

Class of '58



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS CHURCH AND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Fourth Avenue, Seventh to Ninth Streets, Brooklyn, NY 11215



e-newsletter dedicated to you

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FIRST UP

IN MEMORIUM:

We Remember Class of '60 Kevin McFeeley
Feb.11, 1946 – Oct.13, 2007



Seen here second from right with Lenny Class of '58, and many of Kevin's classmates and friends from Class of '60 and '61. Kevin was our Class of '58's Jack McFeeley's brother. Large photo page 5.

CLASS PRAYER

Merciful and Mighty God,
from all eternity you knew the
circumstances of our birth.

In our mother's womb, you formed us
and gave us life.

At our Baptism, you called us by
name into the family of God.
together, at St. Thomas Aquinas,
we received the foundations of our faith.

Heal the wounds of our heart,
and help us to forgive
those who have hurt us.

Renew the gift of faith that
united us as children,
that we may be a blessing
and an encouragement to one another.

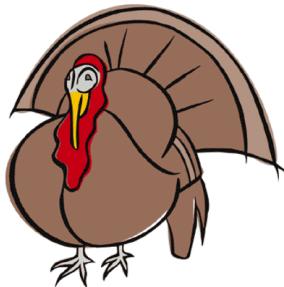
Lead us Lord as we continue on this
journey, bound together in faith,
until we are safely home.

Contributed by our DOROTHY HODGENS

FRONT AND CENTER

Celebrated Events

THANKSGIVING



Tentative date for next STA reunion is:
OUR 50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR
Saturday Oct.11, 2008

THE BROOKLYN BEAT

WELCOME

I remember Kevin McFeeley, Class of '60. Brother to our brother Jack McFeeley. It was with Kevin who I sat at the back of STA church in 2006 before the start of the mass. Enjoyed the warm-hearted conversation we had. The goodness of this man just shone through. It was this meeting with Kevin, that produced the lead to our brother Jack, in Norfolk, MA.

In the following days of Jack's email I got to see him for the first time in 49 years, at the funeral parlor, and then 2 days later at the Church service. It was then back there in October I told Jack I would be up his way in Massachusetts in November and would like to visit him. And we did get together – on November 07 for lunch.. First sit-down ever for us two. Enjoyed his telling of the McFeeley Family story, Kevin, and those up there, up north.

We spent some time, before and after lunch in his Town of Wrentham Government Office, where he is Town Administrator. I had the pleasure of telling one of the women in his office, that Jack didn't just have light brown hair when he was a kid in my class – it was to my eyes – golden in color. Do you all remember him as I do?

Though we haven't spoken since my visit, I hope to speak to him soon and to visit him again in Wrentham in 2008.

Jack told me about John Burdock, his maternal great-grandfather who played and managed professional baseball. I am very glad to bring you some details about him on page 3.

Massab Family news –

Back in middle of August, when Amanda had her surgery, Gil joined me outside in front of my home for some stoop-sitting, a yankee replacement for a front porch often-times seen in the south and elsewhere I guess.

He started his conversation slow-like; carefully building some easy rapport, before he was to reach the point of his conversation. I must admit, I was slow to realize what was about to happen. And then the realization came – only about 25-30 seconds before he was to pop the question to the pop – (I am known as Pappa Lenny in these-them-parts).

My heartbeat quickened, and my face must have started to flush, I realized that “he was about to ask me for my daughter’s hand in Marriage”.

And so he did! I became teary-eyed, smiled And said yes. We shook hands. I told him I liked him. Can’t tell him I love him. After-all, he is going to take my one-and-only away from me.

We were already scheduled to visit his members of his Alabama Mafia for Thanksgiving time. And so, he told me he would like to propose to my daughter when all of us were in Alabama, both families in one place. I agreed.

He then wanted us to go inside and somehow tell my wife Jo the news, without Amanda catching on.. I said that better NOT tell the Jo, and to let me tell her in my own good time very near the time he was to propose. He reluctantly agreed. And so the plan was hatched.



I keep my mouth shut for THREE MONTHS never letting on; I would lie through my teeth if I had to, and enjoy every minute of it.

The night before we were to fly to Birmingham, Alabama, I remembered to ask her to pack something special to wear for her and Amanda, because it was after all, Holiday time, and besides having a special Thanksgiving meal at Gil’s mom’s house, she/we could expect to be dining out in lots of nice places. Well, the Jo protested a bit, saying she expected our stay there to be dress-down. I was, as you understand, trying to get them ready for what was about to happen.

So after three months of keeping this under wraps, the moment of truth came. I said to Jo in a calm and cool manner – no emotion – oh, yes, a small smile. “He’s going to ask her to marry him when we’re in Alabama”.

She gasped, hand over her chest.

“HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN?”, she necessarily asks, I replied, **“THREE MONTHS”**. Feelings of betrayal consumed her temporarily. The idea that her husband of 28 years, someone she’s known for 32 years could keep secret something so important like this from her astounded her.

NO PROBLEM. I’m good, real good.

My motives were good, my heart pure. I had no inner conflicts to be sure.

I told Jo that I felt that it would be too much for her to be so close to Amanda and not somehow slipup, or just go plain crazy holding on to this information.

The next morning, the day we were to fly out She thanked me – *Whew!* – she agreed with me. She felt relieved she didn’t have to hold on to this for THREE MONTHS, as I did. So, off we were to Birmingham.

(During most of this time, *August to Nov. 22, while we were still in NY, Amanda post-surgery was a general pain-in-the-ass. She was missing her Gil. Her parents became her oppressors; and wanted a longer leash, or no leash I should say.* It would have been very tempting to give her the very news that would make her so happy; would cheer her up, but I stayed the course.)

Next:

BIRMINGHAM,
THE PROPOSAL,
and the
ALABAMA MAFIA

Birmingham, Alabama suburb of
Mountain Brook

The Cast(besides we three):

Gil and his Mom Dawn, his grandmother, ‘Mee-Maw’ a/k/a MaryGlyn, and granddaddy, a/k/a Sam and Gil’s brother Mark, who is single and has a house of his own. Annie-Cate and Lauren, his cousins. Other important family members to be sure..

All of the Alabama Mafia knew. We landed in Birmingham on the Tuesday. He took her out after we all had dinner on the Wednesday to ‘The Club’ a private members-only place on a tall hill(photo) overlooking the city. A great location. He reached down in to his sock to get ‘the ring’...and proposed right then and there ... surprised, surprised, surprised!, she was. She was so hysterical he just wasn’t sure of the answer he got...He finally said, “Is that a yes?” “YES”, was her answer.

The engaged couple return to Dawn’s house where a party in their honor was waiting.

We partied every day. And in a week where Turkey was the main meal, we had fried-chicken, TWICE.

We were, after-all, in the deep south. Mountain Brook this time of the year had beautiful foliage. It is quite hilly--and a lot like so many Connecticut towns and hamlets, not like what I thought the ‘deep south’ would look like.

We left Dawn’s on Saturday for a four hour drive south to Gil’s father Curry and his wife Alisha. They live in Magnolia Springs, Al, on Magnolia River. Off Mobile Bay.

He/They have a 24' fishing boat powered by twin Yamaha 125HP engines. And of course we took a ride.

My wife was a passenger on Curry’s Harley, and Gil crashed and scraped his knee on Alisha’s Ducati motor bike. We flew out of Pensicola, Fl Tues. to NY via Atlanta. Every day was joy. A wonderful time had by all. I had all kinds of sea food and po’boys and fried pickles.

Update on John Newberry –

You may remember the reprint of Jeannette Newberry’s email to me in the Sep-Oct newsletter. She spoke about a book and cover photo.

See photo of John on front cover of the book called: The Bridge, On pg.4.

Some fine pictures of **Bob Iannizzotto** and clan on pages 6,7,8.

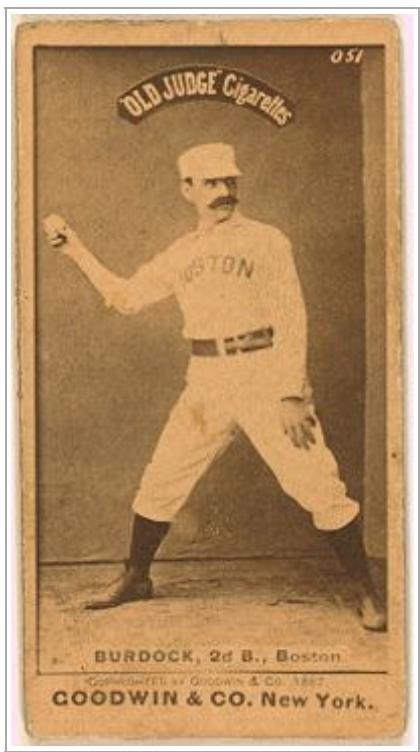
See page 9 for a wonderful family portrait of the **Kaseta’s**, at their son Danny’s Sep. 22, 2007 wedding to Bridget.

Update on **Amanda Massab** and Gil – See pages 10, 11. But before I leave, I want you to know she is making good progress with her therapies. Gotta go now. It’s been a helluva day.

Jack McFeeley's Great-Grandfather

Jack Burdock

Jack Burdock was born in Brooklyn, New York. Burdock was 24 years old when he broke into the big leagues on May 2, 1876, with the Hartford Dark Blues.



Second baseman Batted: Right

Born: April, 1852

Died: November 27, 1931 (aged 79)

MLB debut

May 2, 1872 for the Brooklyn Atlantics

Final game

June 23, 1891 for the Brooklyn Grooms

Career statistics

Batting average .250

Hits 1,230

Runs 777

Teams

Brooklyn Atlantics (1872-1873)

New York Mutuals (1874)

Hartford Dark Blues (1875-1877)

Boston Red Caps/Beaneaters (1878-1888)

Brooklyn Bridegrooms 1888 / Brooklyn Grooms 1891

John Joseph Burdock (April 1852 - November 27, 1931), nicknamed "Black Jack," was a second baseman in Major League Baseball. He made his professional debut in 1872 with the Brooklyn Atlantics at age 20, and he would later join the New York Mutuals, the Hartford Dark Blues, and the Boston Red Caps. In 1883 Burdock began the season as manager; but after beginning the season 30-24, he was replaced by first baseman John Morrill – who had also been his predecessor in the job – and the team went on to capture the National League pennant. During that era a manager was often selected from among the playing roster, and Burdock returned to playing full-time afterwards. He retired at age 39 after playing parts of two seasons for his hometown Brooklyn Grooms.

Burdock died in Brooklyn at age 79, and was buried at Holy Cross Cemetery.

Early Brooklyn baseball

Brooklyn was home to outstanding baseball clubs in the mid-1850s. Eight of 16 participants in the first convention were from Brooklyn, including the Atlantic, Eckford and Excelsior clubs that combined to dominate play for most of the 1860s. Brooklyn helped make baseball commercial, as the locale of the first paid admission games, a series of three all star contests matching New York and Brooklyn in 1858. Brooklyn also featured the first two enclosed baseball grounds, the Union Grounds and the Capitoline Grounds

Union Grounds was a baseball park located in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, NY. The grounds opened in 1862 and was the first baseball park enclosed entirely by a fence, thereby allowing proprietor William Cammeyer or his tenant to charge admission, permitting only paying customers to watch the games. It was built on a large block bounded by Harrison Avenue, Rutledge Street, Lynch Street, and Marcy Avenue.

Brooklyn Dodgers

The Brooklyn baseball club that eventually became the NL Dodgers was established in 1883, and the team joined the upstart American Association the following year. Originally the Brooklyn team was known as the "Atlantics" (a reference to the earlier National Association team), and later as the "Grays." After several of the team's players were married in succession in 1888, the press began referring to the team as the "Brooklyn Bridegrooms." The Bridegrooms won the AA pennant in 1889. Upon switching to the National League in 1890, the franchise became the first of only three major league sports teams, and the only major league baseball team, to win championships in different leagues in consecutive years.



THE BRIDGE

Class of '58 John Newberry, above. circa 1963 Book by Gay Talese
John was doing a grown man's job at only about 18 years of age.

Remembering Kevin McFeeley in better times – Reunion 2005



John Kwiatkowski, Eileen Howard, class of '61, and next is Larry Howard, her brother '60. Diane Juliano, MaryAnn Kwiatowski(no relation to John K -believe it?) Lenny Massab Class of '58, **Kevin McFeeley**(2nd from right), Class of '60 and Vic Roger, also Class of '60 Photo and some of the names thanks to MaryAnn Kwiatowski.



Bob Iannizzotto, seen here with his pride and joy: Yellow Porsche

In an email of Nov. 27, 2006, Bob writes:

"I was looking for some pictures ... the only one I could find was one at this years' (2006) SIACC Car show. I have several old cars that I try to keep and maintain and every year it's a special event. It's with my favorite daughter Suzie(the car), who I have had for 17 years ... I don't know if I look the same as I did back then".

Regards,
Bob Iannizzotto

Editor's note:

Bob didn't date this photo, but - because some of the "tags" that accompany image downloads that show make of camera, and **date** of picture, I believe it was taken c.1995-96. "Bob, you're cheating. You sent me a picture from when you were 50, 51". You rascal. You'll get the women in our group all excited." And I'll get jealous. Isn't having deep dimples enough? "We know what year you were born! But actually, I think you made up for it in the following picture. It looks to be dated more recently. "Say, if you're still talking to me: "What is the year of this Porsche anyway?"

Meantime, I am still waiting(like forever) from Mary Coster-Zimmerman for some photos. Show us you, Mary. Don't be chicken. We'd like to see you. You could only have improved with age.

"Mary, if it will help ease your anxiety, go to one of those photographer's in the mall, who do "Vanity Photos" – they'll make you up like a movie star". Let's hope Mary Coster has a sense of humor, and that she sends us some photos real soon .



Bob Iannizzotto: "That's me with my oldest son, Robert, Jr., and my Granddaughter Isabelle".



Robert, Jr., Patty, Bob's wife, and beautiful Isabelle, Robert Jrs.'s daughter.

To give you an idea how 'dry' Bob's humor is, or maybe just a man of few words -

'When I asked Bob to give me a story to go with the pictures': like maybe date, place, etc., he replied -

"Lenny ... Lenny ... It was apple picking day!".

"You all make for a good-looking family. Thanks for the pictures, Bob".



September 22, 2007

Wedding Photo of Danny & Bridget, John and Maureen Kaseta; daughters Suzanne (Rick and grandchildren) and Eileen.
ed.note: "Congratulations to all, and thank you Maureen and John for a wonderful family portrait.
May Danny and Bridget bring you many more grandchildren".

Announcement

Dear Friends,

We are thrilled to announce the engagement of our daughter Amanda to her boyfriend of three-and-a-half years, Gil McWhorter, of Mountain Brook, Alabama.



Gil McWhorter and Amanda Massab

Wedding date: Friday, June 26, 2009

Place: www.palmhouse.com
at Brooklyn Botanical Gardens

We hope to share more happy news with you in the future, and that you are also experiencing joy in your lives.

Some Photos from the Massab Family Album.....



Amanda in Gil's pick-up truck.



Amanda at home, dressing up for
The League's Annual fundraiser -
"Feast with Famous Faces"



Amanda, 10 days after her cochlear implant surgery



Amanda with Susan Lucci, Soap Opera Star,
"All My Children" at annual League for Hard
of Hearing Fundraiser billed as, "Feast with
Famous Faces". Soap opera stars, local TV
anchors and celebrity chefs participated.



The Jo, all dressed up for a ride on a
Harley-Davidson. This is a new kind
picture for her; new favorite of mine.



Amanda and Gil.



This is where Gil took her out for dessert and coffee and proposed. Location: A great over-look view of the City of Birmingham, Alabama, at night.



Amanda with Gil, and some of the important members of the Alabama mafia – Gil's brother Mark and girlfriend, Jean, his Dad, Curry McWhorter, and his Mom, Dawn Peeples.