

When I arrived on the hill, as first local NY sem, there was the cutest new guy greeting all visitors & freshman. Remember Fr. Roger's prize pet, Brandy. This St. Bernard spoke with enthusiasm & drool! It was during these last two years on the hill that Brandy would greet anyone who passed by the back door of the kitchen. To feed the dog, one had to think about putting on the army handouts that we used for work details. During one of the visitor weekends, my folks came for a visit and brought my aging grandfather. As they rolled to a stop, Brandy's huge face filled my grandpa's car window and (fortunately it was closed!) and washed it for him. Grandpa's image of seminary living was definitely tilted from then on.

The good Sisters had a strong control on the "pup" and treated him like he was one of us. I know, because I fed Brandy our leftover, such as they were.

The image of OLLO, for me, was a blending of community flavors. As freshmen, we fundraised for new desks. As sophomores, we sought to out-prank the Seniors. We had religious women as teachers whose Mexican families we "adopted" when they visited. It was sad to leave and know that I would probably never see and hear about anyone again. In the years that followed, I visited the hill again as a member of the ordained to offer & lead retreats for young & old folk. The memories of the vista always revivored with the sounds and struggles of the men & canines of OLLO.

- Bob Schober, nearly the class of 1969