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LHI
+H7C
1945

**Holy Cross College
Library**



Worcester, Massachusetts
Gift of
William E. Kilbourse
Editor

*This edition compiled, edited and published
under the direction of:*

Comdr. H. P. Knowles, *Faculty Advisor*

Lt-Comdr. E. R. Hanford, *Faculty Advisor*

G. E. Armknecht, *Business Manager*

F. W. Warber, *Advertising Manager*

E. C. Brisley, *Photographic Editor*

A N D

W. R. Kilcourse, *Editor*

Twenty-eight months is a long time. And a short time, too, in which to complete the requirements for a degree and to absorb the knowledge essential to a naval officer in peace and in war. It has been time enough for us to get to know each other well, to form friendships, to make liberties and suffer restrictions together.

All that is behind us. Now we must leave—individually—to encounter new experiences and make new acquaintances. Days multiplying into months and years will tend to obscure the incidents that made up these more than two years. THE CREST will serve then to refocus our thoughts so that memories' images will be clear and enduring.



rest

CLASS OF OCTOBER 1945

Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps

College of the Holy Cross

Commander Knowles was more than a naval officer, more than an instructor, more than a disciplinarian. He was all of these, true, and as such the focal point of much of our life and activity at Holy Cross, but he was also a friend, an advisor, and a champion of our best interests. By his justice, kindness, and humanity he has earned a place of affection and esteem not often matched in the naval service. We cannot adequately voice our sentiments.

LHI
+H7c
1945

Dedica



Commander Herbert P. Knowles



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Sp. J. Sullivan, Jr., Recruiter, Editor

22 Oct 43



Faculty



It is with mixed feelings of pride, satisfaction and pleasure that I am privileged to write my first and probably my only message to an NROTC graduating class of the College of the Holy Cross.

Each and every one of you has acquitted himself well and I, my staff, and I'm sure the President and Faculty of the College are intensely proud of your fine accomplishments.

The road behind you has not been an easy one. We have done our best to provide you with sufficient technical foundation to successfully traverse the more difficult roads that stretch ahead. It calls for redoubled efforts from each of you to equal or surpass the splendid records made by the NROTC graduates who have preceded you as officers in the greatest peace-time and war-time Navy the world has ever known—the United States Navy. I am sure you are equal to the task and will make the Navy equally as proud of you as you have made us proud on Mount St. James. Know that you are all endeared to us and we shall watch your future efforts and successes with interest and reminiscent fondness and welcome your return with open arms.

Good luck! Godspeed!



CAPTAIN FREDERICK C. SACHSE, USN (Ret.)

Professor of Naval Science and Tactics



The Captain's Message



CAPTAIN GUY E. DAVIS, USN (Ret.)
Professor of Naval Science and Tactics

Formerly In Command



COMMANDER CARROLL W. HAMILL, USN (Ret.)
Executive Officer



FORMER OFFICERS

Lieut. Maurice P. O'Connell, USNR
Lieut. John B. Sullivan, USNR
Lieut. William B. Terrell, USN (Ret.)
Lieut. Robert H. Hoffman, DC, USNR

Lt-Comdr. George D. Krumbhaar, MC, USNR
Lieut. Gerald J. Sullivan, MC, USNR
Lieut. John A. Platz, USNR
Lieut. Grover W. Everett, USNR

OUR OFFICERS



Lt-Comdr. E. R. Hanford, USNR



Lieut. J. G. Mahler, USNR



Lt-Comdr. D. C. Paul, USNR



Lieut. W. L. Bland, USNR



Lieut. C. G. Newell, USNR

OUR OFFICERS



Lt. (jg) J. C. Blackwood, USNR



Ens. G. J. Zilligen, USNR



Lieut. V. E. Dollard, USNR



Lt-Comdr. P. F. Bergin, MC, USNR



Lieut. J. E. Burke, DC, USNR

NEW OFFICERS

Lt-Comdr. Harold S. Swan, Jr., USNR

Lieut. John J. Caporaso, USN

Lieut. Robert F. Reybaine, USNR

SHIP'S COMPANY

NAVY

CBM Rignal L. Wortham, USN (Ret.)

CGM George A. Flaherty, USN (Ret.)

CQM Louis F. Vaber, USN (Ret.)

CPhM Almon E. Freudenthal, USN

CSM Charles M. Purser, USNR

CY Pehr H. Anderson, USNR

CSp(A) Benedict A. Plotnicki, USNR

CSp(A) William D. Gray, USNR

Stanley W. Gavis, SK1/c, USNR

John J. Petit, PhM1/c, USN

George R. Magan, PhM1/c, USN-I

Glenn A. Boylan, Sp(A)1/c, USNR

M. Gaudette, GM2/c, USNR

Mary E. Tobin, Y2/c, USNR

Bernice Nykiel, SK2/c, USNR

Lester H. Sheary, Sp(A)2/c, USNR

Eleanor M. Walsh, Y3/c, USNR

G. Truchon, PhM3/c, USNR

CIVILIAN

David Gallagher

Rita Bellino

Mildred Kosky

Ida DiPierro

Noma Hoogasian



First Row, left to right: CSp(A) B. A. Plotnicki, CPhM A. E. Freudenthal, CBM R. L. Wortham, CGM G. A. Flaherty, CQM L. F. Vaber, CY P. H. Anderson. Second Row, left to right: SK2/c B. Nykiel, R. Bellino, GM2/c M. Gaudette, D. Gallagher, PhM1/c J. J. Petit, M. Kosky, Y3/c E. Walsh. Third Row, left to right: Sp(A)1/c G. Boylan, SK1/c S. Gavis, PhM3/c C. M. Siniawski, Sp(A)2/c L. Sheary.

The President's Message

The members of the Navy, Class of 1946, have distinguished themselves as students by their industry, their devotion, their achievements. May they carry with them into the ranks of the officers of the United States Navy the determination always to be distinguished in their work and in their lives. Motivated by a sincere desire for the greater glory of God, inspired with a love for the Country they will defend, directed by the principles they have learned at Holy Cross, they face the future confident always of victory in war and peace.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL, S.J.

Editor's Note: Father Maxwell's six-year tenure of office came to its close on August 19, 1945. Regret and pleasure marked the occasion: regret at the departure of Father Maxwell who we knew and admired, and pleasure in the privilege of welcoming the new president, the Very Reverend William J. Healy, S.J. To both Father Maxwell and Father Healy we extend our hope for happiness in their new assignments and thanks for the honor of their acquaintance.

SHIP'S COMPANY

NAVY

CBM Rignal L. Wortham, USN (Ret.)

CGM George A. Flaherty, USN (Ret.)

CQM Louis F. Vaber, USN (Ret.)

CPhM Almon E. Freudenthal, USN

CSM Charles M. Purser, USNR

CY Pehr H. Anderson, USNR

CSp(A) Benedict A. Plotnicki, USNR

CSp(A) William D. Gray, USNR

Stanley W. Gavis, SK1/c, USNR

John J. Petit, PhM1/c, USN

George R. Magan, PhM1/c, USN-I

Glenn A. Boylan, Sp(A)1/c, USNR

M. Gaudette, GM2/c, USNR

Mary E. Tobin, Y2/c, USNR

Bernice Nykiel, SK2/c, USNR

Lester H. Sheary, Sp(A)2/c, USNR

Eleanor M. Walsh, Y3/c, USNR

G. Truchon, PhM3/c, USNR

CIVILIAN

David Gallagher

Rita Bellino

Mildred Kosky

Ida DiPierro

Noma Hoogasian



First Row, left to right: CSp(A) B. A. Plotnicki, CPhM A. E. Freudenthal, CBM R. L. Wortham, CGM G. A. Flaherty, CQM L. F. Vaber, CY P. H. Anderson. Second Row, left to right: SK2/c B. Nykiel, R. Bellino, GM2/c M. Gaudette, D. Gallagher, PhM1/c J. J. Petit, M. Kosky, Y3/c E. Walsh. Third Row, left to right: Sp(A)1/c G. Boylan, SK1/c S. Gavis, PhM3/c C. M. Siniawski, Sp(A)2/c L. Sheary.

Frs. Gillis, O'Mahoney, Busam, and Donovan, S.J., representing the departments of Religion, Psychology, Philosophy, and Sociology.



Fr. Twomey, S.J., Mr. Charles Grant, and Fr. Lucey, S.J., seated, and Frs. McKenna, Meagher, McNally, Maher, and Cahill, S.J., standing, representing the departments of English, History, and Economics.



Frs. O'Mahoney, Fitzgerald, and Maher, seated, and Cahill and Hart, S.J., representing the Prefects of Wheeler and Carlin halls.



Mr. Boursy, Dr. O'Hara, Fr. Casey, S.J., and Mr. Bowen, seated, and Mr. Cordiero, Mr. McNerney, and Dr. Iannucci, representing the department of Languages.



Mr. McEwen, S.J., Mr. Casey, Mr. Zarrella, Mr. Shilling, Dr. Radle, and Mr. Abbott, S.J., seated, and Mr. Tansey, Mr. Nestor, Mr. Charrest, Frs. Fitzgerald, Greene, and Quigley, S.J., and Mr. Baril, representing the departments of Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry.



The Class

"Each succeeding class of seniors has shown greater ability as leaders in the battalion organization. But the current First Class has demonstrated outstanding qualities of leadership. Time after time suggestions have emanated from them which have greatly helped in making this unit a smooth-running machine. I have had implicit confidence in the officers of this Battalion and never has this confidence been misplaced."

COMMANDER KNOWLES.



Ens. Richard F. Alence, Jr.

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

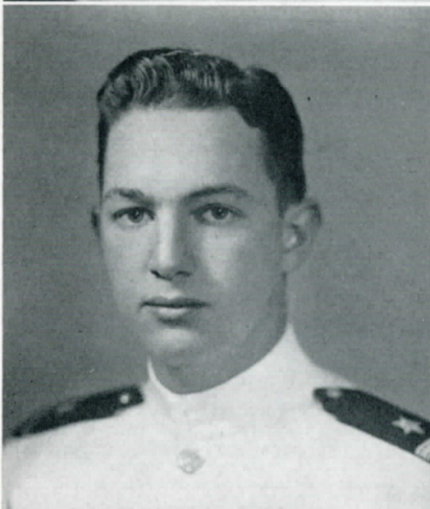
349 48th Street, Brooklyn, New York

Guide

Sodality; V-12 Drill Team;

Boxing Team, Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Holy Cross



Ens. Leonard Alpert

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

56 Prentice Road, Newton, Massachusetts

Mustering Petty Officer

CREST Contributor; Glee Club;

Naval Ball Organist

V-12 College: Tufts

Ens. George E. Armknecht

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

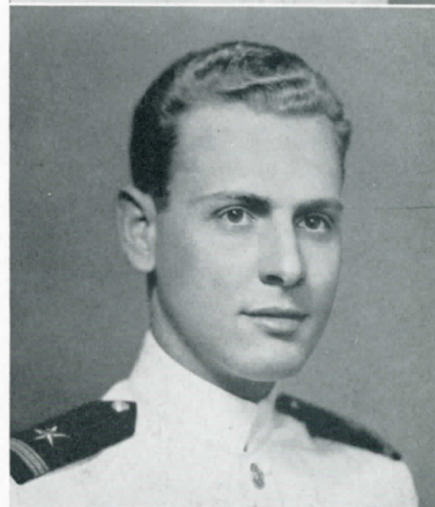
409 West End Avenue, Elizabeth, New Jersey
Company Commander
Enlisted February 12, 1942. Transferred to V-12
as QM3/c instructing
CREST Business Manager; Sodality; Editor,
Cross and Anchor; Pistol Team;
Glee Club
V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. Raymond F. Armstrong

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

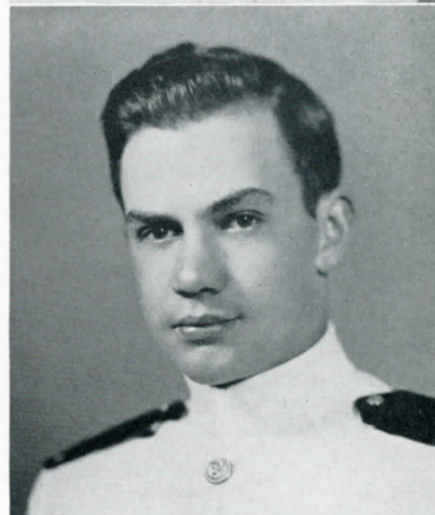
3403 Randolph Street, Lansing, Illinois
Second Platoon Leader
Enlisted February 20, 1943. Transferred to V-12
as Sea2/c from general duty
CREST Contributor
V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. Karl E. Becker

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

3 Linden Street, Wakefield, Massachusetts
Guide
CREST Contributor; Christian League;
Football Manager
V-12 College: Dartmouth





Ens. William H. Boyce, Jr.

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

40 Francis Avenue, Shrewsbury, Massachusetts
Company Commander

Enlisted September, 1942. Transferred to
V-12 as SoM3/c from destroyer duty

CREST Contributor; Christian League;
Leader, Crusaders; Concert Band;
V-12 Drill Team

V-12 College: Holy Cross



Ens. Edward C. Brisley

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

2448 Sherwood Road, Columbus, Ohio
Chief Petty Officer

CREST Photographic Editor; Sodality;
Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Middlebury



Ens. Robert M. Buckley

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

151 Grant Street, Conneaut, Ohio
First Platoon Leader

Enlisted November, 1942. Transferred to V-12
as Y3/c from Office of Public Relations

Crusaders; Concert Band; Intramural Sports
V-12 College: Holy Cross

Ens. Frederick C. Burgess

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

11 Revere Street, Arlington, Massachusetts

First Platoon Leader

CREST Contributor; Christian League;

Drill Team; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Holy Cross



Ens. Raymond J. Burmeister, Jr.

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

Raleigh, West Virginia

Second Platoon Leader

CREST Contributor; Christian League;

Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Bates



Ens. Howard W. Caffey

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

409 Dillon, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

Guide

Enlisted February 20, 1943. Transferred to

V-12 as Sea2/c from shore duty

CREST Contributor

V-12 College: Dartmouth





Ens. Donald J. Camille

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

25 Mt. Vernon Street, Gloucester, Massachusetts

Chief Petty Officer

CREST Contributor; Sodality;

Rifle and Pistol Teams;

Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Harvard



Ens. Jack G. Carlin

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

1135 Franklin Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Mustering Petty Officer

Enlisted February 24, 1943. Transferred
to V-12 as Sea2/c from general duty

Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. Donald X. Clavin

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

74 East Mineola Avenue, Valley Stream, New York

Guide

CREST Contributor; Sodality; V-12 Drill Team;

Concert Band; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Holy Cross

Ens. Ralph E. Cook

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

Maple Street, Keene, New Hampshire
First Platoon Leader

CREST Contributor; Christian League;
Concert Band; Pistol Team

V-12 College: Middlebury



Ens. Joseph Cushner

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

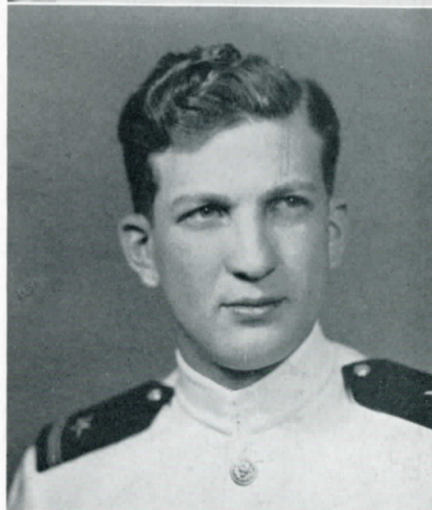
150 Thames Street, New London, Connecticut

Guide

Enlisted August 13, 1942. Transferred to V-12
as AOM3/c from carrier duty

Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Bates



Ens. Thomas E. Deem

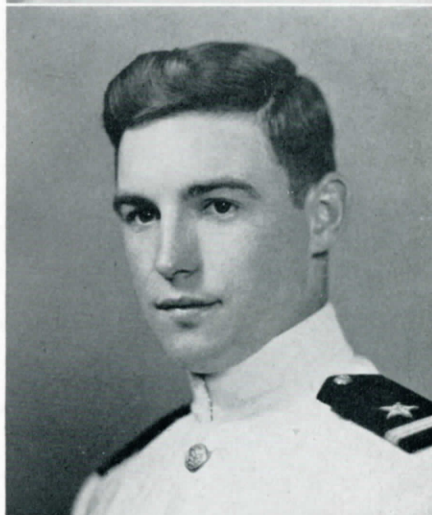
BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

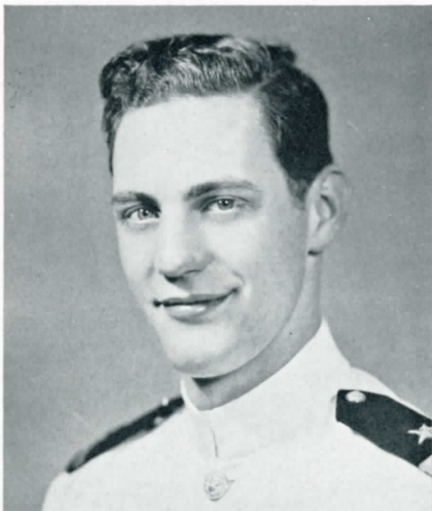
1243 Beachwood Avenue, New Albany, Indiana

First Platoon Leader

Christian League; Varsity Football and
Basketball; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Middlebury





William J. Deering

East Waterboro, Maine

Guide

V-12 College: Tufts

Transferred to Great Lakes N. T. S.
July, 1945



Ens. Everett B. Dowe, Jr.

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

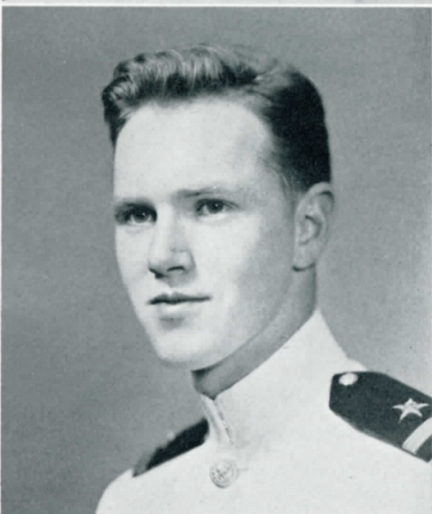
29 Durso Avenue, Lawrence, Massachusetts

Guide

Sodality; Sanctuary Society; Varsity Track;

Pistol Team; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Middlebury



Ens. James E. Dowling

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

249 Belgrade Avenue, Roslindale, Massachusetts

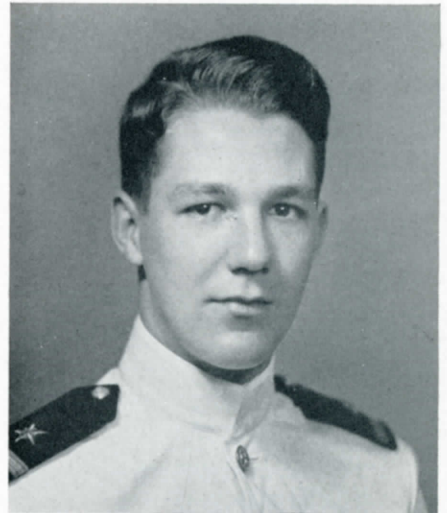
Chief Petty Officer

Sodality

V-12 College: Tufts

Arthur R. Driscoll, Jr.

953 Rock Street, Fall River, Massachusetts
Chief Petty Officer
CREST Contributor; Sodality; Music Club
V-12 College: Williams
Transferred to U. S. M. A., West Point,
June, 1945



Ens. Charles F. Edgerton

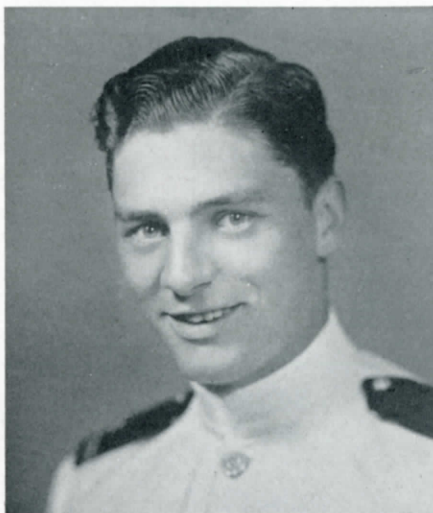
BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE
Nashawtuc Road, Concord, Massachusetts
First Platoon Leader
Enlisted June 15, 1941. Transferred to
V-12 as BM2/c from patrol craft duty
CREST Contributor; Christian League
V-12 College: Bates



Ens. Roderick V. Fagan

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE
51 Killington Avenue, Rutland, Vermont
Squad Leader
Sodality; Varsity Baseball; Intramural Sports
V-12 College; Holy Cross





Ens. Norman L. Fisher

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

520 Monroe Street, Gary, Indiana

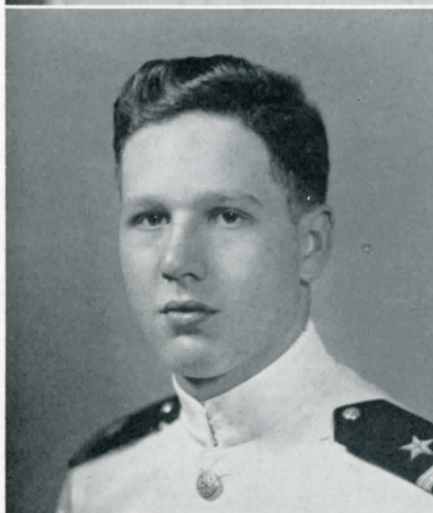
Battalion Bugler

Enlisted February 20, 1943. Transferred
to V-12 as Sea2/c from general duty

CREST Contributor; Concert Band;

Crusaders: Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. Richard H. Flicker

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

360 West 55th Street, New York, New York

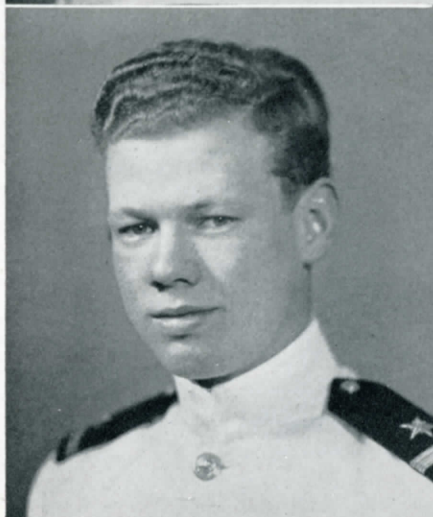
Second Platoon Leader

CREST Contributor; Christian League;

Drill Team Commander;

Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. Robert C. Gilmore

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

260 Buena Vista Road, Bridgeport, Connecticut

Second Platoon Leader

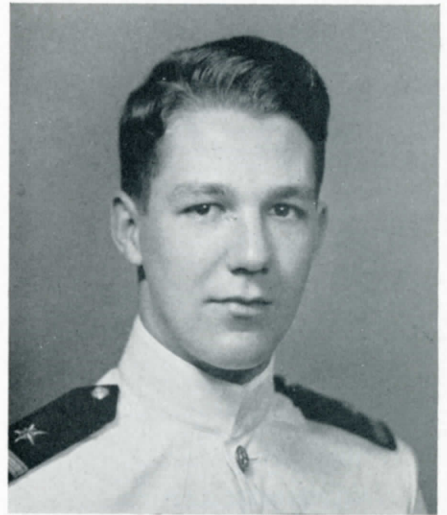
CREST Contributor; Christian League;

Purple Key; Cheer Leader

V-12 College: Tufts

Arthur R. Driscoll, Jr.

953 Rock Street, Fall River, Massachusetts
Chief Petty Officer
CREST Contributor; Sodality; Music Club
V-12 College: Williams
Transferred to U. S. M. A., West Point,
June, 1945



Ens. Charles F. Edgerton

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE
Nashawtuc Road, Concord, Massachusetts
First Platoon Leader
Enlisted June 15, 1941. Transferred to
V-12 as BM2/c from patrol craft duty
CREST Contributor; Christian League
V-12 College: Bates



Ens. Roderick V. Fagan

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE
51 Killington Avenue, Rutland, Vermont
Squad Leader
Sodality; Varsity Baseball; Intramural Sports
V-12 College; Holy Cross



Ens. Donald E. Grahm

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

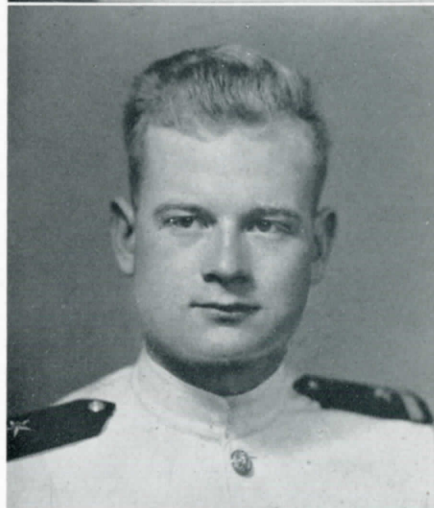
Chase 17, Lynn, Massachusetts
Mustering Petty Officer
Christian League; Rifle Team;
Intramural Sports
V-12 College: Tufts



Ens. Joseph C. Houghteling

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

3222 Jackson Street, San Francisco, California
Second Platoon Leader
CREST Contributor; Christian League;
Intramural Sports
V-12 College: Bates

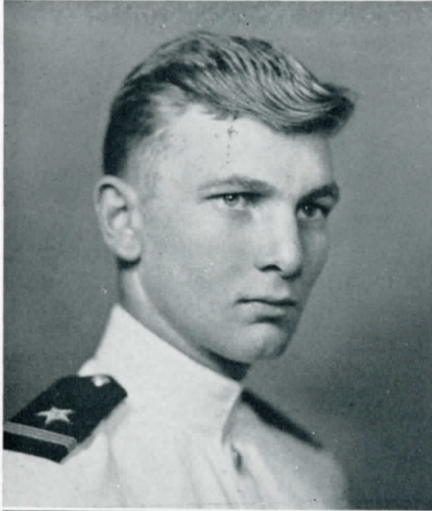


Ens. Stephen N. Hume

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

Canterbury School, New Milford, Connecticut
Mustering Petty Officer
Sodality; Yacht Club
V-12 College: Dartmouth





Ens. Warren C. Kessler

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

78 Roslyn Street, Islip Terrace, L. I., New York
 Mustering Petty Officer
 CREST Contributor; Christian League;
 Rifle Team; Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. William R. Kilcourse

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

218 Beach Street, Revere, Massachusetts
 Battalion Chief Petty Officer
 Enlisted March 24, 1941. Transferred
 to V-12 as RM3/c from Commander-
 in-Chief, Atlantic Fleet
 CREST Editor-in-Chief; Sodality; *Cross*
and Anchor; *Tomahawk*; Rifle Team;
 Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Tufts



Ens. Donald H. King

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

Sixth St. and Sheridan Rd., Winthrop Harbor, Illinois
 Company Commander
 Christian League; Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Middlebury

Ens. Walter E. Laskowski

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

4940 Eugene Street, Dearborn, Michigan

Squad Leader

Cross and Anchor; Rifle Team; Boxing;
Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. Oliver T. Little

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

70 Linden Street, Needham, Massachusetts

Mustering Petty Officer

CREST Contributor; Christian League;
Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Tufts



Ens. N. Joseph Mazzola

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

35 Winship Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Chief Petty Officer

CREST Contributor; Sodality; Rifle Team

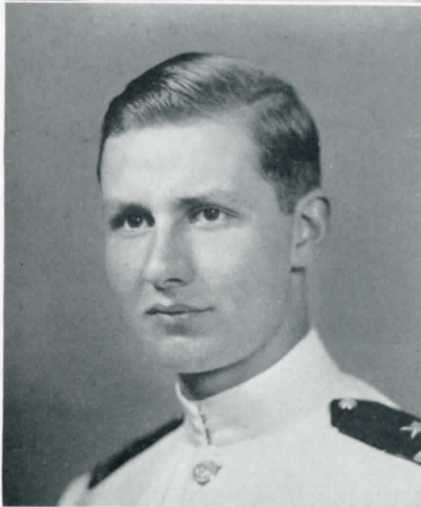
V-12 College: Dartmouth





Gerry M. McCabe

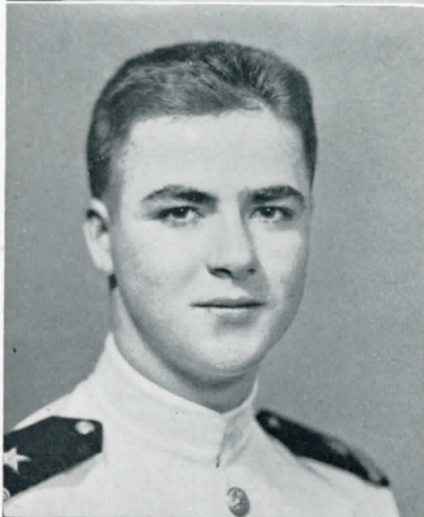
21 South Mast Street, Goffstown, New Hampshire
 Mustering Petty Officer
 V-12 College: Tufts
 Transferred to U. S. N. A., Annapolis,
 June, 1945



Ens. John W. Middendorf

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

300 Hammond Street, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts
 Mustering Petty Officer
 CREST Contributor; Christian League; Varsity
 Track; *Tomahawk*; *Cross and Anchor*;
 Yacht Club; Glee Club;
 Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Harvard



James K. Miller

118 East Pokagon Street, South Bend, Indiana
 Guide
 Sodality; Boxing; *Cross and Anchor*;
 Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Middlebury
 Transferred to Great Lakes N. T. S.,
 July 21, 1945

Ens. Robert U. Parish

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

3918 Mt. Vernon Avenue, Houston, Texas

Battalion First Lieutenant

CREST Contributor; Christian League; *Tomahawk*;

Varsity Track; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Holy Cross



Ens. Robert J. Phalen

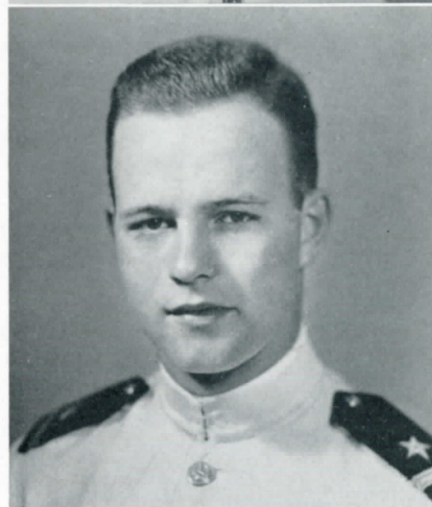
BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

402 Parkside Drive, Peoria, Illinois

Mustering Petty Officer

Sodality; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Middlebury



Ens. Herbert W. Powers

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

Pukwana, South Dakota

Battalion Commander

Enlisted March 27, 1940. Transferred to
V-12 as Y2/c from destroyer duty

CREST Contributor; President, Christian
League; Drill Team; Glee Club;
Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Holy Cross





Ens. Joseph R. R.

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

411 Avenue F, Brooklyn, New York
Squad Leader
CREST Contributor; Intramural Sports
V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. Paul D. Ritger

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

69 Dover Street, Newark, New Jersey
Company Commander
CREST Contributor; Drill Team;
Intramural Sports
V-12 College: Dartmouth



Ens. Paul C. Rogers

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

9 Whitehall Avenue, South Portland, Maine
Chief Petty Officer
CREST Contributor; Sodality;
Alpha Sigma Nu; Purple Key
V-12 College: Holy Cross

Ens. Raymond F. Rogers

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

70 Perkins Avenue, Cranston, Rhode Island

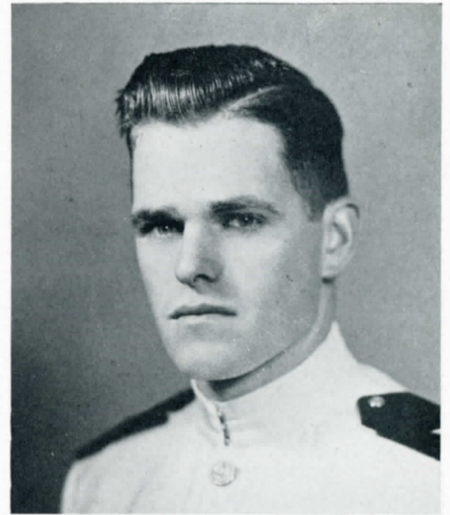
Battalion Sub-Commander

Enlisted October 2, 1942. Transferred
to V-12 as Y3/c from general duty

CREST Contributor; Drill Team;

Glee Club; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Bates



Ens. Frederick C. Rozelle, Jr.

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

17 Garden Lane, Cape Elizabeth, Maine

First Petty Officer

CREST Contributor; Christian League; Manager,

Glee Club; Knights; Manager, Concert Band;

Rear Commodore, Yacht Club; Intramural
Sports

V-12 College: Bates



Ens. Roy H. Sandstrom

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

49 Plymouth Street, Babylon, New York

Mustering Petty Officer

Christian League; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Dartmouth





Ens. Harold M. Scott

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

Storrs, Connecticut
 Mustering Petty Officer
 Christian League; Varsity Track; Glee Club;
 Drill Team; Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Tufts



Ens. Russell I. Skillman

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

29 Ewing Street, Trenton, New Jersey
 Company Commander
 Enlisted September 25, 1939. Transferred
 to V-12 as FC1/c from battleship duty
 CREST Contributor; Christian League
 V-12 College: Middlebury



Ens. Frederick A. Stanley

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

1543 East 21st Street, Brooklyn, New York
 Guide
 Sodality; Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Holy Cross

Ens. Edward J. Sullivan

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

81 Pembroke Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island
Guide
Sodality; Intramural Sports
V-12 College: Holy Cross



Ens. William T. Sullivan

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

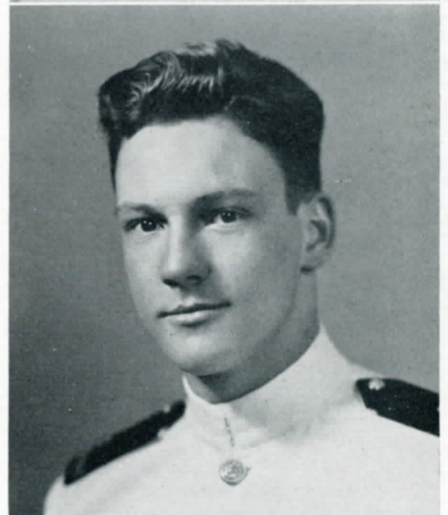
3258 61st Street, Woodside, L. I., New York
Company Commander
Enlisted November 14, 1942. Transferred to
V-12 as Sea1/c from degaussing duty
CREST Contributor; Varsity Football
and Basketball; Intramural Sports
V-12 College: Holy Cross

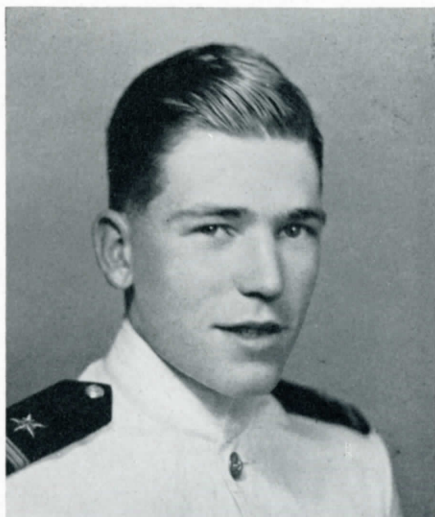


Ens. Kenneth W. Theile

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

9 Roth Avenue, Reading, Ohio
Chief Petty Officer
CREST Contributor; Christian League; Glee Club;
Concert Band; Crusaders; Intramural Sports
V-12 College: Middlebury

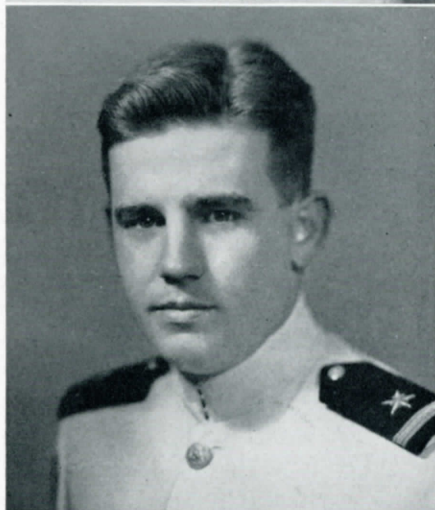




Ens. John S. Thorp, Jr.

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

91 Hempstead Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I., New York
 Mustering Petty Officer
 Sodality; Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Holy Cross



Ens. William F. Threlkeld

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

Williamstown, Kentucky
 Mustering Petty Officer
 CREST Contributor; Christian League
 V-12 College: Middlebury



Ens. Davis P. Thurber

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

3 Swart Street, Nashua, New Hampshire
 Battalion Adjutant
 CREST Contributor; Christian League;
 Intramural Sports
 V-12 College: Bates

Ens. John F. Toomey

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

50 Manomet Street, Brockton, Massachusetts
Guide

CREST Contributor; Sodality; Sanctuary Society;
Tomahawk; Concert Band; Drill Team;
Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Holy Cross



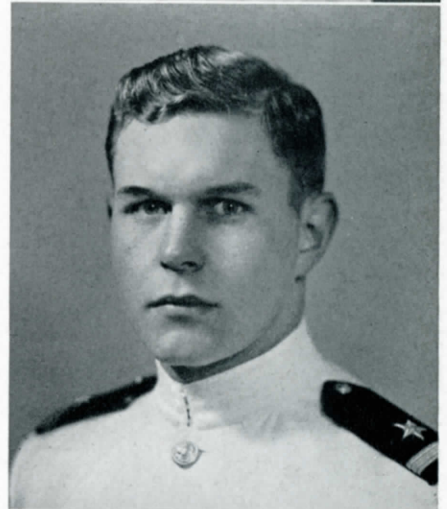
Ens. Alexander J. Torda, Jr.

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

54 Workman Avenue, Torrington, Connecticut
First Platoon Leader

CREST Contributor; Prefect, Sodality; *Cross and Anchor*;
Alpha Sigma Nu; Purple Key; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Tufts



Ens. Frank W. Warber

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

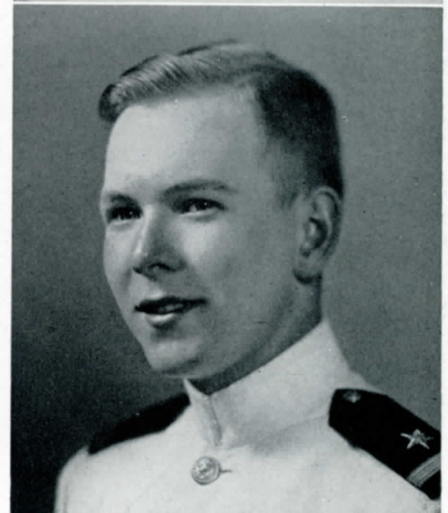
Arthur, Illinois

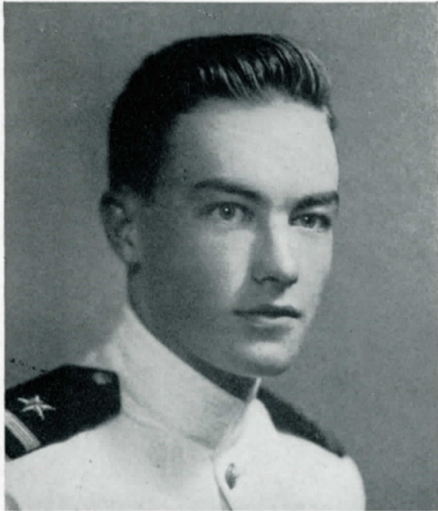
Drum and Bugle Corps Commander

Enlisted November, 1942. Transferred to V-12 as
Y3/c from recruiting duty

CREST Advertising Manager; Secretary, Christian
League; Manager, Concert Band;
Accompanist, Glee Club

V-12 College: Dartmouth





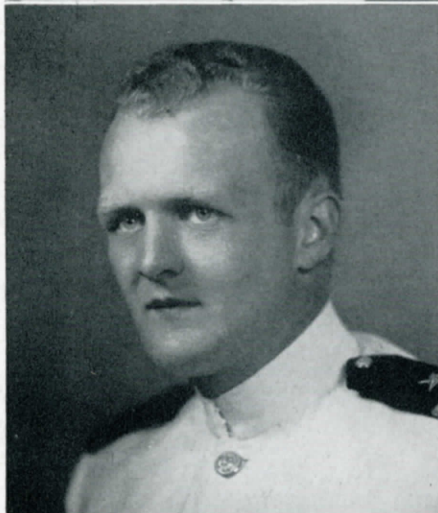
Ens. Francis H. White

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

80 Rhoades Avenue, East Walpole, Massachusetts
Guide

CREST Contributor; Sodality; Sanctuary Society;
Tomahawk; *Cross and Anchor*; Concert
Band; Varsity Track; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Holy Cross



Ens. Richard G. Williamson

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

124 State Street, Augusta, Maine
Second Platoon Leader

CREST Contributor

V-12 College: Bates



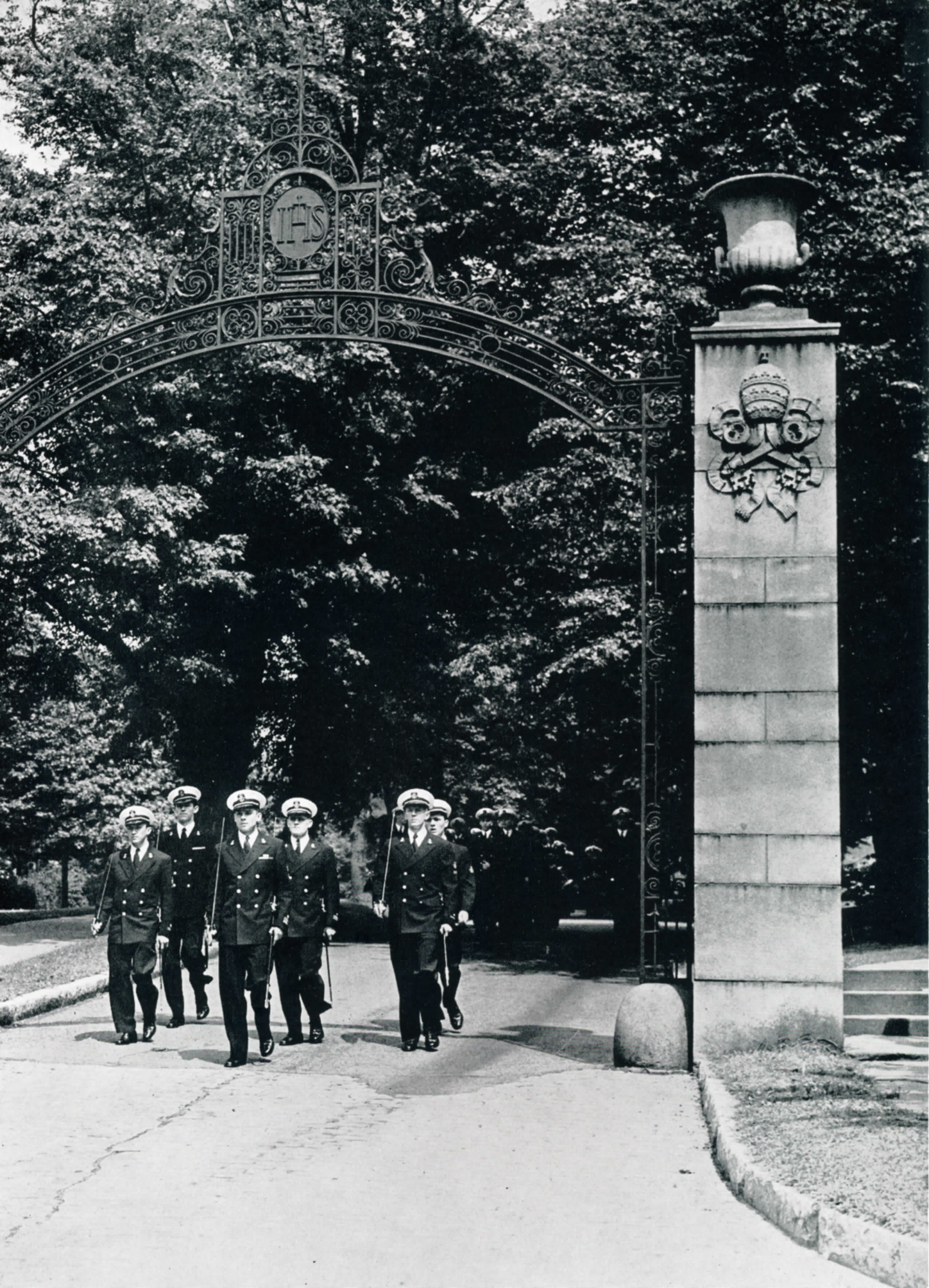
Ens. Donald I. Zeman

BACHELOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE

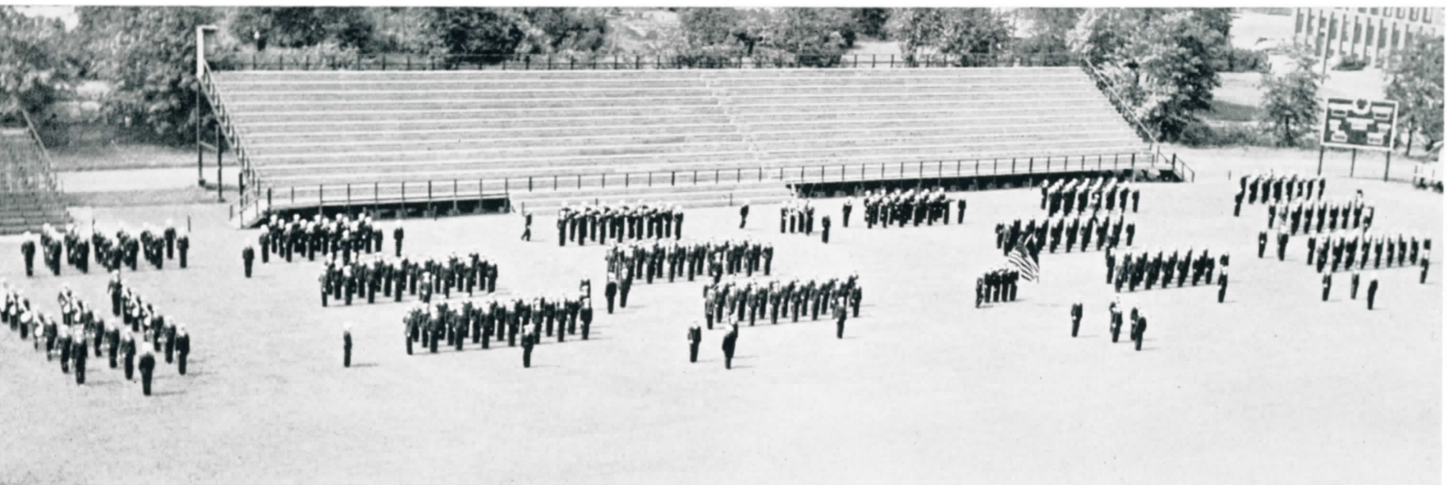
50 Gulf Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island
Guide

CREST Contributor; Rifle and Pistol Team;
Cross and Anchor; Intramural Sports

V-12 College: Bates



The Battalion







Staff

COMMANDER
HERBERT W. POWERS
SUB-COMMANDER
RAYMOND F. ROGERS
ADJUTANT
DAVIS P. THURBER
FIRST LIEUTENANT
ROBERT U. PARISH
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER
WILLIAM R. KILCOURSE
BUGLER
NORMAN L. FISHER

Drum and Bugle Corps



Seated, left to right: F. C. Rozelle, PO1/c, F. W. Warber, Commander; D. V. Worcester, PO2/c. *First Row, left to right:* E. M. Beesley, R. T. Allan, R. R. Ross, J. M. Ralabate, E. L. Hamilton, J. E. Entwistle, M. J. Sheridan, T. F. Delgiudice, M. D. Buck, K. I. Raymond. *Second Row, left to right:* W. J. Ward, E. R. Baron, R. M. Zimmer, G. J. August, R. J. Kubiszewski, D. G. Muller, B. McDowell, L. V. Luke, J. F. Coffey.

FRANK W. WARBER, *Commander*

Company I



First Row, left to right: A. H. Friedgen, W. R. Stackhouse, R. S. Borowicz, C. F. Edgerton, R. I. Skillman, K. W. Theile, S. N. Hume, J. M. Dacey, J. F. Toomey. *Second Row, left to right:* R. J. Ketchum, A. J. McAlonen, C. J. McCormick, J. A. Pettit, J. J. Leonard, H. B. Pinckard, J. V. McGowan, G. J. Marrone, G. R. Morrison, N. A. Scarr. *Third Row, left to right:* N. H. Morgan, E. S. Rubin, A. W. Stone, W. E. Call, R. S. Smith, R. N. Andresen, R. C. Jerome, L. F. Chesebro, L. J. Cary, F. J. Rossi, D. E. Geluardi.

Commander
RUSSELL I. SKILLMAN

First Platoon Leader
CHARLES F. EDGARTON

Second Platoon Leader
RAYMOND J. BURMEISTER



First Row, left to right: J. F. Coughlin, H. G. Sanborn, M. R. Herman, J. Cushner, R. J. Burmeister, L. Alpert, T. R. Boyd, F. E. Milliman, E. R. Timmes. *Second Row, left to right:* C. A. Palumbo, R. Gallagher, R. D. Moon, W. O. Cregar, R. W. Engel, E. J. Sebold, W. J. Frushtick, G. Bean, R. P. Pitrone. *Third Row, left to right:* M. E. Knouse, N. D. Rochman, K. L. Michael, R. N. Stock, E. G. Shafer, V. B. Piteo, R. A. Wells.

Company 2



First Row, left to right: M. Bluestone, D. I. Zeman, W. C. Kessler, E. C. Brisley, P. D. Ritger, R. E. Cook, J. Ress, J. H. Aubrey, P. Geyelin. *Second Row, left to right:* C. E. Fizette, J. E. Vanstrom, C. B. Price, D. C. Josephs, J. M. Melisz, E. M. Clark, F. H. Rohn, C. A. Maggese, R. D. Hursh, R. F. Seega. *Third Row, left to right:* R. M. Lindsay, D. H. Clifford, H. O. Henson, J. K. Johnson, M. G. Wells, D. V. Gorman, D. F. Lundgren, J. D. Lindsay.

Commander
PAUL D. RITGER

First Platoon Leader
RALPH E. COOK

Second Platoon Leader
ROBERT C. GILMORE



First Row, left to right: J. Shea, R. V. Fagan, F. A. Stanley, H. M. Scott, R. C. Gilmore, W. M. Pohlman, R. T. Austin, D. R. Schurman, J. L. Stafford. *Second Row, left to right:* G. L. Henry, R. D. Madden, C. V. Carroll, F. A. Church, G. A. Raymond, E. B. Jancaitis, W. E. Webster, R. E. Parrott, W. J. Armbrust, P. Lindeman, G. L. Geis. *Third Row, left to right:* G. W. Sharshon, H. F. Bannister, T. E. Goode, W. M. Currie, J. L. O'Brien, A. J. O'Connor, R. R. Tacey, A. O. Mojo, M. W. Snow, R. H. Rogers.

Company 3



First Row, left to right: W. E. Laskowski, R. F. Alence, R. J. Phalen, A. J. Torda, G. E. Armknecht, N. J. Mazzola, E. O. Hynard, J. H. Morrisette, C. J. Chwalek. *Second Row, left to right:* C. A. Cohen, J. L. Pyles, J. H. O'Rourke, W. A. Brown, D. G. Herendeen, E. R. Hack, J. J. Condron, R. H. Weiss, J. Witsil, A. Mandell, C. J. Costanzo. *Third Row, left to right:* H. K. Williams, J. J. Koeller, P. J. Fillingham, K. H. Holcombe, R. E. Vaillencourt, K. N. Osborne, T. P. Whittemore, A. J. B. Brickner, C. A. Kennedy, R. E. Randall, R. E. Cole.

Commander
GEORGE E. ARMKNECHT

First Platoon Leader
ALEXANDER J. TORDA

Second Platoon Leader
RAYMOND F. ARMSTRONG



First Row, left to right: E. Adam, V. J. Ashman, E. B. Dowe, R. H. Sandstrom, R. F. Armstrong, C. E. Frank, A. L. Beverly, F. C. Graham, T. S. Fitzgerald. *Second Row, left to right:* H. P. Hobbs, R. A. Falk, D. Marano, M. Brodoff, E. J. Hedbawny, C. H. Bowles, P. D. Buday, R. E. Addotto. *Third Row, left to right:* W. C. Lacey, R. E. Wilson, D. C. Starner, C. R. Stephenson, G. D. McCarthy, W. V. Owen, E. T. Alberta, T. J. Breen.

Company 4



First Row, left to right: A. E. Shaw, E. C. Krebs, R. V. Jones, F. C. Burgess, D. H. King, J. E. Dowling, D. E. Grahm, W. D. Jacobs, J. J. Azzolina. *Second Row, left to right:* D. G. DeSimone, C. J. Zoubek, G. C. Hare, P. W. Kuhns, E. A. Knight, O. L. Pinneo, A. A. Ratcliffe, F. R. Pauly, T. W. Kent, W. R. Friess, W. C. Noble. *Third Row, left to right:* E. T. Policay, W. J. Lutkenhouse, W. J. Smith, C. I. Thompson, W. E. Sweetman, J. L. Winship, J. L. Duffy, A. L. Flanders, J. F. Holtman.

Commander
DONALD H. KING

First Platoon Leader
FREDERICK C. BURGESS

Second Platoon Leader
JOSEPH C. HOUGHTELING



First Row, left to right: P. G. Durkin, W. H. Clark, D. X. Clavin, J. S. Thorp, J. C. Houghteling, J. M. O'Laughlin, R. H. Reinisch, C. L. Meyer, S. L. Kaplan. *Second Row, left to right:* A. L. Nicolais, R. J. Coen, C. W. Koebler, G. E. Young, F. X. McGrath, B. A. Russell, E. F. O'Dougherty, F. C. Kearney, J. M. Frye. *Third Row, left to right:* J. R. Wheeler, J. C. Emerson, J. F. Fine, A. W. Paddock, R. E. English, S. A. Spring, R. H. Janson, J. V. Shanley.

Company 5



First Row, left to right: J. P. O'Rourke, R. F. Delaney, A. J. Pavelko, R. M. Buckley, W. H. Boyce, P. C. Rogers, J. W. Midden-
dorf, C. D. Plank, F. H. White *Second Row, left to right:* M. S. Lenihan, J. L. Hadley, T. E. Galvin, W. F. Farrell, R. B. Thomas,
L. M. Grawzis, A. F. Larievy, E. J. Hart, H. R. Durkin, J. F. Quinn. *Third Row, left to right:* W. P. Williams, J. D. McCarthy,
B. Curwen, J. E. Grennan, A. H. Anderson, B. J. Sicuranza, T. J. Mulligan, H. W. McGuire, H. W. King.

Commander
WILLIAM H. BOYCE

First Platoon Leader
ROBERT M. BUCKLEY

Second Platoon Leader
R. G. WILLIAMSON



First Row, left to right: A. E. Belbusti, A. T. McGrath, H. W. Caffey, W. F. Threlkeld, R. G. Williamson, L. J. Platt, A. S. Michal-
owski, J. A. Ollquist, V. E. Hinson. *Second Row, left to right:* J. Petronio, M. F. Hannify, E. C. Johnson, D. W. Walsh, W. S.
Waldron, E. J. Stokes, R. C. Turnbull, J. J. Smolenski, R. T. Beget. *Third Row, left to right:* T. J. Raleigh, T. F. Howard, J. F.
Rowley, D. W. Wilson, F. J. Moench, B. J. Hammett, F. J. Starkie, G. P. Ryan, G. F. Rodenbush.

Company 6



First Row, left to right: R. J. Robertson, J. V. Lufkin, G. R. Moran, T. E. Deem, W. T. Sullivan, D. J. Camille, O. T. Little, K. E. Becker, R. D. Madison. *Second Row, left to right:* C. Baily, R. A. Batten, A. N. Monaco, J. J. Fasino, J. E. Lang, J. F. Shaw, T. J. Delehunty, J. L. Stummer, B. Rogan, A. R. Schliesman. *Third Row, left to right:* W. J. Winsper, H. L. O'Brien, G. V. Hefner, R. O. McGrail, J. A. Lennon, J. C. Fleming, J. A. Facey, J. H. Connelly.

Commander
WILLIAM T. SULLIVAN

First Platoon Leader
THOMAS E. DEEM, JR.

Second Platoon Leader
RICHARD FLICKER



First Row, left to right: W. P. Leonard, J. N. Barrett, A. Terry, J. G. Carlin, R. Flicker, L. Lockwood, L. J. Malloy, J. J. Walsh, D. Brotherton. *Second Row, left to right:* W. O'Brien, S. DuBois, T. J. O'Hara, G. Spinelli, C. Fitzgibbons, W. T. Neville, J. A. Duffy, R. M. Ducey. *Third Row, left to right:* W. H. Killay, J. H. Graham, P. H. Simpson, J. Keefe, R. T. Blinn, G. V. Wattendorf.

Extra-curricular interests, oases in the drab desert of study, were important items in our college years; they uncovered hidden talents. Organized societies were not as numerous as might be imagined due to the scarcity of time available for meetings. Evenings were almost completely preassigned: Monday to religious organizations, Tuesday to navy educational films, and Wednesday to liberty. What activities there were roughly fell into two categories: naval and college. The Drill Team, *Cross and Anchor*, and Rifle and Pistol Teams were the purely Unit organizations and the Purple Key, *Tomahawk*, Crusaders, Glee Club, Yacht Club, and Concert Band were college.

The Drill Team had for its purpose perfection in marching under arms. Under Drill Master Dick Flicker's supervision the team accomplished the technique of some perplexing maneuvers that presented a snappy appearance on such occasions as half time at football games, et cetera. In effect, the Drill Team represented the ROTC to the public. But behind the perfection and precision of those few appearances were many hours of just plain work on Carlin Quadrangle. Paul Ritger and Ray Rogers helped Dick along during these sessions, with further colorful and impractical advice offered by Carlinites from the vantage points of their windows. Despite the super-abundance of suggestions, Flicker fielded a smart and proud outfit. We were proud of it, too.

The Rifle and Pistol Teams guided by benevolent Tim Flaherty pursued their bent without audience and with unseen competitors. The fellows on the teams, all sharpshooters, after giving up free periods during the week to sweat out practice rounds on the mats of the rifle range, formed five-man teams to compete with Yale, Tufts, Notre Dame, Northwestern, Duke, and other colleges. The system used required the teams shoot at serialized targets which, after being scored by CGM Flaherty, were mailed to the contesting NROTC units throughout the



ACTIVITIES

Rifle and Pistol Teams



Seated, left to right: R. E. Cook, D. I. Zeman, D. Grahm, D. Camille, CGM Flaherty, R. F. Armstrong, E. B. Dowe, N. J. Mazzola, W. E. Laskowski. *Standing, left to right:* H. L. Hobbs, R. E. Wilson, N. D. Rochman, R. R. Tacey, W. C. Kessler, J. Lufkin.

Glee Club



Seated, left to right: C. J. McCormick, F. C. Rozelle, Manager; J. E. Entwistle. *Second Row, left to right:* F. V. McEnany, F. W. Warber, Accompanist; P. Lindeman, B. P. Rogan, Soloist; H. C. Pihl, H. M. Scott, L. V. Luke, R. B. Thontas, J. N. Gibbons. *Third Row, left to right:* H. W. Powers, J. C. Fleming, R. R. Tacey, R. J. Kubiszewski, J. W. Middendorf, D. V. Worcester, A. W. Stone, J. Lufkin.

country for comparison. Denied the incentive of personalized competition, the teams nevertheless placed high in these meets. Their members were, as we've said, sharpshooters.

Cross and Anchor readers readily attested to the superiority of the magazine that linked the college and the navy. The publication was inaugurated after the arrival of the NROTC on the Hill and in a short time became recognized as one of the finest college periodicals in the nation. Editors Tom Phelan, Dick Maher, and George Armknecht held the key to that remarkable standing. The magazine, devoted entirely to writing by the naval trainees, contained components anticipated by the student body long before publication. Of particular appeal were the character sketches; "Sportlebutt"; cartoons, poetry, and jokes; company write-ups; and analyses of foreign affairs. The real secret to the *Cross and Anchor*, however, was its astute style—a style which did not preclude humor but did include accurate, interesting essays. The *Cross and Anchor* belonged to that category of publications whose back issues are faithfully collected by readers.

Of the college clubs the Purple Key was perhaps the most exclusive. Charged with the maintenance of Holy



Manager, Will Williams; Pianist, Al Perreault; Saxes, Maurice Capone, Ken Theile, Carl Costanzo, Ed Timmes; Trumpets, Bob Buckley, Dick Allan, Norman Fisher; Trombone, Ken Raymond; Drums, Bud Boyce.

C r u s a d e r s

Tomahawk



Seated, left to right: C. E. Fitzgibbon, J. V. Lufkin, R. U. Parish, J. Toomey, J. Hadley. *Standing, left to right:* E. G. Sippel, W. R. Kilcourse, G. L. Rodenbush, F. W. White.

Drill Team



First Row, left to right: R. M. Ducey, R. V. Jones, J. L. Stafford, P. D. Ritger, R. H. Flicker, R. F. Rogers, F. C. Burgess, E. M. Clark, R. Lindsay. *Second Row, left to right:* P. Lindeman, J. H. O'Rourke, R. Thomas, C. J. McCormick, G. E. Young, P. Geyelin, W. A. Brown, M. D. Buck, L. J. Malloy, R. Gallagher. *Third Row, left to right:* R. E. Parrott, J. V. Lufkin, E. G. Shafer, A. J. Pavelko, G. R. Moran, H. O. Henson, M. W. Snow, P. J. Fillingham, T. A. Boyd.

Cross traditions and with the development of the loyalty and devotion of the students as Crusaders and men of Holy Cross, the Key was composed of twenty-one members representing a good cross section of the college. NROTC representatives were Al Torda, Bob Gilmore, Paul Rogers, Art Beverly, Ed Frank, Joe Dacey, and Cliff McCormick. During our stay and because of war-time limitations the Key sought to achieve its objectives through the organizing and conducting of football rallies, the annual freshman receptions, and periodic semi-formal dances. The torch-light parades, the cheer leaders, the bonfires, the splendid song fests and entertainments of freshman receptions, and the pleasant occasions of Key dances in the Sheraton Hotel did do much to instill an understanding of the implications of our association with the college. Keysters were diligent workers at their assigned tasks.

The *Tomahawk*, weekly newspaper of the fall and winter terms, kept us up on campus happenings. Like any college paper it was utilized by the authorities to bring information and orders to us. Like any college paper it also was a medium of expression for the students. John Lufkin's masterful column, "The Skeleton Key," was one



First Row, left to right: R. Delaney, W. E. Laskowski, M. B. Herman, R. B. Thomas, G. E. Armknecht. *Editor:* W. P. Williams, G. Gallagher, C. J. Chwalek, R. H. Addotto. *Second Row, left to right:* F. H. White, E. C. Krebs, J. H. Varney, J. J. Witsil, A. J. Torda, F. E. Milliman, J. V. McGowan, J. N. Barrett, H. W. King, R. S. Borowicz, N. K. Furlong, J. H. O'Rourke, R. V. Jones. *Third Row, left to right:* N. D. Rochman, G. N. Moulton, D. W. Wilson, A. F. O'Connor, J. W. Midendorf, K. M. Osborne, W. R. Kilcourse, T. J. Mulligan, A. J. Pavelko, G. R. Lennon, J. V. Lufkin.

Cross and Anchor

of the latter (although it was once limited in its freedom of expression) and among the first features to be read by the student body. Bob Parish's "Naval Reserve Notes," heavily padded with reports from Lieutenant Mahler's office, tended to be of the former category. Editorially, the paper concentrated on foreign and national affairs. Comments on local occurrences somehow never quite survived the ax Father McKenna, faculty director, wielded. The *T-hawk* also had its ridiculous to go with the sublime—J. Bisbie Muldoon was the instrument and "Campus Chatter" his vehicle. The Sports and City sections completed the roster of features of this fairly good and certainly widely read paper.

Somewhat like the Rifle and Pistol Teams, the Yacht Club carried on its activities out of sight. About the only real knowledge we had of it was gleaned from notices of meetings published over Commodore J. Davenport Lindsay's signature. Of course we also sat up and took notice when, as frequently happened, the Yacht Club got special



First Row, left to right: R. M. Buckley, N. L. Fisher, F. H. White, F. W. Warber, Manager; J. F. Toomey, E. Timmes, K. W. Theile. Second Row, left to right: K. I. Raymond, G. N. Moulton, D. Wilson, R. L. Garfield, M. J. Sheridan, C. J. Costanzo. Third Row, left to right: W. H. Boyce, R. J. Kubiszewski, F. C. Rozelle, Manager; J. E. Entwistle, R. W. Stock.

Concert Band

liberty. Actually, the fellows could not have raced without this aid from the Commanding Officer. By its own admission, the Yacht Club enjoyed only a "fair" season due to the lack of previous experience and the opportunity for practice. However, the sailors raced in the company of Coast Guard, Dartmouth, Harvard, M. I. T., W. P. I., and other New England colleges. The gradual improvement of the club in these races and especially of the racing abilities of Lindsay, O'Malley, Middendorf, Hume, Madison, and Rozelle was far more creditable than the description "fair" would lead you to believe.

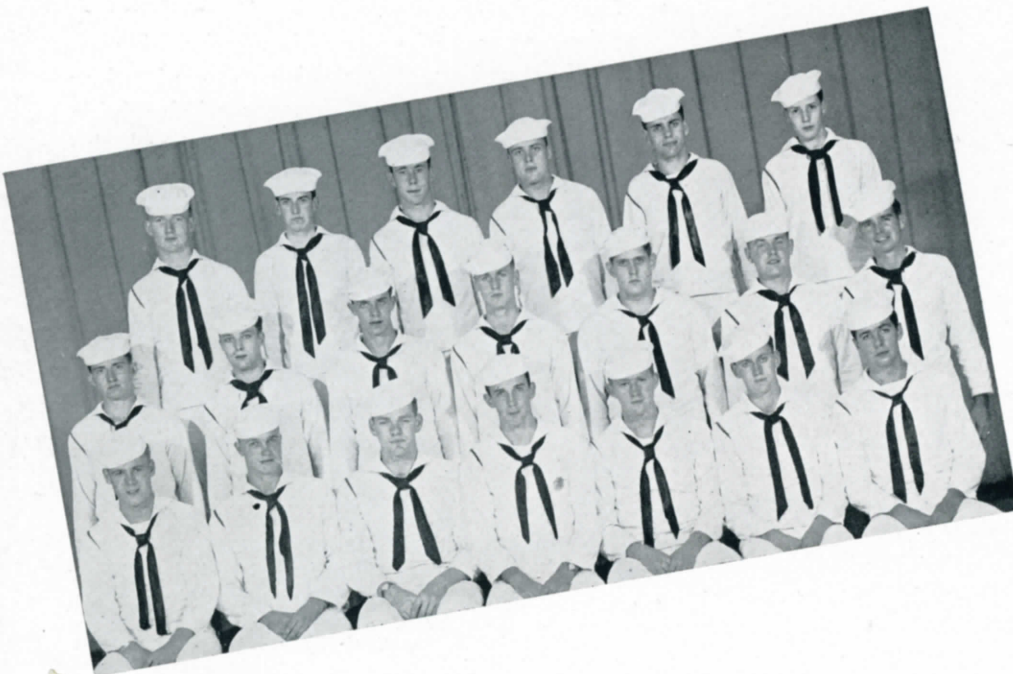
The Glee Club was a new thing on the Hill back in November, 1944. The idea of a choral group probably got its start in the penthouse quarters of the D&B from which emerged such kindred organizations as the Knights and such music lovers as Frank Warber. Be that as it may, D&Ber Fred Rozelle took over the managerial job and after only brief preparation had a club ready to sing at the Rector's banquet just prior to the Christmas holidays. The initial effort was good, so much so that recruiting markedly improved. After that first attempt the Glee Club put on a concert in conjunction with the Concert Band in Fenwick Auditorium during the month of February, a concert, Broadway Memories, in conjunction with the girls' choral group from the Carroll Club and with the Concert Band in Tuckerman Hall on June 2, 1945, and still another concert in the Worcester Memorial Auditorium in September along with several other musical groups. The Knights were a feature of the Glee Club as well as free-lancers. Bernie Rogan served the club well, too, using his beautiful tenor voice, and Frank Warber displayed his mastery of the piano as accompanist. The popularity of the Glee Club, we think, was dependent not so much on skillful compliance with the mechanics of singing but on the excellent repertoire of numbers, all popular, all best suited to men's voices.

More widely heard than the Glee Club was our dance band, the Crusaders, at banquets, dances, concerts, rallies, and naval balls. There always was a Crusader orchestra, but the popular one during our stay was that led by drummer Bud Boyce. The boys played sweetly and dreamily or, on occasion, hot and fast. Typical favorites were "Night and Day" and "Yesterdays" as soloed by Ken Theile on the clarinet. Bob Buckley to a large degree was responsible for the band's obvious talent. It was Bob who took on the chore of writing the arrangements. He also did some original work. Crusader bands of yore, the trumpet-dominated type, contributed, by comparison, to the marked impression of teamwork Boyce's gang gave. The departure from one-man orchestrations and from the preponderance of jive resulted in increased appeal. Cru-

sader music as we knew it and liked it was soft, slightly blue, and very mellow.

The last of the musical organizations, another rarely-heard-from club, was the Concert Band. This band's period of greatest performance was during the football seasons and on the distant occasions of Friday night happy hours. That seems long ago. Since those dim days of the fall of 1944 the band has been inactive. But memory recalls its renditions of popular college songs which we all joined in singing. Frank Warber and Fred Rozelle subsequently took over its direction for the formal spring and fall concerts. The interesting personage of the band was Mr. J. Edward Bouvier, Faculty Director, because of his vitality and bounce. The Concert Band's formal concert appearances with the Glee and Carroll Clubs were sufficiently successful to warrant further Worcester entertainments. That was no mean accomplishment, but the boys could play.

By N. JOSEPH MAZZOLA.



First Row, left to right: E. F. Greissing, H. C. Pihl, R. L. Clarke, Company Commander R. L. Garfield, E. L. Alexander, J. T. Brennan, K. J. Vetter. Second Row, left to right: N. K. Furlong, G. W. Taggart, W. H. Long, J. A. Kennedy, E. E. Grable, J. H. Varney, B. F. Peacock. Third Row, left to right: J. J. Murray, G. R. Lennon, G. F. Nolan, G. N. Moulton, A. F. O'Malley, F. J. Ewers.

Company A



Achtung!

"Oh, the monkey wrapped . . ."

Suave gentlemen!

Bat Com (minus sack)

You label 'em

Bailey; Beck; Diamond-A

D. "I."

Sun worshippers

1630 flash

Ensign factory

"If I had the wings . . ."

Watch 'em, boys

Camille, of course!

Watch dogs

Leggo that blanket!

Admiral Joe

Lend me your ears



Sully's Wave

You read 'em!

Carlin cuties

Johnson, Maggese, Melisz

SNOW . . . !

AA V Horny

Com. Lindsay's aides

Bat Jan

Krebs whiffs it

Der Kadett Stackhouse

Boyce fraternizes

Poor benighted Jevvie

Delaney and Eggie

Stock ?? Entwistle

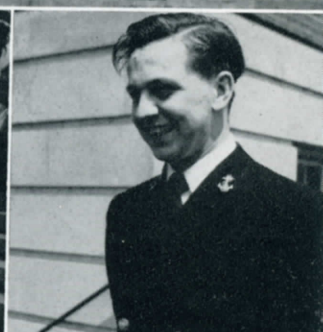
Scott-nicki and Ohio

Ex - V-12ers

Ress and supernumeraries

ComSackCross

. . . and more snow!



"For . . ward, HARCH!"

Board of Directors

P. T. does it

"Down to the sea . . ."

Yes, son—we agree!

"Geeve me a keess"

The Beaver blows

"I *loge* Holy Cross"

— ? — ? —

R. R. recreation

It's obvious!

Dependency—10 pts.

One-time Comp. III

Wednesday liberty



HOIAH!!

Maher's Maulers
Monday A.M.—103°

"The Knights"

Parish ventures advice

Which one, Lennie?
SubCom Rogers, etc.

Armknacht . . . SIR!
Caught in the sACKT

It's not *that* bad!
No *Herald*?

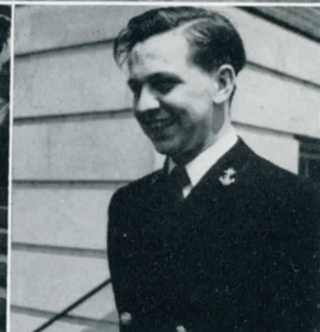
Spiked?

Camouflage
Armchair strategists

Property of Co. II
Russ and the Commander

Sugar report coming?
Houghtely-bub gets it

"CHIEF Plotnicki . . . mate!"
Deacon Jones solicits



"For . . ward, HARCH!"

P. T. does it

"Down to the sea . . ."

Board of Directors

Yes, son—we agree!

"Geeve me a keess"

The Beaver blows

"I love Holy Cross"

— ? — ? —

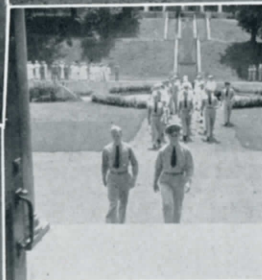
R. R. recreation

It's obvious!

Dependency—10 pts.

One-time Comp. III

Wednesday liberty



Easy on the upholstery

Jutht buddies!

East meets West

Blue-eyed hunk of . .

1st Lt. strikers

Varga satisfies

Size 7 7/8 ?

Cousin, Frank?

King and Queen

He teaches Smith girls, too!

Just like Joe

Guiding lights

Ozzie's duty

Blue Beard

Alence, Inc.

Thexy!

Muhlenberg brawn

Editor at work

Budbo's boys

Posed . . . obviously!

Three guesses!

Editorials



From My Point of View...

THE CREST took time and effort to produce. Time and effort not of a few alone, nor of a group, but of all members of the class. It is, therefore, the class' book. It accurately and attractively portrays the individual, the group, and the organization as they were and as we always will remember them.

But every production receives its impetus and direction from some "brain trust" or another. THE CREST owes a great part of its success to such a nucleus of men who worked harder and longer and contributed more fully of their creative and artistic geniuses. George Armknecht, Frank Warber and Ed Brisley deserve praise for the wonderful tasks they have completed. Commander Knowles and Lieutenant Commander Hanford by their guidance and generous extensions of privileges were indispensable. They made things easy for us all.

Among the commercial firms that assisted us we must note with sincere gratitude the tireless efforts and expert workmanship of Russ Knight and Bill O'Connor of Stobbs Press and Mr. Kirsted and Miss Dempsey of Waid Studio. The influence of their personalities, abilities, and experiences is evident in THE CREST.

The book is now yours. Enjoy it.

BILL KILCOURSE.

Riding the Crest....

A raw Wednesday—March coming in like a lion—marked our first day at Holy Cross twenty months ago. For a few of us, old sons of Hoiya that we were, it was merely a case of trudging farther up the Hill to Wheeler Hall. Our first meeting with Commander Knowles was as somber as the day. He made us wonder, even then, if we would stick it out.

Amazement and exasperation predominated those early days. Room assignments did it. At least six men were listed for one room at one time and every man was reassigned not less than four times. Too, our academic schedules seemed designed to supplement PT requiring us, as they did, to dash from Alumni to Wheeler to the grinder. Perseverance and patience were prerequisites.

Many months have passed since then, but, using the small, unimportant, day-to-day occurrences as a yardstick, it seems like yesterday. Just yesterday we had our first eye-opener on Carlin Quadrangle. Just yesterday we made our initial trip "ashore" to Worcester. Just yesterday, too, Lieutenant O'Connell mistakenly remarked "You gentlemen are unconscious!" Speaking to Ritger and Clavin, of course.

The novelty soon ended and the whirlwind existence that was to be ours for the next twenty months tore into us. Patterns became apparent. Toomey and Thorp began holding receptions in their "clubhouse" and Fred Stanley moved in making it his home away from home. Ollie Little next door pounded vainly for quiet. Bob Parish, Ray Burmeister, Dave Thurber and Joe Houghteling renewed old Andover relationships and became the nucleus of the "smart set." And along with our growing consciousness that we possessed a unity as the first real RO class came the sneaking suspicion that the seniors were more to be watched than feared.

By now we were involved in the intricacies of the O'Neil flying moor as taught by Commander Knowles and the problems of navigating through shoal waters under Lieutenant Terrell's experienced direction. A contemporary problem, 'though not ours, was that of fitting Big Bill Sullivan to a uniform (the approved technique). For the first—and last time, too—Joe Cushner answered Plotnicki with a timid "Here, your excellency!" It was

about then that we recognized the truth of Russ Skillman's claim that everyone in the class was a "character." To be truthful, there was plenty of substantiation for it: Bill Deering certainly was a galloping ghost and the kingpin among demerit snatchers and Paul Libby *was* witty, if nebulous.

And since, parenthetically speaking, no one will forget our first case of GI upsets it deserves honorable (or, perhaps, dishonorable) mention here. Long nights, fast dashes through darkened corridors, discomfortingly crowded heads that denied us relief did occur disagreeably and memorably, if infrequently.

The June Admiral's Review caused our first real tussle with spit and polish. Wheeler looked good (for those pre-Captain Sachse days), but for nought. Its stairs scared the Admiral down to Kimball. That evening, at the Ball, we went all out for the waltz, rhumba, fox trot and two step. The refreshing company of women, the soft lights and mellowing music, and the cordiality of officer to trainee all were back drops of atmosphere for a really splendid evening.

So the year raced on. Everyone was having a dizzy time rushing to PT and straggling back to grab a hasty shower and dash out again in an effort to make fourth hour Chemistry. The pharmacists had their day as we paraded bravely by them to be unceremoniously stuck. Those guys would have been suckers for a punch board salesman. They made some of our staunchest pass out only to awaken to jibes and cruel ridicule from humorist Jim Miller and his ilk.

As the summer closed and the brisk days of fall came upon us Tom Deem and Bill Sullivan drew the attention of impressionable Lud Wray. He, in turn, impressed them—into football togs and they became our standard bearers on that Crusader team of iron men. Our first football game, coming as we did from Bates, Tufts, Harvard, Dartmouth and Middlebury, was a little lacking in spirit, but we warmed up after a while. The Purple Key's rallies helped and "Uncle Herb's Cabin," starring Simon O'Legree, gave us the closer unity of devils at play. Finally, we blossomed forth at the first Dartmouth game with the true Hoiya spirit. Coincident with football was the reappearance of Monty, the St. Bernard, from seclusion. Havoc and running were his specialties: the first practiced on a Sunday night formation; the second, on Ben Plotnicki. He won, hands down, both times.

All these things meant cooler weather, shortened evenings, and extended bull sessions. We discussed Worces-

ter, its places of amusement, and our experiences (?) in them. The reports were humorous, sometimes even exciting, but always colored up for public presentation. We griped, too. We claimed to be mental and physical wrecks after the hours spent under the glaring eye of the "mouse." He made us quake as the object of his clever, quick-witted repartee, but, truthfully, we enjoyed it. Yes, and didn't the one-striped wonder baffle us with his Damage Control problems!

In November we took our semester exams, not in stride, but we took 'em! Each exam was the same—each term. Jittery little groups of worried and furrowed faces congregated to hear one fellow boast "I hit that one" and another moan "I'm all done now." Worries, studies, and books never followed us home on leave, though. They were left behind either categorized as unimportant or artfully ignored. That was the time, we remember, when on returning we had to bid goodbye sadly enough to so many of our classmates who didn't quite skin through calculus and navigation. They went off to boot camp and to sea duty, but they left behind them memories of pleasant moments to which they had been real contributors.

The next term was one to remember, punctuated with Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year, each with its special liberty or leave. Fred Burgess shed his warm weather lethargy for this one and became one of the busiest, bustling men about the campus, and Steve Hume and Bill Threlkeld spent the entire term trying to stymie Father Shea on his epistemological proofs. Norm Fisher continued to disappear on even the coldest weekends, each time to return with glowing tales of unheard of places and happenings, while his "fellow" musician, Bob Buckley, composed his hopped-up "Second at Suffolk."

The student-faculty banquet of that semester almost reached the riot stage when Father Rector evaded the question of leave extension. Not even the sumptuous meal that occurred only once every four months could stop us from pressing home the point via shouting, stomping, and improvised banners. We won, of course. He gave us an answer—"NO"! Bill Kilcourse, the unhappiest man of the evening, was given permission, by way of reward for waiting on the Officers' table, to be "at ease."

Despite the disappointment of an early return, the Christmas leave proved to be a welcome respite. The sen-

(RIDING THE CREST)

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(RIDING THE CREST)

iors returned and began feverish preparations for graduation and commissioning while we came back to glare enviously at those gleaming gold stripes still eight months distant. Eight months seemed even longer when we tackled the evasive concepts of Heat Power as taught by Doctor Radle. But one item which served to lessen the burden of those months was February's memorable snowstorm. Classes were cancelled for the only time in our twenty months and we spent the day shoveling snow, waging pitched battles, jumping into drifts, and cavorting like kids. Very enjoyable.

The announcement of the coming semester's schedules brought cries of bitter, heartfelt anguish, especially from Bunky White and Scottie. Still another physics course was added, electricity. The thought of it almost overshadowed our anticipation of the completion of finals, our spring leave, and our ascension to the rank of upperclassmen. Yes, we had finally wormed our way to the top of the heap and, behind Herb Powers, who became Battalion Commander, assumed our new duties in the Battalion organization. For the first few weeks we acted with all the pomposity and dignity of five-star admirals and began to take steps designed to make the outfit one of which we could be proud. We lost the pomposity but achieved the pride.

Along with our "arrival" was that of Captain Sachse to succeed Captain Davis. He took command and took hold in a manner that encouraged our hopes and desires. Sufficient time has now elapsed so that the effects of his policies and his very active interest in our doings can be fully evaluated and appreciated.

March's unseasonable warmth hastened the beginning of outside exercises. The long winter hibernation was over and the PT specialists revealed a new, unique, but legal form of torture—running every morning. Questions popped into our minds: Would Hap Williamson and Jack Carlin make the hill? Would Plotnicki let us walk just a *little*? "No" answered both questions. But as Plotnicki bore down the teachers mercifully eased up a bit. The burden was lessened by the increasing proximity of the GREAT DAY. Joe Ress, alternately pessimistic and optimistic, was convinced we would leave in June.

Joe was wrong again, so we switched our interest to baseball and softball. Rod Fagan was giving early promise as pitcher for the varsity nine, and, 'though Chuck Kessler went out for the pitching staff, he found it too energetic. Less demanding was an almost perpetual

bridge foursome with Howard Caffey, Walt Laskowski, and Bill Deering. Unforeseen events finally broke that up.

Another omen of the nearing end was the visit of Captain Akstin in late April to recruit Marine Corps officers. Roy Sandstrom strayed from the flock to be a shavetail with esprit. The revitalized Crusaders featuring Bud Boyce on the drums and Ken Theile on the sax and clarinet attracted our attention that spring. Crusader music filtered from Room 14 O'Kane nearly every evening in a forecast of the coming Naval Ball.

You know what spring does to a young man's fancy. Everybody sat up and took notice, therefore, when Ed Sullivan started off to Rhode Island with regularity, accompanied, surprisingly, by Ray Rogers. Ray began to shed his reputation for a beaver on the strength of it. And Bud Rozelle went to Northampton and to Smith with a greater frequency. Bob Phalen claimed the blood donations Commander Paul arranged were designed to drain off some of this liveliness.

Other people found other drains, too. Don King capitalized on the spring rejuvenation to bring his company home the winners, and the colors, of the competition. This by good use of the buckets and swabs and paint that cluttered up Wheeler corridors. Under the shadow of V-E Day's imminent approach he received the colors from the Admiral at the review. Actually, his girl, the color girl, delivered the standards to him for the Admiral—and a kiss on her own initiative. Lennie Alpert's intermission organ playing made that evening's ball more outstanding than any previous one.

These events effectively signalled the end of one more term. It had a different ending than heretofore. We went on a four-day cruise, three spent in Boston's Fargo Building studying actual machines and techniques we hitherto had only read about, and one aboard an AKA on its virgin voyage from Providence to Boston. Sunburns were plentiful, but it was Don Grahn who looked ripe for picking when we tied up in Charlestown. Speaking of Boston, Armstrong and Becker carried the BTO tactics they mastered on Main Street right into the Hub and really passed for cosmopolitans. By the cruise's end all the gang looked just like they'd returned from a North Atlantic convoy except for such staunch Bostonians as Jim Dowling and Joe Mazzola who rushed home inbetween times for clean clothing.

And so we came "on the range." The rest, presumably, would be easy and the road, presumably, stretched clear before us. Nothing remarkable seemed in the offing.

Ralph Cook took on his new roommate, Bob Gilmore moved up to second platoon leader, Don Camille advance to Chief Petty Officer, the RO's, including Bill Middendorf and Dick Flicker, invaded Carlin Hall, Don Zeman rose from guidon to guide and lost a soft racket, Al Torda became the big gun in the Sodality, and we settled down to a quiet last term. In quick succession all hell broke loose. Our mainstay in the RO office, Commander Knowles, was transferred, uniform suppliers popped up from all over creation to take orders, Ed Brisley invaded all privacies to get pictures for the CREST, and V-J Day came on the heels of the atomic bomb. *V-J Day!* The world's wild joy got through to our isolated encampment. From the library steps we heard the news over a public address system. More people went over the hill than ever got caught. Others gathered into little groups to discuss the collapse of our private world amidst the rebirth of another.

Yes, things changed for us. Old man Armknecht sat down to count his discharge points. Commander Galvin arrived a few weeks later to interview us for assignments. The second day he called us hastily together to tell us we must decide either to stay in the Navy or to go on inactive duty. Paul Ritger had no decision to make. He wanted inactive duty. Fred Edgerton had to think about Harriet and his wedding plans. Frank Warber just couldn't make up his mind and kept the telephone lines tied up with calls to Illinois. Paul Rogers surprised most people and signed up. And lying impervious to it all in St. Vincent was Ev Dowe minus his appendix. Dick Alence, Ev's roommate, was left unruffled both by the momentous decision and the solitude of his existence.

Thus, events come to a close for us. The Senior Dance and Graduation are but a few weeks away. Momentous currents have swept our personal lives from the ordinary channels and uncertainty and frustration mark the last of twenty-eight months of study. But the days cannot be relived and the imprint of our common experiences cannot be erased. We cannot deny that through the days and the experiences we have built something which, set down here, constitutes a history that is ours alone.

By F. H. "BUNKY" WHITE AND HOWARD W. CAFFEY.

(RIDING THE CREST)

As We Knew Them

"Teachers we always got." Some grand ones at that—but a few who could strike fear into our hearts. Theirs is a tedious profession consisting of a repetitious sequence of lectures and a repetitiously stupid sea of faces. It is a profession that develops traits that are lovable, humorous, annoying, or awe-inspiring. This is a discussion of our professors and the courses they taught from the point of view of the men who "absorbed them."

Chronologically speaking, Commander Knowles comes first with his "Good morning, gentlemen." He always followed it with an eloquent sweep of his arm which would have done wonders to a floor lamp, but only succeeded in getting us seated. That "good morning" was a cue to the ease or difficulty of the day's Seamanship. Cheerful, and we sat back in comfort; depressed, and we knew the walls would shake. Memorable was the day when he stopped his lecture with a sigh and commented, "They've been on my tail all morning."

Across the hall the other section of the boys was struggling to avoid the glare of Lieutenant O'Connell's eyes and the lash of his tongue. He believed "it's good to be known as a martinet." He was, but he drilled Navigation into our brains.

That first term Father McKenna and Father Maher taught us Naval History, and Father Burns, Father Fitzgerald, and Mr. Dolan taught us Differential Calculus. The former teachers were very likable and their courses not too tough. They seemed to establish a balance to the day after the rigorousness of the morning classes. Anyway, it would have been hard for us to stay awake after a heavy dinner. With Naval History that wasn't necessary, if desirable. Calculus was tougher on us. The "Jevies" did what they could to get it across, and they were lenient. But Father Burns sensed our fears and constantly reassured us, "Don't worry. You're getting the concepts."

We passed from their tutelage fervently hoping we did have the concepts. Apparently not too well, because Integral Calculus and Analytical Mechanics bilged a lot of us four months later. Doc McBrien was our outstanding teacher in those months. At the top of his lungs he ordered us, "HEY, get outa that sack!" We pointed out that some fellows didn't do it quick enough. Father Quigley had one of our sections that second term and, as a result, achieved immortality. His eiwt was set to music and sounded like a clarion through the Cross' halls, the theme song of our class—if we have one.

Chemistry was the first lab course and a bugaboo. Most of us just won't be stink merchants, that's all. Professor Charest punctuated his lectures with caustic reminders of our pending and unseasoned gold braid. He threatened many times to give us first-hand experience with the effect salt water would have on it, but, despite this threat and that of locking us out (which he did) if we didn't arrive on time, he provided us with an abundance of chuckles and some few tales to tell to embryonic chemists in the lower classes. Professor Casey picked up where Mr. Charest left off and unvaryingly delivered interesting lectures on inorganic chemistry and qualitative analysis with an unmistakable trace of good humor. He knew his stuff. And that, with the exception of Mr. Gibson who *never* took a demerit card, rounded out our experiences with test tubes and acids and sulphur fumes.

Returning, for the moment, to Naval Science, let's make reference to Lieutenant Bland and Ensign Zilligen, our damage control instructors in the sophomore year. They were new arrivals at the time and, until he became supply officer, even Lieutenant Bland was happy about it. Damage control was one of the less laborious of our naval courses. Mr. Zilligen insisted that it wasn't as extensively taught as at the Academy, but we absorbed the physics of ship stability and made off with a fairly good theoretical knowledge of the subject. Lieutenant Bland kept things hot with sea stories and some amazing projections on the movie screen. 'Nuff said.

A college year ended and a new one began in November, 1944. We had reached the junior year, a year of languages, and met Doctor Iannucci, Father Carroll, Mr. Cordiero, and Mr. Bowen. Each was interesting in his particular way. Doctor Iannucci, we learned, was not a student but a teacher who managed to circulate widely about the campus. Bill Bowen, applying his theory that "all knowledge isn't found in textbooks" to French, dispersed enlightening comments through his lectures. He was a punster, and never without an answer for everything. Father Carroll taught Spanish and tried to sell us Spanish politics. Neither took very well. He was always an inveterate athlete, a brisk, somewhat distinguished walker resplendent in his cape, and never with a hat on. Fellows who had him swore by him. Mr. Cordiero taught Spanish, too. However, he scared the day-to-day wits out of his students until he came up with one of the easiest finals in the language department. It achieved the proper result—they learned their Spanish.

Naval science stuck with us. Ordnance began to take up the slack in our time that developed when we finished navigation. Lieutenant Everett pitched this ball game against us and about all that can be said is that he had a fast-breaking

curve ball that kept sneaking up on us. His tests were something to be avoided. But, again, the proper result was achieved and we knew our guns. Commander Paul and Lieutenant O'Connell also taught us naval administration and law, easy pickings for us. Lieutenant O'Connell was in his element and the course provided ample material for his incredibly keen wit. We didn't complain. Commander Paul, teaching the rest of the class, concentrated on the subtleties of navy rigamarole and earned the title of "Commander Goodstead." His lectures were built around a mythical enlisted man named Jones: "Now, Jones, remember this. It will stand you in good stead." What we learned certainly will.

Commander Paul, incidentally, is a man for whom we could have only respect and regard. He was active in all that was good and creditable: in the bond drives and blood donor campaigns. He gave freely of his time and his ear for any problems that arose among us. Countless occurrences illustrated his generous nature, but no member of this class will quite forget the small incidents of cokes on the conclusion of our law refresher and on V-J evening. The simple things stand out.

Ah yes, and Heat Power! We shan't soon forget the man who beat Lieutenant O'Connell at putting out a "Sequoia." Doctor Radle was a physicist to the very marrow of his bones. The trouble was most of us didn't have enough of the physicist on us to make using soap and water worth while. He was abetted by Mr. McEwen and Mr. Monagle who ran a laboratory designed for honor students only. We got through all right, and did learn there was such a thing as steam, but many of us had to retake our finals. It wasn't the men, it was the machines that sponsored the sigh of relief we gave when the course was ended.

In the fields of our choice a different picture existed. For the first time we were allowed to follow our own inclinations—a privilege, we felt, that would have produced much higher grades if it had been more widespread. Father Joe Sullivan endeavored to get the fundamentals of ethics across to some of us. His good nature and amusing antics made appropriate the title of "happiest man in the world." The fellows liked him. Others took logic and epistemology under Father Shea. For the duration he withstood the assault of our philosophies as opposed to his. His hair turned more grey.

One person whose hair or temperament we could not disrupt, but who could do a terrible job on us, was the "Great" Dowling, professor of psychology, fountain of wisdom, witticism, and sarcasm, and possessor of the most peculiar marking system (we assume there was a system to it) on the Hill. We tripped over him in March, upon our ascension to the eminence of upperclassmen. He insulted us; he deflated our ego;

he aimed a barb at each of us. He referred to his lectures as "throwing pearls to the swine." Our reactions were varied, but nobody strained himself and nobody ever slept in class. We feel we are living disproof of one of his statements—with Father Dowling you *could* learn by osmosis.

Among our other courses, we progressed from ordnance to gunnery and were relieved to see Lieutenant Everett replaced in mid-semester by Lieutenant Blackwood. This likable officer, taking a less theoretical approach to the subject, cued us on what to know well, fairly well, and only slightly. We were pleased, therefore, when he walked into tactics and aviation the following term. His courses were good, his quizzes frequent, and his trees small.

That last term was a bell-ringer, for not only did we have Lieutenant Blackwood, but Lieutenant Newell as well. He brought to the communications course extensive personal experience, innumerable illustrative anecdotes, and an easy personality that immediately struck a responsive chord with the fellows. The refresher, taken concurrently, brought the entire gamut of naval instructors: Lieutenant Commanders Paul, Hanford, and Swan, and Lieutenants Blackwood, Newell, and Caporaso. The course hit the high points of previous studies. Even if it didn't refresh us, it did refresh our memories.

The value of that last term, however, was the increased number of electives we could take. More than ever before we were able to direct our efforts along self-determined channels. It took us far afield into the realms of Shakespeare and Chaucer dramatically taught by Father Brennan; of public speaking and rhetoric under diminutive but strong-voiced and fast-moving Mr. McCann; and of economics, law, and labor relations under Doctor Peragallo, law expert Perrotta, labor expert Father Shortell, and economist Doctor Grant. Some of these men we had encountered in earlier courses. Doctor Grant, or "Bitsy," in particular appealed to those who had him, not only for his informative, interesting, down-to-earth (any adjective will do) lectures but for his timely illustration of what a well-dressed civilian should wear. He was the type of professor well-wishers always urged and hoped you would get. They were right.

And that's all of it, right there. Those are the men from whom we have borrowed knowledge. Their tasks with us are completed, ours have just begun. The caliber of teaching we have enjoyed demands that we properly use our learning. We promise to do what we can.

By AL TORDA, DEE CLAVIN, AND PAUL ROGERS.

(AS WE KNOW THEM)

Underclassmen

It's a hodge-podge this business of underclassmen. Where did they come from? From high schools, colleges, business, the fleet; from Alabama, Washington, and Illinois; from the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, from the North Atlantic and South Pacific; from boot camps, ships, and shore stations; from Dartmouth, Colgate, Rochester, St. Lawrence, Cornell, Union, Middlebury, R. P. I., Columbia, Fordham, Boston College, Manhattan, Queen's, and Holy Cross. They came willingly, some of them, or as the result of navy policy fluctuations. They were either intensely proud of the outfit or deeply resentful of fate's dirty tricks: "Take down the service flag, mother, I'm in the ROTC." It's a hodge-podge.

Yet there but for the grace of the Navy Department go we. Only time of entry differentiates them from us. Their fears were our fears; their activities, ours; their experiences, ours. So a common bond and a common way of life links us and we are glad. Individuals make up the groups; and it is individuals with whom we must contend if we are to catch in sharp focus the significance of our long association with all the ramifications and subtleties that made it interesting.

The March 1946 group, our successors, enjoyed typical adjustments. When they arrived they faced the problems of pairing off for rooms, of getting acquainted among themselves and with the rest of us, of slipping into the routine of classes and study and discipline. Bright lights shine out among them—we cannot mention them all. Take Bill Pohlman and Ray Borowicz for instance, who, immediately upon arrival in July, 1944, became spark plugs on the varsity baseball team. Ray was watched closely by the interested Red Sox and Yankees.

By the time these boys got involved in the winter term we could distinguish Max Bluestone, Bob Delaney, Art Friedgen, Bill Jacobs, Mike Michalowski, Frank Milli-

man, Joe Morrisette, Bill Stackhouse, Tony Pavelko and Charlie Plank as the persistent scholars and Art Shaw and Ed Sippel as the real geniuses of the class. We could evaluate, too, the extraordinary basketball talent of Joe Dacey which was displayed in fast and classy competition. Intramural basketball revealed other capables such as promoter Art Beverly and players Ed Frank, Joe O'Loughlin, Hank Berry, Ralph Austin and Red Madison. They carried their share of the burden in inter-company games.

John Lufkin's writing abilities drew attention too, not only from the *Tomahawk* staff and the student body but also from Captain Davis. Speaking of the *Tomahawk* brings to mind the *Cross and Anchor* and the efficiencies of Bob Thomas, associate editor; Merlin Herman, business manager; and Chuck Chwalek—all underclass cohorts of George Armknecht. Continuing with extra curricula, the exclusive and powerful Purple Key called in two more of this class, Joe Dacey and Ed Frank, to join Art Beverly as guardians of the Hoiya spirit. Meantime, while Mr. Cordiero showed signs of breaking under the slight brogue good-natured John O'Rourke imparted to Spanish pronunciation; we showed signs of breaking too, under the impact of reveille as sounded by Len Platt.

Other activities not generally classed with the above were those of the socialites who practiced a competitive sport. Among those most easily satisfied (they stuck to Worcester) were Joe Aubrey, Art Friedgen, and Rollo Reinisch. Austin McGrath, Jerry Moran, Eddie Hy-nard, Ed Krebs, Lyle Lockwood, and Art Terry made off for other parts. Jerry Moran probably was the leader among the tea-drinkers and cake-balancers.

As basketball gave way to baseball, softball, and track, others of this class came to the fore. Schofield abandoned the baseball squad to lead a surprising D&B softball team to consistent victory. Charlie Plank outlegged the field in the inter-company races and with Larry Malloy joined the varsity track team. Dick Neiley, through training and "total abstinence," scored a cool 91 on the PF tests. Red Madison became a *real* sailor. He joined the yacht club.

The fellows began in July of 1946 to take over minor battalion functions preparatory to relieving our class in November. They also experienced a brief stir of life when, until spiked, a rumor went around that their graduation would be advanced "to meet the needs of the service." Before reality dampened them, hardly a bull-session ignored the topic of sea-duty preferences. The gang was only suffering growing pains just as we had. When their training ends they, like us, will feel green, untried, unready, but eager.

Not so far advanced nor so prone to early-commissioning rumors were the men who arrived on Mount St. James in November, 1944. Casualties thinned the ranks of this class so much so that only Shelly Kaplan represented them in varsity baseball. Unless, of course, we should count Jack Witsil's managerial capacity as being representation. Intramurals were different. Dick Allen, Al Flanders, Bill Sweetman, Cliff McCormick, and Jack Emerson were all mainstays on the teams of their respective companies. This class, due to graduate in June, 1946, had one really renowned member in the person of Commodore (no less) J. Davenport Lindsay of the Yacht Club.

Dick Stock, Roger Weiss, Phil Lindeman, Howie Henson, Bud Brown, and Perry Kuhns, beavers all, walked off with the academic honors their aforementioned athletic brethren disdained. Surprising was the interest shown by this class in music and writing. Ellis Rubin and Jim Cary gravitated to the caf's jukebox; Dale Worcester, Bob Kubiszewski, and Shorty Entwistle made up three-fourths of the tuneful Knights; Carl Costanzo and Ken Raymond played for the Crusaders; and innumerable others, music lovers by virtue of conscription, were in the Drum and Bugle Corps. In the field of literature, Jim McGowan, Jack Witsil, and Austin O'Connor were

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struggling young editors on the *Tomahawk* and the *Cross and Anchor* staffs while Jim O'Rourke was selected editor of the yearbook destined to follow this one.

A remarkable proportion of the class came from the fleet: Henry, Shanley, and Condrón, to mention three, and Buck, granddaddy of them all with his bright red hash-mark, his fruit salad, and his not yet used safety razor. Still another distinctive feature of the group was the Early Morning Breakfast Club which convened on sunny days at 0630 on Wheeler's door steps. Al Mandell amused the fellows during these sessions with commentaries on the exercises just completed. He also kept the rest of us awake. The duty officer didn't need to check to see if we sacked in again when those boys were around. What the duty officer could have done was to check up on the groceries Bob Lindsay and Mike Clark kept in their room or put a halt to Dave Muller's and Roy Ross' singing of radio commercials.

The whole story of the June, 1946, class has not yet been told. In July of this year our V-12 cousins in Carlin lost the support of the Navy Department and the ROTC took the homeless waifs in. They were unique in that they had either been here at Holy Cross since March, 1944, or had previous training before entering into the V-12 program. Some of them, Joe Duffy, John Smolenski, and Bill Longe were former pre-med students. Joe Stummer, Ed Stokes, and John Petronio enjoyed the distinction of having left colleges to go to the fleet and from there qualified for college training, thus completing a cycle.

Bernie Rogan was perhaps the best known man in the class due to his excellent Irish tenor voice and his organization of amateur shows. Art Schliesman also rated high for his intramural basketball work back in the V-12 heydays, and pugilist Jim Lennon and Hugh O'Brien for their work on the Purple Varsity. J. Norman Barrett was the photographer for many attractive *Cross and Anchor* issues.

Academically, T. J. O'Hara was the long-time exclusive holder of the title "beaver," but time passed and Winship finally crept up close enough to constitute a threat. Among the people you couldn't remotely term

"beaver" were George Rodenbush, Henry McGuire, George Wattendorf, and Jerry Ryan. They emulated Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty!"

The last group of underclassmen, those due to graduate in October, 1946, was also composed of men from other colleges and men from Holy Cross V-12. The same situation existed; the Carlin crowd almost lived like separate entities. The Wheeler gang got its start in the ROTC in March of this year, four months ahead of the V-12ers. They were in time, therefore, to get in on the early organization of baseball. As a result, the team reaped the benefits of the abilities of pitchers Vin Ashman and Tom Goode and of outfielder Bill Cregar.

In other activities the fellows figured prominently after a very short time: Rochman and Bob Wilson on the rifle team, Dick Gallagher on the *Cross and Anchor*, and Timmes in the Crusaders. In intramurals Glenn Sanborn, a good-looking trackman, teamed up with Dick Moon and Chuck Carroll to walk off with most of the running prizes during the inter-company meet of the past spring.

Between weekends, Bill Webster, Jack Coughlin, Slim Currie, Ed Jancaitis, and Jim Stafford congregated in Joe Shea's room. Each deck, in fact, had its favorite bull-session spot. On the third deck Tom Fitzgerald and Marano were the hosts.

Peculiarities of the class ran from Ken Osborne's philosophy of life and Sharshon's pipe to Frushtick's and Rossi's corn and Church's and Snow's loyalty to "dear old Maine." Jack Johnson hit the sports headlines by winning Worcester's hole-in-one golf tournament. The forelorn figure of the class was Archy McAlonen, perpetually unable to find a date for any naval ball.

Among the Carlinites, the ex V-12 group, the biggest preoccupation was Saturday afternoon on the tree. Charlie Bailey, Will Winsper and Mike Hannify were notables among the year-round foliage. Joe Quinn, on the other hand, was a student, although if Bob Blinn hadn't devoted so much time to compiling an enviable varsity basketball record he might have set the pace instead. Not

quite up to brain-trust standards, Lang and Larievy waited around for the requirements to be lowered.

The V-12ers always claimed to be in the best condition of any group of trainees. They didn't point to the terrific wallop given to the Wheelerites in February's snow fight. More effective, to their minds, were the accomplishments of Wally Sheridan, Ray Carey, Gene Spinelli, and Bob O'Neil on the gridiron, of Tex Simpson on the diamond, and of Harold Sullivan and Mike Ducey in the ring. They went so far as to prophesy that big things could even be expected of Dick Turnbull, Ed Johnson, and Fred Starkie, who, in all our experience, confined their exertions to getting in and out of the sack.

Off campus, Ed Hart, Jack Keefe, Ed Fogarty, and Spike Lenihan combined to form one of the fastest crowds from Holy Cross. Smaller, more refined, but just as impressive was the Joe Grennan-Charlie Fitzgibbon duet for a like purpose—that of having a good time. Every group has its romeos, but none with the likes of the two in this one. Still living is Jim Graham, the only man who simultaneously had six dates to a single naval ball. Jim Fasino never worked his way into such a pinch. That fact, and his progress in general, can be attributed to his gift of gab. It made up for any other possible discrepancy.

Many more men could have been mentioned in this last class of the outfit: John Ollquist, for example, the Brooklyn Academy for Girls' choice as most likely to succeed, or chipper little Danny Brotherton, or old salts Bernie Hammett, Bill Killay and Bill Foley. However, later editions with which they are more intimately connected will have to take up the burden of amplification. That is pretty much true of all underclassmen. Unaffected by any incompleteness here is the old navy phraseology for farewell, "It has been a pleasure and a privilege to serve with you."

By ED FRANK, CLIFF MCCORMICK, ED TIMMES,
JACK HADLEY, AND JIM LENNON.

(UNDERCLASSMEN)

As is true of any American college, interest in sports was a major element of life at Holy Cross. The intramural program was by far the most popular for student participation, but we did have our varsity men too. Crusader teams are noted in the East and the eleven of 1944 was particularly worthy of being watched. The Dartmouth, Villanova and Boston College games were especially outstanding. Among those in there from our gang were Bill Sullivan and Tommy Deem. Big Bill and Tommy (who wasn't so big) played aggressively and brilliantly.

But they didn't confine themselves to football. Instead they carried their energy and interest over into basketball where they starred even more outstandingly. DePauw, St. Joseph's, Dartmouth and Trinity, among others, discovered these men as well as underclassmen Joe Dacey, Ray Borowicz, Bob Batten and Bob Blinn to be hard men to beat. That season was one to be remembered.

Following the calendar, next came baseball and a practically all RO team. Pitching stars included Rod Fagan and Vin Ashman; infield, Bill Pohlman, Bob Patten, Ray Borowicz and Charlie Stephenson; outfield, Sheldie Kaplan and Bill Cregar. They came from all classes, but they played in only one—the best. Their 1945 record of 13 wins against 2 defeats is impressive especially since the losses were to teams of almost professional caliber.

In the spring, too, there was considerable track activity. To be truthful, we rather suspect that being excused from PT was a contributing factor. However, the teams did compete and placed rather high in the K of C and IC₄A meets in New York. Ev Dowe went out for the dashes and was good, Parish ran the mile; Scott went over the hurdles, and Bill Deering ran the distances.

Everybody took part in intramurals! From the Calthumpian League to Chief Plotnicki's track competitions we played enthusiastically the year round. The outstanding figure of most of this activity was likable Farther Hart, Student Counselor, who took a real interest—and aroused real interest—in informal sports. Companies carried on some bitter competition, and way back in Captain Davis' time the softball winners got extra liberty while the losers stayed aboard. Chief Plotnicki usually got into trouble interpreting the rules, but somehow had more authority than an ordinary umpire. Briefly, softball, basketball, touch football, boxing and track kept us interested and busy all during the year.

With a certain amount of question, PT could be called a sport. At least the sweat was there! It was a perpetually present and hard taskmaster complete with several hard "stooges." It got us up in the morning at the ungentlemanly hour of 0600; it claimed us for an additional hour five days of the week. We ran, hurdled, swam, boxed, wrestled; we crawled, jumped, climbed and staggered over the obstacle course; we climbed mountains and flattened grass on cross country runs. In general we exercised excruciatingly and every eight weeks went through the tortures of the strength test. The wisdom of some of the methods used to get and keep us in shape was doubtful, but, just think, to our other qualifications has been added the ability to duck-waddle!

By JOHN TOOMEY.

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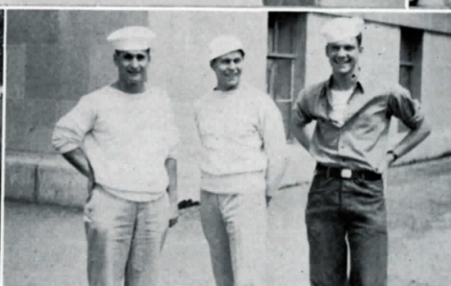
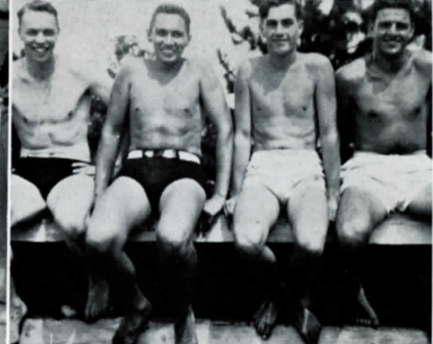
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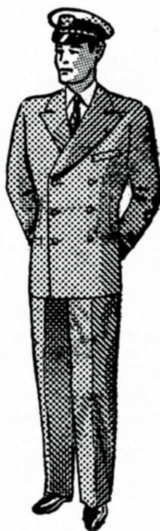
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