Features

by James H. Lenden, Jr.
As we wrangled the leaden suitcases, bulging garment bags, and pastel barbed-wire crinolines into the hotel, we all got the impression that it promised to be a long, exhausting three days. It was. But those of us who survived won’t forget them. The opening gun was the Plantation Ball, reminiscent of the Old South’s oak-paneled splendor. In the blossom-scented, bewitching Northboro night, the White Cliffs became the Tara of Worcester County, which has never lost its ante-bellum atmosphere. As we reeled about gaily in the candlelight, we felt that even if the Robert E. Lee sank upriver and never did arrive, we were going to pass a delightful Prom weekend Waitin’ on the Levee.

"Che gelida manina . . ."

"At least apologize to the lady, John."

"Yeah, sure John, but flexible price supports are impractical."

C’mon Jimmy, eat your fish.
After eight solid hours of sleep, we again joined our dates at their moss-covered hotel. Southern comfort was the watchword as bermudas and bowlers took to the roads and searched for the Yellow Barn and the Junior Class Clambake. It rained, but not before we had time to create a handful of crippling charleyhorses in vague muscles later to be needed for dancing. Jim Schopfer had thoughtfully arranged a Pre-Prom Dinner to be served al fresco, so when the sun finally set somewhere, we again took the trail to the hotel. While the ladies were occupied in the superficial female renovations necessary to make them prom queens, the male contingent spent a trying interlude pushing cufflinks through impenetrably starched cuffs. Later, seeing our formal-clad dates, we discovered that they all looked like prom queens. Jim Reidy headed the delegation of queen-pickers that decided upon Miss Susie Walker of Barnard. Prom Chairman Peter Strain kept a firm hand on the helm of the side-wheeler that churned up the smokey gym all evening, to the dismay of Boss Mark Gallagher and the decorations crew, who had hoped that it would remain stationary. Later we churned down to the hotel for parties.
"Me Tarzan, you Jane."

"Back by two? Of course, Father."

Queen Susie Walker and court.

Midnight on the Levee.
Sunday morning we rendezvoused atop the bluff that is Holy Cross, and in the Student Chapel we attended a specially scheduled Promgoers' Mass at high noon. After the demolition of an unusually palatable Kimball Hall luncheon, we marshaled our forces for an attack upon a rustic bistro titled the P.N.A., which some claim to mean the Polish National Alliance. Regardless of nationality, we all allied in a New Orleans Revival. Jim Proud was the man who directed the raising of spirits. Sadly enough, just when everyone had begun reviving, the weekend on the levee was over. With tears in our eyes we adieued our Scarlet O’Haras, and resumed lifting cotton and toting bales.
"We in time for Gunsmoke!"

Loony tunes and merry melodies.

American Bandstand.

And now, direct from the Old Howard . . .

Finis . . .
In the spirit of Rodgers and Hart or Gilbert and Sullivan, the class of '58 decided to make their own contribution to the theatre. With the good will of the proper authorities, a musical was conceived and work begun. Rhymes internal, and rhymes external embellished the "Twenties" theme. Music flowed in easily upon the discovery of a latent musical genius. Somehow the book worked out coherently. "That's the Rub" was.
With the completion of the book and music, the production staff took over. A cast was chosen, sets were built, heads learned words and music while feet learned to Charleston, the Dean's list suffered and the show went on successfully. It ran for five nights in Fenwick Theatre and was received equally well at Marymount, Regis and Newton. "That's the Rub" set a standard of excellence to inspire future musical makers.
The rain which canceled Friday night's bonfire rally failed to dampen the spirits of scores of loyal 'saders and their dates who began the 1958 Homecoming weekend by romping to the music of Stan MacDonald. More rain banned the usual Saturday displays, except for a brave attempt by Ted Murphy's hardy yachtmen, and at game time, thousands of sodden fans watched undefeated Dartmouth slog their way to a 14-7 victory. Nothing daunted, the stalwart band retired to local hosteries to quaff warming toddies and regroup for the evening's revels.
Trooping up the hill under clearing skies, the revivified zealots found the gymnasium a bit changed since the last intramural game. The decor was subdued but graceful; the Crusaders were just short of perfect. In accord with the will of our Pilgrim fathers, dancing ceased at twelve, and the happy throng streamed to cheery inns to while away the hours in gaiety. After a short rest came the jazziest of concerts at Bronzo’s, followed by farewells and agreement that Chairman Bill Donohue had turned out the best Homecoming weekend in decades.

Need we comment?

Miss Marcia Maloney, escorted by Jim Mathews '58, is crowned 1957 Homecoming Queen by Capt. Dick Surrrette.

Quiet! Pickpocket at work.
Penny Pillsbury and his "Flour of the Midwest."

"My name is Ted Murphy and ... you're not listening!!"

"Just never you mind what the F. stands for!"

Maybe they didn't get the joke.

"Who, me, Coach?"
"Yes Madam, I am Chairman of the Philosophy Department."

PARENTS' WEEKENDS

With the inauguration of a two weekend scheme setting the tone, Jim McGough and his committee added many innovations to this year's Parents' Weekends. Back to school sessions were held for our proud mothers and fathers. Confided one mother after Father Donnelly's lecture on philosophy, "I don't understand what Father was talking about, but he seems such a nice man!" In the rain, the Sophomore-Junior parents saw the Crusaders wade to a 33-14 triumph over the Quantico Marines, while their Freshman-Senior counterparts cheered in vain as Penn State eked out a 14-10 victory.

Parents were introduced to teachers . . .

. . . and to friends . . .

. . . and to Kimball.
At the dance . . .

everyone had a good time.

As their sons nervously tried to keep control of the conversation, parents met teachers at the Saturday night social. Once again we found our Jesuits to be a disarmingly charming group. Following Sunday Mass in Saint Joseph's Chapel, Father McFadden welcomed the parents at the Communion breakfast in Kimball, where the folks raved over our daily fare. That's the Rub, the Senior musical, provided some memories and many laughs for genuine sheiks and flappers of the twenties. Another successful weekend ended as the rich harmonies of the Glee Club gave voice to our pleasure at being able to entertain Mom and Dad.

The Barrys, the Stebbins and Father Kelliber.
Our families prayed together.

"Unaccustomed as I am . . ."

Bread line at the Glee Club concert.

"No Madam, the tree is not the Dean's list."
Two tired co-chairmen and their attentive dates.

O'Hearne, BMC, tells a sea story.

"Operation Coldspot" set a most appropriate theme for this year's Military Ball Weekend. Freezing temperatures Friday turned to record snow Saturday night, but our Navy and Air Force men weathered the storm and saw their dates through to a weekend of frolic and merriment. The velvet warmth of the Crosstones lent cozy comfort to Friday night's informal dance at the White Cliffs, and, together with Saturday's basketball victory over Saint Francis, sparked fair maidens' hearts for the splendor of the Ball. There, uniforms and gowns stepped to the rhythm of the Crusaders, and Midshipman Richard Budinger beamed as his date, Gay Mercer, was crowned queen under an indoor Aurora Borealis. Co-chairmen Jerry Gilbert and William Busch made Sunday a day of well-deserved rest.

"The pay isn't great, but how about these fringe benefits?"
...swinging to the music of Jim Conner and the Crusaders.

Inter-service rivalry.

Queen Gay Mercer.

"Who's snowed?"

"Weather never interferes with a Navy Function."
"All right, why did you join?"

**SUMMER CRUISE**

In mid-June, some threescore Regulars left exotic Norfolk for points south, and after overrunning Valparaiso (picturesque) and the Canal Zone (watch yourself!) and crossing the Equator (ouch!), sailed back to this charming port to grow rich on travel pay. The Contract members of the DDYC sailed north to Quebec and Boston (exotic?) for their six weeks jaunt on the blue. Yet another group donned fatigues and DDT and set out for one of Quantico's many, conveniently located swamps to do battle with tall grass, D.I.'s and assorted field-mice.

"We're almost Marines!"
Visions of contrails dancing in their heads, Holy Cross AFROTC juniors closed their books in June and set off in every direction for Summer Camps located all over the East and as far west as Chicago. Arriving, they began a month long training period which included drilling, extensive classroom instruction, actual in-flight training and of course the inevitable inspections which they found to be rather more stringent than those held on Mount Pakachoag. In the fall, the suntanned 'saders returned to fill top positions in the HC unit.
CHRISTMAS BANQUET

We let the kids stay up to see Santa Claus.

We knew that the Christmas spirit was upon us when we found ourselves able to smile when served turkey at the Christmas banquet. The bird disposed of, we settled back to watch the monkeyshines that traditionally highlight this banquet. Dignitaries at the head table found themselves wearing un clerical hats in various painful colors, and waving zoo-type balloons with lipstick ed inscriptions. Father McFadden was named an honorary Marlboro man, and received a certificate redeemable for a tattoo. The jocose portion of the evening ended, and Father Rector reminded us of the true spirit of Christmas with his inspiring address based on the life of Edmund Campion.

Capt. Dick Surrette and senior members of the football team.

Father Rector's Christmas message.
May Day of 1957 was a beautiful, balmy day in spring. In Moscow, the Russians' tanks and guns rumbled down the boulevards in a godless display of military might. On Mount Saint James, well over a thousand Crusaders formed a procession which recited the Rosary as it wound down Linden Lane to Fitton Field. Led by the Air Force and Navy ROTC color guards, we joined together to honor the Mother of God with an outdoor evening Mass, the first of its kind at which Communion was distributed. Father Hart was the celebrant, and Father Rector delivered the sermon. The observance itself was a return to the Holy Cross tradition of honoring the Blessed Virgin Mary on the first day of May.