Oh, The Places You'll Go!!!
Last Call for Seniors
Peroration of an address delivered by Edward F. Hanify '33.

The Holy Cross Crusader is not of today, nor yesterday, nor tomorrow. He is not a cartoonist's picture or a poet's dream. He is as old as the oldest Alumni who once lived upon the Hill. He is as young as the newest Freshman who tonight brings this college a new spirit. His heart is the pure essence of a thousand loyal Holy Cross hearts who have cheered purple teams to battle and who have held the purple line. His spirit is the combined fighting spirit of old Sockalexis, of Reed, of Simondinger, of Riapel, of Clancy, of Garrity, of O'Connell, of Clifford, of Ryan, - yes of these warriors here tonight, indeed of all these clean hearted warriors who thought it was a privilege to be his image and likeness before a waiting world. He has known dark days and despirited but from defeat has risen with a new courage born of the high hills where he has dwelt and the pure air he has breathed.

This is the Holy Cross Crusader, - greater than all of us, yet of all of us, because he is the best of us, because he is the personification of the manhood of a college which so challenges the world that the world give to it, not the symbol of a beast or of a bird, but the name of the flower of history's chivalry. This is the Holy Cross Crusader, he who rides a white charger and casts across all battlefields he invades the gracious shadow of his stainless shield.
He does not bear with him by any chance
An insult yet washed away, - a conscious
Yellow with unpurged bile, - an honor frayed
To rags, a set of scruples badly worn.
He was caparisoned in gems unseen,
Trailing white plumes of freedom,
garlanded
With his good name, - no figure of a man,
But Holy Cross' soul, clothed in
shinning armor hung
With deeds for decorations, twirling high
A shining sword, and surveying at his side
Courage, and on the stones of Worcester
town
Making his victorious ring, like golden spurs.
This is the Holy Cross Crusader; this is he that
every knight in his arms should wish to be.
The students of 1926 put on their own version of Greek theater on the grass of Fitton Field.