

To
The Holy Cross Men
Who Have
Answered the Call to the Colors;

To
Their Noble and Devoted Parents
Silent Heroes
of Their Sacrifice

This Issue
of
The Holy Cross Purple
is
Affectionately Dedicated.

Holy Cross Roll of Honor

List of Chaplains

- '94 Rev. Thomas P. McGinn, Ayer, Mass.
'97 Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, 101st Regt., France.
Ex-'03 Rev. Hugh A. Dalton, S.J., 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
'07 Rev. George S. L. Connor, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, 104th Regt., France.
Rev. William F. Davitt, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, 120 M. G. Co., France.
Rev. Charles L. Foley, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, Camp Greenleaf, Ga.
Rev. James R. McClure, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, Sackett Harbor, N. Y.
'08 Rev. Joseph T. Casey, Lieut., U. S. S. Von Steuben.
Rev. Stephen J. O'Brien, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, Camp Hill, Newport News, Va.
Ex-'08 Rev. Frank Lederle, Fort Stanton, N. Mex.
Rev. Henry A. Norman, Coast Artillery, Ft. Hamilton, New York.
'10 Rev. Francis N. Walsh, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, 307th Inf., France.
Ex-'10 Rev. Joseph Loughran, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, Cavalry, Brownsville, Texas.
'12 Rev. James H. Carr, 1st Lieut., Signal Corps, Wilbur Wright Field, Fairfield, Ohio.
Rev. Charles C. Conaty, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Rev. James W. Tobin, 1st Lieut., Chaplain, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Ex.-1875

Thomas A. Devereux, Major, Home Guards.

1885

Brig.-Gen. Marcus D. Cronin, U. S. A.

1889

John T. Bottomley, Captain, Med. Reserve.

1893

Major Denis F. O'Connor, M. D., Med. Corps.

1894

Dr. John J. Collins, Commander, U. S. Hospital Ship.

Rev. Thomas P. McGinn, K. of C. Chaplain.

1897

Dr. Augustus M. O'Brien, 1st Lieut., Inf.

Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, Chaplain.

1902

William H. Connor, Lieut.-Commander, Navy Dept.

John J. Stack, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.

1903

Martin J. English, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
Major Joseph W. O'Connor, M. D., Inf.

Ex.-1903

Rev. Hugh A. Dalton, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
John P. Jackson, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.

1905

J. Joseph Lilly, Capt., Inf.
Rev. Henry B. Strickland, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
James F. Sullivan, Lieut., Med. Corps.

Ex.-1905

Thomas W. Reilly, Capt., Machine Gun Bn.

1906

Vincent J. McElderry, 1st Lieut., Inf.

Ex.-1906

Dr. Joseph J. Burke, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.

1907

Dr. Harry P. Cahill, Capt., Aviation Dept.
Rev. George S. L. Connor, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
Rev. William F. Davitt, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
Rev. James R. McClure, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
Dr. John J. Murphy, Major, Med. Corps.
Rev. Charles L. Foley, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.

Ex.-1907

Lewis B. Butler, Lieut., U. S. N.

1908

Rev. Joseph T. Casey, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
Martin D. Caveney, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
Leo M. Harlow, 1st Lieut., Aviation Dept.
Dr. William F. McKnight, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
Rev. Stephen J. O'Brien, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.

Ex.-1908

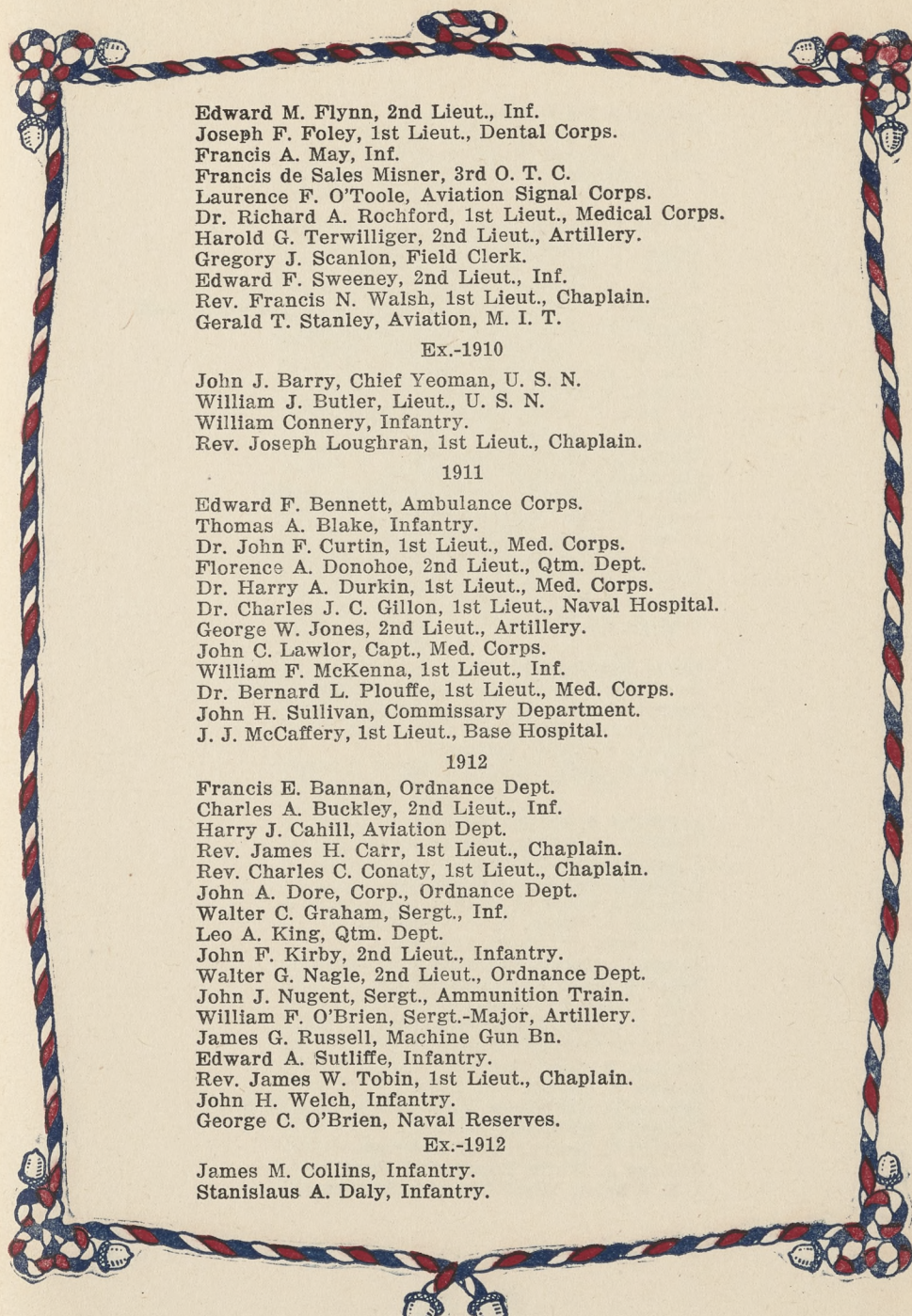
Rev. Frank Lederle, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
John F. Madden, Corp., Artillery.
Rev. Henry A. Norman, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.

1909

Thomas C. Carver, Sergt., Inf.
Dr. Thomas W. Maloney, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
Francis J. L. Maynes, 2nd Lieut., Inf.
John J. Moylan, Med. Corps.
Thomas W. Wickham, Med. Reserve.

1910

Edward J. Callan, Capt., Inf.
Gardiner J. Conroy, Capt., Inf.
William A. Flannigan, 2nd Lieut., Inf.



Edward M. Flynn, 2nd Lieut., Inf.
Joseph F. Foley, 1st Lieut., Dental Corps.
Francis A. May, Inf.
Francis de Sales Misner, 3rd O. T. C.
Laurence F. O'Toole, Aviation Signal Corps.
Dr. Richard A. Rochford, 1st Lieut., Medical Corps.
Harold G. Terwilliger, 2nd Lieut., Artillery.
Gregory J. Scanlon, Field Clerk.
Edward F. Sweeney, 2nd Lieut., Inf.
Rev. Francis N. Walsh, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
Gerald T. Stanley, Aviation, M. I. T.

Ex.-1910

John J. Barry, Chief Yeoman, U. S. N.
William J. Butler, Lieut., U. S. N.
William Connery, Infantry.
Rev. Joseph Loughran, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.

1911

Edward F. Bennett, Ambulance Corps.
Thomas A. Blake, Infantry.
Dr. John F. Curtin, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
Florence A. Donohoe, 2nd Lieut., Qtm. Dept.
Dr. Harry A. Durkin, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
Dr. Charles J. C. Gillon, 1st Lieut., Naval Hospital.
George W. Jones, 2nd Lieut., Artillery.
John C. Lawlor, Capt., Med. Corps.
William F. McKenna, 1st Lieut., Inf.
Dr. Bernard L. Plouffe, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
John H. Sullivan, Commissary Department.
J. J. McCaffery, 1st Lieut., Base Hospital.

1912

Francis E. Bannan, Ordnance Dept.
Charles A. Buckley, 2nd Lieut., Inf.
Harry J. Cahill, Aviation Dept.
Rev. James H. Carr, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
Rev. Charles C. Conaty, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
John A. Dore, Corp., Ordnance Dept.
Walter C. Graham, Sergt., Inf.
Leo A. King, Qtm. Dept.
John F. Kirby, 2nd Lieut., Infantry.
Walter G. Nagle, 2nd Lieut., Ordnance Dept.
John J. Nugent, Sergt., Ammunition Train.
William F. O'Brien, Sergt.-Major, Artillery.
James G. Russell, Machine Gun Bn.
Edward A. Sutcliffe, Infantry.
Rev. James W. Tobin, 1st Lieut., Chaplain.
John H. Welch, Infantry.
George C. O'Brien, Naval Reserves.

Ex.-1912

James M. Collins, Infantry.
Stanislaus A. Daly, Infantry.

Lawrence Darst, Med. Corps.
J. Edgar Fitzsimmons, Corp., Inf.
John T. Hughes, Naval Reserves.
F. J. Canning, 1st Lieut., Dental Corps.

1913

Harold T. Anglim, Sergt., Depot Brigade.
James A. Brennan, Jr., 1st Lieut., Inf.
Walter F. Burke, Ambulance Corps.
William B. Colleary, Ensign, Naval Reserves.
Francis X. Coughlin, Motor Ambulance Assembly Dept.
James L. Davitt, Lieut., Aero Squadron.
Clarence A. Donoghue, 1st Lieut., Inf.
John F. Durgin, Sergt., Inf.
Stephen M. Eagan, Jr., Inf.
Dr. John F. Grant, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
William J. Hanley, U. S. N.
Thomas L. Hoban, Capt., Inf.
Cornelius J. Hurley, Bugler, Inf.
Donald S. Mooney, 2nd Lieut., Signal Corps.
James J. Rice, Naval Reserves.
Joseph P. Love, 2nd Lieut., Inf.
Joseph O. San Soucie, Jr., Sergt., Artillery.
William A. Walsh, C. P. O., U. S. N.
William J. White, Infantry.
John A. Doyle, U. S. N.

Ex.-1913

James Murphy, Infantry.
Dr. William J. Heffern, 1st Lieut., Med. Corps.
George N. Hazard, Sergt., Ordnance Dept.
Alphonsus T. Wickham, Corp., Qtm. Dept.
William S. Corey, Infantry.
Albert S. Lane, 1st Lieut., Inf.

1914

Lawrence A. Carey, Infantry.
Thomas J. Callan, Infantry.
J. Leo Clancey, Infantry.
J. Stanhope Coster, Infantry.
Francis I. Curry, U. S. N.
William V. Dolan, Naval Reserves.
John Duke, Jr., Naval Aviation.
Joseph J. Durkin, Infantry.
Ralph T. Foye, Corp., Infantry.
John J. Garvey, Cavalry.
John F. Lynch, Lieut., Infantry.
Daniel A. Martin, Infantry.
William F. May, Marines.
George W. Nesbit, Vet. Corps.
Edward B. McCaffrey, Boatswain's Mate, U. S. N.
Walter P. McManus, Infantry.
William F. Neary, Naval Reserves.
Richard A. White, Lieut., Ord. Dept.
J. E. O'Brien, Naval Training Station.

Ex.-1914

James Bannan, Artillery.
William A. Fox, Naval Reserves.
William L. Maloney, Corp., Infantry.
Cyprian A. Tooling, 1st Lieut., Infantry.

1915

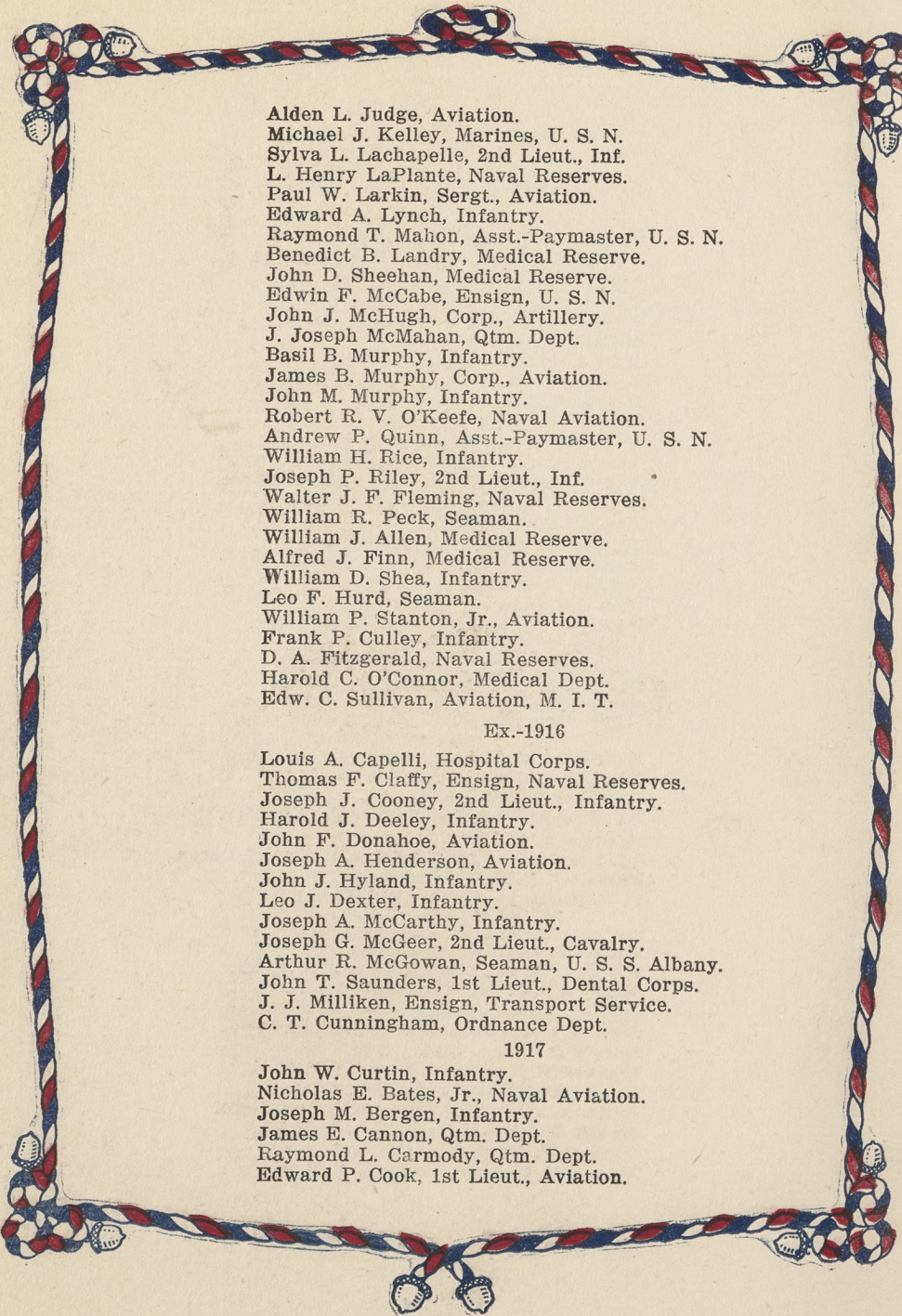
Francis X. Atkinson, Artillery.
Francis E. Barry, Petty Officer, U. S. N.
Roger C. Bowen, 1st Lieut., Inf.
Francis M. Cahill, Med. Reserve Corps.
William M. Casey, Ambulance Corps.
Walter F. Coonan, Infantry.
Louis A. Coyle, Naval Reserves.
Daniel A. Donoghue, 1st Lieut., Inf.
Joseph E. Feeney, Aviation.
John P. Fleming, Aviation.
Frederick J. Gillen, Naval Aviation.
Harold E. Mountain, 2nd Lieut., Infantry.
M. J. O'Connor, Capt., Med. Reserve Corps.
Patrick F. Hussey, Seaman, U. S. N.
Bernard F. Lee, Artillery.
Thomas P. Long, Naval Reserves.
Irving T. McDonald, Naval Reserves.
James J. McGuinn, Artillery.
John B. Hannigan, Med. Corps.
Walter J. Mullen, Hospital Corps, Navy.
Francis W. Power, Ordnance Dept.
Bernard A. Smyth, Lieut., Artillery.
Thomas A. Tierney, Infantry.
D. M. Cummings, Seaman.

Ex.-1915

Harry J. Benoit, Ordnance Dept.
Edward Dowling, Ordnance Dept.
Raymond T. King, Capt., Inf.
W. Bernard McGuire, 2nd Lieut., Artillery.
William F. Maloney, Infantry.
Dr. Gerald B. O'Neil, 1st Lieut., Dental Corps.
Frederick Flaherty, 2nd Lieut., Infantry.
P. F. Kennedy, Lieut., Dental Corps.

1916

James H. Brackley, Infantry.
Francis W. Brannagan, Naval Reserves.
Harry A. Carroll, Yeoman, U. S. N.
John D. Coyne, Radio School.
John J. Cummings, Ordnance Dept.
Harold F. Flynn, Lieut., Inf.
Edmund F. R. Garvey, Yeoman, U. S. N.
George V. Grady, Corp., Qtm. Dept.
William A. Heaphy, 2nd Lieut., Qtm. Dept.
Joseph T. Higgins, 1st Lieut., Aviation.
Michael F. Howard, Sergt., Inf.
Joseph M. Hughes, Yeoman, U. S. N.



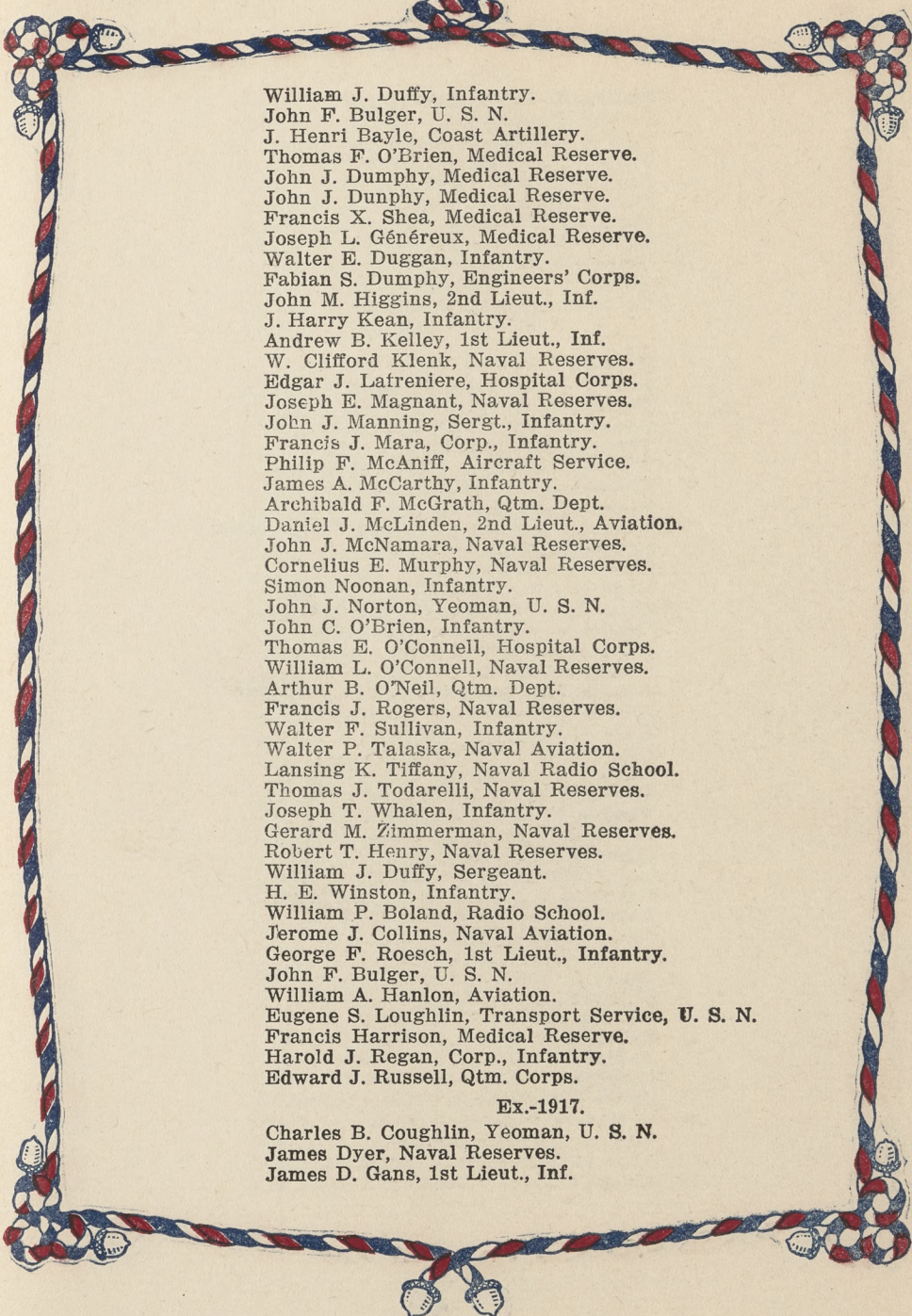
Alden L. Judge, Aviation.
Michael J. Kelley, Marines, U. S. N.
Sylva L. Lachapelle, 2nd Lieut., Inf.
L. Henry LaPlante, Naval Reserves.
Paul W. Larkin, Sergt., Aviation.
Edward A. Lynch, Infantry.
Raymond T. Mahon, Asst.-Paymaster, U. S. N.
Benedict B. Landry, Medical Reserve.
John D. Sheehan, Medical Reserve.
Edwin F. McCabe, Ensign, U. S. N.
John J. McHugh, Corp., Artillery.
J. Joseph McMahan, Qtm. Dept.
Basil B. Murphy, Infantry.
James B. Murphy, Corp., Aviation.
John M. Murphy, Infantry.
Robert R. V. O'Keefe, Naval Aviation.
Andrew P. Quinn, Asst.-Paymaster, U. S. N.
William H. Rice, Infantry.
Joseph P. Riley, 2nd Lieut., Inf.
Walter J. F. Fleming, Naval Reserves.
William R. Peck, Seaman.
William J. Allen, Medical Reserve.
Alfred J. Finn, Medical Reserve.
William D. Shea, Infantry.
Leo F. Hurd, Seaman.
William P. Stanton, Jr., Aviation.
Frank P. Culley, Infantry.
D. A. Fitzgerald, Naval Reserves.
Harold C. O'Connor, Medical Dept.
Edw. C. Sullivan, Aviation, M. I. T.

Ex-1916

Louis A. Capelli, Hospital Corps.
Thomas F. Claffy, Ensign, Naval Reserves.
Joseph J. Cooney, 2nd Lieut., Infantry.
Harold J. Deeley, Infantry.
John F. Donahoe, Aviation.
Joseph A. Henderson, Aviation.
John J. Hyland, Infantry.
Leo J. Dexter, Infantry.
Joseph A. McCarthy, Infantry.
Joseph G. McGeer, 2nd Lieut., Cavalry.
Arthur R. McGowan, Seaman, U. S. S. Albany.
John T. Saunders, 1st Lieut., Dental Corps.
J. J. Milliken, Ensign, Transport Service.
C. T. Cunningham, Ordnance Dept.

1917

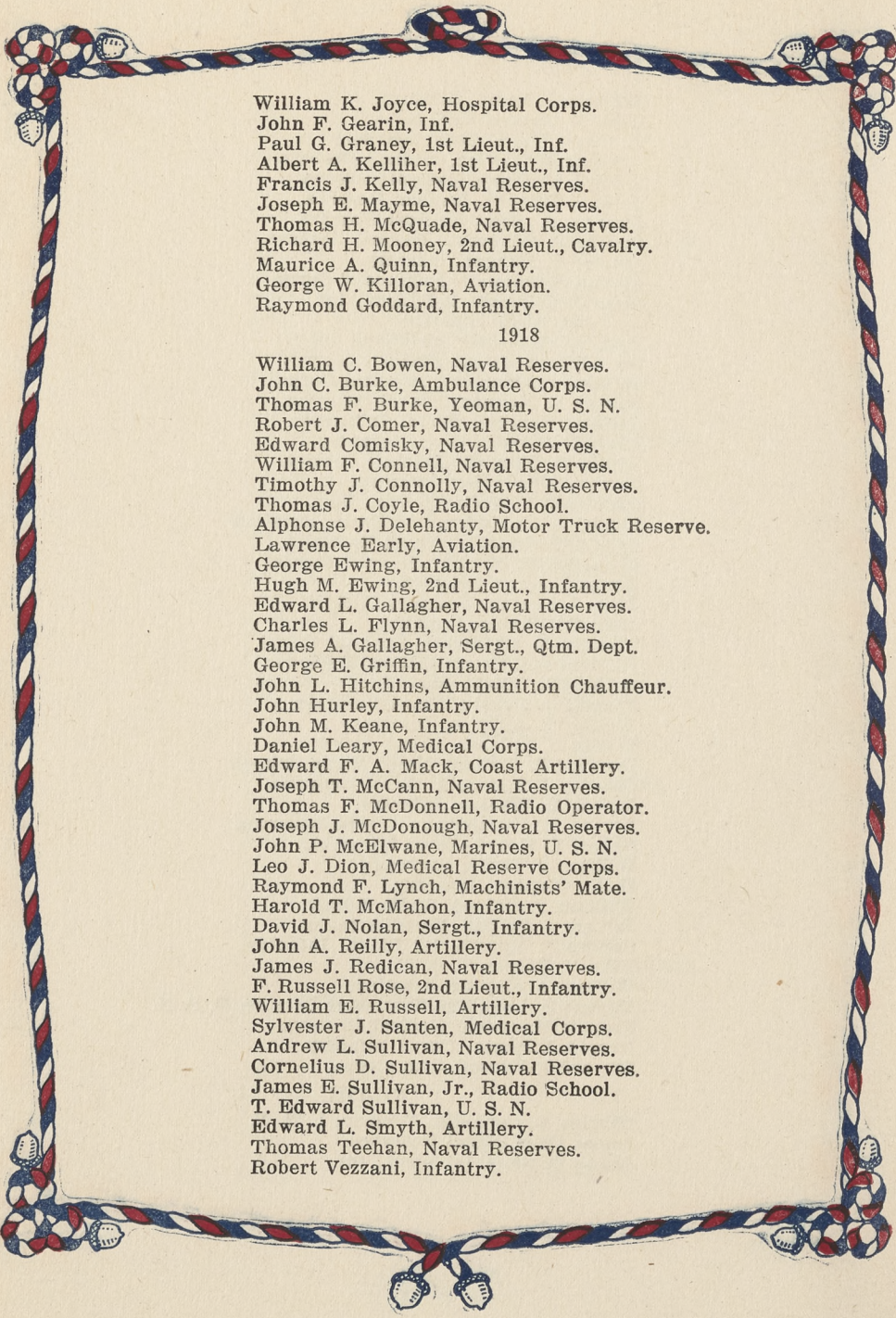
John W. Curtin, Infantry.
Nicholas E. Bates, Jr., Naval Aviation.
Joseph M. Bergen, Infantry.
James E. Cannon, Qtm. Dept.
Raymond L. Carmody, Qtm. Dept.
Edward P. Cook, 1st Lieut., Aviation.



William J. Duffy, Infantry.
John F. Bulger, U. S. N.
J. Henri Bayle, Coast Artillery.
Thomas F. O'Brien, Medical Reserve.
John J. Dumphy, Medical Reserve.
John J. Dunphy, Medical Reserve.
Francis X. Shea, Medical Reserve.
Joseph L. Généreux, Medical Reserve.
Walter E. Duggan, Infantry.
Fabian S. Dumphy, Engineers' Corps.
John M. Higgins, 2nd Lieut., Inf.
J. Harry Kean, Infantry.
Andrew B. Kelley, 1st Lieut., Inf.
W. Clifford Klenk, Naval Reserves.
Edgar J. Lafreniere, Hospital Corps.
Joseph E. Magnant, Naval Reserves.
John J. Manning, Sergt., Infantry.
Francis J. Mara, Corp., Infantry.
Philip F. McAniff, Aircraft Service.
James A. McCarthy, Infantry.
Archibald F. McGrath, Qtm. Dept.
Daniel J. McLinden, 2nd Lieut., Aviation.
John J. McNamara, Naval Reserves.
Cornelius E. Murphy, Naval Reserves.
Simon Noonan, Infantry.
John J. Norton, Yeoman, U. S. N.
John C. O'Brien, Infantry.
Thomas E. O'Connell, Hospital Corps.
William L. O'Connell, Naval Reserves.
Arthur B. O'Neil, Qtm. Dept.
Francis J. Rogers, Naval Reserves.
Walter F. Sullivan, Infantry.
Walter P. Talaska, Naval Aviation.
Lansing K. Tiffany, Naval Radio School.
Thomas J. Todarelli, Naval Reserves.
Joseph T. Whalen, Infantry.
Gerard M. Zimmerman, Naval Reserves.
Robert T. Henry, Naval Reserves.
William J. Duffy, Sergeant.
H. E. Winston, Infantry.
William P. Boland, Radio School.
Jerome J. Collins, Naval Aviation.
George F. Roesch, 1st Lieut., Infantry.
John F. Bulger, U. S. N.
William A. Hanlon, Aviation.
Eugene S. Loughlin, Transport Service, U. S. N.
Francis Harrison, Medical Reserve.
Harold J. Regan, Corp., Infantry.
Edward J. Russell, Qtm. Corps.

Ex.-1917.

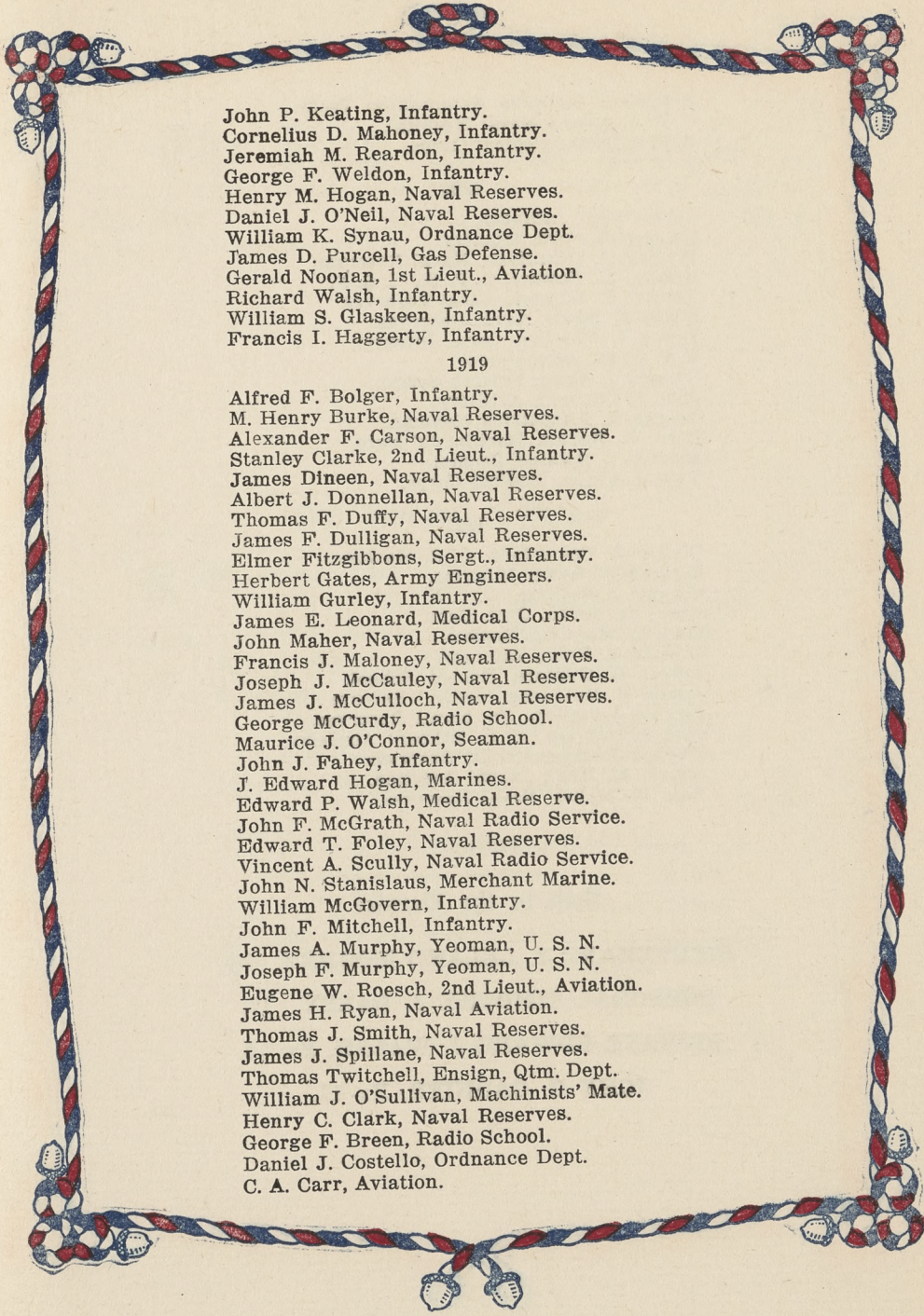
Charles B. Coughlin, Yeoman, U. S. N.
James Dyer, Naval Reserves.
James D. Gans, 1st Lieut., Inf.



William K. Joyce, Hospital Corps.
John F. Gearin, Inf.
Paul G. Graney, 1st Lieut., Inf.
Albert A. Kelliher, 1st Lieut., Inf.
Francis J. Kelly, Naval Reserves.
Joseph E. Mayme, Naval Reserves.
Thomas H. McQuade, Naval Reserves.
Richard H. Mooney, 2nd Lieut., Cavalry.
Maurice A. Quinn, Infantry.
George W. Killoran, Aviation.
Raymond Goddard, Infantry.

1918

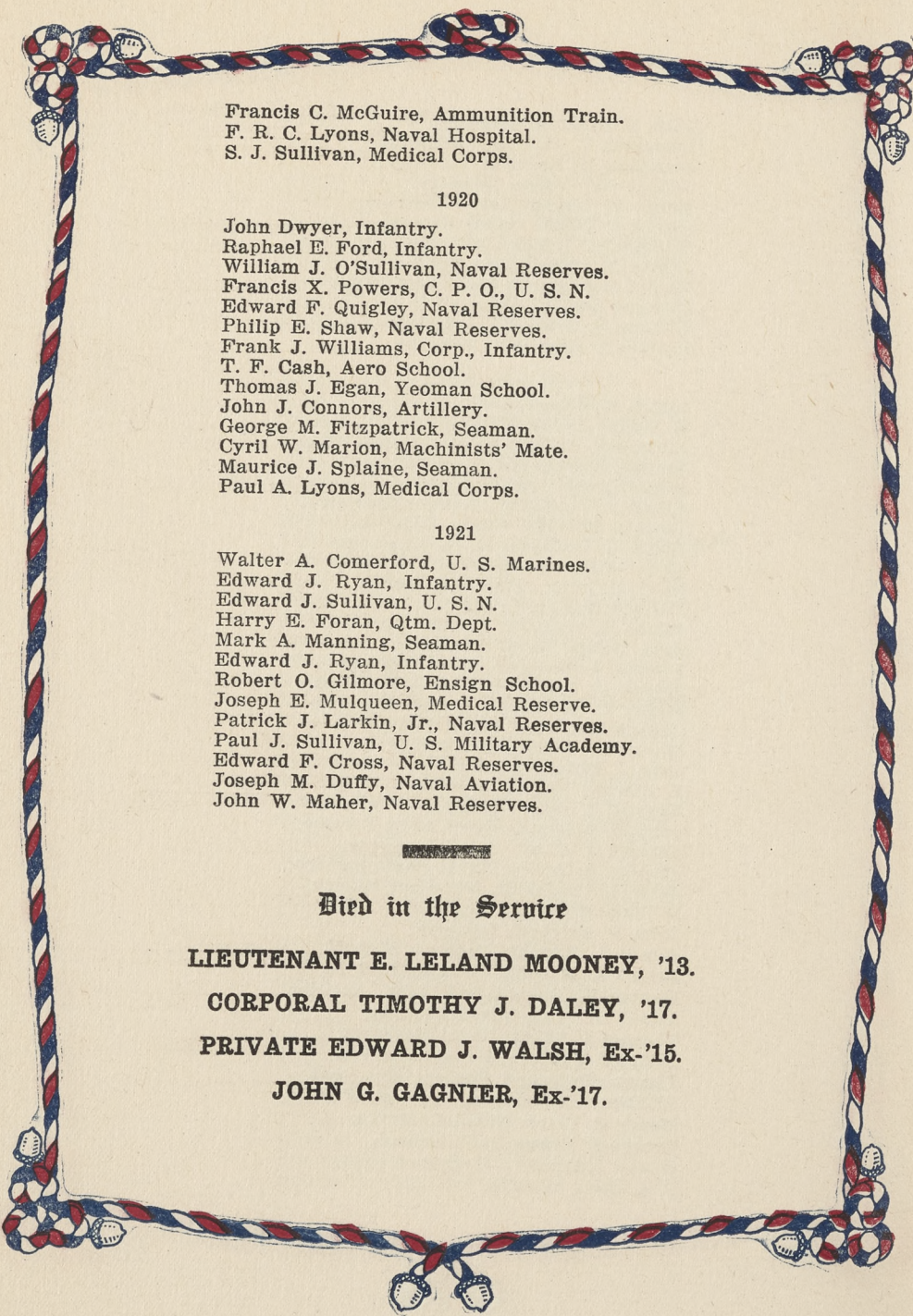
William C. Bowen, Naval Reserves.
John C. Burke, Ambulance Corps.
Thomas F. Burke, Yeoman, U. S. N.
Robert J. Comer, Naval Reserves.
Edward Comisky, Naval Reserves.
William F. Connell, Naval Reserves.
Timothy J. Connolly, Naval Reserves.
Thomas J. Coyle, Radio School.
Alphonse J. Delehanty, Motor Truck Reserve.
Lawrence Early, Aviation.
George Ewing, Infantry.
Hugh M. Ewing, 2nd Lieut., Infantry.
Edward L. Gallagher, Naval Reserves.
Charles L. Flynn, Naval Reserves.
James A. Gallagher, Sergt., Qtm. Dept.
George E. Griffin, Infantry.
John L. Hitchins, Ammunition Chauffeur.
John Hurley, Infantry.
John M. Keane, Infantry.
Daniel Leary, Medical Corps.
Edward F. A. Mack, Coast Artillery.
Joseph T. McCann, Naval Reserves.
Thomas F. McDonnell, Radio Operator.
Joseph J. McDonough, Naval Reserves.
John P. McElwane, Marines, U. S. N.
Leo J. Dion, Medical Reserve Corps.
Raymond F. Lynch, Machinists' Mate.
Harold T. McMahon, Infantry.
David J. Nolan, Sergt., Infantry.
John A. Reilly, Artillery.
James J. Redican, Naval Reserves.
F. Russell Rose, 2nd Lieut., Infantry.
William E. Russell, Artillery.
Sylvester J. Santen, Medical Corps.
Andrew L. Sullivan, Naval Reserves.
Cornelius D. Sullivan, Naval Reserves.
James E. Sullivan, Jr., Radio School.
T. Edward Sullivan, U. S. N.
Edward L. Smyth, Artillery.
Thomas Teehan, Naval Reserves.
Robert Vezzani, Infantry.



John P. Keating, Infantry.
Cornelius D. Mahoney, Infantry.
Jeremiah M. Reardon, Infantry.
George F. Weldon, Infantry.
Henry M. Hogan, Naval Reserves.
Daniel J. O'Neil, Naval Reserves.
William K. Synau, Ordnance Dept.
James D. Purcell, Gas Defense.
Gerald Noonan, 1st Lieut., Aviation.
Richard Walsh, Infantry.
William S. Glaskeen, Infantry.
Francis I. Haggerty, Infantry.

1919

Alfred F. Bolger, Infantry.
M. Henry Burke, Naval Reserves.
Alexander F. Carson, Naval Reserves.
Stanley Clarke, 2nd Lieut., Infantry.
James Dineen, Naval Reserves.
Albert J. Donnellan, Naval Reserves.
Thomas F. Duffy, Naval Reserves.
James F. Dulligan, Naval Reserves.
Elmer Fitzgibbons, Sergt., Infantry.
Herbert Gates, Army Engineers.
William Gurley, Infantry.
James E. Leonard, Medical Corps.
John Maher, Naval Reserves.
Francis J. Maloney, Naval Reserves.
Joseph J. McCauley, Naval Reserves.
James J. McCulloch, Naval Reserves.
George McCurdy, Radio School.
Maurice J. O'Connor, Seaman.
John J. Fahey, Infantry.
J. Edward Hogan, Marines.
Edward P. Walsh, Medical Reserve.
John F. McGrath, Naval Radio Service.
Edward T. Foley, Naval Reserves.
Vincent A. Scully, Naval Radio Service.
John N. Stanislaus, Merchant Marine.
William McGovern, Infantry.
John F. Mitchell, Infantry.
James A. Murphy, Yeoman, U. S. N.
Joseph F. Murphy, Yeoman, U. S. N.
Eugene W. Roesch, 2nd Lieut., Aviation.
James H. Ryan, Naval Aviation.
Thomas J. Smith, Naval Reserves.
James J. Spillane, Naval Reserves.
Thomas Twitchell, Ensign, Qtm. Dept.
William J. O'Sullivan, Machinists' Mate.
Henry C. Clark, Naval Reserves.
George F. Breen, Radio School.
Daniel J. Costello, Ordnance Dept.
C. A. Carr, Aviation.



Francis C. McGuire, Ammunition Train.
F. R. C. Lyons, Naval Hospital.
S. J. Sullivan, Medical Corps.

1920

John Dwyer, Infantry.
Raphael E. Ford, Infantry.
William J. O'Sullivan, Naval Reserves.
Francis X. Powers, C. P. O., U. S. N.
Edward F. Quigley, Naval Reserves.
Philip E. Shaw, Naval Reserves.
Frank J. Williams, Corp., Infantry.
T. F. Cash, Aero School.
Thomas J. Egan, Yeoman School.
John J. Connors, Artillery.
George M. Fitzpatrick, Seaman.
Cyril W. Marion, Machinists' Mate.
Maurice J. Splaine, Seaman.
Paul A. Lyons, Medical Corps.

1921

Walter A. Comerford, U. S. Marines.
Edward J. Ryan, Infantry.
Edward J. Sullivan, U. S. N.
Harry E. Foran, Qtm. Dept.
Mark A. Manning, Seaman.
Edward J. Ryan, Infantry.
Robert O. Gilmore, Ensign School.
Joseph E. Mulqueen, Medical Reserve.
Patrick J. Larkin, Jr., Naval Reserves.
Paul J. Sullivan, U. S. Military Academy.
Edward F. Cross, Naval Reserves.
Joseph M. Duffy, Naval Aviation.
John W. Maher, Naval Reserves.

Died in the Service

LIEUTENANT E. LELAND MOONEY, '13.

CORPORAL TIMOTHY J. DALEY, '17.

PRIVATE EDWARD J. WALSH, Ex-'15.

JOHN G. GAGNIER, Ex-'17.

.. The Holy Cross Purple ..

Vol. XXX

June, 1918

No. 9

The Gardens of France

R

ING down the dusk and let its fold o'erspread
The hills of France. Oh set the sombre night
With funeral tapers, gleaming silver white
Above unbroken ranks of sleeping dead.
Across the graves where moonlight wan is shed,
The moaning winds bewail the lovers' plight
And chant a paean in their dismal flight;
Here son and sire rest a silent head.

Then as ye watch the moonbeams pallid dance,
Be mindful, here the flower sleeps. It fills
The hallowed ground with sweet content
That bids these graves be called "Gardens of France"—
Aye, gardens fair! Do ye but ask the hills
And in their solemn silence find assent.

EDWARD V. KILLEEN, JR., '19.

Still in the Game



PIERRE was dying. He knew it from the ominous shake of the doctor's head and the sad smile of the fatigued nun spoke more eloquently than the most fervent "requiescat." But death did not trouble Pierre. His eyes, clear mirrors of a clear soul, showed no fear or anxiety, but a mute appeal was pictured there as effectively as Raphael's brush could have painted it on canvas. Sins and offenses against his eternal Commander did not agitate him, for they had been limited and the good "curé" had prepared him well for his last and longest trip "over the top" to eternity. The downward curve of his lips, however, and the sighs occasionally torn from his breast told too well that Pierre was reluctant to leave "the game."

The first roar of the unleashed dogs of war had been the recruiting call for Pierre, and he had enlisted as a courier under Joffre. Never had a messenger a more precarious existence! At the Marne his feet seemed guided by some propitious hand, for he dashed unscathed through the most thunderous attacks. At Verdun he had sped through shell-torn trenches and fields swept by chattering machine guns. He was always ready, ever hastening, often indispensable. One blue-clad hero jokingly said that Pierre was like an automobile, the smoke of explosions being always at his heels, but never catching up with him. He literally laughed at the hoarse-throated mortars, and his comrades, commenting upon his valor and luck,

STILL IN THE GAME.

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christened him "le grand courier." Just as some men are born to *give* orders, Pierre apparently was endowed with a facility in *carrying* them.

Intrepid Frenchmen, nevertheless, are not invulnerable to flying lead, and Pierre realized the fact as he fingered the clean white sheet of his hospital cot and winced with the pain of his shattered legs.

"I guess my courier days are over," he mused, gazing abstractedly through the window out upon the emerald hillsides and trees bursting with the green that spring had summoned from concealment. "Seems as if spring is sending flowers to my funeral—but gee, it's hard to be out of the game. No dispatches, no errands, no——"

It was refreshing to have the good nurse stroke his burning brow like that. Perhaps she had some medicine. His legs throbbed like a thousand toothaches, but the sedative was not yet due and—— That did not feel like a woman's hand! It was so small! He turned slowly, curiously, and gazed into the blue eyes and pinched features of a tiny child!

"Bien, ma petite," cried Pierre, "what are you doing here?"

The thin lips quivered and two large tears glistened on her lashes as she whispered:

"Vous êtes Pierre? You are 'le grand courier'? My papa says you take the dispatches?"

"I did, ma petite, but now I——"

"Mais, monsieur, please take this one! You are so good, so brave. My papa has told me so." And without waiting for a reply her blue lined hand pressed a small white note into his calloused palm.

Pierre looked whimsically at the childish scrawl, started suddenly, and then smiled pleasantly at his diminutive commander.

"Eh, bien, ma petite, I will try to deliver it. And you will pray that I succeed?"

"Yes, yes, monsieur!"

"I will succeed then." And making a supreme effort he saluted the delighted child.

* * * * *

The beams of light had faded from gold to crimson to gray, and the onrushing shadows had driven the last rays of sunlight from the room when the "docteur" tiptoed to Pierre's cot.

"Gone!" he whispered with mingled awe and respect. "Gone!"

Noticing something white peeping from the brown hand of the dead courier the "docteur" gently drew a wrinkled paper toward the light of the door and read a child's scrawl:

"To my mama in Heaven."

Pierre carried his last dispatch. He was "still in the game."

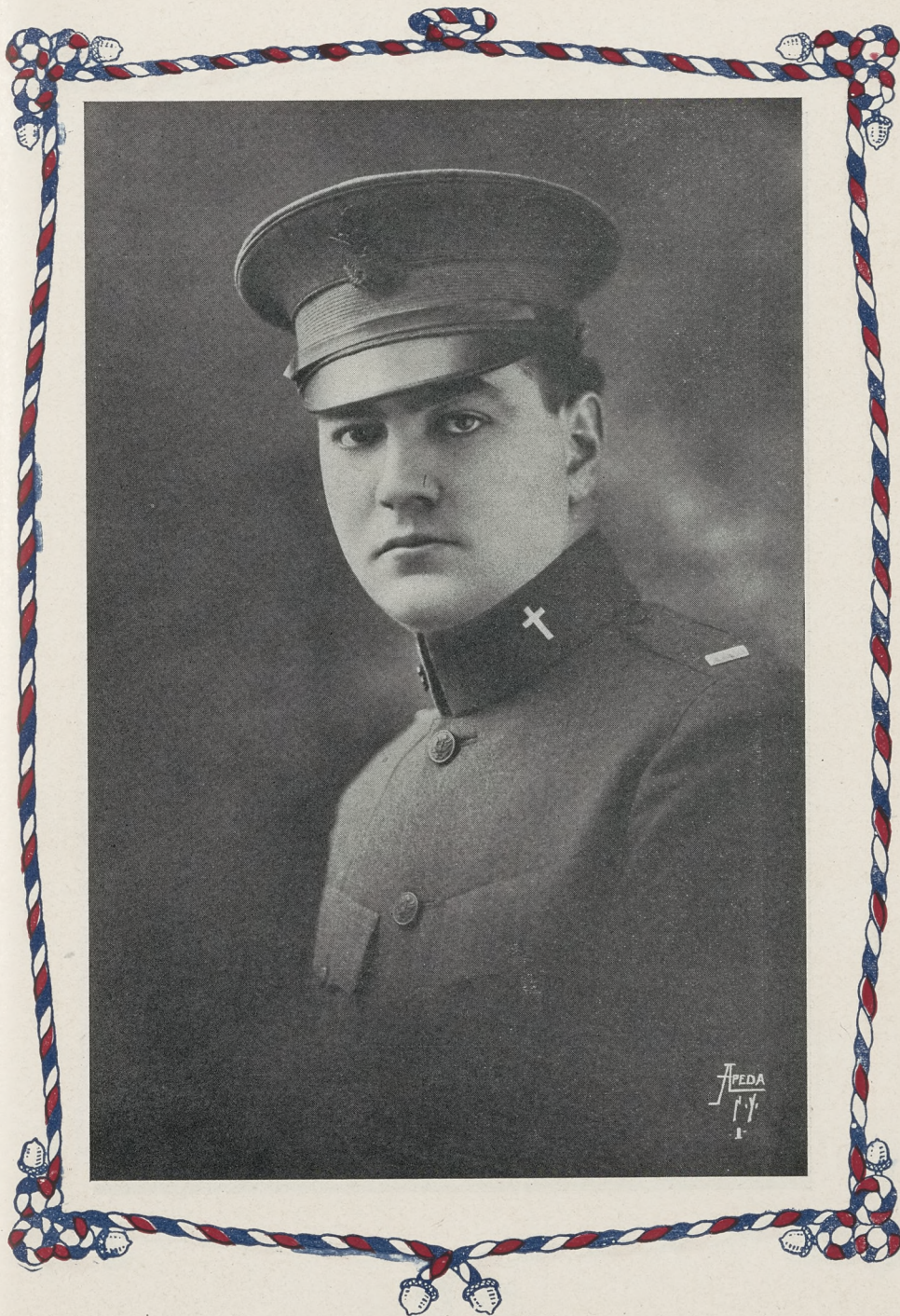
WILLIAM P. COLLINS, '19.



Rev. CHARLES F. CONNOR, S.J.



Rev. CHARLES C. CONATY, '12



Rev. JAMES H. CARR, '12



Rev. FRANCIS N. WALSH, '10

The Airman's Song

I

HAD not thought the world so fair
When I was but terrestrial heir
Nor knew what way the birdlings go,
What roads beneath the white moon's glow.



But all was earth and rolling sea
And nought of skies to gladden me
Save gleam of stars and sun and moon
And thrills that vanish all too soon.

But now I sail the cloudy main
And skim the humid ports of rain,
Awing like hawk I proudly soar
Athwart the gleaming heaven's door.

I see the earth a pigmy plain,
Of light and dark and mingled twain,
And lofty pines like mottled masts
Of elfin barks in fairy blasts.

And spires that once my childish eye
Saw cleave the smiling summer sky,
Now bow their heads in shame it seems
And die with Fancy's fitting dreams.

One eye I charge to guide my hand
And one to feed my soul's demand,
So Duty courts light-winged joy
And God with strife is sweet alloy.

Thus we alone on foamy crests
Of clouds where nought but nothing rests,
Grow closer both; and I to Him
And He to me on heaven's rim.

JAMES J. TENNYSON, '21.

Tommie of Ambulance No. 76 Speaks

(To W. C., in France.)



He was pilin' in our "blesses"
As the sun was sinkin' low,
With the ole Boche "Minnies" whinin',
An' the first star-shells ashinin',
An we sweatin' to and fro.

But we finally filled the stretchers,
An' me mates were climbin' in,
When we hears someone asighin',
An' a weak, small voice was cryin':
"Take me too, chaps, if ye kin."

So I looks and saw another
Wounded pal not far away;
An' I saw 'e was fast goin',
For the blood was flowin', flowin',
From is neck 'round where 'e lay.

I jumps out and up I sits 'im
Right beside me in the seat.
As I starts the engine hummin',
What I hears from 'im acomin'
Is, "Say, a 'fag' would be me meat."

As I held the match up for 'im
'Is poor face was bloomin' pale;
But the shells above was singin',
An' the bits o' shrapnel pingin'
On the ground like leaden 'ail.

TOMMIE OF AMBULANCE No. 76 *SPEAKS.* 577

So I turns the ole bus rearward,
With me precious, moanin' freight,
 All me senses 'live an' strainin',
 While the shells around were rainin',
Like as if we'd passed 'ell's gate.

Well, we finally made the 'Cross base,
An' they rushed the "blesses" in;
 But me friend 'e sat there starin',
 'E was through with all 'is darin';
'E was spattered red like sin.

An I'm 'ome in blighty now, boys,
An' I'm restin' me ole feet;
 But it haunts me in me dreamin',
 'Ow, when shells was wild an' screamin',
That "stiff" shared me driver's seat.

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20.

“A Pipe”



HE was number two-three-four-eight. He had been through “Prep”; had graduated from college, started in business, been forced to drop that business for the future, and had now entered a new one.

Apart from the fact that he had few friends, he was as natural as any of those among whom he might be found. No one had ever heard him say he did not like his new work, but his manner was far from the spirit of enthusiasm. Yet in the fresh new suit of drab he was not the same as those around him. Within those soft, dull, gray eyes one could not analyze the character of their owner. In fact, the evasiveness of those eyes eluded any long study, as he stood there quietly in that line of khaki, armed with tin plates and cups.

He walked up and received his rations and retired to the last table in the barracks.

Throughout his meal he kept his eyes fastened on the sun-tinted hills in the west as if among those rose-colored summits were left all that he possessed. He left the table just as the final bit of red went down behind the mountain, closing his first day in camp.

* * * * *

Thunder clap upon thunder clap shook the earth. Everything was noise. Dirty khaki ran up and down the trench. A burst of shrapnel nearby sent a great cloud of smoke and dust

"A PIPE."

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to the air. A tall young sergeant stepped quietly into the line and then gave a few curt orders.

"In two minutes the barrage will commence."

"Yes, sir."

"We follow in thirty seconds."

"Yes, sir."

"If beaten off, retreat quickly, for the retreat will be covered by another barrage."

"All right, sir."

Scarcely had he spoken when far behind the lines could be heard a great roaring. The enemy's trenches were no longer in sight. The lieutenant was counting thirty seconds on his wrist watch. Then, with a "forward," closely followed by his sergeant, he leaped from the trench. The rest of the company, running at a dog-trot in a crouched, crooked line, made for the Boches. Several of them dropped; now one near at hand; then another farther down the line.

The sergeant was now following close behind the wave of men. Could any one say this was the same man whom the commissariat had outfitted in America twelve months ago? Yes, there were those eyes of gray, with their unmistakable softness of color. But the face had changed; there was now a tanned, rugged complexion in place of the tender, pink cheeks of a year ago; a firmer jaw. Yes, even those singular indeterminate eyes seem to have a little more fire of eagerness as they looked into the smoke ahead.

A crackling burst of fire flashed through the dust and smoke before him. Simultaneously his hand went to his shoulder, he

staggered—then pitched forward into a great crater made by a forty-two centimeter. He came to a stop some twenty feet below, catching on to something which felt like a pipe.

Finally, after getting the sand out of his eyes, he saw that he did have hold of a pipe of about one-half inch in diameter, which ran across the great hole he had tumbled into.

Above he could hear the men of the company as they ran. Unsuccessful, he thought—they were coming back. He saw the strategy of the Hun. The Boches were waiting for the American reserve to come up so that they could get both the reserve and attack forces with the mine worked by wires within the pipe. The wire must be cut!

But then the thought of the barrage for retreat came to him and he realized that he himself would be buried under the shelling if he did not get out of his present position quickly. He tried to rise, but was unable to get up on his feet. The machine gun had also caught him above the right knee.

He was out for good, evidently. He shouted—he fired his revolver, but all in vain; for the little noise he made in the midst of that cannonading was like the noise of a raindrop falling on a stormy Atlantic.

He could make a little progress by crawling on his stomach, and succeeded in getting half way up the side of the hole when he felt something tangling about his ear. Reaching up with his one useful hand he found a string. A locket attached to it brought him back to America and to the words of the one whose picture was within:

“Remember that your country comes before yourself!” had

"A PIPE."

581

been the final words of a fond but patriotic mother to an unwilling son as he had left the station for camp.

The stronger rumble of the guns came to him from the battle above. The noise of the second barrage frightened him. He had barely time to get back to his own lines; but the mine might go off and destroy his comrades at any moment.

He looked up at the sky above, then down at the pipe below. The rumbling of the cannon grew fiercer. But the words of his mother rang through his ears and the black pipe below beckoned him; and he slid down again to the bottom of the man-made crater.

He feverishly tried to break the pipe with his one useful hand and the weight of his body, but it would not give. He tried to cut it with bullets from his revolver, but these merely glanced off the iron. He hammered with the butt of his revolver. This had but a slight effect, yet he saw that it gave a little. And that little encouraged him, and like a trip hammer he beat upon the pipe. It flattened out. Again he shot, this time the bullet going part way through; he drove it through with another shot.

The blood was flowing steadily from his shoulder and every twitch of his leg sent a shooting pain through his body. The cannon was now a roar. He was fast growing weak from loss of blood and the violent labor.

The pipe yielded to a great pull and it was but a moment's work to cut through the insulation and the soft copper beneath. Just as he finished he looked up and saw men running by. Ah! thank God! the color was olive drab and not gray.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

But had he lost his sense of direction? No, they were surely going in an easterly direction, for there was the rising sun. He saw he had been mistaken in the second cannonading, for it was not for retreating Sammies, but for a barrage whose angle tilted farther Berlin-ward. Then everything grew black to the eyes of the "non-com" and he toppled over in a heap.

* * * * *

He woke up in a long low building filled with beds. Looking down at the foot of his bed, his eye caught sight of a silver cross glittering, on what to him seemed to be the cleanest cloth he had ever seen. To the right of the silver emblem was a golden locket suspended from a string. This he seized, and fervently pressing it to his lips, fell back to sleep.

NEIL T. HEFFERNAN, '21.



Major DENNIS F. O'CONNOR, M.D., '93



Major JOHN J. MURPHY, M.D., '07



Capt. HARRY P. CAHILL, M.D., '07



Capt. THOMAS L. HOBAN, '13

A Legend From Picardy

A

BLUNDER in the far-land,
The land of murk and strife;
A blunder in the war-land,
Where a blunder sells for life:



Some paltry unfound error,
Just what we scarce may know,
Laid a regiment of Britons
At the mercy of the foe.

A laughing moon was leering,
As it settled in the West,
At the hasty-summoned council
In its hasty-sunken nest,

Where a talking little Captain—
The regimental Puck—
Their predicament was stating:
“We’ve lost our bit of luck;

“For it’s plain we can’t go forward,
And we cannot now go back;
When the German sees our danger
He will certainly attack,

“And how can we defend us,
Outnumbered five to one?
Oh, come the moon to ogle,
For we scarce may see the sun!”

Now even in the dug-outs
They like their little jest—
“But no! the moon is setting,
So we’ll meet her soon—Out West.”

The circled faces turning
Behold the great white moon—
See! See! There in the ghost-light
Charges a Ghost-Dragoon!

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

Up springs the baited Colonel:
"Who is it dares to ride,
And what may be his mission,
And what does he betide?

"Oh, is he sent to save us
In some immortal way?
For, sure, no mortal horse-man,
On horse as white as clay,

"Could hurdle over trenches
Escaping German shot,
And through the glowing moonlight
Bring succor to our lot.

Not an English sentry challenged
This speeding spectre-knight;
Not a German sniper crimsoned
His speeding charger white.

He gained their line unscathed
And like the lightning wheeled,
To call the awe-still Britons
With his curtain-covered shield.

Unquestioning they followed,
While from above, a cloud
Sank down between the trenches
Like an all concealing shroud.

And when they reached to safety,
His shield uncurtainéd,
They saw thereon a dragon—
"I am George, a Saint," he said.

And so Saint George of England
A regiment did save;
And so a little Captain
Saw the sun rise, strangely grave.

JOHN H. M. FALLON, '19.

Jean of the Escadrille



THE setting sun was bathing the lazy white clouds with its parting rays as the last two airplanes to descend skimmed gracefully over the field and came gradually to a stop in front of the hangars. Those aviators whose machines had already been housed and who were walking slowly toward their quarters smiled as they heard the music of a merry laugh come floating over the field from the direction of the airplanes.

"Ah, that Jean La Fèvre! He is a happy fellow," said one, rather wistfully.

"Yes. Who would suspect that a heart so light could contain such sorrows? Would that I could do the same!" said another, with an admiring glance toward the subject of their conversation, as he came walking stiff-legged across the field with the captain of the escadrille. Friendship was in the eyes of the lithe-limbed youth of France as he called out gaily to his comrades:

"Ah, now what are you two heartless old chasseurs plotting together? Something terrible for the Boche, I presume?"

"No, indeed, Jean. We leave that for you to determine. Did you reach Berlin, that it took you so long to descend?"

"No, we did not," answered the captain, as he and Jean joined the two aviators and all four proceeded to their quarters. "We spent so much time looking for you after the Boches attacked, that we have just been able to reach the field."

The forthcoming indignant reply was prevented, for they had just reached the mess hall. Their arrival was greeted by a shout from those already seated at the long table, and immediately Jean became the center of a battery of quizzes and raileries. To all of them he replied with spirit, his spontaneous laugh coming like a cooling draught to these grizzled veterans, accustomed as they were to face the realities of a horrible war in all their gruesome aspects. Two things delighted Jean more than anything else. One, the music of a violin; the other, the melody of a laugh. Before the war Jean had been gay, light-hearted; troubles met his laughing blue eyes and glanced off harmlessly into the void, ashamed. And now, in all the flying corps, there were few so quick to perceive the grotesque, and none more popular.

But occasionally, when a report came in of some new German horror, the laughter in his eyes died, and in its stead there burned a smouldering flame. Jean had lost his mother in an air raid, and his only brother on the field of honor.

With all his light-heartedness, Jean was an expert airman. He loved the feeling of freedom under the broad heavens; his machine was to him a live thing, leaping, breathing and pulsating with energy. He knew it and delighted in its possession.

The day had been a trying one. A squadron of Germans, unexpectedly appearing on the horizon, had brought the whole escadrille into action. Jean, darting about the skies in his swift little Morane, had outmaneuvered a German Taube and sent it scuttling back to its base, with a pilot nursing a wounded arm. The squadron had retreated, evidently not having ex-

pected such spirited opposition, and, one by one, the French airplanes had come to rest on the field.

Strangely enough, however, little was said about the battle; such things were all in the day's routine. One aviator created much excitement by the tale of a new German atrocity. He told a sad story of a famous French aviator, well known and loved by the entire escadrille, Jacques Thévault by name. He had fallen within the German lines, and, according to the report, his body had received scant courtesy from the enemy. In fact, a mock funeral had been held to provide amusement for some German hospital attendants, and the entire scene had been disgraceful in the extreme. Jean's eyes flashed at the recital and his body stiffened. The captain, observing, sought to divert his attention.

"Do you know whom we now have opposing us?" he asked.

"No, who?" answered Jean, shortly.

"Lieutenant Von Hansen, the musician."

Jean softened instantly.

"Von Hansen, the violinist?"

"The same. Do you remember him?"

"Do I remember him? Indeed, yes. Was I not present when he thrilled all the Theatre Paris with his playing? Ah, my captain, the magic of his art! I still can hear the wondrous trills of his notes and the delicate harmony of his rhapsodies."

The captain smiled, for he had touched upon Jean's favorite topic. And he sent Jean up to bed, later, whistling and singing blithely.

That night Jean dreamed of a great auditorium, filled with breathless thousands, whose faces, dimly lighted by the reflection from the stage, were centered upon a lone figure, playing, playing, swaying with the intensity of his emotion. The sweetness of his lullabies! The fierce passion of his melodious outbursts! All through his fancies there seemed to run the soft cadences of his ringing instrument.

The following morning Jean rose reluctantly and from his window viewed a sky overset with banks of clouds. Over in the east the sun was vainly trying to break a path through mists of white. Jean dressed and walked briskly out into the morning air. He had received his orders the previous evening, and within a few moments was climbing rapidly up through the clouds. Higher and higher he rose, until the field below him became a mere patch of light green, interspersed with gray dots. When he had reached his altitude, he swung around in wide, easy circles, with but intermittent glimpses of earth through the banks of fog.

Suddenly a faint whirring sound reached his ears, and on the instant, he began to climb. Presently the sound increased in volume; below him he saw a machine approaching at a swift pace from the direction of the German lines. He braced swiftly, for on each end of the wings he had discerned a black cross. The wind roared in his ears as he flew, as yet unseen by his enemy. Then, when he had gained a position directly above the German, he dove. His machine gun began to rattle almost at the same moment, and soon he became dimly conscious of the whine of bullets as they sped by him. Then his

JEAN OF THE ESCADRILLE.

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gun jammed; with a mighty effort he managed to swing his machine about. As the German turned and began to climb for the next encounter, Jean went white.

For, seated behind the gun in the enemy machine, tense-faced with the excitement of battle, was none other than Lieutenant Von Hansen. Jean felt sick and faint at the thought that he had nearly killed this wizard of the violin. He must, of course, escape. He could easily continue to drop, and reach his field in safety. And who was he, Jean La Fèvre, to blot out of existence the idol of the world, Frederick Von Hansen? How could he be expected to silence forever that wonderful art?

Already he had begun to descend when there arose before his vision a picture that caused him to lift his planes and go soaring upward at a terrific rate. For before him he saw Jacques, lying desecrated and unburied, in some obscure field. He saw the thousands of starved and beaten women and children that he used to pity as he watched them trudging wearily into the French capital—he saw his dying mother, an innocent victim of German hate. Was not this man one of these murderers?

The morning sun, breaking through the dissolving clouds, disclosed to the French soldiers in the trenches a sight that remained long in the hearts of many. They saw a French machine, admirably managed, outrace a Taube to a position of superior height; saw it swerve, dive, feint, and retreat in the flashes of a moment. Faintly they could hear the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, and intently they watched the lightning-like

maneuvers of the combatants. They saw the French machine rise again like the bird it was and swoop, hawk-like, on its prey. And then from every throat rose a rousing cheer, as the German machine, far up in the sky, crumpled, folded up and dashed to earth, a mass of flames.

Over at the barracks, some time later, the captain and a lieutenant of the escadrille were questioning an orderly.

"Did you see Jean? Where is he after his brilliant victory?"

"I think you will find him in his room, sirs," answered the orderly.

They went up the stairs rather briskly, walked down the hall, and opened Jean's door. On the threshold they paused, with the words of congratulation arrested on their lips.

Over in a corner of the room, flung across a table, Jean La Fèvre, with his head buried in his blood-stained arms, was sobbing out the misery of his soul.

JAMES T. MAHONEY, '20.

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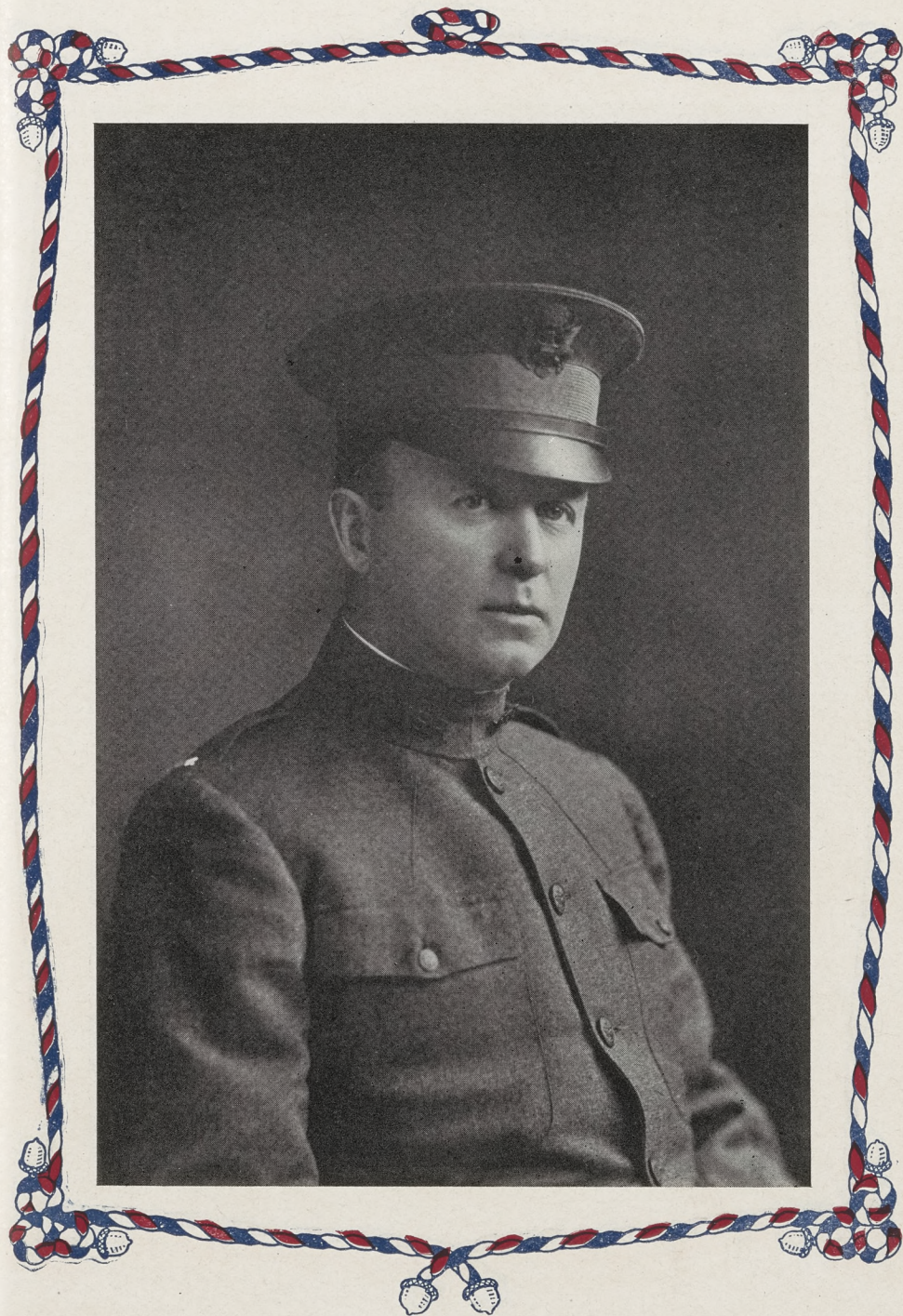
E. B. McCaffrey, '14

Dr. BERNARD PLOUFFE, '11



THOMAS TWITCHELL, '19

FRANCIS R. LYONS, Ex-'19



Lieut. AUGUSTUS M. O'BRIEN, M.D., '97



Lieut. GEO. F. ROESCH

Via Crucis

A

LAD, and yet he fights full well. What zest
Must kindle in his heart to stir him so!
He feign would have a "Croix de Guerre" to show



A manly trinket on a youthful breast.
More pity then, a shell need end his quest;
It seems not fair in death his cheek sha'n't glow,
It seems unkind to mock him, who, below
A wooden cross, his curly head will rest.

And yet another cross; in sorrow's name
The mother bears the heartaches of them all,
The pain and anguish that they bring. And thus we find
The trilogy, of sorow, death and fame.
A soldier's "Via Crucis" we may call
The cross they seek, they gain and leave behind.

EDWARD V. KILLEEN, JR., '19.

Our Flag



AS one climbs Mount St. James and approaches O'Kane Building, high above the tower of that venerable structure may be seen the American flag in all its majesty opening to the breeze. Upon beholding America's emblem in such conspicuous display, the thought at once arises: "Why should the American flag wave over all public buildings? Why should this piece of bright colored cloth—this flag of which we make so much—why should it thrill our hearts and cause the fires of pride and loyalty to flash in our eyes?"

What do the Stars and Stripes mean? They mean liberty, union, happy homes, God's country. They mean American ideas and American progress, American history, and American pride. They mean a land of grand schools and churches, of brave intelligent men and fair, virtuous women. They mean the dying prayer of thousands of patriots whose last glances lingered lovingly on its beautiful folds.

The story is told that when Lincoln was on his way to Washington for his first inauguration, he was met by a gathering at Dunkirk, New York, and an old gray-haired farmer asked him what he was going to do when he arrived at his destination. Lincoln replied: "By the help of Almighty God, and the loyal people of this country, I am going to uphold the Stars and Stripes, and the ideals for which they stand. Will you support me?" There was a great shout, and cheers of "we will!"

OUR FLAG.

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In defense of those ideals the American flag has labored much, and suffered severely. At times it has even tasted defeat, but as often as the flag went down, so often did it rise again until it floated in victory through all our own wars for freedom, justice, and humanity. Many of the veterans of those battles have passed away. Soon all will have passed away. But Old Glory, the flag under which those noble-hearted men fought, will never pass away. Forever shall it wave, a standard of freedom to all. It may be likened to the great goddess Liberty, with arms outstretched, encouraging all to seek protection under its folds.

The Stars and Stripes are not the emblem of a king, a president, or of any ruler. Nor are they the coat of arms of any royal family. They are the emblem of a free people, brought into being by their will, defended at all times by their patriotism, turned to for protection in time of danger. No matter into what parties our people may be divided, due to political or religious beliefs, they all stand united under one flag.

The history and origin of the American standard is worthy of most careful consideration. Before Congress established a national flag, many banners and emblems had been used by the different colonies to show their determination to resist the tyranny of Great Britain. Of the several different designs the most conspicuous were the "Pine Tree Flag" and the "Rattlesnake Flag."

The "Rattlesnake Flag," which was used immediately before and directly following the outbreak of the Revolution, first came into existence when the colonies began to feel that

English rule was too oppressive. The first of such banners bore the motto, "Unite or Die." On February 9, 1776, when the colonies had become more determined in their resistance to British tyranny, Colonel Gadsden presented to Congress an elegant flag which was to be used by the commander-in-chief of the American navy. It had a yellow field, with a rattlesnake in the attitude of striking, and underneath were written the words: "Don't Tread on Me."

Benjamin Franklin, seeing this emblem on a drum of those days, wrote as follows: "On inquiry and from study, I learn that the ancients considered the serpent as an emblem of wisdom, and in some attitudes, of endless duration; and too, that countries are often represented by animals peculiar to that country. The rattlesnake is found nowhere but in America. Her eye is exceedingly bright and without eyelids. She never begins an attack and never surrenders—emblem of courage. She never wounds even her enemies until she generously gives them warning not to tread on her, which is emblematic of the spirit of the people who inhabit her country. She appears weak and defenseless, but her weapons are nevertheless formidable. Her poison is the necessary means for the digestion of her food, but spells certain destruction to her enemies—showing the power of American resources. Her thirteen rattles, the only part which increases in number, are distinct from each other, and yet so united that they cannot be disconnected without breaking them to pieces—showing the impossibility of an American republic without a union of states. A single rattle will give only a slight sound, but by putting the ringing of the

OUR FLAG.

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thirteen together, it is enough to startle the boldest man alive. She is beautiful in her youth, which increases with her age. Her tongue is forked as the lightning, and her abode is among the impenetrable rocks."

On June 4, 1777, at the battle of Saratoga, the Stars and Stripes were for the first time unfurled, and from the beginning they signaled victory. On that day also, the Stars and Stripes were accepted as the national flag, when the Congress of that period resolved that the flag of the colonies should be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union should be thirteen white stars on a blue field. During the War of 1812 the national emblem had fifteen stars and as many stripes, the number having been increased by an act of Congress, on the admission of Vermont and Kentucky in the year 1795. In 1816, when Indiana became a state, a committee was appointed to inquire what changes should be made to our national emblem. At the suggestion of Capt. S. C. Field, the number of stripes was reduced to the original thirteen, and the stars were increased to represent the number of states. The present status of our flag was fixed by the following enactment of Congress on April 4, 1818: "Resolved, that from and after the Fourth of July next the flag of the United States shall be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternating red and white; that the Union shall have twenty stars, white on a blue field; that on the admission of every new state one star shall be added to the union of the flag, and that such additions shall take effect on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission."

The idea of stars representing states was suggested by the

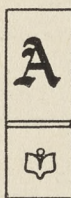
constellation Lyra, which signifies harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the Covenanters' banner in Scotland, likewise significant of the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression and incidentally involving vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars of the first flags were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union, the circle being the sign of eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the states to and their dependence upon the Union, as well as equality among themselves.

What eloquence the Stars and Stripes breathe when their full significance is known! A new constellation; union; perpetuity; a covenant against oppression; equality; subordination; courage; purity.

Little wonder that when we look upon the flag our hearts are filled with respect, devotion and love for such an emblem! Little wonder that we recall the trials of those men, who so gallantly fought under and around that banner, contending against a fierce and vigilant foe, who have struggled to destroy this government, and to drag in the dust that flag, which for so many years has secured to us prosperity and happiness, and commanded the respect of the whole civilized world. Today, again, when the whole world is at war, Old Glory again floats on high, the foremost emblem of peace, prosperity and freedom!

PHILIP H. BREEN, '20.

Service Flag



AZURE stars and crystal folds
Heralding their story,
Whisper of the faithful hearts
Marching on to glory.
The apex of each shining star
Points to love that spreads afar:
One stands for a mother's care,
Two: for sister's farewell prayer,
Three: for father's silent share,
Four means sweetheart, young and fair,
Five: says God will guard him there.
That's the blue star's story.

Golden stars and field of red
Sadly are explaining,
Some are numbered with the dead,
Ended their complaining.
But each star is honor tipped,
Tho' from sorrow's cup we've sipped.
One tip means that God is near,
Two: a lost love still held dear,
Three: a father's saddened cheer,
Four: a sister's dreams of fear,
Five: a mother's lonely tear
That's the gold star's story.

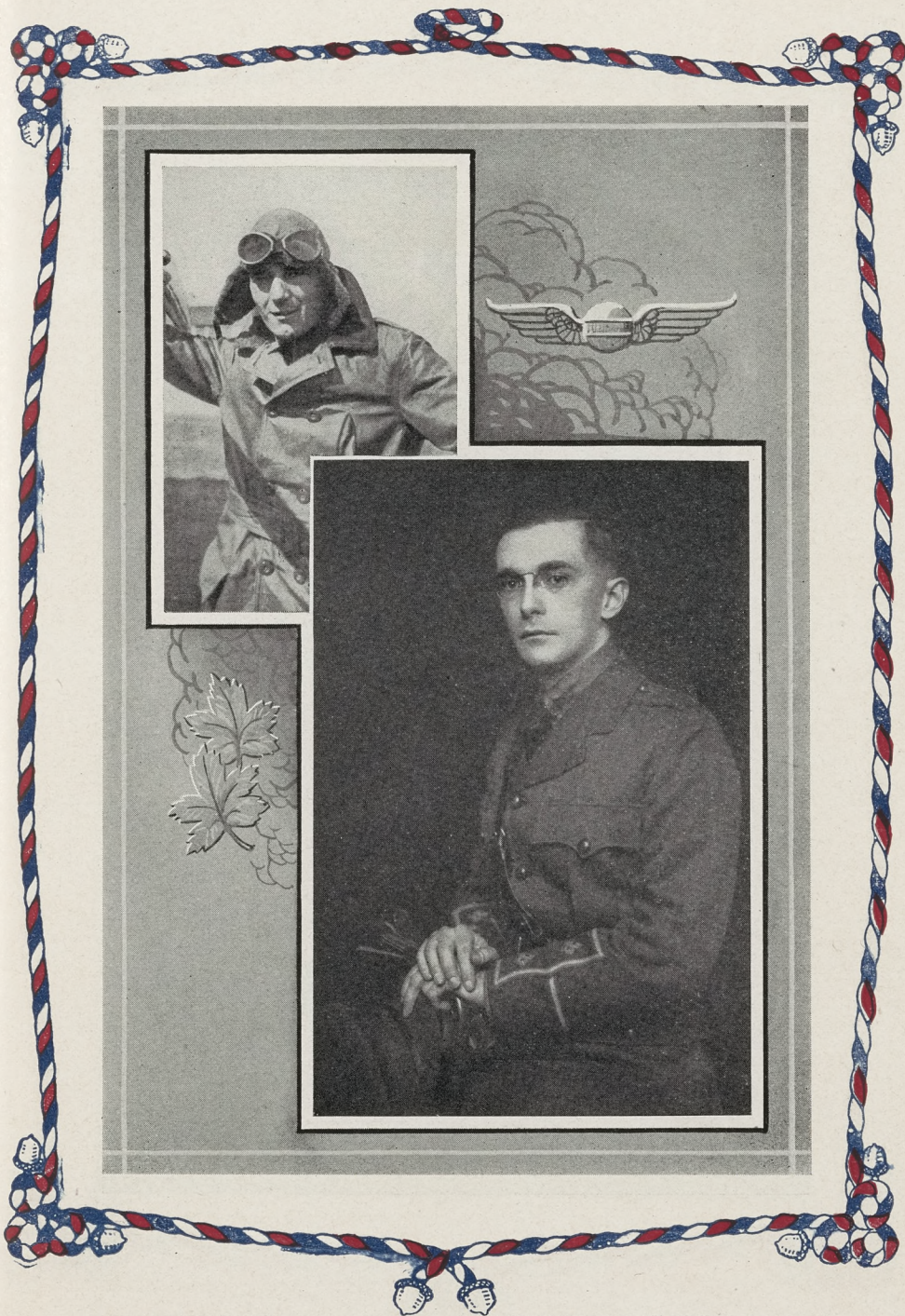
THOMAS W. RYAN, '20.

The Coward



It was early Spring and sad London seemed to forget her sorrows, and smiled with the budding trees. The voices of the little news-boys sounded just a little more musical and the clang of the passing car seemed to request politely rather than demand harshly. I was about to turn into the —— Club when my attention was arrested by the voice of some one behind me calling: "I say, Mr. Brimm, Mr. Brimm." Turning about I received such a sight as would please the heart of any real soldier. The person who had called after me was a lieutenant of R. F. C., dressed with the accuracy which the War Office so rigidly demands. He was the ideal Oxford man; an English gentleman through and through; manifesting the confidence that swells the chests of young army men recently commissioned. This chap was a neighbor of mine out in Bursley. During happy days, when peace was not regarded as something to thank God for, I had watched him grow from a curly-headed rascal to a youth whose ambitions were always sensible and good. Now he stood before me a man, the finished product of English military training.

After exchanging the heartiest of salutations we walked arm in arm into the club. The commonplaces of conversation followed, and soon we drifted into the memories of old friends, of relatives, of home. My mention of his mother brought the thoughtful stare into his flashing eyes. For a minute or so he



LAURENCE EARLY, '18

Lt. VINCENT J. McELDERRY, '06



Major JOSEPH W. O'CONNOR, '03

PHILIP G. MURPHY, Ex-'13



JOHN A. MAGUIRE, '18

WM. J. McGOVERN, '19

RAYMOND B. GODDARD, Ex-'17

ROBERT VEZZANI '18



Lt. PAUL G. GRANEY, '17

Lt. DANIEL A. DONOGHUE, '15

THE COWARD.

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started with a gentle smile on his handsome face as though old childhood scenes were passing through the amber-colored glass on his knee. "Well, Jack," says I, "what about yourself and the army. How many 'crosses' can your chest carry?"

This remark started him away. On and on he flew to invisible heights, building castles of fanciful material for quite a while, when suddenly I suppose he sensed that he was talking too much. "Have you any advice to give me before I leave for the front, Mr. Brimm?" he asked in a respectful tone. There was much advice to offer, but I realized how futile advice is to one of his caliber. I decided on another point of strategy. "No, Jack, I have no advice; but to pass the time let me tell you a strange little story I know, that happened down in the Holy Land, down there where I lost my arm.

"The story concerns our captain, as splendid an Englishman as I've ever seen. He was an ideal officer of that distinctive military poise and bearing that impose themselves on a soldier and make salute or drill with just a little more snap than ordinarily. We all respected him and many of us, I believe, really loved him.

"Through Flanders and the Marne we took our blows, and three times in dispatches our captain was mentioned for bravery in the face of danger. As we saw the great power and gallantry of the man our confidence in him grew stronger and stronger. We trusted him absolutely and unquestioningly. Then like a bolt, came new orders. Before we realized it we were embarked for the Holy Land, where, after a brief but hard fought campaign, we took the spot which all Christianity

has been craving for through the ages of history. The people of Jerusalem received us with tears of joy and the sight of so many white handkerchiefs waving at us saddened me instead of giving me joy because you see—I was thinking of the parting at London.. Well, our battalion was stationed just outside the celebrated Joppa gate which overlooks the hills and dry wastes of Kor. Every one was in excellent spirits, due, I suppose, to the persistent rumor that our next move was home.

“Then came a revelation that still blazes in my memory. At seven o'clock a message was brought to the captain stating that at nine we were to march to a hut about four miles away and capture a band of snipers who were harassing our encampment. At seven-thirty I noticed that the distant hills were becoming misty and dark; the blood-red sun being cut into by pitchy black clouds. At the same time the cool evening breeze died away to a dead calm. All around sank the stillness of death and black storm clouds raced to curtain the pale sky.

“At nine sharp we formed ranks according to orders and set off across the valley and up the hills, the men assuming the natural easy swing to the left and right that comes through hard practice at forced marches. I was ‘top’ sergeant at the time and marched this night side by side with the captain. Luckily I alone could see his face. His lips were compressed so tightly that they were almost colorless. Deep lines of suffering had worked into his face and looked as though they never could be erased. Coming close to me he forced a small object into my free right hand. I didn't look to see what it

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was, but when I fingered it slightly, putting it into my inside pocket, I judged that it was a small, pliant book. We marched on as before—in silence. And while all these strange things were happening the men behind were laughing and singing ‘bits’ of songs. They joked, too, about their prospects in the approaching storm, until the last half mile. Then the silence was almost ominous, for the thunder rolled and echoes seemed to bound from hill to hill.

“We soon reached the damnable shack and had formed in platoon formation to rush and capture the occupants by assault when suddenly a blinding flash of lightning struck a nearby tree, ripping it from top to bottom. The captain—with a cry of sheer terror—stood paralyzed; his two hands covering his handsome face. The devils within the shack, warned by the uncanny shriek, began to cut down our men with deadly accuracy. The men seemed petrified at the sight of the leader’s fear. All through the ranks our boys were being shot through the hearts like beasts, but still the captain never moved nor uttered the longed-for command to fire. Down came another bolt of lightning that seemed to burst right over our heads. The captain at this second stroke sank to the ground, a whimpering heap. My arm had been already nipped and I was dizzy from loss of blood, but I remained conscious long enough to see a brave eighteen-year-old lieutenant give the command to charge. The rest was a ghastly business, they tell me; no bullets were wasted—just sharp, cold steel. I guess it was the animal rage in the men that prompted them at that stage.

Think of it—one of the finest companies in service in England ignominiously defeated by a handful of heathen dogs.

“As soon as I recovered from my wound I called for my old service coat in which was the mysterious book that the captain had given me the night of the tragedy. It was his diary. With bungling fingers I turned to the day that our company was demolished. The penmanship was large and studiously careful, a perfect indication of the conflict between supreme will power and breaking nerves. It read thus:

“April 15, 19—, 7 P. M.

“Dear Sergeant Brimm: I have just received orders to go out with the company at nine—in the terrible lightning storm that I can feel approaching. Before we leave there is something I would wish to have you know. Six years ago at Brinshire my only child was instantly killed at my side by a flash of lightning. I myself was temporarily blinded. Between my great sorrow and blindness I was nearly driven mad. Since then, in a storm I am a physical weakling. I can feel the cold sweat on my forehead now. If all goes well tonight I hope the secret will die in your heart; if otherwise, think kindly of me.’”

CLEMENT V. MCGOVERN, '20.

On the Field

A

CROSS the ridge, and over the plain

Where the "dum-dums" scream, as they seek their way,

Lost in the midst of the heaped up slain,

A wounded, dying Poilu lay.

He lay there awaiting the dawn of day,

With a zig-zag furrow that tore his breast.

And while he watched the shells at play,

A wonderful vision came out of the West.

He saw huge galleons bound over the main,

And a long brown line with a debt to pay,
Came tramping down the shell-lit lane;

On, on they went and their hearts were gay

While the Hunnish curs, sat back to bay

At the khaki line, while the Poilus rest;

And creeping under the misty gray,

A wonderful vision came out of the West.

A heavenly chorus with glad refrain,

Came sweetly down, with the moon's soft ray;

And bivouack fires, that cut in twain

The Teuton hosts, formed a sight to stay

In the Poilu's heart, when he fain would pray.

Again he saw, his last request,

His France still strong. As he left the fray,

A wonderful vision came out of the West.

O Thou, who dost these scenes display,

Grant unto us, that when our test

At last is over, the world may say,

A wonderful vision came out of the West!

JOHN P. WALSH, '21.

To Be Sensed



TIMES of necessity and trial bring to pass more heretofore unimaginable things every day. Such alterations in the personal routine of living as have been made of late, were inconceivable a short time ago. Who ever dreamed that laws outlining the menus for a nation, restricting the freedom of choice in the matter of edibles, would bear the sanction of common consent? Only the test of the hour could bring to realization such a tremendous project as the Liberty Loan, or the system of the War Savings Stamps!

One of the many wartime developments—though not so strangulating to our earlier imagination—has come to our notice as one of the most regrettable. Now it is the “six-cent” issue, the lapse of the nickel! It has lost the dignity of being the standard below which many money-changers refused to dabble and less than which “pay as you enters” and telephone booths would accept no denomination. It has lost its stability; no longer can it stand of itself; it needs the auxiliary penny.

The “little” ten-mill coin is quite grown up now, and demands notice and respect in proportion to the far from insignificant role it has assumed of late. Coppers are not weeds in a patch of silvers and nickels. “Pesky pennies” is an obsolete phrase; and “chicken feed” has been strangely transformed into “coin.”

Until today it was not uncommon to set aside surplus pennies; it was not extravagant to spend them for nothing more

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than the relief from their burden. The thought merely leads to the timely conclusion that, after all, coppers can be trusted in the pockets; they won't burn any holes. But for the sake of "no argument" it should be granted that the apparent champions of the convenience policy, rid themselves of pennies out of precaution.

The exaltation of this "little" coin emphasizes that "little things in life count" and that little things amount. The "six-cent" issue is a concrete expression for the spirit of "doing your bit and a little more." This "little more," like the penny, amounts and is vitally essential; hardly anything could be more conspicuous for its absence.

"Not throwing away" pennies might not have prevented the war, but it certainly would have been generously efficacious in offsetting the direness of the present crisis. Every cent thrown to the breezes of peace, and civil and social well-being, must be recompensed to the storms of war. And every penny expended with some concern makes the nickel more serviceable to the prudent spender.

Common cents and common sense go hand in hand today.

RAYMOND J. O'CALLAGHAN, '20.

The Soldier's Trinity



MOTHER'S face, so tender, calm and sweet,
Shines forth through darkness to the sentry's gaze,
An aureole of happiness, scarce meet
To view war's wasting slaughter, flash and blaze.

A wife's last words, low, sorrowful, yet kind,
Ring through the thunder on his list'ning ears,
While gentle murmurs floating on the wind,
Whisper as her voice, love dimmed with tears.

A baby's trusting grasp, encircling, strong,
Seems holding him again to homing shore,
A baby's prayer sobs out that not too long
Her daddy linger 'mid war's risk and roar.

WALTER E. DRURY, '19.



Rev. FRANK LEDERLE, Ex-'08

Lieut. EDWARD F. SWEENEY, '10

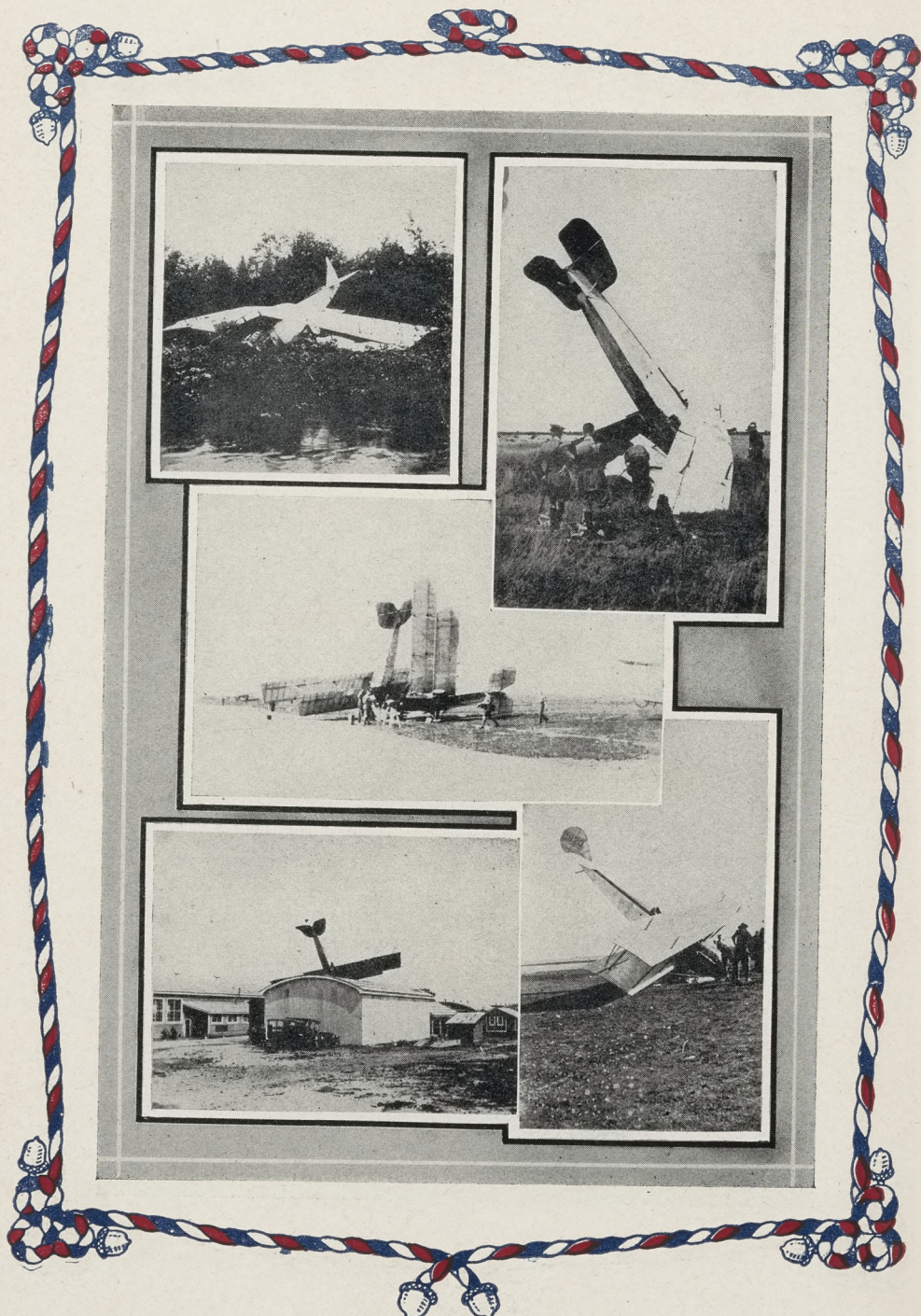


Lieut. EUGENE W. ROESCH, '19

Lieut. GEORGE F. ROESCH, '17



Rev. MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR, '97



WHERE LANDINGS WERE FATAL

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Communications

THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN.

The campaign for the Third Liberty Loan has closed with some 17,000,000 Americans purchasing about \$4,000,000,000 of bonds.

Hundreds of thousands of individual citizens, thousands of corporations and associations, and practically every newspaper and bank in the country gave liberally of their time, space, effort, and money to make the loan a success. The response of the people of the country was commensurate with the appeal made to them.

One great feature of the loan is its wide distribution. The farmers of the country, the people living in rural communities, in the small towns and villages, not only subscribed liberally to the loan but subscribed promptly. In fact, to a very great extent rural communities were earlier in making up their quotas than the larger cities. Secretary McAdoo well calls this wide distribution of the loan among the people the soundest financing in the world.

The sale of the Liberty Loan Bonds is only one-half of the transaction. The Government in selling the bonds is collecting money from the people. From now on until the bonds are finally called in and paid for the Government will be disbursing money to the people. It is going to be of incalculable benefit not only to the individual bondholders but to the country at large that these annual interest payments and the final payment of the bonds are going to be widely distributed among the body of the people, not paid only to large financial institutions, nor paid in large amounts to the dwellers in cities, nor paid to banks and other corporations, but paid to individual citizens, the rank and file of the American people.

The Liberty Loan is going to prove a great national blessing to the Nation and to the people of the Nation. Through it is to be enforced against our enemies the irresistible might of this invincible Republic, bringing victory to America and her allies and that liberty and justice and civilization which they are fighting for.

It is a great bond between the people and the Government, a great bond uniting in one great effort all of our people, and bringing economy and saving and prosperity to millions of American homes.

LETTERS FROM MEN IN THE SERVICE.

EBERTS FIELD,

LONOKE, ARKANSAS, April 10, 1918.

DEAR FATHER :

I am writing you a few words from the Malaria Belt of Arkansas, the center of civilization, that the learning and knowledge of our Catholic Faith has not yet reached.

The people in this county seat of Lonoke, about a mile from the Aviation Field where I am stationed, are without ambition or energy, and the vast majority of them did not know there was a war until the soldiers arrived.

This field is without a K. of C. building, so the only way we get to church is by going to Little Rock, twenty-two miles distant, and in order to do this you must take the train Saturday night; and this is sometimes impossible, as in the Aviation Section inspection takes place Sunday morning for one hour.

I think a Father Kearny, H. C., '11, is stationed at Little Rock College, and I am going to call up the College tonight and try and locate him.

Father, the early training I received at Holy Cross and the discipline under which I worked while there was all that I needed, together with a do-and-die spirit, to obtain a commission in the U. S. Army after eight weeks of training.

My work, while not hard, begins at 5.10 A. M. until 6 P. M. But of course, as is true of every officer, I get a two-hour rest after dinner. I am assigned to a Detachment of Flying Cadets, drilling them, teaching Army Paper-work, Army Regulations.

Since I cannot thank my old teachers at Alma Mater personally, kindly do so for me, and remember me to Father Coyle especially, whom I always admired, Father Mullen and the other Fathers, all of whom I am indebted to.

Wishing you, your Faculty and old Holy Cross success during this critical period in the World's History so that she may take her place as the leader in giving her strength to our cause, I remain,

Yours truly,

Lieut. HARRY J. CAHILL, '12.

P. S.—Father, kindly remember me in your prayers that I will be successful.

While a Freshman at Holy Cross, I had a Mr. Scanlon for a teacher in Class who, since then, was ordained and whose health was not the best. I think his name was Timothy J. Scanlon. If you know his present address I would appreciate it very much as I would like to drop him a few words of remembrance.

Thanking you,

H. J. CAHILL, '12.

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HEADQUARTERS 56th INFANTRY BRIGADE,
28th DIVISION, U. S. A.,
CAMP HANCOCK, Augusta, Georgia.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Your note reached me at home. After school we had a few days' leave so I scooted for home. I would have liked to have gone to Holy Cross but my time was too limited.

I presume Father Jim Tobin has told you all about the school. Can you imagine my surprise when I laid eyes on his bulk in the little train! He will make a fine chaplain—in fact, if someone would cut him in two he would make two good chaplains.

I returned last Saturday in time to put on the stall for a few hours' work. Yesterday I said two Masses in the morning and had the Rosary, a short instruction and Benediction in the evening. I was happy at being back with the boys. During the past few weeks I have been lonesome, and they seemed glad to see me back. They are wonderful, these boys of ours, and they surely do get into my heart.

I'm sending you the only available "snaps." While home I had some photos taken, and if you don't receive one in a week or two just write to Taunton for it.

I had a nice note from Father Davitt a few days ago. I hope to see him sometime soon—over there. But you never can tell.

Last night I met our new Brig-Gen.—Weigel—and we had quite a chat. He told me of his pleasant experience at Holy Cross and sent his regards to Father Dinand and the other Fathers. He is a splendid gentleman. You see I am quartered at his headquarters, mess with him, on his staff, etc.

Now I must run along to mess—so good-bye for a while. My regards to Father Dinand, the other Fathers and all my friends.

Sincerely in Christ, your friend,

CHARLES C. CONATY.

P. S.—Notice of George Prohaska's death just came. R. I. P.

A. M. OF G.
SANTIAGO, April 28, 1918.

MY DEAR FATHERS,:

The good fortune that has come to me lately prompts me to write to you tonight, for I feel sure that if I were face to face with you, the encouragement you would give me would be an ample reward for my efforts of a year's service. I am leaving Cuba on a morning boat bound for Quantico, Virginia, where I am to enter the Marine Officers' Training School to try for a commission.

The recent raising of the Corps to 75,000 has paved the way for many promotions which are to come from the ranks, and this is the proper pro-

cedure, in my opinion. All the candidates appeared before a selection board and questions of education, etc. were asked; also a letter of 100 words or more was required stating one's qualifications.

I feel a bit proud of my success, since the jump from a private to a commissioned officer is no mean one, and you may rest assured I'll work hard at Quantico and leave no stone unturned that would aid me. Our boat runs to Porto Rico first, so I'll manage to see more country on the way back; however, I've spent eight long months in these tropical lands and really, it's a pleasure to turn one's steps towards God's country again.

I was sorry to see the Patriot's Day jinx still hovering over the team, especially since their record in the South this year was such an excellent one. My interest in the ball team has always been a deep one, for it dates back to the days long ago, when I used to sweep out the grand-stand and brush the seats before the games in order to earn my admission. I can't forget Graduate Manager Morris, who always tried to kick me off the grounds, until the ground-keeper interceded for me. He certainly made life miserable for me.

I'd like to ask one favor of you, Father, and it is that you remember me in your prayers, that I may never fail in my duty. Best wishes to all the Faculty, especiall my former professors.

Sincerely yours,

MICHAEL J. KELLEY.

ARMED GUARD, No. 160,
CAMP LAWRENCE,
NORFOLK, VA., May 11, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

Your very kind letter has just reached me at this camp. Was transferred from Charleston, S. C., to this camp over a week ago, and like it here very much.

After a very exciting and interesting trip across on the U. S. S. Des Moines, it is good to be on land once more.

Had the pleasure of convoying across 37 vessels, mostly merchant—a record convoy at the time. Weather was fair, and outside of two very severe storms, it would have been a perfect trip. I believe it was the Tuesday after Easter we ran into one of them that surely made some of us think that our days were numbered. We were tossed and we rolled on the waves like a small rowboat for a whole day. Wind was blowing 90 miles an hour and we were dipping at an angle of 45 degrees. You can judge that we were not having a perfectly lovely time. Lost a whale-boat and several of the crew were injured. After it had abated somewhat our convoy was not to be seen. Only after hunting around for two days did we get in touch with them, then found only six. Turned in only 22 vessels to the Allies' destroyers that met us.

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The most disagreeable feature of the trip was that we could not land. We were within 100 miles of the coast of France when we turned back.

Rather picturesque scene at night, especially on a moonlight night, to see our ship with all the others about her going, full steam and not a light on any of them. With the rays falling on the camouflage work on these vessels, you could imagine all sorts of things.

Coming back we were alone and it was rather monotonous to see just sky and water, also sailors.

There was always that thought coming home that we would see those at home again, but I believe it is far away.

Rather fortunate, Father, to be in the Armed Guard branch of the Navy. No doubt you have read some of the newspaper accounts of our work. We are placed as gun crews, on merchant and passenger liners, to keep a sharp lookout for the submarine. Did not see any on our last trip.

At present we are undergoing advance training in preparation for our next trip which may be in a few months' time. We are all anxious to make another trip across and perhaps land this time.

I am going to try for a furlough soon and will try to get it around graduation so I may be able to attend the Alumni banquet. They tell me it is rather hard to convince the skipper that you need one. At any rate I am going to give it a try.

Like the South very much. Very warm here, so much so that we have discarded our blue uniforms for white. This causes considerable trouble, as they are very hard to keep clean.

Sincerely hope you are well and that our team will show a little better work. Have been "kidded" considerably of late, as they tell me Boston College beat us. Something new every day if this is true.

Best regards to all members of the Faculty and my most sincere thanks for your very kind letter and schedule.

Sincerely,

PATRICK F. HUSSEY.

ROYAL AIR FORCE,
May 4, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

I was sorry, indeed, that only two days' leave was granted me before reporting back, for in spite of getting to New York it left me without the opportunity to carry out my original intention and get back to Worcester for a chat with the boys and for a look at the familiar faces of college days—days that perhaps may not return. For some unknown reason it was decided to hold me as an instructor for a time, at least, and to that end I found myself posted to the school of special flying, or Gosport School of Stunting, as it is called because of the English system which gave it birth; and very appropriate is the name too, for it is stunt—stunt until level sailing is as

foreign to us as were tricks in the beginning. Always the instant of preparation, the swift tightening of nerve and muscle, the singing of wires as the plane falls through space, the fraction of doubt and the thrill of recovering—these are the sum total of existence at a camp of this kind. Morning finds us in flying kit—felt boots, leather coat, helmet, chin-piece, gauntlets and goggles—then comes the roar of motors as engines are tested, and a moment later the sky is our playground though the game is a grim one. So it goes until another dawn finds us again on the aerodrome, as mechanical as the planes that answer to our will save that we have the knowledge of a duty done, the exultant joy of an ideal created and sustained, and the glory of a something that spurs us on to hope and work for the victory that will be ours, and the peace and respite that must come at the end of it all. What a peculiar gathering it would be if, at the completion of a few years' time, the men of what was once the Class of '19 could again return to the Hill of Pleasant Springs and there live again the acts, the ambitions and the dreams of what would then be the long ago! To those men, the comrades of five short months snatched from the year gone by a toast: "May they all be granted to aid in the fight for victory." And now to bed; for I've moralized sufficiently for one evening.

With the regards of both George and myself to the Faculty and students of the old college, I am,

Sincerely yours,

"GENE" (ROESCH), '19.

HEADQUARTERS 52ND INFANTRY BRIGADE,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

April 5, 1918.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Your most welcome and kind letter reached me tonight and I, although quite busy, take a few minutes away from my work to tell you how much I appreciate your kind wishes and thoughtfulness.

Aside from winning this great war for "humanity and freedom," our next interest is our mail which, although sometimes long coming, is greatly appreciated by every one of us. Before going into the trenches, Father Connor and myself visited the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc, also the magnificent Basilique, built in her honor, where Father said Mass and where we spent much time admiring the wonderful paintings and works of art which adorn the building. I wrote you about this visit before, but as you did not mention it in your letter, I take it you did not receive it.

While at the other front, where we spent seven weeks, we attended Mass in an old cave, hewn out of rock, some fifty feet below the ground, which was also used as a bomb proof against enemy fire, a cold, desolate place, but I never attended a more solemn service in my life than to hear Mass

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there, crowded in with some fifty or more soldiers of three different countries all uniting in prayer for the same end. The altar, a rock with exploded Boche shells for vases, filled with wild flowers which even grow where the shells are the thickest, and for music the deep rumbling of the big guns overhead, it would really make you think you were living in the time of the persecution, where such a place was necessary in order to worship. This cave was built by the Romans, and who knows what had gone on in those times. I was not satisfied until I brought Father Connor up to see the place. He also thought it wonderful and counts it among our many experiences.

Have met some of the boys from the College over here and many more of the Alumni, as you no doubt know I am with General Cole, and Captain O'Connor, who send you their compliments and best wishes, collective with my own, to yourself, the Faculty, and the boys, and Father I do appreciate your prayers, as we surely need them every minute, and to know that someone back home is praying and wishing you well is a great consolation and a great help in times when that feeling for home comes on.

I wish, Father, that you would thank them all for me and for the ones who may not have the opportunity to write and assure them that the old Holy Cross spirit is stronger than ever among the boys over here, and I am sure that you will hear big things from them when they get started

I am sending you a copy each week of the *Stars and Stripes*, our official paper, which may be of interest to you.

With many thanks for your kind wishes and blessings, and wishing you, the Faculty and the boys the best of luck and the greatest of successes, I am

Yours sincerely,

Sergt. DAVID J. NOLAN, Ex-'18.

TORPEDO STATION,
NEWPORT, R. I., May 8, 1918.

DEAR CLASSMATES:—I have met ten or twelve Holy Cross boys and, in fact, I am back at dear old Holy Cross in a figurative sense, as I room with Gallagher, '18, and Maloney, '19, and work with Gal and Andy Sullivan. The main purpose of this writing is to greet and send my best to the remaining sinews of the Good Ship '19. The Lord only knows how many will tread the heroic footsteps of '17's representative in this great cause—Corp. Tim Daley. This letter is not meant to deter Holy Cross men from willingly entering that greatest of all games—the game of war—but rather to think and consider the proposition with a clear and sound mind. If a man is eligible for the draft, let him get active at once—as the sooner he is trained and fits well the particular machine of which he is to be a part—infantry, artillery, aviation, or the naval outfit, the better for all concerned. This letter is to warn those who think this crisis is more or less of a joke. The war is stripping the land of the cream of youth and the masters of all

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

the professions. The demand for educated and professional men will be enormous. Where are they to be had? Well, one source is from the Hill of Mt. St. James and the Class of 1919. You fellows below the draft age are entering seniordom, and anticipate entering upon medical, dental, and scientific courses. Are you to forget everything and rush blindly into space? No! your own college monthly has the advice of the biggest men who are entrusted with the work of forming and fashioning our man-power into a supreme and victorious outfit. Follow the example of our own fair land. Did she rush blindly into the field? No—her year's work has been preparation and planning. She will soon be able to enter upon the task that's facing Old Glory, and then we will see the good old Stars and Stripes—first and foremost—reverenced by all. Follow the example of all our college brethren—pick out that in which you will be best suited to serve Old Glory and humanity. Keep in mind that you have a duty to perform—and you shall be held accountable by the good God above us and Uncle Sam. Holy Cross and 1919, in proportion, has as large a representation as any class or school, barring none. I anticipate visiting the Hill this week-end if I can get an early start. Best regards to all the Faculty and all the boys on the Hill.

Yours in old '19,

"AXEL" (McCULLOUGH).



Lieut. HUGH M. EWING, '18



Lieut. JOSEPH LYND, '16



Lieut. WILLIAM A. HEAPHY, JR., '16



Lieut. SYLVA C. LaCHAPELLE, '16

Under the Rose

Oh, who will tell me all the tales
That live where'er the wild wind blows?
Oh, who will sing me all the songs
That rose-leaves sing beneath the rose?

The Parting.

Spring is the glad time—the poets' favorite theme. The blushing blooms of summer and autumn's dying splendor dispute the beauty of Springtime's flaky flowers, yet the song of the poet is strangely silent about them. We dread the chill of November, the snows of December, and the biting, bitter cold of the year's first quarter. Yet had they not come the beauties of Spring, exalted by comparison with those of its predecessors, would display themselves before unappreciating eyes. Only in heaven do constant joy and beauty fail to become monotonous. That is why it is heaven.

The time has come for our departure. And O, how hard it is for us to go! The tear rises in one's eye, a lump in the throat, and the heart within sinks until it can sink no more. But were we never to experience the heart-breaking pangs of a sorrowful, dispiriting "goodbye," never would we know the immeasurable joy and happiness of a cheery, soul-exalting "Hello!"

RICHARD REID, '18.

.. The Holy Cross Purple ..

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NOTE—The Editor-in-Chief invites prospective contributors to call at the Sanctum between 12.15 and 1.15 P. M.

XXX

June, 1918.

No. 9.

Editorial

L' ENTR' ACTE.

The war has broken up the course of many lives. Since the war began many have despaired of ever realizing the ideals for which, during long, arduous years, they have been struggling and laboring.

From childhood, perhaps, one has driven steadily, quietly, although perhaps very slowly, toward one determined end—subordinating everything to that end—centering all his thought,

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his energy, his aspiration in that. For that fixed end he has neglected no opportunity, hesitated at no obstacle, despaired never.

Now comes war. He is called. What will he do? Will he give up all hope; forget his ambition; will he *slump*? Or will he smile, disappointed as he is—woefully disappointed as he is—shall he defy this obstacle as he has defied every previous one, and *refuse* to allow it, any more than he has allowed them, to come between him and his ambition?

Why should we consider this war the end. All of art, of literature, of the higher sciences, of spiritual aspiration? It is no more than we meet and overcome from day to day. Between one sun and another there comes a lapse, an interval of darkness. It breaks up the continuity of our life of labor—our life of realizing hopes. Thus, whatever way you consider it, we can but live, and work, and achieve spasmodically—a little at a time with a long interruption each day.

Because the heart must rest before it beats again, must it therefore despair of ever beating more? Because dark follows light, must we ever despair of tomorrow?

This war is a dark, dank, fetid night, a night in the swamps—a malarial night. The sun did shine before. It will shine again, and will dissipate the evils of the night.

Why, then, despair? Regard the war as a necessary evil. Put up with it. If it interferes in your lifework—the work you have marked out for yourself—set aside your work for the higher call of your country. Do your part and wait. Soon you will be able to assume it again with renewed will, and a whetted appetite.

RAYMOND T. B. KELLY, '18.

College Chronicle

"The Rivals." At the Worcester Theatre on the evening of April 22, the Dramatic Club scored a grand success in its presentation of "The Rivals." Orchestra and boxes were occupied by Father Rector and honored guests as well as the class officers and members of the faculty. They showed their delight by their frequent applause at the excellent interpretation the members of the cast put upon the characters assigned them.

As "Bob Acres," John Joseph Jacobs, '20, gave great delight with his perfect grace and elegance of manner, so admirably adapted to his role. James J. McGrail, '19, as "Mr. Malaprop," misconstrued the English language in fine style and amused greatly. His acting was one of the show's hits. "Captain Jack" was well handled by Raymond T. B. Kelly, '18, and with the hardest character to portray he conveyed with fine artistic skill the correct impression to his audience. John Joseph Hagerty, '18, did his usual good work with "Sir Anthony Absolute" and were we called upon to pick the bright star, Mr. Hagerty, for finish, would doubtless win. Space prevents us from paying due credit to the minor parts, which were well handled by Philip H. Breen, Florian G. Ruest, John W. Kennedy, Thomas M. O'Donnell and William A. White. The cast:

PROGRAM.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

(In the order of their appearance.)

Thomas.....	John William Kennedy, '20
Fag.....	Thomas Murphy O'Donnell, '20
Capt. Jack Absolute.....	Raymond T. Burke Kelly, '18
Faukland.....	Philip Hubert Breen, '20
Bob Acres.....	John Joseph Jacobs, '20
Sir Anthony Absolute.....	John Joseph Hagerty, '18
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Florian George Ruest, '20
Mr. Malaprop.....	James Joseph McGrail, '19
David.....	William Aloysius White, '20

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

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OFFICERS.

Director of Drama.....	Rev. John E. McQuade, S.J.
Business Director.....	Mr. Francis X. Downey, S.J.
President Holy Cross Dramatic Society.....	Raymond T. B. Kelly, '18
Vice-President.....	John J. Hagerty, '18
Secretary.....	John J. Jacobs, '20
Treasurer.....	Florian G. Ruest, '20
Properties.....	Harold J. Leahy, '21
Costumes and Make-up.....	Hooker-Howe Co., Haverhill, Mass.
Photographer.....	Gray, Worcester, Mass.

Florida Bishop Will Visit Holy Cross. Bishop Curley, of St. Augustine, Florida, is expected to visit Holy Cross as the guest of John McCormack, June 16th, when the noted tenor will give the diamond jubilee concert at Poli's Theater.

May Talks. Following is the list of Senior May speakers: May 1, Edward C. Raftery; May 2, Thomas H. Mahoney, Jr.; May 6, Elmer F. Doyle; May 7, Stephen L. Sadler; May 10, Cornelius J. Holland; May 13, John A. O'Brien; May 14, Clarence E. Sloane; May 15, Joseph W. Connors; May 16, George L. Murphy; May 17, Francis M. Skehan; May 21, George G. Keefe; May 22, Robert J. Gartland; May 23, M. Ward Whalen; May 24, Edward J. Zimmerman; May 27, William M. Anderson; May 28, George A. Egan; May 31, Raymond F. Lynch.

Professor Adams' Lecture. On May 13th the students and faculty were given a very interesting discourse on "England, America and Democracy," by Professor Adams, of Leland-Stanford University.

St. Agnes' Guild. At the Bancroft on May 15th the Holy Cross Quartet, consisting of Stephen L. Sadler, '18; J. Emmett O'Brien, '18; Florian Ruest, '20, and J. Homer Butler, '19, assisted Miss Mary Carroll in one of the numbers of the Musical Revue, given for the benefit of St. Agnes' Guild.

Holy Cross Buys Liberty Bonds. Bonds to the amount of \$5,000 were purchased by the faculty during the recent drive for the Third Liberty Loan.

Thrift Stamps Meeting. A mass-meeting of all the students was held during the early part of May to arouse enthusiasm for the purchase of Thrift Stamps. The assembled student body was addressed by members of the Worcester Thrift Stamp Committee, by Father Pyne, professor of Economics, and by the class presidents. All the speakers were introduced by Rev. Father Rector and greeted enthusiastically by the entire audience. Plans were drawn up, pledges given and the sale is now going on.

Fordham Debate. Messrs. Ward Whalen, '18; John Hagerty, '18; Edwin Owens, '19, and Joseph Connors, '19, journeyed to Fordham the last week of April and defending the negative side of the question: "Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine as developed and applied should be abolished," won the unanimous decision of the judges. This was the third intercollegiate victory for the Holy Cross debating teams during the current year.

Musical Tour. The Glee Club and Orchestra began a series of concerts Friday evening, May 3d, in Memorial Hall, Whitinsville, for the benefit of the War Fund. A program consisting of patriotic selections was enthusiastically received by an audience that jammed the hall. Both clubs were directed by Mr. Berchmans J. Boland, S. J. Mr. Francis X. Downey, S. J., made the arrangements for the concert.

A recital was given in Fitchburg May 8, under the auspices of the Fitchburg Council, No. 99, Knights of Columbus. The members were favorably received, and words of praise and commendation for the musical clubs were numerous and hearty. The proceeds furnished a large donation to the Red Cross Fund.

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The following night an entertainment was given in Knights of Columbus Hall, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., which was attended by nine hundred soldiers. The program was well rendered and was a source of keen delight for the men, as was manifested by their continuous applause. While at the camp the members of the Glee Club and Orchestra were the guests of the Rev. Father McGinn, chaplain of the camp.

A grand concert program was presented in Colonial Hall, Lowell, May 10, for the benefit of the Chaplain's Aid Fund, before a large audience. The program was exceptionally well executed and the success of the recital was singularized by the accounts that appeared in the Lowell papers.

Following is the program as presented at all four concerts:

PROGRAM.

PART ONE

- OVERTURE—"Peter Schmolli".....Rollinson
Orchestra
- TENOR SOLO—(a) "Good-bye".....Tosti
(b) "Only a Year Ago".....Bowles-Albers
Thomas A. O'Donnell, '19
- VIOLIN OBLIGATO.....Richard A. Goggin, '19
- CHORUS—(a) "O, Hail us Ye Free" (from Ernani).....Verdi
(b) "'Tis Morn".....Prentice
Glee Club
- PIANO SOLO—(a) "Under Bright Skies".....Whelpley
(b) "Minuet," Op. 14, No. 1.....Paderewski
Joseph T. Murphy, '21
- VOCAL DUET—"Under the Desert Star".....Noyes
Stephen L. Sadler, '18 and J. Homer Butler, '19
- MARCH—"War March of the Priests".....Mendelsohn
Orchestra

PART TWO

- OVERTURE—"L'Amazone".....Keisler
Orchestra
- CHORUS—(a) "The Old Brigade".....Odoardo-Barri
(b) "Defend America".....Hodley
Glee Club
- VIOLIN SOLO—(a) "Andante".....Golterman
(b) "Russian Dance".....Brahms
Timothy F. Daley, '20

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

- STRINGS—(a) "Song without Words," Op. 26.....Mendelsohn
 (b) "Under the Balcony".....Gruenwald
 String Orchestra
- TENOR SOLO—(a) "Dawn in the Forest".....Ronald
 (b) "The Snowy-Breasted Pearl".....De Vere
 Stephen L. Sadler, '18
- FINALE—"The Stars and Stripes Forever".....Sousa
 Orchestra

Musical Clubs. The Glee and Orchestra finished the season's activities with an afternoon concert in New Bedford Sunday, May 26. Everywhere the clubs have met with brilliant success and have merited great praise.

Condolences. We extend our sympathy to James F. Collins, '20, on the death of his uncle.

Father Donnelly's Lectures. Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., has been called upon quite frequently of late for his lectures on "The Imagination" and "The Short Story." Both in Worcester and in Boston his audiences have shown themselves enthusiastic in their appreciation.

Commencement Speakers. The Commencement speakers for Wednesday, June 19th, have been announced. The valedictory address will be delivered by William M. O'Neill, Rensselaer, N. Y.; the salutatory by Lawrence L. J. Shaughnessy, Clinton, Mass. The other class orators will be Elmer F. Doyle, of South Royalton, Vermont, and George A. Shea, of Worcester.

League of the Sacred Heart. At the regular monthly meeting held Monday evening June 10th, Mr. Raymond J. O'Callaghan, '20, addressed the associates and was heard with keen appreciation and interest.

STEPHEN L. SADLER, '18.



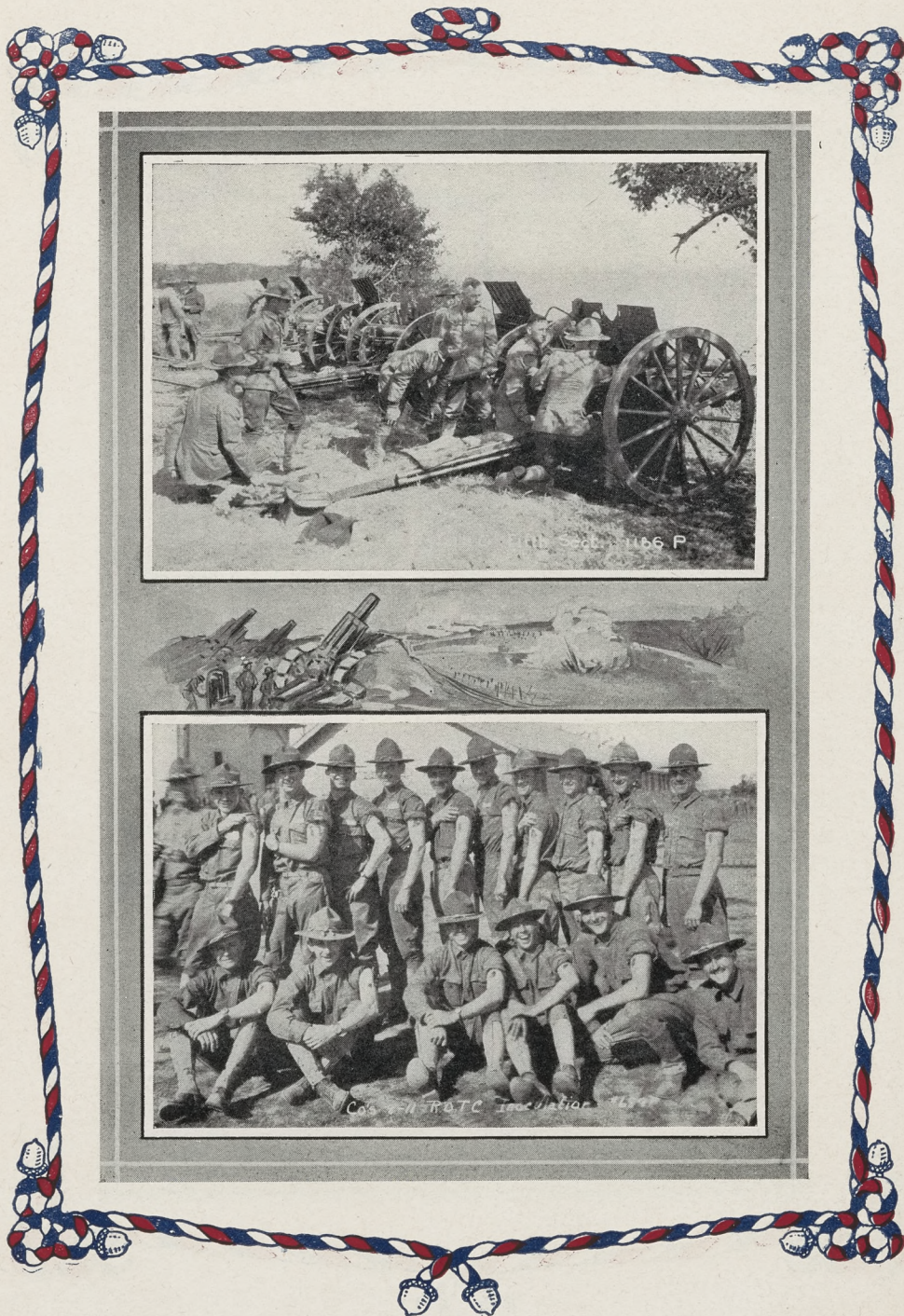
Lieut. WALTER G. NAGLE, '12

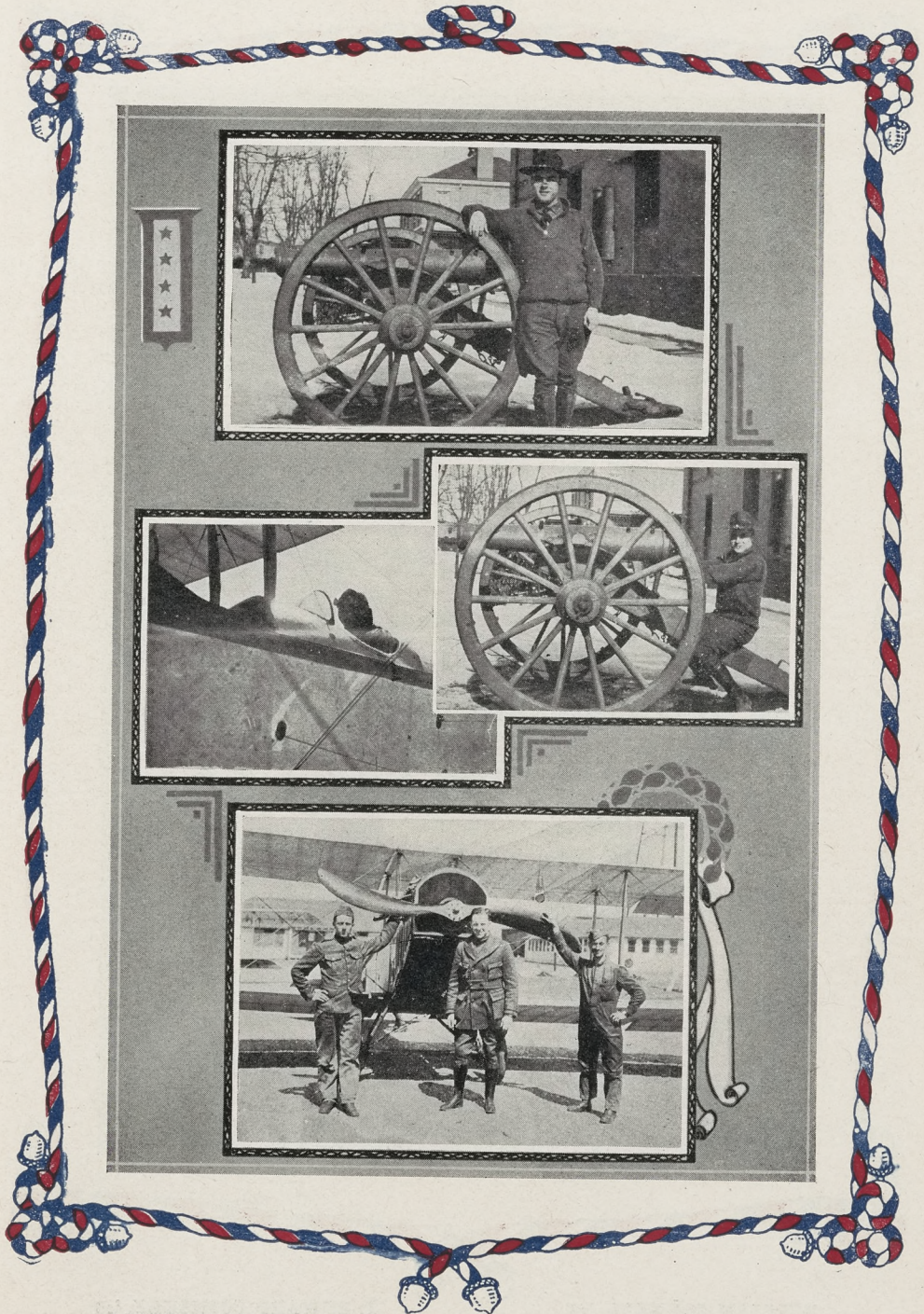
Lieut. EDWARD M. FLYNN, '09

LAWRENCE EARLY, '18

Lieut. PAUL G. GRANNEY, '17

Lieut. ANDREW B. KELLEY, '17





JOSEPH COURTNEY, Ex-'13

ANDREW B. KELLY, '17



WILLIAM CONNELL, '18

T. EDWARD COMISKEY, '18

ALBERT HARTE, '18

THOMAS GIBSON, '18

Alumni

Diamond Jubilee Fund

A Friend	\$50,000.00
Richard Healy	10,000.00
Miss Nellie M. Thompson (For an altar in memory of her brother, Dr. John J. Thompson, '82)....	5,000.00
Class 1907 (Memorial Gate).....	3,707.00
His Excellency, David I. Walsh, '93.....	1,000.00
Dr. John T. Bottomley, '89.....	1,000.00
Geoffrey B. Lehy, ex-'80.....	1,000.00
Dr. Denis F. O'Connor, '93.....	1,000.00
Rev. Michael J. Owens, '89.....	1,000.00
Dr. George McAleer (Library Nucleus).....	1,000.00
Rev. Luke Fitzsimons, '73.....	1,000.00
Captain Walter N. Drohan	1,000.00
Rev. Dr. William H. Goggin.....	1,000.00
Rev. William H. Rogers, '68.....	1,000.00
Thomas B. Lawler, '85.....	1,000.00
Hon. James B. Carroll, '78.....	1,000.00
Joseph P. McHugh, ex-'71 (deceased).....	1,000.00
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Russell (Leicester).....	1,000.00
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald.....	500.00
St. Mary's Parish, Milford, Mass.....	500.00
Rev. Dr. John W. McMahan, '67.....	500.00
A Boston Alumnus	500.00
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sullivan, '91.....	500.00
John McCormack (Litt.D., '17).....	500.00
Dr. and Mrs. Michael F. Fallon, '84.....	500.00
James E. McConnell, '86.....	250.00
Rev. Anthony E. Dwyer, ex-'84 (Liberty Bonds).....	250.00
Class of 1921 (Liberty Bonds)	226.00
Class of 1920 (Liberty Bonds)	200.00
Class of 1919 (Liberty Bonds)	200.00
John W. Sheehan, ex-'91.....	200.00
John B. Simard	200.00
Rev. John F. McDermott (Gardner, Mass.).....	200.00
The Holy Cross Purple (Liberty Bonds).....	150.00
Holy Cross Athletic Association (Liberty Bonds).....	150.00
James P. Doran, '96.....	125.00
George T. Hughes, '91.....	100.00
Rev. William A. Hickey, '90.....	100.00

Rev. James J. Donnelly, '87.....	100.00
Dr. Charles F. Fitzgerald, '94 (deceased).....	100.00
Rev. John M. Kenney, '84.....	100.00
Rev. Edward J. Fitzgerald, '88.....	100.00
Rev. John A. Martin, '11.....	100.00
Rev. Thomas P. Smith, '90.....	100.00
Dr. Francis A. Underwood, '91.....	100.00
Dr. John W. Cahill, '03.....	100.00
Rev. John J. Jaikitis (Chapel).....	100.00
Mrs. Owen McManus (Charlestown, Mass.).....	100.00
Rev. James V. Hanrahan, '95.....	100.00
Rev. Michael W. Mulhane, '85.....	100.00
Dr. George F. O'Day, '96.....	100.00
Rev. James J. Howard, '87.....	100.00
Rev. George J. Flynn, '90.....	100.00
James E. Mahoney, '10.....	100.00
Thomas F. Monahan, '09.....	100.00
Rev. Thomas P. Grace, ex-'72.....	100.00
Hon. Joseph H. Gainer, '99.....	100.00
James W. Grady & Co., Worcester Mass.....	100.00
Rev. John H. McKenna, '89.....	100.00
Rev. Thomas J. O'Connor, ex-'04.....	100.00
John F. H. Mooney, '79.....	100.00
Miss Helen Mears.....	100.00
J. Gerard Mears, '20.....	100.00
Rev. Daniel E. Doran, '86.....	100.00
Rev. Martin E. Fahy, '09.....	100.00
Austin P. Cristy.....	100.00
James McDermott.....	100.00
Rev. Patrick E. McGee (Gardner, Mass.).....	100.00
Rev. Michael J. Carroll, '76.....	100.00
Rev. David J. Murphy, '90.....	100.00
Dr. Michael J. Halloran, Worcester, Mass.....	100.00
John F. Gannon, '96.....	100.00
William I. McLoughlin, '93.....	100.00
Rev. William J. Dower, '78.....	100.00
Rev. Austin D. O'Malley, '91.....	100.00
Rev. James S. Barry, '09.....	100.00
Rev. Edgar J. Rourke, ex-'08.....	100.00
Joseph E. Underwood, '89.....	100.00
Dr. Simon J. Russell, '90.....	100.00
Dr. Edward M. Russell, '90.....	100.00
Thomas A. Dowd (Milbury).....	100.00
Class of 1918 (Liberty Bonds).....	100.00

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Dr. William E. Synan, '89 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Charles T. Ryan, '97 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
J. Lee O'Gorman, '04 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. Dennis J. Murphy, '94 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. Jos. E. Joyce, '97 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. John T. O'Brien, '85.....	100.00
Rev. John J. Sullivan, ex-'12 (Liberty Bonds).....	100.00
Charles P. Ryan, '97.....	100.00
Rev. Edward A. Higney, '88.....	100.00
Harry J. Butler, '09 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. John J. Cullion, '00.....	100.00
Rev. William E. Ryan (Worcester).....	100.00
Rev. James T. Ward, '89.....	100.00
Rev. Jos. E. McCarthy, '99.....	100.00
Rev. William A. Gilfillan, '91 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. Henry M. Staunton, '10 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Mrs. Elizabeth F. McDonough (in memory of her husband, Judge John J. McDonough, '80).....	100.00
Hon. Peter J. McLoughlin, '95 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. Joseph T. McKeon, '91 (Liberty Bonds).....	100.00
Rev. John J. Sullivan, ex-'12 (Liberty Bonds).....	100.00
Rev. John P. Phelan, '92 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. Dennis L. Gleason, '92 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. F. C. Leahy, '10 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
James D. Ryan, '96 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
James Ryan, Fitchburg (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Daniel T. Callahan, '02 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Thomas J. Fitzpatrick, Worcester (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Maurice and Mrs. Reidy, Worcester.....	100.00
Rev. William J. Power, '79.....	100.00
Rev. Thomas P. Smith, '90 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. Joseph A. Linnane, '98 (Liberty Bond).....	100.00
Rev. Joseph C. Fleming, '05 (Liberty Bond).....	50.00
Daniel J. Triggs, '09.....	50.00
Rev. John G. Murray, '97.....	50.00
Rev. James H. Brennan, ex-'90.....	50.00
Raoul Beaudreau, '03.....	50.00
Dr. Patrick A. S. Grady, '94.....	50.00
Dr. Thomas W. Wickham, '09.....	50.00
Rev. John C. Fleming, '05.....	50.00
Rev. J. Leo Sullivan, '05 (Liberty Bond).....	50.00
John Kirwin, Boston (Liberty Bond).....	50.00
Rev. Jos. P. Coleman, ex-'00 (Liberty Bond).....	50.00
Martin J. McNamara, '09 (Liberty Bond).....	50.00
George E. O'Toole, '98.....	50.00

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

Rev. James H. Brennan, ex-'90.....	50.00
Rev. Jas. H. Carr, '12 (Liberty Bond).....	50.00
John E. Dowd, '05 (Liberty Bond).....	50.00
Rev. Joseph P. Coleman, '11 (2nd Liberty Bond).....	50.00
William F. Hart, ex-'80 (Liberty Bond).....	50.00
Rev. Thomas J. Preston, '12.....	25.00
Rev. John J. Keating, '03.....	25.00
Henry J. Blais, Jr., '15.....	25.00
Timothy J. Larkin, '05.....	25.00
James S. McIntyre, ex-'97.....	25.00
Dr. Patrick J. Carney ex-'03.....	25.00
Rev. Joseph A. Riordan, '94.....	25.00
Frank J. Conti, '09.....	25.00
John Swift (Milford)	20.00

Holy Cross Club of Rhode Island

The songs of old Holy Cross resounded down the corridors of the Narragansett Hotel and the purple of the Worcester College was always pre-eminent in the eleventh annual gathering of the alumni of Rhode Island in the parlors of the hotel on April 20th. Ringing speeches, reflecting the old days on the campus and in the halls and dormitories, patriotic fervor and the laying of plans for co-operation in helping the college celebrate its 75th anniversary featured the program after all had partaken in the war-time menu.

The guests included Rev. Father Donnelly, S. J., of the college, author and poet; Mayor Joseph H. Gainer, of the class of '99, and Dr. Edward F. Carroll, of Manhattan College.

Father Donnelly was accorded a warm reception. He said the Catholic Church was behind the country in this great war and that it would always be loyal to the land of its adoption. "There was never a pacifist who came from the Jesuit schools in France or in this country," said Father Donnelly. "General Foch himself is of Jesuit training and reflects the attitude of the Jesuits in this war. Foch's utterance at the Marne, when he said, 'I am outflanked on the right, outflanked on the left—things look favorable. I am going to advance,' is going to live in history."

Father Donnelly expressed satisfaction that in this great

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crisis, the country had a man to guide it who was patient until he was driven to declare war. "We are not in this war for anything vague, but for the best Jesuit doctrines," said the speaker.

He warned against too early specializing in the way of education, but advised providing a liberal education first before urging one to undertake a profession. He said: "Following the war there will be an intense conflict of brains, and then more than now brain will tell. I believe in getting a good steel blade before we get an edge on it."

Mayor Gainer spoke enthusiastically of the democratic spirit fostered in Holy Cross, saying that one would always find at the institution the backyard gang to take down the swollen head and that this was a fine training for after life. He also referred to the part Holy Cross was playing in this war and his pleasure at hearing Father Donnelly say that there were 400 stars in the college service flag.

Dr. Edward F. Carroll, postmaster of this city, was introduced by the toastmaster, Dr. John M. Hussey, and said that he was glad, although not an alumnus, to add his little contribution to the glory of the Worcester College.

Senator William G. Troy unfolded some of the "good old days" at the college, giving publicity to many things brand new even to the graduates gathered around the table. Dr. John P. Cooney, '90, and Dr. John F. Kerins, '83, were among the speakers.

Dr. Hussey called upon every graduate to rally to the support of the college and to take an interest in providing students for the Freshman class.

Previous to the dinner officers of the association were elected for the ensuing year. They are: President, William S. Flynn; vice president, Rev. W. J. Tally; secretary, Hugh M. Devlin; treasurer, Dr. John P. Hussey.

Seated at the head table were Dr. John P. Hussey, '03; William S. Flynn, '07; Rev. Fr. Donnelly, S. J.; Joseph H. Gainer, '99; Dr. Edward F. Carroll; Dr. John P. Cooney, '90; Dr. J. F. Kerins, '83; John A. Creamer, '13; J. K. Quinn, '13; Rev. William J. Tally, '13; Timothy J. Healey, '13; Hugh M. Devlin,

'04; Rev. J. H. Smith, '99; John E. McAlear, '05; Thomas Clancy, '04; Dr. James I. O'Rourke, '99; William G. Troy, '01; Edward L. Halliwell, '03; Rev. J. F. Reardon, '02; William A. McCarthy, '09; Charles V. Carroll, '00; Thomas F. Monahan, Jr.; Rev. J. P. Coleman, '00; Rev. W. J. McCarthy, '08; Rev. E. J. Goodwin, '06.

'03. Walter J. Shay, is the happy father of a little daughter.

'05. Announcement comes from Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Buckley of the birth of their son, Frank M. Buckley, Jr.

Ex-'06. Capt. Joseph P. Burke, a member of the "Rainbow" Division, has been reported missing in action in France. After Dr. Burke enlisted in the United States Medical Corps he was assigned to the 102d U. S. Infantry, New Haven, Conn. A month following his enlistment he was in France and up to the last report, had been actively engaged at the front.

'07. In a letter recently received from France and published in many local papers, Lieutenant Cavanaugh says: "Father George Connor, my football captain at Holy Cross, is over here as chaplain. I talked with him Sunday in a cave, where he had just said mass, and I felt very proud of him. He looks strikingly well, and warms tired hearts wherever he goes. God spare him for this noble work."

'07. Rev. Charles L. Foley, assistant pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross in Holyoke, has been appointed a chaplain in the U. S. Army with the rank of first lieutenant. Father Foley is well known in Worcester and before going to the Holyoke church was stationed at St. Patrick's Church in South Hadley Falls.

'08. Mr. Richard A. Flinn, A. M., superintendent, Bureau of Employment, State Department of Labor, concluded last month a series of lectures, in the Fordham University School of Sociology, in preparation for examinations in that department.

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'12. Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Craig have received numerous messages of congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, Mary.

'14. Word reached us during the month of Cadet Edward B. McCaffrey's safe arrival overseas.

'14 Rev. Robert J. Cairns, who has been a student at Maryknoll seminary for Catholic foreign missions, Ossining, N. Y., for the past three years, was ordained to the priesthood Saturday morning, May 18th, at services in St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, N. Y. He celebrated his first solemn high mass in St. Paul's Church Sunday, May 26, at 10.45 o'clock.

The ordination of the young Worcester seminarian took place at 8 o'clock Saturday morning in the seminary at Yonkers and was attended by the members of his family and a number of relatives and friends.

'14. Dunmore School Board at its meeting last month granted a leave of absence to Prof. John J. Rady, teacher of mathematics in the high school, who has enlisted for war service. At the suggestion of Superintendent Hoban the board complimented Mr. Rady for his enlistment and voted that his position was waiting for him whenever he comes back from the service. The superintendent, faculty and pupils gave Professor Rady a big reception and presented him with a beautiful wrist watch. The presentation speech was made by Dr. Hoban.

Mr. Rady is one of the city's best known young men and has been a member of the Dunmore High school faculty for the past four years. He has entered the paymasters' service in the Navy.

'14. Dr. Walter C. Harris is stationed for the present at the Boston City Hospital.

Dr. Louis J. Petritz is practising in Chicago, Ill.

'15. Dr. Walter J. Mullen is stationed with Dr. Walter C. Harris at the Boston City Hospital.

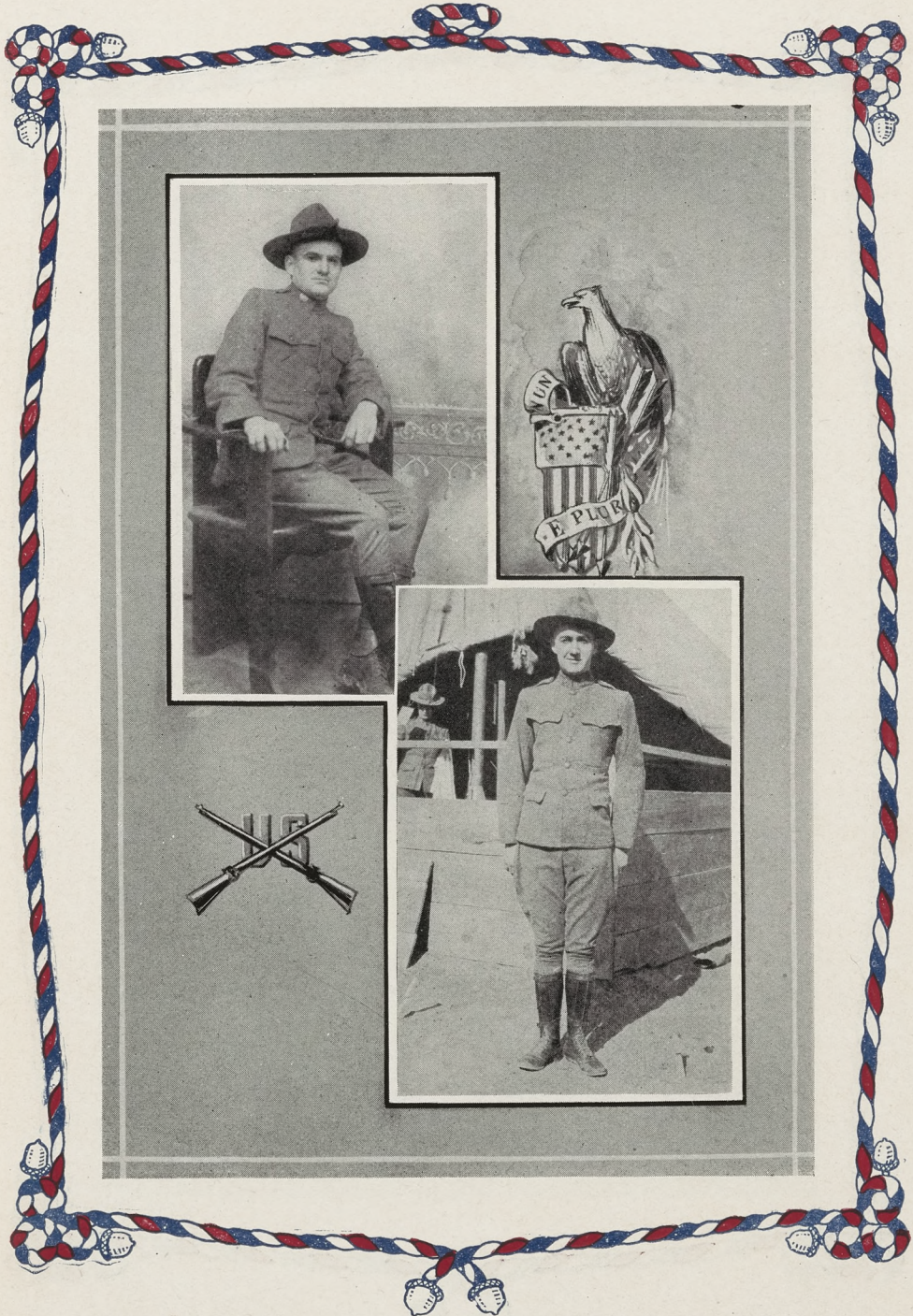
Ex-'15. Charles A. O'Brien, well known throughout New England as a baseball player on the Holy Cross 1912 team and later in the New England League, received his commission as lieutenant at Fort Gordon, Ga., on the same day on which his brother William won his lieutenancy at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Lieut. C. A. O'Brien was in Worcester's first contingent, sent to Camp Devens last September in the first draft, and was quickly recommended for the officers' training school by his superiors. He is now acting as a junior instructor at Camp Upton, N. Y.

'16. Michael J. Kelly, who has been training with the U. S. Marine Corps in Cuba for the past eight months, was selected recently to attend the marine officers' training camp at Quantico, Va.

'16. John J. Shaughnessy, who was married on May 7th of this year, while visiting the college early in May in company with his wife, had the good fortune to meet a former classmate, Thomas F. Shea, whose marriage was recorded only two months ago. Both '16 representatives and their happy brides were the guests of the college for the day.

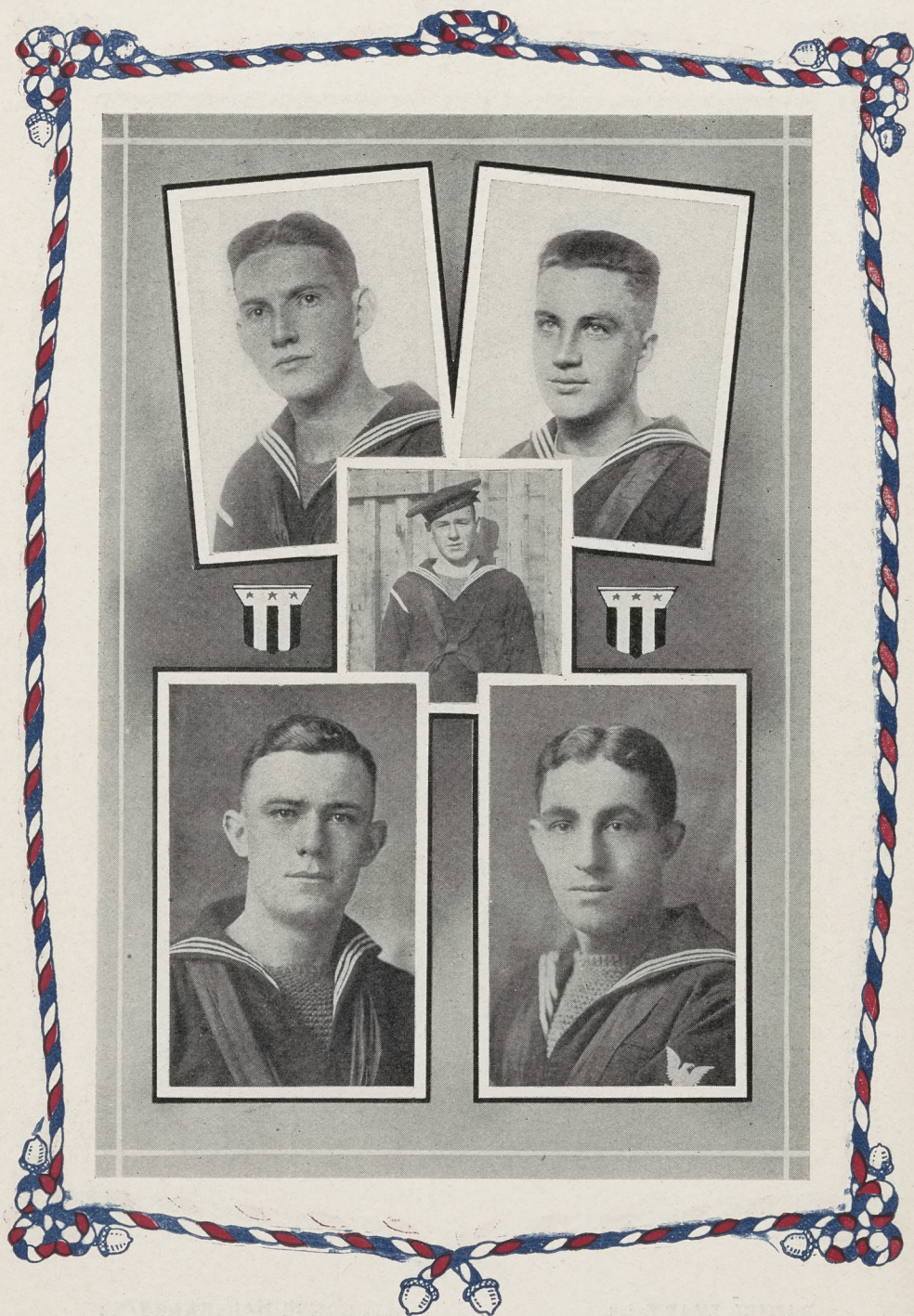
Francis D. Monahan is now teaching at Pascoag, R. I., where he is principal of the High School.

'17. Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., president of Holy Cross College, will have as guests at the McCormack diamond jubilee concert in Poli's Theater, Sunday night, June 16, Bishop Thomas D. Beaven, Maj.-Gen. Harry F. Hodges, commander at Camp Devens, and Commandant Rush, of the Charlestown Navy Yard. Gov. Samuel W. McCall is also to attend as the guest of Father Dinand if he can arrange to come to Worcester. The Governor is to be here on June 19 and present diplomas to the senior class. One of the features in connection with the concert will be the showing of a motion picture taken at the 1917 commencement at Holy Cross, when the noted tenor was awarded an honorary degree. The film will be shown prior to the concert program and is the only mo-



DANIEL LEARY, '18

ALPHONSE DELEHANTY, '18



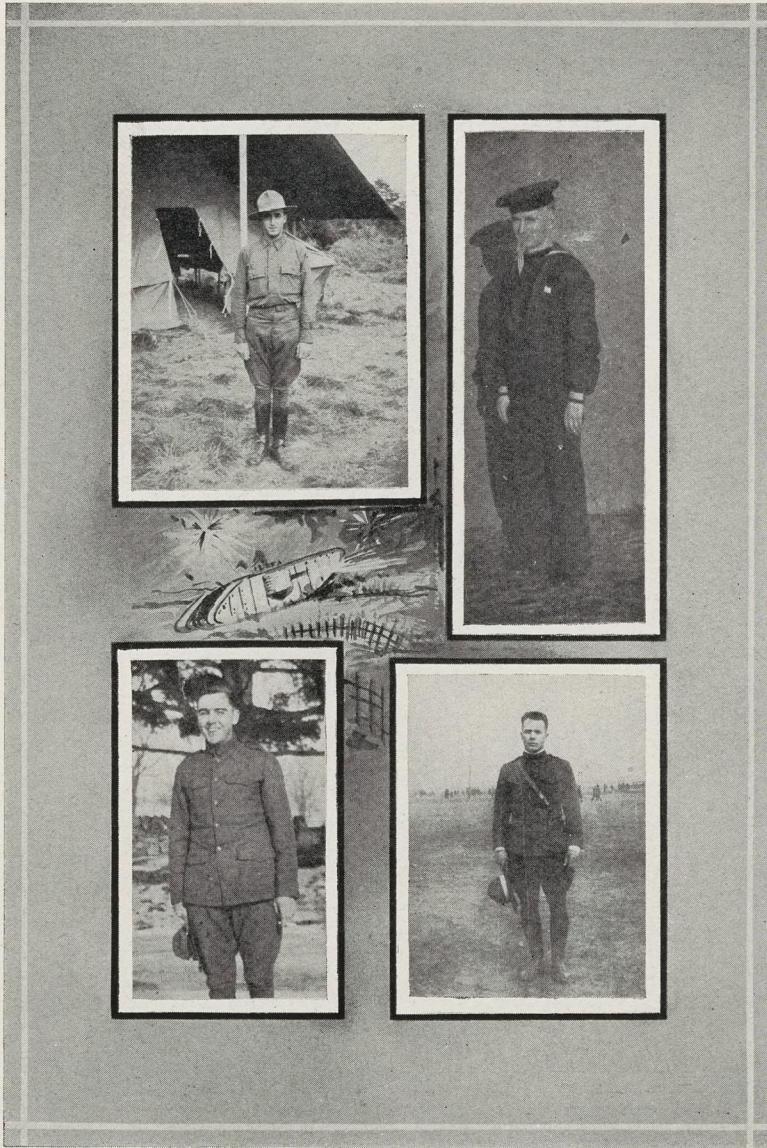
JOSEPH McDONOUGH, '18

CORNELIUS SULLIVAN, '18

THOMAS COYLE, '18

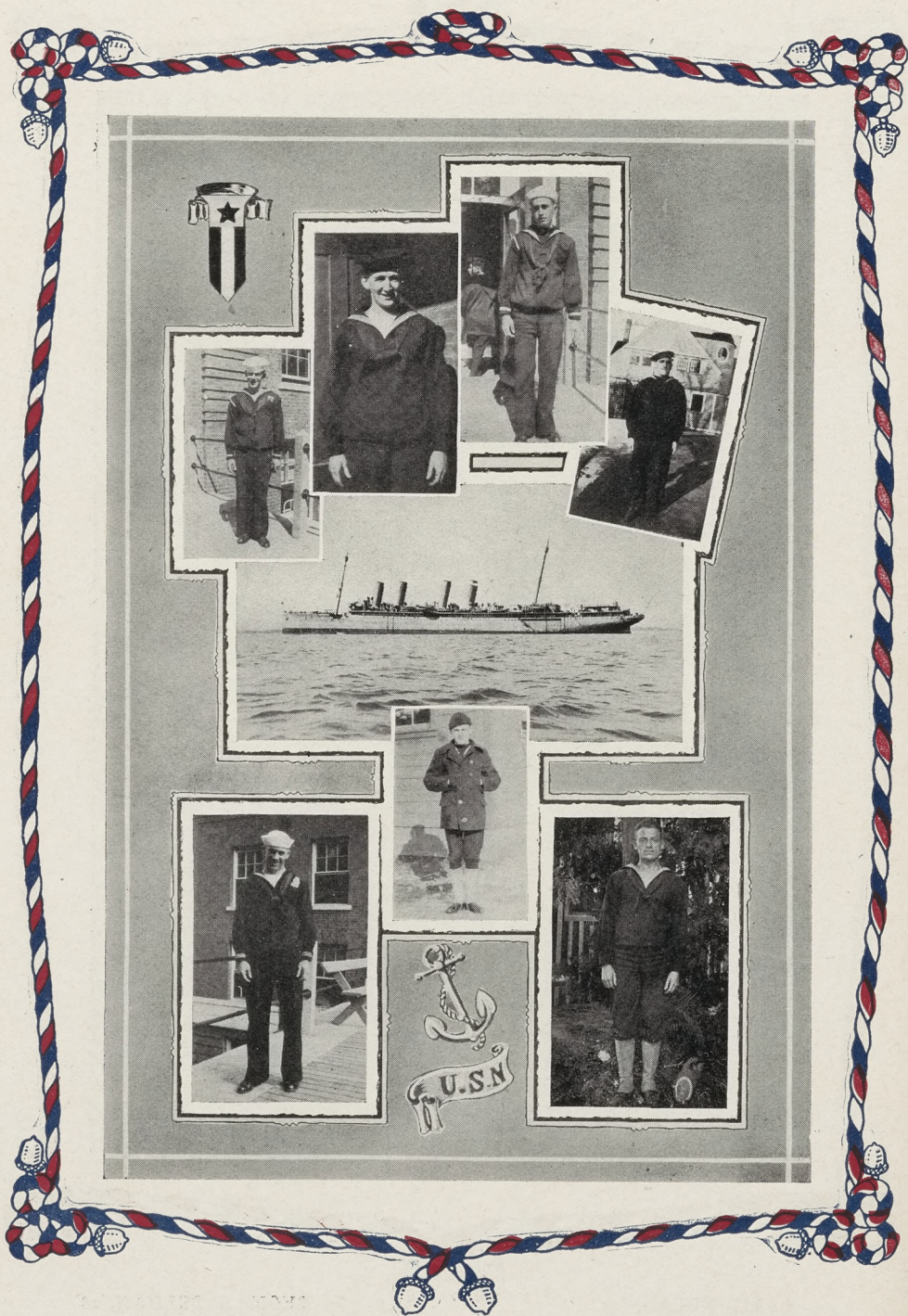
EDWARD GALLAGHER, '18

THOMAS BURKE, '18



DAVID NOLAN, '18
GEORGE H. COOLEY, '18

THOMAS TELHAN, '18
GEORGE EWING, '18



JAMES DULLIGAN, '19,

J. J. COLLINS

JOHN MAHER, '19

J. J. McCULLOCH, '19

tion picture in which Mr. McCormack ever appeared. In planning for the concert, provision is to be made to give the more than 1000 alumni who will come to the city for the jubilee week an opportunity to attend. This is to be arranged by the purchase of tickets through the mails.

'17. Mr. James B. Whalen has entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Ex-'18. Francis Leo Downey, a prominent young resident of Watervliet, who for the last few years had been preparing for the priesthood, died Thursday, May 2d, at the Samaritan Hospital. Mr. Downey graduated from St. Patrick's Academy in Watervliet and for two years attended Holy Cross College. At the time of his death Mr. Downey was a student at Dunwoodie Seminary. He came to Watervliet a few weeks ago to spend the Easter vacation with his mother. While there he contracted pneumonia and grew gradually weaker until the end came. Mr. Downey was a member of St. Patrick's Church, the Holy Name Society and St. Patrick's Academy Alumni Association. The survivors are his mother and four brothers, Joseph B., Raymond, Cornelius and Edmund Downey, to all of whom we extend our warmest sympathies. The funeral was held from St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn requiem high mass was sung. Rev. J. T. Slattery was celebrant, Rev. Stephen Kiernan deacon and Rev. John Place subdeacon. The vested choir sang and the eulogy was delivered by Rev. Michael Shea, of Dunwoodie Seminary, of which institution deceased was a student.

Athletics

BASEBALL NOTES.

HOLY CROSS, 12.

AMHERST, 1.

Holy Cross made a good start on her baseball season, April 17, by humbling the Amherst team, at Amherst, 12 to 1, in a game loosely played, on the part of her opponents. Ryan, who pitched for the Purple, did wonderful work on the mound, holding the home players down to two hits. He was given splendid support by his team-mates.

Holy Cross gleaned 17 hits off the deliveries of Cummings and Zink, and listless fielding put Holy Cross's tally up to 12.

The score:

HOLY CROSS.						AMHERST.					
	AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.		AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Statz, 3b.....	5	2	1	3	1	Brisk, 2b.....	4	0	1	5	3
O'Neil, rf.....	6	3	3	0	0	McNamara, 3b.	4	0	1	4	0
Daly, 1b.....	6	3	9	0	0	Cowles, 1b.....	4	0	10	0	1
Bowen, cf.....	5	1	2	0	0	Ma'y'd, c.....	3	0	9	2	1
Duffy, 2b.....	5	1	1	0	0	Phillips, ss....	4	0	2	0	1
Redican, lf....	4	0	1	0	0	Webber, rf....	2	0	2	1	0
Donaghue, ss..	5	2	0	4	0	Allen, cf.....	2	0	1	0	0
Daniels, c.....	5	3	10	0	0	Zink, p.....	1	0	0	1	0
Ryan, p.....	5	2	0	2	1	Davison, lf....	3	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	Cum'gs, p, lf..	3	2	1	0	3
Totals	46	17	27	9	2		—	—	—	—	—
						Totals	30	2	27	13	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross	2	0	3	0	0	3	4	0	0—12
Amherst	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Runs—O'Neil 3, Daly 2, Statz 2, Ryan 2, Redican, Daniels, Donaghue, Phillips. Hits—Off Cummings, 13 in 5 2/3 innings; off Zink, 4 in 3 1/3 innings; off Ryan, 2 in 9 innings. Sacrifice hit—Statz. Sacrifice fly—Bowen. Stolen bases—Webber, Phillips. Two-base hits—Bowen, Daley, Cummings. First base on balls—Off Ryan, 2; off Cummings, 2. Struck out—By Ryan 10; by Cummings 4; by Zink 1. Double play—O'Neil to Donaghue. Time—2.25. Umpire, McLaughlin.

ATHLETICS.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 7.

HOLY CROSS, 1.

Holy Cross opened its home season April 19, accompanied by the usual Patriot's Day jinx, allowing the U. of P. team get away on the long end of a 7 to 1 score.

Bernhardt was the principal reason for the Purple's defeat, plus timely hitting on the part of the Keystone men. Holy Cross obtained its only tally in the fifth, when a passed ball and a hit by Gill netted Mt. St. James its only run.

White started things going for Penn. in the first, when he touched up Eddie Gill for a homer. Three clean hits and an error gave Penn. three more runs in the fifth. One run more was added in the sixth, while errors in the seventh added a couple more.

Redican, Donaghue, Martin and Gill were the only ones able to connect with Bernhardt's delivery.

The score:

PENN.				HOLY CROSS.					
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Straus, 3b.....	4	1	0	0	Stätz, 3b & 2b.....	3	0	2	1
White, ss.....	5	3	3	1	O'Neil, rf.....	4	0	2	0
Light, lf.....	3	2	0	0	Daly, 1b.....	2	0	7	0
Burns, 1b.....	5	0	11	1	Bowen, cf.....	4	0	0	1
Beamis, cf.....	5	2	3	0	Duffy, 2b.....	4	0	3	1
P. Keeler, rf.....	2	0	1	0	Redican, lf.....	4	1	1	0
Bowhan, 2b.....	4	2	2	5	Donahue, ss.....	4	1	1	2
Thayer, c.....	4	0	6	3	Martin, c.....	2	1	11	3
Bernhardt, p.....	4	2	1	4	Gill, p.....	2	1	0	2
	—	—	—	—	Forsythe, 3b.....	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	12	27	14	Totals	29	4	27	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

U. of P.....	1	0	0	0	3	1	2	0	0—7
Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1

Runs made—By White 2, Light 2, Bowhan, Bernhardt, Strauss, Martin. Errors made—By Daly 2, Stätz, Duffy, Beamis. Two-base hit—White. Home run—White. Stolen bases—Bowhan, Martin. Sacrifice hits—Keeler, Straus. Base on balls—By Gill 2; by Bernhardt, 5. Struck out—By Gill 11; by Bernhardt, 6. Passed ball—Thayer. Wild pitch—Gill. Time—2.30. Umpires—Stafford and Conway.

HOLY CROSS, 9.

ST. ANSELM'S, 7.

In a game brim full of errors for which both sides were accountable, Holy Cross was returned the victor, 9 to 7, over St. Anselm's, at Man-

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

chester, N. H., April 20. Ryan pitched a good game, although at times he showed a tendency to be wild.

Holy Cross gained six of its nine runs in the first session, when three passes, three errors, and two hits put Holy Cross in the lead. Errors allowed St. Anselm's to gain their seven runs.

Bill Daly was honor man for the Purple team, with his two-bagger in the ninth.

The score:

HOLY CROSS.					ST. ANSELM'S.				
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Statz, 2b.....	5	2	1	4	Duggan, lf.....	5	1	0	0
O'Neil, rf.....	4	0	1	0	Slattery, ss.....	5	0	2	3
Daly, lf.....	4	1	0	1	Hicks, cf.....	4	0	0	0
Bowen, cf.....	4	1	0	0	Nuhn, 1b.....	3	1	12	0
Mayo, 1b.....	5	0	9	0	Reynolds, rf.....	4	2	1	0
Donahue, ss.....	4	0	2	4	Malloy, 2b.....	3	2	5	5
Forsythe, 3b.....	3	0	2	0	Scully, 3b.....	4	1	1	0
Martin, c.....	3	1	12	2	Pitts, c.....	4	0	5	2
Ryan, p.....	4	2	0	1	O'Brien, p.....	4	0	0	3
Totals	36	7	27	12	Totals	36	7	27	13

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross.....	6	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1-9
St. Anselm's.....	0	0	0	1	0	4	1	1	0-7

Runs—Daly 2, Bowen, Mayo, Donahue, Forsythe, Martin 2, Ryan; Slattery, Hicks, Nuhn, Reynolds 2, Malloy, Scully. Two-base hit—Daley. Three-base hit—Reynolds. Stolen bases—Malloy, 2, Duggan, Slattery. Sacrifice fly—Reynolds. Bases on balls—By O'Brien, O'Neil, Bowen, Forsythe, Daly, Martin; by Ryan, Malloy, Nuhn 2, Hicks. Struck out—By Ryan, Slattery, 2; Nuhn, Scully, 3, Pitts, 2, Hicks, 2, Malloy; by O'Brien, Mayo, Donahue 2, Daly 2, Bowen. Wild pitch—O'Brien. Passed balls—Pitts 2. Errors—Statz 2, Mayo, Donahue, Forsythe 2, Martin 2; Hicks, Scully 2, Malloy. Umpire—Lynch. Attendance, 500.

HOLY CROSS, 20.

SPRINGFIELD Y. M. C. A. COLLEGE, 1.

With a score more like that of a football game, Holy Cross whitewashed Springfield with a 20-1 score April 24, at Springfield. Chick Bowen and Statz had a close race for swatting honors. Each had a three-base hit to his credit, and Bowen chalked up a homer in addition. Ryan pitched wonderful ball, allowing but one hit—a homer—by Wadman in the third inning.

ATHLETICS.

The score :

HOLY CROSS.					SPRINGFIELD C.				
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Statz, ss.....	6	5	2	2	Wadman, lf.....	4	1	2	0
O'Neil, rf.....	6	1	0	0	McElvey, 2b, ss....	3	0	2	1
Daly, lf.....	6	1	1	0	Carling, cf.....	4	0	1	0
Bowen, cf.....	6	5	1	0	Owl, c, p.....	4	0	10	0
Duffy, 2b.....	5	1	1	3	Long, ss, 3b.....	2	0	0	3
Keville, 2b.....	2	0	0	0	Davis, 3b.....	2	0	1	1
Donohue, 1b.....	6	1	8	0	Crapster, c, 2b.....	1	0	2	2
Doyle, 3b.....	3	1	2	2	Barclay, 1b.....	3	0	9	0
Martin, c.....	6	2	12	1	Steiner, rf.....	3	0	0	0
Ryan, p.....	6	3	0	3	Purvere, p.....	1	0	0	1
	—	—	—	—	Pferseick, p.....	1	0	0	1
Totals	52	20	27	11		—	—	—	—
					Totals,	28	1	27	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross.....	4	4	2	0	3	0	2	0	5—20
Springfield	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Runs—O'Neil 3, Duffy, Statz 4, Daly 2, Bowen 2, Donahue, Doyle 3, Martin 3, Ryan, Wadman. Two-base hit—Statz. Three-base hits—Statz, Bowen. Home runs—Wadman, Bowen. Stolen bases—Donahue, Statz 2, Doyle, Daly, Long. Sacrifice flies—Doyle. Innings pitched—By Owl, 2/3; by Purvere 6 1/3; by Peferseick 2. Hits—Off Owl 2; off Purvere 12; off Pferseick 6. Bases on balls—By Ryan, McElvey, Long 2; by Purvere, O'Neil, Daly, Doyle 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Owl, Bowen. Struck out—By Ryan, Barclay 3, McElvey 2, Davis, Wadman, Purvere, Long, Crapster, Owl, Steiner; by Purvere, Duffy, Donahue, O'Neil, Daly 3; by Pferseick, Ryan. Errors—Statz, Duffy, Donahue, Wadman 2, Purvere, McElvey 3, Owl 3, Crapster 3, Barclay 2. Umpire—Sexton. Attendance, 500. Time of game—2 hours.

HOLY CROSS, 8.

BOWDOIN, 1.

Holy Cross humbled the visitors from Maine with an 8-1 score April 26, at Fitton field. The game was closely contested until the seventh, when Statz made his third two-bagger of the game. Then Daly contributed his bit by another double. A long drive of Bowen, muffed by Racine, and a single by Donohue soon ran the tally up to six. Two more runs came in the eighth, due largely to Statz's ability to connect with the horsehide. In short, the whole game was a Statz Field Day.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

The score:

HOLY CROSS.					BOWDOIN.				
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Statz, ss.....	5	4	0	1	A. Hall, rf.....	4	0	0	0
O'Neil, rf.....	3	0	0	0	Cook, 2b.....	4	1	1	2
Daly, lf.....	4	2	1	1	Finn, ss.....	4	1	2	7
Bowen, cf.....	5	1	1	0	F. Hall, c.....	3	1	3	0
Duffy, 2b.....	5	2	2	1	Grover, lf.....	3	0	3	0
Donohue, 1b.....	5	3	11	1	Caspar, 1b.....	3	2	14	0
Doyle, 3b.....	3	0	1	2	Racine, cf.....	3	0	1	0
Martin, c.....	4	1	11	0	Small, 3b.....	3	0	0	1
Gill, p.....	4	1	0	6	Savage, p.....	3	1	0	4
Totals	38	14	27	12	Totals	30	6	24	14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross....	0	0	0	2	1	0	3	2	x-8
Bowdoin	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0-1

Runs—Statz 2, Daly 2, Bowen, Duffy, Donohue, Gill, F. Hall. Two-base hits—Statz 3, Martin, Donohue, Daly, Caspar, Savage. Stolen bases—Statz, Duffy, F. Hall, Cook. Sacrifice hits—O'Neil 2, Doyle. Double plays—By Finn to Cook to Caspar; Doyle to Donohue to Martin. Base on balls—By Savage, Daly. Hit by pitched ball—By Gill, F. Hall. Struck out—By Gill, A. Hall, F. Hall, Small, Savage 2, Finn, Grover 2, Racine, Cook; by Savage, O'Neil, Daley, Martin. Errors—Grover, Caspar, Racine 2, Gill. Umpire McGuinness. Attendance, 800. Time of game—1h. 40m.

HOLY CROSS, 7.

WILLIAMS, 1.

In a game closely contested until the seventh, Holy Cross was the victor at Fitton Field, April 27, with a score of 7-1. Good fielding was the feature of the day, two Holy Cross runners being nailed at the plate on throws home. Ryan was in superb condition, securing twelve strike-outs, and issuing only two passes.

The tally came in the seventh. Finn passed O'Neil, who came home on a drive to right by Bowen. On a fumble of Duffy's grounder, Bowen came home. Then Duffy and Donohue, followed by Martin, added three more. Ryan ended the inning by an attempt to steal second.

The big feature was O'Neil's drive for a homer in the eighth, adding one more to the Purple total.

ATHLETICS.

The score:

HOLY CROSS.					WILLIAMS.				
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Statz, ss.....	5	1	0	3	Dunn, 2b.....	4	0	1	4
O'Neil, rf.....	3	1	3	0	Mason, lf.....	4	0	2	0
Daly, lf.....	3	2	2	0	Boynton, ss.....	4	2	5	3
Bowen, cf.....	4	1	1	0	Manning, 1b.....	4	1	9	1
Duffy, 2b.....	4	0	2	2	Roth, cf.....	2	0	1	0
Donohue, 1b.....	4	1	6	0	Field, rf.....	4	0	1	0
Doyle, 3b.....	2	0	0	0	Beyer, 3b.....	4	0	2	1
Martin, c.....	3	1	13	1	Pappin, c.....	4	1	2	1
Ryan, p.....	2	0	0	2	Finn, p.....	2	0	1	4
Totals	30	7	27	8	Totals	32	4	24	14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	5	1	x-7
Williams	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0-1

Runs—Statz, O'Neil 2, Bowen, Duffy, Donohue, Martin, Boynton. Two-base hits—Daley, Boynton. Home run—O'Neil. Stolen bases—Martin, Bowen, Duffy. Sacrifice hit—Daly. Sacrifice fly—Duffy. Double plays—Finn to Pappin to Manning; Dunn to Boynton to Manning. Bases on balls—By Ryan, Roth, Finn; by Finn, O'Neil 2, Bowen, Ryan 2, Doyle 2, Daly. Hit by pitched ball—By Ryan, Roth; by Finn, Martin. Struck out—By Ryan, Dunn 2, Field, Berger 4, Pappin 2, Mason, Finn, Manning. Errors—Statz, Ryan, Boynton, Field, Berger 2. Umpire—J. E. Stafford. Time of game—2 h. 10m. Attendance 1,200.

HOLY CROSS, 2.

SPRINGFIELD Y. M. C. A. COLLEGE, 1.

Holy Cross was the victor in a closely fought game with Springfield, May 3, at Fitton Field. Holy Cross hit Carlson, the Springfield pitcher, for 12 bingles, while Eddie Gill gave a good account of himself by allowing but four hits.

Redican's single, coupled with Donohue's two-bagger, brought in the Purple's first tally in the sixth. Daniels singled in the last of the ninth. He was replaced on first by Keville, because of an injury to his foot. A sacrifice by Gill advanced Keville one base. Then Statz came across with a two-bagger and victory for Holy Cross.

The score:

HOLY CROSS.					SPRINGFIELD.				
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Statz, ss.....	5	4	2	3	Wadman, lf.....	4	1	2	0
O'Neil, rf.....	4	0	0	0	McKelvey, ss.....	4	0	4	1
Redican, lf.....	4	2	0	0	Carling, cf.....	3	1	0	1
Bowen, cf.....	3	1	3	0	Owl, c.....	3	0	9	1

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

Donahue, 1b.....	4	1	11	0	Crapster, 2b.....	3	0	0	3
Breen, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	Long, 1b.....	2	0	10	0
Ballou, 2b.....	1	0	0	0	Davis, 3b.....	3	1	0	0
Doyle, 3b.....	4	2	1	2	Steiner, rf.....	2	1	0	1
Daniels, c.....	4	2	9	3	Carlson, p.....	2	0	0	7
Gill, p.....	3	0	0	4					
aKeville	0	0	0	0	Totals	26	4	*25	14

Totals 35 12 27 12

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—2
Springfield	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Runs—Redican, Keville; Wadman. Two-base hits—Carling, Steiner, Statz, Donohue. Three-base hits—Statz, Wadman. Stolen bases—Redican, O'Neil, Donohue. Sacrifice hits—Steiner, Carlson, Bowen, Breen, Gill. Base on balls—By Gill, Long. Struck out—By Gill, 8; by Carlson 7. Wild pitch—Gill. Errors—Long 2, Owl, Carlson. Umpire—McGuinness. Attendance, 500. Time of game, 1h. 50 m.

a Ran for Daniels in ninth.

* One out when winning run was scored.

HOLY CROSS, 1.

BOSTON COLLEGE, 4.

Boston College celebrated the silver jubilee of its last defeat over Holy Cross by again defeating the Purple nine on Fitton Field by a score of 4-1, May 4.

Boston took the lead in the first inning by scoring two runs, made possible by Gildea's double for Boston College, and slow fielding on the part of Holy Cross.

A pass and a single by Daniels gave Holy Cross its only run. Boyce's three-base hit in the fourth, was the longest drive of the day.

The score:

BOSTON COLLEGE.					HOLY CROSS.				
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Burke, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	Statz, ss.....	4	1	1	2
Dempsey, cf.....	4	1	5	0	O'Neil, rf.....	4	1	0	0
Enwright, 1b.....	4	1	7	0	Redican, lf.....	2	0	2	0
Urban, c.....	2	0	10	0	Gill, lf.....	2	2	1	0
Gildea, 2b.....	4	2	1	1	Bowen, cf.....	4	0	3	0
Boyce, rf.....	2	1	1	0	Donahue, 1b.....	4	0	12	0
Lovely, lf.....	3	0	0	0	Keville, 2b.....	3	0	2	0
Bond, ss.....	4	1	3	4	Doyle, 3b.....	3	0	0	4
Fitzpatrick, p.....	4	1	0	2	Daniels, c.....	3	1	6	2
	—	—	—	—	Ryan, p.....	3	0	0	2
Totals	31	7	27	7					
					Totals	32	5	27	10

ATHLETICS.

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SCORE BY INNINGS.

Boston College....	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0-4
Holy Cross.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-1

Runs—Dempsey, Urban, Boyce, Fitzpatrick, Keville. Two-base hit—Gildea. Three-base hit—Boyce. Stolen bases—Urban, Dempsey. Sacrifice hits—Boyce, Burke. Sacrifice fly—Lovely. Bases on balls—By Ryan, Urban 2, Boyce; by Fitzpatrick, Doyle, Keville. Struck out—By Fitzpatrick 9; by Ryan 5. Wild pitch—Fitzpatrick. Error—Redican. Umpire—Conway. Attendance, 3,000. Time of game, 1h. 50m.

HOLY CROSS, 1.

WEST POINT, 5.

Holy Cross went down again to defeat at the hands of the Army, 5-1, at West Point, May 8. Jones, of the Army team, proved too big an obstacle to their bats—and here lies the secret of the defeat. The Cadets won their game in the third, when they landed on Ryan for four singles and a double.

The score:

ARMY.

HOLY CROSS.

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Murray, cf.....	3	1	3	0	Statz, ss.....	4	0	1	2
Tate, ss.....	2	2	4	3	O'Neill, rf.....	3	0	2	0
Oliphant, lf.....	3	1	1	0	Daly, lf.....	2	1	0	1
Davis, rf.....	4	1	1	0	Bowen, cf.....	4	1	3	0
Foster, 2b.....	4	1	1	2	Donohue, 1b.....	4	0	8	1
Hazelhurst, 1b.....	4	2	11	0	Gill, 2b.....	4	0	2	3
Dominey, 3b.....	3	1	0	1	Doyle, 3b.....	4	0	1	2
McCarthy, c.....	4	0	6	1	Martin, c.....	4	0	7	0
Jones, p.....	4	0	0	3	Ryan, p.....	2	1	0	2
Totals	31	9	27	10	Totals	31	3	24	11

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Army	0	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	x-5
Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0-1

Runs made—By Murray, Oliphant, Davis, Foster, Dominey, Daly. Errors—Tate, Foster, Doyle 2. Stolen bases—Tate, Hazelhurst, Dominey, Daly, Bowen, Donahue. Sacrifice hits—Tate, Dominey, Ryan. Two-base hits—Tate, Foster. Three-base hit—Daly. Struck out—By Jones 6; by Ryan 6. Base on balls—By Jones 3; by Ryan —. Hit by pitcher—By Ryan, Murray. Wild pitch—Ryan. Passed ball—McCarthy. Double play—Statz and Gill. Time—1h, 42m. Umpires—Cullum and Marshall.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

HOLY CROSS, 5.

FORDHAM, 3.

Holy Cross was victorious in a twelve-inning contest with Fordham, at New York, May 9. The final score was 5-3.

The game was a gruelling contest, and resolved itself into a pitchers' battle between Gill and McQuade. Gill had the better of the argument however, fanning 17 men in the course of the game.

Holy Cross's win came in the twelfth. Gill singled but was forced out by Statz's grounder. Then O'Neil hit for a single, and Daly's triple settled the dispute.

The score:

HOLY CROSS.				FORDHAM.					
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Statz, ss.....	6	1	5	2	Shankey, rf.....	6	1	3	1
O'Neil, rf.....	6	1	1	0	Lucey, 2b, 3b.....	6	2	1	3
Daly, lf.....	6	3	1	0	Halligan, 1b.....	5	0	16	1
Bowen, cf.....	5	0	1	0	Abbott, cf.....	5	1	1	0
Donahue, 1b.....	5	0	5	2	Colletti, lf.....	4	2	1	0
Ballou, 2b.....	5	2	1	1	Galligan, 3b.....	4	1	1	3
Doyle, 3b.....	4	2	1	0	Keough, rf.....	1	0	0	0
Martin, c.....	5	2	19	2	Dwyer, ss.....	2	0	0	2
Gill, p.....	5	1	2	2	Scanlon, c.....	5	0	12	2
	—	—	—	—	McQuade, p.....	4	0	1	4
Totals	47	12	36	9	Martin, p.....	1	0	0	0
					Totals	43	7	36	16

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross...	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2-5
Fordham	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0-3

Runs—Statz, O'Neil, Ballou, Doyle, Martin, Abbott, Colletti 2. Two-base hit—Statz. Three-base hit—Daly. Home run—Colletti. Stolen bases—Bowen, Martin, Lucey, Colletti, Shankey, Dwyer. Sacrifice hit—Doyle. Bases on balls—By Gill, Dwyer 2. Struck out—By McQuade, Donahue 3, Gill 2, Doyle, O'Neil, Daly 3; by Gill, Colletti 2, Galligan 3, Dwyer 2, Abbott 2, McQuade 3, Scanlon, Shankey, Halligan, Keough, Martin. Passed balls—By Scanlon 2; by Martin —. Umpire—Edwards. Attendance—700. Time of game—2h, 50m. Errors—Statz, Donahue 2, Ballou, Martin 2, Gill 2, Lucey, Halligan 2, Scanlon 2.

HOLY CROSS, 4.

AMHERST, 0.

Holy Cross again triumphed over Amherst in their second meeting at Fitton Field, May 11, by a 4-0 score. The big reasons for the Amherst aggregation's second beating were Ryan's faultless twirling, and Bowen's

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ability to connect three times with the horsehide at the proper instant. Statz and Donaghue also contributed their bit with a triple apiece, Donaghue's coming with two men on.

The Purple's first tally came in the first. Statz, the first man up, hit the ball for three bags, and was driven in by Capt. O'Neil's timely single. Ballou scored in the third. In the fifth, a base on balls, a single by Bowen, and a triple by Donaghue netted two more runs.

O'Neil made one of the neatest catches seen on Fitton Field, when he stopped one off Sowle's bat that looked good for extra bases.

The score:

HOLY CROSS.					AMHERST.				
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Statz, ss.....	4	1	4	4	Brisk, 2b.....	4	0	4	2
O'Neil, rf.....	3	1	1	0	McNamara, 3b....	4	0	0	5
Daly, lf.....	4	0	1	0	Cowles, 1b.....	4	0	16	0
Bowen, cf.....	4	3	0	0	Maynard, cf.....	2	0	2	0
Donahue, 1b.....	4	1	12	0	Eveleth, c.....	2	0	2	0
Ballou, 2b.....	4	2	0	1	Webber, rf.....	2	0	0	0
Doyle, 3b.....	1	0	0	1	Cushman, ss.....	3	0	0	4
Martin, c.....	2	0	9	4	Davis, lf.....	2	0	2	0
Ryan, p.....	2	0	0	4	Cummings, p.....	2	0	0	1
	—	—	—	—	Clark, p.....	1	0	0	2
Totals	28	8	27	14		—	—	—	—
					Totals	26	2	24	14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross.....	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	x-4
Amherst	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

Runs—Statz, Daly, Bowen, Ballou. Three-base hits—Statz, Donahue. Stolen bases—Maynard. Sacrifice hits—Doyle 2. Sacrifice flies—Martin. Innings pitched—By Cummings 5; by Clark 4. Hits—Off Cummings 8. Base on balls—By Ryan, Davis, Webber, Eveleth; by Cummings, O'Neil, Ryan. Struck out—By Ryan 11; by Cummings, by Clark 1. Errors—Davis 2, Donahue. Umpire—McGuinness. Attendance, 500. Time, 1h, 45m.

HOLY CROSS, 4.

BOSTON COLLEGE, 3.

Holy Cross happily turned the tables on the Maroon and Gold by delivering a defeat to the tune of 4-3, May 15, at Boston. The game was attended by a very large and intense number of spectators.

For Holy Cross, Bowen combined clever fielding with timely hitting; his homer in the second being the first score of the game. Martin, too, circled the bases in the same inning, driving a man before him.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

In the ninth, a pass to Martin, a wild heave to second which brought Martin to third, and a single by Statz clinched the game.

Boston College, after scoring twice in the sixth, secured another in its part of the ninth. Other possibilities were clipped by Donohue's brilliant stop of a poor throw to first for the third out.

To the whole team goes the credit; for Eddie Gill, pitching masterly ball, was given practically perfect support.

The score:

HOLY CROSS.				BOSTON COLLEGE.					
	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.		AB.	BH.	PO.	A.
Statz, ss.....	5	1	1	4	Gildea, 2b.....	2	0	0	4
O'Neil, rf.....	5	0	1	0	Dempsey, cf.....	4	1	1	0
Daley, lf.....	5	1	2	0	Enright, 1b.....	4	0	11	1
Bowen, cf.....	5	3	3	0	Urban, c.....	4	2	8	0
Donahue, 1b.....	3	0	8	0	Burke, 3b.....	3	1	2	1
Ballou, 2b.....	3	0	3	3	Boyce, rf.....	4	1	2	0
Doyle, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	Miller, lf.....	3	1	1	0
Martin, c.....	3	1	8	0	Bond, ss.....	4	0	2	3
Gill, p.....	4	1	1	1	Fitzpatrick, p.....	3	0	0	2
	—	—	—	—	aWeager.....	1	0	0	0
Totals	36	8	27	8	bMorrisey.....	1	0	0	0
					Totals	34	6	27	11

a Batted for Miller in ninth.

b Batted for Fitzpatrick in ninth.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Holy Cross.....	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-4
Boston College....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1-3

Runs—Martin 2, Bowen, Doyle, Dempsey, Urban, Burke. Two-base hit—Urban. Three-base hit—Dempsey. Home runs—Bowen, Martin. Stolen bases—Bowen, Doyle, Dempsey, Burke, Boyce. Sacrifice hit—Donahue. Double play—Gill to Donahue. Bases on balls—By Fitzpatrick, Doyle, Martin; by Gill, Gildea 2, Burke. Hit by pitched ball—By Fitzpatrick, Ballou. Struck out—By Fitzpatrick 7; by Gill 7. Wild pitch—Gill. Errors—Bond 2, Boyce, Daly, Doyle, Miller. Umpire—Stafford. Attendance, 6,000. Time of game, 1h, 50m.

TRACK NOTES.

PENN RELAY CARNIVAL.

Holy Cross was defeated at the relay at Philadelphia, April 27, gaining third place. The team was composed of Capt. Mahoney, Lyons, Maher and Dignan.

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HOLY CROSS, 77.

SPRINGFIELD, 49.

Bart Sullivan's charges travelled to Springfield, May 4, and came home with a 77-49 victory over Springfield to their credit. Burke featured for the Purple in the dashes, while Capt. Mahoney was the honor man in the 440 and the 880.

Summary:

110-yd. dash—Won by Burke, Holy Cross; Foley, Holy Cross, 2d; Fahl, Springfield, 3d. Time 10 1-5 sec.

220-yd. dash—Won by Burke, Holy Cross; Dignan, Holy Cross, 2d; Fahl, Springfield, 3d. Time 23 sec.

440-yd. dash—Won by Mahoney, Holy Cross; Lyons, Holy Cross, 2d; McNamara, Holy Cross, 3d. Time 53 sec.

880-yd. dash—Won by Mahoney, Holy Cross; Mullin, Holy Cross, 2d; King, Holy Cross, 3d. Time 2 min. 12 sec.

1-mile run—Won by King, Holy Cross; White, Holy Cross, 2d; Harrington, Holy Cross, 3d. Time 4 min. 50 2-5 sec.

2 mile—Won by McKenna, Holy Cross; Harrington, Holy Cross, 2d; White, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 10 min. 47 sec.

120-yd. hurdle—Won by Wang, Springfield; Moench, Springfield, 2d; Breen, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 18 4-5 sec.

220-yd. hurdle—Won by Cummings, Holy Cross; Breen, Holy Cross, 2d; Moench, Springfield, 3d. Time not given.

Running high jump—Won by Steiner, Springfield; Handron, Holy Cross, 2d; Wang, Springfield, 3d. Height, 5 feet 10 in.

Running broad jump—Won by Steiner, Springfield; Hildebrandt, Springfield, 2d; Fahl, Springfield, 3d. 19 feet 3 in.

Hammer throw—Won by Dennis, Springfield; Donaghy, Holy Cross, 2d; Gagnon, Holy Cross, 3d. 93 feet 8½ in.

Shot put—Won by Dignan, Holy Cross; Johnson, Springfield, 2d; Edwards, Springfield, 3d. 39 feet 7½ in.

Pole vault—Won by Steiner, Springfield; Cunningham, Springfield, 2d; Linden, Springfield, 3d. 10 feet.

Discus throw—Won by Dennis, Springfield; Mahoney, Holy Cross, 2d; Handron, Holy Cross, 3d. 101 feet 10 in.

HOLY CROSS, 79.

TUFTS, 47.

Fitton Field saw the Holy Cross track squad outpoint the Tufts' men, 79-47, May 8. Tom Mahoney was easily the big point getter for Holy Cross, winning 15 points. His points came on three firsts in the quarter, half, and the discus. Mahoney made the half mile in the exceptionally good time of 2.07. Tufts' captain, Fitch, scored high individually for the Medford team, capturing three firsts in the high hurdles, high jump, and pole vault, and a second in the low hurdles.

Summary:

Mile run—Won by King, Holy Cross; White, Holy Cross, 2d; Harrington, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 4min. 51 sec.

Two-mile run—Won by McKenna, Holy Cross; White, Holy Cross, 2d; Rickwell, Tufts, 3d. Time, 10 min. 40 1-5 sec.

100-yd. dash—Won by Saunders, Tufts; Burke, Holy Cross, 2d; Foley, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 10 sec.

220-yd. dash—Won by Saunders, Tufts; Burke, Holy Cross, 2d; Dignan, Holy Cross, 3d.

440-yd. run—Won by Mahoney, Holy Cross; Miles, Tufts, 2d; Lyons, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 53 2-5 sec.

Shotput—Won by Dignan, Holy Cross; Ratta, Tufts, 2d; Povah, Holy Cross, 3d. Distance, 35 feet 4 in.

880-yd. run—Won by Mahoney, Holy Cross; Miles, Tufts, 2d; Mullin, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 2 min. 7 sec.

High hurdles—Won by Fitch, Tufts; Sullivan, Holy Cross 2d; McDonnell, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 19.4sec.

Low hurdles—Won by Cummings, Holy Cross; Fitch, Tufts, 2d; Breen, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 28.3 sec.

High jump—Won by Fitch, Tufts; Tennyson, Holy Cross, 2d; Handron, Holy Cross, 3d. Distance, 5 feet 3 in.

Pole vault—Won by Fitch, Tufts; Miller, Tufts, 2d; Gibbons, Holy Cross, 3d. Height, 10 feet.

Broad jump—Won by Toggart, Tufts; Cummings, Holy Cross, 2d; Clarke, Tufts, 3d. Distance, 19 feet 4¾ in.

Hammer throw—Won by Gagnon, Holy Cross; Sexton, Holy Cross, 2d; Foley, Holy Cross, 3d. Distance, 96 feet.

Discus—Won by Mahoney, Holy Cross; Handron, Holy Cross, 2d; Foley, Holy Cross, 3d. Distance, 94 feet 3 in.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY MEET.

Holy Cross finished second in the Connecticut Valley meet at Springfield, May 11, scoring 29 points to Dartmouth's 88. The other colleges also in it were Springfield, Rennselaer Polytechnic and Trinity. The meet, however, took on the aspect of a dual meet between Dartmouth and Holy Cross.

Captain Mahoney was the star for Holy Cross, putting up a clever race in the 440.

The summary:

Intercollegiate 100-yd. dash, first heat—Won by Foley, Holy Cross; Purdon, Dartmouth, 2d. Time, 10 3-5 sec.

Second heat—Won by Prentiss, Dartmouth; Burke, Holy Cross, 2d. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

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Final—Won by Purdon, Dartmouth; Prentiss, Dartmouth, 2d; Burke, Holy Cross, 3d. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

120 yds. high hurdles—Won by Shea, Dartmouth; Applebaum, Rennsalaer, 2d; Wang, Springfield, 3d. Time, 16 2-5 sec.

Mile run—Won by King, Holy Cross; McGoughran, Dartmouth, 2d; Aldrich, Dartmouth, 3d; Buckley, Trinity, 4th; Jenkins, Dartmouth, 5th; Porter, Trinity, 6th. Time, 4.45 4-5.

440-yd. dash—Won by Mahoney, Holy Cross; Davis, Dartmouth, 2d; Murray, Dartmouth, 3d; Carto, Dartmouth, 4th. Time, 51 3-5 sec.

Two-mile run—Won by McKenna, Holy Cross; White, Holy Cross, 2d; Daniels, Dartmouth, 3d; Avery, Dartmouth, 4th. Time, 10.07.

220-yd. dash—First heat won by Prentiss, Dartmouth; Purdon, Dartmouth, 2d. Time, 23 2-5 sec.

Second heat—Won by Carto, Dartmouth; Clark, Dartmouth, 2d. Time, 23 2-5 sec.

Final heat—Won by Purdon, Dartmouth; Clark, Dartmouth, 2d; Carto, Dartmouth, 3d. Time, 23 1-3 sec.

220 yds. low hurdles—First heat won by Shea, Dartmouth; Moench, Springfield, 2d. Time, 27 sec.

Second heat—Won by Murray, Dartmouth; Cummings, Holy Cross, 2d. Time, 28 1-5 sec.

Third heat—Won by Charlo, Dartmouth; Applebaum, Rennsalaer, 2d. Time, 27 1-5 sec.

Final heat—Won by Shea, Dartmouth; Murray, Dartmouth, 2d; Charlo, Dartmouth, 3d. Time, 26 sec.

880 yds. run—Won by Davis, Dartmouth; Mahoney, Holy Cross, 2d; King, Holy Cross, 3d; Mullin, Holy Cross, 4th; Brown, Dartmouth, 5th; McComber, Dartmouth, 6th. Time, 2 min. 2 sec.

Shotput—Won by Dignan, Holy Cross; Wallace, Dartmouth, 2d; Youngstrom, Dartmouth, 3d. Distance, 39 feet 2 in.

Running high jump—Tie for first place between Steiner, Springfield; Beers, Dartmouth; Moriarty, Dartmouth, points divided. Height, 5 feet 5 in. On jump off Steiner cleared 5 ft. 7 in. for first medal, and on tossup, Beers won second medal, Moriarty taking third.

Hammer-throw—Won by Weld, Dartmouth; Bevan, Dartmouth, 2d; Denis, Springfield, 3d. Distance, 128 ft. 11 in.

Discus throw—Won by Moriarity, Dartmouth; Wallace, Dartmouth, 2d; Mahoney, Holy Cross, 3d. Distance, 111 ft. 1 in.

Running broad jump—Won by Prentiss, Dartmouth; Pollard, Dartmouth, 2d; Steiner, Springfield, 3d. Distance, 20 ft. 5 in.

Pole vault—Won by Meyers, Dartmouth, 12 ft. 1½ in.; Jordan, Dartmouth, 11 ft. 6 in., 2d; Brotherhood, Dartmouth, 11 ft., 3d.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

NEW ENGLAND INTERCOLLEGIATES.

Holy Cross and Bowdoin finished third with 13 points each in the meet at Tech Field May 18. Tech was the winner, and Brown came next with 25 points. Captain Tom Mahoney ran his last race for the Purple, and celebrated the event by winning the 440.

The summary:

120-YARD HURDLES.

First heat—Won by K. B. Low, Amherst; second, M. E. Goodridge, Tech. Time, 17 1-5 sec.

Second heat—Won by O. A. Mills, Tech; second, A. Thomas Bowdoin. Time, 16 3-5 sec.

Final heat—Won by O. A. Mills, Tech; A. Thomas, Bowdoin, second; M. E. Goodridge, Tech, third; K. B. Low, Amherst, fourth. Time, 16 3-5s.

100-YARD DASH.

First heat—Won by Bossert, Tech; second, R. H. Mullone, Brown. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

Second heat—Won by R. J. Keeler, Wesleyan; second, C. E. Aiddebach, Brown. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

Third heat—Won by J. B. Ormon, Tech; second, A. Saunders, Tufts. Time, 10 4-5 sec.

Final heat—Won by T. W. Bossert, Tech; second, R. H. Mullone, Brown; third, R. J. Keeler, Wesleyan; fourth, J. B. Ormon, Tech. Time, 10 1-5 sec.

MILE RUN.

Won by G. B. Goodwin, Bowdoin; second, H. A. Herzog, Tech; third, F. Jones, Middlebury; fourth, H. R. Dow, Tech. Time, 4 min. 33 sec.

440-YARD RUN.

Won by T. H. Mahoney, Holy Cross; second, G. Baroden, Tech; third, L. C. Wyman, Bowdoin; fourth, P. Scott, Tech. Time, 50 3-5 sec.

Shotput—Won by T. G. Dignan, Holy Cross; second, J. Sinclair, Brown; third, R. M. Anderson, Wesleyan; fourth, J. W. Keller, Tech. Distance, 39 ft. 4½ in.

High jump—Won by Anderson, Amherst; second, Ash, Tech; third, Pierce, Tech; fourth, Bliss, Brown. Height, 5 ft. 9¼ in.

220-yard hurdles, first heat—Won by R. W. Besser, Brown; second, R. L. Cummings, Holy Cross; third, M. E. Goodridge, Tech. Time, 27 2-5 sec.

Second heat—Won by K. B. Low, Amherst; second, O. A. Mills, Tech; third, R. M. Hunter, Brown. Time, 29 1-5 sec.

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Final heat—Won by O. A. Mills, Tech; second, R. W. Besser, Brown; third, K. B. Low; fourth, M. E. Goodridge, Tech. Time, 26 4-5 sec.

Hammer throw—Won by T. McNamara, Boston College; second, F. L. Raymond, Tech; third, J. K. Donaghy, Holy Cross; fourth, N. D. Stewart, Bowdoin. Distance, 110 ft. 9½ in.

Two-mile run—Won by F. Halfacre, Tech; second, W. K. McMahon, Tech; third, R. C. Stemson, Wesleyan; fourth, J. F. McKenna, Holy Cross. Time, 9 min. 53 4-5 sec.

880-yard run—Won by G. G. McCorten, Tech; second, G. Bowden, Tech; third, G. E. Westland, Tech; fourth, E. G. Van Hoesen, Williams. Time, 2 min.

Pole vault—Won by M. F. Sheldon, Tech; second, A. S. Thoren, Brown; third, K. M. Woodin; fourth, A. H. Fletcher, Tech. Height, 10 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Won by A. F. Kieser, Williams; second, H. P. Peters; third, C. H. Wilson, Tech; fourth, G. L. Reinacher, Brown.

Discus throw—Won by C. W. Drew, Tech; second, J. W. Kellar, Tech; third, N. D. Stewart, Bowdoin; fourth, A. T. Hindenworsh, Brown. Distance, 117 ft. 8 in.

220-YARD DASH.

First heat—Won by T. W. Bossert, Tech; second, C. E. Cuddebach, Brown. Time, 23 4-5 sec.

Second heat—Won by R. H. Mullane, Brown; second, C. A. Newton, Tech. Time, 24 sec.

Third heat—Won by A. Saunders, Tufts; second, J. B. Ormon, Tech. Time, 23 1-5 sec.

Final heat—Won by R. H. Mullane, Brown; second, T. W. Bossert, Tech; third, A. Saunders, Tufts; fourth, C. A. Newton, Tech. Time, 22 3-5 sec.

TENNIS.

HOLY CROSS, 4.

TUFTS, 2.

The Holy Cross team composed of Capt. McManus, Knoll, McQueeney and Walsh, defeated the Tufts tennis team at Medford, 4-2, May 4.

M. I. T., 5.

HOLY CROSS, 1.

A Holy Cross team, composed of McManus (Capt.), Fitzgerald, Knoll and McQueeney, was defeated by M. I. T., 5-1, May 8, at Longwood.

FORDHAM, 5.

HOLY CROSS, 1.

Holy Cross was defeated on the Beaven Courts, 5-1, by the Fordham tennis team, May 10. Holy Cross was able to win only in the doubles, McQueeney and McManus defeating Martin and McLaughlin, 6-1, 4-6, and 6-1.

HOLY CROSS, 5.

TUFTS, 1.

Holy Cross defeated Tufts on the Beaven Hall courts May 11, 5-1. Fitzgerald, McManus and Knoll won their matches in the singles; and McManus and McQueeney, and Fitzgerald and Knoll won both the matches of doubles.

HOLY CROSS, 6.

SPRINGFIELD, 0.

Holy Cross won over Springfield May 18, with a score of 6-0. Everyone on the team won his individual matches.

The team was composed of Capt. Fred McManus, McQueeney, Knoll and Fitzgerald.

INTERCLASS MEET.

The Freshmen won the annual interclass meet at Fitton Field April 24. The Freshmen succeeded in piling up 52 points. The Juniors were second with 35 $\frac{2}{3}$. They were followed by the Sophomores, who gained 28 $\frac{1}{3}$. The Seniors won the booby prize, capturing only 9 points. Handron gained 16 of the Freshies' 52.

The summary:

100-yd. dash—Won by Foley, '19; Burke, '21, 2d; Dignan, '21, 3d. Time, 10 3-5 sec.

220-yd. dash—Won by Burke, '21; Lyons, '19, 2d; Rogers, '20, 3d. Time, 23 sec.

440-yd. dash—Won by Mahoney, '18; Dignan, '21, 2d; Mullin, '21, 3d. Time, 56 sec.

880-yd. dash—Won by Mullin, '21; Harrington, '20, 2d; McNamara, '21, 3d. Time, 2 min. 16 sec.

One-mile run—Won by White, '20; Harrington, '20, 2d; McNamara, '21, 3d. Time, 5 min. 9 sec.

Two-mile run—Won by McKenna, '21; White, '20, 2d; Potter, '18, 3d. Time, 11 min. 4 sec.

220 low hurdles—Won by Cummings, '21; Kirby, '19, 2d; Sullivan, '19, 3d. Time, 29 sec.

120 high hurdles—Won by Sullivan, '19; McDonald, '19, 2d; Stier, '21, 3d. Time, 18 sec.

Shotput—Won by Dignan, '21; Monahan, '20, 2d; Povah, '19, 3d. Distance, 34 ft. 10 in.

Throwing hammer—Won by Donaghy, '19; Foley, '19, 2d; Sexton, '19, 3d. Distance, 103 ft. 7 in.

Throwing discuss—Won by Handron, '21; Mahoney, '18, 2d; Donaghy, '19, 3d. Distance, 98 ft. 6 in.

High jump—Tennyson, '21, Handron, '21, tied for 1st; Sullivan, '19, McDonald, '19, McGrath, '20, tied for 3d. Distance, 5 ft. 5 in.

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Pole vault—Handron, '21, Hawthorne, '19, tied for 1st. Distance, 8 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Won by Cummings, '20; Handron, '21, 2d; McAndrews, '21, 3d. Distance, 19 ft. 3 in.

Timers—J. Allen, J. Harrigan.

Scorers—C. Holland, G. Caven, C. O'Leary.

Starter—B. Sullivan.

FRESHMAN BASEBALL.

HOLY CROSS, 1921, 10.

WORCESTER CLASSICAL, 12.

Classical High School of Worcester defeated the Holy Cross Freshies 12-10, on Pitton Field, May 9. Ability to solve the pitching of Harrison and Callahan was the principal reason for Classical's win. O'Connor's homer was the bright spot in the Purple's game.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

									R.	H.	E.	
Classical	2	0	4	1	0	2	0	3	0-12	13	2
Holy Cross, 1921.		0	1	0	0	0	2	6	1	0-10	14	6

Batteries—Toomey and Curran; Harrison, Callahan and Hall.

AUBREY J. POTHIER, '18.

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