

JAYNotes

The Magazine of Jesuit High School in New Orleans • Winter/Spring 2006–2007

Inside this Issue:

Billy Fitzgerald '65

A personal look at his inspirational coaching philosophy

Paul Frederick

reminisces about 50 years at Jesuit

The Day JFK

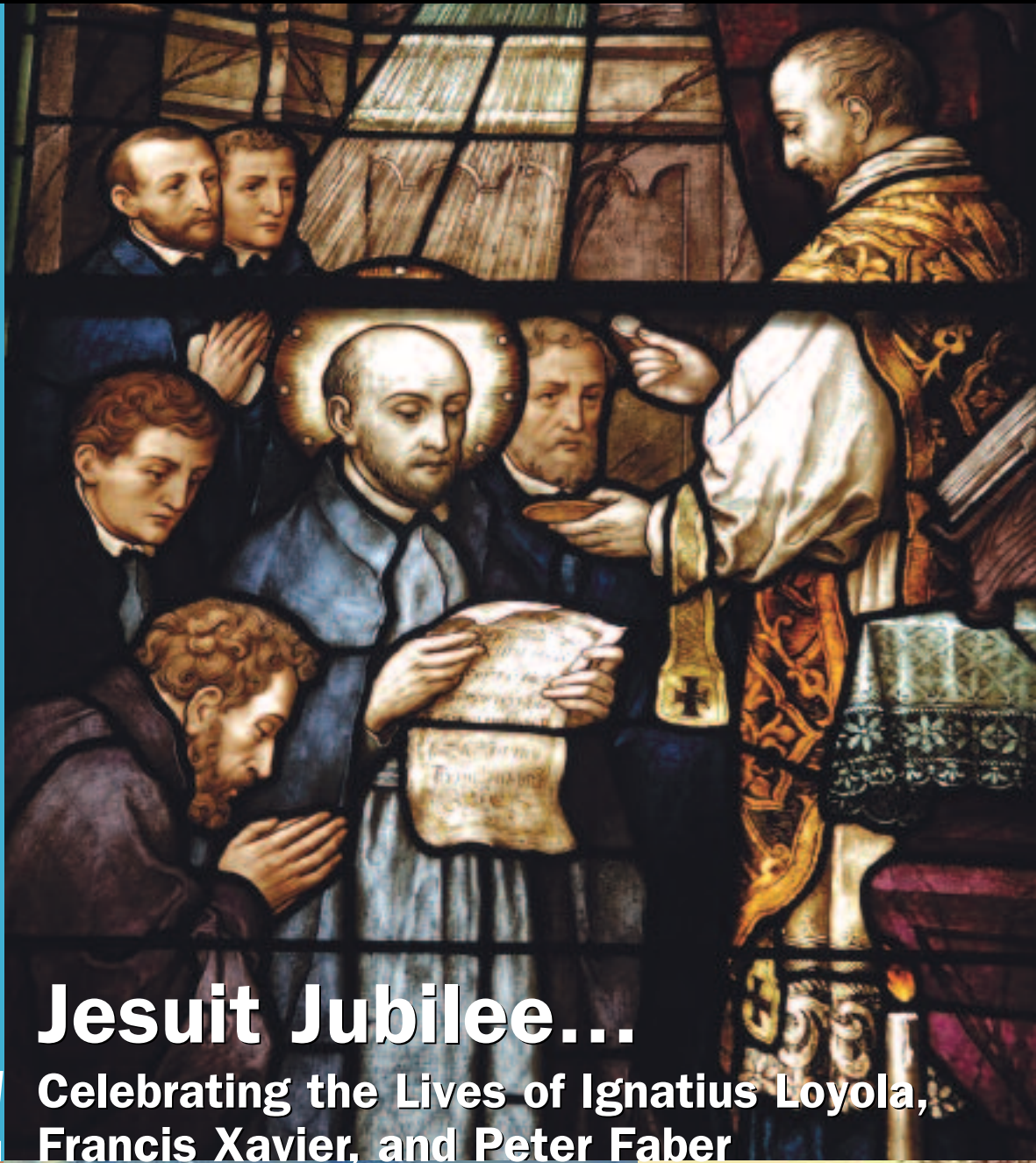
came to town

Jim Amoss '65

Alumnus of the Year

**Soccer, Swimming,
& Cross Country—**

STATE!



Jesuit Jubilee...

Celebrating the Lives of Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, and Peter Faber



INSIDE JAYNotes

WINTER/SPRING 2006–2007

Jaynotes, the magazine for and about alumni, parents, and students of Jesuit High School in New Orleans, is published three times annually by the Development and Alumni Affairs Office, including a special graduation issue in the summer. Opinions expressed in *Jaynotes* are those of the individual authors.

President
Fr. Anthony McGinn, S.J. '66
mcginn@jesuitnola.org

Director of Development and Public Relations
Pierre DeGruy '69
degruy@jesuitnola.org

Jaynotes Editor
Mat Grau '68
Director of Alumni Affairs
grau@jesuitnola.org

Director of Special Projects
Bro. William Dardis, S.J. '58
dardis@jesuitnola.org

Coordinator of Development & Alumni Affairs
Mary Tschantz
tschantz@jesuitnola.org

**Administrative Assistant
Development & Alumni Affairs**
Elizabeth Drew
drew@jesuitnola.org

Design & Layout
Design III

Printing
Harvey-Hauser – Michael Brennan '95

Letters, photographs, and correspondence are welcome and can be either submitted by e-mail (grau@jesuitnola.org) or mailed to:

Jaynotes
Jesuit High School
4133 Banks St.
New Orleans, LA 70119

Address changes should be submitted to alumni@jesuitnola.org or contact Jesuit's Alumni Affairs Office at 504-483-3815.

Parents: If you are receiving your son's copy of *Jaynotes* and he no longer lives with you, please let us know so we can change our records and send the magazine directly to him. If you enjoy reading your son's copy of *Jaynotes*, let us know that as well. We will be glad to send a copy to his new address and a copy to you.

It is easy to make a donation online to benefit Jesuit High School. You can donate to the *Katrina Restoration Fund*, *Living Endowment Fund*, *Parents Annual Giving*, and various *Scholarship Funds* by going to Jesuit's website: www.jesuitnola.org. Clicking on Jayson in the upper left corner will take you to Jesuit's secure online donations page. Please know that Jesuit High School deeply appreciates your generosity.

On the Cover: A stained glass window in Jesuit's small chapel captures St. Ignatius Loyola and his first companions pronouncing their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Blessed Peter Faber, the only priest among them, offers Mass as Ignatius reads the pronouncement of their vows and St. Francis Xavier kneels in prayer. The 2006 Jubilee Year honored these three Jesuits for their roles in forming the Society of Jesus.



Dear Jaynotes Reader:

Teachers at Jesuit High School have often observed that their students are remarkably resilient given the obstacles, challenges, and adversity they face on a daily basis over the course of four or five years at Carrollton and Banks. And that was before Katrina.

It was certainly encouraging to witness how all Blue Jays—current students and alumni—collectively responded to the sudden upheaval in their lives brought about by Katrina and the tragic collapse of the inadequately constructed and poorly maintained floodwalls. Anger, frustration, grief, and cynicism were immediate heartfelt reactions that, eventually, were effectively channeled into encouraging, uplifting and gratifying responses and solutions.

Witness the good works of the Jesuit chapter of **YRNO—Youth Rebuilding New Orleans**—whose 50-plus energetic members include pre-freshmen all the way to the school's senior leadership. The YRNO Blue Jays partner on a regular basis with students from other schools to gut and clean homes in neighborhoods that were directly impacted by Katrina. And one only needs to look closely at some of the individuals who are at the forefront of the revival and massive reconstruction of the City of New Orleans—several are Blue Jay alumni prominent in their respective fields of architecture, construction, engineering, planning, and design consulting.

It is fitting, then, that the central theme of this issue of *Jaynotes* celebrates the essence, resilience, and inspiration of the **Society of Jesus**, founded some 472 years ago by St. Ignatius Loyola and his friends. During 2006, as New Orleans began to slowly emerge and renew itself, the Society of Jesus was quietly celebrating the "**Jesuit Jubilee.**"

10

In his homily during one of the monthly student Masses, Fr. Nick Schiro '44 provides insight into the founding of the Society (page 3), and Fr. Norman O'Neal concludes his perceptive **four-part series on the life of St. Ignatius** (page 4).

As our resilient *2006 Alumnus of the Year*, **Jim Amoss '65**, editor of *The Times-Picayune*, takes the opportunity to remind all Blue Jays of the many gifts bestowed by their Alma Mater (page 6). Another inspiring Jesuit alumnus, **Michael Varisco '83**, is one of the first recipients of the *Homines Pro Aliis Award*, given by the Jesuit Southern Province in recognition of service to others (page 9).

A wonderful feature story about **Billy Fitzgerald '65** begins on page 10. The article imparts valuable lessons not only to students whose goal is to coast through high school and beyond, but also to grown-ups who choose to behave like pacifiers instead of parents.

Paul Frederick has been teaching at Jesuit (primarily Spanish) since the 1955-56 school year. Over the course of 51 years, Mr. Frederick has been a witness to many changes and milestones. Jesuit alumni director Mat Grau '68 conducted a live interview with Mr. Frederick at a faculty symposium and distilled their conversation that begins on page 23.

Our coverage of the **state titles recently won by Jesuit's cross country, swimming, and soccer teams** begins on page 25. Finally, on the inside back cover is an article updating the *Katrina Restoration Fund*, and the *LEF* and *PAG* drives for 2006-07. If you have not yet contributed to Jesuit this fiscal year (which ends June 30, 2007), conveniently tucked somewhere inside this issue is an envelope you can use to send us your gift. The generous philanthropy displayed by thousands of our alumni, parents, and friends is always very much appreciated as it plays a critical role in the continued success of Jesuit High School. On behalf of the faculty, staff, and administration, I thank each and everyone of you.

Resiliently yours,
Pierre DeGruy '69
Director of Development & Public Relations



25

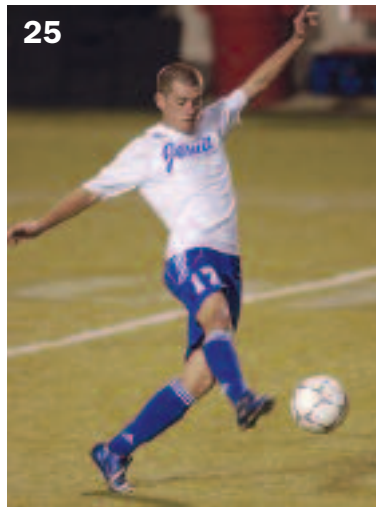


PHOTO BY GREG PEARSON



From the Jays' NEST



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Facing the Challenge

Three challenges face our students as they emerge from adolescence—the challenge to grow up, the challenge to stay connected, and the challenge to move in the right direction. So many forces in contemporary culture encourage immaturity, stunted development of responsibility, alienation, relativism, and narcissism.

The Jesuit experience functions best when it helps our students and young alumni face the challenge of growing into the men that God calls them to become.

I am encouraged when I see young alumni responding positively to challenges that the circumstances of their lives present to them. Jesuit accomplishes its mission when its young graduates can make difficult decisions and accept responsibility.

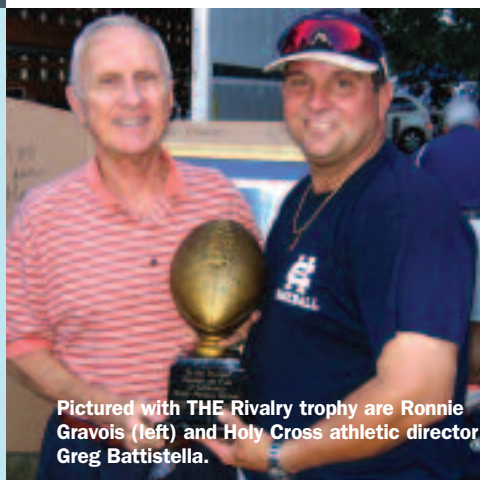
I am proud that Jesuit is counter-cultural in that we expect the best from our students in a world that is content with mediocrity. We demand personal responsibility in a world that promotes self-indulgence. We insist on service for others in a world dominated by self-aggrandizement.

We need to give our students the tools to understand God's plan for them, and we need to help them develop the courage to follow that plan. The best tools we can provide come from a personal experience that develops in the students the capacity to judge wisely themselves, others, and their world so that their decisions are made in accordance with God's plan for them.

Anthony McGinn, S.J. '66

Jesuit and Holy Cross have been battling on the football field for 87 years now.

It's simply known as "THE Rivalry." And now a traveling trophy has been created to be housed at the winning school until the next game. The idea was the brainchild of Steve Donnes and a few of his Holy Cross buddies. Steve is a 1976 alumnus of Holy Cross, but his father John '45 and his brothers Bert '74, Alan '79, and Richard '83 all are Blue Jays. Steve and Holy Cross alumni director Gerry Lagarde invited Jesuit to participate in pre-game activities to view the trophy. Who better to represent Jesuit than Ronnie Gravois '56 (left), who with classmates Dick Daigre '56 and Jim Moore '56 operates a website devoted entirely to THE Rivalry—www.bluejaystigers.com. As a gesture of Jesuit's appreciation for the creation of the trophy, Ronnie presented Holy Cross officials with a matted print of the famous photo of the 1940 game at City Park Stadium with 34,000 fans in attendance. Since Jesuit beat Holy Cross last October, the trophy's first year of residence is at Carrollton and Banks.



Pictured with THE Rivalry trophy are Ronnie Gravois (left) and Holy Cross athletic director Greg Battistella.

(Below) Ryan Hanemann, partner with Audubon Engineering, is often around Blue Jays. His brothers are both Jesuit graduates—Robin '79 and Reggie '81—and his son Rex is a freshman at Jesuit. One day at work Ryan looked around and realized he was surrounded by Blue Jays from a 51-year span of graduation years—1954 to 2005. Ryan sent us this photo of a recent Jesuit lunch at Audubon. Pictured from left are Charlie Cyrus '88, Alan Elmer '05 (intern), Sid Gelpi '54, Jeff Gernon '90, Toby Thevenot '99, Kevin Block '00, Paul Leonard '05 (intern), and Tim Sicard '82.



Jesuit enthusiastically welcomes any donations of memorabilia pertaining to the high school—yearbooks, newspapers, magazines, photographs, jerseys, etc. To donate, call the alumni office at 504-483-3815.



(Above) Back in the late 1920s and early 1930s, Tommy Daigle '31 stood out as one of the great prep athletes in the New Orleans area.

A quarterback, Tommy was a four-year letterman in football and captained the Jays in his junior and senior years. In June of 2005, Tommy's two daughters, Jeanette Daigle LeBlanc (center in photo) and Roslyn Daigle Horvath, presented Jesuit with Tommy's letterman sweater. Accepting the sweater in the Hall of Honors is alumni director Mat Grau '68.



President Kennedy Visits New Orleans... & Blue Jays Are Perfectly Positioned to Salute and Photograph

When President John F. Kennedy visited New Orleans 45 years ago, the Jesuit High School Drill Team was there to salute him at City Hall. And staked out to snap the perfect picture of the historic occasion were intrepid Blue Jay photographers Terry Fisk and Ken Anderson '62.

JFK arrived in the Crescent City on May 4, 1962, and was greeted by 225,000 enthusiastic people, many of them cheering school students who were given an academic pass to line the streets and avenues and wave their miniature flags as JFK's motorcade rolled past.

The President's first stop was the dedication ceremony at the newly completed Napoleon Avenue wharf, which was the ideal setting for a major speech on liberalizing trade with foreign nations. Afterwards, the motorcade rolled on to City Hall where JFK was warmly greeted by legions of city officials. At his second address, he encouraged thousands of students who filled Duncan Plaza to remain in school and get a good education.

To add to the pomp and circumstance that the day called for, Jesuit's Drill Team had been invited to City Hall by Jesuit alumnus (Class of 1939) and then-Councilman James E. Fitzmorris. The Blue Jay's crack photography squad of Fisk and Anderson set out to record the event.

The drill team, which was stationed near the side entrance to City Hall, brought their wooden rifles along, but the Secret Service quickly nixed the idea of high school students brandishing weapons, albeit harmless ones, anywhere near the President. (Ironically, members of Tulane University's Army ROTC Drill Team were in front of City Hall and toted chrome-plated 1903 Springfield rifles that shot blanks but were, nevertheless, considered fully functional.)

Anderson staked out the front while Fisk guarded the side of City Hall. "I wasn't able to get any good shots when Kennedy entered the building," writes Fisk, "partly because NOPD made me stand behind

some hedges, instead of next to our drill team—even though we were all in our school uniforms. After the President entered the building, one of the Secret Service agents saw me with the camera and said I would get a better picture if I came inside the hedges and got closer to the action. I told him why I was where I was and he invited me inside the barrier, telling the police that it was okay."

By the time Kennedy emerged from City Hall, Fisk says he suddenly found himself in the middle of a crowd of school children who had come from around the front. As the President waved, Fisk began snapping pictures, but the Secret Service quickly whisked JFK away. As it turned out, only one picture was usable, but it was the perfect one for the cover of *The Blue Jay*. Notice that then-Gov. Jimmie H. Davis is also in the photo.

The lighting posed challenges for the young photographers. Bright sunshine filled the foreground while Kennedy was in shade. "This contrast made for a difficult negative to work with," explains Fisk, "but we finally got a usable print of the proper proportions for the magazine cover... The original negative went missing almost immediately after we made the final print for the cover. A certain (Jesuit) who liked to dabble in photography was tidying up the school darkroom and apparently threw it away by mistake."

Additionally, a photo of Jesuit's Color Guard taken by Anderson that day graced the inside cover of *The Blue Jay*.

Fisk remembers that shooting pictures for the Jesuit *Yearbook* and *The Blue Jay* was fun. "We had a lot of good times," he reminisces. "Back then, we developed and printed an average of about 2,000, all black and white, pictures during each school year. The darkroom wasn't air-conditioned and we always had trouble keeping the chemicals in the proper temperature range."

A framed copy of Fisk's picture has for many years enjoyed a prominent place on the wall at Jesuit High School. It is located in the reception area of the president's office on the third floor of the Banks Street administration building. ■

Jesuit Jubilee 2006

As the year 2006 came to a close, so, too, did a year of commemorating three important events in the life of the Society of Jesus—the death of Ignatius Loyola 450 years ago and the births of Francis Xavier and Peter Faber 500 years ago. At the school Mass on All Saints Day, Rev. Nick Schiro '44 told the students of the bond among these three Jesuits. And in the past several issues of *Jaynotes*, Fr. Norman O'Neal has presented a glimpse into the life of the society's founder. In celebration of the Jesuit Jubilee Year 2006, we present both biographies.



Three Jubilees

BY REV. NICK SCHIRO, S.J. '44



Faber

This is the story of three college students who met at one of the world's great universities. They were assigned as roommates in the same college. They came from three very different backgrounds.

One was a young shepherd, a peasant from the French Alps, very poor, but very bright and very spiritual. His parents had only grudgingly allowed him to go off and get an education.

His roommate was an aristocrat from Navarre in the Spanish Pyrenees. He was an opposite type: haughty, boisterous, exceedingly ambitious, somewhat of a playboy, but a good athlete who excelled in the high jump. He wanted to become a priest because it might lead to a lucrative position in the Church. The year was 1525. The university was the University of Paris. The name of the peasant was Peter Faber. The name of the aristocrat was Francis Xavier. In spite of their differences in temperament, they became close friends. They were both nineteen, their birthdays being one week apart.

Four years later, in 1529, a third student moved in with them. Again, he was very different from them. First of all, he was fifteen years older than they, a little late to be starting college. And, while in his earlier years he had been an aristocrat, a courtier, a soldier, and a womanizer, he now looked very poor and shabby. His name was Ignatius of Loyola. You know his story: while recovering from his battle wounds, he felt that Christ, his true king, was calling to follow Him. He tried teaching and preaching God's word, but came to realize that the best way he could serve Christ was by becoming a priest. And so, at the age of thirty-nine, he found himself sitting in a college classroom.

Faber and Ignatius almost immediately developed a close relationship. Peter tutored Ignatius in his studies and Ignatius tutored Peter in his spiritual life. Ignatius told the two of his desire to spend his

life working for the salvation of souls. Peter Faber was his first recruit.

Xavier was a harder nut to crack. Francis took an immediate dislike to Ignatius and frequently put him down for his great spiritual desire. But Ignatius saw something special in Xavier and tried in every way to win him over, even helping him out when he was low on funds. He would frequently quote to him the words of the gospel: "Francis, Francis, 'What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?'" Ignatius finally broke through the hard shell and ignited the flame in Xavier's heart that would make him the great missionary saint of India.

Four other college students joined Ignatius, Peter, and Francis in their desire to become priests and work for the salvation of souls.

The seven decided to band together as companions for this common purpose. So early on the morning of August 15, 1534 they went to a small chapel in Paris. Faber was the first to be ordained a priest and offered the Mass. As he held up the host before communion, each pronounced vows of chastity and poverty in service to the Church. And that was the beginning of the Society of Jesus—seven college students dedicating their lives to Christ.

If these seven had not met at college four hundred and seventy-two years ago, chances are that there would have been no Society of Jesus as we know it, and we would not be sitting in this chapel at this moment. In our second floor chapel behind the main altar, there are three stained glass windows. The one on the right portrays this scene as the companions kneel before Peter Faber and pronounce their vows (see cover). Ignatius of Loyola and Francis Xavier are canonized saints and Peter Faber is a blessed, i.e. on his way to canonization.

This year we are commemorating the five hundredth anniversary of the births of St. Francis Xavier and Blessed Peter Faber and the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of St. Ignatius. ■



Francis Xavier



The Life of Saint

By REV. NORMAN O'NEAL, S.J.



The third installment of Rev. Norman O'Neal's *The Life of St. Ignatius of Loyola* presented the founding of the Society of Jesus and the Pope's approval of the new order. Ignatius was seen giving his order coherence, focus, and direction though its members were scattered throughout the world.

The Jesuits and Schools

Perhaps the work of the Society of Jesus begun by Ignatius that is best known is that of education, yet it is interesting that he had no intention of including teaching among the Jesuits' works at the beginning. As already mentioned, the purpose of the first members was to be at the disposal of the Pope to go where they would be most needed. Before 1548 Ignatius had opened schools in Italy, Portugal, and the Netherlands, Spain, Germany, and India; but they were intended primarily for the education of the new young Jesuit recruits. Ten such colleges within six years indicated the rapid growth of the Jesuits. But in 1548 at the request of the magistrates of Messina in Sicily, Ignatius sent five men to open a school for lay as well as Jesuit students. It soon became clear by requests for schools from rulers, bishops and cities that this work was truly one of the most effective ways to correct ignorance and corruption among the clergy and faithful, to stem the decline of the Church in the face of the Reformation, and to fulfill the motto of the Society of Jesus, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam,"—to the greater glory of God.

Ignatius expressed this in a letter to Fr. Araoz: "The more universal the good is, the more it is divine. Therefore preference ought to be given to those persons and places which, through their own improvement, become a cause which can spread the good accomplished to many others who are under their influence or take guidance from them... For the same reason, too, preference ought to be shown to the aid which is given to...universities, which are generally attended by numerous persons who by being aided themselves can become laborers for the help of others."

This was in keeping with one of Ignatius' first principles in choosing apostolates: all other things being equal, choose those apostolates who will influence those who have the most influence on others. Maybe the best expression of the idea was in a letter he wrote about the founding

of colleges in December of 1551: "From among those who are now merely students, in time some will depart to play diverse roles—one to preach and carry on the care of souls, another to government of the land and the administration of justice, and others to other callings. Finally, since young boys become grown men, their good education in life and doctrine will be beneficial to many others, with the fruit expanding more widely every day." From then on, Ignatius helped establish Jesuit schools and universities all over Europe and the world.

Ignatius as a Man

It is probably true that the picture of Ignatius that most people have is that of soldier: stern, iron-willed, practical, showing little emotion, not a very attractive or warm personality. Yet if this picture is exact, it is hard to see how he could have had such a strong influence on those who knew him. Luis Goncalves da Camara, one of his closest associates, wrote, "He (Ignatius) was always rather inclined toward love; moreover, he seemed all love, and because of that he was universally loved by all. There was no one in the Society who did not have great love for him and did not consider himself much loved by him."

He sometimes cried so much at Mass that he could not go on, nor even talk for some time, and he was afraid that his gift of tears might cause him to lose his eyesight. Goncalves da Camara said, "When he did not weep three times during Mass, he considered himself deprived of consolation." We regard a number of saints as great mystics but never think of Ignatius as one of them. We have recounted a few of the many visions and mystical experiences in his life. His holiness, however, did not consist in such, but in the great love that directed his life to do everything *A.M.D.G.*, for the greater glory of God.

Ignatius of Loyola

Part IV
(conclusion)



courtier and soldier who had turned his gaze to another court and a different type of battle had rendered his soul into the hands of God. Ignatius was beatified on July 27, 1609 and canonized by Pope Gregory XV on March 12, 1622, together with St. Francis Xavier. Ignatius' feast day is celebrated by the universal Church and the Jesuits on July 31, the day he died without the blessing of the leader he had vowed to obey. ■

Editor's Note: Retired from the classroom, Fr. O'Neal serves as Jesuit's Alumni Chaplain. He wrote this brief account of the life of St. Ignatius on the occasion of the Ignatian Year (1991) in order to better acquaint the lay teachers, staff, and students of Jesuit High in New Orleans with the founder of the order which has operated the school for 160 years. We are grateful to him for permission to reprint it. To receive Fr. O'Neal's booklet, contact the Jesuit Provincial Office at 504-571-1055 or 1-800-788-1719.

If you want to know more about Ignatius, there are a number of full-length biographies available. A few of them are listed below.

Philip Caraman, S.J.: *Ignatius Loyola*
Harper & Row, New York, 1990

Andre Ravier, S.J.: *Ignatius of Loyola and the Founding of the Society of Jesus*.
Ignatius Press, San Francisco, 1987

Candido de Dalmases, S.J.: *Ignatius of Loyola, Founder of the Jesuits*.
Institute of Jesuit Sources, St. Louis, 1985

Hugo Rahner, S.J. and Leonard von Matt: *St. Ignatius of Loyola*.
Henry Regnery, Chicago, 1956

James Brodrick, S.J.: *The Origin of the Jesuits*.
Loyola University Press, Chicago, 1986

(This is a reprint of the original 1940 edition and contains good short accounts of both St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier.)

Last Illness

Ever since his student days in Paris, Ignatius had suffered from stomach ailments, and they became increasingly troublesome in Rome. In the summer of 1556 his health grew worse; but his physician thought he would survive this summer as he had done others. Ignatius, however, thought that the end was near. On the afternoon of July 30th he asked Polanco to go and get the Pope's blessing for him, thus suggesting to Polanco that he was dying. Polanco, however, trusted the physician more than Ignatius and told him that he had a lot of letters to write and mail that day. Though Ignatius indicated that he would prefer he (Polanco) go that afternoon, he did not insist. Shortly after midnight Ignatius took a turn for the worse. Polanco rushed off to the Vatican to get the papal blessing, but it was too late. The former worldly





Jim Amoss '65 Honored as *Alumnus of the Year*

Jim Amoss, who as editor of *The Times-Picayune* guided the newspaper's Pulitzer Prize-winning coverage of Hurricane Katrina, is Jesuit High School's 2006 *Alumnus of the Year*.

Amoss, a 1965 graduate, was recognized at the annual Homecoming Mass on Sunday, October 22. "Jim's leadership role as editor during the extraordinary and difficult times following Katrina was of immense public service to our entire

community," said Jesuit's president, Fr. Anthony McGinn, S.J. "Under Jim's capable leadership, *The Times-Picayune* was a dynamic, informative, and indispensable communications tool, not only for the citizens of the New Orleans metropolitan region, but also the entire world. Jesuit is proud to recognize Jim with this honor."

Amoss happens to be the first *Alumnus of the Year* who did not attend Jesuit for the typical four or five years. He became a Blue Jay in his junior year when his family returned to New Orleans after living abroad for many years. Amoss quickly made his mark as a Blue Jay, participating in several extracurricular activities. He was the treasurer of the Sodality, chairman of the Desire Street Project, a member of the Glee Club, a nationally ranked debater, and, of course, a staff writer for the student publication *The Blue Jay*.

Following his graduation from Jesuit, Amoss received a bachelor of arts degree magna cum laude from Yale University in 1969 and was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University.

Amoss's newspaper career began in 1974 as a reporter for *The States-Item*, the city's afternoon newspaper. As an award-winning investigative reporter, Amoss uncovered numerous high-profile scandals in government, business, and politics. When the paper merged in 1980 with its morning rival, *The*

Times-Picayune, Amoss continued with his investigative reporting before taking a brief stint as bureau chief in St. Bernard Parish. Amoss returned to the paper's Howard Avenue headquarters as city editor in 1982. He was named metro editor in 1983 and appointed associate editor in 1988.

Amoss was named to the paper's top editorial position in 1990, becoming one of its youngest editors. As editor, Amoss is responsible for the news operation and supervises a large staff of reporters, editors, and photographers. Amoss was named *Editor of the Year* on two occasions, in 1997 by the National Press Foundation and, most recently, in 2006 by *Editor & Publisher* magazine.

During his tenure as editor, *The Times-Picayune* has won four Pulitzer Prizes, including two last year for the newspaper's extensive coverage of Hurricane Katrina and its aftermath. Under Amoss's leadership, *The Times-Picayune* became a vital tool of communication for the more than one million area residents who had evacuated, as well as for readers throughout the world. The paper's affiliated website, NOLA.com, was continuously updated, along with its online blogs that kept exiled New Orleanians connected and informed.

When the Pulitzer Prize board announced that *The Times-Picayune* was the 2005 winner in the category of Public Service, it cited the paper's "heroic, multi-faceted coverage of Hurricane Katrina and its aftermath," adding that the staff made "exceptional use of the newspaper's resources to serve an inundated city even after evacuation of the newspaper plant." Amoss and his staff accomplished all of this even while they themselves suffered and confronted grave danger.

Jim is married to Nancy Monroe, and they have two children, a son, Adam, and a daughter, Sophia. They live in New Orleans. ■

Jim Amoss's Address to His Fellow Alumni, Delivered at Homecoming Mass, October 22, 2006

Jim Amoss Reminds Alumni of the Gifts of Jesuit High School

Fr. McGinn, fellow Blue Jays, and families: A special greeting to the Classes of 1956 and 1981 on their anniversaries.

I'm deeply honored by this award. And I'm honored and blessed with an extraordinary family, several of whom are here today: my parents, Berthe and Jimmy Amoss, who taught my brothers and me by example what it means to be a loving parent and spouse—though they're both Newman alums, they nudged me toward Jesuit, sensing it was the right fit, as it had been for my grandfather, Sumter Marks of the Class of 1909; my wife, Nancy, whom I love and who is my best friend and who puts up with me; my daughter, Sophie, who is an inspired, incandescent presence in our lives; our wonderful son, Adam, who is in Philadelphia, studying so hard he can't be here; my beloved brother Bob and his wife, Lisa, and their son, my nephew, David, and his girlfriend, Missy. I'd like also to mention two Jesuit alums who are my

colleagues at *The Times-Picayune*. Bruce Nolan, my comrade from the class of 1965, and Walt Philbin of the class of 1962, were both heroes in the storm. They should be standing up here with me.

In his *Spiritual Exercises*, St. Ignatius devotes considerable space to lessons in humility. It so happens that I learned my first great lesson in humility in this very chapel. Humility and its first cousin, humiliation. It happened 41 years ago, at the end of the first semester of my senior year at Jesuit. I had been accepted at Yale University for the following fall. My grades were good. I was confident, too confident. Heading into graduation, I was on cruise control. But there was this one course giving me trouble—American History. The teacher, an assistant football coach, conducted class by reading the textbook out loud,

chapter by chapter, in a voice devoid of any inflection: “The Missouri Compromise was an agreement in 1820...” I tuned out. Not once did I crack the textbook. I didn’t care about the Missouri Compromise. I was just glad they worked it out.

On the day of the final semester exam in American History, I gazed down at the purple mimeographed pages of questions. At that moment, it dawned on me that I was clueless, doomed, a dead man. And so I walked out of the classroom, away from the exam, down the hallways, and into this chapel. I sat down there, about where Ardley Hanemann is sitting. It would be disingenuous to say that I prayed. No, I just sat there, scared, pathetic. I was hiding from the exam. Eventually I sensed a presence hovering over me. It cast a long shadow. No, it was not the Holy Ghost. It was Fr. Pearce, the prefect of discipline. Donald Pearce was a tall, dark, fearsome man. He was famous for gliding soundlessly through the building. You never knew when he might suddenly appear, catching you in *flagrante delicto*. Fr. Pearce conveyed outrage by speaking in a controlled, quiet voice, lingering over each syllable. Here in the sanctuary he towered over me, stared at me with a look that was equal parts pity and contempt. And then the voice that made me gulp: “What do you think you are doing here?”

I don’t remember whatever I stammered in reply. Fr. Pearce marched me back to the classroom. I heard snickers from classmates as I reentered. I sat down and did my best. That would be a D. A few weeks later, a letter arrived from the admissions office of Yale. They had received my first semester grades: “We remind you that your admission is contingent on maintaining a grade average consistent with our academic standards.”

And so I started cracking the American History textbook, braved the boredom of those droning lectures and pulled up my grade



enough to satisfy the admissions office. More importantly, my humiliation taught me that you can’t hide from responsibility, you can’t walk away from being accountable.

This building may look like just another brick fortress of a schoolhouse, but for us who were formed here, it pinpoints the geography of our growing up. I sat in a pew in the back of this chapel on Nov. 22, 1963, and felt the enormity of the day as I prayed with my classmates for the soul of John Kennedy. I submitted my first piece of copy to be published in a closet of an office on the third floor, where the formidable *Blue Jay* editors sat. I know exactly in which classroom and at

which desk I sat when I first grasped the actual beauty of classical Greek, taught by Phil Postell. (Fr. Postell is here today as a member of the Class of 1956.) And I know where I was standing in the schoolyard when the debate coach I had never met walked up to me and said, “Why don’t you try out for our team?” I did and shed much of my timidity.

The gift of this school cannot be repaid—though they’re not shy about asking. We owe much of our material success to the investment that was made in us when we walked these corridors. If we speak and write English reasonably well, chances are that’s because some Jesuit drilled us in the use of the subjunctive and the distinction between “who” and “whom” in relative clauses. Our conscience, our spiritual life, our love for one another, our call to serve a wider community than we could imagine—all these are gifts from this school. No mere curriculum can instill these values. They were imparted to us by teachers who cared about us as human and spiritual beings, as children of God.

We are called on now to serve a community in need. Whether we lost our home or not, we were all deeply afflicted by what happened last year to our beloved hometown. But among the walking wounded, the sons of Jesuit have a special strength and a special duty to heal, to bridge the divisions of this place, and to love this great city back to life. ■

Judge Adrian Duplantier ’45 Inducted into Hall of Honors

Honorable Adrian G. Duplantier ’45, a devoted and trusted advisor for four decades to Jesuit High School’s presidents and the founder and guiding force behind the Boys Hope program in New Orleans, has been inducted into Jesuit’s Hall of Honors. The honoring of Judge Duplantier took place at the student Mass on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, the feast day of Jesuit High School. Fr. McGinn introduced Judge Duplantier as a distinguished alumnus whose wise counsel over the years has been personally gratifying.

“It was only through Judge Duplantier’s persistent efforts and commitment that the Boys Hope program in New Orleans was started,” said Fr. McGinn. “His dedication over the years to Boys Hope has never wavered.”

Judge Duplantier, who is a senior judge of U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana, continues to serve Jesuit as an ardent supporter, a selfless class leader, a member of the President’s Advisory Council, and a generous benefactor.

Judge Duplantier is the 58th individual, and the sixth jurist, to be inducted into the Hall of Honors, established in 1974 as a shrine to the school’s alumni and supporters. Class portraits, beginning with the 1927 class—the first group of Blue Jays to graduate following Jesuit’s move to Carrollton & Banks—adorn one side of the hall. On the other side are portraits of an eclectic group of individuals (some who are alumni, some who are not, including two women). Among these honorees are coaches, teachers, priests, and politicians, all of whom shared a passion for Jesuit while living their lives as “men of faith” and “men for others.”

Judge Duplantier was named *Alumnus of the Year* in 1983 for his involvement in starting Boys Hope in New Orleans, his judicial accomplishments, and his devotion to God and family.

In accepting a commemorative plaque from Fr. McGinn, Judge Duplantier complimented Jesuit’s faculty, staff, and students for helping to bring back the school following the devastation caused by Hurricane Katrina. “This is a tremendous honor for me, my wife Sally, and my family,” said Judge Duplantier. ■



Judge Duplantier peers up at his newly-installed portrait in the Hall of Honors.

That's the Blue Jay Spirit!

Volunteer Your Time to Help the Blue & White

Alumni can give back to Jesuit in various ways. If you are interested in volunteering, just copy this page, check your areas of interest, fill in the contact information at the bottom, and mail to: Alumni Office, Jesuit High School, 4133 Banks St., New Orleans, LA 70119. Or complete the form online at www.jesuitnola.org.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contacting classmates during the LEF drive | <input type="checkbox"/> Celebration & Auction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Thanksgiving Drive | <input type="checkbox"/> Reunions |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Open House | <input type="checkbox"/> Career shadowing program |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Career Day (career: _____) | <input type="checkbox"/> Alumni office assistance |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guest lecturing
(subject/topic: _____) | <input type="checkbox"/> Advisory capacity (committees, etc.) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tutoring (subject: _____) | <input type="checkbox"/> Simple maintenance work around Jesuit,
including landscaping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Minority/diversity issues (advice, committee
work, recruiting assistance, etc.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Other (explain: _____) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Big Brother to needy student | _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Student retreat program | _____) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Student and/or alumni service programs | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Alumni golf tournament | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fishing rodeo | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blue Jay Bazaar | |

Name _____ Graduation Year _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Work Phone _____ E-mail _____

Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____

(Right) Richie Donnes '83 and Bro. Dardis unload frozen turkeys prior to the Thanksgiving Drive.



2007 REUNION SCHEDULE

- | | |
|------|--------------|
| 1947 | May 5 |
| 1952 | June 29 & 30 |
| 1967 | June 22 & 23 |
| 1972 | May 11 |
| 1977 | June 8 & 9 |
| 1982 | May 18 & 19 |
| 1997 | June 16 |
| 2002 | June 2 |

For details, visit the alumni home page on Jesuit's website, www.jesuitnola.org

At the Class of 1962's recent reunion, Elm Wood (left) and Claiborne Perrilliat search for memories in a Blue Jay yearbook magazine.



Alumni Director Mat Grau '68 enjoys his time with (l-r) Tre Defelice, Steve Morgan, and Michael Monahan at the Class of 1992 reunion.

Reunions for the classes of 1957, 1962, 1987, and 1992 were held earlier this year. Photos of these events can be viewed at Jesuit's web site: www.jesuitnola.org

Michael Varisco '83 Recipient of Inaugural *Homines Pro Aliis* Award

Michael Varisco '83 is Jesuit High School's recipient of the first-ever *Homines Pro Aliis* Award. Varisco received the award at a Mass and brunch ceremony at the Hilton Riverside on January 28.

This new award was created by the Jesuits' New Orleans Province to recognize the efforts of those who have been "persons for others" within the many apostolates of the Province. At the ceremony, Fr. Fred Kammer, S.J. '63, Provincial, presented the award to nine individuals, each representing a different apostolate. Several of the honorees have ties to Jesuit High School: Jack Dardis '59 (Manresa House of Retreats); Jack Saux, Jr. '59 (Immaculate Conception Church); Ronnie Briggs, father of Nathaniel '96 (Good Shepherd School); Marianne Koehl, wife of Eddie, Jr. '63 and mother of Eddie III '94 (Boys Hope Girls Hope); and, Betty Lauricella, mother of Hank '72 and Louis '73 (Jesuit Province).

Varisco recently became a member of Jesuit's Alumni Steering Committee. But his primary involvement at Carrollton and Banks has been as the driving force behind the Class of 1983's participation in the annual student Thanksgiving Drive.

"After I graduated from Jesuit, I wondered why no turkeys were given with the baskets," explained Varisco. "So after graduating from college, a few of us from '83 decided to do something about it. The first year we donated \$300 to buy turkeys. The following year it was over \$500. The next year we formed a non-profit organization, and our real work began."



Honoree Michael Varisco, his wife Jennifer, and their children (l-r) Taylor, Victoria, and Ethan

By the ninth year, they donated 575 turkeys and enough food for 100 baskets. In 2005 when Varisco heard that the drive would not happen because of Katrina, he went to work marshalling his troops of classmates and teachers and staff to ensure that the poor of New Orleans would be fed. Realizing that the students were displaced, the Class of '83 funded the entire drive to the tune of \$11,000.

"Jesuit is proud to have played a part in the growth and formation of a man who is so dedicated to helping people in need," said Fr. Anthony McGinn, S.J. president of Jesuit High School. But Varisco deflected praise: "I accept this award on behalf of all my brothers in the Class of '83 who work so hard each year to make our part of the Thanksgiving Drive a success." ■

Alumni Needed for Career Shadowing Program

Two years ago Jesuit High School's Guidance Department initiated a **Career Shadowing Program**, which provided seniors the opportunity to "shadow" alumni in their business environment and to observe, first-hand, the realities of that business. The program was quite a success. Again this year, we would like to offer our seniors this wonderful opportunity. Interested seniors sign a contract of commitment of participation for five workdays to be completed during the weeks between final exams and graduation, this year May 14-18 or May 21-25.

The school is looking for professionals who are willing to offer this worthwhile experience to a senior. If you are interested in allowing a mature, committed senior to "shadow" you at work, **please contact Aurora Daigle in Jesuit's Guidance Department at 483-3828.**

Enhance Your Computer Skills at Jesuit This Summer

Jesuit High School will once again hold summer computer classes. These mini-courses are designed as "hands-on" classes providing eight hours of instruction on the basics of particular topics and practical applications of the software. The dates, times, and topics of these classes are as follows:

Intro to Computers

Monday-Thursday, June 4-7; 1-3 p.m.

Microsoft Excel

Monday-Thursday, June 4-7; 4-6 p.m.

Microsoft Word

Monday-Thursday, June 11-14; 4-6 p.m.

Internet and E-mail

Monday-Thursday, June 11-14; 1-3 p.m.

These courses are open to alumni, their spouses, parents, and friends of Jesuit. The cost of each class is \$60. If you have any questions, or to register for one of these classes, either call (504) 483-3947 or e-mail: hewlett@jesuitnola.org. Please specify which course(s) you would like to be enrolled in. If you are enrolling through e-mail, please include your name, address, and telephone number. Space is limited so be sure to register early for the classes. A minimum of 15 students is needed to offer a class and the maximum number of students will be held to 25.

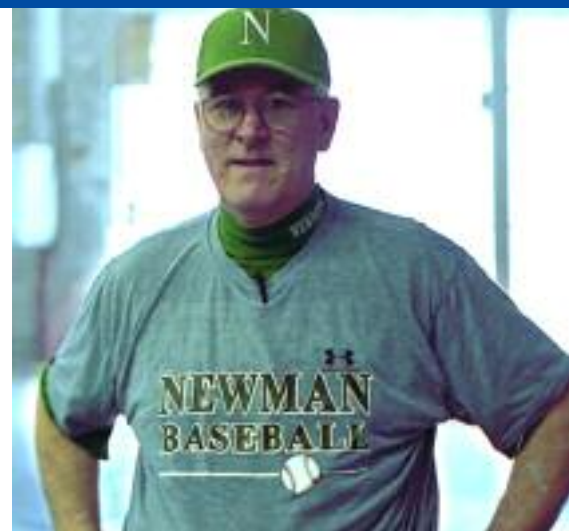
This is a story about a Blue Jay. It's also a story about coaching, teaching, parenting, and growing up. It's about "old school" coming face to face with "new school." **This is a story about Billy Fitzgerald '65.**



By MICHAEL LEWIS

Coach Fitz's

MANAGEMENT THEORY



Fitzgerald was a stellar athlete at Jesuit in the early 60s in both basketball and baseball. He was the starting center and captain of the “Team of the Century,” Jesuit’s 1965 basketball team that won state, scoring more than a hundred points in each of the state tournament games. He was also the starting catcher on the Jays’ baseball team. Then Tulane came calling, and Fitz starred for the Greenies in both sports, so much so that the Oakland A’s offered him a minor league contract. After a few years of toiling in the minor leagues, Fitz hung up his glove and picked up a clipboard, becoming Isidore Newman’s baseball and basketball coach. He was recently appointed Newman’s athletic director.

This is a story told by Michael Lewis, a nationally recognized writer who played baseball for “Coach Fitz” at Newman. This story was first published in the *New York Times Magazine* on March 28, 2004 as “Coach Fitz’s Management Theory.” A year later the article became a hardback, *Coach: Lessons on the Game of Life* (W. W. Norton & Company, May 16, 2005). Lewis is also the best-selling author of *Liar’s Poker* (1989), *Moneyball* (2003), and *The Blind Side* (2006).

Jaynotes thanks Newman High School for permission to reprint several of their file photos. We publish this story with our deepest gratitude to Michael Lewis and great pride in Billy Fitzgerald '65.

When I was 12, I thought that when *The New Orleans Times-Picayune* wrote about the “struggle for control of the West Bank,” it meant the other side of the Mississippi River.

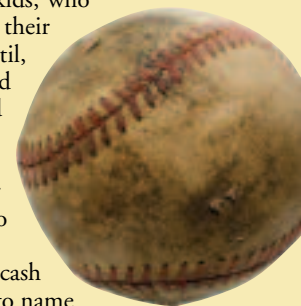
I thought that my shiny gold velour pants actually looked good. I kept a giant sack of Nabisco chocolate-chip cookies under my bed so that they might be available in an emergency—a flood, say, or a hurricane—that made it harder to get to the grocery store. From the safe distance of 43, “12” looks less an age than a disease, and for the most part, I’ve been able to forget all about it—not the events and the people, but the feelings that gave them meaning. But there are exceptions. A few people, and a few experiences, simply refuse to be trivialized by time. There are teachers with a rare ability to enter a child’s mind; it’s as if their ability to get there at all gives them the right to stay forever. I once had such a teacher. His name was Billy Fitzgerald, but everybody just called him Coach Fitz.

Forgetting Fitz was impossible—I’ll come to why in a moment—but avoiding him should have been a breeze. And for 30 years I’d had next to nothing to do with him or with the school where he coached me, the Isidore Newman School in New Orleans. But in just the past year, I heard two pieces of news about him that, taken together, made him sound suspiciously like something I never imagined he could be: a mystery. The first came last spring, when one of his former players, a 44-year-old financier named David Pointer, had the idea of redoing the old school’s gym and naming it for Coach Fitz. Pointer started calling around and found that hundreds of former players and their parents shared his enthusiasm for his old coach, and the money poured in. “The most common response from the parents,” Pointer said, “is that Fitz did all the hard work.”

Then came the second piece of news: after the summer baseball season, Fitz gave a speech to his current Newman players. It had been a long, depressing season: the kids, who during the school year won the Louisiana state baseball championship in their division, had lost interest. Fitz grew increasingly upset with them until, following their final summer game, he went around the room and explained what was wrong with each and every one of them. One player had wasted his talent to pursue a life of ease; another blamed everyone but himself for his failure; a third agreed before the summer to lose 15 pounds and instead gained 10. The players went home and complained about Fitz to their parents. Fathers of eight of them—half the team—had then complained to the headmaster.

The past was no longer on speaking terms with the present. As the cash poured in from former players and parents of former players who wanted to name the gym for the 56-year-old Fitz, his current players and their parents were doing their best to persuade the headmaster to get rid of him. I called a couple of the players involved, now college freshmen. Their fathers had been among the complainers, but they spoke of the episode as a kind of natural disaster beyond their control. One of the players, who asked not to be named, called his teammates “a bunch of whiners” and explained that the reason Fitz was in such trouble was that “a lot of the parents are big-money donors.”

I grew curious enough to fly down to New Orleans to see the headmaster. The Isidore



There are teachers with a rare ability to enter a child's mind; it's as if their ability to get there at His name was Billy Fitzgerald, but everybody just called him Coach Fitz.



When we first laid eyes on him, we had no idea who he was, except that he played in the Oakland A's farm system and was spending his off-season, for reasons we couldn't fathom, coaching eighth-grade basketball.



Newman School is the sort of small private school that every midsize American city has at least two of one of them called Country Day. Most of the 70 or so kids in my class came from families that were affluent by local standards. I'm not sure how many of us thought we'd hit a triple, but quite a few had been born on third base. The school's most striking trait is that it was founded in 1903 as a manual training school meant largely for Jewish orphans. About half my classmates were Jewish, but I didn't know any orphans. In any case, the current headmaster's name is Scott McLeod, and, he said, the school he'd taken charge of in 1993 was different from the school I graduated from in 1978. "The parents' willingness to intercede on the kids' behalf, to take the kids' side, to protect the kid, in a not healthy way—there's much more of that each year," he said. "It's true in sports, it's true in the classroom. And it's only going to get worse." Fitz sat at the very top of the list of hardships that parents protected their kids from; indeed, the first angry call McLeod received after he became headmaster came from a father who was upset that Fitz wasn't giving his son more playing time.

Since then McLeod had been like a man in an earthquake straddling a fissure. On one side he had this coach about whom former players cared intensely; on the other side he had these newly organized and outraged parents of current players. When I asked him why he didn't simply ignore the parents, he said, quickly, that he couldn't do that: the parents were his customers. ("They pay a hefty tuition," he said. "They think that entitles them to a say.") But when I asked him if he'd ever

thought about firing Coach Fitz, he had to think hard about it. "The parents want so much for their kids to have success as they define it," he said. "They want them to get into the best schools and go on to the best jobs. And so if they see their kid fail—if he's only on the J.V., or the coach is yelling at him—somehow the school is responsible for that." And while he didn't see how he could ever "fire a legend," he did see how he could change him. Several times in his tenure he had done something his predecessors had never done: summon Fitz to his office and insist that he "modify" his behavior. "And to his credit," the headmaster said, "he did that."

Obviously, whatever Fitz had done to modify his behavior hadn't satisfied his critics. But then, from where he started, he had a long way to go.

When we first laid eyes on him, we had no idea who he was, except that he played in the Oakland A's farm system and was spending his off-season, for reasons we couldn't fathom, coaching eighth-grade basketball. We were in the seventh grade, and so, theoretically, indifferent to his existence. But the outdoor court on which we seventh graders practiced was just an oak tree apart from the eighth grade's court. And within days of this new coach's arrival we found ourselves riveted by his performance. Our coach was a pleasant, mild-mannered fellow, and our practices were always pleasant, mild-mannered affairs. The eighth grade's practices were something else: a 6-foot-4-inch, 220-pound minor-league catcher with the face of a street fighter hollering at the top

of his lungs for three straight hours. Often as not, the eighth graders had done something to offend their new coach's sensibilities, and he'd have them running wind sprints until they doubled over. When finally they collapsed, unable to run another step, he'd pull from his back pocket his personal collection of Bobby Knight sayings and begin reading aloud.

This was new. We didn't know what to make of it. Sean put it best. Sean was Sean Tuohy, our best player and, therefore, our authority on pretty much everything. That year he would lead our basketball team to a 32-0 record; a few years later, he'd lead our high school to a pair of Louisiana state championships; and a few years after that, he'd take Ole Miss to its first-ever Southeastern Conference basketball title. He would set the S.E.C.'s record for career assists (he still holds it) and get himself drafted by the New Jersey Nets—not bad for a skinny six-foot white kid in a game yet to establish a three-point line. Sean Tuohy had fight enough in him for three. But one afternoon during seventh-grade basketball practice, Sean looked over at this bizarre parallel universe being created on the next court by this large, ferocious man and said, "Oh, God, please don't ever let me get to the eighth grade."

As it turned out, eighth grade was inevitable, though by the time we got to it Fitz had moved on to coach at the high school. My own experience of him began the summer after my freshman year after he quit the Oakland A's farm system and became the Newman baseball and basketball coach. I was 14, could pass for 12 and was of no obvious athletic use. It was the last night of the Babe Ruth season the summer league for 13- to-15-year-olds. We were tied for first place with our opponents. The stands were packed. Sean Tuohy was on the mound, it was the bottom of the last inning and we were up, 2-1. (These things you don't forget.) There was only one out, and the other team put runners on first and third, but, from my comfortable seat on the bench, it was hard to get too worked up about it. The first rule of New Orleans life was that whatever game he happened to be playing, Sean Tuohy won it. Then Fitz made his second trip of the inning to the pitcher's mound, and all hell broke loose in the stands. Their fans started hollering at the ump's: it was illegal to visit the mound twice in one inning and leave your pitcher in. The umpires, wary as ever of being caught listening to fans, were clearly inclined to overlook the whole matter. But before they could, a well-known New Orleans high-school baseball coach who carried a rule book on his person came out from the stands onto the field and stopped the game. He, the ump's had to listen to: Sean Tuohy had to be yanked.

Out of one side of his mouth Fitz tore into the rule-book-carrying high-school coach—who scurried, ratlike, back to the safety of his seat; out of the other he shouted at me to warm up. The ballpark was already in an uproar, but the sight of me (I resembled a scoop of vanilla ice cream with four pickup sticks jutting out from it) sent their side into spasms of delight. I represented an extreme example of our team's general inability to intimidate the opposition. The other team's dugout needed a shave; ours needed, at most, a bath. (Some unwritten rule in male adolescence dictates that the lower your parents' tax bracket, the sooner you acquire facial hair.) As I walked out to the mound, their hairy, well-muscled players danced jigs in their dugout, their coaches high-fived, their fans celebrated and shouted lighthearted insults. The game, as far as they were concerned, was over. I might have been unnerved if I'd paid them any attention; but I was, at that moment, fixated on the only deeply frightening thing in the entire ballpark: Coach Fitz.

By then I had heard (from the eighth graders, I believe) all the Fitz stories. Billy Fitzgerald had been one of the best high-school basketball and baseball players ever seen in New Orleans, and he'd gone on to play both sports at Tulane University. He'd been a top draft pick of the Oakland A's. But we never discussed Fitz's accomplishments. We were far more interested in his intensity. We heard that when he was in high school, when his team lost, Fitz refused to board the bus; he walked, in his catcher's gear, from the ballpark at one end of New Orleans to his home at the other. Back then he played against another New Orleans superstar, Rusty Staub. While on second base, Staub made the mistake of taunting Fitz's pitcher. Fitz raced out from behind home plate and, in full catcher's gear, chased a terrified future All-Star around the field. I'd heard another, similar story about Fitz and Pete Maravich, the basketball legend. When Fitz's Tulane team played Maravich's L.S.U. team, Fitz, a tenacious defender, had naturally been assigned to guard Maravich. Pistol Pete had rung him up for 66 points, but before he finished, he, too, had made the mistake of taunting Fitz. It was, as the eighth graders put it, a two-

The three photos on the right, all from Jesuit's 1965 yearbook, capture Billy Fitzgerald the intramural referee, the basketball player, and the baseball player.



hit fight: Fitz hit Pistol Pete, and Pistol Pete hit the floor. But it got better: Maravich's father, Press, happened to be the L.S.U. basketball coach. When he saw Fitz deck his son, he ran out and jumped on the pile. Fitz made the cover of *Sports Illustrated*, with Pete in a headlock and Press on his back.

And now he was standing on the pitcher's mound, erupting with a Vesuvian fury, waiting for me to arrive. When I did, he handed me the ball and said, in effect, Put it where the sun don't shine. I looked at their players, hugging and mugging and dancing and jeering. No, they did not appear to suspect that I was going to put it anywhere unpleasant. Then Fitz leaned down, put his hand on my shoulder and, thrusting his face right up to mine, became as calm as the eye of a storm. It was just him and me now; we were in this together. I have no idea where the man's intention ended and his instincts took over, but the effect of his performance was to say, There's no one I'd rather have out here in this life-or-death situation. And I believed him!

As the other team continued to erupt with joy, Fitz glanced at the runner on third base, a reedy fellow with an aspiring mustache, and said, "Pick him off." Then he walked off and left me all alone.

If Zeus had landed on the pitcher's mound and issued the command, it would have had no greater effect. The chances of picking a man off third base are never good, and even worse in a close game, when everyone's paying attention. But this was Fitz talking, and I can still recall, 30 years later, the sensation he created in me. I didn't have words for it then, but I do now: I am about to show the world, and myself, what I can do.

At the time, this was a wholly novel thought for me. I'd spent the previous school year racking up C-minuses, picking fights with teachers and thinking up new ways to waste my time on earth. Worst of all, I had the most admirable, loving parents on whom I could plausibly blame nothing. What was wrong with me? I didn't know. To say I was confused would be to put it kindly; "inert" would be closer to the truth. In the three years before I met Coach Fitz, the only task for which I exhibited any enthusiasm was sneaking out of the house at 2 in the morning to rip hood ornaments off cars—you needed a hacksaw and two full nights to cut the winged medallion off a Bentley. Now this fantastically persuasive man was insisting, however improbably, that I might be some other kind of person. A hero.

The kid with the fuzz on his upper lip bounced crazily off third base, oblivious to the fact that he represented a new solution to an adolescent life crisis. I flipped the ball to the third baseman, and it was in his glove before the kid knew what happened. The kid just flopped around in the dirt as the third baseman applied the tag. I struck out the next guy, and we won the game. Afterward, Coach Fitz called us together for a brief sermon. Hot with rage at the coach with the rule book—the ballpark still felt as if it were about to explode—he told us all that there was a quality no one within five miles of this place even knew about, called "guts," which we all embodied. He threw me the game ball and said he'd never in all his life seen such courage on the pitcher's mound. He'd caught Catfish Hunter and Rollie Fingers and a lot of other big-league pitchers—but who were they?

A few weeks later, when school started again, I was told the headmaster wanted to see me in his office. I didn't need directions. (My most recent trip, a few months earlier, had come after I turned on an English teacher and asked, "Are you always so pleasant or is this just an especially good day for you?") But this time the headmaster had good news. Fitz had just spoken to him about me, he said. There might be hope after all.

But there wasn't, yet. I had thought the point of this whole episode was simple: winning is everything.

I confess that the current headmaster didn't clarify matters for me. Fitz had modified his behavior—he was, the headmaster agreed, mellowed than before—and yet his intensity was more loathed than ever. Anyway, his unmodified behavior is the reason his former players want to name the gym for him. The school had given me a list of every

player Fitz ever coached, most of whom I didn't know. I called up about 20 of them to ask them how they felt now about the experience. Their collective response could be fairly summarized in a sentence: Fitz changed my life. They all had Fitz stories, and it's worth hearing at least one of them, to get their general flavor. Here is Philip Skelding, a 30-year-old student at Harvard Medical School, who played basketball for Fitz:

"I wasn't a natural athlete—I had to work at it. It was my junior year—the first year we won the state championship and no one thought we'd be any good. We had just finished second in the John Ehret tournament. When we got back to the gym, Fitz was pretty quiet in his demeanor and jingling the coins in his pocket, as he always would. He had our runner-up trophy in his hand. 'You know what I think about second place?' he said. 'Here's what I think about second place.' And he slammed the trophy against the floor, and we all flinched and covered our eyes, because these tiny shattered pieces were flying all over the place. The little man from the top of the trophy landed in the lap of the guy next to me. I loved that moment. We took the little man and put him up on top of the air conditioner. We touched the little man on our way out of the locker room, before every game. Second place: yeah, that wasn't our goal, either.... I still think about Fitz. In moments when my own discipline is slipping, I will have flashbacks of him."

The more I looked into it, the more mysterious this new twist in Fitz's coaching career became. The parents never confronted Fitz directly. They did their work behind his back. The closest to a direct complaint that I could tease from the parents I spoke with came from a father of one of the team's better players. "You know about what Fitz did to Peyton Manning, don't you?" he said. Manning, now the quarterback of the Indianapolis Colts and most valuable player of the N.F.L. last season, played basketball and baseball at Newman for Fitz. Fitz, the story went, had benched Manning for skipping basketball practice, and Manning challenged him. They'd had words, maybe even come to blows, and Manning left the basketball team. And while he continued to play baseball for Fitz, their relationship was widely taken as proof, by those who sought it, that Fitz was out of control. "You ought to read Peyton's book," the disgruntled father says. "It's all in there."

And it is. Manning wrote his memoirs with his father, Archie, and understandably, they are mostly about football. But it isn't his high-school football coach that Manning dwells on: it's Fitz. He goes on for pages about his old baseball coach, and while he says nothing critical, he does indeed reveal what Fitz did to him:

"One of the things I had to learn growing up was toughness, because it doesn't seem to be something you can count on being born with. Dad...says he may have told me, 'Peyton, you have to stand up for this or that,' but the resolve that gets it done is something you probably have to appreciate first in others. Coach Fitz was a major source for mine, and I'm grateful."

Of course you should never trust a memoir. And so I called Peyton Manning, to make sure of his feelings. He might be one of the highest-paid players in pro football, but on the subject of Fitz, he has no sense of the value of his time. "As far as the respect and admiration I feel for the man," Manning said, "I couldn't put it into words. Just incredibly strong. Unlike some coaches for whom it's all about winning and losing—Coach Fitz was trying to make men out of people. I think he prepares you for life. And if you want my opinion, the people who are screwing up high-school sports are the parents. The parents who want their son to be the next Michael Jordan. Or the parent who beats up the coach or gets into a fight in the stands. Here's a coach who is so intense. Yet he's never laid a hand on anybody."

It was true. Fitz never laid a hand on anyone. He didn't need to. He had other ways of getting our attention.

It had been nine months since I'd established, to my satisfaction, my heroic qualities. I was now pitching for the varsity, and we had explicit training rules: no smoking, no drinking, no drugs, no staying out late.

We signed a contract saying as much, but Fitz had too much of a talent for melodrama to leave our commitment to baseball so cut and dried. There were the written rules; and there were the rules. Over Easter vacation, half of adolescent New Orleans decamped for the Florida beaches, where sex, along with a lot of other things, was unusually obtainable. Fitz forbade anyone who played for him from going to Florida and, to help them resist temptation, held early-morning practices every day. Once, he discovered that two of our players had driven the eight hours to Florida and back, in the dead of night, between morning practices. He herded us all into the locker room and said that while he couldn't prove his case, he knew that some of us had strayed from the path, and that he hoped the culprits got sand in an awkward spot where it would hurt for the rest of their lives.

Graduating from Babe Ruth to the varsity with only the slightest physical justification (I now resembled less a scoop of vanilla ice cream than a rounder hobbit) meant coping with an out-of-control hormonal arms race. A few of our players had sprouted sideburns, but their players retaliated by growing terrifying little goatees and showing up at games with wives and, on one shocking occasion, children. I still had no muscles and no facial hair, but I did have my own odor. I smelled, pretty much all the time, like Ben-Gay. I wore the stuff on my perpetually sore right shoulder and elbow. I wore it, also, on the bill of my cap, where Fitz had taught me to put it, to generate the grease for a spitball that might, just, compensate for my pathetic fastball. Everywhere I went that year I emitted a vaguely medicinal vapor, and it is the smell of Ben-Gay I associate with what happened next.

What happened next is that, during Mardi Gras break, I left New Orleans with my parents for a week of vacation. I had thought that if I was a baseball success—and I was becoming one—that was enough. But it wasn't; success, to Fitz, was a process. Life as he led it and expected us to lead it had less to do with trophies than with sacrifice in the name of some larger purpose: baseball. By missing a full week of practices over Mardi Gras, I had just violated some sacred but unwritten rule. Now I was back on the mound, a hunk of Ben-Gay drooping from the brim of my cap, struggling to relocate myself and my curveball. I didn't have the nerve to throw the spitter. I'd walked the first two batters I faced and was pitching nervously to the third.

Ball 2.

As I pitched I had an uneasy sensation—on bad days I can still feel it, like a bum knee—of having strayed from the Fitz Way. But I had no evidence of Fitz's displeasure; he hadn't said anything about the missed practices. Then his voice boomed out of our dugout.

"Where was Michael Lewis during Mardi Gras?"

I did my best not to look over, but out of the corner of my eye I could see him. He was pacing the dugout. I threw another pitch.

Ball 3.

"Everyone else was at practice. But where was Michael Lewis?"

I was now pitching with one eye on the catcher's mitt and the other on our dugout.

Ball 4.

The bases were now loaded. Another guy in need of a shave came to the plate.

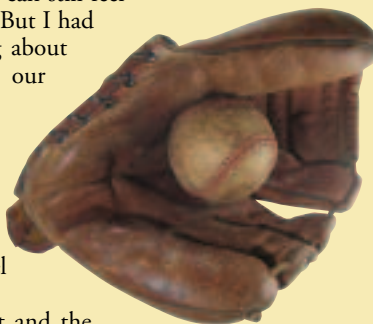
"I'll tell you where Michael Lewis was: skiing!"

Skiing, in 1976, for a 15-year-old New Orleanian, counted as an exotic activity. Being exposed as a vacation skier on a New Orleans baseball field in 1976 was as alarming as being accused of wearing silk underpants in a maximum-security prison. Then and there, on the crabgrass of Slidell, La., Coach Fitz packed into a word what he usually required an entire speech to say: privilege corrupts. It enabled you to do what money could buy instead of what duty demanded. You were always skiing. As a skier, you developed a conviction, buttressed by your parents' money, that life was meant to be easy. That when difficulty arose, you could just hire someone to deal with it. That nothing mattered so much that you should suffer for it.

But now, suddenly, something did matter so much that I should suffer for it: baseball. Or, more exactly, Fitz! The man was pouring his heart and soul into me and demanding in return only that I pour myself into the game. He'd earned the right to holler at me whatever he wanted to holler. I got set to throw another pitch in the general direction of the strike zone.

"Can someone please tell me why Michael Lewis thinks it's O.K. to leave town and go... and go...and go?..."

Please, don't say skiing, I recall thinking as the ball left my hand. Or, if you must say skiing, don't shout it. Just then, the batter hit a sharp one-hopper back to the mound. I raised my glove to start the face-saving double play at the plate, but with my ears straining to catch Fitz's every word. And then, abruptly, his shouting stopped.



The school had given me a list of every player Fitz ever coached, most of whom I didn't know. I called up about 20 of them to ask them how they felt now about the experience. Their collective response could be fairly summarized in a sentence: Fitz changed my life.

When I regained consciousness, I was on my back, blinking up at a hazy, not terribly remorseful Fitz. The baseball had broken my nose in five places. Oddly enough, I did not feel wronged. I felt, in an entirely new way, cared for. On the way to the hospital to get my nose fixed, I told my mother that the next time the family went skiing—or anyplace else, for that matter—they'd be going without me. After the doctor pieced my nose back together, he told me that if I still wanted to play baseball, I had to do it behind a mask. Grim as it all sounds, I don't believe I had ever been happier in my adolescent life. The rest of that season, when I walked out to the pitcher's mound, I resembled a rounder hobbit with a bird cage on his face; but I'd never been so filled with a sense of purpose. Immediately, I had a new taste for staying after baseball practice, for extra work. I became, in truth, something of a zealot, and it didn't take long to figure out how much better my life could be if I applied this new zeal acquired on a baseball field to the rest of it. It was as if this baseball coach had reached inside me, found a rusty switch marked Turn On Before Attempting to Use and flipped it.

Not long after that, the English teacher who had the misfortune also to experience me as a freshman held me after class to say that by some happy miracle, I was not recognizably the same human being I'd been a year earlier. What had happened? she asked. It was hard to explain.

I hadn't been to a Newman baseball game since I last played in one. On a sunny winter day this February, Fitz had arranged for his defending state champions to play a better team from a bigger school, 20 miles outside New Orleans. His hair had gone gray and he was carrying a few more pounds, but he retained his chief attribute: the room still felt pressurized simply because he was in it. "I definitely have a penchant for crossing the line," he said in his prison cell of an office before the game. "And some parents definitely think I'm out of control." The biggest visible change in his coaching life was a thicker veneer of professionalism. His players now had fancy batting cages, better weight rooms, the latest training techniques and scouting reports on opposing players. What they didn't have, most of them, was a meaningful relationship with their coach. "I can't get inside them anymore," he said. "They don't get it. But most kids don't get it."

By "it" he did not mean the importance of winning or even, exactly, of trying hard. What he meant was neatly captured on a sheet of paper he held in his hand, which he intended to photocopy and hand out to his players, as the keynote for one of his sermons. The paper contained a quote from Lou Piniella, the legendary baseball manager: HE WILL NEVER BE A TOUGH COMPETITOR. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO BE COMFORTABLE WITH BEING UNCOMFORTABLE. "It" was the importance of battling one's way through all the easy excuses life offers for giving up. Fitz had a gift for addressing this psychological problem, but he was no longer permitted to use it. "The trouble is," he said, "every time I try, the parents get in the way." About parents, he knew more than I ever imagined. Alcoholism, troubled marriages, overbearing fathers—he was disturbingly alert to problems in his players' home lives. (Did he know all this stuff about us?)

Fitz's office wasn't the office of a coach who wanted you to know of his success. There were no trophies or plaques, though he'd won enough of them to fill five offices. Other than a few old newspaper clips about his four children, now grown, there were few mementos. What he did keep was books—lots of them. He was always something of a closet intellectual, though I was barely aware of this other side of him. I remember: when I first met him, he taught eighth-grade science and had a degree in biology. There were other clues that, as easily as he could be typecast as the Intense Coach, he had other dimensions: he was a devoted father. His wife, Peggy, was so pretty she made us all blush, and more to the point, she didn't seem to be the slightest bit intimidated by her husband. He had friends who didn't bite, and he even made small talk. Away from the game he had the ease and detachment of an aristocrat. But as a boy, I paid no attention to how he was away from the game. All I knew was that he cared about the way

we played a game in a way we'd never seen anyone care about anything. All I wanted from him was his intensity.

"What really happened in your fight with Pete Maravich?" I asked him.

And he laughed. He never beat up Pete Maravich. (The truly brave thing he did was ask his Tulane coach for the job of guarding Maravich.) And though he did appear with Maravich on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*, he was guarding him, not throttling him. He never chased around after Rusty Staub either. Why would he be chasing Rusty Staub? he wondered. They'd gone to the same high school, though not at the same time; Staub was a senior when he was in the eighth grade. He never walked home after his high-school team lost—they seldom lost—though he had once, at Tulane. ("I got to the parish line and thought, hmm, is this really a good idea?") So where did they come from, these stories we told one another? They came from the imaginations of 14-year-old boys, in search of something even well-to-do parents couldn't provide.

In the corner of his office lay, haphazardly, an old stack of inspirational signs, hung by Fitz in the boys' locker room and removed for the current renovation—the one that will leave the gym named for him. I picked one up and brushed the dust away: "What is to give light must endure burning. —Viktor Frankl."

He laughed. "I don't think we'll be putting that one back up."

Later, at the ballpark, a few of the fathers who had complained about Fitz clustered behind home plate. On the other end of the otherwise empty bleachers sat another man. His name was Stan Bleich, and he was a cardiologist who had grown up in Brooklyn. Both details were significant. He wasn't, like a lot of the dads, a lawyer. And he'd lived in New Orleans only 20 years, so by local standards he was an arriviste, an outsider. "I've had three kids go through Newma—I have 39 school years of Newman parent life," he said. "And I've never once called the headmaster."

That changed last summer. One of the fathers, upset about Fitz's speech to his son, called Stan to encourage him to join the group and file a formal complaint. Instead, Stan went to see the headmaster and make the case for the defense. "The story had gotten so exaggerated," he told me. "One parent said, 'Fitz called my kid fat.' But all Fitz said to that kid was, 'You promised me you'd lose 15 pounds, and you gained 10.'" Bleich said the parents told the headmaster that because of Fitz, the kids left with a bad taste in their mouths. "I said: 'Wait a minute, shouldn't they leave with a bad taste in their mouths? They skipped practice. They didn't try.' The game when Fitz missed his grandson's christening, three of the kids took off for Paris." Stan said Fitz reminded him of a college professor he had—and was grateful that he had. "Ninety percent was not an A. One hundred percent was an A. Ninety percent was an F." He motioned to the group of fathers on the other end of the bleachers. "A couple of those guys won't talk to me," he said, "because I defended Fitz. But what can I do? My goal in life is not for my son to play college ball. Fitz has made my kid a better person, not just a better athlete. He's taught him that if he works at it, anything he wants, it's there for him."

What was odd about this little speech, as the game began, it became glaringly apparent was that Stan Bleich's son was far and away the team's best player. At last count more than 40 colleges were recruiting Jeremy Bleich to play baseball for them and he was still only a junior. The question wasn't whether he would be able to play Division I college ball; the question was would he skip college to sign with the Yankees out of high school? He was a 16-year-old left-handed pitcher with a decent fastball, great command, a big-league change-up and charm to burn. He had no obvious baseball social deformity, other than his love for his coach, but that fact alone, it seemed, alienated him from his teammates. Someone had recently pelted the Bleich home with eggs. The older kids on the team poked fun at Jeremy but, in keeping with the spirit of their insurrection, never directly. "I've never had anyone say anything to my face," Jeremy told me later. "It's all behind my back. Like, last year, they started calling me 'J. Fitz.' I'm 15

years old and the seniors are making fun of me. I had no idea how to deal with it. They don't like me because I work hard? Because I care about it? I'm like, I can't change that." He never knows exactly what the other players might be saying about him, but he knows what they say about Fitz: "They think his intensity is ridiculous." And maybe they do. Of course, one fringe benefit of laughing at intensity is that it enables you to ignore the claims that a new kind of seriousness makes upon you.

An invisible line ran from the parents' desire to minimize their children's discomfort to the choices the children make in their lives. A week after my trip to New Orleans, two days before the start of the 2004 regular season, eight players were caught drinking. All but one of them—two team captains, two members of the school's honor committee—lied about it before eventually confessing. After he handed out the obligatory school-sanctioned two-week suspensions to the eight players, Fitz gathered the entire team for a sharp little talk. Not two days before, he had the patience for a long sermon about the dangers of getting a little too good at displacing responsibility. ("You're gonna lose. You're gonna have someone else to blame for it. But you're gonna lose. Is that what you want?") Now he had the patience only for a vivid threat: "I'm going to run you until you hate me." The first phone call, a few hours later, came from the mother of the third baseman, who said her son had drunk only "one sip of a daiquiri" and so shouldn't be made to run. She was followed by another father who wanted to know why his son, the second baseman, wasn't starting at shortstop instead. There was always a question about whether Fitz controlled his temper, or his temper controlled him, or even if it mattered. In any case, the summer of 1976 was especially uncomfortable. Fitz had entered us in a new league, with the bigger, Catholic schools. Defeat followed listless defeat until one night we lost by some truly spectacular score. Twice at the end of the game Fitz shouted at our baserunners to slide, and perhaps not seeing the point when down by 15-2 in getting scraped or even dirty, they went in standing up. Afterward, at 11 o'clock or so, we piled off the bus and into the gym. Before we could undress, Fitz said, "We're going out back." Out back of the gym was a surprisingly low-budget version of a playing field. The dirt was packed as hard as asphalt and speckled with shell shards, glass, bottle caps and God knows what else. Fitz lined us up behind first base and explained we were going to practice running to third. When we got there, we were to slide headfirst into the base. This, he said, would teach us to get down when he said to get down. Then he vanished into the darkness.

A few moments later we heard his voice, from the general vicinity of third base. One by one, our players took off. In the beginning, there was some grumbling, but before long the only sound was of Fitz spotting a boy coming at him out of the darkness, shouting, "Hit it!"

Over and again we circled the bases, finishing with a headfirst slide onto, in effect, concrete. We ran and slid on that evil field until we bled and gasped for breath. The boy in front of me, a sophomore new to Fitz, began to cry. Finally, Fitz decided we'd had enough and ordered us inside. Back in the light we marveled at the evening's most visible consequence: ripped, muddy and bloody uniforms. We undressed and began to throw them into the laundry baskets—until Fitz stopped us. "We're not washing them," he said. "Not until we win."

Well, we were never going to win. We were out of our league. For the next few weeks—seven games—we wore increasingly foul and bloody and torn uniforms. We lost our ability to see our own filth; our appearance could be measured only by its effect on others. In that small community of people who cared about high-school baseball, word spread of this team that never bathed. People came to the ballpark just to see us get off the bus. Opposing teams, at first amused, became alarmed and then, I thought, just a tiny bit scared. You could see it in their eyes, the universal fear of the lunatic. Heh, heh, heh, those eyes said nervously, this is just a game, right? The guys on the other teams came to the ballpark to play baseball—at which they just happened to be naturally superior. They played with one eye on the bar or the beach they were off to after the game. We alone were on this hellish quest for self-improvement.

After each loss we rode the bus back to the gym in silence. When we arrived, Fitz gave another of his sermons. They were always a little different, but they never strayed far from a general theme: What It Means to Be a Man. What it meant to be a man was that you struggled against your natural instinct to run away from adversity. You battled. "You go to war with me, and I'll go to war with you," he loved to say. "Jump on my back." The effect of his words on the male adolescent mind was greatly enhanced by their delivery. It's funny that after all these years I can recall only snippets of what Fitz said, but I can recall, in slow motion, everything he broke. There was the orange water cooler, cracked with a single swing

continued on page 32



But we never discussed Fitz's accomplishments. We were far more interested in his intensity. We heard that when he was in high school, when his team lost, Fitz refused to board the bus; he walked, in his catcher's gear, from the ballpark at one end of New Orleans to his home at the other.



Cristadoro

BG (Ret.) Maurice A. Cristadoro Jr. '36 is one of six “trailblazers” who was inducted August 24 into the Air Force Space and Missile Pioneers Hall of Fame for their significant accomplishments in the advancement of space and missile programs in the Air Force. “You blazed the trail for our space and missile enterprise,” said Lt. General Frank Klotz, AFSPC vice commander, who presided over the ceremony. “You risked careers, friendships and sometimes even your lives. Your tremendous contributions are the stuff of legends.” Brigadier General Cristadoro was a pioneer in the development of the Air Force’s intercontinental ballistic missile programs. In 1956, he joined Western Development Division, where in March 1958, he became director of the Atlas ICBM program. He was responsible for all aspects of Atlas acquisition, which had the highest national priority at that time. He was among a very small group of individuals intimately involved with the highly secretive preparations for using an Atlas booster to launch the world’s first communications satellite. General Cristadoro later oversaw all matters associated with Air Force Systems Command’s role in ballistic-missile acquisition.

The Caswell Brothers—Erwin '51 evacuated to Tyler, TX, due to Katrina but eventually returned to his Metairie home with mostly floor and roof damage. **Mike '53** now lives in Liberty, TX, after his house near the 17th Street Canal was destroyed by flood waters. **Bob '60** still lives in Lakehills, TX, near San Antonio.

Albert Robert Boelte, Jr. '55 retired from Memphis University School in June of 2003 after serving there for 34 years as a guidance counselor. Bob spent his next year building a college guidance program at the new St. George’s Independent High School in Collierville, Tennessee. Now Bob is retired again but remains a college guidance consultant for the school.

John Becker '57, and his wife Mary Jane, received the *Pope John Paul II Award* presented by the Catholic Foundation of the Archdiocese of New Orleans at its annual dinner in October. John and Mary Jane were recognized as “active volunteers in religious, philanthropic, and civic organizations throughout their lives demonstrating devotion to their faith and their community.” Both have been active members of the Jesuit High School community, serving on various boards and committees during and after their sons’ years at the school. The award recognizes the stewardship exhibited by Catholic laypersons of high moral character and exemplary values, who have rendered unselfish volunteer service to the institutions and programs of the Archdiocese of New Orleans.



Bonck

Ronnie Bonck '59 remains active in the entertainment industry. In addition to playing piano at the Diamondhead Country Club in Mississippi, Ronnie has had roles in the recent movies *Déjà Vu* with Denzel Washington and *Deal with Burt Reynolds*.

Jack DuArte '59 has published a novel, *The Resistance*, a World War II novel set in France.

Tom Bonner '60 is the Kellogg Endowed Professor of English at Xavier University in New Orleans. Tom continues as the executive editor of the *Xavier Review*, now in its 25th year of publication.

Earl Retif '60 now serves as vice president of enrollment management for Tulane University. He continues as university registrar as well. “I’m looking to bring more Blue Jays over to the Green Wave,” says Earl. Also,

Earl contributed a chapter to a recent publication titled *Printmaking in New Orleans*, published for The Historic New Orleans Collection by the University of Mississippi Press.

Robert S. Rudolph III '62 has been retired now for 14 years after 30 years in the oil industry. Robert lives in Seffner, Florida where he practices a life-long hobby—painting.



Simno

George Simno III '65, and his wife Claire, are the recipients of Loyola University’s *Adjutor Hominum* award for 2005-2006. The accolade is given to Loyola alumni whose lives exemplify service, integrity, and moral character. George, who earned undergraduate and law degrees at Loyola, is general counsel for the Sewerage & Water Board and has been a lawyer in the city attorney’s office and a temporary judge in First City Court. He has a master’s degree in law and, along with Claire, will receive a doctorate

in urban and public affairs at UNO. Claire, has owned convention-planning and gift-basket businesses and established the Urban and Public Affairs Research Group, a research consulting company. The Simnos were very active volunteers at Jesuit during their sons’ years at the school.

Jason Berry '67 has published his first novel, *Last of the Red Hot Poppas*, a comic story of Louisiana politics. Since graduating from Georgetown in 1971, Jason has enjoyed a successful career in journalism, earning Guggenheim and Alicia Patterson fellowships. His non-fiction work includes *Lead Us Not Into Temptation* (1992), *Up From the Cradle of Jazz* (1986), and *Vows of Silence* (2004). His play, *Earl Long in Purgatory*, won a 2002 Big Easy Award for best original work of theater.

James LeBlanc '67, president and CEO of the Volunteers of America of Greater New Orleans local office, was named a 2006 Executive of the Year by *The Non-Profit Times*. “It was a real honor to be named Executive of the Year in *The Non-Profit Times*,” Jim says. “I, on behalf of Volunteers of America, represent our employees who have worked so hard to live out our mission each and every day. Despite the personal obstacles and losses they have all incurred due to Hurricane Katrina, they have continued to move forward reaching and uplifting the many people in need here in New Orleans.”

Stephen Villavaso '67 has been appointed to the New Orleans citywide planning team. Stephen is a UNO adjunct professor and president of the Louisiana chapter of the American Planning Association. His firm, Villavaso & Associates, was selected to build the citywide infrastructure plan. “We are the team that will fold all the neighborhood plans into districts and knit all the districts together into one city-wide plan,” says Stephen.

Cliff Hurndon '71 and his family now reside in Auburndale, FL. Cliff was invited to participate in the start-up of a masters degree program in Christian Counseling at Southeastern University in Lakeland, FL, a private Christian school of approximately 2,600 students. Cliff’s wife is an admissions counselor at the university, and their twin daughters are freshmen there. “It is an exciting new place the Lord has led us for this time in life,” he writes. “I am challenged to share from my 27 years in clinical psychology practice with a new generation of practitioners in training. What a privilege it is at this stage in my career to be able to pass on some experience in integrating Christianity and psychology as the Lord has led me over the years. Please pray for us as we begin this new venture.”

Richard Deichmann '75, M.D., former chief of medicine at Memorial Medical Center in New Orleans, has chronicled his experiences at the hospital during Katrina in his book *Code Blue: A Katrina Physician's Memoir*. Richard, who is a clinical professor of medicine at Tulane Medical Center, tells the inside story of the hellish nightmare that occurred at old "Baptist" Hospital. At Memorial, Richard orchestrated the evacuation of the hospital amidst a rapidly deteriorating state of affairs. He will be the guest speaker at this year's Commencement Luncheon on May 4, 2007.

Jerry Ward '76; his wife, Maria and their children, Jason (8) and Ani (4), now live in Coppell, TX, a suburb of Dallas. Jerry is back working for Canon USA in the Professional Products Marketing Division—Cameras, in the same division that he worked for in Chicago in the late 1980s. Jerry says that working for the huge market share leader in the professional photography world makes his job fun, interesting, and exciting. "It is quite a refreshing change and challenge after a 17-plus year career as a staff photographer at Tulane and as a freelance photographer," writes Jerry. Check out Jerry's website at www.jerrywardphoto.com

Frank Talluto '78 recently left his 20-year banking career to join the Foreign Service, basically the Diplomatic Corps of the U.S. State Department. As luck would have it, Frank came across another Blue Jay in his Foreign Service orientation class, **Kevin Rosier '00**. "It is fun to brag that he and I went to the same high school, albeit 22 years apart!" writes Frank. Kevin has been assigned to Chiang Mai, Thailand, and will ship out in the spring after language training. Frank has been assigned as vice consul in Chennai, India, and will ship out in the summer. Adds Frank, "Needless to say, for an old guy like me, it seems a little daunting! However, Kevin and I are both very proud to carry on the Blue Jay spirit of service to our country."

Vince Liberto '83 has joined J.S. Paluch Co., Inc. as a special parish consultant responsible for the procurement and distribution of missalettes, hymnals, bulletins, and worship aids for churches in the three-state area of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama.

Thomas J. McMahon, Jr. '83 was named president and CEO of Eustis Insurance & Benefits.

Louis Dupaquier '84 has taken a position as a technical recruiter with a small recruiting firm in Mandeville, where he and his family reside. Louis's firm specializes in placing engineers in strategic positions with well-known companies.

Tommy Fonseca '84 is president of the Fore!Kids Foundation, which produces the PGA Tour's Zurich Classic of New Orleans. Through the Classic and other programs, the Foundation is a significant source of financial support for children's services in the New Orleans area. As president, Tommy will oversee all operations of the Foundation and the Classic. Tommy worked for the organization for the past 15 years as a volunteer and an executive board member. Before his appointment, Tommy spent the past six years as vice-president and Baton Rouge regional manager of Whitney National Bank. The Foundation's past board chairman **Mike Rodrigue '71** said Fonseca's leadership skills stood out. "We were looking for some strong leadership and management skills," Mike said. "We were aware of his leadership skills and his work ethic. He showed the last 15 years working at the golf tournament that he leads by example, and when something needed to be done he'd get out there and do it." Another Blue Jay, **Bill Reinhardt '62**, serves as the Foundation's board chairman.



Fonseca

Dave Brinks '85 continues as a strong force in the New Orleans poetry scene. Dave's 17 Poets! Reading Series at his Gold Mine Saloon in the French Quarter may very well be the epicenter of New Orleans's poetry universe. Since its inception just under three years ago, 17 Poets! has attracted national attention, most notably from PBS's *The News Hour with Jim Lehrer* and National Public Radio. In November at a gala to raise funds to help writers secure affordable housing, the Louisiana Writers Foundation, in cooperation with Habitat for Humanity, honored Dave along with local and state literary icons Brenda Marie Osbey, Ernest Gaines, Andrei Codrescu, and Chris Rose.

Tracey Freeman '85 and **Harry Connick, Jr. '85** were up for a Grammy for their production work on Harry's *The Pajama Game*, nominated in the Best Musical Show Album category.

Jorge Bravo '86 completed his Ph.D. in Ancient History and Mediterranean Archaeology last spring at the University of California at Berkeley. He is now a visiting assistant professor in classical languages at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota.

Jeff Brooks '86 is the partner in charge of the Washington D.C. office and the special business services practice group leader for Adams and Reese. Jeff, his wife Lisa, and their children, Tyler, McKenzie, and Logan, live in Alexandria, Virginia.

Jim McCormick '86 recently signed a publishing contract with Warner/Chappell, a major country-music publishing company. Trisha Yearwood and Randy Travis recently recorded Jim's compositions, and Tim McGraw performed Jim's "Louisiana" at the New Orleans Arena in July.



Denny North '86 is in the 2007 *Guinness Book of World Records*. Really. Denny constructed the world's largest chess set. In the midst of an exterior landscaping venture, a light bulb went off in Denny's mind. He thought that installing huge chess sets would be more fun than cutting grass. So he located Peter Shikli of MegaChess, challenged him to a game of chess on the world's largest board with the world's largest pieces (that they constructed), won the match, and became "chess funding advisor" for First Big

North

Move, the MegaChess solution to school budget concerns. The idea is to provide funding for chess programs in schools and other worthy organizations. Denny recently visited Jesuit and donated a copy of the *Guinness* book with his achievement listed. Denny says, "As a beneficiary of Jesuit's chess program, I want to inspire more kids to take up the mentally stimulating game." By the way, the board measures 17.4 feet on each side, and the king is 47 inches tall.

John Sabatier '86 still lives in Clearwater, Florida. He and his wife of 12 years, Jennifer Burch, have a son, Ferris Isador, 4. John was recently promoted to senior vice-president for Bank of America's Community Development Corporation. He gets home to New Orleans at least every other month and hopes to return permanently some day. "We miss the culture, our family, and friends, but for now the beach and palm trees are a good pacifier," he writes.

Jim Fitzmorris '87 has been recognized as one of *Gambit Weekly's* "40 Under 40." Each year *Gambit* honors a group of New Orleanians for "the contributions they have made to the city and the promise their career and community-minded paths hold for the future." Jim is a playwright and a

professor in Tulane's theater department. He received his Ph.D. from the University of Washington in 2004 and his MFA in playwriting from the University of Alabama in 2000. His plays have included *The Visitation*, *With Malice for All*, and *The Last Madam*, a stage adaptation of Christine Wiltz's nonfiction book. In much of his work, Jim pays tribute to his beloved New Orleans neighborhood of Lakeview.

Philip La Nasa '87, in addition to maintaining an active collection law practice, is a real estate agent with Burk Brokerage helping clients buy and sell real estate in the New Orleans metropolitan area. (See Bib List for a birth announcement.)

Brian Kirn '88 ran into classmate **Steven Morgan '88** and his wife Shannon at a conference in New York City in October. Then while viewing an LSU game at a popular pub in the Big Apple, he ran into fellow Blue Jays **Pete Massett '88** and **James Nelson '85**. Pete still reminisces about the Jays' 46-22 victory over Holy Cross in the fall of '87. Small world.



Livaudais

Tru Livaudais '90 recently accepted a position at the University of Alabama as the coordinator of the Capstone Engineering Society. He is in charge of the College of Engineering's Annual Fund and is the planner for several other fundraising-related events. Tru is pictured at the University of Alabama's Homecoming weekend with his wife Bridget, and their children, Sophie, Tru, and infant daughter Mia.

Maj. Brandon C. Gregoire, USMC '91 recently received a Joint Service Commendation Medal from the United States Central Command for activities conducted in Baghdad last year. Maj. Gregoire, a 10-year active duty member in the Marines, is a veteran of three military campaigns and was promoted to the rank of major in November.

Maj. Craig Himel, USMC '91 has received his exit orders to leave Iraq. This June, Craig, his wife Julie, their daughters Hannah (3), and infant Natalie, will move to Twentynine Palms, California. There Craig will meet Natalie for the first time. She was born while he was deployed in

Iraq. Craig was promoted to the rank of major in February.

Dart Fee '92 graduated from Tulane's Executive MBA program just two weeks prior to Katrina. His home sustained minor flooding, but the company Dart worked for closed. Then came an exciting career opportunity with one of the world's largest financial institutions, but he had to relocate to Monterey, California. Dart, his wife Caroline Kuebel Fee, and their 2 year-old son Dart are adjusting to a different West Coast lifestyle. "We are very happy, yet our hearts are still in New Orleans," reports Dart. "We have a guest room so visitors are always welcome but put your reservations in early as we have had a steady stream of Katrina victims looking for a bit of mold-free air, golf, and sun."

Maj. David C. Stringer, USAF, '92 recently ended a three and a half year assignment at Langley Air Force Base in Hampton, Virginia. The final five months was spent deployed to Al Udeid Air Base, Qatar, at the USAF's Combined Air Ops Center for the CENTCOM theater, where he supported Unmanned Aerial Vehicle surveillance operations over Iraq and Afghanistan. Upon returning to the U.S. in June '06, Dave was reassigned

to Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Alabama, to work on staff for the commander of Air University, an organization that oversees about a dozen USAF schools. These various schools are responsible for recruiting, training, and educating our officer and NCO corps.

David Barberot '93 is a financial consultant with the FTI Consulting group, based out of the Charlotte, NC office. (See Bib List for a birth announcement.)

Donald Meyn, Jr. '93 graduated from the LSU School of Medicine in 2003 and recently completed his residency in pediatrics at the University of Alabama at Birmingham. Currently, he is enrolled in a fellowship program with the Department of Neonatology at UAB. Donald is married to Morgan C. Porterfield of Baton Rouge.



Landry

Brian Landry '94, all of 30 years of age, is the executive chef at Galatoire's, overseeing the kitchens of both the New Orleans and the Baton Rouge restaurants. A graduate of the University of Alabama and the Johnson & Wales Culinary School in Charleston, SC, Brian has put in stints at Ralph's on the Park, Rene Bistro, and both Red Eye Grills. Galatoire's general manager Melvin Rodrigue says, "What makes it possible for Brian to oversee both restaurants are his phenomenal organizational skills."

Kurt Buchert '95 and **Gray Stoulig '95** have started GreenBean Foam Insulation LLC, a spray-foam insulation company. They hope to help New Orleans lead the nation in energy-efficient, green building techniques. The company's headquarters are located in Mid-City, just blocks from Jesuit. Kurt and Gray hope to expand into the Gulf Coast and Texas regions.

Jon Kowalski '95 has a wild and whacky TV show on the Manhattan Neighborhood Network. In addition to Jon, "The Colors Project" cast includes his brother **Chris Kowalski '90** and **Jonathan Drury '99**. Making special appearances are **Hunter Higgins '90**, **Bryan Spitzfaden '95**, **Jacques Dufour '91**, and **Rene Dufour '89**.

Jay Thibodaux '95 graduated with honors from the Seton Hall University School of Law in May 2005. While in school, he was a member of the *Sports and Entertainment Law Journal*. After he passed both the New Jersey and the New York bar examinations, he worked a year-long clerkship in the New Jersey Superior Court-Appellate Division. Jay is now in private practice in the litigation department of the Morristown, NJ office of Coughlin Duffy LLP.

1st Lt. Stephen DeTrinis, USMC '97 has been on active duty since 2001. Stephen recently spent the past several months preparing his troops for another deployment to Iraq. He welcomes correspondence via email—steved0302@yahoo.com.

Kirk Gagnon '98 continues to flourish on the national stage as an actor and dancer. After touring the United States and abroad with several prominent dance troupes, Kirk returned to New Orleans this fall to star in the '60s rock musical *Hair* at uptown's Fine Arts Center. He was also co-choreographer of the show. After graduating from Jesuit, Kirk attended Broadway dancer-choreographer Ann Reinking's famous Broadway Theatre Project in Tampa, FL. Then he was off on a dance scholarship as a dance major at Marymount Manhattan College. He became a member of the MMC Dance company, the Martha Graham Dance Ensemble, and the American Dance Company. Kirk is also involved in a Las Vegas club production.

Gerard M.B. Gibson '99 was working in the technology department at

LET US KNOW ...

WHERE Y'AT, MAN?

You enjoy reading about fellow Blue Jay alumni. They enjoy reading about you.

Take a couple of minutes to tell them WHERE Y'AT, MAN?!

Mail to *Jaynotes*, Alumni Office, Jesuit High School, 4133 Banks St., New Orleans, LA 70119 or e-mail to alumni@jesuitnola.org. We welcome digital photos of at least 750KB resolution, but please send only a couple of your best shots.

Name _____

Class _____

Phone (day) _____

Phone (evening) _____

FAX _____

E-mail _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Ochsner before Hurricane Katrina and returned there the Thursday after the storm to restore the hospital's computer services. At Oschner, Gerard lived in an exam room for about a month. In October, he accepted a position with a consulting firm in New York City and moved to Manhattan. He is enjoying his career change and exploring the Big Apple.

Danny Riehm '00 continues to multi-task in his career. Danny works with Wally Pontiff in the insurance business and coaches the 17-19-year-old New Orleans Spice baseball team. Last summer Danny's N.O. Spice compiled a 39-10 record and captured the Dizzy Dean state and national championships. Of course, Blue Jays who listen to the radio broadcasts of Jesuit's football games, know Riehm as the "voice of the Jays."

Carl Schaubhut '00 is a sous-chef at Fire, a restaurant in the lower Warehouse District. Carl can also be found honing his culinary skills under the Poydras Avenue down-ramp before Saints home games.

Kevin Duffy '02 graduated magna cum laude from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy on June 19, 2006. President George W. Bush presented Kevin his diploma. He was commissioned an ensign in the U.S. Navy Reserve. He also received his Third Mates license from the U.S. Coast Guard. Kevin also received the National Cargo Bureau's *Capt. Sammis Award* given to the Midshipman who displays outstanding achievements both academically and operationally. He also received the *Propeller Club of the United States Award* as the Midshipman with the highest cumulative average and for outstanding service to the Academy. He was awarded the gold star which indicates that he had achieved the highest honors on the



Duffy

Dean's List for four years. He also was listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges*.

James Ryan '02 graduated from the Army ROTC Leader Development and Assessment Course, also known as "Operation Warrior Forge," at Fort Lewis, Tacoma, WA.

Brad Borne '03 was featured in a *Wall Street Journal* article as one of the "Moguls of New Media." Brad creates video games for computer websites such as Newgrounds.com and Atom Entertainment's AddictingGames.com.

His first project that brought him attention in the video game world was *Fancy Pants Adventure*, which Atom Entertainment noted has been played 1.5 million times as of July 2006. Brad is a senior psychology major at Spring Hill College in Mobile, AL.

Trey Miranne '04, a cadet at West Point, eventually became the starting center on Army's football team. Given a chance to start in a game because of an eligibility question with the starting center, Trey made the most of his opportunity. Army Coach Bobby Ross says, "Trey's story is something to tell our other kids about, especially the walk-ons. It makes a great lesson about being willing to stick it out."

Please help Jesuit High School keep its alumni records accurate by sending us your current contact information—name, date of graduation, address, phone numbers, where you work and what you do. It is important that we hear from you because several hundred alumni were displaced by Hurricane Katrina and remain lost in Jesuit's database.

Jesuit encourages alumni to make a contribution to the LEF or the Katrina Restoration Fund, or both. No contribution is too small and your gift to Jesuit will help the school in many ways. Please send your check (and change of address form if required) in the envelope that can be found in this issue of *Jaynotes*.

Donate online:
www.jesuitnola.org and click on Jayson in the upper left corner.



The Blessings of Normalcy and Teachers

As I write this article, we are just finishing the first semester of 2006-2007 and are settling into catching our collective breaths as we begin the holidays in earnest. This past fall semester already has brought us many blessings in the academic, athletic, and artistic realms. But perhaps the most welcomed blessing has been an academic

year free from the chaos we all faced last year, especially last fall when we literally were still reeling from the turmoil of the storm. I am sure I speak for us all in saying we now have a deeper appreciation for what really matters in our lives; namely, nurturing those relationships we have with others.

As the Jesuit faculty members convened back in August to prepare for the opening of school, they examined how they themselves might be able to promote the relationships they have with students, parents, and colleagues. This preparation culminated on August 16 when all faculty members participated in an all day in-service. The main topic of the in-service was the Profile of the Jesuit High School Teacher. In most respects, this profile mirrors the "Profile of the Jesuit High School Graduate at Graduation." We believe that when a Jesuit student walks across the stage at graduation, he should be well on his way to being "religious, open to growth, intellectually competent, loving, and committed to justice." In the same way, we believe that for a Jesuit faculty member to maximize his/her effectiveness with students, parents, and colleagues, he/she must exhibit these same characteristics.

The August 16 in-service day had been a "work-in-progress" for the last three-four years. Back in 2002, the faculty came together to brainstorm about what they considered to be the main characteristics of the Jesuit High School teacher. Since 2002, the Ignatian Identity Team had been distilling the material produced by this brainstorming process and had planned for an

in-service day in October of 2005; but the storm's disruption of the 2005-2006 academic year prevented that date.

The Ignatian Identity Team chose the new date and put the finishing touches on what they hoped would be a great way to launch the faculty into the new school year. The day ultimately consisted of a prayer service, a series of videos, alumni testimonials, large and small group discussions, a Mass, and goal setting by individual faculty members. As a finishing touch to the day, the Ignatian Identity Team presented every faculty member with a booklet containing the characteristics of the profile in expanded form.

The in-service day accomplished its twofold purpose. First, the day reminded the faculty about the wonderful privilege they have in molding our students into young men of faith and men for others. And second, the day motivated the faculty to grow themselves in competence, conscience, and compassion so that they are able to be role models for our students, so that they are able to "walk the talk."
—Mike Giambelluca '82

New Teachers...



At the beginning of the 2006-07 school year, Jesuit welcomed 20 new faculty members: Bottom row, from left to right: Gary Wyss (English), Mr. Jay Hooks, S.J. (Spanish), Kenny Goodlett, Jr. (social studies, baseball, football), David Brewerton (P.E., wrestling, football), Melissa Blancaneaux (Spanish), Deborah MacInnes (classics), Allison Stinchcomb (math), Erika Tkach (science), Jo Ann Schexnayder (math), Sean Higgins '92 (college counselor), Ryan Landry (athletic trainer), Jason Tucker (social studies, football). Standing on the steps, from left, are: Patrick Dulaney (theology, football, golf), Sid Edwards (P.E., head football coach), Gregory Dorman (social studies, wrestling), J.R. Piseno (MCJROTC), Chris LaMothe (theology, football, head track coach), Justin Zabrecky '99 (science, speech), and Carlos Bertot III '86 (P.E., head wrestling coach). Not pictured is Ricky Williams (math, football, strength coach). Coaches Brewerton and Edwards left the school at mid-semester. Wayne Keiser '78 was brought in as head football coach (see page 28).

32 Blue Jays Named National Merit Semi-finalists



The National Merit Semi-finalists from the Class of 2007

The National Merit Scholarship Corporation recognized 32 seniors from Jesuit High School

as semi-finalists in the annual Merit Scholarship Competition. Also, Jesuit had one National Achievement Semi-finalist and one National Hispanic Scholar. No other high school in Louisiana boasted as many semi-finalists as these 32 seniors from the Class of 2007.

This year's selection index was 209. However, our honorees from the Class of 2007 had a mean score of 222, a reflection of the academic excellence for which Jesuit is renowned.

Pictured above are: (front row, from left) Ian Gunn, Spencer LeBlanc, Philip Sampognaro, Santi Rodriguez, Ken Ehrhardt, Jr., Andrew Tessier, Jr., Grant Hunter, and Mohsin Pasha; (second row) Tony Thomas, Charles Woessner, Michael Collins, Scott Grant, Trevor Jackson, Patrick Vocke, and Charles Babbitt; (third row) Joseph Giaimo, Casey McMann, Kyle Bradford, Casey Coleman, Yawara Ng, and Paul Prados; (back row) Sean Alphonso, David Myers, Charles Talley, Alejandro Molina, Robert D'Angelo, Stephen Winker, George Angelico, Kyle Lutkewitte, Sean Grand, and Alex Faust. Not pictured are: Ryan Roussel and Nicholas Knowles. ■

Jesuit's Latin Program Leads the Nation...Again!



Just as it did last year, Jesuit's AP Latin program yielded the highest results in the nation. In his letter announcing the school's achievement, Trevor Packer, executive director of the Advanced Placement Program, tells the Jesuit community, "Congratulations on your school's achievement in leading the nation in

one or more areas of Advanced Placement Program participation and performance." Congratulations to Jesuit classics teachers Mitch Chapoton '87 and Clayton Acy '92, and AP teachers Joe Knight (pictured above) and Christian Higgins '00. ■

On August 16, 2006, Jesuit's faculty met to focus on a new document, *The Profile of the Teacher at Jesuit High School in New Orleans*. One characteristic of the teacher at Jesuit is that he or she is professional. To vivify this trait at the in-service, alumni director Mat Grau conducted a live interview with **Paul Frederick**, Jesuit's senior faculty member, who last school year celebrated 50 years of service to the school. In this interview, Paul takes us through the years and provides us with a behind-the-scenes look at several important changes and milestones in the school's history.

Jaynotes: So, Paul, what kind of guy was Fr. Maisounabe, the school's founder?

Paul Frederick: (laughing) I'm old, but not that old.

Jaynotes: Since the focus of this session is professionalism, what's your take on the professional teacher at Jesuit High School?

Paul Frederick: Professionalism is a commitment to foster the mission of Jesuit High School. All the extracurricular and curricular activities are designed to be means to attain the end of that mission. The focus is not on the subject matter, not on what we're doing in the extracurricular activities, but on the student. The professional teacher has the intention of helping the student to develop, to grow, to be an independent person who will be competent in his studies and prepared to continue his studies beyond high school. He should be able to recognize and choose what is right, what is morally correct, and, above all, he should be able to care about and serve others. That's my take on professionalism.

Jaynotes: You started in the middle of the 1955-56 school year. How did you come to be a teacher at Jesuit High School?

PF: I was working for the Plaquemine Parish School Board. A friend of mine had just gotten a position at Jesuit teaching French. He told me about a vacancy. I came and I interviewed with Fr. Claude Stallworth, the principal, and we had a nice little chat. He was very friendly, very calm, very trusting. I was very concerned that I would be replaced at the end of the semester with a Jesuit and be without a job, so I asked him about my future at Jesuit. He said, "If you're a good teacher, we'll make room for you." On my first day, I went to the registrar's office and I received my English books, Latin books, schedule, key, and list of students. That was it. No contract, no talk about Jesuit education, absolutely nothing. I was on my own.

Jaynotes: I understand you replaced a Jesuit with a very familiar name.

PF: That's a misunderstanding. I went to my first class, walked in, wrote my name on the board, "Paul Frederick," and everybody laughed. I was determined to have control over my class, so I didn't let that bother me. I went right on with my lesson. At the end of the class, a student came to me and said, "Mr. Frederick, the reason why we laughed when you wrote your name on the board is that Mr. Frederick just left the classroom. He's our first period teacher, and he goes by his middle name, Paul." So I didn't replace Paul Frederick.

Jaynotes: I never laughed at you, Paul, in class. And I never called you "The Bear" either. Let's talk about change at Jesuit through the years, first the physical changes.

PF: Change really shows how the leadership of the school and the faculty working together have tried to improve the school to better accomplish the mission of the school. When I came in, everybody was talking about the 1953 wing. The wing included a band room, the chapel, a library, an auditorium, and a cafeteria. The cafeteria had been on the first floor in the Banks St. wing, a very small area. The library was on the second floor. The band room was really a Quonset hut on the end of the block where the chapel currently is, and that's also where the gym was. Before the new wing, monthly Mass was held on the first Saturday of every month at the Immaculate Conception Church on Baronne Street. In 1956 the gym was opened. In the '50s and the '60s, the floors were wooden and were oiled to keep the dust down. Some of the desks were welded together in a row



to keep them in place. The walls were battleship gray (I think that was Army surplus material), and the corridors had green tiled floors. In the '60s we began changing the face of the classrooms. We had carpet on the floor, and on the back of the wall, panels were installed to coordinate with the carpet in color. Window air-conditioners were brought in. In the '70s the Resource Center was built. It housed a radio and TV studio and the intention was to go to modular scheduling with TVs in every room so we could have large group meetings and then smaller group meetings and have programs distributed from a TV studio to the classroom via the TV. A PA system was installed. In the early '80s the administration moved from the Carrollton Avenue wing of the first floor to the Jesuit residence, using facilities that were no longer being used. What was the first floor then is now the second floor. We just renamed the floors. So one year we left here with three floors and returned with four floors without adding a brick. All we did was change the numbers. The basement became the first floor. In the mid-80s the Roussel Building and the Mary Plaza were built. More recently the science complex, central air-conditioning, and the reconditioning of the auditorium took place. And all of this was done to facilitate the work we do.

Jaynotes: What about academics through the years? Many of us remember the class system, the A, B, C, D, E system in which groups of 25-30 students would have class together all day. Can you explain that system and how we have evolved through the years in academics?

PF: Students were grouped according to abilities. There was an honors group, a scientific group, and an academic group. Within those groups, students were grouped together and stayed together for an entire year for all of their classes. So the students went to a particular room, and the teachers would come to them. The teachers would change, and the

students would not move. So each group remained together for the whole year and for their whole Jesuit career of four or five years. So they really got to know each other, the 30-35 people in their class, but they didn't know the people in the rest of the school. All the schools in the province had a common curriculum, the same textbooks, and the same syllabi. Province examinations were given to make sure the teachers were following the syllabus. In the late '60s and '70s, the students began to be scheduled according to ability. We began to recognize differences in the students and then to change the schedule to group students according to their abilities in each subject. Students began to change rooms for their classes.

Jaynotes: Scheduling became tougher for you?

PF: Yes. Latin was no longer required of all students, just students in the accelerated program. We expanded the offerings in the modern foreign languages to have four years of French, Spanish, German, and Russian. In the late '80s, we began an alternate accelerated program. The accelerated program had been for students who were top honors students who would have a five-year program and be able to complete it very successfully. But many students, particularly the sons of alumni, were not able to get into that particular program on a first try and were deferred to the freshman year. I think it was Fr. Ed Doyle who began to look at that group and say, "Well, why can't we take those students at the 8th grade level and give them the freshman curriculum over a two-year period?" So that was the beginning of an alternate 8th grade program.

Jaynotes: Tell us about the inception of the 8th grade at Jesuit.

PF: The reason for the 8th grade was to have students eligible in athletics. They would be in school for a year and be eligible as freshmen. The class of 1956 were the first ones. When it came time to decide on the curriculum for the eighth grade, I think it was Fr. John Condry who realized that we had enough 9th grade books, so why don't we use those books for them. That was the real basis for the acceleration. They did the 9th grade work at the 8th grade level.

Jaynotes: Sound Jesuit thinking. In terms of academics, things started to change in the early '70s. Tell us what was going on.

PF: Lots of discussion was going on about what was being achieved and the fact that students who were in the honors classes, regardless of their grades, were automatically ranked above everybody else in the graduating class. There was some dissatisfaction about a variety of items in the curriculum as well as the grouping of students, such items as doing away with Latin, increasing modern foreign languages, and breaking up the traditional grouping of students in which they stayed together for an entire year. And there was no philosophy statement written in the bulletin. When I came here, the faculty consisted of 13 laymen, no women, and 35 to 40 Jesuits. So the Jesuit influence in the school was really from the Jesuit community and the laymen simply followed the lead of the Jesuits. Nobody was talking about what Jesuit education was. The only term that ever came up was "excellence," "excellence," "excellence." In everything you do, you strive for excellence. There was no philosophical statement written in the *Bulletin*. In the late '60s, Fr. C.A. Leininger formed a committee to write a philosophy statement. I was on that committee. Fr. Herve Racivitch was another. The writing of that statement was basically the work of Fr. Racivitch, and in that statement he tried to express more liberalism and a democratic approach to the teaching and the decision-making process. The former principal, Fr. Stallworth, had been principal for 19 years and had an iron hand on what was going on in the school. He made the decisions. Everything was cut and dry. Here's your schedule, here are your classes, here's your class roster. Fr. Leininger began to talk about the problems that people were voicing. Discussions ensued and eventually we had a philosophical statement written. The traditional grouping of students was disbanded. We did away with the assembly in the morning and went to the homeroom concept.

Jaynotes: So Fr. C.A. Leininger was responsible for beginning the process of getting the philosophy down on paper. Related to that I believe is an infamous faculty meeting in the late '60s. You were there. Tell us about that meeting and the relationship with the document you just told us about.

PF: The statement of philosophy that was written was intended to be very liberal. I recall that one statement in the philosophy said that teachers should forgo the use of any type of coercion in dealing with the students. Penance hall seems to be a type of coercion. Detention at the school for not having done homework seems to be a type of coercion. That statement stirred up a hornets' nest. A lot of people were talking about that particular liberal attitude. In the second half of the year, two disciplinarians were appointed, Fr. Donald Schisler, who was very strict and very traditional, and Br. Richard Standish. They were not equal in how they were dealing with the students. Students were choosing which disciplinarian they wanted to talk to. So you have conservatism and liberalism in conflict. A faculty meeting had been called. At the beginning of the meeting, Fr. Schisler got the floor and read a prepared statement in which he lambasted Fr. Racivitch. He ended with a quote from a song—"Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets." I think that closed the meeting. And the next day Fr. Schisler was not here.

Jaynotes: Let's go back to the change from a daily morning assembly to a homeroom period. How was homeroom business handled before we had a true "homeroom" system?

PF: We went to a homeroom system because people wanted to attend to school business outside the curriculum. Before, "technical" teachers, usually the English teacher, took care of class business. Collecting money for the missions, organizing the Thanksgiving drive, electing class officers, etc., were handled in the English class. The move now was to have that done outside of class in a homeroom period. And having a PA system allowed us to do away with the assembly.



Paul Frederick witnessed the Jesuit gym under construction in 1956.

Jaynotes: And young women attended classes at Jesuit in the early '70s. How did that come about?

PF: Many schools in the area had difficulty offering all the subjects their students needed. So we began to interact. We combined with Dominican whose girls would come here and take physics with Willie Brown. Some of our students would go to Dominican and take a course we were not offering.

Jaynotes: Let's end with this one. In your 50 years here, the best example of the professional or master teacher or leader?

Paul Frederick: The master teachers are right here. It would be difficult to name anyone without hurting someone else. But I will name someone who's not here right now and that's Fr. McGinn. He is a very humble man, very quiet, but he is always extremely well-prepared for everything that he is going to say. He is repetitive in a variety of ways through the years so you get the message repeatedly. He is a caring man. He certainly took care of all of us during Katrina. I think that he is a model in terms of leadership as well as in teaching.

Jaynotes: Not many of us would disagree with you, but many of us would put you on that list, too, Paul. Thank you for your years of service to Jesuit, your example of professionalism, and for this interview. ■



Kenny Ehrhardt drives past his opponent at the finish line.

State, State, State, State Blue Jay “Mudders” Run Away with Fourth Consecutive State Title

When Coach Peter Kernion’s runners arrived in Natchitoches for the state meet and saw the weather forecast, their eyes lit up. Rain! For the third time in the past four competitions, the meet was run in the rain. “The slop didn’t concern these young men—they think they are mudders,” said Kernion.

Throughout most of the season, the team was ranked 2nd in the state. “We may have been the only ones in the state who thought we had a good chance to win again,” Kernion surmised. The Jays moved steadily through the season, winning four of six invitationals. The team was led by senior Kenny Ehrhardt, whose top time was an outstanding 15:45 at the NSU Invitational in Natchitoches.

Kernion’s plan of attack worked perfectly. “We had a great deal of confidence that we were prepared to run well later in the season when it counted,” he explained. And so the Jays were more than ready for the district meet. In fact, they dominated the meet, placing all seven runners in the top 11 spots. The result was sweet: a fourth consecutive district title.

Then came a date with destiny—the state meet featuring the very best high school runners in Louisiana. If Coach Kernion was right-on in his strategy, the Jays would be ready. And they were. In a field of 36 teams and more than 250 runners, the Blue Jays were behind after the first mile. But one mile does not make a state meet. Three miles do. Somewhere in mile two, Kernion’s mudders made their move and surged to the front.

When the slop had been wiped from the last pair of Nikes, the Jays had secured their fourth consecutive state title. And quite impressively, Ehrhardt took second place, Kevin Fitzgerald '08 came in eighth, and five other Blue Jay runners finished in the top 30 of the large field. Coach Kernion’s mudders completed their run before any other team had four runners cross the finish line. Jesuit outdistanced the second place team by 63 points.

“It was a joy to watch all seven guys run very well in the most important meet of the year,” beamed Kernion. “But I am most proud of the work they did to achieve this success. They did everything that I asked of them and worked as hard as any other team I have ever coached.”

Is a fifth consecutive state title in the future? Perhaps. The Jays lose only one senior from the top seven runners. And the junior varsity and junior high teams, under the direction of coaches Rodney Louque and Andrew Polaniecki, won their district meets. So the future looks bright. It’s a safe bet that Coach Kernion and his team will be looking for dark skies in Natchitoches next November. ■



State champion cross country team: (from left) Peter Flores, Chad Guidry, John Walsh (manager), Cory Guidry, Coach Peter Kernion '90, Kenny Ehrhardt, Asst. Coach Andrew Polaniecki, Cullen Doody, Kevin Fitzgerald, and Graham Williams. Ehrhardt, Fitzgerald, Williams and Cory Guidry were named to the All-State team.

Perfect!



PHOTO BY GREG PEARSON

Jesuit's 2007 soccer team won the state championship in impressive fashion.

In putting away the St. Paul's Wolves 2-0 in the state finals in Shreveport on a blustery February evening, the Jays completed a perfect season, perfect as in no losses and no ties, quite an achievement in the sport of soccer.

"Magical" is the adjective the *Times-Picayune* used to describe the Jays' season, but that seems to suggest that hard work and daily preparation had nothing to do with the team's success. Of course, nothing is farther from the truth. "There is a reason why this team is ranked No. 1 and finished the season 31-0," said Coach Hubie Collins after the match, "and that's because these guys put in the hard work."

And the 2007 Jays' hard work resulted in some impressive stats. While the Jays were wracking up 114 goals against their opponents, only five goals were scored on the Jays all season. Starting goalie Andrew Mullins gave up only two of those five goals. The Jays trailed their opponents in only five minutes of play all season. No team scored on the Jays in the playoffs as the Jays won all four games 2-0. Many have taken notice. Going into the state championship match, the Blue Jays were ranked second in the nation and first in the southern region. Following the match, *Sports Illustrated* noted the achievement.

The state championship game was a tough match. The teams

played to a scoreless tie at halftime in spite of the Jays' continuous assault on the Wolves' goal. The assault continued in the second half, and the Jays were able to put two balls in the net. Charles Kleinschmidt '10, the game's outstanding player, scored the first goal when he kicked in a rebound off a Matt Madere '07 shot. Then Chris Cabos '07 took a cross from Madere and sent the ball into the net for the Jays' second goal.

The state championship continued an incredible run by the Blue Jay soccer program. The 2007 Jays join the 1999 team as the school's only undefeated, untied teams. Jesuit has won the state soccer title five of the past nine years. ■

Schedules? Results?

Want to know how the Jays are doing in sports? You have the power at your fingertips. At any time during the year, you can find out where, when, and how the Jays are playing by accessing the school's website—www.jesuitnola.org.

Blue Jay Swimmers Return State Trophy to Carrollton and Banks

The state championship trophy in swimming is back home. After a year's absence, the trophy is nestled among swimming's 31 other state trophies that reside at Jesuit. The 2006 swim team saw to it that the trophy came home.

Led by captains Michael Collins '07 and Garret Malbrough '07, the Jays finished the state meet with 423 points to Catholic High's 302. The victory in Sulphur on November 18 was exciting.

Out of eight individual events, the Jays took first in four of them. John Tortorich '08 won the 100-yard butterfly in an automatic All-American time of 50.77 seconds. Brian Carr '10 won the 500-yard freestyle. Marc Dorsey '10 won the 100-yard backstroke. And Collins took first in the 50-yard freestyle.

And of the three relay events, Blue Jays finished first in two. Especially impressive was the 50-yard freestyle in which Collins finished first, Brandon Harvey '08 finished second, and Dorsey finished third. The Blue Jays' 400 freestyle relay team of Tortorich, Malbrough, Harvey, and Collins won with an All-American consideration time of 3:14.40.

Coach Bret Hanemann '85 cited the team's depth and work ethic as reasons for its success. "Every one of the guys who went to state tried hard, and every swimmer got his own best time," said Hanemann.

Speaking not just about swimming, Captain Malbrough put it best. "It's meant so much to us after what happened last year," he said, referring to Hurricane Katrina. ■



WRESTLING

Valiant Efforts by Blue Jay Grapplers Earn Jesuit State Runner-up Trophy

Jesuit's wrestlers put on quite a show at the state tournament on February 9-10. Everyone at the Pontchartrain Center knew that it would come down to Jesuit and Brother Martin. It has for the past 19 years. And it did once again.

After the first day's preliminary rounds, the Jays had nine wrestlers moving on to the semifinals, while Brother Martin had 12. The Jays caught a tough break on the first day when tournament doctors ruled that Lee Redfean, the #4 seed at 130 pounds, was ineligible and could not wrestle. At the end of the day, the Jays were down in points 123.5 to 102.5. Still, Blue Jay Coach Carlos Bertot was optimistic. "We can catch Brother Martin. The big round for us is going to be the semifinals."

And, true to form, it was a big round for the Blue Jays. At the end of the semifinal round, the Jays had qualified six wrestlers for the finals, while Brother Martin had five. In the finals, the inspired Jays started strong, at one point cutting the Crusaders' lead to 6.5 points.



Surrounded by Blue Jay fans, state champion Michael Weiser celebrates.

But a late surge by Martin resulted in a final score of 252.5-235, a second-place finish for the Jays.

Jesuit's state champions were Jonathan Dupre '10 (103), Kevin White '07 (112), Michael Weiser '07 (119), and Michael Matthews '07 (171). State runners-up are Ben Capella '12(135) and Johnny Palmer '07 (189).

"I feel like we definitely turned on the heat on Brother Martin," Coach Bertot said. "We hoped to pull it off, but it was a tall order." ■

Wayde Keiser '78 Takes Over as Head Football Coach

Jesuit alumnus Wayde Keiser '78 was selected last November as the Blue Jays' head football coach, becoming the first alumnus in more than 35 years to lead the school's gridiron program. Keiser replaces Coach Sid Edwards, who resigned after the 2006 season for family reasons.

"Wayde brings a rich background of football knowledge and experience to our program, and he is also personally connected to Jesuit which makes his hiring even more meaningful to our community," said athletic director Frank Misuraca.

Keiser played football at Jesuit and was the starting center for the Blue Jays in his senior year.

Keiser has coached football and other sports for more than 25 years at several Catholic and public schools, including a brief stint at Jesuit, where he was an assistant football coach in charge of the defensive line in 1988. Keiser has coached at East St. John High School, St. Charles Catholic (LaPlace), Vermilion Catholic High School (Abbeville), Teurlings High School (Lafayette), and Vanderbilt Catholic High School (Houma). Most recently, he was head football coach for three years at Brother Martin.

"This is a wonderful opportunity for me to return to coaching and teaching at my Alma Mater, and I look forward to continuing the deep traditions of Jesuit," said Keiser. "I feel that coaching is an extension of



the classroom and that coaches should teach student-athletes discipline, dedication, commitment, loyalty, and responsibility."

In announcing his resignation, Coach Edwards said, "The Ignatian principles I learned, as well as the many fine people I encountered at Jesuit, will be with me forever. I only hope that I was able to contribute to the lives of these young men in some small way."

Under Coach Edwards, the Jays finished the 2006 campaign 4-6, 2-2 in district. ■



PHOTO COURTESY OF CLARION HERALD

Kyle Rose '07

Senior Blue Jay trackman Kyle Rose happens to be Jesuit's best pole vaulter to come along in quite a few years. Rose recently set a record at the LHSAA State Indoor Track and Field Championships when he cleared 15'6". The winning vault also stands as Rose's personal best.

Rose's vaulting stock is pedigree—his father, Mark, was a pole vaulter at LSU and was named the Southeastern Conference Champion in 1983.

"My dad got so fired up when I became a vaulter because he was back into something he really loved," Kyle told the Clarion Herald. "I had a vague knowledge of his career. Then later I found out who my father really was and what he had accomplished."

Pole faulting is not for the faint of heart. It is a physically and emotionally draining sport, but Rose has so far managed to keep two feet firmly on the ground. "There is a lot of potential fear involved in vaulting, almost to a point when you could become uncoachable," said Rose.

With two feet firmly on the ground, Rose has his sights set on establishing another new personal best at the upcoming district and state track meets. And what about afterwards? For Rose, the sky's the limit. ■

BIRTHLIST

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Seicshnaydre '56 on the birth of their granddaughter, Katherine Lucille Seicshnaydre, December 7, 2005.

Mr. and Mrs. Rick Sins, Jr. '59 on the birth on their grandson, Christopher Thomas Ingram, April 25, 2006. Christopher is the nephew of George Sins III '94.

Dr. Joseph Cuccia '61 on the birth of his fourth grandchild, Jill Aibew, December 27, 2006.

Mr. and Mrs. Mat Grau '68 on the birth of their twin grandsons, Caden Matias and Gavin Michael Trahan, August 30, 2006. Caden and Gavin are the nephews of Mat Grau III '92, Ben Grau '93, and Brett Grau '99.

Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Trahant '82 on the birth of their second child, Elise Catherine Trahant, August 19, 2006. Elise is the niece of Jude Trahant, Jr. '80 and Richard C. Trahant '85.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Parenton '84 on the birth of their daughter Callie Marguerite Parenton, December 14, 2006. Callie is the niece of O'Neill Parenton '73, Patrick Parenton '74, Thomas Parenton '77, Timothy Parenton '80, and Kelly Parenton '90.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Brooks '86 on the birth of their daughter, Logan Marie, October 16, 2006. Logan is the niece of Jay Brooks '72.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip La Nasa '87 on the birth of their son, Jake Philip La Nasa, July 17, 2006. Jake is the grandson of August La Nasa '50 and the nephew of Alfred La Nasa '85.

Mr. and Mrs. Chad M. Poche '88 on the birth of their daughter, Aunsley Lynn Poche, July 29, 2005. Ainsley is the great-granddaughter of Edward L. O'Dwyer I '37 and the granddaughter of Edward L. O'Dwyer II '62.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Rodriguez '88 on the birth of their twins, Braeden Christopher and Grace Elizabeth Rodriguez, June 17, 2006. Braeden and Grace are the great-grandchildren of the late Norman Meyer '33, and the grandchildren of Michael Rodriguez, Sr. '61, and the niece and nephew of Michael Rodriguez, Jr. '90.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley J. Richard, Jr. '89 on the birth of their daughter, Adalise Andre Richard, September 5, 2006.

Dr. and Mrs. Steven James Filby '91 on the birth of their third daughter, Julia Emory Filby, February 26, 2006.

Dr. August and Dr. Tara Berner III '92 on the birth of their third child, Adeleine Mathilde Berner, June 20, 2006. Adeleine is the granddaughter of August Berner, Jr. '60 and the great-granddaughter of the late August Berner, Sr. '34 and Amador Windmeyer '38.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Jason Hirstius '92 on the birth of their son, Otto Edward Hirstius, July 2005.

Mr. and Mrs. David Tanner '92 on the birth of their twin sons, Colin Hathaway and Alexander Valenti Tanner, August 19, 2006.

Mr. and Mrs. David Barberot '93 on the birth of their daughter, Kenley Anne Barberot, February 9, 2006.

Mr. and Mrs. Casey C. Cuntz '93 on the birth of their third son, Cooper Antony Cuntz, November 17, 2005. Cooper is the nephew of Warren A. Cuntz, Jr. '80, C. Patrick Cuntz '81, and Gary M. Langlois '80.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark W. Jeanfreau '93 on the birth of their son, Miles Nicoll Jeanfreau, July 10, 2005. Miles is the nephew of Charles Jeanfreau '87 and Andre Jeanfreau '89.

Mr. and Mrs. Robby McMyne '95 on the birth of their son, Brock Killian, January 19, 2007.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moisant IV '96 on their first child, George Alexander Moisant V, January 7, 2006. George is the grandson of George A. Moisant III '66.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome M. Freel '99 on the birth of their third child and first son, Hudson Jerome. Hudson is the nephew of Dr. Andrew C. Freel '95 and Thomas E. Freel '96.

Donating online at Jesuit's website is easy and safe and can be done in a few minutes. Donate to *PAG, LEF, Katrina Fund*, and various scholarship funds by going to Jesuit's web site at www.jesuitnola.org and clicking on Jayson.

Patrick Vocke '07

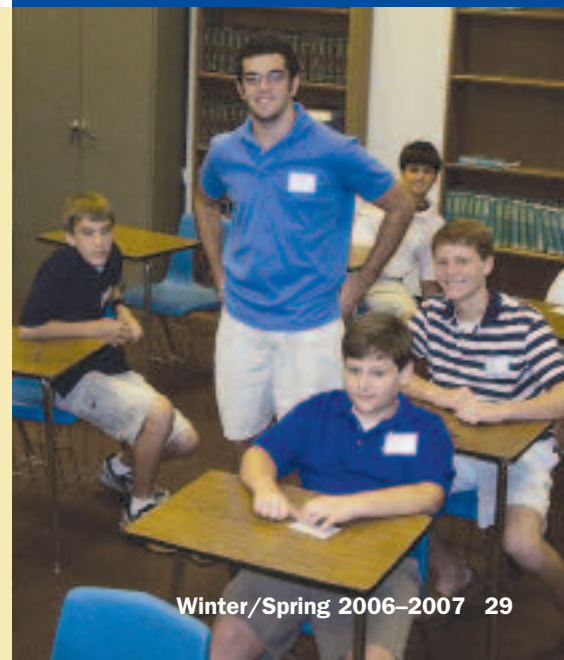
Selected Student of the Year by Archdiocese

Senior Patrick Vocke has been named the High School *Student of the Year* by the Archdiocese of New Orleans. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Gerald W. Vocke and older brother of Stephen '10.

The **Students of the Year Awards Program** recognizes outstanding elementary, middle, and high school students who have demonstrated excellent academic achievement, leadership ability, and citizenship.

Vocke is a leader at Jesuit. He is a member of the student council's executive board and was chosen by the senior class to speak to Jesuit's new students at this year's Investiture. A National Merit Semifinalist and a member of the National Honor Society, Vocke is also active in the school's Christian Life Community, Student Ministry, Peer Support, Mu Alpha Theta, Pro-Life Club, and Youth Rebuilding New Orleans. ■

Senior spirit: Patrick Vocke '07 inspires pre-freshmen at their annual night of reflection.



Each edition of *Jaynotes* lists those members of the Jesuit High School community who have died. Please remember our recently deceased in your prayers.

George Nicholas **Koehler** '28, John Louis **Kron** '31, Lester L. **Cronvich** '32, William Leon **Maylie** '32, Otto Henry **Armbruster** '33, Frank L. **Anastasio** '34, Robert R. **Barkerding** '34, Rev. John J. **Capelle**, S.J. '34, Shannon G. **Goertz** '34, Frank B. **Guarisco** '34, Byron Joseph **Casey**, Jr. '35, Layton J. **Fernandez**, Sr. '35, Raymond J. **Goodspeed** '35, Thomas George **Holten** '36, Paul Alcee **Griener** '37, St. Marc J. **Flotte** '38, James Ellwood **Lawson** '38, Frank A. **Zaeringer** '38, Walter Joseph **Flanagan**, Jr. '39, William Francis **Norton**, Jr. '39, James Evariste **Champagne** '40, Lawrence James **Kelley** '42, Maurice August **Taquino** '42, Hamilton Otto **Barre** '44, C.C. **Clifton**, Jr. '45, James T. **Flanagan** '45, Andrew Joseph **Nunmaker**, Jr. '45, Harold W. **Lagarde**, Sr. '46, Robert A. **Kelly**, Jr. '47, Hugh Wilkinson **Oser**, Sr. '47, John Ellis **Petitbon** '48, Robert Warren **Sabate** '48, Sterling W. **Comeaux**, Jr. '50, Richard Lorence **Colson** '52, Richard Noel **Riecke** '52, Richard J. **Ecuyer** '54, Clayton R. **Mestier**, Jr. '54, Lawrence Joseph **Duvieilh** '55, Rev. Patrick Joseph **Hunter**, S.J. '55, Joseph **Spatafora**, Jr. '57, John F. **LaNoue** III '58, Albert S. **Dittmann**, Jr. '59, Stanley Paul **Fontenelle** '60, Robert C. **Leininger**, Jr. '60, James A. **Rabalais**, Jr. '60, Cornelius Joseph **Ryan** IV '65, Michael Robert **Beauchamp** '84, Garrett C. **Willem**, '87

WIFE OF

Albert J. **Baudier**, Jr. '47, the late Harris F. **Baudoin** '34, the late Robert J. **Bosworth**, Sr. '25, the late Louis I. **Breffelil**, Jr. '35, the late Eugene G. **Cambeilh** '37, Louis W. **Cazentre**, Jr. '46, the late William M. **Curry** '45, the late John H. **Daspit** '27, the late Theodore J. **Dimitry** '24, the late Maurice R. **Duplantier** '34, the late Peter A. **Graffagnino** '35, Edward J. **Joubert** '35, the late Francis E. **Laurent**, Sr. '25, Ellwood J. **Lawson** '38, the late Herbert J. **Mang** '38, the late John G. **Menville** '24, G. Edward **Merritt** '53, the late Cornelius J. **Ryan** III '38, William F. **Starr**, Jr. '50, Raymond E. **Staub** '60

FATHER OF

Edward P. **Alciatore** III '61, Robert J. **Armbruster** '52, the late Robert W. **Barre** '75, James R. **Blanchard** II '83, David P. '81 and Kevin A. **Blasini** '85, Marcel J. **Bulliard**, Jr. '69, John A. '92 and Michael D. **Cangelosi** '98, Joel F. **Carpenter** '79, Michael P. '62, Patrick H. '63, Byron J. II '67, and Glenn A. **Casey** '72, Charles L. **Colomb** III '72, John S. '73, Joseph F. '77, James R. '78, and Jeffrey E. **Combes** '83, David J. **Cortes** '68, William M. '60 and John

G. **Dean** '69, Jerry L. **Dickson**, Jr. '62, Thompson M. IV '66 and David S. **Dietz** '68, Todd A. '85 and Scott S. **Dittmann** '89, Timothy P. **Farrelly** '80, Thomas M. **Flanagan** '82, John P. '95 and Michael D. **Fontenelle** '98, Greg L. **Foster**, Jr. '99, Scott A. **Garver** '83, Sidney A. III '72, Louis C. '74, Robert J. '76, and Christopher A. **Gaudet** '80, Frank A. III '83 and Joseph P. **Giorlando** '85, Don R. **Gomez** '59, Barry J. **Goodspeed** '79, Paul A., Jr. '65 and Glenn G. **Griener** '68, Henrique H. **Hamilton** '94, Ronald J. '58, Michael E. '65, and the late Rev. Albert J. **Jung** S.J. '55, Stephen P. '90 and the late Robert C. **Leininger** III '86, M. Kent **Lemarie** '62, George P., Jr. '69 and the late Randy J. **Marse** '74, Thomas M. **McEachin** '91, Richard T. '73, Michael J. '75, Steven C. '77, and Brian J. **Murray** '81, Charles A. **Nunmaker** '76, Hugh W., Jr. '68 and Dale F. **Oser** '69, John B. **Petitbon** '85, James A. **Rabalais** III '86, Stanley J. **Richard**, Jr. '89, Pierre R. '88 and Etienne R. **Sabate** '94, the late Donald I. **Schmitt** '70, Casey B. **Snyder** '80, Michael E. **Soileau** '65, Daniel J. **Trahant** '63, Michael J. **Varnado**, Jr. '01, David W. **Vignes** '76, John J. **Walsh**, Jr. '72, step-father of Brian J. **Fish** '93.

MOTHER OF

The late Joseph A. **Arrigo** '46, Mark S. '70 and Patrick G. **Ashton** '81, James W. **Barnes** '41, Anthony **Bordonaro**, Jr. '62, Raul M. **Busquet** '61, James A. **Cannon** '64, Leonard J. '80 and Craig M. **Cassioppi** '82, Donald C. '79 and Stephen L. **Cazentre** '87, John D. **Charbonnet** '54, Lee R. **Connell**, Jr. '64, Hamil M. **Cupero** '56, Kirk A. **DeLaune** '84, Clyde **DeLoach** '67, Carling L. **Dinkler** IV '98, John H. **Finnan**, Sr. '64, Tyronne A. **Hubbard**, Jr. '78, Timothy D. **Hyde** '05, James I., Jr. '42 and the late Raymond A. J. **Hymel** '39, Owen L. **Jones**, Jr. '63, C. Edward '62 and Philip J. **Joubert** '66, Omer F. **Kuebel**, Jr. '56, the late Harry B. **Leche**, Jr. '62, Joseph P. **Liuzza** III '69, Sylvester J. '51 and John **Lopiccolo** '56, Herbert J., Jr. '64, Fabien V. '66 and Stephen J. **Mang** '71, Robert, Jr. '61 and James R. **Martin** '68, Andrew P. **May** '92, G. Edward, Jr. '77, W. Gregory '80 and Lawrence L. **Merritt** '87, Leo J. **O'Rourke** '64, Arthur J. **Parham**, Jr. '71, Mark J. **Roussel** '77, Cornelius J. **Ryan** IV '65, Stephen C. **Simmons** '80, J. Charles '67 and Ralph J. **Upton** '80, Donald M. **Walker** '64

BROTHER OF

The late George J. **Armbruster** '36, Clayton B. **Barre** '71, Jonathan R. **Beauchamp** '89, the late Edwin C. **Boudreaux**, Jr. '39, Jerry P. **Casey**

'52, James A. **Cronvich** '31, the late Milton L. **Duvieilh**, Jr. '47, Allen J. and Lawrence J. **Ecuyer** '61, William P. '43 and James T. **Flanagan** '45, the late William J. **Fraering** '43, the late Pierce E. **Goertz**, Sr. '33, Sergei J. **Hillery**, Jr. '79, the late Joseph A. **Judge** '42, the late Herbert G. **Kron** '34, the late Alvin V. **Oser** '53, Jack N. '63 and Jerrold B. **Peterson** '69, Richard A. **Petitbon** '55, Rev. Louis A. **Poche**, S.J. '42, Frank J. **Randazzo** '57, Louis G. **Riecke**, Jr. '43, Earl W. **Simoneaux** '47, the late Gavin C. **Willem** '82, the late Jerome J. **Zaeringer** '41

SISTER OF

Frank J. **Basile** '42, the late Clovis J. **Bouvier**, Jr. '50, Jorge J. '63 and Brock L. **Bravo** '65, Thomas S. '48, the late Joseph S. '32, the late Robert T. '34, and the late John R. **Casey** '36, the late Maumus F. '26 and Albert P. **Claverie** '28, John I. '48 and Richard A. **Deas** '49, the late Charles I. **Denechaud**, Jr. '31, Lawrence J. **Housey** '50, Norbert E. **Landry** '49, the late Louis H. **Marrero** III '28, the late Joseph A. **Metzler**, Sr. '33, the late James F. '33 and the late F. Middleton **Morgan** '35, Wallace M. III '73 and the late Stephen M. **Nicaud** '80, Ralph V. **Pausina** '55, Gary E. **Sander** '64, George III '41 and the late Raymond H. **Peter** '45, Donald P. **Schellhaas** '51, Richard B. **Spangenberg** '43, Lawrence W. **Stoulig**, Jr. '67

SON OF

David C. **Brennan**, Sr. '41, the late Charles J. **Eberts**, Jr. '32, stepson of Raymond T. **Huxen** '60, Clayton R. **Mestier**, Sr. '31, the late Cornelius J. **Ryan** III '38, Melvin J. **St. Blanc** '45

DAUGHTER

The late J. D. **Bloom**, Jr. '25, Adrian B. **Cordes** '49, the late Nicholas F. **Frischhertz**, Sr. '34, the late Wallace M. **Nicaud**, Jr. '48, C. Taylor **Walet**, Jr. '61, step-daughter of John R. **May** '47,

GRANDFATHER OF

Mathews **Abrams** III '95, Paul C. **Armbruster** '82, Marc E. **Belloni** '83, Chris A. '89 and Colin P. **Berthaut** '93, Ian C. **Blackburn** '97, Kristoffer J. '93 and Matthew J. **Bonilla** '02, Andrew S. **Broome** '11, Christopher T. **Bucher**, Jr. '04, Christopher D. **Capps** '05, Brett M. '91, Brad M. '93, Colin T. '01, and Blair P. **Casey** '03, Carey C. **Celestin**, Jr. '06, Robert P., Jr. '85, Stephen G. '86, Jeffrey J. '89, and Sean H. **Charbonnet** '92, Dustin M. '00 and Casey N. **Chimento** '06, George A. **Coman** III '11,

Stephen M. '04, Christopher J. '06, and Thomas P. **Combes** '08, Morell S. **Crane** III '10, T. Michael '97, Kevin N. '01, and David S. **Dietz**, Jr. '05, Jason P. **Dussel** '00, Jeffrey M. '84 and Gregory C. **Faust** '85, Edward M. **Favorite** '04, James T. **Flanagan** II '10, James A. **Flotte** '07, Randall P. **Folse** '05, Scott M. '99 and Christopher L. **Francioni** '04, Benjamin P. '98, Ryan S. '00, and Jonathan S. **Frischhertz** '06, Patrick L. **Gallagher** '04, Ryan M. '98 and Blake B. **Garin** '02, Sidney A. **Gaudet** IV '99, Philip J. **Giorlando** '11, Anthony J. **Golemi** '04, Kent P. **Griener** '98, Robert J. '04 and Ryan J. **Hauck** '06, Scott E. '03 and Eric C. **Haydel** '10, Jack D. **Hines** III '00, Jeremy W. '99, Adam P. '01, David E. '03, and Jacob E. **Jeanfreau** '11, Noel R. **Kammer** '00, Jack A. **Kennedy** III '98, Brett T. **LaCour** '11, Neil J. **Larrieu** '05, Jake E. **Lawson** III '11, Roy A. III '83 and Michael J. **LeBlanc** '86, George P. III '97, Andrew V. '99, and Alex E. **Marse** '07, Brad K. **Mathews** '01, Sean G. '89 and Michael P. **Mayfield** '93, Jacob O. **Miranda** '08, Justin R. **Monjure** '95, Jacob D. **Moore** '11, Gregory M. '90, Kyle A. '05, Eric T. '06, and Paul M. **Murray** '08, Charles F. **Nunmaker** '08, Kyle P. **O'Neil** '02, Dominick C. **Palmisano** '98, Cory J. **Rabalais** '09, James W. **Raley** '05, Rudolph P. **Ramelli** '00, Jeffrey M. '99, Jeremy M. '01, James M. '10, and Joseph M. **Reuther** '10, Donald R. **Rovira** '80, Troy M. '95 and Scott M. **Schroeder** '00, Robert A. '91 and John M. **Segura** '99, Martin S. **Sims** '04, Michael E. **Soileau** II '89, Jason J. **Songe** '96, Michael J. **Tebbe** '90, Philip A. '88 and Marcel G. **Templet** '95, Evan J. **Thomas** '09, Wade J. **Trosclair** '07, Jerome L. III '88, Jean-Paul '90, and Jeremy H. **Tujague** '93, Ryan

J. **Vega** '02, Robert C. **Villio** '04, John J. **Walsh** III '08

GRANDMOTHER OF

Wesley M. '95 and Christopher L. **Ancira** '98, William C. **Appel** '92, Michael L. **Ballerio** '07, Zachary C. '99 and John W. **Bellone** '07, David M. '95 and Richard P. **Biven** '01, Eric M. **Bjerke** '96, Jonathan M. **Brisbi** '02, Joseph M. **Calabresi** '96, William B. **Carroll** '09, Steven M. **Carter** '92, William M. '85 and Jeffrey P. **Carter** '86, Jonathan D. **Catt** '94, Matthew J. '05, and Richard H. **Caverly** '09, Michael J. **Chaix** '07, John D., Jr. '83, J. Storey '85, and Michael T. **Charbonnet** '83, Timothy M. **Curry** '96, James C. '06 and Blake P. **Day** '08, Scott C. **Deichmann** '89, Eric P. **Delaune** '96, Christopher K. **Dozier** '95, Jonathan P. **Dufrene** '03, Thomas S., Jr. '82 and Sean M. **Edwards** '90, Leo J. **Falgout** III '08, Edward L. **Fenasci** '85, Robert K. **Fink** '10, John H., Jr. '91, Ryan P. '92, and Christopher M. **Finnan** '96, Christopher G. **Geraci** '90, Joseph I. **Giarrusso** III '94, David R. **Hatfield** '08, Glenn W. **Hayes** '97, Jason M. '92, Keith J. '95, and Brian T. **Hemel** '97, Preston J. **Hymel** '08, Brett S. **Jackson** '05, Stephen M. **June** '00, Francis A. **Jurovich** III '93, Omer F. III '82 and Charles A. **Kuebel** '92, Christopher R. **Lakey** '94, Carroll J. '99 and Sean M. **Landry** '01, Kevin J. '97 and Ryan H. **Lane** '04, Jake E. **Lawson** '11, Harry B. **Leche** III '89, Nathan L. **Levenson** '06, Jordan A. **Lewis** '10, Brian E. '95, Michael P. '98, Stephen J. '01, and Jason E. **Litchfield** '04, David B. **Maher** '89, James R. **Martin**, Jr. '94, G. Edward, III '02, Jeffrey A. '07, Stephen T. '09, Daniel J. '11, and Samuel A. **Merritt** '11,

Robert J. **Muller** '11, Nathaniel T. **Obiol** '04, Brady G. '92 and Chad E. **Perniciaro** '95, David M. '86 and Stephen A. **Pitre** '90, Leo M. **Prange** III '85, Ryan M. **Puleo** '99, Brian D. **Rando** '97, Matthew P. **Ryan** '07, Alexander J. **Schneider** '06, Martin R. **Schott** '93, Adam G. **Strain** '08, Sean M. '94 and Mark P. **Sutherland** '96, Kyle J. **Tortorich** '08, Stephen M. **Waldo** '73, Mark T. '08, and Clayton D. **Tufts** '11, Leo J. **Webb**, Jr. '06, Kevin S. **Weisgerber** '99, Matthew G. **Wurz** '07, Ryan G. **Zeringue** '08, step-grandmother of R. **Matthew** '93

GRANDSON OF

Raymond J. **Condon** '56

GRANDDAUGHTER OF

The late G. Gernon **Brown** '20, the late C. Taylor **Walet** '26

GREAT GRANDFATHER OF

Andrew S. **Clavin** '11

GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF

Thomas P. **Anzelmo**, Jr. '89, Corey R. **Bourgeois** '09, Garrett M. '08 and Jordan M. **Gremillion** '11, Ethan D. **Kramer** '10

We frequently update our website with funeral information on deceased members of the Jesuit community. Look for the "In Memoriam" link on the home page, www.jesuitnola.org.

JHS Community Loses Four Jesuits Who Molded Young Men

Over the past several months, four Jesuits who impacted the lives of the young men entrusted to their care died. Fr. John Condry died on August 2, 2006. He was known as the father of the pre-freshman program at Jesuit, teaching the young students from the early 50s to the early 70s. Fr. Frank Coco, an English teacher, died on September 7, 2006. An accomplished musician, Fr. Coco was well known for marching with Pete Fountain. Fr. Pat Koch also taught English at Jesuit in the late 60s before becoming the president of Jesuit College Prep in Dallas. He died on September 9, 2006. Fr. John Capelle '34, who served as the school's athletic director for many years, died on December 29, 2006.



Coco



Condry



Koch



Capelle

Coach Fitz *continued from page 17*

of an aluminum baseball bat. There was a large white wall clock that hung in the Newman locker room for decades—until he busted it with a single throw of a catcher's mitt.

The breaking of things was a symptom; the disease was the sheer effort the man put into the job of making us better. He was always the first to arrive and always the last to leave, and if any kid wanted to stay late for extra work, Fitz stayed with him. Before one game he became ill. He climbed on the bus in a cold sweat. It was an hour's drive to the ballpark that day, and he had the driver stop twice on the highway so he could get off and vomit. He remained sick right through the game and all the way home. When we arrived at the gym, he paused to vomit, then delivered yet another impassioned speech. A few nights later, after a game, in the middle of what must be the grubbiest losing streak in baseball history, I caught him walking. I was driving home, through a bad neighborhood, when I spotted him. Here he was, in one of America's murder capitals, inviting trouble. It was miles from the gym to his house, and he owned a car, yet he was hoofing it. What the hell is he doing? I thought, and then I realized: He's walking home! Just the way they said he'd done in high school, every time his team lost! It was as if he were doing penance for our sins.

And then something happened: we changed. We ceased to be embarrassed about our condition. We ceased, at least for a moment, to fear failure. We became, almost, a little proud. We were a bad baseball team united by a common conviction: those other guys might be better than us, but there is no chance they could endure Coach Fitz. The games became closer; the battles more fiercely fought. We were learning what it felt like to lay it all on the line. Those were no longer hollow words; they were a deep feeling. And finally, somehow, we won. No one who walked into our locker room as we danced around and hurled our uniforms into the washing machine and listened to the speech Fitz gave about our fighting spirit would have known that they were looking at a team that now stood 1-12.

We listened to the man because he had something to tell us, and us alone. Not how to play baseball, though he did that better than anyone. Not how to win, though winning was wonderful. Not even how to sacrifice. He was teaching us something far more important: how to cope with the two greatest enemies of a well-lived life, fear and failure. To make the lesson stick, he made sure we encountered enough of both. I never could have explained at the time what he had done for me, but I felt it in my bones all the same. When I came home one day during my senior year and found the letter saying that, somewhat improbably, I had been admitted to Princeton University, I ran right back to school to tell Coach Fitz. Then I grew up.

I'd gone back to New Orleans again. *The Times-Picayune* had just picked the Newman Greenies to win another state championship. The only hitch was that after the drinking suspensions, they didn't have nine eligible ballplayers. It was a glorious Saturday afternoon and they were meant to be playing a nonleague game, but the game had been canceled. Fitz said nothing to the players about the cancellations but instead took them onto the field out back and began to hit ground balls to the infielders and fly balls to the outfielders. His face had a waxen pallor, he was running a fever and he was not, truth to tell, in the sweetest of moods. He was under the impression that he was now completely hamstrung—that if he did anything approaching what he'd like to do, "I'll be in the headmaster's office on Monday morning."

Nevertheless, a kind of tension built—what's he going to do? what can he do?—until finally he called the team in to home plate. On the hard field in front of him, only a few yards from the place where, years ago, another group of teenage boys slid until they hurt, they formed

their usual semicircle. Fitz has a tone perhaps best described as unnervingly pleasant: it's pleasant because it's calm; it's unnerving because he's not. In this special tone of his, he began by telling them one of Aesop's fables. The fable was about a boy who hurls rocks into a pond until a frog rises up and asks him to stop. "No," says the boy, "it's fun," Fitz said. "And the frog says, 'What's fun for some is death to others.'" Before anyone could wonder how that frog might apply to a baseball team, Fitz said: "That's how I feel about you right now. You are like that boy. You all are all about fun." His tone was still even, but it was the evenness of a pot of water just before the fire beneath it is turned up. Sure enough, a minute into the talk, his voice began to simmer.

"When are you consciously going to start dealing with the fact that this is a competitive situation? I mean, you are almost a recreational baseball team. The trouble is you don't play in a recreational league.

You play serious, competitive interscholastic baseball. That means the other guy isn't out for recreation. He wants to strike you out. He wants to embarrass you...until your eyeballs roll over."

The boys were paying attention now. The man was born to drill holes into thick skulls and shout through them. I was as riveted by his performance as I'd been 26 years ago which was good, as he was coming to his point:

"One of the goodies about athletics is you get to find out if you can stretch. If you can get better. But you've got to push. And you guys don't even push to get through the day. You put more effort into parties than you do into this team."

He cited a few examples of parties into which his baseball players had put great effort. For a man with such overt contempt for parties, he was distressingly well informed about their details—including the fact that, at some, the parents provided the booze:

"I know about parents. I know how much they love to say, 'I pay \$14,000 in tuition, and so my little boy deserves to play.' No way. You earn the right to play. I had a mom and dad, too, you know. I loved my mom and dad. My dad didn't understand much about athletics, and so he didn't always get it. You have to make that distinction at some point. At some point you have to stand up and be a man and say: 'This is how I'm going to do it. This is how I'm going to approach it.' When is the last time any of you guys did that? No. For you, it's all 'fun.' Well, it's not all fun. Some days it's work."

Then he wrapped it up, with a quote he attributed to Mark Twain, about how the difference between animals and people, the ability to think, is diminished by people's refusal to think. Aesop to Mark Twain, with a baseball digression and a lesson on self-weaning: the whole thing took five minutes.

And then his mood shifted completely. The kids climbed to their feet and followed their coach back to practice. He faced the most deeply entrenched attitude problem in his players in 31 years. His wife, Peggy, had hinted to me that for the first time, Fitz was thinking about giving up coaching altogether. He faced a climate of sensitivity that made it nearly impossible for him to change those attitudes. He faced, in short, a world trying to stop him from making his miracles. And on top of it all, he had the flu. It counted as the lowest moment, easily, in his career as a baseball coach. Unfairly, I took the moment to ask him, "Do you really think there's any hope for this team?" The question startled him into a new freshness. He was alive, awake, almost well again. "Always," he said. "You never give up on a team. Just like you never give up on a kid." Then he paused. "But it's going to take some work."

And that's how I left him. Largely unchanged. No longer, sadly, my baseball coach. Instead, the kind of person who might one day coach my children. And when I think of that, I become aware of a new fear: that my children might never meet up with their Fitz. Or that they will, and their father will fail to understand what he's up to. ■



Coach Fitz with author Michael Lewis



The generosity of thousands of Jesuit High School's parents, alumni, and friends has been highly visible and gratifying in sustaining the Parents Annual Giving (PAG) and the Living Endowment Fund (LEF) drives, and pushing the Katrina Restoration Fund to the next level.



THE MUNIFICENCE OF OUR BENEFACTORS

Jesuit's Development & Alumni Affairs Office is currently organizing and preparing the *President's Report* which will reflect donations made to the school in fiscal years 2005 and 2006. The *Report* is due to be mailed in a few short weeks, and will cover the two-year period beginning July 1, 2004 and ending June 30, 2006.

In addition to detailing contributions made to the *LEF* and *PAG* drives, the *President's Report* will highlight the 2,175 contributions made in fiscal year 2006 to the *Katrina Fund*. Jesuit will issue a separate *President's Report* later this summer to recognize benefactors who donated to the school during the current 2007 fiscal year, which will end June 30.

PAG RESULTS OUTSTANDING

The purpose of the *PAG* drive each year is to raise funds to make up the deficit that exists between total income and expenditures. This year's gap is \$2,189; in 2006, the gap was \$2,126. A contribution to the *PAG* drive helps Jesuit reduce operating expenses, thus keeping tuition at an affordable level for most families. An added benefit is that donations to the *PAG* drive are tax deductible. Tuition and tuition increases are not.

"Jesuit's parents understand the importance of this drive and how its success can directly affect the amount of tuition increase for the following school year," said 2007 *PAG* chair Keith Stagni '75. "Blue Jay parents continue to participate in the *PAG* drive at an astounding level, above 90%."

As March turned to April, 1,076 parents had pledged a record amount totaling \$1,224,180. Actual donations from 765 parents were just under the \$1 million mark in early April. "With several weeks remaining in the campaign," said Stagni, "I am confident that many parents who have not yet made a commitment will do so today, and return their pledge card to the school as soon as possible."

Parents can print a pledge form from Jesuit's website, complete it, and give it to their son to deliver to the development office on the third floor. Donating online at Jesuit's website is easy and safe and can be done in a few minutes, not only to the *PAG* and *LEF*, but also to the *Katrina Fund* and various scholarships.

ALUMNI GENEROUS TO LEF

The 2007 *LEF* drive also ends June 30 and alumni who have not yet donated are encouraged to send their gift to Jesuit or donate online.

"Contributions to the *LEF* are used by the school to defray operating expenses," explained Christopher Cox '89, chair of the current *LEF* drive. "This is a tremendous help

in keeping tuition at an affordable level for most families, while enabling the school's diverse student body to experience Jesuit as you and I experienced Jesuit."

The latest data on the current 2007 drive: 2,838 alumni have pledged \$815,924; actual donations sent by 2,335 alumni are right at the \$700,000 level. "The answer is not that Jesuit necessarily needs larger donations," said Cox, "We need to encourage more of our alumni to participate to the best of their ability."

Cox encourages out-of-town Blue Jays, especially ones who have never donated to the *LEF* drive, to step up to the plate now and give what they can afford. Jesuit has a total of 12,500 alumni and an extraordinary number—5,500 or 45%—live in the New Orleans area. Many local Blue Jays who were counted as steadfast donors to the *LEF* were hit hard by Katrina (some remain displaced and are lost in Jesuit's database).

THE KATRINA FUND

The *Katrina Fund* was established in the fall of 2005 to receive donations from the Jesuit community at-large, including alumni, parents, other Jesuit institutions, foundations, and friends, to help repair the school from the widespread wind and water damage caused by the hurricane. The entire first floors of the school, gym, and adjacent P.E. building were submerged by almost six feet of water for more than two weeks.

Damages exceeded \$12 million in addition to \$2-3 million in equipment either lost or rendered useless. An initial goal was quickly established to raise \$5 million from outside sources for expenses not covered by insurance and FEMA. This goal was revised upwards to \$7 million a few months ago as the massive reconstruction of Jesuit began to wind down and true costs were better determined. Additionally, underwriters and insurers appeared to be digging in for protracted litigation against Jesuit, and FEMA reimbursements have been excruciatingly slow to arrive at Carrollton & Banks. Indeed, of the approximately \$7 million in damage Jesuit estimates qualifies as reimbursable, the school has received only \$1 million.

Donations to the *Katrina Fund* in the first year (2006) amounted to \$2,746,648. Contributions in the current year (2007) total \$1,113,136. Additionally, \$800,000 has been promised by numerous benefactors. Some 40 other Jesuit institutions have been among the most generous donors, contributing nearly a half million dollars. So far, the largest individual donation to the *Katrina Fund* is \$200,000 by a friend who wishes to remain anonymous. ■



ALUMNI GOLF CLASSIC

June 1, 2007

Audubon Park Golf Course

Morning and afternoon flights

\$100 per golfer

Space is limited, so make your reservation today.

- Refreshments and Lunch
- Awards and Parade of Prizes
- Ditty Bag featuring Jesuit Camp Shirt

Go online at www.jesuitnola.org and print out the registration form, complete it, and then mail it with payment to Jesuit:

4133 Banks Street
New Orleans, LA 70119

Call 483-3815 for details
or e-mail Drew@jesuitnola.org



PAID
Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
New Orleans, LA
PERMIT No. 313

Jesuit 1847
4133 Banks Street
New Orleans, LA 70119

Parents: If you are receiving your son's copy of *Jesuit* and he no longer lives with you, please let us know so we can change our records and send the magazine directly to him. If you enjoy reading your son's copy of *Jesuit*, let us know that as well. We will be glad to send a copy to his new address and a copy to you. E-mail changes to: alumni@jesuitnola.org.

BLUE JAY FISHING RODEO

June 23, 2007

Breton Sound Marina Hopedale

\$35 per adult • \$20 under age 18

Delicious Barbeque, Fun, Prizes!

Go online at www.jesuitnola.org and print out the registration form, complete it, and then mail it with payment to Jesuit:

4133 Banks Street
New Orleans, LA 70119

Call 483-3814 for details
or e-mail dardis@jesuitnola.org

