IMAGINING EVIL
A CONVERSATION ABOUT ART AND BELIEF
Eichmann's feet

One winter day in the mid-fifties, a group of us fourth-grade boys gathered during lunchbreak at the brick wall at the far end of the schoolyard, a place far from the teacher monitors who, with hands in coat pockets and cigarettes in lips, were scanning the swirling games for evidence of trouble. Joined in a rough huddle, we passed a photograph from hand to hand. It showed Adolph Hitler and a group of German officers. The Fuhrer was smiling, and the soldiers were smiling, and everyone was dressed in uniforms and caps. The curious and wonderful thing, though, was that while the soldiers stood in polished boots, the Fuhrer did not, and one could therefore see that in fact he did not have feet but cloven hooves. The story told by the boy who had brought the photo to school (claiming to have found it in a drawer in his father’s desk) was that Hitler was asleep when word of a great victory reached him, and he leapt from bed and rushed out to celebrate with his colleagues, forgetting to put on the jackboots that he used, under normal circumstances, to conceal his true genus.

For those of us gathered at the wall, the evidence before our eyes, and the import of that evidence, seemed reasonable, salutary, even comforting. Like most well-raised and well-protected children, we were confirmed dualists: good and evil were the opposing powers that made life intelligible, whether in Yankee Stadium, in the war with International Communism, or in the Hopalong Cassidy shorts that opened children’s matinees at the neighborhood movie palace. That Hitler was Satan, and not human, made perfect sense given what we knew of his desires and bloody accomplishments—made more sense, in fact, than anything we had been taught, or might have overheard or imagined on our own (or, frankly, would later learn).

I’m not sure when my personal fling with dualism ended, but the letdown seems to have been gradual, as happens in most cases, and it was certainly complete by 1961, when Adolf Eichmann—spectacled, sallow, diffident, the kid who gets picked last for dodgeball—went on trial in Jerusalem for carrying out Hitler’s plan to have Europe’s Jews killed as quickly and as efficiently as possible. I was a teenager then, and so I knew the world for what it was: a road accident, a folly, a joke that wasn’t funny enough; and I knew as well what Eichmann’s feet were like. They were yellow-white and clean, like wax on an old candle, with faint traceries of red and blue blood vessels alongside the slim, girlish ankles; with arches that ached after a post-dinner walk or a trolley ride on which Herr Eichmann was obliged to stand because he had given his seat to an elderly woman. The toes were rather small, and somewhat mashed by their years in pointy-toed boots and narrow shoes. The toenails were clipped straight across and close, probably once a week, following a warm bath.

Primo Levi, who had the misfortune to become one of the 20th century’s most accomplished students of evil, once noted that it was self-conscious artistry that distinguished the real thing from all its wannabe cousins—like stupid brutality or crude barbarism. “Arbeit macht frei,” over the entry gate to Auschwitz, was the sprightly touch of evil, as was the inmate orchestra that played Mozart while the doomed were invited down from their railroad cars. In more recent years, Levi’s standards were nicely met by the Serbs who paraded naked Serb women before naked Bosnian male prisoners and then dismembered the Bosnians who showed the slightest natural physical response. And biblically, the Serpent’s use of Eve as a way to bring Adam to sin against God and at the same time place a chasm forever between man and woman certainly makes the grade.

I was mugged once, kidnapped once, and once knew a sadist. But I am no expert on evil. Further, I confess to finding it dull, inert, platitudinous matter, like Eichmann’s feet. Auden, in my view, got it disdainfully right in “September 1, 1939”: “I and the public know / What all schoolchildren learn, / Those to whom evil is done / Do evil in return.”

The accounting couldn’t be simpler. The airplane aimed at the office lounge? The pension plan laid bankrupt? The bomb in the rented truck beside the day care center? Not a problem. You may need to check back a few years, but somewhere on a balance sheet or in an auditor’s note you’ll find the entry that seems to equalize the books: a pinched childhood, an unjust treaty, a dog-toothed god who sends signals.

I know very well what theologians say about the mystery of evil. For me, however, goodness, not evil, is the mystery. What complex logarithm could allow us to predict the trajectories of the WTC stair climbers, or of those who stayed behind with frightened colleagues? Or of those who called the answering machine at home to swear unregretting love from the edge of eternity, or of those who backed away from crowded elevators, saying, “No, you first. Please”?

Our story on the art of evil, conceived long before September 11 but perturbed, like so much else, by the events of that day, begins on page 20.

Ben Birnbaum
Art of darkness
Three writers on the nature of evil: the 2001 Boston College/Atlantic Monthly symposium on belief and non-belief

Native Evil  Kathleen Norris
Demon Evil  Joyce Carol Oates
Evil by Choice  Nathan Englander

Get busy, girlfriend
Carlo Rotella
Women’s boxing has long been a sport. Now it may become big business

The contender
Megan Gerson ’00 was looking for a way to fill the long winter when she wandered into the Fairbanks, Alaska, boxing club. Her e-mails home tell the rest

The improbable career of Mr. Blue
John Breslin, SJ
In 1928, Myles Connolly ’18 created a Jazz Age hero for young U.S. Catholics. His peculiar literary creation survives
LETTERS

BOSTON COLLEGE magazine
WINTER 2002
VOLUME 62 NUMBER 1
EDITOR
Ben Birnbaum
DEPUTY EDITOR
Anna Marie Murphy
DESIGNERS
Annette Trivette
Melodie Werrelt
PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR
Gary Wayne Gilbert
PHOTOGRAPHER
Lee Pellegrini
CONTRIBUTING WRITER
Catherine E. Burke
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Tim Heffernan
Readers, please send address changes to:
Development Information Services
More Hall 220, 140 Commonwealth Ave.
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467
(617) 552-3440, Fax: (617) 552-0077
www.bc.edu/update.html
Please send editorial correspondence to:
Office of Marketing Communications
Lawrence House, 12 College Rd.
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467
Boston College Magazine
is published quarterly (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer) by Boston College,
with editorial offices at the Office of Marketing Communications,
(617) 552-4820, Fax: (617) 552-2441
ISSN 0885-2049
Periodicals postage paid at Boston, Mass., and additional mailing offices.
Postmaster: send address changes to Development Information Services
More Hall 220, 140 Commonwealth Ave.
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467
Copyright 2002 Trustees of Boston College. Printed in U.S.A.
All publications rights reserved.

www.bc.edu/bcm
NOW ON BCM’S WEB SITE:
COMING EVENTS
a campus calendar for BC alumni and friends
PLUS • further readings
• photos • links • discounts from the BC bookstore

SEPTEMBER 11
I just read the Fall edition of BCM, and I want to tell you what a wonderful job you did in covering the 9/11 tragedy. I could hardly read the “Remembered” page through my tears; so many talented people.

Thank you for letting parents know what steps the school takes when a tragedy occurs.

LUANN H. JENKINS P’93
Nicholson, Pennsylvania

HERO’S CHOICE
Tim Townsend’s profile (“At Ground Zero,” Fall 2001) of John McCann ’99, a firefighter who worked in the wreckage of the World Trade Center, is gut-wrenching.

As a graduate of a top-ranked university, McCann could have chosen work that was less risky and financially more rewarding. But he chose to work face-to-face with evil and human fragility.

I saw Lower Manhattan burn on September 11. There is a difference between watching your city burn and being at the seat of that tragedy. BC has graduated many people who have made it in the world of business. But it has also graduated many others who chose a more humble and, in McCann’s case, heroic life. People like McCann bring pride to my alma mater.

THOMAS H. ALTON ’80
Brooklyn, New York

COPING
Based on my own experience, I want to offer advice to surviving parents raising young children. I was born in 1940. In 1942, our home burned, and we (my mother, her parents, and I) were rescued by the fire department. My father was at sea, serving as an ordinary seaman in the U.S. Merchant Marine. Seven months later, his ship was torpedoed and sunk in the North Atlantic. All were lost.

Human loss as a result of deliberate, violent acts leaves behind, I believe, a special grief and sorrow. Your child in time will appreciate your struggle and may think of his or her care as a burden.

Your child may not speak of this, wanting not to add to your sorrow. Therefore, as my mother let me know in different words, tell your child that the blooming, irrepressible, uproarious life, barely contained in that little body, not only made the effort necessary—it made it possible.

ROBERT B. COMIZZOLI ’62
Belle Mead, New Jersey

TEAMWORK
My heart was filled with tremendous pride at the expression of “lived community” that characterized Boston College on the morning of September 11 and in the days that followed. Thank you to William Leahy, SJ, and thank you to the team.

I was saddened to learn that a student wanted to renounce his citizenship because of the faults he recognized in his country’s leadership. He would surely find comparable failures in any other country.

BERNADETTE BEZARE, SGM, ’67
Edmonton, Alberta

SEATED POET
An added bonus for me in the Fall 2001 issue is the poetry of Robert Cording, Ph.D. ’77 (“Married Love”). I met Mr. Cording in September at a reception at Holy Cross. He had just been designated the first recipient of a new chair in creative writing.

ROBERT W. BARRETT ’61
Newton, Massachusetts

FOR THE BIRDS

When you look past the romantic posturing, Mr. Motoviloff is bragging about the enjoyment he takes in killing beings who bear him no ill will and could not harm him if they wanted to. If he wants to play-act at “satisfying the primitive hunger,” there are plenty of video games that pander to our less civilized appetites. That way no living beings will have to die in his charade.

NORM PHELPS
Silver Spring, Maryland

Editor’s note: Mr. Phelps is a program coordinator at the Fund for Animals.

SECOND-YEARITCH
As an academic and career advisor at Keene State College in New Hampshire, I read with great interest of Half-time, Boston College’s break in the action for sophomores (“Time Out,” Fall 2001).

We have found that our second-year undecided students and lower-level transfer students are often our “forgotten” population. As Leah Platt’s article mentioned, first-year students are embraced by Orientation, juniors have decided on and are pursuing a major, and seniors are involved in outward transition...
WHALEN’S GIFT
I’m sure all the Newton College alumnæ appreciated, as I did, the acknowledgement of James J. Whalen’s death in the last issue of the magazine, but I can’t leave notice of his passing to a one-line announcement.

Those of us who were Newton students during Dr. Whalen’s presidency came to appreciate the wit and intelligence he brought to the college’s daily life and the controversies he engaged. As a student, I had the chance to argue many of the issues of the times directly with Dr. Whalen, and I always left thinking he understood my position better than I did.

Jim Whalen was a president who never forgot he was an educator.

Dr. Whalen’s professional career had only begun when he completed the transaction that transferred Newton College of the Sacred Heart to Boston College, the beginning of a great era for the University. He engaged that controversy with intelligence and grace and went on to many years of distinguished leadership of Ithaca College. Along the way, Jim Whalen became a leading and respected participant in the debates on American higher education’s most pressing issues. A few of us (including this writer) were influenced in our career choices by his work.

PATRICIA M. BYRNE
Wellesley, Massachusetts

Editor’s note: Ms. Byrne is vice president for administration and planning at Wellesley College.

WHAT IT’S ABOUT
As a member of the group featured in the summer 2001 issue (“The Group”), I want to thank Boston College Magazine for its focus on an important element of life: friendship. I also want to thank Charlotte Bruce Harvey for her gentle manner and her sensitive writing.

In response to Patricia Cruise’s comment in her letter to the editor in the Fall 2001 edition, I too thought, at first, that activities and achievements would be included in the article. As my (telephone) interview with “Brucie” was coming to a close I asked if she now wanted to know about awards, honors, accomplishments, etc. Her response was glued purely friendship. How nice. How very, very nice.

CONNIE REGOLINO ’56
Brookline, Massachusetts

ONE OF SIX
I regularly see six alumni magazines, and BCM is the most impressive and relevant. Congratulations on the fine job you do for BCM’s alumni.

JAMES S. DOYLE ’56
Bethesda, Maryland

A FEW GOOD NAMES
Boston College’s ROTC detachment has been compiling the names of alumni and former students who gave their lives in service to our country. The eventual goal is to add plaques for World War I, Korea, and Vietnam to the World War II one already in Gasson 100.

We have, well-documented, the names from World War I and World War II. The difficulty has been with Korea and Vietnam. For the former we have three names and the latter, 21. We are sure that there are more.

It is our hope that BCM readers will contact us with the names we have missed. They can communicate with Capt. Brett Tashiro, Boston College Army ROTC Detachment, in Carney #25; at (617) 552-3230; or by e-mail at tashirbr@bc.edu.

The names that we know of are, from Korea: Joseph Flarty ’51, 1st Lt. US Army; Ronald Hickey ’51, 2d Lt. US Army; and Stanley Urbanec ’52, 2d Lt. US Army.


Also, Daniel M. Kellett ’64, 1st Lt. US Army; Thomas Lufkin ’66, Lt. (jg) USN; Christopher H. Markey ’68, 2d Lt. USMC; Daniel Minahan ’66, 1st Lt. USMC; Michael J. Monahan ’68, Pfc. USMC; Edward J. Murphy ’56, Maj. US Army; Richard L. O’Leary ’66, 2d Lt. USMC; Dennis J. Reardon ’67, 1st Lt. USMC; Paul Sullivan ’65, 1st Lt. US Army; Richard J. Sullivan ’63, Lt. USNR; Lucien C. Tesser ’66, 1st Lt. USMC; and Michael Vaughn ’65, 1st Lt. US Army.

Many thanks.

D. MICHAEL RYAN
Boston College

Correction: The campus scenes on pages 7 and 9 of the Fall 2001 issue were photographed by Michael Mergen. In Works & Days, the photograph of firefighter John McCann was taken by William Moree.

BCM welcomes letters from readers. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and must be signed to be published. Our fax number is (617) 552-2441; our e-mail address is bimbaum@bc.edu.
Over there

A VISIT TO THE OTHER BC

Boston is a small city of 50,000 lying on a broad plain beside the English Channel, about two hours northeast of London by train. Boston College—the other Boston College—is a public institution serving about 1,500 full-time students, ranging from teenagers completing their GCSE studies (approximately equivalent to U.S. high school) to twenty-somethings working at the university level. I first ran into it on the Internet, but last November, on vacation in England, I decided to pay a real visit.
The train ride there took me through a perfect English landscape—sheep in broad pastures, small stone churches, fields greening with winter crops—making my arrival in Boston all the more jarring. Exiting the station house, I found myself at the lonely end of an empty cul-de-sac, staring at the blank rear wall of a dull brick warehouse. Rain splattered off the tarmac; traffic whooshed in the distance. I could smell a river, and something being fried, but there was no sign of a campus anywhere.

Thankfully, the one other passenger who had disembarked was a Boston College student. Carrie—overnight bag in one hand, cell phone in the other—kindly introduced herself, and we agreed to split cab fare to the campus. On the way I explained what I was up to; Carrie had never heard of America's Boston College, and she contemplated my chat about “cross-cultural encounters” quietly. I angled for leads: Maybe there was a pub or rec center where students congregated? No. Maybe a coffeeshop? No, again. A McDonald’s, even? Carrie shot me a sympathetic look, the sort reserved for the hopelessly lost. “I’m sorry,” she said, and laughed, “but there’s absolutely nothing.”

That’s not quite fair. Boston, I found out, is really just an overgrown English farm town, with a mix of medieval and more recent architecture and a mid-sized seaport a short walk from the town center. Enough people live there to support some light commerce: a florist, several inns, a stationer, the requisite pubs. Produce and poultry are raised in the outlying fields, and a few fishing boats still ply the Channel. There’s not nothing; there’s just not much to interest the average young adult.

Boston College itself consists of three small campuses a few blocks apart, tucked into the seaward edge of town and separated from the main road by an enormous public field. Academic departments are housed in concrete buildings of 1960s vintage; there’s a cluster of low-slung dormitories and a small cafeteria done up in bright yellow and orange.

Most students were in class when I arrived, so I wandered around getting a feel for the place and wound up in the library. An administrator there described the student body for me. Boston College, England, she said, serves three types of student: local residents; commuters from up to a hundred miles away; and foreign students, predominantly Chinese. The English students are often the first in their families to go on in school, and tend to come from small farm towns. The Chinese students also tend to be the academic pioneers of their families, but are for the most part urban. They grew up in Hong Kong or Beijing.

When classes let out for lunch, I headed out to mix with the students. I met Dan, Matt, and Chris, three undergrads from Boston proper, under the eaves of the main building. They, too, had not heard about the Boston College in Massachusetts—I had to show them my maroon-and-gold sweatshirt to prove that I wasn’t putting them on—but at age 19, they had a good sense of why they were in school. Stay at home, Dan said, and “you’re either going to work on a farm, or you’re going to work at a packing factory.” The others nodded; Matt took a long, thoughtful drag on his cigarette. “And that’s a no-good choice,” he said, and exhaled a cheerless blue cloud. More nodding. Their fathers, it turned out, do exactly those sorts of jobs, and don’t want their sons to settle for the same thing. The guys had gone to school not for a general education, but to learn a skilled trade. Though Boston College, England, does offer courses in the liberal arts, many students—by far the majority I spoke with—choose to study a vocation: auto mechanics, electrical work, hotel management.

I asked Dan, Matt, and Chris what they did for entertainment in Boston. “Well, there’s a skate park,” said Matt, after some thought, “but it’s got no lights at night, so you can’t use it much.” There’s also a swimming pool, universally scorned by the college students because it has no diving board and is frequented by families with young children. Any dance clubs? “They’re rough at night,” said Chris. Dan seconded that view, and then urged me to watch a documentary of the town put out by the BBC a few years ago. Apparently it’s mostly about street fights.

Boston, England, is not an easy place to love, but the students I spoke to, for all their griping, seemed unwilling to give up on it, or themselves. A young woman studying to be a beautician, after bellyaching at length about the bores of country life, told me flat out that she “wouldn’t live in London for money.” She hoped, in fact, to stay in the area after getting her degree, and many of her classmates will stick around as well.

I called for a taxi in the late afternoon, and when I slumped into the seat, the cabbie asked me how my interviews had gone. He was the same man, of course, who had given Carrie and me a lift that morning. We got to talking about my experiences in England, and then about his experiences in America—he’d gone to the University of Delaware in the 1970s, and sorely missed “those enormous sandwiches” he used to have for lunch. Hoagies, yes: After three days of starving on Britain’s ungenerous portions, I missed them, too. Boston College, England, had not been what I expected, I told my driver—I’d been ready for something like those classic British institutions, Cambridge and Oxford. Too much Hollywood in my diet, I mused. My driver nodded in agreement. “Now, you’re from the Boston College over there, right?” he asked. I affirmed; he knew something about us, then? “Well, no,” he said. “I’ve only just heard of it. What’s it like?”

Tim Heffernan
When Boston Mayor Thomas M. Menino stepped to the podium in a downtown hotel one morning last December to address the most recent Boston College Citizens Seminar, he focused at length on the city's ethnic and racial diversity. Speaking to the topic “Metro Boston in the New Global Era: The Dynamics of Change,” Menino noted with pride that one of every four Bostonians was born outside the United States and that more than 140 languages are spoken in the metropolitan area. “Last year, when I gave my State of the City speech,” he said, “we broadcast it in seven different languages. Could you imagine that in the 1950s? No way.”

Delivered to a crowd of some 400 of the city's civic, political, and business leaders drawn together by the University, the Mayor's comments garnered enthusiastic applause, and not just because the attendees happened to be highly diverse. The subtext was that the Citizens Seminars—which, two or three times a year, bring Boston movers and shakers to bear on issues pressing to the city—have changed as the city has changed, adapting to Boston's needs and opportunities since the University began them nearly 50 years ago. Some changes are apparent from a glance around the room. (A photograph of the first seminar, held in Boston College’s Fulton Hall in 1954, captured a wide sea of middle-aged white faces above dark business suits.) Others are reflected in the questions of the day and the resources at hand—now aimed at managing and sustaining growth rather than at stemming a city's decline.

Patrick Purcell, publisher of the Boston Herald and the current chairman of the Boston College Citizens Seminars, made clear in a short history he gave how far the city has come with the aid of the seminars. “In the 1950s,” he said, “Boston was in a slump.” This was an understatement; in the 1950s, the city was on the verge of bankruptcy. Inadequate schools and services were driving residents into the suburbs. The manufacturing industry was being decimated by outside competition. The shipping industry was being weakened by labor strife. And the individuals in a position to help—the city's Irish political leaders and Brahmin businessmen—clung to an historic distrust of one another. In stepped W. Seavey Joyce, SJ, then the dean of BC's College of Business Administration. Joyce saw in Boston's grim condition an opportunity for the University to create a forum for the city's leaders on neutral turf—while simultaneously enhancing BC's prominence.

The first 10 years or so of the seminars were enormously successful, and they have taken on something of a mythic aura in Boston leadership circles. Out of them came plans for the Prudential Center, the expansion of transit lines, a new Government Center, a revitalized waterfront, the renewal of the market district, and more commercial construction than the city had seen for a generation. By the 1960s, Boston had recovered economically, and Boston College had become a highly visible agent of change.

What followed, however, was a period of stagnation. In the 1970s, with the big work of rebuilding Boston completed, the creative energy of the Citizens Seminars dissipated.

Once the city rebounded, there was less of a need for anybody to push an agenda,” says Peter Rollins, executive director of corporate and government affairs at BC's Carroll School of Management and, for the past decade, one of the main architects of the seminars. “The power structure stopped coming. Attendance
dropped. The people who showed up were lower on the totem pole." Some of this was a consequence of a changing economy: Corporate consolidation had moved the headquarters of several large companies out of Boston. Furthermore, much of the work in civic planning had devolved to the state and local governments.

"The seminars did remain kind of a meeting place," says Jim Lehane, the executive assistant to University President William P. Leahy, SJ, and a longtime observer of the seminars. "But you weren't getting breakthroughs anymore. You had other organizations, you had the Vault"—the secretive twice-weekly meeting of influential Boston executives—and "you had strong mayors. So basically what happened was that the seminars became an untapped resource."

It is with this history in mind that the seminars' planners in recent years have been trying to forge a new viability. They have made the seminars more inclusive, expanding the invitation list to involve members of smaller civic and neighborhood organizations and emphasizing audience participation, which in the past was limited to a brief Q & A session. "Instead of having 60 or 70 businesspeople gathering," says Peter Rollins, "now you have a true gathering of community activists—people on the front lines in the metro Boston region." Meanwhile, the University has been joined by some powerful cosponsors: the Boston Foundation, the City of Boston/Boston Redevelopment Authority, and the Metropolitan Area Planning Council.

**THE NEW SEMINARS** are designed to face a new threat. "Boston has rescued itself from the oblivion into which it appeared to be headed," Paul Grogan, the director of the Boston Foundation, said at the seminar. "But we have to be careful of the complacency of good times." Boston's current problems—sprawl, traffic and transportation congestion, persistent poverty and social stresses, inadequate school performance—cannot be fixed quickly with an infusion of capital, as many of the city's earlier problems were, Grogan and

---

**SUCCESSION**

Associate professor T. Frank Kennedy, SJ, '71, has been appointed director of the Jesuit Institute. A scholar of early Baroque music and chair of BC's Music Department, Fr. Kennedy succeeds Canisius Professor of Theology Michael Buckley, SJ, who held the post for the past decade.

**NOT RETIRING**

The Social Security Administration has more than doubled its grant to the Boston College Center for Retirement Research in the current academic year, resulting in a total award of $2.1 million. The center, headed by Professor Alicia H. Munnell, funds research into and disseminates information about retirement policy issues.

**CLUB PRIVILEGES**

The Boston College Club has presented a $20,000 check to the University, establishing a scholarship fund for Boston inner-city students. The money represents BC's first revenues from a profit-sharing agreement between the University and the club's management firm, Club Corporation of America. "We didn't expect this to take place for about 10 years," club cofounder John F. Joyce '57 said. The Boston College Club was founded in 1958.

---

At the table in the foreground, seminar participants were asked to discuss ways to improve race and ethnic relations in Boston. Elsewhere in the room, table talk focused on such topics as voter participation, workforce development, affordable housing, protection of green and recreational spaces, and access to health care.
others suggested. If the pertinent question asked at the first Citizens Seminar (by then Mayor John Hynes) was, Can Boston “regain its former place as one of the prosperous, forward-looking cities?” then the pertinent question in December (raised in a multimedia presentation by the Boston Foundation) was, “What is your vision for Greater Boston in the 21st century?”

It was a patient, all-comers type of question, and that was exactly what the planners intended. They had chosen the keynote speaker—Malcolm Gladwell, a staff writer at the New Yorker and the author of The Tipping Point: How Little Things Can Make a Big Difference (2000)—expressly for the emphasis he places on change from below and on the capacity of individuals to make an “extraordinary social impact.”

But even grassroots organizers require resources, and the more diverse the participants in the seminars are, the more essential it is that they share a sophisticated view of the city in all its parts. In recent years, the Citizens Seminars have been working with a state-of-the-art tool: the report of the Boston Indicators Project. The Indicators Project is a citywide cooperative effort, sponsored by the Boston Foundation, that tracks data and trends in 10 aspects of city life: civic health, cultural life and the arts, economy, education, environment, housing, public health, public safety, technology, and transportation. A draft of the first Indicators Report, “The Wisdom of Our Choices,” was presented at a Citizens Seminar in 1999, and the final report premiered at a Citizens Seminar in 2000. New reports will be issued every two years until 2030—Boston’s 400th anniversary.

The symbiosis between the Citizens Seminar and the Indicators Project was most apparent at the concluding session, when the individuals in the audience, seated in roundtable subgroups, were asked to focus on one aspect of the 10 indicator fields (e.g., Changing Housing Needs, Family Self-Sufficiency). The conversations were often heated, and it was telling that many complained they were not given enough time to accomplish anything.

They weren’t supposed to, explained Massachusetts BlueCross BlueShield Vice President Peter Meade, who served as moderator. The purpose of the new seminars is not to hammer out infrastructure plans, but to advance discussion and to trade information. Or, as Boston College’s Peter Rollins puts it: “We don’t need to build skyscrapers or banks anymore. We need to look at the base issues.”

Daniel B. Smith

Daniel B. Smith is a freelance writer based in Boston.

CORN—La Légende du Mois, a 1942 watercolor, is on display in André Masson: Inside/Outside Surrealism. The exhibit of works from the Gotlieb Collection—the personal holdings of former Canadian ambassador to the U.S. Allan Gotlieb—is featured at Boston College’s McMullen Museum of Art through April 28, 2002. The show contains more than 90 pieces spanning Masson’s career, including prints, sketches, and four important painted works. For more information, please call (617) 552-8587, or visit the McMullen Museum Web site at www.bc.edu/artmuseum.
CALORIE COUNTER

Student discovers an epilepsy therapy

A diet that simply cuts back on calories may hold an answer to controlling epilepsy, according to research done by a Boston College undergraduate and published in the medical journal Epilepsia. The study is the work of Amanda Greene ’00, and was begun while she was a junior.

Epilepsy is a chronic disorder marked by disturbances in the brain’s normal electrical functions. These sudden and intense bursts of electricity, or seizures, affect a person’s awareness, movement, or sensation. About 40 million people worldwide have epilepsy. Their seizures can be controlled, but there is no cure. The most common treatment is medication that suppresses the brain’s tendency to produce excess electrical discharges. When that doesn’t work, the involved part of the brain may be surgically removed. Another option, popular to varying degrees in this country since the 1920s, is the ketogenic diet, which consists mainly of fats with very little protein or carbohydrates. The diet is moderately successful in children, but has unpleasant digestive side effects.

In 1998, Dr. Mariana Todorova, who is director of biological labs at BC, was researching the effectiveness of the ketogenic diet in a breed of seizure-prone mice, developed for epilepsy studies. She was working with biology professor Thomas Seyfried, who also was looking at diet therapies in mice on another project—exploring the potential impact of diet on brain cancer. His focus was on the effects of calorie reduction.

When junior Amanda Greene appeared at the lab in Higgins Hall asking for the chance to do some research, Todorova and Seyfried decided to see whether caloric restriction would do anything for the seizures that define epilepsy.

“We didn’t have a clear idea of what we’re doing,” Seyfried says. “But we figured, what did we have to lose?”

For a semester, Greene shadowed Todorova, learning to handle the mice—how to pick them up by their tails to induce the stress that helps activate seizures—and to document data. To hone her understanding of the statistical methods required for her project, she turned to Richard McGowan, SJ, at the Carroll School of Management. In her senior year, as a scholar of the College, Greene pursued the epilepsy experiment as her independent project.

For the experiment, Greene fed juvenile mice the same nutritious mouse chow that she fed to a comparable control group, only 15 percent less. She also fed two adult groups 15 percent and 30 percent less than their counterparts in an adult control group. After processing the numbers, Greene found that the reduced-calorie diets had cut the incidence of seizures in the juvenile and the adult mice.

In the young animals, the reduced diet delayed the onset of epilepsy. Moreover, Greene’s dieting juveniles had fewer seizures than did young mice elsewhere in the lab who were on the ketogenic diet.

The adult mice benefited less, seeming to require larger calorie cuts to achieve smaller gains. But, since adult mice obtain no benefit from the ketogenic diet, even a modest improvement was significant.

“The data is really striking,” Seyfried says, and he plans to find another student to test the idea further. “We think we’ve defined a new therapy with no adverse effects.”

Equally significant, Greene found out why the diet works, and why the ketogenic diet also helps prevent seizures.

The ketogenic diet is named for ketones, substances formed by the body when it breaks down fat. Scientists have long known that large amounts of ketones in the blood—typically present when a person is starving and has literally to live off fat—are associated with a decrease in seizures. The idea behind the ketogenic diet is that eating large quantities of fat produces more ketones and will reduce seizure activity.

Greene noted in her mice that a lower-calorie diet produced an increase in ketones, but also resulted in a decrease
in the amount of glucose in the blood, which, she theorized, explains why the body turned to metabolizing fat, or ketone bodies, in the first place. The brain usually metabolizes glucose for energy, but when the supply of glucose is low, it resorts to metabolizing ketone bodies. The energy gained is sufficient to meet normal needs, Greene hypothesized, but not powerful enough to support seizures.

“What Mandy found was that ketones were a red herring, taking attention away from the really important issue, which was glucose,” Seyfried says. “The ketones are the effect of reducing glucose, but glucose is the major metabolite regulating the seizures. It’s a conceptually important study.”

Greene’s paper, which credits Todorova, McGowan, and Seyfried as coauthors, appeared in Epilepsia last November. According to the journal’s editor, Timothy A. Pedley, publication by an undergraduate is a rarity.

Gregory Holmes, a professor of neurology at Harvard Medical School, describes Greene’s study as “provocative.” Says Holmes, “It’s a very clever idea and a nice model. It indicates that some of the torturing things we do to kids [to treat seizures] may not be necessary.” Holmes cautions that further research will be needed to make sure that calorie cuts won’t impair learning, but he sees an encouraging sign in Greene’s findings that lab mice on the lower-calorie diet appear more alert and active than those getting full feed.

Greene, now 24, is doing neurology research at Boston’s Children’s Hospital as part of a team studying periventricular leukomalacia, a condition underlying cerebral palsy in premature infants. She’s applying to medical school and wants to be a pediatric neurologist.

Johanna Seltz

Johanna Seltz is a writer based in Hingham, Massachusetts.

---

**TAKE-HOME: QUESTIONS FROM FALL SEMESTER FINAL EXAMS**

**Philosophy 312: “Nihilism and Popular Culture”—Associate Professor Thomas S. Hibbs**

1. Some have argued that the Harry Potter books present evil and witchcraft as so attractive and alluring that children may be led to the dark side. Assess this thesis.
2. Nietzsche associated nihilism with the death of God. What does he mean by this? How do the films The Exorcist and Seven address the issue of the death of God and its connection to nihilism?

**Honors Program 254: “Senior Seminar: Law, Medicine, and Public Policy”—Professor John J. Paris, SJ**

Elizabeth Bartholet, a professor at the Harvard Law School, wrote an op-ed piece in the Boston Globe (12/5/01) in which she concluded that “Our society will not find easy consensus on sex selection, cloning, eugenics, the commercialization of reproduction, and many other issues posed by developing technologies.” She concludes that these issues are “too important to be left for resolution by the scientists and other private actors.”

Your firm has been asked to advise President Bush’s newly established National Commission on Bioethics on what regulations should be proposed to govern surrogacy, frozen embryos, cloning, and new forms of reproduction.

What standards would you use in your lawmaking? The “best interests” standard, which is based on the interests of the child? Or would you consider first the plight of the surrogate mother, ovum donor, sperm donor, or adoptive parents?

Be prepared to defend your position in an informed and articulate manner.

**Theology 429: “Aspects of Jewish Ethics”—Rabbi Rifat Sonsino**

Briefly discuss two of the following:

a. The change of Shabbat from Saturday to Sunday.

b. The limits of responsibility for parents in Jewish tradition.

c. What “stealing” means in the Bible and rabbinic literature.

d. Who, according to biblical law, is subject to punishment in case of adultery, and how it differs from the other ancient Near Eastern law collections.

**History 429: “Shakespeare’s England, 1450–1603”—Assistant Professor Burke Griggs**

Discuss the 16th-century Reformation and the relative importance of the following: Christian Humanism, the king’s “Great Matter,” and popular religious sentiment. Would you agree that the Reformation was slow and that popular sentiment followed governmental statute, or do you find another interpretation more convincing? In other words, when did the Reformation begin in England, and when did it end?
MEDIA SMARTS

It's not what you know; it's how you know it

CLASSNOTES

CLASS
History 351: "Information Revolutions"

INSTRUCTOR
Associate Professor James M. O'Toole

READINGS
Orality and Literacy: The Technologizing of the Word; From Memory to Written Record: England 1066–1307; The Measure of Reality: Quantification and Western Society; A History of Modern Computing; Knowledge Is Power: The Diffusion of Information in Early America, 1700–1865; The File: A Personal History

O'Toole: "We have erased the memory of what a world without writing is like."

One day last fall, history professor James O'Toole entered Carney Hall 330 lugging a pile of old, discarded books he'd collected. "Here," he said, handing one to each of the 14 students in his "Information Revolutions" class. "You've all dissected frogs. Now take these home and dissect them."

"You mean take the covers off?" one student asked, incredulous.

Not just that. O'Toole told them to pull the books apart, observe how they were glued or stitched together and how the pages were divided into signatures. He wanted them to understand the mechanics of book construction.

"They did a pretty good job, too," he said, laughing as to how, once the students overcame their reluctance to destroy the books, they really got to the assignment. "One put his book in the microwave."

There was, of course, more to the lesson than physical observation. He asked the students to think, "How does the form of a book affect the information it conveys? Is it easy to read? Does it fall apart?" By way of elaboration, he brought to the class a scroll he'd made by gluing together typed printouts (from a book he's writing) and securing both ends of the long, unruly document with wooden dowels. He demonstrated how time-consuming and awkward it was with this format to flip back and forth to an index. "The ease, speed, and completeness with which you absorb information will be slower," he told the students.

Another day, he escorted the class to a meeting with conservator Mark Esser at the Burns Library. Esser explained how ancient and medieval texts were assembled by hand, making them costly and thus available only to the affluent few.

For Dean Somes, a senior history major from Texas, that exercise caused a shift in his perception of how information has passed through history: "It's kind of eye-opening—where books come from, why they're written, their purpose." Equally illuminating, he says, was a project in which O'Toole asked students to "read" photographs. "The assignment was to study pictures and how they verbalize ideas, as in 'a picture is worth a thousand words.' I'd heard the phrase, of course, but I'd never pondered it before."

O'Toole is an historian and archivist who has long been interested in what information is and how it travels in society. This is the first time he's taught "Information Revolutions" at Boston College, and he expects to offer it every other year. He devised the course as a challenge to the commonly held notion that the world is in the midst of an unprecedented information revolution. "In fact," he writes in his course description, "this 'unprecedented' revolution has many precedents."

His class examines the more notable ones: the revolutions from orality to literacy and from manuscript literacy to printing; the rise of numeracy; the advance of technologies for recording spatial and visual information, beginning with maps in the Middle Ages, on through photography in the 19th century; and the development of recorded and reproducible sound.

A mild-mannered man with wavy, graying hair and a gift for lively discussion—one sophomore says the discours...
TOP FINISH
Randy Thomas, program director of BC's cross country and track-and-field teams, has been named women's cross country National Coach of the Year by the United States Track Association. Thomas led the Eagles to a sixth-place finish at the 2001 NCAA championship meet, an NCAA District I championship, and second place at the Big East title meet. In his 14 years at the University, Thomas has coached 27 All-Americans; women's cross country has competed in five of the last seven NCAA championships.

GOOD CHEMISTRY
Several highly competitive research grants were awarded to graduate students in BC's Chemistry Department over the past year. Postdoctoral fellows George Greco and Richard Cesati received National Service Research Awards from the National Institutes of Health; graduate student David Guertin won an organic chemistry fellowship from the American Chemical Society; graduate student Gabriel Weatherhead was named one of 10 research fellows at Bristol-Myers Squibb's pharmaceutical research lab; and fifth-year student Courtney Luchacocullis won the inaugural Schering-Plough Research Fellowship in Synthetic Organic Chemistry.

in History 351 is so “refreshing” that the 75-minute class flies by faster than some 50-minute classes—O'Toole also has a talent for showing his students the relevance of their studies. For a paper on information in personal life, students had to record and analyze all the information they encountered during a 24-hour period. “It made you think about what kinds of interactions you have in a day,” says Thomas Cavanagh '04, who scribbled two pages of notes that included everything from the wake-up chatter on his radio alarm to his e-mail correspondence. “I got the paper back, and Professor O'Toole asked me about conversations among my friends. I hadn’t thought of that. The big surprise was word of mouth.”

O'TOOLE'S LARGER point is how society has changed over time in response to the shift from information scarcity to information abundance. “In an oral world, where writing is new and not many people can do it, and printing is expensive and elite, the value of any particular piece of information is that much greater,” he says. “In a world of information abundance, redundancy and repetition are everywhere. The value of each piece is smaller, and our reaction is different. It’s a wheat and chaff problem. We have to screen out the information we don’t want or need so we can focus on what we do want and need. This process has an impact on human consciousness.”

He recalls Socrates’ fear that writing would foster forgetfulness. “Writing pushes oral stuff out of our minds.

We think of it as natural. We have erased the memory of what a world without writing is like,” O'Toole says. “With literacy, we get the ability to store information outside the brain. The brain works differently now, because it can.”

HOW WE PROCESS information is the topic under discussion one late-November afternoon. “Think back to September 11,” O'Toole says. “Where were you? What was the situation under which you learned about the events?”

“An immediate swarm of information came at me,” replies a student who awakened around 11 a.m. that day, about two hours after hijacked planes hit the World Trade Center towers. “The minute I opened my eyes, a swarm—TV, radio, word of mouth.”

O'Toole asks the students to reflect on how their reactions might compare with those of people living between 1700 and 1865, the years covered in one of their textbooks, Richard D. Brown's Knowledge Is Power: The Diffusion of Information in Early America (1889). In the book, Brown records the time it took for news to travel. Word of the Battle of Lexington and Concord, for example, which began at dawn on April 19, 1775, reached Boston by the end of the day; New York City by the 23rd; Pennsylvania by the 24th; Williamsburg by the 29th; and Charleston by May 9. By contrast, in 1865, when Abraham Lincoln died at seven o'clock on a Saturday morning, the telegraph ensured that most of the country knew of his assassination by noon. From a political perspective alone, O'Toole says, this compression of information flow had an impact on public life and the United States' sense of itself as a nation.

For all the technological advances in the ensuing 136 years, O'Toole notes, the time period for news delivery has narrowed relatively little since Lincoln's day. What have changed are the media and the packaging of information, and the degree of repetition. Television visuals, in particular, have given information a new immediacy and have intensified its emotional impact.

AND WHAT, O'Toole wonders aloud, are other ramifications of speed and technological progress—what is the impact on privacy and personal information, for instance? For the next class, he asks students to come prepared with lists of public and private entities that keep tabs on their activities.

The students devour the topic on the following Thursday. Their personal anecdotes of intrusions and information abuses fly, and the blackboard fills with a long list of who’s watching. Internet entrepreneurs, with their “cookies” that help identify, say, an online music purchaser’s tastes, are cited. “There’s no way to unsubscribe or get your privacy back,” one victim wails.

Boston College identification cards, used to buy meals and perform a host of other functions, can become logs of students’ whereabouts and spending habits. “I could tell when the kids lied about curfew,” says a resident advisor who supervised high schoolers on campus one summer. He could do so by checking what time they swiped their ID.
cards through the residence hall’s electronic lock.

A senior recounts the difficulty of restoring his good name after a credit bureau mistakenly switched the last two digits of his Social Security number with that of a less creditworthy person’s. Somes, the student from Texas, tells his classmates how police once ordered him and a friend from their car at gunpoint. The young men were searched and detained for nearly three hours over what turned out to be a police foul-up of the license plate number.

The students forge on, hands popping up all over the room. They cite birth, medical, and property records, the census, political party affiliations, driver’s licenses, rental car companies, genetic profiling, even grocery stores with their offering of coupons tailored to individual customer’s buying habits, as conduits of personal information. A junior who clerks at a video shop says a mouseclick of the computer tells him not only each customer’s address and phone number but also the titles of all the movies he or she has rented.

The classroom discussion is now in a race with the clock. The time approaches 2:45 p.m., the period’s end. The professor notes that Judge Robert H. Bork faced that very video situation during his contentious and unsuccessful candidacy for the Supreme Court in 1987, when a reporter acquired the Bork family’s movie rental records. “The movies turned out to be Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers classics. But...”

O’Toole says, his voice trailing off. He lets this nugget of information hover a moment, his unspoken “what if” dangling provocatively in the air. 

Vicki Sanders

Vicki Sanders is the editor of Boston College Law Magazine. She wrote about BC’s Small Business Development Center in BCM’s Summer 2001 issue.

STAFF SCHOLAR

Jonathan Castillo ’02 has been awarded the 2001–02 Boston College Staff Scholarship. Funded by voluntary payroll deductions from University employees, the scholarship provides tuition assistance primarily to students from Boston’s inner city neighborhoods. Castillo, a psychology major who grew up in Dorchester, has been involved in numerous community activities while at BC, including service last summer with the Ignacio Volunteers in his native Dominican Republic.

PULSE RISES

With the hiring of two new faculty members, it will be possible to increase enrollment in the PULSE Program at Boston College by approximately 100 students next year.

“The short answer to why we’re doing this is that student demand has been outstripping supply for quite a while,” said program director David McMenamin. PULSE, which helps undergraduates combine service work with studies in the humanities, currently involves some 300 students and 11 faculty members from the philosophy and theology departments.

PAPER ROUTE

Crossroads, an independent student newspaper published at Boston College, received the Ex Corde Ecclesiae award for outstanding contributions to Catholic culture from the Cardinal Newman Society in Washington, D.C., on November 10. The newspaper, founded in 2000, favors coverage of campus lectures and intellectual debate on a wide range of topics. “We’re trying to make it as genuinely Catholic—and nonpolitical—as possible,” said editor Gary Gabor ’02. Noting that the paper publishes articles by students of all faiths, Gabor added, “We’re generally interested in opening a dialogue to all.”

DATAFILE: CITIZEN MOMMY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VOLUNTEER RATES OF MOTHERS WITH SCHOOL-AGE CHILDREN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LOCAL POLITICS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARRIED OR SINGLE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Working full-time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stay-at-home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARRIED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Working full-time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stay-at-home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARRIED, WITH COLLEGE DEGREE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Working full-time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stay-at-home</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Adapted from The Private Roots of Public Action: Gender, Equality, and Political Participation (Harvard, 2001)

In the so-called Mommy Wars played out between mothers in the workforce and mothers at home, a key flash point has centered on volunteerism: Stay-at-home mothers complain that they have been stuck with carrying more than their fair share of community and charity work.

In her latest data-packed book, The Private Roots of Public Action: Gender, Equality, and Political Participation, written with Harvard University’s Sidney Verba and the University of Michigan’s Nancy Burns, Boston College political science professor Kay Schlozman uncovers the surprising truth. In most volunteer settings, working mothers of all types are better represented than non-working mothers. The one exception: local school and other youth-related activities. There, college-educated, married, working mothers are slightly less visible than their stay-at-home peers.
The letter to Jackie

HOW U.S. CATHOLICS BECAME THE EXEMPLARY AMERICANS

The upsurge of unembarrassed American patriotism in the wake of the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington inevitably recalls simpler times when almost all Americans confidently viewed their country as the sole beacon of freedom and justice in a hostile, be-nighted world.

Last spring, the Boston College library acquired a quintessential expression of old-fashioned American patriotism—the “Jackie Letter,” the gift of longtime BC classics professor Jack Shea. It was written to five-year-old Jack in 1942 by his father, Lt. Commander John J. Shea ’18, while he served in the Pacific on the aircraft carrier Wasp, just weeks before he died trying to save his men during a Japanese torpedo attack. Commander Shea’s letter, full of longing for his wife and son and forebodings of his coming death, was also a lyrical expression of the best of American values—freedom and opportunity, honor and duty, loyalty to country and family. Shea’s sisters, Boston public school teachers, read it to their grade school classes, and as word began to spread, the school system printed the letter as a pamphlet that every child brought home. The letter became something of a national sensation when it was featured in the Boston Globe and reprinted in Life, Look, Time, and many other publications.

For students of American Catholicism, however, the “Jackie Letter” is even more striking as an illustration of the mid-century convergence of Catholic values and the American zeitgeist. No one blinked at Shea’s flat statement: “Be a good Catholic and you can’t help being a good American.”

Indeed, the mass media’s equation of American values and Catholic values in the 1940s and 1950s was often so blatant as to embarrass thoughtful Catholics. If movies were to be believed, all battlefield chaplains were Pat O’Brien-style priests, the “superpadre” later civilianized by Bing Crosby in Going My Way (1944) and Bells of St. Mary’s (1945). “Our Lady of Fatima” was actually a hit record in the years immediately following the war, with at least a dozen versions by, among others, Red Foley, Kittie Kallen, Andy Williams, and the Ray Charles Singers. Bishop Fulton Sheen’s television ratings in the early 1950s swamped the erstwhile champ, Milton Berle’s Texaco Comedy Hour. Francis Cardinal Spellman even had a novel, The Foundling, on the best-seller list in 1951.

Catholics dominated the labor movement, especially in the big industrial unions like the United Automobile Workers. Labor priests were fixtures at union meetings, and many scholars credit Catholic influence for the absence of a powerful homegrown Socialist-Labor movement. Indeed, the Catholic labor movement positioned itself against Communist influence and was a key factor in swinging unions behind the Marshall Plan when postwar Europe was on the brink.

Protestants, understandably, viewed the burgeoning Catholic influence with undisguised alarm. An eight-part
1944–45 series in the Christian Century, a leading mainstream Protestant journal, asked, “Can Catholicism Win America?” and answered, “Yes.” Martin Marty, the well-known University of Chicago historian and Protestant minister, lamented the media’s habit of referring to “our” Cardinal and “our” Pope, and noted that the funeral of Chicago’s Samuel Cardinal Stritch in 1958 had drawn “more Chicago newspaper lineage” than any politician’s in memory.

To be sure, the cultural dominance of American Catholicism in mid-century was never as broad or as deep as it appeared to contemporary observers. The media and industrial centers of 1950s America were the big Northeastern and Midwestern cities, all of which were Catholic strongholds. Just as the secularist assumptions of today’s television and print journalists do not reflect the religiosity of Middle America, 1950s journalists, who were used to treating bishops as powerful political dignitaries, didn’t understand the deep anti-Catholic suspicions that still lingered in the hinterlands, as John Kennedy discovered during his 1960 campaign.

But even stripping away the exaggerations, the vast cultural power of the American Church in the 1940s and 1950s was extraordinary, the more so when one considers that, just half-century before, the Church was regarded with almost uniform suspicion and hostility—virtually as an agent of a foreign power.

The signal cultural success of American Catholicism, in fact, was the consequence of specific policy decisions that were bitterly fought out in the 1880s and 1890s between the “Romanists” and “Americanists” in the U.S. Church hierarchy. “Americanists” were willing to bet that the Church would thrive under American-style religious freedom; some Americanist bishops even doubted the wisdom of parochial schools. The “Romanists” deeply distrusted republican forms of government, preferring strong rulers with a firm hand on religious practice.

THE STRUGGLE petered out in mutual exhaustion. The Romanists helped engineer a papal condemnation of “Americanism” as doctrinally unsound. But Baltimore’s James Cardinal Gibbons won a signal victory for the Americanist wing when he convinced the Vatican not to condemn the American Knights of Labor, a broad-based movement of industrial workers that was a forerunner of modern CIO-style industrial unionism.

The grand compromise that emerged from the years of ideological struggle was a Church that was in America, decidedly for America, and its founding principles, including religious liberty, but most emphatically not of America, or at least the America of slippery attachments and unrooted values that was already emerging by the turn of the last century. At one and the same time, the Church managed to be among the most patriotic of American institutions and the most separate.

Written June 29, 1942, by Lt. Commander John J. Shea, USN, aboard the USS Wasp:

Dear Jackie,

This is the first letter I have ever written directly to my little son and I am thrilled to know that you can read it all by yourself. If you miss some of the words, I’m sure it will be because I do not write very plainly. . . .

When you are a little bigger you will know why your daddy is not home so much any more. You know we have a big country and we have ideals as to how people should live and enjoy the riches of it and how each is born with equal rights to life, freedom, and the pursuit of happiness. Unfortunately, there are some countries in the world where they don’t have these ideals, where a boy cannot grow up to be what he wants to be with no limits on his opportunities to be a great man, such as a great priest, statesman, doctor, soldier, businessman. . . .

Take good care of Mother . . . Study hard when you go to school. Be a leader in everything good in life. Be a good Catholic, and you can’t help being a good American. . . .

Last of all, don’t ever forget your daddy. Pray for him to come back and if it is God’s will that he does not, be the kind of a boy and man your daddy wants you to be. . . .

With all my love and devotion for Mother and you,

Your daddy

On September 15, 1942, three Japanese torpedoes struck the carrier USS Wasp as it sailed toward Guadalcanal. Commander Shea was seen running into the flames to rescue shipmates. He was among 193 officers and crew lost.
ratist of American religions, with its own parallel infrastructure—schools, hospitals, summer camps, mental institutions.

The compromise worked because of Gibbons's great insight that a successful American Church had to be rooted in the working classes. The great gulf between the common man and aristocratic churchmen that was the norm in much of Europe and Latin America never existed in the United States. The worker pogroms against priests and nuns that occurred in Republican Spain, and which were a real danger in postwar Italy, would have been inconceivable here.

The apogee, the golden moment, of the grand American Catholic compromise can be pinpointed to a narrow couple of decades in mid-century. And John J. Shea, brought up within the warm wrap of Catholic neighborhoods, Catholic schools, and Catholic colleges, husband and father, American patriot and Catholic believer to the bone, is representative of its great achievement.

Charles R. Morris


SILT
By Paul Mariani

How it steals up on you, this mortality, dropping its calling card, say, after the flight back from your friend's wedding, six kinds of wine on a stone veranda overlooking the starlit sea

while migrants labor in the fields beneath.
One morning you bend down to lace your sneakers and find your leg stiff as a baseball bat. How many times you told yourself Death wouldn't catch you unaware, the way, alas, it did so many of your friends. That you'd lie yourself off to the hospital at the first sign of trouble. And then, when it should happen, as it has, you go into denial once again, while your poor leg whimpers for attention, until at last you get the doctor, who finds a fourteen-inch blood clot sitting up your veins there on the sonar.

Mortality's the sticking thinners twice each day into your stomach, until the skin screams a preternatural black and blue. Mortality's swallowing the stuff they use to hemorrhage mice.

It's botched blood tests for months on end. Admit it, what's more boring than listening to another's troubles, except thumbing through postcards of others on vacation. Friendly Finland, Warsaw in July. Mortality's my leg, her arm, your heart. Besides, who gives a damn about the plight of others except the saints and God? But isn't death the mother of us all? Shouldn't death mean caring, the moving out at last beyond the narrow self? But who has time for that? Six wines on a stone veranda, stars, a summer moon high over Santa Monica, cigars from verboten old Havana, live jazz.

That's what one wants. That, and not some blood clot clogging up one's veins. No poet will ever touch again what Dante somehow touched there at the Paradiso's end. It was there he had St. Bernard beseech his Lady to look upon him that she might grant him light and understanding, which he might share in turn with others. Lady, cast thine eyes, I pray thee, down towards me. I cannot take much height, though God knows I've tried. Six wines, two cigars, a summer moon over the veranda, where I kept tilting outwards, my veins absorbing even then the gravitas of silting while Love was busy moving the sun and other stars.

Paul Mariani teaches poetry in the English Department at Boston College. His essay “Inside Story,” on why poetry is true, appeared in the Spring 2000 issue of BCM. Viking will publish his spiritual memoir, Thirty Days: On Retreat with the Exercises of St. Ignatius, in March.
“I would never sit through this whole program unless we were analyzing it,” says Robert Belle ’76. Belle is a robust man whose mere presence exudes authority. He is headmaster of Dorchester High School in Boston’s inner city, a school of 935 students.

Oscar Santos ’94 teaches “Global Issues” and “English Literature and Composition” at Jamaica Plain’s English High School, also in Boston, and he concurs. “Usually, if I’m watching the show, there’s something so ridiculous I end up shutting it off.”

Belle and Sanchez are among a group of high school teachers and administrators, all BC graduates, invited to Boston College Magazine’s office after hours to watch television—specifically, to critique an episode of Fox’s Boston Public.

The program is set in fictional Winslow High, an urban high school on the edge of Boston. It has been popular with viewers and critics alike since it first aired in October 2000. But when our Boston public school educators watch a videotaped episode, they act a little like high school students sitting in detention. They groan occasionally. They grouch. Eyeballs intermittently roll in pained displays of incredulity. One set of eyelids even droops conspicuously and remains shut for a few minutes.

Such responses may be an oblique way of saying that this Monday-night, prime-time drama does an injustice to the Boston public schools, despite the network’s claim that the subplots are rooted in truth. They may also hint that the program no more credits the professional life of a public school educator than the culturally outmoded 1970s show Welcome Back, Kotter did. Then again, they might simply speak to the absurdity of this particular segment’s plot.

In the Boston Public episode viewed by the faculty members, the sixth installment of the second season, the police storm into a classroom and arrest a troubled student for statutory rape. A school secretary still has her job after posing as a student and publishing a sexually explicit advice column in the school paper. And a pupil suffers a seizure during an amphetamine-fueled rave that takes place in the school’s hallway.

“Now, what’s it called?” Joan Dolan ’61, a career counselor at Dorchester High, asks when the onscreen teenagers start bouncing to techno music. “Rave, like R-A-V-E?” Judging from Dolan’s inquiry, it’s safe to assume raves don’t happen in the corridors of Dorchester High School.

In the view of these educators, Boston Public’s credibility is completely lost when the program closes with a funeral for a teacher’s amputated hand. “See, this student, his mother locked him in the basement for punishment,” informs Dolan, who has seen enough episodes of Boston Public to provide context. “Then
the boy went and locked the mom down there, and she accidentally cut her hand off with a chain saw trying to escape. So now, she has a hook and teaches at his school.

Maribel Pomales-Bunch ’84, a bilingual special needs teacher who also works at Dorchester High, erupts.

“How can anybody believe this is real?” Lopped-off extremities aside, Dolan insists that some acquaintances do take the program seriously—enough to ask her, “Is that really what goes on?”

Pomales-Bunch is visibly appalled. “I don’t know why they’d think so. We haven’t had a lot of big issues. What happened today”—“What happened today?” interrupts Gianmina Sanchez ’96, MA’00, a bilingual guidance counselor, also at Dorchester High. Dolan answers, “A teacher got killed in Springfield [Massachusetts]. He got stabbed to death.”

The attacker, according to headmaster Belle, was a 17-year-old male. “It happened in school, in the building. The governor was just on TV.” The killing was the first ever of a public school staff person in Massachusetts, and it brings this discussion of an hour’s outlandish entertainment to an unfortunate, but relevant truth: Sensationalist television fare poaches on some staggering realities. The national reputation of public schools has suffered in the wake of student shootings at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado, and elsewhere. Locally, this past November, a high school student in New Bedford, Massachusetts, confessed her involvement in a Columbine-inspired conspiracy to kill students and faculty. Belle agrees that the majority of Boston Public is “overdramatization.” But the reality of the urban public high school, he says, is “no picnic” for students or teachers.

“There are a lot of things we deal with at the school that remind my co-workers of an episode of Boston Public,” Belle says. “If you saw me handling a kid, sometimes it is something that should be on TV. I’m not joking the kid, I’m not punching him out, but I’m thinking on my feet to turn the situation around, so I can handle it. Sometimes I have to say, ‘Boy, if you don’t get over here and sit down, I’m gonna smack you upside your head.’ My methods might be considered unsavory in other places, but it gets the job done in Dorchester.”

Belle speaks from the perspective of someone whom the New York Times called for comment on the day of the Columbine massacre. “Sometimes,” he continues, “administrators go home and people ask, ‘How was your day today?’ You’ll say, ‘Those kids. We had five fire alarms, two fights, a fire, and some kid had a knife.’ And when people who’ve been out of schools for a long time hear that, they think it’s always like that.”

Joan Dolan takes up the point. Boston Public “picks the sensational parts of education,” she says. “I take pride in my profession, and this show offends me.” What bothers Dolan most about the show is its depiction of instructors. “They portray teachers tolerating things that we really would not tolerate. They highlight teachers having sex with kids; teachers not following the law. In one episode, a staff person actually takes a gun out and shoots it in class.”

Oscar Santos says that Boston Public favors spectacular conflicts over the more prevalent problems facing urban schools. “Boston Public ignores the constant day-to-day struggles: kids getting 800 on their SATs because they can’t take a Kaplan course, colleges overlooking inner city students, the fact that the majority of our school children are second-language learners, that parents are working 80 hours a week.” Santos once asked pupils in his classroom to critique the show, and their response didn’t surprise him: They “weren’t feeling” Boston Public, he says—they didn’t identify with it. “I would say about 50 percent of our school is African-American, and 35 percent is Latino,” says Santos, and the student body limned by Boston Public slighted both these groups. “They didn’t like it mostly because it doesn’t represent what Boston public schools are.”

Camille Dodero ’98

Camille Dodero is a freelance writer based in Boston.
HOOP DREAMS
A national champ looks to repeat (virtually)

When Dan Brent ’04, a student in the Carroll School of Management, won the Yahoo hoops college basketball contest last March, he had nothing to show for it—despite besting 110,000 fellow players in the nationwide game run by Yahoo.com. “They didn’t even send an e-mail saying congratulations. I was kind of hoping for something, but what can you do?” he said.

Contestants in Yahoo hoops have one assignment: to predict the seven biggest winners each week of the NCAA basketball season. The more points a chosen team wins by, the more points the Yahoo hoops contestant earns. Whoever has the most points at the end of the regular season is the Yahoo hoops champ.

That may seem like a simple proposition, but as Brent explained, Yahoo hoops has its nuances. Contestants, for example, have to “buy” their teams, using a weekly allotment of 100 units. The higher a team is ranked in the NCAA, the more it costs, so it’s impossible to choose only heavy hitters. (Brent points out that it’s not always smart to go with the big names, anyway. The best teams tend to play one another a lot, and the point spreads in such matchups are usually small.)

Most teams play only two games per week, but occasionally a team will play three—and thus become a potential dark horse winner, since all victory points are combined at the end of the week. Brent delves into schedules, team histories, and the files of obscure athletic conferences, looking for any such edge. His analysis also includes intangibles: “Home games are big, so a team playing two home games against lower conference teams is a good bet,” he confides.

The air is thin at the top of the Yahoo hoops hierarchy. Brent thinks only 50 or so of the 110,000 participants put in a serious effort. “A lot of people just say, oh, I’m going to pick Duke, North Carolina. If you look at the top 50, everyone’s picking these weird teams that you’ve probably never heard of.” Last year, Brent found himself locked in a fight-to-the-finish with just one other competitor; the rest had fallen hopelessly behind on points. He won, eventually, by 80 points, the equivalent of a single blowout NCAA game.

Brent doesn’t know the true identity of everyone he squares off against. Last year’s runner-up identified himself only as Oldheads, an alias. “I was going to send him an e-mail or something, but I never got around to it,” says Brent, who also remained anonymous online, going by the mysterious acronym TOOS.

Brent would like to repeat as champion, and so far this winter things are looking good. It’s not that he’s the top performer every week—he has never been higher than 11th in any given seven-day period—but he’s consistent. “That’s what really counts, to be in the top 200 every week,” he says. “Once you’re in there, you’ve just got to play level all year.”

**THOSE WHO SERVE**

BC’s dining services staff voted overwhelmingly to cancel their annual holiday party this year, and instead sent some $5,000 to the families of restaurant workers killed in the September 11 attacks on the World Trade Center. “These families now may not have a father or mother. We know how hard this work is, and those people need the money more,” said Claudia Trilleras, a cashier. Added Bill Coakley, a baker, “The sentiment of what we’ve done outweighs a dinner party.”

**FAST COMPANY**

Boston College has joined the Internet2 consortium, a group of universities and corporations working to extend the capabilities of the existing Internet. By purchasing large amounts of bandwidth—a measure of the data-transfer capacity of Internet service lines—the Internet2 members have achieved data-transfer speeds up to 100 times greater than those normally available. With this advance it now becomes practical to carry out data-intensive research on-line.

**TWENTY-SOMETHING**

The BC football team ended its season ranked in the Top 25 for the first time since 1994. The Eagles placed 21st in the AP poll and 23rd on the ESPN-USA Today list.

**DEATHS**

- John J. L. Collins, SJ, professor of finance from 1948 to 1966, founder of the Finance Department in 1949, and an advisor to finance students in the 1980s and 1990s, on December 28, at age 90.
- Joseph R. Fahey, SJ, a University trustee from 1972 to 1979 and from 1981 to 1982, and academic vice president during the 1980s, on January 16, at age 63.
- Katherine Holly Riley, Law’02, on November 18, at age 32.
ON THE EVENING OF NOVEMBER 27, 2001, more than 1,100 students, faculty, and interested members of the Greater Boston community streamed into the cavernous John Hancock Hall in Boston’s Back Bay for a public conversation on a topic that had gained urgency during the preceding months: Evil. The occasion was the second annual dialogue on “Belief and Non-belief in Modern American Culture,” sponsored by Boston College and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The formal topic was “Evil: The Artist’s Response,” and speaking were three of America’s literary lights: the novelist and essayist Joyce Carol Oates; the poet and chronicler of monasteries and small towns Kathleen Norris; and the short-story writer Nathan Englander. Journalist Christopher Lydon moderated.

The Boston College/Atlantic Monthly series takes its inspiration from a celebrated annual public event sponsored in Milan by the archbishop, Carlo Maria Cardinal Martini—an event known as “The Chair for the Non-Believer.” It is Martini’s contention that “there is in each of us—whatever our religion; even in a bishop—a believer and a non-believer.” Over the years, Martini has invited to his cathedral philosophers, psychiatrists, politicians, and poets to talk about their work, as viewed through the prisms of belief and non-belief.

In Boston a year ago, the discussion was of medicine and of the meaning that doctors may derive as witnesses of suffering and healing (*BCM*, Winter 2001).

Excerpts from the latest Dialogue installment, on evil and the way artists respond, begin on the next page.
Native EVIL

KATHLEEN NORRIS: My turn to prose writing was occasioned by evil. I began writing my book Dakota in response to what I saw happening around me in western South Dakota in the early 1980s when what is now termed the “farm crisis” first hit. Before then, I had been exclusively a poet.

In an insular culture that looked remarkably homogenous—mostly white, Christian, and working class—I witnessed divisions erupt among people whose families had been close for generations; I saw the scapegoating of people deemed to be outsiders, professionals such as teachers and pastors, or even a ranch family that wasn’t “from around here,” meaning that its members were first-generation residents, having moved into the area only 30 years ago. We needed someone to blame for the unwelcome changes wrought by the economic crisis, and “outsiders” were convenient targets for the pent-up animosity we did not dare let loose on one another. Sadly, it was young people—couples in their thirties—who most ardently pursued the “undesirables” in our midst, in the vain hope that expelling them would allow for a return to a more prosperous and harmonious time, a past that of course never existed.

ONE OF THE MYTHS that small-town people enjoy is that theirs is a magically stable place, a safe harbor in a changing world. And we cling to that illusion in the face of considerable evidence to the contrary: In the last 40 years my town’s population has shrunk from 3,500 to less than 1,600; in seven chaotic years during the 1980s, four churches ran through eight pastors, and the school went through six principals and four superintendents. This is serious instability, and our denial of it has led to serious evil. As a priest with parishes in North Dakota put it, “Every year somebody gets crucified. It’s usually centered on the school. Someone stirs up controversy, calumny. It’s vicious. It’s depressing.”

Small-town evil may not seem like much in the context of world events, but for me it is global evil in microcosm. Tribal and/or class conflict; the refusal to accept the modern world, partnered with the desire to retreat into a more traditional, golden past that exists mostly in the imagination of a younger generation—all of this front-page news I could see reflected in my little corner of the world. While we in Lemmon, South Dakota, weren’t literally sharpening our machetes, the evil was there, and it was homegrown. The annihilating instinct was in our hearts. I felt that I was a witness to something that needed to be described, but my poetry seemed too small a vessel. So I turned to prose.

A saving grace emerged, helping me to survive both the inner and outer turmoil of that time, when I stumbled across a group of my neighbors on the Plains, monasteries of Benedictine men and women in North and South Dakota. I quickly discovered that while the Benedictines are like a tribe—they even have a myth of origin, emerging from Benedict’s cave—they do not suffer from tribalism, that evil and ultimately self-destructive mythology that identifies others as less than human. Hospitality is a core Benedictine value, and it provides one of the central paradoxes of monastic life: that the monastery stands apart from the world, yet is radically open to it. This is why you find that monasteries in rural areas—Richardson, North Dakota, for example, or Stearns County, Minnesota—are so often beacons of cosmopolitanism. Out in the middle of nowhere, one might encounter a translator of medieval Dutch mystics, or someone looking at similarities between the Hebrew psalms and the poems of the Veda. One might meet a monk or nun visiting from a Benedictine community in Tanzania, Australia, France, or Colombia, Manila or Tokyo. One might even find a Tibetan monk or nun in residence, participating in a monastic exchange program that has been quietly promoting interfaith dialogue for nearly 40 years.

As I got to know several Benedictine communities, I realized that while monasteries faced all the problems of small town life—insularity, gossip, pigeonholing, the denial and repression of differences—they generally dealt with these problems in a more healthy way, confronting human evil more creatively, and with more awareness.

THE PEOPLE OF MY SMALL TOWN and church were dealing with evil the way most of us do, most of the time—stupidly, inattentively, responding to the threat of change, or to any per-
ceived threat, by becoming defensive and by acting out old, entrenched, and largely unconscious behavior patterns. This is ordinary human behavior, to which none of us is immune. But the Benedictines had some handy tools for coping with human evil, tools that I found were also available to me: the rule of St. Benedict, the Bible's Book of Psalms, and a sophisticated psychology of temptation with roots in the desert monastic tradition.

The Rule of St. Benedict comes from 6th-century Italy, a time and place at least as violent and unstable as our own; yet Benedict was unwavering in his faith that people could learn to live together peaceably, even though his communities included, as Benedictine monasteries do today, people with strikingly different backgrounds, aptitudes, interests, and theological and political persuasions. Benedict suggested that to remove the thorns of contention that spring up in daily, communal living, it was good for monks to pray the Lord's Prayer together, several times a day. Benedictines have told me that while this practice doesn't work wonders, "It is good, when we're sitting in choir with those who have pissed us off, to be reminded that we are forgiven only as we forgive."

For our own time, what may be most remarkable and useful about the enduring Benedictine tradition is its rejection of fundamentalism. It is a living tradition, demonstrating that people can honor the fundamentals of a 1,500-year-old way of life without seeking to replicate the world of the 6th century, or retreating into an imagined "golden past." Two vows unique to the Benedictine order reflect the creative tension in which they are attempting to live: They take a vow of stability, promising to remain in one particular community all their lives, and also a vow of conversatio morum, which, loosely translated, means "conversion of morals." In essence, it means always remaining open to change, from the inside out.
At the center of monastic life are the Psalms—a community will recite the entire Psalter communally over three or four weeks, and then start over again—and I've come to believe that immersion in the Psalms is the greatest tool Benedictines have in their struggle with evil. It was the 4th-century monk Athanasius who said that the psalms are a mirror to the person singing them. They reflect human beings as we are. Every emotion is there, for good or ill. What strikes modern Americans as "negative" in the Psalms is often just a realistic portrayal of the evil that people perpetrate on one another, massacres, economic oppression, betrayals. The Psalms are like that difficult and priceless friend who won't lie to us about the wrong we do, or the wrong that we harbor in our hearts.

The Psalms, as poems, allow the soul considerable room for exploration; and, as one Benedictine put it, God behaves in the Psalms in ways He is not allowed to behave in systematic theology. Some truths about human experience emerge: God may remain hidden, maddeningly absent or simply asleep, but it is folly to put your trust in princes and rulers, or in material success. The great are an illusion—take their breath, and they and their plans come to nothing.

The Psalms look at human experience through the lens of eternity, and I believe this may help explain why so many Benedictine communities (and those of the Cistercians, Dominicans, Franciscans, and other orders whose daily prayer lives are grounded in the psalms) were willing to hide Jews during the Holocaust. The Nazis and their sympathizers may have had all the cards, all the temporal power. But if you believe what the Psalms teach you, military and political power is not what matters in the long run. Justice matters more. Evil has a considerable presence in the Psalms, but we hear over and over that evil is its own reward: My enemy dug a pit for me, and fell in it himself. Malice(112,783),(902,812)

coils on the one who acts out of malice.

Many Benedictines I spoke with talked about the necessity of internalizing the enemies spoken of in the Psalms: When you come across an accusation—"You love lies more than truth"—or an image of "enemies pregnant with malice, who conceive evil and bring forth lies," you don't project it out on other people but reflect on how these stark judgments are true of you. The Psalms remind us that we have enemies, people who will act in ways that harm us. But they also remind us that if we wish others ill, and act in ways that oppress other people, particularly the most vulnerable people in a society, we become enemies. What is most striking to me about the monastic encounter with evil is the willingness to acknowledge the evil thoughts that come, and not deny them. One sister put it in terms of embracing evil, observing and engaging it as it works its way through her thoughts. Not even resisting, but simply being attentive to it, noting where the evil thought wants to go. Does it wallow in nursing past slights, swelling with resentment? Does it prompt her toward an act of revenge? Does it turn into a desire for something she doesn't need? Or can she see a virtue hiding on its flipside and choose to act on that?

The sister is practicing spiritual warfare, a tradition at least as old as the Christian monastic tradition. It employs a psychology of temptation that bears little resemblance to what most of us learned in religious education about sin, because it comes from a time before there was a catalog of sins identified by the Church.

The concept of seven deadly sins evolved slowly, originating in the temptations toward evil that the early monks had experienced in themselves, which they eventually characterized as eight bad thoughts. But by the time of my 1950s catechism classes in a Congregational church, this existential sense of sin was lost to me, and the whole idea of sin seemed abstract. It was easy to delude myself into thinking of sins as bad acts that I might succumb to one day but could probably avoid. I could tell myself that if I didn't accumulate a lot of stuff, then I wasn't greedy. If I didn't "make out" with boys, lust wasn't a problem.

THE MONASTIC APPROACH to human evil is entirely different, and much more interesting psychologically: It looks at temptations rather than acts, at the bad thoughts that are always distracting us, pulling us away from the present and what we are supposed to be doing. Temptations offer instead a world of fantasy, an indulgence in anxiety or desire. Have I ever been so struck with the fear of being helpless that I became obsessed with the hoarding of goods? Then I have encountered the bad thought of greed. Have I ever let a sexual fantasy take hold of me to such an extent that I ruined a real relationship? Then I have encountered the bad thought of lust. Have I ever lamented over a lost time and place to the extent that my present condition has become abominable to me? Welcome to the bad thought of despair. Have I ever started to
pray, and suddenly been overcome by the memory of the wrong another person has done to me? It's the bad thought of anger laying siege.

In my book *Amazing Grace: A Vocabulary of Faith*, I opened my chapter on the words “good” and “evil” by discussing the way people so often say, “I'm a good person.” It’s usually a preface to dumping on someone they consider bad. “I'm a good person, I don’t cheat on my wife. I don’t attack the President (or) I do attack the President.” “I’m a good person, I don’t engage in homosexual acts (or) I don’t engage in homophobia.” The litany of self-righteousness that pervades our culture says to me that for all of our therapy and psychological sophistication, we remain remarkably unreflective about ourselves when it comes to our capacity for evil. But the monastic perspective lets no one off the hook. Try this old desert story on for size, maybe substituting the word “terrorist” for “murderer”: Abba Poemen said, “If a man has attained to that which the Apostle speaks of—to the pure all things are pure [Titus 1:15]—he sees himself as less than all creatures.” A brother replied, “How can I deem myself less than a terrorist?” and the old man said, “When a man has really comprehended this saying, if he sees a man committing murder, he says, ‘He has only committed this one sin, but I commit sins every day.’”

How can I deem myself less than a terrorist? It's an offensive concept, but monasticism was never meant to be pleasing. I sense that when some people think of evil—and especially those who commit evil acts—they truly believe that they stand apart from it; that they have nothing in common with evil doers. We pride ourselves that we are not anything like the people who would do such things.

A perspective that I find much more useful in my life, and my work, is that of a moral continuum, moving from thought to action. I might harbor a bad thought—a typical one might be the usual notion that an adulterer toys with, thinking how convenient it would be if the spouse were no longer part of the picture. If I allow myself to move along the continuum, toward action, such a thought can lead to actual murder. More commonly, it leads the adulterer to “eliminate” the spouse by acting as if the husband or wife does not exist. Such a thought, however, properly attended to, and contended with, can move us on the continuum, back into the realm of a good thought, a virtue. We might move from “how convenient if this person weren’t in my life,” to “my God, what am I thinking of!” to a reconsideration of how we are shortchanging the people closest to us. We may become more capable of making a good decision about our relationships.

But it is remarkably easy to remain inattentive to our thoughts, to lose ourselves in them, allowing them to become desires, and then actions. When evil has really taken us over, we can convince ourselves that what we are doing is worthwhile. Psalm 36 says it well: “Sin whispers to sinners in the depths of their hearts. . . . They so flatter themselves in their minds that they know not their guilt. In their mouths are mischief and deceit. All wisdom is gone. They plot the defeat of goodness, as they lie in bed.”

I BELIEVE THAT ANY creative encounter with evil requires that we not distance ourselves from it by simply demonizing those who commit evil acts. In order to write about evil, a writer has to try to comprehend it, from the inside out; to understand the perpetrators and not necessarily sympathize with them. But Americans seem to have a very difficult time recognizing that there is a distinction between understanding and sympathizing. Somehow we believe that an attempt to inform ourselves about what leads to evil is an attempt to explain it away. I believe that just the opposite is true, and that when it comes to coping with evil, ignorance is our worst enemy. I’m going to conclude with a very brief poem on the subject of goodness. In fact, it’s called “Goodness”:

> Despite our good deeds,  
> The chatter of our best intentions,  
> our many kindnesses,  
> God is at work  
> in us, close  
> to the bone,  
> past the sinews  
> of our virtues, to the marrow  
> we cannot feel,  
> the sudden, helpless tears  
> when we know what we are,  
> and can go on.

*Kathleen Norris is the author of* Dakota: A Spiritual Geography (1993); The Cloister Walk (1996); Amazing Grace: A Vocabulary of Faith (1998); and, most recently, The Virgin of Bennington (2001), an account of her days as a young poet in New York City in the 1970s. The poem “Goodness” appears in her collection Journey (2001), published by the University of Pittsburgh Press.
JOYCE CAROL OATES: To the Spanish it was the “French disease”; to the French it was the “Italian disease”; to the Germans it was the “Spanish disease.” Elsewhere, though not in Great Britain, it was the “British disease.” More ingeniously, its origins were sometimes believed to be the consequence of extraterrestrial forces, a malevolent conjunction of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn in the night sky.

The subject is syphilis, but we apply analogous reasoning to evil: In the most obvious of ways, we ascribe to others the pathogens in ourselves. We gaze into the face of evil and give it a name not ours, unaware that what we’re gazing into is a mirror, and that our instinct to attribute evil to extraterrestrial origins is an oblique way of denying the very human roots of much of human suffering.

To me, evil isn’t a theological concept. Its source is not extraterrestrial or supernatural. Evil no more exists beyond the reaches of our planet than do our politics, our popular culture, the waxing and waning of our world crises, and the storms that blow ceaselessly over the rounded, grooved, and pocked face of our planet; it has no more currency than such kindred concepts as good, beauty, ugliness, and justice. These speak to purely and exclusively human preoccupations, subject to continual change and modification and (sometimes) reversal. Evil is the mote in the Other’s eye, a passing wink or twinkle in our own, for which we protest that we are blameless—innocent.
Elaine Pagels, in *The Origin of Satan* (1995), her examination of the origins of Satan in the New Testament and the subsequent demonizing of putative enemies of Christendom through the centuries, noted that this form of Satan never appears in the Hebrew Bible or in mainstream Judaism; in the Hebrew Bible a satan was an angel sent by God “for the specific purpose of blocking or obstructing human activity.” “The satan’s presence in a story,” Pagels wrote, helped “to account for unexpected obstacles or reversals of fortune.” Though Pagels didn’t develop this functional aspect of the satan in ancient religious narratives, the satan may well have been a device akin to a second or third actor in a play, or to the often ingenuous participants in the Socratic dialogues of Plato. In other words, the satan is a narrative device to allow for conflict, debate, resolution, the restoration and reiteration of beliefs and values. Edmund is a manipulative satan in *King Lear*, and Iago a diabolically inspired satan in *Othello*.

As the role of the satan evolved, however, the concept was given a primitive, literal presence in religious texts: not the satan but Satan emerges as a singular malevolent force in the New Testament. Whereas the ancient Greeks and Romans seem to have perceived their numerous gods as capricious projections of human desires, and rarely as wise or “moral,” early Christians saw their singular God (the Father) and their singular Savior (Jesus, the Son of the Father) as purely moral, always wise and good, and never capricious. To account for the moral chaos of nature, the allegorical figure of Satan was invested with the power to tempt humankind, as in the crude cautionary tale of the Garden of Eden—a biblical version of Pandora’s box and other pagan cautionary tales.

It’s as if a poetic metaphor leaped to life, as in comic-book magic: the satan becomes Satan becomes an adversary of God so invested with wiles and power that he is virtually a shadow God, an almost equal opponent whose domain is pure evil, as God’s domain is pure good.

In *The Origin of Satan*, as in her earlier, highly influential *Adam, Eve, and the Serpent* (1988) and *The Gnostic Gospels* (1979), Pagels traced the fascinating ways in which the ever evolving vision of Christianity’s Satan has served “to confirm for Christians their own identification with God and to demonize their opponents—first other Jews, then pagans, and later dissident Christians called heretics.” In the 21st century, as in the earliest centuries of Christianity, baptism requires the convert to solemnly “renounce the devil and all his works” and to accept the principle of exorcism. Christian baptism seems to confirm the almost equal status of Satan vis-à-vis God the Father: an astonishing elevation of a minor folktale functionary to major status. It’s as if a maverick congressman from an outlying district in Utah were suddenly granted almost equal status with the President of the United States, and we thrilled to their televised debates, Whose side are you on? being the hyperventilated media question.

TO EXAMINE THE HISTORICAL origins of such cultural archetypes—or stereotypes—as God, Satan, Good, and Evil is to demystify these concepts, and to dismantle, or deconstruct, the primitive scaffoldings of superstition that have supported them. This is, of course, a rich, wildly extravagant and imaginative aesthetic heritage, which we would not wish to banish, for all the cruel perversity of certain of its impassioned visions.

O’er many a frozen, many a fiery alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

*Milton, Paradise Lost*

The potency of such visions is not lessened by the suggestion that their divine or diabolical dimensions are purely projective fantasies of mankind. In fact, that such fantasies have the power to enthrall some of us, to impel us to extraordinary acts of selflessness (heroism, fanaticism, or martyrdom, depending on one’s perspective), suggests their ineffable and enduring nature.

The wish to believe in extraterrestrial forces that condone, confirm, and meticulously guide and govern our lives is, for some, stronger even than the wish to persevere in our own being (to use Spinoza’s haunting phrase). The power of such a wish was tragically dramatized for us in the suicide terrorist acts of September 11 and in similar acts of self-destruction for political or religious causes in recent times. Where we see terrorism and suicide, the performers of such rites see martyrdom. Where we see
evil, they see good. As in a nightmare, we who believe ourselves good are perceived, apparently by millions of Islamic believers, as evil. We, who imagine that God is on our side, are stunned to learn that in our enemies’ eyes we are of the devil; they are of God, and their war with us is no mere politically expedient war, like every other, but a “holy war.”

The United States is filled with terror from its north to its south and from its east to its west. Praise be to God. . .

They champion falsehood, support the butcher against the victim, the oppressor against the innocent child. May God mete them the punishment they deserve.

These remarks, by Osama bin Laden, were broadcast shortly after the terrorist destruction of the World Trade Center on September 11.

When we attribute instinctive beliefs to extraterrestrial sources, and theological motives to unconscious, biologically driven wishes for survival and self-aggrandizement, we are surely susceptible to such stunning dramatic reversals.

MOST OF US ARE PROBABLY more comfortable with the concept of evils than with Evil. Evils are multiple and finite; Evil is an alarming singularity suggesting that all evils spring from a primary source, as in a theologically defined cosmos. Most of us don’t really believe that two polar forces, Good and Evil, God and the Devil, are struggling with each other for dominance by way of our vaporous souls.

We do believe in the evils of poverty, illiteracy, illness, political tyranny, sexism, and racism—and that these evils are remediable. We believe that some individual, wholly human political leaders and self-ordained “holy men” (not so many women—one wonders why) behave out of self-interest; they appeal to their credulous constituents in the name of good, even as they commit unspeakable evils against humankind.

But we don’t believe that these people are in a mystic communion with Evil or are in themselves evil—any more than we can conceive of ourselves as evil, in any scenario whatsoever.

Poet, playwright, essayist, and co-founder of the Ontario Review, Joyce Carol Oates is the author of more than 20 novels. Them (1970) was the winner of the National Book Award. Blonde (2000), drawn from the life of Marilyn Monroe, was nominated for a National Book Award and a Pulitzer Prize. Oates is a recipient of the PEN/Malamud Award for Lifetime Achievement in the Short Story. Her most recent book, Beasts, appeared in January. Oates is the Roger S. Berlind Professor in the Humanities at Princeton University.
Dear Boston College/Newton College Graduate:

As the semester reaches midpoint, we at the Alumni Association are looking ahead to your visit to campus. Reunion 2002 is right around the corner (May 16-19 and May 31-June 2), and we hope to see you here. Be sure to refer to our Web site (www.bc.edu/alumni) for up-to-the-minute news and updates for your class gathering. More information is listed in Senior Associate Director Jack Moynihan’s letter (pg. 31). On the topic of our Web site, be sure to read our feature stories on fellow classmates, and log in to the Online Community to stay connected.

Leadership and alumni involvement have always been, and continue to be, key in maintaining close ties between our office, the University, and all of you. No matter where you live, the importance of your voice is timely at Boston College, especially now, as new representatives are selected to join the alumni board of directors. Be sure to cast your vote when you receive your ballot mid-March.

Remember that we’re always here to serve you. Feel free to email any of our staff, or call us directly at the Alumni House, at (617) 552-4700 and someone will help you. We look forward to forging ahead with you into spring.

Peace,

Grace Cotter Regan ’82
Executive Director

p.s. We’ve had more than 9,000 alumni register for the online community. Why haven’t you? Join at www.bc.edu/alumni.
Alumna Takes Flight: “Ride, Captain, Ride!”

an interview with Carole Danis Litten ’76

by Tracy L. Strauss, BCAA Communications Assistant

When Carole Danis Litten ’76 first envisioned her career path, she never imagined how far life would take her. Neither did this Boston College finance major realize how many people she would take along for the ride.

These days, Litten is a US Airways captain, flying passenger jets on both domestic and Caribbean routes. “I was told by my high school career counselor, ‘You can’t be a pilot because there are no women pilots,’” she said, “So I focused on finance and business, which were my secondary interests, in college.”

Litten’s route to Boston College was transAtlantic. Her father served in the military, and consequently, Litten was moved around a lot during her childhood. During most of her formative years, she lived in London, attending private English schools. Litten’s decision to enroll at Boston College was a personal one: at the time she graduated from high school, her father, then serving in the Navy, was stationed in Boston.

“BC was the best-sized campus for my personality and for what I needed.”

“Boston, as a city, was very close in my mind to the life style I had grown accustomed to in Europe,” said Litten. With her decision to major in finance, Boston College, at the time placing third in that field, just below Harvard University, was her top choice, and one she still values today, particularly with regard to its continued reputation for classroom interaction.

“As a student,” Litten said, “I enjoyed the fact that classes were small. BC was the best-sized campus for my personality and for what I needed.”

Upon graduation from Boston College, Litten utilized her finance skills in her role as an assistant manager with McDonald’s in Beverly and Salem, MA. When she made the move to banking and Jacksonville, FL, she was introduced to opportunities in the Navy. She signed up for the naval officer program and, in January 1977, she returned to New England for officer candidate school in Newport, RI. She was stationed for a year at the Naval Facility Grand Turk, BWI, after completing the program.

Litten’s career progressed further in San Diego where she was selected as one of twelve women to attend a naval aviation pilot program in 1979.

After training, she was sent to her first squadron in Patuxent River, MD, flying missions to and from Greenland, Iceland, Norway, Scotland, England, Ireland, Spain, the Canary Islands, Senegal, Africa, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico, Tahiti, New Zealand, and the Philippines, among other places.

Three years later, Litten traveled back to NAS Whiting Field, FL, as an instructor pilot. Said Litten: “Because of restrictions limiting what and where female navy pilots fly, after ten years of instructing I left the active duty Navy.” Litten subsequently was hired by Piedmont Airlines, which merged with USAir, and is now known as US Airways.

“Since September 11, the issue is patience, and the need for a tremendous amount of it.”

“I first flew our international routes to Frankfurt, Munich, London, Paris, Rome and Madrid,” Litten said. “I was actually in Paris overnight when Princess Diana was killed in the automobile accident.” Litten’s other “claims-to-fame” include flying Margaret Thatcher from Phoenix to Philadelphia right after former President Nixon’s funeral. Litten did also continue to serve in the Naval Reserves, retiring after almost twenty-four years as a Navy Captain.

Litten currently resides in Fort Myers, FL, with her husband, Scott, and their two stepchildren, Kori and Andy. Her typical “commute” consists of a transstate “jumpseating” to the US Airways base in Philadelphia. Flight assignments usually last between two and four days. “My ideal scenario,” Litten said, “would be an eight-hour flight to the Caribbean and then back home every night, but actually, it’s sometimes nice to have a twenty-six-hour layover, say in Phoenix so that I can take advantage of some of the great biking trails there.” Flexibility is one of Litten’s assets, particularly since the September 11 events. “Sky rage is not an issue any more,” Litten said. “Since September 11, the issue is patience, and the need for a tremendous amount of it.”

Each flight assignment brings a new staff on board. As Captain, Litten is responsible for briefing her crew on the flight logistics, weather patterns, security, catering, passenger medical problems, and even verifying for passengers that their pets, traveling with the cargo, are okay.

For Litten, the rules of flying have changed, and continue to change every day: “It’s a growing process as we try to figure out what works best.”

Presently, flight crews, Litten explained, do not have the option of checking their bags, and “so any time we change aircraft, which can be three or four times a day, we have to repeat the security process,” she said. “We go through a great deal of scrutiny at security checkpoints, where, along with our passengers, our belongings are searched. Sometimes it can be difficult to have our personal lives exposed in the professional arena.”

Litten holds hope for the future of air travel. “People are coming back faster than analysts say,” she said. “The news that public confidence has taken a hit and that the number of travelers has significantly decreased has caused some of the airlines to exhibit a kneejerk reaction and to shut down. Many crew members are looking at furloughs. Such news has taken its toll on morale. But at the same time, the events have offered airlines the chance to clean up loose ends and odds and ends, to become more efficient.”

Litten is currently working to try to facilitate and develop programs that will allow minorities to take a bigger role in US Airways. As past president of the International Society of Women Airline Pilots, Litten has helped to provide scholarships for young women who are training for airline positions.

On a daily basis, Litten continues to propel her own journey, and those of others, onward and upward. “She is the voice from the cockpit: ‘Let’s make this a fun instead of a stressful trip. Let’s make it feel as much as it used to as we possibly can.’”

Know of a graduate who’s doing something interesting?

Contact tracy.strauss1@bc.edu for profile consideration.
28

Maurice J. Downey
180 Main Street
Walpole, MA 02081
(508) 660-6058

With deep regret, I must inform you of the death of our classmate David Hockman of Cambridge and Scituate on August 31, 2001. Dave was a fellow member of freshman G, the freshman class that won the public praise of Prof. John Norton. Dave started his career as a teacher in the Cambridge public schools and also filled the posts of principal and superintendent. In World War II, Dave served in the Air Force. When he died, Dave was a retired colonel in the U.S. Air Force Reserve. May he rest in peace.

30

Charles A. McCarthy
2081 Beacon St.
Waban, MA 02468
(617) 244-9025

Eli Keating, class of 2001, has lifetime gathering strength. We are all thankful to have that.

32

Walter M. Drohan
85 Nelson St.
Winchester, MA 01890
(781) 729-2899

Here we are, all fifteen of us left from the original 165 classmates who traveled up Commonwealth Avenue to begin the higher education study of the liberal arts Radio Studorum, strictly of the Jesuit indoctrination that led to the Ever to Excel motto of the University. This 2002, being the jubilee year of the class, we will probably find each of us toasting the present, past, and future, and jubilating at home. One event that will be remembered is the football game played on November 10, when we completely out played Miami, who, before that game, was ranked number one on top of the hill, and who could never get into the end zone rushing the ball.

33

William M. Hogan, Jr.
Brookhaven, A-305
Lexington, MA 02421
(781) 863-8359

We are making plans for our seventieth reunion at some comfortable inn in NH or VT in January 2005. Cross-country skiing will be available for those who are not interested in the downhill variety. (Sleigh rides are reserved for older folks.) Speaking of reunions, we are looking for a chairman for the seventy-fifth. We need someone with a family history of longevity who is a confirmed optimist. We were happy to find that Dom Deste of Portland, Maine, had a very beloved wife, Rita, last June, is carrying on bravely. His famous tomato crop was late this year due to the unusually cold weather in early summer, but he gave us his very special recipe for fried green tomatoes. We don’t have room for it here, but please call him for it at (207) 545-2387. Seriously, he would love to hear from you. Bishop Boles spends his free time with his sister next door to Dom and the two have become close friends. The Bishop gave a big party for Dom on his recent birthday. Eli Darveau and his wife, Doris, are adjusting nicely to their move from Madison, ME, to Milton, where they are near their daughter Susan. One thing for which we have never given the Darveaus the credit they deserve is the fact that they did not allow distance to keep them from sending their three children, Richard, Susan, and Peter to Boston College. We checked on Milt Bornstein and Anne and found them well. When asked for news, he announced that he had just closed his law office. This will give him more time for the good works he does. We talked to Dick Vaughn and Mary down in Hingham. They have had their medical problems, but they are happily situated after a lifetime of far away places like HI and WI. Dick’s consuming interest and concern is in the growing seminaries of the church, including the secularization of our Catholic colleges. Eddie O’Brien, from Dorchester, says that he has had all the ailments in the book but is still able to live alone. He takes turns cooking dinner with his bachelor son James ’72, who lives two doors away. James, incidentally, was a track star who won many meets for Boston College, running in the dashes, the quarter mile, and the relay. We caught up with Bob Huddly who has been a faithful attendant through the years at the Laetare gathering, but has been hard to reach. At our request, he sent us the highlights of his life and career since graduation. It is an unusual account of an important business career and the pursuit of a very unusual hobby. He is, without question, the most active member of our class. We will feature him in our next edition.

34

Herbert A. Kenny
894 Summer St.
Manchester, MA 01944
(978) 526-1446

Dan Holland and Walter Sullivan were the guests of the Shaw Society at a luncheon on Sunday, October 28. Mona Holland and Marie Cox, Walter’s daughter, were included. Heavy nostalgia was the order of the day when the group walked into room 101 of the Tower building as a gathering place. Finally, Dan Holland mentioned the one casualty in our ranks: “I came across the death notice of Fr. Clarence Boucher, a loyal classmate, ever ready to support our class activities.” He was the retired pastor of St. Ann’s Church in Salem, well-revered by his parishioners.

35

Edward T. Sullivan
2082 Oyster Harbor
Osterville, MA 02655
(617) 698-0080

36

Joseph P. Keating
24 High St.
Natick, MA 01760
(508) 653-4902

Julie Burgoyne, wife of our late classmate Al, died in late September. Julie was a graduate of Regis College and was an accomplished classical pianist. She and Al always were at our class luncheons and we enjoyed her company very much. Please remember Julie and the Burgoyne family in your prayers. As you can see there is little if any in the way of class news for this issue. So if you have any news about yourself or the class drop me a line.

37

Thomas E. Gaquin
206 Corey St.
West Roxbury, MA 02122
(617) 325-2883

We are sorry to report the death of classmate Arthur Ciampa, who passed away on September 5. Arthur’s daughter, Millie Ciampa McCarthy ’78, wrote in with the news. After graduating from BC, Arthur went on to graduate school where he earned his MSW in 1939, the second graduating class of the BC School of Social Work. He then worked for the Red Cross, the Veteran’s Administration, and was executive director of the United Cerebral Palsy of the South Shore Area, Inc., from 1958-1992, before he retired. During his career, Arthur was a true community activist, serving on at least thirty boards and organizations dedicated to improving the lives of elders and disabled children. He was an annual contributor to BC and loved his alma mater. Widowed in 2000, he leaves his daughter and one granddaughter. Condolences to the family.

38

William D. Finan
1202 Greendale Avenue
Unit #134
Needham, MA 02492

39

John D. Donovan
12 Wessonville Way
Westborough, MA 01581
donovan@bc.edu

These notes are being written on December 1, 2001, but you won’t be reading them until March 2002. This time lag means that our
news is usually dated but is still worth reading. Of course it usually lacks the exciting updates found in the notes of our younger alumni classes, e.g., marriages, births, new jobs, promotions, relocations, etc. Not surprisingly, numbers and age make for differences. Ergo, once again we have little to report but the good news is that we are still hanging in there. Indeed, the only death of a classmate to report is that of Tom Ahern. Tom, an Arlington native and an active BC football player between 1933 and 1939, passed away recently after a long and much decorated career as a Marine Air Force colonel. Our sympathy is extended and our prayers offered for him, his wife, and children. He and all other deceased members of the class of 1939 were remembered at our October memorial Mass and luncheon. Fr. Bill McNiness, our alumni chaplain, celebrated this Mass attended by the following prayerful classmates and family members: Herb and Cheryl Chernack, Eleanor Doherty, Ann Donovan, John and Mary Donovan, Nelson Erickson, Larry Fitzgerald, Paul and Florence Keane, Peter Kerr, John and Elaine Lynch, Gina McCarthy, Jim McGrath, Fred Molloy, Arthur Morrison, Charlie and Natalie Murphy, Ed Quinn, and Arthur and Mary Sullivan. Our Prexy, John Lynch, presided over a business meeting but no big issues were confronted. We may be somewhat aged but we are still solvent and hopeful that continued good health and good luck will find an even larger attendance at our memorial Mass next fall. 

• We’d love to hear from you! Peace! Wait a minute, I thought that I was finished but hold the press! Our prayers for news have been answered with some really great news. A thoughtful and welcomed letter from Fr. Russell Guaracello informs us that on October 24, he, Fr. Philip McConville, and Fr. Joseph McNulty (all class of 1939) had the joy of concelebrating a Mass at Our Lady of the Assumption Church in Marshfield. Why? It celebrated the fifty-eighth anniversary of their ordination in October 1943. Think of it. These classmates have spent fifty-eight years of loving service as priests in the Archdiocese of Boston, priests who have been both disciples of Christ and our intermediaries. Our congratulations, our thanks, our prayers, and our best wishes are with you and for you. Let’s hope now for more good news! Peace.

### Pops on the Heights 2002

**10th Anniversary**

**September 27, 2002**

**Tickets on sale now**

Call 1-800-767-5591 for more information.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>40</th>
<th>Sherman Rogen</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>34 Oak Street</td>
<td>Reading, MA 01867</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><a href="mailto:loganreality@mediaone.net">loganreality@mediaone.net</a></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>42</th>
<th>Ernest J. Handy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>84 Walpole Street Unit 4-M</td>
<td>Canton, MA 02021</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(781) 821-4576</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Proceeding down memory lane, Fred Jaquith provided President Nick Sottile with a Boston Globe article and photographed dated June 29, 1945, of Fr. Ed Cowhig, Fr. George Kerr, and Fr. Joe Maguire at their ordination at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. Picture now the memories of that time and the subsequent loyal and dedicated service these wonderful priests along with other classmates ordained at the same time rendered to God, country, and mankind. May God bless them always. • On October 19, 2001, at a luncheon at BC’s Conte Forum, the BC Gridiron Club honored classmate Gene Goodreau on his selection to the BC Hall of Fame. His jersey will be retired, a jersey he wore so capably and proudly in his outstanding athletic achievements and his subsequent selection to All-American status by the press media. Congrats to Gene from all of us for his greatness, modesty and humility. He is an All-American in every aspect of his life. In attendance at the above were classmates: Jim Murray, John Jansen, Nick Sottile, Roy Upham, Fr. Ed Cowhig, Joe Zabiski, George McNamara, and Jack Callahan. Others scheduled but who couldn’t attend were Ernie Blaustein, Bob Gallagher and Joe Bishop. • The Veteran’s Remembrance Day Mass was celebrated on October 20, 2001, at St. Ignatius. It was a most memorable and rewarding ceremony as a tribute to Boston College’s deceased veterans. To see the name of my own brother, Ed Callahan ’35, who gave his life in France, brought back many great memories and moments of great sadness to our family. May we never forget any of them as they rest peacefully and eternally with God. Please also remember the recent deaths of Charles Polcari who started with us and Fr. Joe Calvin. Also a communication from Priscilla Vaughan, widow of Joe Vaughan, was received and wanting to be remembered to the class. • Len Frisoli called from Florida to say hello to his classmates. • Nick Sottile also advised that the 1941 Sugar Bowl trophy has been refurbished and is on display at Conte Forum. Again, my greetings to all and may God keep us together for many more occasions. AMDG.
GIFTS THAT GIVE BACK

What are the memories of Boston College that you cherish?
• Friendships forged over meals and books
• Spirited debates on politics or poetry
• Special moments shared in service to the needy
• Heart-pumping Eagles' competition
• The warm embrace of the Heights community

There is a meaningful way to honor your memories, leave your imprint on the future of Boston College, and help yourself at the same time. By making a planned gift to Boston College, you can:
• Receive income for life
• Save on taxes
• Establish a fund to endow a program
• Memorialize or honor a friend or mentor
• Support financial aid, research, academic programs, athletics, student life, campus improvements and other areas at Boston College

Several beneficial gift options are available that can help you meet your financial objectives while providing needed income and capital for the University. For more information or a personalized illustration, please return the confidential reply form below, or contact:

John C. MacRae
Director of Planned Giving
Boston College
More Hall 220
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467

Phone: (888) 752-6438 (toll-free) or (617) 552-3328
Fax: (617) 552-2894
E-mail: planned.giving@bc.edu

Web site: http://www.bc.edu/development/giving/default.html

BOSTON COLLEGE CONFIDENTIAL REPLY FORM

_____ Please send me a personalized example of how a planned gift can help me and Boston College.

_____ I would like the illustration for the following amount: $________________

My date of birth is __________________________ (single-life example)

My spouse's date of birth is __________________________ (two-life example)

NAME __________________________

ADDRESS __________________________

PHONE __________________________

BC CLASS/AFFILIATION __________________________

MAIL TO: Boston College, Office of Planned Giving, More Hall 220, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467
FAX TO: (617) 552-2894
prayers are requested in memory of Terry Coughlan’s brother, Thomas, who died on October 25, 2002. Kindly remember Bob Maher, who passed on December 2. He too will be remembered at our memorial Mass in June. • News passed along from Steve Barry ’56, on the passing of his sister, Frances (Barry) Curry, widow of classmate Arthur L. Curry. She leaves five daughters, several grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. • The first Boston College Veterans Remembrance Day observance, held before and during the BC-Pittsburgh football game on October 20, 2001, was excellently managed jointly by the Boston College Alumni Association and the ROTC. The events consisted of a Mass, celebrated by Alumni Chaplain William C. McInnes, SJ, followed by a delicious and complete pre-game cookout at the RecPlex patio, and was a bit too long for many of us older graduates. Nevertheless the class was well represented by Frank Mahoney, who with his wife, Rita, still go dancing most every Saturday night, Tom Flanagan, Mary Muse. (Bob, for good reason, could not attend), and yours truly. Lest I forget, the invitation included two complimentary tickets to the football game. • On October 25, 2001, the University’s Globalization and Inequality Series second year was inaugurated with a talk by Bob Drinan on “Globalization and Human Rights.” Bob, former Boston College Law School dean, has been a featured speaker throughout the United States, England, and South Africa. • As you read this: I expect to have been wallowing in the warm water of the Gulf of Mexico; puttering around on the extra green golf courses in Naples, FL, with Jim Stanton and Frank Colpoy, enjoying comfortable temperatures both day and night, and, with my wife, frequently socializing with Helen and Jim Stanton, Agnes and Frank Colpoy, Winifred and Bob Troy, Louise and Jack Hart, whom I beat regularly at golf, and Dorothy McDonald. Incidentally, you are all welcome. Wish you were here. Maybe next year. Thanks to Chris and Kim Heaslip, the BC Club of Southwestern Florida activities are well planned. Individually and jointly Chris and Kim make everyone feel comfortable and most welcome. Because of their efforts, BC is very well represented in the annual Naples St. Patrick’s Day parade. The club’s monthly meetings and the traditional corned beef and cabbage luncheon are both well attended. My Helen and I enjoy being participants at most of the affairs during our short stay in Naples. We are indeed also very fortunate in being invited to the social event of the season, i.e., the annual reception in honor of Fr. Leavy, sponsored by Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Vanderslice at the exclusive Royal Pontiana Country Club. How time flies. I know that soon we will leave this all behind as we head for, be it ever so humble, the peace, quiet, and tranquility of home sweet home. Hope to see you at our annual memorial Mass on, I repeat, June 1, 2002. Ever to excel.

After a long illness, the class lost one of its most loyal sons: Robert ‘Bucky’ Harris died on June 26, 2001. The alphabet gave us seats next to each other in most of our social science classes. We became close. His early departure for the military, in our senior year, left a major void in the varsity baseball team. In 1947, one year after his return to civilian life, Polly said “yes” and they were joined in holy matrimony. Bucky, a hockey season ticket holder for over thirty years, often was accompanied by one of his five grandchildren. The class extends sincere sympathies to his widow, his two daughters, and his five grandchildren. He will be remembered at our memorial mass next June. Ever to excel.

Thomas O’C. Murray 14 Churchill Road W. Roxbury, MA 02132-3402 (617) 333-3737

Facing another deadline for ’44 classmates, your correspondent anxiously awaits a few reports from and about classmates. Meanwhile some personal reflections; Another successful season for BC Golden Eagles on the gridiron, under inspirational leadership of Coach Tom O’Brien, reminds your correspondent of the 1941 season coached by Denny Alycer. My date for the BC vs. HC game at Fenway on November 28, 1941, was Jeanne Conners, an undergraduate at Jackson/Tufts. The epic loss to John Griggs and his Holy Cross teammates resulted happily in cancellation of BC’s planned “Victory Party” at the Coconut Grove. Who can forget the game and/or the Coconut Grove Fire? A few years later Jeanne would complain that some BC undergrads, who transferred to Tufts in the Navy’s V-12 Program, kept her dormmates awake on weekend nights with spirited singing of “For Boston.” Fast forward to 1994, when our class gathered at Tufts for their Golden Jumbo Reunion. These two crosstown (Medford/Newton) reunions revitalized friendships among students between both campuses. Jeanne (Conners) O’Donnell and Jim, married fifty years on December 7, 2001, are not unique in sharing memories of two once small colleges, which in the second half of the twentieth century expanded their campuses and academic programs into national prominence. • Now that ’44 classmates have again heard a personal note from this quarter, it is time to hear back from you, so this column can share your comment on “Sixty Years Since Pearl Harbor”: your thoughts on Japanese destroyers departing Sasebo for the Indian Ocean in November to join up with US and British fleets to combat a common enemy, your thoughts on a United Republic of Germany in the same month committing to send 3,000 ground troops to join up with US military against a common terrorist enemy, your thoughts on surviving to live into this new century. How about the challenge of those organizing a stable post-war government in Afghanistan? Can you recall the ASTP Program on the Chestnut Hill Campus in the mid-1940’s, preparing bright Army personnel for engineering/technical assignments, as well as for administrative services for days of peace in a post-WWII
brunch honoring the members of the Joseph Coolidge Shaw Society in Gasson Hall. It was good to see for the first time since their spouses’ deaths Mary Louise Seaver and Kay Campbell. Charlie Early surprised us with his wife, Marie, recovering from a stroke. Dave and Clair Herr, Jack and Mary Lou McCarthy, Joe and Mary Figurito, and Joe Harrington also enjoyed the brunch. Following the reception we had a lecture on the history of the Borghese Gallery in Rome. The next event was Veterans Day at BC, sponsored by the Alumni Association and the army reserve officer training corps. We had Mass at St. Ignatius Church with Fr. William McInnes presiding. It was a very spiritual and emotional event with the posting of colors by the color guard and the singing of “America the Beautiful.” The names of the alumni who gave their lives in World War I, II, Korea, and Vietnam were read by Michael Ryan, associate dean. Following the reading, taps was played. The closing song was “God Bless America.” A very touching ceremony. Following the Mass we had a cookout on the RecPlex. Tom and Mary Maran made it all the way from TX. John Lariwwe and Doug McGiilivey came down from Danvers, and Tom and Clair Lofius from Nahant. The Carey and Ryders came up from the Cape as did Jack and Connie Kineavy. The Hamrocks also showed up from NH. Of course the day ended with a victory for BC over Pittsburgh. This was a very good program, one that I hope will be an annual event. • On the medical front, Charlie Early had a bad fall and fractured his left wrist. Other than that he is okay. All the rest of the wounded are making good progress.

Get ready for anniversary time. A Mass will be celebrated on June 1 followed by a luncheon. This will be shared with members of the classes of 1942 and 1937. Watch for further information in your mailboxes later this spring. • Fr. Mark Carr makes such frequent trips to Ireland that he is able to breeze through immigration as the holder of an Irish passport. • Fr. James Knox can be found by vacationers in the Cape Elizabeth area in ME, and is associated at St. Maximilian at Scarborough. • In the category of “where are they now, no direct correspondence, but last we heard,” Paul Malloy is retired from Exxon, living in Egg Harbor Township, NJ. • Dick Gibbons has been making his home in Haines City, FL. •

Charlie Burns is a retired school principal, living in Keene, NH. • Paul Cummings has had a career as a professor at Los Angeles City College, residing in Sherman Oaks. • Word has been received of the death of Rolland Doherty on April 1, 2001. He was a teacher in the Boston School System. • Drop us a line so we can communicate up-to-date information.

The class of 1948 celebrated its annual Mass for the deceased members of the class on October 10, 2001, at Trinity Chapel on the Newton Campus of Boston College, followed by a luncheon at Alumni House. Mass was concelebrated by Frs. Loscocco, Flynn, and Costello. Jim Costello was the soloist, and Bill Noonan and Bill Melville were the Lectors. Among those in attendance were John M. Concoran, Jim Costello, Michael DeCesare, Alfred DeVito, Frank Delonan, Robert Evoy, Eve Herbert, Kay Hart, Marie Morin, Eileen Net, Eugene Nash, Joan O’Neill, William O’Meara, Thomas Phair, George Savage, Paul Ryan, Paul Riordan, Bernard Travers, Paul Waters, and Paul Wilkos. • Three of our classmates are recovering from recent illnesses: Bill Melville, Frank Perry, and Bill Noonan. Bill Noonan recently underwent open heart surgery. • We are sad to announce the death of John E. Concoran. • Gene and Barbara Nash toured the Canadian Rocky Mountains in September. • Alfred and Eileen DeVito celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in Lucia, Italy. • Paul J. Ryan has five children – the two oldest boys are BC graduates and his only daughter is a doctor in Portland, ME. • Irene and Bill Melville are awaiting the arrival of their sixteenth grandchild. • His daughter is the forty-third member of the family to attend BC. She was the former director of the BC law school fund. • Suzanne and Timothy Buckley had dinner with Fr. John Flynn in the North End. Father lives at Regina Cleri, the retirement home for Boston priests. He gave a tour of the facility and played his techsics keyboard. Father is recovering from several medical problems. Please keep him in your prayers. • Jim Ward provided a recent update of his activities. After college he worked with Bill Noonan at Burroughs Corporation. He and his wife Audrey, a British Bride of 1945, celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary by returning to England to visit relatives. They have three children and four grandchildren. Audrey suffered a stroke in 1999 with full recovery. Jim also went through open heart surgery. He wants to say hello to fellow classmates Tom Spencer, Mike DeCesare, Bill Noonan, Bill Melville, Bill Palladino, and Cornelius Sullivan and offers prayers for his deceased classmates Tom Carroll, Joe Herbert, Frank Crosby, and
The following classmates attended the post-game reception on October 20, 2001, after the BC vs. Pittsburgh football game: Louis H. Arbeene, Edward Brady, Richard F. Burke, Frank Carr, John B. Casey, Joseph F. Casey, Gerald M. Coakley, James P. Connelly, John A. Dewire, Francis M. Doran, Brendan Fleming, Robert M. Gleason, Dorothy Harwood, Robert P. Heavey, William Horrigan, William C. Logue, Rose Marie Murphy, Robert O'Connell, George T. Padula, Edward P. O'Connor, Edward M. Quincy, John D. Sullivan, Alfred J. Tighe, Jr., and William P. Toland. • Patrick F. McDonough passed away on June 20, 2001, at the Spear Hospital in Plymouth, NH. He immigrated to the United States with his family from Connemara, Ireland, in 1928. He graduated from Boston English High School in 1942. Mr. McDonough graduated from Boston University Law School in 1955. Pat was elected to the nine-member Boston City Council in 1955, as well. In 1963, he ran for mayor of Boston and he was defeated in his attempt to oust Mayor John Collins. He returned to the City Council in 1965 and served six additional terms. As a member of the Boston City Council, Mr. McDonough worked alongside Boston mayors-to-be Collins and Ray Flynn. He was Boston City Council president in 1958, 1961, 1973, and 1981. Mr. McDonough’s political career on the Council spanned the John Hynes administration through the Kevin White administration. His career also paralleled the transformation of the old Boston with the construction of the new Boston skyline and the redevelopment of Faneuil Hall. He served as assistant city clerk in 1991. He retired in 1995. He is survived by his wife Mary, two daughters and five sons, and seventeen grandchildren. • Robert J. Frazer died in January 2000. Paul A. Gillis passed away in May 2001. Louis A. Maggio died on April 25, 2001. Lawrence E. Spellman, Esq., died at his home in Bow, NH, on June 29, 2000. He was an owner of Ramsmeier and Spellman Professional Corporation of Concord, NH. Al DeCastro passed away in August of 2001. To the families of these classmates, the class extends our deepest sympathy.

Newton

Ann Fulton Cote
11 Prospect Street
Winchester, MA 01890

50-53

Sadly, I must report the death of John Natoli, husband of Mary Lou Julian ’50. A BC alumnus, John added infectious humor to Newton College alumna gatherings, and we shall miss him. Join me in assuring Mary Lou of our prayers for John, for her, their son, and two daughters. We extend our sympathy and prayers to Barbara Gould Henry ’53 on the death of her son, Courtney, 32, in August. Courtney graduated from Roxbury Latin, Harvard College, magna cum laude, and received a master’s degree from Syracuse. He is survived by his parents and two brothers. • We attended a spectacular seventieth birthday party for Sarah Lee Whelan McSweeney ’53 at the Quincy Bay Marina in October. She was completely surprised by the event, which her four children organized so beautifully. The weather was gorgeous. We were treated to a sunset across Boston Harbor. • I have the exquisite joy of announcing the birth of our first grandchild, Eliza Fulton Cote. She is the daughter of Tim and Mark Cote of Hot Springs, VA, where I will go as often as I possibly can. Send news!
advise of the death of Francis X. Quinn who was our class correspondent for a number of years. Frank Quinn, originally from Dedham, MA, lived in Rockville, MD, and had a highly successful law practice in Washington, DC. During this past summer, we also lost Larry Cronin, Daniel Mullally, Eugene Tangney, and John Tripp. May these and the souls of all our other departed classmates rest in peace.

Edward L. Englert, Jr., Esq.
128 Colber Avenue
Roslindale, MA 02131
(617) 323-1500

REUNION
MAY 17 - 19, 2002

Our fiftieth got off to a great start on October 13 when 160 gathered for the memorial Mass at St. Mary’s Chapel. The Mass was celebrated by Fr. Tom Murray and concelebrants Fr. Hugh O’Regan, Msgr. Peter Martocchio, Fr. John McIntyre, Fr. Robert McAuliffe, and Fr. Lawrence Murphy. Roger Connor, Frank McDermott, Art Powell, Fred Meagher, and Jim Callahan assisted with the readings. Afterward, we went to the Tower Building (Gasson Hall) for a hearty meal and an evening of socializing. The new officers for the class were announced and Roger will be our next president, Art Powell, and Jim Callahan will be vice presidents and Al Sexton will be treasurer. Many thanks to Frank McDermott, who served the past four years as our president, and who has worked diligently for eight years as a class officer. The class enjoyed the reunion and many new faces were seen. The chapel was filled to capacity and some had to stand, truly a manifestation of faith and spirit of ’52. Fr. O’Regan deeply appreciated the generous collection taken at the Mass for the pro-life cause in the Archdiocese. Fr. Monan took time out from his busy schedule to speak to us at dinner and it was a pleasure to see him once again. Due to space limitations in this publication, I cannot list all the names of those who attended. • Received a note from Bill Bond who is retired and living in Bonita Springs, FL. He and Elaine are busy playing golf frequently and Bill does freelance writing for several magazines when he is not tutoring immigrant workers, mainly Hispanic, in English. In the last column, some names were inadvertently omitted or evaporated after being mailed, relative to those attending the St. Patrick’s Day celebration in Naples. They were Bernie O’Sullivan, John Paul Sullivan, Bill Walsh, Fred Tarpey, Jim Callahan, Al Cassassa, Tom Cummiskey, Frank Torpey, Diane Delmonte, Joan Giroux, Dan McElaney, Dick McLaughlin, Bill Newell, Charlie Carroll, Barry Driscoll, and Paul Reardon. The trip to Ireland in September was a real treat and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The weather was great and the food and scenery were excellent. Enjoying the trip were Lex Blood, Jim Callahan, Steve Casey, Roger Connor, Lois Doyle, Arthur Farley, Jim Kenneally, Jack Leary, Jim Leonard, Doris Marr, Frank McDermott, Jim Mulrooney, Larry Murry, Bill Newell, Bill Noble, Art Powell, and Bill Walsh. • Received “greetings” from Dick Bangs, John O’Connor, who is enjoying his five grandchildren in retirement, Walter McDonough, Charlie Sheehan, Archie Walsh, Jerry Dacey, and Al Perauatt. • Jim Cobett has moved to Buzzards Bay and is an American Express financial advisor. • Dr. Kirwin MacMillan is semi-retired, has seventeen grandchildren, and enjoys golfing, sailing, skiing, and traveling. Who wouldn’t? • Dave Murphy is in Pittsfield and travels to Naples and elsewhere to visit his grandchildren. • Heard from Ed Caudette in NJ, Jim Ring in Manchester, NH, who is now retired, Larry Vachon in PA, Paul Reardon in Trenton, NJ, Eric Johnson in CA, Charlie Sherman in FL, and Bob O’Brien in CT. From the Cape we received “hellos” from Paul Woods, Jay Hughes, George Gallant, Larry Murphy, Paul Smith and Fr. Tom Murray. Greetings were also received from Joe Muscato, Bob Jingozian, Joe Shay, Joe Ottaviano, Art Powell, Bill Newell, Bernie Dwyer, John Kennedy, Paul Flynn, Paul Nolan, Joe Ippolito, Paul Donelion, John Keller, Pat Chard O’Neill, Ed Goulart and Jim Kenneally. • Msgr. Peter Martocchio is now senior priest in residence at St. Jerome’s in Weymouth. • Jim Leonard made his thirty-ninth trip to Ireland recently. • John Paul Sullivan is in his ninth year of retirement from the MA Superior Court bench and is practicing law in Boston (Mintz Levin). Other “hellos” from Tom McElroy, Matt Towle, Frank McDermott, Joe Fagan, Fr. John McIntyre, who is residing at St. Mary’s Hall, Charlie Hanafin, John Parker Sullivan, Frank Doyle, who has eleven children and fifteen grandchildren, Tom O’Keefe, Bob Barry, Herb Emison, and Larry Durkee. • Fred Tarpey was among the faithful who journeyed to Stanford for the game and then visited Napa Valley. • Sorry to report the deaths of six classmates: Frank “Bud” Torpey was an FBI agent for fifteen years before accepting a position as director of security with the National Hockey League. He was born in West Roxbury and lived in W. Nyack, NY, and leaves his wife, Mary, and two daughters and sons. Loretta Ruggiero, who died in August, 2000. Alan Deerfield, who passed away in Florida in April, 2001. Paul McDevitt, who died in June, 2001. He retired as assistant superintendent of the Mamaroneck, NY, school system, and moved to Hilton Head Island, SC. He leaves his wife, Lee, six sons, and ten grandchildren. Frank Dooley, Esq., who lived in West Harwich, passed away in November. Frank was a past president of our class and was one of ’52’s most faithful followers. He leaves his wife, Jeanne, and two children, Stephanie and Frank. Bill Falvey died in November and lived in Southington, CT. As classmates, Frank and Bill were officers in the Fulton Debating Society, being the president and vice president respectively.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board
Candidate Watch: Classmate Roger Connor is running for director, greater than ten years.

Pops on the Heights 2002
10th Anniversary
September 27, 2002
Tickets on sale now

Call 1-800-767-5591
for more information.

Robert W. Kelly
586 White Cliffs Drive
Plymouth, MA 02360
(508) 888-3350

As a class, we wish to extend our sympathy and prayers to any and all in the BC community who suffered any loss as a result of the September 11 terrorist attacks. • Our great football fans went to great distances this year to root for our Eagles. The Austin Smiths traveled to Stanford and several attended the BC vs Navy game with the BC Club of Cape Cod: The McSweeney’s, Farleys, Coughlins, Duggans, Driscolls, Livingstons, and Roger Perfetti. • We also noted that we have a couple of TV stars: Fr. Larry Drennan is appearing on Channel 68 at 9:30 a.m. occasionally to say Mass for the shut-ins, and Sherm Saltmarsh, as commissioner of regional airports, appeared on Channel 2, the 7 p.m. news program, after September 11 to comment on the security and safety at a surprisingly large number of regional airports around the state. • A small group of ’52ers attended the fall golf tournament run by the BC Club of Cape Cod: Bob Sullivan (prize), Joe Hasford, J. Raftery, and Gerry McLaughlin all played well. Glad to see that Gerry’s back in action. • George Kieswetter has eagerly assumed responsibility for creating a class Web site for all our techies to receive information about our fiftieth anniversary events. We will let you know more when it is up and running. • By the time you read these notes our ten-day class trip to London, Paris, and more, from September 25, 2002, to October 4, 2002, will have been announced, and possibly a second notice concerning price and insurance, etc., will have been sent. • Can you believe the football season is almost over, and as for the games played, weren’t they exciting. Especially beating Notre Dame – or is it “Our Lady’s University” – sometimes I get it confused with that football factory – without football, who’d know about Notre Dame – I’m glad that our Boston College is such a well-rounded academic institution – ‘nuff said, “Go BC!” Met up with Sal and others
At the Pittsburgh game. Both were decked out in the maroon and gold. Saw Joe Tower, but he didn’t see me. There were a gang of ‘53ers at the BC Club of Cape Cod All Souls’ Mass, and all were looking very happy. Mary Jane Cowan, Astin and Barbara Smith, Ralph and Margaret Murphy, Jim and Mary Livingston, Bob and Peg Sullivan, Gerry McLaughlin, Matt and Marie Flaherty, Paul O’Loughlin, Dick and Mary Farley. Dick was just elected to the board of the club. He’ll do a great job. • At the Mass on All Soul’s Day, the name of classmate Edward (Buddy) Condon of Sandwich was announced as having passed away. Also another classmate was brought to my attention by Ken and Barbara Cowan, that of Larry Geisler. Most of us will remember Larry, who was about twenty years older than us, who came to BC after being a major in the Army for some years and a careerman in the hotel business. Our memories and prayers follow our departed classmates and their families they left behind. • President Paul asked me to remind all those out there about class dues. Your $25 dues helps us greatly; thanks if you paid and if not there is still time. Please send them to Alumni House for the attention of “The Class of ’53.”

David F. Pierre
PO Box 72
Prides Crossing, MA 01965
(978) 927-1149

Last November, the class of ’54 celebrated its memorial Mass. Over fifty-one classmates, wives, and friends were present. This was the most successful group to date. Among those there were: Tony Pellegrini, Tom W. Lane, Ed Smith, Caroline and Bob Donovan, Pat and Edward Kodzis, Frank DeLuca and Doug MacMillan, Margaret and Dan Milew, Joe Skerry, Frank Flannery, Sue and Bert Giroix, Ellie and Bert Good, Sue Andrews, Ann and John Cummings, Mary McCourt, Jody and Frank Bonarigo, Verna and Tom Lane, Jane and Paul McGee, Kathy and Peter Nobile, Pat and Bob (Rufus) King, Joan and Frank Patchell, Lori and Lou Totino, Joan Feehoey, Mary and Murray Regan, Ray MacPherson, Mary B. Kelley, Bea McDevitt, and Aurora and Jack Leydon. The Mass was celebrated by Father William McNees, and Michelle Abadia accompanied soloist Cathy Grein. Francis X. Flannery, who is present, is the father of four children, three of whom graduated from BC, and one from Suffolk. His wife, Mary, passed away in 1990. He is still working as vice president and treasurer of Suffolk University as he has for the past twenty-eight years. Jim Kelley’s annual homecoming (Jim has been a resident of Hong Kong for more than three decades) was celebrated in August at Bert and Sue Giroux’s Marshfield summer home. The get-together included Bert and Ellie Good, Mary Jane and Jim Coughlin, Bob ’56 and Annette and their son, Rob Giroux, and Jane Sullivan, wife of our late classmate John. Kel, for the number of years has returned to his “roots” each summer for a visit with his sister Marge, and welcomes a chance to reminisce with friends and a return to the College. I recall his growth. The nephew of hockey coach “Snooks” Kelley, Kel includes an annual visit to the ice rink and look at the memorial plaque to “Uncle Snooks,” a tribute for which he is grateful. Since his retirement from Novelle Enterprises, Ltd., he has toured throughout Southeast Asia and Japan, but places his yearly return to Boston among the top of his travel list. • On a sad note, we have learned of the passing of Jerry Monaghan, who was a very popular classmate. He is survived by his wife, Ruth, and four children. Jerry served in the Army and was a member of the BC Club of Cape Cod. Steven J. Conway, former resident of London, England, died on Tuesday July 24, 2001, in Kansas City, KS, after a brief illness. Born in Mt. Kisco, NY, he had lived in London for the past six years. He was a graduate of Boston College and received his MBA at Harvard Business School. He was formerly president of the Ivan F. Boesky Corporation. Most recently, he was senior vice president of Knowledge, Inc. in Cairo, Egypt, and managing director of EvalTeck.com in London, England. Surviving is his wife, Mary Y. Conway, a son, Christopher, and a daughter, Kendra, all of Kansas City, KS.

Marie J. Kelleher
12 Tappan Street
Melrose, MA 02176
(781) 665-2669

Bishop John Kallos had a wonderful trip this summer. Back in 1992, Bishop John was elected bishop of the diocese of Amorion. This was once an illustrious diocese in Asia Minor, now Turkey, and Bishop John had wanted to visit this area for several years. In December of 2000, he learned that an excavation project was taking place so, since he had been invited to go to an ordination and consecration in Istanbul, he made arrangements to visit Amorion, now known as Hisarkoy. Quite fortunately, one of the sites being excavated was what had been a two-story cross dome basilica. While there, Bishop John conducted a Trisagion Service for the forty-two Martyrs of Amorion. While he felt renewed by his visit, he also felt sad to view what it was and what it had become. Staying with the international theme, I had a delightful chat with Coleman Nee one afternoon. Coleman spent thirty-five years working for the State Department and had postings in such places as Africa, Poland, and France. After leaving the State Department, he worked for the United Nations for two years and has now joined the ranks of the retired in Yarmouthport. • I understand that another classmate and resident of the Cape Cod area is retiring, Mary Rose McCarthy.

Griffin is bidding farewell to the Board of Health in Dennis. • Sadly, our class did not escape the tragedy of September 11. Stephanie Coffey Clarke’s husband, John, had his law office on the eighty-fifth floor of 2 WTC. Fortunately, John was unhurt but six members of his staff of 110 died in the inferno and collapse of the building. Stephanie is the director of major gifts for the Glimmerglass Opera, the summer program for the New York City Opera Co. In the last issue, I mentioned that Stephanie’s mother had died recently so I know you will join me in saying a prayer for her and her husband in this difficult time. I had a lovely phone call from Ann Shepard. She is now living in Medford after spending so many years in Malden. • In September, the alumni office received word that Alice Silva had died in February of 1999. Alice lived in Pawtucket, RI, and had been in nursing for many years. • In the last issue, I asked you to forward the names of classmates who have died since graduation so that I can be sure we have an up-to-date list when we publish the names during our golden eagle celebration. If you haven’t done so, please do. I’m adding another request. We are going to have to publish a yearbook. I’m thinking of the Holly Ball. To help you send things, I now have a mailbox in the alumni office. My address is MK35@bc.edu. I look forward to hearing from you with news that is current as well as help in gathering information. Don’t forget Laetare Sunday. You can contact me if you want tickets.

Newton
Jane Quigley Hone
425 Nassau Avenue
Manhasset, NY 11030
(516) 627-0973

Steve Barry
11 Albamont Road
Winchester, MA 01890
barrybc56@aol.com

Reunion, Part 3 (Saturday lunch, Mass, dinner): At lunch I sat with Mary and Jerry Sullivan, and Gene and Miriam O’Toole Dessureault from Bethesda, MD. The Dessureault’s house sitter discovered a leak in the water heater, and notified a neighbor who called their insurance agent and a plumber to repair it. After lunch, we were free to roam and sit in on talks about current activities. I saw a presentation about BC’s Web site — where you can register and look up information about classmates, library facilities, faculty, athletics, jobs, etc. The BC Museum in Devlin Hall (science building) had an exhibit on the Norwegian artist Edward Munch, much noted for his painting “The Scream.” Late in the afternoon, class members Dave Gill, SJ, and Don Ploce, SJ, were concelebrants at the Alumni Memorial Mass at St. Ignatius. Both are on the faculty at BC, I sat
were leader still Harwichport i9- have Pat day-long Kathleen country Bruno hope scheduled Marston “Double Bill The We’ll long May later m was post-game Jim families. 25x378 two class died daughter in Anniversary. 25x453 class-related of in Brosnahan and died in Saratoge, retired: 39x304 running a class-related of in Dick Day, and Ted Bannon. After talking about diet and triglycerides, George coffee. We will not reveal who took a large spoonful of the whipped cream, sat back to enjoy it, then realized in horror that George had witnessed the crime. • Pat and Bob Austin of Naples, FL, and Bass River are retired: he from Raytheon after thirty-three years and she from United Airlines. Barbara and Paul Sullivan of Stuart, FL, and Sagamore Beach, MA: Paul retired after thirty-seven years with Ford. Dottie and Joe Reagan, Saratoga, CA, enjoyed the Pops with Kathy and Leo Power and the clambake with Kathleen Donovan Goudie. Joe retired from Lockheed Martin and consults for the naval studies board in Washington, DC. Judy and Charlie Laverty celebrated their thirty-eighth anniversary. They travel extensively, and Charlie is on several bank boards and business and civic committees. • In October, Jim Brosnahan received the Samuel E. Gates award from the American College of Trial Lawyers for significant contributions towards improving the litigation process. • Brian Concannon’s son, Brian Jr., was instrumental in convicting fifty-three of fifty-nine participants in a massacre in Haiti. • We have had two class-related deaths. Jack Burns’s daughter died in September. Her funeral was one of the largest I have ever been to. The second was my sister, Frances Curry, who died in November. Her husband was in the class of 1942. Please pray for them and their families. • We’ll be back to regular updates next month. Thanks to all who keep the news coming.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Margaret Murphy is running for chair elect.

Newton 56
Patricia Leary Dowlng 39 Woodside Drive Milton, MA 02186 (617) 696-0163

Francis E. Lynch 27 Arbuts Lane W. Dennis, MA 02670 flynch@mma.mass.edu

57

REUNION MAY 17 - 19, 2002 Our ﬁrst forty-ﬁfth anniversary event, the Hope Photographs exhibit, at the McMullen Museum of Art, was held on November 17, 2001. Co-chairs Paul J. O’Leary and Jim Turley did a great job in organizing this reunion event. The following classmates were in attendance: Rev. Tom Ahearn MM, Norma Cacciamani, Jim Devlin, Maryann Dun, Ralph Ferrera, Mary Lou Hogan, Rev. Gerry Kelly MM, Peg Kenney, Paul O’Leary, Anna May Dooley Stewart, Bob Tiernan, Bill Tobin, Betty and Jim Turley, and others I might have missed. This event took the place of our earlier planned event that was scheduled for October 27 football game BC vs Notre Dame. In light of the change of playing time from early afternoon to early evening, the class board members, had no alternative but to go with a substitute event. In summary, it all worked out well. • Paul J. O’Leary and Jim Turley have been selected as co-chairs for our forty-ﬁfth reunion. They have published a year-long summary of Reunion activities, including a few sponsored by the Alumni Association. They included the BC Christmas Chorale and BC vs. Georgetown basketball game with a post-game Mass, reception, and dinner following the game. March 2 heralded in a night of entertainment at Paul Mahoney’s Rocky Ledge in Winchester. The Second Helping Dinner will take place at the 600 Club at Fenway Park on Saturday, April 6. Saturday, April 27, will be the BC Arts Festival, a day-long event, presented by the BC Arts Council. A class golf tournament is scheduled for May 16 with a country club site to be announced at a later date. Commencement weekend, the grand finale will run from Friday to Monday, May 17-20, 2002. There will be special class mailings to all class members covering pertinent details of all these reunion events. • Bruno E. Bagnaschi retired from The Torrington Co., in CT, after forty-two years of service. • Joe Burke and his wife, Brenda, are continuing to enjoy life on Cape Cod. Joe tells me that he is enjoying playing many of the golf courses on the Cape. • Dick Coleman is almost fully retired. Dick plans to move south in the near future. Dick, please keep in touch! • Bill Cunningham and his wife, Joan, had a delightful two-week trip to Italy last November. Bill tells me their next stop will be London, and the British Isles sometime in the near future. • Jim Devlin and his wife, Mary, are now grandparents for the fourth time. Son Jim and his wife now have three boys while daughter Maryellen has one daughter. • Margaret M. Flynn’s husband, Ralph, recently passed the California bar exam. They both live in San Mateo, CA. • John T. Conway is the new manager of the Dennis ofﬁce of Jack Conway Realtors, better known as Conway Country. Jack is a look-alike of the founder, John E. Conway, who founded the company in 1957. Jack also advises that his son Rev. Michael J. Conway, SDB, is the new principal of Don Bosco Technical High School in Patterson, NJ. Son Tim is the new manager of operations for Cape Air. • Margaret J. Kenney along with Rev. Stanley J. Bezuszka, professor emeritus and director of the University’s mathematics institute, are among the ﬁve inaugural members of Teachers of Mathematics in the Massachusetts Hall of Fame. Peg is the institute’s associate director, and is leader in improving the teaching of mathematics. She has taught thousands of individuals, many of whom are now teachers. She is proclaimed as an extraordinary teacher and a prolific author of innovative problems, articles, and textbooks. Congratulations Peg for this great distinction, dear board member, and loving classmate. • Bill O’Connor writes that he and his wife, Tilda, drove over from Newport Beach, CA, to see the BC-Colegrove bowl game. Bill relates that it was a Colorado blowout but yet enjoyed the trip to Tucson. • Gerard J. Hooley traveled extensively last year touring Spain, Portugal, and Morocco. Last June he took a cruise to Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and other ports of call. Gerry’s son, Michael, recently was married, while his daughter, Luann, is a GS-14 with the US Custom Service in Washington, DC. • Paul McDams and his wife, Gayle, are building a new home in Chatham. They are replacing their 150-year-old home after using it for the last twenty-ﬁve years. • Edward J. Hines retired nearly two years ago. He and his wife, Anne, now live in Harwichport on the Cape, and winter in Naples, FL. • Kathleen A. Bresnan reports that she has not been well of late. Kathleen can be reached at P.O. Box 223, North Eastham, MA 02651, telephone (508) 255-3843. • Andrew F. Picariello now lives in Marston Mills on the Cape. He is keeping busy managing some commercial real estate properties, traveling, and participating in vintage sports car racing. He also was blessed with his ﬁrst grandson last August. • Nancy Fidelle Miller Wilberg was recently married last September. She has been living in CA since 1957. I hope, Nancy, that you and your husband can make our big reunion in May 2002. • John T. Twombly is director of special education for several Alternative # 766 schools on the North Shore of Boston. John has ﬁve children. Daughter Paula Twombly Gray is a graduate of BC. • Frank Lynch has been nominated for candidacy for the position of director, graduated more than ten years, on the Alumni Association’s board of directors. I feel much honored in being placed on the ballot, and I hope that you will consider my candidacy. Ballots will be mailed to all alumni in March 2002. • The class Web site is still being worked on, and hopefully soon it will become a reality. • The class extends its sincere sympathy to the family of William F. Doherty who passed away last September. Bill was an award-winning legal affairs reporter and editor for the Boston Globe, whose courtroom coverage spanned four decades. He was also a “Double Eagle.” Condolences from the class are extended to the families of Frederick J. Crosdale, Henry E. Bognis, Francis J. Reynolds, Robert G. Rabtoy, and Francis P. Duﬃcy, who all passed away over the last year or more. • Reunion class dues are $25. If you have not already done so, please forward your class dues to Bill Tobin, 181 Central St., Holliston, MA 01746. Your dues contribution will go a long way in funding a reunion of a lifetime. Please make this forty-ﬁfth reunion a part of your long-range plans. Experience and savor the moments
with those classmates that you have not seen since those early days of 1957. Your presence can make it a happy and fruitful difference! Best wishes for a very healthy and happy reunion year.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Frank Lynch is running for director, greater than ten years.

Newton

57

Marjorie L. McLaughlin
139 Parker Road
Needham, MA 02494
(781) 444-7252

REUNION
MAY 31 - JUNE 2, 2002

58

David A. Rafferty, Jr
2265 Ashton Oaks Lane 101
Stonebridge City Club
Naples, FL 34109

Received an interesting letter from George Bishop who reported that he retired from his own sales agency about ten years ago and that he and his wife, Kathy, purchased property in the Pocono region of Pennsylvania. They do quite a bit of volunteer work in the community and George just completed his second and final term as president of the local Lions Club. In addition to playing golf four or five times a week, George keeps busy touching base with their three grandchildren, the latest, Collin Edminster, born on August 12 in York, ME. When February rolls around, George and Kathy are off to St. Simon’s Island, GA, to live the good life. Nice to hear from you, George and I look forward to seeing you at our forty-fifth. • "Tank" Meehan, the world traveler, reports from Germany that he will be attending our forty-fifth and expects a more elaborate gift than a beer for traveling the farthest to attend. • Paul (Gus) Roach was recently appointed vice president of sales for the System Sensor Security business unit of Honeywell Security and Fire Solutions Group. Paul has been living in Hanover for the past thirty years and has five children. On a very sad note, Paul reports that his nephew, Stephen Roach (also nephew of Robert Roach ’53), was a victim of the September 11 tragedy at the World Trade Center. Stephen was a vice president and director of Cantor Fitzgerald and leaves his wife, Isabel, and three young children. Our prayers are with Stephen’s family. • Bill McGurk has a new permanent Canada address: RR#2, Vernon River, PE1 Canada COA 2EO. • Sincerest condolences of the class go out to the families of the following classmates who recently passed away: Francis J. Murray, Bob Shortell, Henry Morechi, husband of Linda Morechi of Alexandria, VA, and Barry J. Waters of Hanwich. • On a brighter note, Jim Murphy was featured on the front page of the October 18 issue of the Boston College Chronicle. Jim, a novelist and faculty member at BC, reflected on his days as a private during the Korean War and his recently published essay "Freedom Village" which describes a poignant scene as an American POW of the Korean War encounters the American flag on his release from captivity and how the flag meant coming home, security, and happiness. • Jim Ardini, living in Clayton, CA, has retired as the chairman of the physics department at Diablo Valley College. • Dick Barrett is the assistant vice president of Ohio Casualty Insurance in Raleigh, NC. • Gael Burns is an artist with his company, Logo Graphics in South Natick. • Jim Chishom has retired from Hewlett Packard and is living in Loveland, CO. • John Cody, living in Carlisle, is a stockbroker with Tucker Anthony. • Phil Dawson is on the City Council in Portland, ME. • Joe Hughes, living in Brewster on the Cape, has retired from Merrill Lynch. • Paul Lucy, living in Kittery Point, ME, is the owner of South Management Group in Portsmouth, NH. • Arthur Mooney is a broker/trader with Morgan Stanley in Boston. • Gerry Mitchell, living in Westwood, is the president/owner of Northeastern Envelope in Boston. • Howie Powers is retired from Merck and Company and living in NYC and Edgartown. • Bill Russell is a professor at Merrimack College. • Dick Simons is now living the good life after retiring as the president of Northeast Properties in Boston. • Edmund Solari, living in Brookline, is an attorney practicing in Cambridge. • Again, I solicit classmates to send me some news. It is getting more and more difficult to fill up this column with information from 58ers. Don’t forget your class dues. Send $25 to Jack “Mucca” McDevitt, 28 Cedar St., Medford, MA 02155.

Newton

58

Sheila Hurley Canty
PO Box 386
North Falmouth, MA 02556
(508) 754-2744

59

Frank Martin
6 Sawyer Road
Wellesley Hills, MA 02481
fmartin@mediaone.net

Newton

59

Maryjone Mulvanity Casey
28 Briarwood Drive
Taunton, MA 02780
(508) 823-1188

60

Joseph R. Carty
253 River Street
Norwell, MA 02061
jcarty@mindspring.com

Edward Sulesky, who was very instrumental in class affairs for the past thirty years, passed away in late October with cancer. Condolences to his wife, Jane, and four children. Ed will be sorely missed with his great sense of humor, leadership abilities, and love of alma mater. Those who got to know him realize what a great guy he was. God bless. Joe and Donna (Mason) Steinkraus, within the same time frame, lost Joe’s brother, Philip, to cancer. He was recently-retired and a triple eagle, having earned his doctorate from BC in education. He leaves his wife and two children. • Rev. Stephen Concannon is now the pastor of a new church in Harpswells, ME, which is a summer chapel. He returns to his normal responsibilities for the balance of the year. George St. Pierre of that same area in ME said hello. • Rick Pierce retired from his position as assistant treasurer in Plymouth county and has moved to FL as of early November. He will spend the summer in Plymouth. Please drop a line or email me.

Newton

60

Patricia McCarthy Dorsey
53 Clarke Road
Needham, MA 02492
dorseymp@mediaone.net

I’m going to begin this letter by reminding you that it is easy to email me information and I would love to hear from those who haven’t participated to date. These class notes are compiled three months prior to publication. In the fall issue, written in August, I noted that Mary Egan Boland was married to the former, long-time congressman, Edward Boland. This fall Ed Boland passed away. We send our sincere sympathies to Mary and their children. • In early November, Mickey Mahon MacMillan hosted classmates in this area to a luncheon at her new home in Cotuit. Those who were able to share in a special afternoon were: Brenda Koehler Laundry, Loretta Maguire, Julie O’Neill, Elaine Holland Early, Carole Ward McNamara, Sheila Gill, Jeanne Hanrhan Connelly, Fran Fortin Breau, Gail Hannaford Walsh, and I. We missed Sally O’Connell Healy and Berenice Hackett Davis. They both were headed south to FL to enjoy their winter condors. Brenda tells us that Fenna Ronci Rouge is still working hard running “The Pasta Patch” in RI. Brenda and her friends order takeout frequently and refer to it as “dinner with Fenna.” • Good travel news for Loretta Maguire! Since our last reunion, Loretta has had a kidney transplant. Despite some ups and downs, Loretta is thrilled to have been able to take two trips to Ireland. • While we were enjoying our delicious brunch, Jeanne Hanrhan Connelly received a welcome call from her daughter, Ann, relating that she had passed the bar exam. Jeanne and Ed are living on Martha’s Vineyard. • Fran and Ted Breau have become proud grandparents for the first time. Their daughter, Ellen, delivered a baby girl, Camille, in May. Naturally we all loved seeing the pictures of this beautiful new member of their family.
In November the Alumni Association planned an interesting evening featuring Margot Morrell ’74, the co-author with Stephanie Capparel of Shackleton’s Way: Leadership Lessons from the Great Antarctic Expedition. Margot was a recent recipient of the BC Alumni Achievement Award in arts and humanities for this fascinating book on Ernest Shackleton’s Antarctic expedition.

The focus is on his outstanding leadership skills during this harrowing trip that never reached the South Pole. In today’s economic climate our leaders can face disaster and Morrell and Capparel suggest that Shackleton can be a great guide to those leaders who are willing to risk new ventures whether in business or new territories. 

September 11 has had a deep impact on all Americans. Let us all continue to pray for those in the BC and NCSH families who have lost a loved one. As Easter approaches, may we focus on who and what is important in our lives, and live each moment with gratitude for Christ’s loving sacrifice for us.

Happy Easter!

Robert W. Sullivan, Jr.
484 Pleasant Street
Brockton, MA 02303
rwsul@cs.com

Not long after I wrote the last column for our class event of cataclysmic destruction was visited upon our shores by a group of evil people who shattered two of the world’s most prominent buildings and ended thousands of innocent lives in an act of unprovoked and unmitigated madness. A few weeks after the event, but with the image of what I had seen on live TV still fresh in my memory, I received a phone call from Jack McDowell telling me that he and his wife Pat had lost their son, John, who was working for Sandler, O’Neill in one of the upper floors when the terrorists struck. John was a 1991 graduate of Fordham and by all accounts a wonderful young man with a bright future. Some of our classmates attended the funeral and have told me of the positive and tender eulogies. Jack’s admonition to people at the funeral and to all of us is profound: Don’t fail to hug your loved ones and tell them you love them because you may not get the chance again. A memorial fund is being established in his name by some of his college classmates to benefit the high school he attended. Contributions may be sent to the Sisters of Mercy High School Scholarship Fund, in memory of John F. McDowell, c/o John Kanas, Trustee, Northfork Bank & Trust, 93 East Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, NY 11946. Let’s join Jack and Pat in their prayers of remembrance, faith, and hope. 

John J. Lane, currently a board director of the BC Alumni Association, called me recently to enlist our help in his effort to become secretary of the Association. John’s enthusiasm and dedication clearly makes him worthy of our confidence and our votes. Please make it a point to cast your vote for him when the ballot arrives in the mail.

Last spring at our fortieth reunion dinner we gave favors in the form of prints of a picture of Casson Hall, which were nicely matted and framed. I have five additional prints at a cost of $24 each. If you would like one please call or write me — first come, first served.

Our class’s annual informal reunion mass and dinner will be held April 20, 2002. If you are interested in attending please call Peg Collins at 617-782-9328. Likewise if you would like to join us at the annual Laetare Sunday breakfast on March 10, 2002, call Peg. Please make every effort to let me hear from you especially if you haven’t seen your name in this column recently. I can’t write until someone lets me know what’s happening.

God speed to all!

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate John Lane is running for secretary.

Newton

Newton 61

Martha Clancy Rudman
1819 Laddeside Dr.
Arlington, TX 76013
NewtonMiz@aol.com

I have enjoyed hearing from many since the last issue. If you would like email addresses, contact me at newtonmiz@aol.com. You can also check out addresses, etc., at the BC site: www.bc.edu/alumni. 

Nancy Simpson Porter writes that she is fighting metastatic melanoma. She urges us to be aware of the signs of skin cancer. Please keep Nancy in your prayers.

Rosie Hanley Cleary said that Joyce Laiosa Calderone, Alo Coleman Riley, Maryanne MacDonald Barry, Ellen Mahony King, Barbara Feeley O’Brien, Nancy Porter, Maureen Mahoney Nolan, and Sallie-Ann Dow Casey and their husbands had dinner together this summer, which gave them the opportunity to catch up. 

Micky McCuey Matthews’s summer home in Weequaqua RI, is now her year-round home. Her oldest son, Ted, was married November 24 in Newport.

Mary Sue Flanagan tells us that one of her great delights is visiting her nieces/nephews and their families. 

Ellen MacDonald Carbone and Duane find that they are able to spend more time at their vacation home in ME, much to their delight. 

The Rudman’s fall was busy with the arrival of a grandson, Harrison Parker, in September, and daughter Michelle’s wedding in November.

Mary Walsh says that having grandchildren is definitely the best thing she has done. (Bet you will have a lot of us in agreement Mary!) 

Paula Keene Telling and her family are living in VT where she teaches. Our prayers and sympathy are extended to Mary Nolan Calise upon the death of her mother in September. 

There will be a retreat at Kenwood/Albany on April 5/6, in which some mates have expressed an interest. Contact person is Stephanie Kite, who can be reached at 518-465-5322, Ext. 208 or SKite@DoaneStuart.org. She will send you the information. 

Don’t forget to send me a line(s) about what is going on in your life. Congratulations to Mary Anne Brennan Keyes ’62 who is now the eastern regional director for the AASH.

Richard N. Hart, Jr
3 Amber Road
Hingham, MA 02043
rhart1108@aol.com

First of all, many thanks to Fr. Wally Blackwood for providing some of the information for this column.

Fr. Wally advises that he has been communicating with Jack Barclay, the regional director of training for the Marriott Corporation. Jack has three children. He has gotten together with Sue Greeley Atkinson and her husband, Paul Atkinson. Sue teaches in Melrose and Paul at Stoneham High School. They reside in Melrose. 

Bob Crowley retired from teaching at Franklin High School in June 2000. He and his wife, Kaye, reside in Franklin and have three children and five grandchildren.

Mary Ann Nally Self is dean of instruction at Bakersfield College in Bakersfield, CA. She and her husband Charles reside in Valencia, CA, and have two children and two grandchildren.

Terry O’Malley resides in Needham and has three children and seven grandchildren.

Peggy Birmingham Moroney is a human resource manager for Maricope County in AZ. She lives in Tempe, AZ, with her husband Rob. 

Rev. Bert Oliviera is rector of the New Hampshire Cathedral in Manchester, NH. Fr. Oliviera is Grail O’Connor’s pastor. Fr. Blackwood would really like to hear from Lynch School of Education classmates. His email address is weblackwoo@aol.com. 

It was nice to hear from Deacon Richard “Monti” Montalto. Monti owns and manages an insurance brokerage agency in Randallstown, MD. He is married to Margaret Montalto ’61. They live in Randallstown and have one daughter and two grandchildren. He was recently-elected president of his local Chamber of Commerce and also serves on the boards of the Liberty Assistance Center and the Boys Home Society of Baltimore. 

Monti was ordained as a permanent deacon in 1987 and serves as a pastoral assistant at Holy Family Parish. 

Congratulations to Jack MacKinnon and his wife, Rosemary ’65, on the recent marriage of their daughter, Maryellen ’92, to Timothy McBride. 

To those in CBA we lost a great professor this summer, Fred Zappala ’46. Fred was not only an outstanding and dedicated teacher, but also an outstanding human being. May he rest in peace. 

Your correspondent, Dick Hart, and his wife, Monica, are happy to welcome two new grandchildren into their family: Michael John, Jr., was born in September to son, Michael, and wife, Maryanne, in Glen Rock, NJ, and William Asa was born in November to son, Richard, and wife,
Our ALUMNI Janet lots Edwina am PhD especially great want My sis-ter love address for the site. I have a PhD in ethn-ic con-lict from Oxford and is con-sumer to Ireland and Af-ghanistan. Surely Newton grad of the class of 62 are lead-ing very in-terest-ing lives like this youn-ger generation, so keep me posted so we can read about you! Boston College has in so man-y ways sup-port ed our re-union and valued us as Newton College alu-numae. This year Paul McNamara '62, Mary Hallisey McNamara's hus-bond, has asked that we join his class-mates in presen-ting a gift in hon-our of our for-thieth re-union. The Devel-op-ment Office has de-cided that any gift made by Newton College for-thieth re-union alu-numae would be for the con-tinued fund-ing of the Newton College Pro-fessorship in West-ern Cul-ture. Over the years, so man-y alu-numae have felt that our gifts should be desig-nated in ways that pres-eve and define the her-itage of New-ton College of the Sacred Heart. Clearly SWC was a pro-gram that was not only unique to Newton College, but for man-y was sym-bolic of the acad-emic chal-lenge that our expe-rience at New-ton and con-tinues today for the stu-dents of Boston College. See you in May!

Dianne M. Duffin-Stanley 6 Hanover Street Newbury, MA 01951 dduffin@netplace.com

Newton 63
Marie Craigin Wilson 2701 Treasure Lane Naples, FL 34102 (941) 435-9709

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Delia Flynn is running for Newton

Newton 64
Maureen Gallagher Costello 42 Doncaster Street Roslindale, MA 02131 (617) 333-4652

Newton 64
Priscilla Weinland Lamb 125 Elizabeth Road New Rochelle, NY 10804 agneau76@cs.com

September 11, 2001. We were in ME, visit-ing friends, when the phone rang. It was our daughter, Alexis, call-ing from France to tell us that two planes had just hit the World Trade Center. I yelled "turn on the TV" and we watched in horror, to-gether yet miles apart, as the third plane hit the Pentagon. As I write this, it is almost three months later. Things have definitely changed. The armories in NY used to be venues for craft fairs. They're now armories again. Your bag gets inspected at the opera house, and when you leave to drive home, your car gets diverted from the vicinity of the Red Cross complex. You gaze up at the helicopter over-head, and you realize that it's a military heli-copter. Things have changed, for NY, for you and me, for the country. And I keep remem-bering another time when things changed — that fateful Novem-ber day in 1963 when things changed and were never the same again. That's how I've been feeling, and my guess is that most of you share those feel-ings. We will always know precisely where we were, and what we were doing, when the Trade Center was attacked, just as we will never forget that time, at Newton, when we learned that Kennedy had been shot. I'll never forget Alice O'Connor Joseph's com-ment to me at the time. She said that she knew how upset I was, because I had stopped talking. Well, this time, I'd like to keep talk-ing — to you. If any of you have any com-ments, stories, or re-actions you'd like to share during these strange times, I would really appreciate hearing from you. This is a won-derful oppor-tunity for us all to come together and recon-nect as class-mates, friends, and women. You know where I am. Please get in touch.
Since this is the first column since the September 11 tragedy, I want to send out sincerest sympathies to those whose lives have been touched by loss. Indeed, we all lost something that day. As a counselor in an elementary school only seventy-five miles from NYC, I see first hand the havoc it has wrought on our nation's children and I grieve for our children and our children's children whose lives have been forever changed. I am enjoying two years of leisure, Rowie Barsa Elenbaas volunteered to work in the CIA's Counterterrorism division. Immediately after September 11, she was working seven days a week, but is now down to six doing liaison work with law enforcement agencies, mainly the FBI. All those hours of studying Greek and Latin at Newton are coming in handy.

Dottie Sforza Calabrese is home safely following a safari in Africa. Get that picture of Dottie trudging through the jungle dodging swinging monkeys and avoiding charging rhinos out of your mind. Dottie stayed at the Sabi Sand Game Resort, a luxury resort with tennis courts, gym, spa services, pool, etc. She did go out on two three-hour safaris a day and reports that she saw the "big five." I'd guess at what they were but I don't want to appear foolish. Sounds like a grand adventure! By the way, in response to my second poll, Dottie reports that her grandson calls her "Grandma Dottie." Connie Lynch Godin responded to the youngest child poll. We may have a winner! Her youngest son, Brian, was born on March 20, 1982, and is a sophomore at a local junior college near her home in RI. Daughter Danielle is studying for her master's in physical therapy at Springfield College, and son Colin Kelly attends the University of Oregon. Connie's husband Henry is retired but she continues to work as a school psychologist in Central Falls, RI. She is looking forward to retirement in a few years so she and Henry can spend more time in their second home in Venice, FL. My son Michael '90 was married to Leslie Kelly on September 22 at the top of Vale Mountain in CO. A gorgeous showing of golden aspen trees in full bloom set against the dark green of evergreens, the reunion of family and friends, and the happiness of the occasion provided a welcome respite from the turmoil and chaos that followed that day of September 11. It's a few months later and still one can't help but be moved by the emotions that were unleashed that day. Hopefully, we have all found comfort and hope in our Newton beliefs and teachings. As Connie Lynch Godin prophetically put it when she sent her news on September 5, "I will be there (the fourth) with bells on, God willing." Let's all plan now to be there in 2005, God willing, and in the meantime, keep in touch through this column.

Robert M. Ford
17 Rocky Hill Road
Andover, MA 01810
rford7446@mediaone.net

Most of us are aware of the tragic loss of two of our classmates during the terrorist attack on the Twin Towers in NYC on September 11, 2001. The fall issue deadline had passed for class correspondents (deadlines are three months prior to the mailing of the magazine; therefore, it is difficult to be too current with class news). John B. Cahill and John J. Doherty were victims of that infamous day that changed our world so shockingly. John B. Cahill, a senior executive for Xerox Corporation, was on United Airlines Flight 175 when it brought down the south tower. His wife, Sharon O'Carroll Cahill, is a member of the class of 1976. John also leaves two sons, Brett and Sean, who are high school students. The family resides at Four Aberdeen Road, Wellesley, MA 02482. John J. Doherty, a vice president at AON Risk Services, was in the south tower when it was struck by the plane carrying John Cahill. I remember John Doherty well from our days at Campion Hall. He was quite a character. He was married to Mary Birde Doherty, and they have two daughters, Barbara and Maureen. The Doherty family resides at 43 Beechwood Road, Hartsdale, NY 10533-1602. After thirty-five years of military/government service, Bernard A. Gattozzi decided to retire on January 3. He and his wife, Patricia, plan to get the house ready for sale and when sold, move to CO, western slope, near Grand Junction, to enjoy some serious skiing and other outdoor activities. After graduating from BC, he spent nine and a half years in the Army (military intelligence), with thirty months total service in Vietnam (call him "Lucky") and twenty-five and a half years in the national security/emergency planning area with the headquarters in the Department of Justice in Washington, DC. Bernard can be contacted at 3456 Briargate Court, Fairfax, VA 20031, at least until next summer. The mystery of our missing class of 1966 banner has been solved. The whereabouts of the banner had been a mystery since the twenty-fifth reunion or one of those occasions. The banner appeared hanging in the foyer of Alumni House during the visiting hours in memory of John B. Cahill. It seems it had been hanging in Jack's rumpus room for quite some time. There it will stay! One final note on the passing of Roger McGrath, who died suddenly of a heart attack on November 8. Condolences to his brother Robert, and family. Robert writes, "I think his friends will remember him for his good heart, his devotion to his family, and his vibrancy."

Karen Carty O'Toole is a senior business analyst at Fidelity in Boston. She writes that she is moving toward semi-retirement to spend more time with an aging parent and grandchildren. Karen lists the marriage of her oldest son and the births of her four grandchildren as the biggest lifestyle changes she's undergone recently. "It's wonderful to embrace new members into the family, fulfilling to watch your children find happiness with their new spouses." Mary Kay Brincko Peterson is a kindergarten teacher in Hartford, CT. She reports: "Teaching kindergarten in an urban school is very hard work physically, emotionally, and spiritually. However, I can't think of anything more rewarding!" Mary Kay and husband Rod are the parents of Colin (who lives with his wife in St. Louis) and Marney (who lives with her husband in Baltimore). Rod retired in 2000, and is now focused on the care of their "aged, sometimes cantankerous" parents.

Karen writes, "I am in private practice and director of training at The Trauma Center in Allston. She writes that she gets to do "supervision, clinical care, teaching, consultation, mentoring, and administration of training programs. It keeps my aging mind and heart engaged!" In a note penned just before reunion, she wrote: "My son Travis will graduate in June from Harvard, and then Michael and I will dance around in our free-up space!" Evelyn Fu Loh and Lawrence are living in Bellevue, WA. She writes: "Living in Qingdao, China, from 1996-1999 has changed me in ways I could not have imagined. Although we were both brought up in Chinese homes, neither of us was quite ready for what occurred during our stay. We have enough stories to write a book! But what we came away with are the many sweet friendships we made with the local Chinese as well as with other expatriots. We now have friends around the world. In that time, we saw Qingdao bloom into a modern city with a new city hall, city plaza, high rises, hotels, supermarkets, department stores, and a 10K ocean drive with parks, amusement park, and a children's center. Qingdao literally changed in front of our eyes. We were fortunate enough to be able to travel within China extensively and experienced the multiracial culture and saw many historic sites. Our lives have been enriched in so many ways."

Joyce LaFazia Heimbecker is director of family development and clinical services at the Tri-Town Community Action Program in Johnston, RI. She writes that her job "has allowed me to work within the community, and to support families in their efforts toward self-sufficiency. I truly enjoy what I do, but I never imagined

Catherine Beyer Hurst
49 Lincoln Street
Cambridge, MA 02141
cbhurst@mediaone.net
working forty plus hours per week at this age!” Joyce and her husband, David, executive director of the South Coast Educational Collaborative, recently celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary. Her oldest daughter is an attorney in San Diego; her other three children live in RI, and Joyce has four grandchildren ranging in age from one to ten.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Connie Sullivan is running for Newton.

Charles and Mary-Anne Benedict 84 Rockland Place
Newton Upper Falls, MA 02464
benedictc@aol.com

REUNION
MAY 31-JUNE 2-2002

Congratulations to our “Cover Girl,” Maggie Kelly Hayes, PhD, who appeared on the cover of the November issue of Advance for Nurses because of her involvement in the nationally recognized Framingham heart study. Maggie continues her leadership role at Boston Medical Center as well. Another classmate has succumbed to cancer. Phil Steintraus, PhD, passed away after losing his fight with pancreatic cancer. Phil was a good friend and the best man at your correspondent’s wedding more than thirty-two years ago. Phil most recently served as VP for administration at Western Connecticut College. He and wife Ginny lived in Bethel, CT, for many years where Phil was very active in community and church groups, having served as the Supreme Grand Knight for the State of Connecticut K of C. Our personal condolences as well as those of the class of ’67 are extended to Ginny, P.J., and Anna for their tragic loss. Please keep Phil and his family in your prayers. We almost lost Barry Mawn in the September 11 attack in NYC. Barry heads up the FBI office in NYC and came near to losing his life while at the WTC as it collapsed. A recent interview with Barry in the Boston Globe regarding his actions that day is quite harrowing. At the October Veterans Remembrance we were proud to have Mary-Anne Benedict (Navy), Helen Puntell (Air Force), Kevin Slynne (Marine Corps), and Mike Ryan (Army) represent four of the six branches of the service represented on the field of Alumni Stadium. We are so proud of them all, as well as other classmates who have served our country. The plans for our thirty-fifth reunion are still evolving to some degree. By the time you read this we will have had two events behind us, one, the University Chorale Concert/Alumni House open house in early December and the reception/hockey game (January 11) at Conte Forum. The committee has a number of other events under consideration but will not meet until after these notes have gone to press. We have a Laetare Sunday in March and Alumni/Reunion weekend on May 31 through June 2, 2002. Your input and suggestions are always welcome, please contact us at the above address or via email as we would appreciate your thoughts, especially for the weekend we all get together. Please forward your dues directly to Leo McHugh at 10 Jackson Road, W. Medford, MA 02158. Check writing out to the Class of 1967, Boston College. Also please write, phone, or email any news directly to us. Looking forward to seeing you!

Newton 67
M. Adrienne Tarr Free 3627 Great Laurel Lane Fairfax, VA 22033 (703) 709-0896

Class wordsmiths:
Paula Lyons has issued a challenge.

Listen to the National Public Radio’s comedy quiz show based on words, “Says You,” and see if you are more knowledgeable or creative than she, her husband, Arnie Reisman, and the other contestants. She attests that it’s a superb test of an English major’s education. To learn more about the show, which is in its fifth season, and where to listen, log on to www.saysyou.org. Otherwise, Paula continues as a television consumer reporter with WBZ-TV in Boston.

A new think tank opened its doors last November in Washington, D.C., with Nancy Birdsall as president. The Center for Global Development sponsors research and public policy programs focusing on how nations with advanced economies affect development in poor countries. Seems that retirement isn’t slowing Donna Shelton down. She recently hosted foreign exchange students, and works with a kitchen for the homeless as well as the Ronald McDonald House; she hopes to do some international traveling soon. Word comes that Susan Nunlist Smyth merged her eighteen-year-old management consulting business with METS, the training and development arm of Northern Kentucky University, to serve the needs of employers to develop their employees. Son Brian lives near Susan in Cincinnati with his wife, Jodi, and “grand-puppy” Guinness. Her other son, Neal, lives in San Francisco. Denise Hern Wood reports that she and Rosemary Farley still get together several times a year for food and hours of talking. Sounds like they are just warming up for our class reunion. In a few weeks, classmates will converge from as far away as Brazil, some for the first time ever or for the first time in many years. Nancy Bray Bottomley is coming back in touch after fifteen years living in England. She now works for Habitat for Humanity as a longterm volunteer in Americus, GA. Where will you be? We hope back in Boston for the exciting activities that are being planned as we write. Watch your mail for the details; contact a classmate to come, too. I can’t close without mentioning the change that has taken place in America since September 11. I did not hear that anyone in the class was directly affected, although several of us live or work in NY or northern VA, and a number of us have children or other family members working or studying in those areas. Others know families or individuals who were not as fortunate. Many of us have stories that bear repeating when we have time together. Meanwhile, let’s all remember that we are a special group; we care for each other, no matter how long it has been since we were last in touch. I can tell this from the contacts I’ve had as I work on these columns, and from the number of you joining in our class prayer network. Let’s resolve to keep in touch. My contact points are listed above. I anticipate seeing many of you in late May. Shall we be “young with all of our might” one more time?

REUNION
MAY 31-JUNE 2-2002

There are saints journeying among us! Frank Connell has taken a one-year sabbatical from his law partnership with Drinker Biddle & Reath, LLP, in Philadelphia to do a year of volunteer service with the Jesuit Volunteer Corps in Portland, OR. Frank’s wife, Ellen, is also a Jesuit volunteer this year. In making their JVC commitment, Frank and Ellen are following the example set by their daughter Amy ’94, who spent her first year after graduating from BC as a Jesuit volunteer in Spokane, WA. Frank and Ellen are living in community with six other Jesuit volunteers, ranging in age from twenty-one through seventy, through August 2002. Frank is working at Volunteers of America’s residential rehabilitation center for drug addicts and alcoholics who are on probation or parole. Ellen works at Sisters of the Road Cafe in downtown Portland, which serves homeless and other marginalized persons. Frank reports that this is a long-deferred dream, and that his and Ellen’s new life is very joyous and peaceful so far. Frank and Ellen would love to hear from you at fjconnell@msn.com. We were saddened to learn of the loss of our classmate Thomas Mozer last August in Naples, FL. After graduation, Tom served in Vietnam and received the Army Commendation Medal for Meritorious Service. He was employed by the Hartford Insurance Group for twenty-seven years. He retired in 1996, moved to Naples, and began a private investigation business. Tom leaves behind his wife, Pauline (Mascaro), his mother, brother, and sister. Our prayers are with them. Our family will be vacationing in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, as we visit our son Christopher ’93 and his family, who are living for six idyllic months in Todos Santos, in Baja, on the Pacific coast. Grandbabies and paradise, a perfect combination! Wishing you all a gentle spring!

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board

ALUMNI CLASSNOTES

16
Candidate Watch: Classmate Christopher “Kip” Doran is running for treasurer.

Newton

68

Kathleen Hastings Miller
8 Brookline Road
Scarsdale, NY 10583
(914) 723-9241

69

James R. Littleton
39 Dale Street
Chesnut Hill, MA 02467
jrltea@oal.com

Doug Carnival’s daughter Jenny started as a freshman this fall at BC. Doug is a partner in the Minneapolis, MN, law firm of McGrann, Carnival. Doug’s practice is primarily in government relations and lobbying. Doug resides with his family in Saint Paul, MN.

Mark Morley was elected co-chief operating officer for ONTOS, Inc., a global e-business solution and software company. I am sorry to announce the death of cancer of Dr. Bryan McSweeney. Bryan, who was an oral surgeon in Plymouth, passed away July 30, 2001. Bryan was a resident of Scituate. Sympathy goes to his family. It was good to hear from John Lohmann who was at work in the Pentagon on September 11. John was working in the basement on the opposite side from where the plane hit the Pentagon. John had to immediately evacuate the Pentagon but was not hurt. Please take the time to email or write me and let me know what is new with you.

Newton

69

Mary Gabel Costello
4507 Swan Lake Drive
Copley, OH 44321-1167
mgc1029@aol.com

Spring greetings! The alumni office notified me of the death of Franny Whelan Dixon on August 8, 2001. For nineteen years, she taught math at Lincoln Academy in Newcastle, ME, and for several years, she served as the head of the math department. In her spare time, she enjoyed gardening and traveling. She was married for thirty years to Stephen Dixon, whom she met in kindergarten. I remember the two of them together in the dining room. She is survived by her husband, two sons, and a daughter. Remember them in your prayers. • On a happier note, I received a photo of Winnie Loving and her new husband, Inglore Westerman, “jumping the broom,” an African-American custom that brings good fortune to a newly married couple. Winnie and Inglore live in St. Croix, but enjoy traveling. Recently they visited Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Iceland.

• Kathy O’Neil Jordan writes that after twenty-nine years in the investment business, she retired, but immediately found a volunteer “job” at the Mother Caroline Academy in Dorchester, a private middle school for inner city girls. She serves as the volunteer coordinator, fundraisers, and tutors reading and writing. She and her husband, Dick, sold their Newton house and now live in a Back Bay condo. She keeps in touch with Teddy Thompson Helfrich and Sheila Carroll Curtis. Teddy is the head of the foreign language department at Brockton High School and Sheila, after a long career in the business world, teaches at a middle school in Norwood. • We have another author in our class, Margaret Bobalek King. She is currently working on a book titled Tadpole Tales, Experiences in Journal Writing. It’s directed at young children who are acquiring pre-reading skills. Margaret and her husband, Robert, live in East Derry, NH. They have three children, Laura, thirty-one, married and attending law school in Los Angeles; Michael, twenty-three, a teaching fellow at MIT; and Alice, a senior in high school. • Sue Davies Maurer emailed me reminding me of how those Newton days could continue to be so real to her, after so much time. Sue and her husband, Bob, have been married for twenty-one years. Between the two of them, they have two grown sons. Sue has worked for the state of NJ for more years than she’d like to admit. Most recently, she has been acting commissioner of the NJ Department of Corrections. • Pam DeLeo Delaney was invited to a White House event announcing the Liberty United Web site, which lists reputable organizations accepting donations for the NYC relief efforts. She felt honored to be able to hear President Bush speak. Her life has taken on greater meaning. She is comforted by the fact that her work directly helps the NYPD and its mission. • Jill Hendrickson Daly’s daughter, Jen, escaped the tragedy September 11 because she was late for work at the WTC that day. • Diane Palmer Lilly writes that she is married to David, lives in Minneapolis, has a daughter, Irene, fourteen; a Portuguese water dog named Hillie; and works as a senior VP at Wells Fargo.

• Two updates: Deborah Donovan says she is finally getting that master’s in American studies. She commutes weekly to Trinity College. Chantal Moreau Arahati says her son Justin continues his musical career on the clarinet performing at Carnegie Hall and Constitution Hall. Adam, her junior, is an accomplished trumpet player. Chantal enjoys being the director of religious education at St. Philip Neri Church in Newton. Take care.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board
Candidate Watch: Classmate Susan Gallagher is running for secretary.

70

Norman G. Cavallaro
c/o North Cove Outfitters
75 Main Street
Old Saybrook, CT 06475

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board
Candidate Watch: Classmate Janet Cornella is running for treasurer.

Newton

70

Fran Dubrowski
5215 Kline Road, NW
Washington, DC 20008
fdubrowski@aol.com

Brian P. Curry of Cockeyesville, MD, has been nominated as vice president, president elect of the Alumni Association. Since our graduation, Brian and Toni have served BC in many capacities. Brian is from a true BC family: dad John V. ’45, uncle Fr. Pat Kelly ’45, brothers Jack ’68 and Mike ’74, son Tim ’99 and nephew MJ ’01. Tim is currently in Belfast, Ireland, earning a master’s degree in political science and Chris is with a golf club in Maryland. Brian has thirty years invested in the insurance field and is vice president of the Saint Paul Companies. Our support for Brian has been requested and is well deserved. • Bob Sartini has retired as the administrative director of the Boston University Medical Center. In a year of diverse accomplishments Bob retired, hiked the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Maine and married Judith Yogman, after a thirteen-year engagement. His son Jonathan is a chef in Boston and daughter Emily is a naturalist in Tucson, AZ. Just finishing twenty-six years of announcing BC football at Alumni Stadium is Tom Burke. In 1976, his first game was a win over Texas. Tom only missed one game in 1985 when his son was rushed to the hospital. Cal Ripken-esque numbers! He is also in his sixteenth year of public address announcing for the BC National Champion hockey team. In his hockey tenure only four games have been missed since 1984. Thanks for your dedicated service. • Sam Scribner was born and raised in Panama City, Panama. In 1999, he sold the family furniture business founded in 1951 and relocated to Orlando, FL. Along with his brother they now have three furniture stores in FL. In 1975, he married Cathy who also was born and raised in Panama where her dad was an engineer with the Canal. They have four children, Emma (twenty-five), Sam (twenty-three), Charles (nineteen), and Mary (thirteen). The Scribner’s still have a home in Panama with a view of the Canal. Sam was hoping to contact Greg Daoust, a CPA in Needham and Jim McGuire an attorney in Barrows, AK. Sam is at cscribner@aol.com.

71

Robert F. Maguire
46 Plain Road
Wayland, MA 01778
rfm717@bc.edu

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board
Candidate Watch: Classmate Brian Curry is running for vice president/president-elect and Edward Saunders is running for treasurer.

www.bc.edu/alumni
Melissa Robbins, Kate Foley and husbands met for dinner in Westerly, RI, to celebrate Melissa and Kate’s September birthdays. September also marked the anniversary of Melissa and Kate’s first meeting, which was in 1955, when they entered first grade. • Chris Moran walked a half-marathon on September 30 to raise money for research for the Dana Farber Cancer Institute (Boston). She would like to walk next September in memory of the Newton class of ’71 women who have died of cancer. If you wish to join her, either by walking or making a pledge, let me know and I will put you in touch with Chris. • Francine Hughes ran into Rene Noctigal last summer while visiting a good friend at Beaver Lake in NJ. Francine’s husband Brian surprised her with a trip to Big Sur for their twenty-ninth wedding anniversary (that’s why she missed the reunion). Their youngest son is at Georgetown, Patrick completed his master’s in education last May and is teaching fifth grade in Milburn, and Kristin is working. • Peg Marcotte, Sharon Taikias Lena, and hubby’s were supposed to get together over the Labor Day holiday. However, Peg’s job with IBM kept her working through that weekend. In her September 4 email, Peg commented: “You’d think this stuff is so important with the intensity it gets.” Reading that, I realized how much life has changed for all of us since September 11. Most everyone I know, myself included, spends more time with family and friends and less at work. Sharon’s oldest son, Rich, is a general’s aid and is stationed in Kuwait. Her youngest, Chris, is in his second year of medical school. • Madeline Finnerty found herself surrounded by BC graduates when she attended the wedding of Laura Back ’93. She has known the bride since she was nine years old and was delighted when Laura lived her freshman year in Madeline’s old dorm, Keyes. Turned out that the groom, father-in-law, brother-in-law, and about twenty-three other members of the wedding party were BC grads. The priest who married them, Fr. Richard McGowan, a professor at BC, was happy to have a wedding after having said five funerals in the previous two weeks for BC alumni who were killed on September 11. • My husband Ed and I flew to Rome for the diaconate ordination of a good friend. Thirty-five American men attending the North American College in Rome were ordained at the main altar at St. Peter’s Basilica. Ed and I walked all Rome. We had private tours of all four Roman Basilica’s and of the excavations beneath St. Peter’s. We visited Mater Adorabilis in Trinita del Monti, talked to anyone who would put up with our Italian, and ate our way through three four-hour banquets and

countless four- and five-course meals. The following week, we went on a car and drove around Tuscany stopping here and there. It was wonderful. I hope to find you and your family in good health. Regards.

Lawrence G. Edgar
530 S. Barrington Avenue, #110
Los Angeles, CA 90049
ledgar@earthlink.net

It seems like yesterday that we were attending the twenty-fifth reunion, but this is already my last chance to encourage you to attend the thirtieth. I hope to see you on May 31 through June 2. • Not only has it been quite a season for the Eagles on the gridiron, but also it’s been likewise for their fans here in LA. We’ve had some of the best turnouts I’ve ever seen at Yankee Doodles on the Santa Monica Mall, with an age range that has reached twenty-two through seventy-eight! • I had a chance to speak to a candidate for governor of California, Bill Simon Jr. LAW ’82, and learned that one of his best friends is Roger Egan, managing director of Marsh and McLennan, who helped organize the firm’s memorial service for the employees who lost their lives in the attacks. • I had a message from life insurance executive and Hartford resident Dick Mucci, who reports that he has two offspring at Holy Cross, a son who’s a senior and a daughter who’s a freshman. • Ernie Dubester, who served as an appointee to a national mediation board during the Clinton years, is now a processor at George Mason University in Virginia. • Mark Wincek is a charter fellow of the American College of Employee Benefits Council. • Jack Calareso has been appointed president of Ohio Dominican College, making him the first layperson ever to be accorded that honor.

Nancy Bouillard McKenzie, Esq.
7526 Seabro Road
Bethesda, MD 20877-4840
nancy.bouillard.mckenzie@bc.edu

It was in CA during the tragedy. Nonetheless, Norma was able to have dinner and a great visit with Maureen Kelly. Back in the Boston area, Norma is with Compaq. Before that Norma was with Digital as a program manager of an employee engagement program for the Services Division. This required that she travel all over the world for over a year, including three trips to the far east. Now, Norma is doing more traditional internal and marketing communications. Her daughter, Maggie, is a freshman at Brandeis University and Brian is a freshman in high school (and already 6’3”). Bob continues teaching at Regis. Norma still sees and talks with Anne Brescia regularly. Anne’s son Anthony is now in first grade and really keeps her hopping. Finally, Norma plays tennis weekly and learned that a new person in her group went to Newton and graduated from BC in 1975. Carolyn Isaak is the executive director for the New Hampshire Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and still does freelance graphic design for selected clients. Her daughter, Keely, graduated from Oberlin in 1999 and was recently married at a private ceremony to Michael McCranken. Margie Cangemi Sullivan, Ellen Conway Barber, and Kathy Connor visited her house last winter for a mini-reunion. Also, the summer before this past one, Carolyn climbed Mt. Grelokey in western MA with Kathy and Betsy Leecie Conti and had a wonderful dinner with Kathy and her par-

changed from teaching to a school psychologist. She and her husband Jack live in Canton. Their daughter, Krissy, is in college at Northeastern. Jane and her husband, Ralph Schlosstein, are still in NY. They have a daughter, Kate, and a son, Jamie. Jane owns her own business, which focuses primarily on providing analyses of legislative and political issues in different countries, and how these may affect business forecasts. • Meg Barras Alonso and family are very happy that the recent tragedies did not touch them, unlike others who live near them outside Philadelphia. After Christmas, they will do the tour of colleges with son Mike, who is a high school junior. During a recent tour of Princeton, Meg had thoughts of Mary Coan and her mother’s run for mayor. • Lenecia Anderson has been in Atlanta for seven years. CBS brought her there as south eastern regional sales manager for the Spot Sales Division. Lenecia, like many ex-New Yorkers, has grown accustomed to the climate in the south: little to no snow. Her heart, though, is still in Boston and she visits her mother and sister often and misses the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Lenecia enjoys the High Museum and Alliance Theatre and is on the board of aid of the Children of Imprisoned Mothers, a non-profit organization. She also enjoys cooking and gardening. • Let’s keep our fingers crossed that Mary Catherine Deibel and Upstairs at the Pudding will be ready for our thirtieth reunion. Stay tuned. • Norma Tanguy Frye was in CA during the tragedy. Nonetheless, Norma was able to have dinner and a great visit with Maureen Kelly. Back in the Boston area, Norma is with Compaq. Before that Norma was with Digital as a program manager of an employee engagement program for the Services Division. This required that she travel all over the world for over a year, including three trips to the far east. Now, Norma is doing more traditional internal and marketing communications. Her daughter, Maggie, is a freshman at Brandeis University and Brian is a freshman in high school (and already 6’3”). Bob continues teaching at Regis. Norma still sees and talks with Anne Brescia regularly. Anne’s son Anthony is now in first grade and really keeps her hopping. Finally, Norma plays tennis weekly and learned that a new person in her group went to Newton and graduated from BC in 1975. Carolyn Isaak is the executive director for the New Hampshire Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and still does freelance graphic design for selected clients. Her daughter, Keely, graduated from Oberlin in 1999 and was recently married at a private ceremony to Michael McCranken. Margie Cangemi Sullivan, Ellen Conway Barber, and Kathy Connor visited her house last winter for a mini-reunion. Also, the summer before this past one, Carolyn climbed Mt. Grelokey in western MA with Kathy and Betsy Leecie Conti and had a wonderful dinner with Kathy and her par-
Classmates, it is with the deepest sorrow that we must report the tragic death of our classmate, Gary Lasko, on September 11, 2001, during the World Trade Center attack. Gary worked at One World Trade Center in NY as a managing director for Marsh USA. You may contact his wife by writing to her at: 326 River Oaks Road North, Memphis, TN 38120. Also, if any of you have any fond remembrances of Gary, then please share them with the class in one of these columns. Never, never forget that one of our own classmates lost his life on that terrible day. To Gary’s wife and family, please accept the class of ’73’s most profound condolences. We will keep you in our prayers.

• On March 19 of this year, our classmate Msgr. Timothy P. Broglio was ordained an archbishop to the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico by Pope John Paul II at a ceremony held in St. Peter’s Basilica in Rome. Previously, Archbishop Broglio was chief of staff to the Vatican secretary of state. Now he will have a much more pastoral position. If any member of the class is down in Puerto Rico or the Dominican Republic be sure to call ahead to make plans to visit with the new archbishop. Perhaps the class might consider holding its thirtieth reunion in Puerto Rico? Well, why not? Just wanted to remind you all, again, that the new alumni Web site, as well as the BC online community, is up and running and you can access lots of BC features at www.bc.edu/alumni. Log on and sign up for eNews and you will start receiving notices about football games and other activities involving BC. So go to your computer right now, log on, and sign up for eNews from the Alumni Association. You’ll be glad you did.

• Camp Dresser and McKee Inc., the global consulting, engineering, construction, and operations firm headquartered in Cambridge, announced earlier this year the promotion of our classmate Walter G. Armstrong to senior vice president. Previously, Walter was project manager for the $3.5 billion Boston Harbor Project and named one of the Top 25 Newsmakers by “Engineering News Record.”

magazine in 1996 because of his achievements with the harbor project. After receiving his undergraduate degree in economics and English from BC, Walter received his master’s degree in city regional planning from Cornell.

• Our classmate Dr. John Gallagher, associate professor of management at Maryville College in Maryville, TN, was named the College’s Outstanding Teacher for 2000-2001 during the college’s May 2001 commencement exercises: “The outstanding teacher award this year is presented to professor who is a model for students as a community activist, as an innovative thinker, and as someone who recognizes the importance of building and maintaining positive human relationships,” said Dr. Marti Craig, associate academic dean during her presentation of the award. John was an English major at BC and later earned his MBA and doctorate in strategic management from the University of Tennessee. Nominated by juniors and seniors at Maryville College, John was selected from among sixty-four full-time faculty members. He received a $1,000 cash award and has the responsibility of mace bearer at academic ceremonies held throughout the academic year. Maryville has been ranked in the top 10 of U.S. News and World Report’s listing of the best Southern liberal arts colleges. • Classmates, thanks for your forwards and emails. Your classmates look forward to this column and to hearing from you. Until next time!

I had a most enjoyable time at the Alumni Association dinner and presentation of “An Evening with Margot Morrell.” Margot, an international best-selling author, spoke on her favorite subjects: Sir Ernest Shackleton, effective leadership, and team-building. Margot is a great speaker; not only was her talk informative and witty, but also it was downright enjoyable! Ergo, Margot has not changed. It was also great to catch up and laugh with Sharon Byrne Kishida who trekked down from Rockport for Margot’s talk. Sharon lives in Rockport with husband Earl and sons Perry, fourteen, and Christian, twelve. Sharon works for the Department of Environmental Protection as a regional recycling coordinator serving thirty communities north of Boston. Earl, a financial planner and captain in the US Navy Reserves, was recently made commander of the Iceland Defense Force Joint Reserve Unit. Please remember us as you read these notes, the next class notes are due and I still have not heard from you!

Happy New Year! I hope that 2002 brings us all much deserved peace and happiness. A couple of weeks after the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks, Jim and I were able to go to NY for the extraordinary memorial Mass said by members of the BC Jesuit community. So many members of the BC community were there to pray and show support for each other and for those families who lost loved ones; it was an incredible experience. The Mass was said at beautiful St. Ignatius Loyola in Manhattan, which is Len DeLuca’s parish, and it was so nice to see him. • On to good news: I received a note from John Pfeiffer, who, after twenty years of residency and then private practice in Akron, OH, is now the town family physician in celebration, FL. Celebration is famous for being Disney’s foray into urban living. Sounds pretty good! • My friend Maureen Calvin McCafferty has returned to the BC neighborhood. She is teaching fourth grade at Mount Alvernia Academy. • I would love to hear from you. Please write or email, and take care.
ran through a number of banking corporations, including BayBank, Bank of New England, Numerica Savings Bank of NH, and Bay State Savings Bank in Worcester. On a professional level, he has committed a great deal of time and energy over the past eight years to the promotion of economic and affordable housing development among minority and low income communities in Central MA. As a result of his efforts he has received a number of recognitions including: 1995 Community Leader Award, Centro Las Americas, Worcester; 1998 Business Advisor of the Year, Worcester Minority Business Council; 1999 MA Financial Services Advocate of the year, US Small Bus. Admin; 24th Annual Leadership Award 2001, National Conference of Community and Justice, Worcester. The common thread among these honors is his work in opening access to banking services, particularly in the small business area, to underserved communities. He and his wife of eighteen years, Trish, live in Chelmsford and will be relocating to the Medway area sometime in 2002. They spend much of their spare time raising and showing their Rhodesian Ridgeback Hounds Zappa and Chunga. He is also involved in the amateur music world, and hosts (as well as try to play in) a couple of blues based “guitar jams” in Worcester each year. Anyone interested in saying hello to John may stop by the Medway Bank any time or drop him an email at jhmilton@medwaycoobank.com. Please send in your updates. We all look forward to hearing from you.

Newton

Margaret M. Caputo
102 West Pine Place
St. LOUIS, MO 63108
m.caputo@att.net

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Mary Pascuccio McCue is running for Newton.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Mary Pascuccio McCue is running for Newton.

75

The terrible and cowardly attack of last September 11 struck our class and classmates hard. Murdered inside Tower One of the World Trade Center was Danielle A. Delie. Affectionately known as “Danni,” Danielle was raised in Astoria, NY, by her lovely parents, Amie and Marcel, who survive her. This writer met her during freshman year, and thereafter grew to love her and the friendship she provided for twenty-nine years. Danni was an excellent forensic accountant, and worked for CAPS, a subsidiary of Marsh USA on the 100th floor, at the time of her death. A sad and poignant, but ultimately uplifting, memorial Mass was held in Astoria on October 27. Among the hundred of mourners were fellow classmates Kathy Murphy, Pola (Papetti) Buckley, Judy (Harvey) Hayes, Lois Gannon, Ellen Donahue and yours truly. Danni was a blessing to her parents and to all her friends, and she is sorely missed. Requiescat in pace.

Edward J. Papa worked in the same building on the 99th floor as a vice president for Cantor Fitzgerald. Eddie attended Chaminade High School in Mineola, NY, with this writer and several other BC classmates, and he would often be seen at BC Army games at West Point and, occasionally, on The Heights. He loved BC. Always quick with a hearty hello, Eddie would then flash a truly memorable smile. A fine and very disciplined basketball player in high school, Ed exuded a self-confidence and poise throughout his shortened life. He married his high school sweetheart, Patti, shortly after graduating from BC with an English degree, and God blessed them with four daughters, Michelle, Maggie, Elizabeth, and Kacee. Ed missed our twenty-fifth reunion because one daughter was graduating from high school, but he was there in spirit, and Chris Joyce, Nick Deane and Phil Elum, among others, fielded multiple inquiries about him. Ed’s brother, a Catholic priest, married Patti and Ed, and presided at a crowded memorial Mass held September 22 on Long Island. Requiescat in pace.

Margaret (Lavelle) Ogonowski lost her husband, John, a pilot of American Airlines flight 11, in the terrorist attack. Boston-area papers were replete with mournful faces at his memorial services. Requiescat in pace.

Sharon (O’Carroll) Cahill’s husband, John B. Cahill ’56, was a passenger on United Airlines Flight 175, which murderously struck the second tower. He also leaves two sons, Brett and Sean. Requiescat in pace.

When you receive your ballot for the Boston College Alumni Association board, please vote for Cam Murphy-Van Noord, a candidate for director, east of the Mississippi. Cam, a resident of Clearwater, FL, is a fundraiser for the world’s largest hospice. Serving more than 1,400 patients a day, the Hospice of the Florida Suncoast in Largo, FL, needs Cam’s many talents as it strives to raise $32 million. Cam served with distinction on several class reunion committees, and her love of BC continues as founder of the BC Club of Tampa Bay. Good luck, Cam! Please keep all affected classmates and our soldiers, sailors, and fliers in your prayers during these trying times. As the centurian said: “Let them hate us, but let them fear us, too.” Please keep in touch. You can now email to gerbs54@hotmail.com. God bless!

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Cam Van Noord is running for director, east of Mississippi.

Gerald B. Shea, Esq.
10 Rogers St. #501
CAMBRIDGE, MA 02142

Mary Jo Mancuso Otto
256 Woodland Road
Pittsford, NY 14534
motto001@rochester.rr.com

After five years as office manager of Vincent Automotive, Mary Jo Mancuso Otto left there in March 2001 and accepted a position with the downtown Rochester office of Morgan Stanley, as administrative assistant to the branch manager. • Chinkon Communications has named Margaret Cutler as vice president of human resources. She will lead the company’s HR department and will direct the recruiting of talented professionals for the fast-growing startup. • The 3,000 member Defense Research Institute, the nation’s largest association of civil litigation defense lawyers, has named Ft. Lauderdale attorney Douglas M. McIntosh as a recipient of its Outstanding State Leadership Award. Douglas McIntosh is president of the law firm McIntosh, Sawran & Peltz, Ft. Lauderdale. • Paul J. Mellett has joined Altheiss as CFO and vice president of administration and finance. Prior to this he was an audit partner with Deloitte and Touche in its Boston office. • Joy Torresyap Oakes has worked as a registered nurse in OB at Brigham and Women’s Hospital since 1982. She also plays the trumpet in several bands and runs to stay fit. • After twenty-five years of working and living in NY, John C. Smith has moved back to Boston to assume a new position at Marsh, Inc., as head of New England Operations. • Timothy Redmond runs a successful consulting business developing technology solutions for small and medium size businesses. These include Web sites, online databases and Internet connections. You can contact Tim at Tim@TOR Associates.com. • Leo Vercollone, twenty-fifth reunion gift chair, writes that the committee has impressive goals. He and his dedicated group of volunteers are looking to present Fr. Leahy with the largest twenty-fifth reunion gift ever! They also want our class to be the first twenty-fifth reunion to obtain 50 percent class participation. (The Class of 1973 holds the record with 47 percent.) They need our help. For more information, please contact Leo at 781-934-7100. • A note from Roland Regan, also a member of our twenty-fifth reunion committee: Roland’s company NAGW has merged with Promonde, Inc. His travels take him to Cuba, NYC, and Washington, D.C., on business. Roland still teaches part-time at Harvard, Suffolk, and SSC. He recently co-authored and published his second book entitled From Boston to Berlin. Net proceeds from the book will be placed in a scholarship fund for graduating high school students accepted to BC. Roland urges all of his classmates to pledge a minimum of $500 each to this year’s class gift as a symbol of our gratitude to a university which continues “Ever to Excel.” •
It is the winter of your content or discontent? (Just a little Shakespeare reference for old times sake.) Sign on, clickety-click the old mouse, and email me about your life! We can use any news. Big, I mean HUGE, congratulations are in order for R.T. Rybak, who was the surprise winner of the Minneapolis mayoral election this past November. A political novice, R.T. soundly defeated the two-term incumbent mayor. Hail the conquering hero! Gregg Tousignant is also to be patted on the back for his recent installation as the 2001-2002 president of the Louisiana CPA Society Northeast Chapter. Gregg will serve a one-year term as president of the local chapter, having previously served as president-elect in 2000-2001. He currently sits on the LCPS Computer Education Committee and has been a member of the Technology Task Force and Business Consulting Committee. Gregg serves as the chief financial officer of his family's chain of Sonic Drive-In franchises. Speaking of driving, Susan Orlando Liu was more than happy to drive away from Chicago and on to Washington, D.C., this past fall in a relocation brought on by her husband Mike's appointment to the office of H.U.D. Virginia (Ginny) Camelli Lawrence emailed that she was in search of Stephen Jones, mentioned in this column recently. Ginny lives in Arlington, VA, with her husband Steve and three children, Anthony, seventeen, and identical twin girls (Anna and Jackie, fourteen). Ginny owns and operates a catering business specializing in small gourmet dinner and cocktail parties in client's homes. Mmmmm. Hope all this gives the rest of you food for thought about popping your news in the mail. My only news of note is that I recently became the proud mom of a United States Marine. Son Blake, eighteen, is a private first class serving in the infantry. As of this writing he is still stateside, and despite my patriotism, I hope he stays stateside for a while. God bless all of you and have a good winter!

Hello, this is the year of Andrea! It is the winter of your content or discontent? (Just a little Shakespeare reference for old times sake.) Sign on, clickety-click the old mouse, and email me about your life! We can use any news. Big, I mean HUGE, congratulations are in order for R.T. Rybak, who was the surprise winner of the Minneapolis mayoral election this past November. A political novice, R.T. soundly defeated the two-term incumbent mayor. Hail the conquering hero! Gregg Tousignant is also to be patted on the back for his recent installation as the 2001-2002 president of the Louisiana CPA Society Northeast Chapter. Gregg will serve a one-year term as president of the local chapter, having previously served as president-elect in 2000-2001. He currently sits on the LCPS Computer Education Committee and has been a member of the Technology Task Force and Business Consulting Committee. Gregg serves as the chief financial officer of his family’s chain of Sonic Drive-In franchises. Speaking of driving, Susan Orlando Liu was more than happy to drive away from Chicago and on to Washington, D.C., this past fall in a relocation brought on by her husband Mike’s appointment to the office of H.U.D. Virginia (Ginny) Camelli Lawrence emailed that she was in search of Stephen Jones, mentioned in this column recently. Ginny lives in Arlington, VA, with her husband Steve and three children, Anthony, seventeen, and identical twin girls (Anna and Jackie, fourteen). Ginny owns and operates a catering business specializing in small gourmet dinner and cocktail parties in client’s homes. Mmmmm. Hope all this gives the rest of you food for thought about popping your news in the mail. My only news of note is that I recently became the proud mom of a United States Marine. Son Blake, eighteen, is a private first class serving in the infantry. As of this writing he is still stateside, and despite my patriotism, I hope he stays stateside for a while. God bless all of you and have a good winter!
John A. Feudo
8 Whippet Lane
Amherst, MA 01002-3100
perfplus@bigfoot.com

REUNION

May 31 – June 2, 2003

Happy New Year! Now that 2002 is here, our twentieth reunion is officially upon us. I hope you’re all making plans to attend the festivities on May 31 and June 1 at the Heights. We only get to do this every five years, so please plan to join us. Each reunion we’ve had seems to be better than the last, although for some of us (okay, at least for me) our hairlines and stomachs become easier to see! Our thoughts and prayers go out to all our classmates and fellow alumni who experienced a loss in the devasting attacks on our nation in September. Will Raub, the husband of Maureen Jeffrey ’82, lost his life in the World Trade Center that day. Maureen has a seven-year-old daughter, Rebecca, and a seven-month-old son, Liam, at home. You can reach Maureen at 14 Saw Mill Road, Saddler River, NJ, 07458. • Joe DeBellis and Ed Kwan were at the heart of the attacks in NYC, offering their help and support. They’re both plastic surgeons who were on hand at St. Vincent’s Hospital to help out. When he’s not being called on in emergencies such as that, Joe runs a software company called ViloX. Joe lives in Southampton with his girlfriend, Eleanor Mondale, and a farm full of animals. Eleanor even gave Joe a Clydesdale for his fortieth birthday. My fortieth was similar — I got a case of Budweiser! • Former football capatin Rich Dyer was named the president and general manager of KETV, the ABC affiliate in Omaha, NE. Rich has been building his successful career at radio and television stations across the country. • Sue Gallant let us know that she, Katy Comerford, Maureen McLaughlin Brophy, and Kathy Rokes still tailgate together during football season. Maura married Michael Brophy last June.

Congratulations to Beth Dixon Clark who was recently elected to the Board of Education in Portland, CT. Beth works at Aetna. • If you haven’t already done so, please remember to pay your class dues of $25. That helps us plan events for you leading up to our reunion. I also hope you’ll make it a habit to visit www.bc.edu/alumni to check out their online community; also, don’t forget to register and get your email address on the directory. That’s all for now.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Dawn McNair is running for director, greater than ten years, and Jane Sulik is running for director, greater than ten years.

Cynthia J. Bocko
71 Hood Road
Tewksbury, MA 01876
(978) 851-6119

Marlene Browne’s book, The Divorce Process: Empowerment Through Knowledge, is now available and is being distributed through Ingram. Marlene would appreciate it if you would keep it in mind as a source of divorce information for anyone in need. For more information, log on to www.divorceprocess.com. Also, her novel “Aspen Heir” was published in the winter. Marlene had a ball dealing with the Grateful Dead, Bob Dylan, Roger (James) McGuinn, and Leonard Cohen in the process of obtaining permission to use some of their lyrics in the book. Marlene is also completing a third book, which she hopes to publish in late 2002. Marlene reconnected with Christine Raines Rosner and she says hi to Cheryl Dishner Bardetti ’84. Also, she ran into Susan Sullivan Francoeur ’82 and her family at the base of Sugarloaf Mountain after skiing on the last day of the season, April 29, 2001. For now, Marlene spends time between NJ, MA, and CO where she is licensed to practice law. To quote from Bob Dylan’s acceptance speech, “God bless you all [BC Class of 1983] with peace, tranquility, and good will.” • Steve Casey joined TidalWire, Inc., a leader in storage networking products, service, and information, as chief financial officer. Prior to joining TidalWire, Steve served as corporate controller for Send.com, an Internet-based gift service company. • It is with deep regret that I submit the news that Brion Hall died on July 31, 2001 in Chapel Hill, NC. Brion left his wife Deborah and two sons, Jeremy and Joshua. Our heartfelt prayers are with the Hall family. • Please call me or email your class notes.

84

Carol A. Baclawski, Esq.
29 Beacon Hill Road
W. Springfield, MA 01089
(413) 737-2166

Hope everyone had a happy holiday season! Here’s the news that I have received from classmates. Lisa Hauck, her husband, Paul Borkovich, and their three-year-old son, George John Borkovich, are pleased to announce the newest member of their family, Nicholas Frederick Borkovich, born on July 11, 2001. Lisa is an RN in the neurology/neurosurgery step-down unit at the UCLA Medical Center. Lisa writes that she recently returned from visiting her husband’s family in Croatia. Lisa and Paul’s long-term project is restoring their 1928 Spanish-style home in Los Angeles. Earlier last year, Lisa writes, she met up with BC roommate Maureen Ryan (aka “Mo”) at the Los Angeles screening of her documentary film, Wisconsin Death Trip. The film is about life at the turn of the century in a small Wisconsin town called Black River Falls. It was shot in black and white and historical recreations and color contemporary documentary footage. Released in the fall of 1999, the film toured around the world in international film festivals. It has aired on the BBC and Cinemax, and began its theatrical release in Los Angeles in September. Wisconsin Death Trip is up for an Emmy for best lighting design and has won other awards including a Basta, which is similar to a British Emmy. After living in Nashville for several years, Maureen now lives in New York City and works at her New York-based production company, Hands On Productions. For more information on Maureen’s film, check out the Web site at www.wisconsindeathtrip.com. • Art Lasko is board certified as a trial advocate by the National Board of Trial Advocacy. This is the only national board certification for trial attorneys. Requirements include extensive documentation, including independent peer review from judges and attorneys, as well as successful completion of a day-long examination. • Tracy Hensley is living in the metropolitan D.C. area where she is an occupational therapist working for Montgomery County Public Schools. She also has her own private practice. Tracy has lived in Greece (again) and Italy since graduation, and is now a single parent raising two great kids. Her sister, Randy ’85, is a
Hello and happy winter from San Francisco! I hope that everyone is doing well and enjoying the winter season. Thanks for the email and the letters. I really do appreciate your news!

- **Mary Brobson Gately** had a baby girl, Elizabeth Mary Kathleen Gately, on May 12, 2001. She weighed in at 5 pounds, 8 ounces, 19 inches long. She joins her brother Will, who is two. Mary was on maternity leave through October and then returned to work at Piper Marbury Rudrick and Wolfe, where she is a partner in the litigation practice group. **Jeff Shmase**, "The Baran," is living in Peabody, with his wife Anne, and two children Hannah, eight, and Benjamin, four. (Jeff and his wife gave birth to a son in 1996, who subsequently died when he was three weeks old due to complications from birth.) Jeff is presently in the midst of a career change. After working in the journalism and public relations field for fifteen years, he went back to school and plans to become a school guidance counselor. Jeff goes to about two football games each year, and tries to get a basketball/hockey game onto his calendar as well. Vinny and Pam Rioso Ferraro took a trip to Boston last Memorial Day weekend, and caught up with their BC gang for dinner. Rachel (O’Hara) and Jon Kurtyska, Dan and Shelly (Barillo) McGillivray, and Mary (Tyrrell) Coughlin and her husband, Chris, met for dinner at Mamma Maria’s in the North End. They had such a great time, and talked and ate and drank for hours. Pam is working in Greenwich for Chalk & Vermillion Fine Arts, a fine arts publisher. Pam handles marketing, advertising, public relations, and the Web site. Pam updated me on several of her other Hillides roomies — Lisa (Hartunian) Campbell has a new position in San Francisco, and moved there from Atlanta with her husband Steve. Eileen (Goers) Thornberry and her husband Mike are still in Brecksville, OH, although in a new house, and they now have two children, Andrew and Caroline.

- The fourteenth progeny of Mod 14A arrived on May 1, 2001, Katrin Jaclyn Baum, daughter of Bill and Nancy Gonsalves. Bill and Nancy are totally enjoying her. Katrin made her BC debut last August when they went back east and spent a few days on the Cape with Kathy Donahue Kelleher, Ann Porell McGoldrick, Chissy D’Entremont Mosher, and Peggy Fleming Strakosch. Nancy is working at the 2002 Olympics as the paralympics director in Salt Lake City. **Steve Lipin**’s career change was profiled in The Deal.com’s July 19, 2001, edition, under the headline: “The new Mr. Spin?” The article profiled Steve’s move from the world of financial reporting to a new position as senior partner in the NY office of London’s Brunswick Group, a global PR firm. According to the article: “During his ten years at The Wall Street Journal, Lipin’s name became synonymous with high-end deal reporting. He elevated the art of the Monday morning M&A scoop to a science, breaking a steady stream of deal stories a day ahead of their official announcements. Hardworking, smart, and driven, Lipin also boasts a Rolodex overflowing with dealmaker contacts.”

Congratulations Steve and best wishes for much success! **Richard and Sonia ‘88 Hoponick** welcomed their third son on June 29, 2000. Elias Sterling was eagerly greeted by big brothers Theodore and Myles. Rich and his family moved from New Haven, CT, to Ellicott City, MD, in June 2001 due to a job transfer. Rich is the Worldwide Controller of Prometric, Inc., a division of Thomson Learning. **Alicia Montecalvo and Steve Sileo** of Chicago welcomed their daughter, Rachel Langdon, in October 2000. She joined Parker who is now four. **Gail and John Sadowey** were joined by a new baby boy, Surf Finley, on August 20, 2000. Surf’s older brother Gunnar is very excited to have a brother! **Julie Young** is working as a corporate marketing manager, Intel Architecture at Pioneer-Standard Electronics. Julie is living in University Heights, OH, with her husband, Peter and children Clara, three, and Matthew, one, and dog, Maynard.

- **It is with sadness that I report the death of Kristin Antonucci in April 1999. Kristin was a graduate of the Lynch School of Education.**

Please continue to send me notes and mail messages. You can update your own personal information, and get BC mail on the BC Web site at www.bc.edu/alumni. I greatly appreciate your input of ideas and news! Best regards until the summer edition!

---

**Not your reunion year? You don’t have to miss out on the great events we have planned! All alumni are welcome to purchase tickets to our signature events.**

**BC NIGHT AT THE POPS**

featuring Keith Lockhart
Friday, May 17
Symphony Hall
8 p.m.

---

**RAISE THE ROOF**

featuring Livingston Taylor followed by Precision
Friday, May 31
Robsham Theater & the Heights Room
8 p.m.

For ticket information, please visit www.bc.edu/alumni or you can contact us by phone at 800.669.8430.

Tickets are limited, so order today!
two beautiful little children, Aiden and Katie. Mike is a clinical psychologist and works for Family Services of Providence and has a private practice. The Careys live in North Attleboro. Great to see you, Mike and Beth! Unfortunately, if you did not see the announcement in the last BC Magazine, our class suffered the tragic loss of Brad Vadas on September 11, 2001. Brad was a senior vice president at Keefe, Bruyette and Woods and worked on the eighty-ninth floor of the World Trade Tower. A scholarship fund is being set up in memory of Brad. I send our entire class’s deepest condolences to Brad’s family and friends. Let us all pray for peace in this new year.

Catherine Stanton Rooney
35 Emerald Ave.
Braintree, MA 02184
cathrs5@aol.com

REUNION
MAY 31 – JUNE 2, 2002

Hello! I hope that you are all doing well and are looking forward to spring. I can’t believe that our fifteenth reunion is only weeks away! I hope that you are all planning on coming for the weekend. I know that the reunion committee has been very busy putting together some great activities for us. There will be an on-campus event on Friday night, as well as a small reception at the BC Club. On Saturday there will be an alumni barbecue and our class event at the Rat on Saturday night. That should bring back some great memories! There will also be a Mass and brunch on Sunday. Can’t wait to see you there! I apologize that my column is so short this time. I really didn’t hear from very many people. I hope that if you haven’t written to me in a while, or even at all, that you will do so today after you’ve read the magazine so that I can include it in my next column. My friend Rob Sabella was married on Cape Cod in October to Beth Donahue. Among those attending the wedding were Molly Martin Alvarado, George and Kathleen Roper, Matt and Joan Keane Zimmerman, Mary Lee Bolan, Enza Ricerca, Deb Masone, Tony Pelino, and Joe Linehan.

A good time was had by all. Rob is a co-founder and president of OTA Solutions a wireless consulting and placement services company. They are living in Dallas, TX. Congratulations Rob! I also got a great email from Jeanne Donovan. She and her husband, Darin Porter, welcomed their first child, Grace Margarett, on September 28. Jeanne also has a seven-year-old stepdaughter. They live in Rye, NY. Jeanne graduated from BC Law in 1990, and recently gave up the practice and now works in public relations in Manhattan. She remains close friends with BC pals Stacey Kardamis Kerkhoff, Jude Smulsky, Brenda Byrowicz and Deirdre Cunnane ’86. She’d love to hear from any old friends at jdonovanporter@aol.com. Thanks Jeanne! • On a sad note, I’d like to offer our condolences as a class to the family of Tom Fitzpatrick, who was tragically killed on September 11. He and the other BC alumni who were killed will be sorely missed. The last column that I wrote was a week before the terrible events of that day – who could have ever imagined what has transpired since? I hope that you and your families are all well and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Dan Wessel is running for director, west of Mississippi.

Cheryl Williams Kalamatzkos
10 Devonshire Place
Andover, MA 01810
cwk8g@bc.edu

Hi everyone, first to some business — we can no longer publish engagements or pregnancies in this column. We will, however, continue to publish marriages, births, and other milestones that have already occurred, so please keep the email and letters coming! • Gloria Gonzalez Perez will be on the ballot this spring for the annual vote of BC Alumni Association Board of Directors. Gloria is running for: director, graduated ten years plus. Voting will take place online in March at the Alumni Association’s Web site or look for your ballot in the mail soon. • Sally Driscoll, business development executive at the J. Barry Driscoll Insurance Agency Inc. in Norwell is co-chairing the Alumni Association’s Second Helping event at the 600 Club. This event benefits the Boston Food Bank Second Helping program, which distributes perishable foods used at events and hotels to feeding programs throughout the greater Boston area. Contact Sally at 781-681-6565 x234 for more information on the April 2002 event. • The alumni officers of the Class of 1989 encourage all classmates to check out a new option on the BC Alumni Association’s Web page that will allow individual classes to register and read about class and local area events (www.bc.edu/alumni/ click on “online community” to register). The officers are hoping this site will help develop a better class communication tool and improve regional networks of alumni, as interested classmates can register on the site with their updated information. Additional plans include the organization of class of ’89 events for 2002 leading up to our reunion year in 2004. Coordinating any of these efforts, however, requires funding and unfortunately the class of 1989 budget is extremely low. They request that class members begin to donate annual dues to the class of ’89 to help us build our treasury so events can be funded (particularly our next “big” reunion in 2004). The officers suggest dues of $25 annually, which they feel is both reasonable and will help us build a substantial treasury going forward — they need your help! Please send checks to the BC Alumni House, 825 Centre Street, Newton, MA 02458 Attn: Class Dues - Class of 1989.

Walda Koehane Jensen and her husband, Charles, announce the birth of their first child, a son, Philip John on June 16. • Denise Harrington and Nick Gingola were married at St. Ignatius Church on June 2, 2001. Fr. Joseph Laughlin, resident of BC High, and a BC alumnus, presided. The couple honeymooned in St. Lucia and now lives in Watertown. • Norman Mineta, U.S. secretary of transportation, has announced that Julie Nichols has been appointed as deputy assistant secretary for governmental affairs at the U.S. department of transportation. Previously, Julie served as managing director of government affairs at American Airlines. She is currently living in Arlington, VA. • I would like to send condolences to the family and friends of Sean Lynch, who was killed in the September 11 attacks on the World Trade Center. He was an employee at Cantor Fitzgerald.

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Gloria Perez is running for director, greater than ten years.

Kara Corso Nelson
67 Sea Island
Glastonbury, CT 06033
cgonews@home.com

This is the first installment of the class notes I am writing since the terrible tragedies of September 11. I know I am echoing many of our classmates when I take this opportunity to express my grief and condolences to the families and friends of all the victims, but especially to those in our BC community. As you know, we lost one of our own that day. John J. Murray, John worked for Cantor Fitzgerald in the World Trade Center. Our thoughts and our prayers are with John’s loved ones. • The BC/Navy football game in Annapolis on September 22 opened with a three-plane fly-by led by Greg Golden. The fly-by concluded a moment of silence for the victims of the September 11 attacks, specifically the Naval Academy alumni and the BC alumni that were killed. Greg was extremely proud to participate in the salute to our fallen Eagle alumni, especially our classmate John. The fly-by was impressive, according to Ray Cabalu and James Arkelett who were in attendance. Lynn (Amoroso) Davies joined them for the post-game tailgate. Greg’s Navy fighter squadron is VFC-13 and they’re stationed at Naval Air Station Fallon in
northern NV. They flew their F-5 Tiger fighter jets across the country for the fly-by. And apparently the fly-by made ESPN's Top Five Plays of the Day! Beth and Mike Conway are thrilled to announce the birth of their third child, Lucy McCAllister Conway, born September 10, 2001. She weighed in at 8 pounds, 14 ounces. Her big brothers are Jack, four, and Chuck, two. Mike sells convertible bonds for Merrill Lynch in NY and Beth enjoys the chaos at home. Steve and Anne-Marie (Gold) Hultin welcomed Julia Babette on July 19, 2001. Siblings Stephen (eight), Caroline (six) and Francoise (two) are excited to have a little sister. Anne-Marie works hard with the four children and Steve still works for Accenture out of Boston. Annie O'Connor and her husband Lloyd Chapin welcomed their second son, Aidan Lloyd, on August 14, 2001. Their first son, Connor (three) enjoys his new role as big brother. They live on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. Annie is currently on a leave of absence from her position as senior manager in Accenture's financial services practice and has greatly enjoyed the time home with her family. She has been with Accenture (formerly known as Andersen Consulting) since graduating from BC. Lloyd is also with Accenture as a partner in the Energy Practice. Laura Livaccari and husband, Andrew Herzig, welcomed, Julia Rose, in February 2000. The family recently moved from the D.C. area to Westchester, NY, and has enjoyed being closer to both of their extended families. In conjunction with the move, Laura transferred to the NYC office of the law firm Morgan, Lewis and Bockius. Her husband Andrew also practices law in NYC. Margaret Carroll Berzins and husband Mark Berzins live in Denver. They have three children: Clare is five-and-a-half, Caroline is four and Patrick is twenty-one months. The Berzins own three neighborhood restaurants; the first two are named "Spot Bar and Grill" and the newest is "Three Dogs Tavern." If BC alumni are in or near Denver, please stop in and say hello! Mary Margaret Lewis and Brian Friell recently welcomed their third child. The future Eagles are Delia (three), Declan (one-and-a-half) and Rory (born July 2001). Mary Margaret finished her medical training and joined a private pulmonary and critical care medicine practice in the Washington, D.C., area. Brian is still litigating at a D.C. law firm. Jeanne Canavan Downey and Greg Downey welcomed their second child Kathleen Canavan Downey (Kate) on September 25, 2001. Their son, Aidan Patrick Downey, was born in June of 2000. Jeanne is teaching elementary school part-time in Acushnet, MA, and Greg is an attorney at Downey & Downey, P.C. in New Bedford. Brian Hamer accepted a postdoctoral research position at Princeton University and moved the family from Ann Arbor, MI to Lawrenceville, NJ this past summer. Brian's wife, Tracy, teaches kindergarten in neighboring Hopewell, NJ, and sons Ben (three) and Charlie (six months) are adjusting beautifully to their new home! Carrie Howard and husband Vinnie Della Vallet have been living happily in Darien, CT, for the past three years. After working for almost six years at TIME magazine in advertising sales, Carrie moved to Entertainment Weekly as an account manager just over a year ago. Cool perks include movie premieres and trips to the Sundance Film Festival! Her husband, Vinnie, has been with CBS Television for five years and is a director of new business development in their sales/marketing division. Susan (English) Mazzetti and Peter Mazzetti welcomed their son, Peter Paul, on June 19, 2001. They have a daughter, Sarah, who is nearly three. During the past year, Sue and Pete relocated from NY to Danville, CA. Pete has changed jobs and joined his father's company, NorCal Moving Services, an Allied Van Lines agency, as corporate counsel and general manager. Melanie (Morse) Dawson and Dave Dawson had a baby girl on August 27, 2001. Emily Catherine was 8 pounds, 11 ounces. She gets lots of attention from her big brothers Andrew, Brendan, and Patrick. Dave, Melanie, and family are living in Medway. Ron Friedman was promoted from assistant vice president to vice president with U.S. Equities. Congratulations! That's it for now! Please keep your updates coming: 'it's always great to hear from you!' Peggy Morin Bruno 2 High Hill Road Canton, CT 06019 bcalum91@worldnet.att.net

It is with great sadness that I write of the loss of one of our classmaters in the September 11 tragedy. Our sympathies go out to the family of Thomas Brennan. Two other classmaters lost family members very dear to them in the tragedy. Tara Henwood lost her brother, John, and Susan (Doherty) Buhse lost her husband, Patrick. Our sympathies go out to our classmaters and their families. Greg Add and his wife, Barrett, were blessed with the birth of their first child, a son named Cameron Gregory. They also moved to Concord and Greg is working as a senior manager with Deloitte Consulting. Pattie Hart got married to John C. Kelly in June 2000 in Hingham. Pattie's cousin Colleen Riely was maid of honor and Jean Lascor and Maria McLaughlin served as bridesmaids. Nancy Allaire performed a reading during the ceremony. Other BC alumni in attendance were Chrissy (Moyhian) Murray, Bryan Banks, Chris Langway, Heather (Strout) Finn, Hugh Flaherty, Judy (McLaughlin) Stanton, Paul Bernardin '89, Kate (McCauly) Johnson '92, and Rob Johnson '92. Pattie is a training director at Investors Bank & Trust in Boston and John is director of sales at Medical Systems Management in Wakefield. They currently live in Charlestown, MA. Christopher Poirier and Allison David '96 were married on September 22, 2001, at Boston College St. Ignatius of Loyola in Chestnut Hill. Other BC graduates in the wedding party were, matron of honor, Jessica David Page '96, bridesmaids, Angela Clifine '96 and Caroline Melia '97. Groomsmen were Todd Fischer, Richard Gazarian, Jeff Nelson, Edward Ricci and Ted Page '93. Allison is an equity and derivatives trader for Navigator Management Company, a hedge fund in Boston. Chris is the co-founder and vice president of Resinate Corporation, a software company in Andover. Scott Mushkin and Angela (Bante) Mushkin have moved to Hoboken, NJ, where Scott is working for Lehman Brothers. They have two little girls, Riley Nicole born on February 28, 1999, and Ryan Elizabeth, born February 16, 2001. Meghan Gross and Christopher Magner were married October 20 in Arlington, MA. An-Marie Breen and Kellie Moroney were bridesmaids, while Deb ( Wardlow) Brown, Debra (Page) Mooney, Shelby (Lovett) Cuevas and Lynn Page Flaherty also participated in the ceremony. Also in attendance were Kathleen Barry, Andrea Benoit, Barbara Healey, and Janine (Dione) Saks, as well as assorted spouses, a significant other, and a few Eagles yet-to-be-hitched. Morgan (Milkoisky) Hirsh and her husband, Jim, both association executives in Alexandria, VA, welcomed their son Dylan James on September 26, 2000. They were visited by Robin LeGallo, chief resident in pathology at UVA Medical Center, and their two boys Quinn, who is four, and Ian, who was born December 23, 2000. Sean and Cheri (Connolly) Farley welcomed a baby girl, Kayla LeeAnn, on June 7, 2001. Kayla joins her big brother, Ryan, who is three. Vicki (Bryan) Curtin lives with her husband Peter and their one-year-old daughter Tess in Garden City, NY. Vicki is working part-time as a nurse practitioner. Deb Deroian is enjoying her job teaching English at Bristol Community College in RI. Kerrie Dolce has been working in London for the past two years as the European product manager for an information-publishing company. She often meets up with Karen Duffy who also lives and works in London. Karen Petrecca lives in NYC and is a vice president at Citibank. Indira Perez McLeod lives in Los Angeles, CA, with her husband Robert and works as an occupational therapist for the LA school district. Kimberly Punsalan West lives with her husband Patrick in Boston and is an assistant attorney general specializing in public corruption. Sarah Yezzi received her MEd in technology education from Harvard in 1998 and works as a senior producer in educational multimedia. She lives in Jamaica Plain. Katie Wahl received her master's degree in nurse anesthesia from Columbia University and works as a nurse anesthetist in Boston. I hope everyone had a happy, healthy holiday! Please be sure to keep the updates coming. We can no longer publish engagements or pregnancies. Due to the lag time between article submission and publication, we don't want to list things that have not yet occurred.
Our thoughts and prayers are with all of our fellow alumni, family, friends, and neighbors who were affected by the September 11 terrorist attacks in NYC and DC. Please continue to write and email news from your lives to be included in this column. • Steffan Berelowitz’s company, BIT Group, was named to the INC 500. Steffan is president and founder of the company which he started six years ago. He can be reached at steffan@bitgroup.com. • Anne Marie (Ligda) Vorbach and husband Justin have returned to the Boston area. Anne Marie is working as a full-time intern at South Shore Mental Health in Quincy. Kevin Silen married Melissa Powers on September 29, 2001. It was a beautiful fall wedding in VT. Dan Ferrin and Doepu Daryanani were groomsmen. Fellow ’92 classmates that attended included Steve Souza, Josh Herbert, Henry Seto, Karen Connors (Rimmele), Mary Nolan (Riley), and Tom Nolan. • Tim Muldoon’s The Banquet of Wisdom: Christian Spirituality for Generation 2000 will be published by Sheed and Ward this spring. • Chris Boccaccio and his wife, Jeannie, had their second child on May 17, 2001, a boy named Colin Michael. Big brother Eric and the rest of the family are doing well. Chris is currently a senior associate in the business law department at Day, Berry & Howard LLP in CT. They get together periodically with Juan Giachino and Nayomi Omura, as well as, John LaGratta and his fiancée, Maria Lisi. • Friends from MOD 4B recently reunited at Donna Merhige-Patrick’s home in Brooklyn, NY. Betsy Bonello-Smith, Kelly Evans-Brown, Holly Mason, and Megan Mount-Mormile had a great time together, as usual. Roommates Liesz Anzoleaga, and Debra Sullivan-Tullis were missed. Donna feels fortunate that her BC classmates continue to be a part of her life. Their friendships are very special to her and she enjoys keeping in touch. • Yes, I know it’s difficult to believe. Ten years have passed since graduation. I hope to see you all at our reunion. Don’t forget to mark your calendars! You can expect to be receiving information about the ten-year reunion in the mail soon, but if you have any questions, or would like to get involved in the planning process, please contact Gina Hager-Moitoz at gmoitoz@prodigy.net.

93

Gina Suppelsa Story
47 Matchett Street
Brighton, MA 02135
gina.suppelsa.93@bc.edu

To begin this issue, our thoughts and prayers are with all those affected directly and indirectly by the tragedy of September 11. This past June, Andrew Melli passed away. He had fought leukemia since November 1999. He was the life of the party at BC, and accomplished many great things since graduation. He ran the NYC marathon prior to being diagnosed with cancer. He graduated from law school, lived in London, and most recently lived in Hoboken, NJ, where he worked at his father’s law firm. Our deepest sympathies to Andrew’s family and friends. In Andy’s memory, good friend Cara McNally ran the Dublin Marathon this fall for the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. Cara is currently at BJU, going for her master’s in education. She reports that Eric Rowe is living in Boston and works at Genzyme. And that Laura Milano works for the Manchester, NH, school district as a bilingual evaluator. She is pursuing her master’s in social work at Salem State University in MA. Laura has sung at many of her friends’ weddings, and at Andy’s funeral mass. • Diane Vankoski Van Dyke and Rick Van Dyke welcomed their first child this past March, a baby girl named Renee. Diane, an Internet copywriter/editor for the shopping channel QVC, recently left her job for an exciting new career — full-time Mommy Engineer! Rick is a telecommunications sales manager for Graybar. They reside in Diane’s hometown just outside of Philadelphia. • Shea Sitzer Flemming and husband Chad happily welcomed their first child (a daughter, Paige) into the world July 25, 2001. They live in Atlanta, GA, where she is finishing her last year at Emory University Medical School. Her specialty will be in pediatrics after graduating next May. • Maura Kelly started a job as a reporter for the Associated Press in Chicago in August. She has been living in Chicago since January 2000, when she started a one-year reporting job for the Chicago Tribune. That ended in January 2001, and she wrote freelance articles for the Chicago Tribune and Boston Globe before getting hired by the AP. • Jennifer Trenaman (Landry) and her husband, Eric, welcomed their first child, Jackson Landry Trenaman, on September 6, 2001. • Anne Treinkle Schafer and husband Stuart welcomed Maxwell Reed this past September as well. Dan Cushing and wife Karen Abucewicz Cushing, welcomed their first child into the world this June. Her name is Caitlin Elizabeth. They have been living in Natick for the past three years. Joan Monahan Streeter and Mark Streeter also welcomed their first child, Megan Caroline, this past August. Joan is taking a year off from teaching and Mark continues as a fixed income analyst covering the real estate, leisure, and transportation industries for JPMorgan in NYC. They live in Darien, CT. Jacqueline West Ondry and her husband, Aaron, had a baby boy in August named William West. They live in Marlboro. • Sue Walsh is a doctor at Yale New Haven Hospital specializing in pediatric emergency medicine. She married Manny in Cape Cod this September. They live in Branford, CT. • Kelly Wild is an elementary school teacher in Fairfield, CT. • Tessie Kopolous Mower and Josh Mower have a two-year-old named Joshua. They are both high school teachers in Lynn. • Michele Campbell Scannell and Ken Scannell had a baby boy named Jack Thomas. He was born in May. • Greg Cerny and his wife, Jennifer, are the proud parents of four; Ashley, Jamie, Jack, and Matt. They live in Westborough, and both work for Fidelity. • Jennifer Vilkund married Steve Smith in Newton, in May. Jennifer works for Chhoun Consulting in Waltham, and they live in Medford. • Dana Kawalatzki Ludducci and Brian Ludducci live in Bridgewater, NJ. Brian is an independent software developer and basketball official and recently completed his MBA at Rutgers. Dana works as a benefits manager for Hewitt Associates. • Jill Fleming is a family practice doctor and married Jim Reid this October. • Dianne Edson is currently working as a corporate recruiter for Monster.com in Maynard. • Laurie Vakos works as a first grade teacher in Greenwich, CT. • In late July, Courtney MacArthur Beaulieu had a baby girl Alison Rose. • Denise O’Donnell Canavan and husband Patrick welcomed their second child, Carolyn Elizabeth, in November 2001. Other daughter, Katherine Mary, was born in August 1999, one month after Denise finished her MBA in finance and international business at NYU. Denise is currently taking a break from work so that she can be at home with her daughters, and Patrick is a director in the controller’s department at UBS Warburg in Stamford, CT. • Peter Cote writes: “I have had a difficult time still communicating with some of my past friendships. In 1996 I married my high school sweetheart, Christine Kearns. In 1997, I had my first child, Ryan Cote. My second child, Niamh Cote, arrived in 1998, third, Ridley Cote in 2000, and finally four and five (twins), Eoin Edward and Brigh Elise Cote. As you can see, since my graduation from BC, I’ve been very busy. I’d just like to pass this info along to some of my fellow alumni. I just want them to know I have not forgotten about them.” That’s all for now. I hope you all had a Happy Holiday Season. 2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Julie Finora is running for director, west of Mississippi, and Rob Tyler is running for director, less than ten years.

94

Alyce T. Hatem-Sader
33 Clementi Lane
Methuen, MA 01844
asader@mediaone.net
The tragedies of September 11 took the life of one of our fellow classmates, Peter J. Mulligan. Our prayers are with his family at this time and heartfelt condolences. Please send in your special memories of Peter so we may have a tribute to him in the next column. Also, our prayers and heartfelt thanks are with our classmates who are serving our nation in the war against terrorism. Thank you and God bless you. • Matt Carley married Theresa Ciuculli Carley on October 6, 2001, in Fairfield, CT, followed by a fifteen-day cruise that included a passage through the Panama Canal for their honeymoon. Attending the wedding from the class of ‘95 were Adam Zuckerberg and Ashlee Bunt Cumello, who were both in the wedding party, and Abby Wood, who was the soloist. Also in attendance were BCers Sherri Mariani Franzman, Greg Fortuna and his wife, Stephanie Head Fortuna, Tom Dee, Tom O’Keefe, Steve “Kegger” Morino, and Phil Pergola. Matt is a finance manager with GE Capital and Theresa is an Elementary School Teacher. They reside in Trumbull, CT. • In other news, Sherri Mariani Franzman and her husband Marc had their first baby, Samantha, on July 19, 2001. • Ashlee Bunt Cumello and her husband Pete had their first baby, Lilly Elizabeth, on October 19, 2001. • Maureen Walsh was married to Shane Kramer in June 2001 in Charlottesville, VA. Maureen and Shane met in law school at Washington and Lee in Lexington, VA. They graduated from law school in 1999 and now practice law in Washington, D.C. The newlyweds live in Bethesda, MD. Some BC friends at the wedding were Emily Cooper (formerly Lewis), Jill Cupoli, Cynthia Ennis, Jennifer Mooney, Shelley Dell’Orfano (formerly Weinand), and Ken Oliva. To celebrate being newlyweds, Maureen and Shane trained for and completed the Chicago Marathon together. • Kimberly Fisher married Brenden McMahon on June 30, 2001, at St. Ignatius. Kimberly is a lawyer at the City Solicitor’s Office in Lowell. Brenden is an assistant district attorney for the Middlesex County DA’s office. Kimberly and Brenden live in Lowell. Fellow alumni at the wedding were: best man Gene McMahon ‘92, GSOM ‘98, matron of honor Sharon Turner Mainero, bridesmaid Alice Reynolds ‘96, usher Jeffrey Bohman ‘96, Renata Piekieniak Cary, Maureen Grealish, Mary Cristin Flynn, Katlyn May, Lillie Lucas, Michael Ford, Dr. Heather Ristuccia Mark ’92, and James Stanton. Sadly missed at the wedding was Jeanneen Ennis, who recently moved to Myrtle Beach, SC. • Philip Murphy earned the prestigious chartered financial analyst designation, administered by the Association for Investment Management and Research. Philip has worked in the financial industry for more than five years. He received his MBA in finance at Fairfield University. He recently served as an officer for Putnam Investments and joined John S. Herold, Inc., as an institutional salesperson in August 2001. His primary responsibilities at Herold are to grow revenues from investment management firms and seek out new lines of business for the firm. • Bartholomew & Co. has promoted Joshua A. Paul to vice president. Joshua has been an account executive with the Worcester investment firm since 1995. • There was an error in the 2001 fall edition of the Boston College classnotes section: Bonnie (Kozel) Dougherty and Bill Dougherty’s son is named Joshua. Congratulations on the arrival of your son! (Editor’s note: this column was written by Megan Curda Tran ’95. We thank Megan for all her hard work. New correspondent David Shapiro ‘95 takes over next issue. Please note new address!): 2001 ballot Alum/Alum Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate J.R. Craven is running for director, less than seven years; Katherine “Stephanie” Cronin is running for director, less than ten years; and William Dorencia is running for director, less than ten years.

Mike Hofman
90 Montebello Road #2
Jamaica Plain, MA 02130
michael_hofman@inc.com

Sabrina M. Bracco
1371 First Ave., 4R
New York, NY 10021
sabrinabracco@yahoo.com

This column is dedicated to the memory of Patrick Aranjos, who died in the World Trade Center attacks. We are fortunate to have had him for a classmate and privileged to call him a friend. More than 800 people attended the memorial service held in his honor in NYC. He is sorely missed by all of them. A BC scholarship fund has been established in his name, please contact the BC development office for information on how to contribute. • And now for your updates. Congratulations to Michael Morris and Jessica Tamburino who tied the knot this summer on August 25, 2001, at St. Ignatius on the BC campus. The reception was downtown at the Fairmont Copley. The newest Mr. and Mrs. Jess Morris honeymooned in Tahiti, Bora Bora and Moorea. Other BCers in the wedding were best man Brian Millet; groomsmen: Patrick Aranjos, Jim Belts and Ted Franchetti; and bridesmaid Elizabeth Taranto. It was a weekend full of fun events! Brian Millet and Elizabeth Taranto also recently married on November 30, 2001 in NJ. A great time was had by all and the
in Philadelphia, PA. Members of the wedding party included Kristen Bodenhofer, Mary (Yidayette) Sawyer, Michelle Guerriere, Kathy (DeCoste) Flaherty, Lisa Noller ’92, Paul Martin, Alex Marshall, Bradd Haley ’01, Michael Haley ’96, Brian Sullivan, and Joe Toohy, who did a reading. Other BC alum in attendance were Dohyun Cha, Greg DeMarco, Meredith Dunn ’99, Eric Dohr, Dayna Hutchins ’96, Tamara Krause, Trevor and Mary Beth (Brennan) Magee ’96, Michael and Holly (Schwartz) Pomranging, Jason Rotondo, Perry ’88 and Michelle (Lally) ’89 O’Grady, Fred Palacsk, Tod Pierce, and Heather (Lynch) Stepler. The newlyweds enjoyed their honeymoon in St. Lucia and are now residing in Pocatello, ID, where Kit is a graduate student and Megan is teaching high school, special education. • Lisa Shroyer recently graduated from Cornell Law School and is working for a law firm in London. • On June 23, 2001, A.J. Borrelli was married to Meredith Swobodzinski. The ceremony was held at St. Andrew’s Dune Church in Southampton, NY, and the reception was on Shelter Island, NY. Pat Visone, who introduced the couple over six years before, was in the wedding party. A.J. graduated from Fordham Law School in May 2000, passed the NY Bar in November 2000, and practices commercial litigation at the law firm of Riker, Danzig, Scherer, Hyland & Perretti in Morristown, NJ. Meredith teaches special education and reading in Warren Hills, NJ. In August 2001, the couple purchased a home in Long Valley, NJ. • Sadly, Michael (Mac) R. McCarthy passed away on October 19, 2001. Please note, I can no longer publish engagement announcements due to the magazine’s new policy. Please hold off in sending me such updates until after the weddings. I apologize for the change in procedures. Also, don’t forget our fifth-year reunion will be held May 30 through June 1 this year. You will be receiving information in the mail regarding reservation details. Hope to see you all there! 2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Linda Song is running for director, less than ten years.

98
Mistie Psaladas
4043 Quentin Avenue
St. Louis Park, MN 55416
mistie.psaladas@gemills.com

Please note: I am no longer allowed to print engagements or pregnancies. I CAN publish marriages and births. • Calling all volunteers to plan our five-year reunion! If you are interested, please email me at mistie.psaladas@gemills.com by May 1. • Thomas S. Rea received the Milton F. Napier Award for proficiency in trial advocacy from the Washington University School of Law in St. Louis. He also received the William M. Pomerantz Trial Prize for excellence in regional mock trial competition and was a national quarterfinalist in the National Trial Competition. • Matt Wentland married Meghan Pontbriand ’97 on October 2, 2000. They reside in Silver Spring, MD. • Giulio A. Savo received a JD degree from Roger Williams University Ralph R. Papito School of Law on May 19, 2001. While in school, Giulio was a member of the Student Bar Association, Federalist Society, Moot Court Honor Society, and Law School Division. • Mary Dawson guided Guido Jacques on July 21, 2001. Joseph Bustros, Justin Martell, Paul McCaffery, Renée Blancardi Pierce, and Christine Blanco were in the wedding party. Other attendees included Paul Croelli, Mike D’Occhio, Jen Schuster, Garrett Swanberg, Sharon Pandia, Katie Scalley, Colleen Walsh-Vann, Ann Bogo, Greg Saline, Jim Woods, Chris Foresto, Jim Collins, Pat Gagnon, Stephanie Calone-Gagnon, Greg Stepa, and Joe Ciolino. • Autumn Davis is still living in the Boston area, but moved from Watertown to Newton. This is her fourth year teaching Spanish at Boston College High School. Pete Trivelas is still working and living in Boston, and doing great! • Patience Leonard got married in June 2001. Josephine Sciarrino and Carolee Rohm attended. Gretchen Schobert got married in June 2001 as well. I attended that wedding in MN. • In September, Michelle Breitman and Dawn Krieger took a trip to London and Paris, and Dawn and Josephine Sciarrino made a trip to the South of France and Italy. • Mary Pat Lancelotta was in Australia and Tokyo for a few months with Accenture. • Darlene Silva and Erin Kelly were living in Chicago this year and three years ago and were working at Northwestern Memorial Hospital, both as nurses working in the Neurosurgical Spinal Cord ICU and Medical ICU, respectively. Last September, both accepted travel nursing intensive care positions in San Diego and then in HI, each location for three months. After their traveling experiences, both are looking forward to pursuing graduate school. Darlene is applying to nurse anesthetics school for entrance next fall, hopefully in Chicago. • In May, Jon Marc Buffa graduated from Notre Dame Law School. He took an attorney position at the national law firm of Arter & Hadden. He is a litigator in the Los Angeles office. • Becky Slade was married on August 25, 2001 on Cape Cod to Christopher MacDonald. The reception was at the Popponesset Inn in New Seabury. Becky is a CPA working at PricewaterhouseCoopers in Boston, and effective in 2002, will be transferring with the company to San Francisco. Chris will attend flight school out there. Bridesmaids included Jen Shehan, currently studying for joint master’s and teaching degree at Tufts University, Lindsay Hayes, who just obtained her master’s and is going for doctorate at U Maryland in public relations, and Melinda Metz, who moved to VA from Los Angeles to teach kindergarten. Groomsman included Jason Micks, who works in investment management at Amerix in Minneapolis. Gretel Twombly, who works in the movies and is living in Los Angeles, did a reading in the ceremony. Others in attendance were Keri Rourke, working in Austin for CSC, Stephanie Galeota, who, after a year teaching for Boston Public Schools, took a teaching position in St. Croux; Andrea (Witt) Sendlenski, married in June 2000 and who finished up Suffolk Law School last spring; Rob Desanto and Danielle Wood, both living in MD, Mike Fattal, who entered medical school in Boston last fall; Amanda Mahoney, living in Los Angeles and working in the movie business; and Jenny Kovecovich, who was eating dinner with her husband coincidentally at the inn during the reception and recognized Beck’s name and stopped in. Jenny was married last year and is living with her husband on the Cape. • Brad McConville left Chicago last fall, where he was working as a counselor at a psychiatric hospital, and moved to IA to start medical school at the University of Iowa. Kristin Pugh is still working at Bulleen and still living in Boston’s North End. • Troy Turick is working for an advertising agency in Far Hills, NJ. Troy will be traveling around the country with Michael Foster beginning April 2002. They plan to hit all forty-eight contiguous United States. They’ll be doing a lot of camping and “couch-crashing” and are looking for volunteers! • Natalie (Scott) Dwyer spent her first year after BC teaching sixth and seventh grade at an all boys military school. She then worked for two years with the County of Orange in adoptions while going to grad school for social work at USC. Currently, she is interning at UCI Medical Center in the Trauma/ER Department as a medical social worker and loves it! Last July 21, she married her high school sweetheart, Jason Dwyer. They now live in Newport Beach, CA. • Danielle Cappanelli left her position at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston to pursue a master’s in fine arts. She received a fellowship and is studying Italian Renaissance art at Syracuse University’s abroad campus in Florence, Italy. • This column is in memory of Bryan Bennett, who was working in the WTC on September 11. His family held a memorial service on September 22.

99
Emily Frieswyk
141 Lake Shore Road #1
Brighton, MA 02135
emily.frieswyk@hotmail.com

2002 Ballot/Alumni Association Board Candidate Watch: Classmate Cristian Baird is running for director, less than ten years.

00
Kate Pescatore
63 Carolin Trail
Marshfield, MA 02050
katepescatore@hotmail.com

Hello class of 2000. Here are your updates for this issue. Congratulations to Su-Ying Leung as she was recently crowned Miss
Hello Class of 2001! Welcome to your first entry into the Classnotes section of the Boston College Magazine. I am looking for information about you to enter into the next issue. Where have you traveled since graduation? Have you run into? What have you been doing? Let the rest of us know what is happening in your life so that we can keep our class connected. For starters, we already have a potential star in our class: Brian Taffe, a communications major, has taken his first job with TV-7, an ABC affiliate, in Bangor, ME. Brian was originally hired as a reporter but will now be appearing as a weekend anchor in the Bangor viewing area. Make sure to tune in on Saturday and Sunday nights to see Brian! That’s all the news for now. The Alumni Association is looking for a permanent volunteer to become the class correspondent. If you are interested, send your name and contact information to Tracy Strauss, BCAA Communications Assistant, tracy.strauss.1@bc.edu. This is your chance to become involved with one of the best alumni networks around. Have a wonderful spring!

Mary Amsler ’49 keeps herself busy and is an active member of the West Roxbury chapter of Massachusetts Citizens for Life. I had the pleasure of sitting at the same table with Mary at the annual MCFL dinner. Brian Small, O.F.M. ’89, ministers to the Spanish community at St. Anthony’s Shrine and celebrates Mass every Wednesday at 4:30 p.m. in Spanish. Also, Fr. Brian assists the marriage tribunal office in Brighton on cases that need a Spanish interpreter. I promised Fr. Brian that I would continue to keep him in prayer during this difficult time in his life. His mother, Shirley, died September 21, six weeks after being diagnosed with cancer. I was sad to learn about the death of Geraldine Gardner ’68, ’72, who died on September 12. Geraldine was three years ahead of me in grammar and high school (Our Lady of the Presentation, Brighton) and I was a friend of her sister, Marilyn, who died many years ago when we were in grammar school. • Edwin DeSimone ’66 died on August 28. Prayers and condolences are extended to the cousins of Geraldine and to the family of Edwin DeSimone. If you have any news, please drop me a note.

Denise Charron-Prochownik MS ’82 was recently awarded the 2001 Nightingale Award for Nursing Research, given by the Nightingale Awards of Pennsylvania for individuals who demonstrate excellence in nursing research and who have made contributions to patient care. She is on the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh and is a pediatric nurse practitioner at Children’s Hospital of Pittsburgh. • Elizabeth Ruthful Lenz, MS ’97 is now dean of the College of Nursing at Ohio State University. • Carolyn Corliss Padavano PhD ’92 is vice president of ZA Consulting, LLC; she consults on business operations, research, information technology, education, and public health care. • Diane Berry MS ’97 is a diabetes trial coordinator at Yale University; she also is a doctoral candidate at BCSW. • Karen Aronian MS ’79 is holder of an endowed chair at the College of Nursing at Wayne State University. • Pay Fan Lin PhD ’01 is now assistant professor and director of the planning and coordination division of the Research and Development Center at National Taipei College of Nursing.
BC email this way. • Lisa (Grunstein) Eisenbud '94 is executive director of the Garden State Coalition for Youth and Family Concerns. She has held this position since 1995. This organization is NJ's strongest advocacy group working on behalf of adolescents in crisis and runaway homeless youth and adults. She married David Eisenbud in 1997 and has two girls, and lives in rural western NJ. • Kathryn McInnis-Misenor '98 had a baby girl, Sara Jeannette, on November 9, 1999. Kathryn is currently director of Maine Leap, a national pilot project for women and girls with disabilities at the YMCA of Greater Portland. • Roland Rose '75 married his wife Margaret in 1977. Regrettably after a two-year battle with cancer, Margaret passed away on March 15, 2001. Mr. Rose's plan is to return with his eleven-year-old daughter to complete their missionary work in the state of Chiapas, Mexico, which they left in March of 1999. • Linda Weiner '96 is currently working at Heritage at Cleveland Circle. This is a kosher assisted living environment for the elderly. • Captain Jeff Yarvis '94 will be attending the University of Georgia for his PhD in social work. He will be studying the combat and operational stress in UN Peacekeepers. Jeff will be joined by his wife, Laura, son Jacob, and new addition, Olivia.

The School of Education at Boston College will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in fall 2002. The Lynch School will sponsor activities and events throughout much of 2002 to mark this golden anniversary. More information to come! • James J. F. Forest PhD '98 is assistant dean for academic assessment and assistant professor of political science at the US Military Academy, West Point. He has recently published a new book, I Prefer to Teach (Routledge, 2001), and is co-editor of The Encyclopedia of Higher Education in the United States (two volumes: ABC-CLIO, 2002). • Daniel P. Egan MA '98 and his wife, Donna, are happy to announce the birth of their second daughter, Claire O'Connell, on June 11, 2004. Dan reports her big sister, Emma (two), is overjoyed with her new sister. Dan is vice president with the government relations division of Trion Communications, Providence, RI, a full-service government relations, public relations, and advertising group. Dan represents numerous local, state, and federal clients in the fields of transportation, energy, telecommunications, and education.
Dear Boston College/Newton College Club Member:

As spring approaches New England, the Alumni Association is also experiencing a revitalization in many ways. Our Reunion 2002 plans are both traditional and innovative, a manifestation of the many positive and forward-thinking changes that are occurring in our office while remaining deeply invested in the memories and traditions of the University. Two reunion weekends this year will allow for a more personalized reunion experience for each graduate and allow you to truly enjoy one another and the beauty of the BC campus. We are excited to be able to provide this new programming to help reconnect you with old friends and memories.

Similarly, our national club program is experiencing a great deal of change and renewal as we bring a team approach to the club leadership structure. We hope to strengthen our current partnership with club leaders around the country, as well as generate steering committees to provide support for these leaders, who in turn will organize local alumni-related events. The support our office is able to offer both leaders and their committees will manifest itself in leaders’ ability to truly reach out to their local alumni in ways that will most effectively benefit Eagles across the nation and speak to the needs of each region. 2002 will also see the furthering of our current international effort with the official launch of the Boston College Club of London. The effort of Bryan McLaughlin ’95 and Jim McDonnell ’88 to organize this new program is yet another example of the Eagle spirit even across oceans, as well as a wonderful example of the new leadership structure that will succeed in reconnecting alumni around the globe.

We continue to encourage, support, and value our active club and class leaders and are always interested in making new connections on behalf of Boston College. If you are interested in getting more involved and becoming part of this process or if you have any questions, comments, or concerns regarding other club issues or events, please feel free to contact me at jack.moynihan@bc.edu or 617-552-4752. Remember to visit www.bc.edu/alumni for more information regarding specific regional club events in your area, as well as other alumni-related events and information.

Go Eagles!

Jack Moynihan
Senior Associate Director

We have BC clubs in these cities, countries, and regions around the world. Please contact Jack Moynihan at jack.moynihan@bc.edu or at 617.552.4752 for more information.

Phoenix, AZ
Los Angeles, CA
Mission Viejo, CA
San Diego, CA
San Francisco, CA
Hartford, CT
Denver, CO
Washington, DC
Miami, FL
Naples, FL
Palm Beach, FL
Sarasota, FL
Chicago, IL
Indianapolis, IN
Baltimore, MD
Portland, ME
Cape Cod, MA
Springfield, MA
Worcester, MA
Minneapolis, MN
St. Louis, MO
Manchester, NH
Northern New Jersey
Albany, NY
New York, NY
Rochester, NY
Syracuse, NY
Cleveland, OH
Philadelphia, PA
Pittsburgh, PA
Providence, RI
Dallas, TX
Seattle, WA
Milwaukee, WI
Great Britain
Greece
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td>Charles G. Duffy</td>
<td>10/99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1934</td>
<td>William J. Boehner</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Thomas F. McDermott</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1935</td>
<td>Thomas P. Donovan</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1936</td>
<td>Edward P. Boland</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lawrence J. Riley</td>
<td>12/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1938</td>
<td>Arthur E. Flynn</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>Thomas P. Burns</td>
<td>11/00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Francis D. McGaffigan</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>Elmore M. Campbell</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>William A. Connolly</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Edmund J. Kenny</td>
<td>05/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>William J. Bulger</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Joseph A. Glavin, S.J.</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>Thomas Martin Curran</td>
<td>07/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Joseph A. Timpany</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Joseph G. Turke</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1944</td>
<td>John P. Kavanagh</td>
<td>07/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1945</td>
<td>Edward J. Kiley</td>
<td>09/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Samuel Serpico</td>
<td>06/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1946</td>
<td>Christina M. Dinapoli</td>
<td>03/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1947</td>
<td>Robert J. Bliss</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1948</td>
<td>John T. Farrell</td>
<td>08/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rose Marie Gerace</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bernard K. McGrath</td>
<td>08/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Arnold A. Rubin</td>
<td>12/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1949</td>
<td>Edward J. Doherty</td>
<td>06/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Joseph E. Travers</td>
<td>06/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1950</td>
<td>John T. Donovan</td>
<td>06/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Francis M. O'Hara</td>
<td>12/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1951</td>
<td>Bernard J. Driscoll</td>
<td>05/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Thomas S. Durant</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Alfred E. Finn</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Coleman P. Geary</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Richard J. Higgins</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Robert J. Mitchell</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Albert I. Murphy</td>
<td>05/00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Daniel R. Shaughnessy</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John T. Tierney</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Timothy E. Toohey, S.J.</td>
<td>05/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1952</td>
<td>Alan J. Deerfield</td>
<td>04/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Francis E. Dooley</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Timothy L. O'Brien</td>
<td>04/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ann Maclone Preston</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Edward L. Queeney</td>
<td>05/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Donald J. Shaker</td>
<td>02/00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Francis A. Torpey</td>
<td>08/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1953</td>
<td>Est. Of William Crippings</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Frances Giso Gill</td>
<td>08/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1954</td>
<td>Earl L. Killiea</td>
<td>02/94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1955</td>
<td>Donald P. Bradley</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marian J. Ego</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John B. Natoli</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1956</td>
<td>Doris Goulet Cayer</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gerard R. Forgues</td>
<td>09/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1957</td>
<td>Harold Goldstein</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1958</td>
<td>John J. Chisholm</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Frances J. Murray</td>
<td>01/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Martin M. Santa</td>
<td>11/95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1959</td>
<td>Agnes Genevieve Nyhan, SCNJ</td>
<td>11/00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Catherine Dooley Thayer</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1960</td>
<td>Caryl P. Haskins</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Edward F. Sulesky</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1963</td>
<td>Nathan M. Pusey</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1964</td>
<td>Joseph A. Dornig</td>
<td>06/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1965</td>
<td>Joseph N. Bolognini</td>
<td>08/00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>William C. Foehl</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1967</td>
<td>Philip J. Steinkrauss</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1969</td>
<td>Howard F. O'Brien</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1971</td>
<td>Linda M. Betts</td>
<td>08/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1972</td>
<td>Robert J. Tighe</td>
<td>09/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1976</td>
<td>Regina Monaghan Letiziano</td>
<td>03/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1977</td>
<td>Noreen T. Webber</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1979</td>
<td>Christopher N. Bovers</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1982</td>
<td>Gerard J. Paglia</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1984</td>
<td>Constance A. Smith</td>
<td>09/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1985</td>
<td>Carmen Dore Lewis</td>
<td>11/01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1992</td>
<td>William Louis Goodbody</td>
<td>10/01</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Alumni death list courtesy of Office of Development, More Hall, 140 Commonwealth Ave., Chestnut Hill, MA*
NATHAN ENGLANDER: We’ve been asked to respond to evil in our fiction, and unlike the other authors, I have my whole body of work right here. [Laughter] I was raised very, very religious and now I’m very, very not religious, and I guess I was left with a superstitious belief in evil. Basically I’m an atheist with a real fear of divine retribution on this earth.

I could probably say a lot more about evil in writers than evil in writing. But in fiction, I don’t really think there’s room for a pure evil. I looked at my own book, which has a story set under Stalin, whom I softened, and a story centered on Hitler, whom I made a ghost Hitler. I’m more interested in evil as a force. For me, the interest lies in how people function under it—how a group of Jews live under Nazism, a group of writers under Stalin.

Similarly, in the books I love, when a pure evil is present it’s almost always a condition under which the characters live, an umbrella evil. If I can anthropomorphize a bit and give a plague evil intent, then Camus’ The Plague is an example. Or Kafka’s The Trial. When I think of evil, injustice comes to mind.

I’m going to read you a midrash this evening, a story based on a line in the Bible. So I went back to the Old Testament, to Pharaoh and the 10 plagues, one of my favorite biblical stories. Pharaoh is an evil character, ruthless, a slaver of children, but if he were purely evil, the narrative would be of no interest. You wouldn’t need 10 plagues, you’d need one plague. If you’ve got a purely evil character, stick a knife in his eye and it’s done. It’s justified. If you look at the Bible as literature, then I think this is why, before the plagues, God says to Moses, “Va’ani aksbeh et lev paroh,” “And I will harden Pharaoh’s heart.” If Pharaoh had hardened his own heart, there would be no story. We are presented with someone who does evil things, but in the end there’s this very clear line where God says, I am going to harden Pharaoh’s. Heart. In this case of an extreme evil, it’s God that does the hardening. The Old Testament presents us with shades of gray, forces us to empathize.

I guess most of you probably know that at a Jewish wedding ceremony the groom breaks a glass under his foot. One of the things it represents is the destruction of Jerusalem, the fall of the Temple. Even under the huppah, under the wedding canopy, we don’t allow for a pure joy.

In that same vein, on Passover, when we celebrate the exodus, the Jewish liturgy also recognizes the tragedy that took place for Egypt, for the oppressors. We say the Hallel prayer—a prayer of joy—on Jewish festivals. But on Passover we say a half-Hallel because we remember the Egyptians who died during the Israelite’s redemption and therefore can’t wholly rejoice. I thought back to the black-and-white world that I grew up in. The clergy, the teachers, may present a black-and-white world, may present a pure evil and pure good. But the books, the religions themselves, aren’t that way.

Now I’m going to read you a midrash I’ve written. It’s called “Clearing God’s Name.”

God planted a garden in Eden, to the east, and placed there the man whom he had formed.

Genesis 2:8

There is a common misconception about the order of things. When the Earth was tohubohu, and Up did not have the slightest inclination to separate from Down, and Wet did not intend to give way to Dry, God looked Earthward with Adam at His side. “I will send you to that place,” said God.

“I don’t want to go,” Adam told Him.

God began to lift the sky from under the sea. The roiling mass tried to hold its formlessness, earth clinging to the hand of God, trailing up toward the sky until it could go no further, the mountains born from failure.

“I will not go,” insisted Adam.

God laughed. It was only the start, a gessoing of the canvas. With a giant spoon of stone, God scooped out the oceans, scraped out the lakes, and, as if considering a half-eaten slice of custard pie, turned the spoon over and scratched out all the rivers of the world. Adam was not impressed.

For Adam, He added color to the fish in the sea, placed billy goats on rocky ledges, and added to the ibex a second horn. Still Adam refused to descend.
Eternity piled onto itself as the discussion con- tinued, as God, laughing all the while, spruced up His little world. He hung fruit from the trees, hid milk inside coconuts and the udders of cows, turned some bees into hummingbirds and half the mice into bats. Still Adam would not go down.

God put lightning in the clouds, then thunder to chase after it. He taught the chameleons to hide and hinged the armadillo’s once-solid shell. All this was for His own entertainment as much as Adam’s; He knew what offer must be made.

“Keep your stubbornness. You can go about your business without any interference.”

“I will go, then,” said Adam.

God placed Adam on Earth, his body atop a hillock, his weight flattening the long virgin grass, the air around him at its sweetest, simply for never having been breathed by man before.

But Adam would not awaken.

God, that one and only time, came down to Earth. He sat on the right side of Adam at the top of that hill and whispered into his ear, entreated him, most politely, to come alive.

“There will be ostriches,” He said, “and ospreys, and aardvarks, and sun-showers.” A warm rain began and the new animals, unafraid, sniffed the feet of the body not dead but not born to life. God started the flowers pollinating and put a moon in the sky that would, throughout time, occasionally eclipse the sun. He made it so stars were not eternal. He sent meteors flying, started the sun spinning, and gave all the birds teeth. Looking up at the sky, God decided against the last two. He stopped the sun in its place and took the teeth from the mouths of the birds and gave them to the fish who were already blessed with brilliant color. The birds became jealous, and God gave them feathers without a second thought. He was most concerned with man.

Finally, He said, “There will be Eve.” He fashioned her right there on the hill and placed her at Adam’s left side. She waited in a most peaceful fashion to be woken into the world.

Obstinate and unalive, Adam offered no welcome, no commentary on the weather or the pleasant sensation of resting in the sharp, cool grass.

Adam had become shrewd at God’s side. He had learned that dawn and dusk threw the same shadows, though they fell on opposite sides of the tree. He had learned, also, that Good and Evil were a single force—just as rain, if God deems it, will flood the bounty it creates. It was only in His image—with a sin for every kindness, a decision in every deed—that Adam was willing to walk the land. But God, so in love with His new Earth and His man and His woman, and excited, like any father, for all the joy to come, did not want to see pain in the eyes of His children. He did not want to hear the endless crying as night moved in a circle around the globe.

He was only trying to protect them.

“Fine,” He said, reluctantly. “Fine, Adam. What is freedom without choice? You may have it.” God pressed His lips against Adam’s ear, to whisper into it the last of the gifts. “There will be Evil, Adam. You may have Evil as well as Good.”

And Adam knew this to mean that he was free, a god himself, a maker of choices, that the future was no longer closed. Adam opened an eye and rolled over toward Eve, placed a hand on her shoulder to wake her, a kiss on that shoulder to welcome her to life, his head light, still dizzy with that first long breath.

God, then, went back, forever, to Heaven.

I only tell you this to set the story straight, out of fairness to God. For it is time that the misconception was corrected, that God’s name was finally cleared of guilt.

In the beginning, on a hill, it was man who first turned his back on the Lord.

Nathan Englander’s short stories have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and the New Yorker. His first collection, For the Relief of Unbearable Urges, was published in 1999. Englander received the PEN/Malamud Award for Excellence in Short Fiction in 2000, the same year his “The Gilgal of Park Avenue” was named an O. Henry Prize winner. “Clearing God’s Name” is reprinted by permission of Aragi, Inc.
GET BUSY, GIRLFRIEND

WOMEN’S BOXING HAS LONG BEEN A SPORT. NOW IT MAY BECOME BIG BUSINESS  
BY CARLO ROTELLA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY WAYNE GILBERT
SHORTLY BEFORE THE FIRST UNDERCARD BOUT OF THE EVENING, when the audience was still arriving and the houselights had not all been turned on yet, Mitzi Jeter made her prefight visit to the ring. Wrapped in crisp black and red sweats, she climbed through the ropes and moved deliberately around their inside perimeter, leaning into them to feel how they gave, shuffling and bouncing as well to test the footing. Having completed the circuit, she stood in one corner for a few minutes, still and watchful in the gloom, then crossed to the opposite corner and stood there for a while. “I always do that before a fight,” she explained a few hours later, after her bout. “I’m visualizing the fight, how it will go, my opponent. I’m getting used to the surroundings, the room, the lights, everything. There was a soft spot out there in the floor tonight; you need to know that. I don’t want anything to catch me off-guard or surprise me, even something like seeing some seats out of the corner of my eye in a place I don’t expect them. And I’m a Christian; I don’t want to step in there without God’s protection and blessing on me, so there’s praying going on, too.”

“Smokin” Mitzi Jeter, a 38-year-old elementary school gym teacher from Chatsworth, Georgia, was in Boston to defend her International Women’s Boxing Federation (IWBF) welterweight title against Dawne “The Devastator” George, a 42-year-old prison guard from Gardner, Massachusetts. Their bout headlined a modest Friday night fight card at the Teachers Union Hall, a waterfront blockhouse in Dorchester that squeezed the ring, the fighters, and a couple of hundred spectators between a low drop-ceiling and industrial-strength office carpeting. The promoter had come up with an action-movie tag line to advertise the event—“Fully Loaded”—and had arranged an undercard of bouts between men in which local fighters defeated undistinguished opponents. The mismatches were predictable, but not egregious enough to qualify as criminal. The keyed-up local guys furiously assailed the out-of-staters, who, depending on mood and ability, covered up or fought back. Nobody got killed, and everybody except the losers and their seconds had a good time.

When Jeter and her cornermen made their entrance into the ring, two young women and one man preceded them down the aisle, holding high the belts representing Jeter’s titles: The IWBF and International Female Boxing Association recognized her as welterweight champion of the world, and she also held the intercontinental title (one step short of the world title) of a third sanctioning body, the Women’s International Boxing Federation. Dawne George was already in the ring, the challenger’s faction having entered first in accordance with fistic tradition. It was time for the main event.

THE PROMOTER OF THE JETER-GEORGE BOUT might have believed he was making history by presenting a women’s title bout as the headliner; a first in Massachusetts, but the evening’s historical significance more properly resided in its business-as-usual quality. The two fighters weighed in under the welterweight limit, the commission’s mandatory prefight examinations determined that neither fighter was injured or HIV-positive or pregnant, an impartial referee enforced the rules, three licensed judges (two of them from out of state, as Jeter’s manager-husband and the IWBF had insisted) ren-
dered an unbiased decision despite the fact that the challenger was local and the champion was not, and everybody got paid—not much, but what they expected. The fight was just another day at the office, and that, in the long view, is news.

Women bent on mixing it up have always found their way into the fights, even when the sport or their participation in it was illegal. Women fought on the illicit margins of the legitimate boxing world for most of the 20th century. Bareknuckle bouts between women were common in the 18th and 19th centuries. And (to follow the line all the way back) the recent discovery of the remains of a young woman buried with gladiatorial honors in a Roman cemetery in London seems to confirm archaeologists' belief that fighting women carved out a place for themselves in the ancient world's bloodsport demimonde.

The current boom in women's boxing, which began almost a decade ago, may be just the latest episode in this long history, but it also has occasioned major changes in the fight world. The increasingly institutionalized character of women's boxing is a new development: title-granting organizations (multiple, competing, and variably shady, just like those in men's boxing) award belts and rank contenders, state commissions regulate women and men alike, and a formal amateur network undergirds the profession. For the first time since the rise of boxing to state-regulated legitimacy a century ago, it is now common practice to include a women's bout among men's bouts, or to stage all-women's cards. To the extent that any boxing is legitimate, women's boxing has become increasingly legitimate, and sometimes it can even be the main event.

**TO HANDICAP THE JETER-GEORGE MATCHUP,** one needed to know that Jeter had been winning fights of one kind or another for most of her life, ever since taking up karate in childhood; that her record after three-plus years of professional boxing was 15–3–1; that she usually went the distance, seeming to gain strength as her opponent tired, and won by decision; and that among her victories were two previous decisions over George, who, at 4–7–1, usually knocked out her opponent when she won but had never gone 10 rounds. Both were in sound fighting shape. George, the bigger-framed of the two welterweights, had trained down to a lean but broad-shouldered 145 pounds. Jeter's body, at 146 pounds, was smoother, its strength concentrated in the legs.

The challenger landed some hard punches, especially when she switched to a southpaw stance in the middle rounds, but the champion put on the evening's only exhibition of accomplished technical boxing. Jeter jabbed and double-jabbed to set up combinations, circling to create advantageous angles of attack. She made George's punches miss, then made her pay for missing. She drove with her legs and shifted her weight in the clinches, encouraging George to spend her upper-body strength in pushing back with inferior leverage. The only blow that caught Jeter by surprise was an illegal one, an accidental headbutt in the third round that staggered her. The referee, a smiling gent with flowing white hair, gave Jeter a few seconds to recover. After the unscheduled break she went back to work with a burst of punching that won the round for her. An uneasy male voice called out from George's corner, "Get busy, girlfriend."

Both boxers' trainers had the limber, straight-backed carriage of fighting men in advanced middle age. Squatting in front of George's stool between rounds, her trainer shouted, "You got to hit her! Let your hands go! Boom-boom-boom-BOOM!" He threw an illustrative sequence of punches alarmingly close to her face. Jeter's corner was quieter, almost peaceful. While her husband knelt on the canvas in front of her, silently giving her water and applying ice and then Vaseline to her face, her trainer stood on the ring apron and craned through the ropes to murmur in her ear. When George began to tire in the seventh round, grabbing Jeter more often and leaning heavily on her, Jeter's trainer called out "Can you feel her weight?" just loudly enough to cut through the crowd noise. Jeter accepted even more of George's weight in the clinch, then turned her and stepped away suddenly to one side, causing George to stumble forward off-balance. Jeter nailed her with a jab, a cross, and a hook—left, right, left—before George could get back into position.

Jeter scored well the rest of the way with this sidestepping tactic out of the clinches, sweeping the late rounds and winning the fight by a wide margin on every judge's card. Holding her wrist, the referee raised Jeter's ungloved but still-wrapped hand in victory after the ring announcer intoned the traditional formula: "The winner, and still welterweight champion of the world. . . ."

**THE INDIVIDUAL AND AD HOC CHARACTER OF boxing, with a core of serious practitioners and many more who are semiserious or just in it for the**
GEORGE'S TRAINER SHOUTED, "YOU GOT TO HIT HER! LET YOUR HANDS GO! BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!" JETER'S CORNER WAS QUIETER, ALMOST PEACEFUL. HER HUSBAND KNELT ON THE CANVAS SILENTLY APPLYING ICE AND THEN VASELINE TO HER FACE

workout, makes it difficult to determine how many women box. Frank Globuschtz, founder of an all-women's gym on Long Island and guiding force of the IWBF (in which capacity he gave Mitzi Jeter a big postfight hug), has estimated that there are more than 2,000 female professionals in the United States and perhaps half as many amateurs, each group constituting less than a third of the worldwide total. A woman arriving in the gym these days with an inchoate urge to box finds that, unlike women in previous eras, she can give form to that aspiration by plugging herself into the fight world's standard routine. First, she becomes a regular at the gym, finds a trainer, spars with peers and more experienced stablemates. Then she enters the Golden Gloves amateur tournament in her state; if that goes well, she can fight for national amateur titles and try to qualify for international tournaments. Eventually, if she turns pro, she signs with a manager who can line up plausible competition and pursues the attention of promoters, sponsors, and television executives; as her career progresses, she angles for higher-profile fights, title belts, bigger paydays.

Among the several social and cultural frames one might place around this phenomenon—and its high visibility in a recent round of movies, books, news features, and advertisements—is the larger movement of women into traditional proving grounds of American manhood. The generation of women currently integrating boxing, contact sports, hunting, and the military combat arms (not to mention action movies) has grown up in a time of remarkable fluidity in the sexual division of work and play. In particular, the assumption of a male monopoly on skilled, socially valued aggression has been seriously undermined, and not only by the feminist impulse. The Title IX legislation of 1972 that enabled the late 20th-century boom in women's sports was a symptom as much as a cause of the movement of women into previously off-limits areas. Beneath and behind the transformation of play lies the transformation of work: the final collapse of the family wage system that theoretically allowed a working man's salary to support his wife and children, together with the complementary movement of men into service jobs that resemble what used to be called "women's work." Deindustrialization, the mechanization of farming, and the expansion of service work, especially, have helped to undermine the traditional calculus of masculinity based on body work and associated rough play, on being good with one's hands.

A variety of enterprising women have undertaken to explore the evocative ruins of that partially collapsed tradition and to salvage usable parts for
BEAR IN MIND THAT JETER HOLDS TWO WORLD WELTERWEIGHT TITLES BUT MADE “LESS THAN $10,000” IN HER FIGHT WITH GEORGE. MALE WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION SUGAR SHANE MOSLEY CAN MAKE $3 MILLION-PLUS FOR AN ORDINARY TITLE DEFENSE

their own purposes. Women pushing for access to the fight world have been part of a larger push in the realms of work and play (which overlap at the fights) to claim once “manly” virtues that boxing is known to nurture and embody: autonomy, physical competence, and discipline, all wrapped up with productive aggression.

WOMEN WHO WANT TO FIGHT, DRIVEN BY an appetite for hitting as incompletely explicable as that which urges men into the ring, come to boxing from a variety of directions. A few come from fighting families; they grow up trading punches with brothers, or learn the ropes from fathers. More women, for the most part educated and middle-class, are recruited through the boxing-themed aerobic exercise regimes currently popular in health clubs. They grow tired of punching air to the beat and begin to wonder what it feels like to hit somebody who hits back. Others, the multi-sport athletes, come to boxing after playing organized sports in high school or college. Most of those sports offer little in the way of a professional future, and boxing is so individualistic that an extraordinarily motivated woman can take it up in earnest while still earning a living at day jobs or even pursuing a full-fledged career.

The majority of female boxers come to boxing through martial arts, which tend to emphasize technique over brute strength and which have been relatively integrated in the United States since the late 1960s and 1970s, when feminism and a spike in crime statistics inspired widespread interest in women’s self-defense. Dawne George, who began training as a boxer in part to lose weight, has a black belt in tae kwon do. Mitzi Jeter won a national championship in sport karate and tried amateur kickboxing before moving on to boxing. Jeter switched to boxing three-and-a-half years ago, she said, “in part because of the popularity of women’s boxing, but also because of the natural progression of intensity. Sport karate was more like a tag game, kickboxing was more intense, boxing is even more intense. Some things are the same—the fact that it’s fighting, the way you stay balanced and centered. But probably the biggest difference is distance, and intensity.” Jeter was talking to reporters at Slade’s, a nightclub in Roxbury, at a press event the day before the fight. She got up to demonstrate how the distance between combatants shrinks and the decisive violence of their encounter escalates as one moves from sport karate to kickboxing to boxing. Everybody gave her plenty of room.

Jeter’s and George’s biographies also suggest the range of class trajectories that deliver women into the ring. Jeter, like many of her female peers and
Unlike most men in the business, has solid middle-class credentials: a degree in health and physical education from Barry College in Georgia, a teaching career, options. She never faced the classic choice between fighting and factory work, nor did she take up boxing to protect herself on the street. George's trajectory, by contrast, resembles the classic portrait of the male boxer in at least two respects: She grew strong doing hard manual labor in furniture factories, and she found boxing in prison, albeit as a guard rather than an inmate.

The two women have in common their entry into boxing at an extremely advanced age. Neither grew up in boxing, and it is certainly not a sport that they could have learned in school. Both had to make their way to it as adults through a changing social and cultural landscape. One might think of them as part of a backlog of women who have only begun to act on their fighting potential in the past few years. If the sport continues to grow, and if in time at least a prominent handful of women can make a decent living as boxers, this cohort of older pioneers (including most of the middle-class fighters) will be squeezed out by younger women who will come straight to boxing in their teens—hungry, committed fighters, most of them working-class, who will choose boxing over other life options and other sports. (Women's boxing may actually have a recruiting advantage over men's boxing in that respect, because football siphons off many of the boys with an appetite for hitting.)

Now, for all their seriousness about boxing, neither Jeter nor George can make a living in the ring. Bear in mind that Jeter holds two world welterweight titles but made “less than $10,000,” according to her manager-husband, in her fight with George; male welterweight champion Sugar Shane Mosley can make $3 million-plus for an ordinary title defense, much more for a big bout against a marketable opponent. Female boxers, even more than men, do it primarily for the challenge, the feeling of accomplishment, the momentary glory, the potency, the hitting. These mostly intangible rewards matter a great deal, but steady income must derive from elsewhere, which usually entails a working life beyond the ring that eats up significant amounts of time and energy. On the Sunday after their Friday-night fight, George, a single mother of four and a grandmother, would be back at her part-time job as a short-order cook, and on Tuesday she would be back at work at the North Central Correctional Institute. Jeter would be back at the Spring Place Elementary School. “The kids are done for the year,” she said, “but Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at school we have post-planning, then I have to take some classes this summer.” And both fighters, of course, would soon be back in the gym, training.

**NO MATTER HOW HARD WOMEN WORK IN**

the gym, though, they face long odds in fighting their way out of the bind that the boxing business, forever suspended between craft and entertainment, puts them in. The novelty of women's boxing, an institutional fledgling, makes it especially susceptible to the eclipse of skillful fighting by the priorities of showbiz.

That helps explain the less-than-acceptable current state of women's boxing. A fighter can only improve by facing competent opponents in the gym.

The play-by-play (pages 5–7): Mitzi Jeter (red trunks with black trim) and Dawne George (black trunks with red trim) meet in the ring. George presses forward on the attack, and Jeter tries to contain that attack and then counter it. When they come together, Jeter muffs George's punches with her arms and drives with her legs, making George expend upper-body strength to keep her balance. Stepping to her left, Jeter shifts position to create leverage and an advantageous angle from which to punch. After scoring with a combination, she falls into a clinch with George, resting and looking to set up the next opportunity—CR
and in bouts, and there are not enough good female boxers to go around. Dawne George, for example, was game and strong, but her losing record made her a less-than-ideal challenger for a world title, and she did not offer Jeter, who had already beaten her twice, much of a test.

Many women who fight for titles and on television are just not good enough boxers to merit such exposure, but they are game enough to wade in swinging, which always sells. Managerial skulldug-gery and incompetence produce far too many mismatches (a major problem in men's boxing, also), but even fair matches between women too often turn into flailing sessions that do not belong on major fight cards. Euphemistic talk about women's boxing as "more honest" than men's boxing—"more action-packed," "tougher," and "fresher"—draws a veil of marketing-speak over the plain fact that green female scrappers, fighting short, two-minute rounds that encourage bell-to-bell punching (men fight three-minute rounds), often beat the hell out of one another with less regard for defense and technique than more seasoned men display.

Consider the contrast with women's basketball, which some see as more aesthetically and technically pleasing than men's basketball. Female basketball players, the argument goes, work harder on passing, shooting, and team play because they cannot rely so heavily on the sheer strength and athleticism that often turns the men's game into a Hobbesian bricklaying contest punctuated by improbable dunks. But proper basketball skills may be learned in school, where fisticuffs are always discouraged, and a major part of the entertainment value of women's boxing seems to reside in its unsoundness: wild punching, no blocking or slipping of blows, action to the exclusion of craft.

Women's boxing often pleases crowds because it looks, paradoxically, both conventionally manlier than men's boxing and more womanly. It looks more like the way men pretend to fight in movies, dishing out and taking outsize blows by the double handful. Yet at the same time the women's bouts that collapse into unskilled pummeling call to mind certain forms of pornography premised on the principle of the catfight.

Those bouts anger fighters who pride themselves on their skill. "I have some strong issues on
gender discrimination and sport,” Mitzi Jeter said at Slade’s, her soft Georgia voice hardening a touch. “More people would enjoy women’s fighting if there were better women fighters. But they want to put on a T and A show—pardon my language. It seems like they find the worst women fighters they can. They’re all like this.” She did a perfect imitation of a novice, head back, eyes shut tight, throwing weak rapidfire blows with both hands. “It’s like they want the women to look bad. You see what women can do in other sports, like Flo Jo [the Olympic sprinter], what women have done in basketball, and soccer. And then you look at the women who fight on TV, and you know they aren’t the best.”

Jeter half-jokingly used the word “conspiracy” to describe the primitive state of women’s boxing, and one can see why she might suspect the fight world’s male authorities of colluding to defend the fistic and cultural status quo. Do the best female boxers remain obscure precisely because they are threatening? Why should Mia St. John—not much of a boxer, but easy enough on the eyes to appear on the cover of Playboyn wearing boxing gloves and not much else—get bigger bouts than Jeter could ever dream of? Was promoter Bob Arum acting on purely economic motives when he dumped the incomparable Lucia Rijker, the best female boxer on earth, and signed St. John instead? Why should women fight shorter rounds? Perhaps, like the injunction that once barred women from running marathons, the rule protects an embattled orthodoxy rather than women’s health.

Then again, conspiracy might be too strong a word. Powerful mixed motives drive boxing promoters and their associates in television, the casino business, and the sport’s public and private governing bodies. Sensing a demand for women’s boxing, they want to cultivate an audience for it (and build a bigger female audience for all boxing). Part of cultivating that audience could well be to develop a large cohort of skilled female boxers, but to achieve that end promoters would have to patiently invest in upgrading the quality of women’s boxing over the long run. As notoriously sharkish purveyors of violent entertainment, though, promoters are oriented toward short-term profit and not toward effecting long-run change in the business or the surrounding culture. They know they can cash in right now on the appeal of the catfight—premised on the combatants’ ineptitude—and the darkly timeless attraction of women getting beat up in

“The winner and still welterweight champion of the world...”
public. So promoters go for what they regard as the sure thing, showcasing inexperienced female brawlers and comely incompetents rather than sound boxers. The resulting messy slugfests between women play not only to fans who value action over craft but also to those who regard a match between women as a palate-cleansing freaky sex show inserted among real fights.

One might argue that the same mix of fascinations with athletic skill, nakedness, and sexually inflected pain draws fans to men’s boxing, but the proportions tend to be reversed. Some spectators may see a pornographic subplot in the spectacle of men boxing, but many spectators see any conjunction of women and violence as primarily a sex show.

The tangle of contradictions remains in evidence as women’s boxing works into the fight world’s collective psyche. Take, for example, the fight magazine Boxing Digest. Its editors, who pine in print for the lost golden age of “the nocturnal urban male subculture,” have made clear their preferred understanding of women’s place at the fights: They discontinued a new section devoted to women’s boxing after only a few issues, while continuing to prominently feature a near-naked “Round Card Beauty of the Month” in every issue. But Boxing Digest also offers backhanded respect to women’s bouts, which it includes in its small-type capsule reports on fight cards around the world.

One typical recent report contrasted a “tame” main event between men to a slugfest between women on the undercard that served as “the real headliner” because, “as usual, the women’s [bout] produced the most action.” The matting of “action” to “as usual” implies praise for women’s courage and fortitude (by which many men still affect to be surprised), but also distaste for yet another amateurish fight between female professionals.

The staff writers at Boxing Digest exemplify the ringside point of view of most boxing literature—the noncombatant expert’s perspective, with authority derived from experience in watching rather than doing. But some of the educated women who were pioneers in legitimate boxing in the 1990s have been writing and making movies about boxing from a commanding new in-the-ring perspective: books like Rene Denfeld’s Kill the Body, the Head Will Fall (1997), Kate Sekules’s The Boxer’s Heart (2000), and Lynn Snowden Picket’s Looking for a Fight (2000); movies like Catya Bankowsky’s Shadow Boxers (1999) and Karyn Kusama’s Girlfight (2000). Firsthand ring experience translates into powerful leverage when these women’s books and movies urge a reconsideration of received ideas about gender and aggression, sex and violence. The manly art of self-defense having become esoteric in our age, most partisans of those received ideas have not given or taken a good one to the chops since grade school, which can put them on the defensive when

Jacqui Frazier-Lyde (left) was a lawyer and Laila Ali (right) ran a nail salon before a six figure purse drew them into Ali-Frazier IV.
women with bloody knuckles enter the cultural battle royal over the meaning of women’s boxing.

**TWO WEEKS AFTER THE JETER-GEORGE FIGHT,** a 39-year-old lawyer and ex-college basketball player named Jacqui Frazier-Lyde fought a 23-year-old celebrity-in-training named Laila Ali in the main event of a card at the Turning Stone casino in upstate New York, an event that was broadcast on pay-per-view television. The bout—which the promoters insisted on calling Ali-Frazier IV, placing it in the company of three great fights between the protagonists’ illustrious fathers, Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali—exemplified most of what was wrong with women’s boxing, and also some of its promise.

Begin with the promise. Two female novices fighting an eight-round, nontitle bout divided a total purse (including a piece of the ‘TV revenue’ amounting to perhaps a quarter-million dollars, probably the biggest payday in the history of women’s boxing. Not only did women headline a card that included a number of good male fighters, but the 6,500 or so people in attendance—including hundreds of reporters from all over the world—seemed to accept the notion that two daughters had charged themselves with upholding the family honor the old way, dukes up. A number of fearsome-looking female professionals in street clothes took the opportunity presented by the massive gathering of reporters to lobby for their own shot at the big time. There was a sense of possibility in the air.

On the other hand, the fight itself belonged deep on the undercard at a local club, or in a Golden Gloves tournament. The combatants, who showed plenty of heart and little ability, had no business in a much-publicized main event. Frazier-Lyde could barely box at all, and Ali was only beginning to develop a style. Both had skipped amateur careers and assembled brief but undefeated professional records by dispatching sacrificial patsies, so neither had much experience against competent opposition. Frazier-Lyde, the shorter and thicker aggressor, rushed in at the start of every round, taking punches and windmilling her own until she was gasping for breath. Her left-handed blows sort of resembled her father’s definitive Philadelphia left hook, but when she threw her right the punch collapsed into a pushing motion known on the street as a moosh, more of a provocation than an effective form of assault. Ali, taller and leaner, knew how to move her feet, jab with her long left arm, and follow up with a straight right, but she forgot about all that and settled for throwing both hands indiscriminately when Frazier-Lyde charged her. If any blows were blocked by either fighter, it happened by accident as an incoming glove ran afoul of an outgoing one. Increasingly winded, the two traded swings like drunken sailors, landing scores of punches without leverage that had little effect other than to generate “action.”

The crowd, which had been inattentive during the undercard fights, came to life during the main event. This was more like it: a close, fast-paced bout with lots of hitting, celebrities, everything. People shouted out the fighters’ names, taking special pleasure in chanting “A-li, A-li” again after all these years. They howled when the women went toe-to-toe, which was most of the time. Some of their enthusiasm was about boxing, some about women, some about women boxing—three different things—and some of it sprang from their memories of Ali and Frazier pères. They went home satisfied by the result, a close victory for Laila Ali by majority decision.

Mitzi Jeter, who was home in Georgia and refused to watch the bout on TV, was not satisfied. Even giving away 15 pounds and a giant reach advantage, she was confident that she could have outboxed Ali and Frazier-Lyde, perhaps even in succession on the same night. She dismissed their bout as “a publicity stunt” and worried that it had “hurt women’s boxing.” Frazier, she said, “is a joke. Ali, she’s better than average, but still not a good fighter. Five years from now, after she’s continued to work and train, she could be a good fighter. I’m surprised she let it be so close. That doesn’t say much for her.”

Five years from now, the statuesque Ali will probably be making action movies and hawking her celebrity workout video; Frazier-Lyde will be lawyering again, happily retired from her brief ring career. Jeter, at 43, will be fighting or training others to fight, because fighting is her craft, her gift, her calling.

THE CONTENDER

MEGAN GERSON ’00
WAS LOOKING FOR A WAY
TO FILL THE LONG WINTER
WHEN SHE WANDERED
INTO THE FAIRBANKS,
ALASKA, BOXING CLUB.
HER E-MAILS HOME TELL
THE REST

WED, 18 OCT 2000
Hello Everyone,
I have taken up a new activity to keep me moving during the long winter. Boxing. I train for a couple of hours every day after work at the Fairbanks Boxing Club. Training is intense and difficult, but apparently I am doing well, because I will be competing in my first official fight a week from Saturday. Yes, I know I’m crazy.

I am scheduled to box a 26-year-old woman from the Yukon Territory. It will be her first fight, as well. I’ll let you know how it goes.

MON, 30 OCT 2000
I WON!!!! I got in that ring on Saturday night in front of over a thousand people, in the only female fight on a 15-fight card, scared out of my mind, and I WON!

Let me tell you what it was like. For over two weeks, I trained hard every day. I cut fat, alcohol, caffeine, carbs, and everything else that is fun and indulgent out of my diet. I hit the heavy bag, the speed bag, and did more crunches than I have in my whole life. I was in shape and I was ready.

On Saturday morning I had a physical and was weighed in with my male teammates. While we waited, we watched the red, white, and blue ring, supplied by USA Boxing, being set up. George Foreman fought in that very ring as an amateur.

I returned Saturday night to the gym only to find that my fight was going to be scratched—there was too big a weight differential. If I didn’t lose three pounds and the girl I was supposed to fight didn’t gain four pounds in the next hour, we would not be allowed to fight. I don’t know what turned on inside of me, but I knew I had to fight, so I lost three pounds in an hour. I threw up, spat, ran inside with sweats and hats and mittens, and got rid of everything that I could. My opponent drank bottles and bottles of water. We made the official weigh-in, then we both had a couple of hours to recuperate before stepping into the ring.

Mine was the 12th fight of the night, one of the final fights leading up to the main event: the face-
off between the Number One and Number Three junior superheavyweights in the country. I got my hands wrapped, put on my headgear, groin and kidney protector, mouth protector, chest protector (a wonderful hard plastic bra that only female boxers have to wear), and slipped on my shiny blue Fairbanks uniform; someone tied up my gloves. As I stood in my corner, my coach kept reminding me that it was "just another day in the gym." The bell rang, and the first round began.

I fought three two-minute rounds, and to tell you the truth, most of it is a blur. I remember getting hit so hard in the chin with a right cross that I couldn't believe I was still standing. But I had so much adrenaline at that point that people in the audience didn't even know the other fighter had connected. I faced her punches and rolled with them.

By the end of the first round, I didn't know how I was going to make it. It is a scary thing being in that ring and knowing that getting beaten up is totally within the realm of possibility. But I saw that she was tired too, and in the second round, I connected my straight-punch combinations with an energy I didn't know I possessed. I hit her with a 1-2-1, and as she tried to sidestep away, I followed her around the ring, using my combinations until my arms couldn't do it anymore. By the end of the second round, we were both fighting with bloody noses. I had caused a standing 8-count in the second round, and I did it again in the third. The crowd was wild. I knew hardly anyone there, but people were screaming my name all over the gym. It was the support of the crowd that took me through the third round until my opponent and I were saved by the bell.

When the judges announced that I had won the fight, the crowd exploded into a standing ovation. As I was climbing down the stairs from my corner, a woman sitting at ringside stood up and screamed, "You go, girl!" and jumped up and down. For the rest of the night, people kept approaching me, congratulating me, asking me for an autograph. I'm not kidding. Everyone kept telling me that I had clearly won, that I had beaten her badly, but I don't remember that. All I remember is wanting to make it out of that ring with my nose in the same spot as it has always been.

I came out of the bout relatively unscathed: a bloody nose, a fat lip, and some bruises on and under my chin where her cross connected with my face. It was hard and scary, and my face still hurts, but it was an unbelievable, euphoric feeling. The first-ever female champion of the Fairbanks Smokeout Amateur Boxing Tournament is alive and well!

**FRI, 05 JAN 2001**

My next bout is scheduled for mid-February. In the meantime, I continue to train four to five days a week in a sweaty, testosterone-filled gym, working to improve my left hook.

My coach, bless his heart, is still a bit surprised to be training women to compete. He has a kind of unexpected pride, and says things to visitors and newcomers to the gym like: "You see her over there? When she's outside, she's just a regular girl. But when she walks through those doors, she becomes a boxer." When I am doing well on my pad drills with him, sometimes he just stops and laughs. Not in a condescending way, but more out of delight. Perhaps I should fuss about being called a "girl," but I am the first woman who's ever competed for Fairbanks, and for now I will let my combinations do the talking.

**FRI, 16 MAR 2001**

There was a boxing tournament in Anchorage, so my team traveled the 360 miles down the Parks Highway. During the ride, I had one of those moments when one realizes that life is a hilarious and unpredictable gift. There I was in a 15-passenger van filled for the most part with high-school-aged boys, surrounded by the monumental beauty of the Alaska Range, listening to the "Rocky IV" soundtrack.

I didn't get a bout that night—there were no women in my weight class. However, the other two women on my team had their first fights, so I was there to help them prepare (I'm considered a veteran after my October fight, I guess). Now the Fairbanks team has three female veterans—quite an accomplishment for a boxing club.

**MON, 19 MAR 2001**

I have no idea when my next fight will happen. It's twice as hard to find a match now that I have a victory under my belt. For a lot of women, getting in the ring to compete for the first time takes some coaxing (I know it did for me), and word that a potential opponent has any victories at all can be intimidating.

And there are simply no women in my weight class. I usually weigh in at 158. (Here's an unexpected side effect of boxing: getting used to telling...
the truth about how much I weigh and actually being okay with it.) If I can get myself in the low 150s, I'll have a better chance of finding matches with some of the smaller fighters in the 140s.

**WED, 23 MAY 2001**
The military had their smoker in February, and they brought down their women to spar in preparation for their bouts. All of them began boxing for the sole purpose of competing in the Army tournament, so their technique and form weren't all that great. But they were in stellar shape, they were aggressive, and some of them hit like a truck. One sparring match in particular, against a tall, thick woman who easily outweighed me by 15 pounds, was pretty terrifying. I had just come back to the gym after a week of being laid up in bed with a horrible flu. My coach put me in with her for just one round, warning me that she hits "like a mule" with her right, but that I would be able to see it coming.

I spent the entire round slipping rights that skimmed my headgear with a whoosh I had never heard before. It was true, you could see them coming for a mile, but I knew that if even one of them landed, I would have likely wound up on the canvas. I remember getting out of the ring and wanting to cry. My flu-damaged body was screaming at me.

My coach came over to where I was sitting and told me that day that I was a real boxer, because I had put everything aside and got in there and did what needed to be done.

So I may not get a fight every week, but I have my share of challenges. That woman wound up winning the Army tournament— I guess the other women didn't learn defense.

I'm beginning a new training schedule: Three days of weight training a week, worked into two-hour-long practices. Lots of bag work, counterpunching drills, and a two-mile run at the end of every practice.

**FRI, 10 AUG 2001**
I got knocked to my knees for the first time this summer. I was in the ring with my assistant coach doing a counterpunching drill—kind of like sparring, only with a set sequence of punches, so you pretty much know what's coming at you. Well, even though in my mind I knew that a left hook was coming to my ribs, my body clearly forgot, and I didn't protect myself. One pop—not even full force—into my rib cage and I literally fell to my knees in the ring as if I were going to give praise to the great boxing god. And the tears came immediately, not because I was upset, or even in that much pain, but more as a physiological reaction—as if he had laid that hook right into my tear ducts.

Now, nothing will make you feel more like a sissy than tears in the ring, so I got up as fast as I could and asked if we could keep going, please. The guys standing around the ring taunted my coach for beating on a girl. Although the guys in the gym respect me, they still have a hard time hitting me. It's a strange combination: True respect as a woman boxer is often marked by the fact that a man is no longer afraid to hit you, meaning that when I get the respect I yearn for, I feel it by way of a body blow that puts me on the canvas.

**MON, 24 SEP 2001**
This summer, the roughhouse boxers made their way into town. People kept asking me if I was fighting over at Cheap Charlie's, one of a few local bars that sponsors brawls. And after a while, I had to laugh, as I realized that most people have no concept of the difference between what I train to do and brawling in a back alley. I suppose that's why people are surprised that I box. They don't know that the sport of boxing isn't really all that gory or crude. That it's about timing, and movement, and agility. That in many ways, it's like dancing, and when it's done right, it looks like superb choreography.

**WED, 14 NOV 2001**
Something great has been going on in our gym lately. There are now about seven women who train consistently at the Fairbanks Boxing Club. One of them, Pearl, a Fairbanks police officer, is at a tournament right now, and we were able to prep her by putting her in the ring, round after round, with five or six different women. We are all going to improve, because the diversity will make us better boxers.

It's funny to look around the gym and see women outnumbering men some days. Our presence is a constant now, and that makes it a whole lot easier to simply go to the gym and train hard—all any boxer really wants to do.

Fighting in Fairbanks,
Megan Gerson '00 has been a Jesuit Volunteer and Youth Outreach Coordinator for the Interior AIDS Association in Fairbanks, Alaska, since August 2000.
THE IMPOSSIBLE CAREER OF
MR. BLUE

BY JOHN BRESLIN, SJ

When I was a kid at Regis High School in New York City during the late 1950s, a number of us eager types read a small book called *Mr. Blue* on the recommendation of a Jesuit scholastic or two. First published in 1928, *Mr. Blue* was the fictional creation of Myles Connolly, a 1918 Boston College graduate who went on to make a respectable mark in Hollywood writing screenplays.

Connolly wrote scripts for, among others, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Durante, and June Allyson, and was nominated for an Oscar for his work on the 1944 wartime tearjerker *Music for Millions*. He produced or wrote 40 films in all, but when he died in 1964, his single greatest legacy was generally acknowledged to be *Mr. Blue*. The book remained in print for most of 60 years. Nothing Connolly published subsequently—he wrote three more parable novels—came close to being as popular.

Besides being brief, at 152 pages, *Mr. Blue* featured what adolescents are most likely to be drawn to in a novel: a youthful protagonist who can thumb his nose at the establishment and get away with it. The book
A book to own and a book to give away, a book to read and to reread and love."

PROVIDENCE

Mr. BLUE
Myles Connolly

With a New Preface by
Joseph F. Girzone

A DOUBLE DAY IMAGE BOOK
50c

Mr. BLUE
Myles Connolly

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

Mr. BLUE
Myles Connolly

Mr. BLUE
Myles Connolly
is about a young man—the eponymous Blue himself—who decides to take Christianity seriously as a layman, not as a chore but as a challenge. He chooses poverty. He lives variously in a festively painted packing crate on the roof of a skyscraper (where he flies kites and free balloons); in mansions, thanks to a surprise inheritance that he soon dispenses; in the spartan garret of a Boston lodging house; and in the ward of a city hospital, where, in the end, he dies. He works “here and there,” at shoveling snow or chopping wood, surviving on “backdoor begging” for meals. He speaks of Christ to anyone who will listen and to some who won’t.

And he prays passionately, alone in his attic, before a massive cross. Blue intrigues, awes, and troubles the narrator, a somewhat older man caught up in the workaday life of a businessman, his feet squarely planted on the ground.

As young Catholics, my high school friends and I were captivated by the idealistic rebel in Mr. Blue. He reminded us of Holden Caulfield and perhaps a bit of Dorothy Day, the only clear American saint of our generation. To our teachers, the book formed a continuum with the robust, paradoxical defense of Christianity laid out by the British author G. K. Chesterton, beginning with his Orthodoxy, published in 1909.

Recently, I read Mr. Blue again, and I have come to realize that the character of Blue must also have appealed to us all, and to countless other readers, because he was a uniquely American personality. As Myles Connolly wrote him, J. Blue was the man that the ambitious Jay Gatsby might have become had he steered by a higher truth than the sound of money in Daisy Buchanan’s voice.

IT IS HARD TO OVERESTIMATE G. K. CHESTERTON’S EFFECT ON SEVERAL GENERATIONS OF YOUNG CATHOLIC INTELLECTUALS-IN-THE-MAKING. HE TOOK ON THE MODERN WORLD WITH ALL ITS SCIENTIFIC WORKS AND PHILOSOPHICAL POMPS IN THE NAME OF A REIMAGINED CHRISTENDOM, ALIVE WITH STORY AND REDOLENT OF PARADOX. “TO HAVE FALLEN INTO ANY OF THE FADS FROM GNOSTICISM TO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WOULD INDEED HAVE BEEN OBVIOUS AND TAME,” HE WROTE IN ORTHODOXY. “BUT TO HAVE AVOIDED THEM ALL HAS BEEN ONE WHIRLING ADVENTURE; AND IN MY VISION THE HEAVENLY CHARIOT FLIES THUNDERING THROUGH THE AGES, THE DULL HERESIES SWAILING AND PROSTRATE, THE WILD TRUTH REELING BUT ERECT. . . . THERE ARE AN INFINITY OF ANGLES AT WHICH ONE FALLS, ONLY ONE AT WHICH ONE STANDS.”

Chesterton’s method was simple but brilliantly realized: One by one he raised and demolished, often through ridicule or humor, the suppositions of pseudoscience and the secular nostrums of the educated classes. In response to the Freudian notion that Gothic spires were phallic symbols, Chesterton sagely agreed; otherwise, he deadpanned, they would surely have been built upside down.

Chesterton saw himself as an apostle of affirmation in a world gone gray. At the same time, he threw open doors and windows in a Church that seemed cautious to a fault and not very interested in new ideas. The Council of Trent had settled all the important questions four centuries before, but G. K. made orthodoxy exciting, even dangerous. Rather than viewing it as a straitjacket that stifled Christian theology, he preferred to see orthodoxy as a glorious balancing act and spoke of its “romance.” Myles Connolly made young Mr. Blue its ardent embodiment.

In 1924, just four years before Mr. Blue appeared, Chesterton published his version of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, another brief book with great staying power. Did Myles Connolly, then 27 years old, read it? I think it more than likely. Central to Chesterton’s understanding of Francis is the notion of seeing the world with a God’s-eye per-

Clockwise from lower left: editions of Mr. Blue from 1990, 1965, 1954, and 1928, the year of its first printing
spective. He imagines Francis going down so deeply into his cave of prayer that he comes up, as it were, on the other side:

[Francis] sees things go forth from the divine as children going forth from a familiar and accepted home, instead of meeting them as they come out, as most of us do, upon the roads of the world. . . . He who has seen the whole world hanging on a hair of the mercy of God has seen the truth; we might almost say the cold truth. He who has seen the vision of his city upside down has seen it the right way up.

Connolly set Mr. Blue in Boston, his hometown, but also in New York City, because that metropolis of strivers was exactly the right venue for Blue and his Roaring Twenties restaging of the St. Francis story. From atop the skyscrapers of Kenneth Clarke’s “heroic materialism,” Blue shouts his challenge to the modern world and its hubris, much as Francis did to the burgeoning market economy of 13th-century Assisi. And he does so with the same dramatic panache, for Blue is a poet as well as a mystic, a man, like Francis, with a sense of play and a talent for the grand gesture.

Blue is always gesturing. He loves marching music, delights in color, the brighter the better, and thinks of money only as something to be spent, quickly, generously, and extravagantly, so that he can be without it. There is no middle ground for him, and this makes the narrator uncomfortable and wary—surely, life is about getting a job, settling down, having a family. But Blue is a misfit; he craves nothing.

Of course, he is also a challenge, like Francis. For the narrator and, I suspect, for many readers of Connolly’s book, Blue represents the folly of the saints, to be admired if not exactly imitated. On the narrator’s first meeting with Blue, he confesses: “The more I listened to Blue the more I liked him. I liked his looks, to begin with. Anybody would. But besides that there was a certain spectacular quality, one might call it a certain spectacular sanity, beneath all his ideas that was novel and stimulating to me.”

Spectacular sanity: the echo of Chesterton is unmistakable. Blue’s ideas are infectious, and his theology entirely orthodox: The Incarnation is what makes the immense power and beauty of creation bearable to him. But for Jesus, Blue says, “I would be crushed beneath the weight of all these worlds.”

Opposed to such sanity stands the more ordinary kind that the narrator can’t seem to get beyond: “the attitude,” he says, that “was the attitude of everyone everywhere. Blue, I’m afraid, was not marked out for success.”

**In 1925, F. Scott Fitzgerald’s The Great Gatsby appeared, a year after Chesterton’s St. Francis of Assisi and three years before Mr. Blue. The brief novel, now an academic classic, recounts the story of Jay Gatsby, a mysterious millionaire who takes his place, somewhat brashly, among the moneyed aristocracy of eastern Long Island in pursuit of Daisy Buchanan, the love of his impoverished youth. In the very first sentence of his novella, Myles Connolly identifies his hero as J. Blue: Could that be a coincidence? Hardly, for someone as well read as Connolly. Jay Gatsby stands for everything that Blue, three years later, rejects: the pursuit of great wealth, the willingness to do whatever it takes to win, the craving for status and acceptance. Gatsby is also, as Blue turns out to be, bigger than life, lavish in style, doomed to die young, a striking figure who fascinates and puzzles his own half-admiring chronicler, the reserved future journalist Nick Carraway.

Can we imagine Gatsby and Blue inhabiting the same space in the Jazz Age before the Crash? Despite their commitments to radically different value systems, these two might have hit it off. Certainly, the view from the skyscraper would have stirred Gatsby; he might even have been able to pick out the light on Daisy’s dock in East Egg, with the help of binoculars. And certainly the lavish style Blue takes up briefly on inheriting a fortune—multiple houses, limousines, world trips—would have appealed to Jay Gatsby. But Blue’s true delight in his wealth is in giving it away as fast as possible, hiring servants and then setting them up in their own homes, keeping his fortune in over a hundred checking accounts so he can write checks at any time.

There is a startling echo of Jay Gatsby in Connolly’s book. Halfway through Gatsby, Nick Carraway reveals the millionaire’s origins as Jay Gatz, the son of a shiftless farmer, who re-created himself as the worldly Jay Gatsby, sprung “from his Platonic conception of himself. He was a son of God, a phrase which, if it means anything, means just that, and he must be about his Father’s business, the service of a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty.”

Contrast that with Blue’s apostrophe to the stars from the roof of his Manhattan skyscraper: “God is more intimate here. . . . Don’t you find Him so?
EXCERPT: MR. BLUE BEHOLDS THE HEIGHTS

We were tramping out in the Newtons, out around the twin reservoirs which they call lakes. Dusk was sifting out of Boston and giving the massed trees—of which there are plenty in Newton—that stealth and secrecy which is their pretense at night. Boston College, with its solid Gothic tower, stood black against the last smoking flame of the November sunset. We were down in the dark. But no one could mind the dark, even of November, with the Gothic that dominated the hill. Blue caught his breath at the magnificent silhouette.

"That gives me courage," he said, with his face up toward the hill crest. "Of late, I have been melancholy with autumn—a sign of adolescence or old age. But I couldn't be melancholy with that above me. Not that I care for the Gothic, but for what it represents. Sunsets may flare, and the blackness of hades eclipse the earth, but that will endure."

"An earthquake could toss it into the lakes," I objected.

"And so could the cataclysm at the end of the world. . . . But where that stands there will always be something, though no stone is left upon a stone."

Blue is a mystic, and mystics while they appear crystal-clear are sometimes difficult to understand. He saw my shrugged shoulders.

"No great battle for a great cause can ever be forgotten. That up there is no mere group of college buildings; that up there is a battlefield, a sanctuary; that up there is a hearth and home for the Lost Cause that is never lost, the citadel of a strength that shall outlast the hill and rock it stands upon. . . . Once heroes built fortresses against the Mongol and the Saracen; now they must build fortresses against the whole world. . . ."

"I tell you I know what I am talking about. Once they—the believers, the students, the scholars, the soldiers, the saints—could fight heresies and heretics. Today they have to fight a state of mind."

Excerpted from Mr. Blue by Myles Connolly. Copyright © 1928 by the MacMillan Company; copyright renewed 1956 by Myles Connolly. Reprinted with the permission of Scribner, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc.
Can we imagine Gatsby and Blue inhabiting the same space in the Jazz Age before the Crash? Despite their commitments to radically different value systems, these two might have hit it off.

This is height without desolation, isolation without emptiness. . . . I think my heart would break with all the immensity if I did not know that God Himself once stood beneath it, a young man, as small as I. . . . I'm no microcosm. I, too, am a Son of God!"

Blue and Gatsby clearly serve different Gods, who nonetheless lead each of them to an early grave. Their deaths, however, could hardly be more different. Worshiping mammon and his memory of Daisy, Jay Gatsby finds himself defeated by both. Daisy refuses to admit that she never loved her husband, Tom, thereby destroying Gatsby's romantic dream. Moreover, her willingness to let Gatsby shoulder responsibility for her reckless driving—which killed Tom's mistress—costs Gatsby his life, at the hands of the victim's aggrieved husband.

J. Blue also dies because of the reckless driving of the rich. And like Gatsby, he dies protecting someone else, pushing a homeless black man out of danger and taking the blow from the speeding limousine himself. But there the parallel stops. What propels Blue, like Gatsby, is a dream, but a selfless one, founded on the gospel example of Jesus and renewed in a quite literal way a millennium later by the man from Assisi. Blue has chosen a way of life that startles, challenges, and puzzles the people around him just as thoroughly as Jesus and Francis did in their times.

What was Myles Connolly's aim in writing Mr. Blue? Like Chesterton he wanted to confound the materialists and the skeptics, to proclaim a Christianity full of romance and gusto, to launch a challenge to the materialism Jay Gatsby so reflexively embraced. But after Connolly's death, in 1964, his wife suggested that the story was also autobiographical. The young Connolly himself had loved kites, balloons, brass bands, the movies, and the Mass; Mr. Blue was his youthful challenge hurled at the world.

In 1954, when Connolly was in his late fifties and the father of five children, he backed off a bit from the message of Mr. Blue in a foreword to the book's silver anniversary edition: "I also feel that Mr. Blue, like Thoreau, failed to make the deeply important distinction that what is sauce for the bachelor may not be sauce for the married man and father at all." Wiser? Sadder? Perhaps just older. Which is why Jesus always insisted that the kingdom of God belonged by natural right to the young and the poor. The rest of us are allowed in on sufferance.

John Breslin, SJ, is the rector of the Jesuit community at Lemoyne College, in Syracuse, New York.

Mr. Blue's creator Myles Connolly in 1937. Director Frank Capra called him, "my friend and severest critic—but also my ace-in-the-hole story constructionist."
The Goizueta Foundation has made a $1 million gift to Boston College to establish and endow the Goizueta Foundation Scholars Fund to provide need-based scholarship assistance annually to Hispanic/Latino students.

Established in 1992 by Roberto C. Goizueta, the Goizueta Foundation focuses its philanthropy on educational and charitable institutions. Goizueta was chairman of the board of directors and chief executive officer of the Coca-Cola Company until his death in October 1997.

"Need-based scholarships like those made possible by the Goizueta Foundation send a powerful message to deserving students that it is possible to attend and achieve success at a national private university such as Boston College," said Robert Lay, dean of enrollment management at Boston College. Currently 5 percent of BC students are Latino.

Boston College has worked at increasing the number of AHANA (African-American, Hispanic, Asian, and Native American) students enrolled at the University. The Goizueta Foundation scholarship will bolster this effort and is one in a growing number of initiatives to support AHANA enrollment and scholarship at Boston College.

The University's AHANA student retention rate has risen from 17 percent to 80 percent over the past two decades. Director of AHANA Student Programs Donald Brown credits this rise to BC's ability to provide key services such as academic advisement, tutoring, personal counseling, academic performance monitoring, career advisement, and comprehensive financial aid.

Special programs, such as the Benjamin E. Mays Mentoring Program, which pairs AHANA freshmen with faculty mentors, and the Gospel Caravan, which provides transportation to Sunday morning worship services in the Boston area, contribute to the high AHANA student retention rate.

"The Goizueta Foundation affords a wonderful opportunity to prepare Latino students for positions of authority and responsibility in the workplace," said Brown. "Latinos are underrepresented in virtually every institution in our society. This scholarship fund will help ensure that Latino graduates are present in the teaching profession, the legal arena, the medical field, and virtually every other professional arena of our society."
WALL STREET HONORS
Charles Dolan, chairman of Cablevision Systems Corp., will be honored at the 14th annual Boston College Wall Street Council Tribute Dinner in New York City on April 18. The dinner raises more than $1.5 million annually for the University’s Presidential Scholars Program, which provides a select group of undergraduates with a four-year comprehensive educational experience. Cochairs of this year’s dinner are Robert M. Devlin P’88, ’90, former chairman of American General; Mario J. Gabelli P’90, ’94, ’99, ’00, chairman of Gabelli Asset Management; and Peter S. Lynch ’65, vice chairman of Fidelity Management and Research Corp.

EXPANSION
Boston College is announcing a restructuring and major expansion of its development division. The restructuring involves the promotions of Marianne E. Lord ’79 from director of capital giving to associate vice president for leadership gifts, and Robert G. Millar III, MS’00, from director of development for advancement services to associate vice president for advancement services. The division expansion will include the addition of more than 40 new professional staff members over the next two to three years.

OLYMPIC-SIZE GIFT
Fund benefits Hellenic studies and athletics

Drake Behrakis ’86, president and chief executive officer of Markwich Associates, LLC, and his wife, Maria, have created the Maria E. and Drake G. Behrakis ’86 Endowment Funds in Hellenic Studies and Athletics. The gift, which totals $300,000, is in honor of Behrakis’s 15th class reunion.

“We wanted our gift to go toward something personally meaningful. I’ve always been a fan of BC athletics, and our Greek heritage is very important to us. We felt this was the best way to honor these two priorities in our life and make them more available for others to enjoy.”

The gift consists of $200,000 to establish the Behrakis Fund in Support of Hellenic Studies and $100,000 for the Behrakis Athletic Fund. The Hellenic Studies Fund will help support a variety of activities related to Hellenic studies, including lectures, museum and scholarly exhibits, and international programs with a focus on the nation of Greece.

“Hellenic studies offer rich lessons in both culture and history. It is wonderful to have the support of the Behrakis family and to be able to bring Hellenic studies to an even broader audience,” said John J. Neuhouser, academic vice president and dean of faculties.

The Athletic Fund will generate income to be used for specific needs of the athletic department. “Drake has been involved with Boston College athletics on a variety of levels,” said Gene DeFilippo, director of athletics. “This generous gift will provide us with much flexibility in meeting the future needs of Boston College athletics and will greatly benefit our student-athletes.”

WHITE AND WHITE
Professor’s wife makes $250,000 bequest

The late Anna Mary White, wife of the late Frederick E. White, a former Boston College physics professor, has made a bequest of $250,000 to Boston College.

During his 38-year tenure at Boston College, Professor White was acting chairman of his department, a member of the pre-medical and pre-dental advisory committee, and assistant dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.

He also served as moderator of Sigma Phi Sigma, the University physics club, and as acting director of the National Science Foundation Institute for Teachers of High School Physics.

“Fred had a sense of continuity and constancy that had influence on his colleagues as well as his students,” said University Historian Thomas H. O’Connor ’49, MA’50. “He was a visible and lovable part of the Boston College community. He was somebody that everybody saw and everybody knew. The Whites clearly believed deeply in Boston College.”

In recognition of this gift and of Professor White’s many contributions to the sciences at Boston College, the University will name an area in the newly renovated Higgins Hall, home of the biology and physics departments, in honor of the Whites.
True east

Associate Theology Professor John Makransky is a lama in the lineage of Nyoshul Khen Rinpoche. In his book Buddhist Theology: Critical Reflections by Contemporary Buddhist Scholars (2000), coedited with Roger Jackson, he invites Buddhists to consider their tradition’s relationship with modernity

An interview by Robert Cohen

Does Buddhism have anything like God? Sometimes apologists, trying to interpret Buddhism to a secular, postmodern world, too quickly say, “No, there’s nothing like God in Buddhism, and therefore it should be very interesting to you.” But I wouldn’t agree with that.

There are certain qualities usually associated with God in other religions that are ascribed to the Buddha and to those who followed in his footsteps in the various Buddhist traditions—such as the most revered Zen masters and Tibetan lamas. Buddhahood implies a penetrating insight pointing the way to ultimate freedom, or nirvana. The qualities that follow on that insight—unconditional compassion and love, spontaneous generosity, an unstoppable will to be offered up to the world—are analogous to qualities of God or of someone who has become receptive to God in Christian or Jewish tradition.

But there are also aspects of the Christian or Jewish God that would not be accepted within Buddhism. Buddhism does not have the concept of a God who created the universe. In a way it substitutes for that notion the doctrine of “dependent arising,” which says that anything we experience arises in dependence upon its own causes and conditions, including our patterns of thought and action. Buddhists focus on the notion that we mistake our thoughts of the world for the world, construct our experiences accordingly, and suffer for that. A quick example:
When someone cuts me off in traffic, I may have an immediate perception of that person as a simple jerk. That may lead me to feel wrenched up in anger or to cut him off in return. It seems in that moment that I really am the center of the world.

The Buddhist path around that would require seeing into the actual reality—recognizing that the other driver, like me, is what Buddhists call a “conditioned” being, a product of many causes, including habits of thought that put him in the center of his own thought-constructed world. Maybe he was thinking about a fight he had with his wife that morning, or maybe he was anxious to get to work because his boss is overbearing. He’s no longer a jerk to be angry at. If we see things as they actually are—how profoundly conditioned we all are, and how much we all suffer for it—then our reaction will be empathy or compassion.

Is there any counterpart to a judgmental God? Are reward and punishment absent in Buddhism?

There is a Buddhist analog, in a way, in the teaching of karma. Karma is the Sanskrit word that literally means action and intention behind actions. Although we mostly are not conscious of it, our every intentional action has the profound and subtle effect of imprinting within us the capacity to be happy or unhappy, and the capacity to discover our innest nature of compassion or to be lost to it. Therefore our actions, virtuous or nonvirtuous, matter very much. But karma does not involve a deity who stands above or apart, judging our behaviors as good or bad. It is simply a natural law.

Earlier you mentioned that there are various Buddhist traditions. What do Buddhists disagree on?

The diversity within Buddhism is comparable to the diversity within the other great religious traditions, such as Christianity. Some 2,500 years ago, the Buddha taught four noble truths:

1. Suffering is inherent in human existence.
2. The cause of suffering is attachment and aversion.
3. Suffering can be overcome by the extinction of attachment and aversion.
4. The path to the extinction of suffering is the Eightfold Path.

Do the differences in doctrine express themselves in concrete ways, in ordinary life?

In Asian cultures, Buddhism is very much a practice. The vast majority of Asian Buddhists are not highly schooled in doctrine. But from a very young age they are taught how to bow, how to make offerings to the Buddha or to the religious community, simple forms of meditation, ways of chanting sacred prayers and ancient sacred sounds in order to make them more receptive to the unconditioned, transcendent dimension.

When I was living in Nepal and hiking through parts of the Himalayas, I sometimes would hear the sound of a whole village chanting the most common mantra of Tibetan Buddhism, om mani padme hum, om mani padme hum. It’s the prayer of the Buddha of compassion. You could hear it at a distance—the people all chanting together as they worked in the fields—almost like the hum of a thousand bumblebees. I would argue that for them this is a way of understanding doctrine, even though they may not be able to talk about it like a trained monk or scholar. They are actually practicing the doctrines with their bodies.

In your book, there is a chapter about “engaged Buddhism” that looks at Buddhist political and social activism. Is there a long history of such involvement?

Well, yes and no. There have always been populist movements rising up in the name of Buddhism against social oppression—for example, the Mahayana movements that spread from India in the first centuries C.E. to Central Asia, then to China, Japan, Korea, and Tibet. Mahayana traditions in those lands put special emphasis on the capacity of all for spiritual liberation. A follower of the Buddha will be profoundly concerned about social justice because the fundamental Buddhist concern is to make the possibility of freedom available to others. And how can anyone possibly explore that possibility while struggling just to survive?

But “engaged Buddhism” is a modern term. It refers to a contemporary development very much like what happened within Christianity and Judaism after the Enlightenment in the West, when new frames of social, economic, and political analysis had a profound effect on the understanding of how Christians or Jews ought to participate in the world as Christians or Jews.

In Sri Lanka, in Thailand, in Burma—in fact, all over the Buddhist world—you now find movements to explore Buddhism’s relevance for social and economic development and its role as a prophetic voice for human rights and against oppression.
The prominent Buddhist Thich Nhat Hanh, a Vietnamese monk, was a leader of a nonaligned movement during the Vietnam War trying to bring together political and social forces for peace. And the Dalai Lama belongs to boards and councils all over the world that involve themselves with human rights. He's been very concerned about threats to the environment, and he has been reevaluating the structures of power within Buddhism regarding women and men and religious and lay people. And of course he's working hard to get the current Chinese government to deal with the problem of Tibetan freedom. He's also, like Aquinas, of the view that the truths of reason—which include science—and the truths of faith should not contradict one another. He's open to reinterpreting aspects of Buddhism in line with findings in neuroscience, cognitive science, and even physics.

**Is modernity subverting Buddhism, as one of the contributors to your book puts it?**

Perhaps to some degree. I also suspect that, as in the past, the principles of Buddhism have a tendency to subvert whatever culture they enter. Buddhism, in whatever form, says that human happiness depends upon virtue and an openness to the transcendent dimension of being that is unconditioned by temporal, self-clinging habits of thought. In that way, it's analogous to Christianity: It appears to be the opposite of secular, modern, Western understandings of happiness based on the accumulation of material things or the achievement of a good reputation.

Buddhism is subversive because it requires those who study it to look deeply into assumptions about where happiness originates, and to alter their behavior accordingly. How that works out in each culture can vary.

**I gather there's been a considerable increase in interest in the Buddhist path in the United States. Is a distinctly American Buddhism taking shape?**

I think it's beginning to. Generally speaking, the emphasis in the West and in the United States is on fundamental meditation practices. Lay people, both men and women, are interested in learning what effect meditation can have on their lives, how it can be a tool for becoming more present to one's spouse, to one's children, and to one's community, and offer an alternative to being lost in the sufferings of self-concern.

Americans are drawing from a range of Buddhist traditions. There's been a strong interest in so-called insight meditations from Southeast Asia, in Zen meditation from China, Japan, Korea, and Vietnam, and in the basic meditations of Tibetan Buddhism. In the inner cities, we find the Japanese tradition called Soka Gakkai, which emphasizes chanting the name of a certain scripture and the possibility for one's life to be transformed through ritual practice.

Another Western distinction is the very strong involvement of women. In Asian cultures, women have had the opportunity for higher learning in Buddhism, but not nearly so much as men. Here, you tend to see about equal numbers of men and women—maybe even higher numbers of women.

There's also a broader sense of democratization, a tendency to be skeptical of hierarchy. I think what attracts many Westerners is that Buddhism provides entry to an inquiry into the very nature of reality, into the very heart of spirituality, and perhaps even into the very heart of what religion is supposed to be about—without someone stopping them at the door with, Do you believe in X, Y, and Z? Will you memorize the following?

There's a book called *Awakening the Buddha Within: Tibetan Wisdom for the Western World*, written by a contemporary Western teacher named Lama Surya Das, that identifies 10 distinctive trends in Western Buddhism, if you want to read more about this.

**What brought you to Buddhism?**

Initially, when I was young, in my twenties, I was caught by the teaching within Buddhism that life the way we live it ordinarily is suffering. That may seem strange, especially here in the United States where we have the means to get whatever we want. Yet no matter how much we get of whatever we want, we're still not finally happy. My experience as a young man was that life seemed pretty hard a lot of the time.

But over the years what I've come to appreciate the most about Buddhism is that it has such specific and concrete ways of looking, of paying attention, and of meditating to open the possibility that the inmost nature of human beings—unconditional compassion—can be discovered within each individual.

**What's a Buddhist like you doing in a Jesuit institution like this?**

When I came to Boston College and first interviewed for a teaching job, I sensed something about this institution that deeply attracted me. I later came to realize that Boston College provides a space for a sacramental vision of the world. That's a Catholic expression, meaning that there is an understanding that all of the different kinds of studies—whether English, biology, sociology, or physics—are ways of expressing the very ground of our being; are all potential expressions of God. In Buddhism, there's something very analogous to that: The ordinary is a doorway into the extraordinary. Each aspect of the world offers potential entry into nirvana, into a glimpse of freedom beyond the concerns of self-clinging.

The deep spirituality and rigor that inform faith in the Jesuit and Catholic tradition are tremendously interesting to me. They support my own sense of the world, and they inspire me.

POSTSCRIPT

Recollected

Editor’s Note: Postscript is a new department that will reflect back on previous magazine stories. Following the terrorist attacks of September 11, BCM invited readers to send remembrances of alumni lost that day to its Web site, www.bc.edu/bcm. (The invitation remains open.) Here are excerpts.

JOHN DOHERTY ’66
I read with sadness the notice of John Doherty. I had not seen nor spoken to John in many years, but we worked together for awhile in 1973, when I [was] a marketing trainee for Commercial Union (CU) in Lower Manhattan. Our office was on John Street, not very far from the just completed World Trade Center. I arrived from Boston, not really knowing anyone.

John was a commercial underwriter for CU at that time. He heard that a Boston boy had started so he sought me out to say hello. John was from Medford, I was from West Roxbury. Quickly we discovered we had BC as a common background, as well as our Boston roots. Just as quickly we became friends, and we would join others at the office and, a few nights each week, take part in the nightlife Manhattan offered. Many times we would go out and paint the town red (sometimes two coats) but we were young, single, and were in a great place. John was quiet but had a great sense of humor. He was very smart and very kind. He was just fun to be around.

I was glad to see he was married and had a family. My condolences to his wife and two daughters.

Ray Beattie ’71

TOM FITZPATRICK ’87
Tom’s enduring friendships with his BC classmates were evident at his memorial service in New York in September. More than 30 BC colleagues were in attendance, and countless others have reached out to his family.

Personally, I will remember Tom as another native New Yorker from the other Jesuit high school in New York City • my next door neighbor from Duchesne West, who I met on my first day at BC • the roommate who lived with me for the next three years and shared so many college memories • the friend who grew closer long after we graduated • the connection that enabled me to know his wife, Marianne, and his children, Brendan and Caralyn • the person I talked to almost weekly on the phone right up until September 11th.

James McElaney ’87

DAN MCNEAL ’94
I knew Dan McNeal from several activities at BC, including the Fulton Debating Society and the Residence Hall Association, and as a fellow resident associate with the housing office. I will always remember Dan as what we hope the prototypical Boston College student will be: intelligent, with the ability to communicate the fruits of that intelligence to others; studious, with the ability to understand that there are as many valuable experiences to be had outside the classrooms as inside. Dan was always proud and happy to be a BC student, and I am sure that he remained a happy, proud BC alum.

Before I graduated, Dan gave me a biography of a famous trial lawyer, which I have always kept with me in my office. When I found out about Dan’s passing, I retrieved that book and once again turned to read the message he had written inside the cover page. When he wrote it, the words were meant to wish me well on my way from BC. I now rewrite what he wrote to me, to return those wishes to Dan and his family in this troubled time: “May the sun shine warm upon your face, may the wind be always at your back, and may God hold you in the palm of his hand. . . .”

Dave Dering ’92

Loyola Blakefield High School in Towson, Maryland, is home to the Dons. Technically, a “Don” is a “Spanish lord or nobleman,” but at the all-male school it is the embodiment of the Jesuit ideal: a man for others. In 1986, I came to Loyola a scared, lonely freshman. I don’t remember the first time I met Dan McNeal, because he was the type of guy who made you feel like you’d known him all your life after speaking with him for five minutes. “Dan the Man,” as we called him, was a true Don, a class leader, extremely competitive, a shoo-in for every student government position for which he ran, but always modest. On campus, he was everywhere, breathless on some important errand but always able to stop, smile, and make a witty remark. Dan followed the stock market, and the Wall Street Journal was often under his arm. While many of us singled by keeping our ties loose, barely buttoning our top shirt buttons, Dan tied his tie in a full Windsor knot and wore a tie clip. He told me once, “If I’m going to tie a tie, I might as well do it the right way.”

He and I were the only two from Loyola’s class of 1990 to attend Boston College. Now more than ever I will follow in his footsteps, as a man for others. I will be modest and giving. I will work hard, laugh often, do it right, hold the door for people, and tie my tie in a full Windsor knot.

Alex Houston ’94
At the moment, the New York City Comic Book Museum exists mostly in a Manhattan mini-storage facility and in a large closet in founder David Jay Gabriel's Upper West Side one-bedroom apartment. Gabriel preserves the museum’s 20,000 comic books in acid-free bags stashed inside acid-free boxes. He keeps even his current reading away from direct sunlight and heat. “If I could read them in the dark, I would,” he says.

The 34-year-old Gabriel is a former actor, now working in desktop publishing in the finance industry. He has been passionate about comics since he was six years old and his parents gave him a quarter to spend at a corner store. “It was a Fantastic Four issue,” he recalls of his first comic book purchase. “All red, so colorful—I was hooked.”

Gabriel, who majored in English and minored in theater while at BC, is still a faithful fan of the Fantastic Four (the Human Torch, Invisible Woman, the Thing, and Mr. Fantastic, for the uninitiated). He describes his taste as “very mainstream.” Fans of independent comics “would make fun of me,” he says with a laugh. The museum’s trove is actually his personal collection, officially on permanent loan (though Gabriel continues to finance its care and growth). Working alone, he has secured nonprofit, tax-exempt status for the museum. Now all he lacks is a permanent exhibit space.

This hasn’t kept Gabriel from establishing a virtual museum on the Web (www.nyccomicbookmuseum.org), or mounting temporary shows. The New York Presbyterian Hospital hosted Gabriel’s first exhibit—of “comics in the last 10 years that dealt with AIDS”—for World AIDS Day; the show later moved to the Empire State Building. A women’s gallery in Manhattan has expressed interest in an exhibit of popular female comic book artists. And Gabriel would like to sponsor showcases for young talent.

“I have no models to look to,” he says. “I like making this all up as I go along.” Lately he has had offers of help from all sorts of “closet comic book readers”—lawyers, teachers, marketing professionals, librarians. He’s optimistic that in the near future “someone will have office space for the museum, and then someone will come to us who’s a fan—with money.”

Ann Cohen

Ann Cohen is a freelance writer based in New York City.
Turning point

Mario Gabelli, Chairman and CEO of Gabelli Asset Management, and a founder of the Boston College Wall Street Council, at a meeting of the Council in New York City. His children Marc '90, Matthew '93, Michael '00, and Elisa Gabelli Wilson '95 are graduates of the University, as is his son-in-law Tom Wilson '95.

A FAMILY MATTER

Through a gift of $10 million, the Gabelli Foundation has endowed the Gabelli Distinguished Presidential Scholars Fund within Boston College's Presidential Scholars Program. The leadership education program attracts some of the most gifted students in the nation to Boston College. "As founder of the Gabelli Foundation, my father is committed to Jesuit education and BC," said foundation president Elisa Gabelli Wilson '95. "He was there when the concept of the Presidential Scholars Program was formulated and believes this gift from our foundation underscores our continuing belief that the program will create a group of future world leaders."