Underclass

by Arthur E. McGuinness
"We passed our orals! We're free!"

Freshman Hazing—the Holy Cross method.

I pray that I shall never see My name on the Scholastic Tree.

Juniors

Sophomores

Freshmen
If you had seen him trudging up the hill that cool September afternoon, you would have said he was the same Jack or Bill or Tom you had met two years before. But was he? Gone was the Freshman’s thinly disguised bewilderment. Gone the Sophomore’s studied sophistication. Here, in fact, was a changed man. The step was lighter, the gaze truer, the handshake firmer. He was happier than ever to be back, and more confident too, for better than ever before, he knew where he was going and knew how to get there. Who was this wiser, mellower visitor, this new-born man of the world? None other than a Junior of the class of ’59.

The history of any class must inevitably pivot around a few outstanding figures, around the men whose names are known, and who are always identified with the class. Yet the real worth of any group, be it a class, corporation or regiment, depends on the nameless member who typifies the whole group, who, with a host of others just like himself, fills out the ranks. It is with him that our history must begin and end. For it is he that has made this history what it is.

The story really began one day last spring when our hero, who was then a somewhat amorphous Sophomore, elected a group of officers to lead the class of ’59 through its third auspicious year on the Hill of St. James. Even as early as this, it was obvious that the history of this Junior and his classmates was to be a success story. For the men they chose to take the helm for the following year were men who had ideas, and, what is more important, the incentive to carry them out. First on the list was President-Elect Bill McCormack, a soft-spoken New Englander with a tremendous capacity for leadership and hard work. Next in line came Vice President Jerry Hyland, Secretary Jan Blais and Treasurer Tim Buckley—all capable young executives. Behind them stood the Junior Class Council, a group eminently worthy to represent its class. Before the ink was dry on their winning ballots, the new Junior Class Praesidium set to work laying plans for the coming year. By the time the men of ’59 were packing their bags for the great summer exodus, a complete set of blueprints had been drawn up for the following fall and winter.

Our hero never doubted that his class was destined for greatness. It was only a question of time now.

After a fleeting summer of work and play, our hero returned to Holy Cross as a full-fledged Junior. It didn’t take long for him to see that the class of ’59 was embarking on a brilliant year. He saw his classmates virtually hold up the line for the 1957 football team. He watched Tommy Greene’s deadly accurate passing eat up the yardage for Holy Cross. It made him proud to read in his Sunday Times that Tom was leading the nation in total offense. Dick Berardino was there to receive Tom’s passes and up on the line, Jim Healy, Joe Moore, Dave Stecchi and Ed Hayes provided the all important power. What with the charging of Wally Bavaro and Joe Stagnone, it was easy to see that the Junior Class was making a sizable contribution to Holy Cross’ football strength.

One cold November afternoon our hero found himself in Syracuse cheering the Crusaders to a 20-19 victory over Syracuse University. He was one of the more than a hundred stalwart Juniors who followed their team six hundred miles across the New England-New York countryside. Their efforts were not in vain. It was perhaps this trip above all that was responsible for the surge in spirit that suddenly erupted in the ranks of the Junior Class.

WILLIAM MCCORMICK,
President
around this time. The credit for this show of personality goes to Jerry Hickey, a man who came up with a good idea, and then had enough determination to see it through. By the time the goal posts were coming down after the 14-0 victory over BC, our hero was quite satisfied that the 1957 football season had been a successful one, and that the Junior class had had a lot to do with making it a success.

Early December found our hero examining the prospects for the basketball season. Here again he found a team heavily stocked with men of '59. He watched Jack Whelan, Dennis Noschese, Ron Liptak and Ed Reid round out a promising squad. He was sure that the team, underrated as it was, would chalk up a creditable season with the help of such spirited Juniors. Looking into the crystal ball, our hero foresaw a strong baseball force for the spring. And no wonder it looked strong! There were Jim Farino, Dick Berardino, Hal Dietz, and Ronnie Liptak looming up on the horizon.

But it was not only on the athletic fields that our hero had reason to be proud of this class of his. As the fall months went by, it became increasingly evident that the class of '59 was more than holding its own in just about every activity on campus. More fifty-niners were writing and speaking and acting than ever before.

The BJF got off to a very early and very satisfying start with two Juniors, Joe Kett and Jack Laschen- ski bringing home the bacon in contest after contest. The Dramatic Society’s resounding success with the English thriller “Witness For the Prosecution” was due in large part to performances by John Onuska and Terry Gilheaney, and to the dazzling publicity campaign sparked by Dave Cooney and Ed Cap.

Whenever our hero tuned in to WCHC of a quiet afternoon, he was bound to hear either Frank Luongo or John Corrigan or Mike Tomaino purring over the airwaves. In his copies of the Purple he read immortal products from the pens of Joe Boufford, John Onuska, Joe Kett, and Jack Laschen-ski. The masthead on his issue of the Crusader displayed the names of Dan O’Neill, Jim Voseler, and Joe Jockel. The accomplishments of these and other men convinced our hero that the class of '59 was coming into its own in every sphere.

Toward the end of October the class of '59 started to make plans for that traditional campus fling, the Junior Prom. After a night of long consultation, the Junior Class Council chose Dave Gilmartin to be Prom Chairman. Later it went back into a huddle and decided that the Prom would feature the exotic motifs of Master Decorator D. Long Graham. Around this time too, the wheel started to roll in the Purple Patcher department. The Council picked Ed Kelly for the job of editor. Ere long, music and lyrics were being ground out for the Senior Class Musical. The class of '59 was still going on to bigger and better things.

But back of it all, giving the class its personality, its character and its name, was our hero. Perhaps he was a star athlete or Dean's List student. Perhaps not. But whatever he was, it was he who held the class together; who, for better or for worse, determined the course it would take over the year. His job was well done.

GERALD HYLAND, Vice-President

JAN BLAIS, Secretary

TIMOTHY BUCKLEY, Treasurer


When 450 men of varying habits, interests, and capabilities are drawn together from nearly every section of our panoramic country, the results are bound to be interesting. The Texas cowboy and the Boston Brahmin, the fog-bound Friscoite and the fellow from the long line of brown tenement houses on 72nd street in Brooklyn, the sharp talker from the windy Shore Drive of Chicago and the drawer whose wall is decorated with a large Confederate flag—yes, all of these and many more find themselves diverse elements in an integral whole which has somehow woven through a tortuous path of two long years at the Cross. This is the class of ’60 and it is a class of which we are justly proud. We’ve passed through the wide-eyed days of freshman wonderment, and we’ve managed to refuse the easy cynicism and misbegotten bitterness too readily associated with the word sophomore. Indeed, we hope we’ve done what we should and more in this second year at college.

In September, trying energetically to forget last year’s drafty rooms in O’Kane, Fenwick, Wheeler, and Campion, we settled down in remarkably similar quarters in Wheeler and Alumni. But old friends were there, and those first few bull-sessions sparkled with fresh accounts of the sort of things that happen only to college men, and only in the summer. Better still, the freshmen were here, and, bless the little fellows, they were buying books.

To a Crusader fall meant crisp air, long afternoons, short weekends. But most of all, it meant football. Playing for an excellent squad that hit some rough going when it was least expected, fine sophomore ballplayers like Ken Komodzinski, Jack Esposito, Charlie Pacunas, Vince Promuto and Bernie Buzynski, helped make the season proud with sunny Saturdays and two days of sheer glory against Syracuse and B.C. The rumor, stemming from an AP photograph, that several Marquette tacklers utterly abandoned hope in the face of the H.C. attack and began running interference for soph halfback Johnny Freitas, was, incidentally, perfectly true.

Though particularly successful in football, sophomore athletes by no means confined their activities to the gridiron. Pivotman Ralph Brandt represented us admirably throughout the basketball season and ought to be one of the big guns in the H.C. attack for the next two years. Sophomores George Imwalle and Al Attar also distinguished themselves on the hardwood.

The first issue of the Purple revealed the early efforts of several of our classmates, and throughout the year many more sophomores had the fruits of their earnest young labor brought to light in its pages. Outstanding examples of particularly deft verse were consistently submitted by Jim Wellehan and Dick Andres.

As the song says, “It’s mighty cold in winter,” and even the hardy outdoorsmen of the class of ’60
were driven to refuge in their rooms by early sunsets and lusty North winds on a winter-bleak Mt.
St. James. Some solace, however, lay in the fact that we could rest in the comfort of our rooms with
Barth Healy, Emmett Harrington, Bob Savard, Mike Keating, and Fred Adame keeping us entertained
over the airwaves of WCHC.

In fact, more than a few members of '60 seemed to have kissed the blarney stone. Such crowd
pleasers as Joe Dorsey, John Issa, Chuck Comeau, and Pat Amer in debate and thespians Peter Baker,
Paul Donahue, Tony Bellanca and Gerry Seitz respectively distinguished themselves as they mounted
rostrums and trod the boards in grand fashion.

At the Christmas banquet we had the opportunity of hearing the glee club, and here too was the class
of '60 ably represented. Soloist Pete Cinelli and Jack Fitzgibbons, Buddy Carr, Dave McQueeny, and
Phil Bergen in the Pacs were but a few of our classmates who excelled.

But winter on the hill is winter on the hill. And by the time Christmas vacation rolled around there
was great joy in Mudville. Home we hastened to yule logs and forgetful eggnogs, to tinseled trees and
the silent peace of midnight Mass. But, these fleeting moments could not erase the reality of midyear
exams and the feverish preparation beforehand, the sighs of relief which followed.

Our return to the hill brought with it new interests and new hopes, among which was a promising track
squad, in the last stages of preparation for the impending indoor season. Those early promises were
admirably fulfilled. As the season moved on, we noted with pride the fine showing of Joe Carney,
Pete Smith, Dick Wotruba, Don Michalski, Andy Simons, Tom Henehan, and John Curillo.

Giant posters, friendly handshakes, and an endless chain of speeches told us that spring was upon
us and that it was once again our task to select the men who would lead us in our third year at the
Cross. We compared, we discussed. And, perhaps for the first time, we realized that this year’s leaders
— Ed McAdams, John McManus, John Issa, and Jack Caldwell — would be tough men to replace.

And we realized more than this. For, in that spring season of elections, week-end beach parties,
and study sessions on the lawn behind the dorm—at a jazz concert or an extra-inning ball game—in
a last-minute farewell as we rushed for the train—we saw the long list of achievements which have
followed us through our second year at Holy Cross. And perhaps we thought of all the silly things and
scholarly things which have made us distinctly the class of 1960.

SOPHOMORES

The Blackstone Nautical and Exploratory Society


SOPHOMORES

"This was their finest hour"

SOPHOMORES


SOPHOMORES


"But there's no net!!"

"And they seized him and sought to make him king"—Syracuse 19: Holy Cross 20.

SOPHOMORES

Up Linden’s hill came the long, curious line of cars, the last mile in first gear. Inside, white trench coats and almost white bucks uniformed the new, eager class. But perhaps, on that first September day, there was more anxiousness than eagerness. For we had grown quite attached to the idea of ruling the roost in high school and the prospect of reverting to a lowly freshman worried us. The beanie, the peanut-pushing, the all-round plebery was certainly a frightening future. But we were wrong. From our first moments on campus, the connotation of “freshman” was no more than “younger brother” in the Holy Cross family. Indeed, throughout the year, upperclassmen would bend over backwards to achieve that spirit of togetherness unique on the Hill. While we could all quip “Big Brother is watching you” there was none among us who did not appreciate the superlative results that the Senior Brother program had achieved. Whether it was a few bucks till the next letter or a ride home, a date for the dance or just some plain advice, senior brothers didn’t fail us. Nor did Tom McGrath, our Honorary Class President. His generosity in time and energy on our behalf is deeply appreciated.

But the seniors had to bow out now. Their job was done; we had to show. With flying colors we passed our solo flight on wings of Crusader spirit as freshmen en masse monopolized the cheers of footballmadmen at the season’s first rally. Furthermore, as endless ticketstubs can show, men of ’61 swarmed Fitton Field all season long. Nor did we fail our own eleven who romped through the preliminary cartoon on Dartmouth and then buckled down for the long double feature with BC. Both pictures were crammed with fierce and spectacular action and in both, the hero’s sword was at the villain’s throat when suddenly the lights flashed on. “Tie game” we have to call it, but our villain has been given a warning of things to come next Thanksgiving. The hoiahs rang for Moynihan, for Leonard, for Tubman and Kelly, for Desmarais and Cusick and we rang them clear and bold.

Now we were rolling. Our spirit gathered momentum behind this team of great performance and greater promise. The idea that we had a school to be proud of by now had taken root, and we wanted people to share this pride. So in November we asked our parents up for a weekend tour of Cross life. After the tight game with Penn State and the round of dances and parties and meeting the faculty, the folks left with knowing and contented smiles. Perhaps each took home a little bit of Cross spirit without even knowing that it had rubbed off on him.

“Beware of Blaney” was the cry as the basketball season rolled around. Timmy Shea, Paul Cervini and Johnny Connors were part of an aggregation of choice material knit into a tight, surely-woven, and smooth running combination which brought home many victories. Freshmen need apologize to none for their fabulous five. There is talk, not altogether fanciful, of a varsity team of ’61ers in 1958. First there was Cousy, so they say; and now, well take your pick of the men of ’61. It’s hard to miss.
As spring came on, freshman fancy turned to baseball, among other things. The names that come to mind immediately are Pete Brogan, Gene Malinowski and Lou Panella. But the season is young as we go to press and an accurate evaluation of victories to come is beyond our rather prejudiced scope.

Our trackmen too, are shrouded in the future, but if cross-country achievements are any indication of things to come, then we can be fearless. The spikes of Jay Bowers and Dave Daly wore lasting grooves on the New England tracks and lasting furrows in the brows of opposition coaches. In fact, both track and baseball are a constant worry to the AA. The supply of letters, we hear, is limited.

But adventurous freshmen were not to be sated with the glory harvest of the athletic field. Possibilities on other plains were, if anything, more eagerly exploited. Perhaps the springboard to these activities was the appearance at our banquet of Bishop Wright. He impressed us as one of the few speakers whom we could truly call an "orator." His Excellency kept us on the edge of our seats. This with so abstract a topic as Intellectual Clarity In Our Undertakings. And our undertakings were clearly successful. We can prove it with the catalogue of our achievements.

Bob O'Connell took up the reins of the Link and ran it with excellent results over the course of the year. George Pepe represented us in the rigorously demanding Greek Academy, while the Dramatic Society capitalized on the talents of Bill Berlinghoff and Raoul Oreeyre, mummers par excellence. These, the formal extra-curriculars, consumed most of our leisure time. Nonetheless, we did have some leftover hours to kill in the mastery of arts unlisted in the ratio studiorum.

The technique of reading under covers by flashlight, for example, was assiduously cultivated. Many of us took an elective titled How to Seem Nonchalant at a mixer where there were, mirabile dictu, twice as many prizes as predators. "Faking the Flu" was the most popular lecture of late October, but the symptoms of Syracuse fever, long delirious rallies to the sweet music of the upset of the year, were very genuine.

"Fire Control of Burma Shave Bombs" became a well-attended course and, for those on an advanced level, we offered live corridor prefects for target practice. The science of beaning these same hapless prefects while playing lacrosse in the halls led to graduate studies at the D.O., but surely no one could frown on freshmen for lack of spirit.

Indeed, if we had accomplished nothing else in freshman year, we did catch the Cross spirit. Caught it and nursed it carefully! Throughout our three final years on the hill we hope to keep its flame burning higher and clearer and brighter than ever before. This then is the Freshman class.

FRESHMEN


FRESHMEN


There must be someone who doesn't read The Crusader!

“What the hell, men.”

“Whee! Look what Mom sent!”


FRESHMEN

Now, now, Henry, if it's good enough for the freshmen, then you can drink it too.

"...and how was your own weekend, Father?"

"Second verse, same as the first, a little bit louder and a little bit worse... O-O-H!"


_Fifth Row:_ Kenneth Wadeka, Bernhard Francis Bruder, Frank Malinski, James E. Paquin, Joseph Anthony Breen.

FRESHMEN
