



ISSUE # 36

August 1996

GMC PICNIC: looking forward to seeing many of you at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held again this year at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx, Nereid and Murdock Avenues, near the Mt. Vernon border, The gathering will be on Saturday, September 21st, from noon to 5 p.m. Come with spouse and children or come alone. Bring your own beverage and a pot-luck dish for a shared meal. All Brothers are most welcome to join in. Thanks to the director and community of the Mount for welcoming us. Next year we expect to revert to the second Saturday after Labor Day, September 13th, as the date for the annual GMC picnic. Do mark it!

GMC PICNIC MSM

September 21st 12 to 5

FROM BR. JOSEPH MAURA ('54): So greatly did I enjoy Bill Deschene's recall of the great Peter Anthony in the May issue of Marists All that I am eager to offer a few reminiscences of another member of the Tyngsboro Hall of Fame. Although the real presence of Br. John Berchmans would be felt more powerfully later during the Esopus years, it was in Tyngsboro that I first experienced Berkie. It was 1953 and I was trying out as a postulant. Being a New York Yankee fan, I immediately recognized Berkie as the Marist answer to Casey Stengel ... often linguistically challenged, but always entertaining .. and aware ... deeply aware of those he "managed."

Berkie had no difficulty gaining an intuitive knowledge of the inner man, even though he could not always recall his outer name. Solution: Brother Prefect's numbering system! As a postulant I was #15. This numerical transformation of my identity had me imagining Berkie greeting my mother with the salutation: "How are you, Mrs. 15?" #15 will do just fine with us'."

During the Esopus years I once remarked to John: "You have had more influence on more Brothers than any person I know." This initiative in conversation was a departure from our three favorite topics: (1) how Notre Dame had done in football last year, (2) how Notre Dame would do this year, (3) how recruiting was going for next year. John's response to my observation about his influence had not a hint of feigned humility. "Yes, Joe, and I am the only Brother in the province without a grammar school diploma. God is good."

The same day I read the May issue I came across this thought in the book The Natural Depth in Man by Wilson Van Dusan, a clinical psychologist: "... inadequate boys could change radically with a few months of farm work under a very patient and masculine man. A boy's adequacy is not in the rearrangement of his internal psych, but in learning the pleasure of digging some trenches in the ground." This insight not only brought Berkie to mind but helped me understand why Marist formation, for all its faults, had such a lasting effect on all of us.

Although John would not have identified himself as such, he was a true "mentor" years before that word was popularized.

At Cardinal Hayes High, I had been attracted to the FMS by the frequency and volume of laughter surging out from the faculty lounge assigned to the Marist Brothers. I found nothing to laugh about the day I arrived in Tyngsboro (that would come later, thank God). I would have liked to "cast myself back into the world" after the first few days but was too proud to return home so quickly.

For many of us "spiritual direction" really took place while we were getting a haircut from Berkie. Early on, I told John of my great moral dilemma, i.e. each week I delayed returning home I missed a Notre Dame football game on TV or radio. (I had previously discerned that Yahweh was not calling me to the clerical state, since in those pre-Vatican II days, one could not both hear confessions and listen to N.D. on a Saturday afternoon). Fear not!. Shortly after the bell ending Saturday's work period, Brother Prefect would supply this new postulant with a semi-hysterical account of each Saturday's struggle between good and evil. The USC game from the coast would have to wait until after great silence ended on Sunday morning.

One evening I was called out of religious study, Brother Prefect had detected an "emergency." It was an excuse to be able to supply me with a copy of the Notre Dame season preview magazine! This incident was my first encounter with Liberation Theology and transformed my conscience from what might easily be called "scrupulous" to what the Christian Perfection book referred to as "seared." Even if I had decided to return home, that one incident with Berkie would have made me more Marist than 42 years of subsequent exhortations to Marist spirit.

The first month in Tyngsboro, John gave us an unforgettable example of the humanity of the man and of the Marist Brothers. We were having an autumn picnic. Parenthetically, I might mention that a long waited movie turned out to be "The Life of Don Bosco" in Italian, with sub titles for those who could read through the tears of disappointment. I digress! Back to the picnic: that unforgettable example of humanity was John striding up and down the outdoor basketball courts with a huge green lawn chair balanced on his chin. Years later I found out that John was a devoted member of a "Manhattan" project that helped put him in the right spirit for his performance, and would in the years ahead provide some of the atomic energy that set him in motion.

With the coming of winter John would be out on the ice cleaning snow so that we could play hockey during the p.m. recreation. On one memorable occasion John chose the property dump truck, plow attached, to clear the ice of a heavy snowfall. Sadly Berkie, the truck, and the plow all went through the ice. With that, John dashed back to the novitiate building and burst into the Master's office announcing in his distinctive Canuck dialect that he needed the help of several novices. He was informed: "The Venerable Founder would not have taken the truck onto the ice." John's response is left to the imagination of all who knew him.

In June we headed north to prepare Camp Marist for its opening. All work, including the construction of the original camp chapel, was placed under the protection of John's beloved Holy Souls. For me, the jury was out on this one, that is, until Roger McKeon (Br. Eugene Andrew) fell from the chapel roof during the morning work period and penetrated the chapel floor up to his waist. He walked away without the proverbial scratch; in gratitude to the Souls the

work period was shortened by fifteen minutes, thus occurred the second miraculous event of the morning.

So many other things could be written here by many other former juniors, postulants, novices, and Brothers ... but these are written that you may recall and share in the Abundant Life who while among us was known as Berkie. (3000 S.W. 87th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165; 305-221-0834, ext 27)

FROM RICK BAUER ('64) and DON HAUGHEY ('62) We wrote this combined letter back in February and we finally got around to typing it in May and mailing it in June! February 10, 1996, outside Austin, Texas, on the Bauer Ranchito. It's 82 degrees, but we were recently humbled with snow that lasted two whole hours, so we can identify with our northern brethren.

Both of us are still in education, plus a few side activities. Rick raises hay, kids, cattle, chickens, cats, and dogs. Don is raising a pup and is painting. Rick is married to Ann Neely Bauer; their two children are Allison, 13, and Jackson, 17. Rick teaches math at Manor Middle School, and Ann is an elementary school principal in Austin. Don is single. His puppy is Finn McCool, a five month old Dalmatian. Don teaches art full time at Porter Middle School in Austin, and watercolor painting part time at St. Edward's University. He is also a professional artist currently having an art show in the city of Austin.

While having our own little Marist get-together recently, we decided to pen this message, sitting at the stock pond, throwing pellets to the catfish, and downing a couple of cervezas. So what is going on in central Texas, you might ask. Well, for fun we travel the back roads, play pool in little country town honky tonks, and meet the locals. Rick, being a native Texan, communicates real well, while Don, being a B.I.C., is slow to open his mouth; anyone of the Bronx will understand. We try to get together at least once a month to go for our drive around central Texas. Sometimes Rick's wife comes along to see where we really go.

There is a song that epitomizes our trips; it is called "Lukenbach, Texas." It talks about meeting Willie, Waylon, and the boys, pitching horseshoes, laying back and enjoying country air and good Texas barbecue; everybody is somebody in Lukenbach, Texas! On one of our famous adventures we traveled to Rick's brother's farm in LaFeria to pick up a bull calf. There we were, Rick, his son Jackson, and Don hauling a bull calf in a Nissan pickup truck across Texas, about seven hours of rocking and rolling. We sure know how to have fun. After this adventure, we discovered the pure joy of sowing wild oats on Rick's ranch, and watching the oats and hay grow. Sounds like a winner of an experience, doesn't it? We just thought we would give you a little taste of Texan life and let you know that if you are ever in the Lone Star State, maybe we could get together. If time allows, you could join us at a Lexington cattle auction, at a honky tonk barbecue place, or we could just throw a few pellets at catfish. It's good for the soul.

Over the years we have had many Marist visitors pass through to see us. Always a good excuse for our Marist get-together. Usually the visitors are impressed with our interests. Leonard Voegtle, Woody Duke, John Allen, Pat Forsyth, Kevin Buckley, Jack Broderick, Bill Lavigne, and Albert Phillip have stopped by. And Don had the opportunity to meet Charlie Kelly in Austin. Maybe in our next letter we will tell you about the attack turkey, the painted churches, and the Monor cafe. We know ya'll will be waiting to hear these great stories. We both

enjoy receiving Marists All. Thanks for keeping us in mind. Right now we are in a severe draught with no relief in sight. Send rain! The catfish are throwing pellets at us! (Rick: Route 2, Box 77-H, Manor, Texas; 512-272-5619) (Don: 8200 Beaver Brook lane, Austin, Texas, 78748; 512-282-5942; Cudonal@aol.com)

M S M, Bronx:

BR. ANTHONY IAZZETTI ('62) has been appointed to a second three year term as President of Mt. St. Michael. Anthony has been cited for excellence in developing the role of President at the Mount, creating a professional and competent school board, and recruiting students in the New York and the lower Westchester region.

BR. JAMES KEARNEY (149) is the Principal. Champagnat Hall will be a more "senior friendly" community with the addition of an elevator and the renovation of existing shower/bath facilities. Funds raised through the Province Development will provide the construction begun last June.

MARIST HIGH, Chicago Br. Patrick McNamara, the Province Leadership Team, and the Board of Directors of Marist High announced the appointment of BR. RICHARD SHARPE ('66) as the first President at Marist for a three year term. Richard completed his long tenure as Vice-principal at St. Elizabeth High in Oakland, California.

BR. JOHN CUMMINGS ('67) has been appointed interim principal for the upcoming school year. John has completed his PhD in education at the University of San Francisco.

BR. LUKE PEARSON ('56) is the new Assistant Principal at Marist. Luke has just completed his term as Dean of Studies at the Marist Asian Centre, Manila, Philippines.

BR. KEVIN MORAN ('53) has been invited to join the administrative staff at the Marist Asian Centre, Manila, a Marist Brothers formation house. Kevin will report in the spring of 1997. He completes many years of service as Dean of Students at Marist High, Chicago.

BR. JOSEPH SACINO ('73) has been appointed inter-province Provincial Treasurer, effective January, 1998. Joe has served as Finance Officer at St. Agnes Boys High, Manhattan, during the past year. Beginning this summer he will pursue additional studies in finance and accounting at New York U.

BR. THOMAS SIMMONS ('63). Replaces Joe at St. Agnes. Tom completes a term as Transportation Director and Bingo Manager at Mount St. Michael Academy.

BR. THOMAS LONG ('79) and BR. PETER GUADALUPE ('68) will join the administration and faculty at St. Joseph's Academy, Brownsville, Texas, for the upcoming academic year. Tom will serve as Assistant Principal to the newly appointed Principal, BR. JOHN VENTURELLA ('81).

BR. HANK HAMMIER ('75) has been welcomed by the United States provinces as the new Director of Contact and Recruitment for the two provinces. Hank will join BR. MICHAEL SHEERIN ('74) in this ministry.

BR. RICHARD RANCOURT ('48) inspires Red Foxes! Sitting quietly at the end of the bench of the Marist College basketball team, Brother Richard Rancourt often goes unnoticed at Marist games., Not so in the locker room before a game, where his presence and voice is second only to the coach. Rancourt is in his second year as the Red Foxes' team chaplain and his pregame prayers have not only brought the team some luck and inspiration, but he has brought the school back to its roots. In keeping with the Marist Brothers' tradition of teaching, Rancourt is educating the players about the sport of life. And he does it in less than two minutes every game day. (Poughkeepsie Journal, 2-14-96)

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the Province Newsnotes for most of the above.

FROM BR. JOSEPH BELANGER ('43): I am fortunate to be accepted to teach English in China during the 1996-97 academic year. I feel I still have several years of vitality left!

The Provincial Office circulated a flyer from the U. S. Catholic China Bureau asking for teachers of English who would also be Christian witnesses. The Bureau processes applications and sends all dossiers to Hong Kong to an agency run by the Columban Fathers; they in turn deal with the Beijing government, which makes all university appointments. I will be teaching basic English at a teachers' college in Xiamen, which is on the coast of China directly opposite Taiwan. Xiamen has a population of two to three million; it is located at 24 degrees latitude, the same as the tip of Florida.

My main reason for applying was to help the Church in China. Church relations with the government have greatly improved since the death of Mao in 1974 and of the leadership of Deng Xiao Ping in 1979. One third of the Bishops of the China Patriotic Association have already signed allegiance with Rome, and another third are in allegiance but have not yet signed so as not to exacerbate relations with Beijing. My secondary reason for signing up, of course, is to experience first hand what everybody says is the number one country of the next century, to experience the past and present greatness of this huge country.

I will earn a full time salary teaching four small classes of 12 to 15 university students, and will be living in a fully furnished campus apartment. I understand that there will be a solid group of us for excellent mutual help and sharing. The academic year in China approximates the American scholastic year. I'll be back in the summer. If the year goes well. I have the option of renewing the contract. I do still have varied commitments at Marist College.

I will have the opportunity to get to know our Chinese Brothers better. The history of the Marist presence in the Far East is long and glorious. The Marist Brothers arrived in Australia in 1871, New Zealand in 1877, China in 1891, Sri Lanka in 1911, the Philippines in 1948. The communist takeover in China dispersed Brothers to Singapore (1949), Malaysia (1949), Japan (1951), Hong Kong (1951), Papua New Guinea (1959), and Taiwan (1963.). Later, Marist Brothers went to Pakistan (1967), South Korea (1971), and India (1974).

Close to 150 Marist Brothers are buried in China. Most died natural deaths, but at least nine were killed during the Boxer Rebellion in 1900-1906, and several others died as a result of the communist takeover, the most prominent of whom is Brother Joche Albert who on April 21, 1951, was publicly executed for

"treason" with 24 others of the Legion of Mary whom he had baptized and formed in Christianity.

We currently have only a half dozen elderly Brothers still in mainland China, in Shanghai. I hope to visit them during the year. The Province of China has 36 Brothers in the diaspora, almost all Chinese, half of whom are under 60 years of age.

I will be leaving the States on Friday, August the 21st, or on Saturday, August 24th, so as to cope with jet lag and the loss of a day at the international date line. Orientation is scheduled for August 28-30 in Hong Kong. I hope to stay in touch, but I don't know what e-mail possibilities will be. Please pray for me, and join me in prayer for the Church in China. (Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601; jlr.belanger@marist.edu)

NOTE: Br. Fabian Mayor ('57) has also been accepted to teach in China. He will be in Guangzhou, the old city of Canton.

FROM ED (Martin Jude) CASTINE ('50): As usual Marists All was joyfully received and read from one end to the other. Bill Deschene's letter brought back many pleasant and treasured memories of Tyngsboro. Br. Peter Anthony, Br. Paul Acyndinus, Br. Henry Bassus. Br. Peter was a great friend of the "chefs," as he always called us. He taught us a number of things in the kitchen, like making jelly rolls and succeeding with a good pie crust. Br. Henry showed us how to make a potato dish that we named "Bassus Potatoes," I still make it from time to time. I recall how much kidding Br. Peter took when he brought a pair of snow shoes back from a vacation in Canada. That winter we really got snowed in and Pete had the last word, going to his wood shop every day, you guessed it, on his snow shoes!

Maureen and I are retired now and will leave the teaching to younger generations. Perhaps their style and youthful dedication is more appropriate to the present generation and to those to come. We have purchased a 25 foot travel trailer and plan to go to some camping spots in Florida and to do some traveling around the U.S. as well. We are preparing for a trip to Texas to visit old friends and places we have enjoyed in past years. Hopefully the hurricane season will not be a deterrent. We are planning a trip to the New York/New Jersey area for late this summer, probably the last part of August. On the way we are going to stop in Virginia to visit Kinuko and Rick Jambor. It was Rick who informed us that Matt Callanan was quite ill in Miami. We were able to visit with Matt on two occasions in the fall and winter before he died. I had not seen Matt since sometime in the seventies. Maureen and I were deeply touched and enriched by the visits,

During the trip to the east coast we plan to remain long enough to be at the (GMC picnic. that is something we have wanted to do for many years. My only problem is to find my way to Mount St. Michael's from Long Island, as I usually get lost in the Bronx. Any helpful suggestions? We also hope to get to Esopus and to Marist College. The last time I saw Marist College was in 1968, so I'm sure much of it will be unfamiliar. Many thanks and plaudits to our editors of Marists All for the great job they do. their work and dedication to this publication is very sincerely appreciated, (2856 Cambridge Rd., Lantana, Fl. 33462-3815; 561-642-0335)

FROM HELEN (Mrs. Pat) TOBIN: Yesterday I returned from the Second Annual GMC Retreat at Marist College. As soon as I received notice about the retreat/reunion and saw that Br. Luke Driscoll was on the team, I knew that I had to sign up. Br. Luke was always one of Pat's favorite people and I hadn't seen him in seven or eight years. In addition, there were Br. Hugh Turley and Br. Pat Tyrell, of whom Pat spoke many times.

The spirituality of the weekend was uplifting. Just meeting so many of the men with whom Pat had spent such an important part of his life and learning all the nice things they had to say about him was good therapy. The Brothers and the other retreatants welcomed me with love and kindness, in true Marist tradition.

It was at least thirty long years since I had been at Marist College. The campus is so beautiful and the facilities are just wonderful. Jan and Larry Keogh did a marvelous job of setting up the whole weekend. I don't see how they could have done better. I am so very happy that I was able to be a part of it. My love and prayers to all who were there. (3 Brookwood Road, Towaco, New Jersey, 07082-1306)

BR. PAUL AMBROSE

Letter to friends of MARIST FOREIGN MISSIONS (adapted)

As I mentioned in a previous communication, I have asked Brother Provincial to name someone to take over the mission work that I have been doing for twenty years. After returning from Rome in 1976, and after selling Tyngsboro and then getting the retired Brothers established in Leeds Terrace, I started this mission work partly to keep busy but mainly to help the missions which have always been close to my heart, especially so after having spent a few years in Liberia with our Brothers there.

Brother Provincial has asked Br. Patrick Tyrell to take over this Marist Foreign Mission work, for he himself was in our mission in Japan for the better part of his life. I will continue quietly on the sidelines to do what I can for the missions and to be available in any emergency.

The Lord has been especially good to the missions this year. We received \$10,849 from benefactors and \$98,500 from Foundations. I must mention some of the places and purposes we have helped to alleviate. Our former pupils of Liberia, refugees of that war, are suffering in Ghana and in the Ivory Coast; I sent money to Father Wright to help take care of some of the worst cases. Help was sent to Nigeria for the catechists to our lepers there. Help also went to Br. Hanz Shubert in North Kenya for a small vocational school there. Foundations helped Kidapawan, and Br. Crispin Betita in Dadiangas, and our work with wayward boys in India. And they helped with a residence for our Marists at Holy Cross College in Sri Lanka. Of course, help went to Rwanda; more will be needed there. Then we always give help to various missionaries passing through the United States.

It has been a special privilege to work with so many dedicated friends. I cannot thank our benefactors enough. Please join us in thanking the Lord for making all this possible and for continuing the Founder's care and solicitude for foreign missions. (Marist College, Kieran Gate House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601; 914-585-3233)

FROM BR. PAT TYRELL ('49): I have been asked to take over Br. Paul Ambrose's work of helping the Marist Foreign Missions. Paul has done an unbelievable job collecting over a million dollars for our Marist missions. We missionaries in Japan were the recipients of some of his help in the early days before Japan took off economically; through experience I can vouch for how much that helped us through very trying times.

I have accepted this job with a certain reservation, as I truly believe that Paul will be an impossible act to follow, yet the work is too important to let go; I find myself playing the fool where angels fear to dance.

Although Paul has written everyone on his list, I take the liberty of writing to confirm my taking responsibility for this very important work. As I write, we have requests from places in the Marist world I have never heard of, do not know how to pronounce, and would not attempt to spell without an address in front of me. Most of these missionaries are not asking for "big bucks", but it is quite evident that with small amounts big things are being done. I assure you of a continued remembrance in our prayer and I ask you to remember our men in the missions that they may have the spiritual strength to face the daunting challenges before them. (156 East 38th Street, New York, N. Y. 10016)

MARIST HONORARY DOCTORATES

On May 18th Marist College awarded Doctorates of Human letters to:
BR. AUGUSTINE LANDRY ('50) Director at Kobe, Japan, and to:
BR. PATRICK TYRELL ('49) a province development officer.

Gus and Pat were cited for their significant work on the original building projects at Marist College. Both Brothers were recognized as well for their work in the Marist educational mission in Japan.

Dr. Dennis Murray, Marist College President, conferred the degrees. Br. Paul Ambrose, President Emeritus, and Br. Anthony Iazzetti, Marist Board Member, assisted by placing doctoral hoods on the Brothers.
BR. PATRICK MAGEE ('43) Marist Board Member and one of the first four graduates of the college, was also present and recognized.
(from the Province Newsnotes)

FROM GENE (Louis Francis) ZIRKEL ('53): The arrival of Marists All was the occasion of good news and bad news. After missing last year's picnic, I marked my calendar a year in advance. Now the date has been changed and once again I am unable to attend. I am also unable to take part in the Poughkeepsie retreat/reunion in July, as I will be in Selma, Alabama, volunteering with the Edmundite Fathers.

On the bright side, I was thrilled to hear all the news from my friends. Bill Deschene's reminiscences about Peter Anthony were wonderful. I entered the novitiate later than most, and was not into playing games. John Berchmanns allowed me to work with Pete in the carpenter shop during recreations. Pete was a wonderful teacher and model. At times he could hardly walk, yet he never gave into the pain, continuing to turn out those wooden presses for our clothing, as well as other items. He taught me the value of perseverance in spite of adversity.

Later when I spent several summers working in Tyngsboro, Pete was driving the truck through the hay field on one occasion while I was in the back stacking

bales of hay that others tossed up. Pete was going too fast for those on the ground, so we banged on the roof of the cab, yelling for him to stop, but he kept on going. Someone said in an ordinary tone of voice, "He's deaf," and Pete yelled back, "I heard that."

At a pig slaughtering Pete was asking "Where's the pig?" which was standing right in front of him, when suddenly there appeared a rat; firing his rifle Pete got him right between the eyes'.

The article about Dr. Schroeder reminded me that I was almost the first one to teach a coed at Marist College. I spent seven years there teaching summer school, and one year I was asked if I would mind if Mrs. Schroeder would take my course. I welcomed her, but at the last minute she decided not to attend. I was disappointed. Incidentally, the letter from Betty Perreault was beautiful, a great tribute to a wonderful group of people.

I have just finished my sabbatical year. I spent the time writing a book, Happiness is my Decision. It deals with the ideas I teach in my personal growth seminars, such as goal setting and goal achievement through positive self talk, and imprinting affirmation by means of visualization. It is due out in December. By the way, I look forward to getting a copy of Lenny's book!

I plan to teach one more year at Nassau Community College and then I will retire to the dozens of other activities I am involved in. Keep up the wonderful work you are doing for us with this newsletter. Spread the faith! (Six Brancatelli, West Islip, N. Y. 11795; 516-669-0273)

FROM BR. JOSEPH MATTHEWS ('65): Recently Gus Nolan asked me to put together an article on the move of Lourdes High School in Poughkeepsie from North Hamilton to Boardman Road. When the Marist Brothers returned to Lourdes in 1993, Br. Leo Shea, as President, encouraged the New York Archdiocese to look into relocating, as there was no future at the present site, and many costly repairs. Many months of studying the situation were followed by further months of negotiating with IBM for the Boardman site. In December, 1995, the Archdiocese announced that it was purchasing the IBM building and that the McCann Foundation was funding the necessary demolition and reconstruction to reconfigure the building as a school.

The 181,000 square foot building has three sections. The south wing has four floors and a basement; it will house twenty classrooms, three science labs, a computer lab, and twelve offices. The west wing has one floor and a basement. The basement contains areas for mechanicals, maintenance, loading dock, athletic storage, weight room, and lockers. The other floor has a physical education area with locker rooms, bookstore, nurse's office, two chem labs, auditorium seating 210, cafeteria, kitchen, library, and faculty lounge. The north wing has three floors. The first floor contains two art rooms, a band room with practice areas, and a guidance area. There will also be offices for faculty departments, alumni, development, athletic director, district superintendent, and for the President. As there is no gym facility at Boardman, a capital campaign to build a gym-auditorium complex and playing fields will begin soon,

The enrollment for the coming school year will be around 675, which is up from 350 in June of 1993. The projection for enrollment for '97-'98 is 800, and for '98-'99 is 925. The faculty, administration, and staff for '96-'97 will be 53 in number, with nine Marist Brothers and two Dominican Sisters.

When Br. Leo Shea left in June of '95 to join the administration of the Esopus province, I took over many of his responsibilities, The most exciting part has been working with the architects and engineers on the design and reconstruction. Meanwhile, Brother Don Neary ('68) has been appointed President of Lourdes High and Duchess Educational Park for a three year term. Br. Larry Lavalee ('74) continues as the Principal.

My two years at Lourdes will end in July when I will move to do the finances at St. Joseph's Academy in Brownsville. Since I left my 1966 novitiate year in Tyngsboro, I have been on faculty at St. Joseph's in Trumbull, faculty and administration at St. Joseph's in Laredo, faculty at St. Augustine, Laredo, faculty and administration at Marisin Public High School, Laredo, Sangre de Cristo Renewal Program, administration at St. Joseph's in Brownsville, administration at Bishop Carroll in Ebensburg.. Pennsylvania, faculty and administration at Good Counsel in Neward, faculty at Coleman in Kingston, and administration here at Lourdes.

I have enjoyed reading the letters from men who were in Tyngsboro and in various communities with me. They have brought back many memories. As of July 13th my address will be 101 St. Joseph Drive, Brownsville, Texas, 78520.

MARIST INTERNATIONAL, KOBE:

The largest construction project of the summer is the ten million dollar building of an academic center and new Brothers' residence at Marist Brothers International School in Kobe, Japan. The new four story academic building and school entrance is being retrofitted for protection against future earthquakes. (from the Province Newsnotes)

FROM JOE (Joel Gilmary) STRANG ('53): Enjoyed the article on Br. Peter Anthony by my classmate Bill Deschene. Thanks for the good memories in Marists All. I am visiting exotic places (now in Jordan) while teaching aboard a U. S. Navy amphibious assault vessel. In many ways the sailors remind me of our monks: dedicated, hardworking, and in uniform. I often compare lifestyles with my students. (P.O. Box 857, Pacific Grove, Ca. 93950)

FROM PAT GALLAGHER ('53): This September it will be fifty years since I first met David Kammer, an editor of this newsletter; I was his student in the fifth grade at St, Ann's Academy. Last April I passed my 60th milestone. Mary took me to Yosemite, to a place I hadn't seen before. It was so magnificent at that time of year, still. snow under the trees. In time I'll slow down a bit, but I'm still jogging the mountain roads, and working at the skills I learned in Esopus, Tyngsboro, and Poughkeepsie: cutting down trees, clearing land, and building stone walls.

In late March we went to England to see a friend who had a brain tumor. A number of times he had asked to see us, and thinking that chances of his beating the disease were slight, we cashed in our frequent flyer coupons and went. He and his wife, with their wonderful. attitudes toward whatever was coming, taught us a lot about living and treasuring time together. While in England, we stopped to see the most magnificent of cathedrals, Canterbury. I remembered my college Chaucer as we wended our way down that road and through the old streets of the city.

Some time ago I was a panelist at a conference in Savannah. When I was introduced to my co-panelist, he laughed and said, "Hi, Brother Pat." The last time I had seen Bob Hoffman (Roselle.. '65) was 29 years ago when he was a plebe at West Point. Bob became a lieutenant, went to Nam, stayed in the Rangers, and before retiring was heading up the Ranger Fourth Battalion. He has an M.A. in Sports Physiology and is now working for a company promoting police physical fitness. So now our paths cross on the circuit. what a wonderful credit he is to the Brothers and to Roselle.

We'd love to host any of you driving along 1-81 (Exit 114) or the Blue Ridge Parkway (milepost 155). (The Wild Geese Inn, P.O. Box 60, Indian Valley, Va. 24105; 540-789-4056)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Wonderful stories of the "monkery," hopefully never to be lost. The story of Pete Anthony by Bill Deschene, the story of Berkie by Joe Maura, marvelous! There are so many more stories that make the rounds by word of mouth at jubilee celebrations, at "blowouts," at reunions. Let's hope we can convert some of those stories to writing that they may never suffer diminishment, that they be a record and remembrance of a rich Marist culture. Who will write about Francis Xavier, Henry Charles, Big Ben, John Pat, Leo Hy, Wally, Sarge, Herbie Daniel, Bimbo ... We don't have to wait for the passing of many of the good guys to tell their stories. And we need to broaden the record of our culture by including your experiences and your ongoing story! Write soon to Gus Nolan, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12601, or to David Kammer (August) R.R. 2, Box 3300, Oakland, Maine, 04963 (September) 476 LaPlaya, Edgewater, Florida, 32141