

From **BR. SEAN SAMMON (S.G.)** to Gene Zirkel:

Many thanks for your thoughtful note and for your Christmas greeting. I do an annual Christmas letter, but this year it will be delayed a bit longer than usual. Many of the tasks that are necessary in organizing the new General Administration are taking more time than I anticipated. Most people tell me that is par for the course, but nonetheless, I'm behind.

Gene, I would love to join your session of the Marist Institute of Spirituality this summer but cannot. I have a commitment in Australia that predates the recent election and out of which I could not squirm. I'd be happy to look at the other dates you sent once the General Council meets for its plenary sessions in March/April/May and works on the calendar for the next four years. So, if you'll give me that space, I guarantee that I'll be back in touch and, if possible, try to see my way to being with you for one of the Spirituality sessions. John and Sue Wilcox and others have been telling me for years just how good those days are for all involved.

The question of finding new models for all who cherish Marcellin's dream was a major theme of our recent General Chapter. I think that the WEB page with its almost daily announcements, opened a new world of information to so many people. Single and married people using a variety of models are very much involved with communities of brothers throughout the world and in the ministry also.

I just spent the weekend here in Bolivia with all involved in the District including a young married couple and several other laywomen and men who are very much a part of the life of the District. They were participating in the Province Assembly along with the brothers. Arturo was a novice with us in Spain; his wife Tere has become more involved with the brothers through Arturo. They have a baby, also Arturo, whose presence was heard from time to time! He has a wonderful set of lungs!

In any event, the General Chapter has asked this new General Government to do more work on the question of "lay partnership" on the international level. My hope is that such action will encourage more dialogue and interaction on the national level around the world, particularly in countries where not a great deal has happened since the Champagnat Movement of the Marist Family was introduced during the late 1980s. It is clear that we cannot coordinate the many efforts underway worldwide. My hope is, however, that we can become a resource to help people on the national levels.

Since the time the Champagnat Movement of the Marist Family was introduced in a number of countries throughout our world, a strong movement has grown up. We can only see this as the action of the Spirit in our time. I often think to

myself that we have a new model of Church here, one based on the concept of brothers and sisters together rather than on models that are hierarchical.

Let me run. I just wanted to let you know that I'll do what I can to get to one of the future Marist Institutes of Spirituality, and that if it is possible for me to accommodate any of the dates you mentioned, I'll be back in touch by the late Spring of this year. May Mary, a woman who lived courageously in an uncertain time and who took a chance on God, inspire us all during this exciting and, at times, troubling era of change. Blessings and affection. Sean

From **BR. HUGH TURLEY** ('54): I have just received word that Dr. Jacob Birnbaum died October 11th at the age of 101. Doctor Birnbaum did dental work for the Brothers and boarders at the Mount for many, many years. I was notified of Doctor Birnbaum's death by Theresa Cuonzo, a close neighbor. Paulette Karas and I visited with Doctor Birnbaum and Mrs. Cuonzo in the Bronx two or three years ago. The doctor had no family. He spent his final days quietly at home. His good neighbor, Mrs. Cuonzo, made sure he was properly cared for during his final years and days. Pat Magee will be better able to give greater details about Dr. Birnbaum's help at the Mount. I'll tell Dave Kammer and Gus Nolan for Marists All; many of the former monks will remember Doctor Birnbaum fondly. (10114 South Leavitt Street, Chicago IL 60643; hugh@marist.net)

From **MARTY LANG** ('47): I'll tell you what was going through my mind when Anne and I attended the memorial service for the deceased brothers last November 1st. My first thought on walking through the entrance to the "English Village" in Esopus was Brother Leonard Voegtle. Back in the heady days of Vatican II he and I as grad students had struck up a friendship at Catholic U in Washington. Last year after the memorial Mass at this same time Anne and I had visited Leonard in the hospital in Kingston. Len was recovering from yet another bout with his illness. He was sitting peacefully reading some prayers in a chair against a window with a spectacular view of the mountains in the distance. Clearly a man soundly at peace with himself and with his condition. As he explained the prognosis offered by the doctors in his usual dispassionate way, he seemed almost to surprise himself by telling us, "You know, I could die from this." But it was a momentary thought, already long ago digested. We went on to other things.

A year later as we stood before his grave, still new enough that it was not fully integrated into the cemetery with proper sod and headstone, I said a prayer, but it was not for him but to him. We placed our carnations among the many others on his grave. A glance in any and every direction at headstone names brought back a flood of memories, faces, and stories from the past.

In the memorial liturgy held now each year in Esopus around All Souls Day the brothers have introduced a touching new tradition. Brothers from the metropolitan area, along with former brothers and their spouses, come together to celebrate the lives of their friends and companions buried at the Marist cemetery. It is certainly a "Marists All" occasion. As we walked to the cemetery saying the rosary with the bell tolling, I was swept back to the two long black lines stretching from the Provincial House in Poughkeepsie, across the Water Works Road, and past the Scholasticate, the mournful bell tolling, as we made our way to the white walled cemetery beyond the old novitiate. In spite of that type of funeral, patterned out of the French countryside, as Leonard used to joke, we didn't miss an hour of class, back to our desks by 9 a.m. Those were unusual days for us bright eyed youngsters plucked out of Brooklyn, the Bronx, and the

hinterlands. As the old French brothers passed away, a new wave of life flowed over Poughkeepsie, filled with serious yet mischievous youngsters, as one author wrote about the Irish monks, living as if the days of life came in an endless supply.

At this year's service I saw a brother about my age and wondered why I didn't know him. In fact, he didn't recognize me either. We found out that we were in the same group! He was Brother Alfred George who spent most of his life in the missions. It must have been forty years since we had seen each other. Another member of our group Brother Marty Healy was there, a fellow 50th anniversary graduate of Marist College. He was on crutches, recuperating from a fall. The brothers graciously served lunch to all present and with the buoyancy of the living we had a great time breaking bread together and catching up on the old stories. (295 Fairfield West Road, Fairfield CT 06432-2743; 203-374-1050; malangj5@msn.com)

From **TOM (Andrew Thomas) DOTTINGER** ('54): I will write something soon. I guess that I may be trying to keep up my reputation from novitiate days of being the last one in the door. In Tyngsboro Brother Pius Victor, the Master of Novices, appointed me bell ringer to try to get me to activities on time. (25 Sumpwams Place, Babylon NY 11702-3917; AndyH537@aol.com)

From **BR. BRENDAN BRENNAN** ('56): The attached piece was written by Allan Stevo, a '97 graduate of Marist High School, Chicago. The piece was given to me by Allan's father who suggested that there might be a value in publishing it in Marist circles. Allan's brother John of the class of '99 was one of six who traveled to Rome for the canonization of St. Marcellin. What gives added meaning to this piece is that both Allan and John, as well as their dad are Lutherans.

Greetings from Rome In one of my pieces of mail, I noticed a picture of a chubby statue with a caption saying something about Marcellin Champagnat. Then during my travels to the Vatican I endeavored to see the statue.

I met several American tour guides who chased me away with their insistences that all of the statues on the exterior of St. Peter's Basilica are from the 15th century. They assured me that no one would add to them. Several times I passed through the Vatican, always flagging down a tour guide, but I still didn't have my answers. Remembering how kind the Swiss Guard had been to me earlier, I decided to consult them again. "Go to Religious Information inside the post office," was one guard's response. Sitting behind the Religious Information desk was a little elderly nun who spoke neither English nor Spanish, making verbal communication challenging. I drew a picture of St. Peter's Basilica, drew a stick figure of a little man, and then wrote "Marcellin Champagnat." Before I finished writing the name, a light bulb went off in her head. She got out of her seat behind the desk and asked the postal teller if he spoke English. He shook his head. She motioned for me to follow her.

She walked two paces ahead of me through a gate guarded by the Swiss Guard, and then corrected them when they stopped me. There was no conversation between us as she hobbled over the cobblestone incline. It appeared very difficult for her. I began to feel blindly cared for by this old stranger. As we turned the outside wall of a rotunda, she pointed up and said something. I followed with my eyes to where her finger was pointing. The clean white statue of Champagnat peered out from its niche on the wall. After I nodded to signal

that I had finished my appreciation of the statue, she gestured toward the many empty openings on the wall for statues. "Only three," she said, holding up three fingers. She motioned around the rotunda to two others. It seems they have been there a while since both had been damaged by the pollution. "Santa Brigida," she said as she pointed and held up one finger. "Santa Caterina," she pointed with two fingers; "E Santo Marcellino," she pointed with the third. I felt very proud, but did not understand why Champagnat was so important.

Again the little old nun walked me through the Swiss Guard, and as we reentered the crowd she looked back as if to say goodbye. My request for her name must have been Latinate enough at least for me to understand. She responded "No importa," then with a clever smile on her face she added "Informazzion" as if that was her name. I thanked her and she moved on.

The following day I met Brothers Gerry Brereton and Sean Sammon at the Marist General House in Rome. I told them the story of the nun and how Champagnat's statue was one of three that were obviously in a place of honor. "What makes him so important?" I asked. My curiosity was both appeased and strengthened when they told me that in the eyes of the Catholic hierarchy, Marcellin Champagnat is one of the most important saints because of his work in building a church across international boundaries. This is the reason that out of those many spots for statues, only three are filled, and one is filled by Champagnat. --- Allan Stevo, Marist High School, Chicago, '97.

From **RICHARD FOY'S** Web Site: **"THE MARIST BROTHERS AND ESOPUS"**

"The first year: 1942 - 1943"

My brother Peter and I arrived at Esopus just before lunch on Monday, August 3, 1942. Brother Gabriel Vincent, the New York recruiter, drove us from our home in the Bronx. Earlier Brother Joseph Damian had spoken to our eighth grade class at St. Francis of Rome, and I signed one of the cards he left. I heard nothing until mid July, when Brother Gabriel, whom I knew later of course as Gabe, appeared at our door. I was in bed with pneumonia, and my brother was in the other bedroom with the mumps. My aunt told Gabe to wait until she straightened my room; when my aunt came out of the room, there was no Gabe. He had moved right into my brother's room, shown him a movie of the Juniorate, and signed him up to study to be a Marist. My aunt told Brother Gabriel that he had spoken to the wrong person, so Gabe trotted into my room and repeated his performance.

On arriving at Esopus, Peter and I were the tallest and smallest of the students; my brother at 6'4" and me at 4'11" and 12 years old. Peter had spent a year at Regis, a Jesuit scholarship school, but was turned off with its concentration on language skills; I was scheduled to attend Mount St. Michael. We were among the first of the 'newcomers' in Esopus. We were introduced at the beginning of lunch and welcomed by the 'oldtimers' who earlier had moved from the old Juniorate in Poughkeepsie. For the first month or so we ate at the super's house, later known as Holy Rosary. The Episcopal Church had operated a convalescent home on the property and had set up a kitchen and dining room in that house. Later we would move to the mansion, after the kitchen in that house had been modified to feed a larger group of students.

For several days I kept looking for the pool that I had seen in Gabe's movie. Finally, John Paul Frank, an oldtimer, took me aside and explained that the movie had been filmed in Poughkeepsie. The first afternoon all of us went down to the river to swim. Brother John Patrick was the prefect. We changed in the boathouse and then jumped off the dock. I was happy as a lark, for my aunt had given strict instructions that I was not to swim, yet nobody stopped me. Later, Brother Gabriel told me he had come down to the dock, saw me in the water, realized it was too late, and forgot to issue the warning to the authorities. Nobody told me the Hudson River was a tidal river. I jumped off the center of the dock and was carried upstream when I fully expected to go downstream. I spent what seemed like hours struggling to reach the center of the dock where there were two ladders. I was too proud to ask for help, and did not want to swim to the shore above the dock, as we had been warned about snakes on the rocks.

Swimming in August carried worries and joys. One worry was the amount of seaweed or grasses which accumulated and moved up and down the river. One tried to avoid swimming into these. A fun thing was when the Hudson River Dayline passed by, making a large wake. It was "everybody in for the rollers". Another trick was swimming underwater. We ran contests to see who could swim farthest. I remember Eddie Vollmer diving off the dock and not surfacing. Brother John got very worried. Finally Eddie surfaced about 200 feet offshore. After that the contests were forbidden.

The Hudson can be dangerous. When lightning got close, we would all take shelter under the eave of the boathouse, or inside the boathouse, and watch as the storm came down river and finally past us. Peter Foy remembers watching lightening strike the river on the east side, and being leery to go in the water afterward. Later I understood Washington Irving's stories of the men bowling in the Catskills, as thunder arose very suddenly.

Brother Ulrich Chanel Lambert, our cook at the time, now reminds me that during one of those sudden storms, he and Brother Richard Alban, one of our teachers, took a rowboat out into the river and got caught by the storm. They disappeared from our view. When the storm passed, they found themselves downstream near the Holy Cross Monastery.

There was a gazebo on the southern part of the dock. If you weren't swimming, you could sit there in the shade. The gazebo was used as a buffet center during picnics. If the picnic was in the evening, we would build a fire, and Brother Francis Xavier, over from Poughkeepsie, would regale us with spooky stories. The one I remember most was about the phantom of the opera, probably appropriately sanitized to eliminate the romantic elements. That story was so scary and extended that it took two nights to finish. With only a flickering fire to light us, the setting was perfect. -- until it was time to walk up the hill to the dormitories. Brother John had the only flashlight, so if you would straggle in the dark, your imagination would quintuple the fright.

Often when we sat on the dock, we watched LST's, manufactured in Kingston, go down the Hudson. Their trip down to New York City was a trial run as well as a delivery. We also saw sand and gravel barges heading downstream. We could see freight trains moving along the east bank of the Hudson. One recreation was to count the cars, then compare the count with our fellow students to determine who was right. In 1945 we went down to the dock to watch the train carrying President Roosevelt's body to Hyde Park. If you went upstairs in the boathouse

using a circular staircase, you could walk out on a little porch which looked south over the dock to Hyde Park.

Brother Linus William was our Master of Juniors. He had come to this assignment in Esopus from the house of studies at Catholic University, where he studied for a master's degree in mathematics. He had a flair for the dramatic, and a temper to match. But he was also genuinely considerate of us all. He had grown up in the Irish section of Harlem and well understood the backgrounds of lower middle class boys like ourselves. As Master of Juniors Linus was a distinct break from a pattern that had maintained leadership in the hands of native Frenchmen, Canadians from Quebec, or French Canadian brothers from New England. Superiors in Europe distrusted American culture and were reluctant to pass authority into the hands of the American brothers, particularly those with no background in French language.

When we were still eating in the super's house, Brother Kieran Thomas Brennan appeared on the scene at lunch along with Brother James Bernard. For his slight build he had a fierce look. He and James Bernard were probably dismayed and furious at being exiled to the Juniorate from a regular high school, but they were part of Linus' drive for young, superior teachers.

VISIT THE SITE FROM WHICH THIS EXCERPT IS ADAPTED:

www.ecommerce.marist.edu/foy/esopus

Richard Foy would like others to send him first hand stories, even vignettes, of later years in the history of the Marist Juniorate in Esopus. He would also like to have essays on the years the Esopus property was dominantly a novitiate or scholasticate or retreat house or summer camp. . Mail to: Richard Foy, 717 Washington Avenue, Chappaqua NY 10514-3309
--- or you may e-mail to: foy@telutopia.com

From Pat Zirkel: MARIST LAITY NAME SERVICE COMMITTEE

Laity and religious associated with the four Marist congregations met at Marist House Retreat Center in Framingham, Massachusetts, this past October. Their objective was to discuss collaboration among the various Marist lay groups.

Father Ed Keel (sm) called the Framingham meeting in response to evaluations of the First National Conference of Marist Laity (November 2000, New Orleans) which indicated that many of the more than 140 participants wished to have enhanced contact and deeper sharing with other Marist laity, as well as access to resource materials and help in doing Mary's work.

At the end of the weekend, an exploratory service committee was set up to facilitate ongoing communication among all lay Marists. Appointed to the new committee were the following seven people associated with the four branches of vowed Marists: the priests, brothers, sisters, and missionary sisters. The committee members can be reached as follows:

(sm)	Bob Alzapiedi	Bolton, MA	bob@alzapedigroup.com
(sm)	Ann Brown	Santa Cruz, CA	anniebees@aol.com
(sm-srs)	Angela Laesch	Eastpointe, MI	lalaemar@aol.com
(smsm)	Claire B.Leonard	Central Falls, RI	cbleo63@aol.com

(sm-srs)	Marla Urbanek	Chicago, IL	puppy7556@aol.com
(fms)	Patricia Zirkel	West Islip, NY	pzirkel@worldnet.att.net
(fms)	Gene Zirkel	West Islip, NY	genezirk@optonline.net

The service committee will be organizing a number of sub-committees. One will work on the existing web page (www.maristlaity.org); another will work toward a second National Laity Conference. We need YOU, the Marist laity, to help identify other needs. DO YOU WANT TO HELP? Why not forward your ideas to us? Do you have any material that you would like to share with other lay Marists? We seek, encourage, and welcome the participation of all. This could be the beginning of great things for Marist laity. (6 Brancatelli Court, West Islip NY 11795-2502; 631-669-0273)

From **ED CASTINE** ('50): Last night I downloaded the latest issue of Marists All and proceeded, as usual, to read it from beginning to end. Thanks again to those responsible for keeping it published and for the great web sites for both "The Marist Brothers" and for "Marists All." Many thanks especially to Dave, Gus, and Richie Foy.

After completing my reading of the newsletter, I decided it was time to get a note off for the next issue. I had hoped to do this before the pre-holiday issue, but missed the chance. Be that as it may, Maureen and I hope that everyone had a Blessed Christmas and that the New Year will be rich with blessings. We have had a rather unusual year 2001, so here are some details.

We loaded our 5th Wheel RV trailer and pickup truck on January 3, 2001 and left home for an extended trip to Texas, particularly St. Joseph Academy in Brownsville. It took us about a week to get there as we visited friends and sites along the way. The weather we experienced was so cold, many times below freezing, that we had to have neighbors send us winter clothing via Fed Ex! We remained in Brownsville for three weeks, and while there we frequently visited the Brothers, faculty and school. Everyone made us feel most welcome. We were happy to find how well the school is doing and to learn of the great plans for the future. The plans to open a school for underprivileged children in the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades in September 2002 are great and we heartily endorse the project. If I am not mistaken, it will be centered in the school that was formerly the Our Lady of Guadalupe School on the grounds of the parish of the same name. Maureen and I were parishioners there and served in various ministries. The parish certainly was and is in a poor area. The weekly offerings at Mass were barely 15% of the offerings that are made in our current parish in Lantana, Florida. Regardless, the people there formed a friendly Christian Community. The projected school and ministry certainly would fall into the ideals of St. Marcellin Champagnat.

Leaving Brownsville, we headed for San Antonio and Dallas for brief visits and then made our way back to Florida, arriving about the end of March. A few days after Easter, we again took to the road and headed Northeast. Among our objectives were Marist College and the Marist property in Esopus, hoping to visit with Brother Leonard. Unfortunately we received news of his death and were greatly saddened by the loss of a long time friend and colleague. Leonard and I were in a group of some 23 sophomores who began in Marist Prep in 1947. Maureen and I did get to Esopus and visited Leonard's grave as well as that of Brother Pat Tyrell. Pat and Anthony Louis trained Bill McNamara and me in the

fine art of cooking for the novices and postulants. That year's experience still serves me well. Maureen and I walked through the cemetery, prayerfully recalling memories of those either I or both of us knew. It is truly holy ground; visiting there has a profound and unique effect. After speaking with Brother Don Nugent and a visit to the chapel, we resumed our journey to New Hampshire.

In Littleton, New Hampshire, we were part of a program for a KOA Kamp called "Workampers." In exchange for part time assistance running the camp you receive a free campsite, utilities and cable TV. We worked there from the end of April to the day after Labor Day. If there are any RVers among Marists All who are considering this program, investigate thoroughly. Our program turned out to be more work than camping. While there, we made a trip to Camp Marist, which I had not seen since sometime in the mid-sixties. The changes were quite dramatic. We did get to see some of the monks, among them Brothers Ken Robert, Louis Richard, and Alphonse Matuga. Brother Alphonse was my algebra teacher at St. Ann's; he got me on my way to becoming a math major and teacher. Maureen and I also visited the retreat center on the camp property and met Brothers Frank Farrell and James Ryan there. It was great seeing the monks and the camp. Perhaps someday the camp would be interested in our help in some capacity.

Gil Levesque's pieces in recent issues of the newsletter brought back lots of memories, especially about Tyngsboro. Bill McNamara and I broke in Gil and Dan Proulx as our successor cooks for the novitiate. Dan lives a short distance from us now; we see him and Mary from time to time. By the way, Gil, that great shop Brother Peter Anthony had was electrically driven and produced some of the finest pieces of oak furniture; the tractor and buzz saw were used at the saw mill. Pat Gallagher's reference to Tyngsboro and his visit there just scratched the surface. How about a more extensive description in a later edition, Pat. Congratulations, prayers and best wishes to the Jubilarians listed in the last edition. Ad Multos Annos! (2856 Cambridge Road, Lantana Fl 33462-3815; 561-642-0335; EdNMoeC@aol.com)

The latest from **BRIAN DESILETS** ('45)

... on **THE MARIST COLLEGE HERITAGE PROJECT**

Richard Foy and Brian Desilets are spearheading an effort to document digitally the heritage of Marist College, especially the contributions of the Marist Brothers to the foundation and development of the college, lest in time the Marist Brothers' role in the college will be forgotten, as can be seen from the following anecdote:

A student was showing the campus to a group of prospective students and their parents. When they got to Champagnat Hall one of the parents asked the student who Champagnat was. Said the student, "Oh, he was some rich guy who donated the money to build the dorm."

I continue generating web pages on all phases of the college development: the pre-Marist period from the purchase of the land by Ed Bech in 1853; the early Marist era from 1905/08 to 1929; the normal school period, 1929-1943; then phases led by Marist College Presidents Brother Paul Ambrose, Richard Foy, and Dennis Murray. I seek assistance getting data from many sources, especially from the Brothers. The work of audio interviews goes on. About a dozen of the interviews have already been put on CD's. I have located a large cache of slides

and photos in the admissions department at the college, perhaps a few thousand slides and a file cabinet of photos. These are all available to us. I have put about 800 of them in catalogs, and Rich Foy is starting to put in key words and comments. We need texts or at least links to texts. We hope to recruit help in this effort. I expect to set things up for someone to work from home.

Right now I am hoping to recruit Brothers interested in helping by working with the archives in Esopus. One really important part of this is digging out biographical information on the Brothers buried in the Poughkeepsie cemetery. We have scanned their images. Now we would like to be able to make a statement on what part each of them had in the foundation and development of the college. We want to make available information which will document the role the Marist Brothers played in the history of Marist College. If we don't document this information, these men will simply be names on a granite slab next to the McCann Center. I would like to do the same documentation for the Esopus cemetery, incorporating in the Marist College web pages those who were directly associated with the college.

We would like to gather other pertinent data, such as information on the Brothers who taught at St. Peter's and lived on the Marist College property, what the property was used for from 1908 until it became the scholasticate and normal school in 1929, and any other information which might shed light on the evolution of the college property. You may visit the on-going creation of web pages by going to our web site, which is under construction at:

<http://www.ecommerce.marist.edu/GMCproject/hermitage/hermitage.html>

PHONE AREA CODES: Our web site www.ecommerce.marist.edu/foy/maristsall has several data bases available to our readers: e-mail addresses, postal addresses, and phone numbers of our Marist contacts. May we ask your help in keeping these updated. At the moment we are aware that there are many phone areas that have been expanded. If your area code has been changed lately, please send us your new number. You might check our web site to see what area code we now have for you. Thank you.

DECEASED We have word that Edward Bischof (William Arthur '50) died in early January. Ed had lived in Ft. Lauderdale for many years and worked there in carpentry. Several years ago he returned to his native Wheeling with cancer, expecting to die within several months. He lived on for two years. We hear he is survived only by a brother and a sister.

From **FRANK (Donald Martin) THOMPSON ('44)**: A brief note from one who has enjoyed Marists All from the beginning. I was sad to hear of Brother Adolph Leo's passing. As Bernie Garrett noted, not many of us are left, yet because we were a large group we have more than expected alive and well. I am the Director of the Facilitator Center at Pace University and one of our contracts with the State Education Department makes me the Facilitator for non public schools. Thus, I often have contacts with the monks. I enjoy that very much. More to follow. I will write again soon as I wish to comment on some recent writings. Thanks to Gus and Dave.(79 Vineland Road, Mahopac NY 10541-1263; 845-628-0536; glasgow26@aol.com)

Another **CHALLENGE:** Where were they? When? We present this feature, not only as a challenge to stir our minds, but also as an occasion to remember fondly the friends behind the names. The answers to the "Challenge" in our issue #63 of August 2001: the left column was a list of those brothers assigned to Bayonne

for school year 1963-64; the right column listed those assigned to Manhasset, 1961-62. (Br. Francis Bernard '49, sorry that we failed to include you in that Manhasset list! And Br. Robert [Lopez '59] should have been to the left with Bayonne.)

Below are additional sets of provincial assignments to two Marist communities. Can you identify the communities? Do you know the year of the assignments? Recognize the names?

'26 Br. William John '26 Br. Benedict Henry '27 Br. Henry Firmin '31 Br. Valerian '32 Br. Giles Marcellin '36 Br. Walter Edward '37 Br. Louis Donateur '42 Br. Rudolph Eugene '48 Br. Michael Ignatius	'50 Br. Hugh Andrew '51 Br. Leo Francis '51 Br. Raymond Richard '51 Br. Stephen Luke '52 Br. John '56 Br. Raymond Lawrence '57 Br. Fabian '59 Br. Benedict '59 Br. Edmund
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EDITORS' NOTE: We believe that in this our #66 we have come up with an interesting issue of the newsletter, even though we have had very little correspondence from individual friends. We are most grateful to those who have helped. Please do not hesitate to share your news and your ideas for an improved newsletter. By the way, there are a few people who have indicated a preference for receiving printed copies of the newsletter by postal mail, even though they appreciate looking in on our web site. Please feel free to ask for such a mailing.

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