

From the Editors Laptop

At the beginning of this year, I took on new responsibilities at my work and found myself with less free time. I thought that the Paduan might suffer the consequences. However, with the help a fellow Paduans another issue is published. I'd really like to thank all for the articles and contributions.

Without these articles the Paduan would not exist. I apologise if anyone contributed and I overlooked. Please let me know, it has been somewhat of a hectic year for me. Thanks to those who updated me on their emails. We lose a few Paduan emails or home address each issue. It is important that you keep me updated with any change to email or home address. Please notify [me](#) for any email/address changes

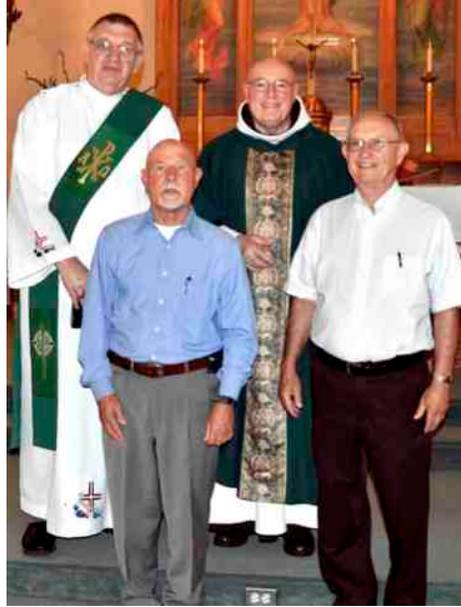
Reunion Attendees for Class of 1961's 50th Reunion:

Leonard Dmuchowski-55,
Ed Opiola-56, JoeBarstys-57
Michael Uss-58, Fr
Joel Szydowski-58, Edward
Drozd-60, Bro Ignatius Victor
Sudol-61, Chester
Ostaszewski-61, Stanley
Zagraniczny-61, John
Lasalle-62, John Mielnik-62,
Walter Kurpiel-62, Louis
Czubachowski-64, Tom
Malina-66, Mark Kiefer-66,
Danny Poplawski-66, Alan
Costich-66, Joe Biernat-68

The Paduan

Alumni Newsletter for St. Anthony of Padua Alumni

Vol. 4 No.2 Nov 2011



Pictured top row Chester Ostaszewski-61
Fr. Joel Szydowski -58. Bottom Row
Bro Ignatius (Victor) Sudol-61 and Stan
Zagraniczny-61. Photo by Carol LaSalle

Padua Reunion 2012 August 17-19 2012

The Class of '62 invites all alumni and former attendees of Padua Prep to join with us in celebrating the 50th anniversary of our graduation. We were a relatively small class but we were at the midpoint in "The High's" tenure, having the advantage of knowing the classes from 1958-1965 and also having the opportunity of meeting others at the reunions we have attended.

Why don't all of you plan to "come home and relive the experience" next August? For those who have been back you can renew old acquaintances and for those haven't been to a reunion it's time you came home. We especially invite the first and last graduating classes and also the classes of 67 and 57 who are celebrating their 45th and 55th anniversaries respectively. The

main building may be gone but the shell of the lab, gym and powerhouse remain as do the memories built upon and left at the Glen by over two decades of students, faculty, brothers and staff. The views across the lake remain. Fog still shrouds the village in the early morn. If you look across to the far hillside and squint your eyes you can see the ghosts of the trains that seemed to go on forever. Steam still rises from the lake in winter; the old toboggan trail and those "graduated walking trails" from the old Glen Springs Hotel days still beckon to be used.

Anyone remember the sweet water from the always running fountain just outside the gym? Enough said. Did you know that before Watkins Glen was Watkins Glen it was plain Watkins and before that it was called Jefferson? Now we know that the old Jefferson Hotel wasn't named for our former president or was it? Time to come back and find out. There will be more to follow in future Paduan's and well as email blasts. Please mark you calendars. Remember: Tempus Fugit (and none of us is getting any younger). For further details contact [John LaSalle](#) or [John Mielnik](#)

Class Notes

Class of '54

Happy 75th Birthday to John Pilch: Ed Opiola and Joe Barstys joined John and his family at the Royal Warsaw Restaurant, Elmwood Park, NJ. to celebrate.

Class of '59

Tom Uss found this very interesting article on the life and death of Franciscan twin brothers. [Brothers Julian and Adrian Reister](#)

Class of '61

Victor (Bro Ignatius) Sudol is a R.N. for the Brothers of St John of God. Victor works with the Chemical afflicted in a 90 day detox in Victorville Ca. Victor enjoys vegetable gardening.

Stanley and Diana Zagraniczny celebrated their silver wedding anniversary last year with son Craig and his spouse Heather, and daughter Carrie with her spouse Michael; along with their grandchildren Grace, Hayden, Jack and twins Cole and Anna. After graduation from Padua Stan attended St. Mary's College and Saints Cyril and Methodius Seminary in Orchard Lake, Michigan. He was ordained and served in four parishes over fourteen years. After leaving active ministry, he attended SUNY Colleges at Cortland and Oswego to earn his certification in math and Masters for permanent certification. He taught in public school and then worked as Teacher for the New York State Department of Correctional Services teaching and preparing inmates for the GED. Stan is now retired and enjoys his family. He also does gardening, travels with his wife, enjoys the outdoors and reading.

Class of '67

Congratulations to Stanley Zaleski on becoming a Grand Dad. Daughter Tara gave birth to 9 lb 15 oz grandson Derrick.



Ed Opiola-56 and Joe Barstys-57 flank John Pilch-54 at his 75th Birthday

Beatification of Pope John Paul II brings Happy Memories to Rev Canon Joseph Sredzinski Class of '62

On May 1st of this year Rev Canon Joseph Sredzinski joined millions in Rome to witness the Beatification of Pope John Paul to Blessed. In the fall of 1969 while studying for the Priesthood at Sts. Cyril and Methodius Seminary, Deacon Joseph was asked to represent the student body in welcoming guest Karol Cardinal Wojtyla, Archbishop of Krakow.



Rev Canon Joseph Sredzinski -62 meets with Pope John Paul II

Fr. Joe served as Deacon for the Cardinal at mass. In the fall of 1989 while taking Advanced Theological studies at the North American College in Rome, Rev Sredzinski had the opportunity to concelebrate Mass with the Krakow Cardinal now Pope John Paul II. Fr. Joe met one on one with the Pope two more times; in 1993 while escorting a group of Everson Pa teens to World Youth Day in Colorado and again in 2002 escorting a group of Western Pa teens to Poland and Rome.

Over the years Fr. Joe has admired his Hero Pope John Paul II for his dedication and courage for his devotion to Mary and championship of human Rights, especially for the pre-born and youth. Fr. Joe prepares and airs a weekly religious program "That you may Believe" over WMBS 590 AM Sundays at 6:05 PM Full article appears in [Herald Standard and Polish American Journal](#)

Could this be Magic?

Chad Orłowski

For some reason things never reveal themselves fully to me except on reflection. This ranged from simple things as facts to more involved personal relationships. Life would present itself in all its raw and forceful self, right before my eyes, and I could never fully take in its view. I always had to pause, turn around, and take in the view after the fact. In other words, I needed time to reflect on living before I understood.

Such was the case recently with the Harry Potter phenomenon. When everyone was raving about it over the last 15 years, I was yawning. In my mind they were cute children's stories. To be sure, I did catch a few viewings of short pieces of the films, but they never made any sense to me, partly because I saw the movies as disjointed, and the dialog difficult due to the rapidity of British speech and pronunciation. However, the special effects and the creative sets drew me in to take a closer look, but this only reinforced my former frustrations even more in trying to understand the story itself. Finally, I relented and read the last two novels.

Suddenly, the Harry Potter stories became clear. The movies never did justice to the intricately woven tale of J.K. Rowling. The brilliance of Rowling was making magic mundane. She fancied a wondrous tale around essentially nothing other than human qualities and the mysterious movements that take place among people. There are many tipping points to understanding this within her novels, but one

pervasive one is that magic is not easy—one has to work hard at making magic. This understanding is diametrically opposed to the common understanding of that term. What Rowling fancied in her tale was qualitatively different. In other words, life trumps magic, according to Rowling, and this makes all the difference. But what does this mean, life trumps magic?

To glimpse what that simple phrase may portend, another story needs to be told.

Only a handful of people realize that in Watkins Glen there lived an elderly gentleman, rich in the ways of wisdom and observation as well as with the candor and simplicity of Vermont living. Indeed, this gentleman was originally from north central Vermont, but had moved to the Seneca Lake area in his late teens, bringing with him those qualities of matter of fact frankness that was refreshing to all who knew him. But I transgress. The important fact was that this earthy man lived in town shortly before the Franciscans bought the Glen Springs Resort to long after the Franciscans sold it. Having a unique perspective his Vermont upbringing brought him, this gentleman knew a lot of what went on at the hilltop school.

There was a rumor in the early years of the school that two of the Seniors met this man during one of their fund raising forays into town to gather donations for yearbook ads. As it goes, this gentleman shared some of his knowledge of the school with these Seniors, asking only that his identity not be revealed. This knowledge was obtuse, presented only in the form of questions or phrases. Some of these questions made it into various issues of

future Paduans and Siquaeris yearbooks, but the vast majority remained forgotten, perhaps because they were dismissed as too fantastic.

According to the old gentleman from Vermont there was what amounted to a protective charm cast on the school. The amazing fact that the physical structure never collapsed went unnoticed for years, until about 5 years before the school closed permanently when structural engineers examined the main building. Whether this engineering report hastened the closing, or whether the protective charm was lost when the Franciscans were deliberating to sell or not sell, is left to speculation. Somewhat related to this is the incredulous fact that fire never consumed the school, despite secret and not so secret cigarette smoking over the years. Carrying the thought farther, why did not the lab ever explode?

This protective charm seemed to extend to activities, for while injuries occurred, they were not of the serious life threatening kind. The reckless abandon of students hurling themselves down snowy slopes on wooden army surplus skis would make even the steely nerved individual flinch in today's world. Back then, no one seemed to give it a second thought. And, while students endured the vicissitudes of Brother Cook, the fact remains that food poisoning never surfaced at the school.

One of the more interesting phenomenon occurring on the hill was time manipulation. While the Vermont gentleman never stated time travel as having occurred, events were mentioned to indicate that modifications in time flux were common. Sometimes time

itself would be compressed. Fitting in multiple activities into a small time frame was common. Rising, dressing, mass prayer, breakfast, cleaning up, getting ready for class, and study hall assembly all occurred within a two hour period. Then there was the use of eight gym showers to clean a significant number of the students. Or, how did the Saturday night cleaning crew manage to do what they did in two hours? On other occasions time seemed to expand. How did Fathers Eric, Bertrand and other moderators manage to meet dead line dates for the Paduan and Siquaeris? Or, how did some of those retreat sermons or study halls seem so endless (especially with Fr. Albin)?

Some alumni may point to unpleasantries to indicate living on the hill was not ideal. Two of the more egregious examples mentioned were rats in the walls and bats in the study hall. After a while, though, such events were just taken as part of the unique package of this boarding school residency. Sure they were unnerving, but it broke the humdrum monotony of the school year.

As students were ready to point out, faculty members seemed to possess special powers, some bordering on the unbelievable. One can probably recollect a wonderment from their own teenage experiences, so only a few interesting accounts will be noted here. First and foremost was the reshaping of the slope and streams behind the school proper, near or on the athletic field. Brother Tim was the chief architect and everyone took it for granted that the refashioning of shale, mounds, and water ways had a rationale only known to

Brother Tim himself. The sheer speed with which this work occurred does make one wonder, though. Or, take the case of Fr. Albin and the speed with which he wrote lectures on the calk board. Sure they were essentially illegible and undecipherable, but it was amazing, nonetheless.

Other faculty seemed to be blessed with multiple skills. Fr. Emil seemed to have the widest range (not to discount or minimize other faculty talents), going from teaching choir, physics, coaching sports, and ending as rector. And, by the way, how did Fr. Emil ever do those gymnastic moves on the high bar, horse, rings, and Dutch box? What special gift did Brother Casmir possess to know when a student was faking illness? How did Fr. Henry make those incredible nasal sounds in French class? Not to be totally forgotten is how were Fathers Claude, Hyacinth, and any school rector able to eat three meals a day in front of the student body? My favorite wonder was how Fr. Brendan was able to fashion a band and orchestra out of nothing in a matter of a few years.

The old Vermont gentleman is gone now as is his favorite subject, the place up on the hill by the glen. Only the tales he would tell remain as remnants of a bygone age, an age of wonderment. Looking back, there seems to have been a spiritual ecology surrounding that hill, an ecology that took individual values and traits and created a whole larger than its parts. Some might call this magic. For me, I call it life. For me, I call it Padua.

Paduan Takes on Kilimanjaro

By Greg Zagloba-66

At my 60th birthday party, I finally realized that time was running out for me to do things that I have always wanted to do. Therefore, I decided that my next hobby in life was to be

an adventurer and explorer. My first adventure began unexpectedly. It all started when my wife Sandy talked to Barbara, one of her classmates from high school. It seems that Barbara's husband Bob brought up the fact that he was trying to put together a trip to Africa to climb Mt Kilimanjaro. Sandy asked me jokingly if I would be interested in going. To her surprise, I said yes. So began an adventure of a lifetime. This was in the winter of 2008. I met several times with Bob that winter/spring and we put together an itinerary for the climb. I started training in earnest for the climb. Lots of work on treadmill and with free weights. Got my weight down to a respectable level. Also, had a stress test along with a full physical by our family doctor. Then tragedy struck. Three weeks before trip, Barbara had a heart seizure. The trip had to be put off. However, in the spring of 2010, we tried again. Tickets were bought. Equipment bought / rented. Training began in earnest. On June 20, 2010, Bob and I found ourselves at Boston's Logan airport saying goodbye to our wives. We flew overnight to Amsterdam where we caught another 8-hour flight to Kilimanjaro airport in Tanzania, Africa arriving late at night. The next day we had our get acquainted meeting with the rest of our climbing group. In our group of eight climbers, my white hair and beard marked me as the elder of the group. The guides nicknamed me "the great BABU" which is Swahili for grandfather. This is because they thought I looked like Earnest Hemingway.

The younger climbers said we were their inspiration, if two guys who were 62 could do it, then so could they.

Our climb started in the jungle with temperatures in the 70's. This was my favorite terrain. I could not see more than 3 feet around me because the vegetation was so dense. The lush vibrant colors of the plants and flowers were gorgeous. The climb continued through the jungle, grassland, and plateau and on to the ascent across the Kilimanjaro glacier. Within 5 days, we had ice on the outside of our tent when we awoke. Although each day brought new landscape, new terrain and new challenges, we were so beat at the end of the day we would cheer when we made camp.

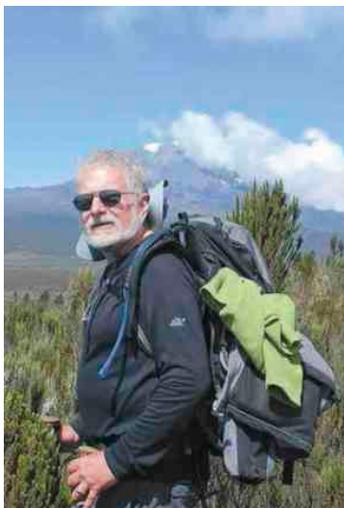
We started the last 6 hour, 5,000 foot climb to the Uhuru Peak at midnight as to time our arrival at the peak for daybreak. The light of the stars, moon and our headlamps guided us on our hats. It was so cold that my water bottle froze. The edges around our trail climb were enough to keep my heart pumping. I was tired and cold and several times just felt like calling it quits. However, I kept telling myself that I could not. My ego kept telling me that I could not go home without making it to the top. When we reached the top of Shiva Peak, it was just like in the movies-you put your hand up and pulled yourself up and over and you say WOW we are here. Not yet. We took short rest (2.5 minutes) and took off to cross the famed glacier. I was almost embarrassed to be walking on such hallowed ground. This glacier has been here for millions of years. When we reached the very top of Mount Kilimanjaro, all there was was a sign that said,



Greg left with friend Bob

“Congratulations you are here”. The top of the mountain is unbelievable. You are looking down through the clouds. You can imagine God looking down on the Earth at the end of seventh day.

After coming down, Bob and I parted company with the rest of the group and proceeded to spend the next 5 days on several safaris across Tanzania and the Serengeti Plain. The adventure bug has definitely bitten Bob and me. We are currently putting our next adventure together which will be a visit to Peru and a climb of Machu Pichu. This will happen sometime the spring of 2012. Download the April 2011 issue of [Prime Time Cape Cod](#) for Article on Greg.



Greg en route

Things to do when Visiting Watkins Glen
by John Mielnik

How far and how much will it cost to

Drive to [Watkins Glen](#)?

Yes the [Glen](#) is still there and open.

Museums: [Corning Museum of Glass](#),

[Glenn Curtiss Museum](#)

Cruises: [Captain Bill's Seneca Cruises](#),

[Seneca Day Sails](#) , [Esperanza Rose](#)

Shopping: [The Windmill](#), [Waterloo](#)

[Premium Outlets](#), [Waterloo Market](#)

Street – [Corning](#)

Places to Dine: [Castle Grisch](#) ; [Edgar's](#)

in [Belhurst Castle](#) ; [Seneca Harbor](#)

[Station](#)

Places to Stay: [Villager Motel](#) , [Idl wilde Inn](#), [Glen Harbor Hotel](#), [Longhouse Lodge](#)

[10 \\$ Seneca Wine tour](#)

TRIBUTE AND MEMORIES

Brother Kaziu

by Roger Hetel-67

When I, as well as many of my fellow Paduans, think fondly of our time at St Anthony's, there are some special people who come to mind. Depending on the years that we spent on the hill in Watkins Glen, there are different priests or brothers whose memory will never leave us. But... and that is a rather big BUT... one man was known to all Paduans, from Padua's beginning in 1949 through its closing in 1970. That special man is Brother Casmir, more affectionately known as Brother Casey. How special was that man? I'm sure that many would agree that if any of us needed to submit an entry to Reader's Digest for the "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met." section, we could select no one better than our beloved, Brother Casey.

Brother Casmir Orleanski was born in 1901 in Poland. He was educated in Czechoslovakia, where he graduated as a certified bookkeeper. This was only the beginning of the many skills he mastered during his lifetime. A short time later, he enlisted in the Polish Army and in 1925 he was honorably discharged as a non-commissioned officer and master tailor. For the next two years, he established a successful dry cleaning business in Poland and Germany; he was especially renowned for his expert tailoring skills.

Later, during a trip to North America, he visited St. Anne's shrine in Montreal. He was impressed with the Franciscan Friars whom he met and three months later his new life as Brother Casmir began. He was now a Brother in the Order of St. Francis. For the next few years, Brother Casey worked in the missions of China and



studied for a time in Rome. While in China, he was introduced to nursing, skill that served him for the rest of his life. During World War II, the friar's spirit had been often tested as he endured the hardships of war. An example of Brother's courage was an incident in China as the Japanese bombers approached. The bishop ordered the seminary to be evacuated. Brother Casey stayed behind with an elderly citizen who was too ill to be moved while the bombs fell around them. In the morning, a returning Chinese priest embraced Brother Casey. "You are a foreigner and you offered your life for a Chinese." The priest said. "I am a priest and I had run away. I am ashamed." That was our dear Brother Casey!

At the same time during the war, back



Back when: John Pilch Graduation Picture

in Poland, his father had died, the family farm was stolen by the Nazis, while his mother had to jump through a window to escape being shot. We can only imagine the heartache he felt at that difficult time. In 1947, against his own desire, but pressed by exhaustion and sickness, Brother retired to the Monastery in Wisconsin for a well deserved rest and recuperation. He continued to study nursing in nearby Chicago.

While considering a return to China, Brother Casey was offered a position as head of the infirmary at a new high school, St. Anthony of Padua in Watkins Glen, New York. The next 20 or so years are well known to most of us, but there are a few surprises too!

- For many years, on every Wednesday and Saturday, Brother Casey was the barber for the boys.
- He was the tailor for the Fathers and Brothers.
- He made homemade wine (enjoyed by the friars, not the students)
- In the spring, summer and fall, Brother Casey could be found riding on his power lawn mower, caring for Padua's beautiful grounds.
- In 1970, Brother Casey was able to visit Poland, but sadly, his mother had died just two weeks before he arrived.
- Brother Casey served at St. Mary's of the Lake Church in Watkins Glen. "Since before I was born," said the Reverend David Bonin, St. Mary's pastor. "He worked hard for the church, even at his age." He stuffed bulletins, counted collections, trimmed candles, set up for masses, weddings and baptisms, Bonin said. "It will take a lot of people to take his place." the pastor said at Brother Casey's retirement.

All the alumni will have many and varied stories about Brother Casey, but all will be complementary. Brother Casey took care of broken limbs and noses; he bandaged cuts and took

temperatures. He administered medicines and soothed bruised egos. I guess when the school had a hundred or so teenage boys, away from home, and placed them in a boarding school, a man like Brother Casey was needed to bring caring consolation and love to the homesick students. On a personal note, when I began college in 1967, one of my first courses was Public Speaking; of course, I chose Brother Casey as the subject of one of my speeches. I still remember the professor commenting that this must have been a special person to be talked about with such fond remembrances. I guess Brother Casey was my Reader's Digest's "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met."

When Brother Casey was 91 years old, he left the United States and returned to Poland. He was reunited with his brother whom he hadn't seen in 60 years. Farewells were said and local newspapers wrote articles praising Brother Casey's virtues. Many people from miles around Watkins Glen remembered Padua's glory days and wished Brother Kaziu a bon voyage. Padua is now part of history. Its buildings are gone or in ruins and beyond repair. But Brother Casey lives on in the hearts and minds of all Paduans and what he taught us by his example will be passed on to our future generations, hopefully by our example.

Special thanks to Chad Orlovski (Class of 1965) for supplying the articles and information at the Paduaprep website. Thanks to articles from the Star-Gazette (by Garth Wade) and (by Richard Leszczynski, Class of 61)

Recollections of Brother Casimir

Ed McDonnel -55

In my freshman year in March of 1953, I was walking from the main building up to the old boiler room to play basketball

and everybody was outside throwing snowballs which at that time of the year were more like ice balls and I got hit real hard in my left eye by one. Tom Trella who I was with got me to Brother Casimir who immediately did all the right things and they took me to an eye doctor who said that what Brother did prevented me from a serious eye injury but as a result of the injury, I've worn glasses ever since. Today, a school would get sued by the parents for "lack of control". He was a wonderful man.

Ray Maly -60

Brother Casimir had a unique talent of getting along with everyone. He was someone you could talk with when you needed some advise or direction. He healed many students in the infirmary. I can remember once when I was very sick with a high fever. Brother Casimir covered me with heavy blankets, including over my head, and said stay under these covers and sweat it out. If you tried to peek out Brother Casimir swatted you with the rope on his habit. It felt like I was in hell but later the next day my fever was going down and I felt much better. Out from under the covers I came and his cold hand on my forehead telling me the fever had broken. Another time I broke my nose in a varsity basketball game. I remember Brother placing my nose between his finger and making adjustments to straighten it out. He said you will feel better in the morning. Brother checked on me for a few days to make sure the adjustment he made worked. The last story was the most rewarding for me and took place several years after I had graduated and had married with two children.



I decided on a trip to Watkins Glen from Vancouver Wa to show my children and wife were I attended High School. Everything was shut down so I knocked on the door of the priest house. No one knew I was coming. Brother Casimir opens the door and says, "Mr Malolepszy" so nice to see you again. It blew my mind. The family and I had lunch that afternoon with Brother Casimir and Fr Austin and shared many stories with my wife Sue and children.

Tony Specian-66

I was not feeling that well and went to see Brother Casimir. I told him I had stomach cramps and a bout with diarrhea and asked him what should I do? Brother Casimir looked at me and quickly replied in one word the best medical advice "SHIT!"



And now.

The bees at the lab Porch haven't changed at the property over the years.

Photo by Bro. Ignatius Sudol -61

Paduan Staff and Contributors

Roger Hétel '67, John LaSalle '62, Tom Malina '66, Ray Maly '60, Ed McDonnel '55 John Mielnik '62, Chad Orlovski '65, Tony Specian '66, Reg Stanczyk '67, Greg Zagloba '66

