



## ISSUE # 11

**November 1989**

FROM RICHARD LAPIETRA ('50): The last GMC Picnic, held on a rainy September day in the cafeteria at Mount Saint Michael, prompts this note. The day was gloomy, but the spirit of camaraderie within was palpable. Somehow, the image of John Francis, baseball cap atop his head, busy and attentive about everyone's needs and comfort, is the concrete expression of the love and affection that was very much alive in that group of people.

Why did that bring back to me my own decision to leave the Brothers and my sense, even now that I am married to Barbara, of feeling very much a part of the Brothers. It is that feeling of being together in a place where I belonged that was so alive that rainy September day, and that has always been a pervasive sentiment of every GMC picnic since they began a score of years or so ago. Each year the cast of characters changes a little bit. Some of the early participants have not been around for a while, and each year there are new faces. But every year there is that sense, "lord., it is good for us to be here." And now more recently the same message, the same refrain is heard through a new medium. In issue after issue of Marists All, our men speak from their hearts of their sense of brotherhood, and of the meaning of Marist in their lives, then and today, And so it happened that even as I was chatting and savoring the delectable victuals that had been prepared by all the participants, my heart was experiencing these powerful and wonderful feelings and my mind was reflecting on what this all could mean. Then something clicked for me, and I could not keep from sharing my thoughts with the group, and so, presuming on their patience, I climbed atop one of the benches and asked them to listen. Afterward, Dave Kammer asked me if I would share those thoughts with you.

What it came down to was that I kept asking myself what it was about the Marist experience that created such a powerful bond. And what was it about the Marist life we all shared that, different as we all are, generated such a common response, the response that I have been hearing year after year at our GMC picnics, the response that we all sense in our successive readings of Marists All. The answer I come up with inevitably finds its way back to Champagnat. The spirit and the fire of what he created explains for me how over the years such a fine group of good men were drawn together and still find something unique in one another's company. Further, those who have married seem to have found women who express and generate a similar sense of feeling at home in the great Marist community. In the Marist lexicon, family spirit is not just a pious phrase. Champagnat somehow found a way to make it real for all of us. However we might try to define or describe his spirit, his charism is so alive and vibrant today in our common heritage and our common sense of brotherhood and family that we can touch it. And we do. (12 Wilmot Terrace, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12603; 914-485-8219)

FROM GUS NOLAN ('48): We had a GMC liturgy here at the Nolan's last night. Excellent turnout, several monks for the first time. Esopus: Joe Maura and Jim McKnight, back from the missions. Pksie: Donald Kelly and Joe Sacino. Joe Bel

and Zig Rancourt also; they are old faithfuls. John Berchmans is beginning to fail some ... will fall asleep any time, at table, at TV ... but not at Notre Dame games.

FROM BR. HUGH TURLEY ('54): I was really excited by the picnic, to see familiar faces not seen for so long. Meeting up once again was a fantastic experience. I was struck by how quickly and naturally we came together again and drew upon a spirit we grew up with in our schools and were a part of in our early years of teaching. It was wonderful. Thank you:

Quickly tracing my path: Thirteen years in the Biology Department at Marist College and two years on the Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota. Then in response to the Institute's call to serve the poor, the Province started communities and work in the dioceses of Jackson, Mississippi, and Oakland, California, in 1981. I volunteered and was part of the Mississippi project for the next eight years. At first I taught high school, then did refugee resettlement work, and finally administered Catholic Charities for the diocese of Jackson. Stability in 1987 at the St. Patrick's Cathedral celebration of our 100 years of FMS presence in the USA; and now an appointment by Sean Sammon, provincial, as Director of Development and Fund Raising for the Province. (4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, Il. 60655)

FROM GENE ZIRKEL ('53): My wife Pat and I had a fantastic time at our first GMC picnic at the Mount. Br. John Francis and the other Brothers were terrific hosts. It was a rainy day, and we considered not driving all the way to the Bronx; besides would there be anyone whom we would know? I am so glad we attended, met so many old friends, and caught up on the latest news. My only regret is that I learned that these great parties have been going on for ten years, and we missed the first nine! (Six Brancatelli, West Islip, N. Y. 11795; 516-669-0273)

*PICNIC: A PLEASANT SUCCESS-* Even though our 1989 GMC picnic day was on a cloudy, damp, rainy weekend (with the #1 and #2, Notre Dame/Michigan football game in competition) a good number of friends gathered in the Mount cafeteria. Many of the married folks were accompanied by their wives and children. Present were:

Paul Bruneau '51, William Krueger '51, Dan Nolan '56, Jerry Callahan '62, Richard Lapietra '50, Buddy Nolan '51, Richard Connelly '52, Manny Lopez '63, Gus Nolan '48, Woodrow Duke '62, Ed McElroy '53, Frank Reilly '48, William Doherty '61, John McGallogly '59, Bob Reynolds, Gene Donnelly '46, Frank McNiff '51, Larry Sullivan '50, Ray Hamel '44, Frank Moran '50, John Wilcox '58, David Kammer '42, Jim Murray '56, Bernard Woods '52, Gene Zirkel '53

Brothers who joined in conversations about old times were: From the Mount: John Francis Colbert '44, Joe Cerin '26, Simeon Gerald '33, Pat Magee '43, Ken Marino '47, Bob Leclerc '50, George Matthews '53, and Christopher Shannon '60. Leonard Voegtler was with us, on his way from Rome to Brazil. Joe Belanger and Ziggy Rancourt were down from the college. Hugh Turley came in from Chicago. Nick Caffrey '57 was down from Boston. From other New York/ New Jersey communities were:

Luke Reddington '51, Steve Martin Holstein '47, Declan Murray '51, Bill Lavigne '50, and John Herrmann '59.

A TRIBUTE TO BR. KIERAN THOMAS BRENNAN ('35): Back in the sixties when Kieran was provincial, his conferences were always brief. In a way, his

whole life was marked by brevity. He was one to get things done and be on his way. Now it seems he took to heart the words of Psalm 89: "But seventy years is our life span, ten more perhaps for the strongest .." Until cancer finally got a stronghold on his body, Kieran led a life full of energy, enthusiasm, good humor, many interests. He was 71 going on 51. We wish God had given him at least those extra ten years.

Early teaching years were in Savannah, St. Ann's Academy, Marist Prep, and Cardinal Hayes. We knew him best as a teacher in the juniorate, as master of scholastics, and as provincial. To whatever work he did, whatever position he held, he brought the special Marist qualities of simplicity, humility, and modesty. He was warm, gentle, kind, and wholesomely mischievous. As a teacher in the juniorate he was notorious for spreading false rumors. John Colbert remembers Kieran spreading the rumor that the Master was planning to let the juniors travel by bus to attend the traditional Thanksgiving Day football game between the Mount and Hayes! It was one of Kieran's many ways of stirring up community interest and spirit. According to the monks at the Mount where Kieran last served as guidance counselor, that mischievousness was one of the special talents Kieran never discarded.

Kieran spent some of his finest hours as master of scholastics. Who could ever forget Kieran shaking his head in bewilderment when scholastics mentioned the latest developments in philosophy and in theology? Fortunately Kieran had gained many insights from his readings, especially of Shakespeare; and through his marvelous common sense and intuition he had a great understanding of human nature. Thus, he knew well his job as master of scholastics,

Kieran became provincial in March of 1965, just a few months before Vatican II held its final December 8th session. He inherited the winds of change. By no means were the days ahead smooth sailing. Kieran guided the province through those very disturbing and turbulent years of radical change in religious life. Luckily, he could read the signs of the times, even though he sometimes neither liked what he read nor was he always convinced of what he read. With his council's advice, he decided what was best for the province in those times. In 1969, the Brothers affirmed their trust and confidence in his leadership by re-electing him provincial.

Despite his pain and weakened condition a few weeks before he died, Kieran insisted on attending a three day provincial assembly of Brothers in Riverdale. His presence was a sign of hope for the future of Marist life. Kieran was a special link between our Marist past and our Marist future. He was totally Marist. In so many ways, he reached out to all of us. (Thanks to Br. Richard Rancourt)

FROM BR. JOHN McDONNELL ('59): A hearty, heartfelt THANK YOU for Marists All. In addition to evoking happy memories of good men, it encourages me when I read all the good that f.m.s, and former f.m.s, are accomplishing. As for myself, I've enjoyed working on our second novitiate staff here in Rome these past two semesters. Since our next session does not start until January, I'll be working in Nigeria, Ghana, and Liberia during the fall. Our group of '59 had its 30th anniversary reunion in Bayonne this past August 16th, thanks to Br. John Herrmann. Hope all of you enjoy the GMC picnic at the Mount. New address: Fratelli Maristi delle Scuole, Piazza M, (Champagnat, 2 - Cas, Post, 10259, 1 - 00144,. - Roma, Italia).

FROM JIM (Paul. Francis) FRIEL ('56): Last week I had the privilege of attending Terry McMahon's funeral. It was a very special shared marist family experience; you had to be there to capture the profound sentiment of Marist camaraderie. Who Terry was, the man he had become, a man of profound Christian life, was captured in the homily by Tom Murphy. Hopefully Tom's beautiful words will be shared through the pages of the newsletter.

The Marist Brothers poured out for Terry's funeral Mass; many of them I hadn't seen since the '50's. In a way, you could say it was "pay-back" time. Terry had visited Kieran, and had just been to Kieran's funeral. When word went out that another Marist had fallen, the troops rallied, and Terry went home with a fine escort to tunes of glory from the assembled and from the diaspora- the priest's tribute to Murphy's homily to Dan Nolan's reading of the Gospel: "If you have not charity ..." Terry surely had charity, so I guess he fulfilled his contract with the Gospel.

My wife Kate and I knew Terry back in the old days when I lived in Woodside and Astoria after leaving the Brothers in 1963, and we were still dating. In fact, Terry was one of the first people from my brotherhood days whom Kate met. He was always warm, expansive, genuine. We used to dine occasionally at Villa Violette in Woodside. Terry was also supportive of Metro-Mac, the first alumni chapter outside of Poughkeepsie. There's much to remember of Terry from the old days, but for now I say in his favorite language, Ave atque vale!

On a biographical note, Kate and I got married in 1976, having gotten engaged at Marist College during a homecoming weekend. After residing in Centerport, Long Island, for a time, we lived in Greenwich Village for nine years. In the city we regularly saw Marist Brothers at St. Joseph's Church. Declan, Leo Shea, Lennie. Recently we moved to Northport, Long Island, in the shadow of the Tom and Marianne Byrne's clan. I've been at the State University of New York since 1970, teaching philosophy and some English. A group of us did philosophy at Fordham: Ed Donahue, Rich Rancourt, George McGuire, with Joe McMahon getting his PhD from St. John's. I do a lot of writing and publishing. Poetry, satire, philosophy and the like. My wife is also a published poet and a painter. Her business interest is fashion design and right now, handpainted ties. We're getting up a Christmas catalog. Speaking of Metro-Mac, so many people took part in it that an article has to be written about it later. (20 Vail Street, Northport, N. Y. 11768; 516-757-7506)

FROM BR. WILLIAM LEVIGNE ('50): Greetings from the Garden State. Can't tell you how many people I run into who appreciate Marists All. The most recent two were former monks from my group: Charlie Scott and Pat Donaghy. I met the former at an ordination of a good friend of mine in Milwaukee. Charlie met me at the airport, and we shared a couple of hours together before he drove me to the Cathedral. We talked about the possibility of a group reunion next year, our 40th. We still need the addresses of: G. Donaldson, J. Fitzpatrick, R. McAneney, B. Provencher, W. Troescher, and W. Walsh.

I've just finished a Brothers' Institute at Seton Hall, and now plan to spend some time with Mom in Massachusetts. She is still well and able enough to live alone. We celebrated her 93rd several weeks ago.(Marist Brothers, Raritan Road, Roselle, N. J. 07203)

ST. AGNES HIGH SCHOOL from Br. Thomas Potenza ('73): There are two significant "Marist Events" this year, and I thought your readers would like to

know about them. The first event involves St. Agnes High School. Brother Tom Schady ('75) is the present principal and I am the Assistant. Bob Conte, who was a novice in 1977, serves as Dean of Discipline. The 44th Street building where so many of you went to school or served as monks under Leo Hy, Cyril Robert, Wilfrid, Pat Magee, Ziggy Rancourt, and others, is nearly a hundred years old and looks every day of it.

Over the past summer the entire operation of St. Agnes moved--lock, stock and barrel--to a building on East 33rd Street, the former site of Immaculate High School, which was closed last June. Our new 33rd Street site is also an old building, but the environment of the Kips Bay area is much more pleasant. At four stories we're the tallest building on our side of the street, and there is plenty of light and cross ventilartion with a drastic reduction in the chaos, noise pollution, and truck fumes that marked our place in the Grand Central Station area. The official plan (barring church politics, zoning laws, etc.) is to develop the 44th Street property; whatever future structure rises there is supposed to include a brand new St. Agnes Boys High School. No doubt, that is a long, long way down the pike. For now, the move to the new neighborhood seems quite satisfactory. If you're in the area, stop by to take a look for yourself.



**CHAMPAGNAT YEAR:** The second event: as you are, no doubt, aware, the present year marks the bicentennial of Marcellin Champnat's birth. Tom Schady and I, along with Brs. Pat O'Reilly, Rich Carey, and Michael Sheerin, have been asked by the American provinces to coordinate this commemoration. Budget and circumstances in no way allow us to duplicate the great celebrations of 1986, when the American provinces celebrated our centenary in this country, so this time we are encouraging a series of "grass roots" celebrations. Local schools and communities will mark the year by focusing on themes based on the charisms of the Founder, such as love of work, devotion to Mary, compassion for the poor, etc.

A 90 page booklet of prayers, reflections, and activities for communities and apostolates is being delivered to each Brother. Special (Champagnat banners and posters will be sent to coordinators in each place.) A new Champagnat logo is available.

We will gather the Brothers for a dual province celebration during the Christmas break. And big plans are being made for a Youth Symposium at the Mount in April. Our aim is to make Father Champagnat better known and appreciated. Your own devotion to the Founder and to things Marist certainly contributes to our goal, and we are grateful. (Marist Brothers, 156 East 38th Street, New York City, 10016;212-889-1176)

**FROM EUGENE (Kieran Matthew) CONNOLLY ('41):** Your last issue shocked us with the news of Br. Cletus Richard's death. We had been waiting for him to visit us at our summer home in New Hampshire, as he had been doing each of the past couple of years on his trip north. John Curry's warm and wonderful piece about Cletus and about his own experiences was a gift to us.

When Br. Peter Louis (Trot) died several years ago, I wrote an article about him, which was printed in one of the province publications. A former Brother suggested that Marists All might be interested in doing something with it, for those who did not have access to the community publication. It is enclosed, but it's long. Please feel free to use it in any way you wish ... (19 Bayberry Road, Danvers, Ma. 01923; 617-774-8158)

Remembering "TROT": [Peter Louis ('24)]: The news came north to us from Florida on a cold, early winter New England evening. The Marist voice from Miami was filled with love and sadness. It spoke of the last days, of the courage, the wit, the steadfastness, the prayer, the fidelity to medical orders, the resignation .... and the bishop who left Trot's hospital bedside on Thanksgiving Day, comforted and inspired.

As he had to, Trot loved in his way, and his way was a joy for the rest of us. He is remembered ... remembered at nine years of age, waiting at the door of his twin sister's school, holding the rope of a sled he had covered with blankets for her warmth, and remembered a few years later, wiping the tears from her eyes as he tried to explain why she could not leave for the Brothers with him. And he is remembered leaving on the desk of a young Brother who had borrowed a cigarette from him, two packages of Raleighs from his allotment, coupons included. He is remembered handing visiting mothers of two young Brothers shoe boxes filled with sandwiches, cookies, and fruit, bound with twisted coat hangers for handles, as they boarded the train from Wheeling to New York. Remembered Saturday after Saturday standing behind a kitchen chair cutting the hair of every Marist head that appeared. Remembered stopping to talk or joke with a Brother he suspected of being lonesome or blue; preparing exquisite food and drink for special community parties; saying the perfect defusing word to cool an argument between colleagues; bringing the community to life and together at breakfast by saying something that even the sleepest and most resolutely taciturn could not resist responding to; scrupulously preparing extraordinarily detailed and organized notes for his classes; volunteering to take the place of Brothers for whatever they became unable to do; making his Brothers and his friends aware by a wink, a smile, or an expression in his warm, soft eyes that they were special; comforting and inspiring those who came to comfort and inspire him; and in his final days preparing a calendar of the birthdays of all the Brothers so that each celebrant could receive congratulatory wishes from the Marist family; throughout working for the well-being and salvation of others, and doing it with grace for sixty years.

Gone is the man we remember. Gone is the man who well understood pain and joy and love, and how to blend them into a life of grace and gracefulness. Gone is the spirit of Trot, the spirit that warmed our days; gone, theologians tell us, to become more of what he was becoming. (Thanks to Gene Connolly '44)

FROM REV. WILLIAM FADROWSKI ('63): After graduating from Marist High School in Bayonne in 1962, I entered the Esopus novitiate and took the habit in 1963. After two years at Marist College, I was sent to Union Catholic in Scotch Plains from 1966 to 1972. During that time I received an M.A. in guidance from Seton Hall University. From 1972 to 1980 I was at Marist High in Bayonne as guidance counselor and chairperson of the Religious Education Department.

I served as Assistant Superintendent of Schools in the Archdiocese of Newark from 1980 to 1985. I began studies for the priesthood in September of 1985, and

was ordained in November of 1987. Since January, 1988, I have been at Queen of Peace parish in North Arlington, New Jersey. It is a large blue collar parish with about 4000 families. There are four priests on the parish staff. We're kept very busy with weddings, funerals, sacramental preparation. The parish runs a coed high school with, over a thousand students. The Lasalle Christian monks and the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chestnut Hill, Pa., are in the high school; we also have an elementary school with over five hundred students. North Arlington is just west of Jersey City and east of Newark; the Meadowlands Sports Complex is just a few miles to the south. A number of former students from Marist Bayonne live in the parish. I hope the Marists All news letter continues to be a link among all of us.(10 Franklin Place, North Arlington, N. J. 07032; 201-997-0700)

FROM ED (George Abel) MILES ('55): I thought I wrote once before, but with all the moving we have done I don't know if I ever sent the letter ... so here goes. When I left the Mount in 1959, I got drafted. Luckily I got into the Marines. (I didn't want to give up the discipline!) When I got out, I went to work and teach in a reformatory, Lincoln Hall. Then I lucked out, got a National Science Foundation grant at Syracuse, and got an M.S. The next 27 years I taught, coached, and then went on permanent leave last September from Ardsley High School, Ardsley, N. Y.

About four years ago I realized I was going to have three kids starting college at the same time ... on teacher's pay! Well, insolvency breeds initiative; my wife Andy (Andrina) and I set out subdividing our property in Westchester. It was a long haul, but we succeeded and learned a lot from our mistakes. That led to three other subdivisions around the state, and by that time it was fun.

Then I got a strange type of arthritis and was told I needed a different climate. We tried Arizona, two days, too hot: Now we love California after six months here. We miss our family and friends, but if they were smart, they'd retire out here too. It is the best climate, and it isn't that expensive. We bought a 1300 square foot condo across the street from the ocean for 85K. We are going to live here till our three kids also decide to come to California.

What I really would like to do is to hook up with anyone who wants to work to help Des Kelly's mission in Pakistan. There are a lot of needy people, but Brother Thomas is the person who fulfills needs. If you have started something already and need somebody to get it going in the West, just let me know. Call Saturday or Sunday (619 431-7045) and we'll send the saved dough to Des. That's it! DOUGH FOR DES; (7369 Alicante Road, Carlsbad, Ca. 92009)

ZIMBABWE MARIST NEWSLETTER I have been on the mailing list of Marists All from Francis Gudyanga since the first issue. However, the last issue I received was that of May, 1988. I was in England then. I came back home to Zimbabwe at the end of January this year and am now a lecturer in the Department of Metallurgy at the University of Zimbabwe. Would it be possible to get copies of Marists All issues from #6 onwards. I would appreciate it very much, for I have found them to be very inspiring and interesting reading. Here in Zimbabwe we have launched a similar newsletter, and have enclosed a copy. We have named our newsletter. Once a Marist ... Always a Marist. I hope to be able to send you a copy of every issue as they come out. Greetings to all Marists. (P.O. Box MP 167, Mount Pleasant, Harare, Zimbabwe)

Editor 's Note: The mailing list of the Zimbabwe newsletter includes the name of at least one person we know, Isidore Sabeta. Izzy did his studies as a young

Brother at Marist College around 1970. He is now chief chemist at Lever Brothers in Harare, Zimbabwe. His address: % Lever Bros. 2 Stiring Road, Harare, Zimbabwe.

FROM PAKISTAN: Br. Thomas Kelly ('53): Over the summer we started construction of the buildings needed to accommodate classes K to 10. The construction industry in Pakistan is very labor intensive with a minimal use of any type of machinery. Building foundations are dug by hand, concrete is prepared by the age-old process, and the carrying of bricks and mortar is done by ladies balancing the heavy loads on their heads. The women balance a small board on their heads and then manage to pile 24 bricks on the board in an amazing feat of strength, dexterity, and poise. The bricks weigh five pounds each, so a file of 24 bricks weighs about 120 pounds. How they walk so easily along narrow walls and rickety planks makes them a wonder to behold. They put in a full day's work carrying bricks and concrete, and during their breaks in the hottest part of the afternoon they go to the canal to wash the family laundry.

This summer the newspapers warned that there was an outbreak of meningitis, but it was simply cases of measles. Parents treated the children by bundling them in warm blankets, giving them hot herbal fluids and making them inhale smoke from a herbal fire. When the children developed diarrhea, the parents cut off all fluids. The children were not dying from measles; they were dying of dehydration brought on by folk remedies. We managed to get many children to a local hospital where they were put on intravenous feeding to get fluids back into their bodies. We hope we will be able to educate these poor people to enhance their survival skills.

Throughout June the mercury continued to climb well over the hundred mark. I escaped the worst of the heat by heading for the States where I was able to visit with many of the students and teachers where I taught at St. Elizabeth High in Oakland; then I caught up with family and friends in Washington and New York. The time spent in the States was very profitable as it allowed me to attend a convocation with 120 other Marist Brothers and gave me the opportunity of thanking many of those who have been of immeasurable help over the past two years. There is no plaque attesting to the loving help we have received. The school that is being built and the youngsters who are recipients of your generosity will always stand as a monument to your caring and sharing. (Sargodha Catholic School, Box 110, Sargodha, Pakistan)

#### FROM THE MARIST WORLD-

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA: Just three years after the mining town of Johannesburg sprang up, the first three Brothers arrived to establish what was the first boys' high school in the city. Now there are three very fine high schools, all "open schools", racially mixed; in addition there are two Brothers working in Soweto, the vast African township of more than two million on the outskirts of the city.

The centenary of the presence and mission of the Marist Brothers was celebrated on June 6th by a Mass attended by the Cardinal, other bishops and priests, and the two thousand boys and girls attending the schools; there were also hundreds of other guests, parents, Religious, and civic dignitaries. A liturgical drama depicted the history of the development of the Marist colleges from whites-only boys' schools into the co-educational and racially mixed schools of today.



The reception following the Mass was held on the site of the first school, where now stands a high hotel called the MARISTON, a direct reference to the previous Marist occupation of that property, and a significant tribute to the vital role the Marist Brothers have played in the city.

KOBE, JAPAN: The Marist Brothers' International School here recently captured the attention of many newspapers in Japan when they held a model meeting of the United Nations among their students, who in fact include twenty one different nationalities; this type of project was seen as unusual among the normally bookbound Japanese students.

NOTRE DAME DE L'HERMITACE, FRANCE: On the 13th and 14th of May more than two thousand young people from France and from all over Europe gathered in the valley of the Hermitage to celebrate Pentecost with Marcellin Champagnat on the occasion of his 200th birthday. Words of welcome to each young person: "You too are called like Marcellin to create something new in your own life and around you. May Marcellin help you to respond generously to whatever God expects of you."

MEXICO CITY: Brother J. Gabriel Ibanez (whom we believe made his novitiate with us in Poughkeepsie from 1942 to 1944) is the Director General of a unique project geared to promote literacy among poor children in Mexico. The project is called "The National Patronage for Literacy and Education Extension." It has a fourteen-member Board of Directors, almost all of whom are former students of the Marist Brothers, plus three Brothers, including Br. Basilio Rueda, Superior General from 1967 to 1985.

LEBANON: The battles began in Lebanon fourteen years ago. Our Marist schools in Champville and Jbeil-Anchid have not suffered too much damage so far, despite the shells which have fallen on the property. There have been no classes since the 13th of March; they could reopen this September, but more likely it will be January. No one has escaped the economic crisis that this situation has created for the teachers, many of whom find themselves compelled to emigrate. There are presently nineteen Brothers still trying to keep alive the charism of Champagnat in this land of suffering.

FROM JOHN ROCHE ('52): Thank you for including me on the Marists All mailing list. It is nice hearing from so many people I haven't been in contact with in over twenty years. Each issue is more enjoyable than the last. Since I left Marist in 1965, I taught at Stepinac High School for a half year, and then decided to move south seeking the warmer climate that I had gotten use to as a Brother at Columbus High. I was fortunate to find a job teaching math in Miami at Coral Gables Senior High School. Although I enjoyed my position there, I was happy to return to Christopher Columbus High in 1973. It was refreshing to be back teaching in a Marist environment.

My wife Bettye and I were married in 1968. She is an elementary school teacher working in the local school system. Like me, she enjoys her profession. Bettye does my Christmas cards, birthday cards, etc. In fact, she wrote most of this letter. She's terrific. Currently my time outside of teaching is mostly taken up with gardening, yard work, simple home repairs, square and round dancing, clogging, and now we are taking ballroom dancing lessons. Keeps me busy and out of mischief. Bettye enjoys the same leisure time activities. Would love to visit with any of you if you are down our way. Give us a call and plan to drop in. (9740 S.W. 100th Avenue, Miami., Fl. 33176; 305-271-3876)

DECEASED: We understand that Ken Connell ('58) has died. We have no details. May all our deceased friends rest in peace.

MAIL UNDELIVERED: Some people have apparently moved. If you know the correct address of any of the following people, please send same along to us; they were receiving the earlier issues of the newsletter. Frank Callahan '59, Ron Gagnon '67, James Long '62, Tom Corcoran '75, Gerard Geoffroy '68, Sean Mahoney '57, Tim Falkenstein '48, Robert Grady '53, Joe McMorrow '63, Raphael Ferncord '34, John Harty '52, John Mullins '55, Dennis Freaney '62, John Kinch '59, John Warren '60

BUSINESS UP-DATE: You will notice that in this issue we have fewer first time correspondents than ever, only seven. We certainly appreciate those who keep us updated on things of mutual interest, but what can we do to activate the pens, typewriters, or word processors of those who have not yet shared their news with us? COME HOLY SPIRIT; There is an urgency in this matter. After paying the expenses of this issue #11, we will have enough funds for two more issues; yet we have received only two checks in the last three months ... not yet an urgency. We really enjoy receiving mail: Write to David Kammer, 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, CT. 06791, or Gus Nolan, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601.