PURPLE PATCHER

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT

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Managing Editor
Four fleeting years ago, a new class of Freshmen at Holy Cross met a new President of Holy Cross, and in this time the Class of 1958 has come to love and respect him. As educator, as spokesman, as spiritual father, the Very Reverend William A. Donaghy, S.J. has urged us to the ideals and determinations which have so long been his own.

We are grateful to Father Donaghy. In our esteem for his friendship, our respect for his leadership, we offer this, the record of our final year.

Departing, then, from Holy Cross, we hail him by that title which he has always held most dear . . . the title which he cherishes above all those which men can bestow, that which Christ Himself has bestowed . . . we hail him as our Father.
VERY REVEREND WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.
WORCESTER

...a city of dynamic industry, and quiet culture

The Main Altar of Saint Paul’s Cathedral

The Worcester City Hall

Main Street
Prologue

Life is made of many days; some of them last for several years. They are born in the faintest trace of light showing its fragile head beyond an imaginary line. They grow stronger with the pass of seconds until suddenly, it is noon; suddenly the day is full. And then, more gradually, it declines toward its end. But the end is not feeble as the beginning for the day has done its work.

This is the story of one of those days, that of our college years. And this is the beginning when the light is timid and hesitant.
A December Moon Over Fenwick Towers
The Square in Front of the Saint Joseph Memorial Chapel

Dinand Library
Beaven Hall, Sophomore and Junior Dormitory

The Library Portico Overlooking Linden Lane
Alumni Hall, a Sophomore Dormitory, Viewed From Beneath the Carlin Bridge

Linden Lane as It Passes in Front of Beaven Hall
The O’Kane Tower

The Campus of Holy Cross College
The Upper Walk on a Spring Evening