

Summer 1991

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Number 3
1990-1991

JUBILARIANS, OUR MENTORS

Did we forget to tell you
How much you have inspired us?
Possibly.
Hence, jubilation time helps us make clear
That we hold you dear.
Undeniably.

Did we forget to tell you
How much you mean to us?
Probably.
Just as songs are sung
And poems are read aloud,
Otherwise beauty is under a cloud,
So we sound aloud this verse
To proclaim our jubilarian Brothers
Have given friendship to us
In community,
Renewing our determination
To be like you,
Members enjoying Holy Cross unity.

(Continued on back page)

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Born: January 31, 1911
Professed: August 16, 1938
Died: February 12, 1991



Every large family has its characters and so does each house and work of our Holy Cross Community. In fact we have so many, that eulogies for any one of us might begin in the same fashion!

Brother Elias was another special Holy Cross character — as special as each one of us. John Ryan was called into life by God 80 years ago and given his name at baptism. He committed himself to follow Christ in religious life as Brother Elias and served faithfully at his appointed tasks for over 52 years. And finally he was called into eternal life by the same God who created and loved him.

It is a cycle well known to all of us gathered here to celebrate the life and death of one of our own — a special one whom we came to know and love over our years of living and working together in this community of special characters!

Elias was a quiet and sedentary sort, who loved to sit and pray or work or rest, who enjoyed rides in the car or an afternoon on the front porch. With Elias there was no big or embracing gesture, just a simple hello, a cheerful greeting and a question. He loved to ask questions and did so in such rapid-fire fashion that there was seldom time to give an answer. "20-questions" Ryan some called him. The answers seldom mattered; only the questions and the kind attention of the good and gentle man who asked them.

Elias loved his work and even moreso loved the people he worked with. No tensions when he was around, just simple dedication to the task at hand, a friendly smile and a recognition that he was happy to be there working with you and hoped you were having a good day; by any measure, his always seemed to be good.

Elias was known for his simple charity, a kind word, a friendly smile; "think of your neighbor" was one of his watch-words. His most basic question seemed to come right out of the gospel: Who is my neighbor? Brother did not miss the answer to that question! How much better off we would all be if we followed that example.

Elias knew and respected his neighbor, his brother or sister, the passer-by on the road, his fellow employees, his housemates, and the young students who lived in the back corridors of Columba Hall. He made every one feel special in his own simple way. A true neighbor he was to each one of us. Sort of like Jesus who noticed his neighbors and told his disciples to do the same.

Perhaps it was a trait he picked up from his early years as a mailman in Buffalo — the mail must go through. At any rate, even in semi-retirement he came to his old desk at Ave Maria Press for a few hours a day to sort the mail, separating the bills from the receipts, saving the stamps for the missions.

Brother Theodore, who collected those stamps and worked with Elias at Ave Maria Press for many of those years, praised his generous spirit. "He never refused me anything," Brother Theodore said; "except to help me with the lawn. That kind of work was just not up his alley."

Elias may have appeared pale, tired and helpless when it was time for physical labor or to pay a bill at McDonalds. But especially after his retirement, he was always ready for a vacation in California, a ride to K-Mart or a little shopping tour, though he seldom bought anything. There was a definite persistent quality to Brother Elias. He held on to every cent and kept a tightly closed purse, a good trait learned during the lean years at Ave Maria Press, I'm sure. Working along side his friend Brother Duncan, he kept our books carefully and efficiently and probably saved us many a penny by his pinching.

Brother Elias was devoted to the Rosary, to Mary, to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and to Margaret of Costello and Kateri Tekakwitha. He sought out the obscure and neglected, were they saints or sinners. He paid close attention to the quiet and unassuming.

In short, it is pretty obvious that Elias noticed his neighbor. Have we any doubt that the Lord will notice him and make good on his promise of eternal love? Thanks be to God for Brother Elias and his long life in our midst. May he rest in peace! AMEN.

— Rev. David E. Schlaver, C.S.C.

Born: April 22, 1922
Professed: August 16, 1942
Died: April 3, 1991



To the family of Brother Jeffrey, I offer as the Irish do, this simple, stunned wish: we are sorry for your troubles. To the Holy Cross Community, I say: we have lost a distinguished member, and shall keep him in our prayers and our memory.

I was caught off balance, so to speak, when I heard Jeff had died. I was away, with no room for the leisure of reflection, space for nuance, as a columnist once said.

So I had to wing it, as the cliché has it. But I must admit it is not difficult winging it when the subject is Jeff, a man of quality, an original, who is chuckling up there because I am unable to overdo it!

Jeff would understand and appreciate T. S. Eliot's saying that writing is "an intolerable struggle with words and meanings." Or Russell Baker's comical comment that writing is like "executing a ballroom dance inside a phone booth." But for you, Jeff, I'll risk it.

Born: February 25, 1921
Professed: August 16, 1943
Died: February 25, 1991



JAMES HICKEY — born to this world on February 25, 1921.

BROTHER FERNAND HICKEY — born to eternal life on February 25, 1991.

We read in the psalms and this was applicable in the life of Brother Fernand: "seventy is the sum of our years."

Almost fifty of his seventy years he spent with the Holy Cross Community. He had a strong attachment to his religious family and never lost his connection to his natural family. This was illustrated very strongly as he spent the last minutes of his life being ministered by his brother, Timothy, who like himself was a member of the Holy Cross Community, Brother Timothy. Tim was feeding Fernand supper when he turned his head and died.

Many times on football weekends Fernand was visited by relatives. Because of his retirement and the close proximity of his family, — Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana, he was able to take one or two day visits with them. In his hospital room there were many examples of his relatives' concern for him. One card said, "Let's make his room a flower shop." Besides the plants and flowers, many cards arrived daily and were posted on the wall. Someone had sent a lengthy computer print-out with a message of cheer to Uncle Jim.

On the evening of his death we were having a Lenten Series talk at Columba Hall. After concluding the Evening Prayer of the Office for the Dead, Father Ken Grabner discussed the presence of God in our lives. He emphasized especially God's presence in our hearts illustrated by his love for us. Therefore, the love we practice for one another is rooted in that love and should be a bonding in our community life. This is a special strength for us in life and death which can be a comfort in our reflection this evening. "Look on me with love, O Lord, and rescue me."

Brother Fernand served in a variety of apostolates during his community years. He was with the Ave Maria and Dujarie Press. This included work here on campus and as a canvasser on the road. He was one of a number of brothers who went door to door soliciting magazine subscriptions or selling books authored by the brothers. Brother spent time also at Gibault and Boysville, homes for boys conducted by our province. His ministry also included service at our community infirmaries here at Notre Dame, Holy Cross House and Dujarie.

Through all of his assignments he was faithful to his Holy Cross family. Here at Columba Hall where he spent his last years he did a variety of supplementary jobs. Jobs which might seem insignificant when listed, but they were most important in the day to day needs of the house. Sometimes it takes someone's absence to realize his importance. The other day Brother Albert asked me who was going to refill the laundry soap. It was getting low. That's one of the jobs Fernand took care of faithfully and quietly. Seemingly unimportant but vital to the life and *look* of our community members. One of our telephone operators, many of you knew that when you called before noon, Fernand would answer. It might take an extra ring or two, if he had wandered from his post, but eventually his, "Good Morning! Columba Hall." On our side the P.A. would bring his voice, loud and clear, especially loud, "Brother . . . line one." And usually the first time, but now always, he did make the connection.

(Continued on inside right)



Born: August 2, 1918
Professed: February 2, 1950
Died: April 22, 1991

I would like to thank the Brothers who talked to me in the last two days and contributed thoughts and stories that I have included in these reflections.

Music is the universal language, it is the most sublime of languages, and through it man can express his sentiments. Sentiments of hope and love; sentiments of anguish and sorrow; and especially sentiments of happiness and joy.

I want to suggest that this evening we are here to celebrate the music of joy. Brother Eugene was a 'music man par excellence' — but most especially he was a man of joy.

I do not recall meeting him before I was assigned to Indianapolis for the fall of 1952 to work at Cathedral High School. At that time Eugene was beginning his third year with the Cathedral band and music program. We were to live together there for seven years, six of them as 'next-door' neighbors. (I apologize for dwelling mostly on Brother Eugene at Cathedral High School — but that is where I knew him and where he lived more than half his religious life.)

Eugene WAS the music department at Cathedral. I never could understand how he could do so much with so little assistance. Brother James Leik suggested he was the "Pied Piper of Cathedral" — and truly he was. Next to uncountable are the freshmen who had no experience at all in music, for whom 'sharp' and 'flat' were adjectives, but who, by their senior years, were winning ribbons in the state instrumental music contests. He taught every instrument. And when he needed a choral group for a production he worked that up, also. His patience was remarkable and Brother George Klawitter reminds us that Eugene had, throughout his life, the "youngest eyes", they simply sparkled like those of a child, full of excitement. This probably speaks volumes for his success with youngsters. George also recalls that one out of every four students was in the band — 200 in all in the late sixties.

The working environment left nearly everything to be desired. Some of us will recall the dilapidated, condemned, old lunch room on 14th street — completely separate from the rest of the school — which was in the band room. Unbearably hot in late spring and early fall, unbearably cold in winter unless the uncontrollable heat happened to be ON — at which time it became, again, unbearably hot.

APOSTLES — APOSTOLATES

CSC — 150 YEARS OF SERVICE

As a part of the commemoration of the Holy Cross Community's 150 years of service in this country many local observances are taking place. At Archbishop Hoban High School, Akron, Ohio, the leadership chose to review the community membership who have served there.

The Sixth Hoban Alumni Awards Dinner on March 10 included the Anniversary Presentation. **BROTHER BARRY LAMBOUR**, the local Community Director, received the presentation. A permanent plaque has been posted including the list of CSC names who have served at Hoban. Would you believe it includes over 150 names; an interesting number in lieu of the bicentennial celebration.



DEDICATION/OPENING — FRIENDSHIP CENTER & HEALTH SERVICE

April 26 was the dedication of the Kathleen K. Catlin Friendship Center and the Pat Buster Health Service in Venice, Florida. **BROTHER WILLIAM GEENEN** witnessed the further development of his efforts to provide services for the senior citizens on the west coast of Florida. Legally entitled, The Senior Friendship Centers of America, Inc.; William founded this organization and has seen and guided its growth. The new location expands the services south; the initial programs were provided in the Sarasota area.

Congratulations!

CONGRATULATIONS: BROTHER PEDRO celebrated his one hundredth anniversary of his weekly radio show. Words & Music Remembered is a Friday evening show on WSMD-FM, that's 88.9 on your dial.

← PICTURED LEFT: CSC North American Brothers meet at the annual retreat sponsored by the National Association of Religious Brothers (l to r): Robert Siegel, MWB; Wilson Kennedy, CB; Lawrence Skitzki, MWB; William Doherty, MWB; John Paige, EB; Jerome Healey, EP. John is president-elect of the national organization.

BROTHER JEFFREY MICHAELS, C.S.C.

(Continued from page 1)

About once a month for the past few years I'd drive down to Monroe from Detroit to visit with him, then go out to lunch, and get my act streamlined by Jeff's clear and concise conclusions.

He loved Holy Cross, make no mistake about this. But he kept his opinions to himself unless asked to give his wise, well-thought-out conclusions.

At my age and his, the younger movers and shakers are not much interested in what the beadsman of Keat's poem, The Eve of St. Agnes, thinks: so one says his prayers and goes to bed. *Deus vult*. About three weeks ago when I visited Jeff in Monroe we discussed Vincent J. Donovan's THE CHURCH IN THE MIDST OF CREATION. Or rather, I raved about this forward-looking Vatican II book, which, by the way, was recommended to me by Brother Charles Krupp. So Jeff ordered this paper-back from Orbis. He won't need it now, for he knows the answers.

I point all this out to show you what we talked about. Just having read Hesburg's Autobiography and that of the Dalai Llama, we discussed these too.

BROTHER EUGENE WEISENBERGER, C.S.C.

(Continued from page 2)

Whatever had to do with music, Eugene was there. When I formed a chorus in 1959 to sing some lyrics I had written for RHAPSODY IN BLUE Eugene was there to furnish the piano accompaniment, a thirteen minute performance in itself, because no one else could do it. His music presentations ranged from Bach to Sousa to Bacharach and often the band members chose the numbers they would play. Naturally, they worked especially hard on pieces they had chosen when Eugene suggested that the number might be a bit too difficult. Also, it often seemed the musical instruments were held together by as much adhesive tape as the athletic department used. Brother Walter Foken reminds us that Eugene organized the original pep band (at least, original for Indianapolis) which provided more informal and flexible performances at football games and could also fit more conveniently into the gym for basketball games.

Whenever there was a home basketball game Eugene gulped his supper in five minutes in order to get to the gym by 6:15 and supervise the sale of popcorn. That was always the band's concession because there was always need for more money than a limited budget provided. The Brothers would then often prevail upon Eugene to bring over

Monroe CC, Jeff was on the staff. Some of the teachers were afraid Jeff would put us in debt as he worked on an elaborate yearbook, for it seemed like an expensive undertaking the way he was going about it. But I said something like this to them: "Give Jeff a job to do but never interfere. He will finish the task elegantly, with no unpaid bills left. Believe me."

This I found to be true with everything he did — let him alone, don't fret, interfere, or offer unasked-for advice.

Everything he did that I know of was done with aplomb, no trivial details, evanescent episodes, loss of perspective, nothing marginal or irrelevant. That was Jeff.

Just as you and I

Are God's gracious if sometimes fallacious creatures,
Knowing that the Christian Absolute is self-donation,
Striving hard for perfection,
Like Jason for The Golden Fleece,
Seeking help from above,
Trying all to love,
Steering to eternal destiny
In peace,
Winning God's Golden Fleece.
That's our Jeff.

Jeff fought quietly his health problems, rarely mentioning them except to say how much his family did for him.

Jeff, your life has taught us not to harden our hearts. Ah, no. See the Lord as tender and compassionate you seemed to say to us. Keep this Old Testament truth to the end.

How thrilled am I to have been chosen to know one who never mired himself in the pulp and pap of false cheapness or the devastating power of the conventional.

Jeff, I feel, helped make the frigid friendly, the haughty humble, the petulant patient, the taciturn talkative, the oblatinal outgoing.

Jeff, an unique individual were you:

Joyful and radiant was your constant sermon
As you kept the spiritual world clearly in focus.
Happy and peaceful, you made us treasure your friendship, your message.
Now serenity eternal engulfs you.

Let me conclude with a poem the Roman lyricist Catullus wrote for his dead brother in about 50 B.C. Some have said this poem is the most dignified and touching memorial poem ever written.

Background information needed for this poem is that his brother had died some distance away over the waters. And Catullus brings the customary gifts for the dead.

Here is the poem:

By strangers' coasts and waters, many days at sea,
I came here for the rites of your unworlding,
Bringing for you, the dead, these last gifts of the living,
And my words — vain sounds for the man of dust.

Alas, my brother,

You have been taken from me. You have been taken from me,
By cold Chance turned a shadow, and my pain.
Here are the foods of the old ceremony, appointed
Long ago for the starvelings under earth;
Take them; your brother's tears have made them wet;
And take
Into eternity my hail and my farewell.

Let each one of us thank God for the privilege of knowing Brother Jeffrey, Tom, Michels.

Cathedral High School and broke up at Sixteenth Street. (Perhaps it still does.) Most of the Brothers and many parents would gather at the front of the school for a good view. There was a parade rule that all bands were to cease playing by the time they reached Fourteenth Street, moving north. But Eugene instructed his charges to strike into DEAR OLD CATHEDRAL just as the band passed the center of the school while it marched up Meridian — well past Fourteenth Street. I never heard that any of the authorities objected.

Also in the realm of music, Eugene used to play the organ every morning at the Cathedral Church for two or three Masses. With this added revenue the Brothers were always able to pay the Province Tax, giving us a status not enjoyed by every school in the Province!

As we all know, Eugene was a large man — much heavier in his younger and middle years than more recently. It seemed the doctor was always recommending a new diet and many of us suffered with him through it — but his remarks and comments were invariably on the humorous side regardless of how he probably felt about it. He was also a good cook and Brother Walter Foken again recalls the Sunday evening cookouts.

I know Eugene was particularly saddened when the Brothers had to withdraw from Cathedral in the summer of 1973. For 23 years it had been his only assignment. He served then as counselor at our school in Akron for five years and then went to River Grove in 1978 where he served in the music department and in counseling until now.

I left Cathedral in 1959 and did not have the pleasure of living under the same roof as Eugene until the late spring and summer of 1989 when he came to our Infirmary to recover from one of his several difficulties with his heart and related ailments in the past six or eight years. Brother Just Paczesny, whose baptismal name is also Eugene, and Brother Eugene Weisenberger would sit out in the gazebo, overlooking the St. Joseph River for a while nearly every evening after supper. Several times a week I would join them. One of the humorous formalities in which they would indulge on occasion may sound a bit confusing. Nevertheless, Eugene Weisenberger would introduce Brother Paczesny to any visitor or passerby as "Eugene, the Just" — while Brother Paczesny would respond by introducing his counterpart as "Eugene, the Wise"

Eugene never complained in these days at Dujarie House despite a great deal of suffering. At table he was always very much aware of what he could, and should not, eat. Yet, to a considerable extent his presence "lit up" the house. The infirmary was not, ordinarily, blessed with musicians — but even worse was the small Hammond organ, several of whose keys had died long before. The organ was older than most of the patients. But Eugene would play it on occasion. One day Fr. Carl Hager made a rare appearance for Mass and Eugene was playing. Carl said, "Now there's a man who knows his music."

Eugene was troubled with bed sores and twice a day he had to lie under a special lamp for half an hour, as they say, in the "altogether." He swore that everyone would wait until these half-hours to come to visit him.

Brother Eugene seemed never too tired to work and certainly never tired of the young men he worked with. Brother Raymond Harrington remembers that he always treated everyone with an even hand. There were no special favorites . . .

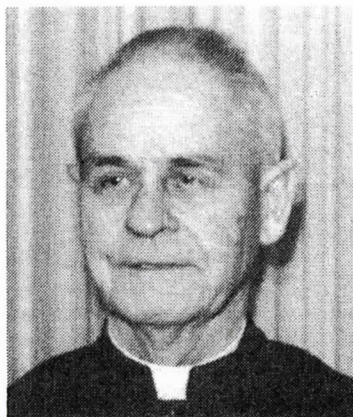
Perhaps fun and laughter were his remedy for the suffering which plagued him, sometimes less but often more, for most of his religious life. He was a man of routine and sometimes may lose his humor for a while if there were what he deemed unnecessary changes in this routine. Perhaps he broke it only on Easter Monday for the annual trip to Emmaus with Charlie Drevon, Ronald LaLonde, and Donald Stabrowski. But that is another story.

Again, I wish to thank all of you who helped me put this reflection together. If it has seemed a bit light and joyful that was the intention. It has been my privilege and joy to know Brother Eugene and to have exchanged letters with him over these past thirty years when we have not lived together. I believe it is particularly appropriate that our God should call Eugene to himself, perhaps to bring some added joy to heaven for this, the most joyous season of the Church year, the season of Easter.

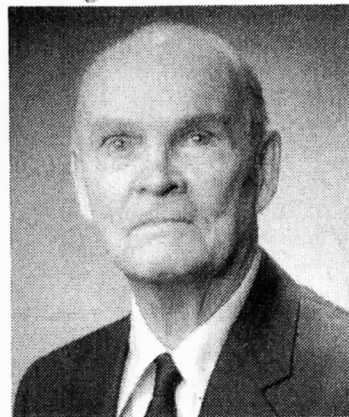
Thank you!

OUR JUBILARIANS FROM FIRST PROFESSION

Sixty Years



BROTHER THADDEUS GOTTEMOLLER
Holy Cross High School
River Grove, Illinois



BROTHER GILES MARTIN
Columba Hall
Notre Dame, Indiana

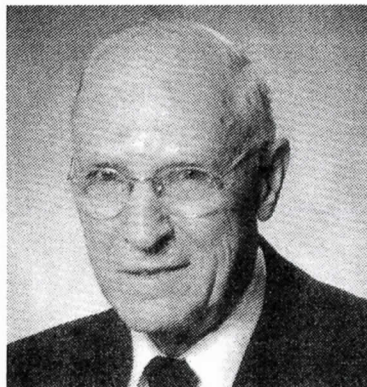


BROTHER JOACHIM REINICHE
St. Joseph Farm
Granger, Indiana

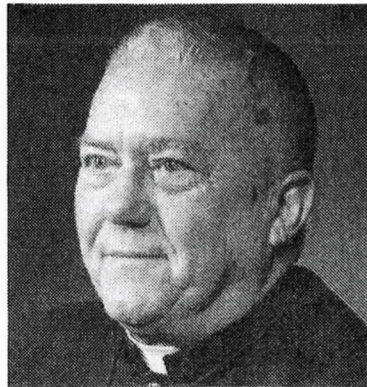
Fifty Years



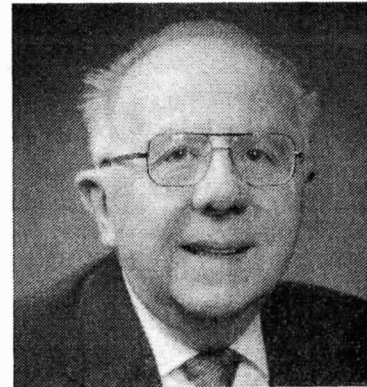
BROTHER LEONARDO BEBETU
Gilmour Academy
Gates Mills, Ohio



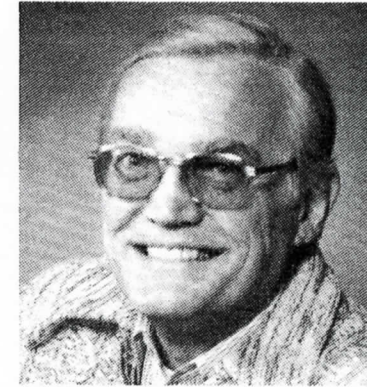
BROTHER MARCELLUS BONEN
Moreau Seminary
Notre Dame, Indiana



BROTHER AUGUSTUS PATIN
Holy Cross Brothers Center
Notre Dame, Indiana



BROTHER RAMON PURZYCKI
Columba Hall
Notre Dame, Indiana



BROTHER EVAN SCHMID
Gilmour Academy
Gates Mills, Ohio

BROTHER DONALD ALLEN
Holy Cross High School
River Grove, Illinois

BROTHER PHILIP ARMSTRONG
Curia Generalizia di Santa Croce
Roma, Italia

BROTHER THOMAS DILLMAN
St. Patrick's High School
Monrovia, Liberia

BROTHER JOHN DOBROGOWSKI
Notre Dame High School
Sherman Oaks, California

BROTHER WILLIAM DOHERTY
Columba Hall
Notre Dame, Indiana

BROTHER CHARLES KRUPP
St. Benedict the African Parish
Chicago, Illinois

BROTHER ROBERT LUDWIG
Colegio Dom Amando
Para, Brazil

BROTHER SIMON MURREN
Columba Hall
Notre Dame, Indiana

BROTHER RUDOLPH TALAGA
Dujarie House
Notre Dame, Indiana

BROTHER ROBERT WOODWARD
Senior Friendship Centers
Sarasota, Florida

Twenty-Five Years

BROTHER RICHARD KELLER
Gilmour Academy
Gates Mills, Ohio

BROTHER FERNAND HICKEY, C.S.C. (Continued from page 2)

He was one of our appointed chauffeurs, taking especially good care of some of the men to get them to their appointed places. Brother Theodore Kapes could depend on transportation to Notre Dame football games. Fernand braved the traffic to the Stadium getting him to the elevator entrance and then home again, a little before the final whistle. They were go-gardeners, Theodore with flowers, and tomatoes, and Fernand with vegetables. And there were special occasions when he and Theodore went out . . . their restaurant destination was usually kept secret.

At times he was the big man on the block. So he would discipline himself and lose the extra weight, not without some inconvenience and strict fasting. I remember some publicity which was repeated in our province publication some years ago. It was an amazing before and after as a result of Fernand's participation with a weight-watchers group. He had some rough times physically near the end of his life. Diabetes was diagnosed, which caused difficulties in control of weight and medication. He made a real effort during this time, and we tried to positively support him.

Theodore told me a story about his last visit with Fernand, Saturday, two days before his death. To help his passage to heaven, Theodore put a scapular around his neck. He prayed that even as he was helped by Fernand in his crossing of curbs, so would Fernand be helped crossing the curbs of the highways that are traveled to reach eternity.

Fernand was one of eleven children: eight are living and present tonight. Our prayers and sympathy to them: Sister Mary of the Sisters of Providence; John; Brother Timothy; Martha Dalton; Robert; Russell; Loretta Sweeney; and Joseph; also, other relatives and friends and members of the Holy Cross Community.

As Christians with faith in the resurrection, let us remember: All who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God; those who have done good deeds will go forth to the resurrection of life. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, at the final trumpet blast, the dead shall rise.

So be it for Brother Fernand;

So be it for all of us who share these moments of remembrance this evening.

— Brother Robert Siegel, C.S.C.

Did we forget to tell you
What is the deepest depth of love?
Undoubtedly.
Although your jubilee year is fraught
With the man-made roil of hissing turmoil,
Compassion for all is deep, that's sure,
But forgiving enemies,
Extending true kindness to them,
That is more.
This is the deepest depth of love,
Demanded by God,
Enacted by His Son,
Proclaimed by His Holy Spirit.
Paternoster deep.

If we forgot to tell you all this,
You Good Samaritans
Who have shown us
By your life of dedication,
Then at this jubilation time
We correct our negligence
By offering you a happy celebration.

We take all this jubilee year
To let you know
The deepest depth of love's aglow
In you.
Unmistakably.

— Brother Remigius Bullinger, C.S.C

JUBILEES — CSC PRIESTS PROVINCE

CONGRATULATIONS: Fifty Years Ordained — Raymond Cour; Joseph Doherty; Clement Funke; Gerald McMahon; William Morrison; Patrick Peyton; Thomas Peyton; George Schidel; Lloyd Teske; John Wilson.

Twenty-five Years Ordained: Milton Adamson; Robert Antonelli; Charles Lavelly; Louis Manzo; Donald McNeill; Daniel Pan-
chot; Claude Pomerleau; Richard Renshaw; James Rigert; Cornelius Ryan; Stephen Sedlock; Harry Stocks; Michael Toner;
Richard Wunsch; Richard Warner.

Fifty Years Professed: Brothers Ludger Schaub; James Gormley; Andrew Corsini Fowler. Twenty-Five Years Professed:
Brother Dennis Meyers.

PRAYER INTENTIONS

*Deceased: Brother Eugene Weisenberger; Brother Jeffrey Michels; Brother Fernand Hickey; Brother Alexander Buckley;
Brother Elias Ryan; Brother Viator Grzeskowiak; Brother Christopher Bauer, IP; Sister Catherine Tobin, CSC; Sister M. Rose
Lynch, CSC; Sister M. Valentina Deka, CSC; Sister Noel Seitz, CSC; Sister M. Alphonzetta Hayden, CSC; Sister M.
Nazareth Drummey, CSC; Sister M. Flora Rubly, CSC; Margaret Obradovich, sister of Brother James Linscott; Bob Lee,
brother-in-law of Brother John Schuszler; Bessie Nettleton, mother of Brother Bennett; Angeline Sennett, cousin of Brother
Bernard Mosier; Bess, friend and chauffeur of Brother Bernard Mosier; George Kirsch, brother of Brother Camillus.*

HOLY CROSS BROTHERS

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