Pike Profile-Brother Frank Julian

I became involved with Pi Kappa Alpha as a freshman through my interest in campus politics. (I was a political science major heading for law school.) In 1961, Brothers Pete Neri (who was from Fairmont and was a close friend of my "New Men's Hall--later Borman Hall--roomate, Brother Joe Brand), and Roger Galloway were active in the "minority party" on campus, the Student Party. Most of the Greeks on campus were part of the All-Campus Party, but I've always loved an underdog, and so, I became involved in campus politics, and vicariously, in Pi Kappa Alpha.

It was through Pete and Joe that I met many other future brothers, but especially the Fairmont crew. Many student leaders from East Fairmont High were then affiliated with PiKA. There was also a large contingent from the South Charleston area. I was from Weirton in the northern panhandle. Anyway, the Fairmont crowd and I became friends, and after spending a summer together working and playing in the beach resort town of Wildwood, NJ, I was ready to pledge in the fall of 1962, going active at the beginning of my fourth college semester in the winter of 1963.

I was working my way through college (scholarships and part-time jobs), and I told the guys who were rushing me that I couldn't afford to join. Pete and others came up with a plan which made membership possible. I was working in Terrace Hall as a stockboy for my meals. The guys got me a job with Masullo's Dry Cleaning, collecting clothes from the brothers and returning it to them in the evenings. The money I made paid my monthly dues. The next year, I moved into the House, and Joe Brand and I shared the breakfast cooking chores. In return, we received a rebate on our room bill. When I added in the fact that I was saving money on dates (lots of free social activities at the big, yellow house at 36 Campus Dr.), I actually came out ahead by being a Pike. I will be forever grateful to Pete Neri and others who made all that possible for me.

Here are just a few highlights in my memory bank from those years:
--Joe Brand betting us $5 that he could dent the heavy, corrugate metal doors of the stadium with his head....and actually attempting the feat.
--Singing songs, led by the "Old School," in the Pig Pen.
--As pledge master, being treed upside down in mid-winter by the pledges, and having water gleefully sprayed on me by my girlfriend, Sue Summers.
--Late night serenades of pinmates and Arnie "Punky" Brigode trying his darndest to help us rise above our Saturday night singing voices in the annual Mother's Day Sing.
--Being told by SMC Doug Ladish that coats and ties were required for active meetings and showing up in just a madras coat and a tie.
--The infamous "green spaghetti night" in which the pledges shocked the new initiates by attacking them with the green spaghetti they thought they were going to make us eat.
--Trips to the Whip in warm weather, to Charleston for New Year's Eve, to away football games, to Cooper's Rock, and to Tucker and Randolph Counties to go caving.
--Wearing our Sunday best to football games and forever coming up with ingenious ways to beat the "no acohol" rule..oh, and chanting "Under the armmmmPitt!" and singing "We don't give a damn for the state of Pennsylvania."
--Watching the chariot we built literally disintegrate in the chariot race around Mountaineer Field.
--Being told as a pledge that since I was the smallest guy, I would have to get into a coffin and be carried around the football field during a game (with a sign saying "RIP Tech" or some such thing on the side), then periodically throw the lid open and scream out at the crowd--a tad creepy.
--Borrowing Jim McCallum's "genuine bleeding India Madras" sport coat for a party at the house then dancing and sweating the night away, and discovering that my chest, arms, and back had all become tatooed with India Madras.
--As pledges, stealing the front door of the House on one of the coldest nights of winter and carrying it to the ADPi House.

--Also as pledges, filling the entire basement, floor to ceiling, with crumpled newspapers.
--Finding and saving tens of thousands of Marlboro packs in order to win a TV for the House.
--Watching Rocky and Bullwinkle on that same TV every Saturday at lunchtime.
--Celebrating so long and loud and utterly spontaneously when we learned we would be getting the long-awaited "new house" that the police made repeated visits to the House due to complaints from neighbors.

My memory bank is full of wonderful moments, full of lifelong friendships, full of laughter, of growing up together, of feeling we were a part of something important. It was the joy of those experiences that eventually led me to make a campus my home and my career. After working at WVU, Marshall, and West Virginia Tech, I have settled in at Murray State University (9,000 students) in far west Kentucky for the past 27 years, half of that time as vice president, half as professor of legal studies.

Welcome Aboard To:

Brother Mason Riley
Brother Ed Miskinis
Brother Jon Hirshberg
Brother Chuck Dickey
Brother Jim Dickey

We need to keep working to locate and contact long lost brothers. Some of this has to be done with snail mail. Brother Doug Ladish is getting an updated list of addresses from National and will need volunteers to send out letters. If you can help, contact Doug at ladish@mindspring.com.

Charter Still With Us

Among a list of items that survived the catastrophe on Belmar Avenue, one that stands out is the original Alpha Theta Charter which commissions the chapter at WVU. The charter dates back to 1904, and despite a few minor scratches to the frame, it is in good condition. At present, the charter is in Brother Bill Chittum's custody. Other items recovered from the House were numerous trophies, some dating back as far as 1949. Two distinctive trophies were the Outstanding Chapter Awards for 1991 and 1992.(It was a long fall from grace, and in a short time!) Bill reports that the fraternity flag was also recovered but only in fair shape due to use and age.