

.. The Holy Cross Purple ..

VOL. XXXVII

JANUARY, 1925

No. 4

To A Dew Drop



THOU jewel from heaven, nestled where
Unseeing humans, unaware
Of treasures strewn beneath their feet,
Destroy thee in their eager beat
For prizes half as rare.
Thou twinkling star-child of the air,
Only thy beauty man can share.
Thee, his hoarding hands cannot cheat,
For touched, thou melt'st in the heat
Of greedy talons. Thou dost retreat
And vanish in the hands that dare
A gem from Nature's breast to tear.

ROBERT J. CONDON, '28.

The Tragedy



THE Smith-Towners were an eminently respectable married couple, the accepted synonym in their smart suburban community for domestic felicity. Everyone admired them, or so they said. Mrs. Peterson declared time and again that it was a "perfect mystery to her how they got along so well together, but she was sure it was all due to Mr. Smith-Towner's thoughtful disposition. Expectant brides prayed to the Smith-Towners; expectant grooms nodded a vague amen, not quite certain what it was all about. The older men were too good sports to tell them so soon that the Smith-Towners were the patron deities of family squabbles.

But despite all jealous comment regarding them, the congeniality of the Smith-Towners was nothing short of marvelous. The head of the house never failed to kiss his wife good-bye in the morning, nor did he neglect to mail her letters or carry home her parcels. In return for this Mrs. Smith-Towner would not argue politics with her husband, much less gloatingly read him passages from the papers that told of the successful careers of various women city officers in Hicksville, Ore. She played cards, of course, and had her clubs, but strangely she was always home in time to have his slippers ready. So you see that Robert Burns, with his ear attuned to Scotch accents, might well have thought their name Anderson.

Their life was too good to be real—the worm was due to change, and the worm in this case was the sorely down-trodden Mr. Peterson. Vainly had he tried on many occasions to break up their happy home, and so bring some small modicum of peace to his own, but always unsuccessfully. The Smith-Towners seemed impervious to all the attacks of the radio, the servant problem and increased ice bills on the stronghold of their happiness. Poor Mr. Peterson had fallen before each of them in turn.

On this particular morning, Mr. Smith Towner, after a fond good-bye and a promise to meet his wife for lunch in the city, had left on his usual train, the 8.36. Mr. Peterson always left on the 9.14, one of the many reasons to which his wife ascribed the fact that Mr. Smith-Towner's tax returns were published in the papers, while her husband merely paid his. Be that as it may, Mr. Peterson had his extra half-hour of sleep, and leisurely walking to the station, fell in beside Mrs. Smith-Towner on her way to the city.

"Your husband has already gone in, hasn't he?" asked Mr. Peterson.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Peterson, he always takes the 8.36. Dear man, he's so faithful to his work!"

"He surely is." Mr. Peterson rather thought he'd heard that before. "What do you think of the result of the elections, Mrs. Smith-Towner?"

"My husband seems very pleased with them."

Mr. Peterson grunted. "Have you read of the woman elected

governor of Texas?" he asked. "That should be a great boost for you woman voters."

"Yes?"

What a woman! thought Mr. Peterson. She doesn't even rise to that bait. The train rushed in just in time to save his temper; when he was comfortably settled with his paper spread out before him, he had cooled off, and resolved to do his best to be neighborly. But to no avail. Mrs. Smith-Towner was not interested in the Yale-Harvard game, she didn't know any student at either college, she was so glad to know Mr. Peterson's son was getting on well at Holy Cross.

He was desperate. "Have you seen this morning's cross-word puzzle?" he asked.

"This morning's what?"

"Cross-word puzzle. Don't you work them out?" Mr. Peterson was beginning to feel that there was some justice in the world after all.

"Why, no. What are they like?"

"I'm sure you'd enjoy them," with much frantic turning of pages to find the puzzle. "Here it is. Now first you look at the table and you find that one, across, is an Australian bird. That would be 'emu'."

"But how do you know it's 'emu,' Mr. Peterson? Why couldn't it be swan? I think they're such pretty birds, don't you?"

Mr. Peterson was beginning to doubt the existence of justice. In fact he had almost reached the point where he agreed with his

wife that Mr. Smith-Towner was a genius, for he believed that worthy gentleman labored under just such a handicap of a stupid wife as he did. But he persevered.

When they parted in the city, they had found all but six words, and Mrs. Smith-Towner had promised to buy a dictionary and have her husband phone the aquarium for the name of an extinct prehistoric fish in five letters. And Mr. Peterson would let her know immediately if his bookkeeper knew of a printer's measure in two letters. He certainly would.

Mr. Smith-Towner that day had the distinctly novel experience for him of hearing another man praised unmercifully in front of him. His wife's conversation at luncheon alternated between "that fascinating Mr. Peterson" and mediæval weapons, with a most unusual stress on the number of letters in every word. He was amazed to see his always proper wife count the letters in every word on the menu, and then before the whole restaurant take out a crumpled fragment of newspaper and a badly chewed pencil and commence figuring.

"Anne, for heaven's sake stop that childishness!" finally exploded Mr. Smith-Towner. "Where do you think you are?"

"Don't be foolish, Henry; I know full well I'm in a restaurant, but—"

"You're in the Biltmore Grill," interrupted Henry, "where it isn't proper for people to add up their checks before ordering."

"'Grill!' That's just the word I wanted," cried Anne joyfully. "Mr. Peterson suggested cafés but it didn't seem to fit.

Henry, do be a dear and call Mr. Peterson from the lobby. Tell him twenty-three, down, is 'grill.' He'll be so glad to know it."

"Anne," said Mr. Smith-Towner grimly, "if I hear another word from you about Mr. Peterson or anything else for the rest of this meal, something will happen that you'll regret. Now put that moth-eaten paper and pencil away."

And so began the tragedy.

When Mr. Smith-Towner returned home that evening with his wife, it was the first time in fifteen years that he left the train with his face set and his eyes glaring. Even the newsboy noticed him as the couple paused for Mrs. Smith-Towner to buy newspapers.

"Three of them, please, and be sure they have cross-word puzzles," she added. Henry started perceptibly, but it would never do to make a scene. He had an idea of his own regarding those newspapers. When the boy helpfully suggested using "philatelist" for the long word in the *Telegram*, Mr. Smith-Towner growled and grimly waited for his penny change. And the neighborhood started talking.

Supper that night was a gloomy meal. Mr. Smith-Towner read stock quotations, Mrs. Smith-Towner counted the letters in the headlines. Even the maid entered into the quarrel. Asked if she knew of a five-letter word meaning to overturn, she obligingly spilled the soup, and burned the steak when her mistress called to the kitchen for a synonym of char. The meal was a dismal failure.

Came those fateful hours between supper and bed-time. Mr.

THE TRAGEDY

285

Smith-Towner's favorite lecturer was on the radio, and on a rival station was a talk on "How to Solve Cross-Word Puzzles." Words, angry words, static, and finally the puzzler. Mr. Smith-Towner retired behind his paper.

The climax was reached when the speaker asked for queries to be phoned in regarding the several puzzles in the evening papers. Mrs. Smith-Towner squealed with delight. Now she could finish that hard one. Henry was consulted, and threatened dire things if she should have her name broadcasted in that humiliating way. More words, and later,—

"We have a question from Mrs. Henry Smith-Towner,—"

"Quick, Henry, here it is!"

But Henry had gone.

Now I am a member of that suburban community, and with the others there I have had the Smith-Towners thrown in my face ever since I was married. I'm still Christian enough to admit that Peterson did wrong in breaking up that happy home, but I'm only human, and that newspaper clipping was too good a shot at my wife to miss. I called up from the office to read it to her.

"The decree of temporary divorce was granted today by Justice Gallagher to Henry Smith-Towner from his wife, Anne. The proceedings were of relatively short duration. Mrs. Smith-Towner filed no counter-suit and made no defense. X. Words was named as co-respondent.

FRANK J. CURRIE, '28.

The Kings



HE tott'ring year is aged, spent;
Despair crowns hopes of yore,
E'en now on high, gaunt vultures poise,
The sky is bright no more.

The old man falters in his way,
Gnarled hands are stiff and cold,
The step grows weaker—oh, so weak!
The vultures grow more bold.

He falls—they swoop; eternal youth
Phœnix-like from the ashes springs,
"Noli me tangere!"
I am the King's"

WILLIAM A. KINNEY, '28.

Backyards



THE adage maintains that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, but how well it might have applied to "little old New York," alone. The borough is not a fabulous fairyland to me, a dream of novelties wherein I walk wide-eyed and gaping, and yet I grant the boasting Gothamite it is a marvelous city; but I refer not so much to those picturesque prodigies which have enriched post-card manufacturers for years, as to the two things he totally disregards in his own city: people and backyards.

Such people! Being a transient, I think, partially accounts for an interest I found in them which is not wholly a mental thing. It is almost *de coeur*; and I do not say that for lyric effect. There are twelve millions of them, and it is a rare man who knows his neighbor. But, considering the significance of the word neighbor, I realize there are no neighbors there; merely people who live in adjacent flats, and hardly know each other by sight.

"The commonest mind is full of thoughts; some worthy of the rarest." They are exclusively absorbed with what revolves within their own minds. The greatest people for minding their own business you might encounter! Perhaps the proletariat is too prosaic to demand attention; perhaps it is sheer selfish concentration; at least so great are their numbers that individuals

give not a thought to individuals. You can walk the streets in a silk-top hat and knickerbockers; whereas in any other city people would congest traffic craning after you, few will glance your way in New York, and still less censure you with a smile. A man in passing jerks you sideways with the crook of his cane, as I recall an incident, and without apologizing, merely remarks, "That's funny!" and pursues his path. Crowds, not the largest you might encounter, perhaps, but certainly as rough as you could wish to mingle with, jostle you mercilessly, and if you yield, many of them will regard you with wide-eyed surprise.

Of course, New York is the court of Pleasure; the court of Fame, and of Fortune; and all these things being pursued individually or collectively, with the rewards greater, competition more jealous, and the course correspondingly more tortuous, must sap that neighborly regard for the other fellow which one finds most anywhere else. I do not assume that every resident in the borough spends a good portion of his salary to support the extensive amusements afforded, but I think the majority do. And so arises a situation akin to what the young poet describes in *Rob Roy*: "So effectual, my dear Tresham, does the sense of being pleased and amused blunt our faculties of perception and discrimination of character, that I can only compare it to the taste of certain fruits, at once luscious and poignant, which renders our palate totally unfit for relishing or distinguishing the viands which are subsequently subjected to its criticism."

But I infringe upon what has become the office of the *Saturday Evening Post* in extensively discussing these natives. Again I

realize that so few of these boastful victims of blind civic pride actually are natives. Disregarding the million daily transients, the great majority of the residents are residents only because Manhattan has become the "foot of the rainbow," so many of those bitten by "that divine unrest, that old stinging trouble of humanity that makes all high achievements and all miserable failure, the same that spread wings with Icarus, the same that sent Columbus into the desolate Atlantic."

One of the latter is the featured comedian with the very best known of the musical comedies playing in New York at present. His press agent claims for him a new topical monologue daily, but quoted excerpts from recent performances reveal the fact that he is still using many of the lines with which the Democratic National Convention provided him last summer and amused the perspiring patrons during the torrid season. I witnessed his efforts for the first time early in the fall. The New York Theatre Program Association had just published statistics to prove that it is not the million daily transients who were supporting the theatre in New York, but the residents thereof. Hence I assumed that the majority of those present were "New Yorkers." I could hardly believe that people living in such an environment of wordly progress could be so gullible. They had undoubtedly encountered the comedian's topical writings in the newspapers, his broadcasted monologues, and various press-agent anecdotes as to his private life, for periods divers and indefinite before they actually attended him; and thus felt it incumbent upon them to laugh almost constantly from the

time he made entrance in testimony of the appreciation which clever blurbs had convinced them was due him.

And so, they laughed with abandon at the most obvious and commonplace comments on current items of interest, and gave him unrestrained applause on his good lines. I have seen much better comedians, subjects to inferior press-agents and lacking the ability of the columnist as well as associations with the prominent, work hard every minute with what "the profession" considers "sure-fire material" for the equivalent of the ovation and fail to get it.

As an instance of the situation: a white-haired Irishman occupied the seat next to mine and sat passively at ease throughout the ballet and the early specialties, but being aroused by the tremor of expectancy that pulsed through the crowd on the comic star's entrance he inquired if that was——. I informed him that it was ——, and he strained forward. In the first peal of laughter he was a jovial participant, but it had no sooner subsided than he asked me in a very audible whisper what it was the entertainer had said!

In the course of his appearance there came a scene in which a "straight-man" under the guise of the late Henry Cabot Lodge, who was then in good health, consulted him on various national questions. Almost at once the dialogue was interrupted, when "Mr. Lodge" sought to make some loyal comment on New England, by the comic who remarked:

"If you have anything up there worth talking about besides the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, go ahead!"

BACK YARDS

291

This dubious thrust was met even with applause, and the speaker, I may have forgotten to mention, is from the barren West!

Of course the "statesman" was speechless, but had he not been officiating merely as conversational properties he might have tendered the advice that we at least have the advantage of backyards in New England. Still, that would hardly have been a trump when we consider the audience of the occasion. Backyards to a "New Yorker" are something the Indians threw in "to boot." They are pitiful; they are ludicrous; and yet in the estate of the greatest city in the world. If the Gothamite is wealthy his back-yard is a most miniature, starved-appearing flower-bed with, possibly, a lawn seat, or a tea-table and canvas canopy. If he is poor or moderately affluent, and occupies the ground floor, he has a weed-fostering, garbage and tin-strewn two by four plot enclosed by a high board fence. And out of this atrophied area rise the extremely tall, blackened masts whose sails are the wash of many families.

On returning from the performances cited I was asked to visit the room of a friend who accompanied me. It had been occupied for many years by a newspaper-woman of some prominence and but recently vacated by her. The building is on W. 57th street, almost at 9th avenue, and said to be of the first down town apartment houses in New York. The room is large, attractive, and well-appointed with one of its two windows towards the Hudson. I sought the view from there. It had shortly before stopped raining and the night was powder-blue

with transparent clouds acknowledging the presence of the moon beyond. The clothes-posts sticking up into the haze resembled the leaning, mooring posts in a picture of Venice, and the lights passing on the Hudson aided the illusion. But my eyes dropped to fathom the apology of the shadows for dessicated herbage and neglect.

Then I thought of the pleasant back-yards of New England, where children play, and men plant little plots, and women raise flowers; and for the first time back-yards assumed some importance in my conception of the general scheme. Some of a man's dearest memories, "those small circumstances" which seem nothing to another, and are yet the very gist of a man's own life to himself," have the mud-pie atmosphere. Nothing, not even public play-grounds, nor community houses, much less city streets can supplant a back-yard to a child.

A man gets the utmost satisfaction out of digging worms for a day's fishing "right in his own back-yard," or trying his golf clubs, or even dusting carpets for "the wife." There is a pleasure in hanging clothes or drying curtains when one has the soft, sunlit sod under one's feet, instead of finding it necessary to lean out a window or tread a barren, wind-blown roof. Back-yards are not merely what was left over after building the house. We found a great practical use for them during the recent war when almost every available back-yard in New England was doing its share to win with a truck garden however small. Even those exalted to high places in the government recognized an ally with the issuing of free seeds and agricultural treatises to those who

BACK YARDS

293

were patriotic enough to thus employ their back-yards and their leisure.

And so we have found something up here worth talking about besides the valiant craft of the Pilgrim's and the Nation's stepping stone, and we have talked about it.

WILLIAM HERBERT, JR., '27.



The Birth of the Rose



EACH year, as springtime ushers out the tide
Of wayworn winter, and the buds disclose
Their miracle of color 'mid repose
Of God and man,—e'er did this thought abide:
Whence came the sanguine flower, nature's pride,
Which we in poverty have called the Rose?
How could this gem, which naught but glory shows,
Glow in that soil which winter has defied?

Perhaps the sunset of the frigid days
It is, which soothes with ruddy bloom the blight
That knows when bleak December has its fling,
Or else in resurrection proud it sways,
Sprung from the blood we shed in winter's fight;
For fires of fervid feeling it doth bring.

WALTER L. DEMPSEY, '25.

Psychoanalysis and the New Psychology*



IN solving a cross-word puzzle you came to a word of fourteen letters, literally defined as "the disclosing of the mental content," it is certain that you would write down psychoanalysis. But psychoanalysis is something more than a word of fourteen letters. Its most enthusiastic adherents claim that: "Psychoanalysis is beginning to found a new ethics as well as a new psychology, a new neurology and a new school of literary criticism." To balance these startling contentions, we have the equally dogmatic statements of many psychologists and neurologists, who maintain that psychoanalysis is not only useless, but, as Dr. Cullen, an eminent English physician, expresses it, ". . . a real danger to society."

It is the purpose of this paper to show what is acceptable and what is not acceptable in psychoanalysis, according to the two-fold meaning of the term. In the strict sense, psychoanalysis is a therapeutic or curative method of treating neuroses; more popularly, it is hailed as the basis for a new psychology. The subject will be treated according to this division.

Before proceeding, it is necessary to emphasize the fact that we are to discuss the general theory of psychoanalysis. Dar-

*Delivered before the Philosophical Academy, December 8th, 1924.

winism and Evolution are not synonyms, neither are Freud and Psychoanalysis. True enough, Freud provided the initial stimulus, which brought psychoanalysis to a prominent position, both in medical and in philosophical circles, but his particular theory is but one of many, all of which attempt an interpretation of the general theory.

The most important postulate of the psychoanalytic theory is the existence of unconscious activities in the mind. And who can doubt their existence? For paradoxically enough, consciousness testifies to the actuality of the unconscious. The functions of organic life, such as digestion and respiration, are normally unconscious activities. Then too, as Father Boyd Barrett aptly states: "Instinctive likes, dislikes, and impulses, problem-solving and constructive work done in sleep, post-hypnotic suggestion phenomena, intuitions, sudden witticisms, symptomatic acts when asleep or awake, the sending of telepathic messages, sudden brilliant ideas or inventions, all these phenomena in careful analysis will betray the fact that there is a working in the depths of the mind, outside our control, and unknown to our consciousness." We are conscious, though, of the effects produced by this working.

A question might be asked: "Is the doctrine of the unconscious at variance with the principles of Scholastic Philosophy?" The answer is evident when we recall that although the primary subject matter of empirical psychology is consciousness, the secondary subject matter treats of the unconscious. Thus the gen-

eral theory of psychoanalysis agrees, not only with experience, but also with our philosophy.

About the year 1881, Dr. Sigmund Freud and Dr. Bruer, famous nerve specialists, undertook the treatment of a young woman who was a victim of hysteria. The usual methods for curing the disease were employed, even hypnosis was resorted to, but no results were obtained. A new procedure was tried, which was a modified form of the present psychoanalytic method, and it resulted in the patient's recovery. Freud continued his studies along the channels he followed in this case and as a result, he brought psychoanalysis before the world.

Now to the discussion!

Psychoanalysis as a therapeutic treatment is generally confined to effecting a cure of nerve diseases, which have a psychic, rather than a physical or physiological cause. Although there are but three classes of psychoneurotic diseases, namely, hysteria, obsession and neurasthenia, nevertheless, their modifications are numerous. How often do the newspapers contain instances of kleptomania and pyromania! Then again, how many people are bothered by fears or phobias, such as the fear of high places (acrophobia), or of narrow places (claustrophobia), or of the color red (erythrophobia). Stammering, shyness, a feeling of inferiority, all these are variations or modifications of psychoneuroses. Surely the province of the psychoanalyst is very large.

We have seen the particular kinds of neuroses; now let us attempt to find out the cause of them. Most theories agree in

this, that the neurosis was caused by some forgotten emotional experience or shock which may have occurred in childhood. This shock or trauma, as it is technically known, was connected with the circumstances which caused it, but because of the unpleasant nature of these circumstances, we purposely reject or drive the idea of them from our consciousness. This process of rejection is called repression, and is the supposed cause of all psychic disorders. Although we can repress the memory of this experience, we are still affected under certain conditions by the trauma that accompanied it, because this trauma may be sufficiently virulent to leave a lasting result. This occurs when the submerged memory becomes a complex, or in other words, when the driving power of the unconscious becomes associated with a repressed memory or complex, and gives it sufficient power to produce, in the conscious, the original shock or some modification of it. Briefly, we are aware of an effect, without being aware of the cause. The effect being in the conscious and the cause in the unconscious. The objective of the psychoanalyst is to discover this unconscious, hidden force.

Freud maintained that once the cause of the complex had been found and shown in its true light, a cure would result. However, many of the present day psychoanalysts maintain, that in order to assure complete success, the patient must be treated even after the cause of the neurotic condition has been discovered.

Since the complex is formed in the unconscious, it is necessary to devise some method of probing this unconscious. Self-analysis is not sufficient as it only reveals to us the content of the con-

scious. After many experiments, three efficacious ways were found which enable the analyst to discover the basic cause of the complex. The first is known as the free association method. It requires the patient to reveal to the analyst all his thoughts, his emotions, in fact all the details of his life. The analyst makes a careful study of the data thus collected and is sometimes able to ascertain the probable nature of the complex. The second method employs certain words known as stimuli words. A list of carefully selected words, or phrases, is read to the patient and his nervous reaction is noted. The greater the nervous reaction, the more important the word which caused the reaction. Dom Moore recounts a striking example of this in his recently published "Dynamic Psychology." A German youngster was brought to a hospital suffering from hysteria. He was examined by this procedure and it was noted that whenever "home," or "family," or similar words were mentioned, he became more nervous. An investigation revealed that his home life was of such a character as to cause him excessive mental trouble, although the connection was not immediately evident.

The last method suggested for psychoanalytic treatment is termed dream analysis. Now there are almost as many theories concerning the meanings of dreams as there are dreamers. Some maintain that the purpose of dreams is to insure sleep, because the dreams satiate the desires of the unconscious and thus prevent the unconscious forces from awakening the sleeper. But if this is true, how are nightmares and excitement dreams explained? Very often we are awakened just in time to save our-

selves from being killed by the fast mail or some robber band. Surely these dreams do not insure peaceful repose. Another theory holds that dreams originate in the unconscious, clothe themselves in some symbolical form and then make themselves known to the conscious. There is a power called the censor, which will not permit anything repulsive or antisocial to become conscious. However, the unconscious may disguise some desire in an acceptable form, and thus being symbolized, it may "pass the censor." Dr. Cullen commenting on the "censor" in particular, says: "Over the censor, we need waste no words; for the idea so utterly transcends all common sense that any attempt to criticise it would be an insult to the intelligence." Another prominent philosopher, a Dr. Bruehl, destroys the entire theory with these words: "The theory of dream symbolism has not a leg to stand on. It would imply that the suppressed instincts possess a veritable genius for the invention of appropriate imagery, and that they are endowed with a resourcefulness and a plastic power which would be the admiration and envy of every artist. It stands condemned by its fanciful and artificial character."

The theory of dream symbolism is, however, the one held by most analysts. They hold that the symbols give us the apparent meaning of the dream and that when these symbols are properly interpreted we come to a knowledge of the latent meaning of the dream. It is the latent meaning which truly reveals the exact nature of the unconscious. There is much dispute as to the real value of any of the theories, but provided there is no superstition connected with them and provided that there is a legitimate

reason for employing them, they may be used in psychoanalytic treatment.

Freud once said in a lecture that, "Psychoanalysis in the strict sense can be learned only by hearsay." For that reason, a story of a typical psychoanalytic case might clarify to some degree, the abstract notions, which have been discussed.

A young doctor, courageous in every sense of the word, was serving in the trenches on the western front, during the World War. Without any apparent reason, he became a prey to an obsession. This obsession seized him whenever he was in a trench, or a dug-out, or in any narrow place. The ordinary dangers of the trenches held no terror for him, but whenever he entered a confined space, a terrible fear came upon him. He was sent home for treatment. A rest cure was tried; auto-suggestion was employed; and even self-analysis was used. The obsession was not cured. At last he submitted himself to a psychoanalyst, who at once recognized that the neurosis was a case of claustrophobia, or a fear of narrow places. The analysis was then begun and the usual means for discovering the complex were successful in revealing the cause of the neurotic condition. It seemed that while still very young he had occasion to go into a dingy, little store. Upon leaving, he entered a dark passageway and was attacked by a dog. Although not seriously injured, he suffered a severe mental shock. The patient relived the occurrence and felt that this incident of his boyhood was the real cause of his fear of narrow places. The obsession left him and he was cured.

In this true account, we see the cause of the complex to be

some mental shock or trauma. This trauma was in a sense re-vivified by the conscious perception of narrow places, where danger was present, namely the trenches. The result was that the old purposely forgotten fear began to trouble the conscious mind. When the pent-up emotions concomitant with this phobia had been dispelled by the ab-reaction, the psychic reason for a neurosis was removed and so the neurosis disappeared.

Many more instances could be cited to prove the efficacy of psychoanalysis. Some of them perhaps might even be more remarkable. Yet, Dr. Peterson, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, states: "I doubt if any persons have been benefitted by this treatment. It requires months or years of work over each case, and it is very expensive. I have, on the other hand, seen very bad results from the psychoanalysis of young men and women, permanent insanity, and even suicide." What might be the reasons for this trenchant condemnation? A few serious objections will be cited against the cause of psychoanalysis.

Despite the apparent scope of psychoanalysis, in reality its application is extremely limited. Dr. Forsyth, late president of the Psychoneurological Society, points out this fact in his book, "The Technique of Psychoanalysis." In order to insure a fair degree of success in obtaining a cure, the patient must be of more than ordinary intelligence. Age too, plays an important part, for the older the patient, the more difficult it is to aid him. Fifty years at the most, is the age limit. In addition the analyst must not only have the greatest possible skill and training, but he must

have a very high moral character. He is the recipient of even the most delicate facts of a person's life. These secrets might be capitalized for his own gain, and perhaps some analysts have so betrayed their trust.

Still another difficulty presents itself in the course of the treatment. It has to do with transference. As neurotics are of a nervous temperament, their emotions are easily aroused. This results in a strong attachment being formed for the doctor. In fact at one stage of the treatment the patient becomes entirely dependent on the analyst. Dr. Coriat sums up the importance of the transference, in his book, "What is Psychoanalysis?" He writes: "It is the handling of the transference which makes psychoanalysis so difficult, because one must be careful that the effect of this transference between physician and patient does not become permanent, namely, the dependence on the physician must be cut off. . . . Transference must be handled delicately and scientifically, in the same way that a chemist handles explosives or like a surgeon cutting into delicate nerve tissues." Obviously, the transference requires exceptional ability on the part of the analyst, otherwise the patient may be endangered.

By way of summary, we might state that psychoanalysis as a therapeutic method of treating neurosis, may be used when due precautions are taken to insure proper analysis, and provided that the analyst does not start with the assumption, that all neuroses are sexual in origin.

Having formulated this theory, the psychoanalytic doctrinaires were not content to limit its application to abnormal people, but

they went from the particular to the general, and claimed that the theory could be applied to normal people. Since a normal person is supposed to have both a sound mind and a sound body, the therapeutic value of psychoanalysis does not concern them. However, the principles of the theory are held to be universal in scope.

As the basis for the new psychology, the mind is divided into the conscious and the unconscious. Now all will admit that the unconscious has some effect on the conscious, but many psychoanalysts maintain that the unconscious is omnipotent and supreme. If this were true, free will would be destroyed and moral responsibility would be meaningless. However, some men not only believe this but give vent to their ideas. Dr. André Tridon holds that: "Man's duty in the future will be represented by one word, 'health'." And Dr. D. W. Stekel, quoting another analyst, says: "Lessing thought that the quickest thing in the world is the passing of good from evil, because good and evil are identical; because the ethical motives build themselves over the criminal motives, and from the murderer to the surgeon there runs a continuous line of development. In fact, the surgeon is only the murderer who has fitted himself to the demands of civilization, and has sublimated his social impulses to higher forms." Of course, it is barely possible that the worthy doctor might take offence at being called a sublimated murderer.

The practical application of the supremacy of the unconscious is demonstrated in the growing tendency to consider all criminals as the victims of unknown forces, over which they have no con-

PYSCHOANALYSIS

305

trol. Grant this, and all law is absurd. Crime becomes nothing more than a disease. Imprisonment becomes an injustice. Cul-pability is destroyed. Psychoanalysis as the basis of a new psy-chology cannot be upheld, if it leads to such doctrines.

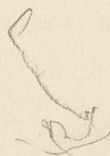
Various explanations have been advanced as to the nature of the unconscious. Freud held that cave-man and animal instincts were the hidden forces of the unconscious inherited by us, at least in a modified form. This postulates the belief in the evolu-tion of man, an assumption still clamoring for proof. The main power or "drive" in the unconscious, however, was the sexual urge. Nearly all the disciples of Freud, who have come into prominence, objected to the stress he placed on sex, notably the late Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who was instrumental in arousing the United States to the possibilities of psychoanalysis. Freud, too, has modified his earlier views, for in his latest book he attempts to show that the thoughts of life after death play a greater part in our lives than any other instinct, including the sexual instinct.

Jung ascribes a driving force to the unconscious, but does not specify its particular nature. This "drive" directly influences our lives, but is controllable by conscious powers. Adler's sys-tem may be styled a glorification of the inferiority complex. While admitting the unconscious, he maintains that inferior or-gans are responsible for many complexes. His "drive" is to-wards the perfecting of some organic imperfection. Numerous other powers are claimed for the unconscious, but are mostly phases of the "drive," which all psychologists believe to be pres-ent in the unconscious.

When the psychoanalytic tenets insist that the unconscious is supreme, there is no question as to their being wrong. When the "drive" is held to be of a sexual nature exclusively, again there is no question as to the correct stand. But if the theory offends neither philosophically nor morally, we may accept or reject it as our own reason directs.

May we be here granted the privilege of voicing a heart-felt appreciation of those men who are sincerely devoting their lives and talents to the betterment of mankind, through the medium of psychoanalysis.

F. X. DUGGAN, '25.



Life



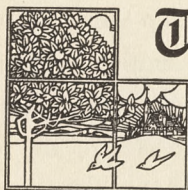
AYBE the tiny stream trickles,
Or maybe it ebbs and flows;
But unless we trace its winding,
We are never sure where it goes.

Perhaps it may join the river
To be carried along by the tide,
Or again through its many courses
It wanders away to hide.

Yet ever it reaches the ocean,
Whether running as river or brook,
There to repeat to its Master
An account of the way it took.

JOHN FEENEY, '28.

Habit



THIRTEEN years ago to the very day "Honest" John Ballard had first conceived his plan, a plan, which on the morrow, would repay all his long years of waiting and careful scheming. Today as he closed the door of his well-appointed office, he hesitated a while and with a quiet smile looked steadily at the word "President" written in gilded letters across the frosted pane of his office door. The Ballard Jewelry Co. was not a huge success financially, but on account of the honest and irreproachable character of the president, it enjoyed a rather distinctive reputation in the large and prosperous city of Nashen, Miss. Progressive and prosperous, modern to the minute, it was the ideal city for the materialization of John's plan. And as he slowly walked along the Main Street, glancing with an air of admiration and pride at the imposing skyscrapers of the Wall Street of Nashen, and returning the hearty and sincere greetings of many passersby, "Honest" John's mind once more was occupied with the thought of the realization of his plan on the following day and musingly he thought of that day thirteen years ago when first the idea had trickled into his brain.

In his youth John Ballard had lived in a small town of Connecticut called Concord, where he had been known by his real name, Richard Thorndyke. There he had failed miserably in conducting a typical, small town general store. This failure

made all too easy for "Dick" the downward path that so many poor wretches follow. In his black despair and dejected spirits he tried to soothe and quiet his soul with the invigorating but deadly alcohol—that cruel alternative which so easily entices and traps unwary man, who, once within its steely net, becomes the pitiful victim of its terrible torture. Dick soon lost all self-respect and restraint, and plunging headlong into theft, sin, and degradation, he established himself as the town degenerate or in the common parlance of Concord, the town "bum." Honor he had none. Despised, hated and distrusted by all his fellowmen, he dragged out of life a heartbreaking, miserable existence. But nature which had been so unkind to him in other respects had bestowed upon Dick Thorndyke the crafty and cunning brain of an Ulysses, a brain among whose labyrinthian recesses reposed the germs of countless undeveloped Napoleonic strategies. Thus came the plan. At first it was a vague phantasm, a shadow, a mist of the brain, but slowly becoming more concrete, real, until the very enormity, its terrible severity and grinding monotony actually staggered him. A week of careful consideration, a week in which the mighty brain worked as never before and the idea had blossomed into a symmetrical thing of beauty, a product of mental architecture such as no mortal man had e'er conceived. The following week the "black sheep" slipped quietly out of Concord and Richard Thorndyke had written his last page in the history of that town.

A few months after the disappearance of Richard Thorndyke from Concord, a stranger arrived in the city of Nashen, Miss.

He was neatly though poorly dressed and rather good-looking despite somewhat evident marks of former dissipation on his well-featured countenance. And it was only upon close scrutiny and examination that one recognized the Dick Thorndyke of old. Gone were the characteristic slouch and misshapen appearance of the town degenerate of Concord. Instead, the erect carriage, the forceful, manly bearing, proclaimed him, presumably, a praiseworthy type of honest and dependable citizen. The clear, direct gaze of those calm, gray eyes bespoke an upright, honorable and unsullied soul. Dependability, reliability and honesty were reflected in his very manner and actions. As though it were a cloak or a mantle, he had cast aside the evil ways of old and with remarkable ease and facility wore his new cloak with all the grace of a true gentleman. After a few days in Nashen John Ballard, as he was now known, secured employment, doing odd jobs for a jewelry store under the management of an elderly man named Gendron.

And now, imperceptibly, unnoticed, the wheels of his plan began to move softly, silently, insidiously. He who had thrown himself into carousal after carousal, without restraint or prudence, now forced himself to the regularity and obligation exacted by this menial employment. This sudden change of environment, the metamorphosis of his inner self could not be accomplished merely by the intention alone but it was a colossal task, terrifying in its enormity and demanded the constant stimulation and lashing of his will to follow the plan he had constructed. Often, very often, his will was at the breaking point,

whipped and beaten almost to surrender, but the living and vivid image of his plan infused new spirit and life into the frail body and safely carried it through those nerve-racking crises. Ballard established himself as a model employee, industrious, eager, and interested in his work and prompt to the very second. The lowly task of sweeping the floor, John Ballard performed with the exactness and care of a Wall Street transaction. And with his sunny disposition and jovial spirits he won his way to the hearts of his fellow-workers. He began by borrowing often and from all little insignificant articles,—a fountain pen or a pencil—and always promised to return them at a certain specified time. His fellow-workers, not expecting such articles to be returned, were agreeably surprised when John returned them on the very minute he had promised. And so by constant repetition of these little acts of promptness and reliability — “Honest” John they now “dubbed” him—made more secure his foothold on the confidence of these men. But it was slow work, for this was the foundation of his plan and the success or failure of his life’s aim would depend on the firmness or weakness of his foundation. And as the years slowly rolled by, each dying year saw John raised higher and higher in the esteem and confidence of his fellow men.

He went into the jewelry business himself.

The Ballard Jewelry Co. was not a success financially. No. For can you have a financial success where there is no money? From the cheapest trinket in his store to that glittering, sparkling, perfect faceted “pet” of John Ballard’s—the \$75,000 Hampton

diamond, not one could "Honest" John call his own. He had not needed one penny to establish himself as a jeweler, for his kind old employer, Gendron, had from his own stock given John his necessary start, content with John's promise to pay when he could, and considering it as only a just reward of John's untiring and unselfish devotion to his work and to his employer.

Craftily using his diamonds and gems as security "Honest" John Ballard now negotiated huge loans from the banks and successful merchants of Nashen. With the aid of his initial stock he secured more valuable stones, and thus increasing his security he was enabled to borrow correspondingly larger amounts. But the profit he reaped on the sale of his jewelry was barely enough to pay the interest on his loans, so large had they now become. It required constant mental agility for John to balance his sales and to meet the interests on his loans, but he did it, daringly and brilliantly. And thus it was that the Ballard Jewelry Co. expanded and grew in leaps and bounds until it was the largest in Nashen, and yet unknown to anyone it was flourishing on a financial bubble. The long-sought-for and much coveted goal was now near at hand for two weeks ago last Monday, the Third National Bank had loaned one hundred thousand dollars to him for a period of two weeks, and when John, prompt as ever, paid back the loan with the interest, President Tyndall had said, putting his hand on his shoulder, "John, you're the best investment we have." And one after another the five banks of Nashen came to regard "Honest" John Ballard as a "good investment," unhesitatingly granting his every request for loans. It had con-

sumed much time, this borrowing. John had waited two long years before approaching the Third National with a request for a loan of fifty thousand dollars more than the previous one, which had been for two hundred thousand dollars. The only remark had been from President Tyndall, "What street are you buying now, John?" And "Honest" John Ballard smiled, for he had a fine sense of humor. Like a flock of sheep blindly following their leader over the fatal cliff, the four other banks of Nashen and the successful business men, gladly seized the opportunity to make a "good investment." And such was the culmination of the plan which had been born in the brain of "Honest" John Ballard, thirteen long years ago. Thirteen years of grinding regularity, years of systematic, colossal and minute attention to detail and constant subjection of the old impulses and tendencies. And now the hour was fast approaching when his plan would be realized—and the realization would be all the sweeter for its long delay. No point or detail had been left undone, there had not been the slightest hitch in that smooth-running machinery, all that was needed now was patience—and time.

June first was the chosen day. With the skill of a field marshal and with the accuracy of a Swiss watch-maker, the last detail of his mighty plan had been carried out and at ten-thirty that morning "Honest" John boarded the train for New York with one million dollars reposing in his well-worn brown satchel. The banks and several merchants had gladly "contributed"—John smiled at the thought—large amounts, satisfied with his promise to pay in thirty days. You know the rest? The days

passed by and no John appeared. At last the first of July arrived and "Honest" John Ballard with his characteristic promptness, paid to his creditors the sum of one million dollars. You see he had formed the habit of honesty and promptness and as we all know—habits cannot be broken.

CHARLES D. SLOAN, '25.



Altar Blooms



N tabernacle tryst they press
Warm cheeks against the door.
They cling in raptured, soft caress,
And, open-lipped, adore.

Some heads are bowed and some held up,
Filmed in the love-red flare.
They wait, and long to brush the Cup
In faint and fragrant prayer.

No soul, but beauty, mortal thing;
No spirit from flame to save.
When they might live on where they spring;
They serve, and win the grave.

Most constant of God's creatures,
Nature's votive tapers, they
(Though ne'er to see His features,)
The toll of martyrs pay.

Fair angels of the earth; frail nuns
Who, cloistered, pale and die,
At night the rays of many suns
Are yours to deck the sky:

That sanctuary which entombs
All sainted souls; where man
Can see your love pulse in the blooms
Strewn o'er its dusky span.

WILLIAM HEBERT, JR., '27.

Westward Ho!



WESTWARD, where the ships of heaven o'er the crimson
waters glide,
Heaves our staunch and valiant vessel, struggling
'gainst the rugged tide.
Hoarse the croaks of sea-fog sirens, and the swish of
swirling seas,
Far-flung moanings, muffled clamor, ride upon the
evening breeze.
Through the mystic, purpling twilight, myriad lights
we've left behind,
Waft their cheery, silent "Godspeeds." — Hope in
golden ribbons twined.
Hearts made heavy, souls made leaden, feel the urge
of "Rise and go!"
When adventure sounds the summons and the call is
"Westward Ho!"

Westward! and our hearts are swaying to each gay
and airy gust
Darting from the deep-sea caverns—hark! the call of
the wanderlust!
Now a hulking, pale-eyed monster, shrouded in the
evening mists,
Wanly blinks and grunts a greeting as it feebly home-
ward lists.
In our souls there throbs a yearning, stifled from our
journey's start,
To be also sailing homeward, cargoed with a sated
heart—
But a breath of wild sea-music and a tinkling from
below
Sounds again the gentle summons, and the call is
"Westward Ho!"

WESTWARD HO!

317

Westward! and the tinted visions of a shore beyond
 the sea
 Sparkle like the surf-dipped sunbeams, wind-blown
 sprays of reverie.
 Outcast stars of lofty heaven signal from their chasms
 dank,
 Calling to their haloed brethren, staring from the
 thronéd rank.
 So 'twixt sky and sky we voyage, sailing on a sea of
 dreams—
 Lost in reverie we ponder—and the spark of hope
 still gleams.
 Summoned to a great adventure, to a shore we dimly
 know,
 Still our hearts are light and merry as we voyage
 “Westward Ho!”

Westward, where a sky-tossed lantern glows and
 echoes in the foam,
 Where the frantic, frenzied waters murmur to the star-
 flecked dome,
 Heaves our staunch and valiant vessel, trembling in
 its headlong flight,
 Like a pigmied orb of heaven streaming through the
 hollow night.
 Past the reefs and stormy headlands—lo! the spectral,
 nightly ghosts
 Rise and vanish in the glory of the dawn's rose-
 petalled boasts.
 Hearts made heavy, souls made leaden lie abask in
 the morning glow—
 As the meditating waters mutely call us, “Westward
 Ho!”

THOMAS J. MURTHA, '26.

Rafael Sabatini



PERHAPS we had best begin this short paper by telling that we are one of those undying optimists who have not lost hope in the present age of literature. We know that the day is not far off when some of the Moderns will come into their own; when John Galsworthy will be conceded his greatness, when Tarkington will be recognized as the novelist of American manners and the Middle-West, when Edith Wharton will receive her just meed of praise—and when Rafael Sabatini will be acknowledged as a great historical romancer.

The historical romance has always possessed a certain advantage in the intangible element of reality that a colorful and accurate background gives to a book. There is always a tang of the vital, the realistic to be found in a well written historical novel, which exerts a mysterious influence over the reader. After all the world is peopled with children grown up and somehow these children have never lost their predilection for fairy tales. But they are grown up and they are too dignified for fairy tales—and a bit too childlike to entirely discard them. They crave something that will combine all the mystical romanticism of the fairy world with the realities of this world.

The historical romance has all the vivid coloring, the swift action and the undying emotional qualities of the fairy prince and princess, blended with the story of the world's madness and splen-

dor, and perhaps in this we will find the reason for its great popularity. But to write such a romance is by no means an easy task, and unless the writer is well skilled in his craft, he runs a great risk of utter failure. To write a romance is comparatively easy, but to interweave it with history is decidedly a different task for the natural tendency is that, either the romance will completely overshadow the setting of the tale, or that the author will devote so much time to perfecting his background that the historical element of the story will obfuscate the working of the plot.

The historical novelists who could so manage their theme so that neither element interfered with the other are comparatively few. Of course there were the Dumas, *père et fils*, the great Sir Walter Scott, and Victor Hugo; then we have the lesser semi-modern satellites in this particular field of literature, Charles Major and Stanley Weyman who delighted yesterday with their tales of old "when knights were bold", and Jeffrey Farnol, who, after enjoying undisputed preëminence as a historical novelist for some years, now finds he must play second fiddle, so to speak, to our modern Dumas.

We do not intend this short paper as a defense or apologia for Sabatini. Were such necessary, pens more facile than ours would spring to his aid. Neither do we intend this as a panegyric of his genius for we fear that we could not do it true justice. We merely intended to put down our opinions of the man—others no doubt will differ, *de gustibus non est disputandum*,—this voices our sentiments on a few of the critiques against him. And should we prove a bit too zealous, too devout in our judgment,

remember that we are grown up children who have not lost faith in real fairy tales, and who are all too prone to worship at the throne of the magician whose smooth pen transports us into the land of gallantry and romance.

“‘Scaramouche’ was born with the gift of laughter and the sense that the world was mad”; but Sabatini “was born with the added gift of weaving the world’s madness and splendor into romances that are incomparable examples of the story-teller’s art,” and this neither more nor less—is the secret of his success as a novelist. From the first chapter until the last word of his books, there is never a false note struck, never a break, never a pause. Each line spells action that continually culminates in intensely dramatic situations, that are utilized to their greatest advantage with that rare naive skill and art that is Sabatini’s.

Thus, whether or not, one cares for Sabatini resolves itself into the question whether or not one has a penchant for stories of adventure and action; whether or not one can enjoy such tales even though they are inclined to disregard the usual and ordinary features of life, and to concern themselves with the unusual and colorful romantic past. Perhaps he may sin in this regard, but there is no denying his genius as a skillful and straight-forward story-teller, “a narrator more concerned in telling what men do and how they do it, than why they do it; and, as in the case of his contemporaries who show a predilection for adventure novels, his subject matter is frequently more questionable than his gift of story telling.”

You raise your eye brows at this. But better men than Rafael

Sabatini have been criticised harshly on their subject matter. It has been proven that there is a certain element of sameness about the plots of several of Shakespere's plays, and the critics of his day even charged the bard with plagiarism. Not that we would think of constructing a parallel between the two men, do we cite this, but rather as a testimony that this sameness never loses its flavor when transformed into something quite the same, yet inexplicably different.

And to effect such a transformation no one is fitted with better tools than Sabatini. A swift, easy and free flowing style, a vigorous facile pen, a peculiar knack of conjuring dramatic situations and anti-climax, with a remarkable felicity of phrase, vivid color, strength and dash are the brushes with which he paints the glamor and the adventure of his novels, and the fidelity and gallantry of his characters.

When Dumas created his D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers, he brought into being four of the greatest adventures of fiction. Not for naught has Sabatini been hailed as the Modern Dumas, for in his characters we will find a counterpart—unstudied, but nevertheless vigorous—of these four gentlemen of fortune.

Picture D'Artagnan, Porthos, Aramis, and Athos engaging the Cardinal's musketeers behind the Luxembourg, and then vision Andre-Louis Moreau, Peter Blood, Sir Oliver Tressilian, and Randall Holles—you have an exact counterpart. The Musketeers of Dumas were reckless, sardonic, and intrepid, but the Musketeers of Sabatini are equally so. Were this an essay on

the Modern Dumas we might content ourselves for the rest of the paper by matching character for character, and Marshall Bardlys, Anthony Wilding, M. de Garnache, Marquis La Tour, or Aline de Kercadiou, Arabella Bishop, Rosamund Godolphin and Mistress Wilding. But such treatment would require much time and space, and already our short paper has grown too long while we trespass upon your patience, "But bear with me a little longer—."

To give a judgment of Sabatini is not a light task, nor is it possible to encompass all we would like to say in the short lines with which we have to say them. Rafael Sabatini has been called "the only writer of to-day who can make the past more interesting than the present" and this, in itself, says much. But we would add a little more and say with the *Boston Transcript* that:

"The rare gift of writing historical romance, so that neither history nor romance is sacrificed, belongs pre-eminently to-day to Rafael Sabatini. Never is a false note struck. Never is there a halt in the bannered march of events this Modern Dumas guides with the splendor of color, subtlety of literary finesse and the suppleness of narrative which make his novels of thir kind."

WILLIAM A. KINNEY, '28.

The Land of Long Ago



OFTEN walk the way of Dreams
To the Land of Long Ago,
And there I see once more, it seems,
The things I used to know.

The boyish cries, the smiling eyes,
The troops of friends true-hearted,
The woods I roved, the scenes I loved,
The sweet things now departed.

Of these loved well, who can tell
If even one remembers,
If e'en one friend e'er fires the brand
Of mem'ry from dim embers.

Thus when I walk the way of dreams
To the Land of Long Ago,
I find to lose once more, it seems,
The friends I used to know.

CHARLES H. O'FLYNN, '28.

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
The rose-leaves sing beneath the rose?

"Happy New Year! Hail the New Year!" I had heard this cry everywhere, flung from a million throats, in joyous optimism. I had read it in the newspapers and magazines, seen it painted on giant electric signs, and yet I failed to reap the least bit of comfort from the message. I suppose I should have stayed up until midnight on December 31st, held my watch anxiously as the last few seconds ticked around the final hour, and then with much shouting and ringing of bells, I should have welcomed in 1925 with hope, a smile, and countless resolutions. But I didn't. I couldn't feel the least excited about the event which thousands of others were celebrating with great joy. Here, Christmas was a thing of the past, (as was my purse), it was desperately cold, I was to return to school in a few days, and the winter ahead loomed none too cheerfully. As for resolutions! What a time of year to make up your mind to do anything! I was buried in gloom, and did not wish to change my attitude,—in fact I was too sad to even look for the silver lining. I would sit idly by the hour shivering endlessly in the cold, and wondering why men ever decided to turn over a new leaf in weather like this.

While in this frame of mind I chanced to look up from my book one evening and who should be perched on the arm of the chair beside me but the little elf who dwells beneath the Rose! I started with amazement at the sight of him smiling down at

UNDER THE ROSE

me, for I never expected to find him here at my home during vacation time. He seemed to take great satisfaction in my evident surprise, and he proudly displayed a new rose cloak which had been given him for Christmas. After a moment's pause he shouted gleefully, "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" I groaned audibly and sunk lower in my chair. Would that cry never cease to mock my own despondency? Oh, if I could only fall asleep till spring, far from the taunts of men, then I would start anew.

"What! are you sad at a time like this?" asked the elf in amazement. "I've come all these long miles to see you and wish you all the joys of the season, and here you're as sad as a willow. Cheer up, and tell me what's wrong."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I fail to see anything to smile about at this time of year. It seems to me that the outlook is about as poor as it can be, and this cry of 'Happy New Year' is only a bluff."

"Not at all," argued my little friend. "You're simply a bit down-hearted and haven't even tried to find something pleasant. Look at me. I'm happy as can be and so is most everyone. The trouble with you is that you're in the dark and refuse to be enlightened to the better side of things." Here the elf paused and a sudden smile crossed his face. "Speaking of darkness reminds me of something which may help you in your plight."

I shook my head wearily for I doubted that anything could change my melancholy, much less a little elf, who after all is but a dream creature of the imagination. Despite my evident disinterest the elf settled himself contentedly in the chair that stood opposite the hearth fire and set out upon his story.

"This bright and happy year is to see one thing which will

not come to pass again for many, many years. On January 24th there is to be a total eclipse of the sun, and right here in our own country millions of people will be able to see the two dawns that will mark the rare occasion. A great black shadow will pass across most of the land, and for a time some folks will be in total darkness at nine o'clock in the morning. That day thousands will go to points of vantage to see this strange phenomenon, while scientist and laborer, sportsman and serf alike will await with curiosity and awe this great manifestation of the wondrous order of the universe.

"Now here," smiled the elf, "is where you should be interested. At present you are in what I might call a total eclipse. Your outlook is the very blackest, you can think of nothing but gloom, and you remain hidden from those things which might make you happy. But 'cast thy nighted color off' and do as the great sun does. Every once in a while the sun is hidden in darkness to this world, and people rush with eagerness to see the strange irregularity. But the sun knows the world and life too well, so ever without fail she has reappeared again smiling and brilliant, while people welcome back her golden rays and go about their work again contentedly.

"Just so, my friend, these little trips into gloom and darkness, these eclipses of your disposition are good for you once in a while, for they show the world you're human and they put a certain flavor in your life. But when they arrive just take them as a curious exception, and come right back to happiness more brilliant than before."

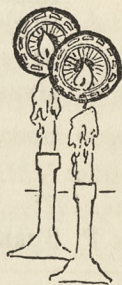
With this my little Rose-elf vanished, and left me to my thoughts. Strangely enough I felt quite comfortable now. The hearth fire was blazing merrily, the wind outside was chatting

UNDER THE ROSE

327

with the window panes, and over on the chair a book lay temptingly. I snuggled closer in the great armchair, opened the book to the first page, lit my pipe and,—lo! my cares had vanished, as I hope yours always will.

WALTER L. DEMPSEY, '25.



.. The Holy Cross Purple ..

Board of Editors

Editor-in-Chief: EDWARD G. MURRAY, 1925

Chronicle: EDWARD J. HANIVER, 1925

Under the Rose: WALTER L. DEMPSEY, 1925

Athletics: WILLIAM J. CROWLEY, 1925

Alumni: JOHN J. RYAN, JR., 1925

Staff Artist: RICHARD T. LANGAN, 1926

Associate Editors:

GORDON W. LYNN, 1925

HAROLD M. KENNEY, 1926

THOMAS J. LAMB, 1925

RAOUL D'ESTE-PALMIERI, 1926

AUSTIN J. TOBIN, 1925

WILLIAM T. GRIFFIN, 1927

THOMAS J. MURTHA, 1926

WILLIAM C. HARE, 1927

WILLIAM T. HEBERT, 1927

Business Managers:

Manager: JOSEPH V. O'NEILL, 1925

Assistants: JOHN J. O'SHEA, 1925—THOMAS J. KENNEDY, 1926

ADRIAN P. BURKE, 1927

VOL. XXXVII

JANUARY, 1925

No. 4

Editorials

THE HOLY YEAR

In a bygone age when the pulse of the world could be felt in the Roman Forum, every road throughout the empire led straight to the sovereign city by the Tiber. Today new paths are being worn from every corner of the earth to that same city, not by the steady tramp of legions, but by the reverential footsteps of the pilgrim.

The Holy Father has issued a summons to the faithful to come to the seat of Christianity during this year, for the gaining of special spiritual favors, and in their countless thousands they are journeying to the Chair of the Fisherman. Millions more throughout the world are with them in spirit, and join from afar in the chorus of prayer and praise.

Occasions such as this bring vividly to the mind a realization of the tremendousness of Catholicity. In one magnificent gesture of unity pilgrims from every land meet at a common shrine, in a common brotherhood of worship. The temple of Janus is gone, but the Holy Door stands open as a reminder that the spirit of peace, so little honored by the imperial eagle of Rome, is found under the standard of the cross.

Since the earliest days of the Church the undertaking of a pilgrimage has been looked upon as meriting special grace. From the first pilgrimage of Mary and Martha to the Holy Sepulchre on Easter morning a visit to the holy places has been a means of devotional tribute and sacrifice. The modern palmers and wayfarers who make the journey to the Eternal City will be but following in the footsteps of other multitudes, yet they serve a purpose in making the road more plain. It is a road the whole world must one day take, and the Holy Year pilgrimages may be destined for a great part in showing the way "back to Rome."

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

The Soviet government has already given proof indisputable of its official opposition to all manner of religious observance. Not since the First Republic in France has the world seen a nation so avowedly committed to atheism. But the leaders of Russia are not content to discharge God from the service of their state. They apparently feel moved to carry on their campaign against the

Deity into other lands, and by some series of strategic moves compel Him to acknowledge His non-existence. In the words of their Foreign Minister, "We shall pursue our attacks on Almighty God in due time and in an appropriate manner."

This official admission of a new kind of proselyting may stir us to just wrath. There is, however, one phase of the matter that is provocative of reflection. This campaign is patterned upon several other "campaigns of education" which are being inconspicuously waged in various parts of the world. In other words, propaganda has been marshalled into the service of would-be intellectual dictators, and is carrying on their battles. Moreover, it is not the old-style propaganda, which spoke openly from the editorial page, but a more elusive type that influences opinion through the news.

Such a state of affairs is inevitably destined to undermine confidence in the public press. If every published fact has been weighed and its reaction calculated beforehand by interested parties, our thoughts as well as our politics will be determined by bloc action. It is only when some outspoken utterance such as that of Mr. Zinoviev awakens us to the fact that we see the necessity of reading ever between the lines to get a true valuation. If we do not thus diligently search the woodpile, the gentlemen of color will have his way, and intellectual browbeating will become a universal fact.

HIBERNATION

Just about this time of year one is tempted to dig in for the winter. How many students did not return from the holidays with the firm determination to utilize the nice long stretch until spring for the purposes of self-improvement, so lauded by our professors? The cold, bleak days with which even Packachoag is occasionally visited are ideal for such self-examination and high

resolve. The very weather conduces to the formation of a New England conscience. Low living and high thinking sound very attractive when the mercury snuggles in its bulb. Asceticism has a very definite appeal when nature conspires to keep one willy-nilly within the cloister.

Consistency is, however, one virtue omitted from the makeup of our climate. There are some very attractive stages of frigidity, in which it is common knowledge that water will freeze to just the right degree to make skating delightful. Skiing is possible at intervals properly adjusted to be most distracting. And that most common matter of routine, walking, is invested with the atmosphere of joyous competition when one gives battle to the wind for right of way. The outdoors soon calls away its devotees from the lectern and the scriptorium.

Then too there are the distractions within the very walls. Conversation is one art in which everyone has a self-conferred diploma of excellence, and the temptation to practice is a grievous one. The visible and invisible universe are its subject matter, and after a thorough collegiate discussion neither can find much to boast of. Winter is a great time for settling all the pressing problems of the times. And then there is that interesting little volume by Hoyle—come on, just one game. Oh yes! About that self-improvement program, plenty of time next summer.

Entre Nous

As usual, it was a great vacation. Everybody had "a wonderful time", and for the most part everyone is glad to come back to the Hill for a rest. Holiday departures are always colorful affairs at Holy Cross. From the time when an imposing fleet of taxicabs arrives to hurry off the elect to the 10:25, until the last protesting South Worcester trolley has borne its last intrepid passenger to the accommodation train, the campus is alive with the atmosphere of decampment. One cannot walk three yards without bumping into a handshake or a suitcase. But eventually the impedimenta of travel are gathered up, and all the farewell rites accomplished. Vacation has begun.

* * * * *

Then, of course, there is the arrival at home. The fatted calf is brought out, despite its lack of novelty to the modern generation, and summarily despatched to the bovine Valhalla. The Girl and "the Gang" are duly overawed by the returning collegian; Christmas comes and goes; and then the Event of the Season—the Dance. It is, of course, a success, and the harassed chairmen and committees are at last free from worry. The affair has added new lustre to the fame of Alma Mater, and everyone is content. From this climax the remaining days of freedom glide quickly on until the time of return.

* * * * *

Thus go all vacations. This year, however, the vacation was inaugurated with an event which was truly memorable, and which will, we hope, become a part of college tradition. The Christmas

celebration held in the auditorium, the night before the students left for the holidays, was in our opinion outstanding, as a manifestation of good fellowship and of a real family spirit between undergraduates and faculty. Nowhere but at Holy Cross could one expect to find an affair of this nature carried out with such a true Christmas motivation. Great credit is due the members of the Purple Key, and in particular to its indefatigable chairman for their work in carrying through the long and enjoyable program.

* * * * *

The affair mentioned above brought to light much hidden histrionic talent along the lines of light drama. Which brings to mind the question whether there is not enough dramatic ability in the student body to warrant the formation of another dramatic society in our midst, to present plays of a less serious nature than the already existing society performs. It is our belief that such is the case, and also that we have men capable of writing plays for public presentation. In any case the preparation and informal production of plays merely before the students would give valuable experience to many, and be a source of pleasure to all.

* * * * *

The lull between seasons is about over, and basketball has come into its own. Let us hope that the lean years are over, and that the handicaps of ill-luck and injury will not put in their appearance this season. Players and coach have carried on uncomplainingly, despite the inadequate facilities for practice and competition which we are at present able to offer them. When the projected gymnasium is completed this condition will be remedied, and then we may well look for well-nigh unbeatable teams. The interest in the sport is very great at the college, as proved by the fast inter-class series each year, and by the large attendance at

varsity games. It is only a matter of time until the success of our teams in this branch of sport will equal the prestige of our longer established major sports.

* * * * *

A large number of the students appeared in a movie thriller in one of the local theatres. The vehicle which points the way to stardom for many of the participants was entitled "The Purple Patcher". However, we would earnestly exhort those who may be tempted by alluring contracts to remain permanently in the cinema field, not to forsake their college course before its completion for this purpose.

* * * * *

You can't get "Hilly" sore, Mr. Camp.

* * * * *

J. Robert Clair, '20, a former editor of the PURPLE, has sent us a charming poetic tribute to one of Holy Cross's greatest athletes, which we print below. Mr. Clair is at present at work on a new edition of "Pan on Packachoag", which will bring the scope of this anthology of PURPLE poetry up to the present year.

* * * * *

FOR "LITTLE TOMMY" CONNEFF, EX-'00

Somewhere, in a little cemetery in the Philippines, lies the grave of Tommy Conneff. Tommy of the bulldog heart, who made such athletic history before the Spanish-American War. After the Cuban campaign, he remained in the army, doing duty all over the globe,—at one time being at Fort St. Michael, Uncle Sam's furthest north army post. He died in the Philippines. There was one time when Tommy held every American track record from the three-quarter mile to three miles. Twenty-nine years ago last October, at Travers Island, he set up a world's mark

of 3:02 3-5 in the "three-quarters." Few of those who were fortunate enough to see Conneff in action will acknowledge that Conneff ever had a superior at distances from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a half. The day after Tommy turned professional, he was defeated in the famous match race with George Tincler at the old Worcester Oval. Tommy wagered his all on the contest, despite the fact that he was in no condition to do his best. The loss was a greivous disappointment, but no sooner had he staggered across the line a loser than he forced a smile on his foam flecked lips and grasping Tincler's hand gasped, "Well done, George, well done. The best man won. You deserve the victory and all that goes with it." No better a little sportsman ever dug up the cinders.—From a *N. Y. Sun* clipping by an eye-witness of the Tincler race.

* * * * *

FAR CALLS

Tommy, do you wake or slumber
Where the tropic shadows dart?
Does the call to high adventure
Stir again your Irish heart?

Do you hear the eerie echo
As the Cuban bugles blow?
Is your rifle bright and shining?
Is your knapsack trimmed to go?

Are you there at Fort St. Michael
In the friendly barracks' glow,
Where Old Glory queens it over
Leagues of lonely northern snow?

Do you hear "Fall in!" come drifting
From the depths of dark Luzon?
Do you challenge Aguinaldo?
Is your spirit marching on?

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

Does old Worcester Oval claim you,
Where the spectral crowds appeal?
Do you crunch the track at Fitton
With your shining spikes of steel?

Do you hear a ghostly starter,—
“Next event—three-quarter mile?”
Do your greyhound muscles quiver?
Ah, see Tincler's eager smile!

Little Tommy, yes, you'll answer,
Even half the world away.
“Holy Cross, is your man ready?” - - -
From the Philippines comes, “Aye!”

J. ROBERT CLAIR.



College Chronicle

Philosophical Academy Walter L. Dempsey, '25, of New York, was elected president of the Philosophical Academy at a recent meeting of the Senior class. Cornelius A. Burke, '25, of Lewiston, Me., was named Secretary-Treasurer. The third paper of the year was read by Francis X. Duggan, '25, of New York, on "Psychoanalysis." During the month of December many members of the Academy attended a series of lectures on Psychology given by Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, at Clark University.

Nexus Club The Nexus Club has elected Myron V. Miller, '25, of Waterbury, Conn., to the office of president. The other officers will be chosen later. Under the direction of the moderator, Rev. Michael J. Ahern, S. J., the club will arrange a series of lectures for the second semester.

B. V. M. Sodality Rev. John Colligan, S. J., moderator of the Blessed Virgin Mary Sodality, in a recent meeting spoke about the Holy Year and the Sodality Pilgrimages. He stated that since 1925 was a Holy Year of Jubilee, Sodalists were planning to flock in large numbers to Rome.

The Holy Father has extended his invitation to the faithful in these words, "We invite you all most lovingly to Rome, that you may profit by the treasures which Holy Mother Church holds out to you . . . For you will see in Rome the city which the Savior of men, Jesus Christ, chose to be the centre of religion and the perpetual see of His Vicar; the city whence flow forth to you the purest fountains of holy doctrine and celestial pardon. Here

are awaiting you the good wishes of the common Father of all, loved by you and loving you. Here you will find open to you the most ancient burial places, the sepulchres of the Princes of the Apostles, the venerated relics of the glorious Martyrs; the temples which throughout the ages have been built in honor of God and the Saints with so much splendor of art that they have always been and always will be objects of admiration to the whole world. And if with devotion and with due prayer you visit these Christian monuments, you will return to your countries with your faith marvellously strengthened, and your will animated with higher purpose."

In response to this call of Our Holy Father, the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin in the United States are organizing two pilgrimages for the Holy Year. One is called the General Sodality Pilgrimage and is for all classes of Sodalists; the other is called the Men's Sodality Pilgrimage and is for the men who are members of the Parish, Alumni, or College Sodalities. Rome is of course the main objective of the pilgrimages, but they will also take occasion of visiting the most famous shrines of devotion in Europe. In Rome the Sodalist Pilgrims will have a special audience with Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, and will present to His Holiness a purse of Thirty Thousand Dollars which the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the United States are now collecting towards the repair of the catacombs. The Sodality at Holy Cross has contributed to this fund, and is taking a great interest in all Sodality work during the Jubilee Year.

Rev. Fr. Rector addressed the Sodalists recently on the meaning of the Immaculate Conception.

Anthologies In order to revise and bring the original volume up to date, J. Robert Clair, '20, of Dorchester is

working on a new edition of "Pan on Packachoag." The first edition of this anthology, containing the best verses printed in the PURPLE over a period of twenty-five years, was published by Mr. Clair in 1920. Anthologies of the best serious and light essays published in the PURPLE are being compiled and arranged for publication in the near future. Francis R. Peterson, '25, of New York is in charge of the anthologies of serious essays. Edward G. Murphy, '25, of Boston will edit the anthology of light essays.

Mendel Club At a meeting of the Mendel Club, December 11th, Dr. John Fallon, '18, an instructor in the Harvard Medical School, gave a practical talk on Medical Schools.

J. Austin Michael, '25, of Blackstone has been elected chairman of this year's Mendel Club dance.

Holy Cross Night The evening of December 10th marked the twenty-first annual observance of Holy Cross Night. The exercises began with a special dinner in the refectories at six o'clock. Music was furnished by the college novelty orchestra. Both dining halls were decorated with Holy Cross banners and purple and white streamers. At seven o'clock there was a parade of the students to the Auditorium. In the Auditorium the Seniors opened the program by singing their class song. Charles P. Carton, '25, chief marshal, welcomed the guests of the evening, and introduced the various alumni speakers. They included Attorney Cornelius J. Sullivan, '10, Judge John J. Ryan, '93, Leo M. Harlow, '08, Rev. Martin E. Fahy, '09, and Thomas Lawlor, '83.

When the speaking program was concluded, the "Passing Show of 1925" was presented under the direction of Robert Nesbit, '25. Austin Tobin, '25, and Eugene Freel, '25, presented a dialogue on

"What Difference Does It Make." William J. Kelly, '25, and Edward Kennelly, '25, rendered vocal solos. The Holy Cross Quartet, composed of Joseph K. Zemaitis, '25, Edward F. Kennelly, '25, Thomas P. Laffin, '26, and James J. Lawlor, '26, gave several selections. Walter L. Dempsey, '25, recited Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart." The evening closed with the singing of the Alma Mater song.

**Sophomore Reception
To Freshmen**

The Class of 1927 gave a reception to the Class of 1928 on Dec. 12th in Fenwick Hall. The program of the evening contained many fine pieces of comedy and music. The Hilltoppers under the direction of Thomas H. Murphy, '25, furnished music for the occasion. Father Dinand made an address at the close of the evening's program.

Timothy E. Murphy, '27, was chairman of the reception committee. His committee consisted of Adrian P. Burke, James J. O'Brien, John C. McGroarty, William T. Smith, Thomas F. Cummings, Philip Ryan, Leo J. O'Connor, and Cyril McDermott, all of the Class of 1927.

**McCullagh
Lecture**

Captain Francis McCullagh, a noted war correspondent, gave an interesting lecture on present day Russia at Mechanics Hall, Dec. 7th. The lecture was under the auspices of the Department of Journalism. The speaker told of the efforts of the Bolshevik government to suppress Christianity.

Capt. McCullagh witnessed in the guise of an interpreter the trial of Mgr. Cepliac, Archbishop of Petrograd, and fourteen other priests. His report of the trial transmitted to New York newspapers exposed the cruelty and injustice of the trial, and

aroused such universal horror that the Soviet government was compelled to mitigate the penalties imposed by the unprincipled Soviet judges.

Eugene L. Freel, '25, of Brooklyn, N. Y., introduced Capt. McCullagh.

Mr. William B. Schofield, sculptor and former editor of the Worcester Gazette, generously subsidized the expenses of the lecture.

Debating Intercollegiate debates have been arranged with
Activities Fordham University, Clark University, and St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. The debate with Fordham will be held in New York on January 23rd. The subject chosen for discussion is "Resolved, that the present system of capital punishment in the United States should be continued." Holy Cross will defend the affirmative, and will be represented by J. Edward King, '25, William F. Berghold, '26, and Myron Miller, '25. The alternate will be Eugene F. Mainzer, '25. The Clark debate will be held in Worcester early in February. The subject is "Resolved, that the United States should recognize the Soviet government of Russia," with Holy Cross defending the negative side of the question. Holy Cross will be represented in the debate by Edward J. Hanniver, '25, Edward G. Murray, '25, and Francis E. Duffy, '25, with John J. Verdon, '26, alternate. The subject and date of the debate with St. Joseph's College will be announced later.

Negotiations are in progress for a debate with Boston College to be held during Lent. This debate will be under the auspices of Alhambra Council, No. 88, Knights of Columbus. The winner will retain the K. of C. cup offered by Alhambra Council in 1922 to the winner of two out of three debates between Holy

Cross and Boston College. In 1922 Boston College won the debate; in 1923 Holy Cross was awarded the decision. There was no contest last year, consequently the winner of this year's debate will gain permanent possession of the cup.

Lecture Course Mr. Frederick Paulding came to the college
Mr. Paulding December 11th and 12th to give the second group of his series of lectures and dramatic readings.

His subjects were "Genius and the Comic Muse" with a reading of "She Stoops to Conquer;" and "The Lessons of Great Drama" with a reading of "Richelieu."

Patterson The final lecture of the 1924 lecture course was
James given Thursday, December 18th, when Patterson James—Mr. James W. Fitzpatrick, '00,—lectured on "What Have They Done To Shakespeare?" Criticizing modern presentations of Shakespeare, Mr. Fitzpatrick placed the blame chiefly on the producers. He ridiculed the many incongruities found in nearly every production, and gave examples to prove his case from "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice." During the course of his talk Mr. Fitzpatrick brought out many interesting points about stage settings, lighting effects, and stage technique. The lecturer was introduced by Austin J. Tobin, '25, of New York.

New The work of excavating for the new library is now in
Library progress, and will be continued through the winter. Residents of Beaven Hall were dismayed when they discovered that the old board walk between Beaven and O'Kane had to be torn up shortly after the work started.

Books During the past two months many generous gifts of books have been donated for the library by friends of the College.

Dramatics The Dramatic Society under the direction of Rev. Daniel H. Sullivan, S. J., is faithfully rehearsing for the annual college play, which will be produced at the Worcester Theater, Feb. 19th and 20th. Shakespeare's "Richard III" is the production. The cast of characters is as follows:

Duke of Gloster, Walter L. Dempsey, '25; King Henry VI, John J. Verdon, '26; Prince of Wales, Milton J. King, '27; Duke of York, Maurice J. Fitzgerald, '27; Earl of Richmond, Eugene L. Freel, '25; Duke of Buckingham, Edward J. McGratty, '28; Duke of Norfolk, William C. Egan, '25; Tressel, William F. Berghold, '26; Lord Stanley, William T. Griffin, '27; Catesby, Austin J. Tobin, '25; Ratcliffe, J. J. Dempsey, '27; Earl of Oxford, Thomas A. Brennan, '25; Lieutenant of the Tower, John J. Halloran, '25; Lord Mayor, D. Sullivan, '26; Blunt, Thomas A. Brennan, '25; Tirrel, John F. Powers, '28; Forest, Jas. M. McCarthy, '26; Dighton, Con. F. Donoghue, '28; Officer, James F. Fox, '28; Guard, Mario A. Castallo, '25.

Rotary Club At a recent meeting of the Worcester Rotary Club, Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., president of Holy Cross, was elected to honorary membership. Hilary F. Mahaney, '25, captain of football, spoke at the meeting and was given a hearty reception by the members. Thomas Laffin, '26, tenor soloist of the Musical Clubs, rendered several selections.

1925 Purple Patcher The week of December 7th was "*Purple Patcher* Week," and the business managers made an active canvas for subscriptions to the year book. Gordon W. Lynn, '25, Editor-in-Chief, and Ralph P. Walsh, '25, Business Manager, gave talks over the radio advertising the *Patcher*, from Station W.D.B.H. A "movie" of the staff was exhibited at the Worcester theatres the latter part of the week.

Purple Calendar The PURPLE has issued the annual Holy Cross Calendar containing pictures of the campus, the athletic teams, the band, scenes at the B. C. game, and other pictures of interest to Holy Cross men. Appropriate verses, written by Edward G. Murray, '25, of Boston, are printed under the pictures.

Gift to Fr. Rector Father Dinand, on returning from New York on Friday, December 19th, was presented with a new Buick sedan. The sedan was the gift of Rev. Alexander Hamilton of Brockton, a graduate of Holy Cross in the Class of 1886. Fr. Hamilton received a splendid ovation from the student body when he addressed them at the Christmas entertainment in the Auditorium.

Christmas Entertainment On Friday, December 19th, the eve of the Christmas vacation, an entertainment was held in the Auditorium under the auspices of the *Purple Key*. Several comic acts, the presentation of gifts, Glee Club singing, and a Christmas tableau made up the evening's program. Rev. Michael Earls, S. J., directed the tableau, which was a representation of the shepherds watching on the eve of the Nativity. John J. O'Shea, '25, of New York headed the committee of arrangements.

Undergraduate Clubs During the holidays many of the undergraduate clubs held dances in their home cities. The proceeds of these dances were given to purchase books for the new Holy Cross library.

Alumni

'81. Dr. J. C. Bossidy, who specialized on diseases of the eye in Boston from 1893 until his retirement from practice, by reason of ill health in 1920, has resumed practice at 317 Main Street, Springfield National Bank Building, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Bossidy, after his graduation from Holy Cross, received his medical degree from Georgetown University in 1885; he was successively Law Examiner, Legal Reviewer, and Medical Examiner of the United States Pension Office until 1886; he was chief of the Pension Office, St. Paul, 1886-91; served on the Sioux Indian Commission with Major General Crook and Governor Foster, 1889; resigned in 1881, and spent the following two years in London eye hospitals; located in Boston in 1893, and was in turn United States Expert Examining Surgeon, Ophthalmic Surgeon to St. Elizabeth's Hospital and Assistant Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Boston City Hospital.

'06. The father of J. Freeland Butler died at his home in Worcester on December second. R. I. P.

The PURPLE wishes to congratulate Leo M. Harlow upon his recent appointments as Department Commander of the American Legion in Massachusetts.

'12. The father of John J. Nugent died recently at his home in Worcester. R. I. P.

'15. Fr. John Crowley has been made Chancellor of the diocese of Monterey and Fresno in California.

'16. Word has been received at the College of the marriage of George F. Clark to Miss Marion E. Cannon of Providence, R. I. Congratulations!

Joseph McDermott is completing his Theology at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

Ex-'16. Rev. Bernard Dolan is Assistant Chancellor of the Los Angeles California Diocese.

'18. James Dwyer is at the Sulpician Seminary in Washington, D. C.

'19. Edward P. Walsh has left the Remington Typewriter Company, and has accepted a sales position with the Maytag Washing Machine Company.

James Donahue, Thomas Smith, John Casey, and Herbert Carroll are all enrolled in Theology at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

M. Ward Whalen is attached to the Income Tax Division of the Treasury Department in Washington.

'20. John Foley is in his fourth year of Theology at the Grand Seminary in Montreal.

Dermod Flinn and William F. Sullivan are at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

Rev. Gustave Purificato is stationed at St. Anthony's Church in Schenectady, N. Y.

ALUMNI

347

'21. Edward Nash is selling lumber for a New York firm in the Albany territory.

Daniel Mullin and Jeremiah O'Connor are selling insurance and real estate together.

Edward M. Bacon is manager of the St. Louis office of the Standard Statistics Company.

James Nally, Paul O'Day and James McCarron are at the Sulpician Seminary in Washington.

Martin Forhan is in his fourth year of Theology at the Grand Seminary in Montreal.

Richard Hoey, William Lee, Francis Shannon, Albert O'Toole, and Paul Hackett are in Theology at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

Ex-'21. James Cavanaugh is in his second year of Philosophy at the Grand Seminary in Montreal.

'22. Charles W. Burke is Manager of the Howorth Company in Quincy, Mass.

George Shea is at the Yale Law School.

Thomas Lawlor and Thomas Gunning are completing their Theology at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

Richard Mason, Francis X. Quinn, and Michael Walsh are at the Dunwoodie Seminary.

Thomas F. O'Connor is at the Sulpician Seminary in Washington.

Ex-'22. Jerome K. Durick is at the Sulpician Seminary in Washington.

Bernard Reddy, S. J., has entered upon his philosophical studies at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

Mark Tennien, Gordon Dowd, and Edmund Neenan are all in Theology at St. Mary's Seminary.

'23. Frank Summa, James "Jeff" Doherty, and T. Harold Fitzsimmons are at the Yale Law School.

Harold Perkins is teaching second year Latin at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia.

The following are in Theology at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore: John Barney, William McDonough, Edward Ward, John Shea, William Kiely, John Scanlan, William Fahy, and Arthur Farron.

Leo Hannon and Frank Hiney are with the New York Telephone Company.

William H. Foley is in his second year at the Harvard Law School.

Among the Holy Cross men at the Fordham Law School this year are William Hayes, Paul Magner, John McCloskey, Fred McCarthy, and John Taylor Breen.

ALUMNI

Ex-'23. John Hogan is a member of the senior class of St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia.

Joseph Fountain and Cornelius Ford are in Theology at St. Mary's Seminary.

Thomas Kay is at the Dunwoodie Seminary.

'24. Holy Cross is well represented this year at the Yale Law School by Vincent Miller, William Ward, James Fogarty, Arthur Connor, and Francis Baltrusaitis.

John Sheenan and John Reidy are in their first year of Theology at the Grand Seminary in Montreal.

St. Mary's Seminary has a large representation this year from Holy Cross. Among the graduates of last year who are enrolled in the Baltimore institution are: George Dudley, James O'Connell, Edward Hendron, William Kinnier, Joseph Holland, Charles Malumphy, Robert Beardsley, William Culbert, C. Martin O'Toole, Michael Davis, George Freil, and John Murphy.

David Hart, Raymond Mulcahy, and Daniel Sullivan are in their first year of Theology at St. Bernard's Seminary in Rochester, N. Y.

Edward Collins has a position in the sales department of the Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise Company, and is taking a course in the Fordham University Law School evenings.

Francis O'Connor and John M. O'Brien are at the Sulpician Seminary in Washington.

Thomas Geary is with the General Electric Company in Pittsfield.

T. Farley Malone is with Sibley, Lindsay and Curr, Rochester, N. Y.

Cornelius S. Donoghue is studying for his A. M. degree at Clark University in Worcester.

Ex-'24. Michael Shea is at the Sulpician Seminary in Washington.

Cyril Thiel, who was graduated from Georgetown last June, is now enrolled in the Foreign Service School, and expects to get his Master's degree next year.

James Sullivan and Thomas Nelligan are in their first year of Theology at the Grand Seminary in Montreal.

Andrew Lenahan is in his first year of Theology at Dunwoodie Seminary.

Cecil Foley, Edmund Mullen, and John McKoan, are in their first year of Theology at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

Edward Claffey and John Forman are at St. Bernard's seminary in Rochester.

Ex-'25. Fabian Sammon is in his second year of Philosophy at the Grand Seminary in Montreal.

Edward J. Gorman and John J. Delaney are in their second year of Philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

ALUMNI

351

Charles Smith, James Kelly, Joseph Ruane, and William Schwartz are all in their second year of Philosophy at St. Bernard's Seminary.

John D. Collin and Raymond Downey are at Dunwoodie Seminary.

Ex-'26. Franklin Kelleher and Arthur Peck are in their first year of Philosophy at the Grand Seminary in Montreal.

Thomas Conerty, Walter Brady, and Joseph Evans are in their first year of Philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.



Athletics

FOOTBALL

On December 15th the lettermen of the football squad assembled in Fenwick Hall and on the motion of "Al" Butler unanimously chose "Jack" Crowley to lead the gridiron hosts of the Purple next season. The choice of "Jack" was hailed with enthusiasm by the students and all interested in the success of Holy Cross. His powerful personality, keen diagnostic abilities and calmness under fire will equip the Purple with an ideal leader, an inspiring captain. Under his guidance, abetted by a wealth of veteran material, Holy Cross rooters may well look forward to the most successful season of any Holy Cross eleven and cast amorous glances at an Eastern championship.

The men who were awarded the coveted H. C. at the conclusion of the season were: Captain Hilary Mahaney, Capt.-elect Jack Crowley, "Pete" Smith, Charles Carton, Frank O'Connor, Jim Daly, "Al" Butler, Mike Ray, Nate Coleman, Jim Lonergan, Joe Poscavage, "Tony" Karpowich, Pat Lynch, Foley, Norton, Billy Wise, Larry Lowrey, McMahon, Kirtledge, Glennon, Healey, Wallis, Finn, Comcowich and Manager Dick Cronin.

Of these, five men will be lost through graduation, Mahaney, Carton, Smith, O'Connor and Daly.

The schedule as announced for next season is as follows:

Sept 25	Manhattan	Fitton Field
Oct. 3	St. Johns	Fitton Field
Oct. 10	Providence	Fitton Field
Oct. 17	Harvard	Cambridge
Oct. 24	Vermont	Burlington
Oct. 31	Bucknell	Fitton Field
Nov. 7	Fordham	New York
Nov. 14	Rutgers	Fitton Field
Nov. 21	Boston University	Fitton Field
Nov. 28	Boston College	Fitton Field

TRACK

Manager "Dan" O'Shea has compiled the most ambitious indoor program ever attempted by the exponents of the winged foot. If the boys come through in these various meets there will be few doubting their claim to championship honors. Practically every big indoor carnival

will find Purple speedsters gracing the boards and endeavoring to smash existing records. Which noteworthy feat they will most probably accomplish in lieu of reports of sensational time trials that are heard occurring daily on the out-door track.

Captain "Joe" Tierney, world's record holder and anchor man on the relay seems headed for a great season. "Joe" has completely recovered from his unfortunate accident of last spring and promises with his ready and abundant confidence to dazzle the devotees of the indoor games this winter with his speed. Walter Mulvihill, indoor "600" yard champion also is ready not only to defend that title but incidentally add a few more.

Leo Larivee, the sensation of last year's campaign has a new ambition this year. Having accomplished his objective last season, that of defeating the vaunted "Joie" Ray, Leo aims at greater fame now and is after the scalp of Nurmi the Finnish star. One thing is certain, Leo won't be many paces in back of Nurmi and perhaps he may be in front. The surprise of the squad is the vast improvement of Frank Burns. "The Brockton flash" has acquired added speed and developed immensely since last season. "Ed" Higgins who along with Burns, Tierney and Mulvihill complete the mile quartet, is out to make them forget his famous brother "Joe" with a few triumphs of his own. He and Frank will perform in the half mile events.

"Gene" Moran a Freshman who served his apprenticeship down at Mercersburg Academy, has shown excellent form and speed over the timbers and aided by "Freddie Donaghy and McNamara over the longer routes promise to swell Holy Cross point totals in the meets. Higgins, Handlin and Carrington of Freshman class also look to be material of a high order. The schedule is as follows.

Jan. 6	Finnish-American Games
Jan. 17	Fordham Games
Jan. 21	St. Joseph's Catholic Club
Jan. 27	Millrose Games
Jan. 31	Boston Athletic Association
Feb. 7	K. of C. Games, (Boston)
Feb. 13	Wilco Games
Feb. 17	New York A. C. Games
Feb.	Manhattan College
Feb.	Brooklyn College
March 7	Inter-collegiates
March 14	K. of C. Games, (New York)

BASKETBALL

The preparation and toil of Coach Simendinger with the large squad of ambitious candidates that responded to the basketball call are gradually bearing fruit. The pruning process completed, there remains a well balanced, keen-eyed nucleus around which everything points to the moulding of a successful quintet.

Three veteran performers, Captain "Jim" Shannon, "Jackie" Martin, and "Al" Burke, remained around whom such a combination could be built. But the competition for the two vacant berths has uncovered such high class ability in the persons of "Vin" Pessalano, "Tip" O'Neil, Peloquin, "Jack" Reilly and Frankie Farrell that now the regulars themselves are threatened with displacement.

Pessalano has been on the squad for two seasons and bids fair this campaign to land a regular forward position, but Peloquin, a yearling, who hails from Woonsocket, has shown a keen eye for the hoop and is pressing him hard. In the rear court "Tip" O'Neill is displaying fine form and looks to be the favored one, but Reilly and Farrell are persistent rivals for the berth. "Jimmy" Shannon will again be at the pivot position and appears in even better form than last year. Martin at forward and Burke at guard complete the squad. If "Cy" can weld this quintet into anything similar to the machine-like precision of the '22 team, we look for a revival of the indoor court game's popularity on the Hill and the re-establishment of Holy Cross among the leaders of the sport.

WILLIAM J. CROWLEY, '25.

