

# BENEDICTS BOYS

ST BENEDICT'S PREP CLASS OF 1964

## FROM THE EDITORS

Here we are, the third quarter of 2011. Only 32 months and 10 More Newsletters until our 50th Reunion. Can you believe it!

We begin with a Classmate Profile of Doug Harrison and then hear from two Cornell "Boys" Don Gerberg and Dick Bryzinski who spent 8 years together before embarking on very different careers.

In March of 2011 we got word that JUG had returned to Benedicts. Based on an article in the Benedict News it is obvious that Father Boniface was not consulted. Recollections from members of the Class of '64 follow.

John Zieser came East from Bremerton, WA in July, 2011 for a family wedding. The "usual" and some unusual suspects were rounded up and met for lunch at Frankie's in Pt. Pleasant Beach.

In upcoming newsletters we will touch upon an interesting case Kevin Kelly tried. Dr. Phil Maguire tells us about "My Emergency Room Memories". The multi-talented Dr. Phil will also share with us some short stories and poems he has had published.

If you have interesting memories to share, email them to Art and myself and we will include them in future newsletters.

## LEN PELLECCIA R.I.P.

Another Benedict's Boy has gone to his eternal rest. The Class of 1964 lost Len Pelleccchia on Friday, July 8, 2011. Len passed away at Ocean Medical Center, Brick, NJ from a number of health issues. He was 65 years old, way too young, with a lot more life to live.

Len was in Senior E. He was quiet and unassuming. Played tennis and after graduation went on to Notre Dame along with Bob Harris, Pete Connell and Mike Bertelli. After college he, like a number of our classmates went into the Army and spent a year in Vietnam.

Len was given a proper "Benedict's Boys" send off as six of his former classmates attended the memorial service. REST IN PEACE LEN!



JANUARY, 2010



Our **Classmate Profile** this quarter highlights Douglas J. G. Harrison who is retired and lives in North Falmouth, MA. with his wife Joan. They have been together for 41 years and have three sons and four grandchildren. Most of us remember him as a quiet, studious person but the guys in Senior C may remember differently.

Doug, upon leaving "The Hive", attended Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service where he graduated in 1968. A classmate – Bill Clinton – went on to become the Governor of Arkansas and the 42nd President of the United States. When it was time for their 25<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> reunions they were held in the White House. Needless to say both Joan and he attended and had a wonderful time. Doug recalls that "my grandfather, who was a coal miner his entire life, could never have imagined a grandson of his having dinner twice at The White House." [This editor could not imagine it happening to himself even once, much less twice.] Kudos my classmate!



Doug continued his education graduating from St. John's Law School and receiving a Masters in Law from NYU. His first job out of school was as an Assistant D.A. in the Bronx, where he prosecuted criminal cases coming out of the precinct known as "Fort Apache". It was a far cry from "white bread" Nutley, NJ where he grew up. He did this for four years then headed overseas to Brussels where his wife studied, and earned a degree in Internal Medicine. They returned to New York in 1979, where for the next six years he worked for the New York State Education Department eventually becoming their Deputy Director of Prosecutions.

In 1985 he joined The Hanover Insurance Company in NYC as the Regional Director of Litigation and was later elevated to Vice President. He was promoted to National Director of Staff Counsel in 1996 and was moved to the company's Home Office in Massachusetts where he still resides. During the 24 years he spent with The Hanover, retiring in 2009, he molded and grew the Staff Counsel operations into a countrywide team of over 100 trial lawyers which reported directly to him.

Doug indicates that "I am busier in retirement than I ever was as a lawyer". He occupies his days managing the Rhode Island office of his wife's Internal Medicine practice. Joan and he met while both attending Georgetown – she graduating in 1969. They married one year later and have been together ever since. They have raised three sons – two lawyers and a pediatric oncologist. (Those apples didn't fall far from the tree). He currently resides at 29 Wing Rd., No. Falmouth, MA 02556-3012 where he religiously works out for an hour every day. The balance of his time in retirement is occupied reading and spending as much time as possible with their grandkids – the most recent of which was born this past July. Doug can be reached by telephone at 508/ 540-6806 [H] OR 508/ 524-2234 [C] or via email at [djgharrison@aol.com](mailto:djgharrison@aol.com).

"I credit St Benedict's with providing me with a very fine education, which formed the basis of all that followed. Make no mistake, however, my life, like all lives, has been filled with ups and downs, successes and failures. On balance, though, I am happy with the way it has turned out so far."

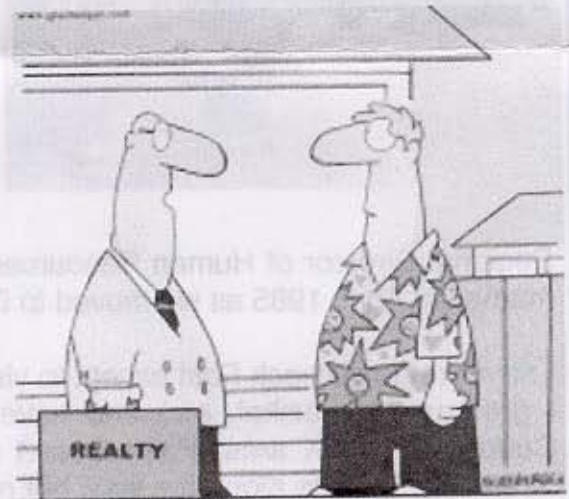


## Knowing When to Say "When" .... A personal story

**The Prelude:** After three years in the Peace Corps as a volunteer in Uganda, East Africa, I decided to get my New Jersey real estate license and work for my Mom until I got a "real job". That was 1972. It is now 2011, I will turn 65 this year, and I have decided to retire from the active part of the residential real estate profession and move south to Millsboro, DE (just next to Rehoboth Beach).

Since 1972 (except for a brief three years outside the business) I have grown successfully in the business. So much for the "real job" issue. I have held a wide variety of positions, from agent to manager to owner and President of my own company, to regional manager for a larger company then general manager, and in 1992 back to the best job in the business ... agent where I find myself today.

During my 38 years or so in the profession, I have personally handled over 500 individual transactions, published 18 articles (including several for Real Estate Today), and taught well over 100 individual classes for the NJ GRI program. I hold a GRI designation, am a charter CRS, hold the honor of being the first agent in the United States to get the e-PRO 500 designation and have held the ABR designation.



"I think the seller will accept your offer, but the Homeowners Association will never approve that short."

**My story** ... about knowing when to say when begins five years ago ... at the height of the real estate boom. My wife and I were scheduled to visit friends in Baltimore, but plans changed at the last minute, and we decided to change directions and spend a night in Rehoboth Beach, DE., where we had never been, and then go on to a golf resort in Maryland. We got one of the last rooms available in Delaware (it was a very busy September weekend), and as fate stepped in, there was a huge highway billboard across the street advertising a community called Baywood. Four days later we wrote a deposit check on our "vacation" home. We then decided to have a five year plan and at the 2.5-year mark we would decide again if we really liked southern Delaware. That decision took only a few months ... we REALLY liked southern Delaware.

**Don Gerberg**



## A UNIQUE STORY: A BENEDICTS BOY FOLLOWS HIS DREAM

All I can say is I was very fortunate.....I knew from 8th grade what I wanted to do....run hotels...St. B's prepped me for getting into my #1 college choice for Hotel Administration (Father Benedict, not one of great faith in his students' choices...told me to "save my parents money on the application fee...you'll never get into Cornell") I never did forgive him for that remark.



After a few jobs, I landed with a small new hotel company, Marriott, who had 13 hotels when I joined in Sept. 1973. They offered growth, profit sharing, stock benefits ( the stock averaged 20% growth/year over my first 25 years)...and most of all opportunity and great friends. Our way of doing business has always been, as our founder JW Marriott said, "If we take great care of our associates, they'll take great care of our guests, our guests will return again and again, and the profits will take care of themselves"

I met my wife Carol working with Marriott in Palm Desert, CA. We were both on Marriott's Western Resort Region Team, covering Hawaii, California, and Arizona. She was

Regional Director of Human Resources, I was Regional Director of Sales and Marketing. We got married in April, 1985 as we moved to Denver with Marriott.

I never returned back East except to visit family and for some vacations (Long Beach Island, where I grew up, Nantucket, etc)..and have enjoyed my time out West...Phoenix/Scottsdale, Orange County, CA, LAX area, Palm Desert and 20 years in the greater Denver area. I've met many "important" people along the way, but none more important than those hard working people it takes to run a hotel.

I'm still working and loving it..I've been very, very happy. Take care guys

## JUG Reinstated at the Hive

JUG IS BACK. Michael Scanlan, Dean of Student Life, Glenn Cassidy, Director of Student Life, Ed Bendokas, Dean of Discipline and Assistant Headmaster Ivan Lamourt met and decided to bring back JUG to correct the problem of persistent lateness. "It's the re-instituting of a very old program," said Mr. Cassidy.

The word JUG, is derived from the Latin *sub jugum*, meaning "under a burden" and has been used in Jesuit schools, like St. Peter's Prep, for decades. It used to be at Benedict's until the school closed in '72. JUG was run by the Dean of Discipline, and from 1960-1967 Fr. Boniface Treanor O.S.B. ran JUG.

Back then in JUG, students had to write the multiplication table from a random number that Fr. Boniface chose and write it until they reached that number. This took a long time, but repeat offenders would get good at arithmetic. Today, the punishment is different. "It's sitting for one hour doing nothing," said Mr. Cassidy.



# SOME MEMORIES OF JUG

Ah yes ... Fr. Gerald (aka "Little Iggy").

Remember standing at attention for an hour?

Well, I'm sure Billy Palmer ('63) does. Believe it was Little Iggy's first year. Palmer and I (and many others) were in Jug all standing fairly straight, except Palmer.

His arms are folded across his chest and he's slouched over on his left side.

Little Iggy tells him to stand up straight ... so Palmer slouches to his right side and BEGINS to refold his arms.

I say BEGINS because by the time he finished, Iggy upper cut Palmer right square on his chin.

Last time I saw Palmer, he was still standing as straight as a 2x4!

Long live JUG...

**BILL COLUMBO**

My all time jug memory was when Iggy almost got me killed by sending me down with a slip that said "Jug the Fuck"...Fr. Gerald was the new ass't dean of discipline and he jumped me like a cat, pinned me against the wall and was ready to kick my ass when Boniface walked in shocked at the scene....he inquired, Gerald gave him the

slip and he just rolled his eyes and said "let him go it's Ignatius".....happened so fast I couldn't react...Gerald was small quiet and fierce!...

**BILL TREZZA**

As hard as it may be to believe, I spent quite a few days in jug. Mostly from "situations" with my favorite "history teacher" Mr. Meister.

When I first got jug the punishment was to hand print a copy (or a # of copies) of the discipline folder. As I remember it people would smuggle in pre-printed pages until that ploy was discovered and they started handing out paper with some kind of ID on them. As I recall this created quite a few speed printers, it certainly did in my case. To this day, my printing is infinitely more legible and quick than my cursive writing.

At some point jug became what I thought was cruel and unusual punishment. We just had to stand there. Without shifting weight from one foot to the other. If you moved, you got another day. That was torture. If I remember correctly, it also led to a decrease in the number of us who got jug!

**BILL GROHS**

During the bus strike I got a ride to school but cut and spent most days at Phil's Pool Hall. Fathers Boniface, Regis and

Francis caught me walking the wrong way on Branford Place one morning.

I got indefinite jug. Think it was the record for the year. Wound up a math major at Sacred Heart Univ.

Also remember standing in jug listening to Hank Minasian singing

"Oh no you can't sit down..." under the detention room window.

Good times !...

**JOHN SHERWOOD**

My freshman year I spent more time at jug than track practice. I'm sure that my parents were thrilled that the monks were making good on their promise to beat some sense in me, which they also were doing, certainly with my dad's blessing. A great tradition... **PETE CONNELL**

"If zero people come late one day, then there is no JUG for that day," said Mr. Scanlan"

In my four years I don't believe there was ever a day without jug. A day without jug is like a day without sun poisoning. ...

**BRIAN FROELICH**



## **Zieser Visits Benedict's Boys**

### **Cross country transportation mode unfamiliar to 38 yr. Submariner**

Members of the "Shore" contingent of The Benedict's Boys assembled Monday, July 18, 2011 at Frankie's Restaurant in Pt. Pleasant Beach ( NJ ) for lunch, and a rehashing of old times on High Street, with West Coast classmate John Zieser of Bremerton WA. John had made one of his infrequent trips East for the weekend for a family wedding. Earlier in the summer he had contacted Art and I to see what was going on and who might be available to "sit and chat".

We were able to round up a number of our "retired" classmates for a fun-filled, laugh-a-minute get-together. Besides the guest of honor and myself, we were pleased to have former teacher Will Dempsey join us. Others attending were Pete Connell, Brian Froelich, Mike Galloway, Bob Harris, John Hogan, Kevin Kelly, Kevin Moore, Pat Pepe, John Sherwood and Walt Zimny.

"I arrived a bit early" said John Z "and had an opportunity to talk extensively with both Mr. Dempsey ("I still can not bring myself to call him Wilbur") and Kevin Kelly. I finally had the opportunity to thank Mr. Dempsey for pictures he took of me at the State wrestling tourney our senior year. Unfortunately those pictures and all four of my SBP yearbooks never made it back from Hawaii."

There were a few of us among the assembled who had taken the infamous French Class "Road Trip" Junior year to Canada. We reminisced with Will about our excursion to Montreal and Quebec. We know the bus only held 45 people, and two of them were adults, but the event has become legend, another Woodstock, as "everyone" in the group seemed to have their own special story (ies) while there. Hey, didn't Bob Harris and Pete Connell take German?

"I had a great time listening to the career stories of Pete Connell, Kevin Kelly, Mike Galloway and John Sherwood (our lawyers and law enforcement retirees)." There were a lot of laughs as they recalled prior courthouse stories and what it was like to ride in the back seat of "Car 54".

John lamented that he did not get a chance to speak to everyone at length but was able to "exchange (a few) sea – and liberty – stories with fellow sailor Kevin Moore and talk to Pat Pepe about our days at wrestling practice" John is also constantly online with Walt Zimny, John Sherwood, Art San Filippo, Brian Froelich and myself. You can reach him at [jvzieser@comcast.net](mailto:jvzieser@comcast.net). I know I speak for all when I say "We had a great time".

[Ed. Note. Other Benedict's Boys get-togethers were a Lakewood [NJ] Blueclaws baseball doubleheader in August, the "Shore Reunion" in Spring Lake September 24<sup>th</sup> and a real "road trip" to Cooperstown to visit both Bob Ghegan and the Baseball Hall of Fame Oct 3<sup>rd</sup> thru 5<sup>th</sup>., but more on those in the next newsletter.]



Seated L to R: Will Dempsey, Kevin Kelly, Brian Froelich, John Hogan, honored guest John Zieser, Pat Pepe. Standing: Mike Galloway, John Sherwood, Dennis Murtha, Bob Harris, Pete Connell, Walt Zimny and Kevin Moore.

**Ed. Note:** Don successfully sold his No. Jersey home and has moved to Delaware. He resides at 24495 Lob Way, Millsboro, DE 19966, just 10 miles from Lewes, DE.

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