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The Gladdest Heart

To Bishop Murray for his consecration



WHOSE is the heart beats warmest this glad day
When all the world in love is at thy throne,
And loud, sweet songs are breaking with the May
And unseen angels lend a sweeter tone?
When spring sends joyous greetings in the high,
Clear notes of robins piping at the door
Of God's own cloud-walled palace, and the sky
With silver beams is lighted as before?

A loving Alma Mater feels the thrill
Of pride for thee who ever wreathed her name
With deeds of glory; naught can ever still
The pulsing pride that leaps with thy new fame,
And yet one heart today more filled, with bliss
Than all the rest—thine own dear mother's is!

JAMES J. TENNYSON, '21.

Dizzy Days



STONBURY, with its million souls, was in the clutches of one of the most insidious forms of Americanized Russian insanity. Not a single electric public conveyance rattled over or through the far-famed "paths of traffic". The tunnel exits and entrances neither belched forth or swallowed their usual swarms of commuters. The height of uselessness were the car rails, while the trolley wires were as lifeless as an unoffensive piece of picture cord. Jitney jehus, with relics of that long-forgotten dawn of the flivver industry, reaped a golden harvest. In short, the entire force of the "Interurban Consolidated" had doffed uniforms and overalls, to submit them to an unprecedented cleansing and renovating, while * * *

But let us to "*a quo*". This, for a long time, was the mystery of the whole affair. Why did they strike? Why did they demand eight dollars a day, and so endanger the existence of many prosperous business firms of the city by tempting the influential and necessary heads of said corporations to leave well-appointed offices to earn a real day's pay yanking bell ropes? The story of these dizzy days has long since passed into history, and as it is said "Murder will out", so has the nearest explanation of the whole miserable business come to light. It was like this:

It was Bill's week to work the early morning shift at his station in the kitchenette of a crosstown trailer. When this happened

it was Mrs. Bill's wont to prepare for Bill a package of sandwiches for his breakfast, which he usually ate at the car barns. When Bill arose on the fatal morning there was no little bundle in its accustomed place, Mrs. Bill having attended the late show at "The Gem" the evening before, and having been so carried away with Wallace Seed in his latest, "Two and Four Is Eight", that the morning meal of her spouse had been forgotten.

Bill left home without a lunch. He was forced to pay sixty cents for two corned-beef crimes at an "Open All Night". This was his first real personal encounter with old H. C. L, and Bill suddenly realized that he was not only poor but being abusively underpaid by the "Interurban Consolidated".

Bill elucidated his views for the benefit of Joe, a co-worker; Joe told Benny; Benny told Alf, and so the buck was passed down and across the lines. The strike was the final result of this restlessness, which all started from the neglect of Mrs. Bill and those two "beefs".

On the first day of the strike chaos broke loose throughout the city and its suburbs—particularly the suburbs. The sun, however, waxed warm and smiling as if nothing at all were the trouble, while Miss Gertie, the Stenog; Mr. McTite, the Banker; Jerry, the Office Boy, and the host of others, began as best they could to seek means of conveyance to their "sweat-shops" cityward.

What comedy! What pathos!! What language!!!

Some realized, for the first time, that they possessed two very valuable assets in the form of pedal extremities, and forthwith

proceeded to put them to their intended use. Some dragged flat-tired ghosts of bicycles from attics and dejectedly careened on their way. To some the sight of an automobile was enough to merit highway robbery. Others, the greater majority by far, attacked the local stations of the steam "rattlers". What a merry time there was! Never did "Appleton Street", "Parkway Park" and "Seaside Square" see such throngs! Train schedules were altered promiscuously. If you secured a seat in a car you were "out of luck" for at the next stop at least three individuals would take advantage of your unprotected lap and shoulders. It is a fact to be wondered at that so few were killed. Many were—or nearly so!

Unprecedented things occurred at every palace of toil. For instance, Mr. Steady, the Clerk, who had not been a minute late for thirteen years arrived at twelve-thirty p. m., to take up his duties, while Miss Gertie, never on time, was sitting on the doorstep at seven a. m. when the Boss came along in his "Complex 9" to open the shop. Discipline and order "went by the board". Many had a good time and enjoyed the unusual conditions, some recalled all the dark epithets they had not used for years, and proceeded to make the air blue.

On the afternoon of the second day, it so happened that I was a mere scale among the "American Sardines" jammed inside the East Station. Everyone wanted to get on the same train at once. Many were disappointed. The air had that property of deadening heat that makes men go insane. Many had the ill fortune to do so, and were at once trampled upon. A prayer of

DIZZY DAYS

753

thanksgiving escaped my lips as I saw a woman with a screaming child in her arms dragged from between two gates that were being forced to by a few boiler workers in guise of extra help.

Luckily the greater part of the helpless pack around me were headed for my train. I, therefore, was swept towards where I wanted to go. I was soon planted, after many perilous eons, in the centre of a car crowded to the windowsills. Perspiration streamed from my face and, dripping upon a good woman's shoulder in front of me, was the cause of my being severely abused. I apologized copiously but was unable to remedy the trouble, being temporarily, though effectually, paralyzed. I soon gave up the thought of ever again recognizing either of my feet. A man at my left asked me to remove my hand from his pocket, but I remarked that he would be doing me a great favor if he would allow me to keep it there for a while. If he had said "No", nothing could have been done—I couldn't move. My other hand clutched the vest pocket wherein reposed my Ingersoll. This was a useless precaution, as a pickpocket could not have done any more, or as much, work in that car than if he were in the middle of the Sahara. I heard a weak voice gasp, "Tickets, please", and a woman at my right lapsed into a crying, laughing coma. The jerking motion of the train finally quieted her—no one or nothing else could, under the circumstances. I don't know what happened to the official fare collector.

I was carried past my station. About three miles further on I had fought my way to the door as the train stopped. I was having hard work in making the final effort to free myself from the

mass of clinging humanity. While thus striving my best to get off, a rather stout lady immediately at my back asked me, in tears, to let her by as this was her stop. I politely informed her to take heart and follow me. She did, and we eventually landed in safety upon the platform. I sprained my ankle in the manœuver.

So it went for six terrible days, when "*mirabile dictu*," the employees of the "Interurban Consolidated" returned to their old stations in immaculate uniforms and a superior air of all importance, which everyone forgave them.

Bill still works his morning shifts regularly, but Oh, Ye Commuters, pray unceasingly that Mrs. Bill will never again neglect those two corned-beef sandwiches!

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20.



A Night in June



IGHT'S mantled cloak enfolds the day
Which tenderly—from dawn to noon
And then to twilight's gentle sway,—
Has blest the earth with warmful boon.

The sun now sleeps, while stars and moon,
With twinkling eyes, do naught but smile
On slumbering hills below them strewn,
For June has come in ancient style.

Now Nature boasts in proud array!
How loudly rings her gayest tune
As still we drift o'er the sleeping bay
This dew-draped eve of budding June!

With bursting joy she seems to swoon
In the distant pines which mile for mile
Conceal the owl and grizzled coon,—
For June has come in ancient style.

The summer zephyrs cease their play,
Surprised that night has come so soon;
And list! along our star-lit way,
A whippoorwill begins to croon

From a lonely tree on a lonely dune;
Hushed are the day songs—hushed the while
O'er inland dale and sea lagoon,
For June has come in ancient style.

L'ENVOI

'Tis time we heard the cry of the loon
And the cricket's chirp in the veiled defile;
Or chanced on bow'rs where lovers spoon—
For June has come in ancient style.

CHARLES W. BURKE, '22.

A Gem

Prince of Bargraras: "And who are you, sir?"

Red Revolutionist: "Your Majesty, I am called Marcel the Barber, and I swing a mean hot towel!"

—*The Royal Vagabond*.



ALTHOUGH the title is apt to deceive the uninitiated in the sphere of *pseudo-literateurs*, the elect or elite will doubtlessly silently chuckle to themselves when they find that they had discerned our duplicity and knew, even before reading this far, that our title did not mean what it seemed to, but something as different from it as the Moon is from Mars. Of course, we did not refer to jewels, nor even to art treasures, as we are not jewelers nor canvas connoisseurs. We did, however, have in mind the "Gem" in the sense of an instrument used for shaving purposes.

Viewed from this angle, not even for enlivening or dramatic purposes are we going to look upon the razor as an offensive weapon, as used, for example, by a darkey to cut, with a keen, straight edge, the throats of his relatives and friends, but we do regard it as a means whereby cleanliness and sanitation may be achieved; it achieves notable success by destruction and demolition. Our chief concern lies in the smooth removal of anything, from the fuzz on the physiognomy of an "*imberbis juvenis*" to the rough bristles of some ancient patriarch, whose

"Loose beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air."

Yet the subject is not to be treated as that gentle art is performed by those white-coated gentlemen who style themselves "tonsorial artists", rather we shall deal only with those whom we may, for want of a better name, call self-shavers, that is, the class that shaves itself. Do not fear that the professional "artists" are in any way neglected. Nay, they have come up for heated discussion and much raking over the coals many times of late, under the general subject of "profiteers". Whence it is clearly manifest that even in the lofty realms of art high prices and the cost of living have shown no sympathy nor compassion. We read that the president of this exclusive society, devoted to the pursuit of art, predicts first a "six bits" hair-cut, followed by the sign of the almighty dollar before the year nineteen-twenty has passed within the portals of eternity. If this be so, then it would appear that

"Tho 'tis merry in the hall
Where beards wag all,"

and flowing manes touch the earth, each one of us, except perhaps the kings of finance, will, in the very near future, be compelled either to invest in a pair of electric clippers and give one another a "Sing Sing" or a "Baldy" Jack Rose about once every three months, or else turn back the pages of history and revert to those early Colonial days when men wore their hair in a cue, like the proverbial long-haired poet or a classical Ichabod Crane. We feel with Scott, that while our citizens are clean-shaved and close-cropped all is well with America, but

"Woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men."

Albeit hair-cutting, scientific and otherwise, and the H. C. L. are vital issues, necessitating drastic measures, they have really nothing to do with the subject at hand. Therefore, let us press on and get to the main consideration.

How many times have you not heard someone say, "Tell me your friends and I'll tell you what you are"? You immediately realized that here lies a real kernel of truth. Then there are phrenologists, who tell us what a person amounts to by an examination of his "bumps". The modern Blackford method arrives at the same determination by noting the color of the hair, or a facial analysis. All very good and very fine—but we are of the firm conviction that a system that surpasses all, than which none is more simple, more universally adaptable and withal completely satisfying, lies in just this and no more—how does a man shave himself? Consequently we set forth our theory based on empirical knowledge and the closest sort of reasoning, but which you may take exactly for what it is worth; then pay your money and take your choice of any of the methods we have mentioned. It is our contention then that by means of following out the given instructions, the characters of individuals, so diversified as a Beau Brummel and a red-hot, rip-snorting, be-whiskered, be-mustachioed Bolshevic,

"His hair just grizzled
As in green old age,"

may readily be brought to the light of day.

We have claimed that the manner in which a man shaves himself indicates his character. Very true, perhaps, you say, but how? This way lies the truth. First we would have you make a general distinction of self-shavers. Divide them into two classes—those who use safety razors and those who employ the straight edge. Why do this? The answer is simple, very easy, for the former are representative men of the present era and generation, in brief they are men of today. They are up to date and of the modern school of progress seconded by efficiency. Just as those in the business world, the manufacturing, industrial or scientific discard the old and take advantage of the latest and best machinery for their work, so too does the user of the “Gillette”, the “Ever-Ready” or the “Gem” act in accordance with the spirit of the times in which he lives, which is nothing unless symbolic of constructive development and the creation of a better and more enhancing civilization.

What have we to say about the “straight-edgers”? Better nothing, but if we must, then we frankly assert (perhaps not with impunity, for some handle their instruments very deftly) that such men are antiquated relics of a decadent school, because today, of all times, they employ this archaic and obsolete imitation of a barbarian’s dagger, newly dignified by the appellation “straight-edge” razor. This, our opinion, is founded on none other than on the bed-rock foundation of long years of observation. After so thorough an investigation into the prime roots of the matter, may we not accurately and justly make decision on a man’s character, even on the basis of the type of razor he uses,

or deigns to use. For there are some, you are aware, who would rather have an "artist" do the dastardly deed—"couldn't be bored, you know."

What next? Besides the type of instrument employed, there must be considered the manner in which the operation is performed. Here, we hold, even to a greater extent may be found the key-note to a man's character. The process itself of shaving brings out in a most positive manner the many and diverse qualities that go to make up the summation of personality. One lathers his face rapidly but thoroughly and with care; he skilfully adjusts a new blade and proceeds with caution and precision, yet withal swiftly. There is a brainy, intelligent fellow for you, a conscientious and pains-taking man. Such is your immediate deduction, uncolored by passion or prejudice. Your conclusion is as correct as it is instantaneous and unhesitating. Another goes looking, like the overmuch caricatured hunter of collar buttons, for his razor. He returns with a contrivance that looks like a cheese-dagger—one that would remind you of the hero of "Delicatessen" who

"Leans across a slab of board,
And draws his knife and slices cheese."

With a mug dated 60 B. C., from its appearance, a brush designed after a house painter's, and a bar of Kirkman's soap, his paraphernalia is complete. Now that he has all the trappings, watch him work. After sundry dabs of the lather, the spectacle commences—and what a circus it is! What a splendidly clean-cut

process! Why, if one were looking through the keyhole, and the light in the room was not very bright, he would swear the man was attempting to commit suicide. Is there any need of depicting graphically the characteristic traits of such a man? They are as plain as the greenness of the grass, as obvious as a bald head at a theatre. Hence we take our leave of him and permit you to vivisect him, at your leisure, in the laboratory of your mind.

By following out a similar line of analysis we may distinguish the calm, cool, dispassionate and logical type, from those who might be placed in the category of the passionate, head-strong or, in short, the helter-skelter, scatter-brained variety. This ought to be of particular interest to parents, educators, wardens, policemen and other civil authorities, for from this magnificent theory we are enabled most readily to discern in young men who have yet to "tarry at Jericho until their beards are grown", their tendencies, talents and signs of the calling they should follow in life. We find, better here, perhaps, than anywhere else, the positive and concrete manifestation of those dominating traits that mark for the future the collected man of business, the shrewd lawyer, the steel-nerved surgeon, the brick-layer, hod-carrier or manipulator of the pile-driver.

Still another but auxiliary issue that it might be of especial interest to mark well rests in the language one uses when the gods are not propitious—to be specific, when a man cuts himself. When he lets slip the blade and a gory tide starts to flow over his lily, city white or sun-tanned complexion, listen to his remarks

and heed his utterances. If he lisps a gentle "Oh, gosh!" you have circumstantial evidence to prove that he will never set the earth afire or indulge in a lightning torpedo trip to Mars. He is evidently of a quiet, retiring disposition. But if he utters a loud "*censored!!*" "*censored!!!*" or mumbles hoarse, unintelligible noises, you may judge, as the strength and motive power of the expletives or rumblings dictate.

We are happy and proud to be the advocates of so highly original and brilliant a system of studying character. If for no other reason, its very uniqueness and simplicity should appeal. Try it out on your relatives, friends, chance acquaintances—above all others, on yourself. If it does not work out so successfully in practicable applications as it seems to and sounds to in theory, simply eschew it forever, or use these pages for shaving paper; if it does, then thank us, for by virtue of our intrepidity we deserve it!

DENNIS M. HURLEY, '21.



A "Boggon" Canoe Trip



ULL moon shining,
Birch canoe—
Paddling aimlessly with Sue.

Softly talking,
Sue and I,—
All unnoticed time flew by.

Moon o'erclouded ;
Winds increased ;
Waves grew choppy, chatting ceased.

Seeking safety,
On a bank,
Canoe capsized—almost sank.

On arriving
Home, 'bout two,
Anxious parents awaited Sue.

Barking, growling
At poor me
Stood the kennel family.

Sue, as you know,
Is my dog,
Listed in Green's catalogue.

THOMAS H. KAY, JR., '23.

Revolution



GRAND Grand-Pa was a sceptre
In Louis Quinze's hand,
In truth, he was the king of canes
Throughout that monarch's land.

Now Grand-Pa fell from this estate
To grace a bishop's sleeve ;
And with his curving head of gold
Empressed the costly weave.

My Pa gave swagger to a fop
Along the promenade ;
His master's aristocracy
Was for my Pa to guard.

But I, so far removed from these,
Am nothing but a scamp,
Who lives on lies and stolen pies,
The buckthorn of a tramp.

FRANCIS A. DRUMM, '22.

Enter—The Man



ATHERINE heaved a happy sigh, as with deft, womanly touch she brushed from her forehead a saucy wisp of hair. Since she was standing before her mirror, it would be well for us to steal a brief and admiring glance at the reflection which smiled into her own. She was a tall, dark girl with those soft brown eyes in whose depths men read sympathy, understanding and love. They twinkled as she showed her firm, rounded teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the rich red of her lips.

Let us take our introspective glass and study the personality which lay behind such a pleasant exterior. Contrary to the accepted cynical doctrine, her appearance was not deceitful. In addition to a kind, thoughtful and religious disposition, she possessed that rare, magnetic quality which attracted all whom she met, and held them under her sway. Her one fault, if we may call it such, was an inordinate desire for the mysterious and the romantic, and it was this which had caused her to refuse several proffers of marriage and seek a life-mate through the adventurous medium of a marital agency. Here indeed she had met the adventure she craved. Katherine Wallingford had given her solemn and binding oath to marry a man whom she had never seen, regardless of his appearance.

But admiration has brought digression. The cause of her pres-

ent joy was a letter, written in a bold, masculine hand, which stated that her groom-to-be would *be* at the church for the ceremony sharply at nine on the morrow. She liked his brusque, straightforward manner, and her sense of the unique and *outré* was pleased with the conditions of their union. Her vivid imagination ran riot as she endeavored to picture the man of her dreams. With respect to his disposition and character, his references had been exquisite, and she had no fears on that score.

That night brought but fitful, intermittent snatches of sleep for Katherine, and the first rays of the methodical sun found her maids, as nervous as though they themselves were being prepared for the nuptials, putting the finishing touches on her trousseau. At nine she stood trembling and beautiful before the altar, but the groom had not arrived.

Painfully each agonizing second ticked off its irrevocable measure of time, but Katherine stood alone. Could he have met with an accident? Was ill fortune thus to greet them on the threshold of their married lives? Despite herself, the color faded from her cheeks. But no—down the aisle sounded the tramp of a heavy foot, and the blood surged to her face as each step had its echo in the pounding of her heart. Slowly she turned and then hesitated; will I say with fear? She was but a woman. Being one, however, her curiosity mastered all other emotions, and with a sweet and winning smile she turned to confront a *huge, grinning negro*. He was the man she had sworn to marry.

The details of the wedding were but a dream. Katherine, as though under an hypnotic influence, gave a mechanical assent.

ENTER—THE MAN

767

The minister smiled as he gave them his blessing. To her it seemed a pitying one. It was not till they were speeding away in an automobile that she recovered her presence of mind. Perhaps it was the rattling of the pans in the rear. Brushing the rice from his kinky hair, he whispered softly, "Well, honey, we'se married".

"Yes," said Katherine, with a giggle of contentment.

I almost forgot to mention that Katherine's mother was a Creole and that her forbears wielded the spear in the jungles of Africa.

JOHN F. KEATING, '22.



Smoke



MY LITTLE rhymes have been like wisps
Of smoke in some dim glade,
That curl up towards the twilight skies
To intertwine and fade.

I dare not hope that they will rise
To even wreath the throne,
Where star-crowned bards of other days
Sit peacefully,—alone.

But if my tiny mound of sparks
Will only warm my way,
I know I'll have a singing heart
To help me work,—and play.

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20-

Rose Buds



THE roses show to the summer sun
Their cheeks of dawning hue;
The golden bees with their singing wings
Brush trembling, petal due;—
Like thoughts of mine from across the world
Speeding, dear one, to you.

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20.

Bolshevism a la Mode



AR from toils and struggles snuggled between the protecting hills of Bretton Woods, reposed the diminutive village of Bolboro, saturated, it seemed, with happiness and contentment. It was a mining district; not one of those boasting a mushroom growth, overnight, for it had begun its peaceful sojourn on the map nearly fifty years previous, with only three families as a nucleus. Gradually relatives of these first settlers had come, and then friends of the later arrivals, until they developed into a conservative little village of about eight hundred.

But now we find Bolboro believing in progress and much engrossed in the newspapers. First about the progress—they must have believed in it, because the main street already claimed martyrdom to progressiveness. Its pavement was uprooted, while banks of dirt on either side of a long, narrow ditch, bellowed forth a challenge to spread the gossip that Bolboro would soon be the proud possessor of a modern sewer. Next, about the newspapers—they must have been in vogue there, else how would wild tales of Bolshevik outbreaks have roused the drowsy, easy-going villagers? In spite of the slight similarity between Bolboro and Bolshevik, perhaps the greatest of crimes as proclaimed in the columns of their "*Phoenix*", was the least tendency toward that fiendish, lawless, unhealthy cult. So antagonistic to it were the Village Fathers

that after many serious sessions around Gaby's overheated stove, matters were brought to a climax.

"I don't see," said Gaby, "why thare ain't some unisone among us fellers here. Now just supposin' one of these here Bolsheviseurs shud blow in on us, what wud yeh do thin?"

The crackling of burning wood in the stove only emphasized the intense silence following the outburst. No one in the store dared hardly to breathe until Gaby had his say.

"Wal, I reckon yeh are stuck fer sure", he continued, his voice fairly rasping with enthusiasm. "Let's hear yeh answer me, Deacon Tinkler—guess yeh can't, can yeh! Now you folks just listen to this here plan I got in my cranium, and see fer yerself if it ain't a cure fer these red crape hangers, if any of 'em—"

Words failed him as his glance shifted past the circle of sphinx-like countenances through the small plate-glass window front of the store. About twelve pairs of eyes followed his stony stare and likewise assumed his expression of utter digust, as two individuals walked briskly across his line of vision on the other side of the street.

"Thare goes a couple of live uns", confided Bolboro's sole undertaker, who always managed to be around the store evening after supper. "That thare tall guy is Mister Baker, who's bossin' this sewer job. Guess he's all right, so fur's I know, but that little critter along side of 'im looks kinda dangrus to me. He's one of these collegers with pretty fresh iders."

And the old fellow's arm trembled visibly as he pointed out the young surveyor, whose soldier-like breeches and putts had

aroused in him the belief that here was one far too modern for their well-being. But the two engineers were as quickly dismissed from the discussion, as they had been introduced a few minutes before, and the little conference progressed until finally definite action was decided upon, when necessity should demand it.

A Spring and Summer gradually drifted out on time's tide and all the Autumn forces were running riot, endeavoring to launch the sturdiest of metaphorical dreadnaughts, Winter. Still Bolboro dragged on from day to day her quiet, self-satisfied existence, and Autumn found her with no taint of dissatisfaction or revolution. (The only reminder that Bolshevism still existed was the exasperating color of the Autumn leaves, so tinted with the hated, tell-tale red, that even the old horses pricked up their ears and haughtily sniffed, as they plugged along past some gaudy oak, which tauntingly flung its shade across the country road.) There was little or no change in the place save the work on the sewer, which was now nearing the stage when no more blasting would be necessary. To squires and spinsters alike that was a blessing beyond description. For scarcely had any of them lately dared to venture a stroll on Main Street, through fear that the very ground would sink under them. A few of the more adventuresome, fired by curiosity, had weathered scouting expeditions, but never without umbrellas to ward the shower of sticks and stones that inevitably followed the crash of a heavy blast.

On this crisp Fall morning excitement ran high, tongues wagged and a cool head was more at a premium than a belated bridegroom. In a few minutes Bolboro was to shake off the shackles

of routine, as an innovation in the line of a parade was to be inaugurated on this Election Day. The crowd was already gathering and Gaby was yelling his lungs out in an attempt to get the parade in marching order. First came the Village Fathers, next a band, followed by the candidates for office, while the *hoi polloi* brought up the rear. To the tune of "John Brown's Body", the parade started down Gillon's Lane.

Where the lane crossed Main Street the sewer ditch had been filled in, so that the crossing was possible without using planks. Everything progressed tip-top until the crossing came into sight, and then a gala day began. Across the space that had been filled in, a young lad, clad in breeches and putts *briskly walked*. Once in a while somebody walked that way in Bolboro, but this time, under the circumstances, it was too much for every man, woman and child in the parade. They swept down on the poor fellow like an avalanche, and rushing him off his feet dragged him along with them to the Square, where the most unusual proceeding took place. Pagan Rome had nothing on Bolboro that day. There was no delay, no explanation; everyone seemed to understand perfectly what was going on. The terrified surveyor was strapped to Squire Lewiston's mule, and things began to look rather serious for him, when Mr. Baker, his boss, hatless, coatless and out of breath, pushed his way through the enthused crowd and demanded silence.

"What's all this rumpus? Can't I have a man hook a danger flag on a pile of pipes without you folks stringing him up?"

JOHN F. SHEA, '20.

Idyl



SEE her in the leaping brooks,
Sweeping onward to the sea,
And O my heart, it lirts with song,
My Love is seeking me !

The wild red rose—the marigold
They droop their heads and sigh,
And O my heart is sad the day,
—My love has passed me by !

I see her eyes in every stream,
Her smiles on every tree,
And O my soul, it rings with song,
—My Love's come back to me !

MATTHEW F. MCGUIRE, '21.

Gold Frankincense and Myrrh



UNDER this unique but significant title, Dr. Cram has offered to the reading public three remarkable and epoch-making papers. The author in his introduction explains the significance of the title in the following manner: "The title, 'Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh,' means simply this; Gold is the pure, imperishable quality of the monastic ideal, Frankincense the supreme act of worship through the Blessed Sacrament, Myrrh the supreme quality of a right philosophy of life that yet must be bittered to the taste of many people." Not unlike many of the great and serious intellects outside the Church at the present day, Dr. Cram sees in the acceptance of the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church, and in communion with its visible head, the only remedy for the grave disorders of the day, and the only solution of its manifold problems. In a situation not altogether different from that of the great Oxford Convert of three-quarters of a century ago, this great present-day champion of monasticism stands at the gate-post of the Great Divide, seriously meditative of the great chasm which must be crossed ere the wanderer can enter into the loving arms and tender behest of his mother, the Church. But whereas, the Vicar of St. Mary's, languishing under a southern sky and watching the ships sail for his beloved fatherland, while he himself was slowly recovering from a malignant fever, composed that hymn of anxiety

tempered with filial trust, which has now become a pilgrim hymn for those of every nation who seek the light, "Lead, Kindly Light", the present-day apostle of Catholic Reunions has written down the deductions of his master mind in a series of delightful and illuminative essays.

The first of the essays composed in this volume, "Monasticism and the World Crisis", was delivered in 1917 before the students of the General Theological Seminary in New York City. We can conceive of no spot in the great metropolis more fitted for the delivery of such an address than the magnificent Gothic pile which now graces upper Broadway. In the opening lines of this essay, the author gives an interesting insight into his philosophy and history. Says he: "Like all the manifestations of natural forces, like the pulsing of the life-blood, history is a system of vast vibrations, systole and diastole, beating eternally, but with nodes that are separated not by fractional seconds, but by intervals of five centuries. From the day of the Incarnation, back through Europe, Asia, Africa until chronology merges in myth and tradition, and on even to this day, and so forward until the end, this enormous vibration controls and conditions man, and he plays his part on the rise, the crest or the descent of the wave, helpless to change its course or to avert its fall." Each epoch of five hundred years, the author maintains, has been marked by a sharp variation or divergence of world policy, made notable by an almost complete breaking down of the old and the setting up of a new order of life. "The birth of Christ, the years 500, 1,000, 1,500 are nodal points when all that had been ceased and new things

"GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH" 777

came into being; before the year 2,000, now but two generations away, modern civilization will have passed away, and a new era have taken its place." Before the year two thousand, the author concludes, the present era of the world's history will have passed away, and what, he asks in substance, will have taken its place? Will mankind have reverted again to a darkness more abject than that which followed the disruption of the Roman Empire, or shall he recognize the possibilities which the new era opens up to him, to cast off the shackles of a discredited modernism, and to take on the armor of a righteous life, modelled upon that of the Incarnate God? These are momentous questions; as momentous as have ever been thrust upon the world to answer. There are but two alternatives. We must either put away the delurements of modernism and its counterpart, materialism, and take up the Sermon on the Mount as the rule and guide of our life; or else, we must have done with a semi-sincere allegiance to the Cross, and sprinkle the grains of tribute on the altars of Maternity, and of Sustenance, and of Paternity.

"As five centuries ago," continues Dr. Cram, "and ten and fifteen and twenty, the saving motive will be the Catholic Faith, poured out anew upon the nations; and, as five centuries ago, and ten and fifteen, the visible and divinely directed means will be the consecrated Religious Life." Not any particular type of Religious, but all classes, the contemplative, the active, and that order which unites both contemplation and active service, are needed in the world today to combat the insidious fiend of materialism and anarchy. The present-day modern world, the author

maintains, is decaying because it lacks the sense of perception of the value and necessity of the spiritual factors of life. The world today needs, as it were, the potential spiritual energy, which, stored up in the cloisters and oratories of the consecrated ones of God, would flow forth in a steady stream to carry on the work of regeneration.

Toward the close of the same remarkable essay, Dr. Cram gives a brief but concise review of the development of the religious life in its various branches. Beginning with Pachomius and the anchorites of the desert, when the monastic ideal was centered in the individual, he traces the development of the ideal, through the organization of independent, self-governing communities under the rule of St. Benedict, down to the highly successful blending of the ideal of soldier and monk, in the organization of the Society of Jesus, by the soldier-of-fortune, Ignatius of Loyola. To this triple division of religions, Dr. Cram would add a fourth, as the logical outgrowth of the needs of the present day, the unit of the Christian family. "The new unit will be the family, gathering together in places withdrawn from the world (as the world is now, and has been for over five centuries), where they can build up what I like to call 'walled towns'—no more of the world than is the monastery, but like that, constituted on lines of order, simplicity and righteousness." The idea is as original as it is unique, and in practice, may not be any further from attainment than were the creations of Antony and Benedict, of Bernard of Cheveaux and of Francis of Assisi, as they existed in the minds of their originators.

"GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH" 779

The second essay, "Sacramentalism and the Future", was delivered in 1918, at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in New York City. Dr. Cram opens his study with the definition of a sacrament by the century theologian, Hugh of St. Victor, and with the exposition of the supremacy of the Sacrament of the Altar by St. Thomas Aquinas. Dr. Cram is not ignorant of the dual nature of this august sacrament, and he again quotes the "Doctor Angelicus" in support of the sound Catholic doctrine that the Sacrament of the Eucharist is both a sacrifice and a sacrament. Since the Reformation, of the sixteenth century, the world has striven to rid itself of the sacramental idea. So far have they progressed in that attempt, that, to quote again, "the world is enmeshed in the tangled web of a false philosophy; deep in the morass of dull materialism it struggles vainly led to its betrayal by the *ignis fatuus* of an iridescent intellectualism. From this nemesis it must be saved, if a new Dark Ages is to be avoided." This return, Dr. Cram holds, must be more than a mere devotion to an architecture which died with the birth of the Reformation; it must be something more than a mere return to the free democracies and the medieval industrial systems. It must be "in effect a return to the religion and philosophy of the Catholic Ages, which made possible Gothic art and the guild system and the social unit of human scale".

There are but two alternatives offered, the author contends, sacramentalism and materialism. The one blossomed into a glorious flower in the great civilization of the Middle Ages; the

other had its issue in the carnage of blood and war, which but recently deluged the world for well nigh five years. The author's assertion that all our labors for peace and for democracy, "will go for little unless we can gain again the unity of the Catholic Faith and the dynamic force of sacramental, which is to say, Christian philosophy", has a distinct echo of the enunciation of the basic principle of all peace and concord promulgated by the Prince of Peace, "My peace I give unto you. My peace I leave with you. Not as the world giveth, do I give, etc.

The third essay in the book, "The Philosophical Necessity," was read at a meeting of the Clerical Brotherhood of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, in 1919. This essay serves as a climactic epitome of the two preceding papers. Dr. Cram begins his study with the opening lines of the *Summa Contra Gentiles* of St. Thomas Aquinas; "They are wise who put all things in their right order and control them well". Throughout this essay, we find an undercurrent of philosophical thought and discussion, which of its nature, tends to cause all things to be properly ordered and well controlled. "Philosophy", says the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, "is the science of the totality of things. The particular sciences are directed to groups of objects more or less restricted; philosophy, the general science, regards the sum-total of reality". Dr. Cram pleads for a right philosophy, to guide us amid the shoals of individual sciences, and confused relations, claiming that without this right philosophy, we are as those who, in the language of Hugh of St. Victor, "stumbled and fell into the falsehoods of their own imaginings".

"GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH" 781

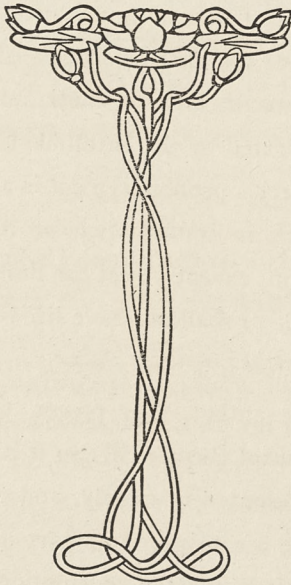
"The Incarnation and Redemption", Dr. Cram maintains, "are not accomplished facts, completed nineteen centuries ago, they are processes that still continue, and their term is fixed only by the total regeneration and perfection of matter, and the Seven Sacraments are the chiefest among an infinity of sacramental processes which are the agencies of this eternal transfiguration". Christ's mission of regeneration was not completed once and for all, by His death upon the Mount of Calvary, but it is being continued day by day, throughout the world, in the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass. Dr. Cram next conducts an admirable discussion of the theories of the various schools of theological thought, concerning the dogma of Transubstantiation, arriving finally, at the truth, as promulgated by the Infallible Church of Rome. He admits that the Church's pronouncement is a hard one, but quotes the words of Christ, in confirmation of its necessity: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye shall not have life in you".

"As the first step towards a new world-order is a right philosophy", concludes the author, "the power 'to put things in their right places and control them well'", so it has bearing on matters that touch us at present very closely, and that must be adjusted without delay if we are to play our part in the new, though almost desperate crusade for the redemption of the Holy Places, human soul". As a fitting conclusion to a remarkable work, Dr. Cram makes an earnest appeal for an unconditional return to the philosophy of life, which has been the inspiration of the golden deeds of the most illustrious periods of Christian history; ages

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

which produced an Abelard, an Aquinas, a Francis, and a Dante, and which beheld the final perfection of the most spiritual of all forms of architecture, the Gothic.

THOMAS F. O'CONNOR, '22.



June



JUNE and the whole world smiles,
All azure and green and gold.
A lad goes trudging miles
That are ages and ages old.

Over the June-glad hills
Down thru the laughing glen
A memory thru him thrills
Of home and its loves again.

The age old miles behind,
A weathered home before,
With roses that cling and bind,
A figure framed in the door.

June and a mother smiles
From her heart of priceless gold,
For her the lad trudged miles
That are ages and ages old.

JOSEPH P. KEENAN, '21.

Black Coffee



NOTHER, *Garçon*—”

Montagne, about to raise his glass to his lips, suddenly paused as a shadow crossed the threshold of the little eating place, and a stranger entered.

The sea and war make strange companions. The stranger, presumably an Englishman or an American, although he could with little effort proposed himself as a German equally well, had tasted both. He was a stranger in Marseilles, and an impressionistic one. Montagne eyed him closely.

“What say, *mon ami*? Join me at coffee, and perhaps a little cognac?” Montagne was always interested in strangers. “Haste, Jacques”! and as the waiter paused dubiously, Montagne called out, “Two, Jacques, and hurry!”

Presently the *garçon* returned with the drinks.

“To France and her allies, Monsieur——?”

“Hebert.”

“Monsieur Hebert”, Montagne resumed, draining his glass.

The stranger paused, raised his glass to his lips and then, with a deft movement, flung its contents to the floor.

Montagne observed the action, frowned and said nothing.

It was the stranger who spoke first after the incident.

“And with whom, pray, have I the pleasure of drinking?”

Montagne smiled.

"Monsieur Montagne, Capt. Raoul André Montagne of the 1st Alpine Chasseurs."

"But why is not the Captain with his regiment?"

"Ah, Monsieur, wounds; the Captain has been invalided home. But what, may I ask, is Monsieur Hebert doing in Marseilles?"

The stranger ignored Montagne's question.

"The Captain tells a plausible story, but it is not *true*", he replied, at length.

Montagne blanched perceptibly and clutched his glass so tightly that his knuckles, freed, became white.

"Sir, you have insulted a soldier of France—". And Montagne, furious with anger, rose from his chair, babbling incoherently.

Then the stranger unmasked himself.

"Come, come, Montagne, never mind the theatricals! Have you got the Hazelton papers?"

The Frenchman sank down into his chair, a queer light in his inquiring eyes. Hebert caught the significance of the glance, leaned across the table, and pushing aside the glasses, rested his hand, palm down, upon its marble top. Montagne, curiously at ease, drummed noiselessly with his fingers upon the edge of the table. There was a slight click, and the initialed top of Hebert's signet ring sprang back.

Montagne, watching, saw and recognized the sign—the black eagle of the Wilhelm-strasse.

For a moment the Frenchman remained silent.

"Then you *are* Hinckel", he said, after a while. "I was afraid you might have been intercepted on the way from Paris."

Hinckel laughed.

"Paul Hinckel knows his business", he replied, "but where are the papers—they must reach Great Headquarters by the first of the week; a deucedly bad blunder, don't you know, by that Major 'Azelton to lose those papers"—and he laughed at his crude imitation of cockney.

Montagne also laughed. "A little too great fondness for *coffee* and *cognac*", he interrupted—"those papers contain America's instructions to the War Office for a big offensive; it will probably cost the Allies a few army divisions", and Montagne nonchalantly flipped the ashes from his cigarette and sipped his cognac.

"Of course, you have them here"? Hinckel questioned.

Montagne in reply said nothing, but furtively drew from his waistcoat the precious papers and turned them over to Hinckel. Then as if on second thought. "But my consideration"?

Hinckel smiled.

"Oh, yes! I have it right here with me. Let's see, I believe it was fifty thousand francs."

Montagne's face lit up.

Suddenly Hinckel drew his hand from his waistcoat, and the Frenchman found himself looking down the blue steel muzzle of an automatic.

"But Capt Hinckel—" he stuttered.

"Capt. Hinckel, h-ll"! the erstwhile Wilhelm-strasse agent replied. "Hinckel was secretly executed in Paris three days ago. I'm Capt. Murphy of the American Intelligence Department."

Montagne's face dropped. "But I do not understand—"

"Of course you don't understand, you blithering idiot. We've been on your trail for quite a while. The arrest of Hinckel cooked your goose; he told us everything."

Montagne remained silent.

Murphy went on: "It's remarkably poor judgment to leave fac-similes of your face around, also, and although Hinckel never saw you, yet he had one or two striking likenesses which served me in good stead."

The Frenchman muttered something unintelligible under his breath.

"Oh, yes," went on Murphy, "what say, *mon ami*, a *café noir* and mayhap a little cognac—and Jacques, hurry and—telephone to the Commissaire for a couple of gendarmes—I must leave for Paris at once!"

MATTHEW F. MCGUIRE, '21.



Courage, Arushla



CROSS the sea a bleeding rose,
Before her weary petals close,
With mute appeal looks toward the sky
Humbly, sadly;—from on high
A flood of comfort downward flows.
Oh rose, how deep thy grief! who knows
Thy heart is crushed—yet will thy woes
Yield joys,—though now in chains you lie
Across the sea!

Not long will night bear bitter throes
For look! the dawn still brighter grows!
O tortured rose, thy tear-dimmed eye
Will greet the morn,—no more to cry
When Freedom's banner proudly blows
Across the sea.

CHARLES W. BURKE, '22.

Elevens and Twelves



ROBERT Revelsden Jones wheeled in his chair, bestowed a sympathetic smile on the bust of Napoleon, that rested securely on top of the mahogany cabinet, and then let his eyes wander pensively over and through the many-windowed office buildings that everywhere rose to meet his gaze. Another day — another day in more senses than one. The International had finally recognized ability. Two weeks ago he had had that happy little talk with the Chief, and now was just about settled down into his new line of duties. Yes, life wasn't so bad, if you looked at it in the right way and had the push—and, of course, the brains. No, not all. Now, there was Ives—good sort—real sport, too—but, well, he—er—er.

“Hello! Oh! Yes!—How's the boy? Fine, thanks, and the Missus?—So? Sorry to hear it.—What's that? Why, no! Ives fired! Say, that's tough. Fell down on the Armistead contract? H-m-m-m.—Well, best wishes for the family. Yes, I will, thanks—So long—”

Ives fired! Jack Ives—and yet you could never tell what was going to happen to him next. That was the way he had been at college—now a brilliant winner—now a miserable loser. No one knew just why he left school—he played White's pretty steadily—and somehow it got noised around that the faculty didn't like that so much. Probably rot, though, and—now fired.

Jones slowly put on his overcoat, and fingered his hat for a moment, then, snatching up his cane, was soon speeding up to his club. Seated at the table, he fell to ordering with that delightful-discrimination and choice which belongs, say—to men with brains. The silent and always correct Henri vanished and—why, there's Ives—.

“Oh, Jack!”

“Jack,” slight, yet well knitted, dark and faultlessly dressed, turned leisurely and came forward, with that air of frankness and ease which comes to those who have seen the valleys as well as the hills.

“Hello, Bob! How are you?”

“Fine, old chap; you'll take lunch with me, I know. Henri, double that order. I flatter myself on knowing your tastes, Jack, but what's this stuff I hear about you—lot of rot, of course, isn't it?” queried Robert Revelsden Jones.

“Why, no, Bob, if you refer to my being released, to put it nicely. Davisson thought I overdid things a bit on that Armistead contract; thought I'd taken a little too much responsibility on yours truly. But—well, he couldn't see the risk. Not much, you know. Tough sport—always was rather slow, you know. Do? Why, I'm thinking of leaving for Chicago and trying a fresh start there. New York won't go well with me after this gets around. But I think I can slip in with the Harvester people out there—uncles or something. Say, this salad's fine! Yes—er—how things been going with you, Bob? Winning, as usual?”

“Oh, I don't know about the winning part of it, Jack, but I'm

going along all right. Got the Eastern Division last week. That's not so much in itself, but—sort of a step. You know how it is."

Yes, Jack knew how it was, and had Bob been out to the University dance, last night? Jack hadn't seen him, but had heard he was there.

"No, I don't see much in these frat receptions, any more, Jack. They're all right, I suppose, but rather boring after a while. And now the girls aren't so very interesting—in general—."

—"But in particular?"

Jones laughed: "I'll tell you in a day or so."

"So, that's it. Well, Bob wish you luck! Hope your star stays with you. I must be trotting along now—a few things to straighten up at the Empire, before leaving. May see you tonight at De Brett's—another of his little games, you know."

Entering the lobby, Ives hesitated a moment before going out onto the Avenue. Men were standing around in little bunches, talking rather excitedly over something or other. Oh! probably some new scandal or—what's that? Empire?

"What's that, Johnstone? Empire's failed? Not the Empire City Bank? Yes?"

"You caught, too, Ives?"

"Just a bit", parried Ives, thoughtfully, as he realized that his total savings were probably swept away. Without another word he left the club and went down-town to the Empire.

No, they didn't know the exact extent of the losses, but in a few days things would come out. Probably ten cents on a dollar.

Ives felt for his wallet, and with great care counted two hun-

dred and fifty-four dollars and—Oh!—and there's a ten-cent piece. Well, he'd buy his passage for Chicago and then perhaps drop in at De Brett's. Maybe his luck would change—it usually did.

That night he met quite a few of his old friends—all interested—in the game. Ives didn't join in at first, but merely watched; watched the intensity of the younger players, the studied ease of the old fellows, the suppressed elation of the winner, or the battle between distrust and hope of those who lost. Rouge et noir, bridge, poker, dice—any kind of game for any kind of man. Glancing up casually between spins, Ives looked full in the face of Jones smiling down on him, nodded, and bought a hundred chips.

Fifteen minutes later his last dollar had gone and he strolled towards the door. Jones was still smiling.

"Pretty tough luck, Jack; too bad."

"Oh! well, Bob, you know a man can't win all the time"—and he went out.

Reaching the street, he gazed at his empty wallet rather wistfully, and then the surviving dime clinked on the pavement in rather an assertive tone. Ives looked at it a moment as it lay—then picked it up. Suddenly he straightened, and flipping the dime into the air, caught it on the back of his hand.

"Heads"—and he dove down the nearest subway entrance and emerged a half-hour later, somewhere up-town. She wasn't expecting him, of course; but then, he'd take a chance—to get a chance.

"Yes, Ma'am'selle is in; just a moment, please."

Ives sat down—and stood up, smiling rather hopelessly as his eye took in the elegance and luxury of the room. Perhaps he—but no, it had been ‘heads’, and he turned to meet Miss Alice Cullison of New York-Newport—

“Why, how do you do, Jack? I’m—”

Jack, even Jack, was a bit subdued by that vision of loveliness.

“Alice—er, Miss Cullison, you’re more wonderful than ever—Alice!”

The weather, mutual friends, latest news, consumed their allotted fifteen minutes, and he might have—but no, the despotic dime had spoken, and who was he, Jack Ives, to question the decrees of Her Universal Majesty, Fortune—but—

“Alice, I hope I’m not interrupting or—delaying you?”

“That’s impossible—Jack”, and the dime need command no longer.

“Alice, I’ve been discharged—” and in a short time Alice knew the history of the whole day, even down to the decision of the dime. “So I thought I’d like to tell you, because—er—and tomorrow I’m leaving for the West. Some folks of mine are interested in the Harvester. They’ve wanted me to come out for some time and get into that, so I’m taking this—opportunity. I guess—I know that things would straighten up; that everything will come out all right—that—you remember the dime?—that I can win out, Addie—with you!”

“Jack!”

An hour passed and then a last good-bye.

“Oh! please, Jack, you’re—and I’ll write every day, won’t we?”

“Every day!”

Swinging briskly down the street, Ives suddenly noticed a familiar form approaching.

“Why, hello, Bob! Great evening, isn’t it—wonderful evening, eh, Bob. Orchids for the ‘one in particular’? No, don’t get flustered. You were right, there’s nothing like ‘one in particular’. Well, I wish you good luck, Bob—and, and, maybe you’ll wish me good luck, too? Yes! Oh! She was wonderful! Who? Who!!! Why, man, the only—but then, I suppose, each one—but, Alice Cullison—you’ve met her, I think—.”

“Alice Cullison? Why—I—she—you—I—I—I don’t understand—.”

“Neither do I, but, Bob, you know a man can’t lose all the time”
—and he went on.

EVANS PAGE HAM, '22.



Communications

Dear Editor:

Again I ask your forbearance, and thank you for your generous recognition in the past.

PEACHES

Canned peaches come in wrappers bright,
Sealed in a tin container, tight;
 We have a storeroom, wisely stocked
 With rows of cans, wherein are locked
Sweet, pinky cheeks against the light.
It seems a useless act of might,
To seal them up in such a plight;
 But they were good when Winter knocked—
 Canned peaches!

A show came here to play tonight,
The cast, through some imagined slight,
 All struck * * The chorus girls were docked;
 They have no jobs, though smartly frocked;
They may be called with every right—
 “Canned peaches”!

PUSSYWILLOW

Pussywillow by the stream,
You're the first to make me dream
 The lazy dreams of coming Spring;
 Your message is the first to sing
The overture of Summer's gleam.
Upon my bed at night, 'twould seem
That I could quietly let teem
 Those happy visions that you bring,
 Pussywillow.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

But "pussys" of another kind,
In the back yard wreck my mind,
With lays upon a subject mad,
That make me very, very sad.
Oh, stop your midnight battles, blind—
Pussy- Will 'ou?

JAY ARCY.

"YE STUDENT'S PLEYNTE"

An overburdened but appreciative heart pens the following as an indication of student sentiment when ills pile on ills—

Dear Editor:

Ah, me! Why have I come to the Halls of Learning?
Is it because Ambition points her cold finger
To the amassment of poor treasure? Or is't
For other reason? Alas! I know not.
And yet I go on, aimlessly, perhaps,
Molding myself for, Heaven knows what.
Taking each day's censure; each little day
Replete with professorial rebukes, and the happy faculty
Of being misunderstood. I am inclined
At times, to shun my work and be, as it were,
An idler, for idle chat, for cards and other games, or
Sleep, and then I wake, still sleeping, and go
To class, hoping to escape recital—
(A hopeless hope!) And when the day is o'er,
I hate the place, and curse the day I ever came;
I hate myself, the life; in general,
All things. But when to home for holidays
I hie, I haply think that when all is said
And done, it isn't such a bad place after all!

JOHN T. BREEN, '23.

4th O'Kane

Dear Editor:

The dull, oppressive apprehension caused by the mere mention of coming final exams, makes it imperative to call to our assistance agencies more subtle and helpful than any stable ever offered. Thus it happens that

COMMUNICATIONS

797

My ouija board I rush and use,
To test the soundness of my views.
I talk to shades beyond the Styx,
Whene'er I'm in a hopeless fix.
Euterpe's there, sweet music's muse;
I walk along in Priam's shoes,
And hear of old Achilles' ruse,
As with my prosy life I mix
My ouija board.

So, if my mind I do not lose,
My pen shall tales galore diffuse,
As sitting on the brimstone bricks,
I gab with King Orgetorix.
In fact, it takes some mean abuse—
My ouija board.

JAMES S. OWENS, '23.



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?

Alma Mater For those who for four long years have known the love, the guidance and the inspiration of an Alma Mater, farewell is indeed a tear-evoking word. A man's college career is by far the most momentous period in his life. It is the mould of character, the building process of the man. As a boy he is received into the loving arms of Alma Mater, and from that day he is conscious of a new mother, a new intellectual parent, from whom, as days go by and ripen into months and years, he receives new strength, new wisdom, and the unflinching self-possession that the world will exact of him. Alma Mater is the bridge that spans the most impressionable age in man's life, the bridge whose gateway is the boy, whose termination is the man. And there is a bond that links a man to his Alma Mater, a bond so compelling that farewell cannot come without its tears. That bond is founded in the association and friendship of one's fellows. It is hard indeed to say farewell when that farewell may be forever, and must tear asunder the warmest, truest friendship of a life-time. What wonder, then, that there is a strain of sadness in our rich chorus of happiness and congratulation!

.. The Holy Cross Purple ..

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VOL. XXXII.

JUNE, 1920

No. 9

Editorial

"To you . . . we throw
The torch . . ."

—Flanders Fields.

BEQUESTS

College tradition and spirit, like principles and forms of government, are matters of succession. Generations of students come to

continue what has gone before, and, departing in their turn, leave behind them marks of their progress.

The Class of Nineteen Twenty is about to leave Holy Cross. Their four years have been illuminated by many glorious events that will go down in the history of Alma Mater. "Nineteen Twenty" has been the real War Class. Her ranks were the most depleted, and testimony of her deeds on land and water will be permanently testified to in the Service Record. She has seen new scholastic, athletic and literary achievement come to be recorded under The Royal Purple. In all these she has endeavored to participate or support to her utmost. The members of "Nineteen Twenty" leave Holy Cross with the conviction that they have done their best in fostering and supplementing the inheritance which they came into in 1916.

And so as the inevitable parting comes, the Senior Class wishes to recall to the underclassmen their duty, and it is a duty.

A precious word is yours, the name of Holy Cross. Strive for it and protect it and love it always. Do not stand idle should it need assistance, however small. The future gives greater promise than ever before with the growth of Alma Mater. Your contribution to these coming triumphs may be great or seemingly small. Whatever the part may be, when the time comes be worthy of your names as sons of Holy Cross.

To echo an earlier quotation from these pages: "Be one hundred per cent. Holy Cross,—nothing else matters."

"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"

The time arrived to "fire" "the Fatal Shot," the aim was true, and its appeal flew to nestle snugly in the center of the bull's eye of public acclaim.

Our good friend, "Sock and Buskin," voiced a staunch defense of art and the old classic productions in his April communication. But—we wonder if he saw "The Fatal Shot" or did he remain in his room reading some dusty tome? We wonder if he still thinks such a thing as his "Hecuba" would have been enjoyed, applauded and appreciated as enthusiastically as was our "good, red-blooded modern farce" that filled Tuckerman Hall for two performances?

We ourselves witnessed the excellent performance of the Greek tragedy in Fenwick Hall and wish to agree with him that it was all he claims for it. Its audience was a classical student body and the play helped "to bring us still more deeply into the atmosphere of real art" and to give us a more interested appreciation of Greek dramatics.

It is sad but true, that all theatre-goers are not classical students. Appeal to artists and classicist and you are answered by a few at the most. Had the audience that witnessed our performance of "The Fatal Shot" witnessed instead "Hecuba" they would have left with a depressed, tired wonderment at what it was all about. Probably most of the critics would have said, "It was a good show, but there was too much noise on the stage to sleep comfortably!" Would such a performance have sent the audience away with words of praise for Holy Cross theatricals? Hardly!

Let us, within our classical walls, have more frequent examples of Greek and Shakespearean drama. Let them be informal but materially correct. To us who study them may come interest and a more firm understanding of their beauties. The classics are immortal and ever new, *but only to their lovers*, and as we have said, these are comparatively few.

When the college goes outside it must appeal to the modern playgoer. Please him and he will praise you. To have a play of ours judged a success is to boost Holy Cross.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

"The Fatal Shot" has proved our statement that *a good farce is the thing*. Perhaps nothing in late years has been more of a triumph for the Purple Dramatic Club. Holy Cross, by this success, has been honored. This should be our aim always. *Let the future profit by experience of the past.*

MR. DEMPSEY

The following was clipped from an issue of Collier's Weekly, and it states what we consider to be the real status of the question. No further comment is necessary:

"The American Legion is very much exercised at present over the proposed Dempsey-Carpentier bout. Action is being taken to prevent the holding of the contest in the United States on the ground that Dempsey, the war-time shipbuilder, should not be permitted to represent America as its 'greatest fighter.' Without going into the merits of this viewpoint, when one thinks that Dempsey, who never got nearer France than Newark (N. J.) Bay Shipyards, may get three or four hundred thousand dollars for fighting one man a few minutes with a pair of six-ounce gloves, and that the average doughboy got thirty-three dollars a month for fighting a couple of million men for a year with a bayonet, it is not hard to sympathize with those indignant ex-members of the A. E. F.—thousands of whom are jobless and recovering from grievous wounds."

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20.



College Chronicle

Bishop Murray One of our most distinguished and most beloved
Reception to alumni, Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, D. D., '97,
 Titular Bishop of Flaviae and Auxiliary Bishop
of Hartford, was the guest of the faculty and students May 11
and 12, and in honor of his elevation to the episcopacy was formally received in Fenwick Hall.

Bishop Murray attended the presentation of "The Fatal Shot" by the Dramatic Society in Tuckerman Hall, May 11. The efforts of the players were commended by the bishop, who was well pleased with their offering.

On May 12, Bishop Murray celebrated mass in the students' chapel at seven o'clock. Rev. George L. Coyle, S. J., and Mr. Hugh S. Healy, S. J., assisted his lordship; and George J. Keville, '20, and George L. Conley, '20, were acolytes. An elaborate musical program was presented, including solos, quartet, and singing by the student body.

At ten o'clock, the students from Connecticut greeted their new bishop in the reading room. Bishop Murray, after meeting those of his flock individually, thanked them for their congratulations and good wishes and pronounced his blessing upon them. Joseph L. Kinney, '20, and Vincent E. Finn, '20, Waterbury, Conn., composed the Connecticut reception committee.

The academic exercises were held in Fenwick Hall. The Right Reverend guest was escorted through ranks of Seniors, in cap and gown, by Rev. Fr. Rector, members of the faculty, Matthew P. Cavanaugh, '20; Stephen S. Jackson, '20; Thomas A. Dolan, '22; and Harold E. Gill, '23, presidents of their respective classes,

to the hall. The college orchestra, under the leadership of Timothy F. Daley, '20, Burlington, Vt., played the overture, "The Crusader." Thomas E. O'Donnell, '20, Brooklyn, N. Y., greeted Bishop Murray in the name of the students, feelingly expressing their pride in the honor that has come to him, and extending their hearty congratulations. "*Iste Confessor*," an ode to his lordship, was read by James J. Tennyson, '21, Worcester, Mass. Mr. Tennyson's tribute was particularly pleasing to Bishop Murray, who later commended the verses.

The formal greetings and pledges of loyalty of the students of Hartford diocese were addressed by Raymond J. O'Callaghan, '20, Hartford, Conn. Paul J. Mulcahy, '21, Newark, N. J., sang a pleasing solo and was applauded for encores. Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words" was rendered as an interlude by the orchestra.

Following the ovation by the students, Rev. Father Rector addressed the greetings of the faculty, declaring the pride of Holy Cross in the honor that comes to one of her sons, "than whom she knows no dearer." After reciting the notable events of a laudable career, and expressing the felicitations of all Holy Cross, Father Rector presented Bishop Murray to the assembly of ardent admirers.

With the simplicity and humility that has ever been characteristic of him, and with the gentle dignity that has distinguished him, his lordship began to address the gathering. The bishop appreciated the testimonial in his honor, and attributed to Holy Cross her immense share in the distinction that has come to one of her sons. Bishop Murray, who is lovingly loyal to his Alma Mater, expressed his pleasure in being thus welcomed within her walls when he compared the joy of the day to that of the many

times he had visited the most august places in Europe, at the tombs of martyrs and saints and other blessed spots.

The bishop has won the affection, admiration and esteem of Holy Cross; he is one of her most beloved sons. And, it was a happy day for her when the Holy Father elected Rt. Rev. John G. Murray for the episcopacy.

"The Fatal Shot" The Dramatic Club presented a three-act farce comedy, "The Fatal Shot," in Tuckerman Hall, May 10 and 11. On the two evenings, large audiences were treated to a delightful comic sketch, and the favor of those who attended was well merited by the Thespians. The play, evolving the story of the inside of a play that was outside, was capably done. Every role was enacted with impressive trueness and finish, and Rev. Edward P. Duffy, S. J., moderator of the club, who coached the rehearsals, was well rewarded for his efforts. The members of the cast are to be congratulated, and, as well, the management, and the club has proved itself by its performance worthy of every coöperation in the future.

The cast follows: Vere Lee, John C. Donohue, '23; Bert Vance, M. D., Joseph P. Keenan, '21; Jasper, John L. Kenney, '21; Paul Wilton, Thomas A. Dolan, '22; Ensign Jack Meredith, John R. Shannon, '21; Pinkerton Case, Stephen S. Jackson, '21; Hon. Geoffray Myrtleton, John T. Breen, '23; Col. Van Styne, J. Robert Clair, '20; Clarence Van Styne, John W. Carr, '21; Deacons Silas Jervis and Elisha Bassett, Arthur J. O'Leary, '20, and George J. Jacobs, '20; Officer O'Rourke, William A. Case, '22.

Entr-acts included a scarecrow dance by Stephen S. Jackson, '21, and John W. Carr, '21, solos by Paul J. Mulcahy, '21, and Thomas J. McCaffrey, '23.

Nexus Club The Nexus Club, senior association engaged in assisting the graduating class to secure places of desirable occupation, closed its first year May 18. The club has waxed strong during its infant period, by accomplishing its purpose with marked satisfaction to its members and promoters, and by enlisting the coöperative efforts of several generous and influential friends.

The club set out in the beginning to provide its members with reliable information and sound counsel regarding the matter of future profession. A series of lectures was arranged and presented, including addresses by Judge James B. Carroll, Boston, Mass.; Mr. John Tinsley, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. Lawrence C. Ford, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Michael A. Fallon, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. Thomas J. Meehan, Worcester, Mass. In an active way, the club has been of assistance, by maintaining a committee whose tasks were to positively locate places in business for the new graduates.

The occasion of the last lecture by Mr. Thomas J. Meehan, '10, who addressed the members on the attractive topic, "The Theatrical Business," was the formal closing of the club's year. The members of the present Junior class were received into the club. The nature, object, and methods of the Nexus Club were explained to the coming seniors by Rev. John X. Pyne, S. J., moderator, and President F. Russell Rose. Stephen S. Jackson, president of the Junior Class, thanked the club for the welcome it had so graciously extended, spoke in admiration of the work which the graduating class had undertaken and so successfully fulfilled, and expressed the hearty congratulations of the class of 1921.

A musical program was rendered by the Senior jazz band, and several comic numbers of entertainment were presented by the

Senior fun artists, while the young alumni sat by, and laughed and joked and smoked and made merry.

Musical Club's Tour The welcome accorded the Musical Clubs on their recent tour through Fall River, Taunton and Lowell, was no less than regal, attended by the style and hospitality that bespoke appreciation of their visits. The concerts were rendered before large audiences, and were well received. Newspaper tributes in all the cities were many and complimentary, and the friends of Holy Cross who assisted in arrangements were gratified with the resulting successes.

The clubs, by their concerts, have demonstrated that their activity is one of academic merit, worthy of coöperation and support, a medium of honor and a justification of pride for Holy Cross. The success of the concerts is immediately due to the constant efforts of Mr. Berchmans J. Boland, S. J., who directed the rendition of an elaborately varied and tastefully arranged program, and to Mr. Hugh S. Healy, S. J., who left nothing undone that would insure the satisfaction of members and patrons, and to Timothy F. Daley, '20, Burlington, Vt.; Francis J. Sylvia, '20, Stonington, Conn.; George L. Conley, '20, Lowell, Mass.; George J. Keville, '20, Haverhill, Mass.; LeGrand J. Bell, '20, Troy, N. Y.; Clement C. Maxwell, '20, Taunton, Mass., and several others who in a special way ably and efficiently assisted the faculty directors of the Orchestra and Glee Club.

The clubs are inexpressibly grateful to their hosts and patrons in Fall River, Taunton and Lowell. The kindness of Rev. Henry M. Staunton, '10, of St. William's parish, Fall River, and of the ladies of the parish is thankfully acknowledged, as well as of the Quequechan Club, where the musicians were the guests of Mr. James A. Murray. In Taunton, Holy Cross is bound in indebted-

ness for splendid hospitalities. The Lowell concert was given under the auspices of the Merrimac Valley Holy Cross Club, and the alumni in that section loyally lent their support in arranging the presentation in Colonial Hall. The staunch friends and admirers of Holy Cross in Lowell are gratifyingly numerous, and the welcome they have always extended to the Musical Clubs has been generous and sincere. Rev. Francis P. Keenan, '13, was particularly active in work that pertained to a successful concert. Their appearance on the program, and the prominence of the parts undertaken by soloists whose homes are in Lowell, was specially attractive and interesting for the audience in Colonial Hall.

On their return from the trip, the Glee Club and Orchestra gave a recital, assisted by Mr. Barry McCormack, tenor, at Poli's theatre, Worcester, Mass., Sunday, May 16, under the auspices of the Friends of Irish Freedom.

The program presented at all the concerts follows: Part I., Overture, "Rokoczy," Orchestra; tenor solos, "For You," and "Dreaming Alone in the Twilight," Thomas J. McCaffrey, '22; chorus, "Hunting Song," from "King Arthur," and "The Jolly Blacksmith's Lay," Glee Club; piano solos, "Polish Dance" and "Valse in E Minor," Edward S. Murphy, '20; reading, "What a Rogue and Peasant Slave Am I," from "Hamlet," John T. Breen, '23; fantasia, "The Scarlet Crow," Orchestra. Part II., Overture, "Erminie," Orchestra; chorus, "Men of America" and "Yeoman's Wedding Song," Glee Club; violin solo, "Salut D'Amour," and "Souvenir," Timothy F. Daley, '20; strings, "Song Without Words" and "Under the Balcony," string orchestra; tenor solo, "When My Ships Come Sailing Home" and "Roses of Picardy," Paul J. Mulcahy, '21; "Holy Cross, O Holy Cross," Musical Clubs; Finale, "Fires of Glory," Orchestra.

Dramatic Club The Dramatic Club acknowledges its gratitude to the several alumni and friends who so kindly and generously assisted in producing the play, and its indebtedness to Mr. S. Z. Poli, the Donnelly Co., and the Atherton-Fowler Co., for courtesies shown.

It is planned to tender the members of the Dramatic Club and those who were responsible for the success of the production of "The Fatal Shot," a dinner in the State Mutual Restaurant before the close of the term.

Fr. Pyne's Address Rev. John X. Pyne, S. J., professor to Seniors in Economics and Philosophy, was the guest of the Rotary Club and speaker at its luncheon in the Bancroft Hotel, early in May.

Scientific Society Banquet "A testimonial to Mr. Victor E. Hillman, B. S., first Honorary President of the Holy Cross Scientific Society" was the announcement of the banquet tendered at the State Mutual Restaurant May 17, to the Chief Metallurgist of Crompton & Knowles Loom Works, Worcester, Mass. The testimonial was one of esteem, appreciation and gratitude, marking the conclusion of a special course of lectures conducted by Mr. Hillman during the closing year. Mr. Hillman's active interest in the work of the society has been of immeasurable benefit to the physicists who are fully aware of the advantages they have enjoyed, and who take this all too inadequate means of expressing appreciation.

Cyril C. Marrion, '20, Barre, Vt., acted as toastmaster of the evening. It was his pleasure to introduce Stephen S. Jackson, '21, who paid "Just a Tribute" to the honored guest. Mr. Daniel P. Mahoney, S. J., moderator of the society, toasted "Science and the

Arts," with instructive impressiveness, drawing out plainly the lines of relation between the two main objects of educational training.

Mr. Hillman addressed the members present on "The Value of Education." The speaker dealt with a subject often heard and oftener yet unheeded, in an originally interesting manner.

The feast was arranged by Maurice T. O'Brien, '20, Brooklyn, N. Y., and George J. O'Brien, '21, Hudson, Mass.

B. V. M. One hundred and twenty-five students were
Sodality enrolled in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin at the
Reception Solemn Reception in the main chapel May 17. The ceremony was beautiful and impressive. Rev. Father Rector was the celebrant. Rev. Charles L. Kimball, S. J., moderator of the sodality, was deacon, and Mr. Demetrius B. Zema, S. J., moderator of St. Stanislaus' Society, was sub-deacon. Rev. John F. Reilly, '11, preached the sermon. A special musical program was rendered. The exercises were conducted as follows: Processional, "O Gloriosa Virginum," Candidates; Invitatory, Veni Creator, quartet, Elbert J. Hawthorne, '20; Clement V. McGovern, '20; Wm. J. Maloney, '20; Florian G. Ruest, '20; sermon, Rev. John T. Reilly, '11; violin duet, "Angel's Serenade," William J. McCaffrey, '23, and Francis J. Sylvia, '20; questioning of candidates, Solemn Reception of new members; vocal solo, "Ave Maria," George M. Fitzpatrick, '20; Act of Consecration, Solemn Benediction of Blessed Sacrament; vocal solo, "O Salutaris," Florian G. Ruest, '20; congregational, "Tantum Ergo" and "Te Deum;" recessional, "Priests' March."

The sodality closed a successful year, with the reception of an unusually large number to membership. In times like the present,

when the work of the sodality is so important, and is so vitally concerned in the civil and moral difficulties that present themselves, it is gratifying and encouraging to note how the number of active workers is increasing.

Interclass Debates The interclass debates are scheduled to take place shortly before the close of the semester. In the first, the Seniors, represented by William G. White, Hartford, Conn.; Arthur J. O'Leary, Springfield, Mass.; Gerald T. D. Grady, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and William P. Church, Fulton, N. Y., as alternate will argue with the Juniors, who will have as spokesmen, John A. Dailey, Warren, Mass.; Denis M. Hurley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William J. Walsh, Jr., Auburn, Me.; and William F. Keefe, New Haven, Conn., as alternate. The second debate will be held between the Sophomore and Freshman teams. Those composing the Sophomore team are Paul J. McEvoy, Philadelphia, Pa.; John F. Keating, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Francis A. Drumm, East Pepperell, Mass.; and Benjamin J. Wills, Bel Alton, Md., as alternate. Thomas H. Reilly, Albany, N. Y.; Cornelius B. Prior, Plainville, Conn.; Edward F. Larkin, Bridgeport, Conn.; and Charles B. Strome, Wilkes Barre, Pa., as alternate, are the Freshman arguers.

Commencement Orators We congratulate the honor students of the graduating class. Maurice F. O'Brien, Brooklyn, N. Y., has won the distinction of valedictorian. Raymond B. Carey, Gardner, Mass., will be salutatorian. Joseph L. Kinney, Waterbury, Conn., and B. Walker Sennett, Buffalo, N. Y., will deliver orations at Commencement. The candidates for a degree *cum laude* are numerous this year. The date for the graduation exercises has been appointed June 16.

Ordinations News—tidings of joy—have reached us that five former professors at Holy Cross will be conferred with the holy priesthood by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at Georgetown University, June 29. They are Rev. Walter Cunningham, S. J.; Rev. Geoffrey Kaspar, S. J.; Rev. William Cullen, S. J.; Rev. John Doherty, S. J., and Rev. John P. Gallagher, S. J.

The Heaney Scholarship A day scholarship has been established at the College by Miss Elizabeth Heaney, to perpetuate the memory of her brother, Rev. Frederick Heaney, S. J., who was attached to Holy Cross for many years. The memory of Fr. Heaney will live in the minds of the "old boys" who not only esteemed him as a devoted professor and kind prefect, but loved him as a father and friend.

Condolences We extend our deepest sympathies to James J. Laden, '20, on the death of his grandfather, and to Frederick R. Marsden, '21, on the death of his father.

RAYMOND J. O'CALLAGHAN, '20.



Alumni

DECENNIAL RECORD

The Directory and Decennial Record of the Alumni of Holy Cross College until 1920 has just been published and distributed to our graduates, former students and friends.

The compilation of data, the baffling labor of verification, the patient search for those who had drifted so far and so quietly that they had been lost save for the cold record of a name or a memory, the painful and often disappointing exactions of a network of correspondence to learn definitely the location and interests of every former student of Holy Cross, was the work of love ardently and zealously adopted by Mr. Joseph S. Dinneen, S. J., himself a graduate of Holy Cross in 1914, and at present a member of its faculty.

The success of the editor's work in producing the College Bulletin for 1920 is already evidenced by the spontaneous and whole-hearted appreciations from so many of the alumni. To these THE PURPLE adds its quota of praise.

The present record, containing more than 300 pages, is more pretentious than any hitherto undertaken, and because of its new features, all of which tend to a most satisfying specification relative to both residence and life work, is much closer the ideal proposed for the *Bulletin*, that it be a medium of interest and usefulness to all alumni.

The detailed biographical sketches of the Silver Jubilee Class (1895) and the special accounts of the Golden Jubilee Class (1878) offer besides the inspiration from the very matter recorded, some appealing literary touches seldom found amid so

many statistics. To illustrate, we present the tribute quoted under biographical review of Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, who, with Fr. John H. Fleming, of Dedham, and Fr. David F. McGrath of Milford, (sole survivors of the nine graduates of 1870), will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation this commencement:

"Time runs quickly and touches some men lightly with a fairy wand, as if to remind them that God has thrown around them a mantle of protection in order to preserve them happy and whole-souled for the accomplishment of a great task. So it has been with Bishop Beaven of Springfield, Mass. Twenty-five years past this October 18th [1917], he went away from the altar of St. Michael's Cathedral, vested with the fullness of the priesthood, a bishop of the Church. On that day he grasped the handle of the plow, long held firm in his priestly hands, firmer, and has since driven the blade deep into many an acre before untilled. By their fruits his labors can be judged. No man within the limits of the Diocese of Springfield need die 'unshriven, unhouseled and unanealed.' There are priests in abundance to attend to every need and duty. The sigh of the aged, the moan of the sick, the cry of the orphan and foundling are softened by gentle care in unexcelled institutions, and 30,000 children learn to know and love God in innumerable parish schools. The diocese is a veritable city of God, and through it moves a gentle man distinguished from others, not by pomp of power or show of authority but by sweetness of word and cheeriness of laugh, the Bishop to whom so much is due.

"It is no wonder that even Rome, the city of a thousand and one ecclesiastical perplexities, stopped a moment to honor Bishop Beaven. By special Brief the Holy Father appointed him Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, telling him, amongst other things, that the Mexican Bishops had filled the ears of the Holy City with accounts of his superb charity to their unfortunate countrymen in the hour of their greatest distress. The Pope, moreover, sent Bishop Beaven a special message of congratulation, and the illustrious Archbishop Ceretti, Assistant Secretary of State, also paid his tribute of praise and felicitation, while from Switzerland came a letter from the General of the Jesuits, thanking His Lordship of Springfield for his great benefactions to Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.

"Time is still pursuing its winged flight toward eternity, but it will yet be merciful to this good and great man and leave his face unseamed and his heart young and warm and joyful, so that many, many years

hence, when the angels come to lift him aloft to the Father in Heaven, where the light of God's face will be on his brow and the music of golden harps in his heart, he will still be young with the youth that scorns care and sorrow, and knows only the joyousness of the Saints."

H. C. SERVICE RECORD

In this final issue of the PURPLE we wish to arouse the interest of *all* the Alumni in the Holy Cross Service Record of the War of 1917. If ever a volume of memories, records, achievements and distinctions reflected honor on a college or institution, this newest and novel work does. Nine hundred and fifty-five sons of Holy Cross are listed here as having served the United States during the great struggle. Eight hundred and fifty records are put down in full. Seven hundred and seventy-five illustrations are included in the five hundred pages that make up this glorious memorial. The triple division of the volume makes it possible for the editor to pass from the heroes of active service to those no less honorable reservists whose silent labors "behind the scenes" were of vital interest to the cause. Part III. enlightens us on the work of the Holy Cross S. A. T. C. and Naval Unit.

The entire venture was conceived on large, broad, generous lines, and has been executed with an accuracy and thoroughness that must win your enthusiastic approval.

You must possess a Service Record. Mail your order *now*. The advance sale is already exhausting the limited edition. Be among the fortunate. The price is five dollars (\$5.00.)

Orders may be addressed to

Editor Service Record,

H. C. C., Worcester, Mass.

'93. The splendid speech of Senator David I. Walsh against profiteering has caused quite a stir in our national capital and has given rise to the feeling that the big, vital question facing

the country is to find the remedy for high prices. To quote Charles S. Groves of Washington, D. C.:

The speech of Senator Walsh of Massachusetts the other day, in which he attacked high prices and suggested various remedies therefor, has created a great deal of comment at the Capitol. It is generally regarded as a timely, courageous and constructive presentation of the subject which at present most concerns the American people.

The Senator's speech will probably be followed by others along the same line in the Senate in the comparatively brief period between now and the 5th of June, when Congress plans to take a recess until after the National conventions have done their work.

It may be Senator Walsh's comprehensive survey of the economic conditions of the country will be responsible for an earlier reassembling of Congress than has been planned by the Republican leadership at either end of the Capitol.

For some time the general understanding has been that with the appropriation bills out of the way early in June the labors of this session would practically be over and the Senate and House would not come together again, unless an extraordinary emergency arose, until next December.

The leaders are not certain now that the response of the country to the Walsh speech will not be a demand that Congress get "back on the job" and pass legislation which will have a permanent remedial effect on conditions about which there is such a widespread complaint.

'96. The following lines of poetry, which have gone the rounds of the daily press, have carried a message of happiness so widespread that the PURPLE readers may perhaps have heard it. For the benefit of those by whom it has slipped we reprint it here:

THE LONELY CITY BROOK

The brooks are lonely, some men say, in the country's silent air,
In the far-off homeless mountains twenty miles from a city's care;
But solitude has solace there, and thoughtful voices throng,
Where fragrance speaks in silence and the silence turns to song.

ALUMNI

817

But the loneliest thing a man can name is the prisoned city brook,
 From its cradling home long miles away at the hearth of a mountain nook,
 From the young sweet hours of morning by the singing grasses floor,
 Till it loses health and hope of song when it enters the city door.

Eh, but its way seems sadder where the crowded streets are bent,
 And the prisoned road grows wearier in the channel of cement;
 But memory longs for the hillside glee and the whispering trees about,
 For the golden buttercups leaning down and the silver leap of a trout.

No springtime brings its beauty from the cheerless narrow lanes,
 The withered leaves sob sullen from autumn's dead domains;
 The shadows fall like convict stripes from the blessed noonday light,
 And gloomy walls shut curtains down on the merry good stars of night.

Now a soul is apt to feel at times life's labor and aching plan,
 When the laws of God seem like a cloud and the load of the laws of man:
 But the brook will praise endeavor and a spirit will move on free,
 Keeping the harsh laws of the town, and the law to the open sea.

Last night I stood in the shadow where a bridge spreads like a frown,
 And a poor old toiler tired and torn with a weary sigh sat down;
 But he soon rose up with gladdened heart, and hopes would fill a book,
 The valiant thoughts of brave content he read from the city brook.

And a woman came as a woman will to a place for a bleeding heart,
 To the sightless dark and silences with her sighs and tears apart:
 And her eyes saw back to innocence near a hillside tree and sod,
 And lightened her heart to a new-born love and an ocean that is God.

Now the loneliest thing that some men name is the cell of the city brook,
 But often the walled-up waters see the lonelier human look:
 And I hope good men will raise an arch, and gild with a sandy floor
 The brave farewell of the valiant brook at the city's outward door.

—MICHEAL EARLS, S. J., Holy Cross.

'97. On Wednesday, April 28, in St. Joseph's cathedral,
 Rt. Rev. John J. Murray was consecrated auxiliary bishop
 of Hartford, Conn. The Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic
 delegate, was the consecrating prelate, and was assisted by Rt.

Rev. John J. Nilan, seventh bishop of Hartford, and Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of Catholic University.

Bishop Murray was raised to the episcopal dignity scarcely more than ten years after his ordination to the priesthood. Among those who witnessed the conferring of this honor were his mother and immediate family, a gathering of bishops greater than any other ever before assembled in Connecticut, and a host of intimates, priests and laymen, not a few of which were old college friends from Holy Cross. As representatives of the college, Rev. James J. Carlin, S. J., President of Holy Cross, Fr. Timothy Scanlon, S. J., Rev. John Fleming, S. J., were present.

In expressing the happiness and the justification for the happiness that Holy Cross feels upon the elevation of Bishop Murray, —to whom everybody joyously wishes a long, saintly life, filled with great successes for God and His Church, *THE PURPLE* can do no better than repeat the glowing tribute paid to Bishop Murray by Rev. Fr. Dugan, Rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral, in his sermon during the Mass of Consecration :

It has been my privilege to live for fifteen years under the same roof as Father Murray. I have seen his comings and his goings, his work in the ministry and his labors in behalf of his country. I have beheld him as he discharged the manifold duties of an important ecclesiastical office. I have broken bread with him, counselled with him, prayed and worshipped at his side; and if there is any reliance to be placed on the findings of the intellect and of long experience, I think I may be permitted to say that I know the man. I do know him, and I am proud and happy to declare in this solemn and distinguished presence, that the deacon of that fateful day has made good the promise of his sponsor, and that the priest of today is worthy of the burden and the honors of the Episcopate.

I believe this day to be a day of joy for the diocese of Hartford—"the day which the Lord hath made." I am sure that the right reverend ordinary is happy, for there is always a happiness in noble doing. I am sure that the clergy are happy, they have spoken and they will speak

for themselves. But I feel that, as rector of this church, I may say a word for those who worship here, who have been long edified by the gracious presence of Bishop Murray and who have been richly benefited by his devoted ministry. They are proud, honored and immeasurably consoled at his exaltation. I can assure him, if assurance is necessary, that they will follow him with their prayers. Their good wishes are expressed by the church herself: *Ad multos annos*. May your years be many and fruitful and happy. May they be fruitful with the fruit, and happy with the happiness that carry over into eternity. Amen.

The sermon at the Pontifical vespers at which the newly consecrated bishop officiated for the first time, was delivered by Rev. Joseph J. Dinand, S. J., former president of Holy Cross College.

'07. News from Scranton, Pa., brings the intelligence that Rev. Thomas P. Durkin has been transferred from the Church of the Annunciation, Williamsport, Pa., to St. Patrick's Church, Scranton. He will be succeeded at Williamsport by Rev. Raymond E. Larkin, '16.

'08. Rev. Harry J. Hackett, who has been confined to St. Vincent hospital following an operation for appendicitis, will return to St. Anne's church as curate when he has recovered his strength sufficiently to resume parish work. About the time Fr. Hackett was stricken he was notified of his appointment to St. Leo's church in Leominster, to take the place made vacant by the Rev. Michael J. McKenna, who was forced to give up parish work on account of illness. Owing to his confinement in St. Vincent, Bishop Beaven has appointed another priest to St. Leo's, and Fr. Hackett will return to St. Anne's in a few weeks, when he regains his strength. Rev. John Engstrom at present is assisting at St. Anne's.

'12. Mr. George C. O'Brien of Spencer, Mass., is concluding a very successful year of teaching at the Newman School, Hackensack, N. J. Mr. O'Brien's subjects were Spanish and French.

The Rev. Charles C. Conaty, a nephew of the late Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles and the Rev. Bernard S. Conaty, formerly of the Church of the Sacred Heart of this city and now rector of St. Joseph's Church, Pittsfield, has been assigned as a curate to St. James' Church of New Bedford. Father Conaty, who is well known in Worcester, served overseas as an army chaplain, where he received the distinguished service cross for gallantry under fire. Shortly after his discharge from the service, Father Conaty was sent to the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Fall River, where he was at the time of his new assignment.

'13. John E. Hurley, principal of Palmer high school and a former baseball player at Holy Cross, has been secured by Daniel J. Dunn of the Palmer-Wickwire-Spencer Corp. baseball team to coach the team two afternoons each week. We wish him all the success that Holy Cross baseball traditions can inspire.

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. Donald S. Mooney and his honored parents on the recent death of John Kenneth Mooney, brother of Lieut. E. Leland Mooney, who lost his life in France during the war. The mortal attack of Mr. John Mooney had its origin, it is believed, in the heavy gassing he suffered while serving in France.

Ex-'13. John R. Mulroy, a student at St. Thomas Seminary, Denver, Colorado, will be ordained to the priesthood, June 13th, at Cathedral, Denver. Mr. Mulroy entered Holy Cross from Glen Falls, N. Y., in September, 1909, and left after Sopho-

more to enter Dunwoodie Seminary, Yonkers, N. Y. Towards the end of his course he suffered a hemorrhage of the retina of the eye and was obliged to discontinue his work for the priesthood. His folks in the meantime moved to Denver, and as John's health improved he returned to his studies at St. Thomas.

'15. Irving T. McDonald, manager of Fox's theatre in Springfield, and a popular member of the Knights of Columbus, was married recently in Newton to Miss Marie Agnes Haggerty, a well-known Newton art teacher and daughter of Mrs. Anastasia Haggerty, 180 Washington street, Newton.

Miss Josephine Haggerty, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and John B. O'Leary of Worcester, a classmate of the bridegroom in Holy Cross College, was the best man. A reception followed the ceremony in the home of the bride's mother. The guests were limited to immediate friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald left at noon for a wedding trip, the destination of which they kept secret. They will make their home in Springfield.

Mr. McDonald has been manager of the Springfield Fox theatre for about a year, succeeding his brother, Harry C. McDonald, who is now in the main Fox offices in New York. Irving McDonald, before the war, was manager of the Fox New Britain house and enlisted in the navy. He was in an ensign's school preparing for a commission in the navy when hostilities ceased.

While in college Mr. McDonald was in charge of its dramatic activities and also editor of *THE PURPLE*.

'16. Some new appointments to curacies for the young priests of this diocese have recently been made. They include the following: Rev. Francis A. Powers has been sent to Huntington,

Mass. Rev. John Engstrom is temporarily stationed at St. Ann's, Worcester. Rev. Florence J. Donohue is at St. Dominic's, Portland, Me., and near him are Rev. John J. Power, Cathedral, Portland, and Rev. James P. Gilrain at St. John's, Bangor, Me. Rev. James J. Donoghue goes to Haydenville, Mass., and Rev. F. Howard McCullough to St. John's, Worcester. Rev. Thomas F. Finn is appointed to Ware, Mass., and Rev. Leon D. McGraw to Pittsfield.

'17. A testimonial banquet was tendered to John McCormack, LL.D., '17, by his friends in New York City, on May 4, at the Waldorf-Astoria in "recognition of his patriotic service to the United States, his transcendent ability as an artist, and his sterling qualities as a man." It is said by the knowing critics to have been one of the most distinguished gatherings ever held in the great metropolis. H. C. was fittingly represented there, and on the dais which was reserved for the privileged guests were six H. C. men, Fr. Dinand, S. J., former rector; Senator Walsh, '93; Dr. Bottomley, '88; John P. O'Brien, '94; and Fr. Earls, S. J., '96. The sixth, the center of the great party, was the hero of the evening, John McCormack.

Mr. McCormack's own address was given with all the warmth and feeling he could muster and closed with a paragraph of appreciation that must be inserted here:

I would rather, my friends, have that tribute than all the praise that could be written about me as an artist. The horrors of this terrible war will all be forgotten in due time, and all that will remain will be the memory of the noble and valiant deeds of those who fought and bled and died "Over There." Time will dim my powers as an artist, and I shall join the long train of forgotten ones; but I hope that when that day has come, when I have said farewell, like the old Irish harper to his harp, and have laid it aside because my songs have all been sung, I hope, I pray, that your affection for me, as a man, so beautifully expressed tonight, may still go on.

In the recent contest held at Catholic University, Robert Mahoney won the first prize for an Alma Mater song. The prize was a check for fifty dollars. Thomas J. McLean, '16, was the unanimous choice for second place.

Ex-'18. We were highly pleased to receive the announcement of the marriage of Miss Margaret Mary Krebs to Mr. Hugh Marshall Ewing, on Wednesday, May 12, at Hamilton, Ohio.

'19. Several of last year's class have been among H. C.'s "royal rooters" at the ball games. At Medford, when our team met and vanquished Tufts, lusty hoiahs rang from the throats of Jean Fortin, "Terry" Owens, Henry Ford, "Jack" Harrigan, John Roach. Both in professional schools and in business these graduates are holding on grimly to that far-famed spirit which characterized their class.

Among the happy alumni present at our 6-4 victory over Yale, were Eddie Foley, last year's track captain; Frank Dunphy and "Bill" Collins, manager and editor, respectively, of the '19 *Patcher*

"Malo" Maloney, crack first baseman of last year's championship nine spent the winter in Texas, selling Indian motorcycles. He had the happiness, on his return trip, of seeing his old teammates "Chick" Bowen, in Rochester; "Eddie" Gill and Frank Wigglesworth in Jersey City.

LL.D., '20. That the Southern States, heretofore regarded as hostile to the cause of Irish independence, are not only not hostile but decidedly friendly to the political aspirations of the Irish people has been convincingly proved by the tour through the South of President De Valera, concluded last week in Lynchburg, Va.

President De Valera's friends expected much opposition to his mission. It failed to develop except in two instances, and in these two the opposition was bowled over by the overwhelming independent and unprejudiced American sentiment for free speech and love of liberty. Not since President De Valera came to America did the British Government propagandists in America spend as much effort or as much of His Majesty's money as they were compelled to do in the South.

The stellar demonstration of the South occurred in Charleston, S. C., where President DeValera was the official guest of the city for two days crowded with affairs in his honor. Welcomed by Mayor John P. Grace and the city council on his arrival, the Irish President was presented with the freedom of the city at City Hall, presented with a handsome gold watch, inscribed as the gift of the city authorities, and a chain and gold pencil attached, was the guest at one of the most notable banquets ever held in the city, and spoke at two meetings simultaneously held in Charleston's largest auditorium. The Charleston *American* issued a special "Irish Freedom" edition of the paper, and the other papers gave generously of their space to familiarize their readers with Ireland's position before the world.

Norfolk, Columbia, Savannah, New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Jackson, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Charlotte, took the cue from Charleston and accorded the Irish leader true American welcomes and pledged in resolutions their sympathy with the aspirations of Ireland.

Condolences Alumni and friends of Holy Cross will grieve to hear of the death on May 3, of Rev. James J. Hanselman, pastor of St. Barbara's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and brother of the Rev. Joseph F. Hanselman, S. J., former presi-

ALUMNI

825

dent of Holy Cross College and at present Assistant for America at Rome. We extend to Fr. Hanselman our warmest sympathies and the assurances of our prayers.



Athletics

BASEBALL

HOLY CROSS 24—UNIVERSITY OF MAINE 0

On April 30th, the Purple Champions toyed with the University of Maine nine on Fitton Field, 24-0 being the final score. Dolan, Frost and Watson, the visiting boxmen, were touched up for a total of 21 hits. Leo Dugan was the heavy hitter for Holy Cross, banging out a triple and three singles in five trips to the plate. Chick Gagnon garnered two doubles and a single. Gill and Hastings, who pitched his first varsity contest, let the Pine Tree State men down with two hits. The latter was sent in to take Gill's place in the fifth inning, when the Purple was leading, 19-0. The score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross -----	9	6	2	2	0	0	4	1	*—24

Two-base hits, Gagnon 2, Flynn. Three-base hits, Santoro, Leo Dugan. Umpire, Barry. Attendance, 700.

HOLY CROSS 8—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT 3

A crowd of 3500 watched the Purple subdue the University of Vermont, in one of the most thrilling games ever seen at Burlington, on May 1st. Before the game the Vermont nine was confident of victory, as they had been defeating all other college teams, among them Georgetown, whom they downed in a thirteen-inning struggle. But their hopes and pride were soon shattered, for our boys proceeded to knock the offerings of Kibbee, their star moundsman, to all corners of the field, for a total of 13 hits, including a triple and two doubles. Bill Horan, the Purple's star freshman twirler, let down the Green and Gold with three hits, and struck out eight batsmen. Holy Cross first dented the score column in the second, when Walsh singled, went to second on a passed ball, and scored on Leo Dugan's double. Vermont evened it up in her half of the inning. Again in the third, the Purple scored when, after a long double by Len Dugan, two sacrifices brought the Holy Cross outfielder across the plate. The fifth inning proved the undoing of the Vermonters, for it was in that inning, after three successive singles had clogged the bags, that Frank Santoro smashed a screaming triple to right, and three runners scored. In the ninth three more runs were added before the Purple scoring ceased. The batting of Santoro, O'Con-

ATHLETICS

nor and the two Dugans, Leo and Leonard, featured for Holy Cross. Gagnon played brilliantly in the field for the Purple. The score:

HOLY CROSS						VERMONT								
	ab	r	h	po	a e		ab	r	h	po	a e			
Leo Dugan lf	5	1	2	1	0 0	Hamilton ss	4	0	0	1	1 1			
Gagnon ss	5	0	0	3	3 0	Brock rf	3	0	0	2	0 0			
Len Dugan cf	4	2	3	1	0 0	Harris 3b	4	0	0	2	4 2			
O'Connor 1b	4	2	2	10	0 2	McGinnis 1b	4	2	1	8	0 0			
Santoro 3b	2	1	2	2	1 0	T. Kerwin 2b	2	1	0	2	0 1			
Maguire 2b	5	1	1	2	2 0	Tryon rf	3	0	1	2	0 0			
Flynn rf	5	0	0	0	0 0	Garrity rf	4	0	0	1	0 0			
Walsh c	5	1	1	8	1 0	Spillane c	3	0	0	9	0 0			
Horan p	5	0	2	0	4 0	Kibbee, p	2	0	1	0	4 0			
						*Burns	1	0	0	0	0 0			
Totals	40	8	13	27	11 2	Totals	30	3	3	27	9 4			
Innings						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross						0	1	1	0	3	0	0	0	3-8
University of Vermont						0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0-3

Two-base hits: Leo Dugan, Len Dugan, Tyrone. Three-base hit: Santoro. Stolen bases: Leo Dugan, O'Connor, McGinnis, Kibbee. Sacrifice hits: Leo Dugan, O'Connor, Kerwin. Bases on balls: off Horan 5, off Kibbee 3. Struck out: by Horan 8, by Kibbee 7. Passed balls: by Spillane 2. Umpire: Cram. Attendance, 3,500. *Burns batted for Broch in 9th.

HOLY CROSS 7—TUFTS 2

The Purple champions showed Medford just what a classy college nine could do against their star pitcher, Buck Weaver, by landing on that gentleman for a total of 19 bases and seven runs, on May 5th. On the other hand Harold Gill, our sterling freshman southpaw, was the master of the Tufts batters throughout the entire game, letting them down with seven hits. Len Dugan nicked Weaver for a homer and two singles, while Gagnon got three one-base bingles. Jim Doherty, playing in place of Flynn in right field, connected for a triple and a single. Fred Maguire uncorked a dazzling play of big league calibre when Fallon hit a hard one down the first base line. The ball bounded off the top of Jay O'Connor's glove, but Fred, backing him up, nabbed it and seeing that he could not throw to O'Connor, raced for the bag and slid in just an instant before the runner touched the cushion. The Purple scored twice in the second, third, and ninth innings, and once in the eighth. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Holy Cross	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	2-7	13 3
Tufts	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0-2	7 5

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

Two-base hit: O'Connor. Three-base hit: Doherty. Home runs: Len Dugan, Callahan. Stolen bases: Maguire, Doherty. Attendance: 900. Time of game: 1 hr. 40 m.

HOLY CROSS 2—WEST POINT 6

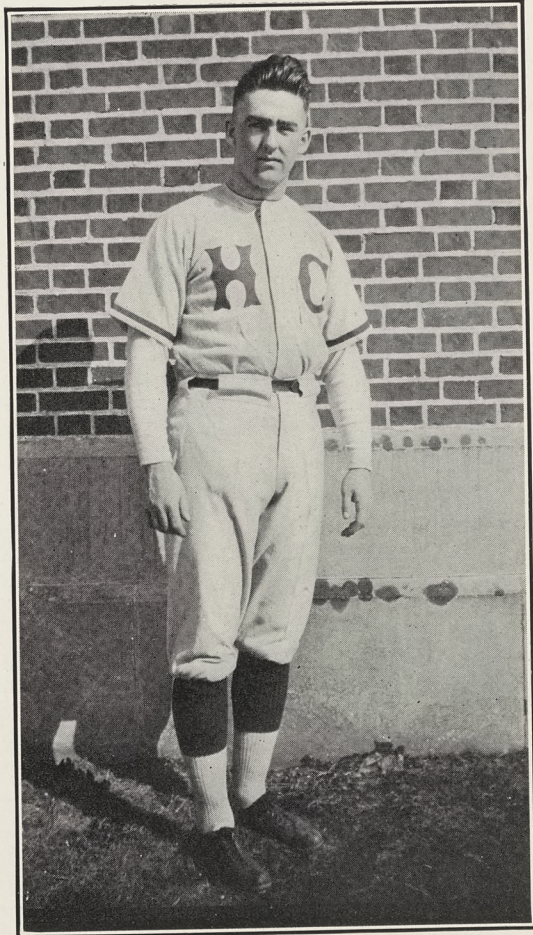
Holy Cross lost its first regular season game to the Army at West Point, 6-2. The Purple simply threw the game away by their loose fielding and failure to support Harold Gill, who essayed the task of soldering the soldiers. Army won the game by landing on Gill and McLaughlin for nine hits, two of them for extra bases. Maguire starred at bat for the Purple, getting three hits in four trips to the plate. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r.	h.	e.
West Point -----	2	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	*	6	9	3
Holy Cross -----	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	9	5

Two-base hit: Erickson. Three-base hit: Lystod. Stolen bases: Lystod and Blake. Umpires: Cullum and Marshall. Attendance: 900. Time: 1 h. 55 m.

HOLY CROSS 6—YALE 4

A big Saturday crowd of 5,000 saw the Blue of Yale bow to the Purple of Holy Cross on Fitton Field, May 15th, in an exciting game, 6-4. The Purple opened up in the very first inning and scored a run on a single by Leo Dugan, a sacrifice by Gagnon, and a passed ball by Peters, the Yale catcher. Yale came back strong in the third inning, getting two tallies on a pass to Kelly, Gaillard's sacrifice, Horan's gift to Captain Sawyer, whom he hit with the ball, and in stinging double by Parsons. The Purple got the two runs back in the fifth on another single by Leo Dugan, a gift to Gagnon, who was beamed by Kelly, the Yale pitcher, an error by Diamond and Santoro's long double to center field. In the sixth Gagnon took a tremendous swipe at a fast one and knocked the leather over Faherty's head in center field, sending in Walsh ahead of him. Leo Dugan scored another run in the same frame. Yale countered once in the sixth and seventh. Horan, on the mound for the Purple, was wild, but managed to work his way out of holes at the right times. The Yale outfielders, Parsons and Faherty, featured with neat catches of hard hit balls. Leo Dugan celebrated his return to the game after the injury to his hand by getting three hits and scoring two runs out of five times up. Selleck, who relieved Kelley as Yale's pitcher, performed in splendid style, but his good work came too late for the damage had been done. It was the Purple's third straight victory over Old Eli. The score:



CAPT. WILLIAM T. DALY

ATHLETICS

829

HOLY CROSS						YALE					
	ab	r	h	po	a e		ab	r	h	po	a e
Leo Dugan -----	5	2	3	2	0 0	Gaillard lf -----	4	0	0	3	0 0
Gagnon ss -----	2	1	1	2	2 0	Sawyer 2b -----	4	1	2	2	2 0
Len Dugan cf ----	3	0	0	2	0 0	Parsons rf -----	3	1	2	1	0 0
O'Connor 1b ----	4	1	1	7	1 0	Faherty cf -----	4	0	0	1	0 0
Santoro 3b -----	3	0	2	1	0 0	Diamond 1b ----	3	0	0	6	0 1
Maguire 2b -----	4	0	0	3	3 0	Holmes 3b -----	3	0	2	0	1 1
Doherty rf -----	2	0	0	1	0 1	Aldrich ss -----	4	0	2	1	2 0
Walsh c -----	3	1	0	9	2 1	Peters c -----	4	0	1	10	1 0
Horan p -----	3	0	0	0	5 0	Kelley p -----	1	2	0	0	3 0
	—	—	—	—	—	Selleck p -----	1	0	0	0	0 0
	29	6	7	27	13 2		31	4	9	24	9 2

Two-base hits: Santoro, Parsons. Home run: Gagnon. Stolen bases: O'Connor, Parsons, Holmes, Maguire, Sawyer. Double plays: Aldrich to Sawyer to Diamond; Horan to Maguire to O'Connor. Innings pitched: by Kelley 6, Sellech 3, Horan 9. Struck out: by Horan 7, Kelley 6, Sellech 3. Wild pitch: Horan. Umpires: Rortz and Talbot. Attendance: 4,500. Time: 2 hrs.

HOLY CROSS 10—BROWN 4

For the third time this season and for the eighth successive time, the Purple triumphed over Brown on Fitton Field, May 19th, running up a 10-4 score. Bill Horan was the Purple slabster who turned in the victory, limiting his opponents to six hits, while Holy Cross hit Brady, the Bruin pitcher, for twelve hits and ten runs. Brown scored twice in the third, and it was not until the fourth that the Purple tied the count at two all. In the fifth and seventh the Purple clinched the contest by scoring four runs in each frame. Leo Dugan featured the fielding by two nice catches, both off Standish's bat. In the first inning he picked the spheroid off his shoe tops after a long run, and in the fifth he duplicated the stunt. Gagnon starred at short, handling eight chances without a miscue. "Mickey" Conners, the football star, caught a pretty game behind the bat and banged out two hits with runners on the bags. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Holy Cross -----	0	0	0	2	4	0	4	0	*	—10
Brown -----	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	—4

Two-base hits: Maguire, Oden. Three-base hit: Tracy. Stolen bases: Leo Dugan, Gagnon, Len Dugan, O'Connor, Doherty, Conners. Umpires: Talbot, Feurell. Attendance: 1,500. Time: 2 hrs.

GAMES CANCELLED

Seven of the first sixteen games on the baseball schedule have been cancelled on account of the caprices of Jupiter Pluvius. Among the games called off were contests with Fordham (2), Tufts, Williams, Seton Hall, Colby, and Trinity.

EASTERN INTERCOLLEGIATES

The Purple track men travelled down to Springfield on May 8th and managed to score 21 points, finishing in fourth place in the Eastern Intercollegiates. Boston College with 33, Springfield College with 32, and New Hampshire State with 24 points, finished ahead of the Purple. Tom Dignan broke two records for Holy Cross. In the semi-finals he won his heat in $22\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, a new record, and in the finals of the 16-lb. shot put tossed the cannon ball 40 feet 9 inches, which broke his record of the year before. Duffy of Holy Cross won third place in the finals of the 100-yard dash, in which Dignan flashed second. In the 220-yard sprint Tom Dignan also took a second place, making his total points eleven for the day. Ferris got third in the discus. Tom King gave Driscoll of Boston College a pretty race for first honors in the half mile, losing out by a hair's breadth. In the mile Captain White of the Purple finished right on the heels of Gordon Nightingale, the famous New Hampshire State Flyer, finishing in second position.

HOLY CROSS 46—NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE 80

New Hampshire State showed its superiority over the Purple in a dual track meet at Durham on May 15th. They garnered nine out of fourteen first places and showed a well-balanced team in defeating Holy Cross 80-46. Tom King starred for the Purple, covering the half mile in 1 m. $58\frac{1}{2}$ sec., breaking the track record, and incidentally showing his heels to O'Leary and Nightingale of New Hampshire State. The Purple excelled in the sprints, winning first and second in the century dash and all three places in the 220. Captain White of Holy Cross made Nightingale and Cecil Leith, the two New Hampshire cracks, breast the tape together in the mile in 4 m. $36\frac{1}{2}$, which is some time. Tom Dignan won the shot put, with a heave of 41 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch. Wackell won the 120-yard hurdles, Burke the 100-yard dash, and Salmon the 220-yard event.

100-yard dash—Won by Burke, Holy Cross; second, Dignan, Holy Cross; third, O'Leary, N. H. State. Time— $10\frac{3}{8}$ sec.

120-yard hurdles—Won by Wackell, Holy Cross; second, Rogers, N. H. State; third, Lane, N. H. State. Time $17\frac{3}{8}$ sec.

Mile run—G. T. Nightingale and Leath of N. H. State, tied for first; third, White, Holy Cross. Time $4:36\frac{1}{4}$.

ATHLETICS

831

440-yard dash—Won by Melville, N. H. State; second, Hunt, N. H. State; third, Maher, Holy Cross. Time $52\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

220-yard hurdles—Won by Rogers, N. H. State; second, Wackell, Holy Cross; third, Lane, N. H. State. Time $28\frac{3}{8}$ sec.

Two-mile run—Won by Dillingham, N. H. State; second, Hubbard, N. H. State; third, Thompson, N. H. State. Time 10 m. $\frac{2}{3}$ s.

220-yard dash—Won by Salmon, Holy Cross; second, Duffy, Holy Cross; third, Burke, Holy Cross. Time 24 sec.

880-yard run—Won by King, Holy Cross; second, O'Leary, N. H. State; third, Nightingale, N. H. State. Time 1 m. $58\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

High jump—Won by Boomer, N. H. State; second, Cotton, N. H. State; third, Mausell and Walker, N. H. State, tied. Height, 5 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

16-lb. shot—Won by Dignan, Holy Cross; second, Batchelder, N. H. State; third, Donaghy, Holy Cross. Distance, 41 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Discus throw—Won by Sawyer, N. H. State; second, Ferris, Holy Cross; third, Batchelder, N. H. State. Distance, 111 ft. 2 in.

Hammer throw—Won by Sawyer, N. H. State; second, Batchelder, N. H. State; third, Donaghy, Holy Cross. Distance, 124 ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Broad jump—Won by Boomer, N. H. State; second, Stafford, N. H. State; third, Murphy, Holy Cross. Distance, 20 ft. 7 in.

Pole vault—Stafford and Cree of N. H. State, and Hastings, Holy Cross, all tied for first place. Heights, 9 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.

NEW ENGLAND INTERCOLLEGIATES

In a sea of mud and rain Holy Cross finished seventh of the fourteen colleges entered, with a score of ten points, at the New England Intercollegiate, held on Tech Field, in Boston. M. I. T. won the meet, with 33 points, closely followed by Brown with 30. Boston College took fourth place, with 16 points. The running paths were from two to six inches under water. But this did not prevent Tom King, the Purple's sterling half-miler, from annexing an inter-collegiate championship, when he defeated a fast field, including Driscoll of Boston College, in the half mile, in 2 m. 2 sec. Tom Dignan after qualifying in the 220-yard dash and the shot put, came second to Nichols of Brown in this event, tossing the 16-pound weight a distance of 39 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Captain Bill White of the Purple, finished close behind Nightingale of New Hampshire State and Goodwin of Bowdoin in the mile. These three athletes must be congratulated on their splendid showing, especially Tom King, whom we delight in hailing as intercollegiate champion in the half-mile. The others of the team who did their best for their Alma Mater showed that their efforts are appreciated.

TENNIS

HOLY CROSS 4—CLARK 3

The Purple tennis team inaugurated the season by defeating Clark University on their courts by the score of 4-3 on May 5th. Maloney, O'Callaghan, and Pyne won their singles, and the Purple clinched the match, when Pyne and Maloney won an exciting doubles match from Corash and Greenberg of Clark, 6-4, 8-6. It was the Purple's third victory over Clark, having defeated them twice last fall.

HOLY CROSS 0—BROWN 4

The Brown netmen shut out Holy Cross on the Fitton Field courts by taking all four of the singles. The match was played on wet courts with a fine rain falling throughout the contest, which prevented the doubles from being played. O'Callaghan played by far the best game for the Purple, winning the first set from Captain Beagan of Brown, but losing the next two. The score:

SINGLES

Jones (Brown) defeated Maloney (Holy Cross): 6-4, 6-1.
Beagan (Brown) defeated O'Callaghan (Holy Cross): 4-6, 6-2, 6-1.
Stearns (Brown) defeated Pyne (Holy Cross): 6-1, 6-1.
Kyno (Brown) defeated Dinneen (Holy Cross): 6-2, 6-1.

HOLY CROSS 4—SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE 2

On May 19th the Purple tennis team journeyed down to Springfield, where they vanquished Springfield College, the final score being 4-2. Holy Cross surprised the Athletic Directors, who had expected an easy victory, by winning two of the four singles and taking both doubles. Captain Dinneen defeated Graves of Springfield in straight sets 6-2, 6-3, while Maloney did the same against Springfield's leading man, Jeffrey, by the score of 6-4, 6-4. The feature events of the contest were the two doubles matches. In the first Dinneen and O'Callaghan, after a gruelling two hours' battle, subdued Jeffrey and Richardson, the stars of the Springfield team, 6-4, 6-8, 8-6. In the second Pyne and Maloney of the Purple emerged victorious in another three set encounter. The scores:

SINGLES

Maloney (Holy Cross) defeated Jeffrey (Springfield): 6-4, 6-4.
Munson (Springfield) defeated Pyne (Holy Cross): 6-4, 6-4.
Mo (Springfield) defeated O'Callaghan (Holy Cross): 6-2, 6-4.
Dinneen (Holy Cross) defeated Graves (Springfield): 6-2, 6-3.

ATHLETICS

DOUBLES

Dinneen and O'Callaghan (Holy Cross) defeated Jeffrey and Richardson (Springfield): 6-4, 6-8, 8-6.

Pyne and Maloney (Holy Cross) defeated Mo and Munson (Springfield): 2-6, 7-5, 6-0.

FRESHMAN BASEBALL

DEAN 6-HOLY CROSS, '23-0

Dean Academy defeated the Purple freshmen in their opening game at Franklin by the score of 6-0. Barnes, the Dean pitcher, let the Purple plebes down with three hits. R. Kelly starred for Dean, getting two homers, a triple, and a double. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dean -----	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	3	*-6

HOLY CROSS, '23 3-POMFRET 2 (11 inns.)

The Plebes won their first game of the season against Pomfret School at Pomfret, Connecticut, on May 5th, in eleven innings by the score of 3-2. Lyne, pitching for the Freshmen, struck out 10 men, while Townsend, the Pomfret twirler, fanned 11. The victory run came in the eleventh, when Lyne singled, went to second on an error, stole third, and came home on Bill Barnes' timely one-ply hit to left. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	r.	h.	e.
Holy Cross, '23 -----	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-3	6	1	
Pomfret -----	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-2	5	3	

HOLY CROSS, '23 0-GODDARD SEMINARY 1

In a close game on Fitton Field the Goddard Seminary nine shut out the Freshmen, 1-0, the lone tally coming in the ninth, following some faulty work in the field for the Freshmen. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Goddard -----	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-1

HOLY CROSS 8-EXETER 7

At Exeter, on May 12th, the Purple yearlings pulled the contest out of the fire by scoring three runs in the ninth frame, after one had been retired. The final count was 8-7 for the Purple. It was Exeter's first defeat since last year's Holy Cross Freshmen stopped their long run of 42 straight wins. In the ninth, with the score 7-5 in Exeter's favor, the

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

Plebes rallied and scored three runs on hits and a couple of errors. Fecteau, the Purple moundsman, was touched up for 13 hits, but managed to keep them scattered fairly well. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r.	h.	e.	
Holy Cross, '23 -----	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	3	—	8	6	4
Exeter -----	0	0	0	2	0	4	0	1	0	—	7	13	9

Batteries: Fecteau and Barry; Contillon, Van Lengen and Handy.

HOLY CROSS, '23 9—HARVARD, '23 8

Of all the historic ninth inning rallies, none deserves to go down in history more than that of Holy Cross Freshmen at Cambridge on May 19th, when the Purple trimmed Harvard Freshmen, 9-8. At the beginning of the eighth the score stood Harvard 8, Holy Cross 2. A couple of walks off Oates, a nice single by Cassidy, and an outfield error gave the Purple Plebes three runs. So the youngsters from Mt. St. James went into the ninth inning with the Crimson leading 8-5. Rising in their wrath the Purple '23 men knocked the cover off the ball for four runs and won one of the greatest uphill games in history 9-8. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r.	h.	e.	
Holy Cross '23 -----	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	4	—	9	6	2
Harvard '23 -----	0	0	5	2	1	0	0	0	0	—	8	8	6

Batteries: Steinhilber and Barry, Oates, Amstas and Keegan. Time of game: 2 h. 10 m.

PURPLE SPARKS

Did it strike you:

That the record game for hits in our baseball history took place with Drexel Institute at Philadelphia in 1917. All our batters did was to smash out 33 hits for a total of 44 bases, including a homer, two triples, and four doubles. "Malo" Maloney, '19, was the worst culprit, being content with a triple and five singles out of six times up. If that isn't taking advantage of hospitality, what is? The final count was Holy Cross 29, Drexel 4.

That back in 1901 we ran up a record score of runs against the University of Rochester, registering thirty-one tallies to the New Yorks' zero.

That Foley pitched a no-hit, one run game against the Massachusetts Aggies in 1908, trimming them 3-1.

That at Ithaca in 1906 Lynch put Holy Cross in the lead with a 70-yard run for touchdown against Cornell. We lost that day 16-6.

That, gazing back into the days of Sockalexis, we find that in the fall ★

interclass track games the feature events were the quarter-mile bicycle race which Maguire won in 38 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds, and the mile bicycle contest, won by McCarthy. Quite a boom for track in those days.

That the baseball season of 1910 witnessed the greatest number of tie games. Five contests ended in a draw, two of them with Old Eli Yale.

That Andy Coakley, now coach at Columbia, is the old Holy Cross star pitcher, famed throughout the college world of those days (1902) as the shut-out king. In New Haven that year he was the moundsman in one of the most phenomenal contests ever seen on Yale Field, when, after eleven innings of brilliant baseball in which he struck out 14 of Old Eli's batters and allowed four singles, his Purple mates scored the big run in the eleventh and won 1-0. Later in the season he repeated the whitewash stunt on Harvard, giving them four hits. The final score was 2-0 in favor of Holy Cross. Brown got one solitary single off him, losing 5-0 as eleven of their batters whipped the ozone. Dartmouth and Syracuse were content with 9-0 shut-outs at his hands. Don't you think he's a twirler worthy of the first rank in the Purple's athletic annals!

That those no-hit wonders in college baseball were the 1914 Purple nine. One of their best feats was to beat Brown on one hit. Not so bad, considering.

That one of the greatest individual batting feats ever accomplished in college baseball was that of our own "Chick" Bowen against Seton Hall in 1918. In that game in five times up he banged out a homer, two triples, and a single, scored three runs himself, and drove in eight more. Quite satisfying, to be sure.

That "Tip" O'Neil and "Jigger" Stutz were the home run kings for the Purple in 1918 and 1919 respectively. Each pounded out five four-ply bingles.

That since 1917, when Jesse Burkett took the coaching reins for the Purple, his teams have won eighty-nine out of ninety-nine games, a record never equaled by any college coach in history. We can't get along without him, boys, if our teams are to remain champions such as Holy Cross is used to.

That, according to ancient custom, our champion baseball nine of 1896 traveled down to Boston, where they administered a much-needed lesson in baseball to their old rivals, Boston College. The lesson showed the Maroon to be very proficient in the art of allowing runs to be scored by their opponents. We feasted on 22 of these tallies while the Maroon took five. Quite an odd contrast.

N. B.—The retiring editor of Athletics earnestly hopes that his successor may keep the sparks lighted for the Fall numbers of the PURPLE.

EDWARD A. DINNEEN, '20.

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