

## The eight alumni – that will never be forgotten...

**Herman Broghammer**, 58, a senior vice president at Aon, was an observant Roman Catholic. He attended weekly mass at Sacred Heart Church in North Merrick, N.Y., was a eucharistic minister and, for 30 years, a presence at church charity events. "But he was also a hellraiser," said a friend, Art Dignam. The two neighbors upgraded the Knights of Columbus bar from "a stodgy old man's nickel beer set-up" to "let's have fun here!" They would rise at 4 a.m. for a golf game just hours after they'd fallen into bed. At Mr. Herman's 40th birthday party, he allowed himself to be dressed in alpine shorts and lederhosen, as 15 couples roasted him to the strains of "The Sound of Music."

Herman lived deeply - husband, father, avid athlete, and for 20 years, manager of a sprawling football pool. But his distinguishing characteristic was a sunny gentleness. "When you were mad, he would let you have your feelings but he would never agree with the reason," said his wife, Ursula. "And eventually you would say, 'I guess I really shouldn't be angry.'" After the towers collapsed, one mourning friend vowed a bloody vengeance. Another friend interjected: "But think what Herman would do: he wouldn't do that."

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Forget about taking it easy. **James Marcel Cartier** loved to work. Five long days was never enough to satisfy him. He insisted on six long days. "He loved to come home dirty," said his brother Michael. "It meant he had worked hard. He had no problem with that." James, 26, was a deep-dimpled, happy-go-lucky electrician who had been assigned to a job at the World Trade Center just two weeks before the attack. He lived in Astoria, Queens, with Michael, and was well known in his neighborhood because he had worked at so many different places. If he couldn't get enough overtime doing electrical jobs to fill up six days, then he got behind the counter at the A & F Deli. Before becoming an electrician, starting when he was just 13, he had a succession of jobs at a mall in Jackson Heights. It would take too long to list all the stores, but he worked at a stationery store, a pizza place and a drugstore. He just worked. So many people in Queens had encountered him on their shopping trips that they wrote in shoe polish on their windows, "We will miss you, James."

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Firefighter **Edward "Teddy" White III's** memorial mass was held on 1/25/02, on what would have been his 31st Birthday. He was the first of 5 children born to Regina & Edward White, Jr. He & his wife Jennifer were married on 4/18/98 & their daughter Taylor was born on 12/16/99. He has 4 other siblings, Jimmy, Chris, Suzanne & Billy. His brother Billy has since joined the FDNY. Teddy wife Jennifer was so right when she eulogized Teddy as a gentleman & a gentle man. He has left us all with so many fond memories of him. We will all miss him terribly.

Handyman and Lawyer Capt. Walter Hynes was the person his extended family relied on for everything. If you needed your plumbing fixed or a room painted, Walter would do it. He would change your tire. He was the family lawyer. He even met his wife while lending a hand: he was helping another firefighter, Richard Fanning, move into a new house and was introduced to Mr. Fanning's sister. Captain of Ladder Company 13 at 85th Street and Lexington Avenue, Walter lived in Belle Harbor, Queens, with his wife, Veronica, and their three daughters. He had worked as a firefighter in Brownsville, Brooklyn, and put himself through law school at St. John's University at night. "He had no free time," a family member said yesterday, "because he was always doing for everyone else."

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**Vincent Morello** spent 12 years as a fire department mechanic, but he wanted more. That's why he became a firefighter with Engine 283 in Brownsville and then Ladder 35 in Manhattan four and a half years ago. "He wanted to be a fireman, plain and simple," said his brother Marc Morello, a firefighter with Ladder 147 in Brooklyn. "He didn't want to spend the rest of his life under fire trucks fixing them-he wanted to be riding them." Vincent Morello took a \$40,000 pay cut when he switched from mechanic to firefighter, but he "absolutely loved" his new job, Marc Morello said. His very first night as a firefighter, his entire unit received a citation for its work putting out a fire, he said.

Vincent Morello was a one-weekend Bachelor. One weekend every summer, the commissioner of the Male Bonding Association would lead eight buddies to the Hamptons — but what happened there remained a mystery. His rules: No guy could call his wife. No guy could mention his wife. If a wife asked what the husbands did, the guy had to reply, "I can't tell you." Each year the rules became sillier, in direct proportion to the commissioner's happy descent into family life. Debi Morello, his wife, never worried about those weekends. That's because Vincent Morello, 34, a firefighter with Ladder Company 35 in Manhattan and the son of a retired battalion chief, would still surprise her throughout the year with flowers, candles and wine for no other reason than love.

And he kept everything around the house in fine order: he was great with his hands, especially when cooking holiday meals for the family. Funny thing, though: the first time he held his son, Justin, he was awkward and fumbling. He wanted so badly to be a good father that he never seemed to let go of the baby. By the time Paige, was born, Vincent was more than ready. While Paige wrapped her father around her finger, the commissioner's Hamptons rules grew sillier still. Marc Morello said it is believed that his brother was searching for civilians in the World Trade Center when it collapsed. He loved playing softball and was an avid Rangers fan. He has a wife, Debi; a son, Justin, 10, and a daughter, Paige, 8. His parents, John, a retired fire chief and 33-year veteran, and Patricia, are also from Middle Village.

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From his wife: **Marcellus Matricciano** was a loving husband, father and son. He was Wall Street's biggest fan. I met Marcello when I was 17 years old and he was 19 in the Bear Stearns' mailroom department where we were both starting our careers. While others read magazines and junk that circulated around the mailroom, Marcello read the Wall Street Journal, NY Times and all of the latest financial information. He was fascinated by Wall Street and couldn't understand why others didn't share in his passion. I knew then that he would be successful on Wall Street. He was always the center of attention at family gatherings, sharing his knowledge of the markets. He became his family's own financial planner and he loved every minute of it. He will forever be remembered to all who knew him as ambitious and someone who stopped at nothing until he achieved his goal. He enjoyed reading, music, soccer, cycling and, boy, did he love his Italian Food! Nothing but the best for him. He loved to read up on all of the best restaurants and best wines. He always made it his business to try the latest and the greatest places just so that he could say he tried it. He looked forward to his weekend rides in Central Park with his buddy Ed where he would work off all of the food he had eaten just days before.

Then there is Nicholas. Oh, how he loved his son! He lived his life for his son. He loved the best of everything and never gave his Nicholas or I any less. Nothing could make him happier than Nicholas could. I could not have asked for a better father for my son. Although Nicholas had you for only 4 years of his life, he will remember you for eternity. You made such an impact in his life. He misses you dearly!

My love, you were a devoted father and husband. You always managed to make me laugh with your silly and sometimes obnoxious comments. The way you dedicated your life to your family will never be forgotten. We were all very proud of you and I, too, hope to make you proud of me in the way I will continue to raise our son.

You will forever be missed by your family and all who knew you. Life as I knew it will never be the same without you. You will forever be in our hearts. Goodbye My Love, until our paths cross again! Nicholas and I will LOVE YOU FOREVER!

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As a youngster, **Brendan McCabe** kept his parents and 10 siblings in perennial suspense. "Beanie," as his older brothers called him, was the Little Rascal of the household, said his sister, Margaret Grubb. In one of his classical Rascalsque pranks, young Brendan got his hands on a jar of petroleum jelly. By the time his full-throttle imagination ran its course, Thomasina the family cat was coated from head to tail in Vaseline. Even as McCabe's family -- including his wife, Terri, and their four children, Brendan, 8, Caelan, 5, Connor, 4, and Janey, 10 months - finalized details for a memorial Mass in the Resurrection Ascension Church in Rego Park, reflections of his boyhood antics, his keen sense of humor and his caring character helps to salve the pain as they mourn his loss in the Sept. 11 attack. "When I think of him, I think of a loyal, loving human being," his sister said. "He was a beautiful man. Inside and out."

For more than half of his 40 years, McCabe traded equities with Fiduciary Trust Co., working his way up to vice president. The day before the attack, however, McCabe never made it from his Sayville home to his office on the 96th floor of Tower Two. He had called in sick.

The morning of Sept. 11, his sister Margaret had taken her son for a checkup with his pediatrician. Right as she set foot in the door, she was hit with the horrifying news. "Oh, my God," she hollered, "my brother works there." Her first cousin as well. Fortunately, though, Sean Kilduff had fled his 73rd-floor office in Tower Two during the first moments of the attack. He eventually made it across the bridge to the safety of his place in Brooklyn. Margaret phoned her brother as she watched reruns of the attack on television. The calls to him, and soon after, to Terri McCabe, were in vain. She was overwhelmed by feelings of helplessness. But the family -- including his siblings and father, John -- held out hope right up to the minute they claimed his body. "He left such a deep hole in our hearts," Margaret Grubb said. "But the family is comforted in knowing he is with his mom [who died 12 years ago] and will remain forever in their hearts."

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**Walter G. Hynes**, a New York Fire Department captain and attorney who was well-known in the Rockaways, was among the many firefighters from his neighborhood who died in the World Trade Center collapse. He was 46. "He loved having his family around," his brother-in-law, Fire Lt. Tom Farragher, said yesterday. Farragher recalled him as a popular figure in the community, who enjoyed taking his three daughters each year to Disney World. "He was very social. He just loved life." Farragher said Hynes, a Belle Harbor resident who first moved to the Rockaways when he was 14, died when Tower Two collapsed Tuesday. Hynes, who worked in Ladder Co. 13 on the Upper East Side, got his law degree by taking evening classes at St. John's University. When neighborhood residents had a legal problem, they sought him out first and often got advice for free, Farragher said, adding, "He loved helping people." Hynes joined the fire department in 1979, working as a firefighter and then a lieutenant in Brooklyn's Crown Heights neighborhood before his promotion to captain. He was a member of the Holy Name Society, the Emerald Society and the Knights of Columbus.

When firefighters were ordered to evacuate the World Trade Center's north tower, Capt. Walter Hynes, leader of Ladder Co. 13, was with his men as they descended the stairs. Somewhere on the way down, they found about 50 people in distress and tried to help them leave. Many never made it, including Hynes, a man who always made time for others. "His greatest personal quality was his generosity of time, spirit and even his money," recalled his brother-in-law, Richard Fanning. "He was always the first guy to pick up a restaurant check or a bar tab." In addition to being a firefighter for 22 years, Walter was a practicing attorney, Fanning said. "He was widely known throughout the community and throughout the fire department for being able and willing to provide free legal advice," Fanning said. "Walter seemed to have an inexhaustible reserve of time. He never turned down a favor." Walter met his wife, Veronica, while helping Fanning move to a new apartment 20 years ago. Around the neighborhood, Fanning said, Hynes and his three grammar school-age daughters were known as "Walter and His Ladies." Survivors include his wife, Veronica; his children, Caitlin, 12, Kerry, 11, and Deirdre, 8; his mother, Margaret, of Rockaway Beach; and his sister, Patricia Hynes, of Belle Harbor.

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South Ozone Park, Queens, was a neighborhood of friends in the early 1980s, as Mary Farino remembers. It was a place where kids spent their free time at the local deli or ice cream shop on summer days. It was the place where Mary, of Bohemia, started dating Tom, the man who would become her husband. They were both 17. Mary said, "My parents liked him right away. He came from a family of well-adjusted boys. How could any parent not like that?" They married five years later. The youngest of six brothers, **Capt. Thomas Farino**, 37, of Engine Co. 26 in midtown Manhattan, graduated from John Jay College with a degree in police sciences. He wanted to follow in the shoes of his father, Dominick, and brother Frank of Bohemia, who were both officers with the New York Police Department.

After two years with the NYPD, Thomas left to pursue a career as a firefighter, his wife said. "The fire department was a different kind of family for Tom," she said. "He loved the unity that he felt with the guys he worked with." Battalion Chief Bob Maynes of Miller Place, who worked as a firefighter with Thomas in Jamaica, described him as bright, calm and having a great sense of humor. Thomas Farino was a "great, straight man," according to fellow firefighter Don Wunderlich of Ladder Co. 157 in Brooklyn. He would play practical jokes on his co-workers, acting nonchalant while those who bore the brunt of his pranks were howling mad, Wunderlich said. He once rigged a sink in the firehouse to spray water. When the lieutenant on duty went to wash his hands, the water pressure wasn't what he expected. Drenched and fuming, the lieutenant accused a number of suspects. Thomas was not one of them. He coolly sat at his desk reading the paper. After things calmed down a bit, he fessed up, Wunderlich said. "He would have been successful in anything he did," Maynes said. "For a young guy, he was really ahead of his time." Fighting fires is comparable to being in a war, Wunderlich said. Farino would be the first one to go into battle. He was a nozzleman before he was promoted to captain. "The nozzleman is the first guy in," Maynes said. "He holds the end of the hose and waits until he can actually see flames before he turns it on. Tom never opened the nozzle prematurely. He never panicked." Tom Farino's self-assured manner rubbed off on the men he worked with, his fellow firefighters said. "He was always in control and had a lot of confidence," Wunderlich said. "His confidence was contagious. The guys he worked with knew they would be OK when Tom was around."

Farino was last heard from at 8:35 a.m. Sept. 11, when his wife spoke to him at the firehouse. She called back at 9:15 a.m., after she heard about the terrorist attacks, but received word that her husband had just left, and was heading for the World Trade Center. Mary said she and their children, Jane, 10, and Jimmy, 6, feel what the families of many of the fallen firefighters feel: anger, grief, loss and futility. "They ask me if they can go look for their dad," Mary Farino said. "My son still sleeps with his dad's captain's hat."