

. . The Holy Cross Purple . .

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Ode to the Class Tree



AN INFANT tree on the Hill of Pleasant Springs

Reclaims its Mother, Earth.

The breeze soft sings

Sweet songs that owe their wondrous birth

To heart-beats of a Class that clings

To Holy Cross. And the tree, a gift from God,

Fondles each sad refrain

And seeks in vain

The gentle hands that placed her tendril roots in
tender sod.

A monument alive

Whose every branch doth strive

Its brother to outreach,

It stands. And in a grandeur fully blown

With arms uplifted to beseech

The All Mighty Throne;

Each leaf breathes a prayer

For those who placed it there,

For only those and those alone.

Oh tree, thou suckling at this rounded breast

Of Earth, thine own life's blood

From birth to blossom-bud

Is just a gift with never a return.

We too were sucklings, we too did learn,

When jealously we prest

The bosom of our Alma Mater dear,

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No greater, deeper love can ever be
Than which has cherished us in infancy.
A love so crystalline, so pure and clear
 A heavenly breath it breathes
 As thou thyself;
A love estranged from fame and pelf
 That with emotion seethes
And twists its brow with thorny wreathes
 Of sacrifice;
A love so holy in its aim, it scorns an earthly price.
A tree is Nature's chemist that sagely stores
 The elements of sun and rain
Of woodland, sea and grassy plain;
Then in a leafy vial it pours
 The elixir of Life.
 Our College is a tree,
 Her leaves are we
 Wherein she fused the elements
 Of Beauty, Truth and Love,
 Those staunch habiliments
 Midst strife
That shield the soul with strength conceived above.
A tree's whole life is but a sturdy toil
Of self-perfection, striving endlessly
 To leave the binding soil
 And so set doubly free
The soul of it that seeks the sky.
Like trees the world in natural tie
Thrice fetters us to sorrow, sin and woe;
 Like storms temptations blow
Around our fragile naked helplessness,
Yet we in search for happiness
Look ever upward at the beckoning stars
 Hating the carnal clod
That turns each gladness sad and bars
The deathless part of us from God.

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Like trees we live and blossom and then fade,
We die, and once decayed
Like trees our worth is set
By the evil we have met
And conquered. But trees by men are praised
While men are trees for heaven raised.

Oh tree of Twenty-four, tablet to our memory,
Be thou the modest emblem of our unity;
Thy hardiness the symbol of our constancy;
Thy heaven-headed, earth-born fight
The epitaph of every man
Who treasures thee as only young hearts can
When Life's noonday swift fades into the night.

ALFRED L. HETZELT, '24.

Upon the Lintel

"I will write upon the lintel of my doorposts 'Whim'!"



AS OTHER gifts are fading with the passage of years, one treasure yet there is which augments itself each day with silent invisible increase—the memory. An awesome, almost terrifying thought it seems that every passing thought gives its irrevocable component toward the makeup of that *alter ego*, if man is indeed “a part of all that he has met.” And yet, I ween, that memory will play strange tricks in after times. Will it, I wonder, call back in years yet to be the visions it holds of wars and triumphs, of great destinies and little men, of success and failure, momentous both, as strongly as one simple scene of friends strolling together in a golden spring twilight, the plaintive note of a wild bird, and a leaf falling silently in the dusk.

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Night and darkness come upon the earth, and the life of daytime sinks to silence. The lone wind howls upon the hills; the moon keeps belated tryst with the evening star; men foregather in their towns for times of merriment. Suddenly across the heavens a flash, a streak,—a fallen star. Some piece of cosmic dust that fulfilled its destiny when the world was young has flashed its message across the void. Seen by few or none, its brief moment ends, and where once was light is nothing. The

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night grows on apace; men bid laughing farewells with mirthless eyes; the moon arches away toward the horizon, and the wind dies down to a hushed breathing.

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Cometh June: an harbinger of summer, greater than the lord it heralds, a prophecy greater than its fulfillment. Days for dreaming, when the unreal becomes as living flesh; nights for wonder, as the heavens disclose the rifted veil of eternity. How all too brief it seems; one sip of the heady potion, and the goblet is snatched from our eager grasp; the withering heats and the restless summer slip on, undesired. Too brief indeed; and yet if the chalice were drained, if the year were ever June, if youth might always—. I wonder

EDWARD G. MURRAY, '25.

Fog



MYSTIC and silent and sombre,
Swirling in from the deep,
Passionless, yet all-pervading,
Into our souls you seep.
Drowning all thoughts of our gladness,
Deepening all of our woes,
Spreading your sorrows and sadness,—
Onward your gray bank flows.

Muffled, the sea bells are clanging,
Tolling their endless strain;
Sea whistles, shrill voiced and throaty,
Join in the gloomy refrain.
Sodden the world is and dreary,
Feeling its way through the night;
Restless the waves and weary
Lapping the lonely light.

You are the king of the mystics,
On through the years you roll,
Knowing nor friends nor favorites,
But taking triumphant toll.
Fearful your watches, and aching
The hearts that are waiting at home
For those whom your greed is now taking
As slaves, in your depths to roam.

What secrets are you concealing,
Desolate, moist-eyed and sad;
What visions of joy have vanished
At sight of your ghosts, white clad.
Come, whisper monotonous memories
Into our wide, eager ears;
Tell us your whims and your fancies,
Turn into love all our fears.

EDWARD A. WALSH, '24.

The Soul of Education



EXPERIENCE proves that we are seldom conscious of the presence of any particular organ in our body until some pain in that organ fixes our attention upon it. Our head interests us most when we have a headache, and although we use our eyes almost every moment of the day, it is only when they begin to hurt that they become an object of our concern. In other words, our attention and interest in a specific source of vitality is usually generated by some disorder of its organ.

If we imagine the various educational units in America as a source of vitality which affects America as a nation and consequently each and every citizen of that nation, and apply this psychological principle, our deductions may be of more than passing interest.

During the last four years more than three thousand laws dealing with education were proposed in the various state legislatures, and about one hundred educational bills found their way into Congress. This tremendous and abnormal mass of legislation indicates beyond denial that the keenest interest and attention is being focused on public education at the present moment. And, when we discover upon analysis that almost all of these laws and bills are in the form of remedies, we must conclude that there is some malady or disease in American education.

Let us begin our study of this anomaly by examining, first the

nature of this educational disease which threatens to consume every healthy fibre in the national organism, and, second, by showing that the present laws and bills not only fail to remedy that disease but tend to aggravate it to the point of corruption; that instead of being an antidote for the prevalent poison in our school system, these laws and bills are merely an injection of more of the same poison.

But what is this poison, this malady, this deep-rooted disorder in our public school education? We find our answer upon the lips of a Jewish lawyer, a Protestant minister, a Catholic judge and a prominent educator. Mr. Louis Marshall, one of New York's most prominent attorneys, recently made this startling statement to his fellow Jews, "If we wish to eliminate criminality and to bring up a generation of clean, law-abiding Americans, we must begin by insisting that our children be taught religion in the schools." On the same day the Rev. Hugh T. Kerr in an address to a synod of the Presbyterian church, said, "Education without religion is a failure because it is producing intellectual animals recognizing no moral obligation except to some physiological complex." Judge Alfred Talley of New York, a Catholic, made this statement to a New York paper, "The cause of this great crime wave among our youth is our boasted school system. We have adopted the cowardly course of eliminating all religion from our schools and the result is that the younger generation has been corrupted by the false maxim, 'Everything is all right,—provided you're not caught.'" Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, has broadcasted these words, "We

are subjecting our youth (too often) to a training in lawlessness. The influence of a sound education and a true religion if really believed in instead of being merely talked about, would in time build up a spirit of obedience to law which no possible system of law enforcement can ever bring about."

On all sides Catholics, Jews, Protestants and educators of every religion have united under the single standard, "Put religion in the schools." The reason for this complete reversal of feeling is that it is becoming more evident that mere education without religion cannot produce good citizenship, that the character of a nation cannot rise above the character of its citizens and that a nation is great only as its subjects are great.

By reason of its enormous educational facilities, America has been termed the best best educated and the most enlightened country in the world. But that glorious distinction has been immeasurably lowered by the records of the divorce courts and criminal courts throughout the nation. From statistics we learn that thirty-four states enforce non-sectarian education in the public schools by constitutional provision and that the other fourteen have attained the same end by statute. What is the evident conclusion? It is this, that non-sectarian has failed to create law-abiding citizens, the only kind of citizens who are a credit to any state.

It has been suggested that immigration is the cause of American lawlessness and not irreligion in the schools. How is it then that our criminal records show that as a rule the immigrant is law-abiding while his children are daily brought into court? The

reason is easily discerned, for in most cases the immigrant has some religious training while his children receive their education in the public schools where religious training is forbidden.

These are terrible facts which become more terrible when we begin to study non-sectarianism as it must exist. In its last analysis it is a purely negative thing, and a negative thing can never make for construction; it can only lead to destruction. But what does non-sectarianism destroy? Does it destroy vice, does it militate against immorality, does it kill bad citizenship? Rather, it destroys virtue, militates against morality, kills good citizenship. What else could be expected of a system which forbids the teaching of all that is fundamental to righteousness and implicitly urges the child to be indifferent to all that religion embraces? Imagine it. Non-sectarianism allows the child to be taught the wars and the sins of the pagans but forbids it to be taught about Christ crucified or that "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a command of God. Except for a few unintelligible minutes of uninterpreted Bible reading, which is allowed in some states, the child cannot be taught that good is something beyond the mere sensual pleasure of a beast, that bad is bad because it offends the all good Creator. Right and wrong must be left to the child's own conception, a conception that will not search deeper than the law of man, a conception bound to lead to the principle that since man made the law, the responsibility for breaking the law is of man to man. The child can be taught the complex history of nations, but it cannot be taught the simple history of man—that since man comes from God and since man goes to God, man must live

for God. And of what avail is education if the child cannot be taught that it must live for God?

Speaking from a purely American viewpoint, we may say that religion is the basis of morality and that morality is the rock foundation of national pre-eminence. In his farewell address Washington said, "Whatever may be conceded to education, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." These words are diametrically opposed to non-sectarianism, and Washington is the greatest American citizen of all time. Hence, our stand is one inspired by pure patriotism and is not influenced by any religious prejudice.

Among the proposed remedies which have been advanced, the most prominent is the Sterling-Reed bill. The attitude of the defenders of this bill is that the federal influence will not be manifested in the choice of executives, teachers and courses of study. All history bears testimony that the religious belief of the men in charge of a country's education is always injected into educational programs. We may expect every public school in the country to advertise "Non-Sectarians preferred." The Sterling-Reed bill's shameless adversity to religious schools makes any other expectation futile.

If a person becomes subject to diabetes due to an excess of sugar in his daily diet, the logical thing for that person to do is to eliminate sugar from his daily food. Then in order to repair the damage already done by the rich food, we would have to eat such food as would counteract the sugar. But suppose that instead of

adopting this sane course of action, this person did nothing but eat sugar, sugar and more sugar.

Absurd as this last supposition may appear, it is no more absurd than the actual tendency of most of the proposed educational bills and laws. Instead of putting religion into the public schools they aim to take religion out of the schools. In other words, these laws and bills aim to abolish the private schools, the only schools where religion and education are combined in one harmonious whole. And, when these private schools disappear, what have we? Compulsory irreligion in every school of the country. Destroy the Catholic, Jewish and Protestant schools, the only schools which dare to teach something about God and His rights over His creatures, and you deprive Americans of the only influence counteracting the pagan education of the public school.

It is clear that any law which annihilates or tends to annihilate the element of religious training in the schools does not and cannot remedy the diseased condition of American education.

They can only aggravate that disease. On the surface it would appear as if it were impossible for anyone to have the temerity to propose such legislation, but we know that it is not only possible but has been attempted in practically every state of the Union. That such legislation constitutes a real menace may be seen clearly by the fact that it has been passed in the state of Oregon, and the states of Nebraska, Michigan and Ohio may join in at any moment.

In Oregon every child is compelled to attend a public school. Yet some people wonder if it is possible. They are the ones who

predicted that Prohibition would never be foisted upon a free state. The danger is imminent, for the movement to abolish the school with religion is alive in every free state in America.

Yet the most serious aspect to the question is the infamous Sterling-Reed bill proposed in the present session of Congress. It is a bill doubly dangerous in its insidiousness and thrice treacherous in its innuendo. Instead of pushing the movement for the abolition of religious schools in each state, it proposes to annihilate all religious schools in America at a single blow. Naturally it does not advocate this measure openly by stating explicitly that private schools should be abolished. That method would arouse such opposition as to make the passage of the bill impossible, so it does not even mention religious schools for fear of the storm of disapproval. But it does strike at religious schools by appropriating millions and millions of dollars to such public schools as meet the requirements of a Secretary of Education. Needless to say, money is given exclusively to non-sectarian schools.

The glaring injustice of this one-sided appropriation is evident. Money is given to public schools but not to religious schools with no plausible reason for the discrimination. Is the school with religion any less American than the school without religion? On the contrary, it is more American since it tends to create better citizens. Have the graduates or sponsors of religious schools ever shirked their duty as Americans? Were they found wanting in the last war? When, where and how did they earn this unjust discrimination?

Yet above and beyond this the Sterling-Reed bill proposes not

only to neglect the religious schools, but to neglect them in such a way that they will not be able to survive the neglect. Like every other federal or state appropriation the money to be given to the non-sectarian schools is to come from the pockets of all the people whether they send their children to private schools or to public schools. If parents send their children to a religious school they are being justly taxed for the upkeep of that school, but they are being unjustly taxed for the upkeep of the public school.

According to the bill the federal appropriation must be equalled by the state in order that the state receive that appropriation. This means that the people, all the people, will be taxed into the hundred millions both by the state and federal government. In other words, the people who use the private schools will be penalized more and more each year for using the religious schools, Imagine this public school tax increased by the millions every year, and some idea of the magnitude of the injustice will be apparent.

For the sake of example, suppose we had a religious school and a public school on opposite sides of the street. The Sterling-Reed bill goes into effect and the public school receives ten thousand dollars from the federal government. Immediately the state must tax the people ten thousand dollars more to match the federal appropriation. The users of the private school pay the twenty thousand dollars equally with the users of the public school but receive nothing for their own school. The public school becomes more magnificent, new buildings and new accommodations are added. The religious school across the way tries to compete with

it, but must raise its twenty thousand dollars from the people alone. Then suppose the appropriation is doubled the next year, and the next. Is this right? Is this American? Is this democracy in any sense of the term? Your answer and the answer of all believers in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity must be an unequivocal "No!"

That, in brief, is the method of the Sterling-Reed bill. It is a method which has been tried in the Dominion of New Zealand with the effect that Catholics and Protestants in the Dominion are on the verge of abandoning their schools at the present moment. Up to a year ago a few Catholic teachers were allowed to travel free in order to teach the children in the outlying districts. A new Minister of Education was appointed recently and almost his first act was to have that slight concession withdrawn from the Catholic teachers, who in every case were nuns. Attempts are now being made to prevent Catholic children who receive scholarships from taking out these scholarships in Catholic schools. In a word the private schools are being plundered by a government which forces on the people a system of schools which are acceptable only to a portion of the population. There is no stronger argument to demonstrate the effects of the Sterling-Reed bill than these actualities.

In view of these facts our course of action in branding the Sterling-Reed bill, the Oregon school law and all bills which tend to abolish the element of religious training in schools as dangerous, treacherous, traitorous and un-American, is righteous and patriotic. Because by annihilating the remaining element of relig-

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ion in education, the only remedy and the only hope America has for being a Christian leader of the world in the future is shattered. For the soul of America is her education and the soul of education is the education of the soul.

ALFRED L. HETZELT, '24.



To Killern



OW when the golden wealth of summer's days
Returns with recollections of your ways,
Remembrance stirs within us and a pang
Of pain at thoughts of winsome words you sang.

Tall lindens 'neath whose kindly outstretched boughs
Your heart composed those songs we dearly love,
Know that your day is here and softly mourn
While winds sigh sadly in the realms above.

Roses upon the altar where you knelt
Lifting your soul in simple, loving prayer,
Their beauty bow in grief at thought of you
And all is silent sorrow there.

Great tablets to your memory we might raise
That masters from afar might come and praise;
But, better, leave one verse from your dear hand,
That those who know may read and understand.

EDWARD A. WALSH, '24.

"Frater Ave Atque Vale"



FRATER, *ave!*"—and "*vale*"?—ah no!
Our love till now a twinéd glow;
Hearth-sprung—it shall not die!
And lives that grew from selfsame soil
Nurtured by tears and tender toil,
Shall scorn that searing cry.
Oh! in some trysting place of grace,
Thee to greet in glad embrace,—
My heaven-tipped plea I send;
Oh! that our love may bloom adown
Long aeons with an end unknown,
Where hope with joy will blend.

E. T. COLLINS, '24.

Illusions



HE snow is falling silently as I gaze out from my college window. Beneath the fanciful touch of the swirling flakes the drabness of the world below me fades with the growing darkness, and in its place there appears a fairyland of the imagination. Slowly the grim factory and its lowering tower disappear, and a feudal castle raises its gaunt, black shadow in the dim light. The turgid Blackstone with its steel-ribbed bridge becomes a moat protecting the castle from the onslaughts of ferocious enemies, and its soft voice whispers sly secrets to the cool night air. The silent Pines, brooding in their new white armor, are the faithful sentinels of their master, watching over his domains from their sacred stand on the Hill. Through the sombre haze the blurred lights of Worcester blink forth like the twinkling stars of another planet. Hugh masses of black clouds glower above them as if envious of their brightness and threatening their destruction. Reality fades. The air is filled with a mysterious presence. I forget the familiar surroundings of my room, and dream alone in a world of fancy.

In my ears there resounds the ring of clashing steel, the harsh shouts of triumph and distress, the clatter of many horses, and the brazen notes of trumpets. Then silence comes, and the snow ceases. The clouds break, their edges are trimmed with silver, the moon rides forth majestically. Half expectant, I open my

eyes, but instead of the bright banners of conquering armies and the gleaming campfires of encroaching hosts, the bleak factory gapes forth in the pallid moonlight like the ghost of its silent machines. The romantic moat is cluttered with tangled weeds. The distant city glares and roars like an unsatiated giant with distended maw, and my dream spell is broken. The Pines alone, worn but faithful, retain something of the splendor of the passing vision.

So it is, I reflect, from the dawn of Life until its close. The end of the golden rainbow lies just ahead, touching the tip of the distant slope, and luring us on in hopeless pursuit of an endless will-o-the-wisp. The little child, playing beside the colorful sea, dreams of the time when its mysteries shall be revealed to him, and the fond mother sitting at his side grows wistful as he prattles of rosy days to come. His childish mind is filled with the glamour of fairy stories, worlds new and wonderful are waiting beyond the purple haze of the distant horizon, the time-worn sea whispers its endless monody to his eager ears, and the sirens of the waves beckon fantastically to the moan of the green-walled waters. But the beauties of the sea pass with the splendor of new heroes. The soldier, the conquerer, the statesman all receive their share of adulation and fade into the ranks of discarded ideals in this childish search for the true Launcelot.

The college graduate, glowing with dreams of an ideal life and memories of princely fellows, passes from the portals of learning into the busy streets of Life. The call of Fame and Success beats in his heart and urges him on, and around the pillars of love, friendship and admiration he constructs his castle of hopes. The

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blood of youth pounds in his veins, its passions and its pride are strong and will be served; no force shall prevail against them. His dreams are true dreams.

But Life is a cruel master and a bitter iconoclast. One by one the dreams of the enthusiast are shattered by the heavy hammer of reality; one by one the ideals and cherished hopes pass to the ranks of the discard. Success exacts a harsh toll, and Fame forsakes all but a chosen few, for she is a fickle mistress. Love, admiration and friendship crumble in the face of adversity, and in the ashes of burned hopes the end of the rainbow, gleaming from the crest of the distant hill, alone remains bright.

Years pass and take their toll. Age places its palsied palms upon the youthful shoulders, and they are bent and shaken. The old man sits and ponders. Life is passing, but the hope of a great something in the far beyond still glitters in his eyes. The glories of the world have faded; the illusions of childhood, youth and manhood have blended with the past, but in the distance there arises a new light, a brilliant cloud of resplendent beauty. The last earthly lustre fades from the pale worldly eyes. Once again they shine with the dream of something long deferred. They are a child's eyes now as they gaze into the future, and again there comes from beyond the purple haze of the distant horizon the call of lands that are strange and wonderful. The wistful mother comes, but she is not sad-eyed as she listens to the childish laughter of this new-born son. She smiles peacefully as she leads him with her into the land of endless dreams, where illusions are no more.

EDWARD A. WALSH, '24.

Rain



WHEN rain has come to fleck and sear
The pane, without the world is drear,
But everything within is cheer.

My book holds interest once it lacked.
I look outside; no charms attract
From printed recess to distract.

Hard shake the winds against the sash,
And make the rain-drops harder clash,
While those outside for shelter dash.

Within I'm warm and satisfied,
I grin and take no little pride,
That I was wise and stayed inside.

Fresh green the silver-shower paints fair
The scene framed in the window's square,
But it is cold and wet out there.

And so those sheltered smiles beget;
I know it's human to forget
All those poor mortals getting wet.

WILLIAM F. HEBERT, JR., '27.

John F. Callanan, LL.B.



HE "Mountain House" had always been the rendezvous of the Democratic Club of Colorado but in the history of that famous hostelry never had a more bitter battle been staged than that which preceded the nomination for governor of John F. Callanan. It was in the quiet of the midnight hour when a small group of old campaigners gathered on the veranda to discuss the day's events. Mike Brown, the auctioneer who could harangue an audience for hours while his face turned livid and his eyes seemed to leave their sockets during his torrential invectives, was the center of the circle. Just at present he was delivering a midnight lecture on the great change in American politics during the past ten years when Rue Sanford, who guided the destinies of the party in Teaktown, broke in, "Seems to me this Callanan illustrates your point, Mike."

"Exactly, exactly," answered Mike, "perhaps you've never heard how John F. Callanan got his start.

"Well, he was a fiery kid, if there ever was one. Now mind—I ain't claimin' to be no politician, although I've taken an active part in every campaign in Sandeville for the last thirty years or so, but, from a sort of general knowledge that I've had of men and their doin's ever since I was big enough to run around spreadin' circulars, I'm makin' the assertion that this

youngster was the gamest, most rip-snortin' and most fearless thing I've ever had the pleasure of knowin' since the time when my friend, the Hon. Luke Billings, cleaned up the 'red light district' of Sandeville Center. I should say that he was just about turnin' twenty-five when I first made his acquaintance. He was a regular Adonis for looks; went big with the women folks, although they never seemed to me to go so big with him. Oh yes, he could dance. He used to put in an appearance at all the big political balls and make a hit by dancin' with all the wall flowers. And he used to attend the little socials run off every once in a while by the Daughters of Liberty and make a little speech now and again; but it seemed to me that the lad was never at home unless he was in a court room fightin' like mad for some poor devil's life or liberty or, better still, on the tail of a truck harangin' a mob and talkin' a blue streak, tryin' to get some rum politician ousted from an office and some candidate of his own put in. Now far be it from me to talk disparagin'ly regardin' that noblest of all virtues, courage, but anybody who knows the first thing about politics can tell you that you have to play the old game with both eyes open. You have to watch your step, let discretion be the better part of valor, an' keep in with the 'powers that be,' to to speak. You can't, just for the sake of adherin' strictly to the dictates of your conscience, run a chance of stirring up the ire of the big guns. You have to take your orders—and here's just where the kid (by the way, askin' your pardon, his name was Callanan, John F. Callanan, LL.B., to be exact) made his big mistake.

"It all happened about the time when 'Big' Dan McGinty was endorsin' Jeff Peters for the Democratic nomination for mayor of Sandeville Center. Wow! What a bitter bloody fight that was! I'll never forget it. But before goin' on, I think it would be a pretty good idea to stop a while and take a few notes on politics; politics in general; politics in particular; but most particularly, politics in Sandeville Center.

"First and foremost let it be known that Sandeville Center was Democratic—absolutely and unequivocally Democratic. No one outside the Democratic party has ever been known to hold office there (of any real account) for the past fifty years. Naturally from this piece of information we can draw the conclusion that the Democratic primary race was the 'big' rumpus of the place. Because, as I'm just after sayin', the Democratic candidate was the bird who, in the long run, by hook or crook, landed the election. Now just about the time when our young hopeful, John F. Callanan, was makin' his appearances in the political lime-light of the Center, it happened that the aforementioned Daniel McGinty was the Democratic leader of the same town. In the parlance of the Center, 'Democratic leader' was just another way of sayin' 'king.' So you see that man McGinty was of pretty great importance around town. He was the boy who gave out the nominations (and consequently the offices.) He dictated pretty much everything to the poor fools that held the offices and, of course, in that way controlled all the 'plums' that passed through their hands. To indulge in a little of what these book writers call 'forceful repetition,' he was

in every and all sense of the word, 'king.' What is more, Dan McGinty wasn't the most scrupulous man on God's given earth. Of course, he always played the game fair and square *when he could*—. But that's just where our little story comes in.

"To get back to what I was talkin' about before I took the notion to go on a rant about politics, 'Big' Dan McGinty was supportin' Jeff Peters for the mayoralty nomination of Sandeville Center. Now I hate like everything to indulge in that far famed sport called 'roasting.' However, this time, I'm goin' to do it because I think that the success of this little tale depends quite a deal upon it,—Jeffery Peters was crooked! I ain't shirkin' the responsibility for this statement either, because I've seen with my two little orbs the absolute proof of the fact. There's a lot that don't and never will know it; but I'm lettin' you in. The Honorable Jeffery M. Peters, district attorney for the county of Wickersham, was—*crooked*. And to make things doubly interestin' none other than our friend, Callanan, was with yours truly, one of the first few favored ones who knew it.

It was Wednesday afternoon, just about two days after McGinty had come out with his endorsement of Peters. I had just finished collectin' my last bill and was just turnin' my weary steps homeward when somebody taps me on the shoulder.

"'Callanan wants to see you, Mike,'" came a voice from in back of me and wheelin' about I sees Joe Dugan standin' there with his hand stretched towards me.

"'Is that so,' says I, wringing the extended hand, 'what for, do you know?'"

“‘Nope, just over there to see him about a little something and he told me to tell you to see him as soon as possible.’

“‘Well, thanks, anyway, Joe,’ I returns, and without losin’ a moment I crossed the street in the direction of Callanan’s place of business. Callanan wasn’t the kind of a guy to send for you without reason. No sir! And so I ‘stepped on it’ as I tried to figure out what it was all about.

* * *

“‘And so, Mike, I’ve decided to fight Jeff Peters for the nomination,’ John F. Callahan, LL.B., was speakin’. I had been sittin’ in his office with him for over two hours up to the time he came out with the above astoundin’ statement. And what a two hours that was! Livin’ up to his reputation as ‘Kid Fire,’ he had, as soon as I had got settled, gone off on a tantrum about honesty and the need for clean public officials, etc., etc. Some how or other he had got wind of Peters’ true colors, and as sure as my name is Mike Brown, he ups and decides that he’s not the man for the office and that he, Callanan, will run against him for the nomination. You can imagine the state that I was in.

“‘Well,’ I ventures, ‘I’ve been tryin’ to show you your mistake for the past hour and a half, but I’ll eat a bushel of corn husks if I can convince you. I tell you, John, you can’t do it. McGinty’s too powerful in this burg. He’s an old duck at the game and knows it from A to Z. Nobody has beat him in twelve years. There’s not a chance of your doin’ it this year.’

“The kid lets out a sort of nervous laugh. ‘Brown,’ he says, ‘whether or not I’m fit to stand up in battle against ‘Big’ Dan

McGinty is a matter to be decided. One thing, however, is certain, McGinty is crooked and Peters is crooked. You know as well as I do that they work as a team. The trick that they are 'pulling' this year, however, is black. McGinty's franchise on the city's ash concession expires in six months. It will mean money, big money out of his pocket if that franchise is not renewed. Now—just for the sake of his filthy lucre, McGinty is thrusting a four year curse upon the heads of Sandeville's citizens in the form of Jeff Peters. Of course the city and the administration will go to the dogs. But what of that—Dan McGinty will have his contract. Brown,' and here the kid slams his fist upon the desk in front of him, 'as a citizen of Sandeville Center, I am going to fight. Are you?'

"'Well,' I begins for the fiftieth time that hour, tryin' to think of a way to stall him off 'till his head is cooler, 'I—

"'Yes or no,' he snaps.

"'Yes, John Callanan,' I replies, 'but—'

"'Fine,' says he jumpin' up, 'Shake on it, for I want every ounce of your support.'

"And so I shook hands, cursin' the hour that I had come into that office and wishin' that I could fall through the floor or something. Then handin' me a cigar, Callanan spoke again.

"'I'm going over to McGinty's now to let him know to his face what we've decided. You can go out and grab some supper, now, but be back here at eight. Mike Brown, we have a task before us, but with God's help we'll tackle it like men.'

JOHN F. CALLANAN, LL.B.

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And grabbin' his coat he dashes out the door leavin' me in the office, sittin' like a man who had lost his last friend.

* * *

"Now I suppose that some of you, just because you've had some experience in readin' story books, is already beginnin' to draw conclusions. And I haven't the least doubt but that some of you are already beginnin' to figure that John F. Callanan, LL.B., merely announced that he would be a candidate for the nomination, whereupon the great fair minded public lifted him up on their shoulders and carried him to a overwhelmin' victory over the forces of evil and vice. Well, you're wrong, because for the first month we went for a 'flop'! To be exactly truthful with you, it was two weeks before we even succeeded in gettin' the information of our candidacy (rather, the kid's candidacy) to the public ear of Sandeville Center, and two more before we could succeed in impressin' the truth of the whole thing upon the public mind of the same town. You have to take into consideration that this McGinty man had held the reins of power in Sandeville Center for a full twelve years. No one before had ever stored up enough of the 'old fight' in himself to question his authority; and it was only natural when a mere kid came out with the statement that he was out to 'get' the 'king' that people should be rather slow in believing it. However, as I've said more than once before, young Callanan was a battler and he wasn't lettin' anything like slowness of the public mind to grasp things stand in the way of his progress. Ye gods! but I had to admire the kid. He was all hope, all pep;

and even though things did look pretty dark at first, I made up my mind to stick by him, if Dan McGinty threw me out of town for it, after all was over. Anyhow, the two of us got together a campaign committee composed of a bunch of fraternity brothers of his (a good bunch they were, too,—every one of 'em could swing the queen's English on a truck tail) and fought like demons right up to the last gun. Durin' the day we toured the country on all sides gettin' our petitions signed and at night we used to drive up Main street in a truck, back up at some busy corner and then harangue the crowd for an hour or two. The kid used to glory in this. Night after night he used to stand on the old 'tails' and make Webster look sick with his oratory. He could talk; and when he would get through of a night, after havin' accused Peters and McGinty of everything but highway robbery and windin' up by makin' an appeal for cleaner public servants, I'm here to tell you that the crowds went away impressed. To make a long story short, the 'Kid' slowly began to go big with the public, the local papers gave him big blows in their daily columns, and in a word, when at last primary day was only ten days off, I began to figure that McGinty wouldn't beat us by so very many thousands after all.

"It was an afternoon just about this time that we were sittin' in his office, just the 'Kid' and me. We had just got in from a long ride out Essex way and, to tell the real honest truth, we were tired. Well, anyway, we got to talkin' about things in general (which merely means the elections) when all of a sudden we hears a knock on the door.

“‘Come in,’ yells Callanan in his cheeriest tones (for we had put in a fairly good day’s work.)

“At first no one does come in, but after a while, we sees the doorknob turnin’. Then little by little the door opens and very slowly and sedate like, a man who neither of us ever before set eyes on, walks in and over to where the kid is sittin’. Then in a very deep and gruff voice he asks the kid if he is John F. Callanan.

“‘Righto,’ snaps my candidate.

“‘Then,’ says our friend, the unknown, flashin’ a badge, ‘I place you under arrest, in the name of the law.’

“It seemed to me as though we sat there an hour before another word was spoke. Then the ‘Kid’, strugglin’ with himself, sits up with a funny look on his face and says, ‘Under arrest? What do you mean?’

“The arm of the law smiles. ‘Aw, stop your kiddin’ will you. Here’s what you’re bein’ pinched for,’ and he pulls out of his pocket a piece of paper.

“The ‘Kid’ and I both makes a dive for it at the same time. What is it but a ballot all made out with a cross in pencil next to the space where the ‘Kid’s’ name is. I gets the whole drift of it in a flash.

“‘Where was this found?’ I snaps at the cop.’

“‘Down in P. S. No. 13 together with about three thousand more,’ sneers he.

“‘McGinty,’ I rasps at the ‘Kid,’ ‘a frame up!’

“‘McGinty?’ says the ‘Kid;’ ‘but what proof have they that this is my work?’

“‘Proof?’ interrupts the cop, ‘Why your man, Hunt, blew the whole works. Come on, Callanan, it’s time to go,’ says the cop, leering at him, ‘You can tell the rest to the judge.’

“‘My man, Hunt?’ Why I don’t know him.’

“Now what do you think of that?”

* * *

“Well, it was two days before election. The ‘Kid’ was still in jail; and his political ambitions, as far as Sandeville Center was concerned, were blown for a row of polling stations. With his arrest came a standstill in the work for the campaign. All we could do was sit around with long faces on and hope for something to turn up. However, I knew that this was well nigh impossible, since nothin’ ever ‘turned up’ on a job that Dan McGinty was in on. The thing that galled me was to see the headlines in the mornin’ papers razzin’ the ‘Kid’ to a ‘fair ye well.’ They certainly didn’t leave a pickin’ on his bones. Everywhere I turned it seemed as though I was seein’ big black type tellin’ about the ‘angel faced cut-throat’ and the ‘baby hypocrite.’ Ye gods! but those hours were maddenin’! I don’t think I got a full night’s sleep for a week.

“Well, to get to the point, (as the ‘Kid’ used to say) I was lyin’ in bed on this particular night just about forty-eight hours before primary day, thinkin’ about everythin’ at once when suddenly an inspiration hits me. Yes, it was a real, genuine inspiration. Like a flash, I jumps out of bed, climbs into my

clothes, grabs my coat and hat and dashes out into the street. You see I have been fussin' around politics for nigh onto thirty years and, if I do say so myself, I know a thing or two about past and present. Dan McGinty, as I've repeated more than once, was a pretty shady character (he was a rat) but I mean that he always was a queer duck in his actions, even before his encounter with John F. Callanan, LL.B. Again, I want to warn you, that I ain't pretendin' to know a lot about the game. However, on this particular night, I had made up my mind to use what little information I did have. To make a long story short, I had decided to go to Dan McGinty, throw a big bluff and scare him into exoneratin' the kid. I should judge that it was about half past eleven when I got around to the McGinty domicile. I bounds up on to the wide veranda intendin' to lose no time in gainin' an entrance. Well you can imagine my surprise, when, as I'm about to ring the bell, I notices that the front door is open. I could see a light shinin' back in the library and could hear the sound of voices comin' from that room, so naturally, I walks in. Without waitin' to take off my coat, or anythin', I steps to the room where the light is shinin'. Well, I've had surprises happen to me before, but never was the wind takin' out o' my sails to such a degree as, upon castin' my peepers around the room, I sees two men standin' there—'Big' Dan McGinty and—John F. Callanan, LL.B.

"When the 'Kid' sees me he talks as polite as can be. 'Brown,' says he, 'You're just in time.' Then wavin' three bits of paper

towards McGinty, 'I was just convincing Mr. McGinty that his game was up.'

"One look at Dan was enough to tell me that his 'game was up.' What a change there was in the man! There he was, the big strappin' leader, blanched and gaunt lookin', huddled up in a chair in front of the smilin' 'Kid.'

"'But,' I begins, 'I thought you—'

"'Were in prison,' finishes the 'Kid.' 'And so I was up to an hour ago. However, through a rare piece of good fortune I not only have become released but, as I was just telling Mr. McGinty, I have been presented with three very interesting pieces of information.' And here the 'Kid' hands me the three pieces of paper he had been holdin' in his hand all this time.

"Well, I'll be a three legged 'chink' if they weren't confessions—three separate confessions, signed by James F. Hunt. One exonerated the 'Kid' by relatin' how this guy Hunt had perjured himself, and how the 'Kid' was absolutely guiltless. Another turns out to be an explanation on the part of this bird, Hunt, to the effect that he was hired to swear against Callanan by Daniel McGinty. And the last is practically the same as the second, only implicatin' Jeff Peters.

"'Well,' I says after recoverin' somewhat, 'here's where we win the nomination; and as for you, McGinty, 'favorin' that personage with a sarcastic smile, 'I guess you get a ride.'

"At this the 'Kid' sort of chuckles. 'Ride' is correct, Mike,' says he. 'First, we'll show this little paper to the newspapers,' referin' to the first of the three which merely exonerated the

'Kid.' 'Then after we've 'cinched' the nomination and I am mayor of Sandeville Center—we'll send our friend McGinty and the rest of his filthy following for that 'ride.' 'McGinty,' and here the kid gets stern all of a sudden and rivets his gaze on the huddlin' figure in the chair, 'You've been a crook all your life.'

"Here, McGinty sort of winces.

"'Oh, you needn't make such nasty faces,' snaps Callanan, 'You're a crook, pure and simple. The only trouble has been that nobody has ever caught you with the goods. You played me foully, tried to ruin me politically and every other way, in fact. You put this fellow, Hunt, on the wrong road, and Lord knows how many other poor devils you have sent to hell. But, McGinty, I have you by the neck; and as sure as my name is Callanan, I'll send you up for it, if it's the last thing I ever do. Mr. McGinty, good night,' and here the 'Kid' stalks out the door.

* * *

"Well, the 'Kid' was nominated. And, of course, later when the regular elections was held he won the race by a most overwhelmin' majority. All we had to do was to show that first confession to the papers. They did the rest. And what a story they did make out of it. They printed pages and pages praisin' the kid to the skies and referin' to him as the next U. S. senator. The whole town was buzzin' with the gossip of the affair for weeks afterward and between you and me there was more than one voter who suspected Dan McGinty's part in it.

"Speakin' again of that person—well, I have to laugh. Here's the low down on it. It was Christmas Eve, just about two weeks

after most of the smoke of the 'big battle' had cleared away. Me and the 'Kid' was sittin' in his office havin' a friendly chat on things in general (that was our favorite topic of conversation.) The 'Kid' had just finished explainin' to me how he got the confessions. It seems that he had hardly been in jail two days when who gets thrown in with him, as his cell mate, but this bird, Hunt. Now accordin' to the way the 'Kid' told it, Hunt was all stabbed and bleedin' from some brawl when he arrived at the jail, and Callanan didn't recognize him. In the course of time Hunt begins to get worse from his wounds and just about two days before primary, when he's on his last legs, he confesses the frame up to the 'Kid', disclosin' his identity at the same time. Well the 'Kid' works fast and just before the poor devil lapses into unconsciousness he has him sign the three separate confessions. When the warden shows up, he flashes the first of these and after a brief hearin' before a magistrate, he is released. Well, as I was sayin, before, the 'Kid' had just got finished with plowin' through this explanation in his office, on Christmas Eve, about three o'clock, when who walks in but Daniel McGinty.

"When the 'Kid' first saw who it was, he was silent. Then very quietly he pops out with, 'Well, McGinty, what is it?'"

"Then McGinty begins. 'Callanan,' says he, 'I've come to ask you to lay your cards on the table.' There was nothin' of the old brusqueness in the leader's voice. To tell the truth, he looked and sounded like a man who has been through hell, like a spirit that had been broken. 'You have a paper in your possession,'

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he goes on, 'that can put me behind bars for fifteen years. I've come to find out if you're going to use it. John Callanan, never did you speak truer words than on that night, a month or so ago, in my house, when you claimed that I played you foully, that I was playing the whole game foully,—that I was—crooked! You threatened at that time to prosecute me to the full. If you should carry out your threat and succeed in having the proper penalty inflicted upon me, it would be no more than I deserve. I have been a crook; and it took you to make me appreciate it. But, John Callanan, as sure as I am standing here before you, I am sorry, and, not for my sake, but for the sake of those innocent babes that even now are awaiting the home coming of a loved father, for the sake of that trusting wife who can see in me nothing but the personification of virtue, I ask you, I beg you—to give me a chance to get out of town, away from the fruits of my own bad sowing.'

"I looked at the 'Kid.' There was a funny kind of a little smile playin' around his mouth and, in his big gray eyes, I thought I saw somethin' glisten. For a full minute after McGinty had stopped talkin' he sat lookin' straight ahead of him. Maybe he heard the hustle and bustle of the Christmas crowds on the street. Maybe he was thinkin' of his own happy home and the warm welcome that was awaitin' him on that Christmas Eve. At any rate, he opens a drawer in his desk and takes from it a folder. After fumblin' around for a while, he pulls out of the folder that piece of paper which I and he and Dan McGinty had seen before. He put it in an envelope and sealed it.

“‘Here, Dan McGinty,’ he said, and passed it over to the awe-struck politician, ‘take this, and er-er—A merry Christmas to you.’”

JOHN P. WALSH, '27.



Surcease



OMETIMES, alone, with fevered brain
A-pulse from the restless day,
You walk abroad in the shade of night
The surging cares to allay?
While the white dream-lamp enchantingly
Reflects its calm in your heart;
It shines upon a varied host
In whom like troubles smart.

For many a mystic dreamer-one
Treads your path with kindred pace,
And seeks to find some answer there—
Beyond that silvered face;
And many a world-bruised breast gives way
For the swelling tears to flow,
Discovering, in the soothing light,
A Love which all things show.

E. T. COLLINS, '24.

The Paraguayan Reductions



THE search for an ideal state in which peace and contentment shall be the lot of its citizens, has since the dawn of history, commanded the earnest attention of all thoughtful men. From the time of the pagan poet-philosopher, Plato, even to our modern era whose materialistic ideals have rendered their efforts more pagan, men have engaged in fruitless search for the Utopia. Through these centuries of philosophic endeavor the search has devolved from the vision of an ideal state which insisted upon the living unity of justice and affirmed the identity of public and private righteousness to a repulsively materialistic model based on the insistence that religion and science are irreconcilable.

This is the age of specialization, the era in which science is said to be triumphant over dogma and superstition. We are assured at every turn that it is by science alone that the riddle of the universe will be solved. Yet with all the advantages of modern scientific methods we must go back three centuries to behold the greatest social experiment that was ever attempted. In that remote age an experiment which tested many of the theories, advanced today as stupendous scientific discoveries, was undertaken by the traditional enemy of science and in particular by that Order of the Church which has been most stubborn in upholding its antiquated philosophical system.

THE PARAGUAYAN REDUCTIONS

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I speak of the Reductions in Paraguay under the direction of the Society of Jesus.

In the year 1608 King Philip of Spain issued his royal letters patent to the Jesuits for the conversion of the Indians in the Province of Guayrá. Thus commenced a social experiment with which no other in the history of the world can be compared either in the extent of the territory and in the number of people involved. There in the wilds of an uncivilized country the Jesuits built up that system with which their name is linked forever—a system which for two hundred years was able to hold together wandering Indian tribes, restless as Arabs and suspicious above every other race of men. There this heroic band of men toiled until their missions numbered thirty and the population was estimated at one hundred and eighty thousand.

It might, perhaps, be thought that this success was rendered easy by ideal conditions, but the contrary is true. For the difficulties overcome and the obstacles surmounted seem to have demanded almost superhuman powers. The first and greatest difficulty was the natural indolence of the neophytes. The negligence of the Spanish government in protecting the missions from the inroads of the savage Mamelucas and from the depredations of the hostile slave-traders forced the missionaries to rely wholly on their own efforts. So severe was the persecution at the hands of these savages that the fathers were finally forced to desert their missions and seek more peaceful homes. Twenty-five hundred families under the leadership of the Jesuits accomplished this remarkable *hegira* through uncharted wildernesses and down a

river rendered well-nigh impassable by frequent rapids, until at last they found a haven of peace in the fertile valleys of the Paraná. Neither calumny nor the raids of savages nor the jealousy of the Spanish settlers deterred the Jesuits from the prosecution of their task. The missions gradually extended until they ranged from Santa Maria la Mayor in Paraguay to San Miguel in what is now Brazil.

Romantic as is the story of the remarkable foundations of these Reductions, the plan and organization of the settlements will evoke a lively interest from the modern student. For here we witness a semi-socialistic state, built on the foundation of a common religion and stabilized by sound ethical and economical principles. There was no attempt made to insulate these essentials to successful government; but they were consolidated and were made to subserve the common end of all society, to aid the individual to attain his last end.

The government could not be called strictly socialistic nor strictly communistic. For although each member was forced to contribute daily his share to the common welfare, still the individual was permitted to own and cultivate his own land and to raise his own cattle. The product of the individual's industry was enjoyed by himself but whatever was produced by common effort was placed in the community treasury which was managed by the two Jesuits who lived in each town. Each family, provided its conduct was approved, received from the common stock sufficient for its maintenance. Another portion was devoted to the maintenance of widows and orphans and the infirm. The surplus

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was reserved to purchase necessary commodities from Buenos Ayres and Spain. The clothing distributed to each Indian was the same for both men and women. Thus food and clothing cost the community but little and plenty ruled the land.

Nor were agriculture and cattle breeding the only pursuits of these missions but they carried on an extensive commerce both with the outside world and the different mission centers by the curious barter system which they had established for their mutual convenience. Cattle were exchanged for cotton, sugar for rice, wheat for iron or tools from Europe. In all these transactions, inasmuch as no record of interest appears in any inventory, as between town and town, it seems that they anticipated Socialism at least in so far as they bought and sold for use and not for gain. Thus it appears that the missions were so organized, both agriculturally and commercially, that they were not only self-supporting units but were able to produce sufficient material for exportation and profitable exchange.

For two centuries these simple children of nature prospered in their idealistic communities until a world, ever doubtful of good motives, turned its startled eyes on this remote corner of the globe and made high resolve that upon this nation it would bestow all the doubtful benefits of its own civilization. Under the guise of a new and better life, death was to be carried to this primitive people. Ambitious conspiracy and vicious calumny removed the Jesuits from their leadership and in their place set up a mongrel government, half ecclesiastical, half lay, without tact, experience or knowledge of the peculiarities of their subjects. In

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

time, even as the tropical flower, transplanted to the chilling atmosphere of the North, withers and dies, so these Southern children of nature chilled by the atmosphere of an alien civilization, perished. Perished, too, this tremendous experiment that even so hostile a critic as Voltaire called a "triumph of humanity."

RICHARD C. MORRISSEY, '24.



To the Counselor of My Youth



HEN Life seems a golden stream that swirls
With glittering diamonds and glowing pearls
Sweeping headlong out to the sea,

It's the press of your hand
Keeps me on the strand
Lest I plunge too heedlessly.

And I by your side
Shun the jewelled tide,
Forewarned of its treachery.

When Life seems a turbulent deluge of strife
With sickening shoals and whirlpools rife
Seething painfully on its way,

You speak soft to me
For I fain would flee
From the torrent's tempestuous fray.

And I by your side
Scan the frenzied tide,
Made bold by the strength you betray.

When Life seems a curdling current of slime
Alive with serpents that writhe and climb
The crest of each murky wave,

Your world-worn lore
Points to yonder shore
Where in peace lies the body's grave.

And I by your side,
Watch the sinful tide,
Knowing God seeks the soul, tried and brave.

When Life seems a flood ingrained with gold
Beset with shallows to Satan sold,

But spanned by a Love that is true,
You turn swift to me,
Crying joyfully

That my fancy's eye hold the view.

And I leave your side
To breast the tide,

Weening Life as only few do.

ALFRED L. HETZELT, '24.

Frederick Ozanam



LIVES of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime." How vitally significant are these few words for one just launching forth his light and fragile bark on the stormy sea of life. He is beat upon and well nigh overwhelmed by tremendous waves and billows of conflicting opinions as to the ultimate end of his journey and the navigable routes whereby it can be most easily and securely attained. Evidently, then, unless he sees very clearly his destination, he is apt to be swamped or caught in rapids from which deliverance is well nigh impossible. How, then, shall he know what course to choose? How shall he best prepare himself for this journey which means so much to him? "Lives of great men"—there is the answer; and for Catholics this line should read, lives of great saints, for certainly the saints are men, greater than which there are none. Apropos of all this it seems fitting that this last issue of the PURPLE should contain the life history of at least one great Catholic man, and the more so, if he were a layman, for as laymen will most of us live our lives. I have chosen the life of an obscure saint—one who is too little known, and one well worthy imitation—Frederick Ozanam.

Frederick Ozanam was born at Milan, of parents comfortably, but not superfluously endowed with this world's goods. Hence he was brought up in very common-place surroundings, and given

the ordinary education of the times. Frederick was very like any other small boy, neither exceptionally good nor exceptionally bad, disinclined to study and careless of the advice of his superiors. As a boy he gained the reputation of being strongly self-willed from his refusal to ever admit defeat. Thus we see him up to his twelfth year filled with the same fun-loving, mischievous and irresponsible spirit that has characterized boys of that age for all time. His twelfth year was marked by an important epoch, the reception of his first communion accompanied by a decided religious inclination. His disposition took a change for the better; he became gentle, modest and industrious, though still inclined at times to be self-willed and headstrong. When about sixteen years of age he underwent an experience which few of us can escape, that is, he began to be hounded by doubts of the validity and strength of the faith which he had always taken for granted. He got very little encouragement and help from the books of that period, and, although he felt that he must preserve his faith still the doubts persisted. One day he dropped into a church and prayed that "if God gave him light to see the truth, he would devote his life to defending it." His prayer was answered and well he fulfilled his vow.

At the age of seventeen he took up a course of philosophic studies under Abbé Noriot and like all amateur philosophers vehemently thought out the problems of the world and their solutions. He appreciated the fact that the Catholic faith was in a weakened condition. He saw clearly that upon the shoulders of the Catholic youth rested the burden of strengthening, and re-

vitalizing a weakened faith. "Let us rally," cries the ardent youth to his college friends. "Let us unite our efforts and create a work together. Let us point to the faith as a harbor light for those who are tossed upon the dark and stormy sea." He realized that in order to become a teacher and defender of the faith he would first have to master many languages, sciences and history, but eagerly and zealously assumed the task, with no thought of self, urged on simply by the greatness of the cause, convinced that he was merely fulfilling his duty. What light he had must shine. What talents God had given him, great or small, he must put out to use.

In the Collège de France he was the first to organize a series of protests against the attacks of the professors on the Catholic Church with the result that the fashionable skepticism of the day was shown to be an intellectual sham. This gave Ozanam and his followers a chance to demonstrate to the student body that, "One may be a Catholic and yet have common sense, and one may love liberty and religion at the same time." Catholicism at that time in France was looked at in the light of being opposed to human freedom. Ozanam did much in later years to destroy that fallacy.

Ozanam was staying at this time with a scientist of great repute and consequently came in contact with many of the eminent men of the day. A poet of some renown asked him on one occasion if he had been to the theaters. Now Ozanam had promised his parents not to attend, for the shows were not of a very high standard, but he was half afraid to tell the very great man for fear of being ridiculed. Nevertheless he answered truthfully

and the poet praised him highly, saying, "You would gain nothing and you might lose a great deal." This little incident brings out clearly the strong foundation upon which his character was built.

It was not easy for Ozanam to preserve "The white flower of blameless life," surrounded as he was by the prevalent evils of society. But greater still he had to struggle constantly with himself. Modest and humble as he was in intent, he by nature was the very opposite. The constant strain of holding down his pride and self-will tended at times to make him morose and discontented. This would have had the effect of embittering his life, were it not for the fact that he sought constant solace in prayer. Apropos of this, let me quote his own words, which seem to have been the guiding rule of his life, and which are as potent and applicable now as then, "The greatest," he said, "are those who did not plan their destinies, but led themselves be taken by the hand and led." He was conscious of a strain of irresolution in himself which he resolved to conquer. What place in life God had destined him to fill he waited to be told, but his present duty was to prepare himself, first by diligent work as a student and then by taking advantage of his chances to help his neighbors as Providence directed.

In 1833 rapprochement between the professed Christians among the students, which Ozanam's protest had created, began to take definite shape in a series of meetings for the discussion of Catholic principles and doctrines. Ozanam was the leader of his party and his fiery eloquence and sincerity were beginning to have their effect. The antagonists were the St. Siminians whose doctrine

was a well-meaning humanitarianism. Their whole cry against Ozanam and his followers was, "Show us your works. It may be true," they said, "that Christianity is a beautiful idea. It may have done much to help civilize the world; it may have inspired noble and saintly lives, but what has that to do with the modern world? The present needs of the world have advanced beyond the reach and scope of the Christian church. Whatever it may be in history, Christianity is dead." Is that not the same hue and cry that we hear on all sides to-day?

In answer to these objectors, Ozanam suggested to his followers that they organize a meeting for the purpose of starting some good enterprise, and thus give demonstration to their opponents of the practicability and necessity of Christian principles. This plan met with instant approbation and eight of them got together and held the first conference of St. Vincent de Paul in the back room of a newspaper office in May, 1833. Their plan of action was still vague. They wanted to be of service to the poor but how they could be of service they did not know. M. Bailly, Ozanam's former teacher, gave them excellent advice, which is well worth repeating. "Do not be content to dole out alms," he said; "that is very cheap and unwise charity, even if you had wealth and as it is, you have none. Go and make friends among the poor. Give to each family what personal help your own better training enables you to give. In one place it will be legal and in another it will be medical. To some you may judiciously give practical advice. For others, you may procure work. In all cases help them to help themselves, and consider it your pri-

mary duty whether you take them tickets or not to render some personal service.”

A few rules were drawn up and the little society began its active work. Ozanam's first "case" was a mother with five children and a drunken husband who took all his wife's earnings and left her and the children to starve. Ozanam's legal knowledge enabled him to discover that the marriage was invalid, and hence the husband had no legal right over the wife. A small collection was taken up by the society to remove the mother to a safe distance, where she would be free from any further annoyance. In this and many other ways good was accomplished by the eight members. At first the society was strictly exclusive. The eight were chary about admitting anyone for fear that they would not have the right aim and correct spirit. But little by little the list began to swell, until finally the "conference" became so large that it had to be divided. A body of rules was formulated and approved of at Rome. The work spread rapidly and in twenty years 2,000 active members were counted in Paris alone, with 5,000 poor households under their care besides 500 vigorous conferences in other parts of France, and offshoots in Belgium, Spain, and England and America. Since then it has spread to Germany, Italy and South America, Ireland, Scotland and every civilized country in the world.

In 1837 Ozanam was appointed to a professorship of law in Lyons, his native city. Three years later he won the Paris Professorship of Literature. Shortly after he was married. His work now became very intense; he wrote for Catholic papers,

and always had a large book of his own on hand. Finally the strain of all this work began to tell on him, and his strength became undermined to such an extent that he caught fever and barely escaped with his life. He went to Italy to recuperate, and there completed one of his literary works, which is today an authority on the History of Literature, Catholicism, and of Italy.

From now on his health steadily declined, but not so his labors. He toiled incessantly night and day on the work of St. Vincent de Paul, at his paper, and at his professorship. Human nature finally rebelling, he broke down and died a few weeks later.

This, in short, is the story of an ideal Catholic gentleman and scholar, and one well worthy of imitation in the moulding of our own character and the shaping of our destinies.

WILLIAM A. CULBERT, '24.



The Power of Man



H, masters, tell in critic song
What art to earth does not belong?
For truly art of man but steals
The secrets that the earth reveals.

Can painters show with strokes but rude
The smiles and tears of nature's mood;
With silken brush and colored oil
Though they try and though they toil?

What harp attired with sweetest string
Can move the heart as stirred by spring?
A flute may trill in quav'ring time
But not as birds with vernal rime.

And so for art we looked to earth,
When found by man it then took birth.
For how could man of soul and sod
A peer be to the work of God?

LEO J. KENNEDY, '27.

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 rose?

The little elf that dwells beneath the Rose is a lazy fellow,—or rather let us say he becomes at times a bit indolent under the powerful influence of the sleepy rose leaves. He loves to sleep and dream and sing, but unless he is guarded very carefully he will step off upon a literary vacation. Now this year, being leap year, he chose to rest from story telling for a while, and when he discovered that his warder was himself inclined to holidays, he scampered off to play in other fields and store up a treasure of thoughts for the future; the result of the escapade has been that these pages, ordinarily so bright and full of pleasing secrets, have of late been innocent of any humor, thought or worth. The undersigned, who was appointed this year to be the guardian of the little elf has been found guilty of blessed idleness, and only now when June has been ushered in does he find that he has violated his trust, his promise of interesting stories. However, everyone must have a vacation sometime, and the rose-elf has returned to me long enough to state that he, too, is sorry for his negligence, but that next year he has many, many little adventures that he has experienced during his exile.

However, since June is the month of roses and the birthday of our little friend the elf, he has come back to his home on the college grounds just to see the glories of the early summer, and

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perhaps to bid the boys adieu as they pass down the hill to their homes. The little fellow remarked to me in his sly, knowing way that it seemed a bit strange, a bit significant that although all nature was resplendent, all earth a riot of triumph, there was a distant note of sadness clinging to the college on these June days. This little sadness was well covered up in the smiling, carefree faces, the crystal glare of the long, low sun, but the elf, who can see into the hearts of men, says that the tiny gnawing pain is deep within the souls of these who even now are singing and laughing in their joy.

Not knowing what the little fellow meant, I gazed about me at the verdant earth to see if in its bosom was the cause of unshed tears. After a careful survey of the softly-breathing seas of flower-studded grass, the imperial trees proud in their havens for the mating birds, the nodding lilacs and the eager roses, I knew that nature could not be the cause of anything but happiness and sweet content. Then it happened that my roving eyes chanced on the solitary figure of a boy slowly descending the long hill that winds from the college halls down toward the station,—which means home. The little elf at my side caught my puzzled glance and nodded;—here was the little pain that pierced the heart,—the inmost heart of all. Of course sadness did not dominate the situation, for school while it lasts is a little trial which outrages our primitive sense of liberty. When it is over, there is an immediate sensation of relief and content.

But there are some of us who are going down the hill from Holy Cross for the last time as students. There are a few who will not once return and climb the storied hill until the years have furrowed deep into them; and as these boys start down the path with the heavy hand-bags and much heavier hearts, I doubt

not but that these same ones would give their all to be returning in the Fall to that hill of deeds, and loves and memories. Commencement Day will be a day of victory, but what a price we pay for our gain. For the day that brings us the long-awaited diploma, severs us directly from the place that the years have taught us to love. Yes, we love Holy Cross,—everyone of us, even though we do not have the courage to say so in as many words.

There is a rose-dipped tear in the eye of my little companion, the elf, as the boys start down the path that leads away. He himself must once again return to work, but he will never,—can never forget the true and lasting friendships of the Hill. These friendships, these pledges wrought out during four years of closest companionship, are to receive their greatest test. If you are a true son of Holy Cross, if you love that name which thrills so many hearts, if you rejoice in the spirit which has made her a leader and mother of men, you will some day soon return to those secluded, hallowed spots where the greatest hours of our life were spent. The sorrow of the parting will be lost one day, if you will show that the years cannot erase the standards of our little world upon the Hill.

So the little elf has come back for his holiday, come back to his idle guardian to wish these friends who will return again to school all the happiness and success that the fruitful Summer can impart. To those of '24 who leave us for the great Unknown, he can but smile and look his wishes for lasting,—everlasting success; for within his shining, smiling eyes there is a tear which will last until these boys can once more climb the Hill to see their glorious school, their seat of memories, and, perhaps, to glimpse again the spirit of this pen, the little elf that dwells beneath the Rose.

WALTER L. DEMPSEY, '25.

. . The Holy Cross Purple . .

Board of Editors

Editor-in-Chief: ALFRED L. HETZELT, 1924

Chronicle: EDWARD A. CONWAY, 1924

Under the Rose: WALTER L. DEMPSEY, 1925

Athletics: FRANCIS DONOGHUE, 1924

Alumni: JOHN J. RYAN, JR., 1925

Staff Artist: MICHAEL J. O'LOUGHLIN, 1924

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THOMAS J. MURTHA, 1926

THOMAS M. LAMB, 1925

HAROLD M. KENNEY, 1926

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Editorials

IMMORTALITY.

Every institution breathes the breath of immortality. The little atoms of mortality donated by the keepers of the institution go to make up that immortality. The PURPLE is an institution and the editors are its keepers. The editors come and go but THE PURPLE goes on forever. Each must sing his swan-song, so let ours be gratitude to those who aided us and encouragement to those who follow.

We have often been made to realize that the tendency of college literature has been to the absurd, the ludicrous and the flippant. But our own experience,—and communications inform us that it is the experience of others,—reveals a decided reversal of this attitude. Students are turning from the comic and superficial to the serious and substantial. It is now the consensus of opinion among the leading college writers that college comics are doomed and that magazines like the *PURPLE* will soon hold the stage. Hence we are grateful to those who braved the tide of modernism and sacrificed popularity to the cause of real literary excellence. This, we are sure, will greatly encourage our successors.

To the next editor, Mr. Edward Murray, we proffer our sincere congratulations. Repetition of past performances on his part will insure the *PURPLE* of one of the greatest years in its immortal existence. One thing we beg of him—that he never for one moment abandon the classic tradition of the publication. The greatest success to him and his associates.

And so we pass on—

The staff for the coming year is: Editor-in-Chief, Edward G. Murray, '25; Chronicle, Edward J. Haniver, '25; Under the Rose, Walter L. Dempsey, '25; Athletics, William J. Crowley, '25; Alumni, John J. Ryan, Jr., '25; Staff Artist, Richard T. Langan, '26. Associate Editors: Gordon W. Lynn, '25, Thomas J. Lamb, '25, Austin J. Tobin, '25, Thomas J. Murtha, '26, Harold M. Kenney, '26, Raoul D'Este Palmieri, '26, William T. Griffin, '27, William C. Hare, '27, William F. Hebert, '27. Business Managers: Manager, Joseph V. O'Neill, '25; Assistants, John J. O'Shea, '25, Thomas J. Kennedy, '26.

WHAT WE ARE.

The season of graduation is at hand. Cartoonists seize their brushes with relish and satirically portray the supposed omniscience of the college graduate. Superficial panhandlers redundantly proclaim the crustiness of the world, its pitfalls and its disillusionments for our benefit as though the convent gates had just shut behind us. Some would even go so far as to tell us we have hardly doffed our swaddling clothes—if we let them. We are supposed to be little chicks, puny bits of self-importance, just hatched. Are we?

It is small wonder that the college graduate comes in for an abnormal share of criticism and witticism. Look at the abnormal individual he usually is. One in fifty or a hundred is a distinction by no means negligible with which to begin life. Human nature supplies the reason why the remaining forty-nine or ninety-nine turn to ridicule. Men often disparage what they lack. We forgive them readily.

But somehow we can't let this pass without a telling thrust of our own. If we college men are so ignorant, so green, so plastic, then why repeatedly question us for information; why try to copy our idiosyncrasies; why point us out weightily as "So and So from Such and Such a college; why seek our company, why establish employment bureaus in our midst; why try to impress us at every opportunity and disclose your own ignorance so glaringly? The "whys" are legion.

The higher one climbs, the broader his view and the broader his view, the smaller he feels. So it is with us—if the truth must out. We never felt smaller in our lives and even now we have only touched the first prominence in science and art. An infini-

tude of knowledge encompasses our horizon. Yet they, who have not even begun the ascent, accuse us of pride, self-sufficiency and egoism. Injustice, thy name is Man! If we, accused, are proud, what of those who set themselves up as our accusers? A judge usually accounts himself a better and wiser man than the prisoner.

However, the columnists must have their material and the graduate copy-boys their fun,—even though the truth suffer ignominiously.



College Chronicle

1924 Class The large majority by which Joseph J. O'Brien, '24, **Marshall** was elected Life Marshall of the Senior Class gives evidence of his popularity among his classmates. During the last four years, Mr. O'Brien has been most active in all the class undertakings, and while the office is not merely honorary, it is in the nature of a reward for his energy in promoting the welfare of his class. The duties of the Marshall consist chiefly in arranging reunions and in keeping the members of the class united in later years.

Brooklyn- The club's annual banquet was held on May 22nd.
Long Island Club The chairman, Joseph F. McMahon, '24, presented a program upon which appeared Wm. E. Magee, '24, and Thos. Laffin, '26. In the election of officers which followed the banquet, Eugene L. Freel, '25, was elected president and John J. Kane, '26, vice-president. The evening ended with a rousing hoi-ah for the retiring president, Paul H. Keller, '24.

Philosophical Academy The Academy's lecture team was warmly received by the Southbridge Knights of Columbus, who, under Grand Knight Shields, attended the lecture on Education in large numbers. The lecture, May 18th, was the last of the year, and was given by Messrs. Hetzelt, Betagh and Conway. Clement J. Handron, one of the regular speakers, was unable to appear, and his place was ably taken by Raymond J. Betagh. At the close of the program, the lecture team was tendered a rising vote of thanks by the audience.

Purple Banquet The PURPLE scribes held their annual banquet May 24th, whereat inkstained fingers plied vigorously, and toothsome dainties disappeared. 1924 was, of course, voted the most successful year in the last twelve-month.

Stadium and Bridge Work upon the south section of the new stadium is progressing rapidly, and all indications point to its completion by early Fall. News of a new development comes from the Worcester City Hall where Mayor O'Hara is considering plans for the erection of a sixty-foot bridge over the Blackstone at Middle River Road, in anticipation of heavy traffic when the stadium is completed. The present temporary bridge will be totally inadequate next year, and it is hoped that work will be begun on the new one in the immediate future.

Sodality Enrollment The annual enrollment of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality was held May 26th in the new Memorial chapel. One hundred and twenty-five new Sodalists were enrolled, Rev. Joseph C. Fleming, '05, addressed the Sodalists taking as his subject, "Counterfeit Catholicism." The Glee Club choir sang at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the musical program was completed by selections by the Sodality orchestra.

During the exercises, Fr. Kimball, S. J., Moderator of the Sodality, announced that the Sodality had donated one thousand dollars to be used for any immediate needs of the chapel. The announcement was the more surprising because the Sodalists, through Fr. Kimball have already contributed considerable sums to foreign missions. The undoubted solvency of the Sodality is but one proof of Fr. Kimball's success as its director.

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Junior On May 11th, the day scheduled for the debate, the
Senior annual Senior-Junior argument was held in its stead.
Debate The scene of the Senior's defeat was Alhambra Hall,
 and the verdict was unanimous. The question read,
 "Resolved: that the Johnson Immigration Bill is for the best
 interests of the United States." The victors were J. Edward
 King, Edward G. Murray and Daniel P. Twomey, the vanquished,
 Raymond Betagh, Antoine A. Guertin and John C. Sweeney.
 The debate was marked by the brilliancy of J. C. Sweeney, whose
 efforts however, were insufficient to avert defeat. Several days
 later, Congress ratified the award to the affirmative, by passing
 the bill.

The Holy Cross orchestra presented a musical program, being
 assisted by several Glee Club soloists. The presiding officer was
 Mr. Francis D. Mullins, Lecturer of the Alhambra Council,
 through whose efforts the debate became an actuality. The par-
 ticipants were guests of the K. of C. at a dinner following the
 event. Present at the dinner were the judges of the debate,
 William H. Dyer, Francis P. McKeon, and Edwin G. Norman.

Freshman The auditorium in St. Joseph's Memorial chapel
Sophomore was formally opened May 27th with the annual de-
Debate bate between the Freshmen and Sophomores, in
 which the latter were victorious. The question was
 "Resolved: that a protectorate independence would be more to
 the interest of the Philippine Islands than absolute independence."
 The Sophomores who upheld the affirmative were Messrs. Saul-
 nier, Allen and Conerty. The Freshmen speakers were Messrs.
 Butler, Fitzgerald and Griffin. Alfred L. Hetzelt, president of
 the Philomathic Debating Society, presided. The judges were
 Messrs. James J. Crotty, Daniel Callahan and Stephen Bowen.

1925 Elections The present Junior class in a recent election, named as president of the 1925 Senior Class, Francis E. Dully.

The vice-president is John E. O'Brien; the secretary, James J. Kennedy, and the treasurer, Edward J. Haniver. The cheer leaders are Patrick A. Rice, Benjamin J. Quinn, and Francis X. McGrath; the song leader, Edward F. Kennelly.

Gordon W. Lynn, editor-in-chief of the 1925 *Purple Patcher*, announced his plans for the Senior year book, giving as his staff of assistants the following:

Assistant editors: Walter L. Dempsey, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Edward G. Murray, Boston; John J. Ryan, Jr., Haverhill.

Associate editors: Charles L. Carroll, Worcester; John B. Cullen, Washington; Thomas Courtney, Suffolk, N. Y.; Ronald J. Dunn, Oneida, N. Y.; Paul J. Fitzgerald, Brooklyn; Harry L. Fitzpatrick, Newark, N. J.; Eugene L. Freel, Brooklyn; Walter P. Gautreau, Cambridge; Joseph C. Ginkus, Worcester; Robert W. Greene, Brooklyn; Edward G. Haniver, Pascoag, R. I.; Florence S. Hassett, Elmira, N. Y.; J. Norbert Kelley, Watervliet, N. Y.; William J. Kelly, Springfield; Edward F. Kennelly, Bridgeport; Anthony J. Liebler, New York; Hilary F. Mahaney, Biddeford, Maine; J. Austin McMichael, Blackstone; Thomas A. Meacham, South Amboy, N. J.; J. Arthur Murphy, Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.; Frederick L. O'Brien, Worcester; Joseph V. O'Neil, New York; Daniel T. O'Shea, Brooklyn; John J. O'Shea, Brooklyn; Francis S. Peterson, New York; John F. Roche, Albany; Austin J. Tobin, Brooklyn; Daniel P. Toomey, East Orange, N. J.; John Tierney, Passaic, N. J.

Athletic editor, Joseph P. Tierney, New Haven. Snapshot editor, Henry P. Lilly, Brooklyn. Photograph committee, Francis

X. Duggan, New York. Art editor, William J. Crowley, Brooklyn.

Fr. Walsh's Lecture The faculty and student body of Holy Cross were privileged to hear a lecture on Russian conditions by Fr. Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., Director of Papal Relief in Russia. May 12th, Fr. Walsh spoke in Fenwick Hall, and on May 13th addressed the Seniors in their classroom on "Communism in Practice." Fr. Walsh is considered one of the best informed men in this country on modern Russian conditions, and his lectures were replete with interesting information gained by personal experience during many months in the country of the Czars and Communists. To the Seniors, Fr. Walsh described the breakdown of the Communistic theory when put into practice, and the conditions in factories run under the communistic system.

Philomathic Elections Balloting in the Philomathic Debating Society resulted in the selection of Francis Dully to be president; William Berghold, '26, vice-president; Walter Connell, '27, treasurer; William Butler, secretary; and John Philbin, sergeant-at-arms.

Musical Clubs The final concert of the Musical Clubs was given in Marlboro, Mass., under the auspices of the Phil Sheridan Council, K. of C. The numbers by both orchestra and Glee Club were well received by the audience of over one thousand. This season has been pronounced by all the most successful ever enjoyed by any Holy Cross musical clubs.

Commencement Exercises Commencement exercises were held on June 18. The valedictory was delivered by Robert F. Johnson of Peabody. John F. Sheehan of Manchester,

N. H., delivered the salutatory, while Alfred L. Hetzelt of Buffalo and Edward A. Conway of Milwaukee delivered orations. The program for the senior class activities was as follows: On Sunday, June 8, at 8 p. m., Rev. William A. Keefe, of the class of '99, pastor of St. Mary's church, Norwich, Conn., delivered the baccalaureate sermon. Thursday, June 17 was alumni day, and at 10:30 a. m., the senior class tree exercises were held at Beaven terrace; at 3 p. m. a ball game between the college nine and the alumni was held on Fitton field; at 5:15 p. m., in Fenwick hall there was a reception by the Silver Jubilee class, 1899; at 6:30 p. m., a quadrangle meeting of the General Alumni association and the banquet of the alumni, followed by reunions of the classes of '99, '09, '14 and '19. Wednesday, June 18, at 9 a. m. there was a memorial mass for the deceased alumni in Memorial chapel, with Rev. Timothy H. Houlihan of St. Patrick's parish, of Portland, Me., celebrant. At 10 a. m. the faculty, alumni, graduates and guests assembled for the annual commencement exercises at 10:30 a. m., which were attended by Governor Channing H. Cox. On the evening of June 18 the annual senior prom was held at the Bancroft, marking the close of the college year.

Dedication May 7th, faculty, friends and students of Holy Cross of Chapel witnessed the culmination of months of effort, the realization of years of hope, when the new Memorial chapel was formally dedicated with impressive ceremony, by Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D. D., bishop of the Springfield diocese. Bishop O'Leary blessed the chapel and consecrated the three altars at seven o'clock, and at ten o'clock was celebrant at Pontifical High Mass.

Pontifical Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament took

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place in the afternoon, following the organ recital by Pietro A. Yon, organist of St. Francis Xavier's church, New York.

The dedication of the chapel to the memory of the sons of Holy Cross, who died in the World War, was set forth most impressively by Bishop John G. Murray of the Hartford diocese, who pointed out in his sermon at the Pontifical Mass that the dedication of the chapel to the memory of the dead sons was in accord with the debt owed to the heroes. The training at Holy Cross and the teachings of the Jesuit fathers were emphasized most forcibly by the prelate as one of the strongest motives for those boys who so readily sacrificed themselves on "the altar of love for their country."

The culmination of the ceremonies with the formal opening of the organ by Pietro A. Yon, and the Pontifical Benediction which followed was a fitting close to the day's activities. Mr. Yon, formerly organist of the Royal Church at Rome and winner of many prizes for composition, showed himself a finished artist at the organ keyboard. The crowds who flocked to the chapel to crowd the seating capacity of the new edifice, marveled not only at the beauty of the ceremonies, but also at the melodious notes of the new organ. The Holy Cross Glee Club under the direction of J. Edward Bouvier and Rev. Edward S. Swift, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's church, New York, was also a feature of the afternoon's program. At the Benediction the Glee Club sang, "O Salutaris." Fr. Swift also sang, "Tantum Ergo," at the afternoon service. The program for the afternoon service began with the singing of the "Gloria" by the choir; Prof. Yon then played his own composition, "Sonata Romantica." Among other pieces given were, "Freres Jacques Dormez-Vous," the popular French lullaby, by J. C. Ungerer, and "Toccata and

Fugue in D Minor," by J. S. Bach. Fr. Swift sang two solos, "Ave Maria" and "Christ Triumphant."

Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D. D., bishop of the Springfield diocese, was celebrant of the Benediction in the afternoon, as he was of the Pontifical High Mass in the morning. While he was seated on the throne at the left of the sanctuary, Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, auxilliary bishop of Hartford, was on the left of the sanctuary, an observer of the ceremonials. The deacon at the ceremony was Rev. Joseph Rockwell, S. J., former provincial of the Maryland and New York province of the Jesuit order. Rev. A. J. Duarte, S. J., of St. Mary's church, Boston, was sub deacon; Rev. Ferdinand Haberstroh, S. J., of Holy Cross, priest of exposition; Rev. R. L. Ahearn, secretary to Bishop O'Leary, master of ceremonies.

The beauty of the scarlet robes of the two bishops, the gold trimmings of the baldachino, and the gold altar service, together with the multi-colored cassocks of the altar boys in black, red white and the aroma of incense and the harmony of the new organ made one of the most impressive religious ceremonies in the history of Holy Cross. The Mass in the morning was also a ceremony that will be long impressed upon the memory of visitors to the chapel. At the Pontifical High Mass Bishop O'Leary appeared in the sanctuary and seated himself on the throne robed in the regular red cassock of his ecclesiastical station. There, with the aid of his assistants, he clothed himself in the vestments of the mass. Following this ceremony the mass began. The assistant priest was Rev. Bernard S. Conaty, V. G., LL.D. The deacons of honor were Rev. John J. McCarthy, D. D., Huntington, and Rev. John Phelan, Whitinsville. The deacon of the mass was Rev. Fr. Howard of St. Peter's church; the sub-deacon,

Rev. Joseph Dinand, S. J., formerly president of Holy Cross and now assistant provincial of the Jesuit order. The master of ceremonies was Rev. James F. Ahearn, chancellor of the diocese and rector of the Cathedral church, Springfield. The assistant masters of ceremonies were Rev. R. L. Ahearn, secretary to the bishop, and Mr. David McCauley, S. J., of Holy Cross.

Among other priests assisting were Very Rev. Cleodoats Serie, president of Assumption College; Rev. Evariste Buytaers and Rev. M. Gabriel Soulice, Assumption college; Rev. Eugene Marshall, Chicopee; Rev. Thomas F. Curran, Millbury; Rev. George S. L. Connor, Pittsfield; Rev. P. E. Carey, Miller's Falls; Rev. William E. Foley, Holyoke; Rev. Joseph Ryan, St. Paul's church, Worcester; Rev. J. F. Fagan, Holyoke; Rev. James P. Curran, Southboro; Rev. J. P. Donahue, Uxbridge; Rev. Daniel F. Daley, and Rev. Joseph G. Daley, Ascension church; Rev. James J. Fitzgibbons, Milford; Rev. Francis M. Hickey, Milford; Rev. Walter A. Leahy, St. Paul's; Rev. T. F. Finn, Springfield; Rev. Henry W. Burke, West Springfield; Rev. M. J. O'Connell, Lady of Lourdes church, Worcester; Rev. Gioachino Maffei, of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel church, Worcester; Rev. Edmund J. Murphy, Clinton; Rev. Owen Magee, Springfield; Rev. P. A. Boland and F. J. Warburton, Sacred Heart church, Worcester; Rev. Thomas Smith, Blackstone; Rev. William Smith of South Hadley Falls; Rev. W. A. Keefe, Norwich, and Rev. J. J. McCabe, Jewett City. In addition to the priests who sat in the sanctuary, many priests of parishes including several alumni of Holy Cross throughout the diocese were in the nave of the church. The servers at the ceremony were: Master of ceremonies, Thomas E. Hayes, '25; cross bearer, John Cullen, '25; mitre bearer, John Sheehan, '25; crosier bearer, James Treanor,

'24; book bearer, Thomas Sullivan, '24; candle bearer, John J. Madden, '24; censer bearers, William Kelly, '25, and Walter Donahue, '25; holy water bearer, Myron Miller, '25; acolytes, Phil Sullivan, '26, and James T. Trainor, '26; torch bearers, Charles Lynch, '26; Francis McCartin, '26, Thomas Burns, '27, Donald King, '27, Edgar LaHaise, '27, and Francis Monahan, '27. The ushers in the church were members of the senior class: Clement J. Handron, Clarence P. Malumphy, M. Joseph Hurley, Francis X. Conron, William Sullivan, Edward T. Barry, Robert J. Carey, Michael P. Davis, Thomas H. Donaher, Cornelius Donoghue, James M. Fogarty, Daniel A. Gallery, Robert A. Gallery, Charles E. Greaney, John E. Murphy, Paul V. McDonough, Edward A. Conway, Thomas F. Geary, James E. Gildea, Albert L. Hetzelt, Richard Morissey, Michael J. O'Loughlin, J. Bronson Power, Napoleon A. Raciot, John E. Shea, John E. Tanninan and Maurice K. Walsh.

Among the visitors to the chapel was Thomas Boland, a member of the preparatory school classes at Holy Cross from 1853 to 1857. As far as is known, he is the oldest of former students at Holy Cross.

Donations At the Commencement exercises the following contributions to the new Memorial Chapel were announced.

Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D., Bishop of Springfield, on the occasion of the blessing of the chapel, donated the first of the stained-glass window, (\$1,500).

Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford, donated a stained-glass window, (\$1,500).

Rev. John J. Lyons of Manchester, N. H., donated a stained-

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glass windows, (\$1,500), in memory of his brother, Dr. William H. A. Lyons, '86.

Rev. Alexander J. Hamilton, of Campello, donated the Holy Water founts, (\$375).

Rev. James J. Howard, '87, of Worcester, donated a stained-glass window, (\$1,500), in memory of his brother, Dr. E. Henry Howard, '94.

Rev. John P. Phelan, '92, of Whitinsville, donated a stained-glass window, (\$1,500).

Through Rev. John A. O'Connell of West Springfield, the class of '97 donated the clergy bench and credence table, (\$500).

The class of '99 at its Silver Jubilee reunion donated a stained-glass window, (\$1,500).

At its fifteenth year reunion the class of 1909 donated a stained-glass window, (\$1,500).

At its tenth year reunion the class of 1914 donated a side altar in honor of Lieut. Thomas J. Migauckas, U. S. A., who died in service, (\$1,500).

At its fifth year reunion the class of 1919 donated a side altar, (\$1,500).

The graduating class donated the sanctuary lamp, (\$165).

Members of the Laymen's Retreat Association donated one of the apse-windows, (\$250).

To these and to the many other benefactors the President and Faculty wish to express their sincere thanks for their generosity.

Alumni

Ex-'63. The recent death of Sister Mary Gertrude, a sister of the late Rev. Thomas McConville, marked the passing of the last member of one of Worcester's most prominent families.

From the days of the Civil War, when two McConvilles held captaincies in the Union army, up to recent years, the name of McConville has been intimately associated with the religious and social life of Worcester. It will be recalled by the older residents of the city that Mrs. McConville was selected to unveil the Soldiers' Monument, which stands on Worcester Common.

Ex-'78. The Rt. Rev. Louis Sebastian Walsh, Bishop of Portland, who died on May 12th following a brief illness, was one of Alma Mater's most distinguished sons. He was born in Salem in 1855, and received his early education in the public schools of that city. After leaving Holy Cross he studied at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, St. Sulpice, Paris, and Minerva University, Rome. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1882 and the following year received the degree of licentiate in canon law and theology.

His first assignment after his ordination was as assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church, West End, Boston, where he served in 1882 and 1883. From St. Joseph's he went to St. John's Seminary in Brighton, where he was professor of Church history and liturgy until 1897, when he became the first Supervisor of Catholic Schools in the Boston Diocese. In 1906 Fr. Walsh was chosen Bishop of Portland, and administered this office with honor and credit until the time of his death.

Bishop Walsh has always been considered one of the foremost leaders in the field of education, and his opinions and advice have been sought from all parts of the country. He established many innovations while Supervisor of the schools of the Boston archdiocese, among which were teachers' conferences and competitive examinations. As a scholar Bishop Walsh had few peers. He won honors in many of the foreign universities, and was considered an authority on all questions pertaining to the Middle Ages.

The tributes paid to him at the funeral services amply testified to the fact that his death was a distinct loss not only to the Portland Diocese, but to the country as a whole. Rev. Father Rector attended the funeral.

'88. Rev. Edward J. Fitzgerald, pastor of St. John's Church, Worcester, and his assistant, Rev. Charles H. Duffy, '07, have returned to their parish after a three months' tour of Europe and the Far East. While in Rome they had an audience with His Holiness, and attended the consecration of Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein. They also visited Lourdes, and toured the Holy Land. On their journey through Egypt they paid their respects to the tomb of King Tut, and were given the opportunity of examining the relics taken from the now famous Valley of the Kings.

Mrs. Catherine Dillon, the sister of the late Dr. Owen Eagan, died recently at her home in Fall River. R. I. P.

Ex-'90. One of the most interested of the visitors at the opening exercises of the new Chapel was Mrs. Catherine Ward, the mother of Maurice Ward, S. J.

It might truthfully be said that Mrs. Ward literally grew up with Holy Cross. As a child in her mother's arms, she was

present at the founding of the College, and she distinctly remembers coming to see the ruins after the big fire in 1852. Mrs. Ward enjoys the unique distinction of having been present at the dedication exercises of all of the buildings now situated on Mt. St. James; O'Kane, in 1895, Alumni, in 1905, Beaven, in 1912, Loyola, in 1922, and St. Joseph's Chapel, in 1924.

Although bowed with age, Mrs. Ward's memory of the early days of Holy Cross is most clear. She spoke very touchingly of the dear departed friends whom she remembers, Fr. Peters, Fr. O'Hagan, Fr. O'Kane, Fr. Lehey, Fr. Stonestreet, and many others whose memories must always remain green in the annals of Mt. St. James. Before leaving Mrs. Ward visited the little cemetery to see the last resting place of some of the older fathers she knew, now sleeping in the shadow of the new Chapel,—a Chapel made possible by their labors and sacrifices.

'94. Dr. Joseph H. O'Connell, prominent New York physician and surgeon, died on May fifth, following a brief illness. Dr. O'Connell received his medical degree from Columbia University, and for a time was physician and house surgeon at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. Besides his wife, he is survived by four children, three brothers, and two sisters. R. I. P.

Ex-'98. Edward S. Devine, the father of Rev. Edward L. Devine, died recently at his home in Providence. The funeral was attended by a large number of priests from the diocese, where there are three members of the Devine family in the priesthood.

'99. We are sorry to learn that Joseph L. Flaherty of Worcester has been forced to give up teaching because of illness.

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'00. The Rev. Thomas F. McKoan of Shrewsbury enjoys the rare distinction of being pastor of two churches which will be dedicated on the same day. On the first Sunday in July Bishop Thomas M. O'Leary will officiate at the dedication exercises of St. Theresa's Church in Shrewsbury Center, and the new Shrewsbury Church, as yet unnamed, located near Lake Shore in St. Anne's Cemetery. Fr. McKoan is pastor of both churches.

Ex.'00. Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., is now located at Collegio S. Isidore, Via degli Artisti, Roma VI, Italy. A card was received from him stating that he would not attend the opening exercises of the new Chapel.

Ex.'02. Walter J. Egan, who was the New England 100-yard champion while at Holy Cross, is now practicing law at 258 Broadway, New York, under the firm name of Egan & O'Reilly.

'05. Rev. Joseph C. Fleming, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York City, delivered the sermon at the enrolment exercises of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, held in the new Chapel on May 26th.

Rev. J. Leo Sullivan, who has been pastor of St. Joseph's Church, New Britain, Conn., for the past fourteen years, has been recently transferred to North Haven. The following extracts from the New Britain press testify as to Fr. Sullivan's popularity:

"When New Britain loses Rev. J. Leo Sullivan, a distinct loss is felt, not only by those of his church, but also by all interested in civic welfare. The qualities which are taken for granted in a priest, but which are sometimes not plainly evident, were charac-

teristic of Fr. Sullivan. . . . Notwithstanding his great personal popularity and his extensive list of warm personal friends, Father Sullivan's public activity is equally as noteworthy. . . . The people of New Britain are strong in their good wishes for him in the new field to which he has been called and, now that his departure is imminent, they appreciate more fully the large place he has filled in the public and private life of the city."

'07. Rev. Charles H. Duffy of St. John's Church, Worcester, celebrated the military field mass on Memorial Day in St. John's Cemetery. The celebration of this mass has now become a yearly practice, and it is largely attended by the relatives and friends of the dead veterans. St. John's cemetery contains the graves of 509 G. A. R. men, 109 veterans of the Spanish War, and 82 of the men who fell in the World War.

'08. The father of Rev. Neal Boyton died recently. R. I. P.

Ex-'09. The PURPLE extends its sincerest sympathy to Michael F. Riley of Worcester, upon the recent death of his mother. Michael at present is a senior in Clark College, and expects to receive his degree in June.

'10. The uncle of Rev. D. Francis Curtin died recently. R. I. P.

Ex-'10. Rev. William V. O'Connor, S. S., is now at St. Charles' College, Catonsville, Md.

'12. William F. O'Brien is a "Visitor" for the Boys' Parole branch of the Massachusetts Training Schools.

James V. Toner, Assistant Professor in the School of Business Administration, Boston University, was recently seriously injured in an automobile accident. His name is still on the

danger list at the City Hospital, Boston, and but little hope is held out for his recovery.

Ex-'12. The PURPLE extends its sincerest sympathy to Daniel L. Schollard of Worcester upon the recent death of his son. R. I. P.

'14. J. Frank Shea is now engaged in business in Boston. His home is at 81 Anderson Road, Boston.

Walter Claffey, S. J., has been forced to return from the Philippines on account of ill health.

Ex-'14. Rev. John A. O'Brien is now stationed at 223 Locust Street, Champaign, Ill.

Robert J. Murray is manager for the Fox Film Company, covering what is known as "The Southern Territory" assignment.

The death of James P. Dunn of Taunton, which occurred at Camp Devens on September 26th, 1918, was not known at the College until last week. His name has been added to the roll of Holy Cross Heroes who gave up their lives in the cause of democracy.

'15. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Curran, the parents of Rev. Thomas F. Curran, now stationed at St. Brigid's Church, Millbury, Mass., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Sunday, May 25th. The Mass was celebrated on May 26th at St. Thomas' Church, Adams, Mass.

'17. William L. Lebling is now living at 1428 Severn Street, Spring Hill, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril O'Neil of Akron, Ohio, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

'18. The PURPLE wishes to add to the congratulations being received by Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Reid on the birth of a daughter, Margaret D., born on May 3rd. Dick at present is the Publication Manager and Editor of the *Bulletin*, the official organ of the Catholic Layman's Association of Augusta, Ga.

'19. Dr. Joseph F. Gibbon is stationed at the Boston City Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Paul of Waterbury, Conn., are the proud parents of a baby boy. Congratulations!

Congratulations go out to Clune Walsh, who is the happy father of a baby daughter, born May 6th.

John S. Sexton was ordained on May 23rd, and celebrated his first Solemn Mass on Sunday, May 25th.

Ex-'19. T. Francis Hayes, formerly of Worcester, is now an Ensign in the United States Navy.

John J. McNally is employed by the contracting firm of Driscoll Brothers, Ithaca, N. Y.

'20. Ed. Dineen has been transferred to Pittsfield, Mass., as Assistant Manager of that district for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Harold Gleason will be ordained this month for the diocese of Denver, and will sail early in July for Europe in company with Bishop Tihen of Denver.

John A. Donohue will be ordained to the holy priesthood in St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, on June 14th. He will celebrate his first Solemn Mass in St. John's Church, Worcester, on Sunday, June 15th.

Edward J. Devine has been chosen by the school committee of Dunmore, Pa., to act as Principal of the new Junior High School

in that town. Ed has been a member of the High School faculty there for the last four years, and has had unusual success in his work.

The aunt of Russell J. O'Hara of Grafton, Mass., died suddenly at her home in Worcester on May 9th. R. I. P.

Francis A. Galligan of Taunton was a recent visitor at the College.

Edward F. Hopkins is now with the Boston Claim Division of the Union Indemnity Company, 120 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Ed makes a business trip to the branch office of the house in Worcester every Wednesday, and often finds time to run up to Mt. St. James.

Ex-'20. Prospects for the baseball season of 1940 on Pack-
achoag took a jump the other day when Wilfred "Rosey"
Ryan became the proud parent of Wilfred, Jr.

'21. Michael J. Splaine won first prize in the Declaming
Contest held recently by the Worcester Council, K. of C.

The brother of Harold Sweeney of Worcester died on May
23rd. R. I. P.

Ex-'21. The mother of Michael H. Selzo died on May 15th
at her home in Worcester. R. I. P.

'22. We are pleased to hear that Freddie Maguire, who re-
cently had his nose broken in a ball game, is practically
recovered from his mishap, and is playing better ball than ever.

The mother of William H. Foley of Providence died recently.
R. I. P.

Benjamin B. Wills of Bel Alton, Md., was a recent visitor at
the College.

Ex-'22. Joseph R. N. Maxwell, S. J., is the author of a little poem, "Easter Bells," which appeared in a recent issue of *Our Lady of Foreign Missions*.

'23. The father of Joseph A. Donahue died recently. R. I. P.

We are pleased to learn that David B. Lovell, Jr., of Worcester, who was recently operated upon, is rapidly convalescing.

The sister of Conn J. Cohalan and Daniel Cohalan, '26, died recently at her home in New York. R. I. P.

Eugene Murphy and Charlie Carroll are in Detroit, acting as salesmen for the Ford Motor Company.

Haddie Gill, who is pitching for the Springfield Club of the Eastern League, is still bothered by his arm, and is taking treatment from a specialist.

Ex-'23. Joseph J. Mullin is Field Assistant for the Travelers Insurance Company, and at present is covering the Toledo, Ohio, territory.

Ex-'25. Vincent Steffins, after a very successful season on the Manhattan College basketball team, has been elected captain for next season.

THE ALUMNI BULLETIN

The long-awaited *Alumni Bulletin*, which has been in preparation for the last few months under the personal supervision of Mr. Timothy A. Shea, Registrar of the College, has issued from the press. Without question it is the most complete and authentic annual which has ever been turned out, and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Shea, through whose labor and devotion the work was made possible.

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Some slight idea of the tremendous labor involved in the editing can be gained from the fact that out of over two thousand names, there are only four that are not fully accounted for.

As the *Bulletin* now stands, it constitutes a complete and accurate directory, both of graduates and non-graduates, their home and business addresses, and their occupation. It will be in the hands of the Alumni some time this month.



Athletics

Princeton, May 7—

Holy Cross—3

2—Princeton

On May 7 the Purple nine hung up its eighth consecutive victory of the season after fourteen innings of thrilling, sensational baseball. It was one of the most spectacular games ever played in the long history of college ball. Holy Cross came to old Jungletown intent on victory and in the face of Princeton breaks came through to a wonderful 3-2 victory. The Tigers entered the battle with their record unsullied and with eleven scalps hanging from their belts. For the second time in as many years Charlie Caldwell and Ownie Carroll faced each other, each undefeated this season. Ownie was "out for blood," and pitched the wonder game of his brilliant career as he fanned batter after batter and held the roaring Tigers at bay. In the fourteen innings he fanned seventeen Princetonians, Richards, the Tiger shortstop, whiffing the breezes four times. To Joe McEntee, the plebe first sacker, belongs the honor of breaking up the game. Joe's two triples with Si on base each time brought home the winning tallies and made the victory possible. To Joe and Ownie falls the greater part of the credit for the win; but they were backed by a team that played super baseball, a nine that handled fifty-five chances, forty-two put-outs, and thirteen assists without an error. The Purple deserved to win 3 to 0 for Princeton's counters in the unlucky sixth were gifts from Dame Fortune to the Tigers. In that inning Caldwell flied to Freeman. Fisher singled and Foster repeated placing men on first and second. With Dinsmore the "gambling quarterback" at bat, Ryan let a ball get by and the runners advanced a base on the passed ball. Dinsmore was fanned by Carroll's slants but Cooper topped a curve and hit a grounder toward first which appeared easy to me from the stands. McEntee played his base perfectly as the ball came toward him but as the ball reached the edge of the grass infield it took a hop of almost a right angle and bounded way over Joe's head and went clear to deep right before Freeman could grab it. It was one of the most discouraging breaks we have ever seen and but for that Carroll would have hung up a shut-out victory.

That break put the Tigers in the fight again and with the score tied at two all the battle waged for eight more scoreless innings. Carroll turned in the finest exhibition of twirling that the college world has ever seen and Caldwell deserved a better fate. His pitching was

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just a shade below that of Carroll and we believe after seeing that game that he and Ownie should be the unanimous choices for the pitching assignments on this year's All American team. For fourteen breathless innings we watched from the stands and it was not the Tiger team that held the Purple at bay but cool, Charlie Caldwell. Most of you will remember the great catch that Hop Riopel made against Boston College a year ago. In the fourteenth inning at Jungletown, with two out and victory almost assured, Euwer, Princeton left-fielder, picked one of Ownie's offerings and slammed it high and on a wind to left. From the stands it looked like a sure homer and the Princeton stands rose to a man and cheered madly as Euwer drew past second base. At the crack of the bat "Hop" turned his back to the plate and ran as he never ran before toward the great, red, brick wall that hems in the field. As he ran he looked up once. The ball was still lifting. As he turned again while still running the ball fell rapidly and "Hop" turned completely about and reaching up with both hands pulled down what promised to be a homer and the end of Purple hopes. Smith who was on base as Euwer smashed his drive had already crossed home and Euwer was driving for third when the greatest catch we ever saw was made. It was a fitting climax to the greatest game that a Purple nine has ever played. When the battle was over and the hiss of the showers filled the dressing room the team breathed a lot easier and smiles appeared for the first time since that break in the sixth inning. Princeton played better than has been her custom. Charlie Caldwell was glorious even in defeat. Our own Ownie pitched the game of his life and made big league scouts open wide their eyes again. Joe McEntee entered the collegiate hall of fame and whenever great games are mentioned and ball players compared we feel sure that we shall tell again the story of his two triples that routed the mighty Tiger.

You who had the story of the game by wire can never know the thrill of that game. It is too bad that we cannot bring the mighty Orange and Black nine to Fitton for annual battle. We few who were there can never forget. When the grey shadows had settled over the campus and the spires of Princeton were thrown against the sky a little bus rattled down the main street of old Princeton town. In it were two rooters who had come all the way to the game "over the road" and the victorious Purple team. As the auto crawled past the buildings of beautiful Nassau, twenty-five happy, hoarse voices took up the strains of "Fight Holy Cross" and a moment later the words in victory of the Purple varsity song. The nine played wonderful baseball that day at Princeton, and we have the confidence to believe that

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THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

we shall see a season unmarred by a single defeat. Boston College seems to be our only obstacle at present. The box score:

HOLY CROSS							PRINCETON						
	ab	r	1b	po	a	e		ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Gautreau 2b	6	0	1	5	2	0	Foster rf	6	1	1	4	0	1
Walsh 3b	4	0	1	0	2	0	Dinsmore 3b	6	0	2	2	2	1
Cote ss	6	0	1	1	4	0	Cooper 2b	4	0	1	1	4	0
Riopel lf	5	0	1	2	0	0	Smith cf	5	0	2	3	0	0
Freeman rf	5	0	0	5	0	0	Euwer lf	6	0	1	2	1	0
Simendinger cf	6	2	2	2	0	0	Richards ss	5	0	0	2	5	1
McEntee 1b	6	1	3	9	0	0	Dignan 1b	5	0	1	16	0	1
Ryan c	4	0	0	17	0	0	Caldwell p	4	0	0	2	4	0
Carroll p	6	0	1	1	2	0	Fisher c	5	1	1	10	5	1
	—	—	—	—	—	—	aTownsend	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	48	3	10	42	10	0	Totals	48	2	9	42	21	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Holy Cross	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—3
Princeton	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Two-base hits: Cote, Gautreau. Three-base hits: McEntee 2. Bases on balls: off Carroll 1; off Caldwell 2. Struck out: by Caldwell 7, by Carroll 17. Passed ball, Ryan. Sacrifice hit, Ryan. Stolen bases: Riopel, Simendinger. Left on bases: Holy Cross 5, Princeton 5. Umpires, Kelleher and Stark. Time, 2 hrs. 50 min. aBatted for Townsend in 14th. Attendance 3,500.

Cambridge, May 14—

Holy Cross—4

1—Harvard

After remaining clear until the Purple had downed the Tigers in that never to be forgotten game at Princeton, the weather evidently repented of its clemency and the next two games, with Villanova and Yale, had to be called off on account of a two day downpour. Villanova has once fallen before the onslaughts of the Purple sluggers, but it was the second game to be called off with old Eli.

One week from the day of the Princeton game, however, nature smiled and the Holy Cross took advantage of that smile by beating Harvard 4-1 in a game that was featured by Ownie Carroll's most excellent pitching, and home runs by Coté and Samborski, the Crimson catcher. Harvard was only able to collect four hits from Ownie, and the Purple twirler further added to his fame by fanning eleven of the

ATHLETICS

opposing batters. The home runs, the almost errorless baseball, the hitting of the Holy Cross team, and last, but not least, the pitching of Carroll and the Harvard pitchers all combined to make a game that will be well worth remembering to all of the 10,000 fans who were fortunate enough to witness the fray.

The Purple batters "found" Spaulding in the first inning, and by nicking him for a double, two singles and a sacrifice, came across the plate with two runs, runs that Harvard did not pass at any time in the game. Spaulding then began to use a slow ball that kept the Purple batters guessing for several innings, until the fifth in fact.

Harvard's only run came in the third inning when Samborski, backing up Spaulding behind the bat, walked up to the plate and smacked one of Carroll's fast ones to deep left center for the circuit. It was a mighty clout and was declared by many to be one of the longest ever seen on Soldiers' Field, until Coté got his. The Crimson's only other chance to score came in the sixth inning. With one out Campbell got a scratch hit, went to second on a balk, and would have made third when Coté fumbled Gordon's hot one, but he over-ran the base and was tagged out by Walsh when Gautreau whipped the ball to the third baseman. Todd walked, but Carroll nipped the rally in the bud when he fanned Jenkins for the third out.

Holy Cross had in the meantime gotten one tally in the fifth, and then had been held scoreless until the eighth. In that inning, however, Cote broke all previous records for long hits on the field. The first man up, and the first batter to face Toulmin, Spaulding's successor, the little shortstop walloped one to left field that gave him ample time to round third base and start for home before Todd had even reached the horsehide, to throw it to the infield. One more chance did Holy Cross have to score, and that in the ninth. With Ryan on second and Carroll on first, and with two out, Walsh hit a long fly that seemed certain to go for extra bases. That, however, was before Todd entered into the scheme of things. Starting with the crack of the bat, the left fielder tore after the speeding sphere, and by a marvelous one-hand catch, retired the side, and prevented the Holy Cross nine from bringing several more runs back to Worcester. That ended all scoring and near scoring, the game ending after the Harvard batters had been retired in one, two, three order. Score:

HOLY CROSS						HARVARD					
	ab	r	lb	po	a e		ab	r	lb	po	a e
Gautreau 2b	5	1	1	2	5 0	A. G. Rogers rf	3	0	0	0	0 0
Walsh 3b	4	0	1	1	2 0	A. S. Rogers rf	0	0	0	0	0 0
Cote ss	4	1	2	1	21	Campbell 1b	4	0	1	10	0 0

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Riopel lf -----	4	1	2	1	0	0	Gordon cf -----	4	0	0	2	0	0
Simendiner cf --	3	0	1	1	0	0	Todd lf -----	3	0	0	5	0	1
McEntee 1b ----	4	0	0	7	0	0	Jenkins ss -----	2	0	0	2	2	0
Freeman rf -----	4	0	0	2	0	0	Hammond 2b --	4	0	0	2	4	0
Ryan c -----	3	1	2	12	0	0	Hill 3b -----	4	0	2	2	0	0
Carroll p -----	2	0	1	0	0	0	Samborski c ----	4	1	1	4	0	0
							Spaulding p ----	2	0	0	0	4	0
Totals -----	33	4	10	27	9	1	Toulmin p -----	0	0	0	0	0	0
							bCheek -----	0	0	0	0	0	0
							aNorris -----	1	0	0	0	0	0
							Totals -----	31	1	4	27	10	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0-4
Harvard	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0-1

Two-base hits: Riopel. Home runs: Samborski, Coté. Stolen bases: Walsh, Jenkins. Sacrifice hits: Walsh, Simendinger, Carroll 2. Left on bases: Holy Cross 7; Harvard 5. Hits: off Spaulding 7 in 7 innings; off Toulmin 3 in 2 innings. Bases on balls: by Carroll, Jenkins 2, Todd, A. G. Rogers; by Spaulding, Ryan. Struck out: by Carroll, A. G. Rogers 2, Gordon, Hammond 3, Samborski 2, Campbell, Norris, Jenkins; by Toulmin, Simendinger, Gautreau. Balk, Carroll. Umpires, Barry behind plate, Hart on bases. Attendance, 10,000. Time, 2 hours, 1 min. aBatted for Spaulding in 7th. bBatted for A. G. Rogers in 8th.

May 16—

Holy Cross—6

3—Seton Hall

Spotting Seton Hall three runs in the first inning, the Holy Cross nine allowed them to retain that lead until the third, when the Purple batters went to work and piled up five runs in two innings, thus putting the game on ice. Out of all of the teams who have come to Pitton Field this season, it remained for the New Jersey team to throw a scare into the backers of the Worcester nine. The visitors hit Burke pretty well in the first inning and before the dust had cleared away, three of the Seton Hall men had crossed the plate, that plate that has so seldom been crossed by a visiting nine. Burke, however, soon settled down and did not allow them to score another run, in fact he only allowed them four hits. Lyons was behind the bat for the Purple and Shorty McMahon was holding down the right field position.

Holy Cross was content to remain behind Seton Hall for two innings, but in the last half of the third they started their scoring and brought

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in five runs in that inning and the following one. Gautreau walked, went to second on Walsh's scratch hit, third when Walsh was forced out at second by Cote's drive to third, and home on Hop's Texas leaguer to left field. Both the little shortstop and Riopel scored on Si's single, but the inning ended when McMahon flied out to Kaiser. Two more runs were driven in during the fourth when the Purple pounded the apple for several runs, and the final tally was scored in the eighth inning, when McMahon scored on Gautreau's hit.

Warren Coté and McEntee pulled off the prize play when Coté made a wonderful stop of a hot liner and threw it to first, but a little off line. McEntee contributed his share of the play by scooping up the ball and saved a hit.

HOLY CROSS

SETON HALL

HOLY CROSS							SETON HALL						
	ab	r	1b	po	a	e		ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Gautreau 2b	4	2	1	1	0	0	W. Hornack ss	4	0	1	2	4	2
Walsh 3b	4	1	2	1	3	0	Fries rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Cote ss	4	1	2	1	21		Kaiser 3b	4	1	1	2	3	0
Riopel lf	4	1	2	0	0	0	M. Hornback lf	3	1	0	1	0	0
Simendinger cf	4	0	1	7	0	0	Feller cf	3	1	0	5	0	0
McEntee 1b	3	0	0	7	0	0	Nolan c	4	0	1	3	0	0
McMahon rf	3	1	1	0	0	0	Ryan 2b	3	0	0	1	1	0
Lyons c	4	0	0	10	0	0	Colernick 1b	3	0	0	10	0	0
Burke p	4	0	0	0	1	0	Outwater p	3	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	33	6	7	27	7	0	Totals	31	3	4	24	9	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	1	x—6
Seaton Hall	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Two-base hits, W. Hornack, Walsh. Stolen bases, Nolan, Feller, Gautreau 2, Walsh, Simendinger. Base on balls, by Burke, M. Hornack, Feller; by Outwater, Gautreau, Walsh, Coté, McMahon. Hit by pitched ball, by Outwater, McEntee. Struck out, by Burke, Fries 3, Ryan, Colernick, Nolan 2, W. Hornack; by Outwater, Simendinger 2. Umpires, Barry and Leahy. Attendance 1,200. Time of game, 2 hours, 33 min.

May 17—

Holy Cross—11

4—Penn State

By next defeating Penn State, the Purple placed behind them one of their leading rivals for the Intercollegiate title. With Jim Tunney pitching in great style, the Holy Cross team slugged their way to fourteen hits and eleven runs, which was ample to down the Nittany lions,

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

who were only able to collect eight hits and four runs off the superior hurling of Tunney. The Pennsylvanians were at no time dangerous because the Purple nine immediately jumped into the lead by scoring three runs in the first inning and five in the second, while Penn State could only squeeze one run across in those two innings. Longhurst, under the rapid hitting of the Purple batsmen, was forced to retire from the mound in the second, and give way to Fixter.

Three runs the Holy Cross team scored in the first inning, and continued in a steady stream in the second, until five men had crossed the home plate. Eleven of the Purple wrecking crew facing the Penn State pitchers during this stanza. Everybody hit, Simendinger getting the highest average for the day by connecting with three safe bingles out of five trips to the plate. The five runs scored in this second inning were represented by singles by Gautreau, Riopel, Simendinger, McMahon and Ryan, a double by Coté, a pass to Ryan, and also a couple of errors by the State infield.

All was quiet in the third, but again in the fourth Holy Cross broke loose. Cy started it with a ringing double to center and with several errors by Penn, three more runs were scored. If it had not been for a brilliant double play on the part of the Lion's infield, the Purple might well have added a couple of more runs to their collection.

Penn State shot their last bolt in the seventh when Tunney let up momentarily, gave the Staters a walk and allowed them to get three safe hits off of him, all of which went to add three to the lone run that the visitors had forced across the plate in the second inning. However, that finished the Lions and Holy Cross had no trouble in winning eleven to four.

HOLY CROSS						PENN STATE							
	ab	r	1b	po	a	e		ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Gautreau 2b	4	1	1	3	2	0	Mairs 3b	5	0	0	0	2	0
Walsh 3b	5	1	1	1	3	0	Eisenhuth lf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Coté ss	5	2	2	1	4	0	Palm cf	4	1	1	2	0	1
Riopel lf	5	2	2	2	0	0	McVicker rf	4	2	1	0	0	0
Simendinger cf	5	3	3	0	0	0	Longhurst p	1	0	0	0	2	0
McEntee 1b	4	1	1	12	0	0	Finter p	1	0	0	0	4	0
McMahon rf	4	1	1	0	0	0	Reed 2b	4	0	2	3	3	0
Ryan c	3	0	2	8	0	0	Slattery 1b	3	0	1	15	1	2
Tunney p	3	0	1	0	5	0	Kerstetter c	4	0	0	1	0	1
aSimendinger	0	0	0	0	0	0	Loeffler ss	4	0	1	2	5	1
	—	—	—	—	—	—	bFink	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	11	14	27	14	0	Totals	35	4	8	24	17	5

ATHLETICS

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Holy Cross	3	5	0	3	0	0	0	0	x—11	
Penn State	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—4	

Two-base hits, Coté, Simendinger, Loeffler, McEntee. Stolen bases, Gautreau, Riopel, McEntee, McMahan, Palm. Sacrifice hits, Tunney. Double plays, by Loeffler to Reed to Slattery 2. Left on bases, Holy Cross seven, Penn State ten. Hits, off Longhurst nine in one and two-thirds innings, off Fixter five in six and one-third innings. Base on balls, Tunney, McVicker, Eisenhuth, Fixter, Slattery, Palm. By Longhurst, Ryan. By Fixter, Gautreau, McEntee. Hit by pitched ball, by Tunney, Fixter. Struck out, by Tunney, McVicker 2, Eisenhuth, Reed, Slattery, Longhurst, Kerstetter. Passed balls, by Ryan. Umpires, Devron and Leahy. Attendance 6,000. Time of game, 2 hours, 30 min. aRan for Ryan in the fourth. bBatted for Fixter in the ninth.

May 24—

Holy Cross—10

7—Georgetown

The jinx that has been following the Purple's contest with Yale was right on hand and for a third time the game had to be called off this time on account of wet grounds. The game with C. U. was cancelled, so the next time the Holy Cross nine played was against their southern rivals from Washington, but it was worth waiting a week for. What a game it was! And what a scare Georgetown threw into the undefeated Purple team!

The Blue and Gray hit Worcester like a tornado, and although the Purple finally emerged victorious, by a ten to seven score, there were moments when every Holy Cross heart stood still, moments of breath-taking excitement. The game beggars description; mere print cannot begin to relate the thrills of the seven hopeless innings that the Purple rooters experienced, and finally, in the eighth, the moments of wildest jubilation when the Cross, with its customary fighting spirit, began to find Brennan and scored the seven runs that were to bring a hard earned victory to Carroll and the other members of the Purple team.

To describe the game in detail would be impossible. There were too many times when the numerous hits by both teams caused the tide of hope to flow one way or another. Seldom has Carroll been hit so hard, and that homer of Urran's, in the seventh, that sailed to the shrubbery back of the football stands was the longest hit seen on Fitton Field in many a long day. Brennan, the Blue and Gray's mound expert, was good. His speed and curves kept the Purple batsmen guessing, while his teammates pounded Carroll for seven runs, while the Holy Cross team was only able to collect three, until that great eighth inning.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

Georgetown took the lead in the first inning, by getting two runs. They added three to these in the third, one in the fourth, and Urran's crashing homer in the seventh made their total an even seven.

During all these despondent seven innings Holy Cross had only obtained three runs. To add to the gloom, which already was thick enough to cut with a knife, at the beginning of the eighth inning a light rain began to fall. However, it was not sufficient to halt the game and soon ceased, when Holy Cross struck its stride.

After being down to the lowest depth for an hour and a half, the barometer of the Holy Cross hope went shooting up like a skyrocket. The great rally started when, with one out, Hop Riopel singled to left field. Cy duplicated his feat by smacking the horsehide to the same spot. McEntee's turn came next, and he scored Riopel and sent Si to third by a pretty one to the outfield. The stands began to show signs of life, and then when Freeman, who had been out the last two games, came back with a mighty drive to left field that bounced off the bleachers and allowed him to work the circuit, they went wild. Their ardor cooled somewhat when Buck was sent back to second and McEntee to third because of ground rules on that point. Si's run, however, was allowed. Brennan, after pitching superb ball for seven innings, was forced to give way to McCarthy. Billie Lyons, taking Tim Ryan's place behind the bat, was the first batter to face the new hurler and showed that Holy Cross does not discriminate by poling out a two-sacker that scored both McEntee and Freeman, thus making the score seven up. Gautreau, Walsh and Coté came in for their share of the glory by scoring Lyons and when Coté's hit drove in Doc and Tweet, the Cross stood on the long end of a 10-7 score. Pete was thrown out going to second and thus ended one of the most thrilling innings ever seen on Fitton Field. During this exciting batting spree the Holy Cross enthusiasm kept steadily mounting until at the finish it had reached its highest pitch and did not cool down for several days.

The ninth inning was quiet both ways and thus one of the Purple's greatest of all games ended. Score:

HOLY CROSS							GEORGETOWN								
	ab	r	1b	po	a	e		ab	r	1b	po	a	e		
Gautreau 2b	----	1	3	0	1	1	0	Murphy 1f	-----	4	1	1	2	1	0
Walsh 3b	-----	3	2	0	1	1	0	Albert cf	-----	5	2	2	2	0	0
Coté ss	-----	5	0	3	1	3	0	R. Ryan 2b	-----	4	1	2	3	2	0
Riopel 1f	-----	4	1	1	1	0	1	Sukeeforth c	----	4	1	2	1	0	0
Simendinger cf	---	4	1	1	1	0	0	Urran ss	-----	5	1	3	1	3	1
McEntee 1b	----	4	1	1	6	0	1	Haggerty rf	----	3	0	0	2	0	0
Freeman rf	----	4	1	3	3	0	1	Mudd 1b	-----	4	0	0	10	0	0

ATHLETICS

T. Ryan c	----	2	0	0	11	0	0	Quinn 3b	-----	4	1	1	2	4	0
Lyons c	-----	1	1	1	2	0	0	Brennan p	----	4	0	0	1	2	0
Carroll p	-----	3	0	0	0	2	2	McCarthy p	----	0	0	0	0	0	0
aMcMahon	----	1	0	0	0	0	0	bJenkins	-----	1	0	0	0	0	0
-----								-----							
Totals	-----	32	10	10	27	7	5	Totals	-----	38	7	11	24	12	1

Innings		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross		1	0	0	0	2	0	0	7	x—10
Georgetown		2	0	3	1	0	0	1	0	—7

Two-base hits, Freeman 2, Sukeforth, Quinn. Three-base hit, Coté. Home run, Urran. Stolen bases, Gautreau, Walsh. Sacrifice hit, Walsh. Sacrifice flies, Haggerty, Ryan. Left on bases, Holy Cross 5, Georgetown 7. Hits off Brennan, eight in seven and one-third innings; off McCarthy, two in two and two-thirds innings. Base on balls, by Brennan, Gautreau 3, Carroll, Walsh; by McCarthy, Gautreau; by Carroll, Murphy. Struck out, by Carroll, Murphy, Albert, Sukeforth, Haggerty 2, Mudd 2, Quinn 2, Brennan 4; by Brennan, McEntee. Passed ball, by T. Ryan. Umpires, McLaughlin and Leahy. Attendance, 6,000. Time of game 2 hours, 28 min. aBatted for Ryan in the seventh. bBatted for Haggerty in the ninth.

May 30—

Holy Cross—3

1—Boston College

Memorial Day, and again 20,000 ardent baseball fans assembled to see the fighting Holy Cross team down their ancient rivals from Boston by a three to one score. Except for the first inning, when the Purple collected two runs, the game was very close and the only tense moment was had in the eighth and was furnished by Boston College. Carroll against McCrehan in the box and both of the pitching aces were in top notch form, for only nine hits were gotten by both teams, Holy Cross taking six of these and Boston College the remaining three. Carroll's strikeout arm was in great shape and ten of the Eagles fanned the air.

Holy Cross obtained a two-run lead in the first inning when Gautreau laid down a perfect bunt and beat it to first. He went to second when Phillips passed a ball, third on Walsh's sacrifice and home on a sacrifice fly by Coté. Riopel was the second Purple batter to cross the plate. Hop drew a walk, stole second, and Sy's double sent him trotting home. The inning ended, however, when McEntee flied out.

Everything then went along quietly until the sixth when Boston College obtained their lone run. It happened in a peculiar manner. McIntyre struck out but the last one he struck at was a bad pitch

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and he reached first when Ryan missed it. Two men then got out, but Chuck Darling hit for two bases, and McIntyre reached home on it.

The game then resumed its one, two, three order until the eighth, when the Eagles threw a scare into the Purple. McCrehan hit, went to second on McIntyre's single and both moved up a notch on a passed ball. Patton struck out, but Wilson got on and filled the bases with Darling next up. Chuck, however, hit to Carroll and McCrehan was forced out at home. Walsh put the finish on the B. C. rally when he scooped up Whelan's ground ball and threw it to first for the third out. Boston College also had a couple of men on bases in the ninth but could make nothing out of it and were retired without a score.

Holy Cross also came to life in their half of the eighth and scored one run. Walsh hit, reached third on a sacrifice and a hit by Riopel. Riopel then stole second and when the Boston College catcher threw the ball to second, Tweet tore for home and slid across the plate safely in a cloud of dust. There was no more scoring and the game ended quietly. Score:

HOLY CROSS							BOSTON COLLEGE						
	ab	r	1b	po	a	e		ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Gautreau 2b	3	1	1	2	1	0	McIntyre 2b	5	1	1	5	0	0
Walsh 3b	3	1	0	1	3	0	Patten rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Coté ss	2	0	1	0	3	0	Wilson lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Riopel lf	2	1	1	1	0	0	Darling cf	3	0	1	4	1	0
Simendinger, cf	3	0	2	3	0	0	Whelan 1b	3	0	0	8	4	0
McEntee, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0	Cronin 3b	3	0	0	0	2	1
Freeman rf	3	0	0	0	0	0	Foley ss	4	0	0	3	2	0
Ryan c	3	0	0	11	0	0	Phillips c	3	0	0	1	1	0
Carroll p	3	0	1	0	3	0	McCrehan p	2	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	25	3	6	27	10	0	Totals	30	1	3	24	12	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	x— 3
Boston College	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0— 1

Two-base hits, Darling, Simendinger. Stolen bases, Riopel 2, Walsh, Simendinger. Sacrifice hits, Walsh, Coté, Simendinger. Double plays Darling to Foley; Gautreau to McEntee. Left on bases, Holy Cross 5, Boston College 9. Base on balls, by Carroll 5, by McCrehan 3. Hit by pitched ball, by Carroll, McCrehan, Wilson. Struck out, by Carroll 10, by McCrehan 1. Wild pitches, Carroll. Passed balls, Ryan, Phillips. Umpires, Devron, Starr. Attendance, 20,000.

ATHLETICS

May 31—

Holy Cross—8

1—Colgate

Jim Tunney's turn in the box came next and he showed his usual fine form in defeating Colgate 8 to 1. It made the fourteenth straight victory for the Purple nine and they now seem to be in a good position for going through the season undefeated. Tunney was seldom in danger, but when he was he always pulled out in fine shape.

In the eight times the Purple came to bat they scored in five innings. Three in the first, one in the second, two in the sixth, one in the seventh and one in the eighth brought their total to eight against the one that was squeezed across the plate by Colgate.

Coté was right on deck with the stick and made a home run in the second inning. Connecting squarely with the ball he sent it flying to centerfield where it bounded past the fielder and rolled to the bank, thus allowing Pete to make the circuit.

Colgate's only run came in the sixth inning. Sanford, the first man up, scratched a hit past short. He went to second when the next man walked, third on Thompson's fly and home on Culver's hit. Although they played a snappy game after the disastrous first inning, Colgate did no more scoring. Their infield looked good and the third baseman and shortstop especially saved several runs by their difficult stops and sure throws to first.

Taking it all in all, it was a good game, and some fast and snappy baseball was shown. Score:

HOLY CROSS						COLGATE					
	ab	r	1b	po	a e		ab	r	1b	po	a e
Gautreau 2b	---	4	2	2	2 2 0	Yates 3b	-----	4	0	0 0 4 0	
Walsh 3b	-----	5	1	0	1 2 0	Richardson ss	---	4	0	1 1 3 1	
Coté ss	-----	5	2	3	1 1 0	Sanford 2b	-----	3	1	2 2 3 0	
Riopel 1f	-----	4	1	0	3 0 0	Barnes c	-----	2	0	0 3 0 1	
Simendinger cf	---	4	0	1	1 0 0	Hardwick 1f	----	1	0	0 0 0 0	
McEntee 1b	----	4	1	3	7 0 0	Thompson 1f	----	3	0	0 1 0 0	
Freeman rf	----	1	1	0	4 0 0	Culver rf	-----	4	0	1 1 0 0	
Ryan c	-----	3	0	0	7 0 0	Hubbard 1b	----	4	0	0 13 1 0	
Tunney p	-----	4	0	1	0 4 0	Livermore cf	----	3	0	1 3 0 0	
	---	---	---	---	---	Schultz p	-----	0	0	0 0 0 0	
Totals	-----	34	8	10a	26 9 0	Fitzgerald p	----	3	0	0 0 5 0	
						bBurke	-----	1	0	0 0 0 0	
							---	---	---	---	---
						Totals	-----	32	1	5 24 16 2	

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Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross	3	1	0	0	0	2	1	1	x— 8
Colgate	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0— 1

Two-base hits, Richardson, Gautreau. Home run, Coté. Stolen bases, Richardson, Riopel. Sacrifice hits, Riopel, McEntee, Ryan. Left on bases, Holy Cross 10, Colgate 7. Hits, off Schultz, two in one-third inning, off Fitzgerald, eight in seven and two-thirds innings. Bases on balls, by Tunney, Barnes 2, Sanford; by Schultz, Gautreau; by Fitzgerald, Freeman 3, Simendinger. Struck out, by Tunney Burke, Barnes 2, Hardwick, Hubbard; by Fitzgerald, Coté, Simendinger. Wild pitch, Fitzgerald. Umpires, Barry and Leahy. Attendance, 5,000. Time, 2 hours and 5 min. aLivermore out, hit by batted ball in the sixth. bBatted for Livermore in the ninth.

FRESHMAN BASEBALL

Providence, May 7th—

The Holy Cross Freshmen, by playing great baseball, both in the field and with the stick, defeated the Brown, 1927, nine by a 11-0 score. Healey, pitching for the Cross Freshmen, was invulnerable and only allowed the Brown yearlings three hits during the entire game, while his teammates only made two errors behind him and clouted the horsehide for eleven safe hits. The combined batting and field work finished Brown and the Purple first year men walked off with the game. Score:

HOLY CROSS—1927

BROWN—1927

	ab	r	lb	po	a	e		ab	r	lb	po	a	e
Carrington 3b	4	1	1	2	2	0	Douglas 1b	4	0	0	9	0	0
McNabe 2b	3	1	0	2	1	1	Scribner lf	2	0	1	2	0	0
Wise ss	5	1	0	3	1	1	Pemberton cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Kittredge lf	4	0	1	3	0	0	Hanson ss	4	0	0	1	1	2
Peters 1b	4	2	3	6	0	0	Good 2b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Gallagher cf	4	3	2	4	0	0	Mabie rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Sullivan rf	4	2	1	0	0	0	Brown 3b	4	0	2	1	3	1
O'Connor c	5	1	3	7	2	0	Towle c	3	0	0	10	1	0
Healey p	4	0	0	0	4	0	Schaaf p	0	0	0	1	3	2
	—	—	—	—	—	—	McGeeney p	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	37	11	11	27	10	2		—	—	—	—	—	—

Totals 30 0 3 27 13 5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross	0	6	0	2	1	0	0	0	2—11

ATHLETICS

Hits, off Schaaf, five in two and two-thirds innings; off McGeeney, six in six and one-third innings. Stolen bases, Carrington, Peters, Gallagher, Sullivan, O'Connor, Scribner. Three-base hit, O'Connor. Sacrifice hits, McNabe 2, Kittredge. Struck out, by Healey six; by Schaaf, three; by McGeeney, five. Base on balls, off Healey, five; off Schaaf three; off McGeeney two. Wild pitch, McGeeney. Passed balls, Towle two. Hit by pitched ball, by Schaaf, Peters. Time, 2 hours. Umpires, Finnell and Devron.

Fitchburg, May 18—

The next victim for the Freshmen was Fitchburg Normal. With Healey again pitching, and with the team again connecting with the ball for eleven hits, the Purple yearlings had no difficulty in winning 12-1. Fitchburg only garnered five hits off of Healey and these were kept too scattered to amount to much. Whalen, although he made the only error of the game, more than made up for it by his work with the stick. Out of four times at bat, he connected three times safely, and each time meant runs for the Purple. Score:

HOLY CROSS FRESHMEN							FITCHBURG NORMAL						
	ab	r	lb	po	a	e		ab	r	lb	po	a	e
Carington 3b	5	0	0	2	1	0	King cf p	3	0	1	0	2	2
Peters 1b	3	2	1	5	0	0	O'Toole ss	3	0	0	4	2	2
Wise ss	4	2	0	2	2	0	J. Sullivan rf	2	1	0	0	0	0
Kittredge lf	5	2	2	3	0	0	Roach 2b	3	0	1	0	1	0
Gallagher cf	3	3	1	1	0	0	McNally p cf	3	0	2	1	1	0
C. Sullivan rf	1	0	0	1	0	0	Kennedy 1b	3	0	0	8	0	0
McNabe 2b	5	0	2	3	1	0	Sheehan 1b	3	0	0	0	3	1
Whalen c	4	0	3	4	3	1	Carr lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Healey p	4	0	0	0	0	0	Carr lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
O'Brien rf	3	3	2	0	0	0	Fitzpatrick c	2	0	0	7	0	2
Totals	37	12	12	21	7	1	Totals	25	1	5	21	9	8
Innings							1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Holy Cross							1	0	3	4	0	2	2—12
Fitchburg Normal							1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Two-base hits, Peters, Roach, Kittredge, McNabe. Three-base hit, O'Brien. Stolen bases, Peters 2. Sacrifice hit, Healey. Double play, by McNally to Kennedy. Innings pitched, by McNally, two and one-half; by King, four and one-half. Hits, off McNally, four; King, seven. Base on balls, by McNally, Gallagher; by King, Wise; by Healey, J. Sullivan. Hit by pitched ball, by McNally, Sullivan; by King, Peters,

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2; Gallagher. Struck out, by McNally, Carrington, Wise; by King, Carrington, 2; Peters; by Healey, Kennedy, O'Toole, Roach, Sheehan. Passed balls, by Fitzpatrick, 2. Umpire, Coffey. Time, 1 hour, 50 min.

Exeter, May 21—

The winning streak of the Freshman Purple nine was broken when they were defeated by Exeter in a close 2-1 game. Holy Cross collected more hits than the home team but also made more errors, and when Exeter made their second run in the seventh inning, the Purple nine could not overtake them. Wise hit well for the visiting team, banging out two of the six hits that were made. Score:

EXETER							HOLY CROSS								
	ab	r	lb	po	a	e		ab	r	lb	po	a	e		
Moran 2b	4	0	0	1	0	0	Wise ss	4	0	2	2	2	1		
Goodwin ss	4	0	0	2	1	0	Peters 1b	5	0	0	7	0	0		
Linscott cf	3	1	1	5	1	0	Kittredge lf	4	1	1	3	0	0		
Halley lf	3	0	2	0	0	1	O'Brien rf	3	0	1	1	0	0		
McLaughlin c	3	0	0	9	1	0	Gallagher cf	2	0	0	2	0	1		
Guerney 1b	3	0	0	7	0	1	McNabe 2b	3	0	1	1	1	1		
Phelan 3b	4	0	0	1	2	0	Carrigan 3b	4	0	1	2	2	3		
Alexander rf	4	0	1	1	0	0	O'Connor c	4	0	0	5	2	0		
Loud p	3	1	1	1	3	1	O'Neil p	4	0	0	1	2	0		
<hr/>							<hr/>								
Totals	31	2	5	27	8	3	Totals	33	1	6	24	9	6		
Innings							1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Exeter							0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	x—2
Holy Cross							0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Stolen bases, Linscott, Halley, Alexander. Sacrifice hits, McLaughlin, O'Brien. Bases on balls, by Loud four, by O'Neil three. Struck out, by Loud seven, by O'Neil five. Passed ball, McLaughlin. Wild pitch, Loud. Umpire, Woods. Time, 2 hours, 10 min.

Westbrook Seminary—9

8—Holy Cross Freshmen

The Freshmen nine were defeated in the first and only home game of the season by a 9-8 score, the defeat coming from Westbrook Seminary. Healey started for the first year men but was forced to give way to O'Neil in the sixth inning when the Maine boys were hitting him rather hard. Holy Cross scored all of their runs in the second inning, while Westbrook's tallies were spread over seven innings. Score:

Bottom—William J. Mahoney (Asst. Manager), Harry J. McMahon, Walter P. Gautreau, Eddie Freel (Mascot).
 Warren F. Cole, Charles S. Walsh, Joseph S. McEntee.

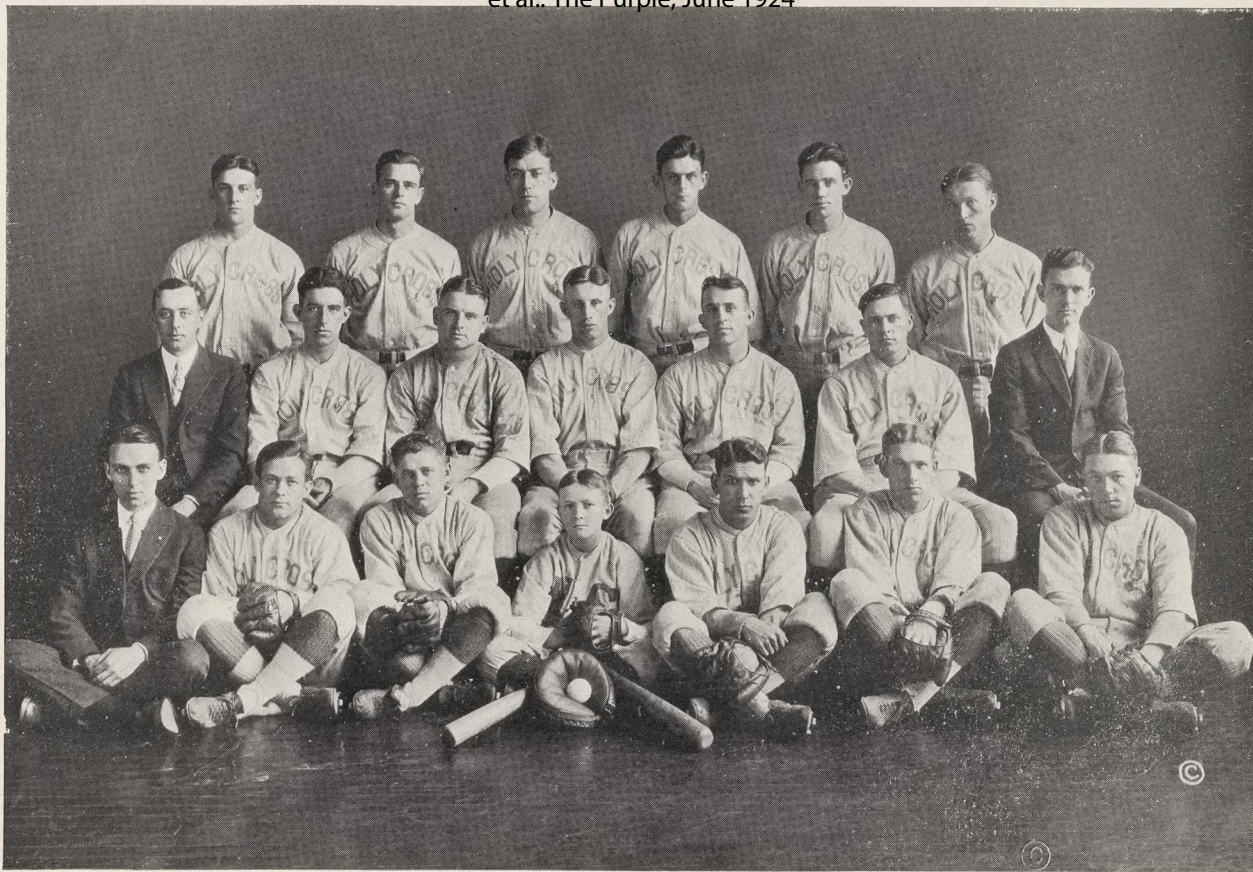


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UNDEFEATED INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS, 1924

Top—William J. Lyons, Owen T. Carroll, Arthur T. Ray, Joseph A. Morrissey, William J. Glennon, John Freeman.
Middle—Jack Barry (Coach), William H. Burke, Timothy J. Ryan, Kenneth A. Simendinger (Capt.), Albert D. Riopel, James F. Tunney, Robert F. Johnson (Manager).
Bottom—William J. Mahoney (Asst. Manager), Harry J. McMahon, Walter P. Gautreau, Eddie Freel (Mascot), Charles S. Walsh, Joseph S. McEntee.

ATHLETICS

WESTBROOK SEMINARY							HOLY CROSS FRESHMEN						
	ab	r	lb	po	a	e		ab	r	lb	po	a	e
McQuiggian cf	5	1	3	4	0	0	Carrington 3b	4	1	0	0	1	1
Jeremiah 3b	4	1	1	1	1	1	Peters 1b	5	2	1	8	0	0
Griffin lf	3	2	0	2	0	0	Wise ss	3	0	0	0	1	0
Phillips ss	4	1	1	0	1	0	Kittredge lf	4	1	1	3	0	0
Ready 1b	5	2	2	6	0	0	O'Brien rf	5	1	3	2	0	0
Holston 2b	4	0	1	4	1	1	Gallagher cf	3	1	0	2	1	0
Bates rf	3	2	1	0	0	0	McNabe 2b	3	1	1	4	1	1
Mac Donald c	5	0	0	10	1	0	O'Connor c	4	1	1	7	0	1
Stevenson p	4	0	2	0	2	1	Healy p	0	0	0	1	1	0
aPowers	1	0	0	0	0	0	O'Neil p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	38	9	11	27	6	3	Totals	33	8	7	27	6	2

Two-base hit, McQuiggian. Stolen base, O'Brien. Sacrifice hits: Holston, Healey, Wise, Jeremiah. Innings pitched, by Healey 5, by O'Neil 1. Bases on balls: off Healey, Griffin, Bates; off O'Neil, Phillips; off Stevenson, Kittredge, Gallagher, Wise, Carrington, McNabe, Healey. Struck out: by Stevenson, Carrington 2, Peters, Wise 2, O'Brien, O'Neil, O'Connor; by O'Neil, Phillips, Bates, Stevenson Holston, Powers, MacDonald. Fielder's choice: MacDonald, Jeremiah. Wild pitch, O'Neil. Balk, Stevenson. Passed ball, MacDonald. Umpire, Leahy. Attendance, 4,000. Time of game, 2hrs., 15 min.

TENNIS

The Holy Cross tennis team added more glory to the name of their Alma Mater by defeating Clark on the same unforgettable day that the Purple nine downed the Princeton Tiger by a 3-2 score. Captain Doern was the only Purple netman to be defeated, all the others winning their matches with ease. Both of the double matches were won by the Cross, which made them an easy victor for the day.

In the singles, Brigham, of Clark, defeated Doern 6-3, 5-7, 6-3. The other men were more fortunate, however, and Ward defeated Town, Clark, 6-1, 6-2, Cullen defeated Loomis 6-3, 6-3, and Kennelly was victorious over Farrell 6-2, 6-2.

The doubles were both captured by the Purple, Ward and Doern, however, having a hard tussle and only winning their sets after thirty games. Their score over Brigham and Loomis was 10-8, 7-5. McCarthy and Kennelly had an easier time of it and walked away with the match by capturing the two sets 6-0, 6-1.

The Clark netmen again met defeat at the hands of the Purple when they were downed by 4-2 in the second match of the season. Cullen was defeated for the first time this season by Des Autels, and Doern was defeated for the second time by Brigham. Ward came through with a win, however, and Dodge made his debut with the Purple tennis team by taking Farrell into camp.

Summary: Singles, Des Autels, Clark, defeated Cullen, H. C., 8-6, 1-6, 6-4. Ward H. C. won over Loomis 6-4, 6-4, Brigham, Clark, defeated Doern, H. C., 6-2, 7-5 while Dodge, H. C., defeated Farrell 6-4, 0-6, 7-5.

In the doubles Doern and Ward, H. C., defeated Des Autels and Loomis 2-6, 6-3, 10-8, and Dodge and Cullen duplicated their feat by winning over Brigham and Farrell 6-2, 6-0.

Tufts was the first to send the Purple net men to defeat. The H. C. team played at Medford and were defeated by the home team with a 4-2 score. Dodge, who defeated Banks of Tufts was the only man who won for the Purple in the singles, while Kennelly and McCarthy added another point to the Purple by winning one of the double matches. The team was considerably weakened by the absence of Cullen, who was participating in the track meet with Boston College at Boston.

In the singles, Dousen, Tufts, defeated Doern, H. C., 7-5, 6-0. Slack, Tufts, defeated Ward 6-2, 6-2; Dodge, H. C., defeated Banks 6-2, 6-3; and Doleman, Tufts, defeated Kennelly 6-1, 7-5.

Holy Cross managed to capture one double match when Kennelly and McCarthy defeated Madison and Livingston 6-3, 0-6, 10-8, but lost out when Dousen and Slack, of Tufts, defeated Doern and Ward 6-3, 6-5.

Holy Cross was again defeated by Brown, at Providence, by a 6-1 score on May 21. Cullen was the only Purple net man to come through with a win, and Ward also played well for Holy Cross but was unable to win. Brown won both of the doubles and walked off with honors for the day. The summary:

Singles: Bennett, Brown, defeated Doern, Holy Cross, 6-1, 7-5. Chaffee, Brown, lost to Cullen, Holy Cross, 6-8, 6-4, 3-6. Gilbert, Brown defeated Dodge, Holy Cross, 6-4, 6-4. Fellman, Brown, defeated Ward, Holy Cross, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3. Somers, Brown, defeated McCarthy, Holy Cross, 6-3, 6-2. Doubles: Bennett and Chaffee, Brown, defeated Doern and Ward, Holy Cross, 6-3, 6-0. Gilbert and Fellman, Brown, defeated Dodge and Cullen, Holy Cross, 6-1, 2-6, 6-3.

TRACK

In a dual meet with Boston University, the Holy Cross track team swamped the visitors from Boston by an 87-39. The Purple won easily

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in most of the events, taking ten first places against four for Boston. Tierney entered in a number of events and placed in all of them, winning the 100 and 220 yard dash, taking second in the broad jump and third in the high jump. He did not run in the 440 but left the honors to Mulvihill and Burns, who easily copped first and second place. Larrivee was an easy victor in the mile and was closely followed by McNamara. Miller won first place in the high hurdles and also brought in points for the Purple by crossing the line second to Madden in the low hurdles.

Fred Donaghy, Purple two-miler, led the field up to the last two yards, in a very game and plucky race, but was just nosed out by Stacy, of B. U., at the finish. Feeney showed up well in the high jump, and Captain Dohig won both the discus throw and the hammer, but lost out in the shot put.

Summary: 120 yard high hurdles: 1st, Miller, H. C.; 2d, Welsh, B. U.; 3d, Cummings, H. C. Time 17 secs. 220 low hurdles: 1st, Madden, H. C.; 2d, Miller, H. C.; 3d, Putney, B. U. Time, 26.2 secs. 100 yard dash: 1st, Tierney; 2d, Hatch, B. U.; 3d, Zemaitis, H. C. Time 10.1 secs. 220 yard dash: 1st Tierney, H. C.; 2d, Hatch, B. U.; 3d, Burns, H. C. Time 22 secs. 440 yard dash: 1st, Mulvihill, H. C.; 2d, Burns, H. C.; 3d, Higgins, B. U. Time 50.4 secs. 880 yard run: 1st, Hearn, B. U.; 2d, Higgins, H. C.; 3d, Larrivee, H. C. Time 2 min. 3.2 secs. One mile: 1st, Larrivee, H. C.; 2d, McNamara, H. C.; 3d, Honneus, B. U. Time 4 min. 47.3 secs. Two mile: 1st, Stacy, B. U.; 2d, Donaghy, H. C.; 3d, Reilly, B. U. Time 10 min. 13.1 secs. High jump: 1st, Feeney, H. C.; 2d, Cummings, H. C.; 3d, Tierney, H. C. 5 feet 11 in. Pole vault: 1st, Sweetman, B. U.; 2d, Hogan, H. C.; 3d, Leonard, B. U. 9 feet 3 in. Running broad jump: 1st, Ducharme, H. C.; 2d, Tierney, H. C.; 3d, McDonald, B. U. 22 feet 1½ in. Shot put: 1st, Maximer, B. U.; 35 ft. 3 in.; 2d, Dohig, H. C., 44 ft. 9 in.; 3d, Healey, H. C., 34 ft. 7 in. Discus: 1st, Dohig, H. C., 113 ft. 4 in.; 2d, Mahoney, H. C., 107 ft. 8 in.; 3d, Murphy, B. U., 99 ft. Hammer throw: 1st, Dohig, 104 ft.; 2d, Blake, B. U., 97 ft. 2 in.; 3d, Healey, H. C., 94 ft. 9 in. Total Holy Cross 87 points; Boston University 39. Starters, Oscar Leydler, Bart Sullivan; timers, O'Grady, Wackell; judges, O'Donnell, Shannon, Crowley. Referees, Drs. Kelly and O'Connor.

The Holy Cross track team was not so successful in their second dual track meet as they were in the first, coming out on the short end of a 86½ to 39½ score. The events took place at Newton, and in the course of the afternoon, several records for the track were broken. The Purple were only able to gain four first places, these being won by Mulvihill in the 440, Tierney in the 220, Ducharme in the broad jump, and Captain Dohig in the discus throw. Holy Cross was completely shut out in the

high hurdles and the 880, while the only Purple man to place in the pole vault was M. Miller who tied for third place. The 880 yard run, won by Welsh of B. C., set up a new record for the track, the time being 1 min. 57 2-5 secs.

The feature run of the afternoon was the mile race between Larrivee of Holy Cross and Cavanaugh of Boston College. The latter won and beat the Purple distance man to the tape by fifteen yards. The time for this race was also a new record for the track, the distance being covered in 4 min. 17 4-5 secs.

Tierney was practically the only support of the Purple in the dashes. Joe won the 220 in 22 2-5 seconds, and ran second to Sullivan of Boston College in the century. Sullivan got over the ground in the fast time of an even ten seconds for the 100. Mulvihill was the only other Holy Cross man to take a first place in the dashes, and that he did well by taking the lead in the 440 at the first turn of the track and holding it all the way to the finish. Dohig and Ducharme added their first places to the list of the Purple's first places and that finished the Holy Cross team first places. Summary:

120-yard hurdles—Won by Merrick, B. C.; Murphy, B. C., 2nd; Mulin, B. C., 3rd. Time, 15 4-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—Won by J. J. Sullivan, B. C.; Tierney, H. C., 2nd, Forrest, B. C. 3rd. Time, 10 seconds.

One mile—Won by Cavanaugh, B. C.; Larrivee, H. C., 2nd; McCloskey, B. C., 3rd. Time, 17 4-5 seconds.

440-yards—Won by Mulvihill, H. C.; Kelly, B. C., 2nd; McKillop, B. C. 3rd. Time, 50 seconds.

Two miles—Won by Lermond, B. C.; Donaghy, H. C. 2nd; Murphy, B. C., 3rd. Time, 9 minutes, 57 3-5 seconds.

220-yards—Won by Tierney, H. C.; J. P. Sullivan, B. C., 2nd; White, B. C., 3rd. Time, 22 2-5 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Sullivan, B. C.; Merrick, B. C. 2nd; Madden, H. C., 3rd. Time, 25 3-5 seconds.

880-yards—Won by Welch, B. C.; Mahoney, B. C., 2nd; Kirley, B. C., 3rd. Time, 1 minute, 57 2-5 seconds.

Shot-put—Won by O. J. Murphy, B. C., 39 feet, 4 inches; T. Gallagher, B. C., 2nd, 36 feet, 11 inches; H. Healey, H. C., 3rd, 36 feet, 5 inches.

High jump—Won by Flahive, B. C., 6 feet, 1 inch; Feeney, H. C., 2nd, 5 feet, 10 inches; J. Flahive, B. C., 3rd, 5 feet, 8 inches.

Hammer throw—Won by A. L. McManus, B. C., 117 feet, 4 inches; Joseph Dohig, H. C., 2nd, 96 feet, 10 inches; Crowley, H. C., 3rd, 96 feet.

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Broad jump—Won by Ducharme, B. C., 20 feet, 4 inches; C. T. Flahive, B. C., 2nd, 19 feet, 6 inches; M. P. Matthews, B. C., 3rd, 19 feet, 4 inches.

Discus—Won by Dohig, H. C., 116 feet 11 inches; O. J. Murphy, B. C., 112 feet, 3 inches, 2nd; Mahoney, H. C., 3rd, 110 feet.

Pole vault—Won by Killilea, B. C., 10 feet, 6 inches; Killian, B. C., 2nd, 10 feet; Sivia, B. C., and M. Miller, H. C., tied, 9 feet 6 inches.

Referee, William P. Kennedy; judges, Daniel J. Mahoney, George Carens and Frank P. Sheehan; timers, Paul Dillon, Thomas Kanaly, Thomas Murphy; starter, Joseph McNamara; clerk of course, John J. Sullivan.

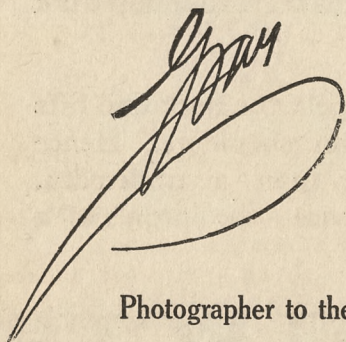
Boston, May 10—

At a track and field meet, conducted by Boston College for the benefit of the Olympic fund, two Holy Cross Men, Higgins and Larrivee, were winners in the 400 and 800 meter run respectively. Larrivee and Higgins both ran from scratch and had no difficulty in winning over the field. The time for the 400 meters was 52 5-10 seconds, and for the 800 meter run, 1 minute, 57 seconds.

Boston, May 24—

Boston College won the New England Intercollegiate championship with 32 points. Bowdoin and Williams were tied for second place with 30 1-2 points, while Holy Cross lagged far in the rear with only four points. The fact that Joe Tierney could not compete, on account of his injury the day before, set the Purple a good deal behind, and put them completely out of the running.

Mulvihill, national indoor 600-yard champ, entered the 440 and led the field until the last 40 yards. The strong wind proved too much for him, however, and he was passed by Perkins and then by Jeppe, leaving Mulvihill in third place. The only other Holy Cross man to win a place was Captain Dohig, who took third in the discus throw.

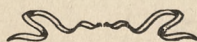


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