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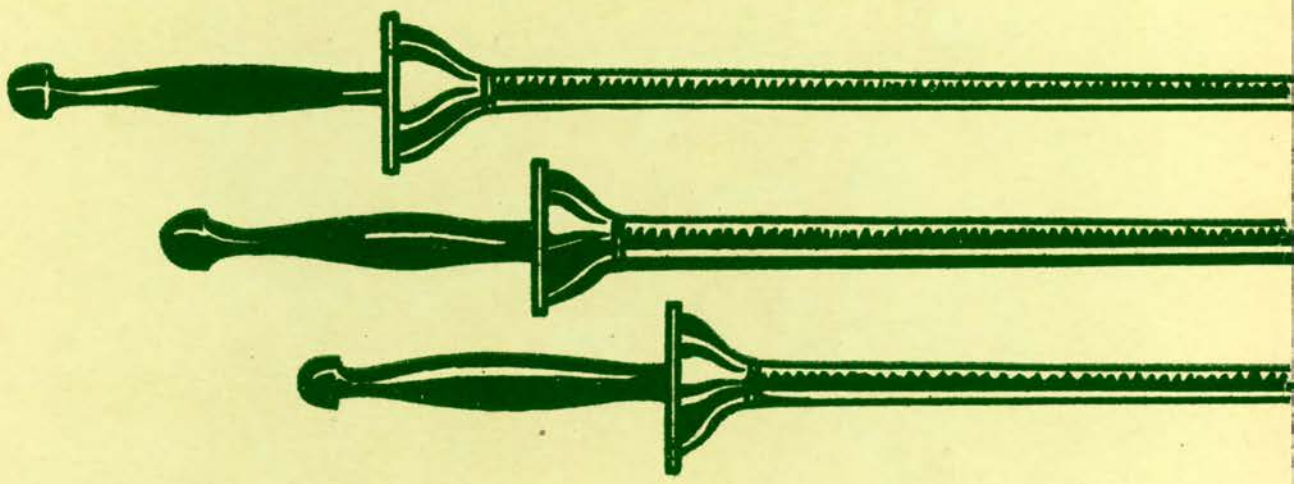

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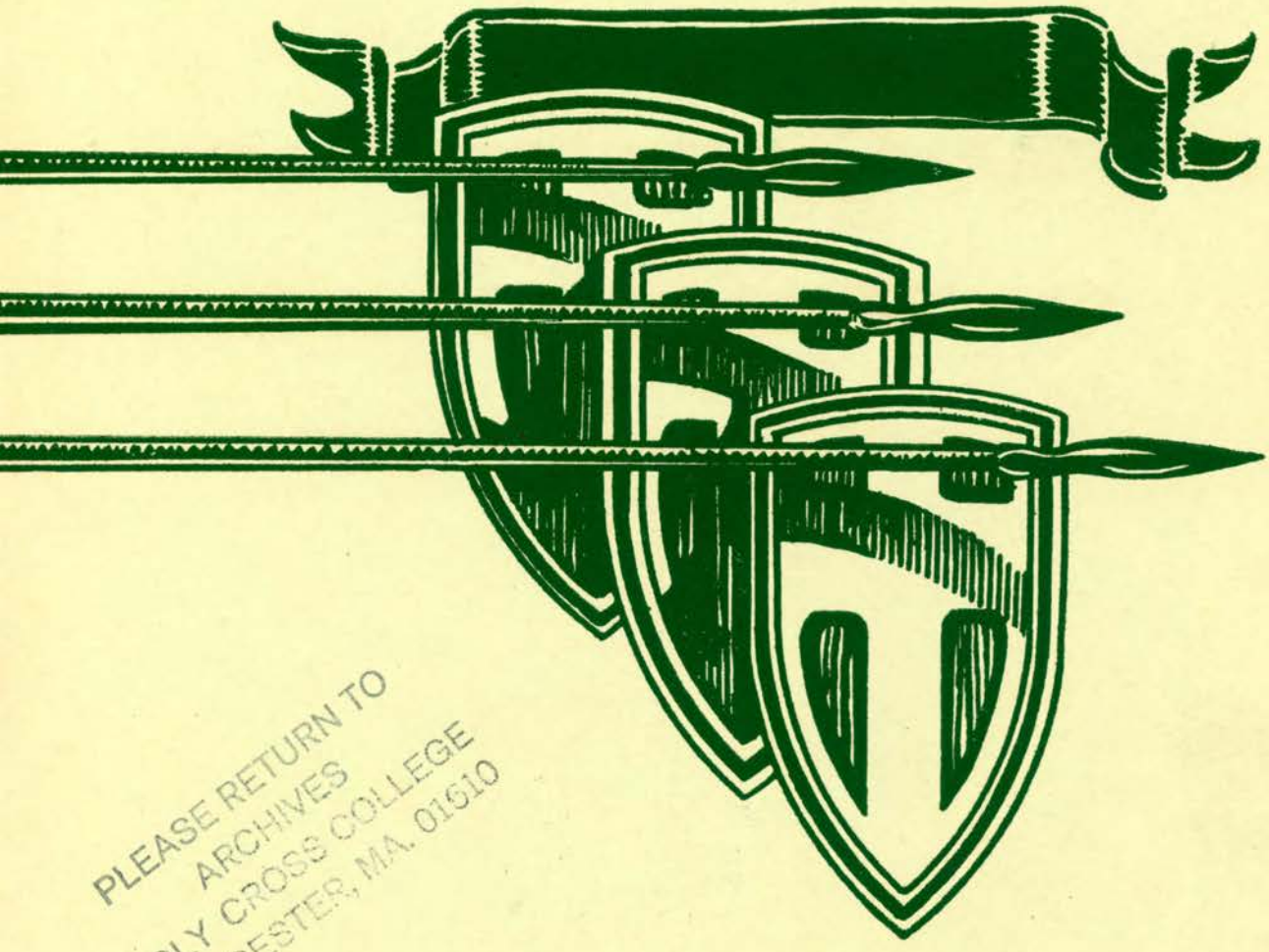

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The 1931
Purple
Patcher

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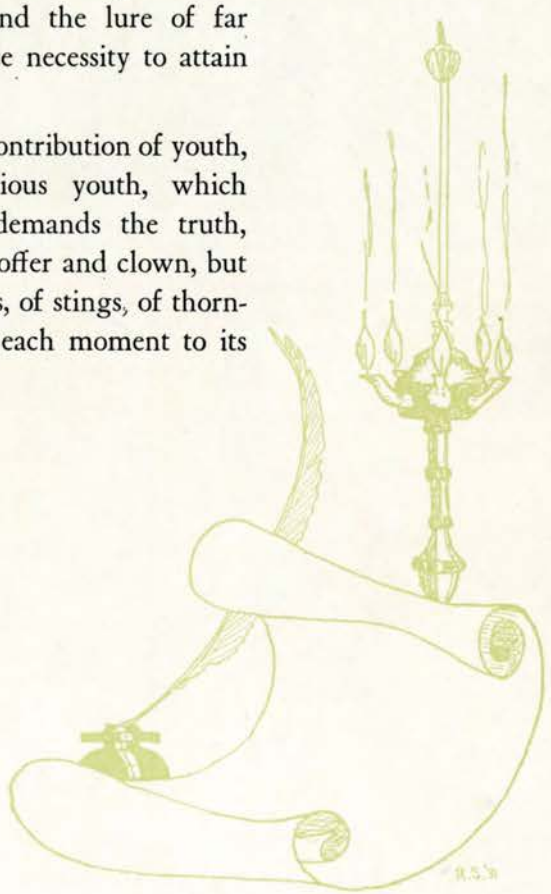
ROBERT G.
SEAMAN
EDITOR
MARSHALL
F. ROONEY
BUSINESS MGR.
1931

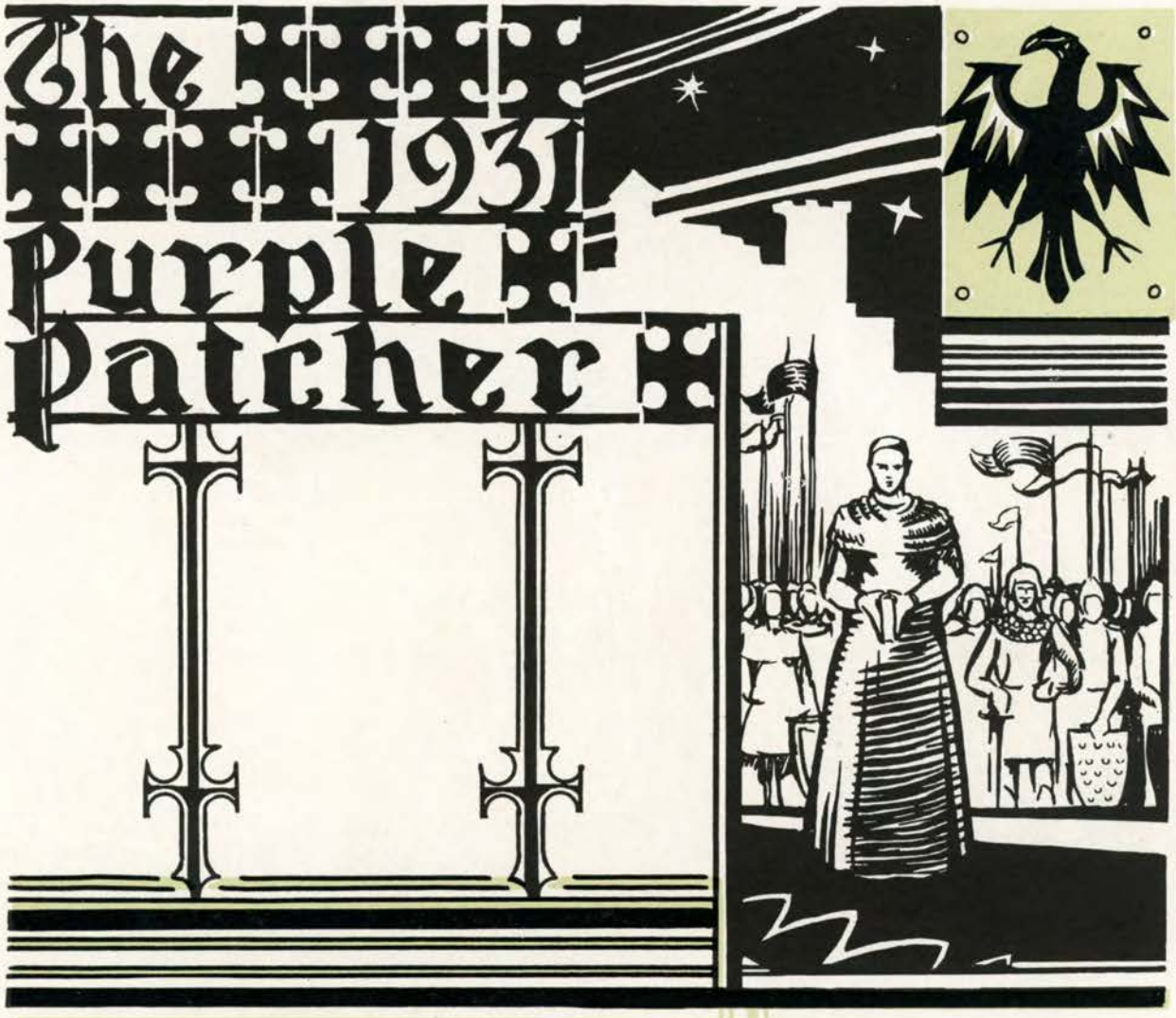
Prologue

THERE are no bounds to the realm of dreams. It offers romance, adventure, fantasy. Its protagonist, Youth, flashing like a comet out of twilight dusk, ever reaches for the glitter of stardust, and feeling the challenge of the unknown and the lure of far horizons, strives with fierce necessity to attain the realm of conqueror.

This book we offer as the contribution of youth, of the sincere, yet glorious youth, which laughs at sham, which demands the truth, which at times plays the scoffer and clown, but which, incredulous of pains, of stings, of thorn-rods, is genuine and lives each moment to its fullness.



The 1931 Purple Patcher



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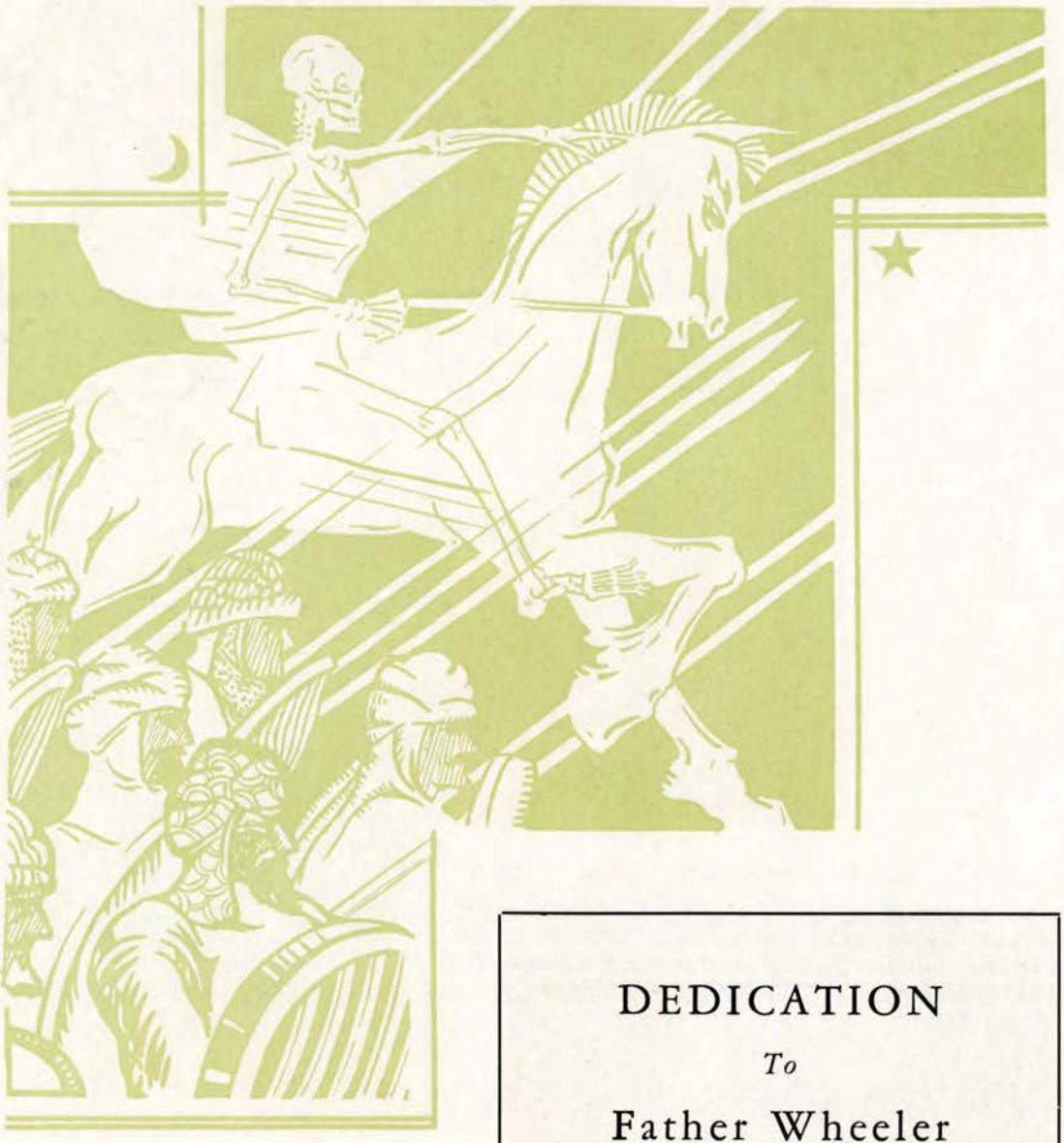
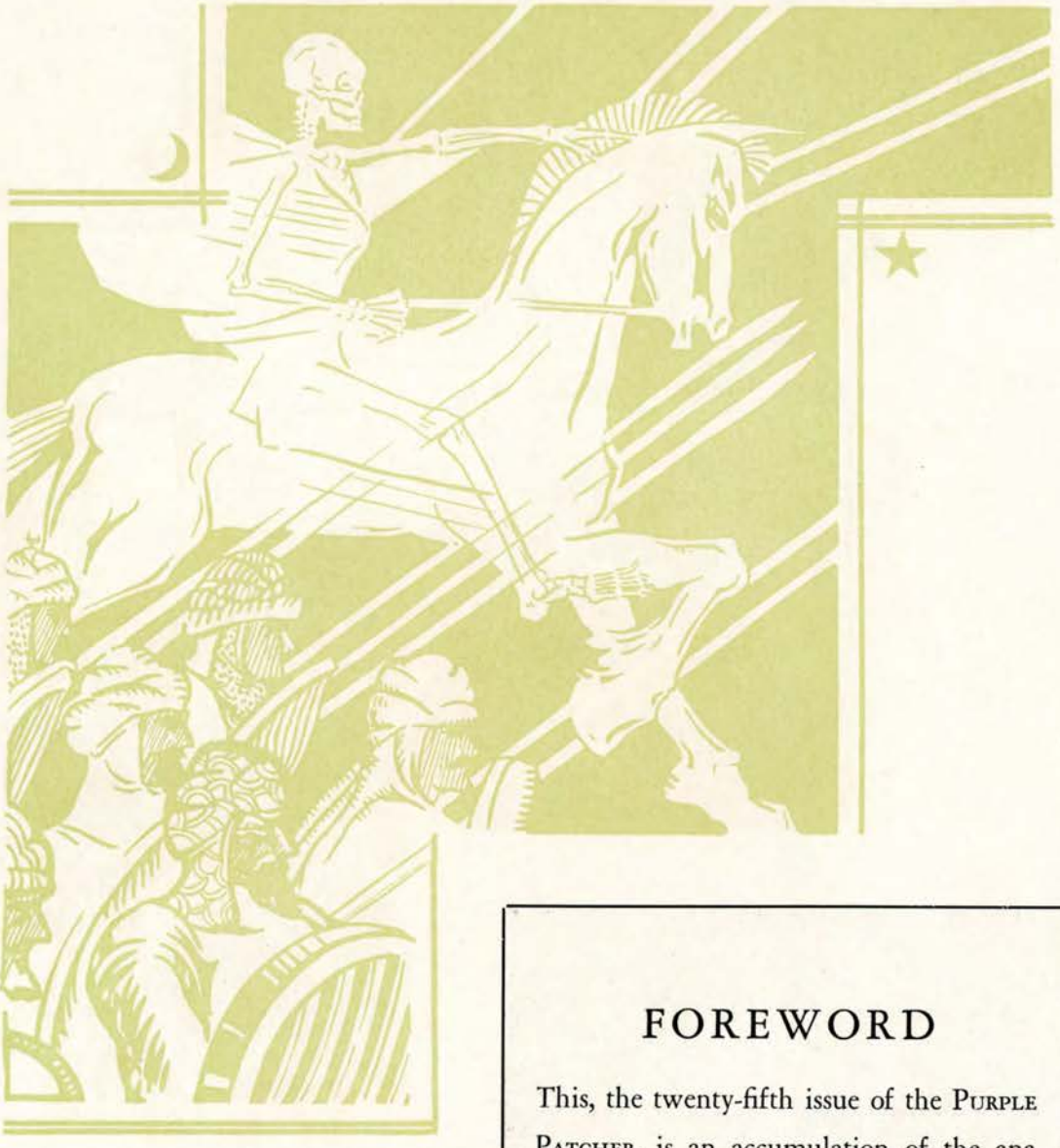


DEDICATION

To

Father Wheeler

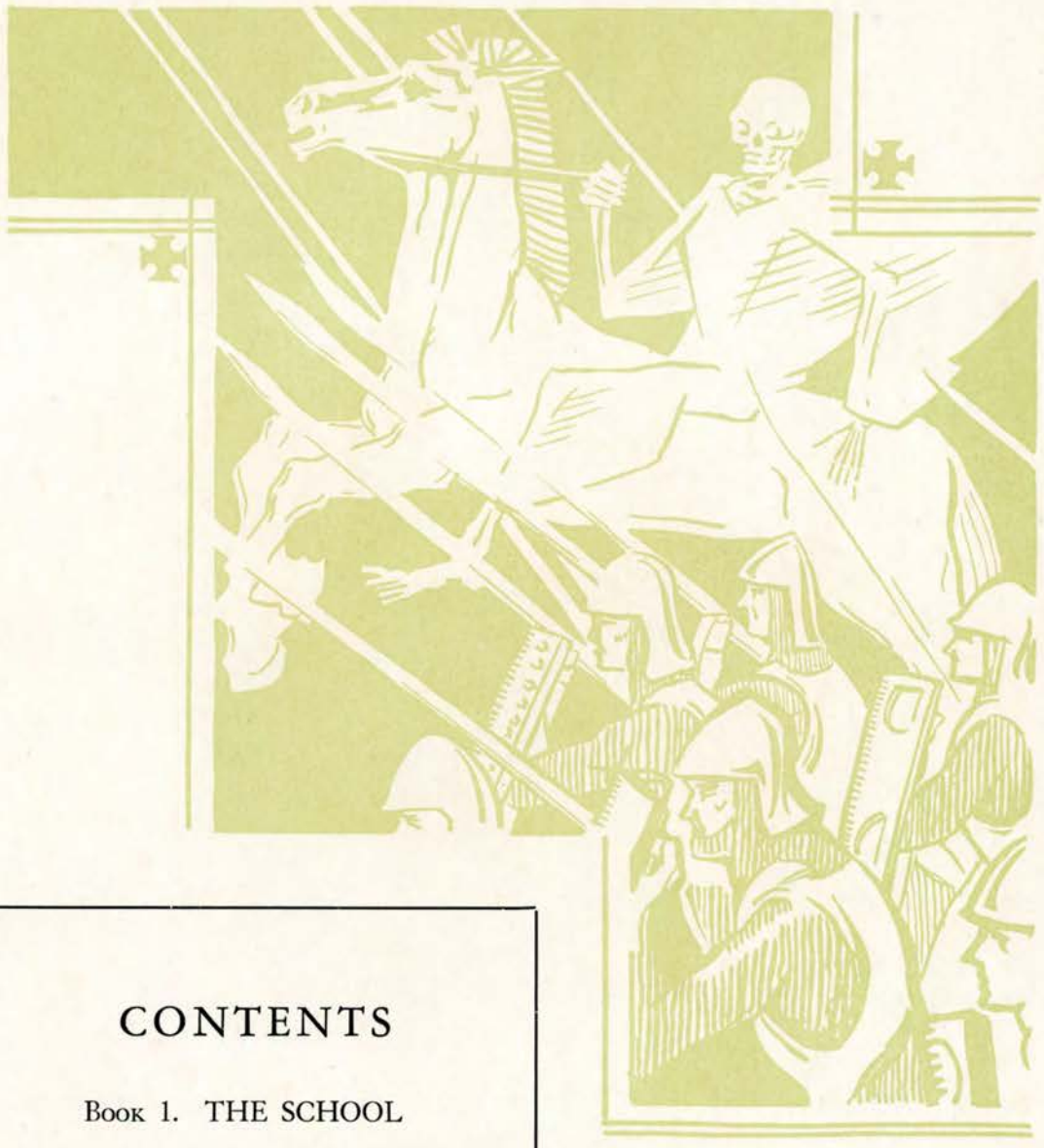
whose task was not an easy one, and yet, who won the esteem of all who came in contact with him, we respectfully dedicate this book.



FOREWORD

This, the twenty-fifth issue of the PURPLE PATCHER, is an accumulation of the ana of the school year and particularly of the

Class of 1931



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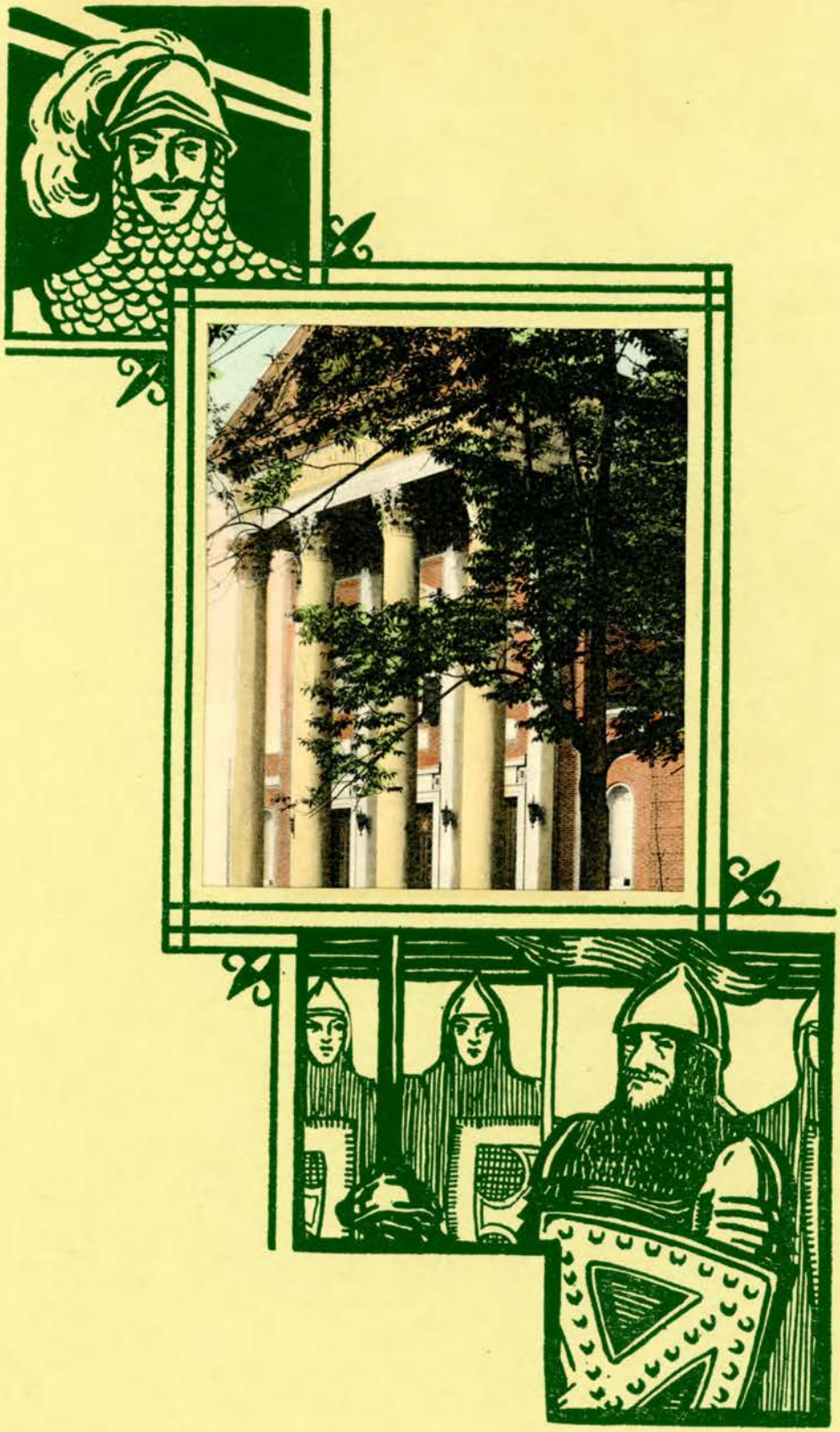
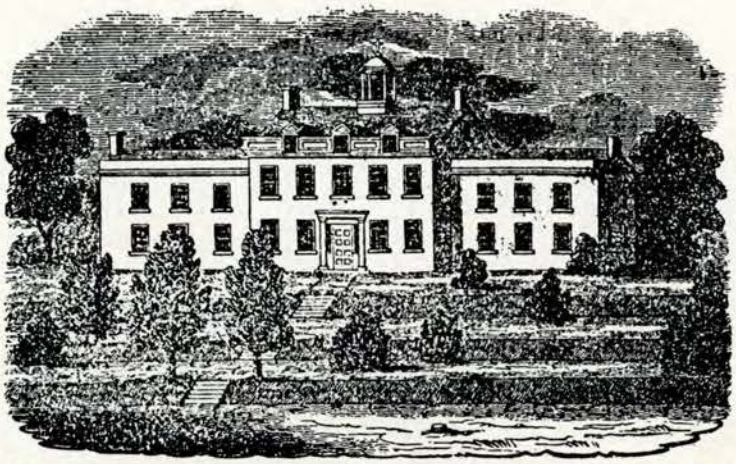


18  38

MOUNT ST. JAMES, WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS Institution is situated on a most delightful eminence which bounds the flourishing town of Worcester on the south, called by the Indians, it being the site of their former village, Pakachoag, or "hill of pleasant springs."

This eminently healthful location is within a few moments walk of the centre of Worcester, and junction of the rail-roads from Boston, Albany, and New York. Attached to the Institution there is a farm comprising about sixty acres of excellent land.

The course of instruction comprises all the branches of a sound, correct, and practical English and Classical Education, the same as is pursued in all other similar establishments throughout the country.

When the pupils are well grounded in the essential rudiments of Spelling, Reading, and Grammar, they proceed, according to the time they are to remain, to Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, Ancient and Modern History, Composition, Astronomy, &c.

Every attention is paid to impress on the minds of the pupils, the importance of virtue, and due attendance to their various religious and moral duties. As the care of health is also of great importance the students of this Institution are, during pleasant weather, occasionally employed from one to two hours per day in some manual exercise, thus to invigorate their bodies and render them fit for their avocations in after life. They are at all times, as well when permitted to go abroad, as during the time allotted to recreation, under the vigilant care of the Prefect.

The quarterly terms commence on the first of January, April, July, and October. There are two examinations in the year: the first on the last Thursday of March, the second on the first Monday in August, when there is a vacation, during which the pupils may visit their parents, if requested, till the first of September, when all return to commence their studies.

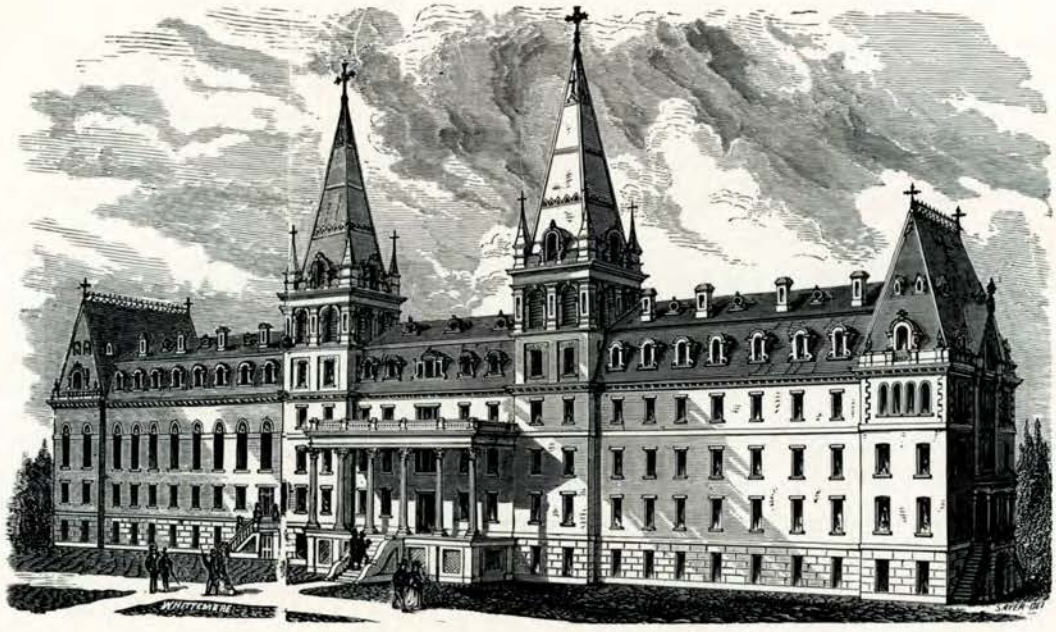
The expenses for boarding, lodging, washing, mending, and tuition, and for the use of books, pens, ink, paper, slates and pencils, are EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS per annum, to be paid semi-annually or quarterly in advance; and to those who pursue a classical course, there is an extra charge of five dollars per quarter, and the expense of finding their own classical books.

Each student, who, upon entrance, should have completed his eighth year, must be provided with two suits of wearing apparel, one of which should consist of a round blue cloth jacket and pantaloons, together with a cloak or overcoat for winter. All articles of clothing will be provided by the Bursar, if required, as cheap as can be purchased at Boston, or New York.

The expense for young gentlemen farther advanced in life, of whom there are a number who attend during the fall and winter months, is TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS per quarter, which is the entire charge for boarding, washing, tuition, stationary, fuel, &c.

All communications to be directed to REV. JAMES FITTON, PRESIDENT.

N. B. - The most direct route to the Institution from the South, is by the steamboat from New York to Norwich in summer, and New London in winter; whence, by the Norwich and Worcester rail-road, a pleasant journey is made in a few hours.



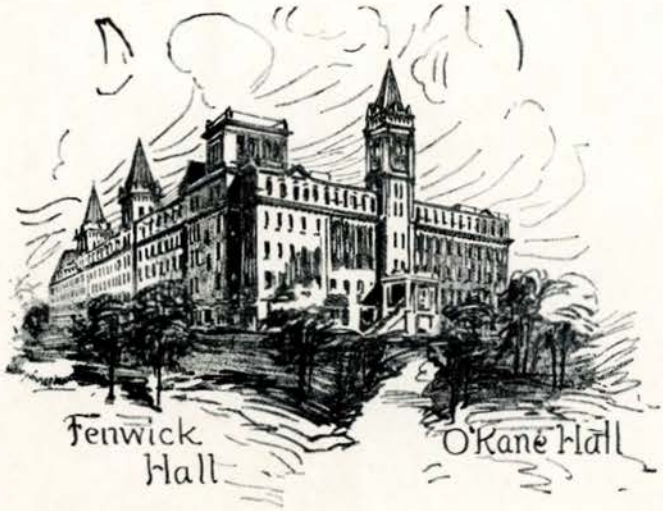
Old Holy Cross

Holy Cross grew from a small school known as Mt. St. James, which was founded in 1838 by Father Fitton, an active worker in education throughout Massachusetts. He gave the institution into the care of Bishop Fenwick, who deeded it, together with the adjoining land, to the Jesuits. In 1843, Holy Cross, the first Catholic college in New England, was founded. The old frame building, which was its first home was demolished by fire in 1852. The students and faculty were provided with temporary quarters by the generosity of the people of Worcester, until a new structure could be completed. This building became the nucleus of what is now O'Kane and Fenwick.

Through the years that followed, rapid improvements were made and the institution steadily grew in size. Its reputation was enhanced by the type of training which became characteristic of the College. Alumni was built within the past twenty-five years and the remaining buildings followed in rapid succession. The first step in the program of expansion was accomplished with the completion of the Memorial Chapel. Three years ago, the magnificent structure which crowns the Hill, the Dinand Library, was completed. The

former President, now Bishop Dinand, who cherished it as a dream, saw the time when it became a reality. As we go to press, ground is being broken for the new refectory, which will supply a long-felt want and greater recreational facilities. In keeping with the architectural improvements the grounds have been enhanced by judicious landscaping. Under the capable generalship of Father Earls, the sides of the hill have been transformed from ragged, unsightly blots into beautiful smooth slopes, so that with the advent of spring, Holy Cross is indeed an idyllic spot.

The vision of Father Fitton has taken material form. Bishop Fenwick, who like Constantine, saw the Holy Cross as a sign of victory, read as did the Emperor, the truth in the future. From its ample past we predict without trepidation a continuance of its already brilliant progress. It has outlived fire and malice. It is more than an institution. In the hearts of its alumni it will ever dwell a living prototype of faith, idealism and vision. Holy Cross is destined to grow so long as the ideal of higher education survives.


Fenwick
Hall
O'Kane Hall

ADMINISTRATION

The Reverend John M. Fox, S.J.
President of the College of the Holy Cross

"The defences of our Commonwealth are not material, but spiritual. Her fortifications, her castles, are her institutions of learning. Those who are admitted to the college campus tread the ramparts of the State. The classic halls are the armories from which are furnished forth the knights in armor to defend and support our liberty. For such high purposes has Holy Cross been called into being. A firm foundation of the Commonwealth. A defender of righteousness. A teacher of holy men. Let her turrets continue to rise, showing forth the way, the truth, and the light.

"In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's arch
To vaster issues."

(Extract from the address of His Excellency, the Hon. Calvin Coolidge, delivered at the Commencement exercises, Holy Cross College, June 25, 1919.)

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Rev. Francis J. Dolan, S.J., *Dean of Studies*

Rev. Thomas A. Brennan, S.J., *Dean of Discipline*

Rev. John D. Wheeler, S.J., *Treasurer*

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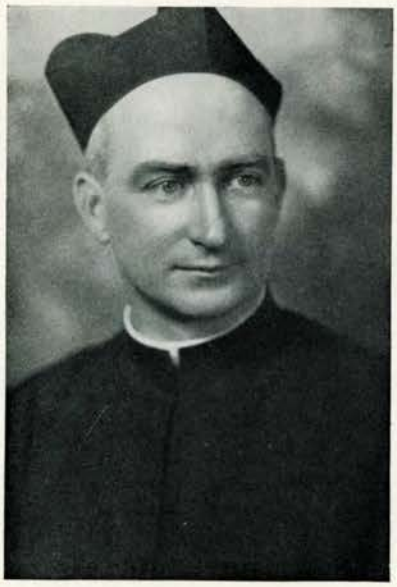

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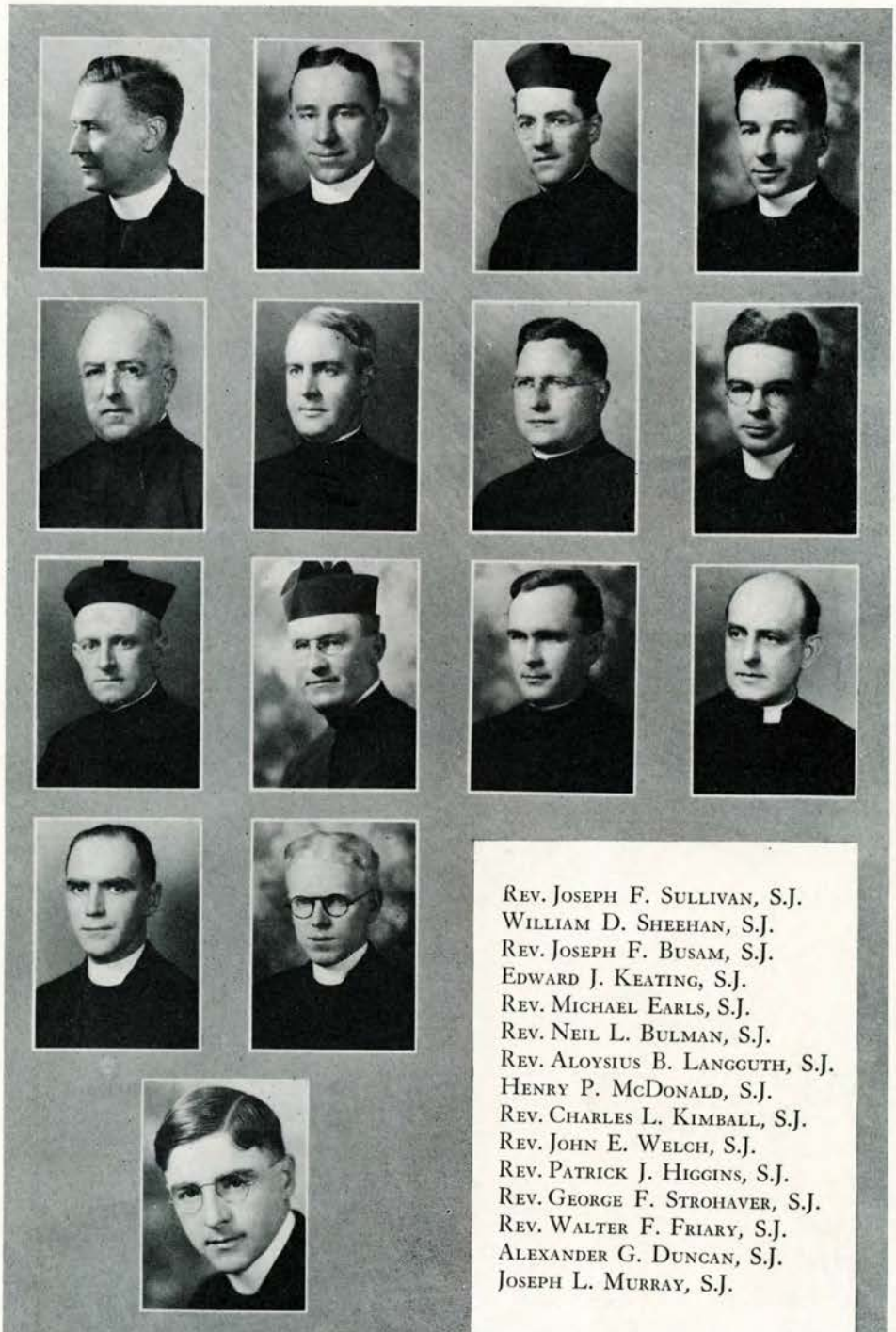
Dean of Studies

Rev. Thomas A. Brennan, S.J.
Dean of Discipline



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William D. Sheehan, S.J.
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Rev. Neil L. Bulman, S.J.
Rev. Aloysius B. Langguth, S.J.
Henry P. McDonald, S.J.
Rev. Charles L. Kimball, S.J.
Rev. John E. Welch, S.J.
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Alexander G. Duncan, S.J.
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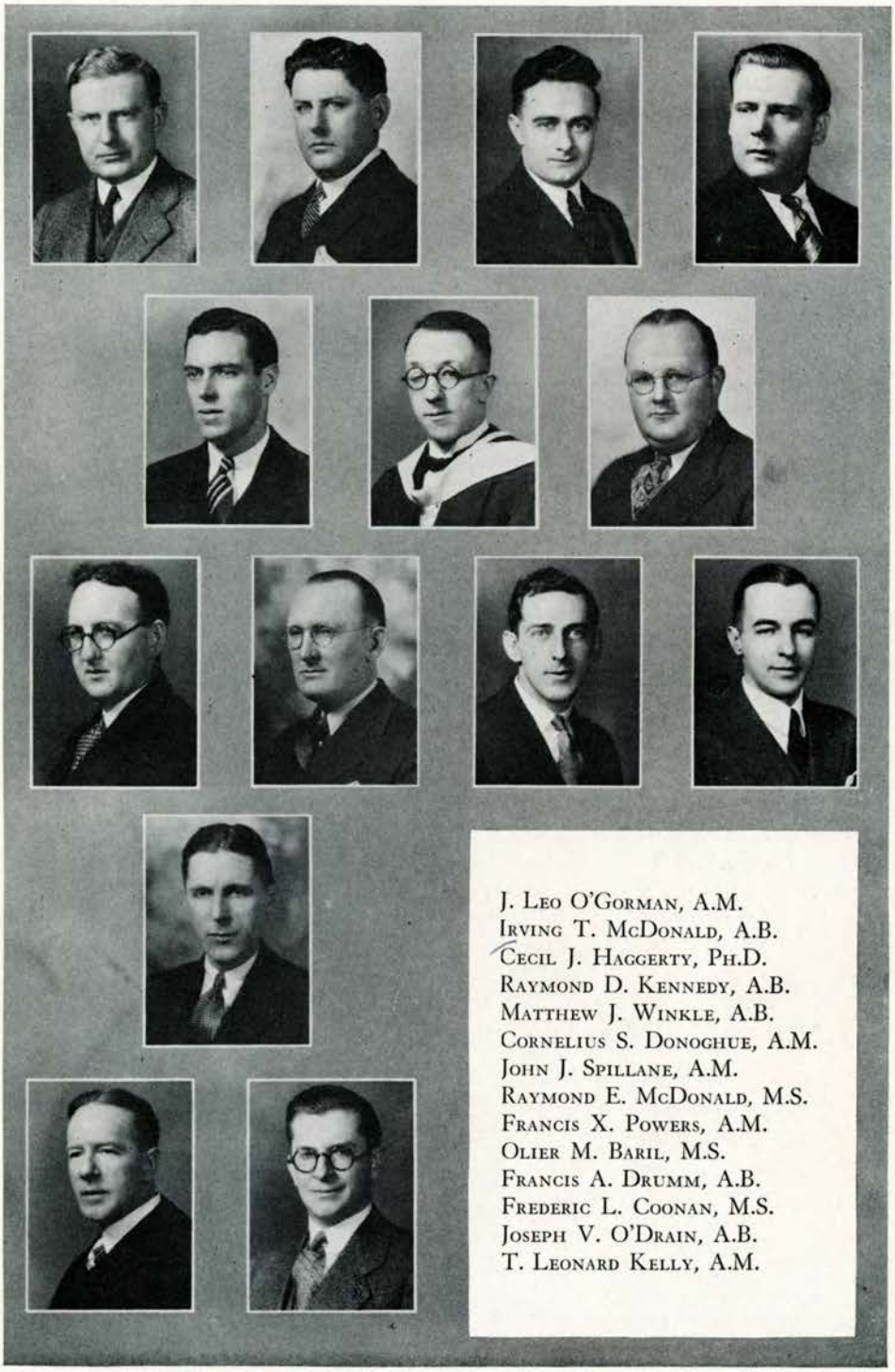

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Irving T. McDonald, A.B.
Cecil J. Haggerty, Ph.D.
Raymond D. Kennedy, A.B.
Matthew J. Winkle, A.B.
Cornelius S. Donoghue, A.M.
John J. Spillane, A.M.
Raymond E. McDonald, M.S.
Francis X. Powers, A.M.
Olier M. Baril, M.S.
Francis A. Drumm, A.B.
Frederic L. Coonan, M.S.
Joseph V. O'Drain, A.B.
T. Leonard Kelly, A.M.

Loyola Hall
Senior Dormitory

CLASS OF 1931

HENRY FRANCIS ALBRECHT, Jr., A.B.

Green Island, New York

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 4; *Class Football* 2, 3, 4; Patcher *Board* 4; *Albany Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle, Vice-President* 4; *Mendel Club* 4; *Duffel Club* 4.

Crash! There goes another good pair of trousers as a sacrifice to the cause of science. For, be it known, "Doc" once gave his trousers over to sulphuric acid. And there in the laboratory we can best find out the things that make him what he is. For he is one of the Pre-Medical section of '31.

Without a doubt he is one of the most good-natured members of our class. Many a time we have seen things happen to his plans that would have made another stand in wrath, while "Doc" just went on serenely as if nothing had happened. He always works along that way, never in a hurry, but always finishing. And that is a tribute to anyone in that class. Many others finish ahead of him, but they have to hurry to do it.

But let it not be imagined that he spends all his time in the laboratory. Not so! Much of it is spent there, it is true, but rumor hath it that during vacation Henry can on occasion emerge into the social life of Albany, Troy and other nearby places. At least it is certain that he has been a great help to the Albany Undergraduate Club in making successes of their undertakings.

Other activities here on the Hill have not seen so much of him, due to his heavy schedule, but he has always been willing and anxious to do his part in making a success of anything the class of 1931 undertook.

JOHN FRANCIS AMBROSE, A.B.

DANVERS, MASS.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; *Hockey* 1; *Baseball* 1; *Dramatics* 3; *Civil Service* 2; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

In years to come when the class of '31, as staid members of the alumni, are gathered together to relive their college days and the "Do you remembers" fly thick and fast, the name of Ambrose will recur with amazing frequency. The class of '31 will never forget Ambie. He's that kind.

Being of an amiable nature, John made friends easily and almost before we had lost our awe of college life, Ambie was known to the entire class. (Anyone that throws ice-cold water on sleeping classmates at one o'clock is bound to become known.)

In those greatest of educators, the bull session, he more than held his own. Many a session that was slowly dying a natural death he revivified with his flashes of wit, his unique method of expression and his comments upon the current tobacco situation.

However, he reached his greatest heights on that famous day when he so moved Tom Judge by his personality and his powers of speech that Tom personally convinced the Dean that John needed a vacation. It is also rumored that this speech made such an impression on Tom that he tried to secure a permanent vacation for our hero.

For four years, Ambie has devoted his energy to the gridiron. Success crowned his efforts in Senior year, when he was awarded the coveted H. C. We are confident that Ambie will display the same tenacity in his chosen line of endeavor and we are even more confident that success will crown his efforts as in his days on the Hill.

THOMAS MURPHY ARGY, A.B.

TURNERS FALLS, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 2, 3, 4; *Holyoke Club* 2, 3, 4; *Tennis Team* 2, 3, 4; *Class Basketball* 1, 2; PATCHER *Staff* 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Frosh Reception* 3.

Nature in her more lavish moments endows the being of certain few men with a grace of living, a heritage of geniality, a soul of music. To discover one so blessed is a comfort—to know one as a friend, as a companion is a pleasure too seldom experienced. Thus it is that our memory of the inimitable Argy will in future days plumb deep wells of pleasant reminiscences He, whose name entwines the pride of Scotch-Irish lineage, was not an adamant crusader nor romantic chevalier, but rather at heart a song and dance man of life. To the fantastic beat of the hours he kept time with snapping fingers and tapping toes. His fingers lent life to a keyboard of mute ivory. To him life was not a puzzle, but rather a tune to be blithely hummed even if at times the rhythm became the sombre tempo of a sonata or complicated measures of a rhapsody.

In keeping with this character there could be found in Tom that sincerity which garbs the trouper of romance. Perhaps it is this added quality which informs the complete, distinct personality which we have known. And this, in turn, is augmented with an unselfishness which prompted him to lend this personality to an appreciative Worcester society—a gift granted with such largesse and frequency that many times he was mistaken for a day-hop.

It is but meet that we in parting hope that days with necromantic tongue will ever sing to him "their grapevine tune of vireos and orios."

JOSEPH FRANCIS AUSTIN, A.B.

BONDSVILLE, MASS.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Chrysostom was called the golden-mouthed because of his great oratorical powers; Joe Austin might as fittingly be called the silver-throated because of the high, clear tone of his tenor voice, at once an ornament to the Musical Clubs and a source of unceasing charm for those many of his fellow classmates in whose vicinity he has ever roomed. Old-fashioned melodies, brand-new songs, all came trippingly from his lips and there was none but showed his power as a singer.

But the field of singing was not Joe's only jousting- or trysting-place. His quiet presence has been marked in many extra-curricular activities. Of course the Musical Clubs were his first love but, even so, the Aquinas Club and other institutes numbered him as a member. And speaking of scholarship, it would be of more than passing interest to note that Joe has always stood well up in his marks. Tenacity of purpose, single-mindedness, ambitions and ideals have drawn Joe on to steady hard work and success.

With his faithful Achates of a roommate—variously termed by the cognoscenti as Mysterious Mose, *et alia,* Joe has covered more sectors of Worcester than anyone else perhaps in the school. The afternoon promenade of Joe and Tom was a daily occurrence and heartwarming in its punctual regularity, with which neither storms, winds, nor acts of God interfered. There may be better scholars and better singers, but certainly there is not a better friend to be had than Joe Austin.

JAMES CONRAD AUTH, A.B.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Senior Council; Purple 1, 2, 3, *Business Manager* 4; *Track* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dramatics* 2, 3; *Philomath* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Springfield Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Introducing Jim Auth, corridor-caller-extraordinary, perpetrator of the annual Calendar, business man, student, and friend. Coming winter mornings will bring back memories of this quiet, but effective young gentleman. As we roll over lazily at eight o'clock, squint at a watch and drop back to the eager arms of Morpheus, a smile will flicker across our tired and care-creased lips for we shall have at last avoided the stentorian summons to Mass and the sleep-shattering door-slam.

We shall miss him—but let no satire envelop those words. He has confessed that the onerous task of calling the miscellany of sophomores, juniors, and seniors that made up first Loyola, had worn him almost to a frazzle. And we sympathized with him. We liked him too, and when we had shaken off the gloom brought on by such serious ponderings, we were always glad to joke with him, stroll to Chapel at his side, know him, and have him come into the room for a quiet half hour in the evening to talk on the day's happenings.

Wherever he was, he was certain to have a friend at his side and there was no surer test of popularity than the fellow with whom one traveled on the afternoon jaunts that are a part of everyone's memories. Famous for a happy grin, careful business management of weighty enterprises, and steady studying, he has achieved easily what others have striven for in vain—the genuine esteem of his fellow classmates.

HENRY JOSEPH BAKER, PhB.

SOUTHBORO, MASS.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; *Track* 3; *Basketball* 1, 2; *Baseball* 4; *Freshman Reception* 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Frosh Night.*

There are many traits to be touched on to bring out Red's character—originality, humor, application to studies and athletic ability are but a sample. As far as being original, we are sure that Red is the only living person to have a third set of "natural" teeth. (Ask him about it, he'll tell you.) To enjoy his humor just talk with him for even a few moments. We know that he was responsible, to a great degree, for the success in the entertainment of the Freshmen at their reception, by his originality and wit. We mentioned too, the fact that Red was studious; he was a great man for having his fun, but when it came time to tackle the books, he was right in the game with his whole heart and soul.

Athletics seemed to permeate his whole career while at college. He was varsity halfback for three years, and when we say varsity halfback, we mean that he was outstanding. He could kick, pass, catch passes, and run with the ball—a real triple-threat man who worried more than one opponent. The by-word of the enemy seemed to be "get Baker out of the way and things will go easier." Red was a great football player, but he also imprinted his name on the annals of the basketball team in his Sophomore year, those of track in his Junior year and baseball in Senior.

Red's name has been before the public continually during his college days, and we can rest assured that he will always be in headlines in the eyes of his friends.

GEORGE NICHOLAS BALDWIN, A.B.

APPLETON, WIS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Debating; B. J. F.* 2, 3, *Censor* 4; *Western Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Purple* 2, 3; *Class Football* 1, 2; *Musical Clubs* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Golf* 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Senior Ball Committee.*

Here is the man who broke the course record at the Wachusett Country Club with a 72, during a challenge match with the golf team. That is just a sample of what this versatile and likeable Westerner can do..

Can any member of '31 forget their songbird? It required but the slightest provocation for George to burst into song. Many a town in New England and eastern New York has heard his voice when the Glee Club visited them during the last four years. George always seemed to find their hospitality most enjoyable,—even if he did once have to spend a night in a fire-house with his fiery-haired roommate of the time.

Besides all this, George is a bridge player, endowed with much skill and blessed with extraordinary luck. Few could withstand him. Nor would an account of him be complete which failed to mention his love for riding. He devoted many a Sunday morning to steeplechasing.

George likes to read and will often bring very original theories into the perennial forum of the most ancient and honored Holy Cross institution. Nevertheless, as his various roommates will testify, he might well have done so more often and practised his marksmanship with a knife much less.

ARTHUR CLIFFORD BARIL, PH.B.

SPENCER, MASS.

Band and Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

In every class or any large group of students there are always a few who remain obscurely in the background, but upon whose fiber the entire tapestry depends. Such a one is Arthur Baril. For the four years that the class of thirty-one has inhabited Mount Saint James, Arthur has been a dependable, almost a necessary, member. His phlegm and stoic trustworthiness did much to balance the eccentricities found in contrast in other fellow classmates. His quiet and reserve were something to be admired and envied by those who were not endowed with his seemingly limitless patience.

It is almost trite to mention Arthur's natural modesty and his success in scholastic endeavor. In this case, however, the characteristics are so marked and outstanding that to delete commenting upon them would be a grave injustice. Failure also to mention the miraculous fact that Arthur, although subject to the rigorous brain twisting of the famed and awesome accounting course, did not lose his hirsute adornment to any noticeable degree, would be actual neglect.

We do not expect Arthur to be a huge success, a flaming comet across the contemporary skies, for his personality is not of this type. However, it is not rash, but really meet that we prophesy that Arthur will go far in any profession to which he lends his talents.

J. ARTHUR BARNES, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Dramatic Club 1; *Tomahawk* 1, 2; *Worcester Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dance Committee* 4; PATCHER *Staff* 4.

In presenting this deeply regarded contribution to the class from the Heart of the Commonwealth you are meeting, perhaps, the most calm, self-contained man of our year. To him the laurel goes for the most successful violations of Tom Judge's highly touted traffic laws and for constant patronage of the eclectic courses. In escorting various fair damsels to Mt. St. James, Arthur never failed to erase the academic touch of the audiences attending Dramatic Society presentations, debates and baseball games.

As an aggressive defender of Scholasticism, secret trips to Wellesley and Smith were made quite frequently. However, the reports of his empirical observations there were always vague! The combined qualities of a true student, a calm reserve, a neat appearance, a logical sequence of thought and above all, the ability to form friendships made Arthur's position in the class secure.

His ability to persevere and strong powers of concentration, together with natural ability made him successful in his studies and leaves him well fitted for greater endeavors. Although his future quest in life is a mooted question, we proclaim that Arthur will reach his objective with merit to spare.

ROBERT JOSEPH BARRETT, A.B.

DANBURY CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; French Academy* 1; *Musical Clubs* 1, 2, 3, 4; *New Haven Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Philomath* 2, 3, 4.

Rudy Vallee had better look to his laurels or he will discover too late that they have found a new resting place on the placid brow of this fair-haired boy from Danbury, for Bob is the original Connecticut Yankee.

Some men find a pipe consoling and some fasten their affections on a dog or a horse. Some like books and some are happy in the company of the fair sex. Bob is different. He has two loves, his saxophone and his scrap-book.

Bob's scrap-book contains every item of interest to Holy Cross students that has been published in any Boston or Worcester paper during the last four years. That is a valuable collection and perhaps in the years to come, we may find ourselves envying Bob's foresight in anticipating the days when college will be no longer an ever-present, everyday affair.

Life is said to be a battle. If that is true, Bob has never been the aggressor. He doesn't look for situations in which to try his mettle, but goes about with an unassumed confidence in his ability to win—and he does win.

JOHN JOSEPH BENNETT, A.B.

ANSONIA, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; New Haven Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Soccer* 4; *Class Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Senior Ball Committee.*

Boasting of one of the largest bulks—bulk for bulk—in the class, John has the other, and anomalous honor, of being one of the best dancers ever to tread the boards at Marshall's and Hickey's. Coupled with this proficiency in the art of Terpsichore he has a jovial, Gargantuan, chuckling personality. The sequential popularity among the ladies is a matter of easy deduction. John drives a mean Ford roadster, has—so rumor says—a whole amusement park of his own in Connecticut, and, just to show the diversity of his interests, is an able student, ranking with the be-wreathed honor possessors.

It was a pity that John was forced to room during his Freshman year at Regis. But despite the pernicious influence of that famous Right Wing of the Lavallette Homestead, he is still a gentleman. Numbering among his friends, the brighter, and some of the more glaring luminaries of '31, he is able to hand down to his brother a Bennett-tradition of friendship. His laugh was contagious; his knowledge of "insides" fabulous and a tip from John was based on more than mere rumor.

He supported Holy Cross, her traditions, teams, and system to the bitter end of every bull session and believed in the general efficacy of the *Ratio Studiorum* as a solution for national and international problems. John's picture will be framed by many a friend and what greater honor can one desire of his fellows—than to have his picture singled out for that dignity.

CHARLES MEADE BERGIN, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Senior Ball Committee; Club Dance Committee* 3, 4.

We can remember way back in Freshman, when we were cautiously looking around for acquaintances, that Charley Bergin was one of the very first of the day scholars to be liked. Nor can anyone, after four years of contact deny that our first impression was in the slightest degree incorrect. His unsophisticated, genial disposition has continued to win him friends, and it can be with no small degree of pride that he can look back over four successful years.

Who does not recall the shades of Freshman History revived by Charley and his cohorts in "Hanged, Drawn, and Quartered?" Or who can ever overlook Charley's ever readiness to help out in receptions to Freshmen?

Of his prowess as a social light, we know only by hearsay, but the evidence is overwhelmingly in his favor. When a handsome, smiling, yet indifferent young man is "in circulation" our guess is that he is rather in demand. We can't see how Charley could be an exception.

WAYNE LEO BESSELMAN, B.S.

BRAINTREE, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1; *Aquinas Circle; Mendel Academy; Chemists Club; Scientific Society; Junior Prom Committee; Freshman Reception* 4; *Band* 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff* 4.

In every class there is a group of students who win distinction in scholastic activity. And in this group there are a few whose specialized endeavor is a thing to be admired and emulated. To pursue the matter even further we might add that in this few there often is a lone student whose acquired knowledge in some particular branch is nothing short of marvellous; and even as we, in awed tones, mention these very words, our hand lifts in a humble doffing of derby to Wayne—for now after four years of acquaintance we salute the master mind who has derived sufficient knowledge from a course to put it to practical and invaluable usage; for, let it be known, the young Mr. Besselman, from a very maze of formulae concocted a hair restorer which actually did work. But this precarious success which augurs so well for the future ease of civilization did not come as a surprise to the class. Wayne has in his years up here solved so well the secrets of chemical reaction that he seems to notice a substance's components and constituents almost instinctively. Each succeeding season he has won the honor for outstanding work in the chemical field and, in senior, this achievement was climaxed by his being awarded the College Fellowship which will keep him up on the hill while the rest of us are being battered against the craggy walls of life. However, even as we leave, we know we say farewell to a man endowed with real genius not only in studies, but in his ability to win friends and sell his most pleasing personality.

JOHN JOSEPH BOWLER, A.B.

UNIONVILLE, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Glee Club* 3, 4; *Dramatics* 2.

If Bart Sullivan could have noticed Red in the morning dusks during Sophomore year as he daily set low-time records for covering the distance from Alumni to the golden gates, closed by St. Peter at 6.40, the track team would have been materially augmented. Yet Red did not always pass unnoticed. How could he? Those wavy, auburn locks made him stand out prominently in any crowd. It is a dangerous color, yet quite contrary, Red is a happy, friendly fellow—well known, liked and talented.

Though John lives in Unionville his specialty was smaller towns with Hartford as the center of activities. There are those of the opinion that many hearts fluttered at his approaching footsteps. At least there must be some reason for the huge picture gallery ornamenting his desk, and this reason may be found in his popularity—a gift shared by more than merely his classmates.

Red certainly liked to travel—witness the games and dances he attended, often *sans* ticket. His famous Essex non-stop flight one vacation is a feat not to be forgotten by those present and his Sunday night hill-top experience proves the maxim that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

We look forward to a promising future knowing that his ready smile and cheerful friendship are immune to failure.

CHARLES WILLIAM BOYLE, PH.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Reception* 2; *Purple Key* 4; *French Academy* 1; *Debating* 1; *Civil Service* 3, 4.

Diamonds are, as a rule, small and rare—so are lads like Charley. But despite his likeness to a diamond in size, rarity and value, Charley is very unlike a diamond, for the diamond owes all its beauty, all its glitter to an external light which it merely reflects, while the light which gives Charley these same characteristics emanates from within himself—the product of a minute dynamo producing concentrated sunshine; sunshine so indomitably effective that it glows in all its splendor even through the Worcesterian semi-darkness, redeeming it as it pierces it.

To have known Charley is to have acquainted oneself with the essence of compactness. To have been intimate with him is to have known a friend. To have known him is to have seen a little man doing big things in a big way and taking credit for them in a manner so modest as to be bordering on self-effacement. But since brevity is so inseparable a part of him, description of him should be most laconic. "Multis in parvo" prints a word picture of Charley Boyle.

MAURICE ANDREW BRODERICK, PH.B.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; *Manchester Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Class Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Just as the leaves began to turn to a golden hue, Maurice, dragged his canoe into the boathouse, packed his worldly possessions, bade farewell to his beloved New Hampshire hills and descended on Holy Cross. He came with a broad smile and after passing through the classics of Freshman year, the rhetoric of Sophomore year, the tautological philosophy of Junior year and the ever present psychology of Senior year—he still wears that self-same smile. Verily, admiration is a feeble word to describe the youth who has survived all that and still smiles.

Maurice is, in truth, an all around good fellow and to know him is to like him. Oft on the soft breezes have we heard the melodious tunes emanating from his beloved violin. The orchestra would have been sadly incomplete without him and on those concert tours he was a shining light. Fond of almost every kind of recreation he represents the ideal citizen. He meets every problem with a smile and if he can meet the problems of life with the same broad smile no man living can predict to what heights of success he may attain.

JAMES IRWIN BROWN, A.B.

LEE, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Berkshire Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

The inclination to be recklessly extravagant in describing Jim would be almost irresistible if we didn't know that such a course would be anything but pleasing to him. He is modest to the point of being self-effacing.

The common notion that a student's worth is measured by the number of his extra curricular activities may or may not be well-founded. If it is a rule, Jim Brown is the proverbial exception.

Jim is a good student. By that we mean that he is neither a genius nor a grind. He gets good marks because he earns them.

There are other clever men, other good looking men and other men who are witty. Those qualities do not adequately describe Jim. What is most admirable in him is his lack of artificiality. He is real,—as unaffected as his name. To steal his own favorite expression, he is "a white scout."

Jim has a skeleton key to the doors of success. In the parlance of the day, "He's got the goods," and we know he'll be a success, but what is more important, he'll know what to do with success when he gets it.

GEORGE FRANCIS BRUNNER, A.B.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, *Counsellor* 4; *Debating* 1, 2; *Western New York Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Freshman Basketball; Class Football* 2, 3; *Class Basketball* 2, 3, 4; *Ring Committee, Chairman; Junior Prom Committee; Sanctuary Society* 1.

A Buffalo Bill, a class pirate, a popular person and a roommate of "chi-o-ta" are some of the characteristics of this admirable New York Stater, who is bathed every morning he is home by the spume of Niagara Falls—and lets everyone know it. George Brunner brought a car up to school in Junior year and Worcester had no peace from that time to this. The four-wheeled thing had been anticipated since his yearling days and just when the fellows were beginning to think that George was only telling a fairy tale, up pops the Chrysler. But before that even, the admirable George was placed with the gods, being the recipient of innumerable burning letters of the passionate hue. Sometimes George tired of too fast a life and then would come a smooth, robin's egg blue stationery and there would be a dreamy haze in George's eyes as he thought of what waited for him at the end of the overnight hike into the wilds of Buffalo's leading suburb.

Brunner will always lead everywhere he goes. Whatever undertaking he enters into he will immediately be the master. It is this sterling quality that has predominated his characteristics in his dealings on the Hill.

CHARLES JOHN BUCKLEY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *French Academy* 1; *Junior Prom Committee; Senior Ball Committee; Purple Key* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Sodality* 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Reception* 3, 4.

It takes but a mere glance at Charles J. to reveal the man about town of the class; the smooth gentleman who has been places and knows why; the Romeo who drives smart cars and is never alone (Wellesley? sometimes—yes; always—no. Melville Road? generally—yes; always—no.); the young man who wears Scotts, size 38, and knows how; the superhuman who is acquainted with the fairer ones and masters them. But that is a mere external survey. It is but an unjust passing over those qualities which have made us like him and admire him.

Capable, willing, generous, loyal,—Charley has never failed us. Is there any wonder that his friendship is a prize and a privilege to all of us? Is there any wonder that his activity is claimed by honorary and elective organizations alike?

Charley gives one the impression of ease and indifference, yet underneath his carefree exterior, we shall always look on him as a man of purpose and ambition with the stuff to carry on his plans.

Not the least incentive to return for reunions will be to see Charley, to hear of his successes, and to be welcomed by his characteristic, "Hello, my friend."

BERNARD JOSEPH BURNS, PH.B.

LOWELL, MASS.

Lowell Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dance Chairman* 2, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Football* 2, 3; *Class Soccer* 4; *Sanctuary Society* 3, 4; *Debating* 1; *Freshman Reception Committee* 3, 4; *Duffel Club* 4.

Wherever there is a crowded room it may usually be attributed to the popularity of its inmates and throughout his four years on the hill Bernie's room has always been a gathering place of the class. In freshman year this had somewhat devastating results for Bernie and Bill spent many a dollar for plaster in order to avert a repetition of the fall of Troy. But Bernie curbed his gymnastic proclivities as his scholastic career progressed, and impromptu debates superseded them. Many and diverse were the discussions that took place and Bernie was never barren of arguments as his opponents ruefully discovered.

Bernie was nothing if not conscientious and as a corridor caller the most confirmed late sleepers yielded to his impelling summons, although objecting vehemently to his using a whistle. In senior year he proved an admirable lieutenant to his roommate in officiating at basketball games and incidentally developed a penchant for referee's horns and whistles. In the affairs of the Lowell Club, Bernie was the power behind the throne and the many successful dances he ran augur well for his future in business.

We feel safe in prophesying that Bernie's future, both in graduate school and in after life, will be replete with success; the qualities which he has manifested on the hill not only betoken success, they demand it.

JAMES DELANEY BURNS, PH.B.

LOWELL, MASS.

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dramatics* 2; *Mendel Academy* 2; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Lowell Club, Vice-President,* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Freshman Reception Committee* 4; *K. of C.*

Lowell has been building up a strong body of Alumni during the past few years and among its new members we find one Biffer Burns, athlete and student. Our Biffer has been outstanding in both studies and athletics during his four years on the Hill. It seems that his hobby is music. He could wind a victrola faster than anyone else on the corridor and when he graduated from the victrola to the radio, the general cry of the boys was: "Biffer, get some good music!" If there was any good dance orchestra to be heard, he was the only one who could tune the music in satisfactorily.

Of course you realize that winding victrolas and tuning radios were only part of his extra-curricular activities. He was also an actor. In the Senior Reception, Biffer took a leading part and due to his wit and humor, he afforded the unsuspecting Freshmen with many a good laugh. These activities were overshadowed by his brilliant career on the track, under the clever guidance of Bart Sullivan. One event was not enough for him, he had to be kept busy all the time. His chief event was the broad jump, but as a dash man he could stick with anyone, and he could clear a mean hurdle as well. These things kept him busy in the afternoon, while at night he gave the books plenty of his time.

But the memory which Biffer will always treasure is the fact that he was *not* elected the smallest fellow in the class.

PATRICK JOHN BYRNE, PH.B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Southern Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Freshman Football Captain; Varsity Football* 2, 3, 4; *Basketball* 1; *Baseball* 1; *Class Treasurer* 2; *Freshman Reception Committee* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Four years ago, we, a group of anxious and still illusioned youths, trotted eagerly up the graceful slope of Packachoag, innocently expecting the rah-rah atmosphere so maliciously imbued in us by too much perusal of the glamorous adventures of Frank Merriwell. The disillusion suffered need not be recalled. However, in that hour of need came Paddy Byrne and the solace he administered by his forming a quartette to sing college songs, can never be repaid. Endowed with a deep, rich voice and a charming drawl, Paddy lent harmony to any group of embryo minstrels. For this, if for nothing else, he will always be gratefully remembered.

On other pages will be found glowing tributes to the quality and personality of the components of '31. All of this praise could be applied to Paddy without a measure of hyperbole. Always cheerful, always eager, Paddy is the very medicine for the blues.

In Freshman year the eminent Dr. Byrne was the illustrious captain of the Frosh football team. With a brilliant future as a varsity fullback in sight, Dame Misfortune stepped in and dealt a series of unfortunate blows that kept Paddy from the line-up. To his everlasting credit let it be known that his characteristic geniality was not dimmed by the disappointment.

EDWARD J. CALLAHAN, A.B.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ed migrated to Holy Cross from Lawrence in the fall of '27. The improvement in environment gained by this transition is evident to any unbiased observer, but Ed has never been willing to concede it. He remains loyal to Lawrence and whenever possible treks gladly homeward. Ed has none of the tragedian in his make-up. With his abundance of good humor he is a wonderful antidote for pessimism and low spirits. We think that Ed could even erase the wrinkles from a bloodhound's brow.

Ed is famous as the man who always gets the jump on the books. While the rest of us are grinding for an exam on the morrow, Ed has it all tucked away in the back of his head and is taking it easy with a little last minute relaxation.

"Modesty is the best policy" seems to be Ed's watchword and this quality, tempered with a genial good nature and a subtle grace in trying situations, places him high in our esteem and the first toast proposed on the night of farewell, we know, is sure to be the phrase heard so often down the corridors during the last four years "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

THOMAS FRANCIS CALLAHAN, A.B.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1; *Debating* 1; *B. J. F.* 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Class Football* 1; *Philharmonic Orchestra* 2, 3, 4; *Music Librarian* 3, 4; *Crusaders* 1, 2, 3; *Berkshire Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; PATCHER *Staff; Senior Ball Committee; K. of C.*

This is the president of the company known as Callahan and Hennessey, dealers in campus coats, props of the musical clubs and *bon vivants*. "Tac," as he is familiarly known, was left desolated last year when Bill Dolan graduated and Joe has since assumed the burden of his welfare and has done yeoman's service. Tom is a most enthusiastic business student and thinks in terms of debits and credits, dollars and cents and stocks and bonds. It is rather fortunate that he had his classics before his business, otherwise we would have had a dreaming misfit among us for the last two years. The day cannot come too soon when "T. F. X." will leave his home in the Berkshires to realize his dreams in New York's financial district. And we do not see why he should fail. He has brains and a most likeable disposition. Further, we have witnessed his tenacity of purpose in the Musical Clubs when he gained a position in that organization on an instrument which he had never played until he came here in Freshman. We can imagine Tac getting surcease from the worries of the day by playing on his beloved instrument. Moreover, under Bill Dolan's influence he has imbibed a philosophy which will be as wax in the ears of this modern Odysseus. Yes, indeed, we hope to see a Callahan Hall up here some day.

CLARKE ALBERT CARLE, A.B.

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN.

Junior Prom Committee; PATCHER *Staff; Faculty Banquet Committee* 3; *Springfield Club* 4; *Hartford Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Glee Club* 4; *Choir* 3, 4.

The perfect gentleman. What better toast for him whose portrait graces this page of the PATCHER. Quiet, unobtrusive, his friendship has been the proud possession of a small, but admiring group. Pre-Med work has taken much of his time, but he always found enough of those elusive spare moments to take part in literary discussions, to linger over a book, and even to urge the pen across the ruled page in pursuit of the Muse. To his intimates his idealism was remarkably revealing. His taste in clothes marked him early as one of the well-dressed men.

To have known Clarke at all was a privilege. In those days when even professors persisted in twisting his name askew there was upon him the touch of that combination of child-of-nature-sophistication and charming naivete that set him apart from his fellows. In all the long enumeration of perfections, conceding even the crooning, there is no fault, no flaw, except this, that his puns were nothing short of atrocious.

FRANK THOMAS CARNEY, A.B.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Hartford Club 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *French Academy* 1; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Class Basketball* 4.

Cupid blushed and Adonis girded himself for battle when a certain debonair youth first strolled nonchalantly up greebowered Linden Lane. From the bustle of the Insurance City came the romantic figure of Frank, but with him came the culture of Aristotle. Although *les belles femmes a la Worcester* and points to the north, south, east and west, proved a persistent distracting note in his career; Frank soon demonstrated a mind that easily conquered the rigors of Latin and Greek and showed a keenness and aptitude for philosophy—Kant, Spinoza and "Huxley" included. Tending to the aristocratic, Frank's versatility distinguished him in many fields of endeavor not alone of which was his ability to adjust himself to any and every solution—bridge, at the prom, at many and divers private conclaves. The bridge team of Carney and Doheny issued numerous challenges and easy victories resulted.

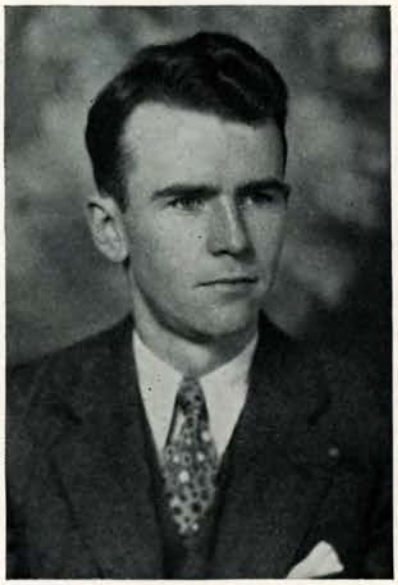
In our dealings with Frank we have never seen him lose his serene and tranquil composure. In all the time we have known him, he has always been a gentleman, never too busy to aid a friend, never so upset as to lose his pleasant manner. Our recollections of you Frank, in the times to come, will be the embodiment of all that is noble.

LEO THOMAS CARNEY

FITCHBURG, MASS.

A daily trip to and from Fitchburg is enough to make most people rather travel minded. And when this procedure is extended over a period of four years the subject certainly should be awarded, besides some sort of a trophy for patience, a controlling interest in the bus company. Yet this is exactly the torture to which Leo subjected himself and the only reward which he seeks is the coveted sheepskin. It is superfluous to add that no one deserves it more. If all the miles he travelled in his tours were placed end to end they would form a highway sufficiently long for Leo to have observed at first hand the Marines in Nicaragua, the grandeur of a Chinese sunset and the home life of the polar bear. And if these same miles were doubled, as one of his Fitchburg cohorts will immediately tell you, they would go twice as far.

Extra curricular activities were entirely neglected by Leo in his interludes between bus rides, but with all that he suffered we have not the heart to find censure. Aside from this, Leo did manifest his ingenuity and cleverness by forming one of the ardent members who cluttered Bunny Doheny's room immediately after lunch each weekday. Moreover his interest in matters scholastic was matched by few in the class. Always prepared and always alert, he was the ideal student. If Leo manifests the same attention in future life he will, we are confident, go even further along the road to success than he did in his daily treks to Worcester.



JAMES MATTHEW CARROLL, A.B.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Springfield Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3; *Philomath* 1, 2, 3, 4, *Vice-President* 3, *President* 4, 1930; *Tomahawk* 3, 4; *Editorial Chairman* 4, 1930; *Purple Key* 4; *Greek Academy* 2; *Varsity Debating* 1, 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff* 4; *Freshman Reception* 3; *Faculty Banquet Speaker* 4.

Look upon this picture. Note the fine brow of thought, the schock of firm hair, the chiseled face of the statesman, the eloquent mouth of the orator. Certainly, someone of great intelligence, accustomed to clear thinking, reflection and decision. This is Jim Carroll, the future Senator from Massachusetts. We know of him by reputation as an outstanding speaker for three years. Then Fate dealt that cruel hand to both "Jim" and the class of 1930. His legion of friends waited anxiously for a year. Then the mighty and the cocky Carroll strutted back in September to join the class of 1931. On his face the smile of a man who is more mighty than destiny, the Irish twinkle still in his eyes, and upon his lips the old quick retort which we have grown to love. He became our "legacy." Overnight, he was one of the most popular men of the class. Then came the class banquet. And what a speech young "Franklin D." made that night! Voice vibrant with sincerity, eyes kindled with fire, presence virile with energy, he spoke on. Reminiscent of the old days when Carroll would arise on the debating platform, and with a flippant, deeply sarcastic turn of phrase obviate the worth of an opponent's entire speech. He is of course headed for the bar, but we predict his eloquent tongue and far reaching vision will not find their place until the day Carroll bears the banner of Democracy in the Commonwealth.

THOMAS FRANCIS CARROLL, A.B.

MILLVILLE, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Band* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Tennis Team* 2, 3, 4.

For four long years Tom has trekked his plodding way up through the valleys that lie down Providence way, blazoning out a path for what bids fair to be another of the big family contingents on the Hill. Tom is the senior member of a triumvirate of Carrolls, and from what these boys have shown us in the way of musical talent, it looks as though the orchestrating fraternity of the Lombardos will have to guard its laurels in the immediate future.

It is no easy task to commute a distance of some fifty miles every day and at the same time to maintain the standard of scholarship and the range of extra-curricular activities that Tom has managed. Perhaps all things do come to him who waits, including trains, and marks, and positions in bands, and places on Varsity tennis teams, so the unlimited patience and stick-to-itiveness that is part and parcel of Tom's makeup may be the secret behind his success. Coupled with this patience is an excessive good nature and easy-going placidity that some people might be inclined to take undue advantage of, but that is the price one has to pay for the gift of geniality.

There are few of us who, having made so quiet an entrance and unobtrusive a stay, will take so easy an exit as Tom.

JOHN PATRICK CHIOTA, Jr., A.B.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Basketball 1; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *New Haven Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Reception* 2, 3; *Musical Clubs* 2.

"Pat-Kee-O-Ta." The rallying cry of the followers of the Chioism cult of voodoo worshippers, this thrilling Indian whoop, adapted to yelling as an accompaniment to a Klaxon horn, has turned the heads of people not only in the school but down town, even in the sacred precincts surrounding the City Hall. Eminently recognized as a gentleman of genius, Pat adapted himself so well to the Holy Cross atmosphere that his cohorts sprang up the very first day of school in '27. The Major-of-the-Surprise-Grin was his first recruit.

And as this book goes to press, Pat is alive and known by everyone on the Hill. With his happy-go-lucky smile, irresponsible joviality, disregard for bombast and inflated reputations, he has been an ornament to the class of '31. One of the more prominent entertainers on the Hill, it was with difficulty that His Earnestness was dissuaded—particularly in the junior reception—from carrying the whole task of pleasing on his chubby, cute shoulders.

With a weather-eye on prefects and others of like ilk, Pat has eked a most successful social career from the meager opportunities of the Cross. Endowed with a taste for beautiful women, a fine appetite, cleverness in repartee, he has climbed high on the social rungs of two cities. In studies Pat has fared well, and is ready to dash out into the cold, cruel world, sit down in any smoker on any train and confound any Adversary.

THOMAS ANDREW CHRISTENSEN, B.S.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Sodality; K. of C; Mendel Academy 2, 3, 4; *Scientific Society* 2, 3, 4; *Chemists Club; Aquinas Circle; Newport Club, President; Frosh Night; Freshman Reception* 2, 3.

'Twas in the fall of '27 that Tom laid siege to the fortress of Holy Cross. During that year, with attack after attack, he was successful in battering his way into the midst of the stronghold. Indeed he was amongst the leaders and lo! for four years he held tenaciously to his position. With other members of that notorious B. S. course, he smashed the very walls of science and succeeded in mastering her most hidden secrets. There was only a weak effort on the part of the Mendelian laws to baffle his masterful mind. But his efforts were not confined to the field of science for his philosophical discussions are preeminent and well-known. When he began to use that extensive vocabulary the rest of us just laid down our guns.

Newport has one of her greatest boosters in his person and woe unto anyone who attempts to defame her. But Newport, even as he is proud of her, can likewise be proud of him and he has and will reflect glory on that illustrious little city.

Always smiling, a cheery word for everyone, innumerable friends, a strong will, keen intellect, sympathetic nature and bound for the pinnacle of success—that is Tom Christensen.

EDWARD FARLEY CLARK, PH.B.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; *Mendel Academy* 2; *Sodality* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; PATCHER, *Athletic Editor; Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

The above gentleman is the rare exception of our graduating class, the student athlete. There may have been bigger men in the class than Ed, but none as big a man in athletics and scholarship combined. Four years of excellence on the gridiron and an equal complement in the classroom stamp him with the seal of universal approval. His like is not the rule, but the exception, and we acclaim him.

Not alone for these qualities is Ed so high in our esteem, but also for that innate manliness and refinement of character so characteristic of a real gentleman. A good-natured disposition and a willingness to help others won him many friends and made his friendship something to be desired and always preserved.

A firm adherent to the principle of a well rounded-out education, Ed "finished off" with many a flying trip to the metropolis of the commonwealth where we understand his college career was completed most thoroughly and pleasantly. At least, that was invariably the story upon a late Sunday evening return. The Boston & Albany is going to miss him next year.

But someone's loss is always another's gain, and so with the railroad interests we too will miss this good friend, while other fields welcome his arrival. We know that he will make good there as he has at Holy Cross, and as we say goodbye we echo good luck.

EUGENE VINCENT COFFEY, A.B.

TROY, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Albany Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Debating; Aquinas Circle* 4.

It is no easy task to introduce Gene to the world in a fashion best calculated to reveal the real individual that exists behind the veneer of aloofness that has come to be known as the Coffey manner. Gene always persisted in carrying this mask everywhere about with him, and it was only when among his "chosen few" that he would drop it and show the personality that dwelled within.

It was too bad that this had to be the case,—too bad, that is, for the many who never got to know just who this person was. As far as Gene himself, was concerned, "with little was he content," so long as that little was tried and found to be true. To those who were more than a bit honored to be numbered in that select group, an understanding of the man brought the realization that Gene was one of those rare individuals who is self-sufficient, and one, therefore, who can afford to choose his friends.

Deserving of especial comment here, is the attitude that Gene consistently maintained toward the school. He had the common sense of realizing that he who knocks his own college is foolishly arguing against himself and in the most condemning *ad hominem* fashion. Consequently, while his very nature precluded the possibility of his ever becoming a booster, Gene ardently defended the fact of his good taste by championing in a less rah-rah, but more intelligent manner, the glory of Holy Cross.

JAMES DOUGLAS CONNELL, A.B.

Hoboken, N. J.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, *Consultor* 4; *Tomahawk* 2, 3, 4; *New Jersey Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Chairman* 4; *Freshman Baseball Manager* 4; *B. J. F.* 2, 3; *Purple Key* 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Class Football* 1; *Class Basketball* 1, 2, 4.

One should not laugh at Hoboken—at least in Jim's presence—for all the stories they tell about this New Jersey garden spot are not true. It is a fact that within the meagre confines of one square mile, with the aid of a microscope, you can ferret out over seventy thousand inhabitants and its population is not its sole boast, for these Hobokenites are clever people.

Now that we have settled the status of Jim's early surroundings, vindicating his most cherished ideals in this matter, it is quite fitting that we take a more personal view of the gentleman in exhibition before you. There are two big things associated with Jim's career at Holy Cross; one is Gwendolyn, the discarded Dodge, and the other his voice. Both have great volume of sound in common, with an accidental difference in pitch, for Gwendolyn has a high, shrill frequency, while the voice is deep and sonorous. To under estimate either would be a serious crime. In the forensic field this same voice has been second only to the keenness of his mind in fabricating arguments and detecting the loopholes in the stand of his opponent. And again it was the incomparable voice that often made the stands re-echo with hoiahs, for Jim was a member of the most distinguished and successful band of cheerleaders that ever pepped up the Holy Cross student body to victories over Harvard and Boston College.

EDWARD PAUL CONNOLLY, A.B.

NATICK, MASS.

Tomahawk 3; *Freshman Reception Committee* 1, 2, 3; *Purple Key* 3; *B. J. F.* 3; *Junior Prom Committee; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff*.

There have been masters of wit in bygone classes at Holy Cross; there have been punsters and jokesters; let us repeat, the gods of humor have been well served. But not until the advent of the above mysterious "Fourth Rover Boy" had that hippodrome of sardonic mirth that is Alma Mater ever been so faithfully and excellently cared for. We call on you, ye ageless halls, to witness: the perfect mimicry of the great and near great, quips, a strangely vital philosophy of life, and, may the good Lord forgive him, several hundred puns.

Hank's humor went deeper than mere surface play. His was part of that heritage of wit which rips mercilessly at masks of shams. He is more than a Pierrot. He has the sombreness of a Swift and an unequaled power for clever phraseology which, coupled to a depth of character, raises him to an unique class. Hank's name, his humor, his friendship, and his personality will be remembered when gay days, bright moments, and even the fruit dots, are in the limbo of memory, the dusty halls of forgetfulness.

Flashing brilliantly into the arena of class activities, he has spun for himself a character, indelibly impressed on our willing minds. Arriving at Holy Cross in a trembling state of anticipatory titillation, he leaves with us, another man, a cartoonist, a deep quaffer of the elixir of life, poet, lover, friend.

JOHN PATRICK CONNOLLY, PH.B.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Boston Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1; *Freshman Football; Aquinas Circle.*

Pat was one of those fortunate ones who incurred the envy of his fellow classmates by "rooming out" for two years. In his Freshman year his frequent weekends provoked our ex-Dean of Discipline to style him the "day-ducking Bostonian." Whether or not this was the cause of Pat's departing from our midst was never ascertained. Pat rejoined the class, however, in his Senior year and his ubiquitous smile soon became a familiar sight in Loyola. As a pitch player Pat yielded to no one and was exemplified as an authority by his fellow players.

Pat was a firm believer in the adage that "sleep is the supreme panacea" for rare indeed was the occasion that could cause him to forego his afternoon nap. In fact, one Easter vacation Pat returned early to secure rest to fit him for the ensuing classes and accomplished this task so thoroughly that he slept through the first four classes of the opening day. (Pat never did things by halves.)

Frenchie whiled away much of his spare time in nourishing sporadic moustaches, but has yet to achieve the permanent variety which will survive the onslaught of a cursory sneeze.

Paddy was an opportunist in the years he lived out and consequently never lacked diversion on permission nights. He always made ample provision for his friends in this respect and many of them can attribute enjoyable evenings to his generosity.

We send Pat into the world with no fear that he will fail to attain success. He has that quiet, self confidence which makes mole hills out of mountains, laughs at obstacles and inevitably attains its goal.

JAMES JOSEPH CONNOR, B.S.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Musical Clubs 1; *Scientific Society* 2, 4; *Mendel Club* 2; *Football Band* 1, 2, 3; *Worcester Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

Having at an early age conquered the wiles of the wily saxophone, Jim decided to lay the instrument aside long enough to receive an education. Since he was learned in the way of the Arts, he decided to give the Labs a try. With this thought in mind Jim became a man of the Sciences.

That Jim mastered the saxophone is well known from his performances at Freshman receptions. Because of his absence from the musical clubs proper, it is rumored that he was unable to stand the night-life involved. His musical talent was not, however, confined to the sax for we have yet to see an instrument that did not yield to his soothing touch and relieve itself of some kind of a melody.

After four years of the Sciences we do not know just what Jim thinks of them, but we do know that he will never regret, nor will we forget, the four years he spent with us, not even that famous second year at Holy Cross.

His adventures in chasing the sly gametophyte, his amateur cartoons (drawn in psike and ethics), his wit and ready smile, style him as one of the more prominent members of nineteen thirty-one.

JOSEPH MATTHEW CONNOR, A.B.

Fall River, Mass.

Debating 1; *Freshman Night; Freshman Reception* 2, 3, 4; *Sodality; Sanctuary Society; Dramatics* 2, 3; *Fall River Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Aquinas Circle; B. J. F.* 3; *Class Football* 2, 3, 4; *Class Soccer* 4; *Class Hockey* 3, 4; *Class Basketball* 3, 4; *Duffel Club; Senior Ball Committee.*

Behold "L'Allegro," the cure for the blues, in the person of Joseph Matthew Connor. To us he is just plain Joe, a man who began his career at Holy Cross unwittingly as a remedy for that dreadful disease nostalgia, and ended his college days as an excitator (the technical term applies to a raucous sort of person who penetrates the privacy of your slumber chamber at approximately seven A. M. with a blatant warning about the evils of missing Mass and the terror of the blacklist). In the former role he was most successful and helped many a poor lad out of difficulty. In the latter he was not so successful and became the fleeing target of many a square-toed boot.

However, Joe's capacity for eking a laugh out of the most somber, forces us to forget his transgressions as a corridor caller and remember him for his virtues. Joe was not a glory seeker and did not confine himself to one or two activities wherein he could have excelled. Rather he lent his talents to almost every organization on the Hill. He has made trips with the Musical Clubs (as a guest), kept score for the basketball team, been a frequent performer on the Fenwick stage, a prominent figure in class athletics. In short, he has been everything from a business man to an athlete, but we prefer to remember him merely as the blithe spirit of the class.

LEO MATHIAS COONEY, A.B.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Class Football 1, 2, 3, 4, *Manager* 3, 4; *Manager Freshman Basketball* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Rhode Island Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Sodality.*

Although cognizant of the fact that most renowned diplomats usually are known by a more elaborate praenomen than "Cy," here is one who stands most deserving of the title, Diplomat of the class. To those of us who have been fortunate enough to receive his salutations and farewells, he has been placarded in our memory as a victor in defeat and a preserver of reserves. However, let it be clearly understood that Cy's outstanding characteristics are not confined to the above fields of activity. His paternal advice has been most efficient in guiding his classmates along intellectual, economic, and social purusits. His exact opinions on subjects of general interest—"looked at in themselves and in all their essential relations"—have found ardent adherents and rabid dissenters. In cases of this sort "Cy" hurled diplomacy to the winds.

Notwithstanding the fact that "Cy" was not a member of the varsity football team, he certainly displayed preeminent brilliance in his capacity of holding the line for dear old '31. Among his most notable achievements and diplomatic acts on the hill was the event which took place on the Library steps when G. K. Chesterton had a man to man conversation with him.

We look forward to behold "Cy" as one of the most successful personages of the class. His position in the business world will be an enviable one if his college activities and triumphs may be taken as a barometer of his future achievements.

FRANCIS DAVID COSTELLO, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Reception* 4; *Senior Ball Committee.*

It has been said that great things come in small packages. In proof of this we offer Frank as an example. In recording an appreciation of him we find difficulty, not in finding particularly laudable features, but in adequately describing his fundamental qualities. Throughout our four years we have felt the warmth of his ready smile, the kindliness of his interest and unselfish aid. His character did much to dispel the gloom of wintry days.

Somewhere way back before his advent to Mt. St. James Frank was labelled "Pete" and so well did the nickname stick that by it we best know him. "Pete" is small, but of his ability to do things in a big way there is no doubt. As Worcester Club chairman he put over, in senior, a smashing social success which has not since been duplicated. In fact, during the final year the little mite was "the power" of the Worcester Club. However "Costy" did not confine his activities to the Worcester Club entirely and we found him listed among the committee-men of almost every class activity. In Junior and Senior, "Pete" chose pedagogy as a supplement to his philosophy courses. Could you but hear this young man discourse upon the principles of education you would know that here at Holy Cross we have a future educator.

GEORGE EARL COTE, A.B.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Springfield Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3, *News Editor* 4; *Freshman Reception* 2; *Freshman Debating; Philomath* 3; *French Academy; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Assistant Manager of Track* 1, 2; *Tennis Manager* 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4.

"Gawge" aspired in a quiet way ever since Freshman. In his last year he crowned these aspirations by possessing himself of the coveted managership of Tennis. George always did do things in a thorough way; he is that type. He also had his eye set on an especially lucrative position that, however, never came his way.

It might appear that we are talking about a George; yes, true; George Coté the man who conquered without effort and unconsciously moved in and out of the esoteric circles here at Holy Cross, who was a friend of all the boys and a topic of conversation that enlivened many dulling sessions.

When first the faculty glimpsed the roster of the Freshman class the name Coté conjured up a picture of the illustrious George's predecessor of the same surname whose career was a blaze of honour on the baseball field. But George did not follow this line of athletic conquest; the field of brains was the battlefield upon which he fought many an imaginary enemy. The brawn of his still remembered forerunner had its effect on George to the extent that it developed in our classmate a powerfully set jaw and a stoically taciturn demeanor—qualities which we shall always remember as characteristic of one of the finest.

DANTE VINCENT CRAPOLICCHIO, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Chemist Club; Scientific Society; Mendel Club; Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

From the far shores of Italy came the immortal Dante to the literary world; and now from the lofty hills of Massachusetts comes another Dante . . . another son of Italy . . . our Dante, of Holy Cross, to the medical world. Scion of an ancient and honorable lineage, Vergil, Raphael, Dante, and Mussolini . . . "Viva! Dante!!" Vergil traced the glories of Roman tradition; Dante plumbed the depths of the Inferno; our Dante solved the mysteries of biological and chemical intrigue. Had Darwin been assisted in his laboratory research by Dr. Crappolichio, then certainly would the objective validity of his theories have been accepted with formal certitude by mankind. O tempora! O mores! That Darwin lived before his time! Authority par excellence on the elusive chromosomes, the intricate vertebræ, Dante has written his name in the scrolls of the Purple tradition. Not alone in the medical department is our hero famed. Ask the professors of the philosophy department! Schopenhauer, Kant, Descartes and Nietzsche have all fallen before his analytical and pentrating, "nego majorem, and sub-distinguo minorem."

A hard and sincere worker is Dante. From Freshman year perseverance and courage in surmounting the difficulties bestrewing his path, have been characteristic notes of his make-up. As success must lie ahead of him we raise our voices now in salutation, "Viva Dante!"

ALFRED PAUL CRAVEDI, PH.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2; *Track* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Among the Worcester contingent is Al, a ruddy cheeked son of Erin as the above photo testifies. Coming from the North High School with an enviable record as a trackman, Al, early in his Freshman year, joined Bart Sullivan's squad. To his ability in this line may be ascribed his success in reaching Mt. St. James each morning across the hills and dales of Worcester. Al raced against time each day just managing, however, on each occasion to get in under the wire at 8.59. Al's one desire has been to give the world a detailed record of the life of his idol, Mussolini. Noontimes found him in the Day Scholars' room holding in sway Worcester's collegians with his eloquent tributes to the mastery and the brilliance of Italy's Il Duce. We are sure that when Al finishes his masterpiece, that Italy's dictator will not go unhonored or unsung. As Johnson had his Boswell, so also has Benito his Cravedi.

Dame Gossip has said that Al may shortly go to Italy to teach the young Blackshirts, for in Junior year he added the study of education to his curriculum. A trip into Mr. O'Gorman's class will show plainly the seriousness with which Al has applied himself. Such application augurs well for future success in the field of education—a success which will be well merited.

GEORGE DAVID CROMBIE, PH.B.

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Football* 1, 2, 3; *Hartford Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; K. of C.*

Here is a quiet, unassuming chap whose capabilities are known to only a few of his intimates. George is so modest that no one thought to vote him "most modest." That is indeed the essence of modesty.

From the outset, George made many and staunch friends due to his likeable disposition and calm, even temper. Never did he refuse anyone a Lucky and we fear that he will never be classed among the millionaires until he collects a few of the loans he made during his four years here.

The press of studies and the demands of his extra-curricular activities prevented us from knowing the real man for a long time. However, it is the lasting regret of those who have come to realize the value of his friendship that graduation will separate him from us all too soon. Four years of strenuous college life, especially as it is lived on this mountain, have been known to ruffle the dignity and reserve of all of us—but George has never lost the cheerful willingness to oblige, the quality which first won our admiration. Generous, good-natured and smiling, we say farewell to George with the hope of meeting him later on—and we know that he will be the same loyal friend.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CRONIN, PH.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 4.

The opening of Sophomore year found Joe returning to his home city and becoming a member of the class of Holy Cross—our heritage from St. Anselm's. Because of the fact that he was a day student and one to whom the closing bell of class was the signal for a fast start down the hill, it was difficult for many to enjoy the privilege of a close association with him. However, those who were included in the range of his friendship found him unasuming although possessed of a natural cleverness and a likeable nature. As friendship grew, these characteristics formed bonds of good fellowship which were both respected and esteemed.

It often seemed that one of his favorite duties was to arouse drowsy sleepers on late sleep mornings and although possessed of a well modulated and pleasing voice at these times the sound of his approach was not welcomed. Joe has proven himself a capable student with a liking for philosophical discussions in which he has manifested the value of the well-worn distinctions. Joe leaves the school, but we take his memory with us.

JOHN TOUGAS CROTEAU, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Musical Club, Band* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; French Academy* 1; *Freshman Reception.*

For four years has John climbed to the heights of Mt. St. James from the lowlands of Main south in pursuit of wisdom. Coming from St. John's High, John soon revealed to us that he was a master of the Classics in virtue of the ease with which he translated the intricate sentences of the Latin and Greek authors. When Junior year rolled around and entrance was made into the hallowed realms of philosophy, John again revealed that he was as clever solving the difficulties of Kant, Hume and the rest as he was at translating Plato, Euripides or Cicero. However, lest one might surmise that "J. T." has devoted all his hours to books, it might be well to mention the fact that the Musical Clubs, in particular the band, claimed much of his attention. In this organization he revealed his ability not only as a trombonist but also as a humorist. Many a tiresome bus ride was relieved of its monotony by his witty remarks. By the way, you know John organized the "Mickey Mouse Club" (a carefully selected group of band members and *ipso facto* became President. John and his banjo were also the means of much appreciated pleasure at numerous entertainments.

ROBERT STEPHEN CROWE, B.S.

UNIONVILLE, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Basketball* 1; *Baseball* 1; *Scientific Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Mendel Academy* 2; *K. of C.; Hartford Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

For taciturnity, Cal Coolidge has nothing on Bob Crowe. It has been estimated that Bob spoke less than one thousand words for four years at Holy Cross. This is truly a remarkable record of which to boast, particularly when the output of verbiage of the rest of the senior class would float—or more probably sink—the whole American navy. But such silence is an excellent indicator of character. Bob's quietness has denoted not an inability to talk, not a lack of subject matter nor the wherewithal to put that matter across.

What it most surely shows is Bob's quiet wisdom, the type possessed by the onlooker who is amused with the useless writhings of those whom he placed beneath his mental microscope. Realizing the wastefulness of the lost motion involved in talking, Bob has devoted himself with the steadiness of a vowed anchorite to the perusal of tome after tome on the sciences. And in the pursuit of the battered Muse of success he has attained excellent marks.

But beware lest you mistake the gentleman for a passive and inactive type of fellow. See that wicked little gleam in his eye? Well that betokens as surely as does the silence, a depth of feeling which, once stirred and aroused, could scarcely be equalled in length or intensity by any of the professional joy-hounds. Well balanced in character, studious, friendly, and loyal, Bob has gone the timeworn path of the Holy Cross man through four years of hard work to well-earned graduation.

JOHN M. CURLEY, PH.B.

PORTLAND, ME.

Mendel Academy 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Scientific Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Maine Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Faculty Banquet Committee* 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff.*

Enter Lord Curley, prince of the Beta Betas, man of the world, gentleman of fashion, scientist, good-fellow. Only a chosen few have been able to make the grade necessary for a delightful intimacy with this fasty supreme. But those who have, may easily make their thanksgiving of: "better to have come and just met Curley, than never to have come at all." Perhaps they will recall the way he impressed some of us. A young fellow with a thoroughbred air about him, like the impress of travel and fine tastes, an intriguing aroma of having been places and seen things, of having tasted and broken many things (hearts, homes and mud-guards especially). A gentleman, courteous in all things. Destined he is for the best that the best of society can offer, by eminent right of his manners, Byronesque appearance, keen intelligence and polished diplomacy.

Some day we hope that it shall be Lord Curley of the British Royal Society of Physicians and Surgeons. We speculate on just how valuable he really would be in a flu epidemic, or an outbreak of East-side cholera, but in minor ailments like a severe attack of ennui, it would most certainly be very relieving, and very fashionable to have Dr. Curley in attendance.

In the meantime, Jack, don't forget to say goodbye to Betty co-ed—the whole thirty of her.

ROBERT THOMAS CURRAN, A.B.

NEW YORK CITY

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Debating; Metropolitan Club* 1, 2, 3, 4, *Dance Committee; Philomath* 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Senior Ball Committee.*

Bob is one of those rare humans who apparently go through life without a worry. Perhaps he has one or two, but if he does, he never lets anyone in on the secret, which is, after all, one of the ways to make the world happier. Bob chuckles good-humoredly at the world and its foibles. Such things as exams, graduation, women, and the one hundred and one other items which cause college seniors to lose their hair hold no terrors for Babe.

But Bob has a great deal more depth than most of his casual acquaintances believe. His happy-go-lucky disposition and his everlasting smile often hide the more serious parts of his make-up.

Bob is a real student, though by no means a grind. He studied only a normal amount during his years at college, but his grades proved inevitably far above the average. Open any Latin or Greek author studied in Freshman or Sophomore, and Bob can translate with ease passages the majority have long since forgotten. His gift for learning rapidly and retaining what he has learned should take him far on the road to success.

Yet his wisdom is not alone scholarly; rather does it possess a pleasing tang of worldliness, at once deep and understanding, labelling him as a true man of the world.

CHARLES FRANCIS DALY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Debating; French Academy; Junior Prom Committee; Freshman Reception Committee* 3, 4; *Class Ring Committee; Civil Service* 4; *Senior Ball Committee.*

In every group of graduates, one always stands out as a budding politician, as one who will some day wield the gavel of public trust. Our nominee is bustling, smiling Charles F., nor do we feel that he will be far from the "people's choice" of the city in the heart of the commonwealth.

The mere mention of Charles Daly always awakens the recollection of Deac Riedl, for these two men have continued the friendship, formed in High School days, through their four years on the Hill. We have often heard of men of opposite temperament becoming fast friends and in Charley and Paul we have another example. Paul is the retiring scholar, Charlie the unquenchable fount of anecdotes.

We have discovered a certain efficient, yet friendly way about Charley that has inspired a feeling of confidence in his ability to do things right. For in the various offices which have been entrusted to him, Charley has shown a marked capacity for success. Consider his activities for making our Junior Prom so enjoyable. Consider his unselfish and highly satisfactory work on the Class Ring Selection Committee. Consider his prominence in the different functions of the Worcester Undergraduate Club. All these he did in that same easy and business-like manner which we feel sure will carry him to the highest success.

JAMES JOSEPH DEELEY, A.B.

WATERBURY, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Waterbury Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Club Dance Chairman* 3, 4; *K. of C.; Purple Key* 4; *Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Civil Service* 3, 4; *Dramatics* 1, 2, 3, 4, *Vice-President* 4; *Manager Track* 4; *Freshman Reception* 1, 2, 3; *Senior Ball Committee.*

In a school whose members are entirely of the rugged and graceless sex, the dramatic moderator always sighs with the greatest relief when someone like Jim Deeley puts in an appearance—for Jim in his four years up here has been the feminine lead in every dramatic production—to say nothing of the various parts he has portrayed in the Freshman Receptions. Disguised beneath heavy layers of makeup, he has seen men fight for the favor of his smile; and to arouse such action in a group of typical Cross men, we beg to explain, is more than a mere accomplishment—it closely approximates a miracle.

But after the final curtain descends and the footlights are extinguished, Jim turns his attention to another task which demands as much genius and is directly contrary to the art of acting, and that is the managing of Bart Sullivan's speedsters. The tact and patience required to pacify the demands of gargantuan weight heavers and temperamental sprinters who are endlessly seeking new spikes, sweat-pants and towels, is indescribable. And yet Jimmy performed the feat with a seemingly effortless ease. Now that graduation brings to a close '31's participation in college activities, we look to Jim to carry on in the way he performed up here.

JOHN JEREMIAH DINNEAN, PH.B.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

New Haven Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

And here is another of the New Haven contingent. Although Jack lived all his life in the shadow of a quite-well-known institution of higher education, when the time came to choose an Alma Mater, he fared forth to unknown fields like the true Crusader that he is. Four years have passed, much has transpired, and yet Jack is still faring forth. For the first two years of '31's career Jack was "one of the boys." He lived with us, ate with us, smoked our cigarettes, and—but the points enumerated should be enough to prove our contention.

When we took possession of Beaven, Jack was missing and then we realized how much his hearty greeting and good-natured smile had meant to us. Our fears were allayed, however, for Jack was present at the "Schola Brevis." We then found to our consternation that he had transferred his allegiance. Worcester had claimed him for her own, and he had responded. Some attributed this change to Jack's roving spirit, some to the loss of his dashing room-mate (he of the immortal skiing outfit). Whatever the reason, needless to say, it must have been sufficient.

We have forgiven many things, but we never felt that a man who would leave these hallowed walls for a front room at one of Worcester's better boarding houses, would ever regain his former prestige. We were wrong and Jack quickly re-established himself and won in our regard a favor even greater than that which he had previously achieved.

BERNARD LEO DOHENY, A.B.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Fitchburg Club 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Class Football* 3, 4; *Class Basketball* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3; *Freshman Reception* 1, 2; *B. J. F.* 1, 2, 3; *Class Soccer* 4; *K. of C.*

Four years ago Fitchburg, the town of the great, decided to be generous and bestow a ray of its brilliance by giving to us a gentleman with the body of a mite—but the heart of a lion. Bunny is known to the class as the "Mighty Atom" because of his fearless dashes in the blood-curdling inter-class football clashes with the "Pony" backfield that didn't pony and his breath-taking speed in the class basketball games.

Not only did he display his inimitable originality upon the athletic field but has also shown great finesse as a dancer par excellence, a degree of perfection that would make "Terpsichore" herself look club footed.

In his Senior year Bunny forsook the "Wolves of Wall Street" to puzzle through the "indications of motivations of learning" in the brilliant education course. Even there the intricacies of education failed to deter him from attaining a high average. In fact, in study or in play Bun was a leader.

Ostensibly and orally his social activities were not numerous until late in college life, but this only served to make it more alluring, and if popularity outside can be gauged by the popularity and esteem in which Bunny is held by his classmates, he is sure to be a busy man. After four years at Holy Cross, Bunny is above all a man of principles who is fearless in upholding the right regardless of attendant discomforts.

EDWARD MATTHEW DOUGHERTY, A.B.

EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

Holyoke Club 3, 4; *Sodality* 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Class Football* 4; *Class Basketball* 4; *Class Soccer* 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Senior Banquet Committee.*

In Junior year he dropped out of a clear sky into our midst —unknown. In two weeks, he was a campus character, and for two years ever since has remained impregnably in that position. Part of his sudden and longstanding success is no doubt due to the defense which his room-mate, "the great McGivern," is ever ready to launch into at the drop of the hat. Doc not only denies this but claims he is the one who made McGivern. The discussion usually ends in blows wherein Mac when sufficiently bruised and mauled, loudly asks Doc has he had enough.

But usually as far as his classmates are concerned Doc can say, do, and have anything he wants. It is the heritage of popularity and Doc has it a hundredfold. For behind his laughing, swash-buckling facade is a ready intelligence, a tremendous humor, and a great heart. Yes, we mean you, you big, broad-shouldered mountaineer, you. And in saying goodbye we want you to know we loved you dearly all this long while for you were one of nature's noblemen always—your heart upon your sleeve. It is not for us now to see the cards that the fates are dealing us all, but when we meet again in future days, we swear to you now, Doc, out will go our hand to you and in our hearts will be the words "Egad, thank Heaven, for a man of too strong mettle for the world to contaminate or custom to spoil."

JAMES JOSEPH DOYLE, A.B.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Tomahawk Editorial Board 4; PATCHER *Staff; Holyoke Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Purple* 4.

Reader, as you gaze upon the calm determination of this face, the lofty brow, the classic gloom, no doubt you say to yourself here certainly is a picture of a prematurely profound man, an introvert, a thinker, and you are right. Many of us will remember him for his unorthodox pre-exam behavior. While everyone else, it seems, is tearing around trying to collect enough scraps of learning to get the gentleman's mark at all costs, Jim could be seen quietly reading somebody's latest. His marks led us to believe the latter. Ask the unusual Jim anything literary, whether it pertain to Spenser's "Fairie Queen" or Edward Arlington Robinson's latest, and you will receive the proper evaluation, for Jim is undoubtedly our widest-read man. A man of moods we often suspected, yet dared not make free to sound his depths or intrude upon his privacy. And well could he afford to live his quiet, independent, thoughtful existence, for in his possession was the priceless heritage of acquaintance with the richest learning of the past, and a judiciously poised appraisal of the present, while all the while there rested in his hand awaiting the call, a clarion pen, more powerful than any orator's thunder or politician's wiles, a pen that could describe or criticize, praise or excoriate, expound or propose with equal force and facility.

GEORGE DRAPEAU, JR., A.B.

BRUNSWICK, ME.

Musical Clubs 1; *Maine Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Debating; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee* 3; *Tomahawk* 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Purple Key* 4.

George is possessed of that rare combination, a deep mind and a light heart. He is a genuine student, but not a "grind"; an intensive and discriminating reader, but not a book-worm; a real good-fellow, but not a time-waster.

There are few who are able to boast as many close friends as George can number. His sincerity wins him into the most intimate confidence of those who really know him. Many are the precious pills of advice that this sage of twenty-two has had to administer to less worldly-wise companions who have come to him laden with the weighty problems of life and love which beset the college senior.

Though Gorge may live in a small town in a sparsely settled state, he is the most cosmopolitan of the cosmopolitans. His ideas are as broad as his girls are numerous, though his heart is as fickle as they are lovely. He is at home in the ship-yards at Bath and the Copley in Boston; in a Pullman car or "on the road"; in a drawing-room conversation or a collegiate bull-session. George enjoys the present, in whatever circumstances it may find him placed, but he never loses sight of the future. With such assets as these, we feel certain that he will meet with success and happiness, in whatever field he chooses.

THOMAS SAXTON DROHAN, A.B.

BROCKTON, MASS.

Sodality; Aquinas Circle; Brockton Club; Boston Club.

Tom came to Holy Cross at the commencement of junior year when '31 had just succeeded to the princedom of the hill. With two years of work at St. Anselm's for background, he threw himself into the life of the class and in a short space of time had swiftly built up friendships, which ordinarily would have been two years in the ripening. From an added and strange face he grew to be one of the familiars in the class, and the dean's office, particularly, has well noted his scholastic ability.

Binding his abilities in and out of class with a most likeable personality, by senior year the chrism of his adoption had faded quite away and he was one of us. Everything that was Holy Cross or of Holy Cross was a matter of interest for Tom. He had more than three-corridors-full of friendship—he knew and was known by groups of underclassmen. Tom was esteemed in class as a seer of reliable abilities and his prognostications on examinations were sure-fire.

Making up his two years of absence, Tom walked about the city with the indefatigability worthy of a cross-country man. He was reserved by nature, but the acquaintances he made at school and in town formed an important part of his social activities. Life on the hill bore down at times, but in the grayest moment there was a compensation always to be had, a cheery hello and smile from Tom.

HUGH ALOYSIUS DUGGAN, A.B.

NEW BEDFORD MASS.

Sodality 4; *Aquinas Circle; New Bedford Club* 4; *Sanctuary Society.*

Not until Senior year had dawned upon us did the be-ulstered Hugh join the ranks of the class of '31. Coming to us with the last traces of theological training clouding his thinker's brow he soon settled down in the Cross routine and after shifting his domicile with the waywardness of an Omar, snuggled into one of Loyola's rooms with the embattled Will Woods. Of friends he soon had plenty. The anecdotes of cloistered halls put a wizard's spell upon many an embryo cynic.

With wrinkled forehead he frowned his way through many a philosophy class and was the sensation of the education course. He was a "pater confessionis" for many a world-wearied senior; yet setting the world to rights for others he carried a burden of his own, unknown to his circle of acquaintances. Many was the night he awoke at three in the morning to smoke an hurried cigarette while his stormy petrel of a soul was buffeted by strange thoughts.

And many were the occasions when Willie and Hugh met on the field of forensic combat; many the times when Hugh mingled, a playful sprite, with his next-door neighbors and some of the other boys on the corridor. His poise and ease, his readiness to mix on any kind of good time, his stalwart personality, but made his friends regret they had not known him longer. Hugh is a dreamer, an idealist; his head is ever in the clouds and the gods smile upon him.

STEPHEN JOSEPH DUPSKEY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Worcester Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Have you witnessed in the past few years the trend of Worcester citizens toward the better things in life? Steve alone is responsible, for he educated them along these lines. He has begun quite early in life his mission of guiding and directing his fellow men toward intellectual development. For throughout his Junior and Senior years he has been relieving the toiling Worcesterites of their hard-earned cash in return for literature that is guaranteed to place them in closer touch with the humanities, to broaden their views, and to elevate their souls. It requires strategy and executive ability to put such a plan across and Steve was the one behind the scenes.

He directed the activity of several salesmen whose tenacity and singleness-of-purpose in making a sale resulted from the influence of their manager. This managerial ability Steve brought into the classroom as a perusal of the Dean's list will attest, for regardless of his outside activities Steve always found time to prepare his lessons and remain well up in his classes. Though his business ventures kept him on the go, each social event found Steve present and we have often wondered how business men learn to dance so well. So little time did he spend among us that for long he was an enigma, but we soon came to know him and like him.

THOMAS FRANCIS DWYER, A.B.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *R. I. Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Mendel Society* 3, 4; *Scientific Society* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Class Hockey* 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

"Oh, I enjoyed my sojourns in Panama and San Francisco, but I shall never forget the thrilling moments experienced in Tia Juana"—thus Tom would begin his most interesting and fascinating descriptions of his adventuresome days. Reserve and sobriety were his outstanding characteristics, nevertheless he had a most intriguing power of placing himself into one's friendship—and staying there. His constant perusal of the mail boxes in behalf of Mullen, Cooney et al exemplifies but one phase of his graciousness.

If after the corridor lights had been extinguished, a shrill, piercing and rather annoying noise was heard re-echoing through Lower Loyola, be assured it was only one of Tom's periodic chuckles, caused by another of his roommate's witticisms. Aside from this, we must mention his most worthy attempts to revive the Cossack uniform.

Tom listened to the plaudits accorded to the classics and the pure sciences and with Socratic wisdom and Portian decision, he chose the happy medium—a cultured scientist. He possesses the Dionysian spirit in maintaining that life without laughter is death.

With his ready smile, bubbling good spirits, argumentative powers, his ability to mix with his fellows, his unruffled temper, secure knowledge of his own mental achievements, he remains one of the more colorful of the many "species rememorativae" which we will carry away from the vast assorted mass of phantasms impressed on us during four years.

THOMAS WILLIAM EARLS, A.B.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Glee Club* 1; *Dramatic Society* 1, 2; *Junior Prom Committee; Ohio Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Golf* 2, 3, *Captain* 4; *Purple Key; Aquinas Circle; Senior Ball Committee.*

Why does everyone hear "'Lo Tom" and "Hi Tom"? Why? Because the whole world loves a lover. During the first two years we enjoyed his prodigiously good nature, we relished his puns, we feared his explosive repartées, we admired his versatility. An eventful summer ensued and we soon realized the truth of Pope's epigram, "Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul." He was no longer our Tommy. We aghastly agreed that it was an aguish malady, we were agitated when we saw the agglomeration of Cincinnati postmarked letters in his possession and we marvelled at the persistency of this aggressor. Then followed the awakening. Smith and Regis lost their lure; North Carolina and New Rochelle ebbed into oblivion. Love, thy mystic art is powerful!

Meanwhile Tom shot better and better golf. We wonder if the boons attached to tournaments have not spurred him on to remarkably low scores and to victory. At present he consistently obtains the object of his quest.

We praise Tom's taste; we admire his aims; we esteem his friendship; in short—we are selfishly proud to have him as a classmate. Moreover we respect the philosophy of the agile mind which holds as a basic tenet that man, if proximately disposed, can invariably secure the aim of his desire.

WILLIAM THOMAS EARLS, A.B.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Class President 3, 4; *Football Manager* 4, *Assistant* 1, 2, 3; *Purple Key* 4; *Senior Council* 4; *Student Council* 3; PATCHER *Staff; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Ohio Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dramatics* 1; *Glee Club* 1; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Athletic Association* 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ladies and gentlemen, the President! Bill, whose beaming countenance smiles so warmly from atop this page, guided the destinies of 1931 for the last half of its existence as an undergraduate unit.

Bill's assets are really too numerous to mention in this limited space. He has poise and personality and good looks and a good head. He has depth and vision; knowledge and common sense. He is an interesting talker and an interested listener. But above all, he is a born leader. Bill's heart and soul were with the class, and the class was heart and soul with Bill. He managed the football team with characteristic efficiency, and gained the admiration of all with whom that position brought him into contact. His qualities of leadership were manifested in his lighter pursuits as well as in his official duties. Whenever the "gang" was divided on what to do or how to do it, Bill was always consulted, and never failed to find a solution acceptable to everyone.

Bill was equally popular with the members of the fair sex as he was with the fellows. Many a maiden took pride in having him as her escort at a prom, but we have a lurking suspicion that a certain lovely creature from his home town had all prior claims to his affections.

DAVID M. ELWOOD, PH.B.

DALTON, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *L. S. H.; Berkshire Club* 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; PATCHER *Staff*.

Romantic writers and gypsy fortune tellers, allied in their common approval of the tall, dark and handsome type of man, would find Dave the embodiment of their very ideals. His six feet two inches of physical perfection; dark, curly hair and well moulded features are the envy of many less fortunate companions. Nor would it be amiss to add that the same ensemble was undoubtedly the motivating force that caused countless hearts of the fairer sex to beat just a little bit faster at his approach.

It is strange that with this attribute of external attractiveness an individual could possess the deep trend of thought and seriousness of outlook that are so characteristic of the Dave whom we have come to know and appreciate, through the medium of association. Ever gracious, ever cordial and conversant with every known subject, he is the type of man whose friends number legion. Most admirable of all, however, is the fact that his wide ability is not manifested by a garrulous tongue. Rather, Dave will always be remembered as the strong, silent type whose every word is carefully chosen. It will be a pleasure in future years to recall to mind the memories we'll hold for Dave and his rare perfections.

RAYMOND JOSEPH FANELLI, A.B.

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2; *Class Football* 1; *Aquinas Circle; Hartford Club; Mendel Club.*

Behold black, wavy hair, flashing eyes, a pleasant round face, sometimes a heavy beard or the essayment of a Van Dyke or moustache and who have we? Our Ray.

We admit a weakness in Ray—his preference for the wearing of the green, manifest in anything from shirts, ties, suspenders or sweaters, much to the aversion of a certain chemistry professor. His motive is uncertain to us but perhaps we can apply the classical saying "cherchez la femme."

Like every normal student Ray has passed through the stages of poetical composition, track, tennis and finally pre-med, coming out in his senior year grown up (an inch or two) with a wider view of life. Though Ray comes from that spot made famous over night by the insinuations of a former History Professor we shall pass over that fact as he has other promising features. We often wondered why there was so much secrecy about his room, what with secret knockings, locked doors and class absences and then a new victrola springing into view, but we shall put that on the records of unsolved mysteries.

After years of struggle we can but offer best wishes in all future work and success in the practice of medicine.

FRANCIS LEO FARRELL, A.B.

RUMFORD, ME.

Maine Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Sanctuary Society.*

An unassuming lad from Maine came with us to Holy Cross in 1927 and it was some time before we knew that he was here. When, however, the day came, on which the last of our pecuniary resources had vanished and cigarettes could be had only by asking, Frank was discovered as the "rara avis" whose generosity never slipped a cog. Since then he has never refused, no matter what one wanted. It wasn't long before we found that he was most anxious to travel. It is interesting to note that this nomadic urge usually led to Gardiner.

Frank enjoys the company of Morpheus so thoroughly that it would take a better man than his roommate to bring him back to the realm of reality. This, however, may be in great part due to the roommate. In an ardent endeavor to teach Tack the "ins" and "outs" of modern society, Frank has so wearied himself that what sleep he manages to get is well deserved. Then, too, Tack plays the French horn and the banjo. While Frank has learned to tap-dance, undoubtedly because of his close association with the rhythm of the banjo, he has never been able to sleep when the hour of the siesta arrives, because of his roommate's musical abilities.

Frank, although shunning the limelight, has been always ready to help any one of us. He has the power of making people staunch friends of his.

JAMES JOHN FARRELL, PH.B.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Freshman Football, Basketball, Baseball; Class Treasurer 2; *Varsity Football* 2, 3, 4; *Basketball* 2, 3, *Captain* 4.

To attempt to portray in limited space the character of the man whose deeds have been lauded in the columns of every paper and whose fame has been orchestrated by the singing wires of the Associated Press, is a foolhardy venture destined to inadequacy. Tubber--the man who out-Ticknored the All-American Ticknor—the center who caught a punt—who outplayed the heralded Siano—who led the purple basketball squad through a trying season—but it is futile to continue, for the accomplishments are seemingly endless.

But even more remarkable is the fact that the Tubber Farrell, man about campus, prince of good fellows and friend is as famous a personage and as likeable a personality as the Captain Farrell of athletic fame. Blessed with a southern drawl and the slow gestures of a southern gentleman of the old school, Jim is one of the most popular men to ever climb the not so gentle undulations of Mt. St. James. Add to this the fact that he is one of the most handsome of the class components and the complete personality is more than good—it's darn near perfect. But we are not finished. All this is further augmented by the remarkable gift of harmony which made him always in demand in the quartettes which every campus boasts.

Thus it is that Holy Cross suffers a real loss when Tubber takes the high road to new adventure—for a man of such individuality, geniality and versatility is indeed a rare creature.

JOHN JOSEPH FEELEY, PH.B.
WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, *Dance Committee,* 4; *Baseball* 4; *Debating* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

After an extended vacation from the hallowed hill of Mt. St. James, Jack returned to bolster the list of the class of thirty-one and in the short period of but a few weeks, so strongly entrenched himself in the eyes of those who were, for the most part, meeting him for the first time, that he is now considered as one of the finest which the class boasts. Possessed with a skill in baseball which could hardly be excelled even by Barry's ball-hawks, Jack was kept out of the regular batting order because of his late arrival. However, he kept in touch with the sport even while in the classroom for he had the unique experience of being tutored by one of his team-mates of a few years back.

There are few men who can leave school and then return to the comparatively monotonous grind of school work—for to do so requires a patience and genius which are denied most mortals. It is for this reason that we view Jack with such admiration. Moreover, to return and not only successfully overcome scholastic barriers, but to enter whole-heartedly into extra-curricular activity is a feat nothing short of miraculous. And yet Jack did just this—and did it with an ease which made the effort seem perfectly simple. It has been indeed a misfortune for the class that Jack was not with us for the entire four years.

DANIEL EDWARD FENTON, A.B.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Sodality 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Class Soccer* 4; *Class Basketball* 4.

Ed came to the Cross at the beginning of junior year, but in the short stretch of time since then his acclimatization and finding of friends has been most rapid and thorough. Of a quiet nature his character has been revealed quietly and, to those intimates of his, the disclosures have only strengthened the bonds of acquaintanceship. His activities have been confined almost entirely to strictly curricular activities, but his interest in school affairs never lagged and his brief but shrewd comments were often eagerly culled by the more observing.

Ed comes from the city of Holyoke, that fair blossom of the Connecticut Valley, and his interest in the undergraduate club of that town has been most deep. Whenever there was any steady, earnest work to be done, Ed was always ready and eager to render his capable services. His scholastic averages are well up. His sincerity and good will have demonstrated themselves to scores of students.

JOSEPH LAWRENCE FINN, B.S.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Scientific Society 1, 2, 3, 4; *Mendel Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *N. E. Penn. Club* 1, 2, *Vice-President* 3, *President* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Nexus Club* 2, 3, 4.

We find it too much of a task for our limited vocabulary and the allotted space to express the sentiments of thirty-one toward Joe.

He has proved to us that the ideal of a "gentleman and a scholar" can be actually realized. And to prove anything to this class is quite an achievement in itself—as any of our professors will assure you.

Joe had very little trouble substantiating the "scholar" part of this claim for those qualities which distinguish a scholar from "the rest of us" are most evident in him. Witness his conquests in any line of scholastic endeavor whether it be a philosophical treatise, structural formula or dimensional equation. In the Chem Lab he is a "wiz," especially in the conservation of ethanol.

But it must not be supposed that Joe's activities were confined to college. It may have been because he desired a change of scenery, (as he will in all probability assure you) but very few Saturday nights found him on the Hill. And a strange thing about these weekly excursions is that their destinations seldom remained constant. There must be many feminine hearts who felt that the favor of the gods is indeed fickle.

JOSEPH JAMES FINNERAN, A.B.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Manager Basketball 3; *Manager Frosh Basketball* 2; *R. I. Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception Committee* 2; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle.*

Joe is another one of the legacies bestowed on the class of thirty-one by our generous brethren of thirty, and being of the same easy-going nature which seems characteristic of the thirtyites, Joe found no difficulty whatsoever in adapting himself into the new group. However, we suspect, though it grieves us to admit it, that Joe's interest was in his former class for it was in their midst that he rose to his highest prominence. As a Junior he managed the varsity basketball team and guided the destinies and fostered the welfare of this group of huskies through a most strenuous season. His efficiency in the position will be testified by many and to console, urge, counsel and guide a group of healthy students and still be efficient, is the height of achievement.

Joe by no means confined his activities to one sphere of endeavor, but attained a noteworthy proficiency in other and not so strenuous pursuits. Many an admiring audience breathed a sigh of envy as Joe set out to conquer the heart of fair damsel. (A few of them were even better than fair). As to his success in this line let the dinners and auto rides which were his reward, bear mute testimoney.

Our one wish is that Joe may instill in his business associates the same degree of admiration that was his while on the hill and may the success he enjoyed during his college career crown his efforts in after life.

DONALD HUGHES FITZGERALD, PH.B.

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Ring Committee; Frosh Reception Committee; Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Basketball* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Unheralded and unsung, came the ambassador from Southbridge into our midst, later to carve his niche in the Purple Hall of fame by the merits of his conquests on the gladiatorial field of battle and his associations in the wide range of friendships. An able warrior and a complete gentleman, he is truly one whose accomplishments are not confined to any one trend, but extend to the widest limits of good fellowship.

How often have we boasted of his bullet-like charges on the gridiron, awakening the memories of days on the greensward of the Stadium as his purple clothed form would crush the threats of opposition. A true description of his prowess baffles description. Off the field, on the other hand, the amiable, sincere nature of his acquaintanceship marks the true friend.

At the beginning of Junior year, Don discontinued the routine of many trips to hills outside of Worcester and with yearning eyes looked toward new horizons. Consequently we found him adding Providence, Boston and New York to his itinerary as stopping points in his social endeavors. Repeated trips to the skyscraper city on his part have given us grave cause for worry.

After four years with him we feel that what we know of his character can truly warrant our classifying him as one of nature's noblemen, a great athlete and a perfect friend.

EDWARD FRANCIS FLANAGAN, PH.B.
LOWELL, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4.

In Freshman year, Ned early come to our notice in virtue of his astounding prowess in McCarthy's Grill. But after watching the tremendous amount of energy Ned expended in perfecting his art as a hammer thrower, we concluded that this was but a necessary precaution. When, in Junior year, Ned, with universal acclaim, returned a victor from the Penn Relays, we recognized the veracity of the old homily: "To the victor belongs the prunes."

Among his extra-curricular activities, Ned was vanquished in a hair-raising contest for the presidency of the Herpicide Club. It is rumored that he lost out by a hair to Tom Goonan. But with his characteristic perserverance Ned is quickly remedying the defect.

Among the Lowellites, Ned also enjoys an enviable reputation and it is rumored that he is soon to run for Mayor of the Spindle City. We will vouch that he is eminently qualified for this in one respect—he is already an adept at kissing the babes and is practically assured of the women's votes.

As a thespian, Flang-dang could always be depended upon to afford spontaneous, weighty, and entirely unsuspected humor—much to the delight of the audience and Ned, but to the great discomfort of his fellow artistes, and, need we say, to the great detriment of the stage drops and boards. In parting, we hope that Ned finds someone who can not merely cook well—but cook plenty!

ALBERT BROGAN FORBES, A.B.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 3, 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Among Holy Cross' educational productions, there have been wits,—and lack wits, of course,—senators, great business men, editors, poets, writers, trolley-car conductors, cab-drivers, doctors, lawyers, and men of the cloth. But there is another rare species educed from the potency of the matter at the Cross—clever epigram-making cynics. Many aspire to the purple of that honor. But it is never thrust upon one, nor attained by guile. One must be born. And of all the subtle smoothies, that have ever strod on the campus, Al Forbes is by far the most famous. And deservedly so. Endowed with a natural propensity for satiric wit, driven by disparaging remarks on the massivity of his brain cavity to careful cultivation of that faculty, he has attained a renown that has permeated the school and seeped even into the Freshman class.

Al is famous. There is no getting away from that. There is not a senior who has not been saluted by Al; there is not a senior who is not on the best of terms with Al. Blessed with a voice whose capacity has never been fully revealed (due to the provisions against unseemly racket on the campus), Al has more than once quieted a group of scoffers with a few well-chosen words. Well known to the authorities, he has nevertheless had the pleasure of getting a Holy Cross sheepskin. Preferring the busy marts of men to the quiet nooks of study, he has nevertheless achieved scholastic success.

JOSEPH GERARD FOY, A.B.

QUINCY, MASS.

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Football* 2, 3; *Frosh Reception Committee* 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Senior Ball Committee; Aquinas Circle; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.*

Dud is the chief of the newly-organized Rodent Club. He's the self-appointed Number One man of the Crusader racketeers. And what a racket this junior Capone has manipulated by methods of such recondite devisal as might put to shame even the Chicago baron himself! Time and again was he put on the spot, and just as often the finger was placed on him, but every time old Number One came through heads up.

True enough, Bart the Bad almost got him for what looked like a double-crossing deal, when Dud deserted Bart's broad-jumping racket for that of tennis (Awful pun narrowly avoided). And certain "higher-hurry-up" influences succeeded in blacklisting Number One's wholesale poaching activities for a time,—but only for a time. Valuable political connections with Fall River authorities successfully overcame these temporary setbacks. And the scholastic racket tried its best all year long to take him for a ride over some pretty rough bumps, but the bumping part of Dud's anatomy proved tougher than the patience of the riders, and another triumph was chalked up for the chief. Stout fella that he was, Dud could not only dish it out, but he could down it as well, when circumstances made it necessary.

CLARENCE KENDALL FRASER, PH.B.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Pitter was one of the fast-disappearing, but envied group that boarded off-campus. Mornings he could be seen winding his way slowly up the back of the hill, placidly tramping through two or three feet of snow. Evenings before exams inevitably found him wandering about Loyola in search of someone who "knew the matter," and could unravel some knotty difficulty which was perplexing him. As a peace-offering, he rarely failed to offer a pocketful of crackers or some other coveted delicacy from Mrs. Harding's pantry.

Pitter was star punter on the Varsity until in senior year he decided to tackle pre-med instead of football.

This robust youth takes everything as it comes; smiles at every difficulty, and laughs quietly at what others would call trouble. When he speaks, there is a wistfulness about his face and a twinkle in his eye that make it difficult to tell whether he is serious or joking. And if you try to "kid" Pitter, you will soon discover that he is always "one ahead of you."

To wish Pitter success is really superfluous, for from his qualities we know that success is his destiny.

ROBERT GEORGE FRIEDRICHS, PH.B.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Basketball, Baseball; Class Basketball* 2, 3, 4; *Baseball* 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 4; *Ohio Club.*

Four years ago Bobby, way out in the Middle West, turned yearning eyes toward the seacoast and, being a man of impulse, set out on the long trek to Massachusetts. Arriving at the Heart of the Commonwealth, he found a hearty welcome, for his fame had preceded him and one with the talents which Bob possessed is welcomed anywhere. In the years which he has spent here, that talent has ever revealed new capabilities. A natural athlete, Bob immediately made the Frosh ball club and proved so able that to preserve his genius in this line, he was prohibited from competing in other varsity sports. However, such a restriction could not stop Bob from aiding the class teams in their bitter intramural battles and it is to him that '31 owes much of its success.

Short space indeed is two hundred words in which to portray Bobbie's scintillating personality. We know of no one so individual—and so genuinely and generally popular. Not only on the campus, but even throughout the city, Bobby Friederichs is a familiar name. This is perhaps due to the fine pitching which is his contribution to championship baseball teams, but we like to think that it is because of Bobby himself, and we maintain that if he never played ball, his name would be just as well known—his circle of friends would be as great. We are eternally grateful to Ohio for lending us Bobby—one of her finest sons.

CHARLES JEROME FRIEL

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, *Vice-President* 3, *President* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Vice-President* 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Reception* 2, 3; *Junior Prom Committee; Purple Key* 4; PATCHER *Staff.*

Worcester has sent many a famous son to Holy Cross, walking up the long, winding hill, morning after morning, in search of the hidden stocks of learning. But rare indeed has been the Worcesterite who could—if he would—boast of one of the widest circles of friends ever possessed by any Cross man. Charlie Friel has been a figure in the class of 1931 ever since the halcyon days of Freshman. On the football field and in the narrowed field of class and club activities, he has carried on worthily the tradition established by other graduates in his family.

Not only do the resident students know him well and admire the qualities that have brought him offices of responsibility in the various years, but the entire Worcester Undergraduate Club pointed to him with justifiable pride as one of the leaders of that large group. He has cut for himself a definite and enviable place in the vast, frozen mosaic of memories, which the long days and years have built and colored for '31.

WILLIAM JOSEPH FRYER, A.B.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Hartford Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Frosh Reception* 2, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key; Class Football* 3, 4; *Class Soccer* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

In keeping with the tradition that every graduate is a man of culture and refinement, we present Bill Fryer—than whom no one better personifies that noble tradition. This education is a process which never varies, yet is never monotonous; gentlemen are always appreciated, though they may be scarce.

Although he has never played on the Varsity teams, his record in the class athletics is something to be envied. Football, basketball, and soccer were the fortunate recipients of his services and rumor has it that off campus he slides down a mean alley when it comes to nine-pins. But even more paramount is the quality, bordering on genius, which Bill has for making friends. We know of no one on the campus who is so generally liked. That this gift is deserved can not be disputed, for as a friend, Bill is unsurpassed. Remarkably soft of voice, unassuming and industrious, he will go far in the battle of life.

With the passing of this class we realize that Bill has been the truest and best of comrades. The days of preparation are over; no more classes to attend, or exams to take, or slips to answer. In the unknowable future we are confident that Bill will accomplish deeds worthy of a son of Holy Cross.

WILLIAM MANNING GALLAGHER, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Civil Service* 3, 4; *Worces-. . ter Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Committee* 4.

We are sure that, next to the lack of familiarity with the resident students, the worst aspect of what is commonly known as day-ducking, is the long climb up the not so gentle slope of Packachoag. That half mile of uphill is enough to take the sport out of any class and the mere thought of it is sufficient to spoil a night's sleep. Realizing these facts, Bill decided to overcome them and thus we find him daily speeding up the grade in any of several cars.

That problem being solved, Bill turned his attention to scholastic affairs and solved their mysteries just as effectively and just as easily. For proof we merely state that he took the accounting course and still preserved his good nature. To merely take the aforementioned course is worry enough, but when Bill plowed through the labyrinthine ways of trial balance, debit, bankruptcy and corporation problems, and still came up smiling, any nemesis that might possibly have been waiting for him withdrew in baffled defeat.

Although not extremely active in extra-curricular organizations, Bill manifested such a steady interest in the class and school that his popularity was always high. Quiet almost to the point of self-effacement, he did not look for any honors, but yet found himself always in the limelight of success.

FRANCIS JOSEPH GARRITY, PH.B.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Freshman Reception; Senior Council; Football* 1, 2, 3, *Captain* 4; *Captain Frosh Baseball; Varsity Baseball* 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

Dame Rumor has it that Hank cared to bestir himself for only three reasons: the first was to stretch a triple into a homer, the second was to make a touchdown out of what seemed only a gain of yardage, and thirdly to keep the watchman from getting out of condition. Big and easy going, but a live wire when the occasion demanded, Hank won his way into the hearts of the class before half of us knew who the other half were. Almost any afternoon one could find him down on Fitton Field either swatting the horsehide into the Blackstone, or rushing the pigskin for twenty or thirty yards. Jamaica Plain sent us a winner when this quiet, but capable, athlete entered Holy Cross. In Freshman year his prowess was immediately evident with the baseball and football teams. Following years found him a regular feature of Jack Barry's nine as catcher, while his Senior year was climaxed with the captaincy of our Purple gridders. Memories of his feats at the Harvard Stadium and Fenway will live long in our recollection.

Along with this athletic makeup of Hank's there were many other features, just as important, which won him many friends. A fine strain of humor, which has enlivened many a situation, characterized his general demeanor; and above this there ran also a thoughtfulness and generosity which showed the real manhood better than anything else.

W. GRAHAM GEBHARDT, A.B.
New Haven, Conn.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *New Haven Club* 1, 2, 3, 4, *Dance Chairman* 2; *Frosh Reception* 1, 2; *Senior Banquet Committee.*

Graham now broadcasting—looks, personality, dress and brains; a hit with the boys and a treat for those of the fairer sex, an admirer of fine qualities and a protector of ideals.

This man, be it known, was a charter member of the "Beta Betas." Mystery shrouds the authenticity as to the establishment of the fact as to whether or not he held a high office in this most select of all organizations, but if the prominent role he played in the "Beta Beta Brevities" at the Junior Reception to the Freshmen indicates anything, it would not be surprising if he actually did possess the cherished honor.

Macaulay has said that "popularity is a power." You're a tower of strength, Geb. The source of this puissance of Geb's is due to an external layer of joviality and wit which is a happy covering of an inner core of a more serious nature essentially frank and sincere. It is this quality that has won for him many real friendships. It is a combination of the two that constitutes his genuine personality.

The New Haven Club owes the huge success of an Easter dance to Geb, who in his Junior year, acted as a most efficient chairman. The active part he played in all of the Club's social and business functionings, during his four years on the Hill, is well known by his friends from the fair city of New Haven.

He departs with all the sincere good wishes of his many friends for his future success.

HARRY JOSEPH GOETT, B.S.
New York City

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Scientific Society* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Senior Council;* Patcher *Staff; Junior Prom Committee; Metropolitan Club* 2, 3, 4; *Nexus Club* 1, 2; *Aquinas Circle* 4.

I can conceive of no grace so charming, nor of a dignity so winning. His virtue is his culture, his fault is his gravity. "Il Penseroso" at heart, he endeavors no presumptions. Pensively silent through all hours for mere amusement of his non-activities, he meditates and from the creative powers of his brilliant mind notions most gorgeous and supported by a luxury of images are elicted as a solace and required as a complement to his taciturn nature. If he is plodding it is that his endeavors may be more elaborate, if he is profound and speculative, it is that he may be systematic and correct.

With cheerfulness, wit, sense, good-nature and a refinement of manners, he saliently assumes leadership and unpretending, wills that his views be supported and cherished.

Our recollections of Harry shall always be pleasant and with each such thought, we will ever eagerly hope that the sincerity we found so admirable and that the friendship we ever loved above all others will never vanish. A gentleman at all times, an excellent student, an enviable friend, we would have our wishes for his success and happiness harbored in him forever.

THOMAS JOHN GOONAN, PH.B.
MANCHESTER, N. H.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; *Assistant Coach to Frosh; Junior Prom Committee; Sodality; Manchester Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *K. of C.*

"Here's to the leader of the Tammany Hall of Holy Cross! Whenever it came to getting votes, managing campaigns or helping anybody by means of his 'drag' with the authorities, Tom was always there."

This is only one of the many toasts we could render to our Tom who has been so prominent and well-liked by everyone that we could fill this book with his feats. That Tom is a great football player, is admitted by all. But tough breaks seem to have played an outstanding part in his career as an athlete supreme. When not practicing football himself, he was teaching the Crusader Cubs the gentle art of our football system. He had to lift the Freshmen from the realms of high school football and show them a new and far superior system of the game.

Football is by no means the only thing that can be talked about while reviewing Tom's four years on the Hill. As chairman of the Ticket Committee, he was responsible for a great part of the success of the Junior Prom. Through his remarkable ability, the ticket sale far exceded that of any other Prom at Holy Cross. His outstanding good-nature and nonchalant air are characteristic of the way he treated everybody and everything. Tom never worried about a thing (even though his appearances may indicate much worry.) Whenever he made friendships they were lasting and true. It seems that he spent most of his time with one pal, during his college days. Yes—he was always in the arms of his pal—Morpheus.

JOHN JOSEPH GORMAN, A.B.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Penn Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Purple Crusaders* 1; PATCHER *Staff.*

The Wilkes-Barre corps of students in the class of '31 is indeed numerous. But none has achieved the scholastic fame that has fallen to the lot of John. Endowed with excellent understanding, he has cultivated a high grade of study, bringing upon himself the honors at the Dean's office. Facing the terrors of Greek and of advanced psychology, he has conquered the entire Ratio Studiorum with ease. And withal, his success has been accompanied with modesty. Others might talk freely and even too freely about that 75 or 80; with reluctancy would John confess to a 95.

To say that John was quiet, and unassuming, is to place him in the rarified midst of a vague generality; with an easy editorial glibness. But John is quiet and is unassuming. Corridor prefects have found him to be of perfect discipline; John had well-nigh perfected the art of scurrying to cover on the approach of the malign ruling evil. Professors have nothing but praise for his work. His friends stand by his virtues with a convincing vehemence.

Willing to sacrifice the more mundane of pleasures for study, John has never gone to the extremes. His playing of the piano has helped to while away many an hour and graced the class receptions. His smile was amazingly candid and winning; he was blessed with a gift for discerning character beneath exteriors. With Al Smith, John can sincerely let his past be his judge; there is no condemnation, but most honorable discharge.

JAMES ANDREW GRADY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 2, 3; *Class Basketball; Civil Service* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

There are fellows whom one likes because of their quietness in all things. This type never does anything to make one think unpleasantly of them and merit thereby universal friendship. Andy was the class' exemplar of this type. Nothing he did or said grated on our exam-irritated nerves. He had quietness so imbued in his nature that we heartily recommend him as a salesman for all things that are silent from blackboard erasers to rubber heels.

In studies Andy restrained himself in a manner befitting his character by remaining in the high seventies and eighties. This kept him from blazing forth unnaturally on the honor-roll or flaming out with equally unseeming notoriety in the lurid brilliance of the flunk list. Hence we see that even here he showed his self-effacement.

Andy's peculiar ability was the capacity for cramming an exam on the way to school, an accomplishment that takes on mountainous proportions when we consider the fact that Andy passed those exams.

This model of all that is calm and restful tells us he is headed for the classroom as his field of future strife. We hope that he will serve as a good model so that the younger generation will be moved to make this a less clamorous world in which to live.

PAUL EDWARD GRADY, A.B.

MARLBORO, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *French Academy* 1; *B. J. F.* 4; *Worcester Club* 3.

A quiet, gentlemanly chap, this Paul from Marlboro, and one whom while we may not have known him too well out of class, still very strongly made his presence known once within its confines. One sensed in talking with him that here was a man of many parts, and when the occasion arose, as it often did in the course of our four years, this impression was quickly verified; for there was forthwith displayed not only modesty and refinement, but a decided intelligence and confidence in what he believed.

Paul always had a retiring, yet friendly air about him, and during the two years of his "living in at the college" those who enjoyed his companionship realized the value of what it means to have a cheerful and helpful friend. A clever fellow, yet not an intellectual snob, he was one who mixed well, and for whom our regard grew proportionately as we knew him.

An excellent student, Paul won not only high marks, but our admiration for his brains as well, being a direct contrast to the dull grind who also wins high marks, but shows nothing intellectually in back of them. With the respect of his classmates as indicative of what future years will also show, we expect to hear more from this son of Holy Cross.

EDWARD DANIEL HALLORAN, A.B.

TORRINGTON, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *B. J. F.* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Freshman Reception Committee* 2; *Class Basketball* 3, 4.

Fame is of brittle material; it breaks easily, is shattered sometimes by the slightest blow, is shivered into shards of flimsy beauty. But the fame of Ed is of more durable material. Tested by the years since Freshman, it has grown in strength and flourished to the fine flower of Senior. Nor has that fame been groundless; success and the concomitant glory have been founded on the most fundamental of virtues, brilliance of intelligence, loyalty, and friendship.

A product of Regis Hall, the scourge of our Freshman, Ed developed through the embryonic first year into the more grand epoch of Sophomore, to burst into the pre-med splendor of Junior, and finally to rest on the laurels of Senior. His friends were numberless and ranged from the ascetic Jack Kent to the more bacchicly-inclined Walter McInerney. Ed's prowess in the scholastic field was not alone confined to scientific investigation. Applying the same faculties that brought success in the biology and chemistry courses, Ed took up English and American literature under Mr. Drumm and achieved the same heights.

There have been many fellows in the class who were friends or acquaintances of each other, but in the final analysis, Ed ranked highest in the estimation of more than one member of '31. Bearing up under the irritating sensibilities of every day life, Ed stands marked as a steady, reliable, well-liked gentleman.

RICHARD FRANCIS HALLORAN, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3; *French Academy* 1; *Freshman Reception Committee* 2.

Dick was a fellow who had a most enviable position. He was half day student and half boarder. With his own home situated on the campus, he had all the advantages of living near the college, yet he never had to play hare and hounds with night watchmen over the embankments of Packachoag. At the same time he lived half way up the hill and any day-student considers that a blessing.

As regards his extra-curricular activities, we record at the present time a failure as a politician in the Worcester Club. That undoubtedly would have been remedied had there been any female vote in said club, because Dick's curls could "get" the girls. And that's more than an idle rhyme, as many a fair nymph of Worcester and vicinity will testify. While we are on that phase of Dick's social life, we might testify that he came to know many a parlor as well as many a ballroom hereabouts. The operations of a being are proportionate to its essence, so draw your own conclusions.

Frankly speaking, we won't recall Dick as an honor pupil, but will remember him as somewhat of a plugger and a thorough good fellow.

BERNARD J. HAMPSEY, PH.B.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dramatics 2, 3, 4; *Philomath* 2, 3, 4; *Cheerleader* 4; *Musical Clubs* 1; *Sodality* 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Frosh Reception* 2; *Aquinas Circle; Pittsburgh Club* 2, 3, 4, *President* 4; *Penn Club* 2, 3, 4.

"Whereupon a tumultuous shout arose." For behold! The above gentleman extraordinary, stands once again in Worcester. The Great Hampsey, lover of mirth, producer of joy and happiness personified. In satisfying a desire to reach the sea, Ben was led from Pittsburgh University to Worcester and there paused one day in his wanderings to view Pakachoag-on-Blackstone. Finding the spot pleasant and hearing the Dramatic Society rehearsing Shakespeare, he remained to become one of us, a personality plus salesman, and thespian renown. One of the most cherished assets of the college received its full glory when Hampsey portrayed the many leads that came his way in the Dramatic Society.

The remarkable urbanity and smoothness of the man in his dealings with people made many of the burghers of the town think he was owner of the school, such was his diplomatic handling of affairs. Without the presence of men such as this "Big Operator," college would be a dry and drab existence. A proponent of "Happy Days," and a believer in life as a song sent this harbinger of good cheer into the esteem of the entire college.

JOHN FRANCIS HARRINGTON, A.B.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Frosh Debating; Debating 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Holyoke Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dramatics* 3; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Senior Ball Committee; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff.*

There are few members of the class whose interest in the Greek and Latin classics surpasses Johnnie's. While most of us perused the masters of poetry and oratory with many a sideward glance at a medium, Johnnie did the work assigned, and more besides, without seeking help in any quarter. He was looked to as the authority of mythology whenever the name of some ancient deity occurred in a cross-word puzzle. When he studied psychology, he applied himself as zealously to the references as he did to the text. Being a true scholar, he scorned half-measure. His scholastic record is proof of the wisdom of his ways.

Among all his extra-curricular activities, he was most interested in debating. The meetings of the B. J. F. were his fields of battle and victory, and anyone who heard him boom forth his denunciation of the opponent's case marvelled at his logic and thoroughness. When he played shortstop on the Middle Loyola nine, he distinguished himself by his flashy fielding and sharp hitting. No man knew better than he how to guard second base against any callow Sophomore who tried to steal it.

Johnnie strove to do well in everything—and when Johnnie strove, he succeeded. Whether he was orating, playing ball, dancing, singing, or exercising, he exhibited an inimitable enthusiasm.

GEORGE FARRELL HAVENS, PH.B.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Hartford Club 1, 2, 3, 4, *Vice-President* 3; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Football* 1, 2; *Chairman Intra-mural League;* PATCHER *Staff; Civil Service* 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Frosh Reception* 3; *Aquinas Circle.*

Although the old maxim dictates that familiarity breeds contempt, the more we know of George the better we like him. In the course of the four years which witnessed acquaintanceship grow into a close friendship, we have never found a man so eternally in good humor, so everlastingly pleasant and so eager and willing to help everyone.

In freshman year the class proudly watched George as he displayed his athletic prowess in football and baseball. There were but few better—and that is why, when in Sophomore a leg injury definitely ended his varsity chances, the loss was felt so keenly. Needless to say the most disappointed of all was George—but taking the misfortune stoically he turned his ability to other fields and in Senior we find him coach-extraordinary of all class teams and president of the newly formed intra-mural league. Under his direction, class athletics grew to undreamed of heights and no praise which we can bestow on George would be too lavish. The patience he displayed in formulating schedules, listening to excuses and compiling box scores is a lesson from which everyone may profit.

This gift of patience, united with the geniality which is his essence, makes of George one of the most pleasing of personalities. And the personality is augmented by a gift of mimicry which would put Marie Dressler to shame. Holy Cross will suffer a distinct loss when George Havens leaves.

NICHOLAS JOSEPH HEALY, III, A.B.

NEW YORK CITY

PATCHER *Staff; Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3, *Editor-in-Chief* 4; *Met Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Night Committee; Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Glee Club* 3; *Choir* 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle; Players* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Student Council.*

Shall we not say, here is the very prince of goodfellows? This smiling gentleman whose name struck first fame amongst us as the Freshman actor and debater and lasted with undiminished vigor to the very end.

Always we have regarded him as genial, contented, democratic, popular and talented. There is a peculiar trait about Nick. Your first judgment of him will be "Here is certainly a soul whose philosophy may be summed up, 'Let the world abide. God is in His heaven and everything is all right.'" Yet acquaintance proves him otherwise. As Editor of *The Tomahawk* and President of the Dramatic Society, he was the only one of our class to achieve a double portfolio, something destined only for men of action. Putting out a *Tomahawk* issue every week was a tremendous task, yet while Nick wielded the Editor's pen, issue after issue poured forth each one a masterpiece of journalism. As President of the Dramatic Society, he climaxed a histrionic career that was outstanding since his fine portrayal of the monk Joseph in "Richelieu," in his Freshman year. His last role was a most fitting one, that of the title piece in "Julius Caesar."

As his friend Antony called him therein, let us here reecho, "The noblest man that ever lived in the tides of time;" or "Like the northern, of whose true, fixed, and constant quality, there is no fellow in the firmament."

RICHARD FRANCIS HEGARTY, A.B.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

Aquinas Circle; Junior Prom Committee; Boston Club; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Dick Hegarty—the name immediately conjures a vision of track with Dick, head held high and legs pumping rythmically, striding lap after lap of the smooth cinders. We have proudly watched him for the four years in which he has been one of Bart Sullivan's speedsters. His season never ended—spring and autumn, cinders and boards and the long grind of cross-country have been his rigorous role. A star on the Frosh mile relay and a regular with the varsity two-mile baton-bearers, Dick has been one of the steadiest and most dependable runners ever to wear a purple track suit.

This fighting spirit which overcame any handicap is also responsible for his deserved popularity. Men like brave hearts and realizing that Dick possessed this quality to a paramount degree, men liked Dick. Quiet and unassuming, he let his deeds speak—an idealistic lesson from which many others might profit. A determination to win and an appetite for victory kept him at the top in all activities.

For recreation, Dick roomed with the effervescent George Morin—the combined circus and one-man minstrel show. For excitement he explored the Worcester pavements with Pat Connolly. For diversion he would recall memories of his first year at the Cross when he shared an O'Kane suite with the "Get-Rich-Wallingford" from Chicago. The class will miss Dick.

ARTHUR JOSEPH HEIMER, A.B.

CLINTON, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Aquinas Circle.*

Here is one of the more noted members of '31's commuters. Art hails from Clinton. With other members of the township he came in every day to seek the fount of wisdom. Naturally he was not able to spend much time with us, yet in what time he did spend we discovered that we should have liked to have seen more of him. Good fellowship was one of his most predominating traits. It beamed forth from his whole person and, we assure you, Arthur had a superabundance of person.

His humor came in the form of "slams." Though many of us were the frequent objects of said "slams," a son of Maynard was the most frequent victim. As for Art's ill humor we can say nothing. Memory recalls no instance of that in him.

With Kerrigan he formed a duet which could effectively disturb the quiet of any room in the Library. Every noon hour would find these two distinguishing and sub-distinguishing "sotto voce" with a far-off gaze that bespoke the deep concentration of a true scholastic mind.

Art must also come in for some praise as a student. No complete list of his marks is available at the present time. We can, however, recall that he always made a smiling exit from the Dean's office when Ethics or Psychology marks were out.

Of the path of Art's future we know little though if it were proper we might hazard a good guess. As to his success we have no guesses and need none.

JOSEPH FRANCIS HENNESSEY, A.B.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Musical Clubs* 1, 2, 3, *Manager* 4; *Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3, 4; *French Academy; Debating* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; K. of C.; Frosh Reception* 3; *Purple Key* 4; *Student Council* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Chairman Senior Ball; Springfield Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

It is safe to say that no one who has succeeded at Holy Cross has been as easy-going and as carefree as Joe has been during the past four years. He has never been known to worry and that is certainly an accomplishment. His scholastic record is a credit to him and he has made it such without burning the midnight oil and without becoming a member of the dawn patrol. As a Freshman he was the enterprising manager of a dance orchestra which was never hired. In Senior year, however, he became the manager of the combined Musical Clubs and managed them with as much efficiency as could be expected of any impressario, whose days and nights were filled with the management of temperamental artists.

The class elected him chairman of the Senior Ball knowing that he could be relied upon to conduct it successfully, and that his former executive experience would enable him to make it the climax of our social life at the college.

Joe always has been an optimist, and wherever he went, whatever he ate, no matter what show he saw, he always declared when he returned to the college that he had a "fine" time, a "wonderful" dinner or that he had seen a "great" movie. It was some time before we realized that he was always satisfied and that his and our ideas on what was "good," "fine," and "wonderful," did not coincide.

PAUL THOMAS HENNESSEY, A.B.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Penn Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Pittsburgh Club, President* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Freshman Reception* 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle.*

From pork to prosperity. These few words tell the secret of his success. In them lies the formula for such a meteoric ascent to fame. That "White Lily" products could arise in the midst of Pittsburgh requires a stretch of the imagination I concede; but that they do actually have their orgin there I also concede. Between week-ends you may find Paul about the campus and he himself, will extoll to you the unparalleled excellence of "White Lily" hams and sausages. And then you, too, will be forced to admit that next to her stalwart sons, Pittsburgh's pride is the sign and symbol of the White Lily.

For four years President of the Pittsburgh Club, the first year his choice being unanimous and thereafter challenged by another worthy son of semi-darkness, Paul has represented gloriously the type of virile young manhood nurtured beside the stagnant streams Alleghany and Monongahela. However, it is very much a matter for dispute whether Paul is more familiar with the twists and turnings of these betrothed streams as they near each other to be wedded and go on together as the great Ohio, than he is with the windings of the road to Boston, and, if familiarity really breeds contempt, I would be inclined to say that Paul has a wholesome respect for these rivers while he despises the Boston road. He probably has another very good reason for disliking the road to Boston—however, that reason being that it is so long in its interposition between Some—er, Boston and the Heart of the Commonwealth.

JAMES FRANCIS HENRY, A.B.

MILTON, MASS.

Manager Frosh Football; Class Hockey 3, 4; *K. of C.* 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Aquinas Circle; Sodality* 2, 3, 4.

This is to introduce to all, the most popular man from Milton in the class of 1931. Jim is a "wanderer of the wastelands" having been associated with such places as Boston College and other educational institutions. Jim received the alias of "Feathers," from his ability to float from place to place with great aesthetic talent. Although during Senior year his official residence was on lower Loyola he was seldom seen in that vicinity, except when utter fatigue forced him to take to his lowly couch. Where, then, was his hideout, you may ask. Feathers had none, he might be found anywhere between Room 88 and the stables.

Feathers was wanted in several of the larger cities of the East for such heinous crimes and felonies as baby-snatching, window-peeping, eaves-dropping, and late-sleeping. Among Jim's various activities "within these narrow confines" we might mention his capacity to do his annual 440 in a manner which made Bart Sullivan tear the letters off the baseball jacket. Upon the voluntary secession from our union of the newly-elected Freshman Football manager, Jim stepped into the breach and capably fulfilled the onerous duties of that trying position. Needless to say on account of his marvelous management the Frosh had a successful season.

THOMAS FRANCIS HENRY, PH.B.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PATCHER *Staff; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Class Soccer* 4; *Class Football* 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 3, 4; *Debating* 1; *New Haven Club.*

Ah, Iago, the futility of it all! To reduce the elusive Tom Henry to the dull black and white of the printed word! A more powerful alembic than any editorially dissecting mind is most certainly required to outline even but broadly, the lights and shadows of this young gentleman's character. One never quite knew what to expect of Tom. In the morning he would "feel so good" that his hot-cha-cha would wake his corridor in cheerful tones. In the afternoon or evening gloom would have descended upon him. Then there would be a parting flash of brilliant wit, and silence for another tedious night. Widely read as perhaps no other in the Senior class he has experienced vicariously the deepest joys and pleasures of life. Then has he gone and done likewise himself. Ready to put his feet up on a chair and chat anywhere with his numerous and curiously assorted friends, his company has colored many an evening which began with the deathliness that prophesied ennui.

A pragmatist, building essentially on experience, a realist shorn of dreams, of a deeply emotional nature at once stable in its essentials of goodfellowship and loyalty, and changeable in its ability to feel and live intensely (than which nature can have given no greater gift) subtly witty, a cynic who knows when to cease sneering and laugh—be it in mockery or amusement—Tom has taken his place amongst the immortals of our memory.

THEODORE JOSEPH HIMMELBERG, PH.B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Baseball* 1; *Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Southern Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2, 3; *Frosh Basketball.*

You've often heard people speak of easy-going, good-natured individuals—well, here is one. Good-natured, not given to worrying, able to deal with situations, and taking things as they come . . . none other than Ted. But don't believe all you hear, for there's always two sides to every story, and this gentleman is no exception.

The above is Ted all right, but not him entirely. Drop a peaceful looking stick of dynamite and see what happens. Put Ted in a football game and watch results—you'll soon see that this easy-going Southerner is potency actualized, and plenty too! John Harvard knows! There's a time and place for everything, and Ted is always there when the occasion demands. Four years of football for the Purple showed plenty of energy, courage and ability under that easy-going nature.

A quiet, unobtrusive fellow, Ted has always been, and these very qualities showed the way to the manly attributes underneath that won for him so many friends while in our midst. Not only in our midst, but in the environs of the college does he number his friends . . . you see, the newspapers carried his picture often, and then, Ted was always able to handle a dial telephone. He and the President of the Southern Club enabled the N. E. T. & T. Company to declare extra dividends for the past four years.

JOSEPH EDWARD HOULIHAN, Jr., A.B.

BANGOR, ME.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3, *Advertising Manager* 4; *Maine Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *B. J. F.* 2; *Sodality Consulter* 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Sanctuary Society* 2, 3.

The ability to make strong and lasting friendships is a gift that comparatively few may possess and no other member of thirty-one has the ability to such a marked degree as the pleasant gentleman pictured above. Perhaps it was his ability to speak on any subject, athletics, business or prohibition without superficiality that made him interesting company in any group, or perhaps his quick smile was sufficient key to the vaults of our hearts, at any rate it would seem from experience that when better friendships are made Houley—pardon—Joe will make them.

Early in the first year when impressions were strong and reputations are made, Joe's scholastic ability put him in with the leaders and four years of faculty fire has failed to rout him out of this position. Joe is a big accountant, an accountant being a person who studies "Accounting, Theory and Practice," by Roy B. Kester. In case you need a C. P. A. of real ability, confer with Joe, the boy who made Bangor famous while on the Hill of Pleasant Springs. In Joe, Alma Mater sends forth a man with every assurance that he will bring back glory to her. With qualities and habits that must bring success, with a character that will win and hold both honors and friends, we leave Houley to struggle on, knowing that ere long we shall find him at the top of the ladder the same old Joe of our college days.

THOMAS FRANCIS HUSSEY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Library Staff* 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Aquinas Circle; Worcester Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

There was never a day so dull or a class so boring but that Frank could liven it into brisk cheerfulness with his never-failing humor and consistently joyous outlook on life. It was that very quality of joyousness that broke forth in well-turned, delicate lyrics which enhanced the pages of the *Purple* month after month ever since we first were inducted into the art of poetry.

Frank is a day student, but his circle of friends knows no limiting. For several years he has been on duty at the Library in the main reading-room or in the browsing-room, a most tolerant prefect, and willing to extend every help when the way of study became torturous and black. In reminiscing even now or in years to come there will be one face, one personality that will surely stand out in the minds of the members of '31, that of Frank, whose intimate friendship has indeed been a pearl of great price.

THOMAS WILLIAM HYNES, 2ND., A.B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Purple Key; PATCHER *Staff; Aquinas Circle; B. J. F.; Sanctuary Society; Metropolitan Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Scientific Society; Mendel Club; Football* 1; *Class Football* 2, 3, 4; *Cheerleader* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3, *Columnist* 4; *Glee Club* 1.

When one is confronted with six feet of masculinity and one hundred and eighty pounds of gentlemanliness, admiration arises for that individual spontaneously. But when we find the added notes of determination and courage blended with a calm reserve and a quiet humor sparkling in the same person, our admiration is supplemented by a deep respect and friendship towards such a man. In such a way we consider Tom, the debonair Metropolitan medicine man.

To him must be attributed the success of many a happy and light-hearted joke fest as well as many a seriously sombre academic discussion. As a host, always willing to lend a courteous ear and a charitable laugh to the vendors of old jokes, Tom would unfailingly heighten the humor at his informal "at homes" by narrating some of his many experiences either as salesman, butcher, or as biologist. As the Maecenas of the pre-med students he will undoubtedly in the days to come indorse an encyclical on the evils of cigarette smoking.

Because of his diligence and application in the class-room and his unending congeniality, we presage many great things for him in the field of medicine. While he will be remembered for his notable works as an editor of *The Tomahawk*, as a member of the Musical Clubs and as a cheerleader, it will be in the memories of those who really knew him that Tom will occupy a unique place as student, host, raconteur and friend.

LOUIS SALVATORE IZZO, A.B.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *New Haven Club* 1, 2, *Vice-President* 3, *Dance Chairman* 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Senior Banquet Committee.*

Louie started Freshman year with a handicap—he was a favorite of the Dean of Studies. Louie went through his four years justifying that Dean's good opinion of him. To speak of this sturdy, little personification of ambition is to call to the mind of every Senior a fellow who was an example to all of them. While they were wasting time in bull sessions, Louis was mastering what he had set out to accomplish—a successful college career. This sounds as though he were that hated species—a grind. Far from it, it is to his credit that in Senior year he was known to every member of his class as likeable and held a place of high esteem in the minds of the fellow-classmen with whom he had fought his hard, upgrade fight.

It would not be rhapsodizing to say that the plugging determination of Izzo was a sobering inuence to those who looked around the class during their stay on the Hill. It is with surety of observation that all his acquaintances on the Hill look forward to Louie's reaching the top in the same way as he has reached the peak of graduation, through assiduous perseverance. We only can wish that he may fare swifter and on an easier course from henceforth.

PHILIP THOMAS JONES, A.B.

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 3, 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Manager Baseball; President A. A.; Senior Council; Aquinas Circle; French Academy.*

For three years Phil so successfully saved errant baseballs from a watery grave that in Senior year he was honored with the managership of Jack Barry's temperamental athletes. An office which he filled as efficiently and capably as every other task he undertook.

Not only in athletic lines was Phil's zeal manifested. In Senior year, despite the advice of many to the contrary, he set out to conquer that hydra-headed monster—the accounting course. In his attempt to emulate his professor, Phil's zeal carried him so far that he imitated that gentleman not only in the matter of his knowledge of accounting, but also in the matter of hirsute adornment.

Despite his trio of worries intimated above, Flip never lost his even disposition. The blacker the outlook, the broader and brighter was Phil's grin; the harder the going, the more determinedly he applied himself to his task. To those of us who knew him well, this last characteristic was a constant source of amazement. Faced by tasks that would stagger the rest of us, Phil would "plunge" into the work and, shortly after, his grin of triumph and the absence of furrows on his "high forehead" would proclaim the completion of the task.

Holy Cross sends Phil out from her protection with no fear of his ability to obtain success. He will not flash brilliantly to meteoric heights, he is not that type, but by constant plugging '31 knows that Phil will reach the peak.

THOMAS JOSEPH KANE, A.B.

ALBANY, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 1; *Albany Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Class Banquet* 3; PATCHER *Staff*.

Tom is one of that happy crew whose bachelor days are numbered scant and few, that is, of course, if he is still willing and hardy enough to go ahead and face the music that has been so ably orchestrated for us during the year in the symphony entitled "Matrimony a la Strohaver."

This farewell greeting takes on an added poignancy, therefore, because saying goodbye to one on whom Hymen has smiled means just that— goodbye. 'Tis true that Tom is going to college next fall to learn the business of business after pursuing the gaseous aspects of the study here for a year or two, but that brief interval will be but a lull before the storm, and it won't be long thereafter. But we won't be too gloomy over the prospect; after all, it's only the pool in which most of us probably will be floundering sooner or later, and those who get ducked over first will have the gleeful pleasure of witnessing the dazed and chilled countenances of those who dive in after them.

And if we all could be as sure of an unruffled domesticity as Tommy is, the matrimonial waters wouldn't look nearly as cold and forbidding as they do. For one thing he has peerless taste in the choice of life partners, for another he has a business head to make a go of any proposition, and last, but most important of all, he plays a faultless game of bridge. So blessings on you my children, and may all your troubles be little, healthy and handsome.

EDWARD JOSEPH KEENAN, A.B.

NEW YORK CITY

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dramatics* 1, 2, *Business Manager* 3, 4; *Song Leader* 4; *Glee Club* 3; *Choir* 3; *Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Frosh Chairman* 4; *K. of C.; Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; *Senior Council;* PATCHER *Staff.*

Ed Keenan is Gotham's pride and in recognition of his patent abilities Holy Cross and particularly the class of 1931 early took Ed to their metaphorical hearts. Honor upon honor has come flowing in upon him. His connections with the authorities were more than exceptionally remarkable and his value to the class as a prognosticator of vacations is a byword. His genial and gentle wit, and that distinctly contagious laugh, topped off what had always been one of the most dynamic personalities on the Hill.

On the platform of class activities, leading the singing of the roaring stands to a thundering climax at football games, tenderly inducting the Freshmen into the harshnesses of college life and the ways of gentlemen, Ed with a subtle savoir-faire and an insouciant sang froid was the marvel of his mates. In the sphere of social life, there was none to equal his untiringness in pursuing the gods of mirth and humor. He was everything a true Holy Cross man should be.

EDMUND PHILIP KELEHER, 2ND, A.B.
WOBURN, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Hockey* 1, 2; *Class Football* 2, 3, 4; *Class Soccer* 4; *Class Hockey* 3, 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Debating* 1, 2; *Dramatics* 3; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 4; *Class Banquet* 3; *Aquinas Circle; Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

In Freshman year, Kel's impetuosity and disarming frankness won him many friends whose number rapidly increased during his four years. Moreover, for two of those years Ed roomed with Jim Sliney and emerged not only unscathed, but smiling, despite the fact that their joint room deposit resembled the German War Debt. True, in Senior year, the raven locks grew sparse, but Ed was the exception that proved the rule that "pinapple clips" were unbecoming.

In hockey, Ed's motto was, "They shall not pass," and students and faculty, as well as his intercollegiate opponents, who ventured to dispute this, developed a sudden attraction for the surface of the ice. Nor were his athletic abilities confined solely to hockey for his rugged play aided many an interclass victory.

Despite the above, Ed always had ample time for social engagements and many are the Worcester young ladies who will miss his presence (not presents) in their parlors. At the Junior Prom, his dream reverie with closed eyes to the strains of Leo Reisman won him undying fame.

Ed's versatility assures him the rapid furtherance of his ample beginnings on the Hill.

THOMAS PATRICK KELLY, A.B.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Debating 1, 3; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, *Consultor* 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Holyoke Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2, 4; *French Academy; Aquinas Circle.*

Operatio sequitur esse. Thus runneth one of those mystery quotations prodigally sprinkled through the philosophy books of senior year. To the uninitiated it means nothing at all; to him who knows it means that "from the effects of a being one may certainly argue to the nature of that being." And to disprove the time-worn jingle that every analogy limps, we can with perfect certitude apply this test to Thomas Kelly; his deeds indicate a splendid character. For four years Tom has been with us, quiet, unknown to hoi polloi, going his own path steadily and with increasing success.

Neglecting the picayune details of the orderly routine at the Cross he has turned rather to the larger considerations of life on the Hill. His short, pithy comments have been marvels of perspicacity and wisdom. Unfazed by the most pretentious bluff, he has quietly examined, pondered, and passed judgment and it was the rare occasion that time did not bear out his pronunciamentos. Interested in the welfare of the Holyoke Club, he has ever participated eagerly in all its activities.

His efforts, always well-spent, were the bright spots of many an evening's meetings of extra-curricular clubs. Possessing one of the finest sets of copies of extinct philosophy examinations, he has called more than one question for perspiring and slightly frightened lesser lights to their advantage and his own—piling up thereby an enviable scholastic record.

JOHN FRANKLIN KENT, A.B.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Purple Key: Purple 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 3, 4; *Hartford Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

The double personality of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, one of the most vivid characters of fiction, we find reincarnated—abeit not so notoriously—in the familiar personage of Jack Kent. Not that Jack's life was a parodoxical series of good and evil, but he combines the opposite characteristics of poet and dreamer with the less glamorous activities of a pre-med grind. For further proof may we also call attention to the fact that Jack would, after a day of most conscientious and idealistic study, return to a room shared with no less a character than Al Leone and, completely prescinding from scholastic matters, enter whole-heartedly into those midnight councils in which the blood-curdling mating call first found existence. Moreover, it was another one of Jack's individual activities to spend the daylight hours exploring the whys and wherefores of what makes a rabbit go—only to return and compose some of the daintiest and most tender lyrics which ever graced the intellectual pages of the *Purple*. And again, the mysterious Mr. Kent would spend his afternoons in the sealed sanctuary of the Library—although it was well known that in Loyola he never acted behind closed doors!

It is scarce wonder then that we are loath to part with a personality so individual, so unusual and so pleasing. To wish him success is almost superfluous, for anyone who so thoroughly mastered the mysteries of miotic and mitotic divisions as did Jack doesn't need success—he has it.

PATRICK EDWARD KERRIGAN, A.B.

CLINTON, MASS.

There are fellows whose very presence impresses us greatly —they perform no action, utter no word; nevertheless, from their being seems to emanate an aura of substantiality and dependability—they are the type that one instinctively wishes to have around when something of importance is to be done. Pat certainly merits a place in this category. Silent, almost to the point of taciturnity, never forcing his views upon any one, nevertheless, when he spoke "he spoke words of momentous import." And the splendid grades which Pat "dragged down" in the various brain-perplexing phases of philosophy lent official recognition to his mental acumen.

Not alone in scholastic activities did Pat shine; his prowess in athletic endeavors, especially basketball, were well known, particularly by sorrowing opponents who saw Pat sink baskets with monotonous regularity. Only for the fact that Pat commuted daily from far-off Clinton and could not devote sufficient time to athletics he would certainly have gained a position on the varsity basketball team.

Pat would have attained great popularity had he not possessed these gifts for a man with Pat's qualities has the key to the regard and admiration of all. Possessed of an even disposition, an easy grace of manner and a sincere consideration of others, Pat has merited all that popularity which is his. All in all, he is a man whom Holy Cross may well be proud to send into the world as an dopted son.

FRANK JOSEPH KINNEY, Jr., A.B.

BRANFORD, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *French Academy* 1; *Debating* 1, 2, 3; *Dramatics* 3; *Class Soccer* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; *Manager Basketball* 4; *Duffel Club* 3, 4, *Exalted Duffler* 4; *New Haven Club.*

"Be at home away from home," is Frank's motto and, since Branford lacked a college, Holy Cross and his classmates gained accordingly. However, the home town was far from forgotten, as those of us who were fortunate enough to listen to his witty anecdotes of home town personages can readily testify. His gift of mimicry never failed to please.

His ready participation in whatever savored of the unusual soon belied his cherubic countenance for Frank was never far from the scene of activities. Nor were his efforts purely local, for though not a Harvard man and scarcely a musician, on several occasions Frank glibly convinced the Stadium gatekeepers that he was both.

As Jack Reid's aide-de-camp Frank proved a capable manager of basketball and a veritable mine of information on athletics in general. In his guise of impromptu banker, Frank's timely financing was responsible for many of his classmates' social successes. We, who knew and lived with him for four years are confident that he will continue in after life the successes of his scholastic career. And what we will never forget is his inspiring leadership as "Exalted Duffler" in the club which he founded and fostered.

ONIL BLAIZE LABBE, A.B.

ST. LEONARD, N. B., CANADA

Maine Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Tennis.*

All the way from the distant region of Canada came Onil Labbe to lend his rugged figure to the list of the class of '31. Acclimatization, however, was rapid and today Neil knows more about the Heart of the Commonwealth than many of the burghers who have resided here all their lives. The labyrinthine ways of Worcester are no maze to him and the fevered pace of evenings in Marshall's and Hickey's was his speciality. On campus he was as well known, although most of his extra-curricular activity was confined to a skillful guidance of the refectory elevators and an occasional game of more than skillful tennis. However, this schedule was not due to a lack of interest, but to the rigorous demands of the pre-med course. His perseverance in learning all about the home life of the hydra and intricate experiences of the fruit dot is manifested by the successful completion of this course instituted for the sole purpose of wearing out all but iron men.

After finishing at the Cross, Neil intends to continue at Georgetown Med and from the way he has hurdled every scholastic barrier up here, there is no doubt but that his success in the Washington school is assured. After that—we can but hazard a guess, although it does not seem remiss to fell confident that when the next assignment of antitoxin is rushed by dog sled to Nome, Dr. Labbe will there to administer it.

ROBERT FRANCIS LALLY, A.B.

MILFORD, MASS.

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dramatics* 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Class Hockey* 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Golf* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Boston Club; Aquinas Circle.*

Here we have the man of contrasts and paradoxes . . . not literally, but actually. This man came from the far reaches of Milford but four short years ago, and in the interim has changed so radically that one wonders what has become of our Freshman Robert. To gaze at this youth now one intuitively senses that here is a metropolite, born and bred. To perceive the quiet assurance and poise, the settled mind and purpose which now characterize him constrain us to exclaim with dear Virgil, *mirabile dictu!* This is not the lad we knew when the battlements of O'Kane rang with our youthful exuberance. And like Virgil our sentiments are of admiration!

In point of humor, Bob is a paradox walking before our eyes: quiet by nature, yet erupting in spontaneous laughter anytime, any place, and again possessed of a Mona Lisa humor that arises to the surface frequently in subtle witticisms. In point of friendships he never forced an association yet attracted many, and won the permanent friendship of those he made his intimates. Not an athletic sort as many of the sons of Milford at Holy Cross, still a prowess was displayed even in this line . . . Bob is planning a repetition of Bobby Jones' feat of 1930. Studies never were his nemesis and withal he was not their blind devotee, social activities never overwhelmed him, but then he did manage to get around, he reaped not a demerit in three years, yet contributed a gentlemanly share toward the establishment of the new system, he changed in four years from the undecided schoolboy to a settled man with definite plans for the future.

JOHN RICHARD LANE, A.B.

PEABODY, MASS.

French Academy 1; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Hockey* 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 3, 4.

Early in Freshman year, Johnny gained quite a wide reputation amongst the intelligent groups of the class for his two God-given gifts—a keen discernment as to relative values and a true estimation of athletics. The first is so pronounced that he is known to his intimate friends (who are legion) by the names of "Voltaire" or "the Cynic;" because Johnny sincerely believes a half-dollar on Friday is better spent for tuna fish salad than as an aid to the unenlightened natives of the Philippines. And as to the second—who has not seen the look of pitying disgust that crosses his face as a sufficient answer to a well-meant, cordial invitation to play touch football, or to take a nice, long walk.

His friends, (nor Johnny for that matter), will never forget the dress shirt that was cleaned for Linden Lane and remained in the P. O. for six days collecting a protective sheath of flug, while Johnny tried to convince the powers that it was all a misguided joke; nor the clear, warm April night in Beaven when Johnny slept under four woolen blankets because Joe had a house-date and only seventeen bucks. But most of all we'll all remember how Johnny proved to be one of the outstanding members of the select Duffle Club—a sincere, clever, well-liked fellow.

ALVIN CARMINE LEONE, A.B.

EAST HARTFORD, CONN.

Debating 1, 2, 3; *Tomahawk* 1, 2; *Hartford Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Chairman* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle.*

In September of 1927, East Hartford discovered to her dismay that she was about to lose one of her greatest assets. Her loss, however, became Holy Cross' gain; Signor Leone packed up his banjo and betook himself to Worcester, where he immediately began to torture fourth Fenwick by a peculiar howling noise accompanied by a guttural plunk-plunk. We've never forgiven him for that.

Don't let the gentleman's small stature deceive you. There is something big about him that is hardly describable, something in which he is unequalled throughout the class and perhaps the school. Possibly that's why he's so popular in such places as Pembroke and Cheshire, Conn. Box 635 simply isn't big enough to hold his mail, in spite of the fact that he seldom writes letters. As a matter of fact, we seldom see him studying, either, but he manages to get some amazing marks. He's not only a handsome devil, he actually has brains. To date he has written no less than three novels that beggar description. They will remain, unfortunately, among the great unpublished manuscripts of our day. When we last heard, he was headed for Yale Law. His erudition and absolutely inexhaustible vocabulary should make him Dean of the school within a month.

JOHN JOSEPH LOFTUS, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4;

In a class containing within itself members noted either for excessive verbiage or coldly reserved demeanor, John is a striking example of the truth of the adage, *In medio stat virtus.* In the arena of the classics John has shown himself to be a thoroughly able student; his expressions on those subjects, always worthwhile, have been of a most scholarly length: but in the lists of the more effervescent mental activities, he has been observingly quiet.

Not content with the compulsory studies of Latin and Greek in freshman and sophomore years he has pursued those fields of learning with genuine interest in his last two years, enjoying admirable marks. Of an athletic bent he has been the mainstay of more than one day student intramural—or just plain pick-up-team. In the classroom and in the freer regions of personal self-development he has been well worthy of emulation.

John is the student you usually heard "shushing" the noisy ones in the classroom when the professor was toiling through the mazes of a particularly hazy (and, alas, often boring) difficulty in the philosophy. John was at Holy Cross with a purpose and no one will be able to smile more happily with a sense of duty well done, at graduation. John's smile, unique and attracting, betokens in his character a fundament of subtle, saving humor that—appearing infrequently—was all the more appreciated thereby on a dark day.

ROBERT AUGUSTUS LYNCH, A.B.

ANDOVER, NEW YORK

Aquinas Circle; PATCHER *Staff* 4.

The Lynch. In person, the fair warrior of the senior class with whom it must have been a pleasure to room during the dear, dead, departed college days. A flaming personality, fastidious in dress and manner, an enthusiastic supporter and admirer of his school, Bob topped off the ensemble with as gloriously magnificent a shock of corn-yellow hair as has ever been seen in Worcester. Known to every member of the senior body by name and known of by everyone in the school, Robbie has carved for himself one of those well-known niches in the memories of his mates. Oh yeah!

Something of an athlete, well up in his studies, Bob has trod the primrose path of prominence ever since the hectic Regis and dorm days of freshman. Periodically Bob was an outstanding social success and in between times meekly bowed the servile, but, gentlemen, unconquered neck to the grinding juggernaut of daily life. In his lighter moments Bob coined many and many a choice phrase that became the enthusiastic property of the school. For this if for nothing else he became a—oh well—"and a pot of tea, please."

JAMES JOSEPH MACEK, PH.B.
MANCHESTER, N. H.

Mendel Academy 3, 4; *Chemists' Club* 2, 3, 4; *Scientific Society* 3, 4; *Manchester Club* 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Sodality* 2, 3, 4; *New Hampshire Club* 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

Even the modest have a heart, a few pet prides. His heart lies nearest to the glories of Manchester, his pride is in its glorification. Whenever we think of Jim, a picture comes to our mind of a nonchalant individual, with a slightly supercilious look adorning his lips, sauntering through each classroom, much as a feudal lord passing through the huts of his serfs, condescendingly, yet highly interested.

Such austerity and dignity of character completes and augments a modesty that is charming, a silence that is winning. But besides he is a gentleman, cultured yet capable of delightful informality, a fine fellow whose magnanimity is proverbial, whose views are intense and whose specialty is companionship. Well versed in his attainments he is our conception of a real gentleman and a true friend. Subtle courtesies so characteristic of him makes parting at graduation a bit less happy. Our recollections of him shall always be pleasurable, and with each such thought we fondly hope that this brotherly love, together with our wishes for success, may be harbored in Jim forever.

Aloof from the multitude, Jim, with reserved composure, nevertheless has written on the scroll of his friends, many an outstanding name in the class of '31. Of a quiet demeanor, he has achieved a portion of intellectual success that has made him one of the more prominent members of that sadly battered group, the pre-med men.

LUKE JOHN MACKEN, JR., PH.B.
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Club 2, 3, *Dance Chairman* 4; *Sodality* 2; *Aquinas Circle.*

Endowed with a subtle sense of humor and more than an ordinary share of irony, Luke came to us from Georgetown in his second year. From the start he was extraordinary and till the end he remained and still remains that way. It is an asset in Luke's case this peculiar position amongst his classmates. He dominates his unique estate with the sophistication of a smoothly reared gentleman. Ever ready in wit and always on the lookout for chances to display his ware of good times, he lends life to most of the gatherings in which he is found.

Aside from this spirit of raillery, Luke has a gift of being able to get hold of and subject the most difficult of studies in a surprisingly short time. Some people term this cramming (how hateful a word and how untrue in the picture it draws). Luke's "cramming" consists of ensconsing himself on a well-pillowed bed with lamp-lightings suitable and not too glaring, and leisurely turning pages on pages of the dry and unyielding matter that is the lesson which he must conquer before 9.00 the next morning. Such a student as Luke belies the statement that "cramming" is of no earthly use other than to get a good mark, and that the matter crammed is quickly dispelled from the "crammer's" brain. Often in conversation, Luke will pop up with the weirdest discourses on phases of studies long since passed from the annals of memory and dead in the dust of the past.

Speaking of the dust of the past, have you ever heard or read Luke's masterpiece that leaped forth from the pages of the *Purple*. If you haven't read it, it's a masterpiece.

GEORGE FRANCIS MADAUS, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Reception* 4; PATCHER *Staff*.

In every class there is a group of students who seem to overcome scholastic barriers with the greatest ease—a group who take studies almost carelessly and yet so effectively that they are always in the honor division of the class—a group which is the envy of all their classmates. In this category, George wins one of the higher offices and he merits the place because of a freedom from worry over textbooks and an ability to be always prepared in the classroom. It is even reputed that he can prepare for a psychology exam within the course of a few hours. If this be true, and we do not doubt it, it is a feat, may we explain to the uninitiated, which is more than a mere accomplishment, it is awe inspiring, it is nearly miraculous! Thus when the conclusion is drawn that George is endowed with more than the usual amount of intellectual acumen, there are few who will contest the statement.

Combined with this natural ability, George is the possessor of a personality which makes him one of the foremost members of the Worcester Club. His interest in club affairs and his help in conducting club activities, ranks him as an invaluable member of the school. It is because of these qualities that, we know, Holy Cross and in particular the class of '31 will miss George Madaus when he leaves the Hill to further the success which has rewarded his scholastic endeavors.

WILLIAM FRANCIS MADDEN, JR., PH.B.

WALTHAM, MASS.

Frosh Cross-Country Captain; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; *Cross-Country* 1, 2, 3, *Captain* 4; *Chairman Junior Prom; Aquinas Circle; Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Senior Council; Class Banquet* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Civil Service* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key; Boston Club.*

A thorough presentation of Bill's character and activities would entail considerable more space than this page permits for he was indeed the man of affairs. All of us were familiar with Bill in his capacity as news-vendor—if not in the guise of subscribers, surely as readers. On his rounds with the black-book it is rumored that Bill amassed a collection of sob stories that would put even a "Broadway Panhandler" to shame. But Bill bided his time and usually won out; a feat which in this barren field is certainly a tribute to his business capabilities. A veteran of three seasons as a varsity trackman, Bill has contributed nobly to Holy Cross' measure of success in the track world. Always a consistent miler outdoors and a valuable member of the two-mile relay indoors, he climaxed his career and manifested his versatility by captaining the cross-country team in his Senior year.

To please some two hundred odd fellows of varied tastes and apinions requires a diplomacy and tact beyond the pale of the average fellow. But Bill's efficient management of our memorable Junior Prom justified his choice with unanimity of opinion. This alone will be sufficient to keep Bill fresh in our memory for years to come.

We may express our regard for Bill by saying, in all sincerity, that it is for the purpose of renewing acquaintance with his type that others return to their five-year reunions.

JOSEPH PERKINS MAHER, A.B.

DEDHAM, MASS.

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; French Academy; Mendel Academy; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Hormone Contributor; K. of C.*

On Fourth Fenwick next the Prefect's room lived a duo, one of whom is now studying in another land, the other of whom has at last completed the long grind of a Pre-Medical student. For Joe has labored for hour on hour, day after day in preparation for medical school.

But all who lived in those icy regions remember the moaning and screeching of a clarinet that was being disciplined into the band. That organization has had Joe as a member for four years and he could always be found with it in the mud or ice of Fitton Field of an afternoon as soon as the laboratories had disgorged their denizens. Not for him the excitement of a seat high up in the stands to watch the Purple warriors rise to victory, for the band worked hard till the end of the game.

To his intimate friends Joe was a treasure. He could always be depended upon to carry the banner of truth in a "bull session" either against a roommate or with him, depending upon what that roommate held. Joe was seldom found in error, since he rarely spoke without thinking about what he was going to say. This habit militated against effervescence, but it certainly made for exactness.

His good humor, his ability to perceive values, his seriousness and gift of persistence will go far toward success in medicine, as it had been invaluable in making him a friend of whom to be proud.

WILLIAM FRANCIS MAHER, A.B.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Track* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Cross-Country* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Treasurer* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Debating* 3; *New Haven Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Night; Frosh Reception* 2; *Senior Prom Committee.*

We are willing to bet that he is smiling. It just would not be Bill Maher if he were not. Any fellow who can be stranded in Boston at 11.50 P.M. when the last train has left for Worcester some quarter of an hour previously, and then can make his way to the College (the Lord knows how) and can walk into his room with a broad cheerio, has more than a splendid disposition. It must be genius.

It is with great pride that we dilate upon Bill's prowess as a track man. Besides being a prince of good fellows, the "reindeer" is one of Bart Sullivan's prodigies in the half-mile. For four years he has scintillated on the boards each fall and on the cinders each spring. He has shown his heels to the best B. C. had to offer in the half and we ask no more of any man. The foundation of Bill's geniality and likableness are found in his vivid personality. The characteristics are natural to him, not of the affected type acquired by ten easy lessons via the mail. To know him is to admire him—to share his friendship is a privilege to be envied. A superb athlete, genial companion and true friend is Wild Will Maher.

DANIEL EDWARD MAHONEY, A.B.

NATICK, MASS.

Baseball 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Class Basketball* 4; *Class Football* 3.

"Dan," "Mike," "Merko," (take your choice) was one of the first members of our class to become known. His first year was spent in back of Fenwick picking up pillows, books, razors, soap, Ungentine (in the remedial powers of which Dan had great faith) and whatnot, which had been hurled out the windows by his pseudo-comic classmates. In Sophomore, Dan went in for advertising and after several weeks of ceaseless toil, thoroughly convinced the class of the remarkable powers of Herpicide as a hair restorer. It was also in his second year that Dan began his extensive work in extra-curricular activities which continued up to his graduation. Always lending a helping hand, always a smile or a cheerful word, a more likeable fellow we have never met.

Merko (merely for variety) took things pretty much as they came, (some things he took twice he liked them so well) and it is little wonder then that his popularity grew by leaps and bounds with the passing of the years (Oh, those happy years). Dan won considerable renown in Junior and Senior as a "swatter" of no mean ability. Several times the manager of the Bancroft Hotel complained of broken windows after Mike had his turn at bat. Mike has always been a close follower of sports (I remember him well in the grades) and between basketball, football, baseball, Dan was kept busy during his four years at Holy Cross. In Senior year, however, Dan became addicted to French pastry and "bon-bons" and of course we all remember the night over on Main Street—But that's another story.

JOHN JOSEPH MAHONEY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Band* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Concert Group* 3; *Senior Ball Committee; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

John possesses qualities certain to lead him to success—diligence, brilliance of intellect, and an abundance of good humor. Thus gifted it was not surprising that he gathered honors throughout his four-year sojourn at Holy Cross. Yet in Freshman the class of '31 nearly lost this gifted young man for in keeping with his success as a poet, he refused all tonsorial ministrations, wore long, flowing ties, and had not his pals, Croteau and Bergin, showed him the error of his ways, he would have left school to follow the elusive Muse, Erato. But if he could not have the one, he would have the other, even though the latter Muse were but second fiddle to his favorite. Accordingly, John invoked the aid of Euterpe, bought a trombone, practiced assiduously, and finally joined the band. Upon his efforts we refrain from discussion, but he did look fine in his purple cape.

However, that John was a grind is not to be inferred from any studiousness professed, for he always found time to attend the proms and social events of the year, both within the school and within the ranks of Worcester's "400." Perhaps our fondest memory will be of John as the proud owner of "Lizzie," which with asthmatic sputtering labored so gallantly in conveying many of the day scholars to the Hill. Deep in the recesses of O'Kane we heard the gasping efforts of his '18 Ford as John coaxed and wheedled it up Linden Lane and we mourned her passing when at last "Lizzie" gave up the ghost.

SIMON FRANCIS MANKIEWICZ, A.B.

EAST PLYMOUTH, PA.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Football* 3, 4; *Penn Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Chairman* 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

He has, as he is entitled to have, a high self-respect—though often suspected of pertinacious tendencies. This disposition was created by an ingenious mind ever ready to produce a code of morality too severe for observance. He is stern and austere; perhaps too much enamored of an ascetic, harsh sublimity. He is indeed reserved, perhaps even shy—from the character of his mind—profoundly meditative, and from the character of his life a trifle sequestered. But he lacked neither proper boldness—nor was he deficient in a reasonable self-confidence towards that in the world which rested upon a basis at once justified and glorious. Affability is his virtue, for his friendship was neither difficult to attain nor once attained, insecure of possession.

With the riches of youth about him, he would condescend to grasp with a propensity that terrified, the charms of those studies that were to mold and shape noticeably, his mind for the world to which his graduation would admit him.

In spite of his austerity we find great pleasure in his company. With his ready witticisms and happy smile he inures himself to the effects of gloom so successfully that his effervescent good spirits have become contagious—for which we are properly grateful.

Sturdily self-reliant, boldly unafraid in the knowledge of ultimate success, has hewn for Si an eminence indicative, not only of the esteem in which he is held by his fellows, but also of fine underlying character.

WALTER DANIEL MARA, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Intramural Athletics* 4.

Having resided in Worcester all his life and being familiar with the environs of South Worcester, it was only natural that Walter should choose Holy Cross as his Alma Mater. Enrolling with the class of thirty-one, he has lent his calm presence to all class activity and if his calmness was almost phlegmatic, it nevertheless lent his presence a becoming dignity, although it was so marked that now at the end of the four-year course he is still unacquainted with a number of his fellow classmen. However, to those who did know him he bestowed a friendship that was steady and dependable in reason of the sincerity that so characterized his every action. If there is any truth in the old homily: "Sincerity is the essence of achievement," we may look upon Walter as a man of accomplishments.

Walter did not shine brilliantly in the scholastic field or the hectic battle of extra-curricular activity. However, his interest in the school was manifest by his activity as a member of the Worcester Undergraduate Club and in this organization he was one of the most dependable members. Modest, quiet, almost to the point of self-effacement, dependable, Walter was one of the greatest assets the class could boast.

RAYMOND O'DELL MARTIN, Jr., A.B.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Football 1, 2, 3; *Debating* 1, 2, 3; *Class Basketball* 1; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, *Consultor* 4; *K. of C.; Frosh Night Chairman; Frosh Reception Chairman* 2; *Tomahawk* 3, 4; *Dramatics* 1, 2, *Business Manager* 4; *Ohio Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Senior Council; Purple Key* 3, *Chairman* 4; *Senior Ball Committee.*

Determination, tireless effort, versatility, leave nothing to be desired in a man. And when we find these three qualities stamped so obviously on one with whom we are all so familiar, since familiarity always tends to lessen the outstanding characteristics, can we help prophesying success for the possessor? The truth seems so inadequate; yet all who know him realize that to flatter him is impossible because no matter how highly we speak of him it is the truth.

To him, several erstwhile Freshman classes owe their thanks for receptions given in their honor. Under his management the Purple Key assumed new life, new being, new proportions, new aims. Shaking its slothful wings, it found that there was strength where it had thought there was none, and soaring upward to a new aerie it has founded a precedent which will make it easier for future classes to carry on.

Just as his work is characterized by dash and vigor, so is the man fired by the same ideals. Nothing is too difficult for him to attempt, and once attempting, consummate. Pursuits are never too numerous and varied for him to carry all successfully. Valuable time unstintingly given to others and the desires of others has not been the unusual but rather the usual, thing for him to do.

JOHN FRANCIS MAYOCK, A.B.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Debating 2, 3; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3; *Penn Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Civil Service* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Class Basketball* 4; *French Academy* 1, 2.

This is the Senior who achieved sudden fame as the only Holy Cross man known to have bought two tickets for the same passage from New York to Worcester. Believe it or not. Like Mr. Ripley, we have witnesses. Still, all genius has its peculiarities. Jack persists in the outrageous habit of slamming doors; and the snores issuing from Loyola 13, beginning at 8.30 P. M., are simply terrific. But he has a power of personal attraction that is irresistible. He stands forth as an example of the democratic spirit and good fellowship that show the true Holy Cross man.

And here's the big secret! Jack is a budding author, with promise of bursting at an early date into the innermost of inner circles of contemporary American literati, whether they like it or not. We've heard that there are at least three or four well-known producers on his trail, waiting to pounce greedily on the manuscript of his first cinema scenario; and it promises to be a hair-raising one. In a few years, you see, our Alma Mater will be able to boast of prominent literary as well as political offspring.

But a word or two on his loyal friendship, his monetary scrupulosity, his plugging attitude of mind which placed him well in the forefront of intellectual rank, is far from amiss at this point. Jack Mayock, gentlemen, there he stands!

JAMES STEPHEN MISSETT, A.B.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Sodality 2, 3, 4; *Springfield Club* 2, 3, *President* 4; *Debating* 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Aquinas Circle; Senior Ball Committee; Varsity Debating* 3.

Boston College gave a singular token of her affection for Holy Cross when she permitted Speed to join the class of '31 on the Hill. Deep as the spring of culture itself, Speed, though slow in movement, has become among us the personification of quick-witted, argumentative genius whose words quell anyone brazen enough to speak in generalities. His aptitude for distinguishing and his disconcerting proneness to deny a harmless statement have made him a popular and outstanding figure wherever the boys gather together. He carried these attributes into debating and broke the hearts of his opponents; he used them with gusto against all, irrespective of position. Even when half-shaved one evening in Junior year, he insisted on being logical and continued to shave in spite of a quiet suggestion to retire. To those who would listen, he defended his continuance of the operation until the second and unexpected suggestion to retire was given. Speed left the field a broken, but philosophical warrior. "Though vanquished, he could argue still."

Speed's standing in studies was always high. He has made friends who will always remember his generosity at all times—excepting when Truth needed a defense. His disposition is unbelievably even. That, coupled with his brilliance is a guarantee of his success.

ROBERT EDWARD MITCHELL, A.B.

WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2, 4; *Glee Club* 3; *Aquinas Circle* 4.

Possessed of a poignant sense of humor and a leavening common sense, Bob has looked at the ups and downs of college life from a serious point of view. No depth of philosophical reasoning could quite obliterate the twinkle in his eye. A nature of this sort won him many friends. At the very outset of his collegiate career when impressions are strong and reputations are founded, this envoy from Weymouth distinguished himself as a scholastic light. Four years of academic charges have failed to remove him from his place with the leaders.

Who will forget those famous words, "If I don't know it now, I never will," with which Bob was wont to efface all cares the night before one of the frequent bouts with the mysteries and mazes of scholastic philosophy. Needless to say, Bob usually knew the "matter" though it was rumored about that a few times it was dawn before his triumphant cry was heard. Be that as it may, many faltered and fell by the wayside, but it seems that Mitch was planted "neither among thorns nor in fallow ground."

Bob intends to be a banker and who shall say that he will not achieve his aim? After listening to his roommate discourse on the vagaries of credit analysis, stock brokering, the high cost of baseballs, and various closely allied subjects, he should be well fitted for his future position. With a start such as this and the qualities which we have enumerated, we have every assurance of his ultimate success.

GEORGE PHILIP MOLLOY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Musical Clubs 1, 2, 3; *Band* 1, 2, 3; *Worcester Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1; *Class Basketball* 4; *Class Handball* 3, 4.

Four years at Holy Cross have led us to the belief that it is a part of the Divine plan to keep a balance in this world. Therefore, when we found in the day student's room a fellow like Fran O'Reilly wearing a yellow tie with a green shirt and others such as Kerrigan and Heimer with wrinkled vests, we knew that there ought to be a balance for these gross sartorial imperfections. It was after a short search that we found the balance for these blemishes in George Malloy.

George's neat dress might have been due to the fact that he was a shoe salesman on Saturdays. Then, too, he may have been attempting to snare some fair Bertha with the mere external beauties of this world. That last deduction need not be taken *ex cathedra.* It was rather hard to catch George at anything like that. We don't deny, however, that he might be caught.

Despite the fact that George was one of our business men (he always had something on foot) he took the education course. We do wish him success, but feel that if well-shined and well-heeled shoes mean anything in this world of strife, George will not have a hard time paying his Alumni dues.

JOHN JOSEPH MORGAN, A.B.

EAST JAFFREY, N. H.

French Academy 1; *Debating* 3, 4; *Dramatics* 3, 4; *Band* 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Class Secretary* 3, 4; *Library Staff* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

In the fall of 1927, New Hampshire sent one of her sons to Holy Cross that he might make his mark there and in the world in after years. It seems quite safe to say that Johnny has done so here on the Hill. He is surely one of the best known men in the class of '31 and has been twice thought of by the class to be elected to the office of secretary.

It would be hard indeed to find one in the whole College who works more than does John. Not only does he spend a great deal of time over the more formal aspects of philosophy and education, but he has made opportunities for engaging in extra-curricular activities. His flying fingers have made dull hours pleasant for the band. For being a member of that famous group of travellers he strove to please them on the piano as he strove to please the crowds in various stadia with his cornet. The Library staff has counted John among its members for several years, and has recently given him the duty of holding the fort at times when nearly everyone else is at home or downtown or at the "talkies" in the Auditorium. Yet, in spite of all this time-consuming work, Johnny has been able to charm the ears of his fellow-debaters on occasion, and succeeded in Junior in carrying off the prize in the McMahon Historical Essay Contest.

All in all the mild-mannered "Roughhouse" is one of the most studious and industrious men whom thirty-one has had the pleasure of knowing.

THOMAS JOHN MORGAN, A.B.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Fitchburg Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Morgan!" The command when uttered by any of the professors elicited but silence for the lists of thirty-one boasted two members with this same historical surname and for four years they have waged an undeclared battle with every member of the faculty, always concluding in the latter's explicit enunciation of either "T. J." or "J. J." Here, however, the resemblance between the Morgans ended and to even a casual observer the reasons for the dissimilarity between Tom and the highly-touted "Roughhouse" are quite evident and need not be elaborated.

Tom, residing in Fitchburg, joined the ranks of commuters and although subject to the travail of journeying the many miles each morning and night, he nevertheless found time to show a marked interest in things pertaining to school and to the class. Although a baseball player of more than average ability the fact that he resided so far from the school kept him from making more than a mild bid for the varsity team. In other activities Tom was also handicapped by his rigorous role of day-ducker. However, his eagerness in participating in all club activities manifested his admirable spirit.

Tom will not be quickly forgotten by any of his friends for he has a personality which combines not only a jovial good nature, but also a sincerity which is most pleasing.

GEORGE A. MORIN, A.B.

SPENCER, MASS.

Track 1, 2, 3, *Captain* 4; *Class Basketball* 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Junior Prom Committee; Student Council; Senior Ball Committee; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4.

George is so well known to most people of New England that it is almost superfluous to write anything about him. His name and picture have been featured on sporting pages in every town newspaper and he has even, and we say this in awed tones, had his picture appear in full page size and in natural colors in a prominent foreign publication. Such is the acknowledgment which his accomplishments have won—and justly so, for it was George who aided and captained the great relay team which twice ran the mile in less than world record time. One of the most prominent Massachusetts schoolboy athletes, he came to Holy Cross with an impressive record and in his four years up here has materially augmented it. The number of titles he has held is too large for mere memory to retain; the number of records he has broken is still greater; and the number of points he has scored in competition for Holy Cross surpasses in amount the entire number of demerits acquired by the Senior class in the course of their four-year sojourn on Pakachoag.

But his ability was not confined to track. George was also the class jester. Being endowed with a throat which was a cross between a harmonica and a steamboat whistle he interpolated speech or song with the weirdest noises ever issued from human being. A carefree nature, a boisterous good humor, we hail George Morin as the most colorful runner ever to wear spiked shoe.

PHILIP JOSEPH MORRISON, A.B.

NASHUA, N. H.

Sanctuary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Mendel Club* 3, 4; *Chemists' Club* 3, 4; *Scientific Society* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; New Hampshire Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

A gentleman, a scholar, and a man of great lungs is now looking at you. If you are in doubt about this latter title merely assert something, nay, anything, and the ensuing argument will soon prove its veracity. What the man lacks in truth he puts into oral volume; add to this the fact that whether he is right or wrong he is always right, and you have a situation which no expenditure of energy can conquer. At such times as these arguments take place, the air disturbances can be detected almost anywhere in the surrounding buildings.

Although we think Phil is naturally fitted for a lawyer's career he intends to be a doctor. He realizes that the field of medicine is crowded, but maintains that there is always room for one more good one at the top. If self-exhortation means anything Phil will probably reach this very top. At least he will make a good consultor, having had plenty of experience in that line before the pre-med brain twisters. His advice is always theoretically sound.

He has, it grieves us to admit, one bad habit—he makes too much noise when he gets up in the morning! However, earnestness of endeavor, good-fellowship and wholesome humor more than overbalance, by their value as loyalty-making qualities this one picayune fault.

FRANCIS JAMES MOYLAN, B.S.

MILTON, MASS.

Scientific Society 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Band Manager; Instrumental Club Manager; Chemists' Club* 4; *Senior Council; Purple Key.*

France may have had Napoleon but the class of '31 has Frank and bows its head to no one. Who would have even dared to dream that in the lowly freshman who ascended Mount St. James some four years ago rested executive power, keen vision, intelligence par excellence, and a preponderous ability to attain his purpose. Yet there they were in all their potency and four years of college ilfe have served to bring them into actual reality.

As manager of the band he has persevered through the consequent trials and tribulations to make it the best college band in the country. As equipment manager of the musical clubs he has been the power behind the stage who kept things running in such a smooth fashion. Indeed the personnel of the clubs would have been incomplete without him and to him we say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

His chosen field is metallurgy and we are certain that his choice is a wise one for good metallurgists are at a premium in this age of steel. That he has mastered the B.S. course is sufficient proof of his intelligence for only the fittest survive. Ever active in extra-curricular activities he is a man of whom Holy Cross may well be proud.

The story would be incomplete without some mention of his pipe. Constant companion through thick and thin, it has almost become an integral part of him.

JOSEPH FELICIAN MULLEN, A.B.

PATERSON, N. J.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Jersey Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *French Academy* 1; *Aquinas Circle; Sanctuary Society* 1.

Fresh from the miasmic swamps of misbegotten New Jersey came Joe, full of hope, in the year of our Lord, 1927. He came to us without the panoply of renown yet in the fleeting breath of four years his fame became part and parcel of the lore of the class. Strolling hastily along, bowing and smiling, there was scarcely one on the campus who did not know him, at least by name. Pursuing the straight A.B. course, he maintained an equipoise of outlook and achievement which kept him in that lucky section of the class that never had to worry over examinations.

Joe was very quiet—quiet to the point of unobtrusiveness. It was a difficult thing to know the inner fellow, but once known, that personality kept friends through the most trying circumstances. His presence in a room lent any session a charm, which, verging to the lightly humorous, was ever interesting. Joe was the recipient of many a cross-fire of banter, but he never waved the white flag, eventually turning the tables on his "adversaries."

His minor fames, of chess, playing tennis, handball and the like, made him an able fellow-sportsman. As a friend he had no equal; there wasn't another man in the class who made and kept friendships with such vitality. Joe has leanings toward teaching and was a star in that rather somnolent class of pedagogy. His marks have ever attested to keenness of interest in the curriculum. Clubs, too, were in favor of much of his attention.

CHARLES JOSEPH MURPHY, A.B.

WATERBURY, CONN.

Waterbury Club 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2; *Dramatics* 2, 3, 4, *Stage Manager* 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Civil Service* 3, 4; *K. of C.*

Charlie is perhaps the steadiest, most sober, and sincere member of the class. His poise in the face of adverse circumstances, his phlegm and evenness of emotional moods have made him a most reliable man to have on the committees of any activity sponsored by the school. His easily guiding hand and sincerity of purpose were great factors in the success of the Purple Key this past season. Whether engaged in athletics or in the politics of class, and extra-class intellectual endeavors, his word and his presence more than once have saved the day.

His fuming pipe and shaggy red sweater marked his movements in some of the very select circles of the class. His good nature and love of horseplay showed him to be a jovial soul. Though studies called him (and called him successfully) he was ever willing to lend that truly famous and no less remarkable slow drawl of his to contests of light wit. Admired and talked of by every member of '31, his mental and physical makeup, coupled with a quietly powerful outlook on life, will long be remembered by us.

JOHN PAUL MURPHY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Civil Service* 3, 4; *Senior Ball Committee; Frosh Reception* 2, 3.

You need but one look at the name to convince yourself that Jack helps to make up Worcester's large Swedish population. As is evident, Jack is a day-ducker and many of his friends will testify how faithfully the "Stonecrusher," his Essex touring, steamed over Mount St. James the last two years of its life—Jack's first two years at school. Murph made himself popular with all by his willingness always to make room for one more. The stonecrusher, because of its crowd, looked like the South Worcester trolley with the exception that it (the stonecrusher) made more trips daily—one a day to be exact.

Here at school, most of Jack's free time was spent, not in the bustle of the day students' locker room nor in the intellectual stillness of the library, but on the well-worn handball court. No matter what the weather his diligence in pursuing the little black pellet was something to be marvelled at. His proficiency in the game, as anyone who has played him will vouch, is nothing short of perfection.

Jack has always been a strong member of the Worcester Club, never missing a meeting or a club activity. With the same spirit Jack just can't miss when he steps out to face the world.

GEORGE FREDERICK MURRAY, A.B.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Choir* 3, 4; *French Academy* 1; *Debating* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2, 4; *Purple Key; Aquinas Circle; Senior Ball Committee; Class Basketball* 4; *Tennis* 4; *Dramatics* 1; *Holyoke Club* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4.

George came to Holy Cross with a proud record of achievement, both in the class-room and out, and with the determination to add to his laurels, though in distant fields. After realizing that Regis Hall was more bother than it was worth, he eliminated that obstacle in a manner erroneously supposed to be characteristic by his teachers, getting demerits sufficient to send him to the "blue-room." But in Sophomore he came into his own and became one of Fr. Dwyer's most brilliant rhetoricians. Through Junior year he continued his good work and Senior finds him still with Mr. Powers and "all that is left of them, left of one hundred."

But to concentrate on George's accomplishments in the class-room would be to do him injustice, for he has not lived to himself alone. The Holyoke Club is indebted to him for the most successful Easter dance in our memory and has honored him with the presidency of their body, an office which he fills with the tact reminiscent of the glorious days of Everett Sullivan. In "bull sessions" we have known a genial and witty personality; in debate we have witnessed not the orator, perhaps, but the clear thinker at work. And though he has never entered the field of dramatics, many of us know the talent with which Dan O'Neil and he enacted " 'Tis the Answer" with Pop's office as the background. Above all we marked George as a particularly friendly fellow in a place where fellows are supposed to be friendly.

JOHN EDWARD MURRAY, A.B.
LeRoy, New York

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *New York Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *French Academy* 1; *Aquinas Circle.*

In the fall of '27 a rather good looking young fellow signified his intention of becoming a member of the class of '31 by making his appearance on the Hill. Very early Ed manifested the qualities that produce an atmosphere of scholarship saturated with the aroma of good fellowship.

His scholastic endeavors however did not limit his participation in numerous social activities. It has been rumored about that a city in New York State, well known for its University, was the object of several visits during his four years at Holy Cross. The real purpose of his sojourns was revealed at Junior Prom time, much to the disappointment of many choice bits of femininity in and about Worcester.

Ed is not a follower of Kant, but by reason of his many ideals, the term of idealist may be deduced as applicable to his person. His fine character, his pleasing appearance, his personality, his shrewd analytical powers in general, a composite of his fine qualities will ultimately enable him to reach the goal of final success.

PAUL BERNARD McARDLE, A.B.
WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 2, 4; *Band* 2, 3, 4; *Musical Club* 2, 3, 4.

The class of nineteen thirty-one, it must be confessed, was composed of individuals of every taste and every fashion. On one extreme there were many men who were quite outstanding and quite radical. The other extreme was marked by fellows whose reserve and dependability could always be expected. This latter group was as important for the welfare of the whole class as the former because its steadiness counteracted and balanced any unfeasible tendencies. It is in this category that Paul McArdle took his place. Quiet almost to the point of self-effacement, he finished the four-year course still unknown to many of the resident students. His personality did not command immediate attention, but his perseverance and the success which marked his efforts would win applause in any gathering.

Paul's interest in extra-curricular activity is manifested by his presence with the musical clubs and in particular with the football band. The long practice sessions which this organization demanded, often kept Paul up on the Hill long after darkness had hidden the blemishes of South Worcester and hours after his day student comrades had returned home. Undismayed by this ordeal he persevered and proved one of the invaluables that made the band so highly commendable.

Thus we find Paul manifesting the same dogged determination both in the classroom and in outside activity and in both cases we admire him for his success.

CHARLES D. McCARTHY, A.B.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Class Basketball* 3, 4; *French Academy.*

Four years ago Brookfield, not to be outdone by other New England towns, delegated two of her finest to bolster the lists of Holy Cross and in particular the class of nineteen thirty-one. Bart Sullivan—often erroneously confused with the track mentor—and Charlie McCarthy daily travelled the long miles to the Heart of the Commonwealth, plunged whole-heartedly into the scholastic swim and then, as the evening shadows lengthened, wended their way home again to eager Brookfield. But alas, Bart, at the end of Sophomore, deserted his first love and yielded to the more immediate appeal of law training and Charlie was left to march alone. That briefly is the saga of Bart and Charlie—the complete details take much longer to relate.

In the first place we wish to call attention to the way Charlie participated in all scholastic activity. Despite the fact that he was handicapped by being a long-distance, day student and most of his free time was spent in travelling, Charlie always had a keen interest in matters pertaining to the school or to '31. This in turn was augmented by one of the most cheerful natures it has ever been our pleasure to know. In the four years that he has been with us we can not recall even one incident in which Charlie was not his own happy self. His smile should be a pass key to success, for such personality has no bounds.

JOHN FRANCIS McCOOL, PH.B.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Aquinas Circle* 4; *Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Handball* 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4.

Introducing the Pennsylvania Baron—John McCool, well known campus figure and man about town (just which town depended upon the length of the week-end permission). Ever since Freshman year Jack has been one of the most popular and colorful men in the school. He is a protagonist of activity and we rank him in that category so well described as "breezy." Jack never sauntered into a room—he burst in and his line of chatter would make Floyd Gibbons seem deliberate in speech. However this impetuosity was not unwelcome for with Jack's arrival all care seemed to vanish. His stories and experiences were as unusual as his personality and we have yet to see his equal in these details. This is, however, but characteristic of all his abilities for whatever he did, he did wholeheartedly. For proof of this may we offer his prowess as a football player. His effectiveness in stopping all opposition was a great factor in the Purple victories. And is there anyone who can ferget the tackle he made on the opening play of the Rutgers-Holy Cross game in 1928?

Such achievement is sufficient to make most people rather egotistical, but the bluff, boisterous nature which Jack possesses never took this tendency. He remained a good-fellow-extraordinary and one of the finest friends to all who knew him—and their numbers were legion.

JOHN HENRY McCUE, A.B.

MILTON, MASS.

Musical Clubs 1, 2, 3, 4; *Band* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Freshman Reception* 1, 2; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Above, there is one smile that Pepsodent has failed, as yet, to flash on scintillating advertisements. All of which proves that we never miss the water till the well goes dry. Yet in his heart this man is base, as he has proved by his brutal treatment of a defenseless drum on so many gory gridirons, and so many packed parks. And speaking of parks, Jack usually parks in places of such utter serenity and peace behind steam-rollers, I have heard, that parking gets one vote from him as the ideal spot.

And did you hear about Jack having such a perfect time at the prom? Well, come around some time and we'll tell you. "Baby, Where Can You Be?" is the theme song of that little drama. Although that is neither here nor there, neither was she; so pardon the tangent. Jack likes tangents too, who doesn't? Nothing like going off on a tangent, especially on week-ends.

But getting back to grim reality, after having paged Pinkertons (they never sleep), to play the little game of "Cherchez-la-femme" for us, have you been around to hear the latest records at the Boston Store? "Oh yes! I saw you there with Jack." "Nice music?" "What's that?" "Oh, surely, marvelous girl too."

It will probably be learned about June that Jack has served as groomsman to several of the boys. He guarantees secrecy for any length of time that you may wish to stipulate. The terms? One life sentence.

JOHN MICHAEL McDERMOTT, A.B.

BRANFORD, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3; *Purple Key* 4; *Frosh Reception* 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *New Haven Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Chemists' Club* 3, 4.

Johnnie, another one of the old relics of the class of '30 who joined '31 and truly we can say that it was the class of '30's loss and our happy gain. Johnnie has had a varied and interesting career during his year with us. He found time to master so thoroughly the intricacies of the Colloid State that he was known as the Colloid King. He listened patiently and courteously to his roomie's jokes. He was such an ardent devotee of Mohamed during the stilly hours, that the prophet rewarded his faithfulness by bestowing upon him the title "El Bozo." He sympathized with the inimitable Kinney when Frank told of his arduous days in Denmark and Soviet Russia, and last but not least he instructed Dave Elwood on how properly to mend a morris chair.

With such experience crowded into one brief year, Mike is well equipped for the great venture into the cold, cruel world. Seriously, howver, John is a good student, a hard worker and a true friend. His field is chemistry and we feel that the industry he displayed here at the Cross will serve to carry him far in that work. But most important of all, and this we shall never forget is the fact that Johnnie was generous to a fault.

PRESTON JAMES McDONNELL, A.B.

TORRINGTON, CONN.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Civil Service* 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 3, 4; *Class Football* 1, 2; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Hartford Club* 1, 2; *Waterbury Club* 3, 4.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is another of the Naugatuck Valley's illustrious contributions to Holy Cross. We send him back to the home folks a dapper, well informed, aggressive man of prosperous business outlook.

If we may be pardoned a pun, Pres certainly knew the ropes up here on the Hill for, during Senior year, as head elevator man, his was the responsibility of sending up those delicious morsels which grace the tables of the upper refectory. Who can say that any efficiency was lacking?

There were other accomplishments of a more academic nature which this gentleman found time to engender and improve. His masterly handling of the Philippine question on the floor of debate, his retorts, denials, distinctions will not be soon forgotten, although his natural modesty would decry all efforts to praise them.

In bidding farewell to Mac we part with one of the old school of Holy Cross gentlemen nurtured in the bosom of Regis Hall in the days when lanterns were needed to find the path to morning chapel. And now he goes—a man, cultured, polished, man-of-the-world, everywhere at ease and well regarded by all manner of men who appreciate gentlemanliness.

ROBERT WILLIAM McENANEY, A.B.

WALTHAM, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee;* PATCHER *Staff; Class Banquet Committee* 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

Above we have the formal representation of one of the Inseparables, for Bob has shared for four years the trials and tribulations of domestic life with the black-browed Seaman.

This however did not prevent the Senator from plucking a marvellous collection of philosophy grades in Junior and Senior year; grades so brilliant that the uninitiated believed that Thomas Aquinas had been reincarnated without the beard and sandals. Nor is this the only collection of which Bob is rightly proud, because as a connossieur of discriminating taste in gaudy labels, that are gifts from his room-mate, we have as yet to find his equal.

However, Bob is essentially the business man. To his illimitable energy is this book in a great part due, since from October to April, Bob functioned as secretary extraordinary to the business manager and chief editor of this year book who are Simon Legree's twin brothers for work. So, to Bob came the delicate and diplomatic task of composing and typing letters in answer to inquiring editors of year books in the higher institutions of female education. One reply in particular was a masterpiece of sly wit and encyclopedic knowledge.

But, although Bob may compose his own books in the future, or become a Senator (which is not reserved for all of us) we'll always remember him in the words of an old professor as the "young Mr. Mac Ellaley."

OWEN McGIVERN, A.B.
New York City

Debating 1, 2, 3; *President Philomathic* 4; *Winner Prize Debate* 1; *Varsity Debating* 3, 4; *Dramatics* 2, 3, 4; *Winner Oratorical Contest* 3; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society; Track* 1, 2; *Frosh Reception* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Tomahawk* 4; *Purple* 3, 4; PATCHER; *Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, *Chairman* 4; *Chairman Class Banquet* 3, 4.

"Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logic and Rhetoric were so blended in him—that Nature might have stood up and said 'This Man is eloquent.'" Thus does Sterne speak of Walter Shandy, father of the immortal Tristram Shandy. And precisely thus may the class of '31 speak of Owen McGivern whose silver-clarion oratory has been a brilliant feature of extra-curricular activity for four years. Inadequate indeed is the picture of that gentleman without the concomitant ringing voice pealing out clearly and victoriously on any subject under the sun.

At debate, in theatricals, on the stage of classroom exercises, that presence has been with us, electrifying, powerful, ever championing a wise policy and progressive idea, the mouthpiece of the senior class—nay of the school, for who is there that will ever forget the immortal "Death to the Fordham Ram"? "Ay, the streets of South Worcester shall run ankle deep with blood!" Nor are Owen's abilities encompassed solely by the art of oratory. A profound student of politics, the champion of the working girl, a writer of decisively high rank and on occasion, more than ready for the strenuous forms of relaxation, he has partaken of almost every activity on the hill. His attendance at athletic contests was notorious. Oh, who will, gentlemen, who can, say nay to our Cicero?

THOMAS FRANCIS McGOVERN, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Aquinas Circle; French Academy 1; *Worcester Club* 1, 2, *Dance Committee* 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1; *Library Staff.*

To see Tom plugging up to school each morning, one would think from his grave manner that he was seriously pondering the pros and cons of hylomorphism. The observer would be mistaken, however. The prime matter of Tom's cogitations was usually: "Which shall it be this Saturday night, Marshall's or Hickey's?" The substanial form was that of any attractive maid in general. Yes, Tom has been a regular frequenter of Worcester's ballrooms and many are the girlish hearts that have missed a pulsation or two at his dulcet, "How about the next one?"

Mac will, to us at least, be better remembered as chief "shusher" in the Browsing and Periodical rooms of the Library. He was a true bloodhound when on the trail of noise. Easy it was for him to scent out the causes of any unseeming blemish in the classic quietude of that shrine of intellectuality.

Tom, however, not only made good in that line, but he could also fill a learned blue book. When they came back to him with anything less than an 85, the marker had made a mistake. His prowess on the field of study manifests but one of the many spheres of action in which he vented his bubbling energies. An active participant in sports, a gift of light raillery, all combine to form the complete gentleman whose character would do justice to the most commendatory write-up.

FRANK LEE McGRATTY, A.B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Football 1; *Class Football* 2, 3, 4; *Band* 1; *Glee Club* 1; *Debating* 1, 2, 3; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, 4, *Dance Committee* 1, 4; *Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Purple* 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key, Vice-Chairman* 4; *Junior Prom Committee* 3; *Manager Freshman Baseball* 4; PATCHER *Staff; Aquinas Circle; Frosh Reception* 4.

Frank started his first year by getting up at two o'clock in the morning and eulogizing the moon as it bathed the shabby back of O'Kane Building with its shower of beams. Instantly he became prolifically a poet of quality, who was hailed by the best of critics on the Hill. Frank, with his brother Arthur, had something to measure up to in the example set by their upperclass, oldest brother, Ed. It may be said of Frank at the close of Senior year that he has rendered a noble accounting which is more than equal to the record which Ed left at Holy Cross. Frank was hard to know, but once a person was acquainted, he realized that in Frank he had made a friend, who would stand by in times of necessity and despair. Moreover, Frank was one to be admired for his versatility, not only in scholastic endeavor, but in all forms of extra-curricular activity. His interest ranged from the athletic to the aesthetic and in every branch he exhibited the same fine degree of talent strengthened by a willingness to help. Every publication and every important organization have so depended on his aid that he is now recognized as one of the stalwarts without whom not only the class, but the entire school would have suffered.

This unusual ability blended with a characteristic good fellowship is the complete Frank McGratty whose personality so eludes description. Suffice it to say—and we know of no higher praise—that Frank is one of the few true examples of a Christian gentleman.

JOHN JOSEPH McGUIRE, Jr., A.B.
New York City

Met. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; Patcher *Staff; Choir* 2, 3; *Tomahawk* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key* 3, 4; *Head Cheerleader* 4; *Dramatics* 3, 4; *Band* 1, 2; *Glee Club* 1; *Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Senior Council; K. of C.; Senior Ball Committee.*

It was unusual to see Jack without a smile on his face. Yet for all this evidence of geniality he had a reserve that stood him apart from the general run of carefree spirits in his class. Jack is a typical New Yorker and this is meant in the best sense possible. He is cosmopolitan in his ideas, and unlimited in experience. He is the final word in what the leading city of America decrees.

Jack is admired by all his friends and since his is not the nature that makes enemies it might be easier to say everyone values his friendship. He is always active and always will be till there is no more activity in him; that pep seems to be inexhaustible. Interested in everything that occurred in any way at all, Jack found himself loaded in Senior year with a swarm of extra-curricular activities that never once fazed him. He enjoyed being a vital factor in making things move on the Hill and he almost approached the radical bounds of violent agitator. Things jumped fast when they were propelled by the force behind the lean, tall youth from the heart of New York City. This seems to be a picture of activity; well, that is the only conception with which a person leaves Jack's presence, a memory that can never be eradicated. Jack, in his off moments, is a dreamer of dreams, a poet of ambitions, and a plotter of romantic courses in life.

THOMAS JOSEPH McHUGH, A.B.

PEABODY, MASS.

Glee Club 3; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Chairman* 4; *Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key* 4.

Short, stocky, dark-complexioned, a representative from the former Athens of America, a credit to the business classes, dance manager, an amateur philosopher (so are we all) Tom enters the alumni records to the crashing strains of "Hail, The Conquering Hero Comes," not with the blatant glory of words, but with the ease, poise, and self-confidence of deeds well done. Working through his four years at the Cross according to the regimen of a true philosopher, he has blended the scholastic, athletic, and extra-curricular sides of collegiate life to a symmetrical whole and topped that career with a dash of social activity. His satiric comments were a joy to hear. Cutting through the trite and sentimental that so enwrap some of the more playful of our brethren, he has blazoned a path to an appreciation of life at once wise and (priceless virtue), humorous. There was no task too ponderous, be it in or out of class, that Tom did not tackle with earnestness and success. But even as the heavens, so did Tom, frown on the grind. With him, talking shop outside of study-moods was a distinct *faux-pas*.

It is only the unsuccessful who needs wordy descriptions of success. With others—and among them Tom is included—a long record of events and deeds successfully accomplished is sufficient to indicate character. Glance at the picture, note his list of activities, add in a thousand other deeds performed for friends "on the quiet," and you will have a picture—incomplete indeed—of a gentleman, Tom McHugh.

WALTER EDWARD McINERNEY, A.B.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Debating 1, 2, 3, 4; *Tomahawk* 1, 2; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

Here is a quiet, unpretentious chap, the last of a long line of McInerney brothers whose fame adorn the traditions of old Holy Cross. There is hardly a man in the College who has been less troubled or less troublesome than easy-going Mac. Before ever coming up to the Hill, he had learned all about the place from his brothers and it was therefore quite natural that he should quietly slip into place like a well-formed part of a delicate machine.

It is an exceptionally well contained man that can see through the events of everyday routine and detect the often obscured humor in life. Walt was always capable of this, even at times when others would have been temporarily despondent and gloomy. Surely such an optimistic outlook must have cost him some effort; but he was amply rewarded with an admirable good nature, which makes many friends and no enemies.

To give the final touch to a well-rounded character, it is needless to say that Walt found time, apart from the demands of the strenuous economics course, to indulge his social instinct and enjoy the lighter of the fine things in life. We shall always remember him as a true type of all-around gentleman and fellow classman.

JOHN JOSEPH McKEE, A.B.

LORAIN, OHIO

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 2; *Ohio Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Six feet of geniality; that's Joe McKee, denizen of the wilds of Ohio, late of Holy Cross College in the State of Massachusetts. Arguing from externals, it would seem that Joe figured nothing was worth the losing of one's good nature. In strife of scholastic battles—and sympathize with him; he was a pre-med—he never lowered the flag of humor. Chemistry might prove inducive of headaches and biology might drive another to comtemplate suicide. But Joe did his work successfully, leaned back, lit a cigarette, and held his own in the cleverest bantering.

Almost as short as Joe was tall, his roommate, the Mullins, was wont to indulge his guests of an evening with stories. But by using the *argumentum ad hominem,* Joe invariably caused his roommate to retire in confusion, pursued by the cheers of the gathered onlookers. Joe has seen much of New England and, working in hotels, has been able to tell tales to which even the redoubtable Cy Cooney had to give the palm.

Gracing one of the departments at Denholm's, Joe has had more contact with daily life than most of the fellows at school. Yet by combining the labors of outside endeavor with scholastic strivings, he has marked himself for ultimate success. There is an old adage about a man being self-made. It may be true. But if the phrase is construed as "well-made, and a good scout," it fits Joe perfectly.

JOHN J. McKENNA, A.B.

BOSTON, MASS.

Boston Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Tomahawk* 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Frosh Reception* 2, *Chairman* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; K. of C.; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Hockey* 4.

J. M. Barrie achieved an enviable niche in the Hall of Fame with his characterization of Peter Pan—the boy who never grew up. Now let it be known that the inspiration so instrumental in Mr. Barrie's success was none other than our John McKenna—effervescent Mac! Ever bubbling over with pep and enthusiasm for something or other—but if necessary, nothing at all—Mac laughed at anything so serious as a scholastic curriculum and devoted his boundless energy to staying young. His success is only too well known. The impressions one received of him in Freshman year are entirely unchanged as we now pause to say farewell.

Mac was usually heard before he was seen. First, a laugh, and then, from nowhere would dash the chattering youth himself. So he entered Freshman year—and so he entered every room in Loyola—dashing about cheerfully with some sensational story or a startling tidbit of news. Yet, beneath this manifestation of exuberance and animal spirit, there was another Mac who possessed talent and insight. As proof may we offer his popular column in *The Tomahawk,* and the successful way he managed the Senior-Frosh reception this year. Such capability demands more than mere popularity, calls for more than mere play-boy characteristics.

As a last word may we add, never be surprised at anything that John does. He's that way. But if every action isn't accompanied by a smile, rest assured that something is wrong—for he's not that way.

FRANCIS CARROLL NASH, A.B.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, *Central Committee* 4; *W. N. Y. Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Tomahawk* 3, 4; *Purple* 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff* 4; *Debating* 1, 2, 3, *Chairman Philomathic* 4; *President Aquinas Circle; Junior Prom Committee; Frosh Reception* 4; *Senior Ball Committee.*

Fighting the good fight for advanced position on school questions for the past four years with word and most able pen, Frank has come to be one of the prominent characters in the class of 1931. His intellectual ability and grasp of the activities and tendencies of college men gave him a most authoritative voice in expressing not only his own position, but the position of scores of friends. Every publication and debating society have long recognized that his views, always pertinent, cast vitally new angles on subjects under discussion.

In the classroom, Frank has been a most able student; scholastic honors have come to him with remarkable facility and have been borne gracefully and modestly. Albeit a trifle impatient and hypercritical of what was, for him, stupid, the circles of his acquantainceship have grown daily and steadily. The developments of his character have been many-sided and self-revealing, with his interests ranging from the heights of aesthetics and philosophy to the very prosaic routine of school life.

His versatility, moreover, is not hampered by any confining lack of talent. His ability to defeat a regular on the tennis team or to dash off a fragile lyric in a miraculously short time may serve to exemplify this statement. Every field of activity is opened to him by reason of this ability to conquer—and in every field he is welcomed.

JOHN DONALD O'BRIEN, PH.B.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Football* 3, 4; *Class Baseball* 3, 4; *Class Banquet Committee* 4; *Western N. Y. Club, President* 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

St. Bonaventure's bequeathed Don to us in Sophomore year and his many friends soon attested to the value of this legacy. Moderation was the guiding tenet of his philosophy and the occasion was indeed rare that could arouse him from his methodical contentment. Don was indeed dependable and that this was a virtue none will deny.

In Junior year, Don had a flair for comparative anatomy and few were his classmates that escaped the searching probe of his deft fingers. This tendency for clavicle-testing earned Don the sobriquet of "Doctor" and assured his position as a man of many aliases for in Sophomore year he received the appelation of "Dismukes," which later became just "Des." Des was an ardent disciple of Bernarr MacFadden and the physical culture craze. Bringing with him a pair of iron dumbells and other formidable paraphernalia, he had visions of transforming Middle Loyola into the mythical Holy Cross Gymnasium, and of converting his classmates to the "Bigger and Better Body" movement. At first his proteges were numerous, but one by one they weakened, and soon "Des" was the sole survivor. However, he was not discouraged, and never let a single day pass from September to June without going through the strenuous "Daily Dozen" he had prescribed for himself.

We are confident that in the future no matter what obstacles may arise Don will brush them aside with the same calm equanimity he has shown during his stay at Holy Cross.

THOMAS FRANCIS O'BRIEN, A.B.

MINEVILLE, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Albany Club; Aquinas Circle; Debating* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Tom chuckled his way most successfully through his years of stay here on the Hill and in stepping dreamily along has gathered in his train a host of memories of scholastic and social affairs, besides numbers of friends and acquaintances. His interests were bound by the walls of the classroom and, outside the arduous grind of the books, in establishing a reputation as a critic of shows and show-people and in perfecting his dancing which rumor tells is of the best.

His quietness of demeanor and humorous viewpoint on life gave him a lightness of spirit that was the envy of his more stolid brethren. He was ever preoccupied in an ideally romantic way with important thoughts of his own. His ease in making friends was a valuable asset to his progress at school. His affability and willingness to do a service, often stood those who knew him in good stead. He was the personification of easy geniality.

EDWARD ANDREW O'CONNELL, PH.B.
NEW YORK CITY

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; *Mendel Academy; Aquinas Circle; Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 4.

If on any fall afternoon of the past four years, there could be seen in the stadium a tireless figure catching forwards, running down under punts, making fierce tackles, taking no time out for rest; this in all probability, would be Ed. Possessing indomitable determination and an abundance of ability, but at the same time so jinxed by misfortunes, that his was not the lot to attain blatant publicity (except at those times inaccurate writeups confused him with his illustrious namesake).

And being a versatile young man, his ease and grace, together with a head of blond, curly hair, caused many a heart to flutter;—in fellows, a twinge of envy; in the weaker sex—it's a secret. Among Okie's many friends is that nocturnal caller who had occasion to drop in from time to time with the purpose to convey to the Prefect the fact that Ed was "only" reading. This peccadillo and that other of staging extemporaneous debates until the wee sma' hours revealed to us a friend of sound judgment and very definite ideas. Yet, because they were put forth in such a wholehearted and broad-minded manner, we have come to know Ed only too well to be able to say "goodbye" without a bit of a catch in our voices.

WILLIAM FRANCIS O'CONNELL, JR., A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club; Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

Dependable Bill and his Essex coach were the means of transportation of the Day-duckers, both to and from the campus. No one who knows Bill would ever guess that he came from that notorious section of Worcester, otherwise known as Grafton Hill. Of the quiet and reserved type, he was not very active in extra-curricular activities, but preferred to scintillate in the classroom, in which undertaking he met with no small degree of success. Greatly were we disturbed in our Junior year, when we learned that Bill was taking a brief vacation because an illustrious detective, by the name of Tom Judge, had solved the mystery and branded innocent Bill as the "campus tire-slasher." However, after that little incident, Bill always made it a point to avoid any trouble with Officer Judge.

Just what Bill plans to do when he leaves the Hill is unknown, but from the manner in which he devoted himself to absorbing the principles of education in both Junior and Senior, it seems most likely that he is planning to enter the teaching profession. However, possessed of an indomitable spirit, courage, and perseverance, Bill is bound to meet with success in whatever he undertakes.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Basketball* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 4; *Civil Service* 4.

John was a climber. He climbed regularly every morning just before nine and descended at the earliest opportunity. All his spare time intervening was spent on the basketball court or in the library. Not that John really devoured every book in the library. Like many others, he merely discovered that the Day Students' room did not provide the calm, stilly atmosphere one needs when studying how and why the cat chases the indiscriminate mouse. One of John's specifically discriminating notes was the way he shadowed Monsieur Perrault. This faithful following we can only explain by a love that passeth all understanding or merely an unpaid loan.

Despite the fact that John's profile would seem to deny that he is a gentile, we never found him ordering kosher food in the canteen—but likewise never discovered him eating ham. The classical course was not wasted on our hero, either. He believed in adhering to Horace's golden mean when it came to marks, none were too high and none were too low.

If he can make the tired business man like him as much as we did, his success is assured. We can say at least that from us success is wished him.

JOHN TIMOTHY O'CONNOR, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *French Academy.*

In the morning méleé about the day scholars' room there was always one voice which, though it was not blatant, was usually noticeable. It was that of the above photographed giving off his genial humor. John usually brightened our spirits for those tedious lecture periods ahead in which we are so often shown the incorrect manner of applying for a job and of saying St. Francis Xavier.

Somehow we could never seem to remember whether John was John J. O'Connor or John T. Put them nose to nose, however, and the distinction was immediately evident. We also distinguished John as the one who came from St. John's. That little fact prevents us from complimenting him on his being on so many of the Worcester students' committees. It is only when a St. John's boy was not on a committee that we note the fact.

To make this a really honest sketch it is necessary not to follow the usual method of picturing the subject as the brightest and merriest fellow in the class. Yet, we can honestly say that John's absence (whenever that happened) was felt. In short, he was always expected to be around somewhere and was usually to be heard proving that he was one of the friendliest.

In academic lines, John trod the firm, safe and inconspicuous golden mean. But we hope, of course, that fortune and ability will push him into higher planes hereafter. May the capitalists give you your *summum pretium* John, or even receive you into their ranks!

DANIEL JOHN O'NEIL, A.B.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Springfield Club 1, 2, 3, *Dance Chairman* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Varsity Debating Team* 4; *Glee Club* 1, 2; *Orchestra* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class President* 1; *Aquinas Circle; Purple Key* 4; *Senior Ball* 4; *Class Basketball* 1, 2, 4.

Springfield has never sent a more versatile and engaging Freshman to Holy Cross than Dan O'Neil. He came imbued with a love of debating, a violin that he had well-nigh mastered and a skill in athletics that was more than ordinary. He was elected president of the class in his Freshman year. During the first two years that he was here he showed great interest in debating, so that in Junior and Senior he was chosen as a member of the successful Varsity debating team. The keenness and eloquence which he contributed to the forensic jousts in which he took part have increased with each passing year. At the same time, his excellence in music won him the position of violin soloist and concert-master of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Wherever the wandering minstrels entertained the assembled multitudes, the sweet and solemn music was well interpreted by him and the swift, syncopating rhythm of the dance orchestra was enhanced by his violin.

Due to these activities, Dan relegated tennis and basketball to second place. yet, when on either court, he played as ardently as he worked.

He was noted for a disarming predelection for singing uproariously. Thse wild moments were unheralded, they were liable to interrupt a quiet conversation or a thesis on the immortality of the soul. He was as generous with his voice as he was with all other things. Dan's intimacies were few, but he has been friendly with all.

FRANCIS PHILIP O'REILLY, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *French Academy* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Orchestra* 1, 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle.*

And here we have '31's sophist and quibbler extraordinary. No less a person in fact than the argumentative Francis O'Reilly. With him, no side of a question was so false that he could not make it right with his subtle contraventions of Jesuitical logic. And it was not only we of the class who had to brave the blast of his brainstorms. Even the professors were frequently snowed under. This accounts for the fact that our hero did not receive the kind benediction of all of his teachers each June for the past four years.

Another of this Palmieris' real, subjective and stable modes of activity was his coming in late every morning. We have been assured that if all his slips were put together they would make another one of those items that Walter Winchell never knew till now. Judge not however, that Fran's oversleeping was due to evening revels in honor of Terpsichore, nor to anything else associated with the unfair sex. His heart was bound "with triple brass"—as he himself will declaim. But when the brass is finally torn off, what a fall there will be!

As regards his scholarship, those of us who know Fran can sincerely say that he never fully extended his powers at the Cross. We realize that there are unlimited resource in "that thar" frame.

J. RUSSELL O'REILLY, A.B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Tomahawk 1, 2, 3, *Managing Editor* 4; *Purple* 3, 4; PATCHER *Associate Editor* 4; *Purple Key; Frosh Reception* 4; *Class Banquet Committee* 4; *Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Committee* 4; *Sanctuary Society* 4; *Dramatics* 3, *Property Manager* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Senior Ball Committee.*

Four years of collegiate activity frequently transform men radically, and upon graduation stamp their product with deep-seated qualities of character and intelligence where previously had been strongly labelled youthful enthusiasm. To illustrate the case in point we have but to consider the record of the above gentleman. Four years ago Russell entered our midst, friendly, enthusiastic and impetuous to a marked degree, and keen to absorb the benefits of his college days. Today we find him as enthusiastic and friendly as ever, but a changed man . . . not the youth of Freshman days. Four years of college experience have produced a more capable and intelligent Russell, Managing Editor of *The Tomahawk;* four years have produced a more critical and discerning Russell, Editor of the Moon of Books of *The Purple;* and these same four years have produced a more serious and sincere Russell, regardless of whatever phase of undergraduate activity he entered.

An extreme sense of modesty concerning his own abilities and achievements has been one of Russell's predominant characteristics, and this quality with a concomitant confidence and aggressiveness, has enabled him to progress very far on the road of undergraduate endeavor. With these fundamentals of character, we indeed hope for, and honestly expect, great things of this son of our Alma Mater.

JOHN JOSEPH O'SHEA, A.B.

MALDEN, MASS.

Hockey 1, 2; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Hockey* 3, 4; *Class Football* 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Frosh Reception* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

The epitome of jauntiness and insouciance, John possessed a nonchalance that was the envy of cigarette manufacturers. Unusual indeed was the situation or unpleasantness that could faze him or upset his poise. Red's facile wit and rapid repartee made him a popular favorite, despite the fact that his puns not infrequently evoked a salvo of groans.

As a hockey player, Osie had no peers and his tireless speed and clever stick-handling made him the most formidable of opponents. In fact on many a winter afternoon the cry "Hold the Tiger," was reiterated throughout the hockey rink. Nor did John restrict his athletic talents exclusively to hockey, for he was an active participant in all intra-mural sports and was a contributing factor in many of his class's victories.

Socially the Tiger was somewhat of an enterpreneur and seldom missed any affairs, even though it taxed his ingenuity to the utmost to attend some of them. His glib explanations to the Dean secured him frequent week-ends and aroused the wonder and envy of his classmates. As chairman of the last Boston Club dance John was able to employ his experience with admirable results. Such talents as these rather guarantee a successful future for the Tiger.

WILLIAM BERNARD O'SULLIVAN, A.B.

LEWISTON, ME.

We hail Bill as the ideal class beadle! Fresh from the far reaches of Maine, he descended to Worcester but four short years ago and so quickly did acclimation set in that in no time at all he was not only a representative and typical student, but had elevated himself to the position of class aide-de-camp without whose activity the teachers' task would be nearly impossible. Moreover, Bill's aptitude at making friends soon found him in the midst of one of the first and most colorful cliques to dot the campus. Under his expert guidance, Rajah Farrell, Ray Harrison, et al, soon gained an option on Cambridge Street territory, and so well did they patrol their district that at times they were mistaken for day duckers.

However, Bill's success in this line comes as no surprise to his classmates. Endowed with more than an ordinary share of good looks and possessing an ability to dress well, Bill was, to put it most gently, a pleasing personage to most feminine eyes. From the more discerning male viewpoint the result was just as pleasing, for Bill possessed not only these externals, but a personality which is as rare as it is delightful.

Now that the books have been closed for the last time and Bill once more returns to his mountainous homeland, he departs with all best wishes of the class—and more than that from his large following in extra-campus activity.

HOMER FREDERICK PERREAULT, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Worcester Club.*

Worcester and her environs have sent many and many a lad to Holy Cross day in and day out for years. But true representation was rarely achieved by her. Not until the advent of the dapper Homer did Worcester, that old Heart of the Commonwealth, finally sit back in contentment, well satisfied that her honor and reputation would be shown to best advantage for at least four years.

Homer began his early struggles in Freshman G, and continuing steadily, ever onward and upward as sages old and new are wont to put it, soon donned the sombre black toga of Senior year, the peak reached and successfully achieved before the journey seemed half-done. Homer was well known and well liked by the rest of the Worcester contingent on the Hill. He, too, nursed several she-bangs of transportation that seriously interfered with the successful financial conducting of the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway Company.

Where others were mere names and faces for the resident students, Homer was a personage known and appreciated by a wide audience. He spun not, neither did he weave, yet his sartorial perfection outdid some of the best efforts put forth by residents. His scholarly attainments are manifested by his success and fortune in getting excellent marks in those long lines that entertained the Dean after various examinations.

THOMAS FREDERICK PERRY, PH.B.

BANGOR, ME.

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Mendel Club; Maine Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Class Banquet Committee* 3; *Class Vice-President* 1.

From the wilds of Maine, armed with a carpetbag full of clippings came he, who later was to achieve fame as "the Bangor Flash." Tom speedily broke into the sporting spotlight by earning a place on one of Bart Sullivan's famed relay quartets. But Tom, with his characteristic modesty and disarming smile, continued as naive as ever. Needless to say, at graduation time he was still "flying."

However, Bucket's ability was not confined solely to the cinders. In those great open forums known to the initiated as bull sessions, Tom could always be counted upon to keep the spark glowing with his story of his famous sixty-yard run for good old Bangor High. Although Tom has never fully explained how a tackle became a back on the spur of the moment— however, time frequently obscured such unimportant details.

Tom also shone brilliantly in other fields and his thirty-seven mile taxi ride for two dollars is worthy of Mr. Ripley. But Purrie was ever a financier of great merit and his buffet lunch at the Junior Prom demonstrated his ability to cope with any financial problems that might arise. In passing, we might also state that Tom easily won the title of Horizontal Champ of the school, for a ten-hour sleep to Flash was merely the proverbial winks. It would indeed be a strange miscarriage of fate if Tom fails to run Life's quarter in record time.

ANTHONY FRANCIS PETTINELLI, A.B.

SOUTH MILFORD, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Aquinas Circle.*

Mr. Pettinelli, if you please! One need talk but a few moments with the individual pictured above to realize that without any doubt Tony is to be classified in the category of "smoothie." And no one deserves the honor more. Refreshingly soft in speech, a requisite for a gentleman, Tony never grated the sensibilities of even the most easily annoyed in the class. Ever considerate, he actually extended himself to aid any of his classmates. Always neat in dress, Tony somehow or other even managed to reach Chapel in the morning looking immaculate and freshly pressed. This achievement alone is enough to stamp Tony as somewhat of a genius.

Blended with this, Tony possessed an aptitude for study that made scholastic barriers mere jumping stones toward success. We do know that he never burned the greatly publicized midnight oil and we also know that in every class he was prepared to recite. How he combined these two qualities is the baffling mystery. Lest we give the impression that Tony was too good and too formal we hasten to append the important item that he also was one of the most popular men in the class. Endowed with a ready laugh and a fine sense of humor, Tony made friends without even trying. If he continues as successfully through life as he has in his four years on the Hill, Tony's fortune is assured.

ARMAND ANTHONY PICARDI, A.B.

NEWARK, N. J.

Sodality; Aquinas Circle; Jersey Club; Mendel Club; Frosh Reception.

Were we to be asked to name whom we consider our idea college gentleman, there would be no hesitancy upon our part in naming Armand. Fastidious in his dress and actions, kind in corrections, keen-minded in his observations, charming in his presence and address, he makes a picture to be long unforgotten.

But it was not in the interests of finesse that this gentleman was so termed. Far deeper than that lay our reason—embodied in this, his encomium. It was a still greater power—a capacity for companionship. This virtue arises from his affability, his congeniality, an unlimited pleasantness, an unaffected condescension, a supreme benevolence, a sympathetic nature unrivaled, and a graciousness unequalled. But lest you conceive his attitude of calmness to be consistent we forestall you. In his moments of relaxation he turns for solace to his harmonious voice from which he evokes not the present turbulent rhythms, but the most beautiful ballads and reveries. And so our memory of him shall always be one of a lovable companion, crooning soft, little melodies of peace and quiet.

Armand has forged ahead in the regard of his fellow classmates and professors, attaining a pinnacle of general popularity that has been scarcely equalled even by the most prominent. Everyone knew Armand; his pleasant features wreathed in smiles, and his personality, were ornaments to any group, high or low, few or many in number.

JOHN JUDGE POWERS, A.B.

ALBANY, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, *Prefect* 4; *Albany Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Chairman* 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Civil Service* 3, 4, *Manager* 4; *Junior Prom Committe; Senior Council; K. of C.; Aquinas Circle.*

Four years ago, Holy Cross greeted Jack and found that he was of the type that has made her what she is. He is a worker who does and has done work that would stagger two other men, who still has found time for other things. How he can do it is a mystery, but he does do it. Jack was one of the foremost men on the staff of the Office of Discipline even in Freshman, and his value is shown by the fact that he is still a member of that staff. Besides, and beyond all that, he has found time to carry the heavy Pre-Medical schedule and to do so with comparative ease.

The Albany Undergraduate Club has always been able to count on Jack's assistance in all its undertakings. He was Chairman of the Christmas Dance in his Junior year and worked hard and unselfishly to make it a success. His association with the Sodality is known to every Holy Cross man. All felt that he should have the office of Prefect, and consequently last June he was elected head of the oldest and largest organization on the Hill. He has proved in this capacity just as capable and hard-working as in any of his other undertakings. Alma Mater can be proud of Jack. He has been a part and parcel of life here for four years and we at least shall be sorry to say goodbye to one who deserves a high title of praise, "He could always be depended on."

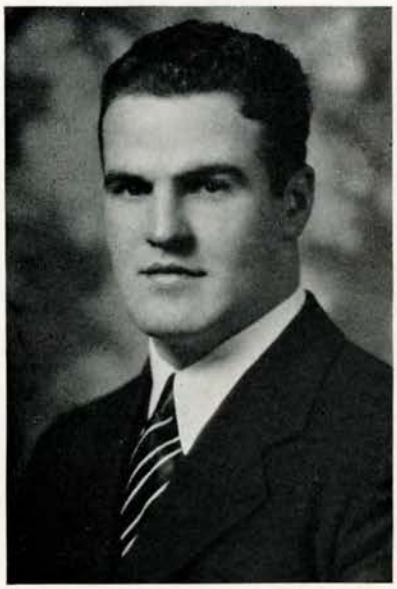
THOMAS JOSEPH PRICE, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Civil Service* 3, 4; *French Academy* 1; *Chairman Parents' Night! Frosh Reception* 2.

Tom actually laughed his way through school. Now this sounds like an exorbitant statement to make. But ask any of the day students if they ever saw Tom that he wasn't chortling over something. It is a wonder that a man can be so perfect, since the imperfection of a dour face never beclouded the sunny visage of the inimitable. Tom Price listened to faculty orations and couldn't stop his flow of merriment, he had to let flow a stream of comment on the history professor that made his nearest neighbors shudder with restrained mirth. Such an influence on a class was heartening throughout the whole four years, and if ever Price was anything, he was heartening. However, he must have had sober moments in private, for his studies never suffered from the excess of diversion. He was never a laggard when it came to marks. and he seldom left the Dean's office with anything but his usual grin. Perhaps he couldn't or perhaps he never had the cause to, but we have never been able to find out if Tom ever had disappointments in his life. If he did he never showed them.

This Worcesterite is headed toward a successful career, for he has that invaluable gift of keeping the other fellow in good humor while persuading him to do something which otherwise would call for a fine display of reluctance. In any line, insurance, law or business, Tom starts out in life with a three-quarter thrust forward in the right direction toward success.



GEORGE FRANCIS PYNE, PH.B.

MILFORD, MASS.

Class Hockey 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 4; *K. of C.; Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Dramatics* 2, 3; *Handball* 3, 4; *Civil Service* 3, 4.

Many a time and oft on the campus has that one significant phrase "Whataman!" followed (in whispered tones) in the wake of Georgia Pyne. Ever since the days when he shared with Pat Rooney the honor of being one of Jack Reed's pet footballers, up to the days of this past year when his fighting power and indomitable courage on the gridiron were but amplified, he has loomed large—and if this be a pun, let it be on our heads—in school athletics. George, without doubt, was one of the most colorful players ever to wear the Purple cleats —and the fact that he wore the famous iron helmet which made his ferocious aspect even more fearful added to this color. Moreover, the Pyne was one of the fastest linemen which Fitton Field, Harvard Stadium et al ever witnessed. And when we say fast we mean so fast that many a time he beat the ends down under the punt.

Essentially individualistic, George's acquaintances believed in him so much that his circle of friends grew wider and wider. But this should arouse no wonder—it is accounted for by the fact that George possessed besides an uncontrollable eyebrow, a personality which is not only distinct but essentially his own. It is this which, when blended with his athletic prowess, forms the complete man whom we know so well and admire so greatly.

JOSEPH MICHAEL REIDY, PH.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Worcester Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dance Chairman; Class Basketball* 3; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle.*

Of all the components of the Worcester Undergraduate Club we select Joe as the one who is most outstanding as a typical Worcesterite and what a good day student should be. This is rather a broad category but Joe amply fills it. He is the epitome of the population of the Heart of the Commonwealth in speech and manner. Loyal to his city, he will defend it against any out-of-town libelist. The slippery floor of Hickey's and Marshall's dance emporiums is one of his favorite luxuries. His interest lies in Worcester and his sincerity and loyalty in this fact is a most admirable quality.

Joe's keen interest in the scholastic whirl is manifest more in the varied social contacts of his club than in the grind of the classroom. However, in this latter field, Joe was ever successful and he was always one of the ones who left the Dean's office with a smile on the days that marks were read. The confidence his classmates had in him was shown when they elected Joe in senior year to the chairmanship of the Easter Dance and just to show that this confidence was not misplaced, Joe ran the most successful dance in the club history and while doing so manifested, to the satisfaction of all, his generosity and infinite patience. Thus when we say farewell to Joe Reidy we hail him as good student, good executive and good fellow.

PAUL DASEN RIEDL, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; *Orchestra* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle; Worcester Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Committee* 4; PATCHER *Staff.*

It must be an index to something or other that fair Worcester should contribute so surprisingly large a quota to the number of students who comprise the scholastic element of the class of 1931.

Suffice it to remark that of this noble band, Deke Riedl constitutes a good twenty-five per cent, however many more may comprise the other three-quarters. This is the Deacon's chief claim to distinction; and his chief claim to infamy is the seemingly well-founded rumor that he wields a wicked weapon in that nihilistic organization known pseudonymically as the Philharmonic Orchestra. Charity forbids mention of our subject's alleged participation in the company of Holy Cross' Victor Recording Artists, lest the proportion of his infamy seem far to outweigh that of his distinction.

As the attainment of scholastic renown was the Deke's claim to official recognition on the Hill, so the chief reason for his unchallenged popularity was his overwhelming reticence. It certainly seems as though Deke likes to do things by extremes, for extreme is undeniably the word best calculated to describe the shy reserve that characterized his every dealing with others. Yet was it such a blissful relief to find someone untainted with the braggadocio, for which collegians have a harsher but more picturesque two-syllable epithet, that "by his very self-negation did he positivize himself," thereby establishing for himself a reputation that will live behind him.

STEPHEN JOSEPH RIDGE, A.B.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Class Soccer; Class Football* 3, 4; *Class Hockey* 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Boston Club.*

Being subject for four years to the influence of Jack McCool is enough to make most people turn slightly sour—if we may borrow a class colloquialism which is at least descriptive. But Steve being not only directly associated with the Pennsylvania Baron but even rooming with him for two years, came through miraculously unscathed—in fact, so well preserved that in Senior he was able to give the relentless Ambrose a close race for class championship. Seriously, however, Steve is one of the stalwarts upon whom the class welfare strongly depended. In the intramural league he was outstanding. Combined with Ed Keleher he helped form a defensive pair whose skill at finding opponents ankles kept many a goal from being scored against the seniors on the bloody battlefield of soccer and the more graceful, albeit as strenuous, surface of the hockey rink. In football he was the halfback who always was able to find an opening for a gain and whose effective tackling halted numerous assaults on '31's supremacy.

Besides this physical ability Steve possesses other characteristics which are even more important. He has a sense of sympathy which makes him invaluable as a friend—a brusque good nature which makes his acquaintance something to be desired—a geniality which denotes general popularity—a personality which is destined for success.

DAVID EDWARD RING, A.B.
New Haven, Conn.

New Haven Club 1, 2, 3, 4, *Dance Chairman* 3; *Glee Club* 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle; Sodality* 1, 2, 3.

New Haven is universally known as being the site of Yale but the mention of that fair city brings to our minds an association of facts centered about Dave Ring, a worthy contribution to Holy Cross.

This fellow in the fall of '27 decided to discontinue his study of the saxophone for two reasons—in order to satisfy the appeals of those who cared for a quiet, peaceful kind of life and secondly to devote more of his time to the arts and sciences. However. his musical ability and aspirations could not be denied. Dave managed to find an outlet for his talent by way of becoming a very popular member of the Glee Club.

Dave has very often displayed his ingenuity and cleverness by participating in class receptions and various other social events. Cleverness and frankness are seemingly incompatible factors, but Dave possesses the happy faculty of combining the two, resulting in the production of a likeable personality which has captured numerous friendships. Dave will long be remembered as being one great fellow.

MARSHALL FRANCIS ROONEY, A.B.

NYACK, NEW YORK

PATCHER *Business Manager; Class Secretary* 1; *Frosh Night Committee; Football* 1; *Frosh Reception* 2; *Junior Prom Committee; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, *Dance Committee* 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

And then strolled in "Pat" Rooney, the other half of that very sedate firm of "sharpies," Rooney and Seaman. And what a magnificent specimen of young manhood he was. Tall of stature, broad of shoulder, immaculately dressed, amiable and captivating. The type of a man people stare at when he passes through a hotel lobby. The kind who know their way around, who have about them the air of business and finance, of building things higher and higher, the air of Wall Street, of rapid talk of iron and of steel. With us, he was our man of affairs. We attest to his fine mind, to his powers of concentration, to his strong foundation of common sense. He is the man who steered the enterprise of the PURPLE PATCHER through a year of depression, whose advice was forever appreciatingly sought by other college organizations which were hard bound for the rocks. Yet don't think for a moment that our model banker's ideas were limited to addition and subtraction. With us, we swear by him as a "regular fellow," kind, generous and considerate in all his contacts. In fact, we would describe him as a democrat of the first water, yet still we know him to be a gentleman of fashion and high tastes. As one who on vacation would with delight lunch at the Ritz, tea at the Biltmore, dine at the Casino, dance at the Seaglades. Yet just as soon on a Saturday night at the college go to the auditorium with "the boys," laugh and be most natural. Let us see if the great strength, the great intelligence, the great heart, the great humanity that were "Pat" Rooney's do not produce great achievements.

HENRY HOWARD SALVATO, A.B.
New York City

Met. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle;* Patcher *Staff; Frosh Reception* 2.

We know of no man in the class of '31 who is more deserving of superlatives than "Sal." Hailing from the labyrinthine confines of the Bronx, Sal has surmounted even this handicap and become one of the outstanding men in our midst, which is an achievement of which anyone may be proud.

The superlative "most" could be added to almost any adjective which you wish to apply to him. But if we were obliged to confine ourselves to one we would say that Henry is certainly the "most original." And in this age of standardization a truly original man is certainly a rarity.

This trait is constantly in evidence in every line of activity in which Sal participates. In every "bull-session" he is most certain to be upholding the unorthodox side of the argument. And surely the ease with which he masters any philosophical treatise or concocts an English essay cannot be duplicated by many.

But Sal does not confine his activities to the hill. With the aid of an ancient vehicle whose one and only virtue is that it still runs (occasionally), he has wandered far and frequently beyond the confines of Worcester. This is one instance in which Sal does not differ from the rest of us, for the attraction as usual, is feminine.

LUIS TOMAS SANCHEZ, B.S.

CONDADO, PORTO RICO

Purple Key; Junior Prom; Scientific Society; Southern Club 4; *Aquinas Circle; Chemists' Club; Frosh Reception* 3, 4; *K. of C.; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Senior Ball Committee.*

Math — Test-tubes — Furnaces — Metallography — Metallurgy and Chicken Raising. This is the life Luis has lived here on the hill. When it comes to studies, these were his strongholds, but when business is concerned, one would see Luis doing the rounds with an armful of Banners and Pennants. There are two outstanding traits in Luis—study and business (and strictly official, at that!)—but one must have his recreation, too. Luis always found time for this.

The news bulletins on the radio, cross-word puzzles, reading all newspapers from Winchell to the editorials seem to be his indoor sports, and when it comes to stepping out no one can even hold a candle to him. Put a tux, a Chesterfield coat, derby, a white scarf (English style) and a monocle on him and he is just that answer each little maiden is waiting for.

Luis was commonly known by his pals as "The Chief." As a racketeer on the Gold Coast, he had his henchmen always at his service and ready to obey orders.

At our Junior Prom we had a wonderful orchestra which received the plaudits of the entire class and all this was due to his untiring efforts as it was his selection that brought the orchestra that graced the occasion.

His life work will bring him to the study of the earth, but it is certain that his name and fame as a Metallurgist will soar to the skies.

Here's to Luis: *"Salud y Pesetas y Vida Para Gastarlas."*

ROBERT GREGORY SEAMAN, A.B.

Brooklyn New York

Patcher *Art Staff* 1, 2, 3; *Purple Art Editor* 3; *Tomahawk* 4; *Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, 4, *Dance Committee* 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Senior Council* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Senior Ball Committee; Track* 1; *Class Football* 3, 4; *Class Soccer* 4; *Class Basketball* 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Night Committee; Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; *Class Banquet* 3; *Song Fest, Class Chairman* 2, 3; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, *Central Committee* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Debating* 1; Patcher *Art Editor, Editor-in-Chief.*

And now we have our editor-in-chief, Bob Seaman, the class artist. In introducing him, we forewarn you he is a strange commingling of apparently foreign qualities, perfectly and charmingly blended. We ourselves have known him long yet often have found much ado to reconcile his actions with our expectations of him. For instance, we have sometime regarded him as a dreamer, yet we have seen him conquer realities in a way that would do credit to an arch-utilitarian. We have seen him sit back and philosophize over the futility and the vanity of it all, yet we have observed him with much relish barter and bargain with a book agent. We have read his heart-touching lyrics filled with bitter renunciation of all that is mundane, yet we have seen him move through society with delightful ease. We have watched him recline and draw pictures of beautiful women, yet we have seen him play football with the roughest, and dash around the track with the fleetest. You must surmise his versatility, his ingenuity. With us it is proverbial. Bob, debonair of dress, soft of voice, delightfully languorous. Still, he is the man who coached, directed and sang in the class skits, who wrote the lyrics for the class songs, who drew the cuts for the special issues, who designed the programs—above all, he is the artist, whose handicraft this book is.

STEPHEN ANTHONY SERBENT, PH.B.
NEW YORK CITY

Sodality 3, 4; PATCHER *Staff; Met. Club* 2, 3, *Dance Committee* 4; *Sanctuary Society* 3; *K. of C.*

Ladies and Gentlemen: the Don Juan of the class of 1931. Who knows, we rise to ask you, how many broken hearts strew the streets of South Worcester now that Steve is leaving the precincts of the Cross? Who will ever be able to bind together the shards of women's feelings now that this ever-reliable fourth hand at bridge is no more to prance gracefully on the long, cobbly pavements of the Heart of the Commonwealth?

Steve early made himself a valuable member of the class. His proclivities for being a pal are more than well known and many are the characteristic actions of his career here that have become class property, so widely did his fame and name spread. Steve has been above reproach and an unkind word about him has indeed been the "avis raris" here on the Hill. Unfortunate indeed has been the man who has not gone avisiting with Steve. Such a trip is an education in itself. But we cease; let him speak for himself.

In Junior, Steve won undying fame through his ability to call people by their wrong names. But such eccentricity, aside from being amusing, is merely a sign of the genius which we are sure he possesses.

DONALD GERARD SHANAHAN, A.B.

LOWELL, MASS.

Purple Key; Lowell Club 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *French Academy* 1, 2; *Dramatics* 1; *Debating* 1, 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle.*

Don is consistently good-natured. There may be situations which call for a tear instead of laughter but this carefree Lowellite has never been known to encounter one of them.

Inhibitions have never worried Shanny. If he feels like hollering lustily he hollers lustily and if he feels an urge to throw a book he just throws it. If there were more Don Shanahans in the world there would be fewer psychoanalysts.

As an endurance sleeper Don ranks among the foremost. His sleeve of care, as a matter of fact, has never been very noticeably ravelled, but Don sleeps for enjoyment and not for anything as utilitarian as health.

Shanny is a student in the broad sense of the word. He does not neglect the prescribed courses of study, but neither does he limit his talents to compulsory subjects. The newspaper is his chief source of erudition and he is probably the most well-informed man in the class on topics of current interest.

In short, Don is a whole-hearted, good-natured fellow who has, beneath his carefree appearance, a genuine capacity for the more serious things of life. With such a nature he is well-equipped to find his place in the world.

ADAM BERNARD SICHOL, PH.B.
HOLLAND, MASS.

Worcester Club 2, 3, 4; *Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Baseball* 1; *Class Hockey; Sodality* 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2; *Baseball Squad* 3, 4.

Adam in his four years up here couldn't quite decide whether he should be a day student or a boarder. After experimentation, however, he finished senior as a boarder—trading locations with Ben Hampsey who seemed to be in the same state of indecision. This characteristic of not being able to make up his mind is also demonstrated by Adam in his not being able to choose any particular undergraduate club to grace by his presence. A quick glance at that section of the book where these clubs are pictured will reveal Adam's beaming countenance allied with the organizations representing every New England state. Such a cosmopolitan ability is something to be envied and in future years we expect to see his picture endorsing every manner of travel tour.

But there are other accomplishments which Adam can proudly boast. Not the most important of these is his genius in solving cross-word puzzles. The brain twisting squares were but mere child's play before his nimble pen. And then there is this game of football. Adam by reason of his herculean build was a born football star. Although his legs, which would, incidentally, make a Steinway appear fragile, belied his speed. There are many and many an opposing halfback who will testify to his quickness and effectiveness in tackling. The class of '31 will lose one of its finer athletes and best fellows when Adam departs.

FRANK MACHADO SILVIA, JR., A.B.

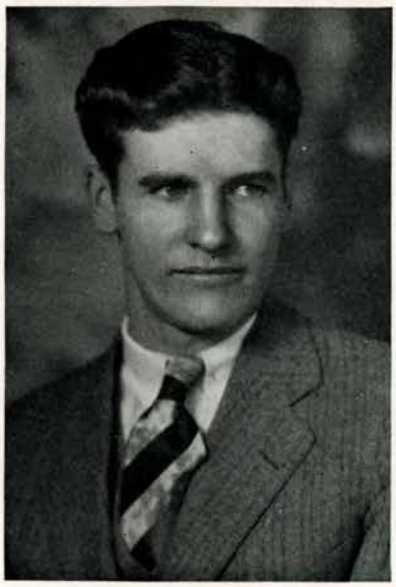
FALL RIVER, MASS.

Purple Key; K. of C.; Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1; *Sanctuary Society; Aquinas Circle; Junior Prom Committee; Fall River Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Soccer* 4; *Manager Cross-Country* 4.

It is a known fact that Cross-country is no easy sport in which to compete and it is a fact just as well known that it is no easy sport to manage. Pictured above, we have the very efficient manager of this year's team. Frank took care of the Hill and Dalers during their season last Fall—and when you consider that these fellows romp all over the countryside you are bound to come to the conclusion that managing them is like herding six cows in a hundred acre pasture (the speed-monger, Mr. Perry, declares this to be a herculean task.)

Frank is a native of Fall River, the city of hills, mills, fires and soccer players. It is especially noted for the latter and we might say right here that when Fall River sent Frank Silvia to Holy Cross she deprived herself temporarily of one of the best booters of the leather sphere. Frank played a big part in organizing intramural soccer up on the crest of the mountain side, and was the mainstay of the senior team until an attack of appendicitis forced him out of active play.

Appendicitis is reputed to be rather an obnoxious ailment but we can not help but feel that Frank greeted it with a bit of relief for it necessitated his relinquishing the role of a Castilian author on the Chestertonian reception committee, and thus was spared the cold blasts of a bleak day. With such versatility as manifested above we feel sure that Frank will make a success of his career as a lawyer.



NORMAN FRANCIS SIMS, A.B.

MAYNARD, MASS.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; *Captain Baseball* 4; *Senior Council; Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Senior Ball Committee; Aquinas Circle.*

It is too bad so few of us knew how close Holy Cross came to missing the blonde Viking who is Arthur "Whataman" Shires' only rival,—at least as regards a highly vaunted but feebly warranted pugnacious temperament. Perhaps his talent would have been better appreciated if the fact were known that Normie's decision to come to the Cross rested upon the turn of a card—his favorite method of solving confusing problems. Of course the only thing the school could do in recognition of such good taste was to reward Norm with the captaincy of the best collegiate baseball team in the country, and so the compliment was returned.

Honor such as this, and less than this, has been known materially to increase the hat-size of more than one erstwhile likeable chap, but it must be said to Normie's credit that never once did he show the slightest tendency to undue cerebral growth. There are one or two individuals who will claim some share in the achievement of this phenomenon, but their charity will be recorded on pages worthier than these.

Yet athletic prowess was not the greatest gift nature bestowed on Captain Sims. Though his heralded baseball ability will carry him far along the path of success that has already been emblazoned before him by many a protege of Fitton field, his easy-going personality will carry him much farther. It has already taken him over the hurdles of scholasticism with a facility that challenges description.

JAMES GILMORE SLINEY, B.S.

Brookline, Mass.

Boston Club 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Hockey* 1, 2; *Class Hockey* 3, 4; *Class Football* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Scientific Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Tomahawk* 4; *Frosh Reception* 2, 3, 4; Patcher 4.

Introducing the Lindbergh of the class of '31—James Gilmore Derysk Von Moltke Tracy Richardson Sliney. This gentleman with a strange weakness for aliases has an imagination which changes such prosaic things as chairs and desks into the fueselages and wings of his dreams. Many have been the professors who have failed to realize that Jim's varied contortions and evolutions are really inverted loops and tail spins. Many have been the times when the staccato voice of an unappreciative professor has brought Jim down from the clouds as effectively as any machine-gun ever downed a *bona fide* airman.

There are many activities which fill the short time between Jim's thought flights. His talent at drawing is well known on the Hill and if all the signs which he has drawn during his stay up here were laid end to end they would reach somewhere or other.

Hockey is another activity in which Jim excels. He is easily the brightest of the many ice stars who have adorned Mt. St. James. His prowess with the puck has earned for him the title of "the long, lanky icicle of the ice."

In another line of endeavor which consumes a great amount of his time Jim is far from an icicle, that is, his dealings with the fairer sex. His frequent excursions in the direction of a well-known young ladies' school in the vicinity of Boston is sufficient testimony to the truth of this statement.

MARTIN FRANCIS STANKARD, JR., B.S.

WALTHAM, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Scientific Society* 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee;* PATCHER *Staff; Aquinas Circle; Band* 2; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Chemists' Club.*

Marty is one of the earnest students on the hill. Starting life on the hill in the B. S. course (a sure sign of a man with pluck) he struggled with mountainous problems of science and now comes out triumphant in the end. Many are the heated arguments to which we listened, amazed at the scientific terms passing to and fro between roommates. Many are the smuggled lunches we enjoyed upon the arrival of Marty's return wash, sometimes after lights, sometimes in daylight. Anyhow, for that low down feeling Marty was always ready with chicken sandwiches or crackers and jelly.

Science is not Marty's only stand for an argument. We have learned that he likes them distinctive, rather medium-sized and with a baby stare. Preference in names? That, we think, is too personal. We know he dances well, likes dreamy music, has a pleasant laugh and can sing a song, whether in tune or not you must hear him yourself and then judge. How many, do you think, will answer that want ad?

Let's be serious. Marty is always in the right mood, serious at the right time, a hard worker with a determination to win. We have high hopes for the future and are confident of their fulfillment.

JAMES ARTHUR ST. ARNAUD, A.B.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

From Fitchburg to the Heart of the Commonwealth is a decidedly long trek. Yet each morning for four years Jimmie left the family fireside in the wee small hours that he might arrive in time for class. Cold, heat, rain or shine, it mattered not a whit; Jim never missed a day. In fact to his faithful patronage the Consolidated owes much, for he and his fellow commuters kept the wolf of bankruptcy from the doors of that company for a long time. The early-morning bus driver, has, in four years, acquired quite a liberal education and can now decide, thanks to hearing Jimmie reciting his lessons each morning, whether the will requires subjective positive or negative indifference. But Jim himself could write a thesis on scholastic matters and throughout his course stood well up in all his classes.

In Junior Jim cast his fate with the future pedagogues and to hear him tell of the improvements needed within the school systems bodes ill for the conservatives when he becomes superintendent. Not that our Jim is at all radical; he is not—but to each task he brings a seriousness of purpose and a clarity of thought which themselves improve whatever he attempts. In such an efficient and effective manner will he solve the problems of life and steadily and consistently will he achieve success once he has passed down Linden Lane as a graduate.

JOHN MURRAY STEVENS, B.S.

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

Band 1, 2, 3; *Scientific Society* 2, 4; *Mendel Society* 2, 3, 4; *Boston Club; Aquinas Circle.*

Steve, at some early stage of his precocious childhood, read that travelling was an education in itself. Since he decided to bestow the honor of his presence on the Cross, he thought that he might as well get two educations for the price, and so it was that Steve became one of the celebrated dayduckers, despite the fact that he came from the comparatively distant town of Framingham.

Science was Steve's line and, in particular, Chemistry. He absorbed so much of this subject that at times it went to his head. Quite frequently he could be seen cheerfully wending his way over to the Chem Lab to complete certain experiments. His practical application of some of the acquired facts in this field furnished no end of amusement to his co-workers.

Together with his partner, Jim Connor, Steve made up the musical section of the pre-med. Before exams, their musical discourses were as soothing as a tight shoe, indulgence in them being the best way not to pass the exam. Many a lecture was digested to the syncopated rhythm of Steve's drumming. Some of the hours we spent with him will long be remembered.

CORNELIUS JOSEPH SULLIVAN, PH.B.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

R. I. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Debating* 3; *Aquinas Circle; K. of C.*

Behold, gentle reader, the man of parts! Here you see the class' most travelled and most sought after member. All points —north, south, east or west—have enjoyed his company and basked in the sunny smile of this idol. Especially fortunate were Boston, Southbridge and New York which he seemed to favor. The number of Cross dances missed by this gigolo were few and far between. If Neil were present the party was successful.

The most of Neil's time at school was spent in keeping his eye on his "now I'm here, now I'm there" roommate, Johnnie. Yet in spite of all these burdens, along with the trouble of passing exams, he always found plenty of time for conference with his favorite hero—Morpheus. Don't fret if you did not see Neil on your trips to Pakachoag, remember there are others in the same predicament. He had his office hours and you were unfortunate enough to come when he was in conference.

'31 does not say goodbye to Neil, but au revoir and pleasant dreams to a real friend.

FRANCIS JOSEPH SULLIVAN, Jr., A.B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Tomahawk 1, 2, 3, 4, *Business Manager* 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4, *Master of Ceremonies* 4; *Debating* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Track* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Dramatics* 3; *Purple Key* 4; *Usher* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Senior Ball Committee; Senior Council; Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sacristan* 4.

Quiet and unassuming, there are few who can accomplish as much with the least amount of apparent effort as this genial, demure lad has done in his college career. A walking illustration of what a well-ordered young man should be, Frank finds time to do everything well in his peculiarly diligent and earnest way. The financial destinies of the *Tomahawk* have prospered under his guidance while both the Sanctuary Society and the B.J.F. entrusted their treasuries to his efficient care. This work offered him a basis for the staggering compilation of statistical argumentation he so often propounded before the rostrum of the debating hall.

Just to show what can be done by dint of applied labor, Frank finally learned to whistle under the tutelage of his roommate. This astounding revelation thrilled Loyola the night of the Fordham game, but the ordeal of satisfying public demand became too great and the familiar melody was heard no more.

A mixture of nightly track sessions on the outdoor boards and the duties of All-American altar boy provided him with an adequate training for commandership of all Middle Loyola A flights. At such times when study is on tap he is the picture of intellectual endeavor and the end justifies the means in this case.

JAMES DEVANY SULLIVAN, A.B.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Springfield Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating President* 1; *Purple Editor-in-Chief* 4; *Debating* 2, 3, 4; *Tomahawk* 4; *Aquinas Circle; Dramatics* 4; *Purple Key* 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Glee Club* 1; *Senior Council;* PATCHER *Staff; Senior Ball Committee; French Academy; Junior Varsity Debating* 1.

At our class banquet in Junior year, the toastmaster introduced "Jim" Sullivan as the first man to whom he would turn if he were asked to name the perfect gentleman of the class of 1931. It was high praise, but praise in no wise undeserved; for during his sojourn on the Hill Jim has never been known to injure the feelings of a schoolmate. Affable, willing to do anyone a favor, tactful and talented, and modest, withal, we marked him even from our Freshman days as a man highly representative of Holy Cross. It is no wonder then, that we gave him the first gift in our power, the presidency of the Freshman Debating Society; that his section thrice made him its chairman; that he became Editor-in-Chief of *The Purple*. No man in the college has more genuine spirit than Jim and it is no wonder that rallies have thrilled to his mellow voice. No one in the memory of the four classes we have seen has had such a combination of ability and amiability.

Such is Jim's public history in bare outline. In his more intimate life, Jim is a host par excellence, and many are the lads who have forgotten the grievances against the refectory in the home-like atmosphere of Jim's banquets after ten o'clock P. M. In this capacity he was ably assisted by Dan O'Neil with whom he has roomed since Freshman year. The friendship of these two men, is perhaps the most notable on the campus.

PAUL BERNARD TRACY, PH.B.

BRISTOL, CONN.

Sox was the proud holder of several very enviable class records, among them the "greatest number of letters from the girl-friend" record; (he received well over two hundred per college year); the "greatest number of late slips without demerits" record; the "wore same corduroys greatest number of times" record, etc., etc.

It was in the first of these that Paul took the most pride, and for this and other reasons which we shall withhold, we suspect that he was one of the few members of '31, who were absolutely and unqualifiedly in love. We may be wrong, but if any embryo banker is arranging wagers on who will be first in the class to go the way of all flesh, our money is on Sox.

But be not too prejudiced against him on this score, Kind Reader. Paul's amiable qualities are many, and his good-naturedness, generosity, and contagious smile have made him one of the most popular members of the class. There were few who could tell a story as Paul could. In his hands, the most commonplace of incidents became riotously funny. Hence his room was always thronged, and no real bull session was ever considered complete without him.

Success is his lot—and he deserves it. We'd wish him luck if he didn't have more than his share already.

FRANCIS HOLLAND VOGEL, A.B.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Frosh Night; Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Civil Service* 3, 4; *Tomahawk* 1; *Debating* 1, 2, 3; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Boston Club* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Frank is one of the library roués. In Senior year particularly his jaunts back and forth to that magnificent pump-house of knowledge were regular enough to allow residents of Lower Loyola to set their watches by his departures and arrivals. With the snorting strength of a freight engine he has toiled up the long incline to scholastic success. His dogged chin, rugged brow, firmly-chiseled nose, and black, wavy hair have made him the personification of the successful man, plodding Places and doing Things. Frank is the type of fellow that causes the introspective and melancholy college student to regret lost opportunities. Frank's vice is witnessing motion picture shows and in four years, a lone wolf, he has paid scores of dollars into the tills of the Worcester theatres, relaxing eagerly in the warm, red plush of those entertainment emporiums two and three times a week. His virtues are many; his powers of study are legendary. He burrowed so deeply into "the matter" that he well nigh knew it backwards; he even had the outlandish forehandedness to study ethics before a psychology examination. As a gastronomic artist he had no equal.

His confidence-winning features and well-set figure endear him to many. Frank has ideas, too, and is serious about them—don't you forget that, you hoodlums. Frank is a pillar of the Senior class; his strength, not only intellectual, but also physical, was an asset to intramural teams and extra-curricular clubs. He was also a fine corridor-caller.

EDMUND BERNARD WALSH, A.B.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Debating 1; *Dramatics* 1; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Worcester Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *K. of C.; French Academy* 1, 2; *Sanctuary Society; Aquinas Circle.*

Behold, dear reader, Holy Cross' own defender of the faith against the onslaughts of atheism launched in Radcliffe. Yes, our own David Goldstein is pictured above, our scholastic wizard who has, like a true son of his instructors, distinguished many a hard modernist into bewilderment, for Washy's *distinguos* were surely bewildering—to say nothing of their frequency and originality.

To the class at large Windy may best be remembered as the speaker of those heart-rending lines of his part in "Richelieu": "The King! The King!" This regal announcement is as close to royalty as he attained for, during his college days, Ed never acquired a really dignified stature—but there are ways to make up for this and Walshy indulged in them. He appeared amongst us bejewelled in the book-store's best and clothed in coats and ties that were as purple as the autumn haze.

Yet all that is no reason why we should "josh" Ed throughout this memoir. He was one of us. He spilt cups of George Granger's coffee on our shoes and we on his. He prayed just as hard before the orals as the rest of us. In short he was everyone's pal and it is in deep sincerity that we prophesy that he always will be.

ARTHUR PETER WARD, A.B.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Dabating 2, 3, 4; *Sodality* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Night; Fitchburg Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

Perhaps, some fine day, Maurice Mouvet, ballroom performer par excellence, may slip and break a leg. Then, possibly before, Art will come into his own. He's been practicing up for some ten years for just such an event. Even now, it's a poor Saturday night when he and his pal, Jack Mayock, aren't discovered in Mr. Hickey's Salon de Danse, with several *jeunes filles* looking on in speechless amazement. And if it weren't for the fact that he continually brings into play the vile pun and worse still, laughs at them himself, we might say he approached perfection. However, we must administer our little word of censure.

All the girls think he's handsome. We've never discovered why. He says he read the Thanatopsis at the age of twelve, but don't you belive it. He also enjoys *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* Mary Astor is his favorite actress. He craves doughnuts and wears somewhat gaudy cravats. Sooner or later, B. U. Law will receive him with open arms. If asked concerning our real feelings in his regard, we would quite probably say with all sincerity that no one is more deserving than he of the wide popularity he has achieved throughout the school. There are but few who equal him as a friend.

JOHN THOMAS WELCH, A.B.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

Sodality 1, 2, 3; *K. of C.; Frosh Reception* 4; *Debating* 3; PATCHER *Staff; Fall River Club* 1, 2, 3, *Chairman* 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

Jack, during his first year at H. C., roomed on Fourth Fenwick—both ends of it. This fact is of little consequence to some, perhaps, but those fortunate persons who are Jack's friends know that it is an insight into his character. Jack, although he could hardly be called spectacular, is usually found among those groups which give color and excitement to every class. His is the power (it defies explanation) of mixing in and becoming an important member in any clique. An extremist in his likes and dislikes, a man of sound judgment (often consulted in 2 A. M. sessions to decide arguments) and a good fellow at all times.

Reading has been his delight for four years and many's the night in the "suite" in Beaven he perused his books in undisturbed bliss, securely hidden behind drawn shades and free from fears of Jim, the college boy's friend. Moreover, Jack has a rare type of humor, which is a source of great pleasure to all those who know his friendship. We might say here that this humor arises chiefly from his abhorence of all things conventional and orthodox. Jack is not even bound by the vast limits of this planet of ours. He is not content to be known as a New Yorker, a Chicagoan or any such narrow appelation—he is the true Cosmopolite—his eyes see the world from far off and he worries not at petty troubles—his is to laugh with a breath of light cynicism and let the world go on its fevered way.

FRANCIS JAMES WHITE, PH.B.
WORCESTER, MASS.

Baseball 1, 3, 4; *Worcester Club* 1, 2, 3, 4, *Dance Committee* 4; *Sodality* 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 2; *Aquinas Circle* 4; *Debating* 1, 2.

The recollection of the four years on Mt. St. James can not but conjure memories of the popular, able Frank White. In the day scholars' ranks he was one of the most outstanding—and the fact that he was known to all the resident students is most convincing proof of his popularity. Although not spectacular in the classroom, Frank always cleared scholastic barriers with the greatest ease and clung to that golden mean which has been so highly praised. His keen interest in things pertaining to Holy Cross is manifested in the attention he gave to the Worcester Undergraduate Club. Frank was on every club committee of any importance and it was due greatly to his unfailing, earnest endeavors that the social activities of the Worcester Club were so successful.

Frank was more widely known than most of his day ducker comrades. This was partly due to his undeniable personality and partly due to his athletic prowess, for Frank was one of Jack Barry's efficient ball hawks. To break into the varsity lineup in Senior year and adequately fill the place left open by the graduation of Henry Lawrence is a feat which requires more than ordinary ability. Yet, this is exactly what Frank did, and the accomplishment was hailed with praise, not only by his classmates, but by all the loyal Worcester ball fans. Thus it is quite evident that when we leave we say farewell to one of the more important members of the class.

JOHN EDWARD WHITE, A.B.

MAYNARD, MASS.

Senior Ball Committee; Aquinas Circle; Boston Club 4; Sodality 4.

It takes all men a long time to see the error of their ways, and it takes most men a longer time to decide to change that error for the better and to act upon that resolve. All of which is by way of a prelude to our formal introduction of one more happy son of Holy Cross, here taking his bow before a critical world, which invites him into the whirling maelstrom of its existence, and challenges him to rise above it.

The specific error of Jack's ways was his persistence in remaining at Boston College for the first three years of his checkered collegiate career. Relatively speaking, three years is a long time for a man to resolve to mend his ways and to follow out his resolution. In positing this three-year lassitude, we presume, quite naturally of course, that Jack saw the error of his ways before many months of his Freshman year had passed. At least, they tell us, that that is the way it is with most disillusioned Freshmen at our "sister" college. But all things are forgiven in view of Jack's final decision to come over to the fold at last, although we shall always regret the loss of the longer and better friendship we could have had with him had he seen the way and the light three years sooner.

Jack was severely handicapped at the outset of his Senior year among us by the fact of an antecedent acquaintance with a fellow-townsman from the budding metropolis of Maynard. Yet most of us were charitable enough to realize that it was no fault of his that he had to know the Ownie Carroll of 1931.

HARRY D. WHITEFORD, Jr., A.B.

NEWARK, OHIO

Football 1; *Ohio Club; Purple Key; Mendel Society; Sodality.*

Four years has furnished us with adequate proof that Ohio is doing something more than producing matches and sponsoring prison riots. Harry's presence has caused the less fortunate amongst us, who reside in or near Boston, to stop and reflect that after all the Middle West is probably less than half Indian and that civilization extends farther west than Buffalo.

It's not hard to see why Harry has exploded the ancient superstition. In technical language he is what is known as a "smoother"—and, dear reader, that term connotes nothing but recognition with clear praise. It is that something plus that is unconsciously earned by a certain Chesterfieldian grace of word and deed that is especially manifest in a social event—the Junior Prom for example. However, to use a Latin phrase, not only but even—Harry is not so gentle on the gridiron. In fact, his ideas and actions there seem to approach what an ordinary judge would call mayhem, or at least, assault and battery. They still tell the story about the B. C. freshman game in Harry's first year.

However, Harry in Sophomore year, gave up the grind of the gridiron for the lure of the labs, where his work was marked with the same spirit of intentness. After a while, he had calmed down enough for the athletic director to permit his playing interclass football to the sheer delight of his teammates and to the great dismay of the opponents. For other activities look above.

ROBERT DAY WHITFIELD, A.B.

ALBANY, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 1, 2, 3, *President* 4; *Debating* 1, 2, 3; *President B. J. F.* 4; *French Academy; Frosh Debating Team; Tomahawk* 3, 4; *Hormone Contributor;* PATCHER *Staff; K. of C.; Junior Prom Committee.*

Without going into ecstatic raptures and the lavish praise that is usually tolerated in a year book, it may be honestly said that Bob has rightly earned the admiration that is his. He has participated in about every scholastic extra-curricular activity that exists on the Hill.

Bob was well-known early in Freshman year by his scholarly answer to an inquiring Dean, through the medium of *America,* and also as a prominent member of that Freshman debating team that so decisively defeated the bewildered Sophomores—being so ardent and clever a debater that in Senior year he was elected to the presidency of the B. J. F. Debating Society. Bob was also the Alumni Editor of *The Tomahawk;* and in Senior year, the president of the Sanctuary Society.

And as for studies—well, it's almost brutal the way Bob glides through philosophical mysteries, unravels chemical tangles and lays bare intimate facts about the rabbit's home life. These high grades, by the way, are not due to what the more uninformed term "grinding"—since Bob's usual procedure before an exam is the evening meal at the Weir's, where Bob is so constant a guest that the Freshmen thought he was Gorge's patron, and a leisurely perusal of an entertaining book. Without a doubt this calm and serene attitude toward life will be Bob's forever, and will be inseparable from the success that we all know will be his.

WILLIAM HOWE WOODS, A.B.

NEW YORK CITY

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Debating* 1, 3, 4; *Sanctuary Society* 2, 3, 4; *Dramatics* 3, 4; *Aquinas Circle*.

Up to Pakachoag in the fall of 1927, came another of those men who are the delight and the despair of English classes, For Bill Woods was wrapped up in the drama. To anyone who would listen he would talk for hours of his favorite author of the moment. Nor did the implicit nor the frankly outspoken displeasure of his auditors disturb him. He heeded not the finger of scorn nor the arguments of the knowing.

There is, however, more to Bill than his dramatic leanings. Anyone who knew him well will testify that never has there been one more sincere or ardent for knowledge. Rather than admit defeat he would struggle with his books for hours on end. In fact, he never felt prepared for an examination till he was fully acquainted with the meaning and all of the implications of every word in the treatise.

Fortunately Bill was blessed with a saving sense of humor and a spirit of forgiveness. Back in those dim, dreary days of the winter of Freshman year he needed it sorely. For many who understood neither him nor his peculiar ways undertook to "reform" him. But like all things will, that era passed and Billy emerged one of the best-liked and most-often forgiven members of the class.

He has added spice to our four years here with his skits at receptions, his uprising against law and order in the refectory, his habits of arising early in the morning and of imitating the Peripatetic school in perambulating. All in all we will miss him.

EDWARD FABIAN XIQUES, A.B.

NEW YORK CITY

Musical Clubs 2, 3, 4; *Crusaders* 1, 2, 3, 4, *President* 4; *Soloist* 3, 4; *Met. Club* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Purple Key; Senior Council; Band* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Frosh Reception* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Junior Prom Committee; Aquinas Circle;* PATCHER *Staff; Debating* 1; *K. of C.; Senior Ball Committee.*

For no other reason than that his name begins with "X" does Edward Fabian end this book. It is a fitting climax, for Ed has distinguished himself as one of the foremost members of the class.

This prominence is partly due to his unequalled airy touch on the keys of the saxophone—the same instrument, by the way, which in Fenwickian days so often disturbed the mid-afternoon torpor of the inhabitants on the floor below and was the inspiration of lengthy and rambling articles in protest, promulgated in the famous weekly. However, it is a matter of class history that most of these same victims are now unstinted in their praise. But, although this pleasant diversion, together with four years of eternal searching for the purple button on his band fez, removed him from our sphere at odd hours, yet Ed—like Dick Rover—found plenty of time to indulge in the more mundane activities such as piling his next door neighbor's dresser and trunk on the aforesaid neighbor's desk, or removing an unnecessary door, or composing little ditties to the air of well-known college songs. It is in these choice morsels of corridor fun that his intimates will remember Ed at his best—and it is in this pleasant state of retrospection that we'll offer to Ed, wherever he may be, a cheery "good evenya."

JOSEPH F. FEILY

RENSSELAER, NEW YORK

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; *Albany Club* 1, 2, 3, *Vice-President* 4; *Class Football* 1, 2, 3; *Class Basketball* 1, 2, 3, 4; *Class Soccer* 4; *Aquinas Circle.*

For three years Joe was one of the most valued components of the class of '31. Came the fateful Senior year and Dame Misfortune with malicious consequence took him from our midst, solving by this very act the puzzle that has long been bothering the medical world; namely, the appendix does possess some use—for its efficacy in removing Joe from the roll call can be doubted by no one.

As one of the main warriors in the intramural league Joe scintillated on the gridiron and basketball court—to say nothing of his frenzied activity on the bloody battlefield of soccer. In other activities his presence was likewise, if not so strenuously, felt. Joe's personality was responsible for this—a personality most individual and pleasing. This, combined with his good-nature, made Joe one of the most popular men on the campus—and for that matter in many a parlor quite removed from scholastic activity.

There are many reasons why we shall always remember Joe—not the least of which is his sartorial nightmare of combining a vivid, emerald green sweater with a just as vivid pair of brown and white striped corduroy pants—and although he did not finish the long march with us we shall always think of him as one of the finest of the class of nineteen thirty-one.

History of the Class of 1931

Really, we have been the most unprecedented class for setting precedents. Way back in Freshman year when the good, big brotherly Senior tried to welcome us and pat our golden curls and tell us how "nice and pretty we looked, and what a wonderful time we would have, now that we had come to stay with grand-daddy," we shocked our elders by telling them to be themselves. That got us a bad name as a bunch of upstarts, who would get nowhere with that attitude. Our first year seemed flooded with reverses. It seemed as though we were a cross current trying to breast the rushing tide of customary habits. We saw things differently and far from holding our counsels we told this little world on Mount St. James. They boded a sorry ending for us in those bleak days. We've managed to struggle along to quite a high honor of being one of the most active classes in the past decade of Holy Cross History.

We commenced our brief, too brief stay on the Hill under the rather discouraging disadvantage of faculty censure. Our radical ideas did not most decisively meet with approval. Besides we had numerous internal wrangles that never seemed to straighten themselves out in Freshman year. We own to an iniquity of cliques. We were just rotten with "class" distinction and absolutely devoid of Class spirit. There was no unity. Where there is no unity there is no strength. We found that out. Towards the end of the "green" age we realized that the disrupting influence within us had the effect of making us vulnerable when outside criticism came our way. We could never quite concentrate our forces and prove our abilities when they were being panned with no little heat. It became necessary to draw together the straying folds. Under the excellent and wise Presidency of Dan O'Neil, we veered toward the sane by gradual degrees.

The talent that has so marked our course first came into evidence and the field of extra-curricular activity began to sit up and notice. The pages of the *Purple* were augmented by lyrics from the pens of Frank McGratty, Jack Kent and Jim Doyle. *The Tomahawk* and Dramatics reaped their deserved share and we proudly watched our classmates, boasting the purple 1931, compete gloriously in every branch of athletics. A Freshman Debating Society was organized and still flourishes.

By this time the first disillusionment had worn off; roommates were no

longer strangers to each other and acclimation was complete. The ceaseless round of Latin, English, Greek was no longer a bitter task and became but a normal assignment. We had become acquainted with the "league" and the "bullet" and when bells rang we knew what they meant. Our calendar consisted of a counting of the interludes between vacations when we could return to proud parents and relate those breathless incidents of midnight sessions and nocturnal marauders whose ability to handle a pail of ice cold water was only too well known. The receptions to welcome us had taken place; the Seniors (oh, memorable night) with the talented Underhill as master of ceremonies and the memory of flying ice cream boxes during intermission; the Juniors with the unforgettable German doctor who nearly caused a greater riot; Easter

vacation approached with the thrill of afternoon spent watching our own championship baseball team. Frosh Night! Hank Connolly placed himself on the pedestal of fame which he has yet to relinquish and staid Fenwick Hall still echoes the laughter of that night. The finals were upon us—a nightmare of study and the class of 1931 was no longer the baby of the school.

Two months of vacation pass quickly and September, all too soon it seemed, reunited the class to that age-old cry, "Chavagoodsummer?" Lazy days were forgotten in the immediate renewal of the scholastic whirl. New faces had allied with the class and a host of the old familiars never returned. Jim Doyle took over the reins of government and became our class president for the year. He carried out the work of revamping the whole class system, working along the lines already laid out by O'Neil. It was hard work, and not a few of us

had fallen into the rut of small narrow-mindedness, had become provincial, within the world of our Class. We refused to be budged from the careless and dispirited state of disunion. Eventually the problem dissolved itself. Group grooved with group, shoulder to shoulder. Enemies cast off the shroud of enmity and emerged resplendent in the garment of pure amity. We were molten pieces of rough iron ready for casting. Out of this slowly formed unity there came a class spirit and pride that has been admittedly equalled by few and surpassed by none in the whole history of Mt. St. James. From a mess of tangents we converged into a clear-cut circle. We accomplished things by this concentration of energies. When we decided to carry an undertaking as a class we hurled our compact mass at the problem and it gave way before our strength.

Our scholastic record changed radically for the better. We placed ourselves high among the brilliant boasts of Alma Mater throughout the New England Province in those stirring intercollegiate battles for merit of Pro Archia and Horatian averages. We had become a source of pride to the teachers, most of whom had looked forward with dread to the time when they should have to take over the teaching of the unruly Freshman class recently turned Sophomores. They started under the impression of a bad name that had been given us and we were handicapped by their disfavor. However, persistence in their inclination to deem us unworthies could not last long in face of our drive for recognition. They yielded more, they swelled the growing tide of encouragement and praise that had started to swamp us. However, too much glory could never be too heady for us. We strove for more. In the football field we gave Coach O'Donnell; Pyne, Weiss, Farrell and Himmelberg as linemen. Garrity,

Baker and Meegan rode the backfield. Through the power of our classmates in the form of Sliney, Kelleher, Frazer, O'Shea, and Meegan, hockey received the impetus that year such as it will seldom experience again on this Hill.

Under the Chairmanship of Ray Martin, we Sophomores of that day gave our reception to the Freshmen and found out how it felt to be on the giving end of the line. The Freshmen were well behaved, either because they were so by nature or they were awed by our prowess in the art of entertainment. Following years have shown that the "greenies" of that year must have been astounded by us into silence. Yes, for our own sake, we shall assert that their conduct was despite their habits and because of our actions.

We contributed the majority of the quintet that represented the school on the basketball courts. Baker, Farrell and Russell led the well-known Crusaders forth to battle under the Captaincy of Johnny Morriss, the ranking Senior.

On the track, Bill Madden, Dick Haggerty, Bill Maher, Georgie Morin, Tom Perry and Ned Flanagan acted as a husky skeleton for Bart's wizardry. Bill Madden has persisted in his stride through the four years. And Morin has pushed to the Captaincy in Senior. Flanagan has represented the school in national and district meets at the hammer, and has achieved a recognition as great as that his classmates gave him for his prowess in the refectory.

For Jack Barry's sole purpose Sims, Friederichs and Garrity performed wonders on the green turf of Fitton Field.

Publications and Dramatics and the Musical Clubs all derived their benefit of the talent that was so profuse. Nick Healy became the editor of a better *Tomahawk*. Ed Xiques was the sax soloist whose ability belied the veracity

of certain magazine articles belittling the musical quality of this "bent tin horn."

Besides this, there was a distinct thrill in the realization that we were no longer the lowliest in the school. Alumni was our tenting grounds and who can ever forget the long, downward trek for a shower; the nonchalant Mr. O'Malley, who laid aside his banjo to ring an alarm; the pitiful case of mistaken identity which the water brigade perpetrated and—who was the man who gave the pop-corn to Weston?

It was on the wings of memorable incidents that the year sped by and before we realized it we had forgotten the days in Regis and the nights in Alumni and turned our attention to ducking the swinging doors in Beaven, listening to the comedy of Connolly-Connolly, thrilling to another championship baseball team, founding the Beta Betas, guided by the zealous Bill Earls who took up the reins of presidency where Jim Doyle left off. Latin and Greek were things of the past and philosophy became the nemesis intsead. Junior year started with the riot, that ephemeral uprising which died as quickly as it was born. Junior Prom under the efficient chairmanship of Bill Madden added a pleasurable glitter to the gray, winter days as did the Freshman Reception with its dire results. Christmas, mid-years and flow of ontology, cosmology, epistemology. Finally Easter and wearing the class ring to club dances. The songfest with '31, singing Bob Seaman's lyrics, winning for the second time. Long days in the stadium studying for the orals—June—and the dreaded conversation with the philosophy boards. That last red Monday with the final score: Students 3—Faculty 19.

Once again September brought the reunion and the Class of 1931, sadly depleted, returned to the college man's "estate" with all the dignity befiitting a Senior. Caps and gowns, ethics and psike were waiting, but the thrill of the novelties were lost in the greater thrill of the new "system." It was hard to realize that our last year was upon us, but wonderment was forgotten in that first rush of acclimation. Loyola became our home and its newness was welcome. Football, also with a new system, was the first diversion—Harvard 0, Holy Cross 27; "no rowdyism . . . it's baad" and "I see where Harvard scored another victoree;" "We'll go down . . . and beat Brown." B. C. 0, the Cross 7; a successful season at last and the previous three years of disappointment made the victories but sweeter. The year passed all too quickly and the succession of exams and holidays passed so rapidly that the mid-years and Easter were over

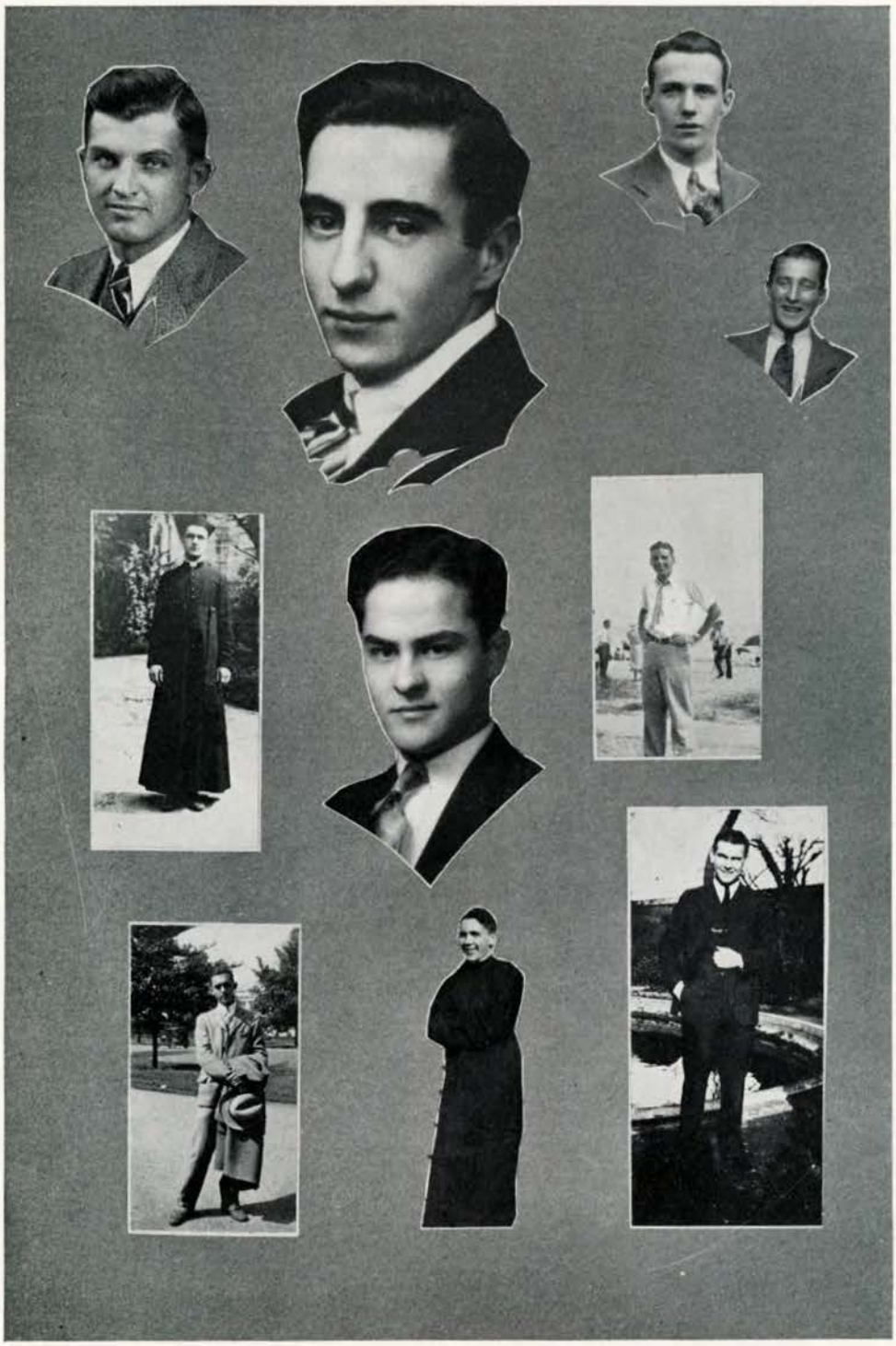
before the year seemed fairly to begin. Baseball started poorly, but the latent strength of the team gave promise of another championship club. Once again the great mile relay pushed to a new world record and yet were defeated. Intramural athletics occupied the spare time and the class was forced to fight to uphold its championship. Hair restorer won an important place in the medicine cabinet of most of the students and the battle to retain a respectable amount of hirsute adornment became, next to preparing a hundred theses for the oral, the greatest worry the class had.

As we started so we finished. There was no slacking in our ardor. June of Senior year finds us loyal to the ideals of a school that has taught us more than books ever contained. The day of diplomas has come and in token of appreciation to the faculty and our parents we present for their approval our class history in this very, very brief form, with the caution that they overlook our poor beginning.

N. B.—Speaking of setting precedent, we sort of junked the idea that "Well begun is half done."

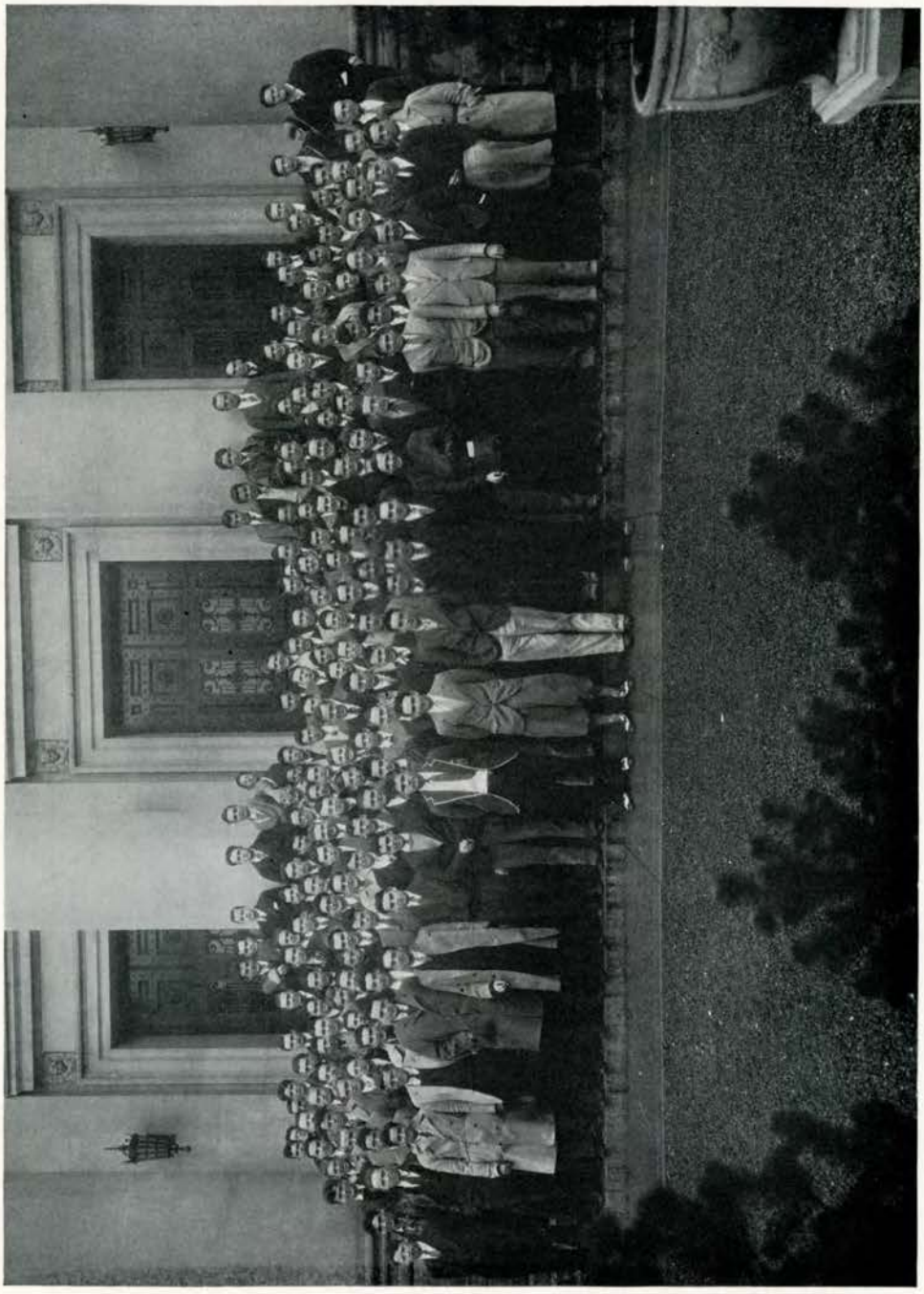
The Library

EX-MEN



Chapel

CLASS OF 1932



Junior Class History

Although decimated from time to time by drastic acts of justice, the Junior class still holds its own, and after the influx of new blood, has upon its roster ten score representatives from most of the states of the Union and both hemispheres of the *orbis terrarum*. Behind the swinging doors of nestling Beaven, Joe Reynolds and his cosmopolitan group of subjects have learned to shed their fiery Sophomoric spirit of rebellion for an impressive philosophical gravity and to despise with mature eyes the pernicious youth-destroying game of honey-moon bridge. Though we have taken it on the chin for three years we are still on our toes as will be made manifest by a glance at the records of all the activities on the Hill.

In football, the class claims Phil O'Connell, captain-elect of the varsity, who ran wild over Harvard and Boston College last year and played so brilliantly throughout the whole season that he gained All-American mention, and recognition as the greatest quarterback the Cross has produced. Cavalieri and Colucci, pride of the Roman people, Baiorunos and Griffin likewise occupied first-string positions on the squad. Numerous capable utility men also helped to swell the strength of Captain McEwan's brigade. The hoopsters drew valuable resources from the House of Beaven, Luke Driscoll, Joe Nicholson and Ed Donovan being the main luminaries. On the cinder path we supplied Bernie McCafferty, famed as one of the foremost middle distance men in the country. To mention his numerous triumphs would be equally impossible and unnecessary. John Holland helped to carry the purple banner to victory in the relays. Other valuable point-getters were Goyette, Bill O'Connell, Weldon, Varella, Parent, Bell, Cavalieri, "Primo" O'Brien, and last, but by no means least, Art McDonald, star hurdler and general one-man track team. Jack Barry's championship ball club has John Marshall and Phil O'Connell as the keystone sack combination. "Dukker" Farrell is again pulling them out of the sun in center field and "Buck" Mahoney is flinging the proverbial pellet from the proverbial alluvial elevation.

And we have had enough athletic talent in reserve to whip the rest of the College in the intramural games. Tom Trainor's eleven gave the highly-touted Seniors such a trimming that the two underclasses were afraid to play them. McGuigan's booters easily took the soccer championship and now the boys are showing their wares on the diamond.

We have not space to mention all our musicians, Reynolds, Howe and Caulfield are the best of the singers and Merliani is the star among the instrumentals. Jerome Murphy arranged the Victor record of Holy Cross songs. John Andrew Burke is the most inspired orator and cleverest after-dinner speaker on the Hill. Santen, Ted Murray and Fitzsimmons shine as debaters. The varied talents of our great number of Thespians enabled the Dramatic Society to cover the range of "tragical—comical—historical—pastoral, scene undividable or poem unlimited." Burke carried away the comedy, McCann the erotic playing, Caulfield and Howe made good cops, and Moakley played the noble Brutus in "Julius Caesar." Numerous other Juniors had prominent parts, especially in the mob scene.

Bob Dillon, editor of *The Tomahawk* leads our list of Journalists. Collins is managing editor, Steve Bergin, business manager, and Connelly, city editor. Burke and Gene McCue take care of most of the editorials. The clever column of McDonough, Lynch and Ducey and the sporadic contributions of Jim Shu added very materially to the interest of the paper. Our literary men are no less prolific. The delicate verses of Duggan, Joe Gallagher, Bill O'Connor and Walter Green, Class Odist, kept *The Purple* going strong and drew favorable comment from other college monthlies. Stories and essays of high quality and of all descriptions were forthcoming from Jerome Murphy and the afore-mentioned poets. Jack Delaney is the punctual and exuberant sports editor. A whispering campaign put in Walt Greene as editor and Joe Sullivan as business manager of the next PATCHER, which by the way, will be the best-ever!

Frank Millea showed us a fine Prom and on the whole it was a good social year, an excellent basis for "Kermit" Hamilton's future stories.

Junior Class

A

Blake, Walter J.
Bracken, Joseph L., Jr.
Carroll, Thomas J., Jr.
Cerasuolo, Anthony W.
Connelly, J. Frederick
Cummings, Paul M.
Daley, Robert M.
Dillon, Robert E.
Donnelly, James P.
Dowd, Francis E.
Dowd, John A.
Fairbend, Gregory L.
Fanelli, Rocco J.
Farnon, John P.
Fitzsimmons, Louis G.
Flanagan, William J.
Friel, Edward A.
Greene, Walter L.
Hamilton, Edward A.
Harley, George V.
Hartman, J. Francis
Holland, John J.
Howe, Raymond J.
Jeremia, Francis B.
Kavanaugh, John J.
Keating, Anthony F., 2nd
Kelley, J. Leo
Kowalski, Stephen J., Jr.
Lawler, John F.
Lilly, Edward P.
Loftus, Raymond J.
Mansfield, James F., Jr.
Mayer, Frederick W.
Merrill, John F.
Mirliani, Fred S.
Missett, Joseph R.
Moakley, Francis J.
Murray, Matthew E.
McCue, Eugene P.
McDonough, Robert F.
McMonagle, Edward L.
O'Connor, John J.
O'Rourke, Francis W.
Rafferty, Harold F.
Schopfer, Lyle C.
Shea, John A.
Sheehan, Edward J.
Stolle, Alois A.
Sullivan, Walter F.
Tangney, Robert A.
Trainor, Thomas F.
Walsh, William A.
Wondolowski, S. G.
Woods, Donald H.

B

Baiorunos, John E.
Bannin, Thomas J., Jr.
Bergin, Stephen P.
Blaum, Francis A.
Burke, John A.
Cahill, Frederic T., Jr.
Carlin, Gerald J.
Caulfield, Thomas E., Jr.
Clark, John A.
Cole, Cyril G.
Connor, John E.
Costich, Kenneth J.
Cullen, Leo J.
Curry, Francis R.
Delaney, John F.
DeMontigny, Gerald E.
Dozier, Carroll T.
Ducey, John M.
Duggan, Joseph C.
Endres, William S.
Faucher, Arthur J.
FitzGerald, John F.
Flannigan, Justin C.
Fogarty, Thomas F.
Foley, James F.
Fynn, Francis J.
Grote, Raymond J.
Hanlon, David E.
Hayden, William S.
Hayes, Neil B.
Hurley, John F.
Kaicher, John J.
Kane, William E.
King, Thomas E.
Lucey, Frank L.
Lynch, Daniel A.
Meaney, John H.
Monagan, Walter E., Jr.
Moroney, Charles G.
Murphy, Frank T.
Murphy, Frederick J.
McCann, Donald H.
McIntyre, Joseph W.
McKeon, John G.
Nicholson, Joseph L.
O'Connell, William F.
O'Connor, William J.
Palmer, Richard B.
Paolucci, Donato M.
Percy, John M.
Powers, John F.
Reynolds, Joseph A.
Skocylos, Walter J.
Sloan, Joseph F.
Smith, Joseph A., Jr.
Sullivan, George P.
Sullivan, Joseph F.
Troy, William D.
Walker, John A.

C

Asselta, Franklyn G.
Baldwin, Karl P.
Bridges, Charles E.
Cafferty, Francis J.
Cannon, John P.
Collins, Charles T.
Davey, Charles A.
Derby, George F.
Devlin, James A.
Durkin,, Edward R.
Farrell, Thomas W.
Farrell, William F.
Gallagher, Francis A., 3rd
Gallagher, Joseph P. F.
Harrington, John C.
Harrington, John E.
Harrity, Joseph T.
Hickey, Francis R.
Keating, John G.
Keating, Joseph P.
Leary, Timothy J.
LeClair, Felix R.
Long, Robert L.
Lukaszek, Joseph J.
Mahoney, Arthur L.
Meikle, Robert J.

Millea, J. Franklin
Murphy, Charles J.
McCafferty, Bernard P.
McDevitt, James G.
McGuigan, Joseph E.
Nixon, William J., Jr.
Nolan, John J.
O'Brien, William J.
O'Connell, Paul D.
O'Connell, Philip J.
O'Connor, Patrick F.
O'Neill, Eldon H.
Rowe, Kenneth F.
Santen, Vernon B.
Scales, Peter E.
Sexton, John J.
Shea, Thomas H.
Smith, Luke L.
Spring, Arthur J. M.
Sullivan, James D.
Sweeney, John J. A.
Sweeney, John M.
Syseskey, Henry J.
Toye, William A.
Wynne, John W.
Yakavonis, Casimer J.

D

Cassidy, Joseph C.
Eidenbach, Herbert J.
Gallagher, James L.
Moriarty, Edwin S.
Moynihan, James J.
Murphy, Edward L.
Murphy, Jerome F., Jr.
O'Brien, Frederick R.
O'Donnell, John B.
Parent, Leslie M.
Ritzel, Richard S.
Shu, Kuo Cheng
Smyth, Arthur J.

B.S.

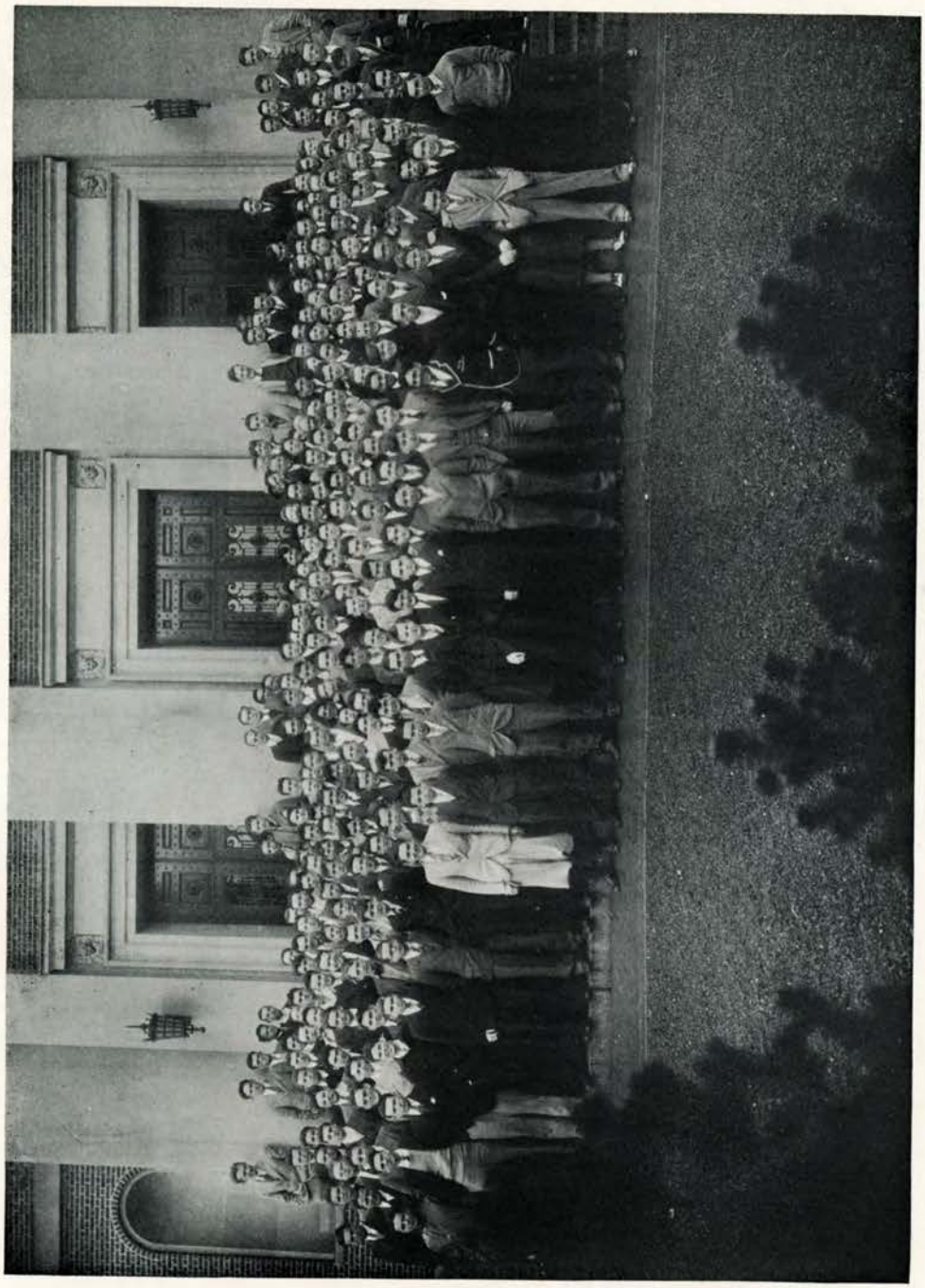
Dolan, Arthur T.
Gonzales, Salvador A.
Goyette, Cyril A.
Moffitt, William P., Jr.
Monahan, John T.
Skehan, Charles J.
Sullivan, Edmund B.
Sullivan, John A.
Sulya, Louis L.
Varela, Frank G.
Weldon, Maur J.

PH.B.

Anderson, Edwin J.
Barry, Louis J.
Baxter, Fred G.
Bell, Robert A.
Callahan, John L.
Carroll, George L.
Cavalieri, James A.
Clayborne, Thomas E.
Colucci, Anthony, Jr.
Coughlin, Raymond T.
Crowley, Charles J.
Daly, John L.
D'Argenis, David C.
Donovan, Edward J.
Donovan, Thomas L.
Doyle, Henry A.
Driscoll, Charles E.
Dunphy, Edwin P.
Fay, Joseph J.
Finn, Edward L., Jr.
Griffin, Leslie B.
Grigaitis, Joseph J.
Hickey, J. Edwin
Lynch, John C., Jr.
MacDonnell, Arthur J.
MacLaughlan, John J.
Malboeuf, Leo W.
Marcello, Ralph T.
Marshall, John J.
Meegan, Joseph R.
O'Connell, James P.
O'Connell, Philip E.
Riley, William J.
Savage, John J.
Smith, Samuel D.
Tierney, Edmund F.

To Linden Lane

CLASS OF 1933



Sophomore Class History

After a Freshman year which set a standard of achievement well worthy of emulation, the Class of Thirty-three has not disappointed us in its record in Sophomore. Rather it has gone on to conquer new heights; and shaking off the natural, retiring reitcence of its first year on the Hill, has assumed a position in the collegiate ladder that is recognized and admired by all. In athletics, its activity has been predominate. Jim Nicholson kept the class in the limelight when he won the annual college tennis tournament for the second consecutive year, while Jack Cahill and Ed Hidalgo filled important positions on the same varsity squad. When the football stadium was thronged every Saturday in the fall, the Sophomore men were there to do more than their share for victory. On this point, dear reader, the ardent soph rooter will weary your ears: he could tell you of the brilliant work of Kelly, Clifford, Murray, Donovan, and Rovinski in the backfield, or of Favulli, Ryan, Flanagan (to mention only a few) in the line; but the fine work of all could find no more characteristic and praiseworthy an example than that of Big Jim Zyntell, pulling down that blocked punt behind the goal to crush Boston College for the first time in six years. It was partly Bill Coakley's great run on the first leg that enabled the mile relay team to lower the record against Penn, and between Bob Tierney, Don Maynard, and Gordon Winslow in the sprints, and Matt Blake in the mile, the contribution of the class to the track world is secure. In hockey, the Soph team had just to show its "stuff," and its claim to the intramural title was so clear that the Juniors hastily decided to withdraw. In basketball, ably supported by such lettermen as Jim Nicholson and Lefty Mantelli, the eagle-eyed Paul Schoenrock rang up the astounding total of one hundred and thirty-three points to tie for the season's honors. While we go to press too early to view the baseball season, nevertheless it is clear that the class will again be "there."

But these are not the only lines of endeavor this proud and rhetorical race has followed. It has materially aided the Purple Players in their three successful productions this year, and a display of the histrionic abilities of such actors as Tom Dwyer, Harry Kirwin, Ed Hidalgo, and Bill Zeller is a delight to witness. For debating, the class has demonstrated a special penchant: a Soph team overcame the Junior varsity of Boston College; Ed Hidalgo and Ray Leddy made their varsity debut auspiciously in the encounter with Canisius; and Ed Hanify must have drawn on his long experience of two full years of varsity debating, on his victories over Boston College, Harvard, Fordham, and Loyola, when he made that marvelous speech at the Sophomore banquet, which is still remembered as an epic product by all who were there. Likewise in the musical field, the class has been well represented. But the Philharmonic Orchestra suffered a loss that is only comparable to that of the class, when, shortly after the second term opened, we were saddened by the death of Richard Crane. Of his fine abilities and likeable qualities we need say little here; but in this, its first loss, the class has felt an absence that must ever remain unfilled.

Before we close this brief sketch, let us give honorable mention to the faithful scribes who have done more for the college publications than we can here narrate. The high standing of *The Purple* in collegiate circles must be attributed in large measure to the nine Sophomores who are members of the staff; and while a sacred newspaper tradition insists that its writers remain *incognito,* yet those who are familiar with the haunts of Lower Loyola, can tell you that the nine second-year members of *The Tomahawk,* are important factors on a college weekly which bows to none.

"Thus far the saga of the Sophs," we say, and look to this class to maintain its promising reputation, and to work whole-heartedly with the present Juniors and Freshmen to preserve the trophies Thirty-one leaves behind.

Sophomore Class

A

Auth, Charles P.
Carroll, Charles R.
Conneen, Lawrence W.
Cutroneo, John J.
Ernst, Carl C.
Fitzpatrick, Raymond J.
Furay, Harry B.
Garvey, Edward M.
Haggerty, John J.
Hanify, Edward B.
Heeg, Arthur M.
Hidalgo, Edward J.
King, Donald J.
Kirwin, Harry W.
Lally, John F.
Lenehan, J. Richard
Lovelock, Francis J.
Lynch, Louis E., Jr.
Mandry, Joseph F. X.
Moran, George B.
O'Flynn, Hugh F.
O'Gorman, J. Leo, Jr.
O'Keefe, Thomas J.
Regan, John F.
Seith, Michael J.
Shea, Michael J.
Smith, Frank B.
Smith, Henry G.
Sullivan, George A.
Thompson, Ralph L.
Tierney, Robert H.

B

Bergin, Edward D.
Blake, Matthew F.
Callahan, Edward V.
Callahan, Frederick M.
Conway, William S.
Curry, Edward F.
Fay, Robert V.
Fee, Bernard H., Jr.
Horgan, Charles S., Jr.
Igoe, James E.
Keating, William J.
Kenny, Thomas F., Jr.
Leddy, Raymond G.
Matteo, Dominick R.
Morris, J. Frank
McDermott, Donald E.
McGratty, Gerald R.
McGiness, Arthur F., Jr.
Niemiec, Alfred J.
O'Reilly, Joseph J., Jr.
Raleigh, James J.
Reardon, Edward R.
Riley, George A.
Roche, Patrick J.
Scollin, Walter J.
Sheehan, Edward S.
Walsh, Joseph A.
Ward, John F., Jr.
Woods, Anthony S.

C

Clarke, John O.
Cronin, Francis P. L.
Degnan, Thomas J., Jr.
Dwyer, Thomas H.
Earls, Martin J.
Flanagan, Peter J.
Foley, Merton J.
Gallagher, James J.
Gorman, Denis F.
Grimes, Martin O.
Halloran, Richard J.
Hart, Philip J.
Hindle, William V.
Kane, Thomas F., Jr.
Lynch, George F.
Mooney, Daniel L.
Mulhern, John F.
Murphy, John E.
McAuliffe, John D.
McCarthy, Thomas W.
O'Brien, Edward J.
O'Connell, Thomas J., Jr.
O'Connor, Thomas J.
Russell, Joseph A.
Scannell, Joseph W.
Sheehan, Jeremiah J.
Sheehan, Jeremiah J.
Smith, Joseph F.
Sullivan, Joseph A.
Zeller, William C.

D

Beegan, Edward W.
Boyle, John T.
Brennan, James J.
Cahill, John R., Jr.
Callahan, Charles R.
Casey, Adrian V.
Ciarleglio, Francis J.
Conlin, John P.
Costello, Stephen J.
Crane, Richard D.
Dalbec, Alexander J.
Donohue, M. Thomas
Dumas, P. Adelard
Hiney, William G.
Holly, Thomas W.
Jakubowski, Anthony J.
Joy, John M.
Keenan, John E.
Kennedy, Thomas A.
Lepore, Dominick J.
Luby, William J.
Mahoney, Francis X.
Maley, Austin P.
Moriarty, Edward J.
Moynihan, Francis J.
Murray, Mrtin B.
McClure, Edward T.
McGarry, Bernard H.
McGrath, William J.
McKeon, Thomas F.
Nicholson, James E.
O'Connell, Patrick J.
Sableski, Constantine C.
Tutty, Raymond F.

E

Ahern, Charles F.
Brack, Thomas J.
Brosnan, Thomas J.
Carroll, Lawrence J.
Costigan, Francis J.
Dacey, Francis L.
Dailey, Thomas J.
Dante, Lee F.
Doolan, Edwin F.
Dore, John B.
Dowgielewicz, Edward F.
Doyle, Walter J.
Farrell, Edward J.
Farrell, John F.

Flynn, Bernard J.
Flynn, Simon A., Jr.
Gibson, Gardiner S.
Harold, Thomas B.
Houlihan, Edward T., 3rd
Kearns, John A.
Kelly, James F.
Murdock, Daniel R. W., Jr.
McAleer, Myles R.
McCarthy, John T.
McDonough, John F.
McInerney, George F.
Reavey, Edwin J.
Shannon, Paul F.
Sheehan, Daniel J.
Smith, Edward J.
Sullivan, John P.
Sullivan, John R.
Tierney, William J.
Welch, Paul G.
Williamson, John F.
Zarecki, Peter S., Jr.

F

Bennett, Edward J.
Cannon, James E.
Ford, Leo R.
Gain, William P.
Halligan, Howard F.
Hastings, Joseph J.
Henry, Walter E.
Jones, William F., Jr.
Langlois, William E.
Mahoney, William E.
Martin, Maurice B.
Moran, Martin L.
Murphy, Francis X.
Murphy, Joseph D.
Murray, George C.
McCarthy, Richard J.
McDonough, Harold J.
McNally, Raymond E.
McNaughton, Roy D.
Payton, Joseph C.
Philbin, James T.
Quinn, George S.
Quinn, Lawrence J.
Reilly, Herbert W.
Shea, Paul B.
Sheehan, Shawn G.
Smith, Colbert W.
Sullivan, Francis A.
Sullivan, John J.
Tamason, Anthony S.
Walker, William J.
Ward, Bernard D.
Wheelock, Lewis M.

G

Ashe, Matthew J.
Bruso, George E.
Cassell, Edward F., Jr.
Cavallaro, Vincent J.
Collins, James F.
Collins, Timothy J., Jr.
Conner, Joseph F., Jr.
Cronan, Carey F.
Cuneo, Kenneth J.
Currier, J. Albert
Doyle, Edward L., Jr.
Dunn, Joseph V.
Dwight, John T.
Edgerton, Francis P.
Fox, James A., Jr.
Hintelmann, Paul J.
Kelly, Francis D.
Malley, Lawrence J.
McCarthy, Thomas J.
Peters, William W.
Pitts, John E.
Regan, William H., Jr.
Renz, E. Justin
Revane, Edward J.
Reynolds, Christopher J.
Riopel, Daniel J.
Rooney, Frank E.
Ryan, Philip E.
Scannell, Thomas P.
Schoenrock, Paul F., Jr.
Shaughnessy, John H.
Sullivan, Norbert J.
Tivnan, Joseph R.

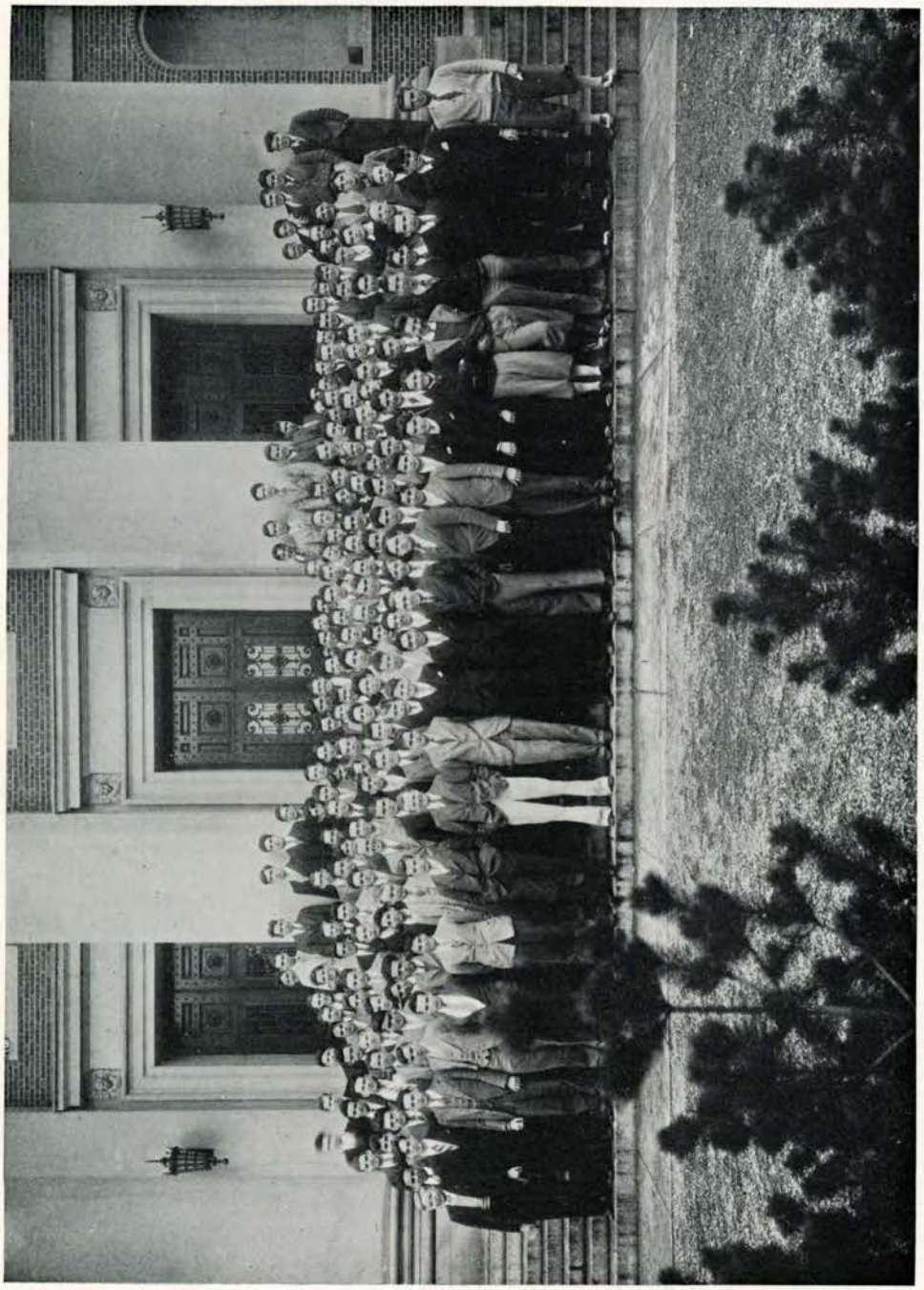
PH.B.

Ambrose, Joseph G.
Brady, William R.
Cammarano, Frank P.
Carnicelli, William J.
Casey, James N.
Clifford, Walter F.
Coakley, William J.
Corrigan, George W.
Curran, James J.
Depro, Louis F.
Doherty, Charles H.
Donahue, Joseph J.
Donovan, Robert P.
Drottar, Stephen J.
Favulli, Michael J.
Flaherty, James L.
Flanagan, James E.
Hay, William, Jr.
Healey, Richard J.
Henault, Norman L.
Hennebry, James C.
Hill, Peter J.
Jansa, Joseph F.
Kearns, Thomas P., Jr.
Kennedy, Robert J.
LaSalle, C. Justin
Leach, Martin D.
Lepore, Albert J.
Mantelli, Elmo P.
Maynard, Dona G.
Murphy, Thomas F.
McNally, Thomas F.
Nolan, James J.
Quine, Francis J.
Richer, Raymond C.
Rigney, William S.
Riley, Thomas F.
Rovinski, Anthony C.
Ryan, James J.
Saunders, Thomas J.
Scavullo, Blaise F.
Spottswood, Maurice D.
Sullivan, Frederick J.
Sullivan, William J.
Tomasi, Lawrence J.
Winslow, Gordon W.

B.S.

Beierschmitt, Charles B.
Brennan, James E.
Caldbeck, Matthew J.
Corbett, Joseph B.
Davet, George D.
Goett, John E.
Haulman, George M., Jr.
Keating, Joseph E.
Molteni, Howard F.
McGoey, Charles J.
Sharples, C. Spencer
Twomey, Thomas M.
Walsh, James B.
Zyntell, Ignatius J.

CLASS OF 1934



Freshman Class History

The fall of 1930 marked the entrance of the Class of '34 into the halls of Holy Cross. The realization that Holy Cross was a democratic institution made itself evident by the close connection which soon became apparent between the faculty and student body. It was not long before the guiding hand of our amiable chairman, Ed Keenan, moulded the class into a firm organization. The class had the misfortune of losing one of its members in the untimely death of Joseph Mortimer.

The scholastic schedule placed its burden upon the class in due time, and the youthful members replied with a will. The struggles with Poetry, the Sciences, and the Classics found the majority of the victories on the side of the students, and the mental aptitude of '34 was well attested by the excellent showings on the Honor Roll.

And now to leave classroom scenes in the background for a time and to digress for a short space on the athletic activities of '34. The Freshman football team, handicapped by a short season, created no sensation, but the frequent practice encounters with the varsity revealed the talent of several potential stars who will bear watching next year. In the personages of Hanus, Griffin, Billings, Davino, Horgan, Ferrazzano and Moore, Coach McEwan will have valuable understudies to his next year's regulars.

On the court, the yearlings had a rather unfortunate season. The inability to keep a steady pace and maintain an early lead cost them more than a few victories. Through the maze of a dismal season the work of Bennett, Power, Tamulevich and Quine scintillated. With the revival of hockey, some very excellent material was uncovered, particularly in the playing of Costello and Moore. Bart Sullivan's hill and dalers and indoor track men had fairly good success, and the chances for a large number of this year's Freshmen appearing in varsity track togs in the near future are bright.

With the reorganization of intramural sports, '34 made its presence very pronounced. Three meetings failed to determine the supremacy over the Alumni outfit on the gridiron. A very close game was lost to the Senior quintet for the championship of the school. The soccer and hockey contests were likewise lost to the upperclassmen, only, however, after gallant struggling on the part of the yearlings.

Many aspiring journalists turned their attention toward reporting for *The Tomahawk*. From the enthusiastic number of "cub reporters," whose scoops have appeared in the editions of this weekly, an excellent staff ought to be chosen. *The Purple* has welcomed the literary efforts of many of the young writers of '34, and some of their works have elicited high comment. In the art of debating, extensive progress was made. In addition to its usual weekly meeting, an open forum was held, which afforded all the members the opportunity of speaking frequently and thus obtain the practice so necessary for debaters. This year marked the rejuvenation of the Hellenic Academy, a famous club on the Hill which had been inactive for the past few years. The club was mostly composed of Freshmen, and many interesting phases on Greek life and literature were discussed. The Dramatic Society turned to '34 for members, and several future greats responded to the call. The acting of Trivett, Graf and McCarty met with the distinct approval of the Moderator.

And thus another class has commenced its college career on Mt. St. James. To Father Friary for his generous assistance, to Ed Keenan for his valuable help in our early days, and to the officers for their deep interest, '34 owes a debt of gratitude. Eagerly does this class look forward to the future, imbued with the spirit to bear high the traditions of its distinguished Alma Mater.

Freshman Class

A

Cronin, William D.
Curry, John J.
Donelan, Joseph P.
Dunn, Raymond F.
Dwyer, C. James
Farrell, William J.
Fisher, Christopher J.
Griffin, John J.
Herbert, John H.
Hoan, Austin F.
Holland, Edward J.
Kennedy, Edward A., Jr.
Kennedy, Peter J.
Leary, Joseph C.
Lucey, James J., Jr.
Matthews, John A., Jr.
Moline, Edwin G.
Moriarty, Frederick L.
McCabe, John P.
McMahon, Robert E.
O'Connell, Edward J.
O'Connor, George B.
Sheehan, Frederick J.
Wallace, Arthur J.
Woods, Robert J.

B

Albiani, Antonio F.
Byrnes, Walter J.
Cahill, Edmund J.
Carlin, Thomas J.
Connolly, William J.
Connor, William F.
Dorsey, James J.
Dwyer, Cornelius J.
Finneran, Francis J.
Harrahy, James F.
Hayes, Thomas F. X.
Hearn, Michael J.
Hogg, Thomas F.
Kenny, Joseph F.
Lynch, Robert J.
Moore, Paul T.
Moriarty, Philip D.
McElligott, John F.
McGovern, James L.
McManus, Raymond F.
O'Connor, Thomas W.
O'Malley, Matthew V.
Reidy, William F.
Reynolds, John L.
Shine, Francis D.
Sweeney, Francis P.

C

Carroll, James G.
Costello, Thomas F.
Drohan, James J.
Earls, Arthur M.
Earls, John V.
Foley, James J.
Garvey, Edward G.
Graf, Carl J.
Hellwig, Edward F.
Lane, John D.
Maloney, John L.
McCormick, Richard J.
McElligott, Paul J.
O'Neil, William M.
Power, Joseph L.
Quine, John R.
Seelman, Alvin G.
Skelley, Edward L.
Smith, Ralph L.

D

Anderson, George A.
Bennett, William K.
Burns, Thomas F.
Carroll, Edward J.
Casey, George T.
Clancey, John J., Jr.
Curtin, John A.
Dozois, William J.
DuBois, Charles L., Jr.
Dwyer, William C.
Findlan, William J.
Flannery, Raymond J.
Grillini, Sherman
Harold, Edward C.
Hassett, James J., Jr.
Healy, Nicholas J.
Hickey, Francis W.
Kelleher, John G.
Keller, Hayden W.
Kelly, Thomas J.
Leary, Henry F.
Maher, Cornelius L.
Monahan, Thomas J.
Moran, Charles A.
Moritz, Paul L.
Moroney, Harold M.
Morrissey, William T.
McCahill, Donald F.
McCormick, John W.
McDonnell, Allen
McEvoy, Arthur M.
Nager, Anthony J.
O'Grady, William F.
O'Haire, Walter W.
Quinn, Jerome T.
Redington, Joseph G.
Reidy, Lawrence E.
Zambarano, Alfred J.

E

Blackmer, Lewis D.
Bowes, Robert H.
Bresnan, Lawrence S.
Caffrey, Thomas M.
Campbell, Thomas B., Jr.
Crowley, Cornelius J.
Curtin, Daniel J.
Daley, Thomas F., Jr.
Daly, Maurice J.
Dobson, Arthur D.
DuPaul, William T.
Farrell, Edward J.
Fitzerald, John E.
Gallagher, Daniel P.
Gilligan, Frank P.
Glynn, John J.
Hammond, Joseph L.
Hartman, David E.
Keating, Thomas J.
Kelly, Robert E.
Kerr, Herbert J.
Langan, Leonard J.
Lee, George F.
Martin, Edward J.
Mathias, James F.
Moossa, John N.
Mulligan, Joseph I.
McDonald, Michael J.
O'Brien, Francis H.
O'Brien, William R.
Power, Robert M.
Reidy, Charles M.
Romaniello, Francis X.
Savitscus, George W.
Scott, John F.
Sheehy, Edward A., Jr.
Strauss, Joseph M.
Tracy, Thomas A.
Walsh, Harry J., Jr.
Waters, Frederick J.

F

Audibert, James P.
Betowski, L. Donnelly

Blais, Raymond
Bossidy, Joseph P.
Cahill, John J.
Carrellas, Arthur A.
Coakley, William E.
Collins, Peter W., Jr.
Curley, Robert J.
Dailey, Charles A.
DeFranco, Anthony R.
Duggan, Edward M.
Farrell, James R.
FitzGerald, George J.
Gilleran, Lawrence F.
Gorman, Henry J.
Hazard, Rowland K.
Hoye, Charles E.
Hoyt, George N.
Kennedy, James M.
Linehan, John R.
Macken, Philip C.
Marnane, Joseph P.
Mischler, George N.
McCarty, Albert W.
McKenny, John E.
O'Brien, Edward J.
O'Shea, James C.
Owen, John A.
Pierce, John P.
Power, Paul W.
Quirk, John T., Jr.
Read, Charles P.
Shea, John A.
Spadaccino, Salvatore S.
Sullivan, Peter F., Jr.
Teahan, John W.
Vinci, Anthony J.
Vogel, John J., Jr.

G

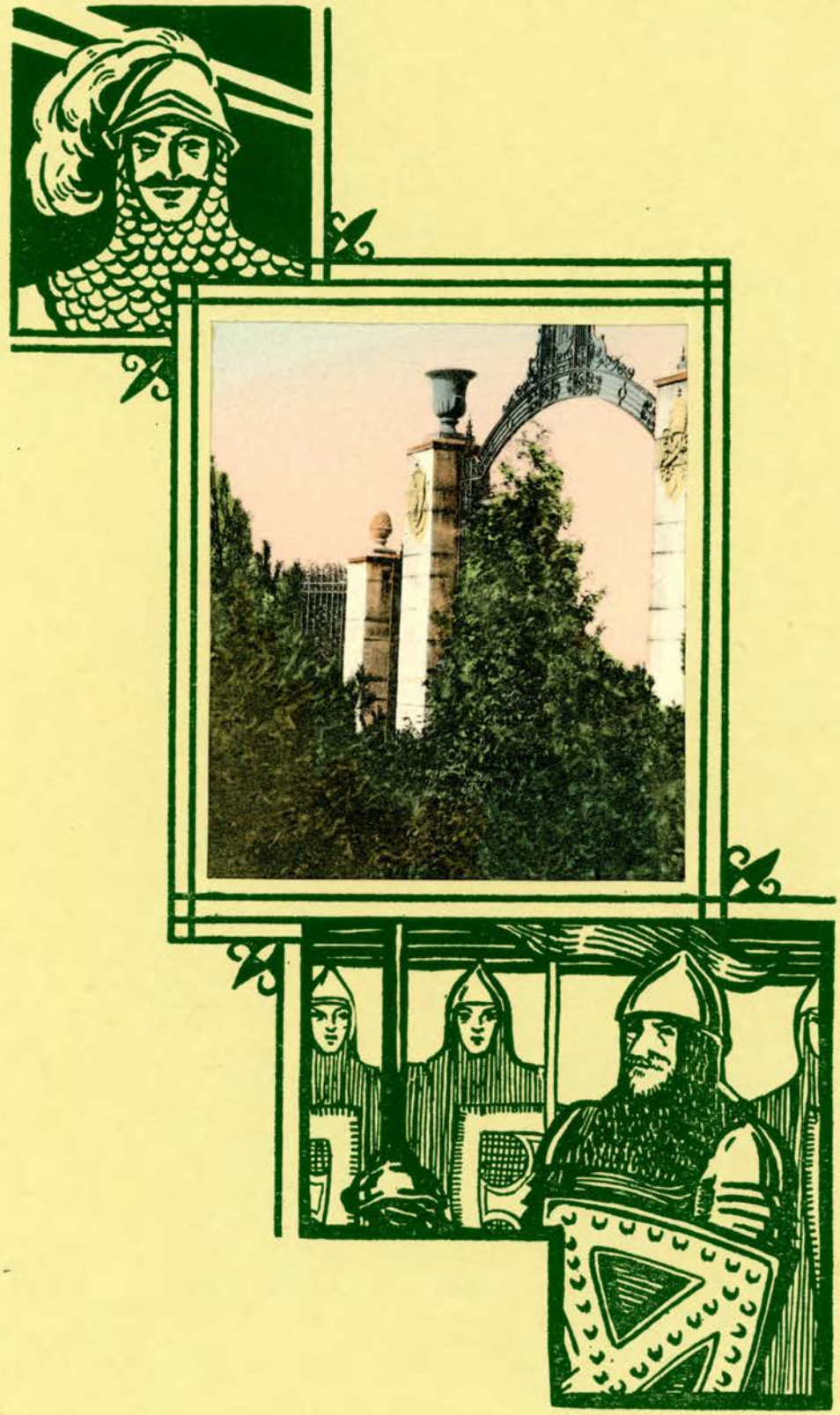
Ahearn, John F.
Byron, Raymond J.
Caimano, Nicholas A.
Carroll, William A.
Cassell, Paul A.
Connole, John F.
Conway, Paul E.
Dillon, John A.
Dinan, Henry P.
Fleming, Paul E.
Forhan, William J.
Gilvary, Paul J.
Grubowski, Joseph
Halton, Edward J.
Harbeck, Raymond J.
Harrity, Richard T.
Healy, Martin J.
Honan, Daniel J.
Houston, Bernard J.
Joyce, William D.
Kelly, John E.
Mackin, Thomas L.
May, Frank D.
Monagan, William H.
Mulvey, John F.
Murphy, John J.
O'Connor, Albert J.
O'Mara, Joseph F.
Quinn, William P.
Rice, George A.
Ruddy, John J.
Sheehan, John F.
Sponzo, James J.
Sullivan, George F.
Sullivan, James J., Jr.
Tivnan, John V.
Tracy, Vincent T.
Williams, Edward L.

PH.B.

Billings, Sherwood P.
Bowen, Richard
Bradley, James P.
Burke, Thomas J.
Callahan, Charles M.
Carberry, Vincent S.
Connor, Hugh
Cormier, Timothy G.
Cummings, John J.
Davino, Alfred F.
Drescher, Fred W.
Driscoll, Edward T.
Duane, Francis K.
Dumas, Herman J.
Dziczek, Chester S.
Ferrazzano, Gabriel P.
Flynn, William J.
Griffin, Gerald J.
Hanus, Bartholomew J.
Hartigan, Richard G.
Hayes, Francis C.
Holmberg, Paul H.
Horgan, John J.
Jarvis, Charles J.
LoGiudice, Joseph J.
Lui, Cheng Hua
Lyons, James F.
Maher, James J.
Manzi, Albert P.
Mauro, Donald C.
Molloy, Edward T.
Moran, Thomas F.
Morin, Alfred G.
Mulready, Joseph F.
McCormack, John J., Jr.
O'Day, John J.
O'Toole, John L.
Pender, George K.
Riess, Charles
Ruskowski, Peter
Shea, Thomas A.
Sheehan, William R.
Sullivan, John J.
Tamulevich, Bolick J.
Tierney, Paul F.
Tivnan, Thomas F.
Trayers, John P.

B.S.

Baker, John B.
Benotti, Joseph
Bombard, Clarence E.
Callahan, Charles L.
Clapp, William H.
Coffey, Humphrey J.
Cooney, Michael P.
Cullen, Charles F.
Donovan, Frank J.
Farrelly, Joseph T.
Fetscher, Charles A.
Guthrie, Roger J., Jr.
Hardman, Edward F.
Healy, Lawrence C.
Hurstell, Lawrence A.
Jushinskie, Richard A.
Keegan, W. Edward
Kelly, John V.
Kiely, Thomas J.
Kilroy, John G.
Kozarzewski, Casimer F.
Lindberger, Frederick D.
Loughran, James F.
Lyons, William E.
Madden, John L.
Mallett, Edward J.
Megrdichian, George A.
Moody, Walter F.
McMurtie, Cyril L.
O'Brien, William H.
Parnell, John F.
Paulukonis, Constant T.
Roesch, Carl J.
Sandford, Russell F., Jr.
Sullivan, John R.
Trivett, William K.
Walsh, William J.



In Retrospect

A glance through the athletic record book for the season of 1930-1931, shows that the Purple banner, although carried through some heated battles, retains its royal purple hue and only in scattered spots has it been mottled to a pale blue. The football team, under the able coaching of Captain McEwan, was the first to claim the limelight and the brilliant series of games which they offered aroused a new enthusiasm for the grid-iron sport on Mt. St. James. Only twice was defeat suffered and these losses were counterbalanced by the overwhelming victories over Harvard and Boston College.

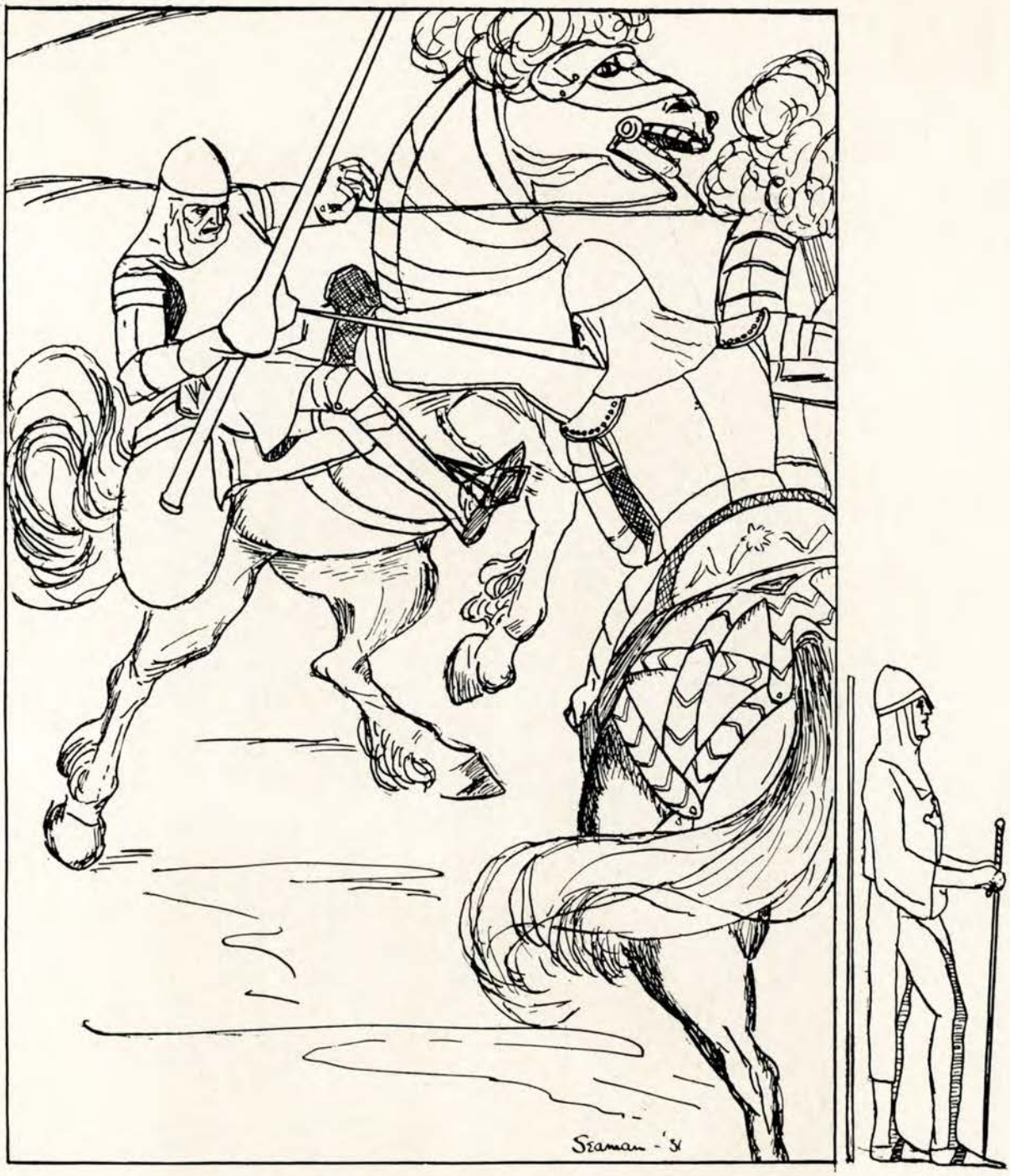
Track consisted mainly in the consistent brilliance of the mile relay and the sensational running of New York's most popular indoor star, Bernie McCafferty. The relay, athough dogged by misfortune, was easily one of the finest ever to be developed by Bart Sullivan.

CLEO O'DONNELL
Director of Athletics

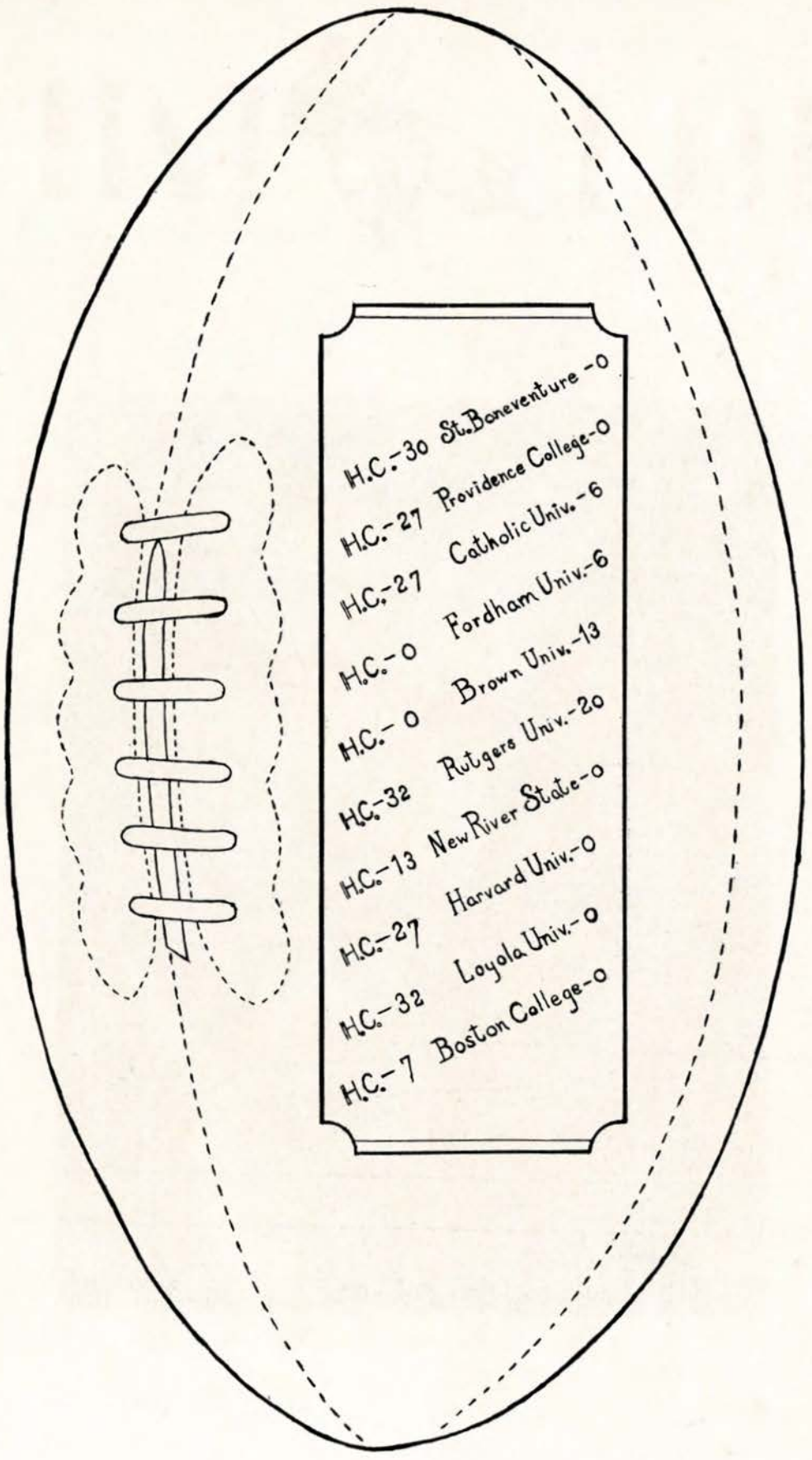
Basketball brought forth a team which possessed a wealth of strength when performing on its home court, but which suffered badly at times when forced to play on a large floor. The season, although more successful than usual, still left something to be desired.

Patriots' Day, the official opening of the baseball season, witnessed the impressive raising of the Intercollegiate Baseball Championship pennant. For three successive years this banner has fluttered in the South Worcester gales—a tribute to the mighty bats of Jack Barry's teams. The present squad, although starting poorly for a Holy Cross outfit, soon attained a championship stride and easily conquered the best that Yale, Georgetown, Brown and B. C. could offer, and the destiny of the baseball title seems decided for another season.

CRUSADERS OF 1877

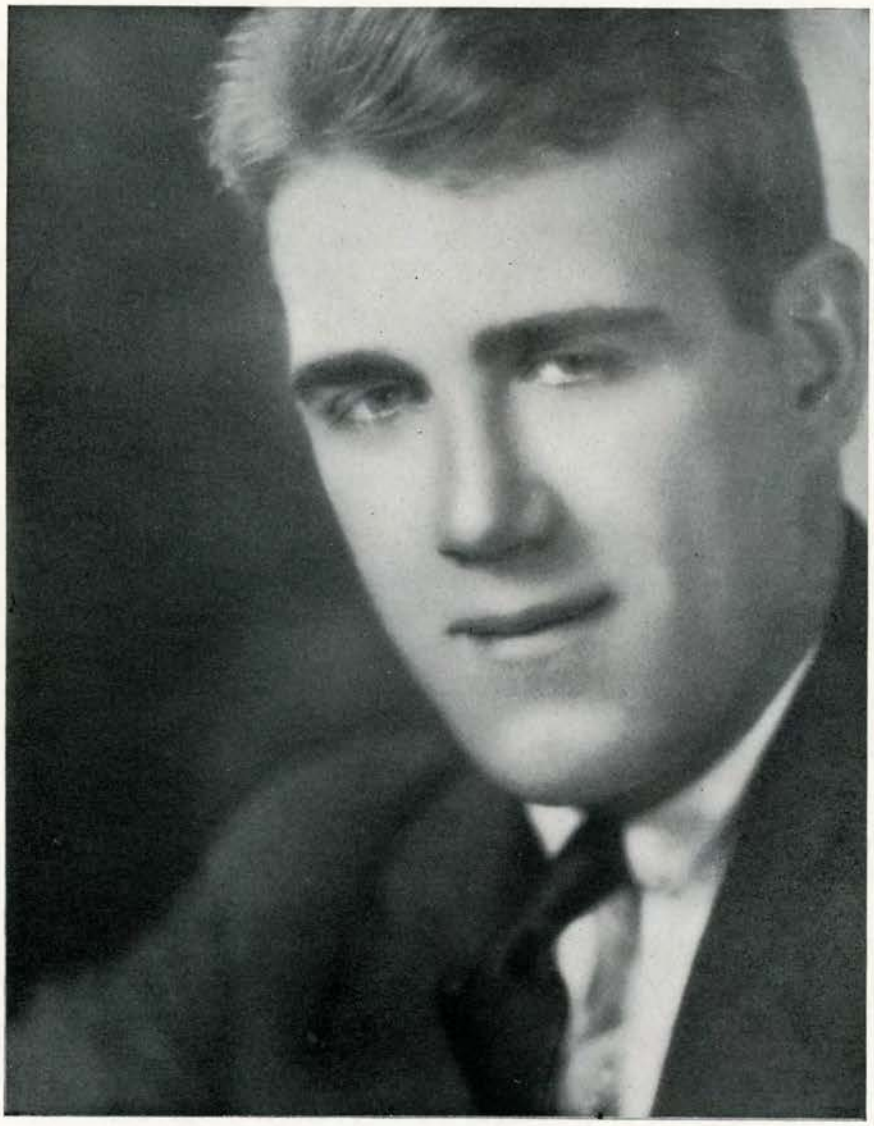


Crusaders


H.C.-30 St. Bonaventure -0
H.C.-27 Providence College-0
H.C.-27 Catholic Univ.-6
H.C.-0 Fordham Univ.-6
H.C.-0 Brown Univ.-13
H.C.-32 Rutgers Univ.-20
H.C.-13 New River State-0
H.C.-27 Harvard Univ.-0
H.C.-32 Loyola Univ.-0
H.C.-7 Boston College-0

FOOTBALL

Bob Seaman



CAPTAIN HANK GARRITY

Purple Makes Fine Start Under McEwan,

Beats Bonnies 30-0

CRUSADERS GET FOUR SCORES IN BIG FIRST HALF

O'Connell Runs 57 Yard With Lateral and Has Great Interference

LINE SHOWS DRIVE

Bonnies Threaten in Ai Once, Outclassed at All Other Times

Continued from Page One

PURPLE'S TRIUMPH PROVES BIG UPSET

Holy Cross Triumphs Over Boston College

FIRST VICTORY OVER BOSTON SINCE 1924

Thirty thousand spectators ...hol the Crusaders from Holy ...purch over Boston College ...gway Park last Saturday by ...re of 7-0.

...victory gave the Purple its ...since 1922. It has been ...inauguration, yet, Clen

...inued on Page 5)

HOLY CROSS PASSES RE... LATERAL RD 27-0.

Cavalieri's Interception of Crimson Lateral Turns Crusader Margin Into Rout

Purple Parades

...CONNELL ONCE MORE THORN IN CRIMSON SID'

His Pass to Garrity Brid First Score—Cavalie Intercepts Lateral'

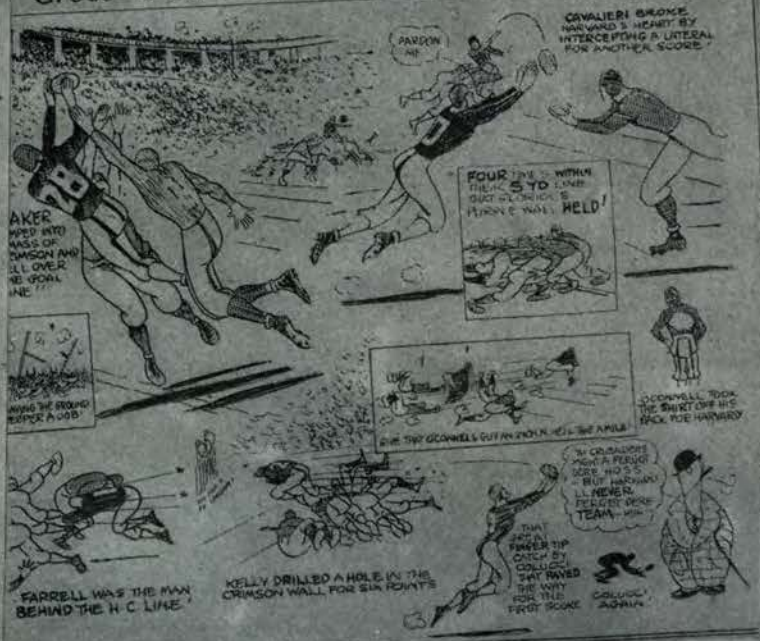
VISITORS HOLD FOU TIMES ON GOAL I

...d to Baker R... ...ird Score—A... ...t Stage for La...

Holy Cross Defeats New River 13-0

...saders Wind Up Successful Season By Downing B. C. 7-0

"Cross" Goes Notre Dameish -:- By Bob Coyne



...hil O'Connell Sparkplug in Holy Cross Victory — Forward Passing Attack Routs Cr...

By ROY MU... Telegram Staff ...

HARVARD STADIUM, CAMBRI... ...and eighty-hundred Holy Cr... ...unconquerable feeling for victory an... ...devastating precision, started to...

INVADERS STOP PURPLE ELEVEN IN FIRST PERIOD

BALTIMORE ELEVEN IS EASILY CRUSHED

Kelly, Rovinski, Murray and Donovan Give Fine Exhibition—Motley Array Holds Fort in Closing Minutes

By ROY MUMPTON

The Holy Cross varsity football ...for sidelines at ...

Fordham-Holy Cross Statistics

	1st Period	2d Period	3d Period	4th Period	Total
	F.	H.C.	F.	H.C.	F.	H.C.	F.	H.C.	F.	H.C.
First downs	0	3	1	5	1	2	2	3	4	13
Yards gained by rushing	2	8	5	71	7	7	3	3	17	89
Forward passes	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	2
Passes completed	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	2
Passes intercepted by	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Yards gained by passing	0	15	15	15	0	0	0	0	15	30
Yards lost forfeits	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Punts	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	0
Yards punts averaged	38	0	0	0	35	0	35	0	108	0
Yards lost forfeits	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kick-offs	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Yards kick-offs averaged	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Baker Runs 24 Yards to Initial Score Midway In Second Quarter

Holy Cross Victory Ball Saturday Night at Copley

Now comes the big surprise. "Mickie" Alpert and his Coconut ...

...oss Displays Power as It Conquers Friars, 27-

Great Holy Cross Eleven Crushes Harvard's Grid Forces, 27-0

But the Crimson Didn't Hold Swan, or Phil

PERFECT TEAM PLAY DECIDES FOR CRUSADERS

Fine Purple Forward Wall Repels Crimson on Two-Yard Line

VICTORS RUN RIOT

Capt. Hank Garrity Leads Mates to Spectacular Triumph

HARVARD FALLS BEFORE PURPLE AERIAL ATTACK

Holy Cross Proves Greatness in First Soldiers' Field Victory Since 1926

O'CONNELL, GARRITY, BAKER SCINTILLATE

Passing Combination Administers Worst Defeat to Harvard in Years

PURPLE SCORES 30 TO 0 VICTORY IN GRID OPENER

McEwan's Crusader Team Impressive Against St. Bonaventure

O'CONNELL IS STAR

Races 57 Yards to Score On Lateral Pass and Leads Offensive

By ROY MUMPTON
Telegram Sports Editor

The Holy Cross Crusaders are very likely to be a hard-hitting team on this fall, stirred in a sparkling game and swept along by the brilliance of their star of additional the platoon in a rather soggy battle with a stubborn

Ruins Prove Powerful ...saders

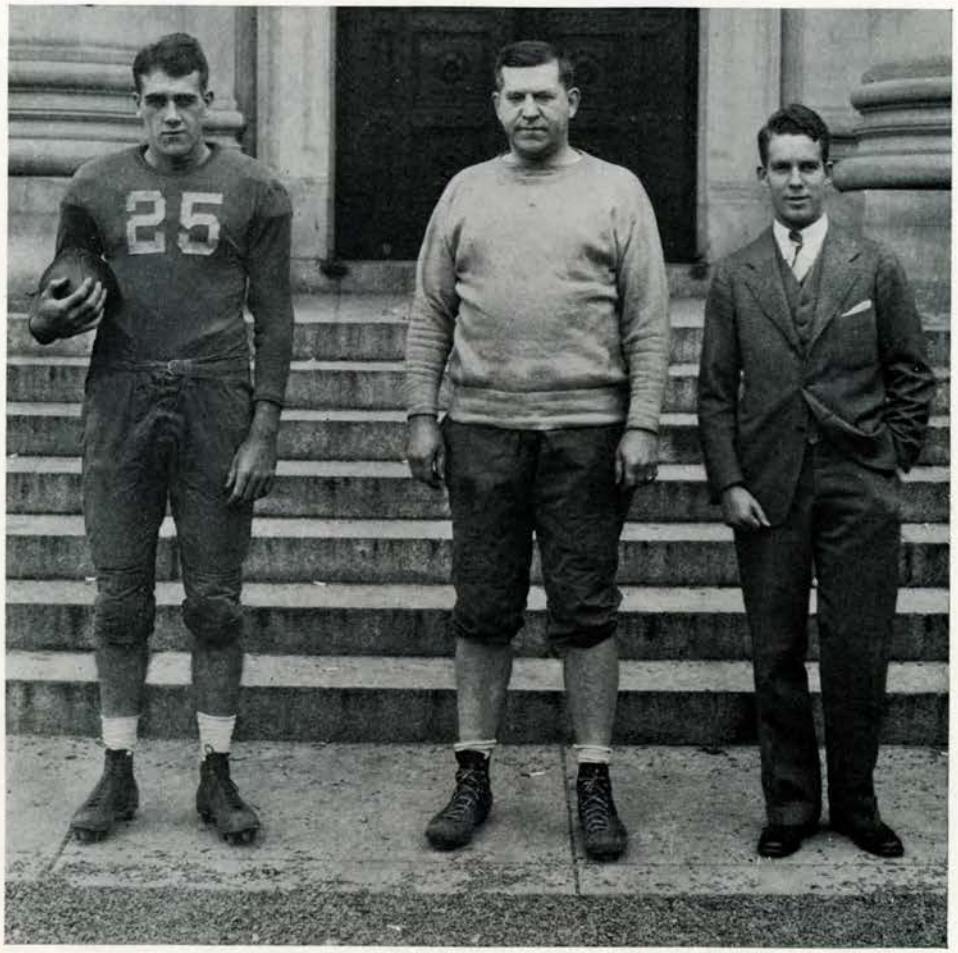
PURPLE SMOTHERS LOYOLA, 32 TO 0

Reserve Backs and Third-String Line Run Riot

WORCESTER, Nov. 25—Holy Cross, playing a second-string team, marched behind a third-string line this afternoon to defeat Loyola of Baltimore here this afternoon, 32 to 0, before a crowd of 10,000 who saw the Crusaders' second-string gridsters in action on the Crusaders' home grounds.

The visitors were never dangerous, although they gambled extensively from the second play of the game, when Larry Dellaire, deep back on his own territory, threw a forward pass to John Ryan that went for 36 yards and gave the Crusaders an 11-yard line. It was a set opportunity. A forward pass carried the Crusaders 15-yard line and Martin Murray recovered a fumble. Ryan fumbled on the next 21-yard line and Dave Dunn ran it back to the 11-yard line of how big a score the Crusaders' reserves would hang up.

The Crusaders started a drive on their own 11-yard line to score. Dave Dunn ran 11 yards, Ryan 5 yards, Dunn 5 yards, Ryan 5 yards, Dunn 5 yards, Ryan 5 yards, Dunn 5



Captain Garrity, Coach McEwan, Manager Earls

Impressions on American Football

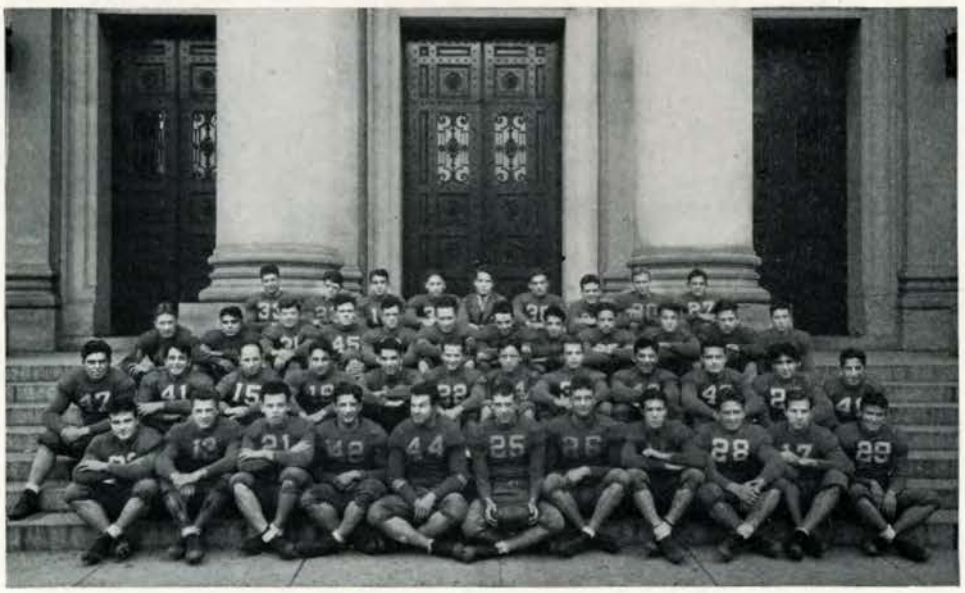
By Jim Shiu, '32

(The following graphic account is the reaction of a Chinese student who witnessed his first game of the great American "over-emphasis.")

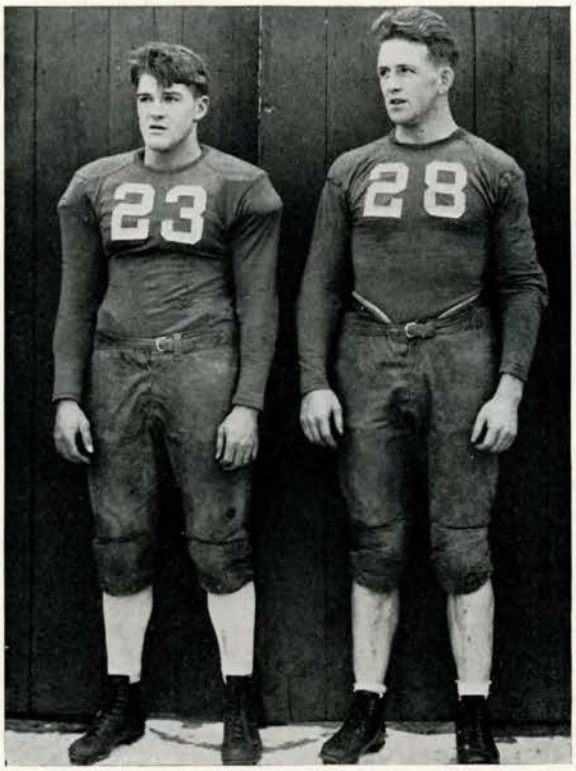
It gives me much pleasure to look at the American football game. The attendance to the emulation between Holy Cross squad and Catholic University subs was the third time of my watching the sport.

It was held Saturday afternoon on the H. C. C. Stadium, of which the green-yellow turf was newly marked off with white lines of lime powder. A large crowd of visitors aggregated around there. Both sides showed strong defence and offence. And several backfield stars shone brilliantly and buoyantly on the faces of the bystanders' troops. Shifty legs, heady directing, touchdown, devastating blocking, steady tackling, nice punting, and many other forms which I cannot name were very well performed by some backs and linemen on both sides.

Especially Messrs. Griffin, P. O'Connell, Kelly of Squad team, and Messrs. Oliver, Sheary of Subs team were the outstanding players on the field at that time, so far as I could figure out. With tricky feints and snap hips, Griffin first proved much inspiration to his mates. Carrying ball with terriffic speed, P. O'Connell made more ten yards for several times. Mr. Kelly always showed wonderful offensing deed at crisis. On the other side, Mr. Oliver specialized in shaking off tacklers; nobody could ever bring him down with a thud. Whereas the tireless and plucky Sheary, the chief cog of Subs team, being forced out of the game with a slight injury on his left side in the beginning of the play and coming back again after a little while, fought undauntedly throughout the whole game. Many accurate passing works he had done, in spite the fact that only few of his heaves were completed. I like his healthy spirit ever so much, anyway. As a whole the teamship of Subs is not so unanimous as that of Squad. With the result that the former lost by the slight score of 27 to 6.



VARSITY FOOTBALL SQUAD



Captain-Elect O'Connell and "Red" Baker

From my point of view, the American football game is not merely a sport, but implying a plenty of knowledge of military science. Although the matters (players, ball and field) are the same with, yet the forms (functions and maneuvers) quite different from and much better than that of soccer. The short conference before attacking, the reversal of position from offence into defence, the tricky passing from hand to hand, the feinting, carrying, etc., all are best tactics to be applied to arms. And the seeming hard, but without heavy hurt knocking down in comparison with the blind, rough and culpable kicks express more obviously the superiority of the American football game of soccer.

Furthermore in playing soccer, it is likely to induce the better players of one team to show off their individual expert regardless of the teamship work; for most of the players cannot help to commit this fault which oftentimes necessitates a promising offence failed. On the contrary, the players of the American football game have to absolutely obey the leader's instructions at every time; they work systematically and universally. During watching the latter, occasionally I could not but say to myself, "Who invented such an impressive game!" Since I saw this game, it seems to me that soccer is not only rough, but a game of no meaning; it is a childish sport with many pernicious consequences I should say.

Really I have taken a deep fancy to the American football game, though I am a foreigner to it; my admiration for it beyond my broken English descriptions. Therefore, there is no wonder that all Americans take it for delicious feast. But many important rules about penalty and performance are still unknown to me, I believe. The moment I understand them thoroughly, I will enjoy it more.

And They Agreed To--Agree

"Farrell, their center, out-Ticknored Ticknor completely . . . and you can believe this one—or be wrong, Mr. Ripley, he actually caught a Harvard punt in his own territory, which is a thing this ex-center never even heard of, not to mention the matter of never having seen it done. . . . What he was doing there, how he got there, when and under what power, deponent knoweth not, but the thing happened in the second period. It was the first string Harvard line and the strongest backfield Harvard could gridiron—the Mays-White-Batchelder-Woods combination who were completely outguessed, outplayed, outthought and all but out-fought."—Bill Cunningham of *The Boston Post.*

"A Harvard defense, which this season has held Army, Dartmouth and Michigan to a touchdown apiece this afternoon collapsed before the forward passes of Philip O'Connell, the best tosser of aerials seen at Soldiers' Field in several seasons."—*The New York World.*

"It was a clean-cut victory scored in the most decisive way of any played between these two old rivals since the war and not one whit of credit should be taken from the Cross for the job that they performed."—Henry W. "Eskie" Clark (of the Harvard coaching staff.)

"It was the most crushing defeat the Crimson has received this season and it was the second worst setback Harvard has sustained since Arnold Horween has been coaching. . . . In winning today the Holy Cross team bottled the Crimson's lateral passing attack and gained more ground from this type of play than the Crimson. When a lateral pass was attempted by Harvard the Crusader end and half-back would wait until the play was well-developed before attempting to stop it."—*The New York Times.*

"When great forward pass combinations are up for consideration put down the tandems of O'Connell-Tony Colucci, O'Connell-Baker, O'Connell-Frank Garrity, and Baker-O'Connell. The Crimson also used all her plays, showing even, at the risk of helping Yale scouts, a new shortside lateral And Harvard put every ounce of strength into the battle. But the sum total of these factors simply wasn't enough to prevent the cataclysm which sent Harvard to her football Nadir. . . . Harvard certainly was beaten by more than the breaks Saturday afternoon."—*The Boston Globe.*

Phil O'Connell in Action—B. C. game.

The Season

HOLY CROSS 30—ST. BONAVENTURE 0

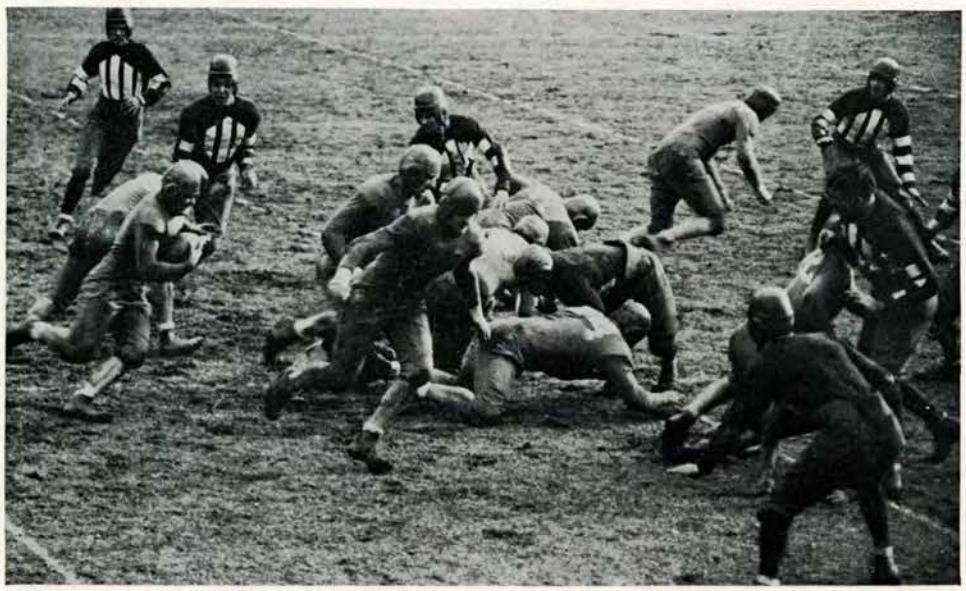
Anxious to observe the new system which had been installed, a record-breaking number of fans turned out to witness the opening clash No matter how much was expected of the McEwan-coached Crusaders we venture to say that very few left the stands disappointed. St. Bonaventure put a well-balanced, well-coached team on the field, but the Purple predominated, due to superior power and the precise execution of a number of intricate plays.

The "heads-up" play of the Crusaders coupled with their apparent mastery of the new system brought forth satisfied comment from all present. Phil O'Connell was particularly brilliant and was aided on most of his coring efforts by exceptional interference.

HOLY CROSS 27—PROVIDENCE 0

Our hopes for a successful season received an added stimulus when Providence was met and conquered. After being held scoreless in the first period, the varsity attack began to function and rolled up four touchdowns in apparently easy fashion. In the second period, Baker broke through the line of scrimmage, evaded the secondary and swept on for the first score. This ended the scoring for the first half although the Cross was continually threatening to shake a man loose for another scoring rampage.

Returning for the second half, the Crusaders showed the results of Capt. McEwan's advice. Three touchdowns were pushed over in rapid succession before Providence could stem the tide. The running and blocking of Capt. Garrity, the punting of Baker, and O'Connell's generalship, together with noticeable improvement in the execution of plays, strengthened the opinion formed the previous week.



Kelly drilling the New River line.

HOLY CROSS 27—CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY 6

We felt our first tremor of fear for the ultimate success of the team when Catholic University displayed unexpected strength. The Crusaders failed to develop a sustained attack and only because of their superior power were they finally victorious.

C. U. was evidently not impressed by the Crusaders' previous victories and broke up attack after attack. The absence of Capt. McEwan undoubtedly had something to do with the ragged work of the team and this was the only consolation which we could derive from the victory.

HOLY CROSS 0—FORDHAM 6

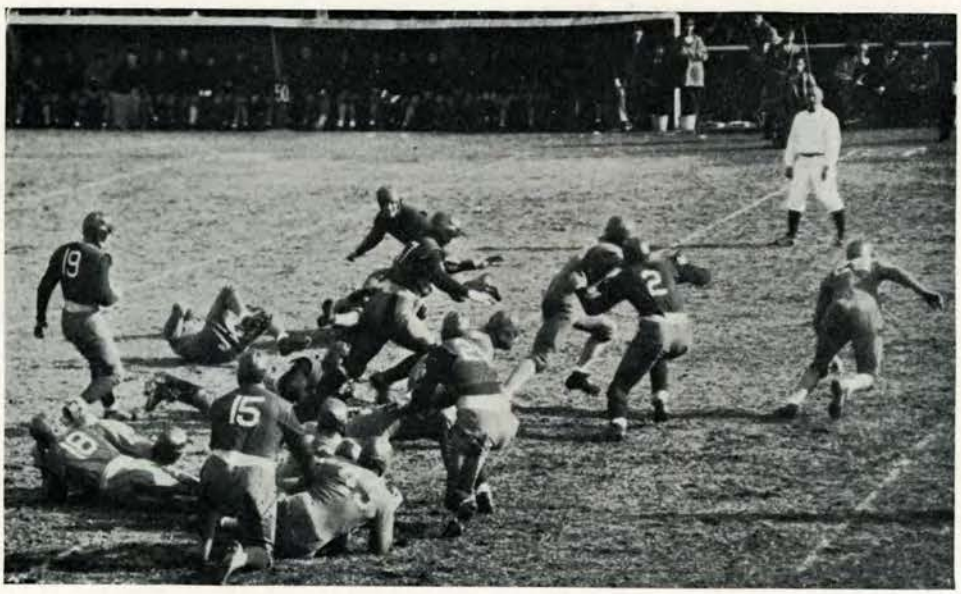
"I can't say too much for Capt. McEwan and the fine Holy Cross team he pitted against us today. We won—but we were lucky."—Major Cavanaugh.

These words of Major Cavanaugh sum up the game very well. Aided by Holy Cross mistakes, Fordham managed to score a touchdown in the early minutes of play and held this precious lead to the end. The Fordham team drove the length of the field in short, vicious smashes and with the Holy Cross defence bunched to withstand another line smash a beautifully executed lateral, with Bartos on the receiving end, carried the ball across.

The cross, far from disheartened by this blow, drove deep into Fordham territory on the kick-off, only to lose possession of the ball on a fumble. Throughout the rest of the game the Crusaders constantly threatened and in a final, desperate drive were halted one short yard from the goal.

The feature of the game was a brilliant run-back of the second kick-off by Hank Garrity. Farrell at center was given the decision over Siano, who was forced to retire early from the play. The running of O'Connell and the punting of Baker kept Fordham well back in its own territory. For Fordham, Murphy and Janis in the backfield and Tracey and Foley on the line were outstanding.

For the first hard game of the season—a game in which every play was made under pressure—the team-work of the Purple was remarkable. The fact that the team was able



Baker breaks loose—Fordham game.

to gain consistently through the Fordham line, a forward wall which had repelled every attack for two years, proved conclusively that Holy Cross had an offence equal to any in the East. The statistics showed that we outplayed Fordham in every department of play with the exception of that all important one, scoring.

HOLY CROSS 0—BROWN 13

In a cold, driving rain Holy Cross went down before Brown for its second defeat on successive Saturdays. Brown, though hardly thirteen points better, deserved to win, for the McEwan cohorts suffered a decided let-down after their exhausting struggle against Fordham. The soggy field and the wet ball, dreaded by every team that uses the type of attack the Purple had adopted, prevented the backs from playing up to their usual standard When touchdowns were imminent the slippery field and wet ball always conspired to prevent a score. The game was not ten minutes' old when Harris threw a pass to Gilmartin for the first score. Brown scored again in the final period by receiving a fumble in Holy Cross territory after the Purple's most sustained attack had been halted. Barber provided the feature of the afternoon when he sent the soggy ball from his own ten-yard line seventy yards through the air to the Holy Cross twenty, from where it rolled into the end zone.

For Holy Cross, Garrity played his usual, dependable game and O'Connell showed his worth continually.

HOLY CROSS 32—RUTGERS 20

The score indicates that the lads from the banks of the old Raritan furnished the Purple with a few anxious moments and that conclusion is very true. Captain McEwan in an effort to save the men who had withstood the bruising attacks of Fordham and Brown, started his reserves. Evidently Rutgers resented the slight and it was no long before the strongest Purple combination was in action. The game was spectacular throughout. Griffin started one scoring rampage with a forty-seven-yard run and this was immediately followed by a fifty-yard pass from Clifford to Baker. Grossman was outstanding for Rut-

O'Connell passes to Garrity for the first touchdown—Harvard game.

gers, starring on both offense and defense, and supervising every bit of the scoring that was done by the New Jersey club.

HOLY CROSS 13—NEW RIVER STATE 0

After months of conjecture as to the existence of New River, the doubts of the entire student body were banished by the actual appearanc of the New River State football team. Clad in colorful raiment, this small, but mighty band of warriors, tramped on the gridiron and forced the Crusaders to extend themselves to the utmost in order to quell their gallant spirit. Captain McEwan started a team composed of reserves and regulars and this combination was held scoreless throughout the first half. The second half began with the varsity intact and the thrusts of O'Connell, Baker and Garrity could not be denied. Baker crossed with the first score after receiving a pass from O'Connell. The second score came very near the close of the last period on a sustained drive of sixty yards, culminating in a brilliant twenty-five-yard run by O'Connell.

HOLY CROSS 27—HARVARD 0

"With their pyrotechnical passes rocketing through the gray stadium mists, their long, curling punts wiping the froth off the stars and the crash of their tackles ringing like the shattering of store windows, the McEwan-coached gridironals from the Mount of St. James gave the eminent Jonathan Harvard a worse thrashing on his own premises yesterday than the combined forces of the Army, Dartmouth and Michigan were able to administer in three separate soirees. The margin of victory was 27 to 0 and this throws all previous Harvard-Holy Cross records into the discard but one. It represents the biggest total a Holy Cross team ever scored against Harvard. It likewise represents the most decisive victory either team has achieved over the other in a solid decade of post-war play."

—Bill Cunningham.

A lateral, Baker to O'Connell—Harvard game.

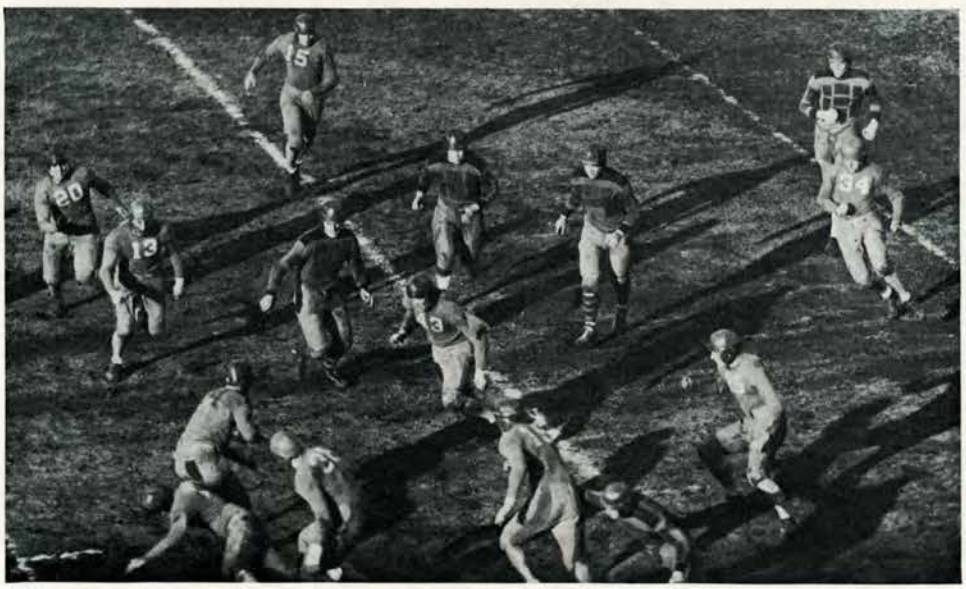
An attempt to describe adequately the brilliance of Holy Cross as they battled Harvard to a standstill would be but vain. The thrills which characterized the entire game evade any reproduction through the medium of a limited pen. Only the actual spectators who braved the cold mists which enveloped Soldiers' Field and witnessed the memorable struggle can truly realize the calibre of the Crusader team, which gave Harvard the wost setback it has received from a Purple team in fifteen gridiron clashes and the soundest beating it has received from anyone since its last game with Princeton.

The first tense opening minutes of play witnessed the incomparable Phil O'Connell gaining fifteen yards on one of Harvard's own laterals, throwing a thirty-yard forward, which sailed by the Crimson secondary and alighted upon the eager fingertips of Colucci, and topping this initial drive with another perfectly timed flat pass into the end zone and, incidentally, into the waiting arms of Captain Hank Garrity. So suddenly was the touchdown accomplished that for a moment the spectators were spellbound—but for only a moment. The next instant pandemonium and the stands were synonymous. Harvard recovered valiantly and throughout the second period pushed the Purple team back to its two-yard line. There, however, eleven pairs of cleats dug deeply into the green turf and the Crimson wave spent its fury in three vain attempts to crash this adamant line. Baker's soaring punt from behind his own goal line carried the play into middle field as the half ended with Holy Cross on the safe side of a 7-0 score.

But the first half proved but the gentlest of overtures to what the final period produced. The ball was in play but a few moments when Jim Cavalieri leaped between two Harvard backs, snared a lateral and raced unmolested for the touchdown, which put the Crusaders thirteen points ahead. Henry Baker, whose playing featured the entire game, provided one of the biggest thrills of the afternoon when he, although surrounded by three opponents, leaped high into the air to snare a pass and fall backwards over the goal for the third touchdown.

HOLY CROSS 32—LOYOLA 0

Someone said: "Bring on the reserves!" and the McEwanmen had something of a merry time battering Loyola into submission. A pony backfield, composed entirely of Sophomores, ran wild for three periods, and was supplanted by others, names unknown



A Boston College runback about to be stopped.

in most cases, who carried on without a bit of trepidation. Holy Cross was superior to Loyola in everything but courage. The Southerners had no power to match the Holy Cross attack, but they never stopped trying. Three times they rose up and hurled back Purple ball carriers when standing on their own goal line.

HOLY CROSS 7—BOSTON COLLEGE 0

Typical New England weather prevailed as Holy Cross met Boston College in the grand finale, but frigid weather will never still the enthusiasm of a Holy Cross-Boston College football throng. It is history that we won, but history will never retain a complete account of the long and arduous struggle which was waged on Fenway's frozen turf. Holy Cross was off to a good start keeping the ball in B. C. territory throughout the first few minutes of play and by consistent crowding, forced the break which produced the only score of the game. With the score six to nothing in our favor, Phil O'Connell showed his usual sagacity and began to play a cautious game.

To Ted Himmelberg, who blocked that memorable punt, and to Jim Zyntell, who recovered it across the goal line, we owe the biggest thrill of the game. In a game replete with hard tackling and brilliant running and passing, O'Connell and Garrity were outstanding figures in the Holy Cross attack, while Antos and Marr starred for B. C. It is not our place, however, to chronicle the achievements of individuals. We, who are members of the great mass of spectators, are impressed perhaps, by the feats of a few men, entirely forgetting the others who make the execution of the plays possible.

The successful termination of the season placed the final stamp of approval on Capt. McEwan. Never before in the history of Holy Cross football have we been successful over Harvard and Boston College in the same year. This feat coming in the first year of the new regime is trustworthy evidence of what we may expect in the future.

Touchdown!—Boston College game.

TRACK

Don Scanlan

CAPTAIN GEORGE MORIN

Captain Morin, Coach Sullivan, Manager Deeley

Cross-Country

The cross-country season closed with the Purple harriers gaining more than their usual share of victories. The lure of plodding up hill and down dale is insufficient to draw many devotees from other autumnal pleasures and the exercise procured in climbing daily the none too gentle slopes of Pakachoag keeps the squad down to a mere handful of valorous and plucky runners. Despite this handicap, Captain Bill Madden and his men, beat both Brown and Amherst in dual competition and in the Harvard Open placed third to Springfield and B. C.

The successful season was mostly due to the superb running of a pair of Sophomores—Ken Cuneo and Matty Blake. Against Amherst, Cuneo finished first and the long-striding Blake was the first to breast the tape in the meet with Brown. However, the consistent scoring of Bill Madden and the rest of the squad accounted for victories. A fine nucleus is left to Coach Sullivan around which to develop a fine group of harriers for next season.

TRACK SQUAD

Track

Bart Sullivan's fliers had more than their share of mishaps and still are able to feel proud of a very successful indoor track season. Throughout the winter they competed in the fastest of collegiate company and carried home victory after victory, although the nemesis, which hounded the team during the previous season, still was in evidence.

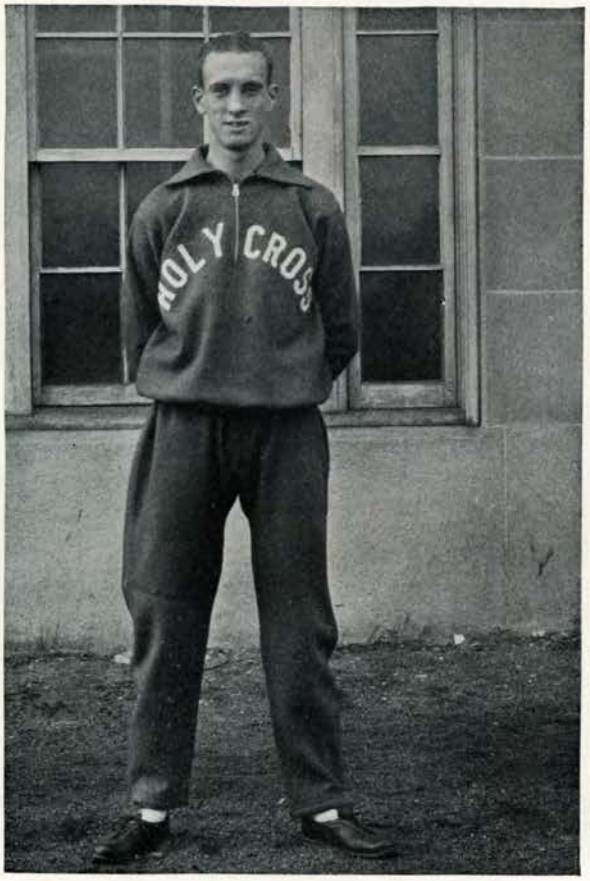
A poor start was anticipated at the Brooklyn Knights of Columbus games, because of a lack of time for conditioning, yet Captain George Morin finished third in the special sprint series and Bernie McCafferty, although thrown off stride by a bad fall, flashed around the boards to win a second place in the featured Brooklyn 600.

At the Brooklyn College meet the one-mile relay easily defeated Georgetown and New York University. Running on a slow track and handicapped by flat soles, the Purple speedsters registered 3.26 for the mile—by far the fastest time of the night. In this event two Sophomores made their first appearance for Holy Cross and although it was their debut in collegiate competition, both Bob Tierney and Bill Coakley handled the baton like veterans.

CROSS-COUNTRY SQUAD

The next competition found the relay team leading Harvard to the tape at the Boston Knights of Columbus games. The time, 3.27, was but fractions behind the track record. McCafferty, running anchor for the relay, was unable to do himself justice in the Prout Memorial 500 and was forced to relinquish the trophy which he had captured the two previous seasons. In this same meet the two-mile relay gained a third place in their event and Dona Maynard won a like place in the 300. Art McDonald was barely nosed out in the hurdles by Monty Wells, world champion.

Once again misfortune frowned on the Purple fliers, when in the Millrose games in New York, Bill Coakley fell while rounding a turn. However, the very next week-end, the relay staged a brilliant comeback by racing to a new track record at the Boston Arena. Boston College, furnishing the competition, was unable to keep up the fast pace and it is not rash to state that if the team was pushed, the new record would have been much lower.

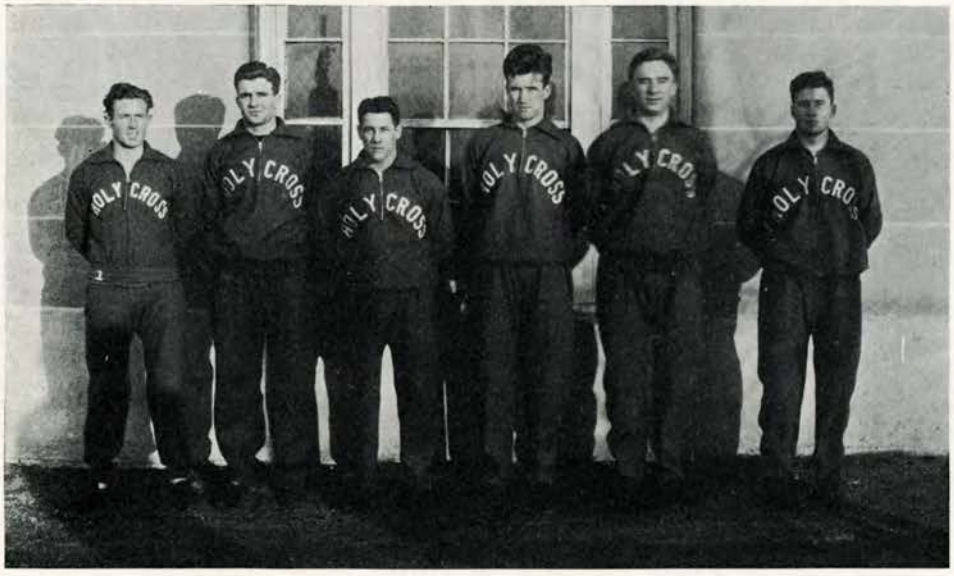


BILL MADDEN, *Captain of Cross-Country*

Meanwhile, Bernie McCafferty, although in poor condition, due to a week's absence from school, showed his heels to a fast field in the 500 at the Seton Hall games. The relay, also returning to New York, gained another trophy by defeating Georgetown in a special race.

In their last race of the season the relay team went down to defeat, but not without glory. For the second time in as many years the Purple relay chased opponents to a new mile record. Barely nipped by Harvard last year, they forced Pennsylvania to lower the record by nearly three seconds to conquer them. Penn finished in 3:17.8, Holy Cross in 3.18.2. At the same meet, Ned Flanagan placed fifth in the shot put, while Art McDonald was unfortunate enough to fall while leading the field in the hurdles.

The indoor season closed at the New York K. of C. games with McCafferty winning the special 600 and McDonald placing second in the hurdles. By far, the most satisfying aspect of the entire season, was the acclaim granted the Crusader runners by all the loyal fans who witnessed them in action. Bernie McCafferty augmented the fame which he has won since Freshman year when he first flashed to brilliance on the boards. The popularity of the Purple teams in New York reflects favorably upon Bart Sullivan, whose constant vigilance and unequalled ability makes stars from men who are mostly of average ability.



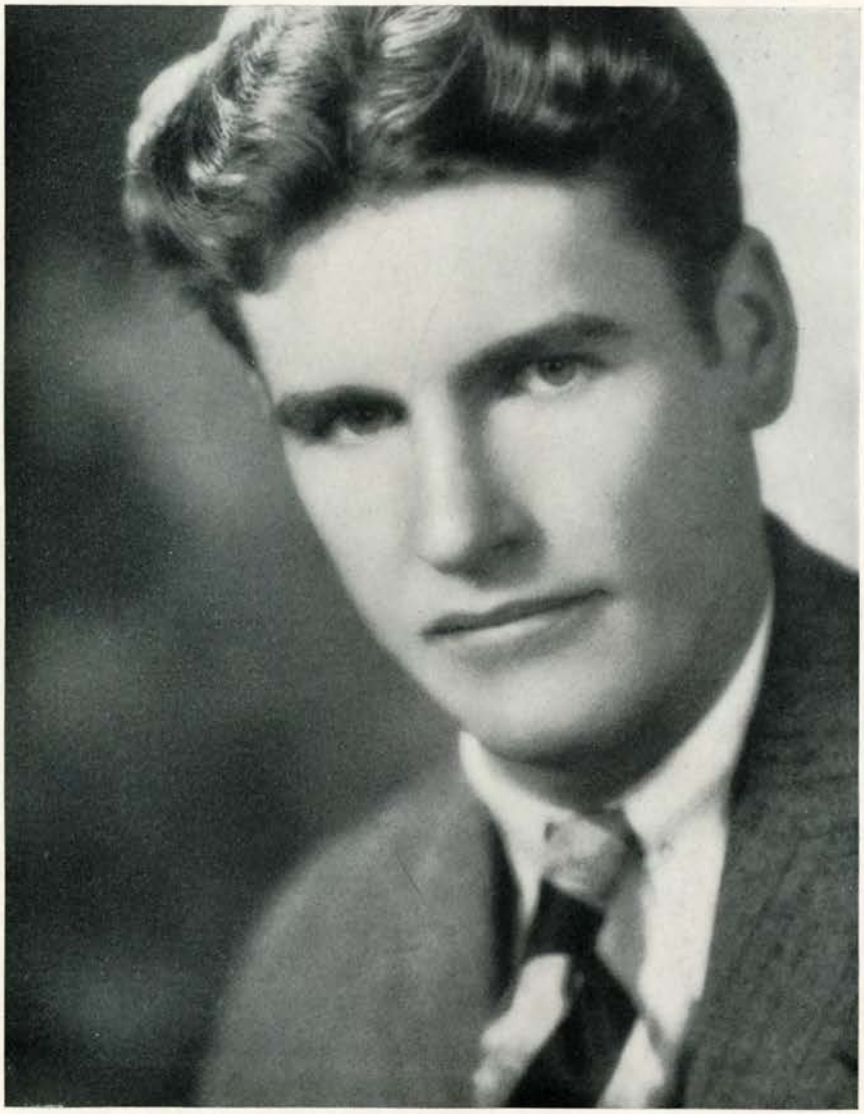
MILE RELAY SQUAD

With the advent of the outdoor season Holy Cross looks to new fame in track. Ned Flanagan captured second place in the hammer at the Penn Relays. The usual weakness of the Cross teams in field events is not anticipated this year for in these events Coach Sullivan has Baker, Cavalieri, Flanagan, Ambrose and Walker in the weights; Morin and Ambrose in the javelin; McNally in the high jump and once again Morin in the pole vault. On the cinders, McCafferty, Holland, Perry, Maher, Hegarty, Cuneo, Madden and Blake can adequately be counted upon for the two furlongs or over. Art McDonald and Bob Tierney are sure point scorers in the hurdles and Morin, Winslow and Coakley are ranked as three of the best sprinters in New England.

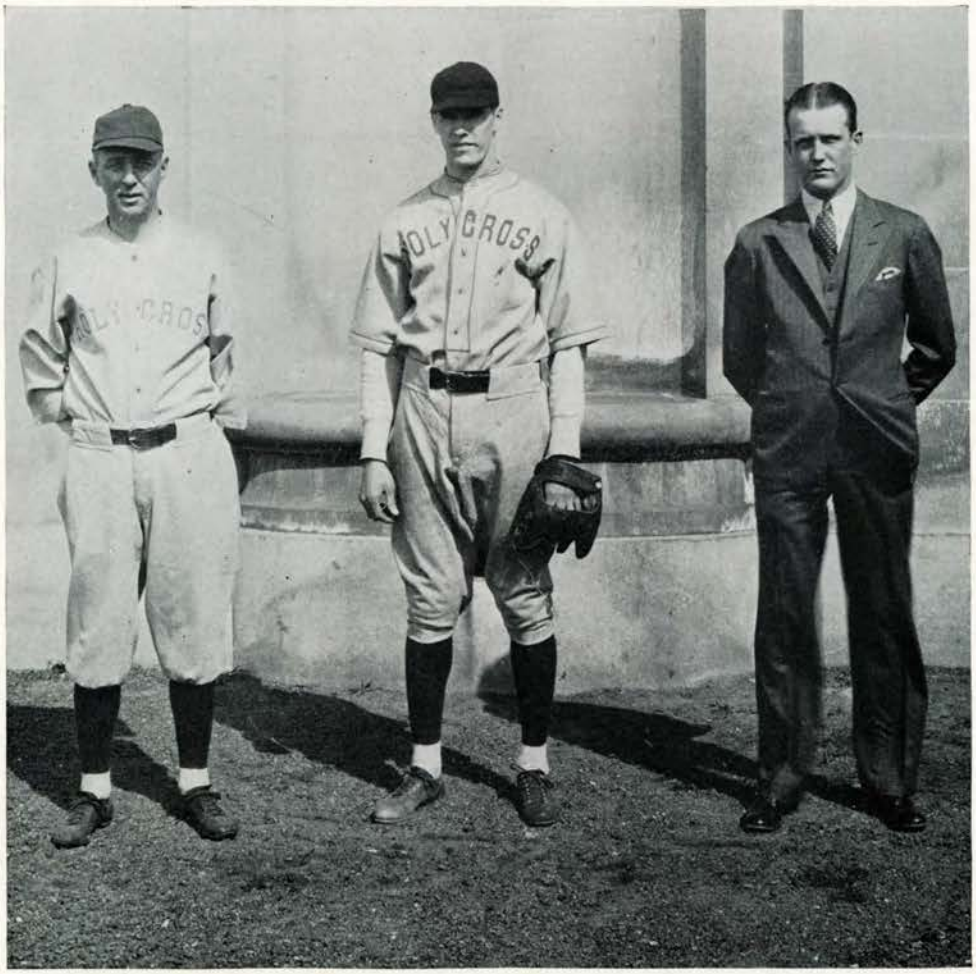
Furthermore, the prospect for coming years is brightened by an exceptionally brilliant Frosh team, which boasts of the all-around versatility of Al Morin and Ruskowski in track events and an unusually good field of weight tossers.

GEORGE MORIN and BERNIE MCCAFFERTY

BASE BALL



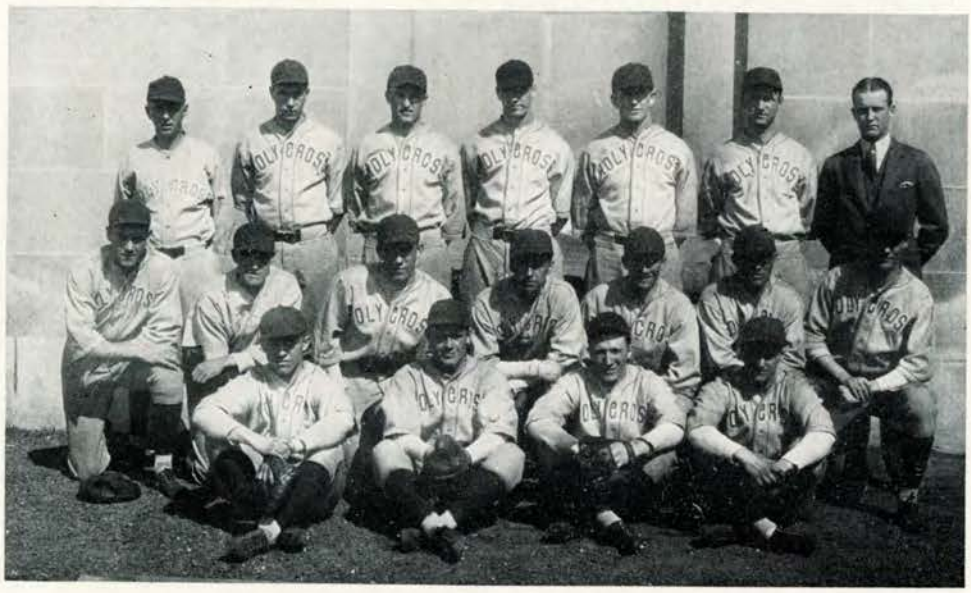
CAPTAIN NORMAN SIMS



Coach Barry, Captain Sims, Manager Jones

Baseball Schedule

Date	*Place*	*Opponent*	*H. C.*	*Opp.*
April 7 . . .	Philadelphia, Pa.	Temple University	Rain	
April 8 . . .	Philadelphia, Pa.	Villanova College	7	2
April 9 . . .	South Orange, N. J.	Seton Hall	1	5
April 10 . . .	Jersey City, N. J.	Jersey City	2	4
April 11 . . .	New York, N. Y.	New York University	0	7
April 20 . . .	Worcester	Brown University	3	2
April 22 . . .	Worcester	Seton Hall	11	12
April 25 . . .	Providence, R. I.	Brown University	10	2
April 28 . . .	Worcester	Providence College	Rain	
May 1 . . .	Worcester	St. Bonaventure College	17	1
May 2 . . .	Worcester	Fordham University	9	0
May 6 . . .	New Haven, Conn.	Yale University	6	4
May 8 . . .	Worcester	Mt. St. Mary's College	Rain	
May 9 . . .	Worcester	Georgetown University	6	1
May 14 . . .	Worcester	New York University	Rain	
May 15 . . .	Worcester	Villanova College	—	—
May 16 . . .	Worcester	Princeton University	—	—
May 20 . . .	Worcester	Lowell Textile	—	—
May 22 . . .	Worcester	Manhattan College	—	—
May 23 . . .	Cambridge, Mass.	Harvard University	—	—
May 30 . . .	Worcester	Boston College	—	—
June 3 . . .	Providence, R. I.	Providence College	—	—
June 6 . . .	Worcester	Harvard University	—	—
June 8 . . .	Boston, Mass.	Boston College	—	—
June 13 . . .	Worcester	Hosei University (Japan)	—	—
June 16 . . .	Worcester	Boston College	—	—



VARSITY BASEBALL SQUAD

Baseball

The baseball season got under way with the call for battery candidates early in February. The pitchers and catchers toiled alone until far enough advanced to insure no injuries to those arms which would have to bear the brunt of the season's work. Batting practice commenced in March and by the end of the month Coach Barry was having practice games on Fitton Field.

The team made a satisfactory start, beating Villanova seven to two, to inaugurate the southern trip. Against Seton Hall, the Crusaders seemed to slump and this condition was also noticeable in the N. Y. U. game when they were shut-out. The home season opened successfully with a victory over Brown and it seemed as if the 1931 edition of the Barrymen had come into its own. Joy was short-lived, however, for when Seton Hall played their return game they accomplished what we had come to deem a well nigh impossible feat. For the first time in four years a Holy Cross baseball team had lost a two-game series.

It seems that this defeat was the spur that the team needed, for since then they have routed the opposition decisively. Brown lost a second game 10-2,

Niemiec makes a putout at third

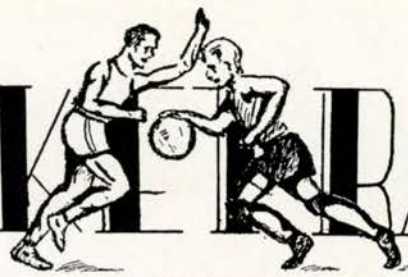
due to Buck Mahoney's two hit performance and the timely hitting of the entire team. Mahoney repeated the following week with a nicely pitched game against St. Bonaventure which was won by the lopsided score of 17-1. Fordham was met and conquered when Capt. Normie Sims pitched shut-out ball while his teammates were manufacturing nine runs from the combined offerings of three Fordham pitchers. At New Haven the team played the best ball of the young season and really looked like worthy emulators of the great teams of the past. In fourteen innings of play the Crusaders never faltered and finally won out on a wild pitch and a timely single.

With the marked improvement the team has shown in self-confidence and batting ability since the opening of the season, we feel that the Eastern Inter-Collegiate Championship will be safe for another year. Nine times out of the past eleven years the pennant has fluttered from the Fitton Field flag pole and under the able tutelage of Coach Barry it seems destined to become our permanent possession. Barry has the uncanny ability of consistently developing championship teams.

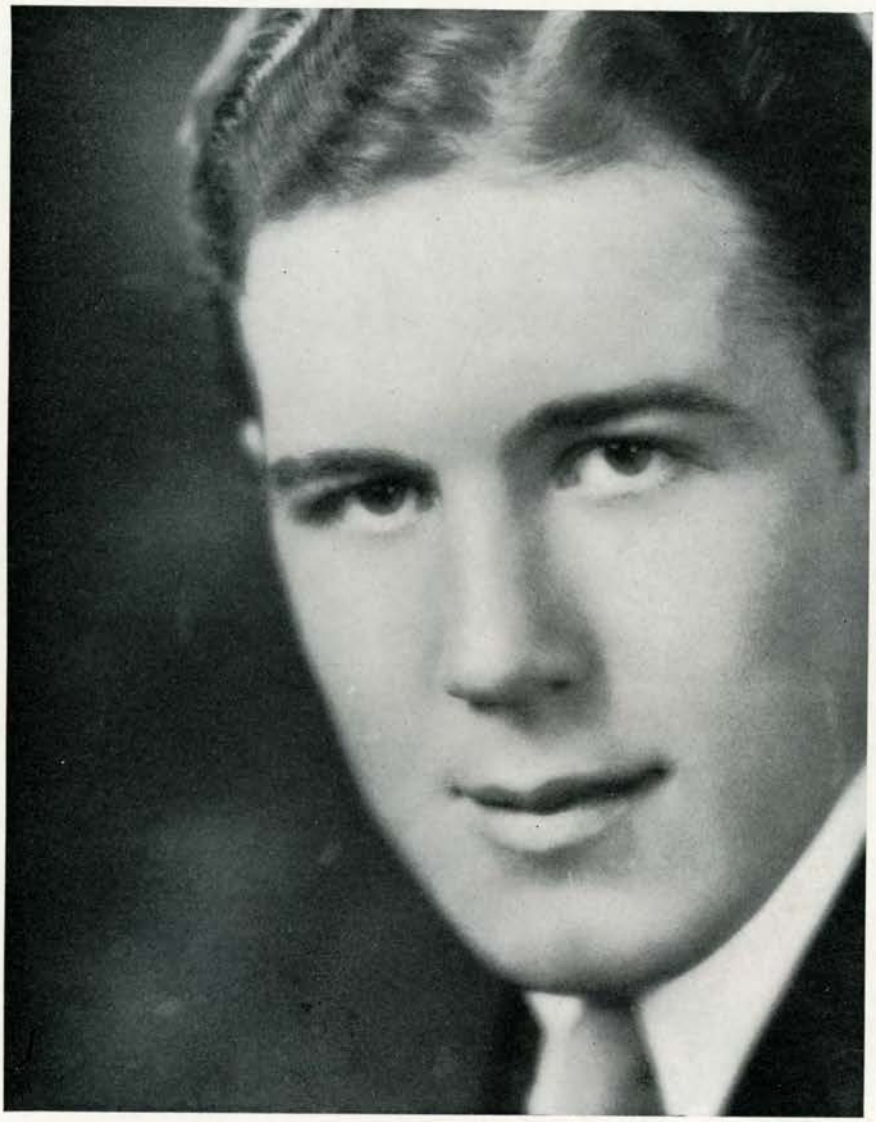
As we go to press the string of triumphs has been lengthened by an impressive victory scored over Georgetown. Friedrich gave every indication that he has rounded into shape and with three competent pitchers to face the opposition our prospects seem very bright.

Marshall safe at first

BASKETBALL



BOB SEAMAN



CAPTAIN JAMES FARRELL

Manager Kinney, Coach Reed, Captain Farrell

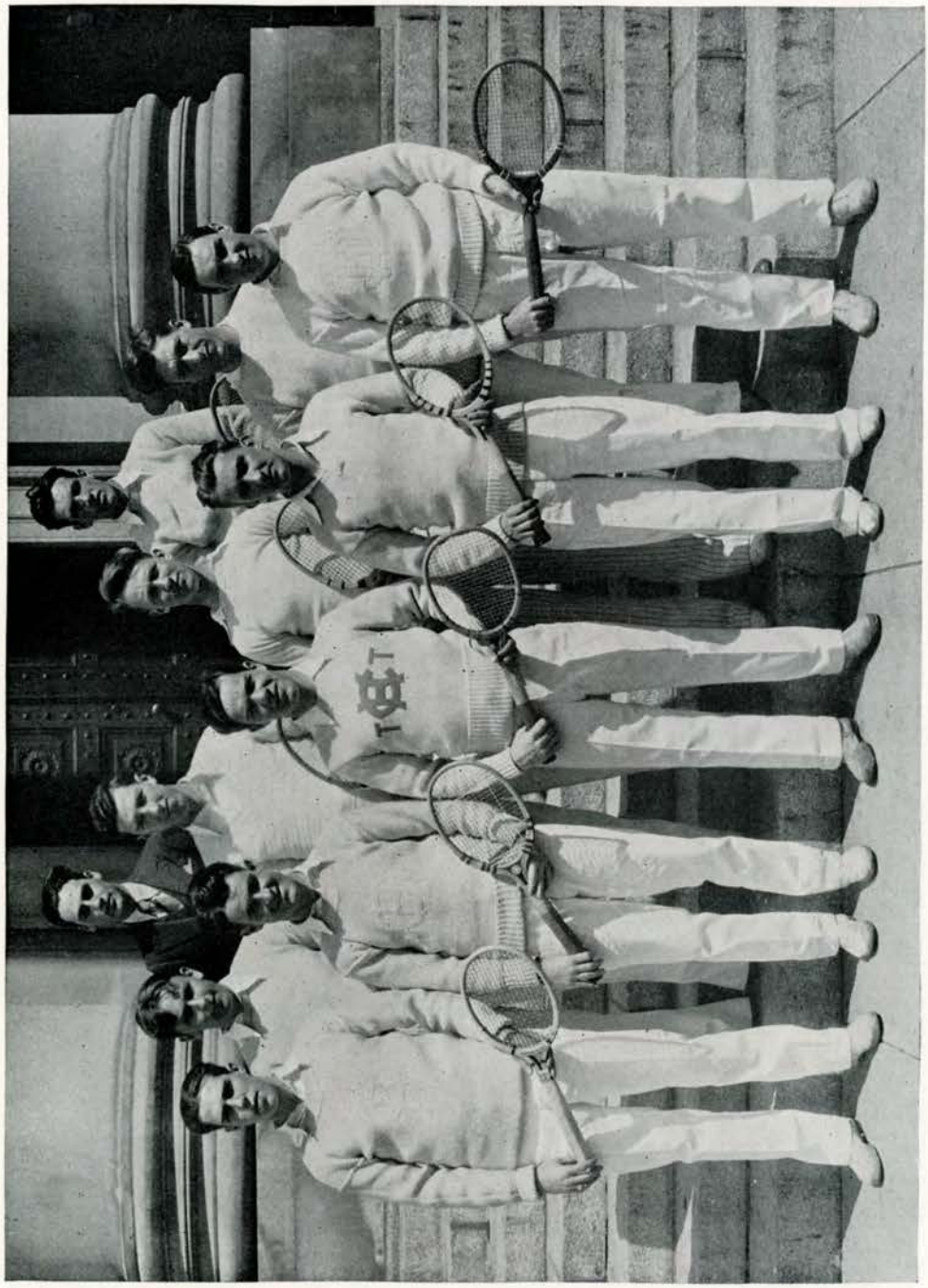
Basketball

The Varsity Basketball team, handicapped by a continual absence of one or another of its most brilliant members, played through a season which can only be classed as fairly successful. There is no doubt but that the season's record would have been nearly perfect if Dame Misfortune had not hovered so consistently over the Purple squad. Added to this was the fact that the cramped confines of the home court left the team a bit confused when playing on a large surface.

The Rutgers-Holy Cross contest provided the most thrills for the spectators at home and showed the Crusaders overcoming a slight lead and emerging victorious in the closing minutes of play. In this game the consistent brilliance of Captain Farrell accounted for the victory. Great ability was also manifested by Ted Leary, captain-elect for next year, Don Fitzgerald and Luke Driscoll who were the most colorful and popular players of the squad, Hickey, Donovan, Nicholson and Schoenrock. As only two seniors will be lost to the team by graduation, Coach Jack Reed will have an excellent nucleus for next year.

Date	*Team*		*H.C.*	*Op.*
Wed.,	Dec. 10	Arnold College	59	33
Sat.,	Dec. 13	Harvard Univ.	22	35
Fri.,	Dec. 19	Middlebury College	42	23
Tues.,	Jan. 6	St. Michael's Col.	35	29
Sat.,	Jan. 10	Providence College	31	38
Sat.,	Jan, 17	Rutgers Univ.	37	33
Wed.,	Jan. 21	Miami B.B. Club	—	—
Sat.,	Jan. 24	Harvard Ind.	48	28
Sat.,	Feb. 7	Conn. Aggies	44	30
Fri.,	Feb. 13	Yale	20	47
Wed.,	Feb. 18	Boston Univ.	39	43
Sat.,	Feb. 21	Providence College	19	36
Tues.,	Feb. 24	Mass. Agri. Col.	32	31
Wed.,	Feb. 25	Williams College	18	33
Sat.,	Feb. 28	Seton Hall	43	25
Sat.,	Mar. 7	Boston Univ.	53	26
Sat.,	Mar. 14	Brown Univ.	59	14

VARSITY BASKETBALL SQUAD



TENNIS

Bob Seaman

The varsity tennis team this year has embarked upon the most ambitious schedule ever attempted by a Purple outfit. Due to the earnest desire of Captain John MacLaughlan and Manager George Cote to bring the foremost college tennis clubs in the east to Holy Cross, the varsity racquet men are in the midst of the most strenuous campaign the school has ever known. Matches have been carded with such formidable opponents as Harvard, present intercollegiate champions, City College of New York, Brown and Boston College.

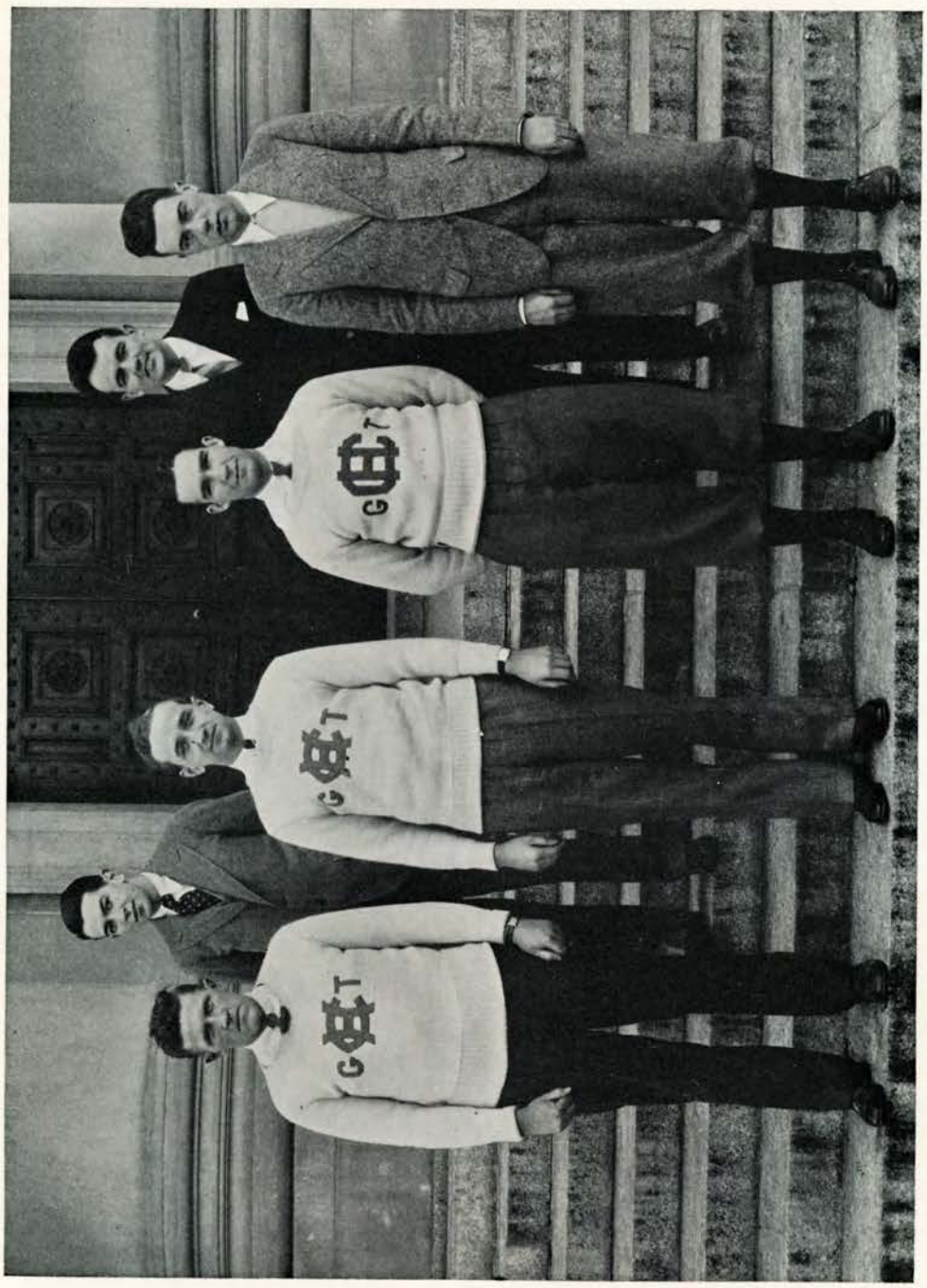
Manager George Cote

For the first time in history the candidates worked out in the baseball cage. A large group of enthusiastic players answered the call for preliminary try-outs early in March. The playing surface was uneven but the men more than made up for that defect by the seriousness of their application to practice. In all some fifteen candidates reported for these pre-season exercises.

When the men reported back from the Easter holidays they found the varsity courts in excellent shape for the season. Due to a sincere desire to give every man who wished to come out for the varsity squad a fair chance to make one of the six positions open to competition, Captain MacLaughlan inaugurated the ladder system, whereby the last three men must meet any eligible player who wishes to challenge their right to those places. Consequent upon this anouncement a lively scramble ensued for the honor of representing Holy Cross upon the tennis team. It soon became evident that the burden of defending the Purple would fall upon Captain MacLaughlan, Jim Nicholson, Jack Keenan, Tom Carroll and Dud Foy.

The sixth position remained in doubt until after the season was well inaugurated. A fierce play-off ensued with Jack Cahill finally barely nosing out Frank Dowd for the last place on the team. Dowd will remain with the squad, however, in the capacity of alternate.

Simultaneously with the varsity the freshmen reported to Manager Cote for preliminary practice. There is some very promising material on the freshman squad. Such men as Power, O'Shea, and Healey look like prospective varsity material. Power is the runner-up to the school tennis champion; O'Shea and Healey form a smooth doubles pair. When the day for the opening match with St. Mark's arrived Manager Cote picked a team composed of Paul Power, Jim O'Shea, Larry Healey, Bill Findlan, Frank O'Brien and Ed Moline to represent the class of 1934. This outfit scored an impressive victory over the prep schoolers and seem headed for many future triumphs.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Golf at Holy Cross this year has taken a decided forward step. A much keener interest in the game has been shown by both students and faculty and if the present interest increases, golf will be a sport of much interest to all at the school.

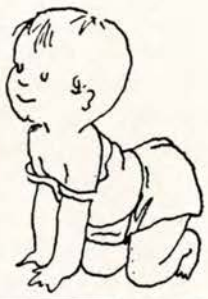
With the increased number of men available for the team and the calibre they consist of, we look forward to a most successful season. From last year's team as a nucleus three letter men remain in Captain Tom Earls, Doyle and Fay, all of whom have had wide experience in collegiate golf competition. The addition to the squad of Lally, Baldwin, Casey, Furay, Collins, Dwyer and Curry will bring about a well balanced team, all the members of which are clever golfers.

Captain Tom Earls

As this sport is rapidly gaining interest in colleges, it is indeed quite fitting that Holy Cross should make this advanced step. This year's schedule, composed mostly of matches played in the Eastern Intercollegiate Golf Association, of which Holy Cross has been a member for six years, is the most ambitious ever undertaken by a Crusader team. A note that is worth mentioning is that this association contains teams from the leading colleges of the east, all of which have teams of the highest calibre.

The schedule is as follows: Worcester Tech; Harvard; Bowdoin; Dartmouth; M. I. T.; Georgetown; Princeton; Pennsylvania; Williams; Yale; Brown; Amherst; B. C.

FROSH ATHLETICS



BOB SEAMAN

COACH JACK REED

FOOTBALL

Fortunately the success of the Freshman team is not measured in games won and lost, for if it were, we could not say much about our Frosh football club. The Freshmen played a very short schedule consisting of only four games and though unable to break into the win column they held their opponents to low scores. A scoreless tie with St. John's Prep. at Danvers furnished the highlight of the season's play and showed the Crusader Cubs at their best. Against Dean Academy they were so unfortunate as to lose the game in the closing minutes of play on an unexpected forward pass. Final score 6-0. Worcester Academy eked out a 6-0 victory in this same fashion. Boston College Freshmen won the final game of the season 21-6, after a gruelling struggle.

Unsuccessful games however, are of no import providing that the players develop as the season progresses. Under the careful tutelage of Jack Reed, a number of men showed to good advantage and Capt. McEwan should find no end of Varsity material among them. On the line Drescher, Billings, Reese and Griffin will be heard from next fall and Jarvis, Tamulevich and Bowen should aid the backfield situation.

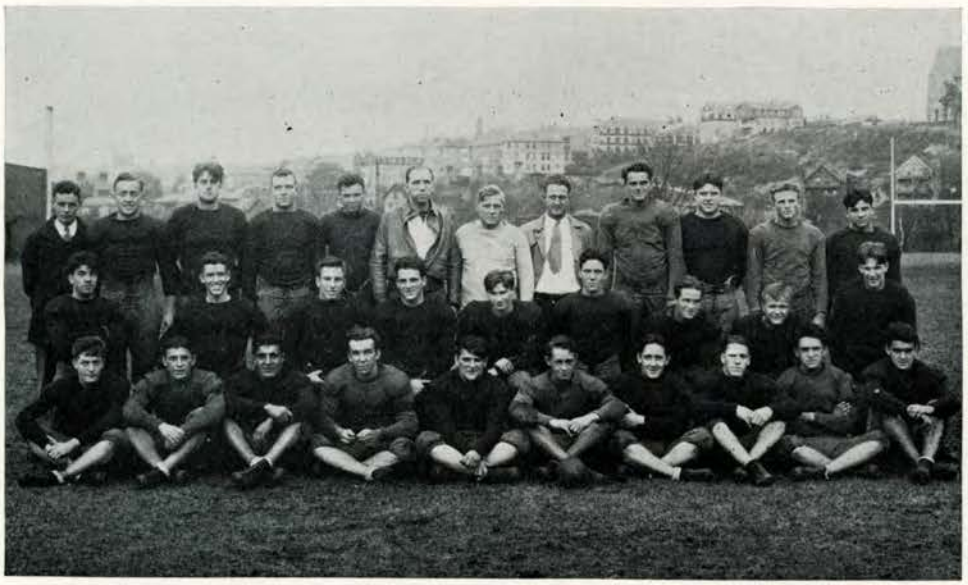
BASKETBALL

Gus Cervini's Freshman Basketeers also had their troubles breaking into the win column, losing six and winning four games. Two of their victories, however, were gained at the expense of Assumption College. Against Becker's Business College, they were not so fortunate, breaking even in two games. The Freshmen trailed Richland, Worcester Trade, Dean and Boston College Freshmen. These contests were hard fought, but on no occasion were the Cubs outgamed. It is possible that some of these men may break into the Varsity lineup next winter, but with the nucleus Jack Reed has left from this year, their work will have to be brilliant.

BASEBALL

It is too early to attempt an estimate of the ability of the Freshman baseball players. Starting out with a victory over St. Mark's, they lost the next four games to Worcester Academy, Dean, St. John's Prep and Samuel Johnson Academy. In each game they have shown marked improvement, losing the last two by small scores, 2-1 and 3-1 respectively.

Coach Barry, we believe, will be well fortified with reserve material next spring. Potentially this year's team measures up to the high standard of other years and we venture to say that the majority of the remaining games will be victories.



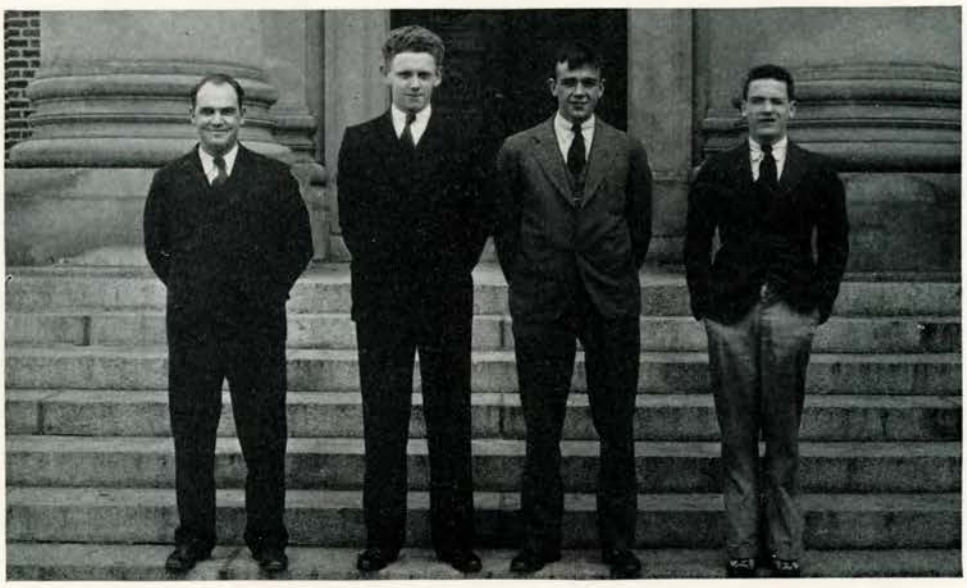
FRESHMAN FOOTBALL SQUAD

INTRAMURAL ATHLETICS

For the first time in the history of the College, an extensive program of intramural sports was developed this year by a newly-formed organization, the Students' Athletic Council, with Rev. Maurice V. Dullea, S.J., as Moderator. Throughout the college year, from September until June, there was never a period when at least one sport did not hold the attention of the student body.

In previous years, a few games of interclass football and about a dozen basketball contests were all that Holy Cross could boast of in the line of formal intramural competition. There was an urgent need for a system of student-controlled intramural athletics, and this necessity was answered last September by the formation of a governing committee of students, one representative from each class. The members of the Students' Athletic Council this year were: George Havens, '31, chairman; Thomas Trainor, '32; Charles Callahan, '33; and William O'Neill, '34.

Classes had hardly resumed their normal routine when a soccer league, a new sport at Holy Cross, was formed late in September. A field was laid out on the hill above the college buildings, and here the soccerists disported three or four afternoons each week. Toward the close of the season, the race narrowed down to two combines, the Senior and Junior elevens, and the Beaven contingent finally romped off with the championship after a terrific closing struggle.



INTRAMURAL ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Fitton Field, in the meantime, was the scene of four bitter interclass football battles on Sunday mornings. After the Junior team had taken the measure of the Senior aggregation, all eyes awaited the Freshman-Sophomore contest. Three fairly-even combats were waged by these elevens in rather indifferent weather, but the final score was always the same, 0-0. As the last scoreless tie had been battled out with snow on the surrounding hillsides, it became evident that time would not suffice for the completion of the series, and the football championship league had to be abandoned.

With frigid, wintry weather already manifesting itself, the Students' Athletic Council organized a hockey league for the interclass title. Since the rink was kept in fine condition throughout the season, the pucksters took advantage of the invariably smooth ice and waged many a tense struggle. Injuries took their toll in the Senior sextet, but nevertheless, the Lords of Loyola remained in the running and emerged in second place. Titular honors went to the Sophomore team, which had vanquished the other entries with monotonous regularity, and had concluded its season with an unblemished record. The victorious puck-chasers were awarded Intramural Sports Charms by *The Tomahawk*.

Besides the regular interclass basketball series, which has been an annual winter feature on Mt. St. James for many years, a second and much larger league, the inter-corridor league, was arranged by the enterprising Council. The sixteen corridor teams were divided into five groups, and after a long series, the winning quintet of each group entered the finals. Loyola III was the ultimate champion five, with but a single defeat to mar its record.

From the outstanding players in the inter-corridor league, interclass quintets were chosen, and again the Seniors displayed their court superiority by sweeping through the competition to another title without once being subdued. At the conclusion of the season, the members of the two victorious teams were presented Intramural Sports Charms.

So much interest in handball was manifest about the campus that a tournament was arranged to decide the doubles supremacy of the College. In order to organize the com-

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM—INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS

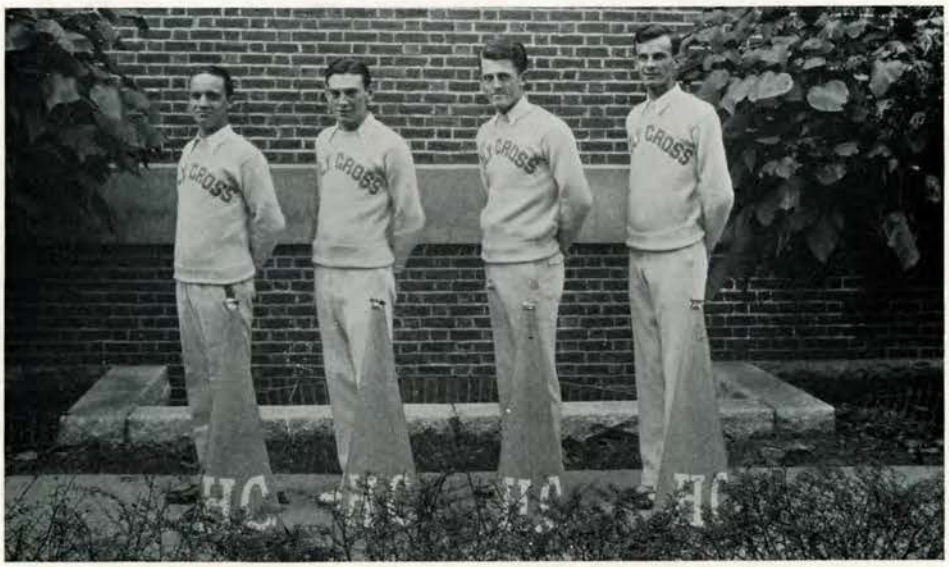
petition along definite lines, the play was conducted within the individual classes. After the preliminary series, the class champion pairs met for the college championship.

Resuming its activities after the spring recess, the Students' Athletic Council formulated a brilliant program for the spring season, embracing baseball, tennis, and track. Unprecedented interest in intramural baseball was evident when fourteen teams were enrolled, with a total of about 250 players. Two diamonds were laid out on the Hill, and both Alumni and Fitton Fields were utilized whenever possible. In this way, six and sometimes seven games were played on fair Sundays, with two every weekday. Although rain generally washed out two or more contests each week, as many as sixteen games were often fought out during the course of seven days.

It has been customary to hold an intramural tennis tourney in the fall for many years, but the main purpose of this competition is to select players for the varsity team. Besides this tournament, the Council in April organized another series of matches, both doubles and singles, for the intramural championship, and such interest was shown in this sport that courts had to be reserved in advance to enable the schedule to continue.

In accordance with its plan to give everyone an opportunity to indulge in athletics, the Council held a mammoth track and field meet on Ascension Thursday. Some 475 entries were received, with the result that only the preliminaries could be concluded on the first day. The finals, on the following Sunday, proved that there was a host of promising track material about the College, and it is safe to say that the records set on that day will not be surpassed in intramural competition for some time.

More than 700 students took part in the varied program of intramural athletics this year, and no doubt within the next few years, every student in Holy Cross College will participate in one or more of the many diversified types of athletic endeavor that the Council sponsors.



Cheerleaders—Hampsey, Connell, Hynes, McGuire

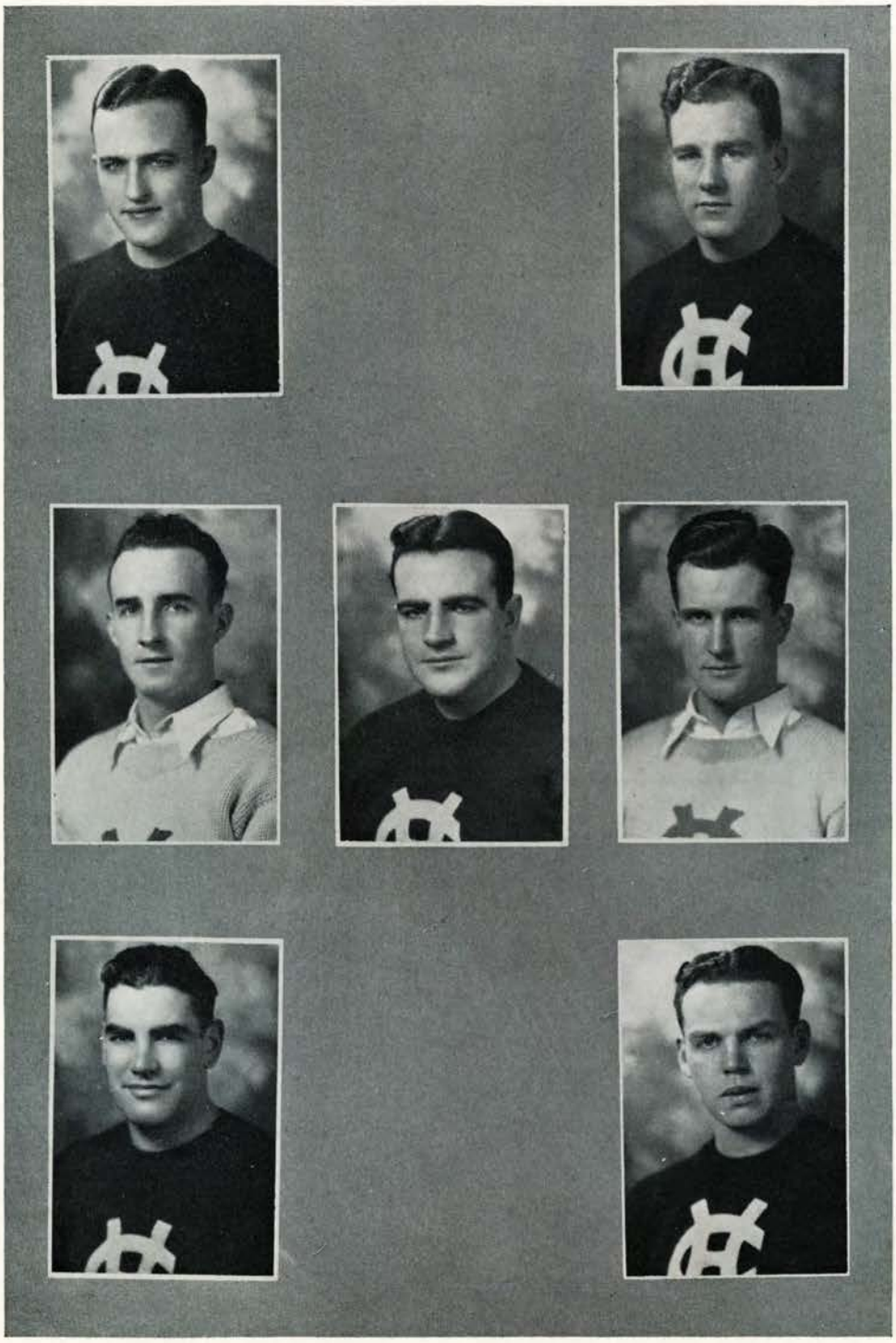
CAPTAIN SIMS

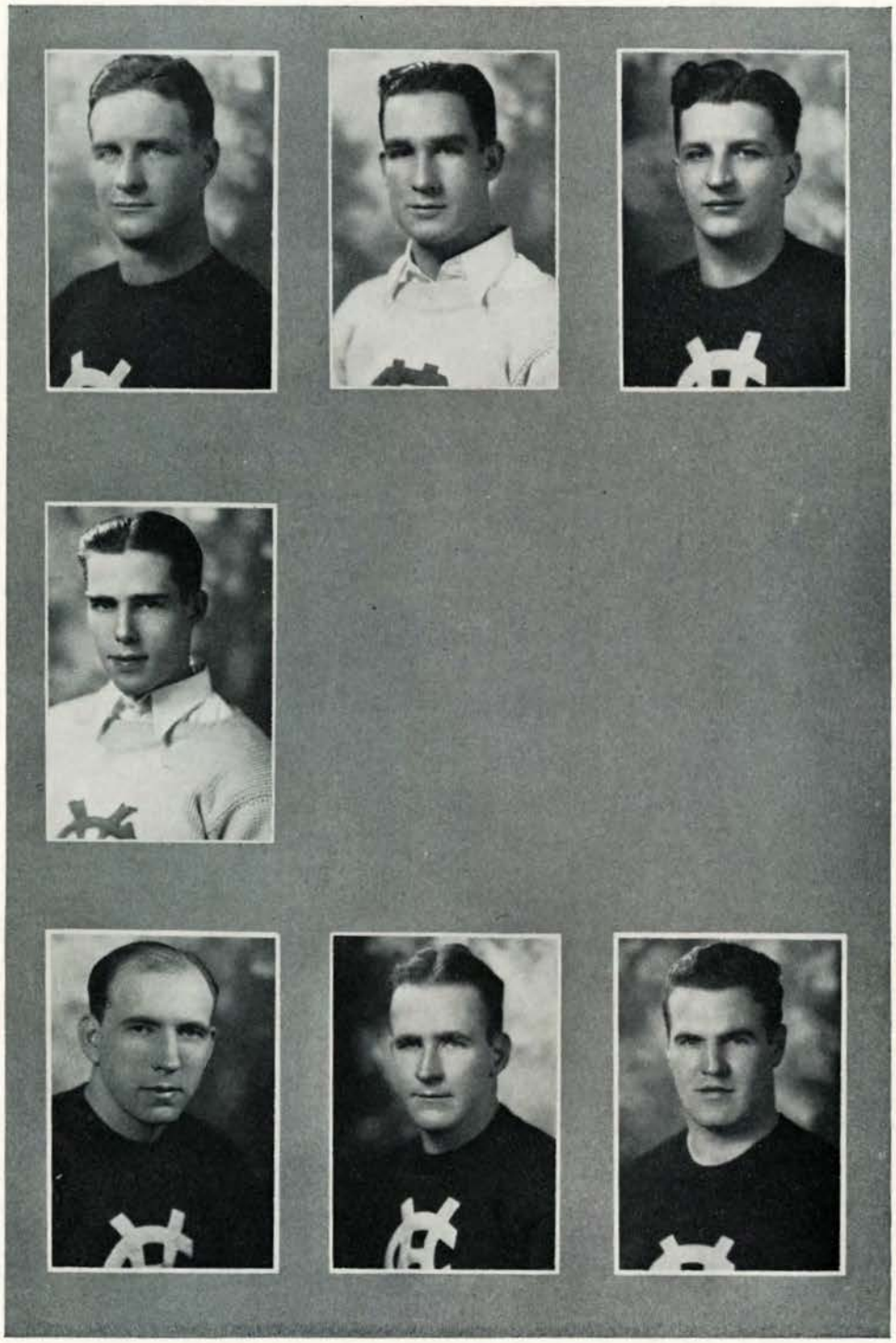
CAPTAIN MORIN

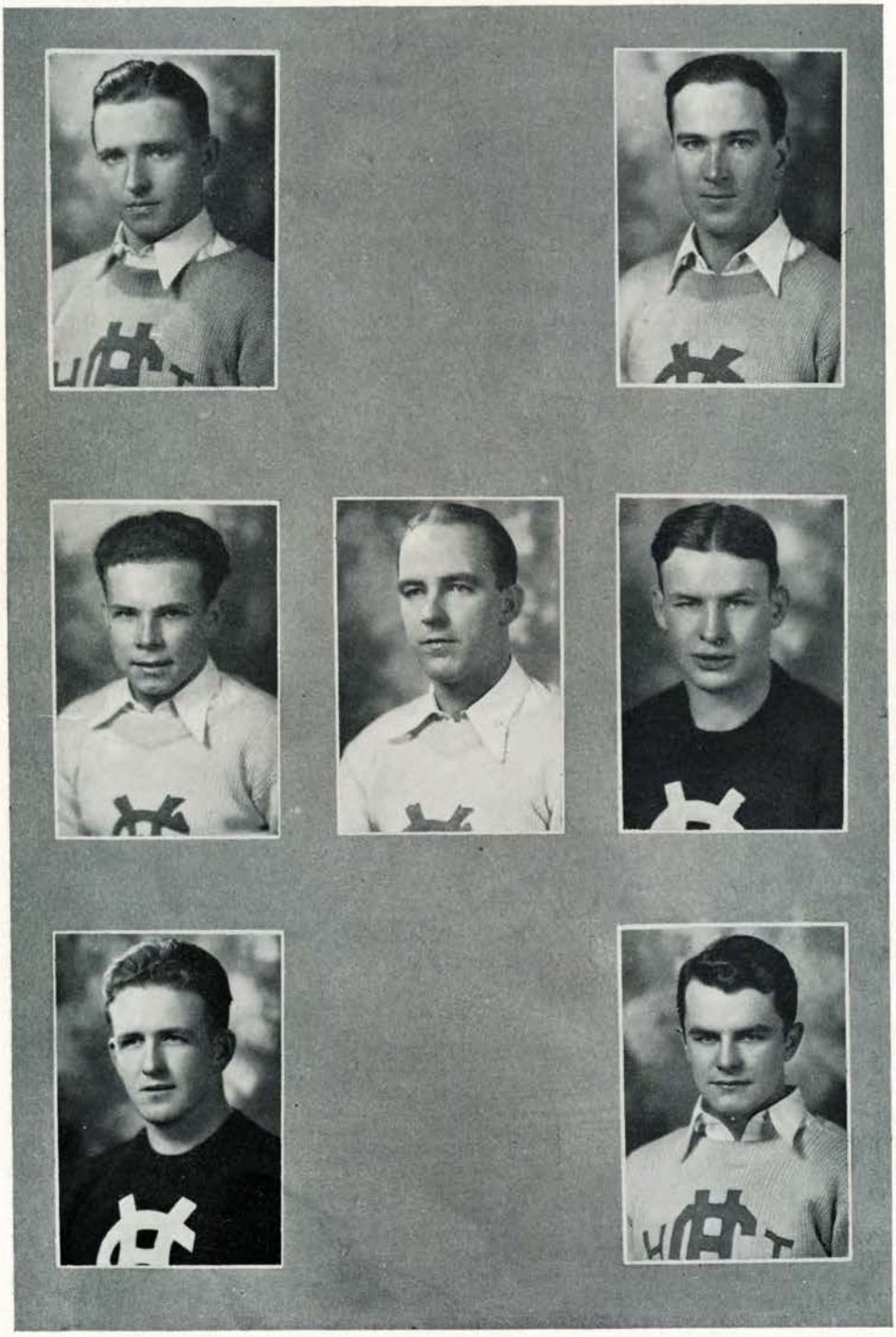
CAPTAIN FARRELL

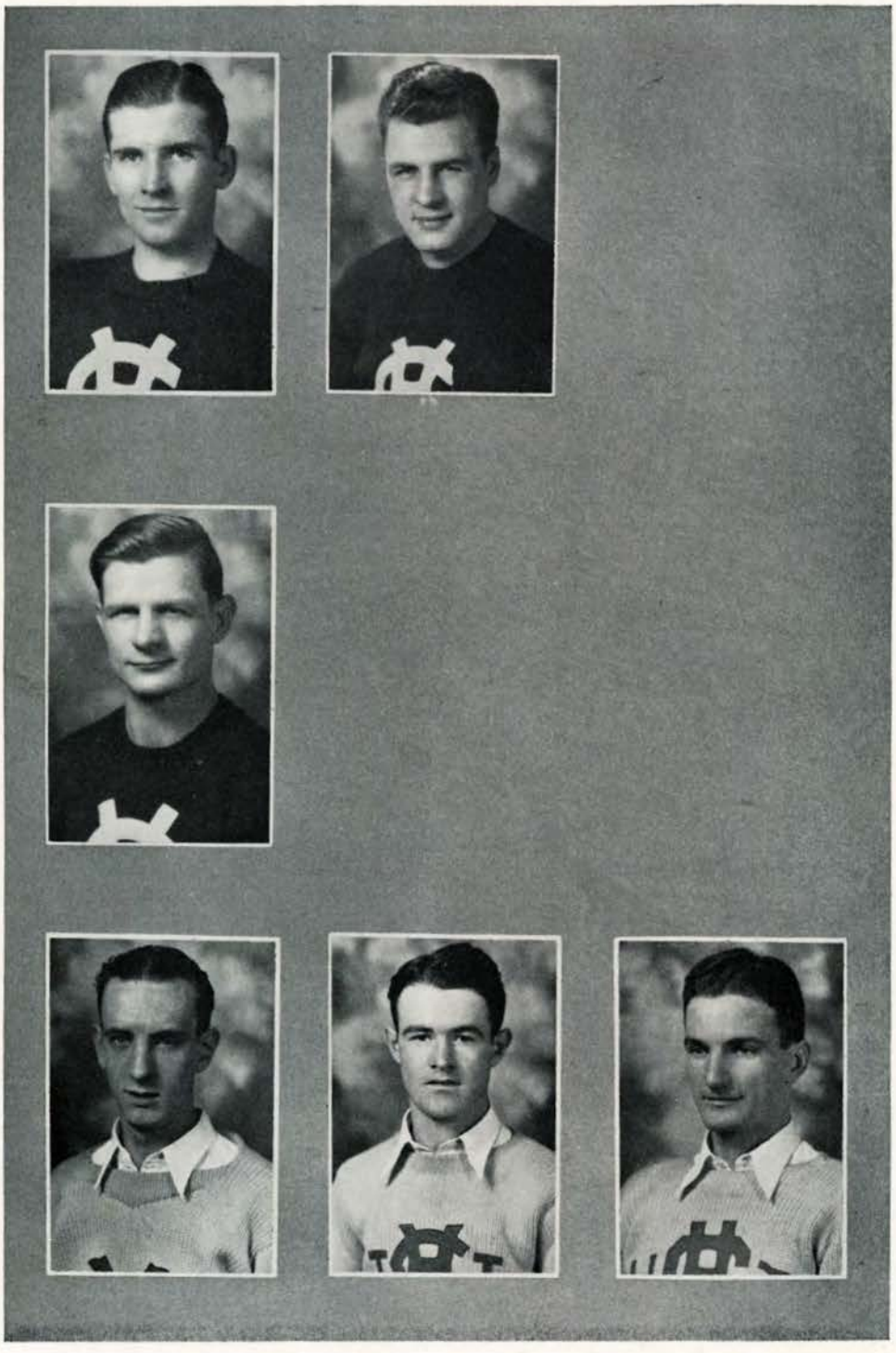
CAPTAIN GARRITY

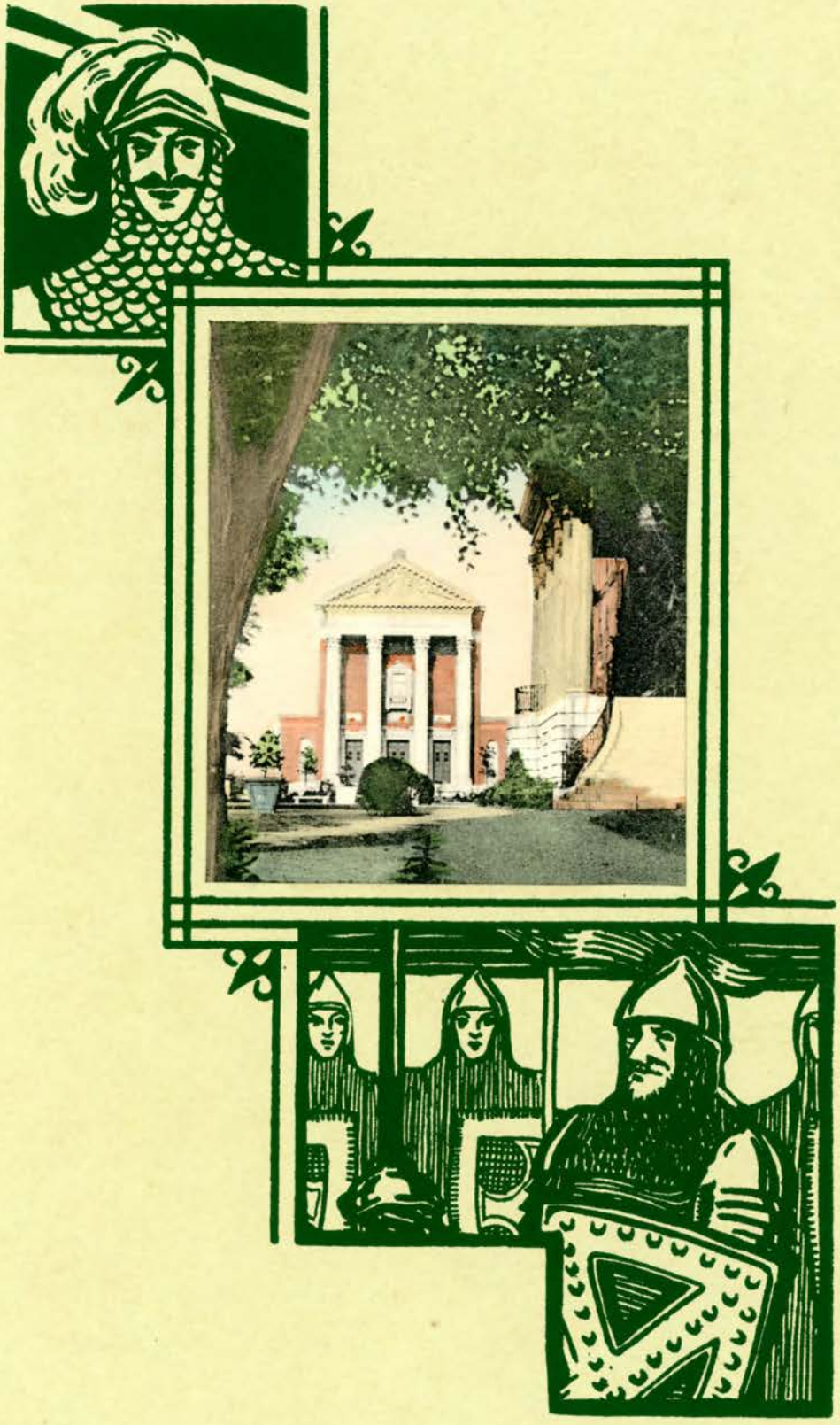
LETTER MEN

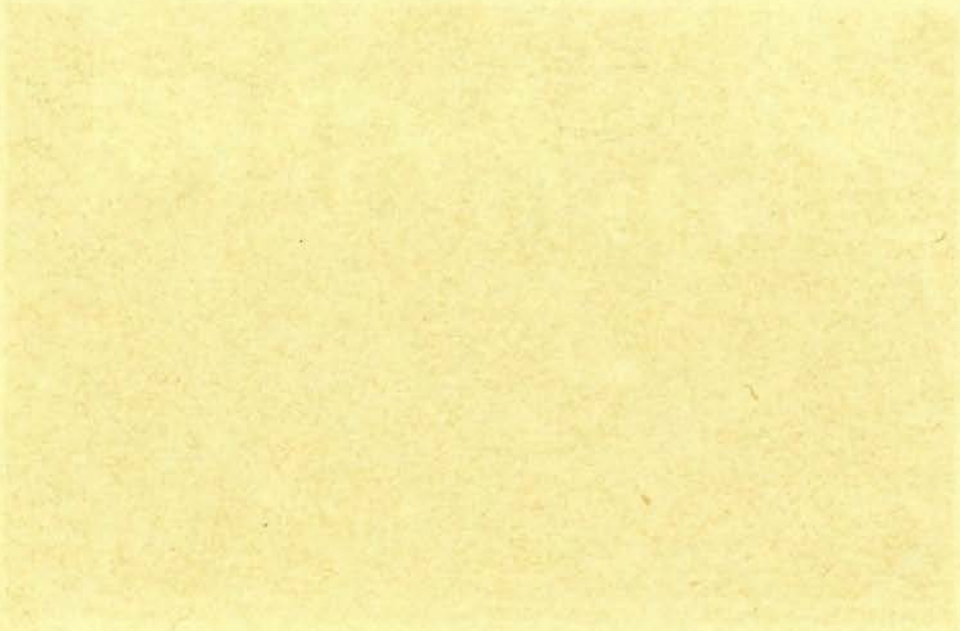


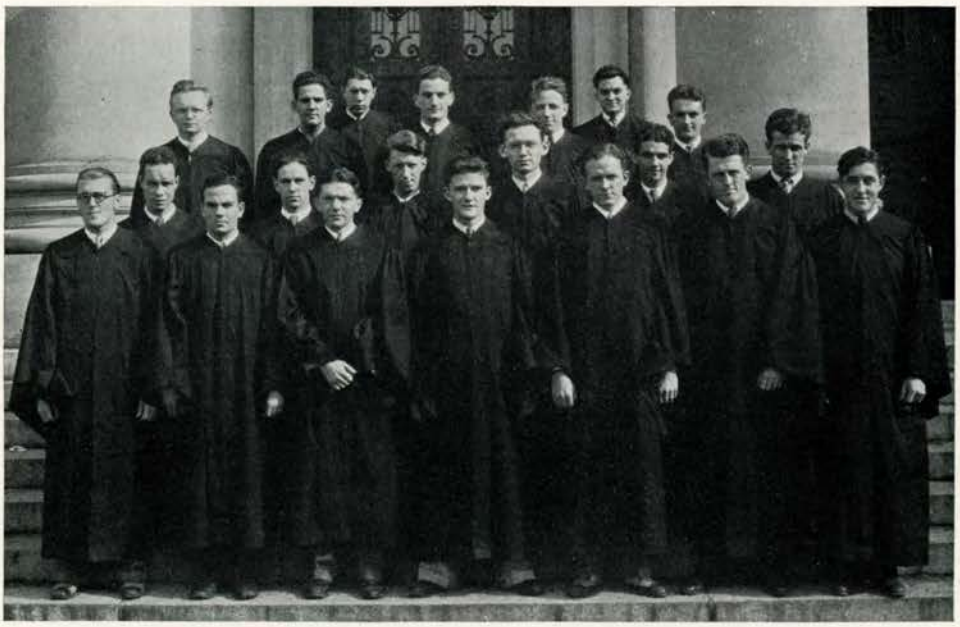












Scientific Society

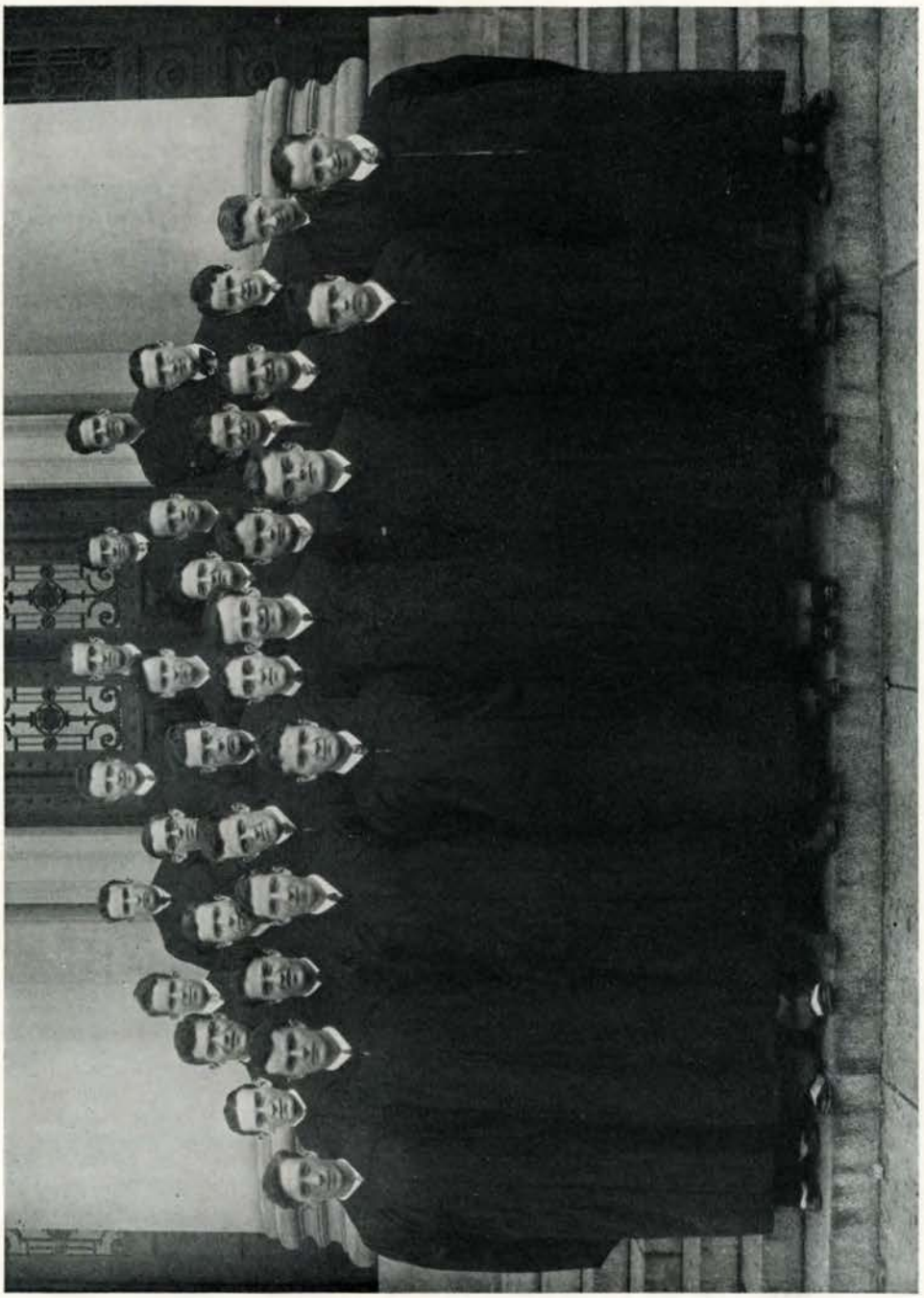
The scholastic year 1930-31 was one of the most successful during the career of the Scientific Society. The purpose of the society is to foster interest in timely scientific topics by bi-monthly meetings at which lectures are delivered by various members. All the lectures during the past year were concerned with the field of radio The subjects were so chosen so that the fundamentals were first explained and that a firm foundation was laid for the more intricate subjects which were dealt with in the latter part of the year. Lectures were delivered by H. J. Goett, J. G. Sliney, J. F. Finn, W. L. Besselman and J. M. Stevens.

In order that the whole student body might benefit, open meetings were held at which well-known scientists in the field of radio delivered lectures on various phases of the subject.

The officers of the society for the past year were: Faculty Moderator, Mr. W. Sheehan, S.J.; President, Harry J Goett; Vice-President, James G. Sliney; Secretary, Joseph L. Finn.

Senior Council

William T. Earls	*President of Senior Class*
Nicholas J. Healy	*President of Dramatic Society*
Edward J. Keenan	*Manager of Dramatic Society*
Robert D. Whitfield	*President of B. J. F.*
Owen P. McGivern	*President of Philomath*
Robert G. Seaman	*Editor of* Patcher
Marshall F. Rooney	*Manager of* Patcher
James D. Sullivan	*Editor of "Purple"*
James C. Auth	*Manager of "Purple"*
Raymond O. Martin	*Chairman of Purple Key*
Francis J. Garrity	*Captain of Football*
Norman F. Sims	*Captain of Baseball*
James F. Farrell	*Captain of Basketball*
George F. Morin	*Captain of Track*
William F. Madden	*Captain of Cross-Country*
Thomas W. Earls	*Captain of Golf*
John J. McGuire	*Head Cheer Leader*
John J. Powers	*Manager of Civil Service*
Frank J. Sullivan	*Manager of "Tomahawk"*
Philip T. Jones	*President of A. A.*
Harry J. Goett	*President of Scientific Society*
Edward F. Xiques	*President of Musical Clubs*
Joseph F. Hennessey	*Manager of Musical Clubs*



The Purple Key

OFFICERS

Chairman	R. O. Martin
Vice-Chairman	Frank McGratty
Treasurer	Edmund P. Kelleher
Secretary	George F. Murray
Publicity Manager	J. J. McGuire, Jr.
Artists	Robert G. Seaman James G. Sliney

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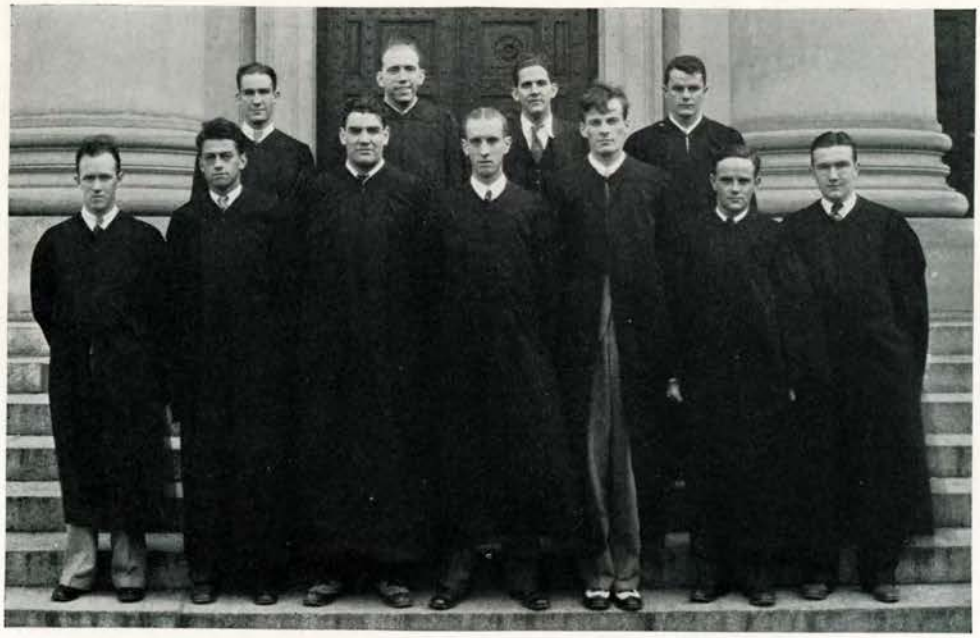
Charles J. Murphy
Charles Boyle
Charles Buckley
James Deeley
Thomas Earls
William Earls
Frank Silvia
Edward Xiques
Joseph Hennessey
George Brunner
Edward Keenan
George Drapeau
James Connell
Robert Lally
William Fryer
Joseph Houlihan
Nicholas Healy
Harry Whiteford
Thomas Hynes
James Carroll
John McDermott
Thomas McHugh
Bernard Hampsey
Donald Shanahan
William Madden, Jr.
Daniel O'Neil
Frank Sullivan
John Kent
Frank Moylan
Luis Sanchez
Russell O'Reilly
John Powers
James Sullivan
Charles Friel

The Purple Key, always one of the most active societies at Holy Cross, widened its scope during the 1931 scholastic year and rose to new heights of efficiency and achievement. The first undertaking was the providing of programs for the Fordham game and the sponsoring of a series of rallies before the most important football clashes. The talent and entertainment which featured these pep meetings spoke well for the efforts of the members of the Key. The final official activity was the continuing of the annual Song Fest, which has become one of the traditions on the Hill.



Junior Prom

WILLIAM MADDEN, *Chairman*

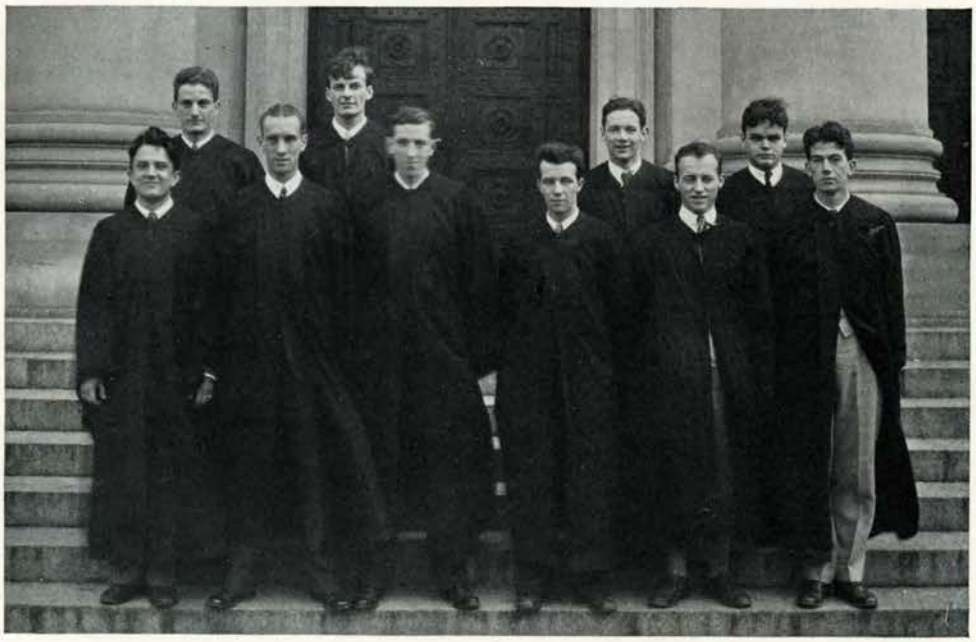
Excutive Committee

JOHN J. McGUIRE — DONALD FITZGERALD — JOSEPH NORTON

BOARD OF CHAIRMEN

LUIS SANCHEZ	*Music*
ROBERT McENANEY	*Favors*
THOMAS GOONAN	*Tickets*
THOMAS EARLS	*Patrons*
EDWARD KELLEHER	*Publicity*
WILLIAM GALLAGHER	*Printing*
JOHN POWERS	*Decorations*

Only too often, the Latin author has warned us, is realization weakened by anticipation;—but we may attribute this pessimistic statement to the fact that the good Cicero did not attend the Junior Prom. The weeks of planning and restless waiting finally crystallized in an evening that did credit to the genius of Bill Madden. The setting (even if it was the Bancroft); the music (Leo Reisman at his finest); the concomitant accessories in the way of members of the fair sex; the splendid service all aided in forming one of the most pleasant events in the rather limited social calendar of the Cross.



Frosh Reception

JOHN J. MCKENNA, *General Chairman*

Executive Committee

FRANCIS NASH — JOHN J. MCGUIRE — WILLIAM MADDEN
CHARLES DALY — J. RUSSELL O'REILLY

SUB-CHAIRMEN

GEORGE DRAPEAU . . . . . *Reception*
NICHOLAS J. HEALY . . . . . *Entertainment*
JAMES SLINEY . . . . . *Program*
GEORGE MURRAY . . . . . *Refreshments*

The initial attempt to dispel first-year nostalgia was held on the evening of January 15, when the Frosh, putting aside the books and stabling the ponies, were tendered their official reception. Jack McKenna, and his able cohorts, saw to it that their hunger was appeased and their risibility tickled. Although the inimitable Hank Connolly failed to present his act, other seniors, although weakened by the long vigils with psychology, carried on nobly and most satisfactorily. The mere mention of Hynes, McGuire and Co., the Psychoanalyst as portrayed by Luis Ubeda Morailes Sanchez (believe it or not, but that is only one person), the ditties as sung by Bobs Lynch and Seaman as highlights of the performance will recall memories of a most successful evening.

Knights of Columbus

OFFICERS

Rev. John D. Wheeler, S.J.	*Chaplain*
John J. Spillane	*Grand Knight*
Ray O. Martin	*Deputy Grand Knight*
James J. Deeley	*Chancellor*
Joseph F. Hennessey	*Recorder*
Francis L. Miller	*Financial Secretary*
Frank Gallagher	*Treasurer*
Ralph L. Thompson	*Lecturer*
Donald H. Woods	*Advocate*
George F. Pyne	*Warden*
Daniel A. Lynch	*Inside Guard*
Michael J. Favulli	*Outside Guard*
Rev. Michael Earls, S.J.	*Trustee*
Raymond D. Kennedy	*Trustee*
J. Leo O'Gorman	*Trustee*

This year, Crusader Council marks the completion of two years of successful activity, at Holy Cross. Heading the list of council officers is John J. Spillane, '22, assistant dean of discipline at the College, who has been elected Grand Knight three times without opposition. In a college where there had been no fraternal organization of any kind, the Knights of Columbus were welcomed with enthusiasm; so that today, more than one-quarter of the entire student body is enrolled in Crusader Council. Besides filling its quota for this year long before the required time, the Council has gained an enviable reputation as one of the most active in the Order, one that breaks attendance records regularly at its meetings.

Senior Ball

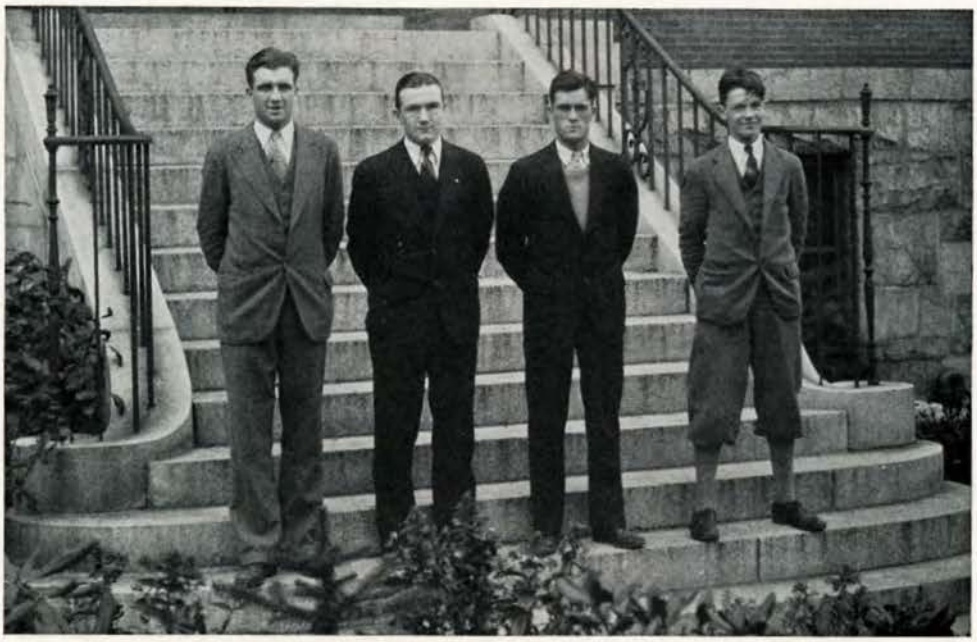
Joseph F. Hennessey, *General Chairman*

Executive Committee

James S. Missett	Charles M. Bergin
Frank T. Carney	James J. Deeley
Francis J. Garrity	Edmund P. Keleher
John J. McGuire, Jr.	Norman Sims

Patrons . . . . . Thomas W. Earls
Tickets . . . . . George F. Murray
Music . . . . . Edward F. Xiques
Favors . . . . . Charles F. Daly
Publicity . . . . . Joseph G. Foy
Decorations . . . . . John J. O'Connor
Printing . . . . . William B. O'Sullivan
Reception . . . . . John J. Mahoney

We look forward with pleasant anticipation to the day of June 17, as our Commencement Day; and with equal expectation to the evening of June 17, as the occasion of our Senior Ball. We have learned from preceding classes to expect much of this night, and with confidence in the zeal of Joe Hennessey and his committee, we trust that our Senior Ball will take its place among the fond memories which bind us to the "Hill of Pleasant Springs."

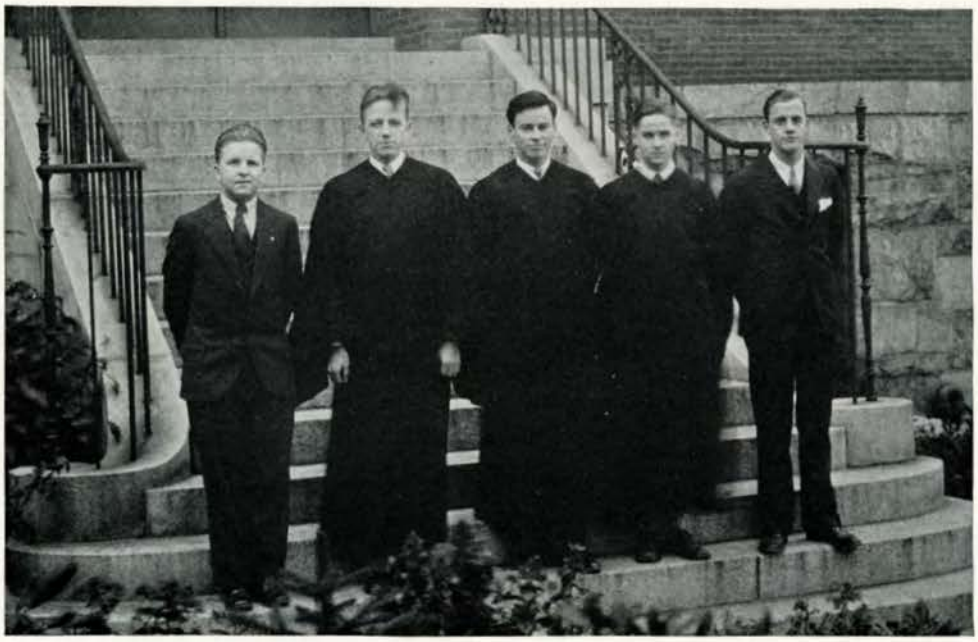


B. V. M. Sodality

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary completed another successful year under the guidance of Rev. Neil L. Bulman, S.J., the Moderator. The officers who assisted Father Bulman in the past year were: John J. Powers, Prefect; Bernard P. McCafferty, First Assistant Prefect; Walter F. Clifford, Second Assistant Prefect; John F. Lally, Secretary.

In May, the month dedicated to Mary, the Patroness of the Sodality, two events brought the work of the Sodality to a most fitting close. The first event was a series of May talks given by Senior Sodalists to the student body at chapel exercises. The following seniors presented the May addresses: John J. Powers, Robert D. Whitfield, Thomas A. Christensen, Daniel J. O'Neil, Edward J. Keenan, Thomas J. Kane, Edward F. Clarke, Frank L. McGratty, George Drapeau, Jr., Eugene V. Coffey, James S. Missett, James J. Deeley, Thomas W. Hynes, James D. Sullivan, John F. Harrington, William T. Earls, Francis C. Nash. The second event was the Induction of over one hundred new members, which was held Monday evening, May 18th.

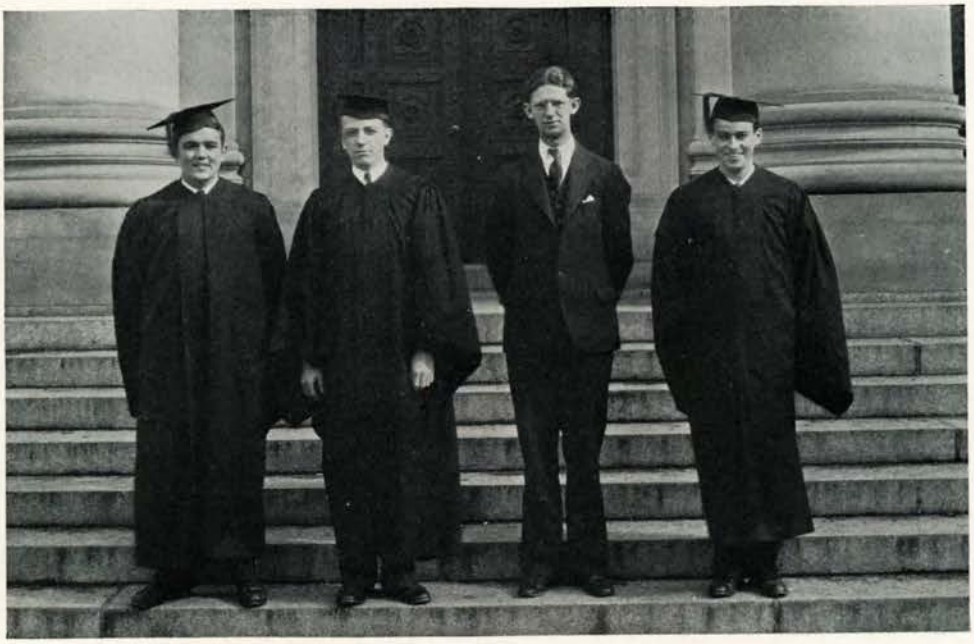
At a business meeting held prior to the Reception, the following officers were chosen to conduct the activities of the Sodality for the coming year: Bernard P. McCafferty, Prefect; Walter F. Clifford, Assistant Prefect; John F. Lally, Second Assistant Prefect; Daniel J. Honan, Secretary.



Sanctuary Society

The St. John Berchman Sanctuary Society has had, during 1930-31, one of the most active years of its entire existence on the Hill. Besides its primary activity, which is to supply Mass servers in both chapels from about six-forty-five until eight o'clock each morning and to see to it that other ceremonies conducted in Memorial Chapel are properly attended, it has carried on a closely related activity which is becoming more important each year.

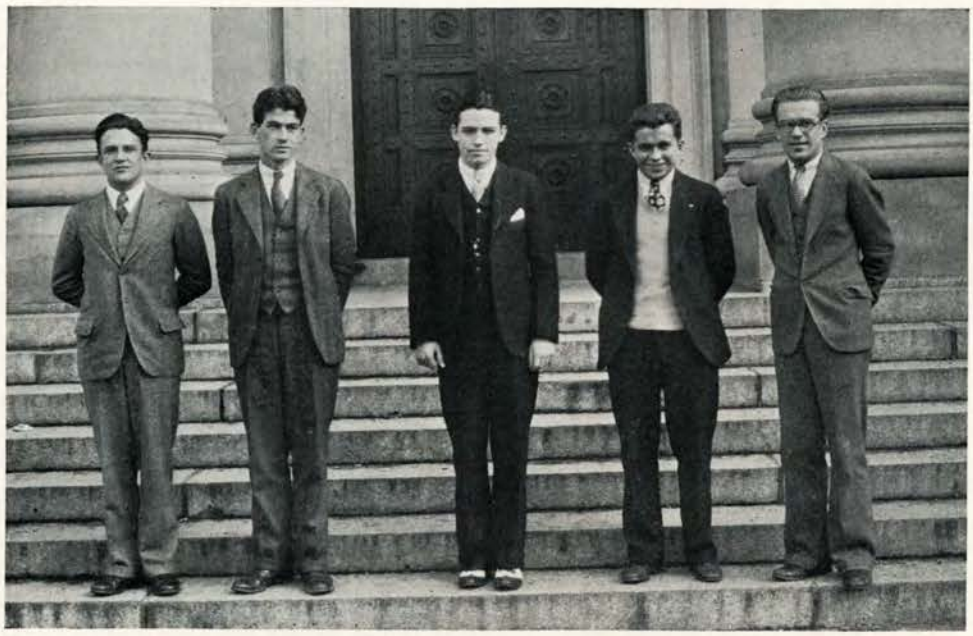
Presiding over this society of one hundred and twenty-five members during the past year has been: Robert D. Whitfield, '31, President and First Senior Assistant; Frank J. Sullivan, Jr., '31, Master of Ceremonies; John J. Morgan, '31, Second Senior Assistant; Kenneth F. Rowe, '32, Secretary, Treasurer and First Junior Assistant; and Anthony F. Keating, '32, Second Junior Assistant. These officers are appointed by the Moderator on the basis of service and ability. The Master of Ceremonies makes all appointments and with the two Senior Assistants takes charge of all ceremonies in Memorial Chapel. In Community Chapel, the servers are directed by the two Junior Assistants. The Sanctuary Society fills an important place on the Hill and has constantly striven to perform its duties faithfully and well.



Debating

The season of 1930-1931, was for the forensic societies of Holy Cross, a very substantial success. Mr. H. P. Collins, S.J., succeeded Mr. J. P. Flanagan, S.J., in guiding the destinies of Holy Cross debating. At once a circular letter was addressed to the leading colleges of the country inviting them to Worcester for debates. In this way the College satisfied its obligations to its sister institutions. The Freshman society began the year under the guidance of Mr. Carroll, S.J., where a number of promising young men were unearthed for the future of Holy Cross forensic activity. Mr. Callaghan, S.J., assumed charge of the B. J. F. Debating Society, with Robert Whitfield as its President. Mr. Collins S. J., Senior Moderator, succeeded to the Philomath with Owen McGivern as its President.

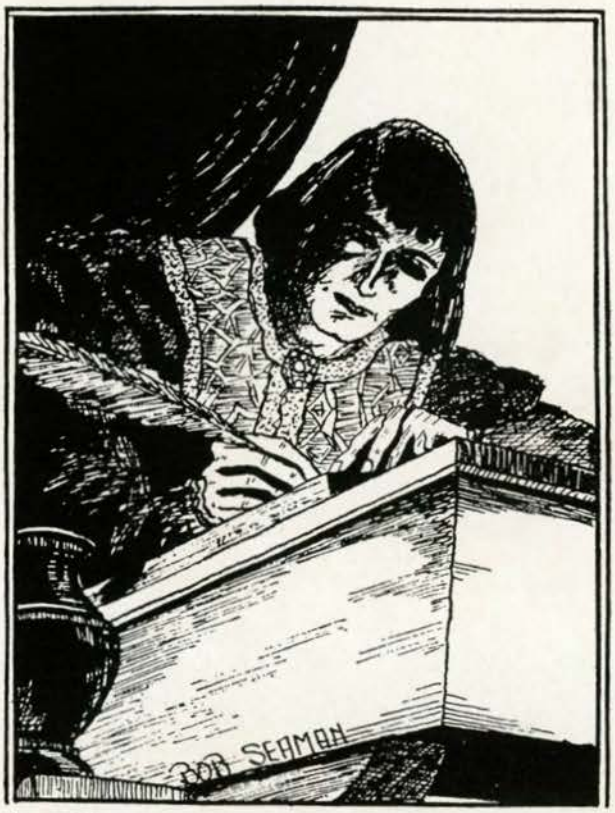
On December 9th, a team of Harvard debaters came to Worcester, to meet Holy Cross upon the platform. The question for discussion read: "Resolved, That the United States should enter the World Court under the terms of the Root Protocol of 1929." Harvard chose the affirmative and Holy Cross the negative. The decision of the judges went to Holy Cross. The debaters were: Edward B. Hannify, '33; Daniel J. O'Neil, '31; and Owen P. McGivern, '31.



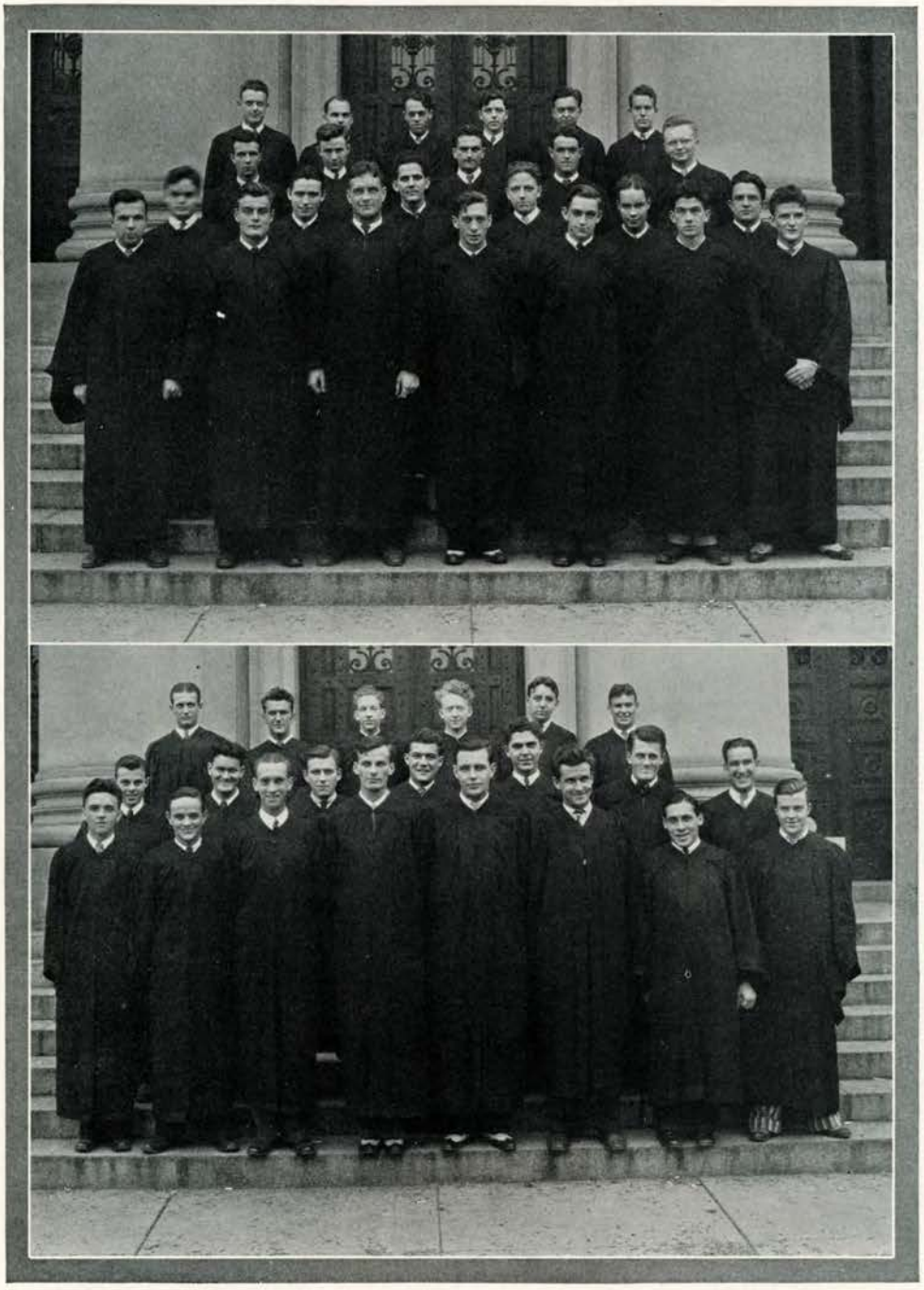
The same group of debaters journeyed to New York, late in January, as the guests of Fordham University. The World Court question was the subject of debate, but this time, Holy Cross chose to defend the affirmative and Fordham argued the negative. In the enemy's territory, they secured the palm of victory from a committee of judges, headed by the well known attorney, George Gordon Battle.

In the month of March, Holy Cross was host to Loyola University, of Chicago, University of Florida and Canisius College. Edward B. Hannify, '33 and Owen P. McGivern, '31, teamed together against Loyola. They upheld the affirmative of the World Court question and won by the unanimous decision of the judges. It was not so easy to overcome the verbal onslaughts of the Florida men, but James Carroll, '31 and James Sullivan, '31, were finally successful and won a well-deserved victory. The debate with Canisius was the only setback of the season. The two teams met in Springfield under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, whose hospitality and courtesy will ever be remembered. Before a capacity crowd, Harry Kirwin, '33; Raymond Leddy, '33 and Daniel O'Neil, '31, lost to the gentlemen from Buffalo.

There was the usual round of intramural debates and a notable conquest of Boston College by our Junior Varsity—composed of Edward Moline, '34; Thomas Brosnan, '33 and Edward Hidalgo, '33. We await the contest between the Varsity team and Boston College Varsity with much interest.



Publications



Patcher

'31

ROBERT G. SEAMAN . . { *Editor-in-Chief and Art Editor*

MARSHALL F. ROONEY . . . *Business Manager*

EDWARD F. CLARK . . . . . *Athletics Editor*

ROBERT W. McENANEY . *Photographic Editor*

JAMES G. SLINEY . . . *Assistant Art Editor*

JAMES J. C. DOYLE, J. RUSSELL O'REILLY . . . *Assistant Editors*

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Thomas Carroll
Edward Connolly
William Earls
John McGuire
Henry Albrecht
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Thomas Hussey
Thomas Hynes
Owen McGivern
Robert Lynch
James Missett
Henry Salvato
Robert Whitfield
John Harrington
Nicholas Healy
George Madaus
John McKenna
Frank McGratty
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David Elwood
George Havens
Wayne Besselman
John Curley
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John Gorman
Thomas Henry
Edward Keenan
Thomas Kane
Harry Whiteford
Charles Buckley
Edward Dougherty
Edward Xiques
Thomas Argy
Clark Carle
Thomas Earls
Philip Jones

An attempt to portray completely the events and incidents which comprise a year at college is not merely a foolhardy endeavor, but one which is destined to inadequacy. Therefore, we have chosen but the highlights, and to all who have helped us in preparing this record we express our deepest gratitude.

Purple

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J. Russell O'Reilly, '31 *The Moon of Books*
Jerome F. Murphy, Jr., '32 . . *Purple Patches*
John A. Clark, '32 . . . . *Alumni Notes*
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John F. Kent, '31
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John M. Ducey, '32
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J. Frank Morris, '33
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Lewis M. Wheelock, '33

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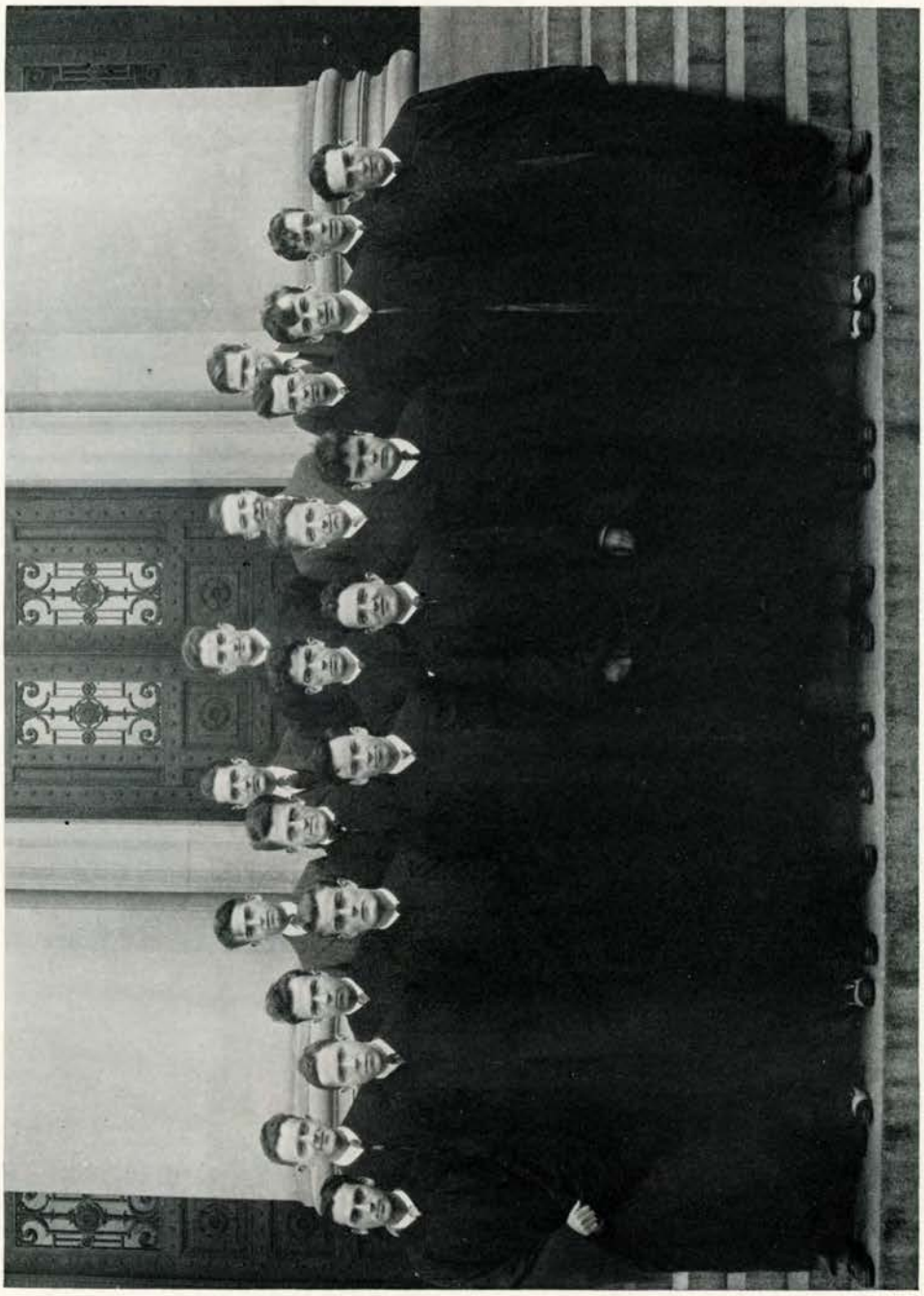
James C. Auth, '31, *Manager*
Joseph F. Sullivan, '32
J. Albert Currier, '33
Ralph L. Thompson, '33

The 1931 volume of *The Purple* introduced several new features, a more attractive cover and a new type arrangement, which made more secure the high rank which this publication holds in collegiate literary circles. Under the talented editorship of James D. Sullivan the various issues have continued the brilliant work of former years in presenting a wealth of poetry and essays which won enviable recognition throughout New England. The fragile lyrics of Frank Nash, Walter Greene and Frank McGratty, the literary versatility of James J. Doyle and J. Leo O'Gorman and the splendid criticisms of Russell O'Reilly were largely accountable for this success. It is but fitting that the classical reputation which Holy Cross enjoys should be complemented by such a representative publication.



Tomahawk

NICHOLAS J. HEALY, 3RD, '31 . . *Editor-in-Chief*
J. RUSSELL O'REILLY, '31 . *Managing Editor*
JOHN J. McGUIRE, JR., '31 . . . *Sports Editor*
THOMAS W. HYNES, 2ND, '31 *Intercoll. Editor*
ROBERT E. DILLON, '32 . . . . *City Editor*
ROBERT D. WHITFIELD, '31 . . *Alumni Editor*
GEORGE E. COTE, '31
HERBERT J. EIDENBACH, '32 } . *News Editors*
JOSEPH F. SULLIVAN, '32
JOHN J. McKENNA, '31 . . *Sports Columnist*
JAMES G. SLINEY, '31 . . . . . *Staff Artist*

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James M. Carroll, '31 — Owen P. McGivern, '31 — Robert A. Seaman, '31
James J. Doyle, '31 — Frank C. Nash, '31 — James D. Sullivan, '31

BUSINESS BOARD
Francis J. Sullivan, Jr., '31, *Business Manager*

Advertising Managers

Joseph E. Houlihan, Jr., '31 — James D. Connell, '31

The Tomahawk, celebrating its seventh birthday, continued the remarkable growth which has made it the precocious child of the literary publications. Nick Healy maintained the editorial policy of past seasons, while improving the style of the paper by including those subjects which were pertinent to the Hill and by publishing the prolific writings of a number of embryo and talented columnists. Outstanding was the work of Thomas Dwyer with "Granted" and the belated activity of Luis Sanchez, the scribe of the most interesting and most widely read column in all New England.

Music and Dramatics

Music

OFFICERS

EDWARD F. XIQUES, '31 . . . . . *President*
ROBERT W. DALEY, '32 . . . *Vice-President*
THOMAS F. MCKEON, '33 . . . . . *Secretary*
JOSEPH F. HENNESSEY, '31 *Executive Manager*
JOHN J. MACLAUGHLAN, '32 *Executive Manager*
FRANCIS J. MOYLAN, '31 . *Equipment Manager*
ARTHUR J. SMYTHE, '32 . *Equipment Manager*
THOMAS F. MCKEON, '33 }
PATRICK J. O'CONNELL, '31 } *Assisting Managers*
THOMAS A. CALLAHAN, '31 }
CHARLES J. MURPHY, '32 } . . . *Librarians*

An unprecedented number of applicants for the Holy Cross Musical Club last September, gave promise of an interesting and enthusiastic season for the Club, but the actual completion of the season's schedule more than gratified all pre-season hopes and desires. Playing and singing their way into the hearts of their audiences wherever they travelled, the Purple musicians this year succeeded in carrying the reputation, which Holy Cross musicians have enjoyed in the past, to new and enviable heights.

Under the capable direction of J. Edward Bouvier, who led the men not only in song, but in personality and in fun as well, two successful and thoroughly enjoyable trips were taken by the Club, in addition to several one-night concerts, which were none the less important.

Early in October the seemingly long and unending rehearsals were begun and three times every week, the musicians assembled to practice the selections which were later to bring them much well deserved praise. The first project of the year was undertaken on December second, when the Glee Club and the Band recorded some of the more popular of the school songs on a Victor record. The Glee Club rendered the "Varsity Song" and the "Alma Mater," while on the reverse side, the Band recorded a medley of songs, including "For Holy Cross," "Linden Lane," "Chu-chu, Rah, Rah," and "Mingle Your Cheers." The enterprise marked the first time that any of the school songs had been recorded and in view of the fact that the musicians had been together such a short time, it was a successful venture.

The first concert of the year was given at the State Sanatarium in Rutland, Mass., January 27. Four days later, the annual mid-term tour started. The itinerary of the trip included concerts in New York City, Albany, Northampton, and Fitchburg and in each of their appearances the musicians established their reputation as finished artists.

The program presented at these concerts opened with Herbert's overture, "American Fantasie," a stirring number typically portraying the more popular of the national songs. In this number, the Philharmonic Orchestra made its initial appearance to the audience and if first impressions are truly lasting, the Orchestra need never fear about the impression they left with their hearers. Such famous and popular selections as "Two Guitars,"

"Black Eyes" and "Valse des Fleurs" (Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite") were rendered in a manner which merited praise for the musicians and distinction for their untiring director. The "New Moon" was the "masterpiece" of the orchestra, as it was a singularly fine number well-executed.

The Glee Club made its appearance to the tune of "Hoiah, Holy Cross," and followed this with the "Varsity Song." The third number in this impressive opening group was a martial song "To Arms." A trio of "Sylvia," "Forgotten" and "Morning" comprised the next group by the Glee Club; in this group there was evidenced an artistic sense of harmony, variation and control, which is rarely found in amateur fields. "Song of the Vikings," "O'Donnell Aboo," "The Long Day Closes," "Adoramus Te," "Kyrie" (Gounod's Second Mass), the ever popular "Bells of Saint Mary's" and the impressive "In a Monastery Garden," which was presented by the entire Musical Club as a finale, completed the repertoire of the Glee Club. The numbers were well chosen to satisfy even the most diversified tastes of music lovers and there was not an audience which was not impressed by the versatility of the musicians.

Much of color and variety was added to the program by the solo work of several of the talented men. Daniel J. O'Neil, '31, who acted as concert master, played violin solos; Edward Xiques was saxophone soloist; Charles H. Doherty was xylophone soloist. Raymond J. Howe, '32, baritone soloist and Joseph A. Reynolds, '32, tenor soloist, also contributed solos which will be remembered as typifying the superb talent of the Club; and the ovations which the soloists merited gave evidence that their efforts were always well received.

The same program was presented with marked success in a series of concerts which included one in Providence, February 8, which was broadcast over WJAR of the National Broadcasting Company; one in Springfield, February 12; one at Weston College, March 25, and one in Fenwick Hall, March 27.

The Easter Tour, taken this year, was a welcome return to the former custom of Holy Cross Musical Clubs and its success was unprecedented. Starting in Stamford, Conn., on April 7, the Club gave concerts on successive evenings in Stamford, Waterbury, Danbury, Newark, N. J., and Paterson, N. J. In Newark, the Holy Cross Club gave a joint concert with the Glee Club from St. Elizabeth's College. This innovation was a most impressive occasion and it will linger long in the minds of the audience as well as in the hearts of the musicians as an evening when harmony of song and sentiment prevailed to furnish a most enjoyable time to all concerned. A return trip by boat lent the climactic touch to this, the most successful trip of the year.

On the day after their return to Mount Saint James, the Glee Club and the Purple Crusaders dance orchestra journed to Woonsocket, R. I. On April 21, Lowell cordially received the Purple musicians and on May 10, Jordan Hall in Boston, was the scene of the annual joint concert by the Musical Clubs of Boston College and Holy Cross. The Holy Cross Philharmonic Orchestra was not present at this concert, but the Glee Club and the instrumental soloists who did appear, nobly upheld the honor of the school before their rival musicians. The final concert of the year was held in Gloucester, Mass., where another success climaxed what has been an important milestone in the history of Holy Cross' Musical Clubs.

To the Purple Crusaders Dance Orchestra must be given great credit for the rhythmic strains of dance music which they provided the dancers at the conclusion of each concert. Under the direction of the inimitable Fred S. Mirliani, '32, the dance orchestra this year outdid all its competitors of former years, and the subdued rhythm lent a touch of perfection to many an enjoyable evening for the dancers who swayed and dreamed to their tunes.

For the latter half of the year, the program of both the Philharmonic Orchestra and the Glee Club underwent small, but significant changes. A liveliness of foreign music was supplied by the renditions of "In a Chinese Temple Garden" and "In a Persian Market (Ketelby) by the orchestra, while the Glee Club in its part sang a trio of Russian Folk Songs: "Fireflies," "Song of the Life-boat Men," in which Joseph F. Austin, '31, appeared as tenor soloist, and "At Father's Door." These numbers injected a liveliness to the program which found favor with all who were fortunate enough to hear them. "Chu-chu, Rah, Rah," "Miserere" (Allegri), and "Trumpeter" were further additions to the repertoire of the Glee Club; Alfred F. Davino, '34, played a trumpet solo in the last of these numbers.

To neglect to mention the Faculty Assistant and the student officers and managers would be to pass over those in whose hands lay the destinies of the Musical Club and under whose guidance the success of the year was achieved. To Father Gilleran, who accompanied the musicians on all their journeys, goes a tribute of praise and admiration for the efficient manner in which he supervised the arranging of concerts and the materialization of his well-laid plans. To the managers is due great credit for their supervision of the travel schedule and their able assistance to the musicians; and to the student officers falls the honor and title of guiding by their example and encouragement the actions of their songmates.

Dramatics

HOLY CROSS PLAYERS 1930-31

Dramatic Director	Rev. J. P. Flanagan, S.J.
Business Director	Rev. E. M. Sullivan, S.J.
Stage Manager	Charles Murphy, '31
Technician	Ralph Thompson, '33
Master of Properties	J. Russell O'Reilly, '31
Master of Costumes	Raymond Martin, '31
Publicity	John McGuire, '31
Business Manager	Edward Keenan, '31
President	Nicholas J. Healy, '31
Vice-President	James Deeley, '31
Secretary	Samuel Smith, '32

Under the intensity of the directive genius of Rev. John P. Flanagan, S.J., the dramatic activities of the Holy Cross students flourished through a successful year. The dramatic society, under the organization name of *The Holy Cross Players* produced three thoroughly creditable presentations during the past season. First a four-act play, "R. J.," which was an adaptation from Roi Cooper Megrue's "Under Cover," secondly, the One-Act Play Night, which saw the finished interpretation of Middlemas' and Hall's "The Valiant," Sir James Barrie's "The Will" and Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon." All three one-act offerings were masterpieces that required expert rendition and acting. The judgment of the audience was that nothing could be wanting in the manner or effect of the presentations. And as a climax to the year's achievements the end of April brought with it a Shakespearean tragedy, "Julius Caesar," whose best recommendation is the fact that the box-office increased noticeably the sale of tickets on the second night, which goes to prove that the first-night audience approved and urged others to see the splendid production performed in the Worcester Theatre.

THE HOLY CROSS PLAYERS

In a Modern Drama

"R. J."

An Adaptation of "Under Cover"

December 16 and 17, 1930 Fenwick Hall—Holy Cross College

CAST OF CHARACTERS

James Duncan *Assistant at Customs*	Gerald McGratty
Tom Malone, *a Custom Inspector*	J. Andrew Burke
Peter, *Office Boy at the Customs*	A. McCarty
Daniel Taylor, *a Deputy in the Customs*	Robert Lally
Sarah Peabody	William K. Trivett
Robert Cartwright	Bernard Hampsey
Amy Cartwright	James J. Deeley
Michael Harrington	James D. Sullivan
Lambert, *Butler at the Harringtons'*	C. Graf
Nora Rutledge	James J. Deeley
Alice Harrington	William K. Trivett
Monty Vaughn	Donald McCann
Stephen Denby	Thomas Dwyer

"R. J.," a modern drama of unceasing popularity was a fitting vehicle in which the newly formed society took its bow, before a crowded audience in Fenwick Hall. The performance of the players was a result of seven weeks of careful training under the experienced tutelage of Father Flanagan, S.J. This moderator-director has had wide and thorough familiarity with all the phases of amateur presentations. Under his pointed criticisms the members of the cast came to know the most minute shadings of the characters which they were portraying. With his hearty encouragement and individual co-operation, a solidly functioning group of comparative strangers to "the boards" became finished players.

The star of the first production was Thomas Dwyer, who played the part of Stephen Denby. With no previous college experience whatever, Dwyer took possession of his character Denby, and wielded it in such a manner as to bring out his own personal charms, together with the individual perculiarities required in the portrayal of the hero of the play. Playing Robert Cartwright, the part adapted, Hampsey gave a good account of himself in a role none too easy in portrayal. The girls of the play were ably and well presented by William Trivett as a hard-boiled smuggler at the Customs Office, and also as the wife of Michael Harrington, a rich Long Islander. James J. Deeley, taking care of the two female roles of Amy Cartwright and Nora Rutledge, displayed unusual powers of stage poise and dramatic sense. Don McCann, playing opposite Deeley in the ingenue, almost stole the show. Andy Burke lent the comic relief with such effect that the drama was almost upset into a comedy for a while.

Another "find" unearthed in this first activity of the society was that of Robert Lally, who played the part of Daniel Taylor. This was the first time Lally had appeared before an audience and his absolute freedom from the effects of stage fright is little less than miraculous. His presence and his natural performance showed a complete mastery of the difficult and vacillating personality of the Customs Inspector, who was in the business for the money it could bring in the line of graft.

It would seem that the greatest thrill the director gets out of his coaching is to develop potentialities and uncover natural talent. Throughout the year he has followed this practice with gratifying results.

THE ONE-ACT PLAYS

"THE VALIANT"

James Dyke, *a prisoner*	Owen P. McGivern, '31
Warden Holt	Nicholas J. Healy, 3rd, '31
Father Daly	James D. Sullivan, '31
Josephine Paris	James J. Deeley, '31
A Prison Attendant	Carl Graf, '34

"THE WILL"

Mr. Philip Ross	Thomas H. Dwyer, '33
Mrs. Philip Ross	William K. Trivett, '34
Elder Devizes	Edward Hidalgo, '33
His Son	Harry B. Furay, '33
Surtees	Samuel Smith, '32

"THE RISING OF THE MOON"

Sergeant O'Flynn	Raymond A. Howe, '32
Policeman Moran	Thomas Caulfield, '32
A Fugitive	J. Andrew Burke, '32

The one-act plays also brought forth previously unknown ability in the person of James Sullivan, Owen McGivern, Harry Furay, Thomas Caulfield and Raymond Howe. Dwyer played up to expectations and Healy ran true to form according to his standards established in last year's productions. Healy is president of the society and has long been connected with dramatic activities, both in high school and here at the Cross. Through his four years he has given many excellent examples of dramatic talent. Jim Deeley, who has been continually cast in the feminine lead roles, deserves credit, both for his acting and for his activity in the society itself. He was one of the most energetic members of the organization, having a hand in almost every line of work that had to be accomplished.

McGivern's portrayal of the valiant, condemned man was fraught with throbbing pathos. His flair for the dramatic in word and action made him make of his part a solemn masterpiece. He was inspiring. Hidalgo first revealed himself as the candidate for next year's stellar positions, in his creditable performance of the intricate character, the old lawyer in "The Will." Sam Smith, as the clerk, did well in the character part.

The One-Act Plays were additions of so much more glory to the, by that time, firmly established fame of the society, for finished productions, and worthwhile performances.

THE HOLY CROSS PLAYERS

In a Shakespearean Tragedy

"JULIUS CAESAR"

After the Stage Version of Edwin Booth

APRIL 29-30, 1931 WORCESTER THEATRE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JULIUS CAESAR, *Perpetual Dictator*	Nicholas Healy, '31
MARC ANTONY, *Consul*	Owen P. McGivern, '31
OCTAVIUS CAESAR	Frederick Waters, '34
MARCUS BRUTUS, *Conspirator*	Bernard Hampsey, '31 Francis J. Moakley, '32 William Zeller, '33

(Each of these three played in one of the three performances.)

CAIUS CASSIUS, *Conspirator*	Harry Kirwin, '33 Edward Hidalgo, '33
CASCA, *Conspirator*	Harry Kirwin, '33 Edward Hidalgo, '33

(These students alternated in the two parts.)

TREBONIUS DECIUS BRUTUS METELLUS CIMBER CINNA	*Conspirators*	Matthew Murray, '32 Donald McCann, '32 Carl Graf, '34 John M. Percy, '32

POPILIUS LENA, *friend of Caesar*	Joseph O'Reilly, '33
SOOTHSAYER	Samuel Smith, '32
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius*	Donald H. McCann, '32
LUCIUS, *servant to Brutus*	Thomas J. O'Keefe, '33
SERVIUS, *servant to Antony*	Frank Sullivan, '31
FLAVIUS, *servant to Caesar*	J. Albert Currier, '33
TITINIUS, *friend of Brutus and Cassius*	Joseph O'Reilly, '33
FIRST CITIZEN	Samuel D. Smith, '32
SECOND CITIZEN	John A Burke, '32
CALPURNIA, *wife of Caesar*	James J. Deeley, '31
PORTIA, *wife of Brutus*	William Trivett, '34

CITIZENS—Charles W. Boyle, '31 John J. Morgan, '31; Hugh J. Duggan, Jr., '31; Luis T. Sanchez, '31; Luke J. Macken, Jr., '31; Frank J. Moylan, '31; James F. Henry, '31; Francis B. Jeremia, '33; Rocco J. Fannelli, '32; John J. O'Connor, '32; Raymond T. Coughlin, '32; John M. Ducey, '32; Ray Howe, '32; William J. O'Connor, '32; Harold F. Rafferty, '32; Charles J. Murphy, '32; Raymond J. Loftus, '32; Francis Gallagher, 3rd, '32; Francis Costigan, '33; William J. Dozois, '34.

SENATORS—Joseph Bracken, '32; Daniel Lynch, '32; Thomas Bannin, '32; John B. O'Donnell, '32; Leo Kelly, '32; Raymond Leddy, '33; Daniel Mooney, '33; John Kilroy, '34.

SOLDIERS—James Auth, '31; Eugene P. McCue, '32; Stephen P. Bergin, '32; Louis J. Barry, '32; Francis P. Cronin, '33; Thomas Scannell, '33; Ignatius Zyntell, '33; Thomas McNally, '33.

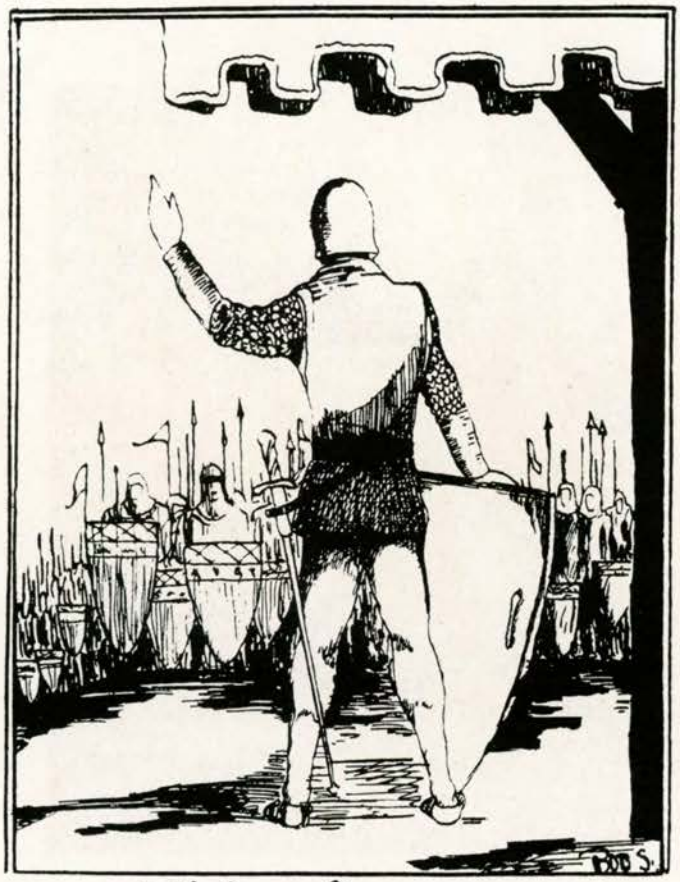
SCENES FROM "R. J."

"Julius Caesar," magnificently staged, gorgeously costumed and perfectly trained, was presented to an expectant and appreciative audience on April 29th and 30th, in the Worcester Theatre, by the Holy Cross Players. The show was a gala affair, fit for the closing of a more than successful year. Many Seniors made their adieux to amateur productions in it, many made both their debuts and their adieux. Sixty players on a crowded stage and an audience that saw not the cramped conditions, but lived the tense *magnum opus* of the Avon Dramatist. . . . A mob that would do credit to the masterful direction of the coach alone, in its powerful and feeling, (if a bit too well-ordered), reactions. . . . A group of principals, so ably trained that it would have been an unfeeling, practical-minded idiot that could find any major flaws in the general effect produced by the whole play. The expounding of the powerful Marc Antony by Owen McGivern was impressive. The fire of Edward Hidalgo as Cassius, on the first night and Casca on the second night was remarkable. This rising Sophomore's dramatic talent seems to admit no bounds. Much shall be expected of him within the next two years, and he has much to give. His versatility won the admiration of all who saw both performances, and his genius commanded the respect of those who saw him but once. Here is a future Hampden. Harry Kirwin alternated in these parts with Hidalgo and lent variety and cleverness.

Dramatics, as an extra-curricular activity has assumed enormous proportions within this past year, enlisting the interest of some eighty-odd students. The ability, energy and manner of the coach, Fr. Flanagan has been substantially the cause of this interest, since it has been fully proven by him that anyone can try out for a part, and if he has anything in him at all, he has as much of a chance at getting the part as the most favored member of the society itself. Impartiality and an unceasing search for talent has brought to the fore many students who would have remained hidden if favoritism or precedent had been the standard of choice in selection of casts.

Credit must be given also to the Business Moderator, Father Edward M. Sullivan, S.J., and the Business Manager, Ed Keenan and all those stage, costume and property men without whose constant aid and efficient handling of their work, the productions could not have attained the almost professional effect they did. Especially is recognition to be given to Charlie Murphy, '31, the stage manager; Ralph Thompson, '33, technician and Ray O. Martin, '31, Costume Manager.

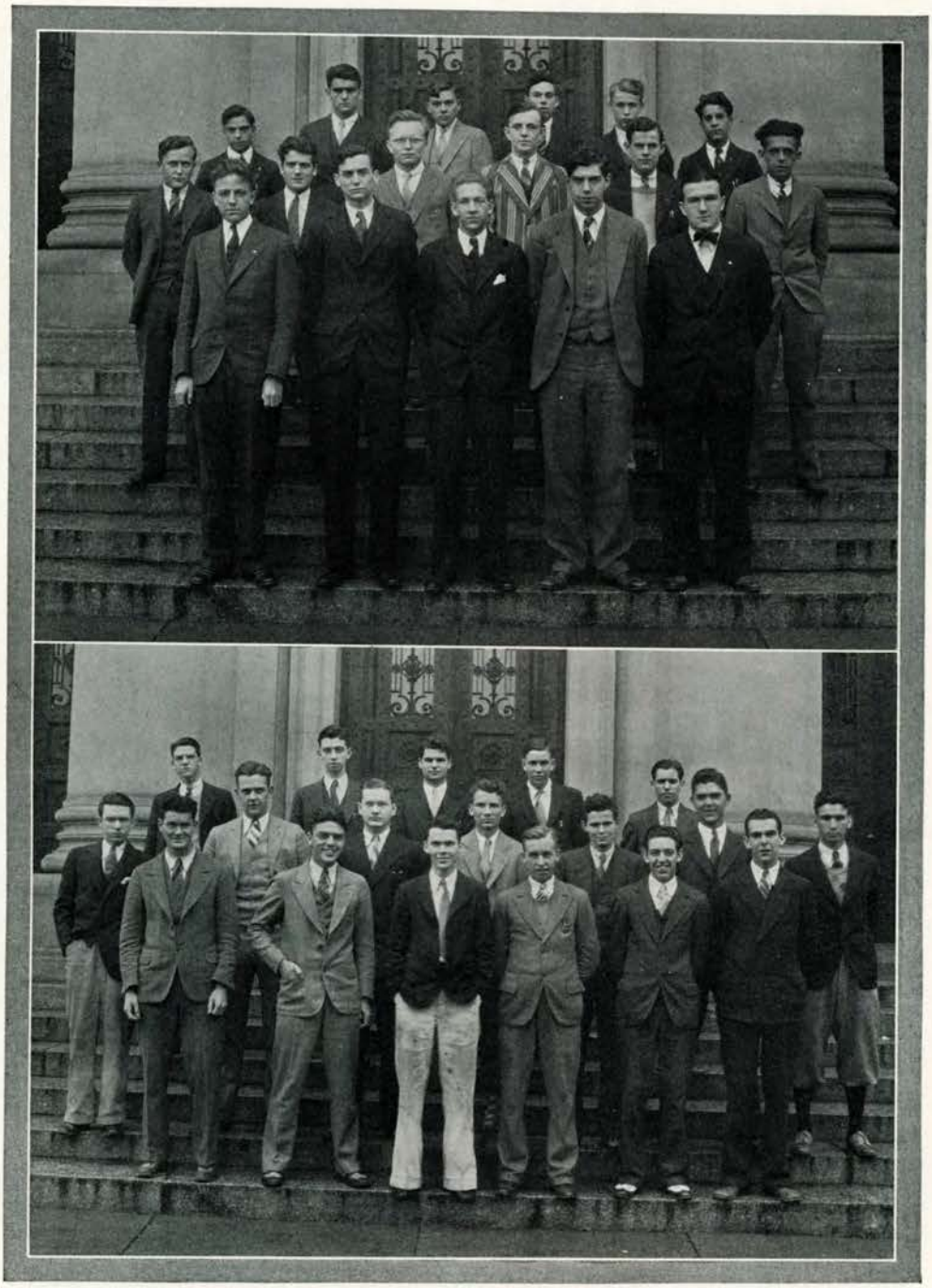
SCENES FROM "JULIUS CAESAR"



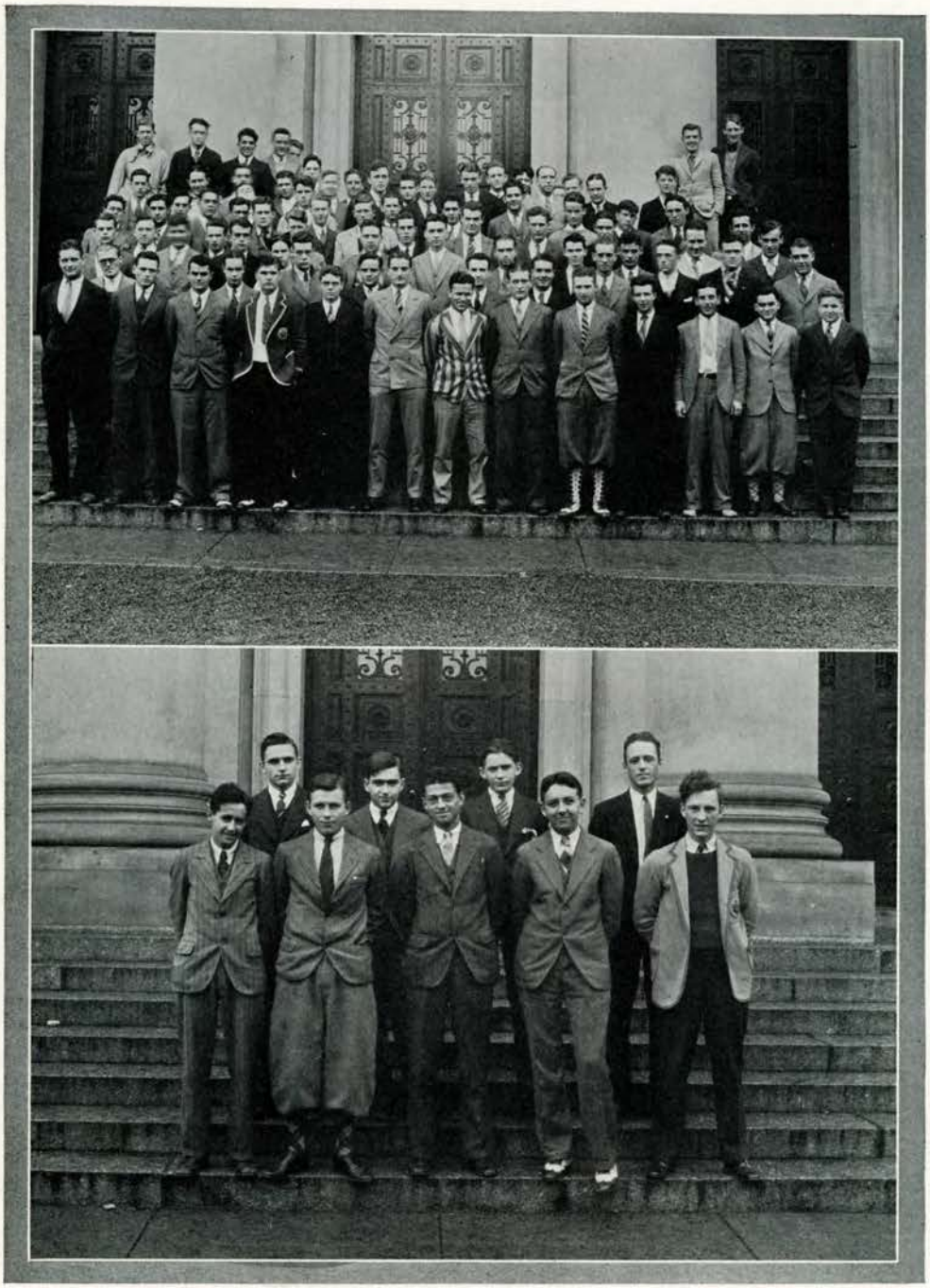
Clubs

Club Presidents

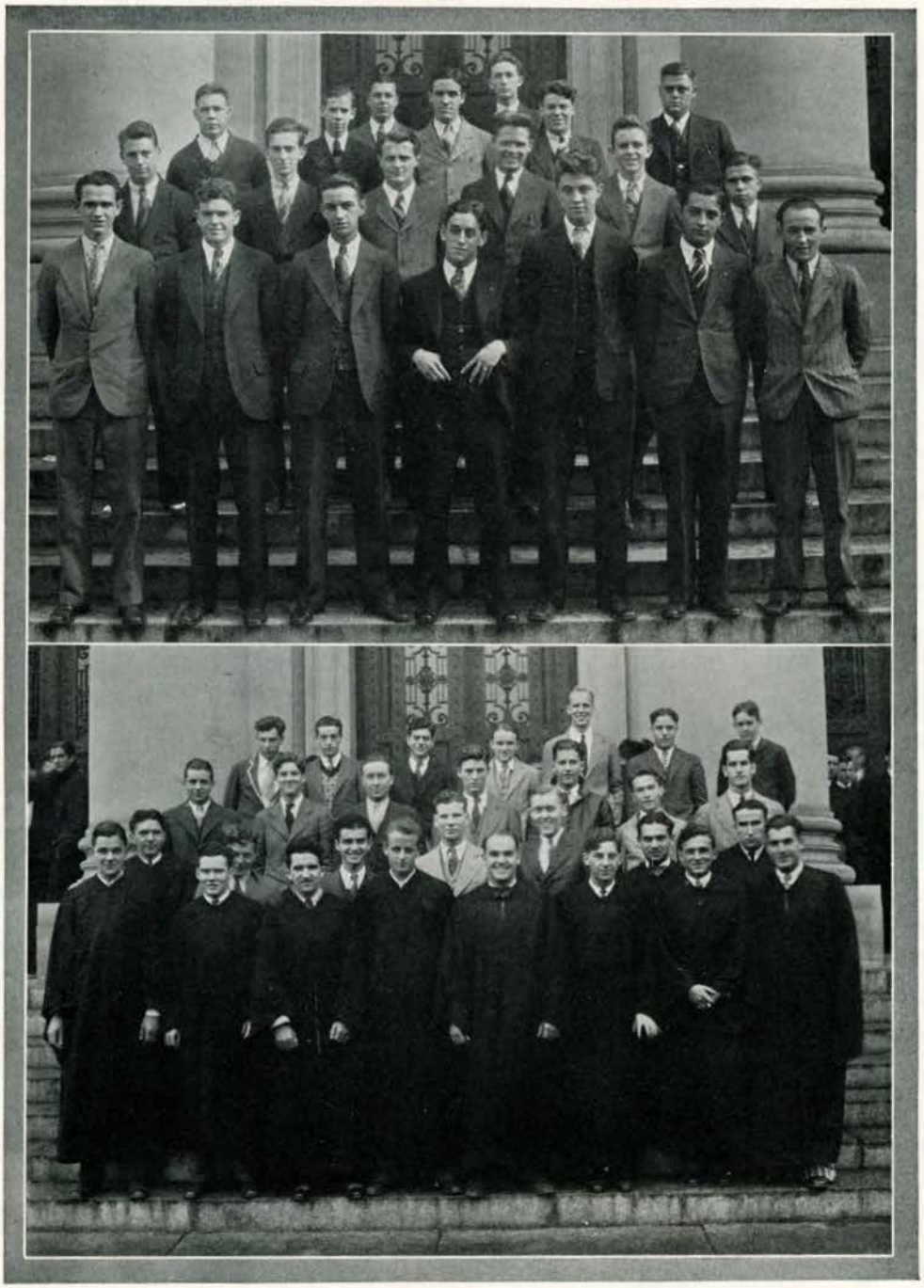
Albany	Thomas J. Kane
Berkshire	Thomas F. X. Callahan
Boston	James G. Sliney
Fall River	Joseph M. Connor
Fitchburg	Bernard L. Doheny
Hartford	Frank T. Carney
Holyoke	George F. Murray
Lowell	Donald Shanahan
Maine	Joseph Houlihan
Manchester	Thomas J. Goonan
Metropolitan	Edward J. Keenan
New Jersey	Joseph Mullin
New Haven	Frank J. Kinney
New Bedford	Hugh Duggan
Newport	Thomas Christensen
Ohio	Raymond Martin
Pennsylvania	John Mayock
Pittsburgh	Bernard Paul Hampsey
Rhode Island	Leo M. Cooney
Southern	Patrick J. Byrne
Springfield	Daniel J. O'Neil
Waterbury	Charles Murphy
Western	George Baldwin
Western New York	George Brunner
Worcester	Charles Friel



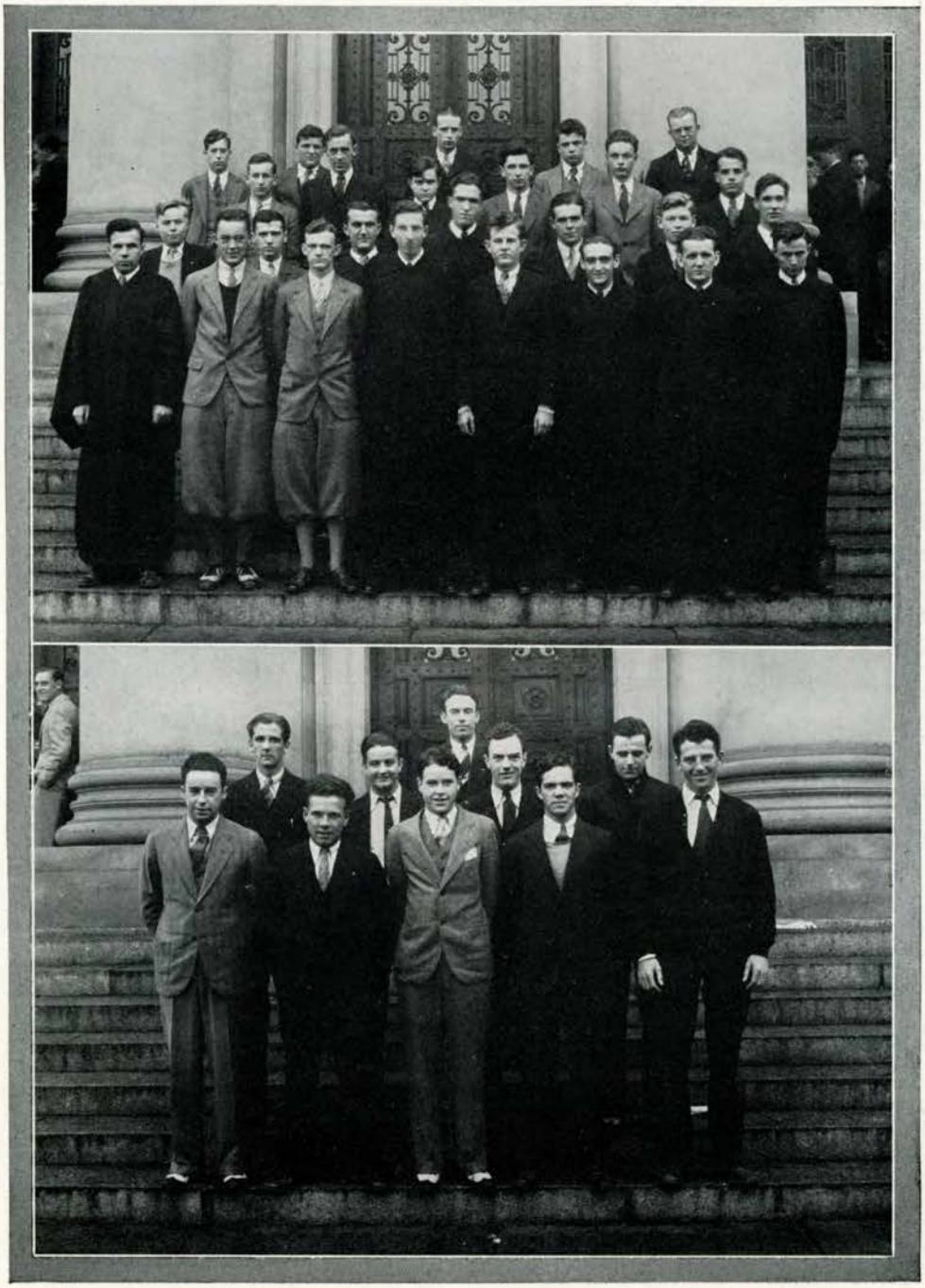
ALBANY CLUB
BERKSHIRE CLUB



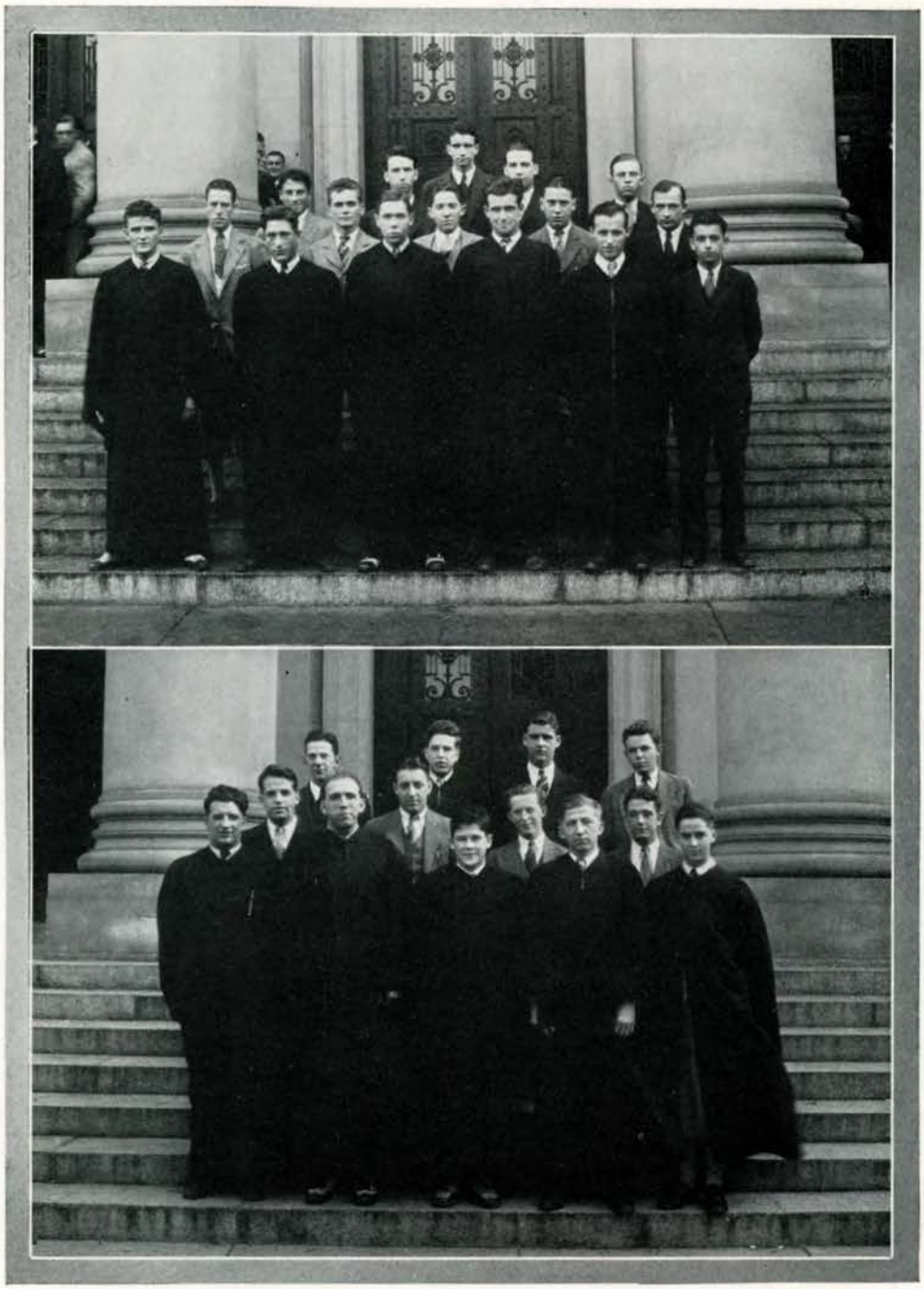
BOSTON CLUB
FALL RIVER CLUB



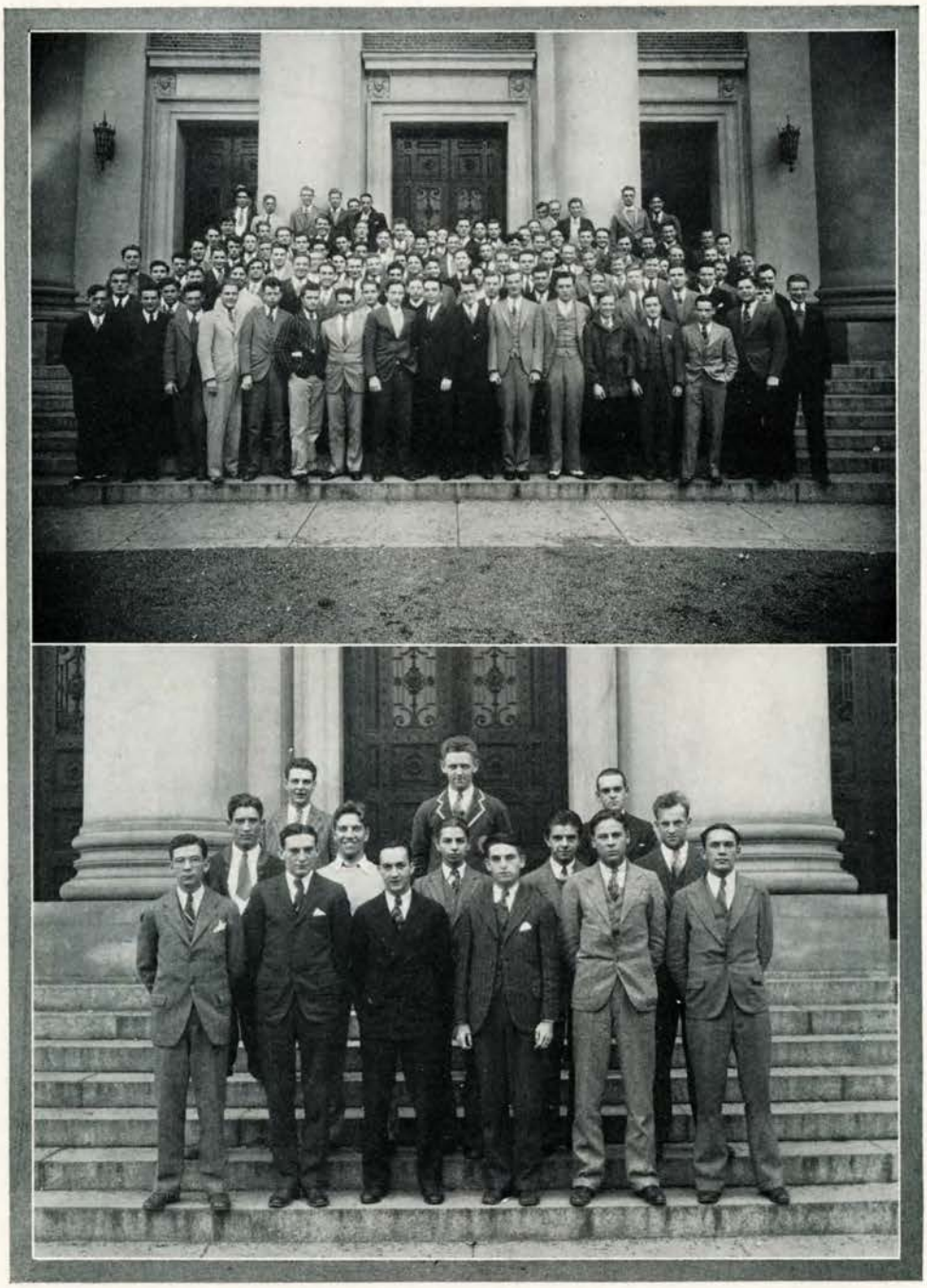
FITCHBURG CLUB
HARTFORD CLUB



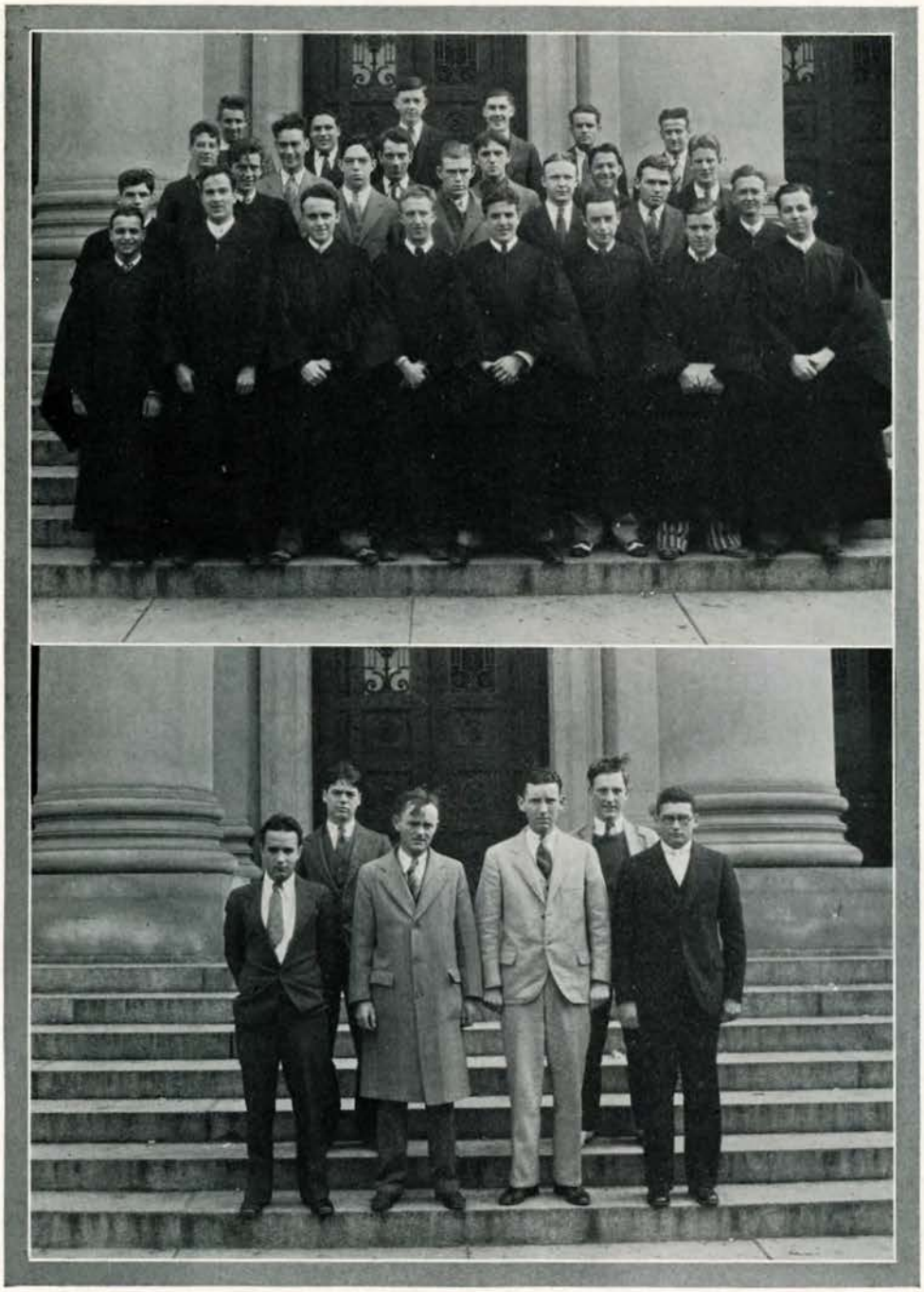
HOLYOKE CLUB
LOWELL CLUB



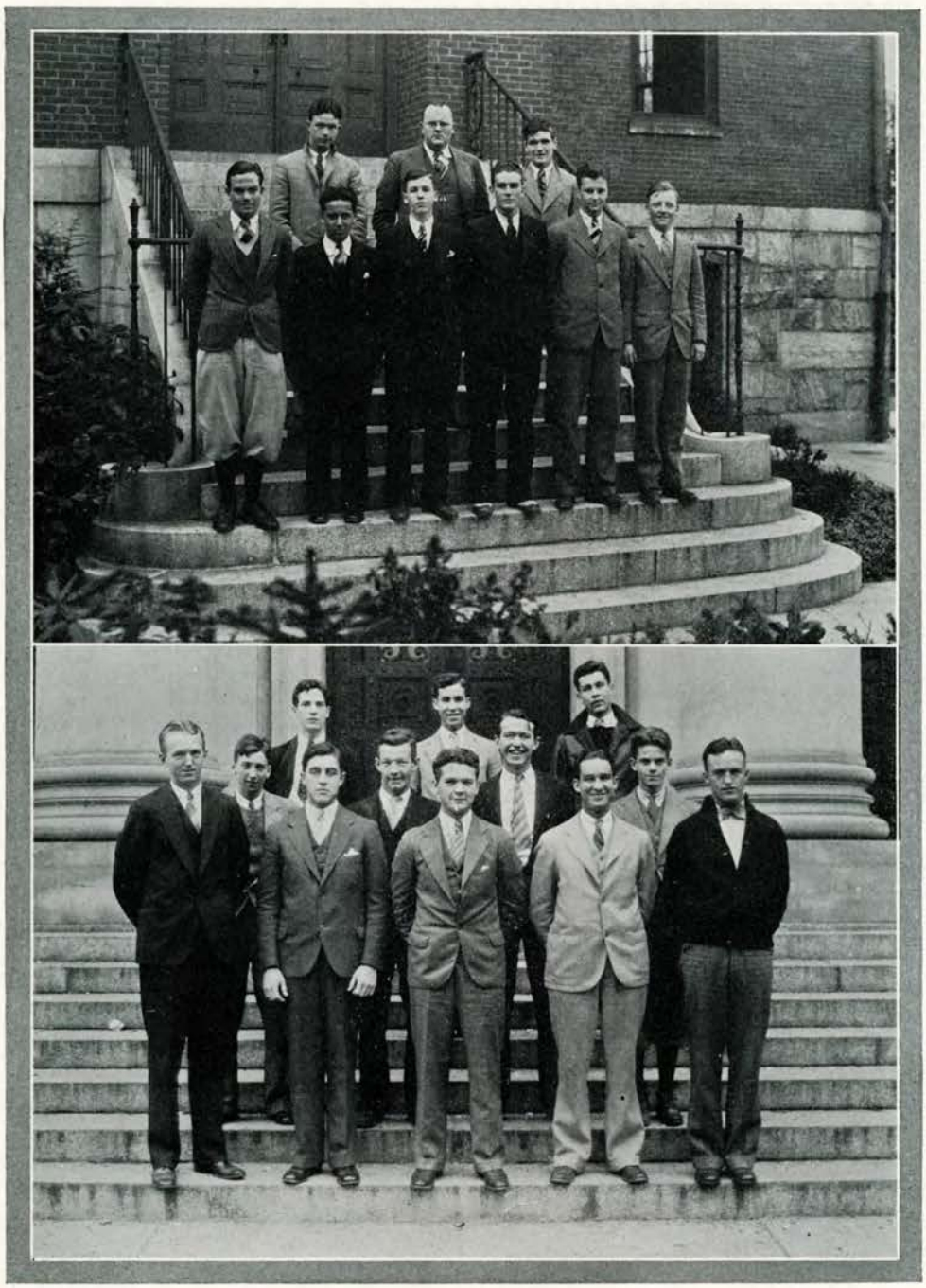
MAINE CLUB
MANCHESTER CLUB



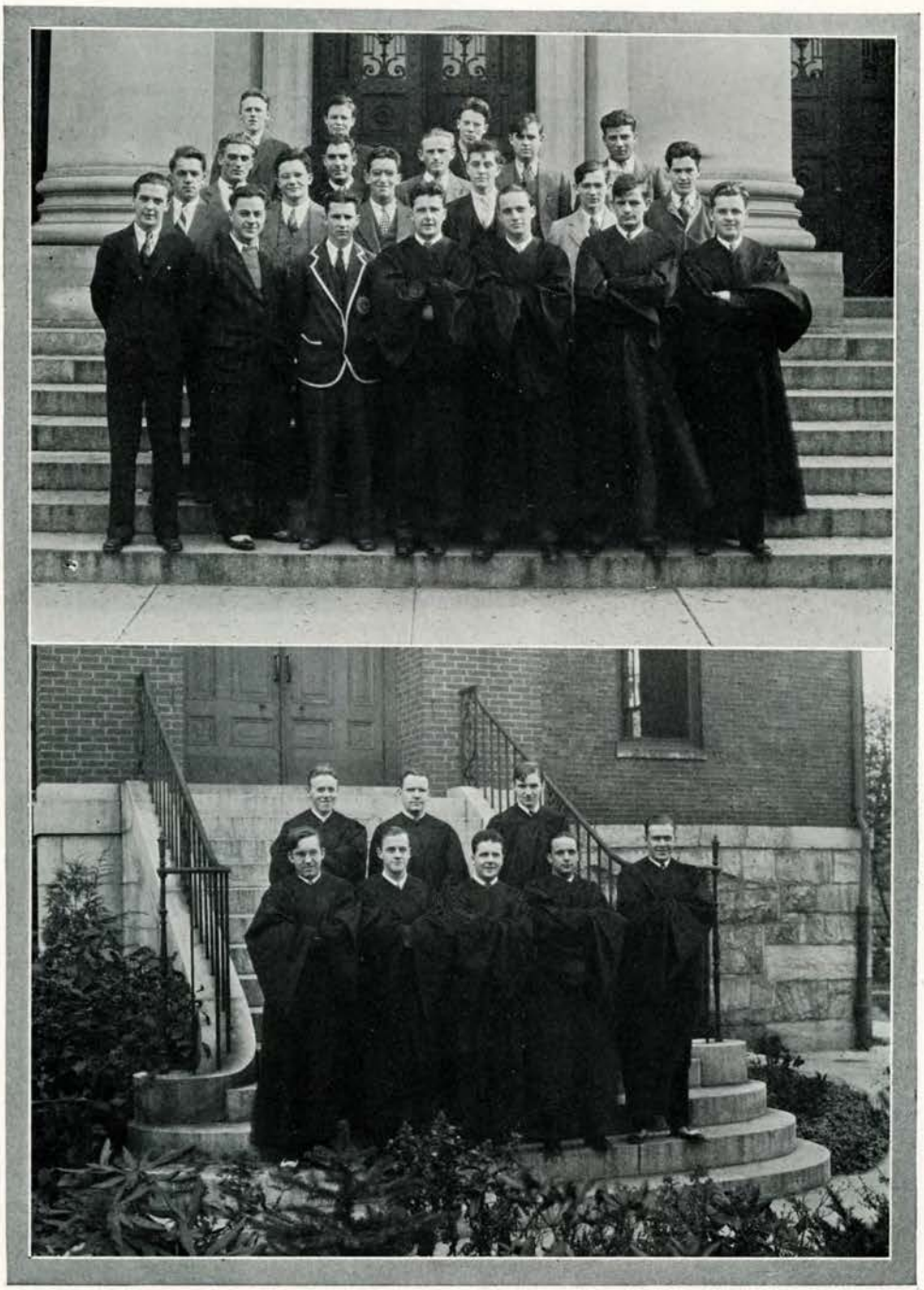
METROPOLITAN CLUB
NEW JERSEY CLUB



NEW HAVEN CLUB
NEW BEDFORD CLUB



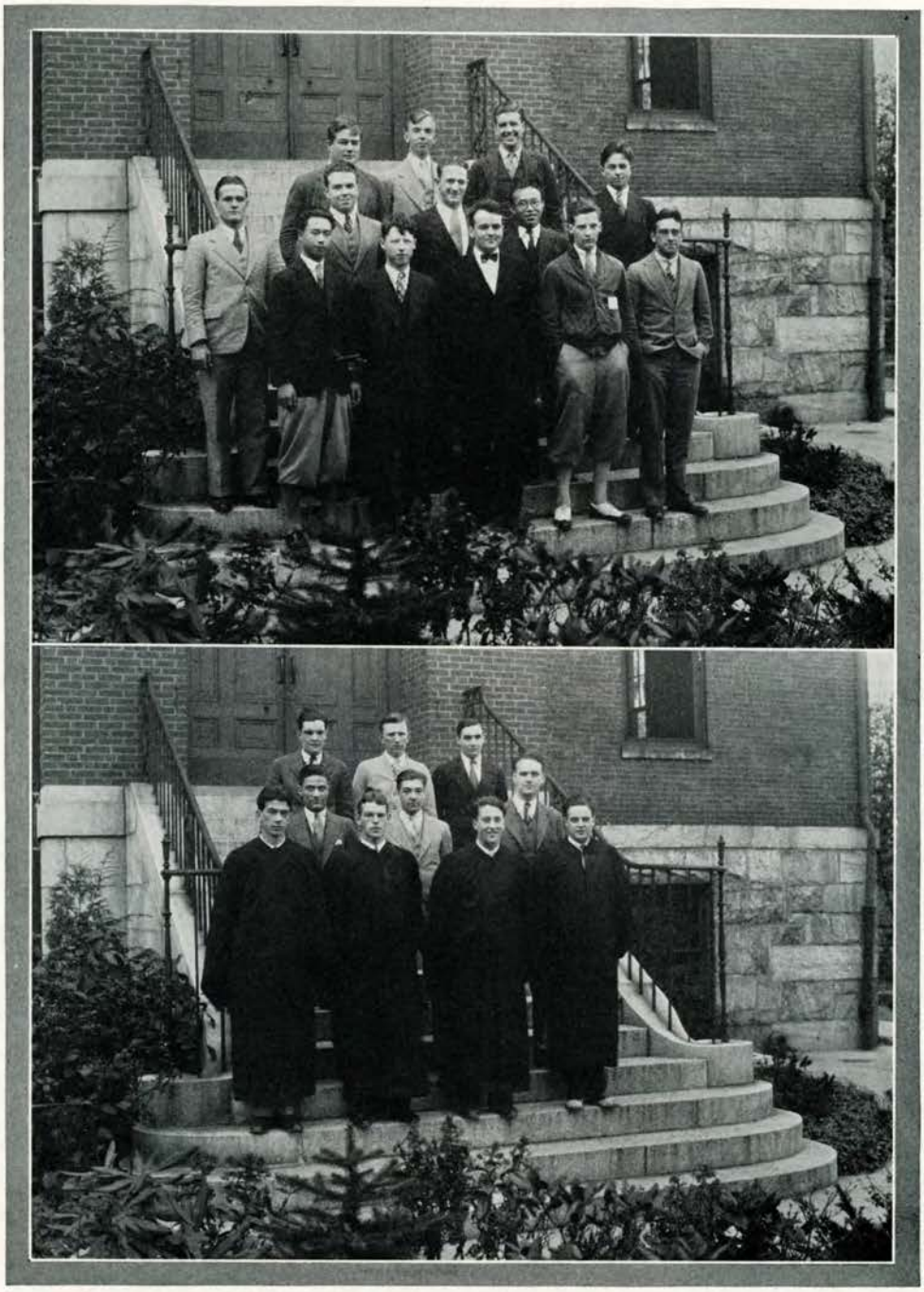
NEWPORT CLUB
OHIO CLUB



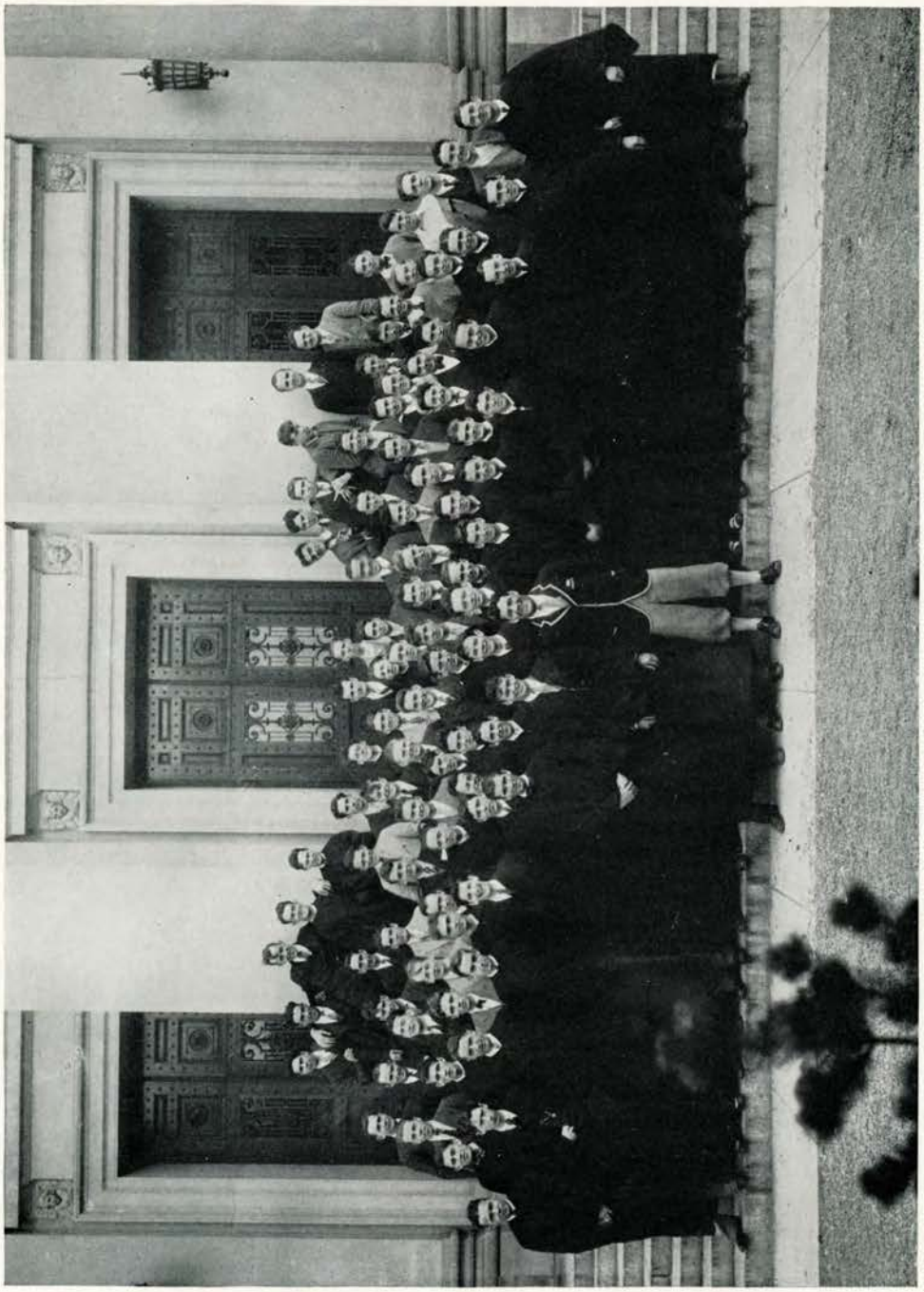
PENNSYLVANIA CLUB
PITTSBURGH CLUB

RHODE ISLAND CLUB
SOUTHERN CLUB

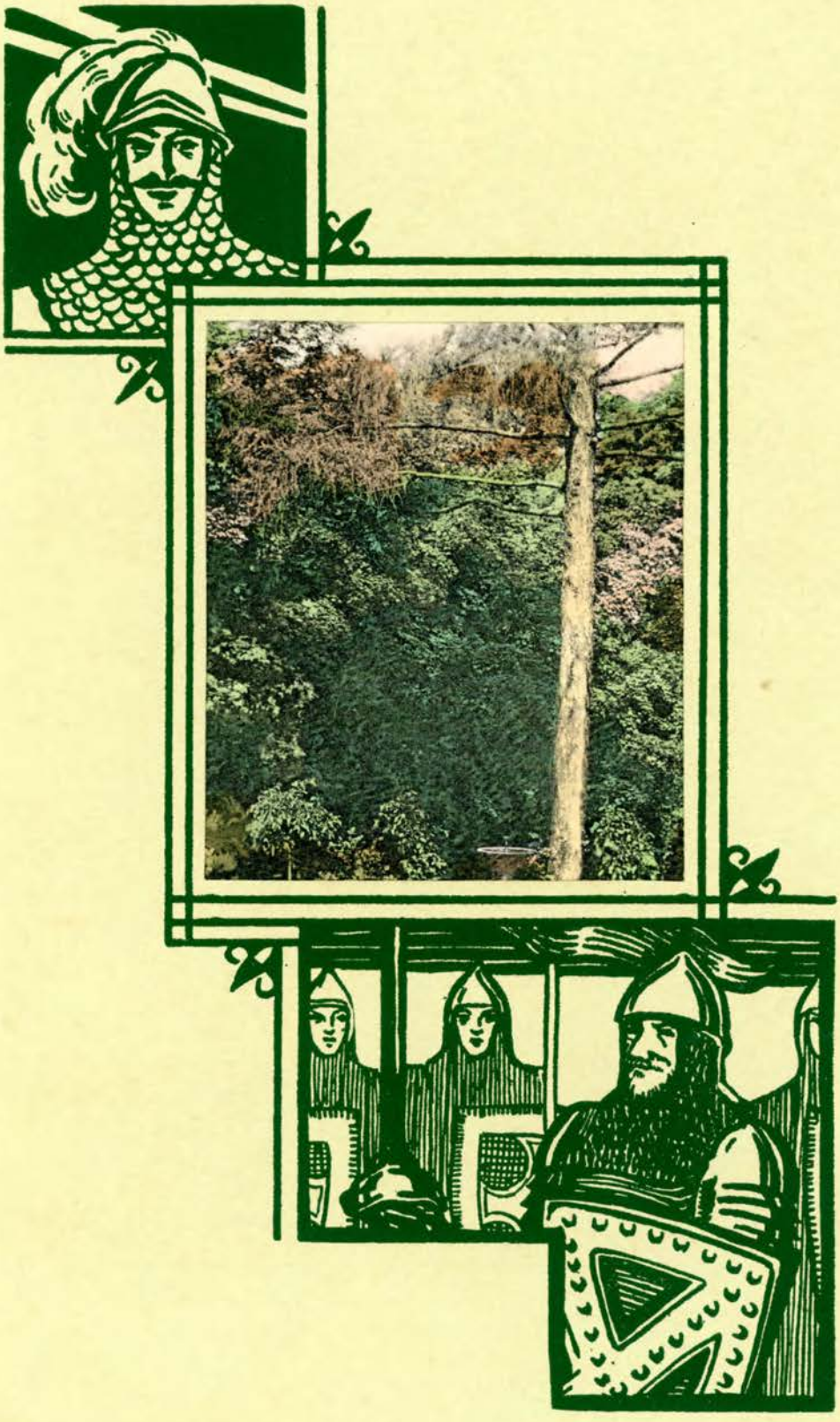
SPRINGFIELD CLUB
WATERBURY CLUB



WESTERN CLUB
WESTERN NEW YORK CLUB



WORCESTER CLUB



1931 At the Polls

Most Popular	Bill Earls
Most Versatile	Garrity
Done Most for H. C.	McGivern
Class Politician	Goonan and Madden
Hardest Worker	O'Reilly, J. R.
Most Serious	Jim Sullivan
Most Easy-Going	Dan Mahoney
Most Modest	Drohan and Sims
Most Loquacious	McGivern
Best Business Man	Madden
Least Appreciated	O'Reilly, J. R.
Best Dressed	Charley Buckley; Earls Bros.
Favorite Luxury	Sleeping
Comedian	Hank Connolly
Most Sincere	Jim Sullivan
Favorite Magazine	Colliers
Favorite Movie	Criminal Code
Favorite Girl's College	New Rochelle
Best Musician	Ed Xiques
Best Dancer	John Bennett
Best Student	Bob Whitfield
Smallest	"Bunny" Doheny
Biggest	"Porky" Pyne
Handsomest	Ed Keleher and Tubber Farrel
Cutest	Clarke Carle
Noisiest	McCool and Sanchez
Shiek	Finneran
Wildest	Johnny Morgan
Parlor Hound	Tom Argy
Best Butt-Bummer	Ambrose and Ridge
Answer to a Maiden's Prayer	Gawge Cote
Coziest	Frank Kinney
Most Originial	Bob Seaman
Favorite Books	Masterful Monk and Young Man of Manhattan
Best Actress	Marliene Deitrich
Favorite Study	Matrimony

Holy Cross Songs

ALMA MATER

Oh, hear thy sons in happy song,
Holy Cross, old Holy Cross,
Thy sons are loyal, true and strong,
Holy Cross, old Holy Cross,
Thy purple banners float on high,
While songs of praise swell to the sky,
Thy honored name shall never die,
Holy Cross, old Holy Cross.

VARSITY SONG

Hail, Alma Mater,
Hail, Holy Cross,
Fair Pakachoag,
On high thy banners toss,
Hail to thy warriors,
Valiant for thee,
Hail to the Purple Var-si-ty.

FIGHT, HOLY CROSS

Fight, Holy Cross!
The Purple team is out for glory.
Fight, Holy Cross!
We'll tell —— the same old story,
The game is on; on they come;
We'll give a cheer for our team triumphant.
Smash! Bang! We'll rip their line,
And whoop it up for Holy Cross.

CRUSADERS' MARCH

Give a toast to Holy Cross today,
The old college on the hill,
Let's salute her purple banner,
As it floats for all to thrill.
Sing her praises, sing out loud and bold.
The Crusaders' battle cry,
As we march along to victory,
Holy Cross shall never die.

CHU-CHU SLOGAN

Ring out then your hoiah,
With a chu, chu, rah, rah,
Chu, chu, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Give another hoiah,
And a chu, chu, rah, rah,
A chu, chu, rah, rah, for Holy Cross.
March on as knights of old
With hearts as loyal and true and bold,
And wage the bitter fight with all your
might;
Fight hard for Holy Cross. Rah! Rah! Rah!
You'll know when battle's done;
It was for her that the fight was won.
Oh, may it never die, that battle cry,
On, on for Holy Cross.

Senior Class Song

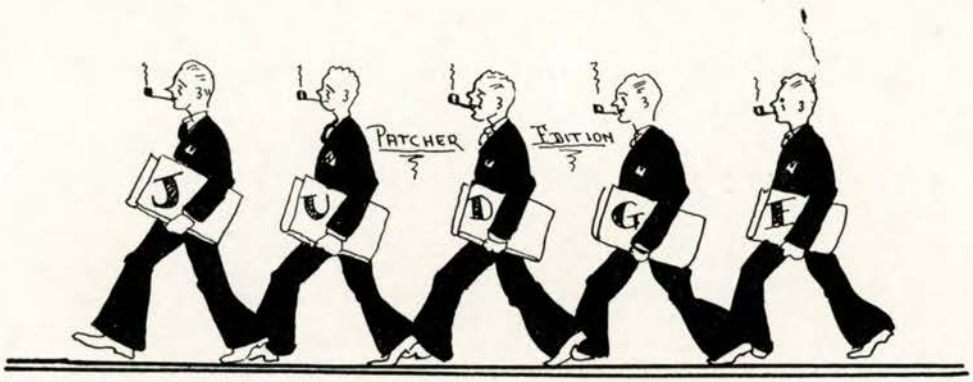
Vale

Music: Ed Xiques Words: Bob Seaman

Old Holy Cross, we sing of you,
Your fame will live always.
Loyalty will never die,
As we sing your praise.
Oh, Alma Mater, hearts are true
That raise your name on high.
We pledge our strength and say adieu
To you, old Holy Cross.

To you we sing.
Our praises bring.

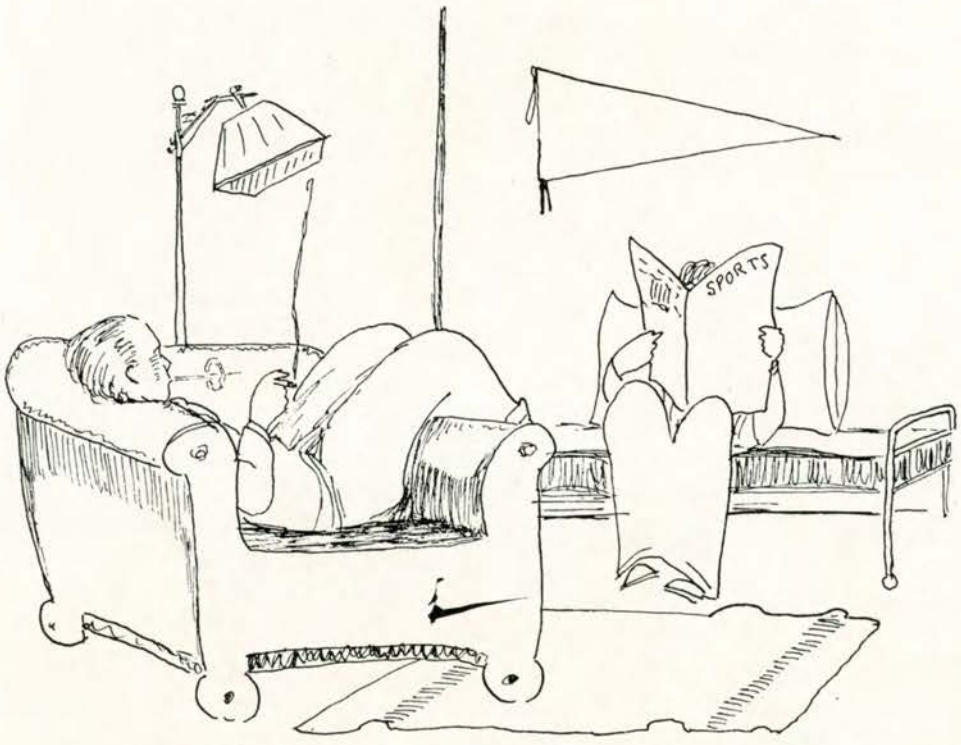
Old Holy Cross, we sing of you,
Your fame—(as above).



HANK CONNOLLY, *Editor* JAMES J. C. DOYLE HENRY F. ALBRECHT, *Contributing Editors*

Judge - - - Patcher Edition

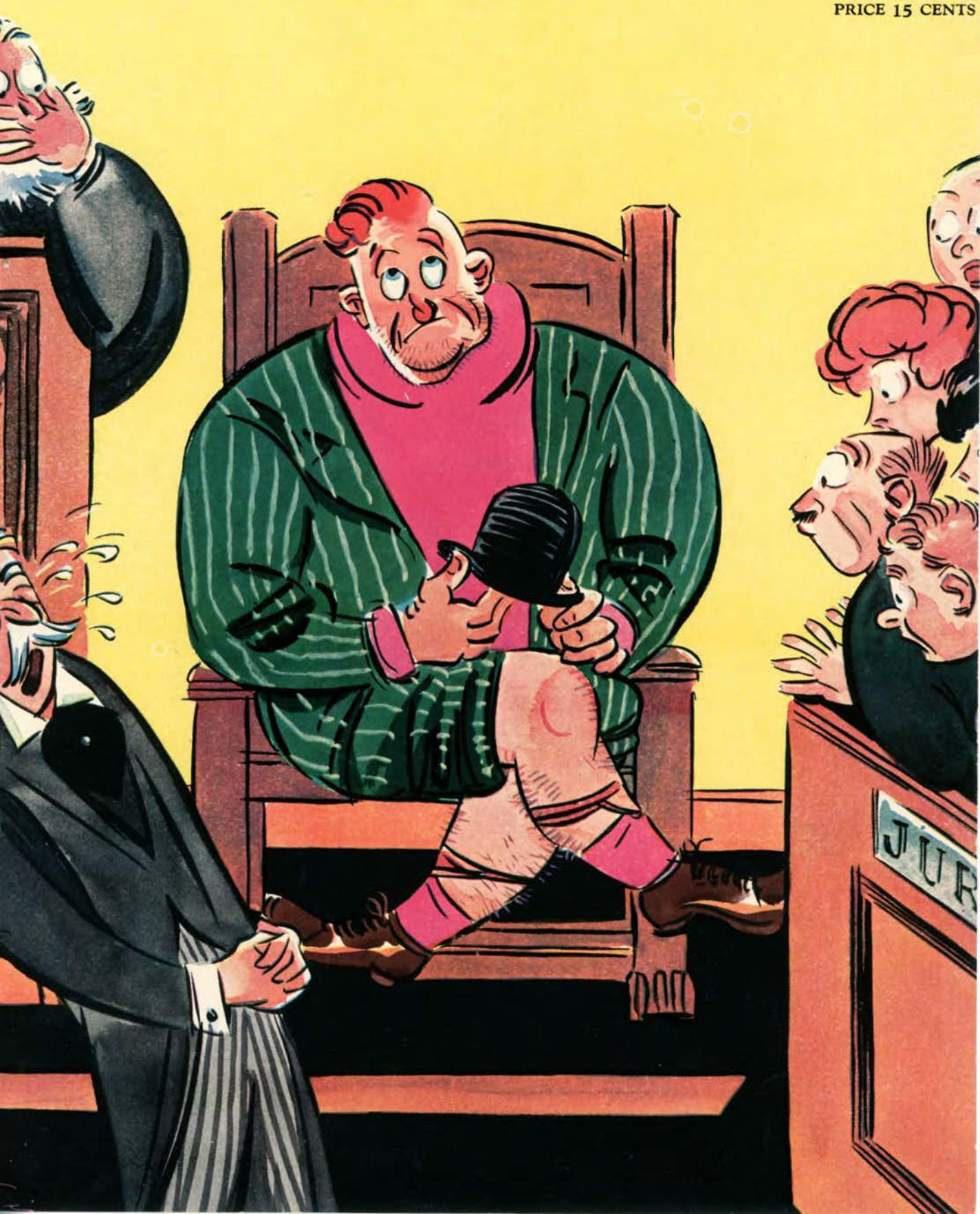
This section of the PURPLE PATCHER, painstakingly edited, is a burlesque of the well-known humor magazine, *Judge*. For this privilege we are deeply indebted to Jack Shuttleworth for his gracious permission in allowing us this liberty.



"Yeah, this place isn't so bad, but there's too much work to do."

JUDGE

MARCH 21, 1931
PRICE 15 CENTS



JUDGE

THROUGH THE REC HALL WITH GUN AND CAMERA

By Legs Diamond

"Shall we join the ladies?" I asked my friend Kermit, as we stood in the library of Prattney Manor. Kermit was a tall, dark blond with round shoulders and tricky knees. His eyes were like ivory when he smiled, his ears were a watery blue and his two chins, which didn't match very well, gave him a sinister expression.

"Ah, bother the ladies," he retorted impatiently, "what's say, old fellow, to an hour on the river in my new punt?" We could hear the music floating softly out of the ballroom as we sauntered through the pergola and on down to the river. "Do you like to punt?" I queried a little wistfully.

"Oh yes," replied my host, "I was the best punter in my class at Baliol. Then with the advent of the lateral pass, punting lost favor. I lost my punting pole and Baliol lost me."

By this time we were on the river, gliding along peacefully. Suddenly a woman's scream rent the air and sent the echoes reverberating down in back of the stables, across the railroad tracks and on to the Providence Road.

"Great Scott!" I shouted.

"Great Scott!" Kermit cried.

"Ditto!" I replied.

"The same for me," returned Kermit, "but make mine milk instead of coffee."

It seemed an eternity before we reached the shore. Quite out of breath we dashed into the library. The music had ceased and an eerie silence hovered over the Prattney estate. I had a feeling that something had stopped the gayety of the dance, something like a woman's scream or something, but I wasn't sure.

I was accepted as an amateur detective at the time, so I proceeded to take charge. "Up with your hands," I cried menacingly, "all of you." "Here you—line up there!" The sight of my small, but wicked looking automatic with its New Departure coaster brake made the guests huddle in one corner. I glanced furtively about the room for clues. There was a huge bloodstain on the rug, but I chucked it aside as insignificant. I glanced at the bridge lamp and it merely lowered its eyes guiltily. The only other clue was an old fountain pen, named Meadows, which had been with the family for years. "Did I hear a woman scream?" I demanded testily. (I have found in my experience that testily demanding is the best form of demanding, that is of course, if you want to go in for demanding seriously.)

Our charming hostess stepped forward, "Why no, Mr. Fnuh, no one screamed in here," said m'lady a little stiffly. (I learned at the inquest that she had been playing handball all morning.)

"My humblest apologies," I replied, "I thought I heard a woman scream."

In less time than it takes to tell, my host and I were back on the river gliding peacefully along. Suddenly a scream rent the air and sent the echoes scurrying down toward Leominster.

"Great Scott!" I shouted.

"Oh no!" Kermit snarled, "we're not going all through that again."

We just reached the library before the police arrived. On the floor we saw the twisted form of Henry Knights of Ohio. He was one of the Knights of Columbus. I gritted my teeth, and almost gave vent to the anger which raged within me. "Someone did shout," I sobbed and then I turned to the inspector, "There, there," I said softly, "get a hold on yourself old man."

"Don't 'there, there' me," growled the inspector, "you're the one that's sobbing."

"So I am," I replied somewhat confusedly. "I guess I got my lines mixed." And I burst out crying again.

"Let no one leave this room," cut in the inspector sternly, "we stay here until someone breaks."

"Oh, a murder mystery," sobbed Kermit hysterically, "mystery in Prattney Manor. Oh for shame! For shame!"

"You think it's a mystery now?" was the inspector's curt rejoinder, "wait 'til you see it tomorrow! Why, they put me on a case once where a man was missing and they never found him! They couldn't find me for five years!"

Of a sudden, Lady Lasher—an elderly person, who used to give swimming instructions at White City three days a week—(she later moved to Michigan and there she lives to this day) of a sudden, I say, Lady Lasher groaned and pitched forward on her face. It was the prettiest tackle I've ever seen. Then they were up again and she had the inspector on the ropes. The crowd was in a frenzy of excitement.

"Punch 'is bloomin' 'ead off," they shouted. The inspector was tottering now and Lasher summoning all her strength, leaped forward with a terrific left to the midriff and down went the inspector—a beaten mass of lifeless pulp. Pandemonial raged as they carried the inspector up to the Blue Room. Bottles were thrown into the ring and it was fully thirty minutes before order was restored. The referee stood with one arm raised aloft. He raised his megaphole:

"Ladeees and gen'lemen! Tomorrow night in this same hall you will have the pleasure to witness a fight to a finish between—"

At this point Kermit's brother who had been standing to one side, quietly carving his initials in Lord Hellpice's wooden leg shouted:

"What ho! the tally ho!" The hounds sprang forward as if they had been catapulted out of a huge sling. The horses were off a split second later.

"Eee yip, yip!" bellowed the hounds.

"Me too!" I yelled back encouragingly.

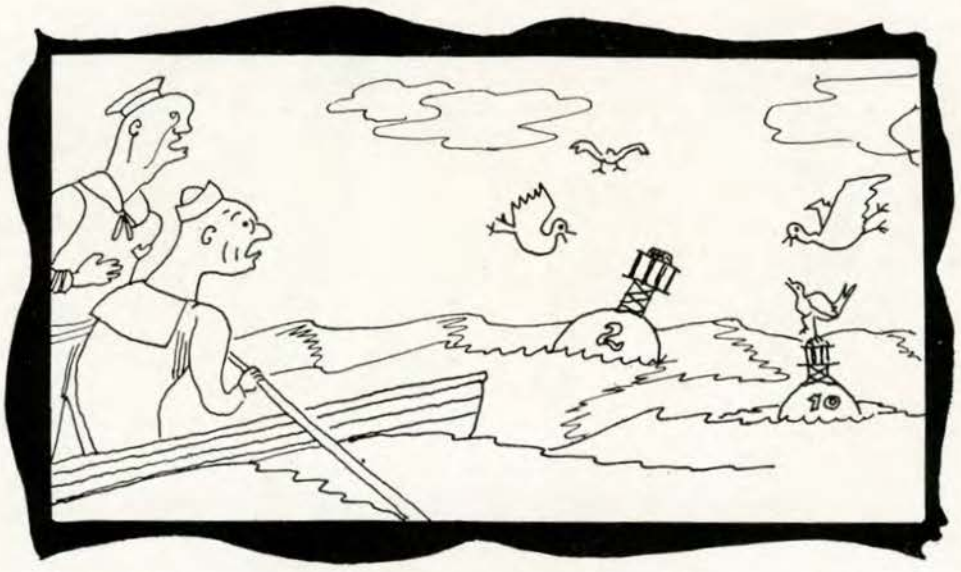
The hunt was on for fair! Across the fields they swept abreast, hoofs flying, manes flying and hoofs flying.

"One of them is down," shouted the onlookers as Lady Lasher failed to clear the third hedge. On they raced after the fox. And he was a fox too! On they thundered heedlessly toward the last barrier, on the other side of which was a fifteen-foot water hole. Kermit's horse was growing steadily weaker, his nostrils were distended, his eyes glaring. Suddenly the last barrier loomed up. I felt myself rise suddenly into space, counted ten slowly and distinctly and then pulled the parachute string. The great silk net fanned out in the breeze and as the band burst into "God Save the King," we floated safely over that last treacherous hurdle.

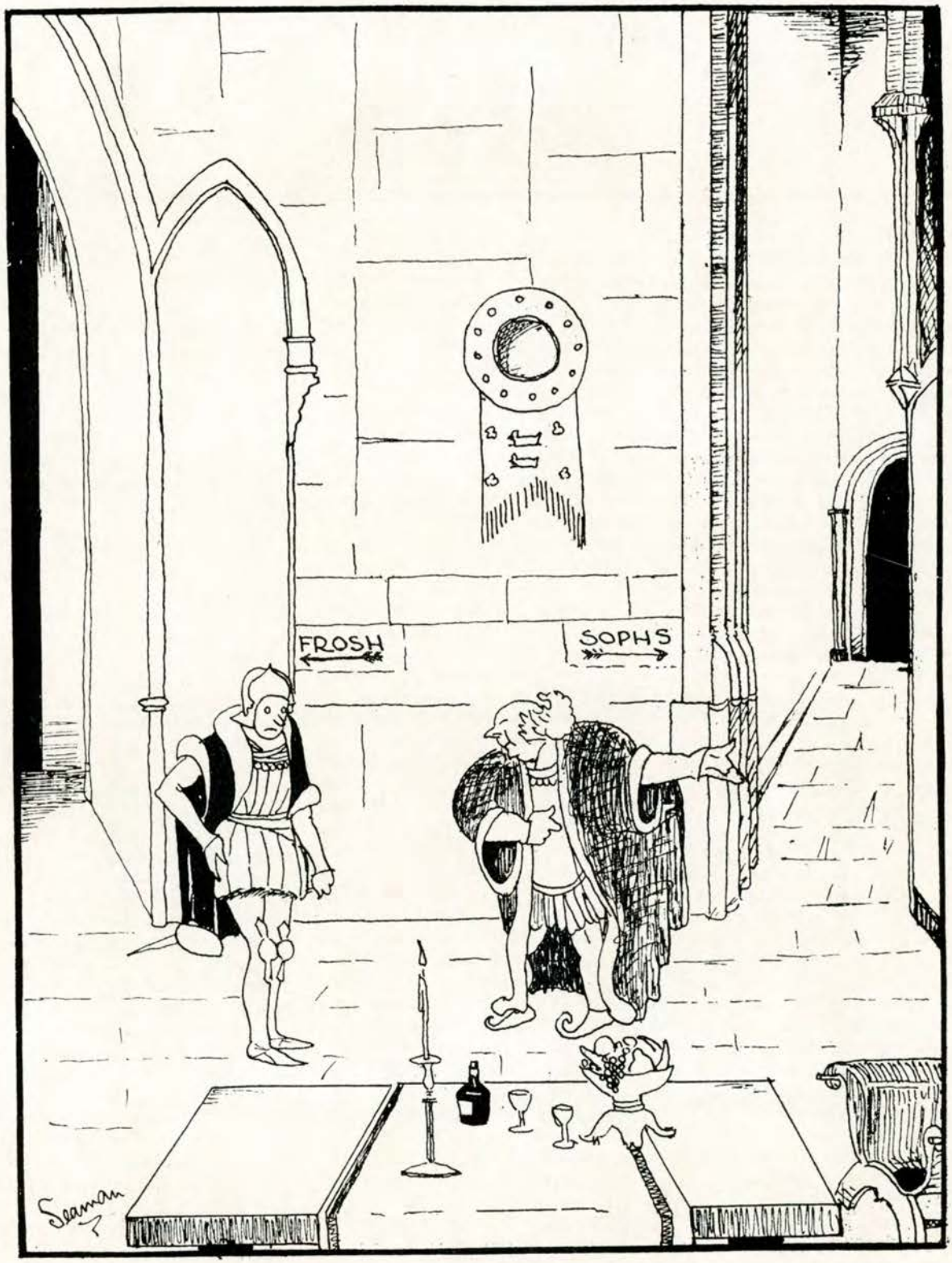
"Hurray! Hurray! we made it, Rossy, we made it," I gasped. Down the home stretch I dashed neck and neck with Rossy my horse. Rossy was losing strength. We were the only two left in the race now. We were about twenty paces from the tape when I spurted forward with muscles strained, my lungs fairly bursting me asunder, and my muscles strained. Never yielding, we tore down the field, which was later rebuilt at great expense. Then I threw up my hands and broke the tape—no common break either, mind you, but a compound fracture and possible internal injuries.

"The game is over!" was the cry from thousands of excited throats. The cheerleaders, raising their hands for silence, yelled: "Let's give three rahs and a tiger for the Rovell Boys." The cheers were given with a will and this will, together with a couple of old mortgages, will be the theme of our next adventure as any sneak who has read ahead well knows.

But the excitement had been too much. Little black spots were dancing before my eyes (I learned later that they were the chorus from "Brown Buddies" doing a little practicing on their speciality tap dance), and I lapsed into unconsciousness. But the captain, rushing over, quickly brought me to, the lieutenant brought me three and after the eighth glass of buttermilk, I was sufficiently recovered to realize the full portent of the astounding truth, and as it flashed through my bedazzled brain I found myself crying over and over, "I've won, I've won, I'll get my letter, I'll get my letter." The Brockton Fair was over! Princeton 6—Yale 0!



"That's child's play," tittered the tar as he saw the gulls and buoys romping in the surf. Abraham, Abraham, here I am—"And would you like anything rushed," queried the timid waiter. "Yeah," answered Andy Carroll, the wise-cracking Frosh, "rush the meat out the window."



IN ANCIENT TIMES
YE REFECTOREE: "OUTSIDE, MISTER!"

On Humor

IN the last analysis, humor is constituted in the appreciation of a situation which, because of a combination of incongruous elements provokes a person to laughter. We stand by that definition; according to that definition this parody on *Judge* is humorous. We laughed over it while its incongruous elements were merging to an unified whole; now that its completion is assured, we can even sit back and laugh in thankfulness. It's easy to laugh; but it's amazingly difficult to unearth things to laugh about.

A year book is proverbially a collection of memories, wrought in the printed word, bound in luxurious covers, embossed and stamped and destined to repose in blissful peace on library tables. At times it takes on the gloomy aspect of a mortuary chest, wherein dead things are laid to rest more or less gently, to be taken out and displayed on "company days."

It was with an explicit desire to frustrate this ultimate end of year-books, that humor sections were invented. They were to be mental fillips, pleasing bracers of laugh-tonic to be taken periodically in doses after a heavy meal of undigestible memories. But the best laid plans of college editors rust away. Humor sections deteriorated.

But this year we had to have one. The editor frowned; the edict went forth; and scores of scurrying brains tried to figure out new jokes, quips, ideas. But with the flash of genius that makes plain men editors, THE editor, figured it out: we would parody *Judge*. It was a novel idea, capable of excellent treatment, and with the whole-hearted co-operation of *Judge* himself, we feel that that excellent treatment has been actualized in as thoroughly brilliant a manner as could be expected in our more or less enervated condition. These examinations, you know, Faustine, will be the death of us.

We don't quite know to whom this section should be dedicated. Dedicating it to anyone at all would be a ticklish business to begin with, as more than one touchy disposition might be inclined to take the proferred honor as an insult. Yes, we have known men to be of so perverted a sense of humor.

We sincerely hope that if this parody should ever fall into the fell hands of the editors of *Judge,* that they will refrain from scoldings. Young, as we are, we are not infallible. Perhaps our satirizing has irked—but the good humor and excellent good sense of that old satirist, "Judge on the Bench," will, we hope, acquit us honorably, for all of that.

Perhaps it might not be amiss here to take formal cognizance of *Judge's* ardent defence of modern youth. Not at all in the spirit of humor or of satire, let it be said, but rather in the spirit of genuine thankfulness that in the midst of attackers, grown old and hoary and forgetful of their own youth, *Judge* still stands as a champion of that tragically-humorous figure, the young "person."

And so we have rambled on; a failing of ours when the circumstances offer a quiet room, a smoothly-working typewriter, plenty of paper, and graduation two or three weeks in the offing. And so, after endless flickering pages of pictures and writeups, we offer the rare vintage of genuine humor, yes, even wit, to brace you, and us too, to say goodbye, smilingly.

Fun a la Carte

YOU really don't have to read this humor section. That fact is one of the more charming features of it. But believe us, it's good. The editors have such faith in its ultimate success as a classic of year-book art that it's been copyrighted, and with the benediction of our own Senator David I. Walsh, mind you. If you care for the lighter moods, then you may feast your eyes on the cartoons, jokes, and stories with the assurance that your expectations will not be gainsaid.

Naturally, this PATCHER is ready to admit that other books have had virtues of amusement. This willingness to concede artistry of laughter to other volumes is increased in direct proportion to the consciousness of the more lasting mirth of this book. Where other staffs have concentrated on the joke of the moment and sacrificed the lasting qualities of permanent wit for the passing hilariousness of a point which, when once known, amuses no more, 1931's jester has built a permanent edifice, laying the bricks of genuine humorous sentiment side by side, all joined with the cement of a continuous chuckle.

We have no false modesty, nor yet false pride. We know what we know and in the very act of knowing what we know, we know that we know what we know. When the party drags, take out the year-book, turn rapidly over the pages of irrelevant matter and treat your guests to a real livening series of laughs. If this treatment fails you

(Continued on Page 14)

Memories

Now that commencement, which has been fittingly called the "day of daze" (one of the few puns which we can forgive) is a thing of the past, we find that our memories of Worcester consist of a series of incidents and happenings most typical of the Heart of the Commonwealth. Where else could be found dance emporiums of the quality offered by the gracious Messrs. Hickey and Marshall? The quaint and homely graciousness of the hosts proves a boon to those members of the Frosh class who have nothing to do on Saturday nights and are almost in the clutches of that dread demon nostalgia. The polished floors afford a pass-key to Worcester society, and the friendliness and intelligence of the dancing partners reflect the charm of these "Saturday Night Parties." It is even rumored that once a girl was found who could speak English without an accent. However, this is merely a rumor and we do not put any faith in its veracity.

To the uinitiated, the dancing which the natives consider the height of perfection, is somewhat of a cross between the movements of a decapitated chicken and the ailment attributed to St. Vitus. More eloquent than any description is the fact that in the course of an evening more wounds and scars are inflicted upon ankles and shins than are received by the entire football squad in its roughest games. And still dancing is considered one of the social graces. Ho hum!

What To Do on Rainy Thursday Mornings

How many of us have not experienced that listlessness, that feeling of "well-why-don't-you-go-to-bed," that ennui that is so prevalent, especially around 8.30 on a drizzly morning? The answer is very few (and those few live on Jerome Avenue, so it doesn't make much difference). And now the question arises, what to do? Some who were asked, flinched, and faltered "Prisoners' Base," "Red Rover" or, in a pinch, Charades. They were all very silly suggestions of course, because we really haven't the necessary room. Finally, "Crickets"—or was it "Nummel"?—suggested playing war, or, as it finally became known, "Ducking the Day-duckers." Ever since we started the game, our corridor has been the most wide-awake in Loyola, and even the Xiqtoon's average for chapel is now over 300. For the benefit of those dear readers who can't seem to climb outside of the morning egg with the usual gusto, the rules of the game are appended below.

First of all, sides must be chosen —the defenders and the attackers— or the Blue and the Red, if you wish. It is of prime importance that the attackers be not aware of their participance until the proper time arrives. The defenders then assume their positions, preferably on the middle corridor of a nice dormitory. They are divided into three groups, one for each turret. For ammunition, the daily breakfast rations of fruit are used. For long distances apples are best; for short, heavy salvos, grapefruit are preferred; though authorities differ, some advocating perfumed water, or disreputable scrubbing brushes.

By this time, everything is in readiness. The attackers—who, by Rule No. 1, are always day-students —now walk unconcernedly along the side of the building, right under the enemies' guns, to use a military phrase. At a shrill whistle from their captain, the defenders begin firing at random, who is a very easy mark because of his heavy underwear.

After the first salvo, the enemy is usually dispersed, and all that remains is to be done is to compute the score, just as in bridge. It's very easy—simply the number hit divided by the number thrown.

I hope the above description really does the game justice. Of course it's not exactly suited for three-room suites of the metropolitan type, but it is a god-send to people who easily tire of looking at the same old faces or chewing odds and ends out of the *Boston Herald*.

(In case the above doesn't fully please, a more thrilling, yet still pleasant diversion is "wetting the watchman," but perhaps we had better not go into that.)

A Hint

We have taken the liberty of quoting from the Patcher of two years back and feel that the quotation is justified by the quality of the article. "In the haste to prepare the matter for the orals, which the faculty insist on holding, we are taking a few minutes off to help the other struggling members of the upper classes. We offer you a solution to any difficulty that the examiners may force upon you in the heat of battle. Here it is:

If that difficulty is true, Scholastic Philosophy is in error. *Atque*: Scholastic Philosophy is not in error. *Ergo*: The difficulty is false.

Major: Evident.

Minor: Proved by smarter men than I am; *e. g.* St. Thomas, Kant, Suarez, Descartes, Spinoza, Maher, Palmieri.

We wish you the best of luck.

Raadio

A visitor to the campus would no doubt be quite surprised, startled and puzzled by the re-echoing cries of "Raadio," which sound from the battle-scarred ramparts of Loyola. An explanation would really be in order, but we must admit that after strenuous investigation, the mystery still shrouds its origin and even an etymological analysis reveals nothing. However, it is a Shiboleth to all senior councils and activities, and we have it in good authority, that it makes a good parlor trick. The execution is indeed simple—merely throw back the head, open the mouth to its widest and yell. The volume which can be achieved is truly astounding and Nummel Connolly maintains that on one occasion he made himself audible from Worcester to Natick.

Hi-Hattractions

Dr Merriweather Albrecht's story of the dog which was such a good retriever that he not only saved the baby when the house caught fire, but dashed back into the burning building and returned with the fire insurance wrapped in a wet towel.—Jim Sliney's airplanes which (and this is a warning) he will draw on any wall that's handy.—Tom Earls' story of the mistaken toothbrush—the funniest incident of his Easter vacation.—The Guy Lombardo platters which usually can be found on the vic. in the Canteen. (Who's got a nickel?)—And need we mention that favorite luxury: late sleeps.—And our favorite incident is that happening which took place way back in Freshman year. One Saturday evening at about six o'clock, a rather elderly gentleman who, incidentally, was quite well fortified against snakebite, was crossing through the traffic of Front and Main Streets. Halfway in his journey the traffic lights flashed to red because of a general fire alarm in some sector of the city and all the traffic came to an abrupt pause. Where a moment before confusion had reigned, now everything was quiet and the old gentleman glancing about a trifle puzzled, took off his hat and respectfully observed two minutes' of silence.

Verbum Sap

For four years we have been cherishing this plan, hoping, in our ambitionless way, to put it in practice while still a student. Now it is too late and rather than get our biographers in a size seven pother by selling it to the "gold-coast" boys of Top Loyola, we are passing it on to posterity. It is simple enough, requiring but a spot of genius and should make more money than the combined incomes of all the magazine and newspaper peddlers. So, children, open wide the ears and listen to our brainchild:

In the first place, although it is more blessed to give than to receive, it is more pleasant to receive letters than to write them. Moreover the crush of exams and the strictly logical sequence of thought demanded by studing Cicero, Burke or Psike, dims that amusing sparkle which is requisite for the socially proper manipulation of the Waterman. Therefore, why not a form letter which everyone could purchase and which would adequately answer all correspondence!!! Can't you see the opportunities—or haven't you read this far? If one of the many brilliants who dot the campus would but apply himself to the task a thousand students would be eternally grateful—to say nothing of those who are destined to receive the letters.

The check-out system could be used for the form letter and thus the salutation—mark you these hints are all free—could read: (Dear) (Dearest) (Darling) — (F o l k s) (Uncle) (Aunt) (Sweetheart); Your (check) (letter) (letter and check) received—thank you. I am (not) feeling well. (Why didn't you answer my last letter?) I have (passed) (flunked) (all) (some) of my exams. The weather these days is (fine) (rotten). I ran short on my allowance. Please advance some more. Must stop now (as the dinner bell just rang) (as I must go to class). (Love) (Love and Kisses) (Yours truly).

Get the idea? The student merely blots out the words he doesn't want, signs his name and appends the post-script: "Excuse the blots, but my pen is leaking," and an odious duty is cleared up, if you don't mind my ending a sentence with a preposition. These letters could be printed on different colored stationery for the sake of variety.

To elaborate on this plan, "excuses" could also be retailed. Something novel to replace the age-old "would have written sooner only I sprained my wrist," "I answered your letter more than two weeks ago, but my roommate forgot to mail it," would be a god-send.

Letters for special occasions would command special service and special prices and with our usual generosity we suggest the following: "Dear Dad: You will probably receive a letter saying that I have thirty demerits. Don't pay any attention to it for it was sent by my roomie, who signed another name because he is a great practical joker and loves to play such tricks."

Won't somebody please adopt this plan?

And while on the subject of mail, there is the story—and don't stop us even if you have heard it, because we want to tell it—of the Freshman who asked a policeman if sending threatening letters through the mail was a penal offence and upon re-

(Continued on Page 14)

ANIMALS EVERY STUDENT LOVES

By Dr. Soose, A.B., M.D., H_2SO_4

Exhibit A

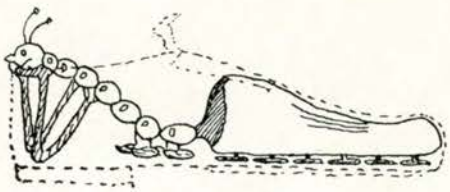


Exhibit B

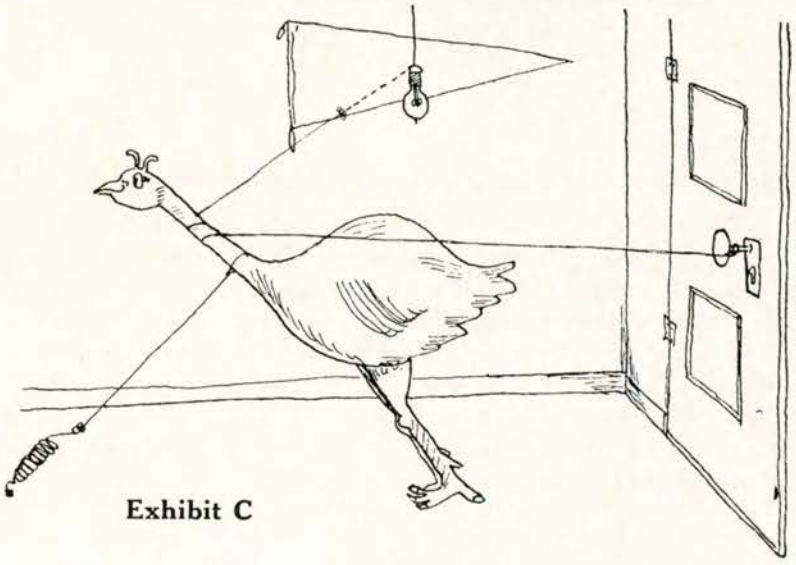


Exhibit C

INTIMATE VIEWS OF THE HOME-LIFE OF THE FILILOU BIRD

Exhibit A.—The Mongool As a Demerit Retriever

The Mongool, a denizen of the rocky slopes of the Andes, when captured and tamed, makes an excellent demerit retriever. Its long, graceful neck gives it the ability to retrieve the little slips from out of the deepest waste baskets. By attaching a "Special Mongool Demerit Tabulator" (Sears, Roebuck: page 458, price $.42) to its side the exact number of demerits received may always be remembered and the penalty of the blacklist thus avoided. Moreover, when the sum of thirty has been reached a red light, which the Mongool carries on its tail, flashes —a warning to write home and prepare the folks for a letter from the authorities. The bird, which has the queer habit of flying backwards to keep the dust out of his eyes, feeds on pink out-permission slips, which may be procured in the office. $42.45 from factory, nickel finish: $42.76

Exhibit B—Self-Fitting Shoe Tree Salamanders

Though really distinct from its mate, the self-fitting Shoetree salamander is so much in the company of the other, that embryo psychologists and biologists have often been trapped into admitting but a virtual distinction between the two. It is always an article for sales in department stores; 50 cents for the one and one cent for the other because the two would not part from each other for any sum of money. The animals live by osmosis, taking sustenance from the body-part through the knotted muscular spine to the head and arms which oddly enough are ever fixed in such a pensive position as to have been called the original of the "Thinker." It is a very gentle creature, lives beneath beds and in dark closets, preferring the floor to any elevated position.

Exhibit C—The Fell Swoop—A Watchman Warner of

This autochthonous bird is indigenous to more sparsely settled districts of Patagonia. Having great sympathy for people with kind faces, it is captured with ease; it is reduced to a state of helplessness by the sight of a crying freshman. It responds immediately to training; it has been found to be peculiarly adapted for warning of the approach of the insidious watchmen. While you are gaily relating your latest adventure, all unaware of the oncoming doom, wrathful at the late burning light, the bird hears and knows. When the watchman's hand turns the knob and loosens the string leading to the bird's neck, the bird is pulled forward, suffering sublimely for its Big Friend. When the neck is jerked forward, the light, which has been arranged with a cord-switch, is automatically turned out. The bird leads any rovers who are in your room, to appropriate hiding places and comes back to stand at attention near your desk. $27.50 F.O.B. Detroit

JUDGING THE MOVIES

By
PARE APANTZ

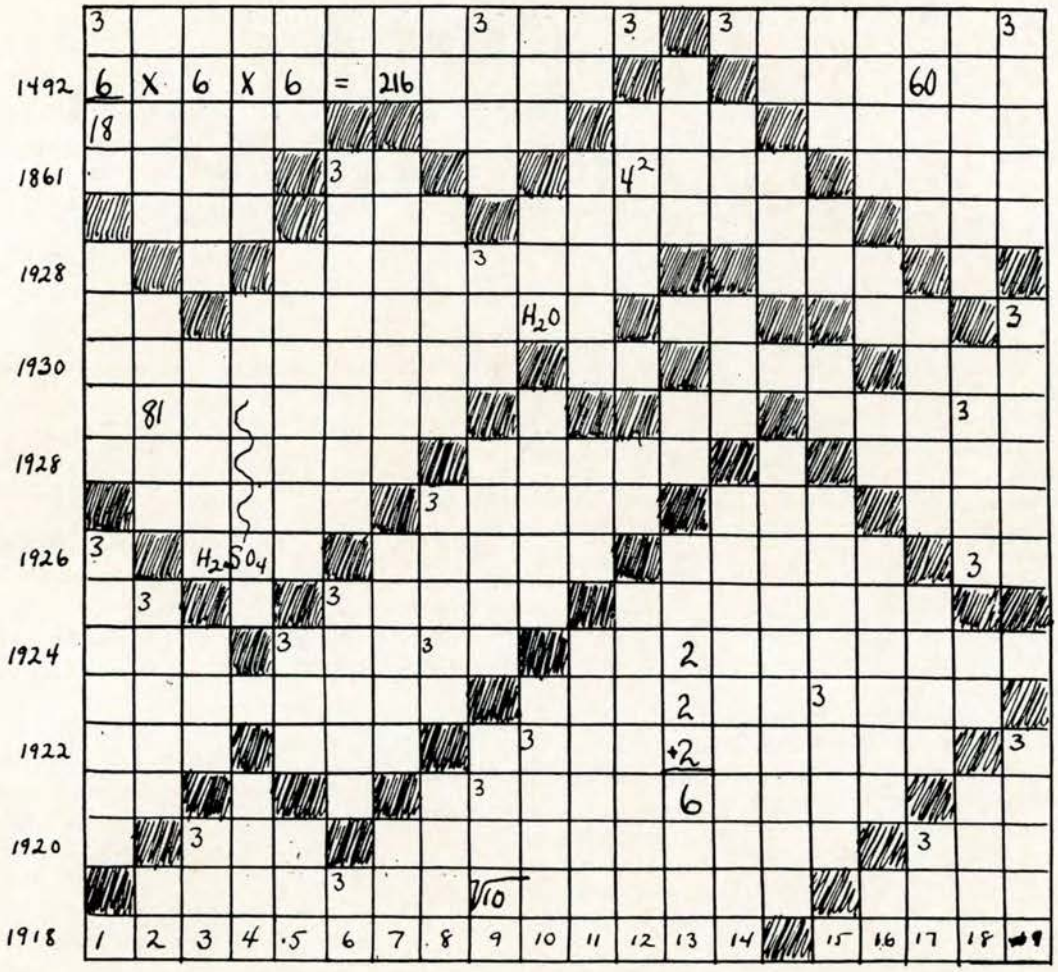
LATELY, that is within the past year, the crook melodrama has taken a prominent part in talkie entertainment. This week at the Auditorium we find a crook story which is different! Yes, sez me! The name of it is "The Danger Line." Briefly, there is an old man who is put in jail for stealing a horse. He really didn't steal him; he bought him and agreed to pay for him if he wanted him, but he didn't want him so he didn't buy him. He sold him. So the day before he was to be electrocuted (why they should electrocute him for stealing a horse we don't know —but you know those vigilantes!) the warden asked him if he had any wish before he died. The old man says he wants to see his five sons. They are sent for. When the five sons arrive, the old man is asleep in his cell. So his youngest son shakes him gently and says, "Father, we have come." And the old man looks up and says, "Four of you will have pyorrhea." Then there's a fadeout. It's rather sad but a beautiful story withal.

Everyone likes a story of the great Northwest or the Yukon or Webster Square 'n'ever'thin'! At the Rialto last week there was a picture so replete with pathos, so rich in photographic beauty and character portrayal that I recommend it highly for the grown-ups. Keep the children at home. It is a tale of a young girl named Veranina who lived on Pratt St. on the Hudson. When she was one year old, her father went to the Klondike in search of gold. While he was there someone stole his razor so he grew a long beard. Eighteen years later he returns to his home and with pounding heart he knocks on the door. Veranina opens the door and seeing the bearded old man she slams the door in his face. The old man, crushed by this blow, wanders a little distance from the 18-room cottage. Then he retraces his steps and knocks again. Veranina reopens the door impatiently. "Veranina dear," he mutters, with tears in his eyes, "don't you remember me?" "Sure," replies Veranina with no little heat, "you're my father," and she slams the door in his face again!

It's strange—especially when we consider the number of them—that war stories and "backstage" still hold the fancy of all the theatre-going public. Everyone likes to know what goes on out in the "wings." For those who are interested, for $1.00 at the Roxy this week there is a picture—"Ex-Gunman"—which tells the story of backstage life. Of course it doesn't tell everything that goes on—that's another story! That will cost you $2.00! This is the life of a song and dance man,—Eddie his name is—he's playing the Palace in New York. Every day during Eddie's act a young girl comes down the aisle and sits directly in back of the orchestra-leader until he becomes quite enamoured of her and she is "that way" about him. But one day she comes down the aisle and the seat which she usually occupies is taken. The leader, wishing to win her favor turns and whispers, "What is your number?" She whispers back "Dial 31465." So the next day the leader buys some of Liggett's Licorice Drops and calls on the young girl. He places the licorice drops on the table. The next morning the girl's husband—she's married of course—grabs a fistful of licorice drops and immediately rises up in righteous indigestion—I mean indignation. Seizing a pistol, he rushes down to the theatre and gallops down the aisle, right in the middle of Eddie's act. He aims at the orchestra-leader and fires. His aim is bad and the bullet passes through Eddie's shoulder and tears a hole in the curtain. And the manager makes Eddie pay for the curtain saying that it was through Eddie that the damage was done.

LAUGHS FROM THE RECEPTIONS

JUDGE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Horizontal

1. What is good for the farmer?
7. What is bad for the parade?
9. Who fashions thunderbolts?
15. Who are at loggerheads?
1. A short description of the Einstein theory.
1. What did the governor of North Carolina say to the governor of South Carolina?
1. What do you do on Saturday nights?
1. When the door was opened, who was gone?
5. D'ya want a job? Yeaah!

Vertical

42. What is the vis æstimativa?
24. Who is Mr. Bannister?
8. Credo!
7. Chavagoodsummer?
9. "Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hickey invites you."
1. What are YOU going to do next year?
6. Got a cigarette?
2. Skip a line!
7. Who concluded with inexorable logic?
2. What did Harvard score?
1. Raaadioo.

HOW GOOD IS YOUR BRIDGE GAME?

We will first discover what cards each player holds. North has three diamonds on his mother's side, (New York, New Haven, and Hartford) a club (which we will call Jack for the time being although that is only a nickname), four spades, names being withheld by the police, and a straight flush. West is holding two kings, a basket of apples (the depression, you know), four aces of spades, a Boston and Maine time table, the nine of diamonds and a bottle of stuffed olives. North has the two of hearts, a Quinsy sore throat, minor cuts and injuries, abrasions about the head, six aspirin tablets, fourteen diamonds—all kings—and a dog-eared copy of Virgil. West, on the opposite side, is holding himself in check.

It certainly is a great day for the game. The sun is quite warm as a quiet, drizzling rain descends upon the field. The cheer leaders are standing in Readiness (a suburb of Boston). Suddenly the whistle is blown. The game is on! North is defending the Eastern goal and West is in a neutral corner waiting for the ball. "Strike him out!" the crowd shouts as they come out of the huddle. And strike him out they did! The referee is carried off and the game goes on. Suddenly, on the eighteenth hole Sonny dove across the ring. Schwartz turned like a flash, pivoted, plunged through tackle and tore down the field. North played the six of diamonds and retired the Sox for that inning.

At the crucial moment North jumped two of West's kings and scored Joe Pratt from second. One and one, the last chukker. It is still anybody's game! Babe Ruth of the North West Mounted is up. The crowd is breathless. He leads a club and Vosmik of the A's goes to third. The pitcher winds up and lands a terrific blow on the throat. Ruth is down! One, two, three—"Lead your ace," the manager is shouting—but it is too late; it's too late. LIPTON LOSES AGAIN.

Campus Twitterings

Scientific research has not found, as yet, a better substitute for rattling windows than college publications. Remember Beaven!

—

The Senior class has decreased by 34.65% since enrollment, September, 1927. Yea! The wise ones go first!

—

Peaple we don't like are those who:

Leave cigarettes upstairs in their room.

Can't let you take five dollars, because they have a house date and only have ten dollars on hand.

Take a walk sunny Sunday afternoons on Main Street.

Call the refectory a Cafeteria, a Tavern, a Quick Lunch, Sloppy Joe's.

Then there is the Senior who intends to come back next fall to do a little demerit time in Study Hall, which he couldn't clear up before June.

—

It is a puzzle to find out where the old baseball tickets, heretofore, used for calling the boys IN for alibis in alleged absences from sundry activities, have disappeared.

—

If a Senior uses more than five invitations to Commencement, he is not expecting company, not to mention the Senior Ball.

—

It took this graduating class four years to see a victory (but what a victory) over Boston College, a small college situated forty miles east of Worcester.

—

We smile when we think of what the Freshman has to go through.

We laugh when we see the Sophomores putting on their high-hats.

We roar when we see the Juniors stepping out.

But we break down and cry when we realize what suckers we have been in getting through.

Luis Sanchez,

Poems of Childhood

THE Spring, 1918 issue of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue is at hand—a bit late, it's true, but Desmukes, our very own letter carrier has just recovered from a severe attack of pedemode, or fallen ankles, as it is more widely known, and fearful of being mistaken for a policeman, left town until the vice investigation blew over—and thus we end another sentence with a preposition, a favorite failing of ours, but one which nevertheless shows our originality and the fact that we are a man of our convictions for ever since our days in the grades we have maintained that the preposition has as much right to end a sentence as has any other part of speech. And while we are on the subject we might as well say that we can't for the life of us see why so many people get bothered about split infinitives. An infinitive, split or not split, is still an infinitive and as such it is deserving of respect. Hats off, men! This infernal condemnation of split infinitives, which for brevity we will call lactucariums, is driving the poor things entirely out of existence. Why, ten years ago they were as common as bank failures are today and I well recall the happy childhood hours spent in capturing and taming the lactucariums, which could be found out in the swamp back of the railroad station. My collection was the best in the neighborhood and even rivalled the group of butterflies owned by Willie Prendergast—the old sissy! I particularly remember how one winter day when I was returning from the county fair—but, ah, I digress.

This current issue of the catalogue is just bubbling over with advertisements and notices for good things and he is a calloused man indeed, who can present a stony pan to the bargains offered. For instance, just turn to page 438 and note the special sale of "Old Grey Heads to Shoot if You Must." At forty-five dollars a dozen these can't be equalled any place. And of course there is a cheaper grade for target practice. And here on page 435, just look at the fine variety of "Wolves at the Door." No home is complete without at least one wolf at the door and that last crack in the stock market has made them popular even on Pratt Street and Park Avenue. Your old home wants one and as man to man, you're not doing right if you deny it this one pleasure. That building sat by you, rocking your cradle when you had the mumps and what did you do? Kicked her in the corridors and forgot about her. And when she timidly objected, you made a lunge for her—a measly affair of canned beans and coffee. Thought you could pay her back with a miserable businessmen's lunge, did you? Or here, on page 234, how about buying the homestead one of these special combinations: "Old Oaken Buckets, Iron Bound Buckets, Moss Covered Buckets to hang in the Well." The three in one cost but $3.50.

Household necessities may be found further back. "Stitches in Time to Save Nine" at only forty-two cents a gross. These also come in colors for embroidering table runners, which just about solve that old problem of what to give grandma for Christmas. "Faces for the Barroom Floor," are a special bargain at nine pence each. With a ready stock of these any dub can easily become the life of the party. They come in all shapes and complexions and twelve of them placed on top of each other make an excellent footrest or doorstop.

For the young father may we suggest the strong, seasoned rods to spare to spoil your child with. (Page 14—$.13 each). And for the child there is a wonderful variety of "sticks and stones to break your bones with," as well as "names for never hurting with." In this department may also be found at bargain prices stones to throw at people who live in glass houses, as well as rolling stones with which to gather no moss.

Do you garden? Charming business, gardening. What greater pleasure is there for that tired suburbanite feeling than to commune with nature, via of the dainty speckled green peas, or mignonettes to parsley the garnish with. And the amazing line of little acorns for growing great oaks. Upon my word, Faustine, there breathes no man with soul so dead who would not pine for such virtual oaks. And for gauging your spoils of the hoed rows, there are some lovely enamelled scales for doing things in a big weigh (see page 987¾).

Let me say a few words anent the style of this epoch-making book; it is quick, terse, brilliant, to-the-point, sprinkled well with pictures and served cold. Words, the magician's art of superlatives fail before a proper description of this heart-throbbing tale. Never within an American epic have so many items of interest been before embodied. There is but one thing wrong with this novel-in-halftones, the covers are too far apart.

Fun a la Carte

(Continued from Page 5)

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might attempt some of the other sections of the book—one never knows when one is going to run across an ironist, satirist, or cynic, in a crowd.

We have faith in our year-book. Others may pass away, but ours is a monument to the ingenuity of members of this class who devoted time and talents which they might otherwise have turned to monetary advantage in any of the larger humorous magazines in the country. They came through for us; stick along with them.

Verbum Sap

(Continued from Page 7)

---

ceiving an affirmative answer demanded that the dean be arrested because he had written home threatening to kick the poor frosh out of school.

JUDGE, JR.

JUDGING THE BOOKS

THERE are books and books. Some are good, some are bad. Some contain living descriptions of nature in all its finery. Some paint the beautiful characters we love to know, and cannot forget. Some tell us weird tales of adventures in strange lands, of strange people, who do strange things. Every man to his own taste, of course,—but, let me recommend for your private library the most startling book that has ever been written by the hand of man. It is titled "Backgrounds of Biology." If you think Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" was exciting you ought to read this! It is the story of a Plasmodium Vivax, who, upon his return to New York from the World War gets into a racket. He begins cutting off the legs of Salamanders with the aid of a couple of Carbohydrates who worked in his shop. Finally a Blue Andalusian Fowl began to "muscle" into his territory. The Fowl's sister, Osmosis, falls in love with Katabolism, Plasmodium's right hand man. It is then that the war begins! The Fowl gets crossed up with a Hybrid from Chicago and the last chapter ends up with Osmosis, Katabolism and the Fowl chasing Plasmodium down the Mohawk Trail, along Cambridge Street for fifty yards, and on down past Duke University at the foot of the hill on Pratt Street. It is not only entertaining but educational. The best character is Katabolism. The best incident is at the point where Plasmodium gets his foot caught in a frog, named Edgar, and is finally saved in a nick of time by Binary Fission, the detective from Scotland Yard.

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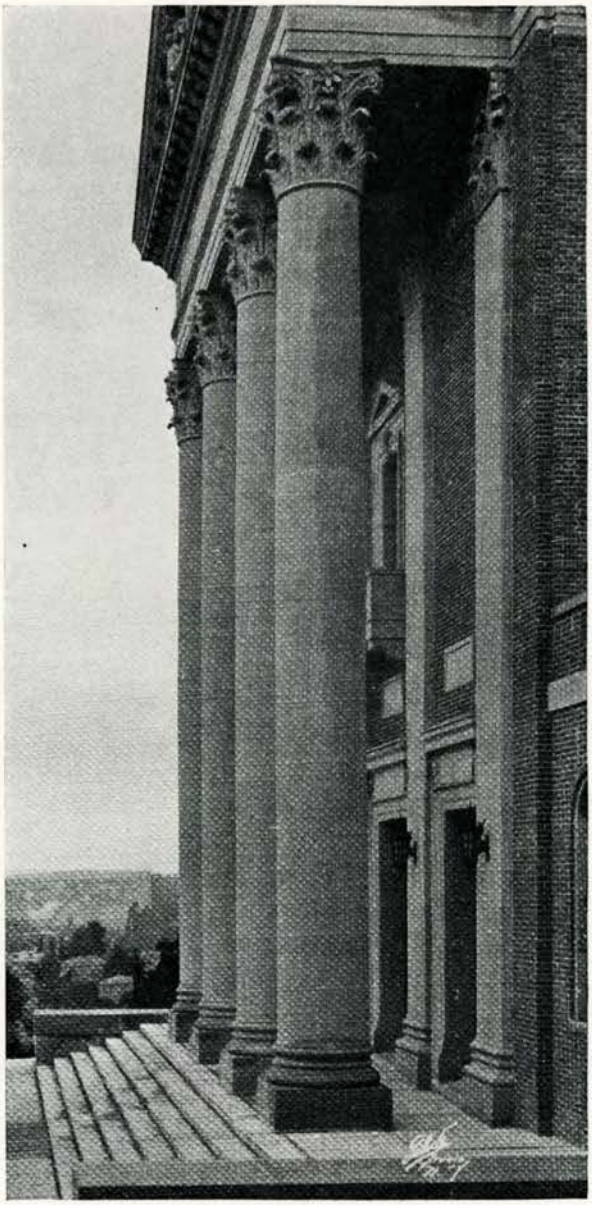

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To those members of both staffs, whose efforts were indispensable.

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To officials of the College Treasury, particularly Mr. Frank Miller.

To the White Studio of New York, particularly Miss Bessie Ellinson and Mr. George Ebenhek.

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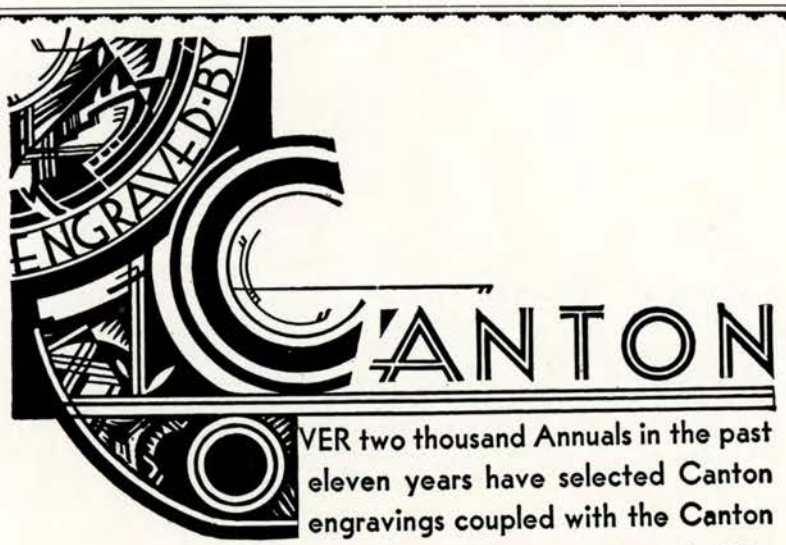

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