat South Bend Central in 1948 by a score of 18 - 6.

The location of the game typically alternated between the East and West Division Schools and it was the year for the game to be played in the West. Whiting being by far the smallest school in the West had a field with permanent stands for only about 3,000.

Riley offered to have the game played on their field as they had a much larger seating capacity. Whiting, however, wanted to have the game on their home field and declined the invitation. They did add bleacher seats to accommodate the expected large crowd.

Approximately 4,000 fans attended the 8:00 game on Friday, Nov. 19, 1954. It was a rainy day, but the weather forecast called for the rain to stop before game time; the temperature was predicted to be in the 40s. When the Whiting team reported to the locker room after classes, about 3:00 pm, Coach Gallivan had me put on my cleats and he and coach Kosalko and I drove over to the football field to test the turf. They had me run around making cuts, starts and stops to see how well I could keep my footing in the wet turf. We then decided which type of cleats the team should wear for the game. For many years thereafter, I kept a cleat that I found on the field that afternoon.

After the players were dressed in game uniforms, we were escorted to the large lobby area of the arena where we dressed, and told to lay down on the floor and relax. I relaxed so much that I actually fell asleep.

Only two substitutes entered the game for us, Ron Rosin and Phil Grenchik. I, like most others, played the entire game. Normally, I was the quarterback on offense, but on occasion I would switch to halfback. I was a halfback on defense, and was back deep for returning punts and kickoffs from Riley.

Whiting won the game before a sellout crowd by a final score of 12-6. However, on the final play of the game, with Whiting running a play from the Riley one yard line, an official on the line of scrimmage signaled touchdown for Whiting. For some unknown reason, the touchdown was not allowed and the final score remained 12-6.

Ed Fritz again was the star of the game for Whiting. He scored both touchdowns on runs of 8 and 7 yards, carried the ball twenty-eight time for 127 yards, punted five times, threw a pass to me that gained 28 yards, was a standout on defense making numerous tackles, and blocked Riley's kick for point-after-touchdown.

It was generally agreed that Whiting dominated the game. We had 14 first downs to Riley's 8 and we were more productive on the ground and through the air. We had a total of 290 yards with 234 rushing and 56 passing. Riley had a total of 224 yards.

One incident I remember is what followed a pass that Fritz threw to our end Jerry Progar. Progar was in the game because our starting end Bob Gumulauski was out for the season with a hernia operation. It was a long pass to the right side that bounced off Progar's hands. Some of us thought he should have caught it. As we were waiting for Progar to return back to the huddle, Fritz said something along the line of, "Okay, let's not get on Jerry, he made a good effort". When he got back to the huddle, we congratulated him on his effort. I thought that really did help to bring the team together.

Several plays from the game that I had a major part in stand out in my mind. We had scripted the first series of plays that we would run. After receiving the opening kickoff, we moved the ball down the field very nicely on the first two plays. We were now on approximately the Riley 25 yard line. The next play called for me to switch from

quarterback to left halfback and Rosin to come in at quarterback. We were to run a play that had proven very successful several times during the year. I cheated a little wide when I lined up. At the snap, I would just take off wide around left end and Rosin would pitch the ball to me. Well, when I lined up, I heard a Riley linebacker alert his teammate that I was in at left half and to be ready for the pitch. Obviously, I heard the comment and it must have distracted me, I fumbled the pitch and Riley recovered. Our great start was quashed. I have no recollection of how good the pitch was, but there is no question that I fumbled it. I felt terrible.

Another play I was involved in was South Bend's lone touchdown. I was playing right defensive halfback and their halfback, Dick Vincek, came around my side and I had a clear shot to tackle him. I hit him about thigh level and just bounced off. Rosin, who was playing safety on the other side, later told me that he let up thinking that I was making the tackle. Vincek went 81 yds for a TD that put Riley ahead 6-0. Again, I felt terrible.

One more play was a Riley punt that I caught for return. As I caught the ball, I was hit by a Riley player. I was in a crouch position after catching the ball and the Riley tackler hit my knee pretty hard. He went down and I started to run. Unfortunately, the official blew his whistle saying that I had gone down. I don't think I did and my Uncle Ed Sandrick told me after the game that he didn't think I did either. The Riley player was down on the field and had to be attended to. On reflection, I was probably lucky that I didn't fumble the ball.

Late in the fourth quarter, Ron Rosin intercepted a Riley pass at about their thirty. After several plays, we worked the ball down to the one yard line. I was the quarterback and as there were only seconds left in the game, I thought we should just run out the clock. I called a play for me to take the snap, down the ball, and let the clock run. In the huddle, the team would have none of that, they wanted to score another touchdown. So, I called a play where Fritz would get the ball and score. As I said above, one official signaled that he did score, but it was not counted.





Aside:

When we got back to the dressing room after the game, I realized that I had significant swelling in my left forearm. I can't say that it hurt and I certainly never realized any problems during the game. The injury was attended to by Coach Kosalko; he checked it out and said that nothing was broken. He put a large wrap on it and I left. As a result of the time with Kush, I was last player coming out of the locker room. As I climbed the few steps to the hallway, there was a large crowd of students waiting for me; there was a big cheer when I appeared. I was quite surprised.

There was no permanent damage to the arm, but the swelling lingered on for some time. As a result, I was not able to play in the first couple of basketball games.

A poll of the United Press Coaches Board, taken after we beat Riley, voted Whiting as the No. 1 Indiana high school football team. With that vote, we were deemed the Indiana State Mythical Champions. My children like to remind me when I talk about quarterbacking a state championship football team that it was “*mythical*”.

There was quite a celebration in Whiting after the successful season. The Uptown Coaches Club sponsored a Victory Banquet at Vogels restaurant. More than 400 attended the banquet. The University of Illinois Head Football Coach, Ray Eliot, gave a congratulatory speech; very nice, green and white jackets indicating 1954 State Champions and gold footballs were presented to each player; there was an additional patch on the jacket indicating “Ironman” for the fourteen players so designated. These fourteen players were designated “Ironmen” because we were essentially the only ones who actually played in the games. Most of us typically played the entire game.

Aside:

My mother, Julia Herakovich, was secretary of the Coaches Club and played a major role in organizing the banquet and awards.

After the banquet, Coach Gallivan told me that he tried to interest Ray Eliot in offering me a football scholarship at Illinois, but Eliot thought I was too small.

After the season, All-State honors went to Ed Fritz and Jim Kamradt. The most I could garner in the way of honors was “honorable mention” in the UP All-State squad.



Jacket Insignia



Ironmen in Championship Jackets

I did receive interest from the University of Washington in Seattle. Several of their representatives came to my house and talked to me and my parents. I then received a letter suggesting that I come to Washington to play football. The process left me confused. I was asked to have Coach Gallivan send a letter of reference which he did. I received a document from the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Athletic Conference indicating that no so-called “athletic scholarships” were available at any of the conference schools. A letter from the backfield Coach Abe Stuber indicated that I could finance my way through their school by working. They would help me make contacts if I was interested in a summer job. He also said that Coach Cherberg had explained what assistance can be given to help defray my college expenses. The only thing that came from Coach Cherberg was the conference statement that athletic scholarships were not available.

I didn't have any interest in going all the way to the state of Washington for college and I don't recall that I ever formally applied for admission. Yet, I received a letter in mid-September from the Freshman Football coach Bill Marx saying that the staff is very happy that I have decided to continue my education at Washington. His letter gave me details about reporting for school and the freshman football team. I don't believe that I responded and I don't have any other letters from Washington.

I believe that things worked out the best they possibly could have for me by attending Rose Polytechnic Institute. Naturally, I do take pride in the fact that my college football playing record was much better than any major college coach expected it to be when I graduated from high school. The details of my college football records are provided in my memoir “*Rose Poly and Me*” which is available on Apple Books.

Aside:

When I completed my PhD in June 1968, I received a very nice letter of congratulations from Coach Gallivan. I also received a very nice letter from his son Pat when the football field was named in honor of his father in 1993. Pat was a freshman when I was a senior at Whiting. Copies of both letters are in the Appendix.

The last time I saw Coach Gallivan was in March 1970, at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, DC. Marlene and I had come up from Blacksburg, VA early on the morning in question to meet a representative of the College of Petroleum & Minerals, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, to talk about a possible faculty position. I don't think we were serious about moving to Saudi Arabia, but I was interested to see what was available.

We had flown up to Washington from Roanoke, VA and had a flight back to Roanoke later in the day. It was probably before 10 am when the hotel registration desk first called the room of the person we were to meet to tell him we were there and that he could come down to meet us. To our great surprise, there was no answer from the room. We waited in the hotel lobby and every thirty minutes or so asked the desk to call again. The lack of a response continued.

As it was getting near lunch time, Marlene and I went to the lounge/cafe area to get a bite to eat. We told the desk where we were in the event they made contact with our person. We put in our order and as I turned around to look for a place to sit, there was Coach Gallivan sitting alone. We went over, I introduced Marlene, and we sat with him for an hour or so for a warm and friendly conversation. Ray was at the hotel for a convention of former members of the US Coast Guard which he had served in during the Second World War.

We never made contact at the hotel with the man from Saudi Arabia and flew back to Roanoke on our scheduled flight. (Later we were told the hotel had two people of the same name and they were calling the wrong room. I'm not sure I believe that story).

High School Basketball

I played basketball on the freshman, JV and varsity teams at Whiting High School. As best I recall, I was always the shortest player, but usually a starter on each team.

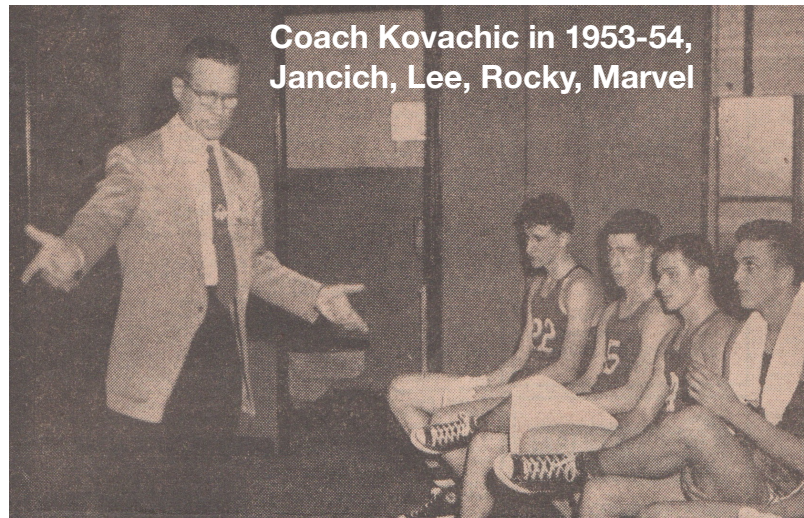


Unfortunately, the teams were not particularly good. Our record in my senior year was 7 - 15. We always seemed to be smaller than our opponents. During my senior year, our tallest starter was our center Milo Marvel who stood at 6'-0". Milo couldn't dunk; I



would float him an alley-oop pass which he would try to "tip-in". That was the closest
© C. T. Herakovich

thing we had to a “dunk”. Milo is number 13 in the picture above; Louie Lee (also an ironman on the football team) is number 5, Gene Stephens is number 14 and I am number 10. I was right handed so was surprised by this picture that shows me shooting with my left hand, and from an elevated height at that! I didn’t think I could jump that high, nor did I remember shooting with my left hand.



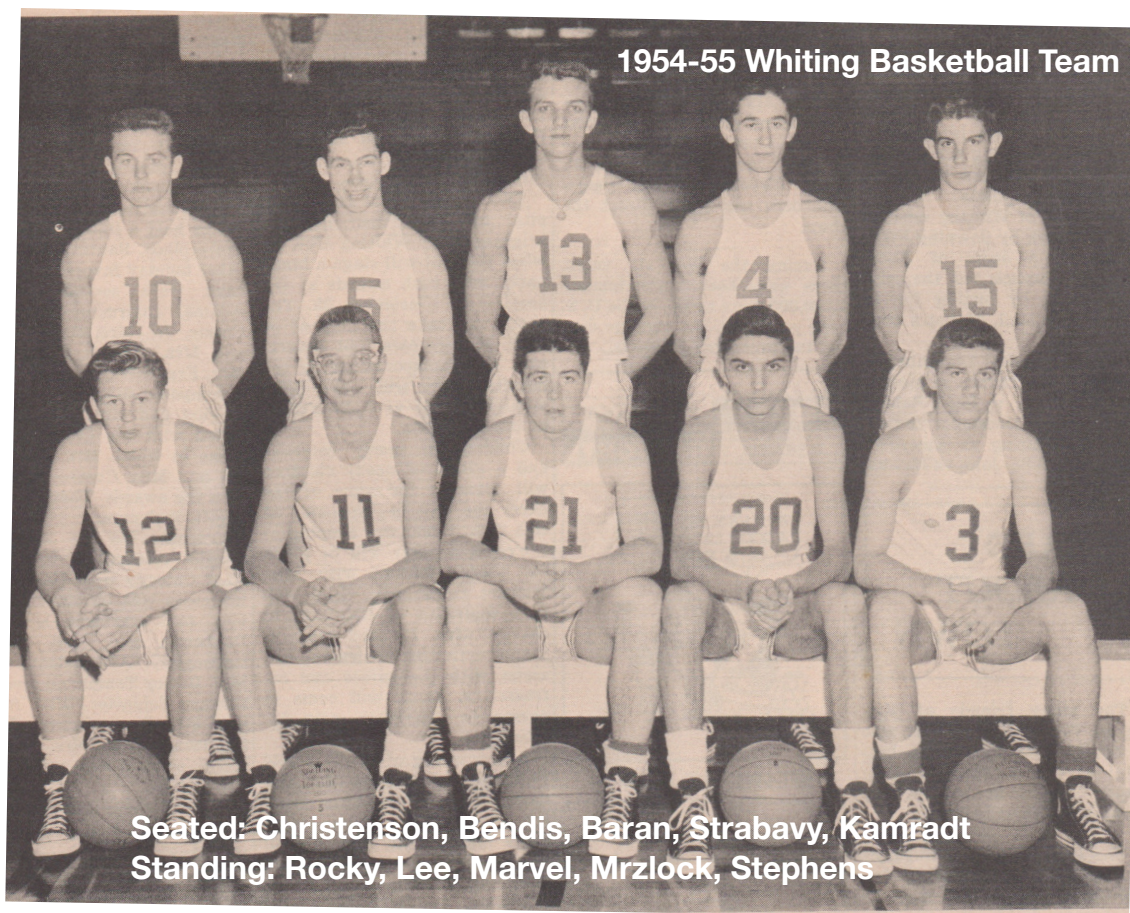
Memories from the basketball season that stand out for me include the fact that I often stole the ball from the player I was guarding, drove down the court and *missed the layup*.

The highest number of points I ever scored in a game was 27; seventeen in the first half and 10 in the second half. It was a game against Marmion Military Academy in Aurora, IL. Marmion kept letting me free inside the top of the circle and I kept making the jump shot. High output in other games included totals of 22 and 20. I was surprised that several newspaper articles I have in my scrapbook indicate that I led the team in scoring with 13 points in several games. For my senior year, I ranked third in total points scored for Whiting with 227 or 11.3 points per game for the twenty games I played.

Fowler was one of our longer “road trips”; it was about two hours from Whiting. It was so far away that we stopped for a meal on the way to the game. For most of our games, there was a JV game prior to the varsity game. The JV game would start about 6:00 and the varsity game at 7:30 or 8:00. Thus, in order to be in Fowler by 5:00, in time for the JV team to dress and get in a little shooting practice before the game, we had to leave Whiting around 3:00. Adding in another thirty minutes to eat and we had to leave by 2:30. I recall the we did not have a choice on what to eat. The meal was just put in front of us. I believe that it was the first time in my life that I ate Thousand Island salad dressing. I still like it today.

The picture of the 1954-55 Whiting basketball team shows only ten players. I’m surprised at the ten number, but both pictures that I have found show only ten players. However, the Whiting roster for the Indiana State Tournament listed 12 players. It is

noteworthy that four of the basketball players (Baran, Kamradt, Lee and Rocky) had been ironmen on the state championship football team.



Indiana State Basketball Tournament

The Indiana High School Basketball Tournament is the oldest and most prestigious state high school basketball tournament in America. The 1950s were a time when there was only one state-wide “division” and all basketball teams participated in the same tournament. It wasn’t until the 1997-98 season that the state was divided into four classes or divisions.

Milan High School won the 1954 tournament, in a David and Goliath story, as it had only 161 students. Along the way, Milan beat Crispus Attucks who’s star was the future Hall of Famer Oscar Robertson. Milan won the final game of the tournament against powerhouse Muncie Central when, with the score tied, they held the ball in a four corners offense for the last four minutes of the contest (no shot clock in those days) until Bobby Plump hit a jumper as time expired to win the game. The story of the Milan team was the inspiration for the successful movie *Hoosiers* starring Gene Hackman.

Whiting participated in the Hammond Sectional of the Indiana State Tournament. The games were played in the large (5,200 capacity) Hammond Civic Center, which was always packed for the games. The tournament was a very exciting time for high school

athletics in Indiana. There were no classes on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of the sectional; games started at 1:15 in the afternoon.

Our first round game was on Thursday night against Dyer High School. I scored a second, personal high of 22 points and we won the game by a score of 76-54. I recall that one of my baskets was from mid-court as time expired for the first half.

In our second game of the sectional on Saturday afternoon, we had to play Hammond High, a much bigger school. Their center was 6'-8" Frank Radovich who went on to play at Indiana University. Recall that our tallest player was Milo Marvel at 6'-0". During the regular season Hammond beat us, at Whiting, by a score of 112-39. We just couldn't do anything to stop Radovich in that game.

We did much better during the sectional game. At half time, the score was tied at 26-26. It was an amazing performance by Whiting in view of the score during the regular season. We actually went in front early in the second half at 31-28, before we eventually succumbed to the stronger Hammond squad losing by a score of 61-50. Never-the-less, we felt that we had redeemed ourselves.

An article from the Hammond Times newspaper showed the leading scorers for the 1955 Hammond Sectional Tournament. I managed to rank 7th in overall points and 6th in points per game. When I read this article, I remember three of the players in particular, all of whom were much taller than me. In addition to Radovich, who I have discussed already, I recall that Nick Mantis was a tall, muscular, sharp shooting guard who gave me fits. I couldn't do anything about his long jump shots, and he was all over me on defense. I didn't play against Ron Loneski, but I remember him as a tall, athletic looking player whose built was idea for a tight end on the football field. At 5'-7, I was honored to be included in the listing with these tall players.

**Radovich
Tops Tourney
Marksmen**

Frank Radovich, talented Hammond High center, was the sectional tournament's leading scorer, both in total points and in per-game average, statistics revealed today.

Radovich, whose 37 points in the final game Saturday night against Washington was one short of the Civic Center record of 38 compiled by Ron Loneski of Bishop Noll in a regular 1953-54 game, totalled 113 points in the four tournament contests. His per-game average was 28.25.

Nick Mantis, East Chicago Washington ace, followed Radovich in point production, netting 84 markers in four contests for an average of 21. Loneski, who appeared in two tournament contests, ranked next to Radovich in per-game averages with 51 points in two tilts for a per-game effort of 25.5.

Following are the tournament players who scored 18 or more points:

	g	fg	ft	tp	avg.
Radovich, HHS	4	37	39	113	28.25
Mantis, Wash	4	30	24	84	21
Campbell, Wash.	4	18	20	56	14
Loneski, Noll	2	18	15	51	25.5
Blackmun, HHS	4	18	14	50	12.5
Kasch, Cr. Pt.	2	12	18	42	21
Herakovich, Wh'g.	2	11	13	35	17.5
Balasa, Wash.	4	12	9	33	8.25
J. Kaiser, Cr. Pt.	2	14	4	32	16
Marvel, Whiting	2	13	6	32	16
Riggins, Clark	2	19	10	30	15
Bradtke, Noll	2	12	6	30	15
Threath, Wash.	4	9	11	29	7.25
Daniels, HHS	4	13	1	27	6.75
Johnson, HHS	4	13	1	27	6.75
Strabavy, Whiting	2	6	13	25	12.5
Donaldson, HHS	4	10	4	24	6
Schlesser, Clark	2	8	4	20	10
Perry, Cr. Pt.	2	9	1	19	9.5
Scott, HHS	4	9	0	18	4.5
Holt, Lowell	1	5	8	18	18

Family Support

As indicated by the following story from the Hammond Times, I had great family support throughout my athletic and academic career.

FAMILY OF FANS

Whiting Cager Guarantees Crowd

Seconds slid away as the basketball game between Whiting and George Rogers Clark High School neared the end. Clark led, 53-51.

Just before time was up, Carl (Rocky) Herakovich, senior Whiting guard, scored a basket to tie the game and throw it into overtime. (Whiting eventually won).

The crowd roared. Among the screamers trying to yell the loudest were 27 fans, all relatives of the Oiler guard.

Herakovich's personal cheering section usually numbers around 20, although he could muster 40 relatives.

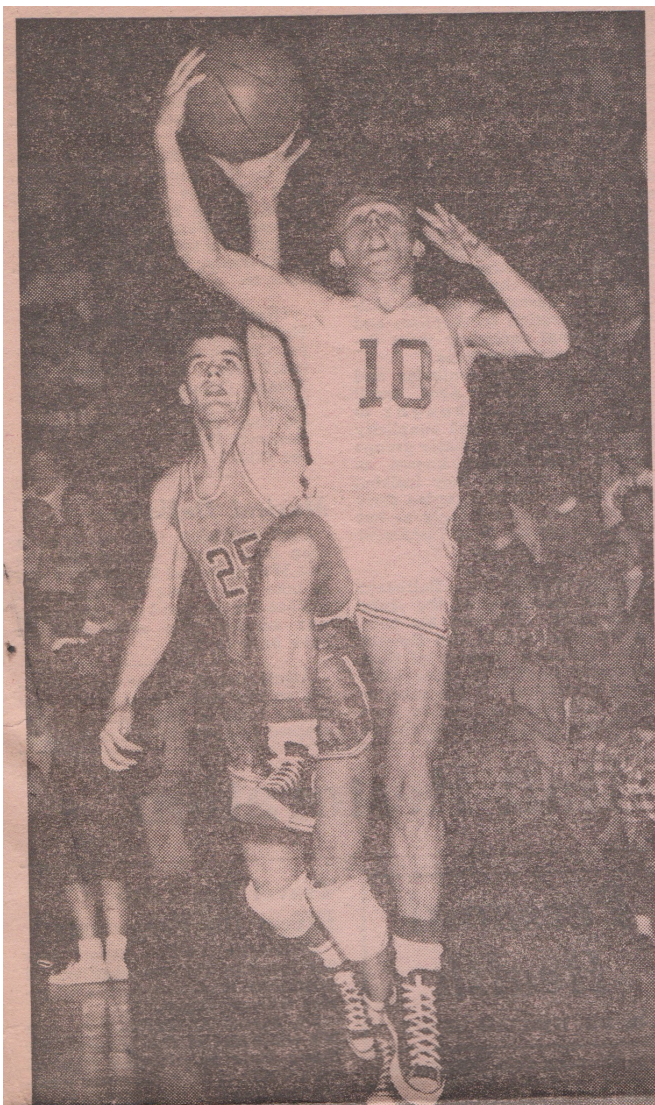
• • •
THEY SHOW up for Whiting basketball, football and baseball games. Carl Herakovich is a guard on the basketball team and third baseman on the baseball squad, and was quarterback of the football team.

One of his most ardent follow-

ers is his grandfather, Peter Herakovich, 82, of 1914 Indianapolis Blvd. At times, his cousins, as young as 3 years old, join the crowd to cheer him.

In his immediate family there are only his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. John Herakovich, 1622 Central Ave., and brother,

• • •
Jack, and Jack is attending St. Joseph's College at Rensselaer.



CARL HERAKOVICH (10) stretches to gain possession of basketball in floor duel with Bobby Wilson of Clark during high school game which wound up with Whiting ahead after overtime play brought about by Herakovich's tying basket just before regulation time ended. Twenty-seven pairs of eyes, belonging to his relatives in the crowd, saw this and other antics performed by the senior Whiting guard.



PORTION OF crowd at Whiting High basketball game is made up of Carl Herakovich's family. In top row (from left) are his aunt, Mrs. Clara Burr of Whiting; another aunt, Mrs. Tom Buckley of Whiting, his cousin, Kathy Buckley, 3; his uncle, Tom Buckley, assistant coach at Bishop Noll High School, and his father, John Herakovich. In middle row, there are his aunt, uncle and cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Roberts and 4-year-old Janet, all of Whiting; his mother, and his grandfather. The three at the bottom left are his uncle and cousin, Richard Rocky Sr. and Jr. of 1514 Brown, Whiting, and his aunt, Mrs. John Hruskoci, 1527 Myrtle, Whiting.

Hammond Times-Photos

Actually it was my uncle Jim Buckley who was an assistant coach at Bishop Noll. Tom, who is shown in the picture above, was my godfather.



A REGULAR fan at Whiting High sports events is 82-year-old Peter Herakovich (at right), 1914 Indianapolis Blvd., Whiting, Carl's grandfather. The expression on his face indicates he's getting big kick out of the action on basketball floor.

My Godfather, uncle Tom Buckley, is next to my Grandfather.



YOU CAN bet that something Carl Herakovich did on the basketball floor produced the expressions and applause in photo above. Making the noise are Roy Roberts of Whiting, Carl's uncle, and Mrs. John Herakovich, 1622 Central Ave., Whiting, his mother.

Baseball

Youth Baseball

During the summers when I was in elementary school, probably grades 6 - 8, we played baseball on the excellent baseball field in Whiting park. We put together our own teams and submitted information to the city. There were no coaches. The teams were supported by local businesses that provided baseball caps. One year we were the Four Duces Team, supported by the Four Duces Tavern on New York Avenue. The city provided one umpire who supplied balls and equipment for the catcher. He called balls and strikes and made all other officiating calls from behind the plate. The city made up the schedule. There were no parents watching the games. This was a very enjoyable time with no pressure.

I also played baseball at a small field near the home of my friend Buddy Pearson. Buddy and I both played basketball on the Sacred Heart team. Buddy's uncle, Johnny Mostel, was a centerfielder for the Chicago White Sox and he lived with Buddy's family. I recall that one day, in Buddy's backyard, Mostel taught me how to swing a baseball bat. In particular, he taught me how to roll, or crack, my wrists when hitting the ball. It worked quite well for me and I continued to keep that thought in mind when playing baseball in high school and college.

Prior to playing high school baseball I realized that I needed a better baseball glove. I found a glove that I liked at what was called "Chicago's Last Liquor Store". It was just across the state line in Illinois and while they sold liquor, they also had a large athletic equipment department. The glove I chose was a Marty Marion "Mr. Shortstop" glove. Marty played for the St. Louis Cardinals in the 1940s and led the national league in fielding percentage four times. His glove was on the small size so it was good for my small hand. I convinced my dad that I needed the glove and I told him that I had the money (\$14) to pay for it. The money may have come from my paper route. A few years ago I gave the glove to my grandson, Jack, who liked to play baseball.

High School and American Legion Baseball

I went out for the Whiting High baseball team as a freshman playing third base and outfield. As a very short (maybe 5'-6") freshman, I didn't get to play very much. However, I do remember one time that I did get to bat in a game as a freshman. The game was at home against East Chicago Washington. Whiting was at bat against the East Chicago ace pitcher George Stepanovich, a big strapping guy who stood 6-2 or 6-3. On the raised mound, he seemed even bigger than that and he threw a wicked fast ball. Whiting had one or two men on base and Coach Gallivan put me in as a pinch hitter, I assume with the hope of little me getting a walk off of Stepanovich. After a couple of pitches, I swung and hit the ball. It was a slow dribbler to the pitcher who simply threw me out. Gallivan never complained that I swung at the ball.

Aside:

Stepanovich was a very good pitcher. In the final game of his high school career, he pitched a no-hitter.

The best I remember, I started at third base for the final three years of my high school baseball career. For my sophomore and juniors years my batting average was listed in

the school year book as .231 and .238. My senior batting average, was never presented in the year book.

Based upon newspaper articles and what I remember, I must have done much better in my senior year. The article below is from early in my senior year; the number of games is not presented, but it must have been four or five games. I led the Northern Indiana High School Conference with a .529 batting average, nine hits in 17 at-bats, including three triples. Eleven schools were in the conference.

Whiting's Herakovich Leads West NIHSC Batsmen With Torrid .529

Slapping out 9 hits—including 3 triples—in 17 trips to the plate, Carl Herakovich of Whiting emerged as top hitter in the West NIHSC baseball league in the first weekly rankings of the 1955 season with a .529 average.

The rankings are compiled exclusively by The Gary Post-Tribune each week.

Six of the first 7 men in the "Top Ten" belong to contending clubs for the championship while Rich Nellman of East Chicago Roosevelt (1-3) "sneaked" into fourth spot with a .467 average.

Herakovich led the league, just nosing out 2 Pioneers of Hammond Clark, the team leading the league with 6 straight victories. Jerry Gradek was a close second with a mark of .520 while Gregory Petrin had a .476 average. Both Gradek and Petrin have belted 2 home runs.

JURASEVICH FIFTH

Nellman is fourth with his .467 with John Jurasevich of Gary Tolleston in fifth place with 12 hits in 26 times at bat for a nifty .461 average. Behind him was Ed Scott with .444.

Three Gary Horace Mann, one Gary Emerson and one Tolleston players complete the select circle. Mann's Jasper Adamo has a .438 average and following are Dick Hanna of Mann and Mike Molchan of Emerson (both .429); Brad Snyder of Tolleston and Bob Fernandez of Mann (both .400).

In compiling the statistics each week, The Post-Tribune will not include those players batting less than .200 average. Neither will players with few times at bat be included in the "Top Ten" rankings. Statistics:

THE TOP TEN

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Herakovich, Whi.	17	6	9	0	3	0	.529
Gradek, Clark..	25	8	13	2	1	2	.520
Petrin, Clark..	21	7	10	2	1	2	.476
Nellman, Roos.	15	3	7	1	0	0	.467
Jurasevich, Toli.	26	14	12	2	0	1	.462
Scott, Ham.	18	7	8	1	1	0	.444
Adamo, Mann..	16	2	7	1	1	0	.438
Hanna, Mann..	21	4	9	1	0	0	.429
Molchan, Emers.	21	2	9	0	0	0	.429
Snyder, Toli..	25	3	10	1	0	0	.400
B. Fernandez, Mann	20	7	8	1	0	0	.400

(Note: No one listed with less than 15 times at bat.)

FROEBEL

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Eish	19	4	6	1	0	0	.316
Wiechink	4	0	1	0	0	0	.250
T. Sanchez	17	0	4	0	0	0	.235
Nichols	19	0	4	0	0	0	.211
S. Sanchez	20	3	4	0	1	0	.200

EC-WASHINGTON

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Wiergacz	13	3	7	1	0	0	.538
Jopex	3	0	1	0	0	0	.333

Sports Mirror

TEN YEARS AGO

Slams in 4 events and triumphs in both relays powered thincads of Crown Point to an easy 89-42 win over Kouts on the Hub's home field.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Horace Mann's fifth annual Golden Gloves student boxing tournament swings into a second lap in the Mann auditorium. Some 600 fans turned out for the opening program of 22 bouts.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

At the close of the first week's activities in the annual bowling tournament for the championship of the Hoosier state being held at Indianapolis, Gary bowlers are leading in the team event, all events, while Gary was third in the doubles and fifth in singles. In the five-man event, Mason, Spottila, G. Brown, Kapsch and Farr held first with a 2856. "Jake" Kapsch led the all events with a 1773 count. Mason and Kapsch were third in doubles with 1229. Uda Harris was fifth in singles play with a 619.

FORTY YEARS AGO

The second in a series of swimming events will be held in the Froebel School pool. The meet will be a tournament between teams from Froebel High School and Gary "Y."

Threatt	3	0	1	0	0	0	.333
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LEW WALLACE

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Guglielmetti	8	0	4	0	0	0	.500
Fauver	12	7	5	1	1	0	.417
Evans	21	3	7	1	0	0	.333
Kemeny	13	1	4	1	0	1	.308
Nichols	18	2	5	0	0	0	.278
Huffman	19	5	5	0	0	0	.263
Callas	13	2	2	0	0	0	.214
Fattore	20	7	4	0	1	0	.200

EC-ROOSEVELT

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Fiut	4	0	2	0	0	0	.500

Neilman	15	3	7	1	0	0	.467
Hicks	11	3	5	0	1	0	.450
Jemenko	17	3	6	1	1	0	.353
Spudie	15	4	5	1	0	0	.333
Vallancourt	6	1	2	0	0	1	.333
Carr	6	0	2	0	0	0	.333
Misora	12	1	3	0	0	0	.250
Driscoll	8	0	2	0	0	0	.250
Youngman	4	1	1	0	0	0	.250
Gorney	14	4	3	0	0	0	.214
Arnd	15	4	3	1	0	0	.200

HAMMOND

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Wintrose	1	1	1	0	0	0	1.000
Scott	18	7	8	1	1	0	.444
Parbaugh	12	4	4	0	0	0	.333
Radowich	12	3	4	1	0	0	.333
Feldman	16	5	5	1	0	0	.313
Blackmun	23	7	7	1	0	0	.304
R. Johnson	20	5	6	4	0	0	.300
McMahon	4	1	1	0	0	0	.250

TOLLESTON

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Mesarch	2	1	1	0	0	0	.500
Mangold	2	0	1	0	0	0	.500
Jurasevich	26	14	12	2	0	1	.462
Snyder	25	3	10	1	0	0	.400
Wierman	20	4	7	0	1	0	.350
Korwek	23	10	7	1	1	1	.304
Calloway	26	4	7	1	0	0	.269
Bartal	15	5	4	1	0	0	.267
Bush	20	2	4	0	0	0	.200

WHITING

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Herakovich	17	6	9	0	3	0	.529
Fritz	8	0	4	0	0	0	.500
Lee	16	3	4	0	1	0	.250
Kamradt	12	3	3	0	0	0	.250

EMERSON

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Bodnar	2	1	1	0	0	0	.500
Molchan	21	2	9	0	0	0	.429
Callaway	19	2	6	1	0	0	.316
Blankenship	16	0	5	0	0	0	.313
Beleslin	15	3	4	0	0	0	.267
Sebring	21	3	5	0	0	0	.238
Filson	14	2	3	0	0	0	.214
Malham	10	1	2	0	0	0	.200

HORACE MANN

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Adamo	16	2	7	1	1	0	.438
Hanna	21	4	9	1	0	0	.429
B. Fernandez	20	7	8	1	0	0	.400
Cram	20	2	5	2	0	0	.250
Collins	9	1	2	0	0	0	.222
Williams	23	4	5	1	1	1	.217
Dumas	16	2	3	1	0	0	.214
Brown	19	2	4	1	0	0	.211

HAMMOND CLARK

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Gradek	25	8	13	2	1	2	.520
Petrin	21	7	10	2	1	2	.476
Riggins	21	9	8	0	0	2	.381
Schurke	18	5	6	1	1	0	.333
Zuk	22	5	6	2	0	0	.273
Duffalo	11	6	3	0	1	0	.273
Kurcz	4	1	1	0	0	0	.250
Leith	13	3	3	0	0	0	.231
Wilson	24	6	5	0	1	0	.208

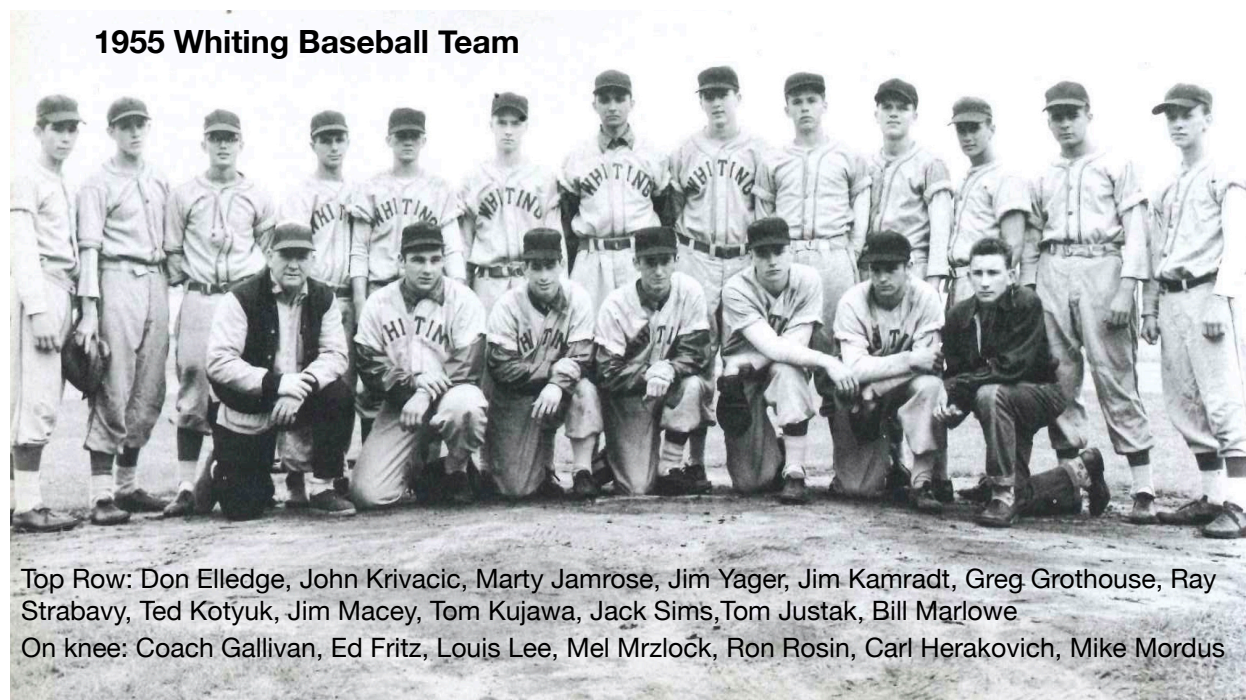
HAMMOND TECH

	ab	r	h	do	tr	hr	Ave.
Petrovich	12	2	4	0	2	0	.333
Long	6	1	2	0	1	0	.333
Zyzanski	3	1	1	0	0	0	.333
Vincent	10	2	3	0	0	1	.300
Griffin	4	0	1	0	0	0	.250
Chapin	13	1	3	1	0	0	.231

I have several newspaper articles about Whiting High baseball games. It appears that I only cut out articles when my name was mentioned. (The same seemed to be true about basketball.)

There was one play in a game against Hammond High that I always remember. I was on third base and the Hammond pitcher was very slow in his delivery to the plate. I must have been on third for several batters or there were many foul balls because I had many pitches to study his delivery. I realized that I could get very far down the base path before he released the ball. So without any signal to or from Coach Gallivan, I decided to steal home. On the next pitch I took off for home and slide in head first. The umpire signaled safe. I had scored a run. Coach Gallivan said something like "it's a good thing you made it" as I went by him to the bench. I believe that we won the game by one run.

The 1955 baseball team had a record of 8-4-2. Four of the five seniors kneeling in the picture with Coach Gallivan were ironmen on the state championship football team .



The American Junior Legion Baseball team that I played with for several summers was a regional team named Whiting, but composed of players from Whiting and several neighboring towns. There were tryouts to see who would make the team. We knew many of the other players, in particular those from the Robertsdale area of Hammond. However, when I look at the limited newspaper articles that I have about this team, I realize that there are several names mentioned that I don't recall.

My belief that I was a better hitter in my senior year is bolstered by my known batting average with the American Legion team. I have game-by-game records of my batting statistics for one year. It is the year that the team went to the state playoffs where we won our regional semi-final game in Logansport, Indiana, but then lost to Logansport in the championship, the night game of a double header. The record shows that I had 16 hits in 36 at bats for a .444 average for the year. The hits were all singles except for one home run; I was hitless in only two of eleven games.



1954-55 Athlete of the Year

The Whiting Uptown Coaches Association sponsored an athletic dinner in May of my senior year. I was selected as the 1954-55 Whiting High Outstanding Athlete of the Year for my play in football, basketball and baseball. Others in the picture were selected as Most Valuable Players in Football (Ed Fritz), Basketball (Milo Marvel), Track (Mike Kinel), Cross country (Gene Stephens), Swimming (Burnell Sell), Baseball (Louie Lee), and Mental Attitude (Ron Rosin).



Summer Trips with Friends

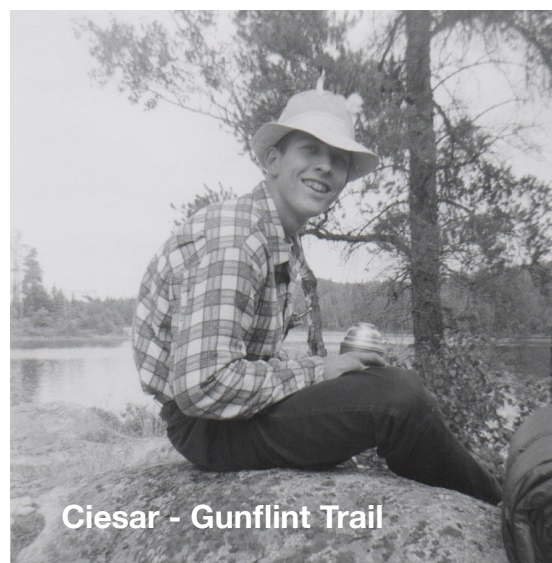
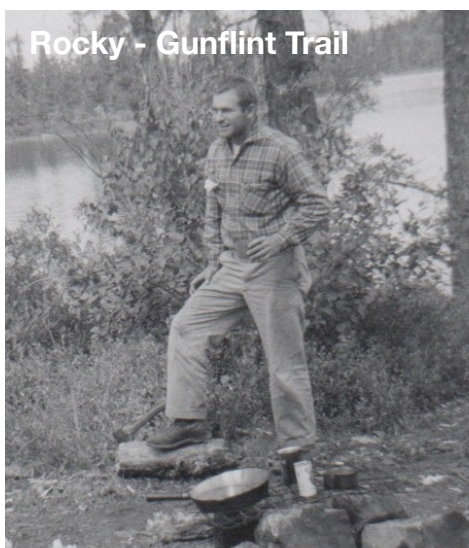
There were three summer trips of note with friends from my high school days. One was a canoe trip with John Ciesar to the Gunflint Trail of Minnesota, prior to my freshman year of college. The second was a trip to New York before my sophomore year. The final one was after graduation and prior to reporting for duty in the Army Corps of Engineers.

Gunflint Trail - 1955

John Ciesar and I made a very interesting trip to the Gunflint Trail in Northern Minnesota in late August, 1955. Ron Rosin and Greg Doman had planned to join us, but dropped out at the last minute. The purpose of the trip was to do canoeing and portaging in lakes near the U. S. Canadian border. The plan was to drive to Grand Marais, Minn. on the shore of Lake Superior, and then go inland on the gravel road Gunflint Trail for about 50 miles to an outfitter where we would rent a canoe and begin our trip. John had had previous experience canoeing. I had had virtually none. This is the same Gunflint Trail that my dad and I visited later in 1958.



John and I left Whiting about 7:00 pm on Friday evening, in a car on loan from the Ciesar's used car lot, and drove through the night, taking turns at the wheel. Around 6:00 am, about thirty-five miles south of Duluth, MN, the car's engine blew out. We still were about 200 miles from our final destination on the Gunflint Trail. We managed to get to a telephone (no cell phones in those days) and John talked to his father. It was decided to have the car towed to a Chrysler dealership in Duluth and have a used, replacement engine installed while we continued on our trip. This was a Saturday



morning and (I believe) we were to be back in Duluth on Wednesday. Unfortunately, John has passed away so I cannot verify details with him.

We rode with the tow truck driver to Duluth, left the car and instructions at a Chrysler dealership, and then took a bus to Grand Marais. From Grand Marais, we hitch-hiked along the Gunflint Trail. We were lucky and got picked up by a priest who took us all

the way to the canoe outfitter. We rented a canoe and they gave us three paddles so we would have one extra ... just in case.

On the very first lake we went across, the paddle that John was using broke into two pieces. He didn't hit anything, it just broke while he was paddling in the water. We then portaged over to the next lake. I have difficulty remembering the details of how many lakes and portages were involved, but in a later lake, John's second paddle also broke. So we now had only one good paddle. I had a few nails and a length of rawhide in my pack; with some branches, the nails and the rawhide, I made a splint for one of the paddles.

The next major development I remember is that we were on Saganaga Lake which is a large lake that the U. S. Canadian border runs through. We were trying to paddle against the wind and waves that, at times, were as high as two feet. Fortunately, two guys came along in a speed boat heading in the same direction and asked us if we wanted a tow. We said yes, left all our gear in the canoe and got in the speed boat. As the boat sped up our canoe leaned over and nearly dumped everything out. Fortunately, they slowed down quickly enough that we didn't lose anything.

They dropped us off at a huge rock promontory that was the corner where we would leave the lake and take a river back to the outfitter. We camped on the rock face that night. I was sick with a bad headache. John fixed me tea and soup. I fell asleep. When I woke in the morning, I saw two large canoes with girl scouts coming out from the direction we would use to go back to the outfitter. They were doing very well going into Lake Saganaga.

When John and I got back to the outfitters, we had quite an argument over the broken paddles. They wanted us to pay for them, saying that we had broken them by using them improperly. After considerable discussion, we finally agreed to pay for one paddle.

We now had to hitchhike back down the Gunflint Trail to Grand Marais. Again we were lucky and got a ride all the way. I believe we slept on the front lawn of a ranger station that night. The next morning we were picked up by the Border Patrol. A policeman had been killed in Minneapolis the day before by two men and it was believed that they were in the Grand Marais area. We were told we fit their descriptions. We were taken to a police station where we convinced everyone that we were not the killers.

We were taken back to the side of the road where we would hitchhike back to Duluth. Once again we were fortunate. A family in a station wagon picked us up and took us all the way to Duluth. They had two small children who were in the very back of the station wagon and John and I were in the back seat. The children got unhappy and soon were in the front seat with their parents — again, no seat belts in those days. John and I very quickly fell asleep and slept all the way to Duluth.

A replacement engine had been put in the car and we drove back to Whiting.

It seemed that John and I had to go over the details of this trip every time we saw each other thereafter. In retelling the story, we would laugh at all the troubles we had. Our friends always knew that the trip would be discussed and they laughed at us laughing.

New York - 1956

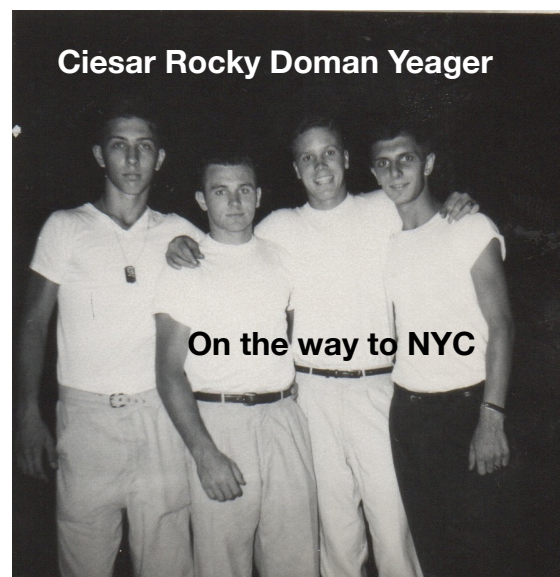
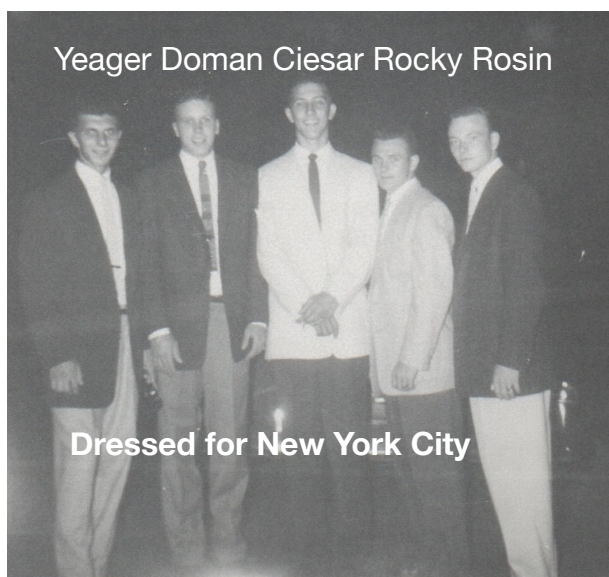
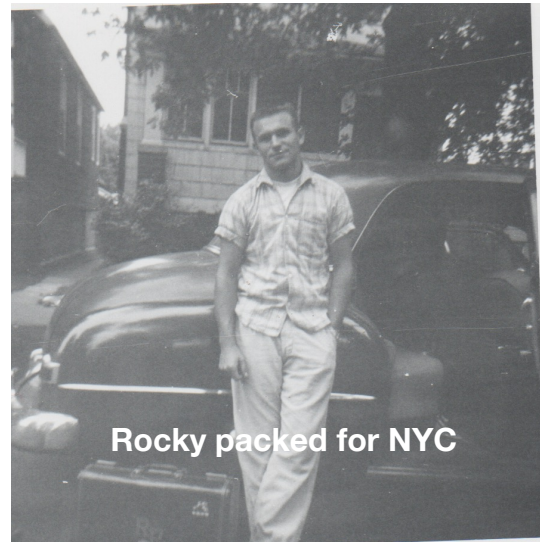
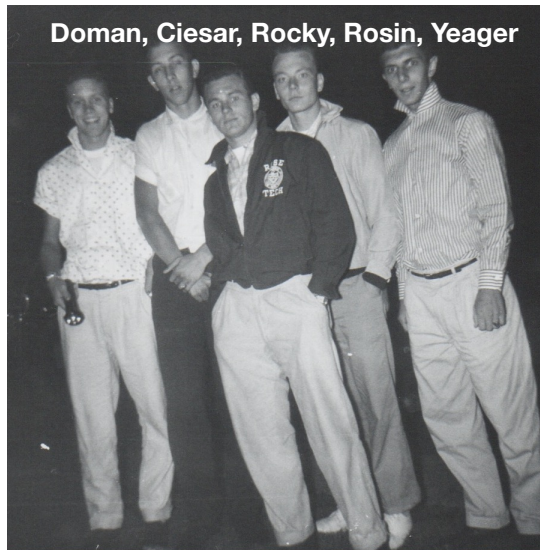
Prior to my sophomore year at Rose, three friends and I drove to New Jersey (outside New York City) to visit our friend Ron Rosin. Those in the car in addition to me were: John Ciesar, Greg Doman and Jim Yeager. I discussed this trip to New York in *Rose Poly and Me* because of its relationship to my reporting for football practice for my sophomore year at Rose. Ron's mother had remarried after his father died and his stepfather had taken a new job in New York. They actually lived in New Jersey just across the river from New York City. We drove through the night in both directions and visited New York City and Atlantic City during our trip.

Trip West - 1959

After graduating from Rose and prior to reporting for active duty in the army, I made a trip west with my friends Ron Rosin, Greg Doman and John Ciesar. We left Whiting in a car with minimal luggage, drove up to the Dakota Badlands and then down to the Grand Tetons at Jackson Hole, Wyoming where John's girlfriend Beth Madsen was working at the Jackson Lake Lodge. Beth got us a room and meals in staff housing where we stayed for a couple of nights. From Jackson Hole we drove down to Denver where I stayed for one night with Rose Poly friend Bill Payne and his wife Colleen. After dropping me off, my friends left immediately heading to Phoenix and Las Vegas. After staying with the Payne's for one night, I flew back to Chicago where Marlene met me at O'Hare Airport. A day or two later, I drove to Ft. Belvoir, VA (just outside Washington, DC) to begin my six months of active duty as a 2nd Lt. in the Army Corps of Engineers.

Aside:

The four friends who made the trip west in 1959 were all in the 1955 prom photo at The Chez Patee. Several years later, along with Rich Rusnack, another Whiting High grad, we established the financial group, Polyventure. The five of us became life-long friends. After some small investments in the stock market, we purchased property in Fish Creek, WI (on the eastern shore of the Green Bay arm of Lake Michigan) where we developed Founders Square, a group of small shops attractive to the tourist crowd.



Jobs

Summers during my college years were devoted to work, and ROTC summer camp after my junior year. The summer prior to my freshman year I worked at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube (steel) Company in Indiana Harbor. The summer after my freshman year, I worked for Standard Oil Company in Whiting. After my sophomore year, following a two week civil engineering surveying camp at Rose, I worked as a junior engineer for Cities Service Oil Company in East Chicago.

Summer 1955 - Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company

I was seventeen when I started to work at Youngstown Sheet & Tube. I was put in the Yard Labor Gang which meant that we did whatever work was needed that day. It often involved shoveling. There were many college age summer employees working in yard labor, but there were also some older men — mostly black men as I remember. The older men had names like *state-line* and *streetcar*. Everyone working in the group got along very well; the older men showed us younger guys how to do things. I specifically remember being told how to use a shovel. Just lift the shovel and then turn it over and let the contents fall out rather than wasting a lot of energy by trying to “throw” the contents of the shovel where you wanted it to go.

One of the more trying jobs we did was “cleaning track”. This entailed shoveling up iron scales that had cooled somewhat after dropping off hot ingots as the ingots were being transported on a small rail car from the ovens to the rolling mills. The rail track was indoors, but with a wall on one side that had large open areas for air flow. The area where we worked was very hot (it was said as much as 120°F) because the scales in the tracks were warm and hot ovens were on the far side of the tracks. We worked in twenty minute shifts. After twenty minutes of work we were taken outside to recover from the heat.

The area between the rails would fill up with scales that had fallen from the ingots. The transfer of ingots on that line would be shut down for a time to let the scales cool somewhat, and then we would go in with large shovels to remove the scales. A shovel full of scales was very heavy and we were to put the shovel full into large dumpsters which meant that I had to lift the shovel over my head in order to dump the scales into the dumpster. It was very hard work, but it did build endurance and muscles. One small advantage of the assignment was that we were done for the day once the track was cleaned.

On August 6, 1955, which was my 18th birthday, I was asked if I wanted to work in the open hearth that day. This paid more money so I was happy to say yes. This was another job where it was very hot. When I got to the open-hearth, I was given a long sleeve shirt to protect my bare arms from the heat. My job was to “throw” shovelfuls of limestone to a specific spot in the molten steel when the door to the hearth was opened. The head man on the crew would point to the spot where the limestone should go. The work went well and I was asked if I wanted to work a “double”. That meant work another 8 hour shift at an hourly rate of time-and-a-half. As much as I wanted to say yes to making that additional money, I had to say no. I had birthday plans.

Aside:

For my birthday, my girl friend, Sara Burnett, and her parents were taking me to Chicago to see Yul Brynner in "The King and I". It was the first live stage play that I had ever seen, and it was fantastic. Yul Brynner was outstanding. I can still vividly remember many aspects of his performance. The best I have been able to determine, Patricia Morrison performed the part of Anna. She also was excellent. This was a great introduction to Broadway style stage plays for me. I never regretted missing out on the additional money I would have earned from the "double".

1955 Flipping Hamburgers

In *Rose Poly and Me*, I mentioned a second job that I had in the summer of 1955. Two recent military veterans and Whiting High School grads, Rich Rusnack and Gene Blastic (who were a couple of years older than me), opened a summer Drive-in restaurant in Whiting. Both of them were in college on the GI Bill. This was the type of restaurant where cars would drive up and park in front of the restaurant, and a car-hop (usually a young girl) would come out to the car and take the order. She would then come back to the car with the food and drinks on a tray that was attached to car door when the car window was rolled down.

For several weeks that summer, I managed to work at Youngstown Sheet and Tube from 7 am to 3 pm, go home and have dinner, have a date with my girl friend, and then worked flipping hamburgers in the kitchen at the Drive-in from 9:30 or so until 11:30. It was all about making money for college.

Rusnack is the same guy that I played football against during my freshman year at Rose, and the guy, along with his wife Joan, who later became great, lifelong friends with Marlene and me. The four of us, along with the Rosin's, Doman's and Ciesar's, eventually formed the Polyventure group that purchased land in Fish Creek, WI in 1968.

Summer 1956 - Standard Oil Company

In the summer of 1956 I worked at the Standard Oil Company in Whiting. I had several different jobs. One was "cleaning pipe", somewhat similar to "cleaning track" in the steel mill. At Standard Oil, petroleum based products were pumped through large pipes to what I believe was called the "coke plant". Over time, the pipes would become plugged with this product and had to be "cleaned". We would be given old coveralls, gloves, hats and masks to wear and then we used a pneumatic drill on the end of a hose to clean out the pipe. We would be covered in black dust when the job was finished. As in the steel mill, we were done for the day once the pipes were clean.

A totally different job I had at Standard Oil was working as a monitor watching temperature and pressure dials that were providing the status of condition in "stills". There were a number of "stills" and each had a small, brick hut where you stayed (sat if you liked) to monitor the gages. Each monitor typically kept track of the status in two adjacent stills. Assignment to this job was usually shift work, 3-11 pm or 11 pm - 7 am.

As the stills had to be monitored continuously, you couldn't leave your post until your replacement arrived. Everyone had to "punch-in" a time clock when entering or leaving

the plant. If your replacement arrived a little early you could leave your post, but you had to wait to have your time-card punched at the appropriate time before leaving the plant. However, there was no proof as to who “punched-out” your time card. Another worker could take your card out of the rack and punch it along with his at the appropriate time, letting you leave a little early. A good friend from Whiting high school, Dick Campbell, was doing the same work as I so we developed a system where we could often leave a little early. We would find a third worker nearby and get that person to agree to a flip of the coin where the odd man out had to stay and punch-out all three cards at the correct time. Dick and I had a system in which we would always have the same side of the coin after the flip. It usually only took one of two flips before the other person was the odd-man-out, and we could leave early. Early meant as much as 5 - 10 minutes! It really wasn't a big deal.

Aside:

Dick was two years older than me and we had very similar height, weight, hair and eye color. Somehow he managed to have two military draft registration cards with all this information, including date of birth. He gave one to me and I used it for several years thereafter when I had to prove that I was old enough to purchase liquor. The eligible age for drinking liquor was lower in Illinois so Calumet City, IL, just across the state line, was where we did most of our drinking.

Dick's high school girl-friend was a good looking cheerleader who was a year younger than Dick and a year older than me. She is the girl I took to the high school prom when I was a junior and she was a senior.

Summer 1957 - Cities Service Oil Company

The work at Cities Service was mainly basic engineering office work that didn't require a tremendous amount of engineering knowledge. Some of my work was with the company surveyor doing odd jobs like running the line that a new pipe would follow to make sure it didn't intersect something it shouldn't. The job did give me the opportunity to observe engineers at work.

Summer 1958 - Fort Leonard Wood

June 21 to August 1, 1958, after my junior year at Rose, was spent in ROTC summer camp at Fort Leonard Wood in the Missouri Ozark Mountains. It was a very physical training period with military style physical exercises every morning, followed by field exercises doing things like building Bailey Bridges over a creek, conducting a simulated attack on a location in the wooded hills of Fort Leonard Wood, or taking a long march. I recall that for one of those field exercises in very hilly country, I was carrying an unwieldy machine gun that probably weighed at least 25 lbs.

As a result of all the physical exercise, I was in better physical shape for the 1958 football season than I had been for any previous football season — high school or college.



Christmas Work

During the Christmas breaks of my freshman and sophomore college years, I worked for two weeks in the steel mills. For these Christmas break jobs, I usually worked the 3-11 shift. The first year I had a job inspecting thin metal sheets to insure that there were no significant defects in them. I messed up one time by not wearing my gloves and rather seriously cut my knuckles on one hand.

The second year I was basically a janitor. I went around with a broom, shovel and a bucket of sawdust. I would use the saw dust to soak up oil spills and then clean up the saw dust. This was a more difficult job only because I was on my own and it didn't take all that long to do my work. I was usually tired from the previous night out. Not being too busy, I often found a place that I could hide and lay down for a nap.

Friends would often pick me up from work at the end of my 3-11 shift and we would go out. As often as not we would go over to Calumet City, Illinois to drink at a bar. Cal City, as it was referred to, was across the state line into Illinois where liquor flowed more freely, well into the night and early morning. Cal City had many bars and a few strips joints. There was one bar that we frequented often; I can picture it in my mind, but I don't recall the name of it. My friends and I were fortunate in that we never got into any serious trouble during these trips to Cal City. These friends were usually Rosin, Doman and Ciesar. The same guys with me in one of the prom pictures, and the same guys who started Founder's Square in Fish Creek, WI with Rich Rusnack.

I do recall that the first time I ever ate pizza pie was in Cal City. These nights often ended up back in Whiting at Hot Dog Louie's, a favorite place on 119th Street to have a late night, or early morning, snack. It was simply a long, narrow room with a row of stools along a low bar. I pointed out this place in the post card picture. A hot dog cost 15 cents.

The Christmas break during my junior year, I worked as a salesman at a men's clothing store in Whiting.

Engineer @ Inland Steel

After graduating from Rose in June 1959, I worked as an engineer at Inland Steel Company in East Chicago, Indiana for about ten weeks. The union at Inland Steel was on strike that summer, but the engineering building was outside the main gate and we engineers and other staff were allowed to continue to work during the strike. One of my main jobs that summer was to determine the area of a portion of Lake Michigan that was to be filled in order to expand the port for the boats bringing ore to the mills. When I look at a Google map of that area as it is today, I can see that the port was expanded into the lake.

2 Lt. U. S. Army Corps of Engineers

As I was a commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the Army Corp of Engineers when I graduated from Rose, I had a commitment of six months active duty (for training) and

seven and one-half years in the Army reserves. The “for training” phrase turned out to be important as it meant that I was not eligible for the GI Bill when I went to graduate school. I reported for active duty on September 1, 1959, at Ft. Belvoir, VA, outside Washington, D. C. (This was Marlene’s 20th birthday.) I drove to Belvoir after returning from the trip west with my friends.

At Belvoir I attended the U. S. Army Engineer School (also called BOMOP - Basic Officer Military Orientation Program) from Sept. 1 - Oct. 30. A lot of the time at Belvoir was devoted to classroom instruction on current military policies and procedures. In particular, I remember that we devoted considerable time studying the strategic deployment of atomic weapons. Items of concern were the area affected by a weapon of a given size. We also had daily physical exercise. We went to Camp AP Hill in Virginia for experience with a variety of weapons including M-1 and M16 rifles, 45 pistols, bazookas and machine guns. Part of one day included going through a forest with an M16 carbine and deciding whether or not to shoot items that popped out from behind trees. I enjoyed doing that. The final day at Belvoir was devoted to an exhausting, timed physical test that ended with a fairly long run. I tried hard during the test and was so spent at the end that I almost vomited.

Fort Belvoir had a football team and my good friend Larry Kirts from Rose who was at Belvoir when I was there played on the team. Larry was not in BOMOP so he was free to practice with the team in the afternoon. I was tied up with classes and could not participate in football. That was good as I wasn’t ready to play more football.

SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM
NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION

Approval not required

Carl Thomas Herakovich
(First name) (Middle name) (Last name)

Selective Service No. 12 173 37 71 has

been classified in Class 1-D (Until 19) by Local Board. ☒ Local Board. ☐ Appeal Board

by vote of 3 to 0 (Show vote on appeal board cases only)

APR 7 1958, 19 C. W. Stiles
(Date of mailing) (Member or clerk of local board)

The law requires you, subject to heavy penalty for violation, to carry this notice, in addition to your Registration Certificate, on your person at all times—to exhibit it upon request to authorized officials—to surrender it to your commanding officer upon entering the armed forces.

The law also requires you to notify your local board in writing of every change (1) in your address, (2) in your physical condition, and (3) your occupational, marital, family, dependency, and military status.

FOR ADVICE, SEE YOUR GOVERNMENT APPEAL AGENT

SSS Form No. 110 (Revised 11-5-54)

IDENTIFICATION CARD - NOT A PASS

ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES

UNITED STATES ARMY
ACTIVE

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OFFICE OF THE
ADJUTANT GENERAL,
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

EXPIRATION DATE
31 Mar 60

SERVICE NUMBER
05 508 573

GRADE
2d Lt USAR

SIGNATURE
Carl T. Herakovich

HERAKOVICH
CARL T

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RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

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BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING, LITHO.

Asides:

Two activities stand out in my mind from my time at Ft. Belvoir. The first was the only time I went to an NFL football game. Larry Kirts and I went to a Redskins game one Sunday afternoon. I think the game was at Griffith Stadium. We did not have tickets and as we walked up to the ticket window to buy them, an older gentleman asked us if we needed two tickets. Not realizing that he was trying to be nice, we said no. We later thought that he recognized us as military with our short haircuts and was offering to give us two tickets. We felt dumb. I recall that the crowd at the game was small, the Redskins band played reminding me of a high school game, and I was not very impressed with NFL football.

The second incident was the weekend trip that my Rose classmate Bob Jackson and I made back to Terre Haute to see our girlfriends. We must have left Ft. Belvoir on Friday afternoon, and drove through the night to Terre Haute. On Saturday, Marlene and I went down to Bloomington, IN to stay with her sister Carol and her husband Bill Blake who were at IU. On Sunday Marlene and I drove back to Terre Haute and then Jackson and I took off driving back to Ft. Belvoir. We didn't arrive back at Belvoir until early morning and hardly had enough time to change into uniforms and be on time for the first formation. During the night, we had been taking thirty minute turns driving trying to stay awake. We were lucky that we didn't have an accident.

Following BOMOP, I was stationed with the 160th Engineer Group at Ft. Knox, KY until discharged from active duty on February 29, 1960. At Ft. Knox I was assigned to Battalion Headquarters where my main activities were coach of the battalion basketball team, evaluator of classes taught by non-coms, and officer in charge of the surveying crew.

Aside:

Our battalion commander, a major, told me that the current coach's wife was unhappy about all the time he was spending coaching the team and that I had been recommended as someone who could assist him as co-coach. When he asked me if I would do that, I told him that I would be happy to coach the team, but I didn't want to be a co-coach. If I was going to do it, I wanted to be completely in charge. The major agreed to make me the coach; that made the current coach and his wife very happy.

When the battalion went out in the field to prepare for a forthcoming major review, I was Commander of the Aggressor Forces. The battalion slept in tents out in the field, but I stayed back in my nice quarters on base where I commanded a team of about nine servicemen. We aggressors exploded a simulated atomic bomb using sticks of TNT and 55 gallon drums of oil. One of my sergeants was an explosive specialist and he arranged and set off the bomb. He used so much TNT that a window in a service station off base broke from the shock wave. I also flew over the encampment in a helicopter dropping bags of flower to simulate dropping bombs.

Fort Knox is where I first took up officiating as both a past time and a way to earn a little money. I officiated in the basketball league at the fort. I continued officiating basketball, primarily to earn a little money, when I was a graduate student at the University of Kansas.

Odds and Ends

Commencement Speaker

I was the Speaker for the 1971 Whiting High School Commencement. The fact that I was chosen to give the speech just might have been a function of my relationship with those making the decision. The Superintendent of Whiting Schools at the time was Stephen Fowdy. He is the same Fowdy who was the football coach for my freshman and sophomore years in high school. He is the coach who had me play quarterback for the freshman when I was a sophomore. He is the coach who led the practice drill in which two bigger players couldn't stop me from getting through them. And he is the coach who wrote me a very nice letter of congratulations after my Rose Poly football success. Further, the Assistant Superintendent of Whiting Schools at the time was my uncle Jim Buckley. The same uncle who encouraged me to play football in my senior year when I was thinking of not playing.

This all may point to the fact that it helps to be connected to the people making decisions.



ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, eighty-one Whiting High School seniors received their diplomas during commencement exercises held at the Whiting Memorial Gymnasium. The commencement speaker was Dr. Carl Herakovich, a 1955 Whiting High School graduate. Dr. Herakovich is currently an associate professor of engineering mechanics

at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University. The 1971 graduating class was led by Robert W. Laub, who was the Valedictorian, and Mark R. Sabol, who was the Salutatorian. In above photo, l-r: John Kountoures, principal; Wayne East, president of school board; Carl Herakovich and Stephen Fowdy, superintendent.

Aside:

The Whiting High School commencement address in 1971 was the first time I gave a speech to a large group and I obviously had some difficulty with the microphone. At a family get-together after commencement, when I walked into the room where many family members had gathered, my uncle John McNamara said to me "Hell of a speech Rock, I couldn't hear a word of it"! This was typical of the frankness between family members. No offense was taken. I took it as a lesson learned.

Buckley Wall of Fame

In 2005 I was inducted into the inaugural Buckley Wall of Fame which was established in honor of my uncle James J. Buckley. The Buckley Wall of Fame is a dedication to Whiting High School graduates who have excelled in their accomplishments and successes in their contributions to society in the areas of academics, athletics and civil accomplishments. I was recommended for the award by my uncle Jim. Once again, it helps to know and be related to people. Copies of the letter informing me of the honor as well as the plaque installed on the Wall are provided in the Appendix.

Jim Buckley was a 1942 graduate of Whiting High School, served in the Navy during the 2nd World War, and then graduated from St. Joseph's College in Rensselaer, IN in 1948. He was a teacher, coach and administrator at Whiting High, an administrator at the Highland Public Schools, and served on the Whiting School Board for sixteen years. He also was active in a wide variety of civic activities in Whiting and Northern Indiana.

Publicity

The Hammond Times ran a very nice story about my Rose football career when I was home for Thanksgiving vacation after my final year of Rose football. They showed a picture of my Mom and me in the kitchen. Note that I am using my left hand to taste something even though I am right-handed. The article quoted Rose Coach Phil Brown; regarding my touchdowns, he said that I was not "set up"; regarding my defensive play he said that I was the finest defensive player he had ever coached. He also said: "He's like having a coach on the field, and I don't believe he missed a tackle in the open field all season long."



25 TALLIES WERE NO 'SET UPS'

Herakovich Humble in Record Role

By LOREN TATE
Times Sports Writer

Carl (Rocky) Herakovich, the 150-pound Rose Poly (Terre Haute) dynamo who has replaced the famed Eddie McGovern as the top point producer in Indiana collegiate football history, doesn't like to talk about his individual scoring feats.

The two-time Engineer captain, at home in Whiting for the Thanksgiving holidays, would rather discuss 15 straight victories (eight this year) and the hard-hitting team play which made his 25 touchdowns possible.

THIS UNASSUMING trait is not a masquerade for sports writers.

Coach Phil Brown, who resents any insinuations that Rocky was "set up" for his 25 TDs, was actually at odds with his captain over the business of calling signals. The modest Herakovich refused to exercise the privilege of calling plays for fear of what the rest of the team might think.

"He wouldn't have called his own signal anyway," says Brown.

AS FOR THE "set up" charges, Rocky had only seven of 25 touchdowns from five yards or less. He returned three punts for 62, 63 and 70 yards, brought back a kickoff 82 and carried an interception 52. Four pass receptions covered distances from 15 to 64 yards.

Four placement conversions and seven two-point runs brought his state scoring record to 168 points. This could be the leading total in the nation when final figures are released in December.

Scoring is nothing new to Herakovich. He led the state with 102 points last year. But he gets an equal thrill out of playing defense.

COACH BROWN calls Rocky the finest defensive player he has ever coached. Says Brown: "He's like having a coach on the field. I don't believe he missed a tackle in the open field all season long." The 5-7 half-back played corner linebacker and right halfback on defense.

His greatest thrill? "The whole season was my greatest thrill," says Rocky. "I couldn't pinpoint any one game." Herakovich also mentioned his senior year at Whiting (1954) when he helped guide the Oilers to the NIHSO championship and the mythical state title.

The future? Herakovich will be graduated in June with a Civil Engineering degree. After six months of ROTC service his plans are indefinite.

As for football, he has had feelers from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia but is quite aware his size (5-7, 150) and speed (10.2 in the hundred) would put him at a serious disadvantage.

THE STEELERS and Eagles probably picked my name out of the scoring column," says Herakovich. "My football days may be over but it was fun while it lasted."

Next guy who wisecracks that football is strictly a game for hulking blunders with overinflated egos, remind him of Rocky.

It was a very complementary article. And, my mom looked great!

Indiana Football Hall of Fame

I wrote about my 1985 induction into the Indiana Football Hall of Fame in *Rose Poly and Me*. However, in that book, I did not write about the very complementary article on me that appeared in the Calumet Day Newspaper. My high school classmate, and our class valedictorian, Henryetta Boswell, sent me a copy of the article along with a very nice note. I often sat close to Henryetta in class hoping that some of her smarts would rub off on me. The article is presented below.

Success has followed former Whiting

by Mike Sansone

BLACKSBURG, Va. — One word can sum up the life and times of Carl Herakovich — success.

The Whiting High and Rose Polytechnic Institute (now Rose Hulman) graduate has captured goal after goal in his high school and college football careers and is continuing his success story now later in life.

Herakovich, while at Rose Poly, established a state record for points in a season, with 168 in 1958. The record, which is still an NCAA record for most points per contest in a single season (21 points per game), earned the Whiting native Little All-American honors that year.

The gridiron success of Herakovich began much earlier, however, as he was the quarterback on Whiting's 1954 state champion-

ship team. From the state championship season, he went to Rose Poly, and in his junior and senior years, in which he captained he also led the state in scoring.

The institute won the final 15 games Herakovich played. And now the success of the professor of engineering science and mechanics has been acknowledged. On Saturday Herakovich was inducted into the Indiana Football Coaches Association Indiana Football Hall of Fame.

"I WAS HOPING that someday it might happen. When I would see people inducted in different halls of fame, I wondered if maybe someday it would happen to me," Herakovich said of his naming. "The biggest excitement for me was when I was notified that I had made it back in February. I've had six months to let it sink in now."

Saturday's induction ceremony and dinner was a time for

Herakovich to reflect on the great moments in his career and see old friends and teammates. Among the acquaintances Herakovich rubbed elbows with on Saturday in Terre Haute were his Rose Poly coach Phil Brown who was also inducted Saturday, and the man whose record he broke, Eddie McGovern, who also played at Rose Poly.

"It was a very nice affair. Just a great opportunity to see old friends. It was really a thrill to meet Eddie McGovern, I had never met him before," said Herakovich. "The fond memories have been there all along, but this event just brought them all out again."

Among the fond memories, Herakovich remembers the last game of his college career.

"I NEEDED 24 points to break the record. I can remember the first touchdown was on a punt return. The next one was a one-yard plunge then about a 60-yard pass

play, that I caught."

Herakovich, who is also an official for the Atlantic Coast Conference on weekends during football season, remembers the tension surrounding his last touchdown for the standard.

"There was about 20 seconds to go and we were on the seven or eight yard line. The first two times I made it in, the plays were called back because of penalties. When we got in the huddle, everybody just looked at me and asked me what I wanted to do. So actually I called the play. It was a sweep and with everybody pulling, and I managed to get in."

Herakovich, who still has family in Whiting, now lives in Blacksburg with his wife, Marlene, and four children, Bradley, Douglas, Kristine and Russell. Being a college professor and football official, Herakovich has very strong feel-

ings concerning college athletics.

"I hate to see young men brought in just to participate in athletics. I think education should have more emphasis placed on it," Herakovich. "I think college sports needs more coaches concerned with the students' education. More people like Bobby Knight, Joe Pat and John Thompson. I have all respect in the world for those individuals."

Herakovich returned home to Virginia Sunday after the ceremony with a sense of pride and a lot of good memories.

"I feel terribly honored, proud and grateful to my teammates at Rose in particular and to my coaches at Whiting High as well. I owe them all a great debt of gratitude."

I'm sure Herakovich's players, coaches and friends feel honored, proud and grateful as well.

owed former Whiting resident

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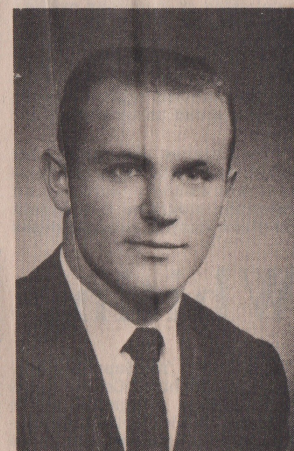
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Carl Herakovich

Appendices

Herakovich Family

Several reports and photographs for the extended Herakovich family are included in this appendix. The reports were written by my aunt Betty Herakovich (Bob's wife) apparently from information that aunt Dorothy (Herakovich) Roberts had compiled, by cousins Peter Hruskoci and Liz (Herakovich) Pickering, and by my brother Jack based on his visits to Grandpa Herakovich's birthplace in 2000 and 2001. Cousin Barry Burr wrote a report on his 1974 ten day visit to Croatia; unfortunately, as of this writing I have not been able to find a copy of that report. Other trips to Croatia were made by my parents in 1967; I will show a picture of my dad with Father Anton outside the parish home in Kostanjevica. Marlene and I met Damjan Herakovic and his mother (I think it was his mother) on Saturday, August 28, 2004, in the Sheraton Hotel in Zagreb for a brief chat. We learned that they lived in Krsko, Slovenia about 56 km (35 miles) northwest of Zagreb.

The names Hodonos, Zienty and Paul (shown in Peter's report) are names that are familiar to me as people who attended Herakovich get-togethers (especially picnics) on several occasions when I was young. Unfortunately, I can't say that I ever truly made the connection that these people were my dad's aunts, uncles and cousins, and my grandmother's siblings and their offspring.

I have several Herakovich family photos that were taken on August 13, 1933, at 7130 Langley Avenue, Chicago, the home of my dad's aunt Gertrude Bartholomew. The occasion was given as a celebration of Grandma Herakovich's birthday. The photo on the left includes Sister Mary Joyce (Hattie's sister, also known as sister Gaudentia) standing next to my dad John; seated, left to right are: Neal Kriedler, Eli Hodonos & Fred Japchinski. The photo on the right shows, on the ground: Robert & Loretta Herakovich, Marilyn Kriedler & Edwin Kozak, seated: Ada Herakovich, Sister Mary Joyce & Marie Kriedler, standing: Mrs Emil Heinkel, Miss Japchinski, Mrs Ed Kozak, Dorothy Herakovich, Julia Buckley (at the time) and Clare Herakovich.



Aunt Betty 1983 Herakovich History

On this, the 50th anniversary of the first of their children, we prepare this brief history of Hattie and Peter Herakovich who lived to celebrate their 66th wedding anniversary in May of 1964. — A beautiful couple who had thirteen (13) GOOD children and who lived, loved and died in the hands of God. Would that they could have lived to celebrate with us the 50th wedding anniversary of Rutz and Mary, this January 8, 1983 (actually December 31, 1982). Nevertheless, they would have been very pleased to be with us this evening and no doubt they are overseeing us from above, along with Ada, Peter and Pauline, George and Eleanor, Walter (Moose) and Carl plus Kenny, Kerry and David.

*married
1943, 1998*

I regret I was not able to prepare a history of Mary's family but now that this is done, perhaps Kay will be able to sit down with Mary and assemble that information. It is too bad Rutz wasn't able to get a tape with Mary's mother when she last visited them in Hammond.

Not very much is known about Ma's and Pa's beginnings so all we can list is what Dorothy was able to acquire through some research.

Dec, 16, 1978

Ma was born in Baldenberg, Germany, on the border of the Northwest section of Poland, an area known at that time as Prussia. A city about 14 miles in length with a population of approximately 3,000 people, and located on a small lake, the town has been known as Bialy Bor since 1945. Over the years, ownership of the land has been switched back and forth between Poland and Russia. Ma came to this country on April 4, 1889 and worked as a domestic and also at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

Pa was born in Kostanevica, Yugoslavia on May 12, 1873. He came to this country on April 16, 1889 and started to work at Standard Oil in Whiting on August 17, 1891 (the same year he came to Whiting from Youngstown, Ohio).

*Pa was 15
when he
came to us*

Some of his brothers and sisters were:

Paul 2/5/1870B	12/11/54D	Milos 6/20/1882B	6/8/42D (Killed in war)
Ana 6/15/1879B	4/15/36D	Nikola 5/8/1885B	3/2/39D
Marta 2/15/1888 died 1965			

Ma's family in order after Ma:

Mary Kozak	Martha Japchinski
Anna Hodonos	Stillborn child Ralph
Rose Chaswood	Rudolph Maleck
Bernard Maleck	Cecelia (Sister Mary Joyce)
	Elizabeth Zienty
	Agnes died 1-1/2
	Gertrude Paul

As for Rudy and Mary, their kids will probably have something prepared for this evening and we hope this little piece will not in any way conflict with what they have planned. We just felt it would be an opportune time to encourage all of the grandchildren of Hattie and Pete to start looking at their ROOTS. Just look at how their family has grown, both living and dead. To those that live, may we wish you long, happy and healthy lives. To those who have gone before us, may we wish them Eternal Peace, and to Rutz and Mary -- MAZELTOV!! And as Jack once said to the preparer of this piece -- May he live forever -- May she never die!

Betty
1-8-83

Aunt Betty - page 2 of 3

THE FAMILY OF				
PETER HERAKOVICH				
and				
HATTIE (MALECKI) HERAKOVICH				
Child	Spouse	Grandchildren	Great Grandchildren	Great-Great Grandchildren
Ada 12-7-1898B 2-15-63D	<i>7 months after me & pa married!</i>			
Peter 6-30-1900B 8-25-64D	Pauline Becich 1-24- B M4-16-32	Helen (Larry)	Linda Paula	
Walter 1-10-1902B 8-20-79D				
John 8-21-1903B	Julia Buckley 1-26-09B M9-16-33	Jack 11-9-35B (Angela) 8-14-37B M12-18-64	Paolo (adopted) 5-11-74B	
		Carl 8-6-37B (Marlene Vukovich) M4-23-60	Bradley 1-18-61B Douglas 9-30-62B Christine 6-24-66B Russell 2-5-68B	
Rudolph 8-8-1905B	Mary Desatnick 4-15-09B M12-31-32	Arlene Bakota 8-18-33B	John David Bracco 4-26-61B Gregory Bracco 2-24-63B Stephen Bakota 1-2-70B	
		Caryle Frank (Jack) 9-26-35B M8-25-56	Dartagnon (Kathy) 7-6-57B Shane (Kim) 5-21-60B Travis 11-14-63B Kimberly 12-9-68B	Seth Allen (6-25-81)
		James (Kay Greckoff) 6-24-37B M1-4-64	Dana 7-18-66B Dustin 1-7-70B	
		Don (Rita Janicki) 11-2-39B M12-26-64	Darcy 2-20-67B Saralee 12-29-70B Adam 11-26-72B	
George 5-1-1907B 12-6-77D	Eleanor Botteron 3-10-14B 6-20-80D M11-24-33	Marjorie Seitzinger 3-21-35B	Kerry (2-18-76)D Don (Melanie) 4-25-58 Diane Kerezman 1-10-60 (Gregory)	
		William (Cassie) 6-30-39B		
		Judith (Carlos) 1-9-42B	Karan 8-8- Kris 10- -65	
		Thomas (Janice) 5-8-45B	Natalie Laura	
Carl 1-27-09B 6-8-39D				
Paul 4-6-11B M	Vera Brown 1-23- B	Kenneth 10-29-46B (3-29-69D) Ronald 12-26-47B		
Dorothy 8-28-13B	Roy Roberts 2-17-12B 2-2-76D M7-23-49	Janet Gerber (Gary) 4-27-50B M8-23-74	Douglas	6-12-76B
Clare 9-18-15B	John Burr 6-8-12B 7-26-57D M10-18-47	Ronald 10-3-49B Barry 3-28-52B		

Aunt Betty - page 3 of 3

THE FAMILY OF PETER AND HATTIE (MALECKI) (Continued)

<u>Child</u>	<u>Spouse</u>	<u>Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great-Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great-Great Grandchildren</u>
Richard 2-4-18B M9-7-40	Dorothy Bartels 5-20-21B	Rick (Suzi Ferry) 1-28-45B M7-24-65	Kimberly 7-28-66B Kathy 8-14-69B Jackie 10-28-70B Jennie 10-28-70B	
Robert 12-20-19B M9-17-49	Elizabeth Kridlo 8-3-29B	Robert J. (Mary Kiley) 12-20-50B M10-3-75 Elizabeth Pickering (Dennis) 7-25-52B M11-24-73 David M. (Sandy Stanutz) 11-12-54B 7-13-81D M11-26-76 Kevin M. (Sharon Gaylor) 4-18-57B M6-28-80	Katie Quinn 3-17-80B Jill Aileen 12-31-81B Anne Marie 4-19-79B	
Loretta 12-24-21B M8-3-44	John Hruskoci 6-13-21B	Allen (Sue Macocha) 4-8-47B M2-15-69	Robbie 9-12-69B Danny 1-2-74B Jillian 4-6-78B Allison 2-13-80B	
		Peter 1-31-51B Ami Burgess (David) 9-29-59B M8-8-80	Sarah May 1-21-81B	

B - Birth
D - Deceased
M - Married

Compiled by Betty Herakovich
12-31-82

HATTIE MALECKI - 12-16-1878 B
6-5-1964 D

PETER HERAKOVICH - 5-12-1873 B
3-31-1967 D

M 5-7-1898

Peter Hruskoci 1988 Herakovich History

THE HERAKOVICH FAMILY

PETER HERAKOVICH

Born: May 12, 1873

Died: March 31, 1967

Married: HEDWIG (HATTIE) MALECKI

Born: Dec. 16, 1878

Died: June 5, 1964

Children: 13

Peter page 2 of 11

- 1 -

1. ADELAIDE ANN MARIE ANTOINETTE
Born: Dec. 7, 1898
Died: Feb. 15, 1963
Marital status: never married
Owned: OASIS LIQUORS - Whiting, Indiana
2. PETER FRANCIS (ROCKY)
Born: June 30, 1900
Died: Aug. 24, 1964
Married: EDNA La BOUNTY
Married: PAULINE (BECICH) HUSBANETTE
Children:
HELEN HUSBANETTE (stepdaughter)
Married: STANLEY IGRAS
Children:
LINDA

PAULA
Married: LARRY WARD
3. WALTER PAUL (MOOSE)
Born: Jan. 10, 1902
Died: Aug. 19, 1979
Marital status: never married
Guard at Amoco in Whiting
4. JOHN BERNARD (JACK)
Born: Aug. 21, 1903
Died: Dec. 22, 1987
Married: JULIA BUCKLEY
Born: Jan. 26, 1909
Children:
JOHN (JACK) PAUL
Born: Nov. 9, 1935
Married: Angela
Children: PAOLO
adopted son-India
Born: May 11, 1974

CARL THOMAS
Born: Aug. 6, 1937
Married: MARLENE VUKOVICH
Children:
BRADLEY THOMAS
Born: ~~June~~ ^{January} 18, 1961

DOUGLAS EDWARD
Born: Sept. 30, 1962
~~CHRISTINE~~ KRISTINE MARIE
Born: June 24, 1966

RUSSELL JOHN
Born: Feb. 5, 1968

Peter page 3 of 11

- 2 -

5. RUDOLPH JAMES

Born: Aug. 8, 1905

Married: MARY DESATNICK

Born: April 15, 1909

Children: (MARY) ARLENE

Born: Aug. 18, 1933

Married: Julius Bracco

Died: 1963

Children:

JOHN DAVID

Born: April 26, 1961

Married: BOBBIE

GREGORY

Born: Feb. 24, 1963

Married: E. BAKOTA

Children:

STEPHEN

Born: Jan. 2, 1970

CARYL ANN

Born: Sept. 26, 1935

Married: JACK FRANK

Born: April 3, 1929

Died: April 5, 1985

(heart attack)

Children:

D'ARTAGNAN

Born: July 6, 1957

Married: KATHY

Children:

MARY ELIZABETH

TRAVIS

Born: Nov. 14, 1963

SHANE

Born: May 21, 1960

Married: KIM PITTMAN

Children:

SETH ALLEN

Born: June 25, 1981

KIMBERLY

Born: Dec. 9, 1968

Peter page 4 of 11

- 3 -

(RUDOLPH) JAMES - JIM
Born: June 24, 1937
Married: KAY (CAROL GREGOFF)
Born: JAN. 30, 1937
Died: March 20, 1980

Children:
SCOTT (Kay's son)
DANA
Born: July 18, 1966
DUSTIN
Born: Jan 7, 1970

DONALD
Born: Nov. 2, 1939
Married: RITA JANICKI
Born: Dec. 1, 1940
Children:
DARCY
Born: Feb. 20, 1967
SARA LEE
Born: Dec. 28, 1971
ADAM
Born: Nov. 26, 1972

6. GEORGE ALOYSIUS ROCKEY (HERAKOVICH)

Born: May 1, 1907
Died: Dec. 6, 1977
Married: ELEANOR BOTTERON
Born: March 10, 1913

Children:
MARJORIE RUTH
Born: March 21, 1935
Married: WAYNE SEITZINGER
Children:
WAYNE KERRY
Born: July 25, 1955
Died: Feb. 18, 1976

DIANE
Born: Jan. 10, 1960
Married: GREGORY KEREZMAN
Children: 2

DONALD
Born: April 25, 1958
Married: MELANIE
Children: 2

Peter page 5 of 11

- 4 -

GEORGE WILLIAM (BILL)
Born: June 10, 1939
Married: CASSIE SIMMONS
Stepchildren:
 THOMAS SIMMONS
 SUSAN SIMMONS

JUDITH
Born: Jan. 10, 1942
Married: JAMES HOLTZ
Children:
 KAREN HOLTZ
 CHRISTINE HOLTZ

Married: CARLOS ORTIZ

THOMAS
Born: May 8, 1945
Married: JANICE
Children:
 NATALIE
 LAURA
 Born: Dec. 18, 1971

7. CARL XAVIER
Born: Jan. 27, 1909
Died: June 8, 1939
Marital status: never married

8. ^(ROTCW)PAUL, ROCKY (HERAKOVICH)
Born: April 15, 1911
Married: VERA BROWN
Children:
 KENNETH PAUL
 Born: Oct 29, 1948
 Died: March 29, 1969
 killed in car accident
 in Mexico

FATHER RONALD
BORN: Dec. 26, 1947
Franciscan Priest

Peter page 6 of 11

- 5 -

9. DOROTHY CECELIA FRANCES
Born: Aug. 28, 1913
Married: ROY E. ROBERTS
Born: Feb. 17, 1912
Died: Feb. 2, 1976
Children:
JANET CLAIRE
Born: April 27, 1950
Married: GARY GERBER
Born: Sept. 15, 1951
Children:
DOUGLAS
Born: June 12, 1976
10. CLARE HARRIET
Born: Sept. 18, 1915
Married: JOHN BURR
Born: June 8, 1912
Died: July 25, 1957
Children:
RONALD EDWIN
Born: Oct. 3, 1949
Married: MY HANH
Children:
JOHN WARREN
Born: Oct. 26, 1987
- BARRY BYRON
Born: March 28, 1952
Married: Vivian Woo
11. RICHARD ROCKY (HERAKOVICH)
Born: Feb. 4, 1918
Married: Dorothy Bartels
Born: May 20, 1921
Children:
RICHARD WILLIAM
Born: Jan. 28, 1945
Married: SUSIE FERRY
Children:
KIMBERLY
Born: July 29, 1966
Children:
NICOLE
Born: Dec. 19, 1985
- KATHLEEN
Born: AUG. 14, 1969
- JENNIFER (twin)
Born: Oct. 28, 1970
- JACQUELYN (twin)
Born: Oct. 28, 1970

Peter page 7 of 11

- 6 -

12. ROBERT VINCENT

Born: Dec. 20, 1919

Married: ELIZABETH KRIDLO

Born: Aug. 3, 1929

Children:

ROBERT JOHN

Born: December 20, 1950

Married: MARY KILEY

Children:

KATIE QUINN

Born: March 17, 1980

JILL EILEEN

Born: Dec. 31, 1981

ELIZABETH ANN

Born: July 25, 1952

Married: DENNIS PICKERING

DAVID MARK

Born: Nov. 12, 1954

Died: July 13, 1981 - killed in
auto accident

Married: SANDRA STANUTZ

Children:

ANNE

Born: April 19, 1979

KEVIN MICHAEL

Born: April 18, 1957

Married: SHARON GAYLORD

Children:

EMILY

Born: Feb. 5, 1986

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13. LORETTA JEAN

Born: Dec. 24, 1921

Died: Feb. 10, 1988

Married: JOHN HRUSKOCI

Born: June 13, 1921

Children:

(JOHN) ALLEN

Born: April 8, 1947

Married: SUE MACOCHA

Children:

ROBERT JOHN

Born: Sept. 12, 1969

DANIEL MATTHEW

Born: Jan. 2, 1974

JILLIAN LEE

Born: April 6, 1978

ALLISON MICHELLE

Born: Feb. 13, 1980

PETER ANDREW

Born: Jan. 31, 1951

Married: IRENE SCHLATER

AMI ANN

Born: Sept. 29, 1959

Married: DAVE BURGESS

Children:

SARAH MAY

Born: Jan. 21, 1981

BRIAN JOHN

Born: Feb. 12, 1982

LORA JEAN

Born: Sept. 12, 1986

HATTIE'S FAMILY

MOTHER: ANTOINETTE URBANOWICZ

FATHER: JOHN MALECKI

CHILDREN: 12

1. HATTIE

2. ANNA

Married: ELI HODONOS

Children: WILLIAM

Married: ELSIE

Children: WILLIAM

GLORIA

Married: ANN

Children: DR. PHILIP HODONOS

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3. MARY
Married: VALENTINE KOZAK
Children: MARIE
Married: NEIL KRIEDLER
Children: MARILYN USTANIK
VALERIE
Married: EMIL HEINKEL
Children: GLORIA NOVAK
DIANE SCHERER
FRANCES
Died about 20 years of age
EDWIN
Married: GOLDIE
Children: EDWIN
4. RUDOLPH
Married: MYRTLE
Children: RICHARD
GLORIA
5. BERNARD
Never married
6. ELIZABETH
Married: JOHN ZIENTY
CHILDREN: EDWIN
KATHERINE
JOHN
RICHARD
DONALD
ROSEMARY
RITA
BETTY
7. CECELIA - SISTER GAUDENTIA (MARY JOYCE)
Franciscan Nun
8. GERTRUDE
Married: BARTHOLOMEW
Married: ROBERT PAUL
Children: ROBERT
Married: PAULINE
DOLORES
Married: Banik
9. MARTHA
Married: FRED JAPCHINSKI
Children: MARIE
IRENE
Married: HANK ZAWACKI
Children: FREDRICK
SYLVIA
Married: JOHN HUNTER
Children: SUSAN
LEONARD
Married: JERRY ZAWACKI
Children: 2 sons

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10. ROSE

Married: MIKE (CHASNEFSKY) CHASWOOD

Children: ERNEST

HILDA

Married: ROBERT LOVIN

LENORE

Married: LEONARD LOVIN (ROBERT'S BROTHER)

EDWIN

Children: LINDA

RICHARD (drowned)

11. RALPH - stillborn

12. AGNES - died at 11/2 years old

PETER'S FAMILY

FANKO HERAKOVICH

Born: March 20, 1840 } *Father*Died: May 8, 1913 } *73*

MARTHA VIDOVIC

Born: June 7, 1845 } *Mother*Died: Oct. 9, 1915 } *70*

Children: 6

1. PAUL

Born: Feb. 5, 1870

Died: Dec. 11, 1959

2. PETER

3. ANA

Born: June 15, 1879

Died: April 15, 1936

4. CHILOS

Born: June 20, 1882

Died: June 8, 1942 - killed in war

5. NIKOLA

Born: May 8, 1885

Died: March 2, 1889

6. CHARTA (MARTHA)

Born: Feb. 5, 1888

Died: 1965

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HATTIE MALECKI HERAKOVICH was born in BALDENBERG, GERMANY, which was a city with a population of approximately 3000 people, about 14 miles in length, located on a small lake, on the border of the northwest section of Poland. The area was known at that time as Prussia, and since 1945, BALDENBERG has been called BIALY BOR. Over the years ownership of the land has switched back and forth between POLAND and RUSSIA. HATTIE came to this country on April 4, 1889 and worked as a domestic and also at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

PETER HERAKOVICH was born in ZUMBEREK, YUGOSLAVIA and came to America on April 16, 1889. He started to work at Standard Oil in WHITING, INDIANA August 17, 1891, which was the same year he came to WHITING from YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO. The 1900 and 1910 census listed his occupation as a steamfitter. It was said that he was the "brains" behind the development of the famed Burton-Humphrey's still which was on display in the Smithsonian as part of a petroleum exhibit in the 1970's.

PETER and HATTIE were married in St. John's Church, WHITING, INDIANA May 8, 1898. They were married 66 years.

This is an update on our family tree. I would like to thank my Mother for keeping records and Aunt Betty for all of her previous work. I tried to be as accurate as possible and would welcome any changes.

PETE *Hruskoci*
June 13, 1988

Jack Herakovich 2000 Report

27 May 2000

KOSTANJEVICA na KRKI, SLOVENIJA

On 11 and 12 May 2000, I visited Slovenija for the purpose of meeting the relatives of Grandfather Peter Herakovich. I was accompanied by Andrew and Mark Petro, from the Chicago area, who were going to Slovakia to meet their ancestors. Our guide was my friend from Graz, Austria, Elmar Walter. Before leaving for Slovenia, The Petros and I spent three days visiting Vienna and two days in Graz. In preparation for the visit to Slovenija, I had been in correspondence with Mr. Damjan Herakovič, Cesta 4, Julija 89, 8270 KRŠKO, Slovenija.

In Slovenija, we stayed at the Terme Čatez Hotel in Čatez ob Savi, located about 16 kms from Kostanjevica na Krki, where the father of the family, Mr. Pavle Herakovič, lives, at Slinovce 17, 8311 Kostanjevica na Krki.

Around 16.30 h on 11 May, Damjan came to the hotel to lead us to the home of Pavle in Kostanjevica na Krki. On the way there we made a brief detour in order to visit a former Cistercian monastery (1234) that is now an art gallery. The monastery was beautiful, having been well restored since 1990, even though there was some incongruity between the original and the restored purposes of the buildings.

After the monastery visit we quickly arrived at the house of Pavle in the hills up on the edge of Kostanjevica na Krki. Pavle has a vineyard, and wine making facilities, some pigs, and a cow. The 'agricultural' component is in a separate building, where he may also have his quarters. (Pavle's sons work the vineyard.) There is also a rather nice modern house on the property. On the ground floor of the modern house, they had prepared a table of home-made sausage and other snacks, plenty of their wine, and a bottle of good slivovitz. A glass of slivovitz seemed to be the obligatory 'initiation' giving one the right to proceed on to the snacks and the wine.

Present were: Pavle, father, 78 years young; Damjan, grandson; Matilda, mother of Nada; Kristina, granddaughter; Nada, wife of Milan; Milan son of Pavle; and, Vlado, son of Pavle.

During this visit, I spent much of the time talking with Pavle, with the help of Damjan and Kristina as interpreters. Pavle remembered well the visit of John and Julia in 1968, and the ten day sejour of Barry Burr in 1974. It appears that Pavle and Barry did a good job of tasting all the products of Pavle's vineyard!

Pavle explained to me that my grandfather was born in the village of **Cerovica**, located about 5 kms over the border between Slovenija and Croatia, in the Croatian province of **Zumberak**, between Budinjak and Novo Selo Zumberačko. Later, Vlado gave me a book, published in 1999, which indicates that the village of Cerovica had a total of six inhabitants in 1999. During these discussions, I also learned that the people of the mountains of Zumberak were part of the 'USKOKEN Geb', a line of defense of the Austro-Hungarian empire against the Turks, but I do not have a clear understanding of this point.

During the morning of Friday, 12 May, we made a excursion to Zagreb, Croatia to visit the old city, an extremely interesting group of buildings, churches, and streets, where the religious and political powers traditionally resided. It was a surprise to see the devotion of the people in the cathedral and at a rather odd 'street shrine' to the Blessed Virgin.

On the evening of 12 May, I invited the whole Heraković family to dinner at a restaurant selected by the family. The restaurant was "Tri Lučke" (Three Lights), located in a vineyard above and over looking KRŠKO, a small industrial town where many of the family members live and work.

At the appointed time, Damjan came to our hotel in Čatez ob Savi to lead us to the restaurant. He was accompanied by his girlfriend Tanya, a beautiful woman about two years younger than Damjan, who is 22. She studies at Ljubljana, while he studies at Maribor. I understood that he will earn his degree in one year. They have been good friends already for four years.

Before going into the restaurant we stayed outside talking, exchanging gifts, and taking pictures. The family gave me a month's supply of their home-made wine, slivovitz, some sausage, and a souvenir of Slovenija. At this gathering there were more people present than were present the first evening. One of the outstanding newcomers was 'Anka Vukolič', who had exchanged correspondence with Janet Roberts for many years. Anka's husband, Radoslav, gave me his business card, with the special request that I hand it over to Barry Burr. Anka had many questions about Janet, Barry, and my parents.

The family had organized a good dinner, with plenty of red and white wine, as well as mineral water. While enjoying the food and drink, I had many discussions with various relatives, using the interpretation facilities of Damjan, Tanya, Andrej, and Kristina. Pavle was at my side proposing toasts at every convenient moment. Altogether sixteen people attended the dinner. With some minor objections, I managed to take care of the bill with a credit card. After many warm farewells, we were on our way back to Čatez by 22.00 h.

Here-below is the recapitulation of family members and relations given to me by Anka:

Ilija: father of Grandfather Peter Herakovich (apparently Ilija was Greek Catholic, while his wife was Roman Catholic)

Pavle Herakovič (1922), married with Dragica Mirošavac (1928-1996)

Pavle's children:

* Anka (1949), married with Rado Vukolič (1940)

Children:

Vlado (1972)

Saška (1974)

* Vlado (1995), married with Marinka Zdravec (1956)

Children:

Andrej (1980)

Kristina (1983)

* Milan (1955), married with Nada Metelko (1958)

Child:

Damjan (1978)

Pavle Herakovič

Slinovce 17

8311 Kostanjevica na Krki

Vlado Herakovič

Pot na Črnile 11

8273 Leskovec pri Krškem

e-mail: kristina.herakovich@guest.arnes.si

Anka Vukolič

Hribarjeva 8

1290 Grosuplje

Slovenija

e-mail: anka.vukolic@gov.si

On 13 May, we headed northeast through Croatia and Hungary to Drienov, Slovakia, the headquarters of the Petro family. From 13 to 18 May 2000, our itinerary took us to, or through, the following cities and villages:

Zabok and Varaždin, in CROATIA;

Nagykanizsa, Badacsonytomai, Tihany, ferry across Lake Balaton, Gardony, Budapest, Gyongyos, Fuzesabony, Eger, Ózd, in HUNGARY;

Banreva, Roznava, Kosice, Drienov, Prešov, Svidník, Bardejovské Kúpele, Bardejov, Presov, Spišské Podhradie, Levoca, Kežmarok (view of Tatra mountains), Georgenberg, Poprad, Čertovica pass (1233 m), Podbrezová, Banská Bystrica, Zvolen, Banská Stiavnica, Bätovce, Levice, Nitra, Trnava, Bratislava, in SLOVAKIA;

Braunsberg, Hainburg, and Wein (Vienna), in AUSTRIA.

During the whole eight day car trip we visited twenty six cities, either to eat, sleep, or sightsee. We covered 1,986 kms. Every day of the excursion was a new discovery because my friend Elmar had worked very hard studying guide books and maps in order to pick out, and understand the background of, every point of interest along the road that took us from Graz, Austria, to Kostanjevica na Krki, Slovenija, then to Drienov, Slovakia, and back to Vienna, Austria.

John P. Herakovich

Jack Herakovich 2001 Report

10 June 2001

SLOVENIJA AND CROATIA

24 - 25 May 2001

On 18 May 2001, I flew to Milano, where I stayed with my sister in law, Maria Rosa, until 22 May, when I took the night train to Bruck an der Mur and then to Graz, Austria. In Graz, on 23 May, I met my friend Elmar Walter, who, after breakfast, drove me 50 km down to the area of Spitzmühle, near the border with Slovenia; there we made a three hour hike to the Sveti Duh/Holy Ghost Church in Slovenia, and then had lunch in Buschenschank Rebenland, at Spitzmühle, before returning to Graz.

On Ascension Thursday, 24 May, Elmar, his wife Grete, and I made the journey Graz to Mokrice, Slovenia, not far from Kostanjevica. On the way we stopped for a quick lunch at Oresje, Slovenia. In Mokrice, we stayed at "Hotel Golf Grad Mokrice", a castle that has been turned into a hotel, surrounded by an eighteen-hole golf course. We spent that afternoon in the hot spring pools at Terme Čatez in Čatez ob Savi.

That evening, at 19.00 h, Milan, Nada, and Damjan Heraković, and their mother in law Matilda, came to Hotel Grad Golf Mokrice to guide us to Kostanjevica, where a grand dinner had been arranged for us with all the Herakovic relatives.

The dinner was held at "Gostlina Mmecki Hram", whose owner is the mayor of Kostanjevica, Milan Heraković (different from Milan father of Damjan), and whose grandfather was the brother of my grandfather Peter Herakovich. (To me, Milan the mayor resembled uncle Butch.)

The restaurant was a beautiful old, traditional garden type restaurant on the bank of the river Krka. The grounds of the restaurant were decorated with old instruments used for making wine. In the garden, while everybody was getting acquainted, we were served local champagne and hors d'oeuvres. Altogether fourteen persons took part in the dinner: Pavle and his children Milan, Vlado, and Anka; Milan's wife Nada, his mother in law Matilda, and his son Damjan; Vlado's daughter Kristina; Anka's husband Rado Vukolić, and, their daughter Aleksandra, with her friend Roc; and, me, Elmar, and Grete. Four musicians played until 01.00 h. From time to time, Milan, the owner and mayor, joined our party.

The dinner consisted of salad, green peppers in olive oil and garlic, potatoes, noodles, goose, and pork, with plenty of white wine and Cvicek (local red wine). We ate, drank, the musicians played, people danced, we talked, and did more dancing, until 01.00 h. In contrast to my visit to Slovenija on 11 - 12 May 2000, this dinner proved to be a much deeper revelation of the character, warmth, and hospitality of the Heraković family.

On 25 May, Friday, Pavle, Milan, and Damjan came to our hotel at Mokrice for our trip across the border into Croatia. Although there are a few small roads that go directly into Croatia they are closed to normal traffic; thus, we had to drive 10 km to the east in order to cross at an official border post on a small road open for local people. The police did not appreciate the presence of three foreigners, but they finally let us through. Once across the border, we turned towards the west and paralleled the border for 25 km into the "Zumberak", a mountainous area of Croatia situated along the border with Slovenija. Our destinations were: Novo Selo, Cerovica, and Budinjak, in Croatia.

It should be noted that the settlements in the Zumberak, were intended to be the first line of defense of Karlovac against the Turks (in the 1500's).

Our first stop was **Novo Selo**, at the former house of Pavle, where Milan, Vlado, and Anka were born. In spite of the location of this house, Pavle had a vineyard on the Slovenija side of the border. (Presumably the same vineyard that he has now.) In 1956, Pavle moved with his family to Kostanjevica, Slovenija. At the present time, Martha, the 84 year old widow of one of Pavle's brothers, occupies the house in Novo Selo.

Pavle's brother, Milos, was killed by the Ustasa in 1941. (The Ustasa was a Croat terrorist organization that, in the 1930's, began a campaign against dominance of Yugoslavia by the non-Catholic Serbs. Following German invasion in 1941-1944, a "Greater Croatia" Nazi puppet state formed under Ustasa leader, Ante Pavelic; more than half a million Serbs, Jews, and members of the Romany community [gypsies] were massacred in extermination camps.)

From Novo Selo, we drove on a few kms to **Cerovica**, where grandfather Peter Herakovich was born. Pavle's mother, my grandfather, Peter's brother (the grandfather of the mayor of Kostanjevica), and (another?) sister lived at Cerovica. It was from Cerovica that Peter went to America. The rest of the family later moved to Budinjak. (It is a potentially confusing fact that Pavle's mother married a man whose name was also Heraković, but not related.)

The house and barn where grandfather Peter lived was burned to the ground for reasons that are not clear to me. It was suggested that it may have been burned by Croatian authorities who were opposed to the Orthodox Christians.

From Cerovica we drove on a few more kms to **Budinjak**. The first house we passed was #3, the house of Milos Heraković, who was the father of Milan the mayor of Kostanjevica, in Slovenija; however, we drove straight to the house of Pavle's brother, Tomo, who came down to the street to meet us; then he went into his house, presumably to prepare it. After a few minutes, he invited us to come in and drink his wine. During the drinking ceremony Pavle and Tomo entered into an argument about whose wine was better. (There is no doubt that Pavle's wine was certainly the better of the two.) While we drank the wine, Milan went to the market (trigovija) to buy candles for the cemetery, where we stopped later.

In the village of Budinjak there is a Roman necropolis: "Arheoloska Nalazista", but we did not visit that tourist attraction.

From Tomo's house, we returned to #3 and stopped; there we met Anna Herakovic and Peter, her former husband's brother. Although we were stopped in the middle of the road, Anna insisted on bringing us some of her wine, in a plastic jerrycan, and two glasses, which were passed around for the gustation of all present.

Next, Tomo joined our vehicle for the visit to the church of "Sveti Petke" (sveti means holy). The church was locked, and obviously not used on a regular basis. Behind the church we met two border guards who seemed to be resting during a break in their patrolling activities. One guard told me: "I am not aggressive."

After the church, we stopped at the cemetery, so that Milan could place candles at the grave of Petar Heraković, who died in 2000, when he had a heart attack while driving in the Zumberak mountains. Petar was also Pavle's brother. In this cemetery, I counted twenty-five graves of persons named Heraković: Jela, Vlado, Ana, Pero, Milos, Pavao, Dragica, Mara, Janko, Tomo, Petar, Nikola, Vladimir, etc.

Following the cemetery visit, Tomo left us, and we proceeded to the Croatia-Slovenija border, where we arrived at 12.45 h. We drove to Mokrice to permit Milan to collect his car, then proceeded to Čatez ob Sava, where we all had lunch at "Gostlina Pension Les", our favorite terrace bar and restaurant. After lunch we said a final farewell to my Heraković relatives.

On Saturday, 26 May, at 06.36 h, I began a train journey through the Austrian and Swiss Alps, by taking the train from Dobova, Slovenija to Kitzbühle, Austria, via Badgastein. At Kitzbühle (761 m), after a quick lunch, I took the cable car up to the Hahnenkamme (1668 m), and walked over to look at the Hotel Ehrenbachhöhe, which is owned by the family of Viktor Kahr, a colleague

from UNESCO, New Delhi. Then I took the cable car back to Kitzbühle, and went to the Hotel Zur Tenne.

On Sunday, 27 May, at 07.21 h, I took the train from Kitzbühle to Sargans, where I changed to the train for Chur, Switzerland. In Chur, I changed to the "Glacier Express", a train that makes the journey from St. Moritz to Zermatt, probably the most scenic mountain route in the European Alps. In Brig (681 m), I got off the train and took a room at the Hotel Victoria, across from the station.

Monday, 28 May, was a big day for train travel. At 09.23 h, I took a local mountain train up to Zermatt (1616 m). Upon arriving at Zermatt, I immediately boarded a smaller train up to the Gornergrat (3135 m), from where one has a beautiful views of the Matterhorn (4478 m) (Monte Cervino in Italian). Since it was not properly dressed for the cold at the Gornergrat, I took some pictures and joined the next train to Zermatt, where I had lunch. After lunch, I returned to Brig by train, collected my bags, and got on the train for Bern. At Bern, I had to change trains in order to go to Basal, where I arrived at 19.30 h. My train from Basal to Paris did not leave until 00.50 h, Tuesday, 29 May, so I had to pass more than five hours in a restaurant and in the train station before taking the train for Paris, where I arrived at 06.45 h.

In Paris, I spent three days meeting UNESCO friends, as well as an old Indian friend whom I had met in Paris in 1964.

My flight to Washington and Denver was on time all the way, so I arrived at Denver at 18.15 h, on Friday, 01 June.

This was a short but successful trip. It was also the first time that I realized that travel is work. The highlight was certainly the two-day visit to Slovenija and Croatia, where I gained many new insights into the Heraković family and its roots in the Zumberak region of Croatia. I owe much gratitude to Elmar Walter, and his wife Grete, for persevering in the planning and carrying out of this second, but more comprehensive, visit to the homeland of my grandfather, Peter Herakovich.

John P. Herakovich

Liz (Herakovich) Pickering 2009 report

Family History of Peter and Hattie Herakovich

Peter Herakovich was born on May 12, 1873 in Kostanevica, Yugoslavia. He came to this country on April 16, 1889 and started to work at Standard Oil Company (which became Amoco Oil and now is British Petroleum –BP) in Whiting on April 17, 1891 (the same year he came to Whiting from Youngstown, Ohio). Peter worked at Standard Oil Co for 47 years. He was one of the first people to collect Social Security and collected it for over 20 years. Peter's mother was Marta Vidovic B 6/7/1845 and D 10/9/15, his father was Janko Herakovic B 3/20/1840 and D 5/8/13. Grandpa's relatives still live in the Kostanevica area. As far as I can tell he was the only one who came to America. Jackie Herakovich and Barry Burr have both visited the area. Peter died March 31, 1967 at the age of 94. He and Hattie are buried in Mount Mercy Cemetery, in Highland, Indiana with many of the Herakovich family.

Grandpa's brothers and sisters were:

Paul (Pavle) Born 2/5/1870 Died 12/11/54

My Grandpa Peter 1873

Ana Born 6/15/1879 Died 4/15/36

Milos Born 6/20/1882 Died 6/8/42 (killed in the war) Nikola Born 5/8/1885 Died 3/2/39

Marta Born 2/15/1888 Died in 1965

Hattie Malecki as she was known (Hedwig was her birth name) was born 12/16/1878 in Baldenberg, Germany, on the border of the Northwest section of Poland, an area known at that time as Prussia. A city about 14 miles in length with a population of about 3,000 people, and located on a small lake, the town has been known as Bialy Bor since 1945. Over the years, ownership of the land has been switched back and forth between Poland and Russia. Hattie's mother was Antoinette Urbanowicz and her father was John Malecki. The family emigrated from the area to the United States entering through Ellis Island on or about April 14, 1889. Hattie worked as a domestic and also at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. She died on 6/5/64 at the age of 86.

Hattie's family in order after Hattie who was the oldest are:

Anna - (Aunt Annie – she was one of the few I really remember as a child) Married to Eli Hodonos - one child William

Mary – Married to Valentine Kozak, four children - Marie, Valerie, Frances, Edwin

Rudolph Malecki– Married Myrtle, two children - Richard and Gloria

Bernard Malecki – never married

Elizabeth – Married John Zienty. They had eight children - Edwin, Katherine, John, Richard, Donald, Rosemary, Rita, and Betty Cecelia – became a Franciscan nun. Her name was Sister Gaudentia but later change her name to Sister Mary Joyce

Gertrude – Married Robert Paul, they had two children - Robert and Dolores

Martha – Married Fred Japchinski, they had four children - Marie, Irene, Sylvia, Leonard

Rose – Married Mike (Chasnefsky) Chaswood, they had four children - Ernest, Hilda, Lenore, Edwin, Richard

Grandma had two other siblings --- Edwin who was still born and Agnes who died at the age of 1 1/2.

Hattie Malecki and Peter Herakovich Married May 7, 1898

Hattie Malecki and Peter Herakovich were one of the first couples (some records say they were the first couple) married at St John the Baptist Church in Whiting. They were married for over 66 years and had 13 children. They lived at 1914 Indianapolis Boulevard in Whiting and raised all of their children in a two story 4 bedrooms, 1 bathroom home. All of the children graduated from Whiting High School and several of the

boys served in the military during World War II. With the exception of Carl who died of tuberculosis at the age of 30 and Paul (Butch) who married and settled in California after WW2, all of the children lived within 20 miles of the homestead. Today – 2009 – Aunt Dorothy is the only living child and the only Herakovich family member to still live in Whiting. Of the boys born to Peter and Hattie – Walter, Jack, Rudolph, Carl and Bob kept the Herakovich name; Pete, Dick, George, Paul changed their surname to either Rocky or Rockey.

Hattie and Peter's children and their children in order of birth are: Ada - B 12/7/1898 D 2/15/63 Never married, no children

Ada was almost like a mother to Papa. She was 21 years old when he was born. She lived at home and helped to raise the younger children. She owned Oasis Liquor Store in Whiting across from the Post Office. Bob, Loretta, Dorothy and Clara worked there part time and when Ada died, Bob, Loretta, Dorothy and Jack purchased the store and kept it open for many years.

Peter (Rocky) - B 6/30/1900 D 8/25/64 Married to Pauline Becich. Pauline had one daughter from a previous marriage, Helen Husbanette Walter - B 1/10/02 D 8/20/79 Never married, no children

John (Jack) – B 8/21/03 D Married to Julia Buckley. They had two boys. Jack – B 11/9/35 Married to Angela, one adopted child - Paolo. Carl – B 8/6/37 Married to Marlene Vukowich. They have 4 children - Bradley, Douglas, Kristine, Russell

Rudolph (Rudy or Rutz) – B 8/8/05 D 8/7/2005 (99 and 364 days old) Married to Mary Desatnick, 4 children. Arlene Bakota – B 8/18/33 Married twice, 3 boys - John David and Gregory Bracco and Stephen Bakota. Caryle Ann – B 9/26/35 Married to Jack Frank, 4 children - Dartagnon, Shane, Travis, and Kimberly. Now married to Perrin Shutz James – B 6/24/37 D 10/24/88 Married to Kay Greckhoff, 2 children - Dana and Dustin. Donald – B 11/2/39 Married to Rita Janicki, 3 children - Darcy, Saralee, and Adam. Saralee died in 2008 of a brain tumor

George (Rockey) - B 5/1/07 D 12/6/77 Married Eleanor Botteron, 4 children. Marjorie - B 3/21/35 Married to and divorced from Wayne Seitzinger, 3 children - Wayne Jr (Kerry) D in 1976. Don and Diane William – B 6/30/98 Married to Cassie no children. Judith – B 1/9/42 Married to and divorced James Holtz, 2 children - Karan and Kris Now married to Ortiz. Thomas – B 5-8-45 Married and divorced Janice, 2 children - Natalie and Laura (Natalie was killed in a car accident in Florida)

Carl – B 1/27/09 D 6/8/39 Never married, no children. Died of tuberculosis

Paul (Butch) (Rocky) – B 4/6/11 D 7/21/93 Married Vera Brown, 2 children. Kenneth – B 10/29/46 D 3/29/69 on a surfing trip to Mexico. Ron – B 12/26/47 was a Franciscan Priest but he left the order in 2007

Dorothy – B 8/28/13 Married Roy Roberts D 2/02/76, one daughter. Janet – B 4/27/50 Married to Gary Gerber - one son Doug (Lucas)

Clara – B 9/18/15 D 4/23/95 Married to John Burr D 7/26/57, two sons. Ronald – B 10/3/49 Married to MyHahn. They have four children - John, Daphne, Evelyne and Ronald. Barry – B 3/28/52 Married to Vivian, one daughter - Lesley

Richard Rocky – B 2/4/18 D Married to Dorothy Bartels They had one son. Richard (Rickey) – B 1/28/45 Married and divorced Susie Ferry. They had 4 girls, Kimberly, Kathleen, Jennifer and Jacquelyn (twins)

Robert – B 12/20/19 D 6/1/97 Married Elizabeth (Betty) Kridlo, four children - Bob, Liz, David, Kevin

Loretta – B 12/14/21 D 2/10/88 Married to John Hruskoci. They had 3 children. (John) Allen B 4/8/47
Married to Sue Macocha, four children - Robert , Daniel, Jillian, Allison, Peter B 1/31/51 Married to Irene
Schlater. They have 2 adopted children - Ann and Michael Ami B 9/29/59 Married to Dave Burgess. They
have three children - Sarah, Brian, and Lora Jean

Buckley Family

Dan Buckley Birth Certificate (2 portions)

227
15

SAORSTÁT ÉIREANN.
CLÁRÚSAO NA MBREIT, NA MBÁS AGUS NA BPÓSAO.
REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES.

Cóip Deimniúite d'iontráil i SClár-Leabhar na mbreite atá pé cúram an Ceann-Cláráid.
Certified Copy of Entry in the Register Book of Births deposited in the Superintendent Registrar's Office. (See Endorsement)

Dreite Cláruite i gCeannrathar } *Draper* } i gCeannrathar Ceann-Cláráid } *Tralle* } i gConnrathar } *Kern*
Births Registered in the District of } in the Superintendent-Registrar's District of } in the County of }

Uim.	Dáta agus áit breite	ainm	Impire (nó na hainm)	ainm, sloinne agus áit Comhárta an ára.	ainm agus sloinne na máthar.	Stáim Deataí an ára.	Sígnú Cáilíocht agus áit Comhárta an ára.	Dáta Cláruite	Sígnú an Cláráid.
(1.)	(2.)	(3.)	(4.)	(5.)	(6.)	(7.)	(8.)	(9.)	(10.)
5	1877 Kiplinck Luccamore	Daniel	M	Jeremiah Buckley Luccamore	Kary. Buckley formerly Lynch	James	Jeremiah + Buckley Kary Latha Luccamore	Twenty Second October 1877	H. Langdon Deputy CLARÁID. Registrar.

Dearbhuíom leis seo gur fion-cóp an cóip seo suas le'n iontráil uimh...
I hereby Certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the entry No. in the Register Book of Births in my Office.

Óifis } *Killarney*
Office }
Dáta } *24.10.1937*
Date }

THE YEAR OF BIRTH SHOWN IN THE ABOVE CERTIFIED COPY IS
Kiplinck, James and Kary, born

L. A. Spillane
Ceann-Cláráid na mbreite agus na mbás.
Superintendent Registrar of Births and Deaths.
i gCeannrathar } *Draper*
for the District of }

SAORSTÁT ÉIREANN.
A mbreite, na mbás agus na bpósa.
REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES.

Ar-leabhar na mbreite atá pé cúram an Ceann-Cláráid.
of Births deposited in the Superintendent Registrar's Office. (See Endorsement).

tar Ceann-Cláráid } *Tralle* } i gConnrathar } *Kern*
Superintendent-Registrar's District of } in the County of }

ainm agus sloinne na máthar.	Stáim Deataí an ára.	Sígnú Cáilíocht agus áit Comhárta an ára.	Dáta Cláruite	Sígnú an Cláráid.	ainm Daire na tugao éireis Cláruite na breite, agus dáta.
(6.)	(7.)	(8.)	(9.)	(10.)	(11.)
Kary. Buckley formerly Lynch	James	Jeremiah + Buckley Kary Latha Luccamore	Twenty Second October 1877	H. Langdon Deputy CLARÁID. Registrar.	

Sígnú an Cláráid na mbreite agus na mbás.
Superintendent Registrar of Births and Deaths.
i gCeannrathar } *Draper*
for the District of }

IN THE ABOVE CERTIFIED COPY IS
and are Kary, born

L. A. Spillane
Ceann-Cláráid na mbreite agus na mbás.
Superintendent Registrar of Births and Deaths.
i gCeannrathar } *Draper*
for the District of }

FORM III

Certificate of Baptism.

Parish of Abbeydorney Diocese of Kerry

I HEREBY CERTIFY that Catherine Slattery
was Baptized, according to the Rites of the Holy Catholic Church, in the Church of
Abbeydorney Parish of Abbeydorney
on the 28th day of September year 1879
by Rev. J. H. Brennan P.P.
Parents, Thomas Slattery Mary Sullivan
Sponsors, Michael Slattery Catherine Slattery
Rev. William Walsh) Parish Priest.
) Coadjutor.
To Catherine Slattery
Born 24th Sept 1879 Date 27th Dec 1941

Dan Buckley US Citizenship

No. **1649563** **THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA** *To be given to the person Naturalized.*
DEPARTMENT OF NATURALIZATION

Petition, Volume 11 *Number* 1782

Description of holder: Age 42 *years; height* 5 *feet* 10 *inches; color* white *; complexion* medium *; color of eyes* blue *; color of hair* brown *; visible distinguishing marks* none

Name, age and place of residence of wife Katharine, age 37 years; lives with husband

Names, ages and places of residence of minor children

Mary, age 15 years;	Theresa age 5 years;
Katharine, age 14 years;	Margaret, age 3 years;
Julia age 12 years;	Mora, age 2 years;
Thomas age 8 years;	all reside with parents

State of Indiana *County of* Lake *S.S.* Daniel Jerry Buckley *(Signature of holder)*


Be it remembered that Daniel Jerry Buckley *then residing at number* 220 Central Avenue *City of* Whiting *State* Indiana *who previous to his naturalization was a citizen of* Great Britain & Ireland *having applied to be admitted a citizen of the United States of America pursuant to law, and at a regular term of the Court of* Lake County *held at* Hammond, Ind. *on the* 4 *th day of* October *in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-one, the court having found that the petitioner had resided continuously within the United States for at least five years and in this State for at least one year immediately preceding the date of the filing of his petition, and that said petitioner intends to reside permanently in the United States, had in all respects complied with the law in relation thereto, and that he was entitled to be so admitted, it was thereupon ordered by the said court that he be admitted as a citizen of the United States of America.*

In testimony whereof the seal of said court is hereunto affixed on the 4 day of October in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-one, and of our Independence the one hundred and forty-sixth.

76 *Wheaton*
 Clerk Lake Superior Court.
(Official character of witness)

Buckley Marriage License

FORM 44 A


Marriage License

To any Person Legally Authorized to Solemnize Marriage.

GREETING:

Marriage may be Celebrated, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois,
 between Mr. Daniel Buckley of Whiting
 in the County of Lake and State of Indiana of the age of 26 years,
 and Miss Catherine Slattery of Chicago
 in the County of Cook and State of Illinois of the age of 23 years.

Witness, Peter B. Olsen, County Clerk of the County of Cook and the Seal thereof,
 at my office in Chicago, this 16 day of Oct, A. D. 1905
Peter B. Olsen County Clerk.

The Person who Solemnizes Marriage is cautioned against making any changes in this License.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
 COUNTY OF COOK, } I, the undersigned, a Priest
(NAME OF PERSON OFFICIATING) (OFFICIAL TITLE)
 hereby certify that Mr. Daniel Buckley and Miss Catherine Slattery
 were united in Marriage by me at Chicago in the County of Cook and State of Illinois,
 on the 18th day of Oct, 1905 M. Bonfield
(The Names in this certificate must be identical with Names in above License) (SIGNATURE AND OFFICIAL TITLE)
 Address St. Agatha Church

N. B.—This License, with certificate of marriage properly made, must (within 30 days) be returned to the COUNTY CLERK, by the person who performed the marriage ceremony.

Buckley Mortgage

SATISFACTION OF MORTGAGE.

—•—

This Certifies, That a certain Mortgage executed by _____
Daniel Buckley and Catherine Buckley, his wife
_____ to _____
Bank of Whiting, Whiting, Indiana
on 2nd day of June 1910, calling for \$1000.00 and recorded
in Mortgage Record No. 73 page 467, Lake County,
State of Indiana, has been fully paid and satisfied, and the same is hereby released.

WITNESS hand and seal, this 10th day of December 19 28.
BANK OF WHITING, WHITING, INDIANA
By Walter E. Schrage, President

State of Indiana, Lake County, ss:
Before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County, this 10th
day of December 19 28,
Bank of Whiting, Whiting, Indiana
By Walter E. Schrage, President
acknowledged the execution of the annexed satisfaction of mortgage.
Witness my hand and official seal.
Quon C. Green Notary Public.
My Commission expires Sept 6, 1930

Buckley Social Security Documents

FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY
SOCIAL SECURITY BOARD

Bureau of Old-Age and
Survivors Insurance
Area Office
Chicago, Ill.

CERTIFICATE OF AWARD

Field Office: Hammond, Ind.

Mr. Daniel Buckley,
1625 Central Ave.,
Whiting, Ind.

Date: October 15, 1942

Claim Number: 313-01-4073A

Dear Sir:

This is to certify that you are entitled to Primary Insurance Benefits, payable monthly.

Your regular monthly benefit will be \$ 35.73.


You became entitled to benefits as of October, 1942.

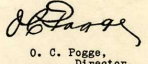
The first check includes benefits for October.

The first payment is in the amount of \$ 35.73.

A check for this amount will be mailed by the Treasury Department.

No payment is being made for September 1942 because you worked for wages of more than \$14.99 a month during that period.




O. C. Pogge,
Director.

SEE THE REVERSE SIDE OF THIS CERTIFICATE FOR THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THESE BENEFITS ARE NOT PAYABLE, AND FOR OTHER IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

ALWAYS GIVE CLAIM NUMBER WHEN WRITING ABOUT YOUR CLAIM

FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY
SOCIAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATION
BUREAU OF OLD-AGE AND SURVIVORS INSURANCE

Area Office Chicago 6, Illinois

Field Office Hammond, Ind.

Certificate of Social Insurance Award

This is to certify that Catherine S. Buckley
1625 Central Ave.,
Whiting, Ind.

Date: November 23, 1949

Claim Number: 313-01-4073 D

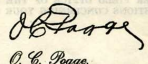
became entitled to Widow's Insurance Benefits under Title II of the Social Security Act payable monthly at the rate of \$ 26.80 , beginning September 1949

The first check includes benefits for September thru November 1949

The first payment is in the amount of \$ 62.53

Payments will be mailed to you by the Treasury Department.

The amount of the wife's insurance benefit check(s) you received for September 1949 to which you were not entitled, has been deducted from your first payment. If you have returned the check(s) to the Treasury Department or to a local office of the Social Security Administration the amount deducted will be returned to you.


O. C. Pogge,
Director.

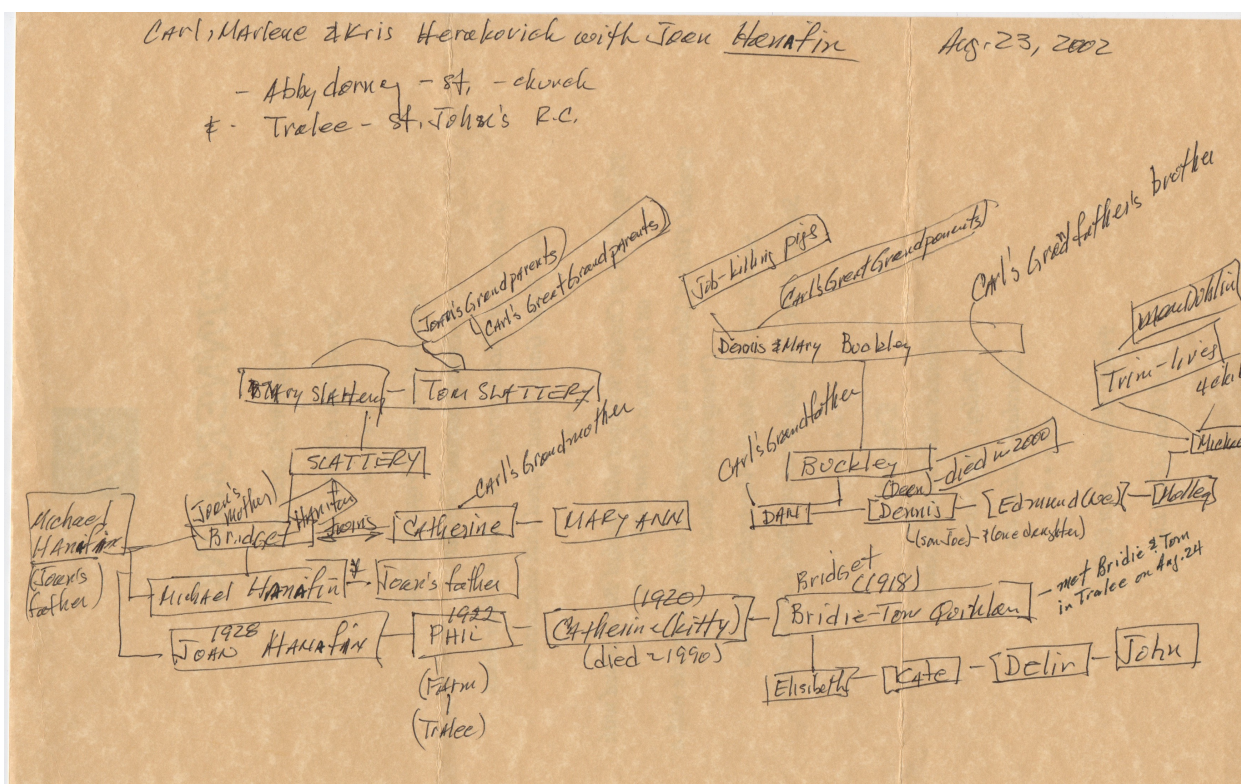
See the other side of this certificate for the conditions under which these benefits are not payable, and for other important information.

ALWAYS GIVE CLAIM NUMBER WHEN WRITING ABOUT YOUR CLAIM

Form OA-22 (5-45)

Extended Buckley Family Notes

Notes made while talking to Joan Hanafin at the Grand Hotel in Tralee, Ireland on August 23, 2002. Joan was my mother's cousin, daughter of my grandmother's twin sister.



Tralee, Ireland, 2002 with Joan Hanafin

Photo by Kristine

Buckley Extended Family in 2020 by John Sandrick

Name	Aunt/ Uncle ID	Buckley ID	GenID	Family/ Spouse	Birth Date	Deceased
Daniel Jeremiah Buckley	0	00-00-00-00-00	0	F	9/15/1877	09/25/1949
Catherine Slattery	0	00-00-00-00-00	0	F	9/24/1879	11/15/55
Mary E Buckley	1	01-00-00-00-00	1	F	1/1/07	7/3/83
John McNamara	1	01-00-00-00-00	1	S	2/14/01	8/17/88
Maureen McNamara	1	01-01-00-00-00	2	F	10/8/30	3/19/65
James Faulkner	1	01-01-00-00-00	2	S	11/23/23	1/23/06
Kevin Faulkner	1	01-01-01-00-00	3	F	7/28/56	
Sheila Faulkner	1	01-01-01-00-00	3	F	9/8/60	
Geri Charnin	1	01-01-01-00-00	3	S	3/25/58	
Cameron Faulkner	1	01-01-01-01-00	4	F	2/27/01	
Mary Therese McNamara	1	01-02-00-00-00	2	F	9/13/37	8/21/19
Lloyd Syron	1	01-02-00-00-00	2	S	7/1/36	
Maureen Syron	1	01-02-01-00-00	3	F	1/19/63	8/21/19
Matt Wood	1	01-02-01-01-00	4	F		
Bridget Syron	1	01-02-02-00-00	3	F		
Colleen Syron	1	01-02-03-00-00	3	F		
Shawn Syron	1	01-02-04-00-00	3	F		
Molly Syron	1	01-02-05-00-00	3	F		
John McNamara	1	01-03-00-00-00	2	F	8/27/39	
Barbara Runkle	1	01-03-00-00-00	2	S	8/27/41	
John McNamara	1	01-03-01-00-00	2	F	2/18/68	
Kate McNamara	1	01-03-02-00-00	2	F	11/14/70	
Daniel McNamara	1	01-03-03-00-00	2	F	2/23/72	
Mary McNamara	1	01-03-04-00-00	2	F	10/22/75	
Nell McNamara	1	01-03-05-00-00	2	F	11/28/80	
Thomas McNamara	1	01-03-06-00-00	2	F	3/29/82	

Catherine Buckley	2	02-00-00-00-00	1	F	10/8/07	8/23/87
John Chrustowski	2	02-00-00-00-00	1	S	10/21/04	1/15/94
John Chrustowski	2	02-01-00-00-00	2	F	3/2/46	
Joanne (Jodi)	2	02-01-00-00-00	2	S	7/24/49	
Kim Chrustowski	2	02-01-01-00-00	3	F	10/4/74	
Michael Swanson	2	02-01-01-00-00	3	S	7/10/73	
Keith Chrustowski	2	02-01-02-00-00	3	F	5/26/76	
Sara Blacke	2	02-01-02-00-00	3	S	5/20/77	
Todd Chrustowski	2	02-01-03-00-00	3	F	6/8/79	
Kristin Scinocca	2	02-01-03-00-00	3	S		
Julia M Buckley	3	03-00-00-00-00	1	F	1/26/09	11/16/88
John B Herakovich	3	03-00-00-00-00	1	S	8/21/03	12/22/87
John P Herakovich	3	03-01-00-00-00	2	F	11/9/35	
Angela Tonsi	3	03-01-00-00-00	2	S	12/14/36	
Paolo A Herakovich	3	03-01-01-00-00	3	F	5/12/74	
Paola A. Herakovich	3	03-01-01-01-00	4	F	11/1/10	
Allessandro K Herakovich	3	03-01-01-02-00	4	F	3/31/14	
Carl T Herakovich	3	03-02-00-00-00	2	F	8/7/37	
Marlene Vukowich	3	03-02-00-00-00	2	S	9/1/39	
Bradley Herakovich	3	03-02-01-00-00	3	F	1/18/61	
Tammy Griffin	3	03-02-01-00-00	3	S	6/14/73	
Tammy Annette Seay	3	03-02-01-00-00	3	SD	9/7/65	
Alexander Nicholas Griffin Herakovich	3	03-02-01-01-00	4	SA	11/24/96	
Andrew Thomas Herakovich	3	03-02-01-02-00	4	F	7/8/01	
Douglas Edward Herakovich	3	03-02-02-00-00	4	F	9/30/62	
Gerri Linette Robuck	3	03-02-02-00-00	4	S	6/5/68	
James Robuck Herakovich	3	03-02-02-01-00	5	F	10/22/95	
Sydney Kay Robling	3	03-02-02-01-00	5	S	12/15/95	

Cooper Jackson Herakovich	3	03-02-02-01-01	6	F	7/28/07	
Kristine Marie Herakovich	3	03-02-03-00-00	3	F	6/24/66	
Brian Hamilton Curtis	3	03-02-03-00-00	3	S	11/11/71	
Sophie Marie (Herakovich) Curtis	3	03-02-03-01-00	4	F	3/14/08	
Russell John Herakovich I	3	03-02-04-00-00	3	F	2/5/68	
Laura Kay Bedingfield	3	03-02-04-00-00	3	S	2/23/71	
Russell John Herakovich II	3	03-02-04-01-00	4	F	5/19/04	
Tucker Hilbert Herakovich	3	03-02-04-02-00	4	F	1/4/06	
Theodore Bennett Herakovich	3	03-02-04-03-00	4	F	7/30/08	
John Buckley	4	04-00-00-00-00	1	F	9/23/10	10/1/10
Daniel John Buckley	5	05-00-00-00-00	1	F	8/16/11	7/6/14
Thomas Jeremiah Buckley	6	06-00-00-00-00	1	F	2/16/13	2/13/62
Gertrude VanSenus	6	06-00-00-00-00	1	S	9/1/15	12/28/02
Catherine Ann Buckley	6	06-01-00-00-00	2	F	12/26/51	
Eric Neal Allen	6	06-01-00-00-00	2	S	1/17/52	
Elise Diane Allen	6	06-01-01-00-00	3	F	5/18/82	
Kara Christine Allen	6	06-01-02-00-00	3	F	8/12/75	
Gary Michael Soldati	6	06-01-02-00-00	3	S	6/16/77	
Josephine Jeanne Soldati	6	06-01-02-01-00	4	F	4/15/13	
Ross Buckley Allen	6	06-01-03-00-00	3	F	4/22/87	
Stephanie Nichole Balandrin	6	06-01-03-00-00	3	S	8/17/88	
Isabelle Lois Allen	6	06-01-03-01-00	4	F	11/12/17	
Grace Buckley Allen	6	06-01-03-02-00	4	F	8/10/19	
Margarette Buckley	7	07-01-00-00-00	1	F	1/9/15	8/2/16
Theresa M Buckley	8	08-00-00-00-00	1	F	4/13/16	7/19/03
Vincent Mullaney	8	08-00-00-00-00	1	S	10/7/14	10/18/97

Kathleen Mullaney	8	08-01-00-00-00	2	F	7/26/42	
Daniel Lowry	8	08-01-00-00-00	2	S	8/22/42	
Nora Lowry	8	08-01-01-00-00	3	F	4/26/67	
Edward Fitzpatrick	8	08-01-01-00-00	3	S	6/4/65	
Margaret Fitzpatrick	8	08-01-01-01-00	4	F	3/10/93	
Ted Fitzpatrick	8	08-01-01-02-00	4	F		
Maureen Lowry	8	08-01-02-00-00	3	F	3/22/70	
Donald Fritz	8	08-01-02-00-00	3	S	6/18/70	
Theresa Fritz	8	08-01-02-01-00	4	F	8/5/98	
Daniel Fritz	8	08-01-02-02-00	4	F	8/16/01	
Nolan Fritz	8	08-01-02-03-00	4	F	8/5/98	
Ike Fritz	8	08-01-02-04-00	4	F	8/14/03	
Colleen Mullaney	8	08-02-00-00-00	2	F	10/24/48	
Paul Anderson	8	08-02-00-00-00	2	S	7/29/48	
Jennifer Anderson	8	08-02-01-00-00	3	F	8/12/73	
William Nurthen	8	08-02-01-00-00	3	S	2/24/73	
Lilly Nurthen	8	08-02-01-01-00	4	F		
Stephanie Anderson	8	08-02-02-00-00	3	F		
Stephanie's husband	8	08-02-02-00-00	3	S		
Paul Anderson	8	08-02-03-00-00	3	F	10/7/79	
Rachel Haigler Anderson	8	08-02-03-00-00	3	S	5/11/83	
Mary Elizabeth Anderson	8	08-02-04-00-00	3	F		
Patrick A Mullaney	8	08-03-00-00-00	2	F	4/4/54	
Gail W Walz	8	08-03-00-00-00	2	S	4/1/54	
Ryan P Mullaney	8	08-03-01-00-00	3	F	4/18/82	
Meghan Mullaney	8	08-03-02-00-00	3	F	10/17/84	
Margaret N Buckley	9	09-00-00-00-00	1	F	10/20/17	11/26/05
Edward J Sandrick I	9	09-00-00-00-00	1	S	3/17/18	6/18/11
Rosemary N Sandrick	9	09-01-00-00-00	2	F	4/15/43	
Richard Rankin	9	09-01-00-00-00	2	S	4/17/43	

Kevin M Rankin	9	09-01-01-00-00	3	F	8/26/71	
Laura Holliday	9	09-01-01-00-00	3	S	3/14/72	
Jack Rankin	9	09-01-01-01-00	4	F	1/23/06	
Maggie Rankin	9	09-01-01-02-00	4	F	7/2/08	
Darren E Rankin	9	09-01-02-00-00	3	F	7/28/73	
Charity Dart	9	09-01-02-00-00	3	S	7/11/77	
Finn Rankin	9	09-01-02-01-00	4	F	8/18/10	
Emme Rankin	9	09-01-02-02-00	4	F	10/12/12	
Amy E Rankin	9	09-01-03-00-00	3	F	6/18/75	
Tim Edelis	9	09-01-03-00-00	3	S	9/4/77	
Ryan Rankin	9	09-01-04-00-00	3	F	12/11/77	
Eileen C Sandrick	9	09-02-00-00-00	2	F	3/17/45	
Frank Pierce	9	09-02-00-00-00	2	S	3/29/47	
Edward J Sandrick II	9	09-03-00-00-00	2	F	10/31/48	
Marcia Kauchak	9	09-03-00-00-00	2	S	7/20/60	
Edward J Sandrick III	9	09-03-01-00-00	3	F	3/15/84	
Edward J Sandrick IV	9	09-03-01-01-00	4	F	10/9/14	
Andrew Sandrick	9	09-03-02-00-00	3	F	3/10/89	
John E Sandrick	9	09-04-00-00-00	2	F	11/5/51	
Kathleen A Zorich	9	09-04-00-00-00	2	S	10/21/50	
Jillian M Sandrick	9	09-04-01-00-00	3	F	4/16/79	
Ryan J Molis	9	09-04-01-00-00	3	S	10/6/75	
Madison A Molis	9	09-04-01-01-00	4	F	1/9/05	
Mckenna J Molis	9	09-04-01-02-00	4	F	1/11/07	
Mia K Molis	9	09-04-01-03-00	4	F	10/29/08	
Mason E Molis	9	09-04-01-04-00	4	F	5/9/12	
John J Sandrick	9	09-04-02-00-00	3	F	12/5/82	
Lindsey Howard	9	09-04-02-00-00	3	S	6/21/83	
Declan H Sandrick	9	09-04-02-01-00	4	F	4/14/16	
Leo J Sandrick	9	09-04-02-02-00	4	F	4/9/18	
Daniel R Sandrick	9	09-04-03-00-00	3	F	4/24/87	

Noreen Buckley	10	10-00-00-00-00	1	F	4/7/19	9/11/07
Edward R Kasper	10	10-00-00-00-00	1	S	3/7/20	5/5/98
Daniel Kasper	10	10-01-00-00-00	2	F	3/23/47	
Patricia Ann	10	10-01-00-00-00	2	S	10/22/47	
Peter Kasper	10	10-01-01-00-00	3	F	4/26/70	
Jason D Kasper	10	10-01-02-00-00	3	F	7/15/74	
Michael Kasper	10	10-02-00-00-00	2	F	8/17/48	5/4/08
Patricia Kasper	10	10-03-00-00-00	2	F	9/28/51	
Robert Nyikos	10	10-03-00-00-00	2	S	8/16/52	
Sharon Kasper	10	10-04-00-00-00	2	F	11/1/52	
Michael Bergren	10	10-04-00-00-00	2	S	5/20/53	
Marian Kasper	10	10-05-00-00-00	2	F		
Robert Miller	10	10-05-00-00-00	2	S		
Edward T Kasper	10	10-06-00-00-00	2	F	1/8/56	
Catherine Kasper	10	10-07-00-00-00	2	F	9/13/58	4/28/08
Sean Coleman	10	10-07-00-00-00	2	S	4/12/56	
Margaret Coleman	10	10-07-01-00-00	3	F	6/1/92	
James Jeremiah Buckley	11	11-00-00-00-00	1	F	1/15/24	12/7/13
Mary Jane Kowalczyk	11	11-00-00-00-00	1	S	11/3/24	6/29/02
Timothy Buckley	11	11-01-00-00-00	2	F	3/4/51	
Rose Ghilardi	11	11-01-00-00-00	2	S	3/14/55	
Meghan Buckley	11	11-01-01-00-00	3	F	9/10/79	
Greg M Dejlitko	11	11-01-01-00-00	3	S		
Piper Dejlitko	11	11-01-01-01-00	4	F	9/25/01	3/18/07
Cate Dejlitko	11	11-01-01-02-00	4	F		
Charlie Dejlitko	11	11-01-01-03-00	4	F		
Sarah Mary Buckley	11	11-01-02-00-00	3	F	7/26/82	
Mike Bush	11	11-01-02-00-00	3	S		
James Bush	11	11-01-02-01-00	4	F		
Shannan Buckley	11	11-01-03-00-00	3	F	5/27/85	

Brian McNamara	11	11-01-03-00-00	3	S	9/26/84	
Daniel McNamara	11	11-01-03-01-00	4	F		
Timothy McNamara	11	11-01-03-02-00	4	F		
Mary Rose McNamara	11	11-01-03-03-00	4	F		
Mary Kay Buckley	11	11-02-00-00-00	2	F	7/19/52	
Thomas Von Rueden	11	11-02-00-00-00	2	S	4/1/53	
Katherine Von Rueden	11	11-02-01-00-00	3	F	9/7/81	
Joseph Roedler	11	11-02-01-00-00	3	S	1/5/81	
Tim Von Rueden	11	11-02-02-00-00	3	F		
Daniel Von Rueden	11	11-02-03-00-00	3	F	1/22/84	
John (Jack) Buckley	12	12-00-00-00-00	1	F	8/29/11	11/3/90
Rose M Bonomino	12	12-00-00-00-00	1	S	12/24/13	10/11/12
John Buckley	12	12-01-00-00-00	2	F		

Family Pictures

Herakovich

FE 23-67

GRAND
FATHERS SISTER:
MARTHA HERAKOVICH.
NOVA SELA 36
P.O. PODDACE
SLOVENIA YUGO SLAVIA.

2ND COUSIN
PAUL HERAKOVICH
SLINOVICE 17
P.O. KOSTARYEVICA
SLOVENIYA. NA
YUGO SLAVIA KRKI

(@SOONJA)

Buckley



Elementary School Basketball Records

6th Grade Basketball Team Statistics

(148-49) GRADE 6.

POSITION	NAME	NUM	NUM	FORWARD	SOUTH-SIDE	WHITING	CLARK A	CL. B	ST. JOHN	CLARK	ST. JOHN	TOTAL
FORWARD	J. HUGHES	8	12	22	32	36	37	39	44	46	48	
CENTER	C. HERAKOVICH	10	2	8	16	19	19	22	27	30	30	
GUARD	R. FERTMAN	5	12	12	14	16	16	18	19	21	21	
CENTER	J. PEEGAR	12	3	3	5	7	7	8	15	12	19	
FORWARD	R. HUSSEY	7	1	1	1	3	3	3	3	3	3	
GUARD	B. PEARSON	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	
CENTER	DORAN	2	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	
FORWARD	R. RAKOZY	11	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
GUARD	M. COUGHLIN	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
FORWARD	E. TAILOR	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
CENTER	N. EMERSON	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
FORWARD	P. LYMAN	13	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
FORWARD	M. Grogan	9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	

SACRED HEART 32 CLARK B 12
 SACRED HEART 16 SOUTH-SIDE 12 (OVERTIME)
 SACRED HEART 23 WHITING 8
 SACRED HEART 13 CLARK A 4
 SACRED HEART 1 IMMAC. CONN (FORFEIT)
 BYE
 SACRED HEART 8 ST. JOHN. 7
 SACRED HEART 19 CLARK A 14
 CHAMPIONS SACRED HEART 11 ST. JOHN. 9. (OVERTIME)

AVE PTS. SAC. HEART 15 $\frac{3}{8}$ OPA 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ PTS 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ PTS MORE

5th Grade Basketball Tournament Bracket

5th GRADE TOURNAMENT

~~Clark #1~~
~~Southside #2~~
~~St. John~~
Sacred Heart

~~Clark #2~~
~~Whiting~~
~~I.C.~~
~~Southside #1~~

1. St. John 14 Sat. Mar. 6 9:30 ①	2. Clark #1 12 Wed. March 10 5 P.M. ②	3. Southside #2 5 Sat. Mar. 6 10:30 ③	4. I.C. 4 Friday March 12 4 P.M. ④
5. Clark #2 7 Mon. Mar. 8 4 P.M. ⑤	6. Southside #1 3 Thursday March 11 4 P.M. ⑥	7. Sacred Heart 13 Mon. Mar. 8 5 P.M. ⑦	8. Whiting 5 ⑧

SACRED HEART
 CHAMPIONS

1. Games must start on time scheduled.
2. A forfeit time of 15 minutes will be allowed.
3. A team must have at least 5 men on floor to start the game.
4. Length of game will vary with grade--5th-5 minute quarters; 6th-6 minute quarters; 7th-7 minute quarters; and 8th-8 minute quarters

6th Grade Basketball Tournament Bracket

EARL ROCKY
No. 10

6th Grade Tournament
January 31st February 7th

Game No.	Team		
2	St. John (Mon. 31st 5:00)		
	South Side	19	ST. JOHN 23 Sat. Feb. 5th 10:30
8	McGregor 21 (Wed. Feb. 2 5:00)		
	Immaculate Conception 11	14	ST. JOHN 9 3mi. SACRED HEART
12	Clark A 29 (Thurs. Feb. 3rd 5:00)	20	Sat. Feb. 5th 11:15 CLARK A 14
	Clark B 9		Finals (Monday 5:00 Feb. 7th) 16
	Bye 0	14	SACRED HEART 11
	Sacred Heart 45		SACRED HEART

6th Grade Basketball Game Records

WHITING COMMUNITY CENTER
GRADE SCHOOL BASKETBALL LEAGUE
6th Grade

- Games will consist of 4-6 minute quarters, with 2 minutes between quarters and 6 minutes between halves.
- Score sheets must be turned into office immediately following games.

Monday November 22 (4:00 p.m.)

Visitors
 Court #1 - South Side vs. I. C. *W32-12*
 Court #2 - ~~Sacred Heart vs. Clark B.~~
 Court #2 - Whiting McGregor vs. Clark A (5:00 p.m.)

SACRED HEART
35
22

Monday November 29 (4:00 p.m.)

Court #1 - St. John vs. Clark B
 Court #2 - Whiting McGregor vs. I. C.
 Court #1 - Sacred Heart vs. South Side (5:00 p.m.)

Monday December 6 (4:00 p.m.)

Court #1 - Whiting McGregor vs. Sacred Heart
 Court #2 - St. John vs. South Side
 Court #1 - Clark A vs. I. C. (5:00 p.m.)

W-0-T-16-12
W-23-8

Monday December 13 (4:00 p.m.)

Court #1 - Whiting McGregor vs. St. John
 Court #2 - Clark A vs. Sacred Heart
 Court #1 - Clark B vs. South Side (5:00 p.m.)

W-13-14

Monday December 20 (4:00 p.m.)

Court #1 - I. C. vs. Sacred Heart
 Court #2 - Clark B vs. Whiting McGregor
 Court #1 - Clark A vs. St. John (5:00 p.m.)

W-FORTITE

Monday January 3 (4:00 p.m.)

Court #1 - South Side vs. Whiting McGregor
 Court #2 - I. C. vs. St. John
 Court #1 - Clark A vs. Clark B (5:00 p.m.)

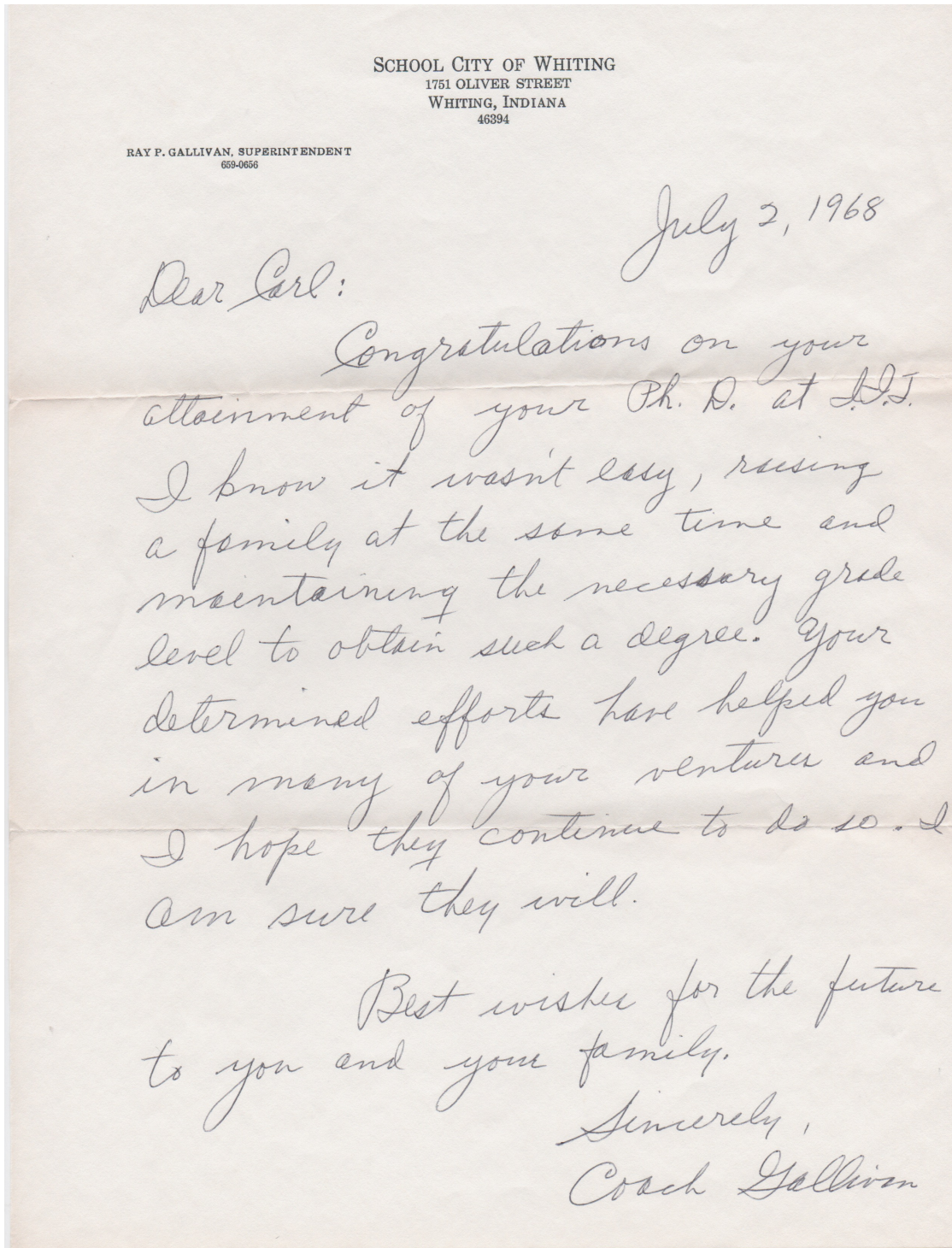
buy

Monday January 10 (4:00 p.m.)

Court #1 - Sacred Heart vs. St. John
 Court #2 - South Side vs. Clark A
 Court #1 - I. C. vs. Clark B (5:00 p.m.)


W-8-2

Coach Gallivan

Letter to Carl

Coach Gallivan Indiana Football Hall of Fame

By JOHN MUTKA



Sideline Slants

SPORTS WRITER

"They called us the ironmen," recalled retired coach Ray Gallivan who did not carve his reputation by punching a clock in any of Lake County's burgeoning steel mills.

He was referring to Whiting's 1954 state championship football team, which provided a giant step in Gallivan's unerring ascent to the State Football Hall of Fame.

"We only had 15 players who lettered that year," said the smiling Irishman, who will be inducted along with Pete Rucinski of East Chicago Roosevelt at Bloomington next weekend.

The sprightly 70-year-old defensive genius coached the Oilers to an 8-1 season, which included a 12-6 victory over South Bend Riley for the mythical state crown.

Tailback Eddie Fritz bulled for both touchdowns for the Oilers, who employed only two substitutes in the annual playoff between conference champs. Carl Herakovich, who later became a state college scoring champ at Rose Poly, quarterbacked the Green-and-White.

"We weren't a big team," continued Gallivan, who became a gentleman of leisure in 1968 after 2½ years as superintendent of the Whiting school system. "Outside of Fritz, who was 190, our backfield was in the 140-to-145-pound class.

"Our only loss that year was to Lew Wallace. They intercepted a pass and beat us six to nix. It broke my heart.

"We had to beat East Chicago Roosevelt to make the playoff," continued Gallivan. "Fritz scored two touchdowns in the first quarter, but we had a helluva time hanging on (12-7) for the victory."

HARD TIMES HIT

Whiting hasn't defeated Roosevelt since and has fallen on such hard times in the last decade that it seldom wins more than one game a season. Late last year the Oilers skidded out of the Lake Shore Conference, a mutual agreement reached because of the coming state football playoffs.

That dizzy descent came after Gallivan resigned in 1955, which was only his sixth losing season in 24. During his glittering career the Oilers won 119 games although school enrollment struggled above 600 only twice.

Gallivan's final victory over Rucinski's Rough Riders typified the bristling rivalry.

"We wound up 7-and-7 against each other," resumed Gallivan. "I remember one year we ran all over them and lost 6-0 when their quarterback couldn't make the handoff on their reverse. One of my men was out of position and he ran 60 yards for a touchdown."

In the thirties Gallivan's Oilers accumulated a 50-13-6 record over a 7-year stretch and his 1934 team demolished 10 straight opponents before succumbing to South Bend Central 14-13 in the post-season playoff.

"Our kick for the extra point and a tie hit the crossbar and bounced back," he grumbled.

When it came to neighborhood brawls, Whiting's annual season-ender with Hammond Clark always rattled a few teeth. Under Gallivan, though, Whiting completely dominated the Pioneers.



GALLIVAN

"Clark didn't beat us," he recalled, "until my assistant Arvo Antilla went over there. He got us 7-6 in his first year as head coach (1940). Of course, the community was pretty disturbed with me for letting him go.

"Arvo is one of 22 of my players that I can recall who went into coaching and most of them did their coaching in this area."

Among his proteges were Nick Crnkovich, who was head coach at Andean before landing the Whiting job, and Munster track coach Jim Stone.

Branching out, Gallivan said: "Phil Mateja, who quarterbacked my unbeaten state championship team in 1948, made all-America on defense at Purdue and is now an assistant principal at Morton.

OILERS HARMON-IZED

"Stan Justak was a heckuva back and Joe Grdina scored two touchdowns to beat Horace Mann in Tommy Harmon's senior year."

That 14-0 loss in 1936 was Mann's only blemish in a 9-1 season.

"I'd have to put Harmon right up there at the top among running backs I've seen," continued Gallivan. "He seemed to excel in every sport. I remember seeing him pitch a no-hitter and he was a heckuva basketball player.

"I happened to be basketball coach the winter after we beat Mann in football. The night we played them Harmon scored quite frequently. Every time he did, he ran past our bench and said 'How do you like that, coach?'. They gave us a fearful beating, but I got quite a kick out of him.

"In Gary, Wallace and Emerson gave us the most trouble, but we never did lose to Froebel while I was coach. I remember Wallace beating us once 2-0 when our center snapped the ball over the punter's head and he got tackled in the end zone.

"We went everywhere to play in those days because it wasn't always easy to find games. We beat Mount Carmel two out of three and one of those years they won the Chicago city championship. In their resume they never even mentioned our game," he chuckled.

Gallivan and Red Grange were teammates in the twenties at Illinois and have remained lifelong friends.

"Red was a year ahead of me," said Gallivan. "I played quarterback and took his place at halfback when he left. I was No. 4 scorer in the Big Ten as a sophomore.

"That season Red was injured against Minnesota and I played for him against Ohio State and scored the only touchdown of the game. I also got three touchdowns against Iowa.

"I remember playing against Nebraska when they dedicated their stadium. I played 58 out of 60 minutes and we beat 'em by a field goal.

"In 1924 we fought Chicago to a 21-21 tie after they had us down 14 to nix. With two minutes left in the half I quarterbacked an 80-yard touchdown drive.

"Red got the touchdown on the old flea flicker play. Most of his great runs were off the unbalanced line to the right, but I crossed up Chicago by sending him left twice for touchdowns. Chicago won the Big Ten title that year on three victories and three ties. We lost to Minnesota.

"Red wasn't a bruising runner, but was very elusive. What was he like? He was never cocky or conceited about his fame. He was a wonderful person.

"He lives in Florida now and I've heard him on the radio the last two years. Wally Phillips (WGN) always calls him on his birthday."

GREW UP IN CLINTON

Gallivan's hometown was Clinton, Indiana and he came to Whiting for the first time during one summer in his college career under Bob Zuppke.

"The English brothers had the construction job of building (Whiting) junior and senior high and my cousin was an engineer for them," said Gallivan. "He called me up as a timekeeper.

"I stayed all summer and got acquainted with the community. Later I coached an independent team called the Whiting Friars. Pro football originated from this kind of community football.

"When I was asked to coach the high school team I didn't hesitate for a moment. My first three years were losing seasons, but it's been a wonderful experience."

After the shaky start the Oilers did not dip under the shady side of .500 from 1931 through 1951 except during World War II when Gallivan served in the Coast Guard for four years.

Carl's Letter to Gallivan

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE AND STATE UNIVERSITY

Blacksburg, Virginia 24061

DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE AND MECHANICS (703) 951-6651

November 24, 1973

Coach Ray Gallivan
Gallivan Testimonial
706 - 120th Street
Whiting, Indiana 46934

Dear Ray:

I am truly sorry that I will not be able to attend your testimonial dinner. You have been a very significant influence in my life and I will always be grateful to you for all that you did for me. You are indeed one of the special people in my life.

Congratulations on being inducted into the Indiana High School Football Hall of Fame. It is an honor which you richly deserve. I take great pride in the fact that I played football for you. Not only because you led us to the State Championship in 1954, but also because you instilled in us a deep sense of self-respect, pride and a desire to excel. Under your tutelage, we learned what it meant to work hard, play as a team and, of course, achieve the ultimate goal of victory. I have found these factors to be important in all aspects of life and I am grateful to you for attempting to instill them in me.

When I received Andy Kalapach's letter inviting me to the dinner I immediately thought of several incidents involving the both of us. I cherish these memories and hope that you might enjoy having them recalled to you. The first occurred late in my Junior year at Whiting while running plays against the varsity. (You may recall that my Sophomore and Juniors years were spent playing guinea pig for the varsity by running the next opponents plays in practice. I shall also always be grateful to you for those outstanding lineman you gave us. If it hadn't been for that I may not ever have learned to run with a football!). Anyway, one night at practice I popped-off to you after you corrected me for something that I had done wrong. You had been walking away from me, but you whirled around and hit me so fast that I didn't know what happened. My helmet went flying one way and I went flying another.--- That was the last time I popped-off to you.

I also remember the time in my Senior year when you were very unhappy with the backs who were running plays against the first string. They weren't making any progress against us and you thought that it was all their fault. You decided that you would show them how to hit the hole. We asked you if you wanted us to tackle you, and typical Gallivan fashion you said yes. The implication was, of course, that we couldn't. You ran two plays, lost four yards on each one, and had to get smelling salts from Kush after the second hit. That was the last time that you complained about the way the backs were hitting the hole!--- or ran the ball.

I also remember the day that you decided that it was time to stop fooling around and to become a football team. Wayne Baran, a stocky

Carl to Gallivan - page 2

page 2

185 pounder, had been playing in the backfield because he liked to run with the ball, but we needed linemen. After another frustrating play you walked backed to the huddle and said in a very determined voice "Baran, from now on you are a guard---we're going to have a football team". Wayne didn't say a word, he just moved into the guard spot. He was still there when we played South Bend for the Championship. I have always felt that that incident was the turning point with our football team.

A very special remembrance of mine is that you referred to Ronnie Rosen and I as the "gold-dust twins". A reference to the fact that we were together quite often, that we both played quarterback, and that we felt that as the only two quarterbacks on the team we shouldn't run the risk of being injured. I particularly remember one hot, August day when the entire team was lined-up in two lines about a yard apart practicing blocking and tackling. Ron and I were at one end of the line playing the part of a center and a quarterback. The quarterback would give the signal to center the ball with a loud "hut" and the rest of the team would move on the signal and knock heads. I never did understand how we got away with that one.

Finally, Ray, I remember meeting you in the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D. C. just a few years ago. My wife and I had a most enjoyable time talking to you over a couple of drinks. I think that that was the day that I realized that you were more than my high school football coach, more than someone that I admired and respected-- you are also a friend. I'm proud that!

In closing, let me say that I sincerely wish that I could be with you on the 1st to pay tribute to you. I shall always be grateful to you for all that you have done for me and all the other boys who played for you. Congratulations to you Ray -- not just for the Hall of Fame -- but more importantly for a life which has been devoted to the young people of Whiting.

My very best wishes to you and your family.

Sincerely yours,

Carl T. Herakovich

Pat Gallivan's Letter to Rocky

Hi, Rocky,
 I was back in Whiting twice this past summer -- once for our 35th Class Reunion and once for the dedication of the Athletic Complex. Jim Buckley did a wonderful job with organizing and it all went smoothly. My mother and I felt happy and proud.
 My dad was not a magician -- he had a lot of good people to work with -- from the Mopes and Kushes to the Phil Mateja's and Carl Herakovich's. Whiting was filled with people who knew their stuff and were dedicated and hard-working. Unfortunately, not all of them will have something dedicated in their names.
 We trust that all due recognition will be registered in God's Loving Welcome.
 I thought of you as I took a tour of the Athletic Complex and viewed the old football field.

-2-

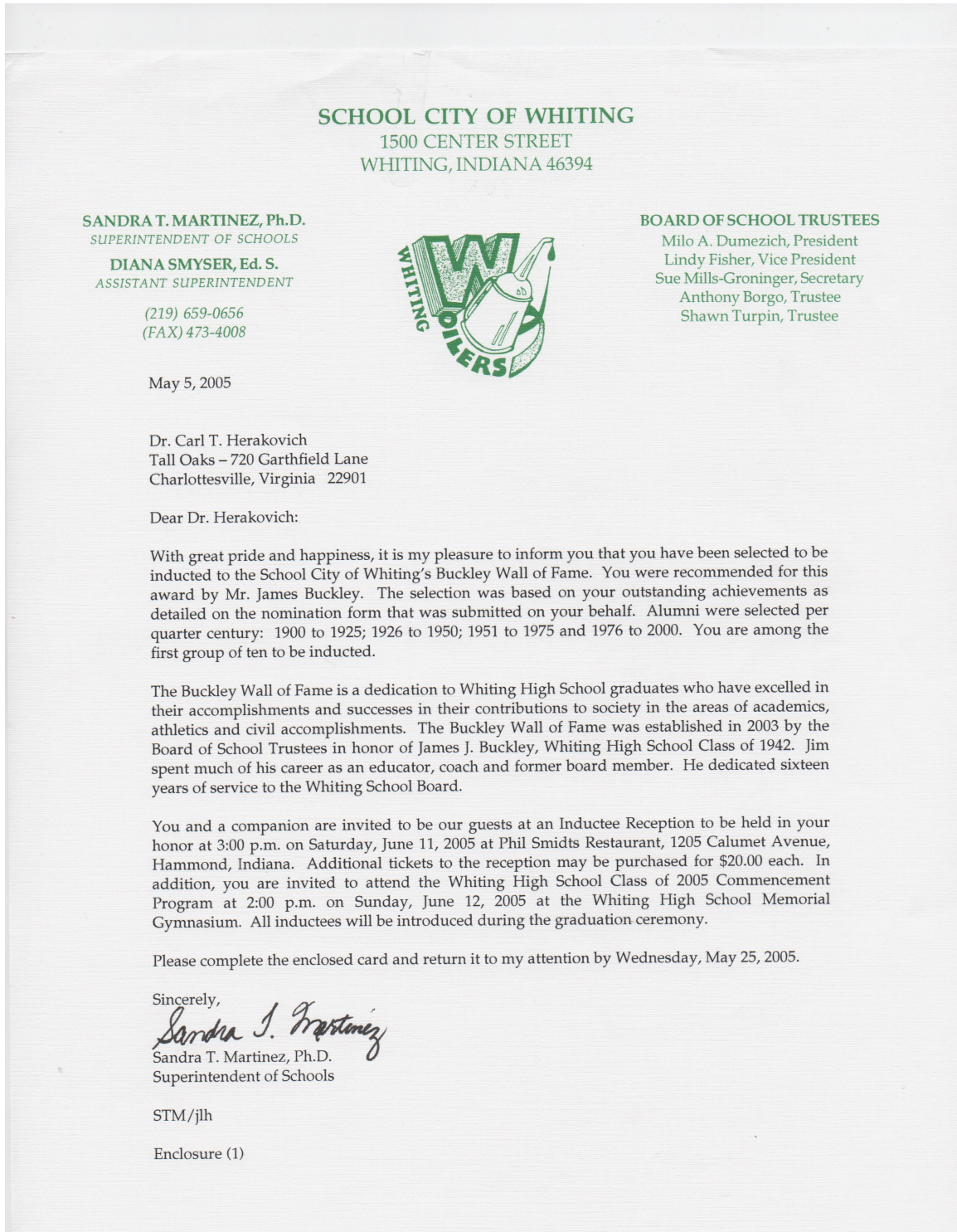
Wishing you a Merry Christmas
 and a bright and happy New Year!

It now has a new stadium built around it. (If you haven't seen it, you should.) Of course, almost nothing could make that 1954 Championships Game seem any sweeter! But, when you see the stadium, you won't be able to keep from wondering what it would have been like to play that game in there.

So, Rocky, these Good Wishes go to you and to all those you share Christmas with this year.
 Best regards, Pat Gallivan

Buckley Wall of Fame

Wall of Fame Notification



Buckley Wall of Fame Plaque

Below is the plaque arranged by the high school and installed on the Buckley of Fame. Unfortunately, I did not have the opportunity to review the accomplishments listed; there are several errors in the list and some major accomplishments that I consider to be of more importance are not listed. I present these corrections and additions so that history will have the best information.

Here are the changes that I would make:

1. Correct: Emeritus Professor of Applied Mechanics (not Applied Math)
2. Correct: Indiana Football Hall of Fame (not the high school hall of fame)
3. Add: Published a major text *Mechanics of Fibrous Composites* (1998)
4. Add: *Nation's leading football collegiate scorer with 168 points in 1958*
5. Add: *National record for points per game at 21.0 from 1958-1988.*
6. Add: *Secretary, U. S. National Committee on Theoretical and Applied Mechanics (2000-2012)*
7. Add: *President, Society of Engineering Science (1992)*
8. Add: *Vice-President, Am. Soc. Mechanical Engineers (2001-04)*
9. Delete: *Who's Who listings (they are not that noteworthy)*



DR. CARL T. HERAKOVICH

WHITING HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS OF : 1955

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

- ROSE-HULMAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
B.S. CIVIL ENGINEERING 1959
- UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS M.S. MECHANICS
1962
- ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY PH.D.
MECHANICS 1968
- EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF APPLIED MATH AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
- HAS AUTHORED 131 SCHOLARLY PAPERS AND
HAS PUBLISHED 6 BOOKS AS EDITOR
- APPOINTED MEMBER OF THE US NATIONAL
COMMITTEE ON THEORETICAL AND APPLIED
MECHANICS
- SPENT 3 SUMMERS WORKING AT NASA
LANGLEY RESEARCH CENTER
- ELECTED TO THE INDIANA HIGH SCHOOL
FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME 1985
- HAS PRESENTED OVER 100 TIMES AT
NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL MEETINGS
- CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF AND DEVELOPED
THE NASA/VIRGINIA TECH "COMPOSITES"
PROGRAM
- HAS BEEN RECOGNIZED AS WHO'S WHO BY
THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF
ENGINEERING, FINANCE & INDUSTRY,
MARQUIS WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA,
STRATHMORE'S WHO'S WHO, AMERICAN
MEN AND WOMEN OF SCIENCE, AND WHO'S
WHO IN SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING

Carl T. Herakovich

Rocky in Whiting - A Memoir

This book covers the author's childhood through his time as a 2nd Lt. in the U. S. Army Corp of Engineers (1937 - 1960). The book complements his previous book *Rose Poly and Me* that details his college years at Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology.

The author discusses growing up in Whiting Indiana, a Chicago suburb on the shore of Lake Michigan, his heritage through the Herakovich and Buckley families from Europe, his immediate family and their vacations, his forty aunts and uncles, Sacred Heart grade school and Whiting High school, his athletic achievements, and his life as a teenager in the 1950s.

As a high school senior, he was a multidimensional player on the 1954 Indiana State Championship Football Team. He was a quarterback and halfback on offense, a defensive safety, and returner of kickoffs and punts. He was designated as one of fourteen Ironmen who were the only players with significant playing time during the successful season.

He also started on the basketball and baseball teams and was designated as the Whiting High Athlete of the Year for 1954-55.

He talks about his coaches, high school teachers, honors, publicity and summer vacations with friends.

He discusses his jobs in steel mills and oil refineries, during summers and Christmas breaks from college.

An appendix includes a wealth of information on the extended Herakovich and Buckley families.