

RENAISSANCE MAN

FRANK MARENGO



Sitting in the breakfast nook of his log cabin, gazing through the window at part of his over 4 acres of property nestled inside of a 40-acre tract of wilderness, Frank Marengo runs down a checklist of the wildlife he's seen: woodpeckers, coyotes, deer, hawks, bobcat, hummingbirds— the list goes on. He rhetorically asks: "How did I get here?" His wife Marcia comments, "When we first saw the property, we needed a machete to cut our way in. It was so overgrown."

The house and property required a lot of work. He did most of it himself relying on the knowledge and skills he developed over time beginning with his first job at Chalmette Hardware.

"As I look back, my parents sacrificed a lot to send me, my brother (HC'65) and my sister to good Catholic grammar and high schools. We had limited funds so any personal expenses beyond school were on my shoulders. I wanted to buy my own clothes; I wanted to buy a car; I wanted my independence. My parents gave me free reign, so I went to work at Chalmette Hardware at age 14 earning enough to put a down payment on a car," he recalls.

The job at the hardware store also came at a price: he never had a Saturday off and missed a lot of school activities that he wished he could have attended.

"The responsibility toughened me up. It was there that I learned how to make good choices for the rest of my life. All my decisions came from that. I gave my sons the same freedom that my parents gave me."

Traveling Salesman/Real Estate Agent

He parlayed his job at the hardware store into going to work as a sales rep for Southland Paint Manufacturing, the second largest private-label paint maker in the world. He had the route from Lafayette to Mobile, setting up dealers and helping them with accounting work, handling complaints, and in the case of professional painters, handling problems on the job site.

At the same time, Marengo entered the real estate industry.

He explains:

“After my mom got her real estate license, her boss asked me what plans did I have. I told him it was to go to college. He said I could do really good with real estate, suggesting that I take the real estate agent test. As I was fresh out of high school, I was in the habit of learning and nailed the real estate agent’s test on the first try. Afterwards I started doing appraisals.”

He had this side-gig for 25 years. About this time he met Marcia Holder.

“I was a babysitter for the daughter of Frank’s uncle who was my neighbor in Gulfport. I was 16 and Frank was 19. We met while he was visiting relatives. Months later we went on our first date at his family reunion,” recalls Marcia

After getting married, Marica would travel with Frank on his paint route until there was a child on the way. Not wanting to leave her by herself in Chalmette while he was on the road, he decided to take a job locally with Kaiser Aluminum where no travelling was involved.

“Working at Kaiser was like working in the bowels of the earth. The first day there I wanted to quit. My dad, who also worked there, would check on me every day to see how I was doing. I didn’t know how anyone found happiness in the misery of that work. I learned to work hard and be satisfied with life outside of work,” he continues.



Frank and Marcia in one of their antique cars

Jack of All Trades

His misery didn't last long, as five years later, Kaiser started closing the plant due to OSHA regulations they couldn't meet. He got his notice the day of his 10-year reunion at Roget's. Later that year a hard freeze hit the area. There weren't enough plumbers around, so he started re-plumbing homes using the knowledge learned from working at the hardware store.



Another antique

"I started with my house, then my parents, then my neighborhood. I could also do patchwork and sheetrock after other plumbers would damage the walls and leave. I did residential work for four or five years and then began doing commercial properties like auto dealers."

Next, he added a clean-up component - a janitorial business. It was an outgrowth of the renovation company.

"We started it to clean up after our own mess and then was able to provide cleaning service to the business that we did construction work for. We had to do this work after hours, when they were closed and have it finished by morning. The plus side to working at night was that I got to see my kids off to school in the

morning and see them when they got home."

The Walking Tomatoes

Following in their dad's footsteps, the Marengo children went to Our Lady of Prompt Succor in Chalmette. Because of this, Frank and Marcia became volunteers at the school, eventually overseeing publicity and entertainment for the school fair called the Tomato Festival.

He and Marcia came up with the idea of the Walking Tomatoes. Named Tommy and TuTu Tomato, they were constructed of red plastic foam tomatoes on a stick. They sold 200 of them for the school in the first year. To make the event even bigger, he booked Vince Vance and the Valiants to perform. That year the gross revenue was double that of the previous year.

"The Knights of Columbus asked if I knew how to cook. I said I could cook Italian food. They wanted food along the lines of jambalaya and gumbo. I had an old sugar kettle that relatives used to make pralines for their shop on the Gulf Coast, so I learned how to make jambalaya and gumbo."

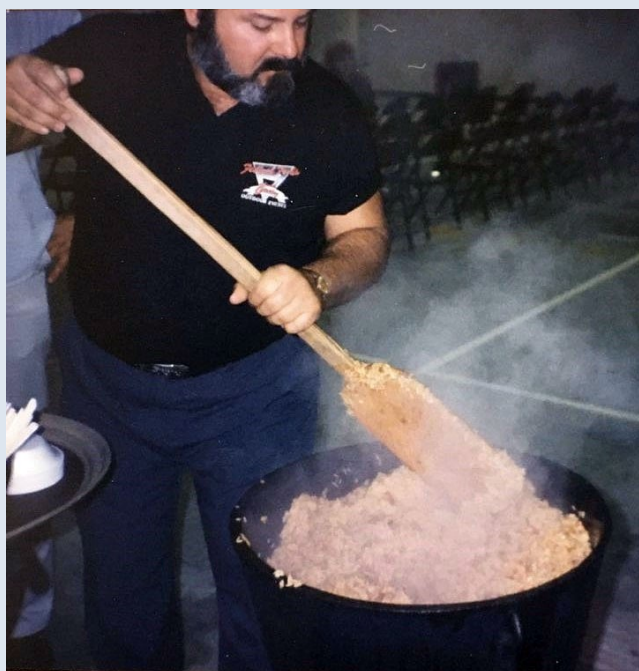
The Marengos volunteer work at Our Lady of Prompt Succor proved to be the testing ground for doing this type of work for a living. This was the genesis of their festival business.

"The way it worked is you would submit a sample of the foods you'd like to sell at the festival to a committee. They'd review them and decide which ones you could bring in. It was a give and take process," he explains. "You'd send in your money to pay their fee to participate. If it was a good show, you would make money. It was always a gamble – with the weather, with the product."

One item on their menu proved to be a success: the funnel cake, made on-demand and best described as a surface fried donut.

"Funnel cake was a Pennsylvania Dutch dish that came down here for the World's Fair in 1984. Nobody was making funnel cakes in the Gulf south region, so I tried it at the Our Lady of Prompt Succor festival to see how it went. The Dutch funnel cake tasted like cardboard with a lot of sugar on it. We blended our own, patented mix to fashion one to be sweeter. We added a lot of vanilla to make it pop. It was a big hit. We'd get asked for our recipe and had competitors going through our garbage to try to steal the formula," he chuckled.

Festivals and Corporate Events



Stirring the pot . . . an old sugar kettle



Frank displaying some of his Walking Tomatoes

The French Quarter Tomato Festival was their first business venture in 1985. The Walking Tomatoes made an encore performance at that festival. Next was the Andouille Festival in LaPlace. A few of the other festivals they were involved with were the LA Crawfish Festival, the Natchez Balloon Festival, Destrehan Plantation, Orange Festival in Plaquemines Parish, Flagship Festival in Pascagoula, and Belle Chasse Seafood Festival.

And they did more than just festivals. They also served corporate events such as car dealerships for up to 300 to 400 guests. To make working festivals a bit easier and more comfortable, they customized a motor home so they could both sleep in it and operate

from it during the festival. Most of the festivals they went to were in the fall and spring as the weather conditions were good.

“The last summer festival we did was at Bayou LaCombe where I cooked 55 gallons of gumbo in the heat of summer. The hardest festival for us was the Balloon Festival in Natchez. They wanted fried food, so I couldn’t use my usual fare like pastas and jambalaya. I had to come up with something different.”

“My sons wanted to participate with us. It was a good learning experience for them allowing them to learn how to deal with people and what went on from operating a business.”

But there was more to a festival than just showing up on the day of the event.

“When the festival was over, it was work: two to three days to clean up and two to three days of prep work for the next one.”

The festival business made for an easy transition to the entertainment business.

“I’d go to the promoter and pitch the idea of entertainment. I started booking bands as it seemed to go hand in hand with the food business. It would make a local festival a major event. We coordinated mixing local talent with national groups. I’d book nostalgia bands looking for work who didn’t have a management company or agent. That keeps the costs lower. Bands worked hand in hand with the food business. It was good for me, good for the festival, good for the musicians and good for the festival goer.”



With Vince Vance - one of the first bands he booked

Some of the groups he booked were the Drifters, Eric Burdon and the Animals, Dr Hook and the Medicine Show, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, Erine K Doe, Vince Vance and the Valiants, the Byrds, Na Na Sha (a local doo-wop group patterned after Sha Na Na), Allen Fontenot, Dennis Yost and the Classic 4, Clarence Frogman Henry, The Platters, Texas, Irma Thomas, and Oliver “who shot the La La” Morgan.

“It was a thrill to meet some of these groups. And it felt good to help local musicians. There’s so much sadness and hurt in the world. If we can give people enjoyment for a couple of hours, then we’re doing our job.”

Marcia adds, "I liked that the family was working together, and the kids earned extra money. Frank wanted them to work just as he did during high school. I enjoyed watching them learn the business and, the hardest part, learning how to deal with people."



Their kids earned extra money working at the festivals

Thirty-five years in the festival business began to wear on Marengo. Then the winter of Covid arrived and, with the switch turned off, the world stopped spinning. Festivals and fairs shuttered their operations, giving him the opportunity to gracefully bow out of the festival business. Since then, his youngest son has taken over the business.

"The biggest reward is that we got to work as a family and have a lot of fun. I wouldn't want one without the other. Even if I were greatly successful monetarily, I wouldn't want it without the family," he said in a 1990 Times-Picayune interview. "It has given us lots of outings. Visiting different towns and seeing their cultures. Festivals are not just fun. There's a cause and a reason for them."

Antique Car Restoration

It wasn't all work for Marengo. His true passion, other than his family, was antique cars. He says that the excitement comes with finding one and bringing back its luster. The thrill is in the hunt. He did three restorations using original parts. His first antique car was a '37 Chevy. He also had a '37 Buick sports coupe' that took six years to restore. His last antique car was a 1938 Cadillac Series 60, which he sold in 2019.

"I'd visit my older relatives in the '37 Chevy, take them for a ride in it and they'd talk about their lives and what it was like in an earlier time. When I found another car to restore, I sold the '37 Chevy. The guy I sold



Knights of Columbus: Notice Bobby Turner left side, rear.

it to said that an antique car should be paid for with antique money. So, he paid for it with \$500 bills at Cruising the Coast in 1999.”



Working with incoming converts through RCIA – Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults

Marengo is also a member of the Knights of Columbus. He worked for them at their parties and at the Louisiana Crawfish Festival.

“I saw how they operated and saw the charity work they were doing. They said, ‘we’d like you to be a part of the Knights.’ It was an opportunity for me to serve my community.

He eventually became the Financial Secretary of the degree team, bringing new people into the Knights, explaining to the candidates what to expect and their financial obligations to the Knights.

But his most satisfying work with the catholic church was when he could work with incoming converts through RCIA – Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults – saying that it was “super rewarding bringing adults into our faith.”

Enjoying the Journey

Sitting on the swing on his back porch, he watches one of the woodpeckers chase the eastern bluebirds and purple house finches away from the bird feeder, an upside-down bucket bolted to a pole. He traces an arc with his finger indicating where he built a zip line between oak trees for his grandchildren. He points to the tree line saying he cut bike trails through the woods, each one named for one of the grand kids.

“I loved the creativity in both the renovation and cooking business. But it was very time-consuming and felt like work. At times I wanted to move into other things – still waiting for the next challenge – whether it worked or not.”



“My folks taught me family. You have to hold on to what’s important. I wouldn’t make any changes in my life.”

Two events have stayed with him over the years. Marengo picks up the story:

“A neighbor of my folks worked for a food distributor in New Orleans East and mentioned that all the close-to-expired, non-perishable foods that were returned to the warehouse was being discarded after getting credit from the manufacturers. “

“I approached them and asked about donating the canned goods. They asked what I was going to do with it. I told them about the poor people we’d see when we’d go to a small Catholic Church in rural Mississippi.”

“They had a community center attached to the church and we could distribute it there. The first time we did it, along with Marcia’s parents, was close to Christmas and we filled our station wagon with canned goods – even had stuff on top of it. We put the food boxes on the table, and the priest made an announcement about the free food. No one took any. They were proud people and wouldn’t take it. Then we added a donation box where they could pay whatever they could afford.”

“I also played Santa with the Knights of Columbus and brought it to the poor in the country. Marcia and I filled the station wagon with blankets, clothes, food, and toys. We pulled up to what looked like someone’s shed and three boys came running up to me in their raggedy clothes, no shoes, hugging me. Their mother said, ‘I’d offer you coffee, but I don’t have any.’

“I told the boys to pick out a toy. They picked out blankets. A blanket was more of a need for them than a toy.”

The other incident that made a lasting impression on him happened on Dauphine Street.

“One brother at Holy Cross made a lasting impression on me. He said ‘you learned in grammar school the Baltimore Catechism. I’m going to ask you to shed that for a while and teach you how to be fishers of men.’ He was trying to teach us about charity and humility. It was an awakening.”

“Life, in general, is about charity. We have a responsibility to take it upon one’s self to do something nice for others. We should do the very best within our limitation of what we have. You don’t have to look far to see the poor. You’re blessed if you can do something about it. Once you’re touched by it, it sticks with you a long time.”

As he refilled the bird feeder, adding more suet for the woodpeckers, he says “I’m still looking for the next challenge to come along. I like to keep it interesting and enjoy the journey.”



The Marengo Family

The Holy Cross Tigers Class of 1971

Presents

Their 54th Part 2 Gathering at Rocky and Carlo's

Saturday November 8, 2025

Early Bird Time is 2:00 pm; More food will be put out at 4:00 pm.



Frame-off restoration of a 1937 Buick Opera Coupe

Before restoration

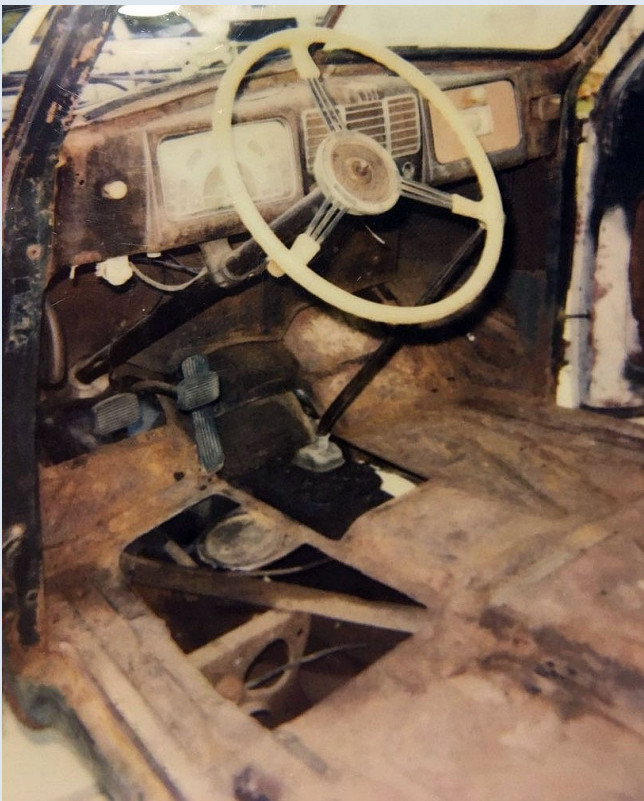


Paint work on the cab

Prep work before fabricating the driver's side floor panel



Sandblasting the body



Straight 8 engine after it was rebuilt to '38 specifications



The finished project



And some awards: Note that Bobby Turner is the Grand Knight.



Legacy: The Fioritos

I don't know that I ever thought about going to Holy Cross from a legacy standpoint. Holy Cross was just always a major part of my life for as long as I can remember. The house I was born in was on Burgundy Street next to the Practice field and across the street from the Baseball Field. Some of my earliest memories are of attending football games at City Park Stadium (Tad Gormley). Also going to Basketball games in the old Gym that blew down during Hurricane Betsy. This was before the Saints and College Game Day. Prep Football was The Major Sports event in the city, and we were always there every week.

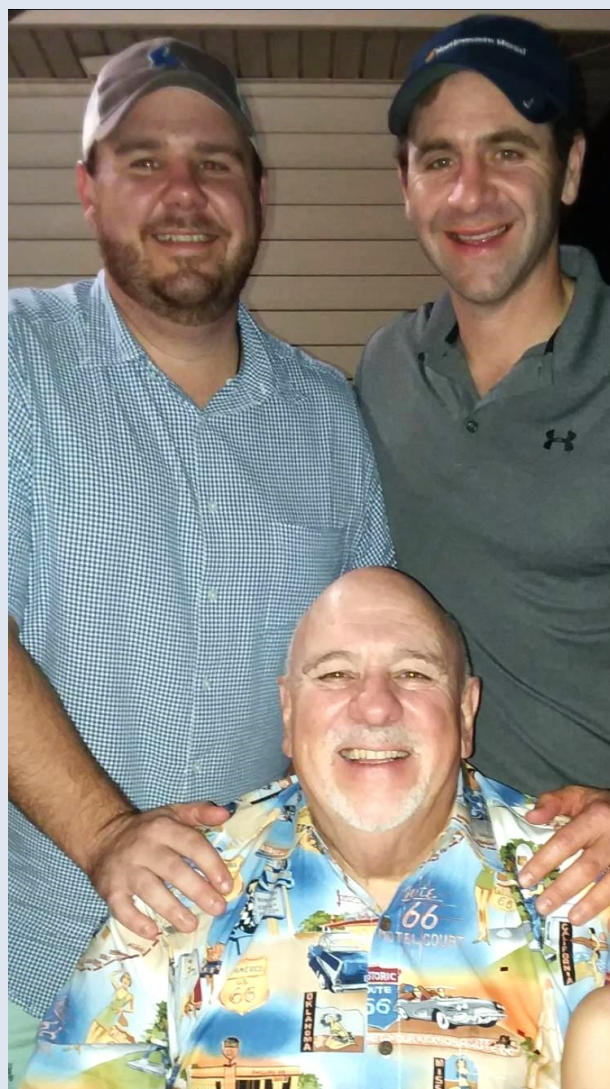
I would always hear stories of when my dad, his two brothers and my mom's brother all attended. All I ever thought about was one day being able to go there. My sons knew how much that school meant to me. I always told them that it was the best six years of my life. To this day, I still feel that way.

My boys were 8 years apart, so both had their own significance for specific reasons. When Nick '98 was old enough to attend, I wanted him to go there by all means, but not just because I went there. I wanted him to have the unbelievable experience that I did. I just didn't know if that would be possible. As far as the school was concerned, at that time, it had a fantastic reputation as a first-class middle school, but the high school not so much.

I decided he would go there for middle school and we would make a decision on high school when the time came. That happened to be at the same time of a change in the administration. Things couldn't have worked out better. The entire direction of the school took a major turn for the good.

Nick was involved in sports, but he was also smart. Always the competitor, he and his friends competed on the field and in their academics. He was making lifelong friends and having the time of his life. And I went along for the ride. I can't say that I enjoyed it as much as my time there, but it was close.

When Josh's '06 time came there was no question where he would go. He actually



John Fiorito '71 with sons Nick '98 and Josh '06

grew up around that school more than I did. Eight years younger, he was like an unofficial mascot tagging along to all of his big brother's events and being fully indoctrinated in the Tiger Family.

Mr. Rodi, whose son Tony, was in Nick's class, nicknamed him "Popcorn" because he always had to have some at all the events. Josh dove right into his own Holy Cross Experience and it was like I was getting another dose of my HC Fix!

Where Nick's walk across the stage was a moment of intense pride and happiness for me, Josh's walk was a testament to him and his classmates unwavering strength and perseverance.

Josh was part of the Class of 2006 - the Katrina Class. Up until his senior year, he experienced many of the same highs and lows that both Nick and I had. Making his own way, cultivating a fantastic group of friends that he still maintains. Going into his senior year they had no way of knowing what was in store for them. They came out of it more committed to each other and their school than any of them could have imagined.

I said that in sending my boys there, I only hoped that they could have an experience as unbelievable as mine was. Looking back, I think they both accomplished everything I had hoped for and more.

John Fiorito '71

I felt more of a sense of pride attending the same school my dad and grandfather attended.



Nick with his dad

When I walked across the stage at the graduation ceremony, I felt very proud and emotional. The sense of family, loyalty and pride at Holy Cross I think is bigger than most people experience in their high school days.

It was a very special place where I developed bonds and brothers for life. Almost 30 years later, I will be heading to New Orleans from Jackson MS where I live now three hours away to go to dinner and spend the night at my friend Karson Bethay's house with him and his family.

That's how special the bond is. Almost 30 years later I shoot a text to Karson last week and say I'm coming to town and it's not even a question,

it's just understood. We are going to dinner to enjoy each other's company and tell some good stories with great fellowship. And I am staying at his house with he and his family because we are family!

Nick Fiorito '98

Growing up going to Holy Cross meant a lot to me. I was bleeding blue and gold from a young age. Attending HC felt like stepping into a legacy that had been waiting for me. It was more than just going to school; it felt like being handed a piece of my family's history.

There was something really special about walking the same halls as my dad and gramps, hearing their stories, and then getting to create my own. People didn't always talk about it openly, but being a legacy at HC definitely carried a certain weight - both a sense of pride and the expectation to live up to it.

The graduation ceremony was a bittersweet moment. Part of me was excited for what lay ahead, but another part was deep in reflection, thinking about all the unforgettable experiences I had as a Holy Cross Man. Being part of the Class of '06 made it even more meaningful. We started our senior year in the shadow of Hurricane Katrina, and for a while, we weren't even sure we'd get to have a senior year at all.

At one point, a few of us even said we'd sit the year out if HC didn't reopen. That diploma wouldn't have meant the same without sharing those final months with my fellow Holy Cross Men. It didn't matter where or how it happened; it just mattered that we were together.

So, when we finally got the news that school was resuming, even if it meant night classes from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m., or football practice at noon in the sweltering heat, we were just grateful. That feeling of gratitude, resilience, and unity was with me in every step across that stage. I was proud, I was thankful, and I was deeply moved to be finishing my journey where it started - with my HC brothers.

I think the one story that stands out most really highlights what it means to be a Holy Cross Man. Before my senior year, I applied to be a Peer Ministry leader. It was a big deal to me because those students were seen as leaders of the school and were responsible for guiding



Josh

underclassmen during class retreats. We also didn't mind getting to miss school, to be honest.

I had no doubt I would be selected when my time came. I filled out the application, submitted it, and to my surprise, I didn't get picked. At the time, I was disappointed. In my head, I chalked it up to one of the teachers on the selection committee just not liking me. At least, that was the story I told myself going into my senior year.

Then Hurricane Katrina hit, and everything changed. Once school resumed on our temporary campus, our schedules were all over the place. Somehow, I ended up accidentally enrolled in the senior Peer Ministry class. It worked with my new schedule, and honestly, I was excited. I felt like I had landed right where I was meant to be and the teacher I thought had kept me out wasn't coming back, so all was good in the world.

Or so I thought.



Josh and his dad

Pretty quickly, I was told by my favorite teacher, Mr. Tony Rodi, that I wasn't supposed to be in the class and they'd need to fix my schedule. I pushed back and said, "Why does it matter? The person who didn't want me in isn't even here."

That's when he hit me with the truth: "He didn't vote you out. I did."

This was coming from the teacher I admired most, so I was stunned. I asked him why, and he said, "Tell you what. You go up in front of that class and explain to them why I didn't select you. Then I'll consider letting you stay."

So I did. I stood in front of my peers, the student leaders of our senior class, and owned it. I talked about how I had started to slip in my academics, how I had been hanging with the wrong crowd, and how, in Mr. Rodi's words, I was "kind of being an asshole."

Once I owned up to not being the man he and I both knew I could be, he let me stay on one condition: I had to tell that same story at the

beginning of every class retreat that year. Mr. Rodi was a legend. He saw the best in us, even when we didn't see it ourselves, and he never let us settle for anything less. He truly embodied what it means to be a Holy Cross Man. Rest in peace, Mr. Rodi.

Josh Fiorito '06

Restored!



Original Holy Cross administration building is finally restored as a 59-unit apartment complex. Here's what the inside looks like: [Restored Holy Cross](#)

Class of '75 made a video for their 50-year reunion containing many shots of the Dauphine St campus: [Class of '75 Video](#)

Steve Ferrer: Giving Back to the Sport

My most vivid memories of growing up were of being part of a team – from playground ball through college – and being coached by strong leaders. I have always felt the tug to give something back to the sport and the young men that play. I was fortunate to coach while in Baton Rouge at Christian Life Academy with a former LSU teammate – Warren Capone.

After I retired, I found my way to coach at McGill-Toolen High School in Mobile for head coach David Faulkner in spring of 2024. I am starting my second year as an assistant coach for the defensive line.

The significance of the change since my high school playing days under Coach John Kalbacher is breathtaking. Back in the day, we would only have a week or so of two-a-day practices. Also, I don't recall a practice that went past 90 minutes. I didn't fully appreciate this until I got to LSU where we would go for 2.5 hours.

At McGill, we have two-a-days all season except for one practice on Thursday - the day before the game. During the week practices start at 6:30 am and go until 8:00 am, while afternoon practice is from 3:30 pm to about 5pm.

The tools available to coaches are a giant leap forward. The 8mm film we used back then is now electronic. Most coaches use a tool called Hudl which is a web-based app that stores and allows stats, down and distance, special teams, etc. to be cataloged for every play of the game. Coaches can search and replay situations on demand.



Steve Ferrer

Swapping game films with opponents used to be an ordeal, shipping them by bus or FedEx. Now just the click of a button allows your film to be seen by those you choose.



The McDill Yellow Jackets

Another notable change is the techniques used by the players. Offensive players now get to use their hands in ways that would have been penalties years ago. Tackling using the head as a weapon is outlawed - also called spearing. Concussion protocols require a player that gets their "bell rung" to sit out until cleared by a doctor. Getting your "bell rung" is something that used to happen routinely.

I'll never forget making a tackle as a freshman at Holy Cross with Glen DeGruy where we were both swinging in opposite directions around the pile and met face to face. I saw stars for quite a while. I believe this was the hardest hit I ever had.

Several other changes have taken place on the high school level. One of the odd changes is huddles do not exist for our team on offense or

defense. All plays are called by designated coaches from the sideline using hand/arm motions. All the players get the signals at the same time, which eliminates the need for a huddle.

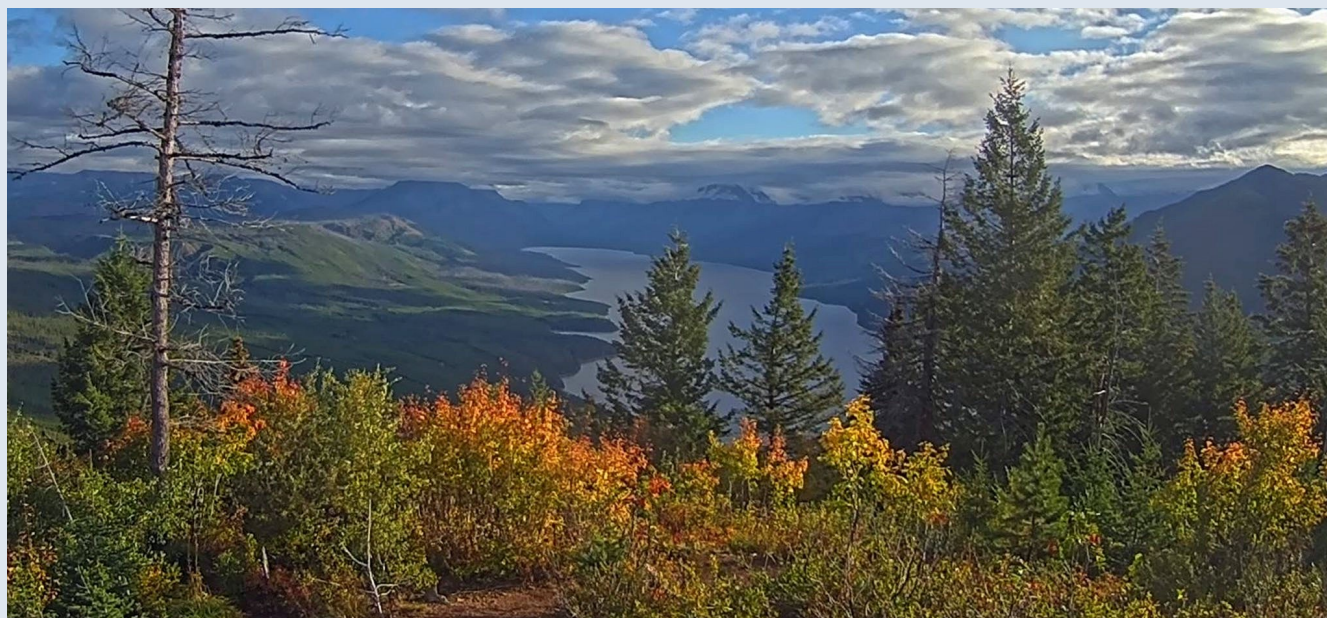
Another significant change for the better is the use of drones to capture video of plays during practice and at games. During review of the video, mistakes can be analyzed and corrections made. We even have large-screen TVs set up on the sidelines for viewing as a group during a game.

Although some aspects of coaching high school football have changed from 1968 to the present, it is also noteworthy that much of what makes high school football great has not changed at all. Effort, sacrifice, teamwork and resilience are all ingredients that are required in good teams and in life in general.

Steve Ferrer

Fall has arrived in Glacier National Park.

Photo by Bobby Wahl. Taken from the Apgar Lookout overlooking Lake McDonald.



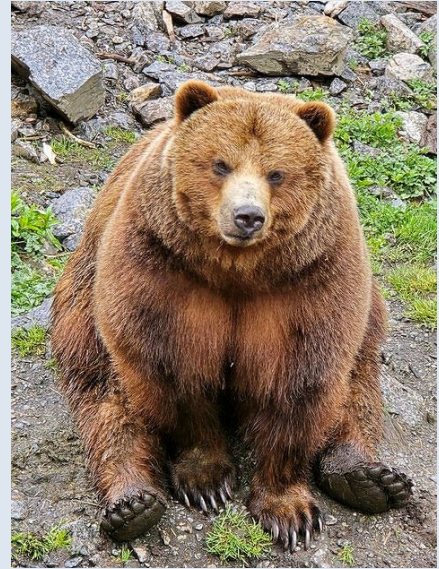
Eagles, Bears, and Whales

Mike Pearson and his wife Gaynell (who is Anthony “Lenny” Guardina’s sister) took an Alaska cruise in early May with one of his sons and his girlfriend.



Eagle

Mike says that “Eagles were all over, but seldom close enough for decent photos. We also took a whale watching trip. Alaska is super hazy in May, with cold water and warmer air, and distances are vast. It was the most challenging environment for photography I have ever faced; extreme contrasts and haze out the wazoo.”



Brown Bear

He says that one of the highlights of the trip was taking a seaplane from Seattle over to Friday Harbor and back for lunch in Friday harbor.

“One of my sons is a pilot and Professor at Louisiana Tech. He got his PhD in Aerospace Science and teaches professional aviation. I couldn't pass up getting one up on him by flying in a de Havilland Beaver. The Beaver is an icon in aviation circles, and the flights were a blast.”



Mike and Gaynell

Chalkboard

Honor Society

Dorsey Roberts' granddaughter Zoe was admitted to the Pearland Jr HS Honor society based on scholarship, leadership, service, character, and citizenship.

Anniversaries

Peggy Jones and Larry Folse 9
Christine and Bill Pedeaux 43
Billie Kay and Robyn Miller 20
Kim and Donald Duplantier 31
Rhonda and John Glorioso 13
Rhonda Todoroff and Phil Kessling 17
Annelle and Dan McGovern 39
Paula and David Hardin 57
Debbie and Byron Byrne 50
Melissa and Kenny Duke 33
Francis and Charlie Kothmann 48
Kathy and Jerry Lodriguss 49
Mary Ann and Rene Bull 25
Debbie and Roni Sumich 52
Claudia and Steve Schulz 49
The Magees 49
Julie and Sam Bolen 53
Paula and David Hardin 57
Rachel and Mark Kalbacher 45
Shelli and Gary Vinturella 27
Suzie and Bobby Wahl 52
Terry and Louis Reuther 47
Yvonne and Louis Saltzmann 41
Debbie and George Plaeger 51
Marcia and Frank Marengo 50
Shirley and John Tessitore 49
Noralee and Darek Guichard 52
Janice and David Authement 46
Suzanne and Steve Ferrer 43
Gaynell and Mike Pearson 48

LLWS Champ

Claudia and Steve Schulz's son Paul was a coach for the East Bank All-Stars Little League World series. He coached their grandson Christian's 5-6 year olds T-Ball team to the District Championship and 4th runner-up in state



Flowers for Miss Ellie

Cindy and Ty Yokum presenting flowers to his granddaughter Ellie, after her first dance recital.



Grease the Musical

Annelle and Dan McGovern, Peggy Jones and Larry Folse, Billie Kay and Robyn Miller, and Patty and Harry Legendre saw Grease the Musical at Beau Rivage Resort & Casino. They had their picture taken with the entire cast of the show. Harry and Patty's daughter Michele is the stage manager; she's wearing headphones and is next to Larry.



The Graduate

Terry and Louis Reuther's grandson William Brown graduated from Cabot Arkansas High School. Louis says that there were 1,000 students in his grandson's class, and the school had more teachers than there were students in our graduating class.



World Record Tarpon

Mike Strohmeyer participated in the Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo along with his grandson Cruz '26 and stepson Heath Gomez. Although they didn't land any tarpons, they managed to catch a dozen triple tails, two cobias and a pompano.



Two months later, however, Cruz caught a 228-pound tarpon — a world record for a junior. The prior record for a junior was 188 pounds. It took Cruz two hours and 10 minutes to land it using 60-pound test line.

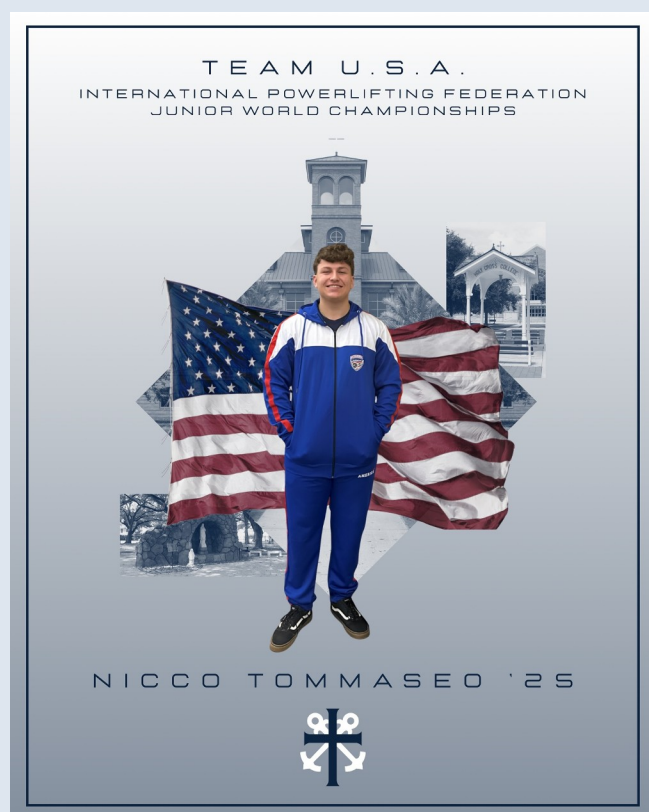


HC Scholarship

Noralee and Darek Guichard's grandson Jacob '26 won the teachers HC educators scholarship given to one junior for full tuition for the senior year his brother Aaron '24 won the award two years ago. Jacob also got his first victory as a pitcher in a varsity game against Karr.

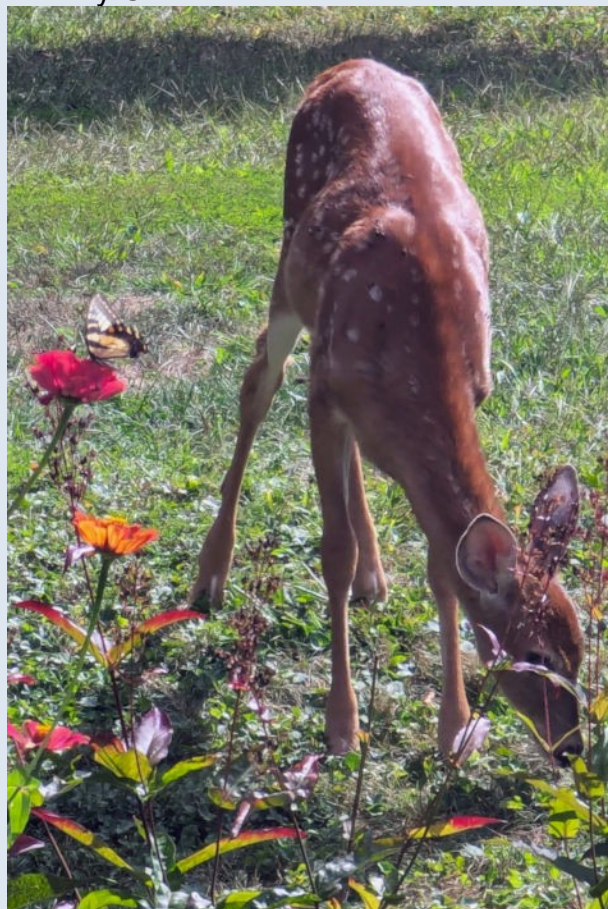
Power Lifter

Maria and Tommy Tommaseo's grandson Nicco '25 was selected to represent the United States at the International Power Lifting Federation Junior World Championships in Costa Rica.



Butterfly and Deer

photo by Charles Pennison



MATH BY *John Glorioso*
TUTORING

**PRE-ALGEBRA
ALGEBRA I
GEOMETRY
ALGEBRA II
ADVANCED MATH
ACT PREP**

**MASTERS IN EDUCATION
50 YEARS TEACHING EXPERIENCE**

985-778-8377

CONTACT FOR PRICING & AVAILABILITY

The graphic includes several math-related icons: a yellow ruler, a blue protractor, a red pi symbol, and a green calculator.

“Sicilians build things like they will live forever, and eat like they will die tomorrow.” – Plato

Rhonda and John Glorioso took a trip to Sicily. Along with them were John's sister Rose, nephew Warren, and Gretchen & Glenn DeGruy. Cities visited included Taormina, Palermo, Corleone, and Cefalu.

During their four-day stay in Cefalu, John found the house his grandfather grew up in.

“We went up and knocked on the door and tried to tell the lady that this is where my grandfather grew up, but she didn't understand us,” related John. “From stories that we were told, you could be on the back porch and see the Mediterranean. So we walked around the block, and sure enough, there was the Mediterranean.”



The house where John's grandfather grew up

They opted to stay in small towns and take day trips into the big cities.

“We walked everywhere; it was stunning,” he continued.

John was also surprised to find his name on a plaque.

“There was a seawall plaque that said seven men were rescued from the sea due to a storm and it listed their names. One of the names was Giovanni Glorioso. Giovanni is Italian for John.”



Seawall Plaque



John and Rhonda with his sister Rose



John and Rhonda, Glenn and Gretchen

There were flamingos

Suzie and Bobby Wahl had a three-generation family vacation, visiting St Croix, Aruba, Bonaire, and Curacao



Normandy

Christine and Bill Pedeaux took an all-inclusive London – Paris – D-Day Viking River Cruise

They began the trip in London, staying at the Royal Lancaster. While there, they went to the Imperial War Museum, Bletchley Park (home of the Enigma code breakers), Hyde Park and Abbey Road.

“It was very interesting to see Churchill's War Rooms,” said Bill.

In Paris, they toured Claude Monet's home and garden, then got a tour of the wheelhouse of their ship. They also toured the of Chateau Gillard, seeing Richard the Lionheart's castle

The next day the ship docked in Rouen. From there they went go to Omaha Beach.

“Seeing Normandy was the whole reason we wanted to do this trip. It is hard to fathom what went on here over 80 years ago,” he said.



In Hyde Park



Chateau Gillard



Normandy Beach

Normandy Crosses

photo by Bill Pedeaux



Message from the Headmaster



Justin Fleetwood '91 and Roni Sumich at our crawfish boil

It's a pleasure to be here. I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the opportunity to come back home. I graduated in 1991 and then I began working with the Brothers of the Sacred Heart in '92. I was there all the way to January 5th, and I was brought here on January 6th.

And since January 6th, we've been working with all of our alumni groups. We've been working with all of our stakeholders, all of our Holy Cross family members to bring the traditions of 4950 Dauphine St to 5500 Paris Ave. That's my commitment to you all.

You all have stuck with us through thick and thin, good times and bad. And I can make this one promise to you: the bad times are behind us, our golden age is upon us. And together in partnership, we're going to rock this thing and it's going to be the best thing you've seen in the past 20 years.

Justin Fleetwood '91

Holy Cross President
CSU 49 – 55

Crawfish Boil Videos

[Message from the Headmaster](#)

[Crawfish Boil Presentations](#)

[Fourth Annual Crawfish Boil](#)



Alaskan Black Bear

photo by Mike Pearson



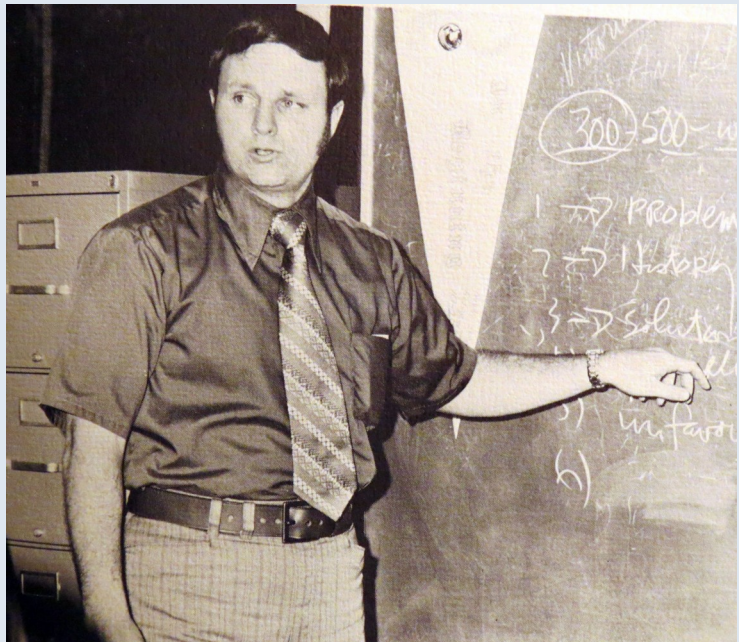
Leach

One of the things that has most impressed me since my arrival at Holy Cross is the enthusiasm of the veteran teachers. As a young teacher, I have tremendous respect for people who still revere the profession after many years.

I remember the first time I met Mike Leach. He was the last person in the group who interviewed me. Mike and I sat in the faculty lounge. I was nervous. Mike immediately put me at ease. Perhaps Mike's best quality is that he is a "comfortable" person. His quiet, self-assured manner lends Mike the dignified place of a treasured pair of penny loafers, the kind that get better every day.

Mike is quick to give a pat on the back when it is most needed. Teaching English is often a wearisome task that can overwhelm the soul. Mike's willing support as a department chairman and friend is invaluable to every member of the department. Mike provides quiet, harmonious leadership that helps to keep the English department together in mission and spirit.

As a counselor, Mike provides the presence of a favorite uncle who peels through the veneer surrounding every teenage boy. Mike's office is the sort of place where one can roll up his shirt sleeves and collect his thoughts. It's interesting to watch Mike in action with a student or faculty member. Mike seldom says a word, yet one leaves his office feeling that things have somehow been resolved.



Mike Leach

Of course, there is another side to Mike Leach. It is rumored that Leach is seen every now and then at a local oasis named "Fatsos." A second tale involves an unusual method of smoking the ever-present Marlboros (in a box, of course). Always a part of the Holy Cross social scene, Mike is usually dancing with his lovely wife, Anne. No, Leach is not all folders and novels.

Mike Leach is one of many players that keep the saga of Holy Cross continuing.

Mike's simplicity of soul provides a strong spine to support his complexity of character. Leach is a series of dichotomies that make him one of the most interesting of all the people at our

school. His crisply starched shirt and tasteful ties somehow seem perfectly fitting, yet almost comical. The novels on his shelf stand in contrast to Mike's silver convertible. The infinite cups of coffee and filled ashtray don't align with all the tennis matches. But that's Mike – just when you think you know him, you don't.

The only quality that can be truly spotted, and the one that I think is the "magic" ingredient, is that Mike does not take himself too seriously. Perhaps that is why, after over two decades of teaching, Leach still loves the trade as much as the trade loves him.

G. Frank Israel

Tiger Tales
1988

Frank Marengo's 1938 Cadillac series 60



Frank said that this car required very little restoration. There was a small amount of stitch work necessary on the rear seat due to a cigarette burn. He used fabric from under the seat to make the repair. He also replaced the worn and torn carpet fashioning new carpet to match the old one's exact texture and color. He also rechromed the bumpers and wheel covers. The paint on the car's body was original and in good condition. The car's previous owner was country singer Kellie Pickler's aunt. Charlotte North Carolina

There were only 1,295 of these cars made. It was a true survivor



Into the Midnight Sun

From the bustling streets of London to the serene reaches above the Arctic Circle, Noralee and Darek Guichard embarked on a Viking Ocean Cruise into the land of the midnight sun—a journey that stitched together history and nature.

Their voyage began in London, weaving northward through Edinburgh, Orkney Island, the Shetland Islands, Honningsvåg, Bergen, and several Norwegian ports tucked in-between.

“Scotland was a return trip for us,” Darek shared. “We visited Linlithgow Palace, where Mary, Queen of Scots was born—and where parts of the Highlander TV series were filmed.”

In Kirkwall, Orkney, they stood before the Ring of Brodgar, a near-perfect stone circle – like Stonehenge - dating back to the 6th century BC. This area was once a frequent target of Viking raids, drawn by the wealth concentrated in the region.



Darek and Noralee outside of Linlithgow Palace



Above the Arctic Circle

Shetland offered a cinematic twist. “We were bussed around the countryside to see filming locations from the detective series Shetland,” Darek said.

Then came Honningsvåg, perched above the Barents Sea and marking the northernmost city in Europe and is above the Arctic Circle.

Most of the sailing was smooth—until the North Sea. “We hit a storm with 12-foot seas during the eight-hour run to Bergen,” Darek recalled. “At one point, it was too rough to go ashore, so we anchored. There was a rainbow in the fjord and waterfalls from snowmelt. In one spot, there was even a beach. The air was about 50 degrees, the water around 45—and someone waded in waist-deep!”

But the most unusual sight? The Skeleton Fish.

“They catch beautiful cod, gut them, and hang them outside from February to May. Then come inside and are dehydrated by 80% to form a skeleton like appearance that’s called stockfish,” Darek explained. “Then the fish are stacked crisscross, about four feet high and the size of a pallet and sell them primarily in Italy and Nigeria.”



The picturesque town of Bergen, Norway

Turning Out the Lights

Three months later, the Guichards traded the midnight sun for the wilderness of Alaska on a Holland America Cruise—seven days at sea, seven on land.



Alaskan Salmon - smoked the old fashion way

“You’ve got to do the land trip to really understand Alaska,” Darek said. “The guides gave us so much insight into what it’s like to live and work there.”

In Seward, they strolled along the harbor and witnessed nature’s drama firsthand. “We saw otters with birds flying around. One otter scooped a bird out of the air and dragged it

underwater,” he said. “Further up, a little creek—just four feet wide—was packed with salmon trying to swim upstream.”



Denali

From Anchorage, they boarded the McKinley Explorer for an eight-hour train ride to Denali. “It had snowed the day before, so the mountain was snowcapped,” Darek said. “Our guide was born in Opelousas and has lived in Alaska for 30 or 40 years.”

In Fairbanks, they took a riverboat ride and a gold-dredging train tour,” he added. “And on our last night in Anchorage, I counted five cars during rush hour traffic Everywhere we went, we were the last tourists of the season.”



Reindeer



Linlithgow Palace



Mt McKinley



Rainbow in a fjord

Cruisin' the Coast: October, 2025



Dan McGovern, Roni Sumich, Tommy Giroir, and Tommy's cousin Ken

Rodney C. Culotta

passed away peacefully on Monday, June 9, 2025 at the age of 71. He was the beloved son of the late Charles Culotta and Evelyn Grob Culotta. Loving brother of Rodi Culotta and Randall Culotta. Uncle of Stefan Culotta, Aron Culotta, Logan Culotta and Corbin Culotta. He is also survived and fondly remembered by his grandnieces, grandnephews, along with many beloved cousins and a host of dear friends.

Born and raised in Chalmette, LA, Rodney was a longtime resident of New Orleans and its surrounding



communities before settling in Las Vegas, NV. He dedicated his life to helping others through both his professional work, personal kindness and quiet generosity.

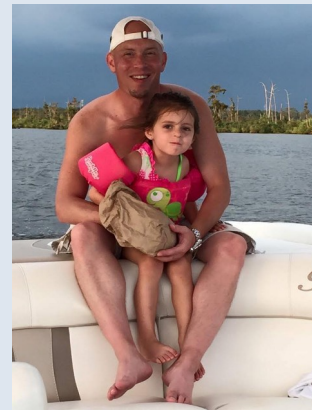
A pharmacist for 48 years, Rodney owned and operated Mumfrey's Pharmacy from 1981 until his retirement in 2020. He was a dedicated caregiver to generations of loyal patients, many of whom considered him not just a healthcare provider, but a trusted friend and advocate. He was especially passionate about the care and support of HIV patients and worked tirelessly to ensure they received the dignity, treatment and respect they deserved.

Rodney served on the Board of Belle Rive and contributed generously to numerous charitable and civic organizations throughout his life. Often without fanfare, he offered a hand up to countless friends and acquaintances, quietly changing lives through his guidance, generosity and heartfelt advice.

He loved to travel and cherished time spent at his condominium in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. As a boating enthusiast, Rodney also found peace and joy on the water. After many fulfilling years in Louisiana, he retired to his dream home in Las Vegas, where he formed deep friendships and embraced a new chapter filled with friends and community. Rest in peace, Rodney. Your warm presence, generosity, kindness and compassion will be dearly missed and fondly remembered by all who knew you.

Eric Schmidt

Son of Harry Schmidt, brother of Rachel Schmidt and Lucille Bordelon, August 21, 2025



Yelva Petithory Albe

Yelva Petithory Albe passed away peacefully on the morning of May 14, 2025 at the age of 90. Yelva was born December 5, 1934 in New Orleans Louisiana. She married Alvin Robert Albe Sr. on September 28th 1952. They were each other's lifelong companions for the past 71 years until his death on February 15 2024. Yelva attended F.T. Nicholls high school, was a loving wife and mother, and in later years worked as a secretary at Annunciation Catholic School and St. Cecilia grammar school in New Orleans.

After working at several schools she worked as a receptionist and file clerk at several doctor offices. Yelva was preceded in death by her loving husband Alvin Robert Albe Sr., and her parents Yelva Briant Petithory and Henry Jules



Petithory. Yelva is survived by her children: Alvin R. Albe Jr.(Virginia), Linda Albe Reeg(Frank), Robert H. Albe and Donna Albe Shepherd(David). Seven grandchildren: Jennifer Albe Miller, Lauren Albe Jumper, Leslie Albe Field, Karen Reeg Oliveri, Steven Reeg, Sean Busby and Rachel Shepherd. Eight great grandchildren: Jackson, Madison, Abby, Lily, Frank V, Alexandra, Carter and Liam. Yelva lived a long and fulfilled life. In her golden years she loved going on cruises with her family and visiting casinos with her husband.

Yvonne C. Rouchell

96, of River Ridge, Louisiana passed away on May 7, 2025. She was born to Nicholas Clesi and Yvonne Clesi on March 22, 1929. Yvonne was preceded in death by her loving husband of 69 years, William.

She is survived by her children: William J. Rouchell, Nikki Brocato (Humberto), Susan Ranlett (Dave), four grandchildren, Amy Romano, Nick Romano, Paul Brocato (Katie), Sean Brocato (Aneta), and three great grandchildren, Adriana Brocato, Dominic Brocato, and Giovanni Brocato. Yvonne will be remembered for her love of family and devotion to her Catholic faith.



Robert Turner

Born on August 8, 1933, in Fall River, Massachusetts, Bob moved with his family to New Orleans at the age of 11. There he attended St. Leo the Great Elementary School and St. Aloysius High School.

While still in high school, Bob joined the United States Naval Reserve. He attained the rank of Petty Officer First Class and was honorably discharged in 1963 after 10 years of service. He credited his USNR Seabee training for preparing him for a successful and fulfilling career in construction. Bob was proud of his military service.

In 1962, he married the love of his life, Alpha Lee Wallace. They moved to Houston, Texas, where Bob accepted a position as a construction superintendent with Spaw Glass Construction Company.

After successfully completing several major projects, Bob was offered a management position with Paisan Construction Company, where he eventually became part owner along with Johnny Meyer. Following his partner's retirement, Bob became President of the company, leading it with vision and dedication until his retirement in 2001.

During his career with Paisan Construction, Bob was active in the Associated Builders and Contractors (ABC), serving as National President in 1975 and 1976. His leadership helped shape industry standards and fostered strong relationships throughout the construction community.

A longtime parishioner of St. Thomas More Catholic Church, Bob was also a dedicated member of Knights of Columbus Southwest Council No. 3910 and Rev. John R. "Jack" Whitley C.S.B. Assembly 3429. He was also a former member of the River Oaks Lions Club. Starting in 2001, he volunteered as a marshal at Memorial Park Golf Course, a role he cherished until retiring from golf in 2019. He shared both his passion for the game and his strong sense of community in that role.



Bob will be remembered as a Catholic gentleman, devoted husband and father, a proud veteran, a strong leader and a hardworking man of principle. His legacy lives on in the values he passed down to his family and in the many lives he touched through his service and work. He will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved him.

He is preceded in death by his parents, Rita Rose Gangon Turner and Arthur Joseph Turner; his sister, Maureen Ross, and brother-in-law Grant Ross; his brother, Arthur "Snookie" Turner; and his daughter-in-law, Billye Turner. He is survived by his sister-in-law, Tana Turner; his children: Robert Turner, Jr. and daughter-in-law Kathy Turner, Roy Turner, Cindy Teachworth and son-in-law Tom Teachworth, Rebecca Adams Turner and son-in-law Robert Adams; and his grandchildren: Rebecca Turner, Robert Turner III, Lacey McWilliams, Roy Turner, Jr., Tiffany Kilbride, Whitney Fischer, and Jennifer Teachworth, and Lilly Adams; 11 great-grandchildren; and numerous nieces and nephews.

Louis Henry Burns Anticich

Completed his earthly journey, passing into the hands of his heavenly Father, on August 30, 2025, at age 97 and just one day after the 20th anniversary of Hurricane Katrina flooding his beloved hometown of New Orleans. He spent his first 77 years in New Orleans, LA, where he was born the same year as Mickey Mouse. He was a Navy veteran who served as a courts reporter in Guam and Kwajalein after WWII. Those skills sustained his career in civilian life as a legal secretary.

A trip to visit his son and daughter-in-law in Murrysville, PA, was planned for September 2005 but was fortuitously rescheduled to mid-August, sparing him and his wife Eugenia the Hurricane Katrina disaster. They were due to return home the day New Orleans flooded, leading to three months living with his family. Afterwards, he and Eugenia moved from New Orleans to escape future hurricanes and be closer to his family, residing at Walnut Crossings in Monroeville, PA. In 2018, they moved to Independent Living at Redstone Highlands in Murrysville, PA. After Eugenia's death in 2021 and in declining health, he moved to Personal Care within the same building, where he received excellent care from the Personal Care and hospice staff until he reached his finish line.



He was a devout Catholic who embraced his faith. He enjoyed reading, words and grammar, Solitaire, and Googling. He was a wordsmith who never passed up a chance to school anyone who misused the words lay and lie. Anyone putting hands on hips with elbows pointing out would be told they were "arms akimbo." When he learned to use a smartphone to Google, it expanded his world, searching for actors and actresses from the 1930s and 40s and for such oddities as albino baby kangaroos.

When he discovered jokes online, he enjoyed telling and retelling his favorites. He would always chuckle to himself, thinking of his treasured punchline: "Whaaat, and give up show business!?" He endured through many medical ailments, including profound hearing loss, always saying, "There's nothing wrong with me; I don't know why I'm in the hospital. I'm here because my son made me come."

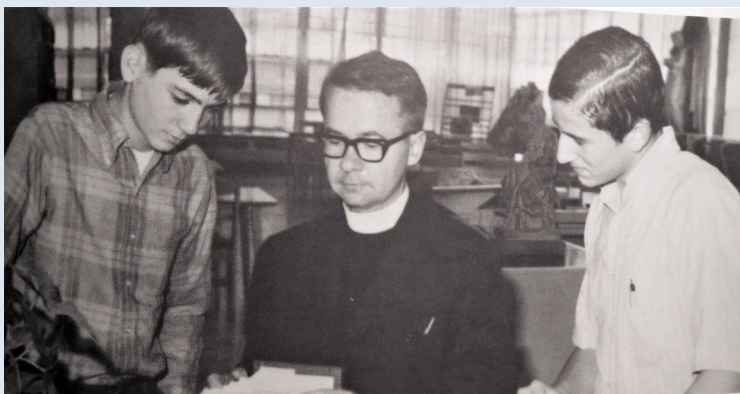
Two blessings: against all odds, he never suffered with pain and he retained all his marbles until the end. Many who enjoyed his endearing stories called him a classic Southern gentleman. He is survived by his son Leslie and daughter-in-law Janet of Murrysville, PA; his grandson Scot (Holly) Wallace of Pittsburgh; and his sister-in-law Barbara Frisch of Fort Wayne, IN; and many nieces and nephews. He was the son of the late John and Mamie Antich.

Brother William Carl Smith, CSC,

94, known as Brother Carl, passed away peacefully on July 26, 2024, at the Brother Vincent Pieau Residence, Austin, TX.

Brother Carl lived for 73 years as a professed religious Brother of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Born and raised in Detroit, MI, Brother Carl joined the Brothers of Holy Cross after high

school. He was received as a novice at St. Joseph Novitiate, Rolling Prairie, IN, and made his first profession of vows there in February 1951. Brother Carl graduated from St. Edward's University, Austin, TX, in 1954, and later earned a Master's in Library Science at Our Lady of the Lake University, San Antonio, TX.



He served 50 years in ministry, first as a teacher and librarian at Holy Cross high schools in Chicago, IL; Akron, OH; Biloxi, MS, New Orleans, LA, San Antonio, TX; and Sherman Oaks, CA, including two years as librarian at Holy Cross College, Notre Dame, IN. He served next as an administrative assistant at St. Francis High School, Mountain View, CA, and then continued in this role, supporting with distinction two successive administrations in Austin, TX, at the headquarters of the South-West Province of the Brothers of Holy Cross. A man of consistent grace, peace, wisdom and wit, Brother Carl was beloved for his faithful witness as a religious Brother, his generous service and his kind regard for others.

Social Media

All four years of our high school yearbooks, as well as some vintage Holy Cross Bulletins, can be found on Dan McGovern's Google drive by copying and pasting this link:

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1--F4KLMT8hfN1ojGkcV556B1E8S1E3o9?usp=share_link

The Holy Cross [Class of 1971 Facebook page](#)

The Holy Cross [Class of 1971 You Tube Channel](#)

The Holy Cross [Class of 1971 Web Page](#), which has the prior 27 HC71 newsletters

Early American Style from the Times-Picayune



EARLY AMERICAN style hutches are a practical and popular item at the Beach Bros. Colonial Shop, 3627 Airline Highway. Showing them is salesman Michael Beach. The store stocks a wide variety of home needs.